Odd Texts

of

Chaucer’s Minor Poems.
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of

Chaucer's Minor Poems,

EDITED BY

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CHAUCER SOCIETY
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

1868-1880.
[This Volume contains those Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems for which there wasn't room in the Parallel- or Supplementary-Parallel Texts. The Appendix is mainly of spurious Poems. Others of the kind will be put into another volume hereafter.]
CONTENTS.

1. TWO BITS OF THE PARLAMENT OF FOULES ... 1
2. THE TWO DIFFERING VERSIONS OF CHAUCER'S PROLOGUE TO HIS LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN 23
3. AN ABC ... ... ... ... ... 65
4. THE HOUSE OF FAME ... ... ... ... 79
5. THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN ... ... ... 133
6. THE DETHE OF BLAUNCHE THE DUCHESSE ... 213
7. THE COMPLAINT TO PITY ... ... ... 251
8. THE PARLAMENT OF FOULES ... ... ... 263
9. TRUTH ... ... ... ... ... 289
10. ENVOY TO SCOGAN ... ... ... ... 293
11. PURSE ... ... ... ... ... 295

APPENDIX.

CORRECTION.


Whittingham's Chaucer 1822, and the Aldine of 1845, both have the Bukton, with the name in the first line: Singer, vol. iv, p. 239, "My master, Bukton," &c.; Aldine, vol. v, p. 299, "My master Bukton," &c. But both editions leave the title of the poem out of their tables of Contents, and both print it, like the old editions do, without a heading, as a kind of tag to the Dethe of Blaunche or Booke of the Duchesse, from which only a short 'rule' separates it. Twas this want of the heading which caus'd my mistake as I turned over the leaves of the two editions.—F. J. F.
Appendix.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

1.

The Balade of Pyte.
In Shirley's copy of the "complaint of Pytey made by Geoffrey Chaucier," in Harl. MS 78, leaf 80 (see Parallel Texts, p. 41), the following Stanzas run on from st. 17 (Par. Texts, p. 49) as part of the Complaint (though with an extra mark on the division-line between the stanzas), and are headlined accordingly by Shirley "Pe balade. of. Pytey. By Chauciers." In the MS almost every final g and t has a curl to it, and all the lines start level.

(18)

If pe long nighites / whane every creature
   Shoulde haue peyre / rest in somewhat as be kynde /
Or ellys ne may peyre lyve / nought longe endure /
   Hit falle pe mooste / in to my / woosull mynde /
   Howe I so far / haue brought my selfe behinde
   Pat sauf pe deeth / per may no thing me lisse /
   So desespayred / I am frome al bliss / 123

(19)

If pis saame thought / me lastepe til pe morowe /
   And frome pe morowe forpe / til hit beo eve /
   Per neodepe me no. care / for to borowe /
   Flor boope I haue / goode leyser and goode leve /
   Per is no wight / pat wil / me / woe byreve
   To wepe nouighie / and wayllen al my fille /
   Pe soore sparke of peyne / nowe doope me spille / 133

(20)

If pis loue pat hape me sette / in suche a place /
   Pat my desire / wol neuer fulfille
   Flor neyper pitey / mercy / neyper grace 136
Kane I. not fynde / and yet my sorouful hert/
   Flor to beo dede / I. cane hit nought. arace /
   Pe more I love / pe more she dope me smert /
   Thorughie whiche I. see with oute remedye /
   Pat frome pe deeth / I may no wyse astert /
   Tho lines wanting. No extra break in the MS] 139

(21)

If Nowe sopely. what she hight / I wol recerse
   Hir name. is bounte / sette in wommanhede/
   Sadnesse in youpe / and beawte pydelesse /
   And plesance / vnder gouernance and dreek 150
BY CHAUCIERS.  (HARL. MS 78.)  iii

Hir surname is / eke fayre routhelesse
  pe wyse eknytte / vn to goode aventure/
  pat for l lone hir' / she sleth me giltesse

Hir love I best' / and' shal whyle .I may dure/
  Bette pane my self', an hundrepe thousande delle /
  pane al pis wo[r]ldes richesse , or creature

Nowe habe not love / me bestowed weede
  To love per / I neuer shal haue parte
Ellas / right bus / is turned me pe wheele
  bus am I slayne / with loves fury dare
  I cane but love hir best / my sweete foo /
Lone hape me taught / no more of his art /
  But serve alwey / and' stynt[c] for no woo/

(21)

[] In my truwe 1 careful hert per is /
  So mychie . woo / and' so lytel blisse /
    pat woo is me / pat euer I was bore /
  ffor al pat thing' / which I desyre I misse /
  And' al pat euer / I wolde not / I-wisse
    pat fynde I redy / to me / euermore /
  And' of al pis / I not to whome me pleyne /
    ffor she pat might / me out of pis bring' /
  Ne rechejpe nought' / wheper I weene or sing'
  So lytel reuthe / habe she vpon / my peyne

(22)

[] Ellas whane sleeping' tyme is / loo panne I [a]waake /
  Whane I shoulde daunce / for fere loo panne I qwake /
  [ . . . . . . . . . . . . . ]
  pis hevy lyff' I lede / loo for youre saake /
  Daughte yee per of' / in no wyse heedle take/
    [ . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ]
  [ leaf 82]
  Myn hertes lady / and' hoole my lyves wqueene
    ffor truwly durst .I. seye / as pat .I feele /
  Me senepe / pat youre sweet hert of steele
  Is whettef nowe ageyns me / to keene /


(23)

¶ My deere hert / and best beloued foo /
Why lykepee you / to doo me al pis woo /
   What hane I doone / pat greuepee you or sayde /
But for I serve / and love you and no moo /
And whylest I lyve / I wol euer do soo
   And per-fore sweete / ne boope not yuel apaited /
for so goode and so faire / as yee be /
Hit were right greet wonder but yee hadef
   Of alle servantes / boope of goode and badef
And leest worthy of alle / hem / I. am. lie /

(24)

¶ But neuer bope leese / my. right lady sweete /
    panighe pat I beo / vuukonyng and vmmecte
   To serve as I koude best / ay your hyenesse
Yit is per noon / fayner pat wolde I heete
   pane I / to do youre case / or ellys heete /
   What so I wisf / pat were / to youre hyenesse /
And hade. I might / as goode as I hane wille /
   pane shoulde yee feel / Where it were so or noon
   flor / in pis worlde living/ pane is per noon /
    pat fayner Wolde / youre hertes wille fulfile /

(25)

¶ flor boope I love / and eke dreed you so soore /
And algates morte / and hane doon yowe ful yooe /
   pat better loned is noon / ne neuer shal
And yit I wolde beseeche you / of no more /
   But leupee wele / and be not wrothe ther fore /
And let me serve you forth / loo pis is al
   flor I am nought / so hardy ne so woode /
   flor to desyre / pat yee shoulde Lone me /
   flor weele I wat / ella pat may not be
I am so lytel worthy / and yee so goode
(26)

ffor yee bee oone þe / worthyest on lyve /
And I þe mooste / vnlikly for to thryve /
Yit for al þis / witeþe yee right weele /
þat yee ne shoule / me frome youre servyee dryve /
þat I ne wil ay / with alle my wittes fyve /
Serve you truwyly / what woo. so þat I feel / 
for I am sette on yowe / in suche manere /
þat þaugþe yee neuer wil / vpon me ruwe /
I moste you loue / and beon euer als truwe /
As any man / can / er may on lyve /

(27)

But þe more / þat I loue you goodely free /
þe lasse fynde I / þat yee loven me /
Ellas whan shal / þat harde witte amende 226
Where is nowe al / youre wommanly pitee
Youre gentilesse / and youre debonairtee /
Wil yee no thinge / þer of vpon me spende /
And so hoole sweete / as I am youres al /
And so gret wille / as I haue you to serve
Nowe certes / and yee let me þus sterue /
Yit haue ye wonne / þer on but a smal 223

(28)

ffor at my knowing / I / do nought whyn
And þis I wol / besche yowe hertely
'That þer¹ euer yee fynde / whyles yee lyve / [? MS: ?What þat corrects]
A truwer servaut / to you / þane am .I. 237
Leueþe þanne [me] / and sleeþe me hardlye
And I my denti to you / wil al forgive /
And if yee fynde / no treuer so verrayly
Wolle yee souffre þanne / þat I þus spille
And for no maner gilt but my goode wille
Als goode were þanne / vntrewes as truwe to be /

[End of the fragment. Rest of the MS lost.]
Here nowe folowe the names of the nyene worshipfullest Ladys that in alle cronycles and storyal bokes hau beo founden of troupe of constaunce and vertuons or reproched womanhode by Chaucier

Rete Raysoñ Cleopatre is py Kyndnesse
Be putte in mynde and also pyne hyeness
Of Egipte qweene and after that was slayne
Pyne Anthonye by Octovyan pe Romayne
With grete richchesse pon made his sepulture
And after him pon list no lenger dure
For in a pitte with pon serpentes to take
Powe wente al naked so pon depe to make

Adryane whiche with py crafty labour
Made Theseus to slee pe Minetawre
And by a threede frome py faders prysonn
Made him tescape and pyne housbane bycome
By helpe of Fedra py sustre pat with him yeede
Whilst pon slepte and so he qwytte py meede
Whe[r]offe pe goddes haded of py pytee roupe
And to a sterre transfourmed pe for troupe

[Shirley's MS Ashmole 59, leaf 38, back]
\[ \text{PE CHRONYCLE MADE BY CHAUCIER.} \]

\[ \text{His noble wqueene of Cartage, feyre Dydo} \]

Which of Pite, rescveyved Eneas so / // Gode Dydo wqueene of Cartage.

After frome Troye / with tempestes in pe see

Vnume pe arryved / in-to hir cuntree /

Sheo made him lord and sheo his humble wyve /

Werby ellas / sheo loste / bope ioye and lyve /

For whane sheo wiste / pat he was frome hir goo

Vpon his swerde / sheo roof hir herte a-twoo /

It is gret right pat youre bountee Luressse

Be putte in writing / and alsoo your goodnesse // Luressse of Rome.

Wyfft to pe Senaute / gode Collatyne

Which thorugh penyve / of Romayne Torqwyn / 28

For yee to him / wolde never applye /

He ravished yowe / where-off it was pyte

With a Tyraunt ful soore ageinst youre wille

He caused yowe / for sorowe / youre selff to spylle 32

What noblesse shewed pou Demophon Philles

Whome to pine housbande qwene of Tarce pou chas // Phil-les.

Comyng frome Troye / with tempest alforblowe

As wolde god / pou hadest him wele eknowe 36

Soone he forgate by fredame and by troupe

Whane to his cuntrey. / he yede pat was roupe

Whiche never aftter / for al his heeste with pee

Eft-sones wolde mete / pat made pee soone to dye 40

Borne nobully of Babilloigne Thesbe

From pe welle / a lyonesse made pee flec // Thesbe of Babilloigne.

Where as pou seete / Pirannus tabyde

Ellas he foonde perse / by pat welle syde 44

Blody by wympuH / and wende pou hadest be slyne

For which he karffe / perse his hert atweyne

Whiche whane pou sauglie / pou woldest no lenger byde

But on his swerde / pyne hert did thorowe gyde 48
Woo is myne hert for pece / pou Isiphyle
Qwene and ladye of / Leanoun pe yle
Wheche wedded was / to Iason grekeshi man
And gret withi chylde / lefft pece soone vppoñ
Fro Medea when he to Colcos yeede
pat for pe pitee / I feele myñ hert[e] bleede
To thanke on al py sorowe and py woo
Wher thorughie pou dyed and py chylde alsoo

Ypermistra / pat noble and truwe wyff
by faders prysouñ / made pece to loese by lyffe / Ypermistra pe gode wyff.
Ful pytously / for pat pou wolde not flee
Lyue pîne husbande / as he comanded peec
Whiche was pe sone / of daun Danao
Egistes brofer / py fader it fel soo
And al was but his owen fantasye
pat he his brofer sone / went for to dye

pe sorowe pou toke pane / O, quene Alceste
Whane Seyse pynhusbande/fayled peec of byhest / pe Qwene Alceste.
Whome for to fynde / pou sought him ay weoping
Hit happende soo / pou saughe him dede fletyng / Alceste.
Vppoñ pe see / and to him leepe anoone
With him to dye / so woo was him begone
Where pat of yowe pe goddes hade grete pitee
And lyche seemewes / transfourmed him and pecc.

1 Mistaken for Aleyone: see The Dethe of Blannewe the Duchesse.
ODD BITS OF CHAUCER.

3.

TWO ODD BITS OF

Chaucer's Troilus.


WISE MEN LEARN BY FOOLS.

St. XCI. of the First Book of Chaucer's Troilus.

[Shirley's MS. R. 3. 20, Trinity Coll. Library, Cambridge.]

Pandare to Troylus

A. whestone is no kerving. instrument
And yitte. it makepe / sharpe kerving toolis
If pow. west ought / where pat I haue miswent
Eschuwe. pow pat / for suche thing to pee scoole is /
Bus wyse men / beon offt / ware by foolis
If powe do so / by witte is wele beware
By his contrarie. is every thing declared

Qui servit nequam / mercedem non capit equam
Omnia qui querit / perdere dignus erit

[Copied and read by Mr W. Aldis Wright.]
4.

THE TONGUE.

[Cambr. Univ. Libr. MS. Ff. 1. 6, leaf 150 has 3 stanzas from Chaucer's Troilus, III. 302—322.]

(1)

Ther is nomore dredeful pestelens / 1
Than is tonge that can flater & fage
For with his corsyde& crabbed violens /
He enfecteth folkes of every Age /
Woo to tongis froward of ther Langauge
Woo to tongis false furyuus and woode /
Whiche of no person never con say good /

(2)

Wherfor me semethe it is wel syttyng /
Eueryche man other to commende
And say the best alway in reportyng /
For in wel saying no man may offende
Where men say wel god wyll hys grace send /
Aftyr men ben wher most theyr pryse vp reyse
Aftyr ther descriuyng a-louwe hem or dyspreyse

(3)

But wher a thyng viturly is vnknowe
Lette no man ther hastely be of sentens
For Ryghtful Iugegis sittynge on a roowe
Of ther wesdome and their high prudens /
Welle offrought hauie some evedens /
I mene aH suche as gouerne be by grace
Or eyny word out of therre lyppys passe

REF. 1. 6
(4) (Chaucer's *Troilus*, Book III, st. xxxviii, l. 260-6 1.)

O false tong so oftyñ her' befor' 22
Hast thou made mony on bryght of' hewe
Sey welaway the day that I was borne
And mony a maydis sorowe for to newe
And for the more part' al is vntruwe
That men of yelpe / & hit wer' browght to preve
Of kynde nonne Awauntur ys to leve /

(5) (Chaucer's *Troilus*, Book III, st. xxxix, l. 267-273.)

Avauntur and a lyer al is/ oñ
And thus I pose whoman grañteth me
Her' sole and fytli the that other wolde sche non
And I am sworne to holde hit seere
I-wys I am a wauntur at the lest
And a lyer' for I bveke my be-heste

(6) (Chaucer's *Troilus*, Book III, st. xl, l. 274-280.)

Now loke thou yf they be ought to blame
Suche maner folke what I clepe hem what /
And hem a-vaunte of wemen and by name /
That nuer yet be-hyght hem this nor that
Ne knewe hem more than my olde hathe
No woundur is/ so god me sende hele
Thowgh wemen drede with vs men' to dele

(7)

A good' god of' hys high grace
Lo what fortune is take hede
Wher' her' lyketh sche marketh hir chasse
Now most I in servyse my lyffe lede
Bothe loue serve and eke drede
As he that' is boonde and wol not be free
Ryght so farithe hit now by me/

Explicit/

1 In Morris's Aldine edition, vol. iv, 237-8. In R. Bell's edition the lines are 302-8, 309-15, 316-22. Dr. Morris's printer has not numbered the lines of the Proem with those of the Book, as he should have done.

ff. 1. 6
FLY-LEAF.

May not this envoyless Balade be Chaucer's, in his 4th Period? May be; but isn't?—F. J. F. (Sept. 1879.)

NEWE - FANGELNESSE.

(*rymes : -esse, -ace, -ene*)

[Cotton Cleopatra, D vii, vellum, ab. 1430 A.D., leaf 189. back.]

(1)

M adamë, for your newë fangelnesse,
Manie a servaunt haue ye put ous of grace.
I take my lene of your vn-stedfastnesse; [1 MS. of youre]
For wel I wote, while ye to lyve haue space,
Ye kunnought loue ful half yeer in a place,
To newë things your lust is Euer so kene,
In sted of Blue, thus may ye were grene. [2 MS. were a]  

(2)

Right as a Mirrour, that nothing may enpresse,
But lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace, [passe in MS.]
So fareth your love; your werkës bereth witnesse.
Ther is no feith that may your hert embrace;
But as a wedercok, that turneth his face
With euery wynd, ye fare, and that is sene,
In sted of Bliwe, thus may ye werë grene.

(3)

Ye might be shrined for [your] brotilnesse
Bettir thanne Dalide, Cresside, or Candace, [MS. Tandace]
For euere in Changeng stondeth your sikernesse;
That tacche may no wight fro your hert arace;
Yif ye lese oon, ye kunne wel tweine purchace;
At light for somer—ye wote wel what I mene—
In sted of Blewe, thus may ye werë grene.

Explicit

* One syllable,—com’th, far’th, ber’th, turn’th, stond’th or stont.

CLEOP. D vii
Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.

1.

TWO BITS OF

The Parlament of Foules:—

MS Hh 4. 12, Cambr. Univ. Libr., 365 lines.

Laud MS 416 (Bodl. Libr., Oxford), 142 lines.
The lyfe so short / the craft so long to lerne
The assay so hard / so sharp the conquerynge
The drefuH ioy that alway flytt so yerne
AH thys mene I by love / that my felynge
Astownyth with hys wondrefuH wirkynge
So sore I-wys / that when I on hym thynk
Not wotte I wele whedyr I flete or synk

For all be that I know not love in dede
Ne wote how that he qwytynth folk hyr hyre
3it happyth me full ofte in boke rede
Of hys miracls and hys cruelH ire
There rede I weft that he wyft be lord and sire
I dar not say hys strokis beth so sore
But god save suche a lord / I can no more

Of vsage what for lust what for lore
On bokis rede I ofte as I sow told
But wherfor I spake all thys / not yore
Agone / hit happyd me to be-hold
Vpon a boke I-writte with letters old
And therupon a certeyn thyng to lerne
The long day I red full fast and 3erne

For owt of old feldys as men sayne
Comyth all thys new corre from 3ere to 3ere ...
And out of old bokys in good sayth
Comyth all thys new sciens that men lere
But now to purpose / as of thys mater
To rede forth I can me so delite
That all that day me thought hit but a lile
PAR.-TEXT  51

PARLAMENT OF FOULES. LAUD MS 416.


Of the assemble of pᵉ byrdis on Seint Volantins day.

[This title is in the right margin, opposite st. 3.]

(1) [The Proem.]

the lyfᵉ so short the craft so long to lerne
The assay so sharp so hard pᵉ conqueryng
The dreful手续费oy that aH-wey slydyᵉ so yermᵉ
AH this mene I by love at my felyng
Astonyd with his wondrful手续费erkyng
So sore ewys that whan y on hym thynk
Nought wote I weH wheper y flete or synkᵉ

(2)

For aH be that I know not love in dede
Nor wot how pat he quytith folkᵉ her hyre
yet happyth me in bokys for to rede
Off his myrakyls and his crueH yre
Ther rede I welle he wiH be lord & syre
I dare not seyne his strokys ben so sore
But god save suche a lord I sey no more

(3)

Of vsage what for lust & what for lore
In bokys rede I oft as y now told
But wherfor that I speke aH is not thore
Ageon yt happyd me for to be-hold
Which bookᵉ was wretyn with lettris old
And per-vpon A certeyne thyng to lerne
The long day fuH fast y red & yerne

(4)

For of thise old fyldis as men seith
Comyth aH this new corne fro yere to yere
So out ofᵉ old bokys in good feith
Comyth aH this new Ciens pat men lere
But now to purpos as of this matere
To rede forthi yt gan me to delyte
That aH pᵉ day me thought it but a lyte
(5)

¶ This boke of which I make of mencioν
Entillyd was aft there as I shaH telle
Tullius of the dreme of Cipion
Chapters seuen / it had of heuen and helle
And erthe and sowles that therein dwelle
Of which as shortly as I can hit trete
Of hys sentence I shaH sow say the grete

32

(6)

¶ First tellyth hit whan Cipion was come
In affrice / how he metlyth massanysse
That hym for ioy in armys hath I-nome
Than tellyth he hyr speche and aft hyr blysse
That was betwene them tyH p e day can mysse
And how hys auncestre Africant so dere
Gan in hys slepe that nyght tyff hym appere

39

(7)

¶ Than tellyth it how that from a sterry place
How africant hath hym cartage shewyd
And warnyd hym byfore of aft p e grace
And said hym what man leryd or lewde
That lonyth comyn profette weH I-thewyd
He shuld in to a blisfuH place wend
There as ioy is with owtyne ende

42

(8)

¶ Than axed he yf folk that here be ded
Han lyfe and dwellyng in a noper place
And africant sayd / see with outyn any drede
And how owr present worldys lyvys space
Ment but a maner deth what we trace
And ryghtfuH folk shaH goo aftyr they dye
To heven / and shewith hym Galaxie

46

49

53

56
This boke of which I make of mencion
Entitled was here as I shaH teH
Tullius of the dreme of Scipion
Chapiters vij yt had of hevyn & haH
And erthe and sowlis ther-in dueH
Of which as shortfy as I can yt trede
Of his sentence I wylle yow seyn p° grete

Fyrst tellyth yt whan Scipion was come
In afferyk how he metyth massanys
That hym for ioy in Armys hath enome

Than tellyth he her speche & of the blys
That was bytwyx hem till pat day gan mys
And how his auncentre Affrycan son dere
Gan in his slepe that night tyH hym appere

Than tellyth he that from a sterry place
How affrykan hath hym cartage shewid
And warnyd hym byforou of ah his grace

And seid hym what may lerid or lewid
That lovyth comyn profyte weH ethewid
He shuld in-to a blysfulH place wend
Ther as ioy is with-outyn eny end

Than askyd he if folk that here ben ded
Have lyf and duellyng in A-nothir place
Affrycan seid ye with-owtyn dred

And how our present lyfis space
Ment but A maner deth what wey we trace
And rightfulH folk shaH gon after they dye
To hevyn and shewid hym the galoxie
Than shewth he hym the litye erthe pat here is
At the regard of hevyns quantite
And aftyr shewth he hym the ix. sperys
And aftyr that the melodie herd he
That comyth of thilk sperys thryse thre
That wellys of musik be and melodye
In thys world here / and cause of armonie

Than said he sythe erthe was so lite
And fulf of turment and of hard grace
That he ne shuld hym in thys world delite
Than told he hym that in certayn sperys space
That euer sterre shuld cumme into hys place
Ther he was first / and all shuld out of mynd
That in thys world is done of all man kynde

Than prayed he hym Cipion to tell hym all
The way to come / into that heuenly blysse
And he sai't / know first thyself immortal
And loke ay besily that thow wirche & wysse
To comyn profette / and thow shalt not mysse
To cum swyftly vnto that place dere
That swete of blysse is and sowlys clere

But brekers of the lawe / the sothe to sayne
And licorous folk / aftyr they be dede
Shull whyrld abowt the world alway in payne
TyH many world be passyd out of drede
And then for-3euen all ther wykyd dede
Than shuld they comyn to that blysful place
To which 3e come god 3e graunt hys grace
(9)
Than shewid he hym the lytiH erthe pat here is
At the reward of\ the hevyns quantyte
And aftyr shewid he hym the ix speris
And aftyr that p\ melody hard he
That comyth of\ thilk\ speris thryes thre
That wellis of mvsyk\ bene & melody
In this world here & cawse of\ Armony

(10)
Than seid he hym syn erthe was so lyte
And fuH of\ torment & of\ herd grace
That he ne shuld in this world delyte
Than told he hym in short yeris space
That every sterre shuld come in-to his place
Ther yt was first and aH shuld out of\ mynde
That in this world is done of\ aH man-kynde

(11)
Than praide hym Scipion) to teff hym aH
The wey to come in-to that hevyn blys
And he seid first know \py-self\ in-mortah\nAnd loke ay besyly that pou worche and wyssse
To comvne profyt and pou shalt not mysse
To come swyftly in-to that place dere
that fuH of\ blisse is & of\ sowlis clere

(12)
but brekers of\ p\ law sothe to seyne
And lycorows folk\ after that they be ded
shuH whyrle abowte p\ world AH-wey in peyne
TyH many a world be passid out of\ dred
and than for-yevyn aH her wyckyd dede
Than shuH they come in-to pat blisfuH place
To which to come god p\ send his grace
56 PAR.-TEXT
8 PARLIAMENT OF FOULES. ih. 4. 12; CAMBR. UNIV. LIBR.

(13)
¶ The day gan faile / and the derk nyght
That revyth bestys from ther besinesse
be-rafte me my boke for lak of lyght
And to my bed I gan me forto dresse
ffufillyd of thowght and besy heynnesse
ffor both I had thyng which I nold
And eke I ne had that thynge that I wold

(14)
¶ But finally my spirite at the last
ffor-wery of my labour aft that day
To rest / that made me slepe wondre fast
And in my slepe I met as that I lay
How affrican ryght in the self aray
That Cipio'n hym sawgh by-fore that tyde
Was comm / and stode ryght at my bed syde

(15)
¶ The wery hunter slepynge in hys bedde
To wode azene hys mynd gotli anone
The Iuge dremyth how hys plec hym spedde
The cartarr' dremyth how hys cartis gone
The riche of gold / the knyght fyghtyth with hys fone
The syke metyth how he drynythy of the tuanne
The lover metyth he hath hys lady wonne

(16)
¶ Can I not sey if that the cause were
For I had radde of affrican by-forne
That made me to mette that stode there
But thys said he / thow hast the so well borne
In lokynge of myn old bokis to-torne
Of whichi maeroby thowght not a lite
That sumwhat of thy labour wold I qwite
(13)
The day gan faylyn & þe derk' night
That revyth bestis from her busynes
be-raft me my boke for lak' of light
And to my bed I gan me for to dres
Full fyllid of thought and besy hevynes
For bothe I had thyn which þat I nold:
And eke I ne had that thyng þat I wold

(14)
But fynally my spryte at þe last
For-wery of my labour aH þat day
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe I met as þat I lay
How affrycan in that self Aray
That Scipion hym saw by-for' that tyde
Was come and stode right at my beddis side

(15)
The very hunter slepyng in his bed
To wood agayne his mynd goth Anoñ
The Iugge dremyth how his pleis ben sped
The carter dremyth how his cartes goñ
The ryche of gold þe knyght fight with his foñ
The syke met he hath dronk' of þe toñ
The lovar met he hath his lady won

(16)
kan y not seyn yf' that the cawsis wer'
For I had red of' affrycan be-forn'w
That made me to mete þat he stode ther'
but thus seid he þou hast þe so weH born)[leaf 289, back]
In lokyang of' myñ old' boke to-torn'w
Of' which macroby rought not A lyte
That somdel of' thy labour' wold I quyte
(17) [Invocation.]

[Citherea thow blisuff lady swete
That with thy firebrond dawntyst whom thow lyst
That madyst me thy sweuyn forto mete
Be thow myn help in thy / for thow maist best
As wisly as I say the north northwest
When I began my sweuyn for to write
So seue me myght to ryme and eke endite]

(18) [The Story.]

[Thys forsaid affican me hent anone
And forth with hym to a gate browght
Ryght of a parke wallyd with grene stone
And over the gate with letters large I-wroght
Ther were verse I-writyn as me thought
On ethyr half of full gret difference
Of which I shat now teft the playne sentence]

(19)

[Thorowgh me men gone into that blisuff place
Of hertes hele / and dedely wondis cure
Thorow me / men gone to the weft of grace
There grene and lusty may shal euer endure
Thys is the way to alll good aventure
Be gladde thow rederr' and thy sorow of cast
AH opyn am I / passe in / and spede the fast /]

(20)

[Thorowgh me men gone than spoke the oder syde
Vnto the mortall stokis of the spere
Of which disdayne and daunger is the guyde
There never tre shal frute / ne leues bere
Thys streme 3ow ledyth / into the sorowful were
There as the fisse in prison is all drie
Theschewyng is only the remedy]
(17) [Invocation.]

Cythera þou blysful lady swete
That wyth thy fyrebrond dawntist whom þou lyste
That madyst me þis swevyn for to mete
Be ye myn help in this for ye may best
As wysly as I se the north þ north-west
When I by-gan my swevyn for-to wryte
So yef þ me might to ryme yt & endyte

(18) [The Story.]

This foresaid affrican me hent Anow
And forth wyth hym to A gate brought
Right as A park' wallid with grene ston
And ovyr the gate with lettris large ywrought
Ther' wer' versis wretyn as me thought
On either half of Þu grete dyfference
Of which I shalþ you seyne þe plenw sentence

(19)
Thorough me men gono in-to that blysful place
Of hertis hele and dedly woundis cure
Thorough me men gono to þe welle of grace
Ther' grene and lusty May shalþ evir endure
This is the wey to aþ good aventure
be glad þou redar & thy sorow of cast
Allone am y / passe in & spede þee fast

(20)
Thorough me men goon than þat oper side
Vnto the mor'ah strokys of þe spere
Of which disdayne & daunger is þe gide
Ther nevir tre shalþ frute ne nevir levis bere
This streme you ledythli to þe sorowful He were
Ther as þe fysh in presoñ is aþ dry
The eschewyng is oonly the remedy
Thys verse of gold and blak I writyn were
The whiche I gan astounyd to be-holde
ffor with that one / ay encresyd my fere
And with that other / be-gan myñ hert bolde
That one me hette / that othyr me colde
Noo witt had I / for errour for to chese
To entre / or flee / or me to saue / or lese /

ffor ryglit as I by-twyx adamantïs
Of euyn myglit a pese of erne sette
Ne hafe no myght to mocue to / ne fro /
ffor that one may hale / that other lette
fferd I that nyst whither me was bett
To entre / or leve / tyH affrican my guyde
Me hent / :nd chose in att the gatïs wyde

And said hit stant writyn in thy face
Thyñ errour thowgh thow tell it not to me
But drede the not to cumme into thyss place
ffor thyss writynge is no thyng ment by the
Ne by none / but he luffïs servaunt be
ffor thow of love hast lost thy tast I gesse
As a sikman hath of swete and bittirnesse

But nathelesse aff thowli pou be dulle
3it that pou canst not do / 3it maist pou see
ffor many a man that may not stande a pulff
3it likyli hit hym at wrastlyng for to be
And demyth 3it wher he do bet or he
And pou hadist knowynge tendite
I shaff the shew mater of to write
(21)

Thise versis of gold and blak' ywretyn were
The which I gan Astonyed to be-hold

[End of MS; at least 11 leaves are torn out.]
With that myn hond in hys toke he anon;  
Of which I comfort cawt / and went in fast  
But lord so I was glad / and well be-gone  
For ouer aff where myn eyne pat I cast  
Were treys clad with leuys that ay shaft last  
Eche in kynd / of colour fresshe and grene  
As emeraud / that joy was to sene  

The bilder oke / and eke the worthy asshe  
The piler elme / the cofre vnto carione  
The boxtre piper / holme to whippys lasshe  
The sailynge fryr / cipresse deth to pleyne /  
The sheter evy / the aspe for chaftis playne  
The olyue of pese / and eke the dronk vyne  
The victour palme / the lawrer to dyuyn  

A garden sawgh I / full of blossummy bowes  
Vpon a ryuer / in a grene mede  
Ther as that swetnesse euermore Inow is  
Of flowrys / what blew zelow and rede  
And cold well stremys no-thynge dede  
That swynmyfn full of smale fisshys lyght  
With fynys rede / and scales siluer bryght  

On euery bowgh the byrdis herk I syng  
With voyse of angeH in her armony  
Sum besyed hem / hyr byrdis forth to brynge  
The lytyH conyes to ther play gan hye  
And farther all abowt I gan aspie  
The dredfull roo / p ht buk / p hert / p hynde  
Sqwyrellis / and bestis of lovys kynde
(29)

Of instrumentis of strynggis in a-corde
Herd I so play a ranesshyngge sweinetesse
That god the maker of all and lorde
Ne herde / never better / as I gesse /
There-with a wynd vnethe it myght be lesse
Made in the lenys grene a noyse so softe
 Accordant to the fowlys sone a lofte

(30)

The aer' of the place so attempred was
That never was the grenance of hote ne cold
There was eke euery holsum spice and gras
Ne there may no man there wax seke ne old
3it was there ioy more than a thowsand fold
Than any man can tell / ne never wold it nyght
But ay clere day / to any mannys sight

(31)

Vndyr a tree besyde a weH I say
Cupide / owre lord his arows forge and file
And at hys fote hys bowe al redy lay
And hys dowghter tempred all pis while
The hedis in the weH / & in hyr wyle
She cowchyd hem aftyr they shuld serve
Sum for to fle and sum for to wound and kerue

(32)

Thoo was I ware of plesaunce anone ryght
And of aray and love and curtesie
And of the crafte that can and hath the myght
To done by force a white to done folye
Disfugurat was he / I wyll not lye
And by hym self vndir an oke I gesse
Sawe I delice pat stode by Iantilnesse
(33)

¶ I sawgli beawte with outyn atyre
And yowthli full of myrthli and of iolite
ffolehardinesse and flatery and desire
Messauge and mede and other thre
Her namys shaH not here be tolde for me
And vpon pilers a spere longe
I saw a temple of brasse I-fowndyd stronge

(34)

¶ A-bowte the temple daunsyd aH way
Women I-now of which sum ther were
ffeaire of them self / and sum of hen wer gay
In kyrtyles aH dyscheueled† went they there
That was hyr office aH way 3ere by 3ere
And on the temple of doves white and fayre
SawghI sit many a thowsan† payre.

(35)

¶ By-flore the temple dore fuH sobrely
Dame pease sett with a curteyne in hyr honz
And by hyr side wondyr discretly
Dame pacience sittynge there I fond†
With face pale vpon an hyH of sond†
And aH-ther† next with-Inne and with-owt
Byhest and art / and of hyr folk a rowte.

(36)

¶ With-in the temple with sikes hote as fire
I herz a swouthi / that gan a-bowt renne
Which sikes were engendryd by desire
That made euery autour for to brenne
Of new flawme / and weH aspied‡ I thenne
That aH cause of sorowys that they drye
Come of the bitter goddesse Ielosie
The god priapus sawgh I as I went
With in the temple in souerayn place stonde
In suche aray as whan the asse hym shent
With crye by nyght / and with hys ceptre in honde
ssuH besily men gone assay and sonde
Vpon hys hele to sett of sundre hewe
Garlandis fuH of fresshe flowrys newe /

And in a priuey corner in disporte
ffynd I venus and hyr porter richesse
That was fuH noble and haunten of hyr porte
Derk was that place / but afterwark lyghtnesse
I sawe a lite / vnethe it myght be lesse
And on a bedde of gold / she lay to rest
TyH that the hote sunne gan to west

Hyre gylt herys / with a gold threde
Vnbreyden vntrossyd as she lay
And nakyd fro the brest to the hele
Men myght hyr see / and sothely for to say
The remanent couerH weH vnto my pay
Right with a subteH couercheffe of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of noo defence

The place gaf a thousandsis sauowrs swete
And Bachus god of wyne satt hyr be syde
And Ceres next that doth of hungre bote
And as I said / a myddis lay Cupide
To whom on kneys two yong folk per cryeck
To hym her helpe / but thus I latt hyr lye
And farther in the temple I gan aspie
That in despite of Diane the chast
Full many a bow I-broke hynge on the wall
Of maydyns swychi as gan hyr tynys wast
In hyr service and payntyd over all
Of many a story of which I towche shalt
A fewe as of Calixte and Atlante
And many a mayde of which the name I wante

Semiramis candidate and hercules
Biblis / Dido / tisbe and piramis
Tristram / Isoude / parys and achilles
Elyn / cleopatre / and troilus
Cilla and cke the moder of romulus
All theys were paynted on pat oder syde
And all hyr love and in what plite they dyed

When I was cum agayne vnto the place
That I of spake / that was so swete and greno
North walkyd I my seluen to solace
Tho was I ware where that satt a qwene
That of lyght / the somer sonne shene
Passyd the sterre / ryght so ouer mesure
The fayrer was than any creature

And in a land vpon an hyH of flowrys
Was sett thys noble goddesse Nature
Of brawnchys were her hawles and hyr bowrys
I-wrowte aftyr hyr crafte and hyr mesure
Nethyr was fowle that ennmyth of engendure
That there ne was prest in hyr presence
To taken hyr dome / and gefe hyr audience
(45)

¶ For thys was on syant Volantynys day
Whan euery byrde summeth there to chese hys make
Of euery kynd that men thynk may
And that so huge a noyse gan they make
That erthe and see / tre / and euery lake
So ful was that vneth the was ther space
For me to stonde / so ful was aH thys place

(46)

¶ And ryght as Aleyne in the playnt of kynde
Deuisyth Nature / of suche aray and face
In swych aray men myght hyr there fynde
Thys noble emprses ful of grace
Bad euery fowle to take hyr owne place
As they were wont alwey fro thare to thare
Saynt volantynes day to standyn there

(47)

¶ That is to say the fowle of Raveyne
Were hyghest sett / and than the fowlis smale
That etyn as that nature wold encline
As worme / or thynge of which I telle no tale
But watirfowlys sat lowest in the dale
And fowle that lyvyth by syde sat on the grene
And that so fele / that wondre was to sene

(48)

¶ There myght men the ryaH egle fynde
That with hys sharp loke peryshyth þe sonne
And other eglys of a lower kynde
Of which the clerkis weH denisen konne
Ther was the tirant with hys fedyrs dounne
And grey / I mene the goshauke that doth pyne

¹ To byrdys for hys outragios e rauyne

[¹ The next 50 lines are much faded in the MS, and doubtful.]
(49)

The gentylawone that with fote distreyyth
The kyngys honde / the hardy sparihawe eke
The qwalys fro the merlioun that peynyth
hym self fuH ofte the lark forto seke
There was the downe with hyr eyne meke
The Ielowse swanne ægenst hys deth that syngyth
The owle eke that of deth the bode bryngyth

(50)

The crane þe gyaunt with hys trumphys soun
The these þe chowgh / and eke the ianglyng pie
The skornyng Iaye the eglys foo heroune
The fals laywynk fuH of trecherye
The stare that the counseH doth aserie
The tame ruddok and the coward kyte
The cok þe horloge of thorpis lite.

(51)

The sparow venus sonne the nyghtyngale
That clepyth forth the fresshe lenys new
The swalow moder' of the fowles smale
That maken hony of flowrys fresshe of hew
The weddyd turtyl with hir hert trew
The pecok with hys angeH fedyrs bryght
The fesaunt scorner of the cokke be nyght

(52)

The wakyr gose the cokkow euer vnkynde
The popyniay fuH of delecacy
The drake stroyer of hys owne kynde
The stork wyrker of avowtry
The hote corneraunt of gloteny
The ravyns and the crowys with hyr voice of care
The thrusteH old and the frosty feldfare
What shuld I say of fowlys euery kynd

[Rest of the MS gone.]
2.

THE TWO DIFFERING VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Prologue to his Legende of Good Women.

The earlier version from MS Gg. 4, 27, Cambr. Univ. Libr.,
the later version from MS Fairfax 16, Bodleian Library.

* marks lines not in the other text.
§ marks lines in the other text, but materially altered.
† marks lines in the other text less materially altered.
Unmarked lines are in both texts (tho' sometimes very slightly changed).
[The Prologue to
the Legende of Good Women.]

[Cambr. Univ. MS Gy. 4. 27, leaf 445.]

A

†Thousent sythis haue I herd men telle 1†
That there is Ioye in heuene & peyne in helle
†And I a-corde wel that it be so 3† 3

But natheles this wit 11 wel also 4 [1 wit corrected]
†That there ne is non that dwellyth 2In this entre 5†
That eythir hath in helle or heuene I-be 7[1 corr.]
Ne may of it non othere weyis wytyyn 7
But as he hath herd seyd / or founde it wytyyn 8 8
flor by asay / there may no man it preue 9
†But goddis forbode / but men schulde leue 10†
Wel more thyng / than men han seyn with eye 11
Men schal nat wenyn / euery thyng alye 12 12
§flor that he say it nat of zore a-go 13§
§God wot a thyng is neuere the lesse so 14§
Thow euery wyght ne may it nat 1 se 15
Bernard the monk ne 3 say nat al parde 16 [1 e corr.]
Thanne motyn we to bokys / that we fynde 17
Thourw whiche that olde thyngis ben 4In mynde [1 corr.]
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse 19
§euyn credence 5In euery 6skylful wyse 20 [5, 6 sky, corr.]
§And trowyn on these olde aproned storyis 21§
Of holynes / of regnyes of victoriyis 22
Of lone / of hate / of othere sundery thyngis 23
Of whiche I may nat make rehersyngys 24 21
And If that olde bokis weryn aweye 25
I-loryn were of remembrance the keye 26
§Wel ouȝte vs thanne on olde bokys leue 27§
§There as there is non othyre a-say be preue 28§ 28
The prologue of *ix. goode Wymmen.*

<table>
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<th>Gg. lines.</th>
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A. thousande tymes / I haue herd telle
ther ys Ioy in heuene / and peyne in helle
and I acord wel / that it ys so
But netheles yet / wot I wel also
that ther is noon duellyng / in this contree
That eythir hath in heuene / or in helle y-be
Ne may of hit / nooñ other weyes witen
but as he hath herd seyde / or founde it writeñ
for by assay / ther may no mañ it preve
But god forbede / but men shulde leve
Wel more thing / then men han seen with eye
Men shal not wenen / euery thing a lye
But yf him-selfe yt seeth / or elles dooth
For god wol / thing is neuer the lasse sooth
Thogh euery wight / ne may it nat y-see
Bernarde the monke /ne saugh nat all pardee
Than mote we / to bokes that we fynde
Thurgh which / that olde thinges ben in mynde
And to the doctrine / of these olde wyse
Yeve credence / in euery skylful wise
That tellen of these olde appreued / stories
of holynes / of Regnes of victories
of loue of hate / of other sondry thynges
of whiche I may not maken / rehersynges
And yf that olde bokes / were a-vey
Y-lorne were / of Remembranunce the key
Wel ought vs thanne / honouren and beleve
These bokes / there we han noon other preve
§And as for me thou that myn wit be lite 29§
On bokys for to rede I me delyte 30
And in myn herte hane hem in renouerence 32
§And to hem pene swich lust & swich credence 31§ 32
§That there is wel onethe game non 33§
That from myne bokys make me to goon 34
§But it be ofer vp-on the haly day 35§
§Or ellis in the Ioly tyme of may 36§ 36
§When that I here the smale foulys syng 37§

And that the flouris gynne for to spryng 3 [floiris, pryng, corrected]
§Farwel myn stodye as lastyng 39§ [v445, b]

§Now hane I therto this condleyoun 40 40
That of alle the flouris in the mede 41
Thanne lene I most these flourys white & rede 42
Swyche as men calle dayesyis in oure toon 43
To hem hane I so gret affeccion 44 44
As I seyde erst whan comyn is the may 45
That in myn bed thare dawith me no day 46
That I ne am vp & walkynge in the mede 47
§To sen these flouris a-gen the summe to sprede 48 48
§When it vp ryseth be the morwe schene 49
§The longe day thus walkynge in the grene *

§And whan the sumne be-gymynys for to weste 61§
§Thanne cloeseth it & drawith it to resto 62§ 52
§So sore it is a-ferid of the nyȝt 62
*Til on the morwe that it is dayis lyȝt *
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16.

29§ and as for me / though that I konne but lyte § 29
30 on bokes for to rede / I me delyte
32§ and to hem yive I feyth / and ful credence §
31 and in myn herte / have hem in reuerence 32
33§ So hertly / that ther is game noon §
34 that fro my bokes / maketh me to goon
35§ but yt be seldom / on the holy day §
36§ save certeynly / whaũ that the monethe of May §
37§ Is comen / and that I here the foules syng §
38 And that the floures / gynnen for to spryng
39§ Faire-wel my boke / and my deuocioun §
40§ Now have I thanne / suche a condicion §
41 That of al the floures / in the mede
42 Thanne love I most / thise floures white and rede
43 Suche as meũ callen / daysyes in her tovne
44 To hem have I / so grete affeccion 44
45 As I seyde erst / whanne comeũ is the May
46 That in my bed / ther daweth me no day
47 That I nam vppe / and walkyng in the mede
48†To seen this floure / ayevin the sonne sprede † 48
49§ Whaũ it vprysith / edly by the morwe §
*That blessful sight / softneth al my sorwe *
* So glad am I / whaũ that I have presence *
* Of it / to dooũ it al / reuerence *
50§ As she that is / of al floures flour §
51†Ful-filled of al vertue / and honour †
52§ And euere ilyke faire / and fresh of hewe
53§ and I love it / and euere ilyke newe §
*And euere shal / til that myũ hert dye *
*Al swere I nat / of this I wol nat lye *
*Ther loved no wight / hotter in his lyve *
* And whaũ that hit ys eye / I renne blyve *
54§ As sone as euere the sonne / gynnetũ weste §
55§ To seen this flour / how it wol go to reste §
56§ For fere of nyght / so hateth she derknesse §
This dayeseye of alle flouris flour
fulfyld of vertu & of alle honour
And euere I-like fayr & frosch of hewe
As wel In wyntyrf as in somyr newe
§payn wolde I preysyn If I coude a-ryht
*But wo is me it lyth nat in myn myght

†flor wel I wot that folk han here be-forn
Of makyng ropyn & lad a-vey the corn
I come aftyr glenynghe here & ther
And am ful glad if I may fynde an er
†Of ony goodly word that they han laft
†And If it happe me reherse eft
†That they han In here frosche songis said
§I hope that they were nat ben euele a-payed
§Sithe it is seyd in fortheryng & honour
§Of hem that eythir servyn lef or flour
§flor trustyth wel I ne hane nat vndyr-take
§As of the lef a-gayn the flour to make
§Ne of the flour to make a-geyn the lef
No more than of the corn a-gen the shef
flor as to me is lefere non ne lothere
I am witholde 3it with noeuer nothire
I not ho servyth lef ne who the flour
§That nys nothyng the entent of myn labour
†flor this werk is al of a-nothyr tunne
†Of old story er swich strif was be-guane

But wherfore that I spak to 3eue credence
†To bokys olde & don hem reverence
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 29

Hire chere is pleynly sprad / in the brightnesse  64
Of the sonne / for ther yt wol vnclose  
Allas that I ne had / englyssh ryme / or prose * [see 66 Gg.]

59§ Suffisant this flour / to preyse a-ryght  $  
But helpeth ye / that han konnyng and myght  68
Ye lovers / that kan make of Sentment  
In this case / oghit ye be diligent  
To forthren me / somwhat in my labour  
Whethir ye ben with the leef / or with the flour*  72

61† for wel I wot / that ye han her-biforne  †
Of any goodly word / that ye han left  76  [leaf 84]
65† Of any goodly word / that ye han left  
66† And thogh it happen / me rehercen eft  †
67† That ye han / in your fressh songes sayede  †
68§ For-bereth me / and beyt not eucle apayede  $ 80
69§ Syn that ye see / I do yt in the honour  $  
70§ of love / and eke in service of the flour  $

Whom that I serve / as I have witte or myght  
She is the clerenesse / and the vray lyght  
That in this derke worlde / me wynt and ledyth  
The hert in with / my sorwfull brest yow dredis  
And loueth so sore / that ye ben verrayly  
The maistresse of my witte/a[nd] no1 thing I* [1 MSalteral]
My worde my werkes / ys knyt so in youre bond  89
That as an harpe / obeieth to the bond  
That maketh it sovne / after his fyngerynge  
Ryght so mowe ye / oute of myñ hert bringe  92
Swich vois / ryght as yow lyst to laughe or pleyñ  
Be ye my gide / and lady souereyn  
As to myñ erthely god / to yowe I calle  
Bothe in this werke / and my sorwes alle  96

97 But wherfore / that I spake to yive credence
98†To olde stories / and doon hem reuerence  †
§30 PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. CAMBR. MS C.I. 4. 27.

§Is for men schulde autoriteis be-lene 99$  
§There as there lyth non othyr a-say be preuc 100$ 84  
*flor myn entent is or I frow 3ow fare *  
*The nackede tixt in englis to declare *  
*Of manye a story or ellis of manye a geste * [manye corr.]  
*As autourys seyn & leynen hom If 3ow loste * 88

§§When passed was almost the monyth of may 108$ 89  
§And I hadde romed al the somerys day 180$  
*The grene medewe of which that I 3ow tolde *  
§¥p-on the frosche dayseic to be-holde 182$ 92  
†And that the somme out of the souht gan weste 197†  
§And clothede was the flour & gon to rest 198$  
†for derknesse of the nyht of which sche dradde 199†  
   Hom to myn hous ful swiftly I me spadde 200 96  
   And in a lytyl erber that I haue 203  
†I-benchede newe with turwis frorsche 2I-grawe 204†[I.cor.]  
   I bad 3 men schulde me myn couche make 205 [3a.cor.]  
   flor deynte of the newe somerys sake : 206 100  
   I bad hem strowe flouris on myn bed 207  
   When I was layd & hadde myn eyen hid 208  
†I fel a-slepe with-lune an our or two 209†  
†Me mette how I was in the medewe tho 210† 104  
*And that I romede in that gyse *  
§To sen that flour 4 / as 3o han herd denye 212$ 4.I.danesye  
*ffayr was this medewe as thougte me oneral *  
†With flouris sote 5 enbroudite was it al 5 119†[5-2 cor.]  
†As for to speke of gomme or erbe or tre 121† 109  
   Comparisoun may non I-makede be 122  
   flor it surmountede pleyuly alle odours 123  
†And of ryche beute alle flourys 124† 112  
   florgetyn hadde the erthe his pore estat 125  
†Of wyntyr that hym nakede made & mat 126†  
†And with his swerd of cold so sore hadde greuydt† [U46,1B]
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16.

83§ And that men mosteñ / more thynge beleve
84§ Then may seen at eighe / or elles preve
   *That shal I seyn / whanne that I see my tyme
   *I may not attones / speke in ryme
   *My besy gost / that trusteth alwey newe
   *To seen this flour / so yong / so freshï of hewe
   *Constreyned me / with so gledy desire
   *That in myn herte / I feele yet the fryre
   *That made me to ryse / er yt wer day

89§ And was now / the firste morwe of May
   *With dreful hert / and glad denocioñ
   *for to ben / at the resureccioñ
   *Of this flour / wañ yt shulde vnclose
   *Agayne the sonne / that roos as rede as rose
   *That in the brest was / of the beste that day
   *That a-genores doghtre / ladde away

*And dovne on knes / anoñ ryght I me sette
*And as I koude / this fresshi flour I grette
   *knelyng alwey / til it vnclosed was
   *Vpon the smal softe / swote gras

108† That was with flores swote / enbrovded al
   *Of swich suetnesse / and swich odour over al
109† That for to speke / of gomme or herbe or tree
110 Comparison may noon / y-maked bee
111 For yt surmounteth / pleynly alle odoures
112† And of riche beaute / of flores
113 For-geten had the erthe / his pore estate
114† Of wyntir / that hem naked made and mate
115† And with his sword of colde / so sore greued
Now hadde the tempre some al that releuyd
And clothede hym in grene al newe a-geyn
The smale foules of the seson sayn [*-corr.]
That from the panter & the net ben skapid
Vp-on the foulere that hem made a-wapid
In wyntyr & distroyed hadde hire brod
In his dispit hem thoughte it dede hem good
To syng of hym & in here song despise
The foule cherl that for his conceytysse
Hadde hem be-trayed with his sophistrye
This was here song the foulere we defye
§Some songyn on the braunche his clere
§Of loue & that Ioye It was to here
†In worschepe & in preysyng of hire make
†And of the newe blysful somerys sake

†That sungyn blyssede be seynt volentyn
†At his day I ches 3ow to be myn
With oufte repentyng myn herte svete
And therwithal here bekys guynne mete
§The honour & the humble obeysauwce
And after³ dedyn othere observaunccys
§Ryght on to loue & to natures
*So eche of hem to cryaturys
*This song to herkenyn I dede al myn entent
*for why I mette I wiste what they ment
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  

"Now hath that emprere sonne / all that releued"  

"That naked was / and clad yt new agayn"  

"The smale foules / of the sesoν fayν"  

"That of the panter / and the nette ben scaped"  

"Vpoν the fowlerν / that hem made a-whaped"  

"In wynter / and distroyed hadde hire broode"  

"In his dispite / hem thoghte yt did hem goode"  

"To syng of hym / and in hir songe dispise"  

"The foule cherle / that for his coveytise"  

"Had hem betrayed / with his sophistrye"  

"And al his crafte / and somwe songen clere"  

"Layes of love / that Ioye it was to here"  

"In worshipynge / and in preysinge of hir make"  

"And for the newe / blisful somers sake"  

"And songen / blessed be seynt valentyne"  

"For on his day / I chees yow to be myne"  

"With-outεν repentynge / myν hert swete"  

"and therwith-alle / hire bekes gonnen meete"  

"Yeldyng honour / and humble obeysaunces"  

"To love and diden / hire othere obseruaunces"  

"That longeth on-to love / and to nature"  

"Construeth that as yow lyst / I do no cure"  

"And thoat that hadde doon / vnkyndnesse"  

"As dooth the tydif / for new-fangelnesse"  

"BesogÞεt mercy / of hir trespassyng"  

"And humblely / songe hire repentynge"  

"And sworn on the blosmes / to be trewe"  

"So that hire makes / wolde vpoν hem rewε"  

"And at the laste / maden hire acord"  

"Al founde they daunger / for a tyme a lord"  

"Yet pitee / thurgh his stronge gentil myghtν"  

"For-gaf / and mad mercy paseν ryghtν"  

"Thurgli Innocence / and ruled curtesye"  

ODD TEXTS.
*But I ne clepe yt nat / Innocence folye  *  164
*Ne fals pitee / for vertue is the mene*
*As etike scithi / in swich maner I mene*
*And thus thise foweles / voide of al malice*
*Acordeden to love / and laften vice  *  168
*Of hate / and songe alle of oon acorde*
*Welcome somer / oure gouernour and lord*
*And Zepherus / and flora gentilly*
*Yaf to the floures / softe and tenderly  *  172
*Hire swoote breth / and made hem for to sprede*
*As god and goddesse / of the floury mede*
*In whiche me thoght / I myght day by day*
*Duellen alwey / the Ioly monyth of May  *  176
*With-outen slepe / with-outen mete or drynke*
*A-dovne ful softly / I gañ to synke*
*And lenyng e myñ elbowe / and my syde*

90§The longe day / I shoope me for tabide  § 180
*For nothing ellis / and I shal nat lye*
92§but for to loke / vpon the daysie  §
*That meñ by resoñ / wel it calle may*
*the daisie or elles the ye / of day  *  184
*The emperice and flour / of floures alle*
*I pray to god / that faire mote she falle*
*And alle that loven floures / for hire sake *

71-2§But natheles ne wene nat / that I make  § 188
73§In preying of the flour / agayñ the leef  §
74 No more than of the corne / agayñ the sheef  
75 For as to me / nys lever noon ne lother  191
76 I nam with-holden yt / with never nother  [Leaf 85, back]
77 Ne I not who serueth leef / ne who the flour  193
78§Wel browken they / her servise or labour  §
79†For this thing is / al of another tonne  †
80†Of olde storie / er swiche thinge was be-gonne †  196
93†Whan that the sonne / out of the south gañ west †
94§And that this flour e gan close / and goon to rest  §
95†For derknesse of the nyght / the which she dred †
prologue to the legende.

*tyl at the laste a larke song a-boue
*i se quod she the my3ty god of lone
*lo 3ond he comyth I se his wyngis sprede
§tho gan I loke endelong the mede
§and saw hym come & in his hond a quene
†clothid in ryal abyte al of grene
   A frette of goold ¹ sche hadde next hyre her
   And vp-on that a whit corone sche ber
§with mane² flourys & I schal nat lyce
   ffor al the world ryht as the dayseye
   I-corounecd is with white leuys lite
†swiche were the flourys of hire corene white
†ffor of o perle fyn & oryental
   hyre white coron was I-makyd al
   ffor whiche the white coroun a-boue the grene
   made hire lyk a dayseye for to sene
†considerede ek the fret of gold a-boue
   I-clothede was this myhty god of lone
†of silk I-brondecd ful of grene greuys
§a garlond on his hed of rose leuys
*stekid al with lylye flourys newe
*but of his face I can not seyn the hewe
§ffor sekyrly his face schon so bryhte
*that with the glem a-stondecd was the syhte
§a furlongwey I myhte hym not be-holde
§but at the laste in hande I saw hym holde
tho fery dartis as the ³ gleedys rede
Home to myn house / ful swiftly I me sped
*To goon to reste / and erly for to ryse

To seen this flour / sprede as I deuyse §
And in a litel herber / that I have ✩
that benched was / on turves fressh y-grave ✩
I bad men sholde me / my covche make
For deyntee / of the newe someres sake
I bad men sholde me / my covche make

To gooil to reste / and erly for to ryse
To seen this flour / sprede as I deuyse ✩
And in a litel herber / that I have ✩
that benched was / on turves fressh y-grave ✩
I bad men sholde me / my covche make
For deyntee / of the newe someres sake
I bad men sholde me / my covche make

Whan I was leyde / and had myn eyen hed
I fel on slepe / in with an hour or twoo ✩
Me mette how I lay / in the medewe thoo ✩
And from a fer / come walkyn in the mede §
To seen this flour / that I love so and drede §
The god of love / and in his hande a quene §
And she was clad / in real habite grene ✩
A fret of gold she had / next her beer
And vpon that / a white corwne she beer 216
With flourouns smale / and I shal nat lye §
for al the worlde / ryght as a daysye
Y-corovned ys / with white leves lyte
So were the flourouns / of hire corovne white ✩
For of Perle / fyne oriental ✩
Hire white corovne / was I-maked al
For which the white corovne / above the grene
Made hire lyke / a daysie for to sene 224
Considered eke / hir fret of golde above ✩
Y-clothed was / this myghty god of love
In silke embrouded / ful of grene greves ✩
In with a fret / of rede rose leves § 228
*The fresshest syn the worlde / was first bygonne * [freshe]
*His gilte here / was corownd with a sonne *
*I-stede of golde / for heynnesse and wyght *
Therwith me thought / his face shoouñ so bryght § 232
That wel vnnethes / myght I him beholde §
And in his hande me thought / I saugh him holde
Twoo fyry dartes / as the gledes rede
And al be that men seyn that blynd is he
And al be that men seyn that blynd is he
Algate me thouȝte he myȝte wel I se
for sternel on me he can beholde

So that his lokyng doth myn herte colde

And be the hond he held the noble quene
Coroumed with whit & clothede al in grene
So womanly so benygne & so meke
That in this world thow that men wolde seke
Half hire beute / schulde men nat fynde

In on 1 cryature that formede is be kynde

Hire name was 2 Alceste the thebonoyre
1 preye to god that euere falle sche fayre
for ne hadde confort been / of hire presense
I hadde be ded / with ontyn ony defence
for dred of louys / wordys & his chere
As whan tyme is / here aftyr 3e schal here

By-hunde this god / of loue vp on this grene
I saw comynge of ladyis nyenetene
In ryal abyte a ful esy pas
And aftyr hem come of wemen swich a tras

That syn that god adam made of erthe

The thredde part of wemen ne the ferthe
Ne wende I not by possibilite

Haddyn euere in this world I-be
And trewe of loue these wemen were echon
Now whether was that a wondyr thyng or non
That ryht anon as that they guonne espye
This flour whiche that I clepe the dayseye
ful sodeynly they styntyn alle atons
And kneleda a doun as it were for the nonys

And aftyr that they wentyn in cumpas
*Daunsynge aboute this flour an esy pas
*And songyn as it were in carolewyse
*This balade whiche that I schal 3ow deuyse
168†And aungelyke / hys wynges saugh I sprede †
169 And al be that meñ seyn / that blynd ys he
170†Al-gate me thoght / that he myght' se †
171 For sternely on me / he gæñ byholde
172 So that his loking / dooth myñ hert colde
173†And by the hande he helde / this noble quene †
174 Corowned with white / and clothed al in grene
175 So womanly so benigne / and so meke
176 That in this world / thogh that meñ [wolde seke]
177 [Half of hire beaute / shulde men] nat fynde
178†In creature / that formed ys by kynde †

*And therfore may I seyn / as thynketh me *
*This songe in preysyng / of this lady fre *
(Balade. 1)

Hyd absalon thynne giltz tressis cler... 249 203
Ester ley thow thyn meknesse al a-doun... 250
Hyde Ionathas al thyn frendely manere... 251 205
Penopole & Marcia catoun... 252
Mak of youre wythod no comparisoun... 253
Hyde 3e youre beuteis Ysoude & Elene... 254
§Alceste is here that al that may destene... 255§ 209

(2)

Thyn fayre body lat it nat a-peere 1 [2nd e corr.] 256 210
Laueyne / & thow Lucrese of rome toum... 257
And Pollexene that bounte loun so dere... 258
Ek Cleopatre with al thyn passion... 259 213
Hide 3e youre trouth in loun & youre ronoun... 260
And thow 2tysbe / that hast for loun swich peye... [2 y corr.]
§Alceste is here that al that may desteyne... 262§ 216

(3)

Herro. Dido. Laodomia alle in fere... 263 217
Ek Phillis hanguenge for thyn demophoun... 264
And Canace espied be thyn chere... 265
Ysiphile bytrayed with Iasoun... 266 220
Mak of youre trouthe in loun no bost ne sooun... 267
Nor ypermystre or Adriane ne pleyne... 268
§Alceste is here that al that may disteyne... 269§ 223

§Whan that this balade al I-songyn was... 270§ [low 4w]
(Songe, or Balade. 1)

203 [Hyd / Absoloen / thy gilte tresses clere] 249
204 ¶ Ester / ley thou thy mekenesse / al a-downe
205 Hyde Ionathas / al thy frendly manere
206 Penalopee / and Marcia / Catouñ 252
207 Make of youre withode / no comparysonñ
208 Hyde ye youre beautes / Ysoude and Elyene
209§My lady comith / that al this may disteyne § 255

(2)

210 ¶ Thy faire body / lat yt nat appere
211 Lavyn / and thou lucresse of Rome tovne
212 And polixene / that boghten lone so dere
213 And cleopatre / with al thy passyõñ 259
214 Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun
215 And thou Tesbe / that hast of love suche peyne
216§My lady comithi that al this may disteyne § 262

(3) [In the MS this Stanza follows l. 277]

217 ¶ Herro / Dido / laudomia alle y-fere 263
218 And Phillis hangyng for thy Demophoñ
219 And Canace / espied by thy chere
220 Ysiphile / betrayed with Iason 266
221 Maketh of your trouthe / neythir boost ne sovne
222 Nor ypermystre / or Adriane ye tweyne
223§My lady comethi that al this may dysteyne § 269

224§This balade may ful wel y-songeñ be
*As I have seyde / erst by my lady free 272
*For certeynly al thise mowe nat suffise
*To appereñ wythi my lady / in no wyse [leaf 56, back]
*For as the sonne / wole the fire disteyne
*So passeth al / my lady souereyne
179§That ys so good / so faire / so debonayre§ 276
180†I prey to god / that ever fallc hire faire †
*Vp-on the softe & sote grene gras
They settyn hem ful softly adoun 301
§By ordere alle in campas / alle in veroun 300§
†Myrst sat the god of loue & thanne this queene¹† [¹ ne corr.]
With the white corone clad in grene 303 229
And sithyn al the remenant by & by 304
†As they were of degre ful curteysly 305†
†Ne nat a word was spokyn in that place 306† 232
†The mountenaunce of a furlongwey of\textsuperscript{2} space 307†
§I lenynge faste by vndyr a bente [² of corr.] 308§
Abod to knowe what this peple mente 309
As stille as ony sten til at the laste 310 236
†The god of loue on me his eye caste 311†
†And seyde ho restith there & I answerde 312†
†Vn to his axsyng whan that I hym herde 313†
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  FAIRFAX MS 16.  43

181 For nadde comfort / ben of hire presence
182 I hadde ben dede / withoute any defence
183 For drede of loves wordes / and his chere 280
184 As when tyme ys / her-after ye shal here
185† Be-hynde this god of love / vpoñ the grene †
186 I saugh comyng / of ladyes Nientene
187 In real habite / a ful esy paas 281
188 And after hem coome of wymen / swich a traas
189† That sygñ that god / Adam hadde made of erthe †
190§ The thirde part of mankynde / or the ferthe §
191 Ne wende I not / by possibilitee 288
192† Had euer in this wide / worlde y-bee †
193 And trewe of love / thise women were echoñ nota
194 Now wheither was that / a wonder thing or noñ
195 That ryght anoñ / as that they gone espye 292
196 thys flour / which that I clepe the dayseic
197 Ful sodeynly / they styten al attones
198 And knelede dovne / as it were for the nones
*And songen with O vois / heel and honour 296
*To trouthe of womanhede / and to this flour *
*that bereth our alder pris / in figurrynge *
*Hire white corowne / beryth the witnessynge *
227§ And with that word / a-compas envirouñ § 300
226 They setten hem / ful softly a-doun
228† First sat the god of love / and syth his quene [leaf 87]
229 With the white corowne / clad in grene
230 And sithen al the remenaunt / by and by 301
231† As they were of estaat / ful curte сыly
232† Ne nat a worde was spokeñ / in the place †
233† The mountaunce / of a furlong way of space †
234§ I knelyng by this floure / in good entente § 308
235 A-boode to knowne what this peple mente
236 As stille as any stoñ / til at the last
237† This god of love oñ me / hyse eigheñ caste †
238† And seyde / who kneleth there / and I answerd †312
239† Unto his askynge / whan that I it herde †
And sayde sere It am I & cam hym ner 314†
And salewede hym. quod he what dost thou her
§In myn presence & that so boldly 316§
†for it were bettere worthi trewely 317†
§A werm to come in myn syht than thou 318§ 244
And why sere quod I and it lyke 3ow 319
for thou quod he art therto no-thyng able 320
*Myne servauntes ben alle wyse & honourable *
§Thow art myn mortal fo & me warreyest 322§ 248
And of myyne olde servauntes thow myssyest 323
And hynderyst hem with thyn translaeysen 324
†And lettist folk to han denecyoun 325†
To seruyn me & haldist it folye 326 252
§To troste on me thou mayst it nat denye 327§
†for in pleyn tixt it nedyth nat to glose 328†
Thow hast translatid the romanus of the rose 329
That is an eresy a-geyns myn lawe 330 256
And makyst wise folk fro me withdrawe 331
*And thynkist in thyn wit that is ful cole 1 *
*That he nys but a verray propre folke *
*That lounyth paramouris to harde & hote *
*Wel wot I ther by / thou begynyst dote *
*As olde folis whan here spryt saylyth *
*Thanne blame they folk & wete nat what hem calyth *
*Hast thow nat mad in engyls ek the bok *
*§How that Crisseyde Troylis forsok 332§
§In schewayng how that 2 wemen han don mis 333§ [2-§ corr.]
*Bit nathelcs answere me now to this *
*Why noldist thou wel a-seyd goodncs *
*Of wemen as thou hast seyd wekedenes *
*Was there no good matyr in thyn mynde *
*Ne in alle thyne bokys ne coulist thou nat fynde *
*Sum story of wemen that were goode & trewe, 3 *
*3is god wot .lx. bokys olde & newe [see 256 Fx.] *
*Hast thou thy seyl alle ful of storys grete *
*That bothe romaynys & ek greks trete *
Prologue to the Legende. Fairfax MS 16. 45

Gp. Rues.
240\(\dagger\) And sayde / it am I / and come him nere \(\dagger\)
241 And salved him / quod he what dostow here
242\(\S\) So nygh my\(\U\) my \(\U\) ovne floure / so boldely \(\S\)
243\(\dagger\) Yt were better worthy / trewly \(\dagger\)
244\(\S\) A worne / to neghen ner my flour / than thow \(\S\)
245 And why sire / quod I / and yt lyke yow
246 For thow quod he / art ther-to no-thing able
\(\ast\) Yt is my relyke / digne and delytable \(\ast\)
248\(\S\) And thow my foo / and al my folke werreyest \(\S\)
249 And of my\(\U\) olde servauntes / thow mysseyest
250 And hynderest hem / with thy translaciou\(\U\)
251\(\dagger\) And lettest folke / from hire deuocion \(\dagger\)
252 [To serven me / and holdest it folye]
253\(\S\) To serve love / thou maist yt nat denye \(\S\)
254\(\dagger\) For in pleyne text / withi-outen nede of glose \(\dagger\)
255 Thou hast [translated] the Romannce / of the rose
256 That is an heresy / ayeins my lawe
257 And makest wise folke / fro me with-drawe

265\(\S\) And of Creseyde / thou hast seyde as the lyste \(\S\)
266\(\S\) That makethi men / to wommen lasse triste \(\S\)
*Of sundery women which lyf that they fedde * 276
*And euere an hunderede goode a-gyn on badde *
*This knowith god & alle clerkis ek *
*That usyn sweyn materis for to sek *
*What seith Valerye Titus or Claudyan * 280
*What seith Ierome agayns Iouynyan *
*How clene maydenys & how trewe wyys *
*This kowith god & alle clerkis ek *
*That vsyn swoche materis for to sek *
*What seith Valerye Titus or Claudyan *
*What seith Ierome agayns Iouynyan *
*How stedefaste wedewys durynge alle here lyuys *
*Tellyth Ierome & that nat of a fewe [3° n corr.] * 284
*But I dar seyn an hunderede on a rewe *
*That it is pete for to rede & routh *
*The wo that they endure for here trouthe *
§ 3 for to hyre lone were they so trewe 3348 288
*That rathere than they wole take a newe *
*They chose to be ded in sundery wyse *
*And deiedyn as the story wele deuyse *
*And some were brend & some were cut the hals *
*And some dreynkt for thy woldyn not be fals *
*Ifor alle kepîd they here maydynheal *
*Or ellîs wedlek or here wedewched *
*And this thing was nat kept for holynes *
*But al for verry vertu & cleynnes *
*And for men schulde sette on hem no lak *
*And 3it they were hethene al the pak *
*That were so sore a-dræd of alle schame [leaf 419] * 306
*These olde wemen kepte so here name *
*That in this world I trowe men schal nat fynde *
*A man that coude be so trove & kynde [see 568] [3° corr.]
*As was the leste woman in that tynde *
*What seyth also the epistelle of Ouyde *
*Of trewe wyuys & of here labour *
*What vincent in his estoryal myrour *
*Ek al te world of autours mayst tow here *
*Cristene & hethene trete of swich matere *
*It nedyth nat al day thus for to endite *
*But 3it I seye what hylythe the to wryte *
288§that beñ as trewe / as euer was any steel § 334
§Thow schalt repente it so that it schal be sene 340§
§Thanne spak Alceste the worthyere queene 341§ [2nd c corr.]

And sayde god ry3t of youre curteysye 342
3e motyn herkenyn If he can replye [3 → corr.] 343
†A-geyns these poyntys that 3e han to hym 3mevid
A god ne schulde not thus been a-greuyd 345 321
§But of his dede he schal be stable 346
§And therto ry3tful & ek mercyable 347§
*He schal nat ryghtfully his yre wreke *
*Or he haue herd the tothyr partye speke *
*Al ne is nat gospel that is to 30w pleynyd *
*The god of loue heryth manye a tale I-seynyd *
ffor in 3oure court is manye a losenger 352 328
And manye aqueynte totuloour acousour 353
§That tabouryn in 3oure eres / man 3 br a thyng 354§
ffor hate or for Ielous ymagynynge 355§
§And for to han with 3ou sum dalyaunce 356§ 332
§Emnye I prere to god 3euc hire myschaunce 358§
§Is lauenek In the grete court alway 358§
ffor che ne partyth neythir nygh ne day 359
Out of the hous of Cesar thus seyth dante 360 336
§Who-so that goth alwey sche mote waunte 361§
†This man to 30w may wrongly ben acused 350† [If 449, bk]

There as he ryght hym oughte ben excusid 351
§Or ellis sere for that this man is nyce 362§ 340
§He may translate a thyng in no malyce 363§
§But for he vsyth bokis for to make 364§
§And takyth non hed of what materhe he take 365§
*Therfore he wrot the rose & ek 4 Crisseyde [± i corr.] * 344
*Of innocende & nyste what he seyde *
*Of thyn answere / avise the ryght weel

314†For thogli thou reneyed / hast my lay

315§As other wrecches han doon / many a day

313§By seynt Venus / that my moder ys

316§If that thou lyve / thou shalt repenten this

316§So cruelly / that it shal wele be sene

317§Thoo spake this lady / clothed al in grene

318 And seyde / god ryght of youre curtesye

319 Ye moten herkei / yf he can replye

320†Agayns al this / that ye haue to him meved

321 A god / ne sholde nat be thus agreued

322§But of hys deitee / he shal be stable

323§And therto gracious / and merciable

*And yf ye nere a god / that knowen alle

*Thanne myght yt be / as I yow telleth shalle

337†This mane to yow / may falsly ben accused

338 Ther as by right / him oughte ben excused

328 For in youre courte / ys many a losengeour

329 And many aqueynt totelere / accusour

330§That tabouren in youre eres / many a swoñ

331§Ryght aftir hire / ymagynacion

332§To have youre daliance / and for envie

*Thise ben the causes / and I shal not lye

333-4§Envie ys lauendere / of the Court alway

335 For she ne partetli / neither nyght ne day

336 Out of the house of Cesar / thus seith dante

337§Who so that gooth / algate she wol nat wante

340§And eke parauntere / for this mañ ys nyce

341§He myght doñ yt / gessyng no malice

342§For he vseth thynges / for to make

343§Hym rekketli noghtt / of what matere he take

ODD TEXTS.
Or hym was bodyn make thilke twye
Of sum persone & durste it not with seye
*for he hath wret manye a bok er this
He ne hath not don so greuosly a-mys
To translate that olde clerkis wryte
†As thow that he of maleys wolde endyte
†Despit of lone & hadde hym self I-wrouht
This schulde a ryghtwys lord han in his thou3t
And not ben lyk tyrantitis of humbardyee
§That vsyn wilfulhed & tyrannye
ffor he that kyng or lord is naturel
†Hym oughte nat be tyraunt & crewel
As is a fermour to don the harm he can
He muste thynke it is his lige man
*And that hym owith o verry duetee
*Schewyn his peple pleyn benygnete
*And wel to heryn here excusacyouns
*And here compleyntys & petycioouns
*In dnewe tyme whan they schal it profre
This is the sentens of the philysophre
A kyng to kepe hise lygis in instise
Which oughtyn doute that is his offise
*And therto is a kyng ful depe I-sworn
*fful manye an hunderede wyntyr here be-forn
†And for to kepe his lordys hir degre
As it is ryght and skylful that they be
†Enhaunsed and / honoured most dere
ffor they ben half goddys in this world here
†This schal he don bothe to pore ryche
Al be that here stat be nat a-lyche
And han of pore folk compassion
ffor lo the gentyl kynde of the lyoun
ffor whan a flye offendyth hym or bytith
He with his tayl awaye the flye Smythyth
Al esyly for of his genterye
Hym deynyth nat to wreke hym on a flye
Of him was boden / maken thilke tweye
Of somme persone / and durste yt nat with-seye
*Or him repenteth / outrely of this *
He ne hath nat doon / so greviously amys
To translaten / that olde clerkes writen
It And thoght that he / of malice wolde enditeñ
†Despite of love / and had him-selfe yt wroght†
This shoolde a ryghtwis lord / haue in his thought
And nat be lyke tirauntez / of lumbardye
That han no reward / but at tyrannye
For he that kyngë / or lord ys in naturel
†Hym oght nat be / tiraunt ne crewel
As is a fermour / to doon the harme he kañ
He moste thinke / yt is his leege mañ

*And is his tresour / and his gold in cofre *
This is the sentence of the Philosophre
A kyng / to kepe his leeges in Iustice
With-outeñ doute / that is his office

Al wol he kepe his lordes / in hire degree †
As it ys ryght / and skilful that they bee
Enhaunceñ and honoured / and most dere †
For they ben half godlys / in this world here
Yit mote he doon / bothe ryght to poore and ryché†
Al be that hire estaat / be nat y-liche
And hañ of poore folke / compassyoñ
For loo / the gentil kynde of the lyoñ
For whañ a flye / offendith him or biteth
He withi his tayle / awey the fle Smyteth
Al esely / for of hys gentrye
Hym deyneth not / to wreke hym oñ a flye
As doth a curre or ellis a-nothir beste
In noble corage oughte ben areste
†And weyen euerth by equite
†And euere han reward to his owen degre
for sire it is no mastrye for a lord
To dampne a man with-oute answere or word
†And for a lord that is wol foul to yse
†And If so be he may hym nat ascuse
†Axith mercy with a sorweful herte
And prouery hym ryght in his bare scherte
To been rygh at 3oure owene Iugement
Than ought a god by schort avisement
Considere his owene honour & his trespace
for sythe no cause of deth lyth in this cace
3ow oughte to ben the lyghtere merciable
Letith 3oure yre & beth sumwhat tretable
The man hath seruyd 30w of his 1 konnyg
†And fortheryd 3oure lawe with his makynge
*Whil he was 30ng he kepte 3oure estat
*I not where he be now a renagat 2
§But wel I wot with that he can endyte
†He hath makid lewede folk to delyte
To seruyn 30w in preysyng of 3oure name
He made the bok that highte the hous of fame
And ek the deth of Blaunce the duchesse
And the parlement of foulis as I gesse
And al the loue of Palamon & Arcite
Of thebes thow the styrye is knowe lite
And manye an ympne for thour halydayis
That hightyn baladis roundelys & vyrelayes
†And for to speke of othyre besynesse
He hath in prose translatid Boece
*And of the wrechede engendrynge of mankynde *
*As man may in pope innocent I-lynde *
And made the lyf also of seynt Cecile
He made also gon is agret while
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  FAIFEAX MS 16.  53

382 As dooth a curre / or elles another best  396
383 In noble corage / ought ben arest  
384†And weyen every thing / by equytee  †
385†And euer haue rewarde / vnto his owen degree †
386 For syr yt is no maistrye / for a lorde  400
387 To dampne a man / without answere of worde  
388†And for a lorde / that is ful foule to vse †
389†And it so be / he may hym nat excuse †
390†But asketh mercy / with a dredeful herte †  404
391 And profereth him ryght / in his bare sherte  
392 To ben ryght / at your owen Ingement  
393 Than oght a god / by short avysement  
394 Consydre his owne honour / and hys trespass  408
395 For syth no cause of dethe / lyeth in this caas  
396 Yow oghte to ben / the lyghter merciable  
397 leteth youre Ire / and beth sumwhat tretabile  
398 The mañ hath served yow / of his kunynge  412
399†And furthred wel youre lawe / in his makyng †

402§Al be hit / that he kan nat wel endite § [leaf 88, back]
403†Yet hath he made / lewde folke delyte †
404 To serve yow / in preysinge of your name  nota.
405 He made the book / that hight the hous of Fame  417
406 And eke the deeth / of Blaunce the Duchess  
407 And the parlement of foules / as I gesse  
408 And al the love / of Palamoñ and Arcite  420
409 Of Thebes / thogh the storye ys knowen lyte  
410 And many an ympte / for your halydayes  
411 That highteñ balades / roundels / virelayes  
412†And for to speke / of other holynesse †  424
413 He hath in proce / translated Boece

416 And maade the lyfe also / of seynt Cecile  
417 He made also / gooñ ys a grete while
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. CAMBR. MS GG. 4. 27.

Orygenes vp-on the maudeclayne

54

Orygenes vp-on the maudeclayne

Hym oonste now to haue the lesse peyne

He hath mad manye a lay & manye a thyng

Now as 3e ben a god & ek a kyng

I soure aleste whilom queene of trace

I axe 30w this man rygh of soure grace

That 3e hym neure hurte in al his lyue

†And he schal swere to 30w & that as blyue

†He schal no more agiltyng in this wyse

But he schal makyn as 3e wele denysye

Of wemen trewe in louynge al here lyue

Wher so 3e wele of maydyn or of wyne

And fortheryn 30w as meche as he mysseyde

Or in the rose or ellis in crisscyde

†The god of loun anweredde hire thus a-non

Madame quod he it is so longe a-gon

That I 30w knew so charytable & trewe

That neure 3it sithe that the world was newe

†To me ne fond I neure non betere than the

†That If that I wele saue myn degre

I may ne wel not warne 3oure requeste

†Al lyth in 30w doth with hym what 30w lest

†And al for-3eue with oude lengere space

flor who so 3enyth a 3ifte or doth a grace

Do it be tyme his thank is wel te more

And demyth 3e what he shal1 don therfore

Go thanke now myn lady here quod he

I ros and dow I sette me on myn kne

And seyde thus madame the god a-boune

flor-3elde 30w that 3e the god of loun

Han makyd me his wrethe to for3eue

And 3eue me grace so longe for to lune

That I may knowe sothly what 3e be

†That han me holpyyn & put me in swich degre

But trwely I wende as in this cas

Naught haue a-gilt ne don to loun trespas
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  FAIRFAX MS 16.  55

418  Origenes / vpon the Maudeleyne
419  Hym oughte now / to have the lesse peyne
420  He hath maade many a lay / and many a thinge
421  Now as ye be a god / and eke a kyngue
422  I your Aleesto / whilom quene of Trace  nota
423  Y ask ye this mañ / ryght of your grace
424  That ye him never hurte / in al his lyve
425  And he schal swereñ to yow / and that blyve  
426  He schal neuer more / agiñten in this wyse  
427  But [he] schal makeñ / as ye wol deuyse
428  Of wommen trewe / in lovynge al hire lyfe
429  Wher so ye wol / of mayden or of wyfe
430  And forthreñ yow / as muche as he mysseyde
431  Or in the Rose / or elles in Cresseyde
432  The god of love / answerede hire anoon  
433  Madame quod he / it is so long agoon
434  That I yow knewe / so charitable and trewe
435  That neuer yit / syn that the worlde was newe
436  To me / ne founde y better nooñ than yee  
437  If that ye wolde / save my degree  
438  I may ne wol nat / werne your requeste
439  Al lyeth in yow / dooth wyth hyuñ / as yow listë  
440  I al foryeye / withoutëñ lenger space  
441  For who so yeveth a yifte / or dooth a grace  
442  Do it bytyme / his thank ys wel the more
443  And demeth ye / what he schal doo therfore
444  Goo thanke now my lady / here quod he
445  I roos / and dovne I sette me / on my knee
446  And seyde thus / madame the god a-bove
447  For-yelde yow / that [ye] thee god of love
448  Han maked me / his wrathe to foryive
449  And [gyve me] grace so long / for to lyve
450  That I may knowe / soothly what ye bee
451  That han me holpe / and put me in this degree  
452  But trewly I wende / as in this cas
453  Naughtë have agilt / ne dooñ to love trespas
for why a trewe man withoute drede
Hath nat to parte with a theuys dede
†Ne a trewe louere may 1 me nat blame
Thaw that I speke a fals 2 louere sume scheame
They aughte ratherhe with me for to holde
for that I of Criseyde wrot or tolde
Or of the rose what so myn azytour mente
Algate god wot it was myn entente
to forthere trouthe in loue & it cheyse
And to be war from falsenesse & from vice
By swich ensaumple this was myn menynge
And sche answere lat be thyn arguynge
for loue ne wele nat countryrpletetyd be
†In ryght ne wrong & lerne this at me
Thow hast thy grace & 4 holde the ryght therto 5
Now wole I seyn what penaunce thow schat do
for thyng trespace & vndyrstonde it here
Thow schalt whil thow leynyst 3er be zere
†The moyste partye of thyng lyf spende
In makynge of a gloryous legende
Of goode wemen maydenys & wyues
†That were trewe 5 in leuyng al here lyuys
And telle of false men that hem betrayen
That al here lyf ne don nat but asayen
How manye wemen / they may don a schame
for in 3oure world that is now holdyn game
†And thow the lostyth nat a louere be
Spek wel of loue this penaunce 3ene I the
And to the god of loue I schal so preye
That he schal charge hiserennauntys by ony wyeye
To fortheryn the & wel thyng labour quite
†Go now thyng wye thyng penaunce is but lyte

The god of loue gan smyle & thanne he seyde
Wostow quod he wher this be wif or mayde
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  FAIRFAX MS 16.  57

Gr. lines.  Ex. lines.
454 For why a trewe man / withouten drede  464
455 Hath nat to parten / with a theves dede
456†Ne a trewe louver / oght me not to blame  †
457 Thogh that I speke / a fals love som shame
458 They oghte rather with me / for to holde
459 For that I of Crescyde / wroot or tolde
460 Or of the Rose / what so myñ Auctour mente
461 Algate god woot / yt was myn entente
462 To forthreñ trouthe in love / and yt cheryce
463 And to ben war fro falsnesse / and fro vice
464 By swiche ensample / this was my menynge
465 And she answerde / lat be thyñ Arguynge
466 For love ne wol nat / countrepleted be
467†In ryght† ne wrong / and lerne that of me  †
468 Thow hast thy grace / and holde the ryght† therto
469 Now wol I seyñ / what penance thou shal do
470 For thy trespas / vnderstonde yt here
471 Thow shalt while that thou lyvest / yere by yere
472†The most partye / of thy tyme spende  †
473 In makyng / of A glorious legende
474 Of good wymmen / maydenes and wyves  484
475†That wereñ trew in lovyng / al hire lyves  †
476 And telle of fals men / that hem bytraieñ
477 [That al hir lyfe ne do nat but assayen]  [leaf 86, back]
478 How many women / that may doon ashame
479 For in youre worlde / that is now holde a game
480†And thoghñ the lyke nat / a lovere bee  †
481 Speke wel of love / this penance yive I the
482 And to the god of love / I shal so preye
483 that he shal charge / his servantez by any weye
484 To forthreñ thee / and wel thy labour quyte
485†Goo now thy weye / this penaunce ys but lyte†
*And whan this book ys maade / yive it the quene *
*Onñ my byhale / at Eltham or at Sheene  *  497
486 The god of love gan smyle / and thanñ he sayde
487 Wostow quod he / wher this be wyf or mayde
Or queen or cuntesse or of what degré
That hath so lytil penaunce ȝeȝyn the
†That hast deseruyd sore re for to smerte
But pete remnyth sone in gentil herte
That mayst thow sen sche kyȝeth what sche is
And I anserwe nay sere so hauę I bllys
No more but that I se wel sche is good
That is a trewe tale by myn hod
Qod Ioue & that thow knowist wel parde
3iſ it be so that thow a-vice the
Hast thow nat in a bok lyth in thyȝu cheste
The grete goodnesse of the queene Alcestè
That turned was in to a dayesye
Sehe that for hire husbondes ches to deye
And ek to gon to helle rathere than he
And Ercules rescued hire parde
And broughte hyre out of helle a-gœyn to bllys
And I anserwe a-ȝen & scyld ȝis
Now knowe I hire & is this goode alcestè
The dayes eye & myn owene herte is reste
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wif
†That bothe aftyr hire deth & ek hire lyf
Hire grete bounte doubelyth hire renow
Wel hath sche quit me myn affeccioun
That I have to hire flour the dayesye
No wondyr is / thow Ioue hire stellesye
As tellyth Agaton for hyre goodnesse
Hire white coronu beryth of it witnesse
†for al-so manye vertuys hath sche
As smale flourys in hyre coronu be
Of remembrauns of hire & in honour
Gibella made the dayesye & the flour
I-Coroned al with whit as men ma se
And Mars 1 ȝaf to hire corone red parde
In stede of rubeis set a-mong the white
Therwith this queene wax red for schame a lyte
OFF. lilies. Fx. i:nes. 488 Or queene or Countesse / or of what degree
489 That hatli so lytel penance / yiveñ thee
490†That hast deserued [sorere for to smerte
491 But pite renneth] soone in gentil herte
492 That maistow seen / she kythetli what she ys
493 And I answered nay sire / so have I blys
494 Na moore but that I see wel / she is good
495 That is a trewe tale / by myñ hood
496 Quod love / and thou knowest wel pardee
497 If yt be so / that thou avise the
498 Hastow nat in a book / lyth in thy cheste
499 The gret goodnesse / of the queene Alceste
500 That turned was / in-to a daysye
501 She that for hire housbonde / chees to dye
502 And eke to gooñ to helle / rather than he
503 And ereules / rescowed hire parde
504 And broght hir out of helle / agayne to blys
505 And I answerd ageyñ / and sayde yis
506 Now knowe I hire / and is this good Alceste
507 The daysie / and myñ owene hertes reste
508 Now fele I weel / the goodnesse of this wyf
509†That botli aftir hir detli / and in hir lyf†
510 Hir gretli bounte / doubleth hire renon
511 Wel hath she quyñ me / myñ affeccion
512 That I have to hire flour / the daysye
513 No wonder ys / thoghñ Ioue hire stellyfye
514 As telletli agatoñ / for hire goodenesse
515 Hire white corowne / berith of hyt witnesse
516†For also many vertues / hadde shee
517 As smale florouns / in hire corowne bee
518 In remembrance of hire / and in honoure
519 Cibella maade the daysye / and the flour
520 Y-crowned al with white / as men may see
521 And Mars yaf to hire corowne / reede pardee
522 In stede of Rubyes / sette among the white
523 Therwith this queene / wex reed for shame a lyte
Whan sche was preysid so in hire presence 536 524
Thanne seyde loue a ful gret neglygence 537
§Was it to the to write onstedefast-nesse 538
*Of women sithe thow knowist here goodnesse *
*By pref & ek by storyis here by-forn [leaf 152] * 528
*Let be the chaf & writ wel of the corn *
*Why noldist thow han writyn of alceste *
*And latyn Criseide ben a-slepe & rest *
*for of alceste schulde thyn wrytynge be *
§Syn that thow wist that calandier Is¹ she 542 [Is corr.]
§Of goodnesse for sche taughte of fyn louyngge 544§
And namely of wifhod the lyuyngge 545
And alle the boundys that sche aughte kepe 546 536
Thyn lityl wit was thilke tyme a-slepe 547
But now I charge the vp-on thyn lyf 548
That in thyn² legende thow make of this wif 549 [yn corr.]
Whan thow hast othere smale mad by-fore 550 540
And fare now wel I charge the no more 551

At cliopatre I wele ³ that thow begynne 566 [³ that th corr.]
And so forth & myn loue so shalt tow wyynne 567 543
Gl to the legende.

524 Whan she was preysed / so in hire presence
525 Thanne seyde love / a ful grete negligence
526§ Was ys to the / that ylke tyme thou made

*Hyd Absolon thy tresses / in balade  * [see l. 240, p. 40]

*That thou forgate hire / in thi songe to sette  * 540

*Syñ that thou art / so gretyly in hire dette  *
533§ And wost wel / that kalender ys shee
* To any woman / that wol lover bee  *
534§ For she taught al the crafte / of fyne lovyng
535 And namely of wyf'hode / the lyvyng
536 And al the boundes / that she oght kepe
537 Thy litel witte / was thilke tyme a-slepe
538 But now I charge the / vpon thy lyfe
539 That in thy legende / thou make of thys wyfe
540 Whañ thou hast other smale / ymaade before
541 And fare now wel / I charge the namore

*But er I goo / thus muche I wol the telle  nota
* Ne shal no trewe lover / come in helle  553
* Thise other ladies / sittynghe here arowe
* Ben in my balade / yf thou kannst hem knowe
(273)* And in thy bookes / alle thou shalt hem fynde
* Have hem in thy legende / now al in mynde
* I mene of hem / that ben in thy knowyng
* For here ben twenty thousande moo sittyng
* Thanne thou knowest / good wommen alle
* And trewe of love / for oght that my byfalle [see 289 Goj]
* Make the metres of hem / as the lest  [leaf 90, back]
* I mot gooñ home / the sonne drawethi west
* To paradys / with al thise companye  564
* And serve alwey / the fressh daysye

542 At Cleopatre I wolfe / that thou begynne
543 And so forthe / and my love so shal thou wynne
(303)* For lat see now / what mañ that lover be  568
§ And with that word of sleep I gan a-wake 578§ 544
And ryght thus on myn legende gan I make 579 545

Explicit prohemium
*Wol dooů so stronge a peyne / for love as she
*I wot wel that thou maist nat / al yt ryme
*That swich lovers / dide in hire tyme
*It were to long / to reden and to here 572
*Sufficě me / thou make in this manere
*That thou reherce / of al hir lyfe the grete
*After thise olde Auctours / lysteũ for to trete
*For who so shal / so many a stoyre telle 576
*Sey shortly or he shal / to longe dwelle

544§And with that worde / my bokes gaũ I take
545 And ryght thus on my legende / gaũ I make.
In this hitherto unidentified MS. of Shirley’s, the Sion College paper MS. Archives, 2. 23, ab. 1440 A.D., which contains the much-desired “Chauc[er]” by the side of its A B C, the poem is preceded, as in the other prose MSS. of De Guileville’s Lyf of Man¹, by the following passage, leaf 78 (or sheet x, leaf 8), back, 2 lines from foot:—

“... Anne of pe clowde a scripture she caste me and sayde þus /Looe heere howe þou shouldest pray hir’ hoote at þis neede / [leaf 79] And alweyes whane þou shalt hane semblable neede and when in suche olde handes þou shalt beo / Nowe reede it anoon appertelich / and byseeche hir devoutlich and with verray hertþ behoote hir þat wolt beo goode and truwe pilgryme / And þat þou wolt neuer goo by waye / þeere þowe weneset for to fynde shrewed paas / Nowe I wol telle yowe of scripture I vndid it and vnplyted it and redde it / and maade at alle poyntes my preyer in þe fourme and maner þat þe same scripture conteened / and as Gracedieux bade me / I sayde it / þe manere and fourne of þe scripture yee shoule heere / If þabecë yee conne weel / yee may weel vnderstande and lightlich vnderstande it if it beo neede /”

and is followed, on leaf 81, back, by

Han þus I hade made my preyer. to hir þat is despencer to Gracedieux I heef my hande and droughe my bourdon to me / . Gracedieux as I hane tolde yowe / of hir goodship raught it me / whane I hade it to Gracedieux I sayde / as me thinkëþ right nowe I fynde / þat if yee wolde helpe me / I shoulde beo reysed ageyne / and þat. anoone / I shoulde hane heele / þif with youre oynement ye wolde enoynte me / weel I wot þat my charbounle hape so weel vnbokelde þe boele / vnder which þee weren boled / þat fredam she gyleþe yowe to help þeelke þat yee wollen / þoughe þey beo deed or hurte/” &c.

¹ See the extracts from 4 MSS. on the half-title to the Parallel-Texts of the A B C. The Supplementary Parallel-Texts of the poem are from independent MSS. Mr Fenwick tells me that there are no englisht DeGuileviles in the collection of his father-in-law, the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, at Cheltenham.
[\textit{Sion Coll. MS., Arc. 2, 23, Shirley's, leaves 79—81, back.}]

* Incipit \textit{carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.}


(1. A.)

\textit{Almighty: and almercyable qweene} .A. 1

\textit{To whame pat al / pis worlde sleepe for socour /}
\textit{To hane releese of / synne and sorowe and teene /}
\textit{Gloryous virgyne / of alle flores flour /}
\textit{To pee I crye / confounded in erroir /}
\textit{Helpe and releef / pou mighty debonayre /}
\textit{Haue mercy / on my parayllous langoure /}
\textit{Venqwyse\# me hape / my cruel aduersayre /} 4

(2. B.)

\textit{Bountee so fixse / hape in pyne hert his tente} .B. 9

\textit{pat weele I wot/ pou wolt his socour be /}
\textit{powe canst not/ weerne / him / pat with goode entent/}
\textit{Axe\#e pyne help / pyne, hert is ay so free /}
\textit{pou art largesse / of pleyne felicyte /}
\textit{Haven of refuyte / of qwyte and of rest/}
\textit{Loo howe pat theeves / seven chasen me /}
\textit{Helpe lady bright / cr pat my shippe to-brest/} 12

(3. C.)

\textit{Confort is noon / but in yowe lady deere /} .C. 17

\textit{For loo my synne / and my confusyoun /}
\textit{Whiche aughten not/ in py presence appeere /}
\textit{Haue taken on me / a greuus aecyoun /}
\textit{Of verray right / and desperacyoun /}
\textit{And\# as by right / pcy might weel sousteen /}
\textit{pat I were worpy / my dampuacyoun /}
\textit{Ne\# mercy of yowe / blisful hevens qweene /} 24

\textit{SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
[Bodleian MS. 638, leaf 204.]

[Lines 70, 135-6, 168; show that this A B C was not copied from that in Fairfax 16.]

(1. A)

A

Almighty & almercyable quene
To whom all this world fleith for socou
To have rels of synne sorwe & tene
Glorious virgyn of all flouris floure
To the I fle confoundid in erroure
Help & releue thou mighty debonayre
Haue mercy on my perylouse langoure
Venquysshid hath me my cruel Aduersayre

(2. B.)

B

Bounte so fyx hath in thin hert his tent
That weH I wrote thou wolte my socoure be
Thow kanst not werne him that with good entent
Askith thin help thin hert ys ay so fre
Thou art largesse of pleyn Felycute
Hauen of refute of quyete & of rest
Lo how that theuys sevyn chasin me
Helpe lady bright er my shippe to brest

(3. C.)

C

Comfort is non but in you lady dere
For lo my synne & my confusyon
Which ought not in thi presence appere
Han take on me / a greuous accyon
Of verray right & disperacyon
And as bi right thei myght weH sustene
That I were worthi my dampnacyon
Nere mercy of you blisfuH heuenys quene
(4. D.)

Doute is \( \text{per noone} / \text{bowe qweene of miscirode} / \). D. 25

\( \text{hat pou art cause} / \text{of grace and mercy here} / \)  [leaf 79, back]

God\( \text{ vowchelsauf} / \text{thorouge pee with vs tacorde} \)

For certes lady / and\( \text{ blissful moder deere} / \)  28

Weer nowe \( \text{pe bowe} / \text{bent in suche manere} / \)

As it\( \text{ was first} \) of\( \text{ Justice} / \) and\( \text{ of Ire} / \)

\( \text{pe rightful noolde} / \text{of no mercy heere} \)

But thorouge\( \text{pee haue wee} / \text{grace as wee desyre} / \)  32

(5. E.)

\( \text{Ende ha} / \text{pe myne hope} / \text{of refuyt been in pee} \). E. 33

For here byforne / ful off\( \text{ in many a wyse} / \)

Hastowe / to mysericorde / rescuyued\( \text{ me} / \)

But mercy lady / at\( \text{ pee gret assyse} / \)  36

Whane we shal come / byfore\( \text{pe hegie Iustye} / \)

To lyte\( \text{ fruyt} / \text{shal } \text{ panne in me be founde} \)

\( \text{hat but poue or} / \text{hat day me weel chastye} / \)

Of verraye right / my werk\( \text{ wol me confounde} / \)  40

(6. F.)

\( \text{Fleyng} / \text{I flee for socour to } \text{py tent} \). F. 41

Me for to hyde / frome tempest\( \text{ ful of dreede} / \)

Beseching\( \text{ yowe} / \text{hat yee yowe nought absent} / \)

\( \text{jaughe I beo wyck} / \text{O help yit at } \text{pis neede} \)  44

\( \text{Al haue I beon a beest} / \text{in wille and deede} \)

\( \text{Yit lady poue me cloope / withy grace} / \)

\( \text{pyne enemy and } \text{myyn / yit lady take heede} \)

\( \text{Vn to my deepe / in poynt is me to chace} / \)  48

(7. G.)

\( \text{Gloryous mayde} / \text{and } \text{moder which } \text{pat euer} \). G. 49

Was neuer yourे letter / in corpe neyper in see

But ful of\( \text{ sweettuesse} / \text{of mercy euer} / \)

Helpe\( \text{ pat my fader / ne be not } \text{wrope with me} / \)  52

Speke\( \text{ pou for euer} / \text{I dare nought him see} \)

So haue I doone in corpe / ellas\( \text{ pe whyle} \)

\( \text{pat certes but / if } \text{pou my socour be} \)

To stynke eterne / he wol my gooste exyle /  56

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
Doute ys ther noñ quene of misercorde [1r.204,1r.] 1) 25
That thow nart cause of grace & mercy here
God vouchid-sauf thorø3 the with vs tacorde
For certis cristys blisfulñ modre dere 28
Were now the bow I-bent in such manere
As it was first of Iustyce & of Ire
The rightfulñ god nolde of no mercy here
But thurgh thee haue we grace as we desyre 32

Euyr hath myñ hope of refute yn the be 33
For here bfore fuﬂ ofte yn many wys
Unto mercy hastow receyuid me
But mercy lady at the grete Assyse 36
When we shul come bfore the high Iustyse
So lietH good shall then in me be founde
That but thou er that day correcte me
Of verray right my werke wuH me confounde 40

Fleynge I flee for socoure to thi tent 41
Me for to hide fro tempest fuH of drede
Besechyng you that ye you not absent
Though I be wicke O help yit at this nede 44
Ah haue I ben a beste in witte & dede
Yet lady thou me clothe with thy grace
Thyne enmy & myn lady take hede
Vn-to my deth in poynt ys me to chace 48

Glorious maide & modre which that neuyr [leaf 205] 49
Were bittre nor in erth nor in see
But fuH of swetnys & of mercy euyr
Help that my fadir be not wroth with me 52
Speke thou for I ne dar nat him f-se
So haue I don in erth allas the while
That certis but that thou my socoure be
To stinke eterne he wuH my goste exyle 56
(8. H.)

1. He wowchedsauff† telle him as was his wille / .H. 57
Bycome a man / to hauue oure allytaunce /
And† with his precyous bloode / he wroote pe bille
Vpon pe crosse / as general acqytaunce /
To every penyent / in ful creaunce /
And† per fore lady bright / pou for vs pray
pane shalt powe boope / stynt‡ al oure grevaunce /
And make oure foo / to faylen of his praye / 64

(9. I.)

1. I wote it weel / pou wolt beon oure socoure / [ifso] .I. 65
pou art so ful of bountee in certein
For whane a soule sallepe in errour /
by pytee goope / and haalepe him ageyne 68
pane makes‡ pou / oue his pees whith his souereyn
And‡ bringest‡ him / oue pe crookedy streete
Who so pe loudpe he shal notl loue in veyn
pat shal he fynde / as pe lyf‡ shal lete

(10. K.)

1. Kalendiers enlumyned† beon pey .K. 73
pat in pis worlde / beon lighted‡ with py name /
And‡ who so goope to you / pe right wey
Him thar not‡ dreede / in soule to be laame /
Nowe queene of comfor‡ sith pou art pat saame /
To whome I seeche / for my medecyne /
Late not‡ my foo / my wounde no more vntaaame /
Myne heele in to pyne hande al I resigne

(11. L.)

1. Lady py sorwe / ne cane I nought pourtraye .L. 81
Vnder pe crosse / ne his greuous penaunce /
But for youre boopes / penaunce I yowe praye /
Late nought / oure aldres foo / make his bobansaunce /
pat he hape in his lytstes / of† meschaunce /
Convict / pat yee bope / haue bought so dece / 84
As I sayde erst pou grounde ofe oure substaunce
Contynue on vs / by pitous cyen cleere /
He vouchid sauf teH him as was his wiH
Bicome a man as for oure alliaunce
And with his blode he wrote the biH
Vpon the Crois as generaH acquytaunce
To euery penytent in fuH creuance
And therfor lady bryghtv thou for vs prey
Than shaltow both stynt AH greuaunce
And make oure Foo to failen or his prey

I wrote it weH thou wolt ben oure socoure
That art so fuH of bounte yn certyu
For whena soule fallith in erroure
Thi pite goth & halith him A-geyn
Then makistow his pes with his souyreyn
And bringest him out of drede
Who so the louyth he shaH not loue in veyn
That shaH he finde when he the life shaH lete

Kalendrys enlumyned? betH thei
That yn this worlde beth lighted with thi name
And who so gooth to you the right wey
Him thar nat drede in soule to be lame
Now quene of conforte sith thou art pat same
To whom I sech for my medycyne
Lat not my fo no more my wounde entame
Min hele into thin honde aH I resigne

Lady thi sorwe kan I not portrey
Vndir the Crois ne his greuous penauance
But for youre bothi peynes I you prey
Lat not oure aller fo make his bobavnce
That he hath in his listes of myschaunce
Conuycyte that ye both han bought so dere
As I seide erste thou grounde of our substaunce
Contynew in vs thi pitouse yen clere
(12. M.)

† Moyses pat saughe / pe bussie with flaunbes red. .M. 89
Brennyng of whiche / pat neuer oon stroke brend
Was signe of pyne / vunwemned maydenhed
þou art pe bussie / on which þer gan descend
þe hooly gooste / þe which þat moyses wende
Hade beon on fuyre / and þis was in fygure /
Nowe lady frome þe fuyre / þou vs defende /
Which þat in helle / eternally shall dure /

(13. N.)

† Noble pryncesse / þat neuer hadest pere / .N. 97
Certes if any coumfort in ous be /
þat come þe of þee / þou Crystes moder deere
We haue noon oþer / melodye or glee /
Vs to reioyse / in oure aduersytee /
Ne advocat noon / pat dare þanne preye /
For vs and þat / for litel hyre as yee / [leaf 89, back]
þat helpen for / an Aue mary or twy

(14. O.)

† O verraye light / of eyeglien þat beon blynde .O. 105
O verraye loust of labour and distresse
O tresorer of bountee / to mankynde
Yee whome gof cheesse / to moder for humblesse
Frome his ancylle / he made yowe maystresse
Of heven ande eorþe / oure bille vp to beede
þis worlde awaytþe / euer on þy goodnesse /
For þou ne saylest / neuer wight at neede /

(15. P.)

† Pourpose I haue / some tyme for to enquere / .P. 113
Wherfore and why / þe hooly gooste þe sought /
Whane Gabryelles voyee / come vn to þyne ere /
He not to werre vs / suche a wonder wrought /
But for to sane vs / þat he svyen bought
þane neodeþe vs / no wepen for to haue /
But ouly þer / we did not / as vs aught
Do penytence / and mercy axe and hane /

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
(12. M.)

Moyses that saugh the bussli with lambs red
Brennyng of which ther neuyr a styk brende
Was signe of thin vawemyl maydinhed
Thou art the bussli on which ther gan descende
The holi goste which that Moyses wende
Had ben a fire & this was yn figure.
Now ladi fro the fire thou vs defende
Which that in heH enternally shalH dure

(13. N.)

NobiiH princesse that neuyr hadist pere [leaf 200]
Certis if any conforte yn vs be
That comyth of the cristys modre dere
We han non othir melody or gle
Vs to reiose inoure aduersite
Ne aducate non that wuH & dar so prey
For vs & that for so liteH hire As ye
That helpin for An Aue Marye or twey

(14. O.)

O very light of yen that ben blinde
O very lust of laboure & distresse
O tresorere of bounte to mankinde
The whom god ches to modre for humblesse
From his Ancille he made the mastresse
Of heuin & erth oure biH vp for to bede
This worlde awaiteth enyr on thi goodnesse
For thou ne failest neuyr wight At neede

(15. P.)

Purpos I haue som tym for tenquere
Wherefor & whi the holi goost pe sought
When gabriellys vois came to thin ere
He not to werre vs such a wondir wrought
But for to saue vs that he sithin bought
Than nedith vs no wepne vs to saue
But oonly ther as we did not as we ought
Do penitence & mercy axe & haue
(16. Q.)

 fooled comfort yet whenne I me bethenke. Q. 121
pat I agilt haue / boope offt him and pee /
And pat my soule / is worthy for to synke
Ellas I kaytyff whider may I. flee /
Who shal vn to py sone my meene bee /
Who but py selft / pat art of pyt welle
peou hast more routhe / oft oure aduersyteec
pane in pis worlde / might any tung telle 128

(17. R.)

Redresse me moder / and powe me chastise .R. 129
For certaynly / my faders chastysing
pat dar I nought / abyden / in no wyse /
So hidous it is / pe rightful rekennynge 132
Modor of whome / oure mercy gan to spryng
Beope yee my luge / ande eke my soules leece
For euer in yowe / is pitee aboundyng
To yche pat wol / oft pitee yowe byseeche 136

(18. S.)

Soope is pat god / ne grauntepe no pitee .S. 137
With ouhen pee / for god of his goodnesse
Foryivepe noone / but it lyke vn to pee /
He hape pee made. vicayre and maystresse [leaf 81] 140
Oft al pe worlde and eke . gouvneresses /
Oft heven and he repressepe his justice /
After py wille / ande perfor in witnesse /
He hape pee corouned in so ryal a wyse /

(19. T.)

Temple deuoute / per god hape his wonnyngg .T. 145
Fro whiche · peos misbyleued depryued beon
To yowe my soule / penytentt I bringt /
Resceyuepe me / I ne cane no firper fleen 148
With thornes venymous / O · heven queen
For which pe corpo / acursed was ful yoore /
I am soore wounded as yee may weel seen [1.first llx]
pat I am loste / hit smertepe me so soore /

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
Quene of conforte yit when I me thinke [if 206, 166] Q 121
That I agilte haue both him & the
And that my soule ys worthi for to stynde
Allas I kaitfy whidir may I fle 124
Who shalH vnto thi soñ my mene be
Who but thi self that art of pite weH
Thou hast more routhi on owre adnersyte
Than in this world might be any tonge teH 128

Redresse me modir & me chastysse . R 129
For certis my fadrys chastysynge
Dar I nat a-bide in no wyse :
So hidouse is his rightfuH rekenynge 132
Modir of whom oure mercy gan to sprynge
Beth ye my Inge & eke my soulys leche
For euyr in you ys pite haboundynge
To enerych that wuH of pite you besechi 136

Soth is that he ne grauntyth no pite S 137
Without the for god of his goodnesse
Foryeuith non but it like vn-to the
He hath the made vikayre & maistresse 140
Of aH this worlde & eke gouernesse
Of heuyn & he repressith his Iustysse
Aftyr thi wiH & therfor in wytnesse
He hath the corownydv yn so riaH wyse 144

Temple deuoute there god hath his wonyng [w 207] T 145
Fro which this mysbileuyd depryued ben
To you my soule penitent I brynge
Recceyue me I kan no ferthir flem
With thornes venymous I heuyn queue
For which the erth acursid was fuH yore
I am so woundid as ye may well sene
That I am loste almooste it smert so sore 152
(20. V.)
Virgyne pat art so noble of apparayle/
And lest vs in to pyne heghe toure/
Of paradys / pou me wisse and counsayle
Howe I may haue / py grace and py socoure /
Al haue I been in filthe / and in errour /
Lady vn to pat courte / pou me adlourne /
Pat cleped is py benche / O / fresshe flore
peer as pat mercy euer / shal seijurne /

(21. X.)
Xpe.1 py sone / pat in pis worlde alight
Vpou pe crosse / to souffre his passyoun
And eeke suffred / pat longeus his hert pight
And made his hert bloode / to renne adovne /
So was it al / for my saluacyoun /
And I to him am fals / and eeke vnkynde
And yet he wol / not my dampnacyoun
pis thank I you / socour of al man kuynde /

(22. Y.)
Ysaac / was figure / of his deepe certayne
pat so ferforpe / his fader wolde obeye
pat him ne rought / no thing to be slayne
Right so py sone lyst as a lambe to dye /
Nowe lady ful of mercy I yowe preye
Sith he is mercy / mesurede so large /
Be yee not skant / for alle we sing and seye /
pat yee been frome / vengeance ay oure taarge /

(23. Z.)
Zacharye yowe clepepe / pe open welle
To washe synfult / soule oute of his gult
per fore pis lesson / aught I weel to telle /
pat neer py tendre hert / we weren spilt
Nowe lady sith pou cans and eeke wilt
Beo to pe seede of Adam mercyable /
So bring vs to pat Palays pat is bylt
To penytentes / pat been to mercy able /
Virgine that Art so noble of Apparayle
That ledist vs in-to the hie toure
Of paradise thou me wisse & counsayle
How I may haue thi grace & thi socoure
Al haue I ben in sylth & yn errore
Ladi vnto that contre thou me Adiourne
That clepid is thi bench of fresh floure
Ther as that mercy eyvr shalH soiourne

(21. X.)
Xpē1 thi sone that in this worlde alight [1 Christus] X 161
Vpon a Crois to suffre his passion
And eke suffrid that longen his hert pight
And made his hert bloode to renne A-doun
And aH was this for my saluacion
And I to him am fals & eke vnkynde
And yit he wuH not my dampnacyoun
This thanke I you socoure of aH mankynde.

(22. Y.)
Ysaac was signe of his deth certeyn [leaf 267, back] Y 169
That so ferforth his fadir wolde obeye
That him ne rought no thinge to be sleyn
Right so thi sone list as lambe to dey
Now ladi ful of mercy I you prey
Sith he his mercy mesurid so large
Be ye not skant for al we synge & sey
That ye ben fro vengeaunce Ay oure targe

(23. Z.)
Zakary you clepith the opin weH
To wassh sinfuH soule out of his gilte
Therfor this lesson ought I weH to telH
That nere thi tendre hert we were spilte
Now ladi sith thou kanst & wilte
Beñ to the sed of Adam mercyabuH
Bringe vs to that paleis that is bilte
To penitentis that ben to mercy Abull

BODLEY Explicit
Through the bad practise of sending copiers to see outlying MSS. that I ought to have lookt at myself, I lost till to-day, Dec. 3, 1877, the privilege of seeing the best MS. evidence yet produced, that the A B C is Chaucer's work. Not suspecting that this Sion College MS. was one of Shirley's, I did not examine it at first, but began copying from it the prose passage before the A B C. When I came on the two beo's for be, I said to myself, "Shirley, by Jove!" and then I recognized his hand, saw his star before his capital A, his flourishes at the foot of the page, his side-notes, head-lines, r, &c. I turnd to the first leaf left of the MS., leaf 3 of sheet .j., beginning "any yssing a burden. I began to seeke" (p. 4, l. 15, ed. Bradshaw and Wright, Roxb. Club, 1869), and of course found the wonted "per Shir[ley]"; and then on leaves 4, 5, 12, 25, "nota per Shir[ley]", on 18, back, "Shirley /." The first "per Shir[ley]" is headed by "behold," the "nota per Shir[ley]" on p. 12 is followed by "discord of nature & grace dieux "; and other side-notes occur, as leaf 12, "nature spek[eth]"; leaf 12, back, "[nature speketh to grace dieux"]; leaf 13, "yet nature to grace dieux"; leaf 13, back, "[D]ame Gracedieux [speke]fe a gin to nature "; leaf 38, "promerbiun", (to the text "soft men fare goone "/); leaf 58, "Heere pe [debate of] pe Raven [& pe] Fox;" leaf 74, "Behold /"; leaf 77, "Videte;" leaf 87, "pe fr[ ] Fyen[ ]" (to "Adonay kyng of Justice", in the text). The MS. ends on leaf 93, back, sheet xij. leaf 7, with the 6th line of "[Ca]p. x" and the words "I wol ggf pe neuer pe leesse so michil avantgge powe shalt haue of me / if thou /". (p. 203, l. 8, Roxb. Club.) The last leaf, 8, of sheet xij. is wanting. The MS. is in Shirley's small close hand, not his free one of the Additional MS. Anelyda already autotyped for the Society in Part I. A facsimile of the front of leaf 79 of this Shirley Sion-College MS., Archives, 2, 23, will be given. The MS. is wrongly lettered at the back "Pilgrimage of the Soule." One of the Headlines inside is "pe pilgrymage humayne." The MS. now contains 93 leaves, paper, injurd a little by damp.

The Headlines to the A B C in the MS. are:—

leaf 79, ¶ The Devoute dytee. of oure Ladye

" 79, bk, 80, ¶ A devoute. Dyyee. ¶ Of oure Ladye Marye

" 80, bk, 81, ¶ A devoute. thing. ¶ To oure. Ladye

" 81, bk, ¶ A devoute prayer to oure lady
THE HOUSE OF FAME.  [in hand B]


g  Od turne vs every drem to gode
   For it is wonder thynge by þe rode
   To my wytt what causeth sweuenes
On the morows or on euenes  4
And why the effecte foloweth of some
An of som it shal never come
Why that is a vision
and why this is a reuelacion  8
Why this a dreme why þat a sweuene
And not to euery man lyche euene
Why this a fauntom why they oracles
I not but tho so of this myracles  12
The causes knoweth bet then y
Defyne he for I certeynly
Ne can hem not ne never thanke
To besy my wytt for to swynke  16
To know of here significacions
The gendres neþer ne distances
Of þe Tymes of hem ne þe causes
Or why this is more then þat cause is  20
As yef folkes complexions
Make hem drem of reflexions
Or elles thus as oper seyne  [¹ MS. eH]
For þe grete feblenes of here breyn
by absenes or by sekenes  24
Presen stoe or grete distres

PEPYS
Or ellis by dysordynaunce
Or naturall accustumaunce
That some men ben to corious
In study or malencolous
Or thus so inly ful of drede
That no man may hym bote rede
Or elles That deuocion
Of some and contemplacion
Causest sweche dremes oft
Or that the cruelly lyf vnsoft
These ilk whiche louers leden
Thapen hopen or muche or dreden
That purely her impressions
Causeth hem have visions
Or yef that spirites han the myght
To maken folk for to drem on nyght
Or yef the soule of propre kynde
Be so perfite as men fynde
That it wote that is to come
And That he warneth alle and somme
Of eueryche of her auentures
By avysions or by figures
But that our flesh\ ne hatli no myght
To vnderstond it a ryght
For it is warnsd to derkely
But why the cause is not wote y'
Weli wurth of this thynge Clerkes
That treten of pet and of oper werkes
For y of non opyneon
Nil as nowe make mention
But only That the holy rode
Turne vs euery dreme to gode
For neuer syth I was borne
Ne no man els me beforne
Mette y trow stedefastly
So wonderful a drem as dede y
He tentlie day now of decembre
The whyche as y can now remembre
I wuht

[Invocacion.]

in M.S.] make innocacion
Wyth a devote special devocion
Vn to pe god of help a non
That dwelleth in a Cave of stone
Vp on a strem That commyth fro lecte
That is a flode vnswecte
Besyde a folk that men clepen Cimerye
Ther slepyth ay this god vnmery
Wyth his slepy thosand sones
That alle wey to slepe her won is
And to this god That y of rede
Pray [y] that he wul me spede
My swenene for to tell I-ryght
Yef euery drem stond in his myght
And he that mover is of alle
That is and was and euer shalle
So yef hem Io y hit here
Of alle that they drem to yere
And for to stond al in grace
Of here loves or in what place
That hem were levest for to stand
And shild hem from pounyte and shond
And from euery vnhappe and desese
And send hem that may hem plese
That taketh well and scorneth nought
Ne it mysdeme in here thought
Thurgh malicious intenecon
And he through presumpecon
Or hate or scorne or through enuye
Despyte or Iape or felonye
I'AK.-'i'EXT

inE HOUSE OF FAME. PKPVS 2006.

Mysdem it pray I. The gode
Dreme he bare fote drem he shode
That euery harm pat eny man
Hath hadd seth $e$ world$e$ began
Befa$H$ hym $e$ or he sterve
And graun$t$ that he may it ful deserve
Loo wyth suche conclusion$e$
As hadd of his vision$e$
Cres$u$s that was kyng$e$ of lyde
That he vpon gebot dyed$e$1 [1 MS. dye, with $c$url for $e$.]
This prayer shall he have of me
I am no better in cherite
n OW herkeneth as I have yow seide
what pat y mette or y$e$ abreide

[Story.]

Of Decembre the tenthe day
Whenn it was nyght to slep I lay
Ryght $e$ as y was wont to don
And fell on slep wonder son
As he pat was wery for-go
On pilgrymage myles two
To the Cors seint leonard$e$
To make lyth pat was hard$e$
But as ,y, slept me mette I was [p. 95, col. 1]
Wyth in a Temple ymade of glas
In wheche ther weren mo ymages
Of gold$e$ stondynge in driers stages
And mo ryche tabernacles
And wyth perte mo $p$ynacles
And mo ryche portretures
And queynt maner of figures
Of gold$e$ werk$e$is them y saw cuer
For certeignly I must neuer
Were that I was but wel wust I.
It was of venus redely

PEPYS
The temple for in purtroiture
I sawgh a non hir figure
Naked flutelye in a see
And also on hede pardee
Her roosgarland [. . . . .
. . . no gap in MS.] on her hedo
Her dowues and Dam Cupido
Her bllynd sone and Vlcano
That in his face was ful brown
But y romef vp and doune
I fond that on a was per was
Thus wretten on a table of bras
I wold synge now and y cañ
The armes and also pære man
That first come thurgh hes desteyne
Futyf of troye countree
In ytalle wyth full muche pyne
Vn to the strondes of layne
And tho be-gan the story a now
As I shaH tell yow eche on
First sawgh y pære destruccon
Of Troye through pære grek synon
Wyth his fals forswerynge.
And his cher and his lesynge
Made the hors brought in to Troye
Thurgh wheche Troians lost alle her Ioy
And after this was graved alas
How Ilion assailed was
And wonun and kynge Pryamis slayne
And Plite his sone certayne
Dispitously of Damw Pirrus
And next that saugh y how venus
When at she saugh the casteH brend
Dowen from the heven she can descende
And Badde her sone Encas flee
And how he fledd and how pât he
Escaped was from alle the prees
And toke his fader Anchises
And bare hym on his bakk a wey
Cryynge alas and welewey
The wheche Anchises in hys hand
Bare the Goddes of the lande
Thilk that vnbrnne were
And saugh y nex in alle this fere
How Crusa dame Eneas wyf
Wheche pat he loved as hys lif
And her yonge sone Inlo
And eke Ascanius also
Fledden eke wyth drery chere
That is was pite for to here
And in a forest as they went
And at attournynge of a wente
How Crusa was y-lost alas
That deede not I how she was
How he hir sought and how hir gost
Badde hym to flee the Grekes host
And seide he most in to Itaille
As was his desteyne sauns faille
That it was pite for to here
When he spirite gan apere
The wordes that to hym she seide
And for to kepe her sone hym prayed
Ther saugh I graven eke how he
Hys fader eke and his menye
With his shippes gan to saylle

[A line wanting in the MS.]

As streight as that they myght goo
Ther saugh I eke þe cruel Iuno
That art dam Iubiter wyf
That hast hated al thy lif
Alle the Trogeans blode
Renne and Crye as thow wer wode
On Eloes the god of wyndes
To Blowen out of alle kyndes
So lowde that he shall drenche
lond lady Grome and wenche
Of alle the Trogeans nacion
Wyth owt eny of hem sauacon
Ther saugh I suche tempest arysse
That euery hert myght gretely agryse
So seen it peynted on the wall
That saugh I eke geaven wythalle
Venus how ye my lady dere
Wepynge wyth ful wolful chere
Praynge Iubiter on hye
To save and kepe that navie
Of that Trogean Eneas
Seth pot he here son was
Ther saugh Ioues and Venus kysse
And graunted of the tempest lisse
Ther saugh I how the tempest stynte
And ho wyth alle peyn he wente
And prinely toke a Riuage
In to the countre of cartage
And on the morow hoo that he
And a knyght that hight Achatee
Metten wyth Venus that day
Goynge in a queynt Aray
As she hadde be an hunteresse
Wyth wynd blowynge vp on her tresse
How Eneas began hym to pleyn
Whenn he knew hir of his peyn
And how his shippes dreynt were
Or els I-lost he nyst where
How she gan hym confort thoo
And badd hym to cartage goo
And ther he shuld his folk fynde
That in the see weren left be-hynde
And shortly of this thynge to passe
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dido quene of that countree
That shortly for to tellen shee
Be-cam his love and lete hym do
Alle that weddnynge longeth to
What shuld I speke more queynte
Or peyn me my wordes for to peynte
To spek of love it wyl not be
I can not of pat faculte
And eke to tellen of the maner
How that they first aqeynted were
It were a longe proces to telle
And ouer longe for yow to dweH
Ther saugh I grave how Eneas
Told to Dido euery cas
That hym tyed vnpon the see
And after graven was how pat she
Made of hym shortly at a worde
He lif her love here lust her lorde
And dede to hym alle reverence
And leyd on hym alle dispence
That any woman myght do
Weneynge alle hit hadde be so
As he her swore and hertly demed
That he was gode for he suche semed
Alas what harme doth aparence,
When it is fals in existence
For he to here a Traytoure was
Wher for she slough his self alas
Loo how a woman doth a mys
To love hym that vknownen is
For eny trust to how thys it fareth
I* is not alle gold that glareth
For also browke I myn hede
Ther may be vnder godely-hede

[peyps]
Covered mony a sherowyde vyce
Ther for be no wyght so nyce
To take a love only for chere
Or for speche or for frendely maner
For thus shal euery womant fynde

[ .......................... ]
[ .......................... ]
[ .......................... ]
[ .......................... no gap in the MS.]

And swere how that she is vnkynde
Or fals or prevey dowble was
Alle thus sey I be Eneas
And Dido and here nece lost
That loved alle to son a gost
Ther for I will sey o proverbe
That he hat fully knoweth p e herbe
May safly ley it to his yee
Wyth owten drede that is no lye
But lat vs speke of Eneas
How he betrayed her alas
And left hir ful vnkyndely
So when she al say vtturly
That he wold her of trowth faillé
And wynd fro his in to Itaille
She be-gan to wrynge her handes two
Alas quod she what myn hert is woo
Alas is euery man thus trewe
That euery yere wull have a new
If it so longe tym endure
Or ellis thre peraventure
And thus of on he wuH have fame
In magnifyynge of his Name
A noper for frenshyp seyth he
And yet shaH p e thrydde bee
That be takyn for delite
Lo or els for senguler profyte
In suche wordes gan compleyne
Dido of here grete peyn
As me mette redely
None o\textit{per auctour} alege y
Alas quod she my sweete herte
Have pyte of my sorows smerte
And slee me not go not a wey
O woeful Dido waleawey
Quod she to hir selven thoo
O Eneas what wi\textit{th} ye do
O that love ne \textit{your} bounde
That ye have sworn wyth \textit{your} ryght hande
Ne my crue\textit{H} deth quod she
May hold\textit{e} yow still wyth me
O haveth\textit{i} of my deth pyte
Iwis my dere hert ye
Knoweth fu\textit{H} wel \textit{pat} neuer yet
As ferforth as euer I had wytte
A-gilt yow in thought ne dede
O men have ye suche godlyhede
In speche and neuer a dele in trowthe
Alas that euer hadde rowth
Ony woman on a fals man
Now I see well and tellen can
We wretched\textit{e} women can no art
For certe\textit{gn} for \textit{p}e more \textit{part}
Thus we be served euer\textit{cho}n
How sore ye men kan grone
A non as we have yow resceyved\textit{e}
Certeygnly we be disceyved\textit{e}
For though \textit{your} love lest a seso\textit{n}
Wate \textit{vp} on the conclusion
And eke how \textit{p}e deter\textit{my}ne
And for \textit{p}e more \textit{part} defyen
O waillewey that I was born
For thurgh yow is my name I-lorne

\textit{PEPYS}
And myn atte redes rede and songe
Oner alle this lond in every tonge
O wykked fame for per nys
No thynge so swyft lo as she is
O sith every thynge is wyst
Though it be couered wyth þe myst
Eke though I myght endure ever
That I have don recover I neuer
That I ne shall be seid alas
I-shamed ben through Eneas
And þat I shal thus Iuged be
Lo ryght as she hath now she
Wull donn eft sonses hardly
Thus seith þe puple prively
But þat is donn it not to don
But alle hir compleynynge ne hir mon
Certeign availleth not a stree
And whenn she wist sothly he
Was forth in to his shippes gon
She in to her chambre went a non
And called over her suster Anne
And began her to compleyn than
And seid þat she þe cause was
That she so loved alas
And thus conf[s]ailed she hir to
But what whenn this was seid and do
She rofe hir silven to þe herte
And so dyed through þe wonde smerte
But all maner how she dyed
And alle þe maner how she seide
Who so to know hath it in purpos
Rede Virgil in Eneydos
Or þe Epistil of Ouide
What þat she wrote or þat she dyed
And nere it wer to longe to endite
By god I wold it here write

PEPYS
But waillewey þe harm and rowthÑ
That hath betydd for suche vntrowthÑ
As men may oft in bokes redeÑ
And alle day it is yet in dedeÑ
That for to thken it teen isÑ
Lo Demephon Duk of AthenisÑ
How he forswor hym falselyÑ
And trased Philis wikkedlyÑ
That kynges daughter was of TarceÑ
And falsly gan his term passeÑ
And whemn she wyst þat he was falsÑ
She hynge hir selve by þe halsÑ
For he hadd don hir suche vntrowthÑ
Lo was not this a wo and rowthÑ
Eke loke how fals and rechelesÑ
Was to Breiseida AchillesÑ
And parus to oenoneÑ
And Iason to IsepheleÑ
And eft Iason to medeaÑ
And hercules to DioniraÑ
For he left her for yoleeÑ
That made hym kache his dethe pardeeÑ
How fals was ek TesensÑ
That as the story telleth vsÑ
How he betrayed AdrianeÑ
The Devel be his sowle baneÑ
For hadd he lauged or hadd he lowredÑ
He most a ben alle devowredÑ
Yef that Adrian had not beÑ
And for she hadd of hym piteÑ
She made hym fro þe deth eschapeÑ
And he mad hir a ful fals lapeÑ
For aftur this wyth in a whyleÑ
He loft her slepyng wyth in an HeÑ
Desert alon wyth in þe seeÑ
And stal a wey and lete hir beÑ
PEPYS
And tok his suster Phedra tho
Wyth him and gan to ship go
And yet he hadd to her swere
On alle þat even he myght swere
That so þat she saved hym his lif
He wold have taken hir to his wyf
For she desyred no thynge Els
In certeïgn as the boke vs telles
But to excuse Eneas
Fulleche of his grete trespas
The boke seith sauntz saillë
Bad hym go in to Itaille
And leven Affrikes region
And Dido and hir faire towne
Tho I saugh grave ho to Itaille
Dame Eneas is gon to saillë
And how the tempest al be-gan
And how he lost his steresman
Wheche þat þe stere or he tok kepe
Smote ouer the bord lo how he slepe
And also saugh I how sibille
And Eneas besyde an Ile
To hell wenten for to see
His fadur Anchises þe free
How he þer found pallunurus
And also Dido and Deiphebus
And eueryche turment eke in heß
saugh he wheche no tongue can tell
Whiche ho so listeth to know
He most reden mony a row
On Virgil or on Claudian
Or Daunt that it tellen can
Ther saugh eke alle þe arevaille
That Eneas hed mad in to Itaille
And wyth Kyng latyn his trete
And alle þe Batailles þat hee

PEPYS
Was at hym silf and alle his knyghtes
Or he hedd alle I-won hys ryghtes
And whan he turnus reft his lif
And when launyna to his wyf
And alle p° mervelous signals
Of the goddes celestials
How magre Iuno Eneas
For alle hir flyght and compas
Acheved° alle his aventure
For Iubiter toke on hym Cure
At the prayer of Venus
The I prey alle wey save us
And vs ay of owure sorows light
When I hadd alle seyn this sight
In this noble temple thus
Ay lord thought I °hat madest vs
Yet saw I neuer suche noblesse
Of ymages nor suche richesse
As I saw graven in this chirche
But not wote I who ded hem wirche
Ne wher I am ne in what countree
But now I gon out and see
Right at p° wiked° yf I can
Seen owghwer eny sterynge man
That wald° have telled° wher I am
When I owte of p° dere I-cam
I fast abowte me be-held°
Then saugh I but a large felde
As ferre as I euer myght see
Wyth out town eny howse or tree
Or busshes or gras or ered lande
For alle the feld° was but of sande
As smal as man may see at ye
In the desert of libie
Ne I ne maner of creature
That ys formed° by nature
Ne saugh I me to rede or wyss
O Crist thought I pat art in blisse
From fauntom and Illucioñ
Me save and wyth devocoñ
Myn yeen to þe heven I cast
Tho was I ware lo at the last
That fast by þo sunnen an hie
As ken myght I wyth myn yee
Me thought I saw an Egle sore
But that it semed muche more
Thenn I hadd eny Egle I-seyen
This it as soth as deth certeigñ
It was of gold and showen so bright
That neuer saugh man suche a sight
But yf þe heven hadd I-wonne
Alle new of gold an oþer sonne
So shon the Egles fethres bryght
And sone downward gan it light

[BOOK II.]

[Proem.]

Ow herkeneth euery maner man
That eny maner of englissh can
And listeth of my dreame to here
For at þe first shall ye here
So sely and dredfull a vision
That I say ne Cipioñ
Ne kynge nabugodonosor
Pharo Turnus ne Eleanor
Ne metten suche a drem as this
Now faire blessull O Cipris
So be my favoure at this Tyme
That ye me to endite and þyme
Helpeth that in Por-Naso dwelle
By Elicon the Clere welle
O thought That wrot alle pat I mette
And in þe tresorie it sette
Of myn brayn now shal men see
If eny vertu in the be
To tellen alle my dreme a right
Now kyth thyn engyn and thy myght

This egle of wheche I now have told
That shon of fethres alle of gold
Wheche þat so hye gan to sore
I gan be-holdene mor and more
To seen her beaute and the wonder
But neuer was þer dynt of thonder
Ne that thynge that men can foudre
That smyte somne a Towre to pounde
And in his swyft commynge brende
That so swyth can downward descende
As this fowle when I behilf
That I arowme was in the field
And wyth his grym pawys strenge
Wyth þyn his sharpe nayles longe
Me sleynge at a swap he hynte
And wyth his sours ayen vp he wente
Me carynge in his clawes starke
As lighty as I hadd be a larke
How hye I can not tell yow
For I cam vp I muste neuer how
For so astoyned and assweued
That enery vertu In me henede
What wyth his sours and my drede
That alle my sleynge gan to dede
For why it was a grete afferay
Thus I longe in hys clowes lay
Till at the last he to me spake
In mannes voyce and seide awake
And seide be not agast so for sham
And caled me by my name
And for I shuld bet abreyde
Me me a wake to me he seyde
Right in p\textsuperscript{e} same voice and steven
That vseth oon that I cann neme
And wyth that voyce soth for to seyn
Me mynd cam to me agayn
For it was godely seid to me
So as it neuer wont to be
And here wyth alle I gan to stere
As he me in his fete bere
Till that he feld\textsuperscript{e} that I hadd hethe
And felt eke tho myn hert beete
And tho gan he me to disport
And wyth Ientil wordes to countfort
And seide twyes seint Marie
Thow art a noyes thynge for to karie
And no thynge nedeth it pardee
For al so wys god helpe me
As thow no harme shalt have of this
And this cas \textit{pat} betid p\textsuperscript{e} is
Is for thy lore and for thy prow\wye
Leite se darst how loke yet nowe
Be ful ensured bodely
I am thy frend and \textit{perwyth} I.
Gan for to wondre in my mynde
O god \textit{quod} I that madest alle kynde
Shall I non \textit{oper} wyse dye
Wher Iones wil me stellyfye
Or what thynge may this signifie
I am ne\textit{oper} Enok ne Helye
Ne Romuhs ne Ganemedle
That were bor vp as men rede

\textit{PEPYS}
To heven wyth Dan Iubiter
And made the godde Boteler
Lo this was tho my fantasie
But he that bare me can aspie
That I so thought and seide this
Thow demest of thi self amys
For Iones is not per abowte
I dar þe wel put ful out of dowte
To make of þe yet a sterre
But or I bere the muche ferre
I will the tell what I am
And whyþer thow shalt and why I cam
To do this so þat thow take
Gode hert and not be for fere quake
Gladely quod I now well quod h
First I þat in my feete have þe
Of whom thow hast a fer an wondre
I am dwellynge wyth the god of thondre
Wheche men callen Iubiter
That doth me fleen fuH oft ferre
To do alle his commandement
And for this cause he hath me sent
To þe herk now be thy trowth
Certeignþ he hath of the rowth
That thow hast so truly
Longe served entetlyffy
His blynde nevew Cupido
And faire Venus al so
Wyth owt eny gwerdon ener yet
And neyerlesse hast sett thy wytt
Alle though þat in thyn hede ful litil is
To make bokees songes or ditees
In Ryme or ellis in Cadence
As thow best canst in reuereence
Of love and of his servant eke
That han his servyce sought and seke

PEPYS

ODD TEXTS.
And peynest the to pryes his art
Alle though thow heddest Neuer part
Where fore as Al-so god me blisse
Ioues halt hys grete humblisse
And Veriu eke pat wult make
A nyght ful oft thyne hede to ake
In thy stodie so thow writest
And enermore of love enditest
In honour of hym and parysynge
And in his folkes furthrynge
And in hir mater alle deuysest
And not hym ne his folke despysest
Alle though pow maist go in ye daunce
Of hem that hym list not avaunce
Wherfor as I seide I-wys
Iubiter considereth well this
And al so beaw sir of opeR thynges
That is that hast no tydynges
Of Loves folke If the be gladde
Ne of of ne thynge els pat god made
And not only fro fer countree
That no tydynges comyth to ye
But of thy verrey neybores
That dwelleth alle most at thy dores
Thow herest neper pat ne this
For when this labour don al is
And hast I-made alle thy rekenynges
In stede of rest and of new thynges
Thow gost home to thyne howse a now
And also dombe as a ston
Thow settest at anofer boke
Till fully daswed is thy loke
And levest thus as an hermyte
Alle though thyne abstenance is lite
And therfor Ioues throug his grace
Will pat I shal bere the to a place
Wheche that hete the Howse of fame
To do the somme disport and game
In some recompendacion
Of thy grete labour and devocion
That thou hast hedd lo causeles.
To Cupido the recheles
And thus this god for his merite
Will wyth some maner thynge þe quyte
So þat þow wilt be of gode chier
For trust wel that thou shalt here
Whenn we be comen þer I say
Mo wondre thynges I dar wel lay
And of loves folk mo tydynges
Both soth sawes and lesynges
And mo loves new be-gonne
And longe I served love is wonne
And mo loves casuall
That been betiidd no man wote why
And as a blynd man sterteth an hare
And more Iolite and wellfaire
Whyll þat the fynden love of stele
As thenketh men and oueral well
Mo discordes mo Iolasies
Mo murmures and mo novelries
And also mo dissimilacoëns
And eke feyned reparacoëns
And mo berdes in two howres
Wyth owten eny rasour or sisours
I-made þen greynes ben of sendes
And eke mo holdynge in handes
And also mo renouelances
Of oldë foreleten aqueyntances
Mo lovedayes and mo acordes
Than on instromentes ben cordes
[...no gap in the MS.]
Then euër cornes weren in granges
Vnneth may thow trounen this
Quoth he ne helpe me god as wysse 700
Quod I no why quoth he for it
Were impossible to my wytt 704
Though fame hadd alle þe pites
In alle a rewame and al aspies
How þat yet he shulde þere alle this
Or they aspyen it O þis is yis
Quoth he to me that can I prove
By resoñ wurthy for to love 708
So that thow yeve thyn advyntence
To vnderstondende my sentence
First shalt þow heren wher she dwelleth
And so thyn oone booke telleth 712
His palais stondeth as I shal say
Right even amyddes of the way
Betwyxen heven erth and see
That whoso euer in alle the three
Is spoken in prive or apert
The wey þer to is so smert
And stant eke in so Iust a place
That euery sownne mot to it pas 720
Or what so commyth from eny tonge
Be it rowned red or songe
Or spoken in suerte or drede
Certeign it mot the þer nede
Now herken well for why I wille
Tellen the a propre skylle
And a wurthy demonstracoñ
In myn ymaginacoñ 728
Geffrey thow wotest wel this
That euery kynd þat is
Hath a kyndly stede þer he
May best in hyt conformed be 732
Vn to whyche place euery thynge
Trugh his kyndely enclynynge
Moveth for to com to

Then *pat* it is awey *per* froo
As thuse lo thow maist al day see
That eny thyng that hevy be
As ston or lede or thyngye of wyght
And bere it neuer so hye on hyght
Lete go thyn hand it falleth downe
Ryght* so sey I by fyre or sowne
Or smoke or *oper* thynges light
Alle wey they seke vpward* on hight
Light thynges vpwarde and downward* charge
Whil euery of hem be at her large
And for this cause *pou* maist well see
That euery ryuer on to *p* se
Enclyned* is to go by kynde
And by these skillles as I fynde
Hath fisshes dwellynge in floode and see
And trees eke on Erth be
Thus euery thyngye by his reson
Hath his propr*e mancion*
To wheche he seketh to repaire
Ther as it shulde not apaire
Lo this sentence is knowen kowth
Of euery philosophre mowthe
As Arestole and Daun platon
And *oper* clerkes monicion
And to conferme my reson
Thow [wotest] well *pat* speche is sowne
Or els no man myght it here
Now herk what I will the lere
Sown is not but eire I-broken
And euery speche that is poken
Lowd or prive fowle or faire
In his subsantunce is but an eire
For as a flame is but lighted* smoke
Right so is sown eire Ibroke
But this may be in mony wyse
Of whiche I wil þe devyse 772
As sown commes of pipe or herpe
For whenn a pipe is blowen sharpe [p. 101, col. 2]
The Eire is twyst wyth violence
And rent lo this is my sentence 776
Eke when men harpes strynges smyte
Whethar it be muche or lite
Lo wyth the stroke þe Eire to-brekesth
And righ so breketh it when men speketh 780
Thus wotest thou what thynge is speche
Now hens furth I wul the teche
How every speche noys or sowne
Throw his multiplicacon 784
Though is were pipe or mowse
Mote nedes come to fames howse
I prove it thus take hede now
by experience for yef thow 788
Throw in a water now a stoñ
Wel wotest þou it will make anon
A litil roundel as a cercle
Parauentur as brade as a cercle 792
[...]
Broder then hym silf was
And thus frome roundel to compas
Eche abowte oper goynge
Canseth of oper sterynge 800
And multiplynge enermo
Til it be so ferre go
That it at both brynkes be
All though thow mow not it see 804
Above it goth yet alle wey vndre
Al though þou thynk it a gret wondre
And who so seith of trewthl I varie
Bidd hym prove the contrarie
And right thus euery wordc I-wys
That lowde or prive spoken is
Moveth furst in þe Eire abowte
And of his movynge out of dowte
Anoþer Eire anon is moveñ
As I have of the water proved
That euery cercle causeth ðop
Right so of eire my leve brother
Euerynche eire in ðoper stereth
More and more and speche vp bereth
Or voys or noys or wordc or sowne
Ay through multiplicacion
Til it be at the howse of fame
Take it on hernenst or in game
Now have I tolh þif thou have mynde
How speche or sown of pore kynde
Enclynedh is vpward to move
This maist thou feel wel by prove
ha a quod he lo so I can
Lewdely to a lewde man
Speak and shew hym suche skylles
That he may shak hem by p's billes
So palpable the skilles be
But telle me pis now I praye p's
How thenkest p's myn conclusoν
A goode persuacoν
Quoth I and like to be
Right so as pou hast proved me
Be god quod he and as I leve
Thow shalt have yet or it is eve
Of ever word of this sentence
And prove by experience
And wyth thyn Ere heren welle
Top and taille euery dele
That euery worde put spoken is
Comes in to fames howse I-wisse
As I have seide what wult pou more
And wyth this worde vprer to sore
He gan and seid by seint Iame
No will we speken alle of game
How farest thow now quod he to me
Wel quod I now se quod he
By pi trowth yond a downe
Wher pat pou knowest eny towne
Or howse or eny ofer thynge
And whenn pou hast of oght knowynge
Loke pat pou warne me
And I a non shall tell the
How pou art now per fro
And I a down to loken tho
And behelde feldes and pleynes
And now hilles and now mounteynes
No valeys now forestes
And now vnneth grete bestes
No riuers now grete Citees
No townes now grete trees
No shyppes saylynge in pe see
But thms son in a whil he
Was flowen fro pe gronde so hye
That alle the world? as to myn eye
No more semed pe a prikke
Or els was the Eire so thikk
That I myght not it decerne
Wyth pat he speke to me as yerne
And seide seyst pou eny token
Or ought thow knowest yonder down
I seide ney ne wondere nys
Quoth he for neuer half so hye as this
Nas Alisaundre ne Macedo
Ne pʳ kynge Daune Cupic
That say in Dreme point devis
Hell and heven and paradise
Ne eke pʳ wryght Dedalus
Ne his child nyse Icarus
That flie so hye pat pʳ hete
His wynges malt and he fel wete
In myd the see and per he dreynyt
For whome was made a grete compleynyt
No turne vpward quod he thy face
And be-hold this large space
This Eire bote loke thow thow ne he
A-dradd of them pat thow shalt se
For in this region certeyn
Dwelleth mony a Citesyn
Of wheche pat speketh Daunʒ plato
Thes ben the the airesshe bestes loo
And the say I. alle the meyne
Both goon and also flee.
Lo quoth he cast vp thyn ye
Se yondre lo the Galaxie
The wheche men clep pʳ mylky wey
For it is whyt and some parfay
Callen it Watlynge strete
That enis was brent wytk hete
Whenn pʳ sonnes son pʳ rede
That hight photon walke lede
Algate his fadur cart and gye
The cart hors can well aspye
That he cowd no gouernaunce
And goome for to lep and daunce
And bere hym vp and now downe
Till at he say the Scorpion
Wheche pat in heven a signe is yet
And he for fer lost his wytte
Of that and lete reynes gon
Of this hors and they anon
Gan vp to monte and down descende
Till both eire and Erth brende
Till Jupiter lo at the last
Hym slow and from þe cart cast
Lo is it not a grete mischanche
To let a fole have gouernaunce
Of thynges that he can not demen
And wyth this word soth for to seyn
He gan allewey vpper to sore
And gladed me þen more and more
So faithfully to me spake he
Tho gan I luk vndre me
And behild' the Airessh bestes
Clowdes mystes and Tempestes
Snaues hailes reynes and wyndes
And alle the engendrynge in her kyndes
And alle they wey throug whiche I cam
O god quod I þat made Adam
Muche is thy myght and thy noblesse
And tho thought vpon Boyes
That writte a thought may fie so hye
Wyth fethres of Philosophie
To passen eueryche Element
And whenn he hath so fer Iwent
Then may he se behynd his bake
Clowde and alle that I of spake
Tho gan I waxe in a were
And seyd I wote wel I am here
Wheþer in body or in goost
I not I wys but god thow wost
For more clere entendement
Nadde he me neuer yet Isent
And thought I on Marcian
And eke on anteclaudian

Par.-Text 207
THE HOUSE OF FAME. Pepys 2006.
That soth was here descripeon

[... no gap in the MS.]

As fer as I saw þe prove
And þer for I can hem beleve
Wyth that the Egle gan to crye
Lat be quod he thy fantasye
Wult þou here of sterres ought
Nay certeguly quod [he] ryght nought
And why quod I for I am olde
Elles wold I the have told
Quoth he sterres names lo
And alle þe hevens signes to
And wheche they be no fors quod I.
Yis pardee quod he wost þou why
Whenn thow redest poetrìe
How the goddes can stellifie
Brid fissh or hym or here
As the Raven and other
Or axiones harp fyne
Castor polex or Delphyn
Or athlauntres doughtres seven
How alle these as sette in heven
For though þou have hem oft in honde
Yet nost thow where they stonde
No fors quod I it is no nede
As well I leve as god me spede
Hem that that written of this materìe
As though I knew her places here
And eke they shynen here so bright
I shuld shenden alle my sight
To loke on hem þat may wel be
Quoth he and so furth bare he me
A whyle and tho he gan to crye
That neuer herd I thyngle so hie
Now vp thyn hede for it is well
Seint Iulian lo bon hostelle
Se here the howse of fame lo
Mayest pow not here that I do 1024
What quod I. p'grete soune
Quod he that rombleth vp ande down
In fames howse full of Tydynges 1028
Both of faire spece and of oper thynges
And of fals and soth compoundèd
Herken well it is not rownedèd
Herest thou not the grete sougli
Yis pardee quod I well I-nough 1032
And what sown is it like quod he
Peter betynge of p' see
Quod I ayenst p' roches old holow
When tempestes doth her shippes swolow
And pat a man stant owt of dowte 1036
A myle thens and here it rowte
Or ellis like the humblynge
Aftur the Clappe of a thonderynge
Whenn Iones hath the Eire Ibete
But it doth for fere swete
Nay drede p' not per of quod he
It is no thynges pat will beten p'
Now shalt have no harme truly 1044
And wyth this word both he and I.
And nygh the place arveled were
As men myght cast wyth a spere [p. 104, col. 2]
I nyst how bot in a strete
He sette me fayre on my fete
And seide walk forthi a pace 1048
And tell thyn aventur and cas
That thow shalt fynd in fames place
Now quod he while we have space
To speke or that I fro the
For the love of god tell me 1052
In soth that I will of the lere
yef this noyse that I here
PEPYS

For the love of god tell me 1056
Be as I have herd the tell
Of folk that forth in erth dwelle
And here in the same wyse
As I the herd or this devyse
And that her lyves body nys
In alle that howse þat yonder is
That maketh alle this lowde fare
No quod he be seint Clare
And also wis god help me
But o thynge I will warn the
Of the wheche thow wult have wonder.
Lo to þe howse of fame yonder.
Thow wost how commyth euery speche
It nedeth not the to teche
But vnderstonde ryght well this
Whenn eny speche I-commen is
Vn to that paleis a non right
It weyth liche þe same wyght
Wheche that the word in erth spak
Be he clothed red or blak
And hath so verrey his liknys
That spake þe word that thow wul gys
That it the same body be
Man or woman he or she
And is not this a wonder thynge
Yis quod I tho by heuenes kynge
And wyth þis word fare wel quod he
And here I will a-bide the
And god of heven send the grace
Some gode to lern in this place
And I of hym toke leve a noñ
And gan forth to the paleis goñ
[BOOK III.]

[Invocation.]

o  god of science and of light
  Apollo thurgh thy grete myght
This litil last boke thow now gye
Not that I will for maistrye
Her art poetical be shewe
But the ryme is so lewed
It made it sumwhat agreeable
Though sume vers faill in a silable
And that I do no diligence
To shew craft but sentence
And yef devyn vertu thow
Wult help me shew now
That in myn hede Imerked is
Lo that is for to moven this
The howse of fame for to discryve
Thow shalt se me go as blive
Vn to þe next lawre y see
And kysse it for it is thyn tree
Now entreth in to my brest anon

[Story.]

When I was frome the Egle gon
I gan beholþ vp on this place
An certeign or I ferþer pas
I wull yow alle þe shap devyse
Of howse of Cite and of the wyse
How I gan to the place approche
That stant vpon so lie a roche
Hyer stant noñ in spayen
But vp I clame wyth al my peyne
And though to clymbe it greved me
yet I ententif was to se
And for to power wounder low
yef I kowde eny wyse know
What maner ston this roche was
For it was liche alymde glas
But pat it shewen nor clere
But of what coneged matere
It was I must redely
But at the last aspyed I.
And fownde that it was ewaychedele
A roche of Ise and not of stele
Thought I by seint Thomas of Kent
This were a feble fowndement
To bilden on a place so hie
He aught hym to glorifie
That here on bilt so god me save
Tho saw I alle p' half I grave
Wyth famous folkes names fele
That I-ben in muche wele
And her names wyde blowe
But wel onethes myght I knowe
Any lettres for to rede
Here names by for out of drede
They weren al most overthoved so
That of the lettres on or to
Was molt awey of evry name
So vnfamous was wax her name
But men say what may ever last
Tho can I in myn hert cast
That they wer mult awey wyth hete
And not a wey wyth stormes bete
For on pat oper syde I say
On this hill pat northward lay
How it was wrete ful of names
Of folk pat heldd a fer grete fames
Of old tym and yet hey were
As fressh as men had wyte hem there
The self day or that owre
That I on hem gan to pore
But wel I wyst what it made
It was conservad wyth the shadde
Of a Castel that so stode on hyght
Alle the written that I sygh
And stode eke in so cold a place
That hete myght it not deface
Tho gan I on this hille to gon
And found on the coppe a woon
That alle the men that ben on live
Ne han the konnynge to discryve
The beaute of that ilke place
Ne cowde cast the compace
Suche an oper for to make
That myght of Beaute be his make
Ne so wonderly I-wrought
That it astoyned yet my thought
And maketh alle my witt to swynke
On this castel for to thenke
So pat the grete beawte
The cast craft and curiosite
Ne can I not to yow devyse
My witt may not suffice
But netherles alle p[subst]aunce
I have yet in my remembrance
For why me thought by seint Gile
Alle was of a ston of berile
Both the Castel and the Towre
And eke the halle and every bowre
Wyth owten peces or Ioynynges
But mony sotell compassinges
Babewuries and pennacles
Ymageries and Tabernactes
I saw eke and ful of wyndowes
As flates fallen in grete snowes
And eke in every of eche penactes
Weren sondry habitacets
In wheche stonden alle wyth owten
Ful the Castel alle abowten
Of alle maner of menstralys
And Gestours that tellen talles
Both of wepynge and of game
And of alle that longeth vn to fame
There herd I plye on an harpe
That sownde well and sharpe
And Oxphevs full craftely
And on his syde fast by
Satte the harper Orion
And Laycides Chyroנ
And oper harpers mony on
As the Bretau Glaskyrion
And smale harpers wyth her gleys
Sett vnder hym in divers seys
And gon on hem vpward to gape
And counterfeted hem as an ape
Or as craft counterfeted kynde
Tho saw I hem be hynde
A fer fro hem as by hem self
Mony thousande tyme twelf
That made lowde mynstralys
In Cornumuse or Chalemyes
And mony oper maner pipe
That craftely here gonne pipe
Both in dowced and eke in rede
That ben at festes wyth the brede
And mony a floit and litelynge horne
And pipes made of grete corne
As have these litil herd Gromes
That kepen bestes in the bromes
Ther saw I then an Citherus
And of Athenes Daн presentus

PEPYS 2006.
The Marcia that lost her skyn
Both in face body and chyn
For that she wold enviye lo
To pypen bet then Apollo
There saw I Eke famous old and yonge
Pipers of the Duché tonge
To lern howes daunces sprynges
Reyps and the stronge thynges
Tho saw I and in an opere place
Standynge in a large space
Of hem that maken blody sowyn
In Trompe beme and Clarion
For in fight and blodesheddyng
Is vsed gode clarionynge [p. 107, col. 1]
Ther herd I Trompe messenus
Of whom That speketh Virgilius
There herd I Ioab Trompe also
Theodonas and opere mo
And alle that vsed clarion
In Castel Lyon and Aragon
That in her tymes famows were
To lernen saw I Trumpyn there
Ther saw I sitte in her sees
Pleyng vpon opere lees
Wheche I can not nemene
Mo then sterris ben in heven
Of whiche I nyl as now not rym
For ese of yow and losse of tym
For tym I-lost that knowe ye
Be no wey recouered may be
There saw I pley Geogeleos
Magisciens and Tregetours
And Fetonisse and Charmeresses
Old wyches and sorseresses
That vsen exorsisacions

[p. . . . . no gap in the MS.]

PEPYS
And Clerkes that konnen well
Alle this magik naturel
That Craftly doth her ententes
To make a certegn ascendentes
Smages lo thoughg suche magyk
To make a man hole or seke
Ther saw I þ" Quen medea
And Cirtes Eke and Caliophia
Ther saw I Hermes Ballenus
Llymote and Eke Symon magus
Ther saw I and knew hem by name
That by suche art don men fame
Ther saw I colle Tregitour
Vpon a Table of Cicomour
I'ley an vncoouth thynge to telle
Y saw hym Carie a wynd mylle
Vnder a walshnot shale
What shuld I make A lengur tale
Of alle the puple that I say
From hens vn to domys day
When I had alle this folk beholde
And founde me loose and not hold
And eft I mused lengur a whyle
Vp on the wall of Birih
That shon full lighter pen a glas
And made wel more pen it was
[. . . . . no gap in the MS.]
As kynd thynge of fame is
I gan forth romen til I founde
The Castel yat on myn right honde
Wheche so wel carven was
That neuer suche anoper nas
And yet it was be aventure
Iwrought as oft as by Cure
It nedeth yow for to telle
To make yow to lengur dwelle
Of these yates florysynges
Ne of compases ne of kervanges
Ne how the hackynge in Masours
As corbettes and ymagyryes
But lord so feyre it was to shewe
For it was alle of golde be-hew
But in I went and pat a non
There mett I cryyne mony oon
A larges a larges vp hold weff
God save the lady of thys pele
Our own Intil lady fame
And hem that willith to have a name
Of vs thus herd I cryen alle
And fast commen out of halle
And shake noblees and sterlynges
And I-crowned wer as kynges
Wyth crownes wrought full of lesynges
[p. 108, col. 1]
And mony reban and moy hynges
Were in here clothes truely
Tho at the last aspyed y
That parsevauntes and herawdes
That cryen riche folkes lawdes
It weren alle and euery man
Of hem as I yow tell kan
Hedd on hem throw a vesture
Wheche men clepe a cot armure
Enbrowdrede wonderliche riche
Alle though they were nought Ilyche
Bot not will I so mot I thryve
Be a bowte to discryve
Alle these Armes what they weren
That they thus on here cotes beren
For it to me wer impossible
Men myght make of hem a bible
Twenty fote thykk as I trowe
For certeign who so kowde know
Myght *per* alle *p* Armes se
Of famous folk *pat* had Ibe
In Awyke Ewrope And Assie
Sith first lo Chiualeie
Lo how shuld I tell alle this
Ne of the halle eke what nede is
To tellen yow *pat* ewery wall
Of it and flore and rofe wyth alle
Was plated half a fote thikk
Of gold and that nas no thynge wikk
But for to prove in alle wyse
As fyne as Doket of Venyse
Of wheche to lite alle in my powche is
And they wer sett as thikk as owches
Full of the fynest stones faire
That men reden in the lapidarie
As gresses growen in a mede
But it wer alle to longe to rede
The names and *perfore* I passe
But in this riche lusty place
That famous halle called was
Ful muche pres of folk *per* nas
Ne gronynge for to muche pres
But alle on high vpon a deices
Satt on a se Emperia
That made was of A Ruby
Wheche a Carbuncle is I-called
I saw perpetually I-stalled
A femynyne creature
That neuer formed by nature
Suche anofer thynge I say
For alderfurst soth for to say
Me thought that she was so lite
That the length of a cubite
Was lengur then she semed be
But thus sone in a while she
Her silf tho wonderly streght
That wyth her fete she p° erth right 1374
And wyth her hede she towched heven
Ther as shynygh the sterres seven
And þer-to yet as to my wytte
I saw as grete a wonder yet 1378
Vpon her yeen to be-hold!
But certaignment I hem never tolde
For as fele yeen hadd she
As fedres vp on fowles be
Or weren on the bestes fowre
That goddes trone can honour
As wrytyth Ihon in þ° Apocalyps
Her here þat was owndy and Cryps 1386
As borned gold shou as for to see
And soth to tellen also she
Haddde also fele stondynge Eres
And tonges as on an best ben heres
And on her fete waxen saw I 1390
Partrige wynges redely
But lord the perry and þ° ryches
I saw sittynge on þ° goddes
And the hevenly melodye
Of songes fuH of Armonye
I herd abowte her trone I-songe
That alle the paleis walle ronge
So songe the myghty muse she
That cleped is Caliope
And her seven sustren eke
That in her fates semen meke 1394
And euermore eternally
The songe of fame as tho herde I
Heriede be thow and thy name
Goddes of renoun and of fame
Tho was I war lo at the last
As myn yeen gan vp cast

PEPYS
That this ilke noble quene
On her shulddres gan susteygn
Both armes and the name
Of Thoo that had large fame
Alisundre and Hercules
That wyth a shert hys lyf les
And thus fownde I sittyng this goddes
In nobley honour and riches
Of wheche I styon a while now
Other thynge to tellyn yow
Thoo saw I stond on þe oþer syde
Stright dow to þe deris wyde
From the dese mony a pylere
Of metal that shon not ful clere
But though they weren of no riches
Yet they weren made for gret noblesse
And in hem gret sentence
And folk of gret and digne reuerence
Of wheche I will to tellyn yow founde
Vpon a pylere saw I stonde
Alderfirst lo ther I sigh
Vpon a pylere stond on highe
That was of lede and yren fyne
[ no gap in the MS.]
The Ebraik Iosephus þe olþ
That of Iewes Gestes tolþ
And Bare vp on hys shuldres hie
The fame vp of the Iewry
And by hym þer stoden seven
Wyse and worthy for to nemene
To helpen1 hym bar vp the charge
It was so hevy and so large
And for they weren of Batailles
As well as of oþer mervelles
Ther for was lo this piler
Of wheche I yow tell here

PEPYS
Of leede and yren both I-wys
For yren Martis metall is
Wheche pat god is of bataille
And the leede wyth owten faille
Is to the metalle of Saturne
That hath ful large wil to turne
To stondyng forth on every rowe
Of hem wheche I pat cowde know
Though I be ordre hem not telle
To maken yow to longe to dwelle
These of wheche I gonn rede
Ther saw I stond owt of drede
[no gap in the MS.]
That poynted was alle endelyng
With Tygres blode in every place
The Tolofan pat hight Stace
That bare of Tebes vp þe name
Vp on his shuldres and þe same
Also of Cruell Achilles
And by hym stode wythowten lees
Full wonder high vp on o pilere
Of yren he the gret Omer
[1466
And wyth his Darus and Titus
Be fore and eke he Lullius
And Guydo eke de Columpy
As Englisshe Gaunfride eke Iwys
And Eche of these as I have Ioye
Was besy for to ber up Troy
So hevy was þer-of the fame
That for to ber it was no game
But yet I can ful wel aspye
Be twyx hem was a litill envye
Oþer seide þat Omer made lies
Feynynge in hys postrays
And was to Grekes favorable
Therfore held he it but fable
Tho sey I stond on a piler
That was of Tynnyd yren clere
The latyn poete Virgile
That hath bore vp a longe whyle
The fame of pius Eneas
And next on a piler was
Of Coper Venus clerk Ovyde
That hath sowen wounder wyde
The grete godd of love his name
And Ther he bare vp well his name
Vp on this piler al so hie
As I myght see it wyth myn ye
For wheche this hall of wheche I rede
Was wax on hie length and brede
Wel more by a thowsand dele
Than it was erst that saw I mynt
Tho saw I on a piler by
Of yren wrought full sternely
The grete poete Daunü Lucan
And on hys shuldrys bare vp yan
As hie as I myght see
The name of Iulius and Pompie
And by hym stoden alle these Clerkes
That wrytten of Romes myghty werkes
That yef I wold yt her names telle
Alle to longe must I dwelle
And hem vn a piler stode
Of Sulpur liche as he wer wode
Daunü Claudian seth for to telle
That bare vp alle the fame of helle
Of pluto and of prosperpyne
That quen is of the derk pyne
What shuld I more telle of this
The halle was alle ful I-wys
Of hem þat writen olde Geestes
As ben on trees Rokes nestes
Wer all these Gestes for to here
But it is a ful confuse matere
That they of wryte and how pey hight
But while that I behid pat sight
I herde a noyse aprochen blive
That fareth as been don in an hive
Ayenst her tyme of owt commynge
Right suche a maner murmurynge
For alle the world semed me
Tho gan I loke abowte me and see
That per come entrynge in to þe halle
A right grete company wyth alle
And þat of sondry regions
Of alle kynnes condicions
That dwelle in erth vnder the mone
Pore and riche and al so sone
As they wer com in to þe hall
They gone wy on knewys down fall
Be-for this ilke noble quene
And seid graunt vs lady shen
Iche of vs of thy grace a bone
And some of hem she graunted sone
And some she warned well and faire
And some she graunte þe contrarie
[... . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . no gap in the MS.]  
What per grace was y nyst  
[p. 111, col. 1]
For of these folk full wel I wyst
They hadd gode fame ech eche deserved
Alle though they wol dyuersly served
Right as hir sustre Daun fortune
Is wont to serve in common
Now herken how she gan to pey
That gone her of her grace pray
And yet lo alle this companye
Sciden soth and not a lie
Madame seid þey we be
Folk þat her beseken the 1554
That thow graunt vs now gode fame
And lette oure werkes have gode name
In ful recompensacoñ
Of gode werkes yef vs renon 1558
I warne yow quod she a non
Ye gete of me gode fame now
Be god and þer-for go your wey
Alace quod they and welewey 1562
Tell vs what your Cause may be
For me list not it quod she
No wyght shal spoke of yow I-wys
Gode ne harme ne þat ne this
And wyth þat worde she gan to calle
Her nasynger that was in halle
And bad þat he shuld fast gon
Vpon peyn to blynde a non 1570
For Eolus the god of wynde
[ . . . . no gap in the MS.]
And bid hym brynge his Clarion³
That is ful diuers of his sowne 1574
And it is cleped clere lawde
Wyth wheche he wont is to herawde
Hem that me list I-preysed be
And al so bid hym how þat he 1578
Brynge eke his oper Clarion³
That hight skaunder in euerie towη ¹ [p. 111, col. 2]
In wheche he wont is to do fame
Hem þat me list and do hem shame 1582
This Masynger gan fast to gon
And fownd wher in a Cave of ston
In a countrey that hight Crase
This Eolus wyth hard grace
Helde the wyndes in destres
And gan hem onder hym to presse
That they gan as the beres rode
He bounde and pressed hem so sore
This Masynger gan fast crye
Ryse vp quod he and fast hye
Till thow at my lady be
And take thy claiious eke wyth the
And spede the fast and he a non
Toke to a man pat hight Tryton
Hys Clarion to beren tho
And lete a certeign wynd go
That blew so hidewsly and hye
That it left not a skye
In alle the walkyn longe and brode
This Eolus no wher a-bode
Till he was com at fames fete
And eke pat man that Tryton hete
And per he stode as stil as ston
And her wyth alle per can a non
An oper huge compayne
Of olde folk and gan to crye
Lady graunt vs now gode fame
And let oure werkes have pat name
Now in honour and entilnes
And also god your sowle bles
For we han well deserved it
Ther for is right pat we ben quyte
As thrive I quod she ye shal faile
Gode werkes shal not yow availle
[p. 112, col. 1]
To have of me god fame as now
But wote ye what I graunt yow
That ye shul have a shrewed name
And wykked loose and worse fame
Though ye gode loos have wel deserve
Now goth your wey for ye ben serve
And thow Daun Eolus quod she
Take forth thy Trompe a non lette se
That is I-cleped slaundre light
And blow her loos \textit{pat every wyght} 1626
Speke of hem harme and shrewedenes
In stede of gode and wurthynes
For thow shalt trompe alle the contrarie
That they have don wel an faire 1630
Alace thought I what Auentures
Have the sory Creatures
That they amonge alle \textit{þ} prees
Shuld thus be shamed gilteles 1634
But what it must nedes be
What dide this Eolus but he
Toke owt his blak Trompe of Bras
That fowler then the devill was 1638
And gan this Trompe for to blowe
As alle the world\textit{ shall} onerthrowe
Through owte \textit{every} region
Went his fowle trompes sowne 1642
As swyft as a pelet owt of a gonne
When fire is in to it romne
And suche a smoke gan owt wende
Owt of his fowle trompes ende 1646
Blak bloo grevysshe swartisshe rede
As doth whenn men mult lede
Lo alle on hye from the twelle
And \textit{per-to oo thynge} saw I welle 1650
That the furthir \textit{pat} it ranne
\textit{[T]he greter waxen it be-gan}
As doth the Riner from a welle \textit{[p. 112, col. 2]}
And it stanke as the pitt of helle 1654
Alace this was her shame I-ponge
And gilteles on \textit{every} tonge
Tho cam / the thryd \textit{· companye}
And gan vp to \textit{þ} deis hye 1658
And down on kneys thay fell a non
And seiden they ben \textit{every}chon
Folk that han ful trewly
Deserved fame rightfully
And pray that it myght be know
Right as it is and forth I-blow
I graunt quod she for now me list
That now your god werkes ben wyst
And yet ye shul have better los
Right in despite of alle your foos
Then wurthy is and that a non
Let now quod she thy trompe gon
Thow Eolus that is so blak
And owte thyn opé trompe take
That hight Lawde and blow it so
That through p world her fame go
Alle esyly and not to fast
That it be knownen at the last
Ful gladely lady myn he seide
And owt his trompe of gold he breyde
A-non and sett it to his Nowth
And blew it Est west and sowth
And north as lowd as euy thonder
That euery wyght have of it wonder
So brode it ran or at it stynt
And certes alle the breth pat went
Owt of his Trompe Nowth it smyelled
As men a pitteful of bawm heled
Amonge a basket ful of Roses
This fauour dede he to her loses
And right Wyth this I gan aspye
Ther cam the foreth company
But certeign they were wonder fowe
And gone to stond on a rowe
And seiden certes lady bright
We haven do well wyth alle eure myght
But we ne kepen have no fame
Hide eure werkes and eure name
For goddes love for certes we
Hai certeign do it for bonite 1698
And for no maner oper thynge.
I graunt you alle your askynge
Quod she let alle your werkes be dede
Wyth pat about I turned myn hede 1702
And see anon pis first rowte
That to this lady gan lowte
And down a non on knees falle
And her tho by-sowghten alle 1706
To hide her gode werkes eke
And seide they yefe not a leke
For fame ne suche renoun
For they for contemplacion
And Goddes love hadd it wrought
Ne of fame wolde they nowght
What quod she be ye wode
And wene ye to do gode 1714
And for to have of that no fame
Have ye despite to have my name
Nay ye shall be euerychon
Blow thy trompe and pat a non 1718
Quod she thow Eolus I hote
And rynge these folkes werkes by note
That alle the world may of it here
And gan blow her loos so clere 1722
In his gilde Clarion
That through the world went p sown
And so kyndely and eke alle soft
[. . . no gap in the MS.] 1726
Tho cam the sixt company
And gan fast to fame crye [p. 113, col. 2]
Right verely in this manere
They seiden mercy lady dere 1730
To tell certeign as it is
We have do neper pat ne this
But Idil alle our e lif be
But neverles we preyen the
That we may have so god a fame
And grete renouni and knowen nam
As they that have don noble gestes
And eshued alle her bestes
As wel of love as ower thynge
Alle was vs neuer broche ne rynge
Ne elles ought fro women sent
Ne ones in her hert I-ment
To make vs only frendely chere
But nowght temen vs vp on bere
Yet lete vs to p* pulese seme
Suche as the world* may of vs deme
That wommen loved vs for wode
That shal do vs as muche gode
And to oure hert as muche availe
To countre pese ese and travaile
As we hadd wonne wyth labore
For that is dere bowght labour
At ragarde of oure grete ese
And yet ye must vs more plese
Lete vs behold* eke pert*o
Wurthy wyse and gode also
And riche and happy vn to love
For goddes love that sittith above
Though we may not the body have
Of women yet so god me save.
Lete men blaw on vs the name
Sufficeth that we have the fame
I graunt quod she be my trowth
Now Eolus wyth outen slowth
Take out thy trompe of gold* quod she
And blow as they have asked me
That every man were hem at ese
Though they go in bad lese

[1734]
[1738]
[1742]
[1746]
[1750]
[1754]
[1758]
[1762]
[1766]
This Eolus gan it so blow
That through the world it was knowe
Tho com the vij rowte a non
And fel in knees euerychon
And seide lady graunt vs sone
The same thynge the same bone
That these next folke have don
Fye on yow quod she euerychon
Ye masty swyne ye Idil wrecches
Ful of Roten slow tecche
What fals theves wher ye woold
Ben famous goode and no thynge nold
Deserve why ne neuer thought
Man rather yow to hangyn ought
For ye ben like the slepy catte
That wold have fisshe but wost quou what
He will no thynge wete his clowes
Evill thrift com on your Iowes
And on myn yef I it graunt
Or do fanour yow to a-vaunt
Thow Eolus thow kynge of Trace
Go blow this folk a sory grace
Quod she a non and wost thow how
As I shal tell the right now
Sey these ben they that wolden honour
Have and do no kynnes labour
And do no good and yet hem lawde
That men wende that bele Isawde
Ne cowde hem nowt of love were
And yet she grynt at a quyrne
Is alle to gode to ese her hert
This Eolus a non vp stert
And wyth his blak Clarion
He gan to blasyn owt a sown
As lowde as bellyth wande in helle
And eke per wyth sotth to telle
This sowne was as ful of Iapes
As euere mows wer in Apes
And that went alle the world aboute
That euery wyght gan on hem showte
And for to laugh as they wer wode
Suche gam fownde they in her hode
Tho cam annother company
That hadd L-doone p° trecherye
The harme the grete wikkednes
That euery hert cowde gesse
And prayed her to have gode fame
That she nold do hem ne shawme
But yeve hem loos and gode renoun
And do it blow in Clarioun
Nay wys quad she it were a wyse
Alle be per-in be no Justice
Me list not do it nowe
The nys nyl I not graunte yow
Tho cam per crepynge in a rowte
And gan clappe alle abowte
Euery man vp on p° crowne
That alle the hall gan to sowne
And seide lady leve and dere
We ben suche folk as ye may here
To tell alle the tale a right
We ben shrewes euery wyght
And have delit in wikkednes
As goode folk have in godnes
And Ioie to ben known shrewes
And ful of vice and wikked thewes
Wher fore we pray yow on a rowe
That oure fame be suche I know
In alle thynge suche as it is
I graunt it yow quad she I wys
But what art pou that seyst pis tale
That werest on thyn hose a pale

PEPYS
And on thy tipet suche a beff
Ma Dam quod he soth to tell
I am that ilk shrew I wys

[Pepys 2006 Fame ends the Mars follows.]
5.

**The Legend of Good Women**

**From**

**ADDITIONAL MS. 28,617, British Museum** (has lost 20 leaves); all, from line 513 to the end, 1.2723; less, lines 610-807, 1106-1305, 1802-1851, 2111-2125, 2136-2151 ... ... p. 134-212

**MS. Ff. 1. 6, University Library, Cambridge.**

Thisbe only ... ... ... ... p. 139-149

**RAWLINSON MS. C. 86, Bodleian Library.**

Dido only ... ... ... ... p. 149-173
THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

[Addit. MS. 28,617, Brit. Mus. (paper), leaf 1, incomplete: begins at line 513 and has lost 9 other leaves.]

[There's a kind of || at the end of every line.]

She that For hire housbonde chees to dye [leaf 1] 513
And eke to gooñ to helle rather thanne he
And hercules Rescowed hire parde
And brouft oute off helle ageyne to blysse 516
And I answerde ayen And seyde yisse
Now knowe I hire And ys this goode Alceste
The deyesye And myn owne hertys Reste
Now Fecle I wel the goodnesse off this wyff 520
And that both affer deeth and in hire lyff
Hire grete bounte doublthi her? Renoûn
Welh hath she quytte me myne Affeccióun
That I have tyl hire Floure the Deyesye 524
No wondir ys thoufi Ioue hire stellyfye
And as tellith Agatoon For hire goodnesse
Hire white Corovne berith off hit wytnesse
For also many vertues hadde she 528
As smale Floures in hire Corovne be
In remembreunce off hire and in honour
Cybella made the deyse and the Flour
I-Corovne al with with white as men may se 532
And Mars thanne to hire Corovne Rede parde

ADDIT. 28,617
In stede off Rubyes sette amônge the white
Ther withi she wexe rede For shame [ ]yte
whanne she was preyset so in hire presence
Thanne seyd a Full grete negligence
Was yt to the that ylke tymhe thow made

[No gap in the MS.]

Hyde Absolon thy Tresses in Balade

[No gap in the MS.]

And thow Forgate hire in thy songe to sette [leaf 1, back]

[No gap in the MS.]

Syn that thow art so gretely in hire dette
And wyste so wefl that kalendre ys she
To any womman that woile lover be
For she taullt alle the Craffte off ffyn loyynge
And namely off wyffhoode the loyynge
And alle the boundes that she oult kepe
Thy lytyl wytte was thilke tymhe a-slep
But now I Charge the vpôn thy lyff
That in thy legende thow make on this wyff
whanne other smale ben made byfore
And Fare now weff I charge the nomore
But or I goo thus myche I woile the telle
Ne shafl no trewe lover komen in helle
Thes other ladyes syttyn here a Rowe
B[en i]n thy Balade yiff thow kanst hem knowe
And in thy bookes thow shalt hem ffynde
Have hem now in thy legende alle in mynde
I mene off thaym that ben in thy knowynge
For here ben .xx .M', and moo syttynge
Thanne thow knewest goode wommen alle
And trewe off love For auht that may befalle
Make thy Metres off thaym as the leste
I mote goo home the somne drawith west
To Paradys with alle this Companye
And serve ay weff the Freshe deyesye
At Cleopatre I wol at thow begyane

ADDIT. MS. 28,617
And so Forth and my love shallow wynnne
For latte se now what man that lover be
Wole do so stronge a peyne in love as she
I wote weH thow mayst nat alle Ityme
That suche lovers dydden in her tyme
It were to longe to reden and to here
Sufflyseth me thow make in this manere
That thow rehersse off alle theyre lyff the grete
After that thes olde Auctours lysten trete
For who so shal so many a storye telle
Say shortly or he shal to longe duelle
And with that worde my bookes gan I take
And rilfit thus on my legende ghane I make

[1.]

\textit{Incipit legenda Cleopatrye.}

\textit{After the deeth off Tholome the kyng}
That alle Egipte hadde in his governyng
Regned his Queene Cleopatras
Tyl on a tyme byselle there suche a caas
That out off Rome was sent a senatour
Forto conquere Regnes and honour
\textit{Vnto the tovne off Rome as was vsaunce}
To hauue the worlde at theyre obeysaunce
And sothe to seyne Antonius was his name
So felle yt as Fortune hym oulit a shame
whanne he was Fallen in prosperyte
Rebelle vnto the tovne off Rome was he
And over alle this the sustre off Cesar
He lefte hire Falsly er she was war
And wolde alcatys hauue a nother wyff
For which he toke withi Rome and Cesarstryff

\textit{Addit. 28,617}
Natheles For sothe this ylke senatour was a FuH worthy werreour
And off his deeth hit was FuH grete aamage
But love hadd brought this man in such a Rage
And hym so narwe bounden in his laas
For the love off Cleopataras
That alle the worlde he sette at no value
Hym thouhit ther was no thing to hym so due
As Cleopataras Forto love and serve
Hym rouhit nouhit in Armys Forto sterve
In the defence off hire and off hire Riht
This noble queene love† so this knylit
Thurl his deserte and his Chialrye
As certeynly but yiff that bookes lye
He was off persone and off gentyllesse

[4 leaves gone here.]
[4 leaves out of the Addit. MS. 28,617, British Museum.]
[II.]

[THE LEGEND OF THISBE.]

[MS. Ef. 1. 6 (paper), University Library, Cambridge.]

A t babilone whilom fil it pus
the wych towne the quene Semiramus
Let dychene aH a-boute & waHys make
FuH hey of arde / tylys wele y-bake
There were dwellyng' yn pis nobuH towne
Towe lordys wych' pat were of grett renou[n]e
And woned fo ny on a grene
That yer nas but a stow whaH hym be-twene
As oft1 in grett townys ys pe won' [1st and 2nd are the same]
And sotH to seyne that one man had a son'
Of aH pat londe one of the lysteys[1]e
That oudur had a dowtHr the feyrest
That estwhand in p' worlde whas p° dwellyng'
The name of cuerycli gane to oudur spryng'
Be wemen pat were neyghbursys a-bowte
For in pat cuntrę hit p° out of dowte
Meydys ben y-kepet for Ialouse
FuH stryte leyst any downe sum foyly
pis yong' man whas callyck peyramus
Thesbe het p° meydow Naso seyth' pus
And' pus be report whas hur name y-schone
That as pey wex yn' age wax here luffe
And' Serteyne as be resouw of here age
The myght haue ben' be-twex hem maryage
But pat here fadurs nold' not it sent
And bowth in luffe y-lycli sore pey brent
That none of aH here frendys myght hyt leit [291,bb] 732
And' preuely some tyme pat pey mette
CAMB. FF. 1. 6
Be slyethi & spekene some of here dyseyre
As owre the glede attur p* feyre
For-bede a lufe & it tene so wode 736
This wahl wych pat be-twex hym both stode
Whas clouen a tow ryght fro p* cope a down
Of olde tymys of his fundacion
But pat pis clyfte was so narowe & lyte 740
Hit was noyght a seyndyr noyght a myte
But wat p* pat lufe cam noyght a-speye
The lufterys towe ye pat I shaH not ley
The funden fyrm pis lyteH narowe clyfte
And with a sowe as softe as any schryft
The lett here wordys thoro p* clyft passe
And tolden wyH pat pey stoden in the plase
Here compleynt of lufe and here woo 748
And every tyme when pat dorst so
Vp-one pat on syde of pat whaH stode he
And on pat oudur syde stode tesby
The swette sowne of oudur to reysene
And pus here whardeybs wold pey dyssseyue
And every day this whaH wold pey threte
And wyssch to god hit were done bete
Thus wold pey seyne a las pow wykkydf whaH 756
Thurgh thyne emvye towe lestest vs aH
Why nyilt pou cleue or fallone a downe
Or at the lest but pou woldust so
Yet woldest but onus lat vs mete 760
Or onus pat we myght kysson swe,
Than were we couered of owre carus colde
But myytheles yet be we to p* holde
In as mycb as pou sufferest for to gone 764
Oure wordus thurght ji lyme & eyke py stone
Yet are we with p* weH apayde
And when pis yduH wordus were seyde
The colde whaH pey wold kysse of stone
And take here leyue & forthe pey wolden) gone

CAMB. ff. 1. 6
And pis was gladl in þe euene ȝ tyde
Or wondur erly leyst men hit a-spyde
And long tyme þey rrowte in þis manere 772
Tyl on a day whan þe phebus gane to clere
Aurora wyth þe strems of his hete
Hæþ dryude vp þe dewe of erbus swete
Vn-to þis clyft as hit whas won to be 776
Come pyramus & aftar come tesbe
And plyghtow trowthe fully in sey
Þat ylke same nyght to stolone a wey
And to be-geyle here whardeyns euerychone 780
And forth out of þe Syte for to gone
And for þe feldus bene so browde & wyde
For to mete in a plase at o tyme
Þey sett merke here metynge schuld be [leaf 65, back] 784
There kyng þynus whas grauene vndur a tre
For olde penyms þat Idoles hered
Vsen tho in feldus to ben bered
And fast be þite geyne whas a weH 788
And schorthly of þis tale to tell
Þis conant was a-farmed wondur fast
And long hynd thouggh þat þe sone last
Þat hit nere gone vndur þe goynge down 792
Thys tesby hath so grett affeccioun
And so grett hast piramus to se
That wen sche myght see here tyme myght be
Att nyght sche stale a wey preuyly 796
Wyth here fase wympuld Sothly
Alle here frendus for to saue here thawght trwthe
Sche asse for-sake & þat þe rewthi
That euer womman wold be so trewe 800
To tryst a man but sche hym betur knewe
And to the tre sche gose a fuH good pase
For loue made hyr so aryly in þat case
And be þat weH a downe cau sche hyr a-dresse 804
Alas tho come a wylde lyones

CAMB. Ff. 1. 6
To drynken off the welle there she satte [leaf 3] 808
And whanne that Tesbe hadde espysed thatte
She roos with a drery herte
And in a kave with dredefull Foot she sterte
For by the Mone she sawe yt weH with alle 812
And as she ra sne hire wymple lette she Falle
And tooke noon hede so sore she was awhaped
And eke For gladde that she was escaped
And thus she syttetli and derkyth wondre stylle
whanne that this lyonesse hadde drounke hire Fylle
Aboute the welle gaonnement she Forto wende
And riht anoon the wymple gaonnement she Fynde
And with hire blody mouthe yt arr to-Rente 820
whanne this was done no lenger wolde she stente
But to the wodde hire way thanne hathi she nome
And at the laste this Pyramus ys kome
But arr to longe at home allas was he
The Mone shone And he myght weH se
And in his way as that he kome FuH Faste
Hys eyen to the grounde a dorne he caste
And in the sondre as he byheld adown 828
He seye the steppes broode off a lyon
And in his herte he sodeynly agroos
And pale he wex and ther withi his heere aroos
And nere he kome and Founde the wymple torn
Allas quod he the day that I was born 832
This oon myght weole vs lovers bothe slee
How shulde I aske mercy off Tesbee
whanne I am he that haue yow slayne Allas
My hydyege hathi yow slayne in this caes
Allas to bydde A womman goon be myght
In place where as perylle Fallen myght
And I so slowe allas I ne hadde be
Here in this place a Furlonge way or ye

ADDIT. 28,617
Out of p° wode wytli out more a rest
Wyth bloudy mouth of stranglyng of a best
To drynkene of p° weH pere as sche aste
And when pat tesby had a-spyde that
Sche rose vp wyth a drewri hert
And in a cane wyth drydfuH foot sche sterte
For be p° mone sche sey hit welle wyth aH
And as sche rane here wympuH lett sche fall
And toke no heH so sore sche whas a-wapede
And cyke for glad pat sche whas esc-aped
And ßus sche setthe & erkyth woundur stell
When ßis lyones had drenkyne here feH
A-boute ßo weH ganH sche for to wend
And ryght a-none ße wympuH ganß sche fynß
And wyth here bloudy mouth hit aß to-rent
Whan ßis was done no lenger sche ne stent
But to ßo wode here wey thenß hathi sche nome
And at ßp° last ßis pyramus ys come
But aß to long'allas at home whas he
The mone schone & he myght wele y-see
And be hys wey as he come full fast
Hys eyenß a downe to the erth he cast
And in ße sonde as he be-helde a downe
He saye ßp° steppus broude of a lyow
Andß in hys hert sodenly he a-grose
Andß pale he wex per-wytßi hys here a-rose
Andß nere he come & fonde ßp° wympuH torne
Allas quodß he the day pat I whas borne
Thys o nyght wolß vs loners bothe slee
How schulß? I ask mercy of you' tesby
Whanß I amß he pat hathi you' slaynß allas
My bydyngß hathi you' slayne in ßp° case
Allas to byddone a woman go be nyght
In plase perß as perH fallen myght
Andß I so slouß allas I hadß ne be
Here in ßpß plas a furlongß wey or sche
298-299 PAR.-TEXT
144 LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. ADDIT. MS. 28,617.

Now what Lyoun that be in this Foreste
My body mot hem rente or what beeste
That wylde ys gnawen mote he myn herte 844
And with that worde he to the wympyle sterte
And kyste yt offte and wepte on yt FuH sore
And seyde wympyle allas there is na mare
But thow shalt Fele as weH the bloode off me 848
As thow haste Felte the bledynge off Tesbe
And with that worde he smote hym to the herte
The bloode out off the wounde as broode sterte
As water whanne the conduyt brokyn ys 852
Now Tesbe which that wyst nat off this
But syttyng in here drede she thouht thus
Yiff hit so Falle that my Pyramus
Be komen hedir and may me nat Fynde 856
He may me holde Fals and eke vnkynde
And oute she komyth and after hym gan espynen
Bothe with hire herte and with hire eyen [leaf 4]
And thouht I wolde hym tellen off my drede 860
Bothe off the Lyonesse and alle my dede
And at the last hire lyeff thanne hatli she Founde
Betynge his heles vpon the grounde
Al blody and ther with all abak she sterte 864
And lyke the wawes quappe game hire herte
And pale as Box she was in a throwe
Avesed hire and gan hym wel to knowe
That hit was Pyramus hire herte dere 868
Who kouthe wryte swych a dedly Chere
Hatli Tesbe now and how here heere she Rent
And how she game hire syff to turmente
And how she lyeth an swowneth on the grounde 872
And how she wepte off Teeres Fulles his wounde
And medlyth she his bloode with his compleynt
How with his bloode hire selff game she peynt
How clippeth she the deede corps allas 876
How doth this wofH Tesbe in this caas

ADDIT. 28,617
Nowe what lion\l pat be in pis forest
My body mote rent or what best
That wyld\l pat gna\l mut my hert
And wyth\l pat word\l he to\l wympuh\l starte
And kyst it oft & weppet ow\l it full sore
And sayd\l wympuh\l al\l is nomore
But pou shal\l fele as we\l bloude of me
As pou as feld\l block of tesby
And wyth\l pat word\l he smet hym\l to\l hert
The bloude out of\l wond\l as brod start
As watur\l wan\l pat\l condy\l broken\l pis
Nowe tesby wyth\l wyst no thyg\l of\l pis
But settyng\l in here drede sche thuth\l bus
Yf it so faH\l pat my none pyramus
be comon\l hiddur & may me not fynd\l
He may hold\l me false & eke on\l kynd\l
And out sche comthie & a\l hym\l sche can\l aspye
Both wyth\l hyr\l hert & eke wyth\l hyr ce
And thought I wyH\l hym\l teH\l of\l my drede
Both of\l pis\l lyones & a\l my dede
And at\l last here luffe\l pere as sche fond\l
Betyng\l wyth\l his helys vnto\l pe grond\l
A\l blody &\l per\l wyth\l a\l bakke sche sterte
And lyke\l po\l quays quakyng\l here hert
And pale as box sche was in a throwe
A\l vsed\l here & gan\l hym\l wele to knowe
That it was peramus\l here hert dere
Woo cowde wryte\l wych\l a\l dey\l schere
Hath tesby nowe & howe her here sche rent
And howe sche gan\l here selen to terment
And howe sche\l lyth & suownyth\l ow\l pis grond\l
And howe sche\l weppet of teres fuH\l lys wond\l
And medult\l sche his\l blode\l wyth\l here complunt
How wyth\l his\l bloude\l here\l sche\l gane\l sche\l paynt
Howe klepet sche\l pe\l dede\l corse\l allas
Houe doth\l pis\l wofuH\l tesby\l in\l this case

PAR. TEXT 298-299
LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. MS. ff. 1, 6, CAMB. 115
How kysseth she his Frosty mouthe so colde
Who hathi dow this and who hathi ben so bokde
To sleen my lyeff / O speke my Pyramus
I am thy Tesbe that the callyth thus
And ther withi al she lyssfed vp his heede
This wofuH man that Fully was nat deede
On hire he caste his hevy deedly eye
Whanne that he herde the name off Tesbe cryo
And dowd ageyn and yeildith vp the goost
Tesbe rysith vp withi oute noyse or boost
And sauli hire wymply and his empty scethi
And eke his swerde that hym hathi done to deeth
Thanne spak she thus thy wofuH hande quod she
Is stronge ynoUih in swich a werke to me
For love shalH yeve me strenthi and hardynesse
To make my wounde large ynoUih y gesse
I woled the Folwen deede and I woled be
Felawe and cause eke of thy deeth quod she
And thow that no thyng save the deeth only
Mili the Fro me departe trewly
Thow shalt no more now departe Fro me
Thanne Fro the deeth For I woled goo withi the
And now yee wrecche(Ieolous Fadres oure
We that whylom wern children youre
We pray yow that withi outen more envye
That in oone grave we moten lye
Syn love hathi brouhit vs to this pitous ende
As Rihtwyse god to euery lover sende
That lovyth trewly more prosperyte
Thanne euere hadde Pyramus and Tesbe
And latte no gentyl woman hire assure
To putten hire in suche an aventure
But god Forbede but yiff a woman kan
Ben as trewe and lovynge as a Man
And For my part I shaH anoön yt kythe
And with that worde his swerde she toke as swythe
PAR.-TEXT 300-301

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. MS. EF. 1. 6, CAMB. 147

Howe kyssethe sche his fursty mowthe so colde
Howe hath done pis & hath bene so bolde
To slene my loufe o speke my pyramus
I am þ treby þat þe calluth þus
And þer-wyth-áþ sche lyftud vp his head
þis wofuH man þat was not fully dede
Wen he here þe name of treby crye
On here he cast his hone dely ey

[ . . . . . . no gap in the MS.]

Tesbe ryseth wyth-outon wayse or bost
And her wympuH & hes empty schethe
And eke his sword þat hath him done to dethe
þan spake sche þus my wofuH hant qvod sche
His strong I-nought in sych ñ werke to me
For luffe shaH gyffe strynth & hardynes

To make my wond large e-nought I gesse
I wyH þe foloue dede & I wyH be
Feloue & ease eke of thy deth qvod sche
And þan þat nothyng sane deth only

Myght the fro me part truly

[ . . . . . . line out of the MS.]

Than fro þa deth for I will go wyth the [leaf 67, back]
And now the wrycchyd Ialous sadurs owrs
We þat were whylomus we children your
We prayn you wyth-outon moreenuye
þat in one graue we motton both lye
Syn loufe hath brouth vs to pis petious ende
And ryghtfulH god to every louere send
That louethe truly more prosperyte
Than ener had þ pyramus & tesby
And let no gentelwoman hyre assure
To putton hyre in sych aenture
But god for-bede but a woman kane
Be as trewe & louyng as a man
And for my parte y shaH a-non hit ryght

And wyth þat word his swerde sche toke as sythte
That warne was off hire lovis bloode and hoote
And to the herte she hire syluen smote
And thus ys Tesbe and Pyramus agoo
Off trewe men I Fynde but Fewe moo
In alle my bookes sauff this Pyramus
And therfore have I spokyn off hym thus
For yt ys deynye to vs Men to Fynde
A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde
Heer may he seen what lover that hem be
A woman darre and kan love as well as he

[ III. ]

Encipit. legenda / Didonis. Cartagie. Regine. /

G

Lorye and Honour Virgyl Manteān
Bere thy name and I shaH as I kan
Folwe thy lanterne as thow goost byforn
How Eneas was to Dydo Forsworn
In thyne eneyde And naso wolde I take
The tenoure and the grete effectes make
Whanne Troye brouht was to the destrucczion
By Grekes sleyhit and namly by Synoun
Feynyng the hors offered vnto Mynerwe
Thurh which many a Troian must sterwe
And Ector hadde after his deeth appiere
And Fyre so woode yt mylyt nat ben stiere
In alle the noble Toure off ylyoun
That off the Citee was the Chieff dongoun
And alle the Cuntre was so lowe ybrouht
And Pyramus the kyng Fordoñ and nouht
And Eneas was Charged by Venus
To Fleen away / he toke Ascanius
That was his sonne in his rilte hande and Fledde
And on his bak he bare and with hym ledde

ADDIT. 28,617
That warne was of hyr lufys blode & hot
d to þe herte sche hyr sylfe smotte
And þus his pyramus & tese a go
Of so trewe men I fynd but fewe mo
In al my bokys saue þis pyramus
And þerfore I haua spoken of hyms þus
For hit is dente of syche men to fynd
A man þat gan in lufse be trewe & kynde
Here may þe seyn whate lonere so he be
A woman dar & kan as wele as he
Explicit Pyramus & tese
Nomen scriptoris nicaoluus plenus amoris.

[ III. ]

Ravel. MS. C. 86, leaf 113; paper: late 15th cent.

the complaynte of Dido [in a later hand]

Glorie and honowre VirgiH Mantuan / Lidgate.
Bere thi name & I shaþ as I can
Folow thi latenw as thou goist beforw /
How Enyas was to Dido for-Swrow (sic) /
In thi Supporte ovide & naso wiH I take /
The tenour and the grete effecte make /
When Troy was brought to distruction /
By grekys slyght & namely by SynoH /
Feinyd the horse offird nonto Manerv /
Throw whiche many a Trogian dide stryve /
And Ector had after his Deith apperid /
And a fire so wode it myght not be sterid /
In alle the nobiliH toure of Ilion [leaf 113, back] 936
That of the Citie was the Cheyf Dungeon /
And al the Contrey was so low I-brught /
And Pyramus the kyng brought to nought /
And eneas was chargid by Venus /
To fleyn awaye he toke askaneus
That was his sone in his right bande & seldde /
And on his bake he bare & forth he ledde /
His olde Fadir cleped Anchises
And by the way his wyff Creusa he lees
And mekyl sorwe hadde he in his mynde
Or that he koutli his Felysshepe Fynde
But at laste whan he hadde hem Founde
He made hym redy in a certeyn stounde
And to the see he gan hym FuH Fast hye
And sayllith Forth with alle his companye
Towardes ytaylle as wolde his destynee
But off his aventures in the see
Ne nys nat to purpos Foro speken off here
For hit accordyth nat to this matere
But as I seyde off hym and off Dydo
ShaH be my Tale that I have y-do
So longe he saylle in the Salte See
Tyl in Lybye vuneth arryved he
With shippes seven and no more navye
And gladde was he to londe Foro hye
So was he with the Tempest al to-shake
And whane that he the haven hadde ytake
He hadde a knyht was called Acchates
And hym off alle his Felysshepe he chees
To goon with hym the cuntre For tespye
He teke with hym no more Companye
But Forth they goon and lefte the Shippes Ryde
Hys Feer and he with outen eny guyde
So longe he walkyth in this wyldernesse
Tyl at the laste he mette an hunteresse
A Bowe in hande and Arwes hadde she
Hire clothes wern cutted to the kne
But she was yitt the Feyrest creature
That enere was Fourmed by nature
And Eneas and Acchates she grette
And thus she to hem spak as she hem mette
Sawe yee quod she as yee hane walked wyde
Eny off my sustren walke yow byside

Addit. Ms. 28,917.
His old' fader / Callid: Anchises / 944
And by the wey his wiff: Crus a he leese
And Much: sorow had he in his mynde /
Or that he Coude his felishipe fynde /
But at the last when he had: them founde /
He made hym' redy on a Certeyn stovnde /
And to the see he Covde hym' fast hye /
And saillyd: forth with aH hys Company /
Toward ItayH as was his destine /
But his aventure on the see /
Is not to purpos to sepke (sic) of here
for it accordith nat to my Matiere /
But as I said: of hym' and of Dido /
Er I go ferther and or I haue adoo /
So longe he saillyd in the salt see /
TiH at libie vnetli arivith he /
With Shippes viij': & with no more nave /
And glade was he to lond forto hye /
So was he with tempest at to shake /
And when that he the haunw had: I-take /
He had: a . kynght (sic) that was Callid: Achates 964
And hym' of: aH his felishipe he chees
To goo with hym' & this land' forto aspie /
He toke with hym' no more Company /
But forth they gone & leten: the shippes ride /
His fere and he with-outyn eny gyde /
So long he walkyth yn the wildernesse /
That at the last they mete an: hunteresse /
A . Bow in hand' & arowes had she / [leaf 111] 972
Her Clothes Com: to hir: kney /
But she was yet the fayrest creature /
That euer was maide by nature /
Eneas and achates she grett
And thus to them: spake as she them: mete /
Sawe ye as ye walkyd: wyde
Any of: my sistres walkyng you by-side /
With eny wylde Boor or other Beeste
That they haue hunte{[leaf 6, back]} in the Forste
I-tukke{[leaf 6, back]} vp with Arwes in their Caas
Nay sothely lady quod this Eneas
But be thy beaute as thenkyth me
Thow myhtest neuer ethely woman be
But Phebus suster artow as I gesse
And yiff so be thow be a goddesse
Haue mercy on oure labour and on oure woo
I nam no goddesse sothely quod she thoo
For maydens walken in this Cuntre heere
With Arwes and with Bowe in this manere
This ys the Regne off Lybye there yee bene
Off which ys Dydo lady and quene
And shortly tolde hym alle thoccacioun
why Dydo kome in to that Regioun
Off which as now me lyst nat to Ryme
Hyt nedyth nat yt nere but losse off tyme
For this ys alle and somme yt was Venus
Hys owne Moder that spak with hym thus
And to Cartage she badde he shulde hym dyht
And vanysshed anoon oute of his sylit
I kouthe Folwe worde For worde virgil
But yt shulde lasten al to longe whil
This noble quene that cleped was Dydo
That whilom was the wyff off Seytheo
That Fayrer was thame the brilht sonne
This noble tow{[leaf 7]} off Cartage hath begonne
In which she Regneth in so grete honour
That she was holde off alle quenes the Flour
Of gentyllesse of Fredam of beaute
That weH was hym that myht hire onys se
Off kynges and off lorde{[leaf 7]} so desir{[leaf 7]}e
That alle the worlde hire beaute hath yffyr{[leaf 7]}
She stode so well in ever{[leaf 7]} wyhtes grace
Whoane Eneas was komen to that place

ADDIT. 28,617
Whit any wilde Bore ar any wyld best / 980
That they hawe huntyd in this forest /
I-tuckyd vp with arows in a case
Nay sothely lady quod Eneas /
But by thy beaute as thynkyth me / 984
Thou Mighest neuer erly womand be /
But phebus sustre thow art I gesse /
Or ellys I trowe thow art a goddesse /
Hawe mercy ond ourlle laboure & woo /
I am no goddesse sothely quod she thoo /
For Maydeyns walkyn in this Contrey here /
With arowes and with Bowes In this manere /
This ys the Region of libie / ther ye bene /
Of Dido ys a lady and a quene
And shortely she told them the occasion
Why Dido comd yn-to that Region /
Of whiche as now me list not reyne /
For truly it were but losse of tyme /
For this is aH and sunne it is Venus
His owyn modr that spake to hym thus /
And to Cartage she bade he shuld hym dight /
And than vanishlyd anow oute of hys sight /
I coude folow worde for worde Virgile /
But it shuld last aH to longe a while /
This noble quene that clepid was dido
That wiff was whilom of Citheo /
That sure was than the Bright sonne /
This noble Towne of Cartage hath be-gonne
In whiche she Reignedd yn grette honoure /
And she was holden of aH quens flower
Of gentilnesse / fredom & of Beuate (sic)
Yet weH was hym that hir myght ones see /
Of kynges and of lordes she was desyreth /
So that aH the worlde hir beu cone had hire /
She stode so weH / yn euery whyghtes grace /
And whan that ences was Comed to the place /
Vnto the maystre Temple off the towne
Ther Dydo was in hire devotion
Ful\l\ pryvely his way thanne hath he nome
Whanne he was in the large Temple kome
I kan nat say yiff hit be possyble
But Venus hadde made hym Invysible
Thus seyth the book withi oute eny les
And whanne this Eneas and Acchates
Hadden in this Temple ben ouere alle
Thanne Fonden they depeynted on a walke
How Troye and alle the londe destroyed was
Allas that I was bor\n quod Eneas
Thur\h oute the worldle oure shame ys kyd\k so wyde
Now yt ys peynted on every syde
How we that whilom wer\n in prosperitye
Ben now dysclandre\d and in suche degr\e
Noo lenger Forto lyve I ne kepe
And with that worde he brast out to wepe
So tendirly that Routhe yt was to seenc
This Fresshe lady off the Citee quene
Stode in the Temple in hire estate Realle
So Richely and eke so Fayre withi alle
So yonge so lusty withi hire eyen glade
That yiff that god that hevene and erthe made
Wolde haue a love For beaute and goodnesse
And womanhede and trouthe and semelynesse
Whome shulde he loven but that lady swete
Ther nys no womman to hym halff so mete
Fortune that hath the worlde in governaunce
Hath sodeynly brouht Inne so newe a chaunce
That neuere was ther so Fremde a caas
For alle the company off Eneas
Which that he wende haue lorne in the See.
Arryved\k ys nat Ferr From that Citee
For which the grettest off his lordses some
By aventure ben to the citee kome
Vnto the Maister temple of the toune 1016
There Dido was in hir devotion /
Ful preuely his wye than hath he now /
When he was In the Temple I-come /
I can not sey yt it were possible /
But that Venus had made hym visible /
Thus saith this boke with-oute any les /
And when thise Eneas and achates /
Had ben in the Temple ouer all /
Then founde they depeyntid on a wall
How Troy and all the land distroyd was
Alas that he was Born said Eneas /
Throw outhe the world our shame is knowyn so wyde /
Now is it here peyntyd upon every syde /
We that wereyn in most prosperite
Be now disc[law]ndred & in suche degré [M.S. discu'dred]
No lenger for to leuyn I ne kepe /
And whit that werde anon he gan to wepe /
So tenderly that it was routhe to see /
This lady Freshe & of the Cetie quene /
Stode yn the Temple / in hir estate rial /
So richely & eke so fare with all /
So yonge so lusty with hir eizen glade /
That yff goode that heuyn made /
Wolde haue a loun for Beuote and goodnesse /[leaf 115]
And womanhede trouth & sembines /
There ys no woman to hym half so mete /
Whom shuld he haue but this lady swete /
fortune that hath worlde in gouernaunce /
hathe sondely wrouth so new a chaunce /
That neuer was there a more straunge Case /
For all the Company of Eneas /
Whiche he had went to haue lorn yn the see /
Arriuyn be not ferr from that Citie /
Of whiche the gretest of his lordes sun
By auentes / to the sam Cite ben Com
Vnto the same Temple Forto seke
The quene and off hire sokour to beseke
Swych Renoun was ther sprongen off hire goodnesse
And whanne they hadden tolde alle theyre destresse
And alle theyre Tempest and theyre harde caas
Vnto the quene thanne appered this Eneas
And openly byknewe that yt was he
Who hadde Ioye thanne but his meyne
That hadde Fouunde theyr lorde and governour
The quene sauh they dyddle hym suche honour
And hadde herde after off Eneas or tho
And in hire herte hadde Routhe and woo
That euere swich a noble man as he
Shulde ben dysherited and in suche degre
And sauh the man that he was lyke a knyht
And sufficeaut off persone and off mylit
And lyke to ben a verrey gentyl man
And weH his wordes he be-sette kan
And hadde a noble vysage For the noones
And Formed weH off Brawnes and boones
And after Venus hadde he suche Fayrenesse
That no man mylit be halff so Fayre I gesse
And weH a lorde he senydi Forto be
And For he was a straunger somwhat she
lyked hym the bette as god do boote
To somme Folke off newe thing ys swoote
Anoon hire herte hatfi pyte off his woo
And witfi that pyte love kamme Inne also
And thus For pytee and For gentyllesse
He moste be Refrissheft off hys dystresse
She sayde certys that she sory was
That he hatfi hadde suche perylle and such caas
And in hire Frendely speche in this manere
She to hym spak and seyde as ye may here
Be nat ye Venns somne and Anchises
In goode Feythi alle the worshipes and enures

ADDIT. MS. 28,617
And vnto the same Temple for to seche / 1052
The said queene and hir socour to seche /
Suche renowne was spoke of hir goodenesse /
And they had tolde aH thir distresses /
And aH Tempest & thir harde Cas / 1056
Vnto the quene apperid Eneas /
And openly they knew it was he /
Who had ioie But aH his meyne /
That thei had founde thir lorde & gouernour 1060
The quene Saw how they did hym suche honour /
And had herd of Eneas more thane mow
And yn hir herte she had thane rought & woo /
That euer any suche a nobill man as he / 1064
Shulde be deserite & be in suche degree /
And Saw the man was like a kynght (sic) /
[No gap in the MS.]
And like to be a very gentilman / 1068
And welH his worde he be-sett Cam /
And had a nobile visage for the nones /
And fowryd wel of Fleshe & bones /
And after Venus he had suche farenesse / 1072
That no man myght be so fare I gesse /
And wele a lorde he semyd for to be /
And for he was straung sun what she /
lykyd hym the better as god doth bote / 1076
For to serve folke / new aquytaunce is swote
A none here herte had a pece of his woo /
Whit that pyte / loue Cam In also /
And thus for pite and for genttillnesse / 1080
Refreshe she wold hym of his distresse /
She said Certys that sory she was /
That he had suche pereH and Cas /
And yn hir frenedly speche in this manner 1084
She to hym spake & said as ye may here /
Be ye not Venus sone and Anchises /
In good faith aH the worshipe & encres /
That I may goodely doon yow ye shal have
Youre shippes and youre meyne shal I save
And many a gentyl worde she spak hym to
And komande I hire Messagers Forto goo
The same day with oute Faylle
Hys shippes Forto seke and hem vitayl
FuH many a beeste she to his shippes sent
And with the wyn ganne hym present
And to hire Realle paleys she hire spedde
And Eneas al way with hire she ledde
What nedyth now the Feste to dyscryve
He neuere better at ese was in his lyve
FuHe was the Feste off deyntes and Richesse
Of Instrumentes off songe and off gladnesse
And many an Amerous lokyne and devys
This Eneas ys komen into Paradys
Oute off the swolow off helle and thus in Ioye
Remembrith hym off his estate In Troye
To daunsyng' chaumbrs [catchwords at foot]

[a leaf (C i) gone here; next leaf (9, C ii) mostly gone.]
That I may do ye shall have

Your ships & your men I shall save

And many a gentle word she spake him to

And Command'd her Messengers anon to go

That sam Day without fail

His ships to seek to stuffe & to vitaly

Ful Many a best ships she sent

And with the wyn Can hem present

And to her palace she her sped

And Eneas allways with her she led

What nedith then the fest to diserive

He neuer better at ease was in his lyve

Full was the fest of Deynte & of Richesse

Of Instrumentes songes & gladnesse

And Many an merious & denise

And Eneas is in Comyn to paradise

Owte of the sorrow of helle to Ioe (sic)

Ne remembretli him of his estate in troy
To Daunysynge Chambres full of paramentes

Of riche Beddis & of paumentes

This eneas is led after mete

And with the queene whan he hade sete

And Spices parti'd & the wyn a-gone

Into his Chamber he was lede anon

To take his ease & for to take his reste

With all his folke to don what hyme lest

There ne was a Courtous weH bride anon

Ne stede for the Lustis wel to gone

Ne large palfrey esy for the nones

Ne Iuell fortto fly full of riche stones

Ne rubie none that shynyth by nyght

Ne Sackes full of gold of large wyght

Ne Lentyle hauke facon ne herone

Ne hounde for herte or wilde dere

Ne Coupe of golde with faire florins bet

That In the lande of liebe myght be get

rawl. c. 86
Off which ther gan to breden suche
That sely Dydo hath now swich d
with Eneas hire newe geste to d
That she hath loste hire hewe a
But that Dido hath to Eneas sent
Ah eke is paide that he hath spent /
Thus gat he this honorable quene her gyftes ah /
As she that Can in fredom passen ah
Eneas eke sotiethy with-outen lese /
Hath sent to his shippe by achates /
After his sone & after Riche thinges /
Bothe Sceptre clothes Broches & Rynges /
Sum for to were & sume for to present
To her that ah thise nobil thynges sent /
And bad his sone how that he shuld make /
The presentes & to the que?i he it take /
Repared is this Achates agayn
And Eneas is ffuH blithe & fayne /
Forto se his yong sone askanius /
But neuertheles our Auctor tellith vs
That Cupide that is goddes of loue /
At the prayer of his fader aboue
Had the likenesse of this chyld I-take /
This nobile quene enamoured to make /
On Eneas but as of that scripture /
Be as be may I take of it no Care /
But soti is this the quene hathi such chere /
Vnto the Chyld that wonder it was to here /
And for the present that his fader sent
She thankyd hym oft in fuH entent /
Thus the quene in plesaunce & in ioye /
With ah the newe lusty folke of Troye /
And off the Dedys hathi she no more enquire ?
Of Eneas as thus the story leuid
Of Troy but ah the longe day ther twey /
Entendid to Speke eythir to othir & play
Of whiche ther gan bredyn afyre /
That sely Dido hathi now suche a desyre /
With Eneas now her gest to dele /
So that she hath lost her fresh hew & hele
Now to the efecte now to the
Why I have tolde this storye
Thus I begynne yt Felle
Whanne that the Moone
This noble quene vn
She syketh sore and
She wakith we
As done thes lo
And at the l
She made h
Now der
That
This
Fo

fecte what shulde I more seye [leaf 9, back] alle to do me lyve or deye
c as she that kouth hire good
ulit and somedel yt withistode
so longe a sermonyng
maken Rehersynyng ne be withistonde
ng wole yt wonde
he see
hire meyne
ode and kene
quene
o
[3 lines under]
if
at
ADIT. 28,617
And to the effecte now & the frute of\textsuperscript{a} all /  
Why I haue tolde this story & telleth sham  
Thus I be-uyne it fell vpon a nyght  
When thai the mone vp-reisid had hir light  
This noble quene onto hir\textsuperscript{b} rest went /  
She syghed sore & gan\textsuperscript{c} hir self turment  
She waikith she walieth she makyth many a sighe /  
As doith this louers as I haue hard said /  
And at the last vnto hir\textsuperscript{d} suster Anne  
She made her mone & Right thus gan\textsuperscript{e} she say /  
Now dere susiri\textsuperscript{f} myw what may it be  
That me a gasteth yn my dreme quod she  
This new Trojan is so in my thought\textsuperscript{g}  
For that me thinkith he is so wiH I-wrought  
And eke so likely for to ben\textsuperscript{h} a man\textsuperscript{i}  
And ther with\textsuperscript{j} so mekyH good he can\textsuperscript{k} /  
That all my liff & loue is in his cure /  
Haue ye not herde hym\textsuperscript{l} teth his ausenture /  
Now sertes anne / yf ye rede me /  
I wold\textsuperscript{m} fayn to hym\textsuperscript{n} I-wedid be /  
This is effecte what shuld I more sey  
In hym\textsuperscript{p} lith\textsuperscript{q} all to do me leve or dey /  
Her suster Anne as she that Coude hir\textsuperscript{r} good /  
Seid as she tough\textsuperscript{s} & what whit-stode /  
But herof\textsuperscript{t} was between\textsuperscript{u} hem\textsuperscript{v} so longe a talkyng /  
The whiche were to longe to make of rehersyng /  
But finally it may not be with-stonde  
Loue well I-loue for nothing wiH it wonde /  
The dawnyng vprist in the see /  
This Amorus quene charged\textsuperscript{w} her\textsuperscript{x} meyne /  
The nettes dresse the Speres brode & kene /  
On\textsuperscript{y} huntyng wold\textsuperscript{z} this lusti Freshe quene /  
So priky\textsuperscript{a} her this new Ioly woo /.  
To hors all\textsuperscript{b} ben\textsuperscript{c} these lusty folkys goo /  
Vnto the Courte hondes ben\textsuperscript{d} I-brought /  
And vpon\textsuperscript{e} Courseras as Swyft as any thought  

\textsuperscript{a} MS. first yes whit.
[1 leaf, C iii gone; C iv, a scrap of the margin of leaf 10 contains only a few letters beginning lines 1271—1280 of Dido.]
Her yong kynghtes hounen alle a-boute / 1196
And of hir gentilwomen eke an huge route / 1200
And vpoun a thicke palfrey pap[er] white / 1204
With SadeH rede embraunded with delite / 1208
And of gold the Dares embossed hie /
Sate Dido alle in gold and in perrye / 1212
And she as faire as is the Bright more / 1216
That helith folke alle fro nyghtes sorrow /
And on a Coursour sterklyng as the fire / 1220
A man myght tynne hym with a litle wyre / 1224
Ther Sat Eneas like phebus to devise / 1228
So was he arrayd freshly yn the new gyse / 1
[Leaves C iii, C iv, are out of the Addit. MS. 28,617, Brit. Mus.]
For ther had Eneas hymd kelië so / 1232
And tolde hir aH his hert & woo / And sowreynd is to hir fuH depe to be trwe /
For weH for woo & chaunge her for no newe / For a fals louer so weH can playnd / 1236
That sely Dydo rewed ond his paynd
And toke hymd for hir hosbonde & became his wiff / For euer more whiH themd last liff /
And after this whend the tempest stynte / 1240
WhiH Mirthi as they conW home they went /
The wykyd fame vp-rose that anone
How Eneas hathd with the queend I-gone
Vnto the Caue & demeden what hemd list / 1244
And whend the Kyng that harbast he it wist [leaf 118]
As he that euer louyd her as his liffe /
And wowd her to haue her to his wiff /
Suche sorow / he makiHd & suche chere /
It were grete routhi & pite to here /
But in loue aH day it happith so /
That ond shald lawH at anothiHs wo /
Now hauheith (sic) Eneas yn his loey * 1252
And hathd more Richesse than euer he had in troy /
O sely women fuH of Innocence /
FuH of pytE trouthi & gode Concience / What Maithi you false men to trusterd so / 1256
for to haue suche Routh of ther feinyd woo /
And haue so many old samples her be-formd /
Se ye not aH how thei haue be for-sworynd /
Where se ye one be he ne hathd lost her liff /
Or beH vnkynde / or donH her sum myscheyf /
Or pylH her or bosted he ofH hes decl / Ye may as welle it dalysye as I may se /
Take hede now od this worthy lentilman H 1260
This Trogian that her so welle plese canW
That faynedd hymd so trwe & obesyng /
So gentiHd and so prime yn his doyng / 1264
RAWL. C. 86
LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.  *ADDIT. MS. 28,617.*

*Letters of leaf C iv.*

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<thead>
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<th>Letter</th>
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*ADDIT. 28,617*
And CaiD So weH do his obseruannce /                  1268
To her at feestes and at daunces /
And when she goith to the temple & agayn /
And fasten tyiI haue seyn his lady /
And berev hers\ deuise for hir sake / \[\text{1 alterd to hys}\] 1272
Woot ye not \ what & songs wold\ he make /
Iustying and doyng of\ armes many thynges /
Send her lettres br[0]ches and rynges /
Now / herkenith how his lady he hath seruyd\ 1276
There as he was like to haue been stervyd /
For hunger and for myshyff in the see /
Desolate and flede from\ his owry contrey /
And aH hys folke with tempest aH to driven\ 1280
She hath her Body & her Reame yevyn /
In-to his handes , ther as she myght haue been /
Of\ other lande the\ of\ Cartage a quen /
And to have leuyd In ioye wolfe ye more /
This Eneas that was so depe I-swo\ re /
Is wery of\ his Craft with-in a throwe /
The hote ernest is ower blowe /
And prenely he doith his shippis sight /
And shapith hym\ to stele awey by nyght /
This Dido hath suspicion of\ this /
And thought weH it was amyssse /
For yn hys Bede he lieth aH nyght & sighith 1292
She askith a-none what hym\ mysliketh
My dere herte whiche I loue most /
Certes quod\ he this nyght my faders gost /
hath\ ym my slepe me so sore trument /
And eke mercurie / this message hath present /
That nedys to the conquest of\ ItayH /
My Desteny ys some sorte sayH
For whiche me thinkyth bresten\ myn\ herte /
There with\ his false terys oute they sterte /
And takyth hir\ with-In his armes two /
Is that yn ernest quod\ she w\ ll\ ye goo /

RAWL. C. 86
Ye wole nat Fro youre wyff thus Foule Fleene [leaf 11]
I am a gentyl woman and eke a quene
That I was born Allas what shal I do
To telle in shorte this noble quene Dydo
She seketi halowes and doti sacrefyce
She kneelti crieti that routhe ys to devyse
Conjureth hym and profreti Forto be
Hys thrallle his scrauent in the lest degree
She Fallit hym to Foot and swowneth there
Dyssheuel with hire brilft heere
And seyth haue mercy late me with yow ryde
Thes lorde which that women me bysyde
Wolen me dystroye only For youre sake
And ye wole me now to wyff take
As ye haue sworne thanne wole I yeve yow leve
To slene me with your swerde now sone at eve
For thanne yitt shal I deyen as youre wyff
I am with childe and gyf my childe his lyff
Mercy lorde haue pyte in youre thought
But alle this avayllith hire riht nouhit
For on a nyht slepynge he lete hire lye
And stale a way vnto his companye
And as a Traytour Forth he game to saylle
Towarde the large cuntre off ytaylle
And thus hath lefte Dydo in woo and pyne
And wedded there a lady that hiiyt Lanyne [leaf 11, back]
A Clothe he lefte and eke his swerde standyng
Whanne he Fro Dydo stale in hire slepyng
Riht at hire beddys heede so game he lye
Whanne that he stale a way to his navye
Which Clothe whanne sely Dydo game awake
She hath yt kyst FuH offfe For his sake
And seyde O swete cloth whil Lubiter yt lest
Take my soule vnbynde me off this vnrest
ADDIT. 28,617
haue ye not Sword to wiff me to take / 1304
A-las what woman of me wiff you make /
I am a gentilwoman and a quene /
Ye wiff not from theus fowle fleynd /
That I was born Alas what shal I Doo / 1308
To tell yn shorte this nobil quene dido
She sekyth halowes she doith sacrifice /
She knelith Crieth that routi is to devise /
Coniureth hym & professyth hym to be 1312
His tharle his servaunt in the lowest degree
She fallith downe to hys fote & Swanoiethe there /
AH vnatire with her Bright here /
And said haue mercy & lete me with you yde /
the lords that dwellyn here by side /
Willen me distroy only for your sake /
And ye wille for your wiff take
As ye haue sworn than I gyve you leue /
for to slee me with your swerde sone at eve /
for than shal I die as your owyn wiff /
I am with chylde & gyve my chyld hys lyft /
Mercy lorde & haue yn your thought 1324
Butt all thise peticus complayntes avayleth nought
for yn a nyght sore slepyng he lete her lye /
And from her falsly stale to his Company
And as a false traytoure fourth he can saile /
Towarde the large Contray of ItaiH 1328
And thuse he left Dido in sorow & in payn
And wedded ther a lady Callyd lavyn /
A clope he left be-hynde hym & his sword standing
When he from Dido stale away in her slepyng
Right at his beddys hede so can he hye /
Whan he stale away to his Nauye /
Whiche clope when selly dido dide awake /
She dide it kysses full oft for his sake /
And said o swete clope / whiche Iubyter it lest /
Take my Sowle & vnbynd me of this vunrest
I have Fullfilled off Fortune alle the Course
And thus Allas with-outen his socrine
Twenty tyms y-swowned hath she themne
And whanne that she vnto hire sustre Anne
Compleyne hadde off which I may nat write
So grete Routhe I have yt Forto endyte
And hadde hire norice and hire sustre goone
To Fecchen Fyre and other thyng anōone
And seyde that she wolde sacrefye
And whanne she mylit hire tyme weH espye
Vpon the Fyre off sacrefice she sterte
And with his swerde she roffe hire to the herte
But as myn Auctour seyth yitt thus she seyde
Or she was hurte byfore or she deyed
She wrote a lettre anōon that thus beganne
Rihit so quok she as the white swanne
Ageyns his deeth begyneth Forto syngynge
Rihit so to yow I make my Compleynynge
Nat that I trowe to getyn yow ageyne
For weH I wote that yt ys alle in veyne
Syn that the goddes ben contrarye vnto me
But syn my name ys lost thurfi yow quok she
I may weH lese a worde on yow or a lettre
Al be hit I shaH be newen the bettre
For thilke wynde that blewe your shippe away
The same wynde hath blowe away youre Fay
But who so wolde alle this lettre hane in mynde
Rede Ovyde and in hym ye shuH yt Fynde
I have fulfilled of fortune all the course / And thus alas with-oute his Socours / xxth tymes Sowuned hath he than / And when that she vnto his suster Anne / Complaynne had of whiche I may not write / So great routh I haue for to endite / And bat her now rise & to her suster goe / To feche fire and other thing anone / And said that she would sacryfie / And when his tyme she myght well aspie / Vpon the fire of sacrifice she stert / And with his Sword smote her self to the hert / And as myn auctour seith thus she said / Er she was hurt be-fore & or she deide / She wrote a lettre a now & thus it began / Right soo quod she as the whit Sawan (sic) / A-yeast her deth beginneth for to syng / Right So to you I make my complanyng / Not for that I know to getyn you agayn / For weH I woot that it were yn veyn / Sith that the goddes ben contrary to me / But sith my name ys lost / Throw oute quod she / I may lese ond you a worde or a letter / aH be it I shal be never the better / For thilke wynde that Blew your shipe away / That sam wynde hath brought your faith away / But who with haue aH this letter yn mynde / Rede ovide & In hym ye shalH it fynde / Explicit the complant of Dido /
Incipt legenda, ysephile & Medec Marter:

How Rote off Fals lovers Duke Iason
Thow slygh devourer and confusion
Off IestyH wyrmman gentyH Creatures
Thow madest thy Reclaymynge and thy leures
To ladyes off thy stately Apparaunce
And off thy wordes yfforsed with plesaunce
And off thy Feynede trouthe and thy manere
With thy obeyssanuce and humble Chere
And with thy Countrefeted peyne and woo.
Ther other Falseden oon thow Falsedest twoo
And ofte swore thow that thow woldest dyee
For love whanne thow ne Feltest maladye
Safe Foule delyce which at thow callest love
Yiff that I lyve thy name shal be shove
In Englyssh that thy seyte shal be knowe
Have at the Iason now thyn hornys blowe
But certes yt ys bothe Rothe and woo.
That love with Fals lovers werkith so
For they shal haue weH bettre chere
Thanne he that hath bouhit his love FuH dere
Or hadde in Armes many a blody Boxe.
For euere as tendre a Capon ctyth the Foxe
Though he be Fals and the Foule betrayed.
As shalH the goode man that therfore payed
Alle have he to the capoun skylle and rihit
The Fals Fox wolde haue his parte at myhit
On Iason this ensample ys weH yseene
By ysyphyle and Medea the quene
In Tessalye and Guydo tellyth thus
There was a kyng that hylit Pelleus
That hadde a brother which that hylit Esona
And whanne For age he mylit vnnethe goone

ADDIT. 28,617
He gaff vnto Pelleus the governyng [leaf 13] 1400
Off alle his Regne and made hym lorde and kyng
Off which Esone this Iasone getyn was
That in his tymen in alle that londe ther nas
Nat swich a Famous knyht off gentyllesse 1404
Off Fredam off strenth and off lustynesse
Afther his Fadris deeth he bare hym so
That there nas noon that lyst to ben his Foo
But dydde hym alle honour and companye 1408
Off which this Pelleus hath grete envye
Ymagynynge that Iasone myltyt be
Enhaunsed so and putte in suche degree
With love off lordes off his Regioun 1412
That From his Regne he may be putte adovyn
And in his wytte a nyht compassed he
how Iasone myltyt best destroyed be
with outhe skaundre off his compassement 1416
And at the laste he toke avysament
That to senden hym into somme Ferr cuntre
There as this Iasone may destroyed be
This was his wytte al made he to Iasone 1420
Grete chere off love and off affeccioun
For drede lest his lorde hit espyet
So sfel yt so that as Fame renneth wyde
Ther was such tydynges ouere aH and suchi loos 1424
That in an yle that called was Calcos [leaf 13, back]
By yonde Troye Estwarde in the see
That ther Inne was a Ram that men may se
That hath a Flees off golde that shone so briht 1428
That nowhere was there such a nother silit
But yt was kepte al way with a dragoun
And meny other merveylles vpe and doun
And withi two Booles maket alle off Bras 1432
That spytten Fyre and mych thyng there was
But this was eke the tale natheles
That who so wolde wynnen thilke Flees
ADDIT. 28,017
He muste both or he yt wynne myliet 1436
With the Booles and withi the Dragoun Eyliet
And kyng Otes lorde was off that yle
This Pelleus bethoulit vpôn this wyle
That he his Nevew Iasone wolde enhorte 1440
To sayllen to that lande hym to dysporte
And seyde Nevew yiff yt myliet be
That swich worship me liet Fallen the
That thow this Famous Tresor mylietst wynne
And brynge hit my Region with Inne
Hyt were to me grete plesaunce and honour
Thanne were I holden to quyte thy labour
And alle the coste I wole my sylf make 1448
And chese what Folke thow wylt withi the take
Latte se now darstow take this vyage
Iasone was yonge and lusty off Corage
And vndertoke to done this ylle empryse
[leaf 14] 1452
Anôo Argus his shippes kan devyse
with Iasone went the stronge Hercules
And many a nother that he with hym chees
But who so askyth who ys with hym gôôn
Latte hem goo rede Arganautikoû
For he wole telle a tale longe ynoûf
Philotetes anôo the saylle vpe drouh
Whanne that the wynde was goode and gan hym hye 1460
Out off his Cuntre calllyû Thessalye
So longe he saylyû in the salte see
Tyl in the yle off Leonôn arryved he
Alle be this nat Rehersed off Guydo 1464
Yitt seylii Ovyde in his Epistles so
And in this yle lady was and quene
The Fayre yonge ysiphile the shene
That whilom Thoaas douhter was the kyng 1468
Ysiphile was gooû in hire pleyng
And romynge on the see clyves by the see
Vnder a Banke anoûn espyed she
Where lay the shippe that Iasone gan arrayve 1472
And off hire goodnesse adovne she sent blyve
To wetyn that yiff eny straunge wyht
With Tempeste thedyr were yblowe a nyht
To done hym sokour as was hire vsaunce  [leaf 14, back] 1476
To Forthern every wyht and to do plesaunce
Off verrey bounte and off Courteysye
This Messager adovne gaune hym hye
And Fonde Iasone and Hercules also 1480
That in a Cogge to londe were ygoo
Hem to Refresshen and to take the heyre
The morwenyng attempre was and Fayre
And in his way this Messager hem mette 1484
FuH konuyngly thes lordes tho he grette
And dydde his Message askyng hem anóon
Yiff they were broken or ouht woo begóon
Or hadde nede off loodman or off vytyallle 1488
For off sokour they shulde no thyng Faylle
For yt was vttorly the quenys wylle
Iasone answerde mekely and stylle
My lady quod he I thanke hertly 1492
Off hire goodenesse vs nedith trewly
No thyng as now but that we wery be
And komen Forthon pleyen oute off the see
Tyl that the wynde be bëttir in oure wey 1496
This lady romyth by the clyffe to pley
With hire meyne endelonge the stronde
And Fryndeth this Iasone and this other stonde
In spekyng off this thing as I yow toldde 1500
This Hercules and this Iasone gan beholde  [leaf 15]
How that the quene yt was and Fayre hire grette
And anóon riht as they with this lady mette
She toke heed and knewe by here manere 1504
By here Array by wordes and by chere
That yt were gentyl men off grete degree
And to the casteH with hire leyd thy shee

ADDIT. MS. 28,617

12
Thes strange Folke and doth hem grete honour
And askyth thaym off travaylle and off labour
That they haue suffered in the saltse see
So that with Inne a day twoo or three
She knewe be folke that in his shippes be
That yt was Iasone full off Renovme
And hercules that hadde the grete loss
That souhthen thaventures off Calcos

[No gap in the MS.]

For they ben worthy Folke with oute lees
And namely moste she spak with hercules
To hym hire herte bare that he shulde be
Sadde wyse trewe and off wordes avysee
With outen eny other Affeccioun
Off love or other evyn ymagynacioun
This hercules hath This Iasone preyse?l
That to the sonne he hath vp Reyse?l
That halff so trewe a man ther nas off love
Vnder the the Cope of hevene that ys above
And he was wyse hardy secrete and Riche [leaf 13, back]
And thayesse pointes ther was noon hym lyche
Off Freedom passe?l he and lustyheede
Alle thoo that lyven or be deede
Therto so grete a gentyl man was he
And off Thessaylle lykly kyng to be
There nas no lak but that he was agaste
To love and Forto speke shamefaste
hym hadde lever hym sylff to mordre and dye
Thanne men shulde hym a lover Espye
As wolde god I hadde y-yeve
My bloode and Flessh so that I myght leve
With the noones that he hadde or where a wyff
For his estate For suche a lusty lyff
Leden she shulde with this lusty knyht
And alle this was compassed? on the nylit
Betwixen Iasone and this hercules 1544
Off thes twoo ther was a shrewed lees
To kome to hovs vpone an Innocent
Forto doote this quene was theyr' entent
And Iasone ys as koye as ys a Mayde 1548
He lokyth pytously but noult he sayde
But Frendely thane he to hire counseyllers
Yiffes grete he gaffe and to hire Officers
And wolde god I leyser hadde and tyme 1552
By processe alle theyre wowyng Forto Ryme [leaf 16]
But in this hovs yiff eny Fals lover be
Riht as hym sylff now dotti so dydd he
With Feynyng and with euery sotyH dede 1556
Yee gete no more off me but ye Wolfe Rede
ThorygenaH that tellith alle this caas
The somme ys this that Iasone weddyd was
Vnto this quene and toke off hire substaunce 1560
What so hym lyst vnto his purveaunce
And vpon hire bygatte children twoo
And drouH vpe his sayle and sauH hire neuer mo
A lettre sent she hym certeyne 1564
which were to longe to writen or to Feyne
And hym reprovith off his grete vnlrouthe
And prayeth hym on hire to haue somme routhe
And on his children twoo she syede hym thys 1568
That ben lyke off alle thynges yvys
To Iasone sauff they kouthe nat begyle
And prayed god yt were longe whyle
That she that hadde hire herte refite hire Fro 1572
Muste Fynden hym vntrewe also
And that she muste bothI hire children spylle
And alle thoo that suffred hym haue his wylle
And trewe to Iasone was she euere hire lyff 1576
And euere kepte hire chaste as For his wyff
And euere hadde she Joyle at hire herte [leaf 16, back:]
But dyed For his love in peynes smerte

ADDIT. 28,617
To Calcos kome this Duke Iasone
That ys off love devourer and Dragone
As matere apperith For me al way
And From Forme to Forme yt passen may
Or as a swolle that were botmeles
Rيث so kan Fals Iasone haue no pees
Forto desyren thurh his Appetyte
To done with gentyl wyrmen his delyte
This ys his luste and his Felicyte
Iasone ys Rome of Forthe in to the Citee
That whilom cleped was Iaconytos
That was the Maistre townd off alle Colcos
And hath ytolde the cause off his komyng
Vnto Octes off that Cuntre kyng
Praynge hym that he moste done his assay
To gete the Flees off golde yiff that he may
Off which the kyng assenyth to his Boone
And dotli hym honour as yt was to doone
So Ferforth that his doultier and his heyre
Medea which that was so wys and Feyre
That Feyrer sault there neuere man with eye
He made hire to done with Iasone companye
Atte mete and satte by hym in the halle
Now was Iasone a semly man with alle
And lyke a lorde and hadde a grete Renoun
And off his looke as RyaH as a Lyoun
And godtli off his speche and Famylyer
And koude off love alle the Craffte plener
Withi oute booke with euerych obseruancce
And as Fortune hire auilt a Foule meschaunce
She wexe Enamoured vpon this Man
Iasone quod she For auilt I se or kan
As off this thyng the which ye ben aboute
ye and your sylf y putte in huge doute
For who so wolde this Aventure achiue
he may nat wel asterten as I love
With outen deethi but I his helpe be 1616
But natheles yt ys my wylle quod she
To Forthren yow so that ye shaH nat dye
But tourne sounde home to youre Thessalye
My riliit lady quod this Iasone thoo 1620
That ye hae off my deethi or off my woo
Euy rewarde and done me this honnour
I woote well that my myht ne my labour
May nat deserve yt in my lyffes day 1624
God thanke yow ther as I ne kan ne may
youre Man I am and lowlick yow besche
To be myn helpe withi outen more speche
But certes For my deethi shaH I nat spare 1628
Thoo gan this Medea to hym declare
[lea' 17, back]
The perylle off this caas From poynt to poynt
And off his bataylle and what dysioynt
He mote stonde off which no Creature
Save only she ne myht his lyff assure
And shortly to the poynt ForU goo 1632
They ben accorded Full bytwix hem twoo
That Iasone shaH hire wedde as trewe knyfit
And terme ysette to kome some at nyfit
Vnto hire Chambre and make there his othe
Vppoñ the goddes that he For leeff ne lothe
Ne sholde hire neuere Falsen nyfit ne day 1636
To ben hire housbone while he lyve may
And she that From his deethi hym savyd here
And here vpøn at nyfit they mette yffere
And doth his othe and goth withi hire to bedde
And on the morwe vpwarð he hym spedde 1640
For she hathi taulht hym how he shaH nat Fayle
The Flees to wynne and stynt his batayle
And saved hym his lyff and his honour
And gate hym a name as a Conquerour 1644
And thurl the sleuthi off hire enchantement
Now hathi Iasone the Flees and home ys went
ADDIT. 28,617
with Medea and Tresoures. Full grete woone
But vnwyst off hire Fadire she ys goone
That afterward hath brouhit hire to myscell
To Thessalye with Duke Iasone hire lieff
For as a Traytour he ys From hire ygoo
And with hire leffte yonge children twoo
And Falsly hath he betrayed hire Alías
As euere in love a Theeff a Traytour he was
And weddeff yitt the thriddle wyff anooñ
That was the doulter off kyng Creon
This ys the mede off love and guerdon
That Medea resseyved off Iasón
Rihft For hire trouthe and For hire kyndenesse
That loveff hym better thanne hire sylff y gesse
And laffte hire Fadire and hire heritage
And off Iasone this is the vasselage
That in his dayes nas neuer nōñ Founde
So Fals a lover goyng on the grounde
And therfore in hire lettre thus she seyde
First whanne she off his Falsnesse hym vpbreyde
Why lyked me thy yelow heere to se
More thanne the boundes off myn honeste
Why lyked me thy yuuth and thy Feyrnnesse
And off thy tunge the Infynyte graciousnesse
O haddest thou in thy conquest deede ybe
FuH mekyH vntrouch hadde there dyed with the
WeH kan Ovyde hire lettre in vers endyte
Which were as now to longe For me to write.
NOW mote I seyn the Excelling off Kynges 1680
Off Rome For hire horrable doynges
Off the laste kyng callyd Torquenyus
As seyth Guydo And Tytus Lyyus
But For that cause telle I nat this storye 1684
But Forto preysen and drawe to memorye
The verrey wyff off the verrey Lucresse
That For hire wyfhode and hire stedfastnesse
Nat only that thes payens hire comende 1688
But he that cleped ys in oure legende
The grete Austyn hath grete compassion
Off this Lucresse that starffe off Rome townd
And in what wyse I wole but shortly trete 1692
And off this thing I touche but the grete
Whanne Ardea beseged was aboute
With Romayns thatsterne were and stoute
Ful longe leyn in the see and lytyl wreuliten 1696
So that they weren half ydeH hem thouiten
And in his playe Torquenyus the yonge
Gan Forto Iape For he was liht off tonge
And seyde hit was riht an ydeH lyff 1700
No man dydde more there thane his wyff
And latte vs speke off wyffes that ys best
Preyse euery man his owne as hym lest
And with oure speche latte vs ese oure herte 1704
A knyht that liht kalatyn vpe sterle
And seyde thus nay sire yt ys no nede
To trowen vpon the worde but on the dede
I have a wyff quod he that as I trowe 1708
Is holden goode off alle that euere hire knowe
Go we to nyht to Rome and we shuH se
Torquenyus answerde that lykyth me
To Rome be they komen and Fast hem dilit
To Calatyns hovs and down they lift
Torquenyus and eke this Calatyne
The housbande knewe the Esters well a Fyne
And Fulle pryvely to the hovs they goone
For porter at the gate was there noone
And at a chambre dore they abyde
This noble wyff satte by hire beddys syde
Dyscheuele For off malice she ne thault
And softe wolde oure booke seyth she wrouht
To kepe hire From slouthe and ydelnesse
And badde hire seruauntz done here besynesse
And asketh hem what tydylnges here yee
How seyth men off the sege how shal yt be
God wolde the walles weren Falle adown
For which the drede doth me so smerte
That with a swerde yt stynetes to myn herte
Whaume I thenke on that sege or off that place
God save my soule I pray hym For his grace
And there with all full tenderly she wepe
Off hire werke she toke no more kepe
But mekely she lette hire eyen Falle
And thilke semblant sat hire weH withi alle
And eke hire teeres Fulle off honeste
Embeseed hire wyffily chastyte
Hire confenaunce ys to hire herte dygne
For they accorden both in de and sygne
And with that worde hire housbonde Colatyn
Er she was off hym warr kome stertyng Inne
And seyde drede the nat For I am here
And she anoon vp roos with blysful cheri
And kyssed hym as off wyffes ys the woone
Torquenyus this proude kyngis soyne
Conceyved hath hire beautye and hire chere
Hire yelow heer hire wordes and hire manere

ADDIT. 28,617
Hire hewe and how she hath compleyne?
And be no Craffte hire beaute was nat Feyned,
And kauhit to this lady suche a desire
That in his herte he brente as eny Fryre
So woodly that his wytte was aH Forgetyn
For weH thouhit she wolde nat begetyn
And ay the more he was in despeyre
The more he coveytyth hire and thouhit hire Feyro
His blynde luste was alle his Coveytynge
And morned? whanne the brydde beganne to synge
Vnto the Sege he komyth FuH pryvely
And by hym sylff he walkyth soberly
The ymage off hire al way recordyng newe
Thus laye hire heer thus FressH was hire hewe
Thus satt thus spak thus span this was hire chere
Thus Fayre she was and this was hire manere
Alle this conceyte his herte hathi now ytake
And as the see with Tempest al to-shake
That affter whanne the storme ys aH agoo
Yutte wole the watre quappe a day or twoo
RiHt so thouH hire Fourme were absent
The plesaunce off hire Fourme was present
But natheles nat plesaunce but delyte
Or an vnrihtfuH talent with dyspyte
For maugre hire she shall my lomman be
Happe helpith hardy man al way quod he
What ende that I make hit shall he so
And girte hym with his swerde and gan to goo
And Foth he Ryte tyH he to Rome ys kome [leH 20, blc]
And aH allene his way he hathi ynome
Vnto the hovs off Colatyn FuH RiHt
Dovne was the sonze and day hath lost hire liht
And Inne he kome vnto a pryve halke
And in the nyHt Ful theeishly gan he stalke
For euery wiht was to his Reste brouHt
Ne no wiHt hadde off Tresone such a thouHt

ADDIT. 28,617
Were yt be wyndow or be other gynne
With swerde ydrawe shortly he kome Inne
Ther as she lay this noble wyff Lucresesse
And as she wooke hire bedde she Felte presse
What beeste ys that quod she that weth thus
I am the kyngis sonne Torquenyus
Quod he / but and thow crye or noyse make
Or yiff there eny creature a-wake
Be that god that Fourmed man on lyve
This swerde thurh thyn herte shalt I Ryve
And there with al into hire throte he sterte
And sette the poynt al sharpe vpon hire herte
No worde she spak she hath no myhit therto
What shalt she seyn hire wytte is al agoo
Rilit as a wolff that Fyndeth a lambe allone
To whome shalt she compleyne and make mone
What shalt she Fyhit with an hardy knyhit
Well wote men that a woman hath no myhit

[A leaf, D iii, gone here.]
Be as be may quod she off Forgevynge
I wol nat haue Forgyftte For no thyng
But prevly she kauht Forth a knyff
And ther with aH she reffte hire self hire lyff

ADDIT. MS. 28,617
And as she Felle adovii she caste hire looke
And off hire clothes yitt she heede tooke
For in hire Fallyng yitte she hadde kare
lest that hire Feet or swich thyng lay bare
So weH she loved cloennesse and eke trouthe
Off hire hadde alle the tovne off Rome Routhe
And Brutes by hire chaste bloode hath swore
That Torquyn shulde ybanysshed be therefore
And alle his kynne and lete the puple calle
And openly the Tale he tolde hem alle
And openly lete carye hire on a Beere
Thurh alle the tovn that men may se and here
The horryble dede and hire Oppression
Ne neure was ther kyng in Rome tovn
Syn thilke day And she was holden there
A seynt and enere hire day ys halwed dere
As in theyre lawe And thus endith Lucrese
The noble wyff as Titus berith wytnesse
I telle yt For she was off love so trewe
For in hire wylle she chaunge For no newe
And in hire stable herte sadde and kynde
That in thes wymmen men may al day Fynde
Ther as they caste hire herte there it duellith
For weH I wote that Crist hym sylff tellith
That in IsraelH as wynde as ys the londe
That so grete Feyth in alle that he ne FondH
As in a woman And this ys no lye
And as off men looke ye what Tyrauntrye
They done al way assay hem who so leste
The trewest ys FuH brotcH Forto treste
[ VI.]

_Incipit Legenda. Adriane. Martyris._

_Ignotus_ Infernal Minos off Crete Kyng

Now komyth thy boot now komystow on the Rynge

Nat For thy sake wryte I only this storye

But only Forto clepe ayeyn vnto Memorye

Off Theseus the grete vntrouthe in love

For which the goddes off the hevene above

Ben wroth and wreche haue taken For thy synne

Be reede For shame now I thy lyff begyfte

Minos that was the myghty kyng off Crete

That hadde an hundred Citees stronge and grete

To scole hath sent his sonne Androgeus

To Athanes off which yt happe thus

He was slayne lemynge Phylosophye

Rith in the Citee nat but For Envye

The grete Minos off the which I speke

hys sonnys deeth ys komyn Forto wreke

Alyctote he bysegith harde and longe

Buat_2_ natheles the Walles ben so stronge

And Nysus that was kyng off that citee

So chialrous that lytyl dredith he

Off Minos nor off his Oost toke no cure

Tyl on a day by-Felle an Aventure

That Nysus douhfter stoode vpon the walle

And off the siege saufi the maner alle

So happe yt that at a scarmysshying

She caste hire herte on Minos the kyng

For his beaute and For his chialrye

So sore that she wende Forto dye

And shortly off this processe Forto pace

She made Minos wynnen thilke place

So that the citee was alle at his wylle

To save whom hym lyst or ellys spylle

ADDIT. 28,617
But wykkedly he quytte hire kyndenesse
And lete hire drenche in sorwe and dystresse
Nor that the goddes hadde off hire pytee
But that tale were to longe as now For me

Athanes wannhe this kyng Minos also
And Alcyto and other townes moo
And this thesclote that Minos hath so dryven
Thaym off Athanes that they mote hym yeven
Fro yere to yere theyre owne children dere
Forto be slayne rifi hint shal he here
This Minos hath a monstre a wykked beeste
That was so cruell that with oute Reste
Whanne that a man was brouht in his presence
He wolde hym etc there helpith no dyffence
And every thridde yere with oute dovte
They casten loot as yt kam abovte
On ryche on pore he muste his sonne take
And off his childe he muste present make
To Minos / to save hym or to spylle
Or latte his beeste devoure hym at his wylle
And this hath Minos done rifi hint in despyte
To wreke his some was sette alle his deynte
And maken off Athanes his Thralle
Fro yere to yere while that he lyven shalle
And hoome he saylles whanne the tovne ys wonne
The wykker] custume ys so longe yronne
Tyl that off Athenes the kyng Egeus
Mote senden his owne some Thesens
To ben devoured] sith grace ys ther noon
Sith that the loote ys Fallen hym ypo
And Forti ys ladde this wofull yonge knyht
Vnto the Court of kyng Minos Fant Rifiit
And in a prison Fetred caste ys he
Tyl thilke tyme he shulde Freten be
Wel maystow wepe O wofull Thesens
Thow art a kyngis some and damped thus
Me thenkyth this that thow were depe yholde
To whom that saved the From cares colde
And yiff now eny woman helpe the
WelH oultestow hire servaunt Forto be
And ben hire trewe lover yere by yere
But now to tourne ageyn to my matere
The Toure there this Theseus ys Inne throwe
Dovne in the Botme depe and wonder lowe
was Joynyng to the walle to a Foreyne
As yt was longyng to the sustren twyne
Off Minos that in theyre chamber grete
Dwelten above toward the maystre strete
Off Athenes in Ioye and in solace
Note I nat how yt happed per caas
As Theseus compleynt hym by nyht
The kyngis doufiter that Adryan hyht
And eke hire sustre Freda herden alle
Hys compleynt as they stode on the walle
And looked vpon the bright Moone
Hem lyst nat to goon to bedde so soone
And off his woo they hadde compassion
A kyngis sonne to be in suche prisoun
And ben devoured thouht theym grete pytee
Thaunce Adrian spak to hire sustre Free
And seyde Freda levre sustre deere
This wofull lorde sonne may ye nat here
How pytously compleynyth he his kyenne
And eke this pore estate that he ys Inne
And gyltes now certes this ys routhe
And yiff ye wolde assenten be my Trouthe
He shall ben holpyn how so that we doo
Freda answerde ywys me ys as woo
For hym as euery I was For eny man
And to his helpe the beste rede that I kan
Is that we done the Jayler prcvely
To kome and speke with vs hastely

ADDIT. 28,617
And doon this wofuH man with hym to kome
For yiff he may this monstre ouerkome
Thanne were he quytte ther nys noon other boote lat vs wel taste hym at his hertis Roote
That yiff so be that he a wepne have
where that he darr his lyff to kepe and save
Fyhten with this Feende and hym defende
For in prison there he shall descend
Ye wote well that the beeste ys in that place
That ys nat derke and there ys Rome and space
to welde an axe & swerde a staffe or knyff
So that me thenkith he shulde haue his lyff
Yiff that he be a man he shalle do so
And we shulH make hym balles and eke also
Off wex and Towe that whanne he gapith Faste
Into the beestes throte he shalH hem caste
To slake his hunger and encombe his teetli
And riht anoon whanne Theseus seeth
The beeste achokeF he shalH on hym leepe
To sleen hym or they komen more to kepe
This wepen shalH the Gayller or that tyde
FuH prevely with Inne the prison hyde
And For the hovs ys ykrynkelyd to and Fro
And hath so queynte wayes Forto goo
For yt ys shapen as the mase y-wrou3it
Therto have I a Remedye in my thounit
That be a clewe off twyne as he hath good
The same way he may retourne anoon
Folwyng al way the threde as he hath kome
And whanne that he this beeste hath ouerkome
Thanne may be Fleen away oute off this drede
And eke the Gayllere may he with hym lede
And hym avance at home in his Cuntree
Syn that so grete a lordys sonne ys he
This ys my rede yiff that he darr yt take
What shulde I lenger sermon off yt make

ADDIT. 28,617
The Gayller' komytli and with him Theseus
Whanne thes Maydens ben accorded thus
Dovne hym sette Theseus on his kne

The rihit lady off my lyff quod he
I sorowfulH man y-damned to the deeth
For yow whils that me lastyth lyff or breeth
I wolde nat twynne after this aventure
But in youre service thus I wolde endure
That as a wrecche vnknowe I wolde yow serve
For euere mo yl that myn herte sterve
Forsake I wolde at home myn heritage
And as I seyde ben off youre contre a page
Yiff that ye vouchesauff that in this place
Yee graunte me to haue so grete a grace
That I ne have nat but my mete and drynke
And For my sustenaunce yitt wolde I swyneke
Rihit as yow lyst that Minos ne no wyht
Syn that he sauh me neuere with eyen sliht
No no man ellys shaH me konne espysie
So sely and so weH I shaH me guye
And me so weH dysfigure and so lowe
That in this worlde ther shaH me no man knowe
To haue my lyff and to haue presence
Off yow that done to me this Excellence
And to my Fadir shaH I sende here
This worthy man that now ys youre gayllere
And hym so lwerdon that hym shaH weH be [sic]
One off the gretteste men off my Contre
And yiff I durste yt seyn my lady briht
I am a kyngis sonne and eke a knyht
As wolde god that yiff yt myfit be
Yee werH in my cuntre alle three
And I with yow to bere yow companye
Thanne shulde ye seen yiff that I theroff [1]ye
And yiff I profre yow in lowe manere
To ben youre page and serven yow rihit here
But I yow serve as lowly in that place
I pray to Marie to yeve me suche grace
That shamys deeth there mote on me Falle
And deeth and povertie unto my Frendes alle
And that my spyryt be nyhit mote goo
Affer my deeth and walke to and Froo
That I mote off Traytour haue a name
For which my spyryt goth to do me shame
And yiff I euere clayme other degree
But ye wouchesauft to gyff yt me
As I have seyde a shamys deeth mote I dye
And mercy lady I kan nat ellys seye
A semly knyht was Theseus to se
And yonge but off twenty yere and three
But who so hadde yseyn his contenauce
He wollde haue wepte For Routh off his penaunce
For which this Adryan in this manere
Answerde hym to his profre and his chere
A kyngis sonne and eke a knyht quod she
To been my servaunt in so lowe degre
God shelde yt For the shame off wy?men alle
And leene me meuere suche a caas be-Falle
But sente yow grace and sleyhit off herte also
Yow to defende and knyhtly sleen youre Foo
And leene here affer I may yow Fynde
To me and to my sustre heere so kynde
That I repent nat to yeve yow lyff
Yitt were yt bettre that I were your wy?f
Syn that ye been as gentyl borne as I
And haue a Reavme heere Fast by
Thanne that I suffred yow gilites to sterve
Or thanne I lete yow as a page to serve
Hit ys no profre as vnto youre kynred
eBut what is that at man wolde nat do For drede
And to my sustre syn that yt ys so
That she mote go with me yiff that I goo

ADDIT. 28,617
Or ellis suffre deeth as well as I
That ye vnto youre sonne as trewly
Done hire be weddyd at your home komynge [leaf 26] 2100
This ys the FynaH ende off alle this thinge
ye swere yt here on alle that may be sworne
ye lady myn quod he or ellys to-torne
And havith heere off myn herte bloode to borwe 2104
And that I be with the Minatour to-morwe
yiff that ye wole yiff I hadde knyff or spere
I wolde yt laten oute and theron swere
For thenne at erst I wote ye wole me leve 2108
Be Mars that ys the chieff off my beleve
So that I myht levyn and nouht Faylle
To morwe Forto taken
I wolde n 2112
Tyl

And to hire sustre seyde In this manere [leaf 26, back]
Al sofftely / now sustre myn quod she
Now beth we duchesse bothe ye and I
And sykered to the Regales off Athanes 2128
And bothe here after lykly to be quenes
And savyd From his deeth a kyngis sonne
As euere off gentylH wymmen ys the wonne
To save a gentyl man emforthe hire myht 2132
In honest cause and namely in his Rilht
ADDIT. 28,617
Me thenke no wylit out of her off blame
Ne beere vs thersfore an evyH name
this materc Forto make 2136
ko

And off his wyffis Tressour he gan yt charge  [leaf 27]
And eke the Gaylere and with them alle three
Is stoole a way oute of the londe by nyffit
And to the cuntre off Ennopye hem dylit
There as he hadde a Frende off his knowynge 2156
There Festen they there dansen they and syng
And in his Armes hatli this Adryane
That off the beeeste hatli kepte hym From his bane 2160
And off his cuntre Folke a grete woone
And takith his leve and hamward sayliith he
And in an yle amydde the wylde see
Save wyld beestes and that FuH many oone 2164
He made his Shippe a lande Forto sette
And in [this] yle halff a day he lette
And s[cyde that on] the londe he muste hym Reste 2168
Hys maryners done rilft as hym lest

ADDIT. 28,617
And Forto telle shortly in this caas
Whanne Adryane his wyff a slepe was
For that hire sustre Fayrer was thanne she
He takith hire in his honde and Forth goth he
To shippe and as a Traytour stale his way
While that this Adryan on slepe lay
And to his Cuntrewarke saylyth blyve
A twenty devyH way the wynde hym dryve
And Fonde his Fadire drenchid in the see
Me lyste no more speke off hym parde
Thes Fals lovers poysend be theyre bane
But I wole turne ageyn to Adryane
That ys with slepe For werynesse y-take
FuH sorowfully hire herte may a-wake
Allas For the myn herte hath pytee
Riht in the dawnyng awakith she
And gropith in the bedde and Fonde riht nouhit
Allas quod she that suere was I wrouhit
I am betrayed and hire heere to-Rente
And to the stronde barefoot Fast she wente
And cryed Theseus myn herte swete
Where be ye that I may nat withi yow mete
And myhit thus withi beestes been yslayne
The holowe Rokkes answerde hire saylyng[e]
No man she sauli and yitt shyned the [Moone]
And hyhi vpon a Rokke she went seone
And sauli his barge sayllyng in the see
Colde wexe hire herte and riht thus seyde she
Meker thee me ye Fynde I thes beestes wylde
Hadde he nat symne that hire thus begyledede
She Cryed O turne ageyn For Routhe and symne
Thy barge hathi nat alle his meyne with Inne
Hire kevercheff vpon a pole vp stykethi she
[Ask]unce he shulde hyt weH y-se
And hym Remembre that she was behynde
And turne ageyn and [on] the stronde hire Fynde

ADDIT. 28,617
But all For nonlit his wey he ys y-goone
Adovne she Felle a-swone vpon a stooone
And vpe she Ryst and kysseth in alle hire care
The steppes off his Feet there he hatli Fare
And to hire bedde rihit thus she spikith thoo
Thow bedde quod she that hast resseyved twoo
Thow shalt answere off twoo and nat off oone
Where ys the gretter partye a-way goone
All[as] where shalt I wrecche wilit becomm
For thouli so [be] that boote here kome
Hoome [to my c]unte darre I nat For drede
I kon my sel[ven] in this caas nat Rede
What shuld [I] more telle hire compleynynge
It ys to [long i]t were an hevy thynge
In hire E[pistle] Naso tellyth alle
But shortly to the ende telle I shalle
The goddes haue hire holpen For pytee
In the sygne off Taurus men may se
The stones off hire Crowne shyne clere
I wolde no more speke off this matere
But thus this Fals lover game begyle
Hys trewe love the devyll quyte his whyle

[VII.]

: Incipit · legenda · Philomene.

Thow yevery off the Formes that hast wrouhit
The Fayre worlde and bare yt in thy thouhit
Eternally thow werke began
Why madestow vnto the schaundre off Man
Or all be hit / yt was nat thy doynge
As For that Fyne to make swiche a thinge
Why suffrest thow that Tereus w[as] bore
That ys in love so Fals and For[swore]
That Fro this worlde vp to the Firs[t] hevene 2236
Corru[m]peth whanne that Folke his n[am]e nevene
And as to me so gryslly was his [ded]e
That whanne that I in his Fou[le stor]ye Rede
Myn eyen waxen Foule and sor[e alsoo]
Yitt laste the venyme off so longe agoo
That yt Infyctyth hym that wolde be-holde
The storye of Tereus the whiche I tolde
Off Trace was he lorde and kynne to Marte 2244
The CrueH god that stant with bloody darte
And wedded hadde he with a blysful chere
Kyng Pandyones douhter Fayre and dere
That hifit Progne Floure off hire Cuntree 2248
Thouh Iuno yst nat at the Feste to be [leaf 20]
Ne ymeneus that god off weddyng ys
But at the Feste redy ben y-wys
The Furies three withi theyre mortaH bronde 2252
The Owle aH nyfit aboute the balkes wonde
That prophete ys off woo and off meschaunce
This ReveH sfluH off songe and sfluH off daunce
laste Fourtenyth or lytyH lasse 2256
But shortly off this story fforto passe
For I am werye off hym Forto telle
Fyve yere his wyff and he togedre duelle
Tyl on a day she ganne so sore longe .i. languendo
To seen hire sustre that she sauli nat longe 2261
That For desire she nyst what to say
But to hire housbonde ganne the Forto pray
For goddis love that she must oonys goone 2264
Hire sustre Forto se and kome anoone
Or ellys but she moste to hire wende
She prayde hym he wolde afther hire sende
And this was day by day hire prayere 2268
Withi alle humblesse of [wif] hode worde and chere
This Tereus lete ma[ke his] shippes yare
And into Greee hym sylff ys FortH y-Fare

ADDIT. 28,617
Unto his [father] in lawe gaanne he preye
To vouchesaff that For a moneth or tweye
That Philomene his wyffis sustre mylft
On Proigne hys wyff but onys haue a sylit
And she shalh kome anoon ageyn anoon
My sylff with hire I wolde both kome and goo
And as myn hertys lyff I wolde hire kepe
This olde Pandeone the kyng gan wepe
For tendernesse off herte Forto leve
Hys douhter goon and Forto yeve hire leve
Off alle this worlde he lovyth no thyng so
But at laste leve hath she to goo
For Philomene with salte teeres eke
Ganne off hire Fadire grace Forto seke
To seen hire sustre that she lovith so
And hym embraceth with hire Armes twoo
And ther with aH so yonge so Fayre was she
That whanne that Tereus sauhl hire beaute
And off Array that ther was noone hire lyche
And yitt off beawte was she twoo so Riche
He keste his Fyrye herte vpõn hire so
That he wylle haue hire how so yt goo
And with his wyles kneled' and so preyde
Tyl at the last Pandeone thus seyde
Now sonne quod he that [art] to me so dere
I the bytake my yonge douhtere heere
That berith the keye off alle myn herttys lyff
And grete [yow] wel my douhter and [thy] wyff
And giffe hire leve somme tyme Forto pleye
That she may seen me onys or I deye
And sothely he hym hath made Riche Feste
And to his Folke the moste and eke the leste
That with hym kam he yaff hem gyffites grete
And hym conveyth thurh the maystre strete
Off Athanes and to the see hym brouhit
And turneth home no malice he ne thouhit  
ADDIT. 28,617
The Oores pullen Forth the vesseH Faste
And in to Trace arryveth at the laste
And vp in to a Foreste he hire ledde
And in to a Cave pryvely hym spedde
And in this derke Cave yiff hire lest
Or lest nat he badde hire Forto Reste
Off which hire herte agroos and seyde thus
Where ys my sustre brother Tercus
And ther withi alle she wepte tendirly
And quooke For Feere pale and pytously
Riht as the lambe that off the wolff ys beten
Or as the Colver that off the Egle ys smeten
And oute off his Clawes Forth escaped?
yitt yt ys a-Ferde and a-whapedf
Lyst yt be hente efte so[ne]s so that she
But vtterly yt may noon other be
By Force hathi this Traytour done a dede
That he hathi refte hire off hire maydenhede
Maugre hire heed by strenthi and by myht
Loo here a dede off men and that a Riht
She crieth suster withi FuH lowde stevene [leaf 20, back]
And Fadire decre and helpe me god off hevence
Alle helpith nat and yitt this Fals theeff
Hathi done this lady a more myschieff
For Feere she sholde hys shame crye
And done hym have an opne velanye
And withi his swerde hire tunge off kerff he
And in a casteH made hire Forto be
FuH prevely in a prysone enure more
And kepte hire to his vsage and to his store
O sely Phylomene woo ys thyn herte
Huge ben thy sorwes and wondre smerte
God wreke the and sende the thy boone
Now yt ys tyme I make an ende soone
This Tereus ys to his wyff ykome
And in his Armes hathi his wyff ynome

ADDIT. 28,617
And pytously he wept and shoke his heede 2344
And swore to hire he Fonde hire sustre deede 2348
For this sely Progne hath swich woo
That nyf hir sorwe ful herte breste atwoo
And thus in teeres latte [1] Progne duelle
And of hire sustre Forthi wole I telle
This [ofo]H lady lerned hadde in youte
So that she werkyn and embrowden kouthe
And weven in the stol the Radenore 2352
As hit off wymben hathi ben wouen yore
And sothely Forto seyn she hadde hire Fylle [leaf 31]
Off mete and drymke and Clothyn at hire wyll
She kouthe eke rede and weH ynouH endyte
But withi a penne koude she nat wryte
But lettrese kasse she weven to and Froo
So that by the yere was alle agoo
She hadde woven in a stamyn large 2360
How she was brouht From Athenes in a Barge
And in a Cave how that she was brouht
And alle the things that Tereus hathi wroulit
She wove yt weH and wrote the storye above 2364
How she was served For hire sustre love
And to a knawe a Rynge she yaff anoone
And preyde hym by sygnes Forto goone
Vnto the quene and beren hire that clothe 2368
And be sygnes swore many an othe
She shulde hym yeve what she geten myhit
This knave anoone vnto the quene hym dyhit
And toke yt hire and alle the manere tolde 2372
And whanne that Progne hathi this thinge beholde
No worde she spak For sorwe and eke For Rage
But Feynec hire to goon on Pytgrymage
To Bacus Temple and in a lytyH stounde 2376
Hire dumbe sustre syttyng hathi she Founde
Wepynge in the Castell hire alloone
Allas the woo the compleynt and the moone

ADDIT. 28,617
That Progone vpon hire sustre makethi [leaf 31, back] 2380
In Armes eueryche off hem other taketh
And thus I late hem in here sorwe duelle
The remmanunt ys no charge to telle
For this ys alle and somme thus was she served2 2384
That neuere harme ne gyfte ne deserved
Vnto this cruell man that she off wyst
Yee may be warre off men yiff that yow lyst
For al be that he wole nat For shame 2388
Doone so as Tereus to lese his name
Ne serve yow as Murther or a knave
FuH lytyH while shuH ye trewe hym have
That wole I seyn al were he now my brother 2392
But yt so be that he may haue a nother

[VIII.]

: Encipit. legenda : Philles :

By prove as well as by Auttoryte
That wykkeH Fruyt komyth off wykkeH tree
That may ye Fynde yff that yt lyke yow 2396
But For this ende I spake this caas as now
To tellen yow off the fals Demophone
In love a Falser herde I neuere noone
But yiff hit were his Fadir Theseus [leaf 32] 2400
God For his grace From such oon kepe vs
Thus thes wymen praven that hit heere
Now to theeffecte tourne I off my mater
Dystroyed ys off Troye the Citee 2404
This Demephone kome saylyng in the see
Towardes Athanes to his Paleys large
With hym kome many a shippe and many a barge
Fulle off Folke off which FuH many oone 2408
Is wounded sore and syke and woo begone

ADDIT. 28,617
And they hauie at the Siege longe yleyn
Behynde hym kome a wynde and eke a Reyn
That shooff so sore his saylle mylft nat stande
Hym were lever than alle the worlde ha lande
So hurst hym the Tempest to and Froo
So derke yt was he kouthe nowhere goo
And with a wawe brokyn was his steere
His shippe was rente so lowe in suchi manere
That the carpenter kouthe yt nat amende
The see be mylft as eny Torche brende
For woode and possith hym now vp now down
Tyl Neptyne hath off hym compassioun
And Tetes Thorus\textsuperscript{1} Triton and they alle [\textit{psic}]
And made hym vpon a lande to Falle
Whereoff that Philles lady was and quene [leaves 32, back]
Lygurges douhter Fayrer on to scene
Thanne ys a Floure ayen the brilft sonne
Vnnethe ys Demephone to londe y-wonne
Wayke and werly and his Folke Forpyned\&
Off werynesse and also enfamynde\&
And to the deeth he was almost ydryvy
Hys wyse Folke to consey\H hauie hym yeve
To seken helpe and sokoure off the quene
And loken what his grace mylft beene
And make in that lande somme chevysause
To kepen hym Fro woo and Fro meschaunce
For syke he was and almast at the deeth
Vnnethes mylft he speke or drawe his breeth\textit{l}
And lyeth in Rodopya hym Forto Reste
Whaene he may walke him thouht yt was the beste
Vn to the Courte to seken For sokour
Men knewe hym weH and dydde hym honour
For off Athenes Duke and lorde was he
As Theseus his Fadir hadde y-be
That in his tyme was off grete Renouns
Noone so grete in alle the Regionn
And lyke his Fadire off Face and off stature
And Fals off love yt kome hym off Nature
As dothi the Fox Reynard the Foxis sonne 2448
Off kynde he kouthe his olde Fadris wonne
Withi outen lore as kan a drake sywmmec
Whanne yt ys kauht and caryed to the bryme
This honnourable Philles dothi hym chere 2452
Hire lykith weff his porte and his manere
But For I am agrucched heere be-forne
To write off hem that ben in love Forsworne
And to haste me eke in my legende 2456
Which to perfourme god me grace sende
Therfore I passe shortly in this wyse
Yee haue weff herde this Theseus devyse
In the betraysynge off Fayre Adryane 2460
That off hire pyte kepte hym From his bane
At shorte wordes Rifit so Demophone
The same way the same paath hathi goone 2464
That dydde his Fals Fadire Theseus
For vnto Philles hathi he sworne thus
To wedden hire and hire his trouthe pliht
And pyked off hire alle the goode he myht
Whanne he was hole and sounde and hadde his Ryst 2468
And dothi with Philles what so hym lyst
As weff kouthe I yiff that me lyst soo
Tellen alle his doynge to and Froo
He seyde to his cuntrye muste he saylle 2472
For there he wolde hire weddyng apparaylle
As Felle to hire honour and his also
And openly he tooke his levethoo
And hathi hire sworn he wolde not soiourne [ifss, bk] 2476
But in a moneth he wolde ayen retouren
And in that lande leta make his ordenaunce
As verrey lorde and toke thobeysaunce
Wele and homly and his shippes dyht 2480
And home he goothi the next way he myht
ADDIT. 28,917
For vnto Philles yitt kome he nouht
And that hath she so harde and sore ybouht
Allas that as the stories vs Recorde
She was hire owne deeth with a corde
Whance that she seye that Demephone hire trayde?
Bote to hym wrote she and Fast prayed?
He wolde komen and hire delynevse off peyne
As I reherse shal a worde or tweyne
Me lyst nat wouchesauff on hym to swynke
Ne spenden on hym a penne Fulle off ynke
For Fals in love he was rihit as his syre
The devel sette theyr soules bothe on Fyre
But off the lettre off Philles wole I write
A worde or twey al though yt be but lyte
Thyn Oostesse quod she O Demephonw
Thy Philles which that is so woo begoon
Off Rodopey vpöz yow mote compleyne
Over the terme sette bitwix vs tweyne
That ye ne holden forwarde as ye seyde
Youre anker which ye in eure haven leyde
Hyht vs that ye wolde komen oute off doute
Or that the Moone went onys aboute
But tymes Foure the Moone hath hidde hire Face
Syn thilke day ye went From this place
And Foure tymes liht the worlde ageyne
But for alle that yiff I shulde sothely seyne
Yitt hath the Streme off Cyteys nouht brouht
Fram Athenes the shippe yitt kome yt nouht
And yiff that ye the terme Rekne wolde
As I or as a trewe lover sholde
I pleyne nat god wote tofore my day
But alle hire lettre writen I ne may
Be ordre For yt were to me a charge
Hire lettre was rihit longe and therto large
But here and there In Ryme I have yt leyde
Ther as me thought that she weH hath seyde
She seyde thy saylles komyth nat augeyne
Ne to thy worde ther ys no Fey Certeyne
Bote I wote why ye komen nat quod she 2520
For I was off my love to yow so Free
And off the goddes that ye hauue swore
Yiff here vengauence Falle on yow therfore
Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the payne 2524
To muche I trusted I may weft seyne
Vpon youre lynage and youre Fayre tonge
And on youre Teeeres Falsly oute wronge
How kouthe ye wepe so by Craffte quod she 2528
May there suche teeres yffeyned be
Now certes yiff ye Wolfe hauue in memorye
It ouht to be to yow but lytye glorye
To haue a sely Mayde thus betrayde 2532
To god quod she pray I and ofte ha prayde
That yt moste be the grettest pride off alle
And moste honour that euere shall yow befaile
That whanne thy olde Auncestres ypeynted be 2536
In which men may theyre worthynesse se
Thanne pray I god how peynted be also
That Folke may reden Forby as they goo
Lo this ys he that with his Flaterye 2540
Betrayed hath and done hire vylanye
That was his trewe love in thouht and dede
But sothely off oon poiyn tayt may they rede
That ye be lyke youre Fadire as in this 2544
For he begyle Adryane y-wys
With suche an Arte and with suche subtylite
As thow thy selven hast begyle me
As in that poiyn tayt be nat Fayre 2548
Thow Folwist hym certeyn and art his hayre
But sen thus synfully ye me begyle
My body mote ye se with Inne a while
Rift in the havene off Athenes Flotynge 2552
with oute sepulture or Buryyng

ADDIT. 28,617
Thou\i\ ye ben harder thanne y\s\ eny stoo\n\e
And whanne this let\t\re was For\th\ ygo\n\e
And knewe how breve\H\ and how Fals he was
She For despeyre Fordydde hire self\s\ alias
Suche sorwe hat\i\ she For she besette hire so
Be warre ye w\y\mm\e\n For you\r\e subelle\s\ swo\o\n
Sen yitt this day men may ensemble so
And trusteth as in love no man but me

[IX.]

: E\n\c\r\i\p\i\t\ . L\e\g\e\n\d\a\ . Y\p\e\r\m\y\s\t\r\e\ :

IN Greece whylom werne Brethren twoo
Off which that oon was cally\d\ Danoo
That many a sonne hath off his body won\o\n
As suche Fals lovers offten tyme konne
Amonge his sou\n\e\s\ alle there was oone
That aldermoste he loved\d\ off euer\c\r\y\h\c\o\o\n\e
And whanne this Childe was borne this Danoo
Shope hym a name and cally\d\ hym Lyno
That other brother cally\d\ was Egyste
That was of\f\ love as Fals as hym lysto

And many a douhter hadde he in his lyff
Off which he gate v\p\n\i\n\i\ his rifit wyff
A douhter deere and dyd\d\ hire calle
Y\p\e\r\m\y\s\t\r\e\ yongest off hem alle
The whiche Childe off hire natiiuite
To alle the\w\es goode borne was she
And lyked\d\ to the goddes or she was borne
That off the sheeff she shulde be the cor\m\e
The wordes that we clepen destyne
Hath shapen hire that she mot nedys be
Pictous sadde wys Trewe as stel\e
As to thes wym\m\e\n yt accordeth wele  

AD\D\I\T. 28, 317
For though that Venus yeff hire grete beaute
With Iupyter compovned so was she
With Conscience trouthe and drede off shame
And off hire wysshode Forto kepyn hire name
This thouhit hire was Felicite as heere
The Rede Mars was that tyme off yere
So Feble that his maiice hath hym Raffte
Repressed hath Venus his Cruel Craffte
And with Venus and other oppressioum
Off honeste Mars ys venyme ys a downe
That ypermystra darre nat handle a knyff
In malyce though she shulde lese hire lyff
But natheles as hevyne gan has tourne
Twoo badde especite hat she off Satourne
That made hire dyen in prison
As I shall after make mencion
To Danoo and Egistes also
And though so be that they werow brethe twoo
For thylke tyme Mars spared no lynage
It lyked hem to maken a maryage
Bytwixen ypermystre and hym lynoo
And casten swich a day yt shal be do
And Fulle accorded was yt wterly
The array ys wrouht and the tyme Fast by
And thus Lyno hatth off his Fadris brother
The douhter wedded and eche off hem other
The torches breynyng and the lampes briht
The sacrefices ben Fulle redy dyht
Thensence oute off the Fyre reketh swote
The Floure the leeff ys Rent vpe by the Rote
To maken gerlondes and crownes hye
Fulle ys the place off Mynistralcye
Off songes Amerous off Mariage
As thilke tyme was the pleyne vsage
And this was in the paleys off Egiste
That in his hovs was lorde as hym lyste
And thus that day they dryven to an ende
The Frendes take leve and home they wende
The nyht ys komen the Bryde shalH go to bedde [leaf 36, back]
Egisto to his chambre Fast hym spedde
And pryvely lete his douhter calle

Whanne that the hovs voyde was off hem alle
He lokithi on his douhter with gladde chere
And to hire he spak as ye shalH after here
My rilH douhter Tresour off myn herte

Syn First that day that shapen was my sherte
Or by the Fatale Sustren hadde my doome
So nyH myn herte neuere thinge ne kome
As thow ypermystra douhter dere
Take hede what I thy Fadir seyth the hero
And wirke aftir thy wyser euere moo
For alderfirst douhter I loved the so
That alle the worlde to me nys halff so leeff
That I wolde rede the to no myschieff
For alle the goode vndiiH this colde Moone
And what I mene yt shalH be seyde rilH soone
With protestacion as seyne thes wyse
That but thow do as I shalH devyse
Thow shalt be deeds by him that alle hath wroult
At shorte wordes thow ne skapest noult
Out off my paleys or that thow be deede
But thow consente and wirke aftir my Reede
Take this to the For FuH conclusion
This ypermystre caste hire eyen down
And quooke as dotH the leeff off Aspee grene [leaf 37]
Deede wexe hire hewe and lyke asshes to sene
And seyde lorde and FadirH alle youre wilH
Afster my mylt god wote I shalH FulffyUe
So hit be to me no Confusioun
I nyH quod he hawe noone ExepeciouH
And oute he kauHt a knyff as Rasour kene
Hyde this quod he that yt be nat sene

ADDIT. 28,617
And whanne thyn housbonde ys to bedde ygoo
while that he slepith kutte his throte atwoo
For in my dremes yt ys y-warned me
How that my nevew shaH my baane be
But which I not wherfore I wole be seker
yiff thow say nay we twoo shaH haue byker
As I have seyde by hym that I have sworne
This ypermystre hath nyth hire wytte forlorn
And Forto passen harmeles Fro that place
She grantyth hym there nas noone other grace
And there withi aH a costrete takith he
And seyde heroff a drauil or twoo or three
yeve hym to drynke whanne he gooth Roste
And he shaH slepe as longe as euere the lest
The narbolykes and Epies ben so stronge
And goo thy way lest hym thenke to longe
Out komyth the Bryde with Ful sobre chere
As off thes Maydenes ofte hit ys the manere
To Chaumbre ys brouhit with ReveH and songe
And shortly lyst this tale be to longe
This lyno and she ben brouhit to Bedde
And euery wilit oute off the doore hym spedde
The nyth ys wasted and he Felle A-sleepe
Full tendirly bygynnetli she to wepe
She ryst hire vpe and dredefully she quaketh
As dothe the Braunche that Zepherus shaketh
And hussit were alle in Argone that citee
As colde as eny Froste now wexith she
For pytée by the herte stryvnetli hire so
And drede off deetli dotli hire so muche woo
That thryes doun she Felle in this weere
She rysetli vpe and stakereth here and there
And on hire hondes Faste lokith she
Allas and shaH myn handes bloody be
I am A Mayde And as by Nature
And by my semblauant and my vesture

ADDIT. 28,617
Myn handes ben nat shapen For a knyff
As Forte Reven a man From his lyff
What devyll have I witt this knyff to do
And shaft I have my throte kutte a twoo
Thanne shal I bleede ellas and me shende
And nedys coste this thing must hane an ende
Or he or I muste nedys lese oure lyff
Now certes quod she sen I am his wyff
And hath my Feyth yitt ys yt bette For me
Forte be deede in wyffly honeste
Thanne ben a Traytour levyng in my shame
Be as he may For ernest or For game
He shal awake and ryse and goon his way
Out at this goter er that yt be day
And wepte FuH tendyrly vpän his Face
And in hire Armes gan hym to embrace
And hym she roggeth and awaketh softe
And at a wyndow lepe From the loftte
whanne she hath warned and done hym bote
This lyno swyth was and lift off Foote
And From his wyff raune a FuH goode paas
This sely womman ys so wayke ellas
And helpeles so that er she Ferre wente
Hire cruHF Fadire dydde hire hente
Allas lyno why art thow so vnkynde
Why ne haddestow Remembred in thy mynde
And taken hire and ladda hire Forth withi the
For whanne she sauli that goon away was he
And that she myft nat so Fast goo
Ne Folwe hym she satte down rilft thoo
Tyl she was take and Fetred in prison
This Tale ys seyde For this conclusion

[unfinsht]

ADDIT. 28,617
[In Note 1, p. 34, of my Trial-Forewords, I said,—relying on the examination of the two MSS. by a Chaucer-friend—that this Bodley 638 was copied from the Fairfax 16. Further comparison of the two MSS. has led me to doubt this as regards Chaucer’s Blanche. Compare these differences:—

F. to fore, 190; swete hert, 206; Ful, 324; fille, 374; 
B. byfore swete And was

F. how, 514; 791-2 in; place, 806; 
B. where not in chambre

F. memoyre, yvoyre, 945-6; she koude, 1012. 
B. memorye, Ivorye that she was

And so I now print the Bodley copy, tho’ it is very close to the Fairfax; I suppose from the same original.]
[Bodley MS. 638 (paper quires in vellum covers, ab. 1450),
leaf 110, back.]

[w is for ù: the light dot at the end of many lines
is not printed.]

The boke of the Duchesse

I haue grete wondir be this light
how that I leue for day ne nyght
I may not slepe wel nygh nought
I haue so many an ydeH thought.

Purely for defaulte of slepe
That bi my trouthe I take no kepe
Of no thinge how hit comyth or goth
Ne me nys no thinge leue nor loth
Al is I-lich good to me
Ioye or sorwe wherso it be
For I haue felynge yn no thynge
But as it were a mased thynge
Alway yn poynte to falle a doune
For sorweful ymagnacioun
Is alwey holely yn my mynde
And weH ye wote a-geyns kynde
Hit were to lyuen yn this wyse
For Nature wolde nat suflse
To now erthly creature
Nat longe tyme to endure
Without slepe & be yn sorwe
And I ne may ne nyght ne morwe
Slepe & this Melancolye

[Lines 24—96 are left out]

Bodley 638
Had such pite & such routi
To rede hir sorwe that be my trouth
I ferde the worse aH the morwe
Aftir to thinkyn on hir sorwe
So when this ladi koude her' no worde
That no man myght fynde hir lorde
FuH ofte she swownyd & sayd' al fas
For sorwe fuH nygh wood she was
Ne she koude no rede but oon
But doune on kneys she sate a-non
And wepte that pite was to her'.
A mercy swete ladi dere
Quoth she Iuno hir goddesse
Help me owte of this distresse
& yeue me grace my lorde to se
Sone or wite wher'-so he be
Or how he fareth or in what wyse
And I shal make yowe sacrificye
And hooly yours bcome I shalH
With good wyH body herte & aH
And but thou wolte this ladi swete
Send me grace to slepe & mete
In my slepe som certeyn swenun
Wher-thorgh that I may know euyn
[leaf 111, back]
[leaf 111]
Whethir my lorde be quyk' or dek' With that worde she henge doun the hevK And felH a swowne as colde as ston
Hir women kaught hir vp a-non
And brought hir in bed aH nakyd' And she forwepid' & forwakyd' Was wery & thus the dek' slepe FYH on hir or she toke kepe.
Thorgh Iune that had herl' hir bone That made hir to slepe sone
And as she praid' right so was done
Indede for Iuno right anone
Callid thus hir messagere
To do hir erande & he come nere
When he was come she bade him thus
Goo bet quoth Inno to Morpheus
Thou knowist hym wel the god of slepe.
Now vndirstonde weH & take kepe
Sey thus on my halue that he
Go faste yn-to the grete se
And bid him that on aH thynge
That he take vp Seys body the kynge
That lith fuH pale & no-thinge rodye
Bid him crepe yn-to the bodye
And do hit goon to Alchyon
The quene ther she lieth allone
And shew hir shortly it ys no nay
How hit was dreynte this othir day
And do the body speke right so
Right as it was wonyc to do
The whiles that it was a-lyue
Goo now faste & hye the blyue
This Messanger toke leue & wente
Vpon his wey & neuyr ne stente
Tyl he came to the derke valey
That stante bitwyx Rochis twey
Ther neuyr yet grew corne ne gras
Ne tre ne nought that ought was
Beste ne man ne nought ellys
Sauff ther were a few wellys
Came rennynge fro the cliffs a doun
That made a dedly slepynge souu
And ronnen doun right bi a Cave
That was vndir a rocke I-grane
A mydde the valey wondir depe
Ther then goddis lay & slepe
Morpheus & Eclympasteyre
That was the god of slepis cyre

BODLEY 638
That slepe & did not other werke
This Caue was also as derke
As helle pitte ouyr al aboute
Thei had good leysar for to route 172
To enuye who myght slepe beste
Som henge her chynne vpon her brest
And slept vpright her heed L-hyde
And som lay nakyd yn her bed 176
And slepe whiles the dayes laste
This Messenger' come flying' faste
And cried O howe a-wake a-non
Hit was for nought ther her? hynd non
A-wake quoth he who lithe here
And blew his horne right yn her ere
And cried awakith wondir' hye [leaf 113]
This god of slepe with his on ye
Caste vp & axyr who elepith ther
Hit am I quoth this Messenger'
Iuno bade thou sholdist gon
And tolde him what he shulde don 188
As I haue tolde you her by foure
Hit is no nede reherse it more
And went his wey when he had seyde
A-non this god of slepe abreyde 192
Out of his slepe & gan to good
And did as he had bede him doon
Toke vp the dreynete body sone
And bare it forth to Alchyone 196
His wife the quene ther' as she laye
Right euy a quater' before daye
And stode right at his beddys fete
And called hir right as she hete 200
Bi name & seide my swete wife
A-wake let be youre sorweful life
For yn youre sorwe ther lith no rede
For certys swete I am but dede 204
ye shul me nyeyr on lyue I-se
But good swete that ye
Bury my body for such a tyde
ye mow it fynde the se bisyde
And far wel swete & my worldes blyssse
I pry god youre sorwe lyssse
To lityle while owre blisse lasteth
With that hir yent up she casteth
And saw nought alas quoth she for sorwe
And deyde within the thridde morwe
But what she seyde more yn that swowe
I may not tell you as nowe
Hit were to longe for to dwelle
My firste matere I wyl you telle
 Wherfore I haue tolde you this thinge
Of Alchion & Seys the kynge
For thus much dar I say weH
I had be dolyn euery deH
And ded right thorgh defaulte of slepe
If I ne had red & take kepe
Of this tale nexte bifiore
And I wul teH you wherfore
For I ne myght for bote ne bale
Slepe or I had red this tale
Of this dreynte Seys the kynge
And of the goddis of slepynge
When I had red this tale weH
And ouyrlokyr hit euerydeH
Me thought wonydr if it wer so
For I had neuyr hered speke er tho
Of no goddis that koude make
Men to slepe ne for to wake
For I ne knew neuyr god but oow
And ye my game I seyd anon
And yet me lust right euH to pleye
Rathir then that I shulde deye

BODLEY 638
Thorogh defaulte of slepyng; thus
I wold yeue thilke Morpheus
Or his goddesse daimé1 Iuno
Or somw wight ellys I ne rought who
To make me slepe & have somw reste
I wol yeue him3 the aldirbeste
yefte that cuyr he a-bode his lyue
And her2 on warde right now as blyue
yif he wul make me slepe a lyte
Of downe of pure downys whyte
I wulH yeue hym a fedir bedde
Rayed with golde & right wel cledde
In fyne blak5 Satyn de owter6 mere
And many a Pylowe & enery bere
Of cloth of Raynes to slepe softe
Him thar not nede to torne ofte
And I wulH yeue him3 al that fallys
To a chambre & al his hallys
I wolde do peynte with pur7 goldo
And tapite hem8 fuH many folde
Of oo sute this shal he haue
If I wiste where wer7 his Cane
If he kan make me slepe sone
As did9 the goddesse quene Alchione
And thus this ilke god10 Morpheus
May wynne of me mo fees thus
Than cuyr he wanne & to Iuno
That is his godesse I shalH so do
I trow that she shalH holde hir payde
I had vnneth that worde I-sayde
Right thus as I haue tolde it you
That sodeinly I nyste how
Such a luste a-nonw me toke
To slepe that right vpon my boke
I fyl a slepe & therwith cuynw
Me mette so ynye swete a swenyw
So wondirful that neuyr yitte
I trow no man had the witte
To konne wel my sweuyn rede
No not Ioseph withoute drede
Of Egipte he that red so
The kynges metynge Pharo
No more then koude the lest of vs
Ne not skarsyle Macrobeus
He that wrote another thyssion
That he mette kyngge Cipyon
The noble man the Aufrj^kai

[Blank line in the MS.]

I trow a rede my dremys cvyn
Lo thus it was this was my sweuyn
M e thought thus that it was May
And ym the dawnynge I lay
Me mette thus ym my bedde aH nakyd
And lokyd forth for I was wakyd
With smale fowlys a grete hepe
That had afayed me out of my slepe
Thorogh noys & swetnesse of her songe
And al me mette thei sate a-monge
Vpon my chambre rofe withoute
Vpon the tyles onyr-al a-boute
And songe euerych ym his wyse
The moste solempne sernysse
By note that euyr man I trowe
Had herde for som of hem songe lowe
Som hygh & al of oon acord
To telle shortly at oo worde
Was neuyr herd so swete a steuyn
But it had be a thinge of henyn
So mery a sowne so swete entewnys
That certys for the towne of tewnys
I nolde but I had herde hem syng
For al my chambre gan to rynge

BODLEY 638
Thorogh syngenge of her Armonye
For Instrument nor melodye
was nowgher' herde yet half so swete
Nor of Accorde halfe so mete
For ther was now of hem that feyned
To synge for eche of hem hym peyned
To fynde oute mery crafty notys
Thei ne sparyd' not her throtys
And soth to seyn my chambre was
Ful welle depeynyed & withi glas
Wer' al the wyndowys weH I-glasyd'
And clere & not an hole I-crasyd'
That to biholde hit was grete Ioye
For holely aH the storye of Troye
was yn the glasyng I-wrought thus
Of Ector & of kynge Pryamus
Of Achilles & of kynge Iamedon!
And eke of Medea & of Iason!
Of Parys Eleyne & of Lauyne
And al the wallys with colourys fyne
were peynyed both texte & glase [leaf 116, back]
And al the Romannce of the Rose
My wyndowys were shette echone
And thorogh the glasse the sonne shone
Vpon my beK with bright bemy
With many glade gyldye stremys
And eke the walkyn was so fayre
Blew bright clere was the Ayre
And ful attempre forsoth it was
For nothir to colde nor hote it was
Ne yn aH the walkone was a clowde
And as I lay thus wondyr lowde
Me thought I herde a hunte blowe
Tassay his horne & for to knowe
Whethir it were clere or hors of sowne
And I herd goynge both vp & downe

BODLEY 638
Men hors houndys & othir thynge
And al men speke of huntyng
How thei wolde sle the harte with strenglit
And how the hart had vp on lenghit
So much embosy[f] I not now what
Anon right when I herde that
How that thei wolde on huntyng goon [leaf 117]
I was right glad & vp a-noon
Toke my hors & forth I went
Oute of my chambre I neyur stent
Tyl I come to the felde withoute
Ther' ouyrtoke I a grete route
Of huntyng & eke of Foresters
With many relayes & lymers
And hied hem to the floseste faste
And with hem so at the laste
I askyd oon ladde a lymere
Say felow who shal hunte here
Quoth I & he answeryd a-geyn
Syr themperounr Octouyen
Quoth he & is her fast by
A goddis half yn good tyne quoth I
Go we faste & gan to ryde
when we kame to the fforestys syde
372
Evry man did right a now
As to huntyng was to doun
The mayster hunte a-non fote hote
with a grete horne blywe iij mote
At the vncowplynge of his houndys
Within a while the herte founde ys [leaf 117, back]
I halwid & rechasy[f] faste
longe tyne & so at the laste
This hert Rused & stale a-way
Fro aH the houndys a preyu way
The houndis had ouyrsotto hym aH
And were vpon a defaulte I fals
384

BODLEY 638
Therwith the hunte wondir faste
Blew a floureigne at the laste
I was go walkyd fro my tre
And as I went ther came by me
A whelpe that fowynd me as I stode
That had I-fowynd & koude no good
Hit come & crepte to me as lowe
Right as it had me I-knowe
Hild doun his hed & ioyned his crys
And leyde aH smoth doun his herys
I wolde haue kaught it & a-non
Hit fled & was fro me goyd
And I him folwid & it forth went
Doun bi a flowrye grene wente
Ful thicke of gras ful softe & swete
With flourys fele feyre vndirfote
And lich vynd hit semyed thus
For both flora & zepherus
Thei two that make flourys growe
Had made her dwellynge there I trowe
For it was on to be-holde
As though therti enuye wolde
To be gayer than the heyny
To haue mo flourys swich enynw
As yn the walkene sterrys be
Hit had forgete the pouerte
That wyntyr thorgh his colde morwys
Had made it suffer & his sorwys
AII was forgete & that was scne
For aH the wood was waxynw grene
Swetnesse of dewe had made it wexe
Hit is no nede eke for to Axe
Where ther wer many grene greuys
Or thikke of trees so ful of leuys
And enery tre stode by hym-selue
Fro othir wel ten fete fro othir twelue
So grete treis so huge of strength
Of fourty fyftye fedme length
Clene withoute bowgli or stykke
with cropys both & eke as thykke
They were not an ynche a sondre
That hit was shadwe ouyr aH vndre
And many an herte & many an hynde
Was both before me & bi-hynde
Of fflowys Sowrys bukkys Doys
Was fuH the wode & many Roys
And many Squyrellys that sete
FuH high vpon the treys & ete
And yn her maner' made fjestys
Shortly it was so fuH of bestys
That though Argus the noble counter'
Sete to rekne yn his Counter'
And rekne with his ffygurys tenw
For by the ffygures mow aH kenw
If thei be crafty rekne & nownbre
And teH of euery thynge the novmbr'
yt shulde he fayle to rekne euyrnw
The wondrys me mette yn my sweenw
But forth they romyd' right wondr' faste
Doune the wood' so at the laste
I was ware of a man yn blake
That sete & haH turnyd' his bake
To an Oke a huge tre
lorde thought I who may that be
What ayleth him' to sytte here
A-non right I wente nere
Than founde I sitte euyyn vpright
A wondir wel farynge knyght
By the maner me thought so
Of good muchiH & yonge ther-to
Of the age of foure & twenty yere
Vpon his berde but litleH here
And he was clothed al in black
I stalked euyn unto his back
And there I stode as stilly as ought
That soth to say he saw me nought
For whi he cenne his hec a doune
And with a dedly sorwefull soune
He made of Ryme x vers or twelue
Of a complaint to him selue
The moste pite the moste routli
That euyr I herde for by my trouth
hit was grete wondir that Nature
Might suffre any creature
To have such sorwe & be not deye
Ful pitouse pale & nothinge red
He seide a lay a maner songe
Withoute note withoute songe
And it was this for ful well I kan
Reherse it right thus hit bigan
'I haue of sorwe so grete wone
That ioye gete I neuyr none
[No gap in the MS. The supposed line here was my mistake.]
Now that I se my lady bright
Which I haue louyd with all my myght
Is fro me ded & is a-gone
'Allas dethi what ayleth the
That thou noldist haue takin me
When thou toke my lady swete
That was so feire so fressli so fre
So good that men may well se
Of all goodnesse she had no mete
'When he had made thus his complainto
His sorwful herte gan faste faynte
And his spirytes woxyn dede
The block was fled for pure drede
Doune to his herte to make him warme
For well it felde the herte had harme

Bodley 638
To wite whi eke it was a-drad
Be kynde & for to make it glad
For it ys membre princypal
Of the bodye & that made alt
His hewe chaungid & wex grene
And pale for there no block is sene
In no maner lyme of his
Anon therwith when I saw this
He ferde thus euyl there he sete
I wente & stode right at his fete
And grette him but he spake nought
But arguyd with his owne thought
And yn his wytt disputyd faste
Whi & how his life myght laste
Him though his sorwys were so smerte
And lay so colde vpon his herte
So thorogh his sorwe & heuy thought
Made him that he herde me nought
For he had welnygh loste his mynde
Though Pan that men clepe the god of kynde
Were for his sorwis neuyr so wroth
Bat at the laste to seyn right soth
He was ware of me where I stode
Bifore him & di of myn hode
And had I-grette him as I beste koude
Debonayrely & nothynge lowde
he seide I prey the be not wroth
I herde the not to seyn the sothi
Ne I saw the not syr trewlye
A good sir no fors quoth I
I am right sory if I haue ought
Distourblid you oute of youre thought
Foryeue me if I haue mystake
yis thamendis is light to make
Quoth he for ther lith nof thersto
Ther is no thinge mysseide nor do
loo: how goodly spake this knyght
As hit had ben an othir wight
He made it nouthir tough ne queynte
And I saw that & gan maqueynte
With him & fonde him so tretable
Right wondir skilful & resonable
As me thought for aH his bale
A-non right I gan fynde a tale
To him to loke wher I myght ought
Haue more knowynge of his thought
Sir quoth I this game ys doñ
I holde that this herte be goñ
This huntys kun him noughere se
I do no fors therof quoth he
Mi thought is there-on neuyr a deñ
Be oure lorde quoth I: y trow yow well
Right so me thinketh bi youre chere
But syr o thinge wuñ ye here
Me thinketh yn grete sorwe I you se
But certys syr if that ye
Wolde oughte discure me youre woo
I wolde as wys god helpe me so
Amende it if I kan or may
ye mow preue hit by assay
For be my trouth to make you hool
I wuñ do aH my powere hooñ
And tellith me of youre sorwys smerte
Pernauntere it may ese your' herte
That semyth fuñ seke vndir your' syde
With that he lokyð: on me a-syde
As who seith nay that woñ not be
Graunte mercy good frende quoth he
I thanke the that thou woldest so
But it may neuyr the rathir be do
No man may neuyr my sorwe glade
That makith my hew to fañ & fade

BODLEY 638
And hath myν vndirstondying lorne
That me is woo that I was borne
May nought make my sorwis slyde
Nought aH the remedyes of Ouyde
Ne Orpheus god of melodye
Ne Dedalus withi his playes slye
Ne hele me may no Phisycyeν
Nought ypocras ne Galyn
Me is woo that I leue owrys twelue
But who-so wuH assay hym-selue
Whethir his herte kan haue pite
Of any sorwe lat hym se me
I wrecki that deth hathi made aH nakyν
Of aH blyss that euyr was makyν
I-worth worste of aH wyghtys
That hate my dayes & my nyghtys
My lyfe my lustys be me loth
For aH welfare & I be wrothi
The pure deth ys so fuH my foo
That I wolde deye hit wuH not so
For when I folwe it hit wuH ile
I wolde haue hym hit nyH not be
This is my peyne withoute redν
Alwey dyenge & be not dedν
That Thesiphus that lyth in heH
May not of more sorwe teH
And who-so wiste aH be my trouthi
My sorwe but he hadν ronthi
And pite of my sorwyys smerte
That man hath a fendely herte
For who-so seith me firste on morwe
May seyn he hath mette with sorwe
For I am sorwe & sorwe ys I
Allass & I wuH teH the why
My sorwe ys turnyν to pleynenge
And aH my laughtre to wepynge
My glad thoughtys to heynnesse
In trauayle ys myn Idlynnesse
And eke my reste my wele ys wo
My goodys ys harme & enyr-ys mo
In-to wrathys ys turnyd my pleyenge
And my delyte yn-to sorwyenge
Myhele ys turnyd yn-to sekenesse
In drede ys all my sikynnesse
To derke ys turnyd all my lyght
My wytte ys folye my day ys nyght
My lone ys hate my slepe ys wakynge
My myrty & melys ys fastynge
My contynaunce ys nycete
And all abawyd wher-so I be
My pes yn pledynge & yn werre
Allas how myght I fare werre
My boldnesse is turnyd to shame
For fals Fortune hath pleyde a game
At the chesse with me allas the while
The trayteresse fals & fuH of gyle
That all bihotith & no-thinge halte
She geth vpright & yt she is halte
That bagith foule & lokith feire
The disputouse debonsayre
That skornyth many a creature
An ydole of fals portrayture
Is she for she wuH sone varyen
She ys the Mowstry heH l-wryen
As filth ouyr I-strawyed with flourys
Hir moste woorship & hir flourys
To lye for that ys hir Nature
withoute feith lawe or mesure
She ys fals & cuyr laughynge
With oon ye & that othir wepynge
That ys brought vp she sette all donn
I likne hir to the ScorpyouH

BODLEY 638
That ys a fals flaternge beste
For with his hek he makyth feste
But al amydde his flaternge
With his tayle hit wuH styngne
And envenyme & so wuH she
She ys thennyouse charyte
That ys ay fals & semyth wele
So turnyth she hir fals whele
A-boute for hit ys nothyng stable
Now by the fyre now at the table
For many oon hath she thus I-blent
She ys pley of enchauntement
That semyth oon & ys not so
The fals these what hath she do
Trowist thou by oure lorde I wuH the sey
At the chesse with me she gan to pleye
With hir fals draughtys dyuerse
She stale on me & toke my Ferse
And when I saw my Fers a-waye
Allas I kouth no lengyr pleye
But seide fare weH swete I-wys
And fare weH alH that euyr ther ys
Therwyth Fortune seide cheke her'
And mate yn the myd' poynnte of the chekere
With a powne erraunte allass
FuH craftyer to pleye she was
Than Athalus that made the game
Fyrst of the chesse so was hys name
But god wolde I had onys or twyes
I koude & knowe the Iupardyys
That koude the Greke Pyttagoras
I sholde hane pleyde the bet at ches
And kepte my fers the bet ther-by
And though wherto for trewlye
I holde that wyssh not worth a stre
I had be neuyr the bet for me
For Fortune kan so many a wyle
Ther be but few kan hir begyle
And eke she ys the las to blame
My-self I wolde hae do the same
Be-fore god as I be as she
She ought the more excusyd be
For this I sey yet more therto
Had I be god & myght hae do
My wylle when she my Fers kaught
I wolde haeue drawe the same draught
For also wys god yeue me reste
I dar wel swere he toke the beste
But thorogh that draught I hane lorne
My blisse alas that I was borne
For cuymore I trowe trewlye
For all my wylle my luste holelye
Is turnyd but yet what to done
Be owre lorde yt ys to dey sone
For no thinge I leue it nought
But lyue & deye right yn this thoughtt
For ther nys planete in Fyrmament
Ne yn eyre ne yn ertfloyn Element
That thei ne yeue me a yeft eloyn
Of wepyng when I am al hone
For when that I avyse me weH
And bethenke me euerydeH
How that ther lythi yn rekenynge
In my sorwe for no thynge
And how ther leyuth no gladnesse
May glade me of my dystresse
And how I haue loste my suffysaunce
And therto I haue no plesaunce
Then may I sey I haue right nought
And when all this fallith yn my thoughtt
Alias then am I ouyrcome
For that ys done ys not to come
I haue more sorwe then Tantale
And when I herd this tale

Thus pitously as I you tell
Vnnetli myght I lengur dweH
Hid did myñ herte so much dwo
A good sir quoth I see nat so
Haue som pite on youre Nature
That formyd you to creature
Remembre yow of creature

flor he ne countyd that iiij streys
Of nought that Fortune koude do
No quoth he I kan not so
Whi so good syr yis parde quoth I
Ne nought so for trewlye
Though ye had loste the Fersys twelue
And ye for sorwe mondryd your-selue
Ye sholde be dampnyd yn this cas
By as good ryght as Medea was
That slough hir childryii for Iason
And Phillys also for Demophoñ
Henge hir-self so welawaye
For he had broke hys terme daye
To come to hir an-othir rage
Had dido the quene of Cartage
That slough hir-self for Eneas
was fals which a folle she was
And Ecquo dyed for Narcysus
Nolde not loue hir & right thus
Hath many an othir fołye don
And for Dalida died Sampsoñ
That slough hym-self with a pylere
But ther' is no man a lyue here
wold for a fers make this woo
whi so quoth he it ys not soo
Thou woste full lyteñ what hou menyst
I haue loste more then thou wenyst

BODLEY 638
lo she ȝat may be quoth I
Good syr tell me aH hooly
In what wise how whi & wherfor
That ye han thus youre blysse lore
Blithly quoth he com sytte a-doun
I tell it the vp a condicyoun
That thou shalt holcely with aH thi wytte
Do thyn entente to herkne hit
yis syr swere thi trouth thertol
Gladly do then holde her' lo
I shal right blithly so god me sauc
Holely with aH the witte I hauc
Here you as well as I kan
A goddis half quoth he & bigaȝ
Syr quoth he sith first I kouth
Haue eny maner wytte fro youth
Or kyndely vndirstondynge
To comprehende yn any thynge
what loue was yn myn owne wytte
Dredles I haue euyr yitte
Be tributarye & yeue rente
To loue hooly with good entente
And throgh plesaunce biconc his thraH
with good wH body herte & aH
AH this I putte yn his seruage
As to my lorde & diȝ homage
And fuȝ deuolutely I preyed him to
He shulde bisette myn herte so
That hit plesaunce to him were
And wurshipe to my lady dere
And this was longe & many a yere
Or that myn herte was set owghere
That I did thus & nyste why
I trow hit came me kyndely
Peraurantur' I was therto moste able
As a white waH or a table
For it is redy to kachi & take
Ah that men wuH theryn make
Whethir that so men wuH portrey or peynte
Be the werkys neyr so queynte
And thilke tyme I ferde right so
I was able to haue lernyd tho
And to haue konde1 as wH or bettre
Perauentre othir Arte or lettre
But for lone kame firste yn my thought
Therfor I forgate it nought

For-whi I toke hit of so yonge age
That malyce had my corage
Nat that tyme turnyd to no-thynge
Thorghi to mochiH knowlachynge
For that tyme youth my mastres
Gouernyd me yn Idylnes
For it was yn my first youth
And tho fuH liteH good I couthi
For aH my werkys were flyttynge
That tyme & aH my thought varyenge
Ah were to me I-lich good\nThat I knew tho but thus it stood\nHit happy\ that I kame on a day
In-to a chambre there that I say
Trewly the feyrest company
Of ladyes that cuyr man with y.
Had seen to-gedris yn oH place
ShaH I clepe it happe othir grace
That brought me there nay but fortune
That ys to lye fuH convne.
The fals trayteres parners
God wolde I koude clepe hir wers
For now she worchith me fuH woo
And I wuH teH sone whi so

Bodley 638
Amonge thes ladies thus echoñ
Soth to seyn I saughi oon
That was like nof of the rowte [leaf 128]
For I dar swer withoute dowte 820
That as the somorys sonne bright
Is fayrer cleror & hath more light
Than ony othir planete in heuyñ
The mone or the sterrys seuyñ 824
For al the worlde so had she
Surmountyd hem aH of beaute:
Of maner & of comlynesse
Of stature & of weH set gladnesse 828
Of goodlihed & so weH beseye
Shortly what shaH I sey:
By god & bi halwys twelue
Hit was my swete right aH hir-selue 832
She had so stedfast countenaunce
So noble porte & meyntenaunce
And love that had weH herde my bone
Had espyed me thus sone 836
That she fuH sone yn my thought
As help me god so was I kaught [leaf 128, back]
So sodeynly that I nc toke
No maner counseH but at hir loke 840
And at myn herte for-whi hir yeñ
So gladly I trow myn herte syen
That purely tho myn owne thought
Seide it were bettre to serue hir for nought 844
Then with an othir to be weH
And it was soth for euerydeH
I wuH a-non right teH the why
I saw hir daunce so comelyly 848
Carole & synge so swetely
Laugh & pley so womanly
And loke so debonayrely
So goodly speke & so frendly 852

DODLEY 638
That certys I trow that euymore
Nas seyn so blisful A tresore
For euery here on hir hec
Soth to seyn it was not rexl
Ne nouther yolwe ne browne it nas 856
Me thought moste like it was
And which yen my lady had
Debonayre good & sadl 860
Symple of good mochyH nought to wyde
Therto hir loke nas not a-syde
Ne ouyrtwert but bisette so wel
Hit drewh & toke vp euerydH 864
AIt that on h[i]r gun beholde:
Hir eyen semyd a-non she wolde
Haue mercy folys wendyn soo
But it was neuyr the rathir doo 868
Hit nas no countrefetyd thynge
Hit was hir owne pure lokynge
That the goddesse Dame Nature
Had made hem opyn by mesure 872
And cloos for were she neuyr so glad
Hyr lokynge was not foly spred
Ne wyldly though that she playd
But euyr me thought hir yen seide [leaf 120, back] 876
Be god my wrath ys aH foryeue
Therwith hir luste so welH to leue
That dulnysse was of hir a-drae:
She nas to sobre ne to glad
In aH things more mesure
Had neuyr I trowe creature
But many oon with hir loke she hert
And that sate hir fulH lyte at hert 881
For she knew no thinge of her thought:
[ . . . . . a line blank in the M.S.]
Algate she ne rought of hem a stre:
To gete hir loue no nerre was he 888

BODLEY 638
That wonydl at home that he yn ynde
The formest was alwey behynde.
But gool folke ouyr aH othyr
She louyd as man may do his brothyr
Of which loue she was wonydr large
In skylfuH placeys that bere charge.
But whicl a visage had she therto.
Allas myn hert ys wonydr woo
That I ne kan diskryuen hit
Me lakkyth both englissh & wyt
For to vndo hit at the fuH
And eke my spyritz be so duH
So grete a thynge for to deuyse
I haue no wytte that kan suifyse
To comprehende hir beaute
But thus much dar I sayn that she
was white rody fressH & lyuely newyd.
And euer day hir beaute newyd.
And neyth hir face was aldirbest.
For certys Nature had such lest
To make that feyre that trewly she
was hir chief Patrone of beaute.
And chief ensample of aH hir werke.
And monstre for be hit neuyr so derke.
Me thinketh I se hir euyr-mo
And yet more-ouyr though aH tho
That euyr leuyd were now a-lyue
Ne sholde a founde to dyskryue
In aH hir face a wyckyd sygne
For it was sad symple & benygne
And which a goodly softe spech
Had that swete my lyues lech.
So frendly & so weH I-groundydl.
Vp aH reson so weH I-foundydl.
And so tretable to aH good
That I dar swer' weH bi the rook.
Of Eloquence was neuyr founde:
So swete a sownynge facounde:
Ne trewar tongyd ne skornyd lasse:
Ne bet koude hele that by the masse
I dorste swere though the Pope it songe:
That ther was yit neuyr thorogh hir tonge:
Man ne woman gretly harmyd:
As for hir was aH harme hyd:
Ne lasse flaterynge yn hir worde:
That purely hir symple recorde:
was founde as trew as any bonde:
Or trouth of any mammys honde:
Ne chide she koude neuyr a deH
That knowith aH the worlde fuH well
But such a fayrnesse of a necke:
Had that swete that boH ne brecke:
Nas ther noH sene that myssate:
Hit was white smoth streight & pure flatte
Withoute hole or caneH boH
As be semynge had she noH
Hir throte as I have now memorye
Semyd a rounde towre of Ivorye
Of good gretnesse & nought to gret
And good fayre white she het
That was my ladyes name ryght
She was both fayre & brygli
She had not hir name wronge:
Right fayre shuldrys & body longe
She had & Armys euery lyth
Fattysh Flesshy not gret therwith
Right white kondys & layles red:
Rounde brestys & of good brede:
Hir hyppes were: A streigh[t] flatte bake:
I knyw on hir noH othir lake
Nat aH hir lymes wor pur: pur sewynge
In as ferre as I had knowynge

BODLEY 683
Therto she koude so well play
Whan that hir lust that I dar sey
That she was like to torch e bright
That euery man may take of lyght
I-nough & hit hath nouyr-the-lesse
Of maner & of comlyness:
Right so ferde my lady dere-
flor euery wight of hir maner-
Might each I-nough if that he wolde
If he had yen hir to behold:
flor I dar swere wel if that she
Had a-monge ten thousande bo-
She wold a be at the leste-
A chieff Merroure of aH the feste-
Though thei had stonde yn a rowe
To menys yen koude haue knowe
flor wher so men had pleyd or wakyd
Me thought the felishipe as nakyd
Withoute hir that sawgh I onys
As A crowne withoute stony
Trewly she was to myn ye
The soleyñ flényx of Arabye
flor ther leuyth neuyr but oon
Ne such as she ne know I noon
To speke of goodnesse trewly she
Had asmuch Debonayrete
As euyr had Hestre yn the bible
And more if more were possible
And soth to seyn therwithalH
She had a wytte so generalH
So hole enelyned to aH good:
That aH hir wytte was sett by the Root:
with-oute malyce vpon gladnesse
And therto I saugh neuyr yet a lesse
HarmefullH then she was yn dede
I sey not that she ne had knowynge
what harme was or elys she
Had koude no good as thenkyth me
And trewly for to speke of trouth
But she had had; it had be rivth
Therof she had so much hir dele:
And I dar seyn & swer; it wele
That trouth him-self ouyr aH & aH
Had chose his manere pryncypaH
In hir that was his restyne place
Therto she had the moste grace
To haue stedfast parseueraunce
And esy attempre gouernaunce
That euyr I knew or wyste yitte
So pure suffraunt was hir wytte
And resoñ gladly she vndyrstode;
Hit folwyd weH that she was good;
She vsyd gladly to do weH
Thes were hir maners euery deH
Therwith she louyd so weH right
She wronge do wolde to no wight
No wight myght do hir no shame
She louyd so weH hyr owne name
Hir lust to holde no wight yn honde
Ne be thou syker she wolde not fonde
To hold no wight in balaunce
By half worde ne by contenaunce
But if men wolde vpon hir lye:
Ne send men yn-to walakye
To sprewse & yn-to Tartarye
To Alisaundre & yn-to Turkye
And byd hym faste a-noñ that he
Goo hoodles yn-to the drye see
And come hom by the carrenare
And sey syr be now right ware
That I may of you here seyñ
Wurshippe or that ye come a-goyn
She ne vsyt no such knackys smale
But wherfor that I tell my tale
Right on this same that I have seyde
was hooly aH my loun leyde
For certys she was that swete wyfe
My suffysaunce my luste my lyfe
Myn hape myn helc & aH my blysse
My worldys welfare & my godeesse
And I hooly hyres euerydeH
By oure lorde quoth I: I trow you welH
Hardely youre loun was welH bisette
I not how ye myght have do bette
Bette ne no wyght so welH quoth he
I trow hit welH syr quoth I: Pardo
Nay leue it welH syr soo do I
I leue you welH that trewly
You thought that she was the beste
AHT to beholde the abyrfayrest
who-so had lokyd hir with youre Eyen
with myn nay aH that hir seyen
Seyde & swore hit was soo
And though thei ne had I wolde thoo
Haue louyd louyd1 best my lady fre
Though I hade had, aH the beaute
That euyr had Alcypyades
And aH the strengthl of Ercules.
And therto had the worthynesse
Of Alysaundre & aH the Rychesse
That euyr was yn babloyne
In Cartage or yn Macedoyne
Or yn Rome or yn Nynyve
And to also as hardy be
As was Ector so hauie I ioye
That Achilles slough at Troy
And therfor was he slayn also
In a temple for both two

BODLEY 638
Were slayn he & Antylegyus
And so seith Dares sirygyus
For lour of Poloxena:
Or beñ as wys as Mynerva
I wolde cuyr withoute drede
Haue lousyd hir for I must nede:
Nede: nay trewly I gabbe now:
Nought nede & I wuH teH how
fis of good wyH myn hert it wolde
And eke to lour hir I was holde
As for feyrest & the beste
She was as good: so haue I reste
As cuyr was Penolopes of gree
Or as the noble wyfe Lucrece
That was the beste he tellitli thus /
The Romayne Tytus Lyuyvs
She was as good: & no-thinge lyke
Though hir stories be Autentyke
Algate she was as trewe as she
But wherfore that I teH the:
when I first my lady say
I was right yonge soth to say
And fuH grete nede I had to lerne:
when my herte wolde yerne
To lour it was a gret empryse
But as my wytte koude best suffyse
Aftyr my yonge childly wytte
withoute drede I besette hytte
To lour hir yn my beste wyse
To do hir wursupe & the servysse
That I koude tho be my trouth
withoute feynynges outhir slouth
For wondir fayne I wolde hir se
So mochil hit amendid me:
That whan I saugh hir first a-morwe
I was warshid of al my sorwe
Of alday after tyH it were eue 1108
Me thought no thinge myght me greue
Were my sorwys neuyr so smerte
And yet she sytte so yn myn herte
That by my trouth I wolde nought.
For aH this worlde oute of my thought
Leue my lady no trewly
Now by my trouth syr quoth I 1112
Me thinketh ye haue such a chaunce
As shryfte withoute repentaunce
Repentaunce nay fy quoth he
Shold I now repente me
To loue nay certys than wer' I wenH
wers then was AchetofeH
Or Antenore so haue I ioye
The traytor that betrayesd Troye 1120
Or the fals GenelloH
He that purchasyd' the tresonH
Of Rowland & Olyuere
Nay while I am a-lyue here
I nyH foryete hir neuyr mo 1124
Now good syr quoth I tho
Ye haue wenH tolde me hir' bifoR e
It ys no nede reherse it more
How ye saugh hir first & where
But wolde ye tale me the manero
To hir which was youre firste spechH
Therof I wolde you besech 1132
And how she knew fyrst your' thoughtH
whether ye louyH hir or noughtH
And tellith me eke what ye haue lore
I herd you tale hir' bifoR e
ye he sayde thou noste what thou menyst
I haue loste more then thou wenyst
what losse ys that quoth I tho
NyH she not loue you ys hit so 1140
Or haue ye ought doñ a-mys /
That she hath lefte you ys hit this
For godys loue tell me aH /
Before god quoth he & I shaH
I sey right as I haue seyde
On hyr was aH my loue leyde
And yet she nyst it not neuyr a deH
Nought longe tyme leue it weH
For be right siker I durste noughtit
For aH this worlde teH hir my thought
Ne I wolde haue wrathyd hir trewly
For wostow whi she was lady
Of the body she had the herte
And who hath that may not asterte
But for to kepe me fro ydylnesse
Trewly I dyd my besynesse:
To make songys as I best koude
And ofte tyme I songe hem lowde
And made songys thus a grete deH
AÝ though I koude not make so weH
Songys to know the Arte aH
As koude Lamekys / son TubaH
That fonde out fyirste the Arte of songe
For as his brotherys hamerys ronge
Upon his Anuelet vp & douñ
Therof he toke the fyirste souñ
But Grekys seyn Pyctagoras /
That he the fyirst fynder was /
Of the Arte Aurora tellith so
But therof no fors of hem two
If Alapatys songys thus I made
Of my felynge myñ herte to glade
And lo thus was althyr fyirste
I not wher it were the fyirst
Lorde it makyth myñ herte light
when I thenke on that swete wyght
That ys so semely on to se
And wyssh to god it myght so be
That she wolde holde me for hir knyght
My lady that ys so feyre & bryght
Now haue I tolde the soth to say
My firste songe vpon a day
I be-thought me what woo
And sorwe that I suffryd tho
For hir & yet she wyste it nought
Ne tel hir durste I not my thought
Allas thought I y kan no rede
And but I tel hir I am but deff
And if I tel hir to sey right sothi
I am a-draff she wuH be wrothi
Allas what shal I then doo
In this debate I was so woo
Me thought wyn hert brast a-tweyn
So at the laste sothi to seyn
I bethought me that Nature
Ne formyd neuyr yn creature
So much beaute trewly
And bounte withoute merce
In hope of that my tale I tolde
With sorwe as that I neuyr shulde
For nedys & mawgre myn Hed
I moste haue tolde hir or be deff
I not weH how that I beganne
FuH euyH reherse hit I kañ
And eke as help me god with-aH
I trow hit was yn the dysmaH
That was the .x. woundys of Egypto
For many a worde I ouyrskyp
e
In my tale for pure fer;
Lest my wordys mys-sette were
With sorwefuH herte & woundys de
Softe & quakynge for pure drede.
And shame & styntyng ye my tale
For ferde & myn hewe ah pale
Fur ofte I wex both pale & red
Bowyng to hir y henge the hec
I durste not onys loke hyr ou
For wytte maner & ah was goyn
I seyde mercy & no more
Hyt nas no game it sate me sore
So at the laste solth to seyn
When that my honey herte was come a-geyn
To telle shortly ah my spech
with hool herte I gan hir besech
That she wolde be my lady swete
And swere & gan hir hertely hete
Euyr to be stydfast & trew
And loue hir alwey fresshly new
And neuyr odyr lady hayne
And ah hir wurshipe for to saue
As I bestie koude I swore hir this
For yourys ys ah that euyr ther ys
For euermore my honey herte swete
And neuyr to fals you but I mete
I nyl as wys god help me so
And when I had my tale I-do
God wote she Acountyd not A stre
Of ah my tale so thought me
To telle shortly ryght as hit ys
Trewly hir Answere it was this
I kan not now wel countrefete
Hir wordis but this was the grete
Of hir Answere she seyde nay
Ah outerly allas that day
The sorwe I suffryd & the woo
That trewly Cassandra that soo
Bewayled the destructyon
Of Troy & of Ilyon
Had neuyr such sorwe as I tho-
I durst no more say ther-to
For pure fere but stale a-way
And thus I lyued fuH many a day
That trewly I had no nede
Ferthir then my beddys hede
Neuyr a day to sech sorwe
I fonde it redy every morwe
For-whi I louyd hir yn no gere
So hit biseH an othir yere
I thought onys I wolde fonde
To do hir knowe & vndirstonde
My woH & she weH vndirstode
That I ne wilnecl no thinge but goode
Andw wurshippe & to kepe hir name
Ouyr aH things & drede hir shame
And was so besy hir to serue
And pite were I shulde sterue
Sith that I wylned non harme I-wys
So when my lady knewe aH this
My lady yaf me aH holely
The noble yefte of hir mercy
Sauynge hir wurshipe by aH weyes
Dredeles I mene non othir weyes
And therwith she yaf me a rynge
I trow it was the first thynge
But yf myH hert was I-waxe
GladH that ys no nede to axe
As help me god I was as blyue
Reysed as fro deth to lyue
Of aH hapys the Aldirbest
The gladest & the moste at reste
For trewly that swete wight
When I had wronge & she the right
She wolde alwey so goodly
Foryene me so debonayrely

BODLEY 638
In aH my youtH yn aH chaunce
She toke me yn hir gouernaunce
Therwith she was alwey so trewe
Owre ioye was euyr I-liche newe
Owre hertis weren so cuyn A payre
That neuyr nas that on contrayre
To that othir for no woo'
For such I-lich thei suffrid tho
Oo blisse & eke oo sorwe bothi
I-lich thei were both glad & wroth
Ah was vs oon withoute were
And thus we leuyd fuH many a yer'
So weH I kan not tell how
Syr quoth I wher' is she now
Now quoth he & stynte A-noñ
Therwith he wex as deñ as stoñ
And seidñ Alias that I was bore
That was the losse that her'-bifore
I tolde the that I hañ lorne
Bethenke how I seide her' beforne
Thow west ful lieth what thou menyst
I haue loste more then thou wenyst
God wote Alias right þat was she
Alias sir how what may that be
She ys deññ Nay' yes be my trouth
Is that your' losse bigodñ it ys routñ
And with that worde right a-noñ
They gan to strake forth aH was doñ
For that tyme the harte huntynge
With that me thought that this kynge
Gan homeward for to ryde
Vn-to a place was ther bisyde
Which was from vs but a lyte
A longe Casteñ with wallys white
Be seynt Ichñ on a riche hyñ
As me mette but thus it fyñ

BODLEY 638
Right thus me mette as I you telle
That yn the Castle ther was a belt
As it had smyte owrys twelue
Therwith I a-woke my-selve:
And fonde me lyenge yn my bed
And the boke that I had red
Of Alchyone & Seys the kynge
And of the godys of slepynge
I fonde it in my honde ful euyn
Thought I this ys so queynte a sweuyn
That I wuH be procese of tyme
Fonde to put this sweuyn yn ryme
As I kan best & that a-noñ
This was my sweuyn now hit ys doñ

Explicit The Boke Of the Duchesse./ IL [?]

[? IL (after Duchesse.) ]
7.

The Complaint to Pity

FROM

1. HARLEIAN MS. 7578.

2. THE MARQUIS OF BATH'S LONGLEAT MS. 258.

The original Contents of the latter MS. are given on the back of the last leaf, 147, thus:—

(1) Litera directa Cupidinis amatoribus [Hoccleve's; printed].
(2) Vnum Carmen.
(3) Templum Vitreum (leaf 1-32) [Lydgate's Temple of Glas; printed].
(4) De folio & flore ¹. ['The Flower and Leaf,' formerly attributed to Chaucer; often printed.]
(5) Exclamatio martis (imperf., If 49-54) [CHAUER'S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 143-152.]
(6) Exclamatio de morte pietatis (leaf 55-57) [CHAUER'S: printed here, p. 253].
(7) Congregatio dominarum (leaf 58-75). [The Assemble of Ladies, "For Septembre at the falling of the leaf;" printed in Stone's and the black-letter Chancers.]
(8) Exclamatio Anelide contra Arcite (If 76-84) [CHAUER'S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 39-56].
(9) Parliamentum Auium (If 85-101) [CHAUER'S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 2*].
(10) De oculo & corde (leaf 102-119); [printed by Wynkyn de Worde and the Roxburghe Club].
(11) La bele dame sans mercy (leaf 120-136) [often printed].
(12) De Rustico & Aui (leaf 137-147) [Lydgate's 'Chorle & Byrde'; often printed].

¹ First printed by Speght in 1598. The spelling and other peculiarities of this print should be compared with those of the remaining poems in Lord Bath's MS., including Chaucer's here.
THE COMPLAINT TO PITY.

[Harl. 7578 (vellum), leaf 13, back.]

(1) [The Proem.]

[P] itee that I Haue sought so yoore
With herte sore ful of heuy peine
That in this worlde was no wight woer
With oute the deth and if I shal not fayne
My purpose was to pitee for to compleyne
Vppon the cruel tyranye
Of loue / that for my trought doith me dye

(2) [The Story.]

And whan that I by lenth of certaine yeres
Hadde euere in oon / a tyme sought to speke
To pite I ranne / al be-spreynt with teeres
To p[r]eyen hir on croulte me wreke
But er I might with any worde oute brecke
Or tellen any of my paynes smerte
I fonde her dede and buried in an herte

(3)

A downe I felle / whanne that I saugh be herse
Deede as stone while that the swough lasto
But vp I Roos with coloures wel diuere
And piteously on her myne eyen caste
And nere the corse/ I gan to presen faste
And for the soule I shope me for to praye
I was but lorne there was noon othre waye.
THE COMPLAINT TO PITY.

[The Marquis of Bath's Longleat MS. 258, paper and vellum, ab. 1460, leaf 55.]

(1) [The Proem.]

pite that I haue sought so yore agoo
With hert sore and ful of besy payne
That in this worlde was neuer wight so woo
Withoute deth and if I shal not fayne
My pourpos was to pite to complayne
Upon the Cruelte and Tyrannye
Of loun that for my trouthe doth me dye

(2) [The Story.]

And that by lengh of certayn yeres
Hade euer in oon sought a tyme to speke
To pite Ranne al dispreynt with teres
To praien hir of cruelte me a-wrecke
But or I might with any worde oute breke
Or telle hir any of my paynes smart
I founde hir dede and buried in an hart

(3)

Downe I felle whan I sawe the herse
Dede as a stoon while the sowne me last
But vp I Rose with colour ful diuerse
And pituously on hir myn yen I cast
And nerrer the Corps I gan pres fast
And for the soule I shope me to pray
I was but lorne there was no more to say
(4)
Thus amo I slayne sith that pitee is rede
Alas that day / that euere shulde falle
What maner man / dar nowe heue vp his hede
To whom shal any sorowful harte calle
Nowe crueltee hath caste to sleen vs alle
In ydel hope folkes nedles of payne
Sith sheo is and to whome we shulle vs compleyne.

(5)
But yet encresith me this wondre newe
That none wight woote that sheo is rede but I
So many a man that in her tyme here knewe
And yet sheo deide not sodeynlye
For I haue sought her ful besly
Sith first I hadde witte or any mynde
But sheo was rede / or that I coude her fynde

(6)
A-bouten the herse theer stoden loustelye
With-oute any woo as thought mee
Bounte pleased weH amed and rechelye
And fresh bute luste and Iolite
Assured maner toughit and honeste
Wisdam astate dreede and gournaunce
Confetered both by honde and assuraunce

(7)
A Compleynt hadde I write in my honde
For to haue pitee / to putte as a bille
But whanne I alle thise companye fonde
That rather wolde every cause spille
Thanne do me helpe I holde my compleynt stille
For to pat folk with-oute any fayle
With-oute pitee may no bille a-vaile
Thus am I slayne sitl that pite is dede  [leaf 55, back]  22
Alas that day that euer it shulde falle
What manere man darre now holde vp his hede
To whom shal now any sorrowful hert calle  25
Now Cruelte hath cast to slee vs alle
In ydeH hope folke redelesse of payne
Sithe she is dede to whom shul we complayne  28

But yet encressith me this wondre newe  29
That noo wight wote that she is dede but I
So many men as in hir' tyme hir' knewe
And yet she died so soudenly  32
For I haue sought hir' euer ful besily
Sithe I hade first witte or mynde
But she was dede or I cowde hir' fynde  35

Abought hir' herse there stoden lustly  36
Withoute any moo as thought me
Bounte perfit wille armed and Richely
And fresshe beaute lust and Iolyte  39
Assured manere youg and honeste
Wisdam estate drede and gouernaunce
Confetered bothe by bonde and aliaunce  42

A Complaint Hade I writen in myn hande  [leaf 56, vellum]  43
To haue put to pite as a bille
But I al this companye there founde
That rather wold al my cause spille  46
Than doo me halpe / I hilde my playnt stille
For that folke withoute any fayle
Withoute pite there may noo bille availle  49
(8) Thanne leuo I alle thise vertuues saue pite 50
Kepinge the corse as ye haue herde me sayne
Confetered by bonde of crueltee
And both assented whanne I shalle be slayne 53
And I haue putte vp my compleint a-gaine
For to my foos my bille I dar not shewe
The effecte of matere seith thus in wordes fewe 56

(9) [The Bill of Complaint.]  (Tern I. 1)

¶ Hombleste of herte hiest of reuerence 57
Benyngne floure corone of vertuues alle
Scheweth vnto youre souueraine excellence
Your seruaunt if I durst my silfe so calle 60
His mortal harme whiche he is in falle
And not al oonly for his euel fare
But for youre renoune as that I shal declare 63

(10) (I. 2)

It standeth thus youre contrarie cruelte 64
Alied ys to yonde youre regalie
Vnthi' colour of wommanly beawte
For men shul nat knowe her tyrannye 67
With bounte gentilnesse and curtesie
And hath depruineth you of youre place
That hight bewte apportenaunt of grace 70

(11) (I. 3)

For kendelich be youre heritage right 71
Ye been annexed euer to bounte
And verely ye outhen do youre might
To helpen trouthe in his aduersite 74
Ye beeth also the corowne of beeute
And certes and if ye wante in his waye
The worlde is lorne / ther is no more to saye 77
Than leue al vertues sauf oonly pite
Keping the Corps as ye haue harde me saiene
Confedered by bounde and by Cruelte
And be assented whan I shal be slayne
And I haue put vp my complaint agayne
For to my foes my bille I darre not shewe
Theeffecte of whiche saith thus in wordis fewe

(9) [The Bill of Complaint.] (Tern I. 1)
Humblest of hert highest of Reuence
Benigne floure crowne of vertues alle
Shewith vnto youre Roial excellence
Youre seruaunt if I me durst so calle
His mortal harme in whiche he is falle
And nought al oonly for his euyl fare
But for youre Renown as he shal declare

(10) (I. 2)
It standith thus that youre contrarye cruelte [leaf 56, back]
Alied is ayeinst youre Regallyte
Vndre coloui' of womanly beaute
For men shuld not knowe hir' Tirannye
With Bounte gentilnesse and curtesye
And hath depreued you of your* place
That is high bounde appertenaunte to your grace

(11) (I. 3)
For kyndely by your* heritage Right'
Ye be annexed euer vnto bonnte
And verrily ye aught' doo your* might'
To helpe Trouthe in his aduersite
Ye be also the Crowne of beaute
And certis if ye want in these twayne
This worlde is lore there is nomore to saiene

THE COMPLEYNT TO PITE. LONGLEAT MS. 258. 257
(12) (Tern II. 1)
Eke what availleth maner of gentilnesse
With youre beninge and faire creature
Shal cruelte been now oure gouernesse
Alas what herte may that endure
Wherfore but ye the rather take cure
To brekke these personeis alliaunce
Ye sleeth hem that beeth of youre obeisaunce

(13) (II. 2)
And further overe if ye suffre this [leaf 14, back]
Youre renoune is for-do with a throwe
Ther shal no man wete what paine is
Alas that enere youre renoune shulde be so lowe
Ye beith also fro youre heritage throwe
By cruelte that ocupieth youre place
And we despeired that seken to youre grace

(14) (II. 3)
Haue mercy oon me therfor Vertoues Queene
That you haue sought so treuly and so yoore
Lette some streme of youre light on me be scene
That loueth and dreetheth you euer lenger more
For soith for to saye I bere the sore
And thaugh I be not konnynge for to pleyne
For godis loue haue mercy oon my peyne.

(15) (Tern III. 1)
My paine is this that what so I desire
That haue I nought / ne non thinge like \erto
And euer set desire my herte on fyre
Eke on that other side / wher so I goo
What manere thinge / that may encrese woo
That haue I redy vnsouth euer where
Me lakketh but my detli / and thanne my beere
(12) (Tern II. 1)
Eke what availleth manere of gentilnesse
Withoute you benigne Creature
Shal Cruelte be your gouernesse
Alas what hert may it long endure
Wherfore but ye rather take cure
To breke that perilous aliaunce
Ye slee theim that ben vndre your obeissauce

(13) (II. 2)
And further ouer if ye suffre this
Youre Renown is for-doO in a throwe
There shall no man wite what pite is
Alas that euers Renown is falle so lowe
Ye be also fro your heritage I-throwe
By Cruelte that occupieth your place
And We dispaired that seken your grace

(14) (II. 3)
Haue mercy on me thou heremus1 quene
That thou haue sought so tenderly and so yore
Lete summe streme of lighte on me be sene
That loue and drede you euers lenger the more
For sothely for to saien I bere so sore
That though I be not coanyng for to playne
For goddis loue haue mercy on my payne

(15) (Tern III. 1)
My payne is this that what I desire
That haue I not ne noo thing like thereto
And euersetteth desire myn hert on fire
Eke on that other side where so I goo
What manere thing that may encresse my woo
That haue I redy vnsought euery where
Me laketh but dethi / and than my bere

LONGEAT 258
What nedeth hit shewe parcelles of my peyne
Sith every woo that herte may be-thenke
I suffre and yet y dar not to you compleine
For wele I wote though I wake or winke
You reccheth not / whethre I flete or synke
Yette neuer the lees / my trough I shal susteyne
Vnto my deth and that shal well be seyne

This is to seye I wol be youre euere
Though ye me slee by cruelte youre foo
Algates my sprete shal neuere disseuere
Fro youre servise for any paine or woo
Nowe pite that I haue sought so yore agoo
Thus for youre deith I may wel wepe and pleyne
With herte sore / and ful of besy peyne
(16) (III. 2)
What neditli to shewe parcelles of my payne [leaf 57, back]
Sith every woo that hert may bethynke
I suffre and yet I darre not to you playne
For wel I wote though I wake or wynke
Ye Kekke not whether I flete or synke
And nethelesse yet my trouthe I shal susteyne
Vnto my dethe and that shal wel be sayn.

(17) (III. 3)
This is to saiend I wol be euere
Though ye me slee by cruelte your foo
Algate my spirit shal neuer disseuere
Fro youre service for any payne or woo
Sithe ye be yet dede alas that it is soo
Thus for youre dethe I may wel wepe & playne
With hert sore and ful of besy payne

Here endifi thexclamacioni
of the dethe of pite

[Follows: “the boke of Assemble De Dames,” leaves 58—75.
beg.: “In Septembre at the falling of the leef.”
ends: “Rede weH my dreme for now my tale is doon.
Here endifi the boke of
Assemble De Dames.”]
8.

The Parliament of Fowles

FROM

PEPYS MS. 2006.

(For a dozen other MSS. of this Poem see the Parallel-Text and Supplementary Parallel-Text editions; and for two other Bits of it, pages 1-21 above.)
The parliament of fowles.


[667 lines out of 694. g is for g with an upcurl.]

(1) [The Proem.]

[1] He lif so short the craft so long to lurne

The assay so harde so sharpe the conqueryng
The dredeful Ioye alle wey that slitte so yerne
Alle this mene I by love that my feelynge
Astoyneth wyth his wonderful werkyng
So sore I-wis that whan I on hym thynk
Ne wote I well whepher I flete or synke

(2)

[2] For alle be that I know not love in dede
Ne wote how he quytenant folk her hyre
Yet happeth me ful oft on bokes for to rede
Of his myractes and of his cruel Ire
The rede I well he wul be lord and syre
I dar not sey his stroken ben so sore
But god save swyche a lorde I say no more

(3)

On bokes red I oft as I yow tolde
But why I speke alle this not yore
Agoone it happed me to be-holde
Vpon a boke wrytten wyth letters old
And per vpon a certeigne thyng to lerne
The langt day ful fast and yerne

(4)

[4] For oute of olde feldes as men seith
Cometh alle this new corne fro yer to yere
And oute of olde bokes in gode feith
Cometh alle these newe science pat men leere
To rede forth it gan me delite
But now to purpos of this mater
That alle the longt day me thought but lite
This boke of whyche I make mencioun
Entitled was alle ther as shal I telle
Tulius of the drem of Cipion
Chapitrees sevne it had of heven and helle
And erth and sowles pat per in dwelle
Of wheche as shortly as I can trete
Of his sentence I wil yow sey p° grete

First telleth it whan Cipion was come
In auftike how he meteth massanyse
That hym for Ioy in armes hath I-nome
Than telleth he hir speche and alle the blisse
That was betwen hem til the day gan mysse
And how his Aunctwr Affrican so deere
Gan in his slepe that nyght to hym apere

Than telleth that from a sterry place
How Affrican hath hym cartage shewde
And warned hym be-for of alle his grace
And seide hym what man lered of lewed
That loveth comyn profite wel I-thewed
He shal in to a blesful place wende
Ther Ioye is wyth outen eny ende

Than axed he yf folk that her ben dede
Han lif and dwellyng in eny oper place
And Affrican seide ye wyth owten eny drede
And how owre present now lives space
Ment but a maner deth what wey we trace
And rightful folk shal gon aftur they dey
To heven and shewed hym the Galaxie
(9)

Thenn swede he hym the litil erth that here is
At regarde of the hevenes quantite
And afterwarde shewed he hym the nyne speres
And after that p" molodye herde he
That cometh of thilk speres thryes thre
That welles of musik ben and melodye
In this world here and cause of Armonye

(10)

Thenn seide he to hym syn erth was lite
And ful of tourment and of hard grace
That he ne shuld hym in this world delite
Thenn told he hym in certeyn yeres space
That euerj sterre shuld' com in to his place
Ther it was first and alle shuld' out of mynd
That in this world is doon of all mankynde

(11)

Thenn preyed hym Scipion to tell hym alle
The wey to come in to hevenes blisse
And he seide first know thy self Immortale
And loke ay besyly that thow werche and wyse
To comyn profite and thow shalt not mysse
To com swyftely vn to pat place dere
That ful of blis is and of sowles cleere

(12)

But brekers of p" law soth to seyn
And licorous folk aftur pat they ben dede
Shul whirle abowte the wordel all wey in peyn
Till many a world be passed out of drede
And thenn foryeven all her wykked dede
Thenn shul they com in to pat blissed place
To the wheche to com god send p" grace

PEPYS 2006
(13)

¶ The day gan failen and þe derk nyght
That reueth bestes from here besynesse
Beraf me my boke for lake of light
And to my bed gan I me for to dresse 88
Fulfilled wyth thought and besy hevynesse
For both I hadd that thyng* that [I] ne wolde
And eke I ne had that thyng* that I wolde 91

(14)

¶ But fynally my spyrite at the last
For wery of my labour alle þat day
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe I mett as I lay 95
How Affrican in that silf aray
That Cipion hym saugh be-for þat tyde
Was come and stode at my beddes syde 98

(15)

¶ The wery hunter slepyng* in his bede
To wode ayen his mynde goth a-noñ
The Iuge dremeth how his plees ben spede
The Carter dremeth how his cart is gon 102
The ryche of gold the knyght fyghteth wyth his foon)
The sike mette he hath dronk of the tonne.
The louter meteth that he hath his lady wonne 105

(16)

¶ Kan I not seyn yf that the cause were
For I had rende of Affrican be forne
That made me to mette þat he stode þer 109
But thus seide he thow hast þe so well born
In lokyng* of myn old boke to-torne
Of wheche Macrobye rought not a lite
That somdel of thy labour will I the quyte 112

PEPYS 2006
(17) [Invocation.]

¶ Cithera thow blesful lady swete
That wyth thy firebronde dauntest whom thow list
That madest me this sweuen for to mete
Be thow myn help in this for þou maist best
As wysely as I saugh þe north northwest
When I gan my sweuen for to write
So yef me myght to rym and to endite

(18) [The Story.]

¶ This forseid Affrican one hynt vp a-now
And furth wyth hym to a gate me brought
Rythght of a park walled wyth grene ston
And ouer the gate wyth letters large I-wrought
The wer vers I-wryten as me thought
On eyper syde of full grete difference
Of wheche I shal sey the pleyn sentence

(19)

¶ Thught me men goon in to þat blesful place
Of hertes hele and dedely woundes cure
Thurgh me men gon to the well of grace
There grene and lusty may shal euer indure
This is þe wey to all gode auenture
Be glad þou redar and thy sorow ofe cast
A-alone am I passe in and sped þe fast

(20)

¶ Thurgh me men gon þen spake þe oper syde
Vn to the mortal strokes of þe spere
Of wheche desdeyn and daunger is þe gyde
Ther neuer tree shal frute ne leves bere
This strem yow ledeth to the sorrowful were
Ther as the fishe in person is alle drye
The eschuynge is oonly the reme[dye]¹

PEPYS 2006
(21) Thyse vers of gold and blak I-written were
The wheche I gan astoned to be-holde
For wyth oon encrees al my fere
And wyth pat oper be gan myn hert bolde

[No gap in the MS.]

No wytt had I for errour for to chese
To entre or fleen or me to save or lese

(22) For right as betwyx adamanedes two
Of cuen myg' a pece of Iren sette
Ne hath no myght to moven to ne fro
For what pat on doth hale p's oper lette
Ferd I pat nust wheper me wer bette
To entre or leve / til Affrican my gyde
Me hent and shof in at p's gates wyde

(23) And seid it stant writen in thy face
Thyn errour though thow tel it not to me
But drede p' not to com in to this place
For this wryting' is no thyng' ment by the
Ne by non but he loves servant he
For pou of love hast lost p' tast I gysse
As a sik man hath of swete and biternesse

(24) But natheles al though pat pou be dull
It that thow canst not do yet mayst thow see
For mony a man that may not stand a pulle
Yet liketh it hym at wrastlyng' for to be
And demeth yet whether he do bett or he
And yef thow haddest konning' to endite
I shal the shew matere of to wryte
(25)

¶ Wyth that myn hand in his he tok a-non
Of wheche I counfort caught and went in fast
But lord so I was gladd and wel be-goon
For ouer alle where that I myn yen cast 172
Were trees clad wyth leef that ouer shal last
Eche in his kynde of colour fresh and grene
As emerawde that Ioie it was to seene 175

(26)

¶ The bildar ek and eke the hardy Ashe
The pyler Elm the coofre to careyn
The boxtre pypar / holme to whipples laighshe
The seylyng' firre the Cipres deth to pleyn 179
The sheter ew the aspe for shaftes playn
The Olyf of pees and eke the drounken vyne
The Victor palme the lawrer to deyne 182

(27)

¶ A gardyn saugh I ful of blosmy bowes
Vpon a reuer in a gren mede
Ther as pat swetnesse euermore I-now is
Of flowres whyte blew yelow and rede 186
And cold welstremes and no thyng' dede
That swymyn full of smal fishes lite
Wyth fynnes rede and scales as siluer bright 189

(28)

¶ On every bowgh birdes herd I syng'
Wyth voys of angel in her Armonyne
[No gap in the MS.]
The litil conyes to her pley can hie 193
And forther abowte I gan aspye
The dredfull Roo þ bokk þ hert þ hynde
Swyrels and oþer moo small bestes of Ientil kynde 196
(29)

\[\text{Instrmnentes of strynges of acorde} \]
Herd I so pley and reveshyng\textsuperscript{e} swetnesse
That god \textit{pat} maker is of all and lorde
Ne herd he neuer as I gysse
 Ther wyth a wynde vnneth it myght be lesse
Made in the leves grene a noys soft
\[\text{Acordyng\textsuperscript{e} to \textit{pe} birdes soong\textsuperscript{e} a loft} \]

(30)

\[\text{The Eyr of that place so a-tempre was} \]
That neuer \textit{per} was greuaunce of hoot ne colde
Ther was eke euer\textit{y} holsum spyce and gras
No man may \textit{per} was seke ne olde
yet ther was more Ioie a thowsand folde
Then eny man can tell ne neuer it \textit{per} wold nyght
But ay be cler day to eny mannes sight

(31)

\[\text{Vndur a tree byside a well I say} \]
Our cupide his arows forge and fyle
And at his fote his bow alle redy lay
And wylle his doghter tempred all this whyle
The hedes in \textit{pe} well and wyth hir wyle
She cowched hem aftur as they shuld serve
Some for to sle and som to wound and karve

(32)

\[\text{Tho was I war of plesaunce a-non right} \]
And of the aray lust and curtesye
And of the craft that can and of \textit{pe} myght
To doon by force a wyght to do folie
Differed was she I will not lye
And by hym sylf vndur a nok I gysse
Saugh I delite that stode wyth lentilnesse
I saugh beaute wyth owten eny atyre
And yough full of game and Iolite
Fulhardenesse flatterie and desyre
Messangers and mede and oper ii
Her names here shul not be told for me
And vpon pylers grete of Iaspre longt.
I saugh a temple of bras I-fownded strong.

Aboute pʰ temple daunsed all wey
Wemen I-now of wheche ther som were
Fayre of hem self and som of hem wer gay
In kyrtels all discheuele went they there
That was hir office all wey pʰt be yere
And pʰ temple of downes whyte and faire
Saugh I sittyng: mony a thowsand paire

By-for the temple doore ful sobrely
Dam pees satt wyth a curtil in her honde
And by hir syde wonder discretely
Dannʰ pacience sittyngʰ ther I founde
Wyth face pale vpon an hill of sonde
And alder next wyth in and ek wyth out
Byhest / and Art and of her folk a rowte

Wyth in the temple of sikes hote as fire
I herd a sowgh that gan abowte renn
Whyche sikes wer engendre wyth desyre
That made every auter for to brenn
Of new flames and well espyed I thenn
That all the cause of sorow that they drey
Come of the bitter goddesse Ielousye
(37)

¶ The god priapus saugh I as I went
Wyth in the temple in a souereyn place stonde
In suche aray as when the ashe hym shent
Wyth crye by nyght and his ceptre in his honde
Full besyly men gan assay and founde
Upon his hede to sette of syndre hyew
Garlandes full of fresshe flowres new

(38)

¶ And in a pryvy corner of disport
Found I Venus and hir porter rychesse
That was full hawten of her port
Derk was the place but afterward lightnesse
I saugh a lite vvneth it myght be lesse
And in a bed of gold she lay to rest
Till at the hote sonn be-gan go west

(39)

¶ Her gilde heeres wyth a golden threde
I-bownde wer entressed as she lay
And naked fro the brest vn-to the hede
Myght men hir see and sothely for to say
The remanaunt couerd was wel to my pay
Ryght wyth a sotill coueryche of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of no defence

(40)

¶ The place yaf a thowsand sanours swete
And bachus god of wyn satt hir be syde
And Ceres next that doth honger bote
And as I seyde a myddles lay Cipride
To whom on knees ber two yong folkes cryede
To ben her help but thus I let hir lye
And forber in the temple I gan espye

PEPYS 2006
(41)

That in dispite of Diane the chast
Full mony a vow I-broke hon' on the walle [page 124]
Of maydone swyche as can her tym wast
In hir servise and peynted ower alle 284
Of mony a storie wheche I towche shalle
A fewe as of Calixte and athalante
And mony a mayde of wheche the name I wante 287

(42)

Simiranus Candace and hercules
Byblis Dido thesbe and pyramus
Trestrem I-sawde paris and AchiHes
Elene Cleopre and Troiles 291
Silla and eke the modur of Romulus
Alle these weren peynted on the ower syde
And alle her love and in what plite they dyed 294

(43)

When I was comen ayen in to the place
That I of spak I was so swote of grene
Forth walked I tho my self to solace 298
Tho was I war wher ther sat a quene
That as of light the somer sonne shene
Passeth the sterr so ower mesure
She fairer was thenn eny creature 301

(44)

And in a land vpon a hille of flowres
Was sette this noble goddes nature
Of braunches wer hir halles and hir bowres
I-wrought aftar hir craft and hir mesure 305
Ne per nas fowle that cometh of engendrure
That ther ne foule were prest in hir presence
To tak hir dome and yeve hir audience 308
(45) ¶ For this was on seint Valentynes day
When euery fowle cometh per to chese hir make
Of euery kynd that men thynk may
And that so huge a noyse gan they make
That erth and see and tree and euery lake
So full was that vnmeth was per space
For me to stonde so full was all pe place

(46) ¶ And ryght as Aleyn in pe pleynyt of kynde
Devyseth nature of suche aray and face
In sweche aray men myght hir per fynde
This noble Emprice ful of grace
Badd euery fowle to make her own place
As they weren I-wont alle wey fro yer to yer
Seint Volentynes day to stonden per

(47) ¶ That is to seye the fowles of Raveyn
Wer hyest I-sett and then the fowles smale
That eten as that nature wold enelyne
As worme or thyngs of whyche I tell no tale
But water fowle satt lowest in pe dale
But fowle that lyveth by sede sat on pe grene
And that so fele that wondre it was to seen

(48) ¶ Ther myght men the ryan Egle fynde
That wyth his sharp lok perseth pe sonne
And oþer Egles of lower kynde
Of whyche clerkes well devyse konne
Ther was pe Tyraunt wyth his fethres donne
And gray I mene pe goshawk pat doth pyne
The birdes for his owtragious Ravyne
(49)


The Ientill fawkon that wyth his fete distreyneth
The kynges honde the hardy sperhawk eke
The quayles foe the Merlyn that peyneth
Hym self full oft the lark for to seke
Ther was the dowen wyth hir yeen meke
The Ielous swan a-yenst his deth þat syngetli
The Owle eke that of dethi bode bryngetli

(50)


The crane the giant wyth his trompes sown
The theef the chough and eke þe Langlyngþ pye
The scornyng þay and the Elys foo heroun
The fals lapewynk full of trecherye
The stare that alle counsell can be-wrey
The tame Ruddok and þe coward kyte
The coke that orlege is of thropes lite

(51)


The sparow Venus sonne the nyghtyngalle
That clepeth forthi the freshi leves newe
The swalow that mortrver is of þe fowles smale
That maken hony of flowres fresshe of hewe
The wedded turtill wyth hir hert trewe
The pecok wyth his angels fethres bright
The fesaunt scorner of þe cok by nyght

(52)


The waker gose þe kokkow euer vnkynde
The popynjay ful of delicacye
The drake streyer of his owen kynde
The stork the wreker of avowtrye
The hote corneraunt of glotonye
The Ravens the crows wyth her voyce of care
The throstel olde the frosty feldfare
(53)

What shalde I seyn of fowles euery kynde
That in this worlde have fethres and stature
Men myght in that place assembled fynde
Be-for that noble goddes of nature
And eche of hem dede his besy cure
Benyngly to chese or to take
By his acorde his formel and his make

(54)

But to the point nature held on hir honde
A formel Egle of shap the Ientilest
That euere she a-mong her werkis fonde
The moost benyng and the godelyest
In her was euery vertu at her rest
So ferforth that nature hir self had blysse
To loke on hir and oft hir beck to kysse

(55)

Nature the wirker of þe almyghty lorde
That hote cold hevy light most and drye
Hath knytt by even nowmbre of acorde
In esy vois be-gan to spek and sey
Fowles take hede of my sentence I yow pray
And for your ese in forthryng of your nede
As fast as I may I will me spede

(56)

Ye knowen well how þat seint Valentyns day
By my statut and thurgh my gouernaunce
Ye com for to chese and fie a-wey
Wyth your makes as I prik yow wyth plesaunce
But natheles my rightfull ordynaunce
May I not let for all this world to wynne
That he þat most is wurthy shal be-gynne
(57)

\[ \text{The tercel Egle as pat ye know well} \]
\[ \text{The fowle rial aboven yow in degree} \]
\[ \text{The wyse and pe wyrthy secre true as stele} \]
\[ \text{The wheche I have I-formed as ye may see} \]
\[ \text{In euer wyse and part as it best liketh me} \]
\[ \text{He shall first chese and spokn on his gyse} \]

(58)

\[ \text{And after hym by ordre shall ye chese} \]
\[ \text{Aftur your kynd euerche as yow liketh} \]
\[ \text{And as your happ is shall ye wynn or lese} \]
\[ \text{But whiche of you pat lovetli moost entriketli} \]
\[ \text{God send hym hir that sorest for hym syketh} \]
\[ \text{And ther wyth alle the tercel gan she caHe} \]
\[ \text{And seide my son the chosse is to yow falle} \]

(59)

\[ \text{But natheles in this condicioun} \]
\[ \text{Moot be the chosse of euerche pat is here} \]
\[ \text{That she agree to his eleccioun} \]
\[ \text{Who so be he that shall ben his feere} \]
\[ \text{This is owre vsage allwey fro yer to yer} \]
\[ \text{And who so that may at this tyme have his grace} \]
\[ \text{In a blesfuH tym he come in to this place} \]

(60)

\[ \text{Wyth hede enclyned and wyth humble cheere} \]
\[ \text{This rial tercel spak and taried nought} \]
\[ \text{On to my souerayn lady and not my feere} \]
\[ \text{I chese and chese wyth will hert and thought} \]
\[ \text{The forme[l] on yowre hand so well I-wrought} \]
\[ \text{Whose I am and euer will hir serve} \]
\[ \text{Do what hir list to do my live or sterve} \]

PEPYS 2006
(61)

*If Besechyng* hir of mercy and of grace
As she that is my lady soueraigne
Or lette me dye present in this place
For certes longe may I not live in this peyne
For in myn hert is corne euery veyne
Havyng* reward oonly for my trouth
My dere hert have on my wo so som routh

(62)

*If And yef I be founde to hir ontrue*
Disabeisant or wilfult negligent
Avauntour or in proces love a newe
I pray to god this be my Iugement
That wyth this fowles I be all to-rent
That Ilke day *pat euer* she me fynde
To hir vntrewe or in my gill vnkynde

(63)

*If And syn that nouow loveth hir so well as I*
Alle be that she neuer of love me be-hette
Thann ought she on me have mercy
For *oper* bonde can I noon on hir knette
For neuer for no wo shaH I ne shaH lette
To serven hir how ferr *pat* she wende
Say what ye list my tale is at an ende

(64)

*If Right as the freshe redrose newe*
Ayenst the somer sonne colored is
Right so for shame all wax gan hir hiewe
Of this forme when she herd this
She nether answerd weH ne seid a mys
So sore abassed was she til *pat* nature
Seide doughter drede yow not I yow assure
(63)

‖ A nopter terceH Egle spak a-none
Of lower kynde and saide that shuld not be
I love hir bett than ye do be seint Ihone
Or att the leest I love hir as weH as ye 452
And lengur have served hir in my degree
And yeve she wolde have loved for long' lovyng' 455
To me alone hadd be the guerdonyng'

(66)

‖ I dar well say yef she me fynd fals
Vnkynde Langler or rebeH eny wyse
Or Ielous do me hongen by j' hals 439
And but I bere me in hir servyce
As well as eny wyght can me devyse
Fro point to point hir honouur for to save
Take she my lif and alle gode I have 462

(67)

‖ The thridde terceH egle answerd thoo
Now syrys ye seyn the litil leyser here
For euery fowle cryeth owt to be a goo 466
Forth wyth his make or wyth his lady deere
And eke nature hir self ne wiH not here
For taryynge not half that wold sey
And but I speke I moot for sorow dey 469

(68)

‖ Of long' servyse auuunt I me no thyng'
But as possible is me to dey to day
For wo as he that hath be langwysshyng'
This twenty wyntrer and as well happen may 473
A man may serven bett and moore to pay
In half a yere al though it wer no moore
Than some men done that han served fuH yore 476

PEPYS 2006
¶ I sey not this by me for I ne kan 
Do no servise that may my lady plese 
But I dar wel sey that I am hir truest man 
As to my dome and faynest world hir plese 
At short wordes till that deth me sese 
I wil be hyres wher that I wake or wynke 
And euer true in al that hert may bethynke

¶ Of alhe my list syn pat I was lorn 
So intil plee of love or oper thyng
Ne herd neuer no man me be-forne 
But who pat hadd leyser and konnyng
For to reherce hir cher and hir spekyng
And from the morow gan this speche last 
Till downward went the sunne wonder fast

¶ The noyse of the fowles for to be deliuered 
So lowde ronge have do and latt vs wende 
That weH wend I the wod hadd alhe to-shevered 
Come of they crey alas ye wuH vs shende 
Whann shaH your cursed pleedyng have an ende 
How shuld a luge ether partie leve 
For ye or say wyth outen eny preve

¶ The goos the dook the cukkow alhe so 
So cryed keke keke cukkow quek quek hye 
That thurgh myn heres the noys went tho 
The goos seid alle this is not wurth a flye 
But I can shape her-of a remedye 
And wull say my verdit fair and swyth 
For water fowles who wul be wroth or blyth

PEPYS 2008
(73)

¶ And I for the wormes fowle-seid the foule cukkow
For I wull of myn own autorite
For the comyn spede take on me þe charge now
For to delyuer vs is grete charite 508
Ye may abyde a whylle yet parde
Quoth the turtill yef it be your wheH
A wyght may speke hym wer as god be stille 511

(74)

¶ I am a sede fowle oon the wurthyest
That wote I well and litil of konnyng
But beter is a wyghtes tonge do rest
Then entremet hym of suche doyng 515
Of wheche he can nether rede ne syng
And who so it doth fulH fowH hym self acloyeth
For office vncomytted full oft anoyeth 518

(75)

¶ Nature whyche that all wey hadd an here
To the mormore of lewdenes be hynde
Wyth fawkonH vois seid hold your tonge there
And I shal sone I hope it councell fynde 522
Yow for to delener and fro this noyse vnkynde
I Inge of everY flok men shal oon caH
To seyn the verdit for yow fowles alle 525

(76)

¶ Assented was to this conclusioun
The birdes alle and þe fowles of Ravyne
Han chosen first by pleyn eleccioun
The tercelet of the fawkone to diffyne 529
Alle her sentence and as hym list to termyne
And to nature hym gonnen to present
And she accepte hym wyth glade entent 532

PEPYS 2006
The tercellet seid that in this manere
FuH hard were it to prove by resoun
Who loveth best this Lentile storie here
For every hath suche replicacioun
That by skyles may noon be brought a downe
I can not see that argumentz availMe
Thann semyth it per most be bataiMe

Alle redy quoth these egles tercels tho
Nay syres quoth he yef I durst it say
Ye do me wrong my tale is not I-do
For syres taketh it not a gref I pray
I may not gon as ye wait in this wye
Oures is the voice that han the charge in honde
And to the Iuges dome ye mooten stonde

And per for pees I say as to my wytte
Me wolde thynk how pat the worthyest
Of knygthod and lengest had vsed it
Moost oft astate of blode the Lentilest
Were sittynge for hir yf pat hir lest
And of the three she wote hir self I trowe
Wheeche that he be for it is light to knowe

The water fowles han her hedes leyde
To-gedre and of short avysement
Whann everyche hadd his large golde seide
They seyde sothly all by oon assent
How that the goose wyth hir fankon Lent
That desyreth to prynuceoure neide
Shall telle oure tale and prey to god hir spede
(81)

¶ And for the water fowles tho began
The goose to speke and in hir kakelyng
She seid pees now take hede euery man
And herkenetli weHe a reson I shal forthi bryng
My wytt is sharpe I love no taryyn.
I sey I rede hym though he wer my broper
But she wuH hym let hym love anoper

(82)

¶ Here is a parfit reson of a goose
Quoth the sparhawk neuer mote she the
Lo suche is to have a touge loose
Now parde foole yet were it bett for the
To had hold thy pees than shewede thy nysete
It lith not in his wytt ne in his wille
But sothi is seide a fole can not be stille

(83)

¶ The laughtre aroose of Ientill fowles alle
And right a-non the seede fowles chesen hadd
The turtiH true and gan hym to hir calle
And preyde hir to sey pe sothi sadde
Of this matere and what she radde
And she answerd that pleynly hir entent
She wold shew and sothly what she ment

(84)

¶ Nay god forbode a lover shuld chaunge
The turtiH seyde and wox for shame alle rede
Though his lady be euermore strange
Yet lett hym serve hir tiH he be dede
Forsoth I preyse not the gosse rede
For though she dyad I wuH non ope make
I wuH be hyres till that dethi do me take

PEPYS 2006
(85) 

If WeH boreded quoth the dook by myn hate 
That allwey men shuld love causesese 
Who can a reson fynde or witt in that 
Daunseth he merye that is menstrelles 
Who shuld recche of hym that is reccheles 
Yet quek quoth the goose it weH and fayre 
Ther be mo sterres in heven god wot pen a paire

592

(86) 

If Now fye churll quoth the Ientill tercelet 
Owt of the donghiH come pot worde full right 
Tow canst not see whyche thyng is well be-sett 
Thow fairest by love as owles do by nyght 
The day hem blent full weH they se by nyght 
Thy kynde is of so lowe wretchedenes 
That what love is thow canst nether see ne gesse

599

602

(87) 

If Tho gan the cukkow putt hym furth in prees 
For fowle that eteth worms and blyve 
So I quoth he may have my make in pees 
I recche not how long ye stryve 
Latt eueryche of hem be soleyn alle her lyf 
This is my redd sith they may not a-corde 
This short lesson nedeth ye not recorde

606

609

(88) 

If Ye have the glotone filled I-nowgh his pannche 
Than as we weH seid the merleyn 
Thow mortherer of the heysugge on pe braunche 
That brought the furth thow rowthfulH glotoun 
Live thow soleyn wormes corruptioun 
For no force is of lake thy nature 
Go lewde be thow the whyle pe world endure
(89)

🎉 Now pees quo† nature I commaunde here
For I have her all your opynyoun
And yet in effecte be we neuer ‹† nere
But fynally thys is my conclusion
That she hir self shal have hir eleccioun
Of whom hir list who-so be wroth or blyth
Hym that she cheseth he shal hir have as swyth

620

(90)

🎉 For sith it may not here discussed be
Who loveth hir best as seide the tercelet
Than wuH I don this fanour to hir ‹pat she
shal have ryght hym on whom hir hert is sett
And he hir that his hert hath on hir knett
This Iuge I nature for I may not lye
To noon estat I have none o‡er ye

[page 142]

627

(91)

🎉 But as for councelH for to chese a make
Yef I wer resow then thonn wold I
CouncelH yow the rialH TerceH take
As seid the tercelet ful skylfully
As for the lentilest and moost wurthy
Wheche I hawe wrought so well to my plesaunce
That to yow it ought to be a sufficiaunce

630

(92)

🎉 Wyth dredefull voice this formel answered:
My rightfuH lady goddesse of nature
Soth it is that I am ever vnder your yerde
As is everyche other creature
And most be yowrs the whyle I may endure

[No gap in the MS.]

634

641

644

And myn entent yow wiH I say right sone

PEPYS 2006
If I graunt it yow quod she a-non
This formet egle spak in this degree
Almyghty queene til this yere be doon
I aske respite for to avyse me
And after pat my choyse to have aH free
This is alle and some that I will speke and sey
Ye gete no more of me all though ye do me dye

If I wilt not serve Venus ne Cipride
For soth as yet be no maner wey
Now syn it may not in oper wey betide
Quoth nature here is no more to sey
Thann wold I these fowles wer a-wey
Eche wyth his make for taryynge lengur here
And seid hem thus as ye shulH after here

To yow speke ye terceletes quoth nature
Beth of gode hert and serveth alle thre
A yere is not so long to endure
And eche of yow peyne hym in his degree
For to do weH for god wote quyt is she
For yow this yere what after shalH be-falle
This entremetes is dressed fro yow alle

And whann this werk is brought to an ende
To euery fowle nature yaf his make

[The rest is wanting.]
Truth,

TWO SCOTTIFIED TEXTS,

FROM

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 24 (Bodleian Library),

AND

MS. KK. 1. 5 (Cambr. Univ. Library),

WITH

AN ENGLISH TEXT FROM

MS. 203, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.
TRUTH.

[Arch. Seld. B. 24 (Bodl. Libr.), paper, i A.D. 1488,1 lv 119.]

(1)

Lee from the pres and duell with suthfastnesse
Suffice vnto thy gude / thoe{h} It be small
For hurde hath hate / and elymynge tikkilnesse
Pres hath Inuye / and wele is blent oure all
Sauoure nomore than the behove schall
Do wele thy self/ that otheris folk canst rede
And treuthe the schall deliuer / this is no drede

(2)

Payne the nocht all crakit to redresse
In trust of hir that turnyth as a ball
Grete rest stant In lytill besynesse
Be warr also to spurne againe an nall
Stryve nocht as croke doith with the wall
Daunt thy self / that dauntist otheris dede
And treuth the schall deliuer this is no drede

(3)

Quhat the Is sent / vessane In bowsunnesse
The wrastylng of this wark skith a fall
here nys no home / here nys bot wildernesse
Furth furth pilgrym / furth beste out of thy stall
Luke vp on hie / and thank thy god of all
Wayue thy lust/* and lat thy goste the lede
And treuth the schall deliuer this is no drede

Explicit Chanceres counselnig

1 At the end of a spurious poem, "Denise proves and eke humylitce," the copier adds, on leaf 120:

"Quod Chaucer quhen he was rycht auisit"

"Natiuitas principis nostri Jacobi quarti anno domini Mxxxvii" 

James IV of Scotland ruled from July 11, 1488, till he fell at Flodden on September 9, 1513.

ARCH. SELD. B. 24
TRUTH.

[Cambridge University Library MS., Kk. 1. 5, paper, ab. 1450-60, leaf 4, back.]

(1)
I'ak fra the pres and duell with suthfastnes
Suffice one-to thi gud pocht It be small
flore hurde haith hait and elmyng tykilnes
Pres haith enwy and weill is blynd our all
Sauore no more thane the behufe schall
Dant thi self that dantis vtheris deid
and treuch the sall deliuer that is no dreid

(2)
Payne the nocht al crukyt to Redres
In trust of hire that turnyth as a ball
flore gret rest stant in lytill besynes
also be war to spwre agane an all
Stryf nocht as doith the crok with the wall
Wayue thi lust and lat thi gost the leid
and treuch the sal deliuer that is no dreid

(3)
That the Is sent Resaue in bouxumnes
The werslyng of this warld askis a fall
Here is no home here nys bot wyldyrnes
ffurth pylgrum furth best out of thi stall
lyft wp thynke Ene and thank thi god of all
Reull thi self that vthir folk can Reid
And treuche the sall deliniyr that is no dreid

kk. 1. 5
TRUTH.

[Corpus Christi College MS. 203 (vellum, 5 oy 3½ in., f ab. 1440), page 22: read by Mr. G. Parker.]

Proverbium Scogan).

(1)

† Fle fro the pres and dweH wyth sothfæstnes
Suffyse vn-to thy good yef hit be smaH
For horH hathe hate and clymbyngt tykelnes
Pres hatH envye and welle ys blent ouer aH
Sauour no more then the behowfe schaH
 Rede weH thy-selfe that othyr men canst rede
And trewtli the schaH delyuer hit ys no drede

(2)

† Ne study not yche crokeH to redres
In truste of hurH that turneth as a baH
Meche rest standeth in lytyH besynes
Ne stomble not thy fotte ayene a naH
Stryve not as doth the croke ayne the waH
Daunte weH thy-selfe that dauntest odres dede
And treuth the schaH delyuer hit is no drede

(3)

† That the is sent receyue in buxumnesse
The wrastlyngt of this world axeth a faH
Here ys no home her is but wyldynesse
Forth forthi wrecchyde best out of thy stalt
Lyfte vp thy hert and thanke thy god of aH
And wayue thy lust and let thy gost the lede
And treuthe the schaH delyuer hit ys no drede

[Follows: Proverbium R. Stokys (a Tern)
1. 1, & 21. Se meche sey lytyH and lerne to suffre in tymc]
10.

Envoy to Scogan

From

CAXTON'S TEXT, CAMBR. UNIV. LIBRARY.

(For three other MSS. of this Poem see the Parallel-Texts.)
Thennoye of chaucer to skegan

(1)  (Turn I. 1)

To broken ben the statutes hye in heuen
That create were / eternally tendure
Syn that I see / the bright goddis seuen
Mowe wepe and wayle / and passion endure
As may in erthe a mortal creature
Alas frowhens / may this thing procede
Of whiche errore / I dye almost for drede

(2)  (I. 2)

By worde eterne whylom was it shape
That fro the fyfte cerkle / in no manere
Ne myghte of teris down escape
But now so wepeth venus in her spere
That with her teris / she wil drenche vs her
Alas scogan / this is for thyne offence
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence

(3)  (I. 3)

Hast thou not said in blaspheme of p's goddes
Thurgh pryde or thurgh thy grete rekelesnes
Suche thinge / as in p's lawe of loue forbode is
That for thy lady / sawe not thy distres
Therfore thou yaf her up at mighelmes
Alas scogan of olde folke ne yonge
Was neuer erst scogan blamed for his tonge

[The rest of the book is gone.]
11.

Purse.

CAXTON'S TEXT,

FROM

THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE CAMBR. UNIV. LIBRARY.

(For six other MSS. of this Poem see the Parallel-Text.)
The compleient of chaucer vnto his empty purse

(1)
To you my purs / and to none other wight
Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere
I am sory now / that ye be light
For certes / ye now make me heuy chere
Me were as lief / be leyd vpone a bere
For whiche / vnto your mercy thus I crye
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

(2)
Now vouchesauf / this day or yet be nyght
That I of yow / the blisful sowne may here
Or see your colour like the sonne bright
That of yelownes had never pere
Ye be my lyf / ye be my hertes stere
Queene of confort / and of good companye
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

(3)
Now purs that be to me my lyues light
And saueour / as doun in this world here
Out of this toun helpe me by your might
Syn that ye wil not be my tresorere
For I am shawe / as nyghe as ony frere
But I pray vnto your curtoisye
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

Thenouye of chaucer vnto the kynge
O conquerour of brutes albyon
Whiche that by lyne / and fre eleccion
Ben veray kynge / this to yow I sende
And ye that may / alle harmes amende
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacion

Explicit * * *

CAXTON
More Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.
First Series, No. LXXVII.

E. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.
FOREWORDS.

After I finisht the *Odd Texts of Chaucer’s Minor Poems* in 1880, I copied five more at Cheltenham in 1882 from the Phillipps MS. 9053, and Mr. George Parker sent me four from the Bodleian. I put them aside in the hope that others would turn up, and forgot all about them till Prof. Skeat sent me his excellent edition of the *Minor Poems* on Dec. 20, 1888. His admission of the Harleian-78 copy of the continuation of the *Pity* as genuine, reminded me that I had another copy of it from the Phillipps MS., and this should (as Prof. Skeat pointed out) a unique last verse. It became therefore advisable to print the laid-by copies; and here they are.

No doubt the *Pity*-continuation—here calld by Shirley’s name for the whole poem ‘The Balade of Pitee’—ought to be printed as three separate poems: 1. in 7-line stanzas, 2. in terza-rima, imperfect, 3. in 10-line stanzas; but as they are all on the same subject, and the MSS. run them into one another, there is no great harm in keeping them under one head, in separate sections.

When I first printed the Harleian copy in our *Odd Texts* Appendix, pp. ii.-v., it seemed to fall off so towards the end that I didn’t feel sure that it was Chaucer’s, nor did Hy. Bradshaw. But as the two MSS. of it give it to Chaucer, and both are evidently from a Shirley copy, or transcripts of one, and its rymes keep Chaucer’s laws, we may well hold this poem genuine, independent of our wish to make it so, on account of its witness to Chaucer’s try at Dante’s *terza-rima.*
The three Roundels from the last page of the Pepys MS. 2006, which our friend Prof. Skeat has kindly printed at the end of the Appendix here, I am willing to accept as Chaucer's, because of their merit and their Chaucer ring. The Neve-Fanglenesse which I printed on the fly-leaf to my Odd Texts Appendix, I still maintain is not Chaucer's. Nor can I acknowledge as genuine either of the other supposititious poems—An amorous Compleint, p. 218; Balade of Compleint, p. 222—which Prof. Skeat has admitted into his edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems.1

There is no external evidence for them; no MS. gives them to Chaucer; and the internal evidence of worth is against them, for, tho' they observe his rymes, they are neither characteristic of him nor good enough for him. We cannot admit as valid the canon that all lyric poems which do not transgress Chaucer's laws of ryme, final e, caesura, &c., and use his phrases, are his. I hope Prof. Skeat 'll bunk these spurious things out of his second edition.

British Museum, 5 Nov., 1890.

P.S. As I forget whether I've heretofore printed the reasons which made me in 1882 give up The Mother of God as Chaucer's, and assign it to Hoccleve, I state them now.

The only MS. of the poem I saw myself, Arch. Seld. B 24 (Scotch), gave it to Chaucer.2 So did the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, MS. 18, 2, 8.3 The poem was so much better than Hoccleve's long and dreary englischen of De Regimine

1 He prints Neve-Fanglenesse by its old title in Stowe's edition, 'Against Women unconstant,' p. 155.
2 Parallel Texts, p. 144, col. 2.
3 Parallel Texts, p. 132, col. 3; p. 144, col. 3. But, as Bradshaw always allowed, the evidence of Scotch MSS. attributions to Chaucer is not worth much. See the Hunterian Society's print of the Bannatyne MS. See also Skeat's Minor Poems, p. xliii, line 1, and p. xxxv, the lower half.
Principis that I didn't think The Mother of God could be his; still, it was not characteristic of Chaucer, had not his mark, and had one non-Chaucer ryme; honoure, cure, ll. 64, 66. But in the Canterbury Tales, we find armour with a double form (see New Engl. Dict.)—cote-armures, trappures, Knight's Tale, 72/2499, and cote-armour, flour, Sir Thopas, 196/2057;—also in the Venus, which I hold genuine, aventure, honoure (vb.), ll. 22-3. As the Oxford and Edinbro MSS. said it was Chaucer's, Hy. Bradshaw and I accepted it. I did not see the Phillipps MS. of the Mother of God when its copy was printed in our Parallel Texts. Dr. J. A. H. Murray kindly copied it for me. But when I got to Cheltenham in 1882, and took up the Phillipps MS., I saw it was one of Hoccleve's presentation copies, in the same hand—his own, I hold—as his Durham MS., and his Ashburnham MS., with the double curve of a B inside his W, &c. I had therefore to admit that the MS. evidence was in favour of Hoccleve being the author of The Mother of God. On reading the Virgin and other short religious poems in the Phillipps MS., and later in the Ashburnham one, I found them far better than Hoccleve's long De Regimine, so that he might well have written The Mother of God, which I before thought he hadn't wit for. Therefore, his own copy giving him the poem, it not fitting chronologically into Chaucer's works, and its having a ryme which was his and not Chaucer's, besides being more like his work than Chaucer's, I was glad to withdraw my former opinion,—given before I'd seen Hoccleve's three presentation MSS.,—and to acknowledge The Mother of God as his.
1.

The Compleynye to Pite.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.
THE COMPLEYNTE TO PITE.

[Phillipps MS. 9053 paper, f. ab. 1450, p. 91: altered copy of Shirley's Harleian 78, Parallel-Text, p. 41, with his abominable 'vertuous' for 'Hereunes' = Erinnyes, in l. 92.]

And now here folwithe A complaynt of pite made bi Geffray Chaucier the Aureat Poete that euer was founde in oure vulgar to fore his dayes

(1)

Ite whiche that I have . sought so yoer
p With hert sore . ful of besy peyne
That in this world . was no wight woer
Without the dethi . and if I shal nat feyne
My purpos was . of pite for to pleyne
And eke vpon . the cruel tirannye
Of love that for my trowth . deth me to dye

(2)

If And whan that I bethynk . of certayn yeeris
Had euer in oon . a tyne sought to speke
To pite I ran . albe-spreyn th with teris
To preyen hir . on cruelte me wreke
But or I myght . withi any word out breke
Or tellen any . of my peynes smert
I fonde pite ded . and buryed in an hert

(3)

If And downe I fel . whan I sigi the herse
Dee as ston . while that the swough last
But vp I rose . withi colours wel diuersons
And pitously . myn Ien on hir cast
And nere the corpse . I come to presen fast
And for the soule . I shope me for to prey
Me thought me lorn . ther was no nothir wey
(4)

¶ Thus am I slayne. sitth thate pite is ded.
Allas the day. thate euer ite shulde befall
What maner mane. dar now heve vp his hede
To whom shal. my sorrowful hertie cal
Now cruelte hathe caste. to slen vs al
In Idel hope we live. redles of peyne
Sitth she is ded. to whom shul we compleyne

(5)

¶ Thus am I slayn. sitth thate pite is ded truly.\(^1\)
But yet encreesith me. this wonder nuwe
That no wight woteth hir ded. but ony I
So many a man. that in hir tyme hir knewe
And yit she dyed nat. al so sodainly
For I have soughte hir. ful busily
Sitth first I had withe. of mennes mynde
But she was dede. or that I cowde hir fynde

(6)

¶ Abowte hir hers. stonden there boistously
Without makyng dole. as thoughte me
Bountie. Parfite. wele arrayed and Richely
And freesh beaute. luste and Iolite
Assured maner. thoughte and honeste
Wisdam estate. drede and gowernauns
Considered both. by hand and assurauns

(7)

// A compleynte had I. writen in myn hande.
For to have putte. to pite as a bitte
But whan I al this. company ther fore?
Thate rather wolden. al my cause shiht
Than do me help. I hield my compleynte shiht
For to the folkes. without any faile
Withouten pite. ne may no bil availe
\[ (8) \]

¶ Than leve I al these vertues sauf\(^4\) pite
Kepyng\(^5\) the hers, as ye have herd me seyne
Confidred al\(^6\) by band\(^7\) of\(^8\) cruelte
And bien assented\(^9\) that\(^10\) I shalbe slayne
So thanne I put\(^11\) my compleynt\(^12\) vp ageyne
For to my foemen, my bil I durst\(^13\) nat\(^14\) shewe
Theeffect\(^15\) of\(^16\) the mater, was this at\(^17\) wordes fewe

\[ (9) \quad \text{[The Bill of Complaint.]} \quad \text{(Term I. 1)} \]

¶ Humblesse of\(^18\) hert\(^19\), highest\(^20\) of reverence
Benyngne flour\(^21\) corowne of\(^22\) vertues al
Shewith\(^23\) vnto youre, souerayn excellence
Youre servaunt\(^24\) yif\(^25\) I durst\(^26\) my self\(^27\) so cal
His mortal harmed, whiche he is in fal
And nat\(^28\) alonly, for his evil fare
But\(^29\) for youre Renowne, as I shal declare

\[ (10) \quad \text{(I. 2)} \]

¶ It\(^30\) standith thus, youre contrarie Cruelte
Alyed is\(^31\) agenst\(^32\) youre Regalye
Vnder the colour\(^33\) of wommanly beaute
For men shuld\(^34\) nat\(^35\) loo knowe hir tirannye
With\(^36\) bonte Gentillesse, and curtesie
And hath deprived yow, now of\(^36\) your place
That hight\(^37\) beaute, aportenaunt\(^38\) to grace

\[ (11) \quad \text{(I. 3)} \]

¶ For kyndely bi youre, heritage and right\(^39\)
Ye bet\(^40\) annexed\(^41\) euer to beaute
And verrailly ye oughten, do youre myght\(^42\)
To helpe trowth\(^43\) in his aduersite
Ye bet\(^44\) also, the corowne of\(^45\) beaute
And certes\(^46\), if\(^47\) ye want\(^48\) in this wey
The world\(^49\) is lorn, ther is no more to sey
(12) (Turn II. 1)

¶ Eke what may avail, manor or gentillesse
With yow benygne, and faire creature
Shal cruelte be now, ourc gounerresse
*Alas, what heret, shal may that endure*
Wherfor but ye, the rather taken cure
To breke of thoo persones alliance
Ye sien theym, that bien of your obeisance

(13) (II. 2)

¶ And further ouer, if ye suffren this
Youre renownd is fredom, that with a throwe
Ther shal no wight wete, what peyne is
Alas that youre renowne, shulde be so lowe
Ye bien than, from your heritage I-throwe
By cruelte, that occupieth your place
And we dispaire, that sechent to youre grace

(14) (II. 3)

¶ Have mercy on me, ye vertuous qwene
That yow have sought, so trewly, and so yoor
Lete the strame of yourc light, on me be sene
That lothith and dredith yow, ay lengger the more
The soth for to say, I bere the hevy peyne-
And though I be nat konnyng, for to pleyne
For goddis love, have mercy on my peyne

(15) (Turn III. 1)

¶ My peyne is this, that what so I desire
That have I nought, ne nought that lith therto
And euery settith desire, myn hert on fyre
Eke on that other side, where so I go
What maner thyng, that may encrease my wo
That have I redy, vnsought euery where
Me lakkit be my deth, and than my bere
(16) (III. 2)

¶ What nedith it. shewe parcels of my peyne
Sith every woo. that hert may bethynk
I souffre and yit. I dar nat to yow pleyne
For wele I wote. although I wake or wynke
Ye rechen nat. whether I fleete or synk
Yit nevertheles. my trowth I shal sustene
Vn-to my deth. and that shal wele be sene

(17) (III. 3)

¶ This is to sey. I wil be yourues euere
Though ye me slee. bi cruelte as a foo
Algates my spirit. shal never disseuer
From your servise. for any peyne or woo
Now pite that I haue sought so yore agoo
Thus for yowre deth. I may wele wepe and pleyne
With hert sore. al ful of besy peyne

[The Balade of Pite printed in the Appendix, p. 42-6, runs on here, as if it were part of this Compleynie.]
2.

Aneida and Arcite.

(THE COMPLAINT ONLY.)

PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.
ANELIDA AND ARCITE.

THE COMPLAINT.

[Phillipps MS. 8299, (about the middle. 2 leaves vellum, 1 paper. ab. 1450 a.d.).]

(31) (Compleint I. Proem.)

So thirlith with the poynte of remembrance [leaf A] 211
The Swerde of sorowe y-whett with fals plesaunce
My herte bare of blys and blak of hewe
That Turnyd is in to quakyng al my\(^1\) daunce  \(^{1}\) MS. abdy
My sewertee in to a wapped countenaunce 215
Sitil it aunailleti not for to be true
For who so truyst is it shal\(\text{h}^{2}\) hir me
That semeth love and dothli her observaunce
Alway till oon and change it for no newe

(32) *(Compleint 2; Movement I. 1.)*
I wote my self\(\text{h}\) as welc as any wight \hspace{1em} [leaf A, back]
For I. lovid oon with all my hert and myght
More than my self\(\text{h}\) an hundreth M\(\text{i}\) sithi \hspace{1em} [Mi = thousand]
And callid hym my\(\text{n}\) my\(\text{n}\) hertes day and my knyght
And was all his als fer as it was right
And whan that he was glad than was I blithi
And his disese was my detli as swyth
And he agayne his troutli hathi me plight
For evermore his lady me to kyth

(33) *(Compleint 3; Movement I. 2.)*
Nowe is he fals alas and caseles
And of\(\text{h}\) my woo he is so rethewles
That with oute worde hym lust not dayn\(\text{d}\)
To bryng a-gayne my sorowful\(\text{H}\) hert in pes
For he is thanglit vp in another lees
And as hym lust so laghes he at my payn\(\text{d}\)
And I canne not my wofuH hert refreyuH
For to love hym alwey neuer the lesse

(34) *(Compleint 4; Movement I. 3.)*
And shal\(\text{H}\) I playn\(\text{d}\) alas the harde stounde
\hspace{1em} [unto my foo that gane myne hert a wounde
And yet desyretli that my herme be more
Ye certeys for that shal\(\text{H}\) ever be founde
None other helpe my sores forto sounde
My disteyn\(\text{H}\) hathi happe\(\text{k}\) so fuff yore
I wol\(\text{H}\) no nother medicyne ne lore
I wol\(\text{H}\) be ever as I was ons bounde
That I hawe sa\(\text{i}\)k be said\(\text{e}\) for evermore
ANEILDA AND ARCITE. PHILLIPPS MS. 8290. 21

(35) (Compleint 5; Movement I. 4.)

Alas where is becomyn your gentilnesse 247
Your wordis full of pleasure and humbleness
Your observaunce on so low maute
And your awaityng and your besynesse
Vppon me that ye callid your maistresse 251
Your souerayne lady of this worlde is here
Alasse is there now nother worde ne chere
Ye witsaun your hande that ye callid your maistresse
I-wys your lone I by it aH to dere.

(36) (Compleint 6; Movement I. 5.)

Nowe certes swete yf that ye 256
Thus causeles decause be
Of my dedely aduersite
Your namely resoune hath it to respite 259
To sle your frende and namely me
That never yet in no degre
Offendi you as wysely he
That aH wot of wo my sowle quyte
But for I was soo playn Ersite [Shirley's Harl. 733 has l. 261-8, his other MSS. not.]
In aH my werkes muche and liteH
And so besy you to delyte
Myne honoure sauf meke kynde & free 267
If Therfore ye put on me this wite
And of my sorowe reche not a myte
If that the swerde of payne bite
My wofuH hert thurgh your cruelte

(37) (Compleint 7; Movement I. 6.)

My swete foo whi do ye so for shame 272
Thynke ye that forthereid be your name
To love anew and be vutrue nay
And put you in sclauandre newe and blame
And do me aduersite and grame

21
That loneth you most god wel thou woost alwey
Nowe turne agayne and yet be playñ som day
And than shalt this that nowe is mysse be game
And all foryeuen whil that I lyuen may

(38) (Compleint 8; Movement II. 1.)

Lo hert myne all this you for to sayne
As whether shalt I pray or els playne
Whiche is the way and do you to be true
For owther mot I haue you in my chayñ
Or with the deth ye mot depart vs twayñ
There be no nother mene weys new
For so wisly on my soule god rue
Als veraily ye sle me with the payn
That may ye see vnfeynyd on my hue

(39) (Compleint 9; Movement II. 2; left out, as in Shirley's MSS., Parallel-Texts, p. 166-7, Supplementary Text, p. 52-3.)

[ ... ]

(40) (Compleint 10; Movement II. 3: 4 & 5 rymes in edc.)

And shalt I pray and weyuen womanheede [leaf B, back]
Nay rather dye than do so fowle a dede
To aske mercye causeles what nedé
[ ... ]

But if that I to you may no nother wayes bede
For myn excusé a skorne shalH be my mede
Your ehere floureth but yt wol not sede
FuH longe agoo me ought have taken hede
(41) (Compleiunt 11; Movement II. 4.)

For yf I myght haue you to myne agayn
I myght als wele kepe Aprile fro rayn
As to holde you and make you stidfaste
O myghty god of treuth souerayn
Where is the trouth of man who hath yt slayn
For who thaym louyth shal fynde paim as faste
Als in a tempest is a roten maste
Is that a tame beste pat is ay fayn
To flee a-way whan yt is leost agast

(42) (Compleiunt 12; Movement II. 5.)

Mercy swete yf I myssaye
Hauie I ought spoken oute of pe way
I not my wit is halfe away
I fare as doth pe song of Chauntplur
For nowe I playne and nowe I play
I am so mased that I deye
Arsite hathi boru away the keye
Of all my worldly good auentur
In all this world ther is no creatur
Wakyng in more discomfitur
Than I ne more sorowe endur
For if I slepe a forlong or twey
Euer thynketh me that your figur
Before me standes in auir
To profir and nowe ensur
To be true vnto me thi ye deye

(43) (Compleiunt 13; Movement II. 6.)

This long nyght this wondre sight I drye
And on the day for thilk affray I dye
And of all this my swete I-wis ye ne reche
And nener moo myñ eyeñ two ben drye
But to your ruth and to your truth I crye
But welcasewe ful fer be thay to fexe
Thus holdeth me my desteny o wreche
And me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wit so wecke is yt not streche

(44) (Compleint 14; Conclusion.)

Than ende I thus sitth I can do no more
I yeve yt vp for nowe and evermore
For shal I neuer put etfe in balaunce
My sykernes ne lern of loue the lore
But as the swanne as I haue harde say yor
Ageyns his deth syngeth his penaunce
So syng I here my destany and chaunce
How that Arcite Anelida so sore
Hath ther-led with the poynyt of remembrang

[There is no 45th Stanza in Continuation.]

Here endeth the compleynt of Anelida the Queene of
Hermenye vpon fals Arcite of Thebees.
3.

Truth.

1. PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.  2. HATTON MS. 73.
3. MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.
[And let hyrn] care wepe wryng and wayle"

(1)

Fie from the prees and dweH with sotlfastnesse
Suffise the thyne owne though it be smaH
For horde hathi hate and clymbyng tykylnesse
Pees hathi envye and wele blente ouer aH
Favour nomore than thou behove shaH
Rewle weH thy selH pat other forki is canst rede
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede

(2)

Tempest the not aH croy's to redresse
In trust of her that turnyth as a baH
Muche wele stondeth in litH besynes
Be ware therfore to spurne ayenst an aH
[2nd leaf]
Stryv not as doth to Crokke with the waH
Daunte thy selH that dauntist an opers dode
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede

(3)

That the is sente receyue in buxumnesse
The wrastlyng of the worlde askiH a faH
Here is noon home here nys but wyldernesse
Forth pylgryme forth, forthe best oute of py staff
Knowe thy contrey loke vp thanke god of aH
Holde the high wey and let thy goste the lede
And treuth shaH the delyner it is no drede

Explicit, &c.

[This MS. follows the 4 best—Par.-Text 407—in reading Tempest for peyne in 1. 8; Knowe thy contrey for Looke up on hye in 1. 19; and Holde the high wey for Weyre bi lust in 1. 20; but it varies from the two main classes of the MSS, by leaving out fying and its variant good in 1. 2; and reading 'Suffise the thyne owne,' a unique half-line, I believe.]
TRUTH.

[Hatton MS. 73, leaf 118, back (Bohl. Libr.)]

Good conseylle.

(1)

Le fro the pres And dwelle with sothfastnesse
Suffise vn-to thi good though it be smal
For hoord hath hate . And elymbynge tykunesse
Prees hath eny te . And wele is blent oun' al
SAUOUR' no mor1 than the bihoue shal
Do wele thi-self that othre folk canst rede
And trouthe the shal deleyuer' it is no drede

(2)

Peyne the nat alle croked to redresse
In truste of hir' that turneth as a bal
Gret reste stondeth in little businesse
be-war' also to spurne a-geynst an al
Stryf nat as dotti the erok with the wal
Daunte thi-self that dauntest others dede
And trouthe the shal deleyuer' it is no drede

(3)

That the is sent . receyne yn buxumnesse
the wrastelyngge with the world' axsethi a fal
Her' is non home her' is but wildernesse
Forth pilgryme forth , forth beest out of thi stal
Loke vp an hie And thank god' of al
Weyve thi luste And lette thi goost the lede
And trouthe the shal deleyuer' it is no drede

1 The curls of r' really mean e in this copy.
TRUTH.

[MS. Arch. Seld. B. 10, leaf (at end of Harding's Chronicle, p. 4 of 'The Proverbes of Lydgate'): Bodl. Libr.]

Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chaucers contra fortunam.

(1)

FLe from the prece & dweH with sothfastnes. 1
Syffyse vnto thy god thouge it be smalH.
For hoorde hathe hate & elympyngc tykilnes.
Prece hathe enuye & wellc is blent ouer all.
Sauoure no more than the behone shall.
Rule thy-selfe that other folke canst rede.
And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede.

(2)

Payne the not eche croked to redresse. 8
In truste of her that turneth as a ball.
Grete rest / stonde in litH besynes
Beware also to sporne agaynst a wall.
Stryue not as dothe a cocle with a wall.
Daunt thy-self that dauntest other dece.
And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede.

(3)

That the is sente receyue it in buxumnes. 15
The wrastlynge of this worlde askethe a fall.
Here is non home / here is but wyldernes.
Forthe pylgrym forthe beste oute of the stall.
Loke vp on hyghe an[d] thanke our eorde of all.
Weye thy luste and let thy gooste the lede.
And trouthe shall the delyuer it is no drede.
4.

Lack of Stedfastness.

HATTON MS. 73.
LACK OF STEDEFASTNESS.

[Hatton MS. 73, leaf 119. (Bodl. Libr.).] These ballads were sent to the kyng.

(1)

Sumtyme this world was so stedefast And stable
that mannes word was obligacioun
But now it is so fals And disceyvable
that word and dede as in conclusion
ben no thyng on for turned vp so down
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse

(2)

What maketh this world to be so variable
but lust that folksh han in discensioun
For now adayes a man is holde vnable
but yf he can by som collusioun
Do to his neyghbur wrong or oppressioun
What causeth that but wilful wretchednesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse

(3)

Trouthe is put down resoun is holde fable
Vertu hath now no domynacioun
Pyte exiled no man is mercyable
thurgh couctyse is blent discrecioun
the world hath mark a permutacioun
Fro ryght to wrong fro trouthe to fikulnesse
that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse

MORE ODD TEXTS.
// Lenvoy //

O prince desire to be honorable
Cherysche thi folk, and hate extorcioun
Suffre no thyng that may be repreuceable
to thyw estate dow in thi region
Shewe forthi thi sword of castigacioun
Drede god, do lawe, loue trouth and rightwesnesse
And dryue thi peple a-gayn to stedefastnesse.
5.

*Fortune.*

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.
FORTUNE.


Paupertas conqueritur super fortunam.

(1)

This wredchid wo[l]de is transmutacion.

As weHe / and wo / now pore / & now / honour.

Withouten ordre / or wyse dyscrecyon.

Gouernede ys by fortunes errourre.

Bute neuertheles / the lacke of her fauoure.

Ne may not do me / syngge thoughe pat I dye.

Pay toutz perdu mon temps et mon labour.

For fynally / fortune I defye.

(2)

Yet me lefte the syghte of my reason.

To knowe frende fro fo in my myrroure.

So moche hath yet thy turnyng vp and downe.

I-taught me to knowe in an houre.

But treuly no fors of thy reddoure.

To hym that on hym-selfe hathe maystry.

My suffysaunce shall be my socoure.

For fynally fortune I defye.

(3)

O socrates thou stedfast champyon.

She myghte neuer be thy tormentoure.

Thou neuer dredest her oppressyon.

Ne in her chere founde thou no fauoure.

Thou knewe well / the deceyte of her colour.

And that her moste worship is to lye.

I know her eke / a fals dyssymuloure.

For fynally fortune I dyffye.
(4) **Puer.** Fortuna ad paupertatem.

No man is wretched but hym selfe it were.
And he that hath hym-self hath suffysaunce.
Why sayst thou than I am to the so kene.
That hast thy-self oute of my gouernaunce.
Say thus gramercy of thyne haboundaunce.
That thou hast lent or this thou shalt not stryue.
What wotest thou yet hon I will the auaunce.
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue.

I haue the taught / dyuysyoun betwene.
Frende of effecte / and frende of countenaunce.
The nedeth not / the gall of non hen.
That eureth eyen / duk for penaunce.
Nowe seyst thou clere / that were in yngnoraunce.
Yet holde thy anker / and yet thou mayst aryue.
There bounte bereth / the keye of my substaunce.
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue.

(5)

How many haue I refusede to sustene
Syth I the fosterede / haue in my pleasance.
Wylte thou than make / A statute on thy queene.
That I shall be ay at thyne ordynaunce.
Thow borne arte in my reygne of varyaunce.
Aboute the whyle with other must thou dryue.
My lore is better than thy wycked gouernaunce.
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue.

(6)

Thy lore I dampe , it is aduersyte.
My frende / mayst thou not rene blynde goddes
And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the.
Take them agayne / let them go lyce on presse.
The negardcs / kepynge theyre ryches.
Pronostyke is / her toure thou wylte assayle.
Wyckede appetyte / cometh a before sykenesse.
In generall this rule may not fayle.

(7) **Paupertas ad fortunam.**

Thy lore I dampe , it is aduersyte.
My frende / mayst thou not rene blynde goddes
And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the.
Take them agayne / let them go lyce on presse.
The negardcs / kepynge theyre ryches.
Pronostyke is / her toure thou wylte assayle.
Wyckede appetyte / cometh a before sykenesse.
In generall this rule may not fayle.
(8) **Fortuna ad paupertatem.**

Thow pyncest at my mutabilite. 57
For I the lente a droppe of my rychesse. 58
And nowe me lykethe to withdrawe me.
Why sholdest thou my royallte oppresse. 60
The se may ebbe / and flowe more and lesse.
The skye hathe myght / to shyne rayne and hayll.
Right so may I stowe my britylnesse.
In generall this rule may not fayll.   64

(9) **Paupertas ad fortunam.**

So execucion of the mageste. 65
That all puruayeth of his ryghtwysnes.
That same thynge fortune clepe ye.
Ye blynde bestes / full of rudeness.
The heuen hathe properte of sykernesse.
This worlde hathe euer / restles trauayll.
Thy last day is ende of myne intresse.
In generall I this rule may not fayle.  72

Fines.

[Follows:—Ecce bonum consilium galfridi chauncers contra fortunam. *Printed above, p. 29.*]
6.

Purse.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.
PURSE.

[Philips MS. 9053. Paper, tab. 1450, page 31.]

Chaucer [in Jn. Stow's hand].

(1) O yow my purse, and to nonother wight
for certis, but if ye make me hevy chiere
Me were as lief, to be leyde on biere
For whiche, vnto yowre mercy thus I crye
Bethi hevy ageyne, or ellis must I dye

(2) My now fouchesauf this day, or it be nyght
That I of yow, the blisful sowne may here
To se youre colour, as the sonne bright
That of your eye, lownesse hath no peere
Ye bien my light, ye be myn hertis fere
Qwene of comfort, and of company
Bethi hevy ageyn, or ellis must I dye

(3) My now purse that betli to me my lyf my light
And souerayne lady downe, in this world here
Out of this towne, help me thurgyh youre myght
Sith that ye wil nat, be my tresorere
For I am shave as nygh, as any frere
For whiche, vnto youre mercy I crye
Bethi hevy ageyne, or ellis must I dye

Thus far is printed in Chaucer fol. 320. vnder ye name of Tho: Occleeue.

[Lydgate's 'Allas fortune, allas what haue I gilte, is added as a continuation of Chaucer's Poem, as in Harl. 2251, Par.-Text 449, col. 3.]
Appendix.

1. THE BALADE OF PITEE (Phillipps MS. 9053) with a unique final stanza.

2. ROUNDELS (Pepys MS. 2006).
I. THE BALADE OF PITE.

(Phillipps MS. 9053, ff. 95, where it is written in stanzas—1st lines are marked—as part of the Complegent of Pite printed above, p. 11—15. All the lines start level in the MS., but are inset here, to show the structure of the poem. This copy is from one of Shirley’s: cp. Elas. 1, 51. For the other Shirley copy, Harl. 78, see our Odd Texts of Chaucer’s Minor Poems, Appendix, p. ii—v.)

(I. 7-line Stanzas, 1)

\( \text{T.} \) The longe nyghtis . whan every creature 1
   Shuld\l have theyr rest\l , in somewhat\l be kynde
Or ellis ne may theyr lift\l nought\l longe endure
   It\l fallith most\l in to my wooful mynde
How I so fer have brought\l my self\l behynde
   That\l sauf\l the detli\l ther may nothyng\l me lisse
So dispaired I am . from al blisse 7

(II. 2)

\( \text{T.} \) This same thought\l me lastith til the morow 8
   And from the morow . furth til it\l be Eve
There nedith me . no care for to borow
   For botli I have gode leyser . and gode love
Ther is no wight\l that\l wil my wo bireve 12
   To wepe Inough\l and wailen al my li\l
   The sore spark\l of\l payne . now dotli me spii\l

(3) [II. Terza Rima, 1]

\( \text{T.} \)
   This love that\l hath me set\l , in suche a place
That\l my desire . wil neuer fulli\l
For neither pite, mercy, neyther grace.
Can I nat? fynde, and yit? my sorrowful hert?
For to be dede, I can it? nat? arace

The more I love, the more she doth me smert,
Thurgh whiche, without' remedye
That? from the dethe, I may in no wise astert

(4) [II. Terza Rima, 2]

¶ Now sothly what? she hight', I wil reherce
Hir name is bounte, set? in womanhede
Sadnesse in yowth, and beaute prideles
And plesaunce, vnder gouernaunce and drede

Hir surname ie' eke, faire rowtheles
The wise I-knyt', vnto goode aventure
That' for I love hir, she sleeth me giltles

Hir love I best', and shal while I may dure
¶ Better than my self', an hundred thousand dele
Than al this worldis, riches or creature

Now hath nat' love, me bestowed wele
To love there, I neuer shal haue part'
Elas right' thus, Is turned me the whele

Thus am I slayn, with loves fury dart'
I can but' love hir best', my swete foo
Love hath me taught', nomore of his art'

But' serve al wey, and stynt' for no woo

(5) [III. Ten-line Stanzas, 1]

¶ In my trewe careful hert, there is
So moche woo, and so litel blisse

That' woo is me, that' euer I was bore

For al thyng' whiche I desire I mysse
And al that' euer I wold, nat' Iwisse

That fynd' I rely, to me euermore

And of' al this I not' to whom me pleyne
For she that' myght', me out' of' this bryng'

Ne recchith nought', whether I wepe or syngge

So litel rowthi, hath she vpon my peyne
(6) (III. 2)

Elas whan slepyng tyme is . lo than I wake
When I shulde daunce . for feere lo than I qwake

This hevy liff I leede . loo for youre sake
Though ye therof . in no wise heede take

Myn hertis lady . and hole my lives qwene
For trewly durst I sey . and that I fele
Me semethi that your sweete hert of steele
Is whetted now . ayens me to kene

(7) (III. 3)

My dere hert . and best be-loved foo
Why likith yow . to do me al this woo

What haue I don . that grevith yow or saide
But for I serve . and love yow and no mo
And while I live . I wil euer do soo

And therfor sweete . me bethi nat evil apayek
For so goode and so faire . as ye be

It were right gretu wonder . but ye had
Of al servuauntis . botthi of goode and bad
And lest worthy of al hem . I am he

(8) (III. 4)

But neuertheles . my right lady swete
Though that I be vnkonnyng and vnneecte
To serve as I kowde . ay yowre hienesse

Yit is ther non fayner . that wolde I heete
Than I to do youre ease . or ellis beece

What so I wist . that were to your hyenesse
And haud I myght . as goode as I haue wil

Than shulde ye feel . where it were so or non
For in this world . than livyng is ther non
That fayner wolde . youre hertis wil fulfil
(9) (III. 5)

¶ For botfi I love . and eke drede yow so sore
And algatis mote . and have yow don ful yoore
That bettor loved is . non ne never shal
And yit' I wold' beseken yow of' nomore
But lovithi wele . and betli nat' wroth therefore
And lete me serve yow forthi . lo this is al
For I am nat' so hardy . ne so woode
For to desire . that ye shuld' love me
For wele I wote . elas that' wil nat' be
I am so litel worthy . and ye so goode

(10) (III. 6)

For ye be oon . the worthyest' on lyve
And I the most' vnlikly . for to thryve
¶ Yit' for al this . witethi ye right' wele
That' ye ne shul me . from youre service dryve
That' I ne wil ay . with al my wittes fyve
Serve yow triewly . what' wo so that' I fele
For I am sette on yow . in suche manere
That' thoughli ye never wil . vpon me rewe
I must' yow love . and bien ener als triew
As any man can . or may on live [here]

(11) (III. 7)

¶ But' the more that' I love . yow goodly free
The lasse fynd I . that' ye loven me
Elas whan shal that' . hard witte amend'
Where is now . al your womanly pite
Youre gentilnesse and your debonarite
Wil ye nothyng' therof' . vpon me spende
And so hoole sweze . as I am yowres al
And so grete wil . as I haue yow to serve
Now certis . and ye lete me thus sterve
Yef have wonne theron . but' a smal

MORE ODD TEXTS.
THE BALADE OF PITE. PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.

(12) (III. 8.)

For at\textsuperscript{1} my knowyn\textsuperscript{2}, I do nat\textsuperscript{3} why
And this I wil besche\textsuperscript{4}, yow hertily
That there euere ye finde\textsuperscript{5}, whiles ye live
A triever\textsuperscript{6} servaunt\textsuperscript{7} to yow\textsuperscript{,} than am I
Loveth thanne\textsuperscript{8}, and sle me hardily
And [I] my dethi to yow\textsuperscript{,} wil al forgyve
And if\textsuperscript{9} ye fynde no trewer\textsuperscript{,} so verily
Wil ye suffre than\textsuperscript{,} that I thus spil
And for no maner gilt\textsuperscript{10}, but\textsuperscript{11} my goode wil
Als goode were thanne\textsuperscript{12}, vntriewe as triewe triewly

(31) (Unique final stanza, III. 9)

But\textsuperscript{13} I my lif\textsuperscript{14} and deth\textsuperscript{,} to yow obey
And with right buxum hert\textsuperscript{15}, holy I prey
As youre most\textsuperscript{16} plesure\textsuperscript{,} so doth by me
For wele leuer\textsuperscript{17} is me\textsuperscript{,} liken yow and dye
Than for to any thyng\textsuperscript{18}, or thynk\textsuperscript{19} or say,
That\textsuperscript{20} yow myght\textsuperscript{21} offienden\textsuperscript{,} in any tyme
And therfor swete\textsuperscript{22}, rewe on my peynes smert\textsuperscript{23}
And of\textsuperscript{24} your grace\textsuperscript{,} grauntith me som drope
For ellis may me last\textsuperscript{25}, no blisse ne hope
Ne dwelle withyn\textsuperscript{,} my trouble careful hert\textsuperscript{26}

Explicit Pyte

dan Chaucer Laureiere (?)
II. ROUNDELS (MERCILESSE BEAUTE). ¹

(From MS. Pepys 2006, p. 390 and last.)

[I. Captivity.]

Yowre two yen wol sle me sodenly
I may the beaute of them not sustene
So wondeth it thorow out my herte kene
And but your worl wol heli hastely
Mi hertis wound while that it is grene
Your yeñ &c. [= two first lines.]
Up on my trouth I sey yow faithfully
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene
For with my deth the trouth shalbe sene
Your yeñ &c. [= three first lines.]

[II. Rejection.]

So hath yowre Beaute fro your herte chaced?
Pitee that me nauailleth not to pleyn
For danger halt youre mercy in his Cheyne
Giltless my deth thus hañ ye me purchaced
I sey yow soth me nedeth not to fayn
So hath your Beaute &c. [= lines 14, 15.]
Alas pat nature hath in yow compased
So grete beaute pat no mañ may atteyñ
To mercy though he sterue for the peyñ
So hath your beaute &c. [= lines 14, 15, 16.]

[III. Escape.]

Syn I fro loue escaped am so fat
I neuere thengk to ben in his prison lene

¹ No title in MS. The words 'Mercilesse Beaute' occur in the Index to the MS., with reference to this poem.—W. W. Skeat.
Syn I am fre I Counte hym not a bene
He may answere & sey this and that
I do no fors I speke ryght as I mene

Syn I fro lone &c. [= lines 27, 28.]
Love hath my name Istrike out of his sclat
And he is strike out of my bokes Clene
For ever mo this is non ope r mene

Syn I fro lone &c. [= lines 27, 28, 29.]

Explicit.

N.B. The copy printed by Percy (Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Series the Second, Book I), though taken from this MS., abounds in errors. Not counting expansions of contractions, &c., his errors are as follows:—1. Youre; cyn will. 3. wendeth. 4. words. 5. My. 6. Youre two cyn will sle me sodenly (where the MS. has only Your yen &c., and is here right in making yen follow Your immediately). 14. youre beauty; chased. 15. n'availeth. 16. daunger. 17. have; omits me; purchased. 21. compassed. 24. youre. 28. nere thinke. 31. speak. 36. P. suggests ther for this (probably he is right; but he omits to give the reading this).—W. W. Skeat.