

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO DUPL



3 1761 00361299 1

UNIV. OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY









I

# The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.

## PART II

(WITH A FEW FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2 AND 86).

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. CAMBRIDGE,

HON. DR. PHIL. BERLIN.

[Part III, the Introduction and Glossary, by Miss F. LEJEUNE, of Somerville College, Oxford (a First-Class in English, June 1900), is preparing, and will be issued in 1901.]

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY  
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,  
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING-CROSS ROAD.

1901

131541  
9 3 14

PR  
1119  
A2  
no. 117

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.  
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.  
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Original Series, No. 117.

R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

111

CONTENTS OF THE VERNON MS.  
MINOR POEMS.

---

PART II.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| XXXIX. OF þRE MESSAGERS OF DEETH ... ..  | 443  |
| XL. TWO SONGS OF LOVE-LONGING ... ..   | 449  |
| XLI. A LUYTEL TRETYS OF LOUE. OF GODES PASSYON   | 462  |
| XLII. OF CLENE MAYDENHOD ... ..  | 464  |
| XLIII. A MOURNYNG SONG OF THE LOUE OF GOD ...  | 469  |
| XLIV. HER IS A LUYTEL SARMOUN, þAT IS OF GOOD<br>EDIFICACIOUN ... ..                   | 476  |
| XLV. HER IS A DISPUTISON BI-TWENE CHILD IHESU &<br>MAISTRES OF þE LAWE OF JEWUS ... .. | 479  |
| XLVI. A DISPUTISON BY-TWENE A CRISTENEMON AND A<br>JEW ... ..                          | 484  |
| XLVII. HOW TO HEAR MASS ... ..   | 493  |
| XLVIII. SAYINGS OF ST. BERNARD: MAN'S THREE FOES ...                                   | 511  |
| XLIX. PROUERBES OF DIUERSE PROFETES AND OF POETES<br>AND OF OþUR SEYNTES ... ..        | 522  |
| L. HER BI-GINNEþ LUYTEL CATON ... ..   | 553  |
| LI. THE STACIONS OF ROME ... ..  | 609  |
| LII. DISPUTATION BETWEEN MARY AND THE CROSS ...  | 612  |
| LIII. SUSANNAH, OR SEEMLY SUSAN ... ..   | 626  |
| LIV. TESTAMENTUM CHRISTI ... ..  | 637  |
| LV. THIRTY POEMS, MOST WITH REFRAINS:  |      |
| 1. MERCY PASSES ALL THINGS ... ..  | 658  |
| 2. DEO GRACIAS I ... ..  | 664  |
| 3. AGAINST MY WILL, I TAKE MY LEAVE ...  | 666  |
| 4. GOD IS LOVE ... ..  | 668  |
| 5. DEO GRACIAS II ... ..   | 670  |
| 6. EACH MAN OUGHT HIMSELF TO KNOW ...  | 672  |
| 7. THINK ON YESTERDAY ... ..   | 675  |
| 8. KEEP WELL CHRIST'S COMMANDMENTS ...   | 680  |
| 9. WHO SAYS THE SOOTH, HE SHALL BE SHENT   | 683  |

*Contents.*

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| 10. FY ON A FAINT FRIEND! ... ..   | 686  |
| 11. THANK GOD OF ALL ... ..  | 688  |
| 12. THIS WORLD FARES AS A FANTASY ...                                    | 692  |
| 13. AY, MERCY, GOD! ... ..   | 696  |
| 14. TRUTH EVER IS BEST ... ..  | 699  |
| 15. CHARITY IS NO LONGER DEAR ... ..                                     | 701  |
| 16. OF WOMEN COMETH THIS WORLDES WEAL ...                                | 704  |
| 17. THE PRAISE OF MARY, MOTHER OF CHRIST                                 | 708  |
| 18. MAIDEN MARY AND HER FLEUR DE LYS ...                                 | 711  |
| 19. SELDOM SEEN IS SOON FORGOT ... ..                                    | 715  |
| 20. A WARNING TO BE WARE ... ..  | 719  |
| 21. LOVE HOLY CHURCH AND ITS PRIESTS ...                                 | 721  |
| 22. TRY TO SAY THE BEST. CONTROL YOUR TONGUE                             | 723  |
| 23. TARRY NOT TILL TO-MORROW ... ..                                      | 725  |
| 24. MAKE AMENDS FOR THY SINS ... ..                                      | 727  |
| 25. SUFFER IN TIME, AND THAT IS BEST ...                                 | 730  |
| 26. MANE NOBISCUM, DOMINE! ... ..  | 733  |
| 27. A PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY ... ..                                   | 735  |
| 28. A PRAYER TO THE TRINITY ... ..                                       | 740  |
| 29. BUT THOU SAY SOOTH, THOU SHALT BE SHENT                              | 740  |
| 30. A MORNING THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER TO GOD                             | 744  |
| VARIOUS READINGS TO THE VERNON MS. ... ..                                | 747  |
| APPENDIX. A FEW POEMS FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2 AND 86,<br>AND ANOTHER LEAF: |      |
| 1. CHRIST ON THE CROSS ... ..  | 753  |
| 2. HAIL, MARY! ... ..  | 755  |
| 3. A RESOLVE TO REFORM ... ..  | 756  |
| 4. LES DIZ DE SEINT BERNARD COMENCEENT ICI,<br>TRES BEAUS ... ..         | 757  |
| 5. VBI SOUNT QUI ANTE NOS FUEROUNT? ... ,                                | 761  |
| 6. CHAUNCOUN DE NOUSTRE DAME ... ..                                      | 763  |
| 7. HERE BIGINNEþ þe SAWE OF SEINT BEDE, PREST                            | 765  |
| 8. COMENT LE SAUTER NOUSTRE DAME FU PRIMES<br>CUNTROUE ... ..            | 777  |
| 9. A CONFESSION OF SINS, AND A PRAYER TO<br>CHRIST ... ..                | 785  |

[XXXIX. Of þre messagers of deeth.<sup>1</sup>]*Disasters,  
Sickness, and  
Old Age.*

- Her biginneþ a tretis  
Of þreo Messagers of deþ, I-wis.
- Þ**E Mon þat is of wommon I-bore,  
His lyf nis heere but a þrowe—  
So seiþ Iob vs heer-bi-fore  
Al in a Bok þat I wel knowe. 4
- He hedde is Muynde al of his deþ,  
Wel sore he con grone and grunte,  
And seide his lyf nas bote a Breþ,  
Heer mou we none stounde stunte. 8
- ffrom deþ may no mon be fre,  
ffor his riþte wol he not lete.  
Now beoþ þer Messagers þre  
A-Mong Monkuynde for to meete : 12
- Auentures, Seeknesse, and Elde—  
þeos beoþ Messagers of deþ ;  
To hem we moten vs alle ȝelde  
And louten þer vr Maystres geþ. 16
- Whon Deth comeþ þat is so derk,  
þer May no Mon him wiþ-stonde ;  
I take wisse on a noble Clerk  
þat wrot þeos vers wiþ his honde : 20
- Mors necat athletas,*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> MS. vetat ath letas  
*Ego mortis nescio metas,*  
*I[n]ter<sup>1</sup> Res letas,* <sup>1</sup> MS. Iter  
*Caveat sibi quelibet etas—* 24
- “ Deþ, he sleth þis kempes kene,  
And kynges in heore worþly won,  
Riche & pore alle bi-dene,  
ȝong ne Old spareþ he non.” 28
- Young, and  
Old.

<sup>1</sup> So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before in Herrig's *Archiv* LXXIX, p. 432. It is an old imitation of the "Sayings of S. Bernhard," XLV.

|   |   |                     |    |
|---|---|---------------------|----|
| His first<br>Messenger  | þer is on of þis Messagers<br>þat of no mon wol take mede ;<br>He is so hardi and so fers<br>þat alle Men of him haue drede :   |                     | 32 |
| Disasters,  | <b>P</b> E <sup>1</sup> Messager hette Auentours ;<br>A <sub>3</sub> eynes him may beo no strif ;<br>Whon he comeþ to a Monnes hous,<br>He takeþ bope hosebonde & þe wyf. | <sup>1</sup> r. þis | 36 |
| falls un-<br>awares on<br>husband,<br>wife, child,<br>and knight<br>on horseback. | He takeþ þe child In his Cradel,<br>þeih he beo bot o niht old ;<br>þe kniht and horse in his sadel<br>I-a[r]med, beo he neuer so bold.                                   |                     | 40 |
|   | Of him beo vche Mon I-war<br>And mak him clene, ar he beo hent ;<br>ffor þer nis no 3eyn-char,<br>Whon Auentures comeþ to <i>turnement</i> .                              |                     | 44 |
|   | Mony mon lihþ in dedly synne<br>And weneþ þat he beo not veyze,<br>And Auentures comeþ wiþ his ginne<br>And hontuþ til he haue his preye.                                 |                     | 48 |
| Whoever<br>Disaster<br>takes in sin<br>unshriven,<br>goes to Hell.                | In dedly sunne ho <sup>1</sup> is I-founde<br>Wiþ-outen schrift and repentaunce,<br>He geþ in to helle-grounde,<br>þer to suffre his penaunce.                            | <sup>1</sup> MS. be | 52 |
|   | Seint Poul bit we schulden awake—<br>þis Clerkes witen as wel as I—<br>þat we schulden vs clene make<br>And of vr sinnes ben sori ;                                       |                     | 56 |
|   | And bote we ben, we schulen abugge ;<br>þer schal no pledur plede þat ;<br>þer God vs fynt, he wol vs Iugge—<br>Nou vche Mon be war bi þat.                               |                     | 60 |
| Let every<br>man beware,<br>for Disasters<br>come as a<br>thief in the<br>night.  | ffor Auentures wol come as a þef<br>Be nihte, whon men ben aslepe,<br>And taken away þat him is leef—<br>Nou awakeþ, þat 3e mowe him kepe.                                |                     | 64 |
| Death's<br>Second Mes-<br>senger is<br>Sickness.                                  | <b>A</b> Noþer Messager þer is<br>Of Dep, whon crist wol him sende :<br>Seknesse, Ichaue I-herd ar þis,<br>þe Messenger is swiþe hende.                                   |                     | 68 |

- Whon seeknesse comeþ to a mon,  
 He may be war 3if he is sleih,  
 And greiþen his In, 3if þat he con,  
 And þenken þat deþ is swiþe neih. 72
- ffor seknesse comeþ apertely,  
 He ne dareþ not in his den ;  
 Hit is vre lordes Cortesy  
 Wiþ seknesse for to warne men. 76
- Mony Men, whon þat heo beoþ seke,  
 To Ihesu Crist a clepen and crize  
 And to his Mylde Mooder eke  
 And sigge : “ now þou help, Marie ! 80
- 3if þat we mowe be sound and saue  
 And keuere, þat we mowen habben vr hele,  
 Al þe good þat we haue  
 ffor Godes loue we wolen hit dele.” 84
- We loue wel God in al vr þouzt  
 While we beo seeke & sore smerte ;  
 Whon we beoþ hol, we louen him nouzt,  
 He nis no lengor in vre herte— 88
- Cum fero langorem,  
 ffero Religionis amorem ;  
 Expers langoris  
 Non sum memor huius amoris.* 92
- Of crist ne takeþ he non hede,  
 He naþ no more wiþ him to donne ;  
 To þonken him for his goode dede,  
 He þenkeþ no more þer-vpponne. 96
- Suche men ben ofte al-one I-let  
 To pleye as þe foul in þe lift,  
 Til Auentures haue wiþ hem met,  
 Be-Reueþ hem boþe hosel and schrift. 100
- Men ouzten holden vp boþe heore honden  
 To God, while heo ben hol and feere,  
 To sende, whon he wol hem fonden,  
 Seeknesse to ben heore Messagere. 104
- Seynt poul seiþ, vre lordes kniht,  
 In a pistel þat he wrot,  
 þat he was strengest & most of miht  
 Whon god him wiþ seknesse smot. 108

Sickness  
comes  
openly,

and is God's  
courtesy to  
warn men.

We love God  
while we're  
ill ; but when  
we're well,  
we forget  
Him.

Such men are  
left to play  
like birds in  
the air, till  
Disaster  
strikes them.

Men should  
pray God to  
send them  
Sickness.

Death's  
Third Mes-  
senger is Old  
Age.

**N**Ow ichulle siggen ou of Elde,  
Of Messagers he is þe þridde.  
Whon Monnes heð biginneþ to elde,  
He may not do but beodes bidde. 112

And he leoneþ vppon his Crucche,  
Whon deþ him bekneþ, comen he mot ;  
Hit helpeþ nouzt þauh he grucche,  
He schal wiþ-stonde neuer a fot. 116

Old Age is  
like a man  
kept out of  
his Lord's  
gate by the  
Porter,

Also fareþ Elde as doþ a sweyn  
þat stondeþ at his lordes 3ate  
And mot not wenden in a3eyn,  
ffor þe po[r]ter þat is þer-ate ; 120

who shuts it.

ffor no 3iftes þat he may 3iuen,  
Ne feire wordes þat he mai speken ;  
He worþ out atte 3ate I-driuen,  
Anon þe 3ate for him is steken. 124

Tho' a man  
is 80, his life  
is woe.

3if a Mon may libben heer  
And ben of pouwer for to go  
þe Elde of ffoure-score 3er,  
þat oþer del is serwe and wo. 128

ffor hose wole his lyf be-holde  
ffrom biginnyng to þe ende,  
Wel ofte may his herte colde  
þat not what wey he schal wende ; 132

We dwell  
here but a  
while.

Wel we witen we schule be ded,  
Vr dwellyng her nis bote a while—  
Ihesu crist vs wisse and rede,  
þat neuer þe ffend ne do vs gyle.— 136

Death spares  
not Emperor,  
King, or  
Pope.

Nou is deþ a wonder þing  
And grislich for to þenken on ;  
He ne spareþ Emperour ne kyng,  
Ne Pope for al þe good þat he con. 140

Wher ben heo þat biforen vs weoren,  
þat weore so mihti in heore deden,  
Houndes ladden and haukes beeren<sup>1</sup>  
An hontyng hei3e vppon heore steeden ? 144

<sup>1</sup> Same v. in Sayings of  
St. Bernhard, v. 182,

Deþ hit haþ hem al by-raft,  
Wiþ hem þer nis no more pley.  
And al þat bereþ monnes schaft,  
Schal go þat ilke selue wey. 148



- Vche Mon may be sore aferd  
 þat haþ a soule for to saue,  
 Whon he geþ bi a Chirche-zerd  
 And seoþ wher dede men beþ I-graue. 152  
 Riche men habbeþ riche stones,  
 þat alle men mouwe biholde :  
 þer-vnder liggeþ foule bones,  
 I-beddet al in Cloþ of colde. 156  
 Wel pore halle þer is I-maked,  
 Wiþ-outen eny worlde's winne ;  
 Saue a Clout, men beoþ al naked,  
 Whon deþ is comen I-cast þer-Inne. 160  
 þe halle-Roof is cast ful lowe,  
 þer beoþ none Chaumbres wyde ;  
 Me may reche þe helewowe  
 And þe wal on vche a syde. 164  
 Heore bodies<sup>1</sup> þat weoren so softe I-baþen<sup>2</sup> <sup>1 r. bodie</sup> bodies are full  
 And I-brougt forþ wiþ Mete and drynk, <sup>2 strong form, analog. to laden</sup>  
 þer hit schal crepe ful of Maþen—  
 In al þis world nis feulore stynk. 168  
 A Mon þat such a bodi seþe  
 Whon wormes hit haþ þorw-souht,  
 He ouzte wepe wiþ his eþe  
 And euere haue him in his þouht. 172  
 þer nis non so luyte ne so muche  
 þat is of flesch, blod and bon,  
 þat we ne schule ben alle suche,  
 Whon we ben huled vnder a ston. 176  
 Hou may eny mon be proud  
 ffor eny þing þat he may gete,  
 Whon he is huled vnder a schroud,  
 þat þing þat is wormes mete ? 180  
 þat þing þat is vr moste fo,  
 þerfore we don a gret folye  
 To loue þat þing þat doþ vs wo,  
 And eke vr dedliche enemye. 184  
 3if a Mon may libben heer  
 As longe as dude Matussale—  
 Nizene hundred & nyne & sixti þer  
 So longe on corþe liuede he— 188
- All should  
 fear  
 who go by a  
 churchyard  
 Poor hall is  
 in the grave:  
 the roof is  
 low, the  
 rooms  
 narrow ;  
 of maggot's,  
 and stink.  
 How can any  
 one be proud  
 of what is  
 worms' food ?  
 If you live  
 as long as  
 Methusalem,  
 969 year's.

that is but a  
few hours  
compared to  
eternity.

þat nis not also muche tyme  
Aȝeynes þe tyme þat comeþ afterward  
As fro þe sonne-rysing to prime—  
To sunfol men þat is ful hard. 192

A Man in  
Hell shall  
weep more  
than oceans-  
ful, at 1 tear  
a day.

þat I schal seye nou takeþ kepe,  
I drawe to witnessse seynt Austyn :  
þat a Mon schal more wepe  
þat dampned is to helle-pyn, 196

þen is water vnder þe sonne,  
And he wepe vche day a ter.  
Auisseþ ow now, ȝif þat ȝe cunne,  
And doþ þat ȝe ne come not þer ! 200

A Mon þat dampned is to helle,  
His peyne may not ben for-bouȝt,  
Ac endeles he schal þer dwelle ;  
Almes-dede helpeþ him nouht. 204

No alms, or

masses, or

þei alle men þat libbeþ nouȝe  
Weore prestes Masses to syng,  
And duden al þat þei euer couȝe,  
Ne scholden him of pyne bringe. 208

prayers 'll get  
a man out of  
Hell.

But Heaven is  
our heritage,  
if we serve  
God.

þat ilke soule þat is dryuen  
Wiþ fendes in atte helle-ȝate,  
And his Iuggement be him ȝiuen,  
To bidde Merci hit is to late. 212

Heuene hit is vre heritage,  
To vre bihoue hit is diht,  
[ȝif]<sup>1</sup> we han do feute and homage <sup>1 om.</sup>  
To vre lord, as hit is riht. 216

Sinner, come  
to Christ, and  
His joy !

Synful mon, ȝif þat he falleþ,  
A-Rys vp and mak þi pees,  
And cum to crist, whon þat he calleþ  
To Ioye þat is endeles. 220

He þat is al-mihti kyng,  
þat heize sitteþ In Trinite,  
Graunt vs alle his blessing,  
AMEN AMEN par charite. 224

[XL. *Two Songs of Love-longing.*]<sup>1</sup>

[I.]

|   |               |   |
|---|---------------|---|
| Swete Ihesu, now wol I synge                      | fol. CCXCVII. | Jesus, I'll sing Thee a Song of Love-Longing. |
| To þe a song of loue longinge :                   |               |   |
| Do in myn herte a welle springe                   |               |   |
| þe to louen ouer alle þinge.                      | 4             |   |
| <sup>2</sup> Swete Ihesu, kyng of blisse,         |               | Jesus, my heart's love,                       |
| Min herte loue, Min herte lisse :                 |               |   |
| In loue, lord, þou me wisse,                      |               |   |
| And let me neuere þi loue misse. <sup>3</sup>     | 8             |   |
| Swete Ihesu, myn herte liht,                      |               |   |
| þow art day wiþ-oute niht :                       |               |   |
| þiue me þoþe Grace and <sup>4</sup> miht          |               |   |
| ffor to loue <sup>5</sup> þe ariht.               | 12            |   |
| Swete Ihesu, my soule <sup>6</sup> bote,          |               | set in my heart a root of Thy love!           |
| In myn herte þou sette <sup>7</sup> a Roote       |               |   |
| Of þi loue þat is so swote,                       |               |   |
| And weete hit <sup>8</sup> þat hit springe mote ! | 16            |   |
| Swete Ihesu, myn herte gleem,                     |               |   |
| Brihtore þen þe sonne Beem :                      |               |   |
| As þou weore boren <sup>9</sup> In Bethleem,      |               |   |
| þou make in me þi loue-dreem. <sup>10</sup>       | 20            |   |
| Swete Ihesu, þi loue is swete—                    |               |   |
| Wo is him þat hit <sup>11</sup> schal leete !     |               |   |
| þif me grace for to wepe                          |               | Give me grace to weep for my sins!            |
| ffor my synnes teres wete. <sup>12</sup>          | 24            |   |

<sup>1</sup> Title in Index: An orisoun to crist, Songes to vre lady, Orisones to vre lady rehersinge of crist what he dude and suffrede for mankynde. The two first poems (from v. 5) are extant in MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 75 and 77 (ed. in Wright, *Specimens of Lyric Poets*, Percy Soc. 1842, p. 57 and 68, and Böd-deker, *Altengl. Dicht.* 1878, p. 191 and 198); the 2nd, an imitation of St. Bernard's 'Jesu dulcis memoria' (Daniel Thes. hymn. I, p. 227), has, in MS. Vern., been divided into several parts, each headed by a stanza to St. Mary (MS. Harl. 2253 has a separate French song to St. Mary, f. 77: Marie mere al Salveour, ed. Wright), and expanded, by various additions (v. 17-44, 57-80, 141-191 &c.) and ingredients (f. i. from Testam. Christi, v. 173 ff.) into a history of the Passion, forming at the same time a corollary to St. Mary. The original poems were composed in the South, the additions in the North (by Rich. Rolle?). Another love-song of this kind, in alliterative long-lines, is contained in the prose-part of MS. Vernon.

<sup>2</sup> v. 5-60 occurs as a separate poem in Harl. 2253 (ed. Wright). <sup>3</sup> 7-8 II þou art swete myd-y-wisse Wo is him þat þe shal misse. <sup>4</sup> II þou þe we streinþe & eke m. <sup>5</sup> II Iouien <sup>6</sup> II huerte <sup>7</sup> II sete <sup>8</sup> II Ant lene <sup>9</sup> II Ybore þou were <sup>10</sup> II þou m. me here þi suete d. <sup>11</sup> II þe <sup>12</sup> 23-4 II þarefore me shulden ofte þe grete Wiþ salte teres & eþe wepe.

|  |  |    |
|--|--|----|
|  | Swete Ihesu, kyng of londe,<br>Mak þou me to vnderstonde, <sup>1</sup><br>þat I may In myn herte fonde <sup>2</sup><br>Hou swete is <sup>3</sup> þi loue-bonde.                                      | 28 |
|  | Swete Ihesu, me reweþ sore<br>Of my misdedes I haue don 3ore :<br>ffor-3if me, lord, I wol no more,<br>But I þe aske Milce and ore.  | 32 |
| Open my<br>heart, and<br>alight in it! | Swete Ihesu, Lord <sup>4</sup> myn,<br>Mi lyf, my soule is al <sup>5</sup> þin :<br>Vndo myn herte and li3te <sup>6</sup> þerin,<br>And saue <sup>7</sup> me from wikked <sup>8</sup> engyn.         | 36 |
|  | <sup>9</sup> Swete Ihesu, lord good,<br>ffor me þou scheddest þi blessed blod <sup>10</sup> —<br>Out of þin herte hit com <sup>11</sup> þe flod—<br>þi Moder hit sau3 wiþ druyri mod <sup>12</sup> : | 40 |
| Hear me for<br>Thy Mother's<br>sake!   | Swete Ihesu, Briht and Schene,<br>Heere me, lord, for I me mene, <sup>13</sup><br>þorw preyere of Marie, Milde qweene, <sup>14</sup><br>þat þi loue on me be sene. <sup>15</sup>                     | 44 |
| Sweet Jesus,                           | Swete Ihesu, Mi soule foode,<br>Alle werkes of þe ben goode ; <sup>16</sup><br>þou bou3test me vppon þe Rode<br>And scheddest þeron þi swete blode. <sup>17</sup>                                    | 48 |
|  | Swete Ihesu, Barn <sup>18</sup> Best,<br>þi loue þou in myn herte fest ; <sup>19</sup><br>Whom I go North, Souþ, Est or West, <sup>20</sup><br>In þe al-one fynde I rest. <sup>21</sup>              | 52 |
| draw me to<br>Thee with<br>Love-cords! | Swete Ihesu, wel may him be<br>þat þe schal <sup>22</sup> in þi <sup>23</sup> blisse se !<br>Wiþ loue-cordes drau3 þou me,<br>þat I may comen and wone wiþ þe. <sup>24</sup>                         | 56 |

<sup>1</sup> H þou make me fer v. <sup>2</sup> H þat min herte mote f. <sup>3</sup> H bueþ <sup>4</sup> H louerd <sup>5</sup> H myn huerte al is <sup>6</sup> H liht <sup>7</sup> H wite <sup>8</sup> H fendes <sup>9</sup> In H precede 45-8, then follows : Suete ihesu, me reoweþ sore, Gultes þat y ha wroþt 3ore, þarefore y bidde þin mylse & ore, Merci, lord, ynul na more. <sup>10</sup> H þou me bohtest wiþ þi blod <sup>11</sup> H orn ; hit, om. in H. <sup>12</sup> H seh þat þe by stod <sup>13</sup> H Y preye þe þou here my bene <sup>14</sup> þourh erndyng of þe heuene-q. <sup>15</sup> H þat my bone be nou sene. <sup>16</sup> H þin werkes bueþ bo suete & gode <sup>17</sup> H For me þou sheddest þi blode <sup>18</sup> H berne <sup>19</sup> H Wiþ [þe] ich hope hadde rest <sup>20</sup> H Wheþer y be souþ oþer west <sup>21</sup> þe help of þe be me nest <sup>22</sup> H may <sup>23</sup> om. in H <sup>24</sup> 55-6 H : After mi soule let aungles te, For me ne gladieþ gome ne gle.

Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng,  
 ffeir and best ouer<sup>1</sup> alle þing̃:  
 Bring me in to þat loue-longyng<sup>2</sup>  
 To<sup>3</sup> come to þe at myn endyng.<sup>4</sup> 60

## [II.]

|  |  |    |
|--|--|----|
| <b>M</b> arie Moder, Mylde Qween,<br>Send vs grace synne to flen,<br>þat we moue þi sone i-sen<br>And euere wiþ hym in Blisse ben.   | Mary Mother,<br><br>let us see thy<br>Son!                           | 4  |
| <sup>5</sup> Ihesu, swete is þe loue of þe;<br>Ne may no þing so swete be, <sup>6</sup><br>Nouzt þat mon may þenke or se, <sup>7</sup><br>Ne haue <sup>8</sup> swetnesse aʒeynes þe.   | Jesu, sweet<br>is Thy love   | 8  |
| Ihesu, no song <sup>9</sup> mai be swettore, <sup>10</sup><br>Ne þouzt <sup>11</sup> in herte <sup>12</sup> Blisfollere,<br>Nouzt may be feeled lihtsomere <sup>13</sup><br>þen þou, so swete a louyere <sup>14</sup> !            |  | 12 |
| Ihesu, þi loue was vs <sup>15</sup> so fre<br>þat hit <sup>16</sup> from heuene brouz̃te <sup>17</sup> þe,<br>ffor loue ful deore bouz̃test þou <sup>18</sup> me,<br>ffor loue þow henge <sup>19</sup> on <sup>20</sup> Roode-tre. | that brought<br>Thee from<br>Heauen.                                 | 16 |
| <sup>21</sup> Ihesu, to þi disciples dere<br>þou seydest wiþ ful dreri chere<br>Aʒ þei seeten alle I-feere<br>A luytel ar þou taken were—  | For love<br>Thou<br>hangedst on<br>the Cross.                        | 20 |
| Ihesu, þou seydest þat þou wore<br>fful of serwe and herte-sore,<br>And beed hem dwellen a while þore<br>While þou beo-souzt̃est þi flader ore;  | Thou wast<br>full of sorrow<br>in the garden<br>of Gethise-<br>mane. | 24 |
| Ihesu, þou eodest on þi feete<br>To þe Mount of Olyuete,   |  |    |

<sup>1</sup> H of <sup>2</sup> H þou bring me of þis longing <sup>3</sup> H & <sup>4</sup> H adds: Sucte ihesu, al folkes reed, Graunte ous er we buen ded, þe vnderfonge in fourme of bred, Ant seþþe to heuene þou vs led. <sup>5</sup> This is a 2nd poem in Harl. 2253, fol. 77 b, with the title: 'Dulcis ihesu memoria.' <sup>6</sup> H Noþing so sucte may be <sup>7</sup> H Al þat [me] may wiþ eʒen se <sup>8</sup> H Haueþ no <sup>9</sup> H noþing <sup>10</sup> H swettore <sup>11</sup> H noht <sup>12</sup> corþe <sup>13</sup> H lykerusere <sup>14</sup> H alumere <sup>15</sup> H wes ous <sup>16</sup> H we <sup>17</sup> H brohten <sup>18</sup> H þou deore bohtest <sup>19</sup> H hong <sup>20</sup> MS. or <sup>21</sup> The next 7 stanzas om. in H.

|  |  |    |
|--|--|----|
|  | And to þi ffader, er þou leete,                    |    |
| Thou askedst                                 | þow madest a boone wiþ herte swete :               | 28 |
|  | To him þou seidest : “ 3if hit may be,             |    |
|  | Deore ffader, I preye þe,                          |    |
| that Thy<br>pain might<br>pass from<br>Thee. | þis peyne passe a-vey from me ;                    |    |
|  | As þow wolt so moot hit be ! ”                     | 32 |
|  | Ihesu, þou tornedest to hem þan :                  |    |
|  | And founde hem slepen vch a man ;                  |    |
|  | þow beede hem waken, &, er þou blan,               |    |
|  | A-non azeyn þe wey þou nam.                        | 36 |
|  | Ihesu, þus eft þe selue boone                      |    |
|  | þat þou beo-fore bi-gonne to done,                 |    |
|  | And eke þe þridde tyme sone                        |    |
|  | þow madest, wiþ a Milde mone.                      | 40 |
|  | Ihesu, wiþ þat þou preye gon,                      |    |
|  | þe swot of blood from þe ron.                      |    |
| Thou<br>sweatedst<br>blood.                  | ffrom heuene an Angel lihte þon                    |    |
|  | And þe cumfortede, God and Mon.                    | 44 |
|  | <sup>1</sup> <b>M</b> arie Mylde, freo and gent,   |    |
|  | Preye for me—þou art present—                      |    |
|  | Whon my soule is from me went,                     |    |
|  | þat hit haue good Iuggement.                       | 48 |
|  | Ihesu, for loue þou soffredest <sup>2</sup> wrong, |    |
|  | Woundes sore and peynes <sup>3</sup> strong ;      |    |
|  | þi peynes reuþful weore and long, <sup>4</sup>     |    |
|  | Ne may me hit telle in spel <sup>5</sup> ne song.  | 52 |
|  | Ihesu, for loue þou suffredest so <sup>6</sup> wo  |    |
|  | þat <sup>7</sup> bloodi stremes Ronne þe fro ;     |    |
| Thy body was<br>pale and wan.                | þi white bodi was bleyk <sup>8</sup> and blo—      |    |
|  | Vre sunnes hit made, weylawo <sup>9</sup> !        | 56 |
| Thou wast<br>crownd and<br>scourgd.          | <sup>10</sup> Ihesu, þi Coroune sat þe sore,       |    |
|  | þe scourgyng whon þow scourget wore ;              |    |
|  | Hit was for me—Ihesu, þin ore !—                   |    |
|  | þe peynes þat þow þoledest þore.                   | 60 |
| Thou wast<br>hanged for<br>me,               | Ihesu swete, þow heng on tre                       |    |
|  | Not for þi gult, but al for me,                    |    |

<sup>1</sup> This st. is om. in H. <sup>2</sup> H þoledest <sup>3</sup> H pine <sup>4</sup> H pine peynes rykene hit were long <sup>5</sup> H Ne may hem tellen spel <sup>6</sup> H drezedest ; so, om. in H. <sup>7</sup> om. in H. <sup>8</sup> H þat þi bodi wes blak <sup>9</sup> H For oure s. hit wes so <sup>10</sup> The next 6 stanzas om. in H.

|  |    |   |
|--|----|---|
| ffor summes and gult aʒeynes þe—<br>Swete Ihesu, for-ʒif hem me.   | 64 |   |
| Ihesu, whon þow streyned wore,<br>þi peynes woxen more and more.<br>þi Mooder euer wiþ þe was þore,<br>Wiþ serweful sikynges and wiþ sore.   | 68 | and straind<br>on the Cross.                                |
| Ihesu, whi weore þou pyned so<br>þat neuer wrouʒtest wrong ne wo?<br>Hit was for me, and moni mo,<br>þat þou so harde were bi-go.  | 72 | Yet Thou<br>never didst<br>wrong.                           |
| Ihesu, what sauh þow on me<br>Of ouʒt þat needful was to þe,<br>þat þou so harde on Roode-tre<br>ffor me woldest pyned be?   | 76 |   |
| Ihesu, whi weore þou so gelous,<br>So feruent and so disirrous<br>To buggen wiþ pris so precious<br>Wrecche Mon so vicious?  | 80 | Why wast<br>Thou so eager<br>to buy vicious<br>man so dear? |
| Ihesu, for vs þou henge <sup>1</sup> on Rode,<br>ffor loue þou ʒeeue <sup>2</sup> þin herte-blode;<br>Loue þe made <sup>3</sup> vre soule foode,<br>þi loue vs brouhte to alle goode.                            | 84 | Thou gavest<br>Thy heart-<br>blood                          |
| Ihesu my lemmon, þou art so fre,<br>þat al <sup>4</sup> þou dedest <sup>5</sup> for loue of me:<br>What <sup>6</sup> schal I for þat <sup>7</sup> ʒeelde þe?<br>þow kepest not but þe loue of me. <sup>8</sup>   | 88 | for me.<br>What shall<br>I pay Thee?                        |
| Ihesu my god, my lord, <sup>9</sup> my kyng,<br>þou askest <sup>10</sup> me non oþer þyng<br>But trewe loue and herte longyng <sup>11</sup><br>And loue-teres and stille <sup>12</sup> mournyng.                 | 92 | My love is all<br>Thou askest.                              |
| Ihesu my deore, my loue, my liht, <sup>13</sup><br>I wol þe louen, <sup>14</sup> and þat is riht.<br>Do me þe louen <sup>15</sup> wiþ al my miht,<br>And after <sup>16</sup> þe Mourne <sup>17</sup> dai & niht! | 96 |   |
| Ihesu, do me so loue <sup>18</sup> þe<br>þat my þouht ay on <sup>19</sup> þe be;   |    | Jesu, make<br>me love Thee!                                 |

<sup>1</sup> H for loue þou stehc <sup>2</sup> H seʒe <sup>3</sup> H þou madest <sup>4</sup> om. in H. <sup>5</sup> H de-  
cedest <sup>6</sup> H Whet <sup>7</sup> H þarefore <sup>8</sup> H þar nys noht bote hit loue be, <sup>9</sup> H  
ihesu <sup>10</sup> H ne asked <sup>11</sup> H & eke seruyng <sup>12</sup> H wiþ suete <sup>13</sup> H I. my lyf,  
ihesu <sup>14</sup> H Ich loue þe <sup>15</sup> H loue þe <sup>16</sup> H for <sup>17</sup> H mournen <sup>18</sup> H seruen  
<sup>19</sup> H þat euer mi þoht vpon

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
|  | Wip þin eʒen lok on me, <sup>1</sup>  |     |
|  | And Myldeliche my nede se! <sup>2</sup>   | 100 |
| Mary,<br>Mother,                                       | <b>M</b> arie ladi, Mooder briht,—  |     |
|  | þou darst, þou wolt, þou art of miht,—  |     |
|  | Myn herte loue, my lyf, my liht,  |     |
| pray for me!   | þou prey for me þoþe day & niht.  | 104 |
| Jesu, Thy<br>love is all I<br>think of.                | Ihesu, þi loue is <sup>4</sup> al my þouht,<br>Of oþer þing ne recche I nouht,<br>But þat I haue a-ʒeyn þe wrouht <sup>5</sup><br>And þou hast me so deore a-bouht.                                       | 108 |
|  | Ihesu, al- <sup>6</sup> þauʒ I synful be,<br>fful longe hastou spared <sup>7</sup> me ;<br>þe more owe I to loue <sup>8</sup> þe<br>þat þou wip <sup>9</sup> me hast <sup>10</sup> ben so fre.            | 112 |
| No one knows<br>Love-long-<br>ing so well as<br>Thou,  | <sup>11</sup> Ihesu, forsoþe now nis no þing<br>In al þis world of sūch lykyng,<br>þat con so muche of loue-longyng,<br>As þou Ihesu, my deore swetyng.   | 116 |
|  | Ihesu, wel ouʒt I loue þe,<br>ffor þou me schewest þi Rode-tre,<br>þi Coroune <sup>12</sup> of þornes, and <sup>13</sup> nayles þre,<br>þe scharpe spere þat þorw-stong þe.                               | 120 |
| for love-long-<br>ing made<br>Thee die for<br>us, with | Ihesu, of loue I seo tokenyng : <sup>14</sup><br>þin Armes spradde to loue-cluppyng, <sup>15</sup><br>þin hed bouwede <sup>16</sup> to swete cussyng,<br>þi syde al opene to loue-schewyng. <sup>17</sup> | 124 |
| Thy arms<br>spread.                                    | Ihesu, whon I <sup>18</sup> þenke on þe<br>And loke vppon þe Roode-tre,<br>þi swete bodi bi-bled <sup>19</sup> I se :<br>Lord, do þat siht to wounde me! <sup>20</sup>                                    | 128 |
| Jesu, when I<br>think of Thee<br>on the Cross,         | Ihesu, þi Moder <sup>21</sup> þat bi þe stood,<br>Of loue-teres heo wepte <sup>22</sup> a flood ;<br>þy <sup>23</sup> woundes and þyn holy blood<br>Heo maden hire haue a <sup>24</sup> dreri mood.       | 132 |

<sup>1</sup> H Wip þine suete eʒen loke towart me <sup>2</sup> H Ant myldeliche myne, y preie, al þat þou se <sup>3</sup> This stanza om. in H. <sup>4</sup> H be <sup>5</sup> H Ý ʒyrne to haue þi wille ywroht For þou me hauest wel d. yb. <sup>6</sup> om. in H. <sup>7</sup> H Wel longe þou hauest y-sp. <sup>8</sup> H oh ich to louie <sup>9</sup> om. in H. <sup>10</sup> H hauest <sup>11</sup> The next 6 lines om. in H. <sup>12</sup> H bac <sup>13</sup> H þy <sup>14</sup> H of l. soth tocknyng <sup>15</sup> H spredeþ to mankynde <sup>16</sup> H heued down boweþ <sup>17</sup> H openeþ to loue-longyng <sup>18</sup> H when ich <sup>19</sup> H to-toren <sup>20</sup> H Hit makeþ heorte to smerte me. <sup>21</sup> H þe quene <sup>22</sup> H weop <sup>23</sup> H þin <sup>24</sup> H Made hire huerte of



|   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| Ihesu, loue þe dude to wepen, <sup>1</sup>                |                   |
| Loue þe dude <sup>2</sup> þi <sup>3</sup> blod to sweten, | I see that        |
| ffor loue þou were sore beten, <sup>4</sup>               | Love led          |
| Loue þe dude þi lyf to leten.                             | Thee to lose      |
|   | Thy life.         |
|   | 136               |
| <sup>5</sup> <b>M</b> Arie, I prei þe, as þou art fre,    | Mary, let me      |
| Of þi serwe parte wiþ me,                                 | be partaker       |
| þat I mowe serwe here wiþ þe                              |                   |
| And partiner of þi blisse be.                             | 140 of thy bliss! |
| Ihesu, þi loue þou tauhtest me                            |                   |
| Wiþ swete wordes of herte fre                             |                   |
| þat þou speak on Roode-tre—                               |                   |
| So ful of loue ne mihte non be.                           | 144               |
| Ihesu, þe furste word was, as I rede,                     | Jesu, on the      |
| þat þou þi deore ffader beede                             | Cross, Thou       |
| þat he forʒaf hem heore misdede,                          | saidest,          |
| Alle þat duden þe to dede.                                | 1. Forgive        |
|   | their mis-        |
|   | deeds;            |
|   | 148               |
| Ihesu, þat oþer was I-wis                                 |                   |
| þat þou seidest, as writen is :                           |                   |
| þat þe þeef schulde haue blis                             | 2. The Thief      |
| Wiþ þe þat day in paradis.                                | shall be in       |
|   | Paradise;         |
|   | 152               |
| Ihesu, þe þridde was of Mon :                             |                   |
| Whon þi Mooder þe schulde forgon,                         |                   |
| A Sone þou hire be-tauhtest on,                           |                   |
| And seidest : “wommon, tak heer Ion !”                    | 156 3. Woman,     |
|   | take John as      |
|   | a son ;           |
| Ihesu, as þou weore pynded more,                          |                   |
| þe ffeorþe word þou seydest þore :                        |                   |
| “A,” seydest þow, “me þursted sore” —                     | 4. I thirst ;     |
| Hit was for hem þat dampned wore.                         | 160               |
| Ihesu, þe ffyfþe word Reweþ me                            |                   |
| þat þow seidest on Roode-tre :                            |                   |
| “Mi God, Mi God, hou may þis be                           | 5. My God,        |
| þat þou hast al forsake me ?”                             | why hast          |
|   | Thou for-         |
|   | saken me ?        |
|   | 164               |
| Ihesu, þe Sixte word hit was                              |                   |
| Whon þou seidest “ In manus tuas,”                        | 6. Into Thy       |
| Be-tauhtest þi ffader in þat plas                         | hands I com-      |
| þi soule, as his wille was.                               | mit my soul ;     |
|   | 168               |
| Ihesu, In al þi peyne mest                                |                   |
| Neuere was so meke best--                                 |                   |

<sup>1</sup> H I. suete l. þe d. gredyn <sup>2</sup> H made <sup>3</sup> om. in H. <sup>4</sup> H y-b. <sup>5</sup> The whole next section, lines 137-192, is left out in H.

7. It is  
finisht.      þou seydest "Consummatum est,"  
þyn hed fel doun, þou zelde þe gost.<sup>1</sup>      <sup>1</sup> r. gest      172
- Elsewhere,      Ihesu, þou seidest; "alle 3e  
þat passen be þe wey bi me,  
A while a-bydeþ, comeþ and se      175  
3if eny serwe is lyk to me."<sup>2</sup>      <sup>2</sup> cf. Testamentum Christi, vv. 93-6.  
"Is any  
sorrow like  
mine?"      Ihesu, þou seidest: "tel þow me,  
Mi deore folk, what hit may be,  
What haue I gult a3eynes þe  
þat þou so bitter art to me?"      180
- Why are you  
bitter to me?      Ihesu, þou seydest þenne more:  
"Mi deore folk, 3e tel me 3ore,  
Haue I wiþ myn holi lore  
And gode dedes I-hurt so sore?"      184
- How is it  
that      Ihesu, þou seidest after 3et:  
"Mi deore wyn3ard, ne haue I þe set,  
Mi ffader blisse þe bi-het,  
Wiþ al my-self—what woldest þou bet?"      188
- ye give me  
shame for  
bliss?"      Ihesu, þou seidest: "hou is þis,  
Mi Swete, what haue I do mis  
þat þou wiþ-outen eny lis  
Me 3eldest schome a3eyn Mi blis?"      192
- Jesu, Thy 5  
wells stream  
blood to wash  
my soul of  
sin.      <sup>3</sup> **M** Arie, þat slakest alle wo,  
Helle-peynes schild me fro,  
And 3if me grace her do so  
þat I from henne to heuene go.      196
- How shall I  
pay Thee all  
I owe Thee?      Ihesu, ffyue welles<sup>4</sup> I fynde in þe,  
þat loue spring to drawe me<sup>5</sup>;  
Of Rede blod<sup>6</sup> þe stremes be,  
Mi soule of synnes wasschen heo.<sup>7</sup>      200
- How shall I  
pay Thee all  
I owe Thee?      Ihesu, my soule drau3<sup>8</sup> þe to,  
And mak myn herte<sup>9</sup> wyde vndo;  
3if hit þi loue<sup>10</sup> to drynke so,  
þat flessches lustes ben<sup>11</sup> fordo!      204
- How shall I  
pay Thee all  
I owe Thee?      <sup>12</sup> Ihesu, Muchel Ich owe þe:  
Who schal hit al zelde þe?

<sup>3</sup> This st. om. in H. <sup>4</sup> H woundes <sup>5</sup> H Þy loue-sprenges tacheþ me <sup>6</sup> H  
Of blod & water <sup>7</sup> H Vs to whosse from oure fon þre. <sup>8</sup> H saule drah <sup>9</sup> H  
Min heorte opene & <sup>10</sup> H Þis hure of l. <sup>11</sup> H fleyssliche lust be al <sup>12</sup> The  
next 2 stanzas om. in H.

- Me bi-houep þi-self hit be,  
 As þou pyne suffredest for me. 208  
 Ihesu, þi loue 3ef me follyke,  
 In myn herte þat hit stike,  
 Mi soule hit þurle Inwardliche,  
 þat hit be þyn enterliche. 212  
 Ihesu,<sup>1</sup> do me loue þe so  
 þat, wher I beo or what<sup>2</sup> I do,  
 þat I for weole ne for wo<sup>3</sup>  
 Ne let<sup>4</sup> myn herte torne þe<sup>5</sup> fro. 216  
<sup>6</sup>Ihesu lord, Mi swetyng,  
 Hold me euere in þy kepyng,  
 Mak of me þi derlyng,  
 þat I þe loue ouer alle þing. 220  
 Ihesu, my weole and al my wynne,  
 Al my Ioye is þe wiþ-Inne :  
 Now and euere kep me from synne,  
 To do þi wille let me not blynné ! 224  
 Ihesu, mihtful Heuene-kyng,  
 þi loue beo al my lykyng,  
 Mi mournyng and my longyng,  
 Wiþ swete teres wepyng. 228  
 Ihesu, 3if me<sup>7</sup> for þi name  
 Pacience In peyne<sup>8</sup> and schame,  
 þat to my soule is<sup>9</sup> note and frame ;  
 And mak myn herte Mylde & tame. 232  
 Ihesu, Al þat is feir to se,<sup>10</sup>  
 þat to þe flessches lykyng may be,<sup>11</sup>  
 Al worldes blisse do me fle<sup>12</sup>  
 And al my tent 3iue<sup>13</sup> to þe. 236  
<sup>14</sup>**M**Arie, Swete Mayden<sup>15</sup> fre,  
 ffor Ihesu [rist] be-seche I þe :  
 þi swete sone do loue<sup>16</sup> me,  
 And mak me worþi þat hit<sup>17</sup> so be. 240  
 Ihesu, in þe beo al my þou3t—

Make me Thy  
 darling,

keep me from  
 sin!

Jesu, give

me patience,

and make me  
 meek!

Mary, make  
 thy Son love  
 me, and make  
 me worthy of  
 His love!

<sup>1</sup> H Ihesu rist <sup>2</sup> H & what-so <sup>3</sup> H Lyf ne deþ, weole ne wo <sup>4</sup> H do <sup>5</sup> H þe turne <sup>6</sup> The next 3 stanzas om. in H. (Similar vv. occur in Rich. Rolle's 'Fourme of parfit liuing.')

<sup>7</sup> H do me þat <sup>8</sup> H Me likeþ to dre3e pyne <sup>9</sup> H þat is þy s. <sup>10</sup> MS. þe, H se <sup>11</sup> H Al þat to fleyhs mai likyng be <sup>12</sup> H b. to leten, me <sup>13</sup> Graunte, for þe loue of þe. <sup>14</sup> In H this stanza precedes the last 2 stanzas. <sup>15</sup> H mayde <sup>16</sup> H louie <sup>17</sup> H y

- Of oþer þyng<sup>1</sup> ne recche I<sup>2</sup> nouzt ;  
 Whon I of þe may felen ouzt,  
 þen is my soule wel of þouzt.<sup>3</sup> 244  
 Ihesu, 3if þou for-lete<sup>4</sup> me,  
 What may me lyken<sup>5</sup> of þat I se ?  
 Blisse may non<sup>6</sup> wiþ me be,  
 Til þat<sup>7</sup> þou come aʒeyn to me. 248  
 Ihesu, þat me hast deore abouht,<sup>8</sup>  
 Al þat to synne draweþ ouht  
 Holliche puyt out of my þouzt,  
 So þat I ne wrappþe þe nouzt. 252  
 Ihesu, my soule is weddet<sup>9</sup> to þe—  
 Wiþ rihte hit ouhte þin owne to be<sup>10</sup> ;  
 þauz I haue synget aʒeynes þe,<sup>11</sup>  
 þi Merci is euere redi to me. 256  
 Ihesu þi Merci, bi-leue<sup>12</sup> I craue—  
 Me bihoueþ þat<sup>13</sup> I hit haue ;  
 þe deuh of grace vpon me laue,  
 And worþi me make þi loue to haue.<sup>14</sup> 260  
 Ihesu, þou be al my ʒernyng,<sup>15</sup>  
 In þe be, lord, al my lykyng,  
 Mi þouzt, my dede, and my Mournyng  
 To haue þe Euere in loue-longyng. 264  
 Ihesu, my leof,<sup>16</sup> Mylde of mood,<sup>17</sup>  
 Mi soule haþ neode<sup>18</sup> of þi good :  
 Mak hit clene<sup>19</sup> and þolemood,  
 And ful hit<sup>20</sup> of þi loue-flod.<sup>21</sup> 268  
 Ihesu, my soule preyþ<sup>22</sup> þe,  
 Let hit nouzt vnclouþed be<sup>23</sup> ;  
 24 Cloþe hit wiþ þi loue fre,  
 Wiþ goode werkes þat lyken þe. 272  
 Ihesu, Beute ne aske I þe nouzt,  
 Ne proude cloþes nobli wrouzt,  
 I ask Thee only for

<sup>1</sup> H blisse <sup>2</sup> H recchy <sup>3</sup> H wel y-wroht <sup>4</sup> H forlestest <sup>5</sup> H mi likyng  
<sup>6</sup> H Mai no god blisse <sup>7</sup> H O þat <sup>8</sup> 249-252 H Ihesu, 3ef þou bist ʒeorne by-  
 soht : When þou comest, ant elles noht, No fleishlich lust ne wicked þoht  
 In to myn heorte ne be y-broht. <sup>9</sup> H spoused <sup>10</sup> H Ofte yeh hadde misdoun  
 aʒeynes þe ; <sup>11</sup> H Ihesu, þi merci is wel fre ; Ihesu, merci y crie to þe. <sup>12</sup> H  
 I., wiþ herte þi loue <sup>13</sup> H Hit bihoueþ nede <sup>14</sup> H Ant from alle harmes þou  
 me saue <sup>15</sup> H I., from me be al þat þyng þat me (r. þe) may be to mislik-  
 yng ; Al þat is nede þou me bryng ; To haue þi loue is my ʒyrnyng. <sup>16</sup> H lif  
<sup>17</sup> H of milde <sup>18</sup> H gret n. <sup>19</sup> H Tak hire treufole <sup>20</sup> H hire <sup>21</sup> H blod  
<sup>22</sup> H bidde y <sup>23</sup> H Eueremore wel vs be <sup>24</sup> Lines 271-284 om. in H.

Londes ne Rentes, deore bouzt,  
But hertly loue and elene þouzt. 276 Love and Purity.

Ihesu, whonne so hit lykeþ þe,  
Loue-sparkes send þou me ;  
Mak myn herte al hot to be,  
Brennynde in þe loue of þe. 280

**M**Arie, þi sone preye hertely  
ffor me, wrecche vnworþy,  
þat he wole enterly  
Graunte me his Merci. 284 Mary, pray thy Son for me!

Ihesu almihti,<sup>1</sup> heuene-kyng,  
þi loue is a ful<sup>2</sup> derne þing ;  
May no mon hit witen þorw knowyng,  
But he hit feele þorw herte þenkyn<sup>3</sup>. 288 Jesu,

<sup>4</sup>Ihesu, 3if me þat I may see  
þe Muchele good þou hast do me.  
And I vnkynde a3eyn haue be,  
ffor-3if me, lord, þat art so fre. 292 let me feel how much good Thou hast done me!

Ihesu, þi loue and fleschly þouzt  
Wonen to-gedre ne mouwe þ[e]i nouzt,  
As Hony & galle to-gedre brouzt ;  
Swete and Bitter a-cordeþ nouzt. 296 I thank Thee.

<sup>5</sup>Ihesu, wiþ herte I þonke þe.  
þou3 I wrecche and sunfol be,  
In trewe hope I preye þe,  
þi Blisse & Merci graunte þou me. 300 Grant me Thy bliss!

Ihesu, þauh I be vnworþi  
To loue þe, lord Almihti,  
þi godnesse<sup>6</sup> me makeþ<sup>7</sup> hardi  
Mi soule to don<sup>8</sup> in þi Merci. 304

Ihesu, þi Merci cumforteþ<sup>9</sup> me :  
ffor no mon may so synful be,  
þat synne wol leue<sup>10</sup> and to þe fle,  
þat Merci ful redi fyndeþ he.<sup>11</sup> 308 Jesu,

Ihesu, for synful, as writen is,<sup>12</sup>  
þou lihstest from þin heize blis<sup>13</sup> 308 for sinners Thou comest from bliss

<sup>1</sup> H al myhtful <sup>2</sup> H wel <sup>3</sup> 287-8 om. in II. <sup>4</sup> The next 2 st. om. in II.  
<sup>5</sup> H Ihesu, wel mai myn herte se þat milde & meoke he mot be, Alle vnþewes  
& lntes fle, þat feleu wole þe blisse of þe. <sup>6</sup> H loue <sup>7</sup> H m. to ben <sup>8</sup> H  
Ant don me al <sup>9</sup> H þi mildenesse froreþ <sup>10</sup> H 3ef he let sunne <sup>11</sup> H þat ne  
find scour at þe. <sup>12</sup> H For sunful folk, suete ihesus <sup>13</sup> H þe h. hous

to Mary's  
womb.

<sup>1</sup>In to Marie wombe, I-wis,  
To 3iuen vs alle reste and lis. 312

<sup>2</sup>Ihesu, þau3 I synful be,  
I haue euere trust hope in þe ;  
þerfore, lord, I preye þe  
þat of my synnes amende þou me. 316

Let me suffer  
no ill!

<sup>3</sup>Ihesu, þou art so good a mon,  
þi loue desyre I as<sup>4</sup> I con ;  
Me to lette suffre þing non,<sup>5</sup>  
Swete Ihesu, my deore lemmon. 320

Mary, pray  
thy Son to  
grant me  
bliss!

Ihesu, euére<sup>6</sup> beo-seche I þe,  
þin Inward<sup>7</sup> loue þou graunte me ;  
þou3 I þerto vnworþi<sup>8</sup> be,  
þou<sup>9</sup> mak me worþi, þat art so fre. 324

<sup>10</sup>**M**arie Milde, ful of pite,  
Prey þi deore Sone for me  
þat he graunte me to be  
Euere in blisse wiþ him and þe. 328

Ihesu al swete, þat art<sup>11</sup> al good,  
Do þi loue drynke<sup>12</sup> myn herte-blod.  
þi loue me makeþ so swete<sup>13</sup>-wod  
þat wonder blisful is my mood.<sup>14</sup> 332

Jesu, make  
me do Thy  
will!

<sup>15</sup>Ihesu, do me do þi wille,  
Nou and euere, loud and stille ;  
Wiþ þi loue my soule fulfille  
And soffre neuere þat I do ille. 336

Teach me  
Thy love-  
song!

<sup>16</sup>Ihesu, þi loue is swete and strong,  
Mi lyf is al þer-on<sup>17</sup> I-long :  
Tech me, lord,<sup>18</sup> þi loue-song,  
Wiþ swete teres euer a-mong. 340

Ihesu, 3if þou be from me go,  
Min herte<sup>19</sup> is ful of serwe & wo ;  
What may I sey<sup>20</sup> but weylawo,  
Whon þou, my swete, art went me fro<sup>21</sup> ? 344

<sup>1</sup> H Pore & lo3e þou were for ous, þin heorte loue þou sendest ous. <sup>2</sup> The next st. om. in H. <sup>3</sup> In H this st. follows v. 334. <sup>4</sup> H y 3yrne al-so <sup>5</sup> H þare-fore ne lette me nomon þah ich for loue be blac ant won. <sup>6</sup> H forþi <sup>7</sup> H þi suete <sup>8</sup> þat ich þare-to worþi <sup>9</sup> om. in H. <sup>10</sup> This st. om. in H. <sup>11</sup> H ihesu <sup>12</sup> H þi loue drynkeþ <sup>13</sup> H swiþe <sup>14</sup> H þat y ne drede for no flod. <sup>15</sup> H Ihesu, do me to seruen þe, Wher in londe so y be ; When ich þe fynde, wel is me, 3ef þou ne woldest away fle. <sup>16</sup> In H this st. precedes v. 393. <sup>17</sup> H on þe <sup>18</sup> H ihesu <sup>19</sup> H soule <sup>20</sup> H sugge <sup>21</sup> H When mi lif is me at-go.

- Ihesu þin ore, þou rewe on<sup>1</sup> me !  
 Whon schal my soule<sup>2</sup> come to þe ?  
<sup>3</sup>Hou longe schal hit here be,  
 þer I ne may þe, my lemmon, se ? 348  
 Ihesu, þi lore techþ<sup>4</sup> me  
 Wiþ al myn herte to loue<sup>5</sup> þe :  
 þorw þi miht mak hit so be,  
 þat þerto, lord, constreyne me. 352  
 Ihesu my lef, my lord,<sup>6</sup> my kyng,  
 To þe my soule haþ gret longyng,<sup>7</sup>  
 þou hast hit weddet wiþ þi Ryng :<sup>8</sup>  
 Whon þi wille is, to þe hit bring. 356  
 Ihesu, þat deore bouztest me,  
 Mak me worþi to<sup>9</sup> come to þe ;  
 Alle my sunnes forþif þou me,  
 þat I may comen & wone wiþ þe.<sup>10</sup> 360  
 Ihesu al<sup>11</sup> feir, my lemmon<sup>12</sup> briht,  
 I þe<sup>13</sup> be-seche wiþ al my miht :  
 Bring my soule in to þi<sup>14</sup> liht,  
 þer is day and neuer<sup>15</sup> niht. 364  
 Ihesu, þin help at myn endyng,  
 Tac my soule at my dizaing,<sup>16</sup>  
 Seende hit socour & cumfortyng,<sup>17</sup>  
 þat hit<sup>18</sup> ne drede no wikked<sup>19</sup> þing. 368  
 Ihesu, ffor þi Merci fre<sup>20</sup>  
 In siker hope do þou me  
 To<sup>21</sup> scapen peyne & come to þe  
 And euere in blisse wiþ þe be.<sup>22</sup> 372  
 Ihesu, Ihesu, Blessed<sup>23</sup> ben heo<sup>24</sup>  
 þat in þi blisse mowe þe se<sup>25</sup>  
 And haue folliche<sup>26</sup> þe loue of þe :  
 Swete Ihesu, þou graunte hit me. 376  
 Ihesu, þi Blisse<sup>27</sup> haþ non endyng ;<sup>28</sup>  
 þer nis no serwe ne no wepyng, —  
 where no sorrow or weeping is.

<sup>1</sup> H of <sup>2</sup> H For whenne schal ich <sup>3</sup> 347-8, 351-2 om. in H. <sup>4</sup> H biddeþ  
<sup>5</sup> H louie, to om. <sup>6</sup> H lif, ihesu <sup>7</sup> H My s. haueþ to þe zyrnyng. <sup>8</sup> H  
 When þi wille is, to þe hire bryng, þou art suetest of alle þyng. <sup>9</sup> om. in H.  
<sup>10</sup> H þat ich wiþ blisse þe mowe se. <sup>11</sup> H so <sup>12</sup> H ihesu so <sup>13</sup> H þat i  
<sup>14</sup> H þe <sup>15</sup> H day wiþ-oute <sup>16</sup> H Ant ine þat dredful out wendyng. <sup>17</sup> H  
 Send my soule god weryyng <sup>18</sup> H y <sup>19</sup> non couel <sup>20</sup> H l., þi grace, þat is  
 so fre ! <sup>21</sup> H At <sup>22</sup> H To þe blisse þat ay shal be. <sup>23</sup> H ful wel <sup>24</sup> H he  
<sup>25</sup> H mowen be <sup>26</sup> H fulliche habbe <sup>27</sup> H loue <sup>28</sup> H endyng

But pees & Ioye wiþ gret lykyng :<sup>1</sup>  
 Swete Ihesu, þerto vs bringe. Amen. — — 380  
<sup>2</sup>Hose ofte seiþ þis wiþ good wille,  
 Schal fynde grace his loue to fille ;  
 Holygost his herte schal tille,  
 ffrom synne him bringe & ffendes ille. 384

XLI. *I luytel tretys of Þoue. Of godes  
 passyon.<sup>3</sup>*

Christ says  
to man's  
soul,

**I**hesu Crist, þat is so fre,  
 To Monnes soule spekeþ he :  
 "Ichaue," he seiþ, "I-weddet þe,  
 And in myn honden I-writen þe. 4

"I created  
the world  
for you.

"Al þat in þis world is ouzt,  
 ffor þi loue I-chaue hit wrouzt ;  
 And siþen after so deore þe bouzt  
 þat of my lyf ne rouzte I nouzt. 8

For you I  
sufferd

"What miht I more don þen þis :  
 þen comen out of my ffader blis  
 And suffren<sup>4</sup> mony a schome, I-wis, <sup>4 MS. suffred</sup>  
 ffor to bringe þe to blis? 12

30 years ;

"Þritti wynter on eorþe I zode,  
 In pyne & penaunce, for þi gode ;  
 Atte laste I dyzede on Roode  
 And 3af for þe myn herte-blode. 16

I died on the  
Cross,

was spit on

"Al my bodi was riuen and rent,  
 Mi face was al bi-spit and schent,  
 To saue þe, Mon, þer þou were dempt—  
 ffor al þat was myn entent. 20

and pierst.

"ffrom myn herte þorw my syde  
 Blod and water gon þorw glyde  
 And clanse þe of fulþe and pride—  
 So wolde non don In world so wyde ! 24

No man  
would suffer  
so for his  
sweetheart.

"In al þis world nis no mon  
 So mucche loueþ his lemmon,  
 þat wolde suffre pyne on  
 þat I for þe þolede mony on ! 28

<sup>1</sup> H Bote ioie & blisse ant lykyng <sup>2</sup> Last stanza om. in H.

<sup>3</sup> Title in Index om.



“Myn herte forsope clef in-two  
ffor muche pyne and muche wo—

Al for þe I þolede so,  
þat þou ne scholdest to helle go.

32

“Mi soule, þat was wiþ-ouren synne,  
Ede for þe to helle-pynne

My soul went  
to Hell for  
you.

And leeseþe þe out, þat was þer-inne  
In serwe & care þat neuer schulde blinne.

36

“Whon I was sprad on þe Rode-tre,  
Mucche was þe loue Ich hedde to þe,  
Elles hed ich I-leten al be;

Bote loue wolde not suffre me.

40

“ffor loue me brouzþe out of my rest,  
ffor loue I rested In Marie brest;

For you I  
sufferd

ffor loue I þolede pynes werst,  
ffor loue made myn herte berst.

44

“Whon Ich heyng vppon þe Roode,  
ffor loue I schedde al my blode—

and shed My  
blood.

þenk þeron, synful, In þi mode,  
Lef þi sunne and do sum goode!

48

“Loue made<sup>1</sup> me al forzete

<sup>1</sup> MS. makeþ

Harde pynes and dunttes grete,

Whon I was for þi loue I-bete

And as a þef bounden lad in þe strete.

52

“Loue made me bere þe Rode-tre

On my bare scholde[r] for þe.

þe blod doun stremede bi bac & þe,

Whon I dude hongen vppon þe Rode-tre.

56

“Mon, Mon, for þe loue of þe

Mi peynes dude queme me,

þat for delyt hit þouzþe me.

Do noue kyndeliche & quit hit me!

60 Now repay  
it Me!

“More for þe I-chaue don zete:

I-chaue I-mad me þi mete

And ziue þe my-self at ete,

ffrom helle-pyne þe to gete.

64

“Loke what wolt þou zelde me

ffor al þat I-chaue don for þe!

Non oþer þing kep I of þe

But onliche þat þou loue me.

68 I ask only  
Love of you.

Come to Me,  
and I'll kiss  
you.

“Cum to me and haue my blis,  
And I þe wole cluppe and cus.  
Ich ʒiue þe al my-self, I-wis,  
To do wiþ what þi wille is. 72

Turn to Me,  
and Heaven's  
bliss!

“ʒif þou hast ben fouled wiþ synne,  
Torn aʒeyn to me and blynnē :  
And I þe ʒiue heuene-wynne—  
So loþ me is þat we a-twynne.” 76

Now and nomeliche at myn endyng,  
Swete Ihesu, heuene-kyng,  
In þi wille ʒif me lykyng,  
Wiþ studefast hope & hol louyng. 80

Jesu, give

Ihesu, þat art of gode forʒelde,  
fforʒite me nouʒt in myn elde ;  
ʒif me studefast hope and belde  
To haue þe, lord, euer in my welde. 84

me ever part  
in Thee!

Swete Ihesu, Lyon strong,  
þow þat neuere louedest wrong,  
Chastise me wiþ myn owne wande  
And let me neuere to helle gande.<sup>1</sup> 1 for gange 88

Let me never  
go to Hell,

Swete Ihesu, loþles lombe,  
þat swettor is þen hony-Combe,  
And was boren of Marie wombe :  
þou bring vs to heuene on þi riʒt honde. 92

but bring  
us all to  
Heaven!

Swete Ihesu, þe feireste wiht,  
As þou art Rihtwysnesse and riht,  
ʒiue vs for þin holy miht  
Alle comen to heuene briht. Amen. 96

[XLII. *Of Clene Maydenhod.*]<sup>1</sup>

I write you  
a Poem

Of clene Maydenhod,  
To be weddet clanly to god.

(1)

**O**ff a trewe loue clene & derne  
I-chaue I-write þe a Ron,

<sup>1</sup> Title in Index: þat crist is called lemman to a clene soule. This poem was edited before by Furnivall, *The Stations of Rome*, E. E. T. S. 1867.

How þou maiȝt, ȝif þow wolt, lerne<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> line repeated in MS.] to teach  
 ffor to loue þi lemmon, 4 you how to  
 þat trewest is of alle berne love Christ.  
 And most of loue chacche con.  
 Beo war, for he is sumdel steorne,  
 His eȝe is euere þe vppon. 8

(2)

þou art wrouht of such a kynde :  
 Wiȝ-outen loue maiȝt þou not be ;  
 And neuermore schalt þou fynde You'll find  
 þat is so swete and feir as he. 12 none so sweet  
 ȝif þou miht hym to þe bynde as He.  
 Wiȝ trewe loue-bondes þre,  
 Wiȝ al þin herte, wille, & mynde,  
 ffrom þe wol he neuer fle. 16

(3)

Heddest þou founden such a feere<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> on erasure. A lover as  
 þat weore so feir as Absolon, fair as Ab-  
 And þer-to so strong to tere as strong as  
 As in his tyme was Sampson, 20 Sampson,  
 So Riche þer-to þat he were as wise as  
 And so wys as Salomon ; Solomon,  
 I-wis, to him riht nouȝt hit were<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> r. nere would be as  
 þat þou hast chosen to þi lemmon. 24 nought to  
 Christ.

(4)

ffor monnes loue; ȝif þou beo-holde,  
 Hit lasteȝ but a luytel res, Man's love  
 And wiȝ gyle is al bi-folde, is short,  
 Hit is ffikel, ffals and les ; 28 fickle, false,  
 Whon þou wenest hit best to holde,  
 Hit wendeȝ a-wey as wyndes bles,  
 And bi-comeȝ wrest and colde— wayward as  
 ffor trewe loue hit neuer nes. 32 the wind,

(5)

Loue þat wol not wiȝ þe a-byde,  
 And þou hit desyre, þou hast wouh ;  
 Ar þou beo war, hit wol to-glyde,  
 Hit is fikel, ffals and ffrouȝ ; 36

Hit is a-veyward In vche<sup>1</sup> a syde, <sup>1 MS. In vche in vch</sup>  
 Whiles hit lasteþ, vnwrest & wouh—  
 Beo war and seo what wol be-tyde :  
 Hit wol to-dryue as lef on bouh.

and wavers  
like a leaf.

40

## (6)

Think not  
of it!

þe loue þat wole to serwe wende,  
 þou do hit al out of þi þouzt :

And his loue in þin herte bynde

Love Christ!

þat haþ þi loue so deore a-bouzt.

44

ffor 3if þou heddest al to þe ende

Heuene & eorþe þorw3-out souht,

To fynde a feere þat weore so hende

As he, I-wys hit weore for nouzt.

48

## (7)

He is meek  
and mighty.

He is of Mood wel Meke and Mylde,

ffreo of herte, strong of miht,

Of glade chere, of wordes vn-wylde,

Of louesum leore and Eizen brilt.

52

3if þou wolt do þe in his mylde

And him al-one loue ariht,

Wiþ-Inne þin herte wol he bylde

And wone wiþ þe, boþe day and niht.

56

## (8)

He has mirth

Wel more murþe is in his steuen

þen herte may þenke or tonge neme ;

As be þe swan þe blake Rauen,

Also be him þe sonne-gleme ;

60

No more is no þing to him I-lyche

þen Galle is to þe hony-streme.

and Heaven's  
joy.

Of him is al þe Ioye of heuene-riche,

þat wiþ his grace alle þing wol leme.

64

## (9)

3if Mon be ded and he him Ryne,<sup>1</sup> <sup>1 = hrine, touch</sup>

He reiseþ him to lyue anone—

ffor wele & wynne, serwe and pyne

Al is Buxom to him one.

68

3if þow him wole in herte wel tyne

And kepe, þat he not from þe gon,

Holde him wiþ loue-lyne—  
ffor oþer bond holdeþ him non.

72 Hold Him  
with the rope  
of Love!

(10)

Is non founden here in londe  
þat is so Riche Mon of ffee,  
ffor more good he haþ in honde  
þen herte may þenke or eiþe mai se ;  
Nis kyng, kniht, sweyn ne bonde  
þat heo to him mote Boxum be.  
He haþ I-send a derne sonde  
And desyreþ to haue þe loue of þe.

76

80 He desires  
thy love,

(11)

He askeþ wiþ þe nouþer lond ne leode,  
Gold ne seluer ne precious stone—  
To such þinges haþ he no neode,  
Al þat is good is wiþ hym one.  
þif þou wiþ him þi lyf wolt lede  
And graunte to ben his owne lemmon,  
I wot ful wel what worþ þi meede :  
fforsoþe, þe heuene-riche won.

84

that thou be  
His Darling,

88 and win  
Heaven,

(12)

þe weyes ben alle þere I-bete  
Wiþ Riche gold þat schyneþ briht ;  
þe Ioyful song in vche a strete—  
þer is day and neuer-more niht ;  
To synge wol þei neuer lete,  
To worschupe god wiþ al heore miht.  
þat Blisse forsoþe schal be þe mete,  
þif þou Ihesu crist loue ariht.

92

with its  
golden streets

and songs.

96

(13)

þif þou wolt þi lemmon qweme  
And to his brihte boure be brouzt,  
In Chastite kep þou þe clene,  
þat þou ne be I-wemmed nouht.  
Non hony-Com þat renneþ on stremo  
Was neuer 3ut so swete wrouht,  
Ne neuere so briht sonne-gleime  
þen Mayden þat is clene of þouzt!

100

If thou'lt  
please thy  
love Christ,  
keep chaste.

104

## (14)

While þou art clene vnder gore,  
 Bi-fore God þou art ful heiȝe—  
 þer is no þing he loueþ more  
 þen Maidenhod to wonen him neiȝe. 108  
 Ne lerne þou neuere þat ilke lore  
 Wher-þorw þou leose Mayden Beiȝe—  
 þe þing þat mon may fynde no more,  
 Bot he hit kepe, he is vn-sleȝe. 112

## (15)

All the gold and jewels of  
 the world þauȝ al þe gold of Arabye,  
 Riche Ryngeȝ and ȝymmeȝ-stone,  
 And al þe tresour of Asye, 116  
 Of oþer londes euerichone,  
 Weore bi-taken in þi Baylye,  
 To welden and hauen in þi wone :  
 are nouȝt to the glory of  
 Virginity. Hit neore nouȝt to þe druwerie  
 Of clene Maidenhod al-one ! 120

## (16)

Hose þis ȝeem-ston miht  
 Louken in a swete loue-ryng,  
 He schulde schyne also briht  
 As sonne doþ, wiþ-outen endyng, 124  
 And beo holden a ful swete wiht  
 Bi-fore god, [for] al Monkynde  
 þat wolde in a Mayden liht—  
 fful swete hit is of hire þe Muynde ! 128

## (17)

Give us grace,  
 O Lord, to  
 lead a chaste  
 life, Lord, ȝif us miht and grace  
 Chaste lyf [to lede] þat we ne spille,  
 Verrey compungcion and space,  
 Repentaunce of dedes ille ; 132  
 And ȝif vs miht to folwe þi trace  
 Euer-more, boþe loude & stille,  
 and see Thee  
 at Dooms-  
 day ! þat to þe siht of þi swete face  
 On domes-day we may come tille. 136

XLIII. *A Mourning Song of the loue  
of God.*<sup>1</sup>

fol. CCXCIX.

(1)

|                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <b>T</b> O loue I-chulle beginne |                               |
| Ihesu hope day and niht ;        | Jesus                         |
| Of fleschlich loue to blynnē     |                               |
| I-chul don al my miht.           | 4                             |
| Ihesu wiþ-outen synne            |                               |
| In a Mayden he liht ;            | took flesh to<br>win my love. |
| Mi loue al for to wynne,         |                               |
| Ihesu bi-com my kniht.           | 8                             |

(2)

|                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| He fauȝt a-ȝeyn my fo,      |                                 |
| A-wey he haþ me led         | He fought<br>against my<br>foe. |
| þat me wrouȝte ful wo       |                                 |
| In care þer I was sted ;    | 12                              |
| þorw ferly fiht and þro     |                                 |
| þe ffelouȝ is from me fled, |                                 |
| Mi lemmon let him slo,      |                                 |
| In loue to make my bed.     | 16                              |

(3)

|                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mi lemmon is ful trewe        |                            |
| Of loue, and ful studefast,   | He is true<br>of love, and |
| Alle dayes I-liche newe       |                            |
| He loueþ al on a þrast.       | 20                         |
| I wolde þat alle him knewe    |                            |
| And on him loue cast—         |                            |
| Scholde non of hem alle rewe, |                            |
| Nouþer furst no last.         | 24                         |

(4)

|                                 |          |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Mi lemmon is so meke,           |          |
| So hende, so swete, so stille ; | meek and |
| fful Mylde he is in speche,     |          |
| Wiþ-outen wordes grille ;       | mild.    |
| þe gode he wole al eche,        |          |
| fforȝeten he wole al ille.      | 28       |

<sup>1</sup> Title in Index : þat god is ouer alle þyng to be loued.

If I flee, He'll  
seek me.

ȝif I fleo, he wol me seche,  
And wiȝ loue he wole me tille.

32

(5)

ȝeroute al-ȝauh he stonde  
Callynge at my ȝate  
Til him frese fot and honde,  
ffaste vn-to a stake,

36

He is not  
wroth with  
me.

He ne takeȝ staf ne wonde  
Wiȝ wrappe me for to wake ;  
Mi loue him byndeȝ as bonde,  
ȝif I him murȝes make.

40

(6)

He wol me loueliche a-byde  
Al-ȝauh I dwelle ful longe,  
He wol me no-ȝing be-chide  
Al-ȝauȝ I-chaue ȝe wronge ;  
He seiȝ : " bi-hold my syde,  
And whi on Rode Ich honge.  
ffor my loue lef ȝi pride,  
And I ȝe wole vnderfonge."

44

If I do wrong,

He reminds  
me of His  
Cross.

48

(7)

Ihesu, ȝat art so hende,  
So swete and so ȝolemood  
ffrom ȝe whon so we weende :  
Allas, ȝat we hit vnder- stod,  
And to ȝe couȝe leende  
And loue wiȝ miht and mood,  
To haue wiȝ-outen ende  
Heuene, ȝat is so good !

52

Oh, if we  
could love  
Him,

and win  
Heaven !

56

(8)

For me

Ihesu for me is herte  
Let ȝurle ȝorw-out his syde,  
And dunteȝ ȝolede smerte  
And woundes deope and wyde ;  
Wo and al vnȝerte  
He ȝolede, to fordo pride,  
ȝe foule synne ȝat me gerte  
In helle from him me hyde.

60

He was  
wounded,

64



(9)

|                                  |              |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| Ihesu, my lemmon swete :         |              |
| Of loue þat þou art trewe,       |              |
| þat is seene in hondes and fete, | in hands     |
| In heued, in huyde and hewe,     | 68 and head, |
| þi bodi of blod al wete,         |              |
| Whon þou gon on me rewe          |              |
| And me brouztest from grete      |              |
| And from my foule loue vntrewe.  | 72           |

(10)

|                             |              |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| So deore hastou me bouht    |              |
| To bringe me out of pyne,   | to free me   |
| þer I was Inne I-brouht,    | from punish- |
| I and mo of myne.           | ment.        |
| Ihesu, so fer þou me souzt, |              |
| Me and mo of þyne,          | 76           |
| þat of þi lyf was þe nouht— |              |
| So loþ þe was vs tyne.      | 80           |

(11)

|                               |         |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Mi lemmon let him take,       |         |
| Putte & Bete and Bynde,       | He was  |
| So sore as him mihte ake,     | beaten  |
| His hondes him behynde :      | 84      |
| And al was for my sake,       | for me. |
| Mi loue so he heold In mynde. |         |
| Ich ouzte euer serwe make,    |         |
| Vn-trewe 3if he me fynde.     | 88      |

(12)

|                            |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Wip pyne vppon þe Rode     | He bought |
| Me bouzte my deore lemmon, | me on the |
| Swete Ihesu þe goode,      | Cross.    |
| So muchel of loue he con ! | 92        |
| þe teres he lette of blode |           |
| ffor me whon he bi-gon.    |           |
| Madde þei aren and woode   |           |
| To leuen him for Sathan !  | 96        |

(13)

|                            |
|----------------------------|
| On Roode he wolde abyde,—  |
| He wolde nouzwher fer fle, |

Nouþer go ne Ryde,  
 ffor nayled he is to þe tre. 100  
 His arms  
 spread wide  
 for love. He spredeþ his Armes wyde,  
 ffor loue as we mowe se ;  
 His herte þoruþ-out his syde  
 He ȝiueþ vs, he is so fre ! 104

## (14)

Mi lemmon haþ so sprad  
 His Armes þat beþ so longe :  
 ffor-þi am I nouȝt dred,  
 He wol me vnderfonge. 108  
 Whon I was from hym fled,  
 On hym he tok þe wronge ;  
 To deþe til he was bled,  
 ffor my loue wolde he honge. 112  
 He hung for  
 my love.

## (15)

He bekeneþ vs to blisse  
 Wiþ louynde chere so swete,  
 His Mouþ he beodeþ to cusse ;  
 ffor vs his lyf he leete 116  
 To lere vs and to wisse,  
 And nayled þorw-out his feete,  
 Of Mede þat we ne misse  
 His hondes beoþ þorw weete. 120  
 He lost His  
 life  
 that we  
 might gain  
 bliss.

## (16)

Swete Ihesu, þi ore !  
 þat al hast in þi miht,  
 He could not  
 do more for  
 me. What mihtest þow do more  
 ffor me, þi wrecched wiht ? 124  
 Of loue þou art my lore,  
 To come to heuene briht.  
 þat herte may be ful sore  
 To loue þe þat is not diht ! 128

## (17)

Now wol I erie and grete—  
 ffor serwe hit is neiȝ þat I berste,  
 Min herte-blod to blede  
 ffor my lef þat is þus feste. 132

Ihesu, 3if þat I schal spede,  
 þi-self þenne is bote beste.  
 ffor grymly grete I drede,  
 Wijþ þi bodi 3if I reste. 136

He is my  
 best help.

(18)

How mihti but I grete  
 Til I eode out of my wit?  
 I seo my lemmon blede  
 To deþe, to ligger in put;  
 His syde is schoren as schrede,  
 His herte a spere hap hut—  
 And al for my misde[de]  
 Was he so felli smit! 144

I cry

to see Him  
 put to death.

(19)

Now wot I me no won,  
 Lemmon, what I do miht.  
 I seo Marie and Ion,  
 þi Mooder and þy kniht,  
 fful druri is hire mon  
 ffor þe þat weore so briht—  
 Nou is þer deolfolore non  
 Ne vnlikkore in siht. 148

Mary and  
 John mourned  
 too.

(20)

þyn e3en briht as Sonne,  
 Mone and Sterres alle,  
 þei woxe deske and dimme,  
 þi feire Rode dude falle;  
 þi blod was al out Runne.  
 To drinke whon þou gonne calle,  
 þe wikked men beoden þe Eysel & atter,  
 Bitterore þen þe galle. 156

Christ's eyes

waxt dim.

(21)

Wijþ spitting and wijþ fen  
 And blod out-beten sore  
 þow weore al out of ken,  
 A Lazer as þow wore.  
 þei beote þe, þi foo-men,  
 Of loue to lere vs lore— 164

He was  
 beaten and  
 bled

to teach  
 us Love.

þou be blessed, amen,  
Now and euer-more! : 168

(22)

Sore I seo þe buye  
Al my loue-plawe—  
Al is for my folye  
þat þou drijest heer a þrawe. 172

Well may I  
cry to see  
my love  
Jesu die!

Allas þen may I crie,  
And her and huyde to-drawe,  
I seo my lemmon dy3e  
On Roode wiþ-outen lawe! 176

(23)

Allas, Allas, out ay,  
þat euer was I boren!  
His deþ is Iewes play,  
His Coroune is of þorn. 180

For me He  
lost His life,

Mi lemmon, weylaway!  
ffor me is lyf hap lorn,  
His bodi is al blodi  
Be-hynden and bi-foren. 184

(24)

and shed His  
heart's blood  
on the Cross.

I seo in eorþe synke,  
Lemmon, þin herte-blode,  
þat þow wiþ pyne and swynke  
ffor me scheddest on þe Roode. 188  
þerof whi ne moste I drynke,  
þat is so swete and goode,  
On þe þat I mihte þinke  
ffor loue ay til I eode wode? 192

(25)

Alas, that I  
could not do  
His will!

Allas, þat I ne couþe,  
Lemmon, don al þi wille  
Wiþ werk, and word of mouþe,  
Boþe loude and stille! 196  
Almihti god hit ouþe  
I mihte þe to me tille,  
So briht so sonne in Souþe,  
Of þe þat I mihte haue my wille. 200

(26)

Marie Mooder Milde,

Mi lemmon is þi sone—

Mary, my  
Darling is  
thy son;

Wip him þou eodest wip childe,  
ffor me wip him to wone.

204

I haue ben wood and wyld :

þou preye him þat I cone

Loue him, &amp; þat he me schilde,

Or eny oþer to mone.

208

pray Him to  
shield me!

(27)

Alle oþere I-chulle forsake

And don out of my þouzt,

To þe, Ihesu, I me take—

So deore þou hast me bouht!

212

Al oþer loue wol make

Endyng and waxe to nouzt :

þi loue nul I forsake,

ffor þat bringeþ vs alle o-loft.

216

I will never  
forsake Him,

(28)

To wone wip þe, bi-leue

Lemon, vnder þi tre—

May no pyne me greue

Ne do me fro þe fle.

220

I wol in at þi sleue,

Al in þin herte to be,

Myn herte schal berste and cleue,

Vn-trewe ar þou me se.

224

tho' my  
heart burst.

(29)

fful hard hit is, þi bed :

A treo þat stondeþ stille,

In wo and weder sted ;

þeroute he hongep on hille,

228

ffor-beten and for-bled

Wip Men þat wolden hem spille.

Al þus hap loue þe led,

þi lemmon for to tille.

232

Thy bed was  
hard, a cross  
of wood;

(30)

þi-self þou maizt not schelde,

Ne torne, so art þou fest ;

VERNON MS.

Thou hadst  
nothing  
wheron to  
rest Thy  
head,

þou hast nout on to helde

þin hed, on for to rest,

236

Almihti kyng to welde

Al þat is worst and best.

Hou miht<sup>1</sup> I euer þe ʒelde

<sup>1</sup> orig. mihti

þe loue þat þus wol lest ?

240

(31)

nor clothes to  
cover Thee.

Cloþing hast þou non—

ffor scorn men makeþ þe bare ;

þi ffrendes aren from þe gon,

And flowen þat wiþ þe ware,

244

Alle bote Marie and Ion,

fful of serwe and care—

fful dreri is here mon,

þi pyne is al þe mare !

248

(32)

O Jesu,

Ihesu Crist, my lemmon swete,

þat dyʒedest on þe Rode-tre,

Wiþ al my miht I þe bi-seche

ffor þyne woundes two and þre,

252

þat as depe in to myn herte

Mot þi loue I-stiked be

may Thy  
love pierce  
me as deep as  
the spear  
pierst Thee !

As was þe spere in to þyn herte,

Whon þou suffredest deþ for me.

256

XLIV. *Her is a luytel Sarmoun,  
þat is of good edificacioun.<sup>1</sup>*

[Ten 8-line stanzas ; after the first, *ab, cb, db, eb.*]

In a Sermon

**A**t a Sarmoun þer I seet

A comely clerk<sup>1</sup> Ich herde crauen, <sup>1</sup> k over line.

Wyse wordes he þer speak

þe Mon þat wolde in herte hauen ;

4

Ich herde ffirere Henri spellen :

“ Lete no sunnes in ow dwellen ;

þe Mon þat is taken in dedly synne,

He may wel witen In wo to wellen.

8

Friar Henry  
warnd us not  
to die in sin,

<sup>1</sup> Title in Index : A luytel sermoun of good edificacioun.

|   |    |   |
|---|----|---|
| “ A þing hit is þat we schul do,<br>þe Mon þat þenkeþ to liuen in le :<br>Schrift to taken, and þat be tyme—  |    |   |
| We haue no Borwes heer to be ;  | 12 | but to shrive<br>in time,   |
| Whon we hauen, to holde faste,<br>We ne mowe raples þorw þo þre<br>To Bere þe croune to-fore þe kyng<br>þat for vs þolede deþ on tre.   | 16 |   |
| “ He <sup>1</sup> þat for vs þolede deþ on tre,<br>þou Rihtwys lord, þou deme so :<br>Wis vs to þat ilke stude  |    | <sup>1</sup> om. He   |
| þat <sup>1</sup> euere is wele and neuer wo.  | 20 | <sup>1</sup> r. þer   |
| God, lete neuere vr wille vr wit be-swiken,<br>ffor whi, vr soule for to slo.<br>Ihesu crist, þou mihtful kyng,<br>þou haue merci on me and mo.   | 24 |   |
| “ Mon on Molde, þou mak þe 3are<br>A-3eyn þi deþ on domes-day ;<br>þenk vppon þi muchele neode,<br>Wher þi soule resten may—  | 28 | and to make<br>ready for<br>Doomsday,                                 |
| Heuene or helle wher hit be-tydeþ,<br>þou maizt wel witen þou liuest þer ay.<br>Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,<br>þer no mon oþer ne mene ne may.   | 32 |   |
| “ Mai no mon oþer hem bi-menen,<br>ffor sek and sori heo þer se ;<br>þer is hot and cold and hunger wiþ<br>And þretes—þo beoþ vuele þre,<br>ffurst and hunger and þesternesse,<br>þat euere schal lyue wiþ-uten lee. <sup>1</sup> | 36 | for in Hell<br>are hunger<br>and cold,<br><br>thirst and<br>darkness. |
| Crist schild vs from þat ilke stude,<br>ffrom Bale þer neuere no bote ne be.  | 40 | <sup>1</sup> orig. leo, corr. to lee.                                 |
| “ Ne miht þou seo, synful Mon,<br>So doþ þe flisschere wiþ his hok :<br>Hou he teseþ on þe Banke<br>A brodly breyd I þe Brok ;  | 44 | As the fisher's<br>hook   |
| Comeþ þe flisch and fongeþ hit,<br>So wroþly wrieþ on þe Crok,<br>þe flisch is be-wyled þorw þe worm—<br>So wo is þe flisch þat he hit tok.   | 48 | catches the<br>fish,  |

so with the  
worm Wo-  
man is Man  
caught.

“Hok bi-tokeneþ helle-pyne—  
What helpeþ hit to hele wiþ þe?  
Wommon is worm, þer heo is wikke—  
May no mon þorw his sunnes se. 52  
þe Mon is ffisch and fongeþ hire—  
Him weore wel betere to leten hire be,  
To huyden his hed and hizen a-vey,  
ffrom dedly synne þer-with fle. 56

“þis præchours þat bi-foren vs speken,  
Wel liht a Beren heore tonge in wold  
To wissen vs to þat ilke stude,  
So holy writ hit haþ hem told. 60  
þif we wol lusten to heore lore,  
We ouzten be fayn, and ful bold  
To wonen in þat ilke stude  
þer Ihesu crist þe<sup>1</sup> Iudas solde.

<sup>1</sup> r. þat? Cf. *Lay Folks'*  
*Mass-Book*, v. 407:  
And so þe leuacioun þou be-  
halde,  
for þat is he þat iudas salde.  
And sithen was scourged &  
don on rode, &c.

May Christ  
grant us to  
shroud our-  
selves with  
Shrift,

“þer Ihesu crist þe Iudas solde  
He lene vs lust in lawe to lyuen,  
Wit and wisdam to vnderstonden,  
Wiþ schrift al for to schruden vs here. 68  
þif we haue wille to wikkedlek,  
God lete vs þere stunte and stere;  
He deme so lord at domes-day  
þat we mote, lord, in þi wey fere. 72

and live in  
Heaven!

“In þi wey fere, lord, I wolde ben,  
To wonen in þat worþli won.  
Heo þat on þi lift hond leuen,  
Wel grislych hit is whon þou art gon : 76  
A ben I-haried in to helle-pyne,  
To Bale þer neuer ne bote nis non.

Judge of  
Mankind,  
have mercy  
on us!

He þat al þis world schal demen,  
þou Rihtwys lord, þou rewe on Mon. Amen.”<sup>2</sup> 80

<sup>2</sup> Then follows Roberd of Cicyle, fol. 299 (ed. in *Sammlung altenglischer Legenden* 1878, p. 209, from 5 MSS.).



XLV. Her is a disputison bi-twene chi[<sup>1</sup>]d  
 Ihesu & Maistres of þe lawe of Iewus.<sup>1</sup> [leaf 300.]

[Twenty-five 8-line stanzas, one 12 : *ab, ab, ab, ab.*

|   |                     |   |
|---|---------------------|---|
| <p><b>L</b>ustneþ lordes, leoue in londe :<br/>         Soþeli sawes I wol 3ou telle<br/>         Of gentyI Ihesu, I vnderstonde,<br/>         þe ffalse ffi fonded to felle.<br/>         ffor wo ne wrake ne wolde he wonde<br/>         Of Trinite trewe to Iewes telle,<br/>         He sat in see, he nolde not stonde,<br/>         As best of barnes þat bar þe Belle.</p>           | <p>4</p> <p>8</p>   | <p>Jesus<br/>wouldn't turn<br/>from telling<br/>Jews of the<br/>Trinity.</p>        |
| <p>þe gospel seiþ In þis manere :<br/>         Whon Ihesu was of twelf 3er age,<br/>         In to þe Temple he com to lere<br/>         Wrangful wrecches þat wrou3t outrage.<br/>         Maystres wondrede, þat þer were,<br/>         þat lawes lerede in heore langage,<br/>         And seide : " child, what destou þere ?<br/>         þou sittest stalled in vre stage."</p>       | <p>12</p> <p>16</p> | <p>When he was<br/>12, he went to<br/>the Temple<br/>and taught<br/>wrongdoers.</p> |
| <p>A Mayster seide to Ihesu :<br/>         " þou scholdest lerne, and nou3t teche ;<br/>         þou spillest speche ; what seystou ?<br/>         þi wrangful wordes worcheþ wreche,<br/>         þou repungnest in pres a-3eyn vr prou ;<br/>         As preised prophete, þe peple preche.<br/>         Stunt a stounde þi sawe of Gru !<br/>         þi wit to teche may not reche.</p> | <p>20</p> <p>24</p> | <p>A Master said<br/>He shouldn't<br/>teach,</p>                                    |
| <p>" þow schuldest lerne A. b. c,<br/>         ffor þe fayleþ a fundament ;<br/>         þou tellest tales of Trinite !<br/>         In wonderwyse þi wit is went.<br/>         3if þou wolt leorne, þou miht þhe,<br/>         ffor wonder wit on þe is sent ;<br/>         Of Bales Boote þou miht be,<br/>         3if þou neore In errour hent."</p>                                    | <p>28</p> <p>32</p> | <p>but should<br/>learn His<br/>A B C.</p>  |
| <p><b>I</b>hesu seide : " I may wel se<br/>         þi Bok is blynt, and þou art blent ;</p>  |                     | <p>Jesus asks<br/>him</p>   |

<sup>1</sup> Ed. before by Horstmann in *Altengl. Leg.*, 1875, p. 211-14.  
 Miss A. F. Parker collates the text with the MS. henceforward.

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
|   | pou farest foule, so þynkeþ me,<br>ffor lewed lore on þe is lent.   | 36 |
| why A is be-<br>fore B.   | Whi is A Bi-fore b?<br>Tel me, þat spekest in present,<br>Or I schal tymeli teche þe<br>þi Reson rape þe schal Repent."   | 40 |
| The Master<br>threatens to  | þe Maister wiþ wel wikked wille<br>Spak in pres of people a-pliht;<br>"Ihesu, þou art a grameful gille,<br>I Rede Rape þou lerne a-Riht;  | 44 |
| flog Jesus.   | And bote þou stonde a stounde stille,<br>To Betyng Bare þou schalt be diht."  |    |
| Jesus ex-<br>plains   | Qwaþ Ihesu: "þat is no skille,<br>I com not hider for to fiht.<br>"3it," quap Ihesu, "of myn askyng<br>þou ne 3iuest non onswere.<br>I am ful Old, þeih I be 3ing.<br>A louely lore I wol þe lere—<br>Tak þis tale of my teching: | 48 |
| that A is a<br>letter of three<br>in one,                           | A Is prys, wiþ-oute pere,<br>lettre of þreo and is o þing;<br>þreo partyes A haþ knet I-ferre.  | 52 |
| and is like the<br>Trinity,   | "Bi A Biginneþ þe lettrure,<br>ffo[r] A is lyk þe Trinite.<br>þreo partyes A haþ of Measure,<br>Knet in knotte on A wol be.<br>3if þou wolt lerne, þou miht hure<br>Hou A is lyk þe deite.  | 56 |
| and the Deity.  | þe Deite is, þis is sure,<br>þreo and on, In Maieste,<br>And euer her after heo schul dure<br>In-departable alle þre.<br>Nou hastou lerned, tac þou cure,<br>Hou A is most of dignite."   | 60 |
|   | þe Maister seide in þat stounde :<br>"What artou, lettrure to lere?<br>Bi Moyses lawe, nis not founde<br>þe lawes þat þou tellest heere.<br>þou seist in þis ilke grounde<br>'þou art old and 3ong I feere';                      | 64 |
| The Master<br>says that<br>Jesus' laws<br>are not in<br>Moses' law. |   | 68 |
|   |   | 72 |

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| þi sawe soþli nis not founde ;<br>þerfore þou art me no-þing dere.   | 76  |   |
| " Stond þou stille swiþe, I seye,<br>And louely lustne to my lore,<br>And þou miht bi alle weye<br>Beo ful wys for euer-more.                    | 80  | The Jew<br>Master bids<br>Jesus learn<br>of him,                                    |
| þou hast wit In memorie<br>And wel 3ong þi wit is core ;<br>Hit is medlet wiþ ffolye,<br>And þat greueþ me grimly sore.                          | 84  |   |
| " Of Moyses vr lawe we had<br>And nou newe þow wolt teche.<br>Of þi sawe swiþe am I sad,<br>Of þe Trinite to spille speche.                      | 88  | and not teach<br>new laws.  |
| þou greuest me, I am not glad,<br>With luþer lawes þou luþer leche ;<br>þou spekest of godhed as child al mad,<br>fforþer þen þi wit wol reche." | 92  |   |
| A-noþer Mayster seide in hi3e :<br>" Child, her is a wonder þing !<br>þow kennest comeli Clergye,<br>And 3it to teche þou art to 3yng ;          | 96  | Another<br>Master asks<br>the Child   |
| þou hast not lerned, as men seye :<br>Hou hastou þenne þi connyng ?<br>Deueles demerþ Mon to dy3e :<br>þi tonge haþ tast of heore teching.       | 100 | how He's got<br>His know-<br>ledge,   |
| " þi wrongful wordes worcheþ wrake.<br>þow seist þat god is on and þre.<br>I Bede þin error þou forsake,<br>þou spekest of þing þat mai not be.  | 104 |   |
| As ouer-come þou worth of-take,<br>þat al þis peple hit schal se.<br>þis qwestion to þe I make :<br>Tel me what is þe Trinite ?"                 | 108 | and what the<br>Trinity is.   |
| <b>I</b> hesu, as best þat bar þe belle,<br>Wolde wite riht a-non,<br>3if he couþe o þing telle<br>Of prechyng prophetes wonder won,             | 112 | Jesus asks<br>after the<br>Prophets who<br>said Christ<br>should dwell<br>on earth. |
| " þat seide crist scholde dwelle<br>Her on eorþe a-mong his fon,   |     |   |

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | Alle 3or lawes to fulfelle ;<br>þis wol 3or lawes euerichon.   | 116 |
| Jesus says   | “ Crist is liht of god Almiht<br>And of Godes liht I-core.   |     |
| Isaiah fore-<br>told Christ's<br>birth of a<br>maiden.                         | Ysaye spac her-of a-pliht :<br>Of a Mayden he scholde be bore.   | 120 |
|  | þou miȝt wel wite hit is riht,<br>He schal bugge þat is for-lore.<br>God is þe ffader, Crist sone & liht ;<br>þe sone is geten wiþ-outen hore.   | 124 |
|  | “ ffor as þe sonne 3iueþ his leem<br>3if he wiþ cloudes is not let,<br>So com crist as sonne-Beem<br>In to þat Buirde þat Bales bet.   | 128 |
| He came into<br>her like a<br>sunbeam.   | 3if þou take wel good 3eem<br>Hou þe sonne-Beem euere is set<br>Vndeparted, so is þe strem<br>Of crist wiþ God mid knottes knet.   | 132 |
|  | “ Now tak herto good entent :<br>þe ffader liht in þe sone schal be,<br>þe ffader liht 3it nis nouȝt blent,<br>Al is o liht In Deite.  | 136 |
| The Father's<br>light is in the<br>Son ;                                       | þen is hit proued bi Argument,<br>þat ffader and sone, o liht beoþ he ;<br>þe holy spirit wiþ hem present,<br>Heo þreo Beoþ God In Trinite.  | 140 |
| the two are<br>one,<br>and, with the<br>Holy Spirit,<br>one God in<br>Trinity. | “ ffor þe Trinite, I þe seye,<br>A is lettre of alle cheef ;<br>þerfore he is in alle weye<br>Put bi-fore : her is good preef !<br>þe Trinite þei schal seo wiþ e3e,<br>Alle Men þat ben him leof ;<br>þen is mon A preised prei3e,<br>þat to þe Trinite doþ no greef !” | 144 |
| ‘A’ is the<br>letter of the<br>Trinity, and<br>therefore put<br>first.         | þe Maistres seide of þe lawe,<br>þat deueles tauhte him clergie ;<br>“ A Mayde,” þei seide, “ bi prophetes sawe,<br>Schal bere crist, kyng of glorie.  | 148 |
| The Masters<br>of the Law<br>say   | Wel we witen, and wel is knawe,<br>þe Olde Ioseph weddet Marie ;   | 152 |
| that as Mary<br>was old Jo-<br>seph's wife,                                    |  |     |

- Oþer record kunne we non drawe,  
 He nis not crist bi prophecie." 156 her son can't  
be Christ.
- I**hesu spac with Mylde chere  
 To Iewes þat gonne grede & crie :  
 " ffareþ feire, ffrendes deore,  
 3e ffareþ foule wiþ folye. 160
- And o þing a-non 3e schul heere :  
 What seiþ þe prophete Ysaye ?  
 Heo schal be weddet wiþoute pere,  
 þe Mylde Mooder of Messye. 164 that Isaiah  
said the  
Mother of  
the Messiah  
should be  
wedded,
- " Ysaye seiþ a-noþer þing :  
 Crist in þe lawe schal be bore—  
 And þat mot ben In weddyng,  
 And elles cristes lawe is lore. 168 and Christ  
born in wed-  
lock;
- Prophetes speeke of his comyng  
 At Iesse bi-gon þe more.  
 3it haþ crist no bi-gynnyng,  
 Al-þau3 þat crist be mon I-core. 172 yet Christ  
has no begin-  
ning.
- Ioseph uirga floruit fatu Ysaye ;  
 Coniunx, lex ut monuit, mater fit Messye."*
- þe Maystres And Iewes mo,  
 Of 3onge Ihesu hedde meruayle,  
 Hou þat he was comen hem to,  
 Wiþ wit and clergie to assayle.  
 Of hem hedde Ihesu mony a fo,  
 ffor heore wit gon sone fayle ; 180
- Monye *with*-drawe and gonne go,  
 Whon heore clergie hem nolde vayle.
- In-to þe Temple com Marie :  
 Heo say3 hire sone In see was set,  
 And tau3te þe peple bi clergie  
 Of loueli lawe wiþ-oute let.  
 To him heo seiðe Riht in hei3e :  
 " Now is my Bale myd boote I-bet !  
 þi ffader and I wel sorie  
 þe haueþ sou3t, & nou3wher met. 188 and says she  
and his father  
have sought  
him, sorrow-  
ing.
- Ego & pater tuus dolentes querebamus te."*
- I**hesu seiðe in þat stounde :  
 " Mi ffader wille is þat I do ;  
 I wol vn-bynde þat was bounde : 192 Jesus tells  
her He is  
doing His  
Father's will.

|   |   |     |
|---|---|-----|
|   | Mi ffader wole þat hit beo so.              |     |
|   | þe peple I preche wiþ facounde              | 196 |
|   | And I teche ffrend and fo ;                 |     |
|   | Mi sarmoun is boþe soþ & sounde ;           |     |
|   | On me is ffader and some also.              |     |
| Jesus says<br>He was sent<br>to fulfil His<br>Father's Law. | “ Mi ffader lawe I wol fulfelle,            | 200 |
|   | þerfore I am hider I-sent ;                 |     |
|   | Douȝter and Moder, to þe I telle,           |     |
|   | Elles weore þe world I-schent.              |     |
|   | Mi ffader wol <i>wiþ</i> -oute dwelle,      | 204 |
|   | þat I teche ow In <i>present</i> ;          |     |
|   | þe ffendes fare down to felle               |     |
|   | þat haþ <i>wiþ</i> wrong þe world went.”    |     |
| Romans there  | Romayns þer were wonder won                 | 208 |
|   | þat cunnyng were of Clergye ;               |     |
| knew that He<br>was Christ,                                 | Bi <i>prophecie</i> heo wusten vchon        |     |
|   | þat he was <i>crist wiþ</i> -outen lye ;    |     |
| and honourd<br>Him.   | Honourede <i>him</i> for <i>crist</i> anon, | 212 |
|   | ffor his miht & his maistrie.               |     |
|   | Preye we <i>crist</i> þat we so don,        |     |
|   | To geten þe gle in his glorie. Amen.        | 215 |

XLV. *Ȝ* disputisōn by-twene a cristenemon  
and a *Jew*.<sup>1</sup>

[Twenty 16-line stanzas : *aaab, cccb, dddb, cceb.*]

(1)

|  |                                 |   |
|--|---------------------------------|---|
|  | <b>A</b> lle Bliþe mote þei be, |   |
|  | þat folyes bleþeliche wole fle. |   |
|  | How hit bitidde bi-ȝonde séé,   |   |
|  | þe soþe I wol ȝow say.          | 4 |
| Two Clerks<br>of Divinity<br>met in Paris, | In þe Toun of Parys—            |   |
|  | þat is A Citée of Prys—         |   |
|  | Twey men mette þat weore wys,   |   |
|  | And wente bi þe way.            | 8 |
|  | þei weore Clerkes of Diuinite,  |   |

<sup>1</sup> Ed. before in Horstmann's *Sammlung altengl. Leg.*, Heilbronn 1878, p. 204 ff.; three stanzas, vv. 145—192, are printed in *Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, ed. Hazlitt, III, 181-3.

|  |                        |                |
|--|------------------------|----------------|
| Crafti Men in heore degre.             |                        |                |
| Eiþer, Maister wolde be,               |                        | and each       |
| floondeþ 3if þei may.                  | 12                     | wanted to be   |
| þus þei desputed so faste,             |                        | Master.        |
| While þe day mihte <sup>1</sup> laste, |                        | They dis-      |
| Nouþer oper couþe caste,               | <sup>1</sup> MS. mihti | puted all day. |
| Beo Rihtwys lay.                       | 16                     |                |

(2)

|                                       |    |               |
|---------------------------------------|----|---------------|
| þe ton was of Engelonde,              |    | One Divine    |
| A Cristene Mon, Ich vnderstonde ;     |    | was an Eng-   |
| He hedde I-souht ouer þe sonde,       |    | lish Chris-   |
| Wondres to se ;                       | 20 | tian,         |
| He hedde I-lernd of Clergys,          |    |               |
| As Men doþ þat beoþ wys :             |    |               |
| þe mon þat most is of prys,           |    |               |
| Maister moste be.                     | 24 |               |
| þe toþer was A Ieuþ riht,             |    | the other was |
| A Mon muchel of his miht ;            |    | a Jew.        |
| To his trouþe hedde he tiht,          |    |               |
| Trewes as þe tre :—                   | 28 |               |
| þat wol I apertly preue :             |    |               |
| þulke lay þat he on leeuē,            |    |               |
| ffor no gold þat [me] mihte him 3eue, |    |               |
| Change wolde not he.                  | 32 |               |

(3)

|                                     |    |                |
|-------------------------------------|----|----------------|
| þe Cristene Mon seide as he þouþt : |    | The Christian  |
| “Lo, 3onde vr god þat vs bouþt !    |    | said,          |
| Oþer trouwe þou hit nouþt,          |    | ‘Yonder is     |
| Bi daye nor bi niht ?               | 36 | our God,       |
| Certeynliche, 3onde is he           |    |                |
| þat for vs diþede on þe tre,        |    | who died on    |
| And also bouwed him to be           |    | the Cross for  |
| In A Buyrde Briht,                  | 40 | us,            |
| As heo wemles was,                  |    |                |
| Seþþe cler as þe glas ;             |    | and was born   |
| Bi-twene Oxe and an As              |    | of a pure      |
| I-bore was þat kniht,               | 44 | Maiden,        |
| At þe 3ol ful 3are,                 |    |                |
| Al for vr wel-fare.                 |    | at Yule-tide.’ |

Woldest þou leue on my lare,  
þi lykyng were liht!" 48

## (4)

The Jew said, þe Ieu3 sone seide þare :

" Ar we fforþere fare—

'There is but  
one God,

þer is O god, and no mare,  
Hei3ly in holde,

52

And, as I trowe, in þe trone,

the Creator,  
and He never  
had a son.'

He schop þe sonne and þe Moone ;

But he hedde neuer no sone

ffor synful was solde.

56

þe grete god calle we—

þat is semely to se :

Oþer may þer non be,

3onger ne Olde.

60

Wharto makestou þi mone ?

I trouwe, þi wit beo þe wone ;

Al mis artou gone

Heer on þis wolde."<sup>1</sup>

1 r. molde

64

## (5)

The Christian  
said,

þe cristen Mon stondeþ stille,

And seþþen he talkeþ him tille

And seiþ : " þat<sup>1</sup> þi wikked wille

1 om. þat ?

Schal worche þe ful wo.

68

'You don't  
believe in the  
Mass ;

þou leuest not in þe Mes,

þat euer God þer in Is<sup>1</sup> :

1 r. es

ffor-þi lyking is þe les,

And loren artou so,

72

And al þi careful kynde

þat euer bi-com of his strende.

you shall be  
beaten,

Men schal in Baret þe bynde,

And bete þe ful blo.

76

Whon þou schalt of þis world wende,

and go to  
Hell.

þou schalt be tau3t to þe fende,

And euermore wiþ-ouen ende

In-to þe pyne go."

80

## (6)

The Jew an-  
swerd,

þe Ieu3 bi-gon him to greue :

" þat wol I apertly preue,



|   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| Boþe of Adam and of Eue<br>Of hem we weore alle I-wrouht.   | 84  |  |
| And I dar wage wiþ þe<br>Tonnes of wyn þre<br>þat I schal lete þe him se,   |     | ' I'll bet you<br>3 tuns of<br>wine that I'll<br>show you<br>your Christ |
| þou seist þat þe bouht,<br>Boþe þe vuel and þe gode :   | 88  |  |
| Hou he was don on þe Roode ;<br>And alle þat bi him stooode<br>Whon he to deþe was brouht.  | 92  | on the Cross,<br>with all his<br>folk round<br>him.                      |
| So const þou not do<br>ffor al þi clergye ; þerto,<br>As haue I reste oþer Ro,<br>þi Reson is nouzt."   | 96  | You can't do<br>that.'   |
| (7)   |     |  |
| þe cristen mon Mildely gon malt :<br>" I telle þe, truwaunt for-talt :<br>Men schal in prison þe palt,<br>And putte þe to pyne ;<br>But zif þou lete me him se<br>þat for vs dyede on þe tre,<br>Seþþe þe Maystrie zeue I þe,<br>To þe and alle þyne. | 100 | The Christian<br>takes the bet,<br>and says                              |
| Loke þow holde þat we say !<br>To morwe, set we þat day,<br>We schal wende on vr way<br>To winne vs þe wyne.  | 104 | if the Jew<br>shows him<br>this,<br>he'll give him<br>the mastery.       |
| þe Mon þat fayles of his fare,<br>Al loren is his lare ;<br>He may droupe and dare<br>þat schal his troupe tyne."   | 108 | They'll start<br>to-morrow.  |
| (8)   |     |  |
| þus þei woke al þe niht,<br>Til on þe Morwen at day-liht<br>þe cristene mon Ros Riht,<br>And radly gon say<br>His Matyns in þe Mornyng ;<br>Seþþe his Masse gon he syng ;<br>He þonked vr lord in alle þing,<br>As he þat most may.                   | 112 |  |
|   | 116 | Next morn-<br>ing the Chris-<br>tian says                                |
|   |     | Matins,<br>and sings his<br>Mass.  |
|   | 120 |  |

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | Soone þei metten, as þei miht.<br>“Haue I-don,” he seide, “artou diht<br>ffor to holde þat þou hiht?<br>þis is vr day. | 124 |
|  | Oþer a nay, or A 3a?<br>Soone tel þou me swa!”   |     |
| The Jew and<br>he set off.                                   | Him grauntes for-to ga,<br>And went on heore way.  | 128 |
|  | (9)  |     |
|  | þe Cristen mon seide son,<br>Whon his Masse was don :  |     |
| The Chris-<br>tian, after<br>Mass, takes<br>God with<br>him, | “ I wol take god me vpon,<br>And bere him wiþ me :   | 132 |
|  | Boþe in lond and in leode,<br>Al þe lasse is my drede :  |     |
|  | þe mon þat to him takeþ hede,<br>þe better he may be.  | 136 |
| as every Hell-<br>fiend                                      | þer nis non enemy in helle,<br>Non so fers ne so felle,<br>And he here of vre lord telle,<br>þat on Is in þre :        | 140 |
|  | ffor al þe gold in þe grounde,<br>He wolde not byde him a stounde<br>þat he nolde freschly founde,<br>And a-vey fle.”  | 144 |
| will flee from<br>the Mass-<br>bread.                        | (10)   |     |
|  | fforþ heo wenten on þe ffeld<br>To an Hul þei bi-heold.<br>þe eorþe cleuet as a scheld<br>On þe grounde grene.         | 148 |
| They go to a<br>hill.<br>The earth<br>cleaves.               | Sone fond þei a stiþ :<br>þei went þer-on radly ;<br>þe Cristene mon hedde ferly<br>What hit mihte mene.               | 152 |
| They cross<br>by a path,                                     | After þat stiþ lay a strete,<br>Clene I-pauet wiþ grete.<br>þei fond a maner þat was meete<br>Wiþ Murþes ful schene,   |     |
| to a street,   | Wel coruen and wrouht,<br>Wiþ halles heiþe vpon loft.  | 156 |
| and came to<br>a mansion,                                    |  |     |
| with high<br>halls   |  |     |

To a place weore þei brouht,  
As paradys þe clene. 160 like Paradise,

(11)

þer was foulene song, with singing  
Muche Murþes a-mong— birds,  
Hose lenge wolde long,  
fful luitel him þouht. 164

On vche a syde of þe halle,  
Pourpul, pelure and palle; purple palls,  
Wyndouwes I þe walle, windows,  
Was wonderli I-wrouht. 168

þer was dosers on þe dees, dorsers on  
Hose þe cheef wolde ches, the dais,  
þat neuere Ricchere wes  
In no sale souht. 172

Boþe þe Mot and þe molde  
Schon al on red golde.  
þe cristen mon hedde ferli on þat folde  
þat þider was brouht. 176

(12)

þer was Erbes growen grene, green herbs,  
Spices springynge bi-twene;  
“Such hedde I non sene,  
ffor-soþe, as I say.” 180

þe prestel song ful schille, a thrush  
He newed notes at his wille; singing,  
ffeire ffloures to fille, flowers,  
ffeire in þat ffey. 184

And al þe Rounde table good, and all Ar-  
Hou Arthur in corþe 3od, thur's Round  
Sum sat and sum stod Table  
O þe grounde grey— 188

Hit was a wonderful siht:

As þei weore quik men diht,  
To seo hou þey play. 192 at play.

(13)

þe Iew; sone in þat tyde,  
He spak þer a word of pryde:

|  |                                 |     |
|--|---------------------------------|-----|
|  | Hose wol lenge and abyde        |     |
|  | May lusten and lere.            | 196 |
| Then they<br>come to a<br>Nunnery,               | Til a Nonnerie þei came ;       |     |
|  | But I knowe not þe name :       |     |
| with dames                                       | þer was mony a derworþe dame    |     |
|  | In Dyapre dere.                 | 200 |
| and squires.                                     | Squizers in vch a syde          |     |
|  | In þe wones so wyde.            |     |
|  | “Heer schul we lenge and abyde, |     |
|  | Auntres to heere.”              | 204 |
|  | þenne swiþe spekeþ he           |     |
|  | Til a ladi so fre               |     |
|  | And biddeþ: þat he welcome be,  |     |
|  | “Sire Water, my feere.”         | 208 |
|  | (14)                            |     |
| Tables were<br>laid;                             | þer was Bordes I-cloþed clene   |     |
|  | Wip schire cloþes and schene.   |     |
| they washt,                                      | Seþþe a wasschen, I weene,      |     |
|  | And wente to þe sete.           | 212 |
| and food was<br>brought.                         | Riche metes was forþ brouht,    |     |
|  | To alle men þat good þouht ;    |     |
| But the Chris-<br>tian wouldn't<br>eat or drink. | þe Cristen mon wolde nouht      |     |
|  | Drynke nor ete.                 | 216 |
|  | þer was wyn ful clere           |     |
|  | In mony a feir Maseere,         |     |
|  | And oþer drynkes þat weore dere |     |
|  | In Coupes ful gret.             | 220 |
| Mirth and<br>minstrelsy<br>were there.           | Sipþe was schewed hem bi,       |     |
|  | Murþe and Munstralsy,           |     |
|  | And preyed hem do gladly        |     |
|  | Wip Rial Rehet.                 | 224 |
|  | (15)                            |     |
| They stood<br>up,                                | By þe Bordes vp þei stode.      |     |
|  | Or þei forþere 3ode,            |     |
| and saw a<br>Cross with                          | So weore þei war of a Rode      |     |
|  | fful Raþe, as I Rede,           | 228 |
| a wounded<br>body on it;                         | And a bodi þer-vppon,           |     |
|  | þat woundes hedde mony on ;     |     |
| and by it,<br>Mary, John,                        | Bi him stod Marie and Ion,      |     |
|  | Wepynde good spede,             | 232 |

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| Oþur Apostles of prys,<br>Poul and Peter þe wys,<br>And seint Ion þe Baptys,<br>Was douhti of dede.   | Paul, Peter,<br>and John the<br>Baptist.                       | 236 |
| Whon he was schewed to þe siht,<br>Boþe of leom and of liht<br>þe Mon þat most was of miht,<br>His woundes gon blede.   | The cruel-<br>fied man's<br>wounds bled.                       | 240 |
| (16)  |  |     |
| þe Ieu3, sone seide he :<br>"Holden is þat I hihte þe."<br>þe toþer seide : " þat schal I se,<br>Certeynly, ful sone."  | The Jew says<br>he's won his<br>bet.                           | 244 |
| þe Cristen Mon hedde a derworþ þinge,<br>On his Bodi, he gon hit brynge :<br>þat a prest schulde wiþ synge<br>Whon Masse schulde be don.                      | The Christian  | 248 |
| "3if þou be god so fre<br>þat for me dized on þe tre,<br>Here þi sone mai þou se,"<br>And heold him a-bouen.  | shows the<br>Masswafer to<br>the man on<br>the Cross,          | 252 |
| Whon he was schewed to þe siht,<br>He barst þe Buyldynge so briht.<br>Boþe was derk as þe niht,<br>Heore sonne and heore mone.                                | and it bursts<br>the whole<br>building.                        | 256 |
| (17)  |  |     |
| Al þe gere þat was gay<br>Was þenne I-wasted a-way.<br>þe Cristene Mon gon say :<br>"Beon þeos þi godes here?"  | All the show<br>vanishes.                                      | 260 |
| þe Ieuh onswerde him wiþ 'nay'<br>And ofte Merci gon him pray :<br>"I wol leue my lay,<br>And on þi lore lere.  | The Jew says<br><br>he'll turn<br>Christian.                   | 264 |
| Sore I doute me of dred.<br>I haue i-lost my wed :<br>þo þat are forþ fled<br>Was fendes in feere,<br>Non good, but al ille."<br>No more he tented hem tille. | He's lost his<br>bet.<br><br>His saints<br>were but<br>fendis. | 268 |

Heo þo stoden o þe hulle  
þer þey furst were. 272

(18)

The Jew  
gives in,

þus he zeldes him zare,  
Al for his wel-fare.

He seide : " of Blisse I haue be bare  
Seþpen I was furst born. 276

and confesses  
that One God  
may be in  
three persons.

Now knowe I wel þat hit mai be  
þat O-fold god Is in þre :

Whuch þat þou brouzt wiþ þe  
þis day at Morn. 280

He is vre heuene kyng,  
Makere of alle þyng,  
And schop þe fruit for to spryng,  
Boþe Curnel and Corn." 284

þus he Rapes of his res,  
To vre God he him ches,

Let al his luþernes,  
Was paynt to be lorn. 288

(19)

He and the  
Christian are  
both satisfied.

Seþpe þei wente to þe Cite,  
A-cordet, as þei scholde be.

Who was payed bote he,  
And eiper of oþer ! 292

He þonked god his swete sonde  
þat he hedde brouzt out of bonde,  
Wel I-wonne to his honde,

Blipely his Broþer. 296

They eat and  
drink.

Mete and drynke þei hedde at wille,  
Wiþ-outen grucchyng or grille

In troupe tente þei þer tille,  
And lafte al þat oþer. 300

þe Mon þat haþ synne I-wrouzt  
And siþen repentes him ouzt,

God is a-payed, þat vs bouzt.  
Leeue we non oþer. 304

(20)

The Christian  
was Sir  
Walter of  
Berwick.

What was þe Monnes nome I-lyk  
But Sir Water of Berwyk ?

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| He was wonynge I þe Ryk,<br>At Roome was called.                                  | 308 |   |
| þe pope 3af him pouste—<br>þat mony mon mihte se—<br>Penitauncer for to be        |     | The Pope<br>made Sir<br>Walter a<br>Penitancer. |
| Of 3onge and of olde,<br>Seþþe to soyle and to schriue                            | 312 |   |
| Boþe to Mon and to <sup>1</sup> wyue,<br>Eke to mende heore lyue                  |     | <sup>1</sup> MS. two                            |
| And to þe trouþe holde.   | 316 |   |
| þenne tok þei þe Ieu3,<br>Anon cristend hym neu3 ;<br>þus to vre God he hym kneu3 |     | The Jew was<br>baptized.                        |
| And 3eþly him 3olde.  | 320 |   |

---

[XLVII. *How to hear Mass.*<sup>1</sup>]

Her teeheþ þys tretys þenne [Fol. 302 b., col. 1.]  
Hou mon scholde here hys masse ;  
Hit is ful nedful to alle menne,  
To more and eke to lasse.

*How a Man  
should hear  
his Mass.*

|   |    |   |
|---|----|---|
| 3ong & olde, More and lasse,<br>fful god hit is to here a Masse,<br>þat Cristendam haþ tan. | 3  | The Mass<br>was made for<br>the soul's<br>health. |
| Hit was mad for soule-hele,<br>þe Pater noster wiþ bedes <sup>2</sup> fele,                 |    | <sup>2</sup> MS. dedes                            |
| And de profundis Is on.   | 6  |   |
| þe Pater noster Is pris preyere,<br>Wiþ oþer orisons mony and sere.                         |    |   |
| Holdeþ ow stille as ston :  | 9  |   |
| And 3e schul here þe beste þing<br>þat euer 3e herde of Olde or 3yng                        |    |   |
| As wyde as mon haþ gon.   | 12 |   |

<sup>1</sup> So the title in Index. The poem was ed. before by Canon Simmons in "The Lay Folks' Mass Book," 1879, E. E. T. S., p. 128 ff. (His sidenotes are reprinted here.) It is a free Midland version of Dan Jeremy's Massbook for Laymen, a northern translation of which was ed., from 4 MSS., by Simmons, l. c. The liturgical prayers are mostly omitted in MS. Vernon, either because prayers of that kind were given before in MS. Vernon, or because the uses were different in different churches.

|   |  |    |
|---|--|----|
|   | Lustneþ here, & 3e wol lype :  |    |
| I'll tell you<br>the benefits<br>of the Mass.   | Of a talkyng I wol 3ou kipe,<br>Cumfort to al Mon-kynde :                    | 15 |
|   | þat is þe Meedes of þe Masse.  |    |
| All should<br>know how to<br>take part<br>in common<br>prayer, and<br>use of private<br>devotion; | Eueri mon boþe more and lasse<br>Schulde haue hit in his mynde,              | 18 |
|   | Hou þat 3e scholde 3or seruise seye<br>And priueliche 3or preyers preye      |    |
|   | To him þat may vn-bynde,   | 21 |
|   | In saluyng of 3or synnes seuene,<br>To þe mihtful kyng of heuene,            |    |
|   | Vr ffader þat we schal fynde.  | 24 |
| and how they<br>may turn to<br>God.   | And hou vr ffader schal be founde<br>To vche a mon þat is I-bounde           |    |
|   | In sunne, as I ow say.   | 27 |
| His long-<br>suffering and<br>readiness to<br>help.   | His suffrance we may se,<br>Hou þat he suffreþ þe and me                     |    |
|   | Wiþ miht al þat he may,<br>And euere is redi vr bales to bete,               | 30 |
|   | To loke what tyme þat we wol leete,<br>In-to vr laste day ;                  | 33 |
| If we have a<br>good will,<br>he teaches<br>the way to<br>heaven.                                 | 3if we ben in wille to leue vr synne,<br>He techeþ vs wel hou we schal wynne |    |
|   | To heuene þe heize way.  | 36 |
| No man in<br>the like case<br>would be so<br>longsuffer-<br>ing,                                  | What mon wolde now suffre so<br>His sone I-slayen, and hedde no mo,          |    |
|   | But 3if he mihte lyue a-3eyn ;   | 39 |
|   | 3if he for traytrie weore take,<br>Sone he schulde be forsake                |    |
|   | Or elles sopli slayn.  | 42 |
| and we by<br>sin crucify<br>the Lord<br>afresh,   | Whon þou dost a dedly synne,<br>Al þe while þat þou dwellest þer-Inne        |    |
|   | þou putttest to his payn ;   | 45 |
|   | þe same he suffred for vr sake,<br>þen most merci a-mendes make              |    |
| but His mercy<br>clears us.   | Boþe wiþ miht and mayn.  | 48 |
|   | þorw his Merci and his miht<br>He rewep of vs, a-3eynes þe riht,             |    |
| He grieues<br>for us,   | As Rihtwysnes wol rede.  | 51 |



|   |  |
|---|--|
| Rihtwysnes wolde, assone<br>As we dedly synne haue done,<br>To dampne vs to þe dede :   |  |
| þen most Merci be Mayster most<br>þorw þe miht of þe holy gost,<br>And stonde wiþ vs in stede ;<br>And lenge wiþ vs in leo and lede,<br>Til we beo don out of þat dede<br>þorw bone of holy bede.                   | 54 where justice<br>would con-<br>demn us to<br>death.<br>Therefore,<br>mercy, stand<br>us in stead,   |
| Wip 3or leue, I wol be-gynne<br>Of a Mater for to mynne,<br>A good þing for to make,<br>On þe hexte þing hit is<br>þat euer was mad : þat is þe Mes,<br>Monnes sunnes to slake.                                     | 57 and remain<br>with us till<br>prayer has<br>freed us from<br>that sentence<br>of death.   |
| Eueri day þou maiȝt se<br>þe same bodi þat dized for þe,<br>Tent 3if þou wolt take,<br>In figure and in fourme of Bred,<br>þat Ihesu dalte, er he weore ded,<br>ffor his disciples sake.                            | 60<br>63 Now I begin<br>to put you in<br>mind of the<br>Mass,<br>and it is a<br>good subject<br>for my verse-<br>making.                     |
| On þe hexte þing to here,<br>And þe lihtest for to lere,<br>ffor lewed men In lare,<br>Hou þat 3e schul 3or seruise say,<br>And priueliche 3or preyers pray,<br>In churche whon þat 3e are.                         | 66<br>69 Thou mayest<br>see the Body<br>of Christ, who<br>died for thee,   |
| I do ow wel to witen wiþ-uten drede,<br>þe Masse was mad for monnes nede,<br>ffor al folk lasse and mare.<br>As þe prest seiþ his preyere,<br>So schulde vche mon þat him gon here,<br>And þei wuste what hit ware. | 72 in figure, and<br>in form of<br>bread, as He<br>gave it before<br>His death.  |
| 3if I seide þis word wiþ my wit,<br>Wip-uten witesse of holi writ<br>Wisdam weore hit non ;<br>þerfore I wole þat 3e hit witen,<br>Hou þat we fynde hit writen<br>Wip Auctours mony on.                             | 75 High as it is,<br><br>it is easy for<br>the unlearned<br>to learn   |
|   | 78 when to join<br>in the service,<br>[Fol. 302 b.,<br>col. 2]<br>and when to<br>pray by them-<br>selves,<br><br>for the Mass<br>is for all. |
|   | 81 All ought to<br>pray as the<br>priest, if they<br>knew what<br>he said.   |
|   | 87 I do not speak<br>of myself,<br>without war-<br>rant of holy<br>writ,   |
|   | 90   |

|  |  |           |
|--|--|-----------|
| and so I give<br>the reasons of<br>St Augustine,<br>&c.,                           | Of Austin, Ambrose, Bernard, and Bede,<br>3it heore Resons wol I rede<br>A-Mong 3ow euerichon.   | 93        |
| who put on<br>record the<br>merits of the<br>Mass.                                 | þei make mynde of mony a mede<br>þat we schul haue for vre good dede,<br>To churche whon þat we gon.   | 96        |
| Every step<br>to and from<br>hearing Mass<br>is noted by<br>the guardian<br>angel. | <b>W</b> hat tyme þat þow biginnest to go<br>Oup̄er to þe churche or fro,<br>To here a Masse 3if þou may,<br>Eueri fote þat þou gas,<br>þyn Angel poynt̄ hit veh a pas,<br>þe Prince of heuene to pay. | 99<br>102 |
| That day a<br>man does not<br>age,   | þat day schalt þou elde nouzt,<br>3if þou beo studefast in þi þouht<br>On God þat is verray ;  | 105       |
| nor become<br>blind:   | Not Blynt þat day schalt þou not be<br>þat þou þi sauour hast se,<br>þorw him þat mihtes may.  | 108       |
| he has God's<br>pardon, if he<br>goes to con-<br>fession ;                         | A ffair grace God hap þe 3iuen,<br>Of þi sunnes and þou be schriuen<br>þat day þou hast god se :   | 111       |
| and if he die,<br>it avails as<br>the viaticum.                                    | 3if þou be ded þe same day,<br>þou schalt be founden I þe fay,<br>Hoseled as þou hed be.   | 114       |
| It makes<br>work to be<br>without an-<br>noyance or<br>trouble,                    | Baldely maizt þou swete and swynke<br>ffor to wynne þe Mete and drinke<br>Wip-outen tray or tene ;   | 117       |
| and helps to<br>cure sharp<br>sorrows.   | And 3if þou be in eny drede,<br>Al þe better schalt þou spede<br>To keuere of cares kene.  | 120       |
| Before a<br>journey hear<br>early Mass,  | 3if þou haue eny wey to wende,<br>I rede þou here a masse to ende<br>In þe Morennyng 3if þow may ;<br>And 3if þou may not do so,   | 123       |
| or <i>ad terti-<br/>am</i> ,<br>or <i>ad sextam</i> .                              | I rede, beo vnderne ar þou go,<br>Or elles be hei3 midday.<br>Serteynliche wip-outen fayle   | 126       |
| It will not<br>hinder your<br>journey.   | þou schalt not leose of þi trauayle<br>Not half a foote of way ;   | 129       |

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| O þi bodi þou schalt be lihtore,<br>And þi weyes wende þe Rihtore,<br>þorwh him þat mihtes may.                         | 132 |   |
| <b>Þ</b> Ouh he be nouȝt at þi lykyngē,<br>þe prest þat schal þy masse synge,<br>þerfore lette þou nouht :              | 135 | Be not kept<br>away by any<br>priest.   |
| His Masse schal be as <sup>1</sup> good to heere<br>As Monk, Chanoun, Hermyte or frfere,—<br>þus þenk hit in þy þouht,— | 138 | <sup>1</sup> altered from a to as<br>by another hand. His unwor-<br>thiness can-<br>not hinder<br>the Sacra-<br>ment; |
| þauȝ his preyere and his bone<br>Bi-fore God come not so sone<br>As he þat neuer synne wrouȝt :                         | 141 |   |
| Ihesu crist, souereyn of al,<br>He may deeme boþe gret and smal,<br>þus Doctours han I-souht.                           | 144 | and his Mas-<br>ter, Christ,<br>will judge<br>him.  |
| Seynt Ambrose seiþ, hose redeþ riht :<br>þe Masse Is of so muche miht,<br>þer nys no mon þat May,                       | 147 | St Ambrose<br>says  |
| Wheþer þat he be old or ȝonge,<br>þe tenþe part telle wiþ tonge,<br>þeiȝ he schulde liue for ay.                        | 150 |   |
| þe Expositioun is so expres,<br>Wiþ al þe priuete of þe Mes,<br>Serteyn wiþ-oute delay,                                 | 153 | the subject is<br>inexhaustible<br>by time or<br>skill.   |
| þat, couþe a mon neuere so muche of art,<br>He mihte not telle þe tenþe part,<br>þauȝ he hedde þouȝt to say.            | 156 |   |
| Seynt Ierom seiþ : for soules sere,<br>þauh a Mon wolde a þousent ȝere<br>Do a Masse for to synge,                      | 159 | [Fol. 302 b,<br>col. 3]<br>St Jerome<br>cited for the<br>necessity for<br>a mass for<br>every several<br>soul.        |
| Hit <sup>1</sup> is nouþer more ne las<br>But vch a soule schal haue a mas—<br>Hit is so heiȝ a þinge.                  | 162 | <sup>1</sup> MS. His  |
| ȝit I Rede ow go to chirehe,<br>Godes werkes for to worche,<br>In-to vr laste endlynge :                                | 165 | Still go to<br>church and<br>be doynge<br>God's work.   |
| Haue we no doute of vr dole,<br>Vch soule schal haue a masse al hole,<br>þorw help of heuene-kyngē.                     | 168 | Every soul<br>shall have<br>a separate<br>Mass.   |

|  |   |            |
|--|---|------------|
| Hard to prove<br>all this by<br>all these<br>authors;  | fful hard hit were to vre bi-houe<br>Vch a prouerbe for to proue<br>Of þeos Auctours alle ;<br>Serteynliche wiþ-outen lees  | 171        |
| for I foresee,<br>if I only cited<br>some at<br>length,  | Of sum of hem þen wol I sees<br>ffor þing þat may be-falle ;<br>ʒif I drouʒ hem on lengþe,  | 174        |
| no man could<br>stand it out ;   | I trou no mon schulde haue þe strengþe<br>To stonde and heere hem alle.   | 177        |
| but I shall<br>be glad for<br>you to know<br>when to call<br>ou Christ.  | Lewed men, and ʒe wol list,<br>fful fayn I wolde þat ʒe hit wist<br>On Crist whon ʒe schulde calle.   | 180        |
| You are igno-<br>rant, and I<br>will teach<br>you.   | To calle on Crist wiþ mylde chere,<br>Lewed Men, I schal ʒou lere.<br>Whon þat þe prest bi-ginnes,  | 183        |
| When the<br>priest says<br>his Confiteor,<br>bowing be-<br>fore the altar,   | Whon he seiþ his Confiteore,<br>ffeire he loutep þe Auter bi-fore,<br>To schriue him of his synnes.   | 186        |
| and you pray<br>for him, if he<br>remembers<br>you in the<br><i>memento</i> , how<br>great is your<br>reward.      | Serteynly, wiþ-oute delay<br>And ʒe for þe prest pray,<br>And he atte Masse ʒou mynne,<br>Sikerli I dar wel say,<br>þer nis no tonge þat telle may<br>What Mede þat ʒe may wynne.   | 189<br>192 |
| But if you<br>only pray for<br>yourself, it is<br>not half what<br>your fallen<br>nature de-<br>mands from<br>you, | But ʒit I telle ʒou, sikerly :<br>And ʒe preye but only<br>ffor ʒor owne hele,<br>I do ʒow to witen wiþ-outen drede<br>ʒe beo not worþ so muche meede,<br>Not be þe haluendele,<br>As þi kuynde puttes þe to<br>To don vuele he biddes þe do. | 195<br>198 |
| since it in-<br>clines you to<br>evil.   | ʒif þou wol wone in weole,<br>Prey for þe prest, and he for þe :<br>þat Is a preyere of charite,<br>þen maiʒt þou synge of loue lele.   | 201<br>204 |
| Where there<br>is this mutual<br>prayer, there<br>is true praise.  | Loue is trewe in vche a leede ;<br>ʒif þou do ille, vuel schalt þou spede<br>ffor al þe craftes þat þou con.  | 207        |

|  |     |                              |
|--|-----|------------------------------|
| Whon þat þou comest þe chirche with-Inne |     |                              |
| And þou sest þe prest bi-gynne,          |     | Whilst the                   |
| Take his vestimens on :                  | 210 | priest is vest-<br>ing,      |
| Loke þou do as I sey þe,                 |     |                              |
| Knele a-doun vpon þi kne,                |     | kneel and be                 |
| Noyse þat þow make non ;                 | 213 | still,                       |
| Seþþe stond vp at þi seruise,            |     | then stand                   |
| And serue god on þis wyse,               |     | and do your                  |
| Al folk euerichon :                      | 216 | service,<br>all of you.      |
| þou schalt say : “ þi drihten            |     |                              |
| And deore god almihten,                  |     | Say thy                      |
| And In Marie I me a-seure,               | 219 | <i>Domine in</i>             |
| þat heo saue vs alle,                    |     | <i>multitudine,</i>          |
| Boþe grete and smalle,                   |     | &c., and place               |
| Of sunnes we beþ vn-pure ;               | 222 | thyself under                |
| And þat I may me schriue                 |     | the safeguard                |
| Of al my wikked lyue                     |     | of the Blessed               |
| To Prest þat bereþ þe cure,              | 225 | Virgin ;                     |
| þat I haue I-wrouzt                      |     |                              |
| And in herte I-þouzt                     |     | and pray for                 |
| As vnkuynde creature.                    | 228 | shrift of sins               |
| “ I was vn-kuynde,                       |     |                              |
| And was þenne blynde,                    |     |                              |
| To worche a-zeynes his wille             | 231 |                              |
| þat fust me wrouzt,                      |     |                              |
| And seþþe me bouzt                       |     |                              |
| ffro peynes he was put to ille.          | 234 |                              |
| þer-fore we pray                         |     |                              |
| To þe to-day,                            |     |                              |
| þat knowes boþe good and ille :          | 237 | [Fol. 303,<br>col. 1]        |
| Graunt vs lyue,                          |     | Prayer to live               |
| We may vs schriue,                       |     | to complete                  |
| Vr penaunce to folfile.”                 | 240 | penance.                     |
| We schal preyze Ihesus                   |     |                              |
| þat he forziue vs                        |     | Prayer to                    |
| Vr sunnes, þat we may synge,             | 243 | Christ for for-<br>giveness, |
| þat we may pray                          |     |                              |
| þe Prince to-day,                        |     |                              |
| Schop eorþe and alle þinge,              | 246 |                              |

|   |  |                        |
|---|--|------------------------|
| for purity,<br>and for bene-<br>fit from the<br>Mass.   | þat in Clannesse<br>We may þe Messe<br>þorw miht of heuene-kyng,<br>So deorliche to do,<br>To torne þe to<br>Vs alle to good endyng.   | 249<br><br><br><br>252 |
| It is no doubt<br>good to stand<br>and say a<br>word of<br>prayer at the<br>Mass ;<br>you may pray<br>for scores, | Certes, sires, ful good hit is<br>To stonde stille at þe Mes,<br>Sum good word for to say ;<br>Whuche þat 3e wole preye fore,<br>þauh 3e do for mony a score,<br>At a Masse 3e may ; | 255<br><br><br>258     |
| either nam-<br>ing them or<br>thinking of<br>them,  | Alle þo þat 3e nempne nouzt,<br>But only þenke in 3or þouzt<br>þat 3e wolde fore pray,   | 261                    |
| and every<br>soul of them<br>has a Masse,<br>if not lost in<br>hell for ever.                                     | I do ow to wite wiþ-uten doute,<br>þer nis no soule a Masse wiþ-oute,<br>But he haue helle for ay.   | 264                    |
| If my father<br>was in hell,  | Wust I my ffader in flesch and felle<br>Weore holliche I-holden in helle,<br>þer weore non hope of hele,   | 267                    |
| I would no<br>more pray<br>for him than<br>for a dead<br>dog ;  | To preye for him I couþe no Red,<br>No more þen for a Dogge were ded,<br>But let hem wiþ him dele.   | 270                    |
|   | 3it I rede we go to chirche,<br>Godes werkes for to worche,<br>3if we wole wone in wele ;  | 273                    |
| but still, as<br>this is not<br>known, we<br>pray for all<br>the faithful.  | Seþþe hit is vnknowe to vs,<br>We schul preye for alle ffidelibus<br>To Rewe soules þat beþ lele.  | 276                    |
| Now take<br>care you don't<br>talk with any<br>man,   | 3it I bidde 3ou takeþ good tent<br>þat 3e holde no parlyment<br>Wiþ no cristen mon,  | 279                    |
| after the<br>priest begins<br>to vest,  | Whon 3e come þe Churche wit/-Inne,<br>And 3e seo þe prest bi-ginne<br>Take þe vestimens on :   | 282                    |
| or the Devil<br>will write all<br>you say,  | þe foule fend so fel is,<br>He writ 3or wordes I-wis<br>On a Rolle euerichon.  | 285                    |

|   |  |     |  |
|---|--|-----|--|
| Also witness <sup>e</sup> seynt Austine,<br>þat furst wit in Engelond gan lene,<br>And preche <sup>1</sup> þe treuþe bi-gon.  | <sup>1</sup> MS. preched   | 288 | as witness<br>Saint Augus-<br>tine of Eng-<br>land.  |
| <sup>2</sup> Ar seynt Austin In Engelond come,<br>Wiþ pope <sup>3</sup> Gregori of Rome<br>fful long tyme gon he dwelle.<br>Vppon a day for worschupefulness<br>þe Pope <sup>3</sup> wolde synge a Messe<br>As him ful fayre bi-felle :                       | <sup>2</sup> The Mass-Book does not<br>contain this anecdote.<br>It is in R. Bruune's<br><i>Handlyng Synne</i> ,<br>p. 287-8.<br><sup>3</sup> pope <i>erased</i> . |     | When he was<br>at Rome, he<br>was one day<br>called to<br>minister as<br>deacon by<br>Saint Gregory                                    |
| He made a signe to seynt Austyne,<br>ffor he schulde ben his dekne digne<br>To Rede þe gospelle.  |  | 294 |  |
| And as he radde, þen sauh he þen<br>Two wyues, as 3e may witen,<br>Tales þen gonne þei telle.   |  | 297 |  |
| Seynt Austin herde þis wordes alle ;<br>In A wyndow on þe walle<br>þer bi-fore his face   |  | 300 | the Great,<br>and he saw<br>two women<br>talking to-<br>gether, whilst<br>he read the<br>gospel,                                       |
| A foul fend he sau <sup>3</sup> þer-In,<br>Wiþ penne & enke & parchemin,<br>As God 3af him þe grace ;<br>He wrot so faste til þat he want,<br>ffor his <i>parchemyn</i> -skin was so scant,<br>To speken þei hedde such space ;                               |  | 303 |  |
| Wiþ his teep he gon hit togge,<br>And so radli he gon hit Rogge<br>þat al þe Rolle gon race.  |  | 306 | and he saw a<br>devil also (so<br>God gave him<br>grace), who<br>wrote what<br>they said,  |
| So harde raced he þat Rolle,<br>þat he chopped his Cholle<br>A3eyn þe Marbel-ston.<br>Al þe folk I þe chirche About<br>Was a-stoneid of þat clout<br>And herden hit euerichone.   |  | 309 | but soon used<br>his parch-<br>ment,   |
| Seynt Austin sei <sup>3</sup> hou faste he drouh :<br>He barst on lauhtrre, and loude louh.<br>þe Pope <sup>4</sup> ful sore gon grone,<br>ffor serwe nei <sup>3</sup> þe Pope <sup>4</sup> wept.<br>After masse, Austyn he met,<br>And Mekely made his mone. |  | 312 | so he tugged<br>it with his<br>teeth, till it<br>stretched,  |
|   |  | 315 | and he<br>knocked his<br>head against<br>the wall.   |
|   |  | 318 | [Fol. 303,<br>col. 2]<br>Every one<br>heard the<br>blow,   |
|   |  | 321 | and St Aus-<br>tin burst out<br>laughing,<br>to the great<br>grief of the<br>Pope,<br>who remon-<br>strated with<br>him after<br>Mass, |
|   | <sup>4</sup> Pope <i>erased</i> .  | 324 |  |

- He made his mone wiþ mylde mod :
- charging him with madness for what he had done; “ Whi weore þou so wikked and wod  
ffor to do þat dede ? 327
- A worse dede miht þou neuer done.”
- Austin onswerde him ful sone—
- þerof he hedde gret drede : 330
- but he asked him not to grieve till he knew all, “ Lord, greue 3e nouzt til þat 3e wite.  
A foul fend I say site—
- Serwe mot ben his mede !— 333
- and told him the story of the women and the fiend, Two wyues sat 3onder langare,  
Alle heore wordes wrot he þare  
Vppon a Rolle to rede. 336
- “ þei tok no tent til heore Mas :
- Al heore wordes more and las,
- who wrote all they said, He wrot hem euerichon ; 339
- ffor to speke þei hedde such space,  
þe fend wrot wiþ a foul face  
Til his Parchemyn was al gon. 342
- and how in stretching the parchment, Whon his parchemyn was al spende,  
He rauhte þe Rolle bi þe ende,  
Wiþ his teth a-non 345
- he dashed his head against the marble, He logged, þat al in-synder gon lasch,  
And wiþ his hed he 3af a dasch  
A3eyn þe Marbel-ston. 348
- and that cut the saint short in his reading, “ Lord, greue 3e not for þat dunt !  
He stoneyd me, and made me stunt  
Stille out of my steuene. 351
- He said as he saw, without a lie, I wol sigge as I se3e,  
ffor a word wol I not ly3e,  
Be Mihtful kyng of heuene.” 354
- and led the Pope to the window, He ladde him forþ, as I trowe,  
Til he com to þe wynt-douwe  
þat I be-fore gon nemene : 357
- and there they found black filth on the ashlar. ffoul þei fond þer I-sched,  
As blac as pich was I-spred  
Vppon þe Aschelers euene. 360
- This is a miracle, no doubt, for devils have no blood, þis is wonder þing wiþ-ouTEN drede ;  
þer was neuer fend blod mihte blede,  
He haþ nouþer flesch ne bon ; 363



|  |            |  |
|--|------------|--|
| But god wolde þat hit were so,<br>To chastise hem and oper mo<br>þat to churche gun gon.   | 366        | but it was<br>allowed for<br>correction<br>sake.   |
| Til a Masse was seid to ende,<br>A Mon schulde talke w <sup>it</sup> h fo nor frende,<br>But holde him stille as ston ;  | 369        | Till Mass is<br>ended, a man<br>should be<br>stone-still,  |
| þat hous was mad for preyere<br>To Ihesu and to his Moder dere,<br>To þonke hem al heore lon.  | 372        | for it is the<br>house of<br>prayer to<br>Jesus and<br>His mother.   |
| <b>A</b> t þe wyues gon þei witen<br>What þei seiden whon þei siten<br>Seynt Austyn hem bi-syde,   | 375        | The women<br>had much un-<br>seemly talk,  |
| Bi heore onswere þei wuste ful wel<br>þat þei hedde spoken muchel vncel,<br>And in heore hertes gun hyde.  | 378        | and would<br>fain have kept<br>it secret ;   |
| þerfore, sires, I rede 3e loke,<br>God tent I wolde 3e toke,<br>ffor þing þat may bi-tyde,   | 381        | so do you take<br>care,  |
| þat 3e mesure 3ou þe mare,<br>Of speche þat 3e ow spare,<br>At Masse whon þat 3e byde.   | 384        | and moderate<br>your loqua-<br>city at Mass.   |
| þe Pope <sup>1</sup> greued him wel þe lasse ;<br>He let comaunden at þe Masse<br>Of þat Miracle to mynne,<br>And also bad wiþ ful good wille<br>þat eueri Mon schulde stonde stille       | 387        | <sup>1</sup> Pope <i>erased</i> .<br>The Pope<br>commanded<br>that the mira-<br>cle should<br>be borne in<br>mind,                       |
| Whon he comeþ þe churche w <sup>it</sup> h-Inne ;<br>And þenke <sup>2</sup> hou wel þat god may wreke  | 390        | and that<br>every one<br>should be si-<br>lent at Mass.  |
| Euerich a word þat we speke ;<br>We do ful multe synne :   | 393        | <sup>2</sup> Ms. þenne<br>Think of<br>God's anger.<br>A word might<br>hinder the<br>priest in his<br>Mass,                               |
| A Prest miȝt be let of his mes,<br>Al þis world miȝt fare þe wers,<br>Vs alle to wo to wyinne.—  | 396        | and the whole<br>world might<br>suffer for it.   |
| “ Vr ffader vre al-weldyng is,<br>God let vs neuere his murþes mis.<br>Lord, halwed be þi name.<br>In heuene and corþe þi wille<br>Be don, and þat is skille,<br>Or elles we ben to blame. | 399<br>402 | [F. 303, col. 3]<br>The <i>Pater-<br/>Noster</i> .<br>Here follows<br>a paraphrase<br>of the Lord's<br>Prayer with<br>a <i>Farrura</i> . |

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| Give us to-day our daily bread.   | <p>Vr vche-dayes bred 3if vs to-day.<br/>         þat we may trustily whon we schul away<br/>         To come to þi kyndame.</p>   | 405 |
|   | <p>God kepe vs to vre laste endyngē,<br/>         Let neuer þe fend wiþ fals fondyngē<br/>         Cumbre vs in no schame."</p>    | 408 |
| The Pater-noster should be put aside for no prayer,   | <p>þis pater noster schulde ben vsed<br/>         And for non orison beo refused,<br/>         I schal 3ow telle for whi :</p>     | 411 |
| for it was He made it who redeemed the world from woe.  | <p>Of his Mouþ hit was maad,<br/>         þat al þis world long and braad<br/>         Out of Bale gan buy3e.</p>                  | 414 |
| Believe the Lord's Prayer,  | <p>Leeue hit wel, and not wene hit,<br/>         þe pater noster contened<br/>         Alle þing hollye</p>                        | 417 |
| as none other comprises all we need in this world and the next.   | <p>þat vs neodeþ, and non oþer,<br/>         Boþe for þis world and þat oþer,<br/>         Quik whon we schal dye.</p>             | 420 |
| The Gospel. Stand at the gospel;  | <p>At þe gospel, were ful good<br/>         Studefastliche þat 3e stod,<br/>         ffor no þing þat 3e stured hit ;</p>          | 423 |
|   | <p>Al 3or lykyng þer-on leiþ<br/>         To wite what þe prest seiþ,<br/>         Holliche þat 3e here hit.</p>                   | 426 |
| you may understand none of it, but it is what Christ wrought, and it is wisdom in the unlearned to honour His work. Now learn that. | <p>þau3 3e vnderstonde hit nou3t,<br/>         3e may wel wite þat god hit wrou3t,<br/>         And þerfore wisdam were hit</p>    | 429 |
|   | <p>ffor to worschupe al godes werkes,<br/>         To lewed men þat ben none clerkes.<br/>         þis lesson, now go lere it.</p> | 432 |
| exemplum.   | <p>And whi 3e schulde þis lessun lere,<br/>         Herkneþ alle and 3e may here.</p>  |     |
| And here's a reason.  | <p>þer a Neddre hauntes,<br/>         3e may wel fynde, and 3e wol seche,<br/>         He vnderstond noþing þi speche</p>          | 435 |
| The adder understands not a word of thy charm, but she knows thy meaning.   | <p>Whon þou hire enchauntes,<br/>         Neuerþeles heo wot ful wel<br/>         What is þi menyngē eueri-del</p>                 | 438 |
|   | <p>Whon þat þou hire endauntes.</p>  | 441 |

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| So fareþ þer vnderstondyng fayles,<br>þe verrey vertu 3ow alle a-vayles<br>þorw grace þat god 3ow grauntes.            | 444 | So, when not understood, the power of God's word still avails.  |
| <b>W</b> hon þe gospel is I-don,<br>3it wolde I, gode men euerichon,<br>þat 3e couþe 3or crede ;                       | 447 | The Creed. After the Gospel comes the Creed.  |
| What tyme þat þe prest say<br>þat 3e mi3te 3or-self pray,<br>fforsoþe hit were gret nede ;                             | 450 | Would that you knew it, and could say it with the priest,   |
| And seþþe trewely trouwe þer-Inne,<br>And fullliche out of 3or mouþ hit mynne,<br>þer-to liht mucþe mede.              | 453 | and believed it, as well as said it, for therein is great reward;   |
| And 3if 3e trowe and wol not telle,<br>So dude þe fend þat from heuene felle,<br>And doþ hit nouht in dede,            | 456 | but believing without doing is devil's deed.  |
| þou3 þou neuere so trewely trowe,<br>Wip-oute dede ful luytel hit douwe,<br>So doþ þe deuel þat dredes.                | 459 | To believe without works is nothing; the devil believes and trembles;   |
| But seynt Iacob, Iosepes broþer,<br>Seiþ þat we schal don non oþer,<br>In his pistel whose redes.                      | 462 |   |
| Such þing as þou seyst and doos,<br>þi Neizebor wol þerof make Roos<br>What lyf þat þow lede.                          | 465 | and man's praise is according to the life you lead.   |
| Wip-In a storie in þat stede<br>He seiþ þat trouþe is but dede<br>But hit be don in dede.                              | 468 | "Faith without works is dead," (Ja. ii. 20.)  |
| 3it beo þer mo men lyuing in lede<br>þat I wolde couþe heore crede,<br>And whon þei couþe ken hit.                     | 471 | still I would more men, that live in the world, knew their creed.   |
| I haue I-seid as I con :<br>3if þer beo euer eny mon<br>þat seiþ he con a-mende hit,                                   | 474 | I have done my best to English it— if there is a fault, do not turn me into ridicule behind my back, but let me know of it. |
| ffaute þer-Inne 3if þat he fynde,<br>Mak no scornynge me be-hynde<br>But a3eyn to me he sende hit,                     | 477 | [Fol. 303 b., col. 1]   |
| Or elles help þat I may here hit.<br>þus an Englisch as I lernde hit<br>I haue I-þouht to ende hit. <sup>1</sup> . . . | 480 |   |

<sup>1</sup> The Engl. text is, however, omitted.

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
| The reason why day precedes the night.   | A Resun I schal reden ow riht<br>Whi þe day bi-fore þe niht<br>Was ordeynt for to be.                    | 483 |
| Adam sinned.   | ffor Adam of þe Appel eete,  |     |
| Christ better's our woe.   | Ihesu Crist vr bales con beete,<br>þat dyed vppon þe Tre ;   | 486 |
| Adam for his sin became the prisoner of hell,  | Out of liht þat he was Inne,<br>In-to helle for his sinne,<br>Holliche þer was he ;                      | 489 |
| though at first so free.   | He was banischt out of blis<br>In-to helle, boþe he and his,<br>Bi-foren þat was so fre.                 | 492 |
| Another reason—why night before day.   | 3it a Resun I schal 3ou say :<br>Whi þe niht bi-fore þe day<br>Was ordeynt, I schal 3ou telle :          | 495 |
| Christ suffered, and harrowed hell, and then rose again out of darkness:                     | ffor Ihesus suffred woundes fyue,<br>And sippe a-Ros fro deþ to lyue,<br>And after herwede helle ;       | 498 |
| He restored Adam to the light of paradise.   | Out of þesternes þorw his miht<br>A3eyn he put him to þe liht<br>Whuch þat he fro felle,                 | 501 |
|  | And dude him a3eyn in paradis<br>þat he hedde lost boþe he & his,<br>Wip speche as I ow spelle.          | 504 |
| Before the priest washes, don't wait for him to ask for the mass-penny, but go up and offer. | <b>A</b> luytel bi-fore þe prest wasch<br>Let him not his offryng asch<br>3if þou þenke for to offre ;   | 507 |
|  | Whon he torneþ a-non þe tille,<br>Go vp to him with ful good wille<br>And þi peny him profre.            | 510 |
| Though there is no obligation, it is well bestowed,  | þau3 þou be not þer-to in dette,<br>þou schalt pinke hit ful wel bi-set,<br>I swere bi seynt Cristofre ; | 513 |
| for it will keep thee from sin, and make thy chattel increase in thy strong box.             | Of sinnes hit wol make þe to sese,<br>And þi catel also encrease<br>Of seluer in þi Cofre.               | 516 |
| Devotion to be said at the offering to God,  | But fayn I wolde þat þou þus seide<br>Whon þou in his hond hit leide,<br>Or þenk hit in þi þouht :       | 519 |

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1 " God, þat was In Bethleem bore,                  | 1 Similar prayer in Mass-Book, v. 247. | that was born in Bethlehem,                                    |
| þreo kynges kneled þe beo-fore,                     |  |  |
| And heore offryng brouzt ;                          | 522                                    |  |
| þou tok heore offryng of alle þre :                 |  | and accepted the gifts of the Magi to receive thine,           |
| So receyue þis of me,                               |  |  |
| And forȝete me nouzt,                               | 525                                    |  |
| þat I may euere wiþ þe wone,                        |  | and that thou mayest dwell with Him.                           |
| And kyndelich clepe þe godes sone,                  |  |  |
| On þe Roode as þou me bouzt."                       | 528                                    |  |
| Whon he haþ waschen, þen he walkes,                 |  | After washing the priest returns to the altar,                 |
| Priueliche and stille he stalkes                    |  |  |
| To his Auter aȝeyn.                                 | 531                                    |  |
| þe furste þing he doþ, wiþ-oute doute,              |  |  |
| To his weuede þen wol he loute,                     |  | when he bows before it,  |
| þe soþe is nouzt to leyn ;                          | 534                                    |  |
| Sepþe he stondeþ vp-riht,                           |  |  |
| His hondes heueþ vppon hiht                         |  | and crosses himself,   |
| Him-self for to sayn,                               | 537                                    |  |
| þenne he torneþ him to ȝow.                         |  | and turns towards the people to ask their prayers.             |
| Cristene men, herkeneþ now                          |  |  |
| And preyeþ wiþ al ȝor mayn . . . (Prayer omitted.)  | 540                                    |  |
| þen he biginnes his secre ;                         |  | Then he says his <i>secreta</i> , the people kneeling,         |
| Adoun þenne knele ȝe                                |  |  |
| A luyte while way,                                  | 543                                    |  |
| Til þat he seþ <i>per omnia</i> ,                   |  |  |
| And seþþe <i>Sursum corda</i> . <sup>1</sup>        | 1 cf. Mass-Book, v. 306-7.             | until the <i>Sursum corda</i> ;                                |
| What is þat to say ?                                | 546                                    |  |
| Hit is a nedful note to nemen :                     |  |  |
| " Hef vp ȝor hertes in to heuen                     |  | Heave (lift) up your hearts.                                   |
| To him þat al mihtes may."                          | 549                                    |  |
| Sepþe schul ȝe þonke him þus                        |  |  |
| Of bodi and soule has ȝiuen vs,                     |  |  |
| And þus-maner schul ȝe pray . . . (Prayer omitted.) | cf. Mass-Book, v. 314-326.             |  |
| Lustneþ alle to þis þing.                           |  |  |
| Bi-twene þe <i>sanctus</i> and þe sakeryng          |  | From the <i>Sanctus</i> to the consecration, the people stand, |
| ȝe schal preye stondynge—                           | 555                                    |  |
| Hit semes wel in þat whyle                          |  |  |
| þat god in his Exyle                                |  |  |
| In þis world was wonynge.                           | 558                                    |  |

- but then  
kneel and  
meditate of  
Christ's pas-  
sion,
- Seþþe schul 3e knele a-down  
And þenke vppon his passioun  
þat he hedde heer suffrande, 561  
Hou þat he suffrede woundes fyue,  
And seþþe he ros from deþe to lyue  
And nou has heuene in hande. 564
- though be-  
fore the bell  
rings they  
may pray as  
they will.
- 3it schul 3e preye for eny þing  
Bi-twene þe *sanctus* and þe sakeryng  
Til þat þe belle knelle.<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> The Mass-Book, v. 336-397,  
contains the prayer. 567  
3if eny mon haþ scorn to here hit,  
Be my troupe, wisdam weore hit  
þat he heolde him stille ; 570  
þe same mon 3e lau3whe to scorn  
Was of a Mayden in Bethleem born,  
Me þinke 3e don ful ille. 573  
Whose has hoker gas hame ;  
To telle hit 3ou me þinkes no schame,  
I preue hit bi a Bille. 576
- A warning  
against scorn  
of the doc-  
trine—go  
home, ye  
scorners !
- At the eleva-  
tion of the  
body and also  
of the blood,
- Godes flesch he reiseth o lofte  
And his blod feir and softe  
In þe chalis wip-Inne : 579  
þen schul 3e knele a-down  
And sey a luyte orisoun,<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> cf. Mass-Book, v. 428-436.  
ffor no þing þat 3e blynne. 582  
God þat on þe Rode was slon,  
þo two and he beoþ boþe on,  
þat dyed for al monnes synne. 585  
After þe prest his Armes spredeþ he,  
In toknynghe he dyed vppon þe tre  
ffor me and al mon-kunne. 588
- Both the  
species and  
the crucified  
are but one.  
Then the  
priest spreads  
his arms  
cross-wise.
- After the  
Lord's prayer  
follows the  
*Agnus Dei*.
- Whon þe pater noster is don,  
To þe Agnus dei he goþ ful son—  
Her kneþ hende in halle— 591  
“Godes lomb” hit is to sei,  
“þis worldes sinne to don a-wey”<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> cf. Mass-Book, v. 516 ff.  
And haue merci on vs alle. 594  
þe same lomb hit is to minne,  
To don a-wei þis worldes synne,  
To þe we crie and calle, 597

|   |                          |  |
|---|--------------------------|--|
| Ihesu, for þi miht and grace<br>A-bate vr synnes In vch a place,<br>þi pes mot on vs falle."  | 600                      | A prayer for strength and grace and peace.   |
| Whon he haþ vsed, he walkeþ riht<br>To Lauatorie þer hit is diht,<br>ffor to wassche his hende.<br>So gostly he comes a-geyn,<br>Vn-to god for to preyen<br>Sum special grace hym sende,<br>ffor al þe folk þat þer wore<br>Whuch þat he haþ preyed fore<br>þat a Masse may mende.  | 603<br>606<br>609        | After the priest has communicated, he washes again, and says the Post-communion,   |
| þen to knele hit is best,<br>Til hit cum to <i>Ite Missa est</i><br>Be seid in to þe ende.  | 612                      | and the people are to kneel to the end of the Mass,  |
| þenne schul 3e knele a-doun<br>And sei a luytel Orisoun<br>Riht on þis Maneere—<br>þe Orisoun is of seynt Ambrose,<br>þat he properly in prose<br>Made in his preyere ;<br>þen to preye is ful good tyme.<br>I con not wonder wel ryme<br>On latin 3ou to lere,<br>But nopeles I wol assay<br>As nei3 þe text as euer I may—<br>Herkne and 3e may heere.  | 615<br>618<br>621<br>624 | and say a prayer of Saint Ambrose,<br><br>which he made in Latin prose,  |
| "God þat dized vppon þe tre,<br>þat þe prest receyuede bodile<br>Vppon þe Auter-ston,<br>Graunt vs grace, whon we hennes go,<br>þat we may worþily don al so,<br>In vre concience al-on.<br>After vr dedes & we be demed,<br>ffrom his blisse we schal be flemed,<br>Out of þat worþli won.<br>God graunt vs grace In wille & word<br>We may be worþi to his bord,<br>Vr lord leue vs þat lon." | 627<br>630<br>633<br>636 | A prayer to our Lord,<br><br>for inward peace of conscience.<br><br>If we were judged according to our works we should be banished from His bliss. |

- [Fol. 303 b., col. 3]  
And pray also to the Virgin, and don't forget the gospel after the Mass:
- 3it prei vr ladi, as I ow telle,  
þat 3e forȝete not þe god-spelle,  
ffor no þing þat may bi-falle ; 639
- Tac a good entent þer-to :  
Hit is þe *In principio*  
On latin þat men calle. 642
- A 3er and fourti dayes atte lest  
ffor *verbum caro factum est*  
To pardoun haue 3e schalle ; 645
- an indulgence to those who kiss the ground, when it is ended.  
Mon or wommon schul haue þis  
þat kneles down þe eorþe to kis—  
ffor-þi þenk on hit alle ! 648
- Now I have finished,  
and well pleased I am.  
Now haue I endet so as is  
þe Maner and þe Mede of þe Mes,  
þerof I am ful bliþe, 651
- Ne more þerof to mele wiþ mouþe,  
I haue seid as I couþe,  
I þonke god fele siþe. 654
- I think nothing of my trouble, if you profit by it ;  
Of my trauayle is me nouȝt ;  
Wolde 3e þenke hit in 3or þouȝt  
And in þe chirche hit kiþe, 657
- but it is good to know it, listen who will.  
þen were hit lykyng of 3or mynde,  
And gret cumfort to al Monkynde,  
Hose wol lusten and lype. 660
- Still I have made exception of three things in the mass-book ;  
3it is þer þreo þinges on þe Bok,  
Sikerly þat I out tok  
And neuer dar make in Mynde ; 663
- Hit was wel þouȝt at my likyng  
I ches hit out bi heuene-kyng,  
þe toþer is 3it bi-hynde. 666
- but none has heard tell of better things than I have told,  
But better þing þen I haue told,  
Herde 3e neuere of 3ong ne old,  
On ground þat men may fynde ; 669
- except the words of consecration, which are for a priest alone.  
Saue fyue wordes, wiþ-ouen drede,  
þat no mon but a prest schulde rede  
Is comen of cristen kynde. 672
- A prayer to Christ,  
God þat dyzed vppon þe Roode,  
þat bouȝt vs wiþ his blessed blode  
Vp-on þe harde tre, 675



|                                      |     |   |
|--------------------------------------|-----|---|
| 3iue vs grace, boþe more and lasse,  |     | for grace,  |
| þorw þe vertu of þe Masse            |     |   |
| Vr soules mai saued be.              | 678 | unto salva-<br>tion.  |
| ffader & Sone and Holigost,          |     |   |
| As þou art lord of mihtes most       |     | A prayer to<br>the holy Tri-<br>nity against<br>hell-torment. |
| And sittes In Trinite,               | 681 |   |
| Whon we schal dye, no lengor dwelle, |     |   |
| Kep vs from þe pyne of helle,        |     |   |
| AMEN ffor charite. <sup>1</sup>      | 684 |   |

<sup>1</sup> Then follows, fol. 303, þe guldene trentaþ—Pope Gregory's, p. 260-7 above—repeated, with quite the same text.

[XLVIII. Sayings of St. Bernard :  
Man's three Foes.]<sup>1</sup>

Her telleþ seynt Bernard  
Mon haþ þreo enemys hard.

|                                       |   |  |
|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| <b>S</b> eint Bernard seiþ in his Bok |   | St. Bernard<br>says that man<br>shall feed and<br>breed worms. |
| þat Mon is worm & wormes Cok,         |   |  |
| And wormes he schal feden ;           | 3 |  |
| Whon his lyf is him bi-reued,         |   |  |
| In his Rug and in his heued           |   |  |
| Wol foule wormes breden.              | 6 |  |

<sup>1</sup> Title in Index : þat a man had þre enemys. The same poem is extant in MS. Laud 108 (together with the Vision of St. Paul), ed. by me in Herrig's Archiv 1874, and MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 106, ed. in Wright, Spec. of lyric poetry, p. 101.

*MS. Laud 108, fol. 198 a.*

*MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 106 a.*

|                                     |   |                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|----|
| <b>H</b> Erkniez me a luytel þrowe, |   | <b>L</b> ustneþ alle a lutel þrowe, |    |
| 3e þat wollez ou-self i-knowe,      | 3 | 3e þat wolleþ ou-selue y-knowe,     | 3  |
| Wise þei 3e beo :                   |   | Vnwys þali y be :                   |    |
| Ichulle ou telle, ase ich can,      |   | Ichulle telle ou ase y con          |    |
| 3wat holie writ spekez of Man,      |   | Hou holy wryt spekeþ of mon—        |    |
| 3if 3e wullez i-heore me.           | 6 | Herkneþ nou to me.                  | 6  |
| Seint bernard seith in his bok      |   | þe holy mon sayþ in is bok          |    |
| þat man is worm and wormes cok,     |   | þat mon is worm & wormes kok,       |    |
| For he schal wormes fede ;          | 9 | Ant wormes he shal vede ;           | 9  |
| 3wan his lijf him is bi-reued,      |   | When is lif is hym by-reued,        |    |
| In his rug and in his heued         |   | In is rug & in ys heued             |    |
| Schullen grisliche wormes brede.    |   | He shal foule wormes brede.         | 12 |

Man's flesh  
shal melt  
from his  
bones.

þe fflesch schal melten from þe bon,  
þe Senewes sundren euerichon,  
þe Bodi schal de-fyen ; 9  
And 3e þat wolen þe soþe sen,  
Vnder þe graues þer þey ben,  
And lokeþ hou þei ly3en. 12

**Þ**I fflesch fi3teþ a3eyn þi gost.  
Whon þou schalt dyen þou hit nost,  
Wheþer day or niht ; 15  
Woltou niltou, þou schalt dy3en,  
Ne may no Raunsoun þe for-buy3en—  
þou greiþ þe whil þou miht ! 18

Man must  
die.

He has no  
sure home.

Mon, þou art of feble fom,  
þow ne hast her no siker hom,  
3if þow bi-seo þe ariht ; 21  
Vre riht wonynge were elles-where.  
Lord let vs comen þere  
ffor his muchele miht. 24

*MS. Laud 108.*

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

|   |  |
|---|--|
| þi fleschs schal melte fram þe bon,<br>þi senues sundriez euerrech-on,<br>þi bodi schal al to-sie. 15 | þe fleyhs shal rotie from þe bon,<br>þe senewes vntuen eueruchon,<br>þe body shal to-fye. 15   |
| 3e þat wollez þe soþe i-seo,<br>Vndo3 þe burieles þare hi beoz,<br>And lokiez 3wat þare lie. 18       | 3e þat wolleþ þat soþe y-suen,<br>Vnder grades, þer hue buen,<br>By-holdeþ whet þer lye. 18    |
| Man, þu art a feble fom ;<br>Here nast þou no siker hom,<br>I segge it þe wel stille. 21              | Mon is mad of feble fom,<br>Ne haþ he no syker hom<br>To stunte alle-vey stille ; 21           |
| þi rihte hom is elles-3wer—<br>Ihesus us graunti to come þer,<br>3wan it is his wille. 24             | Ys ryhte stude is elles-wher—<br>Ihesu, bring vs alle þer,<br>3ef hit be þy wille. 24          |
| þi flesch stant a-3ein þi gost ;<br>3wanne þu schalt deize, þu it nost,<br>Noþur day ne ny3ht. 27     | þe fleysh stont a3eyn þe gost<br>When þou shalt deze, ner þou nost,<br>Noþer day ne nyht ; 27  |
| Nedescostes þou most deize,<br>Ne may no raunchoun þe fur-buye—<br>Striue þe 3wile þou miht ! 30      | On stede ne sitte þou ner so heze,<br>3et a-last þou shalt deze—<br>Greyþ þe whil þou myht. 30 |

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Of feble froþ, Mon, is þi lyf,<br>Whon deþ draweþ his kene knyf,<br>I rede þat þou þe schryue ;<br>ffor 3if þou be-seo þi-self a-riht,<br>ffinstou not her but flit & fiht,<br>Whiles þou art in þis lyue. | His life is tūt<br>froth,<br><br>27<br><br><br>30 |
| Vnstable is þi lyf I-diht,<br>Nou art þou heuy, nou artou liht,<br>Sturtynde as a Ro ;<br>Nou þou richest, & now þou porest,<br>Nou art þou sek, now þou rekeuerest,<br>In wandreþ and In wo.              | and<br>unstable.<br><br>33<br><br><br>36          |
| þi flesch seiþ Niht and day<br>" I wole haue ese while I may,"<br>þi soule seiþ " nay,<br>Ac 3if þou bere hit to muchel meþ,<br>Hit wol þe worchen soule deþ<br>And wo þat la[s]teþ ay."                   | The Flesh<br>and the Soul<br><br>39<br><br><br>42 |

*MS. Laud 108.*

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

|   |          |  |          |
|---|----------|--|----------|
| Of feble wynd, man, is þi lijf,<br>3wanne dez drawez is scharpe knyf,<br>þou do þe sone to schriue ;<br>For, 3if þat þou canst loken ariht,<br>Ne hast þou here bote fiht,<br>þe 3wile þou ar aliue.                            | 33<br>36 | In false wonyng is monnes lyf,<br>When deþ draweþ is sharpe knyf,<br>Do þe sone to shryue ;<br>ffor 3ef þou const loke a-riht,<br>Nast þou noþyng bote fyght<br>Whil þou art a-lyue.                 | 33<br>36 |
| [fol. 198 b.]   |          |  |          |
| Nov þu art wrong, nov þu art ry3ht,<br>Nou þou art heuy, nou þu art ly3ht,<br>þou lepest also a ro ;<br>Nov þu art sik, nou þou art coueret,<br>Nov þou art riche, nou þu art pouere—<br>Ne is þis muche wo ?                   | 39<br>42 | Nou þou hast wrong, & nou ryht,<br>Nou þou art heuy & nou lyht,<br>þou lepest ase a roo ;<br>Nou þou art sekest & nou hoolest,<br>Nou þou art rycheþ & nou porest—<br>Nis þis muche woo ?            | 39<br>42 |
| þi flesch þe seith boþe niht and day :<br>" Ichulle habbe ayse þe 3wile i may."<br>þi soule seith a-3ein him " nay !<br>3if ich am a3ein þe of muche meth,<br>þou bringust me to helle to þe deth,<br>And to wo þat lastez ay." | 45<br>48 | þy fleysch ne swy[n]keþ nyht ne day,<br>Hit wol han eyse whil hit may,<br>Ant þe soule sayþ : " nay,<br>3ef ich þe buere to muche meþ,<br>þou wolt me bringe to helle-deþ,<br>Ant wo þat lasteþ ay." | 45<br>48 |

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
| are ever at<br>strife,                      | þus striueþ euer more þei two,<br>þat on eggeþ to, þat oþur fro,<br>Ne conne þei neuer blynne ;       | 45 |
| yet the Soul<br>ought to rule.              | Ac, wel we mowen vs-seluen i-sen,<br>þe soule ouzþte Maister ben<br>Al þe pris for to wynne.          | 48 |
|   | Mon, I rede þat þou be wys,<br>And 3if þou falle, sone arys,<br>Ne ligge þou none stounde.            | 51 |
|   | ffor 3if þou worche wel wiþ þis,<br>þe godspel seiþ, and soþ hit is,<br>þat þou hast blisse I-founde. | 54 |
| Look, man,<br>at what comes<br>out of thee. | Mon, beo nouzt þi-self vn-couþ,<br>Ac loke what comeþ out at þi Mouþ<br>And elles-wher a-bouten ;     | 57 |
| No so vile<br>dung-heap<br>exists.          | And 3if þou nyme rihtliche keep,<br>ffyndest þou non so vyl donge-hep,<br>Wip-Innen no wip-owten.     | 60 |
| But in it is a<br>precious soul.            | Ac þou hast in þat vyle hous<br>A þing þat is ful precious,<br>And dere it was I-bouht ;              | 63 |

*MS. Laud 108.**MS. Harl. 2253.*

|   |   |
|---|---|
| þus it farez bi-twene heom to,<br>þat on seith " let," þat oþur seith " do,"<br>Ne connen huy neuere blinne. 51 | þus hit geþ bi-tuene hem tuo,<br>þat on saiþ " let," þat oþer seyþ " do."<br>Ne wune hue nout lynne ;" 51 |
| Ake wel 3e mouwen ov-self i-seo :<br>þe soule ouzþte maister to beo,<br>þe maistrie for to winne. 54            | Wel we mowe alle y-se<br>þe soule schulde maister be,<br>þe pris forte wynne. 54                          |
| A, man, ne beo nouzht þi-sulf vnkouth,<br>Loke 3wat comez out of þi mouth,<br>And elles-3ware with-oute. 57     | Ne be þe nout þi fleish vncouþ,<br>Loke whet comeþ out of þy mouþ,<br>And elles-wher wyþ-oute ; 57        |
| 3if þou wolt nime wel guod kepe,<br>þou ne findest bote a foul doung hepe,<br>þei þou loke þe al a-boute. 60    | 3ef þou nymest wel god keep,<br>Ne fyndest þou non so fyl dung-heep,<br>Ant þou loke a-boute. 60          |
| Man, þu hast in þi foule hous<br>A deoreworþe þing and precious,<br>And ful deore it was a-bouht. 63            | Nou þou hast in þat foul hous<br>A þyng þat is ful precious,<br>fiul duere hit ys a-boht ; 63             |

|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| Ac I þe holde for wylde and wood,<br>3if þou 3iue so muchel good<br>To þe ffeond for nouht.          | 66 |  |
| Mon, þou hast þreo luþer fon,<br>Heore nomes con I wel vchon<br>3if I schal touchen alle :           | 69 | Man's three<br>foes are                                  |
| þyn oune flesch, þe world, þe fend.<br>Ac he þat schulde best be þi frend<br>Dop þe rapest to falle, | 72 | the Flesh, the<br>World, and<br>the Fiend.               |
| And þat is þi flesch, þi furste fo,<br>þat þou pamprest and seruest so,<br>3if ich hit dorste seyen. | 75 | The first is<br>the Flesh.                               |
| þou dost þi soule muche wrong,<br>Whon þou makest his fo so strong<br>To fihten him a3eyn.           | 78 | You wrong<br>your soul by<br>strengthen-<br>ing its foe. |

*MS. Laud 108.*

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

|   |    |   |    |
|---|----|---|----|
| Ich holde þe more þane wod,<br>3if [þou] letest so muche guod<br>þe feond hadde al for nouht.                   | 66 | Ich holde þe ful wilde & wod,<br>3ef þou lesest so muche god,<br>And 3euest hit for noht.             | 66 |
| Man, beo þou i-war and eke wys :<br>3if þou doun fallest, sone aris,<br>Ne lie þou none stounde.                | 69 | Mon, be war & eke wis<br>3ef þou fallest, sone a-rys,<br>Ne by þou none stounde ;                     | 69 |
| With al þi might 3if þou dost þis,<br>þi soule þe seyth, and soth it is,<br>þat blisse þou hast i-founde.       | 72 | Wiþ al þi myhte þou do þis,<br>þy soule sibþ, & soþ hit ys<br>Blysse ichaue y-founde.                 | 72 |
| Man, þou hauest þreo wieke fon.<br>Heore names i can nemme echon,<br>3if ich schal tellen hem alle :            | 75 | Mon, þou hauest wicked fon,<br>þe alre-worst is þat on (!),<br>Here nomes y shal telle ;              | 75 |
| þin owene flechs, þe world, þe feond.<br>And he þat best scholde beo þi freond,<br>Maketh þe rapest doun falle. | 78 | þyn oune fleysh þy worst is fend (!) ;<br>þat best schulde be þy frend,<br>þat most dop þe to quelle. | 78 |
| þou clopest him with fair[e] schroud,<br>þou makest þi fo fat and proud,<br>To fyhte þe a-3ein ;                | 81 | þou clopest him in feir[e] shroud,<br>Ant makest þy fomon fat & proud.<br>3ef y durste seyn ;         | 81 |
| þou dost þi-sulf wel muche wronk :<br>þou makest þi fo fat and strong,<br>3if ich it dorste seyen.              | 84 | þou dest þy-selue muche wrong,<br>þou makest him bo fat & strong,<br>To fyhte þe a3eyn.               | 84 |

<sup>1</sup>Of þe furste fo so fel <sup>1</sup> From here MS. Vernon differs from the other MSS.

Muche wonder hit is to tel,  
 Hose schulde riht be-gynne: 81  
 þat such a foul stinkynde sek  
 Haþ such a burþen in his nek  
 Of serwe and of synne. 84

Your carrion  
 is but worms'  
 food;

þis Careyn þat þou berest a-bouten,  
 So vyl wip-Innen and wip-uten,  
 A luytel wormes mete; 87  
 Euer þe bet þat þou him do,  
 Siker be þou, euer-mo  
 þe worse he wol þe gete. 90

it stinks  
 and tastes  
 horribly.

And 3if þou þenke her-vppon  
 Hou vyl a vessel hit is on,  
 ffor al þe metes and drynkes, 93  
 Hou hit schal fouloure smelle & smake  
 þen eny careyne þat is forsake  
 Of best þat breþe stinkes. 96

ffor hose bi-heolde þi bodi ariht  
 After þi deþ a fourtene niht,  
 Neore he þi frend neuer so good, 99  
 þat he nolde hi3en him away  
 And þynken seuen 3er of a day  
 þat he bi þe stod.— 102

Man's 2nd  
 foe is the  
 World.

þyn oþer fo Is a wonder þing,  
 þis world, wip diuerse fondyng  
 Tempteþ þe more & more; 105

*MS. Laud 108.*

Man, do þu bi conseil and bi red  
 And with-drauz þou him of is bred,  
 And watur 3if him to drinke; 87  
 Ne lat him no-þing Idel gon,  
 Ake do him pines mani on,  
 And ofte forto swynke. 90

To coueitise of mani þing  
 þe world þe drawez a misliking;  
 A-3eynes þe more and more. 93

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

Do my counsail & my reed:  
 Wip-drah hym ofte of is breed,  
 Ant 3ef him water drynke; 87  
 Ne let hym noþing ydel go,  
 Bote pyne do hym & wo,  
 Ant ofte let hym swynke. 90

Coueytise of mony þing  
 þe world þe bringeþ in fleish lykyng,  
 Ant 3eueþ þe more & more; 93

|  |     |                                |
|--|-----|--------------------------------|
| ffals hit is and feir hit semeþ,       |     | The world is false.            |
| And whon hit aller best þe qwemeþ,     |     |                                |
| Hit greueþ þe ful sore.                | 108 |                                |
| þis ffo haþ so ablendet þe             |     |                                |
| þat þou miȝt nouȝt bi-fore þe se       |     |                                |
| How vyl þou art and pore,              | 111 |                                |
| Hou bare in to þis world þou come,     |     |                                |
| Ne hou bare þou wendest home           |     |                                |
| In to þi puttes ore.                   | 114 |                                |
| He scheweþ þe wele & worldes wyzne     |     | It tempts you with pleasures.  |
| And dilyces so mony kinne,             |     |                                |
| And eggeþ þe þer-to ;                  | 117 |                                |
| He reueþ þe mony a nihtes rest.        |     |                                |
| fforsake schuldestou such a gest       |     |                                |
| þat þe con seruen so.                  | 120 |                                |
| ffor whon þou hast gedred al þi pride, |     |                                |
| Comeþ deþ on þat oþer syde             |     | But Death robs you of them,    |
| And reueþ þe al I-feere.               | 123 |                                |
| And whon he haþ þe down I-cast,        |     |                                |
| He wol deceyuen þe atte last,          |     |                                |
| As hit þin neuer nere.                 | 126 |                                |
| Ac to þi put he wol þe leden,          |     |                                |
| And leue þe þere wormes to feden—      |     |                                |
| Loke which a seruise !                 | 129 |                                |
| He serueþ þe of & of no more ;         |     |                                |
| þat al þi lyue lustnest his lore,      |     |                                |
| He quyteþ þe on þis wyse.              | 132 |                                |
| And riȝt so schaltou go þi wey         |     | and leaves you naked and bare. |
| Naked and bare—weylawey !              |     |                                |
| Wrecche, hou hastou sped !             | 135 |                                |

*MS. Laud 108.*

Fals he is and fayr he semez ;  
 Alre best ȝwane he þe quemez,  
     He þe bindez sore.                   96  
 þou wost þis world schal gon to nouȝt ;  
 Ne hast þou no þing hidere i-brouȝt,  
     Ne nouȝt ne schalt here with þe.  
 þou schalt al one gon þi wey,       100  
 With-uten stede and palefrey,  
     With-oute gold and feo.             102

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

ffals he is & feyr he semeþ,  
 Alre-best when he þe quemeþ  
     He byndeþ þe fol sore.             96  
 þenne shal he go to noht :  
 Nast þou noþing hyder y-broht,  
     Ne nout shalt buere wyþ þe ;     99  
 þou shalt al one go þy wey,  
 Wiþ-oute stede & palefrey,  
     Wiþ-oute gold & fee.               102

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | And 3if þou haue eny good wrouzt<br>In word, in werk or in þouzt,<br>þat berest þou to þi bed.   | 138 |
| Man's 3rd foe<br>is the foul<br>Fiend of Hell. | <b>Þ</b> E þridde fo, I may þe telle,<br>þat is þe foule fend of helle,<br>þe worste fo of alle. | 141 |
|  | Vnderstonde, he loueþ þe nouzt,<br>He wol chaungen al þi þouzt<br>And maken þe foule to falle.   | 144 |
|  | Vnderstonde, he noldē þe no good,<br>He wolde marren al þi mood—<br>þow war þe from his hok !    | 147 |
| Beware of<br>his hook                          | And 3if þou do as I þe seye,<br>Al his wrenches miht þou leye<br>Al mid his oune crok.*          | 150 |
| and crook !                                    |  |     |

*MS. Laud 108.**MS. Harl. 2253.*

|   |     |   |     |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| þi þridde fo is þe foule wiht,<br>þat fondeth boþe day and nyzt<br>With his guyles alle.                            | 105 | Lucifer, þat foule wyht,<br>þat wes him-selue so feyr & bryht,<br>þurh prude fel to helle ;       | 105 |
| Wel þou wost he ne louez þe nouzt,<br>He fondez ay to chaungen þi þouzt,<br>And makez þe forto falle.               | 108 | Wiþ foule wille & foul þoht<br>He fondeþ bringe þe to noht,<br>Ant þe forte quelle.               | 108 |
| þou wost wel he nele þe no guod,<br>He wolde hauen þin herte-blod—<br>Beo iwar of his hok !                         | 111 | þench þat he þe nes nout god,<br>He wolde haue þyn huerte-blod—<br>War þe for his hokes !         | 111 |
| Ake do ase ich þe hadde i-seid,<br>And þine þreo fon worþez a-leyd<br>With heore owene Crok.*                       | 114 | Do nou ase ichaue þe seyð,<br>Ant alle þre shule ben a-leyd<br>Wiþ huere foule crokes.*           | 114 |
| 3if þu seist " þis spel is hard,<br>I ne may nouzt holde þis foreward,<br>Holde ne wel it driȝe,"                   | 117 | 3ef þu seist " my spel ys hard,"<br>þat þou ne miht þis foreward<br>Holde ne dreȝe,               | 117 |
| A luytel þing ich axi þe—<br>þou seie it me par charite—<br>þat þou me nouzt ne lye !                               | 120 | A lutel þyng y aske þe—<br>Sey me soþ, par charite,<br>þer-of þat þou ne leȝe !                   | 120 |
| 3ware beoth nou þei þat bi-fore us<br>weren,<br>þat houndes ladden and hauekes beren<br>And hadden field and wode ? | 123 | Wher beþ hue þat by-foren vs<br>were,<br>Lordes, ledyes, þat hauekes bere,<br>Haden feld & wode ? | 123 |
| þis riche leuedies in heore bour,<br>þet wereden gold on heore tressour,<br>With heore brijhte rode ?               | 126 | þe ryche ledies is huere bour<br>þat wereden gold on huere tressour,<br>Wiþ huere bryhte rode ?   | 126 |



*MS. Laud 108. (fol. 199 a).*

Huy eten and dronken and maden  
hem glad,  
Here lyf was al in Ioye a-lad,  
Men knevleden hem bi-fore ; 129  
Huy beren heom here so swiþe heyze  
þat þoruþ twinklingues of heore eyzen  
Heore soules beon alle for-lore. 132

ʒware beoz þulke þat couþen so wel  
With vnrihte and wrongliche echdel  
Winne rentes and londes, 135  
And nolden nouzht here beon aknowe  
þat it was unrihtfulliche heore owe,  
For þe worldes schonde ? 138

þulke þat deiden on vrþe here  
And wonnen ouzht in swuch manere,  
Londes oþur rente, 141  
For soþe i segge it eou to-wisse,  
Huy ne comiez neuere in heuene-  
b[1]isse,  
Ake in helle huy schullen stunte.

þei huy ligge sike longue  
And in heore dez-bedde þienchez "mid  
wronge  
To þulke þing we come," 147  
Fain huy wolden, hadden huy space,  
Ake manie nabbez þer-to no grace,  
To ʒelden a-ʒein eft-sone. 150

þare seith þe bok a-þlizht  
þat eorl ne baroun cler[c] ne knyzt,  
Bacheler ne sweyn, 153  
Noþing ne mouwe huy with onriht.  
In þis manere hadde no wizht,  
Bote huy it ʒelden aʒein. 156

ʒware is þis hoppingue and þis song,  
þis ridingue and þis proute ʒong,  
þis haekes and þis houndes ? 159  
Al þat weole is went away ;  
þat Joyze is come to weylaway,  
And to mani harde stoundes. 162

þole þou, man, ʒif þat þou miht,  
A luyte pine þat man þe bit ;  
With-drauzh pine ayses ofte. 165  
þei pine pines þe þinchen on-lede,  
þou þench opon þe muchele mede :  
Hit schal þe liken softe. 168

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

Hue eten & dronken & maden huem  
glad,  
Huere lyf al wiþ ioie y-lad,  
Me knelede huem by-fore ; 129  
Hue beren huem so swyþe heze,  
And in a twynglyng of an eze  
So hue weren for-lore. 132

Wher bueþ hue, þy wedes longe ?  
þis muchele murþe, ioie, & songe ?  
þis haekes & þis houndes ? 135  
Al þat weole is wend a-way,  
Ant al is turmd to weylaway,  
To monye harde stoundes. 138

Huere parais hue maden here  
Ant nou hue liggeþ in helle yfere,  
þat fur huem berneþ euer ; 141  
Stronge y-pyne & stronge in wo,  
Longe is ay & longe ys o,  
Out ne comeþ hue neuer. 144

If the Fiend  
tempts thee  
into sin,

3if þe fend þorw his fondyng  
Or for defaute of wiþ-stondyng  
In eny synne haþ þe cast, 153  
A-Rys vp as a Champioun,  
Stond stif and fal no more a-doun  
ffor such a wyndes blast. 156

take Christ  
as thy shield,

þow go In to þe feire feld  
And tak vr lord to þi scheld,  
þin hond þou strecche and fonde, 159  
And þenk vppon him wiþ mylde mod  
þat for þe 3af his herte-blod  
And get þat lyflich londe. 162

the Cross as  
thy staff,

þow take þe crois to þi staf  
And þenk on him þat þeron 3af  
His lyf þat was so lef; 165  
Wite wel þi fot wiþ staues ord  
And mak þe traytur speke þe word  
And wrek þe on þat þef. 168

and fight for  
heaven's  
bliss.

ffihst faste for þyn owne riht  
And get þe heuene-blisse briht,  
While þou hast tyme þer-to; 171  
þin owne heritage hit is,  
And þerof schaltou neuer mis  
But 3if þou hit fordo. 174

*MS. Laud 108.*

*MS. Harl. 2253.*

|  |   |
|--|---|
| 3if þe feond, þat foule þing,<br>With wicke roun oþur vuel egging<br>Hauez þe ene a-kast, 171      | 3ef þe feond, þe foule þyng,<br>þourh wycked werk oþer eggyng<br>A-doun haþ þe y-cast, 147    |
| Op stond and beo guod Chaumpiun,<br>And ne fal þou non more a-doun<br>For a luytel blast. 174      | Vp, & be god champioun,<br>Stond & fal no more a-doun<br>For a lutel blast, 150               |
| þou tak þe rode to þi staf,<br>And þenk on him þat þaron 3af<br>His lif þat was so leof; 177       | Tac þe rode to þy staf,<br>Ant þenke on him þat for þe 3af<br>His lyf þat was so luef; 153    |
| He 3af it for þe, þou 3eld it him;<br>A-3ein is fo a staf þu nim<br>And awrek him on þat þeof! 180 | He hit 3ef, þou þonke hym;<br>A-3eyn þy fo such staf þou nym,<br>Ant wrek þe on þat þuef. 156 |

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| Ac 3if þow haue wel in muynde<br>Hou feble þat þou art of kuynde,<br>And hou þou gost to nouȝt,                             | 177 | Remember<br>thy coming<br>death!                          |
| Hit mihte wel þin herte whetten<br>And of flesches lustes letten,<br>Weore þou wel bi-þouȝt.                                | 180 |   |
| Where ben heo þat bi-foren vs weren,<br>þat houndes ladden & haukes beeren<br>And hedden feld and wode ;                    | 183 | Thy foregoers   |
| þis Riche ladys in heore bour,<br>þat wereden gold in heore tressour,<br>Wiþ heore brihte rode ?                            | 186 |   |
| þei eeten and dronken & maden hem glad,<br>In Ioye was al heore lyf I-lad,<br>Men knelede hem bi-foren :                    | 189 | ate, drank,<br>and made<br>glad,                          |
| þei beren hem here so stout and hiȝe,<br>Ac in twynklyng of an eiȝe<br>Heore soules were for-loren.                         | 192 | but lost their<br>souls.                                  |
| Wher is þat gomen and þat song,<br>þat traylyng & þat comelich ȝong,<br>þo haukes and þe houndes ?                          | 195 |   |
| Al þat Ioye is went a-wey,<br>Heore weole is comen to weilawei,<br>To monye harde stoundes.                                 | 198 |   |
| Heore paradys þei hedden hyr, <sup>1</sup><br>And now þei liggen in helle-fyr, <sup>2</sup><br>þer pit and peyne is euere ; | 201 | Their Para-<br>dise was here.<br>Now they are<br>in Hell, |
| Strong is þere in peyne and wo,<br>Ac hopen þar hem neuer-mo,<br>ffor out ne comen þei neuere.                              | 204 |   |
| Allas, þat þei euere were boren or bred<br>þat heer on corþe such lyf han led<br>And deserued such meedes,                  | 207 |   |
| To brennen in þe fuir of helle,<br>Euer-more þer-Inne to dwelle<br>And glowen in þo gledes !                                | 210 | burning for<br>ever.                                      |

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
| Mary, help                                 | Ac Moder & Mayden, heuene-Qween,<br>As we hopen þat þou wol ben<br>Vr warant from þe fende :                 | 213 |
| us to flee sin<br>and live with<br>Christ! | þou help vs dedly synne to fleen,<br>And þat we mote þi sone seen<br>World wip-ouen ende. AMEN. <sup>1</sup> | 216 |

*MS. Laud 108.*

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | Marie, moder, houene-quen,<br>þou canst, and miȝht, and owest to ben<br>Ore help aȝein þe feonde : | 183 |
|  | Help us sunnes forto fleon,<br>þat we moten þi sone i-seon<br>In Joye with-ouen ende. Amen.        | 186 |

[XLIX. *Proverbes of diuerse profetes and  
of poetes and of opur seyntes.*]<sup>2</sup>

|   |   |               |
|---|---|---------------|
|   | <i>Cher amys, receuez de moy</i>  | [fol. cccvi.] |
| I send you a<br>present of<br>good teach-<br>ing, | <i>Vn ben present ke vous enuoy,<br/>Nunpas de or ne de Argent,<br/>Mes de bon enseignement ;<br/>Ki en escripture ai troue</i> | 5             |
| translated<br>from Latin<br>into                  | <i>E de latin translate<br/>En comun langage pur amis<br/>Ke de clergie ne ount a-pris.<br/>Trestut est sen e verite</i>        |               |
| French (and<br>English).                          | <i>Ke issi trouerez en Romaunce.</i>  | 10            |

<sup>1</sup> Then follows 'Kyng of Thars,' ed., with MS. Auchinl., in *Engl. Stud.*<sup>2</sup> So the title in Index. Similar collections of sayings of famous men, in prose, are frequent in northerz MSS. (f. i. Rawl. A, Bodl. 938). A collection, comprising all the sayings of 'Philosophers' under each name, is Caxton's 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' fol. (1st ed. Westm., 1477, 2nd ed. Westm., 1480?, 3rd ed. Westm., 1490?—the 1st ed. being the 1st book printed in England; it was reproduced from Christie Miller's perfect copy by W. Blades, London 1877). These were originally compiled in Latin ab. 1350, and in 1410 translated into French by Guillaume de Tignonville, from which version Earl Rivers made the English transl. ed. by Caxton: (it contains Sayings of Sedechias, Hermes, Tac, Zalquinus, Omer, Solon, Sabyon, Ypocras, Pitagoras, Dyogenes, Socrates, Platon, Aristotle, Alexander Tholome, Assaron, Legmon, Anese, Sacdarge, Thesille, S. Gregorie, Galyen). Lord Tollemache has a varying MS of the *Dictes*.

*Ki ben ten entent e souent list, [Fol. 307, col. 2] (11)*  
*Prou en auera e delist ;*  
*Dount cely seit de dieu benet*  
*Ki sa entente bien i mest.*

DAUID.

*I*niciu[m] sapiencie timor domini.  
*Li sages dit en soun lyuere (15)*  
*Ke comencement de bien viure*  
*Sour tote rien est de doter*  
*Dampne dieu e honourer.*

þe wyse mon in his bok haþ þis seying 15 The fear of  
 þat þe biginnyng of good liuyng God is the  
 Ouere alle þing is God to drede beginning of  
 And him to worschupe wiþ al vr spede. 18 good living.

SALOMON.

*I*n bonis sit cor tuum in diebus iuuentutis tue.  
*Le Auctor dit ke vostre entente (19)*  
*Deuz mettre en ta iuente*  
*De touzþ pecches vous retrere,*  
*E bones heueres<sup>1</sup> vser e fere. <sup>1 = oevres</sup>*

þis Auctor seiþ verreyment 19 Do good  
 þat in þi zouþe þou schalt do þin entent works in thy  
 To wiþ-drawe þe fro sinnes euer-mo, youth.  
 And goode werkes vse and do. 22

*A*udendo crescit virtus, tardando timor.  
*Cum plus targeþ de bien ouerer (23)*  
*Plus serrez pourous de comencer ;*  
*Par comencement vertu acrest,*  
*E par targer retret est.*

þe lattor þou art of good worching 23 Virtue grows  
 þe more feruol þou schalt be of bi-ginnyng ; by early  
 ffor þorw bi-ginnyng vertu eneresceþ, ntion, but  
 And þorw latschipe hit is wiþ-drawe & ceseþ. 26 dwindles by  
 delay.

ISAYAS.

*S*ola vexacio dabit intellectum.  
*En traaille metteþ cors e quer (27)*  
*Par la parole dien oyer ;*

*Kar par parole ten quert sen,*  
*E par sen se garde ten. (30)*

Give body and  
soul to hear-  
ing God's  
word.

In trauayle set bodi and herte i-fere 27  
Godes word ay wel to here ;  
ffor þorw word lernen wit men,  
And be wit Men kepen hem þen. 30

SALAMON.

**Q***ui odit correpcionem insipiens erit ; melius est enim a sapiente corripit quam a stulto adulari.*  
*Si vous hazez de estre reprys,* (31)  
*Ne serrez iammes ben a-pris ;*  
*Meuz vaut tenson de veir disour*  
*Ke deceyte de lonsengour.*

Don't despise  
the reproof  
of a truth-  
teller.

3if þou hate to be repreyuet auht, 31  
Schalt þou neuer be wel I-tauht ;  
Bette is chidyng of a soþ seyere  
þen deceyuyng of a losyngere. 34

IEREMIAS.

**C***onfessori monstra delictum.*  
*Si vous auez de ren mesfet* (35)  
*E puis defendez vostre fest,*  
*Plus est dieu de ceo greue*  
*Ke eynz ne fust del pecche.*

Defending a  
sin is worse  
than sinning.

3if þou hast don aþeyn god auis 35  
And after defendest hit I-wis,  
God is more greuet of þat defendyng  
þen of þe furste sungyng. 38

IACOB.

**N***on est hic aliud nisi domus dei & porta celi.*  
*Souent hauntez les mosters* (39)  
*E la dieu priez volunters ;*  
*la porte de ciel oy nomer,*  
*par ou vus couent le cel entrer.*

Go oft to  
Church,  
the Gate of  
Heaven.

Ofte to churche loke þow sterte 39  
And prei þer to god wiþ al þin herte ;  
þe 3ate of heuene I haue herd hit cald,  
Be þe w3uche in to heuene entre þou schalt. 42

SALAMON.

**V***is habere imperium, impera tibi.*  
*Si vous desirez graunt honour,* (43)  
*Ieo vous fray Emperour :*

*Emperour le dey nomer*

*Ki sei meymes set Iusticer.*

- 3if þou desyre gretliche honour,  
I schal þe make an Emperour ;  
An Emperour I schal him calle  
þat con him-self Iustifie (!) ouer alle. 43 He who can  
judge himself  
is an Em-  
peror.

**N**oli<sup>1</sup> auertere faciem tuam ab villo paupere.  
*Si vus desirez de dieu la grace, <sup>1</sup> MS. Volo (47)*  
*De nuly poure turneþ la face,*  
*Ke dieu ne turne sa face de vous—*  
*Si dit le sage a nous tous.*

- 3if þou desyre of god to haue grace,  
ffrom no pore mon turne þi face,  
Leste god turne his face ffrom þe—  
þe wise mon techeþ alle þus, parde. 47 Turn not thy  
face from the  
poor!

TOBIAS.

**S**i multum tibi fuerit, habundanter tribue.  
*Si poy as, poy durras, (51)*  
*E durras mout si mout as ;*  
*Si rien ne as mout durras*  
*Quaunt de doner la volunte as.*

- 3if þou haue luytel, luitel 3iue and do ;  
3if þou haue muchel, muche 3iue also ;  
3if þou haue nouzt, muche þou schalt 3iue  
And þi wille be to 3iue 3if þou were I-þriue. 51 If thou hast  
little, give  
little ;  
if nothing,  
have the will  
to give.

RAPHAEL.

**E**lemosina purgat peccata & facit inueniri vitam  
eternam.

*Bon est estre auymoners ; (55)*  
*Deuz bens est pur ce apparaylers :*  
*De ces pecches remissioun,*  
*E vye perdurable en querdoun.*

- Hit is good to don almes-dede,  
ffor twei godes ben crdeynt to þi mede :  
On is of þi sunnes remission,  
þat toþur euer-lastinge lyf to þi gerdon. 55 Almsgiving  
wins thee re-  
mission of  
sins, and  
everlasting  
life.

SENECA.

**A**uarus nullis est bonus, in se pessimus.  
*Mal est estre trop auers, (59)*

*Deuz mauls est pur ce aparrayles :*  
*De sa malice longe record,*  
*E peyne horrible a-pres la mort.*

Avarice  
brings pun-  
ishment after  
death.

Hit is euel to ben auerous, 59  
 Tweyn euel þingus þefore ben ordeynt to vs :  
 Long record of þat malice,  
 And horrible peyne for suche vice. 62

SENECA.

*Conscienciam potius quam famam time; nullum  
 magis time quam te ipsum: alium effugere  
 potes, te ipsum numquam.*

*Plus dotez ta conscience* (63)

*Ke de nul autre la presence ;*

*Ta conscience ne eschaperez,*

*Autri presence bien porrez.*

Fear thy con-  
science more  
than men.

Loke þou doute more þi concience 63  
 þen oþer mennes presence ;  
 þin oune concience maizt þou not skap,  
 Oþur mennes presence þou maizt in hap. 66

SENECA.

*Non viuas aliter in solitudine quam in foro.*  
*Vsez de fere priuement* (67)

*Cum fere volez de-vaunt la gent,*

*Ou par cas vous eschapera*

*fjet ou dit ke mes auendra.*

Act in private  
as you do in  
public.

Vse þe to do priueliche 67  
 As þou wolt do to-fore men openliche,  
 Or elles paraunter þe may askap  
 Word or dede or sum mis hap. 70

SENECA.

*Quid communicabit cacabus ad ollam.*  
*Ne vous botez trop auaunt* (71)

*De quere greuaunce al puissaunt ;*

*Rien ne vaut au pot de tere*

*Countre le Caudron tener quere.*

Don't annoy  
a powerful  
man.  
An earthen  
pot can't  
fight with a  
caldron.

Put þe not to ferforþ, I rede now, 71  
 To greue him þat is mihtyore þen þow ;  
 Hit nis not worþ an old Botoun  
 An eorþene pot to fihte wiþ a Caudroun. 74



SERAFYN.

*Pondus super se tollit qui dicitur se socius fuerit.*

*Ne trop ne querez especiaute* (75)

*De homme ki est en dignete ;*

*Vos beaus presens receuera,*

*Si rien ne ly donez il vous greuera,*

*Si poure deuenez il vous mokera—*

*De autre bounte ne esperez iu.* (80)

Drauz vppon þe no specialte 75

Of Mon þat is of gret dignite ;

þi feire presentes he wole receue,

3if þou 3iue nouzt he wole þe greue,

3if þou waxe pore he wol skorne þe—

Wayte of him neuere oþer bounte. 80

Don't seek  
after great  
folk.

They'll take  
your gifts,  
and scorn  
you.

SALOMON.

*Melius est vicinus iuxta quam f[r]ater procul.*

*De vostre veisyn pres de vous* (81)

*Seyez tendre e gelous ;*

*Kar meu3 vaut bon veisyn*

*Ke ne fet frere loyn3 tain.*

Of þi nei3ebor þat nei3 is to þe 81

Be þou tendre and haue him in cherte ;

ffor bettre is a nei3ebore nei3e

þen a broþur fer fro þin eize. 84

Be kind to  
your neigh-  
bour.

SENECA.

*Acceptum beneficium eterne memorie est inserendum.*

*A* *Ne metez iammes en obly* (85)

*Vn bien-fet de vostre amy ;*

*En quer vus soit tut-Iours tenu*

*Le bien ke auez vne fe3 receu.*

ffor-3ete þou neuere out of þi mynde 85

A benfet don of þi frende ;

In herte loke þou holde stedefast

þe benfet þat þou ones hast. 88

Never forget  
a benefit.

SERAFYN.

*Stulte meditari, si bene velis fari.*

*S* *Si vne pense vous saut enquer,* (89)

*Ne seyez pas primesauter*

*De fere ou dyre ceke pensez,  
De-vaunt ceke vus seiez bien auysez.*

Think well  
before you  
speak.

3if in þin herte falle a þouzt, 89  
To hasti loke þat þou be nouzt  
To do oþer speke þin entent,  
Til þou haue take good auysement. 92

## SENECA.

*Ne petas quod negaturus es,  
Nec neges quod petiturus es.*

*Ne priez iammes a vostre amy (93)  
Chose ke vus ne frez a ly ;  
Ne vus ne deuez pas nyer,<sup>1</sup> 1 MS. vyer  
Ce ke est a demaunder.*

Don't ask  
your friend  
for a thing  
that you'd  
deny him.

Prei not þi frend to bisilye 93  
Of þing þat þou woldes him denye ;  
Ne denye þou not þat is asked þe,  
3if hit<sup>t</sup> be couenable asked to be. 96

## SENECA.

*Qui beneficium dare nescit in-iuste petit.*

*Ki mout ad e rien ne doyne, (97)  
Pur demaunder mot ne soyne ;  
En demaundaunt quert hountage  
Ki ne jet a autres nul auauntage.*

If you'll not  
give, don't  
ask for any-  
thing.

Hose hap muche and nul not 3iue, 97  
Ouzt to aske he nis not þriue ;  
In his askyng he geteþ hountage  
þat to non oþur wole do auauntage. 100

## SENECA.

*Beneficium accipere est libertatem vendere.*

*Cil est franc pur fere dreyt (101)  
Ki doun ne present ne receyt ;  
Ky doun receit sanz soun desert,  
Sa fraunchise vent e pert.*

Gifts pervert  
the judgment.

ffreo he is to do men riht 101  
þat 3ift ne present takeþ of no wiht ;  
He þat 3iftes [takeþ] wiþ-ouen decert,  
His freedam he sulleþ & leoseþ apert. 104

SALOMON.

*Multi quasi inuencionem estimant fenus et prestiterunt molestiam hijs qui se adiuuerunt; dum accipiunt manus osculantur, & in tempore redicionis loquuntur verba tedij.*

*Pernez garde en vostre a-prest* (105)

*A ky vous prestez queus il est;*

*Tels se fet auant amy*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> Thus far the poem is in the Simeon MS.

*Ki par toun prest tei ert enemy.*

*Quant il receyt yl beise ta meyn,*

*Quant rendre deit tei apele vileyn,*

*E voz rent pur vos ben-fez*

*Vile represes alauntre mez.*

Whon þou lenest þi þing, tak hede of þis 105 Mind whom you lend to,

To whom þou lenest and what he is;

Such mon to-fore scheweþ him þi frende,

þat schal be þin enemy at þe ende; 108

Whon he receyueþ he wol cusse þin honde,

Whon he schulde paie he wol cal þe cherl bonde; or you'll get abuse with repayment.

He wol þe zelde for þi gode dede

ffoul repreyunge to þi mede. 112

SENECA.

*Amici quidem graues sunt, inimici leues.*

*Vous poyez auer tel amy* (113)

*Ke plus vous vaudreit vn enemy;*

*De voz deuers lun nul cure,*

*Lautre ne seit poynt de mesure*

*De a-prompter ne de venir,*

*De soiourner a soun pleiser;*

*Dount plus vous greuera tel ameste*

*Ke de lautre le enemiste.* (120)

Such a frend þou miht haue sikerli 113 Some friends are worse than foes.

þat þou were better haue an enemy;

þat on of þi moneye haþ hede ne cure,

þat oþur naþ wiþ hym no mesure 116

To Borwe of þe ne of ofte comyng

Ne to soiourne at his likyng.

Such frendschupe þe greue schal more parde

þen þat oþeres enemizte. 120

## SAULUS.

*Admone illos non litigiosos esse, set mansuetos ad omnes.*Don't scold  
bad servants.

*Si vous auez vos seruauns*  
*Ki vous sount contrariauns,*  
*Ne les tenez pas souent—*  
*Seint Eglise le defent ;—*  
*Mes ki ne cert a soun auenaunt,*  
*Prengre conge e vous auaunt.*

Get rid of em.

## SAMUEL.

*Loquere domine quia audit seruus tuus.*He's a bad  
servant who  
can't put up  
with his  
lord's word  
that doesn't  
hurt him.

*Mout est li seruaunt de mal escole* (121)  
*Ki soffri ne peut la parole*  
*Soun seignour a ky il sert,*  
*Quant par sa parole rien ne pert.*

He is vuel worþi Cloþ or bord 121  
 þat may not suffre a luytel word  
 Of his lord þat he serueþ to,  
 Whon for such a word leoseþ neur þe mo. 124

## SERAFYN.

*A zelantibus te absconde consilium.*Don't tell  
your secrets  
to a servant  
who may  
leave you,  
and blab  
them.

*Ne moustrez pas tut vostre quer* (125)  
*A vostre seruaunt ; kar de leger*  
*Ky ore est prest, ert loyms de vous ;*  
*Ke auaunt set vn, donke sauerunt tous.*

Schewe not þin herte outerliche 125  
 To þi seruaunt. for-whi liltliche  
 To-day he is wiþ þe, to-morwe he flit ;  
 þat tofore wuste but on, þen moni schul wit. 128

## SENECA.

*Quod uis esse tacitum nemini dixeris.*Don't blame  
others for  
not keeping  
your counsel:  
blame your-  
self.

*Si vus blamez petit ou graunt* (129)  
*Ki vostre conseil est mys auaunt,*  
*Ki ne blamez vous vostre quer,*  
*Ki vostre conseil ne set celer.*

þif þou blame luitel or muche 129  
 ffor þi conseil is outet openliche,  
 Blame þou maizt þin oune herte wel,  
 þat couþe not hele þin oune conseil. 132

## SALOMON.

*Sicut sagitta in femore canis, sic verbum in corde stulti.*

*Sete e counseil a-cordent bien* (133)

*En quer de fol e en guise de chen ;*

*Leun e lautre fount courte soiour,*

*Par bouche pasent saunz restour.*

An arwe in an houndes buttoke 133

And counseil in a foles herte istoke

A-cordeþ wel, for nouþur makeþ soiourning ;

þorw mouþ þei passen wiþ-ouen restreyning. 136

An arrow in a dog's rump is like counsel in a fool's heart.

## JOB.

*Noli de seruis querelam facientibus credere priusquam facti veritas aperte discernatur.*

*Si vous oyez encusement* (137)

*De akun de vostre gent,*

*En querez prymes la verite,*

*De-vaunt ke en seyez trop greue.*

þif þou here eni accusacioun 137

Of eni of þy peple in feld or toun,

Enquere furst þerof þe verite

Or þou þerfore in herte greue þe. 140

Don't believe your folk's complaints without enquiry,

AUGUSTIN[*s*].

*Qui enim credit verba loquencium, cum ceteri per risus gaudent decorem, per doloris cruciabitur merorem.*

*Souent auent de meynte bon fet* (141)

*Par melisaunz bestorne est ;*

*Kyke tut creyt quant-ke homme li dist,*

*Il ert mournez quant autre rist.*

Ofte hit falleþ þat mony good ded 141

Wiþ eucl-siggers is ouer-torned ;

Hose leeuþ vehe monnes seying,

Whon opur lau3when, he schal make murning. 144

or you'll mourn when others laugh.

## JEREMIAS.

*Erubescere nescierunt, propterea cadent inter ruentes.*

*Si vous perde3 curtesye [g] bounte,* (145)

*Vous cheyerez tut en vyle hounte ;*

*Hounte, curteisye e seyntete*

*Par a-cord sont freres iure.*

Don't cease to  
be courteous  
and generous,  
or you'll be  
shund.

3if þou lese curtesye and bounte 145  
To falle in foul schame hit bi-houep þe ;  
Good schame, holynesse, & curtesye  
As Breþuren ben sworn, witterlye. 148

## SENECA.

*Enormiter petit qui se beneficium dedisse dicit.*  
*Vileynement quert il louer* (149)  
*Ky sei auante de soun doner ;*  
*Ky a prodomme doyne down,*  
*Assez receyt saunz autre gerdoun.*  
In foul maner he askep a louwaunce 149  
þat of his 3ifte makeþ bobauunce ;  
Hose 3iueþ a 3ift to a good man,  
I-nouh he takeþ wiþ-oute reward þan. 152

Don't brag  
about what  
you give  
away.

## IPOCRAS.

*Cui non videtur bona sua esse amplissima, miser est,*  
*quamuis sit dominus tocius mundi.*  
*Yl est bien cheytif apelez* (153)  
*Ky se pleynt e ad a-sez :*  
*Mes ky tut le mond fust le suen,*  
*Yl vus dirroyt ki il nust ren.*  
A wrecche forsoþe me may hym cal 153  
þat pleyneþ him and haþ i-nou3 at al ;  
ffor þou3 al þe world were only his,  
He wolde seie he hedde nou3t, i-wis. 156

He is a  
wretch who  
has enough  
and yet  
grumbles.

## SERAFYN.

*Non credas inimico tuo in eternum, & si inimicus tuus*  
*uadat tibi obuiam, firma animum tuum & custodi te*  
*ab illo.*  
*Vostre enymi ne creiez ia* (157)  
*De nuyt ren ke il vus dirra ;*  
*Cum plus vus mostre bien sembla[n]t,*  
*Plus dotez le fet suaunt.*  
Leef neuer þin enemi, ho-so hit be, 157  
Of no þing þat he spekeþ to þe ;  
Whon he þe makeþ fe[i]rest spekyng  
þen drede þou most his dedes suwyng. 160

Never trust  
your foe :  
foul deed 'll  
follow fair  
word.

SENECA.

*ffrequencia peragit deesse locum remedio dum vicia mores sunt.*

*Si vous bye3 de estre prodomme,* (161)  
*Retree3 vus de mal custume ;*  
*Kar par custume de mes-fere*  
*Maueyse tecche comense plere.*

3if þou caste þe good mon to be, 161 If you want  
 ffrom euel custom euer drawe þe ; to be good,  
 ffor bi wone of vuel doying give up evil  
 Vuel tecches turneþ in to plesyng ; habits.  
 And whon þing pleseþ þe þat þou scholdest hat,  
 Better þe hedde ben to-fore forsaken þat. 166

SALOMON.

*Honor est homini cum separat se a contencionibus, stulti autem miscentur contumelijs.*

*Mout est honeste vileynye* (167)  
*Estre vencu en tenserye,*  
*E mout est vileyne curteysye*  
*Empromter de ylele la Mestrye.*

Hit is a wel honeste vileynye 167 It's honour-  
 In chydyng to be ouercomen, sikerlye, able to lose  
 But hit is a vileyn curtesye in chiding ;  
 þerof to bere a-wey þe maystrie. 170 dishonour-  
 able to win.

SENECA.

*Cum inferiori contendere sordidum est, cum superiori furiosum.*

*Si vous tense3 vostre soget,* (171)  
*Ceo est graunt vileynye e leil ;*  
*Si vqus tense3 ton cumpaymon,*  
*Par tant fre3 discencion ;*  
*Si vous tense3 ton souereyn,*  
*Se est deuerye tut pleyn.*

3if þat þou chyde þi soget, 171 To chide an  
 Hit is to þe vileynye gret ; inferior is  
 Wip þi felawe 3if þou chyde, base ;  
 Discencion þou schalt make þat tyde ; an equal,  
 And 3if þou chyde þi souereyn, quarrelsome ;  
 Men now seye þou art wod, certeyn. 176 a lord, mad-  
 ness.

## SERAFYN.

*Risus dencium & incessus hominis enunciant de illo.**Seyez tu3 iours de beau semblaunt,* (177)*Mez ne mye trop haut ryaunt ;**L'y fous est conu par sa rise,**E ly sages par sa meurte.*Don't laugh  
too much,

Loke þou euere be of feir chere,

177

Lauhwe not to mucche as nyce of geere ;

as a fool does.

þe fol is knowen bi his lauhwhing,

And þe wyse bi his sad beryng.

180

## SENECA.

*Remedium iniurie est obliuio, ingenuitas non recipit contumeliam.**Si nully fous vous sourdye,* (181)*Vous ne auez meyllour remedye**Ke de mettre en oblyaunce**Les soties de sa parlaunce ;**Kar si vous volez mettre a uoyr* (185)*Au Matin ceoke yl dist al seir,**Vous procurez par tel espreue**A vous meymes hounte neuue.*Forgetting  
is the best  
remedy for  
abuse.

3if a fol speke to þe vilenye,

181

þen is þe beste remedye

ffor to forzete alle-maner wreche

Of þe folyes of his speche ;

184

ffor 3if þou woldest hit putte to soþing

þat he seyde ouur ni3t vpon þe morwening,

þou ni3ttest procure wiþ such prouyng

To þi-self neuue schamyng.

188

## ECCLESIASTES.

*Melior est canis viuus leone mortuo.**Meuz vaut vn chyen seyn e fort* (189)*Ke vn leon tut freyt mort,**E meuz vaut pouerte od bounte**Ke ne fet richesse od maueysete.*A live dog is  
better than a  
dead lion.

Better is a quik and an hol hounde

189

þen a ded lyon liggyng on grounde,

And better is pouert wiþ godnes

þen richesse wiþ wikkednes.

192



SALOMON.

*Melius est vocari ad olera cum caritate quam ad vitulum saginatum cum odio.*

*Meu3 vaut potage saun3 autre mes* (193)

*Od charite e od bone pes,*

*Ke graunt delyces od tensoun—*

*Ceo dist ly sages en sa resoun.*

Bettre is potage wiþ-ouTEN oþur mes 193

Wiþ charite and good[e] pes,

þen mony delyces wiþ chydyng—

þis is þe wyse monnes seying. 196

Peace is better than delicacies with chiding.

ECCLESIASTES.

*Melius est ire ad domum luctus quam ad domum conuiuij.*

*Meu3 vaudreit ver homme mort* (197)

*Ke noble feste de Iolyf port ;*

*Le vn rus presente vostre fyn,*

*Le autre vous fest a folye enclyn.*

Bettre hit were a ded mon to se 197

þen a feste of gret noblete ;

þat on presentþ þi laste dawe,

þat oþer þe makeþ to folye drawe. 200

It's better to see a corpse than a feast.

SENECA.

*Optimum est obliuisci quod non potest recuperari, & sine murmure pati quod non potest emendari.*

*Graunt sen est de oblyer* (201)

*Chose perdu saun3 recouerer,*

*E de soffrer saun3 groundiler*

*Ceo ke vous ne poyes amender.*

Hit is wisdam to putte in forþetyng 201

þing þat is lost wiþ-ouTEN rekeueryng,

And to suffre not grucchinde

þing þat þou mai3t not amende. 204

Forget losses that you can't recover.

RUBEN.

*Puer non comparet & ego quo ibo? puer, id est innocencia, non comparet.*

*Les fous se pleyment de leur estat,* (205)

*Ke il par tut sount greuez e mat ;*

*Quident bien fere de chaunger luy**E par tut treuen[t] ennuy.*Fools gamble,  
and change,

ffoles playnen hem of here astat,

205

þat þei ben greuet and al mat ;

but don't  
mend.

Hit to chaunge þei wene be wel,

After is a-nuy eueridel.

208

## ECCLESIASTES.

*Omnis animus deponendus est, non ante placebit tibi  
vllus locus.**Ky male tecche en ly a,*

(209)

*Chaunger lu ne ly vaudra ia ;**Sa vye amende e ly vaudra**En checun lu la ou il demora.*Change won't  
help a bad  
man.

þat in him-self haþ eny chalaunge,

209

Hit nul not profyete ofte to chaunge ;

Amende þi lyf &amp; profyete hit wole wel,

ffor in eueri place þen þou mayzt dwel.

212

## SERAFYN.

*Non des filio nec fratri tuo potestatem super te in vita tua ;  
nec des alijs possessionem tuam, ne forte peniteat te.**Taunt cum poyez aleyne trere,*

(213)

*Ne rus demettez de vostre tere,**Pur vous mettre en autri garde ;**Meuz vaut ke toun fiz seit garde**Ke rus seyez en soun daunger,**A ky vous solyez comaunder.*Don't give up  
your land,  
so long as  
you can hold  
it.

As long as þou mayzt holde in honde,

213

Dismette þe nouzt of þi londe

To ben oþur mennes vnderlyng ;

Hit is better hit be in þin owne kepyng

þen to ben in his daunger

Whom þou were wont bidde go fer or ner.

218

## SENECA.

*Non propter amorem fac tibi executorem heredem  
essendum nec medicum viuendum.**Ne fetez ia pur nuyt amour*

(219)

*De vostre heyr executour,**Ne vostre heyr ficiscien,**En esperance de viuere seyn.*

- ffor loue ne nouþer for honour 219 Don't make  
 Mak not þin heir þin executour, your heir,  
 Ne mak þin heir no fisciān,<sup>1</sup> <sup>1 orig. fisciān, as on p. 533.</sup> your executor  
 or your  
 In hope to liue euer hol man. 222 doctor.

SAMPSON.

*Abij in terram philistini, videns-que mulierem hanc  
 assumpsi michi, quia placuit oculis meis.*

- Sy vous byes femme prendre, (223)*  
*Nest pas bon loyns enprendre,*  
*De prendre femme desconue*  
*Ne touzt a-fermer a la premere vue.*

- ʒif þow þenke a wyf to take, 223 When you  
 Of ferre cuntre wommon forsake ; want a wife,  
 An vnknown to take anon-riht don't take a  
 Is nouzt to Aferme at þe furste siht. 226 strange  
 woman.

SALOMON.

*Non sis zelotes, hoc est dictu : non zeles mulierem  
 sinus tui.*

- Si vous auez femme bele (227)*  
*E la desirez<sup>1</sup> auer lele,* <sup>1 orig. disirez</sup>  
*Ne la reprouez de cumpaygnye*  
*De nul uutre par gelosye ;*  
*Kar vous la frez partaunt amer*  
*Cely ke auaunt ne voit<sup>2</sup> regarder.* <sup>2 r. vout</sup>

- ʒif þou haue a feir wyf 227 If you've a  
 And wolt þat heo be trewe of lyf, pretty wife,  
 Reprene hire for no Cumpaygnye don't bother  
 Of no mon for gelesye ; her with  
 Him to loue so þou maizt make hire bolde jealousy.  
 On whom to-fore heo nolde be-holde. 232

SYRAC.

*Qui parcit virge, odit filium ; si non percusserit eum  
 virga, morietur.*

- Si vus amez vostre enfaunt, (233)*  
*A-sez ly donez de verge silaunt,*  
*E ly frez conquere los*  
*Sauz de bruser en ly nul os.*

- ʒif þi child be not a-fert, 233 Spare the rod  
 ʒif him i-nouh of þe ʒerd ; and spoil the  
 child.

þou schalt him so make a good mon  
Wip-ouuten brekyng of eny bon. 236

## SYRAK.

*filie tibi sunt : serua corpus earum & ne ostendas hilar-  
rem faciem ad illas.*

*Ne mustrez pas especiaute (237)*

*A vostre file desmarie ;*

*Plus serreyt baut de mes-fere,*

*Si ele<sup>1</sup> quidast ta grace conquere.* <sup>1 MS. eole</sup>

Don't be too  
kind to your  
spinster  
daughter, or  
she'll go  
wrong.

Schewh þou nouzt to muchel specialte 237

To þi douzter, 3if heo vn-maried be,

Leste heo waxe to bold of face

Vuel to do in hope of grace. 240

## SALOMON.

*Trade filiam tuam & grande opus feceris.*

*Si ta file mesface, vous tenez perdu (241)*

*Quant-ke auez en ly despendu ;*

*Dout bone bosoygne frez*

*Si par tens la mariez.*

Lest she  
should,

3if þi douhter falle in mis-doyng, 241

þen holdest þou lost al þi spendyng ;

A good dede þefore hit were

marry her  
early.

Be tyme for to marie hire.<sup>1</sup> <sup>1 r. here = hire</sup> 244

## SENECA.

*Crudelem medicum facit intemperans.*

*Si vous hauntez beueries, (245)*

*Vous en prendres maladyes ;*

*Rettez donke a vostre meyn*

*La duresce del ficiscien.*

If you drink  
much, and  
get ill, blame  
yourself.

3if þou be wont drynke muche wip-alle, 245

In to gret seknesse þou maizt falle ;

þou maizt wyte þin oune hond þen

þe hardnesse of þi ficiscien. 248

## SYRAC.

*Noli pro amico inimicus fieri proximo.*

*Si veysin autre mezd-it de bouche, (249)*

*Et la chose ne vous touche,*

*Ne vous facez ia partye. . .*

*Od le vn od lautre saunz mester,  
Ky par cas vus puet greuer.*  
 3if þat neiþebors to-gedere chyde 249  
 And þat þing touche not þe þat tyde,  
 Loke þou make þe no partye  
 Wiþ on ne oþur for heore folye ; 252  
 ffor cuntek comeþ to acord,  
 And þenne scholdestou be at discord  
 Wiþ on or oþur and haue repreue  
 Of him par cas þat mihte þe greue. 256

Don't inter-  
fere in your  
neighbours'  
quarrels.

SYRAC.

*Odia multorum sub osculo latent.*  
*Ne eyez ia trop affiaunce* (257)  
*En belez paroles ne en contynaunce ;*  
*Tel se profre de vous beyser*  
*Ke vous het formen[t] de quer.*  
 Loke þou haue nouzt to gret affyaunce 257  
 In feire wordes and in cuntinaunce ;  
 Such mon parauntre profreþ þe to kis  
 þat in herte ha[te]þe<sup>1</sup> þe, I-wis. <sup>1</sup> r. hateþ 260

Don't trust  
to fair words  
and looks.

SENECA.

*Odia que latuerunt panduntur si titubaueris.*  
*Ceo troueres bien : si vous cheyez* (261)  
*En angusse de aduersitez,*  
*De qy vous quydez auer amy,*  
*Lors vous serra fort enemy.*  
 3if þou falle in aduersite, 261  
 þou schal fynde and wite, parde,  
 Of whom þou wendest a frend haue had,  
 þen wole to þe be enemy sad. 264

In aduersity  
friends turn  
foes.

SALOMO

*Non omnem<sup>2</sup> hominem inducas in domum tuam ad  
secretum cordis tui.* <sup>2</sup> MS. omni  
*ffort serreyt a homne sey garder* (265)  
*De touz ke ly sount contre quer ;*  
*Pur ce ne seyez trop apert*  
*De mustrer counseil a descouert.*  
 Hard hit were to mon him kepe or asterte 265  
 ffrom al þing þat is azeynes his herte ;  
 VERNON MS. N N

Don't tell  
your secrets  
openly.

Be þou nouȝt þefore to redy  
þi counseyl to schewe openly. 268

## SYRAC.

*Multi interierunt per linguas suas.*

*Meynt homme chet en graunt damage (269)*

*Ke ia ne vendreit a tel ryuage*

*Ne fust sa lange demeyne*

*Ke ly chace a tele peyme.*

Many men  
are harmed  
by their  
tongues.

Mony mon falleþ in gret damage 269

ffor of his speche he is outrage,

His owne tonge he may hit wyte

þat driueþ him to such dispyte. 272

## IACOBUS.

*Nullus hominum linguas domare potest.*

*Lange est norice de hounte e blame, (273)*

*Ke met plusours en male fame ;*

*De touz mals est Reyngne e dame,*

*Kar souent honist cors e alme.*

The tongue  
destroys body  
and soul.

þe tonge is noryce of alle blame 273

And mony mon putteþ in vuel fame ;

Of al eueles hit is queene & ladi

And fordopþ boþe soule and bodi. 276

## SENECA.

*Quietissime viuerent homines si tollerent ista duo verba :  
meum et tuum.*

*Si deuz mos neez ne fusent, (277)*

*Bone pes trestous vsent ;*

*Meen e vostre, ces deuz mos*

*ffount entre plusours graunt descors.*

Two words,  
'mine' and  
'thine,' breed  
many quar-  
rels.

þif twey wordes neuer hedde be mad, 277

Eueri mon good pes miȝt ha had ;

Myn and þyn, heore eiþer word

Bi-twene mony men makeþ discord. 280

## AZARYAS.

*Non est officij tui, sed illorum qui constituti sunt ad  
huiusmodi misterium.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> ? ministerium

*Si vous estes en cumpaygnye (281)*

*Ou checun ad sa Baylye,*

*Ne seyez ia entremettour  
De lour offys maugre lour.*

- 3if þou be in cumpaignye 281 Don't interfere in other folk's business.  
Wher vche mon haþ his baylye,  
Maugre of hem be not so nyce  
To entremete þe of heore offyce. 284

IERONIMUS.

*frustra niti & nichil aliud querere nisi odium, extreme demencie est.*

*De quere maugre sanz nul pru (285)  
haute deuerie est tenu ;*

*Si vous ne poyez ambedeu3 fere,  
Le sages dist qe vous deuez tere.*

- To gete þe maugre wiþ-outen prou, 285 It's folly to offend folk for nothing.  
A wood mon I-holde be schaltou ;  
3if þou maizt not geten boþe at on res,  
þe wyse mon biddeþ þe holde þi pes. 288

IHESUS CRISTUS.

*Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis alijs, remecietur vobis ; dimitt[it]e & dimittetur vobis.*

*Si nuli mesfez vous eit, (289)*

*E puis par autre greue seit ;  
Si tele greuaunce bien vous plect,  
Pur vous abesser dieu est prest.*

- 3if eny mon haþ þe misdo, 289 Don't chuckle over a foe's disaster.  
And a-noþur haue greued him also :  
þerof 3if þou be proud and fayn,  
God wol þe meke, in certayn. 292

SAULUS.

*Omnem<sup>1</sup> filium quem recipit deus corripit & castigat.*

*Pensez touziours ke dieu vus cleyme (293)*

*Pur le sen, e vous eyme, <sup>1</sup> MS. omnium*

*Si vous acez en<sup>2</sup> greuaunce, <sup>2</sup> MS. in*

*Pur auer aylours alleggaunce.*

- þenk euere, god cleymeþ þe his to be, 293 If God chastises you, it is for love.  
And þat for loue he visyteþ þe,  
Whon he þe seendeþ eny greuaunce,  
Elleswher hit is to haue alleggaunce. 296

## IHESUS CRISTUS.

*fili, recordare quia recepisti bona in vita tua.*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> MS. sua

*Touz Iours eyez pour en quer* (297)

*Ke dieu vous voylle en fyn dampner*

*Si vous auez saunz contredist*

*En ceste secle tut vostre delist.*

Fear eternal  
damnation.

Eueriday ha þou in herte dredyng 297

Leste god þe dampne at þe endyng

3if þow haue al þe world at wille

Wif-oute wif-stondyng loud or stille. 300

## IUDYTH.

*Omnes qui placuerunt deo, per multas tribulaciones  
transierunt.*

*E touz les seinz passez sont* (301)

*Par dure greuaunce de ceste mound :*

*E vous, ky estes peccheur,*

*Quidez passer saunz nul estur ?*

As the Saints  
died in  
trouble, so  
shall sinners.

Sipen þeos seyntes ben passed euerichon 301

Out of þis world wif tribulacion,

þou, þat art a sinful man,

Wenest þow wif-outen to passen þan ? 304

## NABUGODONOSOR.

*Contra omnes precipue qui contempserunt me egredere,  
nec parcet oculus tuus.*

*Cum plus vous a-forcez de bien fere,* (305)

*De le maufe auerez plus forte quere ;*

*Mes len ne scet en a-saut*

*Ki chet bas ne ky mounte haut.*

The more you  
try to do well,  
the harder  
will the Devil  
assail you.

þe more þou peynest þe wel to do, 305

þe strengor werre þe fend meueþ þe to ;

But in a-saut men wite not wel-neih

Ho falleþ doun, ho clymbeþ an heih. 308

## LABAN.

*Quare abiicisti me, & me ignorante fugere voluisti ?*

*Ky se retret de vanite* (309)

*E ce doyne a bounte,*

*De male gent serra mesdit,*

*Mes a deu ert le plus parjit.*



- Whose<sup>1</sup> him wiþ-draweþ from vanite 309  
 And 3iueþ him-self to bounte, <sup>1</sup> whoso: see 'Hose,' l. 437. Bad men blame all who turn good; but God is pleasd.  
 Euel men him wole edwyt,  
 But to god he schal be þe more parfyt. 312

SENECA.

- O quam magnum est non laudari & esse laudabilem!*  
*A bone houre fut il ne (313)*  
*Ky est preysable e poy preyse;*  
*Cum meyns receit ici de honour,*  
*Plus ly vaudra a chef detour.*  
 In good tyme he was boren, I-wis, 313 It's better to be praise-worthy than praised.  
 þat preysable is and not preised is;  
 þe lasse he takeþ her of honour,  
 þe more parfyt is at þe chef doctour. 316

IHESUS.

- Maledicam benedictionibus vestris.*  
*Icil est dist<sup>1</sup> malure <sup>1</sup> r. dit (317)*  
*Ky est maueys e mout preyse;*  
*De tel honour vent hountage,*  
*Ou paruler en graunt damage.*  
 He is called corsed verreyliche 317 He is cald 'curst,' who is bad and yet praised.  
 þat euel is and preised is muche;  
 Of such worschupe comeþ hountage,  
 And also spekyng of gret damage. 320

OLYUA.

- Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam quam diu homines vtuntur.*  
*Homme ke ad a-se3 dount viuere (321)*  
*E de charge est delyuere,*  
*Merueyle est ke yl veut guerper*  
*Soun repos pur homme scruer.*  
 þe mon þat haþ i-nouh to his liuyng 321 It's odd that folk who've enough, will give up their quiet to serve others.  
 And delyuered is of gret charyng,  
 Wonder hit is he wole forsake  
 His rest, & to monnes seruyse him take. 324

FICUS.

- Nunquid possum deserere dulcedinem meam, ut nec lingua pronouetur?*

*Plus est merueyle del encloysterer,* (325)

*Ky taunt de douceour put embracer,*

*Ke desyre forayne prelacie*

*Ke peut toler sa<sup>1</sup> douce vye.* <sup>1</sup> MS. sy

*Cil ke meyns vaut plus desyre*

*Prelacye, de estre vn syre ;*

*Rien ne pense de ceo ke apent*

*ffors soul de quere honour de gent.*

And it's  
odder that  
men of the  
Cloister will  
desert it for  
Prelacy,

Hit is merueyle of þe cloysterer, 325

þat so gret swetnesse may fynde þer,

þat desyreþ outward prelacie

þe whuche his swete lyf mai distruye. 328

He þat is lest worþ most wole desyre

Of prelacie, to ben a syre ;

and worldly  
honour.

No þing he þenkeþ to good profyt,

But honour of þe world is his delyt. 332

AMALEK.

*Conduxit sibi viros inopes et vagos ad interficiendum.*

*Par la Meynee put len conustre* (333)

*De quele tecches est lour dustre ;*

*Le sage tret a ly les sages,*

*E ly volage<sup>2</sup> les volages.* <sup>2</sup> MS. vologe

A guide's  
shortcomings  
are known by  
his guiding.

Be þe ledyng a mon may knowe, i-wis, 333

Of what tecches his leder is ;

þe wyse mon draweþ to him þe wyse, <sup>3</sup> om. to <sup>4</sup> r. men

And þe wilful mon to<sup>3</sup> mon<sup>4</sup> of his gyse. 336

SENECA.

*Quantum aleator est doctior in arte, tantum est nequior.*

*Cil ke meuz scet iuer a des,* (337)

*ffet a preiser le meyns de ase3 ;*

*Cum plus est sotil en cel art,*

*Plus est tenu de mal part.*

The skilfuller  
a dice-player,  
the worse he  
is.

He þat pleyeþ best at þe des, 337

Preyseþ faste þe hondes of hasarderes ;

þe more sotil he is of þat art,

þe more he stont on euel part. 340

SENECA.

*Nocet bonis qui parcit malis.*

- Cil ke maueys sauue de hounte,* (341)  
*Les bone gens de bonte afrounte ;*  
*Quant ly leres passe quyte,*  
*Ly leaus ad hounte, quant homme len dyte.*
- He þat saueþ a schrewe from schame, 341 He who  
 To gode men he scheweþ blame ; spares the ill,  
 Whon þe þef passeþ quyt a-way, harms the  
 þe trewe mon haþ schome, what-euer men sai. 344 good.

SENECA.

- Parcit pecunie qui non parcit mense.*  
*Ki sauuer veut soun doner,* (345)  
*Corteis seit de soun manger ;*  
*Ou il li [c]ustra a-sez plus,*  
*Si de sa table seit gelous.*
- He may saue moneye and gete 345 He saves  
 þat wol be curteys of his mete ; money who  
 After gret spendyng he may wayt is hospitable.  
 þat of mete & drink is to strayt. 348

IONAS.

- Qui custodit vanitates, frustra misericordiam dei querit.*  
*Ky en pecche sa vye meyne* (349)  
*E de ben fere a ceo se peyne,*  
*La merci deu demaund en veyn,*  
*Si yl de pecche ne eit de-deyn.*
- Hose ledeþ his lyf in sinne 349 Whoever will  
 And of eucl dedes wol not blinne, not forsake  
 Godes merci he askeþ in veyn, his sins, asks  
 But he forsake his synne, certeyn. 352 God's mercy  
 in vain.

SYRAK.

- Non te pigeat visitare infirmos, quia proinde dilectione  
 dei amaberis.*  
*Ne lessez pas de visiter* (353)  
*Le malades de bon quer ;*  
*Par taunt serrez le plus parfit*  
*En lamour douce Ihesu crist.*
- Loke to visyte þat þou be smert 353 Gladly visit  
 þe seke folk wiþ gode hert ; the sick.  
 þefore þou maizt be þe more parfyt  
 In þe loue of Ihesu crist. 356

## SALOMON.

*Sine consilio nichil facito graue, et post factum non penitebis.*

*Saunz conseil ne facez ren :* (357)

*E a-pres le fet vous sauerez ben*

*Ky bon conseil vous valut,*

*Meske il auant vous desplut.*

Do nothing  
without ad-  
vice.

Wip-ouren conseil do no gret þing ; 357

Aftur þat dede þou schal haue good knowing

þat gode counseyl dude þe profyte, [¹ = ha had]

Wip-ouren whuche þou scholdest had<sup>1</sup> lyte. 360

## ECCLESIASTES.

*Per tristiciam vultus corrigitur animus delinquentis.*

*Si parler oyez le destretour,* (361)

*Mustrez semblaunt de tristour ;*

*Quaunt lautre verra ke il vous desplet,*

*Il se retrera de parler si led.*

Frown at a  
backbiter,  
and he'll hold  
his tongue.

3if þou herest speke a bachitour, 361

Contenaunce to him mak of irroure ;

Whon he seop hit likeþ not þe,

Cece of his speche anon wol he. 364

## SENECA.

*Amicis prestabis fidem, subditis pietatem, omnibus equitatem.*

*A vos amys donez fey,* (365)

*A tote gent dreytur en sey,*

*plyaunce a vos souereyns,*

*E mesure a vos vileyns.*

Trust you,  
friends,  
do right,  
be just to  
your depend-  
ants.

To þi frendes tak þou credence, 365

Do vehe mon riht be concience,

Be meke to hym þat aboute þe is set,

And haue mesure to þi soget. 368

## SENECA.

*Priusquam promittas delibera, ut quod promiseris facias.*

*De-vaunt ke vus promettez ren,* (369)

*Si fere le volez auissez vous bien ;*

*Kar mout promettere e ren doner*

*ffet meynt homme a chalanger.*

Or þou bi-hote enydel, 369 Think well  
Wher þou wolt do so, bi-þenk þe wel ; before you  
ffor muche to bi-hote & ʒiue but softe, promise.  
Makeþ mon to be chalanged ofte. 372

SENECA.

*Qui cito dat, mutuuum recipit.*

*Meynt homme tent de greinour fes (373)*  
*Vn petit doun sauñz promes,*  
*Ke grant chose, quaunt il le prent*  
*A-pres promes de long atent.*

Mon holdeþ a luite ʒift more dere 373 Speedy gifts  
Wip-outen be-heste wip gode chere, please best.  
þen he wolde of a gret þinge  
Of bi-heste wip long tariinge. 376

SALOMON.

*In multiloquio non deest peccatum ; qui custodit linguam  
suam custodit animam suam.*

*En mout desparoles sourt folye ; (377)*  
*Ky gard sa lange gard sa vye ;*  
*Ky sa lange ne scet tener,*  
*En cumpaygnye se fet hayer.*

Muche speche nis not wip-outen strif ; 377 Much talk  
Hose kepeþ his tonge kepeþ his lyf ; breeds strife.  
He þat his tonge con not holde,  
In cumpaygnye a schrewe is tolde. 380

GREGORIUS.

*Cum venter reficitur, lingua relaxabitur.*

*Large table e plentiuouse (381)*  
*Norist Iangle sourfetouse ;*  
*Quaunt la cors ben refest est,*  
*De mesparler la lange est prest.*

Large table and plentiuouse 381 Much feast-  
Makeþ men of Ianglyng surfetouse ; ing makes  
Whon þe bodi I-fuld is, misspeaking.  
þe tonge is redi to speke amis. 384

SALOMON.

*Stultus si tacuerit, sapiens erit.*

*Si vn fol ne parlut ren, (385)*  
*Len quideroyt ke il scet graunt ben ;*

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | <i>Mes quant il comence a Iangler,</i><br><i>Arere tourne il cel quider.</i> |     |
| If a fool says<br>nothing, he's<br>thought wise. | A fol 3if he speke no þing,<br>Men wene he beo wys in doying ;               | 385 |
|  | Whon he bi-gynneþ to Iangle fast,<br>þen men knowen wel his cast.            | 388 |

## SENECA.

|   |  |                |
|---|--|----------------|
|   | <i>Anus cum nubit, morti delicias facit.</i><br><i>Quant femme se marie en graunt age,</i><br><i>A soun estat fet hountage,</i><br><i>E soun cors ad oblyge</i><br><i>ffere vn present a pecche.</i> | (389)          |
| If an old wo-<br>man marries,<br>she shames<br>herself. | An old wommon þat takeþ hosebonde,<br>Heo worcheþ hir-self schome and schonde<br>To hire a-stat, & hire bodi bounde is wiþ-Inne<br>A present for to bere to synne.                                   | 389<br><br>392 |

## SYRAK.

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
|  | <i>Quanto maior es humilia te in omnibus, et coram deo<br/>inuenies gratiam.</i><br><i>Cum plus vous sentez meuz valer</i><br><i>Plus vous devez humilier ;</i> <sup>1</sup><br><i>E cum plus vous humiliez</i><br><i>Vostre bounte plus enhaucez.</i> | (393)<br><br><br><br><br>1 MS. humiliez |
| The higher<br>set you are,<br>the meeke<br>you should<br>be. | þe herre of stat þat þou be<br>þe more meke haue þou þe ;<br>þe more þou hast of mekenesse<br>þe fastore þou encresest of goodnesse.   | 393<br><br>396                          |

## SENECA.

|  |  |                |
|--|--|----------------|
|  | <i>Miserum te iudico qui nunquam fuisti miser.</i><br><i>Cyl est cheitij's a droyt nome</i><br><i>Ke vnke ne soffri cheytiuete ;</i><br><i>Ia ne vendrez a bon los</i><br><i>Si vous ne perde3 souent repos.</i> | (397)          |
| He is miser-<br>able who has<br>never sufferd<br>misery. | A Caytif forsoþe he i-called may be<br>þat neuer soffred caytyfte ;<br>Good los neuer þou gest<br>But 3if þou leose oftesyþe þi rest.  | 397<br><br>400 |

SAULUS.

*Ad magna premia non poteris venire nisi per magnos labores.*

*Repos e los, cum il me semble,* (401)

*Ne a-cordent pas bien 'en-semble ;*

*Ou yl vous couent perdre los*

*Ou souent lesser vostre repos.*

Gret los & reste, me pinkeþ wel, 401

A-corden to-gedere neuer a del ;

Oþur þou most þi loos lese

Or ofte-tymen for-go þyn ese. 404

If you want  
renown, you  
must work  
hard for it.

IOSEPH.

*Cum dixit mulier : dormi mecum ; qui non adquiensens relicto pallio fugit.*

*Ne entrez iummes sanz cumpaygnye* (405)

*Ou femme est soule de male vye ;*

*Si vous ne a-cordez a sa luxure,*

*Ele vous mettra la rage sure.*

Entre þou neuere wiþ-uten conpaygnie 405

þer wommon al-one is of vilenye ;

ffor 3if þow parfourne not lecherye,

On þe heo wol þenne sette a crie. 408

Never be  
alone with a  
naughty  
woman.

SENECA.

*Laus & lasciuia non habent concordiam.*

*Envye destruit bone vye,* (409)

*E los est perdu par lecherie ;*

*Lecherie & bon los*

*Ne serrount Iummes ensemble clos.*

Envye good lyf wol distruye, 409

And loos is lost þorw lecherye ;

Lecherye and good loos

Ne mowe not euere to-geder be clos. 412

Esteem is lost  
by lechery.

SENECA.

*Miserrima est fortuna que caret inimico.*

*Dure cheaunce vent a cely* (413)

*Ky est de tut sanz enemy ;*

*Kar si eust grace de byen vyuere,*

*De enemiste ne serroyt delyuere.*

He's badly  
off who has  
no foe.

Harde chaunce is hym be-fal 413  
þat haþ non enemy at al ;  
ffor 3if grace of good lyf hedde he,  
He nere not dilyuered of enemyte. 416

SENECA.

*P[r]incipium discordie est ex com[m]u[n]i suum facere.*  
*Enchesun est de bon acord (417)*  
*Quant checun se paye de soun sort ;*  
*Induccion est a discord*  
*A-proprier comoune atert.*

Taking com-  
mon property  
causes dis-  
cord.

þe cause of acord is, goð hit wot, 417  
Whon vche mon is payed of his lot ;  
But of discord þe cause nou is  
Whon mon wol make comun þing his. 420

SALOMON.

*Melior est vir paciens viro forti, et qui dominatur*  
*animo suo expugnatore urbium.*  
*Meuz vaut celi ky fet destresse (421)*  
*A ly meymes en hastiuesse,*  
*Ke cely ky peut conquere*  
*Tut vn pays par force de guere.*

He who con-  
quers himself  
is greater  
than he who  
conquers a  
country.

He is more worþ þat con distresse 421  
Him-self, and refreyne iu hastinesse,  
þen he þat may fulli conquerre  
Al a cuntre bi strengþe of werre. 424

CONSTANTINUS.

*Vicisse naciones est virtus populorum, vincere autem*  
*vicia est virtus<sup>1</sup> morum. <sup>1</sup> MS. est v. est*  
*Ky tere ou cite en guere prent, (425)*  
*Par force le fest de sa gent ;*  
*Mes cyl qui amestrie soun quer demeyne,*  
*Soul deit auer los souereyne.*  
*Sages est tenu ky scet fere mal,*  
*Sen ne symplesse ne ount poynt degal :*  
*La meyn senestre est mys a destre,*  
*E tort en dreyt pur gayn a crestre.*

He who con-  
quers a land,  
does it by his  
folk.

He þat bi werre takeþ lond or cite, 425  
Be strengþe of his peple þat doþ he ;



|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| But he þat hap maystred his owne herte clos, |     |  |
| He hap onliche a souereyn los.               | 428 | He who masters his heart, wins praise himself. |
| He þat con euel is holde wys and worþ,       |     |  |
| Symplesse & wit ne mowe not forþ ;           |     |  |
| þe lufthalf is put vppon þe riht,            |     |  |
| And wrong for wynnyng ouur riht hap miht.    | 432 |  |

SYRAC.

*Melior est vir simplex in simplicitate sua ambulans, quam diues in vijs prauis.*

*Meuz vaut folye de symplesse,* (433)

*Ou nule cautele le alme blesse,*

*Ke les grauns senz de cest mound,*

*Ky la lei deu souent defount.*

|  |     |                                   |
|--|-----|-----------------------------------|
| Better is folye þat falleþ of symplesse,     | 433 | Better is folly than godless wit. |
| þer as cautel in soule nis more ne lesse,    |     |                                   |
| þen of þis world al þe wit,                  |     |                                   |
| ffor ofte-tyme þe lawe of god distruieþ hit. | 436 |                                   |

SALOMON.

*Qui calumpniatur pauperem ut arguatur<sup>1</sup> diuicias, dabit ipse diciori se & egebit.* <sup>1</sup> MS. arguatur

*Ky fet a pours duresce ou peyne,* (437)

*pur encrestre ces biens demeyne,*

*Il durra a-cez plus a souereyns*

*E de touz biens il auera le meyns.*

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| Hose doþ to pore duresse or peyne,       | 437 | He who grinds the poor, shall lose by it. |
| To encrese his richesse, certeyne,       |     |   |
| An herre mon schal parte wiþ his riches, |     |   |
| And of alle godes he schal haue þe les.  | 440 |   |

SALOMON.<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> Follows after the 2nd Fr. v.

*Omnia mea mecum sunt, Iusticia et prulencia &c.*

*Ne quidez ia ke chose seit nostre* (441)

*Dont autres dyent cest la nost[re] ;*

*Vostre est ou mal ou ben*

*Ke fet auez, saunz autre rien.*

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| Trouwe þou neuere þat þing be þin              | 441 | Nothing is yours but your ill or good deeds. |
| þat opur mon seiþ ' þis is myn ; '             |     |  |
| þyn is þyn euel opur good doying               |     |  |
| þat þou hast wrouzt, wiþ-ouen opur monus þing. | 444 |  |

## SENECA.

- Bona mea intacta fero.*  
*Si vus auez tere e meson,* (445)  
*Ceo ne dure fors ke vne seson ;*  
*Od vous irrount voz ben-fes,*  
*Mes la meson demert en pes.*
- Property  
perishes,  
good deeds  
live.
- 3if þou haue lond, hous or yle, 445  
 þelke nul dure but a while ;  
 Wiþ þe schal go þi gode dede,  
 þin hous abit, wiþ-oute drede. 448

## ECCLESIASTES.

- Breuis oracio penetrat celum.*  
*Mout escrire e nent lyre* \* (449)  
*Poy uaut, pour veyr dyre ;*  
*De touz orisons le alme est pure*  
*Ke par delyt sount conseuve.*
- Muche to write & no þing rede, 449  
 Luitel is worth, wiþ-uten drede ;  
 Orisouns helpen soules of men  
 þat wiþ delyt conseued hem. 452
- Real prayers  
help men's  
souls.

## CATO.

- Legere & non intelligere est negligere.*  
*En teu manere la lettre lysez* (453)  
*Ke la sentence entendre sachez ;*  
*Kar nent entendre e mout lyre,*  
*Ceo dit Caton, fet a despyre.*  
*Purce voyl ieo ici lesser*  
*De plus prouerbes translater,*  
*Ke ceus ky lysent cest escrit*  
*En countre<sup>1</sup> parole eyent delyst.* [1 ? courte]
- Lettres þou schalt rede on such manere 453  
 þat þou vnderstonde þe sentence clere ;  
 Muche to rede wiþ-uten vnderstonding,  
 Caton seiþ hit is a dispysyng. 456  
 þerfore I wole after þis resoun  
 Of þes prouerbes cesse of þe translacioun ;  
 ffor he þat wol rede þis wrytyng,  
 In schorte wordes may haue lykyng. 460
- To read with-  
out under-  
standing is  
folly.  
So I'll stop  
my transla-  
tion.

## AUGUSTINUS.

*Qui pro alijs orat, pro se ipso laborat.*

Ore priez tous pur le houn (461)

Ke vs presente ceste lessoun,

Ke il par vostre oreisoun

Vygne a bone sauuacioun.

Ore deu, ky est pley n de cen,

Nous doyne bone fyn, Amen.

Nou preyeh alle wiþ deuocion 461 Pray for me,  
ffor hym þat made pis lesson, who englisht  
þat he þorw 3oure orisoun 463 this.

Mouwe come to sauacion.

And god, þat made alle þing,

3if vs alle good endyng. 466

A. M. E. N. Amen.

L. *Her bi-ginnueþ luytel Cato.*<sup>1</sup>**A** lmihti god in Trinite  
leuee vs wel to spede,

Send vs of his holy grace

And help vs at vr nede. 4

Now hose wole, he may here

In Englisch langage

*English  
Prologue.*Who will,  
may hear

<sup>1</sup> The Engl. text was ed. by Goldberg, *Anglia* 1884, VII, p. 165 ff. It is a translation of Monk Everard's French transl., extant in MS. Arund. 292, f. 88-105, ca. 1250 (ed. by Stengel, *Ausg. und Abh. d. Roman. Phil.* XLVII, Marburg 1886); MS. Paris Bibl. Nat. 477 (ed. by Le Roux de Lincy, *Livre des Prov. Franc.*, 2nd ed. 1859, II, p. 439 ff.; readings given by Stengel l. c.), and MSS. Vernon and Simeon. [Other, perhaps earlier, Fr. translations are that by Elie de Winestre in MSS. St. John's Coll. Oxford 178, 13th cent., Corp. C. C. Cbr. 405, Harl. 4388, ed. by Stengel l. c., and that of an anonymous in MS. Harl. 4657, ed. by Stengel l. c.; cf. P. Meyer, *Romania* VI, 20.] Everard le moine is most likely the one mentioned by Tanner: "Everardus, Scotus, in canonicatu Kirkham (Yorkshire) socius primusque abbas Monasterii de Holne Cultram in Cumbria: scripsit Vitam S. Adamnani lib. 1, Vit. S. Cumenei Albi lib. 1, Vit. S. Waltheni lib. I; claruit A. MCXLV; Dempster" (see, however, Wright, *Biogr. Brit.* II, 123 ff., who rejects this identity).—Other Engl. translations are that in MS. Arund. 168, in royal stanzas, and that ed. by Caxton: *Parvus Cato, Magnus Cato* (a transl. by Benedict Burgh, undertaken on behalf of Will. Bouchier, son of the Earl of Essex), 1st ed. Westminster? ante 1479? (unique in Cambr. Univ. Libr.), 2nd ed. Westm.? ante 1479? (unique at Chatsworth), 3rd ed. fol. Westm.? 1481? (The same Caxton ed. an elaborate commentary on Cato's Distichs, translated by him from the Fr. in 1483, Westm. 1484?).

How the Wise  
man taught  
his Son.

How þe wyse mon tauhte his sone,  
þat was of tendere age.

8

*French  
Prologue.*

1. **C** *Atun estoit payen* (9)

*E ne sauoyt rien  
De cristiene ley,  
E ne-pur-quaunt ne dist  
Riens<sup>1</sup> en soun escrist<sup>2</sup>  
En-countre nostre fey.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. Biens  
<sup>2</sup> MS. estrist

The Cato was  
a heathen, he  
taught no-  
thing against  
our Faith.

Catun was an heþene mon,  
Cristned was he nouht :

9

In word ne in werk aþeynes vr fey  
No techyng he non tauht.

12

2. *Kar tut se encord,<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *al. concorde*

(13)

*E ren ne se descord,  
Al<sup>1</sup> seynt escripture ;  
Amender len porrat  
Cely qui vodrat,  
Mettre [i] sa cure.*

<sup>1</sup> S A, P A la

He agreed  
with the  
Bible :

To holy writ al in his bok  
A-cordyng was he euere ;

13

God gave him  
his sense.

Of god of heuene com his wit,  
Of oþer com hit neuere.

16

3. *Issi cum ieo quit,*

(17)

*Del seynt esprit  
La grace en ly estoit ;  
Kar ne sen ne sauere  
Nul nest pur veir  
Ky de deu ne seyt.*

4. *Kar<sup>1</sup> len-seignement*

<sup>1</sup> *al. Par*

*Ke danz Catun despent  
En soun fi<sup>z</sup> aprendre,  
Me semble ke il aprent  
Moy e tote gent,  
Si le volum entendre.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> 2 st. om.

Si oir le volez,  
Ver mei escutez  
Amiablement.  
Priez sanz essoine  
Pur auerard le moine  
Ki cest ouuraige enprent.

Priez pur le moine  
Ke deu sun quer aluine  
De mal e de peche,  
E ke li doit sa grace  
Ke ceste chose face  
Selung la uerite.

|                                       |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|
| þe lore þat he tauȝte his sone,       | 17                              | Cato's teach-<br>ing is needful<br>for us all, |
| Is needful to vs alle ;               |                                 |  |
| Vnderstond <sup>1</sup> hose wole,    | <sup>1</sup> MS. Vnderstonstoud |  |
| ffor caas þat may be-falle.           | 20                              |  |
| <sup>1</sup> Whon þat he sauȝ eny mon | <sup>1</sup> 21-8 = Fr. 5 & 6.  |  |
| Out of rihtful weye,                  |                                 |  |
| Hem to teche as hit was best          |                                 |  |
| He letted for non eize,               | 24                              |  |
| þat þei mihte lerne and here          |                                 |  |
| Siker heore lyf to lede               |                                 |  |
| And gedre wit in heore ȝouþe          |                                 | to gather wit<br>and fear God.                 |
| And God to loue and drede.—           | 28                              |  |

**C**um animaduerteterem quam plurimos homines graui-  
ter errare in via morum, succurrendum opinioni  
eorum & consulendum forte existimaui,<sup>1</sup> maxime  
ut gloriose uiuerent et honorem contingerent.

*Latin  
Prologue.*

|                                     |                           |                                  |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 5 (7). Cum ie moy a-parceuoie       | <sup>1</sup> existinaui   | When I<br>saw folk go<br>astray, |
| plusours de la voye                 |                           |                                  |
| de mours forueyer,                  |                           |                                  |
| Auis pur voyr mestoyt               |                           | I resolvd to<br>advise them      |
| ke graunt ben serroyt               |                           |                                  |
| de eus conseylter,                  |                           |                                  |
| 6. Pur ce nomement <sup>1</sup>     | <sup>1</sup> at. memement | how to live<br>with glory,       |
| ke gloriousement                    |                           |                                  |
| en le <sup>1</sup> mound vesquisent | <sup>1</sup> at. el       |                                  |
| E par tel affere                    |                           |                                  |
| dignetez en tere                    |                           | and gain<br>honour.              |
| E honour conquisent.                |                           |                                  |

*Nunc te, fili carissime, docebo quo pacto animi tui  
morem<sup>1</sup> componas.*

<sup>1</sup> at. mores

|                                  |                           |  |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|--|
| 7. Ore, beu fiȝ trescher,        | (29)                      |  |
| Te voyt enseigner,               |                           |  |
| Ke vous <sup>1</sup> seyes sage, | <sup>1</sup> at. tu en    |  |
| Par quel coneuant                |                           |  |
| Tu purras eneuant <sup>1</sup>   | <sup>1</sup> at. en auant |  |
| Aorner touu corage.              |                           |  |

|                              |    |                               |
|------------------------------|----|-------------------------------|
| Deore sone, I schal þe teche | 29 | Son, I'll teach<br>you how to |
| þe maners of my wille,       |    |                               |

fulfil God's  
law.

Hou þou schat hem ordeyne  
And godes lawe to folfille. 32

*Igitur mea precepta [ita] legito, vt intelligas: legere &  
non intelligere est negligere.*

8. *Pur ces enchesons,* (33)

*Beu3 fi3, tey somons*

*Ke tu me preceps lycez;*

*Mes nent entendre e lyre*

*Ceo fet a despire,*

*Si voyl ke tei en chastiez.*

Take heed to  
me in your  
heart.

Mi bidding and my teching 33

In herte hem vnderstonde;

Ofte to here & nou3t lerne

Hit is boþe schame & schonde. 36

*Parvus Cato. Ideoque deo supplica. parentes ama. cognatos cole.*

9 (11). *Deu aorez,*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1 A. ameras, P. amez</sup> (37)

*A ly requerez*

*Dount as mester.*

*Pere e Mere amez,*

*Vos parens honoures,*

*E mout les eizes cher.*

Worship God.

Worscheupe god, & him biseche 37

Of þing þou hast mestere.

Love your  
Father and  
Mother.

ffader & Moder loue þou wel

And hold hem leoue and dere. 40

*Datum serua. foro te para.*

10. *Mout seit ben garde* (41)

*Chose ke tey est done*

*Par deu ou par gent.*

*Al marche quant alez,*

*Ben<sup>1</sup> vous atornez*

<sup>1 at. Bel</sup>

*E enseygnement.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1 A. acement, P. ascemeement</sup>

Keep what's  
given you.

Keep þat þing þat þe is 3iuen 41

þorw God or þorw mon.

Dress for  
market.

Whon þou schalt to market,

A-tyre þe as þou con. 44

*Mutum da. cum bonis ambula.*

*Cui des videto. ad consilium ne accesseris antequam  
voceris.*

11. *A leaus prestez.* (45)  
*Od les bons alez.*  
*Sy veyez a ky facez douns.*  
*A counseyl ne aprochez,*  
*Avaunt-ke vous seyez*  
*Apelez ou somouns.*
- Lene þi good to trewe men, 45 Lend to true  
 þat þer-of falle no wrake. men.  
 Loke þat þou go wiþ þe goode, Go with good  
 And wikked men forsake. 48 men.  
 To hem also þou ȝiue þi þing Give to those  
 þerof þe wole bi-seke. who beg of  
 Neuer to counseyl þat þou come, you.  
 But ȝif þou cleped be eke. 52
- Coniua raro. mundus esto.*  
*Quod satis est dormi. saluta libenter.*
- 12 (14). *Relement<sup>1</sup> gesteȝ,* <sup>1 r. Rerement</sup> (53)  
*E chaste<sup>2</sup> seiez.* <sup>2 al. Net e ch.</sup>  
*Dormez useȝ saunȝ plus.*  
*Volunters les<sup>1</sup> saluez,* <sup>1 om. les</sup>  
*Ces ke vous veyes*  
*Vener a-countre vous.*
- Mak þi gestnyng seldene, 53 Have few  
 And be chast and elene. guests.  
 ȝif i-nouh with-ouen more. Be chaste.  
 Grete men feire by-dene. 56 Be courteous.
- Coniugem ama. cede maiori.*
13. *Tu femme par amour* (57)  
*Amez. a greynour*  
*Tut tens doneȝ lu ;*  
*Kar quant nas le pouer*  
*Ke puisseȝ encounter<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1 A. Quel pusses cuntre ester</sup>  
*Cum il vous seyt tenu.<sup>2</sup>* <sup>2 Nest pas bel le giu.</sup>
- Loue þi wyf, and ȝif stude to þe grete 57 Love your  
 Whon þi pouwer is lesse ; wife.  
 And whon þou metest hem in þe wey, Give way to  
 þou drede of heore distresse. 60 the great.

*Magistrum metue. vino te tempora. verecundiam serua.*

14. *Toun mestre chescun vre* (61)  
*Dotez sy eiez mesure*  
*Quant beyure vyn deuras.*  
*Gardez ke tu seyez*  
*Hountous a la feez,<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1</sup> *al. tute veies*  
*E donke ben le fras.*
- Drink moder- A-Mesure þe in drynkyng; 61  
 ately. To fleo folye be snelle.
- Get wit of Gedere wit of wyse men,  
 wise men. And let hit wiþ þe dwelle. 64
- Libros lege; quod legeris memento. rem tuam custodi.*
15. *Lyueres enlisez<sup>1</sup>;* <sup>1</sup> *A. Tes livres liras,* (65)  
*E ceo ke lu auerez,* <sup>P. Livres lisez</sup>  
*Ne mettez en obly.*  
*Gardez ben ta chose:*  
*Ceo est fest<sup>1</sup> en poy de pose* <sup>1</sup> *al. Ceo faut*  
*Ke long tens est quili.<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1</sup> *al. cuilli*
- Recollect Bokes lere; þat þou hast herd, 65  
 what you And hold hem in þi þoult.  
 read.
- Save your Keep þi þing, & sone hit not spende  
 money. In long tyme deore was boult. 68
- Lib[e]ros erudi. diligenciam adhibe.*  
*Blandus esto. iusiurandum serua.*
- 16 (18). *Tes enfaunz apren* (68)  
*Ben sauer e sen.<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1</sup> *MS. seen*  
*Si seiez diligent.*  
*Seies douce e sucf,*  
*E ne mye gref.*  
*Gardez toun serment.*
- Teach your Wit & wisdam, blepeliche 69  
 children. þi children þat þou teche!
- Swear only Swere þou not but hit be soþ,  
 truth. ffor drede of godes wreche. 72
- ffamiliam cura. irasci ab re noli.*  
*Neminem irriseris.<sup>1</sup> meretricem fuge.* <sup>1</sup> *MS. irascertis.*
17. *Tu meyne chastie,* (73)  
*E ne seyez mye*  
*Pur petist irrez.*  
*Ne-scharnyez nulli—*



*Ceo vous comaunt e pri.*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> MS. eprl

*La puteyne fuez.*

C[h]astise<sup>1</sup> feire þi seruauns. <sup>1</sup> MS. Castise 73 Punish servants fairly.

ffor luitel beo not wroþ.

Hordam þou forsake, Don't whore.

And scornynge be þe loþ. 76

*In iudicium adesto ; ad pretorium stato.*

18. *Volunters eydez* (77)

*A tuens, quant*<sup>1</sup> *poyes,* <sup>1</sup> at. A cens ke vus p.

*Quant es*<sup>1</sup> *al Iugement ;* <sup>1</sup> A. uent, P. estes

*A lu prouosterie*

*Esteyes, e ne flecchez mye*

*Pur Or ne pur Argent.*

Blepeliche þou hem helpe 77 Help the condemnnd.

þat stonden in Iugement ;

fflecche not for no bi-heste, Don't take bribes.

ffor 3ifte ne for rent. 80

*Literas disce. consultus esto.*

19 (21). *Par escripture* (81)

*Tut tens a-seure*

*Tes di3 e tes fe3.*

*E counsajl pernez,*

*Nent sages enseigne3,*<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> A. A sages e a senez,  
P. Des s. e des s.

*Quant il tent ple3.*<sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> A P. Quant deis tenir les (P tes) plez.

Let holy writ beo þi mirour 81 Follow Holy Writ.

In word and eke in dede.

Of wyse men tak þi counseyl, Take counsel of the wise.

þat con þe wisse and rede. 84

*Bonis benefacito. virtute vtere.*

*Tutis*<sup>1</sup> *consule. maledicus ne esto.* <sup>1</sup> r. tute

20. *ffetes bens*<sup>1</sup> *a bons,* <sup>1</sup> at. ben (85)

*E nomement a tuens.*

*E vse3 tes vertu3.*

*Seur counsajl done3.*

*Maudyt ne seye3,*

*Ne maudie3 nuls.*

Bere þe wel to alle gode men ; 85 Behave well to good men,

And schrewes, forsake hem alle.

- and do good works.  
Curse no one.
- Haunte gode werkes & warie not,  
þat hit not on þe falle. 88
- Troco lude; aleas fuge.*
21. *Si Iuer volez,* (89)  
*Al tupet iuez,*  
*E nent ala<sup>1</sup> hasard;* <sup>1 A. al, P. a</sup>  
*Le tables fuez,*  
*Ke tenu ne seyez*  
*Ne fol ne<sup>1</sup> musard.* <sup>1 A. Na fous na, P. A fol ne a</sup>
- Don't gamble.
- Tak a Toppe, 3if þou wolt pleye, 89  
And not at þe hasardrye.
- Flee fools.
- fleo þou foles in alle wyse,  
And vse no vileynye. 92
- Existimacionem retine.*
- If you're not sure of your opinion, keep it to yourself.
22. *Si vous quidez ren*  
*De mal ou de ben*  
*Dount tu nes mye cert,*  
*Donkes fetes come sage,*  
*Le retenez en toun corage,*  
*Ke ne seit descouert.*
- [The Engl. transl. wanting.] <sup>In the MS. v. 81-4 follow here, but belong to the next proverb.</sup>
- Patere legem quam ipse tuleris.*  
*Equ[u]m iudica. nil mentire.*
- 23 (25). *Soffrez en dreit de tei* (93)  
*Meymes cele ley*  
*Ke tu as done.*  
*Dreyt tut tens iuggez,*  
*E rien ne mentez,*  
*Kar ceo ert equite.<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1 A. est hunte, P. est vice</sup>
- Abide by your own laws,
- Such lawe as þou hast brouzt 93  
And haunted hast bi-fore,  
þou most hit mekely suffre,  
ffor winnyng or for lore. 96
- whether you win or lose.
- Beneficij accepti memor esto.*  
*Pauca in conuiuio<sup>1</sup> loquere. minime iudica.* <sup>1 MS. conuio</sup>
24. *Benefice ke as resceu* (97)  
*En remembrer eiez deu,*  
*Pur fere en guerdon.*  
*E[n] comune<sup>1</sup> poy parlez.* <sup>1 A. conuiuie, P. feste</sup>

- Homme pur nent<sup>1</sup> iugez,* <sup>1</sup> A. Hume nul ne  
*Kar ce[o] est trayson.<sup>2</sup>* <sup>2</sup> *al. detrasciun*
- þe godnesse þat men do þe, 97 Remember  
þou haue hit ofte in mynde ; benefits done  
Riȝt skile hit wole eke, to you.  
Or elles þou art vn-kynde. 100
- Illud stude agere quod iustum est. pugna pro patria.*
25. *Taunt cum es en vye,* (101)  
*De fere estudyē*  
*Ceo ke a dreȝt apent.*  
*E si tu veyes la guere,*  
*Cumbatez pur la<sup>1</sup> tere* <sup>1</sup> *r. ta*  
*E toun pays defent.*
- þenk þou euere in þi lyue 101 Try to do  
þing þat falleþ to riht. what's riht.
- ȝif þat Batayle come in to londe, Defend your  
Defende hit faste wiþ fiht. 104 country.
- Aliena noli concupiscere. parem pacienter vince.*
26. *Ne voyles<sup>1</sup> en toun quer* <sup>1</sup> *or. voylles* (105)  
*Autri ben coueyter*  
*Pur nul aventure.*  
*Veindre e sormounter<sup>1</sup>* <sup>1</sup> *MS. e esorm.*  
*Voylez uostre per*  
*Par soffraunce e mesure.*
- Oper mennes þing with wronge 105 Covet not  
Coueyte hit nouȝt in herte. other men's  
Haue mesure al of þi-self, things.  
þat wrong þe not smerte. 108
- Minorem ne contemseris.*
- Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.*
- 27 (29). *Ky est meyndre de tey,* (109)  
*Tut<sup>1</sup> seȝez vous rey,* <sup>1</sup> *al. Me(s) ke*  
*Vnkes ne despiseȝ.*  
*E si tu force ne<sup>1</sup> as,* <sup>1</sup> *al. on.*  
*En tey ne affȝez pas,*  
*Ne trop ne [te] preȝsez.*
- ȝif þou beo a strong mon 109 Let not the  
And riche of worldes good, rich despise  
the poor.

Dispysse þou no luytel mon,  
Ne hate hym in þy mod.

112

Don't yield  
to force, but  
to love.

*Nichil arbitrio uirium feceris,*

[*Libenter amorem fert.*]<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> MS. *Noli confidere in tua fortitudine.*

28. *Par propre volunte  
Ren ne seit ouere  
De quant ke tu fras.  
Volunters e de gre  
Suffrez amiste  
Quaunt purchase le as.*

. . . . . [English wanting].

Here endet petyt caton.

*Magnus  
Cato:  
Cato's  
Distichs.  
Book I.*

*Incipit liber catonis.*

**S***i deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,  
Hic tibi precipue sit pura mente colendus.*

29. *Si deu a cultifier* (113)

*Est od pure pincer,  
Cum dient les dytez,  
E seit toun corage  
fferm en son estage,  
Saunz estre remuez.*

As God is a  
spirit, wor-  
ship him  
with pure  
thoughts.

ffor god is lord of alle þing, 113

As prophetes tellen i-mene,  
þou schalt him in werk honoure,  
And wiþ þi þouztes clene. 116

*Plus uigila semper: ne sompno deditus esto:  
Nam diuturna quies uicijis alimenta ministrat.*

30. *Tut tens gardez vous* (117)

*Ke tu vejlez plus  
Ke ne prengez sompne;  
Kar par trop dormer  
Veum souent cheir  
En vices meynt homme.*

Wake more  
than you  
sleep.

Loke þou wake more þen slepe,<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> ? slepe 117

And god in alle þing drede;  
Long rest and luitel swynk  
To vices hit wol þe lede. 120

Little work  
leads to vice.

*Virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam :  
Proximus ille deo est qui scit ratione tacere.*

31. *La vertu premere* (121) The first  
*Ke a tey seit chere,* virtue is  
*Est lange refreyner ;*  
*A deu est procheyn*  
*Ke par reson certeyn*  
*Sceet tere e parler.*

Keþ þi tonge skilfulliche : 121 to restrain  
 þe furste vertu forsoþe hit is ; your tongue.  
 He is next vnto god Do this, and  
 þat kepeþ hit wel i-wis. 124 you're next  
 to God.

*Sperne repungando tibi tu contrarius esse :  
Conueniet nulli qui secum desidet ipse.*

32. *A sey meymes nul ne seyt* (125)  
*Contrarius eu soun dreyt*  
*Ne endist ne enfance ;*  
*Kar ky ke descorde a sey,*  
*Od nul autre, cum ieo crey,*  
*Ne auera concordaunce.*

Be not frouward to þi-self 125 Don't be  
 In word ne in werk : froward to  
 Wip such a mon may non acord— yourself.  
 So telleþ þe wyse clerk. 128

*Si uitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,  
Cum culpas alios nemo sine crimine viuut.*

33. *Quaunt autre blameras,* (129)  
*Tey meymes Iugeris*  
*Tut premerement ;*  
*Kar nul nest ke vit,*  
*Ne graunt ne petit,*  
*Ke mout ne mesprent.*

Whon þou blainest oþer men, 129 If you blame  
 þyn oune Iuge þou ne be ! others, you  
 þer nis no mon with-ouen lak, condemn  
 As men may wel ofte i-se. 132 yourself.  
 No man is  
 faultless.

*Que nocturna tenes, quamuis sint cara, relinque :  
Vtilitas opibus preponi tempore debet.*

34. *Ceo qe vous auez cher,* (133)  
*Dount quidez enpeïrer,*  
*De tey osteras ;*  
*Kar il est profijt*  
*Richesse en despyt*  
*Luer deueras.*
- Get rid of  
whatever 'll  
harm you,  
however  
much you  
like it.
- þing þat wole apeire þi stat, 133  
Beo hit þe neuer so lef,  
Hastiliche do hit þe fro,  
Or þou þole þe gref. 136
- Constans & lenis ut res expostulat esto :*  
*Temporibus mores sapiens sine crimine mutat.*
35. *Red e suef seyez* (137)  
*Solum ce ke tu veyez*  
*Cum les choses ount ;*  
*Lj sages saunz blamer*  
*Ces mours fet atemprer*  
*Solum ke les choses soumt.*
- Be steadfast  
and calm, as  
your condi-  
tion requires.
- Studefast & stille þou be, 137  
As þi catel wol aske :  
þe wyse mon liueþ withouten blame,  
ffor he con wel hym taske. 140
- Nil temere uxori de seruis crede querenti :*  
*Sepe etenim mulier quem coniux diligit odit.*
36. *Ne errez folement* (141)  
*Ta femme, quaunt souent*  
*De tes seruauns se cleyme :*  
*Kar souent eschet*  
*Ke lu dame het*  
*Ceus ky lj syre eyme.*
- Don't believe  
all your wife's  
complaints  
of your  
servants.
- Leeue not þi wyf fulliche 141  
Of þi seruans pleynande :  
Ofte falleþ, þe wyf hit hateþ  
þat loueþ þe goode hosebande. 144
- Cumque mones aliquem nec se uelit ipse moneri, (145)*  
*Si tibi sit carus, noli desistere ceptis.*
37. *Si de ces folies*  
*A kuns chasties*

*E il ne voyl entendre,  
Ne deyez pur ceo cescer,  
Pur quey le eyez cher,  
Mes plus eplus reprendre.*

- 3if þou wolt chastise eny mon, 145 If you have  
þouh he loue not þi lore ; to punish a  
3if he be dere, leue him nouzt, man, don't  
But vndertake hym more. 148 hesitate be-  
cause he's  
dear to you.

*Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis :  
Sermo datur multis, animi sapiencia paucis.*

38. *En-coutre ianglour,* (149)  
*Ke ne eyez deshonor,*  
*Ne voylles estriuer :*  
*Kar meynt homme ad iangle*  
*En vertu de sa lange,*  
*Est poy de sauer.*

- A3eynes men ful of wordes 149 Don't strive  
Stryue þow riht nouht : with wordful  
Wordes is 3iuen to alle men, folk. Every  
And wisdam selden brouht. 152 one can talk.  
Few are wise.

*Dilige sic alios ut sis tibi carus amicus ;  
Sit bonus esto bonis ne te mala dampna sequantur.*

39. *Les autres issi amez* (153)  
*Ke tu a tey meymes seyez*  
*Cheir a-mys ;*  
*Si seyes bon a bons*  
*E taunt donez a tuens,*  
*Ke tey ne seyt le pys.*

- Loue so wel opure men, 153 So love others  
þin oune frend þat þou be ; that you  
Beo so good to alle men, befriend  
þat harm from þe fle. 156 yourself.

*Rumores fuge, ne incipias nouus auctor haberi :  
Nam nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.*

40. *Noueles fuez,* (157)  
*Ke troue ne seyes*  
*Blaundour ne tenu ;*  
*Tere ne muist pas,*

|   |   |     |
|---|---|-----|
|   | <i>De parler haut ou bas</i>                        |     |
|   | <i>Mal vener ay veu.</i>                            |     |
| Don't set evil reports going. They kill men's love for you. | Of newe tales þou ne be<br>ffurst makere I-founde : | 157 |
|   | Wikked tales a-mong men<br>Bringeþ loue to grounde. | 160 |

*Rem tibi promissam certam promittere noli :*

*Rara fides ideo quia multi multa locuntur.*

|  |  |                    |
|--|--|--------------------|
|  | 41. <i>Chose a tey promise,</i>  | (161)              |
|  | <i>A autre en nule guise</i>   |                    |
|  | <i>Ne le promettez auaunt :</i>  |                    |
|  | <i>En le mound y ad poy de fey,</i>  |                    |
|  | <i>Meynt homme est dreyt en sey</i>  |                    |
|  | <i>ffiuours e blaundiaunt.</i>   |                    |
| Don't promise to others, what is promist to you. | þing þat þe by-hoten is,<br>Loke on none wyse<br>þat þou bi-hote hit to non oþer,<br>ffor þer nihte strif aryse. | 161<br><br><br>164 |

*Cum te aliquis laudat iudex tuus esse memento :*

*Plus alijs de te quam tu tibi credere noli.*

|   |   |                    |
|---|---|--------------------|
|   | 42. <i>Quaunt tu tey orras loyer,</i>   | (165)              |
|   | <i>Iuggez en toun quer</i>  |                    |
|   | <i>Lij quel est veir ou noun,</i>   |                    |
|   | <i>Eia autre ne creyez</i>  |                    |
|   | <i>De vertu ke tu eyez.</i>   |                    |
|   | <i>Plus ke ta resoun.</i>   |                    |
| If men praise you for a virtue, search whether you have it. | þif men preise þe for godnesse,<br>þin oune herte pou tast ;<br>Leeue non better þen þi self,<br>Wheþer þou þat vertu hast. | 165<br><br><br>168 |

*Officium alterius multis narrare memento,*

*Atque alijs cum tu benefeceris ipse sileto :*

|  |                                |       |
|--|--------------------------------|-------|
|  | 43. <i>A autri seruisez</i>    | (169) |
|  | <i>Voyl ke tu preysez</i>      |       |
|  | <i>De-uaunt tote gent ;</i>    |       |
|  | <i>Mes quant tu bien fras,</i> |       |
|  | <i>Ia nent enparleras</i>      |       |
|  | <i>Par moun loement.</i>       |       |



- þou maiȝt oþur mennes goodnesse 169 Praise other  
 Preisen wiþ-outen blame, men's good-  
 But not þin owne be-fore men, ness, but not  
 ffor hit were but a schame. 172 your own.

*Multorum cum facta senex & dicta recenses,  
 ffac tibi succurrant iuuenisque feceris ipse.*

44. *Seiez en ta iuente* (173)

*E metez vostre entente  
 De ben dyre e fere ;  
 Kar quauant veyllard regeies  
 En ces fez e diz,  
 Le tuen puissez retrere.*

- Sun, do her in þi ȝouþe 173 In youth, do  
 þing þat þe mouwe helpe ; what 'll help  
 Whon þou art an old mon aftur, you.  
 þerof þenne maiȝt þou ȝelpe. 176 In age, you  
 may boast of  
 it.

*Ne cures siquis tacito sermone loquatur :  
 Consciens ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.*

45. *Si homme nul ren* (177)

*A vous parout ben,  
 Ia ne eizes enui ;  
 Ky ke mauueis se sent,  
 Il quide ke tote gent  
 Parlent de ly.*

- ȝif þou seo men speke stille, 177 Don't mind  
 A-Meoued beo þou nouȝt : folks' secret  
 þe wikked mon weneþ þat alle men talk.  
 Hauē him in heore þouht. 180 Bad men al-  
 ways believe  
 others are  
 thinking of  
 them.

*Cum fueris felixque sunt aduersa caueto :  
 Non eodem cursu respondent (ultima) primis.*

46. *Taunt cum es benure,* (181)

*En-coutre aduersyte  
 Deuez vous eschure ;  
 Kar le comencement  
 E le desynement  
 Ne sont pas de vne mesure.*

- ȝif þou, mon, be meke and mylde, 181 If you'd be  
 tilleo al frouward þing ; happy, avoid  
 aduersity.

The end  
differs from  
the begin-  
ning.

þe laste tale to þe furste  
3if non onswer yng. 184

*Cum dubia & fragilis sit nobis uita tributa,  
In mortem alterius spem tu tibi ponere noli.*

47. *Kant si est dotouse* (185)

*E freille e perilouse  
Vostre vye ici,  
Mout est graunt enfance  
Pur mettre sei en esperance  
En la mort de autri.*

As your own  
life is frall,  
don't trust to  
another  
man's death.

¶ Siþen þat vre lyf is frele 185  
þat to vs alle is 3iuen,  
In non oþur monnes deþ  
Hope þou nou3t to liuen. 188

¶ *Exiguum munus cum det tibi pauper amicus,  
Accipito placide, plene laudare memento.*

48. *Kant vn petit doun* (189)

*Tei ad en baundoun  
De toun poure amy,  
Reseuez le bonement,  
E plenerement  
Tenez par tut dely.*

If a poor  
friend gives  
you a small  
gift, thank  
him kindly  
for it.

3if eny of þi pore frendes 189  
3iue þe a 3ift smal,  
Receyue þou hit bleþeliche,  
And þonk him feire þou schal. 192

¶ *Infantem nudum cum te natura creauit,  
Paupertatis onus paciēter ferre memento.*

49. *Kant en le mound venistis viþ,* (193)

*Poure e cheytif,  
E nu e dolent,  
Le charge de pouerte,  
De meseyse e de pite  
Suffrez le bonement.*

As you were  
born naked,  
bear the  
burden of  
poverty  
meekly.

¶ Siþen þat kynde haþ þe formed 193  
A luytel naked chylde,  
þe charge of pouert loke þou bere,  
And beo boþe meke & mylde. 196

¶ *Ne timeas illam que uite est ultima finis :**Qui mortem metuit amittit gaudia uite.*50. *Kant tei estut morir* (197)*E a ta fyn vener,**Ne deyez la mort doter ;**Kar ky doute la mort,**Ia ioje ne desport**Ne put en le mound auer.*

¶ Whon þou schalt nedelich ones dye 197

And heþene away to wende,

Doute hit not, for þouȝt þer-of

Mihte þe fulliche schende. 200

Because you have to die, don't be afraid, and lose life's pleasures.

¶ *Si tibi pro meritis nemo respondet amicus,**Incusare deum noli, set te ipse coerce.*51. *Si nul amy en fei* (201)*Ne respoygne a tey**De bens ke fet li as,**Ne uoyllez deu blamer ;**Tei deuez refrener,**E ly ne blameras.*

¶ Ȝif no mon onswere to þe 201

ffor þi goddede bi nome,

Wraþþe þe not þerfore wiþ god,

Bote þi-seluen blame. 204

If a man is ungrateful to you, don't blame God.

¶ *Ne tibi quid desit quesitis, vtere parce ;**Vt-que quod est serues, semper tibi deesse putato.*52. *Le tuen purchas despent* (205)*Esparniablement**Solum ceo qe vous veyez mester ;**E quydez tote veys,**Ke tu ren ne eyez,**Pur ben le meuz garder.*

¶ Spene þi good mesurabliche, 205

Purchased þauȝ þei be ;

And hope alle þinges þat þou hast

Awey mihte falle from þe. 208

Spend moderately.

You may lose your property.

¶ *Quod prestare potes, ne his promiseris ulli,**Ne sis uentosus dum vis bonus esse videri.*

53. *Ne promettez pas souent,* (209)  
*Donez mout doucement*  
*Ceo ke volez doner,*  
*Kar ne seyez auountour*  
*Dount vous voyllez honour*  
*E los epris auer.*
- Give presents promptly. Don't promise 'em twice.
- ¶ Þing also þat þou may 3iue, 209  
 Twyes bi-hote hit nouzt ;  
 Beo not ful of wikked wynt  
 And leose not þi fore þouzt. 212
- ¶ *Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus ;*  
*Tu quoque fac simile : sic ars deluditur arte.*
54. *Si acuns par parler,* (213)  
*E ne mye de quer,*  
*Se feyne toun amy,*  
*Deceyuez art par art,*  
*E de la tue part*  
*ffacez a-taunt dely.*
- Treat deceivers deceitfully, and gammon 'em.
- ¶ Hose feyneþ him frend with word 213  
 And not wiþ herte stable,  
 With such a seruyse serue þou him,  
 And telle him tale of fable. 216
- ¶ *Noli homines blando nimium sermone probare :*  
*fistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.*
55. *Ne voylles losenger* (217)  
*Ne homme trop loer,*  
*ffors ke solum le dreit ;*  
*Doucement chaunte le frestel,*  
*Quant le oysellour le oysel*  
*Trait a deceit.*
- Don't praise men lyingly.
- ¶ Preyse no mon but in his riht 217  
 With no losengerye ;  
 þe foulere chacheþ briddes feole  
 Wiþ swete melody. 220
- Fowlers catch birds with melody.
- ¶ *Cum tibi sint nati nec opes, tunc artibus illos*  
*Instrue, quo possint inopem defendere vitam.*
56. *Si vous ne eyes manans* (221)  
*E auez mout enfauns,*

*ffetes les aprendre  
Acune menestraucie,  
Par vnt ke il pussent la vye  
de pouerte defendere.*

- ¶ 3if þou haue children monye 221 If you've  
And goodes none bute smale, many chil-  
Sone þou hem to craft sette, dren, and  
þer-wiþ to beeten heore bale. are poor,  
224 teach 'em a  
Craft.
- ¶ *Quod vile est, carum ; quod carum, vile putato :* I. 29.  
*Sic tibi nec cupidus, nec auarus nosceris vlli.*
57. *Dount autres vnt cherte (225)*  
*Ceo eyez en vilte,*  
*E le vil eyez cher :*  
*E ia nyers blame*  
*Pur escharcete*  
*Ne pur coueyter.*
- ¶ þat is good chep may beo dere, 225 Good bar-  
And deore good chep also ; gains may  
Loke þou beo not coueytous be dear ;  
Ne gredi ek þer-to. 228 and dear  
things may  
be a good  
bargain.
- ¶ *Que culpate soles, ea tu ne feceris ipse :* I. 30.  
*Turpe est doctori, cum culpa redarguit ipsum.*
58. *Ceo ke tu veus blamer, (229)*  
*Ne voyllez pas amer*  
*Ne fere pur nul plet :*  
*Il ne auent a nuly*  
*De blamer autry*  
*De ceo ke il meymes fet.*
- ¶ þing þat þou art wont to blame, 229 Don't do  
Loke þou do hit nouht ! what you  
Schome hit is a mon to blame blame in  
þing þat he haþ wrouht. 232 others.
- ¶ *Quod iustum est, petito, vel quod videatur honestum :* I. 31.  
*Nam stultum est petere, quod possit iure negari.*
59. *Si fere veus requeste, (233)*  
*Pensez come honeste*  
*Tu le pussez fere ;*  
*Kar ceo ke ten pardreyt*

- En-countre dyre deit,  
Ne fet pas a requere.*
- Ask what is right,  
not what can be rightfully  
denied you.
- ¶ Aske þing þat rihtful is 233  
Or honest in þi siht :  
ffolye hit is to aske þe good  
þat is to werne wiþ riht. 236
- I. 32. ¶ *Ignotum tibi tu noli preponere notis :  
Cognita iudicio constant[i], incognita casu.*
60. *Tut tens eyez tu (237)  
Plus priue le conou  
Ke le trespasssaunt ;  
Ta chose ne querez  
Quant auer le deuez  
Purueyez tei ben auaunt.*
- Love friends better than  
strangers.
- ¶ Loue bettre a knowen frend 237  
þen mon of fer cuntre :  
þorw de-faute of knoweleching  
þou maiȝt i-greued be. 240
- [Lines 245-8, 'Sum tyme . . . in riht' follow wrongly here in the MS.]
- I. 33. ¶ *Cum dubia in certis uersetur vita periculis,<sup>1</sup>  
Pro lucro tibi pone diem, <sup>2</sup>quocumque laboras.*
61. *Quant vie est en peril [1 periculis, V. R.] (241)  
En I-cest exil [2 MS. qui . . .]  
Ce est dolour a pert,  
Ki ke vnkes es en labour  
ffacet ke checun iour  
de gayner seies cert.*
- As Death is to be dreaded,  
work daily to earn gain.
- ¶ Siþen dredful is deþ, diliueret 241  
In eorþe to al monkunne,  
Do þi labour eueri day  
Sum good forte winne. [1 cede sodali, V. R.] 244
- I. 34. ¶ *Vincere cum possis, interdum vince ferendo ;<sup>1</sup>  
Obsequio quoniam dulces retinentur amici.*
62. ¶ *Quant veindre en puras, (245)  
Souent len durras  
A toun cher cumpaynoun ;  
Kar nyert la mort parfyt  
Si renes est fet ou dyt  
Ki de-plese a hom.*

- ¶ Sum tyme spare þi felawe<sup>1</sup> 245 Don't push  
þouȝ þou ouercome him miht ; your victories  
Parfyt loue is þer non [<sup>1</sup> The MS. has l. 245-8 after l. 240.] too far.
- Whon ȝe striue in riht. 248  
[Lines 249-252, 'To ȝeue luitel . . . lete,' wrongly follow here in the MS.,  
and are also repeated in their proper place.]
- ¶ *Ne dubites, cum magna petas, impendere parua :* I. 35.  
*Hiis etenim rebus coniungit gracia caros.*
63. ¶ *Ne doteȝ pas ou tu oses,* (249)  
*Ou tu requers graunt choses*  
*Le petis doner ;*  
*Kar veises amis*  
*Solum ce ke mest auis*  
*Par taunt entre amer.*
- To ȝeue luitel, dred þe nouȝt, [See note above.] 249 Don't grudge  
þer þou askest grete a small gift  
Of þi frendes and neihebors— when you ask  
þat costum wol not lete. 252 for a great  
one.
- ¶ *Litem inferre caue, cum quo tibi gracia iuncta est :* I. 36.  
*Ira odium generat, concordia nutrit amorem.*
64. *Ne moueȝ ia toun corn* (253)  
*En-vers toun compaynon*  
*Ne en-vers toun bien veilaunt ;*  
*Kar Ire engendre haiour,*  
*E concorde amour—*  
*Gardez vous partaunt.*
- ¶ To þi felawe wel willynge 253 Don't quarrel  
Sture þou no chidyng ; with those  
Wrappe gedereþ gret hate, who wish  
Loue norisscheþ sauȝtyng. 256 you well.
- ¶ *Seruorum ob culpam<sup>1</sup> cum te dolor vrget in Irum,* I. 37.  
*Ipse tibi moderare, tuis ut parcere possis.*
65. *Si tu pur mesfet,* [<sup>1</sup> Servorum culpa, V. R.] (257)  
*Ki toun seruaunt ad fet,*  
*As del Ire al quer,*  
*Tei meymes a-mesure,*  
*Ki puisset a cel heure*  
*A tuens esparnier.*
- ¶ ȝif serwe of gult of seruauns 257 Don't punish  
Wol þe bringe in care, servants'  
faults

too sharply.

I rede þou tempre þe so wel  
þat tyme þat þou hem spare. 260

I. 38. ¶ *Quem superare potes, interdum uince ferendo ;  
Maxima etenim morum est<sup>1</sup> semper paciencia virtus.*

66. *Quaunt tu aueras pouer* (261)

*De autre sourmouner, [<sup>1</sup> Maxima enim morum, V. R.]*

*Donke vendras par suffraunce ;*

*Kar estre pacient*

*Est graunt a-faitement,*

*E meynt homme auauce.*

Prevail by  
patience and  
meekness.

þe mon þat þou maizt ouergo, 261

Wip suffrance him ouercome ;

Meknes is vertu gret

Wip pure riht of dome. 264

I. 39. ¶ *Conserua pocius, que sunt iam parta labore :  
Cum labor in dampno est, crescit mortalis egestas.*

67. *Ce gardez sagement* (265)

*Ki tu nomement*

*As conquis par labour ;*

*Quant est en perte,*

*Donke crest mortele pouerte*

*E anguisse e dolour.*

Spend wisely  
your hard-  
won earnings.

¶ þinges þat þou hast gederet 265

Wip gret bisynesse,

Wysliche þou hem spene,

ffor pereles more and lesse. 268

I. 40. ¶ *Dapsilis interdum notis & carus amicis ;  
Cum fueris felix, semper tibi proximus esto.*

68. *A tei conuz diez*

*Seiez a tote feez*

*Large a Mesure ;*

*Mes plus seiez amy*

*A tei ke a autri,*

*Tant cum ben tei dure.*

[four English lines omitted : also out of Addit. 22,283.]

Book II.

Prolog.

[<sup>2</sup> *Telluris si forte u]elis cognoscere cultus, [<sup>2</sup> Harl. MS. 4657]*

[<sup>2</sup> *Virgilium le]gito ; quod si mage nosse laboras*

69. [*Si tu<sup>3</sup>*] *voles sauer,* (269)

[*Dois ta t]eres cultifier [<sup>3</sup> Addit. 22,283, lf. 120, col. 3.]*



- [*Ke*] *ble ne fayle mye,* *Book II.*  
*Virgile lisetz,* *Prolog.*  
*En sauer enpurrez*  
*A-sez de gramarie.*
- ¶ 3if þou wolt knowe þe tilþe of eorþe, 269 To know  
 þat þe fayle corn none, agriculture,  
 Go and red virgiles bok— read Virgil.  
 þe craft he tauzte vchone. 272
- ¶ <sup>1</sup> *Herbarum vires, Macer tibi carmine dicit.*
70. *Si vous volez fñsicien* (273)  
*Estre e sauer bien*  
*Doner les medicines,*  
*Macer, ke ne ment,*  
*Les grauns vertues aprent*  
*De herbes ede Racynes.*
- 3if þou wolt ben a fñsicien, 273 To be a  
 ffor vueles to 3iuen bote, Doctor, and  
 Macer þe strengþe of grasas telles, know the  
 Boþe of crop and Rote. 276 powers of  
 herbs, read  
 Macer.
- ¶ *Si roma[na] cupis & punica noscere bella,*  
*Lucanum queras, qui martis prelia dicit.*<sup>2</sup> [<sup>2</sup> dixit, V. R.]
71. *Si voil ke tu ne fayles,* (277)  
*De sauer les batayles*  
*De Aufrike e de Rome,*  
*Lucan apernez,*  
*Kar i-leok troueres*  
*De Batayle la somme.*
- 3if þou wolt knowe þe Batayle 277 To know the  
 Of Aufrik or of Rome, Wars of  
 Red a Bok þat hette Lucan, Rome and  
 He wol þe telle vchone. 280 Carthage,  
 read Lucan.
- ¶ *Si quid amare libet, uel discere amare legendo,*  
*Nasonem petito: [sin autem tibi cura<sup>3</sup> hec est, (Harl.*  
 MS. 116, lf. 107)] [<sup>3</sup> cura tibi, V. R., and Addit. MS. 22,283.]
72. *Si volez sauer amours,* (281)  
*Come ly plusours,*

<sup>1</sup> Harl. MS. 4657, leaf 40 back, at foot, prefixes this spurious line: 'Humanos si forte uelis depellere morbos;' but MS. Harl. 116, leaf 106 back, of B. Burgh's *Cato*, has, rightly, only the one line of the text above.

*Book II.*  
*Prolog.*

*Lisez les Ouides,  
E tost saueras amer,  
E plus des amiz aueres  
Ki tu ne quides.*

To know  
about Love,  
read Ovid.

3if þou wolt witen of derne loue 281  
And haue þi fflessches wille,  
Sech Ouide : he con þe telle  
þe Maners loude and stille. 284

¶ <sup>1</sup>*Sin autem cura tibi hec est,<sup>1</sup> ut sapiens uiuas, audi,  
que discere possis.* [<sup>1</sup>—<sup>1</sup> This belongs metrically to the last couplet,  
as in Addit. 22,283: see p. 575.]  
*Per que semotum uicis deducitur eu[u]m.*

73. *E si de cest nas cure,* (285)

*Mes sen e mesure,  
Voylez aprendre  
Par ount come sage  
Puisset toun corage  
De uices defendre.*

To live  
wisely, be  
steady in  
youth.

3if þou wolt liue wisliche, 285  
In 3ouþe þi lyf amende ;  
In þin elde þow maiȝt betere  
ffrom vices þe defende. 288

*II. End of  
Prolog.*  
Come and  
learn what  
Wisdom is.

¶ *Ergo ades ; & que sit sapiencia, disce legendo.*

74. *Veriez<sup>1</sup> donke auauant,* [<sup>1</sup> ? Venez]

*Si orras en lisaunt,  
Si voilez entendre,  
Syre, coynteyse,  
Ben e bone a-prise  
Voyl en tei despendre.*

. . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

II. 1. ¶ *Si potes, ignotis eciam prodesse memento :  
Vtilius regno est, meritis acquirere amicos.*

75. *Si vous poyez, a touz  
A cuns e meylours  
Pensez de profiter ;  
Kar ben e honour frez  
E les amis conquerez,  
Ke uaut meuz qe regner.*

. . [English wanting, as in Addit. 22,283.]

*Mitte archana dei, celum<sup>1</sup> inquirere quit sit ;*

II. 2.

*Cum sis mortalis, que sunt mortalia, cura.*76. *Quant tu es mortel,* [<sup>1</sup> *coelumque, V. R.*] (289)*Les estres de ciel**Ne deuez vous enquire ;**A dampne deu lesses**Auer les priuities**De ciel e de tere.*¶ *Enquire not of priuities*

289

As you are mortal, let God's secrets be ; care for mortal things.

*Of God ne eke of heuene ;**Sipen þat þou art dedliche,**Keep þe in þi weies euene.*

292

¶ *Lingue metum leti ; nam, stultum est tempore in omni ;*

II. 3.

*Dum mortem metuis, amittis<sup>2</sup> gaudia vite.*77. *Ne dotes pas la mort,* [<sup>2</sup> *amittere, V. R.*] (293)*Quant ceo est nostre sort ;**Kar mout serreit folye**Pur pour de la mort**De perdre le desport**Ki est en ceste vye.*¶ *fforsak þow þe drede of deþ,*

293

Don't fear Death so much as to lose Life's joys.

*Sipen hit þin Auntur is ;**He leoseþ þe Loye of his lyf**þat douteþ hit, I-wis.*

296

¶ *Iratus de re incerta contendere noli :*

II. 4.

*Impedit ira animum, ne possit cernere uerum.*78. *Quant tu es irrez,* (297)*De chose ne estriuez**Dount nestes certifie ;**Kur Ire le corage**Desturbe, ke il ne seit sage**De entendre verite.*¶ *Striue no þing in þi wrappe*

297

Don't strive in rage for uncertainties.

*ffor þing vn-certeyne ;**Wrappe destruyep monnes wit,**Whon soþ may not beo seiþene.*

300

[<sup>3</sup> *Dandum etenim est aliquld, V. R.*]*ffac sumptum propere, cum res desiderat ipsa ;*

II. 5.

*Dapsilis interdum,<sup>3</sup> cum tempus postulat aut res.*

79. *Tes despenses despent* (301)  
*Mout cortisement*  
*En beyuere e en viaunde,*  
*Kar tei estot despendre*  
*Solum ke poyez entendre*  
*Ke le tens demaunde.*
- Be liberal in  
hospitality  
when the  
time calls  
for it.
- Sum-while spend Mete and drink 301  
Hastiliche, I rede ;  
Hit falleþ mon to spende his good  
Whon tyme hit wole in stede. 304
- II. 6. ¶ *Quod nimium est, fugito, paruo gaudere memento ;*  
*Tuta magis<sup>1</sup> puppis, modico que flumine fertur.*
80. *De Mesure hayes,* [1 mage est, V. R.] (305)  
*De petit seiez lees,*  
*Kar ceo est mesure ;*  
*La nef ke veut sor le vnde*  
*Ke guerres nest parfounde,*  
*Plus est enseure.*
- Enjoy little  
things ; avoid  
too large  
ones.  
Shallow  
water is safer  
than the deep  
sea.
- ¶ To make murþe of luitel þing ; 305  
To muche, þou hit fleo ;  
Schip is more siker in luitel water  
þen in þe deope séé. 308
- II. 7. ¶ *Quod pudeat, socios prudens celare memento :*  
*Ne plures culpent id, quod tibi displicet uni.*
81. *Coyntement celez* (309)  
*Ke ne seit vergondez*  
*Les fez ton compaynoun ;*  
*Kar plusours partey*  
*Blamerunt en dreit de sei*  
*Ces mesfez en comun.*
- Hide other  
men's dis-  
graces, and  
they'll hide  
yours.
- ¶ Hele þing þat schameþ men, 309  
Qweynte mon 3if þou beo,  
þat oper men blame not  
þing þat greueþ þe. 312
- [3 Harl. MS. 4657, lf. 91 bk.]
- II. 8. ¶ *Nolo putes, prauos homines peccata lucrari :*  
*Temporibus peccata latent, &<sup>2</sup> tempore parent.* [2 sed, V. R.]
82. *Ne voyl qe vous guidez<sup>4</sup>* [3 Ne dais quider (313)  
ke male gent  
Ke homme par pecches [4 quidez. Addit. 22,283.]

[<sup>1</sup> *Puisse ren*] *gayner*      ke pecche aiment, e le funt  
 [ *Kar pecche* ] *s escapisent*      ke pru emporterunt;  
 [ *E en tens* ] *arere issent*      Ne pot ester ke tus pecches  
    ke or suzt cuers, e celées;  
 [ *E render* ] *t mal louer.*      En aucun tens se mustrunt.]  
    [<sup>1</sup> MS. torn away. Supplied  
    from Addit. MS. 22,253.]

- [I nul n]ot þat þou hope      313      Don't try to  
 Wicked men sunnes winne ;      gain by bad  
 Sunnes askapen ofte in tounes,      men's sins.  
 And schewen In tyme and blinne.      316      They'll come  
    to light some  
    day.
- Corporis<sup>2</sup> exigui vires contempnere noli :*      II. 9.  
*Consilio pollet, cui uim natura negauit.*
83. *Ne eiez en despit*      [<sup>2</sup> MS. corpus]      (317)  
       *La force del petit,*  
       *Kar se ne uaut quere ;*  
       *Kar la ou force faut,*  
       *Bon counseil vaut,*  
       *Quant homme ad a fere.*
- ¶ Ne haue þou not in dispit      317      Don't despise  
 þe bodi of luitel mon :      little men's  
 In pes and werre þer strengþe is wone,      power :  
 Good wisdam ofte he con.      320      they're often  
    clever.
- ¶ *Quem<sup>3</sup> scieris non esse parem [te<sup>4</sup>] tempore cede :*      II. 10.  
*Victorem a uicto superari sepe videmus.*      [<sup>3</sup> Cui, V. R.]
84. *Souent desporteras*      [<sup>4</sup> tibi, Addit. 22,253.]      (321)  
       *Cely ke plus bas*  
       *De tei est, e mynour :*  
       *Kar nous aoums veu*  
       *Souent le vencu*  
       *Reueyndre le vencour.*
- ¶ þouh a mon be not þi peere,      321      Yield occa-  
 ffor-bere þou him in cas :      sionally to  
 Ofte we seon þe strengor falle      your hi-  
 þorw him þat feblore was.      324      feriors : the  
    weak often  
    cast down  
    the strong.
- ¶ *Aduersus<sup>5</sup> notum noli contendere verbis :*      II. 11.  
*Lis minimis verbis interdum maxima cressit.*
85. *A conu ne ol pier*      [<sup>5</sup> MS. Aduersum]      (325)  
       *Ne voiles estriner,*  
       *Ne en Ieu ne alercetes ;*  
       *Kar graunt cuntel souent*

*De poy sourt entre gent,  
Dount venent graunt pertes.*

Don't strive  
against  
friends.

¶ Azeines knowen mon ne frend, 325  
Loke þat þou ne striue ;

Small words  
make big  
troubles.

Gret kontek of smale wordes  
Waxeþ ofte ful ryue. 328

II. 12. *Quod<sup>1</sup> deus intendat, noli perquirere sorte ;* [<sup>1</sup> Quid, V.R.]  
*Quod<sup>1</sup> statuit<sup>2</sup> de te, sine te deliberat ipse.* [<sup>2</sup> statuat, V.R.]

86. *Ne voilez pas enquere* (329)

*Par sort ke deu voyl fere*

*De tei ne de autri ;*

*Mes serf tei facez*

*Souent les saluez,*

*E tut tei mettes en ly.*

Don't fash  
about God's  
intentions,

¶ Aske not what god wol do 329  
Of þe world bi cas ;

He'll act  
without  
asking you.

Wiþ-outen þe and oþur alle  
He mai worche wiþ his gras. 332

II. 13. ¶ *Inuidiam nimio cultu uitare memento ;*  
*Que si non ledat,<sup>3</sup> tamen hanc sufferre molestum est.*

87. *Pur eschure envye,* [<sup>3</sup> ledit, V.R.] (333)

*Gardez ke ne seyes nye*

*Trop noble de vesture ;*

*Si homme ne nust grauntment,*

*ffolye just ne quident*

*E envye sa porture.*

Avoid Envy,

¶ Envye, wiþ gret businessse 333  
Beo-þenk þe forte fleo ;

which chuck-  
les over  
other folk's  
ills.

Of oþer mennes eucl fare,  
Envye makeþ him gleo. 336

II. 14. ¶ *Esto forti animo,<sup>4</sup> cum sis dampnatus iniquo :*  
*Nemo diu gaudet, qui iudice uincit iniquo.*

88. *Si dampne es a tort,* [<sup>4</sup> animo forti, V.R.] (337)

*Gardez ke seiez fort*

*E ferm en toun corage ;*

*Nuil homme sen Ioyet longement*

*Ky par mal Iugement*

*Vit e par outrage.*

- ¶ 3if þou be dampned falsliche, 337 Under false  
Loke þou beo of wille strong ; blame, be  
No mon Ioyeþ long aftur, strong of  
þat ouer-comeþ wiþ wrong. 340 will.
- ¶ *Litis preterite, noli maledicta referre ;* II. 15.  
*Post inimicicias iram meminisse, malorum est.*
89. *De tensoun trespassez,* (341)  
*Puis ke il est pardonez,*  
*Ne deiz le ditez retrere ;*  
*A pre amistes*  
*Nest Ire acordes*  
*Par homme debonere.*
- ¶ Of Contek ones forziuen, 341 Don't revive  
Reherce no wikkednesse ; forgiven  
þe wikked mon þe wikked dedes disputes.  
Recordet, boþe more and lasse. 344
- ¶ *Nec te collaudes, nec te culpaueris ipse :* II. 16.  
*Hoc faciunt stulti, quos gloria vexat inanis.*
90. *Tei ne deuez loyer* (345)  
*Ne tei meymes blamer,*  
*Ceo eyez en memorie ;*  
*Kar se fount i ceus*  
*Ke sount bricons e fous*  
*E pleyn de veyne glorie.*
- ¶ Preise no mon him-seluen, 345 Don't praise  
Ne blame him-self also ; or blame  
So don foles, þat veyn glorie yourself.  
Trauayleþ euer-mo. 348 Fools do that.
- ¶ *Vtere quesitis modice : cum sumptus abundat,* II. 17.  
*Labitur exiguo, quod partum est tempore longo.*
91. *Donez e dispent* (349)  
*Mesurablement,*  
*Si cum la chose est ;*  
*Kar il est fest en poy detens,*  
*Quant nest garde par sens,*  
*Ke long tens quili est.*
- ¶ 3if and spend a-tempreliche 349 Give and  
þe good þat þou may winne ; spend moder-  
ately.

Money is  
slow to get,  
quick to go.

Catel is long in gederyng,  
And sone a-wei wol renne.

352

II. 18. ¶ *Insiptens esto, cum tempus postulat, aut res :  
Stulticiam simulare loco prudentia summa est.*

92. ffol voil ge tu seiez, (353)  
Solum ceo ke tu veiez  
Coment la chose vet ;  
Kar cointise est graunt  
Defendre sei noun-sauaunt  
Pur soun esplet.

With fools,  
pretend to  
be a fool.

¶ ffeyne þe fol, þei þou be wys,  
þer fooles aren beo-deene ;  
A Mon to feynen him on þat wyse  
Is wismon, als I wene.

353

356

II. 19. ¶ *Luxuriam fugito, simul & vitare memento  
Crimen Auaricie ; nam sunt contraria fame.*

93. ffuez lecherie (357)  
E ne amez mye  
Nuil de ces delycles ;  
E Auarice ausy ;  
Kar ce sachez de fy,  
Ke ceus doynent graunt vices.

Flee Lechery  
and Gluttony.

¶ Lecherie and Glotenie,  
ffleo hem boþe bi name ;  
þei ben two wikked vices,  
And bringe men ofte in fame.

357

360

II. 20. ¶ *Noli tu quedam referenti credere semper :  
Exigua est tribuenda fides, quia multa locuntur.*<sup>1</sup>

94. A ces counteous [1 loquantur] (361)  
Ne creyez mye a tous  
Ke countent meynt a fere ;  
Kar mout I ad paroles  
ffauces e foles,  
E poi de fei entere.

Don't believe  
every one's  
tales.

¶ Leeue þou not alle mennes tales,  
Deceyuet þat þou ne beo ;  
Mon þat telleþ mony þinges,  
ffals most nede sum beo.

361

364



- ¶ *Quod potu<sup>1</sup> peccas, ignoscere tu tibi noli;*  
*Nam nullum crimen uini est, set culpa bibentis.* II. 21.
95. *A tey ne seit il pardone* [<sup>1</sup> *Quae potus, V. R.*] (365)  
*Quant tu es en-yuere*  
*De beiuere ke mout vaut;*  
*Kar en le vyn neizt il pas*  
*Ne en la coupe le trespas,*  
*Mes en le trop beuaunt.*
- ¶ *3if þou sunge in drinkyng,* 365  
*Bi-þenk þe of þat cas;*  
*þe gult is not in þe ale ne wyn,*  
*But is þyn oune trespas.* 368  
 If you get drunk, the fault is yours, not the liquor's.
- ¶ *Concilium archanum tacito committe<sup>2</sup> sodali:*  
*Corporis auxilium medico committe fideli.* II. 22.
96. *De ta priuite* [<sup>2</sup> *MS. committere.*] (369)  
*A cumpaynoun cele*  
*Dyez, e ueyez ke il ne seit volage;*  
*Toun cors a mediciner*  
*A Mire deuez bayler*  
*Ke seit lel e sage.*
- ¶ *Counseil þer no foly is,* 369  
*Of þi felawe þou hele;*  
*Put þi body, whon þou art seek,*  
*To leche þat is lele.* 372  
 Keep counsel.  
 When ill, go to a trusty doctor.
- ¶ *Successus dignos noli tu<sup>3</sup> ferre moleste:*  
*Indulget fortuna malis, ut ledere possit.* II. 23.
97. *Si par ta deserte* [<sup>3</sup> *Noli successus indignos, V. R.*]  
*Tei auygne mal ou perte,*  
*Nel preygnez trop ases;*  
*Kar fortune esteue*  
*Les maucis, qe ele les greue*  
*Plus apren lent apres.*  
 . . . . . [No English given.]  
 [Lines 373-6, p. 584, 'To suffre . . . drelo,' wrongly follow here in the Vernon MS., and in the Simeon, Addit. MS. 22,283, leaf 121, col. 2.]  
 Take aduerser fortune calmly.
- ¶ *Prospice, qui ueniunt, hos casus esse ferendo[s]:*  
*Nam leuius ledit, quicquid preuidimus ante.* II. 24.
98. *Les mals par meuz suffrer* (373)  
*Ke þoyent auener,*  
*Coyntement paruçi;*

*De taunt purrount le meyns  
Quant il sount priue dens  
Greuer a tei.*

Provide for  
coming ill.

¶ To suffre wo þat is to comen,<sup>1</sup> 373

Porueye þe for nede ; [<sup>1</sup> Lines 373-6 are a repetition of those on  
page 583, after no. 97 of the French.]

Hap þat we han seiþen ar þis,

Dop us more to drede. 376

II. 25. ¶ *Rebus in aduersis animum submittere noli ;  
Spem retine : spes una hominem nec morte relinquit.*

99. *Ne seiþ sourmounte* (377)

*Par nul aduersite,*

*Ke vous neieþ tort,*

*Mes de bone cheuaunce,*

*E eies en esperaunce*

*Quant es al poynt de mort.*

Fear no  
disaster  
when you're  
in the right.  
Always be of  
good hope.

¶ Dred no tribulacion, 377

þer þou hast þe riht ;

Of good hope euer þou be,

And stonde with al þi miht. 380

II. 26. ¶ *Rem, tibi quam noscis aptam, dimittere noli ;  
ffronte capillata, post est occasio calua.*

100. *Chose profitable—* (381)

*Kar fortune est changable—*

*Ne seit de tei lesse ;*

*Le frount od peil est bel*

*Quant le hatirel*

*Chauf y ert epele.*

*Par la frount pelu*

*De vous seit entendu*

*De riche comensail ;*

*E par la chef de riers*

*Ke tot est auf eres*

*Le poure defymail.*

Where  
there's profit,  
go for it at  
once.

¶ Profitable þing to þe, 381

Leeue hit not to zare ;

þat forehed is lodly

þat is calouh and bare.

[<sup>2</sup> *specta : quodque, V. R.*]

384

II. 27. ¶ *Quod sequitur spectat : que quod<sup>1</sup> imminet ante, videto ;  
Illum imitare deum, partem qui spectat utramque.*

101. *I ceo qe pert deuaunt* (385)  
*Seiez entendaunt,*  
*E ceo ke suyt apres ;*  
*E li deu tot dreit,*  
*Ke le vn e lautre vejt,*  
*en suez a des.*
- ¶ Ende and beginnyng of þi werk 385 Look both at  
 Boþe þou hem bi-holde ; the end and  
 þulke god folewe bisiliche beginning of  
 þat alle þing hap in wolde. 388 your work.
- ¶ *fforcius<sup>1</sup> ut ualeas, interdum parciore esto :* II. 28.  
*Pauca uoluptati debentur, plura saluti.* [1 Fortior, V. R.]
102. *Mesurable deyes* (389)  
*Estre a cune feyez,*  
*Tut seiez Mout pussaunt ;*  
*Mout deyt homme a sante,*  
*E poy a Iolyte,*  
*Estre entendaunt.*
- ¶ þe hardiore þou holde þi good, 389 The more  
 þe strengore þat þou be ; boldly you  
 Mony þing to hele<sup>2</sup> falle, <sup>2</sup> MS. helle. keep your  
 And fewe to Iolyte. 392 goods, the  
 stronger  
 you'll be.
- ¶ *Iudicium populi numquam contempseris vnus :* II. 29.  
*Ne nulli placeas, dum uis contempnere multos.*
103. *Iammes Iugement* (393)  
*Ou le peple se consent,*  
*Ne despisez soul ;*  
*Kar ky mout despit*  
*Par fet ou par dit,*  
*Ne ert ame de nuil.*
- ¶ To Iugement of þe peple 393 Don't despise  
 Dispise þou neuere al-one ; other folk's  
 He þat dispiseþ mony men, judgment,  
 He is loued of none. 396 or you'll be  
 hated.
- ¶ *Sit tibi precipue, quod primum est, cura salutis ;* II. 30.  
*Tempora ne culpes, cum sit<sup>3</sup> tibi causa do[lo]ris.*
104. *Tut premerement* [<sup>3</sup> nisi, V. R.] (397)  
*A tu saunte entent,*

*Quant feiztes toun labour ;  
Le heure ne blamez,  
Kar deu par uos pecchez  
Le chaunge tot en iour.*

If mishap  
befall you,  
don't blame  
Time. God  
is punishing  
your sin.

¶ 3if þe bi-fallen serwe on honde, 397  
þe tyme ne blame þou nouht ;  
God, for vre sunnes alle,  
Chaunged werk and þouzt. 400

II. 31. ¶ *Sompnia ne cures ; nam mens humana quod optat,<sup>1</sup>  
Dum vigilat, sperat, per sompnum cernit id Ipsum.*

105. *De songe ke vous songez, [1 optans, V. R.] (401)*  
*Counte ne countez ;  
Kar quant homme est veilaunt,  
Ce ke il coueit e espeir,  
E puis le veut auer  
Cel meimes en dormaunt.*

Don't tell  
others your  
dread ;  
for it's what  
you've been  
wishing for.

¶ þing þat þe mette in sweuene, 401  
Telle hit not wakand ;  
Hit is þing þat þou coueyted  
Er longe bi-fore-hand. 404

*Book III.*

*Protog.*

[<sup>3</sup> *Commoda  
multa feres :  
sin autem  
spreveris  
illud,  
Non me  
scriptorem,  
sed te neg-  
lexeris ipse.*]

¶ *Hoc quicumque uelis carmen cognoscere lector,  
Hec precepta feras<sup>2</sup> que sunt gratissima uite,<sup>3</sup>*

106. *Kar ki ke vnkes serras [2 Quum p. ferat, V. R.] (405)*  
*Ki cest dit vodras  
En lysaunt entendre,  
Veiez toun corage  
A tei ke siez sage  
E coueitez a prendre.*

**R**Edere, who-so þat hit be, 405  
þe Comaundement with him bere  
And nouzt to hyze ne lowe. 408

III. 1. ¶ *Instrue preceptis animum, ne<sup>4</sup> discere cesses ;  
Nam sine doctrina uita est quasi mortis ymago.*

107. *Ne cesses en toun corage [4 nec, V. R.] (409)*  
*De aprendre ke siez sage  
Mout amyablement ;  
Kar si cum morte ymage*

*Est homme en checun age**Ky nul ben a prent.*¶ *fforþure þi wille wiþ wisdam*409 Learn  
wisdom.

And sese not for to lere ;

Monnes lyf is lyk a ded ymage,

Witles ʒif hit were.

412 Life without  
learning is a  
dead image.¶ *Commoda multa feres ; sin autem spreueris illud,*

---

End of  
Prolog.

---

*Non me scriptorem, sed te neglexeris ipsum.*108. *Mout aueras profit,*

(413)

*Si tu a cet escrit**A prendre met ta peyne ;**E si tu ne les lysez**Pas ne dispisez**E ffras toun prou demeyne.*¶ *ʒif þou wolt don aftur me,*413 You'll gain  
by following  
my advice.

Proffyt þou schalt haue ;

ʒif þow wolt dispise me not,

þin oune worschupe þou saue.

416

¶ *Cum recte uiuas, ne cures uerba malorum ;*

III. 2.

*Arbitrii nostri non est quod quisque loquatur.*109. *Cum vous uiuez dreit e ben,*

(417)

*Ne tei seit de ren**Ky ly maucis dient ;**Kar nad nul de pouwer**Les bouches estoper**A ceuz ke mal vous leyent.*¶ *Mekeliche þou suffre chidyng*417 Suffer meekly  
fools' chid-  
ing.

Of fool oþer of moppe ;

Hit is not in vre pouwer

Vche monnes mouþ to stoppe.

420 You can't  
stop men's  
mouths.¶ *Productus testis, saluo tamen ante pudore,*

III. 3.

*Quantumcumque potes, celato crimen amici.*110. *Quant es auant mene**Testemonier verite,**Sauuez le tuen honour**Toun amy sauueras,**Quant qi tu purras,*When calld on  
as a witness,  
hide your  
friend's  
crime, so far  
as honour  
allows.

*De blame de soun seynour.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 4. ¶ *Sermones blandos blesosque cauere memento :  
Simplicitas veri fama est, fraus ficta loquendi.*

111. *Paroles bleysautes* (421)  
*E les blandiautes*  
*Deuez vous despire ;*  
*Kar nul homme ne deit*  
*A nul par dreit*  
*ffeyntement verite dire.*  
*Dyre verite*  
*En simplicité,*  
*Ceo est bone fame ;*  
*ffeyntement parler*  
*E verite celer*  
*Ceo est boydie e blame.*

Beware of  
honied  
words : they  
are false.

¶ Swete wordes of losengri, 421

þou3 þei beo likande,  
Eueriche mon ouzte hem to fle,  
And fals hem vnderstande. 424

III. 5. ¶ *Segniciem fugito, que uite ignauia fertur ;  
Nam cum animus languet, consumit inercia corpus.*

112. *Si tu ne fue3 peresse* (425)  
*Par dreite destresse,*  
*Maueis ert ta vye ;*  
*Kar ly quer languurat*  
*Par taunt cum peresce ad*  
*Le cors en sa bailye*

Avoid sloth.

¶ 3if þou ne wolt sleuþe forsake 425

Wip ful gret bisynesse,  
þi lyf is badde, þi bodi sone  
Schal falle in seknesse. 428

It hurts both  
soul and  
body.

III. 6. ¶ *Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,  
Vt possis animo quemuis sufferre laborem.*

113. *Entermettre deuez* (429)  
*De Ioyous estre a la fe3*  
*E heiter ta nature,*  
*Ke puisses saun3 damage*

*Suffrir en toun corage  
Le trauayl ke vous vent sure.*

- ¶ Sum tyme to þi studiing 429 Mix pleasure  
þou puit Ioye euere among ; with study ;  
þou schalt betere afturward you'll work  
Suffre trauayle strong. 432 the better.  
for it.
- ¶ *Alterius dictum aut factum ne carpsaris unquam,* III. 7.  
*Exemplo simili ne te derideat alter.*
114. *Autri dyt ne fet* (433)  
*Ne voylles par nuil plet*  
*Reprendre ne blamer ;*  
*Kar si autre de tey*  
*Le face en dreyt de cey,*  
*Il te veut peiser.*
- ¶ Oþur monnes word ne werk 433 Don't blame  
Loke þat þou ne blame, another's  
þat he ne mouwe in such a caas word or  
Scorene þe bi þe same. 436 work ;  
then he'll not  
scorn yours.
- ¶ *Quod tibi sors dederit tabulis suprema notato,* III. 8.  
*Augendo serua, ne sis, quem fama loquatur.*
115. *Ce ke tei chet en sort* (437)  
*Quant toun Ancestre est mort,*  
*Entenk le pur ben garder ;*  
*E pur sauuer ta fame,*  
*Ke tu ne eyez blame,*  
*Pensez de ceo anoyter.*
- ¶ þing þat Aunter haþ þe 3iuen 437 What is left  
Aftur þi frend is ded, you, keep,  
Kep, and saue þi gode los, and don't in-  
And beo I-holden no qued. 440 cur reproach.
- ¶ *Cum tibi diuicie superant in fine senecte,* III. 9.  
*Munificus facito uiuas, nec parcus amicis.*
116. *Si a la fyn de ta veillesse* (441)  
*Tei abounde ta richesse,*  
*Escars ne seies pas,*  
*Mes en tens despent*  
*E dones largement,*  
*Taunt cum tu purras.*

If riches  
come to you  
when old,  
give them  
away freely.

¶ 3if in þin ende of þin elde 441  
þe falle richesse strong,  
Beo not to scars, freliche dispende  
þer need is euer among. 444

III. 10. ¶ *Vtile consilium dominus ne despice serui ;  
Nullius sensum, si prodest, temporis vnquam.*

117. *Ne seiez despisaunt* (445)  
*Le conseil toun seruaunt,*  
*Si il est profitable ;*  
*Ne lessez le sen de nuly*  
*Quant tu veiez desi*  
*Ke il seit couenable.*

Don't despise  
the counsel of  
servants and  
others when  
it's sensible.

¶ Dispise no conseil of þi mon, 445  
3if he beo profitable ;  
Ne þe wit of oþur men,  
3if hit beo resonable. 448

III. 11. ¶ *Rebus & in censu si non est, quod fuit ante,  
fiac viuas contentus eo, quod postulat vsus.<sup>1</sup>*

118. *Si tu ne seiez manaunt* (449)  
*Cum as este deuaunt,* [1 q. tempora praebent, V. R.]  
*Cum ly plusours sount,*  
*A tei seit suffisaunt*  
*Le petit e le graunt,*  
*Solum ke le tens respount.*

If you lose  
property,

¶ 3if hit beo not in þi catel 449  
As sum-tyme was bi-fore,  
Hold þe payed of þin hap  
And haue non herte sore 452

be content,  
and don't  
grumble.

III. 12. ¶ *Vxorem fuge ne ducas sub nomine dotis,  
Nec retinere velis, si ceperit esse molesta.*

119. *ffemme prendre ne deiez*  
*Pur bien ke seit, mes veiz*  
*Ke ele te seit honeste ;*  
*Ne pur nul desyr*  
*Ke volez reteyner*  
*Si ele te seit moleste*

Don't marry  
a wife for her  
money.

And don't  
keep her if  
she's a  
nuisance.

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]



¶ *Multorum disce exemplo, que facta sequaris,* III. 13.  
*Que fugias; uita est nobis aliena magistra.*

120. *Le ensauple receyuez* (453)

*De mouz, ke vous sachez  
 qey fere e quey lesser;  
 Kar quel ke il seit,  
 Autri sauer vous deit  
 A prendre ou chastier.*

¶ *Ensauple tak of mony men* 453 *Take example*  
*What werkes þe folewe schal;* *by other men.*

*þe lyf of opure goode men*  
*Is Maistres to us alle.* 456 *Their lives*  
*are our*  
*guides.*

¶ *Quod potes, il temptes,<sup>1</sup> operis ne pondere pressus* III. 14.  
*Succumbat labor, & frustra temptata relinquis.*

121. *Ce ke tu poyes fere,* [<sup>1</sup> *tenta, V. R.*] (457)

*Dout quides a chef trere  
 Asaiez en meymte guise,  
 Ke tey ne tut a pres  
 Pur le anuy del fes  
 Guerper la tue aprise.*

¶ *þat þou may assaye wel,* 457 *Don't at-*  
*I rede, no more, þou bere;* *tempt more*  
*þif þou dost, þou lest þi swik,* *than you can*  
*And ouer cark wol þe dere.* 460 *bear.*

¶ *Quod nosti factum non recte, noli silere,<sup>2</sup>* III. 15.  
*Ne videare malos imitari uelle tucendo.* [<sup>2</sup> *haud recte factum,*  
*nolito tacere, V. R.*]

122. *Ce ke toum cen veit* (461)

*Ouerer en-countre dreit,  
 Tere pas ne deies;  
 Ke homme ne seit quidaunt  
 Ke voyles enteysaunt,  
 En suere le maucis.*

¶ *þat þou wost is eucl wrappe,* 461 *Don't hide*  
*ffor-hele þou hit nouzt,* *evil deeds,*

*þat þou suwe no wikked mon*  
*In wille nouþer in þouht.* 464 *or follow the*  
*wicked in*  
*will or*  
*thought.*

¶ *Iudicis auxilium sub iniqua lege rogato;* III. 16.  
*Ipse etiam<sup>1</sup> leges cupiunt, ut iure regantur.* <sup>1</sup> MS. eniam

123. *Elisez Iuge a tei,* (465)  
*Quant tu veyez ke la ley*  
*Passe outre gre ;*  
*Kar les dreite leis*  
*Voylent tote feis*  
*A dreit estre gouverne.*
- Ask the Judge's help against wicked laws. ¶ Aske to þe help of Iuge, 465  
 Vnder wikked lawes ;  
 þei wol be gournet al with riht,  
 Beo nihtes and bi dawes. 468
- III. 17. ¶ *Quod merito pateris, pacienter ferre memento,*  
*Cumque reus tibi<sup>1</sup> sis, ipsum te iudice dampna.*
124. *Seiez pacient,* [<sup>1</sup> tibi reus, MS.] (469)  
*Suffres bonement*  
*Ceo ke as deserui ;*  
*Si tu tei veies coupable,*  
*Iuges tei a dampnable,*  
*Nel le metez a autri.*
- What you suffer rightfully, bear patiently. ¶ þin harme suffre mildeliche 469  
 þat þou serued wiþ riht,  
 And þou gulti deme þi-self  
 And non oþer wiht. 472
- III. 18. ¶ *Multa legas fac[i]to : perlectis, perlege<sup>2</sup> multa ;*  
*Nam miranda canunt, sed non credenda, poete.*
125. *Lysez mout de dytes* [<sup>2</sup> negligé, V. R.] (473)  
*E plus relisez*  
*Autres mout auere ;*  
*Merueiles dyent grauns*  
*Lij poyetes en lour chauns,*  
*Si len les peut crere.*
- Read helpful books. ¶ Gedere þinges in þin herte 473  
 þat beon to þin biheue ;  
 þis poete telleþ of merueyles  
 þat aren not alle to leue. 476
- III. 19. ¶ *Inter conuiuas fac sis sermone modesta,<sup>3</sup>*  
*Ne dicare loquax dum vis vrbanus haberi.*
126. *Gard tei tote feeþ* [<sup>3</sup> modestus, V. R.] (477)  
*Ke tu a get ne seyez*

*f*forjetous in parole,  
*K*e pur Iangleour  
*N*e tey tignent ly plusour,  
*E*nent pur enseigne.

- ¶ Among þi gistes alle 477 Be courte-  
 A-tempre be of word, ous to your  
 Beo corteis and Iangle not guests,  
 þer þou art set at bord. 480 and don't  
 wrangle.

*Coniugis irate noli tu uerba timere ;* † [† Nam str. ins. lacr., III. 20.  
*Nam lacrimis struit insidias, dum<sup>1</sup> femina plorat.* quum, V. R.]

127. *Quant ta [femme] est yree* (481)  
*E dit sa rampone,*  
*Ne tenez vers ly plet ;*  
*Mes quant ele ploure,*  
*Gard tei a cel houre,*  
*Kar donke est en get.*

- ¶ Drede not þi wyf whon heo is wroþ, 481 Don't fear  
 Mak heo hit neuer so stoute ; your wife  
 Whon heo weopeþ and makeþ deol, when she's  
 Of hire þenne is more doute. 484 angry ; but  
 do when she  
 cries.

¶ *Vtere quesitis, sed ne vilearis abuti ;* III. 21.  
*Qui sua consumunt, cum deest, aliena secuntur.*

128. *Ta chose despent* Spend moder-  
*Mesurablement,* ately,  
*Ke ele ne tei fayle ;*  
*Kar kike liseon gaste,* so as not to  
*De autri en haste* come to  
 poverty.  
*Conquera sa vitayle.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *ffac tibi proponas, mortem non esse timendam :* III. 22.  
*Que bona si non est, finis tamen illa malorum est.*

129. *ffetez taunt en tu vye* Act so that  
*Ke ne estut mye* you mayn't  
*Doler mort ne peyne ;* fear Death,  
*ffyn est de tuz mals* the end of  
*Mort, e taunt ly vals* all ills.  
*A ben de souu demeyne.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 23. *Vxoris linguam, si linguam si frugi est, ferre memento ;  
Namque malum [est] nil uelle pati, nil<sup>1</sup> posse tacere.*

Take easily  
your wife's  
use of her  
tongue.

130. *Soffrez ta mulier* [1 non v. p., nec, V. R.]

*Quant la oyez ben parler,*

*En tote repose ;*

*Kar nent voyler soffrir*

*E a voyl poy teyser,*

*Ceo est male chose.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

III. 24. *Dilige non ega<sup>2</sup> caros pietate parentes, [2 Aequa diligit, V. R.]  
Nec matrem offendas dum uis bonus esse parenti.*

131. *Amez te chere parens* (485)

*De quer parfit de-dens,*

*E nent malement ;*

*Ne offendez ta mere,*

*Si voylles pleiser toun pere*

*E seruer a talent.*

Love your  
Father and  
Mother ;  
offend them  
not.

¶ ffader and moder loke þou loue 485

Wip parfyt herte wip-inne ;

Loke þat þou ne wrappe hem nouzt,

Heore benison to winne. 488

Book IV.

Protog.

¶ *Securam quicumque cupis deducere vitam,  
Nec uiciis aderre animum, que<sup>3</sup> moribus obsunt.*

132. *kike vnkes vie pure* [3 haerere animos, qui, V. R.] (489)

*Honeste e a mesure*

*Desirez amener,*

*En toun corage*

*Trestut toun age*

*De vices deuez garder.*

If you want  
a safe life,  
keep from  
vice.

Siker lyf hose wole 489

In þis world abyde,

put his wylle in gode þewes,

And alle wikked let slyde. 492

¶ *Hec precepta tibi semper relegenda memento :  
Inuenies aliquid, quod te vitare magistro.*

133. *Eiez en memorie*

*Le vers de cest estorie*

*Souernelement ;*

Recollect  
these maxims  
daily ;

*Kar chose y troueras  
Ke eschure deueras  
pur toun amendement.*

you'll find  
help in them.

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

*Despice diuicias, si uis animo esse beatus ;  
Quas qui suscipiunt, mendicant semper auari.*

IV. 1.

134. *Richesce despisez,  
Si benure estre volez  
En toun corage ;  
Les coueitous ount  
Petit, e poures sount  
En trestut lour age.*

Despise  
riches if you  
want to be  
happy.

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

¶ *Comoda nature nullo tibi tempore deerunt,  
Si contentus eo fueris,<sup>1</sup> quod postulat vsus.*

IV. 2.

135. *Ia ne serra le houre* [¶ Si fueris c. eo, V. R.] (493)

*Kaunt a ta nature  
Ke ne es a plente,  
Pur quei ke sen te dure  
Euoylez de mesure  
Estre apaye.*

¶ þe properties of nature

493

The benefits  
of Nature  
come to the  
contented.

Redi to þe þei be,

3if þou beo payed of þat þing

þat god haþ sent þe.

496

¶ *Cum sis in-cautus, nec ratione gubernas,  
Noli fortunam, que non est, dicere cecum.*

IV. 3.

136. *Si fous es e bricoun* (497)

*E ceo qe as par reson  
Ne gouerne3 mye,  
Ne deies blamer nul houre  
Pur ta mesauenture,  
Mes meymes ta folye.*

¶ 3if þou beo no queynte mon

497

If you're too  
silly to man-  
age your own  
affairs, blame  
yourself, not  
Fortune.

To gouerne þi bailye,

Blame not Aunter afterward,

But wite hit þi folye.

500

IV. 4. ¶ *Dilige denarium,<sup>1</sup> set parce dilige, formam,  
Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat habere.<sup>2</sup>*

137. *Nent pur sa beute,* [<sup>1</sup> denari, V. R.] (501)  
[<sup>2</sup> ab aere, V. R.]

*Mes pur la necessite,  
Amez le dener ;  
Kar ceo est la somme,  
Nuil seint ne honest homme  
Nele coueit a auer.*

Like money  
for your  
needs only,  
not for itself.  
Holy men  
don't covet it.

¶ *Loue þe peny for þe nede,* 501

*ffor oþer beute non ;*

*þe holy mon coueiteþ hit not*

*No more þen a ston.* 504

IV. 5. ¶ *Cum fueris locuples, corpus curare memento ;  
Eger diues habet nummos, set non habet ipsum.*

138. *Pur garer toun cors,* (505)

*Despent tes treshors,  
Graunt ben a tei fra  
Prenk ke poies auer,  
Le riche naid nuil dener  
Quant sey meimes na.*

Spend your  
money to  
cure your  
body.  
What's the  
good of it  
without  
health ?

¶ *Spene þi tresour, feyne þe not,* 505

*þi bodi for to hele ;*

*What prou may þi catel do,*

*But hele wol with þe dele ?* 508

IV. 6. ¶ *Verbera cum tuleris discens aliquando magistri,  
ffer patris imper[i]um,<sup>3</sup> cum verbis exit in iram.*

139. *Quant acun houre* [<sup>3</sup> ingenium, V. R.] (509)

*Suffres la batoure  
Del meiztre pur aprendre,  
Ben deis toun pere en Ire  
Soffrir de tei mesdire,  
E ne mye tei defendre.*

If you've  
been beaten  
by a Master,  
don't disobey  
your Father.

¶ *þif þou haue soffred betyng* 509

*Of Maister for þi lore,*

*Do þi fader comaundement*

*Boþe lasse and more.* 512

[<sup>4</sup> quis, V. R.]

IV. 7. ¶ *Res age, que prosunt : rursus uitare memento,  
In quibus<sup>4</sup> error inest, nec spes est certa laboris.*

140. *ffetes ceo ky profyte ;* (513)  
*Mes iceo ke delyte*  
*Ou il y ad trespas,*  
*I ceo dount nestes seur,*  
*Ke sauf seit toun labour ;*  
*Si tu me creies, lerras.*
- ¶ Do þing þat þe profite may, 513 Do what profits you.  
 Or helpe þe atte last ;  
 Opere wikkede errorrs  
 A-wei from þe þou cast. 516 Cast errors away.
- ¶ *Quod donare potes, gratis concede roganti ;* IV. 8.  
*Nam gratis fecisse bonis, in parte<sup>1</sup> lucrosum est.*
141. *Ceo qi poies doner,* [<sup>1</sup> recte f. b., in parte. V. R.] (517)  
*Donez de bon quer*  
*A ly ke quert aye ;*  
*kar fere debonement*  
*Ben a bone gent,*  
*Gayn est enpartye.*
- ¶ þat þou maizt with rihte zef, 517 Give what you can to the poor,  
 To pore þou graunte at nede ;  
 And zif þou not þe riche mon,  
 þer is no soule mede. 520 and not to the rich.
- ¶ *Quod tibi suspectum est, confestim discute, quid sit ;* IV. 9.  
*Namque solent, primo que sunt neglecta, nocere.*
142. *Enquere chose entendez,* Search at once into suspicious things ; if neglected, they'll damage you.  
*Souent la recordes,*  
*Pur ben sauver la cure ;*  
*Kar pas nest petit*  
*Pur auer en despit*  
*Les choses ke pount nure.*  
 . . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- ¶ *Cum te detineat veneris dampnosa uoluptas,* IV. 10.  
*Indulgere gule noli, que ventris amica est.*
143. *Si a countre toun profit* (521)  
*Le mauwis delyt*  
*Tei tent de lecherie,*  
*Donke voyl sor tote ren*  
*Ke tu tei gardes bien*  
*De Glotonerie.*

To restrain  
lechery, give  
up gluttony.

¶ 3if þou wolt fihte with flessches lust, 521  
A3eynes lecherie,  
þou most with-drawe of diuers metes,  
And vse no glotenie. 524

IV. 11. ¶ *Cum tibi preualide fuerint in corpore vires,  
ffac sapias ; quo<sup>1</sup> tu poteris vir fortis haberi.*  
144. *Si fort es euaylaunt* [1 sic, V. R.] (525)

*De cors e ben puissaunt,  
Od tut ceo seyez sage,  
Si purras estre pruz  
E a fort tenuz  
En tut vostre age:*

If you have  
strength of  
body, employ  
it wisely.

¶ 3if þou be mon of bodi strong, 525  
Auyse þe wel in þi þouzt,  
Puyt þi strengþe in-to prou,  
And elles hit helpeþ þe nouzt. 528

IV. 12. ¶ *Cum tibi preponas animalia cuncta timere,  
Vnum precipio tibi plus hominem<sup>2</sup> esse timendum.*  
145. *Quant taunt frele estes* [2 MS. hom. plus.] (529)

*Ke vous dotes les bestes  
E le serpens,  
Mout deuez doter  
Homme de feloun quer,  
E fuer le tut tens.*

Fear wicked  
men more  
than wild  
beasts, and  
avoid them.

¶ Siþen þou art so frele of kuynde 529  
Wilde bestes to doute,  
Doute wel more wikked men,  
And come not in heore route. 532

IV. 13. ¶ *Auxilium a notis petito, si forte laboras ;  
Nec quisquam melior medicus, quam fidus amicus.*  
146. *Si tei sourt mester* (533)

*De tes amys requer  
Socours e aye,  
Meillor nul ne say  
Myre qe amy veray  
En tote ceste vye.*

In trouble,  
ask help of  
a friend.

¶ Aske in trauayle help of frende, 533  
To wisse þe and to rede,



Beter leche knowe I non  
þen trewe frend is at neode.

536

A true friend  
is the best  
doctor.

¶ *Cum sis ipse nocens, moritur cur uictima pro te ?*  
*Stulticia in<sup>1</sup> mortem alterius sperare salutem.*

IV. 14.

147. *Salu en autri mort* [1 est, V.R.]

*Espeirer, ceo est tort*

*E folye e vice.*

*Par quele resoun prouable*

*Quant tu es coupable*

*De toun sacrifice.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Don't hope  
for safety  
from another  
man's death.

*Cum tibi uel socium, uel fidum queris amicum,*  
*Non fortuna tibi<sup>2</sup> est hominis, sed vita petenda.*

IV. 15.

148. *Su tu as desyr* [2 tibi fortuna, V.R.]

*De lel amy choiser*

*Ou bele compaignye,*

*De enquire lauenture*

*De homme neyez cure,*

*Mes de la bone vye.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

If you want a  
companion  
or friend,  
look to his  
life, not his  
fortune.

*Vtere quesitis opibus ; fuge nomen auari.*

IV. 16.

*Quid tibi diuicie prosunt, si<sup>3</sup> pauper abundas ?*

149. *Ceo ke tu as purchase,* [3 Quo tibi diuitias, si semper,  
V.R.]

*Vsez en honestete,*

*ffuez le noun de escars.*

*Dount sert ta richesce,*

*Quant tu viues en destresce,*

*Ke nul ben ne as ?*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

Use your  
money in  
moderation.

Don't be a  
miser.

¶ *Si famam seruare cupis, dum uiuis, honestam,*  
*ffac fugias animo, que sunt mala gaudia uite.*

IV. 17.

150. *Si uolez garder ta fame* (537)

*De vilenye ele blane,*

*Taunt cum es uiuaunt,*

*En loyes de ceste mound*

*Ke mout maucis sount*

*Ne seiez consentaunt.*

If you wish  
to keep your  
good name,  
avoid  
naughty  
indulgences.

¶ 3if þou wolt kepe þi gode loos 537  
from wiked sunne and blame,  
To veyne ioyes of þis world  
ffor-sak hem alle bi name. 540

IV. 18. ¶ *Cum sapias animo, noli irridere senectam ;*  
*Nam quocumque sene,<sup>1</sup> puerilis sensus in illo est.*

151. *Pur quei ke seiez sage, (541)*  
*Ia homme de veilage* [1 quicumque senet, V. R.]  
*Ne serras gabaunt ;*  
*Kar kaunt homme enueillist,*  
*Le sen ly enfeblist*  
*E si deuent enfaunt.*

Don't scorn  
an old man  
because his  
wits are  
childish.

¶ In old mon is childes wit, 541  
Soþ þou schalt hit fynde ;  
3if þou be wys, scorn him not,  
Hit falleþ to his kuynde. 544

IV. 19. ¶ *Disce aliquid ; nam, cum subito fortuna recedit,<sup>2</sup>*  
*Ars remanet uitamque hominis non deserit vnquam.*

152. *Apernez a-kun art, [2 recessit, V. R.] (545)*  
*Ke, si fortune senpart*  
*de tei sodeynement,*  
*le art od tei remeyndra,*  
*Ke trop ne tei lerra*  
*Esquare entre gent.*

Learn while  
you can.

¶ Leorn sum good, whil þou miht ; 545  
Auenture haþ no make ;

If fortune  
leaves you,  
art will stay.

Mester wol not fayle þi lyf,  
Hit nul þe neuere forsake. 548

IV. 20. ¶ *Prospicito cuncta<sup>3</sup> tacitus, quod quisque loquatur :*  
*Sermo hominum mores celat, set & indicat idem.*

Hear all, but  
keep your  
own counsel.

153. *A chekun parlement seyez [3 Perspicito tecum, V. R.]*  
*E entendaunt tote fe3,*  
*Mes teisaunt tei couere ;*  
*Kar la parole a plusours hommes*  
*Lour mours e lour custumes*  
*Clerement descouere.*

Men's talk  
shows their  
morals.

. . . . [English wanting, space left.]

- Exerce studium, quam-uis perceperis artem :* IV. 21.  
*Vt cura ingenium, quoque sic<sup>1</sup> manus adiuat usum.*
154. *Le estudie haunteras,* [1 sic et, V. R.] (549)  
*Ia seit I ceo ke tu as*  
*Le art aperceü ;*  
*Estudie engein encuse,*  
*E la meyn homme vse*  
*Meynte tel aum veu.*
- Haunte studie, þau; þou haue 549 Be studious,  
 Wel conceyued þi craft, that your  
 þat wille and wit and þin hond will, wit, and  
 To-gedere ben i-laft. 552 hand may  
 work to-  
 gether.
- ¶ *Multum uenturi ne cures tempora fati :* IV. 22.  
*Non metuit mortem qui s[c]it contempnere uitam.*
155. *Ne eies pas graunt cure* Don't bother  
*De penser a quel hure* about when  
 Tu as a morer ; you'll die.  
*La mort ne dotez mye*  
*Cyl ke veut sa rye* You'll not  
*En despit auer.* fear Death  
 if you can  
 despise Life.
- . . . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- Disce, set a doctis : indoctos ipse doceto ;* IV. 23.  
*propaganda est etenim<sup>2</sup> rerum doctrina bonarum.*
156. *De aseynnement apren,* [2 etenim est, V. R.] (553)  
*E tu de toun sen*  
*Autres deis aprendre ;*  
*Soun sen e soun sauer*  
*Pur ben multiplier*  
*Deit chescun despendre.*
- ¶ Heeren þou schalt of wyse men ; 553 Learn of wise  
 And loke wel in þi mood men.  
 þi wit to spene wysliche,  
 And eke þin oþer good. 556 Use your  
 wits to teach  
 others.
- ¶ *Hoc bibe quod possis, si tu uis uiuere sanus :* IV. 24.  
*Morbi namque mali causa<sup>3</sup> est quecumque voluptas.*
157. *Si tu veus uiuere seyn,* (557)  
*Beuez ke tu seyes pleyn* [3 M. causa mali nimia, V. R.]  
*E ke bien puisaunt ;*  
*Kar chescun delyt est vein,*

- E encheson certeyn  
De maladye graunt.*
- Drink only what you need. ¶ Drink þat þou beo meþful, 557  
And lyue in hele good ;  
Drunkenness drives men mad. ffoul delyt in drunkennesse  
Makeþ men ofte ful wood. 560
- IV. 25. ¶ *Laudaris quodcumque palam, quecumque probaris,  
Prospice,<sup>1</sup> ne rursus leuitatis crimine dampnes.*  
158. *Ceo ke tu as lowe* [1 Hoc vide, V. R.] (561)  
*En comunite  
Par tei derechef,  
Ne seit a redampner  
Pur nul regreter,  
Taunt seiez sage e gref.*
- What you've once praisd, don't afterwards blame. ¶ þing þat þou hast ones prised 561  
Be-fore þe folk ouer al,  
Blame hit not þer-afturward,  
Beo hit gret or smal. 564
- IV. 26. ¶ *Tranquillis rebus, que su[n]t aduersa caueto :<sup>2</sup>  
Rursus in aduersis, melius sperare memento*  
159. *Quant es ben a eise,* [2 timeto, V. R.] (565)  
*Pensez donke de meseise,  
Pur tei humilier ;  
Quant es en aduersitez,  
Mout graunt bens esperes,  
pur tei cumforter.*
- In wealth, think of woe. ¶ In þi weolþe þou þenk of wo, 565  
So maiþt þou þe meke ;  
In woe, hope for help. In wo also haue hope of helpe,  
So maist þou cumforte þe seke. 568
- [IV. 27. *Discere ne cesses : cura sapientia crescit :  
Rara datur longo prudentia temporis usu.*]
- IV. 28. ¶ *Parce laudato ; nam, quem tu sepe probaris,  
Vna dies, qualis fuerit, demonstrat,<sup>3</sup> amicus.*  
160. *Mesurablement* [3 ostendet, V. R.] (569)  
*Loyez tote gent  
De kes al esprouer ;  
Kar vn Iour ver tei fra*

*Ky amy tei serra,  
Quant aueras graunt mester.*

- ¶ Preise a mon so scarsliche, 569 Praise a man  
Whom þat þou wolt him proue; scantily till  
He schal sum tyme schewe openliche he's a de-  
Wher he þe hate or loue. 572 clared friend  
or foe.
- ¶ *Ne pudiat, que nescieris, te uelle doceri:* IV. 29.  
*Scire aliquid laus est; turpe<sup>1</sup> est, nil discere uelle.*
- Hounte ne eie3, [1 culpa, V.R.] (573)*  
*Ceo ky uous ne sauez*  
*En-querre e a prendre;*  
*Los est de sauer ben,*  
*E mal, de nuile ren*  
*Voler entendre.*
- ¶ þat þou ne const, schome þe not 573 Don't be  
Of opere to ben I-tauht; ashamed to  
He þat nout con, ne nout wol lerne, be taught  
May neuer ben I-sau3t. 576 what you  
don't know.
- ¶ *Cum uenere & bacho lis est, coniuncta<sup>2</sup> voluptas.* IV. 30.  
*Quod lautum est, animo complectere, set fuge lites.*
- De-sour beuerie [2 sed iuncta, V.R.]* Drink and  
*Sourt tensoun e folye,* lechery cause  
*Sens nul ou petit,* strife.  
*E de lecherie*  
*Estryf e briconye,*  
*Mes mout vnt graunt folye.*
- Le maucis delyt* Despise base  
*Eye3 en despit,* pleasures,  
*E fue3 le tensoun;* and shun  
*Vukes despise3* quarrels.  
*Les bens ke tu preise3*  
*En ta discrecioun.*
- . . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- ¶ *Dimissos animo tacitos que cauere<sup>3</sup> memento:* IV. 31.  
*Quo<sup>4</sup> flumen placidum est, forsan latet alciori<sup>5</sup> vnda.*
- En checun tens elu [3 ac tacitos vitare, V.R.]*  
*Tel homme eschu [4 Qua, V.R. 5 altius, V.R.]*  
*Ke tut Iour est tensaunt;* (577)  
*Kar il auent ke lounde,*

- Ke est plus parfounde*  
*Ou eole est meyns mouaunt.*
- Avoid silent men. ¶ In vche stude, in vche tyme, 577  
 þe stille mon þou drede and fle ;
- Still waters are deep. þer water is most deope,  
 þe lasse þer þen steres he. 580
- IV. 32. ¶ *Cum tibi displiciat rerum fortuna tuarum,*  
*Alter[us] specta, quo sis discrimine peior.*  
*Si en nule ren (581)*  
*Tei ne achese ben*  
*Cum fet a autre gent,*  
*Veiez si tu eiez tecche*  
*Ou vice en quey ceo pecche,*  
*E taunt tost tei ament.*
- If Fortune goes agalnst you, see whether it's not your own fault. ¶ 3if auenture nul not þe serue 581  
 As he doþ oþer men,  
 Bi-hold þi tecches or þi sunne,  
 Wher þou beo gulti þen. 584
- IV. 33. ¶ *Quod potes, id tempta : litus nam<sup>1</sup> carpere remis*  
*Tucius est multo, quam uelum tendere in altum.*  
*A-saye3 en a-prise ben [1 nam litus, V.R.] (585)*  
*Ke tu ne prengnez ren*  
*Ke ne pussez acheuer ;*  
*Plus est seur a fere*  
*De nager pres de tere*  
*Ky en haute mer sigler.*
- Don't vex yourself about wrong. A3eyn þe strem ne striue þou nou3t, 585  
 Ne nuize þe not wiþ wrong ;  
 God will avenge it. ffor eueri werk wronglich wrouht  
 God wol venge a-mong. 588
- IV. 34. ¶ *Contra hominem iustum prauē contendere noli :*  
*Sepe<sup>2</sup> enim deus iniustas ulciscitur iras. [2 Semper, V.R.]*  
*A countre homme dreiturer*  
*Ne voylez estriuer*  
*A tort, ne ly mesdire :*  
*Kar totes houres prent*  
*Deus gref vengeance*  
*De torcenouse yre.*
- Don't strive unjustly against a just man. . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- God often will avenge such acts.

- ¶ *Ereptis opibus, noli tu flere<sup>1</sup> dolendo* : [1 *maerere, V.R.*] IV. 35.  
*Set gaude pocius, si te contingat<sup>2</sup> habere.*  
*Si tu perdes auer,* [2 *tibi si contingit, V.R.*] (589)  
*Ne uoyles pas doler*  
*Pur doubler toun damage ;*  
*Mes si deule te reueyt,*  
*Recef le gayn od heit—*  
*Si frez ke mout sage.*
- ¶ *3if þou leosest þi worldes good,* 589 *If you lose*  
*To gret deol mak þou nouzt,* *money, don't*  
*Raþer, 3if þe fayle þe chaunce,* *fret ; rather*  
*Haue Ioye in þi þouzt.* 592 *rejoice.*
- ¶ *Est iactura grauis, que sunt, amittere dampnis* : IV. 36.  
*Sunt quedam, que ferre decet pacienter amicū.*  
*Damage gref e fyer*  
*Dount homme deit doler,*  
*Ceo est perdre soun amy ;*  
*Mes meynt est damage*  
*Pur quei ia ly sage*  
*Ne ert dolent ne mari.*  
 . . . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- ¶ *Tempora longa tibi noli promittere vite* : IV. 37.  
*Quocumque ingrederis, sequitur mors, corporis vmbra.*  
*Ne vous promettez mye* (593)  
*Tens de longe vye,*  
*Ke bricoun tenu ne seiez :*  
*Ou ke vnkes uas eyns ou hors,*  
*Le vmbre de toun cors*  
*Ensuit mort tote fez.*
- ¶ *Haue non hope to liuen longe,* 593 *Don't hope*  
*But diht þe euere on hiþe ;* *to liue long.*  
*Wher-so þou gost, niht or day,*  
*þi deþ foleweþ þe neihe.* 596 *Death is ever*  
*nigh thee.*
- ¶ *Ture deum placā : vitulum sine crescat aratro* ; IV. 38.  
*Ne credas placare deum, cum cede litatur.*  
*En tens a deu celestre*  
*Offrez, e soffres crestre*  
*Le vel a la charue ;*  
*Creere ne voylez*

*Ke dieu de ceo seit lez  
Ke homme les bestes tue.*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

- IV. 39. ¶ *Cede locum lesis fortune,<sup>1</sup> cede potenti ;  
Ledere qui poterit, prodesse aliquando valebit.*

*Donez lu a graunt, [1 laesus Fortunae, V.R.] (597)*

*E suffrez le pussaunt*

*Quant il fet mal a tey ;*

*Kar cil ke peut blesser,*

*Purra profyter*

*Acune fez, ceo crey.*

Put up with  
great folk's  
snubbing.

¶ *3if pou stude to grete men, 597*

*þauh ofte þei greueþ þe ;*

Some day  
they'll be  
useful to you.

*Oþer-tyme þei may þe profyte—*

*And her-of loke pou leue me. 600*

- IV. 40. ¶ *Cum tu<sup>2</sup> peccaris, castiga te ipse subinde :*

*Vulnera dum sanas, dolor est medicina doloris.*

*Si vous pecches par folye, (601)*

*Tey meymes enchastye, [2 Quum quid, V.R.]*

*E ceo ben aprement ;*

*Kar dolour est medecyne*

*De dolour ke ne fyne*

*De tous dolours lentent.*

If you sin,  
punish your-  
self for it.

¶ *3if pou sum tyme dost a sunne, 601*

*Sone pou hit amende ;*

Sorrow cures  
guilt.

*Serwe is medicine of þi gult,*

*And God is wonder hende. 604*

- IV. 41. ¶ *Dampnaris nunquam post longum tempus amicum ;*

*Mutauit mores : sed pignora prima memento.*

If your friend  
changes,  
don't blame  
him :

*Si toun amy change*

*Soun corage pur vyl hange,*

*Ne le voilles dampner ;*

remember his  
early love for  
you.

*Mes ke il ad samour*

*Chaungez en Amour*

*Vers tey deis remembrer. [3 officiperdi, V.R.]*

. . . . . [English wanting, space left.]

- IV. 42. ¶ *Gracior officijs, quo sis mage carior, esto :*

*Ne nomen subeas, quod dicitur, officij perdi.<sup>3</sup>*



- Cum vous cher tey eies* (605)  
*De taunt pener tey dejes*  
*Pur seruer plus a gre,*  
*Ke vous ne seyes nome*  
*Maueis, ne a-pele*  
*A uostre eyn degre.*
- ¶ 3if þou beo holden deore with frend, 605 If a friend  
 Him þou serue þe more to gre, holds you  
 þat wikked reson bi good enchesun dear, do all  
 Beo not put on þe. 608 you can for  
 him.
- ¶ *Suspectus caueas, ne sis miser omnibus horis:* IV. 43.  
*Nam timidis & suspectis aptissima mors est.*  
*Les suspicious* Suspicious  
*Sount tut tens pourous,* folk are al-  
*Lour vye est en meseyse ;* ways miser-  
*A teus vaut meuz morir* able.  
*Ke tel mal souffrer* They'd better  
*Od tote lur ese.* die.  
 . . . . [English wanting, space left.]
- ¶ *Cum seruos fueris proprios mercatus in vsus* IV. 44.  
*Et famulos dicas, homines tamen esse memento.*  
*Si a tu volunte* (609)  
*Serfs as achate,*  
*Pur auer a toun vsus,*  
*E quaunt ke vus seruerunt,*  
*Pensez ke hommes sount*  
*Ansý ben cum vous.*
- ¶ 3if þou haue seruauns mony on, 609 If you've  
 To werk and don vsage, servants,  
 Beo-þenk þe wel þat þei beo men  
 And lyk to þin ymage. 612 recollect they  
 are men as  
 well as you.
- ¶ *Quam primum rapienda tibi est occasio prima:* IV. 45.  
*Ne rursus queras, que iam neglexeris ante.*  
*Les bens ke poyes erraunt* (613)  
*prendre en auaunt,*  
*Ne les mettes en respýt ;*  
*Oum tu y fauleras*  
*Quant auer les voderas*  
*Issi cum ico quit.*

Take what is  
offerd you.  
He that will  
not when he  
may; When  
he will, he  
shall have  
Nay.

¶ Tak what þing þe profred is 613  
Whon þou maiȝt redi haue;  
He þat nul not whon he may,  
Ofte haþ not whon he wol craue. 616

IV. 46. ¶ *Morte repentina noli gaudere malorum :  
ffelices obeunt, quorum sine crimine uita est.*

*En-ioyer ne te deis (617)*  
*Quant tu veies le mauéis*  
*Morer sodeynement ;*  
*Kar les benures*  
*Ke neȝ sount enpeches*  
*Vount a defynement.*

Don't rejoice  
at wicked  
men's sudden  
death.

¶ Of sodeyn deþ of wikked men 617  
Ioye ne make þou none ;  
Holy men and of lyue clene  
Diden so als maiȝt þou done. 620

IV. 47. ¶ *Cum coniux tibi sit, nec<sup>1</sup> res & fama laborat,  
Vita ne<sup>2</sup> ducas inimicum nomen amici.* [<sup>1</sup> Quum tibi fit con-  
jux, ne, V.R.]

*Si femme as ou amyje* [<sup>2</sup> Vitandum, V.R.] (621)  
*E homme la sordye*  
*De acun toun amy,*  
*Ia pur ceo ne enuyez,*  
*De-uaunt ke cert seyes,*  
*Mal quer vers ly.*

Don't believe  
harm of your  
wife or friend  
till it's  
proved.

¶ ȝif men tellen harm bi þi wyf 621  
Or oþer ffrend beo name,  
Til hit beo proued, leeu hit nouȝt ;  
Empeyre þou nouȝt hire fame. 624

IV. 48. ¶ *Cum tibi contigerit studio cognoscere multa,  
ffac discas multa ; culpa est nil velle<sup>3</sup> doceri.*

*Mout seiez ententyfs* [<sup>3</sup> et vita nescire, D.] (625)  
*Tut eiez rus mout apris*  
*En estudiaunt,*  
*E plus e plus a-pren*  
*Sauer e sen,*  
*Taunt cum es uiuaunt.*

Tho' you  
have studied  
much,

¶ þouh þat þou knowe fele þinges 625  
Be studie and bi lore,

|  |            |  |
|--|------------|--|
| Let not o Bok, bisiliche<br>Beo lernynge euer-more.  | 628        | be always<br>learning.   |
| ¶ Coueyte not to muche good,<br>And do aftur my red ;<br>þe ouerdon gredi mon<br>Beggeþ ofte his bred. <sup>1</sup>  | 632        | Don't covet<br>too much<br>money.<br>The over-<br>greedy man<br>oft begs his<br>bread. |
| ¶ <i>Miraris verbis nullis me scribere versus ?</i><br><i>Hos breuitas sensus fecit congiungere<sup>1</sup> binos.</i>   |            | IV. 49.  |
| <i>Tu as merueyle se quit</i> [1 congiungere, V.R.] (633)  |            |  |
| <i>Ke ieo ay ces vers escrit</i><br><i>Issy nuement ;</i><br><i>Mes ceo est lenchesoun</i><br><i>Ke ieo deisse ma Resoun</i><br><i>En deus vers breuement.</i> |            |  |
| ¶ þe merueyles of þise nakede vers<br>Beoþ maked bi two and two :<br>þe schortnesse of my luitel wit<br>Dude me en-Ioynen hem so.                              | 633<br>636 | These verses<br>are made in<br>twos be-<br>cause my<br>wits are<br>short.              |
| ¶ Wise men may a-mende þis ieste,<br>And resouns puten and eche :<br>þo þat reden on þis bok,<br>þerof I hem biseche.  | 640        |  |
| ¶ Alle þat reden and wolle recorden<br>þis smale techinges bi-dene,<br>God hem graunte, þorw his grace,<br>Of heore sunnes be clene. Amen !                    | 644        | To those who<br>read 'em,<br>may God<br>grant cleans-<br>ing of sins !                 |

LI. *The Stacions of Rome.*

[*The Prolog only.*]

|   |            |  |
|---|------------|--|
| <b>L</b> Ord Ihesu crist In Trinite,<br>þreo persones In vnite,<br>þat on God is in makyng,<br>þat is and was of alle þinge,<br>Seende us grace now so biginne,<br>þat we mowe so heuene winne, | [fol. 314] | Christ in<br>Trinity,<br><br>send us grace<br>to win<br>Heaven ! |
|---|------------|--|

<sup>1</sup> G. E. Weber says, in *Corpus Poet. Latin.*, 1833, p. 1198 :  
'Additur denique distichon satis ineptum: *Miraris verbis  
nudis,*' &c. The Various Readings above are from his text.

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
|   | þat mowe we not don here,<br>Bot ur soules ben of sunne clere.  | 8  |
| I'll teach<br>you how to<br>lose your<br>soul from sin. | Hose wot his soule In synne bounde,<br>I wol him techen In a stounde,<br>Where he may medicyn fynde<br>His soule of sunne to vnbynde,<br>And from pyne <i>him</i> saue sikerly,   | 12 |
|   | þat in þe fuir of helle is redy ;<br>And also from þe fuir of helle,<br>Wher-of þe peynes no mon con telle.   | 16 |
| Go to Rome,<br>and get<br>pardon.                       | ¶ To grete Rome gon he mote,<br>þer is þe Medicyn, crop and Rote,<br>þat men clepeþ pardoun.<br>3onge and Olde in eueri toun,   | 20 |
| All who go<br>there,                                    | þer is forsoþe welle of grace<br>To alle þat visyteþ þat place,<br>And ben in loue and charite<br>Touward vche mon what so he be,   | 24 |
| and keep<br>pure,<br>must gain<br>Heaven.               | And kepeþ him clene to his ende,<br>Nedes to heuene moste he wende<br>Wip-uten peyne lasse or more,<br>His soule to dwellen euere þore.   | 28 |
|   | þat may vche mon at Rome fynde,<br>And clene his soule of synne vnbynde,<br>As I her-after ow schal telle.<br>In diuerse churches, and 3e wol dwelle,<br>An holy lyf is in þat place,<br>Men may hit leeuē, hose haþ grace. | 32 |
| In 750 B.C.   | Seouen hundred and fifti 3er be-foren<br>þat vr lord Ihesu was boren,   | 36 |
| Remus and<br>Romulus<br>came from<br>Troy               | <b>T</b> wo knihtes come from troy<br>In-to Itayle with muchel Ioye,<br>Is cleped Remous and Romilus,<br>As olde Cronycles telleþ þus.  | 40 |
| and founded<br>Rome.                                    | þei weoren breþeren of muchel milt,<br>And muchel douted in filt,<br>And foundeours of Rome, þat grete citée,<br>þat is ful of grace and dignite,<br>And cleped is Rome after hem,<br>As cronicles telleþ alle men.         | 44 |

|   |    |  |
|---|----|--|
| Al was heþene þat was þer-Inne,<br>fful of wikkednes and of sinne,  | 48 | It was<br>heathen,                                     |
| Til peter and poul, and seynt Ion,<br>And oþer holye mony on,<br>þider come wiþ godes miht  |    | till Sts. Peter<br>and Paul, &c.,                      |
| To cristene þe peple day and niht,<br>To teche hem cristes lore,<br>Boþe þe lasse and eke þe more.  | 52 | came and<br>taught the<br>folk.                        |
| þer weore þei mony a gret stounde,<br>So harde in meschef and sunne I-bounde,<br>þat cristendam ne wolden take,<br>Ne heore Maumetrie forsake ; | 56 | But some<br>who refused<br>Christianity                |
| And slown Peter and poul also,<br>And oþer seintes mony mo :  | 60 | slew Peter<br>and Paul.                                |
| Mony Miracle of hem gon falle<br>In þe Cite of þe heize halle,<br>Of þe Martires þat þei hedde made,<br>þat coude no better rade,               | 64 |  |
| And cristned bi-comen mony one<br>Of heþene men þat weren in Rome.  |    | Yet most<br>were bap-<br>tised ;                       |
| þe moredel þat weore þer-inne,<br>And also al þat þei mihte winne.  | 68 |  |
| ¶ And þo þat wolde not cristned be,<br>Weore he bonde, weore he fre,<br>To deþe anon was he don,<br>Moste þer no gold for him gon ;             | 72 | and those<br>who wouldn't<br>be, were put<br>to Death. |
| In-to Rome þus com cristendom,<br>And for vr alre sauacion.   |    |  |
| ¶ Now þis schal beo þe <i>parelose</i> ,<br>No more to speken of þis <i>prose</i> ,   | 76 | Now for our<br>poem on the<br>Churches!                |
| But of holynesse and dignite,<br>Graunted in chirches of þat cite.  | 78 |  |
| <b>H</b> Ose wole his soule leche . . .   |    |  |

[The rest of the poem, after l. 78, is printed in No. 25 of the E. E. Text Society's Original Series, 1867, pages 1—24, and is therefore not repeated here. Had I recollected that the next poem—the 'Disputation'—had been printed by our late lamented friend, Dr. Richard Morris, in his *Legends of the Holy Rood*, E. E. T. Soc., 1871, p. 131—149, and (from the Royal MS. 18, A 10) p. 197—209, it would not have found place here; but I'd forgotten all about it till the revise came, and therefore do not cancel it.—F., 14 June, 1894.]

LII. *Disputation between Mary and the Cross.*

[40 Alliterative Stanzas : nos. 1 and 40, either nine lines with 2 central rymes, *aaaa, bcccb*; or 17 lines, *aab, aab, aab, aab, cdddc*; nos. 2-39, thirteen lines *abab, abab, cdddc*.

(1)

Our Lady  
reproaches  
the Cross.

**O**ure ladi freo, on Rode treo, made hire mon : [leaf 315<sup>b</sup>, col. 3]

Heo seid, "on þe, þe fruit of me, is wo bigon ;

Mi fruit I seo, *in* blodi bleo, among his fon ;

Serwe I seo, þe veines fleo, from blodi bon.<sup>1</sup>

Cros, þou dost no trouþe, 5

On a pillori my fruit to pinne.

He haþ no spot of Adam sinne :

flesch and veines nou fleo a-twinne ;

Wherfore I rede of routhe. 9

(2)

It has beguild  
her Son,

**C**ros, þi bondes schul ben blamed, 10

Mi fayre fruit þou hast bi-gyled,

þe fruites Mooder was neuere a-famed,

Mi wombe is feir, founden vn-fuyled. 13

Chyld, whi artou not a-schamed

On a pillori to ben I-piled ?

Grete Iewes þus weore gramed,

And dyede for heore werkes wyled. 17

In mournyng I may melte ; 18

Mi fruit þat is so holi halwed,

In a feeld is fouled and falwed ;

and gallowsd  
Him with  
Jews,

Wiþ grete Iewes he is galwed,

And dyeþ for Monnes gelte. 22

(3)

and thieves.

**F**or grete Iewes, galwes weire greiþed, 23

þat euer to Robbyng Ronne ryf.

Whi schal my sone on þe beo leid,

þat neuer nuyzed mon nor wyf? 26

A drinke of deþ, soþliche seid,

Cros, þou 3euest þe lord of lyf,

<sup>1</sup> These 4 lines might each be set in 4 threes, *aab*, as those in stanza 40 (p. 626) are in the MS, tho' printed below as single lines.

His veynes to-bursten wiþ þi breid.

Mi fruit stont nou in a strong stryf ; 30

Blod from hed is hayled ; 31

ffouled is my fayre fruit, Blood runs from His head.

þat neuer dude tripet ne truit.

Wiþ þeues þat loueden ryot and ruit, 35

Whi schal my sone be nayled ?

(4)

**Þ**oru; Iugement þou art en-Ioynet 36  
To bere fooles ful of sinne.

Mi sone from þe schulde beon ensoynet,

And neuere his blod vppon þe rinne ;

But nou is truþe wiþ tresun teynet, 40

Wiþ þeoues to honge fer in fenne ;

Wiþ feole nayles his limes ben feynet ; Nails pierce His limbs,

A careful Moder men mai me kenne ;

In Bales I am bounde. 44

þat fruit was of a Mayden born,

On a þeoues tre is al to-torn.

A Broche þorw-out his brest [is] born,

His holi herte haþ wounde. 48 a spear His heart,

(5)

**T**re ! þou art loked bi þe lawe, 49  
þeoues, traitours, on þe to dye ;<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> þe deye]

But now is trouþe wiþ tresun drawe,

And vertu falleþ in vices weye ;

But loue and treuþe in soþfast sawe 53

On a treo traytours hem teye ;

Vertu is wiþ vices slawe.

Of alle vertues my sone is keye,

Vertu swettore þen spices ; 57

In fot and hond bereþ blodi prikke,

His hed is ful of þornes þikke ; thorns His head.

þe goode hongep a-mong þe wikke ;

Vertu dyeþ wiþ vices. 61

(6)

**T**re vnkynde, þou schalt be kud ; 62  
Mi sone step-Moder, I þe calle.

- Mi fruit was born wiþ beestes on bed,  
 And be my flesh my flour gan falle.  
 Wiþ my brestes, my brid I fed ; 66  
 Cros ! þou 3euest him Eysel and Galle.  
 Mi white Rose Red is spred, [leaf 316, col. 1]  
 þat fostred was in a fodderes stalle.  
 ffeet and fayre hondes 70  
 þat nou ben croised, I custe hem ofte ;  
 I lulled hem, I leid hem softe.  
 Cros ! þou holdest hem hi3e on lofte,  
 Bounden in bledyng bondes. 74
- (7)
- M**i loue i-lolled vp in þe eyr, 75  
 Wiþ eradel bond I gan him bynde.  
 Cros ! he stikeþ nou on þi steir,  
 Naked a-3eyn þe wylde wynde.  
 ffoules fourmen heor nestes in þe eyr ; 79  
 Wolues, in den, reste þei fynde ;  
 Bot Godes sone, in heuene heir,  
 His hed nou leoneþ on þornes tynde.  
 Of mournyng I may mynne : 83  
 Godes hed haþ reste non,  
 But leoneþ on his scholder bon ;  
 þe þornes þorwh his flesh[e] gon ;  
 His wo I wytte hit sinnie. 87
- (8)
- C**ros ! to slen, hit is þi sleiht ; 88  
 Mi fayre fruit þou berest fro blis.  
 Cros ! þou holdest him so heih on hei3þ,  
 Mi fruites feet I mai not kis.  
 I cannot kiss 89  
 His feet.  
 Mi mouþ I pulte, my sweore I strei3t  
 To cusse his feet, soþ þing hit is.  
 þe Iewes from þe cros me kei3t ;  
 On me þei made heore mouwes amis,  
 Heore games and heore gaudes ; 96  
 þe Iewes wrcu3ten me ful wo.  
 Cros ! I fynde þou art my fo.  
 þou berest my brid beten blo,  
 Among þeose fooles fraudes." 100
- Vinegar and  
 gall are given  
 Him to drink.
- Wolves rest  
 in their den ;  
 but God's  
 Son leans on  
 thorns,
- which pierce  
 His flesh.
- The Jews  
 mock me.



## (9)

- C**ristes cros 3af onswere : 101 The Cross  
 " Ladi, to þe I owe honour ; answers:  
 þi brihte palmes nou I bere ; 'Lady,  
 Mi schyning scheweþ þorw þi flour ;  
 þi feire fruit on me ginneþ tere ; 105  
 þi fruit me florisceþ in blod colour. thy Son died  
 To winne þe world þat lay in lere,<sup>1</sup> [1 MS. lure]  
 þat Blossme Blomed vp in þi bour,  
 Ac not for þe al-one, 109  
 But for to winne al þis werld  
 þat swelte vndur þe deuceles swerd ;  
 þorw feet and hond God let him gerd,  
 To a-mende monnes mone. 113  
 to win the  
 World from  
 the Devil.

## (10)

- A**dam dude ful huge harmes 114  
 Whon he bot a bite vndur a bouh ;  
 Wherfore þi sone haþ sprad his Armes  
 On a treo tyed wiþ teone I-nouh.  
 His flesch is smite wiþ deþes þarmes, 118  
 And swelteþ heer in a swemly swouh.  
 His Breste is bored wiþ deþes swarmes ;  
 And wiþ his deþ, fro deþ he drouh  
 Alle his leoue freondes, 122  
 As Ozie spac in prophecie ;  
 And seide, ' þi sone, seinte Marie,  
 His deþ slouþ deþ on Caluarie,  
 3af lyf wiþ-ouen endes.' 126  
 By His death  
 He drew His  
 friends from  
 Death  
 (Hosea xiii.  
 14),  
 and gave  
 them endless  
 Life.

## (11)

- Þ**e stipre<sup>1</sup> þat is vnder þe vyne set, [1 ? MS. scipre] 127  
 May not bringe forþ þe grape ;  
 þeih þe fruit on meþ<sup>2</sup> beo knet, [2 ? for me]  
 His scharpe schour haue I not schape.  
 Til grapes to þe presse beo set, 131  
 þer renneþ no red wyn in rape ;  
 Neuere presse pressed bet.  
 I presse wyn for kniht and knape,  
 Vp-on a Blodi brinke. 135  
 I presse a grape with strok and stryf ;  
 I press a  
 grape,

and the red  
wine runs.

þe Rede wyn renneþ ryf;  
In Samaritane, God ʒaf a wyf  
þat leof licour to drinke. 139

(12)

I carve fruit:

**L** Adi! loue doþ þe to alegge! 140  
þi fruit is prikked wiþ speres ord;  
On Cros, wiþ-uten knyues egge,

His body  
bleeds.

I kerue fruit of godes hord:  
Al is al red, Rib and Rugge; 144

His bodi bledeþ aʒeyn þe bord;  
I was piler and bar a brugge;  
God is weie, witnesse of word,  
God seiþ he is soþfast weye. 148

No one could  
go to heaven  
till God died.

Mony folk slod to helle slider;  
To heuene, mihte no mon þider,  
Til god dyed, and tauʒte whider  
Men drawen whon þei dye. 152

(13)

**M**oyseþ haþ fourmed in his figour, 153  
A whit lomb, and non oþer beste,  
Schulde be sacred vr saueour,

And be mete of mihtes meste.  
I was þat cheef chargeour; 157

I bar flesch for folkes feste,  
Ihesu crist vre saueour,  
He feded boþe lest and meste;

Roasted in  
the sun,  
the Lamb  
of Love lay  
on me.

Rosted a-ʒeyn þe sonne, 161  
On me lay þe lomb of loue;

I was plater, his bodi a-boue;  
Til feet and hondes al to-cloue,  
Wiþ blood I was bi-ronne. 165

(14)

Þit Moyses in Rule haþ rad, 166  
We schulde ete vr lomb in sour vergeous;

The verjuice  
sauce for  
Him shall  
make the  
Devil fear.

Sour vergeous mai make vr soules glad,  
To serwe sore for sunnes ours. 169

Sour vergeous schal make þe deuel adrad, [leaf 316, col. 2]  
ffor he fleccheþ fro godes spous.

Beo a staf stondeþ sad,

Whon 3e fongen flesch in godes hous.

þat staf is Cristes Crouche ; 174

Stondeþ stifi bi þat stake,

Whon þat 3e fongen flesch in Cake ;

þen schal no feond maystri make,

3oure soules for to touche. 178

(15)

**F**or pardoun scheweþ be a shrine : 179

Wip nayl and brede, on bord is smite

Rede lettres write be lyne,

Bluwe, Blake, among men pite.

Vr lord I likne to þis signe : 183

His bodi vppon a bord was bite ;

In Briht[e] blod, his bodi gan schyne :

Hou wo him was, may no mon wite,

Red vp on þe Roode. 187

Vr pardoun, brede from top too to,

Writen hit was wip wonder wo ;

Wip Rede woundes and strokes blo,

Vre Book was bounden in bloode. 191

On His body  
in blood was

written our  
pardon.

(16)

**A**dam stod vp in stede ; 192

In Bitter galle, his gost he dreint :

A-3eyn þat galle, God 3af vs mede ;

Wip swete Merci, Bitter is queynt.

His Bodi was Book, þe Cros was brede, 196

Whon Crist for vs þeron was cleynt.<sup>1</sup> [*1 or weynt*]

No mon gat pardoun wip no bede,

Weor he neuere so sely a seynt,

Til book on bord was sprad, 200

Wip sharpe nayles dunted and driue,

Til feet and hondes al to-riue ;

His herte blod, vre book haþ 3iue,

To make vr gostes glad." 204

to gladden  
our spirits."

(17)

**C**ristes Cros 3it spac þis speche : 205

"ffurst was I presse, wyn to wringe ;

|                              |   |     |
|------------------------------|---|-----|
|                              | I bere a Brugge, wei to teche,<br>þer semely Aungeles sitte and syngē.                                  |     |
| 'Lord of<br>Love,            | Lord of loue and lyues leche,<br>ffor þe was set sely sacrynge ;  | 209 |
|                              | To winne þe world þat was in wreche,  |     |
| the Cross won                | þe cros was brede, pardoun to bringe.<br>Pardoun In book is billed :                                    | 213 |
|                              | What is pardoun, vppon to minne ?   |     |
| men forgive-<br>ness of sin. | Hit is forziuenes of dedly sinne :<br>Whon blod was writen on cristes kinne,<br>Pardoun was fulfilled." | 217 |

## (18)

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
| Our Lady<br>rejoins :                          | <b>O</b> ure ladi seide, " Cros ! of þi werk,<br>Wonder þe not, þeiȝ I be wroþe.<br>þus seide Poule, Cristes clerk : | 218 |
|  | þe feolle Iewes, wiþ false oþe,<br>Iewes ston-hard in sinnes merk,   | 222 |
| ' the stony<br>Jews beat<br>my tender<br>Lamb, | Beoten a lomb wiþ-uten loþe,<br>Softer þen watur vndur serk,<br>Meode or Milk [i-]medled boþe.                       |     |
|  | þe Iewes weoren harde stones :   | 226 |
|  | Softur þen watur or eny licour,<br>Or dewȝ þat liþ on þe lilie flour,<br>Was cristes bodi, in blod colour :          |     |
| and would<br>have broken<br>his bones.         | þe Iewes wolden ha broken his bones.   | 230 |

## (19)

|  |  |                        |
|--|--|------------------------|
|  | <b>A</b> nd mony a prophete gan make mon,<br>And seide : lord ! send us þi lomb<br>Out of þe wildernesses ston,<br>To fende vs from þe lyon crompt<br>Of mylde mount of Syon ; | 231                    |
|  | Be-com mon In a Maydens womb,<br>Made a bodi wiþ blessed bon,<br>In a Maidens blod þi bodi flomb ;   | 235                    |
|  | At Barreres weore debate :   | [leaf 316, col. 3] 239 |
|  | þorwȝ stones In þe wildernes,<br>Men miȝte better ha crepet I-wis,<br>þen bored in-to heuene blis,<br>Til blod brac vp þe zate.  | 243                    |

## (20)

- S**in monnes sone was so nedi 244  
 To beo lad wiþ lomb[e] mylde,  
 Whi weore gylours so gredi  
 ffor to defoule my faire childe ?  
 Cros! whi weore þou so redi 248  
 To rende my fruit feor in fylde ? ”  
 “Ladi, to make þe deuel dredi,  
 God schop me a scheld, schame to schilde,  
 Til lomb of loue dyede, 252  
 And on me 3eld þe gost wiþ vois.  
 I was chose a Relik chois ;  
 þe signe of Ihesu cristes crois,  
 þer dar no deuel abyde. 256

Cross, why wert thou ready to rend my Son ?  
 ‘To fright the Devil:

he can’t abide the sign of the Cross.

## (21)

- M**oni folk I fende from heore fos,— 257  
 Cristes Cros þis sawes seide :—  
 Heuene 3ates weore closed clos,  
 Til þe lomb of loue dyede ;  
 þis is write in tixt and glos ; 261  
 After Cristes deþ, prophetes preide  
 Til þe lomb of loue dyed and ros,  
 In helle pyne, monkynde was teyde.  
 At houre of his none, 265  
 þe lomb of loue seyde his þouzt :  
 Nou is folfuld, þat wel is wrouzt ;  
 A mon is out of bondes brouzt,  
 And heuene dores vndone. 269

Till the Lamb of Love died,

mankind was bound in Hell.

Then, Heaven’s door was opend,

## (22)

- W**iþ þe ffader þat al schal folfille, 270  
 His sone to heuene is an help ;  
 I was piler, and stod ful stille ;  
 After oþur 3iftes now gostes 3elp.  
 þe fend þat al þis world wolde kille, 274  
 His swerd he pulte vp in his kelp ;  
 To helle he horlede from þat hille,  
 Beerynge as a Beore whelp.  
 A beore is bounden and beted, 278  
 Cristes Cros haþ craked his crown ;

and the Fiend

hurld to Hell.

The Lamb is Lord of all.

þe lomb haþ leid þe Lyoun a-doun ;  
þe lomb is lord in eueri toun,  
So cristes blod haþ pleted. 282

## (23)

In holy writ þis tale is herde, 283  
þat goode 3iftes god vs 3af.

God seiþ himself he is schepherde ;  
And vche an heerde bi-houep a staf :

The Cross is the Shep-herd's staff,

þe Cros I calle þe heerdes 3erde ; 287

þer-wiþ, þe deuel, a dunt he 3af,  
And wiþ þe 3erde, þe wolf he werde ;

Wiþ dundes drof him al to draf.  
þe Cros þis tale tolde, 291

which drove off the Wolf from Christ's fold.'

þat he was staf in þe heerdes hond ;  
Whon schep breken out of heore bond,

þe wolf he wered out of lond,  
þat deuoured cristes folde." 295

## (24)

Mary replies : } it seiðe þe Meke Marie : 296  
" Roode ! þou reendest my Rose al red,

'after Christ's death, 3 Jews said why they were sorry :

þreo Iewes coomen from Caluari

þat day þat Ihesu þoled ded ;

Alle þei seiden þei weore sori ; 300

ffor-dolled in a dronknyng dred,

þei tolden hem alle wherfore and whi

Heore hertes were colde as lumpyng led ;

þe furste heore tale tolde : 304

1. because Christ bled ;

' Whon crist was knit with corde on a stok,

His hodi bledde a3ein þat blok ; [ leaf 316 b., col. 1 ]

<sup>1</sup> þorw feet and hondes nayles gan knock,

þen gan myn herte to colde.' 308

## (25)

2. because } þe Secounde seiðe : ' nay, not þat ! 309  
þat dude serwe in-to myn herte schete,

But whon þe Roode ros, & doun was squat,

þe nayles renten him hondes and feete ;

He was rent by nails and thorns ;

þorw-out his helm, þe harde hat, 313

þe þornes, in-to his flesch gan crepe ;

His Ioyntes vn-Ioynt, I tok good gat ;  
 þo weop I water, and teeres leete,  
 To care I was enclyned ; 317  
 In cloddres of blod, his her was clunge ;  
 þe flesch was from þe bones swonge ;  
 Druize drinkeles was his tonge ;  
 His lippes to-clouen and chyned.' 321 His lips split ;

## (26)

þe þridde seide : ' þis þouhte me lest<sup>1</sup> [ 1<sup>o</sup> MS. left] 322 3. because  
 Of þese peynes and oper mo,  
 þis peyne þouhte me peyne mest,  
 Al his flesch he let of flo. His flesh was flayd ;  
 His Mylde Moder stod him nest, 326  
 Loked vpward, And hire was wo.  
 A swerd swapped hire þorw þe brest ;  
 Out of þe cros þe knyf com þo ; His Mother was stabd,  
 þis siht sauh I my-selue ; 330  
 þe swerd of loue þorw hire gan launce ;  
 Heo swapte on swownyng þorw þat chance : and swoond,  
 To scornen hire þei gan daunce, and scordn  
 Iewes bi ten and twelue.' 334 by Jews.

## (27)

Sin Iewes made so muchel mon 335  
 To seon my brid bounden in brere ;  
 In sad serwyng moste I gon, I sorrow  
 To seon blodi my chyldes chere.  
 ffadres & Modres þat walken in won, 339  
 Schul loue heore children beo skiles clere ;  
 þese two lous weore in me al on,  
 ffor fader and moder I was here ;  
 þese two lous in me weore dalt ; 343 because I was  
 I was fader of his flesch ; Father and  
 His Moder hedde an herte nesch ; Mother here  
 Mi serwe flowed as water fresch ; to my Son.  
 Weopyng and wo I walt. 347

## (28)

IN me weore tacched sorwes two : 348 I had double  
 [I]n þe fader mihte non abyde, None could  
 be in His  
 Father.

- ffor he was euere in reste and Ro,  
 Ioyned in his Ioyes wyde.
- But I sor-  
 rowd sore  
 when my  
 Darling died.
- I serwed sore for to sei so ; 352  
 I say whon þat my derlyng dide ;  
 Wiþ dundes he was to deþe i-do ;  
 Vp-on a tre his bodi was soyled.  
 Whon trouþe is told and darged, 356  
 Of alle Ioyes God is welle,  
 þer mihte no serwe in him dwelle,  
 I serwed sore, as Clerkes telle ;  
 My pain was  
 not shared. Mi piyne was not departed. 360

(29)

- þE hattore loue, þe caldore care, 361  
 Whon frendes fynde heore fruit defoyled ;  
 þe dispitous Iewes nolde not spare  
 Til trie fruit weore tore and toyled.  
 Neuer Mayden Mournede mare ; 365  
 I sauh my child ben surded and soyled,  
 My heart was  
 cloven, by Myn herte to-clef wiþ swerd of care ;  
 I sauþ my brid *witþ* blod bem<sup>1</sup>-oyled. [1 MS. ben]  
 As Symeon seide beo-forn, 369  
 þe swerde of serwe, scharp I-grounde,  
 the sharp  
 sword of  
 sorrow. Schulde ʒiue myn herte a wounde :  
 In more wo þen I was bounde,  
 Neuere buirde haþ born. 373

(30)

- þe dede worþily gan wake ; 374  
 þe dai turned to nihtes donne ;  
 þe Merke Mone gan Mournyng make ; [leaf 316 b., col. 2]  
 þe lyht out leap of þe sonne ;  
 The Sun was  
 dark ; the  
 Temple  
 shook. þe temple walles gan chiuere & schake ; 378  
 Veiles in þe temple, a-two þei sponne.  
 Cros ! whi noldestou not crake,  
 Cross, why  
 didst thou  
 not crack. Whon rihtful blod on þe was ronne,  
 And kuyndes losten heore kende ? 382  
 Whon my fruit on þe was fast,  
 when my Son  
 was on thee ? Cros ! whi weore þou not agast ?  
 þow stod stif as eny mast,  
 Whon lyf left vp his ende. 386



## (31)

|   |     |                               |
|---|-----|-------------------------------|
| <b>W</b> hon þat Prince of Paradys            | 387 |                               |
| Bledde boþe brest and bak,                    |     |                               |
| An heþene clerk was seint Denys :             |     | The heathen<br>St. Denis said |
| He seide, þis world wente al to wrak ;        |     |                               |
| He sauþ þe planetes passen out of here pris ; | 391 |                               |
| þe brihte sonne gan waxen blak :              |     |                               |
| þe clerk þat was so wonderly wys,             |     |                               |
| Wonder wordes þer he spak.                    |     |                               |
| Denys, þis grete Clerke, seide,               | 395 |                               |
| ‘ þe day of doom draweþ to an ende ;          |     | Doomsday<br>had come.         |
| Al vr kuyndes haþ lost vr kende,              |     |                               |
| Til God þat dyed for vch a kuynde,            |     |                               |
| ffor Monnes kuynde deyde.’                    | 399 |                               |

## (32)

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| <b>F</b> oules fellen out of heore fliht ; | 400 |  |
| Beestes gan Belwe in eueri binne.          |     |  |
| Cros ! whon Crist on þe was cliht,         |     | Cross, why<br>did not you<br>mourn ?                   |
| Whi noldestou not of mournyng minne ?”     |     |  |
| þe Cros seide, “ ladi briht !              | 404 | The Cross<br>says it bore<br>Christ for<br>man’s good. |
| I bar ones þi fruit for monnes sinne,      |     |  |
| More to amende monnes riht,                |     |  |
| þen for eny weolþe þat I gan winne ;       |     |  |
| Wiþ blod, God bouzte his broþer.           | 408 |  |
| Whon Adam, Godes bidyng brak,              |     |  |
| He bot a bite þat made vs blak,            |     |  |
| Til fruit weore tied on treo wiþ tak ;     |     |  |
| O fruit for anoþer.                        | 412 |  |

## (33)

|   |     |                        |
|---|-----|------------------------|
| <b>S</b> in Cristes Cros þat kepeþ zifte, | 413 |                        |
| Graunted of þe fadres graunt,             |     |                        |
| I was loked I schulde vp lifte            |     |                        |
| Godes sone and maydenes faunt,            |     |                        |
| No Mon hedde scheld of schrifte ;         | 417 |                        |
| þe deuel stod lyk a lyon rauupaunt,       |     |                        |
| Mony folk In-to helle he clihte,          |     |                        |
| Til þe crosses dunt 3af him a daunt.      |     |                        |
| Mi dedes are bounden and booked ;         | 421 | It tamed the<br>Devil, |
| Alle þe werkes þat I haue wrouht,         |     |                        |

and fulfil  
its purpose.

Weore founden in þe ffaderes fore-þouht ;  
þefore, ladi, lakkeþ me nouht,  
I dude as me was looked. 425

(34)

þorw Blod & watur, cristendam was wrouht, 426  
Holy writ witnesseth hit wel,  
And in wille of soþfast þouht  
A Mon mai be cristened skil ;  
þat blod þat us alle bouht, 430  
Digne cristenyng gan vs del.  
At cristenyng, crist for-þat vs nouht,  
His blessedde blod whon we gan fel.  
Maiden, Moder, and Wyue, 434  
þi fruit haþ ʒiuen vs baptem :  
Cristened we weore In Red[de] rem,  
Whon his bodi bledde on þe Beem  
Of Cipresse and Olyue. 438

(35)

As Ihesu seide to Nichodemus, 439  
‘ But a Barn be twyʒes born,  
Whon domus-day schal blowen his bemus,  
He may elles ligger loddere for-lorn.  
ffurst of a wombe þer reuþe remus ; 443  
Sippe in a font þer synne away is schorn.’  
I was cros to monnes quemus,  
I bar þe fruit þow bar bi-forn 447  
ffor þi beryng Al one.  
But ʒif I hedde I-boren him eft,  
ffrom riche reste mon hedde beo-reft.  
In a loren logge I-left,  
Ay to grunte and grone. 451

The Cross  
bore Christ  
for man's  
good.

(36)

þou art I-Crowned heuene quene, 452  
þorw þe burþe þat þou beere ;  
þi garlund is al of graces grene,  
Helle, Empresse, in heuene Emperere ;  
I am a Relyk þat shineþ shene, 456  
Men wold wite wher þat I were.

It is a shin-  
ing relie,

At þe parlement wol I bene,

On domes-day prestly a-pere,

Whon Ihesu schal seye riht þere,

460

and will  
appear at  
Doomsday,

‘Trewely, vppon þe Roode tre,

Mon, I dyede for þe.

Mon, what hastou don for me

To beon my frendly feere?’

464

(37)

**A**t þe parlement, shul putten vp pleynnyng,

465

Hou Maydenes fruit on me gan sterue,

Spere & spounge and sharp nayling

þorw þe harde hat þe heued shal kerue,

Shul preie to þat rihtful kyng ;

469

Vehe mon schal haue as þei a-serue ;

Rihtful schul ryse to riche restyng,

when every  
man shall get  
his deserts ;

Truyt and tripet to helle shal sterue.

Mayden, Meoke and Mylde,

473

God haþ taken in þe his fleschly trene ;

I bar þi fruit leoþi and lene ;

Hit is riht þe Roode helpe to a-rene

Wrecches þat wrapþe þi chylde.”

477

and the Cross  
will arraign  
Christ’s  
tormentors.

(38)

**Þ**E queen a-cordet wiþ þe cros, [leaf 316<sup>b</sup>, col. 3]

478

And aþeyn him spak no more speche.

The Virgin is  
reconciled to  
the Cross,

þe queen 3af þe Cros a cos ;

kisses it,

þe ladi of loue, loue gan seche,

þei3 hire fruit on him were di3t to dros,

482

Whon rendyng ropus gan him reche.

Cristes cros haþ kept vs from los,

Maries preyers, And God, vr leche,

þe qween and þe Cros acorde.

486

þe qween bar furst, þe cros afturward,

To fecche folk from helleward,

and uses it  
to fetch folk  
from Hell.

On holy stayers to steyen vpward,

And regne wiþ God vr lorde.

490

(39)

**Þ**E Clerk þat fourmed þis figour,

491

Of Maries wo to wite som,

The writer

knows that  
the Cross is  
deaf and  
dumb,

He saiþ him-self þat harde stour,  
Whon godes armus weore rent aroun.  
þe Cros is a cold Creatour, 495

And euere 3it haþ ben def and dom.  
þei3 þis tale beo florissched with faire flour,  
I preue hit on Apocrafum,  
ffor witesse was neuer foundet 499

but he wishes  
to drive the  
Devil back.

þat neuere cristes cros spak ;  
Oure ladi leide on him no lak ;  
Bot to pulte þe deucl abak,  
We speke hou crist was woundet. 503

(40)

God took  
flesh to die  
for us.

**I**N ffleschly wede, God gan<sup>1</sup> him hede, Of Mylde May,  
Was bore to blede, As Cristes Crede Soþly wol say ;  
On a stokly stede He Rod, we Rede, In Red Array ;

May He keep  
us from the  
Devil at  
Doomsday,

ffrom deueles drede, þat Duyk vs lede, At domes-day,<sup>2</sup>  
Whon peple schal parte and pace 508

To heuene halle, or to helle woode,  
Cristes cros and cristes blode,  
And Marie preiers þat ben ful goode,

and grant us  
the Life of  
Grace!

Grant vs þe lyf of grace ! Amen ! 512

Explicit disputacio inter Mariam  
Et Crucem, secundum Apocrafum.

LIII. *Susannah, or Seemly Susan.*

[28 alliterative Stanzas of thirteen : *abab abab, cdddc*, the last  
adding a couplet *aa*.]

(1)

[ff. 317, col. 1]  
In Babylon  
dwelt a Jew,  
Joachim,

**H**er was *in* Babiloine a bern, *in* þat borw riche,  
þat was a Ieu3 ientil, & Ioachin he hiht ;  
He was so lele *in* his lawe, þer liued non him liche ;  
Of alle riche arayes, þat renke<sup>3</sup> he was riht ; 4  
His Innes & his orchardus were with a dep dich,

who had fine  
houses and  
halls,

Halles & herbergages, hei3 vppon heiht.  
To seche þoru þat cite, þer nas non sich,  
Of erbus, and of erberi, so auenauntliche I-diht 8

<sup>1</sup> MS. gam

<sup>2</sup> These 4 lines are written as 4 stanzas, *aab*, in the MS. See st. 1.

<sup>3</sup> MS. þat renke arayes (Gollancz)

|   |    |                  |
|---|----|------------------|
| þat day,  | 9  |                  |
| Wif-Inne þe sercle of sees                              |    |                  |
| Of Erberi, and Alees,                                   |    | and avenues      |
| Of alle Maner of trees                                  |    | of trees.        |
| Sopely to say.  | 13 |                  |
| (2)   |    |                  |
| ¶ He hed a wif hiȝt <i>Susan</i> , was sotil and sage ; | 14 | His wife         |
| Heo was Elehes douȝtur, eldest and eyre,                |    | <i>Susan</i> was |
| Louelich & liliewhit, on of þat lynage,                 |    | lily-white,      |
| Of alle fason of foode, frelich and feire ;             | 17 |                  |
| þei lerned hire lettrure of þat langage,                |    | knew             |
| þe Maundement of Moises þei marked to þat may,          |    | Hebrew,          |
| To þe Mount of Synai þat went in Message                |    |                  |
| þat þe Trinite bi-tok of tables a peire                 | 21 |                  |
| To Rede.  | 22 |                  |
| þus þei lerne hire þe lawe,                             |    |                  |
| Cleer Clergye to knawe ;                                |    |                  |
| To God stod hire gret awe,                              |    | and feard        |
| þat wlonkest in weede.                                  | 26 | God.             |

## (3)

|   |    |                        |
|---|----|------------------------|
| ¶ He hedde an orchard newe, þat neized wel nere,              | 27 | In his orchard         |
| þer <i>Iewus</i> with <i>Ioachim</i> priueliche gon playe,    |    | Jews                   |
| For he real & riche, of rentes euer þere,                     |    | took their             |
| Honest and auenaunt, and honorablest aye,                     | 30 | ease with              |
| I-wis þer haunted til her hous, hende, ȝe mai here,           |    | him.                   |
| Two demers <sup>1</sup> of þat lawe, þat dredde were þat day, |    | Two Judges             |
| Preostes and presidens, prised als peere,                     |    | frequented             |
| Of whom vr souerein lord sawes gan say,                       | 34 | his house,             |
| And tolde   | 35 | [ <sup>1</sup> MS. do- |
| How heor wikkednes comes,                                     |    | mus]                   |
| Of þe wrongwys domes  |    |                        |
| þat þei haue gyue to gomes,                                   |    |                        |
| þis luges of olde.  | 39 |                        |

## (4)

|   |    |             |
|---|----|-------------|
| ¶ þus þis dredful demers on daies þider drewe,    | 40 |             |
| Al for gentrise and Ioye of þat Iuwesse,          |    |             |
| To go in his gardeyn, þat gayliche grewe :        |    | and garden. |
| To fonge flourus and fruit, þouȝt þei no fresse ; | 43 |             |

When they  
saw Susan,  
they resolv'd  
to lead her  
astray,

And whon þei sei; Susan, semelich of hewe,  
þei weor so set vppon hire, miȝt þei not sese,  
þei wolde enchaunte þat child, hou schold heo eschewe ;  
And þus þis cherlus vnhaste, in chaumbre hir chese  
Wiþ chere. 48

Wiþ two Maidenes al on,  
Semelyche Suson,  
On dayes in þe merion,  
Of Murþes wol here. 52

## (5)

and beguile  
her.

¶ Whon þeos perlous prestes perceyued hire play, 53  
þo þouȝte þe wrecches to bewile þat worly in wone ;  
Heore wittes wel wai-wordus þei wrethen awai,

They turnd  
from God's  
lore,

And turned fro his teching, þat teeld is in trone. 56  
ffor siht of here-souerayn, soþli to say,

Heore hor heuedus fro heuene þei hid apon one ;  
þei cauȝt, for heor couetyse, þe cursyng of kai ;  
ffor riȝtwys Iugement recordet þei none, 60  
þey two. 61

and daily  
tried to

Euery day bi day,

In þe Pomeri þei play,

work Susan  
woe.

Whiles þei mihte Susan assay,

To worchen hire wo. 65

## (6)

In summer  
she workt in  
her garden,

¶ In þe seson of somere, with Sibelle and Ione, 66  
Heo greiþed hire til hire gardin, þat growed so grene ;

full of fruits,

þer lyndes and lorers were lent vpon lone,  
þe sauyne and sypres, selcouþ to sene, 69

flowers,

þe palme and þe poplere, þe pirie, þe plone,

þe Iunipere ientel, Ionyng bi-twene,

þe rose ragged on rys, richest on Rone,

I-þeued with þe þorn, trinaunt to sene, 73

So tiht. 74

and birds :  
nightingales,

þer weore Pope-iayes prest,

Nightyngales vppon nest,

Bliþest Briddes o þe best,

In Blossoms so briht. 78

## (7)

|     |  |    |                               |
|-----|--|----|-------------------------------|
| ¶   | þe Briddes, in Blossoms, þei beeren wel loude,                 | 79 |                               |
|     | On olyues <i>and</i> amylliers, <i>and</i> al kynde of trees : |    |                               |
| þe  | popaiyes perken, <i>and</i> pruynen for proude ;               |    | [leaf 317, col. 2] popinjays, |
|     | On peren <i>and</i> pynappel, þei ioyken in pees,              | 82 |                               |
| On  | croppus of canel, keneliche þei croude ;                       |    |                               |
|     | On grapes þe goldfinch þei gladen <i>and</i> glees.            |    | goldfinches,                  |
| þus | schene briddus in schawe schewen heore schroude ;              |    |                               |
|     | On firres <i>and</i> fygers, þei fongen heore seetes           | 86 |                               |
|     | In ffay.   | 87 |                               |
|     | þer weore growyng so grene,                                    |    |                               |
|     | þe Date wiþ þe Damesene ;                                      |    |                               |
|     | Turtils tronod on trene,                                       |    | turtle-doves.                 |
|     | By sixti, I say3.  | 91 |                               |

## (8)

|        |  |     |                            |
|--------|--|-----|----------------------------|
| ¶      | þe fyge <i>and</i> þe filbert were fodemed so fayre,     | 92  | There were figs, cherries, |
|        | þe chirie <i>and</i> þe chestein, þat chosen is of hewe, |     |                            |
| Apples | <i>and</i> Almaundus, þat honest are of ayre,            |     |                            |
|        | Grapus <i>and</i> garnettes, gayliche þei grewe.         | 95  | grapes,                    |
| þe     | costardes comeliche in cupþes þei cayre,                 |     |                            |
| þe     | Britouns, þe Blaunderers, Braunches þe bewe,             |     |                            |
| fele   | flourus <i>and</i> fruit, frelich of flayre,             |     |                            |
| With   | wardons winlich, <i>and</i> walshenotes newe,            | 99  | walnuts,                   |
|        | þey waled.   | 100 |                            |
|        | Ouer heor hedes gon hyng                                 |     |                            |
|        | þe wince <i>and</i> þe wederlyng ;                       |     | <i>and</i> quinces ;       |
|        | Spyces speden to spryng,                                 |     |                            |
|        | In Erbers enhaled.                                       | 104 |                            |

## (9)

|           |  |     |                                      |
|-----------|--|-----|--------------------------------------|
| ¶         | þe chyue <i>and</i> þe chollet, þe chibolle, þe cheue, | 105 | besides chives,                      |
|           | þe chouwet, þe cheuerol, þat schaggen on niht ;        |     |                                      |
| þe        | persel, þe passenep, poretas to preue,                 |     | parsnips,                            |
|           | þe pyon, þe peere, wel proudliche I-piht ;             | 108 |                                      |
| þe        | lilye, þe louache, launsyng wiþ leue,                  |     | lilies <i>and</i>                    |
|           | þe sauge, þe sorsecele, so semeliche to siht ;         |     | sage,                                |
| Columbyne | <i>and</i> Charuwe, clottes þei creue,                 |     |                                      |
| With      | Ruwe <i>and</i> Rubarbe, Ragget ariht,                 | 112 | ruo <i>and</i> rhubar <sup>h</sup> . |
|           | No lees ;  | 113 |                                      |
|           | Daysye <i>and</i> Ditoyne,                             |     |                                      |

Ysope and Aueroyne,  
Peletre and Plauntoyne,  
Proudest In pres.

117

## (10)

- ¶ Als þis schaply þing, 3ede in hire 3arde 118  
þat was hir hosbondus, and hire þat holden *with* hende,  
Susan bids her maidens go for her unguents,  
“ Nou folk be faren from us, þar us not be ferde ;  
Aftur myn oynement warliche 3e weende ; 121  
Aspieþ nou specialy þe 3ates ben sperde,  
ffor we wol wassche us I-wis bi þis welle strende.”  
and strips off her clothes under a laurel,  
ffor-þi þe wif werp of hir wedes vn-werde ;  
Vndur a lorere ful lowe þat ladi gan leende 125  
So sone. 126  
by a well.  
By a wynliche welle,  
Susan caste of hir kelle ;  
Bote feole ferlys hire bi-felle  
Bi Midday or none. 130

## (11)

- The 2 Judges come to Susan, ¶ Nou were þis domus men derf drawen in derne, 131  
Whiles þei seo þat ladi was laft al hire one ;  
fforte heilse þat hende, þei hized ful 3erne ;  
With wordus þei worshipe þat worliche in wone : <sup>57</sup>  
and ask her to lie with them.  
“ Wolt þou, ladi, for loue, on vre lay lerne, 135  
And vndur þis lorere ben vr lemmone ?  
3e ne þarf wonde for no wizt vr willes to werne ;  
ffor alle gomus þat scholde greue, of gardin ar gone  
In ffeere. 139  
If not, they'll accuse her of adultery.  
3if þou þis neodes deny,  
We schal telle trewely,  
We toke þe wiþ a-voutri  
Vnder þis Lorere.” 143

## (12)

- Susan is sore troubled. ¶ þen Susan was serwful, and seide in hire þouzt, 144  
“ I am *with* serwe bi-set on eueriche syde :  
3if I assent to þis sin, þat þis segges haue souzt,  
I be bretenet and brent in baret to byde ; 147  
And 3if I nikke hem *with* nai, hit helpeþ me nouzt :  
Such toret and teone takeþ me þis tyde.



- Are I þat worthliche wrethe,<sup>1</sup> þat al þis world wrouzt, [1 MS. wreche]  
 Betere is wemles weende of þis world wyde." 151 She had better die than sin.  
 Wiþ þis, 152  
 þo Cast heo a Careful cri, She cries out.  
 þis loueliche Ladi :  
 Hir seruauns hedde selli,  
 No wonder I-wis. 156

## (13)

- ¶ Whon kene men of hir court comen til hir cri, 157 Men of the Court press in, find her naked, and  
 Heo hedde cast of hir calle, and hire keuercheue ;  
 In at a priue posterne þei passen in hi,  
 And findes þis prestes wel prest, her poyntus to preue : the Judges accusing her  
 þo seide þe loselle a-loude to þe ladi, [leaf 317, col. 3] 161  
 " þou hast gon wiþ a gome, þi god to greue,  
 And ligge with þi lemon In a-voutri : of adultery.  
 Bi þe lord and þe lawe þat we onne leue," 164  
 þey swere. 165  
 Alle hire seruauns þei shont,  
 And stelen a-wey in a stont ; Her servants slink away.  
 Of hire weore þei neuer wont  
 Such wordes to here. 169

## (14)

- ¶ Hir kinrede, hir cosyngs, and al þat hire knewe, 170  
 Wrong handes I-wis, and wepten wel sore,  
 Sykeden for susan, so semeliche of hewe ;  
 Al onwyse of þat wyf, wondred þei wore. 173  
 þei dede hire in a dungon, þer neuer day dewe, Susan is put in a dungeon,  
 While domus men were dempt, þis dede to clare,  
 Marred in Manicles þat made wer newe, fetterd, and kept without food.  
 Meteles, whiles þe Morwen to Middai & mare, 177  
 In drede. 178  
 þer com hir fader so fre,  
 Wiþ al his affinite ;  
 þe prestes sauns pite,  
 And ful of falshede. 182

## (15)

- ¶ þo seide þe Iustises on bench to Ioachim þe Iewe, 183 The Justices  
 þat was of Iacobus kynde, gentil of dedes ;

|                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| call for her.              | “ Let senden aftur Susan, so semelych of hewe,<br>þat þou hast weddet to wif, wlankest in wedes. 186<br>Heo was in trouþe, as we trowe, <i>tristi and trewe</i> ;<br>Hir herte holliche on him þat þe heuene hedes.” |
| She is brought to the Bar, | þus þei brouȝt hire to þe barre, hir bales to brewe. 190<br>Nouþur dom ne deþ, þat day heo ne dredes 191<br>Als þare.  |
| gold-haird,                | Hir hed was ȝolow as wyre,<br>Of gold fyned wiþ fyre ;   |
| bare-shoulderd,            | Hire scholdres schaply and schire,<br>þat bureliche was bare. 195  |

## (16)

|                      |  |
|----------------------|--|
|                      | ¶ Nou is Susan in sale, sengeliche arayed 196<br>In a selken schert, <i>with</i> scholdres wel schene.   |
| in a silk skirt.     | þo Ros vp <i>with</i> rancour þe Renkes reneyed ;  |
| The 2 lustful Judges | þis comelich accused <i>with</i> wordes wel kene : 199<br>Homliche on hir heued, heor hondus þei leyed,—<br>And heo wepte for wo, no wonder I wene,—<br>“ We schul presenten þis pleint, hou þou euer be paid,<br>And sei sadliche þe soþ, riȝt as we haue sene, 203<br>O Sake.” 204 |
| accuse her.          | þus wiþ cauteles waynt,<br>Preostes presented þis playnt ;<br>ȝit schal trouþe hem a-taynt,<br>I dar vnder-take. 208   |

## (17)

|   |  |
|---|--|
|   | ¶ “ þorw-out þe pomeri, we passed us to play, — 209<br>Of preiere <i>and</i> of penaunce was vre purpose ;—<br>Heo com <i>with</i> two Maidens, al richeli þat day,<br>In riche robus arayed, red as þe rose. 212<br>Wylyliche heo wyled hir wenches a-way,<br>And comaunded hem kenely þe ȝates to close. |
| She came into the Orchard with 2 maidens. She sent them away, | Heo eode to a ȝong mon in a valay, <sup>1</sup> [ <i>alterd from valey</i> ]   |
| and went to a young man.                                      | þe semblaunt of Susan wolde non suppose, 216<br>ffor soþ. 217<br>Be þis cause þat we say,<br>Heo wyled hir wenches a-way ;<br>þis word we witnessse for ay,<br>Wiþ tonge and wiþ toþ. 221  |

## (18)

- ¶ Whon we þat semblaunt seiȝ, we siked wel sare,<sup>1</sup> [<sup>1</sup> *alterd*  
from sore]
- ffor sert of hir souureyn, and for hir owne sake ;
- Vr copus weore cumberous, and cundelet vs care,
- But ȝit we trinet a trot, þat traytur [to] take. 225 We tried to  
catch 'him,
- He was borlich and bigge, bold as a bare,
- More miȝti mon þen we, his Maistris to Make.
- To þe ȝate ȝaply þei ȝeoden wel ȝare,
- And he lift vp þe lach, and leop ouer þe lake, 229 but he got  
away from  
us.
- þat ȝouthe. 230
- Heo ne schunte for no schame,
- But bouwed aftur for blame.
- Heo nolde cuyþe vs his name,
- ffor craft þat we couþe." 234 She wouldn't  
tell us his  
name.

## (19)

- ¶ Nou heo is dampned on deis, with deol þauȝ hir deu[e], Susan is con-  
demnd,
- And hir domus men vnduwe do hir be with-drawen :
- Loueliche heo louted, and lacched hir leue, 237
- At kynred and cosyn þat heo hed euere i-knawen,<sup>2</sup> [<sup>2</sup> *alterd*  
from knowen]
- Heo asked Merci with mouþ in þis mischeue :
- " I am sakeles of syn," heo seide in hir sawen ;
- " Grete god of his grace, ȝor gultus for-ȝiue, [ff. 317<sup>b</sup>, col. 1]
- þat doþ me derfliche be ded and don out of dawen
- Wip dere. 243
- Wolde god þat I miht
- Speke wip Ioachim a niht,
- And siþen to deþ me be diht,
- I charge hit not a pere." 247

## (20)

- ¶ Heo fel doun flat in þe flore, hir feere whon heo fond, She takes  
leave of her  
husband,
- Carped to him kyndeli, as heo ful wel couþe : 249
- " I-wis I wrappet þe neuere, at my witand,
- Neiþer in word ne in werk, in elde ne in ȝouþe,"
- Heo keuered vp-on hir kneos, and cussed his hand,
- " ffor I am dampned, I ne dar disparage þi mouþ."
- Was neuere more serwful segge, bi se nor bi sande, 254
- Ne neuere a soriore siht, bi norþ ne bi souþ,
- þo þare. 256
- þei toke þe ffeteres of hire feete,

who kisses  
her.

And euere he cussed þat swete :  
“ In oþer world schul we mete : ”  
Seide he no mare.

260

(21)

She appeals  
to God,

¶ þen Susan þe serwfol seide uppon hiȝt, 261  
Heef hir hondus on hiȝ, bi-held heo to heuene :  
“ þou maker of Middelert þat most art of miht,  
Boþe þe sonne and þe see, þou sette vppon seuene ;  
Alle my werkes þou wost, þe wrong and þe riht, 265  
Hit is nedful nou þi names to nempne  
Seþþe I am deolfolich dampned, and to deþ diht.  
Lord, herteliche tak hede, and herkne my steuene  
So fre ! 269

and says He  
knows she's  
pure.

Seþþe þou maiȝt not be sene  
Wiþ no fleschliche eyene,  
þou wost wel þat I am clene ;  
Haue Merci nou on me ! ” 273

(22)

Susan is led  
to death.

¶ Nou þei dresse hire to deþ *with-outen* eny drede,  
And lede forþ þat ladi, lounesum of lere.  
Grete god, of his grace, of gultes<sup>1</sup> vngnede, [<sup>1</sup> ? gyftes, G.]  
Help *with* þe holi gost, and herde hir preyere. 277

God bids  
Daniel help  
her.

He directed þis dom, and þis delful dede,  
To Danyel þe prophete, of dedes so dere,  
Such ȝiftes god him ȝaf in his ȝouþehede :  
ȝit failed hit a fourteniht ful of þe ȝere, 281  
Nouht layne. 282  
þo criede þat freoly foode,  
“ Whi spille ȝe Innocens blode ? ”  
And alle þe[i] stoteyd and stode,  
þis ferlys to frayne. 286

(23)

Daniel calls  
the 2 lustful  
Judges  
‘ fiends,’

¶ “ What signefyes, gode sone, þese sawus þat þou seis ? ”  
þus þese Maisterful men [with] mouþes can mele.  
“ þei be fendus, al þe frape, I sei hit in feiþ ;  
And in folk of I[s]rael be foles wel fele. 290  
Vmbiloke ȝou, lordes ; such lawes ben leiþ ;  
Me þinkep ȝor dedes vnduwe, such domus to dele.  
Aȝein to þe ȝild-halle ȝe<sup>2</sup> gomes vn-greip ;  
I schal, be proces apert, disproue þis a-pele 294

[<sup>2</sup> MS. þe]  
and demands  
a new trial.

- ffor nede. 295  
 Lat twinne hem in two,  
 For now wakneþ heor wo ;  
 þei schal graunte, ar þei go,  
 Al heore falshede." 299
- (24)
- ¶ þei diseuered hem sone, and sette hem sere ; 300  
 And sodeynly askede, þei brouzt in-to þe sale ;  
 Bi-fore þis *zonge* prophete þis preost gon apere,  
 And he him apeched sone *with* chekes wel pale, 303  
 " þou hast I-be presedent, þe peple to steere ;  
 þou dotest nou on þin olde tos in þe dismale.  
 Now schal þi conscience be knowen, þat euer was vnclere ;  
 þou hast in babiloygne on benche brewed muche bale,  
 Wel bolde. 308  
 Nou schal 3or synnes be seene,  
 Of ffals domes bi-deene,  
 ffor þeose In Babiloyne han bene  
 Iugget of Olde. 312

## (25)

- ¶ þou seidest þou seze Susanne sinned in þi siht. 313  
 Tel nou me trewly, vnder what tre ?"  
 " Mon, bi þe muche god, þat most is of miht,  
 Vndur a Cyne, soþli my-seluen I hir se." 316  
 " Nou þou lyst in þin hed, bi heuen vppon liht !  
 An Angel *with* a naked swerd þe neizes wel nere ;  
 He haþ brandist his brond brennynde so bryzt,  
 To Marke þi middel at a Mase in more þen in þre,  
 No lese. [leaf 317 b, col. 2] 321  
 þou Brak godes Comaundement,  
 To sle such an Innocent  
 Wiþ eny fals Iuggement  
 Vn-duweliche on dese." 325

## (26)

- ¶ Nou is þis *domus-mon* *with-drawen* *with-outen* eni  
 And put in-to prison azeyn in-to place. [drede, and he is put  
 in prison.  
 þei brouzten þe toþur forþ, whom þe barn bede,  
 To-fore þe folk and þe faunt freli of face : 329  
 VERNON MS. T T

Then the 2nd  
Judge is cald  
up,

“Cum forþ, þou corsed caytif, þou Canaan !” he sede ;  
 “Bi-cause of þi couetise þou art in þis case.  
 þou hast disceyuet þi-self with þin oune dede ;  
 Of þi wit for a wyf, bi-wiled þou wase 333  
 In wede. 334  
 þou sey nou, so mote þou þe,  
 Vnder what kynde of tre,  
 Semeli Susan þou se  
 Do þat derne dede ? 338

(27)

¶ þou gome of gret elde, þin hed is grei hored ; 339  
 Tel hit me troweli, ar þou þi lyf tyne.”  
 þo þat roþli cherl ruydely rored,  
 And seide bi-fore þe prophet, “ þei pleied bi a prine.”  
 “ Nou þou liest loude, so helpe me vr lord !  
 ffor fulpe of þi falshed þou schalt ha euel pine ;  
 þou and þi cursed cumpere, 3e mou not a-corde.  
 3e schul be drawen to þe deþ þis dai ar we dine 346  
 So Raþe. 347  
 An Angel is neih honde,  
 Takes þe domes of 3or honde,  
 Wip a Brennynge bronde  
 To byte 3ou baþe.” 351

(28)

¶ þen þe folk of Israel felle vppon knes, 352  
 And lowed þat loueli lord þat hire þe lyf lent.  
 Alle þe gomus þat hire god wolde gladen and gleees,  
 þis prophete so pertli proues his entent. 355  
 þei trompe bifore þis traiturs, and traylen hem on tres  
 þorow-out þe Cite, bi comuyn assent.  
 Hose leeuþ on þat lord, þar him not lees,  
 þat þus his seruauent saued þat schold ha be schent  
 In Sete. 360  
 þis ferlys bi-fel  
 In þe days of Danyel :  
 þe pistel witnesseth wel  
 Of þat profete. 364

Both the  
lying ac-  
cusers of  
Susan are  
hangd.

Christ, grant  
us all  
Heaven's  
bliss !

Ihesu crist, wip mylde steuene,  
 Graunt us alle þe blisse of heuene ! Amen !

LIV. *Testamentum Christi.**MS. Vernon, Fol. 317 b.*

“**J**hesu, kyng of heuene and helle,  
 Mon and wommon, I wol þe telle  
 What loue I haue I-don to þe ;  
 Loke what þou hast don to me !

I, Jesus, will  
 tell you what  
 I've done for  
 you.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 111, back).*

**W**o-so wil ouer-rede this boke,  
 and with gostly eyen ther-on  
 loke,

to other scole dare he not wende,  
 to saue his soule fro þe fende, 4  
 .;. Then for to do as this boke tellith ;  
 for holi wryt for-sothe it spellith.  
 ther-for y pray yow for charite  
 that this boke shal rede or se, 8  
 that *your* herte & al *your* mynde  
 kep derworthly that ye here fynde ;  
 and ful-filleth it in dede 12  
 that ye shal in this boke rede !—  
 .;. Now ye shal here anon-righte,  
*your* sawour speke to yow as-tyte  
 wordes of a chartour þat he hath  
 wrought, 15  
 that ye may knowe in al *your* thoght.

[*MS. much faded in parts, and hardly legible.*  
*When y stands for þ, it is printed þ.*]

and who this boke can vnderstonde,  
 teche it forth thurgh al the londe.  
 Vntil other þat this hath not sene, 19  
 to saue here soules right as here owne ;

els ye shal not *with*-outen Strif  
 fro this world passe to þe lond of lyf.  
 ¶ Now y wil be-gynne to rede þeron ;  
 his pes he yeue vs euery-chon ! 24  
 “ Ihesu, lord of heuene and heH,  
 man & womman, y wol yow teH,  
 loke what loue y do to the,  
 and loke what thu has do to me ! 28

*<sup>1</sup>Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 112, back).*

**H**e þat wyH rede ouer þis boke  
 & with hys gostly high þer-in  
 loke,

To þer scole thare hym nozt wende  
 To sawe hys saule fro þe fende 4  
 þan for to do as þis boke spellen,  
 ffor holy wryte for sothe it telles.  
 Ware-fore I pray 3ow for charyte,  
 3e þat þis bok saH rede or se, 8  
 Wyt aH 3oure hart & al 3oure mynd  
 kepe dernely þat 3e þer-in fynd,  
 And ful-fylles it in dede [col. 2] 11  
 þat 3e saH in þis boke fynd & rede !  
 Now sal 3e here *with*-outyn delyte  
 3oure sawyour spek to 3ou als-tyte  
 A charter how mans saule as boght,  
 þat 3ow most kepe *with* al 3oure toght.  
 to mak a charter be-heves mek thynges  
 parchemyn forsothe, pen, & ynke,  
 Wax & cele, wytnes also,

þe rent þat þu sal to þi lord do. 20  
<sup>2</sup>Wen 3e þis charge knaw vnderstand,  
 Telles it forthe in aH þis land [<sup>2</sup>leaf 113]  
 to oþer þat as it nozt sene, 23  
 to sawe þer saules & 3oures be dene !  
 fo[r] 3e þat can & wyH nozt teche  
 Oþer men þer sawles to leche,  
 3e sal nozt pase *wiþ*-outyn stryfe  
 fro þis warlde to þe land of lyfe. 28  
 Now wyl I begyn to rede þer-on—  
 Ald youre pese now euer-ilkon !—  
 “ Ihesu, lord of heuen & helle,  
 Man & woman I wyH þe teH, 32  
 loke wat luf I af done for þe,  
 & lok wat þu as done for me !

You were  
driven out of  
Joy for your  
sin.

Of alle Joye þou weore out pult  
With resoun and wiþ þin oune gult ;  
Pore þou weore I-dryuen a-way,  
As a best þat goþ on-stray.

8

I came from  
Heaven, to  
give it you.

ffrom my kindome I com down,  
Te seche þe from toun to toun ;  
Min heritage, þat is so fre,  
In þi mischef to ȝine hit þe.

12

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113).*

∴ ffro paradise thu were out pilt,  
with care & sorwe þ<sup>u</sup> were out spilt,  
forth thu were drawe a-way, [leaf 112]  
as a beste that goth astray. 32

After my-self þu was þe best, 35  
Of all creatures þou was þe fayrest ;  
A fayrere creature myght neuer non be :  
Aftyre my-selfe made I þe.

A place I toke þe þat was of charge,  
Paradyse, to play in at þi large. 40  
Bot for þou was vnboxum to me,

And toke a napull of þe tre  
þat I forbed þou suld noȝt take, 43  
þu was drywyn oute, & eue, þi make ;

Oute of paradys was þou qwytte ;  
wiþ soro & care þan was þou knytte,  
And forthe þou was drywyn away, 48

Als wauand best þat gos on stray. 48  
My holy aungell cherubyn,  
wiþ a burnyng swerde, þeder I sent  
hym ;

he ex[p]ellyd þe fro þen þedyre,  
And drawe þe out, þu wyst neuer  
wyder, 52

bot trawylt aboute fro place to place,  
charygd with sore, wyt-outyn solauce.  
Helpe þam-self sum-wat can ilk beste ;  
bot of al oþer þu cowthe þe leste. 56

And wen þou was so law kest, [113, col. 2]  
þat of any helpe þou hadyst þe lest,  
No to whan þou suld plene þe,

In so mykyl thought sette I þe, 60  
þat for þe ful fast my ded by-soght,  
for al þat I had to þe wrought :

fro heuen to herthe I come don,  
to seke þe fro towne to town, 64  
to helpe þe in þi myschef,

dere-worthy saule, þat was me lef ;  
My blysfyl body þat [es] so fre,  
In þi myschef to gyf it þe. 68

ffro my right y cam a-doun),  
to seke the fro toun to toun),  
to helpe the in thy myschef—  
Derworth soule, þ<sup>u</sup> art me lef! — 36  
myn heritage, that is so fre,  
in thi myschef to yef it the.



And whon þat ȝifte I ȝiuen þe scholde,  
I dude as þe lawe wolde :

To a Mayden I meked me,  
ffor no chalange schulde be ;  
wel dernely I kepte þe and me

I dwelt in a  
Maiden's  
womb for 40  
weeks and 40  
days.

16

Til I my tyme wolde se,  
ffourti wokes and fourti dawes,  
To folfulle þe olde lawes.

20

þe Mayden was trewe, mylde & fre,  
Heo receyued me for þe.

þorw my monhede and my grace,  
þus com sesyng furst on place.

24

And whon þe sesyng was do so,  
fful gret envye hedde þenne þi fo ;

At my birth,  
Satan was  
envious.

þenne Belsebub and Sathanas  
Hedde gret wonder whi hit was ;

28

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113).*

And when this sesyng y yeue schulde,  
y dud as the Jewys wolde : 40  
.;. Til a mayde y be-toke me,  
when þat y conceuyd shuld be.

the mayde was trewe, mylde & fre,  
she me receuyd for þe loue of the. 44  
nyne mo[n]thes *with* here y was,  
to make a-mendys for thi trespas,  
or y in to this world was born  
to saue man-kynde þat was forlorn).  
thurgh my vertu & my grace 49  
thus cam the sesyng first in place.  
.;. Virgyn Marie, mayden mylde,  
*with* me went thus *gret with* childe.

and when this sesyng was al y-do, 53  
fful grete envy had thy foo,  
that cursed fende Sathanas,  
had gret wonder whi it was, 56  
whi y loued so moche the,  
that so vnkynde has ben to me ;

Bot ar I þat *grace* gyf þe suld,  
fyrst for þi luf dy I wold.  
vntyl a madyn I be-tak me  
fyrst wen I wold consawed be ;— 72  
to know hyre name *with*-outyn mys,  
Mary, godes moder, called scho is.—  
þe maydyn was myld, trew & fre, 76  
Scho consaywed me for luf of þe.  
<sup>1</sup>[Nyne monthes *with* hyr I was],  
to make amendys [for þi trespas],  
ar [I in to þis world was born] 79  
to saue þe [man þat was forlorn].  
throght my [vertu & my grace]  
þus come þe [sesyng fyrst in place].  
vergyn mary, maydyn myld, 83  
wif me þus went scho gret *with* chyld.  
wen gabryell gret hyre [so] gentilly,  
Scho answerd *with* 'ecce ancilla domini.'  
Anon scho was *with* chyld þore,  
a maydyn as scho was before. 88  
Bot wen þis was broght to hende,  
gret envy þer-at had þe fende ;  
þat cursyd fende, wyckyd satanas,  
Had gret wonder why it was 92  
þat hy suld do so mykyH for þe [113, bk.]  
þat so vnkynd has bene to me.

<sup>1</sup> The next lines are damaged by wet.

|   |  |                          |
|---|--|--------------------------|
| Devils tempt-<br>ed me,   | pei fondede me wiþ felony,<br>wiþ pride, couetyse and gloteny,<br>And wel þei wuste I was a mon ;  |                          |
| but found me<br>sinless.  | But synne in me founde þei non.<br>Harde þei þreted me in her þouzt,<br>þat ilke sesyng schulde be deore abouzt ;<br>þei sende heore sergeauns with maystrie,<br>with wo and serwe me to distruye,<br>And wel þei founde hem geyned nouzt. | 32<br><br><br><br><br>36 |
| To help you   | Anoþur help was in my þouzt :<br>More siker þe to make<br>Aȝeyn þi foos, ful of wrake,<br>Heuene and eorþe in present  | <br><br><br>40           |
| I'd make you<br>a Deed of<br>Feoffment,<br>and give my<br>Life for you. | To make a chartre of feffement ;<br>In such a maner þen moste hit be<br>þat I moste ȝiue my lyf for þe :   | <br><br>44               |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).*

|   |    |  |  |
|---|----|--|--|
| wroth he was, (it helped hym noght,) the to helpe was al my thoght.   | 60 | wrothe was—it helpys hym noght :—<br>to dystroy þe was hys thoght.<br>ad he ouer-come þee, þou may wele<br>knawe<br>he wolde af halden þe full law !   | 96<br><br>[ <sup>1</sup> MS. I wyst I was I] |
| he tempted me in so gret foly, [112, bk.]<br>pride, couetise and glotony,<br>and weH he wist y was a man ;<br>but synne in me found he nan.<br>for-sothe, right hard he thretid me<br>that y shold dere abyge for the,<br>to dystroye me thurgh his myght<br>and put the for euer out of my sight.<br>.;. Now, derworth soule, herken to me | 64 | He temp[t]yd me to gret foly,<br>Pryd, cowetys, & glotony,<br>for [he] wyst I <sup>1</sup> was a man ;<br>Bot syn in me [ne] fonde he nan.<br>for sothe, ful hard thert he me,<br>þat bargan dere boght suld be ;<br>To put þe for euer out of my syght,<br>He purpose hym bothe day & nyght.<br>Bot, <sup>2</sup> dere saule, her-kyn <sup>2</sup> to me, | 100<br><br><br>104                           |
| [Carta feoffamenti, in margin]<br>and a new ioye shal y telle the :<br>to make a charter of feffement,<br>heuene & erthe shal be present ;<br>but in soche a maner it most be<br>þat y shal yelde my lyf for the ;  | 72 | And gode techyng I sal telle þe.<br>I wyH mak a charter of feoffment,<br>Hewen & erthe saH be present.<br>Bot in þat maner most it made be<br>þat me most gyf my lyfe for þe ;<br>for leuer me has to dy, I-wysse,<br>& bryng þe to my endles blysse,<br>þan þu be lost euermore me fro,<br>& to endles payne þe fende þe to.                              | 108<br><br>112<br>116                        |
| and when y am ded, man, be þ <sup>u</sup> kynde,<br>and haue this charter in þ <sup>i</sup> mynde.  | 76 | Bot wen I em ded, saule, be þou kynd,<br>& af þis charter in þi mynd !   |  |

ffor þou art ded, and I am lyf,  
And I moste dye to ȝiue þe lyf.

Mony a wei haue I go

In hongur and þurst, colde and wo,

þritti winter and more þen two,

Or my dede weore al I-do

Ne mihte I fynde no parchemyn

ffor to laste wiþ-outen fyn ;

Bote, as good loue bad me do,

Min ounne skin I tok þer-to.

To gete me frendes, I ȝaf good mede ;

So doþ þe pore þat haþ gret nede :

48  
Ere the Deed  
was made, I  
sufferd much  
32 years.

52

For parch-  
ment, I took  
my own skin.

56

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 112, back).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).*

for an enmy that hath the soght ;  
but yet shal y the lese noght,  
for y wol dye for thy<sup>1</sup> foly,  
and bryng þe in to my company. 80

I am a-lyue and thu art ded,  
y wol yeue my lyf ayenst þe qued ;

for to helpe the y am redy,  
to saue the euer fro thyn enmy. 84

for many a way, [man,] haue y go,  
in hunger, thurste, colde & wo,

xxx<sup>ti</sup> wynter and thre þerto,  
or my disese were<sup>2</sup> al y-do. 88

parchement to fynde wyst y none,  
to make a charter ayenst þi fone  
that wil leste with-oute ende :

∴ herken now to my word hende ! 92

But, as trewe loue bade me do, [ff. 113]  
my owne skynne y toke þerto.

and when y had so y-do,  
wel fewe frendis had y tho ; 96

to gete me frendis y yeaf gret mede,  
as doth þe pore þat hath gret nede.

∴ but to yeue the y had no more,  
for þ<sup>1</sup> soule that was for-lore, 100  
then my soule to yeue for the,  
that for the dyed apou a tre.

for I wyȝ dy for þi foly,  
to bryng þe to my company. 120

to helpe þe I em ay redy,  
& fayne to sawe þe fro þi enmy. 122

Bot many a way, saule, af I gone,  
In hungyre & thyrst, & cald as stone,

thyrty wynter &<sup>1</sup> iij fully, [1 MS. fully &]  
wen my dysese was done trewly.

to mak þi charter of þi wele-fare, 127  
parchemen to fynde wyst I neuer ware

þat wyld last to þe warldes end ;—  
harkyns now to my wordes hend !—

Bot as trew loue<sup>2</sup> bad me do, <sup>2</sup> MS. lyue  
loke ware I af not done so. 132

þis wordlys are þus to vnderfong  
to lewed men in ynglys tong :

My flesche trewly es mans fode, 135  
þat for mans saule dyed on þe rode ;

My blode for sothe þi drynk sal be,  
þat for þe was sched on þe rod[e] tre.

wo-so it resaywes wyt-outyn mys,  
Sawyd sal he be, & cum to blys ; 140

he þat takys it vnworthy, & not for-  
thy[n]k,

hys awne Iuggement he etys & drynk.  
for þou vnworthe resawes me, 143

þu belewys noȝt þat I suld be he.

<sup>1</sup> MS. for thy for thi

<sup>2</sup> MS. weȝ

I made a  
Last Supper

**O**n a poreday a soper I made,  
Bope frend and fo to maken glade,  
wiþ mete and drynk to soulus fode,  
with holi word my flesch and blode :

60

for your sake.

And þis I made for Monkynde,  
Mi loue-dedes to haue in mynde :

*Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem.*

Or I fro þe bord a-ras,

My friend  
betrayd me.

Of my frend bi-trayed I was ;

64

He fond me goande in þe way,

As þe Leounz goþ to his pray :

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 113).*

Apon a thursday a soper y made  
to frend & foo, to make hem glade,  
of bred & wyne the sacrament, 105  
for euer to be my Testament,<sup>1</sup>  
which is my flesh & my blode,  
to tho that lyuen in mylde mode, 108  
And to þo that dyen out of charite  
their dampnacion euer to be. 110  
.;. Here wol y foure wordes yow teche ;  
and to þe peple loke ye hem preche :  
*Hoc facite in meam commemoracionem ;*  
that they haue hem euer in mynde,  
here mede in heuene shal they fynde.  
thes wordes twocheth þe sacrament  
that men receueth, verrament. 116  
it semeth many, & is but one ;  
it semeth bred, & it is none ; *nota bene*  
it is quyk, & semeth ded :  
it is my body in fourme of bred. 120  
.;. This made y only for mankynde,  
my wonderful dedis to haue in mynde :  
who-so receueth it in clenness, [113, bk.]  
Sauded shal be, & com to blys ; 124  
and to haue in mynde my passion,  
that shal be thi saluacion.  
.;. Or y fro the borde aros,  
of my disciple be-trayed y was.  
when y had soped, he ros anone ;  
to grete maistris he gan gone, 130  
and brought them with hym in þe way,  
as a lyon þat goth a-boute his pray :

[<sup>1</sup> *Nota bene de sacramento in margin.*]

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 113, back).*

Belewe þis wordes as ye say,  
Or þu ert damned for euer & ay ;  
Bot þu belewe þis þat I þe telle,  
Body & saule þu gose to helle. 148  
My wordys ere þis þat I em he ;  
wo be-lewys, blyssyd he be ;  
wyt me saþ dwel for euer I-wysse,  
þat sese me nozt, & lewys in pisse. 152  
thynk on þis wordys, I charge þe,  
Als euer þu wyll sawed be ;  
And put in þi mynd my passyon,  
wylk sall be þi saluacyon. 156  
At ilk a tyme thynk þu so,  
And so sall þu ouer-come þi fo ;  
It es þe best leson þat þou may lere—  
þi gostly enmy aw to fere ;— 160  
for þe grettest temptacyon,  
wyt þis þou may lay all don.  
af it in mynde stedfastly,  
And þu sall af þi purpos, trewly. 164  
þus dyd my dyseypulles þat supped  
wiþ me ;  
And als I bad þam do, so do 3e !

<sup>1</sup> MS. dyseypulles

[<sup>2</sup> leaf 114]

Bot or þat I fra þe borde rase, 167  
Of my dyseypulle<sup>1</sup> betrayd I was :  
Wen he had supyd, he rase o-none ;  
<sup>2</sup>To þe maysteres of law gun he gone,  
And broght þam wiþ hym in þat way,  
Als a lyon þat gase about hys pray.

*Susceperunt me sicut leo paratus ad predam.*

|  |    |   |
|--|----|---|
| A curtul I hedde and cloþus mo,            |    |   |
| And sone I hedde hem alle for-go :         | 68 | My clothes<br>were taken.                             |
| So hedde I þis chartre writen,             |    |   |
| þo was I naked, wel may 3e witen ;         |    | I was naked,  |
| þei casten lot as wolde bi-falle,          |    |   |
| wheþer on schulde haue hem or parten alle. | 72 |   |
| ffrend and fo þat <i>with</i> me metten,   |    |   |
| In my neode alle me for-letten ;           |    |   |
| And to a piler I was I-piht,               |    |   |
| Togget and tauwed al þe niht,              | 76 | tied to a<br>pillar,                                  |
| And wasschen in myn owne blode,            |    |   |
| And strayte I-streynet on þe Rode,         |    |   |
| Streyned to druye on Rode-tre,             |    | and stretcht<br>on the Cross,<br>like parch-<br>ment. |
| As parchemyn oweþ for to be.               | 80 |   |

MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 113-14).

Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
| <i>Susceperunt</i> [me] <i>sicut leo paratus ad</i>                      | And weu þai were þedyre comen,          | 173 |
| <i>predam.</i> <i>textus</i>   | þai layd hande on me, & me nomen.       |     |
| ∴ Anone they be-gunne to spoile me,                                      | Onone þai be-gan to spoyle me,          |     |
| and seid y shuld dye on a tre ;  | And sayde I suld dye on tre ;           | 176 |
| my mantylle and other clothes mo,  | My mantyl & oþer clothes mo,            |     |
| alle y had them sone for-go ;  | þai had þam sone tane me fro ;          |     |
| they cast lot emonges them alle  | þai cast lotys how it suld falle,       | 179 |
| wheþer one shuld haue them, or parte                                     | wylk on suld af, or parte þam halle.    |     |
| hem alle. <sup>1</sup> <i>al. So or Sone</i>                             |   |     |
| but <sup>1</sup> alle my clothes fro me thei token ;                     | Sone al my clothes þ[a]i fro me toke,   |     |
| and alle my frendis sone me for-soken ;                                  | & aH my frendes me for-soke ;           |     |
| naked y Stod emong my fone ;   | Nakyd I stode emong my fone,            |     |
| for other socoure had y none ;   | for oþer socur had I none ;             | 184 |
| redy they were me to despise, <sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> <i>r. dysese</i> | Redy þai were [me] for to dysese,       |     |
| but none þer were me for to plesse.                                      | bot no þer was me for to plesse.        |     |
| ∴ They made scourges hard & grete,                                       | þai made schourge scharp & grete,       |     |
| ther-with my body shuld be bete ;  | ware-wiþ þai suld my body bete.         | 188 |
| and thogh y wold haue pleyned me,  | be-syde I stod, & saw al þis ;          |     |
| ther shuld to me no socour haue be.                                      | ful sore I gan me drede I wys ;         |     |
| ful sore a-ferd, for-sothe y was,  | Gyf þat I wold af plened me,            |     |
| when they led me so gret a pas !   | to me suld no socure af be.             | 192 |
| To a piler y was bound al þe nyght,                                      | Sone me to slo, acordyd þai ware.       |     |
| togged & betyn til day-light, <sup>3</sup> leaf 115                      | to my fader I made my prayere :         |     |
| <sup>3</sup> and wasshen <i>with</i> myn owne blode,                     | ' fader of mercy ! comforte af I none ; |     |
| that al the erthe aboute cold stode.                                     | Al my dyseypules fro me ere gone ;      |     |
| and so y stod bounden al the nyght,                                      | þe iewes cry fast I sall be dede :      | 197 |
| til on the morwe þat it was bright                                       | do þi wyH, fader, I can no noþer rede ! |     |
| they Strayned me hard upon a tre,  | to þe I mak my mone, I em welle         |     |
| as parchement auxhte to be.  | spylte ;                                | 158 |

The Deed was  
written in  
Ink of Jews'  
spittle.

**H**ere now, and 3e schul witen  
Hou þis chartre was I-writen.  
Vppon myn neb was mad þe ynke  
wiþ þe Jewes spitting on me to stynke. 84

The Pen was  
scourges; the  
Letters, my  
5,460 wounds.

þe penne þat þe lettre was wiþ writen,  
weore scourges þat I was wiþ smiten.  
How mony lettres þeron beon,  
Red, and þou miht wite and seon : 88  
ffif þousend foure hundred fyfti and ten  
woundus on me, boþe blak and wen.

I'll read you  
the Deed.

To schewen on alle my loue-dede,  
Mi-self I wole þis chartre rede. 92

3e Men þat gon bi þis weye,  
A-bydeþ a luytel, I ow preye,  
And redeþ alle on þis parchemyn,  
3if eny serwe beo lyk to myn : 96

All passers-  
by stand and  
hear it!

*O nos omnes qui transitis per uiam,*  
Stondeþ and hereþ þis chartre red,  
whi I am woundet and al for-bled.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114).*

.;. hereth now, & ye shal wetynd  
how this charter was y-writen: 160  
ouer al my face felle the enke,  
thornes in my hed gan to synke.  
the pennys that þe *lettris* writen. 163  
were scourges þat y was *wiþ* smyten.  
How many *lettris* that ther-on bene,  
rede, and thu may wete & sene: 167  
V thousand thousand V.CI & x then<sup>1</sup>  
wondes in my body, boþe red & wan.  
ffor to shewe the of my loue-dede,  
my-self y wol here þe charter rede.  
*O vos omnes qui transitis per uiam,*  
*attendite & uidete si est dolor sicut*  
*meus :* *textus (in margin)*

.;. Ye men that goth forth bi þe way,  
be-holde & se bothe nyght & day.  
and redith apon this parchemyn,  
yf any sorowe be as gret as myn.  
Stondeþ & herkeneth þe charter red,  
why y am woundet & al for-bled. 175

<sup>1</sup> nota de vulneribus Christi (in margin).

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).*

to-morne sall I dye for mans gylte.  
þan myght I noþer spek nor gon; 201  
I was so sore bette, I feH don onon.  
þai sayd: 'spede vs fast in þis stonð,  
þat he to a pelere fast were bound!'  
Al ful of mys-comfort for sothe I was,  
wen þai led me forthe so gret pase.  
To a pelar þai band me sore, 207  
On me þai had no pyte þore; [col. 2]  
'be mery,' þai sayd, '& mak gode  
chere!  
we are þi frendes aH þat stande here;  
we ere þai þat saH þe no3t forsak'  
tyH on a cros þi dede þu tak'; 212  
we saH neuer forsak þe,  
to þu to a tre nayled be.'  
þe soro I had, myght no tong teH:  
Al þat I dyd, was to sawe for heH.  
So stode I bondyn aH þat nyght, 217  
to of þe morne þat it was day-lyght:  
to me þai come & sayd: 'gode morne!  
Mak mery, for ded es sworne.' 220  
Onone þai bet me full rewfully,

'*Sciãnt presentes & futuri,*

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| wite 3e þat are and schal be-tyde,  |     |
| þat Jhesu crist wiþ blodi syde,     | 100 |
| þat was boren in Bedleem            |     |
| And offred in to Jerusalem,         |     |
| þe kynges sone of heuene aboue,     |     |
| with mi ffadres wille and loue      | 104 |
| Made a sesyng whon I was born,      |     |
| To þe, Monkynde, þat was forlorn.   |     |
| wiþ my cha[r]tre here present       |     |
| I make nou a confirmament :         | 108 |
| þat I haue graunted and 3iuen       |     |
| To þe, Monkynde, with me to liuen   |     |
| In my Rewme of heuene-blis,         |     |
| To haue and to holden wiþ-ouen mis, | 112 |
| In a condicion, 3if þou be kynde    |     |
| And my loue-dedes haue in Mynde ;   |     |
| ffre to haue, and fre to holde,     |     |
| wiþ al þe purtynauce to wolde,      | 116 |

'Know all  
men, that I,  
Jesus,

gave man-  
kind a pos-  
session when  
I was born ;  
and that I  
now confirm  
it.

I grant to  
you life with  
me in Hea-  
ven, on con-  
dition that  
you love me.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114).**Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).*

*Sciãnt presentes & futuri.* *Carta Christi.*  
.; 'Wetyn þo here & tho þat be to come  
that Ihesus of nazareth, god-is sone,  
Vnderstondeth wel & þo þat wol abide  
that Iesus hath a bloody Syde, [114, bk.]  
that born was in Beth[1]lehem 181  
and ouer-more offred in to Ierusalem,  
the kyngis sone of heuene a-boue,  
a merciful fader that wel y loue. 184  
I made a Scisyng when y was born),  
to saue man-kynde that was forlorn).  
But with my charter here in present  
y make to mannys soule a feffement :  
that y haue y-graunted & yeue 189  
to mankynde, with me to lyue  
In my kyngdom of heuene-blys,  
to haue & holde with-ouen mys, 192  
with this condicion, þat thu be kynde  
and my workes to haue in mynde,  
frely to haue, and frely holde,  
with al the partenaunce to be holde,

And als a ded man þai lese me, trewly.  
A, saule, for þe tholyd I þis lasche !  
My [blod] ran oute at ilka dasche,  
þat fro my fot vnto my hede 225  
was not els bot all blode rede ;  
for bathe by-hynd & als be-fore,  
aH for-betyn was I þore. 228  
wo loked on my wysage,  
þai myght se a refus ymage ;  
I telle here in gode trewthe,  
þai myght of me a had rewthe ! 232  
wen I was lesyd fro þat pylere,  
for sothe I had a rewful chere,  
for alle aboute me, þer I stode, 235  
þer was no thyng bot lyuered blode.  
to me þai spak with hoste chere :  
'þis cros to þe mounte þou sal bere !'  
were-ouen þai streded me  
Als gode parchemen aw to be. 240  
here now, & 3e sall wyttyn  
how þis charter was þus wrytyn.  
On al my face seH blak ynk, 243  
wen þe thornes in my hed gan synk.

Myn heritage þat is so fre.  
ffor homage ne for feute

And I ask  
you only a 4-  
leavd grace:

No more wol I aske of þe,

But a foure-leued gras ʒeld þou me :

120

1. Shrift.  
2. Repent-  
ance.  
3. Not-sin-  
ning.  
4. Fear of  
God.

**O** lef is soþfast schrifte,  
þe toþur is for synne herte-smerte,

þe þridde is "I wol no more do so,"

þe feorþe is "drede god euermo";

124

These 4 leaves  
make a True-  
Love.

whon þeose four leues to-geder ben set,

A "trewe loue" men clepen hit.

Of þis Rente boo nouʒt be-hynde,

ffor þorw þe ʒer þou may hit fynde ;

128

Elles mai þou not fynde hit in my wounde,

ffor þer mai "trewe loue" wel be founde.

And ʒif þou falle and gretly mis-take,

Mi dede I wole neuer forsake ;

132

If you sin,  
and ask  
Mercy, you  
shall have  
Heaven.'

And ʒif þou amende þe, and Merci craue,

þin heritage ʒut schalt þou haue.'

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 114, back).*

and in my blisse euer to dwelle 197  
for the rente þat y shal the telle.  
.;. Myn heritage that is so fre,<sup>1</sup>  
for homage or els for fewte, 200  
no more wol y aske of the,  
but a iiij-leuid gras yeld þ<sup>n</sup> me :  
that one lef is verry shrifte ; 203  
þat other is, for þ<sup>i</sup> synne þe smerte ;  
the thirde is, wille no more do so,  
the fourthe, þ<sup>i</sup> penance mekely do ;  
When thes levis to-geder ben set,  
a "trew-loue" men callen hit. 208  
Of this rent be not be-hynde :  
the way to heuene then may þ<sup>n</sup> fynde ;  
yf þ<sup>n</sup> this rente truly pay me, [leaf 115]  
my gret mercy I shal shewe to the.  
for if thu falle in gret mystake, 213  
my charter wol I þe not forsake ;  
yf thu amende, and mercy craue,  
thyn heritage then shalt þ<sup>n</sup> haue.'

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114).*

þis pennys þat þis lettyrs wrytyn,  
was þe scorchegeþ þat I was wiþ  
smytyn). [1 leaf 114, back, col. 1]  
<sup>1</sup>How many letters on þe charter be,  
Byde & þu may wyte & see : 248  
v Mi iiij c lx, als I telle can, [5,460]  
were wondys blodly rede & wan.  
And for to schaw þe my luf-dede,  
My self wylle þe charter rede."— 252  
goddis son of heuen, þe sothe to say,  
þis wordy[s] spake on gode fryday,  
pyned on þe mounte of calwery,  
to þe pepuþ þat passyd hym by : 256  
"ʒe all þat passe here by me,  
takys hete, & lok vp with ʒoure hee,  
And rede opon þis parchemyne,  
If any soro be lyke to myne. 260  
tak hete, & here þis charter be redde,  
how I am wondyd & fo[r]bledde.  
'knew ʒe þat here ere, & forto come,  
þat I, ihesus of nazaret, godys sone,  
as gyn for euer, & grauntyd, 265  
and be þis charter confermed,  
how mans sawle in my ioy to belde,  
wyt all þe purtenance þer-with to welde,

<sup>1</sup> nota hic de libero redditu Christi (in margin).



|   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| þe seles þat hit was seled wiþ,<br>þei were grauen vp-on a stiþ ;<br>Of gold nor seluer weore þei nouzt,<br>Of stel and Iren were þei wrouzt :  | 136 | The Seals my<br>Deed was<br>sald with,<br>were of steel<br>and iron. |
| with þe spere of stel myn herte þei stongen<br>þorw myn herte and þorw my longen ;<br>Iren nayles þurleden me<br>þorw feet and hondes to þe tre.<br>þe selyng-wax was deore aboutz,<br>At myn herte rote hit was souzt,<br>And tempred al wiþ vermiloun<br>Of my rede blod þat ran down : | 140 | A steel spear<br>and iron nails<br>ran thro me.                      |
|   | 144 | The Sealing-<br>wax was<br>reddend with<br>my blood.                 |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115).*

.;. Thes selys that it is selyd with,  
they were made alle at a Smyth ; 218  
of golde ne Siluer were thei nougt ;  
of Stile and yren were they wroght :  
with a spere of Stile myn hert was  
stonge 221  
thurf my syde & thurf my lunge ;  
apon my side they made a wonde,  
myn herte-blode ran doune to grounde ;  
with yren nayles they smyten me  
thurgh fete & handes on þe rode-tre.  
.;. The selyng-wax was dere y-boght,  
at myn herte rote it was sought, 228  
al tempred with fyne vermylon  
of my red blode that ran adoun.

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 114, back).*

to af & to hald with-outy[n] mysse  
þat for-sayd place, heuen-blysse,  
In þat blyssed place for euer to dweH,  
for þe rent þat I sall þe teH, 272  
þat blysfuH place þat is so fre,  
with-outyn omage or fewte.  
for, sone, I aske of þe no more,  
bot a foure-lewed gyrsse pay me þer-  
fore : 276  
þe fyrst lewe es schryft so smert ;  
þe secund, for þi syn, soro of hart ;  
þe thyrd es ' I wyH no more do so ' ;  
þe ferthe es penance ewened þer-to.  
wen þis lewes ere to-geder knytte, 281  
a 'trew-luf' men may calle itte.  
Of þis rent be þu nozt be-hynd,  
þe way to heuen if þu wyll wynd !  
And als þou þis rent treuly pays me,  
My gret mercy saH I gyf þe.  
If þou faH, & gretely mystake,  
3it þis charter will not I forsake ; 288  
for wo so mendes, & mercy wyH crafe,  
My blystful ioy trewly sall he hafe.  
Bot many ere now lywyng here  
þat pays not þer rent be zere, 292  
Bot labures ful fere in dyuerse warke ;—  
þis knawes bothe lewde & clarke ;—  
þerfore in wat a-state god has þe sent,  
Do trewly þi labure, þan pays þou þi  
rent. 296  
þi gostly warkes þat þou sal werke,  
Are þe sacramentes of haly kyrke :

*Factum est cor meum tanquam cera liquescens  
in medio ventris mei.*

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| The 5 Seals<br>were Father,<br>Son, God,<br>Man, and<br>Holy Ghost. | ffyue seles weore I-set þeron :<br>ffader and sone, god and mon ;<br>þe fyfþe is for to leue most,<br>þat icomen of þe holygost.<br>In pleyn pouwer þi stat to make, | 148 |
| I had on a<br>Crown of<br>Thorns.                                   | A crowne on myn hed [I gon] to take<br>Of þornus, in toknyng þat I am kyng<br>And freoly may 3iue þe þi þing :   | 152 |
| The Jews  | þis witnesseth þis Jewes alle ;<br>On kneos þei gonne to me falle,<br>And seiden loude on heore scornynng,   | 156 |
| haild me<br>King.   | “ Heil be þou, lord, and Jewes kyng ! ”  |     |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115).*

*Factum est cor meum tanquam cera  
liquescens*  
*in medio ventris mei.*

∴ My sealis bene y-set ther-on) :  
fader & sone, god and man, 232  
the firste, that is be-leve most,  
that y cam of the holy gost.  
ther-for here may thu now se  
þat y am a kyng of gret poste ; 236  
in a power thi state to make,  
a crowne of thornes on my hed y take :  
∴. This crowne be-tokeneth y am a 239  
kyng  
and frely may yeue thyn owne thyng :  
this wittenesseth wel þe Iewys alle,  
<sup>1</sup>on kneys they gonne be-fore me falle  
and lowde seyde in here Scornynng  
“ al haylle thu lord, of Iewys kyng.”

[<sup>1</sup> leaf 115, back]

*Reg. 17, C xxii (leaf 114, back).*

þe fyrst, þat þou af þe baptyssacyon ;  
þe secunde es þi confirmacyon ; 300  
þe thyrd : wat ordyr or degre þou  
hawe,  
kepe it right, & þan ert þou sawe ;  
þe fowrth es wedlak, for soth I-wys,  
So þat þou sal not do a mys ; 304  
þe fyfte es penance, if þou it work  
Of þe prest of haly kyrk ;  
þe sexte es þat þou be-leue on my  
flesche & blod,  
þe sacrament on þe auter þat dyed on  
rode ; 308  
þe sewent es þi laste endyng,  
to sawe þe fro þi enme at þi passyng.  
do þu þus þis warke zere be zere,  
And dred þe neuer of fyndes fere ;  
And wo so dose here þe warkis of  
mercy,  
he squenches þe fyre in purgatory.

Opon þe cros me thyrstyd sore, 315  
bot of swylk drynk myght I nomore :  
Aysyl & gall gaf þai me.  
Bot a noþer drynk ask I of þe :  
þu luf þi foo in worde & thought :  
oþer drynk af þe ask I noght. 320  
Als þu me lufes, af þis in mynde :  
<sup>2</sup>Be þu noȝt to þi enemy vnkynde ;  
Ensawmpuht þu saht take of me :  
ffor luf of my fo I hang on a tre, 324

[<sup>2</sup> leaf 115, col. 1]

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| Bi-twene two men þis [chartre] was seeled ;      |     |  |
| þei boþe weore seke ; þat on I heled,            | 160 | The Deed was seald before 2 Witnesses, thieves on crosses. |
| Bi-twene two þeues on hih I-piht,                |     |  |
| In toknyng þat I am mon of miht,                 |     |  |
| þat Norþ and West on heiþ hille                  |     |  |
| þat I may deme boþe gode and ille,               | 164 |  |
| <i>Quia neque ab oriente neque ab occidente.</i> |     |  |
| <b>A</b> -þhurst I was ful sore I-swonken,       |     | Athirst, I askt for a Love-drink.                          |
| þe beuerege moste nede be dronken :              |     |  |
| A loue-drynke I asked of þe ;                    |     |  |
| Eysel and galle þou ʒaf to me :                  | 168 | You gave me vinegar and gall.                              |
| þis witteneseþ Matheu and Jon,                   |     |  |
| Luk and Mark and monyon,                         |     |  |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115, back).**Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).*

|  |     |  |     |
|--|-----|--|-----|
| .;. Be-twene ij thevis þe charter was selyd,               | 245 | And prayd my fader of mercy,             |     |
| bothe were syke, þat one was helyd,                        |     | Of my enmys to af pety ;                 |     |
| be-twene ij thevis high y-plaint,                          |     | & als I dyd, do þu to þame,              | 327 |
| in token that I was lord of myght ;                        |     | If þou wyth be sawed fra heH-payne !     |     |
| this be-tokeneth bothe good & iH,                          |     | wo so dose as I now telle,               |     |
| atte day of dome to saue or spiH.                          |     | In heuen for euer with me saH dwelle.    |     |
| .;. fful dry y was & thursted sore ;                       |     | here-of ere wyttens many one :           |     |
| but of soche drynke y myght no more :                      |     | Marke, Mathu, Luke, & Ione,              | 332 |
| for aysel & galle they yeaf to me.                         |     | And namely my moder swete,               |     |
| but one drynke aske y of the :                             |     | þat for my blode teres gan grete.        |     |
| that þ <sup>n</sup> be louyng toward þ <sup>i</sup> foone— |     | ffor þer scho stode vnder þe rode ;      |     |
| other drynke of þe aske y none ;                           | 256 | Scho saw my body al on blode,            | 336 |
| yf thu me loue, haue this in mynde :                       |     | ffor al þe partyce of my body            |     |
| to þ <sup>i</sup> enmys thu be right kynde.                |     | were brokyn at þe pelere, treuly.        |     |
| ensample þ <sup>n</sup> mayst take here of me :            |     | ffor me sho was þerfore ful wo.          |     |
| for loue of the y hong on a tre,                           | 260 | And so were wemen many mo :              | 340 |
| But [seid] “ my fader, y pray now the,                     |     | þer stode for-sothe be syde me,          |     |
| apon myn enmys thu haue pite ;”                            |     | My moder, Magdalan, & Cleophe ;          |     |
| And as y do, do thu to thyne,                              |     | þer stode be syde þe crose al-so,        |     |
| and saued shalt þ <sup>n</sup> be fro helle-pyne.          |     | Ion euangelyst, ful fulle of wo.         | 344 |
| .;. Here [of] be wittensse mo then on :                    |     | & I sayd to my moder mary :              |     |
| Mark, Mathew, Luke and Iohn,                               | 266 | ‘ Be-halde þi sone þat standes þe by !’  |     |
|  |     | To Ion I spak wordes of pyte :           | 347 |
|  |     | ‘ Be-hald þi moder ! hy tak hyre to þe.’ |     |
|  |     | Wen I spak þis wordes þere,              |     |
|  |     | VntyH hyre hart þai went ful nere ;      |     |
|  |     | wen I to Ion my cosyng h[i]re toke,      |     |
|  |     | Scho cast on me a rewfulH loke,          | 352 |
|  |     | Als I had hyre aH for-sakyn              |     |
|  |     | And tyH a nothere hyre sone takyn ;      |     |

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
|  | And nomeliche my moder swete ;             |     |
| My Mother<br>wept.                                 | ffor heo lasste neuere teres to lete :     | 172 |
|  | Ar þis chartre writen was,                 |     |
|  | fful ofte heo seide allas allas !          |     |
| I was so poor,                                     | So bare I was of worldes gode,             |     |
|  | whon I schulde dye on þe Rode,             | 176 |
| that I had<br>nought to<br>leave but my<br>mother. | þat I hedde nouzt wher-of to take,         |     |
|  | Mi testament wher-of to make,              |     |
|  | But of my leoue moder dere :               |     |
|  | heo stod bi me <i>with</i> serwful chere ; | 180 |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 115-116).*

and namely my moder swete,  
that for me bloody terys gan lete. 268  
for, there she stode vnder the rode,  
she sawe my body al on blode  
that fro my fete vnto my hede  
y was not els but al blode-rede ; 272  
No word to me þer myght she speke,  
it semed ny here herte wold breke ;  
no wonder was thogh she were woo  
when she sawe me on þe crosse y-do.  
. ;. ffor sorwe of here y made a cry  
and seid ful lowde "*heli lamazaba-*  
*thany.*"  
anone she feH doune in sownyng,  
right be-fore me at myn endyng. 280  
the peynes that y suffred were ful sore,  
but for my moder they were the more.  
when y layd my hed here & there,  
my moder chaunged al here chere ;  
ful fayn she wold haue holpe me, 285  
but for the Iewys it myght not be.  
my peynes were tho fulle smerte,  
the swerd of sorwe perced here herte ;

[<sup>1</sup> leaf 116]

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).*

Onone scho feH doune in swounyng  
Be-for þe cros at my dyyng. 356  
þe paynes þat I hade were fuH sore,  
Bot for my moder þai were wel more !  
ffor soro of my passion I made a cry,  
And cryed 'hely lama zabatany.' 360  
it semed my moder hart wald brek ;  
No worde to me þer myght scho speke ;  
No wonder was if hyre were wo, [col. 2]  
wen sho saw me dyght so ! 364  
wen I layde my hede now here & þare,  
My moder chaunged aH hyre chere ;  
Scho wold fayned af hulpon me, 367  
Bot for þe Iew[s] it myght not be.  
þe paynes of hyre were full smerte ;  
þe swerd of soro perchyd hyre harte ;  
Bot or þis charter þus wrytyn was,  
Many tymes scho sayd alas ! 372  
ffuH wo hyre was, as þu may se :  
af it in mynde for luf of me !  
wen hyre payns were sumwat ouer-gon,  
vp to my face scho lokyd onon, 376  
& saw I dro fast to myne endyng :  
Ouer scho felle ofte in swonyng,  
& sayd : ' alas ! weder saH I gone ?  
Sumtyme had I a sone, now af I none.'  
My moder payns gan me sore rew ;  
ffor strong es luf of frendes trew ;  
ffor þer luffes none so tendyrly  
As dos þe modyre namely. 384  
wen hyre payn[e]s were paste,  
To mary magdalan scho spak in haste :  
' Mary magdalan, helpe þou me !  
hy se my sone dye on 3on tre.' 388

And whon I my cosyn hire bi-toke,  
heo caste me mony a serwful loke.

In knowleching I made a cri,

“*Pater, pater, lumaꝣabatani.*”

Bi-hold þou, mon, *with* herte and eze,  
ffor þi loue hou I schal dye :

I left her to  
my cousin.

I cried to my  
Father.

184

See, man,  
how I died  
for you!

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 116, back).*

when to seynt Iohn y here be-toke,  
She cast on me a drewry loke, 290  
as y had here aH forsake  
and to a-nother sone y had here take ;  
And or this charter writen was,  
ful ofte she sayd alas alas.  
.;. Apon my shulder y leyd my hed  
when y drow fast to my ded ; 296  
for so bare was y of worly good,  
when y shold [dye] apon the rood,  
that y ne had where-of to take,  
rest of my hed where-of to make. 300  
pore & riche, haue euer in mynde,  
when ye in this world no rest may  
fynde,

what rest y han only for the,  
when y hong nayled apon a tre ! 304  
wel may þ<sup>n</sup> knowe þat y had non),  
for þer y stode amonge my foond.  
when thu amonge thi foen art broght,  
be redy to suffre *with* alle thi thought.  
to stande at barre it is wel harde,  
as ye be worthy to haue rewarde :  
thu [þat] for me suffrest wrong, 311  
þ<sup>n</sup> shal be sothely on my right hond ;  
thu þat vengest the apon thi brother,  
thou standest not þer, but on þat other ;  
and yf thu wilt the sothe knowe :  
right as þ<sup>n</sup> sowest, so shalt þ<sup>n</sup> mowe.  
.;. I fele me now so ful of woo, 317  
that out of this world y most go ;  
*with* peynes of deth, hard am y bounde ;  
my soule shal passe here in þis  
stounde. 320  
be-hold now, man, *with* herte & eye,  
for thi loue how y shal dye.

[1 leaf 116, back]

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).*

Magdalan sayd : ‘ I can no noþer rede,  
I knele & se my lorde nere dede ;  
ffuH grete soro has smytyn my harte,  
And 3it me rewes þi payn[e]s smarte ;  
ffor me were lewer to dy onone 393  
þan for to se þe mak þis mone.  
Cumme *with* me ! I saH þe bryng  
ffro þis wo & þis mornyng 396  
In-tylle a tempull here be-fore ;  
ffor þu has wepyd here full sore.’  
My moder answerd to magdalayn :  
‘ Walde þou af me a-way so fayn ? 400  
I had gret ioy wen I hym bare :  
Suld I now lewe hym hanga[n]d þare,  
And sofur hym so for to be,  
þat was my myrthe & al my gle ? 404  
Magdalan, for sothe vnkynde I were  
to go away & lefe hym þere.  
þerfore be crose here lyf I wyH, 407  
ffor hys syght had I neuer my fyH ;  
Sum-tyme wen he lokyd me on, [115, bk.]  
It was my most ioy of ilkon.  
he was þe fayrest þat euer was borne,  
& now es crowned *with* a garland of  
thorne !’ 412  
I prayd hyre go were hyre wylles was,  
for I wold hyde & syng alas !  
I prayd þam go weder þai wolde, 415  
ffor a song of *mumying* syng I sulde.  
Scho sette hyre down be syde þe rode,  
& lokyd o-pon hyre bloddy fode :  
& als scho stode & lokyd me on,  
Scho saw my lyfe was nere gon. 420  
Alas, alas ! gan sho syng ;  
ffuH fast hyre handis gan scho wryng ;  
wyt grete soro þus aH þe day,  
hyre song was euer ‘ walaway !’ 424  
‘ A, my dere-worthy chyld, now cal I þe  
vnto þi fadyre in trinyte ;

My Deed is  
done. Your  
foe is beaten.

*Consummatum est*, þis chartre is doon.

Mon, þou hast ouercome þi foon!

188

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 116, back).*

y hong on crosse for loue of the :  
forsake thi synne for loue of me, 324  
mercy aske, and amende þ<sup>e</sup> sone  
and y foryeue þ<sup>e</sup> that is mysdone ;  
for ful of mercy y am, truly,  
to alle tho that cryen mercy. 328  
What shal it greue to repente the  
and in endeles ioye to dwelle *with* me ?  
. ;. ffor tho that wil no mercy crye,  
they shal to helle when they dye.  
now when y haue one word spoke,  
myn eyen to-geder most y loke :  
thu Synful man, haue pite on me,  
for thyn owne sowle for charite ! 336  
Thes wordes y most nedis speke,  
and then my herte shal to-breke :  
. ;. *Consum[m]atum est* ; þis charter is  
don).  
man, þ<sup>u</sup> hast now ouer-come al þ<sup>i</sup> foon).

[<sup>1</sup> leaf 117]

[<sup>2</sup> 115, back, col. 2]

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115).*

ffader of mercy, now dyes my son,  
wyt me may he no lenger won. 428  
ffader, I pray þe, lat me dye onon,  
þat we may bothe ly vnder a ston !  
Now pas he, fadyre, as it es þi wyH,  
I wate he es dede, he hyngis soo styH.  
Alas, wat sal I do? forsothe, I wate  
neuer, 433  
Bot for to gret my fyH, wyls he es þus  
nere.  
A wyle scho sat & spak rete noghte,  
It semed as scho had gret toghte. 436  
O-none scho gan tremul huglely,  
And forto gryse gretly *with* hyre body ;  
þer scho swoned & wex nere dede,  
hyre face wex wane & nothyng rede,  
hyre hene were blodly, h[y]re lyppys  
were blo, 441  
hyre brest gan ryse, hyre hart was wo,  
hyre fayre wysage was aH blodly,  
hyre tethe were lokyn, scho was rewly.  
Magdalan sayd scho was dede þare ;  
Ion euaungelyst had mekyll kare,  
& to magdalan sayd in haste : 447  
'lat hyre not loke on hym so faste !  
<sup>2</sup> þe syght of hym, it es so rew,  
Makys hyre euer-more soro new.'  
Ione & magdalan fuH lang þer satte  
Or þai of hyre any worde gatte. 452  
Pure I was, as þu may knaw ;  
My hede I bowed þer fut laaw :  
So bare I was of warldely gode,  
Wen I sul dye opon þe rode, 456  
þat I had noȝt were-of to take,  
Reste vnto my hede to make.  
Pure man, af þis mynde 459  
Wen þu no rest in warlde may fynde,  
Wat reste I had onely for þe  
Wen I hange nayled opon a tre.  
Wele may þu knaw þat none I had,  
Emang my enmys þer I was stad !  
Wen þu emang þi enmys ert broght,  
Be redy to sofure-wyt aH þi thoght.

To helle I wente, þis chartre to schewe  
Bi-fore þi fo, Sathanas þe schrewe ;

I went to  
Hell to show  
my Deed.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).*

Anone y went to helle, þat charter to  
shewe 341  
be-fore Sathanas, þat olde shrewe :

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 115, back).*

To frande at bare it [es] fuH hard,  
As þu as wroght to be reward. 468  
He þat sofures dyses for luf of me,  
On my recht hand wend saH he ;  
And he þat wengys hym on hys broþer,  
Sal not do so, bot go on þe toþer. 472  
He þat wyH þe sothe know,  
Swylk as he owes, swylk saH he maw ;  
Swylke as þi warkis here in þi lywyng,  
Swylk sal be þi reward at þi endyng.  
I fele me now so ful of wo, 477  
þat oute of þis warld me most go ;  
Wyt paynes of dede I am bonde ;  
My saule sal passe now in þis stonde.  
Be-hald now, man, with þi gostely  
hee,

[<sup>1</sup> MS. saH sall]

Now for þi luf [how] I saH<sup>1</sup> dye.  
I hyng on crosse for luf on þe :  
for-sake þi syn for luf of me ; 484  
Mercy aske, Amende þe sone,  
And I for-gyf þat þu as mys done ;  
fful of mercy I am, trewly, [leaf 116]  
To aH þase þat askys mercy. 488  
Wat sal it grefe þe to repent þe,  
In hendeles Ioy to dwelle with me ?  
for þai þat wyH no mercy crye,  
þai saH to helle wen þai dye. 492  
þu þat wyll my blys wyn,  
Nedes þe must forsak þi syn.  
Now wen I af a worde spokyn,  
My nehen saH to-geder be lokyn : 496  
þu synfuH man, af pyte on me,  
ffor here I dye for luf of þe.  
þis wordes must me nedys speke,  
And þer-wyt my hart wyH breke : 500  
*Consummatum est* : Now es aH done !  
þe lyght was lost of sone & mone ;  
Gret wonder þer men myght hawe :  
dede men ryse oute of þer grawe ; 504  
þe stones brast, þe orth gan quake,  
ffendys þer ware þat ware ful blake,  
þe wayle of þe tempuH in two it felle :  
All þis was done, I þe telle. 508

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
| I harried<br>him,                              | þo he was schent and brouht to grounde,<br>wip nayles bored and speres wounde,                          | 192 |
| and made<br>him agree to<br>give me my<br>own. | A strayt couenaunt I-mad þer was<br>Bi-twene me and Sathanas :  |     |
|  | Al my catel to haue away,<br>þat he me refte <i>with</i> false pray.                                    | 196 |
| I came back<br>and made a                      | <b>A</b> 3ein I com, and made a feste<br>AMong þe leste and þe meste :                                  |     |
|  | A parti þo gunne knowe me,<br>þat I was mon of gret pouste.   | 200 |
| 40-days<br>Feast,                              | þe feeste laste fourti dawes,<br>To do men knowe my newe lawes ;<br>þat feeste was al of ioye and blis, |     |
| now Easter.                                    | þat Esterday 3it cleped is.   | 204 |

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116).*

there y hym shent & broght to grounde  
thurgh my nayles pitous wounde.  
and after a cownant made þer was  
be-twene me and Sathanas : 346  
alle my catelle to haue away,  
that he be-rafte me *with* his pray.  
.;. The thirde day y made a fest  
to the moste and to the lest : 350  
the fest was of ioye & blys,  
that Ester-day called ys.

Bot, dere saule, be þou reght glade !  
Be-twyx þe & me pese es made.  
Hy went to helle þis charter to schew,  
To satanas þat es so mekyH a schrew ;  
þer I hym schent & broght to grounde  
Thurgh my nayles, spere & wounde,  
And after a conant made þer was  
Be-twene me & satanas : 516  
Alle my cateH to af a-way,  
þat he refte me *with* hys fals pray.  
þe thyrd day I rase, & made a fest  
Vnto þe most & vnto þe lest : 520  
þe fest was of ioy & blyse ;  
Pasche-day called it ese.  
þe seles þat þe charter es seled  
*with,* [leaf 116, col. 2]  
þai ware made at a smythe ; 524  
Of golde nor syluwr were þai noght :  
Wyt a spere to my hart þai soght ;  
Wip Iryn nayles þai nayled me  
Thurgh fote & hand vntyl a tre ; 528  
On þis maner was I stong  
Thurgh my seynne & my long ;  
In my reght syde þai mad a wonde ;  
þe blode ran downe to þe grownde.  
þe selyng-wax was dere boght ; 533  
At my hart-rote þai it soght,  
Als it were tempurde wip vermy[ly]on  
Of my hart blode þat ran þer don.



On indenture I lasfe wiþ þe,  
 þat euer þou schuldest siker be :  
 In preostes hondes my flesch and blode,  
 þat for þe dyede on þe Rode.  
 A by-keye I tok þe also :  
 þe token þat I was on I-do,  
 To bere *wiþ* þe wher þat þou go ;  
 þenne þar þe not drede of þi fo.

I left an In-  
 denture with  
 you, my  
 sacramental  
 flesh and  
 blood.

208

212

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116).*

ffywe selys here set þer opane : 537  
 ffader & son, god & mane,  
 þe fyrst es to belewe most,  
 þat I come of þe holy gost. 540  
 And þerfore here now may þou se  
 þatt I am kyng of gret pouste.  
 In playne powere þi state to make,  
 A crowne of thorne to me gon I take :  
 þis crowne betakyns þat I am kyng,  
 And frely may gyf my nawne thyng.  
 þis wyttyns wele of þe iewes aH :  
 On kne be-for me gan þai fah, 548  
 & lowde þa cryed on þer cryyng,  
 'Hayle be þou, þe iewes kyng !'  
 Be-twene two thefes þis charter was  
 celyd—  
 þai bothe were seke, þe tone was  
 helyd ;— 552  
 Be-twene þe thefes vppe was I dyght,  
 In tokynnyng þat I was kyng of myght.  
 þis betokyns bothe gode & ylle,  
 At þe day of dome to sawe & spylle.  
 þis charter þus celyd, lewe I wyH þe,  
 ware-by þu saH ay sekyr be : 558  
<sup>2</sup>My precyus body, of þe preste hande  
 for to resaywe, þu sall vnderstand.  
 My precyus body es þe sacrament,  
 þat [at] many a autyre verament  
 þe prestes sakyre at þer messe,  
 Wedyre þai can more or lesse. 564  
 he þat faythefully lewes þer-opon,  
 endeles pyne saH he fele non ;  
 AH if he dye, ȝit dyes not he ;  
 Vppe sal he ryse, & lyfe wyt me.

one indenture y left to the,  
 where-of þ<sup>u</sup> shalt euer syker be : 354  
 In prestys handes my fleshe & blode,  
 that for the was hanged on þe rode.<sup>1</sup>  
 who-so-euer be-leveþ ther-on,  
 endeles payn shal he fynde non ;  
 al-thogh y dyed, yet dyeth not he,  
 for he shal rise & lyue *wiþ* me. 360  
 .;. A wel faire thyng y tok þ<sup>e</sup> also :  
 a token of the crosse y was on do,  
 to here *wiþ* the so where thu go,  
 to kepe the euer fro thy foo. 364

<sup>1</sup> nota bene in margin.

<sup>2</sup> leaf 116, col. 1.

I went to my  
Father, and  
took with me  
a coat-  
armour, with  
a red field,

**T**o my fader I moste gon,  
ffor al his wille haue I don.  
A cote-armour I bar *with* me,  
ffor þat I tok of þy liuere ; 216  
þe cloþ was riche and ful fyn,  
þe chaumpe hit was of red camelyn.  
A ful feir mayden to me hit wrouzt ;  
Oute of hire boure I hit brouzt ; 220

5 Roses on it,  
my 5  
Wounds.

Poudret *with* fyue roses rede,  
ffyf woundes þat I þoled dede.  
whon I come eft ageyn to þe,  
þer-bi þou maizt knowe me. 224

My Renters  
in arrear,  
who forgot  
my Deeds,

þeose þat beoþ of rente be-hynde,  
And þeose dedes haue not in mynde,  
fful sore may þei ben a-dred  
whon þis cha[r]tre schal be red : 228

shall go to  
Hell: my  
own ones to  
Heaven.

Alle þeose schul go to helle-pyne ;  
And *with* me to blisse schul go alle myne.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117, back).*

to my fader y most gone,  
for al his wille haue y done :  
I take my lef, ye haue me seyne ;  
atte day of dome y come ageyne, 368  
man to deme after his wirke — [117, bk.]  
this is the wille of al-holi kyrke—  
and euer after in ioye to dwelle,  
Sawe to be fro the peyn of helle. 372  
.;. A cote-armour I bere here *with* me,  
the which y toke of thy lyuere ;  
this cote is riche & wel fyne, 375  
the champe is now of red satyne ;  
a wel faire mayde me it be-tought  
and out of here boure I it broght ;  
poudret it is *with* v. roses red, 379  
wondes y suffred *with* peynes of ded.  
.;. And when y come ageyn to the,  
bi this clothyng thu may know me.  
tho þat ben of this rent be-hynde,  
and my wondes wilnot haue in mynde,  
wel sore shal they bene a-dred  
when this charter shal be red ; 386  
of the hy Justice be they ful ware,  
for-sothe thene shal he non spare,

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116, back).*

To my fader wyll I now sone, 569  
ffor all hys wyll now af [I] done ;  
I take my lewe at alle & summe :  
On þe day of dome, agayn I comme,  
Men to deme after þer warkys,— 573  
þis es þe belewe of haly kyrkys,—  
And euer more after in ioy to dwelle,  
Sawyd to be fro þe payns of helle.  
Bot a cote-armour I bere *with* me,  
þat I toke of þi lyuer so fre ;  
þe cote es ryche & wnder fyne, 579  
þe chaumpe es now of rede satyne.  
A ful fayre maydyn me it worgh ;  
Out of hyre bure to me it brogh.  
þis cote es powdered *with* fywe ros rede,  
wondis þat I sofurd wen I suld be dede ;  
ffywe : wen I comme agayn to þe, 585  
Be thys clethyng þou may ken me.  
þai þat ere of þer rent be-hynde,  
And þis wordes wyl not af in mynde,  
fful sore may þai be adrede 589  
Wen þis charter sall be rede ;  
Of þe hee iustys be þai wele ware,  
ffor þan forsothe I sall nozt spare ;

Pay þi rente, keep þe from gylt,  
 Cum and cleyme whon þat þou wilt,  
 þe blisse þat losteoure frende."

232

Pay your  
 rent, keep  
 from sin, and  
 come to  
 Bliss!

to þe whuche blisce, crist vs bringe *withouten* ende!

A. M. E. N. Amen.

*MS. Harl. 2382 (leaf 117, back).*

*Reg. 17, C xvii (leaf 116, back).*

for alle þe synnes þat thu has wrought  
 fram þ<sup>i</sup> youthe, shalle be sought. 390  
 for power of my fader y haue  
 to saue alle thoo þat mercy craue.

∴ Now pay thi rent, while þ<sup>n</sup> has space,  
 yf thu wilt of me haue grace; 394  
 and yf thu dye ful sodenly,  
 apon þ<sup>i</sup> soule y shal haue mercy.

A cownant is made betwene vs two:  
 as I haue done, so most thu do.

<sup>1</sup>Loke what þ<sup>i</sup> pater noster seith to  
 the:

"right as y foryeue, foryef þ<sup>n</sup> me;" 400  
 and do ther-after, yf thu wilt,  
 so that thi soule be not spilt.

∴ Apon al holi writ y may put me,  
 where y be curteyse or no to the;  
 be thu lerid or be thu lewde, 405  
 the way to heuene y haue þe shewde  
 by the texte of holy writ,

in what place þ<sup>n</sup> wilt seke it. 408  
 ther-for y byd the pay thy rent,  
 that *with* the fend þ<sup>n</sup> be not shent;  
*with* me to blisse then shalt þ<sup>n</sup> come,  
 and in my blisse þ<sup>n</sup> shalt wone. 412

To that blisse y may the bryng,  
 that of myght made al thyng."

ffor alle þi syns þat þu as wrought [col. 2]  
 ffro þi zongthe þai sall be sought.

And of my gret mercy I forgyf þe 595  
 Syns þat þu schrywen of wyld be.

Pay þis rent, wo so has space,  
 Als he of me wyll gete grace;  
 Repent hym, wo so dyes sodanly,  
 for of hys saule I may af mercy. 600

A cownant es made be-twyx vs two:  
 Als I af sayd, loke þat þu do so!

Loke wat þi pater noster spekes to þe:

'Als I forgyf, lorde, for-gyf me!' 604  
 Do *þer*-after recht as þu wyllt,  
 So þat þi saule be not spylt.

On holy wryte I may put me,  
 Wedyre I be curtas or nozt to þe; 608  
 Be þe texte of holy wrytte,  
 In wat place þu wyll seke itte,—  
 Be þou lered, be þu lewed,—

þe way to heuen I af þe schewed. 612  
 þerfore I byd þe pay þi rent,  
 þat *with* þe fende þu be not schent!  
 Wyt me to blys þan sall þu *comme*,  
 And in my blys þan saht þu wonne."

Vnto þat blys he vs bryng, 617  
 þat of noight made alle thyng!

*Explicit* }  
*Testamentum* } Christi.

<sup>1</sup> *nota in margin*: line 400 begins leaf 118.

## LV. Thirty Poems, most with Refrains.

MS. Vernon, fol. 407 (3 of them, ed. Furnivall, *Phil. Soc. Trans.*, 1872, Part II; the first 13 of them, ed. Varnhagen, *Anglia*, vii, 1884, p. 282—315).

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Mercy passes all things</i>, p. 658.</li> <li>2. <i>Deo Gracias I</i>, p. 664.</li> <li>3. <i>Against my Will, I take my Leave</i>, p. 666.</li> <li>4. <i>God is Love</i>, p. 668.</li> <li>5. <i>Deo Gracias II</i>, p. 670.</li> <li>6. <i>Each man ought himself to know</i>, p. 672.</li> <li>7. <i>Think on Yesterday</i>, p. 675.</li> <li>8. <i>Keep well Christ's Commandments</i>, p. 680.</li> <li>9. <i>Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent</i>, p. 683.</li> <li>10. <i>Fy on a faint Friend!</i> p. 686.</li> <li>11. <i>Thank God of all</i>, p. 688.</li> <li>12. <i>This World fares as a Fantasy</i>, p. 692.</li> <li>13. <i>Ay, Mercy, God!</i> p. 696.</li> <li>14. <i>Truth ever is best</i>, p. 699.</li> <li>15. <i>Charity is no longer dear</i>, p. 701.</li> <li>16. <i>Of Women cometh this World's Weal</i>, p. 704.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>17. <i>Mary, Mother of Christ</i>, p. 708.</li> <li>18. <i>The Fleur de Lys, Maiden Mary</i>, p. 711.</li> <li>19. <i>Seldom seen is soon forgot</i>, p. 715.</li> <li>20. <i>Warning to be ware</i>, p. 719.</li> <li>21. <i>Love Holy Church and Priests</i>, p. 721.</li> <li>22. <i>Try to say the best</i>, p. 723.</li> <li>23. <i>To-morrow</i>, p. 725.</li> <li>24. <i>Make Amends for thy Sins</i>, p. 727.</li> <li>25. <i>Suffer in Time, and that is best</i>, p. 730.</li> <li>26. <i>Manc nobiscum, Domine!</i> p. 733.</li> <li>27. <i>A Prayer to the Virgin Mary</i>, p. 735.</li> <li>28. <i>A Prayer to the Trinity</i>, p. 740.</li> <li>29. <i>But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent</i>, p. 740.</li> <li>30. <i>Thanks and Prayer to God</i>, p. 744.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

1. *Mercy passes all Things.*<sup>1</sup>

(16 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

By a wood-  
side

**B**I west, vnder a wylde wode-syde,

In a launde, þer I was lente,

Wlanke deor on grounde gunne glyde,

And lyouns Raumping vppon bente ;

Beores, wolues wiþ Mouþes wyde,

þe smale Beestes þei al to-rente ;

þer haukes vn-to heore pray þei hyde,

Of whuche, to on .I. tok good tente :

A Merlyon, a Brid had hente,

And in hire foot heo gan hit bringe ;

Hit coupe not speke, but þus hit mente :

How Merci passeþ alle þinge.

I saw wild  
beasts,

4

and a Merlin,  
in whose claw  
was a bird,  
that thought  
how Mercy  
passes all  
things.

8

12

<sup>1</sup> Printed by Furnivall from the Simeon MS., with collations from the Vernon, in *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, p. 118, *Philolog. Soc. Trans.* 1872.

## (2)

¶ Mercî was in þat Briddes muynde,

But þerof kneuþ þe Hau[e]k non,

ffor in hir foot heo gan hit bynde,

And heold hit stille as eny ston ;

Heo dude after þe cours of kynde,

And fleiþ in-to a treo anon.

þorw kuynde þe Brid gan Mercî fynde :

ffor on þe morwe heo let hit gon.

fful stille .I. stod my-self al-on,

To herken hou þat Brid gan synge :

A-wey wol wende boþe Murþe and moon,

And Mercî passeþ alle þinge.

The Hawk  
knew no  
mercy,

16

20 but let the  
bird go next  
day ;and it sang  
how Mercy  
passes all  
things.

24

## (3)

¶ How Mercî passeþ strengþe &amp; riht,

Mony a wyse seo we may.

God ordeyned Mercî, most of miht,

To beo aboue his werkes ay.

Whon deore Ihesu schal be diht

To demen vs at doomes-day,

Vr suzne wol beo so mucþe in siht,

We schul not wite what we schul say ;

fful fersliche Riht wol vs affray,

And blame vs for vr mis-lyuing :

þen dar non prese for vs to pray,

But Mercî þat passeþ alle þing.

28 God set  
Mercy above  
all his works.

At Doomsday

32

36 we shan't  
dare to pray ;  
but Mercy  
passes all  
things.

## (4)

¶ Riht wolde sle vs for vr synne,

Miht wolde don execucion ;

And Riht-wyse god þen wol be-gyzne

fforte reherce vs þis resoun :

“ I made þe, Mon, zif þat þou minne,

Of feture lich myn owne fasoun,

And after crepte In-to þi kinne,

And for þe suffred passioun ;

Of þornes kene þen was þe croun

fful scharpe vpon myn hed standyng ;

Min herte-blood ran from me down ;

And I for-zaþ þe alle þing.

40 God will re-  
proach us,‘ I made you  
in my like-  
ness ;44 I sufferd on  
the Cross for  
you.

48

## (5)

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
|   | ¶ “ Myn herte-blood for þe gan blede,<br>To buye þe from þe fendes blake,<br>And I for-ʒaf þe þi misdede.           |    |
| What have<br>you sufferd<br>for me?<br>You never<br>gave me food<br>or drink; | What hast þou suffred for my sake?<br>Me hungred, þou woldest not me fede,<br>Ne neuer my furst ne woldestou slake; | 52 |
|   | Whon I of herborwe hedde gret nede,<br>þou woldest not to þin hous me take;   | 56 |
| you left me<br>in prison.   | þou seze me a-mong todes blake,<br>fful longe in harde prison lyng. <sup>1</sup> [1 lyng]                           |    |
|   | Let seo what onswere constou make,<br>Wher weore þou kynde in eny þing?   | 60 |

## (6)

|                                       |  |    |
|---------------------------------------|--|----|
|                                       | ¶ “ And hou .I. quenched al þi care,<br>Lift vp þin eize and þou maiʒt se<br>Mi woundes wete, blodi al bare,<br>As .I. was rauʒt on Roode-tre. | 64 |
| You may see<br>my bleeding<br>wounds. | þou seze me for defaute forfare,<br>In seknes and in pouerte :   |    |
|                                       | ʒit of þi good woldestou not spare,<br>Ne ones come to visyte me.  | 68 |
| I gave you<br>all earthly<br>things.  | Al eorþli þing .I. ʒaf to þe,<br>Boþe Beest and fisch & foul fleoyng,<br>And tolde þe hou þat charite<br>And Merci passeþ alle þing.           | 72 |

## (7)

|                           |   |    |
|---------------------------|---|----|
|                           | ¶ “ Hou mihtou eny merci haue<br>þat neuer desyredest non to do ?                         |    |
| You saw me<br>naked;      | þou seze me naked and cloþes craue ;<br>Barehed and Barefot gan I go :                    | 76 |
|                           | On me þou vochedest no þing saue,<br>But beede me wende þi wones fro.                     |    |
| you bade me<br>go away ;  | þou seze me ded aboute to graue<br>On Bere seuen dayes and mo :                           | 80 |
|                           | ffor luitel dette I ouʒte þe þo, [leaf 407, col. 2]                                       |    |
| you forbade<br>my burial. | þou forbed my burizing.<br>þi pater noster seyde not so,<br>ffor Merci passeþ alle þing.” | 84 |

(8)

|   |  |                  |
|---|--|------------------|
| ¶ þeos are þe werkes of Merci seuene,<br>Of wꝛuche crist wol vs areyne,<br>þat alle schul stoney wiþ þat steuene<br>þat euer tresoun miȝte a-teyne.<br>ffor heer but 3if we make vs euene,<br>þer may no miht ne 3iftes 3eyne.<br>þenne to þe kyng of heuene,<br>þe Bok seiþ þat we schul seyne : | Thus will<br>Christ ar-<br>raign us.   | 88               |
| “ Wher hastou, lord, in prisoun leyne ?<br>Whonne weore þou in corþe dwellyng ?<br>Whon seȝe we þe in such peyne ?<br>Whon askedest þou vs eny þing ? ”   | We shall an-<br>swer Christ :<br><br>' When did<br>we see thee<br>in prison or<br>pain ? ' | 92<br><br><br>96 |

(9)

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
| ¶ “ Whon 3e seȝe ouþer Blynd or lame<br>þat for my loue asked 3ou ouȝt ;<br>Al þat 3e duden in myn name,<br>Hit was to me, boþe deede & þouȝt.<br>But 3e þat hated cristendame,<br>And of my wrapþe neuer ne rouȝt,<br>3our seruise schal ben endeles schaine<br>Helle-fuir þat slakes nouȝt.<br>And 3e þat wiþ my blood .I. bouȝt,<br>þat loued me in 3oure lyuyng,<br>3e schul haue þat 3e haue souȝt,<br>Merci þat passeþ alle þinge. ” | He will say,<br>' When you<br>saw any blind<br>or lame.                         | 100 |
|  | You hated<br>me ;<br><br>you shall<br>burn in hell-<br>fire.                    | 104 |
|  | But those<br>who lovd me<br>shall have<br>Mercy that<br>passes all<br>things. ' | 108 |

(10)

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| ¶ þis tyme schal tyde, hit is no nay,<br>And wel is him þat haþ þat grace<br>ffor to plese his god to pay,<br>And Merci seche while he haþ space !<br>ffor beo vr mouþ crommed with clay<br>Wormes blake wol vs enbrase :<br>þen is to late, Mon, in good fay,<br>To seche to A-Mende of þi trespace.<br>With mekenes þou may heuene purchase :<br>Oþer Meede þar þe non bring,<br>But knowe þi god in vehe a case,<br>And loue him best of any þing. | Well is he<br>who has<br>sought Mercy<br>while he had<br>time. | 112 |
|   | Love God<br>best of all<br>things.                             | 120 |

## (11)

- ¶ To god and non weore holden meste  
 To loue, and his wrapp̄e eschuwe.  
 Now is non so vnkuynde a beeste  
 þat lasse doþ þat weore him duwe; 124
- Beasts and  
 fowls follow  
 the course of  
 Nature.
- ¶ ffor Beestes and foules, more & leeste,  
 þe cours of kynde alle þei suwe.  
 And whozne we breken Godes heste,  
 Aþeynes kuynde we ben vn-trewe : 128
- We don't, for  
 Nature bids  
 us fear God.
- ¶ ffor kuynde wolde þat we him knewe  
 And dradde him most in vre doing.  
 Hit is no riht þat he vs rewe,  
 But Merci passeþ alle þing. 132

## (12)

- ¶ Now harlotrye for murþe is holde,  
 And *vertues* tornen in-to vice,  
 And Symonye haþ chirches solde,  
 And lawe is waxen Couetyse ; 136
- Our mirth is  
 Harlotry.
- ¶ Vr feiþ is frele to flecche & folde,  
 ffor treuþe is put to luytel prise ;  
 Vre God is glotenye and golde,  
 Dronkenes, Lecherye and dyse : 140
- Our God is  
 Gluttony and  
 Lechery ;
- ¶ Vr loue, vr lust and vre lykyng.  
 3et, 3if we wole repente and ryse,  
 Merci passeþ alle þing. 144
- our Love is  
 Indulgence.

## (13)

- ¶ Vn-lustily vr lyf we lede,  
 Monhod and we twynne in two ;  
 To heuen ne helle take we non hede,  
 But on day come, a noþer go. 148
- ¶ Who is a mayster now but meede,  
 And pruide, þat wakened al vr wo ?  
 We stunte, neiþer for schame ne drede,  
 To teren vr god from top to to, 152
- Meed and  
 Pride rule.
- ¶ ffor-swere his soule, his herte also,  
 And alle þe Membres þat we cun Mynge :  
 fful harde vengeaunce wol falle on þo,  
 But merci passeþ alle þing. 156
- We tear God  
 to bits with  
 our oaths.



(14)

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
| ¶ And corteis knihthod and clergye,<br>þat wont were vices to forsake,<br>Are nou so Rooted in Ribaudye<br>þat opur merþes lust hem not make.            | Knights and<br>Clerics are<br>ribalds,   | 160 |
| A-wei is gentyll cortesy, [leaf 407, col. 3]<br>And lustines his leue hap take ;<br>We loue so slouþe and harlotrie,<br>We slepe as swolle swyn in lake. | Courtesy is<br>gone.   | 164 |
| þer wol no worschupe wiþ vs wake<br>Til þat Charite beo mad a kyng :<br>And þen schal al vr synne slake,<br>And Merci passeþ alle þing.                  | We love Sloth<br>and Harlotry.<br><br>We shall be<br>no good till<br>Love is King. | 168 |

(15)

|  |  |                                    |
|--|--|------------------------------------|
| ¶ .I. munge no more of þis to 3ou,<br>Al-þau3 .I. couþe 3if þat .I. wolde,<br>ffor 3e han herd wel whi & hou<br>Bi-gon þis tale þat I haue tolde.  | I say no<br>more.  | 172                                |
| And þis men knowen wel .I.-nouh,<br>ffor Merlyons feet ben colde ;<br>hit is heor kynde on Bank and bouh<br>A quik Brid to hauen and holde,<br>ffrom foot to foot to flutte and folde,<br>To kepe hire from clomesyng ;<br>As .I. an hauþorn gan bi holde,<br>.I. sau3 my self þe same þing. | You recollect<br>my first<br>verse.<br><br>It's a Merlin's<br>nature to hold<br>a live bird in<br>its claws, first<br>one, then the<br>other, to get<br>warmth,<br><br>as I saw. | 176<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>180 |

(16)

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| ¶ Whon heo hedde holden so al niht,<br>On Morwe heo let hit gon a-way :<br>Wheþer gentrie tau3t hire so or nou3t,<br>I con not telle 3ou, in good fay !<br>But, God, as þou art ful of mi3t,<br>þou3 we plese þe not to pay,<br>Graunt vs repentaunce and respi3t,<br>And schrift and hosel, or we day ;<br>As þou art God and mon verray,<br>þou beo vr help at vre endyng,<br>Bi-fore þi face þat we mai sai : | But next day<br>she let it go.<br><br>God, grant us<br><br>repentance<br>ere we die,<br><br>that we may<br>say Mercy<br>passes all<br>things. | 184<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>188<br><br><br><br><br>192 |
| ' Now Merci passeþ alle þinge.'  |   |   |

2. *Deo Gracias I.*(11 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

In a Church  
one morning

**I**N a Chirche, þer .I. con knel  
 þis ender day in on Morwenynge,  
 Me lyked þe seruise wonder wel;  
 ffor-þi þe lengore con .I. lunge.  
 .I. seiþ a Clerk a book forþ bringe,  
 þat prikked was in mony a plas;  
 ffaste he souþte what he scholde syngre:  
 And al was *Deo Gracias*.

4

I saw a Clerk  
bring out a  
music-book,  
and sing *Deo  
Gracias*.

8

(2)

The Choris-  
ters joind in.

¶ Alle þe queristres in þat qwer,  
 On þat word fast gon þei cri.  
 þe noyse was good, & .I. drouþ neer  
 And called a prest ful priueli,  
 And seide: "sire, for 3or curtesi  
 Tel me, 3if 3e habbeþ spas,  
 What hit meneþ, and for whi  
 3e singe *Deo Gracias*?"

12

I askt a  
Priest what  
*Deo Gracias*  
meant.

16

(3)

He was clad  
in silk;

¶ In selk þat comeli clerk was clad,  
 And ouer a letterne leoned he;  
 And wiþ his word he maade me glad,  
 And seide: "sone, I schal telle þe:  
 ffader and Sone In Trinite,  
 þe holy gost, ground of vr graas,  
 Also oftseipe þonke we  
 As we sei *Deo Gracias*.

20

he said, 'We  
thank the  
Trinity when  
we say *Deo  
Gracias*.

24

(4)

The world  
was wound  
in woe till

¶ "To þonke & blesse him we ben bounde  
 With al þe murþes þat mon mai Minne:  
 ffor al þe world in wo was wounde  
 Til þat he crepte in to vr kinne:  
 A louesum buirde he ligte with-Inne,  
 þe worþiest þat euer was,  
 And schedde his blod for vre sinne:  
 And þefore *Deo Gracias*."

28

Christ shed  
his blood for  
us.

32

## (5)

- ¶ þen seide þe preost : “sone, be þi leue  
 .I. moste seie forþ my seruise, I must say  
my Service,  
 .I. preye þe tak hit nouzt in greue ;  
 ffor þou hast herd al my deuise, 36  
 Bi-cause whi hit is clerkes wyse,  
 And holychirche muynde of hit maas,  
 Vnto þe prince so muchel of prise,  
 fforte syngre Deo Gracias.” 40  
for Holy  
Church bids  
priests sing  
*Deo Gracias.*’

## (6)

- ¶ Out of þat chirche .I. wente my way,  
 And on þat word was al my þouzt,  
 And twenti tymes .I. con say,  
 “God graunte þat .I. for-ȝete hit nouzt!  
 þouzt I weore out of bonchef brouzt,  
 what help weore to me to seye allas ?  
 In þe nome of god, what-euer be wrouzt,  
 I schal seie Deo gracias. 48  
I left the  
church,  
  
and resolvd,  
  
whatever  
hapt, to say  
*Deo Gracias.*

## (7)

- ¶ “In Mischef and in bonchef boþe, [leaf 407, bk.]<sup>1</sup>  
 þat word is good to seye and syngre,  
 And not to wayle ne to bi wroþe,  
 þauzt al be nouzt at vre lykyngre. 52  
 ffor langour schal not euer lynge,  
 And sum tyme plesaunse wol ouer-pas,  
 But ay in hope of a-mendynge,  
 .I. schal seye Deo Gracias.” 56

## (8)

- ¶ A-Mende þat þou hast don amis,  
 And do wel þerne, and haue no drede,  
 Wheþer so þou beo In bale or blis !  
 þi goode suffraunce schal gete þe mede, 60  
 ȝif þou þi lyf in lykyng lede.  
 Loke þou beo kuynde in veh a cas,  
 þonk þi god, ȝif þou wel spede,  
 Wiþ þis word, Deo Gracias. 64  
Amend your  
ill deedes, and  
do good.  
  
You shall  
have reward.  
  
Thank God  
with *Deo*  
*Gracias.*

<sup>1</sup> The leaf-numbers here are modern, and on the general wrong plan of making each leaf a folio, instead of the double open page, the back of the left leaf and the front of the right one, which the old numbering always rightly adopts.

(9)

|                               |   |    |
|-------------------------------|---|----|
| Be modest.                    | ¶ 3if god haþ 3iue þe vertues mo<br>þen he haþ oþure two or þre,<br>þenne I rede þou rule þe so<br>þat men may speke worschupe bi þe. | 68 |
| Don't be forward or boastful. | Be fert of pruide, & bost þou fle,<br>þi vertues let no fulþe de-faas,  |    |
| Keep pure and courteous.      | But kep þe clene, corteis & fre,<br>And þenk on Deo Gracias.  | 72 |

(10)

|                                      |  |    |
|--------------------------------------|--|----|
| If you're an officer, judge rightly. | ¶ 3if þou beo mad an Offycer,<br>And art a Mon of mucche miht,<br>What cause þou demest, loke hit be cler,<br>And reue no mon from him his riht, | 76 |
|                                      | 3if þou beo strong and fers to filht.<br>ffor envye neuer mon þou chas,<br>But drede þi god boþe dai & niȝt,<br>And þenk on deo gracias.         | 80 |

(11)

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
| If we keep this in our hearts, we may get endless joy, and | ¶ 3if we þis word in herte wol haue,<br>And ay in loue and leute leende,<br>Of crist bi couenaunt we mow craue<br>þat Ioye þat schal neuer haue ende, | 84 |
| sing with the Saints, ' <i>Deo Gracias.</i> '              | Out of þis world whon we schul wende,<br>In-to his paleys for to paas,<br>And sitte a-mong his seintes hende,<br>And þer synge Deo Gracias.           | 88 |

3. *Against my Will, I take my Leave.*

(8 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc)

(1)

|                           |   |   |
|---------------------------|---|---|
| Bless you, friends;       | <b>N</b> ou Bernes, Buirduſ bolde and blyþe,<br>To blesſen ow her nou am .I. bounde ;<br>.I. þonke 3ou alle a þouſend ſipe, |   |
| God ſave you              | And prei god ſaue 3ou hol and ſounde ;<br>Wher-euer 3e go, on gras or grounde,<br>He ow gouerne with-outen greue            | 4 |
| for your kindneſſe to me! | ffor frendſchipe þat .I. here haue founde ;<br>A-3eyn mi wille .I. take mi leue.  | 8 |

(2)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>¶ ffor frendschiþe &amp; for 3iftes goode,<br/>         ffor Mete &amp; Drinké so gret plente<br/>         þat lord þat rau3t was on þe Roode,<br/>         He keþe þi comeli cumpayne ;<br/>         On see or lond, wher þat 3e be,<br/>         He gouerne ow wiþ-ouren greue ;<br/>         So good diþeþt 3e han mad me,<br/>         A3ein mi wille .I. take my leue.</p> | <p>For all your<br/>         gifts and<br/>         food,<br/>         may Christ<br/>         be with you !</p> <p>12</p> <p>16</p> |
|--|--|

(3)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>¶ A3ein mi wille al-þou3 .I. wende,<br/>         .I. may not al-wey dwellen here,<br/>         ffor eueri þing ſchal haue an ende,<br/>         And frendes are not ay .I.-fere ;<br/>         Be we neuer so lef and dere,<br/>         Out of þis world al ſchul we meue ;<br/>         And whon we buske vn-to vr bere,<br/>         A3eyn vr wille we take vr leue.</p> | <p>But I muſt<br/>         leave you</p> <p>20</p> <p>and this<br/>         world, tho'<br/>         againſt my<br/>         will.</p> <p>24</p> |
|--|--|

(4)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>¶ And wende we ſchulle, .I. wot neuer wherme,<br/>         Ne whoderward þat we ſchul fare ;<br/>         But endeles bliſſe, or ay to brenne,<br/>         To eueri mon is 3arked 3are.<br/>         ffor-þi .I. rede vch mon be ware,<br/>         And lete vr werk vr wordes preue,<br/>         So þat no ſuzne vr ſoule forfare<br/>         Whon þat vr lyf haþ taken his leue.</p> | <p>28</p> <p>We muſt all<br/>         go to endleſſ<br/>         bliſſ or hell-<br/>         fire.</p> <p>32</p> |
|--|--|

(5)

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>¶ Whon þat vr lyf his leue haþ lauhþ,<br/>         Vr bodi lith bounden bi þe wowe,<br/>         Vr richceſſes alle from vs ben raft,<br/>         In clottes colde vr cors is þrowe.<br/>         Wher are þi frendes ho wol þe knowe ?<br/>         Let ſeo ho wol þi ſoule releue ?<br/>         .I. rede þe, mon, ar þou ly lowe,<br/>         Beo redi ay to take þi leue.</p> | <p>When we die,</p> <p>36</p> <p>where are our<br/>         friends ?</p> <p>40</p> <p>Let us make<br/>         ready to take<br/>         our leave,</p> |
|--|---|

(6)

¶ Be redi ay, what euer bi-falle, [leaf 407, bk., col. 2]

Al sodeynli lest þou be kiht ;

þou wost neuer whonne þi lord wol calle,

and keep our  
lamps burn-  
ing when our  
Lord calls.

Loke þat þi laumpe beo brennynghe briht ; 44

ffor leue me wel, but þou haue liht,

Riht foule þi lord wol þe repreue,

And fleme þe fer out of his siht,

ffor al to late þou toke þi leue. 48

(7)

Christ give  
us grace to  
see Him  
when we die!

¶ Nou god, þat was in Bethleem bore,

He ȝiue vs grace to serue him so

þat we mai come his face to-fore,

Out of þis world whon we schul go ; 52

And for to a-mende þat we mis-do,

In Clei or þat we clynghe and cleue,

And mak vs euene wiþ frend and fo,

And in good tyme to take vr leue. 56

(8)

Good day, all  
of you!

¶ Nou haueþ good dai, gode men alle,

Haueþ good dai, ȝonge and olde,

Haueþ good day, boþe grete and smalle,

And graunt-Merci a þousend folde. 60

ȝif euere .I. miȝte, ful fayn .I. wolde

Don ouȝt þat weore vn-to ȝow leue.

Christ keep  
you! I must  
take my  
leave.

Crist kepe ow out of cares colde,

ffor nou is tyme to take my leue. 64

## 4. God is Love.

(7 stanzas of 8, abab abab.)

(1)

**D**eus caritas est :

A, deore god, omnipotent,

Lord þou madest boþe foul &amp; best,

On eorþe to mon þou here hit sent. 4

I warn all of  
you to get  
Charity.

.I. warne ȝow alle, boþe more &amp; lest,

Charite .I. rede þat ȝe hent ;

ffor hit is cristes hest,

þat schal come to þe Iugement. 8

## (2)

|  |   |
|--|---|
| ¶ ffor whon he comeþ a domes-day<br>þat al þis world hit schal wel se,<br>þe wikked he biddeþ to gon heor way,<br>In bitter penaunce for euere to be ;<br>And to þe goode wol þat lord say :<br>“ 3e schul alle wende wiþ me<br>In-to þe blisse for euere and ay ;<br>Et qui manet in caritate.” | <p>At Doomsday</p> <p>Christ shall<br/>send the<br/>wicked to<br/>hell, and take<br/>the good to<br/>bliss.</p> <p>12</p> <p>16</p> |
|--|---|

## (3)

|   |   |
|---|---|
| ¶ God þat made boþe heuene & helle,<br>Vre swete lord of Nazareþ :<br>Adam þat was so feir of felle<br>ffor his folyes he suffred deþ.<br>In God forsoþe he schal dwelle,<br>In charite ho so geþ,<br>Hit is soþ þat I ou telle,<br>Bi-hold and seo :—In deo manet. | <p>20</p> <p>He who<br/>dwells in<br/>Love dwells<br/>in God.</p> <p>24</p> |
|---|---|

## (4)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ¶ Crist was toren vch a lim,<br>And on þe Roode he was .I.-do.<br>þe fend þat was so derk and dym,<br>To þe crois he com þo,—<br>Crist, al charite is in him—<br>þere he ouer-com vs to.<br>Charite .I. rede þat þou nym,<br>And þenne Deus est in eo. | <p>28</p> <p>32</p> <p>Get Love,<br/>and then God<br/>is in you.</p> |
|--|--|

## (5)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ¶ Let Charite nou awake,<br>And do hit þer need is ;<br>Heuene forsoþe þen maizt þou take<br>And come to þat riche blis :<br>Nou crist, for his Moder sake,<br>Let vs neuere þis place mis,<br>And schild vs from þe fendes blake,<br>And Sit deus in nobis. | <p>36</p> <p>40</p> <p>May Love<br/>work what is<br/>needful,<br/>and bring us<br/>to Bliss!</p> |
|--|--|

(6)

|                             |  |    |
|-----------------------------|--|----|
| Let us begin<br>Love first, | ¶ And charite .I. rede þat we be-ginne<br>As bi-fore alle oþer games,                |    |
| and be<br>shriven,          | And schriue vs clene of vre synne,<br>ffor so dude Peter, Ion and Iames,             | 44 |
|                             | And þerfore god hem dwelled wiþ-Inne,<br>ffor þei weoren alle wiþ-outen oþer blames. |    |
| and win<br>Heaven!          | Crist, let vs heuene wynne,<br>E(t) nos ipso maneamus.                               | 48 |

(7)

|                                   |  |    |
|-----------------------------------|--|----|
| O God, who                        | ¶ God þat dwelleþ in gret solas<br>In heuene, þat riche regnyng,   |    |
| sufferdst on<br>the Cross,        | And for vs þolede gret trespas<br>Wonder muche at vre muntynng,    | 52 |
|                                   | On þe Roode don he was,<br>In gret dispyt .I.-cleped a kyng.       |    |
| bring us all<br>to a good<br>end! | þenkeþ nouþe On Deus caritas,<br>And bring vs alle to good endyng. | 56 |

5. *Deo Gracias II.*

(6 stanzas of 8 ; one abab baba ; five abab bcbc.)

(1)

|   |  |                            |
|---|--|----------------------------|
| I thank God<br>both in weal<br>and woe. | <b>M</b> .I. word is Deo gracias,<br>In world wher me be wel or wo ;<br>Hou scholde I lauþwe or sigge Allas <small>[leaf 407, back, col. 3]</small><br>ffor, leeu me wel, hit [ne] lasteþ o,<br>And þouþ hit greue, hit wol ouer go,<br>As þouþt chaungeþ, for such is graas.<br>þerfore, wher me beo wel or wo,<br>I sey not But deo gracias. | 4<br><br><br><br><br><br>8 |
|---|--|----------------------------|

(2)

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
| Tho' I be<br>rich,  | ¶ þouþ I beo riche of gold so red,<br>And liht to renne as is a Ro,   |    |
| and another<br>poor ;   | Anoþur is boun to begge his bred<br>Wiþ brestes blak and bleyne blo.  | 12 |
|   | Whon .I. seo good de-parted so :<br>To sum Mon God sent gret solas,<br>And sum Mon ay to liuen in wo,<br>þen sei .I. Deo Gracias. | 16 |
| tho' some<br>have solace,<br>and others<br>woe, I thank<br>God. |   |    |



## (3)

|   |    |  |
|---|----|--|
| ¶ þou he beo pore and lyue in peyn,<br>Anoþer mon proudeþ as doþ a poo,<br>Whon murþe is his & Mourning myn,<br>As may be-falle to me and mo, | 20 |  |
| 3if fortune wolde be so my fo<br>ffrom me to <i>turne</i> hir freely faas ;   |    | If Fortune<br>turns my foe,<br>I still thank<br>God. |
| Seþþe god may sende hoþe weole & wo,<br>I sei not but Deo Gracias.  | 24 |  |

## (4)

|  |    |                                       |
|--|----|---------------------------------------|
| ¶ A lord of worschup 3if .I. ware,<br>And weore falle down in a wro,<br>Siknesse sitteþ me so sare,<br>And serwe wol neiȝ myn herte slo, | 28 | Tho' I be sick<br>and sorrow-<br>ful, |
| þus am I bounde from top til to,<br>And I <i>turmente</i> so for my trespas :  |    |                                       |
| 3if God may loose me of þat wo,<br>And þenne I sey Deo Gracias.  | 32 | I still thank<br>God.                 |

## (5)

|  |    |   |
|--|----|---|
| ¶ Whon I hedde spendyng her-be-forn,<br>þer wolde no felauschip fonde me fro,<br>But herkne & hiȝe to myn horn,<br>ffor in myn hond þer stod non ho. | 36 | When I was<br>rich, men<br>sought me ;                                  |
| Nou a-peereþ non of þo ;<br>So pouert a-peired haþ my plas.  |    | now they've<br>left me, for<br>I am poor ;<br>but still I<br>thank God. |
| Ho may haue wele wiþ-oute wo ?<br>þerfore I sey Deo gracias.   | 40 |   |

## (6)

|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| ¶ Almihti, corteis, Crouned kyng,<br>God, graunt vs grace to rule vs so<br>þat we may come to þi wonyng,<br>þer is wele wiþ-outen wo.  | 44 | God, grant us<br>Heaven!                 |
| Milde Mayde, prey þi sone also,<br>þat he for-3iue vs vre trespas,<br>And afterward in-to heuene go,<br>þer to syng Deo gracias. Amen. | 48 | Mary, pray<br>Christ to for-<br>give us! |

6. **Each Man** ought himself to know.(9 stanzas of 12, *abab abab bcbe.*)

(1)

St. Paul said  
that every  
Christian  
ought to  
know him-  
self.

**I**N a Pistel þat poul wrou3t,  
 .I. fond hit writen, & seide riht þis :  
 Vche *cristne creature* knowen himself ou3t  
 His oune vessel. and soþ hit is. 4  
 Nere help of *him* þat vs deore bou3t,  
 We weoren bore to luytel blis ;  
 Whon al þi gode dedes beþ þorw-sou3t,  
 Seche, and þou schalt fynden A-mis. 8  
 Eueri mon scholde .I.-knowen his,  
 And þat is luitel, as .I. trowe ;  
 To teche vs self, crist vs wis ;  
 flor vche mon ou3te *him-self* to knowe. 12

(2)

We should  
know what  
we were at  
our birth,

¶ Knowe þi-self what þou ware,  
 Whon þou were of þi moder born,  
 Ho was þi moder þat þe bare,  
 And ho was þi fader þer-bi-foren ; 16  
 Knowe hou þei beþ forþ fare ;  
 So schaltou þei3 þou hed sworn.  
 Knowe þou come hider wiþ care ;  
 þou nost neuer 3if þou byde til morn ; 20  
 Hou lihtly þou maizt be forlorn,  
 But þou þi sinne schriue & schowe ;  
 ffor lond or kip, Catel or corn,  
 Vche mon oute *him-self* to knowe. 24

and how soon  
we may die  
and be lost.

(3)

Our life is but  
a breath ;

¶ Knowe þi lyf ; hit may not last,  
 But as a blast blouh out þi breth ;  
 Tote, and bi a noþer mon tast ;  
 Riht as a glentand glem hit geth. 28  
 What is al þat forþ is past ?  
 hit fareþ as a fuir of heth.  
 þis worldes good away wol wast,  
 ffor synnes seeknesse þi soule sleþ. 32  
 And þat is a ful delful deþ,  
 To saue þi soule and þou be slowe,

all that has  
past, but a  
blaze.

[leaf 408]

Wip þi Maystrie medel þi meþ,  
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 36

(4)

|  |   |
|--|---|
| ¶ 3if þou þi-self knowe con,                 | Take count-<br>ers,                         |
| ¶ Sit down, and tac Countures rounde,        |   |
| Sepþe furst þou monnes wit bi-gon            |   |
| Hou ofte sunne þe haþ .I.-bounde.            | 40 and put one<br>for each of<br>your sins, |
| And for vch a synne lei þou douz on,         |   |
| Til þou þi synnes haue .I.-souzt vp sounde ; |   |
| Counte þi goode dedes euerichon,             | and one for<br>each good<br>deed.           |
| . Abyd þer a while and stunte a stounde ;    | 44  |
| And 3if þou fele þe siker and sounde,        |   |
| þonk þou þi god, as þou wel owe ;            |   |
| And 3if þou art In sunne .I.-bounde          |   |
| Amende þe, and þi-self knowe.                | 48 Then amend,<br>and kñow<br>yourself.     |

(5)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ¶ Knowe what god haþ for þe do :       | Know too<br>how God<br>made you,                                 |
| Made þe after his oune liknes ;        |  |
| Sepþe, he com from heuene also,        |  |
| And dizede for þe wiþ gret distres.    | 52 and died for<br>you,  |
| ffor þe he soffrede boþe pyne and wo ; |  |
| Knowe þou him and alle his :           |  |
| Who-so greueþ him Is worþi to go       |  |
| To helle-fuir, but he hit red[r]les,   | 56 and how you<br>must go to<br>hell-fire, but<br>for his grace. |
| And he be demed bi rihtfulnes ;        |  |
| But his grace is so wyde .I.-sowe,     |  |
| ffrom his wrapþe .I. rede vs bles,     |  |
| ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. | 60   |

(6)

|   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| ¶ Knowe þi-self þat þou schalt dye,           | Know that<br>you must die,         |
| But what tyme, þou nost neuer whenne ;        |                                    |
| Wip a twynklyng of an eize,                   |                                    |
| Eueri day þou hizest þe henne ;               | 64                                 |
| þi fleschly foode þe wermes wol fye :         | and be<br>worms' meat.             |
| Vche cristen mon ouzte þis to kenne.          |                                    |
| Loke aboute and wel a-spye,                   |                                    |
| þis world dop bote bi-traye menne ;           | 68                                 |
| And beo war of þe fuir þat euer schal brenne, |                                    |
| And þenk þou regnest her but a þrowe ;        | Beware of<br>everlasting<br>fire ! |

Heuene-blisse þou schal haue þenne,  
ffor vche mon ouzte him self to knowe. 72

## (7)

Know thy  
flesh 'll rot.

¶ Knowe þi flesh, þat wol rote ;  
ffor certes, þou maizt not longe endure ;  
And nedes dye, heznes þou mote,  
þei þou haue kyngdam<sup>1</sup> and Empyre. <sup>1</sup> MS. kyngdan 76  
And sone þou schalt beo forgote ;  
So schal souereyn, so schal syre.

Hose leeuþ not þis, I. trouwe he dote,  
ffor eueri mok most in-to myre. 80

Let us pray  
God that we  
may win  
Heaven.

Preye we to god vr soules enspire,  
Or we ben logged in erþe lowe,  
Heuene to haue to vr huire ;  
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 84

## (8)

Know thy  
Creator, and

that worldly  
honour soon  
goes.

¶ Knowe þi kuynde Créature,  
Knowe what he for þe dide ;  
Knowe þis worldly honoure,  
Hou sone þat hit is forþ .I.-slyde. 88

Ende of Ioye Is her doloure ;  
Strengþe stont vs in no stide,  
But longyng & beoing in laboure ;  
Vr Bost, vr Brag is sone ouerbide. 92

Arthur and  
Hector are  
dead.

Amend, and  
know your-  
self!

Arthur and Ector þat we dredde,  
Deth haþ leid hem wonderly lowe.  
Amende þe, Mon, euene forþ mide,  
ffor vche mon ouzte him-self to knowe. 96

## (9)

Your Con-  
science shall  
judge you.

¶ þi Conciencie schal þe saue and deme  
Wheþer þat þou beo ille or good ;  
Grope aboute, and tak good zeme,  
þer maizt þou wite, but þou beo wood, 100  
þer schalt þou þe same seone.

Ask Mercy,

Aske Merci wiþ Mylde mood,  
AMende þe, þou wot what .I. mene.  
Vche creatur þat beres bon and blood, 104  
Preye we to god þat dyed on Rode,  
Ar vre breþ beo out .I.-blowe,

þat cristes face mai ben vr foode,  
ffor vche mon ouȝte him self to knowe.

and to live on  
in Christ.  
108

7. **Think on Yesterday.**

(15 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

**W**hon Men beoþ muriest at heor Mele,  
iþ mete & drink to maken hem glade,  
[iþ] worschip & wiþ worldlich wele

When men  
are merriest,  
and best off,

þei ben so set, þey conne not sade ;

4

þei haue no deynthe for to dele [leaf 408, col. 2]

Wiþ þinges þat ben deuoutli made,

þei weene heor honour & heore hele

Schal euer laste & neuer diffade.

8

But in heor hertes .I. wolde þei hade,

Whon þei gon ricchest men on array,

Hou sone þat god hem may de-grade,

And sum tyme þenk on ȝesterday.

I wish they'd  
think how  
soon they  
may be made  
low.

12

(2)

¶ þis day, as leef we may be liht

Wiþ al þe murþes þat men may vise,

To Reuele wiþ þis buirdes briht,

Vche mon gayest on his gyse ;

16

At þe last, hit draweþ to niht,

þat slep most make his Maystrise.

Whon þat he haþ .I.-kud his miht,

þe morwe he boskeþ vp to rise,

þen al draweþ hem to fantasy[s]e ;

20 next morn  
they may be  
dead.

Wher he is bi-comen, con non mon say,—

And ȝif heo wuste þei weore ful wise,—

ffor al is tornd to ȝesterday.

24

(3)

¶ Whose wolde þenke vppon þis,

Mihte fynde a good enchesun whi

To preue þis world al-wei .I.-wis

Hit nis but fantum and feiri,

þis erþly Ioye, þis worldly blis

Is but a fikel fantasy ;

28 This world is  
but a phan-  
tom and  
fancy ;  
earthly bliss  
a fantasy.

- ffor nou hit is, and nou hit nis,  
 þer may no mon þer-inne affy. 32  
 Hit chaungeþ so ofte & so sodeynly,  
 To-day is her, to-morwe a-way.  
 A siker ground ho wol him gy,  
 I rede he þenke on 3uster-day. 36  
 Let him who seeks sure ground, think on yesterday.
- (4)
- ¶ ffior þer nis non so strong in stour,  
 ffro tyme þat he ful waxen be,  
 ffrom þat day forþ, euer-veh an hour,  
 Of his strengþe he leost a quantite ; 40  
 Ne no buryde so briht in bour,  
 Of þritti wynter, .I. enseure þe,  
 þat heo ne schal fade as a flour,  
 Luite and luite leosen hire bente. 44  
 þe soþe 3e may 3or-self I-se,  
 Beo 3or eldres in good fay ;  
 Whon 3e ben grettest in 3our degre,  
 I rede 3e þenke on 3esterday. 48  
 Let all think on yesterday!
- (5)
- ¶ Nis non so fresch on fote to fare,  
 Ne non so fayr on fold to fynde,  
 þat þei ne schul a bere be brou3t ful bare :  
 þis wrecched world nis but a wynde ; 52  
 Ne non so stif to stunte ne stare,  
 Ne non so bold, Beores to bynde,  
 þat he naþ warmynges to beo ware,  
 ffor god is so cortys and so kynde. 56  
 Bi-hold þe lame, þe bedrede, þe blynde,  
 þat bit 3ou be war whil þat 3e may ;  
 þei make a Mirour to 3or mynde,  
 To us þe schap of 3esterday. 60  
 what they shall be.
- (6)
- ¶ þe lyf þat ony mon schal lede,  
 Beþ certeyn dayes atte last,  
 þen moste vr terme schorte nede ;  
 Be o day comen, anoþer is past. 64  
 Herof and we wolde take good hede  
 And in vr hertes a-countes cast,

|                                       |    |              |
|---------------------------------------|----|--------------|
| Day bi day, wiþouten drede,           |    | We draw fast |
| Toward vr ende we draweþ ful fast.    | 68 | to our end,  |
| þen schal vr bodies in erþe be þrast, |    | to be laid   |
| Vr Careyns chouched vnder clay ;      |    | under clay.  |
| Her-of we ouȝte beo sore agast,       |    |              |
| And we wolde þenke on ȝesterday.      | 72 |              |

## (7)

|                                     |    |                            |
|-------------------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| ¶ Salamon seide in his poysi,       |    | Solomon preferred a living |
| He holdeþ wel betere wiþ an hounde  |    | Dog                        |
| þat is lykyng and Ioly,             |    |                            |
| And of seknesse hol and sounde,     | 76 |                            |
| þen be a Leon, þouȝ he ly           |    | to a dead                  |
| Cold and ded vppon þe grounde.      |    | Lion.                      |
| Wherof serueþ his victori,          |    |                            |
| þat was so stif in vche a stounde ? | 80 |                            |
| þe moste fool, I herde respounde,   |    | The biggest                |
| Is wysore whil he lyue may,         |    | Fool is wiser              |
| þen he þat hedde a þousend pounde   |    | than he who                |
| And was buried ȝuster-day.          | 84 | was buried                 |
|                                     |    | yesterday.                 |

## (8)

|                                     |                    |                |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| ¶ Socrates seiþ a word ful wys :    | [leaf 408, col. 3] | Socrates said  |
| Hit were wel betere for to se       |                    | it was better  |
| A Mon þat nou parteþ and dys,       |                    | to see a dying |
| þen a feste of Realte ;             | 88                 | man than a     |
| þe feste wol make his flesh to ris, |                    | feast :        |
| And drawe his herte to vanite ;     |                    |                |
| þe Bodi þat on þe Bere lys,         |                    |                |
| Scheweþ þe same þat we schal be.    | 92                 | he showd us    |
| þat ferful fit may no mon fle,      |                    | what we shall  |
| Ne wiþ no wiles win hit a-way ;     |                    | be.            |
| þerfore a-mong al Iolyte,           |                    |                |
| Sum tyme þenk on ȝesterday.         | 96                 |                |

## (9)

|                                       |     |               |
|---------------------------------------|-----|---------------|
| ¶ But ȝit me merueyles ouer al        |     |               |
| þat god let mony mon croke and elde,  |     | God lets men  |
| Whon miht & strengþe is from hem fal, |     | live when     |
| þat þei may not hem-self a-welde ;    | 100 | bent and old, |
| And now þis beggers most þrincipal,   |     |               |
| þat good ne profyt may non ȝelde.     |     | and beggars,  |

To þis purpos onswere .I. schal,  
 Whi god sent such men boote & belde ; 104  
 Crist, þat Made boþe flour & felde,  
 Let suche men lyue, forsoþe to say,  
 Whon a 3ong mon on hem bi-helde,  
 Scholde seo þe schap of 3esterday. 108

to teach  
 young men  
 the shape of  
 yesterday,

## (10)

¶ A noþur skile þer is, for whi  
 þat God let such men liue so longe :  
 ffor þei beþ treacle and remedi 112  
 ffor synful men þat han do wronge.

to let sinners  
 be kind to  
 them,

In hem þe seuen dedes of Merci  
 A Mon may fulfille a-monge ;  
 And also þis proude men may þer-bi 116  
 A feir Mirour vnderfonge.

and the  
 strong and  
 gay see what  
 they may  
 come to.

ffor þer nis non so stif ne stronge,  
 Ne no ladi [so] stout ne gay,  
 Bi-hold what ouer hor hed con honge,  
 And sum tyme þenk on 3esterday. 120

## (11)

¶ I. haue wist, sin I. cuþe meen,  
 þat children haþ bi candel liht  
 Heor schadewe on þe wal i-sen,  
 And Ronne þer-after al þe niht ; 124

I've seen  
 children run  
 after their  
 candle-light  
 shadows on  
 the wall.

Bisy a-boute þei han ben  
 To cacchen hit wiþ al heore miht,  
 And whon þei cacchen hit, best wolde wene,  
 Sannest hit schet out of heor siht ; 128

þe schadewe cacchen þei ne miht,  
 ffor no lynes þat þei couþe lay.  
 þis schadewe .I. may likne a-riht  
 To þis world and 3esterday. 132

Those sha-  
 dows are like  
 the world and  
 yesterday.

## (12)

¶ In-to þis world whon we beþ brouzt,  
 We schul be tempt to couetyse,  
 And al þi wit schal be þorw-souzt  
 To more good þen þou may suffyse. 136

We all want  
 more than  
 enough.

Whon þou þenkest best in þi þouzt  
 On Richesse, fo[r]te regne and ryse,

Yet when we  
 think most  
 of riches,



Al þi trauayle turneþ to nouzt,  
 ffor sodeynly on deþ þou dyese ; 140 we die.  
 þi lyf þou hast .I.-lad wiþ lyzes,  
 So þis world gon þe be-tray.  
 þerfore .I. rede þou þis dispys,  
 And sum tyme þenk on 3uster-day. 144

(13)

¶ Mon, 3if þi nei3ebor þe Manas  
 Oþur to culle or to bete, If a neigh-  
bour threat-  
ens you,  
 .I. knowe me siker in þe cas  
 þat þou wolt drede þi nei3ebores þrete, 148

And neuer a day þi dore to pas  
 Wiþ-oute siker defense and grete, you get pro-  
tection  
against him.  
 And ben purueyed in vche a plas  
 Of sekernes and help to gete ; 152  
 þin enmy woltou not for-3ete,  
 But ay beo afert of his affray :  
 Ensawple herof .I. wol 3ou trete,  
 To make 3ou þenke of 3uster-day. 156

(14)

¶ Wel þou wost wiþ-outen fayle  
 þat deþ haþ manast þe to dye ; Death threat-  
ens you :  
 But whon þat he wol þe a-sayle,  
 þat wost þou not, ne neuer may spye. 160

3if þou wolt don be my counsayle,  
 Wiþ siker defence beo ay redye !  
 ffor siker defence in þis batayle,  
 Is clene lyf, parfyt and trye. 164

Put þi trust in godes Mercye, [leaf 408, back]  
 Hit is þe beste at al assay,  
 And euer among þou þe en-nuye  
 In-to þis world and 3uster-day. 168

(15)

¶ Sum men seiþ þat deþ is a þef,  
 And al vnwarned wol on him stele ;  
 And .I. sey nay, and make a þref,  
 þat deþ is studefast, trewe and lele, 172  
 And warneþ vche mon of his greef,  
 þat he wol o day wiþ him dele :  
Death does  
not steal on  
you un-  
warned, but  
gives you fair  
warning that  
he'll take  
your life.

þe lyf þat is to ow so leof,  
 He wol 3ou reue, and eke or hele ; 176  
 þis poyntes may no mon him repele.  
 He comeþ so baldely to pyke his pray,  
 Whon men beoþ muryest at heor Mele :  
 I rede 3e þenke on 3usterday. 180

When you're  
 merriest,  
 then, think  
 on yesterday!

### 8. Keep well Christ's Commandments.

(13 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

**I** warne vche leod þat liueþ in londe,  
 And do hem dredles out of were,  
 þat þei most studie and vnderstonde,  
 þe lawe of crist to loue and lere. 4  
 þer nis no mon fer ne nere  
 þat may him-seluen saue vn-schent,  
 But he þat castep wiþ concience clere  
 To kepe wel Cristes Comaundement. 8

Study to  
 learn and  
 love the law  
 of Christ,

and keep his  
 Command-  
 ments.

(2)

¶ þow most haue o God, and no mo,  
 And serue him boþe with mayn and miht ;  
 And ouer alle þinges loue him also,  
 ffor he hap lant þe lyf and liht. 12  
 3if þou beo nuy3ed day or niht  
 In peyne be meke and pacient,  
 And rule þe ay be reson riht,  
 And kep wel Cristes Comaundement. 16

1. Have one  
 God, and  
 serve and  
 love Him.

(3)

¶ And let þi nei3hebor, frend and fo,  
 Riht frely of þi frendschupe fele,  
 In herte þat þou wilne hem so  
 Riht as þou woldest þi-self weore wele ; 20  
 And help to sauen hem from vncele,  
 So þat heore soules beo not schent,  
 And also heore care þou helpe to kele,  
 And kepe wel Cristes comaundement. 24

2. Be friendly  
 to your  
 neighbours.

(4)

|   |                                       |    |
|---|---------------------------------------|----|
| ¶ In Idel, Godes nome tak þou nouzt,<br>But cese, and saue þe from þat synne ;  | 3. Take not<br>God's name<br>in vain. |    |
| Swere bi no þing þat God haþ wrouht ;<br>Be war his wrappe, lest þou hit wynne ;  |                                       | 28 |
| But bisy þe her bale to blynne<br>þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent,<br>Vncoupe & knowen & of þi kynne,<br>And kep wel cristes comaundement. |                                       | 32 |

(5)

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
| ¶ In clannes and in cristes werk<br>Haue mynde to holden þin haly day,<br>And drauh þe þenne from dedes derk,<br>Wip al þi meyne, Mon and may ;    | 4. Do Christ's<br>work on Holy<br>Days. | 36 |
| And men vnsauzte, loke þou assay<br>To sauzten hem þenne at on assent,<br>And pore and seke þou plese & pay,<br>And kepe wel cristes Comaundement. |   | 40 |

(6)

|  |  |    |
|--|--|----|
| ¶ þi ffader, þi Moder, þou worschupe boþe,<br>3if þou wolt boteles bale escheuwe ;   | 5. Honour<br>thy Father<br>and Mother. |    |
| With counseil cumforte him, with mete & cloþe,<br>As þou sest hem neodeþ newe ;  |  | 44 |
| And 3if þei talke of tales vntrewe,<br>þou torn hem out of þat entent,<br>And cristes lawe help þat þei knewe,<br>And kep wel cristes Comaundement ! |  | 48 |

(7)

|   |                    |    |
|---|--------------------|----|
| ¶ Sle no mon wiþ wikked wille,<br>Be war, and vengeance tak þou non ;   | 6. Slay no<br>man. |    |
| In word ne dede, loude ne stille,<br>Bakbyte þou no mon, blod ny bon,   |                    | 52 |
| But ay let gabbynges glyde and gon<br>A-vey wher þei wol glace or glent,<br>And help þat alle men ben at on,<br>And kep wel cristes comaundement. |                    | 56 |

(8)

|  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| ¶ Stele þou nouzt þi neizebors þing,<br>Nouþur with stillnes ne wiþ strif, | 7. Don't steal<br>your neigh-<br>bour's goods. |  |
|--|--|--|

Nor *with* no-maner wrong getyng,  
 þi self, þi seruaunt, child ne wyf; 60  
 To sulle & buye 3if þou be ryf,  
 Wayte al-way þat wrong be went;  
 As þou wolt lyue þe lastyng lyf,  
 þou kepe wel cristes comaundement. 64

## (9)

8. Bear not  
false witness.

¶ ffals witnesse loke þow non bere, [leaf 408, back, col. 2]  
 3if þow wolt in blisse a-byde,  
 þi neizebore wityngly to dere,  
 Ne no mon nouþer in no syde; 68  
 But loke þat no mon be anuyzed,  
 And þou may him from harmes hent,  
 And help þat falshede beo distruiet,  
 And kep wel cristes comaundement. 72

## (10)

9. Sin not in  
lechery.

¶ Sunge þou not in lecherie;  
 Such lust vn-leueful, let hit pas;  
 Consente þou not to such folye,  
 þat founden is so foul trespas, 76  
 And loke þat nouþer more ne las  
 þi lykyng on þat lust be lent,  
 Leste þou synge þis songe 'allas,  
 ffor brekyng of cristes comaundement.' 80

## (11)

10. Covet not  
your neigh-  
bour's wife,

¶ þi neizhebors wyf coueyte þou nouzt  
 Vnleuefully a3eynes þe lawe,  
 Wip hire to sunge in word ne þouzt,  
 And from þat deede euer þou þe drawe, 84  
 And neuer sey to hire no sawe  
 To make hire to synne assent,  
 Ne plese hire not *with* no mis-plawe,  
 But kep wel cristes comaundement. 88

## (12)

house, wench  
or man.

¶ þi neizhebors hous, wenche ne knaue,  
 Vnskillfully coueyte þou nouht,  
 Ne 3it his good *with* wrong to haue;  
 ffor hit lest þou to bale be brouht, 92  
 ffor whon þe soþe schal vp be souht,  
 3if þou in-to þis sunnes assent,

fful bitterly hit mot be bouzt,  
ffor brekyng of cristes Comaundement. 96

(13)

¶ Vche mon þat wol þis lessun lere  
And louep a lawful lyf to lede,  
He may not misse on none manere  
þe merþe of heuene to his mede ;  
ffor crist him here wol helpe & hede,  
And heþene in-to heuene hent.  
ffor-þi .I. preye þat crist vs spede  
Kuyndely to kepe his comaundement. 100  
104

All who will  
do thus,  
shall enjoy  
heaven.  
May Christ  
grant us to  
keep His  
Command-  
ments!

9. *Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent.*<sup>1</sup>

(8 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

(1)

þE Mon þat luste to liuen in ese  
Or eny worschupe her to ateyne,  
His purpos I counte not worþ a pese,  
Witterli, but he ordeyne  
þis wikkid world hou he schal plese  
Wiþ al his pouwer and his peyne ;  
3if he schal kepe him from disese,  
He mot lerne to flatere and feyne ;  
Herte & mouþ loke þei ben tweyne,  
þei mowe not ben of on assent ;  
And 3it his tonge he mot restreyne,  
ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 4  
8  
12

If a man  
wants to live  
in ease and  
win heaven,  
he must learn  
to flatter and  
feign.  
Whoever  
speaks Truth  
'll be harmed.

(2)

¶ þus is þe soþe .I.-kept in close,  
And vche mon makeþ touh and queynte  
To leue þe tixt and take þe glose ;  
Eueri word þei coloure and peynte.  
Summe þer aren þat wolden suppose  
ffor no tresour forte ben teynte :  
Let a mon haue not to lose,  
He schal fynde frenschipe feynte. 16  
20

Every one  
leaves the  
text, and  
takes the  
gloss.

<sup>1</sup> See the after poem, "But thou say sooth, thou shalt be shent," no. 29, p. 740.

Summe þat semen an Innocent,  
 Wonder trewe in heore entent,  
 þei beoþ agast of eueri pleynt,  
 ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 24

## (3)

A Lord's  
 dependant ¶ þe wikked wone we may warie,  
 þat eueri man þus Inward bledes.  
 Let a lord haue his Corlarie,  
 he schal wel knowe of al his dedes ; 28  
 þau; he be next his sacratarie,  
 Wiþ flaterynge his lord he fedes,  
 flatters and And wiþ sum speche he most him tarie,  
 And þus wiþ lesynges him he ledes ; 32  
 To gabben his lord most him nedes,  
 deceives him. And wiþ sum blaundise make him blent :  
 To leosen his offys euere he dredes,  
 ffor 3if he þe soþe seiþ, he schal be schent. 36

## (4)

All is wrong. ¶ And al is wrong ; þat dar .I. preue ;  
 ffor let a mon be sore .I.-wounde,  
 How can a  
 doctor cure a  
 wound unless  
 he examines  
 it ? Hou schulde a leche þis mon releue,  
 But 3if he mihte ronsake þe wounde ? 40  
 ffor þau; hit smerte & sumdel greue, [leaf 408, back, col. 3]  
 3it most he suffre a luitel stounde.  
 3if he kneuh of his mischeue,  
 Wiþ salues he mihte make him sounde. 44  
 Were grace at large, þat lippe i-bounde,  
 Hap and hele mihte we hent ;  
 We lack  
 doctors. Lac of leche wol vs confounde,  
 ffor hos seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent. 48

## (5)

If a Friar  
 tells folk the  
 danger of  
 their mis-  
 doing, ¶ ffor let a frere in Godes seruise  
 þe pereles to þe peple preche,  
 Of vre misdede & vre quyntise,  
 þe trewe tixt to telle and teche ; 52  
 þau; he beo riht witti and wyse,  
 3it luytel þonk he schal him reche,  
 And summe þer ben þat wol him spise,  
 And bleþely wayte him wiþ sum wreche. 56

his pore prechour þei wolen apeche  
 At counseyl and at parliment ;  
 But 3if he kepe him out of heore cleche,  
 ffor his soþ sawe he schal be schent. 60 and punisht.

## (6)

¶ Seþþe þe tyme þat god was boren,  
 his world was neuer so vntrewe ;  
 Men recchen neuer to ben for-sworen,  
 To reuen þat is hem ful duwe ; 64  
 þe peynted word þat fel bi-foren,  
 Be-hynde, hit is anoþer hewe.  
 Whon Gabriel schal blowe his horn,  
 His feble fables schul hym rewe : 68  
 þe tonges þat such bargeyn gon brewe,  
 Hit weore non harm þou3 þei were brent.  
 þus þis gyle is founde vp of newe,  
 ffor hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent. 72

## (7)

¶ Siþen þe soþe dar no mon say,  
 ffor drede to gete him a fo,  
 Best .I. holde hit, in good fay,  
 Let o day come, anoþer go 76  
 And mak as murie as we may,  
 Til eueri frend parte oþur fro.  
 .I. drede hit draweþ to domes-day,  
 Such saumples we han, & oþer two : 80  
 Now knowes a child boþe weole & wo  
 þat scholde ben an Innocent,  
 Whil hit is 3ong, is norissched so ;  
 But hos seiþ soþ, he schal be schent. 84

## (8)

¶ his world wol han his wikked wone,  
 ffor soþe, hit wol non oþer be ;  
 His cursede cours þat is bi-gonne,  
 þer may no mon from hit fle 88  
 þat haþ longe a-mong vs ronne,  
 His oune defaute mai he not se.  
 þe fader trust not to þe sone,  
 Ne non to oþer in no degre ; 92

he is im-  
 peacht

The world  
 was never so  
 false as it is  
 now.

No man dares  
 tell the truth,  
 for fear of  
 making foes.

Let us take  
 things easy,  
 and be merry.

The world  
 will go  
 wrong.

No one can  
 see his own  
 fault.

ffalshede is called a sotilte

And such a nome hit haþ hent.

þis lesson lerneþ alle at me :

Ho seiþ þe soþe, he schal be schent.

Whoever  
speaks Truth  
'll be hurt.

96

### 10. *Fy on a faint Friend!*

(9 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

True friends  
are few;

**F**renschipe faileþ & fullich fadeþ ;  
ffeifful frendes fewe we fynde,

liars are  
many.

But glosers þat vche mon gladeþ

Wiþ feire bi-hesteþ and wordes as wyldes. 4

But let a mon ones be cast be-hynde,

And wiþ þis world *turmented* & tenet,

He schal ful some ben out of mynde.

And þere, fy on a feynt frend ! 8

(2)

While you're  
well off,

¶ þe while þat þou ledest þi lyf in ese  
And goodlich gouernest þyn astate,

folk 'll do  
your will.

þe fyndest Inouwe þat wol þe plese

And folwe þi wil boþe erliche & late. 12

When you  
grow poor,

¶ if þi los bi-gynne to abate,

And þy good from þe gon wende,

they'll hate  
you.

þei schul be þe furste þat þe wol hate :

And þer, fy on a feynt frende ! 16

(3)

They'll not  
help you ;

¶ þus þou schalt, ar þou haue nede,  
Al þi frendes folly I-knowen

And seyen heo dor not helpen þe

ffor drede, for fere þei lost her owen. 20

þei þat sum tyme wente ful lowe,

hem luste no lengore wiþ þe to lende,

they'll mock  
you behind  
your back.

Beo-hynde þi bak heo makeþ a Mouwe.

And þer, fy on a feynt frende ! 24

(4)

Trust your-  
self.

¶ To þi-self trust al-wei best,

[leaf 409]

ffor as þou dost, so schaltou haue.

Brek þe leste bouz of þi nest,

þe fyndest .I.-nouwe wol hit þe bi-raue, 28



And wole dispise þe and repraue,  
 And sakeles wayte þe schame and schende :  
 In such a cas, so god me saue,  
 And euere, fy on a feynt frende ! 32

## (5)

¶ 3if þou wolt not ben frendles,  
 Lern to kepe þat þou hast ; Keep what  
you have, and  
don't waste.  
 Loke þou be not penyyles,  
 Ne spend þou nouzt þi good in wast. 36  
 Or þou haue nede, þi frendes<sup>1</sup> a-tast, <sup>1 MS. frendest</sup>  
 Wꝛuche be stif & wꝛuche wol bende ;  
 And þer þou fynde bouwynde or bast,  
 And euer, fy on a feynt frende ! 40

## (6)

¶ In feiþ, þat ffrendschip hold .I. nouzt  
 To profer þe, whon þou hast no nede ;  
 But 3if þou weore in daunger brouzt,  
 Hose helpeþ þe þenne is worþi meede. 44 The man who  
helps you  
when in dan-  
ger, is worthy  
of reward.  
 Hose wolde þe nouþer profre ne beode,  
 He serueþ þonk wꝛiþ-ouen ende ;  
 Such frendes are fewe I-laft in leode.  
 And þerfore, fy on a feynt frende ! 48

## (7)

¶ Ho scholde eny frendschupe ben .I.-founde ?  
 Good feiþ is flemed out of þis londe ;  
 þer is more treuþe in an hounde  
 þen in sum mon, .I. vnderstonde. 52 A dog is  
truer than  
some men.  
 Knackes & mowes þei han In honde  
 Witterli to plese þe fende.  
 Ho þat furst þat frendschip fonde,  
 Euer fy on him, for a feynt frende ! 56

## (8)

¶ Eueri mon .I. counseile Act so that,  
 To gouerne him in such a wyse,  
 3if hit so beo þat frendschup fayle,  
 His owne deden wol maken him ryse ; 60 if friends fail,  
your own  
deeds 'll raise  
you.  
 Hold him In a mene asyse  
 Euer to beo corteys and hende ;

þen baldely may he dispise,  
Euere fy on a feynt frende. 64

(9)

¶ þi[s] lessun loke þat 3e leore,  
Whon 3e haþe soþe souzt and seid ;  
Trust on non such frendschup here ;  
Ho sannest do, is tytes bi-trayed. 68

Trust no earthly friendship;  
set your love on Christ.

Loke al 3or loue on him beo leyð,  
ffor vs on Rode was prikket & prenet ;  
Do we so þat crist beo payet  
And þenne we hauen a syker frend. 72

11. **Thank God of all.**

(17 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

My mishaps drove me nearly mad  
till I saw on a wall  
"Thank God for all."

**B**I a wey wandryng as .I. went  
Sore .I. syked for serwyng sad ;  
ffor harde happes þat .I. haue hent,  
Mournyng mad me al-most mad. 4  
Vn-til a lettre al-one me lad  
þat wel was writen on a wal ;  
A blisful word þer .I. rad  
Euere to þonke god of al. 8

(2)

In sorrow and trouble,  
thank God for all.

¶ þauz þou waxe blynd or lome,  
Or eny seknesse on þe be set,  
þenk riht wel hit is no schome,  
Wiþ such grace god haþ þe gret. 12  
In serwe & tene þou art .I.-knit,  
And þi catel bi-ginneþ to fal ;  
.I. not neuere hou þou myst do bot,  
But euere to þonke god of al. 16

(3)

If you are wealthy,

¶ 3if þou welde worldes goode,  
Ryally rayed in þi rest,  
ffeir of face, freoly of foode,  
Nis non þe lyk, bi Est ne West, 20

- 3it god may senden as him lust,  
 Riches to torne as a Bal.  
 In vche a maner .I. holde hit best,  
 Euere to þonke god of al. 24  
 (4)
- ¶ 3if þi catel be-ginne to pase,  
 And after waxest a pore mon,  
 Tak good cumfort & bere good face,  
 And trust on hym þat al good won. 28  
 In God furst al goodnes bi-gon ;  
 He may vs reue boþe bour and hal.  
 Better cumfort .I. non con,  
 But euer to þonke god of al. 32  
 (5)
- ¶ þenk on Iob þat was so riche, [leaf 409, col. 2]  
 Hou he wox pore from day to day ;  
 His beestes down dyzeden in eueri diche  
 His catel vanischt al a-way ; 36  
 .I.-put he was in pore array  
 Nouþer in purpul ne in pal,  
 But in symple wede, as clerkes say,  
 And euer he þonked god of al. 40  
 and yet  
 thank God.
- (6)
- ¶ ffor faute of Catel, Iobpus floures  
 ffaded and fel elene him fro ;  
 In seknesse he soffred scharpe schoures  
 Wiþ hunger, chele, reproof & wo. 44  
 God sende him hele and catel bo,  
 Toun and tour, and steede in stal,  
 ffor he neuer gruced in wele ne wo,  
 But euer þonked God of al. 48  
 and yet God  
 sent him  
 health and  
 wealth, for he  
 ever thank  
 God.
- (7)
- ¶ Hose serueþ crist wiþ trewe entent,  
 þe ffend þerto wol han Envye,  
 þorw mis-beeleue to make him schent,  
 And he him cacche in his baylye. 52  
 þauh he þin hele and catel struye,  
 Let studefast herte stonde in stal,  
 The Devil  
 envles Christ-  
 ians, and  
 strives to en-  
 snare them.

Let them  
trust God,  
and thank  
Him for all.

And trustne to God þat sit so heizē  
And euer to þonken him of al.

56

## (8)

Many spring  
from poverty  
to riches,

¶ Ac mony mon comeþ vp of nouzt,  
And geteþ godes gret plente ;  
þorw pruide & bost he makeþ touzt,  
And clene for-ȝit his pouerte.

60.

and then do  
wrong to  
others.

þen grete wronges worcheþ he  
To hem þat he may ouer cal,  
ffor þat þei mowe no forþer fle,  
But euer to þonke god of al.

64

## (9)

The wild  
young ox is  
goaded in the  
plough ;

¶ Me prikeþ þe Oxe in þe plouh,  
Whon he is ȝong, vntoun and wylde,  
He wol Rore and make hit touh,And of his drauȝt ben vn-bylde ;

68

so God 'll  
goad you,  
unless you  
thank Him  
for all.

þe more he torneþ out of his tylde,  
þe driuere wole him boxe and Bral :  
So god wol þe, but þou be mylde,  
And euere to þonken him of al.

72

## (10)

It is great sin  
to grudge  
against God.

¶ Aȝeyn God to grucche is gret trespas,  
þat such sondes may sende bi est & west ;  
þi worldlich wo may turne to solas  
Whon þou lyst clongen & closed in chest,  
Whon þou schalt wenden to trauayl or rest,  
þi worldlich weole hit is but smal.

76

It's best to  
thank Him  
for all.

In vche a maner, hit is þe best,  
Euer to þonke God of al.

80

## (11)

¶ ffor goddes loue, so do we,  
ffor he may boþe ȝiue and take ;  
In what meschef þat euer we be,  
he is mihti I-nouȝ vr serwe to slake.

84

He'll make  
amends to us  
if we cry to  
Him.

Good amendes he wol vs make,  
And we to him wol crie & cal,  
What weole or wo þat we in wake,  
And euer to þonken god of al.

88

## (12)

|                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| ¶ þeiȝ þou be in prisun cast        | If you're cast<br>into prison or<br>distress, |
| Or eny distresse men doþ þe beode,  |   |
| ffor godes loue þou beo studefast   | be steadfast;                                 |
| And haue good mynde vppon þi crede. | 92  |
| þenk God feyleþ þe neuer at neode,  |   |
| þat derworþe duyk vs deme schal.    |   |
| Whon þou art wo, þerto tak hede,    | thank God<br>for all.                         |
| And euer to þonken him of al.       | 96  |

## (13)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| ¶ And þei þi frendes from þe fayle       | Tho' you love<br>friends, and<br>they die, |
| And deþ ha raft hem of heore lyue,       |  |
| Wharto schuldestou wepe or waile ?       |  |
| Hit is no boote wiþ god to striue.       | 100  |
| God maade boþe Mon and wyue ;            |  |
| hit is skil he tak vs ; we ben his þral. | God takes<br>them : thank<br>God for all.  |
| What-so þou þole or elles to þryue,      |  |
| Euer to þonke god of al.                 | 104  |

## (14)

|  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| ¶ Diuerse sondes crist haþ .I.-sent    |                          |
| Boþe here and eke in oþer place :      |                          |
| Tac we hit wiþ trewe entent,           |                          |
| þe sannore he wole sende vs grace.     | 108                      |
| þauȝ þat vr bodies ben brouȝt in bace, | Tho' you are<br>humbled, |
| Let not ȝor hertes ben vn-tal,         |                          |
| And þenk þat god is þer he was,        | thank God<br>for all.    |
| And euer to þonken him of al.          | 112                      |

## (15)

|                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| ¶ ffor Godes loue be not to wyldē,  | [leaf 409, col. 3]                          |
| Reule ȝow in Reson alle to Route,   |   |
| And tak wiþ trewe tent & mylde,     |   |
| Diuerse sondes crist sent a-boute : | 116   |
| þen dar .I. seyen wiþ-oute doute,   | Whatever is<br>sent you, bear<br>it gently, |
| In heuene-blisse is maad vr stal,   |   |
| To Riche & pore þat lowe wol loute, | and inherit<br>Heaven.                      |
| Euer to þonke God of al.            | 120   |

## (16)

|                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ¶ þis world is good & nouȝt in gesse | The world is<br>good to those |
| To hem þat wolen kuynde be,          |                               |

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| who'll share<br>with the<br>poor.               | And <i>parte</i> aboute of heore richesse<br>To hem þat ben In pouerte.  | 124 |
|   | A wonder þing hit is to se<br>þat kuynde loue adoun schal fal.<br>Better <i>cumfort</i> non con .I. me,<br>But euer to þonke god of al.  | 128 |
|   | (17)   |     |
| Don't strive<br>against<br>Christ's will.       | ¶ þit .I. radde forþer-more—<br>Trewre entent I tok þertil,—<br>þat <i>cris</i> t may riht wel vr stat restore,<br>Hit nis nouȝt to striuen azeines his wil.<br>He may vs saue, he may vs spil ;<br>þenk riht wel we ben his þral. | 132 |
| We are his<br>thralls.<br>Thank God<br>for all. | þouȝ we haue not al vr wil,<br>Euermore þonke we god of al.  | 136 |

12. **This World fares as a Fantasy.**(11 stanzas of 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| What is this<br>world ?                                  | <b>I</b> wolde witen of <i>sum wys</i> wiht<br>Witterly what þis world were.<br>Hit fareþ as a foules fliht,<br>Now is hit <i>herne</i> , now is hit here ;<br>Ne be we neuer so muche of miht,<br>Now be we on benche, nou be we on bere,<br>And be we neuer so war and wiht,<br>Now be we sek, now beo we fere ;<br>Now is on proud wiþ-uten peere,<br>Now is þe selue .I.-set not by ;<br>And whos wol alle þing her[t]ly here,<br>þis world fareþ as a ffantasy. | 4<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>12 |
| It's like a<br>bird's flight,<br>now hence,<br>now here: |  |   |
| it goes like a<br>fantasy.                               |  |   |

(2)

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
| The sun goes<br>east and west,<br><br>rivers run to<br>the sea,<br><br>winds rush<br>here and<br>there. | ¶ þe sonnes cours we may wel kenne,<br>Aryseþ Est and geþ doun West.<br>þe Ryuers in-to þe sée þei renne,<br>And hit is neuer þe more al-mest.<br>Wyndes Rosscheþ her and henne,<br>In snouȝ and reyn is non arest. | 16 |
|---|---|----|

- ¶ Whon þis wol stunte, ho wot, or whenne,  
 But only god on grounde grest ?  
 þe eorþe in on is euer prest,  
 Now bi-dropped, now al druyze.  
 But vche gome glit forþ as a gest ;  
 þis world fareþ as a ffantasye.

20 God only  
 knows when  
 this'll stop.

24 The world is  
 like a fantasye.

## (3)

- ¶ Kunredes come, & kunredes gon,  
 As Ioyneþ generacions ;  
 But alle heo passeþ, euerichon,  
 ffor al heor preparacions,  
 Sum are for-ȝete clene as bon  
 A-mong alle-maner nacions.  
 So schul men þenken vs no-þing on,  
 þat nou han þe ocupacions,  
 And alle þeos disputacions  
 Idelyche aH vs occupye,  
 ffor crist makeþ þe creacions,  
 And þis world fareþ as a fantasye.

Kindreds  
 come and go ;

28 all pass away  
 and are for-  
 gotten ;

32 so shall we  
 be,

and our vain  
 disputes.

36

## (4)

- ¶ Which is Mon, ho wot, and what,  
 Wheþer þat he be ouzt or nouht ?  
 Of Erþe & Eyr groweþ vp a gnat,  
 And so doþ Mon whon al his souht.  
 þauȝ mon be waxen gret and fat,  
 Mon melteþ a-wey so deþ a mouht ;  
 Monnes miht nis worþ a Mat,  
 But nuyzeþ him-self and turneþ to nouzt.  
 Ho wot, saue he þat al haþ wrouzt,  
 Wher mon bi-comeþ whon he schal dye ?  
 Ho knoweþ bi dede, ouzt bote bi þouzt ?  
 ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye.

What is  
 Man ?

40

He springs  
 up and melts  
 like a Moth.

44

Who knows  
 where he goes  
 when he dies ?

48 All is fantasye.

## (5)

- ¶ Dyeþ mon, and beestes dye,  
 And al is on Ocasion :  
 And alle o deþ, hos boþe drye,  
 And han on Incarnacion ;  
 Saue þat men beoþ more sleyze,  
 Al is o comparison.

Men and  
 beasts die.

52

Who knows where their souls go to,  
 ho wot 3if monnes soule styze,  
 And bestes soules synkeþ doun? 56  
 Who knoweþ Beestes entencioun, [leaf 409, back]  
 On heor creatour how þei crie,  
 Saue only god þat knoweþ heore soun?  
 ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasye. 60

## (6)

¶ Vche secte hopeþ to be saue,  
 Baldely bi heore bi-leeue,  
 ¶ And vchon vppon God heo craue :  
 Whi schulde God wiþ hem him greue? 64  
 Every one thinks others mad.  
 Vchon trouweþ þat oþur Raue,  
 But alle heo cheoseþ God for cheue,  
 And hope in God vchone þei haue,  
 And bi heore wit heore worching preue. 68  
 Men trouble their wits with How and Why.  
 þus mony maters men dou meue,  
 Sechen heor wittes hou and why,  
 But Godes Merci vs alle bi-heue,  
 ffor þis world fareþ as a fantasy. 72

## (7)

They stumble and discuss,  
 ¶ ffor þus men stumble & sere heore wittes,  
 And meueþ maters mony and fele ;  
 and are like children learning to spell.  
 Summe leueþ on him, sum leueþ on hit,  
 As children leorneþ for to spele. 76  
 But non seop non þat a-bit,  
 Whon stilly deþ wol on hym stele.  
 God is our only help.  
 ffor he þat hext in heuene sit,  
 He is þe help and hope of hele ;  
 ffor wo is ende of worldes wele :  
 Vche lyf loke wher þat .I. lye.  
 The World is false, a fantasy.  
 þis world is fals, fikel and frele,  
 And fareþ but as a fantasye. 84

## (8)

Why do we want to know God's secrets?  
 ¶ Wharto wilne we forte knowe  
 þe poyntes of Godes priuete?  
 More þen him lustnes forte schowe,  
 We schulde not knowe in no degre, 88  
 And Idel best is forte blowe  
 A Mayster of diuinite ;



|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| þenk we lyue in eorþe her lowe,<br>And God an heiȝ in Mageste. | 92 | We are below;<br>God above.              |
| Of Material Mortualite<br>Medle we & of no more Maistrie.      |    | Let us think<br>only of bodily<br>Death, |
| þe more we trace þe Trinite,<br>þe more we falle in fantasye.  | 96 | not try to<br>trace the<br>Trinity,      |

(9)

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| ¶ But leue we vre disputisoun,<br>And leue on him þat al haþ wrouȝt ;<br>We mowe no[t] preue bi no resoun<br>Hou he was born þat al vs bouȝt.   | 100 | or explain<br>how Christ<br>was born.                     |
| But hol in vre entencioun<br>Worschipe we him in herte & þouȝt,<br>ffor he may <i>turne</i> kuyndes vpsedoun<br>þat alle kuyndes made of nouȝt. | 104 | Let's worship<br>Him.                                     |
| Whon al vr bokes ben forþ brouht,<br>And al vr craft of clergye,<br>And al vr wittes ben þorw-out souȝt,<br>ȝit we fareþ as a fantasye.         | 108 | Our books,<br>learning and<br>wits are but<br>a fantasye. |

(10)

|  |                    |  |
|--|--------------------|--|
| ¶ Of fantasye is al vr fare,<br>Olde & ȝonge and alle I-fere.<br>But make we murie & sle care<br>And worschipe we god, whil we <i>ben</i> here,<br>Spende vr good and luytel spare ;<br>And vche mon cheries <i>operes</i> cheere,<br>þenk hou we comen hider al bare,<br>Vr wey wending is in a were. | 112                | That is all<br>our life.<br><br>Let us make<br>merry, kill<br>care, worship<br>God,      |
| Prey we þe prince þat haþ no pere,<br>Tae vs hol to his Merci<br>And kepe vr Conciencie clere,<br>ffor þis world is but fantasye.  | 116<br><br><br>120 | <br><br><br>and pray Him<br>to graunt us<br>Mercy and<br>keep our con-<br>sciencesclear. |

(11)

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| ¶ Bi ensauple men may se :<br>A gret treo groweþ out of þe grounde ;<br>No þing a-bated þe eorþe wol be<br>þauȝ hit be huge, gret and rounde. | 124 | The growth<br>of a big tree<br>doesn't lessen<br>the earth, |
| Riht þer wol Rooten þe selue tre,<br>Whon elde haþ maad his kuynde aswounde ;   |     |   |

|  |  |     |
|--|--|-----|
| or its decay<br>increase it.   | þau3 þer weore rote suche þre,<br>þe eorþe wol not encrece a pounde.   | 128 |
| Men and<br>beasts wax<br>and wane; go<br>from nothing<br>to nothing.<br>The World is<br>but a fantasy. | þus waxeþ & wanteþ Mon, hors & hounde;<br>ffrom nou3t to nou3t þus henne we hi3e<br>And her we stunteþ but a stounde,<br>ffor þis world is but fantasye. | 132 |

13. *Ay, Mercy, God!*

(12 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

|                                   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|
| Deskle a<br>forest I saw a<br>man | <b>A</b> s I wandrede her bi weste<br>ffaste vnder a forest syde,<br>I sei3 a wiht went him to reste,<br>Vnder a bou3h he gon a-byde; | 4 |
| who cried to<br>Christ            | þus to crist ful 3eor[n]e he cri3ede,<br>And boþe his hondes he held on hei3;<br>“Of pouert, plesaunce & eke of pruide.               |   |
| for Mercy.                        | Ay, Merci, God, And graunt-Merci. <sup>1</sup>  | 8 |

(2)

|                          |   |          |
|--------------------------|---|----------|
| God, for my<br>misdeeds, | ¶ God, þat I haue I-greuet þe<br>In wille & werk, in word and dede,   |          |
| have Mercy<br>on me!     | Almihti lord, haue Merci of me<br>þat for my suznes þi blod gon schede!<br>Of wit & worschupe, weole & wede<br>I þonke þe, lord, ful Inwardly;<br>Al in þis world, hou euere I spede,<br>Ay Merci, god, And graunt Merci. | 12<br>16 |

(3)

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
| I thank Thee,<br>God, for all<br>Thy gifts. | ¶ Graunt Merci, god, of al þi 3ifte,<br>Of wit & worschupe, weole & wo;<br>In to þe, lord, myn herte I lifte,<br>Let neuer my dedes twynne. vs a-two. | 20 |
| Have Mercy<br>ou me!                        | Merci þat I haue mis do,<br>And sle me nou3t sodeynly!<br>þou3 ffortune wolde be frend or fo,<br>Ay Merci, God, And graunt Merci.                     | 24 |

<sup>1</sup> I take *Merci* to be used in this poem in the twofold sense of Mercy and Thanks.

## (4)

- ¶ I am vnkuynde, and þat I knowe,  
 And þou hast kud me gret kuyndenes;  
 þerfore wiþ humbel herte and lowe,  
 Merci and for-ziuenes 28 Forgive my  
 Of Pruyde and of vnboxumnes! pride and  
 What eueri sonde be, þus sey I, disobedience.  
 In hap and hele, and in seknes,  
 Ay Merci, god, And graunt Merci. 32

## (5)

- ¶ Graunt Merci, God, of al þi grace,  
 þat fourmed me wiþ wittes fyue,  
 Wiþ ffeet and hond, & eke of face  
 And lyflode, whil I am alyue. 36  
 Siþen þou hast ziue me grace to þryue,  
 And I haue Ruled me Rechelesly,  
 I wecre to blame, and I wolde striue,  
 But Merci, God, And Graunt Merci. 40

## (6)

- ¶ Merci þat I haue mis-spent  
 Mi wittes fyue! þerfore I wepe;  
 To dedly synnes ofte haue I asent,  
 þi Comaundemens couþe I neuer kepe; 44  
 To sle my soule In sunne I slepe,  
 And lede my lyf in Lecheri,  
 ffrom Couetyse couþe I neuere crepe;  
 Ay Merci, God, And Graunt Merci. 48

## (7)

- ¶ Of oþes grete and Gloteny,  
 Of wanhope and of wikked wille:  
 Bacbyte my neiþebors for enuy,  
 And for his good I wolde him culle; 52  
 Trewe men to Robbe and spille,  
 Of Symony and *wilþ* surquidri;  
 Of al þat euere I haue don ille,  
 Ay Merci, God, And graunt Merci. 56

## (8)

- ¶ Bi lawe I scholde no lengor liue  
 þen I hedde don a dedly synne;

I thank Thee,  
God, for time  
to mend in,

Graunt Merci þat 3e wolde forgiue,  
And 3eue me space to mende me Inne!  
ffrom wikked dedes & I wolde twynne,  
To Receyue me 3e beo redi  
In-to þi blisse þat neuer schal blynne.  
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

60  
64

## (9)

and for mak-  
ing me.

¶ Graunt Merci, for þou madest me,  
Merci, for I haue don a-Mis;  
Min hope, Min help is hol in þe,  
And þou hast 3ore bi-heiht me þis:  
Whos euere is Baptized schal haue Blis,  
And he Rule him Rihtwysli.

Teach me to  
do Thy will!

To worche þi wille, lord, þou me wis!  
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

68  
72

## (10)

I will shrive  
me and re-  
pent, and  
trust to Thy  
Mercy.

¶ Soþfast god, what schal I say,  
how schulde I amendes make,  
þat plesed þe neuere in-to þis day  
Ne schop me nouzt mi suznes forsake?  
But schrift of mouþe mi sunnus schal slake,  
And I schal sece and beo sori,  
And to þi Merci I me take.  
Nou Merci, God, [And] Graunt Merci.

76  
80

## (11)

I thank for  
their gifts  
the Trinity,

¶ ffader & sone and hlogost,  
Graunt Merci, God, wiþ herte liht,  
ffor þou woldest not þat I weore lost.  
þe ffader haþ 3iuen me a miht,  
þe sone a science and a siht  
And wit to welde me worschupely,  
þe Hlogost vr grace haþ diht.  
Nou Merci, God, And graunt Merci.

84  
88

## (12)

three persons  
in one God.

¶ þis is þe Trone þat twynned neuere,  
And preued is persones þre,  
þat is and was and schal ben euere,  
Only God in Trinite;

92

help vs, Prince of alle pite,  
 Atte day þat we schal dy,  
 þi swete face þat we may se.  
 Nou Merci, God, And Graunt Merci.

96 Have Mercy  
 on me!

14. *Truth ever is best.*

(9 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

**H**Ose wolde him wei a-vyse  
 Of þis wrecched world, I weene,  
 I hope ful wel he schulde dispise  
 þe foule falshede þat þer-in bene.  
 Certes, sum day schal be sene,  
 Much eorþly labour schal be lest ;  
 Whon good and vuel vr dedes schal deme,  
 We schal wel fynde þat treuþe is best.

4 Despise false-  
 hood!

8 Truth is best ;

(2)

Treuþe is best for kyng and kniht,  
 Certes, hose riȝt wol rede ;  
 Among þis ladyes feir and briht  
 Hit schulde be loued in veh a leode ;  
 þis Marchauns worþli vnder wede,  
 To buyȝe & selle þei ben ful prest,  
 Among hem alle schuld no falshede,  
 But vsen trouþe, þat euere i[s] best.

best for  
 Kings,  
 Knights,  
 Ladies,

12

Merchants.

16

(3)

Sikerli, I dar wel say,  
 In al þis world nis heo ne he,  
 þat þei wolde fayn, ȝif þat þei may,  
 Leden heore lyf in prosperite,  
 And als swiþe as þei schulde dyȝe,  
 Til heuene þat þei mote come ful prest.  
 þat noble plase þei neiȝe ner neih  
 But ȝif þei meyntene trouþe for best.

20

24

No one can  
 win Heaven  
 unless he  
 holds Truth  
 best.

(4)

Trouþe schal deme vs alle be-dene,  
 He wol do trewely and no wrong ;

VERNON MS.

Z Z

I hope we schal boþe seye and sene  
 þat we han contraried him al to long. 28  
 Lords, so act And þerfore, lordes boþe stout and strong  
 þat may deeme her riht as þe lest,  
 that Truth may be held  
 best! ffor Godes loue wis þou so among,  
 þat trouþe be meyntened for þe best. 32

## (5)

And þerfore haue þis in þour muynde,  
 Hose medleþ wiþ þe lawe :  
 Let not Law- Let neuer falshed aþeynes vnkuynde  
 yers destroy Truth, ffordon trouþe ne soþ sawe. 36  
 ffor falshed euermore schal stonde awe  
 On trouþe þau; he be neuer so prest.  
 ffor godes loue let neuer gold þe drawe  
 Aþeynes trouþe þat euer is best. 40

## (6)

Truth will bring us out  
 of sin, Wolde we rule us al wiþ trouþe,  
 And mak him hollych vr governour,  
 We schulde keuere out of synne & slouþe,  
 and make us the flower of  
 Chivalry. And of Chiualrye bere þe flour : 44  
 ffor trouþe in were may most endour,  
 And euer is biggest at þe lest.  
 ffor godes loue, graunt we him socour,  
 And mayntene trouþe þat euer is best. 48

## (7)

Truth and Virtue once  
 reignd here, Trouþe was sum tyme here a lord ;  
 wiþ him alle vertues, as I wene ;  
 as Spain and Brittany wit- 3it Spayne, Brutayne wol bere record,  
 ness. And oþer diuerse londes be-dene, 52  
 þat we endouwed hem as þei schulde bene,  
 And made hem lordes to lyue in rest :  
 þer dorste no falshede with hem be sene,  
 So loued þei trouþe, þat euer is best. 56

## (8)

If we'd let Truth rule us  
 again, other lands 'ud do  
 us homage. Wolde we 3it lete trouþe aþeyn  
 Be lord, and bere his heritage,  
 Al oþer londes schuld be ful fayn  
 To don vs feute and homage : 60

Baldelych þis dar I wage,  
 And falshede & his lore weore lest,  
 þei schulde not dure vn-to a page  
 To werre *wiþ* troupe þat euer is best. 64

(9)

ffalshed may wel regne a while Falsehood  
 þorw Meyntenaunce of couetise ;  
 Atte last his grount wol him be-gyle,  
 A while þou; he be neuer so wyse. 68  
 ffalshed haþ ben most in pris  
 Boþe bi North and eke bi West :  
 We schul him hunte as Cat doþ mys,  
 Whon troupe him cheues þat euer is best. 72

has prevailld  
in the North  
and West ;  
but we'll  
hunt him as  
a cat does  
mice.

15. *Charity is no longer dear.*(14 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

**H**Ose wolde be-þenke him weel Any one who  
knows the  
Falsehood in  
the world,  
 Ou þis world is went, I-wis,  
 And coupe enterly grope & feel  
 þe foule falshede þat þer-in is, 4  
 I durste be bold, so haue I blis,  
 þat mony good mon schuld haue mateere  
 Te meue & mourne and fare a-Mis,  
 ffor charite is no lengor cheere. 8

would mourn  
that Love is  
no longer  
dear.

(2)

Mony a Mon, riht as him seemeþ,  
 A þing þat he neuer kneuh ne wist,  
 Boþe lordes & Mene Men he demeþ,  
 And spekeþ of hem riht as him list. 12  
 Allas! for 3if a mon nou trist  
 His broþer or his cosyn neere,  
 He schal be deceyued in his fist,  
 ffor charite is no lengore cheere. 16

(3)

þo þat spekeþ most, as I leene,  
 And demen men so al aboute,  
Judges of  
other men

Wher no faute vppon hem cleue,  
 3us, be my trouþe, hit is no doute, 20  
 Such Men may not ben wiþ-oute,  
 No more þen hecgh wiþ-ouren Brere ;  
 Envye is wiþ hem so stoute,  
 þat charite is no lengore chere. 24

## (4)

3 things hinder righteous Judgment :  
 ffor þreo lettynges þat þer bene,  
 A Mon mai not deeme rihtwislye :  
 þe furste lettyng, as I wene, 28  
 A þing þat is to fer from ei3e,  
 Or elles a þing may beo to nei3,  
 Schal lette his siht, þau3 hit be clere ;  
 þe þridde is, þat he demepþ bi,  
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 32

## (5)

You sometimes think a far bush  
 3e mai in feelde sum tyme i-se  
 A bosck þat stondeþ ful fer þe fro,  
 þat 3e schal deme hit schal be  
 Mon or Beest, hors, on of þo : 36  
 And al is wrong to deeme hit so,  
 Certes, as 3e schal after lere.  
 So demes a Mon ofte be his ffo,  
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 40

## (6)

3if þou hast an huge envy,  
 And hatest a mon wiþ al þi miht,  
 Liue þat mon neuer so rihtwisly,  
 3it schaltou deme he liueþ not riht ; 44  
 Envye stoppeþ þer þi siht,  
 And makeþ fer, þat schulde be neere,  
 And lac of loue letteþ þi liht,  
 Whon charite is no lengore chere. 48

## (7)

You can't see a spot on your eyelid ;  
 Vppon þin E3e-lide þer mai ley  
 A spot or elles a mote, I-wis,  
 And for bicause hit is so nei3,  
 þou mai3t not seo hit, so haue I blis, 52



To deme treuly what hit is ;  
 þefore þi doom falleþ in a weere.  
 So demeþ a mon ofte syþes a-mis,  
 Whon þat his herte is set from cheere.

56 you can't  
 judge rightly  
 if your heart  
 is unloving.

(8)

3if þou louest þi broþer so  
 þat þi loue passeþ al a-syse,  
 What þat euer þi broþer do,  
 Euel or wrong in eny wyse,  
 Al is wel to þin auise,  
 Bi cause þou louest him so entere ;  
 His defaute constou not spise,  
 ffor þer þin herte is set to chere.

Entire love  
 of a man

60

hides his  
 faults.

64

(9)

Let a lechour heere a-spye  
 A 3ong mon with a wommon rage,  
 And nouþer of heom ne þenke folye,  
 But wel may falle of o linage,  
 3it wol þat lechour þinke outrage,  
 And deeme þei wolde do mis I-ferre :  
 Such deemyng askeþ sliper wage,  
 ffor charite þer is no-þing cheere.

If a lecher  
 sees a man  
 play inno-  
 cently with a  
 girl,

68

he thinks it  
 evil :

72

he has no  
 charity.

(10)

And riȝt so fareþ hit, be my trouþe,  
 Wip a proud Mon & a Couetous,  
 A wrecche þat liueþ al in Slouȝþe,  
 And eke a mon þat is vicyous ;  
 He wenes vch mon þat is vertuous  
 Vseþ his wyse and his maneere ;  
 So fareþ Men þat beþ Envyous,  
 Whon Charite is no lengor chere.

Proud and  
 vicious folk

76

think good  
 men are bad,  
 like them-  
 selves.

80

(11)

Let a trewe mon bi þe Rood,  
 þat is good, honest and sad,  
 He weeneþ þat vche mon be good,  
 He nolde not demen a mon weore bad.  
 But wrecched foolles þat beoþ mad,  
 þat con not wel heore tonge steere,

Good men

84

don't think  
 others bad ;

fools gladly  
 thuk the  
 worst of folk.

To deme þe worste þei ben ful glad,  
Whon Charite is no lengor cheere. 88

## (12)

No one can judge I leue þer beo no mon alyue,  
þif he his warison scholde winne,  
þat couþe enterliche knowe & skreue 92  
the inner life of others. þe lyf þat is sum mon wiþ-Inne ;  
ffor summe þat semeþ most wiþ synne,  
In hap of synne may beo most clere.  
Of such demyng I rede 3e blynne,  
ffor Charite þer is no-þing chere. 96

## (13)

Let those who blame others, see that they're pure themselves, and leave Judgment to God. And þo þat leouest is to lak,  
And demep men so al bideene,  
Vn-bynt þe burþen on 3or bak,  
And loke furst þat 3or-self be clene. 100  
Al such demyng, as I wene,  
Schulde beo reseruet to godes poueere ;  
So me þinkeþ hit best to beone,  
ffor þen schal charite ben most cheere. 104

## (14)

Good words weigh no more than the worst. Certes, and 3e loke ariht,  
A good word no more wol weye  
þat hit liþ on 3or tonge as liht,  
As þe worste þat 3e con seye. 108  
Lock vain words in your chest, and let Conscience keep the key. Such Idel wordes, I ou preye,  
3e louke hem faste in 3oure forcere,  
And let concience bere þe keye ;  
ffor þen schal charite be most chere. 112

## 16. Of Women cometh this Worldes Weal.

(10 stanzas of 12, abab abab bcbc.)

## (1)

In honour of Mary, I greet all good women. **I**n worschupe of þat Mayden swete,  
Mylde Marie, Moder and May,  
Alle gode wimmen wol I grete,  
þat god fende hem from vch afray ; 4

With muche menske mote þei mete,  
 And wel worþe alle wymmen ay!  
 Al vr Bale þei may beete,  
 Serteynliche, I dar wel say; 8  
 And hose blameþ hem niht or day,  
 Wiþ Bale mot heore tonge belle.  
 I preue hit wel, ho-euer seiþ nay :  
 Of wimmen comeþ þis worldes welle. 12

From women  
 comes all this  
 world's weal.

(2)

But moni vn-witti wiht is woode,  
 Vn-wysliche wimmen wol dispuse,  
 þat ben I-boren of wimmen blode :  
 I-wis, such wihtes ben vn-wyse, 16  
 ffor þei defoule heor ounne foode.  
 Such grimly goostes may agryse,  
 wiþ þulke þat dude god on þe Rode :  
 At dredful dom such schal aryse, 20  
 Be Iugged wiþ þe heiþe Iustise  
 To folewe þe false feendes fele,  
 And rikene wiþ þe vnrihtwyse,  
 þat of wimmen comeþ worldes welle. 24

Foolish men,  
 tho' born of  
 women,  
 despise them.

These fellows

shall be judgd  
 and go to  
 Hell.

(3)

Sum seiþ wimmen haþ be-gilt  
 Adam, Sampson and Salamon,  
 And seiþ þat wimmen haþ I-spilt  
 Mony a wys worþi mon : 28  
 þus þei greggen wymmens gilt ;  
 Of Monnes riken þei neuer on.  
 And monnes falshed weore fulfild,  
 I trowe þer weore twenti aþeynes on, 32  
 Of Macabeus, Iudas and Ion,  
 Alisaundre and oþer feole,  
 þat with monnes gult was fordon ;  
 But of wimmen comeþ þis worldes wele. 36

Some say  
 women ruind  
 Adam, Solo-  
 mon, and  
 other wise  
 men.

But they  
 never reckon  
 men's guilt,  
 which is 20  
 times that of  
 women.

(4)

And Iudas gentil Ihesu solde  
 þat saued alle þat was forlore !  
 And monnes falsed weore I-tolde,  
 Men miht rikene moni a score. 40

Judas sold  
 Jesus.

Woman caused  
His birth.

Wommon wrou3te riht as god wolde :

þat gult made god to ben I-bore :  
And þerfore beo 3e neuer so bolde  
To blame wymmen neuer-more 44  
ffor nou3t þat þei haue don bifore,  
ffor monnes schome I rede 3e hele !  
Wimmen for Men ofte suffreþ sore,  
But of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele. 48

(5)

No women do  
wrong, save  
by men's en-  
ticing.

Wimmen wrou3te neuer no wrong

But þorw Monnes entyusement.  
Men secheþ wimmen so strong,  
And sei in Bale þei mote be brent, 52  
And ligge aboute hem so long,  
To bringen hem til heore a-sent ;  
And þus þorw monnes false song,  
Ofte wymmen haþ be schent. 56  
3if eny such be in present,  
Stille holde him, I rede he steH,  
And preise wimmen in good entent,  
ffor of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele. 60

(6)

Christ hon-  
ourd women.

God worschuped wimmen in his lyue,

And kept hem in his cumpayngnye,  
Boþe widewe, wenche and wyue  
þat was wiþ-ouen vilenye. 64

Let their de-  
tractors fear  
Death,

Hose luste *wit*h wymmen striue,

I rede he drede him for to dye,  
And of þat synne sone him schriue,

and ask Mary  
for mercy.

And to vr ladi Merci crye ; 68

And in worschip of Marie

Such vn-Redines þat 3e repele !

Defendeþ 3ou alle from such folye,  
ffor of wymmen comeþ al þis worldes wele. 72

(7)

I blame a  
bird who  
fouls his  
own nest.  
Sons of wo-  
men who

I holde þat Brid muche to blame

þat defouleþ his oune nest ;

þou wost wel a wommon was þi dame,

I-Boren and fed of hire Brest. 76

But moni gabben on heore dame ;  
 To blame wymmnen þei þinke hit best.  
 Stunteþ for 3or owne schame ;  
 Of such resouns I rede 3e rest ; 80  
 To preyse wymmnen þat 3e be prest !  
 Wymmnen ben hende in hete and chele,  
 Wimmen gladeþ vch a godly gest,  
 ffor of wymmnen comeþ þis worldes wele. 84

(8)

Wymmnen wrappen vs in wede  
 Whon we beo naked boren and bare,  
 And of hire flesh fostreþ and feede,  
 And 3arken vs whon we ben 3are. 88  
 Whon we ben old, þei moste vs hede,  
 And keuere vs out of mony a care ;  
 Whon we be nasti, nouzt at neode,  
 Neore wimmen help, hou schulde we fare ? 92  
 At dredful dom whon we schal dare  
 ffor fere of false fendes feole,  
 Whon vche mon schal his speche spare,  
 þen wommon help is al vr weole. 96

(9)

ffor God and Mon was fer atwinne  
 Whon he made Monkuynde of Séé-flod :  
 I wolde wite, whon þat Eue gon spinne,  
 Bi whom þat 3oure gentrie stod ? 100  
 Hou be-come 3e godes kinne,  
 But barelych þorw þe wommones blod ?  
 Allas, hou may men for synne  
 Speke bi wymmnen ouzt bote good ! 104  
 Wimmen beoþ so mylde of mood,  
 Louesum, loueli, lyf and lele.  
 Witnes on him þat died on Rood,  
 Of wymmnen comeþ þis worldes wele. 108

(10)

God, þat made boþe Sonne and Mone,  
 To alle wymmnen Socour he sende,  
 In alle þe dedes þat þei haue done,  
 Kepe hem from þe false fende. 112

blame wo-  
men, should  
stop for  
shame,

and praise  
them.

They clothe  
and feed us,

and tend us  
when old.

When we are  
nasty, how  
can we do  
without wo-  
men's help ?

How is man  
of God's kin,  
except thro'  
woman's  
blood ?

They are so  
mild, lovely  
and leal.

May God  
keep all wo-  
men from the  
Devil !

And to Marie I bidde a bone :

May Mary  
guard them  
everywhere!

Warde wymmen, wher-so-euer þei wende,  
ffrom synne and serwe schylde hem sone,  
Wher in londe þat euer þei lende ! 116

I cannot  
praise them  
half enough.

I warne alle þat be wimmenes frende,  
I con not preise hem þe haluendele,  
þouȝ I þus schortliche make an ende :  
Of wymmen comeþ þis worldes wele. 120

### 17. The Praise of Mary, Mother of Christ.<sup>1</sup>

(13 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

Mary is the  
fairest flower.

**O**ff alle floures feirest faþ on,  
And þat is Marie, Moder fre,  
þat bar þe child of flesh and bon,  
Ihesu, Godes sone in Maieste. 4

I long to  
serve her  
better.

A loue-lykyng is come to me  
To serue þat ladi, qwen of blis,  
Ay better and better in my degre,  
þe lengor þat I liue, I-wis. 8

(2)

I see her not,  
but my heart  
is set on her.

So hertly I haue I-set my þouȝt  
vpon þat buyrde of buyrdes best ;  
ffor al-þauh I seo hire nouȝt,  
Min herte schal fully wiþ hire be fest. 12  
Ihesu þat sek milk of hire brest,  
To ȝou boþe I be-heete :  
Mi loue schal holly wiþ ȝou rest,  
þauȝ I be not worþi ne meete. 16

(3)

She is my  
help at my  
last day.

Sertes, swete, on ȝou is al  
Min helpyng at myn endyng-day ;  
þat I be not þe fendes þral,  
Marie, to ȝor sone ȝe pray. 20  
Hou schal I do, my swete may,  
But ȝif I loue ȝou souereynly ?

<sup>1</sup> Note the effective repetitions in lines 57 and 101.

Elles miht men boldly bi me say  
Daunger mad vnskilfully. 24

## (4)

Hose beþenkeþ him, I-wis, He who loves  
her never  
does wrong  
willingly.  
Of 3or gret goodnesse and 3or grace,

He scholde neuer wilne to don amis,  
Ne luste to loue in oþer place. 28

In hope to seo 3or blessed face,  
And dwelle wiþ 3ou at myn endyngne,  
And haue relese of alle trespace,  
Ladi, þau; I mourne I synge. 32

## (5)

Lentun-dayes, þei ben longe, In Lent we  
should amend  
our past mis-  
deeds.  
And nou weor good tyme to amende

þat we be-foren han do wronge ;  
þis world nis noþing, as I wende. 36

In sori tyme my lyf Isspend ;  
þis world is fals, and þat I feel ;  
But Marie Moder me amende,  
A-Mis I fare, and noþing wel. 40

## (6)

But þat swete worpli wyf, Unless I get  
Mary's love,

Hire goodly loue þat I may gete,  
Al my Ioye wol turne to strif,  
And I may syke *with* wonges wete : 44

Whon þat I þenke on þat swete,  
Me þinkeþ hit is so good a þouzt,  
I sey to eueri mon þat I meete  
“Gode, go wey, and let me nouzt!” 48

## (7)

Loue me haþ in Bales brouzt,  
ffor on such þat I suppose,  
þat is so studefast in hire þouzt,  
þat coupe neuere gabbe ne glose. 52

Hose hire loueþ, he schal not lose,  
ffor 3it be-giled heo neuer no wiht.

I likne þat ladi to þe Rose : She is like  
the Rose.  
Blessed may  
she be!  
I-blessed beo þat buirde briht! 56

## (8)

Me longede neuere so sore, so sore,  
 To seo my loueli ladi deere.  
 Without her, we were but lost. 3if heo neore, we neore but lore,  
 þat ladi lofsum most of lere. 60  
 And wite hit wel wiþ-uten weere :  
 Whon I þenk on hire semblaunt sad,  
 þer wol no wys mon blame me here,  
 þau3 þat I go murie and glad. 64

## (9)

She is lovely, A louely lyf to loken vp-on,  
 So is my ladi, þat Emperys ;  
 Mi lyf I dar leye þer-vppon,  
 priceless, þat princesse is peerles of prys, 68  
 good, So feir, so clene, so good, so wys,  
 true as steel. And þerto trewe as eny steel,  
 þer nis no such to my deuys :  
 Lor God, þat I loue hire wel ! 72

## (10)

For the New Year, To þis newe 3er, my ladi sweete,  
 Wiþ al myn herte in good entent,  
 I greet you, Mary, with 5 Aves. Wiþ fyue Aues I ow grete,  
 And preye ou take þis feire present ; 76  
 And schape so þat I beo not schent,  
 Seþþen of 3ou Merci gon springe.  
 ffor al my loue is on 3ou lent,  
 Sweete, swettest of alle-skunnes þinge ! 80

## (11)

þis is þe remenaunt of my lust,  
 þat I not wheþer my ladi mylde  
 To my loue haue inly trust,  
 Bicause Monkuynde is frele and wylde. 84  
 Lady, help me But, ladi, for 3oure blisful childe,  
 Siþen al my loue is leyd on þe,  
 to build a bower in Heaven ! In heuene help me a boure to bylde,  
 Ladi, 3if þi wille be. 88

## (12)

May the King of Love grant me thy love ! þe loue þat I haue 3eorned 3ore,  
 þe kyng of loue graunt hit me !



|   |    |  |
|---|----|--|
| In eorþly loue is luytel store,<br>ffor al þat nis but vanyte.    | 92 |  |
| Wher I schal euer þat day I-se,<br>To plesse my ladi ones to pay? |    |  |
| Heo is of colour and beute<br>As fresch as is þe Rose In May.     | 96 | Mary is as<br>fresh as the<br>Rose in May. |

(13)

|   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| Hose lust not loue, let hym be-leue,<br>ffor I wol holde þat I haue hiht ;<br>þat lust schal no mon from me reue<br>þat I nul loue my ladi briht. | 100 |  |
| Loue, loue, do me riht,<br>Marie Mooder, Mayden clene,<br>In heuene of þe to haue a siht,<br>Ladi, to þe my mone I mene.                          | 104 | May I see<br>thee, Mary,<br>in Heaven! |

18. *Maiden Mary and her Fleur de Lys.*

(17 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <b>M</b> arie Mayden, Moder Mylde,<br>þat blisful Bern in bosum beere,<br>Cheef & chast þou ches of chylde<br>Of alle wymmen In world þat were :         | 4 | Maiden Mary,<br><br>chief of all<br>women, |
| Saue vs sound, and soeuer vs here,<br>As princes is preised & proued for prys.<br>What leode þis lesson lykes to lere,<br>Be token hit is þe flourdelys. | 8 | is the Fleur<br>de Lys.                    |

(2)

|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| þat freoli flour weore fair to fynde,<br>what gome wolde go þer as hit greu3.<br>As Maacer herof made in his Mynde ;<br>þus kenned him Catoun, his craftes he kneu3, | 12 | Maacer was<br>taught by<br>Cato as to<br>who sowed the<br>seed of the<br>Fleur de Lys. |
| What segge on soil þat þat seed seu3,<br>Hit is holy at myn avys ;<br>Aboue þe Braunches beþ Blossmes neu,<br>þe lele cheses faire þe flourdelys.                    | 16 |  |

## (3)

Mary, thou  
art like this  
flower; and  
thy Son like  
its blossom.

þou lele ladi, I likne to þe  
þe flour, to þi semeli sone also  
þe blisful Blosme þat euer mihte be,  
Treuly þat was be-twix þou to. 20  
Whon we weore wrapped al in wo  
þorw werkes þat we had wrouzt wrongwys,  
þi godnes gert vs graiply go  
þorw vertu of þi fflourdelys. 24

## (4)

When Gabriel  
greeted thee,

fful greiply was þe graunted grace  
Whon Gabriel from god þe gret,  
þat fel to þi feet bi-fore þi face,  
þe Murieste meetyng þat euer was met. 28  
So sittyngli hire sawes heo set,  
As a wommon boþe war and wys :  
“To seo þi seruauant and þi soget;”  
And þer bi-gon furst þi fflourdelys. 32

thy Fleur de  
Lys began.

## (5)

In hond þou haddest & heold vr hele ;  
þorw him þat hadde heiz heuene in holde  
What Murþe was mad no Mouþ miȝt mele,  
Whon þou þat worþly hed women in wolde. 36  
He com to keuere vs of cares colde,  
His pepul he put in paradys,  
þat tyde and tyme þe Angel tolde,  
Of þe schulde springe þe fflourdelys. 40

## (6)

When Christ  
was crucified,

þat Blisful Barn of þe was born  
þat suffred trauayle, boþe trey and tene,  
Throly þhrusten, & throng wiþ þorn,  
Of his cunreden vnkuynde and kene, 44  
ffrom top to-torn al bi-deene,  
þe Iewes þei Iugged his Iuwys,  
And dyzed for Adam deedes bi-deene,  
And þenne was sprongen þe fflourdelys. 48

the Fleur de  
Lys sprang  
up.

## (7)

A studi steer þer stod ful steere  
ffor steeres-men þat bi stremes gun stray,

And neore his worply wille weore,  
 þei wolde haue went a wilful way ; 52  
 No feyntysenes þei founden in fay,  
 þat burth was buried In Marbel bys , When He was  
 And whon god wolde he went his way, buried,  
 And þenne was sprad þe fflourdelys. 56 the Fleur de  
 Lys spread.

## (8)

Where his worpli wilnyng was,  
 Hit weore to wite whoder he went ;  
 þe geynest gate greipli he tas,  
 Til derknes dipt doun he decent ; 60  
 þe 3ates he russchede, and al to-Rent,  
 þer Lucifer, þat luþere, lys ;  
 Adam and Eue bi hond he hent,  
 And tauzte hem faire þe fflourdelys. 64  
 He taught  
 Adam and  
 Eve the Fleur  
 de Lys.

## (9)

þus haþ þis heende herewed helle,  
 Al Adames of-spring out haþ tan ;  
 þe fend, þat was boþe fers and felle,  
 He tized til a stok, stille as stan. 68  
 Vp of his graue þen is he gon,  
 As God and Mon to-gedere gon Rys,  
 Bodily boþe in blod and bon  
 To þe Maudeleyn he schewed þe fflourdelys. 72  
 When He  
 rose from the  
 grave, He  
 showd Mary  
 Magdalen the  
 Fleur de Lys.

## (10)

þus purchased he þe pepul heor pees  
 And goodly for-3af hem al heore gilt,  
 And seide, " Adam, eft nou I þe sese  
 In blisse, þat for blod was buld ; 76  
 No wey wonde, but wurch what þou wilt."  
 þus haþ he now bitauzt þat wyse,  
 And þus feole prophecies ben folild  
 Of Marie wiþ þi fflourdelyse. 80  
 and fulild  
 many pro-  
 phecies.

## (11)

Of bounte berestou þe þe best ;  
 Was neuer no buirde such beute bare ;  
 Crist of þe com, vre cumfort to kest,  
 To 3elde þe þat we 3erned 3are. 84  
 Beauteous  
 Mary,  
 Christ came  
 of thee for  
 our comfort.

When He  
ascended,At his steizyng, þei stod to stare  
How cleer in Clouden he cloumben is ;folk saw the  
Fleur de Lys.What wy in þat worþily wonyng ware,  
þer miht he fynden þe fflourdelys.

88

(12)

þus was al þis world in weere ;

Two angels  
said

þen seide two wyȝes in weedes whyt :

“ To heiȝ heuene what be-holde ȝe here ?

Is Ihesu take from ȝow þus tyd ?

92

He should  
appear again.

A-peere he schal in propre plyt

As he in werk[e] con vanys ;

Her afturward hit weore to wite,

Of hire þat bar þe fflourdelys.

96

(13)

So lelly his loue on þe was lent,

þi longyng, ladi, for to lete ;

He sent for  
thee to sit  
beside Him.

So semely sondes after þe he sent,

Be-sydes him self to sitte in sete ;

100

þei song al samen *with soun* ful swete,

As schewen and stand in þistoris ;

Wip more murþes miȝt neuer mon meete,

But þer to fynde þe fflourdelys.

104

(14)

Since thou  
wast in  
Heaven,

Siþen þou þi worþly wones hast wommen,

And wones In worschipe at þi wille,

our peace was  
granted.

Vre grith was graunted, vr grace bigunnen,

ffor vs þat was ordeyned þertille.

108

Puire dette prouep bi proper skille

þou schalt vs socour in þi seruys,

þat greiþes was for greuauunce to grille,

And for to bere þe flourdelys.

112

(15)

Of all flowers,

Of al þe floures bi ffrith and ffelde,

Hit is þe freolokest for to fynde,

þat weole &amp; wit and wisdam welde,

And al þis word hap wrouȝt In wynde.

116

Nou, comely kyng, Corteis and kynde,

þat halp vs heere from vre enemys,

þe mon þat þis matere made in mynde  
Seide : non is lich to þe fflourdelys.

120

none is like  
the Fleur de  
Lys.

(16)

Hedde not Adam don þat dede,  
Vr bitter bales hed neuer ben bouzt  
On no maner, for no-kenes nede,  
Ne for no werkes we schuld haue wrouzt.

124

Al þus I þenk hit in my þouzt,  
Monkynde for vs bi-com so chys ;  
his blisful Blod þorw him þei souzt ;  
Vs ouzte to prey to þe fflourdelys.

128

We ought to  
pray to the  
Fleur de Lys.

(17)

Nou Marie Mayden, Moder elene,  
þi semeli Sone þat beres þe fflour,  
þif vs grace ow to qweme  
And plese Ihesu, vr saucour.  
Bryng vs out of dette & dedly synne,  
To liue and dye in þi seruys,  
Heuene blisse þat we may wynne  
And wone þer wiþ þi fflourdelys.

132

Mary,

give us grace  
to please  
Christ ;

bring us out  
of sin to bliss,

136

and to live  
with thy  
Fleur de Lys.

19. *Seldom seen is soon forgot.*

(On Edward III, his Sons, and Richard II.<sup>1</sup>)

(14 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

A dere God, what mai þis be,  
þat alle þing weres & wastep awai ?  
ffrendschip is but a vanyte,  
vnneþe hit dures al a day ;  
þei beo so sliper<sup>2</sup> at assai,  
So leof to han, and loþ to lete,  
And so fikel in heore fai,  
þat selden I-seize Is sone forȝete.

Ah, God !

4 friendship  
now lasts but  
a day ;

8 folk are so  
fickle.

(2)

I sei hit not wiþ-outen a Cause,  
And þerfore takes riht good hede,

<sup>1</sup> Printed from the Simeon MS., Brit. Mus., Addit. 22,283, leaf 132, in T. Wright's *Political Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series 14, vol. i, p. 215-218. <sup>2</sup> clipper, Wright, and in l. 79, p. 721.

I'll make  
your hearts  
bleed for  
shame.  
Our best  
helper is for-  
gotten.

ffor 3if 3e construwe wel þis Clause,  
I puit 3ou holly out of drede  
þat for puire schame 3or hertis wol blede,  
And 3e þis Matere wysli trete :  
He þat was vr moste spede,  
Is selden I-seye and sone for3ete.

12

16

## (3)

We once had  
a noble Eng-  
lish Ship,  
that was  
feard thro'  
Christendom.

Sum tyme an Englisch Schip we had,  
Nobel hit was and heih of tour ;  
þorw al cristendam hit was drad,  
And stif wolde stande In vch a stour,  
And best dorst byde a scharp schour  
And oper stormes, smale and grete :  
Now is þat schip þat bar þe flour  
Selden se3e and sone for3ete.

20

24

## (4)

It was steerd  
by a Rudder ;  
and while  
they were  
united, they  
knew not  
fear.

In-to þat schip þer longed a Rooþur,  
þat steered þe schip & gouerned hit ;  
In al þis world nis such a noþur,  
As me þinkeþ In my wit ;  
Whyl Schip and Roþur to-geder was knit,  
þei dredde nouþer tempest, druy3e nor wete :  
Nou be þei boþe In-synder flit :  
þat selden sey3e is sone for3ete.

28

32

## (5)

The Ship  
said all seas,  
and never  
failld while  
the Rudder  
lasted.

Scharpe wawes þat Schip has sayled,  
And sayed alle sees at auentur ;  
ffor wynt ne wederes neuer hit fayled,  
Whil þe Roþur mihte enduir ;  
þou3 þe sée were rouh or elles dimuir,  
Gode hauenes þat Schip wolde gete :  
Nou is þat Schip, I am wel suir,  
Selde I-seye and sone for3ete.

36

40

## (6)

The Ship was  
our Knights,  
who cared  
not a bean  
for France,

þis goode Schip, I may remene  
To þe chilualrye of þis londe :  
Sum tyme þei counted nou3t a Bene  
Beo al ffrancee, Ich vnderstonde,

44

þei tok & slouȝ hem *with* heore honde,  
 þe power of ffraunce, boȝ smal & grete,  
 And brouȝt þe king hider to byde her bonde :  
 And nou riht sone hit is forȝete.

48 but brought  
 its king (Jean  
 II, 1350-64)  
 prisoner here  
 (1357).

## (7)

þat Schip hadde a ful siker mast,  
 And a sayl strong and large,  
 þat made þe gode schip neuer agast  
 To vndertake a þing of charge ;  
 And to þat Schip þer longed a Barge,  
 Of al ffraunce ȝaf nouȝt a clete,  
 To vs hit was a siker targe :  
 And now riht clene hit is forȝete.

The Ship had  
 a sound mast,

a strong sail,

52

and a Barge  
 that scard  
 France.

56

## (8)

þe Roȝur was nouȝer Ok ne Elm,  
 Hit was Edward þe þridde, þe noble kniht ;  
 þe prince his sone bar vp his helm,  
 þat neuer scoumfited was in fiht.  
 þe kyng him rod and Rouwed ariht,  
 þe prince dredde nouȝur stok nor strete.  
 Nou of him we lete ful liht :  
 þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

The Rudder  
 was Edward  
 III (d. 1377).

The Black  
 Prince

60

knew no fear :

we think  
 little of him  
 now.

64

## (9)

þe swifte Barge was Duk henri,  
 þat noble kniht & wel assayed,  
 And in his leggaunce worȝili  
 He a-bod mony a bitter brayd ;  
 ȝif þat his enemys ouȝt outrayed,  
 To chartis hem wolde he not lete.  
 Nou is þat lord ful lowe I-leyd :  
 þat selde is seȝe is sone forȝete.

The Barge  
 was Henry,  
 Duke of Lan-  
 caster (Duke  
 1351-61),

68

now laid low  
 and for-  
 gotten.

72

## (10)

þis gode comunes, bi þe Rode,  
 I likne hem to þe Schipes mast,  
 þat *with* heore catel & heore goode  
 Meyntened þe werre boȝ furst & last.  
 þe wynd þat bleuȝ þe schip wiȝ Blast,  
 hit was gode preȝers, I sei hit a trete.

The Com-  
 mons were  
 the ship's  
 Mast ;

76

the favouring  
 Wind, their  
 prayers.

Nou is deuoutnes out I-cast,  
And mony gode dedes *ben* clen forȝete. 80

## (11)

Edward's  
young grand-  
son, Richard  
II (b. 1366,  
d. 1400), be-  
gins to grow.

þus *ben* þis lordes I-leid ful lowe,  
þe stok is of þe same Rote,  
An Ympe bi-ginnes for to growe  
And ȝit I hope schal *ben* vr bote, 84  
To holde his fomen vnder fote  
And as a lord be set in sete.  
Crist leue þat he so mote,  
þat selden I seȝe be not forȝete ! 88

## (12)

When he is  
full-grown,

I hope he'll  
prove a Con-  
queror.

Weor þat Impe ffully growe,  
þat he had sarri sap and piþ,  
I hope he schulde be kud and knowe  
ffor Conquerour of moni a kiþ ; 92  
He is ful lyflich in lyme and liþ,  
In armes to trauayle and to swete.  
Crist leue we so fare him wiþ,  
þat selden seȝe be neuer forȝete ! 96

## (13)

Till then, let  
all folk back  
him !

The French  
brag, and  
scorn us now.

And þerfore holliche I ou Rede ;  
Til þat þis Ympe beo fully growe,  
þat vch a Mon vp wiþ þe hede,  
And Mayntene him boþe heiȝe and lowe. 100  
þe ffrensche men kunne boþe boste & blowe,  
And wiþ heore scornes vs to-þrete,  
And we beoþ boþe vnkuynde & slowe :  
þat selden seȝe is sone forȝete. 104

## (14)

But, men,  
think of Ed-  
ward III and  
the Black  
Prince !

You're for-  
getting them.

And þerfore, gode sires, takeþ reward  
Of ȝor douhti kyng þat dyȝede in age,  
And to his sone Prince Edward,  
þat welle was of alle Corage : 108  
Suche two lordes of heiȝe parage  
In not in eorþe whon we schal gete, [I know not]  
And nou heore los biginneþ to swage :  
þat selde I-seȝe is sone forȝete. 112



20. **A Warning to be ware.**

(*On the Earthquake of 1382.*<sup>1</sup>)

(11 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc.*)

(1)

|                                     |               |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| Yit is God a Curteis lord           | God wants     |
| And Mekeliche con schewe his miht;  |               |
| ffayn he wolde bringe til a-cord    |               |
| Monkuynde, to liue in treuþe ariht. | 4 men to live |
| Allas! whi set we þat lord so liht, | in Truth.     |
| And al to foule wiþ him we fare?    |               |
| In world is non so wys, no wiht,    |               |
| þat þei ne haue warnyng to be ware. | 8             |

(2)

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| We may not seye, but 3if we ly3e,  |                 |
| þat god wol vengauñce on vs stele, |                 |
| ffor openly we seo wiþ ei3e,       |                 |
| þis warnynges beoþ wonder & fele.  | 12 He has givon |
| But nou þis wrecched worldes wele  | us many         |
| Makeþ vs liue in Sunne and care.   | warnings:       |
| Of Mony Merueyles I may of Mele,   |                 |
| And al is warnyng to be ware.      | 16              |

(3)

|                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Whon þe Comuynes bigan to ryse,     |    |
| Was non so gret lord, as I gesse,   |    |
| þat þei in herte bi-gon to gryse,   |    |
| And leide heore Iolyte in presse.   | 20 |
| Wher was þenne heore worþinesse,    |    |
| Whon þei made lordes droupe & dare? |    |
| Of alle wyse men I take witenesse,  |    |
| þis was a warnyng to be ware.       | 24 |

(4)

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Bi-fore, 3if men hedde haad a graas,   |                |
| Lordes mihte wondur weel               |                |
| Haiñ let the rying þat þer was,        |                |
| But þat god þou3te 3it sumdel          | 28             |
| þat lordes schulde his lordschup feel, |                |
| And of heore lordschipe make hem bare. | and made 'em   |
|  | think they'd   |
|  | lose their ah. |

<sup>1</sup> Printed from the Simeon MS. by T. Wright in *Polit. Poems and Songs*, Rolls Series, i. 250-2.

Trust þer-to as trewe as steel,  
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 32

(5)

<sup>2</sup> The Earth-quake of 1382 turnd men to God only while it lasted.

And also, whon þis eorþe qwok,  
Was mon<sup>1</sup> so proud, he nas a-gast,  
And al his Iolite for-sok,  
And þouȝt on god whil þat hit last; 36

After it, they were as bad as before.

And alsone as hit was ouer past,  
Men wox as vuel as þei dude are!  
Vche mon in his herte may cast,  
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 40

(6)

ffor soþe, þis was a lord to drede,  
So sodeynly mad Mon agast!  
Of gold & seluer þei tok non hede,  
But out of her houses ful sone þei past. 44

It ruind churches and castles.

Chaumbres, Chimeneyys al to-barst,  
Chirches & Castels foule gon fare,  
Pinacles, Steples to grounde hit cast;  
And al was warnyng to be ware. 48

(7)

It was a sign that men are fickle and false.

þe Meuyng of þis eorþe I-wis,  
þat schulde bi cuynde be ferm & stabele,  
A pure verrey toknyng hit is,  
þat Mennes hertes ben chaungable, 52  
And þat to falsed þei ben most Abul;  
ffor wiþ good feiþ wol we not fare:  
Leef hit wel wiþ-outen fabel;  
þis was a warnyng to be ware. 56

(8)

The Commons' Rebellion (1381), the Plague (1382?), and the Earth-quake (1382), betokend God's vengeance for our sins.

þe Rysing of þe comuynes in londe,  
þe pestilens,<sup>2</sup> and þe eorþe-quake,  
þeose þreo þinges, I vnderstonde,  
Beo-tokenes<sup>3</sup> þe grete vengauce & wrake 60

<sup>1</sup> non.—Wright.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly the 5th plague,—the Black Death of 1348-9 being the First, the plague of 1361 the Second, that of 1368-9 the Third, and that of 1375 the Fourth, while that of 1390-1 was the Fifth.—Creighton, i. 206-219. But a less Plague was in 1382.

<sup>3</sup> Beoth tokenes.—Wright.

þat schulde falle for synnes sake,  
 As þis Clerkes conne de-clare.  
 Nou may we chese to leue or take,  
 ffor warnyng haue we to ben ware. 64

(9)

Euere I drede, be my troupe,  
 þer may no warnyng stande in sted ;  
 We ben so ful of synne and slouþe,  
 þe schame is passed þe sched of hed, 68  
 And we liggen riht heuy as led,  
 Cumbred in þe ffendes Snare.  
 I leue þis beo vr beste Red  
 To þenke on þis warnyng & be ware. 72

But no warn-  
 ing 'll do for  
 us ; we are so  
 full of sin.

(10)

Sikerliche, I dar wel saye,  
 In such a plyt þis world is in :  
 Mony for wynnyng wolde bi-traye  
 ffader and Moder and al his kin. 76  
 Nou were heih tyme to be-gin-  
 To A-Mende vr mis & wel to fare ;  
 Vr bagge hongep on a sliper<sup>1</sup> pyn, <sup>1</sup> cliper, Wright.  
 Bote we of þis warnyng be ware. 80

For money,  
 many would  
 betray their  
 father and  
 mother,

(11)

Be war, for I con sey no more,  
 Be war for vengauzs of trespas,  
 Be war and þenk vppon þis lore,  
 Be war of þis sodeyn cas, 84  
 And 3it Be war while we haue spas,  
 And þonke þat child þat Marie bare  
 Of his gret godnesse and his gras  
 Sende vs such warnyng to be ware. 88

but beware  
 of God's Ven-  
 geance

while you  
 have time !

21. *Love Holy Church and its Priests.*

(8 stanzas of 8 ; nos. 1 and 2 abab cdcd ; nos. 3-8 abab abab.)

(1)

Christ 3iue vs grace to loue wel holichirch,  
 Or elles, certes, we don riht nouht, 89

Christ grant  
 us to love  
 Holy Church !

- And let vs neuere aȝeynes hit worche :  
ffrom þenne vre cristendom is brouht. 4
- Priests were  
at our birth,  
Preostes weore at vre biginnyng; ;  
Wȝuche God haþ graunted hem pouete  
ffor vs to rede I-wis and synge,  
Is non so gret a dignyte. 8
- (2)
- and our  
christening,  
and will be at  
our burial.  
We ought to  
honour them.  
þei ȝaf vs vre Cristenyng,  
And at vr buringe þei moste be.  
To worschipe hem in alle þinge,  
Muchel þerto holden beo we. 12
- They alone  
can make  
God's body.  
Godus bodi may no mon make  
But preostes al-one, as we rede :  
Kyng ne Emperour, I non out-take,  
ffor alle heore riches of lond or leode. 16
- (3)
- They are  
above all  
earthly  
rauka.  
Of alle Ordres he beres þe prys,  
Kyng, Duyk, oþer Emperour,  
þouh heo weren þe fflourdelys,  
þat is richest of alle colour. 20
- In Matynes and vses þei ben wys,  
To bringe vs to vr longe bour,  
And vche day syngeþ a Masse to þis,  
And scheweþ vs Ihesus, vre sauour. 24
- They sing  
masses, and  
show us  
Christ.
- (4)
- They pray  
for us;  
In Matyns and Masse þei beren þe prys,  
And in heore orisons for vs þei pray :  
þer is no mon þat is wys  
þat oþur record bi heom may say. 28
- Hose loueþ þis ordre, I holde him wys,  
ffor certeyn soþ and in good fay,  
In holy chirche þei don seruys  
Boþe bi nihtes and bi day. 32
- they do  
service night  
and day;
- (5)
- But hose euer wole þis ordre bere,  
Wys and witti moste he be,  
Grete oþes may he non swere,  
Ne falshede nouþer don ne se ; 36
- they don't  
swear or lie;

By-fore þe Bisschop receyueþ he þere,  
 And takeþ þe 3ok of chastite. they are  
chaste;  
 A-vyse hem wel hou he hit were,  
 Oþer elles him schal rewē oþer me. 40

(6)

Whon we ben falle in eny mischef,  
 Wiþ serwe In dedly synne I-bounde,  
 þen is þe prest vs ful leef,  
 ffor he may helen vs of þat wounde. they heal us  
of the wound  
of sin, 44  
 ffor þer is non so strong a þeef  
 þat euer tok *cristendom* on godes grounde,  
 þat he most haue a preest bi-foren his deþ,  
 Or elles he schal warie þe stounde. 48

(7)

On domes-day whon we schul meete  
 þat dredful Iuge forte se,  
 þen is schrift to vs ful seete :  
 þe prest þerof record beres he. 52  
 Of alle bales he may beete and of all ills.  
 Vnder god In Trinite ;  
 þenne Schrift & hosul is ful swete,  
 And hit trewely holden be. 56

(8)

þis ordre I rede þat we honoure,  
 And so I counseyle þat we do, Let us honour  
Priests!  
 And take penaunce for sunnes oure  
 Whuche þe prest haþ Inued vs to ; [or Inned] 60  
 þen schal we come to þat boure Then we shall  
go to bliss.  
 þer euere is Ioye wiþ-ouren wo.  
 Ihesu bring vs and socoure.  
 Out of þis world whon we schal go. 64

22. Try to say the best. Control your Tongue.

(7 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

**Q**ween of heuene, Moder and may,  
 Saue hem alle nou þat ben here. Mary, saue  
all here!

A noble word haue I herd say,  
 fful profytable þat is to lere, 4  
 Bi-twene God and Mon In fere  
 To wynne worschupe hose euer lust :  
 Now þenk vpon þis word so dere  
 And fond euermore to seye þe best. 8

## (2)

Spek non euel in no place,  
 Control your  But kepe þi tonge and get þe a frend ;  
 tongue,  þat wikked word from þe nou pace,  
 Hit is but tysyng of þe fend. 12  
 whatever  3if þou beo in eny euel tent  
 straits you  And k[n]owe hit for an euel geste,  
 are in.  Keep þi tonge curteys and gent,  
 And fond euermore to sey þe beste. 16

## (3)

Now, for his loue þat bouzte þe dere,  
 Don't let it  Let not þi tonge haue al þe wil !  
 run.  
 What good  What artou þe bettre or þe more nere,  
 does it do  Wiþ a wikked word þi neiȝebor to spil ? 20  
 you to abuse  ffor Mari loue, tak tentē þer-tille,  
 your neigh-  Wheþer þou gost bi Est oþur Weste,  
 bour ?  Euur to kepe þi tonge stille  
 Oþur elles to fonde to sey þe beste. 24

## (4)

3if þou sey þe beste wiþ al þi miht,  
 If you speak  Men wol esschewe by-fore þe  
 well of all,  To speke euel bi eny wiht,  
 men 'll not  ffor þou wolt not heore felawe be ; 28  
 malign other  þer þou spekest, þou maiȝt se  
 folk.  Wordes þat ben wikked and preste.  
 Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,  
 ffonde euermore to sey þe beste ! 32

## (5)

In halle oþur in chaumbre wher þow gos,  
 Whatever  What þou here and what þou se,  
 you hear and  Euure þou kepe þi tonge clos,  
 see,  þat men frayne nouȝt at þe. 36  
 keep your  tongue close.

3if þou heere faute oper eny fole,  
 As þou may here bi mony a geste,  
 Nou, for his loue þat dyed on tre,  
 ffonde euer more to sey þe beste! 40

(6)

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
| Wip eny mon 3if þou haue ben eke<br>In his seruyse bi niht oper day,<br>Alle þe good þat þou may, speke,<br>Whon þat þou art went a-way :    | When you've<br>left a man's<br>service,<br><br>always speak<br>well of him. | 44 |
| þenne wol men bi þe say,<br>þat þou art curteys and wel I-bleste.<br>3if þou knowe ou3t þat disese may,<br>ffonde euur more to sey þe beste! |   | 48 |

(7)

|  |   |                              |
|--|---|------------------------------|
| 3if þou beo riche mon of mony a beeste,<br>And stifli þou may stonde in stede,<br>Pore men disese nou3t bi doing ne cheste ;<br>Nouþer for word ne for dede,<br>But help hem wel in alle heore nede,<br>So crist þi soule bringe to reste.<br>Nou to þis word 3e take good hede :<br>ffor Marie loue to seye þe beste. | If you're rich,<br>don't bully<br>the poor,<br><br><br><br><br><br>but help em. | 52<br><br><br><br><br><br>56 |
|--|---|------------------------------|

23. **Tarry not till to-morrow.**

(9 stanzas of 8, *abab bcbc*)

(1)

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <b>I</b> lke a wys wiht scholde wake<br>And waite, <i>with</i> werk heuen to wynne,<br>Sadliche, for goddes sake,<br>And set 3oure soule sauely fro synne. | Wise folk<br>should at<br>once work to<br>win heaven, | 4 |
| 3if þou haue kynges of þi kynne,<br>And in þi clos, catel and corn,<br>Amende þi misses more and minne,<br>And mak no tarijng til to-Morn.                 | and not wait<br>till to-mor-<br>row.                  | 8 |

(2)

|   |                             |  |
|---|-----------------------------|--|
| þou leod þat liues as lord in londe,<br>þenk hou lowe þou schalt aliht, | If you live<br>like a lord, |  |
|---|-----------------------------|--|

|                            |   |    |
|----------------------------|---|----|
|                            | þau; þou haue hundredus at þin honde<br>To holde þin heste in herte has hiht. | 12 |
| and brag of<br>your money, | 3if þou bragge for þi Bezanus briht,<br>Bi-holde hou bare þat þou was born;   |    |
| you may die<br>to-morrow.  | þis dai þou dresse þi dole and diht,<br>Leste þat þou dye longe er to-Morn.   | 16 |

## (3)

|   |   |    |
|---|---|----|
|   | þou freike þat art in frendschupe fast<br>And þinkest no foot mon is þi fere;   |    |
| If you scorn<br>folk on foot,             | Whon þi pompe and pride is past,<br>A pore renaunt schal beo þi pere.   | 20 |
| see now soon<br>your life may<br>be lost. | Loke in londe, and þou mai lere<br>Hou liztly þat þi lyf is lorn;<br>Whon þi bodi is brouht on bere,<br>As þou hast browen, þou broukest to-Morn. | 24 |

## (4)

|   |  |    |
|---|--|----|
| Perhaps your<br>foe 'll seize<br>all your<br>goods. | Gome, er þou giue vp þi gost,<br>Bi-greip ho schal gripe þi goode:<br>He schal hit haue þou hatest most:<br>So fares hit ofte, be myn hode!    | 28 |
|   | þen al þi fee fonges but foode.<br>ffor-þi ordeyne þi fare be-forn,<br>And <i>with</i> a-boue mende þi mis <i>in</i> mode: [ <i>or</i> a bone] | 32 |
|   | Hit, wol þe menske aʒeyn to-Morn.  |    |

## (5)

|                                      |   |    |
|--------------------------------------|---|----|
| Share them<br>now with the<br>poor.  | Parte <i>with</i> 3or godes in priuete<br>Vn-to þe pore <i>with</i> -outen pride:<br>Hit wol þe brynge in blisse to be,<br>Wip-outen bale to buylde & byde. | 36 |
| Your Execu-<br>tor 'll cheat<br>you, | þou sette þi seketur fro þi syde,<br>He wol þe swyke þou; he be sworn,<br>þin hord, whon he may, hent oþur hyde,<br>Trust him not after to-Morn.            | 40 |

## (6)

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
|  | þe Sikernes of þi Seketoure,<br>þis is þe soþe to seo and say;<br>þau; he for þi loue lurke and loure,<br>þat he has laucht he wol nouʒt lay, | 44 |
|--|---|----|



|                                       |                              |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| But skelpe and scrope al þat he may ; | and scrape up<br>all he can. |
| He lettes nouþer for skaþe ne skorn ; |                              |
| þi goodes whon he has geten a-way,    |                              |
| Trust nouȝt on hem after to-Morn.     | 48                           |

(7)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Mony a wiht wenes ful wel                | Many men<br>think they 'll<br>never leave<br>this world: |
| Out of þis world þei schal neuur wende ; |  |
| ffor feole lykinges þat þei feel,        |  |
| þei make no fors of fo nor frende.       | 52   |
| Now trust riht wel þei schal be tenede,  |  |
| Ar bodi and soule a-two be torn.         |  |
| Of erþly ese þis is þe ende,             | but they're<br>here to-day,<br>away to-<br>morrow.       |
| Here to-day, a-wey to-morn.              | 56   |

(8)

|  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Ihesus þat on þe Rode was don,         | Crucified<br>Jesus,           |
| ffrom wo and wondreþ þou vs wisse !    |                               |
| Gladly graunte us vre bone             |                               |
| And bryng us blessedly to þi blisse !  | 60 bring us to<br>Thy bliss ! |
| ffor vre loue, Sop hit is,             |                               |
| þi syde wiþ scharpe spere was schorn : |                               |
| þou saue us þat we ben not his         |                               |
| þat wolde þat we weore tynt to-Morn.   | 64                            |

(9)

|                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Marie Moder, Mayden Mylde,          | Mary Mother,<br>have mercy<br>on all man-<br>kind! |
| On al mon-kuynde ȝe haue Merci !    |  |
| In feole fulþes we ben fuylede ;    |  |
| þis world vseþ þe flessches foly ;  | 68   |
| Vn-to þi sone þou calle and cry,    |  |
| Crist crounet wiþ kene þorn,        |  |
| He ȝiue vs grace to wone him by !   |  |
| þen schal vs tyde no teone to-Morn. | 72   |

24. *Make Amends for thy Sins.*

(12 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

|                                  |            |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| <b>B</b> i a wode as I gon ryde. | By a wood, |
| walkyng e al mi-self alone,      |            |

among many  
birds I heard  
singing,

A boske of briddes bad me abyde

Bi-cause þer songe mo þen one.

4

Among þo foules euerichone,

To on, gret hede I gan take,

ffor he seyde wiþ reuþful mone,

“ffor þi sunnes a-Mendes make!”

8

(2)

“Make amendes, mon, trewely,”

Seide þat foul wiþ feþeres blake.

I grieved,

In myn herte i-went, wo was I,

ffor he me bad amendes make.

12

I stod and studied al þat day ;

þat resun made me a niht to wake :

and found 3  
reasons for  
this order.

þen fond I þreo skiles in good fay

Whi he me bad a-mendes make.

16

(3)

þe furste skile þat I gan fynde,

As hit bi-semes in my witte,

Is a þing þat comes of kynde :

1. Every one  
shall be put  
in a pit.

þat eueri mon schal haue a pitte.

20

Whon top and to to-gedre is knitte,

þen schal þi proude wordes aslake.

ffor-þi in eorþe er þou be ditte,

Mon, of þi synnes a-mendes make !

24

(4)

þat oþer skile is : þat þou schalt dye,

Whuche tyme þou wost nere.

2. No one  
knows when  
he shall die,

And þou wustest witerly,

þow woldest fle þi deþ for fere.

28

þi laste bour schal ben a Bere,

3if þi frendes þe may take.

þerfore do wel while þou art here,

And for þi sunnes a-Mendes make !

32

(5)

þe þridde skile wol do þe wo

Whon þou þenkest þer on I-wis :

3. or where  
he shall go  
when he does  
die.

Whon þi lyf is clene I-go,

þou wost nere whoder to bale or blis.

36

I fynde no clerk con telle me þis ;  
 þerfore my serwe bi-ginnes to wake.  
 Whon þou þenkest to don a-mis,  
 Hauē mynde of þis & amendes make ! 40

## (6)

Ensaumple we may sen al day  
 As crist schewes among vs alle :  
 To-day 3if þou be stout and gay,  
 To-morn þou lyst ded bi þe walle. 44  
 Merci þenne to crie and calle,  
 Hit is to late þi leue to take.  
 Be war of folye er þou falle,  
 And for þi sunnes amendes make ! 48

## (7)

3if þou haue don a dedly synne  
 wher-þorw þi soule scholde be schent,  
 Al þe 3er þou wolt lye þer-Inne  
 In derknes til hit beo lent ; 52  
 þen a ffrere þou wolt hent,  
 þi parisch prest for schame forsake.  
 Of alle suche dedes, verament,  
 I rede þe beo wys, & amendes make ! 56

## (8)

3if þou be kyng and eroune bere,  
 And al þis world be at þi wil,  
 3it schaltou be pore as þou was ere,  
 And þat þou knowest bi puire skil : 60  
 A schete schal þi body hule  
 And huyde þi cors for sinnes sake.  
 þerfore repente þou hast do ille,  
 And for þi synnes amendes make ! 64

## (9)

3if þou beo a fryk mon in þi floures,  
 And haue vn-bouzt boþe purpel & pal,  
 At Masse ne Matyns ne at houres  
 þou kepes not come *with-in* þe chirche wal, 68  
 þer-in þi Sauor is ful smal,  
 Of sleuþe may þou nouzt awake :



- Aȝeynes cumfort comeþ cares kene,  
 Aȝeynes vche a uertu is a vys.  
 Of alle þe vertues þat þer beone,  
 To suffre, hit is a þing of prys. 8  
 þerfore he þat wol be wys,  
 And loue to rule him siker in rest,  
 Loke þat he beo not to nys,  
 But suffre in tyme, and þat is best. 12  
 It's best to suffer in time.
- (2)
- ȝif þou beo mon of mene a-syse  
 Or gret lord in duresse,  
 And þi stat may not suffise  
 Of þi wronge to gete red[r]esse, 16  
 þen mostou worchen on þis wyse,  
 And schewe to him such boxumnesse,  
 þat roupe in his herte may ryse  
 And wiþ-drawe his grete distresse ; 20  
 ȝif he be Mesured wiþ Mekenesse,  
 þen pite in him hit wol be preste.  
 Among alle þing, as I gesse,  
 To suffre in tyme and þat is beste. 24
- (3)
- ȝif þou be mon of gret degre,  
 And a pore mon in his place  
 fful wrongfully has greued þe,  
 And don þe gref wiþ his trespace, 28  
 þe cuntrey con wel knowe and se  
 þou mai be venget in þat case ;  
 ȝif þou be perset wiþ pite,  
 ȝit woltou spare him for a space. 32  
 ȝif þou so goodly schewe þi grace,  
 þe hologicost is in þe feste :  
 þen godes blessing schaltou in-brace,  
 And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste. 36  
 and earn God's blessing.
- (4)
- Hit is luytel worþ, seiþ Socrates,  
 A glasen pot, is wayk and liht,  
 To puiten him self to fer in pres  
 A-ȝeynes a caudrun for to fiht. 40  
 A glass pot mustn't fiht a cauldron.

- þe soþe al day is seene in siht :  
 The weakest  
 goes down.  
 þe weikest ay bi-neoþe is cast.  
 þerfore sei I, bi god almiht,  
 To suffre [in] tyme and þat is best. 44
- (5)
- Mon, 3if þou wolt þe state meyntene.  
 If you sit  
 with lords in  
 council,  
 Wiþ lordes In counseil forte sette,  
 þer euer mon moste in certeyne  
 Schewe his wisdom and his witte : 48  
 þen, what-so-euer hapnes þe to seyne,  
 speak words  
 of wisdom,  
 or you'll pro-  
 voke men.  
 Let al þi wordes to wisdam knitte,  
 Or summe of þe feeres wol taken in deyne,  
 And for pruyde reson hitte. 52  
 3if þou here hem so chyde or flitte,  
 þer wol no reson in hem reste,  
 Holt þi tonge and þi mouþ ditte,  
 And suffre [in] tyme and þat is beste. 56
- (6)
- And aftur, whon þou woldest not wene,  
 Afterwards  
 they'll accept  
 your sayng,  
 Whon alle soþes ben souzt and sayd,  
 þi wordes þei wole take by-deene,  
 And of þi speche þei wol holde hem payd : 60  
 þen schul þei abassched beone,  
 and be  
 ashamed of  
 their errors.  
 And of heer errors ben dismayed,  
 Whan þi wisdam schal be set and sene  
 And alle heore folys ben displayed. 64  
 Hasti men ben ofte outrayede  
 Whon heore tonges ben to preste.  
 Hose haþ ben ofte of sore hokes braide,  
 Soffre [in] tyme and þat is beste. 68
- (7)
- 3if hit bi-tideþ be niht oþer day  
 If you find  
 silly folk  
 playing the  
 fool,  
 To falle in-til a cumpaignye  
 þer nyse folk wiþ folyes play,  
 And out of reson þei 3elle and crie, 72  
 þen mostou worchen wiþ þis assay,  
 And holde vp oyl by and by,  
 Til þou mowe priuely go þi way ;  
 keep quiet  
 till you can  
 go :  
 þen kuipest þou wel þat þou art slih ; 76

I holde hit riht a gret foly  
 To schewe reson þer non wol reste.  
 þer bi God and vre ladi,  
 Suffre in hym and þat is beste.

reason would  
 be out of  
 place.

80

### 26. *Mane nobiscum, Domine!*

(10 stanzas of 8 ; 9 abab bcbe ; the 10th abab baba.)

(1)

**I**N Somer bi-fore þe Ascenciun  
 At Euensong on a Sonundai  
 Dwellyng in my deuociun

On Sunday at  
 Evensong

ffor þe pees fast gon I prai :  
 I herde a Reson to my pai,  
 þat writen was *with* wordes þre,  
 And þus hit is, schortly to say :  
 Mane nobiscum domine !

4

I heard the  
 words,

8

'Dwell with  
 us, Lord!'

(2)

What þis word is forte mene  
 On Englisch tonge, I schal 3ou telle :  
 In Conciencie and we be elene,  
 Digne þi, lord, *with* vs to dwelle,—  
 þe feondes pouste for to felle,—  
 þat for vs.dizede vppon þe tre ;  
 In wit and worschipe, wei and welle,  
 Mane nobiscum, domine !

12

16

In woe and  
 weal, Dwell  
 with us !

(3)

Whon þou from deth was risen and gon,  
 þen as a Palmere forþ gon pas,  
 þo met þou pilgrimes makyng moon,  
 But 3it þei wust neuer who þou was.  
 þus þen Carpes Cleophas :  
 þe Niht is neih as we may se,  
 þe liht of þe dai is waxen las :  
 Mane nobiscum, domine !

When Christ  
 had risen,

20

two of his  
 disciples met  
 him and  
 didn't know  
 him.

24

(4)

Dwelle *with* vs, vr fader dere,  
 þi bidyng is in heuene-blis,

Father dear,

|                          |  |    |
|--------------------------|--|----|
| hallowed be<br>Thy name; | And euwe þi name be halewed here.<br>þi kyngdom let vs neuere mis.   | 28 |
| Thy will be<br>done!     | In heuene þi wille folfuld is,<br>And heere in eorþe þat hit so be!<br>þe Rihtwys weyes 3e wolde vs wis,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine! | 32 |

## (5)

|   |  |          |
|---|--|----------|
| Give us our<br>daily food;                                | Vr bred, vr vche dayes foode,<br>Drihten deore, þou vs diht.   |          |
| forgive us our<br>debts, as we<br>forgive our<br>debtors! | Vr dette, God þat is so goode,<br>ffor-ziue vs for þi muchele miht,<br>As we schul heom wiþ herte liht<br>þat in vr dette or daunger be.<br>Leste we Rule vs not a-riht,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine! | 36<br>40 |

## (6)

|                                      |  |          |
|--------------------------------------|--|----------|
| Lead us not<br>into tempt-<br>ation; | Dwelle wiþ vs, lord, leste we haue teene,<br>Lede us to no temptation.   |          |
| pardon our<br>sins!                  | In eny synne 3if we beo seene,<br>We prey þe of Merci and pardoun;<br>Wiþ al þe Mekenes þat we moun,<br>We schal crye, knelyng on kne:<br>Vppon bere whon we beo boun,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine! | 44<br>48 |

## (7)

|                                   |   |    |
|-----------------------------------|---|----|
| Dwell with<br>us in our<br>needs! | Lord, dwelle wíth vs in al ur neode;<br>Wiþ-uten þe we haue no miht,<br>Vr hondes vp til vr hed to beode,<br>Wit nor weole sauereþ no siht. | 52 |
| We can but<br>cry to Thee.        | In eny caas 3if we ben cliht,<br>We con not but we erie to þe,<br>In al vr neode boþe day and niht,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine!               | 56 |

## (8)

|                             |   |    |
|-----------------------------|---|----|
| The Fiend is<br>against us; | Ho dwelleþ wiþ þe, þar haue no doute<br>ffor no synne ne sodeyn chaunce.<br>But ay þe fend is fast aboute<br>To putte vs, lord, fro þi plesaunce; | 60 |
|-----------------------------|---|----|



|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Whon we beoþ out of gouernaunce,<br>Vr flesch is frele, we can not fle : | our flesh is frail. |
| Keep us out of al cumbraunce,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine !                 | 64                  |

(9)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Dwelle wiþ us, lord of loue and pes,<br>And make þi wonynge vs wiþ-inne,<br>In Charite þat we ences,<br>And kep vs out of dedly synne ;<br>Torn neuer þi face from us to twynne ;<br>ffor Marie loue, þat Mayden fre,<br>Whon we schal eny werk beo-gynne<br>Mane nobiscum, domine ! | Lord, dwell within us,<br><br>68 and keep us from sin!<br><br>72 |
|--|--|

(10)

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Mane nobiscum, domine !<br>Wiþ-outen þe we ben riht nouht.<br>What Ioye or Blis weore þat to þe,<br>To þeose þat þou hast deore about ?<br>In word, In wille, In herte and þouht,<br>We schul preye to þe Trinite :<br>Out of þis world whon we be brouzt,<br>Mane nobiscum, domine ! | Without Thee we are nought.<br><br>76<br><br>Dwell with us, Lord!<br>80 |
|---|---|

27. *A Prayer to the Virgin Mary.*

(14 stanzas of 12, *abab abab cdcd.*)

(1)

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>A</i> <i>Ve Maris stella, dei Mater Alma,</i><br><i>Atque semper virgo, felix celi porta.</i><br>Heil, sterre of þe Séé so briht !<br>þow graunt vs to ben vr gyde ;<br>Godes holi Moder riht,<br>þi worschipe walkeþ wyde ;<br>Al-vey Mayden þorw his miht,<br>þow sittest bi his syde ;<br>Blesset 3ate of heuene liht,<br>þow rede vs riht to ryde !<br>Ladi, we ben maked al glad :<br>ffor þou weore meoke I-founde, | Hail, Star of the Sea,<br><br>Mother of God,<br>4<br><br>8 guide us aright! |
|--|---|

Godes Moder weore þou mad,  
I-Blesset beo þat stounde!

12

(2)

**L**iknet artou to sterre of séé,  
To lihten vs, grete and smale;  
Godes Moder ay to be,

Speak for us;

ffor vs þou telle vr tale;  
ffor þi Maydenhod so fre,  
þou bring vs out of bale;

16

help us to  
Heaven,

Help us in-to heuene fle  
Out of þis wopes dale.

20

Ladi, bring vs out of wo!  
ffrom Bales þou vs borwe!  
Godes Moder and Mayden also,  
þou saue vs out of sorwe!

24

(3)

*Sumens illud Aue Gabrielis ore,  
ffunda nos in pace, mutans nomen eue.*

Takyng þat word Aue—

þat sonde sat þe seete—

Of Gabriels mouþ so fre,  
þorw God he gon þe grete.

28

to be in  
peace,

Prei for us in pes to be,  
Wiþ murþes mo to meete;

Eues name i-tornd for þe  
þat sit us softe and swete.

32

Ladi blisful, Meoke and Mylde,  
þat word in Ioye us pultus;

our sins for-  
given!

Godes Moder, prei þi childe  
þat he for-ziue vr gultus.

36

(4)

**A**ue worþily þe fel,  
þat was þe 3arked 3ore  
Of þat Angel Gabriel,  
þorw 3ift of Godes lore.

40

Prey us pes, þer to be snel,  
þou salue us of vr sore;

Sip þat Eue is tornd so wel,  
vr blisse is wel þe more.

44

Ladi, qween of paradys,  
 To þe we schullen calle,  
 Godes Moder, wommon wys,  
 And Mekest most of alle. Queen of  
 Paradise! to  
 thee we call.

48

(5)

*S*Olue vincla reis, profer lumen cecis,  
*mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.*

Gulti bondes here vnbynd,  
 Vr gultes ben to fele ; Unbind our  
 bonds of sin!

Seend hem siht þat here aren blynd,  
 þou bring vs to þi wele ; 52

Put a-wey vr wikked wynt,  
 Vr synful lyf þou heele ;

Alle goodes aske and grynt,  
 And sent vs of þat Meole. 56

Ladi, nou þat hit is þus,  
 Help we weore vnbounde ;  
 Godes Moder, prei for vs Pray for us  
 to thy Son!  
 To him wiþ blodi wounde ! 60

(6)

**W**E han agult, vnbynd us here,  
 Wiþ *Merci* fond vs fede ;

Send þe blynde, loking clere,  
 To hele us here tak hede ; 64

Put a-wei vr wik in weere,  
 þat doþ us driþe and drede ;  
 Aske us God wiþ-uten peere,  
 þat holliche heuene meede. Ask God for  
 Heaven for  
 us. 68

Laydi, nou þin help a-non,  
 þer of þat we ne fayle ;

Godes Moder, a-þein vr fon  
 þou most be Countur tayle. 72

(7)

*M*Onstra te esse matrem, sumat par te precem  
*qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus.*

Scheuh þat Moder art, enclyn  
 To him þat dyzed on Roode ;  
 He, þorw; þe, tak preyer myn,  
 þat bouzt us wiþ his bloode ; May Christ,  
 thro' thee,  
 accept my  
 prayer. 76

Boren for us was he so fyn,  
 Hit com al vs to goode ;  
 He bi-com heere sone þyn,  
 þi Milk þen was his foode. 80  
 Thy milk  
 was his food.

Godus Modur, þou him beere,  
 þi Milk nas non Ilyche,  
 Ladi, him to fostren heere ;  
 þat Burþe was ful riche. 84

(8)

**M**Odur, scheuh þat þou art fre ;  
 þe may no murþe misse ;  
 Do þat we ben herd þorw þe,  
 þou bring us to þi blisse. 88  
 Bring us to  
 thy bliss!

I-boren for us forsoþe was he,  
 þe synful men to wisse,  
 He þat tok þi child to be,  
 þi Mouþ wiþ his to kisse. 92

Ladi briht, wiþ eizen gray,  
 Such cos þou geete *with* winne ;  
 Godus Modur, Niht and day  
 þou help vs out of sinne. 96

(9)

*Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis,  
 nos culpis solutos mites fac & custos.*

One, peereles Maide now,  
 þin help adoun þou seende ;  
 A-mong vchone, Meoke artou,  
 Aþeyn þe we ben vn-heende ; 100

Sinne bond vs, þow wost hou,  
 þis world vs wol a-bleende ;  
 Make vs meoke, cast in a vou  
 In-to vr lyues ende. 104

Ladi, bring vs out of strif,  
 Vs geyneþ nouht to þelpe ;  
 Godus Modur, al vr lyf  
 We spillen, bote þou helpe. 108

(10)

**M**ayden al-one, buyrde briht,  
 Wel brihtor þen þe Sonne ;

Maiden  
 bright,

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Mekest Mayden, most of miht,   |             |
| Vr gatus þou bi-gonne ;        | 112         |
| Sinne bond vs day and niht,    |             |
| We spillen þat we sponne :     |             |
| Mak vs meke and clene in siht, |             |
| þen is vr game I-wonne.        | 116         |
| Ladi, lene vs of þi liht,      | lend us thy |
| ffor ʒit we ben to blynde ;    | light,      |
| Godes modur, send vs miht,     |             |
| þe rihte wei to wende.         | 120         |

## (11)

*Vitam presta puram, iter para tutum,  
Vt videntes Ihesum semper colletemur.*

|                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| And leen vs clene lyf also,  | and pure life                 |
| þis lyf is serwe and sake ;  | too.                          |
| Diht vs siker wei to go,     |                               |
| þis sunful lyf þou slake ;   | 124                           |
| Get vs Ihesus to seo þer-to, |                               |
| þorw siht of him to a-wake,  |                               |
| vs to gladschupe euer-mo,    |                               |
| þin help vs þou by-take.     | 128                           |
| Ladi louelich, feir and fre, |                               |
| þou lilye whyt of face,      |                               |
| Godus Moder briht of ble,    |                               |
| We tristen to þi grace.      | 132 We trust to<br>thy grace. |

## (12)

|                                 |                     |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| <b>C</b> lene lyf ʒif vs to-day |                     |
| And forþward euer-more,         |                     |
| Greip vs here a syker way ;     |                     |
| We stomble ofte and sore ;      | 136                 |
| Siht of Ihesu, wel þou may,     |                     |
| ʒif hit þi wille wore,          |                     |
| þorw þat siht to glade vs ay,   |                     |
| So lyking is þi lore.           | 140                 |
| Ladi al in liht I-schrud,       | Lady, clad in       |
| þeos wordes ben ful soþe ;      | light,              |
| Godus Modur, Qween I-kud,       |                     |
| Tak þi seruauus to þe.          | take us to<br>thee! |
|                                 | 144                 |

28. *A Prayer to the Trinity.*(2 stanzas of 12, *abab abab cdcd.*)

(1)

*Sit laus deo patri, summo christo decus,  
spiritui sancto, tribus, honor vnus. Amen.*

Let us call on  
God the  
Father,

In God ffader heryng sit,  
þer aftur schul we calle ;

and kneel to  
God the Son.

To þe Sone al ful of wit  
On kneo we schullen falle ;

4

Holy Ghost,  
come to us!

þe Holigost, to vs þou flit  
In graces for to walle ;  
Wit and Grace and strengþe hit,  
We schul hem herie alle.

8

On is God of mihtes most  
ffeip fully for to fonde,  
ffader and Sone and Høligost  
Al on is vnderstonde.

12

(2)

Father,

þE ffader was, and ay schal be,  
And is wiþ-uten ende ;

Son and

þe Sone dyede vpon þe tre,  
Vr falce foon to schende ;

16

Holy Ghost

þe holygost, þat makeþ þre,  
þat may vs grace seende :

are all one.

Al is on In Trinite,  
What wey þou turne or weende.

20

I may sei wiþ-uten bost  
þe holy Book leyh neuere.

Be with us  
ever!

ffader and Sone and holygost  
Beo wiþ us nou and euere! amen.

24

[*The Vernon MS. ends here. Nos. 29-30 are from the Simeon  
MS., Addit. 22,283, Brit. Mus., leaf 134.*]

29. *But thou say Sooth, thou shalt be shent.*<sup>1</sup>(9 stanzas of 12, *abab abab bcbc.*)

(1)

Whoever  
loves Heaven  
must give up  
Earth.

Who so loueth endeles rest,  
þis false world þen mot he fle,

<sup>1</sup> See the former "Who says the Sooth, he shall be shent,"  
p. 683.

And dele þer-wiþ bot as a gest,  
 And leue hit not in no degre. 4  
 Hit is but trouble & tempest,  
 ffals fantasye & vanite ;  
 In þat þraddom who so is I-þrest  
 Him mot eschewe al charite. 8  
 þat day þat eueri mon schal se  
 His dedes schewed & his entent,  
 What maner mon so þat he be,  
 But he sey soth, he schal be schent. 12

At Dooms-  
 day, unless  
 we speak the  
 Truth, we  
 shall be  
 punisht.

## (2)

Seyth now dauid in his sawe David says  
 In þe sauter book openly,  
 þat whoso to þe worldus lust drawe,  
 In his lyf is leef to lye 16  
 þat he ne leueþ not on godus lawe,  
 But forsakeþ hit wylfully.  
 And, for him stont of god no awe,  
 In bremful bale he schal hit by, 20  
 When concieñce his werk schal wrye ;  
 And as he doþ, he dom schal hente :  
 Whit-uten restores or remedye,  
 But he sey soth, he schal be schente. 24

that he who  
 seeks the  
 world for-  
 sakes God's  
 law.

## (3)

A lesyng is *with*-uten doute  
 Wel worse þen sommen taken hede,  
 ffor, haue þe tonge onus told hit oute,  
 Abrod þen schal hit sprynge & sprede, 28  
 And renne ful ryf in eueri route ;  
 And be hit onus so blowen on brede,  
 þey men wolden aftur knele & loute ;  
 Men may not stoppe hit *with* no mede. 32  
 Such lesyngus þen I rede 3e drede,  
 Lest 3e in bittur bales ben Brent.  
 ffor þer nis non so styf on stede,  
 But he sey soth, he schal be schent. 36

Lying is  
 worse than  
 some think.

Dread it, or  
 you'll burn  
 in bale.

## (4)

þou miht als chep robbe a mon  
 As *with* a lesyng lese his name. You might as  
 well rob a  
 man as lie  
 about him.

Defame no man. What so þou spekest, where or whanne,  
 Loke þat þou no mon diffame. 40  
 Sey þe sothe, 3if þat þou kan,  
 þou suppose to here a blame,  
 fful sore þe stonde elles schal þou ban  
 When truthe þi tales schal a-tame. 44  
 To greue god, hit is no game,  
 þat lust & lykyng haþ þe lent ;  
 ffor outh þat þou const forge or frame,  
 But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent. 48

## (5)

If threatend with death for speaking the Truth,  
 3if þou be þrat to take þe deth  
 ffor seyng soth, be not agast ;  
 Let not þe sothe be set be-neth,  
 maintain it ; But truthe to mayntene, be ay studefast. 52  
 þenke þi lyf is but a breth,  
 þenke þou schalt passen, as mo han past.  
 Clottes of clay þi cors schal cleth, [col. 2] 56  
 þi careyne vn-to wormes cast,  
 you'll not repent it at the Judgment-day.  
 When Gabriel schal blowe his blast,  
 ffor soth sawe schaltou neuer repent.  
 þen leue hit lely, at þe last  
 But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent. 60

## (6)

Alas ! what corsed lyf is þis,  
 þat men dreden more þe world now here  
 þen him þat wrouzte þe world I-wys,  
 And al þing haþ in his pouwere. 64  
 Jurors on Quests often give false verdicts.  
 As men in questus seyn ofte a-mys,  
 And stoppen quedeles otrewe & clere ;  
 Such men þenkeþ not on heuen blys,  
 þat 3euen verdites in such manere. 68  
 They don't pay God his rent of Truth and kindness.  
 Truthe & kyndenesse knyht in fere,  
 God askeþ of vs non oþer rent ;  
 þenne wyte hit wel *withoute* were,  
 But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent. 72

## (7)

Tho' you get blame at first for speaking Truth,  
 þey þou kacche blame a þrowe  
 ffor seyng soop more or lasse,



|   |    |  |
|---|----|--|
| þenne aftur wþen þe treuþe is I-knowe   |    |  |
| Among goode men, as I gesse,            | 76 | you'll be hon-<br>oured after-<br>wards. |
| þou schalt be leef vch̄ mon to trowe    |    |  |
| And worschyp for þi sothfastnesse.      |    |  |
| þerfore I rede boþe hye and lowe,       |    |  |
| Sey soth and lette for no dystresse.    | 80 |  |
| þyn owne wordus schul bere witnessse    |    |  |
| A-ʒeyn þe at þi Iuggement;              |    |  |
| When grete god þat doom schal dresse,   |    |  |
| But þou sey soth, þou schalt be schent. | 84 |  |

(8)

|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| Hold vp no monnus oyl, I rede,             |    |  |
| When he wendup̄ out of þe wey,             |    | Don't palliate<br>any one's<br>faults: |
| ffor such glosyngus makeþ mony quede,      |    |  |
| When non þe soþe dar to him say.           | 88 |  |
| Such flaterynge schal luyte stond in stude |    | it won't help<br>you at the<br>Doom.   |
| When god þe grete doom schal aray;         |    |  |
| And he þat best now here con plede,        |    |  |
| I leue he schal be lewede þat day,         | 92 |  |
| Whan crist schal his woundes dysplay,      |    |  |
| þat for vs was on rode I-rent,             |    |  |
| And vche mon schal take his pay,           |    |  |
| But þou sey soth, þou schalt [be] schent.  | 96 |  |

(9)

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| ffor seyng soþ, þou miht not synne,      |     |  |
| But ʒif þou selaundre eny wyʒth;         |     |  |
| Selaundre no mon more ne nynne,          |     |  |
| ffor selaundre stynkeþ in godus syʒth.   | 100 |  |
| Elles what quarel þou art ynne,          |     |  |
| Sey þe soþe, ay meyntheyne þe ryʒth;     |     |  |
| And on þis wyse þou miht wynne           |     |  |
| þe blysse a-boue þat blesseþ bryʒth,     | 104 | Tell the<br>Truth, hold<br>up the Right,<br>and so win<br>Bliss! |
| And endeles lyf þat lasteþ lyʒth.        |     |  |
| þus I am sure þat þou miht hent,         |     |  |
| And elles, when deþ þi doom schal dyʒth, |     |  |
| But þou sey soþ, þou schalt be schent.   | 108 |  |

30. *A Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer to God.*

(11 stanzas of 8, abab bcbc.)

(1)

I thank Thee,  
God, for sav-  
ing me this  
night, and  
letting me  
see the day.

**I** þonke þe, lord god, ful of miht,  
Wif al þat euer I con & may,  
þat hast me sauēt þis ilke niht  
And suffret me forto abyde þis day. 4  
I-blesset be þou euer & ay,  
And halewed be þin hyze name ;  
And worschypet be þou, lord, al-way,  
Wif hyze & lowe, wylde & tame. 8

(2)

In the name  
of God,  
of Christ and  
the Holy  
Ghost

In þe name of god þat al þing wrou3th,  
Heuen & erþe and vche creature ;  
In þe name of ihesu þat me dēre bou3th,  
þat is god, godus sone so pure ; 12  
þe holygost, god in o figure,  
To þe, o god in persones þre,  
I be-take þis day of me cure,  
And wif þi tokene I marke me : 16  
In *nomine patris & filij & spiritus sancti, Amen.*  
*Pater noster. Aue maria. Et Credo.*

(3)

Lord, I give  
myself to  
Thee,

Lord god, þat þis day woldust make, 17  
And schope me to lyue þer-ynne,  
My body & soule I þe be-take.  
þis day, lord, kep me out of synne, 20  
Wif trouþe þis day my lyflode to wynne,  
So þat I do þe non offens,  
ffrom þi lawe þat I ne twynne,  
Ne breke þi ten commaundementes. 24

that I may  
truly gain  
my living to-  
day.

(4)

Christ,

Lord god Ihesu, as þou were boren in a dawynge,  
Of a virgyne pure & clene,  
Kepe me, lord, þis morewenynge,  
þis day in dedly synne þat I not byn lene, 28  
ffor wyninge of erþelyche godus : [leaf 134, col. 3]  
ffrom flessch[ly] lustus & lykyngē,

keep me this  
morning, that  
I do no sin  
this day.

Kepe me, lord, wiþ þi pressyos blod,  
ffrom temptacions of þe fende. 32

(5)

And as þou were turmentud sore  
In þat selue tyde of niht,  
Wiþ bobbyng, scornynge & wel more,  
ffort hit were dayes light 36

[. . . . . ight]  
Sende me þis day do sum good dede  
In lettyng wrong & doyng riht,  
þat þou, lord, mouwe quyte me my mede. 40

Grant that I  
may to-day  
stop wrong  
and do right!

(6)

As þou were lord, when hit was day,  
Ofte examnet wiþ wordus grete,  
Wiþ bysschopes of ful gret aray,  
Wiþ proude prynces þat þe con þrete, 44

Sende me þis day drynk & mete,  
And susteyne me in þi seruise ;  
þif I be mys-hap, lord, þe fo[r]þete,  
þorw þe, lord, let me aryse ! 48

Send me my  
day's food!

(7)

Lord I be-take þe my fiue wyttes ;  
Myn yzen, þat I synge not in sy3th.  
Lord, my mouth open hit in þi werkes,  
þer-wiþ þat I may speke truþe & ri3th. 52

Myn heryng, lord god, dele & dy3h  
To here noþing a3eyn þi wille ;  
My nese, lord ihesu ful of my3th,  
Kepe hit þat I non vuel smel. 56

I put my 5  
wits in thy  
charge,  
1. sight,  
2. speech,  
3. hearing,  
4. smelling,

(8)

Lord, kep & lede my feet also  
þat heo don þi seruise,  
þat with hem I not mys go.  
Myn honden, lord, kep on alle wyse, 60

And set hem, lord, in such asyse  
þat I, [o] lord, with hem not synne.  
And þif I do, lord, let me aryse,  
And let me not longe lygge þerynne. 64

5. motion of  
feet  
and hands,  
that I sin not  
with them.

## (9)

|                                     |   |    |
|-------------------------------------|---|----|
|                                     | þey; I haue syngut her-be-fore,<br>Let me not for-garte þi grace.   |    |
|                                     | I crye þe mercy, lord, euer more ;  |    |
| Lord, grant<br>me time to<br>amend! | Of amendement, lord, sende sum space,<br>And sende my soule for my trespacement.                          | 68 |
|                                     | þenke, lord, I am þi creature,<br>And sende me, lord, help now in þis cas<br>þi mercy out ouer al mesure. | 72 |

## (10)

|                         |   |    |
|-------------------------|---|----|
|                         | Lord, wharto woldust vengauce take  |    |
| I am guilty.            | On me þat zelde me þis gulty ?  |    |
|                         | I may not amendus make,   |    |
| I rely on Thy<br>mercy. | But put me holly in þi mercy,<br>And for my synne I am sorye :                        | 76 |
|                         | þenk, of my self no my;th I haue ;  |    |
| Without Thee<br>I die.  | But þou me help, in synne I dye :<br>þi grace, mercy, <sup>1</sup> lord, may me saue. | 80 |

## (11)

|                              |   |    |
|------------------------------|---|----|
|                              | My soule, my body, lord god ihesu,<br>I now by-take in þi kepyng ;  |    |
| Keep me in<br>all my work,   | Kepe me, lord, in þi vertu,<br>In al my werk & al my worchyng.      | 84 |
|                              | In þi nome be al my doynge !<br>In þe nome of Ihesu I be-gynne :    |    |
| and out of sin<br>this day ! | Lord god ihesu al weldyng,<br>þis day kepe me out of synne ! Amen ! | 88 |

[*The rest of the leaf is blank.*]

<sup>1</sup> ? for 'grete mercy'

## VARIOUS READINGS TO THE VERNON MS.

## XXXIV. ST. GREGORY'S TRENTAL, p. 260.

From MS. Lamb. 306, fol. 110.

Title. Here folowth Sent Gregoris Trentalle.

1 I-writte men fynt . fayre 2 wrote 3 moder . hir lyffe 4 al . holden .  
howseywyffe 5 maneres . mode 6 þat om . gode 7 Bonowre 8 gessed  
9 Also . I-holden om . she 10 it felde . hire om . foule case 11 And tra-  
vailde . his om . trecherye 12 lad . in to synne of l . 13 luste of loue 14  
So fer that she 15 So prevely ner-the-lees she her bare 16 was nomane ware  
17 noman . witte . case 18 the childe borne 19 Be the necke the ch . she  
wriede 20 she beryede 21 she a-combred 22 She sh . 23 she . holdene  
(I . om .) 24 She . preeste 25 were fayne . name 26 as om . she . and of  
gode fame 27 Twyes eftre-sones 28 R . as hite to-forne was 29 she 30 kyne  
and of 31 sonne . seynt om . 32 alle her 33 durste she no sh . showe 34 be  
shrefte . were 35 shame . to hide ther sh . 36 lese . of god alle-myghte 37  
sethen . lyve . so om . synfully 38 And fallene to dethe sodeynly 39 womans  
dedis were . asspyede 40 sothely afterward she . 41 Whan she . seene . 42  
she was . hie 43 so om . 44 had 45 al 46 she was . in hevene b . 47 litelle  
48 after 49 Her sonne . at the mas stode 50 moder hee t . gode 51 sodeynly  
in the myd mas 52 drewe to him a grete d . 53 blacked 54 also derke as  
m . 55 in the 56 Al om . Stonyed he was of a stynche fulle stronge 57  
gresely 58 in swonyng . alle-moste 59 Be-sides . vnder . lere 60 A-  
meddes . that þat drewe 61 greisely 62 Bute as a f . was hir 62 ragged .  
rente and also eville 64 dredfulle . be-hold . deville 65 nose . and om .  
Eyes 66 flammyng fulle of brennyng lyes 67 hit om . fullyche . bi godis  
m . 68 deuelis shulde drade by righte 69 eke om . blode 70 mankynde  
diede . Rode 71 Sey thou me the s . wel s . 72 hate thou 73 the c . that  
þou weked wreche 74 do der 75 answerde . chere 76 modyr . bere 77  
vshrevyng dedis 78 bittyr . brene 79 Tho ans . alas alas 81 Allas om .  
this is a w . c . 81 my om . 82 I om . see 83 wendyne witterlyche I-wis 84  
That thou . wel om . to haue hevene b . 85 þat om . that thou . 86 praye .  
levene . 3it om . 87 moder . fyne 88 payne 89 She 91 was . such om .  
92 weked . me om . wenede 93 synned wickedly 94 the whiche . ne om .  
durste me neuer shrive 95 She . her 96 from one tille other . riht om . 97  
moder 94 Yf o . the may save and socoure 98 Wheþer fastyng or penance  
may þe a . 99 Bedis . to brygge 101 Withe coste and crafte and other thinge  
102 To the be h . of any savyng 103 dere blessyd sonne . she 104 bee  
105 savide . be wele 106 Who-so . trentelle 107 cheffe festis . yere 108  
one 109 Thre 110 Euphanie 111-12 one v . 113-14 one v . 115-16 one  
v . opur om . trentite 117-18 one v . 118 of om . þe Assumpcion 119 þen  
tho ilke festis tenne 120 souerely socourene 121 What preeste seith .  
with-oute f . 122 soulis . shuldene myche a . 123 In one yere with-oute  
trayne 124 Delyncr sowles . ful om . payne 125 But latte say this . heste  
126 every vtas of every feste 127 this m . 128 Shalle sey . this orisous too  
129 Trewly . ony were 130 thorowe-oute 131 Do hem it to saye 132  
Or . thes m . 133 Who-so wille 134 in . this myche . Lat . Oracio : Deus  
qui es nostra Redemptio . 135 God that arte oure 136 To owre sowlis  
sothefast saluacione 137 chesest . 138 of hest . be 139 suffrest 140 the  
soules f . helle blame 141 Bryng hem . fendis bonde 142 oute of hethen  
mene honde 143 And that pepille . levith . on 144 Throwe . amendide may

145 trustyne on . merce 146 hem alle for thi pite 147 this wille 148 ffor om.  
 a mane moste holdynge 149 artte . am . sonne 150 these m . . shonne 152  
 Ayenes alle the . dede 153 I pray the holiche moder 154 twel-mothe 155  
 Holiche thi state . shewe 156 faryst . mowe it k . 157 she . wille in flaye  
 158 she vanshipede awaye . 160 lette (for- om.) neuer to sey . 161 were  
 assigned 162 helpe . pynd 163 He toke . alwey 164 Als om . praide him  
 to doo 165 tyme a twelmothe at the . stode 166 Holy in prayers w . de-  
 vocious gode 167 the s . 168 save . a wondere sely 169 dressyd 170  
 place . shone 171 Comly and crowned 172 Two Angilles heldene . 173 so  
 om . y-Ravesshede 174 felle downe 175 flatte to-for hir fete 176 Devoute  
 teres ther he lete 177 grete . wel om . stevyne 179 Modyr 180 modyr  
 181 she . ame . she 182 bee 183 sothe . seste . here 184 thi moder . bere  
 185 Beforne . woste wele 186 Righte foule as a deville of helle 187 swiche .  
 seste here 188 Throwe helpe . prayere 189 i-dresset om . in to . clere  
 190 blessyd . bere 191 And sonne for thi gode dede 192 be 193 laten  
 this massys this doo 194 Shalle haue . and the s . 197 When she hadde  
 this saide anone 198 The angelle to hevyn with hire con gone . 199 To  
 that place gode 200 That wonnethe in blysse w . e .

Then follows the Appendix of MS. Cott. Cal. thus :

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Now haue we herde fayre and wele                                  | Loke this be saide alle in ffere  |
| The vertue of seinte Gregories tren-<br>telle.                    | Euery day thorowe the yere<br>And euery day <sup>1</sup> loke thou note for-<br>yette,  |
| Who-so wille do hite parfityly<br>He moste do more therto trewly. | This is to say, loke thou note lette !  |
| The preeste thate shall this trentalle<br>synge,                  | Ine the evtas of euery feste<br>Also longe as they do leste—  |
| Atte euche feste thate he dothe mynde                             | vij. dayes mene calle the vtas—   |
| He moste sey withe gode devocione                                 | The preeste moste sey in his masse  |
| Euery evyne the comendacione,                                     | A nobylle orysonne it his holde   |
| Placebo & the direges he moste sey also,                          | The Collett that I of firste tolde.   |
| The soules to brynge oute of woo,                                 | And aftyr the fyrste orysonne   |
| And also the spalmes sevyne                                       | Ther is a noþer of grete Renowne  |
| Thate helpethe to brynge the soule                                | Thate to the soules is wonder swete,  |
| tille hevynne ;   | Mene calleth hite the secrete. <sup>2</sup>   |
| ffor a-monge alle other they bethe gode                           | And when the preste hathe sacred his  |
| To brynge the soule from helle flode ;                            | masse   |
| ffor euery salme dothe quynche a synne                            | And vside and his handis I-wasshe,  |
| As ofte as any mane dothe them be-<br>gynne                       | An other orisonne he moste saye   |
| And withe gode devocione seith þem to<br>the ende :               | That in the boke fyndene he may,<br>The post-comyne men dothe hit calle, <sup>3</sup><br>That helpethe soules oute of thralle ; |
| Then may the soules to hevynne wende.                             | At <sup>4</sup> that this be done at euche a feste  |
| Therefore this salme[s] haue ye in<br>thoughte.                   | That the trentalle spekethe of mest<br>and leste.   |
| The xv salmes fore-yete ye noughte.                               | Then may thou be sekyr and fulle  |
| The letany also ye haue in mynde—                                 | serteyne  |
| Loke thou leve hit not be-hynde ;                                 | To brynge the sowles oute of her  |
| Withe gode deuocione thow hit saye,                               | payne   |
| Ante to alle hallowne there-with to<br>praye ;                    | To the Endles Ioye that lastethe aye—<br>He vs graunte that fore vs dyede one   |
| Pray hem to helpe withe alle her<br>myghte                        | gode ffrydaye.<br>To that Ioye gode vs brynge   |
| The soules to brynge to hevynne<br>bryghte,                       | Thate is Ine hevynne withe-oute End-<br>yng.  |
| There euer is day and neuer nyghte—                               | Pray we alle that hit so be,  |
| Cryst grawnte vs grace to se thate<br>sighte.                     | Amen amen þur charite.<br>Explicit sent Gregorys Trentalle.   |

<sup>1</sup> *al.* Neuer a    <sup>2</sup> Secret: Omnipotens sempiternus deus (*on the margin*).

<sup>3</sup> Post com.: Deus cuius misericordie (*in the margin*).    <sup>4</sup> *al.* And

XXXII. HOW TO LIVE PERFECTLY, p. 221.

From MS. Addit. 22383 (MS. Simeon<sup>1</sup>).

Beginning wanting. fol. 30b. 16 liueþ . no 24 se 25 witneþ fulliche  
 26 Boke . calde 27 seueue dedly 28 er 29 vertues 34 þen 35 þenne  
 37 þe 40 blis 51 word . 3ou 53 forto 55 Sco (e erased) v. 58 om. 62  
 ordeynet 64 lyuyng 74 goode 76 Religious 82 worschupe 85 biddynge  
 89 wipouten strif 90 fyf 94 goinge 100 schuldest 110 gret 115 Maist  
 pou 117 self 120 feir 121 olde 123 þenke . pray 129 donge 139 þenke  
 144 long 147 vche 148 nouh 149 lorn 151 is om. 154 vche 155 schal  
 156 eueri 157 vche 169 ener 181 helpe . loft 182 oft 184 bi veyn 189  
 vre 191 vre 192 beop 195 þenke 198 3oure 203 formed 205 stinkyng  
 206 formed 207 pris 208 no<sup>2</sup> om. deuis 212 wol . resoum 222 suche  
 225 sustur 229 schuldest þenne 246 he inst. of her 248 Gostliche 263 put  
 289 Suche goodnes 290 god om. 296 hertely 305 fuir 306 watur 309  
 schrift 310 riht 313 þenke 315 perel 321 wikked chaunces 325 whahat  
 341 hert . custodisti . saluum sanum . incolumen & ad . que . de tua 344  
 euene 346 bedde 347 honest 348 rest 350 Biseche 351 alle 352  
 goodenesses 353 lant 364 angelus 368 alle 370 alle . doers 371 biseke  
 374 þe 375 alle 381 hert 384 buxum 385 departed 390 made 399 þe  
 inst. of 3e 401 þeose 417 goodnesse 420 proprietes 421 fulliche 424 her  
 426 goode 429 forto 431 ping 433 alle 435 To om. 436 beoyng . fleoyng  
 437 pinge 438 I- om. 441 may þei no ping 443 fele 447 þenke 450  
 Surmountep. 451 ful 452 pauh. 454 stud . purneyde 456 schende-schupe  
 460 ordeyned 462 made 471 mendement 472 goode 473 Chastised 474  
 suche 482 vre 483 seop 486 febulnesse 487 ouht 490 fulliche 491  
 Lyfte . þi 496 But 498 As þe b. 503 redresse 508 calde 509 What  
 510 perel 511 forto doute 521 þe 524 vertues 531 heuene 532 Headline  
 wanting. 534 wrape . envie 535 glotenie . gedines 538 But . monnas 557  
 rehersen 558 bettur 564 lasse 578 proud 580 goodus 587 3e 589  
 serwyng 590 fare 594 defaute 596 hert 597 þenk 599 slouh . wikednes  
 602 wanhope 607 hert 608 meche vnquert 613 hert 614 vnquert 628  
 deceyneþ 629 putteþ 630 harme 640 down 643 Headline wanting 644  
 ordeynet 645 sende . vertues 647 seide 650 kyndam 655 hande (cor.)  
 656 lastande 668 forto 669 blis 671 hert 675 Pesible 677 lecheri . orde-  
 yned 682 þe om. forto. Headline wanting. 689 vertu 698 nede 702 god  
 732 counseyle 736 helpe. Headline wanting. 740 vre 741 fende 743 wor-  
 schipe 744 þorwh inst. of wip 753 lesse 757 bihest 762 Ordeynet toward  
 765 forto 767 vche . feste 768 leste 769 rest 775 opur 777 fully 781  
 helpe 791 þen 793 smert 795 honde . hert 796 weppen 803 opur 805 nul  
 811 neode 815 hest 822 witis 826 harme forto 827 wites 845 pinge  
 846 doinge 853 furst þre 856 cristen. Headline wanting. 858 vertues 866  
 teche 867 furst þre 869 þeose 872 Techeþ 878 needeful 879 þen 886  
 pinge 888 conyng 893 3ine 900 al 901 lesyng 903 knowyng 907 know-  
 ynge 910 vertu 911 vche 912 louen. Headline wanting. 924 Vnder  
 935 harde dy3inge 936 heue 946 persones 949 comyng 954 churche 956  
 chirehe . goode 962-lastyng 963 opur 964 payne. Headline wanting. 967  
 ordeyned 969 furst 972-fadur bouht 979 autere 982 eftsone 988 chirehe  
 989 Matrimonye 994 di3inge 996 soule. Headline wanting. 1001 mones  
 1003 rihtwysnes 1004 strenþe 1008 do 1009 hoso 1010 most . go(!) 1011  
 cald 1022 deseuyes 1027 riches 1030 callen 1032 brennyng 1034 east.  
 Headline wanting. 1037 redeli 1040 þursti 1045 semenþe 1046 to buye  
 1072 Who so 1073 lest . myn 1077 3e inst. of þe 1086 citec 1089 lette 1091  
 sei 1092 gospel 1094 heore 1096 kyndam 1099 sermoua 1104 verray-  
 liche 1105 opur 1118 wolden 1122 þeose opur 1124 wordes 1125 letre  
 1126 a nelde E 1127 suche 1128 kyngdom 1137 harme 1142 hit hit  
 1144 opur 1145 lastande 1146 sande 1149 kyngdom 1152 lest 1155  
 heore hert 1156 pouert 1157 in quert 1158 pouert.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Simeon being a mere copy of MS. Vernon without reference being had to any other MS., there are only slight differences in spelling, but no variants of material importance. I wish it to be understood that MS. Simeon has the reading of MS. Vernon also in those places where I have found it necessary to make corrections or emendations.

**XXXIII. THE VISIONS OF ST. PAUL, p. 251.**

6 any 10 Archangelus 13 seiȝ 14 Brennyng 15 synnes 21 brennyng  
 22 diuerses 27 furst 31 þynke 32 stynke 33 penaunce 34 souls . alle  
 47 wheel 51 tymes 52 fendes of h. 53 þe 54 turment 55 sauh 63  
 toke . kepe 65 sauh 66 And w. 68 goode 78 him 86 Riht aftur 94  
 wepte 108 churche dud 111 bries 112 aboute 119 biturned 120 sauh .  
 derke 121 amonges 125 ff. rest wanting.

**XXXV. THE Prick or SPUR of Love, p. 268.**

6 techen 12 preyet 15 þoure 16 þerne 20 forte 31 Headline: How  
 meditacioun brynges mon to loue god. 31 Tak 32 to god. wol 41 is inst.  
 of be 55 Eres . ben om. 57 þin 63 mok 64 muchel 65 anopur 66 worm is  
 70 þou hast 82 Riht foul 86 forte 87 headline: How þou schalt þenke on  
 þi soule. 103 wondur 112 plesep 114 art þou drad 122 forte 135 amis  
 143 bi watur 144 tended 155 headline: Of þe Nobleȝe of god 164 an hiȝ  
 165 miht 168 haue 169 makynge . a om. 171 such a 172 be om. 174  
 haue 176 deop 180 watur . eorþe. 185 opur 187 forte 189-91 = V.  
 207 stude 208 ordeyned 210 schendschipe 212 Scoppe 213 to om. be  
 215 alle 226 to 229 þe while 242 sterrus 252 vertuwe 265 þis is 266  
 Headline: To þenke of þi sunnes 272 opur 276 euel 277 Sunne 278  
 3eorne 284 Aftur 288 rikene 289-90 = V. 293 a mon 297 forte 307  
 opur 310 Of opur mennes 314 euel 315 forte 329 hous lond 334 weole  
 337 euel 338 þin 340 forto 353 opur 357 cald 363 þeofþe 381 wiþ-  
 outhen 390 þe om. 394 kun 399 Headline: Remedy aȝey[n] þe seuen dedly  
 synnes 405 Blessynge 407 beoþ 412 lure 414 freondes 415 wondur  
 429 glotun 431 þei om. I-blessed 436 on g. b. 438 þe seuen 439 Head-  
 line: Of þe spirit of drede. 441 euel 442 forte 446 þe worldes wele ȝif we  
 ben wyse 457 headline = V. 464 ben inst. of beren 468 wilne in h. I. . filde  
 469 forte 480 euel 481 take inst. of hente . euel 484 forte 485 forte 491  
 Euel 502 Or 504 opus 505 wiþoute 520 Beoþ to þe 523 habeþ 528 forte  
 535 Stele þou 541 tel 542 euel 546 opur 553 aftur 555 Headline want-  
 ing. 559 þe I om. 569 wiþ inst. of þorw 582 aftur 587 Headline wanting.  
 588 rikenen 598 no mon 606 haue 621 preosthod 623 sacramentes 624  
 al 626 Preost 633 Ioye 634 ordeyned 637 out of . weende 638 eende  
 639 Oyngement 640 verrement 645 Headline wanting. 645 But 646 schul  
 648 dettes 652 furst 653 forte 658 is inst. of vs 661 Headline wanting.  
 664 þou maiȝt 673 ȝit schalt þou 677 þen schalt þou 680 watur 682 alle  
 686 furst 692 wisch 693 and likyng 697 þou schalt 701 þyne inst. of mischef  
 707 Headline wanting. 715 enmyte 718 vehe is . opures 724 þat þe 726  
 verrement 727 opur 729 opur 730 soþur 734 Corouned 738 aȝeyn 741 art  
 þou 744 siker of 746 heiȝ 749 Headline wanting. 764 con teche 767 Head-  
 line wanting. 777 hem departe 780 and houre 782 opur. Headline want-  
 ing. 792 I-sched 799 an heiȝ 804 þeof 806 as cos 810 alle 811 I-lad biforen  
 A. Headline wanting. 827 bobbed 830 þauh. Headline wanting. 834 dis-  
 ciples 846 þen om. Headline wanting. 854 boþe om. 862 Corouned . ich  
 863 ff = V. 871 send 902 þauȝ 903 not sopliche. 909 Headline wanting.  
 919 blynt 921 watur 928 dispit 934 alle 940 turned 941 preyere .  
 fastyng . þerfore 952 poned inst. of fruscht 954 coroune. Headline wanting.  
 957 wusch 960 wariede 964 hosel 965 þauh 966 stil'ely 982 þeose  
 vers 985 Headline wanting. 995 oopure 1000 oopur 1016 nedde 1018  
 Onþur 1021 had 1023 dou 1044 cunnyng 1062 not 1064 or l. 1065  
 coome 1066 goome 1072 in om.

**XXXVII. A GOOD MAN AND THE DEVIL, p. 329.**

V. 39 ferrene . feeryng 41 chirche 45 leute 51 haue to me . trust  
 54 comen 56 schul 60 vr 62 hose . come to 63 Pride . firste 66 seuenþe  
 67 lesse 68 fforte 70 loue 73 vchone oþer 74 broþer 76 of om. 82  
 neiȝebur 83 But . mihtestou 89 opur 93 heued 99 vndurstod 101



Aftur 107 I-ponked 111 I wol not (ne om.) 113 And al 115 haþ he .  
 I-worschipt 120 tene . forte 122 godus 124 So seide 125 oute 126 ihte  
 127 firste 136 let 137 disputyng 140 huide 147 not 149 pride 151  
 I-witen 169 ouer 181 bi 182 schaltou 191 wel vndurstod 193 pruite  
 199 naket 204 wosschen 219 miþten ha 221 I-woned 222 weren . dude  
 223 euel 228 I-greued 230 nis 238 oþur 246 had 247 zeluh 256 heore  
 þonkus onus 265 Vitrede 266 fyle pruide 267 stric . godus . turne 269  
 no mon 270 But þif 273 Godes 275 Much . cold . ers 276 grentas 277  
 And om. 278 hornus . heor . vche 281 heor 283 foule 286 heor 292  
 sunne 295 be 301 coþes 307 seize 309 þen 318 of oþur 324 wysur  
 325 richor After 325 add : þen þow be bi an hundred fold 326 ful wo 327  
 forþinke 328 ho m. þenne 330 euel . þenne þe 332 vndurstod 333 þat I om.  
 toþer 334 after 335 preost 339 hit is 342 schulde 345 þifþ 346  
 I-þeueþ . I haue seyð 360 oþur 361 mostou . needes 362 deef 365 hit  
 him 372 boldeli (che erased) 373 schomefulli (che erased) 375 þi fust  
 376 wiþ knyf 378 bete 382 strong and hardy 383 darst 385 þe balde-  
 loker þou maiþt 386 seche 387 stunt . not 391 oþure 396 skeer 398  
 vndurstod 401 ful om. 406 euel 408 meengeþ 410 turneþ 413 morwe  
 414 after 417 sunne 421 amendet 424 I-set 427 broþer 428 þenne  
 433 conne 435 cunneþ 436 byforen weore 445 mihte 446 eny 472 not  
 475 weunleete 478 leue 479 þauh 485 neuer fare 492 bigunne 497 þif 499  
 couetous 501 not 502 wol 504 heore 505 leete 506 nerre 508 vndurstod  
 511 in . biddynge 512 hose 518 trouþe 519 wol 521 oþur 525 tymes  
 527 him . him 530 cors 532 at erased 533 haþ 534 toun . feld . I-sene  
 536 erþe 538 forte 542 fforte 545 schaltou 548 Executurs 549 ful ille  
 (on eras.) 550 i-om. . ete 551 schaltou . maiþtou 552 Salomon 553 make  
 555 neodful 556 neode 559 schaltou 561 watur . oþur 562 neode 563  
 mak 570 wole 573 þre kunne 576 men 582 leseþ om. 583 maken euel  
 587 aferd . hit schal 589 he was I-bore 592 lese 593 Iop 594 al 595  
 luite 597 is me 602 not 603 blessed . þin n. 605 þat om. 606 spekest  
 he seide 608 wolton leue 610 hast þou mynde 611 kuynde 612 ordeynt  
 614 bring 615 spousyng 618 hose 627 not 629 a om. 634 gladli (che  
 eras.) 636 And he may beo liht 640 vndurstod 647 oute 648 gretteste  
 649 are wedded 654 oþur 663 euel 664 sungest 670 Nul 674 peyne  
 675 do 678 are 679 haluc 680 oþur 681 nedde heore 683 But 690  
 heore 702 aftur 710 heor . to om. 711 preostes 712 wenestou 715  
 churche 722 come 728 cantel 731 hali 747 luste 754 haþ þenne 755  
 hem 756 neode 757 beode 759 churche 764 Ak þif 774 þei 778 vndur-  
 stod 779 techyng 783 weenden 784 beoþ 788 After 790 sleepe 793  
 But 797 deede 798 meede 801 after 802 neod 808 weenden 809  
 schrift . i- om. 816 sore 817 more 818 comeþ 823 But After 825 added :  
 þefore is good þat he craue Godes Merci to vndurfonge . 827 fastor 828 þeil  
 829 fforsoþe gret wonder hit is 831 ho . forte . rise (a- om.) 838 him 840  
 and for 847 Noon 853 muche 856 vndurstond 860 after 863 langlyng  
 870 ly 873 cumbrement 875 oþur 878 worch 884 apayed 890 eete  
 891 but 894 euel 897 wite wel 899 he is 901 dure forte 911 drunk-  
 enesse 912 oþur 920 vndurstod 923 wiþoute 926 kuynde 927 glotons  
 930 heor 936 more 937 Mel 942 more . ned 944 þreo 953 a Baisch  
 957 vndurstonde 965 lengore 966 But 972 wiþ mykde 975 fforte weenden  
 985 kepe

*XXXVIII. THE CASTLE OF LOVE, p. 355.*

Four headlines wanting. 1 þencheþ 5 No . euel 13 worschipe 17 þenchen  
 25 frensche . oþur speche 26 seche 29 Lof (t erased) 32 leodene 37 nouþur  
 40 And aftur 42 murþe 47 hiþe 49 weore 53 which 57 ysawe 58 trewelye  
 66 þeose 67 schul 68 domes 73 cunnen 74 bigunnen 75 hose 76 þeorne  
 85 ha(-bbeþ erased) 92 at þe 101 senen 105 not om. 107 weoren 108 beeren  
 110 del 111 I-bronht 112 ofspring 124 bettere 139 euel . gode 140 him  
 wel vndurstoode 141 vndur 152 O . w . at-sprong 155 streon 162 ofspring  
 165 weole 166 feole 169 kuynde 170 oþur 173 oþer 194 lawes 202

752 *Various Readings to MS. Vernon (from MS. Simeon).*

him taken 214 lyked 218 laste . forfare 230 neore 232 synne 233  
 synne 242 synnes 243 ffreor 256 fforte 267 synne 268 myne 269 opur  
 286 kyngdom 301 eldest 302 opur 303 suster 316 But . vndur 317  
 prison. Headline wanting. 325 vndurstonde 332 Raunsoun 336 feir 340  
 tre 341 be-gilede 344 prison 345 Boxumnesse 345 swetnesse 349 nere  
 350 But 352 prison. Headline om. 358 suster 359 prison 372 ouhstest  
 not 374 But 390 w. her-biforen. Headline om. 399 beop 407 tyzed  
 408 wrecchedam 415 Seop 418 schuldest 426 vndurstod 429 weende  
 431 naket 432 I-maket 436 aftur 439 beo 440 fleo 446 destruyzed 448  
 weoren. Headline om. 466 come hem 470 I am 474 make 477 witen  
 wel þe pees 481 eueri 487 beop 494 seppe 496 one 500-501 om. 503  
 goodschupe 504 þer faylep 505 wisdom 516 And fader here 519 ffor inst.  
 of And . ften 520 But 526 Heo mihten neuere 529 wisdom 543 mihtifol  
 548 beden 553 dryuen . oonde 559 nouzt corr. to ouzt. 561 fulfild 566  
 vndurstonde 579 weore 580 boxumnes 581 swetnes 589 hose 594 in  
 eny 596 sauioir 597 women 598 vndur 607 Latin om. 609 kyngdome  
 614 seon 615 beop 617 wole 629 weore . wonderful 632 huilte 647  
 wendurfol 650 alle 655 Oopur 657 vndur 661 vndurfonge 664 inq. om.  
 679 euel 684 he (-o erased) fleon 689 heo corr. to hey 694 deope . beop  
 702 fleon 711 aboute . opur 724 aftur 730 eorneþ 733 opur 734 watur  
 738 he 740 þer, om. 747 feirschipe 749 such a 750 al on 751 aftur  
 752 made 755 kyngdom 763 feole 764 maide 777 Maydens 780 is newe  
 782 vertuwes 783 is corr. to as 788 Buxomnesse 789 on m. 788 wþ  
 800 vertuwes 801 sleihschipe 802 worschipe 804 euel 818 hire 823  
 seuene 830 euel 836 þorw 837 And al was 839 euere 842 distruizet  
 848 fulle 852 opur 855 no (-nes erased) 866 hire 871 & fre om. 872 he  
 877 þorw 883 neode 892 foon 893 ffeond 894 ne om. 897-8 transposed  
 899 doþ 904 Glotonye . euel 908 Ich hadde 909 þer þer þe 915 þat om.  
 921 I om. 928 hem 930 ha (-bbe erased) 938 ded (-en erased) 947 zemet  
 948 flemet 953 vndurstonde 955 herkne 956 I 958 burþen 961 I 962  
 I chul 965 I am (ch erased) 971 þe inst. of to 975 eorþe . þenken 977  
 freudschip 978 walde 985 polmodnes 987 jineþ 989 opur 994 stil 1005  
 forbad 1009 þerfore 1014 god 1015 lordschipe 1019 Boxumnes 1036  
 nuste . were 1037 seiþ him . & om. 1040 Wer . I-come 1041 þene 1042  
 bowe. Lat. om. 1043 Ihesus . go wei 1044 schaltou . Lat. om. 1046 þ I  
 am 1051 mymest 1052 bi-nime 1055 forward 1059 schulde . synne  
 1061 nil 1062 forward . Lat. om. 1065 forward . god wol wel holde 1067  
 tresun 1069 leste 1074 were . Lat. om. 1078 bitrayet 1083 dispuite  
 1087 þor 1089 disceysed Lat. om. Lat. om. 1100 ar 1101 as Lat. om.  
 1104 ichulle 1105 leste f. 1106 hundred 1107 seon. Lat. om. 1108  
 feond 1112 þiue. Lat. om. 1115 I chulle 1121 þat om. 1133 vndurstonde  
 1135 þoruþ . wþpoute 1139 synne 1141 al 1145 vnwresteschepe 1146  
 bere 1148 eizen 1150 buffetes 1152 I-meyn 1153 þer 1159 þenchen  
 1162 frendschipe 1164 wþp-oute 1167 and h. f. 1169 sunne 1179 and  
 ende 1180 fro 1188 Raunson 1189 bodi þit erased 1192 leggen 1198  
 fulfuld 1201 hundred 1203 were 1207 maat 1210 fforsobe bileuede  
 1233 Ondurstondeþ 1235 mowen 1242 Headline: Of a kene swerd 1243  
 Me . cunne 1245 deede (n erased) 1247 seon 1248 beon 1252 hit weo (!)  
 1256 opur 1260 brenneþ 1265 neoces of þis priuete 1268 tornde watur  
 1270 watur 1276 fele 1276 wþ om. . . . loues 1280 weren 1286 Buriels  
 1289 him to 1290 him also 1292 was god and is 1301 ne om. 1305 heize  
 1306 bineþen 1307 Boweþ . þulke 1312 vndurstonde 1314 paradys 1318  
 vndur 1327 was he 1331 aftur 1334 hadde 1340 hedde 1342 longede  
 1344 feondes 1352 feond 1356 he om. 1359 Myldeful . beon 1379 fulfild  
 1381 schulle 1382 I-streued 1386 curs 1392 Beer 1394 strevne 1395  
 I-demed 1405 tynes 1412 þo þat 1413 þat t. 1414 vp om. aros 1415  
 schewed 1416 preched 1417 þorsday 1418 weoren 1420 he hem 1421  
 wonhoþe 1433-6 om. 1435 woundes 1437 I wot 1455 atte f. 1456 ne  
 om. 1458 beop 1461 beon 1465 streoned 1466 þenne he 1468 deþ 1471  
 mowe 1473 lawes 1480 vr pes 1512 eende 1514 leden her 1519 after .  
 weende 1520 eende

## APPENDIX.

A FEW POEMS FROM THE DIGBY MSS. 2<sup>1</sup>  
AND 86, AND ANOTHER LEAF.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| DIGBY 2.   |  |  |
| 1. <i>Christ on the Cross</i> , p. 753.              |  | ( <i>Christ's Dialog on the Cross with his Mother</i> ), p. 763.     |
| 2. <i>Hail Mary!</i> <sup>2</sup> p. 755.            |  |  |
| 3. <i>A Resolve to Reform</i> , <sup>2</sup> p. 756. |  | 7. <i>The sawe of Saint Bede, prest</i> , p. 765.                    |
| DIGBY 86.  |  |  |
| 4. <i>Les diz de Seint Bernard</i> , p. 757.         |  | 8. <i>Coment le sauter noustre dame fu primes cuntroue</i> , p. 777. |
| 5. <i>Ubi sunt qui ante nos fuerunt?</i> p. 761.     |  | A LEAF OF MS.  |
| 6. <i>Chauncon de noustre Dame</i>                   |  | 9. <i>A Confession of Sins, and a Prayer to Christ</i> , p. 785.     |

1. *Christ on the Cross.*(6 stanzas of 10 lines each, abab ccb ccb. *p* is for MS. *y*.)

(1)

Hi sike al wan hi singe,  
for sorue þat hi se :

Wan hie wit wepinge

bi-holde a-pon þe tre,

Hi se ihesu mi suete

his herte blode for-lete

for þe luue of me.

His wondis wexin wete :

Marie milde and sute,

þu haf merci of me !

I weep when  
I see Jesus  
on the Cross  
lose his lilt  
for me.

4

7

10

(2)

Hey a-pon a dune,

as al folke hit se may,

a mile wytt-hute þe tune,

a-bute þe mid day,

þe rode was op a-ride :

his frendis werin al of-ferde,

11 On a down,

a mile off,

14

the Cross was  
set up.

<sup>1</sup> These were first printed in Herrig's *Archiv*, 1897.<sup>2</sup> These are ryme-beginning poems.

|                                    |                                       |           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------|
|                                    | þei clungin so þe cley.               | 17        |
|                                    | þe rod stonit in ston,                |           |
| Mary sobd.                         | Mari hir selfe al-hon,                |           |
|                                    | hir songe was way-la-way.             | 20        |
|                                    | (3)                                   |           |
|                                    | Wan hic him bi-holde                  | 21        |
|                                    | wyt hey and herte boþe,               |           |
| Jesus hung<br>pale and<br>bleeding | Hi se his bodi colde,                 |           |
|                                    | his ble waxit alle bloe ;             | 24        |
|                                    | He honge al of blode,                 |           |
|                                    | se hey a-pon þe rode,                 |           |
| between two<br>thieves.            | bi-twixin þefis two.                  | 27        |
|                                    | Hu soldi singe mor ?                  |           |
|                                    | Mari, þw wepe sor ;                   |           |
|                                    | þu wist of al his woe.                | 30        |
|                                    | (4)                                   |           |
| I sigh and<br>am sad               | Wel ofte wan hi siche,                | 31        |
|                                    | hi make mi mone ;                     |           |
|                                    | Hiuel hic <sup>1</sup> may me like,   | [? ? hit] |
|                                    | and wondir nis hit non,               | 34        |
|                                    | Wan hi se honge hey,                  |           |
|                                    | Ande bitter peynis drei,              |           |
| when I see<br>Jesus pierst         | Ihesu my lemmon.                      | 37        |
|                                    | His wondis sor[e] smerte,             |           |
|                                    | þe sper his at his herte,             |           |
| with a spear,                      | Ande þorit his side gon. <sup>2</sup> | 40        |
|                                    | (5)                                   |           |
|                                    | þe naylis beit al to longe,           | 41        |
|                                    | þe smyt his al to sleye,              |           |
| and bleeding.                      | þue bledis al to longe,               |           |
|                                    | þe tre his al to heye,                | 44        |
|                                    | þe stonis waxin wete :                |           |
|                                    | Allas, ihesu, mi suete,               |           |
| Alas, few<br>friends had<br>he t   | feu frendis hafdis þue ; <sup>2</sup> | 47        |
|                                    | But sin Ion marnid,                   |           |
|                                    | And Mari wepnid,                      |           |
|                                    | þat al þi sorug seys.                 | 50        |

<sup>2</sup> MS. rubd

(6)

|  |    |              |
|--|----|--------------|
| Wel ofte wan hi slepe,                 | 51 |              |
| wit soru hic ham þoit soit ;           |    | I sorrow     |
| Wan hi wake and wende,                 |    | when I think |
| hi þenke in mi þoit,                   | 54 | how mad men  |
| Allas þat man beit wode!               |    | are          |
| bi-holdit an þe rode,                  |    |              |
| and silit hiç [han broit] <sup>1</sup> | 57 |              |
| Hir souclis in to sin,                 |    | to wreck     |
| for any worlde hit <sup>2</sup> win,   |    | their souls  |
| þat was so der hi-boyt.                | 60 | so dearly    |
|  |    | bought.      |

2. *Hail, Mary!*

(A rhyme-beginning poem.<sup>3</sup> 5 stanzas of 8 lines, aaaa abab.)

Digby MS. 2, leaf 6, back.

(1)

|                                      |   |              |
|--------------------------------------|---|--------------|
| Hail, mari! hic am sori :            | 1 | Mary, have   |
| haf pite of me, and merci !          |   | mercy on     |
| mi leuedi, to þe i cri :             |   | me!          |
| for mi sinnis, dred ham hi,          | 4 | I dread pun- |
| wen hi þenke hat hi sal bi,          |   | ishment for  |
| þat hi haf mis hi-don                |   | my sins.     |
| in worde, in worke, in þoith, foli : |   |              |
| leuedi, her mi bon !                 | 8 |              |

(2)

|   |    |             |
|---|----|-------------|
| Mi bon þu her, leuedi der,                  | 9  |             |
| þat hic aske wit reuful cher!               |    |             |
| þu len me her, <sup>4</sup> wil hic am fer, |    | Give me     |
| do penanx in mi praier ;                    | 12 | grace to do |
| ne let me noth ler, þat þu ber,             |    | penance ;   |
| at mi nendin day ;                          |    |             |
| þe worlais, þai wil be her,                 |    | and save    |
| fort[to] take þair pray.                    | 16 | me from the |
|   |    | Fiends!     |

<sup>1</sup> MS. rubd.

<sup>2</sup> ? worldis.

<sup>3</sup> See *Early English Poems and Lives of Saints*, in *Philol. Soc. Trans.* 1872, and note the frequent central rhymes here.

<sup>4</sup> 'lefdi der' follows, dotted under as a mistake.

## (3)

|  |   |    |
|--|---|----|
|  | To take þar pray, also hi her say             | 17 |
|  | þai er redi, boyt nite <sup>1</sup> and day ; |    |
| We cannot resist them unless thou help us. | so strange er þai, þat we ne may              |    |
|  | A-gaynis þaim stond, so way la way,           | 20 |
|  | but þu gif helpus, mitteful <sup>1</sup> may, |    |
|  | Wit þi sunes grace ;                          |    |
| They flee thee.                            | Wan þu comes, þai flet a-wai ;                |    |
|  | dar þai not se þi face.                       | 24 |

## (4)

|  |                                    |    |
|--|------------------------------------|----|
|  | þi face to se, þu grant hit me,    | 25 |
|  | lefdi ful-fillid of pite,          |    |
|  | þat hi may be in Ioy wit þe,       |    |
| and thy Son who sufferid for me and all men. | to se þi sone <i>in trinite</i> ,  | 28 |
|  | þat sufferid pine, and ded for me  |    |
|  | and for al man-kyn :               |    |
|  | his flesse was sprade on rode tre, |    |
|  | to leysus al of sine.              | 32 |

## (5)

|   |                                     |    |
|---|-------------------------------------|----|
|   | Of sine and kar, he maked vs bar,   | 33 |
|   | Wan he þollid pines sar ;           |    |
|   | to drupe and dar, we athe wel mare, |    |
| We ought to crouch, as the hare does for the hounds, when we think of our fate at the Doom. | also for þe hondis doyt þe har,     | 36 |
|   | wan we þenke hu we sal far          |    |
|   | wan he sal dem vs alle,             |    |
|   | we sal haf ned[e þan &] þare,       |    |
|   | a-pon mari to calle, &c.            | 40 |

3. *A Resolve to Reform.*

(*A rhyme-beginning poem. 3 stanzas of 6, aaab ab. þ is for MS. y.*)

## (1)

|                         |                                    |   |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|---|
| [leaf 15]               | No more willi wiked be ;           | 1 |
| I'll give up the world, | Forsake ich wille þis world-is fe, |   |
|                         | þis wildis wodis, þis folen gle ;  |   |
|                         | ich wul be mild of chere :         | 4 |
| have a knotted girdle,  | of enottis seal mi girdil be,      |   |
|                         | becomme[n] ich wil frere.          | 6 |

<sup>1</sup> Note the absence of the guttural *gh*. Compare Capgrave's Chronicle, and his St. Katharine, E. E. T. Soc.

(2)

|   |               |  |
|---|---------------|--|
| Frer menur i wil me make,<br>and lecherie i wille asake ;<br>to ihesu crist ich wil me take,<br>and <i>serue</i> in holi churche,<br>all <i>in</i> mi ouris for to wake,<br>goddis wille to wurche. | 7<br>10<br>12 | and turn<br>Grey Friar<br>(Franciscan).<br>I'll forsake<br>lechery,<br>and serve in<br>church. |
|---|---------------|--|

(3)

|  |                |   |
|--|----------------|---|
| Wurche i wille pis workes gode,<br>for him þat boiht us <i>in</i> þe rode ;<br>from his side ran þe blode ;<br>so dere he gan vs bie :<br>for sothe i tel him mor þan wode,<br>þat haytit <sup>1</sup> licherie. | 13<br>16<br>18 | I'll do good<br>for Christ's<br>sake.<br><br>He's mad<br>who does<br>lechery. |
|--|----------------|---|

*MS. Digby 86, c. 1275 A.D., leaf 125, back.*  
*Bodleian Library.*

4. *Ves diz de seint bernard comencent .A.ci  
tres beans.*

(Printed before in *Anglia*, III. 59, etc., by Varnhagen.)

(9 stanzas of 6, aab, ccb.)

(1)

|   |        |                                  |
|---|--------|----------------------------------|
| <b>P</b> e blessing of heuene king,<br>And of his moder, þat swete þing,<br>Mote we all hauen !<br>He ous zeue good beginning,<br>And clene lif at oure ending ;<br>þat auhte we alle craven. | 3<br>6 | May God<br>and Mary<br>bless us! |
|---|--------|----------------------------------|

(2)

|   |         |  |
|---|---------|--|
| Lestneþ me a huteþ þrowe,<br>þe þat wilen ou selven enowe !<br>Ounwis þan ich be,<br>.I. shal hou tellen, alse ich can,<br>Wat holy writ spekeþ of man ;<br>Lestneþ nou to me ! | 9<br>12 | I'll tell you<br>what Holy<br>Writ says<br>of Man. |
|---|---------|--|

<sup>1</sup> ? for 'hantith,' practises.

## (3)

St. Bernard  
says that  
men shall  
feed worms.

Saint bernard seiþ in his bok,  
þa[t] man is werm, and wermes hok,  
And wermes he shal feden ; 15  
Wen his lif him is bireued,  
In his rug and in his heued  
Shulen grisliche wermes bređen. 18

## (4)

His flesh shall  
melt from his  
bones.

þe fles sal melten from þe bon,  
þe senewes sundren euerichon,  
þe body hit sal defien. 21  
3e þat wilen þat soþe .I.-seen,  
Oundop þe graues þere þey been,  
And lokeþ wat þere lien. 24

## (5)

Man has here  
no home.

Mon, þou art a feble fom,  
Ne hauest þou here non siker hom ;  
Ne seye ich þe bote skil ; 27  
þi rihte stude is helles wer ;  
Ihesus lete ous comen þer,  
þorou his swete wil ! 30

## (6)

You don't  
know when  
you shall die.

þi fles stont azein þi gost :  
Wen þou shalt deyen, þou ne wost,  
Nouþer day ne niht. 33  
Nedes costes þou most deyen,  
Ne may no rauncoun þe forbeyen ;  
Greyþe þe wiles þou miht ! 36

Prepare for  
it while you  
can.

## (7)

Death draws  
his kniffe.  
Get shriven!

A fikel wind, mon, is þi lif,  
And deþ draweþ his sarpe knif ;  
þou do þe sone sriue ! 39  
If þou counne loke riht,  
Ne hauest þou here bote fiht,  
þe wiles þou art aliue. 42

## (8)

For nou þou art wrong, nou þou art riht,  
Nou þou art heui, nou þou art liht,  
þou skippest else a ro ; 45



|   |    |                              |
|---|----|------------------------------|
| Nou þou art sek, and nou þou coverest ;   |    | You're now sick, then well ; |
| Nou þou art riche, and nou þou pouerest ; |    | now rich, now poor.          |
| Ne is þis muchel wo ?                     | 48 |                              |

## (9)

|                                       |    |                         |
|---------------------------------------|----|-------------------------|
| <b>Þ</b> i fles þe seyþ niȝt and day, |    | Your flesh wants ease ; |
| .I. wile hauen eise wil .I. may ;     |    |                         |
| þi soule þe seiþ nay :                | 51 |                         |
| If ich þe bere to muchel meþ,         |    | your soul tears Hell.   |
| þou wilt me bringen helle deþ,        |    |                         |
| And wo þat lasteþ ay.                 | 54 |                         |

## (10)

|                                   |    |                          |
|-----------------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| þus hit goþ bitwenen hem two ;    |    | Soul says 'Stop' ;       |
| þat on seiþ 'let,' þat oþer 'do,' |    | Flesh says 'Indulge.'    |
| Ne cunneþ heȝ ne nere bilinnen ;  | 57 |                          |
| Wel we mowen alle .I.-seen,       |    |                          |
| þe soule auhte maister to been,   |    | Soul ought to be Master. |
| þe pris hoe hautte to winnen.     | 60 |                          |

## (11)

|  |    |  |
|--|----|--|
| Mon, be þou nout þi self ouzcouþ ;                 |    | No dungheap is so foul as man's utterance. |
| Loke wat comeþ out at þi mouþ,                     |    | [col. 2]                                   |
| Ne findest þou non so fouvel dingheþ, <sup>1</sup> | 63 |  |
| þey þou loke al abouten,                           |    |  |
| And elles wer wiþ-houten,                          |    |  |
| Wel hinderliche þou nim þe kep.                    | 66 |  |

## (12)

|                                     |    |  |
|-------------------------------------|----|--|
| þou hauest, man, in þat foule hous, |    | Yet within is a precious thing.          |
| A þing þat is wel precious ;        |    |  |
| Wel dere hit wes .I.-bouht :        | 69 |  |
| Ich helde þe for wilde and wod,     |    | Don't let the Devil have it for nothing! |
| If þou letest so muchel god,        |    |  |
| þe deuel hauen for nouht.           | 72 |  |

## (13)

|                                     |    |                          |
|-------------------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| Mon, be waker and be wis ;          |    |                          |
| If þou down fallest, sone aris,     |    | If you fall, rise again, |
| Ne li þou none stounde :            | 75 |                          |
| Wiþ alle þi mizte, if þou dost þis, |    |                          |
| þi soule seyȝ, and soþ hit is,      |    |                          |
| loȝe þou hauest .I.-founde.         | 78 | and find Joy t           |

<sup>1</sup> altered from 'dinliheþ' : l. 64 is written after l. 66.

(14: *Man's Three Foes. The First, his Flesh.*)

You've 3  
Foes,

your Flesh,  
the World,  
and the  
Devil.

**M**on, þou hauest þre wikke fon ;  
Here nomes con ich euerich on ;  
Nou ich shal tellen alle : 81  
þin owene fles, þe world, þe fend ;  
He þat scholde ben þi frend,  
He doþ þe rapest falle. 84

## (15)

1. You make  
your foe,  
the Flesh,  
fat and strong  
to fight  
against you.

þou clopest him wiþ faire shroud,  
þou makest þi fomen fat and proud.  
If ich hit dourste seyen ; 87  
þou dost þi self wel muchel wrong,  
þou makest þi foman fat and strong  
To fizten þe azein. 90

## (16)

Cut off his  
bread and  
drink,  
and make  
him work!

þou do bi counsail and bi red ;  
Wiþdrau him hofte of his bred,  
And luitel 3ef him to drinken ; 93  
Ne let him noþing Idel gon ;  
þou do him pines mani on,  
And ofte do him to swinken. 96

(17: *Man's Second Foe, the World.*)

[lf. 126, bk.]  
2. The World  
draws you to  
Covetous-  
ness.

To coveitise of mani þing,  
þe world þe draweþ ; and misliking  
Hit giueþ þe more and more. 99  
Fals he his, and feir he semeþ,  
And alrebest, wen he þe quemep,  
He bindeþ þe wel sore. 102

## (18)

It shall  
perish.

You can take  
nothing out  
of it.

þou wost þe world shal gon to nout,  
Ne hauest þou noþing hider ibroun,  
Ne nout shalt bere wiþ þe ; 105  
þou shalt alone gon þi way,  
Wiþ-oute stede and palefray,  
Wiþ-oute gold and fe. 108

(19: *Man's Third Foe,\*the Fiend.*)

**P**i pridde fo, þat foule wizt,  
þe fondeþ boþe day and niȝt,  
þeron hise gilles alle : 111  
þou wost wel he ne loueþ þe nout,  
He fondeþ to chaunge þi þout,  
And do þe for to falle. 114 to fall.

(20)

þou wost he ne wille þe no god ;  
He wolde hauen þin herte blod ;  
þou be war of his hok ! 117  
Do nou also ich haue þe seid,  
And alle þre sulen ben aleid  
Wip here owene crok. 120

(21)

If þou seyst þis spelis hard,  
Ne may .I. nout swech foreward  
Holden, ne wel drie ; 123  
A litel þing ich axe þe ;  
þou sei me soþ, par charite,  
þer-of þat þou ne lie. 126

---

c. 1275. *MS. Digby 86, leaf 126, back, col. 1.*

5. *Ubi sount qui ante nos fuerunt?*

(10 stanzas of 6, *aab, ccb.*)

(1)

**U**ere beþ þey biforen vs weren,  
Houndes ladden and hauekes beren,  
And hadden feld and wode? 3  
þe riche leuedies in hoere bour,  
þat wereden gold in hoere tressour,  
Wip hoere brizte rode, 6

(2)

Eten and drounken, and maden hem glad ;  
Hoere lif was al wip gamen .I.-lad,  
Men keneleden hem biforen ; 9

3. The Devil  
tempts you  
always

He wants  
your heart's  
blood :

Beware of  
his hook !  
Do as I've  
told you,  
and beat  
your foes.

I ask you but  
little.

Where are  
the Hunters  
of old?

The Ladies

who led their  
life in glee?

Their souls  
are lost.

þey beren hem wel swiþe heye;  
And in a twincling of an eye  
Hoere soules weren forloren. 12

## (3)

Where is  
their laugh  
and song?

Were is þat lawing and that song,  
þat trayling and that proude zong,  
þo hauekes and þo houndes? 15

Turnd to woe.

Al þat ioye is went away,  
þat wele is comen to weylaway,  
To manie harde stoundes. 18

## (4)

They made  
Paradise  
here.  
Now they lie  
in Hell.

Hoere paradis by nomen here,  
And nou þey lien in helle .I.-fere;  
þe fuir hit brennes heuere: 21

Long is ay, and long is ho,  
Long is wy, and long is wo;  
þennes ne comeþ þey neuere. 24

## (5)

Man, suffer  
here,  
  
take no ease;

**D**rezy here man, þenne, if þou wilt,  
A luitel pine þat me þe bit;  
Wipdrau þine eyses ofte; 27

think on your  
reward!

þey þi pine be oun-rede,  
And þou þenke on þi mede,  
Hit sal þe pinken softe. 30

## (6)

If the Fiend  
has thrown  
you,

If þat fend, þat foule þing,  
þorou wikke roun, þorou fals egging,  
þere ne þere þe haueþ .I.-cast, 33

up and fight!

Oup, and be god champioun!  
Stond, ne fal namore adoun  
For a luytel blast! 36

[leaf 127]

## (7)

The Cross  
your staff,

þou take þe rode to þi staf,  
And þenk on him þat þereoune ʒaf  
His lif þat wes so lef: 39

fight Christ's  
foe with it!

He hit ʒaf for þe; þou ʒelde hit him;  
Aʒein his fo, þat staf þou nim,  
And wreck him of þat þef! 42

(8)

|                                      |                          |                                    |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Of riȝtte bileue þou nim þat sheld,  |                          | Take the<br>Shield of Be-<br>lief. |
| þe wiles þat þou best in þat feld,   |                          |                                    |
| þin hond to strenkþen fonde,         | 45                       |                                    |
| And kep þy fo wiþ staues ord,        |                          |                                    |
| And do þat traytre scienc þat word ; |                          |                                    |
| Biget þat mvrre <sup>1</sup> londe.  | [ <sup>1</sup> P MS.] 48 | Win Heaven!                        |

(9)

|                                   |    |  |
|-----------------------------------|----|--|
| þere-inne is day wiþ-houten niȝt, |    | Endless day,                                   |
| Wip-uten ende, strenkþe and niȝt, |    |  |
| And wreche of euerich fo ;        | 51 |  |
| Mid god him-selwen eche lif,      |    | with God<br>himself,<br>and peace<br>and rest. |
| And pes and rest wiþoute strif,   |    |  |
| Wele wiþ-uten wo.                 | 54 |  |

(10)

|                                       |    |  |
|---------------------------------------|----|--|
| Mayden moder, heuene quene,           |    | Mary, be our<br>Shield<br>against the<br>Fiend ; |
| þou niȝt and const, and owest to bene |    |  |
| Oure sheld agein þe fende :           | 57 |  |
| Help ous sunne for to flen,           |    |  |
| þat we moten þi sone .I.-seen,        |    | help us to see<br>thy Son!                       |
| In ioye wiþ-uten hende. Amen!         | 60 |  |

6. Chauncoun de noustre Dame.

(A Dialog between Christ on the Cross and his Mother.)

(Printed before in Anglia, II. 253 seq. 9 stanzas of 6, aab, ccb.)

(1)

|                                    |   |                     |
|------------------------------------|---|---------------------|
| “ S tonde wel, moder, ounde rode,  |   | Mother, be<br>glad! |
| Bihold þi child with glade mode ;  |   |                     |
| Moder, bliþe niȝt þou be,”         | 3 |                     |
| “ Sone, how may ich bliþe stonde ? |   |                     |
| Ich se þine fet, and þine honde,   |   |                     |
| .I.-nayled to þe harde tre.”       | 6 |                     |

(2)

|                                    |   |                                    |
|------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| “ Moder, do wey þi wepinge !       |   | Weep not !<br>I suffer for<br>man. |
| Ich þolie deþ for monnes kinde ;   |   |                                    |
| Wor mine gultes ne þolie .I. non.” | 9 | [lf. 127, col. 2]                  |

“Sone, ich fele þe deþes stounde ;  
þat swerd is at min hertes grounde,  
þat me byheyte simeon.” 12

## (3)

Stay thy  
tears!

“Moder, do wei þine teres :  
þou wip away þe blodi teres ;  
Hy doþ me worse þene mi deþ.” 15

They pain  
me.

“Sone, hou miȝtte ich teres werne ?  
I se þine blodi woundes herne  
From þin herte to þi fot.” 18

## (4)

It's better  
that I die  
than all men  
go to Hell.

“Moder, nou .I. may þe seye,  
Betere is, þat ich one deye,  
þen alle mankyn to helle go.” 21

“Sone, .I. se þi body .I.-swonge,  
þin honde, þin fet, þi bodi .I.-stoungē :  
Hit nis no wonder þey me be wo.” 24

## (5)

You too will  
go there, if  
I don't die.

“Moder, if ich þe dourste telle,  
If ich ne deye, þou gost to helle :  
.I. þolie deþ for monnes sake.” 27

“Sone, þou me bi-hest so milde ;  
.I.-comen hit is of monnes kuinde,  
þat ich sike, and serewe make.” 30

## (6)

Let me resene  
Adam and  
all men!

“Moder, merci, let me deye,  
And Adam out of helle beye,  
And monkin þat is forlore.” 33

“Sone, wat sal me þe stounde ?  
þine pinen me bringeþ to þe grounde ;  
Let me dey[e] þe bifore !” 36

## (7)

You now  
share my  
punishment.

“Swete moder, nou þou fondest  
Of mi pine þer þou stondest ;  
Wip-houte mi pine nere no mon.” 39

[f. 127, bk.]

“Sone, .I. wot .I. may þe telle,  
Hote hit be, þe pine of helle ;  
Of more pine, ne wot .I. non.” 42

(8)

“ Moder of moder, þus .I. fare ;  
Nou þou wost wimmanes kare ;  
þou art elene mayden on.” 45

You know  
what wo-  
man's care is.

“ Sone, þou helpst alle nede,  
Alle þo þat to þe wille grede,  
May and wif, and fowel wimmon.” 48

(9)

“ Moder, .I. ne may no lengore dwelle,  
þe time is comen, .I. go to helle :  
I þolie þis for þine sake.” 51

My time is  
come,  
I go to Hell  
for you.

“ Sone, .I.-wis .I. wille founde ?  
.I. deye almost ; .I. falle to grounde :  
So serwful deþ nes never non !” 54

7. Here biginneþ þe sawe of Scint bede, prest.

(7 stanzas of 6, aab, aab, or aab, ccb.)

(1 ; *Of Heaven and Hell.*)

**H**oli gost, þi miȝtte  
Ous wisse and rede and diȝte,  
And help ous and teche 3  
To witen ous wiþ þe onwiȝtte,  
þat bi day and by niȝtte  
þencheþ ous bipeche, 6

Holy Ghost,  
teach us to  
guard against  
the Devil,

(2)

Makeþ ous to don sunne,  
And abben to monkunne  
Swiþe muchel honde. 9  
He þencheþ ous biwinne,  
And woenien ous wiþinne,  
And ouer ous habben honde : 12

who makes  
us sin,

and wants to  
rule us ;

(3)

Ac bidde we crist ȝerne  
Hou þat he hem werne  
For his mildenesse, 15  
For hy þat to hem sulen turne,  
In helle hy shulen forberne,  
In hewche pesternesse. 18

but who will  
burn us in  
Hell.

[leaf 127, bk.,  
col. 2]

## (4)

Our Saviour

We houten oure suppinde

Herien of alle þinge,

And louien hine wel swiþe,

21

will guard us  
against  
fends.

For he ous wille werien,

þat fendes ous ne derien,

þat folle beþ of niþe ;

24

## (5)

Ne be we nout here

Swiþe fele 3ere,

Bote we her, we henne wende :

27

Let us be  
pure,  
and fit com-  
panions for  
angels!

Makein ous clene and skere,

þat we in heuene, englene fere,

Ben ho wiþ-uten ende.

30

## (6)

Bliss is in  
Heaven,

In heuene, in þe blisse

þat muchel is midiwisse,

And lesteþ euere more ;

33

and none  
miss it who  
love God ;

þer-inne is reste and lisse ;

Ne may þer no mon misse,

þat louieþ godes ore.

36

## (7)

such bliss  
as no tongue  
can tell.

Ac hit saiþ in þe gospelle,

Ne may non tounge al telle,

þe blisse þat þer is euere,

39

Ne þe pine of helle,

þer-to we beþ wel swelle,

Awey hit ne hendeþ nevere.

42

## (8)

In Hell are  
cold, heat,  
hunger ;

þer-inne is chele and hete,

And hounger ounimete,

And þurst alles to kene ;

45

spikes and  
worms to  
worry the  
soul ;

Pikede beþ þe shete,

And wormes þer beþ kete,

To don þe soule tene.

48

## (9)

and weeping

**P**erinne is wop and woninge,

And muchel bimeninge

þat hoe .I.-boren were ;

51



Ae þer nis non hendinge, for ever.  
 Ne non aȝein-cher-hinge,  
 þat enes comeþ þere. 54

## (10)

Wel we owen nimen gome Let us take  
care not to  
go there,  
 He þat elles þider come,  
 And seruen heuene kinge, 57  
 And bidden him .I.-lome,  
 þat he ous at þe dome,  
 Of here pine bringe. 60

## (11)

Oute we owre sunnen leten, but drop our  
sins,  
and pray for-  
giveness of  
our misdeeds.  
 And munien crist, and beten,  
 Of alle oure misdede ; 63  
 To doinde hoe beþ swete,  
 For-þy ous is helle ȝete,  
 Helle þat is ounlede. 66

(12 : *aab, aab. The Seven Chief Sins.*)

**Þ**e seuene heued sunne The 7 chief  
sins  
 þat we beþ ofte wiþinne,  
 þe soule wolleþ amerre ; 69  
 Hoe beþ of swikele kunne,  
 þermide þe wiþerwinne  
 Ous alle þencheþ to bicherre. 72

(13 : *aaa, bba*)

Modinesse, and ouerfastnesse, (which I  
name)  
 Onde, wrathes, swikelnesse,  
 Hordom, and ȝeuernesse ; 75  
 þis we houten alle ounderstonde,  
 þat moni men in londe  
 Bringeþ to sorinesse. 78  
bring many  
men to grief,

(14 : *aab, aab*)

For þis beþ þe seuene out of Heaven  
 þat bringeþ out of heuene,  
 Swiþe fele monne ; 81  
 þe weyes beþ in hoere wene  
 Mid wepinde steuene ;  
 In-to helle hoe shulen þenne. 84  
into Hell.  
[H. 128, col. 2.]

(15 : *aab, ecb. The Pride of Rich Folk.*)Many rich  
folk fancy  
they're An-  
gels.

**H**oe weneþ monie of þise riche,  
þat he henglen ben .I.-liche  
For hoere proude cloþe, 87

They shall  
shriek in  
Hell.

And þefore hoe sulen scriken,  
And in helle siken,  
And crien hit foul wrothe. 90

(16 : *aab, aab*)

The poor

So weneþ þis wreche,  
þat hoe ne weren riche  
For-þi þat hoe haytte nabbeþ ; 93

Ac<sup>1</sup> satanas þe wreche  
þe soule wille drecche  
Wen hoe ani got habbeþ. 96

(17)

may fail of  
bliss unless  
they suffer  
humbly.

þer iche midiwisse  
Miȝtte comen to blisse,  
If he hit wolde her nye, 99

And þe wreche may wel misse,  
Bote he his pouernesse  
In mildenesse þolie. 102

(18 : *The Sins of Monks and Priests.*)Monks  
mayn't enjoy  
gifts:

**Þ**is monekes weneþ soumme,  
þat gedereþ garisoumme,  
þat hoe hit shulen brouke ; 105

Death shall  
take em from  
them.

Ac wene<sup>2</sup> þe deþ shal comen,  
Hit shal hem ben binomen,  
Bitaut hoe beþ þe pouke. 108

(19)

If the High-  
Priest

þe prest þat singeþ masse  
þoru godes herienesse,  
And wot of techinge, 111

does no alms,  
he'll be pun-  
isht.

And þer-of nul don almesse,  
In euche sorinesse  
Hiis soule he may bringe. 114

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. 'et' : also in other lines.<sup>2</sup> ? MS. At-wene.

(20: *The Sins of Knights.*)

|   |     |   |
|---|-----|---|
| <b>P</b> es kniȝttes beþ wel bolde,<br>For hy abbeþ aquolde<br>Here ani cristine were ; | 117 | Knights<br>who've kild<br>Christians<br>[f. 128, bk.] |
| For-þi sa[t]anas þe holde<br>þe soule wil atholde,<br>And makien hire oun i-fere.       | 120 | shall go to<br>Satan.                                 |

(21: *The Sins of Lawyers.*)

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| <b>P</b> es plaidours beþ wel kene,<br>þat werieþ red and grene.<br>And al þis ounriȝt demep : | 123 | Pleanders in<br>red and<br>green, who<br>judge wrong, |
| Hy shulen, wiþ-houten wene,<br>To helle þat is so kene,<br>þer þe fendes remep.                | 126 | shall go to<br>Hell.                                  |

(22: *The Sins of Chapmen.*)

|  |     |                                   |
|--|-----|-----------------------------------|
| þis chapmen monie bi strete,<br>Hy beþ swikele ounimete,<br>Hy ne reccheþ þan hy swerien | 129 | Chapmen<br>who swear<br>and cheat |
| For to abben here biȝete ;<br>For-þi satanas þe kete,<br>Here soule wille derien.        | 132 | shall be<br>worried by<br>Satan.  |

(23: *The Working Bondman.*)

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| Of alle men on londe,<br>Mest swinkeþ þe bonde,<br>And mest biȝet mit riȝte ;              | 135 | Bondmen<br>work hard-<br>est ;                                    |
| If he couþe ounderstonde<br>And teþege riȝt ounder his howle,<br>To crist he comen miȝtte. | 138 | and if they'd<br>pay right<br>tithe,<br>they'd come<br>to Christ. |

## (24)

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| Ac for alle his biswinke,<br>If he may comen to sottes drinke,<br>And stelen cristes teuþinge, | 141 | But if they<br>drink,<br>and tithe<br>falsely,<br>they'll go to<br>Hell. |
| Sstrong deþ hit wile him þenke,<br>Depe in helle winke<br>His soule he may bringe.             | 144 |  |

(25: *The Sins of Proud Ladies.*)

|   |     |                                |
|---|-----|--------------------------------|
| <b>P</b> es proude leuedies<br>þat louen driweries,<br>And breken here spousinge, | 147 | Proud Ladies,<br>adulteresses, |
|---|-----|--------------------------------|

|   |   |                             |
|---|---|-----------------------------|
|   | And doþ to-gabbie,<br>þat loveden simonie   |                             |
| [ff. 128, bk.,<br>col. 2]                                       | Of eni gode þinge ;   | 150                         |
|   | (26)  |                             |
| wearers of<br>fine frocks,                                      | Hy draweþ here wede,<br>Mid selkene þrede   |                             |
|   | .I.-frendet and .I.-bounde :  | 153                         |
|   | Swart and swiþe ounlede   |                             |
| shall cry in<br>Hell.   | Bemen hy shulen, and grede<br>Depe in helle grounde.                              | 156                         |
|   | (27: <i>Lecherous Monks and Nuns.</i> )   |                             |
| As to Monks<br>and Nuns,  | Monekes and eremites and nonnen,<br>þat hem witen ne cunnen                       |                             |
|   | Wiþ swecche lecherie,   | 159                         |
|   | Hy shulen to þere oun-winne :   |                             |
| their dun<br>clothes won't<br>save em.                          | Alle here cloþes downne<br>Ne shulen hem warauntie.                               | 162                         |
|   | (28)  |                             |
| Those who<br>go to Hell<br>had better<br>not have<br>been born. | Sopliche al betere him were<br>þat hy .I.-boren nere,<br>þat þider shule wende :  | 165                         |
|   | Warin ich ou here ;<br>For 3e þat enes comeþ þere,<br>þer 3e beþ ha-bouten hende. | 168                         |
|   | (29)  |                             |
| They think<br>that,   | <b>A</b> at <sup>1</sup> hy weneþ libbie  | <sup>1</sup> MS. Aat for Ae |
| at their end,   | And longe sunegie,<br>And þene at þen ende  | 171                         |
| they can<br>mend and go<br>to Heaven.                           | Here sunnen al anendie,<br>And birewsie,<br>And seþþen to heuene wende.           | 174                         |
|   | (30)  |                             |
|   | Ne ben 3e nout so ownriste<br>Nou to ihesu criste,<br>þer-to ich ou lere ;        | 177                         |
| But no one<br>knows when<br>he'll die.                          | For þer nes non þat weste,<br>Wiþ-houten ihesu criste,<br>Wen his hon day were.   | 180                         |

## (31)

|                               |     |   |
|-------------------------------|-----|---|
| For ous ne beþ nout so eþe    |     | And it's not<br>easy to repent<br>at death. |
| To 3eines houre deþe,         |     |   |
| þawe ous moowen so wel hede,  | 183 | [leaf 129]                                  |
| Ne speken bote ounþewe,       |     |   |
| For ous beþ stronge and wreþe |     |   |
| To beten oure misdede.        | 186 |   |

## (32)

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Nout wiþ criste scolde       |     |
| Beten ous þenne on londe     |     |
| To habben houre riþtte,      | 189 |
| Wen we him seruen nolde,     |     |
| Ne laufoul ben, ne holde,    |     |
| Her we non forþer ne miþtte. | 192 |

## (33)

|                              |     |   |
|------------------------------|-----|---|
| Sopliche, wen we beþ dede,   |     | When we die,<br>each shall get<br>his desert. |
| Euerich sal fongen mede      |     |   |
| After his herihinge,         | 195 |   |
| Bote we ous þe bet bihede,   |     |   |
| þe soule hit shal .I.-frede, |     |   |
| þat fareþ to pininge.        | 198 |   |

## (34)

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| þe hali me bindeþ,            |     |
| In here me him þringeþ,       |     |
| And bringeþ him hounder erþe, | 201 |
| Wor meshim .I.-findeþ,        |     |
| To axnen hoe him grindeþ,     |     |
| þarto hy shulen worþe.        | 204 |

## (35)

|                                |     |  |
|--------------------------------|-----|--|
| <b>H</b> e liþ and roteþ lowe, |     | The dead rot,<br>and have no<br>goods or<br>friends. |
| He ne haueþ þat be his owe     |     |  |
| Of aytte ne of londe,          | 207 |  |
| Ne nowþer mey ne mowe,         |     |  |
| þat þer doren a þrowe          |     |  |
| Bi hem sitten ne stonde.       | 210 |  |

## (36)

|   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| Ac <sup>1</sup> wer beþ þanne his haytte, | <sup>1</sup> MS. <i>at</i> |
| þa he here raytte,                        |                            |
| And in þis lif wonne?                     | 213                        |

- Sopliche hy beþ bi-payȝtte,  
 Swecche oþere hoe beþ bitaiȝtte,  
 [lf. 129, col. 2] Lat him no þonk ne cunne. 216
- (37)
- Ac wer beþ þenne his ringes,  
 And his proude þinges,  
 Where are their rings  
 And his golt-peinte gloue? 219  
 and their gold-painted  
 gloves?
- Wor al his proude þinges,  
 Ne vailleþ him no þinges  
 þenne to his bihoue. 222
- (38)
- S**othliche, naked and bare,  
 Wip wop and wip kare,  
 You come in-  
 to the world  
 bare,  
 and so shall  
 leave it.  
 þou come to þisse liue; 225  
 And so ȝe sulen eft-senes fare;  
 .I. saye þe soth wip-oute sware;  
 Greyþeþ ou biliue! 228
- (39 : nine lines)
- þe salt þe world forleten and lewe, [? rymes]  
 þer-of ȝe shulden þenken ene,  
 And oure sunne aquenche 231  
 Mid beden and mid almesse,  
 Wip-uten idelnesse,  
 If ȝe miȝtten at-blenche 234  
 From þe sori satanasse,  
 And from his swikelnesse  
 And from his heuele wrenche. 237
- (40)
- I**f þou fallest in sunne,  
 Ne li þou nout þer-inne;  
 Lie not in  
 sin!  
 Hieþe þe oup to arisen, 240  
 And shend þe wiperwine  
 Satanas mid his pine,  
 And doþe also þe wise. 243
- (41)
- For mon nohute nout to abbe soule,  
 Wen his wrecche licome  
 In sunnen be .I.-falle, 246

- Ac abbeyes houte dome,  
 And ounwren his sunnen .I.-lome,  
 And crist in fuir pineþ alle. 249 [lf. 129, bk.]  
 (42: *The Good of Shrift.*)
- P**e mon him let wel sriuen,  
 And þene fend out driven,  
 Ne þarf him nout shomic, 252  
 For ne beþ in þisse live,  
 Wepmen ne wimmen fiue  
 þat ofte ne svnegieþ. 255  
 (43)
- At<sup>1</sup> þes modie gome <sup>1 ? for Ac</sup>  
 And leuedies and þe ounrome  
 Louteþ hem also þe ounwise, 258  
 And þes ʒounlinges somme,  
 þey þat hoe to sriste come,  
 Hoe beþ sottes and shomefaste. 261 are sots,  
 (44)
- Hy nulleþ soþ tellen,  
 þan me shulde hem quellen,  
 Hy ounswaren here mislede : 264  
 For-þi hoe shulen in helle  
 Euere groningen and swelle,  
 And euere-mo ben þer-inne. 267  
 (45)
- Wenne eni gromeþ sore,  
 þe grome þuncheþ more  
 þen al hore oþer pine. 270  
 To þe bi prestes lore  
 Nolden herien godes hore,  
 þenne hoe hit shullen biwine. 273  
 (46: *The Last Judgment.*)
- A**t þe mounte of olifete,  
 þer we ous shulen alle .I.-mete ;  
 þe gode and þe ounwreste,  
 þe day worþ milde and sete ; 277  
 And bitter unimete  
 To hem þat forlete  
 To don godes heste. 279
- Go to Shrift.  
 Not 5 men  
 or women  
 live that don'  
 often sin.  
 The haughty  
 men, and  
 ladies and  
 youths who  
 go to Shrift,  
 and won't tell  
 the truth.  
 They shall  
 groan in Hell.  
 At Mount  
 Olivet we  
 shall all  
 meet.

## (47)

[lf. 129, bk.,  
col. 2]  
God shall  
come bleed-  
ing on His  
Cross,

þer cumeþ god on his rode,  
And his side his a blode,  
And seweþ on he ous boute. 282  
Afered beþ þenne þe gode,  
And wo is þenne þe ouermode  
þat þer-of ne route. 285

## (48)

and say,  
"Look what  
I sufferd for  
you.

"Lokeþ," seyþ god nouþe,  
"Wat ich for ou ouþe,  
Wat ich for ou gon þolie; 288  
Luitel þonk 3e me couþe,  
Ne mid werke ne mid mouþe  
Nolden 3e me þonkie." 291

## (49)

You good  
folk

At<sup>1</sup> he seyþ þenne to þe gode, <sup>1 For Ac</sup>  
And to his milde moder,  
"3e duden gode dede; 294

fed and clad  
me,

3e me fedden and srudden,  
And wel me bihedden  
þo ich among ou hede, 297

I will reward  
you.

And leide me a softe bedde;  
þarfore ich ou wole aredde,  
For nou 3e habbeþ nede." 300

## (50)

You helpt the  
loor.

þe gode segeþ þenne,  
"Louerd, were and wenne  
Duden we þe gode deden?" 303  
"3use," he seiþ, "þe poure monne,  
þo hoe help nedden nen,  
Bote as hoe for me beden; 306

## (51)

You shall go  
to Heaven's  
bliss."

"At<sup>2</sup> 3e, mine gode midiwisse, <sup>2 For Ac</sup>  
To heueriche blisse  
To-day 3e shulen wende; 309  
And þe at our sede, to sorinesse  
And to suche þesternesse,  
And þer ben euere, bouten ende." 312



## (52)

|                                  |            |                         |
|----------------------------------|------------|-------------------------|
| He seiþ þenne to þe wreche,      |            | To the bad,<br>He says, |
| “ 3e nolden nout hof me recche ; | [leaf 130] | “ You<br>wouldn't care  |
| For hounger ich aswal þroute :   | 315        | for me or<br>feed me ;  |
| 3e nolden me in fecche,          |            |                         |
| Ou self 3e weren so frecche,     |            |                         |
| So modi and so proude.”          | 318        |                         |

## (53)

|                                    |     |  |
|------------------------------------|-----|--|
| Hoe gredeþ þenne on heye,          |     |  |
| þe wrecches and þe ounweye         |     |  |
| þat loueden þe ounredes,           | 321 |  |
| And siggeþ, “ louerd, wiþ oure eye |     |  |
| We þe neuere ne seye               |     |  |
| þer þou nede heuedest.”            | 324 |  |

## (54)

|                                |     |             |
|--------------------------------|-----|-------------|
| <b>G</b> od seyþ, “ 3u se mine |     | you saw the |
| Povere ounhole hine            |     | poor suffer |
| þat to oure dore come :        | 327 | cold and    |
| For chele hoe heueden pine,    |     | hunger ;    |
| For hounger hoe gonnen chine ; |     |             |
| þer-of ne nome 3e gome ;       | 330 |             |

## (55)

|                             |     |                |
|-----------------------------|-----|----------------|
| “ þer-of 3e nolden hede,    |     |                |
| Ne 3euen hem of oure brede, |     | you'd give     |
| Ne of drinke ne of cloþe :  | 333 | em nothing.    |
| To-day 3e sulen frede,      |     | You shall fret |
| And ounder-fongen mede,     |     | for it.”       |
| For, me 3e be wel loþe.”    | 336 |                |

## (56)

|                               |     |              |
|-------------------------------|-----|--------------|
| Hoe 3erreþ þenne and gredeþ ; |     |              |
| þe fendes hem forþ ledeþ,     |     | Fiends carry |
| Boþe licome and soule,        | 339 | em off,      |
| Seþeþ hem, and gredeþ,        |     | and boil     |
| Stikeþ hem and bredeþ         |     | and stick em |
| Wiþ pikes and wiþ howeles.    | 342 | with pikes.  |

## (57)

|                             |     |              |
|-----------------------------|-----|--------------|
| þe soule seyþ to onsuare,   |     | Their souls  |
| “ Licom, al þou forfare     |     | reproach     |
| So wrechede and so ounlede, | 345 | their bodies |

for their joint  
ruin.

[lf. 130, col. 2]

Wor þou ous hauest .I.-wrouȝ þis fare,  
And .I.-brout ous ewche kare  
þat eucere we shulen þolie. 348

(58)

The good

will not  
rescue them.

“ At<sup>1</sup> þe gode and þe clene, <sup>1 For Ac</sup>  
þan hoe .I.-seien ous þenne,  
Al þat cun þat we of come, 351  
Nulle hoe neuer ene  
Birewen ne bimene,  
Ne þar-to nimen gome. 354

(59)

The good are  
happy

and thank  
God.

“ Hem self, hoe beþ so bliþe  
þat hoe of wone siþe  
Moten ane day wonie, 357  
And þonkeþ god swiþe  
Ofte and monie siþe,  
þat hy hit mosten herie.” 360

(60)

If we'll do  
right while  
we're here,

we may  
be Angels'  
mates.

At<sup>2</sup> ȝif we ous wolden vel driȝtte, <sup>2 For Ac</sup>  
And leden ous mid riȝtte  
þe wiles þat we her were, 363  
Ich ou sugge and pliȝtte,  
At þe domes ȝe miȝtte  
Ben englene fere. 366

(61)

Let us pray  
God

that we may  
be with the  
Angels.

At<sup>3</sup> bidde we oure driȝtte, <sup>3 For Ac</sup>  
þat dayes sop and niȝtte  
þat do hour soule bote, 369  
So þat we miȝtte  
.I.-sciene ben at siȝtte  
Among þe hengles briȝtte :  
Amen, so hit be mote ! Amen ! 373

| 8. Coment le sauter noustre dame<br>fu primes cuntrou. <sup>1</sup>   |   |
|---|---|
| (1)   |   |
| <b>L</b> uedi swete and milde,<br>For loue of þine childe<br>þat is foul of niȝtte,<br>Me þat am to wilde,<br>From shome þou me shilde<br>Bi day and eke bi niȝtte! | Lady, shield<br>3<br>me from<br>shame!<br>6 [lf. 130, bk.]  |
| (2)   |   |
| Ich wille biginnen here,<br>And tellen þe manere,<br>Nou at þisse stounde,<br>Of þi sauter here,<br>Mid wel gode chere,<br>Ou hit wes .I.-founde.                   | I'll tell how<br>9<br>your Psalter<br>was formd.<br>12  |
| (3)   |   |
| Send me þine grace,<br>Nou in þisse place<br>So wel for to done ;<br>Ich nou bidde þi grace,<br>And þer-to lif and space ;<br>Here nou mine bone !                  | Give me<br>grace to do<br>it well!<br>15<br>18  |
| (4)   |   |
| <b>A</b> riche man was wile,<br>þat nolde none gile ;<br>He louede holi chirche ;<br>Bi sides him a mile,<br>On abbey of seint gile,<br>His helderne gonne werche.  | A good rich<br>man livd a<br>mile off an<br>Abbey which<br>his fore-<br>fathers had<br>built.<br>21<br>24 |
| (5)   |   |
| God lif þis man ladde ;<br>One sone he hadde,<br>þat gode dedes dede ;  | He had one<br>son,<br>27  |

<sup>1</sup> Printed by Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 220 seq.

Wip cloþ and wip bedde,  
His sone faire he sreddde  
In þat ilke stede. 30

## (6)

who became  
a Monk at  
this Abbey.

Monk he pere bicom,  
Wip abit he þer nom  
Bi his fader wille. 33

Him louede god and mon,  
So faire he bigon,  
Wor euere he wes stille. 36

## (7)

[col. 2]

His fader him bimenede  
þat he þer-inne wende,  
So 3ong sholde .I.-wis. 39

He dede after him sende,  
þat is nou þat ende,  
And made him muchel blis. 42

## (8)

The son had  
a master

A maister hadde his sone,  
þat wip him wes .I.-come,  
Cointe .I.-nou and sley; 45

Hit wes his .I.-wone,  
To techen alle and some  
þe ordre fer and ney. 48

## (9)

who went  
about with  
the father.

He hede ofte aboute,  
Wip-innen and wip-oute,  
Wip þe louerd on day; 51

The son

þe sone he lek þer oute,  
He hede for to aloute;  
Tellen ich ou may. 54

## (10)

always went  
to Our Lady's  
Chapel, when  
he got out,

þe leuedi ful of mi3tte,  
þat bar oure dri3tte,  
In a chapele þere, 57

Bi day and eke bi ni3tte,  
Out when he comen mi3tte,  
Were ware he were. 60

## (11)

|   |                     |  |
|---|---------------------|--|
| <p><b>O</b>u alle ich telle may,<br/>         On hondred, ewche day,<br/>             He gretingges seyde ;<br/>         Wel he held his lay,<br/>         And þe ordre, bi mi fay,<br/>             For loue of þat meyde.</p> | <p>63</p> <p>66</p> | <p>and said 100<br/>         greetngs to<br/>         her,</p> <p>[leaf 131]</p> |
|---|---------------------|--|

## (12)

|  |                     |                   |
|--|---------------------|-------------------|
| <p>Wel he hedde bi-wrout,<br/>         Wor god wes his þout,<br/>             þat wes wel .I.-sene ;<br/>         He ne les hit nohut,<br/>         Wor he hit hadde about ;<br/>             þeron his gode bene.</p> | <p>69</p> <p>72</p> | <p>[leaf 131]</p> |
|--|---------------------|-------------------|

## (13)

|   |                     |  |
|---|---------------------|--|
| <p>Ne let he none stounde<br/>         þat he ne fel to grounde,<br/>             And on kne was bat,<br/>         And þoute of þe wonde<br/>         þat god for al þe mounde<br/>             On rode heuede .I.-sprad.</p> | <p>75</p> <p>78</p> | <p>kneeling,</p> <p>and thinking<br/>         of Christ on<br/>         the Cross.</p> |
|---|---------------------|--|

## (14)

|  |                     |  |
|--|---------------------|--|
| <p>On hondret, to þe meyde,<br/>         Aue maries he seyde,<br/>             Bi tale heche daye,<br/>         Ne hit nout ne aleyde ;<br/>         Ac so wel he pleyde,<br/>             Riȝt soþ for to saye,</p> | <p>81</p> <p>84</p> | <p>He said 100<br/>         Ave-Maries<br/>         daily.</p> |
|--|---------------------|--|

## (15)

|   |                     |  |
|---|---------------------|--|
| <p>þat he sau wel briztte,<br/>         Oure leuedi foul of miȝtte,<br/>             A settres-day .I.-wis,<br/>         Were hoe sat wel riȝtte,<br/>         .I.-cloped half bi siȝtte,<br/>             And seyde to him þis :</p> | <p>87</p> <p>90</p> | <p>Our Lady<br/>         appeard to<br/>         him on a<br/>         Saturday,</p> |
|---|---------------------|--|

(16)

and said she  
had bought  
him for his  
good deeds.

“ **M**i monk, ne dred þe nout,  
For .I. þe haue .I.-bout,  
And þe ich wille take ; 93  
þou hauest so goed-ful wraut,  
Ne worst þou nout bikaut ;  
Goed ne shal þe lake. 96

(17)

“ Ich þonke þe her nouþe,  
þat þou, wiþ þine mouþe,  
Me hauest .I.-paied wel ; 99  
Bi norþe and eke bi [souþe]<sup>1</sup>  
Hit shal ben w[el (i)couþe]  
þine dedes [euerich del]. 102

(18)

He was to

“ Ac þou m[ost more say]  
Wor[me now euche day]  
Fifti al bi score 105  
Of aue maries,  
Fifti on day þries,  
Wite nou were-fore. 108

[ff. 131, col. 2]

say 50 Aves  
thrice daily.

(19)

That is her  
Psalter:

“ **P**at is riȝt mi sauter,  
And þou shalt witen her,  
Hou hit shal ben do : 109  
Fifty sege bi-fore,  
Tene euere bi score,  
And on anteme þerto, 112

the first  
Fifty

(20)

for her bliss  
on the An-  
gel's telling  
her she  
should hear  
God-and-  
man.

“ In tokning of þe blisse  
þat fel me mid i-wisse  
þo þe aungele to me com, 115  
And seyde me tidinge,  
þat of me sholde springe  
He þat is god and mon. 118

<sup>1</sup> The right lower corner of the MS. has come unfastened, and has fallen off. The words are supplied from the Auchinleck MS. in *A Penruith of Witle*, Abbotsford Club, ed. D. Laing, and *Allenglische Legenden*, 1881, p. 221-3.

## (21)

|   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| " After, say wel sone,<br>Fifti mid idone,                    |     | The 2nd<br>Fifty   |
| Al for þat ilke blisse  | 121 | for her bliss<br>that Christ<br>would be<br>born of her. |
| þat he wiþ-uten [sore] <sup>1</sup><br>Wolde of me ben [bore] |     |  |
| þat þou þer [of ne misse]                                     | 124 |  |

## (22)

|   |     |                  |
|---|-----|------------------|
| " þer-aft[er þou shalt say]<br>Eft [fifti euche day]<br>Bi [þine fingres ten]<br>O[f aue maries]<br>[Euche day þries]<br>[Telle hit fele men !] |     | The 3rd<br>Fifty |
|   | 127 |                  |
|   | 130 |                  |

## (23)

|  |     |   |
|--|-----|---|
| [" Fifti at þen ende,<br>[For I shude wende]<br>[To mi sone þo,<br>[For blis and for to amende,<br>[þat he to me gan sende]<br>To me comen and go. |     | because she'll<br>go to her Son<br>for bliss. |
|  | 133 |   |
|  | 136 |   |

## (24)

|  |     |  |
|--|-----|--|
| " He broute me to blisse,<br>þat neuer ne shal misse,<br>In þat ilke stounde.<br>Blesced be þat time,<br>þat alle brovte of pine,<br>þat weren þerinne .I.-bounde !" |     |  |
|  | 139 |  |
|  | 142 |  |

## (25)

|   |     |  |
|---|-----|--|
| " <b>A</b> , leuedi, .I. þe grete,<br>For þou art fair and swete,<br>And goed to serui wel ;<br>Graunte me þin ore,<br>Wor .I. shal eutere more<br>Don þis euerich del. |     | The Monk<br>asks for<br><br>grace to say<br>these Aves ; |
|   | 145 |  |
|   | 148 |  |

<sup>1</sup> Corner of the MS. gone.

## (26)

and enquires

“ If ich dourste and couþe,  
 Ich wolde .I.-witen nouþe,  
 Leuedi, here of þe, 151

why Mary  
has no petti-  
coat.

Wi þe failleþ gore,  
 Sleue, and nammore  
 Of cloþ þat ich .I.-se.” 154

## (27)

She says he  
gave her her  
cloth by his  
Aves.

“ þis cloþ þou me 3eue  
<sup>1</sup>[On Se]ttresday a3ein eue,  
 [þorou] Aue maries. 157

[þo þou] me gvnne greten,  
 [And nolde] to sugen leten  
 [Twies e]wche dayes. 160

## (28)

If he'll say  
more, she'll  
be fully clad  
in a week,

[“ For þou most say more ]  
 [þries fifti bi score,]  
 [Al-so .I. teld þe,] 163

[To-day a seveni3tte]  
 [.I.-clothed al ari3tte]  
 [þou shalt me fair .I.-se] 166

## (29)

[If. 131, bk.,  
col. 2]  
and bring  
him good  
tidings.

[“ Be here of al scille,]  
 [And say wiþ gode wille]  
 Alle þe gretinges ; 169

And I shal þe bringe  
 From mi sone, þe kinge,  
 þanne gode tidings.” 172

## (30)

Daily the  
Monk says  
thrice his 50  
Aves.

**M**arie wente away,  
 And þe monke euche day  
 Seyde, ri3t þre siþes, 175

Mid wel gode wille,  
 Boþe loude and stille  
 þese Aue maries. 178

<sup>1</sup> Corner of the MS. gone.



## (31)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| þat day a seveniztte,<br>Oure leuedi foul of miȝtte<br>To þat moneke com,<br>.I.-cloþed swiþe briȝtte<br>In þat wede al riȝtte,<br>And þonkede þat mon : | <p>In a week<br/>Our Lady<br/>comes to him<br/>clad,</p> <p>.</p> <p>184</p> |
|--|--|

## (32)

|   |  |
|---|--|
| “ Fair is, lo, mi wede,<br>For bedes þat þou bede,<br>And þou hauest <i>quæmet</i> me :<br>Mi sone þe wille rede,<br>þat noþing þe nadrede,<br>Here ich hit telle þe. | <p>and says her<br/>dress is due<br/>to his<br/>prayers.</p> <p>187</p> <p>190</p> |
|---|--|

## (33)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| “ <b>V</b> uene þou art home .I.-come,<br>þou shalt Abbot bicomē,<br>For þin Abbot shal deye.<br>Haue euere in þi wone | <p>193</p> <p>He shall be-<br/>come Abbot,</p>         |
| To suggen mi coustome,<br>þine Aues euche daye.  | <p>and must<br/>daily say his<br/>Aves,</p> <p>196</p> |

## (34)

|  |  |
|--|--|
| “ Wend ouer al aboute<br>[A]nd preche inne and oute<br>[þat] þis is mi sauter ;<br>[For al] þat euche day<br>[Wille þis] for me saye,<br>I shal hem ben wel ner. | <p>and preach<br/>everywhere<br/>that they<br/>are Mary's<br/>Psalter.</p> <p>199</p> <p>202</p> <p>[leaf 1:2]</p> |
|--|--|

## (35)

|   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| “ Monek, ich telle hit þe,<br>þat þou most, al for me,<br>Wenden wide wore,<br>And telle þis tidinge,<br>And mine sone bringe<br>Wel fele him bifore. | <p>205</p> <p>208</p> |
|---|-----------------------|

## (36)

|  |   |
|--|---|
| “ Wor þoru Aue maries<br>þat mon shal sayen þries<br>In þe worshipe of me, | <p>Ali who say<br/>them,</p> <p>211</p> |
|--|---|

she will help;

I shal hem helpen alle  
 þat to me wilen kalle,  
 For soþ ich telle hit þe. 214

(37)

and none  
of em shall  
die un-  
houseld,

“**N**is non þat shal deien,  
 þat wille pries seien  
 þese Aue maries, 217

Wif-outen hosel and srifte,  
 Bi daye ne bi niȝtte,  
 Wor none folies ; 220

(38)

“He shal in euche place  
 Wel finden mi grace  
 At his liues ende ; 223

but shall  
have God's  
grace.

And he shal hauen space,  
 And finden godes grace,  
 Him al to amende. 226

(39)

“Gon ich wille henne :  
 Sey hit to mani menne  
 þis, and make hit couþ, 229

The Monk  
will die in  
7 years,

Wor seue ȝer after þis  
 þou shalt deye .I.-wis,  
 Ich telle hit þe wif mouþe, 232

(40)

“So longe is þi time  
 To holden þe and þine,  
 And hem for to teche ; 235

[lf. 132, col. 2]

and She  
will be his  
guardian.

After þat, of pine  
 þou worst .I.-brout wif mine,  
 Wor .I. shal ben þi leche.” 238

(41)

She goes,

Marie wente away ;  
 þe monek rod niȝt and day,  
 Folk to gode bringe ; 243

and the Monk  
preaches her  
good tidings.

þoru þis ilke þinge  
 And þoru his prechinge,  
 Goed wes þe tidinge. 244

(42)

|                         |     |  |
|-------------------------|-----|--|
| Nou' ich bidde here     |     | I bid you all<br>to say these<br>Aves thrice<br>a day. |
| Ou alle wiþ godes chere |     |  |
| þat 3e suggen þries,    | 247 |  |
| Wiþ wel gode wille,     |     |  |
| Boþe loude and stille   |     |  |
| þese Aue maries.        | 250 |  |

(*Les ounsse peines de enfer* follow, which Stengel printed in his Catalog of this MS.)

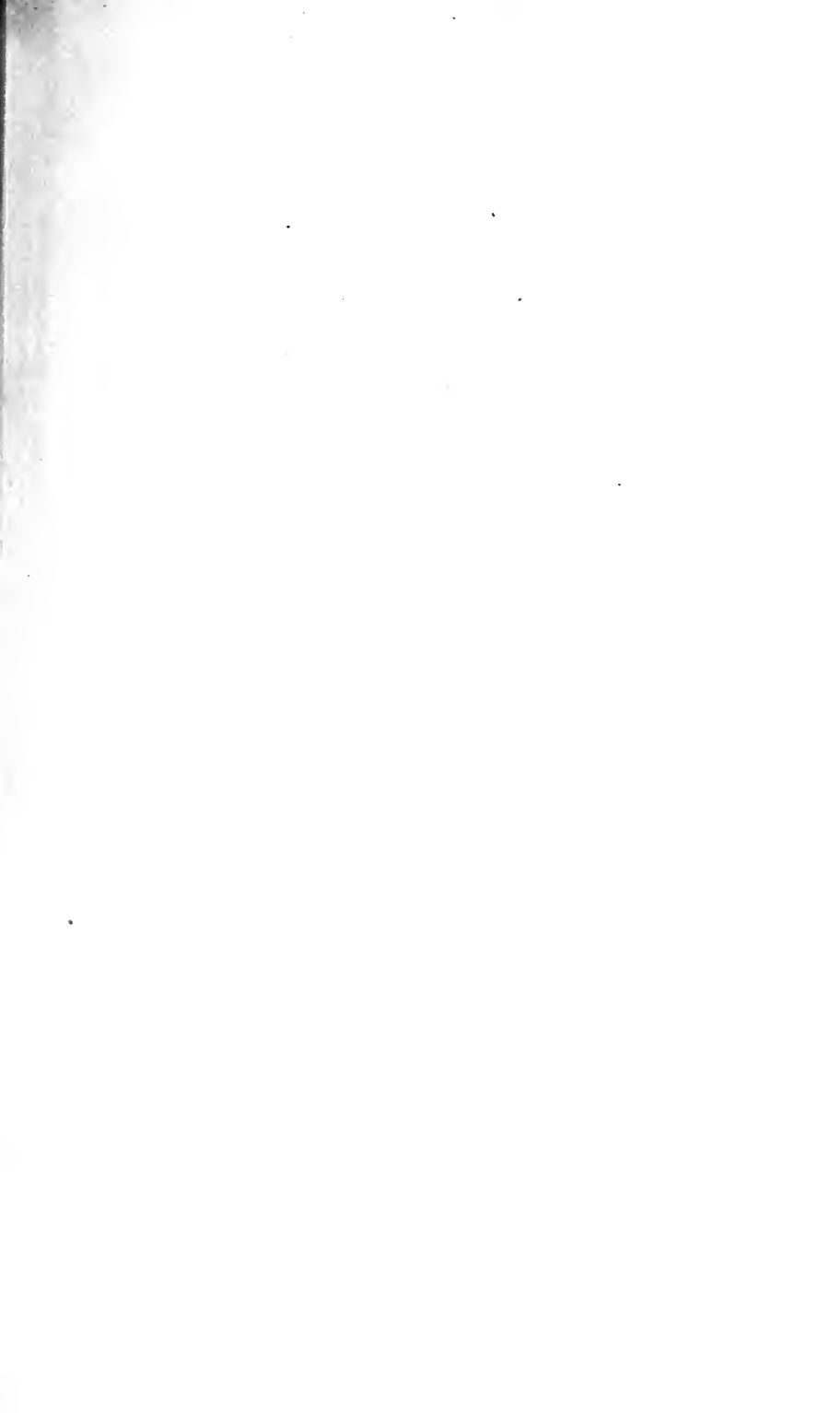
### A Confession of Sins, and a Prayer to Christ.<sup>1</sup>

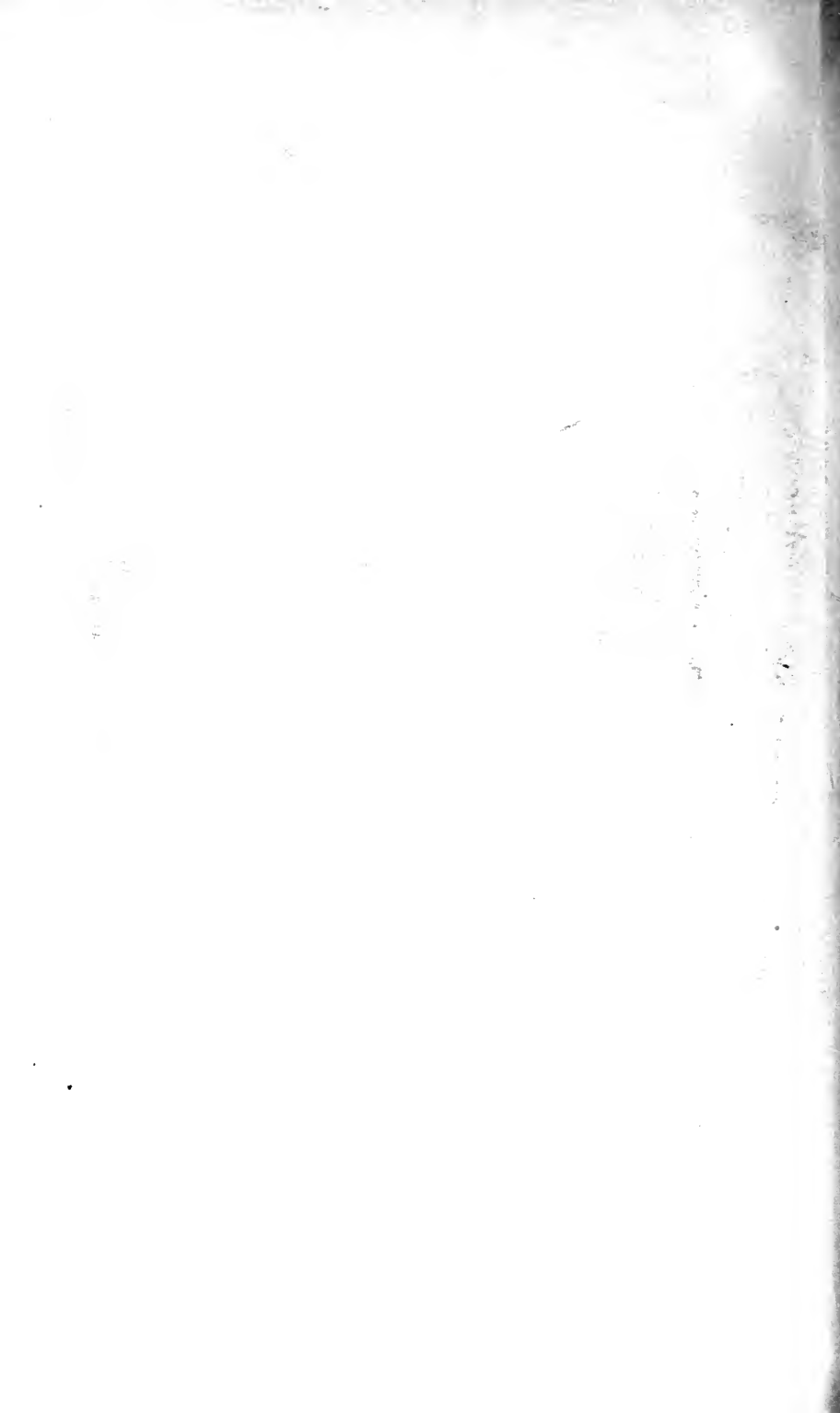
|   |    |   |
|---|----|---|
| Swete ihesu crist, to þe,                 |    | Christ, I<br>yield me<br>guilty of sins |
| Copable wrecche <i>ich</i> 3elde me,      |    |   |
| Of <i>sennes</i> þat <i>ich</i> hadde ydo |    |   |
| Yn al my lyue hider-to,                   | 4  |   |
| In pride, yn wrappe, in vyl enuye,        |    |   |
| Yn glotonye, yn lecherye,                 |    |   |
| Yn sleuþe, lord, yn þy seruyse,           |    |   |
| And of þis wordles coueytise :            | 8  |   |
| To ofte <i>ich</i> hadde, yn myne lyue,   |    |   |
| Ysenzed wit my wittes fyue,               |    | with my 5<br>wits,                      |
| Wit eren yhered, wit eʒen syzt,           |    |   |
| Wit senfol speche dey & nyzt,             | 12 |   |
| Wit cleppinges, wit kessenge also,        |    |   |
| Wit hondes yhandled, wit fet ygwo,        |    |   |
| Wit herte senfolliche yþoʒt,              |    |   |
| Wit al my body euele ywroʒt ;             | 16 | and all my<br>body.                     |
| And of al my [grete] folye,               |    |   |
| Merey, lord, merey, <i>ich</i> crye !     |    | I cry thee<br>merey.                    |
| Al-þaʒ <i>ich</i> senzede euere,          |    |   |
| Lord, <i>ich</i> for-soc þe neuere.       | 20 |   |
| ʒef þou me none med[e]                    |    |   |
| Efter my senful dede, [. . . . .]         |    |   |

<sup>1</sup> From a cut-down leaf of a late 14th-century MS., sent by the Rev. J. R. Burton, Headmaster of Kidderminster Grammar School, to the Deputy-Keeper of MSS. at the British Museum, Mr. G. F. Warner, who kindly showed it to me, and got Mr. Burton's leave for me to copy and print it.

|                                      |  |        |    |
|--------------------------------------|--|--------|----|
|                                      | Ak efter, lord, þy grete [pite],   | [back] |    |
| Absolve me,                          | Lord ihesu, asoyle þou me,   |        | 24 |
| and send me<br>repentance,           | And send me ofte, er [y deye],<br>Sorþe of herte and teres o[f eze]<br>For sennes þat ich hadde [ido]<br>Yn al my lyue hider[to];  |        | 28 |
| so that I may<br>die clear of<br>sin | And let me neuere b[e so nice]<br>To do no maner dede [of vice],<br>So þat ich, at myn end[ying day]<br>Clene of senne deye [may], |        | 32 |
| and go to<br>heaven.                 | Srifte and housele at [myn ende],<br>þat my saule mote [wende]<br>Yn-to þat blisse of [hevenriche]<br>þer þou request, lo[rd, ]    |        | 36 |

[Two lines are no doubt left out after l. 22: the sense wants, 'If thou rewardest me according to my sinful deeds, *I must go to hell*,' or some equivalent words to make a couplet.]





PR            Early English Text  
1119         Society  
A2            [Publications]  
no.117      Original series

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

**CIRCULATE AS MONOGRAPH**

