Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.
Odd Texts
OF
Chaucer's Minor Poems,
EDITED BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.
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[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.]
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POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

1.

The Balade of Pytee.
In Shirley's copy of the "complaint of Pitee 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 Pytee. By Chauciers." In the MS almost every final g and t has a curl to it, and all the lines start level.

(18)

If je long nightes / whane every creature / Should haue peyre / rest in somewhat as be kynde /
Or ellys ne may peyre lyve / nought long' endure /
Hit fallepe mooste / in to my / woofuH mynde /
Howe I so far / haue brought my self3 behinde
bat sauf3 pe deethi / per may no thing me lisse /
So desesparyed3 / I am frome al blisse /

(19)

If his saame thought / me lastepe til pe morowe /
And frome pe morowe forpe / til hit beo eve /
ere neodepe me no . care / for to borowe /
for boope I haue / goode leyser and3 goode leve /
ber is no wight / pat wil / me / woe byrev
To weepe enoughi / and3 wayllen al my fille /
pe soore sparke of peyne / nowe doope me spille /

(20)

If bis loue pat have me sette / in suche a place /
pat my desire / wol neuer fullille
for neyper pitee / mercy / neyper grace
Kane I. not fynde / and3 yit my sorouful her3
for3 to beo dede / I. cane hit nought. arace
be more I love / be more she dope me smert3
Thorughie whiche .I. see with oute remedye /
pat frome pe deethi / I may no wyse astert3

Hir name. is bounte / sette in wommanhede/
Sadnesse in youpe / and3 beawte prydelesse /
And3 plesance / vnder gouernance and3 dredo
Hir surname is / ecke payre routhelesse
  þe wyse eknytte / vn to goode aventure/
þat for I loue hir? / she sleeketh me giltesse

- Hir love I best? / and shal whyle .I may dure/

- Bette þan my selft. an hundreþe thousanddelle /
þane al þis worþedes richesse. or creature

Nowe haþe not love / me bestowede weele
To love þer / I neuer shal have parte

Ellas / right þus / is turned me þe wheele
þus am I slaynte / with loves fury darte
  I cane but love hir best/ my sweete foo/
Louve haþe me taught / no more of his art?
  But serue alwey / andstynt[e] for no woo/

(21)

[In my truwe 1 careful hert þer is / [a word crout out]
So myche. woo / anþ so lytel blisse /
  þat woo is me / þat euer I was bore /
þor al þat thingt / which I desyre I misse /
Andþ al þat euer / I wolde not / I-wisse
  þat fynde I redy / to me / euermore /
Andþ of al þis / I not to whome I pleyne /
  þor she þat might / me out of þis bringt /
   Ne recheþe nought / wheþer I wepe or singt
So lytel reuthe / haþe she vpon / my peyne

(22)

Ellas whane sleepingt tyme is / loo þanne I [a]waake /
Whane I shoulde daunce / for fere loo þanne I qwaake /
[ . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ]
þis hevy lyfft I lede / loo for youre saake /
þaughe yee þer oft / in no wyse heede take/
[ . . . . . . . . no gaps in the MS. ]
Myn hertes lady / anþ hoole my lyves qweene
  þor truwyly durst .I. seye / as þat .I feele /
Me semeþe / þat youre sweet hert ofþ steele
Is whetted nowe ageyns me / to kecne /
(23)

"I My deere hert/ and best beloued foo/
Why lykepe you/ to doo me al pis woo/
    What haue I doone/ pat greuepe you or sayde/
But for I serue/ and loue you and no moo/
And whylest I lyve/ I wol euer do soo
    And per-fore sweete/ ne beope not yuel apaied/
    ffor so goode and so faire/ as yee be/
    Hit were right gret wonder but yee hadd/
Of alle servantes/ boope of goode and hadd/
    And leest worthy of alle/ hem/ I. am. he/
(24)

"I But neuer pe leese/ my. right lady sweete/
    baugele pat I beo/ vnkonnyng and vmmeete
    To serue as I koude best/ ay your hyenesse
Yit is per noon/ fayner pat wolde I heete
    pane I/ to do youre ease/ or ellys beete/
    What so I wist/ pat were/ to youre hyenesse/
And hade. I might/ as goode as I haue wille/
    pane shoulde yee feele/ Where it were so or noon
    ffor/ in pis worlde living/ pane is per noon/
    pat fayner Wolde/ youre hertes wille fulfille/
(25)

"ffor boope I loue/ and eke dreed you so soore/
And algates note/ and haue doon yowe ful youre
    pat better loued is noon/ ne neuer shal
And yit? I wolde beseche you/ of no more/
But leuepe wele/ and be not wrothe ther fore/
    And let me serue you forth/ loo pis is al
    ffor I am nought/ so hardy ne so woode/
    ffor to desyre/ pat yee shoulde Loue me/
    ffor weele I wot/ ellas pat may not be
I am so lytel worthy/ and yee so goode
1 For yee bee oone pe / worthyest on lyve /
And I pe mooste / vnlikly for to thryve /
Yit for al pis / witepe yee right weele / 216
pat yee ne shoule / me frome youre servyce dryve /
pat I ne wil ay / with alle my wittes fyve /
Serve you truely / what woo. so pat I feel /
ffor I am sette on yowe / in suche manere /
pat paughe yee neuer wil / vpon me ruwe /
I moste you loue / and been euery als truwe /
As any man / can / er may on lyve / 223

(27)
1 But pe more / pat I loue you goodely free /
pe lasse fynde I / pat yee loven me /
Ellas whan shal / pat harde witte amende 226
Where is nowe al / youre wommanly pitee
Youre gentilesse / and youre debonairtee /
Wil yee no thing? / per 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 pus sterve /
Yit haue ye wonne / per on but a smal 233

(28)
ffor' at my knowing' / I / do nought' why
And pis I wol / beseche yowe hertely
1That per1 euer yee fynde / whyles yee lyve /
A truwer servaunt / to you / peane am .I. 237
Leuepepane [me] / and sleepe me hardely
And I my deth to you / wil al forgyve /
And if yee fynde / no trewer so verrayly
Wolle yee souffre pane / pat I pus spille
And for no maner gilt' but my goode wille
Als goode were pane / vntrew as truwe to be / 243

[End of the fragment. Rest of the MS lost.]
[Shirley's MS Ashmole 59, leaf 38, back]

2.

Pe Cronyce made by Chaucier.

Here nowe folowe pe names of pe nyene worshipfullest Ladyes pat in alle cronycles, and storyal bokes haue beo founden of troupe of constaunce and vertuous or reproched womanhode by Chaucier.

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

Adryane whiche. with py craftty labour // Adryane.
Made Theseus to slee pe Minetawre /
And by a threed / frome py faders prysonn
Made him tescape / and pyne housbande bycome
By helpe of Fedra / py sustre pat with him yeede
Whilst pon slepte / and so he qwytte py meede
Wie[r]off pe goddes / hade of py pytce roupe /
And to a sterre transfourmed pee for troupe /
\(\textit{This noble qweene of Cartage. feyre Dydo\footnote{[leaf 50]}}\)

Which of Pite. receyved Eneas so / // Gode Dydo qwene of Cartage. 
After frome Troye / withi tempestes in \(\textit{pe}\) see 
Vnne\(\textit{pe}\) arrayved / in-to hir cuntree / 
Sheo made him lord and sheo his humble wyve / 
Wherby ellas / sheo loste / bope ioye and lyve / 
For whane sheo wiste / \(\textit{pat}\) he was frome hir goo 
Vppon his swerde / sheo roof hir herte a-twoo / 

\(\textit{It is gret right pat youre bountee Lucrese}\)
Be putte in writing / and alsoo your goodnesse  
Wyff to \(\textit{pe}\) Senatour / gode Collatyne  
Which thorugh \(\textit{penve}\) / of Romayne Torqwyn / 
For yee to him / wolde never applye / 
He ravished yowe / where-off it was pyte 
With a Tyraunt\(\textit{t}\) ful soore ageinst youre will 
He caused yowe / for sorowe / youre selff to spylle 

\(\textit{What noblesse shewed pou Demophofi Philles}\)
Whome to \(\textit{pine housbande qwene of Tarce pou chas}\)  
Comyng frome Troye / withi tempest alforblowe 
As wolde god / pou hadest him wele eknowe 
Soone he forgate \(\textit{py}\) fredame and \(\textit{py}\) troupe 
Whane to his cuntrey . / he yede \(\textit{pat}\) was roupe 
Whiche never after / for al his heeste with \(\textit{pee}\) 
Efft-sones wolde mete / \(\textit{pat}\) made \(\textit{pee}\) soone to dye  

\(\textit{Borne nobully of Babilloygne Thesbe}\)
From \(\textit{pe}\) welle / a lyonesse made \(\textit{pee}\) flee  
Where as pou seete / Piramus tabyde 
Ellas he foonde \(\textit{tere}\) / by \(\textit{pat}\) welle syde 
Blody \(\textit{py}\) wympuH / and wende pou hadest be slyne 
For which he karffe / \(\textit{tere}\) his hert atweyne 
Whiche whane pou saughe / pou woldest no lenger byde 
But on his swerde / \(\textit{pyne}\) hert did thorowe glyde
Woo is myne hert for pee / pou Isiphyle
Qwene and ladye of / Leanoun pee yle
Wheche wedded was / to Iason grekeshi man
And gret with chylde / lefft pee soone vppon
Fro Medea when he to Colcos yeede
pat for pee pitee / I feele myñ hert[e] bleede
To thenke on al py sorowe and py woo
Wher thorughhe pou dyed and py chylde alsoo

Ypermistra / pat noble and truwe wyff
py faders prysouñ / made pee to loese py lyff / Ypermistra be gode wyffe.
Ful pytously / for pat pou wolde not flee
Lyne pine husbande / as he comanded pee
Whiche was ñe sone / of daun Danao
Egistes broper / py fader it fel soo
And al was but his owen fantasye
pat he his broper sone / went for to dye

pe sorowe pou toke pane / O. quene Alceste
Whane Seyse pynehhusbande/fayled pee of byheste / pe Qwene Alceste.
Whome for to fynde / pou sought him ay weoping
Hit happende soo / pou saughe him dede fletyng
Vppon pe see / and to him leee 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 pee.

1 Mistaken for Aleyone: see The Dethe of Blanche the Duck-esse.
ODD BITS OF CHAUCER.

3.

TWO ODD BITS OF

Chaucer's Troilus.


2. Three Stanzas (Book III, St. xxxviii—xl, Lines 260-280), in a Poem, The Tongue, from a paper MS. Ff. i. 6, Cambr. Univ. Library.
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

I. A. whestone is no kerving. instrument
And yitte. it makepe / sharpe kerving toolis
If pow. wost ought / where pat I haue miswent
Eschuwe. pow pat / for suche thing to pee scoole is / 4
hus wyse men / beon offt / ware by foolis
If powe do so / py witte is wele beware
By his contrarie. is every thing declared

II. 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 dredful pestelens / 1
Thañ is tonge that can flatere & fage
For with his corsyde crabbede violens / 4
He enfecteth folkis of euery Age /
Woo to tongis frouward of ther Langauge
Woo to tongis false furyuus and woode /
Whiche of no person neuer con say good /

(2)

Wherfor me semethe it is wel syttyng / 8
Eueryche man other to commende
And say the best alway in reportyng /
For in wel saying noman may offende
Wherre men say wel god wyll hys grace send /
Aftyr meñ ben men most theyrn pryse vp reyse
Aftyr ther desarvyng a-louwe hem or dyspreyse

(3)

But wher a thyng vvtturly is vvknowe 15
Lette no mañ ther hastely be of sentens
For Ryghtful Iugegis sittyng on a roowe
Of ther wesdome and their high prudens / 18
welle of trought have some evedens /
I mene all suche as gouerned be by grace
Or eny worde out of therre lyppys passe

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

O false tong so ofthy her' befor'
Hast thou made mony on bryght oft 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' brovght 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/ on
And thus I pose whoman graunteth me
Her' loue and feythe that other wolle sche now
And I am sworne to holde hit secre
I-wys I am a wauntur at the leste
And a lyer' for I breke my be-heste

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

Now loke thou yf they be ought to blame
Sucne maner folke what I clepe hem what /
And hem aavaunte of wemen) and by name /
That neuer yet be-hyght hem this nor that
Ne knewe hem more than) my olde hatte
No woundur is/ so god me sende hele
Though wemen) drede wth 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 serue and eke drede
As he that' is boonde and wol not be free
Ryght so farithe hit now by me/

Explicit/
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)

Madamé, for your newe fangelnesse, 1
Manie a servaunt haue ye put oute of grace.
I take my leue of your vn-stedfastnesse; [1 MS. of yours] 2
For wel I wote, while ye to lyve haue space, 3
Ye kunnought loue ful half yeer in a place,
To newe thinges your lust is Euer so kene,
In sted of Blue, thus may ye werē 4 grene. [2 MS. were al] 5

(2)

Right as a Mirroure, that nothing may enpresse, 6
But lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace, [passe in MS.] 7
So fareth your love; your werkes bereth witnesse.
Ther is no feith that may your hert embrace; 8
But as a wedercok, that turneth his face
With euery wynd, ye fare, and that is sene,
In sted of Bliwe, thus may ye werē grene. 9

(3)

Ye might be shrined for [your] brotilnesse 10
Bettir thanne Dalide, Cresside, or Candace, [MS. Tandace] 11
For euere in Changeng stondeth your sikernesse;
That tacche may no wight fro your hert arace; 12
Yif ye lese oon, ye kunne wel tweine purchace;
Ah light for somer—ye wote wel what I mene—
In sted of Blewe, thus may ye werē grene.

Explicit

3 One syllable,—com’th, far’th, ber’th, turn’th, stond’th or stont.
Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.

1.

TWO BITS OF

The Parliament of Foules:–

MS Hh 4. 12, Cambr. Univ. Libr., 365 lines.
Laud MS 416 (Bodl. Libr., Oxford), 142 lines.
50 PAR.-TEXT  
2 PARLAMENT OF FOULES. Hh. 4. 12, CAMBR. UNIV. LIBR.

[MS Hh. 4. 12, Cambr. Univ. Libr., leaf 94 (vellum and paper, ±1450-60 A.D.).]

(1) [The Proem.]

The lyfe so short / the craft so long to lerne  
The assay so hard / so sharp the conquerynge  
The drefull joy that alway flytt so yerne  
All thys mene I by love / that my felynge  
Astownytyth with hys wondereful wirkyng

So sore I-wys / that when I on hym thynk  
Not wotte I wele whedyr I flete or synk

(2)

\[ For all be that I know not love in dede  
Ne wote how that he qwytth folk hyr hyre  
3it happyth me fufl ofte in boke rede  
Of hys miraclys and hys cruelly ire  
There rede I weff that he wyvt be lord and sire  
I dar not say hys strokys beth so sore  
But god save suche a lord / I can no more

(3)

\[ Of vsage what for lust what for lore  
On bokys rede I ofte as I 3ow told  
But wherfor I speke 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 fufl fast and 3erne

(4)

\[ For owt of old feldys as men sayne  
Comyth all thys new corne from 3ere to 3ere . . .  
And out of old bokyis in good fayth  
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 thowght hit but a lите

---
Of the assemble of p° byris on Seint Volantins day.

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

(1) [The Proem.]

the lyf so short the craft so long to lerne
The assay so sharp so hard p° conquerung
The dredful joy that aft-vey slydyp so yerna

Aft this mene I by love at my felyng
Astonydd with his wondirful werkyng
So sore ewys that whan y·on hym thynk
Nought wote I weff whefer y flite or synk

(2)

For aft be that I know not love in dede
Nor wot how pat he quyttith folk· her hyre
Yet happyth me in bokys for to rede
Off his myrakyls and his crueth yre
Ther rede I welle he will he 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 aft is not thore
Ageoni yt happyd me for to be-hold
Which book· was wretyn with lettris old
And per-vppon A certeyne thynge to lerne
The long day fuB fast y red & yerne

(4)

For of these old fyldis as men seith
Comyth aft this new corne fro yere to yere
So out of old bokys in good seith
Comyth aft this new Ciens pat men lere
But now to purpos as of this matere
To rede forth yt gan me to delyte
That aft p° day me thought it but a lyte
This boke of which I make of menciofd
Entillyd was aft there as I shall 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 shall sow say the grete

First tellyth hit whan Cipion was come
In affrice / how he metyth 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* day can mysse
And how hys auncestre Africm so dere
Gan in hys slepe that nyght tyft hym appere

Than tellyth it how that from a sterry place
How africm hath hym cartage shewyd
And warnyd hym byfore of all hys grace
And said hym what man leryd or lewde
That louyth comyn profette weH I-thewyd
He shuld in to a blisfutt place wend
There as ioy is with owtyn ende

Than axed he yf folk that here be ded
Han lyfe and dwellyng in a nofer place
And africm sayd / 3ee with outyn any drede
And how owr present worldys lyvys space
Ment but a maner detli what we trace
And ryghtfull folk shaft goo aftyr they dye
To heven / and shewith hym Galaxie
This boke of which I make of mention
Entitled was here as I shal tez
Tullius of the dreme of Scipion
Chapiters vij yt had of hevyn & hal
And erthe and sowlis ther-in duez
Of which as shortly 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 hatli enome
Than tellyth he her speche & of the blys
That was bytwyx hem tih pat day gan mys
And how his aunctre Affrycan son dere
Gan in his slepe that night tyH hym appere

Than tellyth he that from a sterry place
How affrykan hatli hym cartage shewid
And warnyd hym byforz of his grace
And seid hym what may lerid or lewid
That lovyth comyn profyte welH ethewid
He shuld in-to a blysfuH 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 oure present lyfis space
Ment but A maner deth what wey we trace
And rightfull folk* shalH gon after they dye
To hevyn and shewid hym the galoxie
Than sheweth he hym the litye erthe pat here is
At the regard of hevyns quantite
And aftyr sheweth 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 full 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 euere 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 teH hym aft
The way to come . into that heunely blysse
And he sait / know first thyself immortall
And loke ay besily that thou wirche & wysse
To comyn profette / and thou shalH 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
ShuH whyrl abowt the world alway in payne
TyH many world be passyd out of drede
And then for-3euen all ther wykyde dede
Than sluff they comyn to that blysfull place
To which 3e come god 3e graunt hys grace
(9)

Than shewid he hym the lytH 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 full of° torment & of° herd grace
That he ne shuld in this world delyte
Than told he hym in short yeres space
That every sterre shuld come in-to his place
Ther yt was first and all shuld out of° mynde
That in this world is done of° all man-kynde

(11)

Than prade hym Scipion) to telt hym all
The wey to come in-to that hevyn blys
And he seid first know py-self° in-mortallH
And loke ay besyly that pou worche and wysse
To comvne profyt and pou shalt not mysse
To come swyftly in-to that place dere
that full of° blisse is & of° sowlis clere

(12)

but brokres of° p° law sothe to seyne
And lycorows folk° after that they be ded
shuH whyrle abowte p° world AH-vey in peyne
TyH many a world be passid out of° dred
and than for-veyvn all her wyckyd dede
Than shuH they come in-to pat blisfuH place
To which to come god p° send his grace
(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 heunynesse
ffor both I had thyng which I nold
And eke I ne had that thyng that I wold

(14)

¶ But finally my spirite at the last
ffor-wery of my labour aìl 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 Cipion hym sawgh by-fore that tyde
Was comme / and stode ryght at my bed syde

(15)

¶ The wery hunter slepynge in hys bedde
To wode aìene hys mynd goth anone
The Iuge dremyth how hys plee hym spedde
The cartarr' dremyth how hys cartis gone
The riche of gold / the knyght fyghytli with hys fone
The syke metyth how he drynkyth of the tunne
The lover metyth he hathi 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 which macroby 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[n of light
And to my bed I gan me for to dres
FuH fyllid of thought and besy hevynes
For bothe I had thyng 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 all þat day
Toke rest that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe I met as þat I lay
How affrycan in that selfe 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 agayn his mynd goth Ano[ Thorro[ dyreyth how his pleis ben sped
The carter dremyth how his cartes go[ The rych[e gold þe knyght fight with his boon
The syke met he hath dronk[e of þe ton
The lovar met he hath his lady won

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

If Citherea thow blisful 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 sey the north northwest
When I be-gan my sweuyn for to write
So seue me myght to ryme and eke endite

(18) [The Story.]

If Thys forsaid affrican me hent anone
And forth with hym to a gate brougfit
Ryght of a parke wallyd with grene stone
And ouer the gate with letters large I-wrowghfit
Ther were verse I-writyn as me thougfit
On ethyr half of fulf grete difference
Of which I shal low teff the playne sentence

(19)

If Thorowgh me men gone into that blisful place
Of hertis hele / and dedely wondis cure
Thorow me / men gone to the weff of grace
There grene and lusty may shal euer endure
Thys is the way to ait good aventure
Be gladde thow rederr’ and thy sorow of cast
Ah opyn am I / passe in / and spede the fast /

(20)

If Thorowgh me men gone than spoke the oder syde
Vnto the mortaft strokis of the spere
Of which disdayne and daunger is the guyde
There neuer tre shall frute / ne leues bere
Thys streme sow ledytti / into the sorowful were
There as the fishe in prison is ah drie
Theschewyng is only the remedy
(17) [Invocation.]

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

(18) [The Story.]

This foresaid affrican me hent Anonþ
And forth wyth hym to A gate brought
Right as A parkþ wallid with grene stow
And ovyr the gate with lettris large ywrought
Ther' wer' versis wretyn as me thought
On either half of full grete dyffERENCE
Of which I shalþ you seyne þe pleyð sentence

(19)

Thorough me men goð in-to that blysfully place
Of hertis hele and dedly woundis cure
Thorough me men goþ to þe welle of grace
Ther' grene and lusty May shal þ evir endure
This is the wey to all good aventure
be glad þou redar & thy sorrow of cast
Allone am y / passe in & spede þee fast

(20)

Thorough me men goð than þat oþer side
Vnto the mortall strokys of þe spere
Of which disdayne & daunger is þe gide
Ther' nevir tre shal þ frute ne nevir levis bere
This streme you ledyth to þe sorrowful were
Ther as þe fynþ in preson is all dry
The eschewyng is oonly the remedy
(21)

Thys verse of gold and blak Iwrityn were
The which I gan astounyd to be-holde
ffor whith that one / ay encresyd my fere
And with that other / be-gan myn hert bolde
That one me hette / that othyr me colde
Noo witt had I / for errour for to chese
To entre / or fleen / or me to saue / or lese /

(22)

ffor ryght as I by-twix adamantis
Of euyn myght a pese of erne sette
Ne hafe no myght to moeue 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 / and chose in att the gatis wyde

(23)

And said hit stant writyn in thy face
Thyn errour thowgh thow tell it not to me
But drede the not to cumme into thys place
ffor thys writyng is no thynge ment by the
Ne by none / but he luffis seruaunt be
ffor thow of love hast lost thy tast I gesse
As a sikman hath of swete and bittirnesse

(24)

But nathelesse all thowh þou be dullæ
3it that þou canst not do / 3it maist þou see
ffor many a man that may not stande a pull
3it likyth hit hym at wrastlynge for to be
And demyth 3it wher he do bet or he
And þou hadist knowyng e tendite
I shalh the shew mater of to write
(21)

Thise versis of gold and blak ywretyn were
The which I gan Astonyed to be-hold 142

[End of MS; at least 11 leaves are torn out.]
With that myn hond in hys toke he anone
Of which I comfort cawt / and went in fast
But lord so I was glad / and wel be-gone
For ouer aft where myn eyne pat I cast
Were treys clad with leuys that ay shaft last
Eche in kynd / of colour fresshe and grene
As emeraude / 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 fyrr / cipresse detli 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 dyuyne

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 wel stremyes no-thynge dede
That swymmyfl full of smale fisshys lyght
With fynys rede / and scales siluer bryght

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

1 Of instrumentis of strynggis in a-corde
Herd I so play a rauesshyngge swetnesse
That god the maker of aft and lorde
Ne herde / neuer better / as I gesse /
There-with a wynd vnethe it myght be lesse
Made in the leuys grene a noyse so softe
Accordant to the fowlys songe a loftc 200

(30)

1 The aer of the place so attempred was
That neuer was the greuance 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 thousands fold
Than eny man can телл / ne neuer wold it nyght
But ay clere day / to any mannys sight 210

(31)

1 Vndyr a tree besyde a weH I say
Cupide / owre lord his arows forge and file
And at hys fote hys bowe aft redy lay
And hys dowghter tempred all пis while
214
The hedis in the weft / 8 in hyr wyle
She cowchyд hem aftyr they shuld serue
Sum for to fle and sum for to wounde and kerue 217

(32)

1 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 wyff not lye
And by hym self vndir an oke I gesse
Sawe I delice pat stode by lantilnesse 224
(33)

¶ I sawgh beawte with outyn a tyre
And yowth ful of myrth and of iolite
ffolehardinesse and flatery and desire
Messauge and mede and other thre
Her namys shal 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 all way
Women I-now of which sum ther were
ffaire of them self / and sum of hem wer gay
In kyrtles all dyscheuleyd went they there
That was hyr office all way 3ere by 3ere.
And on the temple of doves white and fayre
Sawgh I sit many a thowsande payre.

(35)

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

(36)

¶ Wit-h-in the temple with sikes hote as fire
I herd a swouth / that gan a-bowt renne
Which sikes were engendryd by desire
That made every autour for to brenne
Of new flawme / and wel aspied I thenne
That all cause of sorowys that they drye
Come of the bitter goddesse Ielosie
(37)

¶ 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 nylght / and with hys ceptre in honde 256
ShuH besily men gone assay and fonde
Vpon hys hede to sett of sundre hewe
Garlandis fuH of fresshe flowrys newe /

(38)

¶ And in a priuey corner in disporte
Sfynd I venus and hyr porter richesse
That was fuH noble and haunteñ of hyr porte
Derk was that place / but aftyrward lyghtnesse 263
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 266

(39)

¶ Hyre gylt herys / with a gold threde
Vnbreyden vntrossyd as she lay
And nakyd fro the brest to the hede
Men myght hyr see / and sothely for to say 270
The remanent couerI weH vnto my pay
Right with a subteñ couercheffe of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of noo defence 273

(40)

¶ The place gaf a thousandsis sanowrs swete
And Bachus god of wyne satt hyr be syde
And Ceres next that dothi of hungre bote
And as I said / a myddis lay Cupide 277
To whom on kneyes two yong folk per cried
To hym her helpe / but thus I latt hyr lye
And farther in the temple I gan aspie 280

ODD TEXTS. 2
That in despite of Diane the chast
ffull many a bow I-broke hynge on the wall
Of maydyns swych as gan hyr tymys wast
In hyr servise and payntyd ouer aH
Of many a story of which I towche shall
A fewe as of Calixte and Atlante
And many a mayde of which the name I wante

Semiramus candate and hercules
Biblis / Dido / tisbe and piramus
Tristram / Isoud / parys and achilles
Elyn / cleopatre / and troilus
Cilla and eke the moder of romulus
Ah theys were paynteD on pat oder syde
And aH 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 grene
fforth 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 on an hyH of flowrys
Was sett thys noble goddesse Nature
Of brawnychys were her hawles and hyr bowrys
I-wrowte aftyr hyr crafte and hyr mesure
Nethyr was fowle that cummyth of engendure
That there ne was prest in hyr presence
To taken hyr dome / and gefe hyr audience
ffor thys was on saynt Volantynys day
Whan euery byrd cummyth 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 / tree / and euery lake
So fuH was that vnethe was ther space
ffor me to stonde / so fuH was ah thys place

And ryght as Aleyn in the playnt of kynde
Deuisythe Nature / of suche aray and face
In swych aray men myght hyr there fynde
Thys noble empr esse fuH of grace
Bad euery fowle to take hyr owne place
As they were wont alwey fro 3ere to 3ere
Saynt volantyns day to standyn there

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

There myght men the ryal egle fynde
That with hys sharp loke peryshyth pe sonne
And other eglys of a lower kynde
Of which the clerkis weH deuisen konne
Ther was the tirant with hys fedyrs donne
And grey / I mene the goshauke that doth pyne
To byrdys for hys outragiose rauyne [leaf 120, back]
The gentyl fawcone that with fote distreyynth
The kynghys honde / the hardy sparhawke eke
The qwalys fro the merlion that peynyth
hym self full ofte the lark forto seke
There was the dowue with hyr eyne meke
The Ielowe swanne azenst hys deth that syngyth
The owle eke that of deth the bode bryngyth

The crane þœ gyaunt with hys trumpys soun
The thefe þœ chowgh / and eke the ianglyng pie
The skornyng laye the eglys foo heroune
The fals laywynk full of trecherye
The stare that the counselli doth aserie
The tame ruddok and the coward kyte
The cok þœ horloge of thorpis lite.

The sparow venus sonne the nyghtyngale
That clepyth forth the fresshe leuys 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 scornor of the cokke be nyght

The wakyr gose the cokkow euer vnkynde
The popyniay full of delecacy
The drake stroyer of hys owne kynde
The stork wyrker of avowtry
The hote cormeraunt 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 Gg. 4. 27, leaf 445.]

A

†Thousent sythys 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 I 3 wel also 4 [† wit I corrected]
†That there ne is non that dwellyth 2In this cuntre 5†
That eythir hath in helle or heuene I-be [†1 corr.] 6
Ne may of it non othere weyis wytyyn 7
But as he hath herd seyd / or founde it wyrytyn 8 8
ffor 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
§for that he say it nat of 3ore a-go 13§
§God wot a thyng is neuere the lesse so 14§
Thow euery wyght ne may it nat I se [† e corr.] 15
Bernard the monk ne 3 say nat al parde 16 § Bernardus non udit omnia
Thanne motyn we to bokys / that we fynde 17
Thourw whiche that olde thyngis ben 4In mynde [† 1 corr.]
And to the doctryne of these olde wyse 19
3euyn credence 5In euery 6skylyf wye 3[†, 3 sky, corr.] 20
§And trowyn on these olde aprouede storyis 21§
Of holynesse / of regnys of victorys 22
Of loue / of hate / of othere sundery thyngis 23
Of whiche I may nat make rehersyngys 24 24
And If that olde bokis weryn aweye 25
I-loryn were of remembrance the keye 26
§Wel ouyte vs thanne on olde bokys leue 27§
§There as there is non othy a-say be preue 28§ 28
The prologue of ix. goode Wymmen.

1. A thousande tynes / I haue herd telle
2. ther ys Ioy in heuene / and peyne in helle
3. and I acord wel / that it ys so
4. But netheles yet / wot I wel also
5. that ther is noon duellyng / in this contree
6. That eythir hathi in heuene / or in helle y-be
7. Ne may of hit / noon other weyes witen
8. but as he hath herd seyde / or founde it writeñ
9. for by assay / ther may no mañ it preve
10. But god forbede / but men shulde leve
11. Wel more thing / then men han seen withi eye
12. Men shal not wenen / euery thing a lye
13. But yf him-selfe yt seethi / or elles dooth
14. For god wot / thing is neuer the lasse soothi
15. Thoghi euery wight / ne may it nat y-see
16. Bernarde the monke/ne saugh nat all pardee
17. Than mote we / to bokes that we fynde
18. Thurgi whichi / that olde thinges ben in mynde
19. And to the doctrine / of these olde wyse
20. Yeve credence / in euery skylful wise
21. That tellen of these olde appreued / stories
22. of holynesse / of Regnes of victories
23. of lune of hate / of other sondry thynges
24. of whiche I may not maken / rehersynges
25. And yf that olde bokes / were a-wey
26. Y-lorne were / of Remembrance the key
27. Wel ought vs thanme / honouren and beleve
28. These bokes / there we han noon other preve
§ And as for me thow that myn wit be litte
On bokys for to rede I me delyte [17 corr.]
And in myn herte haue hem in reuerence
§ And to hem iene swich lust & swich credence
§ That there is wel onethe game non
That from myne bokys make me to gon
§ But it be o[pe]r vp-on the haly day
§ Or ellis in the Ioly tyme of may
§ Whan that I here the smale foulys syngye
And that the flouris 2 gynne for to spryngye 3 [2 louris, 3 pryngye, corrected]
§ Farwel myn stodye as lastynge pat sesoun 39§ [v 445, 54]
§ Now haue I therto this condycyoun
That 4 of alle the flouris in the mede [4 at corr.]
Thanne loue I most these flourys white & rede
Swyche as men calle dayesyis in oure toun
To hem haue I so gret affeccioun
As I seyde erst whan comyn is the may
That in myn bed there dawith me no day
That I ne am vp & walkyne in the mede
†To sen these flourys a-gen the sume to sprede
§ Whan it vp ryseth be the morwe schene
*The longe day thus walkynge in the grene

§ And when the sume be-gynnys for to weste
§ Thanne closeth it & drawith it to reste
§ So sore it is a-ferid of the nyȝt
* Til on the morwe that it is dayis lyȝt
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 / hane hem in reuerence 32
33§ So herty / 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 / whan that the monethe of May § 36
37§ Is comen / and that I here the foules synge §
38 And that the floures / gynnen for to sprynge [leaf 88, bk]
39§ Faire-wel my boke / and my deuocion §
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 me called / dayes in her tovn
44 To hem have I / so grete affeclion 44
45 As I seyde erst / whanne comeñ 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 / ayecin the sonne sprede † 48
49§ Whan it vprysith / erly by the morwe §
 *That blisful sigilt / softnet al my sorwe *
 *So glad am I / whan that I haue presence *
 *Of it / to doon 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 fressh of hewe
53§ and I love it / and euere ylike newe § 56
 *And euere shal / til that myn hert dye *
 *al swere I nat / of this I wol nat lyt *
 *Ther loved no wight / hotter in his lyve *
 *And whan that hit ys eve / I renne blyve *
54§ As sone as evere the sonne / gynneth 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

fulfylde of vertu & of alle honour

And euere I-like fayr & frosch of hewe

As wel In wyntyr as in somyr newe

ffayn wolde I preysyn If I coude a-ryht

But wo is me it lyth nat in myn myght

ffor wel I wot that folk han here be-forn

Of makyng ropyn & lad a-wey the corn

I come afyr glenyng 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 wele nat ben euel a-payd

Sithe it is seyd in fortheryng & honour

Of hem that eythir seruyn lef or flour

ffor trustyth wel I ne haue 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

ffor as to me is lefere non ne lothere

I am witholde 3it with never nothire

I not ho seruyth lef ne who the flour

That nys nothyng the entent of myn labour

ffor this werk is al of a-nothyre tunne

Of old story er swich strif was be-guane

But wherfore that I spak to 3eue credence

To bokys olde & don hem reuence
PIIOLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 29

*Hire here is pleynly sprad / in the brightnesse
*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
*Ye lovers / that kañ make of Sentment
*In this case / oght ye be diligent
*To forthren me / somwhat in my labour
*Whethir ye beñ with the leef / or with the flour

61†for wel I wot / that ye han her-biforne
62 of makynge ropen / and lad awey the corne
63 and I come after / glenyng here and there
64 and am ful glad / ye I may fynde an ere
65†Of any goodly word / that ye han left*
66†And thogh it happene / me rehercen eft
67†That ye han / in your fressfi songs sayede
68§For-bereth me / and betñ not euele apayede
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 verray lyght
*That in this derke worlde / me wynt and ledyth
*The hert in withi / my sorwfull brest yow dredith
*And louethi so sore / that ye ben verralay
*The maistresse of my witte/a[nd] no1 thing I* [1 MS altered]
*My worde my werkes / ys knyt so in youre bond
*That as an harpe / obeiethi to the hond
*That maketh it soyne / after his fyngerynge
*Ryght so mowe ye / oute of myñ hert bringe
*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

97 But wherfore / that I spake to yive credence
98†To olde stories / and doon hem reuerence
§Is for men schulde autioriteis be-lene 99§
§There as there lyth non othyr a-say be preue 100§ 84
*ffor myn entent is or I fro sow fare *
*The nakede tixt in englis to declare *
*Of manye a story or ellis of manye a geste *[many e corr.]
*As autourys seyn & leuyth hem If 3ow leste * 88

§Whan 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 *
§Vp-on the frosche dayseie to be-holde 182§ 92
†And that the soumne out of the souht gan weste 197†
§And clothede was the flour & gon to reste 198§
†ffor derknese 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-benehede newe with turwis forscresse 2 I-grawe 204†[I corr.]
I bad 3 men schulde me myn couche make 205 [d corr.]
ffor deynce 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-Inne an our or two 209†
†Me mette how I was in the medewe tho 210† 104
*And that I romede in that same gyse *
§To sen that flour 4 / as 3e han herd deuyse 212§ 4 i daenesye
*ffayr was this medewe as thoužte me oueral *
†With flouris sote 5 enbroudit it was al 5 119†[l- corr.]
†As for to speke of gomme or erbe or tre 121† 109
Comparisous may non I-makede be 122
ffor it surmountede pleynly alle odours 123
†And of ryche bente alle flourys 124† 112
fforgetyn hadde the erthe his pore estat 125
†Of wyntyre that hym nakede made & mat 126†
†And with his swerd of cold so sore hadde greuydt [v*.kk]
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 31

83§ And that meñ mosteñ / more thyng beleve
84§ Theñ may seen at eigh / or elles prevê
*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 fresshi of hewe
*Constreyned me / withi so gledy desire
*That in myñ herte / I feele yet the fire
*That made me to ryse / er yt wer day
89§ And was now / the firste morwe of May
*With dredful hert / and glad deuocion
*for to ben / at the resureccioñ
*Of this flour / whan yt shulde vnclose
*Agayn 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 [leaf 84, back]
*knelyng alwey / til it vnclosed was
*Vpon the smal softe / swote gras
108† That was withi flourës swote / enbrovded al
*Of swich suetnesse / and swich odour ouer al
109† That for to speke / of gomme or herbe or tree
110 Comparison may noññ / y-maked bee
111 For yt surmountetth / pleyñly alle odoures
112† And of riche beaute / of flourës
113 For-geten had the erthe / his pore estate
114† Of wyntir / that hem naked made and mate
115† And withi his swerd of colde / so sore grened
† Now hadde the tempre some al that 1 releuyd 1 128†
And clothed hym in grene al newe a-geyn 129 117
The smale foulis of the seson fayn 2—1 cor.
† That from the panter & the net ben skapid 2 131† [a cor.
Vp-on the foulere that hem made a-wapid 132 120
In wyntyr & destroyed hadde hire brod 133
In his dispit hem thougte it dede hem good 134
To synge of hym & in here song despise 135
The foule cherl that for his coueutyse 136 124
Hadd hem be-trayed with his sophistrye 137
This was here song the foulere we defye 138
§ Some songyn on the braunchis clere 139§
§ Of loue & that Ioye It was to here 140§ 128
† In worschepe & in preysyng of hire make 141†
† And of the newe blysful somerys sake 142†
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE.  FAIRFAX MS 16.  33

116 Now hath that empre sonne / all that releued  
117 That naked was / and clad yt new agayn  
118 The smale foules / of the sesoñ fayn  
119 That of the panter / and the nette ben seaped  
120 Vpon the foweler / that hem made a-whaped  
121 In wynter / and diestroyed hadde hire broode  
122 In his dispite / hem thoghte yt did hem goode  
123 To synge of hym / and in hir songe dispise  
124 The foule cherle / that for his coveytise  
125 Had hem betrayed / with his sophistrye  
126 This was hire songe / the foweler we defyme  
127 And al his crafte / and somme songen clere  
128 Layes of love / that Ioye it was to here  
129 In worshipynge / and in preysinge of hir make  
130 And for the newe / blisful somers sake  
* Vpon the braunches / ful of blossmes softe  
* In hire delyt / they turned hem ful ofte  
131 And songen / blessed be seynt valentyne  
132 For on his day / I chees yow to be myne  
133 With-outen repentyng / myñ hert swete  
134 and therwith-alle / hire bekes gonnen meete  
135 Yeldyng honour / and humble obesaunces  
136 To love and diden / hire othere observaunces  
137 That longetfi. on-to love / and to nature  
* Construelth that as yow lyst / I do no cure  
* And thoo that hadde doon / vnkyndnesse  
* As dooth the tydif / for new-fangelnesse  
* Besoglite mercy / of hir trespassyng  
* And humblely / songe hire repentyng  
* And sworn oñ the blossmes / to be trewe  
* So that hire makes / wolde vpon hem rewe  
* And at the laste / maden hire acord  
* Al founde they daunger / for a tyme a lord  
* Yet pitee / thurgh his stronge gentil myght  
* For-gaf / and mad mercy passen ryght  
* Thurgh Innocence / and ruled curtesye

ODD TEXTS.
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. CAMBR. MS 6y. 4. 27.
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16.

*But I ne clepe yt nat / Innocence folye
*Ne fals pitee / for vertuo is the mene
*As etike seith / in swich maner I mene
*And thus thise foweles / voide of al malice
*Acordeden to love / and laften vice
*Of hate / and songe alle of oon acorde
*Welcome somer / oure gouernour and lord
*And Zepherus / and flora gentilly
*Yaf to the flouris / softe and tenderly
*Hire swoote breth / and made hem for to sprede
*As etike seith" / in swicli maner I meie
*And thus thise foweles / voide of al malice
*'Acordeden to love / and laften vice
*Of hate / and songe alle of oon acorde
*Welcome somer / oure gouernour and lord
*And Zepherus / and flora gentilly
*Yaf to the flouris / softe and tenderly
*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
*With-outen slepe / with-outen mete or drynke
*A-dovne ful softely / I gañ to synke
*And lenyng e n myñ elbowe / and my syde

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

71-2 But natheles ne wene nat / that I make

73 In preysing of the flour / agayn the leef
74 No more thañ of the corne / agayn the sheef
75 For as to me / nys lever noon ne lother
76 I nam with-holden yit / with never nother [leaf 85, back]
77 Ne I not who serueth leef / ne who the flour
78 Wel browken thoy / her service or labour
79 For this thin is / al of another tonne
80 Of olde storye / or swiche thinge was be-gonne
93 Whan that the sonne / out of the south gãwest
94 And that this flour gã close / and goon to rest
95 For derknesse of the nyght / the which she dreid
*Tyl at the laste a larke song a-boue  *  141
*I se quod she the my3ty god of love  *  
*Lo 3ond he comyth I se hise wyngis sprede  *
§Tho gan I loke endelong the mede  211§
§And saw hym come & in his hond a quene  213§  145
†Clothid in ryal abyte al of grene  214†
A frette of goold ¹ sche hadde next hyre her  215[oo corr.]
    And vp-on that a whit corone sche ber  216  148
§With mane ² flourys & I schal nat lye  217§ [²n corr.]
    flor al the world ryht as the dayseye  218
    I-corounede is with white leuys lite  219
†Swiche were the flourys of hire corene white  220†  152
†flor of o perle fyn & oryental  221† [leaf 447]
    Hyre white coroun was I-makyd al  222
    flor whiche the white coroun a-boue the grene  223
    Made hire lyk a dayseye for to sene  224  156
†Considerede ek the fret of gold a-boue  225†
    I-clothede was this myhty god of loun  226
†Of silk I-broudede ful of grene greuys  227†
§A garlond on his hed of rose leuys  228§  160
*Stekid al with lylye flourys newe  *
*But of his face I can not seyn the hewe  *
§flor sekyrly his face schon so bryhte  232
*That with the glem a-stonede was the syhte  *  164
§A furlongwey I myhte hym not be-holde  233§
§But at the laste in hande I saw hym holde  234§
Tho fery dartis as the ³ gledys rede  235 [*le corr.]
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16.

96 Home to myn house / ful swiftly I me sped

*To goon to reste / and erly for to ryse *

106 §To seen this flour / spred as I deuyse §

97 And in a litel herber / that I have

98 †that benched was / on turves fressh y-grave †

99 I bad meñ sholde me / my covche make

100 For deyntee / of the newe someres sake

101 I bad hem strawen floures / on myn bed

102 Whañ I was leyde / and had myn eyen hed

103 †I fel on slepe / in with an hour or twoo †

104 †Me mette how I lay / in the medewe tho †

144 §And from a fer / come walkynge in the mede §

145 §The god of love / and in his hande a quene §

146 †And she was clad / in real habite grene †

147 A fret of gold she had / next her heer

148 And vpon that / a white corwne she beer

149 §With flourouns smale / and I shal nat lye §

150 for al the worlde / ryght as a daysye

151 Y-corovned ys / with white leves lyte

152 †So were the flourouns / of hire corovne white †

153 †For of O perle / fyne oriental †

154 Hire white corovne / was I-maked al

155 For which the white corovne / above the grene

156 Made hire lyke / a daysie for to sene

157 †Considered eke / hir fret of golde above †

158 Y-cloathed was / this myghty god of love

159 †In silke enbrouded / ful of grene greves †

160 §In with a fret / of rede rose leves §

*The fresshest syn the worlde / was first bygonne *

*His gilte here / was corowned with a sonne *

*I-stede of golde / for heuynesse and wyght *

163 §Therwith me thought / his face shoon so bryght §

165 §That wel vnnethes / myght I him beholde §

166 And in his hande me thought / I saugh him holde

167 Twoo firly dartes / as the gledes rede
38 PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. CAMBR. MS GG. 4. 27.

† And angellych hyse wengis gan he sprede 236† 168
And al be that men seyn that blynd is he 237
† Algate me thouȝte he myȝte wel I se 238†
ffor sternely on me he gan beholde 239
So that his lokynge doth myn herte colde 240 172
† And be the hond he held the noble quene 241†
Corouned with whit & clothed al in grene 242
So womanly so benygne & so meke 243
That in this world thow that men wolde seke 244 176
Half hire beute / schulde men nat fynde 245
† In on cryature that formede is be kynde 246† [I on corr.]
§ Hire name was 2 Alceste the thebonoyre 276§ [† A corr.]
† I preye to god that euere fallhe sche fayre 277† 180
ffor ne hadde confort been / of hire presense 278
I hadde be ded / with outyn any defence 279
ffor dred of louys / wordys & his chere 280
As whan tyme is / here aftyr ȝe schal here 281 184
† By-hynde this god / of loue vp on this grene 282†
I saw comynge of ladyis nyntene 283
In ryal abyte a ful esy pas 284
And aftyr hem come of wemen swich a tras 285 188
† That syn that god adam made of erthe 286†
§ The thredde part of wemen ne the ferthe 287§
Ne wende I not by possiblite 288 [corr, bk]
† Haddyn euere in this world I-be 289† 192
And trewe of loue these wemen were echon 290
Now whether was that a wondyr thyng or non 291
That ryht anon as that they gynne espye 292
This flour whiche that I clepe the dayseye 293 196
fful sodeynly they styntyn alle atonys 294
And kneleynly as it were for the nonys 295

*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 ȝow deuyse
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 39

Gg. lines.  
Fx. lines.  

168†And aungelyke / hys wynges saugh I sprede  † 236  
169 And al be that men seyñ / that blynd ys he  
170†Al-gate me thoght / that he myght se  †  
171 For sternely on me / he gan byholde  
172 So that his looking / dooth myñ hert colde 240  
173†And by the hande he helde / this noble quene †  
174 Corowned witñ white / and clothed al in grene  
175 So womanly so benigne / and so meke  
176 That in this world / thoghñ that men [wolde seke] 244  
177 [Half of hire beaute / shulde men] nat fynde  
178†In creature / that formed ys by kynde †  

*And therfore may I seyñ / as thynketh me  *  
*This songe in preysyng / of this lady fre  * 248
### Prologue to the Legende

**Cambr. MS Gg. 4. 27.**

#### (Balade. 1)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Fz. li.</th>
<th>Gy. N.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hyd absalon thynne gilte tressis clere</td>
<td>249</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ester ley thow thyn meknesse al a-doun</td>
<td>250</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyde Ionathas al thyn fremdeley manere</td>
<td>251</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penolope &amp; Marcia catoun</td>
<td>252</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mak of 3oure wyfhod no comparisoun</td>
<td>253</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyde 3e 3oure beuteis Ysoude &amp; Elene</td>
<td>254</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§Alceste is here that al that may destene</td>
<td>255§</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### (2)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Fz. li.</th>
<th>Gy. N.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thyn fayre body lat it nat a-peere [2nd e corr.]</td>
<td>256</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laueyne / &amp; thow Lucresse of rome toun</td>
<td>257</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Pollexene that bouzte loue so dere</td>
<td>258</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ek Cleopatre with al thy n passion</td>
<td>259</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hide 3e 3oure trouth in loue &amp; 3oure ronoun</td>
<td>260</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And thow 2tysbe / that hast for loue swich payne [2nd corr.]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§Alceste is here that al that may desteyne</td>
<td>262§</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### (3)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Fz. li.</th>
<th>Gy. N.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Herro. Dido. Laodomya alle in fere</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ek Phillis hangyng for thyn demophoun</td>
<td>264</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Canace espied be thyn chere</td>
<td>265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ysiphile bytrayed with Iasoun</td>
<td>266</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mak of 3oure trouthe in loue no bost ne soum</td>
<td>267</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nor ypermystre or Adriane ne pleyne</td>
<td>268</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>§Alceste is here that al that may disteyne</td>
<td>269§</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

§Whan that this balade al I-songyn was                                | 270§    |        |
(Songe, or Balade. 1)

203 [Hyd / Absolom / 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 / Catoun
207 Make of youre withode / no comparysoun
208 Hyde ye youre beautes / Ysoude and Elyene
209§My lady comith / that al this may disteyne §

210 ¶ Thy faire body / lat yt nat appere
211 Lavyne / and thou lucrese of Rome tovne
212 And polixene / that boghten lous so dere
213 And cleopatre / with al thy passyon
214 Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renown
215 And thou Tesbe / that hast of love suche peyne
216§My lady comith that al this may disteyne §

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

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

224§This balade may ful wel y-songen be

*As I have seyde / erst by my lady free
*For certeunly al thise mowe nat suffise
*To appereñ wyth my lady / in no wyse
*For as the sonne / wole the fire disteyne
*So passeth al / my lady souereyne

179§That ys so good / so faire / so debonayre §
180†I prey to god / that euer falle hire faire †
They settyn hem ful softly adoun 301
§ By ordere alle in cumpas / alle in veroun 300§
† Fyrst sat the god of loue & thanne this queene⁴† [† 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 of² space 307†
§ I lenyng feste by vndyr a bente [² of corr.] 308§
Abod to knowe what this peple mente 309
As stille as ony ston til at the laste 310 236
† The god of loue on me his eye caste 311†
† And seyde ho restith there & I anwerde 312†
† Vn to his aksynge 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 / withouten any defence
183 For drede of loves wordes / and his chere
184 As when tyme ys / her-after ye shal here
185† Be-hynde this god of love / vpoñ the grene
186 I saugli comyng / of ladyes Nientene
187 In real habite / a ful esy paas
188 And after hem coome of wymeñ / swich a traas
189† That syñ that god / Adam hadde made of erthe
190§ The thirde part of mankynde / or the ferthe
191 Ne wende I not / by possibilitee
192† Had euern in this wide / worlde y-bee
193 And trewe of love / thise womeñ were echoñ
194 Now wheither was that / a wonder thing or noñ
195 That ryght anoon / as that they gonne espye
196 thys flour / which that I clepe the daysie
197 Ful sodeynly / they styten al attones
198 And knelede doyne / as it were for the nones
199† And songen withi O vois / heel and honour
200† To trouthe of womanhede / and to this flour
201† that bereth our alder pris / in figurynge
202† Hire white corowne / beryth the witnessynge
203§ And withi that word / a-compas enviroun
204 They setten hem / ful softly a-douñ
205† First sat the god of love / and syth his quene
206 With the white corowne / clad in grene
207 And sithen al the remenaunt / by and by
208† As they were of estaat / ful curteysly
209† Ne nat a worde was spoken / in the place
210† The mountaunce / of a furlong wey of space
211§ I knelyng by this flourc / in good entente
212 A-boode to knowen what this peple mente
213 As stille as any ston / til at the last
214† This god of love oñ me / hyse eigheñ caste
215† And seyde / who kneleth there / and I answerde
216† Unto his askynge / whañ that I it herde
†And seyde sere It am I & cam hym ner
And salewede hym. quod he what dost thow her
§In myn presence & that so boldely
†ffor it were bettere worthi trewely
§A werm to come in myn syht than thow
And why sere quod I and it lyke 3ow
ffor thow quod he art therto no-thyng able
°Myne seruanntis ben alle wyse & honourable
§Thow art myn mortal fo & me warreyest
And of myne olde seruanntis thow mysseyst
And hynderyst hem with thyii trans! acyon
†And lettist folk to han denocyon
To seruyn me & haldist it folye
§To troste on me thow mayst it nat denye
†ffor in pleyn tixt it nedyth nat to glose
Thow hast translatid the romauns of the rose
That is an eresye a-geyns myn lawe
And makyst wise folk fro me withdrawe
*And thynkist in thyn wit that is ful cole
*That he nys but a verray propre fole
*That louyth paramouris to harde & hote
*Wel wot I ther by / thow begynnyst dote
*As olde folis whan here spryt faylyth
*Thanne blame they folk & wete nat what hem ealyth
*Hast thow nat mad in englys ek the bok
§How that Crisseyde Troylis forsok
§In schewynge how that 2 wemen han don mis
*Bit natheles answere me now to this
*Why noldist thow as wel a-seyd goodnes
*Of wemen as thow hast seyd wekedenes
*Was there no good matyr in thyw mynde
*Ne in alle thyne bokys ne coudist thow nat fynde
*Sum story of wemen that were goode & trewe
*sis god wot .lx. bokys olde & newe
*Hast thow thyn self alle ful of storyis grete
*That bothe romaynys & ek grekis trete
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 45

240[And seyde / it am I / and come him nere] +
241 And salved him / quod he what dostow here
242[So nygh myñ ovne floure / so boldely] § 316
243[And were better worthy / trewly] +
244[A worme / to neghen ner my flour / than thow] §
245 And why sire / quod I / and yt lyke yow
246 For thow quod he / art ther-to no-thing able 320
*Yt is my relyke / digne and delytable *
248[And thow my foo / and al my folke werreyest] §
249 And of myñ olde servauntes / thow myseyest
250 And hynderest hem / with thy translacion 324
251[And lettest folke / from hire deuocion] +
252 [To serven me / and holdest it folye]
253[To serve love / thou maist yt nat denye] §
254[For in pleyne text / whith-outen nede of glose] + 328
255 Thou hast [translated] the Romaunce / of the rose
256 That is an heresy / ayeins my lawe
257 And makest wise folke / fro me with-drawe 331

265[And of Creseyde / thou hast seyde as the lyste] § 332
266[That maketh men / to wommen lasse triste] §
*Of sundery wemen whiche lyf that they ledde* 276
*And euere an hunderede goode a-geyn on badd[e*  
*This knowith god & alle clerkis ek*  
*That vsyn sweche materis for to sek*  
*What seith Valere Titus or Claudyan* 280  
*What seith Ierome agayns Iouynyan*  
*How clene maydenys & how trewe wyuys* [1 s corr.]  
*How stedefaste wedewys durynge alle here lyuys*  
*Tellyth Ierome & that nat of a fewe [2 h corr.] 284  
*But I dar seyn an hunderede on a rewe*  
*That it is pete for to rede & routhe*  
*The wo that they endure for here trouthe*  
*$^3$ ffor to hyre lone were they so trewe 334$^3$ 288  
*That rathere than they wole take a newe* [3—5 corr.]  
*They chose to be ded in sundery wyse*  
*And deiedyn as the story wele deuyse*  
*And some were bred & some were cut the hals* 292  
*And some dreynkt for thy woldyn not be fals*  
*ffor alle kep[4] they here maydynshed* [1pid corr.]  
*Or ell[6] wedlek or here wedewehed*  
*And this thing was nat kept for holynesse* 296  
*But al for verray vertu & clennesse*  
*And for men schulde sette on hem no lak*  
*And 3it they were hethene al the pak*  
*That were so sore a-drad of alle schame [leaf 449]* 300  
*These olde wemen kepte so here name*  
*That in this world I trowe men schal nat fynde*  
*A man that coude be so trowe & kynde [see 568]* [1 t corr.]  
*As was the leste woman in that tyde* 304  
*What seyth also the epistelle of Ouyde*  
*Of trewe wyuys & of here labour*  
*What vincent in his estoryal myrour*  
*Ek al te world of antourys mayst tow here* 308  
*Cristene & hethene trete of swich mater[e*  
*It nedyth nat al day thus for to endite*  
*But 3it I seye what eylyth the to wryte*
288§that beñ as trewe / as euer was any steel § 334
*The draft of storyis & forgete the corn [gete corr.] *
§Be seyt venus of whom that I was born 338§
†Al-thow thow reneyist hast myn lay 336†
§As othere olde folys manye a day 337 315

§Thow schalt repente it so that it schal be sene 340§
§Thanne spak Alceste the worthyre queene2 341§ [2nd e corr.]
And seyde god ryzt of joure curteysye 342
3e motyn herkenyn If he can replye [3–3 corr.] 343
†A-geyns these poyntys that 3e han to hym 3mevid
A god ne schulde not thus been a-greyyd 345 321
§But of his dede he schal be stable 346
§And therto ryztful & ek mercyable 347§
*He schal nat ryghtfully his yre wreke * 324
*Or he haue herd the tothyr partye speke *
*Al ne is nat gospel that is to 3ow pleynyd *
*The god of loure heryth manye a tale I-feynyd *
 ffbr in joure court is manye a losenger 352 328
And manye aqueynte totulouracusour 353
§That tabouryn in joure eres / many a thyng 354§
§ffor hate or for Ielous ymagynynge 355§
§And for to han with 3ou sum dalyaunee 356§ 332
§Enuye I prere to god 3ene hire myschaunee 358§
§Is lauender In the grete court alway 358§
ffor che ne partyth neythinyg ne day 359
Out of the hous of Cesar thus seyth dante 360 336
§Who-so that goth alwey sche mote wante 361§
†This man to 3ow may wrongly ben acused 350† [U 449, bk]
There as be 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 mater is he take 365§
*Therfore he wrot the rose & ek 4 Crisseyde [† corr.] * 344
*Of innocence & nyste what he seyde *
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 10.

Of thyn answere / avise the ryght weel 335
314†For thogli thou reneyed / hast my lay †
315§As other wrecches hañ dooñ / 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 herken / yf he can replye
320†Agayns al this / that ye haute to him meved †
321 A god / ne sholde nat be thus agreed
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 telleñ shalle *
337†This mane to yow / may falsly ben accused †
338 Ther as by rightt / him oughte ben excused
328 For in youre courte / ys many a losengeour 352
329 And many aqueynt totelere / accusour
330§That tabouren in youre eres / many a swoñ §
331§Ryghtt aftir hire / ymagynacion §
332§To have youre daliance / and for envie §
*Thise ben the causes / and I shal not lye *
333-4§Envie ys laundere / of the Court alway §
335 For she ne partetñ / neither nyght ne day
336 Out of the house of Cesar / thus seith dante 360
337§Who so that gooth / algate she wol nat wante §
340§And eke paraunteere / for this mañ ys nyce §
341§He myght dooñ yt / gessyng no malice §
342§For he vsetñ thynes / for to make §
343§Hym rekkehñ noghtt / of what matere he take §

ODD TEXTS.
Or hym was bodyn make thilke tweye

Of sum persone & durste it not with seye

*for he hath writhe manye a bok er this

He ne hath not don so greously a-mys

To translate that olde clerkis wryte

†As thow that he of maleys wolde endyte

†Despit of louve & hadde hym self I-wrouht

This schulde a ryghtwys lord han in his thouxt

And not ben lyk tyrantaits of lumbarde

§That vsyn wilfulhed & tyrannye

ffor he that kyng or lord is naturel

†Hym oughte nat be tyraunt & crewel

As is a ferment 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 & petyciouns

*In duewe tyme whan they schal it profre

This is the sentens of the phily.sophre

A kyng to kepe hise lygis in iustise

Which oughtyn doute that is his offise

*And therto is a kyng ful depe I-sworn

*fful manye an hunderede wyntyre be-form

†And for to kepe his lordys hir degre

As it is ryght and skylful that they be

†Enhaunsede and / honoure 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 compassioun

ffor lo the gentyl kynde of the lyoun

ffor whan a flye offendyth hym or bytith

He with his tayl away the flye smytyth

Al esyly for of his genterye

Hym deynyth nat to wreke hym on a flye
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 51

Gp. lines.  Fx. lines.
346 Of him was boden / maken thilke tweye  366
347 Of somme persone / and durste yt nat with-seye
*Or him repenteth / outrely of this 368
349 He ne hath nat doon / so greviously amys
350 To translaten / that olde clerkes writen
351†And thogh that he / of malice wolde endite†
352†Despite of love / and had him-selfe yt wroght† 372
353 This shoolde a ryghtwis lord / haue in his thoght
354 And nat be lyke tirauntez / of lumbardy
355§That han no reward / but at tyrannye §
356 For he that kynge / or lord ys in naturel 376
357†Hym oglit nat be / tiraunt ne crewel †
358 As is a fermour / to doon the harme he kañ
359 He moste thinke / yt is his lege man

*And is his tresour / and his gold in cofre 380
365 This is the sentence of the Philosophre
366 A kying / to kepe heis leeges in Justice
367 With-outen doute / that is his office

370†Al wol he kepe his lordes / in hire degree † 384
371 As it ys ryght / and skilful that they bee
372†Enhaunced and honoure / and most dere †
373 For they ben half goddys / in this world here
374†Yit mote he doon / bothe ryght to poore and ryche†
375 Al be that hire estaat / be nat y-liche 389
376 And hañ of poore folke / compassyoun
377 For loo / the gentil kynde of the lyoñ
378 For whan a flye / offendith him or biteth 392
379 He with his tayle / awey the fle smytenñ
380 Al esely / for of hys gentry
381 Hym deyneth not / to wrcke hym on a flye
As doth a curre or ellis a-nothir beste
In noble corage oughte ben areste
†And weyen eueryth by equite
†And euere han reward to his owen degre
ffor sire it is no maystrye for a lord
To dampne a man with-ute answere or word
†And for a lord that is wol foul to vse
†And If so be he may hym nat ascuse
†Axith mercy with a sorweful herte
And proferyth hym ryght in his bare scherte
To been rygh at joure owene Iugement
Than ought a god by schort avisement
Considere his owene honour & his trespace
ffor sythe no cause of deth lyth in this cace
3ow oughte to ben the lyghtere merciable
Letith joure yre & beth sumwhat tretable
The man hath seruyd 3ow of his konnyg
†And fortheryd joure la
He hath makid lewede folk to delyte
To seruyn 3ow in preysyngge of joure name
He made the bok that highte the hous of fame
And ek the deth of Blauanche the duchesse
And the parlement of foulis as I gesse
And al the loue of Palamon & Arcite
Of thebes thow the storye is knowe lite
And manye an ympne for thour halydayis
That hightyn baladis roundelys & vyrelayes
†And for to speke of othyrs besynesse
He hath in prose translatid Boece
*And of the wrecchede engendrynge of mankynde
*As man may in pope innocent I-fynde
And made the lyf also of seynt Cecile
He made also gon is agret while
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 53

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

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

416 And maade the lyfe also / of seynt Cecile |
417 He made also / goon ys a grete while
Prologue to the Legende.

Orygenes vp-on the maudeleyne 428 418
Hy on ougte now to haue the lesse peyne 429
He hath mad manye a lay & manye a thyng 430 420
Now as 30 ben a god & ek a kyng 431
I 30ure alceste whilom quene of trace 432
I axe 3ow this man rygh of 30ure grace 433
That 3e hym neure hurte in al his lyue 434 424
†And he schal swere to 3ow & that as blyue 435†
†He schal no more agiltyn in this wyse 436†
But he schal makyn as 3e wele deuyse 437
Of wemen trewe in louyng al here lyue 438 428
Wher so 3e wele of maydyn or of wyue 439 [leaf 450, l. 18]
And fortheryn 3ow as meche as he mysseuyde [leaf 450, bb, l. 17]
Or in the rose or ellis in crisseyde 441
†The god of lone answerede hire thus a-non 442† 432
Madame quod he it is so longe a-gon 443
That I 3ow knew so charytable & trewe 444
That neuer 3it sithe that the world was newe 445
†To me ne fond I neuer non betere than the 446† 436
†That If that I wele saue myn degre 447†
I may ne wel not warne 30ure requeste 448
†Al lyth in 3ow doth with hym what 3ow leste 449†
†And al for-3eue with oute lengere space 450† 440
ffor who so 3euynth a 3ifte or doth a grace 451
Do it be tymel his thank is wel te more 452
And demyth 3e what he shal1 don therfore 453 [shal corr.]
Go thanke now myn lady here quod he 454 444
I ros and down I sette me on myn kne 455
And seyde thus madame the god a-houe 456
ffor-zelde 3ow that 3e the god of loue 457
Han makyd me his wreteth to for3eue 458 448
And 3eue me grace so longe for to leue 459
That I may knowe sothly what 3e he 460
†That han me holpyys & put me in swich degre 461†
But trewely I wende as in this cas [leaf 451] 462 452
Naught haue a-gilt ne don to loue trespas 463
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 kynge
422 I your Alceste / whiloû quene of Trace  nota 432
423 Y aske yow this maû / ryght of your grace
424 That ye him never hurte / in al his lyve
425 And he shal swereû to yow / and that blyve  
426 He shal neuer more / agilten in this wyse  
427 But [he] shal makeû / as ye wol deyse
428 Of wommeû trewe / in lovyng al hire lyfe
429 Wher so ye wol / of mayden or of wyfe
430 And forthreû yow / as muche as he mysseyde 440
431 Or in the Rose / or elles in Creseyde
432 The god of love / answerede hire anoû  
433 Madame quod he / it is so long agoû
434 That I yow knewe / so charitable and trewe 444
435 That neuer yit / syn that the worlde was newe
436 To me / ne founde y better noû than yee  
437 If that ye wolde / save my degree  
438 I may ne wol nat / werne your requeste 448
439 Al lyetû in yow / doother wythû hymû / as yow liste  
440 Al foryeve / withouteû lenger space  
441 For who so yeveth a yifte / or doothû a grace  [leaf 89]
442 Do it bytyme / his thank ys wel the more 452
443 And demeth ye / what he shal doo therfore
444 Goo thanke now my lady / here quod he
445 I roos / and dovne I sette me / oû my knee
446 And seyde thus / madame the god a-bove 456
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 460
451 That han me holpe / and put me in this degree  
452 But trewly I wende / as in this cas
453 Naughtû have agiltû / ne doû to love trespas
ffor why a trewe man with oute drede
Hath nat to parte with a theuys dede
†Ne a trewe louere may me nat blame
Thaw that I speke a fals sum schame
They aughte rathe with me for to holde
ffor that I of Criseyde wrot or tolde
Or of the rose what so myn aujtour mente
Algate god wot it was myn entente
To forthere trouthe in loue & it cheryse
And to be war from falsennesse & from vice
By swich ensaumple this was myn menynge
And sche answerde lat be thyn arguyng
ffor loue ne wele nat countrypletyd be
†In ryght ne wrong & lerne this at me
Thow hast thyn grace & holde the ryght therto
Now wole I seyn what penaunce thow schat do
ffor thyn trespace & vndyrstonde it here
Thow schalt whil thow leuyst 3er be 3ere
†The moste partye of thyw lyf spende
In makynge of a gloryous legende
Of goode wemen maydenys & wyues
†That were trewe in leunyng 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
ffor in 3oure world that is now holdyn game
†And thow the lestyth nat a louere be
Spek wel of loue this penaunce 3eue I the
And to the god of loue I schal so preye
That he schal charge hise seruauntys by ony weye
To forthereyn the & wel thyn labour quiete
†Go now thyn wey thyn 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.

454 For why a trewe man / withouten drede
455 Hath nat to parten / with a theves dede
456† Ne a trewe louer / ought me not to blame
457 Thogli that I spake / a fals lovere som shame
458 They oghte rather with me / for to holde
459 For that I of Creseyde / wroot or tolde
460 Or of the Rose / what so myñ Auctour mente
461 Algate god woot / yt was myñ entente
462 To forthreñ trouthe in love / and yt cheryce
463 And to ben war fro falsnesse / and fro vice
464 By swiche example / this was my menynge
465 And she answerde / lat be thyñ Arguynge
466 For love ne wol nat / countrepleted be
467† In ryghte ne wrong / and lerne that of me
468 Thow hast thy grace / and holde the ryghte therto
469 Now wol I seyn / what penance thou shalt do
470 For thy trespas / ynderstonde 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
475† That weren 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]
478 How many women / that may doofi as shame [leaf 80, back]
479 For in youre worlde / that is now holde a game
480† And thogli 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 weyc
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 *
* On my byhalfe / at Eltham or at Sheene *
486 The god of love gan smyle / and thañ he sayde
487 Wostow quod he / wher this be wyf or mayde
Or queen or cuntesse or of what degre 500 488
That hath so lytil penance 3euyn the 501
†That hast deseruyd sorere for to smerte 502 [451,451]
But pete rennyth some in gentil herte 503
That mayst thow sen sche kytheth what sche is 504 492
And I answyrde nay serc so haue I blys 505
No more but that I se wel sche is good 506
That is a trewe tale by myn hod 507
Qod Ioue & that thow knowist wel parde 508 496
3if it be so that thow a-vise the 509
Hast thow nat in a bok lyth in thyn chest 510
The grete goodnesse of the quene Alceste 511
That turned was in to a dayesye 512 500
Sche that for hire husbonde ches to deye 513
And ek to gon to helle rathe ren than he 514
And Ercules rescued hire parde 515
And broughte hyre out of helle a-geyn to blys 516 504
And I answyrde a-zen & seyde 3is 517
Now knowe I hire & is this goode alceste 518
The dayes eye & myn owene herte is reste 519
Now fele I wel the goodnesse of this wif 520 508
†That bothe aftyr hire deth & ek hire lyf 521†
Hire grete bounte doubelyth hire renoun 522
Wel hath sche quit me myn affeccioun 523
That I haue to hire flour the dayesye 524 512
No wondyr is / thow Ioue hire stellesye 525
As tellyth Agaton for hyre goodnesse 526
Hire white corouz beryth of it witnesse 527
†ffor al-so manye vertuys hath sche 528† 516
As smale flourys in hyre corouz be 529
Of remembrans of hire & in honour 530
Cibella made the dayesye & the flour 531
I-Coroned al with whit as men ma se 532 520
And Mars 1 zaf to hire corone red parde 533 [1 scorr.]
In stede of rubeis set a-mong the white 534
Therwith this quene wex red for schame a lyte 535
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGENDE. FAIRFAX MS 16.

Go, lines.  Fx, lines.
488 Or queene or Countesse / or of what degre 500
489 That hath so lytel penance / yiven thee
490† That hast deserved [sorere for to smerte
491 But pite renneth] soone in gentil herte
492 That maistow seen / she kytheth what she ys 504
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 myn hood
496 Quod love / and thou knowest wel pardee 508
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 512
501 She that for hire housbonde / beees to dye
502 And eke to goon to helle / rather than he
503 And ercules / rescowed hire parde
504 And broght gir out of helle / agayne to blys 516
505 And I answerd ageyn / and sayde yis
506 Now knowe I hire / and is this good Alceste
507 The daysie / and myn owene hertes reste
508 Now fele I weel / the goodnesse of this wyf 520
509† That both aftir gir deth / and in gir lyf†
510 Hir grete bounte / doublethi hire renoñ
511 Wel hath she quyt me / myn affeccion
512 That I have to hire flour / the daysye 524
513 No wonder ys / thogh Ione hire stellyfye
514 As telleth agaton / for hire goodenesse
515 Hire white corowne / berith of hyt witnesso
516† For also many vertues / hadde shee † 528
517 As smale florouns / in hire corowne bee
518 In remembrance of hire / and in honoure
519 Cibella maade the daysye / and the floure
520 Y-crowned al with white / as men may see
521 And Mars yaf to hire corowne / reede pardee 533
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 452] * 528
*Let be the chaf & writ wel of the corn *
*Why noldist thow han writyn of alceste *
*And latyn Criseide ben a-slepe & rest *
*ffor of alceste schulde thyn wrytynge be * 532
§Syn that thow wist that calandier Is¹ she 542 [Is corr.]
§Of goodnesse for sche taughte of fyn louynge 544§
And namely of wifhod the lyuynge 545
And alle the boundys that sche anghte kepe 546 536
Thyn lityl wit was thilke tyme a-slepe 547
But now I charge the vp-on thyn lyf 548
That in thyne² legende thow make of this wif 549 [syn 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 [that th corr.]
And so forth & myn loun so shalt tow wynne 567 543
Whan she was preyed / so in hire presence
Thanne seyde love / a ful grete necligence
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 grely in hire dette  *
And wost wel / that kalender ys shee  $ 544
To any woman / that wol lover bee  *
For she taught al the crafte / of fyne lovyng  $ 544
And namely of wyfode / the lyvyng
And al the boundes / that she oght kepe
Thy litel witte / was thilke tyme a-slepe
But now I charge the / vpon thine lyfe 548
That in thy legende / thou make of thys wyfe
Whañ thou hast other smale / ymaade before
And fare now wel / I charge the namore
But er I goo / thus muclye I wol the telle  nota
Ne shal no trewe lover / come in helle 553
Thise other ladies / sittynge here arowe
Ben in my balade / yf thou kanst hem knowe
(273) And in thy bookes / alle thou shalt hem fynde 556
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 560
And trewe of love / for oght that my byfalle [see 280 G]
Make the metres of hem / as the lest [leaf 90, back]
I mot goon home / the sonne draweth west
To paradys / with al thise companye 564
And serve alwey / the fresshy daysye
At Cleopatre I wole / that thou beginne
And so forthe / and my love so shal thou wynne
(303) For lat see now / what mañ that lover be 568
$\text{And with that word of slep I gan a-wake} \quad 578\$ \quad 544

\text{And ryght thus on myn legende gan I make} \quad 579 \quad 545

\text{Explicit prohemium}
PROLOGUE TO THE LEGEDE. FAIRFAX MS 16. 63

*Wol dooñ 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
*Sufficî me / thou make in this manere
*That thou reherce / of al hir lyfe the grete
*After thise olde Auctours / lysteñ for to trête
*For who so shal / so many a storye telle
*Sey shortly or he shal / to longe dwelle

544§And with that worde / my bokes gañ I take
545 And ryght thus on my legende / gañ 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 Man*¹, by the following passage, leaf 78 (or sheet x, leaf 8), back, 2 lines from foot:—

"And þanne of þe clowde a scripture she caste me and sayde þus / Loo here heowse pou shouldest pray hir boope at þis neede / [leaf 79] And alweys whane þou shalt haue 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 wenest for to fynde shrewed þaas / Nowe I wol telle yowe of scripture I vndid it and vnplyted it and redde it / and made at alle poyntes my pryer in þe fourme and maner þat þe same scripture conteened / and as Gracedieux bade me / I sayde it / þe manere and fourme of þe scripture yee shoule heere / If þeþe þe þe yee conne weel / yee may weel vnderstande and ligitlich vnderstande it if it beo neede /"

and is followd, on leaf 81, back, by

> [Leaf 78-79]

ºHan þus I hade made my pryer, to hir
ºþat is despencer to Gracedieux I heef
ºmy hande and droughe my bourdon to
ºme/. Gracedieux as I haue tolde yowe / of hir goodship
ºraught it me / whane I hade it to Gracedieux I sayde /
ºas me thinkeþe rightþe nowe I fynde / þat if yee wolde helpe
ºme / I shoulde beo reysed ageyne / and þat anono/ I
ºshoulde haue heele / yif with youre oynementþ ye wolde
ºenoynte me / weel I wot þat my charbouncle haþe so weel
ºvnbokelde þþe boe / vnder which þee weren booleþ / þat
ºfredam she gyleþe yowe to help þeelke þat yee wollen /
ºpoughe þeþe boe deþ 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 englilsh DeGuilevilles in the collection of his father-in-law, the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, at Cheltenham.
Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.


(1. A.)

A

Lmighty · and almercyable qweene .A. 1
To whame þat al / pis worlde fleþe for socour /
To haue releese of / synne and sorowe and teene /
Gloryous virgyne / of alle floures flour 4
To þee I crye / confoundeþ in errour
Helpe and releefþ / þou mighty debonayre /
Haue mercy / on my parayllous langsoure /
Venqwysed me haþe / my cruwel aduersayre / 8

(2. B.)

Bountee so fixse / haþe in þyne hert his tente .B. 9
þat weele I wotþ þou wolt his socour be /
þowe canst not weerne / him / þat with goode ententþ
Axeþe þyne help / þyne. hert is ay so free /
þou art largesse / of pleyne felicytee /
Haven of refuyte / of qwyte and of restþ
Loo howe þat theves / seven chasen me /
Helpe lady bright / er þat my shippe to-brestþ 16

(3. C.)

Comfort is noon / but in yowe lady deere .C. 17
For loo my synne / and my confusyoun /
Whiche aughten notþ / in þy presence appeere
Haue taken on me / a greuous accyoun 20
Of verray right / and desperacyoun
And as by right / þey might weil sousteene /
þat I were worpy / my dampacyon
Ner mercy of yowe / blisful hevens qweene / 24

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

A

Lmighty & almercyable quene

To whom aH this world fleith for socou

To haue reles of synne sorwe & tene

Gloriouse virgyn of aH flouris floure

To the I fle confoundid in errore

Help & releue thou mighty debonayre

Haue mercy on my perylouse langoure

Venquysshid hath me my cruH Aduersayre

(2. B.)

B

B

Bounte so fyx hath in thin hert his tent

That weH I wote 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) Felycite

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

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 accyoon

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

BODLEY
(4. D.)

Doute is þer noone / þowe qweene of misericorde / .D. 25
þat þou art cause / of grace and mercy here / [leaf 79, back]
God' vowchedsauft / thoroughe þee withi vs tacorde
For certes lady / and blissful moder deere / 28
Weer nowe þe bowe / bent in suche manere /
As it' was first' of Justice / and' of Ire /
þe rightful noolde / of no mercy heere
But thoroughe þee haue wee / grace as wee desyre / 32

(5. E.)

Ende haþe myne hope / of' refuyt been in þee .E. 33
For here byforne / ful offt in many a wyse /
Hastowe / to mysericorde / resceyued' me /
But mercy lady / at þe gret assyse /
Whane we shal come / byfore þe hegishe Iustycé /
To lyteH fruyt' / shal þanne in me be founde
þat but þowe or / þat day me weil chastycé /
Of verraye righþ / my werk' wol me confounde / 40

(6. F.)

Fleyng' I flee for socour to þy tent' .F. 41
Me for to hyde / frome tempest' ful of' dreede /
Beseching' yowe / þat yee yowe nought absent'
þaughe I beo wyck' / O help yit at þis neede
Al haue I been a beest' / in wille and' deed / 44
Yit lady þowe me cloþe / with þy grace /
þyne enemy and' myþ / yit lady take heede
Vn to my deþe / in poyn't is me to chace /

(7. G.)

Gloryous mayde / and' moder which þat euer .G. 49
Was neuer youre letter / in eorþe neþper in see
But ful of' swettnesse / and' of mercy euer /
Helpe þat my fader / ne be not' wroþe withi me /
Speke þou for euer / I dare nought him see
So haue I doone in eorþe / ellas þe whyle
þat certes but / if þou my socour be
To styinke eterne / he wol my gooste exyle /

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
Doute ys ther noñ queene of miserycorde [If 304, v,k] D 25
That thouh nart cause of grace & mercy here
God voucheid-sauf thoroz the with vs tacorde
For certis cristys blissfulH modre dere 28
Were now the bow I-bent in such manere
As it was first of Iustysce & of Ire
The rightfulH god nolde of no mercy here
But thurgh thee haue we grace as we desyre 32

(5. E.)
Euyr hath myñ hope of refute yn the be E 33
For here bifoire fuH ofte yn many wys
Vnto mercy hastow receyuidF me
But mercy lady at the grete Assyse 36
When we shul come bifoire the high Iustysse
So liteH good shaH then in me be founde
That but thou er that day correcte me
Of verray right my werke wuH me confounde 40

(6. F.)
Fleynge I flee for socoure to thi tent F 41
Me for to hide fro tempest fuH of drede
BesechyngF 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

(7. G.)
Glorious maide & modre which that neuyr [leaf 205] G 49
Were bittre nor in erth nor in see
But fuH of swetnys & of mercy euyr H
Help that my fadir be not wroth with me 52
Speke thou for I ne dar nat him I-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

BODLEY
He wowchedsauff telle him as was his wille /  .H.  57
Bycome a man / to haue ourre allyaunce / 
And with his precyous bloode / he wroote pe bille
Vpon pe crosse / as general acquytaunce /  60
To every penytent / in ful creunce / 
And per fore lady bright / pou for vs pray
pane shalt poue boope / stynt al ourre grevaunce / 
And make ourre foo / to faylen of his praye /  64

(9. I.)

I wrote it weel / pou wolt boon ourre socoure / [128] .I.  65
pou art so ful of bountee in certein
For whane a soule fallepe in error /
py pytee goope / and haalepe him ageyne  68
panne makesto pou / his pees with his sonereyn
And bringest him / out of pe crooked streete
Who so pe louepe he shal not loue in veyn
pat shal he fynde / as pe lytf shal lete  72

(10. K.)

Kalendiers enlumyned beon pey  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 qweene of coumfort sith pou art pat saame /
To whome I seeche / for my medecyne /
Late not my foo / my wownde no more vntaame /
Myne heele in to pyne hande al I resigne  80

(11. L.)

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 / ourre addres foo / make his bobaunce /
pat he haope in his lystes / off meschaunce /
Convict / pat yee bope / haue bought so deere /
As I sayde erst pou grounde off ourre substaunce
Contynue on vs / py pitous eyen cleere /  88
(8. H.)
He vouchid sauf teH him as was his will
Becute a man as for oure alliaunce
And with his blode he wrote the biH
Vpon the Crois as generaH acquytaunce
To euery penyent in fuH creance
And therfor lady bryght / thou for vs prey
Than shaltow both stynt AH greuance
And make oure Foo to failen or his prey

(9. I.)
I wote it weH thou wolt ben oure socoure
That art so fuH of bounte yn certeyn
For when a soule fallith in errooure
Thi pite gotthi & halith him A-geyn
Then makistow his pes with his souyreyn
And bringest him out of drede
Who so the louyth he shalt not loue in veyn
That shaH he finde when he the life shaH lete

(10. K.)
Kalendrys enlumyned* bethi thei [leaf 395, back]
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 medyczne
Lat not my fo no more my wounde entame
Min hele into thin honde aH I resigne

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

† Moyses pat saughe / pe busshe with slaumbes red. M. 89
Brennynge of whiche / pat neuer oon stroke brend?
Was signe of pyne / vnwenmed maydenheed
† pou art pe busshe / on which per gan descende 92
pe hooly gooste / pe which pat moyses wende
Hade been on fuyre / and pis was in fygure /
Nowe lady frome pe fuyre / † pou vs defende /
Which pat in helle / eternally shal dure /

(13. N.)

† Noble pryncesse / pat neuer hadest pere / .N. 97
Certes if any comforn in oys be /
† pat comepe of pee / † pou Crystes moder deere
We haue noon ofer / meloye or glee / 100
Vs to reioys / in oure aduersytee /
Ne advoca four / † pat dare þanne preye /
For vs and þat / for litel hyre as yee /
† pat helpen for / an Aue mary or twey [leaf 89, back]

(14. O.)

† O verraye ligh / of eyeghen pat beon blynde .O. 105
O verraye loust of labour and distresse
O tresorere of bountee / to mankynde
Yee whome god cheesse / to moder for humblesse
Frome his ancylle / he made yowe maystresse
Of heven ande eorpe / oure bille vp to beede
Pis worlde awaytepe / euer on þy goodnesse /
For þou ne faylest / neuer wight at neede /

(15. P.)

† Pourpose I haue / some tyme for to enquere / .P. 113
Wherfore and why / pe hooly gooste þe sought /
Whane Gabryelles voyce / come vn to þyne ere /
He not to werre vs / suche a wonder wrought /
But for to saue vs / þat he syphen bought
þane neodepe vs / no wepen for to haue /
But oonly þer / we did not / as vs aught
do penytence / and þe mercy axe and þe hane /

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
(12. M.)
Moyses that saugh the busshe with flambes red
Brennynge of which ther neyvr a styk brende
Was signe of thin vnwenymd maydinhed
Thou art the busshe on which ther gan discende
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 shaff dure

(13. N.)
NobuH princesse that neyvr hadist pere
Certis if any conforte yn vs be
That comyth of the cristys modre dere
We han non othir melody or gle
Vs to reioise in oure aduersite
Ne aduocate non that wuH & dar so prey
For vs & that for so liteH hire As ye
That helpin for An Aue Marye or twy

(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 worldde awaiteth euyr on thi goodnesse
For thou ne failest neyvr wight At neede

(15. P.)
Purpos I haue som tyme for tenquere
Wherefor & whi the holi goest 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 sitthin 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.)

If Qweene of comfor
t yit 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 kavyth whider may I flee /
Whoshal vn to pyt sone my meene bee /
Who but pyt selfe / pyt art of pyte welle
pou hast more routhe / of o ure aduersytee
panne in pyt worlde / might any tung telle 128

(17. R.)

If Redresse me moder / and pytowe me chastise. R. 129
For certaynly / my faders chastysing
pat dar I nought / abyden / in no wyse /
So hidous it is / pyt rightful rekennynge
Moder of whome / o ure mercy gan to sprynge
Bope yee my luge / and eke my soules leeche
For euer in yowе / is pitee aboundyng
To yche pat wol / of pyt pitee yowe byseeeche 136

(18. S.)

If Soope is pyt god / ne grauntepe no pitee. S. 137
With outen pyt / for god of his goodnesse
Foryivepe noone / but it lyke vn to pyt /
He haue pyt made. vicayre and maystresse [leaf 81] 140
Of al pyt worlde and eke · gouernneresse /
Of heven and he repressepe his iustice /
Afser pyt wille / and perf ore in witnesse /
He haue pyt corounde in so ryal a wyse /

(19. T.)

If Temple deuoute / per god haue his wonnyng. T. 145
Fro whiche · peos misbyleued deproyued beoñ
To yowe my soule / penytent I bring /
Resceyuepe me / I ne cane no firper fleeñ 148
With thornes venymous / O · heven qweñ
For which pyt eorpe / acursed was ful yoore /
I am soore wounded as yee may weed seen [1 first As] 152
pat I am loste / hit smertephe me so soore /

SION COLLEGE (SHIRLEY)
Quene of comforte yit when I me thinke, That I agilte haue both him & the And that my soule ys worthi for to stynke Allas I kaityf whidir may I sle Who shaH vnto thi soñ my mene be Who but thi self that art of pite weH Thou hast more routH on owre aduersyte Than in this world might any tonge teH

Redresse me modir & me chastyse For certis my fadrys chastysynge Dar I nat a-bide in no wyse So hidouse is his rightfull rekenynge Modir of whomoure mercy gan to sprynge Beth ye my Iuge & eke my soulys leche For eueryr in you ys pite haboundynge To euerych that wuH of pite you besech

Soth is that he ne graunthyth no pite Without the for god of his goodnesse Foryeuith non but it like vn-to the He hath the made vikayre & maistresse Of añ this worlde & eke gouernesse Of heuyn & he repressith his Iustys Aftyr thi wiH & therfor in wytnesse He hath the corownyd yn so riañ wyse

Temple deuoute there god hath his wonyng he gredyued To you my soule penitent I brynge Receyue me I kan no fethir flem With thornes venymous I heuyn quene For which the erth acursid was fuñ yore I am so woundid as ye may weth sene That I am lest almoste it smert so sore
(20. V.)

Virgyne flat art so noble of apparayle /
And ledest vs in to pynge heglie toure /
Of paradys pou me wisse and counsayle
Howe I may haue by grace and by socoure /
Al haue I been in filthe / and in error /
Lady vn to pat courte pou me adIourne /
Pat cleped is by benche / O / fresshe floure
Peer as pat mercy euer / shal seioerne /

(21. X.)

Xpc. by sone / pat in pis worlde alight
Vpon fe crosse / to souffre his passyoun / Christus]
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 dampancyoun
Pis thank I you / socour of al man kuynde /

(22. Y.)

Ysaac / was figure / of his deepe certayne
Pat so ferforfe / 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 / mesuredd so large /
Be yee not skant / for alle we sing and seye /
Pat yee beon frome / vengeaunce ay oure taarge /

(23. Z.)

Zacharye yowe clepepe / pe open welle
To wasshe synfuh / soule oute of his gilt
Per fore pis lesson / aught I weel to telle /
Pat neer by tendre hert / we weren spilt
Nowe lady sith pou canst and eeke wilt
Beo to pe seede of Adam mercyable /
So bring vs to pat Palays pat is bylt
To penytentes / pat beon 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 fylth & yn erreoure
Ladi vnto that contre thou me Adiourne
That clepid is thi bench of fressh floure
Ther as that mercy euyr shal soiourne

Xpē thief sone that in this worlde alight
Upon a Crois to suffre his passion
And eke suffrid that longeus his hert pight
And made his hert bloode to renne A-doun
And aH was this for my saluacioun
And I to him am fals & eke vnkynde
And yit he wuH not my dampnacyoun
This thanke I you socoure of aH mankynde

Ysaac was signe of his deth certyn
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 our e targe

Zakary you clepith the opin weH
To wassh sinfuH soule out of his gilte
Therfor this lesson ought I weH to teH
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

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 turned 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 wanted "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 "discor of n[ature &] grace dieux"; and other side-notes occur, as leaf 12, "nature spek[ethe]," leaf 12, back, "[nature s]pekethe to grace dieux;" leaf 13, "yit nature to gr[ace dieux];" leaf 13, back, "[D]ame Gracedieux [speak]e again to nature /;" leaf 38, "proverbium," (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 Iustice", 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 gyf peo / neuer pe leesse so michil avantagge powe shal hauo of me / if peou /." (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 Saule." 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. Dytee. ¶ 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 euery drem to gode
For it is wonder thynge by þe rode
To my wytt what causeth sweuene
On the morows or on euene
And why the effecte foloweth of some
An of som it shall neuer come
Why that is a vision
and why this is a reuelacion
Why this a dreme why þat a sweuen flag
And not to euery man lyche euene
Why this a fauntom why they oracles
I not but tho so of this myracles
The causes knoweth bet then þ
Defyne he for I certeynly
Ne can hem not ne neuer thenke
To besy my wytt for to swynke
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
As yef folkes complexions
Make hem drem of reflexions
Or elles1 thus as þer seyne
For þe grete feblenes of here breyn
by absenes or by sekenes
Preson stoe or grete distres

[1 MS. eH]
Or ellis by dysordynaunce
Or naturaH accustomaunce
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 devotion
Of some and contemplacion
Causes sweche dremes oft
Or that the cruelly lyf vnsoft
These ilk whiche louers leden
Thapen hopen or muche or dreden
That purely her impressions
Causes 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 flessh ne hathi no myght
To vnderstond it a ryght
For it is warned to derkely
But why the cause is not wote y ·
Wel wurth of this thynge Clerkes
That treten of pat and of oher werkes
For y of non opyneon
Nil as nowe make mencion)
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
t. He tenth day now of decembre
The whyche as y can now remembre 64
I wuH [ . . . . . . . . . . no gap

[Invocation.]

in MS.] make inuocacion
Wyth a devoute special devocion
Vn to p's god of help a non
That dwelleth in a Cave of stone
Vp on a streem That commyth fro leete
That is a flode vnswete
Besyde a folk that men clepen Cimereye
Ther slepyth ay this god vnmercy
Wyth his slepy thowsand sones
That alle wey to slepe her won is 76
And to this god That y of rede
Pray [y] that he wul me spede
My swene ene for to tell I-ryght
Yef euery drem stond in his myght 80
And he that mover is of alle
That is and was and euer shalle
So yef hem Ioy pat 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 shilde hem from pouerte and shond
And from euery vnhappe and deseso
And send hem that may hem plese
That taketh well and scorneth nought
Ne it mysdeme in here thought
Thurgh malicious intencon
And he through presumecon
Or hate or scorne or through enuye
Despyte or Tape or felonye

PEPYS
Mysdem it pray I. Ihc gode
Dreme he bare fote drem he shode
That euery harm pat eny man
Hath hadd seth p' world began 100
Befall hym per of or he sterve
And graunt that he may it ful deserve
Loo wyth suche conclusion
As hadd of his vision
Cresus that was kynge of lyde
That he vpon gebot dyede
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 abreide

[Story.]

Of Decembre the tenthe day
Whenn it was nyght to slep I lay 112
Ryght per 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
To make lyth pat was hard
But as .y. slept me mette I was
Wyth in a Temple ymade of glas
In wheche ther weren mo ymages
Of gold stondynge in diuers stages
And mo ryche tabernacles
And wyth perte mo pynacles
And mo ryche portretures
And queynt maner of figures
Of gold werkis thenn y saw euer
For certeignly I nust neuer
Were that I was but wel wust I.
It was of venus redely

PEPYS
The temple for in purtreiture
I sawgh a non hir figure
Naked fletynge in a see
And also on hede pardee
Her roosgarland [...]
... no gap in MS.] on her hede
Her dowues and Dam Cupido
Her blynd sone and Vlcano
That in his face was ful brown
But y romed vp and doune
I fond that on a was per was
Thus wreteth on a table of bras
I wold synge now and y cañ
The armes and also p's man
That first come thugh his desteyne
Futyf of troye countree
In ytalle wyth full muche pyne
Vn to the strondes of lauynge
And tho be-gan the story a now
As I shañ tell yow eche on
First sawgh y p° destrucon
Of Troye through p° 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 assailled was
And wonun and kynge Pryamis slayne
And Plite his sone certayne
Dispitously of Daun) 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 Eneas flee
And how he fledd and how pat he
Escaped was from alle the pres
And toke his fadur 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 Iulo
And eke Ascanius also
Fledden eke wyth drey 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 fadur 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 p° cruel Iuno
That art dam Iupiter wyf
That hast hated al thy lif
Alle the Trogians blode
Renne and Crye as thow wer wode
On Eloes the god of wyndes
To Blowen out of alle kyndes
So lowde that he shal drenche
lord lady Grome and wenche
Of alle the Trogeans nacion
Wyth owt eny of hem suauco

Ther saugh I suche tempest aryse
That euery hert myght gretely agryse
So seen it peynted on the wall
That saugh I eke graven wythalle
Venus how ye my lady dere
Wepynge wyth fuH woful chere
Praynge Iubiter on hye
To save and kepe that navie
Of that Trogean Eneas
Seth pat he here son was
Ther saugh Iones and Venus kysse
And graunted of the tempest lisse
Ther saugh I how the tempest stynte
And ho wyth alle peyn he wente
And priuely 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 queynnt Aray
As she hadd 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 dreynyt 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

PEPYS
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 let e hym do
Alle that weddyng e longeth to
What shuld I speke more queynfte
Or peyn me my wordes for to peynte
To spek of love it wille not be
I can not of pat faculte
And eke to tellen of the maner
How that they first aqueynted were
It were a longe proces to telle
And ouer longe for yow to dwelH
Ther saugh I grave how Eneas
Told to Dido euery cas
That hym tyed vpon 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 deede to hym alle reuerence
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 Traytour was
Wher for she slough his self alas
Loo how a woman doth a mys
To love hym that vnknowen is
For eny trust lo how thus it faireth
[\(p. 95, \text{col. 1}\)]
I\(\text{t}\) is not alle gold\(\text{e}\) that glareth
For also browke I myn hede
Ther may be vndre godely-hede
PEPS
Covered mony a shrowdyde 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 euer y womant fynde
[ . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . no gap in the MS.]
And swere how that she is vnkynde
Or fals or prevey dowlde 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 pat fully knoweth p" 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 vturly
That he wold her of trowth faille
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 wull have fame
In magnifyynge of his Name
A no per for frenshyp seyth hee
And yet shaft p" thrydde bee
That be takyn for delite
Lo or els for senguler profyte

PEPYS
In suche wordes gan compleyne
Dido of here grete peyn
As me mette redely
None oper auctour alege y'
Alas quod she my swete herte
Have pyte of my sorows smerte
And slee me not go not a wey
O woful Dido waleawey
Quod she to hir selven thoo
O Eneas what witt ye do
O that love ne your bounde
That ye have sworen wyth your ryght hande
Ne my cruell dethi quod she
May hold yow still wyth me
O havethi of my deth pyte
Iwis my dere hert ye
Knoweth fuH wel 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 women can no art
For certeogn for p more part
Thus we be served euerchoñ
How sore ye men kan grone
A non as we have yow rescyved?
Certeignly we be discyved?
For though your love lest a seson
Wate vp on the conclusion
And eke how p determyne
And for p more part defyen
O waillewey that I was born
For thurgh yow is my name I-lorne
And nyyn attes rede and songe
Ouer alle this lond in euery tonge
O wykked fame for _per_ nys
No thynge so swyft lo as she is
O sith _euery_ thynge is wyst
Though it be couered wylh pʃ myst
Eke though I myght endure euer
That I have don recouer I neuer
That I ne shall be seid alas
L-shamed ben through Eneas
And _pat_ I shal thus Iuged be
Lo ryght as she hath now she
Wull donʃ eʃt sones hardly
Thus seith pʃ puple prively
But _pat_ is donn it not to don
But alle hir compleynynge ne hir _moʃ_
Certeignʃ availleth not a stree
And whenn she wist sothly he
Was forth in to his shippes gon
She in to her chambre went a noʃ
And called ouer her _suster_ Anne
And began her to compleyn than
And seid _pat_ she _pʃ_ cause was
That she so loved alas
And thus conʃ[a]iledʃ she hir to
But what whenn this was seid and do
She roʃe hir silven to _pʃ_ herte
And so dyed through pʃ wonde smerte
But all maner how she dyed
And alle pʃ _maner_ how she seide
Who so to know hath it in _purpos_
Rede Virgil in Eneydos
Or pʃ _Epistil_ of Ouide
What _pat_ she wrote or _pat_ she dyedʃ
And nere it wer to longe to endite
By god I woldʃ it here write

PEPYS
But waillewey þe harm and rowth
That hath betydd for suche vntrowth
As men may oft in bokes rede
And alle day it is yet in dede
That for to thenken it teen is
Lo Demephon Duk of Athenis
How he forswor hym falsely
And trasde Phillis wikkedly
That kynges daughter was of Tarce
And falsly gan his term passe
And whenn she wyst þat he was fals
She hynghe hir selve by þe hals
For he hadd don hir suche vntrowth
Lo was not this a wo and rowth
Eke loke how fals and recheles
Was to Breiseida Achilles
And parus to oenone
And Iason to Isephele
And eft Iason to medea
And hercules to Dionira
For he left her for yolee
That made hym kache his dethe pardoe
How fals was ek Teseus
That as the story telleth vs
How he betrayed Adrian
The Devel be his sowle bane
For hadd he lauged or hadd he lowred
He most a ben alle devowred
Yef that Adrian had not be
And for she hadd of hym pite
She made hym fro þe deth eschape
And he mad hir a ful fals Iape
For aftuer this wyth in a whyle
He loft her slepynge wyth-in an Ile
Desert alon wyth in þe see
And stal a wey and lete hir be

PEPYS
And tok his suster Phedra tho
Wyth him and gan to ship go
And yet he hadd to her swere
On alle *pat euers* he myght swere
That so *pat* she saved hym his lif
He wold have taken hir to his wyf
For she desyred no thynge Els
In certeign as the boke vs telles
But to excuse Eneas
Fulleche of his grete trespas
The boke seith sauntz faille
Bad hym go in to Itaille
And leven Affrikes *regioun*
And Dido and hir faire towne
Tho I saugh *grave ho to Itaille*
Dame Eneas is gon to saille
And how the tempest al be-gan
And how he lost his steresman
*Wheche* *pat* *p*^e^ *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 *p*^e^ *free*
How he *per* found pallunurus
And also Dido and Deiphebus
And eueryche *turnment eke in heli*
saugh he wheche no tonge 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 *p*^e^ arevaille
That Eneas hed mad in to Itaille
And wyth Kynge latyn his trete
And alle *p*^e^ Batailles *pat* hee
Was at hym self and alle his knyghtes
Or he hedd alle I-won hys ryghtes
And whan he turnus reft his lif
And when lauyna to his wyf
And alle p° mervelous signals
Of the goddes celestials
How magre Iuno Eneas
For alle hir flyght and compas
Achievede alle his aventure
For Iubiter toke on hym Cure
At the preyer 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 pat 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 felde 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

PEPYS
Ne saugh I me to rede or wysse
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 þe sonnen 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 certeign
It was of gold and shoon so bright
That neuer saugh man suche a sight
But yf þe heven hadd I-wonne
Alle new of gold an other sonne
So shon the Egles fethres bryght
And some downward gan it light

[BOOK II.]

[Proem.]

n Ow herkeneth every maner man
That eny maner of englisshi can
And listeth of my dreme to lere
For at þe first shall ye here
So sely and dredfull a vision
That I say ne Cipion
Ne kynge nabugodonosor
Pharo Turnus ne Elcanor
Ne metten suche a drem as this
Now faire bessull O Cipris
So be my faour at this Tyme
That ye me to endite and þyme
Helpeth that in Par-Naso dwelle
By Elicon the Clere welle

PEPYS
[Invocation.]
O thought That wrot alle pat I mette
And in p° 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

[Story.]
This egle of wheche I now have told
That shon of fethres alle of gold
Wheche pat so hyme gan to sore
I gan be-holdene mor and more
To seen her beaute and the wonder
But neuer was per dynt of thonder
Ne that thyngge that men can foudre
That smyte sonne a Towre to poudre
And in his swyft commyngne brende
That so swyth can downward descende
As this fowle when I behild?
That I arowne was in the feld
And wyth his grym pawys strenge
Wyth yn his sharpe nayles longe
Me fleynge at a swap he hynte
And wyth his sourys ayen vp he wente
Me carynge in his clawes starke
As lightly as I hadd be a larke
How hye I can not tell yow
For I cam vp I nuste neuer how
For so astoyned? and asswene?
That euery vertu In me heuede
What wyth his sourys and my drede
That alle my felynge gan to dede
For whyt it was a grete affray
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 þe 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 þat I hadd het
And felt eke tho myn hert beete
And tho gan he me to disport
And wyth Ientil wordes to counfort
And seide twyes seint Marie
Thow art a noyes thyng for to karie
And no thyng nedeth it pardee
For al so wys god helpe me
As thow no harme shalt have of this
And this cas þat betid þe is
Is for thy lore and for thy prowe
Lette se darst thow loke yet nowe
Be ful ensured bodely
I am thy frend and þerwyth I.
Gan for to wondre in my mynde
O god quod I that madest alle kynde
Shall I non oper wyse dye
Wher Ioues wil me stellyfye
Or what thyng may this signifie
I am neþer Enok ne Helye
Ne Romulus ne Ganemede
That were bor vp as men rede
To heven wyt h Dam 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 Ioues is not per abowte
I dar p e wel put ful out of dowte
To make of p e yet a sterre
But or I bere the muche ferre
I will the tell what I am
And why per thow shalt and why I cam
To do this so pat thow take
Gode hert and not be for fere quake
Gladely quod I now well quod h
First I pat in my feete have p e
Of whom thow hast a fer an wondre
I am dwellynge wyt h 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 p e herk now be thy rowth
Certeign) he hath of the rowth
That thow hast so truly
Longe served entetyfly
His blynde nevew Cupido
And faire Venus al so
Wyth owt eny gwerdon euer yet
And neyerlesse hast sett thy wytt
Alle though pat in thyn hede ful litil is
To make bokees songes or ditees
In Ryme or ellis in Cadence
As thow best canst in reuuerence
Of love and of his servant eke
That han his servyce sought and seke
And peynest the to pryse his art
Alle though thow heddest never part
Where fore as al-so god me blisse
Ioues halt hys grete humblisse
And vertu eke pat wult make
A nyght ful oft thyn hede to ake
In thy stodie so thow writest
And cuermore 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 despystest
Alle though pou maist go in p° daunce
Of hem that hym list not avaunce
Wherfor as I seide I-wys
Jubiter considereth well this
And al so beaw sir of ofer thynge
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 p°
But of thy verrey neybores
That dwelleth alle most at thy dores
Thow herest nefer pat ne this
For when this labour don al is
And hast I-made alle thy rekenynges
In stede of rest and of new thynge
Thow gost home to thyn 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 thyn abstinence 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 recompensacion
Of thy grete labour and devocōn
That thow hast hedd lo causeles.
To Cupido the recheles
And thus this god for his merite
Will wyth some maner thynge p' quyte
So pat pow wilt be of gode chier
For trust wel that thow shalt here
Whenn we be comen per 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 casuely
That been betidd no man wote why
And as a blynd man sterteth an hare
And more Iolite and wellfaire
Whyll pat the fynden love of stele
As thenketh men and oueral well
Mo discordes mo Iolasies
Mo murmures and mo novelries
And also mo dissimilacoēns
And eke feynedē reparaconaēs
And mo berdes in two howres
Wyth owten eny rasour or sisours
I-made pen greynes ben of sendes
And eke mo holdynge in handes
And also mo renouelances
Of oldē foreleten aqeuycntances
Mo lovedayes and mo acordes
Than on instromentes ben cordes
[ . . . . no gap in the MS.]
Then euē cornes weren in granges.
Vnnethe may thow trowen this
Quoth he ne helpe me god as wyysse
Quod I no why quoth he for it
Were impossible to my wytt
Though fame hadd alle pë pites
In alle a rewame and al aspies
How pat yet he shulde here alle this
Or they aspyen it O this is yis
Quoth he to me that can I prove
By resoñ wurthy for to love
So that thow yeve thyn aduertence
To vnderstonde my sentence
First shaltpow heren wher she dwelletth
And so thyn own booke telleth
His palais stondeth as I shal say
Right even amyddes of the way
Betwyxen heven erth and see
That whose ever 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
Or what so commyth from eny tongue
Be it rowned red or songe
Or spoken in suerte or drede
Certeign it mot theþer nede
Now herken well for why I wille
Tellen the a propre skylle
And a wurthy demonstracoñ
In myn ymaginacoñ
Geffrey thow wotest wel this
That euery kynd þat is
Hath a kyndly stede þer he
May best in hyt conferred be
Vn to whyche place euery thynge
Trugh his kyndely enclynynge

PEPYS
Moveth for to com to

Then that it is awayy per froo

As thuse lo thow maist al day see

That any thynge that hevy be

As ston or lede or thynge 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 o'per thynges light

Alle wey they seke vpward on hight

Light thynge vpwarde and downward charge

Whil euer of hem be at her large

And for this cause pou maist well see

That euery ryuer on to þe se

Enclyned is to go by kynde

And by these skilles as I fynde

Hath fisshes dwellynge in flode and see

And trees eke on Erth be

Thus euery thynge by his reson

Hath his propre mancion

To wheche he seketh to repaire

Ther as it shulde not apaire

Lo this sentence is knowen kowth

Of euery philosopre mowthe

As Arestole and Dann platoñ

And o'per clerkes monicion

And to conferme my reson

Thow [wotest] well þat 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

Lowl or prive fowle or faire

In his substaunce 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
As sowþ commes of pipe or herpe
For whenn a pipe is blowen sharpe
The Eire is twyst wyth violence
And rent lo this is my sentence
Eke when men harpes strynges smyte
Wheþer it be muche or lite
Lo wyth the stroke þe Eire to-breketli
And righ so breketh it when men speketli
Thus wotest thow wele what thynges is speche
Now hens furth I wul the teche
How euery speche noys or sowne
Throw his multiplicacoþ
Though is were pipe or mowse
Mote nedes come to fames howse
I prove it thus take hede now
by experience for yef thow
Throw in a water now a stoþ
Wel wotest þou it will make anoþ
A litil roundel as a cercle
Parauentur as brode as a couercle
[no gap in the MS.]
Broder then hym silf was
And thus frome roundel to compas
Eche abowte oper goynge
Causeth of oper sterynge
And multiplynge euermo
Til it be so ferre go
That it at both brynkes be
All though thow mow not it see
Above it goth yet alle wey vndre
Al though þou thynk it a gret wondre
And who so seith of trewth I varie
Bidd hym prove the contrarie
And right thus euery worde I-wys
That lowde or prive spoken is
Moveth furst in þe Eire abowte
And of his movynge out of dowte
Anop[e]r Eire anon is moved
As I have of the water proved
That euery cercle causeth óþer
Right so of eire my leve brother
Eueryche eire in óþer stereth
More and more and speche vp bereth
Or voys or noys or wordþ or sowne
Ay through multiplicacion
Til it be at the howse of fame
Take it on hernest or in game
Now have I told þe if thou have mynde
How speche or sown of pore kynde
Enclyned is vpward to move
This maist thou fele wel by prove
ha a quod he lo so I can
Lewdely to a lewde man
Speke and shew hym suche skylles
That he may shak hem by p° billes
So palpable the skilles be
But telle me pis now I praye p°
How thenkest p° myn conclusiøn
A goode persuacoñ
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 euer word of this sentence
And prove by experience
And wyth thyne Ere heren welles
Top and taille euery dele 880
That euery worde pat spoken is
Comes in to fames howse I-wisse
As I have seide what wult pou more
And wyth this worde vprer to sore 884
He gan and seid by seint Iame
No will we spoken alle of game
How farest thow now quod he to me
Wel quod I now se quod he 888
By pi trowth yond a downe
Wher pat pou knowest eny towne
Or howse or eny oper thynge
And whenn pou hast of oght knowynge
And I when I knowes me
Loke pat pou warne me
And I a non shal tell the
How pou art now per fro [p. 102, col. 2]
And I a down to loken tho 896
And beheld feldes and pleynes
And now hilles and now mounteynes
No valeys now forestes
And now vnneth grete bestes 900
No riuers now grete Citees
No townes now grete trees
No shyppes saylynge in pe see
But thus son in a whil he
Was flowen fro pe gronde so hye
That alle the world as to myn eye
No more seme pat en a prikke
Or els was the Eire so thikk 908
That I myght not it decerne
Wyth pat he speke to me as yerne
And seide seyst pou eny token
Or ought thou knowest yonder down 912
I seide ney ne wondere nys
Quoth he for neuer half so hye as this
Nas Alisaundre ne Macedo
Ne þ kynge Daune Cupie
That say in Dreme point devis
Hell and heven and paradise
Ne eke þ wryght Dedalus
Ne his child nyse Icarus
That flie so hye þ hete
His wynges malt and he fel wete
In myd the see and þer he dreynt
For whome was made a grete compleynt
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 þat thow shalt se
For in this region certeyn
Dwelleth mony a Citesyn
Of wheche þat speketh Daunþ plato
Thes ben the the airesshe bestes loo
And tho 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 þ mylky wey
For it is whyt and some parfay
Callen it Watlynge strete
That onis was brent wyth hete
Whenn þ sonnes son þ rede
That hight pheton walþ 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 þat in heven a signe is yet
And he for fer lost his wytte

PEPYS
Of that and lete reynes gon
Of this hors and they anoñ
Gan vp to monte and down descende
Till both eire and Erth brende
Till Jupiter lo at the last
Hym slow and from p* cart cast
Lo is it not a grete mischanche
To let a fole have gouernaunce
Of thynges that he can not demeñ
And wyth this word soth for to seyn
He gan allewey vpper to sore
And gladed me pen more and more
So faithfully to me spake he
Tho gan I luk vndre me
And behild the Airessh bestes
Clowdes mystes and Tempestes
Snawes hailes reynes and wyndes
And alle the engendrynge in her kyndes
And alle they wey thurgh whiche I cam
O god quod I pat made Adam
Muche is thy myght and thy noblesse
And tho thought vpon Boyes
That writte a thought may fle so hye
Wyth fethres of Philosophie
To passen euerche 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 Iwys but god thow wost
For more clere entendement
Nadde he me neuer yet Isent
And thought I on Marcian
And eke on anteclaudian
That soth was here descripcon

[. . . . no gap in the MS.] 988

As fer as I saw þe preve
And þer for I can hem beleve

Wyth that the Egle gan to crye
lat be quod he thy fantasye 992

Wult þou here of sterres ought
Nay certegnly 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 furs quod I.

Yis pardee quod he wost þou why

Whenn thow redest poetrie

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 [p. 104, col. 1]

Yet nost thow where they stonde
No furs quod I it is no nede

As well I love as god me spede

Hem that that written of this matere

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 thynge so his

Now vp thyn hede for it is well

Seint Julian lo bon hostelle

PEPYS
Se here the howse of fame lo
Mayest þow not here that I do
What quod I, þe grete soune
Quod he that rombleth vp ande down
In fames howse full of Tydynges
Both of faire spece and of oþer thynges
And of fals and soth compouned
Herken well it is not rownede
Herest thow not the grete sough
Yis pardee quod I well I-nough
And what sown is it like quod he
Peter betynge of þe see
Quod I ayenst þe roches old holow
When tempestes doth her shippes swolow
And þat a man stant owt of dowte
A myle thens and here it rowte
Or ellis like the humblynge
Aftur the Clappe of a thonderynge
Whenn Ioues hath the Eire Ibete
But it doth for fere swete
Nay drede þe not þer of quod he
It is no thynge þat will beten þe
Now shalt have no harme truly
And wyth this word both he and I.
And nygh the place aryved we
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 forth a pace
And tell thyn aventure 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
In soth that I will of the lere
yef this noyse that I here
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 pat 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 worþ 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
[p. 106, col. 1]
Some gode to lern in this place
And I of hym toke leve a non
And gan forth to the paleis goñ

PEPYS
[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 shewed:
But the ryme is so lewed:
It made it sumwhat agreable
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 þ 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 behold vp on this place
An certeign or I ferper pas
I wull yow alle þ shap devyse
Of howse of Cite and of the wyse
How I, gan to the place approche
That stant vpon so hie a roche
Hyer stant noñ in spayen
But vp I clame wytþ 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 mor clere  
But of what congeled matere  
It was I must reedly  
But at the last aspyed I.  
And fownde that it was everychedele  
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 þe 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 ouerthowed so  
That of the *lettres on or to  
Was molt awey of every name  
So vnfamous was wax her name  
But men say what may euer 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 oþer syde I say  
On this hill *pat northward lay  
How it was wrette ful of names  
Of folk *pat hedd a fer grete fames  
Of old tyme and yet þey were  
As fressh as men had wryte hem there
The silf day or that owre
That I on hem gan to pore
But wel I wyst what it made
It was conserved wyth the shadde.
Of a Castel that so stode on hyght
Alle the writen that I sygh
And stode eke in so colde 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 konnyng 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' substaunce
I have yet in my remembraunce
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 euery bowre
Wyth owten peces or Ioynynges
But mony sotell compassinges
Babewuries and pennactes
Ymageries and Tabernactes
I saw eke and ful of wyndowes
As flates fallen in grete snowes
And eke in euery of eche penacles
Weren sondry habitactes
In whiche stonden alle wyth owten
Ful the Castel alle abowten
Of alle maner of mensralys
And Gestours that tellen talles
Both of wepyng and of game
And of alle that longeth vn to fame
There herd I pley on an harpe
That sowned well and sharpe
And Oxpevs full craftely
And on his syde fast by
Satte the harper Orion
And Eaycides Chyron
And oþer harpers mony on
As the Bretur Glaskyrion
And smale harpers wyth her gleys
Sett vnder hym in diuers 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 thowsand tyme twelf
That made lowde mynstraleys
In Cornumuse or Chalemyes
And mony oþer maner pipe
That craftely here gone 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 kepyn bestes in the bromes
Ther saw I then an Citherus
And of Athenes Dañ presentus

PEPYS
The Marcia that lost her skyn
Both in face body and chyn
For that she wold envyen lo
To pypen bet then Apollo
There saw I Eke famous old and yonge
Pipers of the Duche tonge
To lern howes daunces sprynges
Reypes and the stronge thynges
Tho saw I and in an oprer place
Standynge in a large space
Of hem that maken blody sowyn
In Trompe beme and Clarionů
For in fight and blodesheddynges
Is vsed gode clarionynge
Ther herd I Trompe messenus
Of whom That speketh Virgiliius
There herd I Ioab Trompe also
Theodonas and oprer mo
And alle that vsed clariůnů
In Castel lyon and Aragon
That in her tymes famows were
To lernen saw I Trumpryn there
Ther saw I sitte in her sees
Pleyringe vpon oprer 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 recovered may be
There saw I pley Geogelesos
Magisciens and Tregetours
And Fetonisses and Charmeresses
Old wyches and sorseresses
That vsen exorsisacions

[. . . . 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 though suche magyk
To make a man hole or seke
Ther saw I þe Quen medea
And Cirtes Eke and Caliophia
Ther saw I Hermes Ballenus
Llymote and Eke Symonus 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
Pley an vncowth thynge to telle [p. 107, col. 2]
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 hadd alle this folk behold
And founde me loose and not holde
And eft I mused lengur a whyle
Vp on the wall of BiriH
That shon full lighter þen a glas
And made wel more þen 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 anoþer 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 kervenges 1302
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 1306
But in I went and put a non
There mett I cryynge mony oon
A larges a larges vp hold wel
God save the lady of thys pele 1310
Our own Ientil lady fame
And hem that willith to have a name
Of vs thus herd I cryen alle
And fast commen out of halle 1314
And shake nobles and sterlynges
And I-crownd wer as kynges
Wyth crownes wrought full of lesynges [p. 108, col. 1]
And mony reban and moy fynges 1318
Were in here clothes truely
Tho at the last aspyed y
That pursvauntes and herawdes
That cryen riche folkes lawdes 1322
It weren alle and euery man
Of hem as I yow tell kan
Hedd on hem throw a vesture
Wheche men clepe a cote armure 1326
Enbrowdred wonderliche riche
Alle though they nere nought Ilyche
Bot not will I so mot I thrive
Be a bowte to discryve 1330
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 1334
Twenty fote thyk as I trowe
For certeign who so kowde know

PEPYS
Myght per alle þe Armes se
Of famous folk þat had Ibe
In Awyryke Ewrope And Assie
Sith first lo Chiuarialie
Lo how shuld I tell alle this
Ne of the halle eke what nede is
To tellen yow þat euery 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 þ was
Ful mucche pres of folk þer nas
Ne gronynge for to mucche pres
But alle on high vpon a deiceps
Satt on a se Emperiað
That made was of A Rubye
Wheche a Carbuncle is I-called þ
I saw perpetually I-stalled þ
A femynyne creature
That neuer formed þ by nature
Suche anþer 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 þ be
But thus sone in a while she
Her sill tho wonderly streght
That wyth her fete she p' erth right
And wyth her hede she towched heven
Ther as shynygh the sterres seven
And per-to yet as to my wytte
I saw as grete a wonder yet
Vpon her yeen to be-hold
But certaing I hem neuer 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 p' Apocalyps
Her here put was owndy and Cryspes
As borned gol't shon as for to see
And soth to tellen also she
Hadde also fele stondynge Eres
And tonges as on an best ben heres
And on her fete waxen saw I
Partrige wynges redely
But lord the perry and p' ryches
I saw sittynge on p' goddes
And the hevenly melodye
Of songes fuH of ArmonyYe
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
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
That this ilke noble quene
On her shuldres gan susteygh 1410
Both armes and the name
Of Thoo that had large fame
Alisaundre and Ercules
That wyth a shert hys lyf lea
And thus fownde I sittynge this goddes
In nobley honour and riches
Of wheche I stynt a while now
Other thynges to tellen yow 1418
Thoo saw I stond on þe oþer syde
Streight dow to þe deris wyde
From the dese mony a pylere
Of metal that shon not ful clere 1422
But though they weren of no riches
Yet they weren made for gret noblesse
And in hem grete sentence
And folk of grete and digne reuereence 1426
Of wheche I will to telle yow founde [p. 109, col. 2]
Vp on a pylere saw I stonde
Alderfirst lo ther I sigh
Vpon a pilere stond on highe 1430
That was of lede and yren fyne
[... no gap in the MS.]
The Ebraik Iosephus þe old
That of Iewes Gestes tolde 1434
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 1438
To helpen1 hym bar vp the charge [? MS. helpeir]
It was so hevy and so large
And for they writen of Batailles
As well as of oþer merveilles 1442
Ther for was lo this pilere
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 lo the metalle of Saturne
That hath ful large wil to turne
To stondynge forth on euery 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 poyned was alle endelynge
With Tygres blode in euery 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
And wyth his Darus and Titus
Be fore and eke he Lullius
And Guydo eke de Columpny
As Englishe 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
Otter seide pat Omer made lies
Feynynge in hys postreys
And was to Grekes favorable
Therfore held he it but fable
Tho sey I stond on a piler 1482
That was of Tynnyd yren cler  
The latyn poete Virgile
That hath bore vp a longe whyle  
The fame of pius Eneas  
And next on a piler was 1486
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 1490
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 1494
Wel more by a thowsand dele  
Than it was erst that saw I weft
Tho saw I on a piler by  
Of yren wrought full sternely 1498
The grete poete Daun Lucan  
And on hys shuldrys bare vp yan  
As hie as I myght see
The name of Iulius and Pompie 1502
And by hym stoden alle these Clerkes  
[ p. 116, col. 2]
That wrytten of Romes myghty werkes  
That yef I wold her names telle  
Alle to longe must I dwelle 1506
And hem vn a piler stode  
Of Sulpur liche as he wer wode  
Daun Claudian seth for to telle  
That bare vp alle the fame of helle 1510
Of pluto and of proserpyne  
That quen is of the derk pyne  
What shuld I more telle of this  
The halle was alle ful I-wys 1514
Of hem pot 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 þey hight
But while that I behilde þat 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 þer come entrynge in to þe halie
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 gonne 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 him she graunted sone
And some she warned well and faire
And some she graunted the contrarie

[no gap in the MS.]

What þer grace was y nyst
For of these folk full wel I wyst
They hadd gode fame eche deserved
Alle though they wer dyuersly served
Right as hir sustre Daun fortune
Is wont to serve in common
Now herken how she gan to pey
That gonne her of her grace pray
And yet lo alle this companye
Seiden soth and not a lie

PEPYS
Madame seid þey we be
Folk þat her besechen the 1554
That thow graunt vs now gode fame
And lette oure werkes have gode name
In ful recompensacion
Of gode werkes yef vs renoñ 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
Tell vs what your Cause may be
For me list not it quod she
No wyght shal speke of yow I-wys
Gode ne harme ne þat ne this 1566
And wyth þat worde she gan to calle
Her masynger 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 Clarion
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-preyed be.
And al so bid hym how þat he 1578
Brynge eke his oþer Clarion
That hight skaunder in euery town
[p. 111, col. 2]
In wheche he wont is to do fame
Hem þat me list and do hem shamo 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 1586
Helde the wyndes in destres
And gan hem onder hym to presse
That they gan as the beres rore
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 clarions 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 hidewely 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 pe man that Tryton hete
And per he stode as stil as ston
And her wyth alle per cam a non
An oper huge compayne
Of olde folk and gan to crye
Lady graunt vs now gode fame
And letoure werkes have pat name
Now in honour and Ientilnes
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
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 deservef
Now goth your wey for ye ben served
And thow Daun Eolus quod she
Take forth thy Trompe a non lette se

PEPYS
That is I-cleped sluandre light
And blow her loos fat euery wyght 1626
Speak 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 the prees
Shuld thus be shamed gilteles 1634
But what it must nedes be
What dede this Eolus but he
Toke owt his blak Trompe of Bras 1638
That fowler then the devill was
And gan this Trompe for to blowe
As alle the world shuld ouerthrowe
Through owte euery region
Went his fowl trompes sowne 1642
As swyft as a pelet owt of a gonne
Whenn fire is in to it ronne
And suche a smoke gan owt wende
Owt of his fowl trompes ende 1646
Blak bloo grevysshe swartisshe rede
As doth whenn men mult lede
Lo alle on hye from the twelle
And per-to oo thynge saw I welle 1650
That the furthir fat it ranne
[T]he greter waxen it be-gan
As doth the Riuere from a welle
And it stanke as the pitt of helle 1654
Alace this was her shame I-ronge
And gilteles on euery tonge
Tho cam / the thricked companye
And gan vp to deis hye 1658
And down on kneys thay fell a non
And seiden thay 'ben euerychon
THE HOUSE OF FAME. PEPYS 2006.

Folk pat han ful trowly
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 loos
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 thynd oper 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 mowth
And blew it Est west and sowth
And north as lowd as eny 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 mowth it smyld
As men a pitteful of bawm helde
Amonge a basket ful of Roses
This favour 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 our wyght
But we ne kepen have no name
Hideoure werkes and our name
For goddes love for certes we
Han 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 furst rowte
That to this lady gan lowte
And down a non on knees falle 1706
And her tho by-sowghten alle
To hide her gode werkes eke
And seide they yefe not a leke
For fame ne suche renoun
For they for contemplacon
And Goddes love hadd it wrought
Ne of fame wold they nowght
What quod she be ye wode
And wene ye to do gode
And for to have of that no fame
Have ye despite to have my name
Nay ye shull be euerychoñ
Blow thy trompe and pat a non
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
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
Right verely in this manere
They seiden mercy lady dere 1730
To tell certeign as it is
We have do neper pat ne this

PEPYS
But Idil alle oure lif be
But neferles we preyen the
That we may have so god a fame
And grete renouñ and knownen nam
As they that have don noble gestes
And eshued alle her bestes
As wel of love as oper 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 fremedly chere
But mowght temen vs vp on bere
Yet lete vs to p° puple seme
Suche as the world? may of vs deme
That wommen loved vs for wode
That shal do vs as muche gode
And to our 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 perto
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 euery man wene hem at ese
Though they go in bad lese

[p. 114, col. 1]
This Eolus gan it so blow
That through the world it was knowe
Tho com the vij rowte a non
And fele on 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 þou what
He will no thynge wete his clowes
Evill thrift com on your Iowes
And on myn yef I it graunt
Or do fauour 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 werne
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 wynde in helle
And eke þer wyth soth to telle

PEPYS
This sown was as ful of Iapes
As euere mows wer in Apes [p. 114, col. 2]
And that went alle the world abowte
That euery wyght gan on hem showte
And for to laugh as they wer wode
Suche gam fownde they in her hode
Tho cam anofer company
That hadd I-doon p' trecherye
The harme the grete wikkednes
That euery hert cowde gesse
And prayed her to have gode fame
That she nodde do hom ne shawme
But yeve hem loos and gode renouñ
And do it blow in Clarioun
Nay wys quod she it were a wyse
Alle be þer-in be no Justice
Me list not do it nowe
The nys nyl I not graunte yow
Tho cam þer crepynge in a rowte
And gan clappe alle abowte
Euery man vp on þe 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 Ioe to ben knownen 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 thyngle suche as it is
I graunt it yow quod she Iwys
But what art þou that seyst þis tale
That werest on thyn hose a pale

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

[Pepys 2006 Fame ends the Mars follows.]
The Legend of Good Women

FROM

ADDITIONAL MS. 28,617, British Museum (has lost 20 leaves); all, from line 513 to the end, l. 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 gooi to helle rather thanne he
And hercules Rescowed hire parde
And brouht 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 Feele I wel the goodnesse off this wyff 520
And that both after deeth and in hire lyff
Hire grete bounte doubleth her Renouin
Wel hath she quytte me myne Afeccioun
That I have tyl hire Floure the Deyesye
No wondir ys thoui Lone hire stellyfye 524
And as tellitli Agatooni For hire goodnesse
Hire white Corovne berith off hit wytnesse
For also many vertues hadde she
As smale Floures in hire Corovne be
In remembrance off hire and in honour
Cybella made the deys and the Flour
I-Corovned al withi withi white as men may se 532
And Mars thanne to hire Corovne Rede parde

ADDIT. 28,617
In stede off Rubyes sette amõnge the white
 Ther with she wexe rede For shame [ ]yte
 whanne she was preyset so in hire presence 536
 Thanne seyde love a FuH grete negligence 
 Was yt to the that ylke tyme thow made 
 [No gap in the MS.]
 Hyde Absolon thy Tresses in Bal[ade]  
 [No gap in the MS.]
 And thow Forget hire in thy songe to sette [leaf,back] 540
 [No gap in the MS.]
 Syn that thow art so gretely in hire dette
 And wyste so weH that kalendre ys she 
 To any womman that wole lover be
 For she taulit alle the Craffte off ffyn lovynge 544
 And namely off wyffhoode the lovynge
 And alle the boundes that she ouhit kepe
 Thy lytyl wytte was thilke tyme a-slepe
 But now I Charge the vpõn thy lyff 548
 That in thy legende thow make on this wyff 
 whanze other smale ben made byfore
 And Fare now weH I charge the nomore
 But or I goo thus myche I wole the telle 552
 Ne shaft no trewe lover komen in helle 
 Thes other ladyes sytten here a Rowe 
 B[en i]n thy Balade yiff thow kanst hem knowe
 And in thy bookes thow shalt hem ffynde 556
 Have hem now in thy legende alle in mynde
 I mene off theym that ben in thy knowynge 
 For here ben .xx .M'. and moo syttyng 
 Thanae thow knewest goode wommen alle 560 
 And trewe off love For auffit that may befall 
 Make thy Metres off thaym as the leste 
 I mote goo home the soone drawith west 
 To Paradys with alle this Companye 564
 And serve ay weH the Fresli deyeaye
 At Cleopatre I wole at thow begyane  

ADDIT. 28,617
And so Forthi and my love shaltow wynne
For latte se now what man that lover be
Wole do so stronge a peyne in love as she
I wote well thow mayst nat alle Ryme
That suche lovers dydden in her tyme
It were to longe to reden and to here
Suffyseth me thow make in this manere
That thow rehersse off alle theyre lyff the grete
Afther that thes olde Auctours lysten trete
For who so shalt so many a storye telle
Say shortly or he shal to longe duelle
And withi that worde my bookes gan I take
And rihit thus on my legende gaunne I make

[ I. ]

\textit{Incipit legenda Cleopatrye.}

After the deeth off Tholome the kyng
That alle Egipte hadde in his governyng
Regned his Quene Cleopataras
Tyl on a tyme byfelle there suche a caas
That out off Rome was sent a senator
Forto conquere Regnes and honour
Vnto the tovne off Rome as was vsaunce
To haue the worlde at theyre obeyssauence
And sothe to seyne Antonius was his name
So felle yt as Fortune hym oufut a shame
whanne he was Fallen in prosperitye
Rebelle vnto the tovne off Rome was he
And over alle this the sustre off Cesar
He leffte hire Falsly er she was war
And wolde algatys haue a nother wyff
For which he toke withi Rome and Cesar stryff
Par.-Text 284-285

Legend of Good Women. Addit. Ms. 28,617. 137

Natheles For sothe this ylke senatour
was a Fult worthy werreour
And off his deeth hit was Fult grete cairage
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 thoulit ther was no thing to hym so due
As Cleopataras Forto love and serve
Hym routit nouhit in Armys Forto sterve
In the defence off hire and off hire Rihit
This noble quene loved so this knyht
Thurli his deserte and his Chiualrye
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. Ff. 1. 6 (paper), University Library, Cambridge.]

At Babilone whilom fil it pus

the wych towne the quene Semiramis

Let dychene aH a-boute & waHyys make

FuH hey of arde / tylys wele y-bake

There were dwellyng* yn pis nobuH towne

Towe lordys wych pat were of grett renow[na]

And woneH fo ny on a grene

That per nas but a stoneH hym bev-twene

As oft1 in grett townys ys ye won

1 & sotht to seyne that one man had a son

Of aH pat londe one of the lysteys[te]

That oudur had a dowtur the feyrest

That estwharH in p* worlde whas p* dwellyng*

The name of eyuerych gane to oudur spryng*

Be wemen pat were neyghburys a-bowte

For in pat contre hit p* out of dowte

Meydyns benH y-kepet for Ialous

FuH styte leyst any downe sum foily

pis yong* man whas callyH peyramus

Thesbe het p* meydonH Naso seythH pus

AndH pus be report whas hur name y-schoue

That as pey wex yn* age wax here luffe

And Serreyne as be resonH of here age

The myglit haue benH be-twex hem maryage

But pat here fadurs nold not it sent

And bowtH in luffe y-lychH sore pey brent

That none of aH here frends myglit hyt lett [601,611]

AndH preuely some tyme pat pey mette

CAMB. Ff. 1. 6
Be slyethi & spekene some of here dyseyre
As owre the glede attur þe feyre
For-bede a luffe & it tene so wode
This wyl wych þat be-twex hym bothi stode
Whas clouen, a tow ryght fro þe cope a down
Of olde tymys of his fundacion
But þat þis clyfte was so narowe & lyte
Hit was noyght a seynyr noygft a myte
But wat þat luffe cano noygft a-speye
The lufferys towe of þat I shal not ley
The funden) fyrst þis lyte narowe clyfte
And with a sowne as softe as any schryft
The lett here wordys thoro þe clyft passe
And tolden wyþ þat þey stoden) in the plase
Here compleynt of luffe and here woo
And every tyme when þey dorst so
Vp-one þat on) syde of þat whaþ stode he
And on þat oudur syde stode tesby
The swette sowne of oudur to reysen
And þus here whardeyns wolde þey dysseyue
And every day this whaþ wolde þey threte
And wyssch to god hit were done bete
Thus wolde þey seyne a las þow wykkyd þa whaþ
Thurgh thyne envoye towe lestest vs aþ
Why nylt þou cleue or fallone a downe
Or at the lest but þou woldust so
Yet woldest but onus lat vs mete
Or onus þat we myght kysson swe,
Than were we couered of owre carus colde
But naytheles yet be we to þe holde
In as mych as þou sufferest for to gone
Oure wordus thurghþ þi lyme & eyke þy stone
Yet are we with þe weþ apayde
And when þis yduþ wordus were scyde
The colde whaþ þey wolde kysse of stone
And take here leyue & fortþe þey wolden) gone
And pis whas gladly in pe euene\n\ndy tyme phe wrowte in pis manere
Tyl on a day whan phebus gane to clere
Aurora wyth phe stremus of his hete
Had dryude vp phe dewe of erbus swete
Vn-to pis clyft as hit whas wont to be
Come pyramus & after come tesbe
And plyghton trowthe fully in fey
pat ylke same nyght to stelone a wey
And to be-geyle here whardeyns euerychone
And forth out of phe Syte for to gone
And for phe feldus bene so browde & wyde
For to mete in a plase at o tyme
pey sett merke here metyng schuld be
There kyngs nynus whas grauene vndur a tre
For olde penyms pat Idoles heried
Vsen tho in feldus to ben bercd
And fast be p\ns geyne whas a weft
And schorthly of p\ns tale to teH
p\ns conaft was a-fermed wondur fast
And long\ny m\nthoght pat p\n sone last
pat hit nere gone vndur p\ngs down
Thys tesby hat\nh so grett affeccio\nAnd so grett hast piramus to se
That wen\sch myght see here tyme myght be
Att nyght sche stale a wey preuyly
Wythi here fase wympuld Sothly
Alle here frendus for to saue here thawght trwthle
Sche asse for-sake & pat p\n rewthi
That euer womman wold\ be so trewe
To tryst a man but sche hym\bettur knewe
And to the tre sche gos a full good pase
For louve made hyr so ardy in pat case
And be pat weff a downe can sche hyr a-dresse
Alas tho come a wylde lyones
To drynken off the welle there she satte
And whanne that Tesbe hadde espyed thatte
She roos withi a drery herte
And in a kave with dredefull Foot she sterte
For by the Mone she sawe yt weH with alle
And as she ranne hire wymple lette she Falle
And tooke nooH hede so sore she was awhaped
And eke For gladde that she was escaped!
And thus she sytteth and derkyth wondre style
whanne that this lyonesse hadde dronke hire Fylle
Aboute the welle gawne she For to wende
And riht anoon the wymple gawne she Fynde
And withi hire blody mouthe yt aH to-Rente
whanne this was done no lengere wolde she stente
But to the wodde hire way thanne hath she nome
And at the laste this Pyramus ys kome
But aH to longe at home allass was he
The Mone shone And he myht weH se
And in his way as that he komie FuH Faste
Hys eyen to the grounde a downe he caste
And in the sonde as he byhelde adown
He seye the steppes broode off a lyown
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
This oon nyht wolde vs lovers bothe sleee
How shulde I aske mercy off Tesbee
whanne I am he that haue yow slayne Allas
My hydynge hath yow slayne in this caas
Allas to bydde A woman goon be nyht
In place where as perylle Fallen myfit
And I so slowe allas I ne hadde be
Here in this place a Furlonge way or ye
Out of þ⁹ wode wyth out more a rest
Wyth bloudy mowth of strangelyng of a best
To drynkene of þ⁹ weH þer as sche aste¹  [² ² ² ² ² ² ² ² ² ²]
And when þat tesby had a-spyde that
Sche rose vp wyth a drewri hert
And in a caue wyth drydfull foot sche sterte
For be þ⁹ mone sche sey hit welle wyth aH
And as sche rane here wympuH lett sche falt
And toke no heed so sore sche whas a-wapede
And eyke for glad þat sche whas esc-aped
And þus sche setthe & erkyth wondur stell
When þis lyones had drenkyne here feH
A-boute þo weH gan sche for to wend
And ryght a-none þe wympuH gan sche fynd
And wyth here bloudy mouth hit aH to-rent
Whan þis was done no lenger sche ne stent
But to þo wode here wey then hathi sche nome
And at þ⁹ last þis pyramus ys come
But aH to longe allas at home whas he
The mone schone & he myght wele y-see
And be hys wey as he come fuH fast
Hys eyen a downe to the erth he cast
And in þe sonde as he be-helde a downe
He saye þ⁹ steppus broude of a lyon
And in hys hert sodenly he a-grose
And pale he wex þer-wyth hys here a-rose
And nere he come & fonde þ⁹ wympuH torne
Allas quok he the day þat I whas borne
Thys o nyght wolde vs louers bothe slee
How schuld I aske mercy of you1 tesby
Whan I am þe þat hathi you1 slayw allas
My bydyng hathi you1 slayne in þ⁹ case
Allas to byddone a woman go be nyght
In plase þer as perceH fallen myght
And I so slou1 allas I had ne be

Here in þ⁹ plas a furlong wyer or sche

CAMB. Ff. 1. 6
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
And with that worde he to the wymple sterte
And kyste yt ofte and wepte on yt FuH sore
And seyde wymple allass there is na mare
But thow shalt Fele as weH the bloode off me
As thow haste Felte the bledyngen off Tesbe
And withi that worde he smote hym to the herte
The bloode out off the wounde as broode sterte
As water whanwe the conduyt brokyn ys
Now Tesbe which that wyst nat off this
But syttyng in here drede she thoutit thus
Yiff hit so Falle that my Pyramus
Be komen hedir and may me nat Fynde
He may me holde Fals and eke vnkynde
And oute she komyth and afster hym gan espyen
Bothe withi hire herte and withi hire eyen
And thought I wolde hym tellen off my drede
Bothe off the Lyonesse and alle my dede
And at the last hire lyeff thanne hati she Founde
Betynge his heeles vpon the grounde
Al blody and ther withi ab abak she sterte
And lyke the wawes quappe gawe hire herte
And pale as Box she was in a throwe
Avysed hire and gan hym weH to knowe
That hit was Pyramus hire herte dere
Who kouthe wryte swych a dedly Chere
HatH Tesbe now and how here heere she Rent
And how she gawne hire sylff to turmente
And how she lyettH an swowneth on the grounde
And how she wepte off Teeres Fulle his wounde
And medlyttH she his bloode withi his compleynt
How withi his bloode hire selff gawe she peynt
How clippetH she the deede corps allas
How doth this wofuH Tesbe in this caas

ADDIT. 28,617
Nowe what lion DAT be in pis forest
My body mote rent or what best
That wyld p5 gnawen mut my hert 844
And wyth DAT warke he to p5 wympuH starte
And kyst it oft & weppet on it full sore
And sayc wympuH allas per is nomore
But pou shaH fele as well 5e bloude of me 848
As pou as felc p5 blok of tesby
And wyth DAT warke he smet hym to p5 hert.
The bloude out of p5 wonk as brock start
As watwr wan DAT p5 condyth broken pis 852
Nowe tesby wyCh wyst no thynge of pis
But settyng in here drede sche thutli pus
Yf it so faH DAT my none pyramus
be comon hidduH & may me not fynd
He may hold me false & eke onH-kynge.
And out sche comthe & after hym sche canH aspye
Botli wyth hyr hert & eke wyth hyr ee
And thought I wyH hym teH of aH my drede 860
Botli of p5 lyones & aH my dede.
And at p5 last here luffe pere as sche fond
Betyng wych his helys vnto p5 grond
AH blody & per-wyth a-bakke sche sterte 864
And lyke po quays quakyng here hert
And pale as box sche was in a throwe
A-vysed here & ganH hym wele to knowe
That it was peramus here hert dere [leaf 67] 868
Woo cowde wryte wyCh a dely schere
Hathi tesby nowe & howe her here sche rent
And howe sche gan here seluen to terment
And howe sche lythi & suownythi on 5e grond 872
And howe sche weppet of teres full hys wonk
And medulthi sche his blode wyth here complynt
How wythi his bloude here selue gane sche paynt
Howe klepet sche pe dede corse allas 876
Houe dothi pis wofuH tesby in this case

PAR.-TEXT 298-299

ODD TEXTS.

CAMB. Ff. 1. 6

10
How kysseth she his Frosty mouthe so colde
Who hatfi dow this and who hatfi ben so bolde
To slee my lyeff / O speke my Pyramus
I am thy Tesbe that the callyth thus
And ther withi aH she lyffted vp his heede
This wofuhl man that Fully was nat deede
On hire he caste his hevy deedly eye
Whan he that he herde the name off Tesbe crye [leaf 6, back]
And dow£ ageyn and yeldith vp the goost
Tesbe rysith vp withi oute noyse or boost
And sauh hire wymple and his empty seeth
And eke his swerde that hym hatfi done to deeth
Thanne spak she thus thy wofuhl hande quod she
Is stronge ynoth in swich a werke to me
For love shaH yeve me strentfi and hardynesse
To make my wounde large ynoth y gesse
I wole the Folwen deede and I wole be
Felawe and cause eke off thy deeth quod she
And thow that no thyng save the deeth only
MiiH the Fro me departe trewly
Thow shalt no more now departe Fro me
Thanne Fro the deeth For I wole goo withi the
And now yee wrecche££ Ielous Fadres oure
We that whylom weren children youre
We pray yow that withi outen more envye
That in oone grave we moten lye
Syn love hatfi brouht 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 womman hire assure
To putten hire in suche an aventue
But god Forbede but yiff a woman kan
Ben as trewe and lovyng as a Man
And For my part I shaH anoون yt kythe [leaf 5]
And withi that worde his swerde she toke as swythe
ADDIT. 28,617
PAR.-TEXT 300-301  
LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. MS. ff. 1. 6, CAMB. 147

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

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

Tesbe ryseth wyth-outon) noyse or bost  
And her wympuH & hes emty schethe  
And eke his sword þat hath him) done to dethe  
þan) speke sche þus my wofuH hand) quod sche  
His strong) I-noght in sych a werke to me  
For luffe shaH gyffe stryntþi & hardynes  
To make my wonþe large e-noght I gesse  
I wyH þe foloue dede & I wyH be  
Feloue & case eke of thy deth quod sche  
And þan þat nothyng) saue deth only  
Myght the fro me part truly

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

Than fro þ þ deth for I wil) go wyth the  
And now the wrycchyþ Ialous sadurs owrþ  
We þat were whylomus we chyldren your  
We pryyn you þ wyth-outon) moreenuye  
þat in one graue we motton) both lye  
Syn loufe hathi browt vs to þis petius ende  
And þ ryghtfuH god to euery louere sendþ  
That louethe truly more prosperyte  
Than ener had) pyramus & tesby  
And let no gentelwoman hyre assure  
To putton) hyre in sych auenture  
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 þ wyth þat word his swerde sche toke as sythe

CAMB. ff. 1. 6
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 deynyte 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. ]  

\[ \text{Incipit . legenda / Didonis . Cartagie . Regine /} \]

\[ \text{G} \]
Lorye and Honour Virgyl Manteān  
Bere thy name and I shaft as I kan  
Folwe thy lanterne as thow goost byforme  
How Eneas was to Dydo Forsworm  
In thyne eneyde And naso wole I take  
The tenoure and the grete effectes make  
Whanne Troye broufht was to the destruccion  
By Grekes sleight and namly by Synoun  
Feynyng the hors offred unto Mynerwe  
Thurh which many a Troian must sterve  
And Ector hadde after his deeth appiered  
And Fyre so woode yt myght nat ben stiercd  
In alle the noble Toure off ylyoun  
That off the Citee was the Chieff dongoun  
And alle the Cuntre was so lowe ybroulft  
And Pyramus the kyng Fordoñ and noulft  
And Eneas was Charged by Venus  
To Fleen away / he toke Ascanius  
That was his sonne in his riht hande and Fledde  
And on his bak he bare and with hym ledde  

\[ \text{ADDIT. 28,617} \]
That warme was of hyr luffys blode & hote
And to pº herte sche hyr sylfe smotte
And þus his pyramus & tesbe a go
Of so trewe men I fynde but fewe mo
In aþ my bokys saue þis pyramus
And þer-fore I haue spoken of hym þus
For hit is dente of syche men to fynde
A man þat gan in lufte be trewe & kynd
Here may þe seen whate louere so he be
A woman dar & kann as wele as he
Explicit Pyramus & tesbe
Nomen scriptoris nicholaus plenus amoris.

Glorie and honowre VirgiH Mantuain /
Bere thi name & I shað as I can
Folow thi laten as thou goist befor
How Enyas was to Dido for-Swron (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 Synoī
Feinyd the horse offird vnto Manerve
Throw whiche many a Trogian dide stryve
And Ector had after his Deith apperid
And a fire so wode it myglt not be sterid
In alle the nobiH toure of Ilion
That of the Citie was the Cheyf Dungeon
And aþ the Contrey was so low I-brought
And Pyramus the kyng brought to nought
And eneas was chargid by Venus
To flayn awaye he toke askaneus
That was his sone in his right hande & fledde
And on his bake he bare & forthi he ledde
His olde Fadir clepeď Anchises
And by the way his wyff Creusa he lees
And mekyl sorwe hadde he in his mynde
Or that he kouth his Felysshipe Fynde
But at laste whanne he hadde hem Founde
He made hym redy in a certeyn stounde
And to the see he gan hym Fuy Fast hye
And sayllith Forth with alle his companye
Towardes ytaylle as wolde his destyne
But off his aventures in the see
Ne nys nat to purpos Ferto spoken off here
For hit accordyth nat to this matere [Leaf 6]
But as I seyde off hym and off Dydo
Shal be my Tale that I have y-do
So longe he saylled in the Salte See
Tyl in Lybye vnneth arryved he
With shippes seven and no more nayve
And gladde was he to londe Ferto hye
So was he with the Tempest al to-shake
And whanne that he the haven hadde ytake
He hadde a knyht was called Acchates
And hym off alle his Felysshipe he chees
To goon with hym the cunte For tespye
He toke with hym no more Companye
But Forth they goon and leffte 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 kutted to the kne
But she was yitt the Feyrest creature
That euere was Fourmed by nature
And Eneas and Acchates she gentle
And thus she to hem spak as she hem mette
Sawe yee quod she as yee haue walked wyde
Eny off my sustren walke yow bysyde

ADDIT. 28,617
His old fader / CallidÔ Anchises / 944
And by the wey his wiffâ Crusa he leese
And Muchi sorow had he in his mynde /
Or that he Coude his felishippe fynde /
But at the last when he had them founde / 948
He made hym redemption a Certeyn stovnde /
And to the see he Covde hym fast hye /
And saillyâ forth with aH hys Company /
Toward ItayH as was his destine /
But his auenture on the see /
Is not to purpos to sepke (sic) ofâ here
for it acordith nat to my Matiere /
But as I said of hym and ofâ Dido /
Er I go ferther and or I haue adoo /
So longe he sailid in the salt see /
TilH at libie vnneti arivith he /
With Shippes viijâ & with no more nave /
And glade was he to lond forto hye /
So was he with tempest â to shake /
And when that he the haunâ had I-take /
He had a kynght (sic) that was Callidô Achates 964
And hymâ ofâ aH his felishipe he chees
To goo with hymâ & this landâ forto aspie /
He toke with hymâ no more Company /
But forthi they gone & letenâ the shippes ride /
His fere and he with-outynâ eny gyde /
So longe he walkyth yn the wildernesse /
That at the last they mete anâ hunteresse /
A. Bow in handâ & arowes had she / 972
Her Clothes Comâ to hir kney /
But she was yet the fayrest creature /
That euer was maide by nature /
Eneas and achates she grett
And thus to themâ spake as she themâ mete /
Sawe ye as ye walkydâ wyde
Any ofâ my sistres walkynge you by-side /
With any wylde Boor or other Beeste 980
That they haue hunted in the Foreste
I-tukked vpe with Arwes in their Caas
Nay sothely lady quod this Eneas
But be thy beaute as thenkyth me 984
Thow myltest neuere 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 988
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 992
Off which ys Dydo lady and quene
And shortly tolde hym alle thoccacioun
why Dydo kome in to that Region
Off which as now me lust nat to Ryne 996
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 dyfit 1000
And vanysshed anoon outhe off his syht
I kouthe Folwe worde For worde virgil
But yt shulde lasten al to longe whil
This noble quene that cleped was Dydo 1004
That whilom was the wyff off Scytheo
That Fayrer was thanne the brilft sonne
This noble tovn off Cartage hath begonne 1008
In which she Regnetli in so grete honour
That she was holde off alle quenes the Flour
Of gentyllesse off Fredam of beaute
That weH was hym that myht hire onys so
Off kynges and off lordes so desired 1012
That alle the worlde hire beaute hath yffyreth
She stode so weH in euery wyltes grace
Whanne Eneas was komen to that place
Whit any wild? Bore ar any wyld? best / 980
That they haue 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 woman be /
But phebus sustre thow art I gesse /
Or ellys I trowe thow art a goddesse /
Haue mercy on our labour & woo /
I am no goddesse sothely quod she thoo /
For Maydeyns walkyn in this Contrey here /
With arowys and with Bowes In this manere /
This ys the Region of libie / ther ye bene /
Of Dido ys a lady and a quene
And shortly she told them the occasion /
Why Dydo comyn to that Region /
Of whiche as now me list not reyne /
For truly it were but losse of tyme /
For this is all & sunne it is Venus
His owyn moder that spake to hym thus /
And to Cartage she bade he shuld hym dight /
And than varyshyd anon oute of hys sight /
I coude folow worde for worde Virgile /
But it shuld last aH to longe a whyle /
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 Reigned yn grette honoure /
And she was holden of aH quens flower
Of gentilnesse / fredom & of Beuete (sic)
Yet wif was hym that hir myght ones see /
Of kynges and of lordes she was desyred /
So that aH the world hir beaunte had fired /
She stode so well / yn euery whyghtes grace /
And whan that eneas was Comen to the place /
Vnto the maystre Temple off the towne
Ther Dydo was in hire devocion
Fu[h] 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 Accates
Hadden in this Temple ben ouere alle
Thanne Fonden they depeynted on a walle
How Troye and alle the londe destroied was
Allas that I was born quod Eneas
Thurh oute the worlde oure shame ys kyde so wyde
Now yt ys peynted on euery syde
How we that whilom wer in prosperitye
Ben now dysclandred and in suche degré
Noo lenger Forto lyve I ne kepe
And with that worde he brast out to wepe
So tendirly that Routhe yt was to seene
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 hathi the worlde in governaunce
Hathi sodeynly brouhit Inne so newo a chaunce
That neure was ther so Fremde a caas
For alle the company off Eneas
Which that he wende haue lorne in the See.
Arryved ys nat Ferr From that Citee
For which the grettest off his lordes some
By aventure ben to the citee komen

ADDIT. 28,617
Vnto the Maister temple of the toune
There Dido was in hir devoutioun /
Full preuely his wey than hath he nom /
When he was In the Temple I-com /
I can not sey ye if 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 vpon every syde /
We that wereyn in most prosperite /
Be now disc[aus]ndred & in suche degre [MS. discu'dred]
No lenger for to leuy I ne kepe /
And wht that werde anoun he gaw to wepe /
So tenderly that it was routhe to see /
This lady Freshe of the Cetie quene /
Stode yn the Temple in hir estate riaH /
So richely & eke so fare with-aH /
So yonge so lusty with hir ei zen glade /
That yff goode that heuyn made /
Wolde haue a loue for Beaute and goodnesse / [leaf 115]
And womanhede trouthi & sembines /
There ys no woman to hym half so mete /
Whom shuld he haue but this lady swete /
fortune that hathi worlde in gouernaunce /
hati sondely wrouthi 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 /
Arriuyd ben not ferr from that Citie /
Of whiche the gretest of his lordes sun /
By auesture to the sam Cite ben Com
Vnto the same Temple Forto seke
The quene and off hire sokour to besoke
Swychi Renoun was ther sprongen off hire goodnesse
And whan they hadden tolde alle theyre destresse
And alle theyre Tempest and theyre harde caas
Vnto the quene,thanne apperred this Eneas [leaf 8]
And openly byknewe that yt was he
Who hadde Ioye thanne but his meyne
That hadde Founde theyr lorde and governour
The quene sauli they dydde hym suche honour
And hadde herde after off Eneas or tho
And in hire herte hadde Routhe and woo
That euere swichi a noble man as he
Shulde ben dysherited and in suche degre
And sauli the man that he was lyke a knyht
And sufficeaunt off persone and off mylhit
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 myht be halff so Fayre I gesse
And weH a lorde he semyt Forto be
And For he was a straunger somwhat she
lykeH hym the bette as god do boote
To somme Folke off newe thing ys swoote
Anoon hire herte hathi pyte off his woo
And withi that pyte love kamme Inne also
And thus For pytee and For gentyllesse
He moste be Reffreshed off hys dystresse [leaf 8, back]
She sayde certys that she sory was
That he hathi hadde suche perylle and suchi caas
And in hire Frendely spéche in this manere
She to hym spak and seyde as ye may here
Be nat ye Venus somne and Anchises
In goode Fychi alle the worshipe and encres

ADDIT. MS. 28,617
And vnto the same Temple for to seche / 1052
The said quene and hir socour to seche /
Suche renowyn was spoke of hir goodenesse /
And they had tolde aH thir distresses /
And aH Tempest & thir harde Cas /
Vnto the quene appered Eneas /
And openly they knew it was he /
Who had ioie But aH his meyne /
That thei had founde thir lorde & gouernour' 1060
The quen) Saw how they did hym suche honour'
And had herd of Eneas more than mow
And yn hir herte she had than rought & woo /
That ever any suche a nobill man as he /
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 weH hys worde he be-sett Can) /
And had a nobile visage for the none /
And fourmyd weH of Fleshe & bones /
And after Venus he had suche fairenesse /
That no man myght be so fare I gesse /
And wele a lorde he semyd for to be / 1072
[leaf 115, back]
And for he was straung sun) what she /
Ilykyd hym the better as god doith bote /
For to serue 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 genttilnesse /
Refreshe she wold hym of his distresse /
She said Certys that sory she was /
That he had suche perH and Cas /
And yn hir frendely speche in this maner 1084
She to hym spake & said as ye may here /
Be ye not Venus sone and Anchises /
In good faith aH the worshipe & encres /

RAWL. C. 96
That I may goodely doon yow ye shaft have
Youre shippes and youre meyne shaft I save
And many a gentyl worde she spak hym to
And komanded hire Messagers Forto goo
The same day with oute Faylle
Hys shippes Forto seke and hem vitaylle
FuH many a beeste she to his shippes sent
And withi 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 lokynge 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 chaumbres [catchwords at foote]

[a leaf (C i) gone here; next leaf (9, C ii) mostly gone.]
That I may do ye shall have
Yours shippes & your meyne I shall save
And Many a gentill worde she spake hym to
And Commandid her Messengres anon to goo
That sam\# Day without\# fayle
His shippes to seeke to stuffe & to vitaille
Fu\# Many a best shippes she sent
And with the wyn\# Can\# hem\# present /
And to his paleys she hir spede /
And Eneas allway with hir she lede /
What nedith then the fest to discryve / .
He neuer better at ease was in his lyve
Full was the fest of\# Deynte & of\# Richesse /
Of\# Instrumentes songes & gladnesse /
And Many an\# amerous & deuise /
And Eneas is in Comyn\# to paradise /
Owte of\# the sorow of\# helle to Lie (sic) /
Ne remembreth hym of\# his estate in troy
To Daunsynge Chambres fu\# of\# paramentes /
Of\# riche Beddis & of\# pauementes
This eneas is ledde after mete
And with the quene whan he hade sete /
And Spices partid\# & the wyn\# a-gone /
Into his Chamber he was lede anoine
To take his ease & for to take his reste /
With a\# his folke to don what hym\# lest /
There ne was a Cou\[r\]sour\# we\# bride\# anone /
Ne stede for the Iustis wel to gone /
Ne large palfrey esy for the nones /
Ne Iue\# fort\# ffy\# of\# riche stones / [I\# full alter\# to fyll]
Ne rubie none that shynyth by nyght
Ne Sackes fu\# of\# gold\# of\# large wyght /
Ne Ientyle hanke facon\# ne herone /
Ne hounde for herte or wilde dere /
Ne Coupe of\# golde with faire florins bet
That In the lande of\# libie myght be get /
Off which ther gan to brenden suche
That sely Dydo hath now swich d
with Eneas hire newe geste to d
That she hath loste hire hewe a

ADDIT. 28,617
But that Dido hath to eneas sent
AH eke is paide that he hath spent /
Thus gafe this honorable quene her gyftes all /
As she that Can in fredom passen all
Eneas eke sothely with-outen lese /
Hathe sent to his shippe by achates /
After his sone & after Riche things /
Bothe Sceptre clothes Broches & Rynges /
Sum for to were & sume for to present
To her that all this nobili thynges sent /
And bad his sone how that he shulde make /
The presentes & to the quen he it take /
Repairef is this Achates agayn /
And Eneas is fufH 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 enamouredf to make /
Onf Eneas but as of that scripture /
Be as be may I take of it no Care /
But soth is this the quene hath such chere /
Vnto the Chyldf that wonder it was to here /
And for the present that his fader sent
She thankyd hym oft in fufH entent /
Thus the quene in plesaunce & in ioye /
With all the newe lusty folke of Troye /
And of the Dedys hath she no more enquire /
OfEneas as thus the story leuidf
Of Troy but all the longe day ther twey /
Entendid to Speke eythir to othir & play
Of whiche ther gan bredyn afyre /
That sely Dido hath now suche a desyre /
With Eneas now her gest to dele /
So that she hath lost her fresh hew & hole /
Now to the effecte 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

Now to the effecte now to the shulde I more seye [leaf 0, back] 1180
alle to do me lyve or deye
c as she that kouth hire goode
ulit and somedel yt withistode
so longe a seremonyge
maken Rehersynge
be withlistonde
ng wole yt wonde
he see
hire meyne
ode and kene
quene
o
[3 lines under]
ff

ADDIT. 28,617
And to the effecte now & the frute of all / Why I haue tolde this story & tellith shal
Thus I be-gyme it feile vpon) a nyght
When that the mone vp-reisid had) hir light
This nobiH quene onto hir) rest went /
She syghed) sore & gan) hur) self) turment
She waikith) she walieth) she makyth) many a sighe /
As doith this lourers as I haue hard) said /
And at the last vnto hir) suster Anne
She made her mone & Right thus gan) she say /
Now dere sustir) myne) what may it be
That me a gasteth) yn my dreme quod she
This new Trogiaw) is so in my thoughts
For that me thinkith) he is so wilI) I-wrought
And eke so likely for to ben) a man
And ther with1 so mekyH good he can) /
That aH my liff & loue is in his cure /
Haue ye not herde hym) teH) his auenture /
Now sertes anne) yf ye rede me /
I wold) fayn) to hym) I-wedid be /
This is effecte what shuld I more sey
In hym) liff) aH to do me leve or dey /
Her suster Anne as she that Coude hir) good /
Seid as she tough) & what whit-stode /
But herof) was betwen) hem) so longe a talkyng /
The whiche were to long to make of rehersyng /
But finally it may not be with-stonde
Loue weH I-loue for nothing wiH) it wonde /
The dawnyng vpriest in the see /
This Amorus quene charged) her) meyne /
The nettes dresse the Speres brode & kene /
Ow huntyng wold) this lusti Freshe quene /
So prikyd) her this new Ioly woo /
To) hors aH ben) these lusty folkys goo /
Vnto the Courte hondes ben) I-brought /
And vpon) Courser as Swyft as any thought

RAWL. C. 86
[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 houen all a-boute / 1196
And of hir gentilwomen eke and huge route / 1196
And vpon a thicke palfrey pap[er] white / 1200
With SadeH rede embrauded with delite / 1200
And of gold the Bares emoed hie / 1200
Sate Dido all in gold and in perrye / 1200
And she as faire as is the Bright more / 1200
That helith folke all fro nyghtes sorow / 1200
And on a "Courser" sterklyng as the fire / 1204
A man myght turne hym with a liteH wyre / 1204
Ther Sat Eneas like phebus to devise / 1204
So was he arrayd freshly yn the new gyse / 1208
The fomy BrideH with the bitte of gild / 1208
Gouernith his hors as hymH selfH wold / 1208
And forth this nobiliH quene doith ride / 1212
To hunten with this new Trogen by hir syde / 1212
The herd of herttes is founden a-none / 1212
With hay go bett prike lette gone / 1212
Whethir the lion cum or the Bere / 1212
That I myght ones mete hym with a spere / 1216
This seyne thes yong kynghtes & vp they kylle / 1216
The wyldH Bestes & have hem at thir wihte / 1220
Amonge all this to Roumbelyn canH the heuyn / 1220
The thounder rodeH with a gryslly stevyn / 1220
And down CamH the rayn & the light so fast / 1224
With hedowse fire that sore ben agast / 1224
This nobiliH quene & also hir meyne / 1224
That iche of them was glade awey to flye / 1224
And sothely from the tempest hem to saue / 1224
She fled her self vnto a liteH Cauie / 1228
And with her went this Eneas also / 1228
I note yt with them went any moo / 1228
Myn auctour Makyth of them no mention / 1228
And here be-gan the first affeccion / 1228
Be-twen hem ij this was on the first Morowe / 1228
Of this gladnesse & the gynnynge of hir sorow / 1228
[Leaves C iii, C iv, are out of the Addit. MS. 28,617,
*Brit. Mus.*]
For ther had Eneas hym: kelid so /
And told: hir: aft hir: hert: & woo /
And sowreyw: is to hir: full depe to be trwe /
For weft: for woo: & chaunge her: for no newe /
And as a fals leuer: so weft: can: playn: /
That sely Dydo rewed: on: his payn: 
And toke hym: for hir: hosbonde: & becam: his wiff: /
For euer: more whi: them: last lift: /
And after this when: the tempest: stynte: /
With Mirth: as they com: home: they went: 
The wykyd: fame vp: rose: that: anone
How Eneas hath: with: the queen: I: gone
And when: the Kyng: that: Iarbast: he: it: wist 
As he: that: euer: louyf: her: as: his: lift: /
And wowid: her: to: haue: her: to: his: wiff: /
It were: grete: routh: &: pite: to: here: /
Now hausheith: (sic): Eneas: yn: his: Loey: 
And: haue: so: many: old: samples: her: be:forw: /
Ye: may: as: welle: it: dalysse: as: I: may: se: /
Take: heed: now: of: this: worthy: Lentilman: 
This: Trogian: that: her: so: welle: plesse: can: 
[Letters of leaf G iv.]

A
A
W
In
So
No
Th
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And
And

1272
1276
1280
And Can) So weH do his observaunce / 1268
To her at feestes and at daunces /
And when she goith to the temple & agayn /
And fasten vtyl haue seyn his lady /
And beren hers 1 devise for hir sake / [1 altered to hys] 1272
Woot ye not • what & songes 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 have ben stervyd / [1118, bk]
For hunger and for myshyfF in the see /
Desolate and flede from hys owyn contrey /
And aH hys folke with tempest aH to drivew / 1280
She hath her Body & her Reame yeyvn /
In-to his handes . ther as she mygh haue ben) / Of other lande then of Cartage a quen /
And to haue leuyd In ioye wolle ye more / 1284
This Eneas that was so depe I-swore /
Is wery of his Craft with-in a throwe /
The hote ernest is ower blowe /
And preuely he doith his shippis dight / 1288
And shapith hym to stele awey by nyght
This Dido hath suspacion of this
And thought weH it was amysee /
For yn hys Bede he lieth aH nyght & sighith / 1292
She askith a-none what hym myeliketh
My dere herte whiche I loue most /
Certes quod he this nyght my faders gost /
hati ym my slepe me so sore trument /
And eke mercurie / this message hathi present
That nedys to the conquest of ItalyH /
My Desteny ys sone forto sayH
For whiche me thinkyth bresten) myvn) herte / 1300
There with his false terys oute they sterte /
And takyth hir) with-In his armes two /
Is that yn ernest quod she wilH 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 shaH I do
To telle in shorte this noble quene Dydo
She seketli halowes and dotli sacrefye
She knelith crieth that routhe ys to devyse
Conjureth hym and profreth Forto be
Hys thralle his servaunt in the leste degree
She Falilith hym to Foot and swowneth there
Dyssheuel with hire briht heere
And seyth haue mercy late me with yow ryde
Thes lordes which that wonen 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 shaH I deyen as youre wyff
I am with childe and gyff my childe his lyff
Mercy lorde haue pyte in youre thouht
But alle this avayllith hire riht nouht
For on a nyht slepynge he lete hire lye
And stale a way vnto his companye
And as a Traytour Forth he ganne to saylle
Towarde the large cuntre off ytaylle
And thus hathi leffte Dydo in woo and pyne
And wedded there a lady that hifi Lauyne [leaf 11, back]
A Clothe he leffte and eke his swerde standyng
Whanze he Fro Dydo stale in hire slepyng
Rifi at hire beddys heede so ganne he hye
Whanze that he stale a way to his navye
Which Clothe whanne sely Dydo ganne awake
She hath yt kyst FuH ofte For his sake
And seyde O swete cloth whil Juniter yt lest
Take my soule vnbynde me off this vnrest
haue ye not Swo[\n] to wiff\[\n] me to take / 1304
A-las what woman) of\[\n] me w[\n] you make /
I am\[\n] a gentilwoman) and a quene /
Ye w[\n] not fromb thus fowle fley\[\n] /
That I was born\[\n] Alas what sh[\n] I Doo / 1308
To t[\n] yn shorte this nobil\[\n] quene dido
She s[\n]y[\n] halowes she doith) sacrifice /
She kne[\n]i\[\n] Crieth\[\n] that) rou[\n]h is to devise /
Comiureth hym) & p[\n]eryth hym) to be 1312
His tharle his servaunt in the lowest degree
She fallyth doun\[\n] to hys fote & Swunoieth there /
AH vnatire\[\n] with her Bright here /
And said\[\n] haue mercy & let[\n] me with you yde /
The lordes that dwelly\[\n] here by side /
Willen\[\n] me distroy only for your sake /
And ye will me for your) wiff\[\n] take
As ye haue s[\n]worn\[\n] than\[\n] I gyve you leue /
for to slee me with your swerde sone at eve /
for than\[\n] sha[\n] I die as your owyn) wiff[\n]
I am) with chylde & gyve my chyl\[\n] hys lyff[\n]
Mercy lorde & haue yn your thought 1324
Butt aH th[\n]e petius complayntes avayleth nought
for yn a nyght sore slepyng he let[\n] her lye /
And from her falsly stale to his Company
And as a false traytou[\n] fourt[\n] he ca\[\n] saile /
Towarde the large Contry of[\n] ItaiH
And th[\n]e left Dido in sorow & in payn)
And wedded ther a lady Cally\[\n] lavy\[\n] / 1331
A clo\[\n] he left be-hynde hym\[\n] & his sworde standing\[\n]
When[\n] he from[\n] Dido stale away in her slepyng\[\n]
Right at his beddys hede so ca\[\n] he lye /
Whan[\n] he stale away to his Nanye /
Whiche clo\[\n] when[\n] sely dido dide awake / 1336
She dide it kysse fuH oft for his sake /
And said[\n] o swete clo\[\n] whicH Iubyter it lest /
Take my Sowle & vnbynd me of this vnrest
I have Fulfille\n off Fortune alle the Course
And thus Allas with-outen his socourse
Twenty tymes y-swowned\n hath she thanne
And whanne that she vnto hire sustre Anne
Compleyned\n 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 anöone
And seyde that she wolde sacrefyce
And whanne she myßt hire tyme weH espys
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 byforë or she deyed!
She wrote a lettre anöon that thus beganne
Riht so quoc\n she as the white swanne
Ageyns his deeth begynneth Forto synge
Riht 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 thurh yow quoc\n she
I may weH lese a worde on yow or a lettre
Al be hit I shaH be neuer the bettre
For thilke wynde that blew your shippe away
The same wynde hath blowe away your Fay
But who so wolé alle this lettre hane in mynde
Rede Ovyde and in hym ye shuH yt Fynde
I haue fulfild of fortune all the cours / 1340
And thus alas with-oute hys Socours /
xx\textsuperscript{th} tymes Sowuned hathi she than\textsuperscript{e} [leaf 112, back]
And when\textsuperscript{e} that she vnto hir\textsuperscript{e} suster Anne /
Complaynnd\textsuperscript{e} had of whiche I may not write / 1344
So gret routh I haue for to endite
And bad her now rise & to her suster gon\textsuperscript{e} /
To feche fire and othir\textsuperscript{e} thing anone /
And said\textsuperscript{e} that she wold sacryfie /
And when\textsuperscript{e} hir\textsuperscript{e} tyme she myght wel aspie
Upon\textsuperscript{e} the fire of sacrifice she stert /
And with\textsuperscript{e} hys Swerd\textsuperscript{e} smote her self\textsuperscript{e} to the hert /
And as my\textsuperscript{e} auctour\textsuperscript{e} / seithi thus she said\textsuperscript{e} / 1352
Err she was hurt be-fore & or she deide /
She wrote a lettre a non\textsuperscript{e} & thus it began\textsuperscript{e} /
Right soo quod she as the whit Sawan\textsuperscript{e} (sic)
against her dethi beginneth for to syng / 1356
Right So to you I make my complanyng /
Not for that I know to getyn\textsuperscript{e} you again /
For we\textsuperscript{e} woot that it were yn veyn\textsuperscript{e}
Sith\textsuperscript{e} that the goddes ben\textsuperscript{e} contrary to me 1360
But sithi my name ys lost / Throw oute quod she /
I may lese on\textsuperscript{e} you a worde or a letter /
all be it I sha\textsuperscript{e} be neuer the better
For thilke wynde that Blew your shipe awey 1364
That sam\textsuperscript{e} wynde hathi brought your faithi awey /
But who wiih haue all this letter yn mynde /
Rede ovide & In hym\textsuperscript{e} ye sha\textsuperscript{e} it fynde /
Explicit the complant of Dido /
Incipit legenda. ysephile &. Medee. Marter:

Τhow Rote off Fals lovers Duke Iason) Thow slyfi devourer and confusion) Off IentyH wymman 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 Feyned tronthe and thy manere With thy obeyssauwce and humble Chere And with thy Countrefeted peync and woo. Ther other Falseden oon thow Falsedest twoo And ofte swore thow that thow woldest deye For love whanne thow ne Feltest maladye Save Foule delyce which at thow callest love Yiff that I lyve thy name shaH be shove In Englyssh that thy seeyte shaH be knowe Have at the Iason now thyn horn ys blowe But certes yt ys bothe Routhe and woo That love with Fals lovers werkith so For they shaH haue weH bettre chere Thanne he that hath bouH his love FuH dere Or hadde in Armes many a blody Boxe For euere as tendre a Capon etth the Foxe ThouH he be Fals and the Foule betrayed As shaH the goode man that therfore payed Alle have he to the capoun skylle and rilit The Fals Fox wolde haue his parte at nyHt On Iason this ensample ys weH yscene By ysyphyle and Medea the queue In Tessalye and Guydo tellyth thus There was a kyng that hilit Pelleus That hadde a brother which that hilit Esona And whanne For age he myHt vnnethe goone

ADDIT. 28,617
He gaff vnto Pelleus the governyng
Off alle his Regne and made hym lorde and kyng
Off which Esone this Iasone getyn was
That in his tyme in alle that londe there nas
Nat swich a Famous knyht off gentyllesse
Off Fredam off strenth and off lustynesse
After his Fadris decti he bare hym so
That there nas noon that lyst to ben his Foo
But dydde hym alle honour and companye
Off which this Pelleus hathi grete envye
Ymagynynge that Iasone myht be
Enhaunsed so and putte in suche degree
With love off lordes off his Regioun
That From his Regne he may be putte adown
And in his wytte a nyht compassed he
how Iasone myht best destroyed be
withi oute sklaundre off his compassement
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
Grete chere off love and off affeccioun
For drede lest his lorde hit espyped
So fiel yt so that as Fame renneth wyde
Ther was such tydynges ouere all and such loos
That in an yle that calleth was Calcos
By yonde Troye Estwarde in the see
That ther Inne was a Ram that men may se
That hathi a Flees off golde that shone so brilfit
That nowhere was there such a nother siht
But yt was kepte al way withi a dragoun
And meny other merveylles vpe and down
And withi two Booles maked alle off Bras
That spytten Fyre and mych thyng there was
But this was eke the tale nathleses
That who so wolde wynnen thilke Flees
He muste both or he yt wynne myht
With the Booles and withi the Dragoun Fylit
And kyng Otes lorde was off that yle
This Pelleus bethouhlt vpôn this wyle
That he his Nevev Iasone wolde enhorte
To saylên to that lande hym to dysporte
And seyde Nevev yiff yt myht be
That swich worshipe myht Fallen the
That thow this Famous Tresor myhtest wynne
And bryngle hit my Regioun with Inne
Hyt were to me grete plesance and honour
Thaune were I holden to quyte thy labour
And alle the coste I wolde my sylff make
And chese what Folke thow wylt withi the take
Latte se now darstow take this vyage
Iasone was yonge and lusty of Corage
And vndertoke to done this ylke empryse
Anōn Argus his shippes kan devyse
with Iasone went the stronge Hercules
And many a nother that he withi hym chees
But who so askyth who ys withi hym gōn
Latte hem goo rede Arganautikôn
For he wolde telle a tale longe ynouh
Philotetes anōn the saylle vpe drouh
Whanne that the wynde was goode and gan hym hye
Out off his Cuntre calyld Thessalye
So longe he sayllyd in the salte see
Tyl in the yle off Leonōn arryved he
Alle be this nat Rehersed off Guydo
Yitt seyth Ovyde in his Epistles so
And in this yle lady was and quene
The Fayre yonge ysiphile the shene
That whilom Thoas doulter was the kyng
Ysiphile was goon in hire pleyng
And romyne on the see clyves by the see
Vnder a Banke anōn espyed she

ADDIT. 28,617
Where lay the shippe that Iasone gan arryve 1472
And off hire goodnesse adovne she sent blyve
To wetyn that yiff eny straunge wyf
With Tempeste thedyr were yblowe a nyf
To done hym sokour as was hire vsaunce  [leaf 14, back] 1476
To Forthern every wyf and to do plesaunce
Off verrey bounte and off Courteysye
This Messager adovne ganne 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 attemptre was and Fayre
And in his way this Messager hem mette 1484
Ful konnyngly thes lordes tho he grette
And dydde his Message askyng hem anoon
Yiff they were broken or ouñit woo begoon
Or hadde nede off loodman or off vytaylle 1488
For off sokour they shulde no thyng Faylle
For yt was utterly 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 Forto pleyen oute off the see
Tyl that the wynde be bettir inoure wery 1496
This lady romyth by the clyffe to pley
Withi hire meyne endelonge the stronde
And Fyndeth this Iasone and this other stonde 1500
In spekyng off this thing as I yow tolde
This Hercules and this Iasone gan beholde  [leaf 15]
How that the quene yt was and Fayre hire grette
And anoon rifyt as they withi this lady mette
She toke heede 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 castefft withi hire ledythi shee
Thes straunge Folke and dotth hem grete honour 1508
And askyth thaym off travaylle and off labour
That they haue suffred in the salte see
So that with Inne a day twoo or three
She knewe be folke that in his shippes be 1512
That yt was Iasone Fulle off Renovme
And hercules that hadde the grete loos
That souhten that adventures off Calcos 1515

[No gap in the MS.]

For they ben worthy Folke with oute lees 1518
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 evyth ymagynacioun
This hercules hath This Iasone preysee 1524
That to the sonze he hath vp Reysed
That halff so trewe a man ther nas off love
Vnder the the Cope of hevene that ys above
And he was wyse hardy secree and Riche [leaf 15, back] 1528
And thes three poynthes ther was noön hym lyche
Off Freedom passed he and lustytheede
Alle thoo that lyven or be deede
Therto so grete a gentyl man was he 1532
And off Thessaylle lykly kyng to be
There nas no lak but that he was agaste
To love and Forto spoke shamefaste
hym hadde lever hym sylff to mordre and dye 1536
Thanne men shulde hym a lover Espye
As wolde god I hadde y-yeve
My bloode and Flessh so that I myht leve
With the noones that he hadde or where a wyff 1540
For his estate For suche a lusty lyff
Leden she shulde with this lusty knyht
And alle this was compassed on the nyht

ADDIT. 28,617
Betwixen Iasone and this hercules
Off thes twoo ther was a shrewed lees
To kome to hoves vpone an Innocent
Forto doote this quene was theyr entent
And Iasone ys as koye as ys a Mayde
He lokyth pytously but nouht he sayde
But Frendely thane he to hire counseyllers.
Yiffs grete he gaffe and to hire Officers
And wolde god I leyser hadde and tyme
By processe alle theyre wowynge Forto Ryme
But in this hovs yiff eny Fals lover be
Riht as hym sylff now dotli so dydde he
With Feynyng and with euery sotyH dede
Yee gete no more off me but ye wole Rede
ThorygenaH that tellith alle this caas
The somme ys this that Iasone weddyd was
Vnto this quene and toke off hire substaunce
What so hym lyst vnto his puruevaunce
And vpon hire bygatte children twoo
And drouh vpe his sayle and sauli hire neuer mo
A lettre sent she hym ceryne
which were to longe to writen or to Feyne
And hym reprovith off his grete vntrouthe
And prayeth hym on hire to have somme routhe
And on his children twoo she seyde hym thys
That ben lyke off alle thynge vvys
To Iasone sauff they kouthe nat begyle
And prayeth god yt were longe whyle
That she that hadde hire herte refste hire Fro
Muste Fynden hym vntrewes also
And that she muste both hire children spylle
And alle thoo that suffred hym haue his wylle
And trewe to Iasone was she euere hire lyff
And euere kepte hire chaste as For his wyff
And euere hadde she Ioye at hire herte [leaf 16, back]
But dyed For his love in Peynes smerte

ADDIT. 28,617
To Calcos komen ys 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
Rihit so kan Fals Iasone haue no pees
Forte desyren thurh his Appetyte
To done with gentyH wymmen his delyte
This ys his luste and his Felicyte
Iasone ys Romed Forthe in to the Citee
That whilom cleped was Iaconytoes
That was the Maistre tovn off alle Colcos
And hath ytold the cause off his komyng
Vnto Octes off that Cuntryt kyng
Praynge hym that he moste done his assay
To gete the Flees off golde yiff that he may
Off which the kyng asentyth to his boone
And doth hym honour as yt was to doone
So Ferforth that his doulter and his heyre
Medea which that was so wys and Feyre
That Feyrer sauf 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 withi alle
And lyke a lorde and hadde a grete Renoun
And off his looke as Ryah as a Lyoun
And goodly off his speche and Famylyer
And konde off love alle the Craffte plener
Withi oute booke with euerych observaunce
And as Fortune hire auht a Foule meschaunce
She wexe Enamoured vpow this Man
Iasone quod she For auht I se or kan
As off this thyng the which ye ben aboute
ye and your sylff y putte in huge doute
For who so wolde this Aventure acheve
he may nat well asteren as I leve

AL DIT. 28,617
With outen deeth but I his helpe be  
But natheles yt ys my wylle quod she  
To Forthren yow so that ye shalt nat dye  
But tourne sounde home to youre Thessalye  
My riht lady quod this Iason thoo  
That ye haue off my deeth or off my woo  
Eny rewarde and done me this honour  
I woote well that my myht ne my labour  
May nat deserve yt in my lyffes day  
God thanke yow ther' as I ne kan ne may  
youre Man I am and lowlich yow beseche  
To be myn helpe withi outen more speche  
But certes For my deeth shal I nat spare  
Thoo gan this Medea to hym declare  
The perylle off this caas From poynyt to poynyt  
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 poynyt Forto goo  
They ben accorded Full bytwix hem twoo  
That Iason shall hire wedde as trewe knyht  
And terme ysette to kome sone at nyht  
Vnto hire Chambre and make there his othe  
Vppoñ the goddes that he For leeff ne lothe  
Ne sholde hire neuere Falsen nyht ne day  
To ben hire housbonde while he lyve may  
And she that From his deeth hym savyd here  
And here vpõn at nyht they mette yffere  
And doth his othe and goth with hire to bedde  
And on the morwe vpwarõ he hym spedde  
For she hath tauht hym how he shal nat Fayle  
The Flees to wynne and stynt his batayle  
And saveõ hym his lyff and his honour  
And gate hym a name as a Conquerour  
And thurh the sleyth off hire enchauntement  
Now hath Iason the Flees and home ys went
with Medea and Tresoures FuH grete woone 1652
But vnwyst off hire Fadire she ys goone
That afterward hath brouht hire to myshef
To Thessalye with Duke Iasone hire lieff [leaf 18]
For as a Traytour he ys From hire ygoo 1656
And with hire leffte yonge children twoo
And Falsly hath he betrayed hire Allas
As euere in love a Theeff a Traytour he was
And wedded yitt the thridde wyff anoon 1660
That was the douhter off kyng Creon
This ys the mede off love and guerdon
That Medea resseyved off Iason
Riht For hire trouthe and For hire kyndeness 1664
That loved hym better thanne hire sylff y gesse
And laffte hire Fadire and hire heritage
And off Iason this is the vasselage
That in his dayes nas neuere noon Founde 1668
So Fals a lover goyng on the grounde
And therfore in hire lettre thus she seyde
First whanze she off his Falsnesse hym vpbreyde
Why lyked me thy yelow heere to se 1672
More thanne the boundes off myn honeste
Why lyked me thy youthe and thy Feyrnesse
And off thy tunge the Infynyte graciousnesse
O haddest thouw in thy conquest deede ybe 1676
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.
[V.]

Incipit. Legenda. Lutricia. Rome. Martinis:

Now mote I seyn the Excellyng off Kynges
Off Rome For hire horryble doynges
Off the laste kyng callyd Torquenyus
As seyth Guydo And Tytus Lyuyus
But For that cause telle I nat this storye
But Froto preysen and drawe to memorye
The verrey wyff off the verrey Lucrese
That For hire wyfhode and hire stedfastnesse
Nat only that thes payens hire comende
But he that cleped ys in oure legende
The grete Austyn hath grete compassion
Off this Lucrese that starffe off Rome town
And in what wyse I wole but shortly trete
And off this thing I touche but the grete
Whazne Ardea beseged was aboute
With Romayns that sterne were and stoute
FuH longe leyn in the see and lytyl wrouhten
So that they wern halff ydeH hem thouhten
And in his pleye Torquenyus the yonge
Gan Froto Iape For he was liht off touge
And seyde hit was rihit an ydeH lyff
No man dydde more there thane his wyff
And latte vs speke off wyffes that ys best
Preysy euery man his owne as hym lest
And withioure speche latte vs ese oure herte
A knyht that liht kalatyn vpe sterte
And seyde thus lay sire yt ys no nede
To trowen vpön the worde but on the dede
I have a wyff quod he that as I trowe
Is holden goode off alle that euere hire knowe
Go we to nyfit to Rome and we shuH se
Torquenyus answerde that lykyth me
To Rome be they komen and Fast hem diff
To Calatyns hovs and downe they lift
Torquenyus and eke this Calatyne
The housbande knewe the Esters weH a Fyne
And FuH 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
Dyscheucline For off malice she ne thault
And soffte wolde ourc booke seyth she wrouft
To kepe hire From slouthe and ydelnesse
And badde hire seruauntz done here besynesse
And askefti hem what tydynges here yee
How seyth men off the sege how shalft yt be
God wolde the walles wern Falle adovn
Myn housbonde ys to longe out off this towne
For which the drede doth me so smerte
That withi a swerde yt styntes to myn herte
Whanne I thenke on that sege or off that place
God save my soule I pray hym For his grace
And there withi all fuH tenderly she wepe
Off hire werke she toke no more kepe
But mekely she lete hire eyen Falle
And thilke semblauat sat hire weH withi alle
And eke hire teeres Fulle off honeste
Embeseleo? hire wyffly chastyte
Hire contenaunce ys to hire herte dygne
For they accorden bothi in d.de and sygne
And withi 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 withi blysfult chere
And kyssed hym as off wyffes ys the woone
Torquenyus this proude kyngis soene
Conceyved hath hire beaute and hire chere
Hire yelow heer hire wordes and hire manere

ADDIT. 28,617
Hire hewe and how she hatli compleyne? 1748
And be no Craffte hire beaute was nat Feyned? 1752
And kault to this lady suche a desire
That in his herte he brente as eny Fyre [leaf 29]
So woodly that his wytte was aH Forgetyn
For wen thoufit he she wolde nat begetyn
And ay the more he was in despeyre
The more he coveythy hire and thoufit hire Feyre
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 sylf he walkyth sobirly
The ymage off hire al way recordyng newe
Thus laye hire heer thus Fressli 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 hatli now ytake
And as the see withi Tempest al to-shake
That after whanne the storme ys aH agoo
Yutte wole the watire quappe a day or twoo
Riht so thoufit hire Fourme were absent
The plesaunce off hire Fourme was present
But natheles nat plesaunce but deythe
Or an vnrihtful talent with dyspyte
For maugre hire she shaift my leman be
Happe helpith hardy man al way quod he
What ende that I make hit shaift he so
And girte hym withi his swerde and gan to goo
And Fothi he Ryte tyl he to Rome ys kome [1776
And aH allone his way he hath ynome
Vnto the hovs off Colatyn FuH Riht
Dovne was the sonne and day hath lost hire liht
And Inne he kome vnto a pryve halke
And in the nyht Ful theesfly gan he stalke
For every wiht was to his Reste brouht
Ne no wiht hadde off Tresone such a thoufit
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 Lucrese
And as she wooke hire bedde she Felte presse
What beeste ys that quod she that weythi 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 Fourems man on lyve
This swerde thurfi thyn herte shaft I Ryve
And there withi al into hire throte he sterte
And sette the poynyt al sharpe vpon hire herte
No worde she spak she hatfi no myfit therto
What shaft she seyn hire wytte is al agoo
Rift as a wolff that Fyndeti a lambe allone
To whome shaft she compleyne and make mone
What shaft she Fyfit withi an hardi knyft
Well wote men that a woman hatfi no myfit

[A leaf, D iii, gone here.]
Be as be may quod she off Forgevyng
I wol ne haue Forgysst For no thyng
But prevely she kaufit Forth a knyff
And ther with she resste hire self hire lyff
ADDIT. 28,617
And as she Felle adownd 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 well she loved clennesse and eke trouthe
Off hire hadde alle the tovne off Rome Routhe
And Brutes by hire chaste bloode hathi swore
That Torquyn shulde ybanysshed be therfore
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
Thurfi alle the tovn that men may se and here
The horryble dede and hire Oppression
Ne neuer was ther kyng in Rome tovn
Syn thilke day And she was holden there
A seynt and euere hire day ys halwed dere
As in theyre lawe And thus endith Lucresse
The noble wyff as Titus berith wytnesse
I telle yt For she was off love so trewe
For in hire wylle she chaunged For no newe
And in hire stable herte sadde and kynde
That in thes wymmen men may al day Fynde
[leaf 21, back]
Ther as they caste hire herte there it duellith
For wel 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 Fonde
As in a womman 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 ThuH broteH Ferto treste
LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. ADDIT. MS. 28,617. 189

[VI.]


Iguel 1 Infernal Minos off Crete Kyng
Now komyth thy boot now komystow on the Rynge
Nat For thy sake wryte I only this storye 1888
But only Forto clepe ayeyn vnto Memorye
Off Theseus the grete vntrouthe in love
For which the goddes off the hevene above
Ben wrotli and wreche haue taken For thy synne 1892
Be reede For shame now I thy lyff begynne
Minos that was the mylty kyng off Crete
That hadde an hundred Citees stronge and grete
To scolc hatli sent his sonne Androgeus [leaf 22] 1896
To Athanes off which yt happe4 thus
He was slayne lernyng Phylosophye
Rith in the Citee nat but For Envye
The grete Minos off the which I speke 1900
hys sonmys deectli ys komyn Forto wreke
Alcytote he bysegith harde and longe
Buat 2 natheles the Walles ben so stronge [2 sic]
And Nysus that was kyng off that citee 1904
So chiualrous that lytyl dreditli he
Off Minos nor off his Oost toke no cure
Tyl on a day by-Felle an Aventure
That Nysus douhter stoode vpon the walle 1908
And off the siege saulti the maner alle
So happe4 yt that at a scarmyslyng
She caste hire herte on Minos the kyng
For his beaute and For his chiualrye 1912
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 1916
To save whom hym lyst or ellys spylle

ADDIT. 28,617
But wykkedly he quyte hire kyndenesse
And lette hire drench in sorwe and dystresse
Nor that the goddes hadde off hire pytee 1920
But that tale were to longe as now For me [leaf 22, back]
Athanes wanne this kyng Minos also
And Alcytone and other tovnes moo
And this thesfecte that Minos hath so dryven 1924
Thaym off Athanes that they mote hym yeven
Fro yere to yere theyre owne children dere
Forte be slayne riht as ye shalH here
This Minos hath a monstre a wykkef beesto 1928
That was so cruH that withi oute Reste
Whanne that a man was brouht in his presence
He wolde hym ete thare helpifi no dyffence
And euery thriddle yere withi oute dovte 1932
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 1936
Or late his beeste devoure hym at his wylle
And this hath Minos done riht in despyte
To wrekhe his sonne was sette alle his delyte
And maken off Athanes his Thralle 1940
Fro yere to yere while that he lyven shalle
And hoome he saylles whanne the tovnH ys wonne
The wykkef custume ys so longe yronne
Tyl that off Athenes the kyng Egeus 1944
Mote senden his owne sonne Theseus
To ben devouredf sythi grace ys ther noon
Sythi that the loote ys Fallen hym vpoH [leaf 21]
And ForthH ys ladde this wofuiH yonge knyHt 1948
Vnto the Court of kyng Minos FuH RiiHt
And in a prisoyn FetreH caste ys he
Tyl thilke tyme he shulde Freten be 1952
Wel maystow wepe O wofuiH Thesens
Thow art a kyngis sonne and dampeHf thus
ADDIT. 28,617
Me thenkyth this that thow were depe yholde
To whom that saved the From cares colde
And yiff now eny woman helpe the 1956
WeH ouhtestow 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 1960
Dovne in the Botme depe and wonder lowe
was Ioynynge to the walle to a Foreyne
As yt was longyng to the sustren twayne
Off Minos that in theyre chambre grete 1964
Dwelten above towarde the maystre strete
Off Athanes in Ioye and in solace
Note I nat how yt happe\$ per caas
As Theseus compleyned\$ hym by nyhit 1968
The kyngis doufiter that Adryan hy\$it
And eke hire sustre Freda herden alle
Hys compleynt as they stode on the walle
And looke\$ vpon the briht Moone [leaf 23, back] 1972
Hem lyst nat to goon to bedde so soone
And off his woo they hadde compassioun
A kyngis sonze to be in suche prisoun
And ben devoured\$ thou\$it theym grete pyt\$ee 1976
Thanne Adrian spak to hire sustre Free
And seyde Freda leve sustre deere
This wofu\$ lorde sonne may ye nat here
How pytously compleynyth he his kynne 1980
And eke this pore estate that he ys Inne
And giltles now certes this ys routhe
And yiff ye Wolfe assenten be my Trouthe
He shal\$ ben holpyn how so that we doo 1984
Freda anwerde ywyns 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 Tayler prevely 1988
To kome and speke wi\$i vs hastely

ADDIT. 28,617
And doon this woful man with hym to kome
For yiff he may this monstre ouerkome
Thanne were he quytte ther nys nooD 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 descende
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 shul make hym balles and eke also
Off wex and Towe that thanne he gapith Faste
Into the beestes throte he shal hem caste
To slake his hunger and encombe his teeth
And rihit anoon whanne Theseus seeth
The beeste achoked he shal on hym leepe
To slee hym or they komen more to kepe
This wepen shal the Gayller or that tyde
FuH prevely with Inne the prison hyde
And For the hovs ys ykynkelyd to and Fro
And hathi so queynte wayes Forto goo
For yt ys shapen as the mase y-wroult
Therto have I a Remedye in my thoufht
That be a clewe off twyne as he hathi gooD
The same way he may retourne anoon
Folwyng al way the threde as he hathi kome
And thanne that he this beeste hathi ouerkome
Thanne may be Fleen away oute off this drede
And eke the Gayllere may he with hym lede
And hym abauunce 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
The Gayllyr' komythi and with him Theseus
Whanne thes Maydens ben accorded thus
Dovne hym sette Theseus on his kne
The rilht lady off my lyff quod he
I sorowfulH man y-dampned to the deeth
For yow whils that me lastyth lyff or breeth
I wolet nat twynne after this aventure
But in youre service thus I wolet endure
That as a wrecche vnknowe I wolet yow serve
For euere mo tyl that myn herte sterve
Forsake I wolet at home myn heritage
And as I sayde 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 wolet I swynke
Rilht as yow lyst that Minos ne no wyhit
Syn.that he sauH me neuere with eyen siht
No no man ellys shaH me konne espye
So sleyly 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 H dwerdon that hym shaH weH be
One off the gretteste men off my Centre
And yiff I durste yt seyn my lady briht
I am a kyngis sonne and eke a knyfit
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 rilht here
But I yow serve as lowly in that place
I pray to Marce to yeve me suche grace
That shamys deeth there mote on me Falle
And deeth and poverté vnto my Frendes alle
And that my spyryt be nyght mote goo
After 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 wouchesauff 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 [leaf 25, back]
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 seruaunt in so lowe degre
God shelde yt For the shame off wyrmman alle
And leene me neuer suche a caas be-Falle
But sende yow grace and sleyft off herte also
Yow to defende and knyltly sleen youre Foo
And leene here affter 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 wyff
Syn that ye been as gentyl borne as I
And haue a Reayme heere Fast by
Thanne that I suffred yow giltes to sterve
Or thanne I lete yow as a page to serve
Hit ys no profre as vnto youre kynrede
But what is that at man wole nat do For drede
And to my sustre syn that yt ys so
That she mote go withi 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 Fynaft 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 withi the Minatour to-morwe
yiff that ye wole yiff I hadde knyff or spere
I wolde yt laten oute and theron swere
For theynne at erst I wote ye wole me leve 2108
Be Mars that ys the chieff off my beleve
So that I myhit levyn and nouhit Faylle
To morwe Forto taken
I wolde n 2112
Tyl

And to hire sustre seyde In this manere [leaf 26, back]
Al sofftel / now sustre myn quod she
Now betfi 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 gentyl wyomen ys the wonne
To save a gentyl man emforthe hire myhit 2132
In honest cause and namely in his Rihit

ADDIT. 28,617
Me thenke no wyht ouht vs heroff blame
Ne beereen vs therfore an evyh name
this materre Forto make

And off his wyffis Tressour he gan yt charge  [leaf 27]
A[nd] toke his wyff and eke hire sustre Free  2152
And eke the Gayllere and with theym alle three
Is stoole a way oute off the londe by nyht
And to the cuntre off Ennopye hem dyht
There as he hadde a Frende off his knowynge  2156
There Festen they there dansen they and synge
And in his Armes hathi this Adryane
That off the beeste hathi kepte hym From his bane
And gate hym there a newe Barge anoone  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
There as duelde Creature noone  2164
Save wylde beestes and that FuH many oone
He made his Shippe a lande Forto sette
And in [this] yle halff a day he lette
And s[e]yde that on] the londe he muste hym Reste  2168
Hys maryners done rifiht as hym leste

ADDIT. 28,617
And Forte telle shortly in this cas
Whanne Adryane his wyff a slepe was
For that hire sustre Fayrer was thanne she
He takith hire in his honde and Forthi gothi he
To shippe and as a Traytour stale his way
While that this Adryan on slepe lay
And to his Cuntrewarde he saylyth blyve [leaf 27, back] 2176
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 payson be theyre bane 2180
But I wolet turne ageyn to Adryan
That ys with slepe For werynesse y-take
FuH sorowfully hire herte may a-wake
Alias For the myn herte hath pytee 2184
Riht in the dawnyng awakith she
And gropith in the bedde and Fonde riht nouhit
Alias quod she that euere was I wrouhit
I am betrayed and hire heere to-Rente 2188
And to the stronde barefoot Fast she wente
And cryed Theseus myn herte swete
Where be ye that I may nat with yow mete
And myht thus with beestes been yslayne 2192
The holowe Rokkes anwerde hire agayn[e]
No man she sauli and yitt shyned the [Moone]
And hyH vpon a Rokke she wente soone
And sauli his barge sayllyng in the see 2196
Colde wexe hire herte and riht thus seyde she
Meker themne ye Fynde I thes beestes wylde
Hadde he nat syune that hire thus begyledo
She Cryed O turne ageyn For Routhe and synne 2200
Thy barge hath nat alle his moyne with Inne
Hire kevercheff vpon a pole vp stykethe she
[Ask]aunce he shulde hyt weH y-se [leaf 23]
And hym Remembre that she was behynde 2204
And turne ageyn and [on] the stronde hire Fynde
ADDIT. 28,617
But aft For nouht his wey he ys y-goone
Adovne she Felle a-swone vpôn a stoone
And vpe she Ryst and kysseth in alle hire care
The steppes off his Feet there he hath Fare
And to hire bedde riht thus she spekith tho
Thow bedde quad she that hast resseyved twoo
Thow shal nt answer off twoo and nat off oone
Where ys the gretter partye a-way goone
All[as] where shall I wrecche wiht bekome
For thouh 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 l[ong 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 Crovne shyne clere
I wol no more speke off this materere
But thus this Fals lover game begyle
Hys trewe love the devyH quyte his whyle

[VII.]

: Incipit · legenda · Philomene.

The Fayre worlde and bare yt in thy thouht
Eternally thow thy werke began
Why madestow vnto the selaundre off Man
Or aH be hit / yt was nat thy doynge
As For that Frye to make swiche a thinge
Why suffrest thou that Tereus w[as] bore
That ys in love so Fals and For[swore]
That Fro this worlde vp to the Firs[t] hevene
Corrunzapeth 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[l]e stor[y]e Rede
Myn eyen wexen Foule and sor[e alsoo]
Yitt laste the venyme off so longe agoo
That yt Infecryth hym that wole be-holde
The storye of Tereus the whiche I tolde
Off Trace was he lorde and kynne to Marte
The Cruel god that stant with bloody darte
And wedde he with a blysfull chere
Kyng Pandyoness douhter Fayre and dere
That hift Progne Floure off hire Cuntree
Thouh Iuno lyst nat at the Feste to be
Ne ymeneus that god off weddung ys
But at the Feste redy ben y-wys
The Furies three with theyre mortaH bronde
The Owle aH nyht aboute the balkes wonde
That prophete ys off woo and off meschaunce
This ReveH fhuH off songe and fhuH off daunce
laste FourtenytiH or lytyH lasse
But shortly off this storye forte 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
To seen hire sustre that she sauh nat longe
That For desire she nyst what to say
But to hire housbonde ganne the Forto pray
For goddis love that she must oony goone
Hire sustre Forto se and kome anoone
Or ellys but she moste to hire wende
She prayde hym he wolde after hire sende
And this was day by day hire prayere
With alle humblesse of [wif] hode worde and chere
This Tereus lete ma[ke his] shippes yare
And into Grece hym sylf ys Forti y-Fare

ADDIT. 28,617
Vnto his [father] in lawe ganne he preye
To vouchesauff that For a moneth or tweye
That Philomene his wyffis sustre myht
On Proigne hys wyff but onys haue a sylf
And she shatt kome anoon ageyn anoone
My sylff withi hire I wole both kome and goone
And as myn hertys lyff I wole hire kepe
This olde Pandeone the kyng gan wepe
For tendernesse off herte Forto leve
Hys doulter 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 all so yonge so Fayre was she
That whanne that Tereus safi hire beaute
And off Arry that ther was noone hire lyche
And yitt off beawte was she twoo so Riche
He keste his Fyrye herte vpon 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 hertys lyff
And grete [yow] weff my douhter and [thy] wyff
And gisse hire leve somme tyme Forto pleye
That she may seen me onys or I deye
And sothely he hym hatfi made Riche Feste
And to his Folke the moste and eke the leste
That withi hym kam he yaff hem gylfftes grete
And hym conveyth thurfi the maystre strete
Off Athanes and to the see hym brouht
And turneth home no malice he ne thoufi

ADDIT. 28,617
The Oores pullen Forth the vessell 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 yff hire lesteth
Or lesteth nat he badde hire Forto Resteth
Off which hire herte agroos and seyde thus
Where ys my sustre brother Tereus
And ther with alle she wepte tenderly
And quooke For Feere pale and pytously
Rihit 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-whaped
Lyst yt be hente efte so[ne]s so that she
But vitterly yt may noon other be
By Force hath this Traytour done a dede
That he hath refste hire off hire maydenhede
Maugre hire heede by strenth and by myfit
Loo here a dede off men and that a Rihit
She crieth suster with Fuh lowde stevene
Alle helpith nat and yitt this Fals theeff
Hath done this lady a more myschieff
For Feere she sholde hys shame crye
And done hym haue an opne velanye
And with his swerde hire tunge off kerff he
And in a casteH made hire Forto be
Fuh prevely in a prysone euere 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 hath his wyff ynome

ADDIT. 28,617
And pytously he wepte and shoke his heede
And swore to hire he Fonde hire sustre deede
For this sely Progne hathi swich woo
That nyhi hire sorowfulH herte breste attwo
And thus in teeres latte [1] Progne duelle
And off hire sustre Forthi wolo I telle
This w[ofu]H lady lerned hadde in youthe
So that she werkyn and embrowden kouthe
And weven in the stole the Radenore
As hit off wyymen hathi ben wouen yore
And sothely Fortho seyn shede hade hire Fylle
Off mete and drynke and Clothyng at hire wylle
She kouthe eke rede and wéH ynuouH endyte
But withi a penne koude she nat wryte
But lettres kænne she weven to and Froo
So that by the yere was alle agoo
She hadde wovyn in a stamyn large
How she was brouhit From Athenes in a Barge
And in a Cave how that she was brouhit
And alle the thinge that Tereus hathi wrouhit
She wove yt wéH and wrote the storye above
How she was served For hire sustre love
And to a knawe a Rynge she yaff anoone
And preyde hym by sygnes Fortho goone
Vnto the quene and beren hire that clothe
And be sygnes swore many an othe
She shulde hym yeve what she geten myHt
This knave anoone vnto the quene hym dyHt
And toke yt hire and alle the manere toldo
And whazne that Progne hathi this thinge beholde
No worde she spak For sorwe and eke For Rage
But Feyned hire to goon on Pylgrymage
To Bacus Temple and in a lytyH stounde
Hire dumbe sustre syttyng hathi she Founde
Wepynge in the Castell hire alloone
Alias the woo the compleynt and the moone

ADDIT. 28,617
That Progne vpon hire sustre maketh 2380
In Armes eueryche off hem other taketh
And thus I late hem in here sorwe duelle
The remnanaut ys no charge to telle
For this ys alle and somme thus was she served 2384
That neuere harme ne gylte ne deserved
Vnto this cruel man that she off wyst
Yee may be warr 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 Murdrer 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 wykked Fruyt komyth off wykked tree
That may ye Fynde yff that yt lyke yow 2396
But For this ende I speke this caas as now
To tellen yow off the ssals Demophone
In love a Falser herde I neuere noone
But yiff hit were his Fadir Theseus 2400
God For his grace From such oon kepe vs
Thus thes wymmen prayen that hit heere
Now to theeffecte tourne I off my materre
Dystroyed ys off Troye the Citee 2404
This Demephone kome sayllyng in the see
Towarde 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 begoone

ADDIT. 28,617
And they haue at the Siege longe yeyne
Behynde hym kome a wynde and eke a Reyne
That shooff so sore his saylle mylith nat stande
Hym were lever than alle the worlde ha lande
So hunte thi 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 such manere
That the carpenter kouthe yt nat amende
The see bc nyliht as eny Torche brende
For woode and possith hym now vp now down
Tyli Neptyne hath off hym compassioun
And Tetes Thorus\(^1\) Triton and they alle
And made hym vpo\(n\) a lande to Falle
Wheroff that Philles lady was and quene \[leaf 32, back\]
Lygurges douhter Fayrer on to scene
Thanze ys a Floure ayen the briht sonne
Vnnethe ys Demephone to londe y-wonne
Wayke and wery and his Folke Forpyne\(d\)
Off werynesse and also enfamyne\(d\)
And to the deeth he was almost ydryve
Hys wyse Folke to consey\(H\) haue hym yeve
To seken helpe and sokoure off the quene
And loken what his grace myliht beene
And make in that lande somme chevysaunce
To kepem hym Fro woo and Fro meschaunce
For syke he was and almist at the deeth
Vnnethes myliht he speke or drawe his breeth\(i\)
And lyeth\(i\) in Rodopya hym Forto Reste
Whanne he may walke him thouht yt was the beste
Vn to the Courte to seken For sokour
Men knewe hym we\(H\) 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 Renoun
Noone so grete in alle the Regioun
And lyke his Fadire off Face and off stature
And Fals off love yt kome hym off Nature
As doth the Fox Reynard the Foxis some
Off kynde he kouthe his olde Fadris wonne
With outen lore as kan a drake sywme
Whanne yt ys kaulit and caryd to the brymne
This honnourable Philles doth hym chere
Hire lykith herde this Theseus devyse
In the betraysynge off Fayre Adryane
That off hire pyttee kepte hym From his bane
At shorte wordes Rihat so Demophone
The same way the same paath hath goone
That dydde his Fals Fadire Theseus
For vnto Philles hath 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
And dotli with Philles what so hym lyst
As wel kouthe I yiff that me lyst soo
Tellen alle his doynge to and Froo
He seyde to his cuntre muste he saylle
For there he wolde hire weddyng apparylle
As Felle to hire honour and his also
And openly he tooke his leve thoo
And hatli hire sworn he wolde not soiourne
But in a moneth he wolde ayen retourne
And in that lande lete make his ordenaunce
As verrey lorde and toke thobeyssance
Wele and homly and his shippes dyht
And home he gooth the next way he myht
For vnto Philles yitt kome he nouht 2484
And that hath she so harde and sore ybouht
Allas that as the stories vs Recorde
She was hire owne deeth with a corde
Whanne that she seye that Demephone hire trayed?
Bote to hym wrote she and Fast prayer?
He wolde komen and hire delyuere off peyne
As I reherse shal a worde or tweyne
Me lyst nat wouhesauf 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 thouht yt be but lyte
Thyn Oostesse quod she O Demophon
Thy Philles which that is so woo begoon
Off Rodopey vpôn yow mote compleyne
Over the terme sette bitwix vs tweyne
That ye ne holden forwarde as ye seyde
Youre anker which ye inoure haven leyde
Hylit vs that ye wolde komen oute off doute
Or that the Moone went onys aboute
But tymes Four the Moone hath hidde hire Face
Syn thilke day ye went From this place
And Four tymes lihit the worlde ageyne
But for alle that yiff I shulde sothely seyne
Yitt hath the Streme off Cyteys nouhit brouhit
Fram Athenes the shippe yitt kome yt nouht
And yiff that ye the terme Rokne 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 thouhit that she well hath seyde

ADDIT. 28,617
She sayde thy saylles komyth nat agye
Ne to thy worde ther ys no Fey Certeye
Bote I wote why ye komen nat quod she
For I was off my love to yow so fre
And off the goddes that ye haue swore
Yiff here vengeance Falle on yow therfore
Ye be nat suffisauant to bere the peyne
To muche I trusted I may wel seyne
Vpon youre lynage and youre Fayre tonge
And on youre Teeres Falsly oure wronge
How kouthe ye wepe so by Craffte quod she
May there suche teeres yffeyned be
Now certes yiff ye wole haue in memorye
It oufett to be to yow but lytyll glorye
To haue a sely Mayde thus betraye
To god quod she pray I and ofte ha prayde
That yt moste be the grettest pride off alle
And moste honour that euere shal yow befalle
That whanne thyt olde Auncestres ypeynted be
In which men may thayre worthynesse se
Theune pray I god how peynted be also
That Folke may reden Forby as they goo
Lo this ys he that with his Flaterye
Betrayed hathi and done hire vylanye
That was his trewe love in thouli and dede
But sothely off oon poyn yitt may they rede
That ye be lyke youre Fadire as in this
For he begyled Adryane y-wys
With suche an Arte and with suche subtyltye
As thow thy selven hast begyled me
As in that poynyt ahh thouli yt be nat Fayre
Thow Folwist hym certeyn and art his hayre
But sen thus synfully ye me begyle
My body mote ye se with Inne a while
Rifi in the havene off Athenes Fletynge
withi outhe sepulture or Burwynge

ADDIT. 28,617
Thou li ye ben harder thane ye ens any stoune
And whanne this letre was Forth ygoone
And knewe how brote he and how Fals he was
She For despeyre Fordydde hire selff allas
Suche sorwe hath she For she besette hire so
Be warre ye wymmen For your subelle\(^1\) woo
Sen yitt this day men may ensemele se
And trusteth as in love no man but me

[ IX. ]

: Incipit . Legenda . Ypermystre :

I n Grece whylom were Brethren twoo
Off which that oon was callyde Danoo
That many a sonne hathi off his body wonne
As suche Fals lovers offtent tyne koune
Amonge his sonnes alle there was oone
That aldermeste he loved off euerychoone
And whanne this Childe was borne this Danoo
Shope hym a name and callyde hym Lyno
That other brother callyde was Egyste
That was off love as Fals as hym lyste [leaf 35, back]
And many a douhter hadde he in his lyff
Off which he gate vp\(\)n his riht wyff
A douhter deere and dydde hire calle
Ypermystra yongest off hem alle
The whiche Childe off hire natiiute
To alle thewes goode borne was she
And lyked to the goddes or she was borne
That off the sheeff she shulde be the corne
The wordes that we clepen destyne
Hathi shapen hire that she mot nedys be
Pietous sadde wys Trewe as stele
As to thses wymmen yt accordethi wele

ADDIT. 28,617
For thought that Venus yeff hire grete beaute  
With Inpyter compovned so was she  
With Conscience trouthe and drede off shame  
And off hire wyffhode Forto kepne hire name  
This thouht hire was Felicite as heere  
The Rede Mars was that tyme off yere  
So Feble that his malice hath hym Raffte  
Repressest hath Venus his Cruel Craffte  
And with Venus and other oppressiouns  
Off honeste Mars ys venyme ys a down  
That ypermystra darre nat handle a knyff  
In malyce thouht she shulde lese hire lyff  
But natheles as heynye gan has tourne  
Twoo badde especyte hat she off Satourne  
That made hire dyen in prison  
As I shal affter make mencion  
To Danoo and Egistes also  
And thouht so be that they wern brother 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 Fulf accorded was yt ytterly  
The array ys wrouht and the tyme Fast by  
And thus Lyno hath off his Fadris brother  
The douliter weddeyn and eche off hem other  
The torches breznyng and the lampes brifft  
The sacrefices ben Fulf redy dyfft  
Thensence oute off the Fyre rekethi swote  
The Floure the leeff ys Rent vpe by the Rote  
To maken gerlondes and crovnes hye  
Fulle ys the place off Mynstralcye  
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 shaH go to bedde [leaf 35, back]
Egiste to his chambre Fast hym spedde
And pryvely lete his douhter calle
Whanne that the hovs voyde was off hem alle
He lokith on his douhter with gladde chere
And to hire he spak as ye shaH after here
My riht douhter Tresour off myn herte
Syn First that day that shapen was my sherte
Or by the Fatale Sustren hadde my doome
So nyth myn herte neuere thinge ne kome
As thow ypermystra douhter dere
Take hede what I thy Fadir seyth the here
And wirke affter' 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 vndir this colde Moone
And what I mene yt shaH be seyde riht soone
With protestacion as seyne thes wyse
That but thow do as I shaH devyse
Thow shalt be deede by him that alle hath vrouht
At shorte wordes thow ne skapest nouliit
Out off my paleys or that thow be deede
But thow consente and wirke after my Reede
Take this to the For FuH conclusion)
This ypermystre caste hire eyen down
And quooke as doth the leeff off Aspees grene [leaf 37]
Deede wexe hire hewe and lyke asshes to sene
And seyde lorde and Fadir alle youre wille
Affter my myliit god wote I shaH Fulfylle
So hit be to me no Confusioun
I nyl quod he haue noone Excepcioun
And oute he kauht a knyff as Rasour kene
Hyde this quod he that yt be nat sene

ADDIT. 28,317
And whanne thy housbonde ys to bedde ygoo
while that he slepithe kutte his throne atwoo
For in my dremes yt ys y-warned me
How that my newe sall my baane be
But which I not wherfore I wole be seker
yiff thow say nay we twoo saall haue byker
As I have seyde by hym that I have sworne
This ypermystre hath nyth hire wyte forlorne
And Foro passen harmeles Fro that place
She grantyth hym there nas noone other grace
And there with a costrete takith he
And seyde heroff a draught or twoo or three
yeve hym to drynke whanne he gooth Reste
And he saall slepe as longe as euere the lest
The narbolykes and Epies ben so stronge
And goo thy way lest hym thanke to longe
Out komyth the Bryde with Ful sobre chere
As off thes Maydenes ofte hit ys the manere
To Chauembre ys brouht with Reveff and songe
And shortly lyst this tale be to longe
This lyne and she ben brouht to Bedde
And euery whilte oute off the doore hym spedde
The nyht ys wasted and he Felle A-sleepe
Full tendrily bygywneth she to wepe
She ryst hire vpe and dredefullly she quaketh
As dothe the Braunche that Zepherus shaketh
And hussith were alle in Argone that ciete
As colde as eny Froste now wexith she
For pytee by the herte streyneth hire so
And drede off deeth dotli hire so muche woo
That thryes down she Felle in this weere
She ryseth vpe and stakereth here and there
And on hire hondes Faste lokith she
Allas and saall myn handes bloody be
I am A Mayde And as by Nature
And by my semblawnt and my vesture

ADDIT. 28,617
Myn handes ben nat shapen For a knyff
As Forto Reven a man From his lyff
What devyH have I with this knyff to do
And shaH I have my throte kutte a twoo
Thanne shaH I bleede allas and me shende
And nedys coste this thing must haue an ende
Or he or I muste nedys lose our lyff
Now certes quod she sen I am his wyff
And hath my Feyth ytt ys yt bette For me
Forto be deede in wyffly honeste
Thanne ben a Traytour levyng in my shame
Be as he may For ernest or For game
He shaH awake and ryse and goon his way
Out at this goter er that yt be day
And wepte FuH tendyrly vpôn his Face
And in hire Armes gan hym to embrace
And hym she roggeth and awakith soffe
And at a wyndow lepe From the lofite
whanne she hathi warned and done hym bote
This lyno swyth was and lihit off Foote
And From his wyff raâne a FuH goode paas
This sely woman ys so wayke allas
And helpeles so that er she Ferre wente
Hire cruH Fadire dydde hire hente
Allas lyno why art thow so vnkynde
Why ne haddestow Remembro in thy mynde
And taken hire and ladde hire Forthi with the
For whanne she sauh that goon away was he
And that she myhit nat so Fast goo
Ne Folwe hym she satte down riht theo
Tyl she was take and Fetred in prisoun
This Tale ys seyde For this conclusioun

[unfinished]
6.

The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse

(A.D. 1369)

FROM BODLEY MS. 638.

[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 *Blaunche*. 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.]
I have grete wondeir be this light
how that I leue for day ne nyght
I may not slepe vel nygh nought
I haue so many an ydeH thought.

Purely for defaulte of slepe
That bi my trouth 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 douν
For sorwefuH ymagynacioun
Is alwey holely yn my mynde
And weH ye wote a-geyns kynde
Hit were to lyuen yn this wyse
For Nature wolde nat suffye
To non 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 MS. 638 (paper quires in vellum covers, ab. 1450),
leaf 110, back.]

[ν is for ñ : the light dot at the end of many lines
is not printed.]
Had such pite & such routfi
To rede hir sorwe that be my troutfi
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 allas
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 hoolly yourys become 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) swuyn)
Wher'-thorgh that I may know euyn)
[leaf 111, back] 120
Whethir my lorde be quyk' or ded?
With that worde she henge doun) the hec
And felH a swowne as colde as stewH
Hir women kaught hir vp a-non)
And brought hir in bed aH nakyH)
And she forwepid & forwakydH
Was wery & thus the ded slepe
FyH on hir or she toke kepe.
Thorgh Iune that had herH hir bone
That made hir to slepe sone
And as she praid' right so was done
Indede for Iuno right anone
Callide thus hir messagere
To do hir erande & he come nere
When he was come she bade him thus
Goo bet quoth Iuno to Morpheus
Thou knowist hym weH the god of sleepe.
Now vndirstonde weH & take kepe
Sey thus on my halve that he
Go faste yn-to the grete se
And bid him that on aH thynge
That he take vp Seys body the kynges
That lith fuH pale & no-thinge rodye
Bid hime 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 drynte this othir' day
And do the body speke right so
Right as it was wony'd 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 clifes a doun)
That made a dedly sleeypynge sound
And ronnen doun right bi a Cave
That was vndir a rocke I-graue
A mydde the valey wondir depe
Ther' thes goddis lay & slepe
Morpheus & Eclympasteyle
That was the god of slepis eyre
That slepe & did non othir' werke
This Cauo was also as derke
As helle pitte ouyr al aboute
Thei had good leysar for to route
To enuye who myght slepe beste
Som henge her chynne vpon her breste
And slept vpright her haek L-hyek
And som lay nakid yn her bed
And slepe whiles the dayes laste
This Messager' come slyng' faste
And cried O howe a-wake a-now
Hit was for nought ther herc' hym' non
A-wake quoth he who lithe here
And blew his horne right yn her ere
And cried awakith wondir' hye
This god' of slepe with his ow' ye
Caste vp & axyek' who clepith ther'
Hit am I quoth this Messager'
Uuno bade thou sholdist gon'
And tolde him what he shulde don'
As I haue tolde you her' byfore
Hit is no nede reherse it more
And went his wey when he had seyde
A-now this god' of slepe abreyde
Out of his slepe & gan to goon
And did as he had bede him' doon
Toke vp the dreynent body sone
And bare it forth to Alchyone
His wife the quene ther' as she laye
Right euyn a quater before daye
And stode right at his beddys fethe
And called hir right as she hete
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

BODLEY 638
ye shul me neuyr 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 blysse
I pray god youre sorwe lyse
To liteH while owre blisse lasteth
With that hir yen vp 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 teH you as nowe
Hit were to longe for to dwelle
My firste mater I wul you telle
Wherfor I haue tolde you this thinge
Of Alchion & Seys the kynge
For thus much" dar I say welH
I had be doluyd euery deff
And ded right thorgh defaulte of slepe
If I ne had red & take kepe
Of this tale neste bfore
And I wul teH you wherfore
For I ne myght for bote ne bale
Slepe or I had red this tale
Of this dreynye Seys the kynge
And of the goddis of sleypynge
When I had red this tale welH
And ouyrlokylH hit euerydeH
Me thought wondyr if it wer' so
For I had neuyr herd speke er' tho
Of no goddis that koude make
Men to slepe ne for to wake
For I ne knew neuyr god? but oonH
And yfn my game I seyd anonH
And yit me lust right euylH to pleye
Rathir then that I shulde deye

BODLEY 638
Thorogh defaulte of slepyng thus
I wol yeue thilke Morpheus
Or his goddesse daime Iuno
Or somw wight ellys I ne rought who
To make me slepe & haue somw reste
I wol yeue him the aldirbeste
yeft that eyyr he a-bode his lyue
And her on warde right now as blyue
yif he wul make me slepe a lyte
Of downe of pure dowuys whyte
I wuH yeue hym a fedir bedde
Rayed with golde & right wel cledde
In fyne blak Satyn de owten mere
And many a Pylowe & euery bere
Of cloth of Raynes to slepe softe
Him that not nede to torne ofte
And I wuH yeue him al that fallys
To a chambre & al his hallys
I wolde do peynte with pur golde
And tapite hem fulH many folde
Of oo sute this shal he haue
If I wiste where wer' his Caue
If he kan make me slepe some
As did the goddesse quene Alchione
And thus this ilke god Morpheus
May wynne of me mo fees thus
Than eyyr he wanne & to Iuno
That is his goddesse I shalH so do
I trow that she shalH holde hir payde
I had vnnen that worde I-sayde
Right thus as I haue tolde it you'
That sodeinly I nyste how
Such a luste a-now me toke
To slepe that right vpon my boke
I fyl a slepe & therwith euyn
Me mette so ynye sweete a sweuyn
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 skarslye Macrobeus
He that wrote aH thauysion
That he mette kyng Cipyon
The noble man the Aufryon

[Blank line in the MS.] 288

I trow a rede my dremys euyn
Lo thus it was this was my sweuyn
M e thought thus that it was May
And yn the dawnynge I lay
Me mette thus yn my bedde ah nakyd
And lokyd forth for I was wakyd
With smale fowlys a grete hepe
That had afrayed me out of my slepe
Thorogh noyse & swetnesse of her songe
And al me mette thei sate a-monge
Vpon my chambre rofe withoute
Vpon the tyles ouyr-al a-boute
And songe euerych yn his wyse
The moste solempe serueys
By note that euyn man I trowe
Had herde for som of hem songe lowe
Som hygni & al of oon accorde
To telle shortly at oo worde
Was euyn herd so swete a steuyn
But it had be a thinge of euyn
So mery a sowe so swete entewnys
That certys for the towne of tewnys
I nolde but I had herde hem synge
For al my chambre gan to ryng

BODLEY 638
Thorogh syngenge of her Armonye
For Instrument nor melodye
was nowgher herde yet half so swete
Nor of Accorde halfe so mete 316
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 320
And soth to seyn my chambre was
Ful weH depeyntyd & withi glas
Wer aH 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 glasynges I-wrought thus
Of Ector & of kynge Pryamus 328
Of Achilles & of kynge lamedon
And eke of Medea & of Iason
Of Parys Eleyne & of Lauyne
And al the wallys with colourys fyne 332
were peyntyd both texte & glose [leaf 116, back]
And al the Romaunce of the Rose
My wyndowys were shette echone
And thorogh the glasse the sonne shone 336
Vpon my bed with bright bemys
With many glade gyldye stremys
And eke the walkyn was so fayre
Blew bryght clere was the Ayre 340
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 344
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 348
Men hors houndys & othir thynge
And al men speke of huntynge
How thei wolde sle the harte with strenght
And how the hart had vpon lenght
So much embosyd I not now what
Anon right when I herde that
How that thei wolde on huntynge goon
I was right glad & vp a-noon
Toke my hors & forth I went
Oute of my chambre I neuyr stent
Tyl I come to the felde withoute
Ther' ouyrtoke I a grete route
Of huntyys & eke of Foresters
With many relayes & lymers
And hied! hem to the fforest faste
And! with hem so at the laste
I askyd oun ladde a lymere
Say fellow who shal hunte here
Quoth I & he answeryd a-geyn
Syr themprowr' Octouyent
Quoth he & is her' fast by
A goddis half yn good tyme quoth I
Go we faste & gan to ryde
when we kame to the fforestys syde
Every man did! right a non
As to huntynge was to don
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
I halwid & rechasyd! faste
longe tyme & so at the laste
This hert Rused! & stale a-way
Fro all' the houndys a preuy way
The houndis had! ouyrshotte hym all'
And! were vpon a defaulte I-fall
Therwith the hunte wondir faste
Blew a forleigne at the laste
I was go walkeyd fro my tre
And as I went ther came by me
A whelpe that fownyd me as I stode
That had I-folwyd & koude no good
Hit come & crepte to me as lowe
Right as it had me I-knowe

Hild a doune his heed & ioyned his erys
And leyde all smothi doune his herys
I wolde haue kaught it & a-non

Hit fled & was fro me gom
And I him folwido & it forth went
Doun bi a flourye grene wente

Ful thicke of gras full softe & swete
With flourys fele feyre vndirfote

And litel vsyd hit semy & thus
For both flora & zepherus
Theri two that make flourys growe
Hadh made her dwellynge there I trowe

For it was on to be-holde
As though therth enuye wolde
To be gayer than the heuyn
To haue mo flourys swich seyyn

As yn the walkene sternys be
Hit had forgete the pouerte
That wyntyg thorg his colde morwys

Hadh made it suffer & his sorwys
Ah was forgete & that was sene
For all the wood was waxyn grene
Swetnesse of dewe had made it wexe
Hit is no nede eke for to Axe

Wher ther wer many grene greuys
Or thikke of trees so full of leuys
And euery tre stode by hym-selue

Fro othir wel ten fete fro othir twelue
So grete treis so huge of strength
Of fourty fyftye fedme lengtli
Clene withoute bowgh or stykke
with croppys both & eke as thykke
They were not an ynche a sondre
That hit was shadwe ouyr aff yndre
And many an herte & many an hynde
Was both before me & bi-hynde
Of sflownys Sowrys bukkys Doys
Was fuH the wode & many Roys
And many Squyrellys that sete
FuH high vpon the treys & etc
And yn her maner' made ffestys
Shortly it was so fuH of bestys
That though Argus the noble counter
Sete to rekne yn his Counter'
And rekne with his flygurys ten'
For by the flygures mow aff ken)
If thei be crafty rekne & nombre
And teH of euery thynge the nombre
yit shulde he fayle to rekne euyn)
The wondrys me mette yn my sweuyn)
But forth they romyd right wondr faste
Doune the wood so at the laste
I was ware of a man yn blake
That sete & hadt turnyd his bake
To an Oke a huge tre
Iorde thought I who may that be
What ayleth him to sytte here
A-non right I wente nere
Than founde I sitte euyn 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 lithe here

DETHE OF BLAUNCHE. BODLEY MS. 638.
And he was clothid aH yn blakc  
I stalkid euyn vnto his bake  
And there I stode as styH as ought  
That soth to sey he saw me nought  
For whi he henge his heft a doun  
And with a dedly sorweful soun  
He made of Ryme x vers or twelue  
Of a complaynt to him selue  
The moste pite the moste routfi  
That euyr I herde for by my trouth  
hit was grete wondir that Nature  
Might suffre any creature  
To haue such sorwe & be not ded?  
FuH pitouse pale & nothinge red?  
He seide a lay a maner songe  
Withoute note withoute songe  
And it was this for fuH weH I kan)  
Reherse it rightthus 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 aH my myght  
Is fro me ded & is a-gon)  
'Alas detfi what ayleth the  
That thou noldist haue takin me  
When thou toke my lady swete  
That was so feire so fressfi so fre  
So good that men may weH se  
Of aH goodnesse she haH no mete  
'Alas When he had made thus his complaynte  
His sorwfulH herte gan faste faynte  
And his spirytes woxyn dede  
The blocP was fled for pure drede  
Doune to his herte to make him warme  
For weH it felid the herte had harme  

BODLEY 638
To wite whi eke it was a-drað
Be kynde & for to make it glad
For it ys membre princypað
Of the bodye & that made aft

His hewe chaungid & waxe grene
And pale for there no blod 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 wytte disputyd faste
Whi & how his life myght laste
Him though his sorwys were so smerte
And lay so colde vpon his herte
So thorugh 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 neyr so wroth
Bat at the laste to seyn) right soth
He was ware of me where I stode
Bisore him & did 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 soth
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 noñ therto
Ther is no thinge mysseide nor do
lo0' how goodly spake this knyght
As hit had ben an othir wight
He made it nouthir tough ne queyte
And I saw that & gan maqueyte
With him & fonde him so tretable
Right wondir skilful & resonable
As me thought for al his bale
A-non right I gan fynde a tale
To him to loke wher I myght ought
Hawe more knowynge of his thought
Sir quoth I this game ys don
I holde that this herte be goñ
This hautyts kun him noughere se
I do no fors therof quoth he
Mi thought is there-on neuyr a deth
Be oure lorde quoth I' y trow yow wel
Right so me thinketh bi youre chere
But syr o thinge wuld 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 trouthe to make you hool
I wuld do al my powere hoot
And tellith me of youre sorwys smerte
Perauenture it may ese your herte
That semyth full seke vndir your syde
With that he lokyd on me a-syde
As who seith nay that wolde not be
Graunte mercy good frenye quoth he
I thanke the that thou woldist so
But it may neuyr the rathir be do
No man may neuyr my sorwe glade
That makith my hew to fall & fade

BODLEY 638
And hath myn vndirstondyng lorne
That me is woo that I was borne
May nought make my sorwis slyde
Nought aH the remedyes of Ouyde  568
Ne Orpheus god of melodye
Ne Dedalus with his playes slye
Ne hele me may no Phisycyeñ
Nought ypocras ne Galyen  572
Me is woo that I leue owrys twelue  [leaf 122]
But who-so wuH assay hym-selue
Whethir his herte kan haue pite
Of any sorwe lat hym se me  576
I wrech Ûi that deth hath made aH nakyd?
Of aH blysse that euyr was makyd?
I-worth worste of aH wyghtys
That hate my dayes & my nyghtys  580
My lyfe my lustys be me lothi
For aH welfare & I be wroti
The pure deth ys so fuH my foo
That I wolde deye hit wuH not so  584
For when I folwe it hit wuH fle
I wolde haue hym hit nyH not be
This is my peyne withoute red?
Alwey dyenge & be not deñ  588
That Thesiphus that lyth in heñ
May not of more sorwe teñ
And who-so wiste aH be my trouthi
My sorwe but he hañ routh  592
And pite of my sorwys smerte
That man hath a fendely herte  [leaf 122, back]
For who-so seith me firste on morwe
May seyn he hath mette with sorwe  596
For I am sorwe & sorwe ys I
Allas & I wuH teñ the why
My sorwe ys turnyñ to pleynenge
And aH my laughtre to wepynge  600
My glad thoughtys to heuynesse
In trauayle ys myn Idylnesse
And eke my reste my wele ys wo
My good ys harme & euyr-mo
In-to wrathi ys turnyd my pleyenge
And my delyte yn-to sorwynge
Myñ hele ys turnyd yn-to sekenesse
In drede ys aH my sikyrmesses
To derke ys turnyd aH my lyght
My wytte ys folye my day ys nyght
My lone ys hate my slepe ys wakyng
My myrthi & melys ys fastynge
My contynaunce ys nycete
And all abawyd wher'-so I be
My pes yn pleyenge & 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 aH bihotith & no-thinge halte
She geth vpright & yit she is halte
That bagith foule & lokith feire
The dispitouse debonayre
That skornyth many a creature
An ydole of fals portrayture
Is she for she wuH some varyen
She ys the Mowstrys hed I-wryeñ
As filth ouyr I-strawyñ with flourys
Hir moste woorship & hir flourys
To lye for that ys hir Nature
withoute feith lawe or mesure
She ys fals & euyr laughynge
With oon ye & that othir wepynge
That ys brought vp she settë aH douñ
I likne hir to the Scorpyouñ

BODLEY 638
That ys a fals flaterynge beste
For with his heç he makyth feste
But al amydde his flaterynge
With his tayle hit wuH styne
And cnvenyme & so wuH she
She ys thenuyouse charyte
That ys ay fals & semyth wele
So turnyth she hir fals whele
A-boute for hit ys nothynge 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 thefe what hath she do
Trowist thou byoure 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 Fers
And when I saw my Fers a-waye
Allas I kouth no lengyr pleye
But seide fare weli swete I-wys
And fare weli aH that euyr ther ys
Therwyth Fortune seide cheke her
And mate yu the myfl poynete of the chekere
With a powne erraunte allas
FuH crafyer 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 Iapardyse
That koude the Greke Pyttagoras
I sholde haue pleyde the bet at ches
And kepe 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 haue 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 haue do
My wylle when she my Fers kaught
I wolde haue drawe the same draught
For also wys god yeue me reste
I dar wel swere he toke the beste
But thorogh that draught I haue lorne
My blisse alles that I was borne
For euymore I trowe trewlye
For al my wylle my luste holelye
Is turnyd but yet what to done
Be owre lorde it ys to dey sone
For no thinge I leue it nought
But lyue & deye right yn this thought
For ther nys planete in Fyrnament
Ne yn eyre ne yn erth non Element
That thei ne yeue me a yeftte echon
Of wepyenge when I am allone
For when that I avyse me weH
And bethenke me enerydeH
How that ther lyth yn rekenynge
In my sorwe for no thynge
And how ther leuyth 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 al this fallith yn my thought
Allas then am I ouyrcome
For that ys done ys not to come

BODLEY 638
I haue more sorwe then Tantale
And when I herd this tale
Thus pitously as I you tell
Vuneth myght I lengur dwel
Hid did myñ herte so much woo
A good sir quoth I sey nat so
Haue som pite on youre Nature
That formyd you to creature
Remembre yow of Socrates
ffor he ne countyd that iij 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 yo for sorwe mordryd your selue
Ye sholde be dampnyd yn this cas
By as good ryght as Medea was
That slough hir childryn 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 fole she was
And Ecquo dyed for Narcysus
Nolde not loue hir & right thus
Hath many an othir folye doen
And for Dalida dyed 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 fuñ lytel what þou menyst
I haue loste more then thou wenyst
lo she pat may be quoth I
Good syr teH me aH hooly
In what wise how whi & wherfor
That ye han thus youre blysse lore
Blithly quoth he com sytte a-douñ
I teH it the vp a condicyouñ
That thou shalt holely with aH thi wytte
Do thyn entente to herkne hit
yis syr swere thi trouth therto
Gladly do then holde her' lo
I shal right blithly so god me saue
Holely with aH the witte I haue
Here you as well as I kañ [leaf 125, back]
A goddis half quoth he & bigañ
Syr quoth he sith first I kouthi
Haue eny maner wytte fro youthi
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 throñ plesaunce bicone his thrañt
with good wyñ body herte & aH
Añ this I putte yn his seruage
As to my lorde & did homage
And fuñ deuoutely 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 myñ herte was set owghere
That I did thus & nyoste why
I trow hit came me kyndely
Perauentur I was thereto moste able
As a white wañ or a table

BODLEY 638
For it is redy to kachi & take
AH that men wuH theryn make
Whethir that so men wuH portrey or peynte
Be the werkys neuyr so queynste
And thilke tyme I ferde right so
I was able to haue lernyd tho
And to haue kondo\(^1\) as wex or bettre
Perauentre othir Arte or lettre
But for loue kame firste yn my thought
Therfor I forgate it nought
\[ ... \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \]
\[ ... \ldots no gap in the MS.\]
For-whi I toke hit of so yonge age
That malyce had my corage
Nat that tyme turnyd to no-thynge
Thorgh to mochiH knowlachyne
For that tyme youth my mastres
Gouernyd me yn Idylnes
For it was yn my first youth
And tho fuH litch\(\) good I coulti
For all my werkys were flyttynge
That tyme & aH my thought varyenge
AH were to me I-lich good\(\)
That I knew tho but thus it stood\(\)
\[ Hit happyd\(\) that I kame on a day
In-to a chambre there that I say
Trewly the feyrest company
Of ladyes that euyr man with y
Had seen to-gedris yn o\(n\) place
ShaH I clepe it happe othir grace
That brought me there nay but fortune
That ys to lye fuH comvne
The fals trayteres paruers
God wolde I koude clepe hir wers
For now she worchith me fuH woo
And I wuH telH sone whi so

\(\)\(^1\) or konde
Amonge these ladies thus echo
Soth to seyn I saugh ooñ
That was like noñ of the rowte
For I dar swer withoute dowte
That as the somorys sonne bright
Is fayrer clerer & hath more light
Than any othir planete in heuyn
The mone or the sterrys seuyñ
For aH the world se so had she:
Surmountyd hem aH of beaute:
Of maner & of comlynesse
Of stature & of so well set gladnesse
Of goodlihed & so well beseye
Shortly what shaH I sey:
By god & bi halwys twelue
Hit was my swete right aH hir-selue
She had so stedfast countenaunce
So noble porte & meyntenaunce
And love that had weH herde my bone
Had espyed me thus sone
That she fuH sone yn my thought
As help me god so was I kaught
So sodeynly that I ne toke
No maner counsel but at hir loke
And at myn herte for-whi hir yef
So gladly I trow myn herte syen
That purely tho myn owne thought
Seide it were better to serue hir for nought
Then with an othir to be weH
And it was soth for everydeH
I wuH a-non right teH the why
I saw hir daunce so comelyly
Carole & synge so swetely
Laugh & pley so womanly
And loke so debonayrely
So goodly speke & so frendly
That certys I trow that euymore
Nas seyn so blisful a tresore
For euery here on hir hed
Sooth to seyn it was not red
Ne nouthir yolwe ne browne it nas [leaf 129]
Me thought moiste like it was
And which yen my lady had
Debonayre good glad & sad
Symple of good mochyH nought to wyde
Therto hir loke nas not a-syde
Ne ouyrtwert but bisette so weH
Hit drewgh & toke vp euerydeH
AH that on h[i]r gan beholde*
Hir eyen semyd a-non she wolde
Haue mercy folys wendyn soo
But it was neuyr the rathir doo
Hit nas no countrefetyd thynge
Hit was hir owne pure lokynge
That the goddess Dame Nature
Had made hem opyn by mesure
And cloos for were she neuyr so glad*
Hyr lokynge was not foly sprad*
Ne wyldly though that she pleyd*
But euyr me thought hir yen seide [leaf 129, back]
Be god my wrath ys aH foryeue
Therwith hir luste so weH to leue
That dulnysse was of hir a-drak*
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 fuH lyte at hert
For she knew no thinge of her thought
[ . . . . a line blank in the MS.]
Algate she ne rought of hem a stre*
To gete hir loue no nerre was he
That wonyd at home that he yñ ynde
The formest was alwey behynde
But good folke ouyr aH othyr
She louyd as man may do his brothyrr
Of which loue she was wondyr large
In skylful placys that bere charge
But which a visage had she thereto
Allas myñ hert ys wondyr woo
That I ne kan diskryuen hit
Me lakkyth both englißh & wyt
For to vndo hit at the full
And eke my spyritz be so duß
So grete a thynge for to deuyse
I haue no wytte that kan suflyse
To comprehend e hir beaute
But thus much dar I sayn that she
was white rody fressh & lyuely howyd
And euery day hir beaute newyd
And neygh 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 speci
Had that swete my lyues lech
So frendly & so weß l-groundyd
Vp aß reson so weß l-foundyd
And so tretable to aß good
That I dar swer weß bi the rood
Of Eloquence was neuyr founde:
So swete a sownyng facetunde
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 mannys honde:
Ne chide she koude neuyr a deH:
That knowith aH the worlde fuH weH:
But such a fayrnesse of a necke:
Had that swete that boñ ne brecke:
Nas ther noñ sene that myssate:
Hit was white smoth streigth & pure flatte:
Withoute hole or caneH boñ:
As be semynge had she noñ:
Hir throte as I haue now memorye:
Semyd a rounde towre of Ivorye:
Of good gretnesse & nought to gret:
And good fayre white she het:
That was my ladys name ryght:
She was both fayre & bryght:
She had not hir name wronge:
Right fayre shuldrys & body longe:
She had & Armys euery lyth:
Fattyssh Flesshy not gret therwith:
Right white hondys & nayles red:
Rounde brestys & of good brede:
Hir hypes were A streig[t] flatte bake:
I knyw on hir noñ othir lake:
Nat aH hir lymes wer pur sewynge:
In as ferre as I had knowynge:  

DETHE OF BLAUNCHE.  BODLEY MS. 638.  239

BODLEY 638
Therto she koude so wel pley
Whan that hir lust that I dar sey
That she was like to torche bright
That euery man may take of lyght
I-nough & hit hath neuyr-the-lesse
Of maner & of comlynesse:
Right so ferde my lady dere:
ffor euery wight of hir manere:
Might each I-nough if that he wolde
If he had yen hir to beholde:
ffor I dar swere wel if that she
Had a-monge ten thousandde be:
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:
ffor 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 soleyn fiényx of Arabye
ffor ther leuyth neuyr but oon
Ne such as she ne know I noon
To speke of goodnesse trewly she
Had asmuch Debonayre
tAs euyr had Hestre yn the bible:
And more if more were possible:
And soth to seyn therwith hat:
She had a wytte so generaH
So hole enclyned to aH good:
That aH hir wytte was sette by the Rood:
with-oute malyce vpon gladnesse
And therto I saugh neuyr yet a lesse
HarmefuuH then she was yn dede
I sey not that she ne had knowynge
what harme was or ellys she
Had koude no good as thenkyth me
And trewly for to speke of trouth
But she had had: it had be routh
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 restynge place
Therto she had the moste grace
To have stedfast parseuernaunce
And esy attempre gouernaunce
That euyr I knew or wyste yitte
So pure suffraunt was hir wytte
And reson 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-non that he
Goo hoodles yn-to the drye see
And come hon by the carrenare
And sey syr be now right ware
That I may of you here seyn
Wurshipe or that ye come a-geyyn
She ne vsyd no such knackys smale
But wherfor that I te[t] my tale
Right on this same that I haue seyde
was hooly all my loue leyde
For certys she was that swete wyfe
My suffysaunce my luste my lyfe
Myn hape myn hele & all my blysso
My worldys welfare & my godsse
And I hooly hyres euerydeH
By oure lorde quoth I: I trow you weH
Hardely youre loue was weH bisette
I not how ye myght haue do bette
Bette ne no wyght so weH quoth he
I trow hit weH syr quoth I: Parde
Nay leue it weH syr soo do I
I leue you weH that trewly
You thought that she was the beste
All to beholde the aldyrfayrest
who-so had lokyd hir with youre Eyen
with myn nay all that hir seyen
Seyde & swore hit was soo
And though thei ne had I wolde thoo
Haue louyd louyd[1] best my lady fre
Though I hade had, all the beaute
That euyr had Alcypyades
And all the strength of Ereuyl
And thereto had the worthynesse
Of Alysaundre & all 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 haue I ioye
That Achilles slough at Troy
And therfor was he slayn also
In a temple for both two
Were slayn he & Antylegyus
And so seith Dares ffrygyus
For loue of Poloxena
Or beñ as wys as Mynerva
I wolde euyr withoute drede
Haue louyd hir for I must nede
Nede' nay trewly I gabbe now'
Nought nede & I wuH teH how
for of good wyH myn hert it wolde
And eke to loue hir I was holde
As for feyrest & the beste
She was as good' so haue I reste
As euyr was Penolope of grece
Or as the noble wyfe Lucrece
That was the beste he tellith thus /
The Romayne Tytus Lyuyvs
She was as good & no-thinge lyke
Though hir storyes be Autentyke
Algate she was as trewe as she
But wherfore that I tell 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 loue it was a gret emprys
But as my wytte koude best suffysce
Aftyr my yonge childly wytte
withoute drede I besette hytte
To loue hir yn my beste wyse
To do hir wurshipe & the seruyse
That I koude tho be my trouth
withoute feynyng eouthir 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 aH my sorwe
Of alday afyr tyH it were eue  
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 nolde nought  
For aH this worlde outhe of my thought  
Leue my lady no trewly  
Now by my trouth syr quoth I  
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 weH  
wers then was AchetofeH  
Or Antenore so haue I ioye  
The traytor that betrayed Troye  
Or the fals Genelloñ  
He that purchasyd' the treson  
Of Rowland & Olyuere  
Nay while I am a-lyue here  
I nyH foryte hir neuyr mo  
Now good syr quoth I thoo  
Ye haue weH tolde me her' biforme  
It ys no nede repere it more  
How ye saugh hir first & where  
But wolde ye telt me the manere  
To hir which was youre firste spech  
Therof I wolde you besech  
And how she knew fyrst your thought  
whethir ye louyd hir or nought  
And tellith me eke what ye haue lore  
I herd you telt her' biforme  
ye he seyde 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
Or haue ye ought doû a-mys /
That she hath lefte you ys hit this
For godys loue teû me aû /  
Before god quothi he & I shaft
I sey right as I haue seyde  [leaf 136, back] 1144
On hyr was aû my loue leyde
And yet she nyst it not neuyr a deû
Nought longe tyme leue it weû  1148
For be right siker I durste nought
For aû this worlde teû hir my thought
Ne I wolde haue wrathyd hir trewly
For wostow whi she was lady  1152
Of the body she had the herte
And who hatû that may not asterte
But for to kepe me fro ydylnesse
Trewly I dyd my besynesse:  1156
To make songys as I best koude
And ofte tyme I songe hem lowde
And made songys thus a grete deû
Aû-though I koude not make so weû  1160
Songys to know the Arte aû
As koude Lamekys / son Tubaû
That fonde out fyrste the Arte of songe
[leaf 137]
For as his brotherys hamerys ronge  1164
Vpon his Anuelet vp & douû
Therof he toke the fyrste souû
But Grekys seyn Pyctagoras /
That he the fyrst fynder was /
Of the Arte Aurora tellîth so  1168
But therof no fors of hem two
¶ Algatys songys thus I made
Of my felynge myû herte to glade
And lo thus was althyr fyrste
I not wher it were the fyrst
Lorde it makyth myû herte light
when I thenke on that swete wygît  1176
That ys so semely oñ 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 thoo
For hir & yet she wyste it nought
Ne teH hir durste I not my thought
Allas thought I y kan no rede
And but I teH hir I am but deH
And if I teH hir to say right soth
I am a-draH she wuH be wroth
Allas what shalH I then doo
In this debate I was so woo
Me thought myn hert brast a-tweyñ
So at the laste soth to seyn
I bethought me that Nature
Ne formyd neuyr yn creature
So much beaute trewly
And bounte withoute mercy
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 deH
I not weth how that I biganne
FuH euyH reherse hit I kan
And eke as help me god with-ah
I trow hit was yn the dysmañ
That was the x. woundys of Egypte
For many a worde I ouyrskypçe
In my tale for pure fere
Lest my wordys mys-sette were
With sorwefuñ herte & woundys deñ
Softe & quakyngo for pure drede

BODLEY 638
And shame & styntyng ye my tale
For ferde & myn hewe all pale
FuH ofte I wex both pale & red
Bowynge to hir y henge the hed
I durste not onys loke hyr on
For wytte maner & all was gon
I seyde mercy & no more
Hytnas no game it sate me sore
So at the lasse soth to seyn
When that myn herte was come a-geyn
To telle shortly all 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 haue
And all hir wurshipe for to saue
As I beste koude I swore hir this
For yourys ys all that euyr ther ys
For euermore myn herte swete
And neuyr to fals you but I meter
I nyln as wys god help me so
And when I had my tale I-do
God wote she Accountyd not A stre
Of all my tale so thought me
To telle shortly ryght as hit ys
Trewly hir Answer' it was this
I kan not now welH countrefete
Hir wordis but this was the grete
Of hir Ansuere she seyde nay
All outerly alas that day
The sorwe I suffryd & the woo
That trewly Cassandra that soo
Bewayled the destructyon
Of Troy & of Ilyon
Had neyr such sorwe as I tho'  
I durst no more say ther-to  
For pure fere but stale a-way  
And thus I lyued fulfill many a day  
That trewly I had no nede  
Ferthir then my beddys hede  
Neuyr a day to sech sorwe  
I fonde it redy euery morwe  
For-whi I louyc'h hir yn no gere  
So hit biseH an othir yere  
I thought onys I wolde fonde  
To do hir knowe & vndirstonde  
My woo' & she weH vndirstode  
That I ne wiltyed no thinge but goode  
And wurshippe & to kepe hir name  
Ouyr aH thinges & 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 yeft of hir mercy  
Sauynge hir wurshippe by aH weyces  
Dredeles I mone non othir weyces  
And therwithi she yaf me a rynge  
I trow it was the first thynge  
But yf myñ hert was I-waxe  
GlaH 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  
Foryeue me so debonayrely  

BODLEY 638
In al my youth yn al chaunce
She toke me yn hir gouernaunce
Therwith she was alwey so trewe
Owre ioye was euyr I-liche newe
Owre hertis werez so euyn A payre
That neuyr nas that oñ contrayre
To that othir for no woo'
For such I-lich thei suffrid tho
Oo blisse & eke oo sorwe both
I-lich thei were both glad & wroth
AH was vs oon withoute were
And thus we leuyd fuH many a yer'
So well I kan not teH how
Syr quoth I wher is she now
Now quoth he & stynte A-non
Therwith he wex as deC as stofl
And seid Allas that I was bore
That was the losse that her'-bifore
I tolde the that I had lorne
Bethenke how I seide her' before
Thow wost ful liteH what thou menyst
I haue loste more then thou wenyst
God wote Allas right part was she'
Allas sir how what may that be
She ys deC Nay' yes be my trouth
Is that your' losse bigod' it ys routh
And with that worde right a-non
They gan to strake forth AH was done
For that tyme the harte huntyng
With that me thought that this kynge
[leaf 140, back]
Gan homeward for to ryde
Vn-to a place was ther bisyde
Which was from vs but a lyte
A longe CastelH with wallys white
Be seynt IohnH on a riche hyH
As me mette but thus it fyH
[leaf 141]
Right thus me mette as I you teH
That yn the CastleH ther was a beH
As it had smyte owrys twelue
Therwith I a-woke my-selue 1324
And fonde me lyenge yn my bedf
And the boke that I had redf
Of Alchyone & Seys the kynge
And of the godys of slepyngA 1328
I fonde it in myyn honde fuH euyyn
Thought I this ys so queynte a sweuyyn
That I wyH be processe of tyme
Fonde to put this sweuyn yn ryme 1332
As I kan best & that a-noyn
This was my sweuyyn now hit ys doyn

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

[? IL (after Duchesse.) ]
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 amoribis [Hoccleve's; printed].
(2) Vnum Carmen.
(3) Templum Vitreum (leaf 1-32) [Lydgate's Temple of Glas; printed].
(4) De folio & flore. ['The Flower and Leaf,' formerly attributed to Chaucer; often printed.]
(5) Exclamatio martis (imperf., If 49-54) [CHAUCE' S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 143-152.]
(6) Exclamatio de morte pietatis (leaf 55-57) [CHAUCE' S: printed here, p. 253].
(7) Congregacio dominarum (leaf 58-75). [The Assemble of Ladyes, "For Septembre at the falling of the leaf;" printed in Stone's and the black-letter Chaucers.]
(8) Exclamatio Anelide contra Arcite (If 76-84) [CHAUCE' S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 39-56].
(9) Parliamentum Anium (If 85-101) [CHAUCE' S: printed in the Supplementary Parallel-Texts, p. 2*].
(10) De ocufo & corde (leaf 102-119): [printed by Wynkyn de Worde and the Roxbury 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].

' 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 cruelte me wreke
But er I might with any worde oute breeke
Or telle any of my paynes smerte
I fonde her dede and buried in an herte

(3)

A downe I felle / whanne that I saugh pe herse
Deede as stone while that the swough laste
But vp I Roos with colours wel diuerse
And piteouslye 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 othere 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 agoe [leaf 55, paper] 1
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 4
My pourpos was to pite to complayne
Vpon the Cruelte and Tyrannye
Of loue that for my trouthe doith me dye 7

(2) [The Story.]

And that by length of certayn yeres 8
Hade euer in oon sought a tyme to speke
To pite Ranne al dispreynt with teres
To praien hir' of cruelte me a-wreke 11
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 14

(3)

Downe I felle whan I sawe the herse 15
Dede as a stooñ while the sowne me last
But vp I Rose with colour' ful diuere
And pituously on hir' myn yen I cast 18
And nerrer the Corps I gan prese fast
And for the soule I shope me to pray
I was but lorne there was no more to say 21

LONGLEAT 258
Thus ame I slayne sith that pitee is dede
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 slee vs alle
Sith sheo is and to whome we shulle vs compleyne.

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

A-bouten the herse theer stoden loustelye
With-oute any woo as thought mee
Bounte pleased weff amed and rechelye
And fressh beute luste and Iolite
Assured maner tought and honeste
Wisdam astate dreede and gouernaunce
Confetered both by honde and assuraunce

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 euery 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 sith 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 sorowful 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

Aboughthir' herse there stoden lustly 36
Withoute any moo as thought me
Bounte perfit wille armed and Richely
And freshe beaute lust and Iolyte 39
Assured manere youg and honeste
Wisda∫n 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
Thanne leuo I alle thise vertues 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 mater seith thus in wordes fewe 56

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

Hombreste of herte hiest of reuerence 57
Benyngne floure corone of vertues alle
Scheweth vnto youre souueraine excellence
Youre seruaunt if I durst my sile 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
Vnthr' colour of wommanly beawte
For men shul nat knowe her tyrannye 67
With bounte gentilnesse and curtesie
And hath deprineth you of youre place
That hight bewte appertenaunt of grace 70

(11) (I. 3)

For kendelich be youre heritage right 71
Ye been annexed euuer 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
(8)

Than leue al vertues sauf oonly pite
Keping the Corps as ye haue harde me sainene
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
Theffecte of whiche saith thus in wordis fewe

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

Humblest of hert highest of Reuereence
Benigne floure crowne of vertues alle
Shewith vnto youre Roial excellence
Youre servaunt 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 crueltie
Alied is ayenst youre Regallyte
Vndre colour 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 you grace

(11) (I. 3)

For kyndely by your heritage Right
Ye be annexed euer vnto bounte
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 sainene
(12) (Tern II. 1)

Eke what availeth 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 breeke these persones 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
Allas that euere 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 seene
That loueth and dreedeth 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 thinges / that may encrese woo
That haue I redy vnsouth every where
Me lakketh but my deth / and thanne my beere
THE COMPLEYNTE TO PITE. LONGLEAT MS. 258. 259

(12) (Tern II. 1)
Eke what availleti manere of gentilnesse 78
Withoute you benigne Creature
Shal Crueltie be your1 gouernesse
Alas what hert may it long endure 81
Wherfore but ye rather take cure
To breke that perilous aliaunce
Ye slee theim that ben vndre your obeissaunce 84

(13) (II. 2)
And further ouer if ye suffre this [leaf 57, voitum] 85
Youre Renowne is for-doo in a throwe
There shal no man wite what pite is
Alas that euer your Renowne is falle so lowe 88
Ye be also fro your1 heritage I-throwe
By Crueltie that occupieth your place
And We dispaired that seken your grace 91

(14) (II. 3)
Haue mercy on me thou heremus1 quene [1 or herenius] 92
That thou haue sought so tenderly and so yore
Lete summe streme of light on me be sene
That loue and drede you euer lenger the more 95
For sothely for to saien I bere so sore
That though I be not connyng for to playne
For goddis loue haue mercy on my payne 98

(15) (Tern III. 1)
My payne is this that what I desire 99
That haue I not ne noo thing like thereto
And euer setteth desire myn hert on fire
Eke on that other side where so I goo 102
What manere thing that may encrease my woo
That haue I redy vnsought euer yere
Me laketh but detli / and than my bere 105

LONGLEAT 258
What nedeth hit shewe parcelles of my peyne
Sith euery 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 newere disseuere
Fro youre seruice 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
What nedith to shewe parcelles of my Payne
Sith every woo that hert may bethyneke
I suffre and yet I darre not to you playne
For wel I wote though I wake or wynke
Ye Rekke not whether I flete or synke
And nethelesse yet my trouthe I shal susteyne
Vnto my dethe and that shal wel be sayn.

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

Here endith the exclamacion
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 well my dreme for now my tale is doon.

Here endith 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.

[The Proem.]

He lif so short the craft so long to lurne
The assay so harde so sharpe the conqueryng

(1)

The dredeful Ioye alle wey that slitte so yerne
Alle this mene I by love that my feelyng
Astoyneth wyth his wonderful werkyng
So sore I-wis that whan I on hym thynk
Ne wote I well whej>er I flete or synke

(2)

For alle be that I know not love in dede
Ne wote how he quyteth folk her hyre
Yet happeth me ful oft on bokes for to rede
Of his myracles 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)

Of vsage what for lust what for loore
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 þer vpon a certeigne thyng to lerne
The lang day ful fast and yerne

(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 þat men leere
To rede forth it gan me delite
But now to purpos of this mater
That alle the long day me thought but lite
(5)

¶ This boke of whyche I make mencionun
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

(6)

¶ First telleth it whan Cipion was come
In aufrike how he meteth massanyse
That hym for Ioy in armes hath I-nome
Than telleth he hir speche and alle the blisse [page 125]
That was betwen hem til the day gan mysse
And how his Auncetur Africam so deere
Gan in his slepe that nyght to hym apere

(7)

¶ Than telleth that from a sterry place
How Africam 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

(8)

¶ Than axed he yf folk that her ben dede
Han lif and dwellyng* in eny oper place
And Africam 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 spere Aud after that p° melodye herde he That cometh of thilk spere thryes thre That welles of musik ben and melodye In this world here and cause of Armonye

(10) Thann 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 euery 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 manksynde

(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 after pat they ben dede Shul whirle abowte the wordel all wey in peyn Till many a world be passed out of drede Thenn shul they com in to pat blissed place To the wheche to com god send p° grace
The day gan failen and derk nyght
That reueth bestes from here besynesse
Beraft me my boke for lake of light
And to my bed gan I me for to dresse
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

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

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

Kan I not seyn yf that the cause were
For I had rende of Africane be forne
That made me to mette pat he stode per
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
(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 pou maist best
As wysely as I saugh p\textsuperscript{e} 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-non)
And furth wyth hym to a gate me brought
Ryght 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 \textit{hat} blesful place
Of hertes hele and dedely woundes cure
Thurgh me men gon to the well of grace
There grene and Insty may shal euer indure
This is p\textsuperscript{e} wey to all gode auenture
Be glad pou redar and thy sorow of\textsuperscript{e} cast
A-lone am I passe in and sped p\textsuperscript{e} fast

(20)

Thurgh me men gon \textit{pen} spake p\textsuperscript{e} oper syde
Vn to the mortal strokes of p\textsuperscript{e} spere
Of wheche desdeyn and daunger is p\textsuperscript{e} 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\} \textsuperscript{1}

\textsuperscript{1} d\textit{y}e in a later hand
(21)

Thyse vers of gold and blak I-written were
The wheche I gan astonede to be-holde
For wyth oon encreased 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 adamandes two
Of euen myg' a pece of Iren sette
Ne hath no myght to moven to ne fro
For what pat on doth hale p° oper lette
Ferd I pat nust wherper me wer bette
To entre or leve / til Afriican my gyde
Me hent and shof in at p° gates wyde

(23)

And seid it stant written in thy face
Thyn errour though thow tel it not to me
But drede p° not to com in to this place
For this wrytynge is no thynge ment by the
Ne by non but he loves servant be
For thou of love hast lost p° tast I gysse
As a sik man hath of swete and biternesse

(24)

But natheles al though pat thou 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 wrastynge for to be
And demeth yet whether he do bett or he
And yef thow haddest konnyng to endite
I shal the shew matere of to wryte

PEPYS 2006
(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
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

(26)

The bildar ek and eke the hardy Asshe
The pyler Elm the coofre to careyn
The boxtre pypar / holme to whippes laighshe
The seylyng firre the Cipres deth to pleyyn
The sheter ew the aspe for shaftes playn
The Olyf of pees and eko the drounken vyne
The Victor palme the lawrer to deyne

(27)

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

(28)

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

\[\text{Instrumentes of strynges of acorde}
\text{Herd I so pley and reveshyng' swetnesse}
\text{That god \textit{pat} maker is of all and lorde}
\text{Ne herd he neuer as I gysse}
\text{Ther wyth a wynde vnneth it myght be lesse}
\text{Made in the leves grene a noys soft}
\text{\textit{Acordyng} to \textit{p}e birdes soong' a loft} \quad \textit{[page 132]}
\]

(30)

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

(31)

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

(32)

\[\text{Tho was I war of plesaunce a-non right}
\text{And of the aray lust and curtesye}
\text{And of the craft that can and of \textit{p}e myght}
\text{To doon by force a wyght to do folie}
\text{Differed was she I will not lye}
\text{And by hym silf vnd\textit{ur} a nok I gysse}
\text{Saugh I delite that stode wyth Lentinesse}
\]

\textit{PEPYS} \textit{2006}
I saugh beaute wyth owten eny atyre
And yough full of game and Iolite
Fulhardenesse flatterie and deyse
Messangers and mede and oþer iij
Her names here shul not be told for me
And vpon pylers grete of Iaspre long:
I saugh a temple of bras I-fownded strong.

Aboute þe temple daunsed all wey
Wemen I-now of wheche ther som were
Fayre of hem self and som of hem wer gay
In kyrtes all discheuele went they there
That was hir office all wey þat be yere
And þe temple of dowues whyte and faire
Saugh I sittyn þony a thousand paire

By-for the temple doore ful sobrely
Dam pees satt wyth a curtill in her honde
And by hir syde wonder discretely
Dann pacience sittyn þer 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 deyse
That made euery 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 asse hym shent
Wyth crye by nyght and his ceptre in his honde 256
Full besyly men gan assay and founde
Upon his hede to sette of syndre hyew
Garlandes full of fresshe flowres new 259

(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 afterwarde lightnesse 263
I saugh a lute vneth it myght be lesse
And in a bed of gold she lay to rest
Till at the hote sonn be-gan go west 266

(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 270
The remanauit couerd was wel to my pay
Ryght wyth a sotill coueryche of valence
Ther was no thikker cloth of no defence 273

(40)

¶ The place yaf a thowsand sauours swete
And bachus god ofwyn satt hir be syde
And Ceres next that doth honger bote
And as I seyde a myddes lay Cipride 277
To whom on knees per two yong' folkes cryede
To ben her help but thus I let hir lye
And forper in the temple I gan espye 280
(41)

¶ That in dispite of Diane the chast
Full mony a vow I-broke hong' on the walle
Of maydone swyche as can her tym wast
In hir servise and peynte d over alle
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

(42)

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

(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
Tho was I war wher ther sat a quene
That as of light the somer sonne shene
Passeth the sterr so over mesure
She fairer was thenn eny creature

(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
Ne per nas fowle that cometh of engendrure
That ther ne were prest in hir presence
To tak hir dome and yeve hir audience
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 vnneth was per space
For me to stonde so full was all p's place

And ryght as Aleyn in p's pleynt 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

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

Ther myght men the ryaH Egle fynde
That wyth his sharp lok perseth p' sonne
And oper Egles of lower kynde
Of whyche clerkes well devyse konne
Ther was p' Tyraunt wyth his fethres donne
And gray I mene p' goshawk pat doth pyne
The birdes for his owtragious Ravyne
The lentil fawkon that wyth his fete distreyneth
The kynges honde the hardy sperhawk eke
The quayles foe the Merleyn that peyneth
Hym self full oft the lark for to seke 340
Ther was the downe wyth hir yeen meke
The Ielous swan a-yenst his deth pat syngeth
The Owle eke that of deth bode bryngeth 343

The crane the giant wyth his trompes sown
The theef the chough and eke þe Ianglyngþ pye
The scornyng Þay and the Elys foo heroun
The fals lapewynk full of trecherye 347
The stare that alle counsell can be-wrey
The tame Ruddok and þe coward kyte
The coke that orlege is of thropes lite 350

The sparow Venus sonne the nyghtyngalle
That clepeth forth the fressh leves newe
The swalow that morthrer is of þe fowles smale
That maken honey of flowres fresshe of hewe 354
The wedded turtill wyth hir hert trewe
The pecok wyth his angels fethres bright
The fesaunt scorner of þe cok by nyght 357

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 [Page 156] 361
The hote cornersaunt of glotonye
The Ravens the crowes wyth her voyce of care
The throstel olde the frosty feldfare 364
What shuld I seyn of fowles euery kynde
That in this world have fethres and stature
Men myght in pat place assemble\textsuperscript{f} kynde
Be-for pat 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

But to the point nature held\textsuperscript{f} on hir honde
A formel Egle of shap the Ientilest
That euery she a-mong\textsuperscript{e} her werkes fonde
The moost benynge and the godelyest
In her was euery vertu at her rest
So ferforth pat nature hir self had blysse
To loke on hir and oft hir beek to kysse

Nature the wirker of p\textsuperscript{e} almyghty lorde
That hote cold\textsuperscript{t} 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\textsuperscript{f} of your nede
As fast as I may I will me spede

Ye knowen well how pat seint Valentyns day
By my statut and thurgh my gouernaunce
Ye com for to chese and flee a-vey
Wyth your makes as I prik yow wyth\textsuperscript{f} plesaunce
But natheles my rightfull ordynaunce
May I not let for all this world\textsuperscript{f} to wynne
That he pat most is wurthy shal be-gynne
The tercel Egle as *pat* ye know well
The fowle rial aboven yow in degree
The wyse and *p* worthy secere true as stele
The wheche I have I-formed as ye may see
In euery wyse and part as it best liketh me
It nedeth not his shap yow to devyse
He shall first chese and spoken on his gysye

And aftur hym by ordre shall ye chese
Aftur your kynd eueryche as yow liketh
And as your happ is shall ye wynn or lese
But whiche of you *pat* loveth moost enriketh
God send hym hir that sorcest for hym syketh
And ther wythi alle the tercel gan she calle
And seide my son the choice is to yow faffe

But natheles in this condicioun
Moot be the choice of eueryche *pat* is here
That she agree to his eleccion
Who so be he that shal ben his feere
This is owre vsage allwey fro yer to yere
And who so that may at this tyme have his grace
In a blesfuH tym he come in to this place

Wyth hede enclyned and wyth humble cheere
This rial tercel spak and taried nought
On to my soucereyn lady and not my feere
I chese and chese wyth will hert and thought
The forme[l] on youre hand so well I-wrought
Whose I am and euer will hir serve
Do what hir list to do my live or sterve
(61)

(IT) Besechys hir of mercy and of grace
As she that is my lady soueraigne
Or lette me dye present in this place
For certes long may I not live in this peyne
For in myn hert is coruen euer yeue neye
Havyng reward oonly for my trouthe
My dere hert have on my wo som routh

(62)

(IT) And yeft I be founde to hir ontrue
Disabeisant or wilfuft 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 euere she me fynde
to hir vntrewe or in my gilt vnkynde

(63)

(IT) And syn that now loveth hir so well as I
Alle be that she neuer of love me be-hette
Thann ought she on me have mercy
For ouer bonde can I noon on hir knette
For neuer for no wo shal I ne shal lettde
To serven hir how ferr pat she wende
Say what ye list my tale is at an ende

(64)

(IT) Right as the fresshe 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 douhter drede yow not I yow assure

PEPYS 2006
(65)

A noþer tercelh 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 well as ye
And lengur have served hir in my degree
And yeve she wolde have loved for longi lovyngs
To me alone hadd be the guerdonyngs

(66)

I dar well say yef she me fynd fals
Vnkynde fandler or rebeth eny wyse
Or Ielous do me hongen by þs hals
And but I bere me in hir servyce
As well as eny wyght can me devyse
Fro point to point hir honour for to save
Take she my lif and alle gode I have

(67)

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

(68)

Of longi servyse auaut I me no thyngs
But as possible is me to dey to day
For wo as he that hath be langwysshyns
This twenty wnynter and as well happen may
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 fulli yore
(69)

I sey not this by me for I ne kan
Do no servise that may my lady plese
But I dar weH sey that I am hir truest man
As to my dome and faynest wold hir plese
At short wordes till that deth me sese
I will be hyres wheper that I wake or wynke
And euer true in aHe that hert may bethynke

(70)

Of aHe my list syn pat I was lorn
So Ientil plee of love or oper thyngs
Ne herd neuer no man me be-forne
But who pat hadd leyser and konnyngs
For to reherce hir cher and hir spekyngs
And from the morow gan this speche last
Till downward went the sonne wonder fast

(71)

The noyse of the fowles for to be deliueread
So lowde rong3 have do and latt vs wende
That weH wend I the wod hadd aHe to-shevered
Come of they crey alas ye wuH vs shende
Whann shalt your cursed pleyngs have an ende
How shuld a Ife ether partie leve
For ye or nay wyth outen eny preve

(72)

The goos the dook the cukkow aHe so
So cryed keke keke cukkow quek quoc 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 swytt
For water fowles who wul be wroth or blyth
And I for the wormes fowle-seid the foule cukkow
For I wull of myn own autorite
For the comyn spede take on me p's charge now
For to deleyuer vs is grete charite
Ye may abyde a whylle yet parde
Quoth the turtill yef it be your wiH
A wyght may speke hym wer as god be stille

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

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

Assented was to this conclusion
The birdes alle and p's fowles of Ravyne
Han chosen first by pleyn eleccioun
The tercelet of the fawkons to diffyne
Alle her sentence and as hym list to termyne
And to nature hym gonnen to present
And she accepte hym wyth glade entent
(77)

¶ The tercelet seid that in this manere
FuH hard were it to prove by resoun
Who loveth best this IentilH formeH here
For euery hath suche replicacion
That by skyles may noon be brought a downe
I can not see that argumentz avaiHe
Thann semyth it per most be bataiHe

(78)

¶ 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 wuH in this wey
Oures is the voice that han the charge in honde
And to the Iuges dome ye mooten stonde

(79)

¶ And per-for pees I say as to my wytte
Me wol? thynk how pat the worthyest
Of knygthod and lengest had vsed it
Moost oft astate of blode the Ientilost
Were sittyng for hir yf pat hir lest
And of the three she wote hir self I trowe
Wheche that he be for it is light to knowe

(80)

¶ The water fowles han her hedes leyde
To-gedre and of short avysement
Whann eueryche hadd his large golee seide
They seyde sothly all by oon assent
How that the goose wyth hir faukon Ient
That desyreth to pronounceoure nede
Shall telle our tale and prey to god hir spede

PEPYS 2006
(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 herkeneth weHe a reson I shaft forthi bryng' 564
My wytt is sharpe I love no taryng'.
I sey I rede hym thoughi he wer my brofer
But she wuH hym let hym love anoher 567

(82)

¶ Here is a perfit reson of a goose
Quoth the sparhawk neuer mote she the
Lo suche is to have a tongue loose
Now parde foole yet were it bett for the 571
To had hold thy pees than shewede thy nysete
It lith not in his wytt ne in his wille
But soth is seide a fole can not be stille

(83)

¶ The laughtre aroose of Lentill 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 578
Of this matere and what she radde
And she answerd that pleynly hir entent
She wold shew and sothly what she ment [page 141] 581

(84)

¶ Nay god forbade a lover shuldf chaunge
The turtiH seyde and wox for shame alle rede
Thoughi his lady be euermore strange
Yet lett hym serve hir tiiH he be dede 585
Forsothi I preyse not the gosse rede
For thoughi she dyad I wuH non ope make
I wuH be hyres till that dethi do me take 588

PEPYS 2006
(85)

¶ WeH bored quoth the dock by myn hate
That allwey men shuld love causelesse
Who can a resen fynde or witt in that
Daunseth he merye that is menstrelles
Who shuld recche of hym that is reccheles
Yet quck quoth the goose it weH and fayre
Ther be mo sterres in heven god wot fen a paire

(86)

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

(87)

¶ 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

(88)

¶ Ye have the glotone filled I-nowgh his paunche
Than as we weH seid the merleyn
Thow mortherer of the heysugge on p° braunch
That brought the furth thow rowthfuH glotoun
Live thow soleyn wormes corrupcioun
For no force is of lake thy nature
Go lewde be thow the whyle p° world endure
Now pees quod nature I commaunde here
For I have her all your opynyoun
And yet in effecte be we neuer pensible
But fyndally this is my conclusion
That she hir self shaH have hir elecciooun
Of whom hir list who-so be wroth or blyth
Hym that she cheseth he shaH hir have as swyth

For sith it may not here discussed be
Who lovethi hir best as seide the tercelet
Than wuH I don this favour to hir pat she
shal have ryght hym on whom hir hert is sett
And he hir that his hert hathi on hir knett
This Iuge I nature for I may not lye
To noon estat I have none oper ye

But as for counceH for to chese a make
Yef I wer resow thenn woldi I
CounceH yow the riaH TerceH take
As seid the tercelet ful skylfully
As for the Lentilest and moost wurthy
Wheche I haue wrought so well to my plesaunce
That to yow it ought to be a sufficiance

Wyth dredefull voice this formel answered
My rightful lady goddesse of nature
Soth it is that I am euers vnder your yerde
As is eueryche other creature
And most be yowrs the whyle I may endure
And myn entent yow wilH I say right sone
If I graunt it yow quod she a-noñ
This formët egle spak in this degree
Almyghty quene tiH this yere be doon
I aske respite for to avyse me
And aftur pat my choise to have aft 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 witt not serve Venus ne Cipride
For sotñ 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-woey
Eche wyth his make for taryyng lengur here
And seid hem thus as ye shuH aftur here

To yow speke ye terceletes quothi nature
Bethi of gode hert and serveth alle thre
A yere is not so longt 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 aftur shaH 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, ? A.D. 1488, if 119.]

(1)

Flee from the pres and duell with suthfastnesse
Suffice vnto thy gude / thocfr It be small
For hurde hath hate / and clymyng tikkilnesse
Pres hath Inuye / and wele is blent our all
Sauoure nomore than the behove schall
Do wele thy self/ that otheris folk canst rede
And treuth the schall deliuer / this is no drede

(2)

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

(3)

Quhat the Is sent / ressaue In bowsunnesse
The wrastlyng of this warld? askith 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 last/ and lat thy goste the lede
And treuth the schall deliuer this is no drede

Explicit Chauceres counseling

1 At the end of a spurious poem, “‘Deuise prowes and eke hu-
yllyte,” the copier adds, on leaf 120 :

“Quod Chaucer quhen he was rycht ausit”

“Natiuitas principis nostri Jacobi quarti anno domini M"" iiij"" lxxij"" xvij die mensis marci videlicet In festo sancti patricii confessoris In monasterio sancte crucis prope Edinburgh.”

[James IV of Scotland ruld from July 11, 1488, till he fell at Flodden on September 9, 1513.]
TRUTH.

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

(1)
Fie fra the pres and duell with suthfastnes
Suffice one-to thi gud pocht
It be small
ffore hurde haith hait and clymyng tykilnes
Pres haith enwy and well 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
ffore gret rest stant in lytill besynes
also be war to spwrne 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 bouxunnes
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 thyne Ene and thank thi god of all
Reull thi self that vthir folk can Reid
And treuche the sall deliuyr 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 sotthfastnes 1
Suffyse vn-to thy good yef hit be smaH
For hordÆ hath hate and clymbyngÆ tykelines
Pres hath envye and welle ys blent ouer aH 4
Sauour no more then the behowfe schaH
Rede weH thy-selYe that othyrÆ men canst rede
And trewhÆ the schaH delyuerÆ hit ys no drede 7

(2)
⌈Ne study not yche crokedÆ to redres 8
In truste of hurÆ that turneth as a bHaH
Meche rest standeth in lytyH besynes
Ne stomble not thy fotte ayene a naH 11
Stryve not as doth the croke ayene the waH
Daunte weH thy-selYe that dauntestÆ odres dede
And trewthÆ the schaH delyuer hit is no drede 14

(3)
⌈That the is sent receyue in buxumnesse 15
The wraSTlyngÆ of this worldÆ axeth a faH
Here ys no home herÆ is but wyldyrnesse
Forth forthÆ wrecchyde best out of thy staH 18
Lyfte vp thy hert and thanke thy god of AÆ [page 23]
And wayue thy lust and let thy gost the lede
And treuethÆ the schaH delyuerÆ hit ys no drede 21

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

Envoys to Scogan

From

Caxton’s Text, Cambr. Univ. Library.

(For three other MSS. of this Poem see the Parallel-Texts.)
Envoy to Scogan. Caxton's Text.

[Only 21 lines out of 49.]

Thenuoye of chaucer to skegan

(1) (Tern 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 crature
Alas frowhens / may this thing procede
Of whiche errour / I dye almost for drede

(2) (I. 2)
By worde eterne whylom was it shape
That fro the fyfthe 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 here
Alas scogan / this is for thyn offence
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence

(3) (I. 3)
Hast thou not said in blaspheme of p° goddes
Thurgh pryde or thurgh thy grete rekelesnes
Suche thingt / as in p° 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.)
Purse.

[Cambr. Univ. Libr. Caxton, 1477-78 A.D., leaf 9.]

[Read by Mr. Bradshaw.]

The compleint 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 vpon 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? neuer pere
Ye be my lyf / ye be my hertes stere
Quene 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 shaue / as nyghe as ony frere
But I pray vnto your curtoisy
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

Thenuoye of chaucer vnto the kynge

O conquerour of brutes albyon
Whiche that by lyne / and? fre eleccioν
Ben veray kynge / this to yow I sende
And? ye that may / alle harmes amende
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacioν

Explicit ** *

Caxton
More Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.
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I. **The Balade of Pite**, from the Phillipps MS. 9053. (See The Appendix to the Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, p. 1. This copy has the unique last Stanza) ... ... ... 46

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*(Date of issue, Mar. 1891.)*
More Odd Texts

of

Chaucer's Minor Poems.

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Hon. Dr. Phil.

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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 showd (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 seemd 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 Newe-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.

_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 englishing of _De Regimine_¹

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² *Parallel Texts*, p. 144, col. 2.
³ *Parallel Texts*, p. 133, 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.
**FOREWORDS.**

*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 Eng. Dict.*)—cote-armures, trappures, *Knight's Tale*, 72/2199, 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 Compleynte to Pite.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.
THE COMPLEYNTE TO PITE.

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

And now here folwth A complaynt of pite made bi Geffray Chaucier the Aureaf Poete that eure was founde in oure vulgar to fore his dayes

(1)

Ite whiche that I have . sought so yoer 1
p With hert sore . ful of besy peyne
That in this world? . was no wight woer
Without the deth . and if I shal nat feyne 4
My purpos was . of pite for to pleyne
And eke vpon . the cruel tirannye
Of love that for my trowth . doth me to dye 7

(2)

And whan that I bethynk . of certayn yeeris 8
Had euer in oon . a tyme sought to speke
To pite I ran . albe-spreynt with teris
To preyen hir . on cruelte me wreke 11
But or I myght . with any word out breke
Or tellen any . of my peynes smert
I fonde pite ded . and buryed in an hert 14

(3)

And downe I fel . when I sigh the herse [p. 92]
Ded as ston . while that the swougli last
But vp I rose . with colours wel diuerse
And pitously . myn Ien on hir cast 18
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 21
42-43 PAR.-TEXT

12 THE COMPLEYNTS TO PITE. PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.

(4)

¶ Thus am I slayn. sith that pite is ded²
Allas the day. that euer it shuld² befalle
What⁴ maner man. dar now heve vp his hede
To whom shal. my sorowful hert cal
Now cruelte hath cast. to slen vs al
In Idel hope we live. redles of peyne
Sith she is ded¹. to whom shul we compleyne

(5)

¶ Thus am I slayn. sith that pite is ded¹ truly¹
But yet¹ enresith me. this wonder nuwe
That no wight¹ wot¹ hir ded. but only I
So many a man. that¹ in hir tyme hir knewe
And yit¹ she dyed nat¹. al so sodainly
For I have sought¹ hir. ful busily
Sith first¹ I had wit¹. of mannes mynde
But¹ she was dede. or that I cowde hir fynde

(6)

¶ Abowte hir hers. stoden there boistously
Without makyng dole. as thought me
Bounte. Parfite. wele arayed and Richely
And fresshi beaute. lust and lolite
Assured⁴ maner. thought and honeste
Wisdam estate. drede and gouernauns
Considerd both. by hand and assurauns

(7)

// A compleynt¹ had I. writen in myn hand²
For to have putte. to pite as a biff
But¹ when I al this. company ther fond³
That² rather wolden. al my cause spill⁶
Than do me help. I held² my compleynt² stiH
For to the folkes. without any faile
Withouten pite. ne may no bil availe
(8)

"Than leve I al these vertues sauf pite
Kepyng the hers. as ye have herd me seyne
Confidred al. by band of cruelte
And bien assented. that I shalbe slayne
So thanne I put. my compleynt vp ageyne
For to my foomen. my bil I durst nat shewe
Theeffect of the mater. was this at wordes fewe"

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

"Humblesse of hert. highest of reverence
Benyngne floure. corowne of vertues al
Shewith vnto youre. soverayn excellence
Youre servaunt yf I durst. my self so cal
His mortal harme. whiche he is in fal
And nat alonly. for his evil fare
But for youre Renowne. as I shal declare"

(10) (I. 2)

"It standith thus. yowre contrarie Crueltie
Alyed is. agenst youre Regalye
Vnder the colour. of wommanly beaute
For men shuld nat. loo knowe hir tirannie
With bounte Gentillesse. and curtesie
And hath deprived yow. now of your place
That hight beaute. aportenaunt to grace"

(11) (I. 3)

"For kyndely bi youre. heritage and right
Ye beth annexed. ever to beaute
And verrailly ye oughten. do youre myght
To helpe trowth. in his aduersite
Ye beth also. the corowne of beaute
And certes. if ye want in this wey
The world is lorn. ther is no more to sey"
THE COMPLEYNT TO PITE.  PHILIPPS MS. 9053.

(12)  (Tern II. I)

¶ Eke what availith, maner or gentillesse 79
With yow benygne, and faire creature
Shal cruelte be now, oure gouerneresse
Alas, what heret shal may that endure 82
Wherfor but ye, the rather taken cure
To breke of thoo persones alliaunce
Ye slen theym, that bien of your obeisaunce 85

(13)  (II. 2)

¶ And further ouer, if ye suffren this 86
Youre renoun is fredom, that with a throwe
Ther shal no wight wete, what peyne is
Alas that youre renoune shuld be so lowe 89
Ye bien than, from your heritage I-throwe
By cruelte, that occupieth your place
And we dispaired, that sechen to youre grace 92

(14)  (II. 3)

¶ Have mercy on me, ye vertuous qwene 93
That yow have sought, so trewly, and so yoore
Lete the streame of youre light, on me be sene
That lovitli and dreditli yow, ay lengger the more 96
The soth for to sey, I bere the hevy peyne
And though I be nat konnyng, for to pleyne
For goddis love, have mercy on my peyne 99

(15)  (Tern III. 1)

¶ My peyne is this, that what so I desire 100
That have I nought, no nought, that liith therto
And ouer settith desire, myn hert on fyre
Eke on that other side, where so I go 103
What maner thynge, that may encrese my wo
That have I redy, vnsought euer where
Me lakkith but my deth, and than my bere 106
THE COMPLEYNT TO PITE. PHILLIPPS MS. 9053. 15

(16) (III. 2)
¶ What nedith it. shewe parcels of my peyne
Sith euery 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 recchen nat. whether I fleete or synk'
Yit neuertheles. 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 yours euere
Though ye me slee. bi cruelte as a foo
Algates my spirit. shal neuer disseuer
From your service. for any peyne or woo
Now pite that I haue sought so yore agoo
Thus for your 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 Compleynte.]
2.

Anelida and Arcite.

(THE COMPLAINT ONLY.)

PHILLIPPS MS. 8299.
ANNELIDA AND ARCITE.

THE COMPLAINT.

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

(31) (Compleint 1. Proem.)

So thirlith with the poynte of remembraunce [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’ daunce
My sewertee in to a wapped countenaunce 1 MS. almy 215
Sith it auailleth not for to be true
For who so truyst is it shaH hir rue
That semeth love and doth her observaunce
Alway till coñ and change it for no newe

(32) (Compleint 2; Movement I. 1.)
I wrote my selfe as wele as any wight
For I. lovid coñ with all my hert and myght
More than my selfe an hundred M' sitth
And callid hym myñ hertes day and my knyght
And was all his als fer as it was right
And whan that he was glad than was I blith
And his diseue was my deth as swyth
And he agayne his trouth hath me plight
For euermore his lady me to kyth

(33) (Compleint 3; Movement I. 2.)
Nowe is he fals alas and causeles
And of my woo he is so reowtheles
That with oute worde hym lust not dayn
To bryng a-gayne my sorowfuñ hert in pes
For he is thought vp in another lees
And as hym lust so lages he at my payn
And I canne not my wofuñ hert refreyñ
For to loue hym alway neuer the lesse

(34) (Compleint 4; Movement I. 3.)
And shaH I playñ alas the harde stounde
Vnto my foo that gane myne hert a wounde
And yet desyreti that my herme be more
Ye corteys for that shaH euery be founde
None other helpe my sores forto sounde
My disteyn hathi happeñ so fult yore
I wolt no other medicyne ne lore
I wolt be euer as I was ons bounde
That I haue saide be saide for euermore
(35) (Compleint 5; Movement I. 4.)

Alas where is becomyn your gentilnesse
Youre wordis ful of pleasaunce and humbleness
Your observaunce on so low mautre
And your awaityng and your besynesse
Vpon me that ye callid your maistresse
Your souerayne lady of this worlde is here
Alasse is there now nother worde ne chere
Ye witsauf vpon myn heuynesse
I-wys your loue I by it aH to dere.

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

Nowe certes swete yt that ye
Thus causes decaused be
Of my dedely aduersite
Youre namely resoune hatli it to respite
To sle your frende and namely me
That neuer yet in no degre
Offendid you as wysely he
That aH wot of wo my sowle quyte
But for I was soo playn Erste
In aH my werkes muche and liteH
And so besy you to delyte
Myne honoure sauf make kynde & free
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
Thynke ye that forthered be your name
To love anew and be vntrue nay
And put you in sclaudre newe and blame
And do me aduersite and grame
That loueth you most god wel you woost alwey
Nowe turne agayne and yet be playn som day
And than shaH this that nowe is mysse be game
And aH foryeuen whiH that I lyuen may

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

Lo hert myne aH this you for to sayne
As whether shaH I pray or els playne
Whiche is the way and do you to be true
For owther mot I haue you in my chayn
Or withi the detli ye mot depart vs twayn
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 ede.)

And shaH I pray and weyuen womanheede [leaf R, back]
Nay rather dye than do so fowle a dede
To aske mercy causeles what nede
But if that I to you may no nother wayes bede
For myn excuse a skorne shaH be my mede
Your chere floyreth but yt wol not sede
FuH longe agoo me ought have taken bede
For yf I myght haue you to myne agayn
I myght als wele kepe Aprile fro rayn
As to holde you and make you stidfast
O myghty god of treutli souerayn
Where is the treutli of man who hath yt slayn
For who thaym louytli shaH fynde paim as fast
Als in a tempest is a roten maste
Is that a tame beste pat is ay fayn
To flee a-way whan yt is leest agast

Mercy swete yf I myssaye
Haue I ought spoken oute of pe way
I not my wit is half 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 hatli borni 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 azur
To profir and nowe ensur
To be true vnto me tiH ye deye

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 neuer moo myn eyen two ben drye
But to your ruth and to your truth I crye
But weleaweys ful fer be thay to feche
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 sith I can do no more
I yeve yt vp for nowe and euermore
For shaft I neuer put efte in balaunce
My sykernes ne lerñ of loue the lore
But as the swanne as I haue harde say yor
Ageyns his deth syngeth his penaunc
So syng I here my destany and chaunce
How that Arcite Anelida so sore
Hath ther-led with the poyn of remembraunce

[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.
TRUTH.

[Phillipps MS. 8299 (at the end of Chaucer's Tale of Grissilde, written on as Part of the Tale).]

[And let hym care wepe wryng and wayle]

(1)
Fie from the prees and dweH with sothifastnesse 1
Suffise the thyne owne though it be smaH
For horde hath hate and clymbyng tykylnesse
Prees hath envye and wele blente ouer aH 4
Favour nomore than thou behove shaH
Rewle weH thy selH pat other forkis canst rede
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede 7

(2)
Tempest the not aH crokis to redresse 8
In trust of her that turnyth as a balt
Muche wele stondeth in litiH besynes
Be ware therfore to spurne ayenst an aH  [2nd leaf] 11
Stryv not as doth to Crokke with the waH
Daunte thy selH that dauntist an opers dede
And treuth the shaH delyuer it is no drede 14

(3)
That the is sente receyue in buxumnesse 15
The wrastlyng of the worlde askith a balt
Here is noon home here nys but wyldernesse
Forth pylgryme forth . forth best coute of by staff 18
Knowe thy contrey loke vp thanke god of aH
Holde the high wey and let thy goste the lede
And treuth shaH the delyuer it is no drede 21

Explicit, &c.

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

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

Good conseylle.

(1)

F
Le fro the prees And dwelle with sothfastnesse
Suffise vn-to thi good though it be smal
For hoon? hath hate . And elybyngte tykulnesse
Prees hath onyce . And wele is blent ouer al
Sauour' no mor1 than) the bihoue shal
Do wele thi-self that other' folk canst rede
And trouthe the shal delyuer' it is no drede

(2)

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

(3)

IT
That the is sent . receyue yn buxumnesse
the wrastelyngge with the world' axseth a fal
Her' is non home her' is but wildernesse
Forth pilgryme forthi . forthi beest out of thi stal
Loke vp an hie And thank god' of al
Weyve thi luste And lete thi goost the lede
And trouthe the shal delyuere 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)

Le from the prece & dwelle with sothfastnes. 1
Syfysse vnto thy god though heit be small.
For hoorde hathe hate & clymbynge tykilnes.
Prece hathe enuye & welle is blent ouer all, 4
Sanoure no more than the behowe shall.
Rule thy-selfe that other folke canst rede.
And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede. 7

(2)

Payne the not eche crokecl to redresse. 8
In truste of her that turneth as a ball.
Grete rest / stonde in litil besynes
Beware also to sporne agaynst a wall. 11
Stryue not as dothe a cocle with a wall.
Daunt thy-self that dauntest other dede.
And trouthe the shall delyuer it is no drede. 14

(3)

That the is sente receyue it in buxumnes. 15
The wrastlynge of this worlde asketh a fall.
Here is non home / here is but wyldernes.
Forthe pylgrym forthe beste oute of the stall. 18
Loke vp on hyghe an[di] thankeoure lorde of all.
Weye thy luste and let thy gooste the lede.
And trouthe shall the delyuer it is no drede. 21
4.

Lack of Stedfastness.

HATTON MS. 73.
LACK OF STEDFASTNESS.

[Hatton MS. 73, leaf 119. (Bodl. Libr.).]

These baladdis were send to the kyng.

(1)
Sumtyme this world was so stedefast And stable that mazes 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 doun.
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 folkis hand 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 wrecchednesse that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse

(3)
Trouthe is put doun resoun is holde fable
Vertu hath now no domynacioun.
Pyte exiled no man is mercyable thurgi couetyse is blent discrecioun.
the world hath mad a permutacioun.
Fro ryght to wronge fro trouthe to sikulnesse that al is lost for lak of stedefastnesse

MORE ODD TEXTS.
Lack of Stedfastness. Hatton Ms. 73.

// Lenvoy //

"O prince desyre to be honurable
Cherysshe thi folk. and hate extorcioun
Suffre no thyng that may be reproueable
to thyw estate dow in thi region
Shewe forth thi swerke of castigacioun
Drede god, do lawe loue trouthe and rightwesnesse
And dryue thi peple a-gain to stedefastnesse."
5.

Fortune.

MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.
Paupertas conqueritur super fortunam.

(1)

This wredchid wo[r]lde is transmutacioun. 1
As weHe / and wo / now pore / & now / honour.
Withouten ordre / or wyse dyscrecyon.
Gouernede ys by fortunes erroure. 4
But neuertheles / the lacke of her fanoure.
Ne may not do me / synge thoughge pat I dye.
I'ay toutz perdu mon temps et mon labour.
For fynally / fortune I defye. 8

(2)
Yet me lefte the syght of my reason. 9
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. 12
But treuly no firs of thy reddoure.
To hym that on hym-selfe hathe maystry.
My suffysaunce shall be my socoure.
For fynally fortune I defye. 16

(3)
O socrates thou stedfast champyon. 17
She myght neuer be thy tormentoure.
Thou neuer dreddest her oppressyon.
Ne in her chere founde thou no fauoure. 20
Thou knewe well / the deceyte of her coloure.
And that her moste worship is to lye.
I know her eke / a fals dyssymuloure.
For fynally fortune I dyffye.
442-443 PAR.-TEXT
38 FORTUNE. MS. ARCH. SELD. B. 10.

(4) Puer. Fortuna ad paupertatom.
No man is wretchede but hym selfe it wene. 25
And he that hath hym-selfe hath the suffyssaunce.
Why sayst thou than I am to the so kene.
That hast thy-selfe oute of my gouernaunce. 28
Say thus gramercy of thyne haboundaunce.
That thou hast lent or this thou shalt not stryue.
What wost thou yet hou I will the auance.
And eke thou haste / thy best frende alyue. 32

(5)
I haue the taught / dyuysyoun betwene. 33
Frende of effecte / and frende of countenaunce.
The nedeth not / the gall of non hen.
That cureth eyen / duk for penaunce. 36
Nowe seyst thou clere / that were in yngnoraunce.
Yet holde thyn anker / and yet thou mayst aryue.
There bounte bereth / the keye of my substaunce.
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 40

(6)
How many haue I refusdede to sustene 41
Syth I the fosterede / hawe in my pleasaunce.
Wylte thou than make / A statute on thy quene. [p. 3]
That I shall be ay at thyne ordynaunce. 44
Thow borne arte in my reygne of varyaunce.
Aboute the whele with other must thou dryue.
My lore is better than thy wycked gouernaunce.
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue. 48

(7) Paupertas ad fortunam.
Thy lore I damnne . it is aduersyte. 49
My frende / mayst thou not rene blynde goddes
And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the.
Take them agayne / let them go lye on presse. 52
The negardes / kepynge theyre ryches.
Pronostyke is / her toure thou wylte assayle.
Wyckede appetye / cometh a before sykenesse.
In generall this rule may not fayle. 56
Fortuna ad paupertatem.

Thow pynchest' at' my mutabilite.
For I the lente a droppe of my rychesse.
And nowe me lykethe to withdrawe me.
Why sholdest' thou my royallte oppresse.
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.

Paupertas ad fortunam.

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

Fines.

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

Purse.

PHILLIPPS MS. 9053.
Purse.


Chaucer [in Jn. Stow's hand].

(1)

O yow my purse, and to nonother wight 1

To Compleyne I, for yow [are] my lady deere 2

I am so sory that ye bien light 3

For certis, but if ye make me hevy chiere 4

Me were as lief, to be leyde on biere 5

For whiche, vnto yowre mercy thus I crye 6

Beth hevy ageyne, or ellipsis must I dye 7

(2)

If Now fouchesauft this day, or it be nyght 8

That I oft yow, the blisful sowne may here 9

To se youre colour, as the sunne bright 10

That of your eye, Iownesse hatth no peere 11

Ye bien my light, ye be myn hertis feere 12

Qwene of comfort, and of company 13

Bethe hevy ageyn, or ellipsis must I dye 14

(3)

If Now purse that beth to me my lyf, my light 15

And souerayne lady downe, in this world here 16

Out of this towne, help me thurgh youre myght 17

Sith that ye wil nat, be my tresorere 18

For I am shave as nygli, as any freer 19

For whiche, vnto youre mercy I crye 20

Bethe hevy ageyne, or ellipsis must I dye 21

Thus farr is printed in Chaucer[r] fol. 320. under ye name of Tho. Ocleeue. /

[Lydgate's 'Alias fortune, alas what haue I gilt,' 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 markt as part of the Compleyte to 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, I. 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)

¶ The longe nyghtis. whan euer creature 1
    Shuld have theyr rest* in somewhat be kynde
Or ellis ne may theyr lift* longe endure
    It* falleth most* in to my wooful mynde
How I so fer have brought* my self* behynde
    That* sauf* the deth. ther may nothyng* me lisse
So dispairyed I am. from al blisse

(I. 2)

¶ This same thought* me lastith til the morow 8
    And from the morow. furth til it* be Eve
There nedith me. no care for to borow
    For both* I have gode leyser. and goode love
Ther is no wight* that* wil my wo bireve
    To wepe Inough*. and wailen al my sifi
The sore spark* of* payne. now doth me spiH

(3) [II. Terza Rima, 1]

¶ This love that* hatli me set*. in suche a place
That* my desire. wil neuer fulliH
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 which, without remedy
That from the dothe. 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 wommanhede
Sadnesse in yowth, and beautye 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 giltes

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 love 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 which I desire I mysse
And al that euer I wold nat Iwisse

That fynde I recly. 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 synge

So litel rowtli, hath she vpon my peyne
Elas whan slepyng tyme is, lo than I wake
When I shulda 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 semeth that your sweete hert of steele
Is whetted now, ayens me to kene

My dere hert, and best be-loved foo
Why likith you, to do me al this woo
What haue I don, that grevith you or saide
But for I serve, and love you and no mo
And while I live, I wil euer do soo
And therfor sweete, me bethi nat evil apayd
For so goode and so faire, as ye be
It were right grete wonder, but ye had
Of al seruauntis, both of goode and ba
And lest worthy of al hem, I am he

But neuertheles, my right lady swete
Though that I be vunkerlyng, and vnmeete
To serve as I kowde, ay youre hienesse
Yit is ther non fayner, that wolde I heete
Than I to do youre ease, or ellis heete
What so I wist, that were to your hyenesse
And had I myght, as goode as I haue wil
Than shuld ye feele, 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 both I love, and eke drede yow so sore [p. 98]
And algatis mote, and have yow don ful yoore
That better loved is, non me neuer shal
83
And yit I wold besechen yow of nomore
But lovith wele, and beth nat wroth therefore
And let me serve yow fortli. 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, elles that wil nat be
I am so litel worthy, and ye so goode
90

(10) (III. 6)

For ye be oon, the worthyest on lyve
And I the most vnlikly, for to thrive
¶ Yit for al this, witeth 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
96
For I am sette on yow, in suche manere
That though ye neuer wil, vpon me rewe
I must yow love, and bien euer als triew
As any man can, or may on live [here]
100

(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
103
Where is now, al your wommanly pite
Youre gentilnesse and your debonarite
Wil ye nothyng therof, vpon me spende
106
And so hoole swete, as I am yowres al
And so grete wil, as I haue yow to serve
Now certis, and ye let me thus serve
Yet have wonne theron, but a smal
[109]
MORE ODD TEXTS.
(12) (III. 8.)

† For at my knowyng I do nat why
And this I wil besech ye yow hertily
That ther euer ye finde. whiles ye live
A triwe servaunt to yow. than am I
Loveth thanne. and sle me hardily
And [I] my deeth to yow. wil al forguyve
And if ye fynde no trewe. so verily
Wil ye suffre than. that I thus spil
And for no maner gilt. but my goode wil
Als goode were thanne. vntriewe as triewe triewly

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

† But I my lif and detli. to yow obey
And wifli right buxum hertli. holy I prey
As youre most plesure, so doth by me
For wele leuer is me. liken yow and dye
Than for to any thynge. or thynke or say,
That yow myght offend in any tyme
And therfor swete, rewe on my peynes smert
And of your grace, grauntith me som drope
For ellis may me last, no blisse ne hope
Ne dwelle withyn, my trouble careful hert

Explicit Pyte

dan Chaucer Lauesire (?)
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 word\(\text{'}\) wol hele\(\text{'}\)n hastily
Mi hert\(\text{'}\)s wound\(\text{'}\) while that it is grene
Your ye\(\text{'}\)n \&c. \([=\text{two first lines.}]\)
Vp-on my trouth I sey yow feithfully
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene
For with\(\text{'}\) my deth the trouth shalbe sene
Your ye\(\text{'}\)n \&c. \([=\text{three first lines.}]\)

[II. Rejection.]
So hath yowre Beaute fro your herte chaced\(\text{'}\)
Pitee that me nauailleth not to pleyn
For danger halt your\(\text{'}\)s mercy in his Cheyne
Gilt\(\text{'}\)less my deth thus ha\(\text{'}\)n ye me purchased
I sey yow soth me nedeth not to fayn
So hath your Beaute \&c. \([=\text{lines 14, 15.}]\)
Alas\(\text{'}\)s nat\(\text{'}\) hath in yow compased
So grete beaute\(\text{'}\) no ma\(\text{'}\) may atteyn
To mercy though he sterue for the peyi
So hath your beaute \&c. \([=\text{lines 14, 15, 16.}]\)

[III. Escape.]
Sy\(\text{'}\)n I fro loue escaped\(\text{'}\) am so fat
I neuer\(\text{'}\) thenk to be\(\text{'}\)n in his prison lene

\(^1\) No title in MS. The words 'Mercilesse Beauce' 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 loue &c.  [= lines 27, 28.]  
Love hath my name I strike out of his sclat
And he is strike out of my bokes Clene
For euer mo this is noñ oþer mene
Syn I fro loue &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; eyn will. 3. wendeth. 4. words. 5. My. 6. Youre two eyn will sle me suddenlë (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.