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The works of Geoffrey Chaucer now newly imprinted
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe ouer yonne,
And amale fawles maken melodye,
That sleepe at the nyght with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
That longe folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strendes;
And specially, from every end
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen when that they were secke.

That Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perceit to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth

Fyl that in that seison on a day
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrim-age
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght were come into that howstelyr
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfaile
In felaweshippe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chamber and the stables were wyde
And we were used atte beste.
And shortly, when the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everyhon,
That I was of hir fellowship anon,
And made forwardely for to ryse
To take oure way, for of her dignity.
But natheless, whil I have tyne and space,
Or that I, fether in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resoun,
To telle you at the considerioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me.
And whilte they were, and of what degree,
And ech in what array that they were inne;
And at a Kyght than wol I first bigynne.

**The Kyght**

Ful worthy was he in his lorde were,
And there hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in cristendom as in bethnesse,
And frente choses for his worne.
At Alasandre he was, when it was wonne;
Ful oftte tyne he hadde the bord bigonne
Aboven alle naciones in Proue.
In Letcowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
And of his hertis he hadde felle disgrace.
In Garnide that the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algier, and riden in Belmarye.
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
When they were wonne; and in the Grete See
At many a noble armie hadde he be.
At morte he faileth, and he been fyltene,
And fochteth for oure feith at Cramysene
In lysethe thries, and ay alayn his foo.
This ilk worthy kynght hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Paley.
Agayn another bethen in Turkeye;
And euermore he hadde a sovereign pryse.
And though that he were wyte, he was wyse,
And of his port as meche as in a payde.
He nevere yet no wileynye ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight;
He was a very noble gentil knyght.
But for to tellen you of his array,
His hory were goode, but he was nat gay;
Of fustian he wered a gympon
At bismothered with his habergeon;
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And went for to doon his pilgrimage.

**The Squyer**

With hym ther was his sone, a yong squyer,
A loyvere and a lusty bachelour,
With lokkes cruule as they were leyd
In presse;
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his statute he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliverye and of gret strengthe,
And he hadde been somtyme in chryvachie,
In Flundres, in Artoys and Pycardey,
And born hym weel, as of so litel space,

In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a meede
Al ful of freshe floure, whate and rede;
Syngynge he was, or flysynghe, at the day;
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with eleven longe and wyde;
Wel houde he sitte in his hatte and faire ryde;
He houde songes make and well endite;
Joute, and ebook daunce, and wel purtureye and write.
So hoote he lovede, that by nghtertale
He slept the nymore than dooth a nghtyngale;
Curteis he was, lowly and servysable,
And carf biforn his fater at the table.

**The Yeman**

Hadde he, & servantes namo
At that tymhe, for him listè ride soo;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pechez arwez bright and tene
Under his belhe he bar ful thrittyly;
Wel houde he dresse his takel yemanly;
His arwez droopeyned night with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he baar a myghty bowe.
A heeth hadd he, with a brente visage;
Of woode craft wele houde he at the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a sword and a boletère,
And on that cother syde a gay daggere,
Parneised weel and sharp as at point of speere;
A Cristoper his signel in a brerede shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdryk was of grene;
A forster was he, soothe, as I gesse.

**The Per**

Was also a None, a Prioresse
That of hym amlyng was ful sympyle and cope,
Hire greeteate oath was but by seint Loy,
And she was clesped madame Eglynne.
Ful weel she soong the servise dyynne
Entuned in hir nose ful semelie;
And Frensh she spagh ful faire and feteuly
After the scote of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Darys was to hir unknonwe.
At mete wel ytaught was she withalle,
She loet no morsel from hir lippes take,
Ne wente hir fyngere in hirauce depe.
Wel houde she carie a morsel and wel hepe,
That no drope ne fille upon hir brist;
In curteisye was set ful muchet hir liat.
Hire ower lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng gene
Of grease, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte;
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.
And sikerly she was of greest desport,
And ful pleasant and amyable of port,
And peyned hire to countrefete chere,
Of coyrt, and to be establisht of manere,
And to ben holden dignes of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so piteous,
She wold wepe if that she saugh a mous
Rought in a trappe, if it were deed or bledded.
Of smole boundes hadde she that she fedde
With rooted flesh, or mili and wastel bred;  
But soon wepte she if oon of hem were deed,  
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte,  
And al was conscience and tendre herte.  
Ful semly hir wympul pynced was;  
Hire nose tretyes, hir eyen greye as glas,  
Hir mouth ful amal, and thereto softhe and reed;  
But altho hire she hadde a fair feres.  
It was almoost a spanne brooch I trowe;  
For hardily, she was nat undergrowne.  
Ful fetys was hir cloke, as I was war;  
Of smal corall aboute hir arm she bar  
A pere of bedes, gaude al with grene.  
And theron heng a brooch of golde ful sheene,  
On which thar was first write a crowned A,  
And after, Amor vincit omnia.  
Another Nonne with hire hadde she,  
That was hire Chapeleyn, and preestes thre.

MONK ther was, a fair for the maiestrie.  
An outrider that loveved venerie;  
A manly man, to been an abbot able.  
Ful many a deentee hore hadde he in stable,  
And when he rode, even nyghthe his brydyl heere  
Cymynyn in a whishtynge wynd ala clerer,  
And eek as loute, as dooth the chapel belle.  
Thersas this lord was keper of the celde,  
The reule of seint Maure or of seint Benez,  
Becaus that it was old and bomdel streit.  
This like monk leet olde thynge pase,  
And heeld after the newe world the space.  
He yaf nat of that text a pulle hen,  
That seith that hunteris bet nat hooly men,  
Ne that a monk when he is recchelees  
Is liken til a flash that is waterlees;  
This is to aeyn, a monk out of his cloystre;  
But thilke text heeld he nat worth an oystre;  
And I seyde his opinione was good.  
What, shold he studie & make himselven wood  
Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,  
Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,  
As Austyn bi? How shall the world be served?  
Lyt Austyn have his owynk to him reserved.  
Therefore he was a prikasure aright.  
Grehounds he hadde, as swifte as fowle in flight.  
Of prikyng and of hunting for the hare  
Glas al his lust, for no cost wolde he spaire.  
I seigh his sleves ypurilled at the hond  
With grene, and that the fynete of a lond;  
And for to festen his hound under his chyn  
He hadde of golde yrowght a curious pyn.  
A loveknotte in the gretter end ther was.  
His heed was balled, that schoon as any glas,  
And eek his face, as it hadde been encynt;  
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.  
His eye stepe, and rollyng he in his heed,  
That stemed as a foremys of a leed;  
His bootes soute, his hore in grete estate.  
Now certeynly he was a fair prelat.  
He was nat pale, as a forpyned goost;  
A fat swan loved he best of any roost;  
His palterey was as broun as a berye.

FREERE ther was, a wantowe and a merye,  
A lymytour, a ful solempne man,  
In alle the ordres foure is noon that kan  
Somuchel of dalliance & fair langage;  
He hadde maad ful many a mariage  
Of yonge wommen at his owene cost:  
Unto his ordre he was a noble poet.  
And wel biloved and famulier was he  
With franksleyns overat in his contree;  
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun:  
For he hadde power of confessioun,  
As seyde hymself, moore than a curat,  
For of his ordre he was licentiau,  
Ful awetely herde he confessioun,  
And pleaulant was his absolution.  
He was an eay man to yve penaunce,  
Tharan he wiste to have a good pitaunce;  
For unto a poure ordre for to yve  
In signe that a man is wel yahryve;  
For if he yaf, he doreate make avaut,  
He wiste that a man was repentaunt:  
For many a man so harde is of his herte,  
He may nat wepe although hym score smerte.  
Therefore, in stede of weeping and preyeres,  
Men moote yve alther to the poure freere.  
His typtyt was aay farsed ful of knyvys  
And pynnes, for to yeven yonge wyvyea;  
And certeine he hadde a murye note,  
Wel houde he synge and pleyen on a rote.  
Of yeddynge he baar outrely the pria.  
His nehte whit was as the flour/delsys,  
Therto he strong was as a champioun,  
He knew the tavernes well in al the toun,  
And everich hostiller and tappestere  
Bet than a Lazar or a beggestere;  
For unto ouch a worthy man as he  
Acrad nat, as by his facultie,  
To have with sike lazers aquyntaunce;  
It is nat honeste, it may nat avauce  
For to deel in with no swich poraille,  
But al with riche and selleres of vitaille.  
And overal, ther as profit sholde arise,  
Curtein he was, and livelyt of avrynge.  
Ther nas no man nowher 80 vertuous;  
He was the beste beggere in his houz;  
For thogh a wydwe hadde nocht a sho,  
So pleasant was his In principio,  
Yet wolde he have a ferthynge er he wente.  
His purchas was wel bette than his rente;  
And rase he houde as it were right a whelpe.  
In love dayeas ther houde he muchel helpe,  
For ther he nas nat lyt a cloysterer  
With a thredbare cope, as is a poore accler,  
But he was lyk a maistre or a pope.  
Of double worstede was his demycoppe;  
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.  
Somwhat he lipesd for his wantowese,  
To make his English sweete upon his tonge,  
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde songe,  
Fisse eyen twynked in his heed ayrghyt,  
As doon the sterres in the frosty myght.  
This worthy lymytour was elyded Huberd.
MARCHANT was ther with a forkyd beryd. In motetl, and hye on horshe he sat; Upon his head a flavydysh beveure hat; His bootees claspéd faire & feticuly. His resoun he spak ful solenmely. Somynge alway thercnes of his wynynge. He wolde the se be kep for any thing Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle. Wel koude he in eschautage sheeldes selle. This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette, Thor wiste no wght that he was in dette. So estately was he of his governaunce, With his bargaynes and with his chyveysaunce. For sothe he was a worthy man whithale, But sooth to seyn, I nought no men hym calle.

FRANKELEYN was in his compaignye; Whis was his heed as is a dayesye. Of his complecioun he was sangwy. Wel loved he by the morwe a sope in wyn; To lyven in delit was evere his wone, For he was Epicurus owene sone, That heft opinionioun that pleyn delit Was verray felicite parfit. An houholdere, and that a greet, was he; Seint Julian was he in his contree; His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon; A bette enymed man was neuer noone. Withoute bale mete was neuer his house. Of flasch and fl Flesh, and that so plevenous, It shewed in his huse of mete and drynke, Of alle denteen that men houde thynehke. After the sondry sesons of the yer, So chaunge the his mete and his soper. Ful many a fat parrich hadde he in mewe. And many a brem and many a lince in atewe. Wo was his cook but if his sauce were poenamant and sharpe, and redy al his gere. His table dormant in his hall alway. Good redy covered al the longe day. At sessions ther was he lord and sire; Ful ofte tymhe was knught of the shire. An anlaas, and a gipsar of silt, Heung at his girdel whit as morne milk. A shirre he hadde he been and a countour; Was nother such a worthy yavaour.

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The Clerk of Oxenford

The Sergeant of Lawe

The Sergeant of Lawe

The Sergeante of the Lawe, war and wye, That ofthen hadde been at the parwy, Cher was also, ful riche of excellence. Discreet he was, & of greet reverence; He semed swich, his wordes weren so wise. Justice he was ful often in assise, By patente and by pleyn commissioun; For his science, and for his heigh renum Of fees and robes hadde he many oon; So greet a purchase was nowher noone; It was fee sympte to hym in effect, His purchaseyng myghte nat been infect. Nowher so biau a man as he ther nas, Yet he semed besier than he was. In termes hadde he cas and deemes alle That from the tyme of Kyng William were falle; Therto he houde edite, and make a thynge, Ther houde no wght pymchen at his wryting; And every statut houde he pleyn by rote.

The Marchant

The Sergeant of Lawe
GOOD wif was ther of biside Bathe.
But she was somdel deef and that
was scathe.
Of clooth mahung she hadde swich
an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres & of Gaunt.
In at the parishhe, wif he was ther noon
That to the offyrge before hire sholdhe goo;
And if that dierde, certeyn no wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir covercheifs ful fyre weren of ground,
I dorate were they wedyden ten pound,
That on a Sunday weren upon hir heed,
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streitly yted, and shoes ful moyste & newe;
Boold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy woman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche dere she hadde fyve,
Withouten oother campaigne ymte in ymte,
But therof nedeth nat to speke as nowteth;
And thrie hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passeid many a strange strem.
At Rome she hadde been, and at Bologna,
In Galice at Sent Jame, and at Cologne;
She houte muchel of wandrynge by the weye.
Cat tothid was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon an ambere eaily she sat,
Ympleid wel, and on her heed an hat
As brood as is a bohek or a targe;
A fote mantel aboute hir hips large,
And on hire feet a pair of sopes sharpe.
In felawehips wel houte she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knewe perchaunce,
For she houte id the art the olde daunce.
GOOD man was ther of religioun,
And was a pove Persoun of a town;
But riche he was of hooly thought
And werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes Gospel trevely wolde preche;
His parishshen devoutly wolde he teche.
Benygne he was, and wonder dilligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was ypreved ofte sithes.
Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Unto his pove parishens aboute
Of his offfrynge, and eeh of his substauence;
He houte in litel theyng have suflauence.
Eyd was his parishhe, and houses fer asoner,
But he ne lafte nat for reyn he thonder,
In silentes nor in meschief to visite
The ferrete in his parishhe, muche and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf.
That first he wrehte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eeh therto,
That if gold russe, what shal iron doo?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we trusste,
No wonder is a tewed man to russte;
And shame it is, if a great take kepe,
A shiten shephede and a clete shepe.
Weloughte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clementesse, how that his shepe sholde lyve.
He sette nat his benefite to hyre,
And leet his shepe encombrd in the myre,
And ran to London, unto saint Poules,
To seken hym a chauntre for soules;
Or with a brethred to been withhold,
But dwelte at home, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolfe ne made it nat mysericord;
He was a shepheard, and neght a mercenarie.
And though he hooyle were, and vertuous,
He was to synful man nat despiscus,
Ne of his speche daungereous ne digne,
But in his techynge discreet and benvigne.
To drawen folk to bevene by faimess,
By good ensample, this was his biymesse.
But if were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heich or loogh estat,
Hym wolde he anybien sharply for the nonys;
A bettre presup trowe that nowher noon yu.
He waited after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes loore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselfe.

Dehym ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde ylad of dong ful many a fether,
A trewe swynehere & a good was he,
Lyvynge in pees & pairette charitee.

The Plowman
God loved he best, with all his boole herte
At alle tymes, thogh he gamed or amerte,
And thanne his neighbour right as himselfe,
He wolde threshe, and therto dyke and delve
For Cristes sake for evere povere wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his myght.
His tithes payde he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre awyns and his cattel.
In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

The Plowman

Gfere was also a Reve and a Millere,
A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple, and myself; ther were many.
The Reve was a scelent coloril man,
His berd was shawe as ny as ever he tan;
His heer was by his eres ful round and shorn,
His tope was dohted lyk a preest biforn.
Full longe were his legess and full lenne,
Lyk a staf, ther was no calf yseene.
Wel koude he kep a garner and a bynne.
The Reve was noon auditor koude on him wynne.
Wel wisde he, of the bryghte and by the reyn,
The yeldynge of his seede and of his greyn.

The Plowman
His lordes sheephe, his neet, his dayerere,
His awyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrye,
Was hooley in this reve governyng,
And by his covenant yaf the rekening
Syn that his lord was twenty yer of age;
Ther koude no man bryngyn hym in arrerage.

The Reve

The Reve sat upon a ful good stot,
That was al pomely grey, and highte Scot.
A long srocote of pers upon he had,
And by his syde he baar a ruste bladde.
Of Northfolk was this Reve of which I telle,
Biside a toun men clepen Baldestewelle.
Cukhed he was, as is a freere, aboute,
And evere he rood the hyndreute ofoure route.
SOMONOUR was there with us in that place,
That had a fyre reed cherubynnes face,
As hoot he was, and lecherous as a sparrow,
With scaled brows blacke, and piked beard,
Of his visage children were aferd.
Their nas quynsilver, lytarger, ne brynemoon,
Boras, ceruce, ne nolle of tertre noon,
Ne cymement that wolde clense and byrte,
That hym myght helpen of the whelkes white,
Nor of the knobbes sitrynge on his ches.
Wel loved he garleke, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as blood,
Thanne wolde he speke and cri as he were woode;
And when that he wol dronken hadde the wyn
Than wolde he speke no word but Lutyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had tenned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it all the day;
And eek ye knowne wel, how that a jay
Kan elpen Matte, as well as han the pope.
But whoso houde in oother thynge hym grope,
Thanne hadde he apon at his philosophie;
Hy, Questio quid juris, wolde he cre;
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A bettre felawe sholde men nought fynde.
He wolde suffyre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his concubyn
A twelffmonthe, and excude hym atte fulle;
And privily a fynche houre he pulle;
And if he fonde owner a good felawe,
He wolde tachan him to have noon awe,
In swich caas, of the Grechedenes curu,
But if a mannes soule were in his pura;
For in this pura he sholde ymumyshe be:
Pura is the Grechedenes belle, seyde he.
But well I woot he lyed right in dede,
Of curuyng oghte ech gilty man to drede,
For cura wol alse right as assollying savith;
And also war him of a Significavit.
In daunger hadde heat at his owene gisse
The yonge girles of the deicise,
And knew hir conseil, and was al hir reed.
A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale stak;
A bokeleer hadde he maad him of a cake.
For it was trussed up in his wale.
Hym thoughte he rood al of the newe jet,
Dischevelle, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glarynge eyen hadde he so an hare,
A vulnyre hadde he bowed up on his cappe;
His wale lay biforn hym in his lappe.
Brefful of pardon, comen from Rome al hoot.
A voyse he hadde as smal as hath a gout;
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have,
As smoote it was as it were late yahave;
I trawe he were a geldyng or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwyk in to Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner;
For in his male he hadde a piwe beer,
Which that he seyde wasoure lady veyl.
He seyde he hadde a gobet of the sey
That Saint Peter hadde whan that he wente
Upon the see, til Jesu Crist hym hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, than that he fond
A pore person dwellyng upon lond,
Upon a day he gat hym moore moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes tweye.
And thus with Feyned flaterys and japes,
He made the person and the peple his apea.
But trewey to tellen, atte laeste,
He was in cherche a noble ecclesiaste;
Wel houde he rede a lesoun or a storie,
But alderbest he song an offertorie;
For in he wiste, when that song was songe,
He moore preche, and wel affile his tongue
To wynne silver, as he ful wel houde:
Therefore he song the nurlyng and loud:
Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
The staat, tharrey, the nombre, and
Eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaigny
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That hight the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tymue to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that lik eyght;
When we were in that hostelrye alight;
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remuante ofoure pilgramage.
Ich hym therrood a gentil Pardoner
Of Counâcelle, his frend and his compere,
That stright was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song Com hider
To telle yow hir wordes & bircheere,
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly:
For this ye knownen also wel as I,
Whose shal telle a tale after a man.
He moore rehere, as ny an eere he kan,
Evertich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche or large;
Or elles he moost telle his tale untrew,
Or feyne thyng, or fynde wordes newe.
He may nat apear, althogh he were his brother,
He moost as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak himself ful brode in hooly writ,
And wel ye woot no vileynye is it.

Eek Plato seith, whose that kan hym rede,
The wordes moote be cosyn to the deede.
Also I prey yow to forsyve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in his degree.
Here in this tace, as that they holde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understande.

REST chere madoure hooste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon,
And served us with vitaille at the beste.

Strong was the wyn, & wel to drynke us leste.

SEMELY manoure hooste was withalle
For to han been a marchal in an halle,
A large man he was with eyen steppe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Cheope;

Bold of his speche, and wys and well taught,
And of manhood hym lakhede right naught.
Eek there to he was right a myrie man,
And after soper pleyn he bigan,
And seyd to myrthe amonge othere thynges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges;
And seyd thus: Now lordynges, trewel,y
Ye been to me right welcome herely;
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat ly,
I saugh nat this yere so myrtye a compaignye.
Hones in this herberwe as is now;

Fayn wolde I doun yow myrthe, wiste I how.
And of a myrthe I am right now bythogh, To doun yow es, and it shal coste noght.
Ye goon to Canterbury, God yow speedee,
The blissful martrir quite yow youre medee,
And wel I woot as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shappen yow to talen and to playe;
For trewel, confort ne myrthe is noon
To ride by the weye dounm as the swoon;
And thorefore wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erat, and doun yow som confort.
And if yow lycheth alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my judgement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
Tomorwe, whan ye ridden by the weye,
Now by my fader soule that is deed,
But ye be myrtye, I wol yeve yow myyn heed.

Oure conseil was nat longe for seche;
Us thoughte it was noghte worth to make it wys,
And graunted hym withoute moore avys,
And bad him seye his voirdit as hym leste.

Lordynges, quod he, now herketh for the beate,
But tal it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the point, to spokyn short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with oure weye,
In this viage shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterburyward, I mene it so,
And homward he shal telle othere two,
Of aventures that whilom han bifalle,
And which of yow that bereth hym best of alle,
That is to seyn, that tellith in this cas,
Tales of best sentence and moost solaaas,

Shal have a soper at oure aller cost
Here in this place, sitryinge by this post,
Whan that we come again in Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the moore mury,
I wol myselfe goodlye with yow ryde
Right at myn owene cost, and be youre gyde,
And whoso wolde my jugement withyeye,
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye woucheauff that it be so,
Tell me anon, withouten wordes mo,

And I wol erly shape me thersore.
This thyng was graunted, and oure othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also
That he woldeSoucheauff for to do so,
And that he wolde been oure gouvernor,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn pris;
And we wol reuled been at his deys
In heigh and lough, and thus by oon assent,
We been acordeed to his jugement.
And therupon the wyn was fet anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon
Withouten any lenger taryngye.

MORALLE, whan that day gan for to
Up roos oure hooste and wasoure aller col,

And gadrere us togridre alle in a flok,
And forth we ridden, a litel moore than gass,

Unto the wateryng of Sant Thomas;
And there oure hooste bigan his hors aste,

And seyde: Lordynges, herketh if yow leste:
Ye woot youre forward, and I hit yow recorde.
If evensong and morweang accord,
Lat se now who shalle telle the firste tale.
He euer more I dyrkynge wyn or ale,
Whose be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for al that by the wey is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;
He which that hath the shortesete shal bigynne.
Sire Kingyte, quod he, my mayster and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord.
Cometh neer, quod he, my lady Drioress.
And ye, sire Clerk, lat be your shamefastnesse.
Ne studeith noghth; ley bond to, every man.

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortlye for to telle as it was,
There it by aventure, or sort, or cas.

The aucthe is this, the cut fil to the knyght,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wyght:
And telle he moiste his tale as was resoun,
By forward and by composicion,
As ye han herd; what nedith wordes mo?
And when this goode man naught it was so,
As he that wyn was and obedienc
To kepe his forward by his fre assent,
He seyde: Syn I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herketh what I seye.
And with that word we ryden with oure weye;

He began with right a myrie cheere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Here endeth the prolog of this book.
As Olde Stories Tellen us,
Ther was a duc that righte Theseus;
Of Athisnes he was lord and governour,
And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
That gretter was ther noon under the sonne.

Ful many a riche contree hadde he wonne;
That with his wyadom and his chivalrye
He conquered at the regne of Scythia;
That whilom was yeleped Scytia;
And wedde the queene Ypolita,
And brought hire hoom with hym in his contree
With muchel glorie and grete solemnnyte,
And eek his sire suster Emelye.
And they with victorie and with melodye
Lete I this noble duc to Athisnes ryde,
And al his boost, in armes hym bydyde.
And certes, if it nere to long to heere,
I wolde have toold you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Fenemys
By Theseus, and by his chivalrye,
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwixen Athisnes and Amazones;
And how assayed was Ypolita,
The faire hardy queene of Scythia;
And of the feaste that was at hir weddyng,
And of the tempest at hir hoom comynge;
But al that thyng I moot as now forber.
I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere,
And whyke been the oxen in my plough.
The

| The remenant of the tale is long enouhgh: |
| I wol nat leten eeh noon of this route; |
| Lat evry tale telle tis tale aboute, |
| And let se now who shal the soper wynne, |
| And ther I lefte, I wol augeyne bigynne. |
| THIS duce, of whom I macle mencioun, |
| When he was come almost unto the town, |
| In al his wele, and in his mooste pride, |
| He was war, as he caste his ey a side, |
| Where that ther kneelde in the hye weye |
| A compagnye of ladyes, tweye and tweye, |
| Eeh after oother clad in clothes blacke; |
| But swich a cry and swich a wo they make, |
| That in this world ny creature luyynge, |
| That herde swich another waymentynge: |
| And of this cry they nole newre stenten, |
| Til they the reynes of his brydel henten. |

At what folke bene ye, that at myn hom comynge |
Dertube so my feste with cryinge? |
Good Theseus: Have ye so greet entyme |
Or myn honoure, that thus complepyne and crye? |
Or who hath wov myaboden or offended? |
And tell me if it may be amended; |
And why that ye been clothed thus in blak? |
The elder lady of hem alle speke |
That she hadde swonned with a deadly cheere, |
That it was rought for to seen and here, |
And sydye. Lord, to whom fortune hath yayven |
Victorie, and as a conqueror to lyven, |
Myt gretheth ye youre glorie and youre honoure, |
But we biesen mercy and socour. |
Have mercy on oure wo and oure distresse; |
Some drephe of pitye, though thy gentillesse, |
Upon us wrecchen wommen lat thou falle; |
For certes, lord, there is noon of us alle |
That she hath been a duchesse or a queene; |
Now be we caytyves, as it is wel seene; |
Thanke be fortune, and hire false wheel, |
That noon eateth aghurere to be weel. |
And certes, lord, to abyden youre presence, |
Here in the temple of the goddesse Clemence |
We han been waitynge at this fourtenyght; |
Now help us, lord, sith it is in thy myght. |
I wrecche, which that wepe and waille thus, |
Was whilom waye to lyving Cappanaure, |
That starf at Thebes, cursed be that day; |
And alle we that been in this array, |
And maken at this lamentsacio. |
We looten alle our housbondes at that town, |
Whil that the orge ther-aboute lay, |
And yet the olde Creon, weleaway! |
That lord is now of Thebes the citee, |
fulfild of ire and of inquithe, |
He, for despit, and for his tiranne, |
To do the dede bodye wyllynye, |
Of alle our lorde, whiche that been slawe, |
Path alle the bodyes on an hepe ydrowe, |
And wol nat suffren hem, by noon assent, |
Neither to been burred nor ybrent, |
But malke houndes et hem in despit. |
And with that word, without moore resepit, |
They llen grauf, and cride pitously, |
Have on us wrecchen wommen som mercy, |

And lat our sorwe synken in thyn herte. |
This gentil duce down from his couser sterte |
With herte pitous, than he herde hem speke. |
Hym thoughte that his herte was breke, |
When he saugh hem so pitous and so maat, |
That whilom weren of so greet eschat; |
And in his armes he hem alle up bente, |
And hem conforteth in ful good entente; |
And swoor his ooth, as he was trewe knyght, |
He wolde doon so ferforthly his micht. |
Upon the tirant Creon hem to wele, |
That al the peple of Greece shold speke |
How Creon was of Theseus yerved, |
As he that hadde his death ful wel deserved. |
BAND right anoon, withouten moore abood, |
His bane he deslaye, and forth rood |
To Thebesward, and al his hoost byside; |
No neer Athenees wolde he go ne ride, |
Ne take his eae fully half a day, |
But onward on his waye that nyght he lay; |
And aente anoun Ypolita the queene, |
And Emelye hir yonge sueter sheene, |
Unto the town of Athenees to dwelle, |
And forth he rit; ther is namoore to telle. |
The reede statue of Mars with spere and targe |
So symyth in his white baner large, |
That alle the feeldes glherte upwile droue; |
And by his bane born in his penoun |
Of gold ful riche, in which ther was ybete |
The Mynotaur, which that he slough in Crete. |
BUS rit this duce, thus rit this conquerour, |
And in his hoost of chivalrie the flour, |
Til that he cam to Thebes, and alighte |
Faire in a field, ther as he thoughte fighte. |
But shortely for to speken of this thyng |
With Creon, which that was of Crees hyng, |
He fought, and slough hym manly as a knyght |
In pleyn bataille, and gatte the folk to flighyst; |
And by assaunt he ban the citee afer, |
And rente adoun bothe wall, and sarpere, & rafter; |
And to the ladies he restored agayn |
The bones of his housbondes that were slayn, |
To doen obsequies, as was to the gyse. |
BATE it were al to long for to devye |
The grete clamour and the waymentynge |
Of theseus, the noble conquerour, |
Dooth to the ladies when they from hym wente; |
But shortely for to telle is myn entente; |
When that this worthy duce, this Theseus, |
Path Creon slayn, and wonne Thebes thus, |
Stille in that field he took at myght his reste, |
And dide with al the contree as hym leste. |
Oransake in the taa of bodye dede, |
Hem for to strepe of harmeyes and of wede, |
The piloures diden byynesse and cure, |
After the bataille and disconfort. |
And so bifer that in the taa they founde, |
Thurghgirt with many a greaved boly wunde, |
Two yonge knyghtes, liggyng by and by, |
Bothe in eon armes, wrought ful richely, |
Of whiche two, Ariete highte that con,
And that oother knyght highte Palamon.
Nat fully quyke, ne fully dede they were,
But by here cote armure, and by hir gere,
The heraudez knewe hir best in special,
As they that weren of the blood roial
Of Thesbes, and of sustren two yborn.
Out of the taa the piloure han hem torn,
And han hem caried softe unto the tente
Of Thebes, and ful soone he hem sente
To Athene, to dwelle in prisoun
Perpetuuel; he nold no rausoun.
And whan this worthy duc hath thus ydon,
He took his hoost, and hoom he rood anon,
With laurer crowned as a conquerour;
And ther he lyved in joye and in honour
Termes of his lyve; what nedeth wordes mo?
And in a tour, in angweish and in wo,
This Palamon, and his felawe Arcite,
For everemoore, ther may no gold hem quite.

This is the passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
Til it fil one, in a mowre of May,
That Emelye, that fairer was to sene
Than is the lypie upon his stallie grene,
And frescher than the May with flowers newe,
For with the rose colour stroof hire hewe,
In noot which was the fyner of hem two,
Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
She was ariuen, and al reyde dignit;
For May wole have no slogoardrie anyght,
The sesoun prilheth every gentil herte,
And makeh hym out of his slepe to sterte,
And seith Arps, and do thyn observaunce.
This makeh Emelye have remembrane
To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.
Ye clothe was she freshehe, fer to devyse;
Her ylow heere was broyled in a tresse
Bihynde hir bak a yeorde long, I gesse,
And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste,
She walketh up and doun, and as hire liate
She gadereth flores, party white and red,
To make a subtil gerland for hire hede,
And as an aungel, hevyedly she song.

The grete tour that was so thikhe & strenghe,
Of which the castel was the chief dongeoun,
Theras the knyghtes weren in prisoun,
Of whiche I tolde yow, and tellen shal,
Was evene joynant to the gardyn wal,
Theras this Emelye hadde hir pleynye.

Rycht was the sonne, and clee that mornynge.
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was hir wone, bi leve of hir gayleir,
Was risen, and romed in a chamber an heigh,
In which he al the noble citee seigh,
And ech the gardyn ful of braunches grene,
Theras this freshehe Emelye the sheme
Was in hire wall, and romed up and doun.
This worsful prisoner, this Palamoun,
Goth in the chamber, romynge to and fro,
And to hymself compleynynge of his wo;
That he was born, ful ofte he seyde, ala!
And so bifel, by aventyre or cas,
That thurgh a wyndow, thilke of many a barre
Of iren, gret and square as any sparre,
He cast his eye upon Emelya,
And therewith he blynte and cryed, A!
As though he stogen were unto the herte.
And with that cry Arcite anon upsterte,
And seyde, Cosyn, myn, what eyleth thee,
That art so pale and deadely on to see?
Why cridestow? Who hath thee doon offence?
For Goddes love, taill al in pacience
Oure prisoun, for it may noon oother be;
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite.
Somme willeth aspect or diaboliscoun
Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun,
Hath yeven us this, although we hadde it sworn,
So stooed the hevene when that we were born;
We must endure: this is the short and playn.
This Palamon answerde, and sedge agayn,
Cosyn, for sothe, of this opinion
Thow hast a weyn ymaginacioun;
This prison caused me nat for to crye,
But I was hurt right now thurghout myn eye
Into myn herte, that wol my bane be.
The fairnesse of that lady that I see
Young in the gardyn roten to and fro,
To cause of all my cryng and myn paine.
I noot wher she be woman or goddesse;
But Venus is it, soothly, as I gesse,
And therewith on knees doun he fil,
And seyde, Venus, if it be thy wil.
Yow in this gardyn thus to transfigure
Before me, sorwful wrecche creature,
Out of this prisoun helpe that we may acapen.
And if so be my destrynee be shapen
By eterne word, to dyen in prisoun,
Of our lynage have som compassion,
That is so lowe ybrout by tirannya.
And with that word Arcite gan espaye
Wheras this lady romed to and fro;
And with that sightes hir beautee hurte hym so,
That if that Palamon was wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or moore;
And with a sigh he seyde pitously:
The freshehe beautee olethe me godenely
Of hire that rothem in the yonder place,
And but I have hir mercy and hir grace
That I may seen hir atte leeste wyse
I nam but deed; ther is namoore to seye.

This Palamon, when he the wordes herde,
Disputantly he looked and answerde,
Whether seiotest this in ernest or in pleye?

Nay, quod Arcite, in ernest, by my fey!
God helpe me so, me list ful yplee pleye.

This Palamon gan kynyte his broues twoye,
It nere, quod he, to thee no gret honour,
For to be fals, ne for to be trauoir.
To me, that am thy cosyn and thy brother
Ysworn ful depe, and ech of us til oother,
That never for to dyen in the payne,
Till that the deeth departhe shal us twoye,
Neither of us in love to hymdure oother
Ne in noon oother cas, my lewe brother,
But that thou sholdest treweely fortheen me
In every cas, as I shal fortheen thee.
This was thy ooth, and mnyn also cuetyn;
I thou right wel thou darst it nat wastheyn.
Thow art of my consell, out of douthe.
And now thou woldest falsely been aboute
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And evere shal, till that myn herte sterre.
Nay, certe, false Arcite, thou shalt nat so;
I loved hire first, and tode thee my wo
He to my counsell, and my brother the sworn
To forthe me, as I ha toold biforn.
For whiche thow art ybouden as a lynght
To helpen me, if it lay in thy myght,
Or elles arrow fals, I dar wel seyn.

This Arcite ful proudly spak agayn;
Thow art of my consell, out of douthe.
For par amor I loved hire first er thow.
What wiltow seyn? thou wistest nat yet now.
Whether she be a woman or goddesse.
Thyn is affeccon of hoomesyn,
And myn is love as to a creature,
For whiche I tolde thee myn aventure.
As to my consyn and my brother sworn.
I pose that thou lovedest hire biforn.
Westow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That who shal yeve a loveere any lawe?
Love is a gretter lawe, by my pyn.
Than may be yeve of any ethely man?
And therefore positif lawe and swich decre
Is broken al day for love in ech degree.
A man moot nede love maugre his heed.
And therwith it, he nede his dike,
Al be he mayde, or wipde, or elles wyf;
And ech it is nat likely al thy lyf
To stonden in hir grace, namore shall I;
For wel thou woot, thys safewen verrally,
That thou and I be dampeyn to prisoun.
Dere thou, us grace weyyn to prisoun.
We stryven as dide the boundes for the boon.
They foughten al day, and ech part was noon;
Ther cam a kynte, whyle they were so wrothe,
And baar away the boon bitwix symbo that bothe;
And therfor, at the kynges court, my brother,
Each man for hyme self, ther is noon oother.
Love, if thee list, for I love and ay shal,
And soothly, lewe brother, this is al.
Theere in this prisoun moote we endure
And everich of us take his aventure.

Byt that I hadde leyser fer to seye:
But to theeffect, It happeyned on a day,
To tell it yow as shortly as I may,
A worthy duc, that nighete Phercytheus.
That felawe was unto duc Cheseus.
Syn thi day that they were children life,
Was come to Athenes, his felawe to visite,
And for to pleye, as he was wont to do;
For in this world he loved no man so,
And he loved hym als tenderly as gayn.
So wel they lovede, as ech booke hyme seyn,
That when that man was deede, soothly to telle,
His felawe wente and soughte hym doun in helle;
But of that storie list me nat to write.
Duc Phercytheus loved wel Arcite,
And hadde hym knowne at thebes a yeere by yere;
And finally, at request and prayere
Of Phercytheus, without any rumoun,
Duc Cheseus hym leet out of prisoun
Fresty to goon wher that hym liste overal,
In swich a gyse as I you telle shal.
This was the forward, pienty for tendite,
Bitwixen Cheseus and hym Arcite;
That if so were that Arcite were yfounde,
Eve in his lif, by day or nyght, o stounde,
In any contree of this Thebes,
And he were caught, it was acorded thus,
That with a sword he shold lase his heed:
Ther nas noon oother remede, re need,
But taketh his leve and bownderd he him spedde.
Lat hym be war, his neltre lith to weede.
How greet a scarce suffreth now Arcite?
The deeth he feeleth thurgh his herte smyte;
He wepeth, wayleth, crieth pitously;
To sleyn hymselfe he wighteth prively.
He sayde.  Alias that day that I was born!
Now is my prisoun worse than biforn;
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle,
Nat in my purgatorie, but in helles.
Alias that evere knew I Phercytheus!
For elles hadde I dwelld with Cheseus
Fetered in his prisoun everemo.
Channe hadde I been in blisse, and nat in wo,
Only the sightes of hir whom that I serve,
Though that I hight ther with me our styte,
Wolde hausied right enough for me.

[Deere cosyn Palamon, quod he,
Thyn is the victorie of this aventure
Ful blissfully in prisoun maietow dur,
In prisoun? certes nay, but paradye!
Wol hath Fortune turned thee the dys,
That haist the sightes of hir and I thabence.
For possible is, sym thou hast hire presence,
And art a lynght, a worthy and an able,
That by som cae, sym Fortune is changeable,
Thow maist to thy desir some tymne attayne,
But I, that am exiled and bareyne
Of alle grace, and in so greet dispeir,
That ther nys erthe, water, fyre, ne eire,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me heele, or doon confort in this.
Wol outhe I strive in wanhope and diestree,
Farwel, my lif, my lust and my gladnesse.
Alias, why pleyen folk so in commune
Of purvciance of God, or of Fortune,
That yeveh hem ful ofte in many a gyse
Wel beterer but they han hemselfe devyse?
So man desireth for to han richesse,
That cause is of his mordre, or greet nilnessse.
And som man wolde out of his prisoun fayn,
That in his hous is of his meyne slayn,
Infinite harmes been in this materie,
We witen nat what thynge we preyen here.
If he were as he that dronke is as a mous,
A dronke man woot wel he hath an hous,
But he noot whiche the righte wey is theider,
And to a drowte man the way is slider;
And certes in this world so faren we,
We seen faste after felicitie,
But we goon wrong ful often trewey.
Thus may we seye alle, and namely I,
That wende and babbe a grete opinion
That if I myghte escapen from prisoun,
Thanne hadde I been in joye and perfeit heele,
That now I am exile fro my wele.
Syn that I may nat seen you, Emelie,
In sam but deed, there nys no remedy.

UPON that oother syde, Palamon,
When that he wiste Arcite was agon,
Swinch worse he maketh that the grete tour
Rescound of his youtynge and clamour;
The pure fettres on his shynge grete
Were of his bittre, salte teeres weye.

Alas! quod he, Arcite, cosyn myn,
Of all our streif, God woot, the fruyt is thyn;
Thow walkest now in Thebès at thy large,
And of my wo thou yweat litel charge.
Thou mayst, syn thou hast wysdom & man hede,
Assembien alle the folk ofoure knyrede,
And make a weere so sharpe on this ciete,
That by som aventure, or som treete,
Thow mayst have hire to lady and to wyf
For whom that I mot nede lest my lyf,
For as by wey of possibillite,
Sith thou art at thy large, of prisoun free,
And art a lord, greet is thy advantage,
More than is myn that sterve here in a cage;
For I moot wepe and wyatte whil I lyve,
With atte wo that prisoun may me yewe,
And eek with peyne that love me yeveth also,
That doublith al my torment and my wo.

Therwith the fryr of jalousie up sterte
Withinne his brest, and bente him by the herte
So wooldly, that he lyk was to biholde
The boxtree, or the ashen, dede and colde.
Thanne seyde he: "O cruel goddesse that govern
This world with byndynge of youre word eterne
And written in the table of atthamaut
Youre parlement and youre eterne graunte.
What is mammynge more unto you bolde
That is the routhes in the folde?
For alayn is man, right as another beest,
And dwellyth eeh in prisoun and arrest;
And hath silnesse and greet adversite.
And ofte tymes gilettes pardee.
What governance is in this preiscence
That gilettes tormenteth innocence?
And yet encresseth this al my paigne,
That man is bounden to his observance
For Goddes sake to leten of his wilde,
Ther as a beest may all his lust fullisse;
And when a beest is deed he hath no peyne,
But after his deeth man moot wepe and pleyne,
Though in this world he have care and wo,
Withouten doute may it stonden so.
The answer of this lette I to dyyynys,
But well I woote that in this world greet pyne ys.

Alas! I see a serpent or a thief,
That many a trewe man hath done mescheef,
Upon a nyght in sleepe as he hym leyde,
Hym thoughte how that the wynged god Mercurie
Biforn hym stode and bad hym to be murre;
His slepy yerde in hond he bar uprighete,
An hat he werede upon hys herio brighte.
Arrayed was this god, as he took keepe,
As he was when that Argus took his slepe,
And sayde hym thus, To Atheneus shalte wende,
Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende.
And with that word Arcite wooh and sterte,
\text{\textcopyright} Now trewely how boore that me smerte,
Quod he, Co Atheneus right now wol I fare,
Ne for the drede of deeth atal I nat spare
To se my lady that I love and serve;
In hir presence I recce nat to sterve.
And with that word he caughte a great mirrour
And saugh that chaunged was at his coloure
And saugh his visage al in another kynde;
And right anon he chaunged his array,
And cladde hym as a poore laborer,
And al alone, save onely a squier
That knew his privetee and al his eas,
Which was disegised poverly as he was,
To Atheneus is he goon the nexte way.
And to the court he wente upon a day,
And at the gate he prostheth his servyce
To drugge and drawe, what so men wol devyse.
And shortly of this mateere for to seyn,
He fil in office with a chamberlyen,
The which that dwellteyng was with Emelye,
For he was wys, and loude soone cayyse
Of every servaunt which that serveth here.
Wel loude he hewen wode, and water bere,
For he was yong and myghty for the none,
And thereto he was long and big of bones
To doen that any wyght can hym devyse.
\text{\textcopyright} YER or two he was in this servyce,
Page of the chamber of Emelye the brighte,
And Philostrate he sayde that he highte.
But half so wel biloved a man as he
Ne was ther nevere in court of his degree;
He was so gentil of condicion
That thurghout al the court was his renoun.
They seyden that it were a charitee
That Theseus wolde enhauencen his degree,
And putten hym in worshipful servyce,
Cheras he myghte his vertu exercise.
And thus withinne a white his name is spounge,
Bothe of his dedes and his goodde tongue,
That Theseus hath taken hym so neer,
That of his chambre he made hym a squier,
And yaf hym gold to mayntene his degree;
And ech men broghte hym out of his contree,
From yeer to yeer, ful pruyf, his rente;
But honesty and slowy he it apente,
That no man wondered how that he it haddde.
And thre yere in this wise his lif he ladde
And bar hym so in pees, and eeh in werre,
Ther was no man that Theseus hath derre.

\text{\textcopyright} ND in this blissed lete I now Arcite
And speke I wolde of Palamon a life.
In dermenee horrible, and strong prison
This seven yere hath seten Palamon.
Forpynd, what for wo and for distresse;
Who feethle double dooom and berymese
But Palamon? that love destroyeth so,
That woed out of his wit he goth for wo;
And eeh thereto he is a prisoner
Perpetually, nought only for a yere.
Who houde ryne in Englishh proprylye,
His martirdom? forsothe it am nat 1
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.

\text{\textcopyright} Fel that in the sevente yere in May,
The thridde nyght as olde bookses seyn
That at this storie telleth moore pleyn,
And vere it by aventyre or dentyne,
As whan a thynge is shapen it shal be,
That soone after the myndnyght, Palamoun,
By helpping of a frend brak his prison
And fleethe the cite faste as he may go,
For he hede yeve his gayler drynke so
Of a clarrer, mad of a certeyn wyn,
Of nercotes, and ope of thebes sewyn,
That al that nyght, though that men wolde him shakke,
The gayler sleepe, he myghte nat awaue.
And thus he fleethe, as faste as evere he may,
The nyght was short, and faste by the day,
That neded cost he mout himselven hyde,
And til a grove faste ther biseye,
With dredeful foot than stalleth Palamoun.
For shortly, this was his opinoun,
That in that grove he wolde his bydye al day,
And in the nyght thanne wolde he take his wy.
To Theseusward, his frendes for to preye
On Theseus to helpe him to werrewyte;
And shortly, outhere he wolde lase his lif
Or wyngen Emelye unto his wyff,
This is thsette and his entente pleyn.

\text{\textcopyright} Wol I tume to Arcite ageyn,
That litel wiste how ny that was his care,
Til that fortunchad brough him in the snare.
The bpyr larke, messenger of day,
Saueth in his song the morwe gray,
And hyn Phebus riseth up so brighte
That al the orient laugheth of the lights,
And with his stremes drysth in the greves
The silver dropes, hardynghe on the leaves.
And Arcite that is in the court roial,
With Theseus, his squier principal,
Is risen, and lootheth on the myrie day;
And for to doen his observaunce to May,
Rememberynge on the point of his desir,
He on a courser, startlyng as the fir,
In riden to in the feddeles hym to playe.
Out of the court, were it a myle or twye;
And to the grove of which that I now tolde,
By aventyre, his wy he gan to holde,
To maken hym a gereland of the greves,
Were it of wodebynde, or hawethorn leve,
And loud he song aseyn the sonne shene:

Hod by thyn fleuretes & thy grene,
Welcome he thou, faire Fruelke May,
In hope that I stam grene gete may.

And from his couseyn with a lusty herte
Into a greve ful hastily he serte,
And in a path he rometh up and doun,
Theras by aventure this Palamoun
Was in a bushe, that no man myghtes hym se,
For boore afered of his deeth was he.

Nothynge ne knew he that it was Arcte,
God woot he woulde have trowed it ful lute.
But sooth is seyd, gon sitten many yeres,
That feld hath ever, & the wode hath eres;
It is ful fair a man to bere hym evene,
For al day meeteth men at unset stevene.
Ful litel woot Arcte of his felawe
That was so ny to herken al his aware,
For in the bushe he sitteth now ful stille.

And songen at the roundel lustily,
Into a study he fil sodeynly,
As doon thys loyers in hir quyntye geres,
Now in the crope, now doun in the breeres,
Now up, now doun, as bochet in a well.
It was the mynd, so thylk for to elle,
Now it shyneth, and now it reyneth faste,

Right so han geery Venus overcaste
The hertes of hir folk; right as hir day
In geresful, right so chayngeth she array,
Selde is the friday al the wowe ylfe.

For whan Arcte had songe, he gan to sile,
And sette hym doun withouten any moore:
Alas, quod he, that day that I was borne!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy cruelitee,
Wolw worreynen Thesee the citee?

Alas, ybrught is to confusoun
The blood roial of Cadme and Amphion,
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man
That Thesee buite, or first the toun bigan,
And of the citee first was crownd loue;
Of his lynamge am I, and his ofspryng
By verray ligne, as of the stok roial:
And now I am so catyf and so thrall,
That he that is my mortal enemy,
I serve hym as his squier poverty;
And yet dooth I me wel more shame,
For I dar not so wene my owene name,
But theras I was wont to highte Arcte,
Now highte Ilphistrate, nought worth amyte.
Alas, thou felle Mars! alas, Juno!
Thys hath youre ire oure hymred al fordo,
Say, covy me, and wreched Palamoun,
That Thesee ymartreth in prisoun.
And over at this, to alen me outrely,
The Knyghtes Tale

Love hath his fire dart so brennyngly
Yetliketh though his trewe, careful herte,
That shapen was my deeth erst than my sherte.
Ye seel me with yeure eyen, Emelye;
Ye been the cause wherfore that I dye.
Of all the remanent of myn oother care
Ne sette I nat the montance of a tare,
So that I hauede doen aught to wonne pleaunce.

And with that word he fil doun in a traunce.
A longe tyme, and after he upperte.
This Palamon, that thoughtes that thurgh his herte
He feite a cold owed odeynliche gyde,
As he were wood, with face deed and pale,
He sterte hym up out of the bushes thikke, and seeide, Arcite, false traytoure wilke!
Now arrow hent, that lowest my lady so,
For whom that I have al thi peyne and wo,
And art my blood and to my counsel sworn,
As I ful ofte have seyd thee hert biforn,
And hast byjayed heere duc Theseus,
And falsy chaunged hast thy name thus;
I wol be deede, or elles thou shalt dye;
Thou shalt nat love my lady Emelye,
But I wol love hire conly, and namo,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe!
And though that I no wepne have in this place,
But out of prison am averter by grace,
I derec ought, that other thow shalt dye,
O thou ne shalt nat loven Emelye.
Ches which thou wolt or thou shalt nat averter!

This Arcite, with ful despitous herte,
When he hym knew, and hadde his tale herd,
As fero as leoun pulled out his swerd,
And bequeste, By God that sit abowre,
Nere it that thou art silk and wood for love,
And eek that thow no wepne hast in this place,
Thou sholdest never out of this greece pace,
That thou ne sholdest dyen of myn hond;
For I defye the seurete and the bond
Which that thou seist that I have made to thee.
What, verray fool, thynk wel that love is fre,
And I wol love hire mawgre al thy myght.
But for as muche thou art a worthy knyght,
And wilnest to darryne by bataillie,
Have heer my trouthe, tomerowe I wol nat faile,
Whiout wityng of any oother wight,
That heere I wol be founden as a knyght,
And bryngen barneys right ynoough for thee
And chease the beeste and leve the worsste for me;
And mete and drynke this nigh wol I bryng
Ynoough for thee, and clothes for thy beddyngye;
And if so be that thou my lady wyne
And sle me in this wode ther I am inne,
Thou mayst wel have thy lady as for me.

This Palamon answerede, I graunte it thee.
And thus they been departed til amorowe,
Whan ech of hem hadde his feith to borwe.

Oregne, that wolf no felawe have with thee!
Ful sooth is seyd that love ne lordshiphe
Wolnoth, hir thankes, have no felawe shipe.

Wel synen that Arcite and Palamon.
Arcite is riden anun unto the toun,
And on the morowe, er it were dayes light,
Ful privyly two barneys hath he dight,
Bothe suffiaunt and mete to darryne
The bataille in the field bitwik hem twayne;
And on his hors, alle as he was born,
He carith al the barneys hym biforn,
And in the grove, at tympe and place yeit,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben met.
To chaungyn gan the colour in his face,
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace,
That stonden at the gappes with a telle,
Whan hunted is the leoun or the bere,
And hereth hym come russhyng in the greves
And breketh bothe the bowes and the leves,
And thynketh: Peerle cometh my mortal enemy,
Without faile he moot be deeed or ly;
For outher I moot alem hym at the gappe,
Or he moot seel me if that me myshappe.
So ferden they in chaungynge of hir hewe,
As fer as erewich of hir oother knewe.
Ther naow no good day, ne no saluyng,
But stright withouten word or reherowyng
Everich of hem helpe and to armen oother,
As friendly as he were his owene brother;
And after that, with sharpe spere stronge
They foynen ech at oother wondre longe.
Thow myghtest wene that this Palamon,
In his lightynge were as a wood leoun,
And as a cruell tygir was Arcite:
As wilde bores gone they to smyte,
That frothen what as foon as ire wood,
Up to the ancle folgethe they in hir blode,
And in this wise I lete hym lightynge dwelle,
And forth I wolde of Theseus now telle.

The Destyne, ministre general
That excuteth in the world overal
The purvaunce that God hath seyn biforn;
So stronge it is that though the world had sworn
The contrarie of a thyng by ye ornay,
Yet sometyme it shal fallen on a day
That falleth nat eft withinne a thousand yere.
For certeyn our appetites heere,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All this is reuled by the sichte abowre.
This men I nowe by myghty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so onenirous,
And namely at the grete hert in May,
That in his bed ther daweth hym no day
That he nes elad, and redy for to ryde
With hunte and borne, and houndes hym bisyde.
For in his huntynge hath he swich delit,
That it is al his joye and appitit
To been hymselfe the grete hertena bene,
For after Mars he serveth now Dyna.

Lyon was the day, as I have toold er this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ypolita, the faire quene,
And Emelye, clothed al in grene,
On huntynge bye the ridden royally,
And to the grove that stood ful faste by,
In which ther was an hert, as men hym tolde,
Duc Theseus the streighte wey hath holde.
And to the launde he rideth hym ful right,
For thider was the hert wont have his flight,
And over a brook, and so forth in his weye.

This duc wol han a cours at hym or twayne
With houndes, swiche as that brenn list comande.
And when this duc was come unto the launde,
Under the sonne he looketh, and anon,
He was war of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme, as it were bores two.

The brighte swordes wenten to and fro
So htidously, that with the leste strok
It semed as it wolde felle an oke;
But what they were, nothynge he ne woot.

This duc his courser with his spores smoot,
And at a stert he was bitwix hem two,
And pull out a sword, and criye, Hoo!
Namaore, up peyne of laynyng of your heed.
By myghty Mars, he shal anoon be deed
That smycteth any strok, that I may seen!
But telleth me what myster men ye been,
That been so hardly for to fighten here
Withouten juge or oother officere,
Hath he in a lytres rotyly?

This Palamon answerde hastily
And sayde, Sire, what nedeth wordes me?
We have the deeth disavere bothe two.
Two woful wreches been we, two catyvres,
That been encombe of your lyues;
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,
Ne yewe us neither myghte ne refuge,
But alle me first, for seinte charitee,
And slie my felawe eek as welle me;
Or slie hym first; for, though thou knowest it lité,
This is the mortall fo, this laudable lyte.
That fro thy lond is banyished on his heed,
For which he hath deservd to be deed;
For this is he that cam unto thy gate
And sayde that he highte Philostrate.
Thust hath he japed the ful many yer,
And thou hast made hym thy chief squier;
And this is he that lovethe Emelye;
For thith the day is come that I shal dye,
I make pleynly my confession."n
That I am thilke woful Palamon,
That hath thy prisoun broken wikkedly.
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That lovethe so hoote Emelye the brighte,
That I wol dye presente in his sighte.
Therefore I axe deeth and my jursew;
But slie my felawe in the same wise,
For bothe han we desired to be slayn.

This worthy duc anserwele anagyn,
And sayde, This is a shorst conclusion:
Your owene mouth, byoure confession
Hath dampped yow, and I wol it recorde,
It nedeth noght to pyne yow with the corde,
Ye shal be deedy by myghty Mars the rede!

The queene anon, for verray womanmehede,
Can for to weye, and so dide Emelye,
And alle the laudyes in the compaignye.
Gret pite was it, as it thoughte hem alle,

That evere swich a chaunce shoold falle;
For gentil men they were, of gret estat,
And nothynge but for love was this debat,
And saugh his blody wounds wyte and boore;
And alle criyden, bothe thess and more.

Have mercy, lord, upon us women alle!
And on his bare knezes adoun they falle,
And wolde have hyst his feet ther as he stood,
Til at the laste aslakd was his mood;
For pitee renneth soone in gentil herte.
And though he first for ire quokk and atert,
He hath considerd shortily in a clause
The trespas of hem bothe, and eek the cause;
And although that his ire hir gilt accused,
Yet in his resoun he hem bothe excused,
And thus he thoughte wel, that every man
Wol helpy hymself in love if that he kan,
And eek deliver hemself out of prisoun;
And eek his herte hadde compassioun
Of wommen, for they wopen every in oon;
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
And soft unto hyme selfe he sayde, fy
Upon a lord that wol have no mercy,
But been a leon bothe in word and dede
To hem that been in repentauce and drede,
As wel as to a proud despituous man
That wol maynteyne that he first bigan.
That lord hath litel of discretion,
That in swich cas kan no division,
But wetheth pride and humblesse after oon.

And shortly, than his ire is thus agoon,
He gan to looken up with eyn lighte,
And spak thise same wordes, al on highte.

The god of love, al benedict,
How myghty and how greet a lord is he!
This is hye his myght he gyantheth none obstacles,
He may be cleped a god for his myracles,
For he han maken, at his owene gyse,
Of every herte as that hym list diyse.

Lo hectar this Arcite, and this Palamon,
That qualytly weren out of my prisoun,
And myghte han lyved in Thebes rotyly,
And witen I am hir mortal enemy,
And that hir deth lyth in my myght also,
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,
Ybrought hem hyder, bothe for to dye.
Now looketh, is nat that an heigh folye?

Who may nat been a fele, but if he love?
Bifoold, for Goddes sake that sit above,
Se how they bleden? be they noght wet arrayed?
Thust hath hir lord, the god of love, ypayed
Hir wages and hir fees for hir servysse:
And yet they weren for to been ful wyse
That serven love, for aught that may bifaile.
But this is yet the beste game of alle,
That she, for whom they han this jollite,
Kan hernothere as muche thank as me.
She wol namcre of at this hootse bare,
By God, than woot a colikow of an hare.
But all moot ben assayed, hoot and coold;
A man moot ben a fool, or yong or coold,
I woot it by myself ful yore agon,
For in my tyne a servaunt was I sone,
And therefore, syn I knowe of love peyne,
And woot how bore it han a man distreyne,
As he that hath ben caught ofte in his laas,
I wol forvyve al hooly this trespas,
At requeste of the queene, that kneleth here,
And ech of Emetye, my sustre dere,
And ye shul bothe anon unto me sware,
That nevere mo ye shal my contre dere,
Ne make werre upon me, nyght ne day,
But been my frendes in al that ye may;
I wol forvyve this trespas every deel.
And they bim sworen his axynge, faire and weel,
And hym of lordshippe and of mercy preyde,
And he hem graunteth grace, and thus he seye:
To speke of roialtynge and richeesse,
Though that she were a queene ora princesse,
Ech of ye bothe is worthy, doutlee,
To wedden whan tyne is, but nathelss,
I speke as for my suster Emetye,
For whom ye have this strif and jalousye,
Ye woot yourself she may nat wedden two
Htones, though ye fighten everemoe:
That oon of oon, al be hym looth or lief,
He mo ghe pipen in an yvy leef:
This is to seyn, she may nat now han bothe,
H he ye never so jalousie ne worthe;
And forthy, I yow pute in this degree,
That ech of yow shal have his destyne
As hym is shape, and hirneth in what wyse;
Lo here your ende of that I shal devyse:
It yyl is this, for plat conclusion
Without any replications,
If that you liketh, take it for the beste,
That everich of you shal goon where hym leste
Frely withouten raunson or daunger;
And this day fiftie wykes, fer he ner,
Everich of you shal bryngyn an hundred knyghtes,
Armed for lyastes up at alle rightees,
Hirde to darreynge hire by bataille,
And this bishote I yow withouten faille
Upon my trouthe, and as I am a knyght,
That whethir of yow bethe that hath myght,
This is to seyn, that whethir he or thow
May with his hundred, as I spak of now,
Sien his contrarie, or out of lyastes dyvre,
Channe shal I yeve Emetye to wyhe
To whom that fortune vyeth so fair a grace,
The lyastes shal I maken in this place,
And God to wylly on my soulte rewe
As I shal evene jug been and trewe,
Ye shal noon oother ende with me maken
That oon of yow ne shal be deed or taken.
And if you thynketh this is well saed,
Sebeth youre appys, and boldeth you appayd;
This is youre ende and youre conclusion.

Whoe lookeith lightly now but Dalamoun?
Who sryngeth up for joye but Arcite?
Whoe kouthe telle, or whoe kouthe it eslite,
The joye that is maken in the place
Where Theseus hath done so fair a grace?
But doun on hennes wente every maner wight
And thonken hym with al hir herte and myght;
And nameth the Thebams often sithe.
And thus with good hope and with herte blithe
They take hir leve, and homward goone they ride
to Thebes with his olde walles wyde.
Explicit pars secunda. Sequitur pars tercia.

Trois men wolde deme
it negligence,
If I forsete to tellen the

disgressors
Of Theseus, that gooth so
bisly
To make up the lyastes
troically;
That swich a noble theatre
as it was,
I dar wel seyn that in this world there nas.
The circuit a mype was aboute,
Walled of stoon and dyched al withoute.
Round was the shape in manere of compass,
Ful of degrees, the heighte of sixty paas,
That whan a man was set on o degree,
He lette nat his felawe to see.
Estward ther stode a gate of marbul whyt,
Westward, right swich another in the opposit.
And shortly to concluden, swich a place
Was noon in erthe, as in so litel space;
For in the land thar was no crafty man
That geomeetri or armetrich han,
Ne portreitour, ne kervere of ymnages,
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages,
The theatre for to maken and devyse,
And for to doun his ryte and sacrifise,
He estward hath upon the gate above,
In worshipse of Venus, goddessse of love,
Doon make an auter and an oratorie;
And westward, in the mind and in memoria
Of Mars, he maken hath right swich another,
That coste largelote of gold and ather.
And northward, in a toret on the wal,
Of alabastre whyt and reed coral,
An oratorie riche for to see,
In worshipse of Dyane of chasteitee,
Path Theseus doun wroght in noble wyse.
But yet hadde I forseten to doun;
The noble kersynge and the portreitures,
The shape, the contenoune, and the figures,
That weren in thise oratories thre.

Fyrst in the temple of Venus mayse
Towse,
Wroght on the wal, ful pitous to bholde,
The broken slepes, and the sikes colde,
The blicated teeris, and the waymentynge,
The pery strokes of the desirynge,
That loves saurnants in this lyf endurene;
The othes that hier covenants assuren.
Dylesance and Dope, Desir, Foolshdarynesse,
Beautie and Youthe, Bauderie, Richesse,
Charmes and Forge, Lesynge, Flaterye,
Dispense, Yseynese, and Jalousye.
That were of yelowe goldeed a grene,
And a cohkow sityngyn on hier hand.
the dores were al of adamanterne,
yelened overthrowt and endlong
with irene tough; and for to make it strong,
every pyler, the temple to suatene,
was tone grete, of irene bright and shene.
ther saugh I fin the derke ymagynyng
of felonyne, and al the compassayng;
the cruel ire, reed as any gleede;
the pykepus, and eek the pate drede;
the slydere with the knyfe under the cloke;
The shepebrenynge with the blake smoke;
The tresoun of the morbrynyng in the bedde;
The open werre, with wounden al bidebede;
Contek, with blydy knyf and sharpe manace;
Al ful of chirkyng was that sory place.
the alecre of hymself yet saugh l ther,
his herte blood bathed at his heer;
The nayl ydryven in the shoed anyght;
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping upwright.
Amydes of the temple aat Meschaunoe,
With discomfit and sory contenaunce.
E saugh l Goodnesse, laughynge in his rage,
Armyn complains out,chees, & fiero outrage,
The careynge in the bukh, with throte xecorw.
A thousand slayn, and not of qualm ystover;
The tirant with the pary by force yraft;
The toune destroyed, ther was nothyng laf.
Yet saugh I bren the shippes hoppestere;
The hunte strangled with the wildere bere;
The bowe freten the child right in the cradell;
The coke yacalded for al his longe ladel.

moight was foryeten by thin fortune of Marte;
the cartere overryden with his carte,
Under the wheel ful lowe he lay adoun.
ther were also of Martes division,
The barbour, and the bocher; and the smyth
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his styth.
And al above, depeyned in a tour,
Saugh I Conquest aitsynge in greet honour
With the sharpe swerde over his heed
Hangynge by a soultynynnes thred.

bepeyned was the slaughtere of Julius,
Of grete Nero, and of Antonioius;
Al be that thilke tym ye were unborn,
Yet was hir deeth depeyned therbiforn
By manasynge of Mars, right by figure;
So was it shewed in that portreite
As is depeyned in the sterres above,
Who shal be steyn or elles deed for love.
Suffisaeth oon ensample in stories olde,
I may nat refene hem alle, though I wolde.

The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
Armed, and looked gryn as he were wood;
And over his heed ther shynen two figures
Of sterres, that been clepen in scriptures,
That con Puelia, that oother Rubebus.
This god of armes was arrayed thua;
A wolf ther stood biforn hym at his feet
With eynede, and of a man he eet.
With soultyn pencel was depeyned this storie,
In redoutynge of Mars and of his glorie.
The Knightes Tale

To the temple of Dyane the chaste
As shortly as I kan I wol me haste,
To tell you al the descriptioun.
Depuncted been the walles up & doun
Of huntyng and of shamefast cha-
tite.

Cher saugh I boweful Calistopee,
Whan that Diane agraung was with her,
Was turnt from a woman to a bee,
And after was she maad the toodestrere;
Thus was it peynyt, I kan sey noonwer ferre;
Her sone is ceh a stiere, as men may see.

Chere saugh I Dane, turnt til a tree,
I mene nat the goddesse Diane,
But Penneus daughter, which that bigyte Dane.
Chere saugh I Attheon an hert ymakled
For vengeauence that he saugh Diane al naked;
I saugh howe that his houndes have hym caught,
And freeten hym, for that they kne used hymnaught.

Yet peynyt was a litel forthemoor
How Arthalante hunted the wilde boor,
And Melengey, and many another mo,
For which Dyane wroghte hym care and wo.

Cher saugh I many another wonder storie,
The whiche me list nat drawen to memorie.

There was a goddesse on an hert ful hie seet,
With maale houndes ala bout heer feet;
And underethe hir feete she hadde a moone,
Wexyng it was, and sholdle wanye soone.
In gaudo grene hir statue clothed was,
With bowe in bonde, and arwes in a cas.
Hir eyen castle she ful lowe adoun
The Pluto hath his deare regioun.

A womman travaillynge was hire biforn,
But, for hire child so longe was unburn,
Sulitouslye Lucyna gan her calle,
And seyde, help, for thou mayest best of alle.
Welf houde he peynyt liffly, that it wroghte,
With many a floryn he the hewes boghthe.

I was thysse lustes maad, and Theseus,
That at his grete cost arrayed thus
The temples & the theatre every deel,
That it was doon, hymlyt wonder weel.

But atynbe I wole of Theseus a litle,
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approcheth of hire retouerynge,
That everich sholdhe an hundred huntynges brynge,
The bataille to darreyne, as I yow tolde,
And til Atthenes, his hovantens for to holde,
Hath everich of hem broght an hundred huntynges
Wel armed for the wrete at alle righte.
And sikerly ther trowed many a man
That never sithen that the world bigan,
As for to speke of hynghood of hir bond,
As fer as God had makd see or lond.
Nas, of so fewe, so noble a campaigne.
For everwight that lovede chivalrye,
And wolde, his thankes, ban a passant name,
Hath preyed that he myght be of that game;
And wel was hym that thereto chosen was;

For if ther file to morrowe with a caas,
Ye kowen wel, that every lusty knyght
That lovet to paramours, and hath his myght,
Were it in Engeland, or elleswhere,
They wolde, it thankes, wille to be there.
To fighte for a lady; benedicte!
It was a lusty sighte for to see.

Day ND right so ferden they with Palamon,
With hym ther wrenten huntynges many oon;
Som wol ben armed in a haubergeoun;
And in breasteplate and in a light gypoun;
And somme wol have a paire plates large;
And somme wol have a Pruce sheeld or a target;
Somme wol ben armed on hir legges weel,
And have an ax, and somme a pance of steel;
Ther is no newe gyse, that it nas old.
Armed were they, as I yow tolde
Every day after his opinion.

HER maistowe seen comynghe with Palamoun
Lygere hymself, the grete kynge of Trace;
Blas was his heryd, and manely was his face;
The cyrkles of his eyen in his heed,
They gloweden bitwyxe yellow and reed,
And liki a griffon looked he aboute,
With hempe heeres on his browes stoute;
His lymes grete, his brawnes harde and stronge,
His shuldres brode, his armes ronde and longe;
And, as the gyse was in his contree,
Ful hye upon a char of gold stod he
With four white boles in the trayes.

Inside of cote armure over his harnay,
With naples yelewe, and brightye as any golde,
He hadde a beren alye, colblak, forold.
His longe heer was hempe bilynde his bah,
As any ravenes fether he shoon forblak.
A wretche of golde, armgreet, of huge wighte,
Upon his heed, set ful of stones brighte,
Of fyne rubyes and of dymaunte.

Aboute his char thar wrenten white alsants,
Twenty and mo, as grete as any stier,
To huten at the leoun or the deer;
And fulwede hym with moyst haste ybounde,
Colered of golde and torettee fyled rounde.

An hundred hordees hadde he in his route,
Armed ful wel, with bernes armes and stoute.

WITH Arcite in storie as men yfnde
The grete Emetrea, the lynge of Inde,
Upon a steede bay, trapped in steel,
Covered in clooth of golde, dyasperd weel,
Cam ridyne lyk the god of armes, Mars.
His cote armure was of clooth of Tars
Couched with perles white and ronde and grete;
His sadel was of brend golde, newe ybete;
A mantelet upon his shulder hangynge,
Brefaul of rubyes rde, as fry spaklcyng;
His cripe heer, lyk rynge was yronne,
And that was yellow, and glettred as the somm.
His nose was heigh, his eyen bright citryn,
His lippes ronde, his colour was sangwyn,
A fewe frahenes in his face ysgypcynd."}

As between yellow and somde blak ymenynd,
And as a leoun he his loykyng caste.
Of fyve and twenty yeer his age I caste.
His herd was wel bigonne for to sprynge;
His voyes was as a trompe thondryngye;
Upon his heed he wered, of laurer grene,
A Gerald fresh and lusty for to sene.
Upon his hand he bar, for his deduyt,
An egle tame, as any lily whyt.

And an hundred lordes hadd he with hym ther,
Al armed, save hir heddes, in all hir grene,
Ful richely in alle maner thynge;
For trusteth wel, that dukhes, erles, kynge,
Were gatherd in this noble companye,
For love, and for encrese of chivalrye.
Aboute this kynge ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leoun and lepart.

And in this wise thir lordes, all and some,
Been on the Sonday to the cithe come
Aboute pryme, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duc, this worthy wynght,
Whan he had broght hem into his cithe
And innd hem, everich in his degree,
He festeth hem, and dooth so greet labour
To esen hem, and doon hem al honour,
That yet men wenmeth that no manne writ
Of noon estat ne houde amenden it.

The monystralye, the service at the feaste,
The grete yffynge to the meate and leeste,
The riche array of Theseus palays,
Ne who sat first ne last upon the deys,
What jn pe fairest been, or best daunsyngye,
Or which of hem han dauncen best and synge,
Ne who moost feelyngly speheth of love;
What haukes sitten on the perch above,
What houndes liggen in the floor adoun.
Of at this make I now no mencioun;
But al the ffer, that thynghit me the beste,
Now cometh the point, and hoshethyn if you lest.

Whan Palamon the larkke herde synge,
Al though it ner nat day by houre two,
Yet song the larkke, and Palamon also.
With hooyl herte and with aneigh corage,
He roos, to wenden in his piligrime
Unto the blisful Cithera benigne,
Mene Venus, honoreable and dignye;
And in hir houre he walke forth a paas
Unto the bysethe, ther hire temple was,
And doum he kneleth with ful humble chore
And herte soor, and seyde in this manere:

HIRESTE of faire, o lady myn, Venus,
Doughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcainus,
Those gladly in the mount of Citheron,
For thilke love thow had despi Audoon,
Have piyte of my bittre teeris amerte.

And taak myn humble prayere at thyn herte.
Alas! I ne have no langage to telle
Theffeles ne the tormentes of myn helle;
Myn herte may myne harnesse nat biwreye;

I am so confus, that I kan noght seye.
But mercye, lady brighte, that knowest wele
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fee,
Consider al this, and rew upon my scoore,
As wisly as I shal for evermore.
Emforde my myght, thy trewe servante be,
And holden were alwey with chauntece,
That make I myn arow, so ye me helpe.
I kep noght of armes for to yelpre,
Ne I ne axe nat tomorowe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne wyne glorye
Of pris of armes blown up and doun,
But I wolde have fully possessiouon
Of Emelye, and dye in thy servysye;
Fyn thow the manere how, and in what wyse.
I recche nat but it may bettre be
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,
So that I have my lady in myn armes;
For though so be that Mars is god of armes,
Yore vertu is so greet in hevene above,
That if yow list, I shal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worship everemo,
And on thy auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol doon sacrifice and fire bees;
And if ye wol nat so, my lady sweete,
Thanne preye I, the, tomorowe with a sperre
That Arcite me thurngh the herte bere;
Thanne rekke I nought whan I have lost my lyf
Though that Arcite wyne hire to his wyf.
This is the feeft and ende of my preyre,
Yif me my love, thow blissful lady decree.

HAN thorison was doon of Palamon,
Ais sacrifice he dide, and that anon
Ful piteously, with alle circumstauce,
At telle I nought as now his observance;
But atte laste the statue of Venus showh
And made a signe, wherby that he took
That his preyre accepted was that day;
For thogh the signe showed a delay,
Yet waste he wel that graunted was his boone,
And with glad herte he wente hym boon ful boone.

THE thridde houre inequal that Palamon
Bigan to Venus temple for to gon,
Up roos the somne, and up roos Emelye,
And to the temple of Dyane gan hye.
Thir mayden that she thider with hire ladde
Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,
Thencea, the clothes, and the remenant al
That to the sacrifise longen shal;
The hones fulle of methe, as was the gyse;
Ther lakketh noght to doon hir sacrific.
Smolynge the temple, ful of clothes faire,
This Emelye, with herte debonaire,
Hir body wessh with water of a well;
But how she dide her ryte, I dar nat telle,
But it be any thing in general,
And yet it were a game to heeren al;
To hym that meneth wel it were no charge,
But it is good a man been at hislarge.

UK brighte heer was kempe, untresseed al,
A coroune of a grene oak cereal
Upon hir heed was set ful fair and meete.
Two fyres on the auter gan she beethe,
And did she thynges, as men may biiholde
In stone of Chelthe, and stone books olde.
Whan hyndled was the fyre, with pitous cheere,
Unto Devane she spak, as ye may here.

CHASTE goddessse of the wodes grene,
To whom bothe hevene and erthe & see is sene,
Queene of the regne of Pluto deth and lose,
Goddessse of maydenes, that myn herte hast knowe
Fut many a yeer, and
woast what I desire,
As kepe me fro thy vengeaunce and thyn ire,
That Attheon aboughte cruelly.

Chaste goddessse, wel woastow that I
Desire to ben a mayden al my lyf,
Therfore wol I be no more, ne wyl
I am, thow woast, yet of thy compaignye
A mayde, and love huntynge and vernerage,
And for to walke in the wode wild,
And nghtt to ben a wyf, and be with childe;
Nght wol I knowe the compaignye of man.

And Palamon, that hath swich love to me,
And eek Arcti, that loveth me so score.
This grace I pray thee withos hir sone,
As sende love and pees bitwixe hem two,
And fro me tume away hir hertes so,
That al hire hote love and hir desir,
And al hire bai torment and hir fir,
Be queynt, or turned in another place.
And if so be thou wilt do me no grace,
Or if my destyne be shapen so,
That I shal nede have oon of hem two,
As sende me hym that moost desireth me.

Biholt, goddessse of clene chastitie,
The bittre teeres that on my chesse falle.
So pike thou art mayde, and hope of us aile.
My maydenhede thou hepe and wel conserve,
And whil I lyve a mayde, I wol thee serve.

The fires brene upon the auter cleere
Whil Emelye was thus in her preyere;
And soodeynly she saugh a sighte queynye,
For right anon, oon of the fyres queynye
And quyked agayn, and after that, anon
That oother fyr was queynye, and alagon,
And as it queynye it made a whistelynge,
As doon thine were breded in an hymlynge;
And at the bredes ende out ran anon
As it were blody droges many oon;
THE nexte houre of Mars fowynge this,
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of hirse Mars, to doon his sacrifice,
With alle the rytes of his payn wyse.
With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,
Right thus to Mars he seyde his orisonoun:
Here is a STRONGE god, that
In the regnes colde
Of Trace honoureth art
And lord yholde,
And hast in everyregne
And every lond
Of armes all the byrdel
In thy bond.
And hem fowntenest as
The last devysye,
Acepte of me my pitous sacrifice.
If so be that my youth may deserve,
And that my myght be worthy for to serve
Thy godhede, that I may been oon of thynme,
Thanne prepe I thee to rewe upon my pyne,
For thilke pyne, and thilke boote fir,
In which thou whilom brendest for desir,
Whan that thou usédest the beaute
Of faire, yonge, freshehe Venus free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille,
Although thee ones on a tyme mysstille,
When Vulcanus hadde caught thee in his las,
And found thee liggyng by his wyf; alas!
For thy bese that was in thyn herte,
Have route the as wel upon my pynes smerte.
I am yong and unhonnyng, as thou woost,
And, as I trowe, with love offenden moost
That evere was any lyttes creature;
For she that dooth me al this we endure,
Ne recetheth nevere when I synke or fleete.
And wel I woot, er she me mercy hette,
I moost with strengthe wynde hire in the place;
And wel I woot, withouten helpe or grace
Of thee, ne may my strengthe noght availle.
Thanne helpe me, lord, to morowe in my bataille,
For thilke fyr that whilom brennethe;
As wel as thilke fyr now brennethe me,
And do that I tomorowe have victorie;
Myn be the travaile, and thyln be the glorye!
The tym is no faryng tempe wol I moost honoure
Of any place, and alwey moost laboure
In thy pleasance, and in thy craftes stronge;
And in thy temple I wol my baner honore,
And alle the armes of my compaignye;
And evermo, unto that day I dye.
Eterm fyr I wol biforn thee fynde;
And eell to this awow I wol me bynde.
My beord, myn heer, that hongeth long adoun,
That neuer yet ne felte offensyon
Of rasournor of shere, I wol thee yive,
And ben thy trewe servant whil I live.
Now lord, have route the upon my sorwe soun.
Of me victorie, I ask thee namore!
OG preyer styn of Arcite the stronge,
The rynes on the temple dore that honge.
And celt the dores, catereden ful faste,
Of which Arcite somwhat hym agaste.
The fyres brende upon the auter brighte,
That it gan at the temple for to lighte;
And sweete smel the ground anon upyaf,
And Arcite mon his hand in that,
And moore encens into the fyre he caste,
With other rytes mo; and atte laste
Of the statue of Mars bigan his hauberk rynge;
And with that soon be herde a mumurynge
Of lowe and dym, that s Seyde thus, Victorie!
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
Arcite anony unto his inne to fare,
As fayn as flovel is of the brighte sonne.
For thilke graunting, in the hevene above,
Bitwix Venus, the goddess of love,
And Mars, the eystern god armypotent,
That Jupiter was biwyit to atente;
Till that the pale Saturne the colde,
That knew so manye of aventures olde,
Found in his olde experience an art,
That he ful soone hath pleased every part.
As sooth is seyd, elde hath greet avantage;
In elde is both the wysedom and usage;
Men may the olde attreame, and noght atrede.
Saturne anon, to stynten strif and drede,
Al be it that it is agayn his kynde,
Of al this strif he gan remedie fynde.

My deere doghter Venus, quod Saturne,
My courser, that hath so wyde for to turne,
And hath more power then woot any man.
Myn is the drembyng in the sea so wan;
Myn is the prison in the derke cote;
Myn is the stranglyng and hangyng by the throte;
The murmur, and the charles rebellnyng,
The groynynge, and the pryve empoysonyng;
I do vengeance and pleyn correccion
While I dwelle in the signe of the leoun.
Myn is the rynge of the hye halles,
The fallynyng of the toures and of the walles
Upon the mynyor or the carpenter.
I sowe Sampson in shalynge the piler;
And myne be the maladyes colde,
The derke treugons, and the castes olde;
My looking is the fader of pestilence.

Now wepe namore, I shal doon diligence
That Palamon, that is thyn owene knyght,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Though Mars shall helpis his knyght, yet nathelss
Bitwise yow ther mout be som tyyme pees,
Al he ye noght of o compleisse.
That causeth al day swich divisioun,
I am thyn aiel, redy at thy wille;
Weep now namore, I wol thyn lust fulfille.

Out wol I stynyen of the goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus, goddesse of love,
And telle yow, as pleynly as I kan,
The grete effect, for which that I bygan.

Explicit tercia pars. Sequitur pars quarta.

The Knuygtes Tale

The grete was the feeste in Athenes that day,
And eek the lustyason of that May
Made every wyght to been in such plesaunce,
That al that Monday justen they and daunce,
And spenten it in Venus love and heigh averse;

But, by the causse that they shold ryse
Eerly, for to seen the grete fight,
Unto hir reste wenten they at nyght.
And on the morwe, when that day gan sprynge,
Of hore and harneyes, noyse and clyteryng
Ther was in hooteryse al aboute.
And to the PALYSES, ther man a route
Of lorde, upon steedes and pasfreyes.

The maystow been devisyng of harneyes
So unshouth and so riche, and wroght so wel
Of goldsmithye, of broodyngye, and of steel;
The sheeldes bright, teasteres, and trappures;

Goldbewen helmes, hauberkes, cote armures;
Lorde in paraments on hir courseres.
Knyghtes of retenue, and eek aquieres
Nalayng the spere, and helmes bokeyngye,
Glygyngye of sheeldes, with layneres lacyngye;
Ther as nede is, ther weren nothyng ydel;
The fomy steedes on the golden byrdel
Gnowyng, and faste the armurers also
With fyle and hamer, prikynge to and fro;
Yemen on foot, and communes many oon,
With shorte staves, thylke as they may goon;
Pypees, trompes, nakers, and clarriones,
That in the battaille blown blody soupes.

The palayes ful of peples up and down,
Heere thre, ther ten, holdeynge hir questiouin,
Dyyynynge of thysse Thebanye knyghtes two.
Somm seyden thus, somme seyde it shal be so;
Somm helden with hym with the blake herd,
Somm he with the balled, somme with the thylke herd;
Somm seyde he lookt grymme and he wolde fghte.
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.
Thus was the halle ful of dyyynge
Longe after that the soone gan to spryngye.

WXX

With mystraciel & noyse that was maked,
Heeld yet the chambre of his palayes riche,
Till that the Thebanye knyghtes, bothe yliche
Honoured, were into the palayes fet.

Duc Theseus was at a wyndow set,
Arayed right as he were a god in trone.
The peple preeseth thiderward ful soone
Hym for to seen, and doon heigh reverence,
And eek to herke his heate and his sentence.
An herauond a scaffold made an hoo!
Til at the noyse of peple was ydo;
And when he saugh the noyse of peple al stille,
The shewed he the myghty dukes wille.

He lord hath of his heigh discrecioun
Considered, that it were destrucyon
To gentil blood, to fghten in the gyse
Of mortal bataille now in this emprise;
Wherefore, to shopen that they shal nat dye,
He wolde his fyrste purpose modifie.

No man therfore, up payne of lo of lyf,
No maner shot, ne polax, ne short knyf
Into the lystes sende, ne thider bronge;
Ne short awerder, for to stoke with paynt bryngye,
No man ne drawe, ne ber by his synde.
Ne no man shal unto his felawe ryde
But o cours, with a sharpe ygronde spere;
Foyne, if hym list, on foote, hymselfe to were.
And he that is at measchieth, shal be tak;
And noght alayn, but be broght unto the stak
That shal ben ordeyned on either synde;
But thider he shal by force, and there abyde.
And if so falle, the chiefesmen be tak
On outher synde, or elles seyn his make;
No lenger shal the turneyngye laste.

God spede you! gooth forth, and ley on faste
With long sward & with mace fghteth youre fille.
Gooth now youre wy; this is the lorde wille.
The
Knyghtes
Tale

THE knyghtes of peple tuchede the hevene,
So loude cride they, with murie stevene,
God save swich a lord, that is so good,
He willeth no destruction of blood!
Gooun the trompeas and the melodye
And to the lyste rit the compaignye
By ordinarie, throughout the citee large,
Hanged with clothe of gold, and nat witharge.
Ful lik a lord this noble duc gan ryde,
These two Thebans upon either side;
And after rood the queene and Emetyle,
And after that another compaignye
Of sone and oother after his dege,
And thus they passen throughout the citee,
And to the lyste therby they tyme.
It was not of the day yet fully pryme
When set was Theseus full riche and hye,
Ypolita the queene and Emetyle,
And other ladies in degrees aboute.
Unto the stede greveth al the route;
And westward, throught the gaten under Marte,
Arcite, and eek the hundred of his parte,
With baner reed, is entred right anon.
And in that selve moment Dalamon
Is under Venus, estward in the place,
With baner whet, and hardy chiere and face.
In al the world, to seken up and doun,
So evene withouten variacioun,
Ther were swiche compaignyes twyeve;
For ther was noon so wys that houdre seye
That any hadde of oother advantage
Of worthynesse, ne of entaat, ne age,
So evene were they choosen, for to gesse,
And in two renge faire they hem dresse.
When that his names rad were everichoon,
That in hir nome gyle were ther noon,
The were the gaten shet, and that was loudes,
Do now youre devor, yonge knyghtes proude!
BE heredes lefte his prikyng up and doun;
Now rynge trompes loudes and clarion;
Cher is namore to seyn, but west and east,
In goon the spere ful sadly in arrest;
In goon the sharpe spore into the eyde,
Ther seyen men who han juaste, and who han ryde;
Ther abyeren shafftes upon sheeldes thilke;
He feeleth thurgy the herte aton the prilke.
Up sprynge speres twenty foot on highte;
Out gooth the sverdes as the silver brighte;
The helmes they tohwen and tohressed;
Out beare the blood, with steelene stremes rede;
With myghty maces the bones they tobreaste.
He, thurgy the thikneste of the throng gan thersete,
Ther, stolben steddys stronge, and doun gooth all.
He, rolleth under foot as dooth a bal;
He, sourneth on his feet with his tromchoun,
And he, hym hurtleth with his hors adoun;
He, thurgy the body is hurte, and sitthen take.
Maugre his heed, and brought unto the stake,
As forward was, right ther he mooste abyde;
And soon as was on that oother ryde.
And sum tyme dooth hem Theseus to resta,
Hem to refresche and drynken, if hem leste.

ful ofte a day han thise Thebans two,
Corydre ymet and wroght his felawe wo;
Unhorsed hath ech oother of hem tweye.
Ther was no tygre in the vale of Galgophye,
That whan that whelpe is stote whan it is late,
So cruel on the hunte, as is Arcite
For jalous herte upon this Dalamon;
Ne in Belmarye ther nys so fel leoun
That hundret is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his praye desirreth so the blood,
As Dalamon to sleen his foo Arcite.
The jalous strokes on his hernes bytne;
Out rennych blood on bothe his nydes rede,
SOm tyme an ende ther is of every dede,
For er the sonne unto the reste wente,
The stronge kyng Emetreus gan hente
This Dalamon, as he fought with Arcite,
And made his sword depe in his flesh to byte;
And by the force of twenty is the take
Unyolden, and ydrade unto the stake.
And in the rescous of this Dalamon,
The stronge kyng Lygurse is born adoun;
And Lygneus, for all his strengthe
Is born out of his sades a swords lengthe;
So hitte him Dalamon er he were take;
But al for noright, he was brought to the stake.
His hardy herte myghte hym helpe naught,
To mosste abyde, whan that he was caught,
By force, and eek by composition.
No sorwe now but worfl Dalamon,
That moost namore goonagayn to fighte?
And whan that Theseus hadde seyn this sighte,
Unto the folk that foyghten thus echon
He cryde, Hoo! namore, for it is don!
I wol be trewe juge, and no partie;
Arcite of Thebex shall have Emelie
That by his fortune hath hire faire yvonne.
Ther is no newe kyngere, for he is so fest;
It semed that the lysters scholde falle.
What han now faire Venus done above?
What seith she now? what dooth this quene of love?
But wepeth so, for WANTYNge of him wille,
Set that hir teeres in the lustif eye:
She seyde, I am ashamed doutelesse.
Saturnus seyde, Sonkher, hoold thy pees;
Mars hath his wille, his knyght hath all his bone,
And, by hym heede, mow shalt been esed noone.
BE trompes, with the loude mynstracie,
The heredus, that ful loudes yolle and cri,
BE seen in hire wele for joye of daun Arcite.
But herketh me, and synteth now a lite,
Which a myraycle ther bifel anon.
His fierse Arcite hath of his helm ydon,
And on a courser, for to shewe his face,
He prieth endelone the large place,
Lokyne upward upon this Emelie;
And she again hym caste a friendlich eye,
For women, as to speken in comune,
Chei folwen at the favour of fortune,
And was al his, in chiere, as in his herte.

26
Out of the ground a furie infernal sterte,  
From Plutus sent, at requeste of Saturne,  
For which his horse for fere gan to turne,  
And lep aside, and foundred as he leppe,  
And er that Ariste may taken hepe,  
His righte hynm on the pomet of his hee,  
That in the place he lay as he were deed,  
His righte tobrosten with his sadel bowe,  
His blak lay as any cole or crowe,  
So was the blood yronmen in his face.  
Anon he was yborn out of the place  
With herte soor, in Theseus paleys,  
The was he houreyn out of his harnes,  
And in a bed ybrought ful faire and alvyse,  
For he was yet in memorie and alvyse,  
And alwaye cryng after Emelye.

UC Theseus with al his compagnye  
Is comen hoom to Athenes his citee,  
With alie blisse and greet solempnitee;  
Al be it that this aventure was falle,  
He holde night disconfort hem alle.  
Men seyde eeh, that Ariste shal nat dye,  
He shal been heeld of his maladye,  
And of another thing they were as fayn,  
That of hem alle was ther noon ysalmen,  
Al were they soore yburt, and namelye noon,  
That with a sperre was thirled his breest boone.  
To other wounded, and to broken armes,  
Some hadden salves, & some hadden charmes,  
Fermacies of herbes, & eeh here  
They dronken, for they wolde hir lymes have.  
For which this noble duce, as he wel kan,  
Confurteh and honoureth every man,  
And made revel at the longe nyght,  
Unto the arraunge lordes, as was right.  
Ne ther was holde no disconfortyne,  
But as a justes or a tourneying;  
For soothly ther was no disconfortye,  
For falteryng was nat but an aventure;  
Ne to be lad by force unto the stake  
Unyolden, and with twenty knyghte take,  
O persone alone, withoute mo,  
And haryd forth by arme, foot and too,  
And eeh his atteede dryven forth with staves,  
With foottmen, bothe yemen and eeh knaves,  
It was arretted hym no vileynye,  
The may no man clepen it cowardye.

OR which anon duc Theseus lette crie,  
To stynten alle rancour and enuye,  
And the gre sse as wel as o syde as of oother,  
And euyther dyde ylik as ootheres brother;  
And yaf hem yiftes after his degree,  
And fully heeld a feeste dayes three,  
And convoyed the kynges worthyly  
Out of his towne, a journee largely,  
And hoom werente every man the righte way,  
There was namore, but fare wel! Have good day!  
Of this batail I wol namore endite,  
But spepe of Palamon and of Arcyte.

WELCOME the breet of Ariste, & the soore  
Encreeseth at his herte moore and moore.  
The closthed blood, for any leechcraft,  
Corrupteth, and is in his boul platt,  
That neither veyne/blood ne ventyunynge,  
Ne drynhke of herbes may ben his helpyngynge;  
The vertu expulsif, or animal,  
Pro thillke vertu cleped natural,  
Ne may the vennym voynen ne expelle.  
The pipez of his longes gonne to swelle,  
And every lacerte in his brest adoun  
Is shent with vennym and corrupcioun.  
Ymn gayneth neither, for to gete his lif,  
Ymmuyt upward, ne downward laxatif;  
Al is tobrosten thilke regioun,  
Nature hath now no dominacion.  
And certeynly, ther nature wol nat wirche,  
Farewel phial, go ber the man to chirche.  
This al and som, that Ariste moote dye,  
For which he sendeth after Emelye,  
And Palamon, that was his coyyn deere,  
Channe seyde he thus, as ye shal after heere.  

MIGHT the woful spiryt in myn herte  
Declare o point of alle myn bowres amerte  
To you, my lady, that I love moost;  
But I bique the aeryse of my gost  
To you aboven every creature,  
Syn that my lyf it may no lenger dure.  
Alas, the wo! althe, the peymes stronge,  
That I for you have suffred, and so lenger!  
Alas, the deeth! alas, myn Emelye!  
Alas, departynge of our compagnye!  
Alas, myn hertes queene! alas, my wyf!  
Myn hertes lady, endure of my lyf!  
What is this world? what asche men to have?  
Now with his love, now in his colde grave  
Alone, withouten any compagnye,  
Farewel, my sweete foo! myn Emelye!  
And softe taake me in youre armez tweye,  
For love of God, and herknew what I seye.  

I softe to take with me my love you.  
And Juppiter so wyse my soulc gyve,  
To spoken of a servaunt proprely,  
With alle circumstandes trewely,  
That is to acid, trouth, honour, and knyghthede,  
Wyadom, humbleste, estaan and heigh wynrede,  
Frodem, and al that longeth to that art,  
So Juppiter have of my soulc part,  
As in this world right now ne knowe I non  
So worthy to ben loved as Palamon,  
That serveth yow, and wol done al his lyf.  
And if that every ye shul ben a wyf,  
For yet nat Palamon, the gentil man.  
And with that word his speche faille gan,  
And from his feete up to his brest was come  
The coodl of deeth, that hadde hym overcome,  
And yet mooreover, in his armes two.  
The vital strengthe is lost, and al ago,  
Only the intellect, withouten moore,  
That dwelled in his herte syk and soore,  
Gan faileth when the herte felte deeth,  
Dushed his eye too, and falled breath.  
But on his lady yet caste he his ey;  
His laste word was, Merry, Emelye!  
His spirit changed house, and wenten thar,
The
Knights
Tale

As I can neuer, I kan nat tellen wher,
Therefore I stynte, I nam no divinizere;
Of soules fynde I nat in this registre,
Nor me ne list thiulle opinions to telle
Of hem, though that they witten wher they dwelle.
Arcite is coel, ther Mars his soule gye;
Now wol I spynen forth of Emelye.

BRIGHTHE Emelye, and howeth Palamon,
And THESEUS his suster took anon
Swoonynge, & baar hire fro the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
To tellen how she wepe, both eve and morwe?
For in swich cas wommen can have swich sorwe,
When that hir husbond ben from hem ago,
That for the moore part they sorwen so,
Or elles fallen in swich maladye,
That at the laste certeynly they dye.

Infinite been the sorwe and the teares
Of olde folk, and eek of tendre yeeres,
In all the toun for deth of this Theban;
For hym ther wepe bothe the child and man;
So greet a wepyng was ther noon certayn,
Whan Ector was ybrught al fresh shayn
to Crye: Auas! the pitee that was ther,
Crachynge of chekes, rentynge eek of heere.

Why wolde now he be deeth? Thise wommen crynge,
And haddest gold ymoure, and Emelye?

O man ne myghte gladen Thesues,
Saynyng his olde fader Egues,
That knew this worldes transmutacioun,
As he hadde seyn it chaungyn, up and doun
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnessse;
And shewed hem ensamples and limsonse.

Right as ther dyed neuer man, quod he,
That he ne lyvede in erthe in som degree,
Right so ther lyvede neuer man, he seyde,
In al this world, that some tymes hem dyde.
This world nyw but a thurghfure ful of wo,
And we been pilgrymes, passyng to and fro;
Deeth is ende of every worldly soore.

And over al this yet seyde he muchel moore
To this effect, ful wisely to enhorte
The peple, that they scholde hem contreforte.

Thesues, with all his bise cure,
Cast busily wher that the seupiture
Of goode Arcte may best ymykede be,
And eek moste honoureable in his degree.
And at the laste he took conclusion,
That ther as firste Arcite and Palamoun
Haddien for love the bataille hem bitwene,
That in that selve grove, sowote and grene,
Ther as he hadde his amoroces desires,
His compleynte, and for love his hoote fires,
He wolde make a fyr in which thoschaff
Of funeral he myghte al accomplice;
And leet comande anon to halke and heve
The othe olde, and leyt hem on a rewe
In colpons, wel arrayed for to brenne.
His officers with swifte feet they renne,
And ryde anon at his comandement.

And after this, Thesues hadde yvent
After a beere, and it al oversprade
With clooth of gold, the richeste that he hadde;

And of the same synte he cladde Arcte.
Upon his hondes hadde he glowne whote,
Eek on his heed a crowne of lauer grene,
And in his hond a sword ful brighte and hente.
He leyde hym, bare the viseage, on the beere.
Ther with he wepe that pitee was to heere;
And, for the peple sholde seen hym alle,
Whan it was day, he broughhte hym to the halle,
That roereth of the crying and the soune.

HO cam this woful Theban Palamoun,
With flother berd, and rugged ashyr heeres,
In clothes blake, ydroupt al with teeres;
And passyng othere of wepyng, Emelye,
The rewfullete of al the compagnie.

In as muche as the servyce sholde be
The moore noble and riche in his degree,
Duc Theseus let forth thre steedens bryngye,
That trapped were in steel al gliterynge,
And covert with the armes of daunt Arcite.

Upon thise steedens, that weren grete and white,
Ther sitten folk, of whiche con baar his sheeld,
Another his spere up in his hondes holden;
The thridde baar with hym his bowe Turkes,
Of brend gold was the cas, and eek the harneyes,
And ridden forth a pas with sorweful cheere
Toward the grove, as ye shul after heere.

THE nobleste of the Grekes that ther were,
Upon hir shulderen caryedden the beere,
With blake paas, and eyn reede and wete,
Therghout the cites, by the maister strete,
That spred was al whit, and wender hye
Right of the same is al the stree the wywe.

UPON the right hond wente olde Egues,
And on that oother syde duc Theseus,
With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fyn
Al ful of hony, milk, and bloode, and wyn:
Eek Palamoun with ful grete compaignye,
And after that cam woful Emelye,
With fyrr in honde, as was that tyme the gyse,
To do thoschaff of funeral servyce.

SIGN labour, and ful greet apparal
Lyngye,
Thas at the service and the fyre makynge
That with his grene top the heven raughte,
And twenty fadmes of brede the armes strowghte,
This is to seyn, the bowes were so brode,
Of strete first ther was leyd ful many a lode;
But how the fyre was made up on highte,
And eek the names that the trees highte,
As ock, firre, birch, aspe, alder, holm, popeler,
Wyllygh, elm, plane, ashe, box, chasteyn, lynde, laver,
Mapple, thorn, beech, hael, e. w. whippel tre,
Now they were feld, al nat be toold for me;
Ne how the goddes ronne up and doun,
Dishearted of hire habitation,
In whiche they woned in reste and peas,
Nymphous, and fawnes, and amadrides;
Ne how the beastes and the briddes alle
Sledden for fere, whom the wode was falle;
Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
That was nat wont to seen the some bright;
Ne how the fyr was couched first with strees,
And thanne with drye stokikes, cloven a thre,
And thanne with grene wode and apicerye,
And thanne with clooth of gold, and with perrye,
And gerdannes, hangynge with ful many a flour,
The mirr, thercene, with al so great odour;
Ne how Arcite lay among al thi,
Ne what richesse aboute his body is;
Ne how that Emelye, as was the gyse,
Putte in the fyr of funeraal servise;
Ne how she swarded when men made fyr,
Ne what she spak, ne what was his deyr,
Ne what jewelis men in the fyr caste,
Whan that the fyr was grete and brenete faste;
Ne hoow somme caste hir sheed, & somme hir spere,
And of hire vestimentis, whiche that they were,
And coppes ful of wyn, and milk, and blood,
Into the fyr, that brenete as it were wood;
Ne how the Grekes, with an hugge route,
Tryes they riden at the fyr aboute
Upon the left hand, with a loud shoutynge,
And tryes with hir spere claterynge,
And tryes how the ledyes gonne crye;
And how that lad was homward Emelye;
Ne how Arcite is bren to ashen colde;
Ne how that lyche/wake was yholde
Al thilke nyght; ne how the Grekes plye.
The wakelpleyes; ne hope I nat to seeye
Who wasteth best naked, with cille onyent,
Ne who that bar hynm best, in no disjoynt.
I wol nat tellen eeh how that they goon
Boon til Athene is when the pleyn is doon;
But shortly to the point thanne wol I wende,
And maken of my longe tale an ende.

By processe and by length of certym yeres,
Al stantyd is the moonynyge and the terse.
Of Grekes, by oon general absent,
Thanne semed me ther was a parlement
At Athene, upon certaine poynete and caua;
Among the whiche poynete yapoken was,
To have with certaine contrees alliaunce,
And have fully of Thebans obseaunce.
For which this noble Theseus anon
Leat senden after gentil Dalamon,
Unwist of hynm what was the cause and why;
But in his blake clothes sorrowfully
He cam at his comandement in hye.
The sente Theseus for Emelye.
What they were set, and bust was at the place,
And Theseus abiden hadde a space
Er any word cam fram his wise brest,
His eyen sette be ther as was his lest,
And with a sad visage he silded stille,
And after that right thus he seyde his wille.

The firste morewe of the cause above,
Gret was the efffect, & heigh was his entente;
Wel wiste he why, and what therof he mente;
For with that faire cheyne of love he bond
The fyr, the eyr, the water, and the lond,
In certym boundes that they may nat flee;
That same prince, and that moever, quod he,
Hath stablished, in this wrecched world adoun,
Certyne dayes and duracion
To al that is engendred in this place,
Over the whiche day they may nat pace,
Al mowe they yet the dayes wel abregge,
Ther nedeth noon auctorite allegge,
For it is preved by experience,
But that me list declare my sentence,
Thanne may men by this ordre wel diecere,
That thilke moever stable is and eterne.
Wel may men knowe, but it be a fool,
That every part dirryeth from his hool.
For nature hath nat take his bigynnynge
Of no partie ne cantel of a thynge,
But of a thynge that parfit is and stable,
Desendynge so, til it be corruptable.
And therfore of his wise purvialence,
He hath so wel biseit his ordinaunce,
That speces of thyngez and progressiouz
Shullen endure by successiouz,
And nat eterne, withouten any lyz;
This maystow understonde, and seen at eyre.
Loo the ooh, that hath so long a nornisynge
From tynte that it first bigynneth syrnyng,
And hath so long a lif, as we may see,
Yet at the laste wasted is the tre.
Considereth eeh how that the harde stoon
Under oore feet, on which we trede and goon,
Yit wasteth it, as it lyth by the weye;
The brode ryver somtyme wexeth dreye;
The grete toures se we wane and wende;
thanne may ye se that al this thynge hath ende.

Of man and womman seen we wela also,
That nedeth in oon of this terme two,
This is to seyn, in youthe or elles age,
He moot be deed, the kyng as shal a page;
Som in his bed, som in the depe see,
Som in the large feeld, as men may se;
Ther helpeth noght, al goth that ilke weye;
Thanne may I seyn that al this thyng moot dye.

What maketh this but Jupiter, the kyng?
The which is prince, and cause of alle thyng,
Convertynge al unto his propre welle,
From which it is dirryed, sooth to telle.
And heragayyns no creature on lyve,
Of no degree, availleth for to stryve.
Channe is it wysdom, as it thynketh me,
To maken vertu of necessite,
And take it weel that we may not escude,
And namely that, that to us alie is due,
And whose gruccheht ought, he dooth folye,
And rebel to hym that al may yye,
And certeynly a man hath moost honour,
To dyen in his excellence and flour,
When he is ailer of his goode name.
Channehath he doon his frend ne hym no shame,
And giadder oghte his freend in his deeth,
Whan with honour upolden is his breeth,
Than when his name apalled is for age,
For al forgeten is his vassallage.
Thanne is it best, as for a worthy fame,
To dyen whan that he is best of name.

That contrarie of al this is wilfulnesse,
Why gruchen we, why have we weynesse
That good Arcite, of chivalrye the flour,
Departed is with dueete and honour
Out of this foute prisoyn of this lyf,
Why grete thou his cosyn and his wyf
Of his welfare that loved hem so weel?
Can he hem thank? Nay, God woot, never a deel,
That bothe his soule & eek himself offende,
And yet they mowe hir lustes nat amende.

That may I conclude of this longe serye,
But after we, I rede us to be mery,
And thanken Jupiter of all his grace?
And er that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of sorwe two,
One for joye, and one for woe,
And looketh now, wher moost sorwe is herime,

Cher wol we first amenden and bigynne.
Suster, quod he, this is my fulle assent,
In all thinge here of my parlament,
That gentil Palamon, thyn owene myght,
That serveth yow with will, here, and myght,
And evere hath doon, syn that ye first hym kneve,
That ye shul, of your grace, upon hym rewe,
And taken hym for housshowere and for lord;
Lene me youre hond, for this is oure accord.

Lat se now of youre wommanly pitee;
He is a kynges brother sone, pardee,
And though he were a yowre bacheler,
Syn he hath served yow so many a yeere
And had for yow so gret adversitee,
It meste been considerat, leeveth me,
For gentil mercye oughte to passen right.

PHE XANED seyde he thus to Palamon ful right:
I browe ther nedeth litel sermonyng
To make yow assente to this thyng:
Com neer, and taik youre lady by the hond.
P Bitwen hem was maad anon the bond
That highte matrimoigne, or mariage,
By al the conseil and the bonage,
And thus with alle blisse and melodye
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelye;
And God, that al this wyde world hath wroght,
Sende hym his love, that it deere aboght.
For now is Palamon in alle wele,
Lynynge in blisse, in riuche, and in heele;
And Emelye hym loveste so tendrely,
And he hire serveth al so gentilly,
That nevere was ther no word hem bitwene
Of jalousie, or any oother tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye,
And God save u, this fair commynye.

Here is ended the Knyghtes Tale. &
HEERE folwen the woordes bitwene the Hoost and the Millere.

Wyen that the Kyght had thus his tale ytoold, In al the routene was there yong he oold. That he seyde it was a noble storie, Worthy for to be drawn to memorie, And namely the gentile vernichon. Our Hoost lewch & sowe. So most I gon, This storie aright, unbokeled is the male; Lat be now that shal telle another tale, For trewe the game in wel become. Now telleth on Sir Meryn, if that ye konne Sunne what to quyte the Kynghtes tale. The Millere, that for the his tale was at palle, So that unnethe upon his hore he sat. He holde avale no more he hat, Ne abyde no man for his curtesie, But in pilates wayes he gan to crie, And sowe by armes, and by blood and bones, I haue a noble tale for the noone, With which I wol now quyte the Kynghtes tale. Our Hooste saugh that he was of dronke of ale, And seyde, abyd, Robyn, my leue brother, Som be prey vpon the first another; Abyd, and let us werken thriftily. By Goddes soule, quod he, that wol nat I, For wol speke, or elles go my way. Our Hoost answere, Tel on a deyeWel wey! Thou art a foole, thy wit is overcome. Now hereth, quod the Millere, alle & some; But first let me make a protestacion That I am dronke, I knowe it by my soun, And therfore if I may spede or seye, Wyte it the ale of Southwark, I you preye; For I wol telle a legende and a lyf, Bothe of a carpenter and an hoylf, And that a clowne that set the wrightes cappe. The Reve answere and seyde. Stay thy cappe! Lat be thy lewed, dronken harlotrye; It is a symne, and cee a greet folye.

To aperyen any man, or hym defame, And cee to bytynge wyves in swiche fame; Thou mayest wynge of therthe thynges seyn. This dronke Millere spak ful soone ageyn. And seyde, Leve brother Osweold, Who haeth no wyf he is no cokewold, But I sey now therfore that thou art oon, Ther been ful good wyves many oon, And evere a thousand good wyves son badde; That knowestow wel thyselfe, but if thou madde.

Wyll you now angrye with my tale now? I haue a wyf pardece, as wel as thou, Yet nolde I, for the oxyn in my plough, Taken up me more than wynge; As demen of myselfe that I was oon, I villie wel that I am noon. An houshonde shal nat been inqueynty, Of Goddes pruyetee, nor of his wyf, So he may fynde Goddes fyboun there, Of the remanent nedeth nat enqueynty.

What shalde I moore seyn, but this Millere sayd. He holde his woordes for no man fortheere, But told his cheles tale in his manere. Methynketh that I shal reherce hit, And therfore every gentil wight I preye, For Goddes love, demeth nat that I seye Of ywe entente, but that I moost reherce Hit tale alle, be they bette or worse, Or elles falen som of my matteere; And therfore, who so list it nat yeere, Turne over the leaf and cheese another tale; For he shal fynde ymowe, grete and smale, Of storial thyng that toucheth gentilese, And cee moralite, and holyneisse. Plesente shal I, if that ye shal be amys, The Millere is a chery, ye knowe wel this, So was the Reve, and other manye mo, And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.

Awyseth yow, puttech me out of blame, And cee men shal nat make emerst of game.

HEERE BIAYNETH THE MILLERE HIS TALE.

WILLOM ther was dwelbyng at Oxenford, A riche groof, that gazeth held to bord, And beth in his craft he was a carpenter. With hym ther was dwelbyng a poore seeler Haddede lerned art, but his fantasyes Was turned for to lerne astrologie, And houte a certeyn of conclusiones, To demen by interrogacones, If that men asked hym in certein hures
His augrym stones, layen faire apart,
On shelves couched at his beddes heed,
His prease covered with a faldyng reed,
And all abowe ther lay a gay sautrie,
On which he made anyghtee melodie
So sweetely, that at the chambre rong,
And Angelus ad virginitem, he song;
And after that he song the kynges noute:
Ful often blessed was his myrte throte,
And thus this sweete clerk his tyme spente
After his frendes fyndying and his rente.

This carpenter hadde wedded newe a wyf,
Whiche that he loved moore than his lyf;
Of eighteeteene yeer she was of age.
Talou he was, and held hire narwe in cage,
For she was yong and wydle, and he was old,
And demed hymself been lik a cocewold.
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude,
That bad man sholde wedde his similitude.
Men sholde wedde after hire estaat,
For yowthe and ede is often at debaat;
But sith that he was fallen in the snare,
He moiste endure, as oother folk, his care.

It was this yonge wyf, and therwithal,
As any yeele, his body gent and smale.
A ceynt she wered, ybarred al of sylk;
A barmcloth ek as whitt as morte milk.
Upon hire lendes, ful of many a goore;
Whit was his smok, and breyden al bifoore,
And eek biblynde, on hire color aboute,
Of coloblah sylk whithinne and eek withoute.
The tapers of hire white voluer
Were of the same auyte of hire color;
Hir flit brood, of sylk and set ful bye;
And sileryly she hadde a licerous eye.
Ful smale ypullen were hire brounes two,
And thow were bent, and blake as any sool.
She was ful moore blissful on to see
Than is the newe perejonette tree,
And sofer than the wolfe is of a wether;
And by hire girdel heeng a pur of letter,
Tassescd with grene and pered with lafont.
In al this world, to seken up and doun,
Ther nas no man so wyys that houde thenche.
So gay a popeleote, or swich a wenche.
Ful brighters was the shyming of hire hewe
Than in the Tour the noble yforgan newe.

OUT of his song, it was as loude and yerne
As any swalte chitterynge on a beme.
Therto she houde slippe and make game,
As any lyde, or calf, folwynge his dame.
Hir mouth was sweete as bragot or the meat,
Or boord of apple leyd in her or beeth.
Wynynge she was, as is a joly colt;
Long as a maat, and uprighte as a bolt.
A brooch sche baar upon hire lover coler,
As brood as is the boos of a bokeler.
Hir shoes were laced on hire legges bye;
She was a pyrmecole, a piggyynge
For any lord to liggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.
In al the town nes brewehouse ne taverne
That he ne visitted with his solas,
Ther any gaylard tappeter was.
But, sooth to seyn, he was somdel squamous
Of fartyng, and of speche daungerous.

This Abolon, that jolli was and gay,
Gocht with a gencer on the haliday.
Sensyng the wyres of the parisshe faste,
And many a lovely look on hem he caste,
And namely on this carpenteris wyf.

To lote on hire hym thought a myrie lyf,
She was so propre, and sweete, and likerous.
I dar wel seyn if she hadde been a mous,
And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon.
This parish clerke, this joly Abolon,
Fath in his herte swich a love longyne,
That of no wyf ne took he noon ofrynge.
For curteisie, he seyde, he wolde noone.

He moone, whan it was nyght, ful brighte in heaven,
And Abolon his gyntere hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughte for to wake;
And forth he gooth, jolli and amorous,
Til he cam to the carpentres hous
A litel after coldeke had ycrowne,
And dressed hym up by a shot wynowde
That was upon the carpentres wal.
He syngeth in his voyg gentil and smal,
Now, deere lady, if thilke wyl be,
I pray you that ye wolthe thynek on me,
Ful wel acountant to his gynterwynge.

This carpenter awooth, and herde hym singye,
And apak unto his wyf, and seyde anon,
What, Abolon! heresteve nat Abolon
That chaunteeth thus under cure bouroes wal.
And she anwerde hire housbonde therewithal,
Ys, God woot, John, I here it every del.

This passeth forth; what wol ye bet than weel?
This day to day this joly Abolon
So soweth hire that hym is wo bigon;
He waketh al the nyght and al the day,
He kembeth his lokkes brode, and made hym gay,
He soweth hire by meenes and brocage,
And swoor he wolde been hire owene page;
He syngeth, brokyngye as a myghtynge;
He sente hire pyment, meeth, and spiced ale,
And wafres pipynge hoot out of the gleede,
And for she was of toune, he profreth meede;
For som folk wol ben women for richesse,
And somme for stokkes, and somme for gen-
tileuse.

Someythe to shewe his lightness and maistre,
He pleyth Herode upon a scaffold hye,
But what aweleth hym, as in this cas?
She lovethe so this hende Nicholas,
That Abolon may blowe the bulken horn;
He ne had for his labour but a socem;
And thus she maketh Abolon hire ape,
And al his eren turneth til a jape.
Ful sooth is this proverbe, it is no lye,
Men seyn right thus, Alwey the nys styre
Maketh the ferre leve to be looth.
For though that Abolon be wood or woorth,
d1

Bycause that he fer was from hire sighte,
This nys Nicholas stood in his lighte.

How beth thee wol, thou hende Nicholas,
For Abolon ma wolde and syngle, Alas!

And so biffet it on a Saterday,
This carpenter was goon til Osenay,
And hende Nicholas and Hiooun
Acorded been to this conclusion,
That Nicholas shal shopen hym aylene,
This seli jalous housbonde to bigylye;
And, if so be the game wente ariht,
She abolede slepen in his arm at nyght,
For this was his desir and hire also.
And right anon, withouten worder mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wolde tahie,
But dooth ful soste unto his chambre carie
Botheth mete and drynke for a daye or twoye;
And to hire housbonde bad hire for to seye,
If that he axed after Nicholas,
She abolede seye she nyste where he was;
Of al that day she saugh hym nat with eye;
She trowed that he was in maladye,
For, for no cry, hire mayde houte hym calle,
He nolde answere for nothinge that myghte faile.

This passeth forth til thilke Saterday,
That Nicholas stille in his chamber lay,
And eat and sleepe, or dide what hym leste;
Til Sunday that the somne gooth to reste
This seli carpenter hath gret merveyle
Of Nicholas, or what thyng myghte hym eyle,
And seyde, I am adread, by Saint Thomas,
It stondeth nat ariht with Nicholas.
God shilde that he dedye godclynlye;
This world is now ful tikel sikerlye;
I saugh today a cors yborn to chiche,
That now on Monday last I saugh hym winche.

Go op, quod he unto his knave anon,
Clepe at his dore, or knolke with a stoon,
Look he how it is, and tell me boldelye.

This knave gooth him up ful stirdilwy,
And at the chambre dore whil that he stood,
He eride and knolke as that he were wood;
What how! what do ye, maister Nicholas?
How may ye slepen al the longe day?
But al for nowght, he herde nat a word.

An hole he found ful lowe upon a bord,
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe;
And at that hole he looked in ful depe,
And at the late he hadde of hym a sighte.
This Nicholas sat gaping eye or upwright,
As he had hikel on the newe moone.
Adoun he gooth, and tolde his maister sone
In what array he saugh that like man.

This carpenter to blissen hym bigan,
And seyde Help us, Sainte frydeswyde!
A man woot lere what hym shal bityde;
This man falle with his astronomy
In som woodnesse, or in som agony.
I thoughte ay wel how that it abolede be,
Men abolede nat knowe of Goddes pryvete.
Ye, blessed be alwey a lewed man,
That noght but ony his bileve lan.
So ferde another clerk with astronomy;
The Miller's Tale

He walked in the fields, for to prye
Upon the sterris, what thir sholde bifalle,
Th' he was in a marlepit yaffle;
He saugh nat that. But yet, by Seint Thomass,
Me rewe thir seve of hende Nicholas;
He shal be rated of his studying,
If that I may, by Thesou, bevene lyng!
Get me a staf, that I may understand,
Whil that thou, Robyn, hevest of the dore;
He shal out of his studying, as I gesse.
And to the chambre dore he gan hym dresse.
His knave was a strong cary for the none's,
And by the haspe he haaf it of stones,
Into the dore the dore fil anon.
This Nicholas sat ay as stille as stoon,
And eveer gaped upward into the eir.
This carpenter wende he were in despire,
And hente hym by the sholdres myghtily
And shool hym halde, and erde spittify,
What, Nicholas? what hoow! what I looke adoun?
Awhoake! and tenth on Cristes pasiou!
I crouche thee from elles and fro wightes,
Therwith the nightespey seyde he anonrightes,
On foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on the thousandfold of the dore withoute:
Thensu Crist and Seint Beneditesh.
Besee this hous from every whilked wight,
For nyghtes vreye the white Dater noster.
Where wentestow, Seint Petres sostere?
And atte lasthe this hende Nicholas
Can for to sekke soore, and seye.
Alas! Shal at this world be last ethoones now?
This carpenter anserwe.
What seystow?
What? thygk on God, as we doen, men that swyneh.
This Nicholas anserwe.
Fecche me drykhe;
And after wol I speke in pryvete
Of certeny thyng that toucheth me and thee;
I wol telle it noon oothen man, certeyn.
This carpenter got down, and comth ageyn,
And brough of myghy ale a large quart;
And when that ech of hem had dronke his part,
This Nicholas his dore faste shette
And doun the carpenter by hym he sette.
He seyde,
John, myn hoooste lye and deere,
Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me heere
That to no wight thou shalt this counsel wyre,
For it is Cristes counsel that I seye;
And if thou telle it man thou art forlore,
For vengence thou shalt han therfore
That if thou wyre me, thou shalt be wood.

This is Crist forbede it, for his hooles blood!
Quod the this seyn man, I nam no tabbe,
Ne, though I seye, I am nat lie to gabbe;
Sey what thou wolt, I shal it neveer telle
To child ne wyf, by hym that harwed helle!
Now, John, quod Nicholas, I wol nat lye;
I have yfounde in myn astrologye,
As I have looke in the moons bright,
That noon, a Monday next, at quarter nyght,
Shal falla a reyn, and that so wilde and wood,
That half so gret was neveer Noees flood.

This world, he seyde, in lasse than an hour
Shal al be dreynt, so hidous is the shour;
Thus schal mankynde drenche, and lese hir lyf,
This carpenter anserwe.
Alas, my wyf! And shal she drenche?
Alas! myn Alisoun! for sorewe of this he fil almoost adoun,
And seye.
Is ther no remede in this cas?
Why, yis, for Godde, quod hende Nicholas,
If thou wolt werken aftir loore and reed;
Thou mayst nat werken after thyn owene heed,
For thys eight Saloum, that was ful trewe,
Werk al by conseile, and thou shalt nat rewe;
And if thou werken wolt by good conseile,
I undertake, withouten mast and sey,
Yet shal I saven hire and theee and me.
Tastow nat herd how saved was Noe,
What that oure Lord hadde warned hym biforn
That al the world with water sholde be lorn?
Yis, quod this carpenter, ful yore.
Tastow nat herd, quod Nicholas, also
The sorewe of Noe with his felawe shipe
Er that he myghte brynge his wyf to shipe?
Hym hadde levere, I dar wel undertake,
At thilke tyme, than alle his wethered blake,
That she hadde had a shipe himself alone.
And therfore, wootow what is best to doone?
This asketh haste, and of an hastif thyng
Men may nat preche or makyn tarynyng.
Anon go gete us faste into this in
A knedyng storg, or ellis a hymlynyng,
For ech of us, but loke that they be large,
In whiche we movey swymme as in a barge,
And han therinne vitall suffisant
But for a day; fy on the remenant,
The water shal aslake and goon away
Aboute pryme upon the nexte day.
But Robyn may nat withe of this, thy knave,
Ne ech thy mayde Gille I may nat save;
Axe nat why, for though thou aske me,
I wol nat tellen Goddes pryvete.
Buffaeth thee, but if thy wantee madde,
To han as greet a grace as Noe hadde.
Thy wyf shal I saven, out of daute.
Go now thy wyf and apeede thee hereaboute.
But when thou hast for hire and thee and me
Ygeten us thise knedyng grobbes thre,
Channe shaltow hange hem in the roof ful hye,
That no man of true peurviunces spy,
And when thou thus hast doon as I have seyd,
And hast true vitall faire in hem sleyd,
And eeh an ax, to smyte the corde atwo
When the water comth, that we may go,
And broke an hole an heigh, upon the gable,
Unto the garthynward, over the stable,
That we may frely passen forth our way
When that the grete shour is goon away.
Channe shaltow swymme as myrrie, I undertake,
As dooth the whote doke after hire drake;
Channe wol I elepe, how Alisoun! how John!
Be myrrie, for the flood wol passe anon.
And thou woltest seyn, Pheyl, maister Nicholas!
Good morwe, I se thee wel, for it is day!
And thanne shul we be lorde of oure lyf!
Of the world, as Noe and his wyf. * But of o thynge I wanne thee ful right, Be wel ayved on that lykely nyght. That we ben entrde into shippes bord, That noon of us ne speke nat a word. Ne clepe, ne crie, but beyn in his preyer; For it is Goddes owene heaste deere. Thy wyf and thou moote hange fer atwyne, For that bitwix wy shal be no aynnye, Na moore in lokynge than ther shal in deedee; This ordinance is sedy, so God theee speede. Tomorow at nyght, when folk ben alle ayslee, Into our kneynynge; tynbes wert we crepe, And sitten there, abydynge Goddes grace. Go nyw thy wye, I have no lenger space To make of this no lenger sermonyng, Men seyn thus, Sende the wise and seyn no thyng: Thou art so wy, it nedeth the nat teche, Go, save oure lyf, and that I the biseche.

This sely carpenter goth forth his wy; Ful ofte he seith Alisoun, and Weylawey, And to his wy he tolde his pryveete, And she was war, and knew it bet than he, What al this queynye cast was for to seye. But naether she ferde as she wolde deye, And seye, Alisoun! go forth thy wy anon, Help us to scape, or we been lost echon! I am thy trewe, verray, wedded wyf, Go, deere spouse, and helpe to save oure lyf! O! which a greet thyng is affeccion! Men may dyen of ymaginacioun, So depe may impression be take, This sely carpenter bigynnete quace; Hym thynketh verraily that he may seye, Noeis flood, come waiwynge as the see, To drenchen Alisoun, his hony deere. He wepeth, weyleth, malthe sorcheere; He sikeeth, with ful many a sory soweth, He gooth and geteth hym a linedyng-trogh, And after that a tubbe and a kymelyn, And pryvely he sente hem to his in, And heng hem in the roof in pryveete. His owene hand he made ladders thre, To clymben by the ronges and the stalles, In hengynge, hengynge in the balles, And hem vitailleth, bothe trogh and tubbe, With brede and cheese and good ale in a jubbe, Suffysynge right ynoth as for a day. But er that he hadde maad at this array, He sente his knave, and eek his wenche also, Upon his nede to Londen for to go, And on the Monday, whan it drou to nyght, He sotte his dore withoute candelyght, And dresseth alle thyng as it shal be; And shortily, up they clomben alle thre; They sitten stille, wel a furlong way, * * * PO. Peter noyster, clom supert Nicholas; And clom, quod John, and clom, seyde Alisoun. This carpenter seyde his devocusion, And stille he sit and biddeth his preyer, Awaityng on the reyn, if he it heere. The deele sleepe for wyry busynesse fil on this carpenter, right as I gesse About corfe-tyme, or litle moore; For travaile of his goost he groneth boore, And eft he routeth, for his heed mysay. Doun of the laddre staketh Nicholas, And Alisoun, ful softe adowm she apedde; Withouten wordes mo they goon to bedde Ther as the carpenter is wont to lyt. Ther was the revel and the melodye; And thus liht Alisoun and Nicholas, In busynesse of myrthe and of solas, Til that the belle of laudes gan to rynge, And frenez in the chawelc gonnteyng. * * * This parish clerke, this amorous Aboalon, That is for love alwey so woglobin, Upon the Monday was at Oseneye With compaignye, hym to disporete and pleye, And axed upon cas a cloiseterer Ful privel after John the carpenter, And he drough hym apart out of the chyrche, And seye, I noot, I naugh hym heere nat wyrche Syn Satureday; I trowe that he be went For tymber, ther our abbot hath hym sent; For he is wont for tymber for to go, And dwellet at the grange a day or two; Or ellen he is at his hous, certeynly Where that he be, I kan nat soothe seyn. This Aboalon ful joly was and light, And thought, Now is tym to wakke al lye nyght, For skilye I naugh him nat atirynge Aboute his dore syn day bigan to sprynge. So moote I thryve, I shal, at colkes crowe Ful pruely knokhen at his wyndowe That stant ful lowe upon his boures wal. To Alisoun now wol I telten al My love-longynge, for yet I shal nat mysse That at the lest wey I shal hire hisse. Som maner confort shall I have, parfay. My mouth hath ichched al this lunge day; That is a sigene of hysbyng atte leste. Al nyghte me mette eeh, I was at a feaste; Therfore I wol goon slepe an hour or tweye, And al the nyght thanne wol I wake and pleye. * * * THAN that the first col hath crowe, anon Aproist this joly love Aboalon, And hym arraith gat, at pojnt-devyse; But first he cheweth greym and lycorys, To smellen sweete, er he hadde hemed his heer. Under his tonge a trewe-lyve he be, For therby wende he to ben graciously, He rometh to the carpenteres hous, And stille he stant under the shot-wyndowe, Unto his brist it raughte, it was so lowe; And softe he knocketh with a bemy-boun: What do ye, honly-combe, sweete Alisoun, My faire bryd, my sweete cyanome? Awaith, lemmman myn, and speketh to me. Wel litle thynken ye upon my wo, That for youre love I swepte ther I go. No wonder is, thogh that I swelt and swepte, I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete; Ywis, lemmman, I have swich love-longynge,
That lit a turtole trewe is my mooyrnege;
I may nat ete na more than a mayde.
Go fro the wyndow, yahke/fool, she sayde,
As help me God, it wol nat be, com ba me; I love another, and elles I was to blame,
Wel bet than thee, by Thisus, Absolon!
Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston,
And let me sleepe, a twenty deely wey!
Atlas, quod Absolon, and weylywey!
That trewe love was ever so ylle biset!
Thanne bysses me, eyn it may be no bet,
For Thisus love, and for the love of me.
Atlithow thanne go thy wey? quod she.
Towt, leman, quod this Absolon,
Thanne make thee redy, quod she, I come anon,
And unto Nicholas she seyde stille,
Now hau, and thou shalt laughen al thy fille.
This Absolon down sette hym on his knees,
And sayde, I am a lord at alle degrees,
For after this I hope ther cometh Moore,
Leeman, thy grace, and sweete bryd, thyn oore.
The wyndowe she undoth, and that in haste;
Have do, quod she, com of, and speed thee faste,
Lest that oure neighbors thee espie.
Atlas Absolon gan wype his mouth ful drie;
Dirk was the night as pich, or as the cole,
And at the wyndowe out she pitte his hole,
And Absolon, hym filne bet ne wers,
But with his mouth he histe hir naked era
ful savoury, er he was war of this.
Abah he stirre, and thoughte it was amys,
For wel he wiste a womanman hath no berd;
He fette a thyng al rough and long yherd,
And sayde, fy, atlas, what have I do?
Ceeche! quod she, and clapte the wyndowe to,
And Absolon gooth forthe a sorry pas.
A berd, a berd! quod bende Nicholas,
By Goddes corpus, this gott faire and weel!
This sey Absolon herde every deel,
And on his lippe he gan for anger bye;
And to hymself he sayde, I shall thee gyte!
I froth a brest now, who frotheth now his
owtage.
With dust, with sond, with straw, with clooth, with chipes,
But Absolon? that seith ful ofte, Atlas!
My soulen biteke I unto Sathanas,
But me were leveere than at this toun, quod he,
Of this despit auroer for to be.
Atlas! quod he, atlas! In hadde ybleyn,
His hoote love was coold and al yqueynt;
For fro that tyme that he hadde histe hir era,
Of paramount he sette nat a kere;
For he was held of his maladie.
Ful ofte paramours he gan deflie,
And wepee as doother a child that is ybethe.
A softe paas he wente over the strete
Until a smyth men cleped daun Gerveys,
That in his forge smythe a plough/harnesey;
He sharpeh shar and kultour bissyly.
This Absolon knolkeh at esly,
And sayde, Undo, Gerveys, and that anon.
What, who arrow? I am heere, Absolon.

What, Absolon! for Cristes sweete tree,
Why rise ye so rathe? ey benedictees?
What eyleth you? Som gay gert, God it woot,
Hath brought you thus upon the viritoot.
By seinte Note, ye woot wel what I wente.
This Absolon ne roghte nat a bene
Of al his play: no word agayn he yaf;
He hadde more tow on his diastaf
Than Gerveye knew, and seyde.
Frend so dece, that hote kultour in the chymene heere,
As little it me, I have therwith to doone,
And I wol brynye it thee agayn ful soon.
Gerveys answerde, Certen, were it gold,
Or in a pope nobles alle untold,
Thou sholdest have, as I am trewe amyth;
Ey, Cristes foo! what wol ye do therwith?
Cherof, quod Absolon, be as be may,
I shal wet telle it thee tommorwe day,
And caughte the kultour by the colde stele,
Ful softe out at the dore he gan to stele,
And wente unto the carpenters wal,
He cogheth first, and knolkeh therwithal
Upon the wyndowe, right as he didde er.
This Absolon answerde, Who is ther
That knolkeh so? I warent it a theef.
Why nay, quod he, God woot, my sweete leef,
I am thy Absolon, my decrelyng,
Of golt, quod he, I have thee broght a ryng;
My mooder yaf it me, so God me save;
Put fy was it, and therto wet wygrave.
This wol I prove thee, if thou me hisse.
This Nicholas was risen for to pisae,
And thoughte he Wolde amenden at the jape,
He sholde hisse his era, er that he scape;
And up the wyndowe didde he hastife,
And outher era he putteh prycte
Over the bostok, to the hauchebon,
And therwith spal thes clerk, this Absolon:
DEK, sweete bryd, Inoet nat where thou art.
This Nicholas anon leet fle a fart,
As greth as it had been a thunder dent,
That with the streth he was almost ybleth;
And he was redy with his iron hoot,
And Nicholas anydyde the era he smoot.
Of gooth the skyn, an hande/brede aboute,
The hoote kultour brende so his toute;
And for the smert he wende for to dye.
As he were wood, for wo he gan to crie.
Pell! water! water! help, for Goddes herte!
This carpenter out of his slomer sterre,
And herde on crier Water, as he were wood,
And thoughte Atlas, now comth Nowellos flood!
He sit hym up withouten wordes me,
And with his axe he smoot the corde ato,
And dow gooth al, he fonded neither to selle,
Ne breed ne ale, til he cam to the selle
Upon the floor; and ther aswowe he lay.

Strite hire Alison, and Nicholay,
And criyen, Out! & Harrow in the strete.
The neighbors, bothe male and grete
In romen for to garen on this man
That yet aswowe he lay, bothe pale and wan;
For with the fal he brothen hadde his arm;
...
He was a market-better at full;
Ther dote no wight hand upon hym legge,
That he ne swoor he sholde anon abegge.

And so he was forsooth of corn and mele,
And that a sly and usant for to stel,
His name was hoote deynous Symlyon.
A wyfe he hadd, ycombe of noble hym;
The person of the toun hir fader was;
With hire he yaf full many a panne of bras
For that Symlyon sholde in his bloode allysse.
She was yfostred in a nonnerye;
For Symlyon wolde no wyf, as he sayde.
But she were wel yvornished and a monde,
To saven his estaat of yomannye;
And she was proud and peert as is a pye.
A ful fair sighte was it upon hem two
On haly dayes; biforn hir wolde he go
With his tyybet ybounte about his heede,
And she cam after in a gyte of reed;
And Symlyon hadde heuen of the same.
Ther dote no wight elenep hire but Damm;
Was noon so harde that wente by the wythe,
That with hire dote dage, or ones pleye,
But if he wolde be alayn of Symlyon
With pace, or with lively, or boideyn;
For jalous folk ben perilous evereme;
Aighe they wolde hire wyves wenden sonne.
And ech, for she was somdel amoterlich,
She was as digne as water in a dich,
As ful of hoker, and of bisemare,
Hir thoughte that a lady sholde hire spare,
What for hire hymredre and hir nortere
That she hadde lemed in the nonnerie.

Doughter hadde they betwexe hem two
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
Bayynge a child that was of half yere age;
In cradel it lay, and was a propre page.
This wench thihlie and wel ygrowen was,
With kacuse nose, and eyen greye as glas;
Buttoke brode, and breestes rounde and hye,
But right fair was hire hire, I wol nat lye.
This person of the toun, for she was fair,
In purpose was to maken hire his heer,
Both of his caitel and his message,
And straunge he made it of hir mariage.
Hir purpose was for to bisteowe hire hye
Into som worthy bloode of aunctrey.
For hoole churches good most been despended
On hoole churches bloode, that is deseended;
Therefore he wolde his hoole bloode honourne,
Though that he hoole churche sholde devour.
Gret solene hath this millere, out of doute,
With whete and malt of al the land aboute;
And nameliche, ther was a grete collegge.
Men clerpen the Soler Hall at Cantebrege;
Ther was hir whete and ech hir malt ygrounde.
And on a day it happen'd, in a stounde,
Sith lay the mauniple on a maladye.
Men wenden wilyly that he sholde dye;
For which this millere stol bothe mele and corn
An hundred tyme more than biforn:
For ther biforn he stail but curteisly,
But now he was a thief outrageously;

For which the wardeyn childe and made fare;
But therof sette the millere nat a tare;
He craiketh boost, and swoor it was nat son.

Danne were ther yonge povre clerkes two,
That dwelten in this halle of which I saye;
Testif they were, and luyt for to pleye;
And, onely for hire myrthes and revylys,
Upon the wardeyn blythly they crye,
To yve hem lewe, but a litel stounde,
To goon to mille and seen hir corn ygrounde.
And hardily they darse yeve hir nekke,
The millere shold nat stel hem half a peshie
Of corn, by sleighte, ne by force hem reve.
And at the laste the wardeyn yaf hem lewe.
John highte that con, & Aleyn highte that oothear.
Of o toun were they born, that highte Strother,
Fer in the North, I kan nat telle where.
This Aleyne maketh redy al his gere,
And on an hore the saik he cast anem.
Forth gouth Aleyne the clerk, and also John,
With good wered and with bokelte by hir side.
John knew the wey, hem nededde no gyde;
And at the mille the saik adoun he layth.
Aleyne spak first, A halil, Symlyon, yfayth!
How fares the faire doqhter, and thy wyf?
Aleyne welcom, quod Symlyon, by my lye!
And John also, how now? What do ye hear?
Symlyon, quod John, by God, nae has na peer,
Hym donc servy hymselne that has na swayn.
Or elles he is a foole, as clerkes sayn.
Qure maniple, I hope he will be deed.
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heede;
And forthy is I come, and ech Aleyn,
To gynde oure corn and carie it ham agayn.
I pray yow spede us heytyn that ye may.
It shall be done, quod Symlyon, by my fay!
What wol ye doon whil that it is in hande?
By God, right by the hopur wille I stande,
Quod John, and se how that the corn goas in;
Yet saugh I nevere, by my fader hyn,
How that the hopur wagges til and fra.
Aleyne answerde, Johan, wilows swa?
Channe wol I be hymethe, by my croun!
And se how that the mele fallas don
Into the trough; that sa il my disport;
For John, yfayth, I may been of youre sort,
I is as ille a millere as are ye.

This millere amyled of hir nyetce,
And thoughte, At this dys doon but for a wyvel;
They were that no man may hem bigile;
But by my thryft, yet shall I bleve hir eye,
For al the sleighte in hir philosophie.
The moore quynte erases that they make,
The moore wol I stele when I take.
Insted of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren;
The grettese clerkes been noght wisest men,
As whilom to the wolfe thau spake the mare;
Of al hir art I counte noght a tare.
At the dore he gooth ful pryvety,
And Ghan that he sough his tym, soffely.
He locketh up and don til he hath founde
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood ybounte.
Bisynthe the mille, under a leveset;
And to the hore, he got his hym faire and wel;
He strepeth of the bredyl right anon,
And when the hore was laus, he gyneth gon
toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,
Forth with gleche, thurgh thilke & thurgh thenne.
This millere goeth agayn, no word he seye.
But dooth his note and with the clerkes playde,
Til that his corn was faire and weel ygrounde;
And when the ile is saltked and ybounde,
This John goth out and fynt his hore away,
And gan to cri, Harrow! and, Hoylayl!
Our hore is lorn; Aleyne, for Goddes bane
Stepe on thy feet; cum out man, al at ane.
Aleyne, our wardeyn has his palfrey lorn!
This Aleyne al forgot bothe mene and corn;
Al was out of hynde his housbondrie.
What, whilk way is he ghen? he gan to cri.
The wyf cam lepynge inwarde with a ren;
She seye, Atlas, youre hore gothe to the fen
With wild mares, as faute as he may go;
Unthank come on his hand that bound hym so,
And he that brethe shold he knyt the reyne.
Atlas, quod John, Aleyne, for Cristes peyne,
Lay doun thy swerd, and I will alyn alswa;
It is ful wight, God wate, as it is as a rae;
By Goddes berte! he sal nat scape us bathe.
Why nadatow pit the capul in the lathe?
Ihaly, by God, Aleyne, thou is a vonne.
THIS sey clerkes han ful faste yrmonne
Toward the fen, bothe Aleyne and eek John;
And when the millere saugh that they were gon,
He half a buagel of hir flour hithe tak,
And bad his wyf go kneede it in a cake.
He seye, I trowe the clerkes were aferd,
Yet han a millere make a clerke bere
For al his art; now lat hem gonne hir weye.
Loweber they goon; ye, lat the children playe;
They geten hym nat so lightly, by my crowe!
THIS sey clerkes renmen up and doun
With, Kepee! kepee! stand! stand! Iossa,
warderele!
Ga whiste thou, and I sal hepe hym heren.

The wyf heere earde, ther it was verry nyght
They houde nat, though they do al hir myght,
Hir capul cacche, he ran alwey so faste,
Til in a dyck they caughte hym ataste.
Wery and weest, as beest is in the reyn.
Comth sey John, and with him comth Aleyne.
Atlas! quod John, the day that I was born!
Now are we dryve till hethyng and til scorn;
Oure corn is storn, men wil us foolie calle,
Bathe the wardeyn and oure felawe alle,
And namely the millere; welaylow!
Thus pleyndeth John as he gothe by the way
Toward the mille, and Bayard in his bond.
The millere aittynge by the fire he fonde,
For it was nyght, and forther myghtes they noght;
But for the love of God they hym bijoht
Of hererwe and of ese as for hir penye.
The millere seynd agayn, If ther be eny,
Swich as it is, yet shal ye have youre part;

Myn hous is stref, but ye han lerned art;
Ye lerne by argumentes make a place
A myte brood of twenty foot of space.
Lat se now if this place may sufisse,
Or make it rowm with speche as is youre gise.

Now Symond, seye John, by Seint Cuthberd,
Hil is thou myrie, and this is faire aswered,
I have herd seye, Man sal tax of twa thynges,
Slyk as he fyndes, or taa slyk as he brynges;
But specially I pryhe thee, hooste deer,
Get us som mete and drynke, and make us cheere,
And we wil payen trewey atte fulle;
With empty hand men may none haule tulle;
Loo, here we our siluer, redy for to spende.

THIS millere to coll his dochter sende
For ale and brede, and rosted hem a goos,
And bound hire hore, it shold nat goon loo;
And in his owene chambre hem made a bed,
With sheete and with chalona faire ypped;
Noghth from his owene bed ten foot or twelve.
His dochter hadde a bed al by hireselfe,
Right in the same chambre, by and by,
It michte be no bet, and cause why,
Ther was no roomer herberwe in the place.
They gopen, and they speke, hem to solace,
And drynkehen evere strong ale atte beate.
Aboute mydnyght wente they to reate.

CL hath this millere verynashed his heed;
Ful pale he was forodronken, and nat reed.
He yechet, & he speketh thurgh the nose,
As he were on the quaelke, or on the nose.
To bedde he goth, and with hym goth his wyf,
As any jay she light was and jolyf;
So was hir joly whisettle wel ywet.
The cradel at hir beddes feet is set,
To rokedden, and to yeve the child to sowke.
And when that dronken al was in the crowke,
To bedde went the dochter right anon;
To bedde wente Aleyne, and also John,
Ther nas na moore; hem Nedede no dwale.
This millere hath so wisely bidded ale,
That as an hore he snorteth in his sleepe.
Ne of his tayl bishyn he took no keee.
His wyf bar him a burdon, til it was sone.
Men myghte hir rowtyng herre two furlong;
The wenche rowteth ehe, par compaignye.

LEYN the clerk, that herd this melodey,
He poketh John, and seye, Slepestow!
Herdtow evere slyk a sang er now?
Lo, whilst a complyng is yemel hem alle!
A wilde fry upon thair bodes fall.
Wha herlimed evere slyk a ferly thyng?
Ye, they sal have the flour of il endyng.
This lange nyght ther tydes me nareste,
But yet, nafors, al sal be for the beste,
For John, seye he, ala evere moo I thrive,
If I that may, yon wenche wil I aweye.
Som esement has lawe yshapen us:
For John, ther is a lawe that says thus,
That gifi a man in a point be gyreved,
That in another he sal be releved.
Oure corn is storn, shortly it is ne nay,
And we han had an if fit at this day;
And syn I saul have een amendment
Agayn my los, I will have esement.
By Goddes sake! it saul een other bee.

THIS John anwerde, Alayn, ayvyse thee;
The millere is a perizous man, he sayde;
And gift that he out of his sleepe abreide,
He might de sone us bathe a vileynye.

Alayn anwerde, I count hym nat a faye.
And up he rist, and by the wenche he crepte.
This wenche lay uprighthe, and faste slept.
Til he so ny was, er she myghte espie,
That it haue been to lere for to cre;
And, shortly for to ayyn, they were at on.
Now pley, Alayn, for I wol speke of John.

This John lith stille a furlong wey or two,
And to hymself he made routh he and wo.
Alas! quod he, this is a whilke jape;
Now may I ayyn that I is but a ape;
Yet hast my felawe somwhat for his harm,
He has the milleris doghter in his arm.
He aunteed hym, and has his nedes aped,
And I lyte as a draizeek in my bed;
And when this jape is tald another day,
I saul been halde a dar, a cokheapy.
I will arise and aunte it, by my fauth;
Unhardy is unseely, thu men sayth.
And up he roos, and softly he wente
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hente,
And baar it sotte unto his beddes feet.

Sone after this the wyf hir rowtyng leet,
And gan awake, and wente hire out to pise.
And cam agayn, and gan hire cradel mysse,
And groped her and ther, but she found noon.
Alas! quod she, I hadde almoost my sson.
I hadde almoost goon to the clerkes bed.
Ey, benedict! thanne hadde I foule ypped.
And forth she gooth til she the cradel fond.
She groeth alway forthwith with hir hond,
And found the bed and thoughte noghte but good,
Bycause that the cradel by it stood,
Andynes when she was, for it was clerk,
But faire and wel she crepe in to the clerk;
And lith ful stille, and wolde han caught a slypee.
Within a while this John the clerk up leype,
And on this goode wyf heLeft on soore;
So myrle a fit he hadde she nat foore;
He prikeath harde and depe as he were mad.
This joly wyf han thise two clerkes lad
Til that the thridde col bogan to snyge.

LEYN wax veyre in the dawemynge.
For he had swonken at the longe noghte;
And sseye, Fare welwel, Mayne, sweete wight!
The day is come, I may no lenger byde;
But everemo, whero so I go or ryde,
I is thyne aven clerk, awa have I seyf.

Now, deere lemmman, quod she, go, farewel!
But, er thou go, o thynge I wol thee telle;
When that thou wendest homward by the melle,
Right at the entree of the dore bhynde,
Thou shalt a cale of half a bushel byndye,
This was mykeled of thyne owene melre.
Which that I kelepe my fader for to stele;

And, goode lemmman, God thee save and kepe!
And with that word almoost she gan to wepe.
Alayn upryst and thoughte, Er that it dawe,
I wol go crepen in by my felawe;
And fonde the cradel with his hand anon.
By God! thoughte he, al wrang I have mysgon;
My nee he is tety of my swynne tongyte,
That maketh me that I go nat aright.
I woot wel by the cradel I have mysgon;
Beere lieth the millere and his wyf also.
And forth he goth, a twenty devle way,
Unto the bed thereas the millere lay.
He wende have cripyn by his felawe John,
And by the millere in he cripyn anon,
And caughte hym by the nekke, & softe he spak.
He seythe, Thou John, thou swynesheed, awak,
For Cristes saule, and heer a noble game;
For by that lord that called is seint Jame.
As I have thrys in this shorte nyght
Swept the milleres doghter bolt uprigh,
Whil thow hast as a coward been agast.

E, false harlot, quod the millere, hast?
A fals traitour! false clerk! quod he,
Thow shalt be deed, by Goddes digiinter!
Who doste be so bold to disparage
My doghter, that is come of swich fynage.
And by the threolbolle he caught Alayn;
And he bente hym despiotously agayn,
And on the nose he smote hym with his feat.
Doun ran the blodi streem upon his brest,
And in the floor, with nose and mouth to broke,
They walke as doun two piggis in a poke;
And up they goon, and doun agayn anon.
Til that the millere sporne at a scoon,
And doun he fil bakward upon his wyf,
That wiste nothyng of this nyste stref;
For she was falle aslepe a lite wight.
Wi th John the clerk, that waked hadde al nght;
And with the fal, out of hir sleep she breide.

Help, hooly croyse of Bromelheom, she seyde,
In manus tua! Lord, to thee I calle!
Awah, Symond! the fand is on us falle!
Myn herte is broken! help! I nam but deed!
Ther lyth on my wonde and on myn heed.
Help, Symkyn, for the fals clerkes fighte!

NIS John stirithe, as soon as ever he myghte,
And graspth by the waltes to and fro
To fynde a staf; and she stirithe up also,
And kneue the entres bet than dide this John,
And by the wal a staf she fooned anon,
And sang a litle shymeryng of a light,
For at an hole in shoon the moone bright;
And by that light she sangen hem bothe two,
But sikeely she nyste who was who,
But as she sang a whyt thyng in hir eye;
And when she gan the white thyng espie,
She wende the clerk hadde wered a voluppee,
And with the staf she drough ay neer and neer,
And wende han hit this Alayn at the fullle;
And smote the millere on the pyled skull,
And doun he gooth, and cride, Harrow! I dye!

This clerkes beete hym weel and lete hym lye,
And greythen hem and tooke hir hore anon,
   And eft hire mele, and on hir wy they gon,
   And at the mille yet they tooke hir cake
       Of half a busshel flour ful wel wybe.
   This is the proude milliere wel ybete,
   And hath yeost the gyrndynge of the whete,
   And payed for the soper evereideel
   Of Aleyn and of John, that bette hym wel;
   His wyf is awyved, and his doghter als;
   Lo! swich it is a milliere to be fals.
And therfore this provere is seyd ful sooth;
   Of hym that nat wene that yevel dooth;
   A gylyour shal hymselfe bigyled be,
   And God, that sitheth heighte in Trinite,
Save at this compagnye, grete and smale!
Thus have I quyte the Milliere in my tale.
The prologue of the 'Cookies Tale'.

HEERE BIGYNETH THE COOKES TALE.

PRENTYS whilom dwel-
   led in oure cite,
   And of a craft of vitalliers
   was he.
Gaillard he was as gold-
   rynch in the shawe;
Broon as a berye, a propre
   short felawe,
   With lokkes blake yhempd
   ful fertyly;
   Dauncen he houte so wel and joly.
   That he was cleded Derkyn Reveulour.
   He was as ful of love and paramour
   As is the hyve ful of hony sweete.
   Wel was the wenche that with hym nyghte meete;
   He very bold wolde he snyge and hoppe,
   He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe.
   For whan ther any ridynge was in Chepe,
   Out of the shoppe thider wolde he lepe;
   Til that he hadde at the sichte ysgen
   And daunced wel, he wolde nat come ageyn;
   And gathered hym a meynche of his sort
   To hoppe and ynyge and maken swich diaport;
   And ther they setten stevene for to make
   To pleyen at the dys in swich a streete;
   For in the tome nas ther no prenty
   That fairer koude cast a pare of dys
   Than Derkyn koude, and ther he was free
   Of his dispence, in place of pryveete.
   Whom that he braghte into his pryveete.
   I pray to God, so yeve me sorwe and care,
   If evere sithe I highte Dogge or Clare,
   Verde I amillere betere yvet awerk;
   He hadde a jape of malice in the dyrk.
   But God forbeide that we atynten here,
   And therfore if ye vouchebauf to heere
   A tale of me, that am a povre man,
   I wol yow telle as wel as evere I kan
   A litel jape that fil in oure cite.
   Oure hoste anawerde & seide, I graunte it thee;
   Now telle on, Roger, looke that it be good;
   For many a pasteke hastow laten blood,
   And many a jake of Dovery hastow scold.
   That hath been twies hoot and twies coold.
   Of many a pilgrim hastow Cristes curs,
   For of thy percytly yet they fare the wors
   That they hant eten with thy stubbel good,
   For in thy shoppe is many a flye loce.
   Now tell on, gentil Roger, by thy name,
   But yet I pray thee be nat wrocch for game,
   A man may seye ful sooth in game and pley.
   Thou seist ful sooth, quod Roger, by my fey!
   But sooth pley, quod pley, as the Femyng seith;
   And therfore, Perry Bailie, by thy feith,
   Be thou nat wrocch, er we departen heer,
   Though that my tale be of an hosteiler:
   But nevertheless I wol nat telle it yit;
   But er we parte, ywis, thou shalt be quit;
   And therwithal he lough and made cheere;
   And seyde his tale as ye shut after heere.

This joly prenty with his maister bode,
   Til he were nuy out of his prentishehood;
   Al were he snybed bothe the ry and late,
   An somtyme lad with rewel to Newgare;
But atte late his maister hym bithoghete,
   Upon a day when he his papir soghte,
   Of a provere that seith this same word,
   Wel bet is roten appul out of hoord
   Than that it rotte at the remaunent.
   So fareth it by a riuote servanten;
   It is vel lage harm to let hym pace
   Than he acheide alle the servanten in the place.
   Therfore his maister yaf hym acquaince,
   And bad hym go with sorwe and with meachance;
   And thus this joly prenty hadde his leve.
   Now lat him riote at the nyghte of leue.
   And for ther is no thirfe whithoute a lowke,
   That helpe hym to waste and to bowle
   Of that he brybe han or borce may,
The words of the Host to the company.

Sure Hoste saugh wele
That the brighte sone
The ars of his artificial day
Had ronne
The ferthe part, and half
An houre and moore,
And though he were nat
Depe expert in loore.
He wiste it was the eighte-
tethe day
Of April, that is messager to May;
And saugh wele that the shadwe of every tree
Was, as in lengthe, the same quantitte
That was the body erect that caused it;
And therothe by the shadwe he took his wit
That Phoebus, which that shoon so clere & brighte,
Degrees was yfwe and fourty clombe on highte;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten at the clokehe, he gan conclude;
And godemyly he plighte his hors aboute.

Lordynge, quod he, I warne yow, at this route
The fourthie party of this day is gon;
Now for the love of God and of Saint John,
Lesseth no tymne, as ferforth as ye may.
Lordynge, the tymne wasteth night and day,
And atteith from us, what pruyely slepyngye,
And what thurgh negligence in curre walkeyngye,
As dooth the streem, that turneth nevere agayn,
Descendynge fro the montaigne into playn.

WEL, saide Senec, and many a philosophre,
Biwillen tymne more than gold in cowre;
But for loose of catel may recovered be,
But losse of tymne shendeth us, quod he,
It wol nat come agayn, withouten drede,
Nomeore than wolte Maltyns maydenhede,
When she hath lost it in hir wantonnesse.
Let us nat lowen thus in ydelnesse.

Sire Man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,
Telle us a tale anon, as forwarde is.
Ye been submytted thurgh youre free assent
To stonde in this cas at my jugement.
Acquityeth yow and holdeth youre bieheaste,
Channe have ye doon youre devoir atte leeste.

Hoste, quod he, depardieux ich assente.
To breke forward is nat myn entente.
Bieheste is dette, and I wolte holde fayn
At my bieheaste; I ha no bettre sayn:
For swich lawe as man yeven another wight
He sholde hymselven uen it by right;
Thus wolde our text; but nathelesse certeyn,
I han right now no thrifty tale seyn.
But Chaucer, thogh he han but lewedly
On metres and on ryming crafthy,
Hath seyd hem in swich English as he han
Of olde tymre, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have noght seyd hem, love brother,
In o book, he hath seyd hem in another.
For he hath toold of loveus up and doun
Mo than Ovide made of mencioun
In his Epiatetes, that been ful olde.
What sholdese I tellen hem, syn they ben tolde?
In yowthe he made of Ceyn and Hecione,
And sitte the hath he spoken of evelche
This noble wywyn and thine loveus eke.
Whoso that wolde his large volume sehe,
Clipped the Seinte Legende of Cupide,
Ther may he seen the large woundes wyde
Of Lucrese, and of Babylon Lauber;
The sword of Dido for the false Enee;
The tree of Phillio for hire Demophon;
The pleinte of Dianire and Permyon;
Of Adrian and of Isiphile;
The bareyn yle stondynge in the see;
The dreynyte Leandre for his Eroe;
The teeris of Elyene, and eft the wo
Of Briexyde, and of thee, Ladomea;
The crueltey of thee, queene Medea,
Thy litle children hangynge by the hals
For thy Jason that was in love so fale!
O Ypermystra, Denolope, Alcest,
Yowe wifhede he comendeth with the beste!

But ceretely no word ne writeth he
Of thilke wilke enasample of Canacee,
That loved hir owene brother synfully;
Of swiche cursed stories I sey fy!
Or ellis of Cyro Appollonius,
Now that the cursed lyng Antiochus
Birafte his dochter of hir maydenhede;
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hir threw upon the pavement;
And therothe he, of ful aysement,
Noldre nevere write in none of his sermons
Of swiche unkynde abbomynaclone,
Ne I wol noon rehere, if that I may.

But of my tale how shal I doon this day?
Me were londe be linned, doutelesse,
To Muses that men clepe Pierides,
Methamorphoseo woot what I mene:
But nathelesse, I recche noght a bene
Though I come after hym, with hawecele;
I speke in prose, and lat him rymes make.

And with that word, he with a sobere cheere
Bigan his tale, as ye shal after heere.
THE PROLOGUE OF THE TALE OF THE MANNE OF LAWE

Thou blamest Crist, and seist ful bitterly,
He mysdeparteth riches temporal;
Thy nighbore thou wytest synfully,
And seist thou hast to lite, and he hath al,
Parfay, seistow, somtyme he rekeneth shal,
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the gleede,
For he nought helpeth needfulle in his neede.

Here is what is the sentence of the wise:
Bet is to dyen than have indigence;
Thyselue neighebor wol thee despise;
If thou be poure, farvel thy reverence!
Yet of the wise man take this sentence:
Alle the dayes of poure men ben whele;
Be war therfore, er thou come to that prike!

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And alle thy freendes fleeen from thee, alas!
O riwe merchants, ful of wele ben yee,
O noble, o prudence folke, as in this case!
Yore bagges ben nat fild with ambes ase,
But with aye cynk, that renneth for yore chaunce;
At Christmasse myric may ye daunce!

Ye seken lond and see for yowre wynnynges;
As wise folke ye knowen al thestaat
Of regnes; ye been fadres of tisynges.

HARM! CONDITION OF POVRTE!
With thurst, with coold, with hunger so con-
foundid!
To ashen help thee shameth in thyn herte;
If thy noon ase, so sore arow ywoundid,
Dat verray ned unwroppeth al thy wounde bid!
Maugree thy hood, thou most for indigence
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy despence!
And doon hir nedes as they han doon yore, 
And lyven in wele; I han sey yow na moore.

Now filit, that thihe marchants stode in grace
Of hym that was the sowdwan of Surrye; 
For when they cam from any strange place 
He wolde, of his benigne curteisye,
Make hem good chiere, and bisily enpye
Tidynes of sondry regnes, for to leere
The wondres that they myghte seen or heere.

Amonges othere thynges, specially,
Thise marchants han hym toxol of dame Custance, 
So greet noblesse in ernest, cerysially, 
That this sowdwan hath caught so greet plesance 
To han hir figure in his remembrance,
That al his lust, and al his busy cur, 
Was for to love hire while his lyf may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book, 
Which that men slepe the hevene, yritten was 
With steres, whan that he his birth took,
That he for love sholde han his deeth, ala! 
For in the steres, clerer than his glas,
Is written, God woot, whose houde it rede, 
The deeth of every man, withouten drede.

In steres, many a wynter theribisom, 
Was written the deeth of Ector, Achilles, 
Of Pompei, Julius, er they were born; 
The strif of Chebys; and of Ercules, 
Of Sampson, Turma; and of Socrates 
The deeth; but mennes wittes ben so dulce, 
That no wight kan wel rede it atte fulle.

His sowdwan for his prive concei sente, 
And, shortly of this matteere for to pace, 
He hath to hem declared his entente, 
And seyde hem, certein, But he myghte have grace 
To han Custance withinne a litle space, 
He has not deed; and charged hem in hye 
To shapen for his lyf som remedye.

Diverse men diverse thynges seyden,
They argumenten, casten up and down;
Many a subtil reason froth they leyen; 
They spoken of magyk and abusision;
But finally, as in conclusion, 
They han nat seen in that noon advantage, 
Ne in noon oother wey, save mariage.

Channe saue they therinne swich difficultee, 
By wey of reason, for to speke al playn, 
Bycause that ther was swich diversitee 
Bitwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn, 
They trowe That no cristene prince wolde fayn 
Wedden his child under oure lawes sweete, 
That us were taught by Mahoun, oure prophete.

And he anwerde, Rather than I lese 
Custance, I wol be cristene, doubtlesse; 
I moost been hire, I may noon oother chese. 
I prey you hold your arguments in pees; 
Saveth my lyf, and both noght reccheles
To geten hire that hath my lyf in cure;  
For in this wo I may nat longe endure.

What nedeth gretter dilatacion?  
I seye, by tretyes and embassadrie,  
And by the popes mediatacion,  
And at the chirche, and at the chivalrie,  
That in the croune of Maumetrie,  
And in encrees of Cristene lawe deere.  
They been acorded, as ye shal heere,

How that the sowdan and his baronage  
And alle his liges, shold he yrystned be,  
And he shal han Custance in marriage,  
And certein gold, I noot what quantite,  
And heerto founden sufficient surette;  
This same accord was sworn on eyerth syde;  
Now, faire Custance, almyghty God thee gyde!

Now wolde som men waiten, as I seye,  
That I shold telle al the prudence  
That t hemperour, of his gret noblesse,  
Hath shapen for his dochter, dame Custance.  
Wol men may knowen that so gret ordinance  
May no man telle in a lifel clause,  
He was arrayed for so heigh a cause.

Bishopes been shapen with hire for to wende,  
Lorde, ladies, knyghtes of renoun,  
And oother folk ynoych, this is the ende;  
That in dede is thurghout the toun  
That every wyght, with gret devocion,  
Shold preyen Crist, that he this marriage  
Receyve in grace, and spede this wyge.

The day is come of his departynge,  
I seye, the woeful day fatal is come,  
That ther may be no lenger taryynge,  
But forthwith they hem dressen, alle and some.  
Custance, that was with sorwe al overcomen,  
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hire to wende;  
For wel she seeth ther in noon oother ende.

Alas! what wonder is it thogh she wepte,  
That shal be sent to strange nacion,  
Pros freendes that so tendrely hire kepte,  
And to be bounden under subjeccion  
Of oon, she knoweth nat his condiuion.  
Housebondes been alle goode, and han ben yoore;  
That knowen wyves, I dar say yow na moore.

Fader, she seyde, thy wretched child, Custance,  
Thy yonge dochter, footred up so serte,  
And ye, my moorder, my soveryn plesance,  
Ouer alle thynge, outraken Crist on loftie,  
Custance, yore child, hire recomandeth ofte  
Unto your grace; For I shal to Surrye,  
Ne shal I never see yow moore with eye.

Alas! unto the barbare nacion  
I mooste goon, syn that it is youre wille;  
But Crist, that starf for our savacion,  
So yev me grace his heeeten to fulfille;  
I, wrecche womman, no fors though I spille!

Wommen are born to thraldom and penance,  
And to been under mannes governance.

Of trowe at Troye, when Pirus brak the wal,  
Or Iyon brende, at Thebes the cite,  
Nat Rome, for the harm thurgh hanybal,  
That Romaynsh hath wynquashed tymes thre,  
Nas herd swich tendre wepyng for pitte.  
As in the chambre was for hire departyng;  
But forth she moote, whereso she wepe or sygne.

O firste moeyng, cruell firmament.  
With thy diurnal swight that crowdest ay,  
And hurlest al from Eas til Occident,  
That naturally wolde holde another way;  
Thy crowdyng set the hevenes in swich array  
At the bigynnyng of this fers viage,  
That cruell Mars hath slayn this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,  
Of which the lord is helpelesse falle, alas,  
Out of his angelo into the derkhesse hous;  
O Mars, O Atazir, as in this cas!  
O fieble Moone, unhappy been thy paaal!  
Thou knyttest thee ther thou art nat recyved,  
Ther thou were weel, fro thannes arrow weyved.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas!  
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun?  
Is no tymne bet ther oother in swich cas?  
Of viage is ther noon electuion,  
Namely to folli of heigh condiuion,  
Noght whan a roote is of a burthe yknowe?  
Alas! we been to lewed or to slowe!

O ship is come this woful faire mayde,  
Solempnely, with every circumanstance.  
Now Theau Crist be with yow alle, she sayde.  
Ther nys namore, but, Farewel, faire Custance!  
She peyneth hire to make good contenance;  
And forth I heire hire saile in this manere,  
And turme I wolte agayn to my mater.

The moorder of the sowdan, welle of vices,  
Espeied hath hir sones pleynt entente,  
How he wol let hire oide sacrifisces;  
And right anon she for hire consete;  
And they been come to knowe what she mente.  
And whan assembled was this folli in feere,  
She sette hire doun and aseyde as ye shal heere.

Lorde, she seyde, ye knowen everichon,  
How that my bote in point is for to lete  
The hooyle lawes of oure Altaron,  
Yeven by Goddes messaige Makomete;  
But oon awoe to grette God I hete,  
The lyf shal rather out of my body sterere,  
Tham Makometes lawe out of myn herte!

What sholdre us tyden of this newe lawe,  
But thraldom to our bodies and penance?  
And afterward in helle to be drawe,  
For we reneye Mahoun oure creance?  
But, lorde, wol ye maken assurance
The Man of Lawe

As I shal seyn, absentynge to my lorde,
And I shal makyse sauf for evermore?

They sworen and assenten, every man
to lyve with hire and dye, and by hire stonde;
And everich, in the beste wise he han,
to strengthen hire shal alle his fremde fonde;
And she hath this emprise ytake on honde,
Which ye shal heren that I shal devyse,
And to hem alle she speke right in this wyse.

We shal first fuyne us cristendom to take,
Cold water shal nat greve us but a lice;
And I shal swiche a feeste and revel make,
That, as I trowe, I shal the sowdan quyte;
For thogh his wyff be cristened never so white
Shal she have nede to wasche awaye the rede,
Thogh she a fountful water with hire lede!

O sowdanesse, roote of iniquite!
Virago thou, Sexynas the seconde,
Serpent under femynynyte,
Lis to the serpent deppe in helte ybounde.
O kynde womman, al that may confounde
Vertu and innocence, thogh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice!

O Satan, envious syn thilke day
That thou wert chased from our heritage,
We knowestow to wommen the olde way!
Thou madest Eva brynge us in servage,
Thou wolt fordoon this cristend marriage.
Thyn instrument so, weylawe the while!
Maistrow of wommen, whan thou wolt wyse.

This sowdanesse, whom I thus blame & warye,
Leet privelie hir consel goon hire londe.
What sholde I in this tale lenger tarye?
She rydeth to the sowdan on a day,
And seyde hym that she wolde renuy his lyt,
And cristendom of preestes handes fonge,
Repentyng her she hethen so longe;

Bisechynge hym to doon hire that honour,
That she moste han the cristen folk to feasten;
To plesen hem, I wol do my labour.
The sowdan seith, I wol doon at youre heaste;
And inlynghe, thanketh hire of that requeste.
So glad he was, he nyte what to seye;
She kiste hire sone, and hoomen she goth hir wyse.

Explicit pars prima. Seguitur pars secunda.£

RRYYE been the cristen folk to londe,
In Surrey, with a greet solemnne route;
And hastifliche this sowdan sente his bonde,
First to his mooder, and all the regne aboute,
And seyde his wyf was commen, out of doute,
And preyde hire for to ryde agayn the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.
She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous voys,
Unto the croy of Crist thus seyde she:
O clere, O weleful auter, holy croya,
Reed of the lambes blood, ful of pitee,
That weeshe the world fro the olde iniquitez,
Me fro the feend, and fro his clawes hepe,
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

Victorous tree, proteccion of trewe,
That onely worthy were for to bere
The kyng of hevene with his woundes newe,
The white lamb that hery was with the sperre,
Flemere of feddes out of hym and here,
On which thy lymes feithfully extenden,
Me helpe, and yf me myght my lyf tamenden.

The man of Lawe
Thurghout the se of Greece unto the
Of Marroh, as it was hire aventure.
On many a sory meet now may she bayte;
After hire death ful often may she wayte,
Er that the wold waues wol hire dryve
Unto the place ther she shall arraye.

Men myghten asken why she was nat slayn
Eek at the feeste, who myghte hir body save?
And I answer to that demende agayn,
Who saved Danel in the horriblle cayre.
Ther every wyght save he, maister and knave,
Was with the leoun frete, or he asterte?
No wyght but God, that he bar in his herte.

God liete to shewe his wondroun myracle
In hire, for we sholde see his myghty werkeis;
Crist, which is that to every harm triacle,
By certeine menes ofte, as knowen clerkeis,
Dooth thynge for certeine ende that ful derk is
to mannes wit, that for sure ignorance
Ne konne noght konwe his prudent purvisance.

Now wiche she was nat at the feeste ysalwe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenchynge in the see?
Who kepte Jonas in the flashes mawe,
Til he was spouted up at Nynyve?
Wel may men knowe it was no wyght but he
That kepte peple Ebrayl from hir drenchynge,
With drye feete thurghout the see passynghe.

Who bad the foure spirites of tempest,
That power han tancyen lod and see,
Both the north and south, and also west and east,
Hoveth neither see, ne land, ne tree?
Soothly the comandour of that was he
That fro the tempest at this womman kepte
As wel whan that she wock as whan she slepte.

Where myghte this womman mete & drynke have
Thre yere and moore? Now lasteth hir vitaille?
Who fedde the Egypteien Marie in the cave,
Or in desert? No wyght but Crist, sans faille.
Fuye thousand folk it was as great mersaille
With lovey byve and flashe two to feede.
God sente his foysen at hir grete neede.

The constable of the castel doun is fare
To see this wrae, and at the ship he soghte,
And found this wery womman, ful of care;
He found also the treaur that she broghte.
In his langage mercy she bisoughte,
The lyf out of hire body for to twynne,
Hire to delivere of wo that she was inne.

A maner Layn corrupt was hir speche,
But algrates therby was she understande;
The constable, whan hym list no longer seeche,
This wuful womman broghte he to the londe;
She kneelth doun, and thankind Goddes sondre;
But what she was, she wolde no man seye,
For foul ne fair, though that she sholde deye.

She seye she was so mazid in the see
That she forgot hir mynde, by hir trouthe.
The constable hath of hire so gret pitee,
And eek hir wyf, that they wepen for routhe.
She was so diligent, withouten slothe,
To serve and plese everyr in that place,
That alle hir loven that looken in hir face.

This constable and dame Hermengyld, his wyf,
Were payens, and that contree everywhere;
But Hermengyld loved hire right as hir lyf,
And Custance hath so longe sojournd there,
In orisons, with many a bitter teare,
Til Thesu hath converted, thurgh his grace,
Dame Hermengyld, constablewise of that place.

In at that lond no christen dorste route,
Alle christen folk been fled fro that contree
Thurgh payens, that conquereden al aboute
The plages of the North, by land and see.
To Wayes fledde the cristyanytey
Of olde Britons, dwellynge in this ile;
Ther was hir refut for the meene while.

But yet nere christene Britons so exile
That ther nere somme, that in hir privete
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk bigiled;
And ny the castel sweche ther dweltin three.
That con of hem was bylond and myghte nat see
But it were with thilke eyen of hir mynde,
With whiche men seen, after that they ben bynde.

Bright was the sonne as in that somere day,
For which the constable and his wyf also
And Custance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the see, a furlong wyey or two,
To pleyen and to roemen to and fro;
And in hir walk this bynde man they mette,
Croked and oold, with eyen feste yshette.
The Man
of Lawe
his Tale

In name of Crist, criede this olde Britoun,
Dame Hermengyl, yif me my sighte agayn!
This lond was aried of the soun,
Leat that his housonde, shortly for to sayn,
Wolde hire for Theau Cristes love han slayn;
Cil Custance made hire boold, and bad hire wirche
The wyf of Crist, as dochter of his chiche.

The constable was abased of that sight,
And ayde, What amounteth at this fase?
Custance answarde, Sire, it is Cristes myght,
That helpeth folk out of the feendes anare.
And so forth she gan oure lay declare,
That she the constable, et that it were eve,
Converteth, and on Crist maketh hym believe.

This constable was nothyng lord of this place
Of which I speke, ther he Custance fond,
But keped it strongly, many wyntres space,
Under Alla, kyng of al Northumbrellond,
That was ful wyys, and worthy of his hond
Agayn the Scottes, as men may wel heere;
But turm I wole agayn to my matiere.

SATHAN, that evere us waiteth to bigile,
Sauf of Custance at hire perfeccioum,
And caste anon how he myghte quite hir white,
And made a yong knyght, that dwelt in that toun,
Love hir so boote, of foul accoucioun,
That verrail hym thoughte he shold spille
But he of hir myghte onces have his will.

He waweth hir, but it annyleth nocht,
She wolde do so cyme, by no wyse;
And for despit, he compassed in his thought
To maken hire on shameful death to deye.
He wayteth when the constable was aweye
And pryvely, upon a nyght he crete
In Hermengydes chambr whil she slept.

Very, forwahed in hire orison,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermengyl also.
This knyght, thurgh Sathanas temptacioun,
All softely is to the byd ygo,
And kytte the throte of Hermengyl atwo,
And lyde the blody knyf by dame Custance,
And wente his wey, ther God yeve hym meschance!

Soone after cometh this constable home agayn,
And eek Alla, that kyng was of that lond,
And saugh his wyf despitosely yelayn,
For whiche ful ofte he wepe and wrong hir hond,
And in the bed the blody knyf he fond
By dame Custance; alas! what myghte she seye?
For verray wo hir wyt was at aweye.

To kyng Alla was toold at this meschance
And eek the tyme, and where, and in what wise
That in a ship was founed dame Custance,
As heerbisforn that ye han herd deyvyse.
The kynges herite of pitee gan ayyryst,
When he saugh so benigne a creature
Salle in disease, and in mysaventure:

For as the lomb toward his death is broght,
So stant this innocent before the kyng:
This false knyght that hath this tresoun wrought,
Berth hire on hond that she hath doon thys thyng;
But nathelees, ther was greet moonyng
Among the peple, and seyn, They han nat geese
That she had doon so greet a wikenednesse:

For they han seyn hire ever so vertuos,
And loyngue Hermengyl right as hir lyf.
Of this baar wittese everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermengyl sawe with his knyf.
This gentil kyng hath caught a greet motyf
Of this wittese, and thoughte he wolde enquer
Depper in this, a trouthe for to tere.

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champaion,
Ne figteth hantecow nocht, so welayly.
But he that starrd for our redempcioun,
And boond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champaion this day;
For, but if Crist open myraele kith,
Withouten gitt thou shalt be slayn as swithec.

She sit hire down on knees and thus she sayde:
Immortal God that savedest Susanne,
Fro false blame, and thou, merciful mayde,
Mary I meene, dochter to Seint Anne,
Bifore whos child angelys syngye Osanne,
If I be gilltees of this fenye
My socour be, or elles shal I dye!

Have ye nat seyn som tymte a pale face
Among a prees, of hym that hath be lad
Toward his death, wheres hym gat no grace,
And awich a colour in his face hath had,
Men myghte knowe his face, that was bistad,
Amongs alle the faces in that rose?
So stant Custance, and looketh hire aboute.

QUEENES, byynge in prosperiteit,
Duchesses, and ye ladyeys everychone,
Haveth som route in hire adversiteit;
Emperors dochter stant alone.
She hath no wight to whom to make her mone.
O blood roial, that stondeast in this dreede,
Fer been thy freendes at thy grete neke!

DIS Alla, kyng, hath awich compassion
As gentil herite is fulld of pitee,
That from his even ran the water doun.
Now hastily doe fecche a book, quod he,
And if this knyght wol aweren how that she
This womanne slow, yet wol we us aryse
Whoth that we wolde that shal been us justice.

A Briton book, written with Evaungiles
Was fet, and on this book he awoor anoon
She gitty was, and in the meene whitees
In hand hym smoot upon the nekke boone,
That doun he fil stenes as a stoon,
And beke his eyn braute out of his face
In sighte of every body in that place.
A voye was herd in general audience,
And seyde, Thou hast destanlaid, frillerles,
The doyghter of hooyle chyrche in heigh presence;
Thy hast toun doon, and yet holde I my pees.
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees;
As mazed folk they stoden everichone,
For drede of wretche, save Custance alone.

Greet was the drede, and eek the repentance,
Of hem that hadden wroge suspiccion
Upon this sy, innocent Custance;
And for this miracle, in conclusion,
And by Custances mediacion,
The kyng, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace!

This false kynght was slayn for his untrouthe
By judgement of Alla, hastily;
And yet Custance hadd of his deeth greet rousht;
And after this Theusa, of his mercy,
Mak Alle wedden, ful solemnymly,
This hooyle mayden, that is so smyle, and sheene;
And thus hath Crist ymaad Custance a queene.

BUT who was woful, if I shal nat lyte,
Of this weddying but Donegild, and na mo,
The kynges moeder, ful of tirannye
Hir thoughtes hir cursed herte brast atwo;
She wolde nought hir ouncen had do so.
Hir thoughtes a deapht, that hir shold take
So strange a creature unto his make.

[The list nat of the chief, nor of the stree
Makem so longe a tale as of the corn.
What shold me tellyn of the royltes
At mariage, or which cours golth biforn,
Who bloweth in a trumpe, or in an horn?
The fruit of evry tale is for to seye,
They ete, and drinken, and daunce, and synge, and pleye.

They goon to bedde, as it was shyle and right,
For thogh that wyve be ful hooyle thynge,
They mooste take in pacience at nght
Swiche manere necessaries as been pleynge
To folk that han wyeddmen with ryntges,
And leye a lyte hir hoolynesse aside,
As for the tyme, it may no betide.

On hir hit be a knaue, child anon,
And to a bishop, and his constable eke,
He took his wyf to kepe, when he is gon
To Scoddondard, his foemen for to sehe.
Now faire Custance, that is so humble and mehe,
Swich longe is goon with childe, til that stille
She sait hire chamble, abyding Cristes wile.

The tyme is come a knaue child she beere,
Mauricius at the fontstoone they hym calle.
This constable dooth forth come a messager,
And wroot unto his kyng, that cleped was Alle,
Now that this blisful tidying is biffalle,
And othere tidyinges spedeful for to seye.
He taketh the lettre, and forth he gooth his weye.

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His messager, to doon his advantace,
Unto the kynges moeder rideth swithe,
And salueth hire ful faire in his langage:
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and bithe,
And thanke the God an hundred thousand bithe,
My lady queene hath child, without doute,
To joye and bliss of all this regne aboute.

Lo, heere the lettres seled of this thynge,
That I moot bere with al the haste I may;
If ye wol ought unto youre sone the kyng,
Lam youre servant, both the nyght and day.
Donegild answere, As now, at this tyme, nay;
But heere al nyght I wol thou take thy reste,
Tomorwe wol I seye the what me leste.

His messager drank sadly ale and wyn,
And stollen were his lettres pryvely,
Out of his box, whil he slept as a swyne;
And countrefet was ful subtily
Another lettre, wrought ful synfully,
Unto the kyng direct of this mateere
Fro his constable, as ye shal after heere.

The lettres spak, The queene delivered was
Of so horrible a feendly creature,
That in the castel noon so hardy was
That any while dorate ther endure.
The moeder was an elf, by aventure
Wommen, by charmes or by sorcery,
And everich wight hatteth hir compaignye.

Wo was this kyng when he this lettre had seyn,
But to no wight he tolde his scrwes score,
But of his owene hand he wroot agayn,
Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermoore
To me, that am now lemed in his loore;
Lord, welcome be thy lusty and thy pleasaunce
My lust I putte al in thyyn ordinaunce.

Kepe this child, al be it foul or feir,
And eek my wyf unto myn hoomcomynge;
Crist, whan hym list, may sende me an heir
Moore agreeable than this to my lifynge.
This lettre be seleth, pryvely wepyngynne,
Which to the messager was take alone,
And forth he gooth; ther is na moore to doone.

MESSAGE, fulfild of dronkenesse!
Strong is thy breth, thy hynes faltren ay,
And thou bewreyest alle secrenenesse.
Thy mynde is lorn, thou janguest as ajay;
Thy face is tourned in a newe array!
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
Ther is no conseil hyd, withouten doute.

DONEGILD! I ne have noon English digne
Unto thy malice and thy tirannye,
And therfore to the feend I ther resigne,
La hym enditen of thy traitorye!
Fy, mannysh, fy! O nay, by God, I lye,
Fy, feendlych spirite, for I dar wel telle,
Thogh thou seere walke, thy spirite is in helte!

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The Man of Lawe his Tale

49
The Man of Law's Tale

This messenger cometh fro the kyng agayn,
And at the lynes moodes court he lighte;
And she was of this messenger ful fayn
And pleased hym, in al that ever she myghte.
He drank, and wel his girdel undergryth,
He slepeyth, and he soroth in his gyse
Al nyghte, until the sonne gan aryse.

Eft were his letters stolen everychon,
And countrefeted letters in this wyse:
The king commandeth his constable anon,
Up peyne of hangyng, and on heigh juyce,
That he ne sholde suffren, in no wyse,
Custance inwith her reame for tabyde
The dayes and a quarter of a tyde;
But in the same ship as he hire fond,
Hire and hir yonge Gone, and al hir geere
He sholde putte, and croude hire fro the lond,
And chargen hire she neuer eft coome theree!
O my Custance, wele may thy goost have seere
And aleyngye in thy dreem been in penance,
Whan Donegild cast al this ordinaunce.

This messenger on morowe, whan he woot,
Unto the castel halte the nexte waye,
And to the constable be the lettre tolde,
And whan that he this pitous lettre say,
Ful ofte he seyde. Alas! and weylaway!
Lord Crist, quod he, how may this world endure
So ful of synne is many a creature!

O myghty God, if that it be thy wille,
Sith thou art righful juge, how may it be
That thou wolst suffren innocents to spille,
And whilked folk regne in prosperitee?
O goode Custance, alas! so wo is he,
That I most be thy tormentour or dyee
On shames deeth; ther is noon oother wyse.

WEN BOTH EYE yonge & side in al that place,
Whan that the kyng this cursed lettre seente,
And Custance, with a deedly pale face,
The ferthe daye toward the ship she wente;
But nathely she thelthe in good entente
The wyf of Crist, and hymlynghe on the stronde,
She seyde, Lord! ay welcome be thy sonde!

Be that me hente fro the faulse blame,
While I was on the lond amonges you,
He han me hepe from harm and eek fro shame
In saltyssee, although I se nought how.
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.
In hym triste I, and in his mooder deere,
That is to me my seyl, and eek my steere.

Hir litel child lay wepping in hir arm,
And hymlynghe, pitously to hym she seyde,
Pees, litel Gone, I wol do thee noon harm.
With that hir kercheff of hir heed she breyde,
And over hire litel eyen she leyde,
And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
And into hevene hire eyen up she caste.

Mooder, quod she, and mayde bright, Marie,
Sooth is that thurgh womannes eggement
Mankynde was lorn, and dammed ay to dye,
For which this child was on a crows yrent;
Thy blisfull eyen sawe at his torment,
Channe is ther no comparison betwene
Thy wo and any wo man may sustene.

Thow sawe thy child yslayn before thyne eyen,
And yet now lyveth my litel child, parfay!
Now, lady bright, to whom alle woeful cryen
Thow gorie of wommanhede, thow faire may,
Thow hauen of refut, brighte sterre of day,
Rewe on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Ruest on every reweful in distresse.

O litel child, alas! what is thy gift,
That neere worghtest synne as yet, parde!
Why wil thin harde fader han thee spilt?
O mercy, dere constable, quod she,
As lat my litel child dwelle heer with thee;
And if thou darat nat saven hym, for blame,
Yet lye hym ones in his fadres name!

HERWIT she looked bakward to the londe,
And seythe, farewel, housbonde routhelen!
And up she riet, & walketh doun the stronde
Toward the ship, hir folwe on the prest,
And euer she preyeth hire child to hold his pees;
And taketh hir leve, and with an hooly entente,
She blissee hire and into ship she wente.

Vitaileth was the ship, it is no drede,
Pabundantly for hire, full longe space;
And other necessaries that sholde nepe
She hadde ynoh, beryed be Goddes grace!
For wynd and weyer, almyghty God purcace!
And bryng hire hoom, I kan no bettre seye;
But in the see she dryveyth forth hir weye.

Explicit secunda pars. Sequitur pars tercia.
The Man of Lawe

Onth gooth his shipp thurghout the narwe mouth
Of jubalare and Septe, dryvyngce ay,
Somtyme West and somtyme North and South,
And somtyme East, ful many a very day,
Th Cristes moorer, blessed be she ay!
Hath shapen, thurgh hir endless goodnesse,
To make an ende of all hir hevyngesse.
Whatus stynte of Cystance but a throuwe,
And speke we of the Romayne emperour,
That out of Surrye hath by lettrys knowe
The slaughter of cristens folk, and dishonour
Doon to his doghter by a fals traytour,
I ment the cursed whilked bowdaness,
That at the feeste teet sleen both moore and lesse;
For which this emperour hath sent aoon
His senator with roial ordinance,
And other lordes, God woot, many oon,
On Surryens to taken heigh vengeance.
They brennen, aleen, & bryngge hems to meanchance
Ful many a day: but, shortly, this is thende,
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.
This senator repaireth with victorie
To Romewode, sannyege ful roialy,
And mette the ship dryvyngge, as seith the storie,
In which Cystance sit ful pitously.
No thing ne knew he what she was, ne why
She was in swich array; ne she nyl seye
Of hire estaa, although she shold seye.
He bryngeth hire to Rome, and to his wyf
He yaf hire, and hir yonge bone also;
And with the senator she ladde hir lyf.
Thus kan oure lady bryngen out of wo
Wolful Cystance, and many another mo.
And longe tyme dwelled she in that place
In hoole werkes euer, as was hir grace.
The senatours wyf hir auntie was,
But for al that she knew hire never the moore:
I wol no lenger tarien in this cas,
But to kyng Alla, which I spak of yore,
That wepeth for his wyf and sitheth score,
I wol retourne, and lete I wol Custance
Under the senatours governance.

KYNG ALLA, which that hadde his mooder bylwyn,
Upon a day fil in swich repentance,
That, if I shortly tellen shal and playn,
To Rome he comth, to receyven his penance,
And putte hym in the popes ordinance,
In heigh and logh; and Jesu Crist bioghte
Foryeve his whilked werkes that he wroghte.
The fame anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla kyng shal come on pilgrimnage,
By herbergeours that wenten hym biforn;
For which the senator, as was usage,
Rood hym agayn, and many of his lynam,
The Man

As wel to shewen his heigne magnificence,
As to doon any lyng a reverence.

his Tale

Greet cheere dooth this noble senatour
To lyng Alla, and he to hym also;
Everich of hem dooth oother greet honoure;
And so biffel, that in a daye or two,
This senatour is to lyng Alla go
To feeste, and shortly, if I shal nat lye,
Custances some were in his compaignye.

Som men wold seyn, at requéste of Custance,
This senatour hath lod this child to feeste;
I may nat telle every circumstance,
Be as be may, ther was he at the leste;
But sooth is this, that at his mouldres heeste,
Biforn Alla, durynge the metes space,
The child stode, lookeynge in the kynges face.

This Alla kyng hath of this child greet wonder,
And to the senatour he seyde anon,
Who is that faire child that stondeth yonder?

I noot, quod he, by God and by Seint John;
A moodel he hath, but fader hath he noon
That I of woote; but shortly, in a stounde
He tolde Alla how that this child was founde.

But God woot, quod this senatour also,
So vertuous a lyvre in my lyf
Ne saughe I nevere as she, ne herd of mo
Of worldly woman, mayde ne of wyf;
I dar weyl seyn his hadre levere a knyf
Thurghout his brest, than ben a woman wilke.
There is no man houte bryngre hire to that prikke.

Now was this child a lyke unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be.
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and theron musest he,
If that the childes moodel were aught she
That is his wyf, and pryvetye he sighte
And speppde hym fro the table that he myghte.

Parfay! thoughte he, fantome is in myn heed!
Lyghte dene of skilful jugement,
That in the salte see my wyf is deeed;

And afterward he made his argument,
What woote I, if that Crist have hyder ysent
My wyf by see, as wel as he hire sente
To my contrec fro thremes that she wente?

And after noon, room with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chaunce.
This senatour dooth Alla greet honour,
And hastiflye he sente after Custance;
But truetele weyl, hire liete nat to daunce,
Whan that she wiste wherfore was that boorde;
Unnethe upon hire feet she myghte stonde.

Whan Alla saughe his wyf, faire he hire grette,
And weep, that it was routhe for to see;
For at the firste looke he on hire sett,

He knew wel verraily that it was she;
And she for sorwe as dount stant as a tree;
So was hir herte shet in hir diastresse
When she remembreth his unlykenesse.

Twyes she sworn in his owene sighte.
He weep, and hym excuseth pitously:
Now God, quyde he, and all his halwey brightes,
So wyssly on my soule as have mercy,
That of youre harm as gylteles am I,
As is Maurice my sone, so lyk your face;
Giles the frend me fechee out of this place!

Long was the sobbye and the bitter pynye,
Er that hir woeful hertes myghte cesse;
Greet was the pitee for to heere hem pleyne,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encreese.
I pray you all my labour to releas,
I may nat telle hir wo until tomorowre,
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finall, whan that the rothe is wist,
That Alla gylteles was of hir wo;
I trove an hundred tymes been they kist,
And swich a blisse is ther bitwix hem two,
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is noon lyk, that any creature
Hath seyn, or shal, whil that the world may dure.

The preythe sere heir housebonde metely,
In relief of hir longe pitous pynye,
That he wolde preye hir fader specially,
That of hir mageste he wolde enclyne
To vouchsauff som day with hym to dyne:
She preythe hym eeh he wolde by no wy dre
Unto hir fader ne word of hire seye.

Som men wold seyn how that the child Maurice
Dooth this message unto the emperour;
But, as I gesse, Alla was nat so nyce
To hym, that was of so sovereyn honour
As he that is of Cristen folk the flour,
Sente any child, but it is bet to deeme
He sente hymself, and so it may well seeme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dyne, as he hym bissoughte;
And well redde I, he looked blythy
Upon this child, and on his doghter thoghthe.
Alla gath to his in, and, as hym oghte,
Arrayed for this feeste in every wise,
As ferforth as his honnyng may suffise.

The morwe cam, and Alla gan hym dresse,
And eek his wyf, this emperour to meete;
And forth they ryde in joye and in gladnesse;
And whan she saughe hir fader in the strete,
She lighte down and falleth hym to feete:

Fader, quyde she, youre yonge child, Custance,
Is now ful clene out of youre remembrance.

I am your doghter Custance, quyde she,
That whilom ye han sent unto Surrye.
It am I, fader, that in the satte see
Was put allone, and dammeped for to dye.
Now, goode fader, mercy, I pow crie!
Sende me namore unto noon hetheneisse,
But thon helth my lord heere of his kyndesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen al
Bitwixe hem thre, syn they been thus ymette?
But of my tale make one end I shal;
The day goth faste, I wol no lenger lette.
This glade folk to dyner they hem sette;
In joye and blisse at mete I let hem dwelle,
A thousand foldes wel more than I kan telle.

This chiel Maurice was sithen emperour
Maid by the pope and lyved kyristensyt.
To Cristes chiche he dide great honoure;
But I let al his storie pasen by;
Of Custance is my tale specially.

This kyng Alia, when he his tyme say
With his Custance, his hoothe wyf so sweet,
To Engelond been they come the righte way,
Makynge they lyve in joye and in quiete;
But litel while it lasteth, I yow heete,
Joye of this world, for tyne wol nat abyde;
For day to nytght it changeth as the tyde.

Who lyved evere in swich delit a day
That hym ne mooved oother conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kynde affray,
Envye, or pride, or passion, or offente?
I ne seye but for this end this sentence,
That litel while in joye or in plesaunce
Lasteth the blyse of Alia with Custance;

For death, that taketh of heigh and logh his rente,
When passed was a yeer, evunc as I gease,
Out of this world this kyng Alia he hente,
For whiche Custance hemmed ful grete hevenesse.
Now let us praye to God his soule blesses:
And dame Custance, finallly to seye,
Toward the toun of Rome goth bir weye.

To Rome is come this hoothe creature,
And fyndeth ther hire frendes hoole and sounde:

Now is she scape to hire aventure;
And whan that she hire fader hath yfounde,
Doum on hire kneetes falleth she to grounde;
Wepynge for tendresesse in her blithe,
She heryth God an hundred thousand sithe.

In vertu and in hooly almes-sede
They lyven alle, and nevyr asonder wende;
Til death departed hem this lyf they lede.
And fareth now weel, my tale is at ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his myght may unde,
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that been in this place!
Amen.

Here endeth the Tale of the Man of Lawe.

Next foloth the Shipman his prologue.

Our Host upon his stiropes stode anon,
And sedyde, Good men, herketh, everyon;
This was a thryffty tale for the nones!

Sir Parish Prest, quod he, for Goddes bones,
Telle us a tale, as ther is thy forward yore;
I se wel that ye lerned in lore
Can moche good, by Goddes dignite.

O quod he, proue him answere, Benedicite!
What eyleth the man, so sinnedly to svere?

Our Host answere, O Tankyn, bey the ther;
I esmele a Loker in the wynd, quod he.
How! good men, quod our Hoste, herketh me,
Abydeth, for Goddes dignit, passyon,
For we shal ha a predication;
This Loker here wyll prechen us somwhat.

Nay, by my fader soule! that shal he nat!
Seyde the Shipman; here shal he nat preche;
He shal no gospel glosen here ne teche.
We leven alle in the grete God, quod he,
He welde aowen som differenc;
Or splynge coltel in oure elenc corn;
And therfore, Hoste, I warne the bifom,
My joly body shal a tale telle,
And I shal clynken yow so sere a belle,
That I shal wahte in this companye;
But it shal nat ben of philosophye.

Now is she scape al hiring, and fyndeth ther hire frendes hoole and sounde:

Then is worth is al the chiere and reverence,
That men hem doon at festes & at daunces;
Swich saluacions and contenaunces
Pasen as doon a shadowe upon the wal.
But wo is hym that payen moot for al;

The sey housbonde, algate he moste paye;
He moot us clothe, and he moot us arraye,
Al for his owene worship richely,
In which arraye we daunc ye jolyly,
And if that he moot may, paravenure,
Of this yere, how that it with him stood,
And how that he despended hadde his good;
And if that he encressde were or noon.
His booke and his bagge many oon
He leit biforn hym on his countery by bord,
Ful riche was his tresor and his hord,
For whil ful faate his coutour dore he shette;
And ehe he nole that no man sholde hym lette
Of his acountes, for the meene tym;
And thus he sit til it was passyd pryme.

D'AUN JOHN was ryen in the morwe also,
And in the gardyn walleth to and fro,
And hath his thyngez send ful curteisly;
This gode wyf cam walkyng pryvely
Into the gardyn, there he walketh softe,
And hym salweth, as she hath doon ofte.
A mayde child cam in hire compaigny,
Which as hit list she may goweme and gyre,
For yet under the yerde was the mayde.

O deere coysyn myn, Daun John, she sayde,
What eyleth yow, so rathe for to ryse?
Nece, quod he, it oghte ymough suffise
Fyve houres for to slepe upon a nyght,
But it were for an old appalied wight,
As been thise wedded men, that lyve and dare
As in a fourme sitt a wyny hare,
Were al arefrostathe with houndes grete & smale.
But deere nece, why be ye so pale?
I trowe certes that oure gode man
Hath pow labourde with the nyght bigan,
That yow were nede to resten hastily.
And with that word he loughe ful muryly,
And of his owene thought he war al reed.

This faire wyf gan for to shakere hit heede,
And sayde thus: ye, God woot al, quod she;
Nay, coysyn myn, it stant nat so with me,
For, by that God that yaf me soule and lyf,
In al the realawe of france is ther no wyf
That lasse lust hath to that sory pleye.
For I may synge Alas and weylawey
That I was born; but to no wyght, quod ahe,
Dar I nat tell how that it stant with me,
Wherfore I thinke out of this land to wende,
Or elles of myself to make an ende,
So ful am I of dreyde and eht of care.

B'IS monk bigan upon this wyf to stare,
And sayde, Alas, my nece, God forbide
That ye, for any szerwe or any dreyde,
Forde youself; but tell me of youre grieve;
Daraventury may, in youre meeschef,
Conseille or helpe; and therefore tellyth me
Al youre anoye, for it shal been secre;
For on my porthore here I make an oath
That neuer in my lyf, for lief ne looth,
Ne shal I of no conseile yow bwyre.

The same agayn to yow, quod she, I seye;
By God and by this porthore, I yow swere,
Though men me wolde al into pieces tere,
Ne shal I neve, for to goon to helle.
Bwyre, a word of thynge that ye me telle,
Nat for no coysynge nae alliance,
But verrailly for love and affiance.

Chus been they sworn, & herrer upon they histe,
And eth of hem tolde oothir what hem list.

But Cousyn, quod she, if that I hadde a space,
As I have noone, and namely in this place,
Thenne Wolde I tellle a legende of my lyf,
What I haue siffred sieth I was wyf
With myn housbonde, al be ye youre cousyn.

Nay, quod this mon, by God & Seint Martyn!
He is na moore cousyn unto me
Than is this leaf that hangeth on the tree.
I lepte hym so, by Seint Denys of Fraunce!
To haue the moost cause of aquestancyne
Of yow, which I have loved specially,
Above alle wommen sikerly;
This swere I yow on my professioun.

Telleth youre grief lest that he come adown,
And haaste yow, and gooth youre wyf anon.

My deere love, quod she, O my Daun John,
full lief were me this conseil for to hyde,
But out it moot, I may namore abyde.

Myn housbonde is to me the worste man
That euer was, sieth that the world biggan.
But sieth I am a wyf, it sit nat me
To telleth no wight of oure prievete,
Neither a bedde, ne in noon oother place;
God shilde I sholde it telle, for his grace!
A wyf ne shal nat seyn of hir housbonde
But al honour, as I kan understande;
Save unto yow, this muche I tellen shal;
As helpe me God, he is noght worth at al
In no degree the value of a lyfe;
But yet me greveth moost my nygardye.
And wel ye woot that wommen naturally
Desire thyngeis seie, as wel as I;
They wolde that hir housbonde shoulde be
Hardy and wise, and riche, and therre free,
And buxom to his wyf, and frendly shede.
But, by that like Lord that for us bledde,
For his honour, myself for to arraye,
A Sunday next, I moute nede peye
An hundred frankes, or ellis I am lom; yet
Were me levere that I were unborne
Than me were doon a sclaudrede or vileynye;
And if myn housbonde eeh it myghete copye,
I mere but lost, and therfor I yow preye,
Lene me this somme, or else me I deye.
Daun John, I seye, lene me this hundred frankes;
Pardes, I wol nat faille yow my thankes,
If that yow list to doon that I yow preye;
For at a certeyn day I wol yow paye,
And doon to yow what pleasure and service
That I may doon, right as yow list devise.
And but I do, God take on me vengeance
He fowle as evere hadde Genyloun of France!

HIS gentil monk answereth in this manere:
Now trewey, myn owene lady deere,
I haue, quod he, on yow so greet a routhe,
That I yow were, and plighe yow my trouthe,
That when yowre housbonde is to Flaudres fare,
I wol delyesse yow out of this care;
For I wol bryng yow an hundred frankes.
And with that word he caught hire by the flanke,
And hire embraceth harde, and histe hire ofte.

Gooth nowyore wyf, quod he, al stille & softe,
And lat us dyne as soone as that ye may;
For by my chylendre it is pryme of day.
Gooth now, and beeth as trewe as I shal be.

Now, elles God forbide, sire, quod she,
And forthe she gooth, as jolfe as a pye,
And bad the cookes that they shoulde hem hye,
So that men mghte dyne, and that anon.
Up to hir housbonde is this wyf ygon,
And knolde heth at his countourt boldely.

Who is ther? quod he. Peter! it am I,
Quod she; what, aire, how longe wol ye faste?
How longe tymne wol ye retene and caste
Youre sommes, & youre booke, & youre thyngeis?
The deede have part on alle swiche renkyngeis?
Ye have ynoogh, pardes, of Goddes sonde;
Com doun today, and lat youre bages stonde.
Ne be ye nat ashamed that Daun John
Shal fastynig at this day elenge goon?
What! lat us here a messet, and go we dyne.

Thye, quod this man, itel hanstowe devyne
The curious bisygnese that we have;
For of us champeyn, also God me save,
And by that lord that clepid is Seint Yve,
Scarely amenges twelve, ten shul thryve
Continuusly, lastynge unto oure age.
We may wel make chiere and good wyne,
And dryve forth the world as it may be,
And kepem oure estaat in prievete
Til we be deed; or elles that we playe
A pilgrymeage, or goon out of the wyne.
And therfore have I gret necessitee
Upon this quyntye world tayse me;
For everemore we moote stonde in drede
Of hap and fortune in oure chammanhe.
To Flaudres wol I go to more at day,
And come again, as soone as evere I may,
For which, my deere wyf, I thes biolke
He be to every wight buxom and mele,
And for to kepem oure good be curius,
And honestly governe wel oure hous.
Thou hast ynoogh in every manerwise,
That to a thristy houshould may suffie;
Thee laketh noon array ne no vitaille,
Of alwyr in thy purs shaltow nat faille.

And with that word he countourt doche abette,
And doun he gooth, no lenger wolde he lette;
But hastily a mesa was ther seyd,
And speedily the tables were yleyd,
And to the dyner faste they hem spedde,
And richely this monk the champan fedde.

Caffe dyner Daun John sobrely
This champan took apart, and privily
He seyd hym thus: Cosyn, it standeth so,
That wel I se to Bruges wol ye goe.
God and Seint Austyn specke yow and gyde!
I prey yow, cosyn, wiselie that ye ryde;
Governeth yow al of youre dilete
Atemprely, and namely in this hete.
Bitwix us two nedeth no strange fare;
Farewel cosyn, God shilde yow fro care.
If anything ther be by day or nyght,
If it lyce in my power and my myght,
That ye me wol commande in any wyse,
The Shipman's Tale

It shall be done, right as ye wol denye.
O thyng, er that ye goon, if it may be:
I wolde prey yow for to lene me
An hundred frankes, for a wyke or twyne,
For certain beesetes that I moste beye,
To stoope with a place that is oures;
God helpe me so, I wolde that it were youres.
I nat saliaille surely at my day,
Nat for a thousand frankes, a mile way.
But lat this thyng be secre, I yow preye,
For yet toghte thi beesetes moot I beye,
And fare now wel, myn owene coseyn deere,
Grane mercy of your cost and of your cheere!
This noble marchant gentilly anon
Answere, and syeke, O cosyn myn, Daun John,
Now sikerly this is a small requeste;
My gold is youres, whan that it yow leste,
And nat onely my gold, but my chaffere;
Take what yow liust, God abilde that ye sare.
But O thyngs, ye knowe it well ynowgh,
Of chapmen, that hir monete is hir ploegh;
We meycresse whil we have a nam,
But goldlettes for to be, it is no game;
Paye it again when it list in your use,
After my myght ful favere wolde I yow pleese.
This hundred frankes he fette hym forthanon,
And privily he took him to Daun John;
No wight in al this world wiste of this loone,
Savynge this marchant and Daun John alonce.
They drynke, and speke, & romen awnele, & pleye;
Til that Daun John rideth to his abbeye.
Che morwe cam, and forth this marchant rideth
To flaundresward; his prentys wel hym gydeth,
Til he cam into Bruges muurly.
Now gooth this marchant faste and bisly
Aboute his nede, and byeth and creaneceth;
He neithyr pleeth at the dees, ne daunceeth;
But as a marchant, shortely for to telle,
He let his lyf, and there I lete hym dwelle.

The Sonday next this marchant was agayn,
To Seint Denys ycomen is Daun John,
With crowne and berde all freshe and newe yowhere.
In al the hous ther nas so litel a knave,
Ne no wight elles, that he nas ful favere
For that my lord Daun John was come agayn.
And shortely, to the point right for to gon,
This faire wyf accorded with Daun John
That for this hundred frankes he abode alnyght
Have hire in his armes bolt uprigh,
And this acord parfourned was in dede.
In myrthe al nyght a bisly lyf they lede
Til it was day, that Daun John wente his way,
And bad the myncye, farewel, have good day!
For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toune,
Fate of Daun John right no suspicioun,
And forth he rydheth hom to his abbeye,
Or where hym list; namore of hym I seye.

This marchant, when that ended was the faire,
Secon, To Seint Denys he gan for to repaire,
And with his wyf he maketh feeste and cheere,
And telleth hire that chaffere is so deere

That nedes moste he make a chevyssaunce;
For he was bounde in a reconnysance,
To paye twenty thousand sheeld anon;
For which this marchant is to Darwe gon,
To borowe of certain frendes that he hadde
Herteyme frankes; and somme with him he ladde.
And whan that he was come into the toune,
For great chierly and great affectioune,
Unto Daun John he gooth hym first, to pleye;
Nat for to axte or borowe of hime moneye,
But for to wise and seen of his welfare,
And for to tellen hym of his chaffere,
As frendes doon when they been met yeere.

Daun John hym makketh feeste & murye cheere,
And he hym tolde agayn, ful specially,
Dow hed he wel yboght and graciouly,
Thanked be God! at hoo hir marchandise:
Save that he mooste, in alle maner wise,
Maken a chevyssaunce, as for hir beste,
And thanne he abode been in joye and reeste.
Daun John answere, Certes I am fayn,
That ye in heele ar comen hom agayn,
And if that I were riche, as hie I blesse,
Of twenty thousand and aeheld abode ye nat myssae,
For ye so hynedly this oother day
Lente me gold; and as I han and may
I thanke yow, by God and by Seint Jame!
But nathelles I took unto oure dame,
Yore wyf, at hom, the same gold agayn
Upon youre bench; she woote it wel, certeyn,
By certeyn tokenes that I kan yow telle.
Now, by youre leve, I may no lenger dwelle;
Oure abbot woote out of this toune anon,
And in his compaignynge moot I goon.
Gret e wel oure dame, myn owene nece sweete,
And farewel, dere coseyn, til we meete!

115 marchant, which that was ful war & wyse,
Crecnated hath, and payde ech in Darwe
To certeyn Lumbarde, redy in hir hond
The somme of gold, and hadd of hime his bond;
And hoom he gooth, murne as a papejary,
For wel he knewe he stood in avich array
That nedes moste he wyinne in that viage
A thousand frankes above al his costage.

This wyf ful reede mette hym atte gate,
As she was won of ooth usage algate,
And al that nyght in myrthe they bissete;
For he was riche and cleere out of dette.
Whan it was day, this marchant gan embrace
His wyf al newe, and kiste hire on his face,
And up he gooth and makte it ful tough.

Namore, quod she, by God, ye have ynooth!
And wantowly agayn with hym she pleyde;
Til atte laste, thus this marchant seye:

By God, quod he, I am a litel wrooth
With yow, my wyf, although it be me looth.
And yow ty why? By God, as that I gesse,
That ye han mad a manere straunegenesse
Biwixen me and my coseyn Daun John;
Ye abode han warned me, or I had gon,
That he yow hade an hundred frankes payed
By redy toke; and heeld hym yvele apayed,
For that I to hym spak of chevyssaunce;
Me semed so as by his contenaunce,
But nathless, by God, oure hevene lyng,
I thoughte nat to axen hym no thyng,
I prey thee, wyf, ne do namore so;
Tell me alwey, er that I fro thee go,
If any dettour hath in myn absence
Wyved thee; lest, thurgh thy negligence,
I myghte hym axe a thinge that he hath payed.

HIS wyf was nat afered nor affrayed,
But boldely she seyde, and that anon:
Marie, I defie the false monk, Daun John!
I hope nat of his tokenes never a deel,
He took me certeyn gold, that woot I well.
What! yvel thedowm on his monks smowte!
For, God it woot, I wende, withoute doutte,
That he hadde yeve it me bycause of yow,
To doon therwith myn honour and my prow,
For cosynage, and eek for beete cheere
That he bath had ful ofte tymes cheere.
But alth I se standalone in this disjoynt,
I wolt answe: yeve shortly, to the poynyt.
Ye han mo slakhre dettours than am I,
For I wol paye yow wel and redily.
Fro day to day; and if so be I falle,
I am youre wyf; score it upon my taille,
And I shal as soo as soo er I may;
For by my trouthe, I have on myn array,
And nat on wat, bistowed every deel.
And for I have bistowed it so wel
For youre honour, for Goddes sake, I seye,
He be nat worth, but lat us laugh and playe.
Ye shal my joly body have to wedde;
By God! I wol nat paye yow but abedde.
Forgyve it me, myn owene spouse deer;
Turne hiderward, and maketh bettre cheere!

This marchant saught ther was no remedie,
And for to chide, it nere but greet folie,
Sith that the thyng may nat amended be.
Now, wyf, seye, and I forseve it thee,
But by thy lyf, ne be namore so large;
Kepe bet cure good, that yeve I thee in charge.
Thus endeth now my tale, and God us sende.

Cailleynge ynoogh unto oure lyves ende.
Amen. Here endeth the Shipmanes Tale.

Bihoolde the murye wordes of the Hooste to the Shipman, and to the lady Prioresse.

CL seyde! by corpus dominus, quod our Hooste;
Now longe moote thou balle by the coste,
Sire gentil maister, gentil marynyer!
God yeve this monk a thousand last quade.

H ha! felawe, beth ware of swiche a yape!
The monk putte in the mannes hood an ape,
And in his wyves ech, by Seint Austyn!
Dreweth no monke moore unto youre in.
But now passe over, and let us seke aboute,
Who shal now telle first, of all this route,
Another tale; and with that word he sayde,
As curteisly as it had ben a mayde,
My lady Prioresse, by youre leve,
So that I wiste I sholdo yow nat greve,
I wolde demen that ye telen sholdo.
A tale next, if so were that ye wolde.
Now wol ye vouchesauf, my lady deere?
Glady, quod she, and seyde as ye shal here.

The prologue of the Prioresses Tale.

Domine, dominus noster.

LORD, oure Lord, thy name
Now merveilous
Is in this large world yspread,
Quod she;
For nought onely thy laude
Pretious
Darfourned is by men of
Dignite,
But by the mouth of chil-der thy bountee
Darfourned is; for on the brent soulynge
Somtyme shewen theyn herynge.

Wherefore in laude, as I best han or may,
Of thee, and of the white lylye flour
Which that thee bar, and is a mayde alway,
To telle a storie I wol do my labour;
Nat that I may encreasen hir honour;
For shee hirselfe is honour, and the roote
Of bountee, next hir sone, and soules boote.

O moother mayde! O mayde moother fre!
O busshe unbrent, brenynge in Myyses sicht,
That ravesest dent doun fro the Deitee,
Thurgh thy humbleste, the goost that in that-
ligte;
Of whoes vertu, whan he thy herynge,
Conceved was the padres sapience,
Helpe me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy grete hurnylite
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For somtyme, lady, er men praye to thee,
Thou goost biforn of thy bengoynyte,
And getes us the lyghte thurgh thy preyer,
To gyden us unto thy sone so deere.

My honnyng is so wayk, O blissful queene,
For to declare thy grete worthynesse,
That I ne may the weight nat suscene,
But as a child of twelfe monythe old or lease,
That han unmethes any word expresse.
Right so fare L, and therfore I yow preye,
Gydeth my songe that I shalo of yow seye.
A litel secole of cristene folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
Children an heepe, ycomen of cristene blood,
That lermed in that secole yere by yere
Swich manere doctrine as men used therethere,
This is to seyn, to syngen and to rede,
As smale children doon in hire childhede.

Among thise children was a wydwe sone,
A litel clergeon, seven yere of age,
That day by day to secole was his wone,
And eek also, whereas he baugh thymeage
Of Cristene moode, withke he in usage,
As hym was taught, to knele adown and seye
His Ave Marie, as he goth by the wyeye.

Thus hath this wydwe hir litel sone ytaught
Our blissful lady, Cristene moder deere,
To worship ay, and he forgot it taught,
For seyly child wealday boonely leere;
But ay, whan I remembre on this mateere,
Seint Nicholas stant eere in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence.

This litel child, his litel book lernynghe,
As he sat in the secole at his prymer,
He Alma redemtoris hevde synge.
As children lerned hire anthiphoner;
And, as he dorete, he droueth hym ner and ner,
And herketh ay the wordes and the noote,
Til he the firste vere houede at by rote.

Noght wiste he what this Latyn was to sye,
For he so yong and tredwe was of age;
But on a day his felawe gan he preye.
Texpounden hym this song in his langage,
Or telle him why this song was in usage:
This preyte he hym to construe and declare
 ful ofteyn time upon his knowse bare.

His felawe, which that elder was than he,
Answerde hym thus. This song I have herd seye,
Was made ofoure blisful lady free,
Hire to salue, and eek hire for to preye.
To been oure help and accour when we deye;
I han na moore expounde in this materere,
I lerne song, I han but smal grammeere.

And is this song made in reuerence
Of Cristes moorder? seyde this innocent;
Now certes, I wol do my diligence
To honge if al, er Cristemasse be went;
Though that I for my prymr shal be ahe, And shall be beter than in an houre,
I wol it honge, oure lady to honoure!

His felawe taughte hym homward privelty
Fro day to day, til he honge it by rote,
And thame he song it wel and boldely
Fro word to word, accordynge with the note;
Twise a day it passeth throug his throte,
To scowward and homward when he wente;
On Cristes moorder set was his entente.

As I have seyd, thurghout the Jewerie
This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
Ful meryly than wolde he syngye and criye
O Alma redemtoris, everemo.
The swettenesse hath his herte perceid so
Of Cristes moorder, that, to honge he preye.
He han nat stynte of syngye by the wyse.

CRETE fyrste foo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes neast,
Up swale, and seide, O neybryke peple, alias!
Is this to yow a thynge that is honest,
That swich a boy shal walchen as hym lest
In youre despit, and syngye of swich sente,
Which is agayn youre lawes reverence?

Fro themes forth the Jewes han conspired
This innocent out of this world to chace;
An honmode therto han they byryed,
That in an aleye hadde a prive place;
And as the child gan forby for to pace,
This cursed Jew hym hente and heeld hym faste,
And hitte his throte, and in a pit hym caste.

I seye that in a wardrode they hym threwe
Whereas thise Jewes purgen hire entaille.
CURSED folk of Herodes at newe!
What may your yevel entente youe avaye?
Mordre wol out, certeyn, if wol nat faille,
And namely, ther thronour of God shal sperde,
The blood out crieth on your cursed dede.

O martir, sowded to virginitie,
Now maystow syngen, folwymge evre in oon
The white Lamb celestial, quod she,
Of which the grete Evangeliast, Seint John,
In Pathmos wrooth, which beith that they that goon
Biforn this Lamb, and syngye a song al newe,
That nevere, fleshly, wommen they ne linewe.

THIS poure wydwe awithet al that nyght
After his litel child, but he cam noght;
For which, as soone as it was dayes lyght,
With face pale of drede and bissy thought:
She hath at scole and elsewhere hym soght;
Til finall she gan so fer espie
That he last seyn was in the Jewerie.

With moodros pitee in his brest enclosed,
She gooth, as she were half out of his mynde,
To every place where she hath supposed
By likelhede his litel child to fynde;
And evere on Cristes moorder meke and kynde
She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroghte,
Among the cursed Jewes she tym scepte.

She frayneyth and she preyeth pitously
To every Jew that dwelle in thilke place,
To telle hire if his child wente oght forby.
They seyde Nay, but theu of his grace,
Yaf in his thought, inwith a litel space,
That in that place after her gone she cryde,
Where he was casten in a pit by seye.

GRETE God, that parfoure me thy laude
By mouth of innocents, lo heere thy myghty!
This gemme of chantye, this emeraude,
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he, with throte ylkenen, lay upright,
He Alma redemtoris gan to syngye
So loudye, that al the place gan to ryngye!

The cristene folk that thurgh the strete wente,
In crowd, for to wondere upon this thyng;
And hastily they for the provost sente;
He cam anon, withouten taryng,
And hereth Crist that is of hevyn Kyng,
And eek his moorder, honour of mankynde,
And after that, the Jewes leet he bynde.

This child, with pitous lamentacion,
Auptaken was, syngyng his song alway;
And with honour of grete procesioun
They caryen hym unto the next abbaye.
His moorder shouwynge by the beere lay;
Annethe myghte the peple that was theere
This newe Rachele byryng fro his beere.
With torment, and with shameful death eaten,
This provost dooth three Jewes for to strive
That of his mordre wiste, and that anon;
He holde no swich sereenesse observe,
Yvele shal have, that yvele wol deserve,
Therfore with wilde hors he dide hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem, by the lawe.

Upon his beere ay lith this innocent
Biforn the chief ater, whil masse laste,
And after that, the abbate with his covent
Hau sped hem for to buriyn hym ful laste;
And when they hooly water on hym caste,
Yet opak this child when anpreyd was hooly water,
And song, O Alma redemptoris mater!

This abbate, which that was an hooly man,
As monkes been, or elles oghten be,
This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
And seyde, O deere child, I halese thee,
In verru of the hooly Trinite,
Tene what is thy cause for to syngye,
Sith that thy throte is kyt, to my semyngye?

My throte is kyt unto my neke boone,
Seyde this child, and, as by wey of hynde,
I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tymye ayeon;
But Jesu Crist, as ye in bookes synde,
Wilt hat his glorie laste, and be in mynde,
And, for the worship of his moother deere,
Yet may I syngye O Alma, loude an cleere.

This wellis of mercy, Cristes moother sweete,
I loved alwey, as after my konynge,
And when that I my lyf sholde foriste,
To me she cam, and bad me for to syngye
This antheme verenely in my deyngye;
As ye han herd, and when that I halde songe,
Methought she leyde a greyn upon my tonge:

Werfore I syngye, and syngye I moost certeyn
In honoure of that blissful mayde fre,
Til fro my tonge taken is the greyn;
And afterward thys seyde she to me,
My litel child, now wol I fecche thee
When that the greyn is fro thy tonge ytake;
Be nat agais, I wol thee nat forsale.

This hooly monke, this abbate, hym neeme I,
His tonge outcaughte, and took away the greyn.
HEERE BIGNETH CHAUCERS TALE OF THOPAS

The First Fit.

Inchauncres, al byonde the see,
Ar Poperung, in the place;
His fader was a man ful free,
And lord he was of that contrey,
As it was Goddes grace.

Sire Thopas was a doghty swayn;
Whit was his face as payndemayn,
His lippes rede as rose;
His rede is lyk a scarlet in grayn,
And I yow telle in good certayn
He hadde a semely nose.

His heer, his hert, was lyk saffroun,
That to his girdle raughte adoun;
His shoon of corowane,
Of Bruges were his hosen browne,
His robe was of sylakouts.

That cobste many a jone.

He koude hunte at wilde deer,
And ride an haukyng for river
With grey gooshaunte on bonde;
Therto he was a goodarcher,
Of wraetyng was ther noon his peer,
Ther any ram shal stonde;
Ful many a mayde, bright in bour,
They moone for hym, paramour,

BAN sayd at this miracle, every man
As sobre was, that wonder was to se,
Til that oure hoostes jape on the bigan,
And thanne at erst he looked upon me,
And seide thus: What man artow? quod he;
Thou lookeast as thou woldest fynde an hare;
For euer upon the ground I se thee stare.

Approche her, and looke up murly,
Now war yow, sires, and lat this man have place;
He in the waast is shape as wel as I;
This were a pope in an arm tenbrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He semeth elysesh by his contenance,
For unto no wight dooth he daiaunce.

Say now somwhat, gyng oother folk han sayd;
Telle us a tale of myrthe, and that anon.
Sire Thopas wolde out ride;
He wrought upon his steede grayn,
And in his hand a lunccegayn,
A long sword by his side.

He priketh thurgh a fair forest,
Therinne is many a wilde beast,
Ye, bothe bukke and hare;
And as he priketh north and est
I telle it yow, hym hadde alms
Bittide a sorry care.

Ther sryngynge herbes grete and smale,
The lycyrs and cetewale,
And many a clowe/yplefre;
And notemuge to putte in ale,
Whether it be moyste or stale,
Or for to ley in cofre.

The bridges syenge, it is no nay,
The saphauke and the papejayn,
That joye it was to here;
The thristelcoks made ech his lay,
The wodedowe upon the spray
She sang full loude and cleere.

Sire Thopas fel in love/longynge
Al whan he herde the thristel syenge,
And pryked as he were wood;
His faire astede in his pryngenge
So swatte that men myghte him wryngenge,
His ayde was al blood.

Sire Thopas ek so very was
For prikyng on the softe gras.
Chaucer's Tale of Thopas

So here was his courage,
That doun he leyde him in that plas
To make his steede som solas,
And yaf hym good forage.

Of seinte Marie, benedicte!
What cyleth this love at me
To bynde me so sore?
Me droned at this night, pardee,
An Elf-queene shal my leman be
And stepe under my goore.
An Elf-queene wol I love, wyse,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my make
In towe;
Alle othere wommen I forsake,
And to an Elf-queene I me take
By dale and eek by dwayne.

In his sade he clamb anoon,
And priketh over stile and stoon
An Elf-queene for teappye;
Til he so longe hadde riden and goon
That he foond, in a pryse woon,
The contree of Fairye
So wild;
For in that contree was thon noon
That to him borne wyn dhe or goon,
Neither wyf he child;
Til that ther cam a greet geant,
His name was sire Olfaunte,
A perilous man of dede;
He seyde, Child, by Termagant!
But if thou prike out of myn haunt,
Anon I sle thy steede
With mace;
Here is the queene of Fayerye,
With harpe, and pipe, and symphony,
Dwellynge in this place.

CHilde seyde, Also moote I thee!
Tomorrow wol I meete thee
When I have myn armoire.
And yet I hope, par ma fay,
That thou shalt with this launcegay
Abyen it fule sowre;
Thy mawe
Shal I perceem, if I may,
Er it be fully pryme of day,
For here thou shalt be slawe.

Sire Thopas drowe abak ful faste;
This geant at hym stone caste
Out of a fel stafelynge;
But faire escapeth sire Thopas;
And al it was thurgh Goddes gras,
And thurgh his fair byrynge.

ET listeth, lordes, to my tale
Murier than the nightynge,
For now I wol yow rone
Now sire Thopas with sydes smale,
Prykynge over hill and dale,
Is come agayn to towne.
His murye men comanded he
To make hym both game and glee,
For nedes moote he fighte
With a geant with hevedes three,

For paramour and jolitee
Of oon that shoon ful brighte.
Do come, he seyde, my mynstrales,
And geants for to tellen tales,
Anon in myn armynge;
Of romances that been roialtes
Or popes and of cardinales
And eek of loveslynyge.

They fette hym first the sweete wyn,
And mede eek in a mazelyn,
And roial spicerye
Of syngnebred that was ful fyn,
And lycorys, and eek comyn,
With sugye that is so trye.
He dide next his white leere
Of clooth of lake, fyn and cleere,
A breech and eek a sherte;
And next his sherte an aketoun,
And over that an haubergeoun
For perynge of his herte;
And over that a fyn hawberk,
Was al ywroght of Jewes werk,
Ful strong it was of plate;
And over that his coet armour,
As whet as is a lyf-flour,
in which he wol debate.
His sheeld was al of gold so reed,
And therinne was a bores heed,
A charbollte shryde;
And there he swoor, on ale and breed,
Now that the geant shal be deed,
Biyde what byrdye!
His jameux were of quyroslyt,
His swerd shette of yvory,
His helm of laton bright;
His sade was of rewel boon;
His broyle as the sonne shoon,
Or as the moone light.
His spere it was of fyn eipre,
That bodeth were, and notinge pees,
The heed ful sharpe yrgrounde;
His steede was al dappel gray,
It gooth an ambl in the way
Ful softlyly and rounde
In londe.

Oo, lordes myne, here is a fit!
If ye wol any moore of it,
To telle it wol I fonde.

The Second Fit.

Ooh holde youre mouth, par charitee,
Bothekynght and lady free,
And herketh to my apelle;
Of batailles and of chivalry,
And of ladies love-druery,
Anon I wol yow telle.
Men speken of romances of prys,
Of Hornchild, & of Ypota,
Of Bevis and of sir Cy,
Of sir Lebeux and Plegyndamour;
But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of roial chivalry!
HIS Godd steede al he bistrood,
And forth upon his wyf he rood,
As apare out of the bronde;
Upon his creast he bar a tour,
And therinne attik a lillie flour,
God shilde his cors fro shonde!
And for he was a myghty aunsent,
He molde slept in noen hous,
But laggen in his hoode;
His brighte helm was his wonger,
And by hym baiething his dextre
Of herbes fyne and goode.
Bymsel dwynke water of the well,
As did the knight sire Derevel,
So worthi under wede;
Till on a day . . .

Here the Hoost aymythe Chaucer of his Tale of Chopaes &c.

By moore of this, for Goddes dignite
Quod oure Hoost le, for thou
Mayst keaste
So very of thy verray lewednesse
That, also wisty God my sole
blessed.
Myn eres akin of thy drauste speche,
Now swych a ryme the lewe! I bicehe!
This may wel be rym dogerel, quod he.
Why so? quod I; why wittow lette me
Moore of my tale than another man,
Syn that it is the beste ryme I han.
By God, quod he, for plea at a word,
Thy drasty rymyng is nat worth a toord;
Thou dost noght elles but despaide
ryme;
Sire, at a word, thou shalt no lenger ryme.

HEERE BIGYNNETH CHAUCER'S TALE OF MELIBEE,

YoNG man called
Melibeus, myghty &
Rich, bigat upon his wyf, that called was
Drudence, a dogh-
ter which that called was Sophie .
Upon a day bift,
That he for his des-
port is went into the feeldes, hym to pleye; his wyf and eek his
doghter hath he left inwith his hous, of
which the dore was fynest yshevette. Thre
of his olde food han it eopyed, and setten
lakdetes to the walle of his hous, and by
wynndowe been entred, & betten his wyf,
and wounded his doghter with five mortal
woundes in five sondry places; this is to
seyn, in his feet, in hire handes, in hire
erys, in hire nose, & in hire mouth; and leften hire
for deed, and wentsen away.

WHAN Melibeus retournew was in-
to his hous, &gaugh at his mes-
icechief, he, by a mad man, rentynge
his clothes, gan to wepe & cries. Drudence,
his wyf, as fersforth as she doreate, bisoughte
hym of his weyping for to stynte; but nat
forthye he gan to crye & wepen ever lenger
the more.

ThIS noble wyf Drudence remem-
bered hire upon the sentence of
Ovide, in his book that clappe is The
Remede of Love, whereas he seith: He
is a fool that destoureth the moode to
wepe in the death of his child, & al
have went his fille, as for a certein ryme; & thanne
shal man done his diligence with amable
wordes hire to reconforte, and prepym hire
of his weyping for to stynte; for which reso-
un this noble wyf Drudence suffered his
housbonde for to wepe & crye as for a cer-
tein space; and when she sough his ryme,
she seyde hym in this wise: Alas, my lord, quod she, why take ye yourself fro to be lyk a fool? Forsothe it apertheneth nat to a wyse man to maken swiche a sorwe. Yourde doghter, with the grace of God, shall wan, iashe and escape; and, al were it so that she right now were deede, ye ne oughte nat, as for his deeth, yourself to destroy. Senek seith,\[Chaucer of Tale of Melibe\] this wise man shal nat take to greet discontent for the deeth of his children, but certes, he shold suffer it in patience as well as he abideth the deeth of his owene propre persone.

15 Melibeus answerde anon, and seyde, What man, quod he, of this wypping stente that hath so greet acuste for to wepe? The Crys, outre Lord, hymself wepte for the deeth of Lazarus hye frend,\[Prudence answerde,\] Certes, we I woot, attempte wepyng is nothing defended to hym that sorweful amonges folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted hym to wepe. The Apostel Paul unto the Romyns writeth,\[Man shal rejoysw with hym that maketh joye, and wepe with weppin folk as weppen.\] But though attempte wepyng be graunted, outrageous wepyng certes is defended. Measure of wepyng shold be considered, after the loore that techeth us Senek \[When that thy frend is deede, quod he, lat nat thyme eyen to moyste been of teern; ne to mucche drue; although the teerns cometh to thyne eyen, lat hem nat falle; and when thou hast forsook thy frend, doldiligne to gete another frend; & this is moore wysdom than for to wepe for thy freend which that thou hast lorn; for therinne is no boote.\] And therefore, if ye gowrere yow by sapience, put awa sorwe out of youre herte. Remembre yow that the Crys Syrak seith,\[A man that is joyous and glad in herte, it hym conserveth floriaisynge in his age; but noothly sorwful hertemath his bones drye.\] He seith eek thys: That sorwe in herte sleuth ful many a man. Salomon seith,\[That right as motthes in the shifes flees anceth to the clothes, and the smeale wrenches to the tree, right so anceth sorwe to the herte.\] Wherefore we oughte as wel in the deeth of our children as in the losse of our goodem temporals, have patience.

REMEMBRE yow upon the pacient Job.\[When he hadde lost his children and his tempeele substance, and in his body endured and received ful many a grievous tribulacion; yet seyde he thus, Oure Lord hath sente it me; our Lord hath birat it me; right as our Lord hath wold, right so it is doon; blessed be the name of our Lord.\] To this foreside thynges answerde Melibeus unto his wyf: Prudence, Alle thy wordes, quod he, been sothe, and therewith profitable; but trewely myn herte is troubled with this sorwe so greuously, that I noot what to doon.\[Lat calle, quod Prudence, thy trewe frendes alle, Sthyly nage whiche that been wise. Telleth youre cas and herheneth what they eye in contelynyn, \\[Gowr governes after hire sentence.\] Salomon seith, Werk alle thy thynges by conseil, and thou shalt never repent.

15 DANNE, by the conseil of his wyf Prudence, this Melibeus leet calen a grete congregacioun of folk; as surgyns, physiciens, olde folk and yong, and some of his olde enmys reconcilied, as by his ambulant, to his love and into his grace; and therewithal thour comen somme of his neibhorees that diden hym reverence more for drede than for love, as it happeth ofte. Ther comen also ful many subtille flatereres, & wise advocates named in the lawe.

AND what this folk togistre assemblid were, this Melibeus in soorwise shewed hem his cas; & by the manere of his speche he semed wel that in herte he baer a cruel ire, redy to doon vengeance upon his foes, & sodeynly desired that the werre sholde bigynne, but nathelesse, yet axed he here conseil upon this matiere.

SURGIAN, by licence and assent of swiche as weren wise, uproos and to Melibeus seye as ye may here: Sire, quod he, as tous surgyns aperteneth that we do to every wight the beste that we kan, whereas we been withholde, and to our patiencia that we do no damage; wherfore it happeht, many tyme & ofte, that when twy men han everich wounded toother, on same surgyn heeth hem bothe; wherfore unto ourarte it is nat pertinent to norice werre, ne parties to supporte. But certes, as to the waraistynge of youre doghter, albeit so that she perilsly be wounded, we shullen do scentifisynge fro day to nght, that with the grace of God she shall be hool and sound as soone as is possible.
PROOS thane an advocate that was wyse, by leve & by conceit of others that were wyse, & beside: Lordynge, the nede for which we been assembled in this place is a ful hevy thyng, and a heigh matterie, bycause of the wrong and of the wilkedenesse that hath bedoorn, and ech by rescoun of the grete damaghes that in tyme complynge been possible to fallen for this samecaused; and ech by rescoun of the grete richeuze & power of the partys bothe; for the whiche rescoun it were a ful greet peril to eren in this matiere. Wherfore, Melibeeus, this is oure sentence: We conseile yow aboven alle thyng, that right anon thou do thy diligence in heypynge of thy proper persone, in swich a wise that thone wante noon eapie ne wacche, thy persone for to save. And after that we conseile, that in thyn hous thou sette susstain garniscom, so that they may an wel thy body as thyn hous defende. But certes, for to moove were, or sodeynely for to doon vengeuance, we may nat demen in so litel tyme that it were profitable. Wherfore we axen leyser and espacie to have deliberacon in this cas to deme. For the commune proverbe it ther is,• he that soocon demeth, soone shal repente. And ech men seyn that thilke juge is wyse, that soone understondeth a matiere and juggeth by leyser; for albieth so that alle taryng be anoyful, algethe it is nat to repreve in yevyng of juggement, ne in vengeuance taluyng, when it is susstain & resonable; and that shewed oure Lord Jesus Crist by eesample; for when that the woman that was taken in avowtrie was bright in his presence, to known what sholde be done with hire persone, albeit so that he wiste wel hymself what that he wolde answere, yet ne wolde he nat answere sodeynly, but he wolde have deliberacon, and in the ground he wroon twies. And by those cause we axen deliberacon, and we shal thanne, by the grace of God, conseile the thyng that shal be profytable.

Dieten thanne the yong folc atones, & the mooste partie of that comaignye ha scorne the olde wyse men, & bigomen to make noyse, and sydene: that, Right so as whil that ther is hoot, men sholde amyte, right so, men sholde wreken him wronge while they that were frend and newe, and with loud voys they eriden, Were! Were! Were!

PROOS the son of this olde wise, with his hand the secundance of them allshole helden hem stille, and yeven hym audience. Lordynge, quod he, there is ful many a man that crieth Were! Were! that woost fullcille what were amoyneth. Were at his bigynyng hath so greet an entryng and so large, that every wight may entre whan hym lifeth, & lightly ynde were; but certe, what ende that shal therof bifalle, it is nat light to knowe. For soothly, whan that were is ona bigonne, ther is ful many a child unborne of his moeder, that shal alwe yonge bycause of that ilk were, or elles byne in borme & dye in wretchednesse; and therfore, er that any were bigyme, men mooste have greet conseil & greet deliberacon. And whan this olde man wende to enconfr his tale by reasone, wel my alate ones bigonne they to rise for to breken his tale, and beden hym ful ofte his wordes for to abreyge; for soothly, he that precheth to hem that listen nat hearen his wordes, his sermon hem ansoyfeth. For Jhesus Syrah seith: that Musik in wepyng is a noyous thyng. This is to seyn; as muche aveliche to speken bifoer folk to whiche his speche ansoyfeth, an doth to synge bigorn thyng that wepeth. And whan this wise man saught that hym wanted audience, alshame fast the sette hym done agayn. For Salomon seith, Theran thou nymes hast have noon audience, enforce the nat to speke. SEE wel, quod this wise man, that the commune proverbe is soothe, that Good conseil wanteth whan it is mooste nede.

ET hadde this Melibeeus in his conseil many folk that prively in his eere conseile some hym certeyn thyng, and conseile hym the contrarie in general audience. When Melibeeus had heerde that the grette parte of his conseil weren accoreded that he sholde maken were, anon he consented to hir conseiling, and fully affermed hir sentence.

FANNE dame Prudence, when that she saugh how that hir housabonde shoope hym for to wreken hym on his foes, & to bigyne were, she in ful humblle wise, what humble wise, with orn hir thyng, seide to hym thise wordes: My lord, quod she, I yow brese, as hertely as I dar and kan, ne haste yow nat to faste, & for alle gourders, as yeveythe aundence, for Piers Alfone seith, Whose that dooth to that other good or harm, haste thee nat to quiten it; for in this wise thy frend wolde abyde, and thyn enemy shal the lenger thyne in drede. The proverbe seith, He hasteth wel that wisely kan abyde; and in whiked haste is no profit.

HIS Melibee answere unto his wyf Prudence: I purpose nat, quod he, to werke by thy conseil, for many causes & reasouns; for certes, every wight wolde holde me thanne a fool. This is to seyn, if I, for thy conseiling, wolde chaunen thynges that been ordeneyd and
affirmed by so many wise. Secondly, I say that all women been wile, & noon good of hem alle; for Of a thousand men, seith Salomon, I found o good man, but certes, of all women, good woman found I nevere. And also, certes, if I governed me by thy consell, it shold se me that I hadde yeve to thee over all the maistr; and God Forbide that it so were! For Jhesu Syrah seith, That if the wyf have maistrie, she is contrarious to his housbonde; and Salomon seith, Nevere in thy lyf, to thy wyf, ne to thy child, ne to thy frend, ne yeve no power over thyself; for bettre it were that thy children aske of thy persone thynge that hem nedeth, than thau be thyself in the handes of thy children. And also, if I wolde werke by thy conseyllyng, certes, my conselllyng moste somtyme be secrett, til it were tyne that it moste be knewe, and this ne may noght be; for it is written, The janglerye of wommen can hiden thynge that they written noght. Furthermore, the philosophre seith, In welded conseyl wommen venquyshe men. And for thuse reasouns I ne ow nat usen thy consell.

My lord, eucly she, as to youre erste reasoun, certes it may lightly been answered; for I saye that it is no folly to chaunge consell when the thing is chaunged; or elles when the thynge semeth ootherweye than it was biforn. And moreover, over I saye, that though ye han sworn and bright to perfore youre emprise, and natheless ye werye to perfore thilke same emprise by juoste cause, men shold nat seyn therefore that ye were a liere forsworn. For the book seith that, The wise man maken no leauyng when he turneth his corage to the bettre. And albeit that so that youre emprise be established & ordeyned by greet multitude of folke, yet that yu nat accomplishe thilke same ordeynance but yow like; for the truthe of thynge & the profit been neither founden in fewe folke that been wise and ful of reasoun, than by greet multitude of folke, ther every man crieth and clatereth what that hym lineth; soothly, swiche multitude is nat bonne.

To the seconde reasoun, whereas ye seyn that Alle wommen been wile; save your grace, certes ye despisen alle wommen in this wyse; & he that alle despisen alle displeaseth, as seith the book; and Sene seith, that whose wolde have au-\n\n
pience, shal no man despriye; but he shal gladly techen the science that he han, with/ outen presumptuous or pride; and swiche thynge as he nought ne han, he shal nat been ashamed to lerne hem and enquere of lasse folk than hymself. And sere, that ther hath been many a good woman may lightly be preyed; for certes, sire, our Lord Jhesu Crist wolde nevair have descended to be born of a woman, if alle wommen hadden been whilk. And ifthat, for the grete bountee that is in wommen, oure Lord Jhesu Crist, whan he was riz-\n\n\nen fro deeth to lyse, appeered rather to a womman than to his Apostles; & thogh that Salomon seith that bene foond nevair womman good, it folweth nat thersoere that alle womman ben whilk; for though that he ne found no good womman, certes, ful many another man hath founden many a womman ful good and trewe. Or elles, peraventure, the entente of Salomon was thys; that, as in sovereyn bountee, he found no womman; this is to seyn, that ther is no wight that hath sovereyn boun-\n\n\ntee, save God alione, as he hymself recordeth in his evangell. For ther nys no creature so good that hym ne wanteth somewhat of the perfeccion of God, that is his maker.

oure thridre reasoun is this; ye seyn, If ye governe you by my conse-\n\n\n\nillum, it shold semme that ye hadde yeve me the maistrie & the lordshippe over youre persone. Sire, save youre grace, it is nat so. For if it were so, that noman shold be Conseiled but onely of hem that hadde lordshippe & maistrie of his persone, men wolden nat be conseiled so ofte; for soothly, thilke man that asketh conseil of a purpe, yet hath he free chous, whether he wolde werke by that conseil or noon.

And as to your fourthre reasoun; ther ye seyn that The janglerie of wommen hath hyd thynge that they wiste noght, as who seith, that A womman han nat hyde that she woot. Sire this wordes been understonded of wommen that been jangleresses and whished; of whiche women, men seyn that Thre thynge dryven a man out of his hous; that is to seyn, smoky, dropping of reyn, and wikked wyvys; & of swiche women seith Salomon, that It were bettre dwelle in desert, than with a womman that is rictous; & sire, by youre leve, that am nat I; for ye han ful ofte assayed my grete silencence and my grete pacience; and eke how well that I han hyde and hele thynge that men oughte secrecy to hyde.

And soothly, as to your fiftre reasoun, whereas ye seyn that In wil-\n\n\nled conseil wommen venquiseshe men; God woot, thilke reasoun stant hear
in no stede. For, understoned now, ye asken consell to do wylkednesse; and if ye wole werken wylkednesse, and youre wif restreyneth thilke wylked purpose and overcometh yow by reason and by good counsell; certes youre wyf oghth rather to be praised than yblamed. Thus sholde ye understande the philosophre that seith "In wylked consell wommen venerishten hire houubonde.

ND theras ye blamen alle wommen and hire resouns, I shal shewe yow by manye ensamples, that manye a womman hast ben ful good, and yet ben; and hire consells ful hoolose and profitaile. Eek som men han seyd that The conselleggynge of wommen is outher to deere, or elles to lilet of prisa. But, albeit so that full many a womman is badde, and hire consell wie & noghtworth, yet han men founde ful many a good womman, and ful discrete and wise in conselleggynge.

OO, Jacob, by good consell of his moeder Rebekha, was the bensoun of Yaak his fader, and the lordshipe over alle his brethren. Judith, by hire good consell, delivered the citee of Bethulie, in which she dwelled, out of the bandes of Olofernus, that hadde it biseged and wolde have al destroyed it. Abygall delivered Nabul hire housbonde fro Davide the kyng, that wolde have alayn hym, and apayred the ire of the kyng by hire wit and by hire good conselleggynge. Hester enhauenced greedly by hire good consell the peple of God in the regne of Assuerus the kyng: and the same bountee in good conselleggynge of many a good womman may men telle. And mooreover, when oore Lord hadde creat Adam oore forme/fader, he seyde in this wise: It is nat good to be man alone; make we to hym an helpe emblable to hymself.

And May ye see, that if that wommen were nat gooode, and hire consells gooode & profitaile,oure Lord God of hevene wolde nevere han wroght hem, ne called hem help of man, but rather confusion of man. And ther seyde comen a clerk in two vers. What is bettre than jaspre? Wisedoom. And what is bettre than wisedoom? Womman. And what is bettre than a good womman? Nothing. And sire, by manye of otre resouns may ye see, that manye wommen ben gooode, & hire consells gooode & profitaile. And therefore, sire, if ye wol triste to my consell, I shal restore yow youre doghter hoof and sound. And eek I wol do to yow so muche, that ye shul have honour in this cause.
eth. Sire, yene be nat alwey in thy disposicion; for certes somtyme that somtyme semeth to yow that it is good for to do, another tyme it semeth to yow the contrarie.

THAN ye han taken consel of thyself, & han demed by good deliberacion swich thynge as ye semyth best, thanne rede I yow, that ye kepe it secrete. Biwyre nat ye consel to no persone, but if so be that ye wenen sikerly that thurgh yeure biwyreying, yeure con
dicioun shal be to yow the moore profitable, for Jhesu Syrah seith, 387. Neither to thy foo ne to thy fred dianowere nat thy secrete ne thy folie; for they wol yewe yow audience and lookynge and supportacioun in thy presence, and scor the eim thy abs
cence. 388. Another clerch seith, that Sarscly shaltou fynden any persone that may kepe consel secrete.

THE book seith, 389. Whil that thou kepe thysth consel in thyng herte, thou kepest it in thy prisoun: and when thou biwyreyst thys consel to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare; 390. And therefore yow is better to hyde yeure consel in thyng herte, than praye him to whom yehan biwyred yeure consel, that he wole kep it clos & stille; for Seneca seith, 391. So be that thou ne mayst nat thyng owene consel hyde, how daratou prayen any oth
er wight thy consel secrete to kepe?

TC nothelene, if thou wene sikerly that the biwyreynge of thy consel to a persone wol make thy condisicion to stonden in the bettre plyt, thanne shaltou tellen hym thy consel in this wise. First, thou shalt make no emblent whether thee were leveer pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe hym nat thyng wilde and thyng entente; for trust wel, that commons thysse consel
lours been flaterers, namely the conselourses of grete lorde; for they enforchen em always that speken pleasant wordes, en
clynyng to the lorde lust, than wordes that been trewe or profitable. And theryn mey senyn, that The riche man hath seet

good consel but if he have it of hymself,

ND after that, thou shalt considere thy nymes & thyne enemies. And as tongynge thy nymes, thou shalt considere whiche of hem been moost feithful & moost wise, & eldtest, & most approved in consellegynge; and of hem shalt thou ashe thy consel as the case requireth.

BETYE that first ye shul clepe to yowre consel yeure nymes that been trewe, for Salome seith that 392. Right as the herte of a man deliteth in savour that is seote, so the consel of trewe nymes trewe monkynge to the soule. 393. Thusethalso, 394. Thermany nothyng be likened to the trewe nymes. For certes, gold ne silver beth nat so muche wase as the good wyse of a trewe friend. 395. And eke, he seith that A trewe friend is a strong defens; whose that hym fyndeth, certes, he fyndeth a greet treasour.

THAN ye shul ye ech consider, if that thyure trewe nymes been discreete & wise, for the book seith, 396. Thye alwey thy consel of hem that been wise. 397. And by this same resoun shul ye clepen to yowre consel of yowre nymes that been of age, owe as han seyn & been expert in manye thynges, & been approvynge con
selinglyes; for the book seith that In the olde men is the sapience, & in longe tyne the prudence. And Tullius seith; that Grete thynges ne been nat ay accomplied by strengthe, ne by delivereynse of body, but by good consel, by auctorite of persone, & by science; the whiche the trewe trewe ne been nat fieble by age, but certes, they en
forecen & encreacen day by day. And thamne shul ye he preiss this for a general reule. 398. First shul ye clepen to yowre consel a fewe of yowre nymes that been especiale; for Salome seith Manye nymes have thou; but among a thousand, chose the oon to be thy conselour. For, albeit so that thou first ne telle thy consel but to a fewe, thou manyes afterward telle it to thome folke, if it be nede. 399. But looke alwey that thy consel
lours have thikle thre conditionys that I have seyd before; that is to seyn, that they be trewe, wise, and of oold experience. And after, thy trewe alwey in evrye nede by on consel
lour alone; for somtyme by on consel to been conselld by manye; for Salome seith, 400. Salvagion of thynges is whereas ther been manye conselours.

NOW, sith we have tolld yow of which

foly ye shold be conselld, now wol I telle yow which consel ye oughte to eachewe. First, ye shul eche the consel
lour of foolish. 401. For Salome seith, Taah no consel of a fool, for he ne han nought consel but after his owene lust & his affeccion. 402. The book seith; that The propretie of a fool is this: 403. He groweth lightely harm of every wight, & lightely troweeth alle bountee in hymself. Thou shalt eche eche the conselour of alle flaterers, swiche as enforcen hem rather to praise yowre persone by flaterie, than for to telle yow the soothfastness of thynges.

HERFORE Tullius seith, 404. Monges alle the peeties that been in frendishipe the grettest is flaterie. 405. And therfore it is moore nede that thou echeue & drede flaterers than any oother peple. The book seith, 406. Thou shalt rather drede & fle fro the soote wordes of flaterynge preiseres, than fro the
ere wordes of thy freend that seith thee thy soother. Salomon seith: that the wordes of a flaterere is a snare to cacche with innocents. He seith also, that he that speketh to his freend wordes of sweetnesse & of pleasaunce, setteh a net byforn his feet to cacche hym. And threcore, seith Tullius: Enclyne nat thyne eues to flatereres, ne taketh no consell of the wordes of flaterer. And Caton seith:Auxysse thee wel, and exche the wordes of sweetnesse and of pleasaunce.

ND eek thou shalt esche the consellying of thyn eold emenyth that been rescued. The book seith: that No wight retourneth sauffly into the grace of his oldenom, and laopeseth, Ne trust nat to hem to whiche thou hast had somtyme were or enemstye, ne telle hem nat thy consel. And Seneca tellethe the cause why. It may nat be, seith he, that where gret fy rhy longe tymene endure, that ther ne dwelleth som vapour of warmsnesse. And threcore seith Salomon, In thy nole foo trust never. For aliter, thou thyne enemy be reconaillled and maketh thee chiere of humilitie, and lowteth to thee with his heed, ne trust hym never: for certes, he maketh thilke fynned humilitie moore for his profit than for any love of thy persone: because that he demeth to have victorie over thy persone by swich fynned contenance, the which victorie hemyght nat wyken by strif or werre. And Peter Alfonse seith: Mak no felawships with thyn eold emenyth; for if thou do hem bountee, they wol pervert it into wilkedynes.

ND eek thou most esche the consellying of hem that been thy servantes & beren thee gret reverence; for peraventure they doon it moore for drede than for love. And threcore seith a philosophere in this wise: Ther is no wight paritily trewe to hym that he to score drede, And Tullius seith: Ther nys no mght so gret of any emperor, that longe may endure, but if he have mowe love of the peple than drede.

POU shalt also esche the consellying of folk that been dronhelowe; for they kan no consel hyde. For Salomon seith: Ther is no privetee theren as reng dronkennesse. Ye shul also han in suspect the consellying of swich folk as conselle yow a thyng prively, and conselle yow the contrarie openly; for Cassidorie seith: that it is a manere aleighte to hym dre, when he sheweth to doon a thyng openly and werketh prively the contrarie.

POU shalt also han in suspect the consellying of wilked folk; for the book seith: The consellying of wikken folke is alway ful of fraude. And David seith: Blisful is that man that hath nat folwed the consellying of shrwe, Thou shalt also esche the consellying of yong folk; for his consel is nat ryte.

OF olde, eek I have shewed pow of which folkye ye shull take youre consel, and of which folkye ye shull folwe the consel, now wol I teche you howe ye shal examine youre consel, after the doctrine of Tullius.

ON the examynynge thanne of youre conselour ye shul consider suche manye thynges. Alderfirst thou shalt consider, that in thilke thyng that thou purposeth, & upon what thyng thou wilt have consel, that verray trouthe be seyd and conserved; this is to seyn, telle trewely thy tale; for be that seith fals may nat wel be conseilled in that cas of which he lieth.

ND After this, thou shalt consider, the thynges that acorden to that thou purposer for to do by thy conselours, if resoun accordeth thereto; and eek, if thy myght be myghtene thereto; and if the more part and the bette part of thy conselours acorden thereto, or no. Thanne shaltou consider what thyng shal folwe after hir consellying; as hate, pees, werre, grace, profit, or damage; and manye othe thynges. And of alle thilke thynges, thou shalt cheaste the beste, and weywe alle othere thynges. Thanne shaltow consider of what roote is engendred the matiere of thy consel, and what fruyt it may concyve and engendre. Thou shalt eeh consider alle thise causes, fro whenne they been sprongen.

ND whan ye han examyned youre consel as I have seyd, and which partie is the bette and moore proffitable, and hast approved it by manye wise folk and olde; thanne shaltow consider if thou mayst parfoumee it and maken of it a good ende. Forcertes, resoun wol nat that any man shold be bigynyne a thyng, but if he myghte parfoume it as hym oghte. Ne no wight shold take upon hym so howy a charghe that he mygte nat bere it. For the proverbe seith: He that to-muche embraceth, distreyynth litel. And Caton seith: Assay to do swich thyng as thou hast power to doon, lest that the charge opprese thee so sore, that thee bisheweth to weywe thyng that thou hast bigynunu. And if so be that thou be in doute whethert thou mayst parfoume a thyng or noon, chese rather to sufre than bigynne. And Piers Alphonse seith: If thou hast myghte to doon a thyng of which thou most repente thee, it is bettre Nay, than ye. This is to seyn, that thee is bettre holde thy tonge stille, than for to speke.
BANNE may ye understande by stronger reasons that if thou hast power to pare off a werk of which thou shalt repent, thanne is it bettore that thou suffre than bigynne. Wel sayn they, that defenden every wyght to assaye any thynge of which he is in doute, whether he may parfoure it or no. And after, when ye ha examined youre conseil, as I have seyd before, and known well that ye may parfoure youre emprise, confirme it thanne sadly til it be at an ende.

ODE is it reson & tyme that J ahew yow, whanne & when ye myght be made to change your conseil without your repreve. Soothly, a man may change his purpos and his conseil if the cause ceaseoth, or when a newe caue biredeeth; for the lawe seith: that upon thynge that is newly byrdened yow, newe conseil. And Senece seith: If thy conseil is come to the eris of thy enemy, change thy conseil. Thou mayest also change thy conseil if it be that thou fynde that, by error or by oother cause, harm or damage may birede. Also, if thy conseil be dishonest, or elles cometh of dishonest cause, change thy conseil; for the lawes seyn: that Alle biste that ye biste he been of no value; and eek, if it be so that it be impossible, or may nat goodey be parfoured or kept.

ND take this for a general rule, that every conseil that is affermed so strongly that it may nat be changed, for no condiccions that may birede, I seye that thilke conseil is wikked. 

315 Melibeus, whanne he hadde herd the doctrine of his wyf, dame Prudence, answerde in this wyse: Dame, quod he, as yet in to this tyme ye han wel and covenently taught me in general how I shal govern me in the chesynge and in the withholdynge of my conseilliours. But now wolde I seyn that ye wolde condescende in especial, and telle me how liketh yow, or what semeth yow byoure conseilliours that we han chosen inoure present nede.

420 Y lord, quod she, I bisele yow in al humblesee, that ye wol nat wilfully replie agayn my resouns, ne dis tempre youre herte, thogh I speke thynge that yow displese. For God woot that as in myntente, I speke it for youre beste, for youre honour, & for youre profit eek; and soothly, I hope that youre benigne yow taken it in pacience. Trusteth me wel, quod she, that youre conseil as in this caue we shold nat, as to speke properly, be called a conseilling, but a mocion or a moervynge of folke; in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wise.

70 FIRST and forward, ye han erred in thassemblinge of youre conseilliours; for ye sholden first have eleched a fewe folk to youre conseil, & after ye myghte han shewed it to mo folk, if it had been nede. But certes, ye han so deedely eleched to youre conseil a great multitude of peple, ful chargeant & ful anonyous for to here. Also, ye han erred, for thereas ye sholden oonly have eleched to youre conseil youre trewe frendes old & wise, ye han ycleped straunge folke, and yonge folke, false flaterere and enemies reconciled, & folk that doon yow reverence withouten love. And eek also ye have erred, for ye han brught with yow to youre conseil, ire, coveteise, and hastifnesse; the whiche thre thinges been contrariouse to every conseil honeste and profitable; the whiche thre ye han nat anciuised or destroyed hem, neither in youresel ne in youre conseilliours, as yow schynge. Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to youre conseilliours youre talent and youre affectioun to make were anon, and for to do wenege. They han espied by your wordes to what thynge ye been enclyned; and therefor han they rather conseilled yow to youre talent than to youre profit.

6 han erred also, for it semeth that it suffiseth to han been conseilled by thiese conseilliours oonly, & with lifelawe; whereas in so great and so heigh a nede, it hadde been necessarie mo conseilliours, and moore deliberacion to parfoure youre emprise.

5 han erred also, for ye han nat examyned youre conseil in the forseide manere, ne in due manere as the caue requireth. Ye han erred also, for ye han nat made no divisorshe bitwix youre conseilliours; this is to seyn, bitwixen youre trewe frendes & youre feyned conseilliours; ne ye han nat knowe the wil of youre trewe frendes, old and wise; but ye han cast alle your wordes in an hoche pot, and enclyned youre herte to the moore part and to the getter nombre; and there been ye condescended. And, eek ye woot wel that men shal alwey fynde a getter nombre of foolez than of wise men, and thenerfore the conseill that been at congregacies and multitutes of folke, thesens men take moore reward to the nombre than to the sapience of persones, ye see sel that in sike conseiliynge foolez han the magistrie.

625 MELIBEUS answerde agayn, and seyde: I graunte wel that I have ered; but thereas thou hast toold me herrebiforth, that he nys nat to blame that changeoth his conseilliours in certain casas, and for certaine juste causes, I am
al redy to change my conselloure, right as thou wolt dere. The proverbe seith: that for to do symne is mannyssh, but certes, for to persever longe in symne is werk of the devell.

This sentence answerede anon dame Prudence, and sayde, Examinate, quod she, youre counsell and lat us see the whiche of hem han spoken most reasonably, and taught you best counsell. And for as acause that the examynacion is necessarie, lat us bigynne at the surgeons & at the physicians that first speken in this mattiere. I say now, that the surgeons and physiciens han sayd yow in youre counsell discretely, as hem oughte; & in hire speche sayden ful wisely, that to the office of hem apermenthe to doon to every wight honour and profit, and no wight for to anoys; and, in hire craft, to doon great diligence unto the cure of hem whiche that they han in hire governaunce. And aire, right as they han answered wisely and discretely, right so rede I that they been heighly & soverenly guerdoned for hire noble speche; & eek for that they shold do the moore ententive biyngne in the curacyon of youre doghter deere. For, albeit so that they been youre frendes, thenerfore shal ye nat suffren that they serve yow for noght; but ye oughte the rather guerdone hem and shewe hem youre largesse.

AND as touching the propositions which that the physiciens entretened in this caaso; this is to seyn, that in maladies, that cun contrarie is warissied by another contrarie; wolde fayn knoywe how ye understande thilke text, and what is youre sentence.

CERTES, quod Melibeus, I understond in this wise: that right as they han doon me a contrarie, right so shold I doon hem ather. For right as they han venged hem on me and doon me wrong; right so shal I venge me upon hem, and doon hem wrong; and thenne have I cured cun contrarie by another.

Lo, lo! quod dame Prudence, how shghtly is every man enclined to his owene desir and to his owene pleasures! Certes, quod she, the wordes of the physiciens ne shold nat been understonden in thys wise. For certes, wikkednesse is not contrarie to wikkednesse, ne vengeaunce to vengeaunce, ne wrong to wrong, but they been semblable; & therefore, vengeaunce is not warissied by any other vengeaunce, ne o wrong by another wrong; but everich of hem encreases & aggregeth oother.

BUT certes, the wordes of the physiciens shold been understonden in this wise: for good and wikked-
ND after this, thame shul ye hepe yow in swich manere, that for any presumpcion of youre strengthe, that ye ne diopise nat ne acounte nat the myght of youre adversarie so litel, that ye lete the kepyng of youre persone for youre presumpcion; for evry wyssman dreedeth his enemye; and Salomon seith: "Teleful is he that of alle hath drede; for certes, he that thurgh the hardynes of his herte, & thurgh the hardynes of hymself, hath to greeçe presumpcion, hym shal yvet bytide. Thanne shul ye evermore contreweyte embuschements & alle espaille. For Senec seith: That the wyse man that dreedeth harms escheweth harms; he ne halis falleth into perilis that perilis escheweth. And, albeit so that it seeme that thow art in siker place, yet shaltow alway do thy diligence in kepynge of thy person; this is to seyn, ne be nat neglizent to kepe thy person; nat onely fro thy gretteste enemies, but fro thy leeste enemy. Senec seith: "A man that is wel ayved, he dreedeth his leeste enemy, O wyse seith: That a litelウェルg the grette bole and the wilde hert. And the book seith: A litel thorn may prylke a gret leyf ful soore; and an hound wol holde the wilde boor.

But nathelesse, I saie nat thow shalte be so coward, that thow doute ther why her as is no drede. The book seith: that Somme folke han gret lust to deceyve, but yet they dreden hem to be deceyved. Yet shaltou drede to been empisened, & hope yow from the compagnie of scorners; for the book seith "With scorners make no compagnie, but flee hire wordes as a vyn." Now as to the seconde point; whereas youre wyse conseilours conseilled yow to warneat corere youre hous with grett diligence, I wolde fayne knowe, how that ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is youre sentence.

ELIGEUS answere anon: "Certes, I understode in this wise: That I shal warneatoore myn hous with bureaux, guilde of heigh toures and of grete edifiques, and armure & arteeries, by whiche thynge I may my persone & myn hous so hepen & defenden, that myne enemies shal be in drede myn hous for to approche. This sentence answere anon: "Warneatooryng, quod ashe, of heigh toures and of grete edifiques appertaineth somtyme to pryde; and eek men make heigh toures and grete edifiques with grete costages and with grett travaille; and wha that they been accomplisched, yet be they nat worth a stree, but if they be defended by trewe frendis that been olde & wise. And understond wel, that the gretteste and strongeste garmysoun that ariche man may have, as wel to hepen his persone as his goddes, is that he be biloved amonges his subgetis and with his neighebors; for thuse thith Tullius: That Ther is a manere garmysoun that no man may venquysen ne discontyne, and that is, a lord to be biloved of his citeeze and of his peple. Now sere, as to the thridde point; whereas youre olde and wyse conseilours seyden, that youne ought nat sodeynly ne hastily proceden in this nede, but that you oughte purveyen and approylen yow in this caese with gret diligence and gret deliberacion; trewily, I trowe that they seyden right wisely & right sooth, for Tullius seith: In evry nede, er thou bigynne yt, apparyle thee with gret diligence. Thanne seye I, that in vengeanece-takyng, in were, in bataille, and in warneatooryng, er thou bigynne, I rede that thou apparyle thee therto, and do it with gret deliberacion; for Tullius seith: that Longe apparyling biforn the bataille malcher short victorie. And Cas-sidorus seith: The garmysoun is strongere when it is longe tymel ayved.

But now as we spak of the conseil that was accorded by youre neighebors, swich as done powre reverence withouten love, youre olde emysys reconciled, youre flatereres, that conseilled yow certeyne thynge pryvily, and openly conseilled yow the contrarie; the yonge folke also, that conseilled yow to venge yow, and make were anon. And certes, sire, as I have seyd biforn, ye han gretely erred to han cleped swich manere folke to youre conseil; which conseilledis been ynow reprewed by the resouns aforesayed.

But nathelesse, lat us now descende to the spele. Ye shul first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes, the trouthe of this matiere, or of this conseil, nedeth nat diligently enquere; for its wel wiust whathe they been that han doon to yow this trespas and vilneyse, and how many trepasouren, and in what manere they han to yow doon all this wrong and al this vilneyse. And after this, thame shul ye examyne the seconde condicion that which the same Tullius addeth in this matiere. For Tullius put a thynge which that he clepeth Consentynge, this is to seyn; who been they, and how manye, and which been they, that consenteden to thy conseil, in thy wilfulness to doon hastif vengeane. And lat us considere also who been they, & how manye been they, & whiche been they, that consenteden to youre adversaries. And certes, as to the firste poyn, it is wel knowen whiche folke been they that consentered
to your hastif wilfulness; for trewely, alle tho that consellelde you to maken sodryn werre, ne been nat your frendes.  

AC us now consider which he been they that ye holde so greatly your frendes as to your persone; for albeit so that ye be myghty and rich, certes, ye ne been nat but alone. For certes, ye ne han no child but a doghter; ne ye ne han bretheren, ne cousyns germanys, ne noon oother neig hyrnrede, wherfore that your enemies, for drede, sholde affrnte to plede with you; or to destroye your persone. Yehowen also, that your riches were moost been dispended in diverse parties; and whan that every wight hath his part, they ne wollen taken but litel reward to venge thy deeth. But thyne enmyys been theire, and they han manie children, bretheren, cousyns, and oother ny hyrnrede; & though so were that thou haddest alayn of hem two or thre, yet dwellen ther ynowe to wekhen hyr deeth, and to olle thy persone. And though so be that your yrnrede be moore siker and ofedfast then the lynn of your adversarie, yet thaneesse, your yrnrede nys but a fer hyrnrede; they been but litel ysb to yow, and the lynn of your enmyys been ny ysb to hem; and certes, as in that, hir condicione is bet then yowre.

THAN we now consider also of the consellynge of hem that consellel-\yn to taken sodryn vengeaunce, whether it accorde to reaun. And certes, yehowen we! Nay, foras byright & reauon, ther may no man taken vengeaunce on no wight, but the juge that hath the jurisdic-\tion of it, when it is grantedy lynn to take thilke vengeaunce, hatissly or attemprely, as the lawe requireth. And yet mooreover, of thilke word that Tullius elepeth Consentynge, thou shalt consider if thy myght and thy power may consenten and suffisse to thy wilfulness and to thy conseilourse.

And certes, thou mayst wel seyn that Nay. For sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we may do nothing, but ony swich thyngh as we may doon rightfuly; and certes, rightfuly we maye take no vengeaunce, as of thy propre auctoritee.

AC us now examyne the thridde point, that Tullius elepeth Consentynge. Thou shalt understande that the vengeaunce that thou purposest for to take is the consequent; & therof folwen thy\nother vengeaunce, peril, & werre; & othere damages withoute nombre, of which we be nat war as at this tyne. And as touchynge the fourth point, that Tullius elepeth Engendrynge, thou shalt consider, that this wrong which that is doon to thee is engendred of the hate of thyne enmyys; & of the vengeaunce takynge upon that, wolde engendre another vengeaunce, & muchel sowe and wastynge of richesses, as I seye.

NOW sire, as to the point that Tullius elepeth Causes, which that is the laste point, thou shalt understande that the wrong that thou hast recevued hath certeine causes, which that clerkes clepen Oriens and Efficiens, & Causa longinqua and Causa procingqua; this is to seyn, the fer cause and the ny cause. The fer cause is Almyghty God, that is cause of alle thyngez; the neer cause is thy thre enmyya. The cause accidental was hate; the cause material been the fyre wounds of thy doghter. The cause formal is the ma-\nere of hir werkyng, that broughten lad-\dres & clomben in at thy wyndowes. The cause final was for to olie thy doghter; it letted nat inasmuche as in hem was.

AC for to spokend of the fer cause, as to what ende they shul come, or what word shal finallly bitde of hem in this casas, ne han I nat deme but by conjec-\tynges and by supposyngen. For we shul sup-\nse that they shul come to a whilked ende, bycause that the Book of Decrees seith Seelde, or with greet peyne, been causes ybrought to good ende whanne they been baddely bigonne.

NOW sire, if men wolde axe me, why that God suffred men to do yow this vileynge, certes, I han nat wel answere as for no southefastnesse; for thatpistle seith, that the Science and the jugements of our Lord God Almyghty been ful depe, ther may no man compre-\hende ne serech hem suffisantely, Nather-\es, by certeyne presumpciones and con-\jectynges, I holde and bileeve, that God, which that is ful of justice & of rightwis-\nesse, hath suffred this bitde by juste cause resonsable.

MY name is Melibee, this is to seyn, Aman that drynmeth hony. Thou hast hyndrake so muchel hony of sweete temporel richesses, and delices and hon-\our of this world, that thou art dronken, and hast forgotten Thesu Crist, thy crea-\tor; thou ne hast nat doon to hym swich honour and reverence as thee oughte; ne thou ne hast nat wel ytaken kepe to the wordes of Owayne, that seith Under the hony of the goodes of the body is hyd the venym that sleeth the soule. And Salo-\mon seith If thou hast founen hony, ete of it that suffiseth; for if thou ete of it out of mesure, thou shalt apewe, and be nedy and powre. And peravertence Crist hath thee in deapit, and hath turnet away
Chaucer's Tale of Melibee

Pro thee his face and his ceris of mizeri-
corde; and also he hath suffred that thou
hast been pysshed in the manere that
thow hast ytrepasst. Thow hast doon
synne agayn cure Lord Crist; for certes,
the thre enemys of manne, that is to
sey, the flesh, the feend & the world, thow
hast suffred hem entre into thyn hert by thyfive
written. And in the same manere cure Lord
Crist hath wold and suffred, that thry thre
enemys been entred into thyn houy by the
wyndowes, & han wouned thy doughter
in the foreseyde manere.

CERTES, quod Melibee, I wole that
ye enforce yow muchel by wordes
to overcome me in swiche manere,
that I shal nat venge me of myne enemys;
shewyng me the perilis and the yvelis
that myghten falle of this vengeence. But
whose wold considere in all vengences
the perilis and yvelis that myghte sewe of
vengeence takyng, a man wole nevyr
take vengeence, & that were harme; for by the
vengeence takyng been the wikked men
discovered fro the good men. And they
that han wyl to do wythrednesse restreyne
hir wikked purpo, whan they seen the
punysyng and chastisynge of the
trespassours.

And to this aswerde dame Pru-
dence: Certes, sayde I, grant you that
of vengeance cometh muchel
yerel and muchel goode; but vengeance
	tyngen aperteneth nat unto everichoun,
but only unto juges, & unto hem that han
jurisdiction upon the trespassours.

And yet seye I moore: that right as a
sanglier persone synneth in takyng
vengeance of another man, right so
ynymeth the juge if he do no vengeence of
hem that han diserved; for Sene seith thys:
That maister, he seith, is good
that groweth shrewes, And, as Casside
seith, Man detheth to do outrages
when he woot and knoweth that it displeseth
to the juges & sovereyne. And another seith:
The juge that detheth to do right, mak-
eth men shrewes. And Seint Paul the
apolle seith in his epistle, when he wir-
eth unto the Romanas: that
The juges
beren nat the spere without cause; but
they beren it to punyse the shrewes and
mynaclees, & for to defende the good men. If ye wol thanke take vengeence of your
enemys, ye shul not herte, but ye shul take recours
to the juge that hath the jurisdiction
upon hem; & he shal punyse hem
as the lawe axeth and requirith.

QUOD Melibee, this vengeance
liketh me no thyng. I bitheneke me
now and take heed, how fortune
hath norisshed me fro my childebed, and
hath helpen me to passe many a stroong
paas. Now wol I assayen hire, troosynge,
with Goddes helpe, that she shal helpe me
my shame for to venge.

CERTES, quod Prudence, if
ye wolwerk me my conselle, ye
shul nat assaye fortune by
noywe; ye shul nat lene or
bown unto hire, after the word
of Senec: for Thyngez that
been follys doon, and that been in hope of
fortune, shullen neuer come to good ende.
And, as the same Senec seith, Themoere
cleer and the more abhyngyn that fortune
is, the more bratil and the somer broken
she is. Trusteth nat in hire, for she nys
nat stidefast ne stable; for whan thou
trouewe to be moost seur or siker of hire
helpe, she wol faile thee and deceyve thee.
And whereas ye seyn that fortune hath
norisshed yow fro yore childede, I seye,
that in so muchel shul ye the lase truste
in hire and in hir wit; for Senec seith:
What man that is norisshed by fortune she
makenth hym a gret fool. Now thanne,
syn ye desire and axe vengeence, and the
vengeance that is doon after the lawe and
bifore the juge ne liketh yow nat, and the
vengeance that is doon in hope of fortune
is perilous and uncertain, thanne have ye
noon oother remedie, but for to have youre
recours unto the sovereyn juge that venge-
eth alle vilenysses and wronges; & he shal
venge pow after that hysmeyt witnesseth,
whereas he seith, Levethe the vengeence
to me, and I shal do it.

MELIBEE answere: If I ne venge
men of the vilenyse that men han
doone to me, I somene or warneth them
that han doon to me that vilenyse and alle
other, to do me another vilenyse; for it is
written: If thou take no vengeence of an
oold vilenyse, thou sompest thyn adversaries
to do the a new vilenyse. And also,
forme my suffrance, men wolden do to me
so muchel vilenyse, that I myghte neither
bere it ne sustene; and so sholde I been
put and holden over lowne, for men seyn:
In muchel suffrynge shul manye thynge
falle unto the whiche thou shal nat nowe
suffre.

CERTES, quod Prudence, I graunte
powth ermuchel suffrancenyns
nat good; but yet ne folweth it nat
thereof, that every persone to whom men
doone vilenyse taketh fit vengeence; for that
aperteneth & longeth alonely to the juges,
for they shul venge the vilenyss and in-
juries. And therefore the two auctoritates that ye han seyde above, been oonely under
stonden in the juges; for when they suffren over muche the wronges and the vileyns
to be doen withouten punysshynge, they sompon nat a man al oonely for to do newe
wronges, but they comanden it. Also a
sayn seith: That The juges that correct
eth nat the synnyere, comandeth & biddeth
hym do synne. And the juges & sovereyns
myghten in hir lande somuchel suffere of the
shrewees and mysootheres, that they sholden
en by swich suffeunce, by process of tyme,
weken of swich power & myght, that they
sholden putte the juges & the sovereyns
from hir places, and atte taste makken
hem leen hire lordshipes.

To aput now putte, that ye hawe leve
to venge yow. I seye ye been nat of
myght & power as nowe to venge yow.
For if ye wole maken comparision unto
the myght of ye youre adversaries, ye shul fynde in manyse thynge, that I have shewed yow
er this, that hire condicione is bettre than yours; and therefore seye I, that it is good as nowe that ye suffere and be pacient.

FORTHREMORE, ye knowen wel
that, after the commune sawe, It is a
woordese a man to stryve with a
strenger or a moore myghty man than he is
hymselfe; & for to stryve with a man of even
streth the that is ty seym, with as stronge
a man as he, it is perill; and for to stryve
with a weyker man, it is folie; and therefore
sholde a man flie stryppynge as muchel as
hemyghte. For Salomon seith, It is a
greet worshippe to a man to hepen hym fro noyse
& stryfe. And if it be blithe or happy that
a man of greter myght and streth than
thou art do thee grevance, sauent & biyere
thee rather to stille the same grevance,
than for to venge thee; for Seene seith that
He putteth hym in greter peril that stryve
eth with a greter man than he is hymselfe.
And Catoune seith, If a man of hyeres
ata or degree, or moore myghty than thou,
do thee anoy or grevance, suffre hym; for
he that hames hath greveth hez, another
thyne may releve thez and helpe.

Esse Cuerte Lasse, ye hauen both the
myght and licence for to venge yow. I seye
that ther be ful manye thynge that
shul restreyn yow of vengeance in tyme, and
make yow for to enclien to suffere, and
for to han pacience in the thynge that han
been doen to yow. First and forward, if ye
wolle considere the defautez that been in
youre owene persone, for whiche defautez
God hath suffred yow have this tribulation,
as I have seyde yow herzborn; for
the poete seith, that We oughte paciently
taken the tribulations that comen to us,
when we thykyn and consideren that we
hann diserved to have hem. And Sainct Gre
gorie seith: that Whan a man considereth
wiel the nombre of his defautes and of his
synnes, the peynes and the tribulationz
that suffreth hem in the lease unto hym;
& inamuch as hym thyketh his synnes
moore heve and grevous, inamuch as
emeth his peyne the lightere, & the esier unto
him.

ALS ye oewen to enclyn and bowe
your herte to take the pacience of
eure Lord Ihesu Crist, as seith
Sainct Peter in his epistil: Ihesu Crist,
he seith, hath suffred for us and yeve en
sample to every man to folwe & sweve hym;
for he did enevere synne, neneve inser femer
a vileynous word out of his mouth; whan
men cursed hym, he cursed hem nought;
and whan men benet hym, he hemaned hym
nought. Also the grete pacience whiche
the seintes that been in paradys han had in
tribulationz that they han ysuffered, with
outen hir desert or gilte, ocht melchel stire
yow to pacience. Forthermore, ye sholde
enfore yow to have pacience, considering
that the tribulationz of this world but liet
while endure, and soone passed been and
goone; & the joye that a man seeth to have
by pacience in tribulationz is perdurable;
after that the Apostle seith in his epistil:
The joye of God, he seith, is perdurable,
that is to seyn, everelastynge.

ALS trewe and stedfastly, that he nys nat wel ynorisse, ne wel
ytaught, that han nat have pacience, or
wol nat receyve pacience, for Salomon
seith: That The doctrine & the wit of a man
is known by pacience. And in another place
he seith: that He that is pacient governeth
hym by greet prudence. And the same Salo-
mon seith, The angry and wrathful man
maketh noyse, and the pacient man atem-
preth hem and stilzeth. He seith also: It
is moore worth to be pacient, than for to
be right strong; & he that may have the lord-
shipes of his owene herte is more to preye
than he that by his force or strengthe tak-
eth grete citees; and therefore seith Sainct
Jaine in his epistil: that Pacience is a greet
vertu of perfeccion.

CERTES, quod Melibee, I
grante yow, dame Prudence,
that pacience is a greet vertu
of perfeccion; but every man
may nat have the perfeccion
that ye sele; ne I am nat of
the nombre of right parifte men, for myn
hertem may neve been in peces unto the tyme
it be venged. And albeit so that it was greet
peril to myn emynsy to do me a vileynye in
taityng vengeance upon me, yet toollen
they neen hecede of the peril, but fulfillsen
hir whilked wy, and hir corage. And ther-
fore, methynketh men oghten nat reprieve me, though I putte me in a litle peril for to venge me, and though I do a greet excess, that is to seyn, that I venge on oure outrage by another.

And QUOD dame Prudence, ye seyn youre wyll and as yow liketh; but in no case of the world a man sholde nat doun outrage ne excess for to venge hym: for Cassidore seith: that He yvele dooth he that vengeth hym by outrage, as he that dooth the outrage; and therefore, ye shul venge yeow after the ordre of right, that is to seyn, by the lawe, and noght by excess ne by outrage. And also, if ye wol venge yeow of the outrage of youre adversaries in oother manere than right comandeth, ye synnen; & therfore seith Senec: that A man shal nevyr venge shrewedness by shrewedness. And if ye seye, that right axeth a man to defenden violence by violence, and fighytynge by fighytynge, certes, ye seye sooth, when the defense is done anon without intervalle or without taryng or delay, for to defenden hym and nat for to venge hym, And it bihoweth that a man putte swich attempetance in his defense, that men have no cause ne matiere to repren hym that defendeth hym of excess and outrage; for elles were it agayn reason. Darde, ye knowen wel, that yezaken no defense as now for to defende yeow, but for to venge yeow; and se weth it that ye han no wyll to do youre deder atempetere. And therefore, methynketh that pacience is good, for Salomon seith: that He that is nat pacient schal have greet harm. 

CERES, quod Melibe, I graunte yeow, that when a man is in pacipet and wrooth, of that that toucheth hym noght and that aperteth nat unto hym, though it hame hym, it is no wonder. For the lawe seith that He is capable that entremeteth medleeth with awch thynge as aperteth nat unto hym. And Salomon seith, that He that entremeteth hym of the noyse or striif of another man, is lyk to hym that taketh a hound by the eris. For right as he that taketh a strange hound by the eris is outherwhile biten with the hound, right in the same wise is it reasoun that he have harm, that by his inpacipet medleeth hym of the noyse of another man, whereas it aperteth nat unto hym. But ye knowen wel that this dede, that is to seyn, my grief and my disese, toucheth merketh ny; and therefore, though I be wrooth & inpacient, it is no merveille. And, sayenge youre grace, I han nat seen that it myghte greaty harme me though I tooke vengeancce; for Lam richer and moore myghty than myne enemies been. And wel knowen ye, that by mony of & by havynge grette possessions been alle the thynge of this world governed; and Salomon seith: that Alle thynge obeyen to moneye. 

PAN Prudence hadde herd hir housbonde avanten hym of his riches and of his moneye, dispreaise the power of his adversaries, she spak, and seyde in this wise. Ceretes, dere sire, I graunte yow that ye been riche and myghty, and that the richesess been goode to hem that han wel ygeten hem and wel honne usen hem. For right as the body of a man may nat lyven without the soule, namoore may it lyven without temporel goode; and by richesess may a man gete hym grette frendes. And therfore seith Pamphilles. If a netheders daughte, seith he, be riche, she may chesen of a thousand men which she wol take to hir housbonde; for, of a thousand men, on wol nat forsaken hire ne refusen hire. And this Pamphilles seith also, If thou be right happy, that is to seyn, if thou be right riche, thou shalt fynde a greet nombre of felawes & frendes. And if thy fortune change that thou weye povere, farewel frendeship & felaweship; for thou shalt be al aloone without any compaignyme, but if it be the compaignyme of povere folk. And yet seith this Pamphilles, moreover, that They that been thralde and bonde of lynamge shullen been maad worthy & noble by the richesess. And right so as by richesess ther comen manye goode, right so by povere come ther manye harmes and yevels; for greet povere constreynteth a man to do manye yevels. And therfore clepeth Cassidore povere The mooder of ruyne; that is to seyn, the mooder of overthewynge or falsynge dowm. And therfore seith Piere Aflonce. Oon of the grettest adversites of this world is when a tre man, by hynde or by burthe, is constreynt by povere to eten the aimesee of his enemy. And the same seith Innocent in oon of his bookees, he seith: that Sorrowful and myshappy is the condition of a povere begere, for if he ase nat his mete he dyeth for hunger; and if he ase, he dyeth for shame; and algates necessite constreynt hym to axe. And therfore seith Salomon: that Bet it is to dye than for to have swich powerte. And as the same Salomon seith, Bettre it is to dye of biter deeth than for to lyven in swich wise. By this reasoun that I have aed unto yow, and by manye other reasons that I koude seye, I graunte yow that richesess been goode to hem that geten hem wel, and to hem that wel usen the richesess. And therfore wol I shewe yow how ye shul bave yow, & how ye shul bere yow in gaderynge of richesess, and in what manere ye shul usen hem.
First, ye shul geten hem without.

In grett desir, by good leyser, sol\n\nyn gly, nat overhastily; for a man
that is to desyrynge to gret riches a-
baundoneth hym first to thefte, to alle
other yeweles. And therefore seith Salomon
he that basteth hym to biauly to weye
riche shal be noon innocent; he seith also
that the richesse that hastily cometh to
a man, 

And sic, ye shul geten richesse by youre
wit & by youre travalle unto youre profit;
& that withouten wrong or harm doye
ye to any other persone. For the lawe seith:

That theer maketh no man himselfen riche,
if he do harm to another wight; this is to
say, that nature defendeth and forbedeth
by right, that no man make hymselfe riche
unto the harm of another persone. And
Tullius seith: That no sorne, ne no drede
of deeth, ne no thynge that may falle unto
a man, is so muchel agayns nature, as a man
to encreasen his owene profit to the harm
of another man. And though the grete
men and the myghty men geten richesse
more lightlhy than thou, yet shaltou nat
been ydel ne slow to do thy profit; for thou
shalt in alle wise fle ydelnesse; for Salo-
mon seith: That ydelnesse teecheth a man
to do manye ywedes. And the same Salomon
seith: That he that travallest & bisieth hym
to tilen his land, shal eten brede; but he
that is ydel and casteth hym to no bia-
ynesse ne occupacioun, shal falle into po-
verte, and dye for hunger. And he that is
ydel and slow, han neuer fynde covenable
tyme for to doon his profit. For ther is a
very somer seith: That the ydel man excuseth
hym in wynter, bycause of the grete coole;
and in somer, bycause of the heete.

And therefore seith Saint Jerome: Dooth somme good dedes,
that the deval, which is oure enemy, ne fynde
you. And for the deel ne tal-
eht nat lightlhy unto his werkynge swiche
as he fyndeth occuped in goode werke.

Chassers Tale of
Melibee

CHASSERS Tale of
Melibee

hast geten in swich a manere, that men have
no matiere ne cause to calle thee neither
wrecehe ne chynche; for it is a grett shame
to a man to have a povere herte and a riche
purpuse. He seith also: The goodes that thou
hast ygeten, use hem by mesure, that is to
say, spende hem meastrably; for they that
folly wasted & despenden the goodes that
they han, when they han namore propre
of his owene, they shapen hem to take the
goodes of another man.

BEYE thanme, that ye shuld seene avari-

cese; usynge youre richesse in swich a
manere, that men seyenat that you

richesse been bysyrred, but that ye have
hem in youre myght & in youre weelddyng.

Fore a wyman repreheth the avaricious man,
and seith thus, in two ver: Therto and
why burieth a man his goodes by his grete
avarice, and knoweth wel that nedes moiste
he dye; for deeth is the ende of every man,
as in this present lyf. And for what cause
or ensconyn joyneth he hym, or knytethe
he hym, so faste unto his goodes, that alle
his wites wamen nat disseveren hym or
departen hym from his goodes: & knoweth
wel, or oghte knowe, that when he is
deed he shal nothingere bere with hym out
of this world? And therfore seith Saint
Augustyn: that The avaricious man is li-
nen unto helle; that the moore it swelweth,
the moore desir it hath to euolve and
devoure. And as wel as ye wolde echeewe to
called an avaricious man or chynche, as
wel sholde ye kepe yow and governe yow
in swich a wise that men calle yow nat
foollarge. Therfor seith Tullius: The
goodes, he seith, of thyn houe sholde
nat been hyd, ne keplo cloes but that they
myght been opened by pite & debonaire-
tee; that is to seyn, to yeven part to hem
that han grett nede; Ne thy goodes shullen
nat been so opene, to been every mannes
goodes.

Afterward, in getynge of youre
richesse, usynge hem; ye shulal-
wey have thynge in youre herte;
that is to seyn, oure Lord God, coniencie,
and gode name. First, ye shul have God in
youre herte; and for no richesse ye shullen
do nothynge, which may in any manere dis-
plese God, that is youre creatour and ma-
riere; for after the word of Salomon: It is
bette to have a litel good with the love of
God, than to have muchel good & tresour,
and lose the love of his Lord God. And
the prophete seith: That Bette it is to been
a good man and have litel good and tresour,
than to been holden a shrewee, & have gret
erichesse. And yet seye I. Furtermore,
that ye sholde alwey done youre bysiness

to gete yow richesse, so that ye gete hem
with good coniencie. And that seith:

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that ther was thyng in this world, of which we sholden have so great joyse as when our conscience bereeth us good waitness, and the wise man seith: The substance of a man is full good, when synne is not in manne conscience.

AFTERWARD, in getynge of your richeses, and in usynge of hem, yow muste have grete blysnesse & grete diligence, that youe good name be alway kep and conserved. For Salomon seith: that Betere it is and more it avalleth a man to have a good name, than for to have grete richeses. And therefore he seith in another place: Do grete diligence, seith Salomon, in keyng of thy frend and of thy goode name, for it shall engerabed with thee than any treausre, be it never so precious. And certe, he shold nat be called a gentilman, that after God and good conscience, alle thynges left, ne dooth his diligence and blysnesse to hepen his good name. And Cassidore seith: that It is signe of gentil herte, when a man loveith and desirith to han a good name, and therefore seith Beint Augustyn: that ther been two thynges that are necessarie and medefulle, & that is, good conscience and good loo: that is to seyn, good conscience to thy owene persone inward, and good loo for tyhe neighbore outward. And be that trusteth hym so muchel in his goode conscience, that he diapleseth and setteth at noght his goode name or loo, & reketh noth though he hepe nat his goode name, yse but a cruel chere.

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AND therefore Judas Machabees, which was Goddes knyght, when he shold fighte again upon his adversarie that hadde a grete nombre, and a greter multitude of folk & stregere than was this peple of Machabee, yet he recompes his litel companyne, & seyde right in this wise: His lightely, quod he, maye oure Lord God Almyghty yve victorie to a fewe folk as to manye folk, for the victorie of a bataille commeth nat by the grete nombre of peple, but it commeth from oure Lord God of hevene.

And decere aere, for as muchel as ther is no man certein, if he be worthy that God yeve hym victorie, namore than he is certein whether he be worthy of the love of God or naught, after that Salomon seith, therfore every man shold gretelly drede werres to bigynne, & bycause that in batailles fallen manye peril, & happeneth otherwise that as soone is the grete man slayn as the litel man; and as it is written in the second booke of Rynges, The dedes of batailles been aventurouse & nothing certeyne: for as lightely is oon hurt with a spere as another. And for ther is gret peril in werre, therfore sholda a man fle from suche werre, in as much as a man may goodli for Salomon seith: He that loveth peril shall falle in peril.

AFTER that dame Prudence had spoken in this manere, Melibeene an swerde and seyde, I se wel, dame Prudence, that by youre faire wordes, and by youre repons that ye han shewed me, that the werre liketh youe nothinge: but I have nat yet heard youre conseil, how I shal do in this nede.

CERTES, quod she, I conselle you that ye accorde with youre adversaries, and that ye have pees with hem: for Beint Jame seith, in his epistles, that By concorde & pees the smale richeses werex grete, and by debata and discord the greter richeses falled down, and ye knowen wel that oon of the grettesete and moost sovereyn thyng that is in this world, is unytee and pees. And therfore aspeoure Lord Jesus Crist to his apostelles in this wise: Wel happy and blessed been they that loven and purchacen pees; for they been called children of God.

QUOD Melibeene, now se I wel that ye love nat myn honoure ne my worchippe. Yelnowen wel that myne adversaries han bigonnen this debata and bryge by hire outraige; and ye se wel that theye ne requeren ne preyen me nat of pees, ne theye asken nat to be reconciled. Wol ye thame that I goe and melke me and obeye me to hem, and cric hem mercy? For sothely, that were nat myn worchippe; for right as men seyn, that Overgreet hoomynesse en
gendar eth discreisynge, so far eth it by to
greet humylite or mekenesse.

HANNE began dame Prudence to
makien semblant of wrathe, and
seyde, Certes, sire, save your
grace, I love your honour and your
profit as I do myn owene, and ever have done;
one, he noon oother, even never the
contrarie. And yet, if I hadde seyd that ye
sholde haue purchased the pees and the re-
consilacioun, I ne hadde nat mouche mys-
taken me, ne seyd amys; for the wise
man seith, the dispensioun bigyneth by an-
other man, and the reconsilying bygyneth
by thyselfe. And the prophete seith,
isse shrewdnesse & do goodnesse; seke
pees and folowe, as muchel as in thee is.
Yet seye I nat that ye shul rather purdue to
your adversaries for pees than they abuie
to youv; for I knowe well that ye been so
hardhered, that ye wolde donothynge for me;
and Salomon, he that hath ouer
hard an herte, atte laste he shal myshappe
and mystyde.

HANNE Melibee hadde herd
dame Prudence makien sem-
blant of wrathe, he seyde in
this wise: Dame, I preye yow
that ye be nat displesed of
thynges that I seye; for ye
knowe well that I am angry and wrooth, and
that is no wonder; & they that been wrothe
witen nat wel what they doon, ne what they
sayen. Therefore the prophete seith: that
Troubled eyenhan noclereighthe. But sey-
eth and conseilethe me as yow liketh; for I
am redy to do right as ye wol desire; and if ye
repreve me of my folye, I am the moore
holden to love yow and to preye yow; for
Salomon seith: that Dei that repreve hym
that dooth folye, he shal fynde gretter
grace than he that deceweyleth hym by sweyte
wordes.

HANNE seide dame Prudence, I
make no semblant of wrathe ne
 anger but for your grete profit; for
Salomon seith, he is moore worth, that
repreve or chideth a fool for his folye,
shewyngayse semblant of wrathe, than
het that supporteth hym and presenteth hym
in his mysdisyng, & laugheith at his folye.
And this same Salomon seith afterward:
that By the sorweful visage of a man, that
is to seye, by the sory & hevy contenance of a man, the fool correcteth & amendeth hymself.

HANNE seyde Melibee, I shal nat
hope the answeres to somanye faire re-
sounsa ye putten to me & shewen.
SeythShortly yore wyl & your conseil,
and I am al redy to fullisse and parfourne it.

HANNE dame Prudence discovered
al hir wyl to hym, & seyde, I conseile
yow, quod she, aboven alle thynges,
that ye make pes betwene God and yow;
and both reconciluyd unto hym and to his
grace; for as I have seyd yow herborfum,
God hath suffred yow to have this tribu-
luacioun and disease for youre sines. And
if ye do as I sey, God wol sende your
adversaries unto yow, and make hem fallen
at youre feet, redy to do youre wyl and
your comandes, for Salomon seith,
when the condicioun of man is pleasant
& likyng to God, he chaungeth the hertes
de thynges to hym and conquereth him to
biske hym of pees and of grace.
And I prey yow, let me speke with
your adversaries in prive place; for they
shul nat knowe that it be of youre wyl or
yore assent; and thanne, when I knowe
hir wyl and hire entente, I may conseyle yow
the moore secrely.

HANNE, quod Melibee, dooth youre
wyl & youre likyng, for I putte me
holly in youre dispositioun & dois
naunche. Channe dame Prudence, when
she augh the good wyl of hir houebonde,
delivered and took avys in herself, think-
inge how she myghte brynghe thesene un-
to a good conclusion and to a good ende.
And when she augh hir fylme, she sente for
those adversaries to come unto hire into
a priu place, and shewed wisely unto hem
the grete goodes that come of pees, and
the grete harmes and perilis that been in
werre; and seyde to hem in a goodly maner
how that hem oughten have grete repent-
ance of the injure and wrong that they
hadde done to Melibee hire lord, & to hire,
and to hire doghter.

AND when they herden the goodliche
wordes of dame Prudence, they were
so surprised and rablyshd, & had-
den so grete joye of hire, that wonder was to
telle. A lady gud they, yeh shewed
unto us the blessyng of sweetnesse, after
the sawe of David the prophete; for the
reconsilying which we been nat worthy to
have in no manere, but we oughte requeren
it with greet contricioun & humylite, ye,
of youre grete goodnesse, have presented
unto us. Now se we wel that the science &
the konynge of Salomon is ful trewe; for
he seith: that Sweete wordes multipliyen
encrese frendes, and maken shrewes to be
deboanere and melehe.

CERTES, quod they, we putten
oure dede, and al oure mater and
cause, al hooly in youre goode wyl;
and been redy to obeye to the speche and
comandes of my lord Melibee. And
therefore, dere & benvynghe lady, we preien
yow and bisehe yow as mekely as we honne
and mowen, that it lyke unto youre grete
goodinesse to fulfillen in dede youregood
liche wordes; for we consideren & knouwe
lichene that we haue offended and gredved
my lord Melibee out of mesure; so forthe
th, that we be nat of power to maken his a-
mendes; & therfore we oblige and bynden
us and oure frendes to deon al his wyl
& his comandements. But peraventure he
hath swich hevynesse and swich wrathes
growing by cause of oure ofense, that he
wole en琼yse us swich a peyne as we mowe
nat bere ne sustene; & therfore, noble
lady, we biekte to youre wommanly pitee,
to taken swich avayement in this nede, that
we, ne oure frendes, be nat desherited ne
deestroyed thurgh oure ofelye.

CERES, quod Prudence, it is an
hard thyng and right perilous, that
aman putt hym al outere in theh
bitaciuon and jugement, & in the myght
& power of his enemy: for Salomon seith
Leeveth me, and yeveth credence to that
I shal seyn; I seye, quod he, ye peple, folk,
and governours of hoope chirche, to thy
sone, to thy wyf, to thy frend, ne to thy
brother, ne yeve thou nevere myght ne
maisterle of thy body, whil thou lyvest.

NOW sithen he defendeth that man
shal nat yeven to his brother, ne to
his frend, the myght of his body,
by strenger resoun he defendeth and for-
bedeth a man to yeven hym self to his ene-
my. And nathelesse I conselde you, that ye
mystruste nat my lord; for I woot wel
and knowe verely, that he is deonabere
and meeke, large, curteys, and that he desir-
ous ne ceweites of good ne richesse; for
thenys thingyn in this world that he de-
sireth, save oony worship & honour.
For
thermore I knowe wel, and am right seur,
that he shal nothyng deon in this nede
wouten my consel. And I shal so werk,
eth in this cause that, by grace of our Lord
God, and grace of oure excellent lady,
& WORSHIPFUL lady, we putten us
and oure goodnes al fully in youre wil
and disposicion; & been redy to comen, what
day that it like unto youre noblesse to ly-
myte us or assigne us, for to maken oure
obligacion & bound as strong as it liketh
unto youre goodnesse; that we mowe ful-
file the wille of you & of my lord Melibee.

THAN seyden they with o woys.
Jeroun thevend and goon awendis,
& worshipful lady, we putten us
and our goodnes al fully in your wil
and disposicion; & been redy to comen, what
day that it like unto your noblesse to ly-
myte us or assigne us, for to maken our obligation & bound as strong as it liketh
unto your goodnesse; that we might
full fill the will of you & of my lord Melibee.

THAN dam Prudence hadde herd
the answers of thos men, she
had hem goon again prively; and
she retorned to her lord Melibee, & tolde
hym how she fonde his adversaries full
repentant, knoweleschynge ful lowely
hir synnes and trespas, & how they were redy
to sufferen at peyne, requirynge and prey-
ynge hym of mercy and pitee.
Melibee & to ali his compaignye; & shopen hem, withouten delay to go with the messagers, and obeye to the comandement of his lord Melibee.

And right anon they tooken hire way to the court of Melibee, and tooken with hem somme of hire trewe frendes to maken faith for hem and for to been hire borwes. And when they were commen to the presence of Melibee, he seyde hem thys wordes IT standeth thus, quod Melibee, and sooth it is, that ye, causestes, and withouten skile and resoun, han deon grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wyf Prudence, & to my doghter also. For ye han entred into myn hous by violence, and have done swich outraghe, that alle men knowen wel that ye have diserved the death, and therefore wol I knowe & wite of yow, whether ye wol putte the punyamente & the chastisynge & the vengene of this outraghe in the wyf of me and of my wyf Prudence; or ye wol nat?

DANNE the wiseste of hem thre answerde for hem alle, and seyde, Sir, quod he, we knowen wel that we been unworthy to come unto the court of so greet a lord, & so worthy as ye been; for we han so greetly mystaken us, & hol offended & agilt in swich a wise agayn youre heigh lordshiphe, that trewely we han diserved the death. But yet for the greet goodnesse & debonairete of that al the world witcheseth in youre persone, we submitten us to the excellence and benigne of youre gracious lordshiphe, and been redy to obete to alle youre comandesmandes; biskenynge powe, that of youre merciable pitee ye wol considere our greet repentance and lowe submissyon, and graunten us for everenesse of our outrageous trepasa and offensye. For we knowe that youre liberal grace and mercy strechten hem ferther in to goodnesse, than doen our outrageous giften & trepasa into wickednesse; albeit that curedly and damnably we han agilt agayn youre heigh lordshiphe.

DANNE Melibee took hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and resued ceyved hire obligaciones and hire boondes by hire othen upon hire pl egges & borwes, and assigned hem a certeyn day to retourne unto his court, for to accepte and receive the sentence and jugement that Melibee wolde comande to be done on hem by the causes aforeseyd: which thynge were ouerneyed, every man returned to his hous.

And when that dame Prudence saugh hir tyme, she freneyed & axed hir lord Melibee, what vengeance he thoughte to taken of his adversaries.

\begin{itemize}
\item which Melibee answere and seyde, Certes, quod he, I thynke and purpose me fully to desherite hem of al that evere they han, and for to putte hem in exil for evere.
\item Certes, quod dame Prudence, this were a cruel sentence, and muchel agayn resoun: for ye been rich ynoogh, & han none of other menne a good; & ye myghte lightly in this wyse gete yow a covetous name, which is a vicios thynge, & oughte been eschued of every good man; for after the sawe of the word of the Apostelle COVETIS INERECTE, & the harmes thereof. And therefore it were bettir for yow to lese so muchel good of youre owene, than for to taken of hir good in this manere; for bettir it is to lesen with worshiphe, than it is to wynne good with vileynye and shame; and every man oughte to doon his diligence and his bisynesse to geten hym a good name. And yet shal he nat onely bise hym in kepynge of his good name, but he shal also enforcen hym alyte to do somthing by which he may renovelle his good name; for it is written, The old good leon or good name of a man is soone goon and passe, when it is nat newed ne renovelled.
\item And as touchynge that ye seyn, ye wol excite youre adversaires, that thynketh me muchel agayn resoun and out of mesure, considered the power that they han yeve you upon hymself. And it is written, that he is worthy to lesen his privelege that mysuseth the myght and the power that is yeven hym. And I sette caus, ye myght enjynye hem that peyne by right and by lawe, which I trowe ye shal nat do. I seye, ye myght nat putten it to executio the perventure, and thanne were it likelik to returne to the werre as it was biforn; & therefore if ye wolte that men do yow obleissane, ye muste deenen moore curteliness; this is to seyn, ye muste yeven moore euy sentences & jugements. For it is written, that he that muste curtely comandes, to hym men moost obeyen. And therfore I prey yow that in this necessiteit in this nede, ye caste yow to overcome youre herte. For Senec seith: that he that overcome hem herte, overcome twiess; and Cullius seith: There is nothing so comendable in a great lord as when he is debonaire & meek, and appeseth hym lighty. And I prey yow that ye wolte forber now to do vengenance, in swich a manere, that youre goode name may be kept and conserved; and that men mowe have cause & mateere to presye yow of pitee & of mercy, & that ye haveno other cause to repente yow of thynge that ye doon; for Senec seith: he overcome in an yvel manere, that repente hym of his victorie. Therfore, I pray yow, lat mercy been in
\end{itemize}
youre mynde in youre herte, to theffect
& entente that God Almightye have mercy
on you in his laste juggement; for Seint
Jame seith in his epistle, Juggement
without mercy shal becondo hym, that
hath no mercy of another wight.

When the day com that his
adversaries sholde appiere
in his presence, he spak unto
hem ful goodly, and seyde in
this wyse: Albeit so that of
youre pride & presumcioun

That goode lyst my wyf hadde herd this tale!
For she nys notthing of aewich patience
As was this Melibeus wyf Prudence.
By Goddess bones! when I bete my knaves,
She bruygeth me forth the gretes clobbed staves,
And crieth, See the dogges everychoon,
And bresh hem, bothe bal and every boon!
And if that any nighbore of myne
Wol nat in chiere to my wyf enclyme,
Or be so hardy to hire to treaspe.
When she comth home she rampeth in my face,
And crieth, false coward! wek thy wyf!
By corpus bones! I wol have thy knyf,
And thou shalt have my distaf and go spynne!
For day to nyght right thrye she wol bigyme;
Hlas! she seith, that ever I was shape
To wedde a milknap or a coward ape
That wol been overload with every wyte!
Thou darst not atonde by thy wyves right!

This is my lif, but if that I wol fight;
And out at dure anon I moote me dighte,
Or elles I am but lost, but if that I
Be lych wilde lecon, foolhardy.
I woot wel she wol do me sleen som day
Somenighbore, and thanne go my way;
For I am perilous with knyf in honde;
Albeit that I dare hire nat withstonde,
For she is big in armes, by my feith,
That shal he pynde, that hire myndoth or seith,
and folie, and of youre negligence and un-
konynge, ye have myseborn you and tre-
passed unto me; yet, forasmuche as I see
and biholde youre grete humlytice, & that
ye been sorry and repentant of youre gifts,
it constreyneth me to doon you grace and
mercy. Thernfore I receve you to my grace,
and foryte you outlyre alle the ofensor,
injuries, and wronges, that ye have doon
again me and myne; to this effect and to
this ende, that God of his endless mercy
wole at the tym of ourdyinge forevene us
oure gifts that we han trespassede to hym
in this wretched world: for doutelesse, if we
be sorry and repentant of the synne and
giftes whiche we han trespassed in the
sighte of our Lord God, he is so free and
noscemercable, that he wol forevene us our
giftes, and bryngeth us to his blisse that
never hath ende. Amen.

Here is ended Chaucers Tale of Melibee
and of Dame Prudence.

But lat us passe away fro this materere.

My lord the Monk, quod he, be myrie of cheere,
For ye shul telle a tale trewyly.
Loo, Roucheart stande here faste by!
Ryd forth, myn owene lord, brek nat oure game,
But by my trouthe, I knowe nat youre name,
Wher shal I calle yow my lord daun John,
Or daun Thomas, or elles daun Albion?
Of what hous be ye, by youre fader kynt?
I vow to God, thou hast a ful fair shyn!
It is a gentil pastoure ther thow goost;
Thou art nat lyk a penant, or a goost.
Upon my feith, thou art som officer,
Som worthy aextyn, or some celerer,
For by my fader soule, as to my doon,
Thou art a maister, whan thou ar at boom;
No poure cloysterer, ne no novyes,
But a governour, both wylly and wyn,
And therewithal of brawnes and of bones,
A welfarynge persone for the nones.
I pray to God, yeve hym confiusion
That first thee bryghte unto religioun.
Thou woldest han been a tredcote of a right,
Hadderstow as greet a leve as thou hast myght.
To parourme al thy lust in engendrure,
Thou haddeest bigeten many a creature.
Hlas! why werestow so wyd a cope?
God yeve me sorwe! but and I were a pope,
Nat ony thou, but every myghty man,
Though he were shorn ful hye upon his pan,
Sholde have a wyf; for al the world is lorn;
Religions hath take up al the corn
Of treyding, and we beryen men been shrympes;
Of fieble trees ther come wretched ympes.
This maketh that oure heires been so skilentre
And feble, that they may nat wel engendre.
This maketh that oure wyves wolse assaye
Religious folk, for ye mowe betre paye
Of Venus paiments than mowe we.
God woot, no Lusheburghes payen ye!
De neere bigynneth the monkes taye, de casibus virorum illustrium.

WOL bwaille, in manere of tragedie, the harm of hem that stode in heigh degree, and filled so that ther was no remedie to breke hem out of briaderue; for certain, whan that Fortune list to fie, Ther may no man the cours of hire withholde. Lat no man truste on blond prosperite; Be war by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were, And nat a man, at hym wol I bigynne; For, though fortune may noon angel dere, From heigh degree yet fel he for his yyme Down into helhe, where he yet is inne. O Lucifer! brightest of angels alle, Now arrow Sathanas, that mayst nat twynne Out of miserie, in whiche that thou art faille.

Loo Adam, in the feeld of Damiasene, With Goddes owene fynge wreth was he, And nat bigeten of mannes aperne uclene, And welte al paradyse, savyng he o tree. He never wythe was he of heigh degree As Adam, til he for my governance Was dyre out of hye hys prosperite To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce.

Sampson, which that was announcet By angel, longe er his nativitye, And was to God Almyghty consecrate, And stode in that lyke, whi he myghte see. Was never swich another as was he,

Into myserie, and eneddeth wrecchedly; And they ben verifiied communely Of sixe ft, which men clypen exaemetrion, In prose eeh been enditeth many con, And eeh in metere, in many a sondry wyse; So, this declaryng oughte ynghe suffis. Now hermethe, if you listeth for to here: But first, I yow biseele in this mateere, Though I by ordre telle nat thise thynges, Be it of popes, emperours, or kynges, After hir ages, as men wrenen fynde, But telle hem som biforn and som blynde, As it now cometh unto my remembrance; Have me excused of min ignorance.

Explicit.

To speke of strengthe, and therwith hardynesse; But to his wyves toolde he his secret, Thyrgh which he slow hymself, for wrecchednesse.

Sampson, this noble almyghty champioun, Withouten wene he save his bandes twyne, He slow and al torent the leoun, Toward his weddung walkeynge by the wyne. His false wyff houde hym so plesse and preye Till she his conseil knew; and she unnye Into his fowck his conseil gan biwyre, And hym forsook, and took another newe.

Thire hundred foxes took Sampson for ire, And alle hir tayles he togydred bond, And werre the foxe tayles alle on thire, For he on every tayl had knyt a byond; And they brende alle the cornes in that lond, And alle hire olryvere, and wynes she. A thousand men he slow eeh with his hond, And hadde no wpeyne but an asse cheke.

When they were slayn, so thurste hym that he Was we by lorn, for which he gan to preye That God wolde on his payne han som pitee, And sende hym drynkhe, or elles mooste he drey. And of this asse cheke, that was drey, Out of a wargouth sprang anon a welle, Of which he drank wynge, shortly to seye, Thus help hym God, as Judicium can telle.

By verray force at Gazan, on a nyght, Maugree Philipsians of that cisse, The gates of the toun he hath up/plought, And on his bale yeared hem hath hem bye on an hille, that men myghte hem see. O noble almyghty Sampson, er and dere, Had thou nat toold to woman thy secre, In all this world he hadde ben thy peere!
This Sampson never ciser drank, ne wyn,
Ne on his heed cam rason noone, ne shere,
By precept of the messenger divyn;
For alle his strengthes in his heeres were;
And fully twenty wynter, yer by yerre,
He hadde of Israel the governance;
But soone shal he wepe many a teere,
For vomen shal hym bryngen to mescauene.

Unto his leman Dalida he tolde
That in his heeres al his strengthely lay,
And falsly to his foomen she hym solde;
And slepynghe in hir barm uppon a day
She made to clipe or shere hir heer away,
And made his foomen al his craft spyan;
And whan that they hym found in this array,
They bounde hym faste, and putten out his eyen.

But ther his heer were clipped or yaheave,
Ther was no boond with which men myghte him bynde;
But now is he in prison in a caye,
Whereas they made hym at the querne grinde.
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankynde!
O whilom juge in glorie and in richesse!
Now maystowe wepen with thyne eyen bynde,
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wechchednessse.

Thenede of this cayrtyf was as I shal seye;
His foomen made a feaste upon a day,
And made hym as hir fool biforn hym playe;
And this was in a temple of greet array,
But atte laste he made a soule affray;
For hir two pilers shook, and made hym falle,
And doun fell temple and al, and ther it lay,
And slow hymself, and eek his foomen alle.

This is to seyn, the princeess everichoon,
And eek thre thousand bodysse were ther slayn
With fallynge of the grete temple of acon.
Of Sampson now wol I namore sayn.
Beth war by this entangle cold and playn
That no men telle hir consile til hir wyves
Of swich thynge as they wolde han secre fetyn,
If that it touche hir lymes or hir lyves.

De Ercole

Hercules, the sovereign conquerour,
Syngen his werkes laude and heigh renoun;
For in his tyme of strength he was the flour.
He slow, and rafte the slyne of the lesoun:
He of Centaurus lede the boost adoun;
He Arpies slow, the cruel byrdes felle;
He golden apples rafte of the dragoun;
He drew out Cerberus, the bond of helle:

He slow the cruel tyrant Busiris,
And made his hore to frete hym, flessh and boon;
He slow the firy serpent venynus;
Of Acheloya two hornes, he brah oon;
And he slow Cacus in a cave of stoon;
He slow the geante Antheus the stronge;

De Regte

The myghty trone, the precious tresor;
The glorious cepvre and roial magestye
That hadde the kyng Nabugodo-
donosor,
With tonge unnethe the may discriyed bee.
De twyes wan Jerusalem the citee;
The vessel of the temple he with hym lade.
At Babiloine was his sovereyn see,
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.
The fairest children of the blood roial
Of Israel he leet do gilde acon,
And made ech of hem to been his thral.
Amonges othere Daniel was oon,
That was the wisest child of everychon,
For he the dreme of the kyng espown,
Whereas in Chaldeye clerk he was ther noon
That waite to what fyn his dreme bowne.

This proude kyng leet make a statute of gold,
Sixty cubites long, and seiyne in brede.
To whiche ymage, bothe yonge and cyeold
Comanded he to loue, and have in drede,
Or in a foyntas ful of flambes rede
He shall be bren that wolde noght obeye.
But neve wolde assente to that dode
Daniel, ne his yonge felawe twee the.

This kyng of lynges proud was and elaat;
He wende that God that sit in mageste,
Ne myghte hym nat bireve of his estaat:
But sodeynly he losse his digymtyce,
And lyk a beest hym semed for to be,
And eet hey as an oxe, and lay theroute;
In reyn with wilde beastes walked hee,
Til certein tymhe ycome aboute.

And lik an egles fetheres weze his heres,
His nayles lik a briddes clawes weve;
Til God relesest hym a certeyn yerus,
And gav hym wyff; and thanne with many a teere
He thanked God, and ever his lyf in feere
Was he to doon amys, or moore trespass,
And, til that tymhe he leyd was on his beere,
He knew that God was ful of myght and grace.

His soone, which that highte Balthasar,
That heeld the regne after his fader day,
He by his fader houde noght be war,
For proud he was of herte and of array;
And eek an ydolesstre he was ay.
His bye estaat assured hym in pryede;
But fortune caeste hym downe, and ther he lay,
And sodeynly his regne gan divide.

A feeste he made unto his lorde alle,
Upon a tymhe, and bad hem blithe bee;
And thanne his officeres gan he calle,
Gooth, bryngeth forth the vesselles, quod he,
Whiche that my fader, in his prosperite,
Out of the temple of Jerusalem biraft he,
And yf hym wyff was goddesse thanke we,
Of honour, that oore eldes with us lafte.

His wyf, his lorde, and his concubynes
Ay dronken, whil hire appetites laste;
Out of thise noble vesselles sondry wynes;
And on a wate this kyng his epen caste,
And saugh an hand armlesse, that woot ful faste,
For feere of which he quokil, and aikeld soure.
This hand, that Balthasar so soore agaste,
Woot Man, teche, phares, and namoor.

In al that land magicien was noon
That houde expounde what this lettre mente;
But Daniel expowmed it aoon,
And bessye King, God to thy fader lente
Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, rente;
And he was proued, and nothynge God ne dradde,
And therfore God grete wrecche upon hym sente,
And hym biraft the regne that he hadde.

He was out cast of mannes companioun;
With assis was his habitacioun,

Til that he knew, by grace and by resoun,
That God of hevener hath domynacioun
Over every regne and every creature;
And thanne hadde God of hym compassiou,
And hym restored his regne and his figure.

Eek thou, that art his soone, art proud also,
And knoweest al thy thynge veryraile,
And art rebel to God, and art his foo;
Thou drank eek of his vesselles boldely,
Thy wyf eek, and thy wenes, synfully
Dromhe of the same vesselles sondry wynys,
And heryste false goddesse curaedly;
Therfore to thee yshapen ful greet pyme ys.

This hand was sent from God, that on the wal
Woot, Man, teche, phares, truste me;
Thy regne is doon, thou weyest noght at al;
Dwydedd is thy regne, and it shal be
To Medes and to Perses yeven, quod he,
And thille same myght this kyng was alawe,
Andarius occupieth his degree,
Thogh he therto hadde neither right ne lawe.

Lordynges, ensample heerby may ye take,
How that in lordshipes is no sikerneesse:
For whan fortune wolde a man forsake,
She bethen awa his regne and his richesse,
And eek his frendes, bothe moore and lessse;
For whan man that hath frendes theurgh fortune,
Mishap wol make hem enmyys, I gessse;
This proverb is ful sooth and ful commune.

E nobia, of Dalmyrie queene,
She wrieth Persiens of hir nobleesse,
So worthy was in armes and so keene,
That no wight passed hire in hardyne,
Ne in lynghe, nor oother gentlesse.
Of lynges blood of Perce she is descended;
I bye nat that she hadde mooost fairnesse,
But of hire shape she myghte nat been amended.

From hire childhede I fynde that she fleedde
Office of wommen, and to wode she wente;
And many a wilde herte she shede
Arwes brode that she to hem sente.
She was so swift that she anon hem bent,
And whan that she was elder, she wolde hille
Leuas, leopardes, and beres al torente,
And in hir armes weeleth hem at hir wilt.

She dorste wilde beastes demes seke,
And remen in the montaignes at the nght,
And slepen uner the bushy; and she houte she
Wraetien by verray force and verray myght.
With any yong man, were he never so wight;
Ther myghte nothynge in hir armes stonde.
She kepte hir maydenhede from every wight;
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.

But atte laste hir frendes han hire maried
To Odenake, a prynce of that contree;
Ai were it so that she hem longe taried;
And ye shul understande how that he
Haddede swich fantasies as hadde she.
But natheles, whan they were knytyinferec,
They lyved in joye and in felicitee,
For ech of hem hadde oother lief and deere,
Save o thyngs, that she wolde neve resente,
By no wy, that he should be hire lye
But onces, for it was hir pleyn entente
To have a child, the world to multiplye;
And al sooone as that she myghte espie
That she was nat with childe with that dede,
Thanne wolde she suffre hym doon his fantasie.
Gif sooone, and nat but condoes, out of dreme.

And if she were with childe at thilke tyme,
Na moore sholde he pleyen thilke game
Til fully fownty dayes weren past;
Thanne wolde she onces and hyme doun the same.
Al were this Odenakhe wilde or tame,
Het nat moore of hire, for thus she seyde,
It was to wyse heres and shame
In oother caes, if that men with hem pleyde.

Two sones by this Odenakhe hadde she,
The which she kepte in vertu and letture;
But now unto our tale turre we.
I seye, so worshipful a creature,
And wys therwith, and large with mesure,
So penible in the were, and curreis she,
Ne moore laboure myghte in were endure
Was noon, though al this word men sholde seke.

Hir riche array ne myghte nat be told,
As wel in vessel as in hire clothynge,
She was al clad in perree and guld,
And ech she lafte noght, for noon huntyng,
To have of sondry tonges ful knowyng,
Whan that she leyser hadde, and for to entendre
To lerne bookes was al hire lilyng,
How she in vertu myghte hire lyp dispended.

And, shortly of this storie for to tretre,
So daughte was his houstebonde and ech she,
That they conquered manye regnes grete
In the orient, with many a faire citee
Apermaunt unto the mageste,
Of Rome, & with strong hond held hem ful faste;
Ne neve myghte hire foonen doun hem flee,
Ay whil that Odenakhe dayes laste.

Hir bataullas, whose list hem for to rede,
Agayn Sapor the kyng and othere mo,
And how that al this proces fil in dende,
Why she conquered, and what title therto,
And after of hire meushief and hire woe,
How that she was biseged and yateke,
Lat hym unto my maister Petarke go,
That writyng of this, I undertak.

Agayn hir foon she fought so crueltie,
That ther nas kyng ne prynce, in al that londe
That he nas glad, if he that grace fondie,
That she ne wolde upon his lord werreye;
With hire they maden alliance by bonde
To been in pees, and let hire ride and pleye.

The emperour of Rome, Claudius,
Ne hym before, the Romayn Galien,
Ne dorse neve been so corageous
Ne noon Emyyn, ne noon Eripeien,
Ne Surrion, ne noon Arabyen,
Within the feeldes that dorse with hire fighte
Lest that she wolde hem with hir handes alen,
Or wif her miynge putten hem to flighte.

In kynges habit wente hir sones two,
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Hermamno, and Chymaloa,
Hir names were, as Persiann hem calle.
But ay fortune hath in hire hony galle.
This myghty queene may no while endure.
Fortune out of hir regne made hire falle
To wrecchehesnesse and to mysaventure.

Aurelian, whan that the governance
Of Rome cam into his handes twoye,
He shoope upon this queene to doon vengeaunce,
And with his legions he took his wyse
Toward Cenobie, and, shortly for to seye,
He made hire flee, and atte last hire hente,
And fetred hire, and ech hire children twoye,
And wan the lond, and hoom to Rome he wente.

Amonges othere thynges that he wan,
Hir charie, that was with golde wight and perree,
This grete Romayn, this Aurelian,
Path with hym lad, for that men sholde it see.
Bisfore his triumfhe walke shet
With gilet cheynes on hire nhekhe hangynge;
Coredown was she, after hir degree,
And ful of perree charged hire clothynge.

Alas, fortune! she that whilom was
Dredeful to kynges and to emperours,
Now gauereath at the peple on hire, alas!
And she that helmed was in starke stoure,
And wan by force townes stronge, and toures,
Shal on hir heed nowe were a viremyte;
And she that bar the cephe ful of fowers
Shal bere a distaif, hire cost for to quyte.

Noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of Spayne,
Whom fortune heeld so hie in margetice,
Welleghten men thy pitous deeth
Complayne!
Out of thy land thy brother made thee flee,
And after, at a sege, by subtilitee,
Thow were bitrayed and lad unto his tente,
Whereshe he with his owene hand lowe thee,
Succedyng in thy regne and in thy rente.
The feel of snow, with the gle of blak therinne, 
Caught with the hymered, coloured as the gleeede, 
He brewe this cursednease and at this syrne. 
The Wylked nest was werer of this nede; 
Nogth Charles Olyver, that ay took heede 
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorite 
Genyon Olyver, corrupt for meede, 
Broghte this worthy hyng in swiche a brith.

WORTHY Petro, lynge of Cipre, 
Also, 
That Aliandre waun be hygh maltryte, 
Ful many an hethen wroghtestow ful wo, 
Of which thyne owene lighes hadde envye, 
And, for nothing but for thy chivalrye, 
They in thy bed han slayn thee by the morwe. 
Thus han fortune hur wheele governe and gyve, 
And out of joye byrnye men to sorwe.

O of Melan, grete Bamnabo Viscounte, 
God of delit, and acourse of Lumbarde, 
Why sholde I nat thyne informt Honour accounce, 
Sith in estat thow thome were be oye? 
Thy brother gone, that was thyne double allye, 
For he thynew was, and sone in lawe, 
Withinne his prisoun made thee to dye; 
But why, ne how, noot I, that thow were slaue.

Dampned was he to dyen in that prisoun, 
For Roger, that which bisshope was of Plize, 
Hadde on hyrm maad a fals suggestion, 
Thurgh which the pepole gan upon hym rysse, 
And putthen hyrm to prisoun in swich wise 
As ye han herde, and mete and drynke he hadde 
So smale, that wel unmethe it may suffise, 
And therwithal it was ful powre and badde.

And on a day bifi that, in that hour, 
When that his womt was to be broght, 
The gayler abette the dores of the tour, 
He herde it wel, but he ne apak right noght, 
And in his herte anon ther fil a thoghth 
That they for hunger wolde doon hym dyen, 
[Alas! quod he, alas! that I was wroght! 
Ther with the teere fillen from his eyen.

His yonge son, that thre yeare was of age, 
Unto hym seyde, Fader, why do ye wepe? 
Whanne wol the gayler byrngenoure potage, 
Is ther no moruel breed that ye do kepe? 
I am so hungry that I may nat sleepe; 
Now wolde God that I myghte sleepe evene!
And drank anon; soon oother wo he made.
Whan myght is joyned unto crueltie,
Alas! to depe wo! the venym wade!

In Wythe a maister hadde this emperour,
To telle hym lettere and curteysie,
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his tyme, but if bookeys ley;
And whil this maister hadde of hym maistrie,
He hadde hym so honnyng and so sowple,
That longe tyme it was er tiranne,
Or any vice, dorate on hym uncouple.

This Seneca, of which that I devise,
Bycause Nero hadde of hym swich drede,
For he fro vicis wolde hym ay chaste
Discreetly, as by word, and nat by dede;
Sire, wolde he seyn, an emperour moot nede
Be vertuous, and hate tiranne;
For which he in a bath made hym to blede
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye.

This Nero hadde eek of acustumaunce
In youte the agayns his maister for to ryse,
Which afterward hym thoughte a greet grevance;
Therfore he made hym dyen in this wise.
But nathelesse this Seneca the wise
Chees in a bath to dye in this manere
Rather than han another tormentige;
And thus hath Nero slayn his maister deere.

Now fill it so that fortune listhe no longer
The hye pryde of Nero to cherishe;
For though that he was stronge, yet was she strenger;
She thoughte thus. By God, I am to nyce,
To sette a man that is ful of good
In heigh degree, and emperour hym calle.
By God! out of his sete I wol hym trice;
When he least wencheth, sonnet shal he faile!

The peple roos upon hym on a nyght
For his defaute, and whan he it copied,
Out of his dores anon he hath hym dight
Allone, and, ther he wende ban ben allied,
He knolled taste, and ay, the more he cried,
The faster atherethe they the dorea alle;
The wiste he well he hadde byhomes myagyed,
And wente his wy, no lenger dorste he calle.

The peple crye and robbled up and doun,
That with his erys herde he how they sayde,
Where is this false tirant, this Neroune?
For ere a moost out of his hyt he breyde,
And to his goddes pitously he preyde
For aocour, but it myghte nat bytyde.
For dree of this, hym thoughte that he deye,
And ran into a gardyn, hym to hyde.

And in this gardyn foond he cherles twye
That seten by a fyr ful grett and reed.
And to thise cherles two he gan to preyde
To sleen hym, and to gorden of his heed,
That to his body, when that he were deed,
Were no despit ydoon, for his defame.
Hymselfe he slow, he houde no bettre reed.
Of which Fortune lough, and hadde a game.

As nevere capitan under a kyng
That regnes no putte in subjeccyon,
Ne strenger was in feell of alle thyng.
As in his tyme, ne gretter of renoun,
Ne more pompous in heigh pre-

Chan Oloferne, which Fortune ay kiste
So likerously, and ladde hym up and don
Til that his heed was of, er that he wiste.

Nat ony that this world hadde hym in awe
For lesynge of richesse or libertee,
But he made every man reneye his lawe.
Nabugodonosor was god, seyde he,
Noon oother god he sholde adousere bee.
Agayns his becre no wight dorst trespace
Save in Bethulia, a stronge citee.
Where Eliachim a pretest was of that place.

But taake keppe of the deeth of Oloferne:
Amydye his hoost he dromke lay anyght,
Withinne his tente, large as is a berne.
And yit, for at his pompe and at his myght,
Judith, a womman, as he lay upryght
Steypnye, his head of amoot, and from his tente
Ful prytely she staly from ever next,
And with his head unto hir tong she wente.

Dat nedeth it of kyng Anthiochus
To telle his hye royale magestee,
His hye pride, his werkes venymus?
For swich another was ther none
As he.
Rede which that he was in Machabee,
And rede the proude wordes that he sayde,
And why he fil fro heigh prosperitee,
And in an hill by wrecchedly he deyde.

Fortune hym hadde enhauence so in pride
That verrailly he wende he myghte attayne
Unto the sterres, upon every syde;
And in balance weren ech monyntayn;
And alle the floodes of the see restryne,
And Goddes peple hadde he moost in hate;
Hem wolde he sleen in torment and in payne,
Wenyng that God ne mygte his pride abate.

And for that Nicanore and Chymothee,
Of Jewes weren vanquished myghtilly,
Unto the Jewes swich an hate hadde he
That he bad greithe his chaar ful hastily,
And awoer, and seyde, ful despitously,
Unto Jerusalem he wolde effoone,
To wrenen his ire on it ful cruelly;
But of his purpos he was let ful soon.

God for his manage hym so smoothe
With invisible woundes, my morynte,
That in hisse gutteres carf it so and boot,
That hisse pynes were importable;
And certainly the wreche was reasonable,
For many a manne gottes dide he paye;
But from his purpos cursed and damnable
For al his amir he wolde hym nat restreyne;

But bad anon apperillen his hoost,
And sodenlye, er he ot it of war,
God daunted al his pride and al his hoost;
For he so sore flit out of his char,
That it his lymes and his alyn totar,
So that he neyther myghte go ne ryde,
But in a charyer men aboute hym bar
Alle forbruse, bothe bak and syde.

The wreche of God hym smoot so cruelly,
That thurgh his body whilte wormes crepte;
And therwithal he stank so horribly,
That noon of al his meynete that hym kepte,
Whether so that he woole or ellis slepte.
Nemo myghte noght for any of hym endure,
In this mischiefe he waylde and ek wepte,
And knew Godlode of every creature.

To all his hoost and to himself also
Ful walsom was the any of his careyme;
No man ne myghte hym bere to ne fro;
And in this anyth and this horrible paye,
He starf ful wrecchly in a monyete.
Thus hath this robour and this homcyde,
That many a man made to wepe and pleyne,
Swich guerdoun as bilongen unto pyde.

The storie of Alisandr is so commune
That every wight that hath discrecioun,
Hath herd somewhat or al of his fortune.
This wyde world, as in conclusioun,
He wane by strengthe, or for his hre renoun
They weren glad for pees unto hym ende.
The pride of man and beast he leyed adown
Whereso he cam, unto the worldes ende.

Comparioun myghte nevere yet been made
Bitwixe hym and another conquerour;
For al this world for dere of hym hath quaked,
He was of knyghthood and of froadom flour;
Fortune hym made the heire of hire honour;
Save wyn and woomen, nothyng myghte aswage
His hre entente in armes and labour;
So was he ful of leonyn corage.

What preys were it to hym, though I yow tolde
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,
Of hyenge, princes, erles, dukes bolde,
Whiche he conquerid, and broght hem into wo?
I seye, as far as man may ryde or go,
The world was his, what sholde I more devise?
For though I write or tolde yow everemo
Of his knyghthode, it myghte nat suffise.

Twelf yeer he regned, as seith Machabee:
Philippes sone of Macidoyme he was,
That first was hyng in grete the contree.
O worthy gentil Alisandre, alas!
That euer sholde fallen swich a cas!
Empoysoned of thyn owene folk thou wyere;
Thy sye, Fortune hath turned into asa,
And yet for thee ne wepe she never a teere!

Who shal me yeve teere to compleyne
The deeth of gentilese and of franchise,
That al the world weetted in his demeyne,
And yet hym thoughte it mygte nat sustayne?
So ful was his corage of heigh empriise.
Alas! who shal me helpe to endite
False Fortune, and poyson to despeise,
The whiche two of al this wo I wyte?

Wisdom, manede, and by greet labour
From humberede to roial mageste,
Up roos he, Julius the conquerour,
That wan al the occident by land & see,
By strengthe of hand, or elles by treete.
But unto Rome made hem tributarie;
And sitteth of Rome the emperour was he,
Til that Fortune weex his adversarie.

O myghty Caesar! that in Theassilie
Agayn Pompeus, fader thyn in lawe,
That of thorsent hadde all the chivalrie
As fere as that the day bigynneth dawne,
Thouthingh thy nakedhod hast hem taken & slawe,
Save fewe folk that with Pompeus fledde,
Thurgh whiche thou puttest al thorsent in awe,
Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spede!

But now a litel while I wol biwalle
This Pompeus, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that feirght at this bataille.
I seye, on of his men, a fals traitour,
His head of smoot, to wynnen hym favour
Of Julius, and hym the heed he broghte.
Alas, Pompeye, of thorsent conquerour,
That fortune unto swich a wyn thee broghte!

To Rome agayn repaireth Julius
With his triumpe, lauriat ful hye;
But on a tyne Brutus and Cassius,
That euer hadde of his hre estat envye,
Ful prively had maad conspiracie.
Agayn this Julius, in subtiil wise,
And caste the place in which he sholde dye
With boydeleyns, as I shal yow devysse.

This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to goon,
And in the Capitolie an hym hente
This fals Brutus, and his thore foone,
And stiked hym with boydeleyns anoon
With many a wounde, and thab they let thym ly;
But neuer grente he at no strookk but oon,
Or elles at two, but if his storie ly.

So manly was this Julius of herte,
And so wel loveved estaatly honestee,
That though his deadly wounds be sore smerte,
His mantel over his hypes canteth he
For no man sholde see his private;
And as he lay of dying in a trauance,
And wiste verrailly that deed was hee,
Of honestee yet hadde he remembrancce.

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende.
And to Sweton, and to Valerius also,
That of this storie written word and ende,
How that to thiste grete conquerours two
Fortune was first frend, and sithen foo.
No man ne truste upon hire favoure longe,
But have hire in awayt for evermore;
Witnesse on alle thiste conquerours stronge.

HIS riche Cresus, whos hym kyng of
Lyde,
Of whiche Cresus Cyrus soore hym dradde,
Yet was he caught amyddes al his pryde,
And to be bret men to the fyr hym ladde;
But swich a reyn doun fro the welne shadde
That slow the fyr, and made hym to escape;
But to be war no grace yet he hadde,
Til fortune on the galwe made hym gape.

Whanne he escaped was, he kan nat stente
For to bigynne a newe were again.
He wende wel, for that fortune hym sente
Swich hap, that he escaped thurgh the rayn,
That of his foos he myghte nat be slayn;
And eek a sawene upon a nyghte he mette,
Of which he was so proud, and eek so fayn,
That in vengeance he al his herte sette.

Upon a tree he was, as that hym thoughte,
Ther Jupiter hym weseth, bothe bak and ayde,
And Dhebus eek a fair towaill hym brought
To dryen hym with, and therfore wex his pryde;
And to his dochter, that stode hym biayde,
Which that he knew in heigh science habounde,
He bad hire telle hym what it signyfye,
And she his dreem bigan right thus expounde.

The tree, quod she, the galwe is to meene;
And Jupiter bitowniketh snow and reyn,
And Dhebus, with his towaill so clene,
The ben the sonne/bemes for to seyn;
Thou shalt anhande be, fader, certeyn,
Reyn shal thee washe, and sonne shal thee drye.
Thus warned she hym ful plat and ful pleyne,
His dochter, that which called was Phane.

Anhande was Cresus, the proude kyng;
His royall trone myghte hym nat availle.
Tragedie is soon oother maner thyngh;
Ne han in anynyng crie ne biawalle,
But for that fortune alwey wole assaille
With unwar stook the regnes that been proude;
For whan men trusteth hire, thanne wol she faile,
And cover hire brighte face with a cloud.

Bere are stynteth the Kyght the Monk of his Tale.

The prologue of the Nonnes Prestes Tale.

O quod the Kyght, good sire, namoore of this!
That ye han sayd is right nough, ywis,
And muchel more; for litle berynness
Is right nough to muche folk, I gesse.
I see for me, it is a greet disease.
Whereas men han been in greet welthe and ese,
To heeren of hire sodeyn Fal, alius!
And the contrarie is joye and greet solas,
As whan a man hath ben in powre casta,
And clymbeth up, and wexeth fortuna,
And there abideth in prosperite,
Swich thynge is gladde, as it thynkele me.
And of swich thynge were goodly for to telle.

Ye, quod cure Hooste, by Saint Doules belle,
Ye seye right sooth; this Monk, he clappeth lowe;
He spak how fortune covered with a clowe,
I noot never what, and als of a Tragedie
Right now ye herde, and, pardee; no remedie
It is for to biawalle, ne compleyn
That that is doon; and als, it is a peyne,
As ye han sayd, to heere of hemyease.
Sire Monk, namoore of this, so God yow blesse!
Youre tale anoyeth at this compagnyie;
Swich talkeynge is nat worth a bottaryfe;
For therinne is ther no despor nor game.
Wherefore, sire Monk, daun Pieris by youre name,
I pray yow hertely, telle us somwhat elles,
For sklerely, neere clynkyng of yore belles
That on youre bridell hange on every ayde,
By beynge hym, that for us alle dyde,
I sholde er this han fallen doun for sleepe,
Although the slough had never been so dece;
Channe haddre your tale al be toold in weyn.
For certye, as that thiste clerkes seyn,
Whereas a man may have noon audience,
Nght helpeth it to tellen his sentence;
And we lwo it the substance is in me,
If any thyng shal he reported be.
Sir, sey somewhat of hystorie, I yow praye.

Ye, quod this Monk, I have no lust to playe;
Now lat another telle, as I have toold.
Channe spak cure Hooste with rude speche
And booke,
And seye unto the Nonnes Prest anon,
Com near, thou preest, come hyder, thou sir John.
Telle us swich thynge as may cure hertes glade;
Be blythe, though thou ryde upon a jade.
What thogh thy thyn hor be bothe foule and lene,
If he wol serve thee, rekhe nat a bene;
Loosle that thyn be mure ervermo.

Ye, sir, quod he, ywis, Hoost, ao moot I go,
But I yow myriche, ywis, I wol be blamed.

And right anon he tel he hath attamed,
And thus he seyde unto us everichon,
This sweete prest, this goodly man, sir John.
HEERE BIGYNETH THE NONNES PREESTES TALE OF
THE COK AND HEN, CHAUNTECLEER AND PERTELOTE.

DOYRE wydwe, som-
del stape in age,
was whilom dwellyling
in a narwe cottage,
Beside a greve, stond-
yngre in a dare.
This wydwe, of which I
telle you my tale,
Syn thilke day that she
was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful symple lyf,
For litel was hir carles and hir rente.
By hou sbondries, of which God hire sente,
She found hirselfe, and thok hir dochtre two.
This large thang hadde she, and namo:
Three keen, and eek a shepes that bighete Malle.
Ful byghte was hir bourn, and eek hire halle,
In which she eet ful many a skilende mekt;
Of poynant sauce hir neded never a deel.
No demetee movede though with hir throte;
And thoght was sa córt lookede hir cote.
Replecicoun ne made hir neveir sik,
Attempere diece was al hir phisill,
And exercis, and hertis suffisaunce.
The goute lette hire nothyng for to daunce,
Napolexi ne shente nat hir heed;
No wyn ne drank sh, ne ther what ne reed;
Hir bord was served moost with what and blak,
Milk & broun breed, in which she found no lauk,
Seyd baccoun, and somtyme an ey or twyve,
For she was, as it were, a maner deye.

When she hadde, encloaked al aboute
With stithies, and a drye dych withoute,
In which she hadde a col, heet Chaunte-

cleer.
In al the land of crownyng nas hir peer.
His voyas was merie as the mune organ
On mesea days that in the churche fyn;
Wel silker was his crownyng in his logge,
Than is a clifeke, or an abbasye orlogge.
By nature he knoche ech ascencion
Of theqynynial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
This neere he, that it myghte nat be smended.
His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailled, as it were a castel wal;
His byle was blak, and as the ject it shoon;
Lyk assure were his legges, and his toon;
His naples whiter than the lypte flour,
And lyke the bell gold was his colour.

His gentil col hadde in his governance
Sevyn hennes, for to doon al his
pleasance.
Which were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to hym, as of colours;
Whe the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar byrself so faire,
Syn thilke day that she was seven myght oold.
That trewe ly the herte in hoold
Of Chauntecleer leken in every lith;
He loved hire so, that wel was hym therwith.
But owly a Joyce was it to here hem thourge.
When that the brighte somme gan to appryngre.
In sweete accord, My lie is faren in londe,
For thilke tyne, as I have understonde,
Beestes and briddes houde speke and synge.

AND so bief, that in the dawnyng,
As Chauntecleer among his wyven alle
Sat on his perche, that was in a halle,
And next hym sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chauntecleer gan groen in his throte,
As man that in his drem is drecked noore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde hym
roore,
She was agast, and seye, O herte deere!
What erytheth yow, to grone in this manere?
Ye been a verray sleepere; fy, for shame!
And answeyde and seye thes: Madame.
I pray yow that ye take it not agriff;
By God, me thynkte I in owse meechier.
Righet now, that ye myn herte is sterk a graft.
Now God, quod he, my awenene rekche aight,
And keppe my body out of foul prisoun.
Me mette, how that I roome up and doun
Witinne our yeerd, whereas I saugh a best
Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areest
Apon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
His colour was bitteye yellow and reed;
And tippet was his tayl, and bothe his ceris,
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heresi.
This snowte smal, with glowngyen eyen tweye.
Yet of his look for feere anmoste I deye.
This causede me my groynge, doucede,
"Hoye! quod she, fy on yow, hertelove!
Alas! quod she, by that God above!
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love.
I han nat love a coward, by my feith!
For certes, whatso woman seth,
We alle desiren, if it myghte bee.
To han houbondes hardy, wise, and free,
And secres, and no nygard, ne no fool,
Ne hyme that is agast of every tool,
Ne noon avantour, by that God above!
Now dore ye seyn, for shame, unto your love
That any thynge myghte make yow aferd?
Have ye nat menne herte, worth unagard?
Alas! and honne ye been agast of awenynys?
Nothyng, God woot, but vanitee, in awenynys.
Awenyns engrendere of replecions,
And ofte of fume, and of compleckions
When humours been to habundant in a wight.
Now ye gret this drem, which ye han met
yestocht.
Cometh of the grete superfluyte.
The Nonnes Preestes Tale

Of youre rede cole, pardeee,
Which causeth folk to drenen in his dromes.
Of arres, and of fyre with rede lemes,
Of grete beastes, that they wol hem byte,
Of contech, and of whelpes, grete and lyte;
Right as the humour of malenceole,
Cause folc ful many a man, in sleepe, to crye;
For feere of blake beres, or booles blakse,
Or elles, blake develles wolte hem take.
Of othere humours koude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleepe ful wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I kan.
Lo Catoun, which that was so wyse a man,
Seyde he nat thu, Ne do no fors of dromes.

Now, sire, quod she, than ye fle fro the bemes,
For Goddes love, as taful sey saxafyf.
A perle of my soule, and of my lyf,
I conseile yow the beste, I wol nat lyf,
That bothe of colere and of malencolye
Ye purye yow; and, for ye shal nat tarie,
Though in this toun is noon apothecarie,
I shal myself to herbes tachen yow,
That shul been for youre hele, and for youre prow;
And in oure yeerd the herbes shal I fynde,
The whiche han of hire proprete, by kynde,
To purye yow benete, and eek above.
Forget nat this, for Goddes owene love!
Ye been ful colorly of compleiccion.
Wate the sone in his ascencion
Ne fynde yow nat replete of humours bote;
And if it do, I dar wel lye a goete,
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,
Or an ague, that may be yourane bale.
A day or two ye shul have digestateyves
Of wormes, er ye take youre laxatyves,
Of lawriol, centaure, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of hatapuce, or of gaitryps beriys,
Of herbe yve growing in oure yeerd, ther meri is;
Delike hem upp right as they growe, and ete hem ym;
Be myrie, houbonde, for youre fader hym!
Dredeth no dreem; I han sey yow namoore.

ADAME, quod he, graunt mercy of your loore,
But nathelles, as touchyng daun.
That hath of wysdom swich a greet renoun,
Though that he bad no dromes for to drede,
By God, men may in olde booke rede
Of many a man, moore of auctorite,
Than evere Catoun was, so moort I the,
That al the revers seyn of this sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dromes been significacionis,
A wel of joye as tribulationis,
That folk endureth in this lif present.
Ther nedeeth make of this noon argument;
The verray preze sheweth it in drecte.

Oon of the gretteste auteurs that men rede
Seith thus, that whilom two felawes wente
On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;
And hapeh so, they coomen in a toun,
Wherass ther was swich congregacioun
Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as muche as o cottage,
In which they bothe myghte ylogged bee;
Wherefore they moosten of necessite,
As for that nyght, departen compaignye;
And ech of hem gooth to his hostelyr,
And took his lygone as it wolde falte.
That oon of hem was logged in a stallen
For in a yeerd, with oxen of the plough;
That oother man was logged wel enoufh,
As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governeth alle as in commune.
And so bipe, that longe er it were day,
This man mette in his bed, theras he lay,
Now that his felawe gan upon hym calle,
And seyde, Alas! for in an oxen stallen
This nyght I shal be bounded ther I lye.
Now help me, deere brother, or I dye;
In alle hunte com to me, he sayde.

TRIS man out of his sleep for feere abrayde;
But whan that he was wakened of his sleep,
He turned hym and took of it no keep;
Hym thoughte his dreem was but a vanitee.
Thus twich in his sleping dremed he,
And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe.
Cam, as hym thoughte, and aise, I am now slawe;
Bihoold my bloody woundede, depe and wyde!
Arise up erly in the morwe tyde,
And at the west gate of the toun, quod he,
A carte ful of donge ther shallow be,
In which my body is hid ful prively;
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn,
And tolde hym every point how he was slayn,
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And truste wel, his dreem he found ful trewe;
For on the morwe, as soone as it was day,
To his felawes he in the took the way;
And that he cam to this oxen stallen,
After his felawe he bogan to calle.

The hoster anwered hym anon,
And seyde, Sire, your felawe is agow;
As soone as day he wente out of the toun.

This man gan fallen in suspeicion,
Remembrynge on his dromes that he mette,
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A donge/cartee, as it were to donge lord,
That was arrayed in that same wise
Ha ye han herd the dede man dewy.
And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
Vengeauence and justice of this felonye.

My felawe mordred is this same nyght,
And in this carte he lith gapyang uprigh.
I crye out on the ministres, quod he,
That sholden here and reule this tree;
Bawow! alas! here lith my felawe slayn!

What sholde I more unto this tale sayn?
The peple out sterte, and caste the cart to grounde,
And in the myndel of the dong they founde
The dede man, that mordred was al newe.
A life er he was morderd, on a day,
His morder in his avisacioun he say,
His owene, and bad hym for to kep hym weel
For traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer oold,
And thorefore litle tale hath he told.
Of any drems, so hooly is his herte.
By God, I hadde levere than my shortes
That ye hadde rad his legende as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I say yow trewelee,
Macrobeus, that writh the avisacion
In Affrike of the worthy Cipion,
Afermeth dremes, and seith that they been
Warnyng of thynge that men after seen.
And forthermore, I pray yow looceth wele
In the Olde Testament, of Daniel,
If he heeld dremes any vanitee.
Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see
Wher dremes be sometyme, I seye nat alle,
Warnyng of thynge that ahul after fallay.
Looke of Egypt the hyng, daun Pharao,
His baker and his butiller also,
Wher they ne felt noo effect in dremes,
Whoso wol seken actes of sondry remes,
May reede of dremes many a wondre thynge.
O Creus, which was that of Lyde hyng,
Mette he nat that he eat upon a tree,
Which signifid he sholde anhande bee?
O heere Andromacha, Ectores wyf,
That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,
She dremed on the same nyght biforn,
Now that the lyf of Ector sholde be loome.
If thilke day he wente into bataille,
She warned hym, but it mysght nat availle,
He wente for to fighte natheles.
And he was olayn anon of Achill,
But thilke tale is al to longe to telle,
And ech it is ny day, I may nat dwele;
Shortly I seye, as for conclusion,
That I shal han of this avisacion
Adversitee; and I seye forthermoore,
That I ne telle of taxatyves no stoc,
For they been venymes, I woot it weel;
I hem diffye, I love hem never a deal!
Now let us speche of myrthe, & stynte at this;
Madame Pertelote, so have I bis,
Of o thynge God hath sent me large grace;
For whan I se the beeute of youre face,
Ye been so scarlet-red aboute youre eyen,
It maketh al my drede for to dyen;
For, also siuer as In principio,
Muller est hominis confusion;
Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
Womman is mannes joye, and al his bis.
For whan I feele anyght your softe syde,
Albeit that I may nat on yow ryde,
For that our perche is maad so narwe, alas!
I am so ful of joye and of solas,
That I diffye bothe the sweene and dreem.

ND with that word he ley doun fro the beem,
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
The Nomemes Preestes Tale

For he hadde founde a corn, lay in the yerd.  
Roial he was, he was namore aferd;  
He fethered Perleote twenty tymue,  
And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.  
He looketh an it were a grym leoun;  
And on his toos he rometh up and deun,  
Bym deigned nat to sette his foot to grounde.  
He stet the smale cornes when he hath a corn yfounde,  
And to hym remen thanne his wyues alle.  
Thua roial, as a prince is in an halie,  
Leve I this Chauntecleere in his pasture;  
And after wol I telle his aventure.  

WHEN that the monthe in which the world

That highteth March, when God first
maked man,
Was compleet, and ypassed were also,
Syn March bogan, thrity dayes and two,
 zipfile that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,
His seven wyues walthynghe by his syde,
Caute up his eyen to the blight sonne,
That in the signe of Carus hadde pryme
Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat more;
And knew by kynde, and by noo another loore;
That it was pryme, and crewe with blissful stevente.

The sonne, he seyde, is clomben up on hevyn
Fourty degrees and oon, and more, ywia.
Madame Perleote, my worldes blis,
Perketh thitht blifull briddes how they syngyn,
And as the freshe flores how they spryngle,
For the myghte of revel and acras.

But godlymen hym fil a sorwefull cas;
For ever the latter ende of joy is wo.
God woot that worldly joye is soone ago;
And if a retorh koude faire endite,
He is a cronque sauffly myghte it write,
As for a soveryn notabilitte.
Now every wyg man, lat him herne me;
This estorie is al so trwe, I undertaue,
As is the book of Lamelot de Lake
That wommen holde in ful grete reverense.
Now wol I come agayn to my sentence.

FOX, ful of sloy iniquiteit,
That in the grove hadde wonden yeres three,
By heigh ymaginacioun frocast,
The same myght thurghout the hegun braut.
Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
Was wont, and ech his wyues, to reeye;
And in a bed of wortes stilhe he lay;
Til it was passad underyn of the day.
Waltynge his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle;
As gladly doon thiae homcydes alle,
That in await liggen to mordre men.
O false mordour, lurkynghe in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genytte!
False dissimylour, O Greek Synoun,
That brightest Trome al outrely to sorwe!
O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,
That thoo into that yerd frayght fro the bemes!
Now thou were ful wel yswarmed by thy dromes,
That thilke day was perilous to thee.
But what that God forwoot moot nedes bee,

After the opinion of certein clerkes,
Witness on hym, that any parfit clerke is,
That in scole is grete altercacion
In this mateere, and greet disputacion,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne han nat buite it to the bren,
As han the hooły doctour Augustyn,
Or Beece, or the bishope Bradwardyn,
Wether that Goddes worthy forwytyng
Strenyth me nedefull to doon a thynge,
Nedly elepe I symple necessitee,
Or elles, if free choys be graunte me
To do that same thynge, or do it nighte,
Though God forwot it, er that it was wroght;
Or if his wytyng strenyth never a deel
But by necessitee condicioned.
I wiul nat han to do of swich mateere;
My tale is of a col, as ye may heere,
That toke his conseil of his wyf, with sorwe,
To waliten in the yerd upon that morwe
That he hadde mett that dreem that I of tolde.

WOMMENES conseil was ful of recolde;
Commynnes conseil brughte us first to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradys to go,
Ther as he was ful myrle and wel at ese;
But, for I noot to whom it might displesse
If I conseil of wommen wolde blame,
Passee over, for I seyde it in my game.
Rede auctours where they trette of swich mateere,
And what they seyn of wommen ye may heere.
Thisere been the colkhes wordes, and nat mynte,
Then noo harm of no woman dynye.

ARE in the sond, to bathe hire myrly,
Lith Perleote, and alle hire souteres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free
Sung merier than the mermayde in the see;
For Phisiolegos seith sikerly,
How that they syngyn wel and myrly.

And so bifer that, as he caust his eye,
Among the worcies, on a botersflye,
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
Nothyng ne liete hym thanne for to crowe;
But erde anon, Cok, cok! and up he sterte,
As man that was affrayed in his herte;
For naturelly a beest desiereth flee
Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
Though he never erat hadde seyn it with his eye.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan hym espye,
De wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Sayde, Gentil sire, alas! wher wol ye gon?  
Be ye affrayed of me that am youre frend?
Now cortes, I were worse than a feend,
If I to yow wolde harme or vileynye.
I am nat come your counsell for teespe;
But trewe, the cause of my conyngye
Was onely for to herne how that ye syngye;
For trewe, ye have as mypyre a stevene
As any angel hath that is in hevyn.
Therwith ye han in musky moore feelinge
Than hadde Beece, or any that han syngye.
My lord yeu fader, God his soule blessye
And eek your soule moorder, of hire gentilisse,
Han in myn hous ybeen to my greet ese,
And certes, sire, ful sayn wolde I pove plese.
But for men spake of synnyng, I wol seye,
So moote I brouke wel myne eyen tewe,
Saye yow, I herde neuer man yet synge
As dide youre fader in the morweynge.
Certe, it was of herte, al that he song;
And for to make his waye the moore strong.
He wolde so peyne hym that with bothe his eyen
He mooste wynke, so loude he wolde cryen,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And streche forth his nekke, long and smale.
And eek he was of swich discracion,
That ther nas no man in no regioun
That hym in song or wisedom myghte passe.
I have wel rad in Daun Burnel the Hase,
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
For that a pretesse sore yaf hym a knock
Upon his leg, whi he was yong and nyce,
He made hym for to leap his benefite;
But certeyn, ther nyis no comparision
Bitwix the wisdom and discracion
Of youre fader, and of his subtite.
Now syngeth, sire, for seinte charitee;
Let se, honne ye youre fader countrefete.
This Chauntecleer his wynges gan to bete,
He man that koude his trysoun nat espie,
So was he ravenashed with his flaterie.
Alas, ye lordes, many a fals flatour
Is in youre courtes, and many a losengeour,
That plese yow yet more, by my feith,
Than he that sooth fastnesse unto yow seith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye:
Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trechery.
This Chauntecleer stooed hue upon his toos,
Strecchenge his nekke, and heeld his eyen closs;
And gan to crowe loude for the noneis;
And daun Russell, the fox, stirted up stoues
And by the gargant hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode hym beern;
For yet ne was ther no man that hym sewed.

DESTINER, that mayst nat been cachewed!
Alas, that Chauntecleer fleign fro the bernes!
Alas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dreymes!
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.

O Venus, that art goddesse of pleasaunce,
Syn that thy servaunt was this Chauntecleer,
And in thy servaunce dide al his powere,
More for delit, than world to multipule,
Why woldestow suffre hym on thy day to dye?
O Gaufred, deere maister soverayn,
That, when thy worthy lyng Richard was slayn
With shot, compleyned at his death so sore!
Why ne hadde I nou thine sentence, and lo thine,
The friday for to chide, as dide ye?
For on a friday, soothly, slayn was he.
Thanne wolde I shewe yow how that I houde playne
For Chauntecleres dere, and for his peyne.
Certe, swich cryne leumentacioun
Was nevere of ladies maad, when Yleoun
Was wanne, and Pirrus, with his strete sword,
When he hadde bent kyng Driam by the beryd,
And slayn hym, as seith us Eneydos,
As madden alle the hennes in the clowse,
When they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte.
But soverynly dame Pertelote shrughte,
Ful louder than dide Hiadrubalus wyf,
When that hir housbonde hadde lost his lyf,
And that the Romaynas hadde brend Cartage;
She was so ful of ferenment and of rage,
That wilfullly into the fyre she sterte,
And brend herselfe with a stedefast herte.

WOFULL hennes, right so erden ye,
As, whan that Nero brende the ciete
Of Rome, cryden the senatore wyves,
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;
Withouten gift this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wolde I turne to my tale again;

His seli wydde, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thiese hennes eire and maken wo,
And out at dores stiren they anon,
And sien the fox toward the grove gon,
And bar uppon his bak the cok away,
And cryden, Out! harrow! and waylyaway!
Ha! ha! the fox! and after hym they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle,oure dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malwyn, with a dystaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and cale, and eek the verray hoggis,
Forfered for the berynge of the dogges,
And aboutynge of the men and wommen eek;
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
They yelliden, as feendes doon in helle;
The doles cryden, as men wolde hem quelle;
The geese, for feere, flowen over the trees;
Out of the hywe cam the swarm of bees;
So bydous was the noys, al benedicitee!
Certe, he Jakhe Straw, and his meynety,
Ne made nevere shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any flenynge hille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras they breghten bernes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and powped,
And therwithal they shrilled and they howped;
It semed as that hevene sholdle falle.

Ow, good men, I pray yow herkineth alle;
Lo, how fortune turneth sodenely
The hope & pryde cok of hir eneme!
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
In al his dere unto the fox he spak,
And seyde, Sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet wolde I seyn, as wys God heele me,
Curneth agayn, ye proute cherles alle!
A verray penitence upon yow falle;
Now am I come unto the wodes syde,
Maugree youre heed, the cok shal heere abyde;
I wol hym ete, in feith, and that anon!

The fox anawerde, In feith, it shal be don.
And as he spak that word, al sodenely
This cok brak fro his mouth dereverly
And heigne upon a tree he fleigh anoon.
And whan the fox saugh that he was ygon,
Heere folwe the Phisicians Tale.

HER was, as tellithe Titus Livius,
A knyght that called was Virginius,
Ful of honoure & of worthynesse,
And strong of frendes and of greet richease.
This knyght a doghter hadd by his wyf,
No childe hadd he mo in al his lyf,
Faire was this childe in all his beautie,
Aboven eyght that man may see:
For Nature hath with sovereyn diligence
Yformed hire in so greet excellence,
As though she wold seyn, lo, I, Nature,
Thus han I forme and peynye a creature
That than that me list; who han me contrefete?
Digmalion neyth, though he ye forgy and bete,
Or grave, or peynye; for I dar wel seyn
Apelles, Zanzio, sholdhe werche in yeven,
Oute to grave, or peynye, or forgy, or bete,
If they presumed me to contrefete,
For be that is the forme princial
Hath made me his viceare general
To forme and peynten erthely creaturis
Right as me list, and ech thynge in my cwe
Is under the moone, that may wane and waxe,
And for my wynter right nothyng wol I see;
My lord and I been in every herte;
I made hire to the worship of my lord,
So do I alle myne othere creaturis,
Now, goode God, if that it be thy will
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men,
And brynge us to his heighes bliss.
Amen.

Words of the Boose to the Nonnes Priest.

IRE Nonnes Priest,
Sowrboose seide oath,
Blesse the breche,
And every stoon.
This was a murye tale of Chautnicler;
But, by my truthe, if thou were secular,
Thou woldest ben a tredeous aight;
For if thou haue corage, as thou hast might,
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
Ya, mo than seventen tymes seventevne!
Se, whiche braumes hath this gentil preest,
So gret a nekke, and owch a large brest.
He leketh as a sparwale with his eyen;
Hym nedeth nat his colour for to dyen
With brasile, ne with gwyn of Portingale,
Now, sire, faire falle yow for youre tale.
And after that, he wold be a tredeous aight.

What colour that they han, or what figures.
Thus semeth me that Nature wold eaye,
Thys mayde of age twelwe yeer was and tweye,
In which that Nature hadde swich delit;
For, right as she han peynye a litle white,
And reed a rose, right with swich peynyre
She peynyte hath this noble creature
Er she were born, upon hir tymes fre,
Wheereas by right swiche colour shold be;
And Rhebus dyed hath hire treses grete
Lyt to the stremes of his burned heere;
And if that excellent was hire begynne
A thousand foulds moore vertuose was she.
In hire ne taketh no condicion
That is to preseye, as by discretion.
As wel in goost as body chaist was she;
For which she foured in virginitye
With alle humilitate and abstinence,
With alle attemperanece and paieciee,
With mesure eek of beryng and array.
Discreet she was in awserying alway,
Though she were wise as Dallas, dar I seyn;
Her face ende, ful wommanly and pleyn;
No contrefete termes hadde she
To some wys; but after hire degree
She wape, and alle hire wordes moore & lese
Sowynge in vertu and in gentillesse;
Shamefast she was, in maydens shame-
fastenesse,
Constant in herte, and ever in bisynesse
To dryve hire out of yedel slogardie.
This mayde upon a day wente in the towne
Toward a temple, with hire moder deere,
As is of yonge maydens the manere.
Now was ther thanne a justice in that towne,
That governour was of that regioun,
And so bifel, this juge his even caste.
Upon this mayde, anyone may ful faste
As she cam forby ther this juge stood.
Anon his herte chaunged and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this mayde;
And to hymself ful pryvety he sayde,
This mayde shal be myn, for any man.
Anon the feend into his herte ran,
And taughte hym bodemyly, that he by slyghte
The mayden to his purpos wynne myghte.
For certes, by no force, ne by no meede,
Hym thoughte, he was nat able for to speeche;
For she was strong of freende, and eek she
Confermed was in swich overrayn bountye,
That wel he wiste he myghte hire nevere wynne.
As for to make hire with his body syme;
For which, by gret deliberacion,
He sente after a cherl, was in the towne,
Which that he knew for subtil and for boole.
This juge unto this cherl his tale hath toold.
In secrece wise, and made hym to ensure
He sholde telle it to no creature,
And if he dide, he sholde lesse his heed.
When that assent was this curued reed,
Glad was this juge, and made hym gret chere,
And yaf hym yiftes, precoue and deere.

BAN shapen was al hire conspiracie,
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie
Durfourned sholde beene ful subtilly,
As ye shul heere it after openly.
Broom gooth the cherl, the hire bene Claudius.
This fals juge that highte Apius,
So was his name, for this is no fable,
But known for historyal thyng notable,
The sentence of it sooth is, out of doute;
This fals juge gooth now faste aboute
To haaste his delit al that he may.
And so bifel soone after, on a day,
This fals juge, as telleth us the storie,
As he was wont, sat in his consistorie,
And yaf his doomes upon sondry cas.
This fals cherl cam forth, a ful gret pas,
And sayde, Lord, if that it be your wille,
As he dooth me right upon this pitous bille,
In which I pleye upon Virginius;
And if that he wol seyn it nat thus,
I wol it preve, and fynde good winnesse
That sooth is that my bille wol expresse.

The juge answere. Of this, in his absence,
I may nat yeve difmytrypse sentence;
Lat do hym calle, and I wol gladly here;
Thou shal have alle right, and no wrong here.

VIRGINIUS cam to wite the juges wille,
And right anon was rad this cursed bille;
The sentence of it was as ye shal here:
To yow, my lord, sire Apius so deere,
Sheweth youre povre servant Claudius,
Now that a knyght, called Virginius,
Agains the lawe, agayn al equitie,
Boldeth, expres agayn the wyll of me,
My servant, which that is my thral by righ,
Which fro myn hous was stole upon a nyght,
Whil that she was ful yong: this wol I preewe
By witness, lord, so that it nat yeow greeue.
She nyss his doghter nat, what so he seye;
Wherefore to yeve, my lord the juge, I preye,
Yeld me my thral, if that it be your will.
So, this was al the sentence of his bille.
Virginius gan upon the chere bichoide,
But hastily, er he his tale tolde,
And wolde have prewed it, as alode a knyght,
And ceh by witnesse of many a wight,
That it was fals that seyde his adversarie,
This cursed juge wolde nothyng tarie,
Ne heere a word more of Virginius,
But yaf his judgement, and seyde thus:
"I deme anon this chere his servant have;
Thou shalt no lenger in thyn house hir save.
Go bryng hire forth, and put hire in oure warde,
The chere shal have his thral; this I awarde.
ND whan this worthy knyght, Virginius,
Church sentence of this justice Apius,
Moste by force his deere doghter yeven
Unto the juge, in lecherie to lyven,
He gooth hym bomp, and sette him in his halle,
And leen anon his deere doghter calle,
And, with a face deed as ashen colde,
Upon hir humble face he gan binoide,
Witnesse of a stylynghe thurg his herte,
Al wolde he from his purpos nat convert.
"Doghter, quod he, Virginius, by thy name,
Ther been two wytes, outher deeth or shame,
That thou moost suffre; alaso! that I was borne!
For neuer thou deservedest wherfore
To dyen with a swerd, or with a kynfe.
O deere doghter, endere of my lyf,
Which I have fostred up with swich plesaunce,
That thou were neuer out of my remembrance.
O doghter, which that art my laste wo,
And in my lyf my laste joye also;
O gemme of chastitie! in pacience
Take thou thy deeth, for this is my sentence.
For love, and nat for hate, thou must be deed;
My pitous hand moost smyten of thyn heed!
Alaso! that evere Apius the say!
Thus hath he falsly jugged the today,
And tolde hire al the cas, as ye bifoere
Han her; nat nedeth for to tellte it moore.
"Mercy, deere fader! quod this mayde,
And with that word she both hir armes layde
About his nekke, as she was wont to do;
The teere broute out of hir eyen two,
And sye, Goode fader, shal I dy?
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedye?
No, certes, deere doghter myn, quod he.
Channe yf me leyser, fader myn, quod she,
My deeth for to compleyne a litle space;
For pardee, Jepete yaf his doghter grace
For to compleyne, er hir hewlow, alaso!
And God it woot, nothyng was hir treapas.

But for she ran hir fader first to see,
To welcome hym with greet solempnite.
And with that word she fil asswonne anon,
And after, whan hir sownening is agon,
She ryseth up, and to hir fader sayde,
Blessed be God, that I shal dye a mayde;
"Yf me my deeth, er that I have a shame;
Deeth with youre child youre wyll, a Goddes name!
And with that word she preyed hym ful ofte
That with his swerd he wolde amyte softe
And with that word asssowe downe she fil.
Hir fader, with ful aorowful herte and wil,
Hir heed of smoot, and by the toppe hente,
And to the juge he gan it to presente,
As he sat yet in doom in consistorie.
And whan the juge it saugh, as seith the storie,
He bad to take hym and anhange hym faste;
But right anon a thousand peple in thraste,
To save the knyght, for routhe and for pitee,
For known was the fals iniquitee.
The peple anon had sucept of this thynge,
By manere of the cherles chalanying,
That it was by the assent of Apius;
They wisten wel that he was lecherus.
For which unto this Apius they gon,
And caste hym in a prisoun right anon,
Theras he alow hymself; and Claudius,
That servaunt was unto this Apius,
Was demed for to hange upon a tree;
But that Virginius, of his pitee,
So preyde for hym that he was exiled;
And elles, certes, he had been bigyled.
The remenant were anhanged, moore and leere,
That were consentant of this cursednesse.

eere men may seen how synne hath his merite.

Blest war, for no man woot whom God wol amyte
In no degree, ne in which maner wyse
The worm of conscience may aeryse
Of willked lyf, though it so pryve be
That no man woot therof but God and he;
For be he lewed man, or ellia leered,
He noot how soone that he shal been afered.
Therefore, I rede yow, this consell tak
Forsoath synne, or synne yow forsake.
Beere endeth the Phisiciens Tale.

The words of the Host to the Phisiciens and the Pardoner:

Are hoste gan to aere as he were wood;
Harrow! quod he, by nayles, and by blood!
This was a fals cherle and a fals justice;
As shameful deeth as herte may devysse
Come to thys jugges and hire advocate!
Alas, this by mayde is slayn, alas!
Alas! to deere boughshe she beautee!
Wherefore I seye al day, as men may see,
That yfites of Fortune and of Nature
Been cause of death to many a creature.
Bire beate was hire deth, I dar wel sayn;
Alas! so pitously as she was slayn!
Of bothe yfites that I spake of now
Men han ful ofte moore for harm than prow.

This is a pitous tale for to heere;
But nothlesse, passas over, is no fors;
I praye to God, so save thy gentil cors,
And eek thyne urynal, and thy jurdanis,
Thyn Tpocras, and eek thy Galianes,
And every boyste ful of thy leturarie;
God blesse hem, and oure Lady Seinte Marie!
So moot I thee, thou art a propre man,
And lyk a pretat, by Seint Ronyon!
Seyde I nat wel? I lan nat speke in terme;
But we wel woost, thou doost myn hert to erme,
That I almoot have caught a cardyacle.
By corpus bones! but I have triacle,
Or elles a draughte of moyste and corny ale,
Or but I heere anony a myrie tale,
Myn herte is loset, for yfite of this mayde.
Thou becl amy, thou Pardoner, he sayde,
Telle us som mythe or rapes right anon!
But first, quod he, heere at this ale sake
I wol bothe drynke, and eten of a cake.
And right anon the gentils gonne to crye,
Nay! lat hym tella us of no ribauyde;
Telle us som moral thyng, that we may leere
Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly heere.

Upon som honeste thyng, while that I drynke.

There folweth the prologue of the Pardoner Tale.

Radix malorum est cupiditas. Ad Timotheum, 6.

ORDYNES, quod he, in chirchis when I preche,
I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,
Andenge it out as round as gooth a belle,
For I han al byrote that I telle.
My theme is alwey ouen, and evere was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

First, I pronounce whennes that I come,
And thanne my bulles shewe I alle and some;
Oure lige lordeis seel on my patente,
That shewe I firste, my body to warente,
That no man be boold, ne preet ne cler,
Me to deestoure of Cristes hooly werk;
And after that thanne telle I forth my tales,
Bulles of popes and of cardynaules,
Of patriarkes and bishoppes I shewe;
And in Latyn I speke a worded fewe,
To saffron with my predicacion,
And for to strike hem to devocioun.
Thanne shewe I forthe my longe cristal stones,
Yrammed ful of cloutes and of bones;
Relikes been they, as wene they echoon.

Thanne have I in latoun a sholdor boon
Which that was of an hooly Jewes sheepe.

GOOD men, I seye, taak of my wordes sheepe;
If that this boon be washe in any welle,
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe awelle
That any worm hath ete, or worm yatonge,
Taak watter of that welle, and washe his tonge,
And it is hool anon; and forthermoor,
Of polites, and of acabbe, and every soor.
Shai every shear be hool, that of this welle
Drymlyth a draughte; taak kepe ech what I telle.
If that the goode man that the beastes oweth
Wol every wyke, er that the col hym croweth,
Fastyng, drinken of this welle a draughte,
As thilke hooly Jew oure eldes taughte.
His beastes and his shooor shal multipyle.

And, sirees, also it heethel jalousie;
For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,
Lat maken with this water his potage,
And nevere shal he more his wyf mynatriste,
Though he the sooth of his defaute wiste;
Al had she taken preastes two or thre.
Beere is a miteyn ech, that ye may se;
Be that his hand wol putte in this miteyn,
Shal have multipling of his grayn,
Whan he hath awen, be it white or ote,
So that he offre pens, or elles grootes.

Guode men & wommen, o thyng wele I yow,
If any wight be in this chirche now,
That hath done anynne horible, that he
Dar nat, for shame, of it yshryven be,
Or any woman, be she yong or old,
That hath ymaked his hoursebond cokewold,
Swich folk shal have no powre ne no grace
To offren to my retolke in this place;
And whos yfyneth hym out of swich blame,
Be wol come up and offre on Goddes name,
And I asoille hym by the auctorite
Which that by bulle ygrauten was to me.

By this gaude haue I wonne, yeer by yeer,
An hundred mark thith I was Pardoner.
I stonde lyk a clerky in my pulpit,
And thanne the leded peple is doun yuer.
I preche, so as ye han herd bisforre,
And telle an hundred falsae japes moore.

Thanne peyne I me to strecece forth the nekke,
And eat and west upon the peple I belke,
As dooth a dowme altinge on a berne;
Myne handes and my tonge goon so yerne,
That it is joye to be my bisymeess.
Of avarice and of swich cursednesse
Is al my prechyng, for to make hem free
To geven hir pens, and namely unto me;
For myn entente is nat but for to wynne,
And nothyng for corriccion of yonne.
I relike never, whan that they been beryed,
Though that hir soules goon ablateberied.
For curre, manys a predicacion
Comth ofte tymel of yvet entencion;
Som for pleaasence of folke and flaterye,
To been avanced by yppriasy;
And som for wyne glorie, and som for hate.
For when I dar noon oon the wyres debate,
Thanne wol I styng me with my tonge
In preying, so that he shal nat asterre,
To be denefalys, if that he
Hath trespassed to my bretheren or to me;
For though I telle not his propre name,
Men shal wel see that it is the same,
By signes and by othere circumstances.
Thaquate I folke that done us diapelies:
Tha spitte I out my venym under the heue
Of hoolynesse, to seinem hooly and trewe.

But, shortely, myn entente I wol dewyse;
I preche of nothing but for coveitise;
Then ye my theme is yet, & eve was,
Radik malorum est cupiditas.
Tha kan I preche agayn that same vice
Whiche that I use, and that is avarice.
But though my selfe be gilty in that synne,
Yet kan I maken oother folke to twynne
From avarice, and boore to repente.
But that is not my principal entente;
I preche nothing but for coveitise.
Of this matere it oghthe noghe suffinge.
Thanne telle I hem ensamples many oon
Of olde storie, longe tymne agoon:

HERE BEGYNNE THE PARDONER'S TALE.

In Flandres whilom was a compagnye
Of yonge folke, that
taungten folye,
In rote, hazard, stedes and tavernes.
Whares with harpes, luttes, and gytersemes.
They dauncen and pleyen at deeths, boths day and night.
And eten also and dryken over bith myght.
Church whiche they doen the devell sacrifis.
Withinne that devile serve,
By superfluytee abynomynable.
Dyr othe been so grete and so damnable.
That it is grayly for to herte hem wiere;
And guile and lorde body they totere;
Hem thought that Jesus rente hym nought enough:
And ech of hem at othere synne lough.
And right anon thanne done tombateres.
Petyes and smale, and yonge frusteres,
Gอำเภ nere with harpes, zabdes, wytrepes,
Which been the verray deves officers,
To kynde and blowe the frye of lecherye,
That is annexed unto glotonie.
The howte Wytte taketh to mine wittnesse,
That luxure is in wyn and glotonennese.

Lay by his doughtres two, unwytynghly;

For lewed peple luyen tales olde;
Sawde thyngynge as yrthynge & holde.
What! trowe ye the whyle I may preche,
And wynne gold and silver for I teche,
That I wol luye in povertet wilfully.
Nat, nay, I thought it nover, trewe!
For I wol preche and begge in sondry landes;
I wol nat do no labour with myne handes,
I wol nat barke, ne makke bastynettes, and luy thereby.

Because I wol nat begge ydely.
I wol noon of the Apostees courtefete;
I wol haue monie, wolfe, cheeste and whete,
Al were it yeven of the poveretse page,
Or of the poveretse wydowe in a vilage,
She holde her children sterve for glotonie.
Nay! I wol drynyke licour of the synne,
And have a joly wench in every toun;
But herketh, lordynes, in conclusion.
Yeure luyynge is that I shal telle a tale.

Now I wol dronke a draughte of comy ale,
By God, I hope I shal yow teche a thynge
That shal, by resoun, be at youre luyynge;
For though my selfe be a ful vicious man,
A moral tale yet I wyl telle a kan,
Which I wyl went to preche, for to wynne.
Now hoolde your pise, my tale I wol bigynne.
To gete a gloton deyn tree mete and drynke!
Of this matteire, O Paul, wel hastow trete;
Mete unto wambre, and wambre eek unto mete,
Shal God destroyen bothe, as Paulus seith.
Allas! a foute thyng is it, by my feithe,
To seye this woord, and fouter is the dede
Whan man do drynke of the white and rede,
That of his throte he maketh his pryvee,
Thurgh thilke cursed superflicie.

The Apostel wepyng seith ful pitously,
Ther wanen manye of whiche you tooold have I,
I seye it now, wepyng with pitoyous voyd,
That they been enemye of Cristes crow.
Of whiche the ende is deeth, wambre is hir god.
O wambre! O bely! O stymyng cod!
Fulfilled of donge and of corrupcioun;
At either ende of thee fule is the soune;
How grete labour and cost is the to fynde!
Thise cookes, how they stame, and streyne, and grynde,
And turren substance into accident,
To fulfille at thy licheres talent.
Out of the harde bones knolhe they
The mary, for they caste noth away
That may go thrugh the goyte ofte and sweote;
Of spicede, of leaf, and bark, and roote,
Shall been his suace ymaket by delit,
To make hym yet a newer appetit;
But certes, he that hauneteth swiche delices
Is deeth, whil that he lyveth in the vices.

LECHEROUS thyng is wyn, and dronkenesse
Is ful of stripyng and of wrechednesse.
O dronke man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy bryth, foul artoe to embraze,
And thurgh thy dronke nose smeth the soune
As thou seydest ay, Samppoun, Sampson;
And yet, God woot, Samppoun drank nevere no wyn.
Thou fallest, as it were a styked awyn,
Thy tongue is lost and at thyn honeste cure;
For dronkenesse is verray sepyture
Of mannes wit and his discrecioun;
In whom that drynke hath dominacioun
He kan no conseil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe yow fro the white and fro the rede,
And namedy fro the white wyn of Leppe,
That is to selle in Pyssabrete, or in Chepe.

This wyn of Spaigne crepeth stubbly
In other wyse, growynge faste by,
Of which thoghyr ysseth swich fomousitie,
That when a man hath dronken draughtes thre,
And wenethe that he beat hoom in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Leppe,
Nat at the Kochele, ne at Burdeux toun;
And thanne wol he seye, Samppoun, Samppoun.

But herketh, lording, o word, I yow preye,
That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
Of victories in the Olde Testament,
Thurgh verray God, that is omnipotent,
Were done in abstinence and in preyer;
Looketh the Bible, and ther ye may it leere.

LOOKE, Attilla, the grete conquerour,
Deyde in his sleep, with shame and diabor honour,
Bledyng ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
A capitayn sholdye lyve in sobrenesse.
And over al this, avyseth yow right wel
What was comended unto Lamuel, ...
Nat Samuel, but Lamuel seye I,
Redeth the Bible, and fynde it expressly
Of wynnyng to hem that han justise.
Namore of this, for it may wel sufis.

And now I have spoken of glotonye,
Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye.
Hasard is verray moeder of leyninges,
And of deccite, and cursed forswerynges,
Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughter, and wast also
Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,
It is reprooke and contrari of honour
For to ben holde a commune hasardour;
And ever the hyer he is of estaat,
The more he is holde desolat.
If that a princys weath hasardrye
In alle gouernancie and policye,
He is, as by commune opinicon,
Yhothe the lasse in reputacion.

The Lyth, that was a wyng embassadour,
Was sent to Cornythe, in ful greet honour,
Fro Laciomynye, to make hire alliance;
And when he cam, hym happeved, par chaunce,
That alle the grettete that were of that lond
Pleyngye atte hasard he hem fonde.
For which, as sone as it myghte be,
He atal hym hoom agayn to his contree,
And sayde, Ther wol I nat lese my name,
Ne I wol nat take on me so greet defame,
Yow for to alle unto none hasardours;
Sendeth som others wise embassadours;
For, by my trouthe, me were levere dye,
Than I yow sholdhe to hasardours alleye;
For ye that been so glorius in honours,
Shul nat alyen yow with hasardours
As by my wy, ne as by my trete.

This wise philosophre thus seyde hee.

LOOKE on that, to the lyng Demetrius,
Of the kyng of Partheas, as the book seith us,
Sente him a pair of dees of golde, in scorn,
For he hadde usede hasard therbiforn;
For which he held his glorie or his renoun
At no value or reputacion.
Lorde may fynden other maner play
Honeste enough to dryve the day away.

OUT wol I speke of othres false and grete
A word or two, as olde bookes trette.
Gret sweryng is a thyng abominable,
And fals sweryng is yet more reprovable.
The heighe God forbad sweryng at al,
Witnesse on Mathew; but in special
Of sweryng seith the hooile Jeremye,
Thou shalt seye both thyne othes, and nat lye,
And sere in doom, and eek in rightwiensese;
But yde sweryng is a cursednesse.
Bhiold and se, that in the fyrste table
Of heighe goddesses heastes honorable,
Now that the seconde heastes of hym is this;
Take nat my name in ydel, or amys,
Lo, rather he forbideth swich averyng
Than homicyde, or many a cursed thynge;
I seye that, by ordre, thus it stondeth;
This knowen, that his heesters understondeth,
Now that the seconde heeste of God is that.
And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat
That vengeance shal nat parten from his hous,
That of his othes is to outrageus:
By Godsse precious herte, and by his nayles,
And by the blood of Crist that is in Hayles,
Seene is my chauncé, and thyn is cynh and treye;
By Goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
This daggere shal thurghout hym herte go!
This fructe cometh of the biched bonnes two,
Forsweryng, ire, falsnesse, homicyde.
Now for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
Lette yyoure other, botho grete and smale.
But, siree, now wol I telle for my tale.

NISSE rioutures thre, of whiche I telle,
Longe erst er prime rong of any belle,
Were set hem in a tavener for to drywynk;
And as they sat, they herde a belle elynke
Biforn a cors, was caried to his grace.
That oon of hem gan callen to his knave:
Go bet, quod he, and aez redily.
What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
And looke that thou reporte his name wel.
Sire, quod this boy, it nedeth neveradeel,
It was me toold, er ye cam heer, two houres;
He was, pardee, an old felawe of yours,
And acdyenly he was yslayn tonight,
Fordroneke, as he sat on his bench uppright;
Ther cam a prive thieff, men elpeth Deeth,
That in this conteere al the peple sleeth,
And with his sperhe he smoot his herte atwo,
And wente his wey withouten wordes moe.
De hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
Me thynketh that it were necessarie
For to he war of swich an adversarie;
Beth redy for to meete hym everemoore;
Thus taughte me my dame; I sey namoore.

By Seinte Marie! seyde this tavener,
The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this yeer,
Penne over a mile, withinne a greet village,
Bothe man and womman, child, and hyne, & page;
I trowe his habitation be there;
To been avyseyd greet wyssdom it were,
Er that he did a man a disonour.

Ye, Godsse armes! quod this rioutour,
Is it swich peril with hym for to meete?
I shal hym selte by wey and edel by strete,
I make asow to Godsse digne bones!
Herketh, felawe, we thre been al ona;
Lat ech of us holde up his hand til oother,
And ech of us bicomem othres brother,
And we wol sleen this false traytour, Deeth;
He shal be slayn, which that so manye sleeth,
By Godsse dignitee, er it be nyght!

OGIDRES han thise thre hir trouthes plught,
To lyve and dyen ech of hem for oother,
As though he were his owne yboren brother;
And up they stithe al dronken, in this rage,
And forth they goon towards that village
Of which the taverner hadde spoke biforn;
And many a grisly oath thanne han they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they torente;
Deeth shal be deed, if that they may hym hente.

TAN they han goon nat fuly half a mile,
Right as they wolde han troden over a fylke stile,
An old man and a powre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And seyde thus: Now, lordes, God yeow see!
The proudeste of this rioutours three
Answerde agayn: What? cari with aery grace,
Why aroul al forwrapped nave thy face?
Why lysestow so longe in so grep age?
This olde man gan looke in his visage,
And seyde thus: For I ne han nat fynde
A man, though that I walked into Ynde,
Neither in citee nor in no vilaige.
That wolde change his youthe for his mon age;
And thorefo moost I han myn age stilte,
As longe tym as it is Godsse wille.
Ne Deeth, allass! ne wol nat han my lft.
Thus walke I lyk a restelees haitfyf,
And on the ground, which is my moodres gate,
I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye: Leve mooder, let me in!
Lo, how I vanyashe, flesh, and blood, and skyn.
Allass! when shul my bones been at restr?
Moeder, with yow wolde I change my cheste,
That in my chambre longe tym heath be,
Ye for an heere clost to wrappe me!
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.
But, sirees, to yow it is no curtelaye
To speken to a man vilemyne,
But he trespas sa in worde, or elles in dede.
In Poelye Writ ye myself wel rede,
Agauns an old man hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholed er arise; wherefore I yeve yow reed,
Ne dooth unto an old man noon harm now,
Namoore than ye wolde men did to yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
And God be with yow wher yow go or ryde;
I moote go thider as I have to go.

AY, olde cheri, by God, thou shalt nat so!
Seyde this oother hastardour anon;
Thou partest nat so lighty, by Seint John!
Chou spayl right now of thille traytour, Deeth,
That in this conteere alle cure frendes sleeth;
Have heer my trouthe, as in this art his espye,
Telle wher he is, or thou shalt it aby,
By God, and by the hooty acriptment;
For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
To steen us Yonge folk, thou false theef!

Now, sirees, quod he, if that ye be so leef.
To fynde Deeth, turne up this crotchet wey,
For in that grove I lalte hym, by my fey,
Under a tree, and there he wole abide;
Nat for yowre booste the wole him nothing hyde.
Se ye that coh? Right there ye shal hym fynde.
God save you, that boghte agayn mankynde,
And yow amende! Thus seyde this olde man.
And everich of these ricious ran
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
Of florens fyne of gold ycoyned rounde.
Wel ny an eigthe busshelets, as hem thoughtes.
No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florens been so faire and brighte,
That doun they sette hem by this precious hoord.
The worste of hem he upal the firste worde.

BRETHEN, quod he, taik hepe what I seye;
My wit is greet, though that I bourde and pleye.

This tresor hath fortune unto us yiven,
In myrthe and jolitee cure lff to lyven,
And lightly as it cometh, so wel we spende.
Ei! Goddess precious dignitee! who wende
Today, that we shold be ha no faire a grace?
But mygthe this gold be caried fros this place
Hoom to myn hous, or elles unto youres.
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures,
Thanne were we in heigh felicitee.
But trewey, by daye it may nat bee;
Men wold acyn that we were threves stronge,
And for cure owene tresor doun us honge.
This tresor moste ycaried be by mygthe,
As wisely and as styly as it mygthe.
Wherfore, I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat be whe the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut, with herte bithte
Shal renne to the towne, and that ful swithe,
And brynge us breed and wyn ful privelte;
And two of us shul hepen subtruly
This tresor wel; and if he wol nat tarie,
What in myght, we wol this tresor carie
By con assent, wheras us thynketh best.

That con of hem the cut broghte in his fest,
And bad hem drawe and looke whe it wol falle;
And it fell on the yongeste of hem alle;
And fortoor and the laste anon.
And al so soone as that he was agone,
That con of hem spak thunso unto that
Thow knowest wel thou art my sworn brother;
Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
Thow woot wel that cure felawe is agone,
And heere is gold, and that ful grent pleente,
That shal departed been amongus thre.
But none thelesse, if I han shape it so
That it departed were among us twa,
Haddye nat doun a frendes torn to thee?
That othre answere, I noot bow that may be;
He woot hyt that the gold is with us tywee;
What shal we doun, what shal we to hym seye?
Shal it be consely? seyde the firste shrewe,
And I shal tellen in a worldes fewe.
What we shal doun, and brynge it wel aboute.
I graunte, quod that othre, out of doute.

That, by my trouthe, I wol the nat biwreye.
Now, quod the firste, thou woot wel we be
twewe,
And two of us shul strenger be than con.
Look whan that he is set, and right anon
Arye, as though thou woldest with hym pleye,
And I shall ryse hym thurgh the glynde tweye
Whil that thou strogelest with hym as in game,
And with thy dager looke thou do the same,
And thanne shal al this gold departed be,
My deere frend, bitwixen me and thee.
Thanne may we bothe ourse lustes at fullaste,
And pleye at deep right at ourse owene wille.
And thus acered been thine shrewees tweye,
To aeken the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

PIS yongaste, which that wente unto the
toun,
Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of this florens newe and blythe.
O Lord! quod he, if so were that I myghte
Have al this tresor to myselfe alone,
Ther is no man that lyveth under the trone
Of God, that sholde lyve so murye as I!
And atte laste the feend, oure enemy,
Dute in his thoughte that he sholde poysen beye,
With which he myghte aeken his felawe tweye;
For why the feend founed hym in owche lyngype,
That he hadde leve hym to sorwe brynge,
For this was ourely his fulle entente
To aeken hem bothe, and nevere to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he tarie,
Into the toune, unto a potheccarie,
And prede hym that he hym wolde selle
Som poysoun, that he myghte his ratte queule;
And cee ther was a poclate in his hawe,
That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde yslawe,
And sayn he wolde wreke hym, if he myghte,
On vermyne, that destroyed him by nyghte.
That potheccarie answere, And thou shalt have
A thyng that, as so God my soule save!
In al this world ther nis no creatoure,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture,
Noght but the monstanc of a corn of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forele;
Ye, etere he shal, and that in lasse while
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a mile,
This poysoun is so stronghe and violente.

PIS cursed man hath in his hond yhent
This poysoun in a boxe, and bith he ran
Into the nexte strete, unto a man,
And bowed of hym large botela thet,
And in the two his poysoun pourde he;
The thriddle he keppe clen for his owene drinke;
For al the nyght he shoope hym for to swyntke
In carynghe of the gold out of that place.
And whan this rictour, with sorv grace
Hadd hade filled with wyn his great at ligni thre,
To his felawe agayn repaireth he.
What nedeth it to seremos of it moore?
For right as they hadde castr his deeth
biseore,
Right so they han hym slaym, and that anon;
And whan that this was doun thal spak that con:
Now let us sitte and drynke, and make us merie, 
And afterward we wol his body berie.
S And with that word it happed hym, par cas,
To take the botel ther the posyon was,
And drank and yaf his felawe drynke also,
For which anon they stovren bothe two.
But certes, I suppose that hym"en
Woot neve in no canon, ne in no fen,
Mo wonder signes of empoysonyng
Than hadde thise wrecchen two, eir he endyng.
Thus ended been thise hymocides two,
And eek the false empoysoner also.
O traytours hymocide! O wihnessenesse!
O glotonye, luxurie, and haardrye!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileynye
And othes gret, of usage and of pride!
Allas! mankynde, how may it bitide,
That to thy Creatour which that the wroghte,
And with his precious herte/blood thee boghte,
Thou art so fals and so unhlynde, allas!
O God, good men, God forseyw yow
Your trepas,
And ware you fro the syrne of warice.
Myn hooly pardoun may yow alle warice,
So that ye offre nobles, or sterlynges,
Or elles silver broches, spoones, ryngez.
Boweth youre heed under this hooly bule!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of youre wolfe!
Youre names I entre heer in my rolle anon;
Into the blaze of hevene shul ye gon;
I yow assoile by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as cline and eek as cler.
As ye were born; and lo, saires, thus I preche.
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So grante yow his pardoun to receywe;
For that is best; I wol yow nat deveye.

But, saires, o word forgot I in my tale;
I have rellikes & pardoun in my male,
As faire as any man in Engelynde,
Whiche were me yeven by the pope hen.
If any of yow wolte, of devocioun, offren,
And han myn absolution,
Cometh forth anon, and kneelte heree adoun,
And mekely receyveth my pardoun;
Or elles taketh pardoun as ye wende,
Hi newe and fregh, at every miles ende,
So that ye offren alway newe and newe.
Nobles or penes, whiche that be goode and trewe.
It is an honour to evertich that is heer.
That ye mowe have a suffisant Pardoner.
Tassethe yow, in contree as ye ryde,
For that ye may bryde,
Paradventure ther may fallen oon or two.
Doun of his hore, and breke his helke at two.
Locke which a seurrete is to yow alle.
That I am in youre felawship yfalle,
That may assoile yow, bothe moore and lasse,
When that the soule shal fro the body passe.
I rede that oure Boost heree shal bigynne,
For he is moost enveluped in symne.
Com forth, sire Boost, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt hisse my rellikes everychon,
Ye, for a grote! unbotele anon thy puris.
Ay, nay, quod he, thanne have! Cristes curs!
Lat be, quod he, it shal nat be, so theech!
Thou woldest make me hisse thyn olde breche,
And swere it were a relyk of a seint,
Though it were with thy fundement depeint!
But, by the croys whiche that Seint Eleyn fond,
I wolde I hadde thy collons in myn hond
Inside of rellikes or of seintuarie,
Lat knothe hem of. I wol with theem carie,
They shul be shryned in an hoggrea toord.
Dis Pardoner answerede nat a word;
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he seye.
Now, quod our Boost, I wol no lenger playe.
With thee, ne with noon oother angry man.
But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,
Whan that he saugh that al the peple lough.

The prologue of the Wyves Tale of Bathe,
Experience, though noon auctorite
Were in this world, were
Right ymogh to me
To speke of wo that is in
In our mariage;
For, lordyngea, sith I twelf yeer was of age,
Thownik be God, that is
erene on lyve!
Housebondes at chiche dore I have had fyve;
For I so ofte have ywedded bee;
And alle were worthy men in his degree.
But me was toold certeyn, nat longe agoon is,
That sith that Crist ne wente nevever but onio
To wedyng in the Cane of Galilee,
That by the same exampl sampleght be me
That I ne shoude wedyed be but one.
Debe eek, I! which a share word for the nones!
Beside a welle Jhesus, God and man,
Spak in reprove of the Samaritan:
Thou haist had fyve housebondes, quod he,
And thilke man, the which that hath now theef
Is neught thy housbonde, thus seyd he
certeyn;
What that he mente therby, I han nat seyn;
But that I axe, why that the fift man
Was noon housbonde to the Samaritan?
How manye myghthe she have in mariage?
Yet heere I nevere tellen in myn age
Unto this nombre diffinicioun.
Men may devyne, and glosion up and doun,
But wol I woot, expres, withoute lye,
God bade us to trust and multiplye.
That gentil test han I woot understonde;
Eeh wol I woot, seyde, myn housbond
Sholde lete fader and moeder, and take me;
But of no nome mencioun made he,
Of bigamye, or of octogamye;
Why sholde men speke of it vilenye?
O, here the wise kyng, daun Salomon;
I trowe he hadde wyves mo than son;
As, wolde God, it sholde were to me
to be refreshed half so ofte as he!
Which yfes of God hadde he for alle his wyves!
No man hath swich, wher in this world menyse is.
God woot, this noble kyng, as to my wit,
The fyrst of night had many a mirye fit
With ech of hem, so wel was hym on lye.
Blessed be God, that I have wedded fye!
Welcome the gyte, whan that euer he shal!
For bothe, I wol nat hope me chaast in al;
Whan myn housbond is fro the world lygon,
Som cristien shal wedde me anon;
For thanne that cliche seith that I am free
To wedde, a Goddes half, wher it liketh me.
He seith that to be wedded is no synne.
Bet it is to be wedded than to brynge.
What relieheth me thogh folk seye vilenye
Of shrewed Lameth and his bigamye?
I woot wel Abraham was an holy man,
And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I kan;
And ech of hem hadde wyves mo than two;
And many another holy man also.
Whanne saughe ye eve, in any manere age,
That bye God defened mariage
By expres word? I pray ye teleth me;
Or where comanded he virginitie?
I woot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
Whan thapostel speketh of maydenhede.
He seythe, that precept therof hadde he noon.
Men may conseille a woman to been oon,
But consentlyng in nat comandement.
He putte it in owre owene judgement;
For hadde God comanded maydenhede.
Thanne hadde he damped weddying with the dede;
And certes, if ther were no seed ysoone,
Virginitie, whereof thanne sholde it growe?
Poul dorse nat comanden atte leeste,
A thyng of which his maister yaf noon heeste.
The dart is set up for virginitie;
Cacche whoos mayo, who renneth beat lat se.
But this word is nat taken of every wight,
But ther as God lust gyve it of his myght.
I woot wel that thapostel was a mayde;
But nathelesse, though that he woot and seye
He wolde that every wight were swich as he,
Al yns but conseil to virginitie;
And for to been a wyf, he yaf me leve
Of indulgence; so it is no repreve
To wedde me, if that myn make dye,
Withouten excepcion of bigamye,
Al were it good no woman for to touche,
He mente as in his bede or in his couche;
For peril is bothe the fyre and to wasssemble;
Ye knowe what this ensample may resemble.
This al and som, he heeld virginitie.
Moore profiteh than weddyng in freletee;
Freletee clepe I but if that he and she
Wolde leden al hir lyf in chastitee.
I graunte it wel, I have noon envye
Thogh maydenhede pretherre bigamye;
Bem liketh to be cleene, body and gost.
Of myn estaat I nyt nat make no boost.
For wel ye knowe, a lord in his household
Be nath nat every vessel al of gold;
Somme been of tree, and doon hir lord servyse.
God clepleth folk to hym in sondry wyse,
And everich hath of God a proper yfte,
Som this, som that, as hym liketh to shifte.

VIRGINITEE is great perfecuon,
And contynueth ewe with devocioun;
But Crist, that of perfecuon is wel,
Bad nat every wight he sholde go selle
All that he hadde, and gyve it to the poore,
And in swich wise folwe hym and his Foore.
Be apak to hem that wolde lyf paretyt;
And, lordynge, by youre love that am nat I.
I wol bistowe the floure of al myn age
In the actes and in fruyt of mariage.
Telle me also, to what concluison
Were membre maad of generacioun,
And for what profitt was a wight ywoory?
Truteth right wel, they were nat maad for noght.
Glose whoo wolde, and seye bothe up and doun,
That they were malkyd for purgacioun
Of uryne, and oure bothe thynge smale,
Were ech to knowe a femele from a male,
And for noon oother cause? seye ye no?
The experience woot wel it is noght so;
So that the clerkes be nat with me wrothe,
I seye this, that they maked been for bothe;
This is to seye, for office, and for eae
Of engendrure, ther we nat God diaplease.
Why sholde men elies in hir bookes sette
That man shal yelde to his wyf hire dere?
Now wherewith sholde he make his paiment,
If he ne used his sely instrument?
Thanne were they maad upon a creature,
To purge uryne, and ech for engendrure.
But I seye noght that every wight is holde,
That hath swich harneyes as he wolde,
To goon and use hem in engendrure;
Than sholde men take of chastitee no cure.
Crist was a mayde, and shapen as a man,
And many a seint, sith that the world bigan,
Yet lyved they evere in parfit chastitee.
I nyt nat envye no virginitie;
Let hem be breed of puretech white seed
And lat us wyves hoten barly/breed;
And yet with barly/breed, Mark telle han,
Oure Lord Jhesu refreshed many a man.

Swich estaat as God hath cleped us
I wol percewe, I am nat precioz;
In wyfhoode I wol use myn instrument
As frely as my Malerte hath it sent.

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The Tale of the Wife of Bath
The Tale of the Wife of Bath

If it be daungerous, God yeve me sorne;
My housborne shal it have bothe ev and morwe,
When that hym list com forth and paye his dette.
An housbode I wol have, I nyl nat lette,
Which shal be bothe my dettour and my thral,
And have his tribulacioun withal
Upon his fleshb, whil that I am his wyf.
I have the power durynge al my lyf
Upon his propre body, and nought he.
Right thus the Apostel tolde it unto me,
And bad oure housborne to love us wel.
At this sentence me like th eth every deel.

Up stirte the Pardoner, and that anon;
Now, dame, quod he, by God and by St. John, 
Ye been a noble prechour in this cas!
I was aboute to wedde a wyf; alas! What, sholdte I bye it on my fleshb so deere?
Yet hadde I leve wedde no wyf to yeereere!

BYDE, quod she, my tale is nat bigonne,
Nay, thow shalt drynken of another tonne,
Or that I go, shal sauoure worth then ale.
And whan that I have toold thee forth my tale
Of tribulacioun in mariage,
Of which I am expert in that nyng age,
This to syen, myselfe have been the whippe;
Thanne mayste sowthe whether thou wilt sippe
Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche.
Be war of it, er thou to my approce;
For I shal tell enamples me than ten.

Rhotch thyn nyl be war by othere men,
By hym shul othere men corrected be,
The same wordes wroche Otholomee;
Rede it in his Almageste, and take it there.

Dame, I wolde pray owre, if youre wyl it were,
Seyde this Pardoner, as ye bigan
Telle forth youre tale; apereth for no man,
And teche us yonge men of youre prathte.

Gladyly, quod she, sith it may yow like;
But yet I praye to al this compagnye,
If that I speke after my fantasye,
As taketh not agriff of that I seye;
For myn entente nis but for to pleye.

Thow ofte drinke, now wol I telle forth my tale.
As ever moote I drynken wyn or ale,
I shal seye booth, thos housbonds that I hadde,
As thre of hem were goode, and two were badd.
The thre were goode men and rich, and olde;
Annethet myghte they the statut holde
In whiche they were bounden unto me;
Ye woot we what I menes of this, pardeel!
As help me God, I laughe when I thynke
How pitously anghte I made hem anykhe
And, by my fay, I tole of it no stooe,
They had me yeven hir golde and hir tresoor;
Meneded nat do lenguer diligence
To wynne hir love, or doon hem reverence;
They loved me so wel, by God above;
That I ne tole no deynte of hir love!

A wyse wooman wol sette hire euer in on
To gete hire love, therau she hath noon;
But aith I hadde hem holily in myn hond,
And aith they hadde me yeven all hir tond,
What sholdte I taken heede hem for to plese,
But as it were for my profit and myn use?
I sette hem so a werke, by my fay.
That maughe a nghte they songen Wielawe!
The bacoun was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men han in Esex at Dummowe.
I governed hem so wel after my lawe,
That ech of hem ful blissful was and fawe
To brynge me gaye thynges fro the fare;
They were ful glad when I spake to hem faire,
For, God it woot, I chidde hem spilitously.

Now herketh how I baar me proprely,
Ye wisse wyves, that han understande.
Thus shul ye speke, and bere hem wrong
On onde:
For halff so boldely han ther no man
Swere and lyen as a woman kan.
I seye nat this by wyves that been wyse,
But if it be than they hem mysayweise.
A wyf wyf shal, if that she han hir good,
Bere hym on honde that the cow is wood,
And take witness of hir owene mayde
Of hir asaent; but herketh how I sayde.
Sire, olde haynayd, is this thyn array?
Why is my neighebore wyf so gay?
She is honoure over al thor she gooth;
I sitte at hoom, I have no thrifty clooth.
What dostow at my neighebore hons?
Is she so fair? an arrow so amorius?
What ronne ye with our mayde? Benedicet!
Sire olde lechour, lat thy jape be!
And if I have a gossib or a freend,
Withouten gift, thou chiest as a freend
If that I waile or pleye unto his houe,
Thou comest hoom ad dronken as a mous,
And prechest on thy bench, with yuel preef:
Thou asiet to me, it is a greet meschief
To wedde a powre wooman, for costage;
And if that she be riche, of heigh parage,
Thanne seistow that it is a tormentrie
To soffre hire pride and hire malencolie;
And if that she be faire, thou verray knave,
Tho sayest that every hooour wol hire have;
She may no while in chastitee abyde
That is assailled upon ech a syde.

SOUT seyset som folk desire us for richesse,
Somes for our hyst, and somme for our faimesse,
And som, for she kan outher synge or daunce,
And som, for gentillesse and dailiaunce.
Som, for hir handes and hir armes amale;
Thus gocht al to the deyv by thy tale!
Thou sayest, men may nat kepe a casel wal;
It may so longe assaile been overal.
And if that she be fowle, thou asiet that she
Cov etheth every man that she may se;
For as a spaynsl she wol on hym lepe,
Til that she fynde som man hire to chepe;
Ne noon so grey goothe gooth ther in the lake,
The Tale of the Wife of Bath

Ye shal have quynte right ynoght at eve.
He is to greet a nygard that wol werve
A man to lighte his candle at his lanterne;
He shal have never the lasse light sent, pardée.
Dove thou ynoght, thee nat pleyne thee.

Chou seyest also, that if we make us gay
With clothing, and with precious array,
That it is peril of oure chastite;
And yet, with sorwe, thou most enforce thee,
And seye thys wordes in thopotes name:
In habit maad with chastite and shame
Ye wommen shul appareilulle try, quod he,
And noght in tresed beer, and gay perree,
As perles, ne with golde, ne clothes riche.

After thy text, na after thy rubriche,
I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat.

Chou seydest this, that I was fye a cat;
For whoo wolde senga a catte styne
Thanne wolde the cat wel dwellen in his in;
And if the catte styne be styne and gay,
She wol nat dwell in house half a day;
But forth she wol, er any day be dawed,
To shewe hir styne, and goon a caterwawed.
This is to seye, if I be gay, sire styne,
I wol renne out, my beryl for to shewe.

ERE olde fool, what eyntele thee to opyen?
Chogh thou preyre Argus with his hundred eyen
To be my wardevec, as he han best,
In feith, he shal nat kepe me but me lest;
Ye houte I maake his bed, so moot I thee!

Chou seydest eek, that thour been thynges there,
The whiche thynges troublen at this erthe,
And that no wight ne may endure the ferthe.
O leve sire styne, Jhesu shorte thy lyf!
Yet prechestow, and seyest, an hateful wyf,
Trekened is for con of thys meachiehen.
Been ther none othere maner resemblances
That ye may liyne youre parables to,
But if a sely wyf be oon of tho?

Chou liknest eek wommanes love to helle,
To bareyne lond, ther water may nat dwelle;
Chou liknest it also to wilder fyr,
The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath desir
To consumo every thyngh that brennt wol be;
Chou seyst, that right as wormes shende a tree,
Right so a wyf destroyeth hire housbonde;
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde.

ORDYNGES, right thus as ye have unter
On what astrologemen, Dam Phiscolome,
Barre I stifly myne olde housbonde on honde,
That thus thys seyden in hir dronkenesse;
And at was fals, but that I tokke witnesse
On Janehyn, and on my nece also.
O Lord, the peyne I did wende and the wo!
Ful giltelesse, by Goddes sweete pyne!
For as an hors I koude byte and whyne;
I koude pleyne, thoug I were in the gile,
Or elles ofte tymes hadde I been spilt.
Whose that first to mille comth, first gruynt;
Pleyneved first, so was oure were yatyn;
They were ful glad to excusen hem ful blyve
Of thynge of which they nevere agyle hir lyve.
Of wenches wolde I ben a hym on honde,
Whan that for syk unneseth myghte he stonde;
Yet tithed it hir herte, for that he
Wende that I hadde hym so gret chiertee.
I swoor that al my walkynge out by nyghte
Alas for trepe,wenches that he dighte.
Under that colour hadde I manye a myrthte,
For al swich wit was yeven us oure byrthe;
Deceite, wypynge, spynynge, God hath yve
to gommen ryndely, whil they may lyve;
And thys of a thynge I saunte me,
Hir ende I hadde the bettre in ech degree,
By sleighte, or force, or by som maner thynge,
As by contynuel murmur or grucychung.
Namely abedde hadde they menchaunce;
Che wilde I chide and do hem no plesaunce;
I wolde no lenger in the bed abyde,
If that I fethe his arm over my seye,
Til he had maad his raunsoun unto me;
Channe wolde I surre hym do his nyceete.
And threfore every man this tale I telle,
Wynne whose may, for al is for to belle.
With empty hand men may none hauke lye lure;
For wynnyng wolde Lal his lust endure,
And make it a feyned appetit;
And yet in bacon hadde I neuer delit;
That made me that evere I wolde hem chide;
For thogh the pope hadde aet en hem blissde,
I wolde nat sere hem at hir owne bords,
For, by my trouthe, I quyte hem word for word.
As help me verry God omnipotent,
Though I right now sholda make my testament,
Ne owe hen nat a word that it nys quit.
I broghte it so aboute by my myt
Thogh that moethe yewe it up, as for the beste,
Or elles hadde we neuer been in retest;
For thogh he looked as a wood leoun,
Yet sholda he faille of his conclusion.

I wolde I seye, Goode lief, taak keppe,
Dow melyte lookeh Gilhym,oure sheppe;
Com neer, my spouse, lat me ba thy cheke!
Ye sholda been al pacient and meche,
And han a sweete spiced conscience,
Sith ye se preche of Jobes pacience.
Suffreth alwey, syn ye so wel han preche,
And, but ye do, certein we shal yow tewe
That it is fair to have a wyf in pess,
Oon of us two moote bowen, doueteles;
And with a man is moore reasonable
Than wooman is, ye mooste been suffrable.
What eyethow ye to gruche thyu and grene?
Is it for ye wolde have my quyte allone?
Wy, taka it al so, have it every deel!
Peter! I shrew yow but ye love it weel;
For whan I wolde telle my bele chese,
I houre walke as fresh as is a rose;
But I wol keppe it for youre owene tooth.
Ye be to blame, by God! I sey yow soothe.
Suicke maner wordes hadde we on honde.

O wol I speke of my fourthe housbonde.
My fourthe housbonde was a revellor;
This is to seyn, he hadde a para-
mour;
And I was yong and ful of rageyre,
Stiboure and strong, and joly as a pye.
Wel houde I daunc in an harpe smale,
And syng, ywis, as any nightyngale,
When I hadde dronke a draughte of sweete wyn.
Metellius, the foule cherl, the wyn,
That with a staf biraft his wyf hire lyf,
For she drank wyn; thogh I hadde been his wyf
He sholda nat han daunted me fro drynek;
And after wyn, on Venus moeste I thynke:
For al so siker as cold engendret heyl,
A likerous mouth moeste han a likerous tayl.
In woomen vinoent is no defence,
This knowne leechours by experience.
But, Lord Crist! whan that it remembret me
Upon my yowthe, and on my solite,
It tilethe me aboute myn herte roote!
Unto this day it dooth myn herte boot;
That I have had my world as in my tyme.
But age, alas! that al wolte envenyme,
Bath me biraft my beateve and my pith;
Lat go, farewell, the devell go therwith!
The flour is goon, ther is namore to telle,
The bren, as I bost han, now moeste I belle;
But yet to be right myrie wol I fonde.

O wol I tellen of my fourthe housbonde.
I seye, I hadde in herte greet despit
That he of any oother had delit;
But he was quit, by God and by Saint Jose!
I made hym of the same wode a croce.
Naty of my body in no foul manere,
But certeynly, I made folis swich cheere,
That in his owene grece I made hym frye
For angre, and for verray jalousye.
By God, in erthe I was his purgatorie,
For which I hope his soule be in glorie!
For God it woot, he sat full ofte and song
When that his shoo ful bitterly hym wrong,
That there was no wight, save God and he, that wast;
In many wise, how sore I hym twisted.
He deyde when I cam fro Jerusalem,
And lythgrave under the roode/beem;
Al is his tombe neght so currous
Ha was the sepulcre of hym, Daryus,
Whiche that Appelles wroghte stubbyly;
Itynnus but wast to burry hym preciously,
Lat hym fare wel, God yewe his soule reaste,
He is now in his grave and in his cheste!

O wol of my fift housbonde wol I telle.
In God lette his soule nevere come in helle!
And yet he was to me the mooste shrewre;
That feele I on my ribbes al by rewe,
And euer shal, unto my endyng day.
But in oure bed he was ful fresh and gay;
And therewithal so wel houte he me glose,
When that he wolde han my bele chese,
That thogh he haddede me bet on every bon,
I hold a mouse heret nat worth a leek
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to,
And if that faille, thanne is al ydo.

I bar hym on honde he hadde enchaunte me,
My dame taughte me that souldite,
And eek I seyde, I mette of hym al nyght,
He wolde hal playne as I lay uppright,
And al my bed was ful of verray blode.
But yet I hope that he shal do me good;
For blood botkenemeth gold, as me was taught;
And al was fals, I dreame of it rought naught,
But as I folwed ay my dames loore,
As well of this as othere thynge moore.

But now, sire, let me se, what I shal seyn?
A ha! by God, I have my tale ageyn.

O than that my fourthe housbonde was on beere
I weep algate, and made sory cheere,
As wyve moosten, for it is usage,
And with my coverechief covered my visage;
But, for that I was purveyed of a mate,
I wepte but smal, and that I undertake.

O chyrche was myn housbonde born amorwe,
Thynge neighebores, that for hym maden sorwe;
And Janlynk,oure clerik, was oon of tho.

As hepe me God, whan that I laught hym go
After the beere, me thoughte he hadde a pair
Of legges and of feet so cleene and faire,
That al myn herte I yaf unto his hoole.
He was, I trowe, a twentie wynter oold,
And I was fourty, if I shal seye sooth;
And yet I hade attey a coltes tooth.
Gar to thet I wase, and that bicum me weel,
I hadde the prente of ainte Venus seel.

As hepe me God, I was a lusty oon,
And faire, and riche, and yong, and wel bigon;
And trewly, as myne housbondes tolde me,
I hadde the beste quyonyme mighte be;
For certe, I am al Venerien
In feelynge, and myn herte is Mauricen.
Venus me yaf me lust, my literousnesse,
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardyneas.
Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars therinne.
Alas! alas! that evere love was synne!
I folwed ay myn inclinacion
By vertue of my constellacion,
That made me I houde noghte withdrawe
My chambr of Venus from a good felawe.
Yet have I Martes mark upon my face,
And also in another, prive, place,
For, God so wyse be my savagion,
I he lovede nevyr by no dyscercion,
But evere folwedeye myn appetit,
Al were he short, or long, or blak, or whyt;
I took no kepe, so that he likede me,
How poore he was, ne eek of what degree.

Hath sholde I seye, but at the monthes ende
This joly clerk, Janlynk, that was so hende,
Bath wedde me with greet solemnyte,
And to hym yaf I all the fond and fee,
That evere was me yeven therbifore;
But afterward repented me ful oore.
He holde suffre nothyng of my list.
The Tale of the Wif of Bath

By God, he smoot me ones, on the lyt,
for that I rente out of his book a leef.
That of the strook myn ere wax al deef.
Stibourne I was as a leonesse,
And of my tonge a verray jangeresse;
And walke I wolde, as I had doon biforn,
From houes to houes, although he had it sworn,
For which he of oft tymes wolde preche,
And me of olde Romayn geestes teche.
Now he, Simplicius Gallus, lette his wyf,
And hir forsoke for termes of al his lyf,
Nocht but for open-heveded he hir say
Lolynge out at his dore upon a day.


Another Romayn tolde me by name,
That, for his wyf was at a someres game
Withouten his wityng, he forsook hir eke.
And thanne wolde he upon his Bible see
That litte proverbe of Ecclesiaste,
Where he comandeth and forbidden faste,
Man shal nat suffre his wyf go roote aboute;
Thanne wolde he seye right thus, withouten doute:

Then he tolde me thus, that had he not
Of his proverbe nor of his olde sawe;
Ne I wolde nat of hym corrected be.
I hate hym that my vices telleth me,
And so wole mo, God woot! of us than I.
This made hym with me wood al outrely;
I wolde noght forbere hym in no cas.

Now wol I seye, yow booch, by Seint Thomas,
Why that I rente out of his book a leef,
For which he smoot me so that I was deef.
He hadde a book that gladly, nyght and day,
For his despot he wolde red alway.
He clyped it Valerie and Cheostraite,
At whiche book he lough alwey ful faste;
And eek ther was som tyme a clerk at Rome,
A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,
That made a book agayn Jovian,'n,
In whiche book eek ther was Tertulan,
Cristupus, Trolcuta, and Felowysa,
That was abbesse nat fer fro Darys;
And eek the Parables of Solomon,
Ovids Art, and bokes many on;
And alle thre were bounden in o volume.
And every nyght and day was his custome,
Whan he hadde leyner and vacacions
Out of other worldly occupacion.
To reden on this book of wylde wyves.
He knew of hem mo legends and lyves
Than been of good wyves in the Biblie.
For, trustheth wel, it is an impossible
That any clerk wol ape the good of wyves,
But if it be of hooles Seintes lyves,
Ne of noon other woman never the mo.
Who peymted the leon? Tell me who.
By God! if women hadde written stories,
As clerkez han withinne hire oratories,
They wolde han written of men more wylde
Than al the mark of Adam may redresse.

The children of Mercurie and of Venus
Been in hir wylkyng ful contraries;
Mercurie loveth wydomydome and science,
And Venus loveth rost and dispence;
And, for hire diverse disposicion,
Ech falleth in other exaltacion.
And thus, God woot, Mercurie is desolate
In places, wher Venus is exaltat.
And Venus falthe that Mercurie is reyzed.
Therfore no woman of no clerk is preyed.
The clerk, whan he is cold, and may nought do
Of Venus werke worth his olde fyo,
Thanne ait he doun, and writ in his dotage
That women han nat keppe hir mariage.

But now to purpoyse, why I tolde thee
That I was beten for a book, parde.
Upon a nyght, Jankyn that was oure sire
Reede on his book, as he sat by the fire,
Of Eva first, that, for hir wylkednesse
Was al mankynde brought to wrecchynesse;
For that which Jheue Crist hymself was slayn,
That bughte us with hir herte/blood again.
Lo, here express of woman may ye fyn,
That woman was the loe of al mankynde.
The rede he me how Sampson loate his heres;
Slepynge, his leman kitte hem with hir sberees;
Thurgh which treaun losse he bothe his eyen.
The rede he me, if that I shal nat lyen,
Of Hercules and of his Dianyre,
That caused hym to sette hyself a fyre.
Nothing forgot he the sbere and wo
That Socrates hadde with his wyves two;
Now Xantippa caste pise upon his heede.
This sely man sat stille as he were dead;
He wyped his heede, namore dorete he seyn;
But, Er that thonder atynce, comth a reyn!
Of Phaisiph, that was the queene of Crete,
For shrewmesse, hym thoughte the tale swete;
Fy! speke namore; it is a grisly thyng,
Of hire horrible lust and hir liethyn!
Of Clitemnystra, for hire lychery
That falsly made hire housbonde for to dye;
He rede it with ful good dervocioun.
He tolde me ech for what occasion
Ampiorax at Thebey loste his lyf;
Myn housbonde hadde a legende of his wyf,
Griphlem, that for an ouche of gold
Hath prievly unto the Grekes told.
Other that hir housbonde hikke hym in a place,
For which he hadde at Thebey sorie grace.
Of Lyma tolde he me, and of Lucye;
They bothe made hir housbonde for to dye;
That oon for love, that oon for hate;
Lyma, hir housbonde, on an even late;
Empysoned hath, for that she wot his fo;
Lucia, literous, loved hir housbonde so,
That, for he shold alwey upon hir thynke,
She yaf hym swich a manere love/drynke
That he was deed, er it were by the morwe;
And thus algates housbonde he sbowre.

CHANCE tolde me, how oon Latuyus
Complimyed unto his felawe, of hir,
That in his garynd grew a swich a tree,
On which, he seyde, how that his wyves thre
Hanged himself for herte despitus.
O leve brother, quod his Arrius,
Yf me a plante of thilke biaised tree,
And in my gardyn planted it shal be.
Of lattre date, of wyves hath he red,
That somme han slayn hir housbonds in hir bed,
And lette hir leccour dighte hire at the nght,
Whan that the corps lay in the flor uprigh
And somme han dryne nayles in hir brayn
Whil that they slepte, and thus they han hem slayn.
Somme han hem yeve poysoun in hire drynke,
He speke more harm than herte may bithynke;
And thenewithal, he knew of mo provirbes,
Then in this world ther growen gras or herbes.
Bet is, quod he, thin habitacioun
Be with a leyon or a foul dragoun,
Than with a woman usyng for to chyde.
Bet is, quod he, bise in the roof abyde,
Than with an dryf wyf dowm in the hous.
They been so wilked and contrarious,
They haten that hir housbonds loven ay.
He seyde: A woman cast hir shame away
Whan she cast of hir smok; and forther mo,
A fair woman, but she be chaunt also,
Is lyk a gold ryng in a sowe nose.
Whoso wolde wemen, or who wolde suppose,
The wo that in myn herte was, and pyne?
\( ^{\text{ND when I saugh he wolde neveere fyne}} \)
To reden on this cursed boke al nght,
Al sedyngth thre leves have I playght.
Out of his book, right as he radde, and she
I with my fest so took hym on the cheke,
That in oure fyr he hit bakward adoun;
And he up stirceth dooth a wood lecyng,
And with his fest be smoot me on the heed,
That in the floor I lay an I were deed;
And when he saugh how stille that I lay,
He was agast, and wolde han fled his way,
Til atte laste out of my sowe I breyre:
O hastow slayn me, false theef? I seyde;
And for my land thus hastow mordred me?
E I be deede, yet wol I hisse thee.
\( ^{\text{And neer he cam, and kneled faire adoun,}} \)
\( ^{\text{And seyde: Deere suster Alioun!}} \)
As help me God, I shal thee never smyte;
That I have doon, it is thysell to wyte.
For see ye it me, and that I thee becke;
And yet, effencones, I hitte hym on the chehe,
And seyde: Cheef! thus muchel am I wreche;
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.
But atte laste, with muchel care and wo,
We folle acorded, by us selen two.
He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond,
To han the governance of houe and lond,
And of his tonge, and of his hond also,
And made hym brene his book anon right tho;
And whan that I haddegeten unto me,
By majestry, at the governmen a friere,
And that he seyde: Myn owene trewe wyf,
Do as thee lust to terme of al thy lyf,
Keep thyn honour, and keep eek thyn estaat.
After that day we hadden never deebat.
God help me so, I was to hym as kynde
As any wyf from Denmarks that I vide,
And also trewe, and so was he to me.
I prey to God, that sit in magestee,
So blesse his soule, for his mercy deere.
Now wol I seye my tale, if ye wol here.

Biholde the wordes bitwene the Somonour and the Freere.

The freere tought, when he hadde herd
This is a long preamble of a tale:
And whan the Somonour herde
The frere gale,
Lo! quod the Somonour, Goddes arnes two!
A freere entremette him everemo.
Lo, goode men, a flye, and eek a freere.
Wol folde in every dyssh and eek mateere.
What apehestow of preambulaciuon?
What amble, or trotte, or peep, or go sit doun;
Tou lettest cure diisport in this manere.
Ye, wolde ow, sire Somonour, quod the frere;
Quod this Somonour, and I bishrewe me
But if I telle tales, two or thre,
That all the folk shal laughen in this place.
Now elles, freere, I bishrewe thy face!
Quod this Somonour, and I bishrewe me
Heere endeth the Wyf of Bathe his prologue.
HERE BEGYNNETH THE TALE OF THE WIFE OF BATH.

I

THOLDE dayes of the Kyng Arthur,
Of which that Britons spaken greet honour,
It was this land full of fairenysse,
The elve queenes with her joly compaigny
Daundered ful ofte in manye a grene mede;
This was the olde opinion, as I rede,
I speke of manye hundred yere ago;
But now han no man se none elves mo.

For now the grete charitee and prayres
Of lymyours, and other holy feres,
That sechen every lond and every streem,
As thynke anote in the same deem.
Blesynge halles, chamberes, kichenes, bourses,
Cites, burghes, castels, hye toures,
Thropes, bernes, shipnes, dayereyes,
This maketh that ther been no faeryes;
For ther as wond to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the lymyours hymself,
A undernekk and in mynyngynge.
And seth his matyns and his hoole thynges
As he gooth in his lymytacioun.
Women may go sauffly up and down;
In every busshe, or under every tree,
Ther is noon oother incube but he,
And he ne wol down them but dishonour.

ND so bifele it, that this kyng Arthour,
Hadde in his hous a lysty bachelor,
Chat on a day cam ridyng fro ryver;
And happed that, alone as she was born,
He sough a mayde walyng hym biforn,
Of whiche mayde, anon, maugree his heed,
By verray force he rafte hire maydenhed;
For which oppression was swich clamour,
And swich pursuite unto the kyng Arthour,
That damnyed was this knyght for to be deed.
VYDE, amonges othere thynges small,
Seyde, Myda hadde, under his longe
here;.
Growynge upon his head, two aees
eres.
The whiche vice he hydye, as he beat myghte,
ful subtily from every mannes sighte,
That, save his wyf, ther wist of it name,
he loved hire moost, and trusted hire also;
he preyede hire, that to no creature
she sholde tellen of his disfigure.
She awoor him Nay, for at this world to wyryne,
she nolde do that vilenysse or synne.
To make his houblonde han so foul a name;
She nolde nat telle it for his owene shame.
But natheles, hire thoughte that she dyde,
That she so longe sholde a conseile hyde;
Hir thoughte it owyl do more aboute hir herte,
That nedely som word hire mooste austerete;
And ait she dorote telle it to no man,
Doun to a maryes faste by she ran;
Cit she came there, her herte was syfte
And as a bitore bombleth in the myre,
She leyde hir mouth into the water doun:
Biwyre me nat, thou water, with thy soun,
Quod she, to thee I telle it, and namo,
Myn housblonde hath longe aees ers two.
Now is myn herte all hool, now is it oute;
I myghte no lenger kepe it, out of douete.
GREERE may se, thogh we a tymye abyde,
Yet, out it must, we can no conseile hyde.
The remenant of the tale if ye wol herre,
Redeth Owysde, and ther ye may it leere.
His knyght, of which my tale is specially,
Whan that he saugh he myghte nat come
therby,
That is to seye, what wommen loven aees,
Withynne his breit ful sorwefull was the goost.
But hoom he gooth, he myghte nat sojourn;
The day was come that homward mooste he tourne.
And in his wyf it happeyd hym to ryde,
In al this care, under a forest syde,
Wheras he saugh upon a daunce go
Of ladies fourle and twenty, and yet me;
Toward the whiche daunce he drou ful yrne,
In hope that som wysdom abole he lerne;
But certeynly, er he came full ther,
Vansyshed was this daunce, he nyste where.
No creature saugh he that bar lyf,
Save on the grene he saugh sittynge a wyf;
A fouer wight ther may no man deuyse.
Agayn the knyght this olde wyf gan ryse,
And sayde: Sire knyght, heerforthe he lieth no wy;
Tell me, what that ye seken, by youre fye.
Paraventure it may the betrere be;
Thue olde folli han muchel thyng, quod she.
My leve moeder, quod this knyght, certeyn
I nam but deed, but if that I kan seyn
What thyng it is that wommen moost desire:
Roude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quyte youre hire.
 plight me thy trouthe here in myn hand,
quod she,
The nexte thyng that I require thee,
Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy myght;
And I wol telle it yow, er it be myght.

AYE heer my troute, quod the knyght,
I grante.

Thanne, quod she, I dar me wel avante
to lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,
Upon my lyf, the queene wol seye as l
Lat be which is the proudeste of hem alle
That wereth on a coverchef or a calle,
That dar seye Nay, of that I shal thee teche.
Lat us go forth withouten lenger speche.

Cho rowned she a pietel in his er,
And bade hym to be glaid and have no fere.

IN they be comen to the court,
This knyght
Seyde, he had holde his day, as he
hadd hight,
And redy was his answer, as he sayde,
Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
And many a wydwe, for that they been wise.
The queene hymself sittynge as a justise,
Assembled been, his answeres for to heere;
And afterward this knyght was bode appeare.

O every wight comandet was silence,
And that the knyght sholdte telle in audience
What thyng that worldly wommen loven best.

This knyght ne stood nat stille as doth a best,
But to hys questioun anon answerd:
With manly voys, that al the court it herde:

Y lye lady, generally, quod he,
Wyfmen desere have sovereyncete
As wel over hys hougbond as hys love,
And for to been in maistrie hym above;
This is youre moost desir, thogh ye me kille.
Dooth as yow list, I am heer at youre wille.

Nat the court ne was ther wyf, nemayde,
Ne wydwe, that contrarded that he sayde.

But seyde, He was worthy han hit lyf;
And with that word up stirte the olde wyf,
Which that the knyght saught sittynge in the grene:
Mercy! quod she, my sovereign lady queene!
Er that youre court departes, do me right;
I taughte this wight enter into the knyght;
For which he plighte me his troute there,
The firste thyng I wolde of hym requere,
He wolde it do, if it lay in my myght.
Bifoire the court thanne preyde I thee, sir knyght.

Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wyf;
For wel thou woot that I have kept thy lyf.
If I sey faul, sey Nay, upon thy fye!
This knyght answerde, Alas, and wylewe!
I woot right wel that swich was my biseete
For Goddes love, as chee a newe requeste!
Taak al my good, and lat my body go.
Nay thanne, quod she, I shrewes us bothe two!
For thogh that I be foul, and cold, and poore,
I nole for al the metal, ne for more
That under erthe is grave, or ligh above,
But if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love!
Y love? quod he, nay, my damna-
icion!
Alas! that any of my nacioun
Should evere so fawre disparaged be!
But al for nocht, the ende is this, that he
Constrayned was, he nedes most hire wedde;
And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.
O God, wolen som men seye, paraventure,
That, for my negligence, I do no cure
To tellen yow the joye and al tharray,
That at the feeste was that thilke day.
To whiche thynge shortly answered I shal;
I seye, there nas no joye ne fecate at al,
The nas but heyuenesse, and muche sorwe,
For privety he wedde hire on morwe,
And al day after hidde hym as an owle;
So wro was hym, his wyf looked so foul.

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Nay thanne, quod she, I shrewes us bothe two!
For thogh that I be foul, and cold, and poore,
I nole for al the metal, ne for more
That under erthe is grave, or ligh above,
But if thy wyf I were, and eek thy love!
Y love? quod he, nay, my damna-
icion!
Alas! that any of my nacioun
Should evere so fawre disparaged be!
But al for nocht, the ende is this, that he
Constrayned was, he nedes most hire wedde;
And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.
O God, wolen som men seye, paraventure,
That, for my negligence, I do no cure
To tellen yow the joye and al tharray,
That at the feeste was that thilke day.
To whiche thynge shortly answered I shal;
I seye, there nas no joye ne fecate at al,
The nas but heyuenesse, and muche sorwe,
For privety he wedde hire on morwe,
And al day after hidde hym as an owle;
So wro was hym, his wyf looked so foul.

Amended! quod this knyght, alas! nay, nay!
It wold nat been amended nevere mo.
Thou art so loothly, and so oole also;
And there to come of so lough a kynde,
That litle wonder is, thogh I walve and wynde.
So wolde God, myn herte wolde breste!
Is this, quod she, the cause of youre unreste?
Ye, certeinly, quod he, no wonder is.
The Tale of the Wife of Bath

Redeth Senec, and redeth eek Boece,
Ther shul ye been expresse, that it no drede is,
That he is gentil that dooth gentil dediu;
And therfore, leve houybunde, I thus conclude,
Ate were it that myne auncestres were rude,
Yet may the hye God, and no hope I,
Grante me grace to lyven vertuously;
Thanne am I gentil, whan that I bigynne
To lyven vertuously and weyve ayynne.

And theras ye of poverte me repreve,
The hye God, on whom that we blieue,
In wilful poverte chee to lyve his lyf,
And certes, every man, maidon, or wyf,
May understonde that Theas, heve ne kyng.
Ne wolde nat chesen viciuos lyvyng.
Olad poverte is an honeste thynge, certeyn;
This wole Senec and othe clerkes seyn.
Whoso that haif hyme payd of his poverte,
I holde hym rich, al hadde he nat a shorte.
He that coveteith is a poore wight,
For he wolde han that is nat in his myght.
But that noght hath, ne coveteith have,
Le rich, although he holde hym but a lymne.

Verray poverte, it symgetic properly;
Juenal seith of poverte myrlif:
The poore man, whan he goth by the wyse,
Bifore the theeve he may symge and pleye.
Poverte is hateful good, and, as I gesse,
A ful grete bryngere out of biynesse;
A grete amender eek of sapiaence
To hym that taketh it in pacience.
Poverte is this, although it seme alenghe:
Possesioun, that no wight wol chalenge,
Poverte ful lyfes, whan a man is lowe,
Maketh his God, and eek hymself, to knowe.
Poverte a specell eek, as thynketh me,
Thurgh which he may his verray freendes see.
And therefore, sire, syn that I noght yow grewe,
Of my poverte namoore ye me repreve.

Now, sire, of elde ye repreve me;
And certes, sire, thogh noon auctoritee
Were in no book, ye gentil of honour
Seyn that men sholde an cold wight doon favour,
And clepe hym fader, for youre gentilese;
And auctours shal I fynden, as I gesse.

Now ther ye seye that I am foul and old,
Cham drede you nost that to be a cocowold;
For filthe and celde, also mout I thee,
Been grete wardeynys upon chastitee:
But nathelesse, syn I knowe youre delit,
I shall fulfille youre worldly apptit.

Cheese now, quod she, son of thise thynges tweye:
To han me foul and old till that I dye,

Now chese yourselven, whether that yow liketh.
The prologue of the Freres Tale,

BIS worthy lymtour, this noble Frere,
He made alway a maner curiung chiere
Upon the Somnour, but for honestee
No vilenys word as yet to hym spak he.
But atte laste he seyde unto the Yf.
Dame, quod he, God yeve yow right good lyf!
Ye han be touched, also moost I thee,
In scule matere grete difficultee.
Ye han seyd muchel thyng right wel, I seye;
But dame, heere as we ryden by the weye,
Be nedeth nat to spoken but of game,
And lete auctoritee, on Goddes name,
To prechyng, and to scule eeh of clerige.
And if it lyke to this compagnye,
I wol yow of a Somnour telle a game.
Darde, ye may wel knowe by the name,
That of a Somnour may no good be sayd;
I pray that noon of yow be yeve apayd.
A Somnour is a renner up and doun
With mandements for fornicacioun,
And la ybet at every townes ende.

AND loost thoo spak, A sire, ye
Shoolde be hende
And curteys, as a man of youre eestaat;
In compaignye we wol have no debaat;
Telliteth your tale, and lat the Somnour be.

Nay, quod the Somnour, latt hym seye to me
Whato hym list; when it cometh to my lot,
By God! I shal hym quiten every grot!
I shal hym telle which a grete honour
It is to be a flateringe lymtour;
And his office I shal hym telle, wisis.

Oure Doost anserede, Pees! namooro of this!
And after this he seyde unto the Frere,
Tel forth yeure tale, leve mainter deere.
Here endeth the prologue of the Frere.

HEERE BIGYNETH THE FRERES TALE,

HILOM ther was dwelvyng in my countree
An erchelene, a man of hieth degree,
That boldely did execucion
In punysshynge of fornicacioun,
Of witchcraft, and of wyffowne,
Of blodyng, and of mayn perynt,
Of suyre, and of symonye also.
But certes, lechour was he, grettest we;
They shou als wyffynge, if thay wyffynge shent;
And smale tythes werre foule yebsent.
If any persony wolde upon hym pleyne
Ther myghted astere hym no pecunyal peryn;
Fore smale tithes, and for smal offrynge,
He made the peple pisously to syng;
Fore the bishopse caught hem with his hook,
They were in the erchelenea book.
Thanne hadde he, thourgh his jurisdictioun,
Power to doon on hem correczioun.

H hadde he, thourgh his jurisdictioun,
A slier boye was noon in Englonde;
For suubiltie he hadde his espiaille,
That taughte hym, wher that hym myghte avialle.
The houte sparre of lechours son or two.
To techen hym to fourte and twenty mo.
For thegh this Somnour wood were as an hare,
To tellle his harkstrye, wol nat sparre;
For we been out of his correctioun.
They han of us no juridicioun,
Ne neere shullen, terme of alle hir lyves.
Peter! so been the wommen of the aisyves,
Quod the Somnour, yput out of my cure!
Peis! with mychance and with mysaventure!
Thus seye our Hooost, and lat hym tell his tale.
Now tellle forth, thogh that the Somnour gale,
Ne apaneth nat, myn owene maister deere.
This false theif, this Somnour, quod the freere,
Hadd alwey bawdes redy to his hond,
As any hauk to lure in Engeland.
That tolde hym al the secretes that he knewe;
For hire akyuentance was nat come of newe,
They weren his approuuors privelty;
He took hymselfe a greet proft therby;
His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.
Wylghten mandement, a lewed man
He hauede some, on payne of Cristes curs,
And they were glade for to fylle his purs;
And make hym grete feates atte nalc;
And right al Dyuad hadde purses smale,
And was a theif, right swich a theif was he;
His maister hadde but half his dutee.
He was, if I seyn he was alauede,
A theif, and eche a Somnour, and a baude,
He hadde eek wenches at his retewe,
That whedeth that sir Robert, or sir Huwes,
Or Talke, or Rauff, or whoso that it were,
That lay by hem, they tolde it in his er;
Chus was the wenche and he of on aysent.
And he wolte feche a feyned mandement,
And somne hem to the chaupitre bothe two,
And pile the man, and let the wenche go.
Channe wolde he sye, Freend, I shal for thy sake
Do striken hire out of cure lettres blace;
Thee than namore as in this cas travaile;
I am thy Freend, ther I the may avialle.
Certeyn he knew of briberyes mo.
Then possible is to tell in yeres two;
For in this world thy dogge for the bowe,
That han an hurt deere from an hooles knowe,
Bet than this Somnour knewe a styte lechouer,
or an awotier, or a paramoure,
And, for that was the fruyt of al his rente,
Therefore on he sette al his entente.
ND so biffel, that ones on a day
Chis Somnour, evere waiyng on his praj
Rode for to somme a widowe, an old ribibe,
Femyng a cause, for he wolde bybre.
And happed that he saugh bifoire hym ryde
A gay yeman, under a forest syde.
A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;
He hadde upon a courtuery of grene;
An hat upon his heed with frenges blace.
Sire, quod this Somnour, hau! and wel atake!
Welcome! quod he, and every good felawe!

Wher rydestow under this grene wode shawe?
Seede this yeman, witow fer to day?
This Somnour hym ayswerde, and seyde, Nay,
Heere faste by, quod he, is myn entente
To ryden, for to reicen up a rente
That longeth to my lordes dutee.
Arrow thanne a bailly? Ye, quod he,
He doste nat, for vrey slethe and shame,
Seye that he was a Somnour, for the nyme.

This false theif, this Somnour, quod the freere,
Hadd alwey bawdes redy to his hond,
As any hauk to lure in Engeland.
That tolde hym al the secretes that he knewe;
For hire akyuentance was nat come of newe,
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Thee than namore as in this cas travaile;
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And happed that he saugh bifoire hym ryde
A gay yeman, under a forest syde.
A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;
He hadde upon a courtuery of grene;
An hat upon his heed with frenges blace.
Sire, quod this Somnour, hau! and wel atake!
Welcome! quod he, and every good felawe!
ROTHER, quod he, wiltow that I thee telle? 
I am a feend; my dwelling is in helle, 
And here I ryde aboute my purchasing, 
To wite wher men wolde yeve me anythyng. 
My purchas is the effect of all my rente. 
Looke how thou rydest for the same entente, 
To wyne good, thou rekkest nevver bow; 
Right so fare I, for ryde I wolde right now 
Unto the worldes ende for a preye.

I QUOD this Somnour, benedicte! what say ye? 
I wende ye were a yeman twrely. 
Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I; 
han ye a figure thanne determinat 
In helle, ther ye been in youre estat? 
Nay, certeynly, quod he, ther have we noone; 
But whan we liketh, we han take us oon, 
Or elles make yow seye we been shape. 
Sometyme lyk a man, or lyk an ape; 
Or lyk an angel han ryde or goe. 
It is no wonder thyng thogh it be so; 
A losowe jocerture han deceyve thee, 
And pardee! yet han I more craft than he. 
Why, quod the Somnour, ryde ye thanne or goon. 
In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?

For we, quod he, wol us swiche formes make 
His mos stynke able is oure preye for to take. 
What maketh yow to han al this labour?

Full many a cause, leave sire Somnour, 
Seyde this feend, but al thyng hath rytyme; 
The day is short, and it is passed pryme, 
And yet ne wan I nothyng in this day; 
I wol entend to wyneen, if I may, 
And nat entendte oure witter to declare. 
For, brother myn, thy witt is al to bare 
To understande, althogh I tolde hem thie. 
But, for thou axest why laborene we; 
For somtyme we been Goddes instruments 
And meene to doon his commandements, 
Whan that hym list, upon his creatures, 
In divers art and in diverse figures. 
Withouten hym we have no myght, certeyn, 
If that hym list to stonden ther against. 
And somtyme, at oure prayere, han we leve 
Oonly the body and nat the soule greve; 
Witnesse on Job, whom that we diden wo; 
And somtyme, han we myght of bothe two, 
This is to seyn, of soule and body eke. 
Han somtyme be we suffred for to sele 
Upon a man, and doon his soule unreste, 
And nat his body, and al is for the beste. 
Whan he withstandeth oure temptacioun, 
It is the cause of his savacioun; 
Albeit that it was nat oure entente 
He sholde be sauft, but that we wolde hym hente. 
And somtyme be we servant unto man, 
As to the erchebisbope Seint Dunstan; 
And to the Apostles, servent eke was I.

ET tel me, quod the Somnour, faithfully, 
Make ye yow newe boodies thus alway. 
Of elements? The feend answerde, Nay; 
Sometyme we feyne, and somtyme we aryse 
With dede boodies in ful sondry wyse, 
And speke as renably and faire and wel 
As to the Phitonissa dide Samuel; 
And yet wol som men seye it was nat he. 
I do no foro of youre dyvynitt, 
But a thyng warne I thee, I wol nat jape. 
Thou wolt algates wite how we been shapen; 
Thou shalt herafterwardes, my brother dreere, 
Come there thee nedeth nat of me to leere. 
For thou shalt by thy owene experience 
Romne in a chayer rede of this sentence 
Bet than Virgile, whyle he was on lyve, 
Or Dant also; now lai us ryde bylyve. 
For I wolde holde compaignyve with thee 
Til it be so, than thou forsake me.

AY, quod this Somnour, that shal nat bryde; 
I am a yeman, knownen is ful wyde; 
My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas. 
For though thou were the devel Sathanas, 
My trouthe wol I holde to my brother, 
As I am sworn, and ech of us til oother 
For to be trewe brother in this cas; 
And bothe we goon abouten oure purchas. 
Caal thou thy part, what that men wol the yive, 
And I shal myn; thus may we bothe lyve, 
And if that any of us have moore than oother, 
La hym be trewe, and parte it with his brother.

GRAUNCE, quod the deel, by my fey! 
And with that word they ryden forth his wyne. 
And right at the entryng of the townes ende, 
To which this Somnour shoope hym for to wende, 
They saugh a cart, that charged was with hey, 
Which that a carter droof forth in his wy. 
Deep was the wy, for which the carte stood; 
The carter a moost, and cryde, as he were wyde, 
Hast, Brok! hast, Scot! what spare ye for the stones?

The feend, quod he, yow fecche body and bones, 
As ferorthly as evere were ye foiled! 
So muche wo as I have with yow thold! 
The deel have al, bothe hors and cart and hey! 
THIS Somnour eyde, Deere shal we have a pley;

And neer the feend he drough, as noght ne were, 
Ful privily, and roomed in his er; 
Herline, my brother! herline, by thy feith! 
Herestow nat bow that the carter seith? 
Bent it anon, for he hath yeve it thee, 
Bothe hey and cart, and eek his caples thre. 
Nay, quod the deel, God woot, never a deel; 
It is nat his entente, trust me wel. 
Axe hym thyself, if thou nat trowest me, 
Or elles stynt awhile, and thou shalt see. 
This carter thalketh his hors upon the croupe, 
And they bigonne drawnen and tostoupe.

Hye, now! quod he, ther Jesu Crist yow blesse! 
And al his handwerk, bothe moore and less! 
That was wel twight, myn owene lyard boy! 
I pray God save thee! and Seint Loy!

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Thy body and my panne also!
And when the devil herde hire curnen so
Upon hir knees, he seyde in this manere:
Now, Mabety, myn owene moder deere,
Is this youre wyf in eremitt, that ye seye?
The devel, quod she, no fecche hym er deye,
And panne and al, but he wol hym repente!
Nay, olde ato! that is nat myn entente,
Quod this Somnour, for to repente me
For anything that I have had of thee;
I wolde I hadde thyn smok and every clooth!
Now, brother, quod the devil, be nat wrooth;
Thy body and this panne been myne by right.
Thou shalt with me to helle yet tonght,
Where thou shalt knowen of oure privetee
More than a maister of dymynetye.
And with that word this foule feend hym hente;
Body and soule he with the devel wente
Whereas that Somnours han hir heritage.
And God, that maded after his ymage
Manlynde, save and gyde us alle and some;
And leve thysse Somnours goode men bcome.
ORDYNES, I houde han tolde now, quod this Frere,
Hadd I hadd leyser for this Somnour here.
After the text of Crist, and Poul, and John,
And of oure othere docctors many oon,
Swiche peynes that youre hertes myghte agryse,
Albeite so, no tounge may it devyse.
Thogh that I myghte a thousand wynter telle,
The peyne of thilke curbed hous of helle.
But, for to kepe us fro that curased place,
Waketh, and prayeth Jheu for his grace
So kepe us fro the tempour Sathanas.
Perleth this word, beth war, as in this cas.
The lecon sit in his awayt alway
To sle the innocent, if that he may.
Diaspeth ay youre hertes to withatonde
The feend that you wolde make thral and bonde;
He may nat tempte you over youre myght;
For Crist wol be youre champion and knyght.
And prayeth that thysse Somnours hem repente
Of hir myydedes, or that the feend hem hente.
Heree endeth the freres Tale.

The prologue of the Somnours Tale.

This Somnour in his styropen hye stood;
Upon this Frere his herte was so wood,
That lyk an aspen-leef he quokk for ire.
Lordynes, quod he, but o thyng I desire;
I yow boistehe that, of youre curteisy,
Syn ye han herd this false Frere lyte,
As suffereth me I may my tale telle!

This Frere boosteth that he knoweth helle,
And God it woot, that it is litel wonder;
Freres and feendes been but lyte aponder.
HERE BEGINNETH THE SOMONOUR DISCLES OF JESUS CHRIST IN ARMS.

Here beginneth the Somonour Discles of Jesus Christ in Arms.
The
Somonouns
Tale

Thanne hadde I with you hoomly sustainga.
I am a man of litel sustainga.
My spirit hath his fasteryng in the Bible.
The body is ay so redy and penible
To make, that my atomak is destroyed.
I prey you, dame, ye be nat annoyed
Though I so frendily ow my conseil shewe;
By God, I wolde nat telle it but a frewe!

Ow, sire, quod she, but o word er I go:
My child is deed withinne thiis wykes two,
Soone after that ye wente out of this towne.

His deeth saughe I by revelacion,
Seith this frere, at hoom inoure dortour.
I dar wel seyn that, er that hal a hour.
After his deeth, I saughe hym born to blisse
In myn avision, so God me wisse!
So dide our sextyn and ourf fermerel,
That han been trewe freres fifti yeer;
They may now, God be thankful of his loone
Make our jubile, and walke allone.
And up I roose, and at oure covent eke,
With many a trewe trihting on my cheke,
Withouten noyse or cateryng of belles;
To deum was our song and nothing elles,
Save that to Crist I saughe an orisoun,
Chankynge hym of his revelacion.
For, sire and dame, truethem me right wel,
Oure orisouns been moore efectueul,
And moore we seen of Cristes secrete thynge
Than burel folk, although they were hyngeus.
We lyve in povertie and in abstinence,
And burel folk in richesse and despence
Of mete and drynke, and in hir foul delit.
We han this worldes lust al in desipt.
Lazar and Diven lyveden diversly,
And diverse gerdon hadden they therby.
Whoso wol preye, he moot faste and be clente,
And fatte his soule and make his body lene.
We fares as seith the apostle; clooth and foode
Suffaun us, though they be nat ful goode.
The clemenesse and the fastynge of us freres
Maketh that Crist accepteth oure preyeres.

Lo, Mysees foure dayes and foure nyght
Fasted, er that the heigh God of myght
Spak with hym in the mountainie of Synay.
With empty wone, fastynge many a day,
Received he the lawe that was written
With Goddes fyngere; and Elye, wele wyte,
In mount Oreb, er he hadde any speche
With hye God, that is oure lyves leche.
He fasted longe, and was in contemplaunce.
Haron, that hadde the temple in governance.
And ech the other precretes everycheon,
Into the temple whan they sholden gon
To preye for the peple, and do servayce,
They nolden drynken, in no maner wyse,
No drynke, whiche that myght hem dronke make.
But there, in abstinence preye and wake,
Leat that they daydren; taht heede what I seye,
But they sebre that for the peple preye,
War that I seye namoore, for it suffaisth.
Oure Lord Jesu, as hooly wyte devyseth,
Yaf us esample of fastynge and preyeres;

O PEERE maister, quod this sike man,
How han ye fare sith that March began?
I saughe yow ought this fortyenight or moore.

God woot, quod he, laboured have I ful soore;
And specially for thy savacioun
Have I seyth man y a precious orisoun,
And for oure other frendes, God hem blesse!
I have today been at oure cheche at messse,
And seyd a sermonne after my symple wit,
Nat al after the texte of hooly wyte;
For it is hard to yow, as I suppoose,
And theryfore wol I tachew yow al the gliese.
Glosynge is a gloriou thynge, certeyn,
For lette aleeeth, so as we clethes seym.
There haue I taught hem to be charitable,
And apende hir good ther it is reasounable;
And ther I saughe oure dame, al where is she?

Yet, in the yerde I trowe that she be,
Byde this man, and she wol come anon.

Ey, maister! welcom be ye, by Seint John!
Seyde this wyt, how fare ye, heretly?

The frere arieth up ful curteisly,
And hire embraceth in his armes narwe,
And hisse hire sweete, and chinvith as a spawre
With his lypper: Dame, quod he, right weel,
As he that is your servaunt evere deel.

Thanked be God, that yow yaf soule and lyf,
Yet saughe I nat tis day so fair a wyf
In al the cheche, God so save me!

Ye, God amende defautes, sire, quod she,
Alates welcome be ye, by my fey!

Grant mercy, dame, this have I founde alwe,
But of youre grete goodesesse, by youre leue,
I wolde prey yow that ye nat yow grewe.
I wolde with Thomas speke a litel throwe.
Thisse curtes been ful nelегист and sloewe
to grope tendrely a consideresia.

In shrift, in prechynge is my diligence,
And studie: in Petreas wordeis, and in Poutes
I walke, and fishe cristien mennes soules,
To yeldecs Christ his propre rente;
To spreede his word is set al myn entente.

Oow, by youre leue, O deere sire, quod she,
Chidec hime wel, for seinte Trinitee!

He is an angry as a picaemeere,
Though that he have al that he kan desire.
Though hem wyrcynth and make hym warm,
And on hym leye my leg, outher myn arm,
He grotheth lyk cource boor, luth in oure stye.
Oother desport right noon of hym have I;
I may nat prise hym in no maner cas.

O Thomas! Je voue dy, Thomas! Thomas!
This maketh the feend, this mooste ben amended;
Ire is a thyng that bye God defended,
And theris wol I spak a word or two.

Now, maister, quod the wyt, er that I go,
What wol ye dyne? I wol go theraboute.

Now dame, quod he, Je voue dy sanz doute,
Have I nat of a capoun but the lyvere,
And of youre softe breed nat but a shyvere,
And after that a rosted piggis heed,
But that I nolde no beest for me were deed,

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DEERE maister, quod this sike man,
How han ye fare sith that March began?
I saughe yow ought this fortyenight or moore.

God woot, quod he, laboured have I ful soore;
And specially for thy savacioun
Have I seyth man y a precious orisoun,
And for oure other frendes, God hem blesse!
I have today been at oure cheche at messse,
And seyd a sermonne after my symple wit,
Nat al after the texte of hooly wyte;
For it is hard to yow, as I suppoose,
And theryfore wol I tachew yow al the gliese.
Glosynge is a gloriou thynge, certeyn,
For lette aleeeth, so as we clethes seym.
There haue I taught hem to be charitable,
And apende hir good ther it is reasounable;
And ther I saughe oure dame, al where is she?

Yet, in the yerde I trowe that she be,
Byde this man, and she wol come anon.

Ey, maister! welcom be ye, by Seint John!
Seyde this wyt, how fare ye, heretly?

The frere arieth up ful curteisly,
And hire embraceth in his armes narwe,
And hisse hire sweete, and chinvith as a spawre
With his lypper: Dame, quod he, right weel,
As he that is your servaunt evere deel.

Thanked be God, that yow yaf soule and lyf,
Yet saughe I nat tis day so fair a wyf
In al the cheche, God so save me!

Ye, God amende defautes, sire, quod she,
Alates welcome be ye, by my fey!

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But of youre grete goodesesse, by youre leue,
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Have I nat of a capoun but the lyvere,
And of youre softe breed nat but a shyvere,
And after that a rosted piggis heed,
But that I nolde no beest for me were deed,
Therefore we mendynants, we sely freres,
Been wedded to povertie and continence,
To charite, humblese, and abstinance,
To persecurioun for rightwisnesse,
To wpyng, misericorde, and clemensse:
And theryfore may ye se that sere prereyers,
I spake of us, we mendynants, we freres,
Been to the hys God moore acceptable
Than yowres, with yowre feeste at the table.
For Paradysys first, if I sall nat lye,
Was man out chaced for his glotonye;
And chaast was man in Paradysys, certeyn.
Tis the herte now, Thomas, what I sall seyn,
I ne have not text of it as I suppose,
But I sall fynde it in a maner close,
That specially our sweete Lord Jesus
Spak this by freres, when he seyde thus:
"Blessed be they that poure in spirite been,
And so forth al the gospel may ye seyn,
Whe it be liker our profession,
Or hir that swymmen in possessiouun.
Fy on hir pompe and on hir glotonye!
And for hir lewdnesse, I hem diffe!
Me thynketh they been byk Jovinian,
Fist as a whale, and walkeynge as a swan,
Sincolent as bostel in theapance.
Hir preyer is of ful greet reverense
Whan they for soules sey the Psalm of Davit,
Lo, Buf! they sey, Cor meum eructavit!
Who folweth Cristes gospel and his foore,
But we that humble been and chaast and poore,
Wende of Goddes word, not audiotour.
Therefore, right as an haush up, at a sourys,
Up springeth in their, right so prayeres
Of charitable and chaaste bise freres
Maken hir sourys to Goddes eres two.
Thomas! Thomas! so moore I yde or go,
And by that lord that clepid is Seint Yve,
Nere thououre biser, aboldeshou nat thrive.
In oure chapitre praye we day and nyght
To Crist, that he thee sende hecete and myghty,
Thy body for to weelden hastily.
O God woot, quod he, nothyngh thereof feele I!
I han spent upon divers manere freres
Ful many a pound; yet fare I never the bet.
Certeyn my good I have almoost biset,
Farwel, my gold, for it is al ago!
Cie freres answerede, O Thomas, dostow so?
What nedeth yow diverse freres seche?
What nedeth hym that hath a parfit leche
To sechen other leches in the toun?
Youre inconstunce is youre confusion.
Holde ye thanne me, or elles oure covent,
To praye for yow been insufficient.
Thomas, that jape nyo nat worth a myte;
Youre maladye in for we han to lyte,
A yf that covent half a quarter otes;
A yf that covent four and twenty grotes;
A yf that freere a peny, and lat hym goe.
Nay, nay, Thomas! it may nothyngh be so.
What is a ferthyng worth parted in twelwe?
Lo, ech thynge that is smed in itself
Is moore strong than when it is tosatered.
Thomas! of me thou shalt not been yflatered;
Thou woldest han oure labour al for noghte.
The hys God, that al this word hath wroght,
Seith that the werkman worthy is his hyre.
Thomas! noght of youre treason I desire
As for myself, but that at oure covent
To prey for yow is ap so diligent,
And for to buylden Cristes owene chyrche.
Thomas! if ye wol lerne for to wyrche,
Of buyldeynge up of chyrches may ye fynde
If it be good, in Thomas lyf of Inde.
Ye lye here ful of anguish and of ire,
With which the deuel set youre herte afire,
And chidden here the every innocent.
Youre wyf, that is so meke and pacient.
And theryfore, Thomas, trowe me if thee lestes,
Ne strywe nat with thy wyf, as for thy beates;
And ber this word away now, by thy feith.
Touchynge this thyng, lo, what the wise seith:
Awithinne thyn hous ne be thou no leoun;
To thy subgits do noon oppression.
Ne make thyne aqueynant nat to flee.
And, Thomas, yet effsones I charge thee,
Be war from hire that in thy bosom slepeth;
That fro the serpent that so sily crebeth
Under the gras, and styngeth subtily.
Be war, my sone, and herline paciently,
That twenty thousand men han lost hir lyves
For styrryng with hir lemmans and hir wyres.
Now sith ye han so hoocty and meke a wyf,
What nedeth yow, Thomas, to maken stryf?
Cher nyo, wywe, no serpent so cruel,
Whan man tret on his tayl, ne half so fel.
As woman is, when she hath caught an ire;
Yengeance is thanne al that they desire.
I ride in a synne, en of the grete of sevene,
Abhongnede unto the God of hevene;
And to hysmcyf it is destrucction.
This every lewed viker or persoun
Kan seye, how ire engendred homycide.
Ire is, in booth, excutour of pryde.
I houde of ire seye so muche sorwe,
My tale shold be laste til tomorowe.
And theryfore praye I God bothe the day and nyght,
An irous man, God sende hym litel myght.
It is greet harme and, certeine, greet pitte,
To sette an irous man in hight degree.

ROM ther was an irous potestat,
Diverse freres seche.
What nedeth yow diverse freres seche?
What nedeth hym that hath a parfit leche
To sechen other leches in the toun?
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Thanne thoughte they, it was the beate reed,
To lede hem bothe to the juge agayn.
They seiden: Lord, the knyght he hath nat alayn
His felawe; here he standeth hool alaye.
Ye shul be deed, quod he, so moot I thyve!
That is to seyn, bothe the oon, and two, and twayne.
And to the firste knyght right thus spak he:
I damed thee, thou most algate be deed;
And thou, also, most nedest lese thyn heed,
For thou art cause why thy felawe delayeth.
And to the thründe knyght right thus seith he:
Thou hast nat doon that I comandest thee,
And thus he did doon alle hem alle thre.
Irous Cambiata was eek dronkelewe,
And ay delitely hym to been a shrew.
And so bifel a lord of his mynne,
That loved vertuous morailte,
Seede on a day bitwene hem two right thus:
A lord is lost, if he be vicious;
And dromkenes was eek a foul record
Of any man, and namely in a lord.
Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere,
Awaityng on a lord, and he gate where.
For Goddess love, drynok moore attembrely;
Thyn maketh man to lese wrecchedly
His mynde, and eek his hymes everichon.
The revers shaltou se, quod he, anon;
And preve it, by thyn owene experyence,
That wyn ne dooth to folki no swich offence.
Ther is no wyn bireveth me my myght
Of hand ne foot, ne of myyne eye sight.
And, for despecl, he drank ful muchel moore
An hundred part than he hadde doon bifoore;
And right anon, this irous, cursed wrecche
Lete this knyghtes one before hym fecche,
Comandyngg hym he sholde bifoore hym stonde.
And sodeynly he took his bowe in honde,
And up the streng he pulled to his ere,
And with an arwe he shlew the child right there.
Now, whethre have I a siluer hand or noon?
Quod he, is all my myght and mynde apon?
Path wyn bireved me myyne eye sight?
What shold I tellen thanasere of the knyght?
His sone was alayn, ther is namore to aye.
Beth war, therefore, with lordes how ye pleye.
Syngeth Placebo, and I shal, if I can,
But if it be unto a powre man.
To a powre man men sholdo his vice telle,
But nat to a lord, thogh he sholdo go to helle.
Lo, irous Cirrus, thilke Percien,
Hooe he destroyde the ryver of Gyse.
For that an hurs of his was dreynt therinne,
Wan that he wente Babiligne to wynne.
He made that the ryver was oon smal
That women myghte wade it over al.
Le sa that sone of the myghte he:
Ne be no felawe to an irous man,
Ne with no wood man walke by the wye,
Lest thee repente; ther is namore to seye.
Old Thomas, leeve brother, lef thyn ire;
Chou shalt me fynde as just as is a squyre.
Dool nat the devotes kyfay at thyn herte;
Thyn angre dooth thee al to soore smerte,
But shewe to me at thy confessioun.
Nay, quod the sike man, by Seint Symoun!
I have been shryven this day at my curat;
I have hym toold at hootly myn estat.
Nedeth namoure to spoken of it, seith he,
But if me list, of myn humilitye.
Yf me thanne of thy gold, to make cure cloystre,
Quod he, for many a muscle and many an oyster,
Wan oure men han ben ful wel at eyse,
Sath been oure foode, our cloystre for to reyne.
And yet, God woot, unnethe the fundement
Parfourned is, ne of our pavemente
Nys nat a tyle yet withinne oure wome;
By God, we oveen fourty pound for stones!
Now help, Thomas, for hym that harwed helle!
For elles moote we oure books selie.
And if ye talke oure predicacion,
Thanne goth the world al to destruccioun.
For whoso wolde us fro this world birewe,
So God me save, Thomas, by your leue,
He wolde birewe out of this world the sonne;
For who kan teche, and werchen, as we konne?
And that in nat of litel tymme, quod he,
But aynth that Ethel was, or Siune.
Han freres been, that fynde I of record,
In charite, ythanked be our Lord.
Now Thomas, help, for seinte charite!
And doun ane he sette hym on his knie.
Thys sike man wes welny my wood forire;
He wold that the frere been on fire
With his false disaymlacioun.
Swich thynge as is in my possessioun,
Quod he, that may I yeven, and noon oother.
Ye bery me thys, how that I am youre brother?
Ye, certes, quod the frere, trusteth wel;
I took oure dame cure lettre with oure seel.
Now wel, quod he, and somwhat shal I yeve
Unto youre hooly cowen whil I lyve,
And in thyn hand shul it have anoon;
On this condicion, and oother noon;
That thou departe it so, my leeve brother,
That every frere have also muche as oother.
This shaltou were on thy profession,
Withouten fraude or caviacioun.
I sweere it, quod this frere, by my feith!
And therwithal his hand in his he leith:
Lo, heer my feith run me shal be no lab.
Now thanne, put thyn hand doune by my bah,
Seeede this man, and grope wel biwynde;
Bynethe my buttok ther shalow fynde
A thynge that I have hyd in pryvete.
A I thoughte this frere, this shal go with me!
And doune his hand he launcheth to the cliffe,
In hope for to fynde there a yfte.
And when this sike man felte this frere
Aboate his turuel grope there and heree,
Amydde his hand he leet the frere a fart.
Ther nyu no capul, drawynge in a cart,
That myghte have let a frete of swich a soun.
This false blasphemer, that charged me
To parte that What nat departed be,
To every man ylche, with mechaunce

deut lorde sat stille, as he were in a traunce,
And in his herte he roled up and doun:
How hadde this cheri imagiacion,
To shewe aich a probleme to the frere?
Neve r erst er now herd I of swich mateere;
I trowe the devel putte it in his mynde.
In arar metrikel I ther to man nynde,
Biforn this day, of swich a question.
Certes, it was a shrewed conclusion,
That every man sholde have yliche his part,
As of the soum or savour of a fart.
O nyce proute cheri! I shewe his face!
Lo, sire, quod the lord, with harde grace,
Who everd herd of swich a thynge er now?
To every man ylche! tel me how?
It is an impossible, it may nat be!
Ey, nyce cheri, God lete him never thee!
The rumbleinge of a fart, and every soum,
No but of eir reverberacian,
And ever it wasteth lute and lute away.
Cher is no man han demen, by my fey!
If that it were departed equally.
What, lo, my cheri, lo, yet how shrewedly
Unto my confessour today he spake,
I holde hym certeyn a demonyal.
Now eke youre mete, and let the cheri go playe,
Lat hym go honge hymself a devel weye!

The worde of the lordez Squier and his hervor for
departynge of the fart on twelve.

OU stood the lordez Squier at the bord,
That harf his mete, and herde, word by word,
Of alle thynge whiche I have sayd:
My lord, quod he, bet nat yvele apayd;
I houde telle, for a gowme/clooth,
To yow, sire frere, so ye be nat wrooth,
Now that this fart sholde evene deled be
Among youre covert, if it lyked me.

Celic, quod the lord, and thou shalt have anon
A gowme/clooth, by God and by Seint John!

Us thou, quod he, whant that the weder is faer,
Wothouten wynd or perturbynge of air,
Lat brynge a cartwheel here into this halle,
But loke that it have his spokes alate;
Twelve spokes hath a cartwheel comunly,
And bryang me thanne twelf freres, woot ye wy?
For thritte is a covert, as I gesse.

The confessour here, for his worthynesse,
Shal parfoure the number of his covert.
Thanne shal they knele down, by oon assent,
And to every spokes ende, in this manere,
Ful sadly leyte his nose shal a frere.
Your noble confessour, there God hym saue!
Shal hold his nose upright, under the nose.
Thanne shal this cheri, with bely stif and toght
As any tabour, hyder been ybroght;
And sette hym on the wheele right of this cart,
Upon the nave, and make hym let a fart.
And ye shul seen, up peril of my lyf,
By preve which that is demonstratif,
That equally the soun of it wol wende,
And eek the stynk, unto the spokes ende;
Save that this worthy man, your confession,
Because he is a man of greet honour,
Shal have the firste fruyt, as resoun is.
The noble usage of freere yet is this,
The worthy men of hem shul first be served;
And certainly, he hath it wel deserved.
He hath today taught us of muchel good
With prechynge in the pulpit ther he stoold,
That I may vouchsafef, I seye for me.
He hadde the firste amel of farthe three,
And so wolde al his covert hardily;
He beryth hym so faire and hooility.
The lord, the lady, and alle men save the freere,
Seyde that Janlyn apal, in this mater,
As wel as Euclyle, or Protholomee,
Toouchyng the cher; they seyde subtilet;
And heigh wit made hym sphek as he apal;
He nys no fool, ne no demonyak;
And Janlyn hath yrownne a newe gowme.
My tale is done; we been almost at towne.
Here endeth the Somonours Tale.

Here folweth the prologue of the Clerkes Tale of Oxenford.

RE Clerk of Oxenford, oury hooste sayde,
Ye ryde as coy and stille as doeth a mayde,
Were newe ouapoud, sittinge at the bord;
This day ne herde I of your e tongue a word.
Irowe ye audite aboute som sophyme;
But Salomon seth, every thynge hath tymne.
For Godde sake, as beth of bettre chere.
It is no tymne for to studien here.
Telle us some myric tale, by youre fay;
For what man that is entred in a play,
He nedez most unto the pleyn assente.
But precheth nat, as freere doon in lente,
To make us for our olde synnes wepe,
Ne that thy tale make us nat to slepe.
Telle us som marie thynge of aventures;
Your ytermes, your e colours, and your e figures,
Kepe hem in stoor til so ben endeite
Heigh style, as whan that men to kynges write.
Spheketh so pleyn at this tyms, we yow preye,
That we may undestonde what ye seye.

BIS worthy clerk benigne anserwe,
Hooste, quod he, I am under youre yerde;
Ye han of us, as now, the governance,
And thercfore wol I doo obeisance
As fer as resoun axeth, hardily
I wol pow telle a tale which that I
Lerned at Padwe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werke.
He is now deed and nayled in his cheste,
I prey to God se yeve his soule reste!

RAUNCEYS PETRAK, the luirat poet,
Highte this clerk, whose rethorike sweete
Entumyned al ytaille of poetrie,
As Lynyan dide of philosophie
Or lawe, o other art particular;
But deeth, that wol nat suffre us dwellen heer
But as it were a twynklyng of an eye,
Nem bothe hath slayn, and alle shul we dye.
But forth to tellen of this worthy man
That taughte me this tale, as I bigan,
I seye that first with heigh attile he enditeth.
Or he the body of his tale writeth,
A probeme, in the which diacryweth he
Pemond, and of Salucee the contree;
And specheth of Apennyn, the hiltes hye
That been the boundes of West Lymbardye,
And of Mount Vesculus in special,
Whereas the Dee, out of a welle smale,
Taketh his firste springyng and his sour,
That estward ay encreeseth in his cours
To Emeleward, to Ferrari and Vensye:
The which a long tyms were to devyse.
And trewelpe, as to my jurgement,
Me thynketh it a tyng impertinent,
Save that he wole conveyen his materere:
But this his tale, which that ye may heere.
Here endith the Clerke of Oxenford his prologue.
IS, AT THE WEST SYDE OF YCHE,  
Doun at the roote of Vesulus the colde,  
A lusty playne, habundant of vitaille,  
Where many a tour & toun thou mayst biholde,  
That founded were in time of fadres olde,  
And many another deliue right,  
And Saluces this noble conhere hight.

A markys whilom lord was of that londe,  
As were his worthy eldres hym biforn;  
And obeisant and redy to his honde  
Were alle his liges, bothe lasse and moore.  
Thus in delit he leyth, and hath doon yoor,  
Blowed and drad, though favour of Fortune,  
Bothe of his lordes and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speke as of lynage,  
The gentiliste yborn of Lombardye;  
A fair person, and strong, and yong of age,  
And ful of honour and of curteisye;  
Discreet ynoth his contrye for to gye,  
Save in somme thynges that he was to blame,  
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

BLAME him thus, that he considereth nought  
In tym comynge what hym myghte bryde;  
But his lust present was al his thought,  
As for to haute and hunte on evry syde;  
Wel ny alle othere cures leet he syde;  
And eek he holde, and that was worst of alle,  
Wedde no wyf, for noght that may bifalle.  
Oonly that point his peple bar so soore,
That fleshe me on a day they to hym wente,
And long of hem that wisest was of loore,
Or elles that the lord best wolde assente
That he sholde telle hym what his peple mente,
Or elles houde he shewe wel awich materre,
He to the marlys sryde as ye shul here.

O noble marlys, youre humane
Assureth us and yeveth us hardiness,
As ofte as tyme is of necessite
That we to yow mowe telle oure heymeresse;
Accepteth, lord, now for youre gentileesse,
That we with pitous berte unto yow pleyne,
And lat youre eyres nat my voys desdeyne.

Al have I noght to doone in this materre
Moore than another man hath in this place,
Yet forasomuche as ye, my lord so deere,
Han alway shewed me favour and grace,
I dar the bettre ask of yow a space
Of audience, to shewen oure requeste,
And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow leste.

For certes, lord, so wel us lichest yow
And al yowre welth, and evere ban doon, that we
Ne koude nat us self deveyen how
We myghts lyven in moore felicitee,
Save a thynge, lord, if it yowre wille be,
That for to been a wedded man yow leste,
Thanne were yowre peple in sovereyn herto reste.

Boweth youre nekke under that blisful yok
Of soveraymee, noght of servyse,
Which men clepeth spousaille or wedlock;
And thanketh, lord, among youre thoughtes wyse,
Fow that oure dayes pase in sondry wyse;
For though we slape, or wake, orrome, or ryde,
A fleeth the tyme, it nyl no man abyde.

And though youre grene youthe the floure as yit,
In crepeth age alway, as stille as stoon,
And deeth manaceth every age, and amynt
In ech estaat, for ther escapeth noon;
And al so certein as we knowe echoon
That we shul deye, as uncerteyn we alle
Bene of that day when deeth shal on us falle.

Accepteth thanne of us the trewe entente,
That neveer yet refuseden thyne heeste,
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assente,
Ches yow a wyf in short tyme, atte leeste,
Born of the gentileste and of the meeste
Of al this land, so that it oghte seme
Honour to God and yow, as we kan deeme.

Deliver us out of al this biau drede,
And taka a wyf, for hye Goddes sake;
For if it so bifelle, as God forbode,
That thurgh youre deeth youre lyne sholde slade,
And that a straunge succesour sholde take
Your heritage, O, wo were us alvyce!
Wherfore we pray you hastily to wyve.

IR meke preyere, and his pitous cheere,
Made the marlys herte han pitee.
Ye wol, quod he, myn owene peple deere,
To that I neveer erst thoughte streyne me.
Me rejoysed of my libertee,
That seide tyme is founde in mariage;
Che I was free, I mooth been in servaige.
But nathelesse, I se youre trewe entente,
And trust upon yowre wit, and have doon ay;
Wherfore, of my free wyf, I wol assente
To wedde me, as soone as ever I may.
But thereas ye han proffed me this day
To chese me a wyf, I yow releas
That chosys, and prey yow of that profite cease.

For God it woot, that children ofte been
Unlyk hir worthy eldes hem bifoore;
Bountee comth al of God, nat of the strenn
Of which they been engendred and y bore;
I trustin in Goddes bontee, and therfore
My mariage, and myn estaat and rente,
I hym bitake; he may doon as hym leste.

Lat me allone in chesynge of my wyf,
That charge upon my balt I wol endure;
But I yow preye, and charge upon yowre lyf,
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure
To worshipis hir, whil that hir lyf may dure,
In word and werk, bothe hirre and everiewheres,
As she an empoures dochter weere.

And forthermore, this shal ye awere, that ye
Agayn my chosys shul notri grounde ne stryve;
For sith I shal forgoon my libertee
At your requeste, as evere mowt I thrive,
Ther as myn herte is set; ther wol I wyve;
And, but ye wol assente in this manere,
I prey you, speleth namoure of this materre.

Wich heretly wyf they aworen, and assen
e ten
Coal this thynge, ther seyde no wight nay
Biselynghe hym of grace, et that they werten;
That he wolde graunten hem a certein day
Of his spousaille, as soone as ever he may;
For yet alwey the peple somwhat dредde
Lest that this marlys no wyf wolde wedde.

He graunten hem a day, swych as hym leste,
On whiche he wolde be wedded silerly,
And seyde, he dide al at this byr requeste;
And they, with humble entente, buxomly
Knelynghe upon hir knece ful reverently,
Hym thonken alle; and thus they ban an ende
Of hire entente, and boom agayn they wende.

And heerupon he to his officere
Comaundeth for the feaste to puryve;
And to his prive knygghtes and squires
Swich charge yaf, as hym liste on hem leyve;
And they to his comandemente obeys,
And ech of hem dooth al his diligence
To doon unto the feaste reverence.

Explicit prima pars.
Among these poor folk there dwelt a man
Which that was holdest povrest of
hem alle;
But hye God som tyme senden han
His grace into a litle oxen stalle:
Janicula men of that throp hym calle.
A daughter hadde he, fair ynoth to sicht.
And Grisilda this yonge mayden highte.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
Channe was she con the faireste under sonne;
For povereiche yfootred up was she,
No liberous lust was thurgh hire eye yronne;
Wel ofter of the welle than of the tonne
She drank, and for she wolde vertu please,
She knew wel labour, but noon ydel eave.

But tho this mayde tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginete
Ther was enclosed rype and aad corage,
And in grete reverence and charitee
Hir olde povre fader fostred shee;
A fewe sheep, spynnynges, on feeld she kepte,
She wolde noght beyn ydel til she slepte.

And whan she homward cam, she wolde bryng
Wortes, or other herbes, tymes ofte,
The Tale of the Clerk of Oxenford

The whiche she sheredde and seeth for his lyvynge, And made his bed ful harde and nothynge softe; And ay she kepeth his fadres lyf on lote With everich obeisaunc and diligenteth That child may doon to fadres reverence.

DON Grisilde, this povre creature, ful ofte sithe this markys sette his eye As he on huntyng rood paraventure; And when it fill that he myghte hire esye, He nought with wantoun lookeyng of folye His eyen caute at hire herte and wyse. Upon hire chiere he gan hym ofte avyse,

Commendynge in his herte hire wommanhede, And eek in vertu, passyng any wight Of so yong age, as wel in chiere as deede. For thogh the peple hadde no greet insight In vertu, he considered ful right Hir bountee, and disposed that he wolde Wedde hire onely, if ever he wedde sholdote.

DE day of weddyng cam, but no wight kan celle what womman that it shold be; For whiche merveille wondred many a man, And sedyen, what they were in privete, Wel nat our lord yet leve his vanyte? Wel hit wedde alas alas! the while! Why wolde he thus hymself and us bigle?

But natthelesse this markys hath doon make Of gemmes, set in golde and in aurore, Broches and ryngeys, for Grisilde sake; And of his cloythyng took he the mesure By a mayden whiche hire herte and wyse And eek of othere ornemente alle That unto swich a weddyng sholdote falle.

DE time of undren of the same day Approcheth, that this weddyng sholdote be; And at the paleys put was in array, Bothe halle and chamberes, ech in his degree; Houses of office stufed with plente, Ther mayestow seen of deytevous vitale That may be found, as fer as last Yttaille.

This royall markys, richely arrayd, Lordes and lades in his compagny, The whiche that to the feeste were yvyrad, And of his retinue the bachelery, With many a soun of sondry melody, Unto the village, of which I tolde, In this array the righte wy han holde.

GRISILDE of this, God woot, ful innocent That for hire shapen was al this array, To fechten water at a welle is went, And cometh hoom as goone as ever she may; For wel she hadde hert seyd, that thilke day The markys sholdote wedde, and, if she myghte, She wolde fayn han seyn som of that sibyte.

She thoughte, I wole with othere maydenes stonde, That been my felawes, inoure dore, and se

The markysesse, and therefore wol I fonde To doon at hoom, as soone as it may be, The labour which that longeth unto me; And thanne I may at leyser hire bikhode, If she this wyse unto the castel holde.

And as she wolde over hire threschold gon The markys cam, and gan hire for to calle; And she set down hire water pot anon Byside the threschold, in an oxen stalle, And down upon hire hene she gan to falle, And with sad contenance hire herte stilfe Til she had herd what was the lordes wilde.

This thoughtful markys spak unto this mayde ful sobrely, and sedye in this manere: Where is youre fader, Grisilde? he sayde, And she with reverence, in humble chere, Answerde, Lord, he is al redy heere. And in she gooth withouten lenger lette, And to the markys she hire fader fette.

HE by the hand thanne took this olde man, And sedye thua, when he hym hadde asaye, Janicle, I neither may ne kan Lenger the plesiance of myn herte hyde. If that thou vouche sauff, whatso byrdye, Thy dochyer wol I take, er that I wende, As for my wyf, unto hire lyveo ende.

Thou lovost me, I woot it wel, certeyn, And art my fethifull lige man ybore; And at that liketh me, I dar wel seyn, It liketh the, and specially thorye, Tell me that hir poynt that I shold beffore, If that thow wolt unto that purpos drawer, To take me as for thy sone in lawe?

This asodern cas this man astopped so, That reed he we, abayet, and al qualifuyng he stode; Unnethe sedye he wordes mo, But onyl ther: Lord, quod he, my willyng Is as ye wole, ne ayeyns youre lyling I wol nothynge; ye be my lord so dere; Right as yow lust governeth this masteere.

Yet wol I, quod this markys softly, That in thy chamber I and thou and she Have a collacions, and wostow whyn? For I wol axe if it hire wil be To be my wyf, and reule hire after me; And al this shal be done in thy presynce, I wol nought speke out of thin audience.

And in the chamber whil they were aboute Hir tresys, which as ye shal after here, The peple cam unto the hous withoute, And wondred hem in how honeste manere, And tentifly, she kepeth hire fader dere. But ouerty Grisilde wondre myghte, For neve erst ne saugh she swich a sighte. No wonder is thogh that she were astoned To seen so greet a gare come in that place;
She nevere was to swiche gestes woned,  
for which she looked with ful pale face.  
But shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
Thise arm the wordes that the markys sayde  
To this benigne verray feithful mayde:

Grisilde, he sayde, ye ahal wel understande  
It liketh to youre fader and to me  
That I yow wedde, and ceh it may so stonde,  
As I suppose ye wol that it so be;  
But thise demandes axe I first, quod he,  
That, sith it shal be doon in hastif wyse,  
Wol ye assente, or elles yow ayse?

I seye this, be ye reddy with good herte  
To al my lust, and that I frely may,  
As me best thynketh, do yow laughe or smerte,  
And neve ye to gruche it, nyght ne day?  
And ceh whan I sey Ye, ne sey nat Nay,  
Neither by word ne frownyng contenance;  
Swered this, and here I swere cure alliance.

ONDVRNGE upon this word, quak-vnge for drede,  
Ye ase, Lord, undigne and unworthy  
Am I to thilke honoure that ye me becede;  
But as ye wole yourselfe, right so wol I  
And here I swere that neveer wilfully  
In werk ne thought I nyly yow disobeeye,  
For to be deed, though we were loothe to dyee.

This is ymogh, Grisilde myn, quod he,  
And forth he gooth with a ful sobere cheere  
Out at the dore, and after that cam she,  
And to the peple he seyde in this manere,  
This is my wyf, quod he, that standeth here;  
Honoure hir, and love hir I preye,  
Whose me loveh; ther is name to seye.

And for that nothing of hir olde geere  
She sholde brynghe into his hous, he bad  
That womeun sholde disposilen hir right theere;  
Of whiche thise ladys were nat right glad  
To handle hir clothes wherinne she was clad;  
But nathelesse this mayde, bright of hewe,  
Tro foot to heed they clothed hir al newe.

Hir heria han they hembd, that lay untressed  
Ful rudely, and with hir ryngere smale  
A corone on hire heed they han ydressed,  
And sette hir ful of nowches grete and smale.  
Of hir array what sholde I make a tale?  
Amnethe the peple hir knew for hir fairnesse,  
Whan she translated was in swich richenesse.

HIS markys hath hir spousde with a ryng  
Broght for the same cause, and thanne hir sette  
Upon an hore, snow whit and wel amblyng,  
And to his palesye, er he lenger lettre,  
With joyfull peple that hire ladde and mette,  
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende  
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And, shortly forth this tale for to chace,  
I seye that to this newe marksyesse  
God hath awich favour sent hire of his grace,  
That It ne semed nat by lilkynesse  
That she was born and fed in rudenesse,  
As in a cote, or in an oxe steale,  
But norised in an emperours halle.

To every wyght she xowen is so deere  
And worshipful, that folk ther she was bore  
And from hire birthre knewe hire yeer by yeer,  
Unnethe trowed they, but dorne han swore  
That to Janicle, of which I spak biforn,  
She doughter nas, for, as by conjecture,  
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that evere vertuous was she,  
She was encreassed in awich excellence  
Of thewes goodre, yest in heigh bountee,  
And so discreet and fair of eloquence,  
So bignesse, and so dignesse of reverence,  
And koude so the peple herte embracce,  
That ceh hire lovede that looked on hire face.

Nought conly of Saluces in the toun  
Publisched was the bountee of hire name,  
But eek bi side in many a regiouin,  
If eon sele we, another seyde the same;  
So apradde of hire heighge bountee the fame,  
That men and womeun, as wel yonge as olde,  
Goon to Saluce, upon hir to biholde.

Thus Walter lowely, nay, but roially,  
Wedded with fortunat honestez,  
In Goddes peas lyveth ful esily  
At hoom, and outward grace yngod had he;  
And for he saughe that under lowe degree  
Was ofte vertu hirde, the peple hym heilde  
A prudent man, and that is seyn ful seelde.

Nat conly this Grisildia thurgh hir wit  
Koude at the feet of wyffy homlyness,  
But eek, whan that the cas required it,  
The commune profite koude she redresse.  
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne beryness,  
In al that land, that she ne koude apace,  
And wisely brynghe hem alle in rest and ece.

Though that hire housbonde abased were anon,  
If gentil men, or othere of hire contree  
Were wrothe, she wolde bryngyn hen aton;  
So wise and rype wordes hadde she,  
And jugements of so grete equitee,  
That she from hevene rentes was, as men wende,  
Pepul to save and every wrong tamende.

AT longe tyne after that this Grisild  
Was wedded, she a doughter hath ybore,  
Al had hire levere have born a knave child.  
Glad was this markys and the folk therfore;  
For though a mayde child come al biforn,  
She may unto a knave child attreyne  
By lilythede, syn she yns nat bareyne.

Explicit secunda pars.
Incipt tercia pars.

He hadde assayed hire ynoth biforn,
And found hire evere good; what neded it
Hire for to tempte, and alwey more and more?
Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that wede it is
Tassaye a wyhf when that it is no nede,
And putten hire in angwyssh and in drede.

For which this marky wroghte in this manere;
He cam alone anyght, ther as she lay,
With stirene face, and with full trouble cheere,
And seye thys, Grisilde, quod he, that day
That yow took out of youre powre array,
And putte yow in estaat of heigh noblesse,
Ye have nat that forgeten, as I gesse.

Laye, Grisilde, this present dignitie,
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,
Maketh yow nat forctul for to be
That yow took in powre estaat full lowe,
For any wele ye mout yerseluen knowe.
Caah boed of every word that I yow seye,
Ther is no wight that hereht it but we twyse.

Ye woot yourself wel, how that ye cam heere
Into this hous, it is nat longe ago,
And though to me that ye be lief and deere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothyng so;
They seyn, to hem it is greet shame and wo
For to be subiects and been in servage
To thee, that born art of a smal village.

And namely sith thy doughter was ybore,
These words han thay spoken douteles;
But I desire, as thay have done before,
To lyve my lyf with hem in rest and pese;
I may nat in this caud be reccheles.
I moot doum with thy doughter for the beste,
Nat as I wolde, but as my peple leste.

And yet, God woot, this is ful looth to me;
But nathelesse withoute your wyting
I wol nat doon, but this wol I, quod he,
That ye to me assente, as in this thyng.
She wro now your pacience in your werkyng
That ye me highte and aswere in your village.
That day that made wasoure marriage.

When she had herd at this, she nought
aneved,
Neither in word, nor cheere, nor countenance;
For, as it semed, she was not agreved.
She seyde, Lord, al lyth in youre pleasance,
My child and I with hertely obeisance,
 Been yourres a, and ye mowe save or spille
 Your owne thing; werke that after youre wille.

Ther may nothynge, God so my soule saue
Likhen to yow that may displease me;
Ne I ne desire nothynge for to have,
Ne drede for to leese, save onley ye;
This wyll is in myn herte, and ay shal be,
No lengthe of tym, or deeth, may this deface,
Ne chaunghe my corage to another place.

Lan was this marlyke of hire answeryng,
But yet he fyned as he were nat so;
Al drery was his cheere and his lookynge,
When he sholyde out of the chambre goe.
Soone after this, a furlong way or two,
He privete hath toold at his entente
Unto a man, and to his wyf hym sente.

A maner sergeant was this priee man,
The which that faithful ofte he founden hadde
In thynge grete, and eth swich folk wel han
Doon exercucion on thynge badd.
The lord knew wel that he hym loved and drade;
And whan this sergeant wiste his lordes wille,
Into the chambre he staketh hym ful stille.

Madame, he seyde, ye mowe foryeve it me,
Though I do thyng to which I am constrayned;
Ye been so wyse that ful wel knowe ye
That lordes heetena mowe nat been fyned;
They mowe wel been biwailel and compleyned,
But men mowe nede unto hire lust obeye,
And so wol I, ther is namore to seye.

This child I am comanded for to take,
And spek namore, but out the child he hente
Despiagnostly, and gan a cheere make
As though he wolde han slayn it er he wente.
Grislead moot at suffren and consente;

And as a lamb she sitteth meke and stille,
And leet this cruel sergeant doon his wille.

Suspecous was the diffame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also;
Suspect the tymwe in which he this bigan.
Alas! his doughter that she loved so,
She wende he wolde han slawen it right tho.
But nathelesse she neither weephe se syked,
Consentynge hire to that the marlyke lyhed.

But atte laste spoken she bigan,
And mekeley she to the sergeant preyde,
So as he was a worthy gentil man,
That she meste hysse hire child er that it dyde;
And in hir harn this litle child she leyde
With ful sad face, and gan the child to hysse,
And lullid it, and after gan it blisse.

And thus she seyde in hire benigne voy,  
Fare wel, my child; I shal thee neveer see!  
But, sith I thee have marked with the crowys,
Of thilke fader, blessed mocote he be,
That for us dyde upon a crowys of tree.
Thy soule, litle child, I hym biteke,
For this nyght shallow dyen for my sake.

I trowe that to a notice in this cap
It had been hard this rethue for to se;
Wel myghte a moorder thanne han cryd, Alas!
But nathelesse, so sad at deafeast was she,
That she endured al adversite,
And to the sergeant meketly she sayde,
Have her agayn youre litle yonge mayde.

Gootth now, quod she, & dooth my lorde heeste;
But o thynge wol I prey yow of youre grace,
That, but my lord forbad yow, atte leeste
Burieth this litle body in som place
That beestes ne no briddes it torace.

But he no word wol to that purpos seye,
But took the child and wente upon his weye.

Hys sergeant cam unto his lord aegyn,
And of Grisiaudus wordes and hire cheere
He tolde hym point for point, in short and pleym,
And hym presenteth with his doghter deere.
Somwhat this lord hath routh in his maner;
But nathelesse his purpos heeld he stille,
As lordes doon when they wol han hir wille;

And bad his sergeant that he pruyvely
Sholde this child ful softe wynede and wrappe
With alle circumstances tendrely,
And carie it in a cofre or in a lappe;
But, upon peyne his heed of for to swappe,
That no man sholde knowe of his entente,
Ne whenhe he cam, ne whider that he wente;

But at Boloigne to his suster deere,
That thilke tyme of Panik was counteass,
He sholde it take, and shewe hire this mateere,
Blikeneg hire to doon hire biaynese
This child to fostre in alle gentilese;
And whose child that it was he had his hyde from every wight, for ought that may bryde.

The sergeant gooth, and hath fulfill this thing:
But to this marke now retourme we:
For now gooth he ful faste ymagining
If by his wyves cheere he mighte se,
Or by hire word aperceyve that she were chaunged; but she neuer hire houde lynde
But ever in concyly syde and hynde.

As glad, as humble, as biay in averye, And eek in love, as she was wont to be, Was she to hym in every maner wyse; Ne of her dyghter ought a word apai sheth, Noon accident for noon adversitee Was seen in hire, ne never her dyghter name.

Explicit tertia pars. Seguitur pars quarta.

THIS ESTAT ther passed been four yeer
Er she with childe was; but, as God wolde,
A knave child she bar by this Walter,
Ful gracious and ful fay thoghode.
And what that folk it to his fader tolde,
Nat onely he, but al his contree, myere
Was for this child, and God the thanke and herye.

When it was two yeer old, and fro the best
Departed of his norice, on a day
This marke caughe yet another leat
To tempte his wyf yet ofter, if he may.
O nedelees was she tempted in assay!
But wedded men ne knowe no mesure,
What that they fynde a pacient creature.

Wyf, quod this marke, ye han herd er this,
My peple ailly birth oure mariag.
And namely, sith my sone ye borne is,
Now is it worse than ever in al oure age.
The murmure sleeth myn herte and my corage;
For to myne eres comth the voyes so smerte,
That it wel myn destroyd hath myn herte.

Now set they thus: Whan Walter is agoon,
Thanne shalle the blood of Janice succede
And been oure lord, for oother have we noon,
Swicke wordes seith my peple, out of drede.
Wel oughte I of swich murmure taken heed;
For certes I am not a sengiers beeste,
Though they nat pleyn spoke in myn audience.

I wolde lyve in pees, if that I myghte;
Wherfore I am disposed oute-re,
As I his sueter seere ye myghte by nyghte,
Right so therel I to servyn prevely.
This waxe I yow, that ye nat sodemyn
Out of yourselfe for no wo holde outereye,
Beth pacient, and therof I yow preve.

If I have, quod she, seyd thus, and evere shal,
I wol nothynge, ne nyl nothynge, certayn,
But as yow list: naught greveth me at al,
Though that my daughter and my sone be slayn
At youre comandement, this is to sayn,
I have noght had no part of children twyne,
But first slayn, and after wo and peyne.

Ye been oure lord, dooth with youre ovene thynge
Right as you yow list; axeth no reed at me;
For as I lefte at hoom at my clothyngh,
When I first cam to yow, right so, quod she,
I wold see nat myn herte in violece
And took youre clothyngh; wherfore I yow preve,
Dooth youre pleasaunce, I wol youre lust obeye.

And certes, if I hadde prescience
Ye sholde to knowe erel howe lust me tolde,
I wolde it doon whouten necligence;
But now I woot youre lust and what ye wolde,
At youre pleasaunce ferme and stabe I holde;
For wiste I that my death wolde do yow eae,
Right gladely wolde I dyen, yow to plese.

Deth may noght make no comparissoun
Unto youre love. And when this markys sey
The constance of his wyf, he caste adoun
His eyn two, and wondredre that she may
In pacience suffre al this array.
And forth he goth with dreery contenance,
But to his herte it was ful greet pleasure.

This ugly sergeant, in the same wyse
That he hire doghter caughte right so he,
Or worse, if men worse han dervysse,
Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee,
And evere in oon so pacient was she,
That she no chiere maade of heynesse,
But histe hire sone, and after gan it bless.

Save this: she preyde hym, that if he myghte,
Hir litle sone he wolde in erthe grave,

His tendre lymes, delicaet to sighte,
Pro fowele and pro beesete for to save;
But she noon anawere of hym myghte have.
He wente his wyf, as hym nothynge ne roghte;
But to Boloigne he tendrely it brighte.

FIS markys wondreth evere lengre the moore
Upon hir pastishe, and if that he
He hadde soothly knowen therbifoure
That parfitly hir children loved she,
He wolde have wende that of somm pilletee,
And of malice, or for cruell corage,
That she hadde suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew, that next hymselfe, certayn,
She loved hir children best in every wyse.
But now of wommen wolde I xben fayn,
If thys assayes myghte nat surfiue?
What houde a sturdy housbonde more dervysse
To preeve hire wyfshod and hire stedefastnese,
And he contynuyng ever in sturdiness?

But ther been folk of swich condicioun
That, when they have a certein purpos take,
They han nat stynye of hire entencione,
But right as they were bounden to a stakle
They wol nat of that firste purpos sake,
Right so this markys fulliche hath purposed
To tempte his wyf, as he was firste disposed.

Be waiethet, if by word or contenance
That she to hym was changed of corage;
But nevere houte he fynde variance;
She was ay oon in herte to al visage;
And ay the further that she was in age,
The moore trewe, if that it were possible,
She was to hym in love, and moore penyble.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Then nas o then; wyf; for, as Walter leste,
The same lust was hire pleasure also;
And, God be thanked, al fit for the beste.
She shewed wel, for no worldly unreaste
A wyf, as of hireself, nothing ne sholde
Wille in effect, but as hir housbonde wolde.

The slaundre of Walter ofte and wyde spradeth,
That of a cruel herte he wilkedely,
For he a poore womman wedded haddhe,
Hath mordred bothe his children privelly,
Swich murmure was among hem comunly,
No wonder is, for to the peples ere
There can no word but that they mordred were.

For which, wheras his peple therbifore
Haddhe loved hym wel, the slaundre of his diflame
Made hem that they hym hatede therfore;
To been a morderee is an hateful name.
But thanetis, for esten ne for game,
He of his cruel purpos holde suste;
To tempte his wyf was set al hys entente.

When that his doghter twel fyere was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wyse

135
Enformed of his wyl, sent his message,
Comaundyng hem swiche bulles to devisye
As to his cruel purpus may suffyse,
Now that the pope, as for his peple reste,
Bad hym to wedde another, if hym leste.

I seye, he bad they sholde countrefete
The pope's bulles, makyng menscion
That he hath losse his fyrste wyf to lete,
As by the pope's dispencacion,
To byte rancour and disencioun
Bitwix his peple and hym; thus seyde the bulle,
The which they han publiced atte fulle.

The rude peple, as it no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel that it hadde be right so;
But when these tidynge cam to Grisildis,
I delme that hire herte was ful wo.
For she ylle sad for everemo.
Disposed was, this humble creature,
Chadversite of fortune al tendure,

Hbyngye ever his lust and his plesance
To whom that she was yeve, herte and al,
As to hire verray worldly suffiance;
But shortly if this storie I telten shal,
This markys wyten hath in special
A lettre in which he sheweth his entente,

And secrely he to Bologne it sente.

To the erl of Panyh, which thate hadde the
Wedded his auster, preythe he specially
To bryngen hoom agayn his children two
In honurable estaat al openly.
But a thynge he hym preythe cutrely,
That he to no wight, though men wolde enquerre.
Sholde nat telle, whos children that they were,

But seye, the mayde ywedde be
Unto the markys of Saluce anon.
And as this erl was preyde, so dide he;
For at day act he on his wyse is goon
Toward Saluce, and lorde many con
In riche array, this mayden for to gyde,
Hir yonge brother ridynge hire bisyde.

Arrayed was toward hir mariage
This fresse mayde, ful of gemmes cleere;
Hir brother, which that seven year was of age,
Arrayed eek ful fressh in his manere,
And thus in greet noblese and with glad cheere,
Toward Saluce shapynge hir journey,
Fro day to day they ryden in hir wey,
Explicit quarta pars.
And also wysely be my soule glade,
I neuer heeldc me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to youre worthinesse,
And evere shal, whil that my lyf may dure,
Abone every worldly creature.

That ye so longe of youre benighte
Ban holde me in honour and noblesse,
Werais I was not worthy for to bee,
That thinke I God and yow, to whom I preye
Porycide it yow; ther is namore to seye.
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende
And with hym dwelle unto my lyves ende.

Ther I was fostred of a child ful smal,
Til I be deede, my lyf ther wol I lede
A wydwe clene, in body, herte and all.
For sith I yaf to pow my maydenhede,
And am youre trewe wyf, it is no drede,
God shille with a lordes wyf to take
Another man to housbonde or to make.

And of youre newe wyf, God of his grace
So graunte yow wele and prosperite;
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blissful went to bee,
For sith it liketh yow, my lord, quod she,
That whilom were al myn herte reste,
That I shal goon, I wol goon when yow leste.

But theras ye me profe swich dowaire
As I first broghte, it is wel in my mynd
It were my wrecched clothynge, nothyng faire
The whiche to me were hard nowe for to fynde.
O good God! how gentil and how hynde
Ye aemde by youre speche and youre visage
The day that makaed wasoure marraige!

But soothe in seyd, algate I fynde it trewe,
For in effecte it preved was on me,
Love is noght owt as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for noon adversitee,
To dycen in the cas, it shal nat bee
That evere in word or werch I shal reprente
That I yow yaf myn herte in hool entente.

My lord, ye powt that, in my faderes place,
Ye dide me streep out of my powre wede,
And richelie me cladden, of youre grace.
To yeow broghte I noght elles, out of drem,
But feth and nakenedesse and maydenhede;
And here agayn my clothynge I restore,
And eek my weddanye, for everemore.

The remenant of youre juele redy be
In fowre chambre, dar I sauffly sayn;
Naked out of my faders houe, quod she,
I cam, and naked moet I turne agayn.
At youre pleasance wol I folwen sayn;
But yet I hope it be nat youre entente
That I smyt were out of youre paines wente.

Ye houde nat, doon so dishoneste a thynge,
That thilke wombe in which youre children leye
Sholde, biforn the peple, in my walkeynge,
Be seyn al bare; wherfore I yow preye,
Let me nat lyk a worm go by the weye:
Remembre yow, myn owene lord so deere,
I was youre wyf, though I unworthy were.

Wherfore, in guerdon of my maydenhede,
Which that I brought, and noght agayn I bere,
As voucheth sauf to yeve me, to my meede,
But awich a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therewith may wrye the wombe of here
That was youre wyf; and bere take I my leve
Of yow, myn owene lord, lest I yow greve.

HE smok, quod he, that thou hast on
thy bak,
Let it be stille, and bere it forth with thee.

But wel unnethe thilke word he spak,
But wente his wy as routhe and for pitee.
Biforn the folk hire leven strepth she,
And in hir smok, with heed and foot al bare,
Towar hir fader hous forth is she fare.

The folk hire folwe wepyng in hir weye,
And fortune ay they cursen as they goon;
But she fro wepyng kepeth hire eyen dreye,
Ne in this tyne word ne spak she noon.
Hir fader, that this tynge herde anon,
Courneth the day and tyne that nature
Shoop hym to be a lyenes creature.

For out of doute this olde poore man
Was evere in suspec of hir mariage;
For evere he demed, sith that it bogan,
That whan the lord fulfild hadde his corage,
Hym wolde thynek it were a disparage
To his estaat so lowe for taligtie.
And yowden hire as soone as ever he myghte.

GAYNS his dochter hastliche goth he,
For he by noyse of folk knew hire comynge.
And with hire olde coote, as it myghte be,
He covered hire, ful sorowefully wepyng;
But on hire body myghte he it nat brynge,
For rude was the cloth, and moore of age
By dases felte than at hire mariage.

Thou with hire fader, for a certeyn space,
Dwelleth this flour of wyffy pacience,
That neither by hire wordes ne hire face
Biforn the folki, ne eek in hire absence,
Ne shewed she that hire was doon offence;
Ne of hire heigne estaat no remembreance,
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for hire grete estaat
Hire goost was evere in pleyn humilltie;
No tennere mouth, noon herte delicaat,
No pompe, no semblant of roialte;
But ful of patient benyngnetye,
Discreet and pridelye, ay honourable,
And to hire housbonde evere meke & estable.

Men spake of Job, and moost for his humblie,
As clerke, when hem list, honne weel endite,
Namely of men, but as in soothfastnease,
Though clerke preie eowen, men but a lite,
Ther han no man in humblease hym acquyte
As womman han, ne han been halff so trewe
As wommen been, but it be falle of newe.
Explicit quinta pars. Sequitur pars sexta.

Was houth eek, that a newe markysesse
He with hym brouhte, in swich pompe and richesse,
That nevere was ther seyn with mannes eye
So noble array in al West Lumbardye.

The markys, which that shoop and knew al this,
Er that this erl was come, sente his message
For thilke seyly powre Grisilde;
And she with humble herte and glad visage,
Nat with no swollen thought in hire corage,
Came at his heste, and on hire kines hire sette.
And reverently and wisely she hym grettte.

GRISILDE, quod he, my wyf is outrely
This mayden that shal wedde been to me,
Received be torome we as roialtly
As it possible is in myn hous to be,
And eek that every wight in his degree
Have his estaat in sitting and servyse
And heigh pleasance, as I han best devysse.
I have no women sufficient certayn
The chambers for tarrye in ordinaunce
After my lust, and therefor wold I sayn
That thynwere al swich manere gouvernaunce;
Thou knowest eek of old have plesaunce,
Thogh thy arraye be badde and yvele biseeye,
Do thou thy devoir at the leeste weye.

AT only, lord, that I am glad, quod she,
To doon yowre lust, but I desire also
Yow for to serve and pleased in my degree
Withouten feyntyng, and shall everemo;
Ne nevere, for no wre ne no wo,
Ne shall the goost withinne myn herte entente
To love yow best with al my trewe entente.

And with that word she gan the hous to doe
And tables for to sette and beddes make;
And penyed hire to doon at that she myghte,
Pryynge the chambereres for Goddes sake
To haeten hem, and faste sweepe and shake;
And she, the moost servysable of alle,
Bath every chamber arrayed and his halle.

BOTTEN undren gan this er alighte,
That with him broghte thise noble
The children twoye,
For which the peple ran to seen the sighte
Of hire arraye, so richely biseye;
And thame at erst amongst hem they seye,
That Watter was no fool, thogh that hym leste
To chaung his wyf, for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they deem alle,
Than is Grisild, and more tendre of age,
And fairer fruyt betwene hem abole falle,
And moore pleasant, for hire heigh lynage;
Her brother eek so faire was of visage,
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesaunce,
Commendynge now the markys gouvernaunce.

STORMY peple! unsad and
evve evere untrue!
My unsecrect and chaungynge
as a vane,
Delitynge evre in rumble that
is newe,
For yff the moone ay were y and wane;
Ay ful of clappynge, deere ynoth a jane;
Yowre doom is fals, yowre constance yvele preveveth.
A ful great fool is he that on yow leeveth!

Thus seyden asde folke in that cite
Than that the peple gazed up and deyn,
For they were glad right for the novelte
To han a newe lady of hir town.
Nomors of this make I now menconion;
But to Grisilde agayn wol I me dresse,
And telle hir constance and hir bisynesse.

FUL blye was Grisilde in everething
That to the feeste was apteriment;
Right noght was she abayst of hir clothynge,
Thogh it were rude and somdeck ech torent.
But with glad cheere to the yate is went,
With all odder folk, to greete the markeynesse,
And after that dooth forth hir bisynesse.

With so glad chiere his gestes she receyveth,
And konnyngly, everich in his degree,
That no defaute no man aperceyveth;
But ay they wondere what she myghte see
That in so povere array was for to see,
And houde swich honour and reverence;
And worthilie they preisen hir prudence.

In al this meanwhile she ne stente
This mayde and ech hir brother to commende
With al hir herte, in ful benynge entente,
So wel, that no man houde hir pris amende.
But atte laste, when that thise lordes wende
To sitten downe to mete, hir gan to calle
Grisilde, as she was blye in hir halle.

GRIELDE, quod he, as it were in his pleyn,
How liketh thee my wyf and hire beetee?
Quod Right wel, quod she, my lord, for, in
good fey,
A fayre augh I never noone than she,
I pray to God yeve hire prosperitee;
And so hope I that he wol to yow sende
Plesance yeve gongh unto youre lyves ende.

O thyngh bysche I yow, and warne also,
That ye ne prikhe with no torentemyng
This tendre mayden, as ye han doon mo;
For she is fostred in hire norisynge
Moore tendrely, and, to my supposynge,
She houde nat adverselye endure
As houde a povere fostred creature.

WHAN this Walter daughe hire pacenice,
Dyr glade chiere and no malice at al,
And he so ofte had doon to hire offence,
And she ay aad and constant as a wal,
Continyngere evere hire innocence overal,
This sturdy markys gan hir herte brese
To rewen upon hire wyfely stedfastnesse.

THIS is yngogh, Grisilde myne, quod he,
Be now namoore agast ne yeve ay apayed;
I have thy feyth and thy benyngeytte,
As wel as evere womman was, assayed,
In grete estaa, and pourelche arraied.
Now knowe I, deere wyf, thy stedfastnesse.
And hire in armes took, and ganne hire heue.

And she for wonder took of it no keep;
She herde nat what thyngh he to hire dyde.
She ferde as she had stert out of a sleepe,
Til she out of hire mazednesse aberede.
Grisilde, quod he, by God that for us dyde,
Thou art my wyf, ne now cother I have,
Ne neve re hadde, as God may owte save!

This is thy dochter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wyf; that cother feithfullly
Shal be myn heir, as I have ay purposed;
Thou bare hym in thy body trewe.
At Bologne have I kep hir privelie;
Taht hir agayn, for now maystow nat seye
That thou hast lorn noon of thy children tweye.

And folk that ootherways han seyd of me,
I warne hem wel that I have doon this drede
For no malice, ne for no crueltie,
But for tassaye in the the thy wommanheit,
And nat to stlen my children, God forbeede!
But for to kep hem pryvely and stille,
Til I thy purpos knewe and at thy wille.

WHAN she this herde, aswowe doun she
falleth
For pitous joye, and after hire swownyng
She bothe hire yonge children unto hire callef,
And in hire armes, pitously wepyng,
Embraceth hem, and tendrely hisynge
Full lyk a moorder, with hire oalte teere
She batheth both hire visage and hire heere.

WO, WHICH a pitous thynge it was to se
Hir swownyng, and hire humble voyes to hir here!
Graunte mercy, lord! that thanke I yow,
Quod she,
That ye han saved me my children deere!
Now whil hem I neve re to been deed right here;
Sith I stonde in youre love and in youre grace,
No fors of deeth, ne whan my spirit pace!

O tendre, o deere, o yonge children myne!
Your woful mother wende stedfastly
That cruel houndes or some foul vermyne,
Dadle eten yow; but God, of his mercy,
And youre benynge fader, tendrely
Bath doon yow hept, and in that same stounde
Al godeynly she swapte adoun to grounde.

And in hire swough so sadely houldeth she
Hire children tow, when she gan hem tembrace,
That with greet sleightes and greet dificultie
The children from hire arm they goone arace.
O many a tere on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stouden hire biseye;
Unmethe abouten hire myghte they abyde.

WALTER hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh;
Sheriseth up, abayed, from hire traunce,
And every wight hire joye and feeste makeith,
Til she hath caught agayn hire contenaunce.
In a laoun Grisilis three or two;
For, if that they were put to swiche abasayes,
The gold of hem hath now so bade alayes
With bras, that thogh the cowne be faire at eyne
It wolde rather brete atwo then plyne.

For which heere, for the Wyve of Bathe,
Whose lyf and al hire secte God mayntene
In heigh maistrie, and elles were it acate,
I wol wistly herte fresh and green
Seyn yow a song to glade yeow, I wene;
And lat us aytynge of erestute matere:
Derketh my song, that seith in this manere.

Grisilis is deed, and eek
Hire pacence,
And bothe al stonnes byryed in Yraile;
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be tasaill;
His wyves pacence in hope
to fynde
Grisilis, for in certein he shal faille!

O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
Lat noon humilitie youre tonge nayllie,
Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of yow a storie of swich mervaille
As of Grisilis pacient and kynde;
Lest Chichchevache yow swelwe in hire entraille!
Folswyth Etho, that boldeth no silence,
But evere answereth at the countretaille;
Beth nat bidaffed for youre innocence,
But surlie tak on yow the governaille.
Emprente wyl this lesson in youre mynde
For commune profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archeywes, stondeneth at defense,
Syn ye be strong as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreh nat that men yow doon ofense.
And shulde wyves, flesbe as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tygre yond in Ynde;
Ay clappeth as a mille, I yow consaille.

Ne deed hem nat, doth hem no reverence;
For though thyn husbonde armed be in maille,
The arwe of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eek his aventure.
In jalouse I rede eek thou hym bynde,
And thou shalt make hym couehe as dooth a quaille.

If thou be fair, ther folk been in presence
Shewe thou thy visage and thy apparall;
If thou be foul, be fre of thy dispence,
To gote thee freendes ay do thy travaille;
Be ay of chiere as light as leef on lynde,
And lat hym care and wepe, and wryng and waille!

Here endith the Clerke of Oxenford his Tale.

The Tale of the Clerke of Oxenford
The prologue of the Marchantes Tale.

I wolde nevere eft be made in the nare, We wedde men lyve in bower and care.
Assaye whos wole, and he shal sune 
I seye sooth, by Saint Thomas of York, As for the more part, I seye nat alle; 
Quod th Marchant, 
And so doon othere mo 
God shilde that it sholde be sone! 
That wedde been, I 
I trove that it be so; 
I trove that it be so; 
And yet, I trove, he that al his lyve 
For well I woot, it faireth 
Wylles hath been, though that men wold him ryve 
Unto the herte, ne houde in no manere 
Tellen so muchel sower, as I now here 
Ride and sulten of my wyves curagednesse! 
Now, quod our Hooste, Marchant, so God 
Wyllye blisse! 
Syn ye so muchel knownen of that art, 
Ful hertely I pray you telle us part, 
Gladyly, quod he, but of myn owene boore, 
For soory herte, I telle may namore.

Here begynneth the Marchantes Tale.

That in this world it is a paradyse,
Thus seyde this olde knyght, that was so wyse.

Certificate, as sooth as God is kyng, 
To take a wyf, it is a gloryous thyng; 
And namely when a man is oold and hoar, 
Channe is a wyf the fruyt of his treasor.
Channe shold he take a yong wyf and a feir, 
On which he myghte engendren hym an heir, 
And lede his lyf in joye and in solace; 
Wheras thos bachelors oynge Mila,
When that they dynde any adversitee 
In love, which nys but childyssh vanitee. 
And trewely it sit wel to be so, 
That bachelors have often payne and wo; 
On brotel ground they buryde, & brotelinese 
They fynde, whan they were sillebucket. 
They lyve but as a byrd or as a beest, 
In libertee, and under noon arrest, 
Theer a wedded man in his estat 
Lyveth a lyf blissful and ordinaat, 
Under the yolk of mariage ybounde. 
Wel may his herte in joye & bliss habounde; 
For who han so buxom as a wyf? 
Who is so trewe, and eelt so entenly 
To hepe hym, ykyk and hool, as is his make? 
For wele or wo weole hym nat forsake. 
She nys nat very hym to love and serve, 
Thogh that he lyvy bedrede til he sterve, 
And yet somme clerkes seyn it nys 
Neat so.

Of whiche he, Theocylaste, is son of tho. 
What force though Theocylaste listhe lyf? 
Ne take no wyf, quod he, forhousebondry. 
As for to spare in household thy dispence; 
A trewe servaunt dooth more diligence 
Thy good to kepe, than thym owene wyf,
for she wol clayne half part al hir lyf;
And if that thou be syth, so God me saue!
Thy verray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe thee bet than she that waiteth ay
After thy good, and hath doon many a day.
And if thou take a wyf unto thy hold,
Ful lightely maystow een a colwold.
This sentence, and an hundred thynge worse,
Writeth this man, ther God his bones corse!
But take no kepe of al swich vanytee;
Deffie Theofraste and herke me.
A wyf is Goddes yfte verrally;
Alle other manere yffet harly,
As londen, rentes, pasture, or commune,
Or moebles, alle bee yffet of fortune,
That passen as a shadow upon a wal.
But dredelee, if pleynte speche I shal,
A wyf wol laste, and in thy hous endure,
Wel longer then thee list, paraventure.
BRIJEE is a ful greet sacrament;
He which that hath no wyf, holde hym shent;
His yfte helples and al desolat,
I speke of folk in seculer estat.
And herke why, I sey nat this for noght,
That woman is for manne help wyrgeat.
The hye God, when he hadde Adam make,
And saugh him at alleone, belynaked.
God of his gret goodnesse seyde than,
Let us now make an help unto this man.
Lyk to hymself; and thanne he made hym Eve.
There may ye se, and hereby may ye preve,
That wyf is mannes help and his confort,
His Paradys terrestre and his disport;
So buxom and so vertuous is she,
They moste nede wyve in unite.
O flesh for, and o flesh, as I gesse,
Thou hast borne, and in wale and in destresse.
AW! Seinte Marie, benedicte!
How myghte a man han any adversitee
That hath a wyf? Certes, I han nat seye.
The blisse which that is bitwixt hem twwey
Ther may no tonge tell, or herte thynke.
If he be poore, she helpeth hym to wynke;
She kepeth his good, and wryeth never a deel;
At that hire housbonde lust, hire liketh wel;
She seith not ones, Nay, than he seith, Ye.
Do this, seith he, Alhedyre, sire, seith she.
BLISFUL orde of wedlocke precious,
Thou art so merue, and eek so vertuous,
And so commended and appromised,
That every man that halt hyrm worth a leech
Upon his bare knekes oughte at his lyf
Thanken his God that hym hath sent a wyf;
Or elles praye to God hym for to sende
A wyf, to laste unto his lyves ende;
For thame his lyf is set in siluercase;
He may nat be deceyved, as I gesse,
So that he werke after his wyves reed;
Thanne may he boldely kepen up his heed,
They been so trewe, and therwithall so wyse;
For which, if thou wolke werken as the wyse,
Do alway se as wommen wol thet rede.
This word seyde he unto us everycon:

With alle thyng by conseil, thus seyde he,
And thanne shalt nat repente thee.

But though that Salomon spake swich a word,
Myne owene dere brother and my lord,
So wysly God my soule brunghe at reste,
I holde youre owene conseil is the beste.

For brother myn, of me taakt this motyf,
I have now been a courtman at my lyf,
And, God it woot, though I unworthy be,
I have stonden in ful greet degree
Abouten lordes of ful heigh estaaht;
Yet hadde I neuer with noon of hem debaat;
I neuer hem contraried, trelwey:
I woot wel that my lord han moore than I.
What that he seith, I holde it ferme and stable;
I seye the same, or elles thyng semblable.

A ful greet fool is any conseilour,
That serveth any lord of heigh honour,
That dar presume, or elles theken it,
That his conseil sholde passe his lordes wit.
Nay, lordes been no fooles, by my fay!
Ye han yourseleven seyed hirr today
So heigh sentence, so holstye and wel,
That I consent, and confirmy everydeed
Youres wortes alle, and youre opinyon.
By God, ther ny no man in al this town,
Nyn al yaille, that houlde bet han sayd.
Crist hait hymn of this conseil wel apayd.
And trewly it is an heigh corage
Of any man that stopen is in age
To take a yong wyf; by my fader hyn,
Your herte hangeth on a joly pyn!
Dooth now in this matiere right as you testye,
For, finally, I holde it for the beste.

JUSTUS, that ay stille eat and herde,
Right in this wise to Placebo answerde:
Longe, nowe, brother myn, be pacient, I preye,
Syn ye han seyde, and herkyneth what I seye.

Seneh among his other wordes wyse
Seith that a man ought hym right wel avyse
To whom he yeveth his lond or his catel;
And syn I oughte avyse me right wel
To whom I yeveth my good away fro me,
Wel muche moore I oughte avyse be
To whom I yeveth my body for alwey.
I warne yow wel, it is no childa pleyn
To take a wyf without avysement.
Men moeste enquere, this is myn asent,
Othre she be wyf, or sobre, or dronkelewe,
Or proud, or elles ootherweys a shrewre,
A chideaster, or wastour of thy good,
Or riche, or poore, or elles manysah wood.
Albeit so that no man fynden shal
Noon in this world that trotteth hool in al,
Ne man ne be beat, which as men houlde devyse;
But nathelasse, it oughte yongh suffize
With any wyf, if so were that she hadde
Mo goodes thewes then hire vices badde.
And al at this eth Leyser for tenquere;
For, God it woot, I have wept many a teere
Fu pruely, syn I have had a wyt.
Preyse whose wolde a weded maennes luff,
Certein, I fynde in it but cost and care,
And observances, of alle blisses bare.
And yet, God woot, my neighbores aboute,
And manie of wommen many a route,
Seyn that I have the mooste stede fast wyf,
And eek the mekestoon that bereth lyf;
But I woot bett where wyngmeth me my sho.
Ye nowe, for me, right as you liketh do;
Ayseth yow, ye been a man of age,
Now that ye entrene into mariage,
And manely with a yong wyf and a fair.
By hym that made water, erthe, and air,
The yongest man that is in al this route
Is bynyough to bryngen it aboute
To han his wyf allone, trusteth me.
Ye olle nat plesen hire full yeeres thre,
This is to seyn, to doon hire ful pleaunce.
A wyf axeth ful many an observance.
I prey yow that ye be nat yeple apayd.

GI., quod this Januarie, & hastow gayd?
Straw for thy Geneth, and for thy preverbes!
I counte nat a panyer ful of herbes
Of socaltermes; wyser men than thow,
As thou hast herd, asssenteden right now
To my purpos: Placebo, what se ye?
O seye, it is a cursed man, quod he,
That letteth martrimoine, sikerly.
And with that word they rysen sodeynly,
And been asssenteden fully, that he sholde
Be wedded whanne hym list and wher he wolde.

NEIGH fantaie and curious biynezese
Fro day to day gan in the soule impress
Of Januarie aboute his mariage.
Many fair shap, and many a fair visage
Ther paseth thurgh his herte, nght by nght.
As whose tooke a mirour polished bright,
And sette it in a commune market-place,
Thanne sholde he se ful many a figure pace
By his mirour; and, in the same wyse
Can Januarie inwith his thigh devyse
Of maydenes, where the dwelten hym byzide.
He wiste nat wher that he myghte abyde.
For if that con have beautie in his face,
Another stant so in the pepole grace
For hire sadnesse, and hire benyngeytee,
That of the pepole grettest hoyz hath she.
And somme were rich, and hadden baddene name.
But nathelesse, bitwixe ernest and game,
He atte laste apoynted hym on con,
And leet alle othere from his herte goon,
And chees hire of his owene auctorite.
For love is bluyd al day, and may nat see.
And whan that he was in his bed bybroght,
He purryed, in his herte and in his thought,
Hir frendhe beautie and hire age tendre,
Hir myddel smal, hire arme longe and sklenere,
Hir wise governaunce, bir gentillesse,
Hir womanly berynge and hire sadnesse.
And whan that he on hire was condescended,
Hym thoughte his choys myghtenat ben amended.

For whan that he hymself concluded hadde,
Hym thoughte ech other mannes wit so badd,
That impossible it were to replye
Agayn his choys; this was his fantasie.
His frendes sente he to, at his instaunce,
And prayed hem to doen hym that pleaunce,
That hastyly they wolden to hym come;
He wolde abregge hir labour, alle and some;
Nedeth namore for hym to go ne ryde,
He was apoynted ther he wolde abyde.

PLACEBO cam, & eek his frendes boone,
And alderfirst he bad hem alle a boone,
That noon of hem none argumentes make
Agayn the purpos which that he hath take;
Which purpos was pleasant to God, seyde he,
And verray ground of his prosperitee.

H e seyde, ther was a mayden in the toun,
Which that of beautie hadde grete renoun,
Al were it so she were of smal degree;
Subiseth hym hir yowthe and hir beautie.
Which maybe, he seyde, he wolde han to his wyf,
To lede in eze and hooleynesse his lyf.
And thanked God that he myghte him hire al,
That no wight of his blisse parte shal;
And preyde hem to laboure in this nede,
And shapen that he faille nat to apite;
For thanne, he seyde, his spirit was at eze.

Thanne is, quod he, nothyng may me diaplese,
Save o thyng priketh in my conscience,
The which I wol reberce in youre presenc.

HAYE, quod he, herd seyed, ful yore age,
Ther may no man han parite blises two,
This is to seye, in erthe and eeh in hevene.
For though he kep hym fro the aynmes sevene,
And eek from every branche of thilke tre,
Yet is ther so parite felicitee,
And so greet eee and lust in mariage,
That ene I am agast now in myn age,
That I shal lede now so myrie a lyf,
So delicat, withouten wo and stryf,
That I shal have myn hevene in erthe heere.
For alth that verray hevene is boght so deere
With turbulacion and greet penaunce.
Now sholde I thanne, that lyve in switch pleaunce,
As alle wedded men doen with hire wyrres,
Come to the blisse ther Crist eretn on lyve ya?
This is my drede, and ye, my bretheren tweye,
Assoliteth me this questiuon, I preye,

CASTINAS, which that hated his folye,
Answerte anon, right in his japerye;
And for he wolde his longe tale abregge,
He wolde noont auctorite allegge,
But seyde, Sire, so ther be noon obstable
Other than this, God of his hygh myracle,
And of his mercy, may so for you wirche,
That, er ye have youre right of holly chirche,
Ye may repente of wedded mannes lyf,
In whiche ye seyn ther is no wo ne stryf.
And elles, God forbede but he sente
A wedded man hym grace to repente
Gel ofte rather than a sngle man.
And therfore, sire, the beate reed I han,
Dispeire yow noght, but have in youre memorie,
Paraunter she may be youre purgatorie!  
She may be Goddes meene, and Goddes whippe!  
Thanne shal youre soule up to hevene shipphe  
Swifter than dooth an arwe out of the bowe!  
I hope to God, hertafter shal ye knowe  
That ther nyw no so greet felicitee  
In mariage, ne nevere me shal bee,  
That yow shal lette of youre savacioun,  
So that yee use, as shille is and resoun,  
The lusted of your wyf attemptely,  
And that ye plese hir nat to amorously,  
And that ye kepe yow ek from oother wynee.  
My tale is doon: for that my wyfe is thynne.  
Beth nat agast hirself, my brother deere.  
But let us waden out of this matteere.  
The Gryff of Bathe, if ye han understonde  
Of mariage, which ye have on honde,  
Declared hath ful wel in litel space.  
Fareth newel wel, God have yow in his grace.  

And with this word this Justyn & his brother  
Han take hir leve, and ech of them of oother.  
For when they saugh that it moste nedes be,  
They wroghten so, by sly and wry trette,  
That she, this mayden, which that Mayus highte,  
As hastily as any that she myghte,  
Shal wedde be unto this Januaire.  
I trowe it were to longe yow to tarye,  
If yow tolde of every scrit and bond,  
By which that she was feffed in his lond;  
Or for to herken of his riche array.  
But finally ycomen is the day  
That to the chyrche bothe be they went  
For to recyve the hooly saecomt.  
Forth comth the prent, with stonde aboute his nekke,  
And bad hire be lyk Sarra and Rebekke  
In wydowdom and in trouthe of mariage;  
And seyde his orisons as in usagge,  
And croucht hem, and bad God sholdhe hem blenes,  
And made al siker ynoth with hoolynesse.  

Dris been they wedded with solemniteit,  
And at the feeste sitteth he and she,  
With other worthy folli, upon the deys.  
Al ful of joye & blises is the palyces,  
And ful of instruments, and of vitaille,  
The moste deynestyous of A'laille.  
Biforr hem toode swich instruments of son,  
That Orpheus, ne of Chebes Amphion,  
Ne made evere swich a melodye.  
At every cours thanne cam loud mynastyce  
That neuer trumpef Joah, fer to heere,  
Norhe, Theodemus, yet hal so cleere,  
At Chebes, when the citer was in douhte.  
Bacchus the wyn hem skynketh al aboute,  
And Venus laugheth upon every wight.  
For Januaire was become hir knyght,  
And wolde bothe assayen hir corage  
In libertye, and ech in mariage,  
And with hire Fyrbrond in hire hand aboute  
Daunceth biforn the byrde and al the route.
O Januarie, drunk in pleasure
Of marriage, see how thy Damyan,
Thyn owene aquier and thy borne man,
Entendeth for to do thee vilemayne.
God graunte thee thyh hoomly fo testye;
For in this world wys worse pestilence.
Than hoomly foo al day in thy presence.

FORTIFIED hath the somne his
dark durne,
No longer may the body of hym
sojurne
On thorisonne, as in that latitude.
Night with his mantel, that is dark
and rude.
Gan oversprede the hemysperie aboute;
For which departed is this lusty route
pro Januarie, with thank on every syde.
Home to his houses lustily they ryde,
Whereas they doon hills rythgeas as hem lest,
And when they aye his tyme, goon to reste.

SONG after that, this hastif Januarie
Wolde go to bedde, he wolde no longer tarye.
He drynkhe ypcras, clarree, and vernage
Of spieces hoote, tencreesenn his corage;
And many a leetarie hath he ful fyn,
Swiche as the cursed monk, Deme Constantyn,
Hath written in his book, De Coitu;
To eten hem alle, he nas nothynge echeu.
And to his pricce freendes thus seyde he:

"Oh Goddes love, as soon as it may be,
Lyt woyden at this hous in curteys wyse.
And they han doon right as he wol devyse.
Men drynkhen, and the travers drawe anon;
The bryde was broght abedde as stille as stoon;
And when the bed was with the preest ybleesed,
Out of the chamber hath every wight hym dressed.
And Januarie hath faste in armes take
His freshe May, his paradys, his make.
He lulled hire, he kisset hire full ofte
With thikhe brustles of his heed unsofte,
Lyk to the skyn of bound syrah, sharpe as breere;
For he was shawe al heue in his manere.
He rebuth hire about her tendre face
And seyde thus, Alas ! I most trespass
To yow, my spouse, and yow greetly offendre;
Er tymne come that I wol down descende.
But nathelesse, considereth this, quod he,
Ther wyns no werkman, whatsoever he be,
That may bothe werke wel and hastily;
This wol be doen at legere pariteit.
It is no fors how longe that we plye;
In trewe wedlock wedded be we twye;
And blessed be the yoke that we been inne,
For in our acts we mowe do no synne.
A man may do no synne with his wyf,
Ne hurte hymself with his owene knyf;
For we han leue to plye us by the lawe.

Thus laboureth he til that the day gan dawe;
And thanne he taketh a sop in fyme claree,
And upright in his bed thanne sittehe;
And after that he sang ful loude and cleere,
And kiate his wyf, and made wantowe cheere.
He was al ceotnaish, ful of ragerye.

The Marchantes Tale

And ful of jargon as a fleshed pve.
The slakhe skryn aboute his nkelhe shaketh
Whil that he sang; so chauntehe he and craketh.
But God woot what that May thought in hire
herte,
When she hym aughed up sittinghe in his sherte,
In his nght-cappe, and with his nkelhe lente;
She preseth nat his plenyngh worth a bene.

RANNE seide he thus, My reste wol I take;
Now day is come, I may no longer wake.
And down he leyde his heed, and sleep til
pryme;
And afterward, than that he augh his tymne,
Up ryueth Januarie; but freshehe May
Boldeth hire chamber unto the fourth day,
As usage is of wyves for the beste;
For every labour som tymne mout han reste,
Or elles longe may he nat endure;
This is to seyn, no byves creature,
Be it of pysshe, or bryd, or beaat, or man.

OLD wol I speke of woful Damyan,
That languissheth for love, as yeshulere;
Cherefore I speke to hym in this manere:

1. seye, O seye Damyan, alais !
Anowere to my demaunde, as in this cas,
Now shalowt to thy lady, freshehe May,
Telle thy wo? She wolte alwey seye Nay.
Eeh if thou speke, she wol thy wo biwreye;
God be thy help, I han no bettre seye.

This sike Damyan in Venus fur
So brenneth, that he dyeth for desvy;
For which he putte his lyf in aventure,
No longer myghte he in this wise endure;
But pryvely a penner gan he borwe,
And in a lettre wroth he al his borwe,
In manere of a compleynyt or a lay,
Unto his faire freshehe lady May;
And in a purs of sills, heng on his sherte,
He hath it put, and leyde it at his herte.

The moone that, at noon, was, thilke day
That Januarie hath wended freshehe May,
In two of Taw, was into Canere glyden,
So longe hath Mayus in his chambre byden,
As custume is unto these nobles alle.
A bryde shal nat eten in the halle,
Til dayes fourre or thre dayes atte leeste
Ypassed been; thanne lat hire go to feeste.
The fourthe day compleet fro noon to noon,
Alas that the heighhe massae was ydoon,
In halle ait this Januarie, and May
As fresseh as is the brighte somere day.
And so bise, how that this gode man
Remembred hym upon this Damyan,
And seye, Seynte Marie! how may this be,
That Damyan entendeth nat to me?
Is he ay ysh? or how may this bytide?

His squieres, whiche that stooden ther bysyde,
Excused hym bycause of his silnense,
Which letted hym to doen his biyssense;
Noon othre cause myghte make hym tarye.

May me forthyneth, quod this Januarie,
He is a gentil aquier, by my trothe!
If that he deyde, it were harm and routhe;
The hevene stood, that tyme fortunaat
Was for to purte a bille of Venus werkes,
For alle thynge hath tyme, as seym thsc clerkes,
To an woman, for to gete hire love,
I kan nat seye; but grete God above,
That knoweth that noon act is causelesse,
He deme of al, for I wole holde my peen.
But sooth is this, how that this freshe May
Hath taken swiche impression that day,
For pitee of this spite Damyan,
That from hire herte she ne dryve kan
The remembrance for to doon hym esse.
Certeyn, thought she, whom that this thynge
Displese,
I rekhe noght, for here I hym assure,
To love hym best of any creature,
Though he namore hadde than his sherte.
LO, pitee reneeth soone in gentil herte.

SEERE may ye se how excellent franchisie
In wommen is, when they hem narwe ayrue.
Som tyrant is, as ther be many oon,
That hath an herte as hard as any stoen.

Whiche wolde han lat hym sterven in the place
Wel rather than han graunted hym hire grace;
And hem rejoycaen in hire cruel pryde,
And rekhe nat to been an homycide.

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee,
Right of hire hand a letter made she,
In which she graunted hym hire verray grace;
Ther latheth noght only but day and place
When that she myghte unto his lust suffise;
For it shal be right as he wolde devyce.
And whan she saugh his tyme, upon a day,
To visite this Damyan gooth May,
And gotil this lettre doun she threate
Under his pilwe, rede it if hym leste.
She taketh hym by the hand, and harde hym twiste
So secretly, that no wight of it wiste,
And bad hym been al hool; and forth she wente
To Januarie, whan that he for hire sente.

AI passeth was his silrnease and his sorwe.
He hembeth hym, he proyneth hym and pyketh,
He dooth al that his lady lust and lyketh;
And eek to Januarie he gooth as lowe.
His ewre dide a dogge for the bowe,
He is so pleasant unto every man,
For craft is al, who so that do it han,
That every wight in sayn to speke hym good;
And fully in his lady grace he stond.
Thus let I Damyan aboute his nede,
And in my tale forth I wol procede.

OMME clerken holden that feliciete
Stant in delte, and thsere certein he,
This noble Januarie, with al his myghte,
In honeste wyse, as longe as to a knyght,
Shoo hym to lyve ful delicely,
Hys housyng, his array, as honestly
To his degree was maked, as a kynges,  
Amonge other of his honeste thonges  
He made a gardyn, walled al with stoon;  
So faire a gardyn woot I nowher noon.  
For out of doute, I verrally suppose  
That he that woot the Romance of the Rose  
Ne houte of it the beaute wel devyse;  
Ne Diapulus ne myghte nat suffice,  
Though he be god of gardynes, for to telle  
The beaute of the gardyn and the welle.  
That stood under a larwer alwey grene.  
Ful ofte tyne he, Pluto, and his queene,  
Prosperina, and al hire faerye,  
Disporten hem and maken melodye  
Aboute that welle, and daunce, as men tolde.  

His noble knyght, this Januarie the olde,  
Swich deynette hath in it to walkie and pleye,  
That he wol no wight suffren bere the keye  
Save he hymself; for of the smale wyket  
He baar alwey of silver a smal elkyet.  
With which, whan that hym leste, he it umhette.  
And whan he wolde paye his wyf hir dette  
In somme season, thider wole he go,  
And May his wyf, and no wight but they two;  
And thynge whiche that were nat doon abedde,  
He in the gardyn parfourned hem and spedde.  
And in this wyse, many a murie day,  
Lyved this Januarie and freshe May.  
But worldlye joyes may nat alwey dure  
To Januarie, ne to no creature.  

SODEYN hap! O thone fortune  
Instabile!  
Lik to the acropium so deceyvable  
That flatereat with thyn heed whan thou wolt stynge;  
Thy tayl is deeth, thyrgh thyn envenymynge.  
O brotli joye! O sweete venym quynyte!  
O monstre, that so suyltly hanst peyne!  
Thy tiffet, under hewe of stide fastnesse,  
That thou deceyvest bothe moore and leaste!  
Why hastow Januarie thus deceyved,  
That hadde hym for thy ful frend receyved?  
And now thou hast bairf hym bothe his eyen,  
For sorwe of which desireth he to dyen.  
Alas! this noble Januarie free,  
Aymde his lust and his prosperite,  
Is wesen bynyd, and that al sodeynly!  
He wepeth and he wyleth pitously;  
And therewithal the fyr of jalousye,  
Leest that his wyf sholde falle in som folye,  
So brente his berty, that he wolde fayn  
That som man bothe hym and hire had slayn;  
For neather after his deeth, nor in his lyf,  
Ne wolde he that she were love ne wyf,  
But evere lyve as wyde in clothes blake,  
Soul as the turtle that lost hath hire make.  
Saw ther with al the wynde, after a monte, or tweye,  
His sorwe gan aswage, sooth to seye;  
For whan he wiste it may noon oother be,  
He paciently took his adversite;  
Save, out of doute, he may nat foroone  
That he ne jalous everemoore in son.  

Which jalousye it was so outrageus,  
That neithir in halle, nyn noon oother hous,  
Ne in noon oother place, neithere,  
He holde suffire hire for to ryde or go.  
But if that he had hond on hire alway,  
For which ful ofte wepeth freshe May,  
That loveith Damyan so bemyngely  
That she myght oother dyen sodeynly,  
Or elles she myght han hym as hir leste;  
She wighteth when hir herte wolde breste.  

UPON that oother syde Damyan  
Bicomen in the sorwefullest man  
That evere was; for neithir myghte ne day  
Ne myghte he speke a word to freshe May,  
As to his purpoo, of no owich mateere,  
But if that Januarie mooste it heere,  
That hadde an hand upon hire evermo.  
But nanthelesse, by wryting to and fro  
And prive signes, wiste he what she merte;  
And she knew eek the fyn of his entente.  

Januarie! what myghte it thee saile?  
Thou myghtest se as fer as shippes saile!  
For also good is bynyd deceyved be,  
As be deceyved when a man may se.  
Io, Argus, which that hadde an hondred eyen,  
For al that evere he koudes poure or pryen,  
Yet was he flent; and, God woot, so been mo,  
That wenen wyllys that it be nat so.  
Passe over is an ese, I say namoore.  
This freshe May, that I spak of so yore,  
In warme weex hath emprented the elkyet  
That Januarie bar of the smale wyket,  
By which into his gardyn ofte he wente,  
And Damyan, that knewe al hire entente,  
The elkyet cuntefreted pryvely,  
Ther myght namoore to seye; but hastily  
Som wonder by this elkyet shal bryde,  
Which ye shul heeren, if ye wolde abyde.  

Noble Owle! ful sooth seystow,  
God woot!  
What sleighthe is it, thogh it be long  
And hoot;  
That he myl fynde it out in som manere?  
By Diramus and Teshee may men leere;  
Thogh they were kep ful long streite overal,  
They been accorded, rowmynghe thurgh a wal,  
Thor no wighte houde han founde out swich a sleighthe.  

But now to purpoo: er that dayes eighthe  
Were passed, er the monethe of Yuyli, biffle  
That Januarie hath caught so greet a wille,  
Thurgh eggyng of his wyf, hym for to pleye  
In his gardyn, and no wight but they twye,  
That in a moore unto this May seith he;  
Rye up, my wyf, my love, my lady free;  
The turtles voyse is herd, my dowye sweete;  
The wynter is goon, with alle his repynes weete;  
Com forth now, with thyne eye columbyn!  
Now fayre been thy breuste than is wyn!  
The gardyn is enclosed alaboute;  
The Marchantes Tale.
Com forth, my white spouse! for out of doute,
Thou hast me wounded in myn herte, O wyf!
No spot of the ne knew I al my lyf;
Come forth, and let us taken som disporst;
I cheue thee for my wyf and my comfort!
Swiche olde leued wordes used he.

N Damyan a signe made she,
That he sholde go biforn with his eliket:
This Damyan thanne hath opened the wycket,
And in he stirt, and that in swich manere,
That no wyght wyght it se neither yhere;
And stille he sit under a bush a anoon.

In May, as I gess, as a stoon,
With Mayus in his hand, and no wyght mo,
Into his freshe gerdyn is ago,
And clapte to the wycket sodeynly.

Now, wyf, quod he, here nea but thou and I,
That art the creature that I best love;
For, by that Lord that sit in hevene above,
Levere ich hadde to dyen on a knyf,
Than thee offende, trewe deere wyf.

For Goddes sake, thenk how I thee cheue,
Nogh for no coveteous, douteles,
But onely for the love I had to thee,
And though that I be cold, and may nat see,
Beth to me trewe, and I shal telle yow why,
Thre thynge, certes, shul ye wynnyn therby;
First, love of Crist, and to yourself honour,
And al myn heritage, town and tour;
I yeve it you, make thy charites as you letse;
This shall be doun to morrow or sonne reste.
So wialy God my soule bryngyn in blisse,
I prey yow first, in coveneant ye me kisst.
And though that I be jalous, wyte me noght.
Ye been so depe enprented in my thought,
That, whan that I consider ye beautee,
And therewith the unlikely elde of me,
I may nat, certes, though I sholde dye,
Forsbre to been out of youre compaignye
For verray love; this is withouten doute.
Now lys me, wyf, and lat us rume aboute.

In freshe May, when she thys wordes therde,
Longe and lengyngly to Januarie answorde; But first and forword, she bigan to wepe: I haue, quod she, a soule for to kepe As wel as ye, and also myn honour,
And of my wyffhod thilke tendre flour,
Which that I haue assured in your bond
When that ye prest to yow my body bond;
Wherefore I wolde anwerde in this manere,
By the leve of yow, my lord so deere;
I prey to God that neuer dawe the day
That I ne sterve, as foule a woman may,
If evere I do unto my lyn that shame,
Or elles I empreye to my name,
That I be false; and if I do that lakhe,
Do strepe me and put me in a sakke,
And in the nexte ryver do me drench.
I am a gentil woman and no wenche!
Why speke ye thus? But men been ever untrewes,
And women have repreve of yow ay now.

Ye han noon oother contenance, I leue,
But speke to us of untrust and repreve.
And with that word she saugh wher Damyan
Sat in the bush, and coughyn she bigan,
And with hir fyngere signes made she
That Damyan sholde clynne upon a tree,
That charge was with fruyt, and up he wente;
For verraly he knew all hire entente
And every signe that she houte make
Wel bet than Januarie, hir owene make,
For in a lettre that she hadde tolde hym al
Of this matere, how he werchen shal.
And thus I lete hym sitte upon the perye,
And Januarie and May romynge mynte.

The right was the day, and blew the firmament,
Theheus of golde his stremes doun
Hath sent To gladen every flour with his warm,
For to bee nee.

He was that tyne in Geminis, as I gess,
But litel fro his declyncion
Of Cancer, Jovis exaltacion.
And so bief, that brighte mowre tyde,
That in that gardyn, in the ferthere syde,
Pluto, that is the kyng of faerie,
And many a lady in his compaignye,
Folwynge his wyf, the queene Proserpyn,
Ech after oother, right as oonly lyn.
Whil that she gadered froures in the mede,
In Claudyan ye may the stories rede,
Dow in his grisely carte he hire fette.
This kyng of faerie thanne adoun hym sette
Upon a bench of turves, freash and grene,
And right anon thus sycde he to his queene:
My wyf, quod he, ther may no wyght beye nay,
Cheexperience so preveth every day.
The treasons whiche that women doon to man,
Ten hundred thousand stories telle I han
Notable of youre untrouthe and brodineese.
O Salomon, wyse, and richene of ricche,
Fulfill of sapeencye and of worldly glorie,
Ful worthy been thy wordes to memorie
To every wyght that wit and resoch han.
Thus he preieth he yet the bountee of man:
Amonges a thousand men yet found I con,
But of women alle found I noo.

Upon the kyng that knoweth youre
Wilkedness.

And Ihesu filius Iesu, as I gess,
Ne speke eth of yow but seide reverence.
A swych fyr and corrupt petyllence
So fellly upon youre bodieth yet tonight!
Ne se ye nat this honourly knyght?
Bycause, alias! that he is blynd and old,
His owene men shal make hym colwelled.
Lo, here he sitt, the lachour, in the tree!
Now wol I graunten, of my magessee,
Unto this oldie, blyme, worthy knyght,
That he shal have ay byn his eyen syght,
When that his wyf wolde doon hym silynye;
Channe shal he knowen al hire harlotrye
Bothe in repere of hire and other mo.
Ye shal quod Proseryne: wel ye so?
Now by my moodres aircs soule I avere,
That I shal yeve hire sufficient answer,
And alle wommen after, for hire sake;
That, though they be in any gill ytake,
With face boold they shulde himself excuse,
And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse;
For lacke of answer, noon of hem shal drey.
Al haddre man seyn a thyng with both his eyen,
Yet shul we wommen visage it hardily,
And wepe, and swore, and chide subtily,
So that ye men shul been as lewed as gees.
What reketh me of youre auctoritees?
I woot wel that this Jew, this Salomon,
Found of us wommen foole many oon.
But though he ne foond no good woman,
Yet hath ther founde many another man
Wommen ful trewe, ful goode, and verituous.
Witnesse on hem that dwelle in Cristes hous;
Whil martirdom they preyed hire constance.
The Romayn Geestes maken remembrance
Of many a verray trewe wyf also.
But, sire, ne be nat wrooth, albeit so,
Though that he seyde he foond no good woman,
I prey ye take the sentence of the man;
He meade thug, that in sovereyn ponte
Nis noon but God, that sit in Trinitee,
Ey! for verray God, that nys but oon,
What make ye so mucche of Salomon?
What though he made a temple, Goddes hous?
What though he were ricche and gloriuous?
So make he eel a temple of false goddis,
How myghte he dao a thyng that more forbode is?
Pardes! as faire as ye his name emplastre,
He was a lecheour and an ydolastre,
And in his elde he verray God forsook.
And if that God ne hadde, as al his book,
Ypaped hym for his faders sake, he sholde
Have lost his regne rather than he wolde.
I sette right knowth of al the vileyne
That ye of wommen write, a botterlye!
I am a womman, nedes moost I speke,
Or elles so hope it myn herte breke.
For sitten he seye that we been jangleressees,
As ever ehol I moost ebrace my tresses,
I shal nat spere, for no curteisy,
To speke hym harm that wolde us vileyneye!
AME, quod this Pluto, beno noger wrooth;
I viede it up! but sith I woor myn ooth
That I wolde graunten hym his sightegen,
My word shal stonde, I warne yow, certeyn.
I am a kyng, it set me noight to lye!
And I quod she, a quesce of faireye!
Hir answere shal she have, I undertake,
Let us namere wordes heere of male.
Fornethe, I wol no lenger yow contrarie.

Oow lat us turne again to Januarie,
That in the gardyn with his faire May
Syngeth, ful muerie than the papeley:
Yow love I best, and shal, and other noon.
So longe aboute the aleyes is he goon.
Ye maze, maze, good sire, quod she; this hank have I seen and now see; Allas! quod she, that ere I was so kynde! Now, dame, quod he, let al pass out of mynde.

Come down, my lief, and if I have my say,y God help me so, as I am yeole apayd.

But, by my fader soule! I wende hat seyn, Prow that this Damyan had by that leyd, And that thynsh had leydn upon his brest.

Ye, sire, quod she, ye may wene as yeow lest; But, sire, a man that waketh out of his sleep, He may nat bodeynly wel taken keap Upon a thange, ne seen it parfitly, All that he be adowed verrily;

Right so a man, that longe hath bylynd ybe, Ne may nat bodeynly so wel yee, First when his sightes is newe come ageyn, As he that hath a day or two yeaym.

Til that your sightes ycastel be a while, Thir may ful many a sightes yow bigile, Beth war, I prey yow: for, by hevenly kyng, Ful many a man weneth to see a thyngh, And it is an other than it semeth.

He that myconceyneth, he myademethe. And with that word she leyp doun fro the stye.

This Januarie, who is glad but he? He hisethe hire, and cleepeth hire ful ofte, And on hire wambe he stroketh hire ful ofte; And to his palais hoom he hath hire lad. Now, gode men, I pray yow to be glad.

With anothen here my tale of Januarie; God blesse us, and his moeder Seinte Marie!

Here is ended the Marchantea Tale of Januarie.

Incipt prima pars.

Words of the Host to the Squire.

Squire, have mercy! ye seye cure Host tho, Now swich a wyf I pray God kepe me fro! Lo, whiche sleightes and substiltes In wommen been! for as bise as bees Been they, us sely men for to deceive;

And from a bothe evere wol they weye. By this Marchantea tale it prveh wel.

But doulettes, as trewe as any sitel I have a wyf, though that she powre be; But of his tonge a labbyng shrewes in she, And yet she hath an heep of vises mo;

Thereof no foro, lat alle swiche thynge go. But wyte ye what? In consell be it seyd, Me reweth sore, I am unto hire tyezd;

For, and I holde rekenen every wyse Which that she hath, ywis, I were to nyce, And cause why; it sholde report be And toold to hire of somme of this myneye; Of whom, it nedeth nat for to declare, Syn womanes kommen outen swich chaffare; And ech my shutheken that thereto To telled al: wherfore my tale is do.

Quier, come neer, if it youre wille be, And sele somwhat of love: for certes,ye Kommeth theron as muche as any man.

Nay, sir, quod he, but I wol seye as I kan With hertly wyf, for I wol nat rebelle Again yow lust: a tale wol I tell ye. Have me excusse, if I spake amys, My wyf is good; and lo, my tale is this.

SIR ARM. IN THE LAND OF Tartanye, Ther dwelt a kyng, that werreyed Russye.

Thurgh which thir deyde many a doughtye man.

This noble kyng was cleped Cambynshane, Which in his tieye was of so greet rencen That ther was nother in no region

So excellent a lord in alle thynge, Hyms lakhed noght that longeth to a kyng.

As of the secte of which that he was born He kepe his lay, to whiche that he was sworn;

And thereto he was hardy, wyg, and riche, And pietzous and just, alway lyliche;

Sooth of his word, benign and honorable, Of his corage as any centre stable;

Now, fresh, and strong, in arme desirous As any bachelor of al his hou.

A fair persone his was, and forutzat, And kepe al swich and rote estat.

That ther was nother swich another man.

Of this noble kyng, this Tartre Cambynshane Hadde two songs on Eliphet his wyf,

Of whiche the eldoste highte Algarsyt,
This Cambyskan, of which I have you toold,
In roial vestiment sitt on his deys,
With diadem, ful heigh in his paleys,
And hale his seate, so solempe & so ryche,
That in this world ne was ther noon it lyche.
Of which if I shal tellen al tharray,
Thanne wolde it occupie a someres day;
And ech it nedeth nat for to devyse
At every course the ordre of hire seryse.
I wol nat tellen of his Strange seewe,
Ne of hir swannes, ne of hire heronsewe.
Ech in that lond, as tellen knyghtes olde,
There is som mete that is ful delyte holde
That in this lond men receve of it but oymous;
There nys no man that may reporten al.
I wol nat taryn pow, for it is pryme,
And for it is no fruyt but los of tyme;
Unto myneste I woole have my recours.

And so bift that, after the thirde cours,
Thil thys lyng sitt thyst in his nobleye,
Herkynghe his montrallise bir thynge apleye
Bistom hym at the bord delicously,
In at the hall/dore, al sodeynly,
There cam a knyght upon a steed of brac,
And in his hand a brood mirour of glas,
Upon his thombe he hadde of gold a ring.
And by his syde a naked sword hangyng;
And up he rideth to the heighe bord.
In al the halle ne was ther spoken a word
For mervelle of this knyght; hym to biholde
Ful blyly ther wayten yonge and olde.
HIS strange knyght, that cam thus abodeynly,
Alarmed sawe his heed ful richely,
Saleweyth lyng and queenne, and lordeles alle,
By ordre, as they seten in the halle,
With so heighe reverence and obesiance,
As wel in speche as in his contenance,
That Gawye, with his olde curteisye,
Though he were come aegyn out of fairye,
Ne koude hym nat amembre with a word.
And after this, biforn the heighe bord,
He with a manly voys seith his message
After the forme used in his langage,
Withouten vice of silable or of letter;
And, for his tale abolde seme the bettre,
Accordant to his worde was his cheere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it leere.
Alike that I han nat sowne his stilte,
Ne kan nat Clymben over so heigh a style,
Yet seye I thi, as to commene entente,
Thus muche amumenth al at that ever he mente,
If it so be that I have it in mynde.

ESCAYDE, The lang of Arabie and of
Inde,
My lige lord, on thi solempnede night
Saleweyth yow, as he best kan & may,
And sendeth yow, in honour of youre feeste,
By me, that am al redy at youre heeste,
This steede of bras, that siliy and weel
Kan, in the space of a day naturere.
This is to aeyn, in foure and twenty houre,
Whereo yow lyst, in droghte or elles shoures,
Beren youre body into every place.
To which youre herte wilneth for to pace,
Withouten wom of yow, thurgh soul or fayr;
Or, if yow lyst to fleen as hye in the air
As dooth an egle whom that hym list to soore,
This same steede shall bere yow everyemoore,
Withouten harm, til ye be ther yow lease,
Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste;
And turne aegyn with wrythynge of a pry.
He that it wroghte houte ful many a gyn;
He waitted manye a constelacion
Or he had doon this operacion;
And new ful many a seele, and many a bond.

This mirour eel, that I have in myn hond,
Hath swich a wyght that men may in it see
Whan ther shal fallen any adversite
Unto youre regne, or to youreselfe also;
And openly who is youre friend or foo.
And over al thi, if any lady bright
Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,
If he be fals, she shal his treasoun see,
His newe love and all his subtitte
So openly, that ther shal nothyng hyde.
Wherefore, aegyn this lusty somere tyde,
This mirour and this rong, that ye may see,
He hath sent to my lady Canacee,
Your excellente dochter that is heere.

The vertu of the rong, if ye wol heere,
Is this; that if hire lust it for to were
Upon hir thombo, or in hir purs it bere,
Ther is no fowle that fleeth under the hevyn
That she ne shal wel understonde his stevene,
And knewe his menying openely and pleyn,
And anawere hym in his langage aegyn.
And every gras that groweth upon roote
She shal ek knowe, and whom it wol do boote,
Al be his woundes never so depe and wyde.

THIS naked sword that hangeth by my syde,
Swich vertu hath, that what man so ye anyte,
Thurghout his armure it wolke herve and byte,
Were it as thilkhe as is a branched ool;
And what man that is wounded with the strock
Shall never be hool til that you list, of grace,
To stroke hym with the plat in thikely place.
Ther he is hurt: this is as muche to seyn,
Ye moote with the platte aegyn.
Stroke hym in the wounde, and it wol close.
This is a verray booth, withouten close,
It failleth nat whilst it is in youre hoold.

ND when this knyght hath thus his tale
told.
He rideth out of halle, and doune he lighte,
His steede, which that shone as soone brighte,
Shant in the court, as stille as any stoon.
This knyght is to aeyn, the sword and the mirour,
And born anon into the heigne tour
With certene officers ordeyned therfore;
And unto Canacee this rong was bore
Solemne, ther she sit at the table.
But sillerly, withouten any fayle,
The hore of bras, that may nat be remoued,
It stant at it were to the ground gylewde.
Ther may no man out of the place it dryve
For noon engyn of wyndas ne polye;
And cause why, for they kan nat the craft.
And therefore in the place they han it laft,
Til that the knyght hath taught hem the manere
To wynden hym, as ye shal after heere.

GREET was the preus that swarmeth
to and fro
To gauren on this hors that stondeyth so;
For it so heigh was, and so brood
Andel, and so long.
So wel proportioned for to been strong,
Right as it were a steede of Lombardye;
Therwith so borsly, and so quyly of ey
As it a gentil Polleyna courser were.
For ceres, fro his taynt unto his eere,
Nature ne art ne houte hym nat amende
In no degree, as at the peple wende.
But everemoore hir mooste wonder was,
How that it houte goon, and was of bras
It was of fairye, as the peple aemde.
Diverse folk diversely they demed;
As many heddes, as manye wittes ther been.
They murmureden as doue a swarm of been,
And maden shiles after hir fantasies,
Reherasynge of thys olde poetiese;  
And seyede that it was lyk the Pegasee,  
The hore that hadde wynge for to flée;  
Or elles it was the Greke hore Synoun,  
That broghte Troie to destrucion,  
As men in thys olde geeste rede.  

YN herte, quod oon, is everemoore in drede;  
I trwe som men of arme was therinne,  
That shapen hem this citee for to wynne.  
It were righgood that al swich thynge were knowe.  
Another rouned to his felawe love,  
And seyde, He lyeth! it is rather lyk  
An apperance ymaed by som magyly,  
As jognolours playen at thys feeste grete.  

Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,  
As lewed peple demeth comlyly  
Of thynes that been maad moore subtilty  
Than they han in hir lewdesness comprehendeth;  
They demen gladly to the badder ende.  

And somme of hem wondred on the mirour,  
That born was up into the maisture tower,  
How men myghte in it swiche thynge se.  
Another anawerde, and seyde it myghte wel be  
Nayurally, by composicions  
Of angelis, and of elvy reflexions;  
And seyden, that in Rome was swich oon.  
They spoken of Hicen and Vitulan,  
And Aristoll, that written in hir lyes  
Of quynte mirours and of prospectives,  
As knowen they that han booke herd.  

And oother folk han wondred on the sword  
That wolde percen thgerout every thynge;  
And fille in speche of Thelophus the kyng,  
And of Achilles with his quynte spere,  
For he koude with it botho heele and dere,  
Right in swich wise as men may with the sword  
Of which right now ye han yourselfen herd.  
They spoken of sondry hardyng of metal,  
And speke of medicynes thervithal,  
And how and whanne it sholde ysharde be,  
Which is unknowe algete unto me.  

Hspeche they of Canaceys ryng,  
And seydenalle, that swich a wonder thyng  
Of craft of ryngen herde they nevere noon;  
Save that he, Moysees, and kyng Salomon  
Hade a name of konnyng in swich art.  
Thus seyn the peple, and drawen hem apart.  
But nathelesse, somme seiden that it was  
Woner to maken of fernaghen glas,  
And yet yna glas nat lyth assehen of fern;  
But for they han swhonen it so fern.  
Therfore cesse the hir janglyng and hir wonder,  
As soore wondren somme on cause of thonder,  
On ebbe, on flood, on gossamer, and on myst,  
And al thyng, til that the cause is wyrst.  
Thys jangle men, and demen and deryae.  
Til that the kyng gan fro the bord aryae.  

H Bulgarian saith the angle meridional,  
And yet ascendaung was the beest rolal,  
The gentil Leon, with his Hidran,  
Whan that this Taffre kyng, this Cambyskan,  
Rogo fro his bord, ther that he sat full hye.  
Toferm kyng gooth the loude monstrelcye  
Til he cam to his chambre of parentms,  
Theras they sownen diverse instruments  
That it is lyk an hevene for to heere.  
Now dauncen lusty Venus children deere,  
For in the Fryssh hir lady sat ful hye,  
And lookest on hem with a frendly ey.  

T HIS noble kyng is set up in his trone;  
This strange kynght is set to hym ful sone,  
And on the daunce he gooth with Canacee.  
Heree is the revel and the jolitee  
That is nat able a duli man to devysse.  
De moste han knowen love and his servysse,  
And been a feestlych man as fresh as May,  
That sholde yeow deysyen swich array.  
Whom hadde told yeow the forme of daunces  
So unhouthe and so freseyse contenaunces,  
Swich subtil lokkyng and disguisedynges  
For drede of jalouse menne apercynges?  
Ne man but Launcelot, and he is deed.  
Therfore I passe of at this lustheede,  
I say namore, but in this jolynease  
I lete hem, til men to the soper dresse.  

The styward bit the apices for to hye,  
And ek the wyn, in al thi melodye.  
The ushers and the squiers been ygoon,  
The apices and the wyn is come anoon.  
They ete and drynke, and when this haddeen ende  
Unto the temple, as resnon was, they wende.  
The service doon, they soupen al by day;  
What nedeth me rehercens hire array?  
Gch man woote wel, that at a kynges feeste  
Hath plente, to the mooste and to the leeste,  
And deynteles mo than been in my knowynge.  

After soper gooth this noble kyng  
To seen this hore of bras, with al the route  
Of lordes and of ladies hym aboute.  
Swych wonderlyng was ther on this hore of bras  
That, syn the grete sege of Troie was,  
Theras men wondreden on an hore also,  
Ne was ther swich a wondryng as was tho.  
But finally the kyng axeth this kynght  
The vertu of this courser and the myght,  
And preye hym to telle his governaunce.  

This hore anoon bigan to trippe and daunce  
Whan that this kynght leyde hand upon his reyne,  
And seyde, Sire, ther is namore to seyne,  
But, when yow list to ryden anywhere,  
Ye moosten trille a pyr stant in his ere,  
Which I shal telle you biswix us two.  
Ye moosten nempne hym to what place also  
Or to what contree that yow list to ryde.  
And whan ye come ther as yow list abyde,  
Bide hym deasende, and trille another pyrn,  
For therin lizh the beft of al the gym,  
And he wol done deasende and done youre wille  
And in that place he wol abyde stille.  
Though al the world the contrarie hadde yswore;  
He shal nat thennes been ydrawne ne ybere.  
Or, if yow lizh bide hym thennes goon,  
Trille this pyr, and he wol vanychte anoon  
Out of the sightes of every maner wight,  
And come agayn, be it by day or nyght.  
Whan that yow list to clepen hym ageyn
The squires tale

He was ful mesureable, as wommen dese:
For of hir fader hadde she take leve
do goo to reste, soone after it was eve.
Hir liste nat appalled for to be,
Ne on the morwe unfeastlich for to se;
And slepte hir fiste sleep, and thame awook.
For swich a joye she in hir herte took.
Bothe of hir queneute ryng and hire mirour,
That twenty tymes she changed hir colour;
And in hire sleape, right for impressioun
Of hire mirour, she hadde a visioun.
Wherefore, er that the sonne gan up byde,
She cleped on hir maiestresse hire biseye,
And seyde, that hir liste for to ryse.

DISE olde wommen that been gladly wyse,
As is hire maiestresse, ansawerde hire anon,
And seyde, Madame, whider wil ye goon
Thus erly? for the folk been alle on reste.
And saide, wol, quod she, arise, for me leste
No lenger for to sleepe, and walke aboute.
Hire maiestresse clepeth wommen a greet route,
And up they rysen, wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth freshe Canace hirelve;
As rody and bright as dooth the yonge sonne,
That in the Ram is foure degrees up ronne;
Noon hyer was he, when she rody was;
And forth she walkeith easyly a pas,
Arrayed after the lusty sesoun soote
Lightly, for to playe and walke on foothe,
Nat but with fyeve or sixe of hire mene,
And in a trench, forth in the park, gooth she.
The vapour, that fro the ethre gloode,
Made the sonne to some rody and brood;
But nathless, it was so fair a sighte
That it made alle hire hertes for to lighte,
What for the sesoun, and the morwenyng.
And for the foweles that hire ynghe;
For right anon she wiste what they mente
Right by hir song, and knewe al hire entente.

The knotte, why that every tale is toldt,
If it be taried till that lust be coold.
Of hem that han it after herkened yeore,
The savour passeth ever lenger the moore,
For fulnessesse of hir prolixe;
And by the same reasoun thynkeith me,
I shold to the knotte condescende,
And maken of hir wallyng soone an ende.

MYDDY a tree fordye, as whit as chalk.
As Canace was playyng in hir walk,
Ther sae a faucon over hire heed ful hye.
That with a pitous yeys so gan to crye
That all the wode reasoumed of hire crye,
Yetten hath she hirself so pitously
With bothe hir wynges til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree thersa she stood.
And ever in oon she cryde alwey and shrighet,
And with hir brest hirseven so she prighte,
That ther nya tygge, ne noon so cruel beate.
With so heigh reverence, as by his cheere
So lyk a gentil love of manere,
So ravysshed, as it semed, for the Joyce
That nevyr Jason, ne Darya of Troye,
Jason? Certes, ne noon other man
Syn Lameth was, that alderfirst bigan
to love two, as written folke biforn,
Ne nevyr, syn the firste man was born,
Ne koude man, by twenty thousand part,
Countrefe the sophymes of his art;
Ne were worthy unbokle his galoch,
Ther doublenesse or feynynge sholde approche
Ne so koude thankne a wight as he dide me!
His manere was an hevene for to see
til any womman, ware she never so wyse;
So peynted he and hemde at point dey, 
As wel his wordes as his contenauce;
And so loved hym for his obiaunces,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That, if so ware, that any thynge hym smerte,
Hyr were it never so lute, and lyte wiste,
Me thoughte, I felte deyn hyn herte twiste.
And shortly, so ferforth this thynge is went,
That my wyl was his willis instrument;
This is to seyn, my wyl obeyed his wyl
In alle thynge, as fer as resoun fil,
Kepynge the boundes of my worship evere.
Ne nevyr hadde I thyng so lute, ne leve,
As hym, God woot! ne nevyr shal namo.
This lasteth longer than a yere or two,
That I supposed of hym noght but good.
But finallly, thus atte lasst it stode,
That Fortune wolde that he moste twynne
Out of that place which that I was inne.
Wher me was wo, that it was noespectioun;
I han nat make it of disciplicium,
For o thyng dare I tellyn boldety,
I knewe what is the peyne of deeth therby;
Swich harme I felte for he ne mighte bilewe.
So on a day of me he took his leve,
So sorrowfully eek, that I wende verrailly
That he had felt as muche harm as I,
When that I herde hym speke, & saugh his hewe;
But nathelesse, I thoughte he was so trewe,
And eek that he repaire sholde ageyn;
Withynne a litel while, sooth to seyn;
And resoun wolde eek that he moste go
For his honour, as ofte it happeth so,
That I made vertu of necessitie,
And took it wel, syn that it moste be.
As I best myghte, I hidde fro hym my sorwe
And took hym by the hond, Seint John to bower,
And seyde hym thus: Lo, I am youre al;
Beth swich as to you have been, and shal,
What he answere, it nedeth noght reherce;
Who han sey bet than he, who han do worse?
When he hath al wel seyed, thanne hath he doon
Therefore bieweth him a ful long spoon
That shal ete with a feene; thus herde I seye.
So atte laste he moste forth his waye,
And forth he fleeth, til he cam ther hym leste.
When it cam hym to purpos for to reste,
I trowe he hadde thilke text in mynde,
Now that he wane Thesodra to his wif,
For whom ful ofte in greet peril he was,
Ne hadde he ben holpen by the stede of bras;
And after wol I speke of Cambalo,
That faught in lytest with the bretheren two
For Canace, er that he myghte hire wynne;
An ther I lefte I wol agayn bigynne.
Explicit pars secunda. Incipit pars tercia.
Appolo whirleth up his char a so hye,
Til that the god Mercury houz the olve...
There is no more of this Tale done by Chaucer.

Reere folwen the wordes of the Frankelyn to the
Squier, & the wordes of the Host to the Frankelyn: &c.

Feith, Squier, thow hast thee wel yquit,
And gentilly I preise wel thy wit,
Quod the Frankelyn, consideynge thy yowthe,
So feelyngly thou speakest, sire, I allowe the:
As to my doom, ther is noon that is here
Of eloquence that shal be thy peer,
If that thou love; God yve ye the good chaunces,
And in vertu sende thee continuance;
For of thy speche I have greet deynetye.
I have a sone, and, by the Trinite,
I hadde levere than twenty pound worth lond,
Though it right now were fallen in myn hond,
He were a man of swich discerlesoun
As that ye been! fy on possessioun,
But if a man be vertuous wylthall,
I have my sone snubbed, and yet shal,
For he to vertu listeth nat entendeth;
But for to playe at deca, and to despende,
And lese at that he hath, is his usage.
And he hath levere tylken with a page
Than to commune with any gentil wight.
There he myghte lerne gentillesse aright.

CRAOE for youre gentillesse, quod our Host;

What, Frankelyn? parde, sire, wet thou woost
That ech of yow most tellen atte testi
A tale or two, or breken his biseate,
That knowe I wel, sire, quod the Frankelyn,
I prey yow, haveth me nat in desdeyn
Though to this man I speke a word or two.
Telle on thy tale, withouten wordes mo.
Glady, sire Host, quod he, I Wolfe obeye
Unto your wyl; now herketh what I seye.
I wol yow nat contrarien in no wyse
As fer as that my witter wol suffye;
I prey to God that it may plesen yow,
Thanne woost I wol that it is good ynow.
Explicit.
The prologue of the Frankeleyns Tale.

Sir, olde gentil Britons in his dayes
Of diverse aventure maden layes,
Rymed in his firste Briton tongue;
Whiche layes with his instruments they songe,
Or elles reden hem for his plesaunce;
And oon of hem have I in rememraunce,
Which I shal seyn with good wyl as I kan.

But, sire, bycause I am a brefel man,
At my bigynning firste I yow biseye,
Have me excused of my rude speche.
I lerned neve rethorik certeyn;
Thynge that I speke, it mout be bare and pleyn.
I lye neve on the Mount of Pernaso,
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cithero.
Colours ne knowe I none, withouten drede,
But swiche colours as grown in the mede,
Or elles swiche as men dye or peyne.
Colours of rethorik been me to queynete;
My spirit feeleth noght of swich mateere,
But if yow list, my tale shul ye heere.

HEERE BIGYNETH THE FRANKELEYN'S TALE.

The thanked hym, and with ful greet humblese,
She seyde, Sire, sith of youre gentilisse
Ye profe me to have so large a reyne,
Ne wolde neve God bitwix us twyne,
As in my gylt, were outher ware or stryf.
Sire, I wol be youre bunte trewe;
Havere myn trouth til that myn hertebreste.
Thus been they bothe in quiete & in reate.

OR a thynge, sire, saufly dar I seye,
That freendes everyoth oother moot obye
If they wol longe holde compaignye.
Love wol nat been constrayned by maistre:
Whan maistrie comth, the god of love anon
Betteh his wynges, and farewell he is gon!
Love is a thynge as any spirite free;
Wommen of hynde desieren libertee,
And nat to been constrayned as a thrall;
And soo deon men, if I dooth seyen shal.
Looke, wha that looo seyn me buland in love,
He is at his avantage al above.
Pacience is an heigh vertu certeyn;
For it venquyssethe, as thine clerkes seyn,
Chyneynge that rigour sholde neveere atteyne.
For every word men may nat chide or pleyne.
Lernet to suffre, or elles soo moot I goon.
Ye shal it lerne, whereo ye wolde or noon;
For in this world, certein, ther no wight is
That he ne dooth or seith somtyme amy.
Ire, silhense, or constellacioun,
Wyn, wo, or chaungynge of complexiou,
Causedeth ful ofte to death man of speken,
On every wrong a man may nat be wrekken.
After the tymes mout be temperauce
To every wight that han on governaunce.
And therfore hath this wise worthy knyght,
To lyve in eae, suffrance hire blyght.
And she to hym ful wily gan to sweere
That neveere sholde ther be defauette in here.

BEERE may men seen an humble wyys accord;
Thus hath she take his servante and his lord,
Servante in love, and lord in marage.
Thanne was he bothe in lordship and servage;
Servage? nay, but in lordships above,
Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;
His lady, dere, and in servage also,
The which that lawe of love auctorheth to.
And whan he was in this prosperitee,
Hoome with his wyf he gooth to his contree,
Nat fer fro Penmar, ther his dwelling was,
Whereto lyveth in blisse and in solas.
Ther he wold, yit, but he badde wedded be,
The joye, the see, and the prosperitee.
That is bitwix an houesbonde&his wyf?
Yet er & moore lasted this blissful lyf,
Til that the knyght of which Lopeke of thysus
That of Kayrud was cleped Arvergeus,
Shoop hym to goon & dwelle a yere or twayne
In Engeland, that cleped was eych Britteyne,
To seke in armes worship and honour,
For al his lust he sette in swich labour;
And dwelld there two yeares, the book seith thus.
And speaking I stynte of this Arvergeus,
And spoken I wole of Dorigene his wyf,
That loveth hire houesbonde as hire herteyn lyf.

...for his absence wepeith she and siketh,
As doon thise noble wyves whan hem liketh.
She moorheth, waketh, wayeth, fasteth,
Plenyth;
Desyr of his presence hire so distymeth,
That at this wyde world she sette at noght.
Hire frendes, whiche that knewe hire hevy thought:
Confertent hire in al that evry they may;
They prechen hire, they telle hire nyght and day,
That causeles she sleeth herself, alasse!
And every confort possible in this cas
They doon to hire with al hire blyssynesse,
Al for to make hire leve hire blyssynesse.
By proces, as ye kownen everichoon,
Men may so longe graven in a stoon
Til som figure therinne emprented be.
So longe han they conforted hire, til she
Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,
The emprentynge of hire consolacioun,
Though which hire grete sorwe gan aswage;
She may nat alwey duren in swich rage.

ND eych Arvergeus, in al this cas,
Thath sent hire letters boome of his
Wellfare,
And that he wol come hastilly agayn;
Or elles hadde this sorwe hir herte slayn.
And frendes sawe hir sorwe gan to stike,
And preyde hire on knees, for Goddes sake,
To come and romen hire in compaignye,
And finally she gant that requeste;
For wel she saugh that it was for the beste.

They leden hire by ryvenes and by welles,
And eek in other places delightes;
They dauncen, and they playen at ches and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe tyme,
Unto a gardyn that was ther byside,
In which they hadde maad hir ordinaunce
Of vitaille and of other purveyance.
They goon and playe him at the longe day;
And this was in the sixte morwe of May,
Which May hadde peyned with his softe shoures
That newe was ther gardyn of swich pryse,
But if it were the verray Paradys.
The colour of flourys and the fresehe sighte
Wolde han make any herte lighte
That eere was born, but if to greet silmesse,
Or to greet sorwe, hele it in distresse;
So ful it was of beautee with plesaunce.

After dyner gonne they to daunce,
And syngyn also, save Dorigen alote,
Which made alwey hir complente and hir
moone;
For she ne saugh hym on the daunce go,
That was hir houbonde and hir love also.
But natheles she mooste a tyme abye,
And with good hope let hir sorwe slaye.

This daunce, amonges other men,
Daundered a squyere bifore Dorigen,
That freseher was, and jolyer of array.
As to my doome, than is the monythe of May;
He syngeth, daunceth, passyngynge any man
That is, or was, sith that the world bigen,
Therwith he was, if men sholde hym discryve,
Of the beste farynge man on lyve;
Wong, strong, right vertucious, and riche and wyse,
And wel bilovyd, and holden in greet pryse.
And shortly, if the sothe I tellen shal,
Unworryng of this Dorigen at all.
This lusty squyere, servaunt to Venus,
Which that yrede was hir benefactor
Hadde loved hir best of any creature.
Two yeer and more, as was his aventure,
But neuer dorste he telle hir his grevacye;
Withouten coppe he drank al his penuance.
He was daspeyred, nothyng dorste he seye,
Save in his songes somwhat wolde he wrye
His wo, as in a general complenyng;
He seye he lovede, and was biloved nothyng.
Of swich matere made he manye layes,
Songes, compleintes, roundelles, virelayes;
How that he dorste nat hir sorwe telle,
But fangwisse then, as a furye dooth in helle;
And dype hye frothyed, as didde Escho
For Narcissus, that dorste nat telle hir wo.
In other manere than ye heere me seye,
Ne dorste he nat to hire hir wo biswrye;
Save that, paraventure, som tyme at daunces,
The yonge folk kepyn hire observance.
It may wel be he looked on his face
In swich a wise, as man that asketh grace;
But nothing wishe she of his entene.
Nathelice, it happe, er they thynnes wente,
Bycause that he was hire neighebor,
And was a man of worship and honour,
And hadde yknowen hym of tyme yore,
They fille in speche; and forth more and more.
Unto his purpos drough Aurelius,
And whan he saw his tyne, he syde thus:

MADAME, quod he, by God that this world made,
So that I wiste it myghte your herte glade.
I wolde, that day that youre Areragus
Wente over the se, that I, Aurelius,
Hadd went ther nevewe I sholde have come again;

For wyl I woot my servyce is in swyn,
Ye guerdoun is but brething of myn herte;
Madame, reweth upon my pynes smerte;
For with a word ye may me sleen or save,
Here at youre feet God wolde that I weregrave.
I ne have as now no leyser Moore to seye;
Have mercy, sweyte, or ye wol do me deye!

He gan to looke upon Aurelius;
Is thi the wyl, quod she, and sey ye thus?
Neve erst, quod she, ne wisite I what ye mente;
But now, Aurellie, I knowe youre entente,
By thilke God that yaf me soule and lyf,
Ne shal I nevewe been untrewe wyf.
In word ne werke; as fer as I have wit,
I wol been his to whom that I am knyte.
Take this for synal answere as of me.
But after that in ple ple thus syde she:
Aurelly, quod she, by heighge God above!
Ye wolde I grantee yow to been yowre love,
Syn yow as so pitously complayne;
Looke what day that, endeleng Britayne,
Ye remowe alle the rokke, stoon by stoon,
That they ne lette ship ne boot to goon,
I seye, whan ye han maad the coost so clene
Of rokke, that ther nyg no stoon yew,
Channe wol I love yow best of any man;
Have heer my trouthe in al that ever I kan!

Is ther noon oother grace in yow? quod he.
No, by that Lord, quod she, that maked me!
For wyl I woot that it shal never byde.
Holdeth youre heste, the rochyn been aweye.
Lord Phæbus, dooth this miracle for me;
Preye hire she go no faster cours than ye;
I seye, pright our suster that she go.
No faster cours than ye thynge yeres two.
Thanne shall she been evene ette fulle alway,
And springe/flood laste bothe the night and day.
And, but she voucheauff in swich manere
to graunte me my sovereyn lady deere,
Preye hire to synken eery roth adoun.
Into her owene dere region.
Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth inne,
Or neere mo shal I my lady wynne.
Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;
Lord Phæbus, se the teiris on my cheke.
And of my payne have som compassioun!
And with that word in awone he hit adoun,
And longe tyme he lay forth in a trauenge.

15 brother, which that knew of his penaunce,
Upcoughte hym, and to bedde he hath hym brought.
Dispyered in this torment and this thought
Let e I this woeful creature eye;
Cheese he, for me, whether he wol tyve or dye.

VERAGUS, with heele and greet honour.
As he that was of chivalrie the flour,
Is comen hoom, and other worthy men.
O bliafe alrrow now, thou Derigen!
That hast thy lusty houesbonde in thyne armes,
The freshe sheknyght, the worthy man of armes,
That loveth thee, as he owene hertes lyf.

Nothing list hym to been imaginatyf
If any wight ha spoken, whil he was oute,
To hire of love; he haddde of it no doure.
He noght entendeth to no swich materre,
But daunkeeth, justeth, maketh hire good cheere;
And thus in joye and blisse I let hem dwelle,
And of the alde Aurelius wol telle.

Langour and in torment furyus,
Two yer and moore lay wrecche Aurelius,
Er any foot he myghte on erthe gon;
Ne confort in this tyme hadde he noon,
Sawe of his brother, which that was a clerk;
He kneaw of al this wo and al this werk.
For to noon oother creature certeyn
Of this materre he dorne no word seyn.
Under his brete he baar it moore secre
Than evere dide Pavilius for Galathe.
His brete was hool, withoute for to aene,
But in his herte was the arwe hene;
And wel ye knowe that of a auransure
In surgerye is perilous the cure,
But men myghte touche the arwe, or come therby.

15 brother weep and weyled pryvety.
Til atte laste hym fit in remembrance
That whil he was at Orlens in Fraunce,
As yonge clerkes, that been lykerous,
To reden artes that been curios,
Sekne in every halke and every herne
Particular sciences for to lerne,
He hem remembered that upone a day,
At Orlens in studie a book he say
Of magyk natureel, which his felawe,
That was that time a bachelor of lawe,
It were he ther to lerne another craft,
Hadde prively upon his desh ylaft;
Which book spak muchel of the operacions
Touchyng the eighte and twenty mansions
That longen to the moone, and swich folye,
As inoure dayes is nat worth a flye;
For hooyle chirches feith in oure blyve,
Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greve.
And whan this book was in his remembrance,
They for joye his herte gan to dauncen,
And to hym self he seyd pryvely:
My brother sholde be varished hastily;
For I am silyer that the be sciences
By whiche men make diverse apperances,
Swiche as thiste subtle tregetours pleye.
For ofte at fleaste have I wel herd seye,
That tregetours, withinne an halfe large,
Hawe maad com in a water and aarge,
And in the halfe rowen up and doun.
Sotyme hath semed com a gryme leoun;
And sotyme fowres sprynge as in a mede;
Sotyme a vyne, and grapes white and rede;
Sotyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;
And whan hym lyked, voyced it anoon.
Thus semed it to every mans sight.
Now thanne conclude I thus, that if I myghte
At Orlens som oold felawe yfynge,
That hadde this moones mansions in mynde,
Or oother magyk natureel above,
He shold sholde make my brother soe his love.
For with an apperance a clerk may make
To mannes sighte, that alle the rothkes blake
Of Britaigne weren proyed everichon,
And shippe by the brynke comen and gon,
And in swich forme endure a wocke or two.
Channe were my brother varished of his wo.
Channe mooste she nedhe holden hire biseote,
Or elles he shal shalde hire atte leecote.

What shold sholde I make a longer tale of this?
Unto his brotheres bed he comen is,
And swich confort he yaf hym for to gon
To Orlens, that he up stire anoon,
And on his wey forwad thanne in he fare,
In hope for to been lised of his care.
Whan they were come almoost to that citee,
But if it were a two furlong or thre,
A yong clerk romyne by hymself they mette
Which that in Latyn thrillitly hem grette,
And after he sayde a wonder thyng:
I knowe, quod he, the cause of youre comynge,
And er they therther any foote wente,
He tolde hem al that was in hire entente.
This Briton clerke hym asked of felawe
The whiche that he had knowe in olde daunys;
And he answerde hym that they dide weren,
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.
Doun of his hors Aurelius lighte anon,
And forth with this magician is he gon
Boome to his hons, and made hem wel at ese.
Hem lahede no vitaille that myghte hem plese;
So wel arrayed houes as ther was con
Aurelius in his lyf saught neuer noon.
He shewed hym, er he wente to sopeer,
Foresters, parles ful of wilde deere;
Ther saught he hertes with his horemes hye,
The greteste that ere were seyn with eye.
He saught of hem an hontede slayn with houndes,
And somme with arwe bede of bittre wounded.
He saught, when voydedy were thise wilde deere,
Thise fauneneres upon a fair ryver,
That with his haukes han the hercouns slayn.
The saught he knyghtes justyng in a playn;
And after this, he dide hym swich pleance,
That he hym shewed his lady on a daunce,
On which hymselfe he daunce, as hym thoughte.
And whan this maister, that this maygyth wroghte,
Sawth it was tyne, he clapte his handes two,
And, farewel! at oure revel was ago.
And yet removed they nevere out of the hous,
Whil they saught al this nighte merveilous,
But in his studie, theras his bookes be,
They seten stille, and no wight but they thre.

O hym this maister called his aquier,
And seyde hym thus: Is redy oure sooper?
Almost an houre it is, I undertake,
Sith I yow bad oure sooper for to make,
Whan that thys worthy men wenten with me
Into my studie, theras my books be.
Sire, quod this aquier, when it liketh you,
It is al redy, though ye wol right now.
So we thanne soupe, quod he, as for the beste;
This amourous folke som tyne moote han hire reste.
Aft er sooper filie they in treete
What somme solde this maistres
guerdon be,
To remeoven alle the rokke of Britayne,
And eek from Geroune to the mouth of Sayne.
He made it straunge, and sower, so God hym saue!
Laas than a thousand pound he wolde nat have,
Ne gladly for that somme he wolde nat goon.
AURELIS, with blisful herte anoone,
Answered thus: fy on a thousand pound!
This wyde world, which that men eye is round,
I wolde it yeve, if I were lord of it!
This bargayn is ful dryve, for we been knyt.
Ye shal be payed trewine, by my trouthe!
But looketh now, for no negligence or slouthe,
Ye tarie us here no lenger than tomarowe.

O bedde in goon Aurelius whan hym leste,
And wel ny al that nyght he hadde his reate;
What for his labour and his hope of blisses,
His woful herte of peneude hadde a lisse.

Upon the morowe, whan that it was day,
To Britaine tooke they the righte way;
Aurelius, and this magicien bonyde;
And been descended ther they wolde abyde;
And this was, as thise bookes me remembre,
The cold froste sasoun of December.

NESUS wex old, and bewyd lyk
Latoun,
That in his boote decline nauice
Schoon as the burned gold with
Stremes brighte;
But now in Capricorn adoun he
Lighte,
Wheres he shoon ful pale, I dar wel seyn.
The bittre frouses, with the sleet and reyn,
Destroyed hath the grene in every yer.
Janus sit by the fyre, with double herd,
And drynketh of his bugle/horn the wyn.
Biforn hym atant brawn of the tushed swyn,
And Nowel ereth every lusty man.
Aurelius, in al that evere he kan,
Dooth to his maister chiere and reverence,
And preyth hym to doon his diligence
To byrgen hym out of his peynes smerte,
Or with a sword that he wolde alite his herte.
This subtile clerk swich rout he had of this man,
That nyght and day he apedde hym that he kan,
To waten a tyne of his conclusion;
This is to seye, to maken illusion,
By swich an apparence or joyetreye,
He nay hom no termes of astrologye,
That she and every wight sholde wene and seye,
That of Britaine the rokkes were aweiye,
Or ellis they were donken under gronde.
So atte lase he hath his tyne yfounde
To maken his japes and his wrecchednesse
Of swich a supersticious cursednesse.
His tabbys tollection forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lauked nought.
Neither his collect, ne his expans yeeris,
Ne his roote, ne his other gerea.
As been his centris and his argumentes,
And his proporcions convenient
For his equacion in every thyng,
And, by his eights speere in his wyking,
He knew ful wel how fer Anath was abowe
The heede of thilke fex. Ther was above,
That in the ninth the speere considered is;
Ful subtlely he salted al this.

When he hadde founde his firste mansioon,
He knew the remenat by proporción;
And knew the arising of his moone weel,
And in whos face, and terme, and everyone;
And knew ful weel the mones mansioon
Acordeant to his operacion;
And knewalso his other observanances
For swiche illusiones & swiche mechaunaces
As heten folk usen in thilke dayes;
For which nomer made he delayes;
But though his magik, for a wyke or twoye,
It semed that alle the rolkhes were aweye.
Aurelius, which that yet despereid is
Wher he shal han his love or fare amys,
Awaiteth nyght and day on this myracle;
And whan he knew that ther was noon obstacle,
That voydeth were thos rolikhe everychon,
Doune to his maistress feet he fil anon,
And seyde, I, woful wrecche, Aurelius,
Thanke yow, lord, and ladie myn Venus,
Ther me han holpen fro my carez colde,
And to the temple his wey forth hath he holde,
Wheares he knew he shold to his lady see.
And whan he saugh his tyne, anon riight he,
With dreellful herete and with ful humble cheere,
Saweved hath his soveryen lady deer:
Where this wyghte lady, quod this wyfphall
Whom I moost drede and love
As I best han,
And lothest were of all this world displesse.
Here it is that I for yow have swich dise
That I moost dyen here at youre foote anon;
Noght wolde I telle how me is wo bigon;
But certes, otheh moote I dye or pleyne;
Ye ale me gifteles for verray payne.
But of my death, thogh that ye have no routhie,
Hyseth yow, or that ye breke your trouthe.
Repenteth you, for thilke God above,
Or ye me aken bycause that I ye love,
For, madame, wy oole what ye han blyght;
Nat that I change any thing of right
Of yow my soveryen lady, but your grace;
But in a gardyn yond, at swich a place,
Ye woot right wel what ye blyghten me;
And in myn hand your trouthe plighten ye
To love me best, God woot, ye seyde so,
Al be that I unworthy be thereto.
Madame, I speke it for the honour of yow,
More than to sevy myn herete lyf right now;
I have do so as ye comanded me;
And if ye voucheaunf, ye may go see.
Dooth as you list, have youre bisterest in mynde,
For gyphorded, right ther ye shal me fynde;
In you lyth al, to do me lyve or deye;
But wy, I woot the rolkhes been aweye.

& taketh his leve & she astonied stood,
In al hir face nas a drop of blood;
She wende neveere han come in swich a trappe:
The Frankeleyns Tale

Alias I quod she, that erewe this sholde happie;
For wende I nevere, by possibillite,
That swich a monstre or merveille myghte be!
It is agayn ys the proce of nature:
And hoom she goth a sorrowfull creature.
For verray feere ummethe may she go,
She wepeth, wailleth, al a day or two,
And awometh, that it routhe was to see;
But why it was, to no wyght tolde shee,
For out of towne was goon Arveragus,
But to him selfe she spake, and ardey thus,
With face pale and with ful sorrowful cheere,
In hire compleynent, as ye shal after here.
Alias I quod she, on thee, Fortune, I pleyne,
That unwar wrapped hast me in thy cheyne;
For which, tesseca, woot I no soocour,
Save onely deeth or elfes dishonour;
Of thie noe two bishoveth me to cheve.
But nathelieen, yet have I levere to lese
My lif than of my body have a shame,
Or knowse myseluen fals, or lese my name;
And with my deth may I be quypt, ywis.
Path ther nat many a noble wyf, er this,
And many a mayde, yolayn hirself, alias!
Rather than with her body deeth trespas.

15, certes, lo, thie stories beren witnesse:
When thrietty tirantus, ful of cuursednesse,
Haddeslayn Phisidoun in Athenes, atte feste,
They comandyd his doghtres for taresett.
And bryngethen hem bifor hem in despita
Al naked, to fullfille hir foul delit,
And in hir fadres blood they made hem daunce
Upon the pavement, God yeve hem myschaunce!
For which thie woful maydans, ful of drede,
Rather than they wolde lese hir maydendene
They privily been stirit in a welle,
And draynten hemselfen, as the booskes telle.
They of Messenene leete enquire and selie
Of Lacedomye fifty maedans eke,
On whiche they woldeen doon hir lecherye;
But was ther noon of al that campanyye
That she nas slayn, and with a good entente
Chees rather for to dyse than ascente
To been oppresseyd of hir maydendene.
Why sholde I thanne to dye been in drede?
Lo, eek, the tirant Aristoclydes,
That loved a mayden heet Symphalides,
That hir fader slayn was on a wyght,
Unto Diane temple goth she right.
And hente the ymage in hir handes two,
Pro whiche ymage wolde she nevere goe;
No wight ne myghte hir handes of it arace
Til she was slayn right in the selve place.

Now sith that maydens hadden swich
And of them nine,
To been defouled with mannes foul delit,
Wel oghte a wyf rather hirselfen slye
Than be defouled, as it thynketh me.
What shal I seyn of Haodrubales wyf,
That at Cardage biraft hirself hir lyf?
For whan she saugh that Romayns wan the towne,
She took hir children alle, and shippyd them
Into the wyf, and chees rather to dyse
Than any Romayn dide hire vileny.
Hath nat Lucresse yolayn hirselfe, alias!
At Rome, whan that she oppressee was
Of Tarquyn, for hire thoughte it was a shame
To synne whan she hadde lost hir name?
The seuen maydans of Melesie, also,
Pa slayn hirselfe, for verray drede and wo,
That rather then of Gavie hem sholde oppresse.
No than a thousand stories, as I gesse,
Koude I now telle as touchynge this mateere.

Whan Fabradate was slayn, his wyf so dece
Herseleven blew, and let hir blood to gylde
In Fabradates woundes depe and wyde,
And ardey, my body, at the leeste way,
Ther shal no wyght defoule, if I may.

What sholde I mo enamelesse herof saym,
Sith that so manye han hirseluen slayn
Wel rather then they wolde defoule be?
I wol conclude, that it is bett for me
To sleen myself, than been defoule thus.
I wol be trewe unto Arveragus,
O rather sleen myselfe in som manere,
As did Democles doghter deere,
Bycause that she wolde nat defoule be.
O Cedasue! it is ful greet pitee
To reden how thy doghtrere dychye, alias!
That slowe hirseluen for swich maner can.
As greet a pitee was it, or well more,
The Theban mayden, that for Nichanore
Hirseleven slow, right for swich manere wo.
Another Theban mayden dide right so;
For on of Macidoyne hadde hire oppressee,
She with hir deeth hir maydendene redressee.

What shal I seye of Niceratus wyf,
That for swich cas biraft hirself hir lyf?
Ho trewe ech was to Alcebiades
His love, that rather for to dyen chees
Than for to suffre his body unburdye be?
Lo which a wyf was Alceste, quod she.
What seith Emer o fode Penelope?
At Greece knoweth of hire chaftite.

Pardic, of Ladoyma is writen thus,
That whan at Troie was slayn Prothesiset,
No lenger wolde she lyfe after his day.
The same of noble Porcia telle I may;
Without Brutus houde she nat lyve,
To whom she hadde at hool hir herte yive.
The parfit wyfhood of Arthemisie
Dounoure is thurgl al the Barbarie.
Of Teuta, quene! thy wyfthy chaftite
To alle wyves may a mirour bee.
The same thynge I seye of Bilbey,
Of Rodogone, and ech Valeria.

BUsepleynd licene dey on tewe,
Deporposing evere that she wolde deye.
But natheliees, upon the thridde nyght
Doom cam Arveragus, this worthy nyght.
And ake hire, why that she wepe so sore;
And she gan wepen ever lenger the moore.
Alas! quod she, that ever I was born!
Thus have I seyd, quod she, thus have I sworn.
And toold hym al as ye han herd biforn;
It nedeth nat reherce it yow namore.
This housbonde, with glad chiere, in frenedly wyse,
Answerde and seyde as I shal yow devyse:
Is ther oght ellen, Dorigen, but this?
Nay, nay, quod she, God help me so, as wyse.
This is to muche, and it were Goddes wille.
Ye wyf, quod he, lat sleepe that is stille;
I may be wel, paraventure, yet today.
Ye shul youre trouthe holden, by my fay!
For God so wisi have mercy upon me,
I hadde wel lever yestyched for to be,
For verray love which that I to yow have,
But if ye sholde youre trouthe kepe and save!
Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may kepe:
But with that word he brast anon to wepe,
And seyde, I yow forbede, uppayne of death,
That severe, whil the lasteth lyf ne breeth,
To no wight tel thou of this aventure.

As I may best, I wole my wo endure,
Ne make no contenance of heynesse.
That folk of yow may demen harm or gease.

And forth he ecleped a squier & a mayde:
Gocht forth anon with Dorigen, he gayde,
And bryngeth hire to swich a place anon.
They take hir leve, and on hir way they gon;
But they ne wiste why she thider wente.
He nolde no wight tellen hir entente.

PARAVENTURE an heep of yow,

Wol holen hym a lewed man in this,
That he wole putte his wyf in jupartie;
Herlneth the tale, er ye upon hir cry.
Shemay have bettre fortune than yow semeth;
And whan that ye han herd the tale, demeth.

This squier, which that nighete Aureliuas,
On Dorigen that was so amorous,
Of aventure hapned hire to mette
Anydde the toun, right in the quylyske strete,
As she was bowen to goon the way fortheight
Toward the gardyn thares she had hight;
And he was to the gardynward also;
For whan he spyed, whan she wolde go
Out of hir hous to any maner place.
But thus they mette, of aventure or grace;
And he salwe th hire with glad entente,
And asked of hire whereward she wente.
And she answerde, half as she were mad,
Unto the gardyn, as myn housbonde bad,
My trouthe for to holde, alas! alas!

ORELUS gan wondere on this cas,
And in his herte hadde greet compassion
Of hire and of hire lamentacioun,
As of durngus, the worthy knyght,
That bad hire holden at that she had hight,
So looth hym was his wyf sholde breke his trouthe;
And in his herte he caughte of this greet routhe,
Hynidrynghe the bestes on every side,
That fro his lust yet were hym levere abyde,
Than doon so heigh a cheryssh wrecchednesse
Agayns franchise and alle gentilisse;
For which in fewe wordes seyde he thus:

DAEME, geyeth to youre lord,

That sith I se his grete gentilisse
To yow, and eeh I se wel youre distresse,
That hym were levere han shame, and that were routhe,
Than ye to me sholde breke thus youre trouthe,
I have wel levere evere to suffre wo,
Than I departe the love bitwix you two.
I yow relese, madame, into youre hond
Qynt every surement and every bond,
That ye han maad to me as heer biforn,
Sith thilke tym which that ye were born.
My trouthe I plights, I shal now never repere
Of no bisease, and here I take my lewe,
As of the treweste and the beste wyf
That evere yet I knew in al my lyf.
But every wyf be war of hire biseate,
On Dorigene remembreth atte leeste,
Thus han a squier deon a gentil dede,
As wel as han a knyght, whouten drede.

HE thonketh hym upon hir knees al bare,
And hoom unto hir houabonde is she fare,
And tolde hym al as ye han herd me sayd;
And be ye siker, he was so wel apayd
That it were impossible to wyte
What sholde I lenger of this cas endyte?
HIS philosophre answere, Lieve brother,
Everich of yow did gentle til oother.
Thou art a squier, and he in a knyght;
But God forbode, for his blissful myght,
But if a clerch housde doon a gentil dede
As wel as any of yow, it is no dred.
Sire, I relese thee thy thousand pound,
As thou right now were cropen ofte out of the ground,
Ne never e ne now ne haddest knowen me.
For sire, I wol nat taken a peny of thee
For all my craft, ne ought for my travaille,
Thou hast pryaded wel for my vitaille;
It is Iugh, and farewell, have good day!
And took his hors, and forth he gote his way.
Lordynges, this question wolde I askhe now,
Which was the mooste fre, as thinkehe yow?
Now tell me, er that ye further wende.
I han namore, my tale is at an ende.
Therefore is ended the Franckelynys Tale.

The prologue of the Seconde Nonnes Tale,
Se, Se, miniature & the notice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in English ydleness,
That porter of the gate is of delice,
To eschewe, and by hire contrarie hire oppressse.
That is to seyn, by leuful bigynnesse,
Wel oughten we to doon aloure entsente,
Lest that the feend thurgh ydleness us bente.
For he, that with his thousand cordes al ye
Continually us waiteth to blickape,
Whan he may man in ydleness espaye,
He han so lightely cacche hym in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe,
Dey nat war the feend hath hym in honde;
We oughte us werche, and ydlesse withstonde.

And though men dradden nevere fer to dye,
Yet seen men wel by reason doubtles,
That ydlesse in teve is so gredullie,
Of which ther nevere cometh no good encrees;
And seen, that slithe it holdeth in a leas
Oonly to slepe, and for to ete and drynke,
And to devoren al that othere swynke.
And for to putte us fro swich ydleness,
That cause is of so gret confusion,
I have heer doon my feithful bigynnesse,
After the legende, in transalicion,
Right of thy glorious lif and paucion,
Thou with thy gerdon wroght of rose and lilie,
The, meene I, mayde and martir, Seynt Cecyle!

Invocacio ad Mariam.

And shew that flour of virgines art tale,
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to write,
To thee, at my bigynnyng, first I calle;
Yet preye I you that reden that I write,
Foryeve me, that I do no diligence.
This ile storie subtilly to endite;
For bothe have I the wordes and sentence
Of hym that at the seinte reverence
The storie wroght, and folwen hire legende,
I pray you that ye wole my werk amend in.

Interpretacio nominis Cecile, quam ponit frater
Jacobus Januensis in Legenda Aurea.

FIRST wolde I yow the name of
Seinte Cecile
Espowne, as men may in hir
storie see,
It is to seye in English Hevenes tyle,
For pure chaunteynesse of virginitee;
Or, for she whysite hadde of honestee,
And grete of conscience, and of good fame
The soote savour, Liile was hir name;
Or Cecile is to seye The wey to blinde,
For she ensample was by good techynge;
Or elles Cecile, as I writyn fynde,
Is joned, by a manere conyngynge
Of Hevenes and Li, and here, in figurynge,
The Hevenes is set for thought of hoolynesse,
And Li for hire lautyngs blisynesse.

Cecile may eek be seyd in this manere;
Wantynge of blisynesse, for hir grete light
Of sapience, and for hire thewe cleere;
Or elles, lo! this myndens name bright
Of Hevenes and Leos cometh, for which by right
Men myghte hire welte, the hevene of peple, calte,
Ensample of gode and wise werkes alle.

For, Leos, Peple in English is to seye,
And right as men may in the hevene see
The somne and moone and sterres every weye,
Right so men godoit, in this myden free,
Seyen of feyth the magnanymyte,
And eek the cleerneysse hool of sapience,
And sondry werkes, brighte of excellence.

And right so as thys philosophres write
That hevene is swift and round & eek brynynge,
Right so was faire Cecile the white
Ful swift and bley ereve in good werlynge,
And round and hool in good pereveynge,
And brynynge ereve in charite ful brighte;
Now have I yow declared what she highte.

Explicit.
HERE BEGINNETH THE SECONDE NONNES TALE OF THE LYE OF SEINTE CECILE

T HIS mayden bright
Cecile, as hir lif seith,
Was comen of Ro-
mayns, & of noble lynde,
And from hir cradel up
forred in the faith
Of Crist, & bar hir
 gospel in hir mynde;
She never cesed, as I
witten vynde,
Of hir preyers, and God to love and drede,
Bisehyng hym to kepe hir maydenhede.

And whan this mayden shold unto a man
Ywedde be, that was ful young of age,
Which that yelped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hir mariaghe,
She, ful devout and humble in hir corage,
Under hir robe of gold that sat ful faire,
Haddde next hire flesh yclad hir in haire.

And whil the orgues maden melodie,
To God alone in herte thus sang she:
O Lord, my soule and eek my body bye
I dreamed, leert that I confounded be:
And, for hir love that dyeede upon a tree,
Every second or thridde day she faste,
By biddynge in hir orisons full faste.

The nyght cam, and to bedde moste she gon
With hire housabonde, as ofte is the manere,
And pryved to hym she eyde anon,
O sweete and welbeloved spouse decre,
That er is a conseil, and ye wolde it here,
Which that right fayn I wolde unto yow seye,
So that ye swere ye shul me nat biwrye.

Valerian gan faste unto hire swore
That for no cas, ne thynge that myghte be,
He sholde neveremo biwyenne; he
And thanne at erat to hym thus seyde she:
I have an aungel which that loveth me,
That with greet love, whoso I wake or slepe;
Lo redy my body for to kepe.

And if that he may feelen, out of drede,
That ye me touche or love in vilenye,
He right anon wol se yow with the dede,
And in youre yowthe thouy sholden dye; and
If that ye in clene love me yye,
He wol yow laven as me, for youre clenness;
And swenow yow his joye and his brightnesse.

Valerian, corrected as God wolde,
Answerde agayn, If I that truuen thee
Lumne that aungel se, and hym biholde;
And if that it a verray angel bee,
Channe wol I doon as thou hast prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forsothe,
Right with this sword thanne wol I sle yow bothe.

Cecile answere anon right in this wise:
If that yow list, the aungel shul ye see,
So that ye trowe on Crist, and yow baptize.
Goeoth forth to Via Ahea, quod shee,
That fro this town ne stant but miles thre; and,
To the poure folkes that ther dwelle
Sey hem right thu, as that I shal yow telle.

Tell hem that I, Cecile, yow to hem sente,
To shewen yow the gode Urban the olde,
For secrethlyng, and for good entente,
And what that ye Seint Urban han bisholde,
Telle hym the wordes whiche I to yow tolde;
And what that he hath purged yow for synne,
Channe shal ye se that angel, er ye twynne.

HILGRAUN is to the place ygon,
And right as hym was taught by his lernynge,
He found this hoole olde Urban anon,
Among the seintes byresetye lotynge.

And he anon, withouten tarynge,
Dide his message; and what that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his handes gan upholde;
The teeris from his eyen leet he fallt:
O Almighti Lord! O Jhesu Crist, quod he,
Dower of chart conseil, kindred of al alle,
The frut of thilke seed of chastitete,
That thone hast sowe in Cecile, taak to thee!
Lo, lyk a biau bee, withouten gile,
Theer serveth ay thyn owene that Cecile!

For thilke spouce, that she took right now
Ful lyk a fiers leon, she sendeth here,
As meke as evere was any lamb, to yow.
And with that word, anon ther gan appere
An old man clad in white clothes cleere,
That hadde a book with lettre of gold in honde;
And gan biforn Valerian to atonde.

Valerian as dedd fil doun for drede
When he hym saugh, & be up hanent hym tho,
And on his book right thynge he gan to rede:
Oo Lord, ooth feith, ooth God, withouten mo;
Oo Cristendom, and Fader of alle also,
Aboven alle, and over alle everywhere.
Theer wordes al with gold ywriten were.

When this was rad, thanme seyde this olde man,
Leevestow this thyng or no? Sey ye or nay.
The angel seyde, God liketh thy requeste,
And bothe, with the palm of martirdom,
Ye shullen come unto his blissful state.
And with that word Tiburse his brother com.
And whan that he the savour underrum
Which that the roses and the lilies caste,
Withinne his herte he gan to wondere faste,
And seyde: I wondre, this tyme of the yeer,
Whenne that soothe savour cometh so
Of rose and lilies that I amelle heer;
For though I hadde hem in myne handes two
The savour myghte in me no depper go.
The sweett smel that in myn herte I fynde
Hath chaunged me al in another hynde.

Valerian seyde, Two corones han we,
Snow-white and rose-red, that shynen cleere,
Whiche that thynne eyen han no myghte to see;
And as thou smeltest hem thurgh my preyre,
So shalow seyn hem, lewe brother dere,
If it se be thou wol, without sloute,
Brieve aight and knoyen verray trouthe.

Tiburse anserwe: Siestow this to me
In soothnesse, or in dreem I herine this?
In dreem, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this tyma, brother myn, ywis;
But now at erow in trouthe our dwellyng is.
How woodisow this, quod Tiburse, in what wyse?
Quod Valeian: That shal I thee deyse.

The angel of God hath me the trouthe ytaught
Which thou shalt seyn, if that thou wilt renuy
The ydoles and be clene, and elles naught.
And of the myracle of thisis coronys twwe,
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to seye;
Solemnly is this noble doctour deere
Commendeth it, and seith in this manere:

The palm of martirdom for to receyve
Seinte Cecile, fulfild of Goddes yfte,
The world and eek hire chamber gan she weye;
Witnesse Cybures and Valerianis shrifte,
To which God of his bountee wolde shifte
Corones two of flourys wel smellyngie,
And made his angel hem the coronys bynyng:

The mayde hath broght thys men to blisse above;
The world hath witt what it is worth, certeyn,
Devocioun of chastitie to love.
Tho shewed hym Cecile, al open and pleyne,
That alle ydoles nys but a thynge in veyn;
For they been dombe, and thereo they been dere,
And charged hym his ydoles for to lewe.

Whoso that troweyth nat this, a beaste he,
Quod tho Tiburse, if that I shal nat he.
And she gan kisse his brest, that herde this,
And was ful glad he koude trouthe espye.

This day I take thee for myn alieye,
Seide this blissful faire mayde, dere;
And after that she seyde as ye may heere:
Lo, right so as the love of Crist, quod she,
Made me thy brothere wyf, right in that wise
Anon for myn alieye heer take I the,
Syn that thou wol thynke ydoles despise.
Go with thy brother now, and thee baptize,
And make thee clene; so that thou mowe biholde
The angela face of which thy brother tolde.

Tiburse anserwe and seyde, Brother dere,
First tel me whider I shal, and to what man?
To whom? quod he, com forth with right good cheere;
I wol the lede unto the Pope Urban.

Ce Urban? brother myn Valerian,
Quod the Tiburse: wolte me theider lede?
Me thynketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menestow nat Urban, quod he tho,
That is so ofte damptd to be deed,
And woneth in haltes alwey to and fro,
And dar nat onys putte forth his heed?
Men sholdhe hym brennen in a fyre so reed
If he were founde, or that men myghte hym spyte;
And we also, to bere hym compaignye;

And whil we seken theike divinitee
That is yhald in hevene pryvely,
Algate ybrend in this wold shul we be!
To whom Cecile answere boldely,
Men myghten drenen well and skilfully
This lyf to lesse, myne owene deere brother,
If this were lymyng only and noo oother.

But ther is bettir lif in oother place,
That neuer shal be lost, ne drede thee noght,
Which Goddes axe us tolde thurgh his grace;
That faders son hath alle thyng wyroght,
And al that wyroght is with a shifful thought,
The Goost, that fro the fader gan procede,
Hath bowled hem, wouten any drede.

By word and by myrace Goddes son,
Whan he was in this world, declared heere
That ther was oother lyf ther men may wone.
To whom answerede Tiburce, O suster deere,
By symone rowght now in this manere,
Therys but oo God, lord in soothfastnesse;
And now of three how maystow bere witnesse.

That shal I telle, quod she, er I goe.
Right as a man hath sapience three,
Memorie, eynyn, and intellect also,
So in oo beyng of divinite
Thre persones may ther right wel bee.
Cho gane she hym ful beestily to preche
Of Cristes come, and of his pewnes teche.

And many pointes of his passioun;
How Goddes son in this world was witholden,
To doon mankynde pleyn remissioun,
That was ybounde in synne and cares colde:
At this thyngse she unto Tiburce tolde,
And after this Tiburce, in good entente,
With Valerian to Pope Urban he wente.

That thanked God; and with glad herte and light
He cristned hym, and made hym in that place
Parfit in his lernynge, Goddes knyght.
And after this Tiburce gan swich grace,
That every day he saugh, in tymne and space,
The angel of God; and every maner boone
That he God axed, it was sped ful soone.

Were full hard by ordre for to seyn
How manye wonderes Jhesus for hem wroghte;
But atte laste, to tellen short and pleyn,
The sergents of the towne of Rome hem soughete,
And hem biforn Almachi the Prefecte broghte,
Which hem opposed, and knew al hire entente,
And te the ymage of Jupiter hem sente,

And seyde: Whoso wol nat sacrifise,
Swap of his heed; this my sentence her!
Anon thes martyns that I yow devyse,
Con Maximus, that was an officer
Of the Prefecte, and his couniour;
Hem hente; and when he forth the seintes laddy
Hymself se wepe, for pitee that he hadde.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes loore,
He gat hym of the tormentures lye,
And laddde hem to his housy withoute moore,
And with his preychyng, er that it were eve,

They gonnen fro the tormentours to revy,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folke echone,
The false feith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecile cam, when it was woxen nuyght,
With preestes that hem cristned alle 2eere;
And afterward, when day was woxen light,
Cecile hem seyde with a ful stedefast cheere.
Now, Cristes owene knyghtes leve and deere,
Cast alle ayye the werkes of darknesse,
And armeth yow in armure of brightnesse.

Ye han, for acthe ydoon a greet bataille,
Yore cours is doon, youre feith han ye conserved,
Gooth to the corone of lyf that may nat faille;
The rightful Juge, that which ye han servyd,
Shal yeve it yow, as ye han it deserved.
And whan this thing was seyde as I devyse,
Men ledde hem forth to doon the sacrifise.

But whan they weren to the place broght,
To tellen shortly the conclussion,
They holde encense ne sacrifise right nuyght,
But on hire knees they setten hem adoun.
With humble herte and sad devocioun,
And losten bothe the hir hevedes in the place;
Hir soules wenten to the hyng of grace.

This Maximus, that saugh this thynge bityde,
With pitous teers tolde it anon right,
That he hir soules saugh to hevene gynde
With angells ful of cleernesse and of light,
And with his word converted many a wight;
For which Almachius dide hym so tobet,
With whippe of leed, till he the lif gan lete.

Ecile hym took, and buryed hym anon
By Tiburce and Valerian softlye,
Withinne hire buryng place, under the stoon.
And after this Almachiua staitly
Bad his ministres fechen openly
Cecile, so that she myghte in his presence
Doon sacrifise, and Jupiter excence.

But they, converted at hir wise loore,
Wpe ten ful soore, and yeven ful credence
Unto hire word, and cryden moore and moore,
Crist, Goddes son, withouen difference
In verrey God, this is al sure sentence,
That hath so good a servaynt hym to serve;
This with soo voyz we trowen, thogh we sterve!

Lmaciua, that herde of this dyngye,
Bad feche Cecile, that he myghte hire see;
And alderfirst, lo! this was his axynge:
What manner womanne arow? tho quod he.
I am a gentel woman born, quod she.
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee grevee;
Of thy religioun and of thy bilyewe.

E han bigonne youre question foliity,
Quod she, that wolden two answeres conclude
In oo demande; ye axed lewdely.
The Seconde Nonnes Tale

Himache answere unto that similitude,
Of whereso cometh thy answering so rude?
Of whereso? quod she, when that she was freyned,
of conscience and of good feith unfeyned.

Himache syde: Ne takethow noon heed
Of my power. And she answere hym this:
"Youre myght, quod she, ful litel is to dreedle;
For every mortal mannes power yny
But lyke a bladallr, ful of wynde, wynnys.
For with a needles pynt, whan it is blowe,
May al the boost of it be leyd ful loute.

UL, wrongfully bigome thow, quod he,
And yet in wrong is thy perseverancce;
Wostow nat how oure myghty princes free
Dan thus comanded and maad ordinaunce,
That every cristien wight shal hene panaunce
But if that he his crisstendom withsheye,
And goon at quif, if he wolte it renewe?

OURE princes eren, as youre noble ye dooth,
Quod thoe Cecile, and with a woode sentence
Ye make us gytey, and it is nat sooth;
For ye, that knowen well oure innocence,
For as muche as we doon a reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a cristien name,
Ye putte on us a myrte, and eek a blame.

But we that knowen thille name so
For vertuous, we may it not withsheye.
Himache answere, Chees oon of thise two,
Do sacrifice, or crisstendom renewe,
That thou mowe now escapen by that weye.
"At which the hoothe blisful faire mayde
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge syde,
O juge, confusi in thy nycetee,
Woltow that I renewe innocence.
To make me a wiiket wight? quod she;
Let the disymulth here in audience,
He stareth and woodeth in his adversance!
O whom Almacius, Anstiely wrecche!
Ne woostow nat how far myghty may streche?

Ban nought oure myghty princes to me yeve,
Ye, bothe power and auctoritee
To maken folk to dyen or to lyeve?
Why apeekestow so proudly thanne to me?
I spake nought but stedfastly, quod she,
Nat proudly, for I syde, as for my syde,
We haten deadly thille vice of pryde.

And if thou drede nat a sooth to heere,
Channe wol I shewe al opently, by right,
That thou hast maad a ful gret lesynge heere.
Thou ayesst, thy princes han the yeve myght
Bothe for to seelenn and for to queue a wight;
Thou, nae mayet but only lyf bireve,
Thou haast noon oother power, ne oome leve!

But thou mayet seym, thy princes han the maken
Minister of deeth; for if thou speke of me,
Thou lyest, for thy power is ful naked.
Do wey thy booldnesse? seyde Almachius tho,
And sacrifice to oure goddes, et thou go;
I recche nat what wrong that thou me profre,
For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

But thille wrongeses may I nat endure
That thou spekest of oure goddes heere, quod he.
Cecile answere, O wise creature!
Thou seye steth no word syn thou spak to me
That I ne kneu therwith thy nycetete;
And that thou were, in every maner wise,
A lewed officer and a vynn justise!

Ther lauketh nothing to thyne outer een
That thou nat blynd, for thyng that we se nat
That it is swoon, that men may well eapen,
That lyke stoon a god thow wolte it calle.
I rede thee, lat thyhn hand upon it falle,
And taste it wel, and aoon thou shalt it fynde.
S yn that thou seest nat with thyne eyen blynde.

It is a shame that the peple shal
So scorne thee, and laughe at thy folye;
For comyn men wood it wel overal,
That myghty God is in his hevenes hye.
And thise ymagis, wel thou mayest eapye,
To thee, ne to hemself, mowe nogyt profite,
For in effect they been nat worth a myyte.

RISE wordes and aswice other seyde she;
And he weex wrooth, and bad men shold hir lede
Hom til hir hous. And in hire hous, quod he,
Brenne hire right in a bath of flambe rede,
As he bad, right so was doon in deede;
For in a bath they gonne hire haste abettet,
And myghty and day greet fyre they under betten.

The longe myght, and eek a day also,
For al the fryr and eek the bathes heete,
She sat al coold, and feeede no wo,
It made hire nat a drope for to sweete.
But in that bath hir lyf she moste lete;
For he, Almacius, with ful wilke entente
to slean hire in the bath his sonde sente.

RISE atrokeles in the nekhe he amoot hire tho,
The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce
He myghte noght amyte al hir nekhe atwo;
And for ther was that tymne an ordinaunce,
That no man sholde doon men swich pennaunce
The ferthe strok to snyten, softe or soore,
This tormentour ne dorse do nymoore;

But half deede, with hir nekhe ycorwen there,
He lefte hir lyf, and on his wey is went.
The cristen folk, which that aboute hire were,
With sheeenes han the blood ful faire yhent.
Thre daysys lyved she in this torment,
And nevers cessd hem the feith to teche;
That she hadde fosretd, hem she gan to preche;
And hem she yaf hir moneles and hir thynge,
And to the Pope Urban bitok hem tho,
And seyde, I awd this at hevene kyng,
To han respit three dayes and namo,
To recomende to yow, er that I go,
This soules, lo! and that I myghte do werche
Here of myn hous perpetually a cherche.

SEINT URBAN, with his defnes, prively
The body fette, and buryed it by myghte
Among his other seintes honestly.
Hir hous the churche of Seinte Cecile highte;
Seint Urban halwed it, as he wel myghte;
In which, into this day, in noble wyse,
Men doun to Crist and to his seinte servysse.
Here is ended the Seconde Nomnes Tale.

The prolege of the Chanons Yeamanes Tale.

This yman eek was al the lyf
Of Seinte Cecile,
Er we hadde riden fully
Fyue mile.
At Bognet under Blis
Us gan atake
A man, that clothed was
In clothes blake,
And undermethe wered a
Surplise;
His balteny, that was al pomety tyme,
So swatte, that it wonder was to see;
It seded as he hadd prilled miles three.
The hors eek that his Yeman rood upon
So swatte, that unnethe myghte it con.
Aboute the perret stood the foon ful bye,
He was of foon al flecked as a pye.
A male twyfoold on his croper lay,
It seded that he carid litle array.
At lighte for somer rood this worthy man,
And in myn herte wondren I bigan
What that he was, til that I understood
How that his cloike was sowed to his hood;
For which, when I hadde longe avysed me,
I demed hym som chamoun for to be.
His hat heeng at his bat dawn by a laag,
For he hadde riden more than trot or paas;
He hadde ay prilled lili as he were wood.
A cloteskef he hadde under his hood
For swood, and for to kepe his heed from heete;
But it was joye for to seen hym swete!
His forheed dropped as a stiletarie
Were ful of plantaye and of rafterie.
And when that he was come, he gan to crye,
God save, quod he, this joly companye!
Faste have I prilled, quod he, for your sake,
Bycause that I wolde yow atake,
To riden in this myrpe companye.

This yman eek was ful of curtisye,
And seyde, Bire, noow in the morwe,tyde,
Out of youre hostelry I sawth you ryde,
And warned heer my lord and my soverayn,
Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn
For his desport; he loveth daulance.
Frend, for thy warnyng God yeve thee good chauce!
Thanne eyde our Host, for certes it wolde seme
Where dwell ye, if it to telle be?  
In the suburbes of a towne, quod he, 
Lurkyng in henshe and in lanes byndye, 
Wher as thynne robbours and thynne thieven by kynde, 
Hollen his pryvy seerful residence, 
As thay that dare not shewen his presence, 
So faren we, if I shalle seye the sothe. 
Now, quod our Hoost, yt let me talke to the; 
Why arow so discoueryed of thy face? 
Peyter, quod he, God yeve it hardy grace, 
I am so used in the Kyng, to blowe, 
That it hath changed my colour, I trowe, 
I am nat wont in no mirour to prie, 
But swynke score, and lerne multiplicite, 
We blonden evere, and pouren in the sir, 
And for al that we faille of our desir, 
For evere we takhen cure conclusion, 
To muthel folk we doon illusione, 
And bowre gold, be it a pound or two, 
Or ten, or twelve, or manye sommes mo, 
And make hem wemen, at the lestt weye, 
That of a pound we koude make twayne! 
Yet is it fals; but ay we han good hope 
A fo for to doon, and after it we grope, 
But that science is so fer us bifrom, 
We mowen nat, although we hadde it sworn, 
It overtake it, it dilte away so faste; 
It wol us maken beggers atte laste.

HIL this yeman was thus in his talltyng, 
This chanoun drough hym here, 
And herde at thyng 
Which this yeman apalke, for suspicioun 
Of mennes speche evere hadde this chanoun. 
For Catoun seith, that he that girtly is 
Deneth alle thyng he apole of hym,ywias.  
That was the cause he gan no thyng drawe 
To his yeman, to herkenen al his savie. 
And thys he soede unto his yeman the: 
OLD thou thy pes, and apeh no wordes mo! 
For if thou do, thou shalt it deere aby! 
Thou adlantest me heren in this compaignye, 
And ek discoverest that thou sholdest hyde. 
YE? quod our Hoost, telle on, what so bynde? 
Of al his thretyng rehte nat a myte! 
In feith, quod he, namoore I do but tyle, 
ND when this chanoun saugh it wolde nat be, 
But his yeman wolde telle his pryseyte, 
De fledde awaye for veray sorwe and shaine. 
GEL quod the yeman, heere shal arisie game, 
Al that I kan anon now wol I telle, 
Syn he is goon, the foule feend hym quelle! 
For nevyr hereafer wol I with hym mecte 
For peny ne for pounde, I yow bieete! 
He that me brighte first unto that game, 
Or that he dye, sowre have he and shaine! 
For it is ernest to me, by my feith; 
That feel I wel, whata so any man seith. 
And yet, for al my smert, and al my grieve, 
For al my sorwe, labour, and meschief, 
I koude nevyr leve it in no wise. 
Now wolde God, my wit wyghte suffise 
To telle all that longeth to that art! 
And natheless yow wol I telled part; 
Syn that my lord is goon, I wol nat seate; 
Swych thyng as that I knowe, I wol declare. 
Heere endeth the prologue of the Chanouns Yemanne Cate.

HEERE BICYNETH THE CHANOUNS YEMAN HIS TALE. 

Prima pars.

WIT this chanoun I dweltte have seven yeere, 
And in his science am I never the nere. 
Al that I hadde I have losteth herber; 
And, God woot, so hath manye mo than I. 
That was wont to be right freshe and gay 
Of clothynge and of oother good array, 
Now may I were an hose upon myn heede; 
And wher my colour was bothe freshe & reed, 
Now is it wan and of a leden heede; 
Thou it went, score shall breeue, 
And of my swynk yet bleudd is myn eye; 
Lo! whiche avantage is to multiplicite! 
That slidyng science hath me maad so bare, 
That I have no good, wher that evere I fare; 
And yet I am enderected so therby, 
Of gold that I have borwde, trewete, 
That whil I lyve, I shall it quitte neuer. 
Lat ever man be war by me for evere! 
That maner man that can eth hym therto, 
If the continue, I holde his thirft ydo. 
So help me God, therby shall he nat wynne, 
But empte his purs, and make his wirithe thynne. 
And when he thurgh his madnysse and follye 
Bath lost his owene good thurgh jupartye, 
Thame he exciteeth oother folk therto, 
To lese his good as he hymself hath do. 
For unto shrewde joye it is and eae 
To have hir felawes in pynne and disease, 
Thys was I al a lermed of a clerke. 
Of that no charge, I wol speke of curen werk. 
When we been there as we shul exercize 
Oure crysshys craft, we semen wonder wise, 
Oure termes been so clerical and so quynte. 
I blowe the fire til that myn herte feyne.
Oure cementyng and fermentacion,
Oure wynnetes, testes, and many mo.

I wol yow telle, as was me taught also,
The foure spirites and the bodyes seonne,
By ordre, as ofte I hereby my lord hem nenne.

The firste spirite quyklyshifer called is,
The seconde spirite, the thridde, ywis,
Sal armonoy, and the forth ye brymstoone.
The bodyes seonne eeh, lo hem heere anoon:
Sol golde is, and Luna silver we threpe,
Mars iren, Mercurie quyklyshifer we clepe,
Saturnus leed, and Jupiter is ym,
And Venus cope, by my fader hym.

This cursed craft whosoe wol excersize,
He shal no good han that hym may suffisse;
For al the good he spendeth thereaboute,
He lese shal, therof have I no doute.
Whose that listeth outen his folle,
Lat hym come forth, and lerne multiple;
And every man that ought hath in his cofre,
Lat hym appiere, and weze a philosophere.
Ascounsel that craft is so light to leere?
Nay, nay, God woot, al be he monk or freere,
Dreest or chanoun, or any other weight,
Though he sitte at his book bothe day and night
In lernynge of this elysyshhe nyce loore,
Ali is in yvyn, and parde, muchel moore!
To lerne a lewed man this subtilette,
Fy! speke nat therof, for it wol nat bee;
And hoppe he lettere, or hoppe he noon,
As in effect, he shal fynde it a loon.

For bothe two, by my savacioun,
Concluden, in multiplicacion,
Ylike wele, whan they han al yde;
This is to seyn, they failen bothe two.

I forget I to maken reheraile
Of watres corosif, and of lymaille,
And of bodyes mollificacion,
And also of hire induracion,
Oilles, abloncions, and metal fusible,
To telen al wolde paissen any bible,
That ounre is; wherefore, as for the beste,
Of alle thise names now wol I me reate.

For as I trowe, I have yow toold ynowe
To reyse a frend, al looke he never so Rowe.
Al nay! lat be; the philosophere stoone,
Elixer clepe, we sechen fastes eyechoon,
For hadde we hym, thanne were it alther ynow.
But, unto God of heveme I make awow,
For al oure craft, when we han al yde,
With al oure sleighte, he wol nat come us to.
He hath maaud us spenden muchel good,
For pore of which almoste we xenen wood,
But that good hope crepest in oure herte,
Supposyng ever, though we aore smerte,
To be releved by hym afterword.
Swich supposyng and hope is sharpe and hard;
I warne yow wel it is to seken evere;
That futur tempes hath maad men to disesever,
In truit therof, from al that evere they hadde.
Yet of that art they han nat xenen sadde,
For unto hem it is a bitter sweete;
So semeth it; for nadde they but a sheete,
Which that they mighte wrappe hem inne anyght,
And a balt to walkeynynne by daylyght,
They wolde hem selle and spenden on the craft;
They han nat styntyn til nothing be left.

And everemoire, where that evere they goon
Men may hem knowe by smel of brynstoon;
For al the world, they styntken as a goat;
His bever is so rammyshah and so hoot.
That, though a man from hem a mile be,
The savour wol infecte hym, trusteth me;
Lo, thus by smelling, and threebde array
If that men list, this folk they knowe may.
And if a man wole ask hem pryvely,
Why they been clothed so unthriftily,
They right anon wol rownen in his ere
And seyn, that if that they espied were,
Men wolde hem alle, bycaus of his science;
Lo, thus this folk bitrayen innocence!
Sholde rewe co singuler mannes solye.
To aclaundre yow is nothyng myn entente,
But to correcten that is mys lente.
This tale was nat onely toold for yow,
But eke for othere mo; ye woot wel how
That, among Cristes apostelles twelve,
Ther nas no traytour but Judas hymselfe.
Thanne why shold ye at the remenent have blame
That gilteles were? By yow I seye the same.
Save only this, if ye wol herlime me,
If any Judas in youre covent be,
Removeth hym bitmen, I yow rede;
If shame or los may causen any drede.
And beeth nothyng displeased, I yow preye,
But in this cas herlinithe what I shal seye.

Londoun was a prest, an amnuelle;
That therinne dwelled hadde
Many a yer,
Which was so pleasant and so
Servysable
Unto the wyf, wheras he was at table,
That she wolde suffre hym nothyng for to paye
For borb ne clothyng, wente he never so gaye;
And spending-gyve hadde he right ynow.
Therof ne for; I wol procede as now,
And tele forth my tale of the chanoun,
That brought this prest to confusion.

This false chanoun cam upon a day
Unto this prestes chambr, wher he lay,
Bisecchyng hym to lene hym a certeyn
Of gold, and he wolde quite it hym agayn.
Leene me a marc, quod he, but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee.
And if so be that thow me fynde fals,
Another day do hange me by the hals!

This prest hym took a marc, and that as swithe,
And this chanoun hym thanked ofte sithe,
And took his leve, and wente forth his weye,
And at the thridde day brought his money,
And to the prest he took his gold agayn,
Wherof this prest was wonder glad and sayn.

Certe, quod he, nothyng anoweth me
to lene a man a noble, or two or thre,
Or what thyng were in my possession,
Whan he so trewe is of condicion,
That in no wise he breke wole his day;
To swych a man I can never seye nay.

Is this prest, quod this chanoun, sholde I be untrew?
Nay, that were thyng yfallen al of neve.
Treute is a thyng that I wol evere hepe,
Unto that day in which that I shal crepe
Into my grave, or ellis God forbide!
Bilveth this as siluer as the Crede.
God thanke I, and in good tyme be it sayd,
That ther was never man yet yvele apayd
For gold ne siluer that he to me lente,
Ne never falshe in myn herte lente.
And, sire, quod he, now of my pryvete,
Syn ye so goodlich han baun unto me,
And litten to me so greet gentilesse,
Somwhat to quyte with youre kyndenesse,
I wol yow shewe, if that yow list to leere,

I wol yow teche pleynlyt the manere,
How I han werken in philosophie,
Taketh good heede ye shul wel seyn at eye,
That I wol doon a maistrie er I go.

Ye, quod the prest, ye, sire, and wol ye so?
Marie! therof! I pray yow hertely!
At youre comendement, sire, trewely,
Quod the chanoun, and ellis God forbide!

Loo, how this sheefk hounde his servysa beede!
Ful soothe it is, that swiche profred servys
Stynketh, as witnesseen thise olde wyse;
And that ful soone I wol it verife.
In this chanoun, roote of alle trecherie,
That evermore delit hath and gladnesse,
Swiche feendly thoughtes in his herte impress;
How Cristes peple he may to meschif bryngye.
God kepe us from his false disysmylynge!

OUGHT waste this prest with whom that he delt,
Ne of his harm comyng he nothyng felt.
O selly prest! O selly innocent!
With covetise anon thou shalt be blent!
O gracelesse, ful blayd is thy conceite,
Nothyng ne arlow war of the deceite.
Which that this fox yshapen hath for thee;
His wyl wrencches thou ne mayst nat relie.
Wherefore, to go to the conclusion
That refereth to thy confusion,
Unhappy man! anon I wol me hye
to tellen thy unwit and thy folpe,
And eke the falsenesse of that oother wrecche,
As sorthe as that his konnyng may streche.

This chanoun was my lord, ye wolden weene;
Sire Hoost, in feith, and by the hevenes queene,
It was another chanoun, and nat hee.
That han an hundred fould moore subtitee
He hath betrayed folkes many tyme;
Of his falsheede it dulthe me to ryme.
Evere whan that I specke of his falsheede,
For shame of hym my chelles wezen rede,
Algeste, they bigynnen for to glowe,
For reediness have I noon, right wel I knowe,
In my visage; for fumes diverse
Of metalis, whiche ye han herde me reherce,
Consumed and wasten han my reediness.
Now take heede of this chanouns cursednesse!

Sire, quod he to the prest, lat youre man gon
For quyksiluer, that we hadde it anon,
And lat hym bryngen uncens two or three;
And when he comth, as faste shul ye see
A wonder thyng, which ye saughe nevere er this.

Sire, quod the prest, it schal be doon ywis.
He bad his servant fechen hym this thyng,
And he al redy was at his biddynge,
And wente hym forth, and cam anon agayn
With this quyksiluer, soothly for to bayn,
And toke this uncens thre to the chanoun;
And he hem leyde faire and wel adoun,
And bad the servaunt coles for to bryngye,
That he anon myghte go to his werlyng.

Coles right anon weren yfet,
And this chanoun took out a croosset
Of his bosom, and shewed it to the prest.
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This chanoun seyde, freend, ye doon amys;
This is nat couched as it oughte be;
But soon I shal amenden it, quod he.
Now let me medle therewith but a while,
For of you have I pite, by Seint Gilie.
Ye been right hoo, I se wel how ye swete;
Have hoo a clooth, and wipe awere the wete.
And whyles that the preest wiped his face,
This chanoun tolke his cole with harde grace,
And leyde it above, upon the myddeward
Of the crosselet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonne faste brene.
Owe yeus we drynke, quod the chanoun thenne,
As swithe al shal be wel, I undertake;
Sette we doun, and let us myrie make.
And whan that this chanounes beechen cole
Was brent, al the lemaile, out of the hole,
Into the crosselet fil anon adoun;
And so it moote nede, by resoun,
Syn it soo evene above couched was;
But therof wiste the preest nothing, alas!
De demed alle the coles yliche god,
For of that sleighte he nothing understood.
And when this alaknymestre saugh his tyme,
Ris up, quod he, sire preest, & stoneth by me,
And I woot wel ingot have ye noon.
Gooth, wolleth forth, and bringe us a chalke stoon;
For wol make cone of the same shap
That is an ingot, if I may han hap;
And bryngeth eek with yow a bolle or a panne
Ful of water, and ye shul be wel thanne.
Dow that ourse biseynesse shal thryve and preeve.
And yet, for ye shal han no mysbileve,
Ne wrong conceite of me in youre absence,
Ne wol nat been out of youre presence,
But go with yow, and come with yow ageyn.
The chambre dore, shortly for to seyn,
They opened and shette, and went hir weye.
And forth with hem they carrieren the keye,
And coome agayn whithouten any delay.
What shold I tarien al the longe day?
He took the chalk, and shoop it in the wise
Of an ingot, as I shal you dewye.
I seye, he took out of his owene sleeve,
A teyne of silver, yvele moot he chevee!
Which that he was nat but an owene o weighte;
And talith he de now of his cursed sleighte.
He shoop his ingot, in lengthe and eek in breede
Of this teyne, whilenowt any drede,
So silyly, that the preest it nat espide;
And in his sleeve agayn he gan it hide;
And fro the fir he took up his mateere,
And in thynget putte it with myricch cheere,
And in the water vessel he it caste
Whan that hyme lute, and bad the preest as faste,
Loko what ther is, put in thin hand and grope,
Thow fynde shalt ther silver, as I hope.
What, deye of helles! shold it ellie be?
Shavynge of silver silver is, parde!
He putte his hand in, and took up a teyne
Of silver fryn, and glad in every veyne
Was this preest, whan he saugh that it was so.
Goddes blesyng, and his moodre also,
And alle halwes have ye, sire chanoun!
Seyde this preest, and I bir malisoun,
But, and ye vouchebauf to techen me
This noble craft and this subtillite,
I wol be yourre, in al that evere I may.

GOD the chanoun, Yet wol I make assay
The seconde tyne, that yem taken heed
And been expert of this, & in youre neede
Another daie assaye in myn absence
This disciplyne, and this crafty science.
Let take another ounce, quod he tho,
Of quysheiler, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye han doon er this
With that oother, which that now silver is.

This preest hym bisieth in al that he han
to doon as this chanoun, this cursed man,
Comandef hym, and faste he blew the fire,
fo to come to theeffect of his desir,
And this chanoun, right in the meene while,
Alreedy was, the preest eft to bigile,
And, for a counteuncia, in his hand he bar
An holwe stilike, taah keppe and be war!
In the ende of which an ounce, and namore,
Of stilver lemaile put was, as aifore
Was in his cole, and stopped with wex weel,
fo to keppe in his lemaile every deel.
And whil this preest was in his blissynes,
This chanoun with his stilike gan hym dresse
To hym aymon, and his pouder caste in
As he did er: The deuel out of his shyn
Hym tere, I pray to God, for his falschede!
For he was evere fale in thought and dede;
And with this stilike, above the crosselet,
That was orderyned with that falsie get,
He atired the coles, til relente gan
The wex agayn the fir, as every man,
But it afool be, woot wel it moot nede,
And al that in the stilike was out yede,
And in the crosselet hastily it fel.

OW, goode sire, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preest thow was bigiled ayn.
Supposysnge nought but trouthe, sooth to seyn,
He was so glad, that I han nat express
In no manne his myrthe and his gladnessese;
And to the chanoun he profred efsoone
Bode, it is a good, ye, quod the chanoun soone,
Though powre I be, crafty thou shalt me fynde;
I warne thee, yet is ther moore biiyned.
In ther any coper herinne? seyde he.
Ye, quod the preest, sire, I trowe wel ther be.
Eelles go bye us som, and that as swithe.
Now, goode sire, go forth thy waye and by the.
He wente his wy, and with the coper cam,
And this chanoun it in his handes nam,
And of that coper wyed out but an ounce.
Al to symple is my tonge to pronounc.
As minister of my wit, the doublenesse
Of this chanoun, roote of alle cursedness.
He aemde frendly to hem that knewe hym nought,
But he was frendly bothe in herte and thought.

It werieth me to tell of his falsenease,
And natheleeves yet wol I etrprene,
To thentente that men may be war therby,
And for noon oother cause, trwely.
He putte the ounce of coper in the crosselet,
And on the fir as swithe he hath it set,
And caste in poudre, and made the preest to blowe,
And in his werking for to stouve lowe.
As he dide er, and alas but a jape;
Right as hym liate, the preest he made his ape;
And afterward in the ingot he it caste,
And in the panne putte it at the laste
Of water, and in he putte his owne hand;
And in his alee, as ye biforne haund
Berde me telle, he hadde a silver tyne.
He alyly tooke it out, this cursed blyne,
Unwytynge this preest of his false craft,
And in the pannes botme he hath it left;
And in the water rumbled to and fro,
And wonder prysely took up al also.
The coper tyne, noght knowynge this preest,
And hidde it, and hym hente by the breate,
And to hym span and thus seyde in his game,
Stoupeth adoun, by God, ye be to blame,
Pelpeth me now, as I dide yow whylever.
Putte in yourne hand, and looke meth what is thine.
This preest took up this silver tyne unon,
And thanne seyde the chanoun: Lat us gon
With thiee thre tyneyn, whiche that we han wroght
To som goldeymyth, and wite if they been eght.
For, by my feith, I nole, for myn hoode,
But if that they were silver, ynn and good,
And as swithe preewail shal it bee.

TO the goldeymyth with this eteneys three
They wente, and putte thise tyneyn in assay
To fir and hamere; myghten man seyenay,
But that they were as hem oghte be.

PIS sotte preest, who was gladder than he?
Ais neve bridd goldeym thay the day,
Ne myghtiynetale, in the sesoun of May.
Nas neve te man that luste bet to synge;
Ne ladye lustier carolyng
Or for to speke of love and womanhede,
Ne knyght in armees to doon an hardy dede
To stonde in grace of his lady deere,
Than hadde this preest this sory craft to leere;
And to the chanoun thus he spak and seyde:
OR love of God, that for us alle dyede,
And as I may deseve it unto yow,
What shal this receite coeste? telleth now?
By ourse lady, quod this chanoun, it is deere,
I warne you wol; for save I and a freere
In Engeland ther han no man it make.
No fors, quod he, now, sire, for Goddes sake,
What shal I paye? telleth me, I preye.
Ywis, quod he, it is ful deere, I saye;
Sire, at oo word, if that thee liat it have,
Ye shul paye fourty pound, so God me save!
And, nere the freundsheipe that ye dide er this
To me, ye shulde paye moore, ywis.

HIS preest the somme of fourty pound
Of nobles fette, and took hem evenichon

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To this chanoun, for this ilke receit;
Al his werkyng nas but fraude and deceit.

Sire prest, he seyde, I hope han no loos
Of my craft; for I wolde it kept were cloos;
And, as ye love me, keepth it secrete;
For, and men kneven at my soutelte,
By God, they wolden han so greete enuye
To me, bycause of my philosophie,
I sholde be deed, ther were noon oother weye.

God it forbeede! quod the prest; what sey ye?
Yet hadd ye leve spenden al the good
Which that I have, or elles were I woode!

Than that ye sholden falle in owche meancheef.

For youre good weyl, sire, have ye right good preef,
Quod the chanoun, and farwel, grant mercy!

He wente his wey, and never the prest hym sy
After that day; and whan that this prest

Maken auaay, at owche tymke as he wolde
Of this receit, farwel! it wolde not be! I
Lo, thus byjapeed and bigiled was he!
Thus maaketh he his introducudion,
To bryng folk to hir destruccucion.

Considereth sire, how that in ech eestat,
Bitwix men and gold ther in deebat
So furbroth, that unmethes is ther noon.
This multiplying blent so many son,
That, in good feeth, I toweve that it bee
The cause greutest of owche scarcest.
Philoosophes speken so mysteily
In this craft, that men han nat come therby,
For any wit that men han nowadayes.

They mowe wel chiteren as that doon jayes,
And in hir termes sette hir lust and pene,
But to hir purpoe shul they neyve atteyn.
A man may lightely leren, if he have aught,
To multiply, and bryng his good to naught!

Lo! of owche a lucre is in this lusty game,
A mannes myrthe it wol tumne unto grame,
And empten al grete and hevy purses,
And maken folk for to purchasen curses
Of hem that han hir good therto ylent.
Of fy! for shame! they that han been bren,
Alas! han they nat fle the fires heete?
Ye that it use, I rede ye it leete,
Leest ye lese al; for Bet than neyvere is late.
Neever to thrype were to longe a date.

Though ye procle ay, ye shul it neyve fynde;
Ye been an hooold as is Bayard the bluye.
That blondeth forth, and peril casteth noon;
He is as boold to renne agen a styone,
As for to goon besides in the weye.

So feren ye that mutiplicye, I seye.
If that yeoure eyen han not seen ariht,
Loke that yeoure mynde laikhe neght his sight.

For though ye looke never so brode, and stare,
Ye shul nat wynne a myte on that chaffaire,
But wasten al that ye may rape and renne.

Withdwawe the fir, lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth namore with that art, I mene;

for, if ye doon, youre thrist is goon ful cleene.
And right as swithe I wol yow tellen heere,
What philosophes seyn in this matere.

O, thus seith Arnold of the Newe Toune,
As his Rosarie maketh mencion;
He seith right thus, withouten any lye,
Ther may no man mercurie mortifie,
But it be with his brother knowelechyn.

O that he, which that first seyde this thyng,
Of philosophes fader was, Hermes;
He seith, how that the dragon, doutelees,
Ne dythe nat, but if that he be slayn
With hir brother; and that is for to sayn,
By the dragon, Mercurie and noon oother,
He understood; and Brymston by his brother,
That out of Sol and Luna were ydware.

And therefore, seyde he, taek heede to my sawe;
Lent no man bisye hym this art for to seche,
But if that he thentencien and speche
Of philosophes understande han;
And if he do, he is a lewed man.

For this science and this konnyng, quod he,
Is of the secrete of secretes, pardee.

Thus seith the yondre discipule of Plato
That on a tymne seyde his maister to,
As his book Senior wol bere witteswae,
And this was his demande, in soothfastnesse:

Celle me the name of the prince atcon.

And Plato answere unto hym ancon,
Take the stoon that Tithano men name.

Which is that? quod he, Magnesia is the same,
Seyde Plato. Ye, sire, and is it thus?
This is ignotum per ignotius.
What is Magnesia, good sire, I yow preve?

It is a water that is maad, I seye,
Of elementes four; quod Plato.

Celle me the roote, good sire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be yowre wil.

Nay, nay, quod Plato, certein that I lynlle.
The philosophes sworne were everychoon
That they sholden discovere it unto noon,
Ne in no book it write in no manere;
For unto Crist it is so lief and deere,
That he wol nat that it discovered bee,
But where it liketh to his deitee
Man for tensione, and ech for to defende
Whom that hym liketh; so, this is the ende.

Wherefore conclude I, thus, 8ith God of hevene
Ne wil nat that the philosophes neyvere
How that a man shalle come unto this stoon,
I rede, as for the beate, let it goon.
For whose maketh God his adversarie,
As for to werken any thing a contrarie
Of his wil, certein neyve shall he thryve,
Thogh that he mutiplie terme of his lyve.
And there a poynet; for ended is my tale;
God sende every trewe man boote of his bale!

Amen.

Here is ended the Chanouns Yemannes Tale.
Here folweth the prologue of the Maunciple Tale.

ICE ye nat wher ther
stant a litel town
Which that yeleped is
Bobbeup and doun,
Ander the Blee, in Caunderbury weye.
Then gan our Hooste for
to jape and pleye,
And seyde, Sires, what?
Dun is in the Myre!

Is ther no man, for preyere me for hyre,
That wolde awake our felawe al bihynede?
A thef mayghte hym ful lightlly robbe and bynde.
See how he nappeth! see, for coilehes bones!
As he wol falle fro his hors atones.
Is that a cook of Londoun, with meschaunce?
Do hym come forth, he knoweth his penaunce,
For he shal telle a tale, by my fey!

Although it be nat worth a botel hey.
Awake, thou cooke, quyde he, God vere the sorwe!
What eythe thee to slepe by the morowe?
Hastow had fleen al nyght, or arrow dronke?
Or hastow with some quene al nyght wysonke,
So that thou mayest nat holde up thy heed?

This cooke, that was ful pale and nothing reed.
Seyde to our Hooste. So God my soule bitte,
As ther is falle on me swich hevenese.
Noot I nat why, that me were levere slepe
Then the beste galon wyn in Chepe.

Wel, quyde the maunciple, if it may doon esse
To thee, sire cooke, and to no wight dispulse
Which that here rideth in this compagnye,
And that our Hooste wol, of his curteisye,
I wol as now excus thee of thy tale,
For, in good feithe, thy visage is ful pale,
Thyne eyen dawsen eek, as that me thynketh,
And wel I woot, thy breeth ful sore stynketh,
That sheweth wel thou art nat wel disposed;
Of me, certeyn, thou shal nat been yglosed.

See how he ganeth, lo, this dronken wight!
As though he wolde swolwe us anonright.
Bould clos thy mouth, man, by thy fader kyn!
The deel of helle sette his foot therein.
Thy cursed breeth infecte wolde us alle;
Fy, atynkyng awyn! fy, foule moote thee falle.
Al taketh heede, aires, of this lusty man.
Now, sweete aires, wol ye justen atte fan?
Therto me thynketh ye been wel yshepe!
I trowe that ye drikenn ban wyn ape,
And that is when men pleyen with a straw.

ND with this speche the cock wax wrooth
And wraw,
And on the maunciple he gan nodde faste
For lakhe of speche, and doun the hors hym caste,
Weras he lay, til that men up hym took;
This was a fair chynache of a cooke!

Alas! he nadde holde hym by his ladell!
And, or that he agayn were in his aude,
Ther was greet showyng bothe to and fro,
To lifte hym up, and muchel care and wo.
So unweedy was this sory palled goost;
And to the maunciple thanne spath oure Hooste:

Bycause drymek hath dominacioun
Upon this man, by my saxacioun.
I trowe he lewedly wolde tell his tale,
For were it wyn, or cold or moystly ale.
He hath drikenn, he speketh in his nose,
And swich feste, and eek he hath the poise.
He hath also to do more than ynowh.
To kepe hym and his capal out of slough;
And, if he fall from his cap and slowe,
Thanne shul we alle have ynowh to doone,
In liftyng up his hevy drikenn cor.

Telle on thy tale, of hym makke I no fors.

BUT yet, maunciple, in feythe thou art tonye,
And thus openly repreg hym of his vice.

Another day he wole, peraventure,
Reclayme the, and bynygne thee to lour;
I meene, he speke wole of smale thynge,
As for to pynchon at thy rethynge, 

That were nat honete, if it cam to preef.

No, quyde the maunciple, that were a greet meanche!
So myghte he lightly brynge me in the snare.
Yet hadde I lever payen for the mare
Which he rit on, than he sholde with me struye;
I wol nat wrat the hym, al so moot I, thrywe!
That that I laphe, I seyde it in my boure;
And wite ye what? I have heer, in a gourede,
A draught of wyn, yce, of a ripec grape,
And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.
This cooke shal drymke thereof, if I may;
Up pene of deeth, he wol nat seye me nay!

And certeynly, to tellyn as it was,
Of this vesel the cock drank faste, alas!
What neded hym? he drank ynowh biforn.
And than when he hadde pouped in this horn,
To the maunciple he took the gourde agayn,
And of that drynke the cock was wonder fayn,
And thanked hym in swiche wise as he houlde.

Thanne gan our Hooste to laughten wonder loud,
And seyde, I se wel it is necessarie,
Where that we goon, good dryneh we with us carie;
For that wol turne rancour and disease
Tecord and love, and many a wrong ape.
O thou Bacchus! yblessed be thy name
That so kanst turnen erne into game!
Worship and thanke be to thy deitec!
Of that mateere ye gete namore of me.
Telle on thy tale, maunciple, I thee prey.

Wel, sire, quyde he, now herketh what I seye.
Thus endeth the prologue of the Maunciple.
HERE Begynneth the Mauncipales Tale of the Crowe.

1. Phebus dwelt here in this erthe a-down,
   His olde bookes make
nen mencion,
   I was the mooste
   lusty bachelor
   In all this world, and
cel the best archer. He alow Pheout, the
   serpent, as he lay
   Slepynge agayn the sonne upon a day;
   And many another noble worthy dede
   He with his bowe wroghte, as men may rede.
   Deyen he haued on every mystraltrie,
   And syngen, that it was a melodie
To heeren of his cler he voyd a swase.
   Ceris the kyng of Chebes, Amphicon,
   That with his syngyn walett that citee,
   Kounde nevyr syngyn halfe so wel as hee.
   Therto he was the semeliate man,
   In gownde or what that the world bigan.
   What nedeth it his fature to discrye?
   For in this world was noon so fair on lyce,
   He was therwith full of gentillesse,
   Of honour, and of parfit worthynesse.

   Thi Phebus, that was flour of bachelor,
   So wel in freedom as in fighte,
   For his deaport, in signe eek of victorie
   Of Pheout, so as tellen us the storie,
   Was wont to benen in his hand a bowe.

   Oft hadde thi Phebus in his houce a crowe,
   Which in a cage he fostred many a day,
   And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.
   What was thi crowe as is a snowe whit swan,
   And countrefete the speche of every man
   He haued, when he sholdelle a tale.
   Therwith in all this world no myghtygale
   He haued, by an hundred thousand deel,
   Syngen so wonder myrrily and weel.

   Now hadde thi Phebus in his houce a wyf,
   Whych that lovede moore than his lyf,
   And nghte and day dide aber his diligence
   For to please, and doon hire reverene;
   Save consty, if the sothe that I shal sayn,
   Thother he was to sholde hire haued hire fayn;
   For hyrn were looth whyped for to be,
   And so is every wight in swich degree;
   But al in ydel, for it availleth nowght;
   A good wyf, that is cleene of wrek and thought,
   Sholdent not beene kept in noon awayt, certayn;
   This wyf, as ir she is wight,
   To kepe a shreve, for it wol nat bee.
   This holde I for a verray nyceste,
   Copejle labour for to kepe wyves;
   Thus wrenen olde clerkes in hire byres.

   But now to purpos, as I first began;
   Thi worthy Phebus dooth al that he han
Copleyse hire, wengeynge that swich pleasaunce,
   And for his manhede and his governance,
   That no man shold han put hym from hire grace.
   But God it woot, ther may no man embrace
To destreyne a thyng, which that nature hath
   Naturely set in a creature.
   Caat any byrd, and put it in a cage;
   And do al thyne entente and thy correge
To fostre it tendrelly with myde and drynke
Of alle deemente that thou hast bath skynne,
   And keep it also clently as thou may.
   Although his cage of gold be never so gay,
   Yet hath thi briddles, by twentie thousand fold,
   Levere in a forest, that is rude and coold,
   Goon ete wormes and swich wreechednesse.
   For euer this bridle wol deon his brynyrne
   To escape out of his cage, if he may;
   His libertee thi bridle desireth ay.

   Lat take a cat, and foster hym wel with milk
   And tendre flesh, & make his couche of silk,
   And lat hym semyn a moue go by the wal;
   Alson he wrayth milk, and flesh, and al,
   And ever deemente that is in that house,
   Swich appetit hath he to eute a moue.
   Lo, heere hath lust his dominacion,
   And appetit fleemeth discructione.

   As she-wolf hath also a vileyny hynde;
   The lesteste wyf, that she may hynde,
   Or lect of reputacioun, wol she take
In tymyn when her lust to han a make.

   All thi essemples speche I by thi mens
That been untrewe, and noothyn by women;
For men han euer a lichorous appetit
On lower thyng to parfoure hir delit
Than on hire wyves, be they never so faire,
Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.
Flesh is so newefangel, with mechunshe,
That we ne honne in noothyn hir plesaunce
That sometyme weynt an wyf.

   Thi Phebus, that which thought
Upon no gile,
   Deceyved was, for all his jolitee;
For under hir another hadde shre,
   A man of lilet reputacion,
   Nat worthi as it shone in comparacion.
   The moore harm is: it hath oppeth te so,
   Of which ther cometh muchel harm and wo.

   And so biffel, when Phebus was absent,
   His wyf anon hath for hir leman sent.
   Hirc leman? certes, this is a knaspish speche!
   Forweth it is, and that I yw bische.

   The wisse Plato seith, as ye may rede,
   The world moost neste accorden with the dede.
   If men shal telle propertely a thyng,
   The word moost cosyn be to the werkyng.

   I am a boystous man, richt thus seye I,
RATOUR, quod he, with tongue of scorpiun,
Chou hast me brought to my confusion!
Alas! that I was wrought! why were I deed?
O deere wif! O gemme of lustyheed!
That were to me so sad and eel so trewe,
Now lightow deed, with face pale of heue,
Ful gilteless, that doreate I oweere, wytis!
O rikel hand! to doon so foule amys!
O trouble wif! O ire recchelesse!
That unaysed smytest gittelesse!
O wantrust! ful of fals suspicioun,
Where was thy wit and thy discretion?
O every man, beware of ralemease,
Ne trowe nothynge withouten strong witnesse.
Smyt nat to soone, er that ye witen why,
And beeth aysed wel and sobrely,
Ery deon any execucion
Upon your ire, for suspicioun.
Alas! a thousand folk hath raleed ire
Fuly fordoon, and broght hem in the mire.
Alas! for sorwe I wol myselven alise!
And to the crowe, O false theef! seyede he,
I wol ther ancom anoth false tale!
Thou songe whilom lyk a nyghtingale;
Now shalow, false theef, thy song forgon,
And ech thy white fetheres everichon,
Ne nevere in al thy lif ne shaltou specke.
Thus shal men on a traytoure be awreke;
Thou and thyr pensyngere eevere shul be blake,
Ne nevere sweete noysye shul ye make,
But evere crien againyn tempest and rayn.
In thynynge thurgh thee my wyf is slayn.
And to the crowe he stirted, and that anon,
And pulde his white fetheres everichon,
And made hym blak, and refte hym al his song,
And ech his speche, and out at dore hym slyng
Unto the delf, which I hym bitake;
And for this caes been alle crowes blake.

ORDYNGES, by this ensample I yow preye,
Beth war, and talkeit hepe what I seye;
Ne telleth nevere no man in your lyf
How that another man hath dight his wyf;
He wol yow haten mortaly, certeyn.
Daun Salomon, as wise clerkes seyn,
Techeth a man to kepen his tonge weel;
But as I seye, I am nought textuell.
But nathelles, thus taughte me my dame:
My sone, thenk on the crowe, a Goddes name;
My sone, keep wel thy tonge and keep thy frend.
A wished tonge is worse than a feend,
My sone, from a feend men may hem blesse;
My sone, God of his unendles goodnesse
Walled a tonge with teeth and lipses ere,
For man sholde hym assaye what he speche;
My sone, ful ofte, for to muche speche,
Bath many a man been split, as clerkes teche;
But for a litle speche appely.
Is no man shent, to speke generally,
My sone, thytonge sholde not restraym.
At alle tymes, but when thou dost thy peyne
To speke of God, in honour and preyer.
The Maunciples Tale

The firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt leere,
Is to restryme and kepe wel thy tonge;
Thus lerne children whan that they been yonge.
My sone, of muchel apleying yvele ayeved,
Ther lasse apleying hadde ynothough suffused,
Comth muchel harme, thyn was me toold and taught.
In muchel speche symne wanteth naught.
Mow tow wheref a rakel tonge aerveth.
Right as a swerd aorketteth and forkereth
An arm atwo, my deere sone, right so
A tonge kutteth freendishipe atwo.
A jangler is to God abomynable;
Reed Salomon, so wys and honorable;
Reed David in his Psalms, reed Benekhe.
My sone, spek nat, but with thyn heed thou bekke.
Dissimule as thou were deef, if that thou hear
A jangler speke of perilous materre.
The Fleming seith, and lerne it if thee teste,
That Litel jangling causeth muchel reate.
My sone, if thou no wilked word hast seyd,
Thee ther nat drede for to be biwreyed;
But he that hath mysuseyd, I dar wel sain,
He may by no wey clepe his word agayn.
Thynge that is seyd, is seyd; and forth it gooth,
Though hym repente, or be hym leef or looth.
He is his thral to whom thay hath sayd
A tale, of which he is now yvele apayd.
My sone, be war, and be noo auctour newe
Of tidynge, whether they been false or trewe.
Whereo thou come, amonghe yve or lowe,
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thynk upon the crowe.
Here is ended the Maunciples Tale of the Crowe.

Almost fulfild is al myn ordenance;
I pray to God so yeve hym right good chaunce
That telleth this tale to us lustily.
Sire preest, quod he, artow a vicary?
Or art a person? say bothe, by thy fey!
Be what thou be, ne breke thou nat cure play;
For every man, save thou, hath toold his tale,
Unboele, and shewe us what is in thy mate;
For trewely, me thynketh, by thy cheere,
Thou sholdest knytte up wel a greet materre.
Telle us a fable anon, for coloues bone.

HS pseuonse, him anwerde al atomes,
Thou getest fable noon yntold for me,
For Paul, that wright unto Thymothee,
Repreyveth hem that weyveth soothfastnesse,
And telen fables and owich wrecchednesse.
Whyn sholde I sowen draught out of my feet,
Whan I may sowen whete, if that me leat?
For which I seye, if that you list to heere
Moralitee and vertucous materre,
And thanne that ye wol yeve me audience,
I wol ful fayn, at Cristes reverence,
Do you plesaunce leefful, as I kan.
But trusteth wel, I am a southen man,
I han nat geeste rum, ram, ruf, by lettre,
Ne, God woot, rym holde I but litel bettere;
And therfore, if you list, I wol nat close.
I wol yow telle a myrie tale in prose
To knytte up at this feeste, and make an ende.
And Jheau, for his grace, wit me sende
To shewe you the wy, in this viage,
Of thilke parfit glorius pilgrymage
That highte Jerusalem celestial.
And, if ye vouceshauf, anon I shal
Bigynne upon my tale, for whiche I preyne
Telle youre aye, I han no bette seye.
But nathelesse, this meditacion
I putte it ay under correccion
Of clerkes, for I am nat textuell
I take but the sentence, trusteth wel.
Therfore I make protestacion
That I wol stonde to correccion.

DON this word we han assentede sonee,
For, as us aeneed, it was for to doone,
To enden in som vertuous sentence,
And for to yeve hym space and audience;
And bede sure Hoost he abole to hym seye,
That alle we to telle his tale hym preye.
Oure Hoost hadde the wordes for us alle:
Sire preest, quod he, now faire you bifalle
Say what you list, and we wol gladly here;
And with that word, he seye in this manere:
Telleth, quod he, youre meditacion.
But hasteth yow, the somne wol adoun;
Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,
And to do wel God selde you his grace.
Explicit prohemium.
SHEERE BIGYNETH THE PERSONS TALE

Jer. vi. Statu super vias et videte et interrogate de viis antiquis, que sit via bona; et ambulate in ea, et invectis refrigierium animabus vestris, &c.

HERE sweete Lord God of hevene, that no man wol peisse, but wol that we comen alle to the knowleche of hym, & to the blisful lif that is perdurable, amonesth us by the prophete Jeremi, and seith in this wyse. Stondethe upon the wyse, & seith and asteth of olde pathes, that is to seyn, of olde sentences, which is the goode wyse; & walsketh in that wyse, & ye shal fynde refrisshynge for youre soules, &c.

ANYe been the wyse espirituel that leden folk to oure Lord Jesu Crist, and to the regne of glory. Of whiche wyse, ther is a ful noble wyse and a ful covenable, which may nat fayle to no man ne to woman, that thurgh synne hath myysadon fro the righte wyse of Jerusalme celestial; & this wyse is clesed penitence, of whiche man shulde gladely beweth & enquere with al his herte: to wyten what is penitence, and whanne it is clesed penitence, and in how manye manerez been the accoune or werlynges of penitence, and how manye spekes ther been of penitence, and whiche thyngez appearenz and bioken to penitence, and whiche thyngez des-toubren.

SAINTE Ambrose seith, that Penitence is the pleynynge of man for the gret that he hath doon, and nymoore to do any thyng for which hym oughte to pleyne. And som doctur seith: Penitence is the wemynynge of man, that sorwe for his synne, and synynym hym-self for he hath myysadon. Penitence, with certeyne circumstanc, a verray repentence of a man that hath biyned in sorwe, & othyer payen for his gittes. And for he shal be verray penitent, he shal first biwynen the synnes that he hath doon, and stidefastly purpisen in his herte to have shirft of mouth, and to doon sa-tysfaioun, and nevere to doon thyng for whiche hym oughte moore to biwynen or to compleyne, & to continuen in gode werkes: or elles his repentance may nat avaiile. For as seith Saini Vide, he is a japer and a gubber, and no verray repentant, that oft of synne is the synnes and of synne oughte repente. Wepyne, &nat for to styn to do synne, may nat avaiyle. But nathelesse, men shal hope that every tymne that man fallith, he is nevero fote, that he may arisse thurgh penitence, if he have grace. But certe- tynly it is a grete doyte for seith Saini Vide Gregorie. Unnethe ariseth he out of synne, that is charged with the charge of yuel usage. And therefore repentant folk, that synte for to synne, and forliete synne that synne forlethe hem, hoole chichre holdeth hem aliter of hire synne. And he that synnethe, & verrayly repenteth hym in his laste ende, hoole chichre yet hopeth his sauing, by the gret mercy of oure Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance; but taketh the siker wyse.

A nywe synne that I have declared now what thyng is penitence, now shul ye understonde that ther been three accoune of penitence. The first accoune of penitence is, that a man be baptyzat after that he hath synned. Saini Augustyn seith: But he be penytent for his olde fyl tyf, he may nat bigynne the newe clene lif. For certes, if he be baptyzat without penitence of his olde gylt, he receyveth the marck of baptyse, but nat the grace ne the remission of his synnes, ut he have repentance verray. Another defaute is thi, that men doon deedly synne after that they han receyved baptyse. The thridde defeute is, that men fallen in venial synnes after he baptyse, fro day to day. Therof seith Saini Augustyn, that Penitence of goode and humble folk is the penitence of every day.

THE spekes of penitence been threre. That conj of hem is solene, another is commune, and the thridde is vertuous, gith penance that is solene, is in two manere: as to be put out of hoole chichre in lente, for slaughtre of children, & swych maner thyng. Another is, whan a man hath synned openly, of which synne the fame is openly spoken in the contree; and thanne hoole chichre fhugesement, that streyneth hym for to do open penance. Commune penance is that preestes en-joyen men in certeyn caas: as for to goon, peraventure, naken in pilgresmes, or bare foot. Dryue penance is thylke that men doon alway for private synnes, of whiche they shryve hem privately, and receyve prive penance.

NOW shallowe understande what is bivelyly and necessarie to verray perfit penitence. And this stant on the tynge: contription of arte, confession of mouth, & satisfacioun, for whiche seith Saini Joh Cristostom Penitence
destreyneth a man to accepte benvynly every peyne that hym is enjoved, with conti"", 

**The Persouns Tale**

destreyneth a man to accepte benvynly every peyne that hym is enjoved, with contricioun of herte, and sh rift of mouth, with satisfaccioun; & in werlyngue of alle manere humylites. And this is fruytful penitence against thee thynge in whiche we wretche our Lord Jhesu Crist: this is to seyn, by delit in thynkyng, by reccheleenesse in speleynge, & by wilshed synful werlyngue. And agayn this wilshede gifte is peniten
tence, that may be likened unto a tree.

The route of this tree is contricioun, that hideth hym in the herte of hym that is verray repentaunt, right as the roote of a treechy deth hym in the erthe. Of the route of contricioun spryngeth a stalike, that bereth branches and leaves of confesioun, & fruyt of satisfaccioun. For which Crist seith in his gospele, Doth dignif fruyt of penitence; for by this fruyt may men knowe this tree, and nat by the roote that is hyd in the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne by the leaves of confesioun. And therefore our Lord Jhesu Crist seith thys: By the fruyt of bem ye shul known hem. Of this route ech spryngeth a seed of grace, which the seed is moo
der of aikeness, and this seed is egre and hoot. The grace of this seed spryngeth of God, thurgh remembrance of the day of doome and on the peynes of helle. Of this matere seith Salomon, that, In the drede of God man forleteth hym. The herte of this seed is the love of God, & the desiring of the joye perdueable. This hete draweth the herte of a man to God, and dooth hym haten his synne. For soothly, ther is nything that sauvoureth se well to a child as the milk of his norice, ne noynng is to hym moore abomynable than thylke milk when it is neded with othre mete. Right so the synful man that lovethe his synne, hym nemeth that it is to him moost sweeke of anynyng; but fro that tymye that he lovethe so badly our Lord Jhesu Crist, and desirith the lif perdueable, ther nys to hym nothyng moore abomynable. For soothly, the lawe of God is the love of God; for which David the prophete seith: I have loved thy lawe and hated wicked
ness and hate; he that lovethe God kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saugh the prophete Daniel in spirit, upon the aysson of the kyng Nybugodonosor, whan he conselle hym to do penitence. Penance is the tree of lyf to hem that it recepy, & be that holde hym in verray penitence is blessed; after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penitence of contricioun man shall understonde foure thynge: that is to seyn, what is contricioun: and whiche been the causes that moveyn a man to contricioun: and how he sholde be contrit: and what contricioun availedeth to the soule. Channe is it thus: that contriciun is the verray sorwe that a man receyvyth in his herte for his synne, with sad purpuse to abryve hym, and to do penitence, and nevermoore to do synne. And this sorwe shal been in this maner, as seith Seint Bernard. It shal been hyvy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poynant in herte, first, for man hath agylt his Lord and his Creatour: and moore sharpe and poynant, for he hath agylt hya fader celestial; and yet moore sharpe & poynant, for he hath warathed and agylt hym that boughthe hym; which with his precious blood hath delivered us fro the bondes of synne, and fro the crucete of the deely, and fro the peynes of helle.

The causes that oughte move a man to contricioun been seex. First, a man shal remember hym of his synnes; but looke he that that thylke remembrance ne be to hym no delit by no way, but greet shame and sorwe for his gift.

For Job seith: Synful men doen werke worthy of confesioun. And therefore seith Ezechiel: I wol remembre me alle the verb of my lyf, in bitternesse of myn herte. And God seith in the Apocalypse: Remembre yow fro whennes that ye been falle fro biforn that tymye that ye synnyd ye were the children of God, and bymes of the regne of God; but for youre synnyd ye been woxen thral and foul, and members of the feend, hate of angyl, acouldre of hooty chyrche, and foode of the false serpent: perpetuelle matere of the fir of helle. And yet moore foul and abomynable, for ye treapasen so ofte tymye, as dooth the hound that retourneth to eten his speying. And yet be ye fouler for youre longe continuynge synne & youre synful usage, for which ye be roten in your synne, as a beest in his dongs. Swiche manere of thoghtes makes a man to have shame of his synne, and no delit, as God seith by the prophete Ezechiel: Ye shal shal remembre yow of youre wyes, & they shul displese yow. Soothly, synnes been the wyes that leden folk to helle.

The seconde cause that oughte make a man to have desdaym of synne is this: that, as seith Seint Peter: Whoso that dooth synne is thrall of synne and synne put a man in greet thraldom. And therefore seith the prophete Ezechiel: I wente sorwefull in desdaym of myself, and certes, wel oughte a man have desdaym of synne, and withdrawe syn of that thraldom and vileynge. And to, what seith Seneca in this matere. He seith thus: Though I wiste that neither God ne man
ne sholde never knowe it, yet wolde I have desdayn for to do synne, and the same Senece also seith: I am born to better thynges than to be thrall to my body, or than for to maken of my body a thrall. Ne a fouler thrall may no mannewomman maken of his body, than for to yeven his body to synne. Al were it the fouleste chevr, or the fouleste womman that lyveth, & least of value, yet is he thanne moore foule and moore in servitude. Evere fro the hyer degree that man falleth, the moore is he thrall, and moore to God & to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel oughte man have desdayn of synne; sith that, thurg synne, ther he was free, now is he makèd bonde, and therfore seith Seint Augustyn: If thou hast desdayn of thy servant, if he agite or synne, have thou thanne desdayn that thou thyself shold est do synne. Take reward of thy value, that thou be not to foul to thyseilf; Alas! wel oughten they thanne have desdayn to been servants and thralles to synne, and soore been ashamed of himself, that God of his endless goodnes hath set him in high estaat, or yeven hem wit, strengthe of body, heele, beaute, prosperite, and bogethe hem fro the deeth with his herte blood, that they soounhyndely, agayns his gentilese, quiyen synne so vileynsty, to slaughtre of hir owene soules. O good God! ye womman that been of so great beaute, remembret you of the proverb of Salomon, that seith: He lineth a fair womman that is a fool of hire body, lyk to a rung of gold that were in the groyn of a soughe. For right as a soughe wrothe in eversich ordure, so wrothe she hire beautee in the stynkyng ordure of synne.

The thridde cause that oughte moee a man to controcis, is drede of the day of doome, and of the horribile peynes of helle, for as Seint Jerome seith: He every tyme that I remembret of the day of doome, I quake; for whan I ete or drynke, or whatso that I do, evere bemeth me that the trompe soweth in myn ere: Riaeth up, ye that been dede, & cometh to the jugement. O good God! muchel oughte a man to drede swich a jugement. Ther as we shullen be alle, as Seint Poul seith, biforn the secte of oure Lord Jesus Crist; whereas he shal make a general congregacion, whereas no man may be absent. For certes, there availleth noo ensemble ne excusacion. And sith onely that oure defauents shullen be juged, but ech that alle oure werkis shullen openly be knowne. And as seith Seint Bernard: Then shal we no plesyng availle, ne no sleighte; we schullen yeven rekenyng of every ydett word. Ther shul we han a jugge that may nat been defauent ne corrupt. And why? for certes, alle oure thoughtes been discovered as to hym; ne for preyere ne for meede he shal nat been corrupt. And therfore seith Salomon: The wrath of God ne wol nat apha no wight, for preyere ne for yiffte. And therfore, at the day of doome, ther nys noon hope to escape.

THERFORE, as seith Seint Anselm: ful greet angwyssh shul the synful folk have at that tyme. Ther shal the stiere & wrothe the juge sitte above, and under hym the horribile put of helle open to destreyen hym that most bi knomewen his synnes, whiche synnes openly been shewed biforn God & biforn every creature. And on the left syde, no deelest than herte may bithynke, for to harye and drawe the synful soules to the peyne of helle. And whilk the herte of folk shal be the bityng conceisance, and withoute forth shal the world al brennyng. Whider shal thanne the wrecched synful man fle to hidden hym? Certes, he may nat hyden hym; he moste come forth & shewen hym. For certes, as seith Seint Jerome: The erthe shal casten hym ouf of hym, and the see also; and the ayr also, that shal be ful of thonder, clappes and lighntynge.

OU soothly, whose wel remembret hym of these thynges, I geese that his synne shal nat tume hym into delit, but to gret sorwe, for drede of the peyne of helle. And therfore seith Job to God: Suffre, Lord, that I may awhile biwalle, and wepe, er I go withoute returning to the derke lond, covered with the darmerse of deeth; to the lond of mysege and of darmerse, whereas is the shadow of deeth; whereas ther is noon ordine, or ordinane, but grisly drede that every shal laste. Loo, heere may ye seent dat Job preythe respit awhile, to biwepe and walle his trespas; for soothly, 20 day of respit is bettir than at the trevor of the world. And forasmuche as a man may acquiten hymself biforn God by penitence in this world, & nat by trevor, therfore shold he preyse to God yeve hym respit awhile, to biwepe and biwailen his trespas. For certes, al the sorwe that a man myghte make fro the bigynnynge of the world, nys but a litel thynge at regard of the sorwe of helle.

The cause why that Job cleepheth helle. The lond of darmerse: understandeth that he cleepheth it londe in ethere, for it is stable, and nevere shal faile; derk, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light material. For certes, the derke light, that shal come out of the yfr that evere shal brenne, shal tyme hym al to peyne that is in helle; for it sheweth hym to the horrible
develes that hym tormenten. Covered with the darkenesse of deeth: that is to seyn, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sighte of God; for certe, the sighte of God is the lyf perdurable. The darkenesse of deeth, been the synesse that the wreched man hath doon, whiche that destouren hym to see the face of God; right as dooth a dark clowe bitwixt us and the sone. Lond of mißesse: bycause that ther been three manerys of defautes, agayn thrynges that folk of this world han in this present lyf; that is to seyn, honours, delícies, and riçhehês. Agayns honour, have they in helle shame and confusion. For wil ye woot that men clepen honour the reverence that man dooth to man; but in helle is noon honour ne reverence. For certe, namore reverence shal be doen there to a lyng than to a knave, for which God seith by the prophete Jeremiah: Thilke folk thai me despiisen shal been in despiat. Honour is eek cleped great lordship; ther shal no wight serven other but of harm & torment. Honour is eek cleped great dignyte and heighhens; but in helle shul they been al forstoden of develes. And God seith: The horrible develes shulle goon & comen upon the hevedes of the dampted folk. And this is forasmuche as, the hyer that they were in this present lyf, the moore shulle they been abated & defouled in helle. Agayn the riçhehês of this world, shul they han mysse of powere; and this powere shal been in foure thrynges: in defaute of tresor, of which that David seith: The riçe folk thai embracêden and onden al hire herte to tresor of this world, shul sêpe in the slepyng of deeth; & nothyng ne shal they fynden in hire handes of al hire tresor. And moore over, the miysye of helle shul been in defaute of mete and drinke. For God seith thus by Moses: They shul been wasten with hunger, and the briddes of helle shul deuoren hem with the bitter deeth, and the galle of the drong shal be hire drynke, and the venyn of the drong hire moræla, And fortherover, hir myysye shal been in defaute of clothynge; for they shulbe naken in bodye as of clothynge, save the fyr in which they brenne and other filthes; and naken shul they been of soule, of alle manere vertues, which that is the clothynge of the soule. Where been thanne the gay robes, & the softe shettes, and the smale shertes? Loó, what seith God of hem by the prophete Ysaye: that Undr hem shul been strawed motthes, & hire covertures shul been of wormes of helle. And fortherover, hir myysye shul been in defaute of frendes; for hemyr nat powre that hath goode freendes, but there is no frend; for neither God ne no creature shal been freend to hem, and eurch of hem shal haten other with deadly hate. The sones and the dochtern shullen rebelle agayns fader and mooder, and hynrede agayns hyrneide, and chiden and despisen eurch of hem oother, bothe day and nyght, as God seith by the prophete Michias. And the lovynghe children, that whilom loveden so flesshly eurch oother, wolden eurch oother of hem eten oother if they mighte. For how sholden they love hem togidere in the Payne of helle, when they hated ech of hem oother in the prosperitee of this lyf? For truste wel, hir flesshly love was deedly hate; as seith the prophete David: Whoso that loveth wilkedenhe he hateth his soule, & And whose hateth his owene soule, certe, he may love no oother wight in no manere. And therfore in helle is no solas ne no frendship, but euer the moore flesshly hynredes that been in helle, the moore cursedynge, the moore chyndynges, and the moore deadly hate ther is among hem. 

And fortherover they shul have defaute of alle manere delícies; for certes, delícies been after the appeites of the fivewitnes, as sightes, heryng, olde, ooneloge, savorynge, & touchynge. But in helle his sighte shal be ful of derhinease and of smoke, and therfore ful of teeres; and hir herynge, ful of waymentyng and of gronymyng of teetes, as seith Theseu Crist; hir nosethirles shullen be ful of atynkyng stynk. And as seith Ysaye the prophete: Hir savoryng shal be ful of bitter galle. And touchynge of al hire body, ycoveren with fir that nevère shal quench, and with wormes that nevère shal dyen, as God seith by the mouth of Ysaye. And forasmuche as they shul nat wene that they may dyen for peyne, and by hir deeth felle fro peyne, that may they understanden by the word of Job, that seith: Theris is the shadwe of deeth, Certes, a shadwe hath the liyness of the thynge of which it is shadwe, but shadwe is nat the same thynge of which it is shadwe. Right so faroth the peyne of helle; it is tyth deeth for the horribile angwissh; and why? For it peynteth hem evere, as though they sholde dye anoun; but certes, they shal nat dye. For as seith Seint Gregorie: To wrecche caytyves shal be deeth withoute deo, & deo withoute ende, and deaute withoute faiyntyng. For hir deeth shal alwaye lyven, and hir ende shal everemo bigynne, and hir deaute shal nat faille. And therfore seith Seint John the Evangelist: They shullen folwe deeth, and they shal nat fynde hym; and they shal desiren to dye, and deeth shal flee fro hem.
AND eeh Job seith: that In helle is
noo ordre of rule; & albeit so that
God hath creat alle thynge in right
ordre, and nothynge without ordre, but
alle thynge been ordeymed and nombred;
yet namethless, they that been dammep
been nothynge in ordre, ne holden noo
ordre; for the erthe ne shal hre hem no
fruyst. For, as the prophete Davide seith:
God shal destroie the fruyst of the erthe
as fro hem; ne water shal yeve hem no
moisture; ne the eyr no refresshing, ne
fyr no light. For as seith Saint Basilie: The
brenynge of the fyr of this world shal
God yeven in helle to hem that been
damned; but the light and the clermese shal
be yeven in hevene to his children; right as
the goode man yeve thim to his
children, and bones to his houndes. And for
they shullen have noo hope to escape,
seith Saint Job atte laste: that Ther shal
horour & grisly drede dwelten without end.

ORROUR is alwey drede of harm
that is to come, and this drede shal
ever dwelle in the hertes of hem
that been dammep; and therefore han they
lorn al hre hope for seveyn causes. First,
for God that is hir juge shal be withouten
mercy to hem; and they may nat please hym
tenoon of his halves; ne they may yeve
nothynge for hirraumoun; ne they have no
way to apele to hym; ne they may nat fle
fro peyne; ne they have no goodnesse in
hem, that they may bewe shewe to deliveren
fro peyne. And therefore seith Salomon:
The whitk man dyeth; and when he is
deed, he shal have noon hope to escape fro
peyne. Whose thanne wolde we wolonder
stnde these peynes, and bithynke hym
weel that he hath deserved thilke peynes
for his synne, certes, he shold have
moore talent to siken and to wepe, than
for to syngeyn & to pleye. And so seith
Salomon: Whose that hadde the science
to knowethe peynes that been establisshed
and ordeymed for synne, wolde make
sorwe. Thilke science, as seith Seint Au-
gustyn, maketh a man to waytymen
in his herte.

The fourth point, that oghte maken
a man to have contricioun, is the
sorwful remembraunce of the good
that he hath lef to doon here in erthe; &
eeh the good that he hath lorn. Soothly,
the goode werkes that he hath left, outere
they been the goode werkes that he hath
wroghte er he fel into deedly synne, or elles
the goode werkes that he wroghte while he
lay in synne. Soothly, the goode werkes
that he dide biforn that he fil in synne,
been al mort Seyned and aysned and dulled
by the ofte synnyng. The othe goode
werkes that he wroghte while he lay in
deedly synne, thil been ourelly dede as to
the lyf perdurable in hevene. Thanne
thilke goode werkes that been mortefed
by ofte synnyng, whiche goode werkes he
dide whil he was in charite, ne momere
quychen agayn withouten verray peniten
c. And thercfol seith God, by the mouth
of Ezechiel: that, If the rightful man returne
agayn from his rightwienesse and werke
wilkednesse, shal he lyve? Nay; for alle
the goode werkes that he hath wroghte ne
shal never been in remembrance; for he
shal dyen in his synne. And upon thilke
chapitre seith Seint Gregorie thus: That
we shulde understonde this principally;
that when we doon deedly synne, it is for
noht thanne to thershen or drawn into
memory the goode werkes that we han
wroghte biforn. For cerce, in the werkyng
of the deedly synne, ther is no trust to no
good werke that we han doon biforn; that is
to seyn, as for to have therby the lyf
perdurable in hevene. But namethless, the
goode werkes quyken agayn, and comen agayn,
and helpen, & awailen to have the lyf
perdurable in hevene, when we han contricioun.
But soothly, the goode werkes that men
doon whil they been in deedly synne, for.
asmuch as they were doon indeedly synne,
they may neuer quyken agayn. For cerce,
thyng that neuer hadde lyf may neuer
quyken; and namethless, albeit that theyne
awailenoght to han the lyf perdurable, yet
awailen they to abregge of the peyne of
erthe, or elles to geten temporal richesse,
or elles that God wolte the rather elumynye
and lichten the herte of the synful man to
have repentesance. And eer they awailen
for to usen a man to doon goode werkes,
that the fennel have the lasse power of his
soule. And thus the curteis Lord Theu
Crist wolte that no good werke belost; for
somwhat it shal awaile. But, forasmuch as
the goode werkes that men doon whil
they been in goody lyf, been al morteysed by
synne folowyng; and eeh, sith that alle
the goode werkes that men doon whil they
been in deedly synne, been ourelly dede as for
to have the lyf perdurable; we may that
man, that no good werke ne dooth, synge
thilke newe Fresche song: Jay tout perdue
mon temps et mon labour.

ORK cerce, synne bireveth a man
both the goodnesse of nature and eeh
the goodnesse of grace. For soothly,
the grace of the Holly Goost far eth lyk
fyr, that maynat been ydell; for fyr layeth
anoon as it forleteth his wirkyng, & right
so grace layeth anoon as it forleteth his
werkyng. Othen laseth the synful man the
goodnesse of glorie, that only is blisight
to goode men that laboure and werken.
The Persoues Tale

Wel may he be sore thanne, that oweth at his lyf to God, as longe as he hath lyved, and eek as longe as he shall lyve, that no goodnesse ne hath to paye with his deth to God, to whom he oweth at his lyf. For, trust wel: He shal yeve a coute, as seith Seinte Bernard, of alle the goodes that he shal yeve hym in this present lyf, and how he hem he despended; in somathe what shal nat pierisse an heir of his heede, ne a moment of an houre ne shal nat pierisse of his tyme, that he ne shal yeve of it a relevynge.

The fynthe thyng that oughte moove a man to contricioun, is remembrance of the passion of thatoure Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our synnes. For, as seith Seinte Bernard: Whil that I lyve, I shal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Crist suffered in prechynge; his wearynesse in travailing, his temtacions when he fasted, his longe wakeynge whan he preyde, his teeres when he wepe for pite of good peple; the wo and the shame and the filth that men ayden to hym; of the foule spittynge that men spitte in his face, of the buffetten that men yeven hym, of the foule mowynge, and of the reproves that men to hym ayden; of the nayles with whiche he was nayled to the cross, and of al the remnaunt of his passion that he suffered for my synnes, and nothing for his gil. And ye shal under stonde, that in mannan synne is every manere of ordre or ordinaunce turned up so doun. For it is sooth, that God, & resoun, and sensualite, and the body of man, been so ordened, that eveyr of thi four thynges shold have lordship over that oother; as thus: God shold have lordship over resoun, & resoun over sensualite, and sensualite over the body of man. But soothly, when man synnyth, at this ordre or ordinaunce is turned up so doun. And therfore thanne, forasmuche as the resoun of man ne wol nat be subjet ne obeisant to God, that is his lord by right, therfore leseth it the lordshipe that it shold have over sensualite, and eek over the body of man. And why? For sensualite rebelleth thanne agayn synne; & by that wye leseth resoun the lordshipe over sensualite and over the body. For right as resoun is rebel to God, right so is both sensualite rebel to resoun and the body also.

Ceretne, this discordanse & this rebellioune Lord Jesu Crist aboughte upon his precious body ful dere, and herkneth in which wise, forasmuche thanne as resoun is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have aorewe and to be deede. This sufferedoure Lord Jesu Crist for man, after that he hadde be traitayed of his disciule, & disgrace and bounde, so that his blood brast out at every nayl of his handes, as seith Seint Augustyn. And furtheover, foramuchel as resoun of man ne wol nat daunte sensualite when it may, therfore is man worthy to have shame; and this sufferedoure Lord Jesu Crist for man, when they apetoten in his visage. And furtheover, foramuchel thanne as the caytyff body of man is rebel both to resoun and to sensualite, therfore is it worthy the deeth. And this sufferedoure Lord Jesu Crist for man up on the cros, whereas ther was no part of his body free, without yeve payne and bitter passioun.

And at this sufferedoure Lord Jesu Crist, the never forsetten. And therfore reasonably may be said of Jesu in this manner: To muchel am I payned for the thynges that I nevere deserved, & to muche defouled for shendishipe that man is worthy to have. And therfore may the synful man wel aye, as seith Seint Bernard: be cursed be the bitterness of my synne, for which the moste be suffered so muchel bitterness of. For certes, after the diverse discordiances of our wickednesse, was the passion of Jesu Crist ondained in diverse thynges, as thus. Certes, synful mannes soule is bitrassyed of the deeth by covetise of temporall prosperitee, and scorned by deite when hechese hath fleshly delices; and yet is it tormented by inpacity of adversite, and byset by servage and subjeytice of synne; and att laste it is alayn finall. For this discordanse of synful man was Jesu Crist first bitrassyd, and after that was he bounde, that cam for to unbynden us of synne and payne. Thanne was he byconard, that conlysholde he been honoured in alle thynges & of alle thynges. Thanne was his visage, that oughte be desired to be syn of al mankynde, in which visage angels desiren to looke, vileynsly buspet. Thanne was he ascerued that nothing hadde agilit; and finally, thanne was he cruised and alayn. Thanne was accomplishe the word of Ysaie: He was wounded for our myadies, & defouled for our felonyes. Now sith that Jesu Crist took upon hymself the payne of alle our wickednesse, muchel ought synful man wapen & biwale, that for his synnes Goddes sone of hevene shold al this payne endure.

The sixte thyng that oughte moove a man to contricioun, is the hope of the thynges: that is to say, forsyntneuse of synne, and the yitte of grace wed for to be, and the glorie of heven, with which God shal guerdone a man for his good deeds.
AND, forsasmuche as Jesus Crist yeth us thisis yiftes of his largeesse, and of his sovereyn bountee, therefor is he cleepe Jesus Nazarenu, rex Judæorum. Jesus is to seyn Saveour or Salvacioun, on whom men shal hope to have forsynthe of synnes, which that is propely salvacioun of synnes. And therfore seyde the aungel to Joseph: Thou shalt cleepe his name Jesus, that shal awen his peple of his synne. And heroif seith Seint Peter: Theres noo cothername under hevene that is yewe to any man, by which a man may be saved, but onely Jesus Nazarenu is as muche for to seye se florishynghe, in which a man shal hope, that he that yeveth hym remissioun of synnes shal yeve hym ete grace wel for to do, for in the flour is hope of fruyt in tymc concomyng, and in forsynthe of synnes, hope of grace wel for to do, I was attedore of thyn herte, seith Jesus, and cleepe for to entre; he that opneth to me shal have forsynthe of synne. I wol entre into hym by my grace, and soupe with hym, by the good werkes that he shal doo; whiche werkes be the foode of God; and he shal soupe with me, by the grete joye that I shal yeven hym. Thus shal man hope, for his werkis of penance, that God shal yeven hym his regne, as he bichoteth hym in the gospel.

ND furtherover, contricioun sholde be wondorwerful & angwassous, & therfore yeveth hym God plenly his mercy; & therfore, whan my soule was angwassous withinne me, I hadde remembrance of God, that my preeyre myghte come to hym. ND furtherover, contricioun mooste be continewed, & that man have a redde fast purpus to shrenken hym, and for to amenden hym of his lyf. For soothly, whil contricioun lasteth, man may ever have hope of forsynthe, & of this comth hate of synne, that destoyeth synne bothe in himself, & ete in other folkis, at his power. For whiche seith David: Ye that loven God hathe wishednesse, for trusteth wel, to love God is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth.

ND laste thyng that man shal unnderacounde in contricioun is this: whereof passeth contricioun. I seye, that somyme contricioun delivereth a man fro synne: of which that David seith: I seye, quod David, that is to seyn, I purposed fermenly to shryve me; & thow, Lord, releasment my synne. And right so as contricioun availleth noght, withouten ad purpos of shryfis, if man have opportunite, right so litel worth is shryfe or satisfactioun withouten contricioun. And mooreover contricioun destoyeth the pison of helle, & maketh waye and fieble alle the strengthes of the devetes, and restoreth the yiftes of the Hooly Goost and of alle goodes vertues; and it clenseth the soule of synne, & delivereth the soule fro the pone of helle, & fro the companygne of the devels, and fro the servage of synne, & restoreth it to alle goodes espirituelles, & to the companygne & communyng of hooli chyrche.

ND furtherover, it maketh hym that whilcum was some of ire, to be some of grace; and alle thi synne thynge been prised by hooli writy. And therfore, he that wolde sette his entente to thi synge
he were full yea; for soothly, he ne shold ne nat thanne in all his lyf have corage to sygne, but yeve his body and at his herte to the service of Jesu Crist, & therof deon hym hommage, for soothly, sure sweete Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so debonairly in our folke, that if he ne hadde pite of mannes soule, a bory song we myghten alle sygne.

Explicit prima pars Penitentie; et sequitur secunda pars eiusdem.

The seconde partie of penitence is confession, that is aigne of contriccion. Now shul ye understonde what is confession, and whethere it oghtenede be doon or noon, and whiche thynge been covenable to verray confession. First shal we understonde that confession is verray shewynge of synnes to the preest; this is to seyn, verray, for he muste confess hym of alle the condicionis that bilongen to his sygne, as ferforth as he kan. All ought be seyd, and nothynge excused, ne hyd, ne forwrapped, and nought avautne him of his goodewerke. And furthermore, it is neecessarie to understonde whomnes that synnes syrpygen, and how they encreesenn, and whiche they been, Of the syrpyngynge of syneus seith Seint Paul in this wise: that Right as by a man syrne entred first into this world, and thurgh that sygne deeth, right as thilke deeth entred into alle men that syrnyned. And this man was Adam, by whom syrne entred into this world when he brak the comamoundemente of God. And therafter, he that first was so myghtly that he shold nat have dyed, bicam swich oon that he moste nedes dye, whether he wolde or noon; and al his progenye in this world that in thilke man syrnyned.

Wenen, as for to spoken of the firste coveteise, that is concupiscence after the lawe of oure membre, that were lawefulliche ymahrede and by rightfull judgement of God: I seye, forasmuche a man is nat obeisaunt to God, that is his Lord, therfore is the flesh to hym diobatisaunt thurgh concupiscence, which yet is elepte norrispyngynge of syneus, occassione of syneus. Therfore, at the while that a man hath in hym the peyne of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted some time, and move in his flesh to syne. And this thynge may nat faille as longe as he lyveth; it may wol xere fiable & faile, by vertue of baptisme & by the grace of God thurgh penitence; but fully ne shalt it neuer quene, that he ne shal somtyme be movede in hymself, but if he realy refreyed by siknesses, or by malelice of soritere, or colde drynkes.

For lo, what seith Seint Paul: The flesh coventeth agayn the spirit, and the spirit agayn the flesh. They been so contrarie &
so sryven, that a man may nat alwaye doon as he wolde. The same Seint Paul, after his grete penance in water and in lond, in water by nyght & by day, in greet peril and ingreet peyne, in lond, in famyne, in thurst, in coool, and cloothles, and one stoned almost to the death, yet seyde he: Alias! L, castef man, who shal deliwer me fro the prisoun of my castef body? And Seint Jerome, whan he longe tyne hadde wonden in desert, whereas he hadde no compaignye but of wilde brostes, whereas he ne hadde no mete but herbes, & water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erthe, for which his flesh was blash as an Ethiopeen for hete, & ny destroyed for coool, yet seyde he: that The brenynge of lecherie boyled in al his body. Wherfore, I woot wel syrly, that they been decayed that seyn, that they ne be nat tempted in her body. Witness on Seint Jame the Apostle, that seith: that Every whyn is tempted in his owene concupiscence; that is to seyn, that everich of us hath materal and occasion ion to be tempted of the norrisynge of synne that is in his body. And therefore seith Seint John the evangalist: If that we seyn that we weth outwate synne, we decaye us selve, and trouthe is nat in us.

NOW shal ye understonde in what manere that synne wexeth encreeseth in man. The firste thyng is thilke norrisynge of synne, of which I spake bi-fore, thilke fleshy concupiscence. And after that cometh the subjeccion of the deuel, this is to seyn, the deuel's bely, with which he bloweth in man the fir of fleshy concupiscence. And after that, a man bi-thynketh hym whethere he wol doon, orno, thilke thyng to which he is tempted. And thanne, if a man withhastone & weye the firste entsynge of his flesh and of the feend, thanne is it no synne; and if it so be that he do nat so, thanne feeleth he anon a flame or sere. And thanne is it good to be war, and lopen hym wel, or elles he wol falte anon into consentynge of synne; and thanne wol he do it, if he may have tym & place. And of this manere seith Moyseis by the deuel in this manere: The feend seith, I wol chace and pursue the man by wilhed sussicition, and I wol heyth hym by moeyynge or stryynge of synne. I wol departe my priye or my praye by deliberation, and my lust shal been accomplished in delitt; I wol dawre my sword in consentynge: for certes, right as a swerd departeth thynge in two pieces, right so consentynge departeth God fro man: And thanne wol I sleen hym with myn hand in deede of synne; thus seith the feend, for certes, thanne is a man al deed in soule. And thus is synne accomplished by temptacion, by delitt, and by consentynge; and thanne is the synne cleped actuell.
with man understandeth generally, which is venial synne, thanne is it covenable to tellen specially of synnes whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem nat synnes, & no abyde with him nat of the same thynges: and yet nathethes they been synnes. Soothly, as thiste clerke writhen, this is to seyn, that at every synne that a man eteth or drymseth moore than suffiseth to the sustenaynce of his body, in certein he dooth synne. And eek whan he speketh moore than nedeth, it is synne. Elke whan he herketh nat be-nigmely the compleint of the powre. Elke whan he is heele of body & wol nat faste, whan other folk faste, withouten cause reasonable. Elke whan he slepeth moore than nedeth, or when he comith by thilk enchesoun to late to chiche, or to othere werkis of charite. Elke whan he useth his wyf, withouten sovereyn desir of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entente to yelde to his wyf the dette of his body. Elke whan he wol nat visite the bile & the prisoner, if hemay. Else if he love wyf or child, or oothwer worldly thyng, moore than reason requireth. Else if he fater or blandidse moore than hym oughte for any necessitye. Else if he amensowe or withdrawe the almesse of the powre. Else if he apparyleth his mete moore deliciously than nede is, or eet it to hastily by likerousnesse. Else if he talke yemtees at chiche or at Goddes service, or that he be a talker of ydel wordes of folye or of sileynye: for he shal yelden acoonuofte at the day of doome. Elke whan he bisheteth or assumeth to do thynges that he may nat perforne. Elke whan that he, by lighmesse or folie, myeseyth or acometh his neighbore. Else whan he hath any wicked supersticion of thyng, ther he we soo of it no southefastnesse. Thise thynges and mo withoute nombre been synnes, as seith Seint Augustyn.

NOW shal men understande that albeit that noon erteil man may eache alle venial synnes, yet may he refreyne hym by the brennyng love that he hath to ooure Lorde Jesus Crist, and by preyeres and confession & othere good werkis, so that it shal but litel greue. For, as seith Seint Augustyn: If a man love God in swich manere, that at evere he dooth is in the love of God, & for the love of God verrallly, for he brenneth in the love of God: loole, how muche that a drope of water that falleth in a fourne of ful of fyr anoyeth or greeveth, so muche anoyeth a venial synne unto a man that is perfet in the love of Jesus Crist. Men may also refreyne venial synne by receyvyng worthily of the precious body of Jesus Crist; by receyvyng cek of hoole water; by almes; by general confession of Confiteor at masse and at complyn; & by blessyng of bishopes & of preestes, & by oother goode werkis.

Explicit secunda pars Penitentiae. Sequitur de septem peccati mortalis, et eorum dependencia circumstanciis et speciebus. NOW is it bishowly thyng to telle whiche been the deadly synnes, this is to say: chief, taynes of synnes: alle they renne in o lees, but in diverse maneris. Now been they cleded chief taynes, forsammuch as they been chief, and spyrngers of alle othere synnes.

De Superbia. AND though so he that no man ourely telle the nombre of the twiggis & of the harmes that cometh of pride, yet wol I shewe a parte of hem, as ye shal understonde. Ther is in obedissance, avanteynge, yproritie, despit, arrogansce, impudence, swellynge of erte, insolence, elacioun, impacience, strie, contumacie, presumpcioun, irreverence, pertinacie, veyne glorie; and many other twige that I kan nat declare.

Nobis, is he that disobeysareth for despit to the comandements of God and to his sovereyne, and to his goostly fader. Avautour, is he that boisteth of the harm or of the bountee that he hath doon. Ypocrisie, is he that hideth to shewe hym swich as he is, and sheweth hym swich as he nought is. Despitoun, is he that hath daedyn of his neighober, that is to seyn, of his even Cristene, or hath despit to doon that hym oughte to do. Arrogant, is he that thinketh that he hath thillke bountees in hym that he hath nought, or wetheth that he sholde have hem by his desertes; or elles he demeth that he be that he nys nat. Inpudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of his synnes. Swel lynge of erte, is shewe a man rejoyseth hym of harm that he hath doon. Insolent, is he that deaplaeth in his judgement alle othere folk as to regard of his value, and of his konnyng, and of his spekyng, and of his beryng. Elacioun, is shewe he he may neither suffre to have maister ne
felawe. Inpactient, is he that wol nat been ytaught ne undermine of his vice, and by strif werreith trouthe wirtygly, and defendeth his folye. Contumax, is he that thrugh his indignacion is agayns everich auctoritie or power of hem that been his sovereign. Presumption, is when a man undertaketh an emprise that hym oughte nat do, or elles that he may nat do; and this is called aurquiride. Irreverence, is when men do nat honour thereas hym oughte to doon, and waien to be reverenced. Dertinacie, is when man defendeth his folye, & trauteth to muchel in his owene wit. Veyneglorie, is for to have pompe and delit in his temporale hyne, and glorifie hym in this worldly estoat. Janglyng, is when men speken to muclie befor folk, & clappen as a mille, and taken no kepe what they seye. And yet is ther a priue spece of pride, that waiteth first to be salweyd er he were salewe, al be he lasse worth than that oother is, peraventure; & eeh he waiteth or desireth to sitte, or elles to goo above hym in the way, or kisse pas, or been encresse, or goo to offryn biforn the neibore, & swiche semblable thynges: agayns his ductee, peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in swich a proud desir to be magnified and honoured biforn the peple. Now been ther two maneres of pride. That oon of hem is withinne the herte of man, and that oother is without; of whiche soothe this forseyle thynges, & mo than I have seyd, apertenen to pride that is in the herte of man; & that oother species of pride been without. But nathless that oon of this species of pride is signe of that oother, right as the gaye leefsel atte averne is signe of the wyn that is in the celer. And this is in manye thynges: as in speche & contenaunce, and in outrageous array of clothynge; for certes, if ther he hadde be no synne in clothynge, Crist wolde nat have noted and spoken of the clothynge of thilke richeman in the gospel. And, as seith Seint Gregorie: that precius clothynge is cowplable for the derthe of it, and for his softeness, and for his strangeene and degiaynese, & for the superfluite, and for the iordinat scantynesse of it. Alas! may men nat seen, as in oore days, the synful costewe array of clothynge, and namely in to muche superfluite, or elles in to desordyn scantynesse?

But ther is also costewe furrynge in hir gownes, so muche powsonynge of chisel to maken holes, so muche daggyrnye of sheres; forthwith the superfluite in lengthe of the forseyde gownes, traylyng in the donyg and in the mire, on horse & eeh on foote, as wel of men as of wommen, that al thilke trayling is verraily as in effect wasted, consumed, thredbare, and roten with donge, rather than it is yeve to the powre; to great damage of the forseyde powre folk. And that in sondry wise; this is to seyn, that the more that cloth is wasted, the more it costeth to the peple for the scantynesse. And fortherover, if so be that they wolde yeve swich powsonynge and dagged clothynge to the powre folk, it is nat convenient to were for hire estaat, ne sufficient to becte hire necessite, to kepe hem fro the diatempere of the armament.

DON that oother side to speken of the horribile disorderat scantynesse of clothynge, as been thise kutted sloppeys or haynslynye, that thrugh hire shorteness ne covere nat the shameful members of man, to wilked entente. Alas! somme of hem shewen the boce of hir shap, & the horribile swollen membres, that semeth lik the maladie of hirnia, in the wrappynge of hir hoses; & eeh the buttokes of hem faren as it were the hyndre part of a sheape in the fulle of the moone. And moreover the wretched swollen membres that they shewe thrugh the degisyng, in departynge of hire hoses in whitt and reed, semeth that halp hir shameful priye membre weren flayne. And if so be that they departen hire hoses in othere colours, asis whit and blak, or whitt and blew, or blak and reed, and so forth; thanne semeth it, as by variaunc of colour, that half the partie of hire priye membres were corrupt by the fir of Seint Antony, or by cancer, or by oother swich mechaunce. Of the hyndre part of hir buttokes, it is full horribile forto see. For certes, in that partie of hir body theras they purgen hir stynkyng ordeur, that foule partie sheweth to the peple proughly in despit of honestitee, the which honestitee that Jesu Crist and his freends observede to shewen in hir lyve.

OW of the outrageous array of wommen, God woot, that though the visages of somme of hem semel full chaat and debonnaire, yet note they in hir array of atyr, likerousnesse and pride. I seyn nat that honestitee in clothynge of man or woman is uncomeable, but certes the superfluite or disorderat scantynitee of clothynge is reprovable. Also the synne of aornoment or of appareille is in thynges that aperten to ridynge, as in to manye
delicat horses that been hoolden for delit, that been so faire, fatte, and coastewe; and also to many a vicious knave that is sustained by cause of hem; in to curious harneys, as in sadelles, in couerepes, petyrelis, and bridles covered with precious clothing and riche, barres and plates of gold and of silver. For which God seith by Zacharie the prophete: I wol confounde the ridders of swich horses. This folk taken litle reward of the ridding of Goddes sone of hevene, and of his harneys when he rood upon the sade, and he hadde noon other harneys but the powre clothis of his disciples; ne we ne reden that evere he rood on other beest. I spake this for the synne of superfluite, and nat forresounable honestite, whan reson it requyreth.

And forther, certes pride is greetly notified in holandying of greet men, nee, whan they be of litle profitt or of right no profit. And namelie, whan that moynez is felonious and damageous to the peple, by hardhese of heigh lordship, or by wey of offices. For certes, swiche lordes selle thanne his lordshipes to the devell of helle, whanne they susten the wikkednes of hir moynez. Or elles whan this folk of lowe degree, as thilke that holden hostilities, susten the thefte of hire hostilies, and that is in many manere of deceites. Thilke manere of folk been the flye that folwen the hony, or elles the houndes that folwen the carneye. Swich fornayde folkes strangeyn spiritually hir lordshipes; for whiche thys seith David the prophete: Wikked deeth moote come upon thilke lordshipes, and God yeve that they moote descendyn into helle al deom. For in hire houses been iniquites and shrewednesses, and nat God of hevene. And certes, but if they doon amendement, right as God yaf his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, richt so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordshipes as susten the wikkednes of hire servaunts, but if they come to amendement.

PRIDE of the table appearereth eek ful ofte; for certes, rich men been cleped to feates, & powre folk been put away and rebuked. Also in excess of diverse metes and drymikes; and namelie, swiche manere bake metes & dishe metes breynynge of wilde fir, and peyned and castelled with paper, and semblable waist; so that it is abundance for to thynke. And eek in to gret preciousnes of vessel and curiosite of mynstracie, by which a man is stired the moore to delices of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lasse upon oure Lord Jesus Crist, certeyn is it a synne; and certeynly the delites myghte been so grete in this caese, that man myghte lightly falle by hem into deedly synne. The especes that sounden of pride, soothe whan they sounden of malice ymagned, asved, & forcast, or elles of usage, been deedly synnes, it is no doubt. And whan they sounden by freleeet unnayved, soneyly, and soneyly withdrawn ayewyn, at been they grevouse synnes, I gesse that they ben nat deedly.

OW myghte men axe wherof that pride soundeth so spryngeth, and seye: somtyme it spryngeth of the goddes of nature, and somtyme of the goddes of fortune, and somtyme of the goddes of grace. Certes, the goddes of nature stonden other in goddes of body or in goddes of soule. Certes, goddes of body been heele of body, as strengeth, deliverennesse, beaute, gentrie, franchisse. Goddes of nature of the soule been good wit, sharpe understandyng, subtelngyn, vertu natureel, good memorie. Goddes of fortune been richeesses, hygh degrees of lordshipes, presynge of the peple. Goddes of grace been science, power to suffre spiritual travaille, benigne, vertus contemplaciun, withstandinge of temptaciun, and semblable thynge. Of whiche forseyde goddes, certes, it is a ful greet folye a man to priden hym in any of hem alle. Now as for to speken of goddes of nature: God woot that somtyme we wan hem in nature as muche to oure damage as to oure profit. As for to spoken of heele of body; certes, it passeth ful lightely, and eek it is ful ofte enchesoun of the sikness of oure soule; for God woot, the flesh is a ful greet enemy to the soule: and therefore, the moore that the body is hool, the moore be we in peril to falle. Eke for to pride hym in his strengeth of body, it is an heigh folye; for certes, the flesh coveiteth agayn the spirit, & ay the moore strong that the flesh is, the sorier may the soule be: and, overal this, strengeth of body and worldly hardynesse causeth ful ofte many a man to peril and meschaunce. Eek for to pride hym of his gentrie is ful greet folye; for ofte synne the gentrie of the body binymeth the gentrie of the soule; & eek we ben alle of o fader & of o moother; and alle we been of o nature, roten and corrupt, bothe rich and powre. Forsoote, o manere gentrie is for to preise, that appaileth mannes corage with vertues and moralitens, and maketh gentrie Cristenchild. For truste wel, that over what man that synne hath maistris, he is a verray cherle to synne.

OW been ther generale signes of gentillessse; as escheuynge of vice and ribaudye and servagye of synne.
in word, in werk, and contenence; and usyng vertu, curtesye, and clennesse, and to be liberal, that is to say, large by measure; for thilke that passeth measure is folie and asynne. Another is, to remembre hym of bounte that he hath receyved. Another is, to be benigne to his goodes subgetes; wherfore, as seith Senek: Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of heigh estat, than debonairete & pitee. And therefore these flies that men cleveth by, when they maken hir kyng, they cheseng on that hath no prikke wherwith hemay atynge. Another is, a man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to attayne to heighc vertuouse thynges. Now certes, a man to pride hym in the goodes of grace is eek an outrageus folie; for thilke yffe of grace that hadde have tourned hym to goodnesse and to medicine, turmeth hym to venemyn and to confusion, as seith Saint Gregorie. Certes also, whose prideth hym in the goodes of fortune, he is a ful greet foot; for somtyme is a man a greet lord by the mowre, that is a caytiff and a worscheer; he is myght; and somtyme the richeless of a man is cause of his deth; somtyme the delices of a man is cause of the grevous madalye thurgh which he dyethe. Certes, the commendacioun of the peple is somtyme ful falle and ful brocte for to triste; this day they preyen, tomorrow they blame. God woot, desir to have commendacioun of the peple hath caused deeth to many a blooy man.

Remedium contra peccatum Superbiae.

Man with that so is, that ye han understonde what is pride, & whiche been the species of it, and whennes pride sour, deth & spryngeth; now shul ye understonde which is the remedie agayns the synne of pride, & that is, humilitate or meneesse. That is a vertu thurgh which a man hath verray knoweledge of hymself, & holdeth of hymself no pris nedeyttee as in regard of his desertees, considerynge euer his freletee. Now been there manere of humilitate; as humilite in herte, and another humilite in his mouth, the thriide in his werktes. The humilitate in herte is in fourre manere: that oon is, when a man holdeth hymself as nought worth biforn God of hevene. Another is, when he desipeth nother man. The thriide is, when he rehileth nat though men holde hym nought worth. The ferthe is, when ben I nary so of his humiliacioun. Also, the humilitate of mouth is in fourre thynges: in attempree speche, & in humbleesse of speche; & when he bi-lonweth with his owene mouth that he is swich as hym thynketh that he is in his herte. Another is, when he preiseth the bounte of another man, & nothyng therof of amenuseth. Humilitate eek in werktes is in fowre manere: the firste is, when he putteth othere men biform hym. The seconde is, to chese the loweste place over al. The thriide is, gladly to assente to good conseil. The ferthe is, to stonde gladly to the award of his sovereignes, or of hym that is in hyer degree; certein, this is a greet werk of humilitate.

Seguitur de Invidia.

After pride wol I spokene of the foule synne of envyse, which is, as by the word of the philosophere, sowe of oother mannys prosperitee; & after the word of Saint Augustyn, it is sowe of oother mannes wele, and joye of oother mannes harme. This foule synne is platly agayns the Dooly Goost. Albeit that every synne is agayns the Dooly Goost, yet nathelsses, forasmuche as bountee apartemeth proprely to the Dooly Goost, & envyse comth properly of malice, therefore it is proprely agayn the bountee of the Dooly Goost.

Now hath malice two species, that is to seyn, hardenesse of herte in which hednesse, or cheles the flesh of man is so blaynd, that he considereth nat that he is in synne, or rekieth nat that he is in synne; which is the hardenesse of the deel. That oother species of malice is, when a man worsreith trouthe, when he woot that it is trouthe. And eek, when he werreyeth the grace that God hath yeve to his nighbore; & all this is by envyse. Certes, thanne is envyse the wortes synne that is, for soothly, alle othere synnes been somtyme onely agayns a special vertuoute certes, envyse is agayns alle vertuone, and agayns alle goodones; for it is sory of alle the bountees of his nighbore; and in this manere it is divers from alle othere synnes. For wel unnethe is ther any synne that it ne hath som delit in itself, save onely envyse, that ever hath in itself angwissh and sower;

The speeche of envyse been thine; ther is first, sowe of oother mannes goodnesse and of his prosperitee; and prosperitee is hyndely matere of joye; thanne is envyse a synne a ganyly hynde. The seconde speeche of envyse is joye of oother mannes harm; & that is proprely tyk to the deel, that ever ejoyseth hym of mannes harm.

It is this two species comth habbitlyng; and this synne of habbitlyng or distracon hath certeine species, as thus. Som man preiseth his nighbore
by a whilske entente; for he maketh alway a
wikked instituted atte laste ende. Alwey he
maketh a Bute, atte laste ende, that is dignie
of moore blame, than worth is al the preis-
ynge. The seconde speceis, that if a man
be good, & dooth or seith a thing to good
entente, the bakbiter wol turme all thilke
goodness as up & doon, to his shrewed
entente. The thridle is, to amenstone the
bountee of his neighboare. The fourthse
spece of bakbitynge is this; that if men
speke goodnesse of a man, thanne wol the
balbiter seyn: Pardessi! swich a man is yet
bet than he; in dispreysynge of hym that
men preise. The fiftte spece is this; for
to consente gladly & herke gladly to the
harm that men speke of oother folk. This
synne is ful greet, and ay encreaseth after
the wikked entente of the bakbiter. After
bakbitynge cometh gruchying or murmur-
aciously; and somtyme it spryngeth of in-
pacience agaynys God, & somtyme agaynys
man. Agaynys God it is, whan a man grue-
cheth agayn the pynes of belle, or agaynys
poverté, or los of catel, or agayn reyn or
tempete; or elles grucheth that shr ewes
han prosperitee, or elles for that gode
men han adversitee. And alle thise thinges
sholden men suffre paciently, for they co-
men by the rightfull jugement and ordi-
nance of God. Somtyme comth gruchying
of avarice; as Judan grucheth agayn the
Magdaleyne, when she encynte the heved
ofoure Lord Jesus Crist with his precious
ownement. This maner murmur is swich
as whan man grucheth of goodnesse that
hymself dooth, or that oother folk doon
of hym owene catel.

SOMTYME comth murur of pride.
As whan Simon the Pharisee gruched
agayn the Magdaleyne, when she
approched to Jhesu Crist, and wept at his
feet for hire synnes. And somtyme gruc-
chying souerdeth of enuye; whan men dis-
covereth a mannes harm that was prywe,
or bereth hym on bont thyng that is fals.

MURMIRE eek is ofte amonges
servants that gruchen whan hir
soevernes bidden hem doen lewe-
ful thynges; and, forasmuche as they dar
not openly withawe the comandements
of hirsoevernes, yet wol they seyn harm,
and gruchte, and murmure privenly, for
verray despit; which wordes men clepen:
The devils Pater noster, though so be
that the devel ne hadde neuer Pater noster,
but that leved folk, when it swich a
name. Somtyme gruchying comth of ire,
or prive hate, that noriseth ranour in
herte, as afterward I shal declare. Thanne
cometh eek bittersesse of herte; thurgh
which bittersesse every good dede of
his neighbores semeth to hym bitter and
unsavoury. Thanne cometh discord, that
unbyndeth alle manere of friendashipe.
Thanne cometh scornyng, as whan a man
seleth occasion to annoy his neighboer,
al do he never so wel. Thanne cometh ac-
cusynge, as whan a man seleth occasion
to annoy his neighboer, which is lyk
to the craft of the dorel, that waieth bothe
nyght and day to accusen us alle. Thanne
cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man a-
noyeth his neighboer privenly if he may;
& if he ofte may, algate his wikked wil ne
shal nat wante, as for to brennen his hous
privenly, or empoysone or sleen his beas-
tes, and semblable thyngees.

Remedium contra peccatum Invide.

Owe wol I speke of the reme-
die agayns the foule synne of enuye. First, is the lowyne
of God principal, & lowynig
of his/neighbores as/bymself;
for soothly, that noe ne may
not ben without that oother. And truste
we, that in the name of thy neighboere thou
shalt understande the name of thy broth-
er; for certes, alle we have o fader felesly,
and o moeder, that is to seyn, Adam and
Eve; and ech o fader espurituell, and that
is God of hevene. Thy neighboere arow
holden for to love, & wyne hym alle good-
nesse; and therfore seith God: Love thy
neighboere as thyselfe; that is to seyn,
loving ouff of thy taille, & o soule. And moore-
over, thou shalt love hym in word, & in-
beignye amonestynge, and chastisynge; and
confertten hym in his anoyes, and prey for
hym with al thyn herte. And in dede thou
shalt love hym in swich wise that thou shalt
doon to hym in charitee as thou woldest
that it were doon to thyn owene persone.
And therafter, thou ne shalt doon hym no
damage in wikked word, ne harm in his
body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule by en-
joying of wikked exempel. Thou shalt nat
desire his wyf, ne none of his thynges. Un-
derstandeth eek, that in the name of neigh-
boir is comprehended his enemy. Certes
man shal love his enemy by the comande-
ment of God; & soothly, thy frend shal-
tow love in God. I seye, thym enemy shal
love for Goddes sake, by his comande-
ment. For if it were reason that a man sholde
haten his enemy, forsothe God did not re-
ceyven us to his love that been his enemies.

Agayns the manere of wronges that his enemy dooth to hym, he shal doon thy
thynges, as thus. Agaynys hate & ranour
of herte, he shal love hym in herte. Agayn
chidynge and wikked words, he shal prey
for his enemy. And agayn wikked dede of
his enemy, he shal doon hym bountee. For
Crist seith: Loveth youre enemies, & pray
eth for hem that speke yow harm; and eek for hem that yow chacen & pursewen, and dooth bountee to hem that yow haten. Loo, thus commoundeth us oure Lord Jesu Crist to do to oure enemies. For soothly, nature dryveth us to leven oure frendes, and parfey, oure enemies han moore nede to love than oure frendes; and they that moore nede have, certes, to hem shal men doon goodnesse; and certes, in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist, that dyde for his enemies. And in-asmuche as thilke love is the moore gre-vous to perfourme, in sommuchethe moore gretter the merite; & therfore the loyingne of our enemy hath confounded the venym of the deevl. For right as the deevl is dis-confited by hymlycite, right so he is wound-ed to the death by love of oure enemy. Certes, thanne is love the medicine that casteth out the venym of envy from mannes herte. The species of this paas shullen be moore largely in hir chapitet folowynges declared.

Sequitur de Ira.

IRE is ful wikshed, that comth of felonie of herte avysed and cast biforn; with wikshed wil to do vengeance, and therto his reasoun consenteth; and soothly, this is deadly synne. This ire is so displeasent to God, that it trouleth his hous and chaseth the holy Goost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the life of God, that is to seyn, the vertu that is in mannes soule; and puteth the liknesse of the deevl, and bynnmeth the man fro God that is his rightful lord. This ire is a ful greet pleasure to the deevl; for it is the devel's fourme, that is eschawed with the fir of helle; for certes, right so as fyr is moore mighty to destroyen ethely thynges than any oother element, right so ire is myghty to destroyen alle spiritual thynges.

UNH God saw all the works that they did, that they were very good. The heavens also and the earth were finished. And God saw every work which he had made, that it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. So was the euen of the six day. And God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is on the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. So was the euen of the six day. And God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is on the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. So was the euen of the six day. And God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. So was the euen of the six day. And God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. So was the euen of the six day. And God created man in his image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.
his wite and his reson, and by his debonaire
life spirituell, that sholde kephe his soule.
Cereth, that bynymeth eek Goddes due lord,
shipe, and that is manne soule, & the love
of his neighebours. It stryve th th alyd
againy trouthe. It retve hym the quiete of
his herte, and subverteth his soule.

If ire comen thise stynkyng en-
gendures: first hate, that is cold
warteth; discord, thurgh which a
man forsaketh his side frend that he hath
lovede ful longe. And thanne cometh weere,
and everymane of wrong that man dooth
to his neighboare, in body or in cat.
Of this cursed sygne of ire cometh eek man-sslaughtre. And understond weel, that homycide, that is manslaughter, is in diverse
wise. Som manere of homycide is spirituel,
and som is bodly.

SPIRITUEL. Manslaughtre is in six thynges, first by hate; as Seint
John seith: he that hateth his bro-
toer is homycide. Homycide is eek by
balkitynge, of which Balkiteres seith Sa-
quom: that They ban two swerdes with
whiche they slyen hire neighebores for
soothly, as wikke is to iynyme his good
name, as his lyf. Homycide is eek in yev-
ynge of wikked consel by fraye; as for
to yeven consel to argyen wrongful cu-
tumes and taillages. Of whiche seith Salo-
mon: Lecon rorynge and bere hongrye been
like to the cruel lordshipes, in withhold-
ynge or abreggyng of the shyphe, or the
hyre, or of the wages of servaunts, or elles
in usure, or in withdrawynge of the alm-
cese of powre folk. For for which the wise
man seith: fedeth hym that almost dyth
for hunger, for soothly, but if thowe
feede hym, thou allest hym; and alle thise
been deadly symnes. Bodlye manslaughtre is,
when thowe slayest him with thy tounge
in oother manere; as when thowe comande
that sleyne a man, or elles yeweest hym conso-
ile to sleyne a man.

MANSLAUGHTRE in dede is in
toure maneres. That swoon is by lawe;
right as a justice davenport hym
that is coltable to the dede. But let the
justice be war that he doth it rightfully,
and that he do it nat for delit to spillie
blood, but for heypynge of rightweynesse.
Another homycide is, that is doun for
necessite, as when o man slyeth another in his
defendaunt, and that he ne may noon oth-
erwise escape from his owene dede. But
certeynly, if he may escape without mans-
slaughtre of his adheraunce, & sleyth hym,
he dooth symne, and he shal bere peneance
as for deadly symne. Eek if a man, by caas
or aventure, shote an arwe or caste a stoon
with which he sleyth a man, he is homycide.
Eek if a woman by negligence overleth
hir child in hir slepping, it is homycide and
deadly symne. Eek when man destow-
eth concepacioun of a child, and makyth a
womman oother bareynge by drynyng
venounouse herbys, thurgh which she may
net conceyve, or sleyth a child by dryniskes
willfully, or elles putthe certeine material
thynges in hire secrect places to sleen
the child; or elles dooth unkyndely symne, by
which man or womman shedeth hire na-
ture in manere or in place thare as a child
may net be conceived: or elles, if a woman
have conceyved and hurt hireself, and sleyth the
child, yet it is homycide. What seye we eek
of wommen that morderen hir children for
drede of worldly shame? Cereth, an hor-
bile homycide. Homycide is eek if a man
ap-
procheth to a woman by desir of lecher,
thurgh which the child is perisseid, or elles
atoute a woman wittingly, thurgh which she
leseth hir child. Alif thise been homyci-
des and horrible deadly symnes.

AT comen theer o ire manye mo
symne, as in word, as in thought
& in dede; as he that arretthe upon
God, or blameth God, of thyng of which
he is hymselfe gylty; or despireth God
and alle his halwes, as doon thise curseide
hazardous in diverse contres. This cursed
symne doon they, when they feeten in hir
hertes ful whikedly of God and of hir hal-
wes. Also, when they treten unverently
the sacrament of the auter. Thilke symne
is so gret, that unneth may it be
re-
leas, but that the mercy of God pas-
seth alle his werkes; it is so gret, and he
so benigne.

HANNE comth of ire, attre angre;
when a man is sharply amonestet
in his shirte to forleten his symne,
thanne wole he be angry and anwerten
ho-
kerly and angrily, and defenden or exsai-
en his symne by unsteaflynesse of his
flesh; or elles he diete it for to holde com-
paignye with his felawe; or elles, he seith,
the fendaunt hym; or elles he diete it for
his youthe; or elles his concepacion is so
courage, that he may nat forbere; or let it
be his destine, as he seith, unto a cer-
tain age; or elles, he seith, it cometh hym
of gentilnesse of his ancestres; and sem-
blable thynges. Alle this manere of folk
so wrappen hem in hir symnes, that they
ne wol nat delivere himself. For soothly,
no wight that excuseth hym willfully of
his symne may nat been delivered of hir
symne, til he that meketli bimnoweth hir
symne.

AFTER this, thanne cometh sweryng,
that is expres agayn the commande-
ment of God; and this billeth softe
of angerand o ire. Godseith: Chowe shal
nit take the name of thy Lord God in veyn,
or in yde. Also oure Lord Ihesu Crist seith, by the worde of Seint Mathew: Noite jurare omnino: Ne wol ye nat swere in alle manere; neither by hevene, for it is Goddes trone; ne by criche, for it is the bench of his feet; ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a great kyng; ne be thyn heed, for thou mayst nat mak an heer whan ne bles. But seyth by youre word, Ye, ye, and Nay, nay; and what that is moore, it is of yvel, seith Crist. For Cristes sake, ne swereth nat so synfullyn, in dissembleynge of Crist by soule, herte, bones, & body. For certes, it seitheth that ye thinke that the cursed Jewes ne dissembled nat enough the precious persone of Crist, but yedisemble hym moore. And so seith that the lawe compelleth yow to swere, thanne rule yow after the lawe of God in your sweryng, as seith Jeremye, quarte capitul: Jurabis in veritate, in judicio et in justicia: thou shalt kepe thre condicions; thou shalt swere in trouthe, in doome, and in rightwisnesse. This is to seyn, thou shalt swere sooth; for every leysinge is agaynes Crist; for Crist is verity trouthe. And thinke wel this, that every grewe averere, nat compelle lawefully to swere, the wounede shal nat departe from his houre while he useth swich unleyeful sweryng. Thou shalt sweren eeh in doome, when thou art constryned by thy domesman to witnessen the trouthe. Eeh thou shalt nat aver for envye, ne for favoure, ne for meede, but for rightwisnesse; & for declaracion of it, to the worship of God and helpynge of thyne even Cristene. And thence, every man that talketh Goddes name in yde, or falsly swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on hym the name of Crist, to be called a Cristene man, and lyyth agaynes Cristene lyvyng and his techyngynge, alle they taken Goddes name in yde.

BOOKE eeh what seint Peter seith. Actuum quarto capitulo: Non est alius nomen sub celo, etc. Thyns noon oother name, seith Seint Peter, under hevene, yeven to men, in which they mowe be saved, that is to seyn, but the name of Ihesu Crist. Take kepe eeh how that the precious name of Crist, as seith Seint Paul ad Philippienses secundo: In nomine Ihesu, etc.: that In the name of Ihesu every liche of hevenely creatures, oerethly, or of helle, abolden bowe for it is so heigh and so worshipful that the cursed ferend in helle abolden tremblen to heeren it yempent. Thanne semeth it, that men that sweren so horrably by his blessed name, that they despise hym moore boodlyte than dide the cursed Jewes, or elles the deuel, that trembleth when he heereth his name.

NOW certes, sith that sweryng, but if it be lawefully doon, is so houghly defended, muche worse is forsweryng falsely, and yet needeless.

WHAT seye we eeh of hem that deliten hem in sweryng, and holden ye crok? Is it a gentrie or a manly dede to swere grete othes? And what of hem that, of verray usage, ne cese nat to swere grete othes, al be the cause nat worth a straw? Certes, it is horrible synne. Sweryng so demely, without avysement, is eek aysyne. But lat us go now to thilke horrible sweryng of adjuracioun and conjuracioun, as doon thysse false enchantours or nigromanciens, in bacyuns ful of water, or in a bright sword, in a cerce, or in a fr, or in a shulder-bosom of a shepe. I han nat seye but that they doon curiously and damnaably, agaynes Crist and al the feith of hooly chyrche.

WHAT seye we of hem that billeven in divynales, as by flight or by ye noyse of briddes, or of beeotes, or by sort, by geomancie, by dremes, by chrymlynhge of dere, or chrymlynghe of houes, by gowynge of rattes, and owich manere wrecchenedese? Certes, at this thyng is defensed by God, and by al hooly chyrche. For which they been acussed til they come to amendement, that on owich the settten hire blyve. Chame of woundes or maladie of men, or of beeotes, if they taken any effect, it be peraventure that God suffreth it, for folc sholden yeve the moore feith and reverence to his name. Now wol I spoken of leysenge, which generally is fals signifacioun of word, in entente to deceyven his even cristene. Some leysenge is, of which ther comth noon avantage to no wight; and some leysenge turneth to the ese and profit of o man, and to disease and damage of another man. Another leysenge is for to saven his lyf or his catel. Another leysenge comth of delit for to lye, in which delit they wol forge a long tale, & penyten it with alle circumstancies, where al the ground of the tale is fals. Som leysenge comth for he wol sustene his word; & som leysenge comth of recchelesnesse, without avisen; and semblable thynge.s

AT us now touche the vice of flatryng, which ne comth nat gladly, but for drede, or for covertise. Flaterye is generally wrongful prelasyne. Flateres been the develens norices, that norisen his children with mill of losengerie. Forsothe, Salomon seith: that Flaterie is worse then detracioun, for somtyme detracioun maketh an hauteyn man be the moore humble, for he dredeth destraccioun; but certes, flaterye, that maketh a man to enchaunche his herte and his con-
tere

teneace. Flaterere been the devetes en-
chamours; for they make a man to wene
of hymselfe by lyth that henynat lyth. They
been lyth to Judas, that bitrayse God; and
thys flaterere bitrayse a man to sellen
hym to his enemy, that is, to the devel.
Flaterere been the devetes chapelleyngs,
thysynge evere Placebe. Trehen flaterie
in the vices of ire; for ofte tymé, if a man
be wrooth with another, thanne wol he
flater se wight to sustaine hym in his
querele.

HERE we now of swich cursynges
as comth of ious herte. Malisoun
generally may be seyd every maner
power or harm. Swich cursynges bitrayeth
man fro the regne of God, as seith Seint
Paul. And ofte tymé swich cursynges
wrongfully retorneth agayn to hym that
curseth, as a byrd that retorneth agayn
to his owene nest. And over alle thynge
men oughten echeche to cursen hire children, 
and yeven to the devel hire engendre, as fer-
forth as in hem is; certes, it is greet peril
and greet synne.

AT us thanne spaken of chidyng
and reproche, whiche been ful grete
woundes in mannes herte; for they
unsoven the semes of freendshipes in
mannes herte. For certes, unnethes may a
man pleyenly been accorded with hym
that hath hym openly revyle and reproven in
disclaundre. This is a ful griȝ synne, as
Crist aeth in the gospel. And taik hepe
now, that he that repreveth his neighbor,
outher he repreveth hym by som harm
of peyne that he hath on his body, as Mebel,
Croked harlot, or by som synne that he
doeth. Now if he reprev hym by harm of
peyne, thanne turneth the reprev to Thesu
Crist; for peyne is sent by the rightwy
sonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it
meselir, or maheym, or maladie. And if he
repreve hym uncharitabilite of synne, as,
Thou coloure, Thou dronkelewe harlot, 
and so forth; thanne aperteneth that to the
rejoycesynge of the devel, that evere
hath joye that men doon synne. And certes,
chidyng may nat come but out of a vileyns
herte. For after the abundance of the herte
speketh the mouth ful ofte. And ye shul
understode that looke, by any wy, whan
any man shal chaunte another, that he be
war from chidynges and represyng. For
trewel, but he be war, he may ful lightly
quyle the fir of angre and of wratthe,
which that he sholde quene, and per-
venture sleeth hym which that he myghte
chaunte with benignete, for as Seint Sal-
mon: The amayble tonge is the tree of lyf;
that is to seyn, of lyfe spirituel & soo-
the,ly, a dealeste tonge sleeth the spirites of
hym that repreveth, and eek of hym that is
reproved. And Lo, what seith Seint August-
yn: Ther is nothynge so lyk the devetes
child as he that ofte chideth, Seint Paul
seith ed: 1 seruent of God, bibeve nat to chide.
And how that chidynges be a bitaxe
thynge bitwixe alle manere folke, yet is it,
certes, moost uncomforable bitaxe a man
and his wyf; for there is nover reste. And
therefore seith Salomon: An hous that is
uncovered and droppynge, and a chidyng
wyf, been lyke, a man that is in a drop-
ynge houn in manyc place, though he
chewe the drophynge in one place, itt dropeth
on hym in another place; so fereith it by a
chidyng wyf; but she chide hym in one place,
she wol chide hym in another. And there-
therefore: Bette is a morsel of breed with joye
than an hous ful of delices, with chidynges,
seith Salomon. Seint Paul seith: O ye
wommen, be ye subjetes to youre hous-
bondes as binevoeth in God; & ye men, lov-
eth youre wyves: Ad Colessense, terio.

AFTERWARD spake we of crom-
ynge, which is a wylched synne, and
nemely, when he aconateth a man for
his good werkes. For certes, wiche acon-
ere faren lyth the foule tode, that may nat
endure to omelle the seote showre of the
vyne whanne it florissheth. Thys acon-
ere been partynge/felawe with the devel;
for they han joye when the devel wynneth,
and sorwe when he lesteth. They been ad-
versaries of Thesu Crist; for they haten
that he lovethe, that is to seyn, salvacion
of soule.

HERE we now of wylched conseil;
for he that wylched conseil yeveth it
is a traytoure; for he deceyveth hym
that trouthe in hym: Ut Achietofel et Ab-
solonom. But nathelesse, yet is his wylched
conseil first agayn hymselfe. For, as seith
the wise man: Every fals bylyngye man hath
this propertee in hymself, that he that
wel anye another man, he anoyeth first
hymselfe. And men shul undertonde,
that man shal nat taken his conseil of fals
folke, ne of anger folly, or grousse folke,
ne of folke that lown specially to mouch
hir owene profit, ne to mouch worldly folke;
nemely, in conselypeynge of soules.

OW comth the synne of hem that
sowen & maken discord amonges
folke, which is a synne that Crist
hateth outrley; and no wonder is, for he
deycle for to make concord. And more
shame do they to Crist, than dye they
that hym crucifede; for God lovethe bettre,
that freendshipe be amonges folk, than
he die his owene body, the which that he
yaf for uniter. Therfore been they liyned
to the devel, that evere been aboute to
maken discord.

OW comth the synne of double
tonge; swiche as spaken fare by-
form folk, and wilckedly bynynde;
or elles they maken semblant as though they speke of good intencion, or elles in game and pley, & yet they speke of wilshed entente.

The remedia agayns ire is, a vertu that suffreth suavely every mannes goodnesse, and in nat wroth for noon harm that is doon to hym. The philosophre aeth: that Pacience is thike vertu that suffreth debonairely alle the outages of adversitie & every wikked word. This vertu maken a man lyk to God, and maketh hym Goddes owene dere childe, as seith Crist. This vertu diconfiteth thyne enemy. And therefore seith the wise man: If thou wolt venquysae thyne enemy, lerne to suffre. And thou shalt understande, that man suffreth foure manere of gревances in outward thynge; agayns the whiche foure he moost have foure manere of paciences.

The firste gревance is of wilkededef wroth; thilke suffred Theu Crist withouten greschyng, ful paciently, when the Jewes deopised and repregd hym ful ofte. Suffre thou therefore paciently; for the wise man seith: If thou stryve with a fool, though the fool be wreoth or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no rete.

The other gревance outward is to have damage of his catel. Theagayns suffred Crist ful paciently, when he was despoyled of al that he hadde in this lyf, and that nas but his clothes.

The thridde gревance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffred Crist ful paciently in al his passion.

The fyrthe gревance is in outrageous labour in werkes. Wherefore I seye, that folk that maken hir servants to travaillen so greuwosely, or out of tym, as on halidayes, soothe they do greuw synne. Theagayns suffred Crist ful paciently, & taughte us pacience, when he baar upon his blased shulder the croyes, upon which he shold suffren despitous teeth. There may men lerne to be pacient; for certes, noght owne Cristen men been pacient for love of Theu Crist, & for guerdoun of the blissful lyf that is perdueable; but certes, the olde payens, that nevere were Cristene, commendeden & usded the vertue of pacience.

The philosophre upon a tym, that wolde have beten his disipe for his grete trepas, for which he was grewely amoved, and broughte a yerde to acougrte the child; and when this child saugh the yerde, he seyde to his maister: What thynke ye to do? I wole bete thee, quod the maister, for thy correction. For sothe, quod the child; ye oghten first correcyte yerself, that han lost al youre pacience for the gilt of achild. Forsothe, quod the maister, al weynghe, thow seyde
sooth: have thou the yrede, my deere sonne, and correcche me for myn inpacience. Of pacience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to alle hem to which he oughte to be obedient in Crist. And understand wel that obedience is perfit, when that a man dooth gladly and hastily, with good herte Entirely, at that he sholde do. Obedience generally, is to performe the doctrine of God and of his sovereyne, to which hyme oughte to be obediente in alle rightwisnesse.

Sequitur de Accidia.

AFTER the synnes of envye and of ire, now wol I speke of the synne of accidie. For envye blindeth the herte of a man; and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh hym hevy, thoughtful & wraulful. Envye & ire maken bitterness in herte; which bitterness is moeder of accidie, and bynameth hym the love of alle goodnesse. Channe is accidie the anguishe of a trouble herte; and Seint Augustyn seith: It is anoy of goodnesse and joye of harm; Certes, this is a damnable synne; for it dooth wrong to Jesu Crist, inauchwise as it bynameth the service that men oughte to doon to Crist with alle diligence, as seith Salomon. But accidie dooth no swich diligence; he dooth alle thynge with anoy, and with wraunness, slahness, and excusatium, and with ydelnesse, and unlust; for which the boke seith: Aured be he that dooth the service of God negligenly.

CHANNE is accidie enemy to every estaat of man; for certes, the estaat of man is in thre maneres. Outher it is the estaat of innocence, as was the estaat of Adam before that he fell into synne; in which estaat he was holden to wirche as in heringe & adowrynge of God. Another estaat is the estaat of synful men, in which estaat men been holden to labore in preyinge to God for amendement of hire synnes, and that he wolde graunte hym arysen out of hire synne. Another estaat is the estaat of grace, in which estaat he is holden to werches of peniteince; and certes, to alle this synthes is accidie enemy & contrarie, for he loveth no bisynesse at al. Now certes, this foule synne, accidie, is ech a ful greeft enemy to the lislede of the body; for no hath no puroyuncac againe temporel necessity; for it foresweth and forsleutheth, and destroymeth alle goodes temporelye by reccheleonesse.

The fourthe synne, is accidie lyk to hem that been in the peyne of helle, bycause of his slouthe and of hire heynesse; for they that been damped been so bounde, that theymen may neither wel do ne wel thynke. Of accidie cometh first, that a man is anoyed and encumbered for to doon any goodnesse, and makketh that God hath abominacjon of swich accidie, as seith Seint John. Now cometh slouthe, that wol nat sust that no pource. For boothy, slouthe is so tendre, & so delicat, as seith Salomon, that he wol nat sustrecon hardnesse ne pource. For boothy, slouthe is so tendre, & so delicat, as seith Salomon, that he wol nat sustrecon hardnesse ne pource, & therfore he shendeth at that he dooth. Agayn this rotten-herted synne of accidie and slouthe shoulde men exercises himsel to doon goode werkes, & manly and vertuouslye cachen corage wet to doon; thynkyng that oure Lord Jesu Crist qithe the very good dede, be it never so life. Usage of labour is a greete thing forit makketh, as seith Seint Bernard, the laborer to have strong armes and harde synnes; and slouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Channe comth drede to bigynne to werke any goode werkes; for certes, that is enclosed to synne, hym thynke it is so greet an emprise for to undertake to doon werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte that the circumstancies of goodnesse been so grevous and so chargeante for to sustre, that he dar nat undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as seith Seint Gregorie.

NOW comth wanhope, that is despeire of the mercy of God, that comth somynme of to muche outrageous sorwe, and somynme of to muche drede; ymagyninge that he hath doon so muche synne, that it wol nat waillen hym, thounge he wolde repenten hym and forsake synne; thurgh which despeire or drede he abandone all his herte to every maner synne, as seith Seint Augustyn. Which damnable synne, if that it continue unto his ende, it is cleded synnyngyn in the Hoole Coost. This horible synne is so perilous, that he that is despeireth, ther nys no felonye ne synne that he douethe for to do; as shewed wel by Judas, Certes, aboven alle synnes thanne is this synne moste displeasent to Crist and to alle goodmen. Soothly, he that despeireth hym is lykke the coward champaigne recreant, that seith Creant, withoute neede. Alas! alas! needeles is he recreant, and neederles despeire. Certes, the mercy of God is evere redy to evere peniteince, and is aboven alle his werkes. Alas! han a man nat bitrhyne hym on the gospel of Seint Luc, whereupon Crist seith: That As wel shal ther be joye in hevene upon a synfull man that dooth peniteince, as upon lynety and lynye rightful men that nere ne dede synne, ne neden no peniteince? Looke fother, in the same gospel, the joye and the feeste of the goode man that hadde lost his bone, when his bone with repentance was returned to
his father. Can they not remember him eke, that, as seith Saint Luc xxiii, capitulo, how that the thief that was hanged beside Jesus Christ seyde: Lord, remembre of me, when thou comest into thy regne. Forsothe, seyde Crist: I seye to thee, to day shaltow been with me in paradysa. Certes, ther is noon so horribile synne of man, that it nemay, in his lyf, be destroyed by penitence, through vertu of the passion & of the deeth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man thanne to be despairde, sith that his mercy so redy is and large? Are and have, Thanne cometh相通ness, that is, sloggity slombrynghe, which maketh a man be hyvy and dul, in body and in soule. And this synne cometh of sloute. And certes, the synne that, by wye of reason, men holde nat slepe, that is by the morwe; but if they were cause reasonable. For soothly, the morwe/tyde is most covenable a man to seye his preyers, and for to thynken on God, and for to honoure God, and to yeven almesse to the poore, that first cometh in the name of Crist. Lo! what seith Salomon: Whose wolde by the morwe awaketh & seke me, he shal fynde, Thanne cometh negligence, or recchelesnessse, that reketh of nothyng. And how that igno- rance be mooder of alle harme, certes, negligence in the norses. Negleigence nedoth no fore, when he shal doun a thynge, whether he do it weel or baddely. Of the remedie of these two synnes, as seith the wise man: that he that dreedeth God, he spareth nat to doun that him elghte doun. And he that loveth God he wol doun diligence to please God by his werkis, and abandonne hymself, with al his myght, wet for to doun. Thanne cometh ydelnesse, that is the yate of alle harme. An ydel man is lyk to a place that hath no walles; the develles may entre on every syde and sheten at hym at discouvre, by temptacion on every syde. This ydelnesse is the thurrock of alle wicked and vileyns thoughtes, & of alle jangle, truffles, and of alle ordure. Certes, the yeven is yeven to hem that wol labouren, and nat to ydel folk. Eeh David seith: that they ne been wele in the labour of men, ne shal be not been whippen with men, that is to seyn, in purgatorie. Certes, thanne semeth it, they shul be tormented with the devell in helle, but if they doun penitence. Thanne cometh the synne that men clepen Carbur, as when a man is to laterede or taraynghe, er he wolde turne to God; and certes, that is a greet folke. He is lyk to hym that falleth in the dyeb, and wol nat arise. And this vice cometh of a fals hope, that he thynketh that he shal lyve longe; but that hope falleth ful ofte.
complice the goothe werkis in the whiche he purposed fervently to continue. Thanne cometh sceurte, or silkenesse; and that is, when a man doeth no travaile in tyne comynge of the goothe werkis that a man hath bigonne. Channe cometh magnificence, that is to seyn, thanne a man doeth and performent grete werkis of goodnesse that he hath bigonne; and that is the ende why that men shold de goode werkis; for in the accomplishing of grete goothe werkis lyth the grete guerdoun. Channe is ther constaunce, that is stabilesnesse of corage; and this sholde been in herte by stedefast feith, and in mouth, and in beryng, and in chiere, and in dede. Este ther been no special remedies against accidie, in diverse werkis, & in consideracion of the peynes of helte, and of the joyes of heavene, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Goost, that wolte yeve hym myght to perforrne his goothe ententes.

Sequitur de Avaricia.

The Persouns Tale

After accidie wel I spake of avarice and of covetise, of which syrne seith Saint Paulus: The roote of all harmes is covetise: Ad Chimotheum, sexto capitulo: for soothly, whan the herte of a man is confounded in itself, and troubled, and that the soul hath lost the confort of God, thanne seketh he an ydel soles of worldly thynge.

Avarice, after the description of Saint Augustyn, is libereousnesse in herte to have erthly thynge. Some othir folk seyn, that avarice is, for to purchase manye erthly thynge, and no thynge yewe to hem that han nede. And understonde, that avarice ne stant nat ony in lord ne catel, but somtyme in science & in glorie, & in every manere of outrageous thynge is avarice and covetise. And the difference betwix avarice and covetise is this. Covetise is for to covete swiche thynge as thou hast nat; and avarice is for to withold & kepe swiche thynge as thou hast withoute rightful nede. Soothly, this avarice is a syne that is ful damnable; for al hooly writ curseth it, & speketh agayns that twice; for it dooth wrong to Jhesu Crist, for it bireveth hym the love that men to hym owen, and turneth it bakward agayns alle resoun; and maketh that the avaricious man hath moore hope in his catel than in Jhesu Crist, and dooth moore observance in kepynge of his tresor than he dooth to service of Jhesu Crist. And therfore seith Saint Paul, ad Ephesios quintos, that An avaricious man is in the thraldom of ydolastre. What difference is betwix avarice and an avaricious man, but that an ydolesastre, peraventure, ne hath but o mawmet or two, and the avaricious man hath manye? For certes, every floryn in his coffre is his mawmet. And certes, the syne of mawmetric is the first thynge that God defende in the ten comandments, as bereth witness Exodi, capitulo xx: Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thynge. Thus is an avaricious man, that loveth his tresor biforn God, an ydolesastre, thurgh this cursed syne of avarice.

If covetise come thi hard lordships, thurgh which men been distreynd by taylage, custymes, and carriages, more than hire duteoce or reason is. And eek they taken of hire bondemen amerciments, which myghten moore reasonably ben cleped extorsione than amerciments. Of which amerciments and raunsonyne of bondemen, somme lordes spyarwardes seyn, that it is rughtful; forasmuch as a cherl hath no temporel thynge that it ne is his lordes, as they seyn. But certes, thise lordsipes doon wrong, that bireven hire bondesfolk thynge that they neuer yave hem. Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro nono. Sooth is, that the condi- cion of thraldom, and the first cause of thraldom is for syne, Genesis nono. Thus may ye seen that the gylt dissevereth thraldom, but nat nature. Wherefore thise lordes ne sholde nat mucche glorifien hem in his lordsipes, uthat by nature condition they been nat lordes of thralles; but that thraldom cometh first by the desert of syne. And forthermore, theras the law seith, that temporel goodes of bondesfolk been the goodes of his lordsipes, ye, that is for to understande, the goodes of the emperour, to defenden hem in hiright, but nat for to robben hem ne reyen hem. And therfore seith Seneca: Thy prudence sholde lyve benignely with thy thralles. Thilke that thou cleper thy thralles been Goddes peple; for humble folk been Cristes frendes; they been contubernal with the Lord. Thusynk eth, that of swiche seed as cherles appyrgeth, of swiche seed apyrgeth lorde. As wel the cherl beavesad as the lord. The same death that taketh the cherl, swych death taketh the lord. Wherefore I rede, do right so with thy cherl, as thou woldest that thy lord diele with thee. If thou were in his plit, every aynful man is a cherl to syne. I rede thee, certes, that thou, lord, werke in swiche wise with thy cherles, that they rather love thee than drede. I woot wel ther is degree above degree, as reyon is; and alite it is, that men do his done their as it is due; but certes, extorsione & despit of your underlynges is damnable.
And forsothe understood well that these conquerours, or intrants, make ful ofte thralles of hem that been born of no roial blood as been they that hem conqueren. This name of thraldom was nevere erst kowth, til that Noe seyde, that his sone Canaan sholde bethal to his brethen for his synne. What seye we thanne of hem that pilen & doon extortions to hooly chyrche? Certes, the sword, that men yeven first to a knyght whan he is newe dubed, signifieth that he sholde defenden hooly chyrche, and nat robben if ne pilen it; and who so dooth, is traitour to Crist. And, as seith Saint Augustyn: They been the devles wolves, that straglen the sheep of Ihesu Crist; and doon worse than wolves, forsothe, whan the wolf hath ful his wombe, he synnyth to straglen sheep. But soothly, the piourous and destroyours of Goddes hooly chyrche ne do nat so; for they ne synynte neere to pille.

ODE, as I have seyd, sith so is that synne was first cause of thraldom, thanne was it thys; that thilke synne that at this world was in synne, thanne was at this world in thraldom and subjeccioun. But certes, sith the time of grace cam, God ordeyned that som folk sholde be more heigh in estaat and in degree, and som folk more lough, and that everich sholde be served in his estaat and in his degree. And therefore, in somme contrees ther they byen thralles, whan they han turned hem to the feith, they maken hire thralles free out of thraldom. And therefore, certes, the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to his lord. The pope calleth hymself servaunt of the servaunts of God; but forasmuche as the estaat of hooly chyrche ne myghte nat han be, ne the commune profyte myghte nat han be kept, ne pees and reste in erthe, but if God hadde ordeyned that som men hadde hyer degree & som men lower, therfore was sovereignty ordeyned to kepe and mayntene and defenden hire underlynges or hire subgets in reason, as ferforth as it lith in hire power; & nat to destroyen hem ne con founde.

Wherefore I seye, that thilke lordes that been lyk wolves, that devoren the possessions or the catele of povre folk wrongfully, with outen mercy or mesure, they shul recetven, by the same mesure that they han mesured to sowre folk, the mercy of Ihesu Crist, but if it be amended. Now comth deceite bitwixt marchaunt and marchaunt. And thow shalt understand, that marchaunce is in two maneres; that on is bodily, & that other is gostly. That on is honeste and leuyf, and that other is dehoneste & unluyf. Of thilke bodily marchaunce, that is leuyf and honeste, is this; that, therese God hath ordeyned that a regne or a contree is suffisaunt to hymself, thanne is it honeste and leuyf, that of habundance of this contree, that men helpe another contree that is more nedy. And therefore, ther moote been mar chaunt to byrgeyn fro that a contree to that other hire marchaunces.

Yet oother marchaunces, that men haunten with fraude and treacherie & deceite, with lesynge & false othes, in cursed and damnable. Espirituall marchaunces is proprely symonye, that is, entisif desir to byen thyng espirituell, that is, thyng that aparteneth to the seintiurie of God & to cure of the soule. This desir, if so be that a man do his diligence to parfournen it, albeit that his desir ne take noon effect, yet is it to hym a deadly synne; and if he beordred, he is irregeuler. Certes, symonye is cleped of Simon Magus, that wolde han boght, for temporel catel, the yfte that God hadde yeven, by the Hooly Geost, to Saint Peter and to the Apostles. And therefore understood, that bothe he that selleth and he that beyeth thynges espirituells, been cleped Symonyales; be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleeshly preyere of his frendes, or by fleeshly frendes, or espirituell frendes. Fleeshly in two maneres; as by hynde, or othere frendes. Soothly, if they praye for hym that is nat worthy and able, it is symonye, if he take the benefite; and if he be worthy and able, therlys noon.

Yet oother manere is, whan a man or womman pruyen for folke to avauenc hem, onyly for wilked fleeshly a affection that they have unto the persone; and that is feul symonye. But certes, in service, for which men yeven thynges espirituells unto hire servaunt, it must been understood that the service must been honeste, and elles nat; and ecch that it be withouten bargaynyng, and that the persone be able. For, as seith Saint Damasie: Alle the synnes of the world, at regard of this symne, ar as thyng of noghte; for it is the grettiest symne that may be, after the symne of Lucifer and Antecriet, by for by this symne, God forleythe the chyrche, and the sole that he boghte with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chyrches to hem that been nat dign, for they putten in theves, that stelen the soules of Ihesu Crist and destroyen his patrimonye. By swiche undigne preestes and curates han lewed men the lasse reverence of the sacraments of hooly chyrche; & swiche yeveres of chyrches putten out the children of Crist, & putten into the chyrche the develens owne sone. The sellen the soules that lambe sholde kepen, to the wolf that straglen hem. And therefore shul they never han
HANNE is misericorde, as seith the
philosopher, a vertu, by which the
courage of man is stired by the mysees
of hym that is misayed. Upon which misericorde folweth pitee, in parfourmyng of
charitable works of misericorde. And cer
tes, thise thynge is mowen a man to misericord of the Jesu Crist, that he yaf hymself
for cure gilft, and suffered deeth for misericorde, and forgaf us our originale synnynes;
and thery be releesd us fro the pynynes of
helle, and ameneses the pynynes of purga
torie by penitence, and yeveith grace wel to
do, and att laste the blisse of hevene. The
spes of misericorde been, as for to lene
and for to yeve, and to forgiven & relese,
and for to han pitee in herte, and compassi
sion of the meschief of his eneue Crist
tene, and eek to chasteith there as nede is.

ANOTHER manere of remedie of a
gyns avarice is reasonale largeuse;
but soothe, here bishoveth the consi
deracion of the grace of the Jesu Crist, &
of his temporel goodes, and eek of the
goodes perduraures that Crist yaf to us;
and to han remembrance of the deeth that
he shal receyve, he nout whame, where, ne
how; and eek that he shal forgon an that he
hath, save only that he hath despended
in good werkes. But, forasmuch as som
foke been unmesureable, men oughten es
chue fool largeuse, that men ekleen wazt.
Cerises, he that is fool large eke yeveith nat
his catel, but he leseth his catel. Soothly,
what thing that he yeveith for yeveine gorie,
as to mynstrals & to folk, for to beren
his renou in the world, he hath synne therof,
and noon almesse. Cerises, he leseth foule
his good, that ne sekeith with the yihte of
his goodnothynge but syne. He is yky to
hors that sekeith rather to drynken drovy
or trouble water, than for to drynken water
of the cleris welle. And forasmuch as the
yeven theras they holde nat yevein, to hem
apertene ithile malisoun that Crist shal
yeven at the day of doone to hem that shul
been dampeyn.
whiche hire wombe is hire God, and hire glory in confusion of hen that so devote erevthy thynges. He that us un
aunt to this synne of glotonye, he ne may no synne withstonde. He most been in service of all vices, for it is the devils hoord ther he hideth hym and resteth.

This synne hath manye species. The first is dronkenesse, that is the horribile seputation of mannes reson; & therefore, when a man is dronken, he hath lost his reason: and this is deadly synne. But soothly, when that a man is nat wont to strong drynke, & peraventure he knoweth nat the strengthe of the drynke, or hath feblasse in his heed, or hath travailed, thurgh which he drynketh the moore, al be he sobeylyn caught with drynke, it is no deadly synne, but venyal. The seconde species of glotonye is, that the spirit of a man weceth al trouble; for dronkenesse bireveth hym the discreecion of his wit. The thridde species of glotonye is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath no rightful manere of etynge. The fourth is whan, thurgh the grete habundance of his mete, the humour in his body been destempred. The fift is, forvetenesse by to muchel drynkynge; for which sometyme a man forveteth or the morowe what he didde at even, or on the nyght biforn.

Another manere been distinct the species of glotonye, after Seint Gre
gorie. The firste is, for to ete biforn tyme to ete. The seconde is, when a man get hym to delicat mete or drylyke. The thridde is, when men taken to muche overlay measure. The fowrthe is, curiosite, with greet entente to maken and apparillen his mete. The fift is, for to eten to greedily. Thise been the fyve fyngres of the devles hand, by which he draweth folk to synne.

Remedium contra peccatum Gule.

GAYNS glotonye is the remedie abstinence, as seith Galien; but that holde I nat meritorie, if he do it onely for the heele of his body. Seint Augustyn wole, that abstinence be done for vertu and with patience. Abstinence, he seith, is litel worth, but if a man have good wil thereto, and but it be enforced by patience and charite, and that men doen it for Godes sake, and in hope to have the bliss of henye. The felawes of abstinence been attempurance, that holdeth the meene in alle thynges: eek shame, that escheueth alle dishonestes: suffisance, that seeth no riche metes ne drylykes, ne dooth no fers of too outrageous aparalyng of mete. Measure also, that restreyneth by reoum the dealeav appetit of etynge: sobrenesse alao, that restreyneth the outrage of drylyke: spar
ynge also, that restreyneth the delicat esse to sitte longe at his metae and softly: wherfore som folk stonden, of hire owene wyse, to eten at the lasse lyeser.

Sequitur de Luxuria.

FTER glotonye, thanne commeth lecherie; for this two synnes been no ny cowy, that ofte tyme they wol nat deparre. God woot, this synne is ful displeasunt thyng to God; for he nede his; And therfore he putte grete peynes agayns this synne in the olde lawe.

If womman thrall were taken in this synne, she shold be beten with staves to the deeth. And if she were a gentil womman, she shold be slayn with stones. And if she were a bishopes daughter, she shold be brennt, by Goddes comande. For therover, by the synne of lecherie, God dreynte al the world at the diluge. And after that, he brennt five citites with thonderleyt, and sank hem into helle.

NOW lat us speke thanne of thilke stylnkyne synne of lecherie that men clepeth aowtowrye of weydde folle; that is to seyn, if that son of hem be wadded, or elles bothe. Seint John seith, that aowtwiers shullen been in helle in a stam

brennyng of fyre and of braymon; in fyre, for the lecherie; in brymaton, for the styk of hire ordure. Certes, the brehynge of this sacrement is an horrible thyng: it was ma
ed of God hymself in paradyse, and confirme by Jesu Crist, as wittneseth Seint Mathew in the gospel: A man shal lete fa
der and moother, and taken hym to his wif, and they shullen be two in o flesh. This sacrement bitometh the hymynyng to
gide of Crist and of hody chrihte. And nat only God forbad aowtowry in dede, but eek he comande that thou sholdest nat coyte thy neighebors wyf. In this heeste, seith Seint Augustyn, is forbidden alle manere coventise to doon lecherie. Lo, what seith Seint Mathew in the gospel: that Whose aeth a womman to coveteise of his lust, he hath doon lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see that nat only the dede of this synne is forbidden, but eek the desir to doon that synne.

His cursed synne anyeth grevous
lie hem that it haunte. And first, to hire soule; for he obligeth it to synne and to peyno of deeth that is perduce.

Unto the body anyeth it greously also, for it dreynte hym, and wasteth, and shenteth hym, and of his blode he maketh sacrifice to the fende of helle; it wasteth his cattel and his subsatunce. And certes, if it be a foul thyng, a man to waste his
The Persoune Tale
catel on wommen, yet is it a fouler thynge, 
than that, for wicch ondure, wommen dis- 
depend upon men hic catel and substante. 
This sygne, as seith the profehte, bireceth 
man and womman hic goode fame, and all 
hire honour; and it is ful pleasant to the 
devel; for therby wynneth he the mooste 
partie of this world. And, right as a mar- 
cchant deliteth hym moost in chaffar that 
he hath moost advantage of, right so delit- 
eth the fend in this ordre.

This is that oother hand of the devel, 
with five fyngres, to cacche the peple 
to his vilesanye. The firste fyngre is 
the fool tookenge of the fool womman, 
and of the fool man, that sleeth right as 
the basilich sleeth folk by the venyn 
of his sighte; for the covetise of eyen fol- 
with the covetise of the herte. The se-
conde fyngre is the vilesane yngenge in 
whiche he manere; and therefore, seith Salo-
mon; that Whoso touccheth and handleth a 
womman, he fareth lyk hym that banditeth 
the scorpion that stingeth and sodeyly 
sleeth thurgh his enemynge; as Whoso 
toucheth warm pych, it shent his fyngres.
The thrilde, is foule worthes, that far eth 
lyk fryr, that right anon brenneth the herte. 
The fourthe fyngre is the kisynge; 
and trewely he were a greet foul that wolde 
kisse the mouth of a brennynge owe, or 
of a fyroneys. And more foolest been they 
that kisent in vilesanye; for that mouth is 
the mouth of helle: & namely this obsolete 
dardes holours, yet wol they kisent though 
they may nat do, and smarre hem. Certes, 
they been lyk to houndes; for an hound 
whan he cometh by the roser, or by othere 
beautes, though he may nat pissee, yet 
wolle he heve up his leg and make a contene-
ance to pissee. And for that many man 
weneth that he may nat syne, for no lik-
erousenesse that he dooth with his wyf; 
certes, that opinion is fals. God woot, 
a man may seyn himself with his owene 
knyn, and make hymselfe dronken of his 
owene tome. Certes, be it wyf, be it child, 
or any worldly thynge that he lovetb 
God, it is his mawmen. Man he is an ydel-
astre. Man sholde loven his wyf by discre-
cion, patiency & attemper; and thanne is 
she as though it were his suster. The 
fifthte fyngre of the develles hand is the 
stynkyngede dele of lecherie. Certes, 
the five fyngres of glotonye the grete p. It in 
through of a man, with his five fyngres 
of lecherie he gripehym by the reynes, 
for to thrown hym into the fournyes of 
helle; theria shol shul han the fryr and 
the wormes that ever shul lasten, & wypenye 
and wailynge, sharp hunger & thurst, and 
grymnesse of develles that shullen at to 
trude hen, withoute respit and withoute 
ende.

of lecherie, as I seye, sourden di-
verse specces; as fornicacon that 
is bitwixe man and womman that 
been nat married; and this is deadly syrne 
and agaynys nature. At that is enemy 
and destruccioun to nature is agaynys nature. 
Parlay, the resoun of a man telleth eth hym 
well that it is deadly syrne, forasmuche as 
God forbad lecherie. And Sanct Paul ey-
eth hem the regne, that nyo dewe to no 
wight but to hem that doen deedely syrne. 
Another syrne of lecherie is to bireve 
a mayden of hir maydenedhe; for he that 
so dooth, certes, he casteth a mayden out of 
the hysee degree that is in this present 
life, and bireveth hire thilke precious fruyt 
that the booke elepheth. The hundred fruyt.

I ne han seye it noon oother wyse in 
Englishe, but in Latyn it highte: Cente-
symus fructus. Certes he that so dooth 
is cause of manye damages and vilesanye, 
mo than any man han rehen; right as he 
poethylene is cause of alle damages that 
beent don in the feeld, that bireveth 
the henge or the closure; thurgh which he 
destroyeth that may nat been restoredd, for 
certes, namore may maydenedhe be re-
stored than an arm that is smytten fro 
the bodye may retorne agayn to weye. She 
have mercy; this woot Iwel, if she do 
persetence; but neveer shal it be that she 
has corrupt.

Now, albeit so that I have spoken 
somwhat of awovri, it is good 
also to shewen no peril that longen 
to awovri, for to escheue that feule syrne. 
Awovri in Latyn is for to seyn, approc-
ynge of oother mannes bed, thurgh which 
the that whilom woren o flessh abaw-
done hir bodyes to oother persones. Of 
this syne, as seith the wise man, folwen 
manys harms. First, brehynge of feith; & 
certes, in feith is the kepye of Cristendom. 
And whan that feith is broken and lom, 
boothly, Cristendom stant veyn & with-
outen fruyt. This syne is eek a thfete; 
for theft generally is for to reve a wight 
hir thynge agayns his wille. Certes, this 
is the foulate thfete that may be, whan 
a womman stelleth hir body from hir hou-
bonde, and yeveth it to hire holore to de-
foulen hire; & stelleth hir soule fro Crist, 
& yeveth it to the devel. This is a fouler 
thfete, than for to breke a chreste and stele 
the chalice; for thise awovriers breken 
the temple of God spiritually, and stelen 
the vessel of grace, that is, the body and 
the soule, for which Crist shal destroyen hem, 
as seith Sanct Paul.
in this world; no thyng of his thynges is out of my power, but only ye, that is been his wyf. And how sholde I thanne do this wickednesse, & synne so horribly agayns God, & agayns my lord? God it forbeede! Allah! al to litel is swich trouthe now yfounede.

The thride harm is the filthe thurgh which they broken the comendament of God, and defoulen the auctour of matrimonyne, that is, Crist. For certes, in somuch as the sacrement of mariage is so noble and so dign, so muchse is it gretter synne for to broken it; for God made mariage in paradys, in the estat of incocence, to multiply mankynde to the service of God. And therefore is the brehynge thereof the moore grevous. Of which brehynge commen false heires ofte tyyme, that wrongfully occupioun folkses heritages. And therfore wol Crist putte hem out of the regne of hevene, that is heritage to goode folks. Of this brehynge commeth eche eftotyume, that folk unwar weeden or synnen with hir owne kynrede; and namely thilke harlottee that hathten bondels of thise fool women, that mowe be likened to a commune gonge, whereas men purgen hir ordeure.

He yeye weech of puturres, that lyven by the horrible synne of petturie, and constrype women to yelden to hem a certeyn rente of hire bodlyy puterie; ye, somtyyme of his owene wyf or his child; as doon thise bawdes? Certes, thise been cursorde synnes. Understanding eeh, that aovotrie is set gladly in the ten commandements bitwixe thefte and manslaughter; forit is the gretteste thefte that may be; for it is thefte of body and of soule. And it is lyk to homycide; for it kerveth atwo and bereketh atwo hem that first were maken of flesh, and therefore, by the olde lawe of God, they sholde be slayn. But nathelesse, by the lawe of Jesus Crist, that is lawe of pitee, whan he seyd to the woman that was founden in aovotrie, & sholde han been slayn with stones, after the wyf of the Jews, as was hir lawe: Go, quod Jesus Crist, and have namoore wyf to synnere, or wille namoore to do synne. Soothly, the vengeuance of aovotrie is a warded to the penynes of helle, but is so be that it be destourned by penitence.

ET been ther moe spes of this cursed synne, as when that son of hem is religious, or elles bothe; or of cildren that been entered into ordere, as sub-dehine or dehine, or preest, or hospitallers. And evere the hyer that he is in ordere, the gretteth is the synne. The thynges that gretyly agreyng hire synyne, is the brehynge of hire avow of chastitee, when they receyved theordere. And fortherover, sooth be, that hooly ordre is chief of al the tre-sorie of God, and his especial signe and mark of chastitee; to shewe that they been joyned to chastitee, which that is most precious lyf that is. And thise ordred folk been specially titelle to God, and of the special meignee of God; for which, when they doon deadly synne, they been the special traytours of God and of his peple; for they lyven of the peple, to preye for the peple, and while they been suche traytours here preyers avallen nat to the peple.

RIESTES been angeselle, as by the dignitee of hir mystere, but forsothe the Sain Paul seith: that Sathanas transformeth hym in an angel of light. Soothly, the preest that hauntes and deadly synne, he may be likened to the angel of derknesse transformede in the angel of light; he semeth angel of light, but forsothe he is angel of derknesse. Swiche preestes been the sones of Helie, as sheweth in the book of Kynges, that they weren the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. Belial is to seyn Withouten juge; and so faren they; hem thyngeth hem free, and han no juge, namoore than hath a free bole that taketh which cow that hym liketh in the toun. So faren they by wommen. For right as a free bole is ynough for al a toun, right so is a wikked preest corruption ynough for al a parish, or for al a contree.

PRIESTES, as seith the book, ne komenet the mystery of preerathede to the peple, ne God ne knowe they nat; they ne helde hem nat apayd, as seith the book, ofckt chesst that was to hem offred, but they tooke by force the flessh that is rawe. Certes, so thise shrewes ne holde hem nat apayd of roosted flessh and soke flessh, with which the peple fedden hem in great reverence, but they wote have raw flessh of folkses wyves and hir doghteres. And certes, thise women that consenten to hire harlotrie, doon greet wrong to Crist and to hooly chirche & alle halwas, and to alle soules; for they birenen alle thise, hym that sholde worshippe Crist and hooly chirche, and preye for cristene soules. And thherefore han swiche preestes, and hire lamennees eek that consenten to hir lecherie, the malooune of al the court cristens, til they come to amendement.

The thride speeche of aovotrie is somtyyme bitwixe a man & his wyf; and that is when they take no reward in hire assemblynyng, but onely to hire flesshly delit, as seith Sain Jerome; and ne rehken of nothing but that they been assembled, bycause that they been married, al a good ynough, al thynketh to hem. But in swich folk hath the devel power, as seyde the angel Raphael to Tobie; for in hire assemblynyng they putten Jesus Crist out
of hire herte, and yeven hymself to alle
ordure. The foure thynge is, the assem-
blye of hem that been of hire kynde, or
hem that been of gon affynsye, or elles
with hem with whiche hir fares or hir
lynrede han dealed in the synne of lecherie.
This synne maketh hem lyk to bounted,
that taken no kyne to lynrede. And certes,
parentele is in two maneres, outher goos-
ly or fleshly: goosly, as to deleyn with
his godisbes; for right so as he that en-
gendreth a child is his fleshly fader, right
for which a wooman may in no lassyn synne
assemblen with hire godisby than with hire
owene fleshly brother.

The fiftte synne is thike abomyn-
able synne, of that no man un-
nethegothe speke newrite, nathelesse
it is openly heread in holy writy. This cur-
sednes doon men & woomen in diverse
entente, and in diverse manere; but though
that hooly writy speke of horrible synne,
certes, hooly writy may nat be defouled,
namoore than the somne that abyneth
on the mixen.

Another synne aperteneth to lec-
cherie, that cometh in slepyngye; & this
synne cometh ofte to hem that been
maydenes, and eek to hem that been cor-
rupt; & this synne men clepen pollucion,
that comth in four maneres. Somtyme, of
langwisynge of body; for the hoomours
been to ranke and habundaunt in the body
of man. Somtyme, of inferretie; for the
fieblese of the vertu retentif, as phisik
maketh mencion. Somtyme, for surveet of
mete&drynke. And somtyme, of vileyns
thoughtes, that been encloled in mannes
mynde when he gooth to slepe; which may
nat been withoute synne, for which men
moste kopen hem wisely, or elles may men
synnej ful grevyously.

Remedium contra peccatum Luxurie.

Out comth the remedie a-
gays lecherie, and that is
generally, chastitie and con-
tenance, that restreybeth alle
the desorderene moeyngyes
that comen of fleshly tal-
entes. And eere the gretter merite shal he
han, that most restreybeth the whikened
chayngyes of the orude of this synne.
And this is in two manere; that is to sayn,
chastitie in marriagle, & chastitie of widwe
hode. Now shall we undertonde, that man
rimayne is leftful assemblynge of man &
of womman, that receyven, by vertu of the
sacrament the boond, thurgh which they
may nat be departed in al hir lyf, that is to
seyne, whil that they lyven bothe. This,
as seith the book, is a ful gret sacrament.
God maikel it, as I have seyd, in paradyse,
and wolde hymself be born in mariage.
And, for to haullen mariage, he was at a
weydynge, whereas he turned water into
wyn; which was the firste miracle that he
wrouthe in erthe biforn his disciplyes.

REVEL effect of mariage ecohens
forniacioun & replenysset hooly
chirche of good lynamge; for that is
the ende of mariage; & chaungeth dered
synne into venial synne bitwixe hem that
been ywedded, and maketh the hertes at
oon of hem that been ywedded, as wel as
the bodys. This is verray mariage that was
establisshed by God er that synne bigan,
whan naturel lawe was in his righte poynct
in paradyse; & it was ordeyned that o man
sholde have but o wooman, & o wooman
but o man, as seith Seint Augustyn, by
many reason.

HIRST, for mariage is figured bitwixe
Crist &holy chirche. And that othere is,
for a man is heved of a wooman;
algate, by ordaincence it sholde be so, for
if a wooman hadde no men than oon,
thanne sholde she have moo hevedes than
oon, & that were an horible thynge biforn
God; and eek a wooman ne myghte nat
plese to manye folk at one. And also ther
ne sholde nevere be pees nerest amongeth
hem; for everich wolde axen his owene
thynge. And forthermore, no man ne sholde
knowe his owene engendure, ne who sholde
have his heritage; and the wooman sholde
been the lasse biwheel, fro the tymne that
she were conjoynt to many men.

Out comth, how that a man sholde
bere hym with his wif; and namely in
two thynge, that is to sayn, in
suffrance and reverence, as sheweth Crist
whan he made firste wooman. For he ne
made hire nat of the heved of Adam, for
she sholde nat clamye to greet lordiship:
for theras the wooman hath the maistrie,
shal maketh to muche deary; ther neden
none enamples of this; the experience of
day by day clarthe sufffe. Also certen, God
nemad nat wooman of the foot of Adam,
for she ne sholde nat been holden to love;
for she han nat paciencyt suferte; but God
made wooman of the ryd of Adam, for
wooman sholde be felawe unto man. Man
sholde bere hym to his wif in feith, in
trouthe, and in love, as seith Seint Paul:
that A man sholde loven his wif as Crist
loved hooly chirche, that loved it so wel
that he deyde for it. So sholde a man for
his wif, if it were nede.

Out how that a wooman sholde be
subjet to hire houstebonde, that tell-
eth Seint Peter. First, in obedience.
And eek, as seith the decre, a wooman
that is wif, as longe as she is a wif, she
hath noon autorite to werne ne bere wit-
nesse withoute lewe of hir houstebonde, that
is hire lord; algate he sholde be so by re-
soun. She sholde eek serven hym in alle
honestee, and been attempcre of hire array.
I woot wel that they sholde settene hire en-
tente to plesen hire housbonde, but nat by
hyrequyntise of array. Seint Jeromeseith,
that wyve that been apparched in silke &
in precious purpur ne mowe nat clothen
hem in Jhesu Crist. Whatseith Seint John
eek in thyse materie? Seint Gregorie eek seith
that no wight sekeith precious array but
only for weyne glorie, to been honoure
the moore biforn the peple. It is a great
folye, a womman to have a fair array out-
ward and in himselfe be foul inward. A wyf
sholde eek eke be measurable in lokkyng, and
in beryng, and in laughyng, and discreet
in alle hire wordes and hire dedes. And a
bawen alle worldly thynge she sholde loven
hire houusbonde with al hire herte, and to
hym be trewe of his body; so sholde an
housbonde eek to his wyf. For sith that
al the body is the houssbones, so sholde
hire herte been, or elles ther is bitwix hem
two, as in that, no parfit marriag.

FANNGE shal men understande that
for thre thynge a man and his wyf
flesly mowen assemble. The firste
is in entente of engendramere of children
to the service of God, for certes, that is the
cause final of matrimoyne. Another cause
is, to yeleyn everich of hem to oother the
detee of hire bodies, forneither of hem hath
power over his owene bodye. The thridde
is, to echeowe leechere and vileynye. The
fterthe is forsoote the deadly synne. As to
the firste, it is meritoriour, the seconde also; for,
as seith the decreer, that she hath merite of
chastitee that yeledeth to hire houusbonde
the dete of his bodye, ye, though it be agayn
hir lilyngye and the lust of hire herte. The
thridde manere is venyal synne, & truely,
screaly may the any of thisbe be withoute
venial synne, for the corrupcion & for the
delit. The fowrthe manere is for to under-
stande, if they assemule only for amorous
love, and for noon of the foreseyd causes,
but for to accomplis thilke brennyngge deli-
it, they rekhe nevehow oft, soothe it is
deedly synne; & yet, with arowe, somme
tolul wol peyven hem moore to doon than
to hire appetit suffiseth.

THE seconde manere of chastitee is for
to been a clee wy dewe, and ese-
cher the embrayynge of man, and
desire the embrayynge of Jhesu Crist.
Thise been tho that han been wyves & han
forgoone hire houssbonde, & eek wommen
that han doon leecherie & been rereved
by penitence. And certes, if that a wyf houte
hepren hire at chaarfft by licentise of hire hou-
sbonde, so that she yeve neveer noon occa-
son that he agitle, it were to hire a greet
merite. Thise manere wommen that observv
en chastitee moote de克莱e in herte, as well
as in body and in thought, and measurable
in clothynyge and in contenneaue; and been
abstain in etnyge & dryklynge, in spek-
ynge, and in dede. They been the vessel, or
the boyste of the blisse of Madeleine, that
fulfyllth hoole churche of good odour.

THE thriddemanere of chastitete is vir-
ginitee, and it biveth that she be
hooly in herte & clene of body; thanne
is she toswewe to Jhesu Crist, and she is the
lyf of angeles. She is the preelyngye of this
world, & she is as thysse martyn in gaullitee.
She hath in hire that tonge may nat telle,
nr herte thynke. Virginitee baar oure
Lord Jhesu Crist, and virgine was hymselfe.

A NOther remedie agayns leech-
cries, specially to withdrawen swiche
thynge as yeve occasion to thilke
vileynye; as eae, etnyge & dryklynge; for
certes, when the pot boyleth strongly, the
bese remedie is to withdrawe the fy. Slep-
ynge longe in greet quiete is eek a greet no-
true to leecherie.

A NOther remedie agayns leech-
cries, is that a man or a womman es-
che the compaigny of hem by
where he dootheth to be tempted; for albeit
so that the dede is withsouden, yet is ther
greet temptacioun. Soothly, awhit wal, al-
though it ne brenne noght fully by astil-
yngye of a candele, yet is the wal blak of
the leyt, ful ofte tymel I rede, that no man truste
in his owene perfeccioun, but he be strong-
er than Sampson, and hoolier than Davyd,
& wiser than Salomon. Nowe seith, I
have declared yow, as I han, the seven deedly
 synmes, & somme of hire branche and
hire remedies, soothly, if I houte, I wolde
telle yow the ten comandementes. But so
heigh a doctrine I lete to divines. Nath-
lees, I hope to God they been touched in
this tretie, everic of hem alle.

Seguitur secunda pars Penitencie.

OCUL, forasmuche as the se-
condpartie of penitence sainet
in confession of mouth, as
I bigan in the firste chapitre,
Layye, Seint Augustyn seith:
Synne is every word & every
dede, and al that men coveiten agayn the
lawe of Jhesu Crist; & this is for to synne
in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by thy fry
witters, that been sighte, herynge, smell-
ynge, tastynge or savourynge, & feelynge.

OCUL is it good to understande
that that aggregeth muchel every synne.
Chow shalt considere what thow art
that doost the synne; whether thou be
male or femele, young or old, gentil or thral,
free or servant, hool or syly, wedde or sen-
gle, ordred or unordred, wys or fool, clerk
or securter; if she be of thy hynrede, bodily
or goostly, or noon; if any of thy kynde have synned with hire or noon, and manye no thinges. Another circumstane is this: whether it be done in fornicacion, or in aworrors, or noon; inceas, or noon; mayden, or noon; in manner of homicide, or noon; horrible grete synnes or smalle; & how longe thou hast continued in synne. The thridde circumstane is the place thel thou hast done synne: whether in ooth, or menne, house or in thyne owene; in field or in churche, or in churchehawe; in churche dedicat, or noon. For if the churche be halved, and man or woman spille his kynde inwhith that place by way of synne, or by wilked temptacions, the churche is entred till it be reconciled by the byshop; and the preest that dide swich a vileynye, to termes of al his lyf, he shold be namore synge masse; & if he dide, he shold be doon deedly synge at every time that he so songe masse. The fourth the circumstane is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche messengers, as for enticement, or for consentment to bere compagnye with felawe-sipe; for many a wrecche, for to bere compagnye, wil go to the deel of helle. Wherefore they that eggen or consenten to the synne been parteners of the synne, & of the temptacion of the synner. The fift the circumstane is, how manye tyme that he hath synned, if it be in his mynde, and how ofte that he hath falle. For he that ofte falleth in synne, he despiseth the mercy of God, and encresseeth his synne, & is unlynde to Crist; and he wezeth the more fieble to withstande synne, and synnethe the moore lightely, and the latter arisethe, and is the moore esche ifor to shryven hym, namely, to hym that is his confessour. For which that folke, whan they falle againly in his olde folies, outher they forlitten his olde confessours al outrely, or elles they departen his shrift in diverse places; but soothly, swich departed shrift deserveth no mercy of God of his synne. The sixte circumstane is, why that a man synnethe, as by temptacion; or by himselfe procure thille temptacion, or by the excitivity of ooth er folle; or if he synne with a woman by force, or by hire owene assent; or if the wom man, maugre her hed, had been afforded, or noon; this shal she telle; for coveteis, or for povert, and if it was hire procurement or noon; or swiche manere harneyes. The seveng the circumstane is, in what manere he hath doon his synne, or how that she hath suffred that folk han doon to hire. And the same shal the man telle pleynly, with alle circumstanes; and whether he hath synned with comune bordel women, or noon; or doun his synne in hooly tymes, or noon; in fastynge, ty mes, or noon; orbi from his shrift, or after his latter shrift; and hath, peradventure, broken therfore his penance enjoyed; by whos help and whos counsel; by sorcery or craft; al mooste be toold. Alle theis theynge, after that they been grete or smale, engregen the conscience of man. And ech the preest that is thy juuge, may the better be avysed of his jugement in yervynge of thy penance, & that is after thy conscienc. For understand wel, that after tyme that a man hath deffend ed his baptesme by synne, if he wolde come to salvaclion, ther is noon other way but by penitence & shritte and satisfacion; and namely by the two, if ther be a confessour to which hem he may shrynne hym; and the thritde, if he have lyf to parfournen it.

Thynge shal man looke and consider, that if he wolde maken a trewe and a profitable confessoun, ther moste be foure condiciones. First, it most been in sorweful bittenesse of herte, as seye the hymn Eschias to God: I wol re membre me alle the yeres of my lyf in bittenesse of myn herte. This condiciones of bittenesse hath fyve signes. The firste is, that confessoun moste be shamefast, nat for to covere ne hyden his synne, for he hath agilt his God & defouled his soule. And therof seith Seint Augustyn: The herte travailleth for shame of his synne; and for he hath great shamefastnesse, he is digne to have greet mercy of God. Swich was the confessoun of the publican, that wolde nat heven up his eyen to hevene, for he hadde offended God of hevene; for which shamefastnesse he hadde anon the mercy of God. And therof seith Seint Augustyn, that swich shamefast folk been next forreyvenesse and remissoun. An other signe is humilitie in confessoun: of which seith Seint Peter: Humblethow under the myght of God. The bond of God is mightly in confessoun, for therby God forbyeth thee thy synne; for he alleone hath the power. And this humilitie shall been in herte, and in signe outward; for right as he hath humilitie to God in his herte, right so shold he humble his body outward to the preest that sit in Goddes place. For which in no manere, sith that Crist is sovereign and the preest menne and mediatour bitwix Crist and the synner, and the synner is the laste by wey of releasoun, thanne sholdhe nat the synnere sitte as heigne as his confessour, but helde bifor hym or at his feet, but if maladicc de stourbe it. For he shal nat takhe hope who sit there, but in who place that he sittethe. A man that hath trepassen to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercy and make his accord, and set him down anon by the lord, men wolde holde hym outrageous, and nat worthy so soone for to have remissoun ne mercy. The thridde signe is,
how that thy shrift sholde be ful of teere, if man may; and if man may nat wepe with his bodily eyen, lat hym wepe in herte. Swich was the confession of Seint Peter; for after that he hadde forsale Jesu Crist, he wente out and wepe ful bitterly. The fourth signe is, that he ne lette nat for shame to shewen his confession. Swich was the confession of the Magdeleane, that he aparde for no shame of hem that weren atte feaste, for to go to oure Lord Jesu Crist & bilihewte hym hire synnes. The fifth signe is, that a man or a woman be obedient to receyven the penance that hym is enjoyned for his synnes; for certes, Jesu Crist, for the giltes of man, was obedient to the deeth.

The seconde condeccion of verray confession is, that it be hastily done; for certes, if a man hadde a deadly wounde, evene the lenger that he taried to warisise hymself, the moore wolde it corruppe and haste hym to his deeth; and eek the wounde wolde be the wors for to heele. And right so fareth synne, that longe tymne is in a man unshewed. Certes, a man oughte hastily shewen his synne for manye causes; as for drede of deeth, that cometh ofte bodely, & is in no certeyn what tymne it shal be, ne in what place; & eek the drecchynge of synne draweth in another; and eek the lenger that he tarieth, the further he is fro Crist. And if he abide to his laste day, scarcely may he shryven hym, or remembre hym of his synnes, or repenten hym, for the grevous maladie of his deeth. Forasmuche as he ne hath nat in his lyf herkene Jesu Crist, whanne he hath spoken, he shal cri to Jesu Crist at his laste day, and scarcely wol he herkene hym. 

And erunderstood that this condeccion moste han fourthe thynge. Thi shrift moste be purveyed before and avyzed; for whilked haste doth no profit; and that a man must shryven of his synnes, be it of pride, or of envy, and so forth of the specess and circumstancies; & that he have comprehended in hya myndye the nombre and the greences of his synnes, and how longe that he hath leyyn in synne; & eek that he be contrit of his synnes, and in stede-fast purpuse, by the grace of God, never eft to fall in synne; and eek that he drede & countrewaite hymself, that he fle the occasiouns of synne to whiche he is enclyn. 

also thou shalt shryve thee of alle thy synnes to man, and nat a parcel to man and a parcel to another; that is to understonde, in entente to departe thy confession as for shame of drede; for it nys but stranglygne of thy soule, for certes, Jesu Crist is entirely al good in hym nys noon imperfectioun; and therefore oother he forgethyst al perfectioun, or never a deel. I seye nat that if thou be assigned to the penitancier for certeyn synne, that thou art bound to shewen hym all the remanent of the synne, of which thou hast be shryven to thy curaat, but if it like to thee of thy humylite; this is no departynge of shrift. Ne I seye nat, there is speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence for to shryve thee to a discreet and an honeste preest, where thee liketh, and by licence of thy curaat, that thou nemayst wel shryve thee to him of alle thy synnes. But lat no blotte be shirynde; lat no synne been untoold, as fer as thou hast remembrane. And when thou shalt be shryven to thy curaat, telle hym eek alle the synnes that thou hast doon syn thou were last ysyrven; this is no wilkiwnt entente of division of shrift.

The verray shrift shal be certeyn condeiccions. First, that thou shryve thy tre by thy fre wil, neither constreyned, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, ne swiche thynge; for it is rescous that he that trespasseth by his free wyl, that by his free wyl he confesse his trespas; and that noon oother man telle his synne but he hymself; ne he shal nat nayte ne denye his synne, newrat the hym agayn the preest for his amonestrynge to leve synne. 

The seconde condeccion is, that thy shrift be laweful; that is to seyn, that thou shryvest thee, and eek the preest that hereth thy confession, been verrayly in the feith of hooyle chriche; and that a man ne be nat despoiled of the mercy of Jesu Crist, as Cayn or Judas. 

And eek a man must accusen hymself of his owene trespas, and nat another; but he shal blame and wyten hymself & his owene malice of his synne, and noon oother; but nathelesse, if that another man be occasioun or entercy of his synne, or the estat of a person be swich thurgh which his synne is agregged, or elles that he may nat pleynly shryven hym but he tell the person with which he hath synned; thanne may he telle; so that his entente ne be nat to balibite the person, but onely to declare his confession. Thou ne shalt nat eek make no lesynges in thy confessioun; for humylite, peraventure, to seyn that thou hast doon synnes of which that thou were neveer gilte. For Seint Auguystyn seith: If thou, bycause of thy humylite makest lesynges on thyself, though thou ne were nat in synne biforn, yet artow thanne in synne thurgh thy lesynges. Thou most eek shewe thy synne by thy owene propre mouth, but thou be woe dowmb, and nat by no lettre; for thou that hast doon the synne, thou shalt have the
shame therefore. Thou shalt nat eke peyne thy confession by faire subtle wordes, to cover thee the more thy symne; for thanne bigistlestow thyself & nat the preest; thow most tellest it piety, be it never so foul ne so horrible.

Now shalt eke shryve thee to a preeet that is discreet to conseille thee, and eek thou shalt nat shryve thee for veyne glorie, ne for ypotrie, ne for no cause, but onely for the devout of Jesus Crist and the heele of thy soule. Thow shalt nat eke remene to the preeet goodenymly, to telle hym lightly thy symne, as woeso telleth a jape or a tale, but aweysely, & with great devoicioun. And generally, shryve the ofte. If thou ofte falle, ofte thou arise by confessioun. And though thou shryve the ofter than one of symne, of which thou hast be shryven, it is the more remeite. And, as seith Saint Augustyn, thou shalt have the more lightly releysing & grace of God, both of symne & of peyne. And certes, eones a yere atte leeste wyte it is laweful for to be houled; for certes, eones a yere alle thynge renovellen. Nowhawe I tolde you of servay confession, that is the second parte of penitence.

Explicit secunda pars Penitence; et sequitur tertia pars ejusdem.

THE thriide parte of penitence is satisfaccioun; and that stant moost generelly in almesse, in bodily peyne. Now been thre thre manere of almesse: contricion of herte, where a man offreth hymself to God; another is, to han pite of deuerte of his neibore, and the thridde is in yeveyme of good conselle goode & bodily, where men han rede, and namely in sustenance of mannes foode. And takh keepe, that a man hath rede of thase thinges generelly; he hath rede of foode, he hath rede of clothynge & herberwe, he hath rede of charitable conselle, and visitynge in prison and in maladie, and seputure of his dede body. And if thow mayst nat visit the nedful with thy persone, visite hym by thy message and by thy yffes. Thise been generelly almesse or werkes of charitee of hem that han temporel riches or discrecioun in consellyinge. Of these werkes shalow heren at the day of doome.

BISSE almesse shallow doon of thynne owene propre thynes, and hastily, and privel by thommayst; but nathelkes, if thow mayst nat doon it privel, thow shalt nat ferberre to doon almesse though men seen it; so that it be nat doon for thank of the world, but onely for thank of Jesus Crist. For, as wittneseth Seint Mathew, caputulo quinto: A citee may nat been hyd that is set on a mon-
yayne; nemen lighte nat alanturme and put it under a busshel; but men sette it on a candelstikk, to yvele light to the men in the hous. Right so shal youre light lighten before men, that they may seen youre good werkes, and glorifie youre fader that is in hevene.

Now as to speken of bodily peyne; it stant in preyer, in walhynge, in fastainge, in vertuous techinges of orisouns. And ye shul understande that orisouns or preyer is for to beyn a pi-
tous wylof herte, that redresseth it in God and expresseth it by word outward, to remeuen harmes and to han thynge espirituell & dureable, and somyntem temporelle thynge; of which orisouns, certes, in the orison of the Pater nooter, hath Jesus Crist enclosed moost thynge. Certes, it is priviledged of thre thynge in his digmy-
tee, for which it is moore digny than any oother preyer; for that Jesus Crist hymself made it; and it is short, for it also be houd the moore lightly, and for to witholden it the moore esily in herte, & helpen hymself the ofter with the orison; and for a man sholde be the lasse wery to seyen it, and for a man may nat excsen hym to lerne it, it is so short and so easy; and for it comprehended in itself alle good preyeres. The expossicioun of this holy preyer, that is so excellent and digny, I bitalke to thise maistres of theologye; save thus muche I wol seyen: that thow preyerat that God sholde forsyve thee thy yffes as thow forsyvest hem that aglinen to thee, be ful wel war that thow be nat out of charitee. This holy orison amenuset ech yvenal symne; & therfore it aporteneth specially to penitence. This preyer mooste be trewely seyd, and in verray feith, & that men preye to God ordinatly and discreetly and devoutly; and alwey a man shal putten his wyly to be subget to the will of God. This orison moaste ek been seyd with gret humblesse and ful pure; honestly, and nat to the anoyance of any man or womnan. It mooste ek been continued with the werkes of charitee. It awayeth ek a
gayn the vices of the soule; for, as seith Seint Jerome: By fastynge been saved the vices of the flesh, and by preyer the vices of the soule. After this, thou shalt understonde, that bodily peyne stant in walhynge; for Jesus Crist seith: Malitie, and preyth that ye nentren in wilked temptacioun. Ye shul understanden also, that fastynge stant in thre thynes; in forberynge of bodily mete and drynke, and in forberyng of worldly jolyttee, and in forberynge of deedly symne; this is to seyn, that a man shal hepen hym fro deedly symne with al his myght.
AND thou shalt understand, that God ordeyneth fasting: and to fasting appertaineth foure things: largenesse to powre folk, gladness of herte espirituelle, nat to been angry ne a-noyed, ne gruche for he fasteth; and also reasonable houre for to eate by mesure; that is to sayn, a man shal nat eate in untyme, ne sitte the longer at his table to eate for he fasteth. Thanne shaltou understande, that bodily peyne stant indiscipline or techynge, by word and by writynge, or in ensemple. Also in werynge of heyneys or of atymyn, or of haubergeons on hire hated flesh, for Cristes sake, & swiche manere penances. But war thew wel that swiche manere penances on thy flesh ne make nat thyne herte bitter or angry or a-noyed of thyself; for bettre is to caste away thyne heyn, than to caste away the silke nees of Jheu Crist. And therfore seith Saint Paul: Clothe yow, as they that been choen of God, in herte of misericorde, debonaire, te, suffrance, & swiche manere of clothynge; of which Jheu Crist is more a-payed than of heyn, or haubergeons, or hauberkes. Thanne is discipline eik in knolkyng of thy brest, in scorynge with yerd, in legynge, in tribulacions; in suffryng eik patiently wronges that been deon to thee, and eek in patient suffrance of maladies, or legynge of worldly catel, or of wyf, or of child, or othre frendes.

JANNE shaltou understande, which thynges destourben penance; and this is in foure maneres; that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope; that is, desperacion. And for to speke first of drede; for which he demeth that he may suffre no penance. Theragayns is remede for to thynke that bodily penance is but short & litel, at regard of the peynes of helle, that is so cruel and so long that it lasteth withouten ende. Now agayn, the shame that a man hath to shrynyn hym, & namely, thise ycroitres that wolden been holden so parfit that they han no nee to shrynyn hym. Agayns that shame, shoule a man thynke that, by wey of resoun, that he that hath nae shamed to deon foule thinges, certes hym oughte nae been shamend to dore faire thinges, & that is confessiones. A man shoule eek thynke that God seeth & woot alle his thoughtes & alle his werke; to hym may no thynge been hyd ne covered. Men sholden eek rememberen hem of the shame that is to come at the day of doome to hem that been nat penitent and shrynyn in this present lyf. For alle the creature in erthe & in helle shulden seen aperitly at that they hydenen in this world.

Oth for to speken of hope of hem that been negligent and slov to shrynyn hem; that tanta in twomaneres. That oon is, that he hopeth for to lyfe longe and for to purchacen muche richesse for his delit, and thanne he wol shrynyn hym; & as he seith, hym semeth thanne tymely ynoytyng to come to shirftie. Another is, surnвидde that he hath in Cristes mercy. Agayns the firste vyce, he shal thynke, that our life is in no silke nees; & eek that alle the richesses in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadwe on the wal. And, as seith Saint Gregorie, that it appertenneth to the grete rightwisnesse of God, that nevere shal the peyne synte, of him that nevere wolde withdrawn hem fro symne. Bir thanske, but ay continue in symne; for thilke perpetual wilto dore symne shul they han perpetual peyne.

JANHOPE is in two maneres: the firste wanhope is in the mercy of Crist; that oother is that they thynken that they nemygyneth at longe persevere in goodnesse. The firste wanhope comth of that he demeth that he hath synned so greetyly and so ofte, & so longe leyn in symne, that he shal nath be saved. Certes, agayns that cursed wanhope shoule he thynke, that the passion of Jheu Crist is moore strong for to unbynde thanne symne is strong for to bynde. Agayns the seconde wanhope, he shal thynke, that as he fellath he may arise agayn by penitence; & though he never so longe have leyn in symne, the mercy of Crist is alway redy to receiven hym to mercy. Agayns the wanhope, that he demeth that he shoule nat persevere in goodnesse, he shal thynke that he may be frevel of the dewel may nothing deon but if men wol suffren hym; & eek he shal han strength of the help of God, and of al hooly chyrche, and of the proteccion of angells, if hym list.

JANNE shaltou understande what is the fruyt of penance; and, after the word of Jhesu Crist, is the entendees blisse of hevene. Thir joye hath no contraries stee of wone grevance; therall harmes been passed of this present lyf; theras is the silke nees fro the bane of helle; theras is the blissful companayne that rejoycen hem everemo, everich of othres joye; theras the body of man, that whilom was fous and derk, is moore cleer than the somme; theras the body, that whilom was syl, frece, and fieble, is immoortal, and so strong and so hool that ther may nothing apereyn to; theras is neither hunger, thurst, need, but every sole repynysed with the sight of the parfit knowynge of God. This blissful regne may men purchace by poverté espirituelle, and the glorie by loweneesse; the plente of joye by hunger and thurst, & the rest by travaile; and the lyf by deeth and mortifi- cacie of symne.
Here taketh the maker of this book his leave.

Now preye to hem alle that heere this litle tretye or rede, that if ther be any thing in it that lyketh hem, that therof they thanke our Lord Ihesu Crist, of whom procedeth al wit and al goodnesse. And if ther be any thing that displeaseth hem, I preye hem also that they arreite it to the defaute of myn unkonnyng, and nat to my wyll, that wolde ful fayn have seyd bettre if I hadde had konnyng. For oure beste saith: At that is written is written for oure doctryne, and that is myn entente. Therefore I biseke yow melely, for the mercy of God, that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercy on me & foryve me my glites: and namely, of my translacionarys and endiynge of worldly vanites, the which I revole in my retracciouns; as is The book of Troilus; The book of the Nynetene Ladies; The book of the Duchesse; The book of Saint Valentynes day of the Parlement of Bridges; The Tales of Caunterbury, thilke that sownen into synne: The book of the Leem; and many another book, if they were in my remembrance: and many a song, and many a lecherous lay; that Crist, for his grete mercy, forvyve me the synne. But of the translacion of Bocc de Consolacione, & outhre bookes of Legende of Seynte, and omelies, and moralite, & devocioun, that thanke I oure Lord Jhesu Crist and his blissful moode, & alle the seintes of hevene; bisekyng hem that they from hennesforth, unto my lyves ende, sende me grace to bewayle my glites, & to studie to the salvacion of my soule: and graunte me grace of wyste penitence, confesioun and batte facioun to doon in his present lyf; thurgh the benigne grace of hym that is kyng of kynges, and preest over alle preestes, that boghte us with the precious blood of his herte; so that I may be esto of hem at the day of doomsday that thilke be saved. Quicqu Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula Amen.

Here is ended the book of the Tales of Caunterbury, compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer, of whos soules Ihesu Crist have mercy. Amen.
Incipit carmen secundum ordinem literarum Alphabeti.

To thee I flee, confounded in error!
Help and relieve, thou mighty debonaire,
Have mercy on my perilous langour!
Venquisshed me hath my cruel adversaire.

Bountee so fix hath in thyn herte
his tente,
That wel I wot thou wolt my socour be,
Thou canst not warne him that, with good intent.
Axeth thyn help. Thyn herte is ay so free,
Thou art largesse of pleyne felicitee,
Haven of refut, of quiete and of reate.
Lo, how that theves seven chasen me
Help, lady bright, or that my ship to brestre!

Comfort is noon, but in yow, lady dere,
For lo, my sinne and my confisoun,
Which oughten not in thy presence appere,
Man take on me a grevous accoioun
Of verrey right and despaciously;
And if by right, they mighten wel sustene
That I were worthy my damnacioun,
Nere mercy of you, blissful hevene quene.
O UTE is ther noon, thou queen of misericorde.
That thou nart cause of grace and mercy here;
God vouched sauf thrugh thee with us taceorde.
For certes, Cristes blyfual moder dcre,
Were now the bowre bent in swich manere,
As it was first, of justice and of yre,
The rightfull God nolde of no mercy here;
But thrugh thee han we grace, as we desyre.

EVER hath myn hope of refut been in thee,
For herebifern ful ofte, in many a wyse,
Haast thou to misericorde receyved me.
But mercy, lady, at the grete assyse,
Whan we shul come afore the hye justyse.
So netr fruit shal thanne in me be founde,
That, but thou er that day me wel chastryse
Of verrey richt my wele me wel confounde.

Y LEGING, I fle for occour to thy tente
Me for to hyde from tempest ful of drede,
Blesching you that ye you not absente.
Though I be wilke, O help yit at this rede!
All have I been a bate in wilke and dede,
Yit, lad, thou me clothed with thy grace.
Thyn enemy and myn, lady, tak hede,
Unto my deth in paynt in me to chace.

O LORIOUS mayde and moder, which
That never
Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see,
But ful of swettenesse and of mercy ever,
Help that my fader be not wroth with me!
Spek thou, for I ne dar not him ysee.
So have I doon in erthe, alas therwhyte!
That certes, but if thou my socour be,
To stink eterne he wol my gost exyle.

I vouched sauf, tel him, as was his wille,
Become a man, to have our allianc,
And with his precious blood he wroth the bille
Upon the crois, as general acquittance,
To every pentent in full creance;
And therfor, lady bright, thou for us praye.
Than shalt thou bothe stinte al his grevance,
And make our foe to failen of his praye.

O WE it wel, thou wolt ben our occour,
Thou art 50 ful of bountie, in certeyn.
For whan a soule sallen in errour,
The pite gote and haleth him ayeyn.
Than maketh thou his pees with his sovereyn,
And bringeth him out of the crooked strete.
Whose thee loveth he shall not love in yeyn,
That shall he finde, as he the lyf shal ete.

O ALENDERES ennumined ben they
That in this world ben lighted with thy name,
And whoose gote to you the righte wey,

Hiyn thar not drede in soule to be lame.
Now, queen of comfort, outh thou art that same
To whom I seche for my medicine,
Lat not my foy no more my wounde entame.
Myn helte into thy hande al I resigne.

ODY, thy sorwe can I not portreye
Under the crois, ne his grevous penaunce.
But, for your boteches peynes, I you preye,
Lat nat ou alder fye make his bohaunce.
That he hath in his liene of mischaunce
Convict that ye bothe have bought so dere.
As I seide erst, thou ground of our substauence,
Continue on us thy pitous eyen clere!

O ISES, that saugh the bush with flaumes rede
Brenninge, of which ther never a stikkere brende.
Was signe of thy unwemmed maidenhede.
Thou art the bush on which ther gan descende
The Holy Gost, the whiche that Moyses wende
Had ben a frer; and this was in figure.
Now Lady, from the frer thou us defende
Which that in helly eternally shal dure.

O BLE princease, that never haddest pere,
Certes, if any comfort in us be;
That cometh of thee, thou Cristes moder dere.
We hav noch other melodey or gleee,
Us to rejoysse in our adversitee,
Ne advocat noon that wol and dar so preye
For us, and that for netyr hyre as ye,
That helpen for an Ave/Marie or twye.

O VER eyght of eyen that ben blinde,
O verrey lust of labour and disstress,
O trevorere of bountie to manhinde,
Thee whom God chezes to moder for humblesse
From his ancile he made thee maistresse
Of hevene and erthe, our bille up for to bede.
This world awaiteth ever on thy goodnessse,
For thou ne failest never wight at neede.

O PURPOSE I have sum tymne for tenquere,
Atherfore and why the Holy Gost thee soughte,
Whan Gabrielles vioe cam to thyn ere.
He not to werre us awhich a wonder werketh.
But for to save us that he sithen boughte.
Than nedeth us no wepen us for to save,
But only ther we did not, us oughte.
Do penitence, and mercy axe and have.

O QUEEN of comfort, yit whan I me bithinke
That I agit have bothe, him and thee.
And that my soule is worthy for to sinken,
Alias, I caust, whidher may I fle?
Who shal unto thy sone my mene be?
Who, but thyself; that art of pitie welle?
Thou hast more reueth on our adversitee
Than in this world mighte any tunge telle.
**The Complaynte unto Pite.**

Upon the crueltie and tirannye
Of Love, that for my trouthe doth me dye.

And when that I, by lengthe of certeyn yeres,  
Hath ever in oon a tyme sought to speke,  
To Pite ran I, al beprepint with teres,  
To preyen hir on Crueltie me awake.

But when I, with any wordes outbreke,  
Or tellen any of my peynes amerte,  
I fond hir deed, and buried in an herte.

Adoun I fel, when that I laughe the heros,  
Deed as a stoon, whyl that the awchoc me laste;  
But up I roos, with colour ful diverse,  
And pitously on hir myn yen caste.

And ner the corpa I gan to prezen faste,  
And for the soule I shoop me for to preye;  
I nas but lorn; ther nas no more to seye.

Thus am I slayn, sith that Pite is deed;  
Alas! that day! that ever bit shuldalle!  
What maner man dar now holde up his heed?  
To whom shal any sorwful herte calle?

Now Crueltie hath cast to osten us alle,  
In yel hope, folke redless of peyne,  
Sith she is deed, to whom shul we compleyne?

But yet encreseth me this wonder newe,  
That no wight woot that she is deed, but I;  
So many men as in hir tyme hir kneve,  
And yet she dyed not so godevly.

For I have sought hir ever ful beeley  
Sith first I hadde wit or mannes mynde;  
But she was deed, er that I coude hir fynde.

Aboute hir heros ther atoden lustily,  
Withouten any wo, as thoughte me,  
Bountee parfit, wel armed and richely,  
And freuese Beautie, Lust, and Jolitee.

Assured Maner, Youte, and Poneete,  
Wisdom, Eata, and Dreed, and Governaunce,  
Confedde bothe by bonde and alliance.

A compleynent hadde I, writen, in myn hond,  
For to have put to Pite as a bille,  
But when I, at this companye ther fond,  
That rath er wolden al my cause spille.

Than do me help. I held my pleynent atille;  
For to that folke, withouten any faile,  
Withoute Pite may no bille avaine.

Then leve I at thysse yvores, sauv Pite,  
Repeynge the corps, as ye have herd me say.
Confed all by bonde of Cruetee,
And been assent that I sha be almen.
And I have put my compleunt up agayn;
For to my food, my bill I dar not shewe,
The effect of which sith thus, in wordes fewe:

The Bille,

HUMBLEST of herte, hyest of reverence,
Benigne flour, coroume of vertuous alle,
Sheweth unto your rial excellence
Your servaunt, if I durste me so calle,
His mortal harm, in which he is yaffe,
And night at only for his ewel fare,
But for your renum, as he shall declare.

But ondeth thus: your contraire, Cruetee,
Allyed is agaynst your regale
Under colour of womanly Beateee,
For men she not shewe his tirannye,
Glich Beutee, Gentilesse, and Curteeye,
And hath depreserved you now of your place
That hight Beateee, apertinent to grace.

For kynldy, by your heritage right,
You been annexed ever unto Bonte;
And verrayly you oughte do your might
To helpe Trulth in his adserite.
Ye been also the coroume of Beateee;
And certes, if ye wanten in thine twyne,
The world is love; ther nis no more to ayene.

Sek what availeth Maner and Gentilessse
Without you, benigne creature?
Shal Cruetee be your governerease?
Alas! what herte may hit longe endure?
Wherefor, but ye the rather take cure
To breke that perilous alliaunce,
Ye alicen hem that ben in your odeisaunce.

And further over, if ye suffre this,
Your renum is ferdoo than in a throwe;
Ther shal no man wite wel what Dite is.
Alas! that your renum shul be so lowe!
Ye be than fro your heritage ythwoe
By Cruetee, that occupieth your place;
And we deseapted, that seekon to your grace.

Have mercy on me, thu Perenus quene,
That you have sought so tenderly and yore;
Let som streem of your light on me be sene
That love and drede you, ap lenger the more.
For, authy for to beyne, I bere the sore,
And, though I be not cunning for to playne,
For Goddes love, have mercy on my playne!

My payne is this, that whatso I desire
That have I not, ne nothing lyk therto;
And ever set Desire myn herte on fire;

Geh on that other syde, wheras I go,
What maner thing that may encrese wo
That have I redy, unsought, everywhere;
Me ne laitheth but my deth, and than my bere.

What nedeth to shewe parcel of my peyne?
Sith every wo that herte may bethynke
I suffre, and yet I dar not to you playne;
For wel I woot, although I wake or winke,
Yerethke not whether I fete or sinke.
But nathenles, my trouthe I shal sustene
Unto my deth, and that shal wel be sene.

This is to playne, I wol be yoreue ever:
Though ye me slee by Cruetee, your fo,
Aigate my spirit shal never diseser
Pro your servyse, for any peyne or wo.
Sith ye be deed, alas! that hit is so!
Thus for your deth I may wel wepe and playne
With herte sore and ful of bey curye.
Here endeth the exclamation of the Deth of Dite.

The Compleynt of Mars.

At first, ye foules, of the morow gray,
Lo! Venus rised among yow roves rede!
And flowers freshe, honoureth ye this day;
For when the sone uppriest,
Then wol ye spred.
But ye lovera, that lye in any drede,
Pleeth, lest wikked tonges yow espye;
Lo! yond the sone, the candel of jolye!

With teres blew, and with a wounded herte
Taketh your leve; and, with seynst John to bowe,
Aeseth somwhat of your sorowes smerte,
Tyne cometh eft, that cease shall your sorrow;
The gladne night is worth an hevy morow!
(Seynst Valentynye! a flour thyn herde I singe
Upon thy day, er sone gan upspringe).

Yet sang this foul: I rede yow al awake,
And ye, that han not chosen in humble wyse,
Without repenting cheeseth yow your make.
And ye, that han ful chosen as I devyse,
Yet at the lest renouleth your servyse;
Confermeth it perpetually to dure,
And paciently taketh your aventure.

And for the worship of this hye feast,
Yet wol I, in mybrid wyse, singe
The sentence of the compleynt, at the leste,
That woful Mars made atte departinge
Pro freshe Venus in a morweninge,
Than Phubes, with his frye torches rede,
Ransaked every lover in his drede.
Bylon the thridde
hevenes lord above,
As wel by hevenish
revolucion
As by desert, hath wonne
Venus his love,
And she hath take him in
subjeccion,
And as a maistrose
taught him his lessons,
Comaunding him that never, in his serveye,
He were so bold no lover to despyse.

for she forbad him jeloseye at alle,
And cruelte, and bost, and tirmanye;
She made him at his lust so humble and talle,
That when hir deymed caste on hym her ye
He took in patience to live or dye;
And thus she brydeleth him in hir manere,
With nothing but with acoyng of hir chere.

Who regneth now in blisse, but Venus,
That hath this worthy knight in governance?
Who singeth now but Mars, that seveyth thus
The faire Venus, cause of pleasure?
He bynt hyme to perpetual obeisance,
And she bynt hir to love hir for ever,
But so be that his trespas hit dissever.

Thus be they knyt, and regnen as in heven
By losynge most; til hir stee, on a tyde,
That by hir bothe asent was set a steven,
That Mars shal entre, as faste as he may glyde,
Into hir neste paleys, to abyde,
Wylling his cours til she had him atake,
And he preythe hir to haste hir for his sake.

Then seyde he thus; Myn hertes lady sweete,
Ye knowe wel my mischefe in that place;
For sikely, til that I with yow mete,
My lyf stant ther in aventure and grace;
But when I see the beaute of your face,
Their is no deeth of deeth may do me smerte,
For at your lust is ese to myn herte.

She hath so greet compassion of hir knight,
That dwelleth in solitude til she come;
For hit a tood so, that lyke tyne, no wyght
Consevelled hyme, ne acoyde to him welcome,
That nigh hir wyt for woe was overcome;
Wherefore she smede hir as faste in hir weye,
Almost in oon day, as he dide in tweywe.

The grete joye that was bitwixe hem two,
When they be met, ther may no tunge telle,
Ther is no more, but unto bed they goe,
And thus in joye and bliss I lete hem dwelle;
This worthy Mars, that is of hignothed welle,
The flour of fairenes lappeth in his armes,
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of armes.

So journed hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chamere amid the paleys privelly
A certeyn tyne, til hime fel a drede,
Through Phebus, that was comen hastely
Within the paleys, yates sturdely,
With torche in honde, of whiche the streames brighte
On Venus chamere knohheden ful lighte.

The chambre, ther as lay this freshe queene,
Depeyned was with whyte boles grete,
And by the light she knew, that shooon so shene,
That Phebus cam to brenne hem with his hete;
This sent Venus, dreynet in teres we,\nEmbraceth Mars, and seyde, Alas! I dye!
The torche is come, that at this world wyl wyre.

Up sterte Mars, hime liste not to slepe,
When he his lady herde so compleyne;
But, for his nature was not for to wepe,
Insteede of teres, fro his huy twyne
The Pypy arakshen brookte out for pyne;
And hente his hauken, that lay him besyde;
Flee wolde he not, ne mighte hime selven hyde.

He thoweth on his helm of huge wights,
And giveth him with his owerde; and in his honde
His mighty aper, as he was wont to fighte,
He shaketh so that almost it towonde;
Ful hevy he was to walken over londe;
He may not holde with Venus companye,
But bad hir fleen, lest Phebus hir espaye.

O woful Mars! alas! what mayst thou seyn,
That in the paleys of thy disturbanse
Art left behinde, in peril to be sleyn?
And yet thereto is double thy penaunce,
For she, that hath thyn herte in governance,
Is passed halfe the streames of thyne yen;
That thou nere swifte, wel mayst thou wepe
And cryen.

Now fleeth Venus unto Cylenius tour,
With woode cours, for fere of Phebus light.
Alas! and ther ne hath she no socour,
For she ne fond ne saw no maner wyght;
And ech as ther she had but litle might;
Wherefore, hirselfen for to hyde and save,
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derk was this cave, and smokin as the helle,
Not but two pas within the gate hit stood;
A naturall day in derk I lete hir dwelle.
Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and wood;
For sorrow he wolde have seen his herte blood;
Sith that he might hir don no companye,
He ne roghete not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wex, for hate and for his wo,
That nigh he swelt, he mightem unmethe endure;
He passeth but so streyre in dayes two,
But ner the leg, for al his hewy armure,
He foloweith hir that is in his byns cure;
For whom departing he took gretter yer
Thanne for al his brenning in the fyrre.
The Compleyn of Mars

After he walketh softly a pas,
Compleyning, that hit pite was to here.
He sayde, O lady bright, Venus! alas!
That ever so wyde a compass is my sperre!
Alas! whan shall me mete yow, herte dere,
This twelfte day of April I endure,
Through jocul Phoebus, this misadventure.

Now God helpe sely Venus alone!
But, as God wolde, hit happe for to be,
That whil that Venus weeping made hir mone,
Cylenius, ryding in his chevauche,
Pro Venus valance mighte his paleys see,
And Venus be salue, and maileth there,
And hir receyveth as his frend ful dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversite,
Compleyning ever on hir departinge;
And what his compleynyt was, remembreth me;
And therfore, in this lusty morweninge,
As I beat can, I wol hit seyn and singe,
And after that I wol my leve take;
And God yeve every wyght joye of his make!

The Compleyn of Mars, & The
Proem of the Compleyn.

The ordre of compleynyt requireth skilfully,
That it a wyght shal pleyne pitously,
 ther mot be cause wherfor
That men pleyne;
Or men may deme he pleyne,
th feoly
And causers; alas! th
am not I!
Wherfor the ground and cause of al my poyne,
So as my troubled wyt may hit atayne,
I wol rehearse; not for to have redresse,
But to declare my ground of hevenesse.

He firste tyme, alas! that I was wroght,
And for certeyn effectes
hider boght!
By him that lordeth ech
intelligence,
Yaf my trewe servise and my thought,
For evermore...how dere I
have hit boght!
To hir, that is of so gret excellence,
That what wight that first sheweth his presence,
When she is wroth and taketh of hir no cure,
He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no feyned mater that I telle:
My lady is the verrey sour and welle
Of beaute, lust, frendom, and gentilnesse,
Of riche aray...how dere men hit selve!...
Of al dispour in which men frendly dwelle,
Of love and pley, and of beneigne humblesse,
Of sound of instruments of al swetnesse;
And therto so wel fortunéd and thewed,

That through the world hir goodnesse is yshewed.

What wonder is then, thogh that I besette
My servise on suche oon, that may me knette
To wele or wo, sith hit lyth in hir mighte;
Therfor my herte for ever I to hir berte;
Ne treuly, for my dethe, I shalte not lette
To ben hir trewe servaunt and hir knight.
I fater noghth, that may wite every wyght;
For this day in hir servise shal I dye;
But grace be, I see hir never with ye.

O whom shal I than pleyne
Of my distresse?
Whoe me helpe, who may hir harm redresse?
Shal I compleyne unto my lady free?
Nay, certes! for she hath such hevenesse,
For dere and oon for wo,
That, as I seye,

In litel tyme hit wol hir bane be.
But were she sauf, hit were no for of me.
Alas! thay eve loveres more endure,
For love, so many a perilous aventure!

For thogh so be that lovers be as trewe
As any metel that is forgend newe,
In many a cas hem tydeth ofte sorowe.
Somtyme hir ladies will not on hem rewe,
Somtyme, yif that jocelie hir knewe,
They mighten lightely ley hir heed to borowe;
Somtyme envious folk with tungen borowe
Depraven hem; alas! whom may they please?
But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what awaileth suche a longe aermoun
Of aventure of love, up and down?
I wol returne and spoken of my poyne;
The point is this of my destructioun,
My righte lady, my saluacioun,
In affray, and not to whom to pleyne.
O herre sweete, O lady soverye!
For your disease, wellghte I swonne and swelte,
Thogh I non other harme ne drede felte.

O what syn made the god
That sit so bye,
Benethen him, love other companye,
And streyneth folk to love,
Malgré hir hede?
And then hir joye, for oght I can espye,
Ne lasteth not the twinkeling of an ye,
And somme han never joye til they be dede.
What meneth this? what is this mistheide?
Wherto constredyneth be his folk so faiste
Thyng to desyre, but hit shulde taste?

And thogh he made a lover love a thing,
And maketh hit some stedfast and during,
Yet putteth he in hit such misadventure,
That resteth his ther noon in his yeving.
And that is wonder, that so just a king
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.
Thus, whether love breke or elles dure,
Higates he that hath with love to done
 Hath other we then changed is the more.

Hit semeth he hath to lovers enmite,
And lyk a fisher, as men aldey may see,
Baiteth his angle hook with som plesaunce,
Till mony a fish is wood til that he be
Seed therwith; and then at erst hath he
At his desyer, and therwith al misaunce;
And though the lyne breke, he hath plesaunce;
For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,
That he his wages hath for evermore.

He broche of Thebes was
Of suche a hinde,
So ful of rubies and of stones indie,
That every wight, that serete on hit an ye,
He wende mon to worthre out of his minde;
So sore the beaute wold
His herte binte,
Til he hit hadde, he thoghte he moste dye;
And whan that hit was his, than shulde he drye
Such wo for drede, ay whyl that he hit hadde,
That welnigh for the fere he shulde madde.

And whan hit was fro his possessioun,
The had he double wo and passioun
For he so fair a trevor had forso;
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
Was not the cause of this confusion;
But he that wroght hit enfortuned hit so,
That every wight hit shulde have wo;
And therfor in the worcher was the wyce,
And in the covetour that was so wyne.

So farehit by lovers and by me;
For tho god my lady have so greet beaute,
That I was mad til I had gete hit grace,
She was not cause of myn adversite,
But he that wroght hit, also mot I thee,
That putte suche a beaute in hit face,
That made me to covete and purchase
Myn owne deeth; him wyte I that I dye,
And myn unwit, that ever I clomb so hye.

CT to yow, hardye knightes of roman,
Sin that ye be of my diuision,
Al be I not worthy so grete a name,
Yet, cyne these clerics, I
Am your patron;
Wherefore ye oughte have some compassion

Of my dise, and take it nought agame.
The proudest of you may be mad ful tames;
Wherefor I praye you, of your gentilesse,
That ye compleyn for myn hevinnesse.

And ye, my ladies, that ben trewe and stable,
By way of hinde, ye oughten to be able
To have pite of folk that be in peyne:
Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable;
Sith that your emperice, the honorable,
Is desolate, wel oughte ye to pleyne;
Now shulde your holy teres fall and reyne.
Alas! your honour and your emperice,
Nigh deed for drede, ne can bir not cheise.

Compleyneth eel, ye lovers, al in fere,
For hir that, with unfeyned humble cherre,
Was ever redy to do yow occour;
Compleyneth hir that ever had hath yow dere;
Compleyneth beaute, freedom, and manere;
Compleyneth hir that endeth your labour;
Compleyneth thilke ensembale of at honour,
That never dide but al gentileesse;
Kythe therfor on hir some kindenesse.

HER nis so by comfort
to my pleasure,
Than that I am in any bevinnesse,
He for to have leyser of remerbraunce
Upon the manhood and the worthiness,
Upon the trouthe, and
On the stedfastnesse
Of him whom I am al, whyt I may dure;
The oughte blame me no creature,
For every wight preieth his gentilesse.

In him is bountee, wisdom, governance
Wel more then any mannes wit can geese;
For grace hath wold so ferte forth him
At noone;
That of knyghthode he is parfit richesse,
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;
Therfor so wel hath formed him Nature,
That I am his for ever, I him assure,
For every wight preieth his gentilesse.

And notwithstanding at his suffraunce,
His gentil herte is of so greet humblesse,
To me in wordes, in werke, in contenance,
And me to serve is al his binesse,
That I am set in verrey silence;
Thus oughte I blesse wel myn aventure,
Sith that him list me serven and honoure;
For every wight preieth his gentilesse.
The Compleynt of Venus

OW certes, Love, hit is right covenantable
That men ful dere bye thy noble thing,
As wake abedde, and fasten at the table,
Slepping to laughe, & singe in compleyning,
And down to caste visage and lokinge,
Often to chaunge bewe and contenance,
Pleyne in sleepinge, and dremen at the daunces,
At the revers of any glad feling.

Jalousye be hanged by a cable!
She wolde al knowe through hir espying;
Ther doth no wight nothing so reasonable,
That al his harm in hir imagening.
Thus dure abought is love in yewing,
Which ofte be yiveth withouten ordinaunce,
As sorrow ynoth, and litle of pleasaunce,
At the revers of any glad feling.

A litle tyyme his yiff is agreeable,
But ful encomberous is the using;
For sote jalouysye, the decevyable,
Ful oftentyme causeth destourning,
Thus be we ever in dreede and sufferinge,
In nouncerteyn we languishe in peneaunce,
And han ful ofte many an hard mechaunce,
At the revers of any glad feling.

IT certes, Love, I seyn nat in such wyse
That for rescape out of your lace I mente;
For I so longe have been in your servyse
That for to lete of wol I never assente;
No force thogh jalousye me tormente.
Suffycythe me to see him when I may,
And threfore certes, to myn ending day
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

And certes, Love, when I me wele avyse
On any estat that man may represente,
Than have ye maked me, through your franchysse,
Ceseth the best that ever on erthe wente.
Now love wel, herte, and loch thou never stente;
And let the jalousye putte hit in asay
That, for no payne wol I nat seynay;
To love him best ne shal I never repente.

Herte, to the hit oyghte ynoth suffysye
That Love so by a grace to thee sente,
To cese the worthiest in alle wyse
And most agreeable unto myn entente.
Sche ne fowther, neyth eyer wyne wente,
Sith I have suffysance unto my pay.
Thus wol I ende this compleynt or lay;
To love him best ne shal I never repente.
Before this day, in signe of his victorious,
The trumpets come, and in his banner large
The image of Mars; and, in token of glory,
Men might see in their many a charge,
Many a bright helm, and many a spear and large,
Many a fresh knight, and many a blissful route,
On horse, on foot, in all the field about.

Igiota his wife, the hardy queene
Of Cithia, that he conquered hadde,
With Emelye, her vonge sister sheene,
Fair in a char of gold he with him ladde,
That al the ground aboute his char she spradde
With brightness of the beautie in his face,
Full of largesse and of alle grace.

With his triumphes and laurel crowned thus,
In all the flower of fortune yevinge,
Lete I this noble prince Theseus,
Toward Itheene in his waye rydinge,
And founde I wot in shortly for to bringe
The slye waye of that I gan to wyrite,
Of queene Anelida and fals Arcite.

Mars, which that through his furious course of yere,
The owde wrath of Jove to fullfille,
Had set the peuples hertes bothe on yere
Of Chebes and Grece, everich other to hille
With bloody aires, ne restede never aitlle,
But thongh now her, now ther, among hem bothe,
That everich other slough, so wer they wrothe.

For whan Amphion and Teused,
Iphomedon, Parthonope also
Were dede, and slayn was proud Campeaneus,
Avnd whan the wrecches Thebans, bretheren two,
Were slayn, and king Adrastus hoom ago,
So desolate stood Chebes and so bare,
That no wight coude remedie of his care.

And whan the owde Creon gan espye
How that the bloody roial was brought adowne,
He held the cite by his tirannie,
And did the gentles of that regioun
To been his frendes, and dwelwe in the towne.
So what for love of him, and what for awe,
The noble folk wer to the towne ydawe.

Among al these, Anelida the queene
Of Ermony was in that towne dwellinge,
That fairest then is the somme shene;
Throughout the world so gan hier name springe,
That hir to seen had every wight lylinge;
For, as of trouthe, is ther noon hier liche,
Of all the women in this worlde riche.

Yong was this queene, of twenty year of elde,
Of midel stature, and of swich fairnesse,
That nature had a joye hier to behelde;
And for to spoken of hier stedfastnesse,
She passad hath Penelope and Lucrecesse,
And shortely, if she shal be comprehended,
In hirrie mighte nothing been amended.

This Cheban knight Arcite eeh, sooth to seyn,
Was yong, and therewith a lusty knight,
But he was double in love and nothing pleyne,
And subtill in that craftes over any wight,
And with his cunning wan this lady bright;
For so fairth he gan hier trouthe assure,
That she him trust over any creature.

What shuld I seyn? she loved Arcite so,
That, whan that he was absent any throwe,
Anon hier thoughte hier herte brast aswo;
For in hier sight to hier he bare him lowe,
So that she wende have al hier herte vnowe;
But he was fals; it was a frawnde ther,
As nedeth not to men such craft to lere.

But nevertheles ful miikel besimess
Had he, er that he mighte his lady winne,
And awcro he wolde dyen for distresse,
Or from his wit he beyde he wolde twinne.
Alas, the whylle for hit was routhue and sinne,
That she upon hier sorrowes wolde rewe,
But nothing thenketh the fals as doth the trewe.

Hir freedom fond Arcite in swich manere,
That al was his that she bath, moche or lyte,
Ne to no creature made she there.
Ferther than that hit tyked to Arcite;
Ther was no lakt with which he mighte hier wyte,
She was so fertheth yeve him to plese,
That al that tyked him, hit did hier ese.

Ther nas to hier no maner lette ysaent
That touched love, from any maner wight,
That she ne shewed hit him, er hit was brennt;
So pleyne she was, and did hier fulle mighte,
That she nil hyden nothing hiright,
Lest he of any untrouthe hier upbrede;
Withouten bode his heaste she obeysde.

And eeh he made him jealous over here,
That, what that any man had to hier seyd,
Anon he wolde prepen hier to owe twinne.
What was that word, or make him evel apayed;
Than wende she out of hier wit have Brayde;
But al this nas but sleighte and flaterye,
Withouten love he fynned jelesyee.

And al this took she so deboneryly,
That al his wille, hier thoughte hit shifful thing,
And ever the lenger loved him tenderly,
And did him honour as he were a king.
Hier herte was wedded to him with a ring;
So fertheth upon trouthe is hier entente,
That wher he goth, hier herte with him wente.

Whan she shal ete, on hier is so hier thought,
That wel unnethe of mete tooke she keep;
And whan that she was to hier reste broght,
On hier she thoughte alwey till that she sleep;
Whan he was absent, prevy she weep;
Thus liveth fair Anelida the queene
For fals Arcite, that did hier at this tene.
Anne and
Arice

This tale Arice, of his newe fangelness,  
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,  
Took lease deynetye for hir estfangelness,  
And saw another lady, proud and newe,  
And right anon he cladde him in hir heue,  
Wot I not whether in whyte, rede, or grene,  
And falsed fair Anne and the quene.  

But nevertheless, great wonder was hit noon  
Though he wer fals, for hit is kinde of man,  
Sith Lamel was, that is so longe agoon,  
To been in love as fals as ever he can;  
He was the firste fader that began  
To loven two, and was in bigamye;  
And he found tente first, but if men lye.  

This fals Arice saw what moste he fayn,  
When he waxe fals, to covere his traitorye,  
Right as an hors, that can both byte and pleyn;  
For he bar hud on hondes of trecherye,  
And swoor he coude hir doubleynesse espye,  
And al was falenes that she to hir mente;  
Thus swoor this ther, & forthis hir way he wente.  

Also! what herte might endure hir,  
For routhe or wo, hir sorrow for to telle?  
Or what man hath the cunning or the wit?  
Or what man might within the chambre dwelle,  
If I to hir hereren shal the helle,  
That suffreth fair Anne and the quene  
For fals Arice, that did hir at this tene?  

She wepeth, waleth, soowneth pitously,  
To grounde deed she falleth as a stoon;  
Al crompisheth hir limes crookethly,  
She speketh as hir wit were al agoon;  
Other colours then asehen hath she noon,  
Noor other word she speketh moche or lyte,  
But Mercy, cruel herte myn, Arice!  

And thus endureth, til that she was so mate  
That she ne hath foot on which she may sustene;  
But forth languishing ever in this estate,  
Of which Arice hath nother routhe ne tene;  
His herte was elleswhere, newe and grene,  
That on hir wo ne deyneth him not to thinke,  
Him reketh never when she siete or sinke.  

His newe lady holdeith him so narowe  
Up by the bydel, at the stevene ende,  
That every word, he dradde hit as an arowe;  
Hir daunger made him bothe bowe and bende,  
And as hir lyste, made him ture or wende;  
For she ne graunted hym in hir livinge  
No grace, why that he hath lust to singe;  

But drof him forth, unnethe lyste hir knowe  
That he was servant to hir ladyshippe,  
But leat that he wer proude, she held him lowe;  
Thus serveth he, withouten fee or shipe,  
She sent him now to londe, now to shipepe;  
And for she yaf him daunger al hys fille,  
Therfor she had him at hir owne wille.

Enample of this, ye thristy winnen alle,  
Take here Anne and fals Arice,  
That for hir lyste him Dere herte calle,  
And was so meche, therfor he loved hir lyte;  
The hinde of mannys herte is to delyte  
In thing that strauenge is, also God me save!  
For what he may not gete, that wolde he have.  

Now turne we to Anne and the quene,  
That pymythe day by day in languishing;  
But when she saw that hir ne gat no geyn,  
Upone a day, ful sorrowfully weping,  
She caste hir For to make a compleyning,  
And with hir owne hende she gan hit wryte;  
And sente hit to hir Theban knyghte Arice.  

The Compleyt of Anne and the quene upon fals Arice.  

O thistleth with the pount of remembrance,  
The swerd of sorowe,  
Wyhet with fals plesaunce,  
Myn herte, bare of blis and  
Blak of hewe.  
That turned is in quaking al my daunce,  
My surte on a whaped  
Countenance;  
Sith hit availlet not for to ben trewe;  
For whose trewest is, hit ghal hir rew,  
That serveth love and doth hir observaunce  
Alwaye to oon, and chaungeth for no newe.  

MOT myself as wel as any wight;  
For I loved oon with al my herte and  
Might  
More then myself, an hundred  
Thousand zyethe,  
And called hym my herte lyf, my  
Knyght,  
And was al his, as for as hit was right;  
And whan that he was glad, than was I blythe,  
And his disen was my death as sywthe;  
And he ayein his troute me had plight  
For evermore, his lady me to lythe.  

NOW is he fals, alas! and causeles,  
And of my wo he is so routhel,  
That with a worde hir list not onys dyne  
To bring ayein my sorrowful herte in pees,  
For he is caught up in another lees.  
Right as hir list, he laugeth at my peyne,  
And I ne can myn herte not restreynye,  
That I ne love him alway, nevertheless;  
And of al this I ne to whom me pleyne.  

ND shal I pleyne ... alas! the harde  
Around unto my foo that yaf my herte a wounde,  
And yet deuyeth that myn harm be more?  
Nay, certes! therfor well I never founde  
Non other help, my sore for to Bounde.
My destenie hath shapen it ful yore;
I wil non other medecyne ne lere;
I wil ben ay ther I was on bome bunde,
That I have seid, be seid for evermore!

LILAS! wher is become your gentilesse!
Your wordses ful of pleasance and humblesse?
Your observaunces in so low manere,
And your awauntinge and your binesesse
Upon me, that ye calden your maistresse,
Your soverayn lady in this worldes here?
Alas! and is ther nought word ne chere
Ye vouchesaf! upon myn hevinessse?
Alas! your love, I by the hit al to dere.

OW certe, sweete, thogh that ye
Thus causethe the cause be
Of my deely aduersite,
Your manly resong oghte it to respynpe
To alee your frend, and namely me,
That neuer yet in no degree
Offended yow, as wisly he,
That al wot, out of wo my soul quyte

UT for I shewed yow,
Arcite,
At that men woldte to me
wyte,
And was so besy, yow to
delyte...
My honoure save... mehe,
hinde, and free,
Therfor ye putte on me the
wyte,
And of me recche not a myte,
Thogh that the sword of scroue byte
My wofull herte through your cruelte.

Y sweete foe, why do ye so, for shame?
And thanke ye that furthered be your
name,
To love a newe, and been untrewere? nay!
And putte yow in slaunder newe and blame,
And do to me adverstite and grame,
That love yow mosst, God, wel thou wost! alway?
Yet turn ayseyn, and be al pleyn som day,
And than shal this that now is mis be game,
And al forbye, whyt that I live may.

O! herte myn, al this is for
to sayne,
Hote whethere shal I preye or
dea pleyn?
Whiche is the way to doon
tow to be trewe?
For eithere mot I haue yow
in my cheyne,
Or with the dethe ye mot
depurate us twayne;
Ther ben non othere men wyse wyne;
For God so wisely on my soule rewe.
The which they gilden, and ette nat half ynoth.
No man yit knew the forwe of his lond;
No man the fyre out of the finst yit fond;
Unknown and ungrubbed lay the wyne;
No man yit in the morter spycles grood
To clare, ne to sause of galantyne.

No mader, welde, or wood no licetarte
Ne knew; the flees was of his former hewe;
No flesh ne wiste offfence of egge or sperre;
No coyn ne knew man which was fals or trewe;
No ship yit hurt the wawes grene and blewre;
No marshaunt yit ne fette outlandish ware;
No trompes for the werry folk ne knewe,
No toures heye, and wallis rounde or square.

What aholde it han avayled to werrye?
Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse,
But cursed was the tyne, I dar wel yeye,
That men first disse his swety byssinesse
To grobbe up metal, lurking in darkenesse,
And in the rivers first gemmes soghte.
Alas! than aprong up at the cursednesse
Of covetysse, that first our sorwe brughte!

Thise tyrants putte hem gladly nat in pres,
No wildnesse, no en busches for to wime
Ther povertie is, as seith Diogenes;
Ther as vitale is eek so sharre and thimne
That noght but maist or apples is therinne.
But, ther as bagges been and fat vitale,
Ther wol they gon, and spare for no sime
With al hir ost the cite for tassaille.

Yit were no paleis; chaumbres, ne non halles;
In caves and in wodes softe and swette
Slepen this blissed folk withoute wallis,
On gras or leaves in parfit quet.
No doun of fetheres, ne no bleched shete
Was kid to hem, but in seurtee they slepe;
Hir hertes were al coon, withoute galle.
Evenher of hem his feithe to other kepte.

Unforged was the hauberke and the plathe;
The lambish peple, voyd of alle ycce,
Hadden no fantasie to debate.
But eek of hem wolde other wel cherice;
No pryde, no envy, non avarice;
No lord, no taylage by no tyrannye;
Humblese and pees, good feithe, the emperice,
Fulfillid erthe of olde curneysse.

Yit was not Jupiter the likerous,
That first was fader of delicacye,
Come in this world; ne Nembut, desirous
To reynen, had nat maad his toures hye.
Alas, alas! now may men wepe and crye!
For in our dayes nas but covetyse
And doubleness, and tresoun and envye,
Peysoun, manslaughtre, and mordre in sondry wyse.

finit Estas prima. Chaucer.
That to myself I say, in my penance,
Suff'raeth me to love you, Rosemounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no dalaunce.

Nas never pyk entering in galamynhe
As I in love am whelid and wounde;
For which ful ofte I of myself divyne
That I am trewe Cristam the auncene.
My love may not refreyd be nor aounde:
I brene ay in amorous pleasaunce.
Do what you list, I wil your thrail be founde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no dalaunce.

Tregentill. Chaucer.

HIT shut this clothes manyfold,
Lo! this hote somere day?
Hath greet heete cometh cold:
No man caste his piche away.
Of this world the wyde compas
Hit wol not in myn armes twayne...
Whoso mochel wol embrase
Litel therof he shal distreynne.

LENNOY DE CHAUCER. A SCOGAN.

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyν
Old wrecchednesse
Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
Crye him mercy, that of his hy
Goodness
Made thee of noght, and in especial
Drew unto hym, and pray in general
Thee, and eek for other, hevenich mede;
And thoure shalt deliver, hit is no drea.

Explicit Le bon conseil de G. Chaucer.

To Rosemounde. A BALADE.

ADAME, ye ben of al beauté
Shyne
As fer as cercled is the mappemounde;
For as the cristal glorious
Ye shyne,
And tyle ruby ben your
Chekes rounde.
Therwith ye ben so mery
And so jocundly;
That at a revel whan that I see you daunce,
It is an oynament unto my wounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no dalaunce.

For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyme,
Yet may that wo myn herte nat confounde;
Your seemly voyes that ye so smale our twayne
Maketh my thought in joye and blis habounde.
So curteisly I go, with love bounde,

Lenwoye
Chaucer a
Scogan

Lenwoye
Chaucer a
Scogan

LENNOY DE CHAUCER. A SCOGAN.

By wordes eterne whylom was hit shape
That fro the fift cirele, in no manere.
Ne mighte a drope of teres doun escape.
But now so wepeth Venus in hir aper,
That with hir teres she wol drenche us here.
Alas, Scogan! this is for thy offence!
Thou causest this delige of pestilence.

Past thou not seyd, in blaspheme of this goddes,
Through pryde, or through thy gret rakishness,
Swich thing as in the law of love forbode is?
That, for thy lady saw nat thy distress,
Therfor thou savir bir up at Michelmas?
Alas, Scogan! of olde folke ne yonge
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tounge!

Thou drowe in scorn Cupyde eek to record
Of thike rebel word that thou hast spoken,
For which he wol no lenger be thy lord.
And, Scogan, thogh his bowe be nat broken,
He wol nat with his arwes been ywroken
On thee, ne me, ne noon of our figure;
We shul of him have neyther hurt ne cure.

Now certes, frend, I drede of thy unhappe,
Lesst for thy gylt the wreche of Love procede
On alle hem that ben hore and rounde of shape,
That ben so lythy Folke in love to spele.
Than shul we for our labour han no mede;
But wel I wot, thou wylt anawere and aye;
Lo! olde Cruael list to rhyme and pieye!

Nay, Scogan, eyne not so, for I mexecue,
God help me go! in no rym, douteles;
Ne thinke I never of slepe wal my mawe,
That rysteth in my shetle stille in pees.
Why? I was yong, I putte hit forth in præa,
But al shal passe that men procre and ryme;
Take every man hit turnd, as for his tyme.

Envoy.

SCOGAN, that kneelest at the stremes heed
Of grace, of alle honour & worthinessse,
In thende of which streme I am dut as deed,
Forgete in solitarie wildernessse;
Yet, Scogan, thanke on Cullius hindenessse,
Minne thy frend, ther it may fructifye!
Farwel, and lok thou never elft Love defye!

LENVOY DE CHAUCER. A BURTON, &c.
The counsell of Chaucer touching Mariage,
which was sent to Bulton.

Maister Bulton, whan of Criste our kinge
Glæd azed, what is trouthe or sothfastnesse,
He nat a word anawerde to that axinge,
As he saith: No man is al trewe, I gesse.
And therfor, thogh I highte to expressse
The sorwe and wo that is in mariagé,
I dar not wryte of hit no wikkednesse,
Lest I myself falle elft in swich dotage.

I wol nat seyn, how that hit is the cheyne
Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever,
But I dar seyn, were he out of his peyne,
As by his wille, he wolde be bounde never.
But thilke doted fool that eft hath lever
Ycheymed be than out of prouison crepe,
God lethe him never fro his wo dissever,
Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.

But yit, lest thou do worse, tak a wyf;
Set is tō wédde, than brenne in wors wyse.
But thou shalt have sorwe on thys flesh, thys lyf,
And been thys wyues thral, as seyn these wyse,
And if that holy writ may nat suffise,
Experience shal thee teche, so may happe,
That thee were lever to be tale in Fryse
Than eft to falle of wedding in the trappe.

Envoy.

HIS titel writ, proverb, or figure
I bende you, tal hepe of hit, I rede:
Unwys is he that can no wele endure.
If thou be siker, put thee nat indrede.
The Wyf of Bath, I pray you the ye rede
Of this matere that we have on honde.
God graunte you your lyf frely to lede
In fredom; for ful harde is to be bonde.
Explicit.

GENTILESSE. MORAL BALADE OF
CHAUCER, &c.

He firste stok, fader of gentilesse...
What man that claymeth gentil for to be,
Mast folowe his trace, and alle his wittes dassse
Vertu to sewe, and yvices for to flee.
For unto vertu longeth dignite,
And nocht the revera, sauffly dar I deme,
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

This firste stok was ful of rightwisesse,
Trew of his word, sobre, pitous, and free,
Clene of his goate, and loved beinnesse,
Against the yvce of slouthe, in boneste;
And, but his heir love vertu, as did he,
He is noght gentil, thogh he riche seme,
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Verte may wel be heir to old richesse;
But ther may no man, as men may wel see,
Bequeathe his heir his vertuous noblesse,
That is appropec unto no degree,
But to the firste fader in mageste,
That maketh him his heir, that can him queane,
Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

LAK OF STEDFASTNESSE, BALADE, &c.

Of tyme this world was so stedfast and stable
That mannes word was obligacioun,
And now hit is so fale and deceivable,
That word and deed, as in concluicion,
Ben nothing lyf, for turned up so down
Is al this world for mede and wiffulness,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this world to be so variable
But lust that folk have in dissension?
Among us now a man is holde unable,
But if he can, by som collucioun,
Don his neigbour wrong or oppressioun.
What causeth this, but wifful wrecchednesse,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse?
Trouthe is put doun, reasoun is holdeyn fable;
Vertu hath now no dominacion,
Pitee exyled, no man is merciable.
Through covetyse is blent diuecreucyion;
The world hath made a permutacion
Pro right to wrong, fro trouthe to filthinesse,
That al is lost, for lack of stedfastnesse.

Levoy to King Richard.
To PRINCE, desyre to be honourable,
Cherish thy folk and hate execucyion!
Suffre no thing, that may be
Reprovable
To thyne estat, don in thy regioun.
Shew forth thy sword of castigacioun,
Dred God, do law, love trouthe and worthinesse,
And wed thy folk again to stedfastnesse.
Explicit.

Balades de Visage sans Peinture.
Le Pleintif contre fortune.

His wrecched wordes transmutacion,
As wele or wo, now powre
And now honour,
Withouten order or wys
diuecreucyion
Governed is by Fortunes Errour;
But natheles, the lak of hir favoure

N maun nat don me singen, though I dye,
Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labeur:
For fynally, fortune, I thee defye!

Yit is me left the light of my resoun,
To knownen frend Fro fo in thy mirour,
So muche hath yit thy whirling up and doun
I taught me for to knownen in an houre.
But trewey, no force of thy reddour
To him that over himself hath the maystrye!
My suffysance shal be my accour:
For fynally, fortune, I thee defye!

O Socrates, thou stedfast champicon,
She nyver mighte be thy tormentour.
Thou nyver dredest hir oppresioun,
Ne in hir chere founde thou no savour.
Thou knewe wel deceit of hir colour,
And that hir mooste worshippe is to dye.
I knowe hir ech a fals dissimulation:
For fynally, fortune, I thee defye!

La responsoye de fortune au Pleintif.

O man is wrecched, but himself hit wene,
And he that hath himself hath suffysance.
Why aeystow thanne I am to thee so keen,
That hast thyself out of my governaunce?
Say thys: Grant me mercy of thyn haboundance

That thou hast lent or this, Why wolst thou stryve?
What wostow yit, how I thee wol saunte?
And ech thou hast thy beste frend alvye!

I have thee taught division bitwene
Frend of effect, and frend of countenaunce;
Ther nedeth nat the gal le of noon hyene,
That curreth eyen dreke fro hir pynenaunce:
Now aeystow cler, that were in ignoraunce.
Yit hilt thyn ancre, and yit thou mayst arrvy
Ther bountee berth the keye of my sustoynance:
And ech thou hast thy beste frend alvye.

How many have I refused to sustene,
Si in thee fowstred have in thy pleasaunce!
Wolstow than make a statut on thy queyn
That I shal bene ay at thyn ordinaunce?
Thou born art in my regne of variaunce,
Aboute the wheel with other most thou drype.
My lore is bet than withke is thy grevaunce,
And ech thou hast thy beste frend alvye.

La responsoye du Pleintif contre fortune.

By lore I dampe, hit is adversitee.
My frend maystow nat revyn, blind
Goddessesse!
Chat I thy frendes knowe, I thanke
hit thee.
Cah hem agayn, lat hem go lyve on
pressa!
The negardye in kepyn hir richesse.
Dreostik is thou wolt hir tour assayle:
Withke appetyt comth ay before helnesse:
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

La responsoye de fortune contre le Pleintif.

Hou pinchest at my mutabillitee,
For I thee lente a drope of my richesse,
And nowe me blyest to withdrawe me.
Why sholdestow my realtee
oppressa?
The see may ebe and flower more or less;
The wellhe hith mayt to shynhe, reyne, or hayle;
Right so mot I lythen my batelynesse.
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Lo, theexucion of the mageste.
That al purveyth of his rightwinesse,
That same thing fortune cleen ye,
Ye blinde beate, ful of lewedinesse!
The hevyn hath propretie of silhemesse,
This world hath ever resteles travayle;
Thy laste day is ende of myn intrease;
In general, this reule may nat fayle.

Levoy de fortune.

PRINES, I praye you of your
gentilesse,
Lat nat this man on me thus crye
and pleyne,
And I shal quyte you your bisnesse
At my requests, as three of you or
twayne;
The Complent of Chaucer to His Empty Purse.

O you, my purse, & to no other wight Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere! I am so sorry, now that ye be light; For certes, but ye make me hevy chere, Weere as leef belewed upon my bere;

For wiche unto your mercy thus I crye: Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now vouseth sauf this day, or hit be night, That I of you the blissful soun may here, Or see your colour lyk the some bright, That of yelownesse hadde never dere. Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere, Queene of comfort and of good companye: Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now pursa, that be to me my lyve light, And saveour, as doun in this world here, Out of this toun help me through your myght, Sin that ye wole nat been my trevorere; For I am shawe as nye as any frere. But yet I pray unto your curteyes: Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Envoy de Chaucer.

Conquerour of Brutes Hibicoun! Which that by lyne and free electeoun Ben verray kong, this song to you I sende; And ye, that mowen al your harm amende, Have minde upon my supplicacion!

Merciles Beate: A Triple Roundel.

Our yen two wol slee me sodenly, I may the beate of hem not sustene, So woundeth hit throughout my herte kene. And but your word wol helen hastily My hertes wounde, whyl that hit is grene.

Your yen two wol slee me sodenly, I may the beate of hem not sustene. Upon my truthe I say yow faithfully, That ye be myn lyf and death the quene; For with my deeth the truthe shall be bene.

Your yen two wol slee me sodenly, I may the beate of hem not sustene, So woundeth hit throughout my herte kene.

SIN I fro Love escaped am so fat, I never thynk to ben in his prison lene; Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

He may answere, and seye this or that; I do no fore, I spake right as I mene. Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat, I never thynk to ben in his prison lene.

Love hath my name ye strike out of his selat, And he is strike out of my boke cleene For evermore; ther is non other mene. Sin I fro Love escaped am so fat, I never thynk to ben in his prison lene; Sin I am free, I counte him not a bene.

A Complent to His Lady.

He longe night, when every creature Shulde have bire rest in som what, as by kinde, Or elles ne may bire lyf nat long endure, Bet fallete most into my woful minde. Now I do so fer he brete myself behinde, That sauf the death, ther may nothing me liise, So desespered I am from alle blisse.

This same thoght me lasteth til the morwe, And from the morwe forth til hit be eve; Ther nedeth me no care for to borwe, For bothe I have good leyser and good lewe; Ther is no wight that wol me wo brewe To wepe ynoth, and wailen at my fille; The sore spark of peyne doth me spille.

The sore spark of peyne doth me spille; This Love hath eek me set in swich a place That my desyre never wol fullfille; For neither pitee, mercy, neither grace
Can I nat finde; and fro my sorrowful herte,  
for to be deed, I can hit nat arace.
The more I love, the more she doth me smerte;  
Through which I see, without remedye,
That from the deeth I may no wyse aterte;  
for this day in his servise shal I dye.

III.
Thus am I slaine, with sorwes ful diverse;  
ful longe agoon Ighte have taken hede.
Now sothly, what she hight I wol rehearse;  
Bir namo is Bountee, set in womanhede,
Sadness in youthe, and Beatour prydeleee,  
And Pleaunce, under governaunce and drede;
Bir surname eek is fair Reswheels,
The Wyse, ymunt unto Good Aventure,  
That, for I love hir, alethee me gilteleene.
Bir love I best, and shal, whyl I may drede,
Bett than myself an hundred thousand deel,
Than al this worlde richese or creature.

Now hath nat Love me bestowed weel  
To love, ther I never shal have part?
Alas! right thus is turned me the wheel,
Thus am I playn with loveys fyrre dart.
I can but love hir best, me sweete fo;
Love hath me taught no more of his art
But serve alwye, and stinte for no wo.

IV.
Within my trewe carefull herte thar is  
So moche wo, and eek so litel blis,
That wo is me that ever I was sore;
For al that thinge which I deenre I mis,
And al that ever I wolde nat, I wis,
That finde I redy to me evermore;
And of al this I not to whom me pleyne.
For she that make me out of this bringe
Ne recche th-at whethur I wepe or singe;
So litel rewthe hath she upon my pynye.

Alas! whan sleping time is, than I wake,
Whan I shoude dauncen, for fere than I quake;
Yow reketh never when I flete or sinke;
This hevy lyf I lede for your sake,
Thogh ye therof in no wyse hede take,
For on my wo yeow deyneth not to thinke.
My hertes lady, and hool my lyves queene!
For trewly dorote I seye, as that I fele,
Me semeth that yous sweete hertes arele
Is whettet now aegreyn me to hene.

My dere herte, and best beloved fo,
Why lyketh yow to do me at this wo,
What have I doon that greveth yow, or sayd,
But for I berere and love yow, and nog no me?
And whylst I live, I wol do ever so;
And therfor, sweete, ne beth nat evil apayd.
For so good and so fair as that ye be,
it were a right grete wonder but ye haddre
Of alle servantes, bothe gooede and badde;
And leest worthy of alle hem, I am he.

But nevertheless, my righte lady sweete,

Thoogh that I be uncomelyng and unmete  
To serve as I best coude at your hynesse,
Yit is ther fayner noon, that wolde I hete,
Than I, to do yow ese, or elles bete.
Whatso I wiste were to yow diystresse,
And hadde I might as good as I have wille,
Than shulde ye fele when it wer so or noon;
For in this worlde living is ther noon
That fayner wolde your hertes wil fylfille.

For bothe I love, and eek dreed yow so sore,
And algetz moot, and have done yow, ful yore,
That bet loved is noon, ne never shal;
And yit I wolde beseeche yow of no more
But leteth wel, and be nat wrooth therfore,
And let me serve yow forth; lo! this is al.
For I am nat so hardy ne so wood
For to desire that ye shulde love me;
For wel I wol, alas! that may nat be;
I am so litel worthy, and ye so good.

For ye be on the worthiust on lyve,
And I the most unlyke for to thrive;
Yit, for al this, now witteth ye right welle,
That ye ne shulde me from your servise dryve
That I nil ay, with alle my witten fyve,
Serve yow trewly, what wo so that I fele.
For I am set on yow in swich manere
That, thogh ye never wil upon me rewe,
I molte yow love, and ever been as trewe
As any can or may on lyve here.

The more that I love yow, goodly free,
The lasse fynde I that ye love me;
Alas! whan shal that harde wit amend me?
Wher is now al your womanly pitee,
Your gentilesse and your debonairtee,
Wit ye nothing therof upon me apende?
And so hool, sweete, as I am youre al,
And so grete wil as I have yow to serve,
Now, certes, and ye let me thus sterwe,
Yit hace ye wonne thon er but a smal.

For, at my knowing, I do nothing why,
And this I wol beseeche yow hertely,
That, ther ever ye finde, whil ye live,
A trewere servante to yow than am I,
Leweth me thanne, and alethe me hardely,
And my deeth to you wol al forgivre.
And if ye finde no trewe man than me,
Why vit ye suffre than that I thus apille,
And for no maner gift but my good witte?
As good wer thanne untrewwe as trewe to be.

But I, my lyf and deeth, to yow obeye,
And with right buxom herte hoolly I preye,
As is your mooste pleisure, so doth by me;
Wel lever is me lyken yow and deye
Than for to any thing or thinke or seye
That mighte yous offende in any tyme.
And therfor, sweete, rewe on my pynye smerte,
And of your grace granteth me som drope; for elles may me laste ne blis ne hope. Ne dwellen in my trouble careful herte.

WOMANLY NOBLESSE.
Salade that Chaucier made.

And have me somewhat in your souvenaunce. My woful herte suffreth greet durese; And loke how humblely, with al simplesse, My wil I conforme to your ordenaunce, As you best list, my peynes to redresse.

Considering eek how I hange in balaunce
In your servysse; owhich, lo! is my chaunce, Abyding grace, whan that your gentiinesse
Of my gret wo list doen alleaunce,
And with your pite me som wyse avance,
In ful rebating of my hevinesse;
And thinketh, by reason, womanly noblesse
Shuld nat desire for to doen entrance
Therof she findeth noon unbuxumesse.

Lenoyse.

ACTOUR of norture, lady of
pleaunce,
Soveraine of beaute, flour of
wommanhede,
Take ye non hede unto myn
ignoraunce,
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,
Thinking that I have caught in remembaunce
Your beaute hool, your stedfast governaunce,
Here begynneth the Romaut of the Rose.

But undoth us the avisyon
That whycmen mette king Cipicon.
And who so sayth, or wenet it be
A sace, or elles a aycetee
To wene that dremes after falle,
Let whoso list a fool me calle.
For this trowe I, and say for me,
That dremes siginaunce be
Of good and harme to mony wyghtes,
That dremes in her slepe anighete
Ful many thynge covertly,
That fallen after al openly.

CHYN my twenty yere of age,
When that Love taketh his courage
Of yonge folk, I wenten gone
do bedde, as I was wont to done,
And fast I sleepe; and in slepeing,
Me mette swiche a swevening,
That lycke me wondres wel;
But in that sweven is never a del
That it his afterward befaile,
Right as this drem wol tell weso alme.
Now this drem wol I ryme aright,
To make your hertes gaye and light;
For Love it prayeth, and also

Men seyn that in sweveninges
Ther nis but fables and lesinges:
But men may somme swevenes seen,
Which hardely ne false been,
But afterward ben apparaunte.
This may I drawe to waraunte
An author, that hight Moderes,
That halyt not dremes false ne lees,
Commaundeth me that it be so
And if ther any ask me,
Whether that it be he or she,
Now that this book the which is here
Shall note, that I rede you here;
It is the Romance of the Rose,
In which at the art of love I close.
THE mater fayre is of to make;
God graunte in gree that she it take
Wher for whom that it begunnen is!
And that is she that hath, ywis,
So muchel prayse and thereto she
So worthy is bilove be,
That she wel oughte, of pryse and right,
Be elepeth Rose of every wyhte.

Now it was May me thoughte tho,
It is fyve yere or more ago;
That it was May, thus dremed me,
In tyme of love and jolitee,
That al thing gynnet waxen gay,
For ther is neither bush nor hay

In May, that it nil shrouded been,
And with newe leves wren.
These wode wynken on grene,
That drye in winter been to seene;
And the ethre wexent proud withal,
For swote dewes that on it falle,
And al the pore estat forget
In which that winter hadde it set,
And than bicometh the ground so proud
That it wol have a newe shroud,
And maketh so queyte his rote and payr
That it hath heves an hundred payr
Of gras and florres, inde and pera,
And many heves ful dyvers:
That is the rote I mene, ywis,
Through which the ground to presen is.

HE briddes, that han left his song,
Why they han suffred cold so strong
In wetten grate, and derk to sighte,
Ben in May, for the sonne brighte,
So glade, that they shew in singynge,
That in his herte is swich lyking,
That they mote singen and be light.
Than doth the nightingle hir might
To make noysse, and synynge blythe.
Than is blisful, many a yste,
The cheloude and the papin gay,
The songe fote enten day
For to ben gay and aumorous,
The tyme is than so aavorous.

Hard is his herte that lovethe nought
In May, whan at this mirth is wrought;
Whan he may on these branched here
The smale briddes singen cle.
Hir blisful swete song pitous;
And in this seasson delituous.
Whan love affrayeth alle thing,
Me thoughten aight, in my slepeing,
Right in my bed, ful redily,
That it was by the morowe erly,
And up I roose, and gan me clothe;
A noon I wassh myn bonne bothe;
A slyvre nedle forth I drogh

Out of an augele queynetynogh,
And gan this nedle threde anoch;
For out of toun me list to gon
The sowe of briddeke for to here,
That on these bushhes singen cleere.
And in the swete sesoun that leef is,
With a threde bastynge my alevis,
A noon I wente in my playnig,
The smale foules song harkynig;
That paynede hem ful many a payre
To singe on bowes bloomed fyare.
Yollif and gay, ful of glaudeynesse,
Toward a riveyn I gan me dreese,
That I herde renne faste by;
For fairer playing non saugh I
Than playen me by that riveyn,
For from an hille that stood the neer
Cam down the streem ful st iff and bold.
Clee was the water, and as cold
As any welle is, sooth to seyn;
And somde lasse it was than Seine,
But it was straighter wel away.
And never saugh I er that day,
The water that so wel byed me;
And wonder glad was I to see
That luyt place, and that riveyn;
And with that water that ran so cleer
My face I wassh. Tho saugh I wel
The botme payed everydyl
With gravel, ful of stones abone.
The medewe softe, swote, and grene,
Beet right on the waterside.
Ful clee was than the mowrtyde,
And ful atteyme, out of drede.
Tho gan I walk through the mede,
Downward ay in my playne,
The riverside coasteyng.
His nose anointed up for tene,
Full hideous was she for to sene,
Full foul and rasty was she, this
Hir heed ywritten was, wys,
Full grimly with a greet towyle.

An image of another entayle, Felonye
A lift half, was her haste by;
Hir name above her heed saugh I,
And she was called Felonye.

A NOOTHER image, that Vilanye Vilanye
Telepeth, saugh I and fond
Upon the wall on hir right hond.
Vilanye was lyk somdel
That other image; and, trusteth wel,
She semed a willed creature.
By countenaunce, in portrayture,
She semed be ful despitoues,
And ech ful proud and outrageous.
Wel coude be peynye, I undertake,
That swiche image coude make.
Ful fowl and charishe semed she,
And ech vilaynous for to be,
To worship any creature.

Coveitise

ND next was peynyte Coveitise,
That eggeth folk, in many gyse,
To take and yeve right nought agayn.
And grete tresours up to leyn,
And that is she that for usure
Length to many a creature.
The lase for the more winning,
So coveitowe is her brenning.
And that is she, for penyes fele,
That techeeth for to robbe male ale
These theves, and these amale harlowes;
And that is route, for by her theotes
Ful many oon hangest at the laste.
She maketh folk compasses and caste
To taken other folks thing,
Through robberie, or miscounting.
And that is she, that maliteth trechaures;
And she that maliteth false pledures,
That with hir termes and hir domes
Doom maydenes, children, and ech gromes
Hir heritage to forgo.
Ful crooked were hir hondes two;
For Coveitise is ever wood
To grypen other folkes good.
Coveitise, for hir winning,
Ful leef hath other memnes thing.

A NOOTHER image set saugh I
Next Coveitise faste by,
And she was cleepe Avarice. Avarice
Ful fowl in peynyt was that vice;
Ful sad and cayiff was she eek,
And also grene as any leek.
So yel bewe was hir colour,
Her named have lived in langour.
She was lyth thing for hungre deed,
That ladde hir lyf only by breed
Kneded with eisel strong and ere;
And thereto she was lene and negre.
And she was clad ful poorely,
Al in an old tyme threyte,
As she were al with doggea torn;
And both the b сот and eek biforn
Clouted was she beggarly,
A mantel heng hir faeste by,
Upon a perche, wyche and smalle;
A surmet cote heng therwithalle,
Furre with no menevere,
But with a furre rough of here,
Of lambskinnes hevy and blake;
It was ful old, I undertake,
For Havorice to clothe hir wel
Ne hasteth hir, never a de;
For certeynly it were hir loth
to wearere ofte that lyke cloth;
And if it were forwered, she
Mold have ful greet necessitee
Of clothing, er she bouthe hir newe,
Al were it bath of wolfe and hewe.
This Havorice held in hir hande
A purse, that heng down by a bande;
And that she hidde and bond so stronge,
Men must abyde wonder longe
Out of that purs er ther come ought,
For that ne cometh not in hir thought;
It was not, certein, hir entente
That fro that purs a peny wente. Envye
By that image, nygh enouge,
Was peynte Envye, that never lough,
Nor never wel in herte ferde
But if she outher saugh or herde
Som greet misconchance, or greet disease.
Nothing may so much hir plesse
As mischef and misadventure;
Or when she seeth discomfiture
On any worthy man to falle,
Than lyketh hir ful wol withalle.
She is ful glad in hir corage,
If she see any greet linage
It brought to thought in shamful wyse.
And if a man in honour wyse,
Or by his witte, or by prowesse,
Of that hath she greet heinesse;
For trusteth wel, she goth nigh wood
When any chaunce hatheth good.
Envy is of swich cruelte,  
That feith ne trouthe boldeth she  
To freend ne felawe, bad or good.  
Ne she hath kin noon of hir blood,  
That she nys ful hir enemy;  
She holde, I dar seyn hardely,  
Hir owne fader ferde wel.  
And sore abyeth she everydel  
Hir malice, and hir maltalent:  
For she is in so greet turment  
And hath such wo, whan folk doth good,  
That nigh she melteth for pure wood;  
Hir herte kerpith and tobreketh  
That God the peple wel awreheth.  
Envy, ywis, shall never lette  
Som blame upon the folk to sette.  
I rowte that if Envy, ywis,  
Knewe the beste man that is  
On the syde of hir and the see,  
Yit somwhat takhen him wolde she.  
And if he were so hende and yws,  
That she ne mighte al abate his pryse;  
Yit wolde she blame his worthinesse;  
Or by hir wordes make it lesse.  
I laugh Envy, in that prynte,  
Hede a wonderful lokeing;  
For she ne loked but awry,  
Or overthrowt, al baggingly,  
And she hadde ech a foul usurage;  
She mighte loke in no visage  
Of man or woman forthright pleyn,  
But shette oon ye for diodeyn;  
So for envy brended she  
When she mighte any man ysee,  
That fair, or worthy were, or yws,  
Or elles stood in folkis pryse.  

BROWE was pynetd next Envy.  
Upon that wall of masonry.  
Browe  
But we was seen in her colour  
That she hadde lived in langour;  
Hir semed have the jaunyce.  
Nought halfo pale was Avereye,  
Nor nothing lyf, as of lenebse;  
For Browe, thought, and greet distresse,  
That she hadde suffred day and night  
Made hir ful yelle, and nothing bright,  
Ful fade, pale, and negre also.  
Was never wight yit half so wo  
As that hir semed for to be,  
Nor so fulfilled of ire as she.  
I rowte that no wight mighte hir plese,  
Nor do that thing that mighte hir ege;  
Nor she ne wolde hir browe sake,  
Nor comfort noon unto hir take.
The
Romant
of the
Rose
So deep was her wo bigonnen,
And eek her herte in angre romen,
A sorrowful thing wel semed she.
Nor she hadde nothing slowe be
For to fornacen al her face,
And for to rende in many place
Her clothes, and for to tere her swire,
As she that was fulfilled of ire;
And al toton lay eek her here
Aboute her shulderes, here and there,
As she that hadde it al torent
For angre and for maletnant;
And eek I telle you certeny
How that she weep ful tenderly.
In world nis wight so hard of herte
That hadde seen her sorowe smerte,
That halde have had of her pitee,
So wobbigo a thing was she.
She al todaashte herselfe for wo,
And amost togider her handes two.
To sorowe was she ful ententyf,
That woful recchelesse casyf;
Hir roughte lile of playynge,
Or of clipping or of hisasing;
For whose sorrowful is in her heart,
Hir liare not to playe ne aterte,
Nor for to daunten, ne to singe,
Ne may his herte in temper bringe
To make joye on even or morowe;
For joye in contrarie unto sorowe.
Elde
Gode was peyned after this,
That shortere was a foot, ywis,
Than she was wont in her yonghede.
Aume the herselfe she mighte fede;
So feble and eek so old was she
That fadess was al hir beautee.
Ful salowe was waxen her colour,
Her heed for hoor was, whyt as flour.
Ywis, grete qualme ne were it noon,
Ne simne, although her lyf were gon.
Al woxen was hir body unwelde,
And drye, and dwyned al for elde.
A fowl forwelked thing was she
That whylom round and softe had be.
Birren shoken fast withhale,
As from her heed they wolde faile.
Hir face frounced and forpynten,
And bothe hir hondes lorn, forwyned.
So old she was that she ne wente
A fote, but it were by potente.

Tyme
And restles travayleth ay,
And stelth from us so privelte,
That to us semeth sillerly
That it in oon point dwelleth ever,
And certes, it ne resteth never
But goth so faste, and passeth ay,
That ther nen man that thinke may
What tyme that now present is:
Asketh at these clerke this;
For eek men thinke it redfly,
Three tymes been ypasseth by.
The tyme, that may not sojournye,
But goth, and never may retorne,
As water that doun renmeth ay,
But never drope retourne may;
Ther may nothing as tyme endure,
Metal, nor ertheley creature;
For alie thing it fret and shal;
The tyme eek, that chaungeoth al,
And al deth waxe and feste be,
And alie thing distroyeth he;
The tyme, that eldeeth our auncesseours
And eldeeth ringes and empourcs,
And that us alie shal overcomen
Er that death us shal have nomen:
The tyme, that hath al in welde.
To elden folk, had maad hir elde
So inly, that, to my witing,
She mighte helpe hirselfe nothing,
But turned ageyn unto childhede;
She had nothing hirselfe to lede,
Ne wit ne pith inwih hir holde
More than a child of two yeer olde.
But nathely, I trowe that she
Was fair sumtyne, and fresh to see,
Whan she was in hir rightful age:
But she was past al that passage
And was a doted thing bicomme.
A furred cope on had she nomen;
Wel had she clad hirselfe and warm
For cold mighte elles doon hir harm.
These olde folk have alwey colde,
Hir hinde is swiche, whan they ben olde.

Popez holy
That semede liyk an ipocrate,
And it was cleped Popez holy,
That like is she that privelte
Ne spareth never a wilthde deede,
Whan men of hir taken non hede;
And maketh hir outward precious,
With pale visage and pitous,
And semeth a simple creature;
But ther nis no misaventure
That she ne thenketh in hir corage.
Ful liyk to hir was that image,
That made was liyk hir semblance.
She was ful simple of countenaunce,
And she was clothed and eek shod,
As she were, for the love of God,
Yelden to religiou,
Swich semed hir devocioun.
A bauter held she faste in honde,
And blysly she gan to fonde
To make many a feynyt prayere
To God, and to his symtes dere.
Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolyf,
But semed be ful ententyf
To gode werkes, and to faire,
And therto she had on an haire.
Ne certes, she was fat nothing,
But semed very for fasting;
Of colour pale and deed was she.
From hir the gate shal weren be
Of paradyse, that blysful place;
For swich folk maken lene hir face,
As Crist seith in his evangyle,
To gete hem prys in toune a whyle:
And for a litle glorie rein
They lezen God and eek his rein.
And alderlast of everichoon,
Was penyed Povert al acooon,
That not a peny hadde in wold:
Although that she hir clothes solde,
And though she shulde anhonged be;
For naaked as a worm was she.

And if the weder stormy were,
For colde she shulde have deyred there.
She naddde on but a streit old salth,
And many a clout on it ther stath;
This was hir cote and hir mantel,
No more was there, never a delt,
To clothe her with; I undertake,
Gret teyser hadde she to quake.

And she was put, that I of talke,
Yr fro these other, up in an halie;
There lurked and there courde she,
For povre thing, ywheto it be,
Is shamfaste, and despised ap.
Acursed may wel be that day,
That povre man conceived is;
For God wot, al to selde, ywis,
Is any povre man wel fed,
Or wel arrayed or aclad,
Or wel bilowed, in swich wysne
In honour that he may aryse.

Alle these thinges, wel ayved
As I hawe you er this devysed,
With gold and asure over alle
Deynted were upon the wall.
Swar was the wall, & high somdel
Enclosed, and ybarred wel,
In stede of hegge, was that gardyn,
Com never shepheard therin.

Into that gardyn, wel ywrought,
Whose that me could have brought,
By laddre, or elte by degree,
It wolde wel have lyked me.
For swich solace, swich joye, and play,
I trowe that never man se say,
As in that place delitulous.

The gardyn was not dangerous
To herberwe briddes many con.
So riche a yer was never noon
Of briddes songe, and braunces grene.
Therin were briddes mo, I wene,
Than been in alle the rewme of fraunce.
But blisseful was the accordaunce
Of swete and pitous songes they made,
For al this world it oughte glade.

And I myself so mery ferde,
When I hir blisseful songes herde,
That for an hundred pound nolde I.

If that the pasage openly
Hadde been unto me fre,
That I nolede entren for to see
Thassemblie, God hepe it fro care!
Of briddes, whiche therinne were,
That songen, through hir mery throte,
Daunces of love, and mery notes.

When I thyn herde fowles singe,
I fel faste in a weymentinginge.

By which art, or by what engyn
I mighth come in that gardyn;
But way I couthe finde noon
Into that gardyn for to goon.
Ne spught wise I if that ther were
Sether hole or place o'where,
By which I mighthe have entree;
Ne ther was noon to teche me;
For I was al acooon, ywis,
Ful wo and anguisous of this.
Til atte laste bithoughte I me,
That by no wye ne mighpte it be;
That ther nas laddre or wye to passe,
Or hole, into no faire a place.

So gan I goe a ful gret pas
Environning even in compass
The closing of the square wal,
Til that I fond a wicket smal
So abet, that I mighth in goon,
And other entree was ther noon.

DON this dore I gan to amyte,
That was so fetys and so lyte;
For othere wyo coude I not seye.
Ful long I shoof, and knokked the,
And stooed ful long & oft herkinge.

If that I herde a wighte comyng;
Til that the dore of thilke entree
A mayden curtesy opened me.
Sir heer was as yelow of hewe
As any basin seourde newe,
Sir flesh as tendre as is a chile,
With bente browes, smote andolie;
And by measure large were
The opening of hir yny clere.
Sir nose of good proporcioun,
Sir yny greye as a faucoun,
With swete breath and wel saubered.
Sir face whyt and wel coloured,
With litel mouth, and round to see;
A clove chin eth hadde she.

Sir nelke was of good fassoun
In lengthe and gretenesse, by reason,
Withoute bleyne, scabbe, or royne.

Pro Jerusalem unto Burgoyn
er nas a fairer nelke, ywis,
To telle how smother and softer it is.
Sir throte, also whyt of hewe
As snow on brancye snowed newe.

Of body ful wel wroghte was she
Men nedde not, in no curnee,
A fairer body for to seke,
And of fyn frayses had she she
A chapelet: so semly con
Ne wered never mayde upon;
And fair above that chapelet
A rose gerland had she set.
She hadde in honde a gay mirour,
And with a riche gold treasour
Sir heed was tresse quenityly;
Sir sylvest wes sewed fetisly.
And for to kepe hir honden faire
Of gloves whyte she hadde a paire.
And she hadde on a cote of grene
Of cloth of Gaunt; withouten wene,
Wel semed by hir apparayle
She was not wont to greet travayle,
For when she sempt was fetisly,
And wel arrayed and richely.
I came haw she done al my journeee;
For mery and wel bigoon was she.
She lade a lusty lyf in May,
She hadde no thought, by nyght ne day,
Of nothing, but it were conly
To grante hir wel and uncouthly.

DAN that this dore hadde opened me
This maryd, sometyme for to see,
I thanked hir as I best mighte,
And axed hir bow that she highte,
And what she was, I axede eke.
And she to me was nought unreme,
Ne of hir answer daungerous,
But faire and serwe, and sede thus:

Soo, as my name is Ydelnesse;
So clepe men me, more & less.
So full michty and ful rich an I.
And that of oon thing, namely;
For I entende to nothing
But to my joye, and my pleynyng,
And for to lyke & trewe me,
Aqyented am I and pryce.
With Mirthe, lord of this gardyn,

That fro the lande of Alexandryn
Made the trees be hider fete,
That in this garden been yet,
And whan the trees were wesen on highte,
This wal, that stant here in thyhighte,
Dide Mirthe enclosen al aboute;
And these images, al withoute,
He dide hem bothe eneale and peyne,
That neither ben jolyf ne queyne,
But they ben ful of sorowe and wo,
As thou hast been a whyle ago.

AND ofte tyme, him to soolace.
Sir Mirthe cometh into this place,
And eek with him cometh his maynee,
That liven in lust and solittee.
And now is Mirthe therin, to here
The briddes, how they singen clere,
The maavis and the nightingale,
And other joly breake on.
And thus he walketh to soolace
Him and his folk; for sweeter place
To playen in he may not finde.
Although he soughte oon intill Inde.
The altherfairest folk to see
That in this world ma mayn be
Hath Mirthe with him in his route,
That folwen him alwayes aboute.
When Ydnelense had told at this,
And I hadde beryned we, wyse,
Than seide I to dame Ydnelense:
Now also wisly God me blesse,
Sith Mirth, that is so fair and free,
Is in this yerde with his meynete,
Pro thilke assemable, if I may,
Shal no man wene me today,
That I this nyght ne mote it see,
For wel wene I, ther with him be
A faire and joly companye
Full of alle curteysye.

And forth, withoute wordes mo,
In at the wicket wente I tho,
That Ydnelense hadde open me,
Into that gardyn fair to see.

And certes, when I herde his song,
And saw the grene place amased,
In herte I was so wonder gay,
That I was never erst, or that day,
So joly, nor so wel bigo,
No mery in herte, as I was tho.
And than wiste I, and saw ful wel,
That Ydnelense me servede wel,
That me putte in swich jolite.

Sir Mirth so weende, I for to be,
Sith she the dore of that garden
Faddde openede, and me leten in.
From thence forth how that I wrotte,
I shal you tellen, as me thoughtes.

First, wheresof Mirth served therre,
And ech what folk ther with him were,
Withoute fable I wol decyvy.
And of that gardyn ech as blyve
I wol you tellen after this.

The faire fason al, wyse,
That wel yowrote was for the noynes,
I may not telle you al at ones:
But as I may and can, I shal
By ordre telle you it al.

Put fair servye and ech ful swete
These briddes maaden as they sette.
Layen of love, ful wel seving
They songen in hir jargoning:

Summe highe and summe ech lowe songe
Upon the branches grene yspronge.
The sweetnesse of hir melody
Made al myn herte in reverde.

And whan that I hadde herd, I trowe,
These briddes singing on a wrode,
Than mghte I not withhold me
That I ne wente in for to see
Sir Mirth: for my desiring
Was him to seen, over alle thing,
His countenaunce and his manere:
That sightes was to me ful dere.

No wente I forth on my right bond
Doun by a litle path I fond
Of menetys ful, and fenel grene;
And faste by, withoute wene,
Sir Mirth I fond; and right anon
Unto sir Mirtho gan I goon,
Ther as he was, him to solace.
And with him, in that lusty place,
So faire folk and so fresh hadde he,
That when I sow, I wonderde me

Sir Mirthe

Fro whennes swich folk mighte come,
So faire they weren, alle and some;
For they were lyk, as to my sightes,
To angels, that ben fethered brighte.

Sir Mirthe, of which I telle you so,

Gladnesse

Hys folk, of which I telle you so,

Upon a carole wenten tho.
A lady caroled hem, that bighte
Gladnesse, the blissful and the lighte;
Wel coude she singe and lustfully,
Non half so wel and semely.
And make in song swich refreyninge,
It sate hir wonder wel to seynge.
Hir vole ful cley was and ful swete.

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She was nought rude ne unneste,  
But couthe you now of swich doing  
As longeth unto caroling:  
For she was wont in every place  
To singen first, folk to solace;  
For singen most she gaf hir to;  
No craft had she so leef to do.

DO mighte thou caroles seen,  
And folk ther daunce and mery been,  
And make many a fair tourning  
Upon the grene gras upspringing.  
Ther mighte thou see these flourcours,  
Ministrals, and eek jogerlours,  
That wel to singe dide hir peyne.  
Somme songe songes of Loreyne;  
For in Loreyne hir notes be  
A sweeter than in this coortee.  
Ther was many a timbrender,  
And aydelours, that I dar wel awe  
Coutho hir craft ful parfitly.  
The timbres up ful spotily  
They caste, and henten hem ful ofte  
Upon a finger faire and softe,  
That they ne fayled nevermo.  
Ful fettis damiselles two,  
Right yonge, and fulle of amilished,  
In hertles, and non other wede,  
And faire tressed every tresse.

Haddo Mirth the doon, for his noblesse,  
Amide the carole for to daunce;  
But herou lyth no remembrance,  
How that they daunce quenently,  
That oon wolde come al privetly  
Agyn that other: and when they were  
Togidere almost, they threwe vvere  
Hir mouthes soo, that through hir play  
It semed as they visite alway  
To daunecen wel coude they the gyse;  
What shulde I more to you devye?  
Ne bede I never thenne go.  
Whythes that I saw hem daunce soo.  

Curtesye  
Doun the carole wonder butte  
I gan bikhode; til alle tate  
A lady gan me for to espae,  
And she me clesed Curtesye.  
The worshipful, the debonaire;  
I pray God ever falle hir faire!  
Ful curteisly she called me,  
What do ye there, beaw sire? quod she,  
Come neer, and if it lyke yow  
To daunecen, dauneceth with us now.  
And I, withoute tarying,  
Wente into the caroling.  
I was abased never a del,  
But it me lyked on right wel  
That Curtesye me clesed soo.
And bad me on the daunce goe,
For if I hadde durst, certein
I wolde have carole right fayn,
As man that was to daunce bythe.
Than gan I lohen ofte sythe
The shap, the bodys, and the cheres,
The countenance and the maner
Of alle the folk that daunced there,
And I shal tellle what they were.

His nose by mesure wrought ful right;
Crisp was his heer, and eek ful bright.
His shulders of a large brede,
And smalish in the girtlistede.
He seemed lyk a portreiture,
So noble he was of his stature,
So fair, so joly, and so fetha,
With tyme wrought at poyn devys,
Deler, armet, and of greet might;
Ne sawe thou never man so light.
Of berde unnethe hadde he nothing,
For it was in the firste spring.
Ful yong he was, and mery of thought,
And in samyt, with briddes wrought,
And with golde beten fielitlye,
His body was clad ful richelye.
Wrought was his robe in strange gyse,
And al tussillit for quyntyse.
In manye a place, lowe and hye,
And shod he was with greet maistrye,
With aboon deeped, and with laus.
By druerpe, and by golstas,
His leef a rosen chaapelet
Bad maad, and on his head it set.

ND wight ye who was his leef?
Dame Gladnes ther was him so leef,
That aungtheth  soo wel with glad corage,
Chat from she was twelve yeer of age,
She of hir love graunt him made.
Sir Mirth he by the finger hadde
In dauning, and of him fado;
Gret love was atweixe hym two.
Bothe were they faire and brighte of hewe;
She semede lyk a rose newe
Of colour, and hir flesh so tendre,
That with a brete smale and alender
Men mighte it cleve, I dar wel sayn.
Hir forheed, frounccele al playn.
Bente were hir browses two,
Hir yen greye, and gladdde also,
That laughed ay in hir semblant,
First or the mouth, by covenant.
I net what of hir nose degerye;
So fair hadh no woman aluye.
Hir her was ylowe, and cler shyninge,
I wot no lady so lyking.
Of offrayes fresh was hir gerland;
I, whiche seeen have a thousand,
Saugh never, ywis, no gerland yit,
So wel yworught of silke as it,
And in an overgilt samyt.
Clad she was, by gret deth,
Of which hir leef a robe werde,
The myrrr she in herte ferde.

AND next hir wente, on hir other syde.
The God of Love, that can devyse
Love, as him lyketh it to be.
But he can cheres daunten, he,
And maken folkes pryde fallen,
And he can wel these lorde thrallen,
And ladies putte at lowe degree,
When he may hem to proude see.

HIS God of Love of his faoun
Was lyk no kave, ne quistoloun;
His beautey gretlye was to pryue.
But of his robe to defyse
I drede encumberd for to be.
For nought yclad in silke was he,
But al in flors and florettes,
Ypainted al with amorettes;
And with lesunges and acconouns,
With briddes, ribarden, and lyouns,
And other beastes wrought ful wel.
His garmemente was everydele
Yportreyd and yworught with floweres,
By dyvers medling of colours.
Florres ther were of many gyse
Yet by compass in asayse;
Ther lacked no flower, to my dom,
Ne nought so muche as flour of brome,
Ne violette, ne eek pervenche,
Ne flour non, that man can on thenke,
And many a roseleef ful long
Was intermeddled tharomong;
And also on his heed was set
Of roses rede a chapelet.
But naitingales, a ful grete route,
That flyen over his heed aboute,
The leves felden as they flewen;
And he was al with briddes wryen,
With popinjay, with naitingale,
With chalumardre, and with wodewale,
With Finch, with lark, and with arcaunget.
He semede as he were an aungel
That comen were comet fro heavene clere.

OYE hadde with him a bachelore,
That made alwayes with him be;
Sweete-Loking eleged he was.
This bachelore stod biholding
The daunce, and in his bonne holding
Marke we two hadde he.
That son of him was of a tree
That bereth a fruyt of savour wilke;
FUL croked was that soule stile,
And knotty here and there also,
And blak as bery, or any slo.
That other bowe was of a plante
Withoute wet, I dar warante,
FUL even, and by proporcioun
Trentys and long, of good faoun.
And it was poynted wet and thwitten,
And overal diapred and writen
With ladies and with bacheleres,
Full lightously and ful glad of hghts.
These bowes twa held Sweete Loking,
That semed lyke no gadeling.
And ten brode arowes held he there,
Of which ffeve in his right hond were.
But they were shaven wel and light
Noshed and fethered aright;
And at they were with gold bigoon,
And stronge pointed everichoon,
And sharpe for to kerken weel.
But ird was there noon ne steel;
For al was gold, men mighte it see,
Outtake the fetheres and the tree.

The swiftest of these arowes ffeve
Out of one bowe for to drowe,
And best fethered for to fle,
And fairest eek, was cleped Beateau.
That other arowe, that hurteth lisse,
Was cleped, as I trowe, Simpleisse.
Simpleisse
The thridde cleped was Franchysse, Francheysse,
That were strong and in noble wyse,
Chyse
With valour and with curteysse.
The fourthe was cleped Companye.
That heyde for to sheten is;
But whose shedith right, ywis,
May therewith doon gret harm and woe.
The fffeve of these, and laute aloe,
Fair Semblante men that were cales, Fair-
The leeste grevous of hem alle: Semblante
Ytt can it make a full gret wounde,
But he may hope his sore sounde,
That hurt is with that arowe, ywis;
His wyte the best hawed is.
For he may sonere have gladnesse,
His langour oughte be the lesse.

Ytt arowes were of other gyse,
That been full soule to deryse;
For shaft and ende, sooeth to telle,
Were al so black as feend in hel.

The first of hem is called Pryde: Pryde
That other arowe that him byde
It was yeckeple Vilanye:
That arowe was as with felonye
Envenime and with spitous blame.
The thridde of hem was cleped Shame. Shame
The fourth, Wanhope cleped is, Wanhope
The fffeve, the Newe Thought, ywis. Newe-

Wes arowes that I spake of here.
Were alle fffyre of son manere,
And alle were they resembleable.
To hem was wel sitting and able
The foule crooked bowe hidous,
That knotty was, and al roynous,
That bowe semede wel to shete
These arowes fyve, that been unmete,
Contrarie to that other fyve.
But though I telle not so blyve
Of hir power, ne of hir might,
Hereafter shal I tellen right
The sothe, and eek signification,
As fer as I have remembrance:
All shal be gend, I undertake,
So of this boke an end I make.

NOW come I to my tale agayn.
But alderfirst, I wol you seyn
The fasoun and the countenance
Of al the folk that on the daunce is.
The God of Love, joly and light,
Ladde on his honde a lady bright,
Of high prys and of greet degree.
This lady called was Beautee,
As was an arowe, of which I tolde.
Ful wet ythrewed was she holde;
Ne she was deth ne broun, but bright,
And cleer as in the monelight,
Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen
But smale candels, as we demen.

His flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,
His chere was simple as byrde in bowr;
As whyt as lilie or rose in rys,
His face gentil and treys.
Fomy she was, and smal to see;
No wondrous brown hadde she,
Ne popped hir, for it neded nought
To winde hir, or to peynye hir ought,
Hir treuse ylowe and longe stoughten,
Unto hir heles down they raughten:
Hir nose, hir mouth, and eye and cheske
Wel wrought, and all the remenaunt she.
A ful grete sauour and a swote
Me thinketh in myn herte rote,
As helps me God, when I remembre
Of the fasoun of every membre!
In world is noon so fair a night:
For yong she was, and hewed bright,
Sadde, pleaunct, and ferys withalle,
Gente, and in hir middel smalle. Richesse

ISYE Beute yede Richesse,
An high lady of greet noblesse,
And greet of prys in every place.
But whose durente to hir treaspe,
Or til hir folk, in worde or deed,
He were ful hardy, out of drede;
For bothe she heipe and hindre may:
The baraes were of gold ful fyne,
Upon a tissus of satin;
 ful hevy, grett, and no thyng light,
In everyth was a beaunte wight.

UPON the tresesse of Richessee
Was sete a cercle, for noblesse,
His body gold, that ful lighte shoon;
So faire, trowe I was never noon.

But he was cunning, for the nones,
That coude devyssen alle the stones
That in that cercle shewen cler;
It is a wonder thing to here,
For no man coude preyese or geese
Of hem the valeue or richesse.
Rubyes there were, saphyers, jagounxes,
And emeraudes, more than two ounces.
But al before, fut sotilly,
A fyn carboulle set saughe.

The stoon so clere was and so bright,
That also done as it was night,
Men mistike to go, for rede,
A mytle or two, in lengthe and bredhe.

Swich ligh the sprang out of the stoon,
That Richesse wonder brighte shoon,
Bothe his heed, and his face,
And she about hir al the place.

AME Richesse on hir hond gan lede
A yong man ful of semelhede,
That she best loved of any thing;
His luat was muche in housholde.
In clothing was he ful fethy,
And lovede wel have horo of pryse.
He wende to have reproved be
Of theste or mordre, if that he
Hadda in his stable an hakenye.
And thercfor he deyntred ay
To been aquesyned with Richesse;
For al his purpore, as I geese,
Was for to make grett dispene,
Withoute werninge or defence.
And Richesse myhte it well sustene,
And hir dispenses wel mayntene,
And him alwey swich plente sente
Of gold and silver for to upende
Withoute l akynge or daungere,
As it were pored in a garnere.

AND after on the daunce wente
Largeesse, that sette al hir entente
Largesse;
For to be honourable and free;
Of Alexandras he was she;
Hir monste joye was, ywis,
Whan that she yaf, & seide: Have this.
Not Aereice, the foule cafte,
Wase halfe to gyrpe so ententuyf,
As Largesse is to yve and upende.
And God enouth alwey hir sende,
So that the more she yaf, the more,
She hadde alwey,
Gret looe hath Largeesse, and gret pryse:
For bothe the wysh folk and unwysh
Were hooilly to hir baundon brought,
So wet with yffees hadde she wrought.
And if she hadde an enemy,
I trowe, that she coude craftily
Make him ful sone hir frend to be,
So large of yift and fre was she;
Therefore she stood in love and grace
Of riche and powre in every place.
A ful grete fool was he, ywis,
That bothe hir riche and nigard io.
A lord may have no man so wise
That gréved more than avarice.
For nigard never with strengthe of hond
May winne hir grete lordship or lond.
For frendes al to it weue hath he
to doon his wil ferferméd be.
And whose wil hir hir frendes here,
He may not holde his tresour dere.
For by ensample I telle this,
right as an adamaunt, ywis,
Can drawen to him sôtilly
The yerd, that is leyd therby,
So draweth folke hir hertes, ywis,
Silver and golde that yeven is.

For were a man for hir bistad,
She wolde ben right sore aadad
That she didde over grete outrage,
But she him holpe his harm to aswage;
Hir thoughte it elles a vilanye.
And she hadde on a skulkenye,
That not of hempen herdes was;
So fair was noon in alle Arras,
Lord, it was rideled fetyly!
Ther nas nat no poyn, trewelty,
That it nas in his right assyse.
Ful wel yeolded was Fraunchyse;
For ther is no cloth sitteth bet
On damistle, than doth rochet.
A woman wel more fetyis
Is in rochet than in cote, ywis.
The whyte rochet, rideled faire,
Bitokened, that ful debonair
And swete was she that it be.

Hir daunted a bachelore;
I can not telle you what he highte,
But fair he was, and of good highte,
As hadd he be, I sey no more.
The lordes some of Windesore.

Under next, that durned Curtseye
That preised was of lowe and hye,
For neither proude ne fool was she.
She for to daunce called me,
I pray God yeve hir right good grace!

Which I com first into the place.
She was not nyce, ne outrageouse,
But wys and war, and vertuous,
Of faire apeche, and faire answere;
Was never wight misseid of here.
She bar no rancour to no wight.
Cleere browne she was, and thereto bright
Of face, of body avenaunt;
I wot no lady so plesaunt.
She were worthy for to bene
An emperesse or crowned quene.

ND by hir wente a knight dauncing
That worthy was and wel aspeaking,
And ful wel coude he doon honour.
The knight was fair and sti thoung, in stour,
And in armure a semely man,
And wel belowed of his leman.

ND next hime daunched dame
Fraunchyse,
Arrayed in ful noble gyse.
She was not browne ne dun of heue,
But whyte as snowe yfalleth nowe neue.
Hir nose was wrought at poyn devyse,
For it was gentil and tresly,
With eyen gladde, and browes bente;
Hir heer doun to hir heles wente.
And she was simple as downe on tree,
Ful debonair of herte was she.
She durste nevemer seen ne do
But that thing that hir lended to,
And if a man were in distres,
And for hir love in hevenesse,
Hir herte wolde have ful greet pite,
She was so amiable and frey.

The Romaunt of the Rose

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Have little thought but on his play.
His leman was bicyde alway,
In swich a gyse, that he bire kiste
It alle tymes that hime lyste.
That alle the daunce mighte it see;
They make no force of private;
For who spak of hem ywel or wet,
They were ashamed never a del,
But men mighte seen hem hisote there.
As it two yonge doures were.
For yong was thilike bachelor,
Of beaute wot I noon his pere.
And he was right of swich an age
As Youthe his leef, and swich corage.

The to dyory folk thus daunced there;
And also othe that with hem were,
That weren alle of hir meyne;
Ful hende folk, and wys, and frey,
And folk of fair port, trewyly,
Ther weren alle comunly.

HAN I had seen the counte-
Hames that ladden thus the daunces,
Than hadd I wil to goon & see
The gardin that so lyked me,
And token on these faire loreres,
On pyr trees, cedres, and oliveres.

The daunces than yvended were;
For many of hem that daunced there
Were with hir loves went away
Under the trees to have hir pley,
Sirely, lord! they loved lustily!
A gret fool were he, sirely,
That nodde, his thankes, swich lyf
blede!
For this day I seyn, out of crede,
That whoso mighte so wel fare,
For better lyf thurte him not care;
For ther his so good paradys
As have a love at his devys.

UC of that place wente I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Pleying along ful merly.
The God of Love ful hastely
Unto him Swee/Loking clepte,
No lenge wolde he that he kepeth
His bowe of golde, that shoon so bright.
He bad him benfe it anonright;
And he ful somr seate on ende,
And at a braid gan it bende,
And toke him of his arowes fuye,
Ful sharp and redy for to dryve.
Now God that saith in magestee
Pro deedly wundres kepe me,
If so be that he wel me shete:
For if I with his arowe mete,
It wol me greven sore, ywis!
But I, that nothing wiste of this,
Plente up and doun ful many a wey,
And he me folowede stayly;
But nowher wolde I rest me,
Till I hadde at the yeorde in be.

The gardin was, by mesurynig,
Right even and squar in compassing;
It was as long as it was large.
Of fruyt had every tre his charge,
But it were any hydous tre.

The Trees
Of which ther were two or three,
Ther were, and that wol I ful wel,
Of pomgarnettes a ful grete del;
That is a fruyt ful wey to lyke,
Namely to folk when they ben syke.

And trees ther were, gret fossoun,
That bare notes in his sesoun,
Such as men nemigges calle,
That swote of savour been withalle,
And alemandres gret plece tree,
Figes, and many a date tree
Ther weren, if men hadde nede,
Through the gardin in length and brede.
Ther was eek weyning many a spyce,
As claw-gelofre, and licoruce,
Gingere, and greyn de paradysa,
Canelle, and setewale of pyrs,
And many a spyce delitable,
To eet whan men ryse fro table,
And many boomy treys ther were,
That peseles, pynys, and spekys were,
Medlers, plumes, peres, chesteynes, cheryse, of which so many on fayn is,
Notes, aleyes, and bolas,
That for to seen it was solas;
With many hight lorer and pyn
Was rangeghaine at that gardyn;
With cipres, and with olives,
Of which that nigh no plente here is.
Ther were elmes grete and stronge,
Maples, ashe, oak, asp, planes longe,
Fyn, eu, popler, and lindes faire,
And other treys ful many a payre.

What sholde I telle you more of it?
Ther were so many treys yet,
That I sholde al encumbered be
Ther hadde so many treys yet.

Fifteene treys were set, that I dvyse,
Oon from another, in assyse,
Five fadome or sixe, I trove so,
But they were hye and grete also:
And for to hepe out wel the sone,
The croppes were so thikke yronne,
And every braunch in other knet,
And ful of grene leves set,
That some mighte noon descende,
Leat it the tendre gras ses abonde,
Ther mighte men doss and roys yee,
And of squrels full greet plement,
From bough to bough alwey leping.
Conies ther were also playing,
That comen out of hir claperes
Of sondry colours and maneres,
And maden many a turnyng
Upon the freshte gras springing.

In place saw I Welles there,
In which ther no frogrges were,
And fair in shadwe was every welle;
But I ne can the nombre telle
Of streames smale, that by devys
Mirth had don come through condys,
Of which the water, in renning,
Can make a noyse ful lyking.

BOUT the brinches of thise welles,
And by the streames ower al elles
Sprang up the gras, as thille yste
And softe as any veltet,
On which men mighte his leman leye,
As on a fetherbed, to play.
For ther the was ful softe and sweete.
Through moisture of the welle wete
Sprang up the sote grene gras,
As fair, as thille, as mistere was,
But muche amendit the place,
That ther the was of swich a grace
That it of flourles had plente,
That both in somer and winter be.

HER sprang the violette al newe,
And freshe pervinke, riche of hewe,
And floweres yellowe, white, and rede;
Swich plement grew ther never in mede.
Ful gray was al the ground, and quenynt,
And poured, as men had it peyn,
With many a frehe and sondry flour,
That casten up ful good savour.

WOL not longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardin delitable,
I moost my tonge stinnen rede,
For I ne may, withouten dere.
Naught tellen you the beauyte al,
Ne half the bountee therewithal.

AENTE on right honde and on left
Aboute the place; it was not left,
That ther was no man incomple,
In the estree that men mighte seen,
And thau whyle I wente in my pley.
The God of Love me folowed ay,
Right as an hunter can abyde
The beste, til he seeth his tyde
And whete, at good men, to the dere,
Whan that him nedeth go no nere.

ND so beati, I reatled me
Beside a welle, under a tre,
Which tre in Fraunce men calle a pyn.

But, sith the tyne of kyng Pepyn,
Ne grew ther tre in mannes sighte
So fair, ne so wel were in highte;
In al that yerde so high was noon.

And springing in a marable stoon
Had nature set, the sothe to telle,
Under that pyn tree a welle.
And on the border, al withoute,
Was witten, in the stone aboute,
Lettres smale, that ovenen thus:
Here stand the fairs Narcisu.

Narcisu was a bachelere,
That Love had caught in his
daughere,
And in his net gan him so streyne,
And dide him so to wepe and pleyne,
That neede him muste his lyf forgo.
For a fair lady, hight Echo,
Him loved over any creature,
And gan for him swich pesme endure,
That on a tym she him tolde,
That, if he hir loven nolde,
That hir behoved nedes dye,
That lau non other remedye.
But nathelles, for his beautee,
So fers and daungerous was he,
That he nolde grauntyn hir asking,
For weeping, ne for fair praying.
And whan she herde him wene hir so,
She hadde in herse so gret wo,
And took it in so gret daisyt,
That she, withoute more respys,
Was deed anoon. But, er she deyde,
Ful pitiously to God she preyde,
That proude herted Narcisu,
That was in love so daungerous,
Mighte on a day ben hampred so
For love, and been so hooth for wo,
That never he mighte joyse atteynye;
Than shulde he feel in every veyne
What sorowe trewe lovers maken,
That been so vilaynsly foroken.
This prayer was but resonable,
Therfor God helde it ferme and stable:
For Narcisu, shortly to telle,
By aventure com to that welle
To reste him in that shadowing
A day, whan he com fro hunting.
This Narcisu had suffred paynes
For renning alday in the playnes,
And was for thurst in greet distrese
Of hete, and of his werines.
That hadde his breeth almost binen.
Whan he was to that welle in been,
That shaddew was with braunches grene,
He thoughte of thille water shene
To drinke and freshe him wel withalle;
And doun on knees he gan to faile,
And forth his heed and nekke outstraughte
To drincken of that welle a draughte.
And in the water anoon was sene
His nose, his mouth, his yen shene,
And he theroof was al abasshed;
His owne shadowe had him bitrasshed.
For wel wende he the forme see
Of a childe of greet beautee.
Wel couthe Love hym wrek tho
Of daunger and of pryde also,
That Narcissus somtyme him bere,
He quitte him wel his guerdon there;
For he so musede in the welle,
That, shortly all the soule so telle,
He loste his owne shadowe go,
That atte laste he starve for wo.
For when he saugh that he his wille
Mighte in no maner wyse fulfille,
And that he was so faste caught,
That he him couthe confort naught,
He lost his wit right in that place,
And delye within a litel space.
And thus his wisardom he took
For the lady that he forbooth.

YES, I preye enseample taketh,
Ye that seyng your love mistaketh:
For if his deeth be yow to wyte,
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

AN that this lettre, of whiche
I telle,
Hath taught me that it was the welle
Of Narcissus in his beautee,
I gan anon withdrawe me,
When it fel in my remembrancce,
That him bittide swich mischaunce.
But at the laste than thoughte I,
That seathes, ful silyrly,
Yit hath the marvellous cristal
Swich strengh, that the place overal,
Bothe thew and tree, and leves grene,
And al the yerd in it is sene.
And for to doun you understande,
To make ensample wyl I fonde;
Right as a mirour openly
Sheweth al that thing that stant therby,
As wol the colour as the figure,
Withouten any covertur;
Right so the cristal stoon, shynyn,
Withouten any discyvering.
The estree of the yerde accuseth
To him that in the water museth;
For ever, in which half that he be,
He may wel half the gardin see;
And if he turne, he may right wel
Seen the remenaut everydel.
For ther is no so litel thing
So hid, ne closed with abition,
That it ne is sene, as though it were
Peinted in the cristal there.

THIS is the mirour perilous,
In which the poudre Narcissa
Saw at his face fair and bright,
That made him sit to lyne upright.
For whose folke in that mirour,
Ther may nothing ben his socour
That he ne shal ther seen nothong
That shal him lede into loving.
Ful many a worthy man hath it
Yblent; for folk of grettest wit
Ben bone caught here and awayd;
Withouten respyt been they bayment.
Heere comth to folli of newe rage,
Heere chaunge thy many wight corre;
Heere lyth no reed ne wit thereto;
For Venus sone, daun Cupido,
Hath sowne ther of love the seed,
That help ne lyth ther noon, ne reed,
Sor celereth it the welle aboute.
His gynnes hath he set withoute
Right for to cachie in his panteres
These damoyle and bacheleres.
Love will noon other briddle cachie,
Though he sette either net or lacche.
And for the seed that heer was sowne,
This welle is cleped, as wel is knowne,
The Welle of Love, of verray right,
Of which ther hath ful many a wight
Spokyn in boke diversely.
But they shulde never so verily
descripciooun of the welle here,
Ne eche the soote of this matere,
As ye shulle, when I have undo
The craft that her bilongeth to.

Thus I layd for to dulle,
To see the cristal in the welle,
That shewed me ful openly
A thousand thinges faste by.
But I may saye, in sorrie houre
Stood I to loken or to poure;
For thynne have I sore eyked,
The mirour hath me now entrypled.
But hadde I first knowen in my wit

The vertue and the strengh of it,
I wolde not have mused there;
Me hadde bet ben elleswhere;
For in the snare I set amoun,
That hath bitraished many son.

N thilke mirour saw I, tho,
Among a thousand thinges mo,
A Roser charged ful of roses,
That with an hegghe aboute enclos.

Cho had I swich lust and envye,
That, for Jarrys ne for Payve,
Nolde I have left to goon and see
Ther grettest hope of roses be.

When I was with this rage heng,
That caught hath many a man and shent,
Toward the rosan gan I go.

And when I was not ferther,
The savour of the roses swote
Me smoot right to the herte rote,
As I hadde al embawned be.

And if I ne hadde endouted me
To have ben hatred or assailed,
My thankes, wolde I not have failed
To pulke a rose of that route
To boren in my hende aboute,
And smellen to it whe I wente;
But ever I drædde me to repente,
And lost it greved or forthoughte
The lord that thilke gardyn wroughte.

Of roses were ther gret woon,
So faire were never in roon;
Of knoppeles cloc, som saw I there,
And some wels beter woonen were;
And some ther been of other moysoun,
That drowe nigh to hir sesoun,
And spedde hem faste for to sprede;
I love wel swiche roses rede;
For brode roses, and open also,
Ben passed in a day or two;
But knoppeles wilen freushe be
Two dayes atte least, or three.
The knoppeles gretly lyked me,
For fairer may ther no man see.
Which mighte havon coon of alle,
It oughte him been ful leef walthall.
Mighte I a gerlond of hem geten,
For no richesse I wolde it leten.

Among the knoppeles aches son
So fair, that of the remenaut noon
Ne preyse I half so wel as it,
When I lyve it in my wit.

For it so wels was enlumyned
With colour reed, as wel as yned
As nature couthe it make faire.
And it had leves wel foure paire,
That Kynde had gat throug his knowing
Aboute the rede rose appring.
The stalle was as risse the right,
And thern stood the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon nyde.
The awte omelle sprong so wyde
That it dide at the place aboute...

Thus far Geoffrey Chaucer; what follow is thought to be by another hand.
Wan I had smelled the sauour awe,  
No wilde hadde I pro thens yet go,  
But somdel near it wente I tho,  
To take it: but myn hond, for drede,  
Ne dorote I to the rose bede,  
For thistle, sharpe, of many maneres,  
Nettes, thornes, and hoked breres;  
Ful muche they disgoured me,  
For more I dradde to harmede be.  
The God of Love, with bowe bent,  
The God of Love  
That al day set hadde his talent  
To puruuen and to spyen me,  
Was standynge by a fidge tree,  
And whan he sawe hyn that I  
Hadh chosen as entitilly  
The botoun, more unto my pay  
Than any other that I say,  
He took an arowe ful sharply whet,  
And in his bowe whan it was set,  
He streight up to his eye drought  
The stronge bowe, that was so tough,  
And shet at me so wonder smerte,  
That through myn eye unto myn herte

The takel smoot, and depe it wente.  
And therewithal such cold me hente,  
That, under clothes warne and softe,  
Sith that day I have chevered ofte.  
Wan I was hurt thus in that stounde,  
I fel down plat unto the gronde.  
Myn herte failed and feyned ay,  
And long tyme ther aswone I lay,  
But whan I com out of swoning,  
And hadde vs, and my feynge,  
I was al maat, and wende ful wel  
Of blood have lowen a ful grete del.  
But certes, the arowe that in me stood  
Of me ne drew no drope of blood,  
For why I found my wounde al drey.  
Wan I took I with myn hondis tweye  
The arowe, and ful fast out it pight,  
And in the pullinge sere I sight.  
O at the last the shaft of tre  
I drough out, with the fethere three.  
But yet the hoked heed, ywis,  
The whiche Beaute callid is,  
Beaute  
Can so depe in myn herte passe,  
That I it mighte nought arace;  
But in myn herte stille it stood,  
Al blende I not a drope of blood.
The Romaunt of the Rose

I was both anguisous and trouble
For the peril that I saw double;
I niste what to seye or do,
Ne sene a leche my woundevtio;
For neithir thurgh gras ne rote,
Ne hadde I help of hope ne bote.
But to the botoun evermo
Myn herte dew; for al my wo,
My thought was in non other thing,
For hadde it been in my keyng,
It wold ha brought my lyf agayn.
For certeynly, I dar wel seyn,
The sight only, and the savour,
Higged muche of my langour.

Simplesse

And I gan I for to drawe me
Toward the botoun fair to see;
And Love hadde gete him, in a
Throwe,
Another arrow into his bowe,
And for to shete gan him dresse;
The arrow's name was Simplesse.
And whan that Love gan ynythe me nere,
He drew it up, withouten were,
And made at me with al his might,
So that this arrow anon right
Throughoute myn herte, as it was founde,
Into myn herte hath maad a wounde.
Thanne I anoon dide al my crafte
For to drawne out the shafte,
And therewithal I sighed eft.
But in myn herte the heed was left,
Which ay encreased my dysyre,
Unto the botoun drawe nere;
And ever, mo that me was wo,
The more dysyr hadde I to go
Unto the rose, where that grew
The fresshe botoun so bright of heuwe.
Betir me were have leten be;
But it bishowed nedes me
To ynn right as myn herte bad.
For ever the body must be lad
After the herte; in wele and wo,
Of force todyrde they must go.
But never this arrow wolde syne
To shete at me with alle his pyne,
And for to make me to him mete.

Curteaye

He thirde arrow he gan to shete,
When best his tympe he mighte cupye.
Che which was named Curteaye;
Into myn herte it dide avaye.

The which was named Curteaye;
Into myn herte it dide avaye.
Long tympe I lay, and atired nought,
Till I abraid out of my thought.
And faste than I ayssed me
To drawen out the shafte of tree;
But ever the heed was left bihinde
For outh I couthe pulle or winde.
So sore it stilled when I was hit,
That by no craft I might it flit;
But anguisous and ful of thought,
I felt such wo, my wounde ay wrought,
That somoned me alway to go

Toward the rose, that pleased me so;
But I ne durate in no manere.
Because the archer was so nere.
For evermore gladly, as I rede,
Bent child of fyre hath muche drede.
And, certis yt, for al my payne,
Though that I sigh yt arwia reyne,
And grounde quarel sharpe of stede
Ne for no payne that I might fele,
Yet might I not myself withholde
The faire roser to bishole;
For Love me yaf sych hardement
For to fulfille his comamoundent.

DON my feet I roos up than
Feble, as a forwoundid man;
And forth to gon my might I sette,
And for the archer nolde I lettre,
Toward the rosar fast I drowe;
But thorne sharpe mo than ynow
The were, and also thistled thible,
And brenes, brimme for to priklye,
That I ne mighte gete grace
The rose thorne for to passe,
To sende the roses fresshe of heuwe.
I must abide, though it me rewle,
The bogy about so thiblike was,
That cloisid the roses in compas.
But o thing lyked me right wele;
I was so nygh, I mighte fele
Of the botoun the swote odour,
And also se the fresshe colour;
And that right greetly lyked me,
That I so neer it mighte see.
Sich joye anoon therof hadde I,
That I forgot my malady.
To sene it hadde I sych deyt,
Of scwe and ange I was al quit.
And of my woundes that I had thar;
For nothing lyked me mighte mar
Than dwellen by the rosar ay,
And thennes never to pass away.

UC when a whyle I had be thar,

Companye

The God of Love, which al toshar
Myn herte with his arwis hene,
Caste him to yeve me woundes grene.

He shet at me ful hastily
An arwe named Company,
The whiche taket in ful able
To make these ladys merciable.
Than I ancon gan chauegen hewe
For grevaunce of my wounde newe,
That I agayn fel in swoning,
And sighed sore in compleyning.
Sore I compleynedyd that my sore
On me gan greven more and more.
I had non hope of allegeance;
So nigh I drowe to despeareance,
Irought of dethe ne of lyf,
Whethere that love wolde me dryf.
If me a martir wolde be make,
I might his power nought forsake.
And whyl for anger thus I wok.
The Romaunt of the Rose
If he desyre helpe of me,
He anon withouten more delay,
I hym enprised and aferray,
I bothe to anoon.
And gave him thankes many a noon,
And kneled down with hondis joynt,
And made it in my port ful queynit;
The joye went to myn herte rote.
When I had kisshed his mouth so swote,
I had siche merte and siche lykenge,
It cured me of languishing.
He asked of me than hostages:
HAVE, he seide, taken fele homages
Of oon and other, where I have been
Discreved ofte, withouten wene.
These feloun, fulle of falsite,
Have many eythes bigyled me,
And through falshebede bir lust acheve,
Wherof I repent and am agrieved.
And I hem gethe in my daungere,
For I hadde ful ful deere,
But for I love thee, I seye thee pleyn,
I wol of thee be more certeyn;
For thee so sore I wol now binde,
That thou awaye ne shalt not winde
For to denyen the covenaut,
Or soon that is not avenaute.
That thou were fals it were gret reuth.
Sith thou semest so ful of truthe,
And if thy truthe to me thou kepe,
I shall unto thyn helping ke,
To cure thy wounds and make hem clene,
Wherso they be olde or grene;
Thou shalt be holpen, at wordis fewe.
For certeynly thou shalt wel shewe
Whether thou servest with good wil,
For to complisse as and fullisse
My comandesments, day and night,
Which I to lovers yewe of right.

They for Goddis love, beside I,
Ere ye passe hens, ententify
Your comandesments to me ye say,
And I shall kepe hem, if I may;
For hem to kepen is al my thought.
And if so be I wot hem nought,
Than may I sinne unwittingly.
Aherfore I praye you enterely,
With al myn herte, me to lere,
That I treapse in no manere.

He god of love than chargid me
Anoon, as ye shal here and see,
Word by word, by right empresse,
So as the Romance shal devisye.
The maister leght his tyne to lere,
When the disciple wot not here.
It is but veyn on him to swinke,
That on his lerning wol not thinke.
Whoso lust love, let him entende,
For now the Romance gynnet amende.
Now is good to here, in fay,
If any be that can it say,
And paynte it as the resoun is
Set; for othergate, wjis,
It shal nought wel in alle thing
Be brought to good understanding:
For a rede that paynith file
A good sentence may ofte apille,
The book is good at the ending,
Maid of newe and lustye thing;
For whoso wol the ending here,
The crafte of love shal now lere,
If that he wol so long abyde,
Til I this Romance may unhyde,
And undo the signification
Of this dreme into Romaunce.
The sothfastnesse that now is hid,
Without couverture shal be hid,
When I undo have this dreumynge,
Wherin no word is of lessyn.

ILANY, at the beginnyng,
I wol, sayd Love, over alle thing,
Chou leve, if thou wolt not be
Fals, and treapse ageynges me.
I curie and blame generally
Alle hem that loven vilany;
For vilany maketh vilayn,
And by his dedis a cherle is seyn.
Thise vilayns are without pitee,
Friendshipe, love, and al bounte.
I wil receyve to my servyse.
Withouten pryde in sondry wyse,
And him dyngysen in qwenryse.
For qwenynt array, withouten drede,
Is nothing proud, who takith heede;
For freshe array, as men may see,
Withouten pryde may ofte be.

AYNCE the thyself aftir thy rent,
Of robe and ek of garmente;
For many sythe the fair clothing
A man amendeth in mich thing.
And loke alway that they be shape,
What garmente that thou shalt make,
Of him that can hem beste do,
With al that perteyneth thereto.
Poynte and alwey be wel sittand,
Right and streight upon the hand.
Of shoon and botes, newe and faire,
Loke at the leest thou have a paiere;
And that they sitte so fettly.
That these rude may utterly
Mervelie, eth that they sitte so pleyne,
Now they come on or of ageyn.
Were streite gloves, with aumenere
Of sili; and alwey with good chere
Thou yew, if thou have richese;
And if thou have nought, spende the lesse.
Alwey be mere, if thou may,
But waste not thy good alway.
Have hat of flouris fresh as May,
Chapelet of roses of Whitsunday;
For sich array ne cost but lyte.
Thyn bondis washe, thy teeth make whyte,
And let no filthe upon thee be.
Thy nailis blak if thou mayst see,
Voldit ayew deliverly,
And hembe thyn heed right jolliy.
Fard not thy visage in no wyse,
For that of love is nought preysye.
For love doth hater, as I finde,
A beaute that cometh not of hinde.

ALWEY in herte I rede thee
Glad and mery for to be,
And be as joyful as thou can;
Love hath no joye of sorrowful man.
That yvle is ful of curteys,
That lauveth in his maladye;
For ever of love the skynesse
Is meyned with swete and bitteresse.
The sore of love is merveilous;
For now the lover is joyous,
Now can he pleyne, now can he grone,
Now can he stynke, now maken mone.
Tody he pleyneth for heveseness,
Tomorrow he pleyneth for jolynesse.
The lyf of love is ful contrarie,
Which stoundemete can ofte varie.
But if thou cast som mirtho make,
That men in gre werel gladly take,
Do it goodly, I commaunde thee;
For men shold he, wherover they be,
Doing that hem best sitting is,
For thereof cometh good los and priise.
Wherof that thou be vertuous.
Ne be not strange ne daunegious.
Or if that thou good ruder be,
Drike gladly, that men may se.
In armes also if thou come,
Purse, till thou a name hast wonne.

AND if thy voice be fair and cler,
Thou shalt maken no greet daunger;
When to singe they goodly preye;
It is thy worship for to obeye.
Also to you it longith ay
To harpe and giterne, daunce and play;
For if he can wel footo and daunce,
It may him greetly do avance.
Among eelk, for thy lady sake,
Sones and complaynte that thou make;
For that wol meve hem in hir herte,
When they reten of thyme sme).

IOKE: no man for scarce thee holde,
For that may greve thee many folde.
Recoun wol that a lover be
In his vifte more large and free
Than cherles that been not of loving.
For who thereof can any thing,
He shall be leef ay for to yeve,
In Loves lore who so wolde love;
For be that, though through a godeny sight,
Or for a kising, anonright
Yaf hool his herte in wille and thought,
And to himself kephith right nought,
Aftir swich yift, is good recoun,
He yev his good in abondo.

IOU wol I shortly here rehebe,
Of that that I have seid in verse,
At the sentence by and by,
In wordis fewe compondisly,
That thou the bet mast on hem thinke,
Whether so it be thou weke or winke;
For that the wordis latel greve
A man to kepe, whanne it is brewe.

HOSO with Love wol goon or ryde
He not be curteys, and void of pryde,
Mery and fulle of jolite,
And of largesse alosed be.

FIRST, jyne thee, here in penance,
That ever, without repentaunce,
Thou set thy thought in thy loving,
To lase without repenting;
And thene upon thy mirthis weye,
That shall folowe aftir when ye mete.

ND For thou trewe to love shalt be,
I wox, and eek commonde thee,
That in ooo place thou sette, al hool.
Thyn herte, withouten haffen dool,
For trecherie, in silernesse;
For I lovede never doublenesse.
To many his herte that wol depart,
Everiche shall have but litel part.
But of him drede I me right nought,
That in ooo place settith his thought.
Therefore in ooo place it bette,
And lat it never theneo fette.
For if thou yeveut it in loting,
I holde it but a wrecchid thing:
Therefore yeve it hool and quyte,
And thou shalt have the more merite.
If it be lent, than aftir soon,
The bountee and the thanke is doon;
But, in love, free yeven thing
Requyryth a greet guerdoning.
Yeve it in yift al quyte fully,
And make thy yift debonairly;
For men that yift wol holde more dere
That yeven is with gladsome chere.
That yift nought to preisen is
That man yeve, maugre his.
When thou hast yeven thyn herte, as I
Have seid thee here al openly,
Than aventures shulle theemale,
Which harde and hevy been withalle.
For ofte when thou bithenvist thee
Of thy loving, whereas thou be,
fa folc thou muit depart in by,
That noon perceyeve thy malady,
But hyde thy hene harm thou must alone,
And go forth sole, and make thy monye.
Thou shalt no whyl be in ooo stat,
But whylom cold and whylom hat;
Now reed as rose, now yelowe and fade.
Such sorowe, I trewe, thou never hade;
Cotiden, ye yit quarteyn.
It is nat so ful of peyne.
For ofte tymes it shal faille
In love, among thy peyne alle,
That thou thyself, al hoolly,
For yeten shal yut utterly,
That many tymes thou shalt be
Stille as an image of tree,
Dom as a stoon, without aering.
Of foot or hond, without speking.
Then, done after al thy peyne,
To memorie shalt thou come ageyn,
As man abashed wondre sore.
And after sighen more and more.
For wit thou wel, withouten wene,
In swich astat ful ofte have been
That have the yvel of love assayd,
Wherethrough thou art so dismayd.

AFTER, a thought shalt take thee so,
That thy love is to fer thee fro:
A Chou shalt say: God, what may this be,
That I ne may my lady see?
Myne herte alcon is to her go,
And I abyde al sole in wo.
Departed fro myn owne thought,
And with myne eyen seer right nought.
Als, myn eyen sende I ne may,
My careful herte to conway.
My hertes gyde but they be,
I praise nothing whatsover they see.
Shul they abyde thanme? nay;
But goon visyte without delay.
That myn herte desyreth so.
For certeynly, but if they go,
A fool myself I may wel holde.
When I ne see what myn herte wolde.
In arms goodly thee have take,
It shulde have be more worth to thee
Than of treasur greet plente.

Hast shalt thou mome and eek compleyn,
And gete encheesoun to goon ageyn
Unto thy walk, or to thy place,
Where thou beheld hit fleesby face.
And never, for fala suspicion,
Thou woldest finde occasion
For to gon unto hit house
So art thou thanne desirous
A sight of hit for to have,
If thou thine honour mightest save,
Or any grand mightist make
Thider, for hit loves sake;
Full fayn thou woldest, but for drede
Thou gost not, lest that men take hede.
Wherfore I rede, in thy going,
And also in thy ageyn comyn,
Thou be wet wear that men ne wit;
Feyne thee other cause then it
To go that weye, or faste by;
To hele wele is no folye.
And if so be it happe the
That thou thy love shere mayest see,
In siker wyse thou hit sale wy.
Wherewith thy colour wol transmewen,
And eke thy blode shal al to quolate,
Thyn hewe ek chaunget for hit sake.
But word and wit, with chere ful pale,
Shul wante for to telle thy tale.
And if thou mayest so ferforth winne,
That thou thy resoun durant biginne,
And woldist seyn thre thingis or mo,
Thou shalt ful scarily seyn the two.
Though thou bithenke thee never so wel,
Thou shalt foryste yit somdel,
But if thou dele with trecherie.
For fals lovers mowe al folye
Seyn, what hem lust, withouten drede,
They be so double in hir falsheede;
For they in herte cumne thenke a thing
And seyn another, in hir spechyn.
And whan thy speche is endid al,
Right thu to thee it shal bifal;
If any word than come to minde,
That thu to seye hast left bihinde,
Than thou shalt brene in greet martyr:
For thou shalt brene as any Fyr.
This is the stryf and eke the affray,
And the bataile that lasteth ay.
This bargeyn ende may never take,
But if that she thy pees wil make.

ND when the night is comen, anon
A thousand angreay shal come upon.
To bedde as fast thou woldest dight,
Where thou shalt have but smal detly,
For whan thou wesest for to slepe,
So full of peyne shalt thou crepe,
Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde,
And turne ful ofte on every syde;
Now downward groffe, and now upryght,
And walowe in wo the longe night,
Thyne armes shalt thou aprede abrede,
As man in werre were forwerreyd.
Than shalt thee come a remembreance
Of hir shape and hir semblance,
Whereto non other may be pere.
And wite thou wel, without were,
That thee shal sene, somtime that night,
That thou hast hir, that is so bright,
Naked bitwene thyn arnes there,
Al sothfastness as though it were.
Thou shalt make castles than in Spayne,
And dreme of joye, al but inayne,
And thee deliyen of right nought,
Whyl thou so alomroght in that thought,
That so is sweete and delitleable,
The whiche, in soth, nis but a fable,
For it ne shal no whyle laste.
Than shalt thou sighhe and wepe faste,
And say: Dere God, what thing is this?
My dreme is turned al aamir,
Which was ful sweete and apparent,
But now I wake, it is al aent.
Now yede this mery thought away!
Twenty tymes upon a day
I wolde this thought wolde come ageyn,
For it allegraith wel in my pyn.
It mylthe me ful of joyful thought,
It sleethe me, that it lastith noght.
A, Lord! why nil ye me secoure,
The joye, I trowe, that I langoure?
The deth I wolde me shulde slo
Whyl I ly in hir armes two.
Myn harm is hard, withouten wene,
My greet uneke ful ofte I mene.
But wolde I love do so I might
Have fully joye of hir so bright,
My payne were quitt me richely.
Alas, to greet a thing aske I!
It is but folye, and wrong wening,
To aske so outrageous a thing.
And whoso ashith folly,
He moust be warneed hastily;
And I me wot what I may say,
I am so fer out of the way;
For wolde have ful grete lyking
And ful grete joye of lasse thing.
For wolde she, of hir gentlesse,
Withouten more, me onis kesse,
It were to me a greet gierdoun,
Releas of al my pagnion.
But it is hard to come thereto;
Al is but folye that I do,
So high I have myn herte set,
Where I may no comfort get.
I moot wher I sey wel or nought;
But this I wot wel in my thought,
That ther were bet of hir aloon,
For to stinte my wo and moon.
A loke on me ycast goodly,
Than for to have, al utterly,
Of alther al hool the plyc.
A, Lord! wher I shal byde the day
That ever she shal my lady be?

He is ful cured that may hir see.
A! God! whan shal the dawming spring?
To ly thus is an angry thing;
I have no joye thus here to ly
Whan that my love is not me by.
A man to lyen hath gret disease,
Which may not alepe ne rest in ese.
I wolde it dawed, and were now day,
And that the night were went away;
For were it day, I wolde upprise.
A! alowe some, shew thy nempyre!
Speed thee to aprede thy hemis bright,
And chace the darkenees of the night,
To pute away the aundeez stronge,
Which in me lasten at to longe.

He night shal thee contene so,
Githoute rest, in payne and wo;
If every shool knewe of love distresse,
Thou shal mowe lerne in that silnesse.
And thou ending shal thee ly,
And lyse on morwe up erly
Out of thy bedde, and harnay thee
Er ever dawnning thou mayst see.
A privily than shal thou goon,
What weder it be, thyself aloon,
For repyn, or hayl, for snow, for sete,
Thider she dwellith that is so sweete,
The which may falle alespe be,
And thenkith but litel upon thee.
Than shal thou goon, ful foule asterd;
Loke if the gate be unaperd,
And waieth without in wo and payn,
Ful yvet acold in winde and repyn.
Than shal thou go the dore before,
If thou maist fynde any score,
Or hole, or reft, whatever it were;
Than shal thou stoup, and lay to ere,
If they within alespe be;
I mene, alle save thy lady free.
Whom wakynge if thou mayst aspye,
Go put thyself in juparty,
To ashe grace, and thee bimmere,
That she may wite, withouten wene,
That thou might no rest hast had,
So sore for hir thou were bistad.
Wommen wel oughte pite to take
Of hem that sorwen for hir sake.
And loke, for love of that relvke,
That thou thinke non other lyke,
For whom thou hast so greet annoy,
Shal kisse thee er thou go away,
And holde that in ful grete deynette.
And, for that no man shal thee see
Before the houes, ne in the way,
Lokke thou be goon ageyn er day,
Suche coming, and such going,
Such heynesse, and such walkeing,
Mahlih lovers, withouten wene,
Under hir clothens pale and leene,
For Love lyes frome me cleernesse;
Who loveth trewes hath no fatnesse.
Thou shal wolde by thyselfe see
That thou must nedis assayed be.

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The Roeman of the Rose

for men that shape hem other wey
falsly her ladies to bitray,
It is no wonder though they be fat;
With false other her loves they gat;
For ofte she seche lengeour and
Fatter than abbatio or princour.

ET with o thing I thee charge,
That is to seye, that thou be large
Unto the mayd that thy doth serve,
So best her than thou shalt deserve.
Yeve her yfette, and get her grace,
For so thou may her thank purchase,
That she thee wothy holde and free,
Thy lady, and alle that may thee see.
Also her servauntes worshipse ay,
And plese as muche as thou may;
Gret good through hem may come to thee,
Because with hir they been prive.
They shal her telle how they thee fand
Curtises and wyse, and wel doand,
And she shal preyse thee wel the mare.
Looke out of londe thou be not fare;
And if such cause thou have, that thee
Biboweth to gon out of contre,
Leve buod thyn herde in hostage,
Til thou agayne make thy passage.
Thenk long to see the sweete thing
That hath thyn herte in hir heping.

I have I told thee, in what wyse
A lover shal do me servyse.
Do it than, if thou wolt have
The mede that thou affir crave.

BAN Love at this had boden me,
I seide him: Sire, how may it be
That lovers may in such manere
Endure the penyee have seid here?
I mervyse I wonder faste,
How any man may live or laste
In such penyee, and such breming.
In sorwe and thought, and such sighing
Ay unrelesed wo to make,
Whether so it be they sleepe or wake.
In such annoy continually.
As helpe me God, this mervelle I,
How man, but he were maad of stele,
Might live a month, such penyee to fele.

THE God of Love than seide me:
Frend, by the feith I owe to thee,
May no man have good, but he it by.
A man lovethe more tenderly
The thing that he hath bought moat dere.
For wite thou wel, withouten were,
In thank that thing is taken more,
For which a man hath suffred sore.
Certis, no wo ne may attayne
Unto the sore of loves penyee.
Non yeel thereto ne may amounte,
No more than a man may counte
The dropes that of the water be.
For drye as wel the grete see
Thou mightest, as the harmes telle
Of hem that with Love dwelle.
In servyse; for penyee hem sleeth,

And that ech man wolde fle to the deeth,
And broue they shulde never escape,
Nere that hope couthe hem make
Glad as man in prisoun set,
And may not geten for to et
But barley; breede, and watir pure,
And lyeth in vermin and in ordure;
With alle this, yit can he live.
Good hope such comfort hath him yive,
Which maisteth wene that he shal be
Delivered and come to libert.
Though he ly in strawe or dust,
In hope is al bis austeining.

ND so for lovers, in hir wening.

Whiche Love hath shet in his prisoun;
Good Hope is hir salvacion.
Good Hope, how sore that they amerte,
Yeveth hem bothe the wille and herte
To profere hir body to martyre;
For hope so sore doth hem desyre
To suffre ech harn that men desyre,
For joye that aftir shal arye.
Hope, in desire to cacche victorie.
In Hope, of love is at the glorie,
For Hope is al that love may yive;
Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover live,
Blessid be Hope, which with desyre
Avaueth lovers in such manere.
Good Hope is curtesi for to plese,
To hope lovers from al disease.
Hope keped his lond, and wel abyde,
For any peril that may betye;
For Hope to lovers, as most chefe,
Doth hem enduren al mischeef;
Hope is her help, whan mister is.
And I shal yeve thee eek, ywis
Three other thingis, that greet aolas
Doth to hem that be in my las.

Swete Thought

HE firste good that may be founde,
To hem that in my lace be bounde,
Is Swete Thought, for to recorde
Thing wherewith thou canst accorde
Beat in thyn herte, wher she be;
Thought in absence is good to thee.
When any lover doth compleyne,
And liveth in distress and penye,
Than Swete Thought shal come, as blyve,
Away his angre for to dryve.
It malath lovers have remembrance
Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
That Hope hath bight him for to winne.
For Thought anon than shal bigimne,
As fer, God wot, as he can finde,
To make a mirour of his minde;
For to bidehel he wol not be
His person he shal afor he sette,
His laughing eye, pensaunte and cleere,
His shape, his fourne, his goodly chere,
His mouth that is so gracios,
So swete, and ech so savorous;
Of alle his features he shal take heed,
His eyen with alle hir times fede.
"Thus Sweete: Thinking shal aswage
The poyne of lovers, and hir rage.
Whan thou thonkist on hir semilenesse,
Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,
That to thee maide thy lady dere;
This comfort wold I that thou take;
And if the next thou woltest forsake
Which is not lesse savorus,
Thou shouldest be to daungorous.

The secondues shal be Sweete: Speche,
That hath to many con on leche,
To bringe hem out of wo and were,
And helpe many a bacheliere;
And many a lady sent succoure,
That have loved par amour,
Through spekeing, whan they myghten here
Of hir lovers, to hem so dere.
To hem it woldith ali hir smerte,
The which is closed in hir herte.
In herte it makith hem glad and light,
Speche, whan they mowe have sight.
And threore now it cometh to minde,
In olde dawes, as I finde,
That clerkes writen that hir knewe,
The was a lady fresh of hewe,
Which of hir love made a song
On hir for to remembere among,
In which she seide: Whan that I here
Spened of him that is so dere,
To me it woldith ali my amerte,
ywio, he sit so nere myn herte.
To speke of him, at eve or mowre,
It creuth me of ali my sowe.
To me it is noon so high pleuancce
As of his persone dalliance.

She wiat ful wel that Sweete: Speking
Comforth in ful muche thing,
Hir love she had ful wel assayed,
Of him she was ful wel apayed;
To speke of hir hir joyse was set.
Therfore I rede thee that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele
And hepe thy counsel, and wel hele,
To whom go shewe hoolly thy herte,
Bothe wele and wo, joyse and amerte:
To gete comfort to him thou go,
And privyly, between yow two,
ye shal speke of that godly thing,
That hath thyng herte in hir keping;
Of hir beaute and hir semblance,
And of hir godley countenance.
Of ali thy state thou shalt him sey,
And ashe him counsell how thou may
Do any thing that may hir plese;
For it to thee sall do grete e,
The may wite thou trust him so,
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo.
And if his herte to love be set,
His compayre is muche the bet,
For resoun wel, he shewe to thee
At uttirly his privite;
And what she is to lovethe so,

To thepleynely he shal undo,
Withoute drede of any shame,
Both be telle hir renoun and hir name.
Than shal he forther, ferre and nere,
And namelie to thy lady dere,
In siber wyse; ye, every other
Shal helpen as his owne brother,
In trouthe withoute doublenesse,
And kepen clos in silemnesse.
For it is noble thing, in fay,
To have a man thou darst say
Thy prive counsel every de,
For that wol comfort thee right wel,
And thou shalt holde thee wel apayd,
When such a frend thou hast assayed.

The thriddle good of grete comfort
That yeveth to lovers most dis-
port,
Of sinite and biholding.
That crip is Sweete: Loking,
The which may noon ese do,
When thou art fer thy lady fro;
Wherefore thou presst alwey to be
In place, where thou mayest hir se.
For it is thing most amorous,
Most delectable and savorus,
For to aswage a mannes sorowe,
To sene his lady by the morowe.
For it is a ful noble thing
When thyn eyen have meting
With that relite precious,
Whereof they be so desirous.
But al day after, both it is,
They have no drede to faren amis,
They drenen neither wind ne reyn,
Ne yit non other maner peyn.
For when thyn eyen were thus in blis,
Yit of hir curtesye, ywis,
Aloun they can not have hir joyse,
But to the herte they it convoye;
Part of hir blis to him they sende,
Of ali this harm to make an ende.
The eye in a good messanger,
Which can to the herte in such manere
Tidynge sende, that he hath seyn,
To vole of him of his peynes cleen.
Whereof the herte rejoyseth so
That a grete party of his wo
In soyled, and put away to flight.
Right as the darkenesse of the night
In chased with clerenesse of the mone,
Right so is ali wo ful gone
Devoided cleen, that when the sight
Biholden may that frese he might
That the herte deayreth so,
That al his darknesse is ago;
For the herte is al at ese,
When they seyn that that may hem plese.

Now have I thee declared al out,
Of that thou were in drede and dout;
Of I have told thee faithful
What thee may care utterly,
And alle lovers that wolde be
Faithful, ful of stabilitie,
Good hope ever hepe by thy syde,
And sweepe thought make ech abyde,
Sweepe looking and sweepe speche;
Of alle thy harmes they shall be leche.
Of every thou shalt have gret pleasance;
If thou canst abyde in suferance,
And serve wet without feynytue,
Thou shalt be quit of thympriyse,
With more guerdoun, if that thou alive;
But at this tyme this I the vise.

Hee God of love whan al the day
Had taught me, as ye have herd day,
And enfourned compendiously,
He vanished away al sodeynly,
And I alone lefte, al sole,
So ful of compleynt and of done,
For I saw no man ther me,
My woundes my wounds wondirly;
Me for to curen nothing I knew,
Save the boton bright of hew,
Wherenon was set hooly my thought;
Of other comfort knew I nought,
But it were through the God of Love;
I knew nat ellen to my bihove.
So thou thes hepe fro folye, 
Shal no man do they sway; 
If I may hepe you in ought, 
I shal not foyne, detheth nought; 
For I am bounde to your servyse, 
Fuly devote of feynyse.

AUN unto Bialacolle saide I: 
I thank you, sir, full hertely, 
And your bideast I take at gree, 
That ye so goodly prefer me; 
To you it cometh of great fraunchysse, 
That ye me prefer your servyse.

Chan affir, ful deliverly, 
Through the brees ans sowe ente I, 
Therof encumbered was the hay, 
I was wel pleased, the both to say, 
To see the botun fair and sowe, 
So fresehe spronge out of the rote. 
And Bialacolle me served wel, 
When I so nyght me mighes feel 
Of the botun the sweet colour, 
And so lusty hewed of colour.

BUT than a cherel, foule him bityde! 
Biyde the rosea gan him hyde, 
To kep the roses of that roser, 
Of whom the name was Daunger. 
This cherel was hid there in the greves, 
Covered with grasse and with leves, 
To spyne and take whom that he fond 
Unto that roser putte an hond. 
He was not sole, for ther was mo; 
For with him were other two 
Of wikked maners, and yel fame. 
Wikked! Wikked! 
That one was clepid by his name, Conge, 
Wikked! Wikked! God yve him sorwe! 
For neither at eke, ne at morwe, 
He can of no man no good speke; 
On many a just man doth he weke. 
There was a woman meek, that bight 
Shame, that, who can reken right; 
Trespass was his father name, 
His moder Resoun; and thus was Shame 
On lyve brought of these ilk two. 
And yit had Trespass never ado 
With Resoun, he never ley hir by, 
He was so hystous and ugly, 
I meent thi that Trespass bight; 
But Resoun conceyvyth, of a sight, 
Shame, of that I apak afor. 

AND when that Shame was thus born, 
It was ordeyne, that Chastitee 
Shulde of the roser lady be, 
Which, of the botouns more and las, 
With sondry folk assailling was, 
That she weate what to do. 
For Venus hir assailith so,
That night and day from hir she stal
Besside and rose and over al
To Resoun than prayseth Chastittee,
Whom Venus famed over the see
That she hir daughter wolde hir lene,
To kepe the roser fresh and grene.
Ancon Resoun to Chastittee
Lo fully assenteth that it bee,
And graunteith hir, at hir request,
That Shame, because she is honest,
Shal keper of the roser bee.
And thus to kepe it ther were three,
That noon shulde hardy be ne bold,
Were he yong, or were he old,
Ageyn hir wills awy to bee
Botouns ne roses, that ther were.
I had wel oped, had I not been
Awayed with these three, and been.
For Bialacoil, that was so fair,
So gracius and debonair,
Quite him to me ful curteisly,
And, me to please, bad that I
Shuld drawe me to the botoun nere;
Prease in, to touche the roserene
Which bar the roses, he yaf me leve;
This graunte me might but litel greve.
And for he saw it loked me,
Right nygh the botoun pulled he
A leef al grene, and yaf me that,
The which ful nygh the botoun sat;
I made of that leef ful queynt.
And when I felt I was aqueynt
With Bialacoil, and so grive,
I wende al at my wille had been.

WAN vex I hardy for to tel
To Bialacoil how me biefel
Of Love, that took and wounded me,
And seide: Sir, so moche I thee,
I may no joye have in no wyse,
Upon no gyde, but it ryse;
for sith, if I shal not feyne,
In herte I have had so grete pynne,
So grete annoy, and such a frayne,
That I ne wot what I shal say;
I drede your wrath to disserve.
Lever me were, that knysses here
My body shulde in pecis smalle,
Than in any wyse it shulde faile
That ye wreathfed shulde been with me.

SEY boldely thy wille, quod he,
I nil be wroth, if that I may,
For nought that thou shalt to me say.
CHAMNE seide I: Sir, no you displese
to knowen of my greet unease,
In which onely Love hath me brought;
For pynnes greet, disease and thought,
Pro day to day he doth me drye;
Supposeth not, sir, that I lye.
In me fyre woundes dide he make,
The sore of whiche shal never blyke
But ye the botoun graunte me,
Which is most passaunt of beautee,
My lyf, my deth, and my martyre,
And tresoure that I most desyre.
I trowe never man wise of peyne,
But he were laced in Love's cheyne;
Ne no man wot, and sooth it is,
But if he love, what anger is.
Love holdeth his heest to me right wele,
Whan peyne he seide I shulde fele.
Non herte may thenke, ne tange seyne,
A quarter of my wo and peyne.
I might not with the anger laste;
Myn herte in poynt was for to braste,
Whan I thought on the rose, that so
Was through Daunger cast me fro.

LONG whyl stood I in that nathe,
Til that me bough so mad and mate
The lady of the highe ward,
Which from hir tour solid
thiderward.
Resoun my clepe that lady, Resoun
Which from hir tour deliverly
Come doun to me withouten more.
But she was neither yong, ne hore,
Ne high ne low, ne fat ne lene,
But best, as it were in a mene.
Her eyn twa a clere and light
As any candel that breneth bright;

And on hir heed she hadde a crown.
Hir aemede wel an high persooun;
For rounde enviroun, hir crownet
Was ful of riche stonies fret.
Hir goodly semblant, by devys,
I trowe were maad in paradys;
Nature had never such a grace,
To forge a werk of such compase.
For certeyn, but the letter lye,
God himself, that is su high,
Made hir after his image,
And yaf hir myght sic auantage,
That she hath myght and seignorye
To kepe men from al folye;
Whoso wolde trowe hir lye,
Ne may offend ne nevermore.

AND whyl I stood thus derk and pale,
Resoun bigan to me hir tale;
She seide: Al hyst, my sweete frend!
For and childhood wol thee shende,
Which thee have put in greet affray;
Thou hast bought dere the tyme of May,
That made thyn herte mery to be.
In yel tyme thou wentist to see
The gardin, werof Ydilnesse
Bar the keye, and was maistrenge
Whan thou yedest in the daunce
With hir, and haddest aquareintaunce;
Hir aquareintaunce is perilous,
First sorte, and afterward noyous;
She hath thee trassshed, without ween;
The God of Love had thee not seen,
Ne hadde Ydilence thee conveyed
In the verger where Mirth his played.
If folly have supprised thee,
Do so that it recovered be;
And be well war to take no more
Counsel, that greeveth after sore;
He is wyse that wol himself chastysse.
And though a young man in any wyse
Trespace among, and do folly,
Let him not tary, but hastily
Let him amende what so be mis.
And eek I counsel thee, ywis,
The God of Love hooly forset,
That hath thee in siche payne set,
And thee in herte tormentede so.
I can nat seen how thou mayst go
Other wyse to garibous;
For Daunger, that is so feloun,
Fylly purposith thee to werrey,
Which is ful cruel, the noth to sey.
And yit of Daunger cometh no blame,
In reward of my daughter Shame,
Which hath the roses in hir wardes,
As she that may be no musarde.
And Wikteth Cunge is with these two,
That suffrith no man thider go;
For a thing be do, he shal,
In fourty places, if it be sough,
Sevye thing that never was doon ne wrought;
So moche tresoun is in his mate,
Of falanese for to feyne a tale.
Thou deyeft with angry folk, ywis;
Wherfor to thee it bettrith is
From these folk away to fare,
For they wol make thee live in care.
This is the yvel that Love they calle,
Wherin ther is but folly alle,
For love is folly everydey;
Who loveth, in no wyse may do wel,
Ne sette his thought on no good werk.
His scele he leath, if he be clerke;
Of other craft eek if he be,
He shal not thryve therein; for he
In love shal have more pasioun
Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.
The peye is hard, out of mesure,
The Joyce may eke no whyl endure
And in the possessioun
Is muche tribulation;
The joye it is so short-lasting,
And but in happy is the getting;
For I see ther many in travaile,
That atte laste foule fayle.
I was nothing thy counselor,
When thou were maad the homager
Of God of Love to hastily;
Ther was no wisdom, but folly.

Thyn herte was joly, but not sage,
Whan thou were brought in such a rage,
To yelde thee so redyly,
And to Love, of his grete maistry.
I rede thee Love away to dryve,
That malthe thee receve not of thy lyve.
The folly more fro day to day
Shal grove, but thou it putte away,
Take with thy teeth the bridel faste,
To daunte thyn herte; and eek thee caste,
If that thou mayst, to gete defence
For to redresse thy first offence.
Woso his herte alwey wol leve,
Shal finde among that shal him greve.

THAN I hir herd thus me chastysse,
I Answerd in ful angry wyse.
I prayed hir causen of hir speche,
Out her to chastysse me or teche,
To bide me my thought refreyne,
Which Love hath caught in his demeyne:
What? wene ye Love wol consent,
That me asailith with bowe bent.
To draw myn herte out of his honde,
Which is so quily in his bond?
That ye cousayle, may never be;
For when he first aresste me,
He took myn herte ao hool him til,
That it is nothing at my wil;
He taughte it ao hir for to obey,
That he it sparrith with a hey.
I pray yow lat me be al stille,
For ye may wel, if that ye wille,
Your word is waste in idlinessse;
For uttered, without gesse,
Al that ye seyn is but in wyse.
Me were lever dye in the peye,
Than Love to meward shulde arette
Salaheed, or tresoun on me sette.
I wol me gete pryse or blame,
And love trewe, to save my name;
Who me chastysith, I him hate.

THAT word Resoun wente hir gate,
Whan she saugh for no seronning
She might me fro my folly bring.
Than dismayed, I lefte al sool,
Fowery, forwandred as a fool.
For I ne knew no chevisance,
Than set into my remembrance,
Now Love bade me to purreye
A felowe, to whom I wolde seye
My counsel and my privete,
For that shulde muche aweite me.
With that bithough, me, that I
Dadde a felowe faste by,
Trewes and sheler, curtsey, and bend.
And he was called by name a frend.
A trewer felowe was nother noon.
In haste to him I wente anoon,
And to him al my woe I tolde,
Fro him right nought I vold wolde holde.
I tolde him al withoute wære,
And made me compleyn on Daunger,
Now for to see he was hidous,
And to meward contrarious;
The whiche through his cruelte
Was in poyn[t to have meyned me;
With Bialacoil when he me s[ey
Within the gardyn walke and ple[y,
For me he made him for to go,
And I billefte aloon in wo;
I durst no lenger with him speke,
For Daunger seide he wolde be wreke,
When that he sawe how I wente
The freshe boloun for to hente,
If I were hardy to come neer
Bitwen the bay and the rose.

THIS Frend, when he wiste of my thought,
He discomfor[t me right nought,
But seide: Felowe, be not so mad,
Ne so abayshed nor bistad.

Myself I knowe ful wel Daunger;
And how he is feers of his chere,
At prime tempes, Love to manake;
Ful ofte I have ben in his caas.

A feloun first though that he be,
After thou shalt him souple see.

Of long passede I knew him wele;
Ungeodly first though men him fele,
He wol meke affir, in his bering,
Been, for service and obeyshing,
I shal the telle what thou shalt do:
Mekely I rede thou go him to,
Of here praye him saboten
Of thy trespace to have mercy,
And bote him wel, him here to plese,
That thou shalt nevermore him displeese.

Who can best serve of flater,
Shal please Daunger most utterly,

MY Frend hath seide to me so wel,
That he me eisid hath somedel,
And eek allegred of my torment;
For through hym bad I hardement
Again to Daunger for to go,
To preve if I might make hym so.

GO Daunger cam I, al ashamed,
The which aforn me hadde blamed,
Desyreng for to pese my wo;
But over begge durst I not go,
For he forbade me the passage.
I fond him cruel in his rage,
And in his hond a greet burdoun.
To hym I mende lowe aduam,
Ful meke of port, and ample of chere,
And seide: Sir, I am comen here
Only to aske of you mercy.

That greveth me, sir, ful gretly
That ever my lyf I wa[thetted you,
But for to amende I am come now,
With al my might, bothe loude and stille,
To doon right at your owne wille;
For I love made me for to do
That I have trespassed hiderto;
Fro whom I ne may withdrawe myn herte;
Vit shall I never, for joy ne amerte,
What so bifalle, good or ill,
Offende more agayn your wille.
When men of mekenesse him bisehe.

HAT is certeyn, seide Pite;
We see oft that humilitie
Bothe ire, and also felonye
Venquisibeth, and also melancolye;
To stonde forth in such dureesse,
This cruelre and whilsedienne.
Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere,
For to mayntene no lenger here
Such cruel werre agayn your man,
As hooly yourses as ever he can;
Nor that ye worsen no more wo
On this captif that languisibith so,
Which wol no more to you trepassaue,
But put him hooly in your grace.
His offens ne was but lyte;
The God of Love it was to wyte,
That he your thral so prettie is,
And if ye harm him, ye doon amis;
For he hath had full hard penance,
Sith that ye refte him thaqueyntaunc
Of Bialacoil, his meste joie,
Which alle his paynes might acye.
He was biforn ancyed sore,
But than ye doubled him wel more;
For he of blis hath ben ful bare,
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare.
Love hath to him do greet distresse,
He hath no nede of more dureesse.
Voldeth from him your ire; I rede;
Ye may not winnen in this dede.
Makith Bialacoil repiere ageyn,
And haveth pite upon his payn;
For Fraunchise wol, and I, Pite,
That mercifull to him ye be;
And sith that she and I accorde,
Have upon him misericorde;
For I ye pray, and eek moneste,
Nought to refusen our requeste;
For he is hard and fel of thought,
That for us two wol do right nought.

Daunger ne might no more endure,
Dyed heketh him unto mesure.

I wol in no wyse, seith Daungere,
Denye that ye have asked here;
It were to greet uncurteybe.
I wol ye have the company
Of Bialacoil, as ye devye;
I wol him letten in no wyse.

To Bialacoil than wente in hy
Fraunchysye, and seide ful curtelys;
Ye have to longe be deigemous
Unto this lover, and daumerous,
Fro him to withdrawe your presence,
Which hath do to him grete offence,
That ye not wolde upon him see;
Wherefore a sorrowful man is he.
Shape ye to paye him, and to plese,
Of my love if ye wol have eae.
Sulfil his wil, sith that ye knowe
Daunger is daunted and brought lowe
Thung help of me and of Pite;
You thar no more afered be.
Blis do right as ye wil,
Saith Bialacoil, for it is skill,
Sith Daunger wol that so be.

HAN fraunchise hath him sent to me.
Bialacoil at the beginning
Salued me in his coming.
No straunge was in him seen,
No more than he he had wrathed been.
As faire semblant than shewed he me,
And goodly, as afore did he;
And by the bonde, withouten doute,
Within the henge, right al aboute
He ladde me, with right good chere,
He environ the vergere,
That Daunger had me chased fro.
Now have I leve oveler to go;
Now am I raised, at my devys,
Fro belle unto paradys.
Thou Bialacoil, of gentieness,
With alle his peyne and besimease,
Hath shewed me, only of grace,
The estres of the sowe place.

SAW the rose, when I was nigh,
Was getrer wesen, and more high,
Was fraw, rody, and faire of hewe,
Of colour ever ylche newe.
And when I had it longe seen,
I saugh that through the leves grene
The rose spredde to spanishing:
To sene it was a goodly thing.
But it me was so spred on brede,
That men within might knowe the sede;
For it covert was and enclose
Both with the leves and with the rose.
The stalk was even and grene upright,
It was thron a goodly sight;
And wel the better, withouten wene,
For the seed was not grene.
Ful faire it spradde, God it beside!
For suche another, as I gesse,
Aform me was, me more vermany.
I was abawed for merveyle,
For ever, the fairer that it was,
The more I am bounden in Loven las.

SONGE Labood there, soth to saye,
Til Bialacoil I gan to praye,
When that I sawe him in no wyse
To me warnen his servyse,
That he me wolde graunte a thing,
Which to remembere is wel setting:
This is to sayne, that of his grace
He wolde me yeve leyser and space
to me that was so desirous
to have a hysing precious
Of the goodly freshe rose,
That sweetness smellete in my nose;
For if it you displeased nought,
I wolde gladly, as I have saugh,
Have a cos therof freely
Of your yeft; for certeyn
I wol non have but by your leve,
So loan me were you for to greve.

Sayde: frend, so God me spede,
Of Chastite I have suche drede,
Thou shuldest not warne be for me,
But I dar not, for Chastite.
Agayn hir dar I not misdo,
For alwey biddeth she me so
To peve no lover leve to hisse;
For who thereto may winnen, ywis,
He of the surplus of the pray
May live in hope to get som day.
For who so lissing may attayne,
Of loves peyne hath, soth to sayne,
The beste and most avenaunt,
And emenst of the remenaunt.

Of his answere I syghed sore;
I durst assaye him tho no more.
I had such drede to greve him ay.
A man shulde not to muche assaye
To chaue his friend out of mesure,
Nor put his lyf in aventure;
For no man at the firste stroke
Nemay nat felle down an oke;
Nor of the reisins have the wyne,
Til grapes yepe and wel afyne
Be ore empressid, l you ensure,
And drawen out of the pressure.
But I, forpeyned wonder stronge,
Thought that I abood right longe
After the his, in peyne and wo,
Sith I to his deyreyd so:
Til that, reying on my diaresea,
Ther to me Venus the goddessae,
Which ay werereyth Chasite,
Came of hir grace, to socoure me,
Whos might is knowe fer and wyde,
For she is modir of Cupyde,
The God of Love, blinde as stoon,
That helpith loves multon con.
This lady brought in hir right hond
Of brenning fyr a blasing brond;
Whereof the flame and hote fyr
Hath many a lady in defyr
Of love brought, and sore het,
And in hir servise hir hertes set.

This lady was of good entaye,
Right wonderfull of apparayle;
By hir atyre so bright and shene,
Men might perceyve wel, and sene,
She was not of religioun.
Nor I nil make mengioun
Nor of hir robe, nor of tresour,
Of broche, nor of hir richett accour;
Ne of hir girdl aboute hir syde,
For that I nil not long abyde.
But knowith wel, that certeynly
She was arrayed richely.
Devoyd of pryde certeyn she was.

Bialacoil she wente a pas,
And to him shortcly, in a clause,
She seide: Sir, what is the cause
Ye been of port so daungerous
Unto this lover, and deymous,
To graunte him nothing but a his?
The Romaunt of the Rose

To werne it him ye doon amis;
Sith we ye wote, how that he
Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se,
And hath beaute, wherethrough he is
Worthy of love to have the bliss.
How he is semely, bibeole and see,
Now he is fair, how he is free,
Now he is swete and deboynor,
Of age yong, lusty, and fair.
Ther is no lady so hauyne,
Duchesse, countesse, ne chaunteleyne,
That I holde holde hir ungodly
For to refuse hym outherly.
His breeth is also good and sweete,
And eke his lippis rody, and mete
Only to playen, and to kisse.
Graunte hym a kis, of gentillesse!
His teeth am also whyte and clene;
Me thinkith wrong, withouten wene,
If ye now werne him, trustith me,
To graunte that a kis have he;
The lasse to helpe hym that he wasthe,
The more tymel shal ye wast.

WHAN the flame of the verry brond,
That Venus brought in hir right bond,
Had Bialacoil with hete smete,
Anoon he bad, withouten lette,
Graunte to me the rose kisse,
Than of my peyne I gan to lisse,
And to the rose anoon wente I,
And kisst it ful feithfully.
That no man ask if I was blythe,
When the savour softe and lythe
Strook to myn herte withoute more,
And me alleged of my sore,
So was I ful of joye and blisses.
It is fair sith a flour to kisse,
It was so swete and savorous.
I might not be so anguissous,
That I more glad and joly be,
When that I remembre me.
Yit ever among, sothly to seyn,
I suffre noye and moche peyn.

HE see may never be so still,
That with a litel winde it nil
Overwhelmte and turne also,
As it were wood, in wasYG ym go.
Affir the calm the trouble sone
Mort folowe, and chaunge as the monen.
Right so farith Love, that selde in oon
Hoolith his anher; for right anoon
When they in ese wene best to live,
They been with tempesteal fordrive.
Who serveth Love, can telle of wo;
The stoundemely joye mot overgo.
Now he hurteh, and now he cureth,
For selde in oon poynyt Love endureth.
Now is it righte to procede,
For Shame gan mede and take hed,
Therfor whom folle angren I have had;
And how the stronge wal was maad;
And the castell of brede and lengthe,
That God of Love wane with his strengthe.

At this in romance wil I sette,
And for nothing ne wil I sette,
So that it lyketh to hir be,
That is the flour of beaute;
For she may beat my labour quyte,
That I for hir love shal endure.

LACOLE, that the covyne
Of every lover can devyne
Worse, and addith more somde,
For Wiljord Tunge seith never wel,
To meward bar he right gret hate,
Esyping me erly and late,
Til he hath seen the grete chere
Of Bialacoil and me yffe.
He mighte not his tunge withostonde
Worse to reporte than he fonde,
He was so ful of cursed rage;
It sat him wel of his linage,
For him an Irish woman bar.
His tunge was fyled sharp, and squar,
Daigneute and right kervynge,
And wonder bitter in speyng.
For whan that he me gan espye,
He swoor, afferming sikerly,
Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was yet aquaticcante and privye.
He swere therof so foly,
That he awalid jeleousy;
Which, al afraied in his ryasing,
When that he herdhe him jangling,
Heron anoon, as he were wood,
To Bialacoil ther that he stood;
Which hadde lever in this caus
Haven been at Keynes or Amyas;
For foot and hoost, in his Felonye
To him thus seide Jelousy:

WHY hast thou been so negligent,
To kepen, when I was absent,
This verger here left in thy ward?
To me thou haddest no reward,
To truste, to thy confusion,
Ther his, to whom suspiccon
I have right gret, for it is nede;
It is wel shewed by the dede.
Greet faute in thee now have I founde;
By God, anoon thou shalt be bounde,
And faste taken in a tour,
Withoute refuyt or succour.
For Shame to long hast be thee fro;
Over some she was ago;
When thou hast loste bothe drede and fere,
It wasmend wel she was not here.
She was not bys, in ow wyse,
To kepe thee and to chantize,
And for to helpen Chastitee.
To kepe the roser, as thinkith me,
For than this boy knave so boldly
Ne sholde nor have be hardy,
Ne in this verger had such game,
Which now me turven to great shame.

LIALACOIL nis what to sey;
Ful fayn he wolde have fled away,
For fere han hid, were that he
Close both the roses and rose,  
I have to longe in this maner,  
Left hem unclesid wilfully;  
Wherefore I am right inwardly  
Sorrowful and repente me.  
But now they shal no lenger be  
Unclesid; and yit I drede sore,  
I shal repente furthermore,  
For the game goth al amiss.  
Counsel I mot take newe, ywis,  
I have to longe tristed thee,  
But now it shal no lenger be;  
For he may best, in every cost,  
Discewe, that men triest most.  
I see wel that I am nygh a shent,  
But if I sette my full entent  
Remedy to purewe.  
The refore close I shal the weye  
Pro hem that wol the rose espye,  
And com to waste me vilanye,  
For, in good feith and in trouthe,  
I wol not lette, for no slouthe,  
To lye the more in sikinesse,  
To make anoon a forteresse,  
To enclose the roses of good savour.  
In middin shal I make a tour  
To putte Biaiacoil in prion,  
For ever I drede me of tresoun.  
I trowe I shal him kepe so,  
That he shal have no might to go  
Aboute to make company  
To hem that thynke of vilanye;  
Ne to no such as hath ben here  
Aform, and founde in him good chere,  
Which hop assaulted him to shende,  
And with hir trowandysse to blende.  
A foo is eythe for to biguye;  
But may I lywe a litel while,  
De shal fortheke his fair ambault.  
And with that word cam Drede avaut,  
Which was abashed, and in gret fere,  
When he wiste Teloysye was there.  
Drede was for Drede in such a straft,  
That not a word dureste he say,  
But quaking stood full stille aoon,  
Til Teloysye his wey was goon,  
Save Shame, that him not foroock;  
Bothe Drede and she ful sere quock;  
Til that at laste Drede abreyde,  
And to his cousin Shame seyde:  
Shame, he seide, in soothfastnesse,  
To me it is grete heinesse,  
That the nysse so fer is go,  
And the aclauende of us two.  
But sith that it is so bialle,  
We may it not agayn do calle,  
Whan onis aropping is a fame.  
For many a yeare withouten blame  
We han been, and many a day;  
For many an April and many a May  
We han ypassed, not ashamed,  
Til Teloysye hath us blamed  
Of mistrust and suspicioun
The Romant of the Rose

Causesel, withouten enchasoun,
Go we to Daunger hastily,
And late shew him openly,
That he hath not aright wroght,
Whan that he sette nought his thought
To hepe better the purpurye;
In his doing he is not wyse,
Be hath to us ydo greet wrong.
That hath suffred now so long
Bialacoeil to have his wille,
Alle his lustes to fulfille,
He must amend it utterly,
Or elles shal he vilainously
Exyled be out of this londe;
For he the werre may not withstonde
Of Jelouye, nor the greef,
Sith Bialacoeil is at mischeef.

O Daunger, Shame and Drede anon
The righte wy, ben bothe agoon,
The cherl they founden hem afor
Ligging undir an hawethorn.
Undir his heed no pilowe was,
But in the stede a trueye of gras,
He alomedr, and a nappe he took,
Til Shame pitously him shook,
And greet manacel in him gan make.

Whyn algestis thou then thou shulde wake?
Quod Shame; thou doest us vilanye!
Whi tristith thee, he doth folye,
To hepe roses or botouns,
Whan they ben faire in his sesouns.
Thou art woxe to familiere
Where thou shulde be straunge of chere,
Stout of thy port, redy to greve.
Thou doast greet folye for to leve
Bialacoeil herein, to calle
The yonder man to shenden us alle.
Though thou sleepe, we may here
Of Jelouie greet noise here.
Art thou now late? ryse up in hy,
And stoppe sone and deliverly
Alle the gappia of the hay;
Do no favoure, I thee pray.
It fallith nothing to thy name
Make faire semblant, where thou maist blame.
If Bialacoeil be sweete and free,
Dogged and fel thou shuldist be;
Froward and outrageous, wyse;
A cherl chaungeyth that curteis is.
This have I herd ofte in seying,
That man ne may, for no daunting,
Make a sperhaule of a bosarde.
Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,
That debonair have founden thee;
It sit thee nought curteis to be;
To do men pleaunce or servyse,
In the it is recreaudyse.
Let thy werkis, fer and nere,
By thyke thy name, which is Daunger.

Dauner, al abawid in shewing,
Anoon spak Dreed, right thus seying,
And seide: Daunger, I drede me
That thou ne wolt not bywy be

To hepe that thou hast to hepe;
When thou shuldist wake, thou art aslepe.
Thou shalt be greved certeyny
If thee aappey Jelouye,
Or if he finde thee in blame,
He hath today assailed Shame,
And chased away, with grete manacel,
Bialacoeil out of this londe.
And swereth shortly that he shal
Enclose him in a sturdy wal;
And al is for thy wikkedness,
For that thee failetly straungegende.
Thyn herte, I trowe, be failed al;
Thou shalt repent in special,
If Jelouye the sothe knewe;
Thou shalt forthkenhe, and sore rewe.

With that the cherl his clubbe gan shake,
Frowning his eye gan to make,
Shaking and bywaid there;
As man in rage,
For ire he brenet in his visage.

Whan that he herde him blamed so,
Ne seide: Out of my wit I go;
To be discomfit I have greet wrong.
Certes, I have now lived to long,
Sith I may not this closer hepe;
Hil quith I wolde be dolven depe,
If any man shal more repeire
Into this garden, for foule or faire.
Myn herte for ire goth afer,
That I lette any entere here.
I have do foly, now I see,
But now it shal amended bee.
Who settheth foot here any more,
Truly, he shal repent it sore;
For no man mo into this place
Of me to entre shal have grace.
Lever I hadde, with swerdis twyne
Thurghout myn herte, in every wyne
Perced to be, with many a wonde,
Than sloute shulde in me be founde.
From hennesforth, by night or day,
I shal defende it, if I may,
Withouten any excpcion
Of ech maner condicioun;
And if I any man it graunte,
Holdeth me for recreaunte.

Chan Daunger on his feet gan stonde,
And hente a burdoun in his honde,
Wrath in his ire, ne lette he nought,
But thurgh the verger he hath sought.
If he might finde hole or trace,
Wetherthug that men mot forthby pace,
Or any gappe, he dide it close,
That no man mighte touche a rose
Of the roser al aboute;
He shitteth every man withoute.
Thus day by day Daunger is weere,
More wondurful and more divers,
And feller eek than ever he was;
For him ful of I singe Alas!
For I ne may nought, thurgh his ire,
Recover that I most desire.
Myn herte, alas, wol brete a two,
For Basacoil I wrathed so,
For certenly, in every membre
I quake, when I me remembre
Of the botoun, which that I wolde
Fulle oft a day seem and sholde.
And when I thynke upon the hisse,
And how muche joye and blissese
I hadde throughe the savoure sweete,
For wante of it I grone and grete.
Me thenthith I fele sit in my nose
The swete savour of the rose.
And now I woot that I not go
So fer the fresshe floweres fro.
To me ful welcome were the death;
Alas therefor, alas, me sleeth!
For whyshom with this rose, alas,
I touched nose, mouth, and face;
But now the deeth I must abyde.
But I love consente, another tyde,
That onis I touche may and hisse,
I trowe my peyne shall never lisse.
Theron is al my coyteysse,
Which bren myn herbe in many wyse.
I saw shall reparie agayn sighinge,
Long wache on nightis, and no slepinge;
Thought in washing, torment, and wo,
With many a turning to and fro,
That half my peyne I can not telle.
For I am fallen into helle
From paradys and welthe, the more
My turbent greeth; more and more
Anoyeth now the bittynesse,
That I rofom have felt swettinesse.
And Gluklid/Tunge, thong his falshehe,
Causeth al my wo and drede.
On me he leyeth a pitous charge,
Because his tunge was to large.

And everich hadde, withoute fable,
A porçoscula defensable
To keppe of enemies, and to greve,
That there his force wolde preve.
And eek amide this purpysye
Was maad a tour of grete majestyse;
A fairer saugh no man with aight,
Large and wyde, and of grete might.
They ne dreeede noon assaut
Of ginne, guene, nor slauffaut.
For the tempure of the mortere
Was maad of licour wonder dere;
Of quikke tyme persant and egre,
The which was tempere with vineyre.
The tyon was hard as adament,
Wbere they made the foundement.
The tour was rounde, maad in compass;
In al this world no richer was,
Ne better ordesigned therewith.

Abothe the tour was maad a wal,
So that, bitwix that and the tour,
Roeses were set of swete savour,
With many roses that they bere.

ND eek within the castel were
Sprangoldes, gunnes, bowes, archers;
And eek above, ater cornes,
Men seyn over the wall stonde
Grety engynes, which were nigh honde;
And in the kernes, here and there,
Of arblasters grete plente were.
Noon armure might hir stroke withstonde,
It were fely to prece to honde.
Without the diche were listes made,
With walles batayled large and brade,
For men and hors shulde not atteyne
To nech the diche over the pleyne.

This jeloysye hath enviroun
Set aboute his garnisoun
With walles rounde, and diche depe,
Only the rosers for to kepe.
And Daunger eek, etrey and late
The heyn kepeth of the utter gate,
The whiche openeth toward the east,
That swoon coude leye, ne querreor.
He hireth hem to make a tour.

And first, the rosers for to hepe,
Aboute hem made he a diche depe,
Right wondeir large, and also brood;
UPon the whiche also stood
Of squared stooon a sturdy wal,
Which on a cragge was founded al,
And right grete thikknesse eek it bar.
Abouten, it was founded squar,
An hundred fadome on every syde,
It was al liche longe and wyde.
Leat any tympe it was unstapled,
Ful wel aboute it was batayled;
And rounde environ eek were set
Ful many a riche and fair tourre.
At every corner of this wal
Was set a tour ful principal;

Jelousy

HAT other gate kepeth Shyme,
Which openek, as it was couth,
Toward the parte of the south.
Sergeanetz assignd were
Bir to
Ful many, hir wylle for to do.
HAN Drede hadde in hir baiylie
The keping of the constableanye,
Toward the north, I undristonde,
That openeth upon the left honde,
The whiche for nothing may be sure,
But if she do hir busie cure
Enly on morowe and also late,
Strongly to shette and barre the gate.
Of every thing that she may see
Drede is aferd, whero he be;
For with a puff of titel wind
Drede is astoned in hir minde.

The Romainst
of the Rose

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Therefore, for stelinge of the rose,
I rede her nought the yate unclose,
A foulit flight wol make her flee,
And eect a shadowe, if she it see.

The maner of his governance,
The whiche deevle, in heir enfaunce,
Had lerned muche of Loves art,
And of his pleyes took heir part;
She was expert in his servyse,
She knawe ech wrenche and every gyse
Of love, and every loveres wyse,
It was the harder her to gyte.
Of Blialcoil she took ay hede,
That ever he liveth in wo and drede.
He kepte him coy and eek privee,
Leest in him she hadde see
Any foly countenaunce,
For she knewe al the olde dauncne.
And aftir this, whan Jelousye
Had Blialcoil in his baillye
And shette him up that was so free,
For seure of him he wolde be,
He trusteth sore in his castele:
The stronge werch him lyketh wel.
He drade not that no glotouns
Shulde stele his roses or botouns.
The roses were assure alle,
Defenced with the stronge wal.
But, I alias, now monere shal;
Because I was without the wal,
Ful moche dote and moner I made.
Who hadde wist what wo I hadde,
I trowe he wolde have had pite.
Love to deere had sold to me
The good that of his love hadde I.
I wende a bought it al quenytingt;
But now, though doubliug of my peyn,
I see he wolde it selve ageyn,
And me a newe bargene lere.
The which at about the more is dere,
For the solace that I have lorn,
Than if I hadde it never aforn.
Certayn I am ful lyly, indeed,
To him that cast in erthe his seed;
And hath joie of the newe spring,
When it greteth in the gynne,
And is also fair and fresh of flour.
Lusty to see, swote of odour;
But er he it in sheshe shere,
May falle a weder that shal it dere,
And monke it to fade and falle,
The stalk, the greyn, and flowers alle;
That to the tiler is fordone
The hope that he hadde to sone.
I drede, certayn, that so fare I;
For hope and travaille alinery
Ben me biraff al with a storm;
The flour ne seden of my corn.
For Love hath so advanced me,
When I bigan my private
To Blialcoil at for to telle,
Whom I ne fond toward ne felle,
But took agree al hool my play,
But Love is of so hard assay,
That al at onis he reved me,
When I wend best aboven have be.
It is of Love, as of fortune,
That chaungeth ofte, and nil contume;
Which whylom wol on folke anyle.
And gloumbe on hem another whyle;
Now frend, now foo, thou shalt hir fele,
For in a twinkling tourneth hir wheele.
She can wrythe hir head awk,
This is the concours of hir pley;
She can areye that doth mornye,
And whirle adown, and over turne
Who sittith hieghest, al as hir list;
A fool is he that wol hir tryst.
For it am I that am com doun
Thurgh change and revolucon
Sith Blaacoil mot fro me twinne,
Seth in the prisoun volde withinne,
His absence at myn herte I fele;
For al my joye and al myn hele
Was in him and in the rose,
That but yon wal, which him doth close
Open, that I may him see,
Love nil not that I curred be
Of the peynes that I endure.
Nor of my cruel aventur.

Blaacoil, mown owere el! Though thou be now a prisoner, kepe atte leste thyne herte to me. And suffer not that it daunted be; Ne lat not Jelosueye, in his rage, putten thyne herte in no servage.

Although he chastrice thee withoute,
And make thy body unto him loute,
Have herte as hard as dyamaunt,
Stedefast, and nought plaunt;
In prisoun though thy body be,
At large kepe thyne herte free.
A trewe herte wol not plye
For no manache that it may drye.
If Jelosueye doth thee payne,
Quyte him his whyle thou agayne,
To venge thee, atte leaset in thought,
If other way thou mayesty nought;
And in this wyse solitly
Worche, and winne the maistry.
But yit I am in gret affray.
Lest thou do not as I say;
I dredde thou canst me greet maugree,
That thou emprisoned art for me;
But that is not for my trespass,
For thugh me never discovered was
Yit thing that oughte be seere.
Wol more any thy is in me,
That is in thee, of this maunche;
For I endure more harde penaunce
Than any man can seyn or thinke,
That for the sorwe almost I sikhe.
When I remembre me of my wo,
Ful nyght out of my wif I goe.
Inward myn herte I felt bilede,
For comfortles the deeth I drede.
Ow! I not wel to have disstrease,
Whan false, thugh hir wildehechest,
And traitours, that am ennuyous,
To nuyen me be so coragious?

Blaacoil! ful wel I see,
That they hem shape to discewe thee,
To make thee buxom to hir lawe,
And with hir corde thee to drawe
Wherso hem lust, right at hir wil;
I drede they have thee brought therel.
Without comfort, thought me sleeth;
This game wol bringe me to my death.
For if thy gode wil I lese,
I mot be deed; I may not cheve.
And if that thou foryste me,
Myn herte shal never in lything be;
Nor elleswhere finde solace,
If I be put out of thy grace,
As it shal never been, I hope;
Then shulde I fallen in wanhope.

Here ende the work of Guillaume de Lorris; and begins the work of Jean de Meun.
That helpeth litle, that she may do,
Outake hitheunto unto me.
And heate certeyn, in no wyse,
Whithout yift, is not to prayse.
When heate and deed asundir varie,
They doon me have a gret contrarie.

This am I posset up and doun
With dool, thought, and confissoun;
Of my diseas ther is no noumbe,
Daungers and Shame me encumbre.
Drede also, and Jelouysye,
And Withed/Cunge ful of enyve,
Of whiche the sharpe and cruel re
tul of me put in gret martiere.
They han my joye fully let,
Sith Bialacoil they have bishet
From me in prysoun wilshidy,
Whom I love so entierly,
That it wol my bane be,
But the soner may him beec.
And yet moreover, wurst of alle,
Ther is set to hepe, foule bire bifalle!
A rimpled vele, fer romme in age,
Frowning and yelowe in hir visage,
Which in awayte lythe day and night,
That noon of hem may have a sight.
Now moost my worre enforced be.

Ther both it is, that Love yaf me
Three wonder yiftes of his grace,
Which I have lorn now in this place,
Sith they ne may, whithout drede,
Helpen but litle, who taketh he.
For here avalleth no Swete/Thought,
And Swete/Speche helpith right nought.
The thridde was called Swete/Loking,
That now is lorn, without lesing.
The yiftes were fair, but not forthy
They helpeth me but simply,
But Bialacoil may loosed be,
To gon at large and to be free,
For him my lyf lyth al in dout,
But if he come the rather out.
Alas! I trowe it wol not been!
For how should I evermore him seen?
He may not out, and that is wrong.
Because the tour is so strong.
How shulde he out? by whom prouesse,
Out of so strong a fortelesen,
By me, certein, it nil be do;
God woot, I have no wit therto.
But wel I woot I was in rage,
When I to Love did hommage.

Whiche was in cause, in sothfastnesse,
Bis hirulle, dame Idelnesse,
Which me conveyed, thrugh fair prayere,
To ente into that fair vergere?
She was to blame me to leve,
The which now doth me sore greve.
A folyis word is nought to trowe,
Ne worth an appel for to love;
Men shulde him anibe byterly,
At pryme temps of his holy.
I was a fool, and she me leved.

Thurgh whom I am right nought releved.
She accomplished al my wil,
That now me greveh wondril,
Renoun me seide what shulde falle.
A fool myself I may wel calle,
That love ayde I had not leyde,
And trowed that dame Renoun seyde.
Renoun had bothe skile and right,
When she me blamed, with al hir might,
To medle of love, that hath me shent;
But certeyn now I wol repent.

ND shulde I repent? Nay parde!
A fals traitour than shulde I be.
The develles engins wolde me take,
If I my lorde wolde forake,
Or Bialacoil falsly bitraye.
Shulde I at mischeef hate him? nay,
Sith he now, for his curtesye,
Is in prysoun of Jelouysye.
Curtesye certeyn did he me,
So muche, it may not yolden be,
When he the hay passe me lette,
To kisse the rose, faire and swete;
Shulde I therfore cunnhe him maugree?
Nay, certeynly, it shal not be;
For Love shal never, if God wil,
Dere of me, thrugh word or wil,
Offence or complaynt, more or lesse,
Neither of hope nor Idelness;
For certis, it were wrong that I
Dated hem for his curtesye.
Ther is not ellis, but suffer and thynke,
And waten when I shulde winke;
Ayde in hope, til Love, thrugh chaunce,
Send me socour or allegence,
Expectant ay til I may mete
To geten mercy of that swete.
Whylo I think how Love to me
Seyde he wolde taken atte gre
My servise, if unpatience
Caused me to doon offence.
De seyde: In thanke I shal it take,
And high maister eek thee make,
If wilkednesse ne rewe it thee;
But sone, I trowe, that shal not be.
The se were his wordis by and by;
It semed he loved me trewly.
Now is ther not but serve him welte,
If that I thinkis his thanke to fele.
My good, myn harm, lyth hoole in me;
In Love may no defaute be;
For trewe Love ne failit never man.
Sothly, the faute mot nedia than
As God fordebe! be founde in me,
And how it cometh, I can not see.
Now lat it goon as it may go;
Whether Love wol socoure me or slo,
He may do hool on me his wil.
I am so sore bounde him til,
From his servysye I may not fleen;
For lyf and deth, withouten wene,
Is in his hand; I may not chese;
He may me do bothe winne and lese.
And sith so sore he doth me greve,
Yit, if my lust he wolde acheve,
To Bialacoll goody to be,
Yeeve no force what felle on me,
For though I dye, as I mot rede,
I praye Love, of his goodlishe,
To Bialacoll do gentlemeas,
For whom I live in such distress,  
That I mowe desyen for penance.  
But first, without repentence,
I wol me confess in good entente,
And make in haste my testament,
As lover doon that felen smerte:
To Bialacoll leve I myn herhe,
All hoole, without departing,
Or doublenesse of repenting.

Comem Raisoun viente a L'amant.

As I made my pasage
In compleyn, and in cruel rage,
And I not wher to finde a che,
That couthe unto myn helping ech,
Sedyenily agayn comen doun,
Out of bir tour I saugh.

Resoun,
Discreete and wys, and ful pleasant,
And of hir porte ful avenaunt.
The righte wyse she took to me,
Which stood in grete perplexite,
That was posshyd in every side,
That I nist where I might abyde,
Til she, demurely sad of cher,
Seide to me as she com herae:

IN owne freend, art thou yit greved?
How is this gareld yit acheved
Of Loven syde? Anoon me telle;
Hast thou not yit of love thy fille?
Art thou not wery of thy aeryye
That thee hath pynded in sich wyse?
What joye hast thou in thy loving?
Is it sweete or biter thing?
Canst thou yit chese, lat me see,
What best thy occurr mighte be?
Thou seruest a ful noble lord,
That maketh thee thral for thy reward,
Which ay reneweth thy turment,
With felthe he hath been beyled.
Thou fellest in mischeve thilke day,
Whan thou didest, the sothe to say,
Obeysaunce and ech homage;
Thou wroghtest nothing as the sage.
Whan thou bicam his liege man,
Thou didist a gret folly then;
Thou wistest not what fel therto,
With what lord thou haddist to do.
If thou haddist him wel knowe,
Thou haddist ought to be brought so lowe;
For if thou wistest what it were,
Thou noldist serve him hal a yer,
Not a weke, nor half a day,
Ne yit an hour withoute delay,
Ne never han loved parameours,
His lordship is so ful of shoures.
Knowest he ought?
L'Amaunt. Ye, dame, parde!
Raisoun. Nay, nay.
L'Amaunt. Yes, I.
Raisoun. Whero, lat see?
L'Amaunt. Of that he s Seyde I sholde be
Glad to have such lord as he,
And maister of such eignoury.
Raisoun. Knowest him no more?
L'Amaunt. Nay, certes, I,
Save that he yaf me rewel there,
And wente his wy, I niste where,
And I abode bounde in balunc.

Raisoun,

O, ther a noble conisaunce!
But I wit that thou knowe him now
Gynning and ende, sith that thou
Art so anguisheous and mate,
Disfigured out of astate;
Ther may no wrecche have more of wo,
Ne caitif noon endure do.
It were to every man sitting
Of his lord have knoweleche,
For if thou knowe him, out of dout,
Lightly thou sholde escapen out
Of the prisoun that marreth thee.

L'Amaunt.

G, dame! Sith thy lord is he,
And I his man, maad with myn honde,
Wolde right fayn undirstonde
To knowen of what kinde he be,
If any wolde enferme me.

WOLDEL, said Resoun, theere,
Sith thou to lerne hast sith desire,
And shewe thee, withouten fable,
A thing that is not demonstrable.
Thou shalt here lerne withoute science,
And knowe, without experience,
The thing that may not knowen be,
Ne wiste ne shewyd in no degree.
Thou mayst the sothe of it not witen,
Though in thee it were written.
Thou shalt not knowe thereof more
Whyte thou art ryued by his lore;
But unto him that love wol fere.
The knotte may unclosed be,
Which hath to thee, as it is founde,
So long be knet and not unbounede.
Now sette wel thynt entencion,
To here of love discipcion.

LOVE, it is an hateful pee,
A free acquaintance, without releas,
A trouthe, fret full of falshede,
A skernesse, al get in drede;
In herte is a dispersing hope,
And fulle of hope, it is wanhope;
Elyae woodness, and wood resoun,
A sweete peril, in to droune,
An hevy birthen, light to bere,
The Romanant of the Rose

A whited wave away to were.
It is Caridias perilous,
Disagreeable and gracious.
It is discordance that can accord,
And accordance to discord.
It is cunning without science,
Wisdom without sapience,
Wit without discreetion,
Favor, without possessioun.
It is sike hele and hool sinnesse,
A throst drowned in dronkenesse,
An bethe ful of maladye,
A charite ful of enyve,
An hungre ful of habundence,
And a gredy suffisance;
Delyt right ful of hevinene,
And drenchd ful of gladnesse;
Bitter awetenesse and swete error,
Right evel savoured good savour;
Sinne that pardoun hath withinne,
And pardoun appotted without with sinne;
A peyne also it is, joyous,
And felonye right pitious;
Also play that selde is stables,
And stedeast stat, right mevalle;
A strengthe, wele to stonde upright;
And fulness, ful of might;
Wit unavysed, sage foldye,
And joye ful of turmentrye;
A laughe it is, weping ay,
Rest, that traveyleth night and day;
Also a sweter helte it is,
And a sorowful Paradysy;
A pleasant gayl and eay prioune,
And, ful of froute, some sesoun;
Pryme tempes, ful of freoutes whyte,
And May, devoide of a delaye,
With seer branched, blossoms ungrenne;
And newe fruytis, filid with winter tene.
It is a slowe, may not forbere
Raggis, ribanid with gold, to were;
For al ao wel wol love be set
Ander raggis as riche rochet;
And eek as wel be amourettes
In mourning blash, as bright burnettes.
For noon is of so mochel pryse,
Ne no man founden is so wys,
Ne noon ao high is of parage,
Ne no man founde of wit ao sage,
No man ao hardy ne ao wight,
Ne no man of ao mohel might,
Noon ao fulfilled of bounte,
But he with love may daunted be.
At the world holdith this way;
Love makith alle to goon miswey,
But it be they of yvel lyf,
Whom Genius curish, man and wyf,
That wronly werke ageyn nature.
Noon suche I love, ne have no cure
Of suche as Loves seruaunts been,
And wol not by my counsel fleeen.
For I ne preye that loving,
Wherthugh man, at the laste ending,

Shal calle hem wrechhis fulle of wo,
Love greveth hem and shendith so.
But if thou wolt wel Love eachewe,
For to escape out of his mewe,
And make at hoole thy sorwe to shake,
No bettrin counsell mayst thou take,
Than thinke to fleen wel, ywe.
May nought helpe elles; for wiste thou this:
If thou flece it, it shal flece thee;
Folowe it, and folowe shal it the.

L'amaunt.

I hadde herd at Resoun seyn,
Which hadde split hir speche in seyn:
Dame, seyde I, I dar wel sey
Of this amaunt me we I may
That from your scole so deviant
I am, that never the more amaunt
Right nought am I, though your doctryne;
I dulle under your disciplyne;
I wot no more than I wist er,
To me so contrarie and so fer
Is every thing that ye me lere;
And yit I can it al par cuere.
Myn herte forsytheth therto of rought,
It is so wriuen in my thought;
And depe graven it is so tendir
That ab herte I can it rendre,
And rede it over commonly;
But to myself I sevedest am I.
But sith ye love discreven so,
And lakhe and preise it, bot the two,
Defyneth it into this letter.
That I may theke on it the better;
For I herde never diffyne it ere,
And wilfully I wolde it lere.

Raisoun.

If love be serched wel and sought,
It is a synkenese of the thought
Annexed and knet bi twixe twayne,
Which male and female, with so cheyne,
So frely byndith, that they nil twinne,
Whether so therto they lese or winne.
The route springith, thogh boot brenning,
Into disordinat desiring
For to kisseen and embrase,
And at her lust them to solace.
Of other thing love recchith nought,
But setteth hir herte and al hir thought
More for delectacion
Than any procreacion
Of other fruyt by engendering;
Which love to God is not pleasing;
For of hir body fruyt to get
They yeve no force, they are so set
Upon deles, to play in fere.
And somme have also this manere,
To feynen hem for love ashe;
Sich love I preise not at a lethe.
For paramours they do but feyne;
To love truly they disdeyne.
They falsen ladies traitourslye,
And aweren hem othe utterly,
With many a lesing, and many a fable,
And al they finden deceyvable.
And, whan they her lust han geten,
The boote erres they al foryon.
Glassen, the harm they byen ful sore;
But men this thinken evermore,
That lassen harm is, so mote I thee,
Disceyve them, than discseyve be;
And namely, wher they ne may
Finde nother mem wy.
For I wet wel, in sothfastnesse,
That who doth now his bisynesse
With any woman for to dele,
For any lust that he may fele,
But if it be for engendryre,
De doth trepassas, lyou ensure.
For he shulde seten al his wil
To geten a likly thing him til,
And to sustenem, if he might,
And liepe forth, by hindez right,
His owne tylnesse and semblable,
For bicause al is corumplable,
And all shulde suescioun,
Ne were ther generacion
Our sectis strene for to save.
When fader or moder ar in greave,
Hir children shulde, when they ben deceade,
Ful diligent ben, in stir strede,
To use that werke on such a wyse,
That com may thurghe another rysa.
Therefore set Kinde therin delyte,
For men therin shulde hem delyte,
And of that delyte be not erke,
But ofte aynthes haunt that werke.
For noon wolde drome therof a draught
Ne were delyt, which hath him caught.
This hadde gotil dame Nature;
For noon gotth right, I thee ensure,
Ne hath entent hool ne parfyt;
For hir desir is for delyt,
The which fortene crece and eke
The pleyn of love forofte selke,
And thralle hemself, they be so nyce,
Unto the prince of every wyce.
For of ech simne it is the rote,
Unfulle lust, though it be sote,
And of al yvel the racyne,
As Cullius can determyne,
Which in his tyme was ful sage,
In a boke he made of Age.
Wher that more he presyth Elde,
Though he be croked and unwele,
And more of commendacion,
Than Youthe in his discrption.
For Youthe set bothe man and wyf
In al peret of soule and age;
And peret is, but men have grace,
The tyme of youthe for to pace,
Withoute any deth or distresse,
It is so ful of wildenesse;
So ofte it deth shame or damage
to him or to his lineage.
It ledith man now up, now doun,
In mochet dissoluiciun,
And maith him love ill company,
And lede his lyf disereulity,
And balt him payed with noon estate.
Within himself is such debate,
He chaungith purpoce and entent,
And yalt him into som covert,
To leven aftir her emprise,
And leseith fredom and fraunchysye,
That Nature in him hadde set,
The which ageyn he may not get,
If he there make his mansioun
For to abyde profession.
Though for a tymhe his herte aversent,
It may not faule, he shal repente,
And the abyde thiile day
To leve his abit, and goon his way,
And leseith his worship and his name,
And dar not come ageyn for shame;
But al his lyf he dooth so mourn,
Because he dar not hoom retourne.
Fredom of hinde so lost hath he
That never may recured be,
But if that God him graunte grace
That he may, er he hennes pace,
Conteyne undir obedience
Thurghe the vertu of pacience.
For Youthe the set man in al folde,
In unthrift and in ribaudye,
In lecherye, and in outrage,
So ofte it chaungith of corage.
Youthe the gynmeth ofte aich bargyem,
That may not ende withouten peyn.
In grete perel is set youth hedde,
Delyt so doth his bridil lede.
Delyt thus hangith, drede thou nought,
Bothe mammis body and his thought.
Only thurghe Youthe, his chamberere,
That to doun yvel is customere,
And of nought elles taketh hedde
But only folkes for to lede
Into diisportre and wildenesse,
So is she froward from sadnesse.

But Elde draweth hem therfor;
Who wol it nought, he may wel go
Demand of hem that now arn olde,
That whythom Youthe hadde in holde,
Which yit remembre of tendyre age,
How it hem brought in many a rage,
And many a foly therin wrought.
But now that Elde hath hem thurghe nought,
They repente hem of her folde,
That Youthe hem putte in jupardeye,
In perel and in muche wo,
And made hem ofte amis to do,
And aunen yvel compaynye,
Riot and avoutere.

But Elde can ageyn restreyne
From suche foly, and refreyne,
And set men, by hir ordinaunce,
In good reule and in governaunce.
But yvel she spendith hir servyse,
For no man wol hir love, ne pryse;
The Romant of the Rose

She is hated, this wot I wele,
For aquestance wolde no man fele,
Ne han of Eldé companee,
Men hate to be of hir alye,
For no man wolde bicoane olde,
Ne dye, when he is yong and bolde.
And Eldé merseleth right gretly,
Whan they remembre hem inwardly
Of many a perelous empysse,
Whiche that they wrought in sondry wyse,
How euer they might, withoute blame,
Escape away withoute shame,
In youthe, withouten damage
Or repreef of her linage,
Loss of membre, shedding of blode,
Perel of deeth, or loss of good.

OST thou nought where Youthe abit,
That men so preisen in her whet?
With Deleth she hath halte nojour,
For both they dwellen in oo tour.
As longe as Youthe is in seacon,
They dwellen in oon mansoon.
Delyf of Youthe wol have servyse
To do what so he wol devise;
And Youthe in rede evermore
For to obey, for amerte of acre,
Unto Delyf, and hym to vive
hir servyse, whyth that she maye live.

HER ELIDE abit, I wol thee telle
Shortly, and no whyte dwelle,
For thider bibowe then to go.
If Deeth in youthe the not alo,
Of this journey thou maist not faile.
With hir Labour and Travail
Logged beem, with Sorwe and Wo,
That never out of hir courte go.
Peye and Diuertice, Synnesse and Ire,
And Malencoy, that angry sire,
Ben of hir paleye senatours;
Groaning and Gruchung, hir herbergeours.
The day and night, hir to turment,
With cruel Deeth they hir present,
And tellen hir, ertiche and late,
That Deeth atant armed at hir gate.
Than bringe they to hir remembrance
The foly dede of hir infaunce,
Which causen hir to mourne in wo.
That Youthe hath hir biglel so,
Which sodenly awey is hasten.
She weeth the tyme that she hath wasted,
Compleymyng of the pretoriet,
And the present, that not abit,
And of hir olde vanitee,
That, but afor hir she may see
In the fuytory som soccor,
To leggen hir of hir dolor,
To graunte hir tyne of repentanuce,
For hir sinnes to do penance,
And at the laste so hir governe
To winne the joy that is eternye,
Fro which go backward Youthe hir made,
In vanitee to drome and wade.
For present tyne abideth nought,

It is more swift than any thought;
So litle whyte it doth endure
That ther nyse compe ne mesure.

BUT how that ever the game go,
Who list have joye and mirth also
Of love, be it he or she,
Hight or lowe, whomo it be,
In fruyt they abulde hem deyte;
Her part they may not elles quyte,
To save hemself in honestee.
And yit ful many oon I see
Of wimen, outhly for to seyme,
That ay desiren and wolde sayne
The pleyn of love, they be so wilde,
And not caveite to go with childe.
And if with child they be perchaunse,
They wolde it holde a grete mischaunse;
But whatsoever wo they fele,
They wol not pleyne, but concele;
But if it be any foolish or nyce,
In whom that shame hath no justyce.
For to deleyt echon they drawe,
That haunteth this werk, bothe the high and lawe,
Sere siche that aren worth right nought,
That for money wol be bought.
Such love I preisen in no wyse,
When it is given for covestite.
I preisen no womman, though she be wood,
That yevent hirself for any good.
For lifel shulde a man telle
Of hir, that wol hir body selle,
Be she mayde, be she wyf,
That quik wol selle hir, by hir lyf.
How faire thar that ever she make,
He is a wrecche, I undeitake,
That loveth such one, for gwyte or sour,
Though she him calle hir paramour,
And laughthe on him, and mahith him feeste.
For certeynly no suche a beeste
To be loved is not worthy,
Or bere the name of druyer.
Noon shulde hir please, but he were wood,
That wol disparle him of his good.
Yet nevertheless, I wol not sey
But she, for solace and for pley,
May a jewel or other thing
Take of her loves free yeving;
But that she asketh in no wyse,
For drede of shame of covertysse.
And she of hir maye him, certeyn,
Withoute acalunde, even ageyn,
And joyeth her hertes togidere so
In love, and take and yeve also.
Crowe not that I wolde hem twinne,
When in her love ther is no sinne;
I wol that they togedere go,
And doon al that they han ado,
As curteye shulde and debonaire,
And in her love ben hem faire,
Withoute yeve, bothe he and she;
So that alwey, in honestee,
Fro folke love they hopen hem cleer
That bremeth hertis with his fere;
And that her love, in any wyse,
Be devoid of covetise.
Good love shulde engendred be
Of trewe herte, just, and sincere,
And not of such as sette her thought
To have her lust, and ellis nought,
So are they caught in Lues lace,
Truly, for bodily solace.

LESHLY delyt is so present
With thee, that sette al thyne entent,
Without more, what shulde I close?
for to gete and have the Rose?
Which malith thee so mate and wood
That thou desirest noother good.
But thou art not an inche the nere,
But ever abydest in sorre and werre,
As in thy face it is sene;
It malith thee both the pale and lene;
Thy might, thy vertu goth away.
A sory gest, in goodes fay,
Thou herberedest than in thyne inne,
The God of Love when thou let inne!
Wherefore I rede, thou setheth him out,
Or he shal greve thee, out of doute;
for to thy profitt it wol tune,
If he nonore with thee sojourn.
In gret misd腮ef and sorwe sonken
Ben hertis, that of love am dronken,
As thou peradventure known shal,
When thou hast lost thy tyme al,
And spent thy youte in ydilises,
In waste, and woful lustiness;
If thou maist live the tyme to see
Of love for to deliverd be,
Thy tyme thou shalt bisepe sore
The whiche never thou maist restore.
For tyme lost, as men may see,
For nothing may recured be.
And if thou scape yet, atte laste,
For love, that hath thee so faste
Knitt and bounden in his lace,
Ceretyn, I holde it but a grace.
For many oon, as it is sony,
Have lost, and spent also in yvyn,
In his servysse, withouts socour,
Body and soule, good, and treurour,
Whit, and strenth, and ech richesse,
Of which they hadde never redresse.

This taught and preched hath
Resoun,
But Love spilte hir sermoun,
That was so imde in my thought,
That hir doctrine I sette at nought.
And yit ne seide she never a dele,
That I ne understode it wel,
Word by word, the mater al.
But unto Love I was so thral,
Which calith ovral his pray,
He chaistith so my thought alway,
And holdith myn herte undir his sele,
As trust and treu as any stele;
So that no devocion
Ne hadde I in the sermoun
Of dame Resoun, ne of hir rede;

It toke no sojour in myn hede.
For alle yede out at oon ere
That in that other she didde lere;
Fuly on me she lost hir lore,
Hir speche me greved wondr sore.

The Romaunt
of the Rose

ERTIS, freond, a fool art thou
That than that thou nothing wolt alowe
That I thee for thy profitt say.
Yit wol I sey thee more, in fay;
For I am redy, at the lestes,
To accomplishe thy requestes,
But I not wot if it wol avayle;
In yveyme, perauntre, I shal travayle.

LOVE ther is in sondry wyse,
As I shal ther see devyse.
For som love leth ful and good;
I mene not that which malith thee wood,
And bringith thee in many a fit,
And ravisshith fyo thee al thy wit,
It is so merelle and queueyt;
With such loyde be no more aqueynt.

Comment Raisoun distinct Amatiae.

LOVE of frendshipe also
ther is,
Ther makith no man doon amis,
Of wyle knit bitwixe two,
That wol not breke for wele
ne wo;
Which long is lyshl to contynne,
Com in comune;

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In all that he may doon in dede;
And gladde be that he him pleiseth
Than is his fellow that he etheth.
And if he do not his requeste.
That shall as moche as him moleaste
As his fellow, for that he
May not fulfill his vontee
As fully as he hath required.
If both the heretis Love hath fered,
Joy and wo they shal depart,
And take evenly ech his part.
Half his anoy he shal have ay,
And comfort him what that he may;
And of his blisses parte shal he
If love wol departed be.
And whilom of this amitee
Sathan Tullius in a dite;
MAN shulde maken his request
Unto his friend, that is honest;
And he godly shulde it fulfill,
But if the more were out of shile,
And otherwise not grant thereto.
Except only in cases two:
If men his friend to deth wolde dryve,
Lath him be bywy to save his lyve.
Also if men wolen him assaye,
Of his wership to make him falle,
And hindren him of his renoun,
Lath him, with ful entenien,
His deuer doon in ech degree
That his friend ne shamed be
In this two cases with his might,
Taking no kepe to shile nor right,
As ferre as love may him excuse:
This oughte no man to refuse.
This love that I have told to thee
Is nothing contrarie to me;
This wol I that thou folowe wel,
And love the tother everyled.
This love to vertu al attendeth,
The tother fooles blent and schendeth.
ANOTHER love also there is,
That is contrarie unto this,
Which desyre is se constreyned
That it is but willemly feyned.
Awey fro troute the doth so varie,
That to good love it is contrarie;
For it maymeth, in many wyse,
Syke heretis with coveryse;
Al in winning and in profyte
Sich love setthi his dethy.
This love so hangeth in balane
That, if it lese his hope, perchance,
Of lucere, that he is set upon,
It wol faile, and quencheth anon;
For no man may be amorous,
Ne in his living vertuous,
But if he love more, in mood,
Men for hemself than for his good.
For love that profit doth abyde
Is fals, and bit not in no tyde.
This love cometh of dame Fortune,
That lieth whyle wol contyne:
For it shal chaunget wonder sonne,
And take eclips right as the monie,
Whan she is from us yet
Thurgh erthe, that bitwixe is set
The sonne and hir, as it may falle,
Be it in party, or in alle;
The shadowe maketh her bemis merke,
And hir homes to shewe darke,
That part where she hath lost hir lyght
Of Phebus fully, and the sight;
Til, whan the shadowe is overpast,
She is enlumined agayn as saynte,
Thurgh brightness of the sonne bemes
That yeveth to hir agayn hir lemes.
That love is right of sicht nature;
Now is it fayr, and now obscury,
Now bright, now clipsay of manere,
And whylom dim, and whylom clere.
As sone as hyde ginneth take,
With mantel and with mede blake
It hidith of Love the light away,
That into night it turneth day;
It may not see Richesse shyne
Til the blakke shadowe fayne.
For whan Richesse shyneth bright,
Love recovereth agayn his light;
And whan it failith, he wol fayt,
And as she groweth, so groweth it.

If this love, here what I see:
The riche men are loved ay,
And namelie the that sporand bene,
That wol not waithe his herte a clen
Of the filthe, nor of the vyce
Of gredy brenning avaryce.
The riche man ful fond is, ywis,
That wetheth that he loveth is.
If that his herte it understood,
It is not he, it is his good;
He may wel witen in his thought,
His good is loved, and he right nought.
For if he be a niger the,
Men wolote not sette by him a leke,
But haten him; this is the sooth.
Lo, what profit his catel doth!
Of every man that may him see,
It geteth him nought but enmite.
But he amende of him of that vyce,
And knowe himself, he is not wys.

CERTIS, he shulde ay freedly be,
Gente him love also ben free,
Or elles he is not wysse ne sage
No more than is a gote ramage.
That he not loveth, his deede proveth,
When he his richesse so wel loveth,
That he wol hyde it ay and spare,
His pore frendes seena foruds;
To hepe it ay is his purpose,
Til for drede his elen close,
And tila wilketh deth him take;
Him hadde lever asonde shake,
And late his limes asonde ryve,
Than lye his richesse in his lyve,
He then liphith parte with it no man;

Certayn, no love is in him than.
How shulde love within him be,
Whan in his herte is no pite?
That he trepasseth, wel I wat,
For ech man honnoth with his eatat;
For wel him oughte he reproved
That love thocht, he is not loved.

AY, sith we arn to fortune comen,
And van our sermoun of hir nomen,
A wondir wil I telle thes now,
Chou herdist never sich son, I trow.
I not wher thou me lewen shal,
Though soothfastnesse it be in al,
As it is written, and is sooth.
That unto men more profit doth
The froward fortune and contraire,
Chen the swete and debonaire:
And if thee thinke he is douteable,
It is through argument provable.
For the debonaire and softe
Faliste and bigylith oft;
For liche a moder she can chershe
And mitten as doth a norys;
And of hir goode to hem deles,
And yeveth hem part of her jeweles,
With grete richesse and dignete;
And hem she hoteth stablesse
In a state that is not stables,
But chaunging ay and variable;
And fedith hem with glorie veyne,
And worldy bliss noncerzyme.
When she hem settith on hir whole,
Than wene they to be right wele,
And in so stable state withalle,
That never they were for to falle.
And whan they set so highe be,
They were to have in certeinte
Of herty frendies so gret nombre,
That nothing mighte her stat encombre:
They truste hem so on every aye,
Wening with hem they wolde abyde
In every perel and mischaunce,
Wihout chaunging or variance,
Bothe of catel and of good;
And also for to spende hir blood
And alle hir membris for to apolle,
Only to fu holde hir wille.
They maken it hole in many wyse,
And boten hem hir ful servysse,
Now more that it do hem omerte,
Into hir very naked sherte!
Perte and al, so hole they yeve,
For the tyne that they may live,
So that, with her flaterye,
They maken foolis glorifye
Of hir wordis gret apelinge,
And han thereof a rejoysinge,
And trove hem as the Evangele;
And it is al falshe and gyyle,
As they shal afterdays see,
Whan they arn falle in povertee,
And been of good and catel bare;
Than shulde they seen who frendies ware.
The Romautn of the Rose

For of an hundred, certeynly,
Nor of a thousand ful sincerly,
Ne shal they fynde unnethe his oon,
Whan povertie is come upon.

For this fortune that I of telle,
Whilmen when hir lust to dwelle,
Makith hem to lese hir consaunce,
And nouerith hem in ignorance.

But froward fortune and perversite,
Whan high estate is she doth reverse,
And maketh hem to tume down
Of hir whele, with sodeyn towe,
And from hir richesse doth hem flee,
And plongeth hem in povertie,
As a stormder envyous,
And leyeth a plaeste dolorous
Unto hir hertis, wounded egre,
Which is not tempred with vinegre,
But with povertie and indigence,
For to shewe, by experience,
That she is fortune vereley
In whom no man shulde affy,
Nor in hir yeftis hau she faunce,
She is so ful of variunce.

Thus can she make high and lowe,
Whan they from richesse arren throwe,
Fuly to knouen, withouten were,
Frend of effect, and frend of chere;
And which in love were trew and stable,
And whiche also were variable,
After Fortune, hir goddessse,
In povertie, oother in richesse;
For al she yeved, out of dred,
Unhappe berevyth it in dede;
For Infortune lat not oon
Of frendis, whan Fortune is goon;
I mene tho frendis that wol flee
Anoon as entreth povertie.
And yit they wol not leve hem so,
But in ech place where they go
They calle hem Wrecche, acorne and blame,
And of hir mishappe hem diffame,
And, namely, siche as in richesse
Pretendith most of stablenessse,
Whan that they sawe hem set ontofte,
And weren of hir soccared offe,
And most yholpe in al hir nede:
But now they take no maner bide,
But seyn, in voice of flaterye,
That now apperith hir folye,
Overal whereas they fare.
And singe: Go, farewel feldefare.
Hille suche frendia L beahweye,
For of the trewe ther to fewe;
But soothfast frendis, what so bitdey,
In every fortune wolen abyde;
They han hir hertis in suche noblessee
That they nil love for no richesse;
Nor yet for that fortune may hem sende,
They wolen hem soccure and defende;
And chaunge for softe ne for oore,
For who is frend, lovethe evermore.
Though men drawe awerd his frend to alo,

He may not hewe hir love atwo.

But in the case that I shal sey,
For pride and ire lese it he may,
And for reprove by nycete,
And discovering of privite,
With tongue wounding, as felon,
Thurgh venemous detractioun.
Frend in this case wolle gon his way,
For nothing greve him more ne may;
And for nought ellis wol he flee,
If that he love in stabilitie.
And certeyn, he is wel bigoon
Among a thousand that fyndith oon.
For ther may be no richesse,
Agethys friendship, of worthiness;
For if it may so high atteigne
As may the valoure, sooth to seyne,
Of hir that lovethe trew and wet.
Frendship is more than is catisf.
For frend in court by better is
Than pen in his pur, certis;
And Fortune, mishapping,
When upon men she is falling,
Thurgh misturning of hir chaunce,
And casteth hem out of balance,
She makith, thurgh hir adversite,
Men ful clerly for to see
Him that is frend in existence
From him that is by apparence.
For Infortune makith anoon
To knowe thy frendis fro thy foon,
By experience, right as it is;
The which is more to praysse, ywis,
Than is miche richesse and tresour;
For more doth profit and valoure
Povertie, and such adversite,
Befoer than doth prosperitee,
For the toon yevedt consaunce,
And the tother ignorance.

And thus in povertie is in dede
Troute the declared fro falsheade;
For feynyte frendis it wol declare,
And trewe also, what wey they fare.
For whan he was in his richesse,
These frendis, ful of doubtesnee,
Offrid him in many wyse
Fert and body, and servyse.
What wold he than ha yeve to ha bought
To knouen openly her thought,
That he now hath so cleeryd been?
The lasse bigyled he shoold have been
And he hadde than perceyved it,
But richesse nold not late him wit.
Wel more avantage doth hem than,
Sith that it makith him a wys man,
The greet mischeef that he receyved,
Than doth richesse that him decyved.
Richesse richise ne makith nought
Hum that on tresour set his thought;
For richesse stont in suffisiaunce
And nothing in habundance;
For suffisiaunce alone
Makith men to live richely.
for he that hath but miches twayne,
Ne more value in his demesne,
Liveth more at eas, and more is riche
Than doth he that is of chiche,
And in his benn hath, rooth to seyn,
An hundred muisis of whete greyn,
Though he be chapman or marchaunt,
And have of golde many besaunt.
For in the getting he hath such wo,
And in the heaping rede also,
And set evermore his bisynesse
For to encrease, and not to lesse,
For to augment and multiply,
And though on hepsis it ly he him by,
Yet never shall make his richesse
Anseth unto his gredinesse.
But the powre that recchith nought,
Save of his lyfode, in his thought,
Which he get eth with his travaile,
He dredith nought that it shall faile,
Though he have lytel worldly good,
Mete and drinke, and esy food,
Upon his travele and living,
And also suffisiaunt clothing.
Or if in synnesse he faile,
And lyfe and mete and drink withal,
Though he have nought, his mete to by,
He shall bythinke him hastely,
To putte him out of al daunger,
That he of mete hath no mistere;
Or that he may with litel ehe
Be founden, whyth that he is sene;
Or that men abut him bere in hast,
To live, til his synnesse be past,
To somme maysondewe biseyde;
He cast nought what shall him bityde.
He thenkith nought that ever he shal
Into any synnesse faile.
WHY is he soke in any wynge,
He doth it, for that he wol be
Content with his poorete
Without neede of any man.
So mich in litel heave he can,
He is apayed with his fortune;
And for he nil be importune
Unto no wight, ne onerous,
Nor of his goodes covetous;
Therefore he spareth, it may well been,
His pore estat for to sustaine.
OR if him lust not for to spaire,
But suffrith forth, as nought he ware,
Atte last it hapnethe, as it may,
Right unto his laste day,
And taketh the world as it wolde be;
For ever in herte thenkith he,
The soner that the deeth him sho,
To paradyse the soner go
He shal, there for to live in bliss,
Where that he shal no good misse.
This he hopith God shal him sende

But his wicked lyves end.
 Dictorous himself rehearse,
In a boole that the Golden Verses
Is cleyd, for the nobilitie
Of the honourable ditee:

If he be siche that can wel live
After his rente maie him yve,
And not desyreth more to have,
That may fro poorete he save:
A wyn man seide, as we may see,
Is no man wrecche, but he it wene,
Be he king, knight, or ribaud.
And many a ribaud is merly and baued,
That swintith, and bieth, both the day and night,
Many a burthen of grete might,
The whiche dothe him lasse offensive,
For he suffrith in pacience,
They laugh and daunce, trippe and singe,
And ley not up for her living.
But in the taverne al diapendith
The winning that God hem sendith.
Than goth he, fardels for to bere,
With as good chere as he didde ere;
To swinke and travele he not feynith;
For for to robben he diadynamith;
But right anoon, after his swinke,
He goth to taverne for to drinke.
Alle these ar riche in abundance,
That can thus have suffisaunce
Wel more than can an usurer,
As God wel knowith, withoute were.
For an usurer, so God me see,
Shal never for richesse riche bee,
But evermore more and indigent,
Scarce and gredy in his entente.

And this is of, whom it displese,
Though they may no marchaunt live at eie,
Fis herte in siche a ware is set,
That it quik brethem more to get,
Ne never shal enought have geten;
Though he have gold in gerners yeten,
For to be nedye he dethith sore.
Therefore to geten more and more
He sethis herte and his desire;
So he bretheth in the fire
Of covetise, that makith him wood
To purchase other mennes good.
He undir forgith a gret payne,
That undir takith to drinke up Seyne;
They kepe more than it is neede,
And in her bagges sore it binte,
Out of the sonne, and of the winde;
They putt up more than neede ware,
When they saw pore folk for fare,
For hunger dye, and for cold quake;
God can wel vengeance therof take.
Those gret maicheyes hem assailith,
And thus in garland ay travaylith;
With moche payne they winne richesse;
And drede hem holdith in distresses,
To kepe that they gade not farre;
With sorwe they lye it at the last;
With sorwe they bothe dye and live,
That to richesse her hertia yive,
And in deuute of love it is,
As it shewith ful wel, ywis.
For if these gredye, the sothe to seyn,
Loveden, and were loved ageyn,
And good love regned over all,
Such wikkidnesse ne shulde falle,
But he shulde yve that most good had
To hem that weren in neede bistad,
And lye withoute falsus usure,
For charitee ful elene and pure.
If they hem yve to goodneze,
Defending hem from ydelnesse,
In all this world than pore noon
We shulde finde, I trowe, not oon.
But chaunged is this world unstable;
For love is overale vendable;
We see that no man loveneth now
But for winning and for prow;
And love is thrallid in servage
Whan it is sold for avantage;
Yt wommen wol her bodies selle;
Suche soules goth to the deuel of helte.
Here is laking from 1570 of the French to 1097 of the same.

THAN Love had tolde hem his entente,
The baronage to councel wente;
In many sentences they file,
And diversely they seide hire wille:
But affer discorde they accorde,
And hire accord to Love recorded.

Sir, seiden they, we been at oon,
By even accord of everichoon,
Outtake Richesse alonely,
That awren hath ful hauteynly,
That she the castel nil assaille,
Ne smyte a stroke in this bataile,
With dart, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,
For man that speketh or bereth the lyf,
And blameth your empryse, ywis,
And from our host departed is,
He leste wy, as in this lyte.
So hath she this man in diaplyte;
For she seith he ne loved hire never,
And therfor she wol hate him ever.
For he wol gade no tresore,
He hath his wrath for evermore.
He agitel hir never in other caas,
Lo, here al hooly his trespas!
She seith wel, that this other day
He asked hir leue to goon the way
That is clepid Tomche Yeving,
And spak ful fai re in his praying;
But when he prayde hir, pore was he,
Therfore shewd hir hir the entree.
Ne yit is he not thornen so
That he hath geten a peney or two,
That quilty is his owne in hold.

This hath Richesse us alle told:
And when Richesse us this recorded,
Without hir we been accorded.
And we finde in our accordance,
That false Semblant and Abatmaunce,
With alle the folk of hir bataile,
Shulle at the hinder gate assayle,
That Wilhid/Cuene hath in keping,
With his Normans, fulle of jangting.
And with hir Curtesie and Largeuse,
That shulle shewe hir hardinesse
To the olde wyf that kepeth so harde fair.
Welcoming within hir warden.

Man shal Delyte and Lel/Felinge
Fonde Shame adoun to bringe;
With hir hir hoost, erly and late,
Thay shulle assailen thilke gate.

GAYNES Drede shal hardinesse
Assayle, and also Sikeuse,
With al the folk of hir leding,
That never wist what was flesing.

BUNCHYSE shal fite, and eek
Dite,
With Daunger ful of crueltee.
Thus is your hoost oreyned wel;
Down shal the castel every del,
If evertre do hir entente,
So that Venus be presente,
Your modir, ful of vasaelage,
That can enough of such usage;
Without hir may no wight spede
This wolv, neither for word ne dede.
Therfore is good ye for hir sende,
For thugh hir may this wolv amendeth.

HUMOUR.

ORDINGE, my modir, the goddesse,
That is my lady, and my maistresse,
Nis not at al at my willing,
Ne doth not al my desyryng.

Yit can she somtyme doon labour,
Whan that hir lust, in my socour,
Al my medis for to acheave,
But now I thent his not to greve.
My modir is she, and of childede.
I both worom on hir, and eek drede;
For who that dredieth sire ne damne
Shal it abyde in body or name.
And, nathes, yit cumne we
Sende aftir hir, if nede be;
And were she nigh, she comen wolde,

I trove that nothing might hir holde.

Y modir is of greet prowess;
She hath tan many a fortresse,
That cost hath many a pound er this,
Ther I nas not present, ywis;
And yet men seide it was my dede;
But I come never in that stede;
Ne me ne lykith, so moote I thee,
Such tounes take withoute me.

For why me thenketh that, in no wyse,
It may ben cleped but marchandise,
So bye a courser, blak or whyte,
And pay therfor; than art thou quyte.

The marshante oweth thee right nought,
Ne thou him, whan thou hast it bought.
I wol not selling clepe yeveing,
For selling axeth no guderoning;
Here lyth no thank, ne no meryte,
That oon got from that oother a quyte.
But this selling is not semblable;
For, when his hir is in the stabe,
He may it sellen ageyn, pardee,
And winne on it, such hap may be;
Al may the man not lese, ywis,
For at the least the skin is hys.
Or elles, if it no bitryde
That he wol kep his hir to ryde,
Yit is he lord ay of his hir.

But thiike chaffare is wel wors,
There Venus entremeteth nought;
For whose such chaffare hath bought;
He shal not worchen so whyte,
That he ne shal lese al outery
Bothe his money and his chaffare;
But the seller of the ware,
The pryse and profit have shal,
Certeyn, the byer shal lese al;
For he ne can so dere it bye
To have lordship and ful maistreye,
Ne have power to make letting
Neither for yift ne for preching,
That of his chaffare, maugre his,
Another shal have as moche, ywis,
If he wol yeve as moche as he,
Of what contrey so that he be;
Or for right nought, so happe may,
If he can flater hir to hir pay,
Ben than suche marchante wyse?
No, but fooleis in every wyse,
When they bey such thing wilfully,
Theras they lese her goode fully.
But nathes, this dar I saye,
My modir is not wont to paye,
For she is neither so fool ne nyce,
To entremet hir of siche wyse.
But truste wel, he shal paye al,
That repente of his bargayn shal,
When Poverty sitt him in distresse,
Ate were he scoler to Richesse,
That is for me in gret yerning,
When she assenteth to my willing.
The Romaunt of the Rose

[Text begins here]
I bid thee teche hem, wostow how?  
By somme general signe now,
In what place thou shalt founden be,
If that men had miste of thee;
And how men shal thee best espye,
For the to knowe in great maiorite;
Cel in what place is thy haunting.

fals/Semblant.

IR, I have fele dyvers woning,
That I hope not rehered be,
So that ye wolde reypeten me.
For if I telle you the sothe,
I may have harm and shame bothe.
If that my felowe wyten it,
My tales shulden me be quit;
For certeyn, they wolde hate me,
If ever I knewe hir cruelte;
For they wolde overal holde hem stille
Of trouthe that is ageyn hir wille;
Suche tales kepen they not here.
I might eftsoone bye it ful dere,
If I seide of hem any thing,
That ought displeaeth to hir hering.
For what word that hem priketh or byeth,
In that word noon of hem devyeth,
Al were it gospel, the evangyle,
That wolde reprove hem of hir gyte,
For they are cruel and hauteyn.
And this thing wot I wel, certeyn,
If I speke ought to peire hir loos,
Your court shal not so wel be cloos,
That they ne shal wiste it atte last.
Of good men am I sought agast,
For they wol taken on hem nothing,
Whan that they knowe at my menning;
But he that wol let on him take,
He wol himself suspicioun make,
That he his lyf let covertly,
In Gytle and in Ipercy.
That me engendred and yaf forsting.

They made a ful good engendring,
Quod Love, for whose soothe telle,
They engendred the devel of hell;
But nedely, howsoever it be,
Quod Love, I wol and charge thee,
To telle aemoon thy woniges/quotes,
Hering ech wight that in this place is;
And what lyf that thou livest also,
Hyde it no longer nor wherto?
Thou most discoureye al thy wyching,
How thou servest, and of what thing,
Though that thou shuldest for thy sothe sawe
Ben al tobeten and todroe;
And yit art thou not won, pardee.
But natheles, though thou beten be,
Thou shal not be the first, that so
Hath for soth/sawe suffred wo.

fals/Semblant.

IR, sith that it may lyken you,
Though that I shulde be slayn right now,
I shall don your comandement,
For therto have I gret talent.

THOUTEN wordes mo, right
than
fals/Semblant his sermon
bigan,
And aside hem thus in
audience:

BROWS, tal hede of my sentence!
That wight that list to have knowing
Of fals/Semblant, ful of flatering,
He must in worldly folk him sehe,
And, certes, in the cloisotre ehe;
I wone nowhere but in hem tweye;
But not lyk even, sooth to seye;
Shortly, I wol herberwe me
There I hope best to hustred be;
And certeynly, silkestest hyding
Is undimith humblest clothing.

RELIGIOUS folk been ful covert;
Seculer folk ben more appert,
But natheles, I wol not blame
Religious folk, ne hem diffame
In what habit that ever they go:
Religious humble, and trewe also,
Wol I not blame, ne dispyse,
But I nil love it, in no wyse.
I mene of fals religious,
That stoute ben, and maliciou;
That wolent in an abit go,
And setten not hir herte therto.

RELIGIOUS folk ben al pitou:
Thou shalt not seen on diapitou.
They lowen no pryde, ne no stryf,
But humbly they wolde lede hir lyf;
With swich folk wol I neuer be.
And if I dwelle, I fayne me
I may wel in her abit go;
But me were lever my neke atwo,
Than let a purpose that I take,
That covenat that ever I make.
I dwelle with hem that prode be,
And fulle of wynes and subtlet.
That worship of this world coveyeten,
And grete nedes cumme endeyten;
And goon and gaden greet pitaunces,
And purchace hem the acqueyntances
Of men that mighty lyf may liden;
And fayne hem pore, and hemselfe feden
With gode morcelis delicious,
And drinken good wyn precious,
And preche up powert and distresse,
And flissen hemselfe greet richese
With wynly nettis that they caste:
It wol come foule out at the laste.
They ben fro cienre religioun went;
They make the world an argument
That hath a foul conclusion.
I have a robe of religioun,
Than am I al religious:
This argument is al regiusious;
It is not worth a croked breere;
Habit ne maketh monke ne freer,
But dine lyf and devocioun
Maketh gode men of religioun.
The
Romaut
of
the
Rose

That maketh religious flowerling,
Ther lyth the good religion
After the right entendenc,
That is to say, no worldly gley,
And wrapped a grey wolf therin,
Wenest thou not be wolde hem byte?
Yis! neverthelas, as he were wood,
He wolde hem very, and drinke the blood;
And wel the rather hem disceyve,
For, sith they could not perceyve
His treget and his cruellte,
They wolde him folowe, al wolde he flee.
For ther be wolves of sith newe,
Amonge these apostiles newe,
Thou, holy chirche, thou mayest be waryed!
Sith that thy cite is assayed
Though knighthe of thyn owne table,
God wot thy lordship is douteable!
If they enforcing him to winne,
That shulde defende it fro withinne,
Who might defence ayens hem make?
Withovert stroke it must be take
Of tresper or margonel; without displaying of pensel.
And if God nil don it socor,
But let hem renne in this colour,
Thou moost thyn heuestis laten be.
Than is ther nought, but yelde thee,
Or yewe hem tribute, doutelele,
And holde it of hem to have pees;
But gretter harm быtse thy,
That they al maister of it be.
Wel come they acomen thee withal,
By day stuffen they the wal,
And at the night they mynen theare.
Nay, thou most planten elleswhere
Thyn impes, if thou wolst fruitly have;
Abyd not ther thyself to save.

But now pes! here I turne ageyn;
I wol no more of this thing beyn,
If I may passen me herby,
I mighte maken you wery.
But I wol heten you alway
To helpe your frendis what I may,
So they wollem my company;
For they be shent at cotery,
But if so falle, that I be
Of with hem, and they with me,
And een my leman mot they serve,
Or they shul not my love deserv.
Forsore, I am a fals traitour;
God jugged me for a thief thirchour;
Forswn I am, but wel nygh non
Het of my gre, til it be don.

Though me hath many sone deth reasayved,
That my treget never aperceyved;
And yt ressayveth, and shal ressayve,
That my falsenese neuer aperceyve.
But whoso doeth, if he wyls be,
Pins in right good be war of me.
But so sligh is the deceyving
That to hard is the aperceyving.  
For Protheus, that coude him chaunge  
In every shap, hoomly and straunge,  
Coude never sicke gyle ne tresoun  
A1: for I com never in toun  
Theras I mighte knouwen be,  
Though men me bothe mighte here and see.  

"What if I can my clothis chaunge,  
Cale con, and make another straunge.  
Now am I knight, now chastelten;  
Now prelat, and now chapeleyn;  
Now precat, and now clerkyt, and now forsterete;  
Now am I maister, now scolere;  
Now monkl, now chancoun, now baity;  
Whateuer mister man am I  
Now am I prince, now am I page,  
And can by herte every langage.  
Somtyme am I hooor and old;  
Now am I yong, and stout, and bold;  
Now am I Robert, now Robin;  
Now frede Menour, now Jacobyn;  
And with me folweth my loteby,  
To don me solas and company,  
That hight dame Abstinence-Streyned,  
In many a qeynt array yfeyned.  
Right as it cometh to hir lyting,  
I fulfille all hir desiring.  

Somtyme a woomans cloth take I;  
Now am I mayde, now lady.  
Somtyme I am religious;  
Now lyk an anker in an hous.  
Somtyme am I priorese,  
And now a none, and now amsesse;  
And go thurgh alle regiones,  
Sching alle regione,  
But to what ordre that I am sworn,  
I lette the straue, and take the corn;  
To blinde folk ther I enhabite,  
I axe no more but hir abite.  

_At wol ye more? In every wyse,  
Righte as me list, me dyssyre._  
_Met can I bere me under weyde;  
Unlyk is my word to my deed.  
Thus make I, in my trappys falle,  
Though my privileges, alle  
That ben in Cristendom alweye.  
I may assoile, and I may shyrve,  
That no prelat may mette me,  
Al folk, wheresoever they founde be:  
I nought no prelat may dom so,  
But if the pope be, and no mo,  
That made thilth establishing._  

_Wil it not this a propre thing?  
But, were my sleightis aperceyved,  
Ne shulde I more been receyved  
As I was wont; and wontow why?  
Say I came from a trewey;  
But therfore yeve I litel tale,  
I have the silver and the male;  
So have I preched and eek shyrven,  
So have I taie, so have me yiven,  
Thurgh hire foly, husbond and wyf,  
That I heed right a joly lyf,  

_Thurgh simpleesse of the prelacye;  
They knou not al my tregetrie._  

_But as moche as men and wyf  
Should shewe his parochiere, prest his lyf  
Oner a yere, as seth the book,  
Er any wight his houset took,  
Than have I pruvilege larg,  
That may of moche thing discharge;  
For he may seye right thus, parde;  
Sir Preest, in shrift I tellle it thee,  
That he, to whom that I am shyrven,  
Hath me assoiled, and me yiven  
Penance scothly, for my sinne,  
Which that I fond me gilty inne;  
Ne I ne have never entencion  
To make double confession,  
Ne reberce ett my shrift to thee;  
O shrift is right yngough to me.  
This oughte the suffyrce wel,  
Ne be not rebel neuer aul del;  
For certes, though thou haddest it sworn,  
I wot no preste no prelat born  
That may to shrift eft me constreyne.  
And if they don, I wol me pleyne;  
For I wot where to pleyne wel.  
Thou shalt not shyrve me a del,  
Ne enforce me, ne yt me trouble,  
To make my confession double.  
Ne I have none affecion  
To have double absolution.  
The firste is right yngough to me;  
This latter assailing quyte I thee.  
I am unbounde; what mayst thou finde  
More of my sinnes me to unbinde?  
For he, that might hath in his bond,  
Of alle my sinnes me unbound.  
And if thou wolde me thus constreyne,  
That me mot medis on thee pleyne,  
There shal no jugge imperial,  
Ne bishop, ne official,  
Don jugement on me; for I  
Shal gon and pleyne me openly  
Unto my shrift fadre newe,  
That hight not frede Wolf untrewe!  
And he shal chewe him for me,  
For I trowe he can hempe thee.  
But, lord! he wolde be woorthy withalle,  
If men him wolde frede Wolf calle!  
For he wolde have no pacience,  
But don al cruel veneness!  
He wolde his mighte don at the leest,  
Ne nothing spare for goddis heast.  
And, God so wis be my socour,  
But thou yeve me my Saviour  
At Easter, whan it lyketh me,  
Without presing more on thee,  
I wol forth, and to him goon,  
And he shal housel me anon,  
For I am out of thy grudching;  
I hope not dele with thee nothing.  
 Thus may he shyrve him, that forsaketh  
His parochier prest, and to me taketh,  
And if the prest wol he refuse,  

The Romaunt of the Rose
I am ful redy him to accuse,
And him punisshe and hampre so,
That he his chiche shal forgo.
But whose hath in his feling
The consequence of such ayrving,
Shal seen that prest may never have might
To knowe the conscientie aight
Of him that is under his cure.
And this aegyns holy scripture,
That biddeth every herde honeste
Have very knowing of his beste.
But pore folk that goon by strete,
That have no gold, ne sommes gret,
Hem wolde I lete to her prelates,
Or lete hir prestis knowe hir states,
For to me right nought yeve they.
Amour.

Whyd is this?

falsa Semblant. For they ne may.
They ben so bare, I take no keip;
But I wol have the fatte sheep;
Lat parish prestis have the lene,
I yeve not of hir harm a bene.
And if that prelates grucchen it,
That oughten woot, it ben in hir wit,
To lese her fatte bestes so,
I shal yeve hem a stroke or two;
That they shal lesen with the force,
Ye, bothe hir mytre and hir croce.
Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,
My privilegen been so stronge.

falsa Semblant wolde have
stinted here,
But Love ne made him no such chere
That he was very of his sawe;
But for to make him glad and sawe,
He seide: Til on more specially,
Now that thou servest unrere.
Tell forth, and shame thee never a del;
For as thyn abit shewith wel,
Thou seemst an holy heremyte.

falsa Semblant. Soth is, but I am an ypcryte.
Amour. Thou gost and prechest povertie?

falsa Semblant. Ye, sir; but riche is hath poostee.
Amour. Thyng prestis prechest abstinence also?

falsa Semblant.

SIR, I wol fillen, so mote I go,
My paunch of gode mete and wyne,
As shulde a maister of divine;
For how that I me powere feyne,
Yit alle pore folk I disdeyne.
I love the acqueytance
Tenes tyme, of the king of Fraunce,
Than of pore man of myldne mode,
Though that his soule be also gode.
For whan I see beggers quahing,
Naked on mixenai stinking,
For hungre cye, and eek for care,
I entremete not of hir fare.
They been so pore, and ful of pyne,
They might not ones yeve me dyne,
For they have nothing but hir lyf;
What shulde he yeve that likketh his hym?

It is but foly to entremete,
To seke in houndes nest fat mete.
Let bere hem to the apetel anoon,
But, for me, comfart gete they noon.
But a riche aile usuere
Wolde I vysyte and drawe hir;
Him wol I comforte and rehete,
For I hope of his gold to gete.
And if that wikked deth him have,
I wol go with him to his grave.
And if ther any reprouve me,
Why that I lete the pore be,
Wootow how I mot escape?
I seye, and averse him fyl rape,
That riche men han more t recce
Of sinne, than han pore wrecces,
And han of counsel more mistre;
And therfore I wol drawe hem ner.
But as gret hurt, it may so be,
Hath soule in right gret povertie,
As soule in gret richease, forsothe,
Albeit that they hurten bothe.
For richease and mendicietes
Ben cleped two extremites;
The men is cleped auhence,
For uhen the yf the abundance.

OR Salamon, ful wel I woote.
In his Parables us wroote,
As it is nowe of many a wight,
In his thrithe the chapitre right:
God, thou me kepe, for thy poustee,
For richease and mendicietes,
For if a riche man hir dress
To thynke to moche on his richease,
His herte on that so fer is set,
That he his creatour forset;
And him, that begging wol fy grewe,
How shulde I by his word him leve?
Unbere that he his a micher,
Forswon, or elles God is lyer.

Thus seith Salomone saues;
Ne we finde written in no lawes,
And namely in our Cristen lay,
Who seith Ye, I dar aey Nay,
That Crist, ne his apostles dere,
Whyl that they walked in erthe here,
Were never seen her bred beggen,
For they holde beggen for nothing,
And right thus were men wont to teche;
And in this wyse wolde it preche
The maisters of dispinte
Sawmtyne in Paria the citre.

ND if men wolde thergyyn appose
The naked text, and let the glas,
It mighte sone assoile be;
For men may wel the sothe see,
That, parad, they might axe a thing
Oleynly forth, without begging.
For they were Goddis herdis dere,
And cure of soules hadden here,
They nold nothing begge hir fode;
For afer Crist was don on rode,
With hir propre bondis they wrought,
And with travel, and ellen nought,
They wrenne al hir sustenancce,
And livened forth in hir penancce,
And the remaunnt yeve away
To other pore folk alwey.
They neither bilden tour ne halle,
But leyte in houses amale withalle.
A mighty man, that can and may,
Shulde with his bonde and body alway
Glinne him his food in laboring,
If he ne have rent or sих a thing,
Although he be religious,
And God to serveu curiosse;
Thus mote he don, or do trespas,
But if it be in certeyn cas,
That I can rehorce, if mister be,
Right wel, when the tyne I see.

ERE the book of Seynt Austin,
Be it in paper or perchemin,
There he writ of these woorchings,
Thou shalt seen that no excusings
A parfit man ne shulde seke
By wordis, ne by dedia ele,
Although he be religious,
And God to serveu curious;
That he ne shal, so mote I go,
With propre hondia and body also,
Gette his food in laboring,
If he ne have properee of thing.
Yit shulde he seke at his substaunce,
And with his swink have sustenancce.
If he be parfit in bountee,
Thus han the bookes tolde me:
For he that wol gon ydilly,
And useth it ay besily
To haunte other mennes table,
He is a trechour, ful of false;
Ne he ne may, by gode resoun,
Excuse him by his orison.
For men bisho, in som gyse,
Somynde leven Goddes servyse.
To gon and purchase ne her nedee.
Men mote eten, that is no drede,
And slepe, and ech do other thing;
So longe may they leve praying.
So may they ek hir prayer blinne,
While that they werk, hir mete to winne.

SEYNT AUSTIN wol therto accordere,
In thikke boke that I recorde.
Ethe Justinian ech, that made lawes,
Hath thus forbidden, by olde dawes:
No man, up peyne to be deed,
Mighty of body, to begge his breed,
If he may swinke, it for to gete;
Men shulde him rather mayme or bete,
Or doom of hir apart justice,
That shullen him in such malice.

HEY do not wel, so mote I go,
That taken such almesse so,
But if they have som privilee,
That of the peyne hem wol alle.
But how that is, can I not see,
But if the prince diseyved be;

Ne I ne wene not, sikerly,
That they may have it rightfully.
But I wol not determinye
Of princes power, ne deryne,
Ne by my word comprenede, wyse,
If it so fer may streche in this,
I wol not entremete a del;
But I trowe that the book seith wyel,
Who that taketh almsesse, that be
Dewe to folk that men may see
Lame, feble, whe, and bare,
Dore, or in such maner care.
That come winne hem nevermo,
For they have no power thereto,
He etete hir owne damning,
But if he lye, that made al thing.
And if ye such a trauant finde,
Chastise him wel, if ye be kinde.
But they wolde hate you, perecas,
And, if ye fallen in hir laas,
They wolde beftones do you acythe,
If that they mighte, late or rathe;
For they be not ful pacient,
That han the world thuse foule blent.
And wisten wel, whe that God bad
The good man selle al that he had,
And folowe him, and to pore it yve,
He wolde not theren that he live
To serven him in mendicence.
For it was never his sentence;
But he had wirken whan that neate is,
And folwe him in goode dedie.

SEYNT POUT, that loved at holy chiche,
He bade thovestalle for to wiche,
And winne hir lyfode in that wye,
And hem defenden trauandyse,
And seide: Wirketh with your honden;
Thus shul the thing be undirstonden.
He wolde, wyse, bidde hem beggin,
Ne sellen gospel, ne preaching,
Leat they bereste, with hir aking,
Folke of hir catel or of hir thing.

OR in this world is many a man
That yeveth hir good, for he ne can
Werne it for shame, or elles he
Wolde of the acher delivered be;
And, for he him encumbreth so,
He yeveth him good to late him go;
But it can him nothing profyte,
They lese the yf and the meryte.
The goode folk, that Poutle to preched,
Profred him ofte, when he hem teched
Som of hir good in charite;
But therof right nothing toke he;
But of his hondwerk wolde he gete
Clothes to wryen hir, and his mete.

Amour.

EL me than how a man may liven,
That all his good to pore hath yven,
And wol but only bidde his bedis,
And never with honde laboure his
nedis:
May he do so?
false Blasent. Ye, sir.
Amour. And how?
false Blasent. Sir, I wol gladly telle yow:
Seynt Austin seith, a man may be
In houses that han proprete?
As tempellars and hospitellers,
And as these chanounys regulars,
Or whyte monys, or these Blake,
I wol no mo ensamplis make,
And take therof his sustening,
For therin ne lyth no begging;
But otherwise ne, ywis,
If Austin gabbeth not of this,
And yet ful many a monk laboureth,
That God in holy chyrche honoureth;
For without his swinking is agoon,
They rede and singe in chyrche anoon.

And ffor ther hath ben greet discord,
As many a wight may ber record,
Upon the estate of mendisenc.
I wol shortly, in your presence,
Telle how a man may begge at nede,
That hath not therwith to fedde,
Mauge his selones jangeliges,
For al fourfastnesse wol non bidinges;
And yit, percar, I may aby.
That I to yow soothly thys sey.

O, here the caas especial:
If a man be so bestial
That he of no craft hath science,
And nought deyryth ignorance,
Than may he go a begging yere,
Til he som maner craft can lerne,
Tyrph which, withoute trauandig,
He may in trouthe have his living.
Or if he may don no labour,
For elde, or syknesse, or langour,
Or for his tendre age also,
Than may he yit a begging go.

If he have, peraventure,
Chyrgh usage of his noorture,
Lived over deliciously,
Than oughten good folk comunely
Han of his mischeef som pite,
And suffren him also, that he
May gonn aboute and begge his breed,
That he be not for hungru deed.
Or if he have of craft cunning,
And strengthe also, and desiring
To wrikon, as he hadde what,
But he finde neither this ne that,
Than may he begge, til that he
Have geten his necessite.

If his winning he be so lyte,
That his labour wol not acquyte
Sufficiently al his living.
Yet may he go his breed begging;
Pro more to dore he may go trace,
Til he the remenaunt may purchase.
Or if a man wolde undertaake
Any emprise for to make,
In the reauess of our lay,
And it defende as he may,
Be it with armes or letture,
Or other covenable cure,
If it be so he pone be,
Than may he begge, til that he
May finde in trouthe for to swinke,
And gette him clothes, mete, and drinke.
Swinkle he with bondis corpet,
And not with bondis espirituel.

O al thi caas, and in semblables,
If that ther ben mo resonables,
He may begge, as I telle you here,
And elles nought, in no manere;
As William Seynt Amour wolde preche,
And oft wolde disputte and tache
Of this matere alle openly.
At Paris ful solemnly.
And also God my soule blesse,
As he had, in this stedfastnesse,
The accord of the universite,
And of the puple, as semeth me.

O good man oughte it to refuse,
Ne oughte him therof to excuse,
Be wrooth or blythe the whoo be;
For I wol apeche, and tellle it the,
As shule I dye, and be put doun,
He was Seynt Poul, in deryn prysoun;
Or he exiled in this caas.
With wrong, as maister William was,
That my moder Ypocrisy
Banneished for his greet envyе.

My moder remed him, Seynt Amour:
This noble didh such labour
To sustayne ever the loyaltie,
That he to moche agyte me.
He made a book, and leet it wryte,
Wherein his lyff he dide al wryte,
And wolde ich renedey begging,
And lved by my travelyng.
If I ne had rent ne other good,
What? wened he that I were wood?
For labour might me never plese,
I have more wil to been at ese;
And have wel lever, soothe to sey,
Before the puple patre and prey,
And wraye me in my foxyre
Under a cope of paperley.

O GOD Love! What devol is this I here?
What wordes tellat thou me here?
false Blasent. What, sir?
Amour. Falseannes, that apart is;
Chan dredeist thou not God?
false Blasent.

O, certis:
For selde in greet thing shal he speke
In this world, that God wol drede.
For folk that hem to vertu yiven,
And truly on her owne liven,
And hem in goodnesse ay contene,
On hem is litél thrist ysene;
Such folk drinken greet misene;
That lyff ne may me never plese,
But see what gold han usurers,
And silver ec in his gameres,
The

Romaunt
of the

Rose

The proprestee of al hir lyve,
And make hem trowe, bothe meest and
leet,
Hir parche/presst nie but a beest
Ayens me and my company,
That shrewes been as greet as I;
For whiche I wol not hyde in hold
No privetee that me is told,
That I by word or signe, ywis,
Nil make hem knowe what it is,
And they wolen also tellen me;
They helo fro me no privitee.
And for to make yow hem perceyven,
That usen folk thus to disc eyven,
I wol you seyn, withouten drede,
What men may in the gospel rede
Of Seynt Mathew, the gospeler sle,
That seith, as I shal you sey here.

DON the chaire of Moses.
Thys is it glose, doureles:
That is the olde testament,
For therby is the chaire ment
Sitte Scribes and Pharsian;
That is to seyn, the cursed men
Whiche that you ypercritis calle
Deth that they preche, I rede you alle,
But doth not as they do a del,
That been not weri to seye wel,
But to do wel, no wille have they;
And they wolde bine on folk alwey,
That ben to be bygledy able;
Burdens that ben importable;
On folkes shuldres thinges they coucher.
That they nil with her fingres touche:
Amour.

ND why wol they not touche it?
False semblant. Why?
For hem ne list not, shirly;
For sadde burdens that men taken
Make folkes shuldres alken.
And if they do ought that good be,
That is for folk it shulde see:
Her burdens lager maken they,
And make her hemmes wyde alwey,
And loven setes at the table,
The first and most honourable;
And for to han the first chaireis
In synagoges, to hem ful dere is;
And willen that folk hem loute and
grette,
When that they pasen thurgh the strete,
And wolen be ecleped Maister also.
But they se shulde not willen so;
The gospel is therageyns, I gesse:
That sheweth wel his withidenees.

OTHER custom use we:
Of hem that wol ayens us be,
We hate hem deedly etervichoon,
And we wol werry hem, as soon.
Him that oon hatith, hate we alle,
And conjette how to doon him falli.

x1
The Romautn of the Rose

And if we seen him winne honour,
Richesse or preyse, thurgh his valour,
Provende, rent, or dignece,
Ful fast, ywis, compass use
By what lader he is clomben so;
And for to maken him down to go,
With traisoun we wolde hym defame,
And doon hym lesse his gode name.
Thus from his lader we him take,
And thus his frendis foes we make;
But word ne wite shal he noon,
Til alle his frendis been his foon.
For if we did it openly,
We might have blame reddily;
For hadde he wiat of our malycye,
He hadde him kept, but he were nyce.

That ther be con among us alle
That doth a good turn, out of drede,
We seyn it is our alder dede.
Ye, sikerly, though he it fyned,
Or that hym liat, or that hym deymed
A man thurgh him avanced be;
Thereof alle parencers be we,
And tellen folk, whero we go,
That man thurgh us is aprongen so.
And for to have of men presying,
We purchase, thurgh our flatering,
Of riche men, of grete pouste,
Lette, to wite our bountee;
So that man weneth, that may us see,
That alle vertu in ou be.
And alway pore we us feyne;
But how so that we begge or pleyne,
We ben the folke, without leasyn,
That al thinge have without having.
Thus we be dreed of the pyple, ywis.
And glady my purpo is this:
I deile with no wight, but he
Have gold and tresour grete plente;
Hir acquyntaunce wel love I;
This is moche my desyn, shortly.
I entreme te me of brocages,
I make pees and mariages,
I am glady executour,
And many tymptes procuratour;
I am somtyne messenger;
That fallith not to my mister.
And many tymptes I make enquestes;
For me that office not honest is;
To dele with other mennes thing,
That is to me a grete lything.
And if that ye have ought to do
In place that I repere to,
I shal it apden thurgh my wit,
As none as ye have told me it.
So that ye sere me to pay,
My servyse shal be your awyay,
But who so wol chastysse me,
Anoon my love lost hath he;
For I love no man in no gyse,

That wol me repreve or chastysse;
But I wolde al folki undirtake,
And of no wight no teching take;
For I, that other folki chastysse,
Wol not be taught fro my folye.

LOVE noon hermitage more;
Alle desertes, and holtes hore,
And grete woodes everichoon,
I lete hem to the Baptist Johan.
I quethe him quyte, and him releasse
Of Egypt al the wildernesse;
To fer were alle my mansions
Fro alle citees and godde toones.
My paleis and myn hous make I
There men may renne in openly,
And sey that I the world forake.
But al amiddle I bilde and make
My hous, and swimme and ply therinne
Bet than a fish doth with his finne.

Of Anticristes men am I,
Of whiche that Crist seith openly,
They have abit of holinesse,
And liven in such wikkedness.
Outward, lambren semen we,
Fulle of goodnesse and of pitee,
And inward we, withouten fable,
Ben gredy wolves ravidable.
We envyroune bothe londe and see;
With al the world verreyen we;
We wol ordyne of alle thing,
Of folkes good, and her living.

F ther be castel or citee
Wherin that any bougerons be,
Although that they of Milayne were,

For thereof ben they blamed there:
Oz if a wight, out of measure,
Wolde tene his gold, and take usure,
For that he is so covetous;
Or he be to lecherous,
Or these, or haunte simonye;
Or provost, ful of trecherye,
Or prest, living jollity,
Or prest that halte his queme him by;
Or olde hores hostilers,
Or other bawdes or bordillers,
Or etes blamed of any vyce,
Of whiche men abulden doon justice.
By alle the seynette that we pray,
But they defende hem with lamprey,
With luce, with elis, with samonis,
With tendre gese, and with capons,
With tartes, or with clese fat,
With deythe flawnes, brode and flat,
With cawrewe, or with pullailie,
With coninges, or with wyn vitaile,
That we, undir our clothes wide,
Maken thurghour goilet glye:
Or but he wol done in haste
Rothenisoun, ytake in paste;
Whether so that he tourre or gronde,
He shal have of a corder a loigne,
With whiche men shal him binde and lede, 
To brenne him for his sinful deed, 
That men shulde here him crye and rote 
A mylewey aboute, and more.
Or elles he shal in prisoyn dye, 
But if he wol our frendship bye, 
Or smerte that that he hath do, 
More than his gilt amouncteth to.
But, and he couthe thurgh his sleight 
Do maken up a tour of height, 
Nought rought I whethor of stone or tree, 
Or erthe, or turves though it be, 
Though it were of no vounde stone, 
Wrought with aquare and acantlione, 
So that the tour were stuffed wel 
With alle richesse temporale; 
And thanne, that he wolde uppersse 
Engyns, bothe more and lesse, 
To caste at us, by every syde, 
To here his goode name wyde, 
Such sleightees as I shal you newene, 
Barelles of wyne, by sise or sevene, 
Or golde in sallkes gret plente, 
Or shuldone some delivered be. 
And if he have noon sicch pitaunces, 
Late him study in equopolences, 
And lette lyes and falacies, 
If that he wolde deserve our graces; 
Or we shal bere him such witnessse 
Or simme, and of his wrecchidentes, 
And poone his loos and ye de renne, 
That al quilk we shulde him brenne, 
Or elles yeve him suche pennaunce, 
That is wel wors than the pitaunce.

And thou shalt never, for nothing, 
Con knowne aright by her clothing 
The treitoure and acrachere, 
But thou her werks can aspye, 
And ne hadde the good keping be 
Whylome of the universite, 
That kepeth the key of Cristendome, 
They had been turrented, alle and some. 
Such had been the arsineyne fals prophesies; 
Nis non of hem, that good prophete is; 
For they, thurghウィkhitentencion, 
The yere of the incarnacion 
A thousand and two hundred yere, 
Fyve and fifti, ferther ne her, 
Broughten a book, with sore grace, 
To peyn examples in common place, 
That aside thus, though it were fable: 
The is the Gospel Perduarue, 
That fro the Holy Gost is sent. 
Wet were it worth to ben ybrent. 
Entitled was in such manere 
This book, of which I telle here. 
Ther nas no wight in al Parys, 
Bisnon Our Lady, at parvyse, 
That he ne mighte byye the book, 
To copy, if him talent took. 
Ther might he see, by grete tresoun, 
Ful many fals comparisoun:

And moche as, thurgh his grete might, 
Be it of hete, or of light, 
The summe sourmounteth the mone, 
That trublere is, and chaungeth sone, 
And the note keruel the shelle 
(I acorne nat that I yow telle) 
Right so, withouten any ygle, 
Sourmounteth this noble Evangyle 
The word of any evangelist. 
And to her titlye they token Christ; 
And many such comparisoun, 
Of which I make no mencion, 
Might men in that boke finde, 
Whoso coude of hem have minde.

The universite, that tho was aeslepe, 
Ca for to braise, and taken hepe; 
And at the noys the heed upcaste, 
Ne never sithen slepte it faste, 
But up it sterte, and armen rook. 
Ayens this fals horrible book, 
Alredy bateil for to make, 
And to the juge the booke to take, 
But they that brought the book there 
Denete it anoonaway, for mere; 
They holde shewe it more a deil, 
But thenne it hepte, and hepen wil, 
Til such a tyne that they may see 
That they so stronge woxen be, 
That no wight may hem wel withstande; 
For by that boke they durst not stonde. 
Away they gonne it for to bere, 
For they ne durste not answere 
By expoucison ne glose 
To that that clerhis wolde appose 
Ayens the cursednesse, ywis, 
That in that boke wrenen is. 
Now wot I not, ne I can not see 
What maner ende that there shal be 
Of al this boke that they hyde; 
But yit algate they shal abyde 
Til that they may it bet defende; 
This trowe I prate, wol be his ende. 
HIS Antecrist abyden we, 
For we ben alle of his mynese; 
And what man that wol not be so, 
Right soe he shal his lyf forgo. 
We wol a puple on him areye, 
And thurgh our gyle doun him seise, 
And him on sharpe speris ryve, 
Or other wyues bringe him fro lyve, 
But if that he wol folowe, ywis, 
That in our boke wrenen is. 
This moche wol our booke signiffye, 
That whil that Peter hath mawrye, 
May neyer Johan shewe wel his might. 
OW have I you declared right 
The mening of the bark and rinde 
That maketh the entenciouns 
Blinde. 
But now at erst I wol biginne 
To expowne you the pith withinne:

x2
The Romanant of the Rose

And first, by Peter, as I were,
The Pope himself we wolden mene,
And eek the seculars comprehend,
That Cristes lawe wol defende,
And shulde it hepen and maynten.
Ayen he hem that al sustenen,
And falsly to the puple tetchen.
And Johan bitheneth hem that prechen,
That ther nie lawe covenable.
But thilke Gospel Perdurably,
That fro the Holy God was sent.
To turne folk that been miswont.
The strengt of Johan they undirstonde,
The grace in which, they seye, they stonde,
That doth the sinful folk converte,
And hem to Jesus Crist reverte.

ULL many another horribile,
May men in that boke see.
That ben commanded, douteles,
Ayen the lawe of Rome express.
And alle with Antierist they holden,
As men may in the book betholden.
And than comandan they to selen,
Alle tho that with Peter been;
But they shal never have that might,
And, God toforn, for stryff to fight,
That they ne shal ymough men finde
That Peters lawe shal have in minde,
And ever holde, and so maynten,
That at the last it shal be sene
That they shal alle come therto,
For ought that they can speke or do.
And thilke lawe shal not stonde,
That they by Johan have undirstonde;
But, maugre hem, it shal adowen,
And been brought to confusion.
But I wol stinte of this materie,
For it is wonder long to here;
But hadde that like book endured,
Of better estate I were assured;
And frendis have I yit, pardee,
That ban me get in greet degree.

Of all this world is emperour
Gyle my mader, the trechour,
And emperess my moder is,
Maire the Holy God, ywia.
Our mighty lineage and our route
Regneth in every regne aboute;
And wel is worth we maintres be,
For al this worlde governe we,
And can the folk 80 wel discerne,
That noon our gyle can perceve;
And though they deyen, they dar not saye;
The sothe dar no wight biwreye.
But he in Cristis wrath him ledeth,
That more than Crist my brethren dredeeth.

He was not extremely by right,
Ne have God in his eyesight,
And therfore God shal him punyce;
But me ne reketh of no wyse,
Sithen men us loven comunably,
And holde us for so worthy,
That we may folk repred echoon,
And we nil have repref of noon.
Whom shulden folk worshipen so
But us, that atinente never mo
To patron whyl that folk us see,
Though it not so bidehinde hem be?
ND where is more wood felse,
Than to enhauence chivalrye,
And love noble men and gay,
That joly clothis weren alway?
If they be sich folk as they semen,
So cleene, as men her clothes demen,
And that her wordis folowe her dede,
It is gret pite, out of drede.
For they wol be noon yspentia,
Of hem, me thinketh it gret spite is;
I can not love hem on no syde.
But Beggers with these hodes wyde,
With sleigne and pale faces lene,
And graye clothis not ful clene,
But fretted ful of tatarwages,
And highe shoes, knopped with dagges,
That frouncen lyke a quallie-sype,
Or botea rieveling as a gype;
To such folk as I you dexye
Shuld princis and these lordes wyse.
Take alle her londer and her thinges;
Bothe were and pees, in governinge;
To such folk shulde a prince him yive,
That wolde his lyf in honour lye.
And if they be not as they semen,
That serven thus the world to queme,
There wolde I dwelte, to disceyve
The folk, for they shal not perceve.

But I ne speke in no such wyse,
That men shulde humble abit diisypye,
So that no pryde therunder be,
No man shulde hate, as thinketh me.
The pore man in sich clothing,
But God ne praiseth hem nothing,
That seith he hath the world forsake,
And hath to worldly glorie him take,
And wol of siche delice use;
Who may that Begger wel excuse?
That paperlard, that him yelde 80,
And wol to worldly ege go,
And seith that he the world hath left,
And greidily it grypeyth eft,
He is the bound, shame is to seyn,
That to his casting goth ayen.

But unto you dar I not lye:
But mighte I teken of naye,
That ye perceyved it nothing,
Ye shulden have a stark leaing
Right in your hond thus, to biginne,
I nole it lette for no sinne.
And farthe as my wight gan laughe also,
And aside: Lo here a man aight
for to be trusty to every wight!

chas肆mant, quod Love, sey to me,
Sith I thow haue announced thes,
That in my court is thy dwelling,
And of ribaude shall be my king,
Wol thou wel holden my forward?

fals-sebllant.

E, sir, from bennes forewardis;
Hadde never your fader herediform
Servaunt so trewe, sith he was born.
Amour. That is ayenice al nature.

fals-sebllant.

UR, put you in that aventure;
For though ye borowe take of me,
The sikerer shal ye never be
For ostages, ne silkenesse,
Or chartres, for to bero witsiases.
I take your to record here,
That men ne may, in no manere,
Teren the wolf out of his hyde,
Til he be flayn, bak and gyde,
Though men him bete and al defyde;
What? wene ye that I wole biglye?
For I am clothed melely,
Therunter is al my trechery;
My herte chaunge the never the mo
For noon abit, in which I go,
Though I have chere of simpleness,
I am not wery of shrewedness.

My leman, Streyned Abstinence,
Hath mister of my pureuance;
She hadde ful longe ago be deed,
Nere my counsell and my reed;
Lete hir alone, and you me.

ND Love answerde: I truste thee
Witothe borowe, for I wol noon.

And fals-sebllant, the theif, anoon.
Right in that liche same place,
That hadde of tresoun al his face
Right blak wthinne, and wyt withoute,
Thankeith him, gan on his knes tourte.

DAN was ther nought, but
Every man
Now to assault, that sailen
can.
Quod Love, and that ful hardily.

Than armed they hem commune
Of sich armour as to hem fel,
Than they were armed, fers and fel,
They went hem forth, alone a route,
And set the castel al aboute;
They wil nought away, for no drede,
Til it so be that they ben dere,
Or till they have the castel take.

And fourte bateles they gan make,
And parted hem in fourte aoon,
And tolke her way, and forth they goon,
The fourte gates for to assaile,
Of whiche the keepers wol not falle;
For they ben neither ayhe ne dede,
But hardy folk, and strong in dede.

Wole I seyn the countenance
Of fals-sebllant, and
Abstinence,
That ben to Wlikh/ Tunge went.

But first they helde her parlement,
Whether it to done were
To maken hem be knownen there,
Or elles walten forth dispyred.

But at the laste they deyved,
That they wold goon in tapinage,
As it were in a pilgrimage,
Lyt good and holy folk unfeynd.

Streyned
Took on a robe of camelyne,
And gan hir graite as a Beye.
A large covechief of threde
She wrapped al aboute hir hede,
But she forgat not hir suitere;
A pere of bedis eek she bere
Upon a lace, al of whyt threde,
On which that she hir bedes bede;
But she ne boughte hem never a del,
For they were gotten her, I wot wel,
God wot, of a ful holy frere,
That aside he was hir fader dere,
To whom she hadde ofter went
Than any frere of his covent.
And he voysted hir also,
And many a sermon aside hir to;
He holde lette, for man on lyve,
That he ne wolde hir ofte shryve.

And with go grete devotion
They made her confession,
That they had ofte, for the none,
Two hedes in one hooth at ones.

Fair shape I devys her thee,
But pale of face somtyme was
she;
That falsa traitoresse untrew
Was lyk that salowe hore of hewe,
That in the Apocalypse is shewed,
That signiffeth the folk benbrewed,
That been al ful of trechery,
And pale, thorg hypoclasie;
For on that hore no colour is,
But only dede and pale, ywis,
Of suche a colour enlandoure
Was Abstinence, ywis, coloured;
Of her estat she her represent,
As her visage represented.

HE had a burdoun al of Chefte,
That Gyde had yeve her of his yeffe;

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And a scroope of Sainte Distresse,
That ful was of elengenesse,
And forth she walked sobreyly:
And falso/Seemblant saynt, je vous die,
Hath, as it were for such mistere,
Den on the cope of a freere,
With here simple, and ful pitous;
His looking was not diademous,
Ne proud, but mehe and ful pesible.
About his neshke he bar a bible,
And aquirily forth gan he gon;
And, for to reste his limmes upon,
He had of Treson a potente;
As he were feble, his way he wente.
But in his aile he gan to thringe
A rasour sharp, and wel bytynge,
That was forgeed in a forge,
Which that men clepen Coupegeorge.

Longe forth hir way they nomen,
Til they to Wichage/Tonge comen,
That at his gate was sittynge,
And saw folk in the way passing.
The pilgrimes saw he haste by,
That beren hem ful meheely,
And humblyty they with him mette.
Dame Abstinence first him grette,
And with him fals/Seemblant saluved,
And he hem; but he not remued,
For he ne drede hem not a del.
For when he saw hir faces wel,
Alway in herte him thoughte so,
He shulde knowe hem bothe two;
For wel he knew Dame Abstynance,
But he ne knewe not Constreynance.
He knew nat that she was constrauny,
Ne of her theve lyfe feyne,
But wende she com of wil al fre;
And she com in another degree;
And if of good wil she began,
That wil was failed her as then.

Falso/Seemblant had he seyn alo,
But he knew nat that he was fals.
Yet fals was he, but his falsenesse
Ne coude he not espye, nor gese;
For seemblant was 80 slye wreughte,
That falsenesse he ne espied nought.
But haddest thou konowen him biform,
Thou woldest on a boke have sworn,
When thou him saugh in thilke ary.
That he, that whylom was 80 gay,
And of the daunce Joly Robin,
Was tho become a Jacobin.
But sobtely, what so men him calle.
Freere Prechours been good men alle;
Hir order wickedly they beren,
Suche minstrelles if that they weren.
So been Augustins and Cordileres,
And Camelles, and eek Sakhler, freeres,
And alle freeres, abode in bare
(Though some of hem ben grete and square),
Ful holy men, as I hem deme;

Euerich of hem wolde good man eme.
But shal thou never of apparence
Seene conclude good consequence
In none argument, ywis,
If existence al failed is.
For men may finde atway sophyme
The consequence to envenyme,
Whoso that hath the substet
The double sentence for to see.

DAN the pilgrimes commen were
To Wichage/Tonge, that dwelled there,
Hir harnes nigh hem was algate;
By Wichage/Tonge adouy they gate,
That bad hem ner him for to come,
And of tydinges telle him some,
And sayde hem: What can maketh yow
To come into this place now?

SIR, seyde Strained/Abstynance,
We, for to drye our pennaunce,
And with herteyn pitous and devoute,
Are commen, as pilgrimes gon aboute;
Wel nigh on fote alway we go;
Ful dusty been our heles two;
And thus bothe we ben sent
Thurghout this world that is miswente,
To yewe ensample, and preche also.
To fleshen sinful men we go,
For other fleshing ne flashe we.
And, sir, for that charite,
As we be wont, herberwe we crave,
Your lyf to amende; Crist it save!
And, so it shulde you nat displease,
We wolden, if it were your eale,
A short sermoun unto you seyn.
And Wichage/Tonge answerde ageyn:

The hous, quod he, such as ye see,
Shal nat be warned you for me,
Sey what you list, and I wol here.
O Graunt mercy, swete sire dere!
Quod alderfirst Dame Abstinence,
And thus began she hir sentence:

Constreyned/Abstinence.

SIR, the first vertue, certeyn
The gretest, and most sovereyn
Chese, that may be founde in any man,
For having, or for wit he can,
That is, his tonge to refrayne;
Therto ought every wight him paye.
For it is better stille be
Than for to spoken harm, pardee!
And he that herkeneth it gladly,
He is no good man, silyerly.
And, sir, aboven all other sinne,
In that art thou most gilty inne.
Thou spake a jape not long ago,
And, sir, that was right ywel do,
Of a yong man that here repaired,
And never yet this place expected.
Thou saydesst he waited nothing
But to discayye fair/Welcome.
Ye seyde nothing sooth of that:
But, sir, ye lye; I tell you plat;  
Hene cometh no more, ne goth, parde!  
I traw ye shal him never see.  
Fair! Welcoming in prison is,  
That ofte hath played with you, er this,  
The fairest games that he coude,  
Without fithe, stille or loude;  
Nor dar he nat himself solace,  
Ye han also the man do chase,  
That he dar neither come ne go.  
What meveth you to hate him so  
But properly your wilked thought,  
That many a fals leaing hath thought?  
That meveth your foole eloquence,  
That jangleth ever in audience,  
And on the folk areseth blame,  
And doth hem dishonour and shame,  
For thing that may have no prewing,  
But bylisme, and contriving,  
For I dar seyn, that Reyon demeth,  
It is not al sooth thing that semeth,  
And it is sine to controvery  
Thing that is for to reproue;  
This wot ye wel; and, sir, therefore  
Ye shal to blame wel the more.  
And, natheless, he reketh lyte;  
He yeveth nat now thereof a myte;  
For if he thoughte harm, parfax,  
He wolde come and gon al day;  
He coude himself nat abstene,  
Now cometh he nat, and that is sene,  
For he ne taketh of it no cure,  
But if it be through aventure,  
And lasse than other folk, algate,  
And thou here watchest at the gate,  
With sphere in thyne areat alway;  
There musen, musard, al the day.  
Thou wakkest night and day for thought;  
Ywis, thy travel is for nought.  
And jelousy, withouton faile,  
Shal never quyte thee thy travaile,  
And acaith is, that faer! Welcoming,  
Withouten any treapassing,  
Shal wrongfully in prison be,  
Ther wepeth and languisheth he.  
And through thou never yet, ywis,  
Aglitest man no more but this,  
Take not agraft, it were worthy  
To pette thee out of this bally,  
And afterward in prison lyte,  
And fette thee til that thou dye;  
For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle  
Right in the devils ers of helie,  
But if that thou repente thee.

What? welcome with mischaunce now!  
Have I therefore herbered you  
To seye me shame, and eek reprove?  
With scory happed, to your bishowe,  
Him I todye your herberge!  
Go, herber ye elleswhere than here,

That han a lyer called me!  
Two tregetours art thou and be,  
That in myn hous do me this shame,  
And for my sothsawe ye me blame.  
Is this the sermon that ye make?  
To alle the develles I me take,  
Or elles, God, thou me confounde!  
But er men diden this castel founde,  
It paseeth not ten dayes or twelve,  
But it was told right to myselve,  
And as they seide, right so tolde I,  
He histe the Rose privily.  
Thus seide I now, and have seid yore;  
I not wher he dide any more.  
Why shulde men sey me such a thing,  
If it hadde been gagging?  
Right so seide I, and wol seye yit;  
I trowe, I lyed not of it;  
And with my bernes I wol bowe  
To alle neibors arowe,  
Now he hath sothe come and gon.

HO spak fals-Semblant right anon,  
Al is not gospel, out of doute,  
That men seyn in the tounge aoute;  
Ley no deffere to my spekling;  
I awere yow, sir, it is gagging!  
I trowe ye wot wel cerymny,  
That no man loveth him tenderly  
That seth him harm, if he wot it,  
AI be he never so pore of wit,  
And sooth is also sikely,  
This knowe ye, sir, as wel as I,  
That lovers gladly wol visyten  
The places ther hir loves habyten.  
This man you loveth and eek honoureth;  
This man to serve you laboureth;  
And clepeth you his frend so dere,  
And this man maketh you good chere,  
And everywher that he you meteth,  
He you saleweth, and he you greteth.  
He preeth not so ofte, that ye  
Ought of his come encombered be;  
Ther preen other folk on you  
Ful offer after that he doth now.  
And if his herte him streyned so  
Unto the Rose for to go,  
Ye shulde him seyn so ofte nede,  
That ye shulde take him with the dede,  
He coude his coming not forbere,  
Though ye him thrilled with a spere;  
It nere not thanne as it is now,  
But trusteth wel, I awere it yow,  
That it is cleene out of his thought.  
Sir, certes, he ne thnketh it nought;  
No more ne doth fair! Welcoming,  
That sere abyeth at this thing.  
And if they were of con assent,  
Ful some were the Rose bent;  
The maugre youres wolde be.  
And sir, of o thing herkeneth me;  
Sith ye this man, that loveth yow,
Man seid such harm and shame now,
Witth wel, if he gessed it,
Ye may wel demen in your wit,
De nolde nothing love you so,
Ne callen you his frend also,
But night and day be wold e wake,
The castel to destreye and take,
If it were sooth as ye devise;
Or som man in som maner wyse
Might it warne him everyde,
Or by himself perceyven wel;
For sith he might not come and gon
As he was whylom wont to don,
He might it stone wite and see;
But now al otherwise doth he.
Than have ye, sir, al outerly
Deserved helie, and jolity,
The deth of helie, douteles,
The thralen folk no glites.

Fals-SEMBLANT prosth so
this thing
That he can noon answering,
And seeth alway such appareance,
That wygh he fel in repentance,
And seide him: Sir, it may wel be.
SEMBLANT, a good man semes ye;
And, Abatinence, ful wyse ye seme;
Of o talent you bothe I demean.

What counseil wole ye to me yeven?
Fals-SEMBLANT.
RIGHT Here noon thou shalt be shriven,
And sey thy sine withoute more;
Of this shalt thou repent be sore;
For I am reest, and have poustee
To abryve folk of most dignite
That been, as wyse as world may dure.
Of all this world I have the cure,
And that had never yet persoun,
No vicarie of no maner toun.
God wol, I have of thee
A thousand tymes more pite
Than hast thy preest parochial,
Though he thy freend be special,
I have advantage, in o wyse,
That your prelates ben not so wyse
Ne half so letried as am I.
I am licenced boldly
In divinitie to rede,
And to confessen, out of drede.
If ye wol you now confess,
And leve your sinnen more and leese,
Without aboord, knele down anon,
And you shall have absolution.

Here ends all that is done of The Romance of the Rose.
For al be that I knowe not love in deed,
Neuerhow that he gyvert fell hit hit lyre,
Yet happee he ful ofte in bokes rede
Of his miracles, and his cruel yre;
The rede I wyl he wol be lord and syre,
I dar not seyn, his strokes been so sore,
But God save swich a lord! I can no more.

Of usage, what for luste what for lore,
On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.
But wherfor that I speke al this? not yore
Agon, hit happe me for to beholde
Upon a boke, was write with letters olde;
And therupon, a certeyn thing to lerne.
The longe day ful faste I radde and yerne.

For out of olde feldes, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yer to yere;
And out of olde bokes, in good seith,
Cometh al this newe science that my herte.
But now to purpos as of this mater...
To rede forth hit gan me so delyte,
That al the day me thoughte but a lyte.

This book of which I make mencion,
Entituled was al thus, as I shal telle,
Tullius of the dreme of Scipioon;

Lyf so short, the craft so long
To lerne,
Thassay so hard, so sharp the conquering,
The dредful joy, that alwey slit so yerne,
Al this men I by love, that my feling
Astonyeth with his wonderful worching
So sore ywis, that when on him thinke,
Nat wot I wel whey that I wake or winke.
Chapitres seven hit hadde, of heaven and hell.
And erthe, and soules that therinne dwelle,
Of whiche, as shortly as I can hit tret.
Of his sentence I wol you seyn the grete.

First telleth hit, whan Scipion was come
In Afrîl, how he mette Massinisse,
That him for joye in armes hath nyome,
Than telleth hit hir speche and al the blisse
That was betwix him, til the day gan misse;
And how hir auncentre, African so dere,
Gan in his slepe that night to him appere.

Than telleth hit that, fro a sterry place,
How African hath him Cartage shewed,
And werned him before of al his grace,
And sçeyde him, what man, lered oher lewed,
That loveth comun profite, wel ythewed,
He shal unto a blissful place wende,
Ther as joye is that last withouten ende.

Than asked he, if folk that heer be dede
Have lyf and dwelling in another place;
And African sçeyde: Ye, without drede,
And that our present worldes lyves space
Nis but a maner deth, what wey we trace,
And rightful folk shal go, after they dye,
To heven; and shewed him the galaxye.

Than shewed he him the litel erthe, that heer is,
At regard of the hevenes quantite;
And after shewed he him the nyne spere,
And after that the melodey herde he
That cometh of thilke spere thryes three,
That welle is of musyke and melodey
In this world heer, and cause of armony.

Than bad he him, sin erthe was so lyte,
And ful of torment and of harde grace,
That he ne shulde him in the world delyte.
Than tolde he him, in certeyn yerens space,
That every sterre shulde come into his place
Ther hit was first; and al shulde out of minde
That in this worlde is don of al manhinde.

Than prayde he Scipion to telle him al
The wey to come unto that hevene bliss;
And he sçeyde: Know thyself first immortal,
And lke ey beauly thou werke and wisage
To comun profite, and thou shalt nat misse
To cemen swiftely to that place dere,
That ful of blisses is and of soules cler.

But brehers of the lawe, both to seyne,
And lecherous folk, after that they be dede,
Shut alwey whilbe aboute therthe in peyne,
Til many a world be passed, out of drede,
And than, foryeven alle hir wilcke dede,
Than shul they come unto that blissful place,
To which to cemen God thee sende his grace!

The day gan fallen, and the derke night,
That reveth beats from hir besinessse,
Berafte me my book for lakhe of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
fulld of thought and beay hevinessse;
for bothe I hadde thinge which that I nolde,
And ech I ne hadde that thinge that I wolde.

But ynamally my spirit, at the laste,
Forwerie of my labour at the day,
Took rest, that made me to slepe faste,
And in my slepe I mette, as I lay,
How African, right in that selte aray
That Scipion him saw before that tyde,
Was comen, and stood right at my beddes syde.

The wery hunte, slepping in his bed,
To wode ayein his minde goth anoon;
The juge dremeth how his plees ben aped;
The carter dremeth how his carre goon;
The riche, of gold; the knight fight with his soon,
The sehe met he drinketh of the tonne;
The lover met he hath his lady wonne.

Can I nat seyn if that the cause were
For I had red of African befor,
That made me to mette that he stood there;
But thus sçeyde he: Tho hast thee ao wel born
In loking of myn olde book to torn,
Of which Macrobe regeste nat a lyte,
That somdel of thy labour wolde I quyte!

Citherea! thou blissful lady sweete,
That with thy frynd brand daunttest whom thee lest,
And madest me this awven for to mete,
Be thou my help in this, for thou mayest best;
As wisly as I saw thee north nor west,
When I began my sweven for to wyte,
So yf me mighte to ryme hit and endyte!

The Story.

HIS foresaid African me hente anoon,
And forth with him unto a gate broughte
Right of a parke, walled with grene astone;
And over the gate, with lettera large ymrowghte,
The were vere ywritten, as me thoughte,
On eyther halfe, of ful grete difference,
Of which I shal yow seye the pleyn sentence.

Thorghe me men goon into that blissful place
Of hereys heale and dedly wounds cure;
Thorghe me men goon unto the welle of Grace,
Their grene and lusty May shal ever endure;
This is the wey to al good aventure;
Be glad, thou read, and thy sorwe of caste,
Al open am I; passe in, and hy thee caste!
Though men goon, than speak that other gyde,
Unto the mortal strokes of the sphere,
Of which Disdayn and Daunger is the gyde,
Ther tree shal never fruyt ne leves beare.
This streem you leadeth to the sorrowful were,
Ther as the fish in prison is al dry.
Theseewing is only the remedy.

These vers of gold and blak wryten were,
The whiche I gan a stounde to beholde,
For with that oon encreased ay my fere,
And with that other gan myn herte bole;
That oon me bette, that other did me colde,
No wit had I, for errore, for to dede,
To entre or fexe, or me to save or leave.

Right as, betwixen adamauntes two
Of even might, a pece of iron yset,
That hath no might to meve to ne fro,
For what that on may hate, that other let,
Verde I, that niste whether me was bet,
To entre or leve, til African my gyde
Me hente, and shoof in at the gates wyde,

And seyde: Hit stondeth wryten in thy face,
Chyn errore, though thou telle it not to me;
But dред thee nat to come into this place,

For this wyrting is nothing ment by thee,
Ne by noon, but he Loven servat be;
For thou of love hast lost thy tast, I gesse,
As seke man bath of swete and bitternesse.

But natheles, although that thou be dulle,
Yet that thou canst not do, yet mayest thou see;
For many a man that may not stonde a pulle,
Yet lyketh him at the wrestling for to be,
And demeth yet wher he do bet or he;
And if thou haddest cunning for tendyte,
I shal thee shewen mater of to wryte.

With that my hand in his he took anoon,
Of which I comfort caughte, and wente in feste;
But lord! so I was glad and wel begoon!
For ower, wher that I myn eyen caste,
Were trez clad with leves that ay shal laste,
Eche in his hinde, of colour fresh and grene
As emeraude, that joye was to bene.

The bider ook, and eek the hardy ashe;
The piler elm, the cofre unto careyne;
The boxtree piper; holm to whippes lashe;
The sayling firr; the eipres, deth to pleyne;
The sheter ew, the asp for shaftes pleyne;
The syrve of pees, and ech the drunken vyne,
The victor palm, the laurel to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of bloomy bowes,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
Ther as that sweteesse evermore ynow is,
With flouris whyte, blewse, yellowe, and rede;
And colde welle streames, nothing dede,
That swarmen ful of smale flashes lighte,
With finnes red and scalen silver brighte.

On every bough the bridles herde I singe,
With voyes of angel in his harmonie,
Som beayed hem his bridles forth to bringe;
The litel conyes to his pley gunne bye,
And furthe aboute I gan eapye
The dreadful roe, the bul, the bert and hindle,
Squereles, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.

Of instrumentes of strenges in accord
Herde I so pluyse a ravishing sweetesse,
That God, that maker is of al and lord,
Ne herde never better, as I gease;
There with a wind, unnethe the hit might be lesse,
Made in the leue grene a noise softe
Acordeant to the feules songe on lyft.

The aire of that place so attempre was

That never was greveance of hoot ne cold;
Ther wex eek every bolesom spyce and gras,
Ne no man may ther were see ne cold;
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold
Then man can telle; ne never wolde it nighte,
But ay cleer day to any mannes sighte.

Under a tree, beayde a welle, I say
Cupyte our lord his arwey forge and fylie;
And at his fost his bowe alredy lay
And wel his doughter tempret at the whyle
The heades in the welle, and with his wylie
She couched hem after as they shulde serve,
Som for to slyce, and som to wounde and hervye.

Chow was I war of Pleaunsye anon right,
And of Aray, and Lust, and Curteysye;
And of the Craft that can and hath the might
To doen by force a night to do foly,
Disfigurat was hem I lilk not be;
And by himself, under an oke, I gease,
Sawe I Deltyt, that stood with Gentilese.

I sawe Bmute, withouten any atyr,
And Youthe, ful of game and jolyte,
Foolhardinesse, flattery, and sayes,
Messangerie, and Mede, and other thre,
Hir names shul noght here be telled for me,
And upon pilers grete of jasper longe
I saw a temple of brass yfounded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway
Wommen ynowe, of whiche somme ther were
Faire of hemself, and somme of hem were gay;
A tere and a diphrose, wente they there,
That was hir office alway, yeer by yere.
And on the temple, of doves whyte and faire
Saw I sittynge many a hundred paire.

Before the temple dore ful soberly
Dame Pece sat, with a curteyn in hir hond:
And hir beasyle, wonder discretely,
Dame Pacience sittynge ther I found
With face pale, upon an hille of sond;
And alderwexe, within and eek withoute,
Beheast and Art, and of hir folke a route.

Within the temple, of syghees hote as fyr
I herde a swoth that gan aboute reme;
Which syghees were engendred with desyr,
That maden ever auctor for to brenne
Of newe flame; and wet apseyd I themne
That at the cause of sorowe that they drye
Com of the bitter goddessse Talouye.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,
Within the temple, in soverayn place stonde,
In whiche aray as whan the sase him shente
With crye by night, and with hir cepre in honde;
Ful beysy men ymynne assayre and fonde
Upon hir hede to sette, of sondry hue,
Garlondes ful of freose he floured newe.

And in a pryve corner, in disporte,
Fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,
That was ful noble and bautyn of hir porte;
Dekh was that place, but afterwardlymese
I sawe a lyte that the bit might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she lay to reste,
Til that the hote some gan to weste.

Hir gylte heres with a golden threde
Wondrous were untreased as she lay,
And nakid fro the brest unto the hede
Men myght hir see; and, soothly for to say,
The remanent wel hered to my pay
Right with a subtil herche of Valence,
There was no thikker cloth of no defence.

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,
And Bacchus, god of wyn, sat hir beasyle,
And Ceres next, that doth of hunger bote;
And, as I seide, amiddes lay Chipnyde,
To whom on linen two yonge folkes cryde
To ben her help; but than I see her lye,
And ferther in the temple I gan espaye.

That, in diapye of Dian the chast,
Ful many a bowe ybroke heng on the wal.
Of maydenes, suche as gunne her tymes waite
In her bessyse, and semyed oer al
Of many a story, of which I toche shal
A fewe, as of Calixe and Athalaunte,
And many a mayde, of which the name I wante;

Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,
Biblia, Dido, Ciybe and Piramus,
Cristram, Lodoue, Paris, and Achilsea,
Elyne, Cleopatre, and Troilus,
Silla, and ech the moder of Romulus...
All these were semyed on that other syde,
And al her love, and in what ptyte they dyde.

When I was come aven into the place
That I of spak, that was so swete & greene,
Forth welth I tho, mysselfe to solace.
Tho was I war whyt that ther sat a queene
That, as of light the somer-sone shene
Dasseth the atere, right so over mesure
She faireth was than any creature.

And in a launde, upon an hille of flouris,
Was set this noble goddenes Nature;
Of branchises her halles and her bours,
Wrought after her crafte and her mesure;
Nether nae fowt that cometh of engendure;
That they ne were prest in her presence,
To take her doom and yeve her audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,
When every fowle cometh ther to chese his make,
Of every kinde, that men thynke may;
And that so huge a noyce gan they make,
That erthe and ace, and tre, and eke lake
So ful was, that unnethe was ther space
For me to stonde, so ful was al the place.

And right as Aleyne, in the Pleynt of Kinde,
Devyseth Nature of aray and face,
In which aray men myghten her ther finde.
This noble empress, full of grace
Bad every fowle to take his owne place,
As they were wont alway fro yer to yer,
Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

That is to say, the foules of raynyn
Were hyest set; and than the foules smale,
That eten as hem nature wolde enlyne,
As worm, or thing of which I tell no tale;
But water foul sat lowest in the dale;
And foul that liveth by seed sat on the grene,
And that so fele, that wonder was to sene.

There might men the royal egle finde,
That with his sharpes look percheth the bonne;
And other egles of a lower kinde,
Of which that clerkes wel devisen come.
There was the tyrant with his fethres donne
And greye, I mene the goshauk, that doth pyne
To bridles for his outrageous ravyne.

The gentil faucon, that with his feet diestreneth
The kings hond; the hardy sperchauk ehe,
The quayles foo; the merlion that pyneth
Himself ful ofte, the larke for to seke;
There was the douve, with hir eyen mehe;
The jalous swan, ayens his deth that singeth;
The oule eek, that of dethe the body bringeth;

The crane the gaunt, with his trompes soune;
The theek, the chogg; and eek the jangling pye;
The scorning jay; the eles foo, the heroune;
The false lapwing, ful of trecherie;
The stare, that the counseyl can bewyse;
The tame ruddih; and the coward lyte;
The col, that orlge is of thorpeye lyte;

The sparaw, Venus bone; the nightingale,
That clepeth forth the freshehe leue newe;
The swalow, molder of the flyes smale;
That maken hony of floures freshehe of hewe;
The wedded turtel, with hir herte trewe;
The pecko, with his aquelas fetheres brighte;
The feaunt, scornre of the col by nyghte;

The waker goos; the cukhow ever unkinde;
The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde;
The stork, the wrekhe of avertye;
The hote coramerant of golotonye;
The raven wyse, the crow with vola of care;
The throstel olde; the frosty feldefaire.

What shulde I see 2 of foules every kinde
That in this world han feethree and stature,
Men mighten in that place assembled finde
Before the noble goddesse Nature.
And everich of hem did his bery cure
Benignely to chese or for to take,
By hir acord, his fornyel or his make.

But to the poynet... Nature held on hir honde
A fornyel egle, of shap the gentileste
That ever she among hir werkes fonde,
The most benigne and the goodlyeste;
In hir was every vertu at his reste,
So forth that Nature herself had blissse
To lisse on hir, and ofte hir be to kisse.

Nature, the vicaire of thalmghty lorde,
That host, cold, hevy, light, and moist and dreye

But knyt by even nounbre of acorde,
In ey wyse began to speke and seye;
Foules, tal hehe of my sentence, I preye,
And, for your ese, in furthering of your nede,
As faste as I may speke, I wol me spede.

Ye know wel how, seynt Valentyne day,
By my statut and through my governaucne,
Ye come for to chese, and flee your way,
Your makes, as I prike you with pleaunce.
But natheloe, my rightfull ordenaucne
May I not lete, for al this world to winne,
That heth that most is worthy shal beginne.

The tercel egle, as that ye knowen wel,
The foule royal above yow in degree,
The wyse and worthy, secre, trewe as stel,
The which I formed have, as ye may see,
In every part as hit beate lyketh me,
Hit nedeth noghth his shap yow to devyse,
He shal first chese and speken in his gyse.

And after him, by hir order shul ye chese,
After your hinde, everich as yow lyketh,
And, as yow hap is, shul ye winne or lese;
But which of yow that love most entryth,
God sende him hir that sorent for him entryth.

With bed enlyned and with ful humble chere
This royal tercel spak and taried nought:
Unto my sovereyne lady, and noght hir fere,
I chese, and chese with will and herte & thought,
The fornyel on your hond so wel wyrouthe,
Whos I am al and ever wol hir serve,
Do what hir list, to do me live or sterve.

Beacching hir of mercy and of grace,
As she that is my sovereyne;
Or let me dye present in this place.
For certes, long may I not live in peyne;
For in myn herte is corwen every peyne;
Having reward alonely to my trouthe,
My dere herte, have on my wo som routhe.

And if that I to hir be founde untrewes,
Disobeye, or wilful negligent,
Avauntour, or in proces love a newe,
I pray to you this be my jugement,
That with these foules I be al torent,
That ilke day that ever she me finde
To hir untrewes, or in my gifti unkinde.

And sin that noon loveth hir so wel as I,
The noise of foules for to ben delivered
So loude rong, have doon and let us wende!
That wel wende I the wode had al toshivered.
Come of! they cryde, alas! ye wil us shende!
When shal your cursed pleading have an ende?
How shulde a juge eyther party leve,
For yee or nay, withouten any preve?

The goos, the cohlow, and the doke also
So cryden Keh, keh! huhuh! quel, quel! bye,
That thorgh myn era the noyse wente tho.
The goos seyde: Al this nis not worth a flye!
But I can shape hereof a remedy,
And I wol sey my verditt faire and awythe
For water/foul, whose be wrooth or blythe.

Another terecel egle apah amoon
Of lower hinde, and seyde: That shal not be;
I love hir bet than ye do, by Seynt John,
Or atte leaste I love hir as wel as ye;
And linger have served hir, in my degree,
And if she shulde have loved for long loving,
To me alone had been the guerdoning.

I dar eeh seye, if she me finde fals,
Unhinde, janglier, or rebel any wyse,
Or lawless, do me hongen by the hals!
And but I bere me in hir servyse
As wel as that my wit can me suffyse,
Fro poynct to poynct, hir honour for to save,
Cah she my lyf, and al the good I have.

The thriddle terecel egle answerde tho:
Now, airo, ye seen the lusty levyer here;
For every foul cryeth out to been ago
Forth with his make, or with his lady dere;
And eeh Nature bircvse he wol nought here,
For tarying here, neught half that I wolde seye;
And but I speke, I mot for sorwe deye.

Of long servyse avaunte I me nothing,
But as possible is me to dye today
For wo, as he that hath ben languishing
This twenty winter, and wel happen may
A man may serven bet and more to pay
In half a yere, although hit were no more,
Than som man doth that hath served ful yore.

I ne saye not this by me, for I ne can
Do no servyse that may my lady plese;
But I dar seyn, I am hir trecweatt man
As to my dome, and feynest wolde hir ees;
At shorten wordsen, til that deth me seye,
I wol ben hir, whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte me betheinke.

Of al my lyf, all that day I was born,
So gentil plece in love or other thing
Ne bercro never no man me biforn,
Whoso that hadde leyser and cunning
For to rehearse hir chere and hir speken;
And from the norwe gan this speche laste
Til downward drow the some wondre faste.
And therfore pees! I saye, as to my wit,
Me wolde thinke how that the wighte
Of knygghtode, and lengest hath used hit,
Moeste of estat, of bloode the gentilete,
Were sittegest for hir, if that hir leste;
And of these thre she wot her selfe, I trowe,
Which that he be, for hit is light to knowe.

The water foules han her hedes leyd
Together, and of short aysement,
Whan everich had his large gologie seyd,
They seyden sothly, al by oon assent,
How that the goos, with hir facundite gent,
That so desyreth to pronounce our rede,
Shal telle our tale, and preye God hir spee.

And for these water foules the began
The goos to speke, and in hir cakelinge
She seyde: Pees! now tah hepe every man,
And herkeneth which a reoon I shal bringe;
My wit is sharp, I love no tarynge.
I seye, I rede hir, though he were my brother;
But she wolde loyne him, lat hir loyne another!

Lo here! a parfit reasone of a goos!
Quod the aperhauk: never mot she thee!
Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos!
Now parde, fool, yet were hit bet for thee
Have holde thy pees, than shewd thy nycte;
Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,
But sooth is seyde, a fool can noght be stille.

The laughter arous of gentil foules alle,
And right anoon the seed soulfoul chosen hadde
The turtel trewe, and gurne hir to hir calle,
And preyden hir to seye the soothe sodde
Of this matere, and asked what she radde;
And she anserede, that pleynly hir entente
She wolde shewe, and soothly what she mente.

Nay, God forseide a lover shuldle chaunge!
The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al reed;
Thogh that his lady evermore be straunge,
Yet let hir serva hir ever, til hir be seede.
For sothe, I prayse noght the gooses reed;
For thogh she dyed, I wolde non other make,
I wol ben hiris, til that the deth me take.

Wel boured! quod the doliche, by my hat!
That men shulde alwey loven, causelles,
Who can a reesan finde or wit in that?
Daunceth hir mury that is mirtheles?
Who shulde recche of that is reccheles?
Ye, queh! yit quod the doke, ful wel and faire,
Ther been mo sterres, God wot, than a paire!

Now fy, cher! quod the gentil tercelet,
Out of the dunghill com that word ful right,
Thou camst noght see which thing is wel best:
Thou froste by love as oyles doon by light,
The day hem blent, ful wel they see by night;
Thy kind is of so love a wretchednesse,
That what love is, thou camst nat see ne gesse.

Tho gan the culhaw putte him forth in prees
For foul that eteth worm, and seide blyve:
So I, quod he, may have my make in prees,
I recche not how longe that ye stryve;
Lat ech of hem be soley al hir lyve,
This is my reed, sin they may not acorde;
This shorte lesson nedeth noght recorde.

Ye! have the glouton fled ynoth his paunche,
Than are we well seyde the merlicion;
Thou mirdore of the heyssugge on the braunch
That broghte the forth, thou rewelethes glouton!
Lye thou soley, worms corrupcion!
For no foros is of laike of thy nature;
Go, lewed be thow, whyt the world may dure!

Now pees, quod Nature, I comande heere;
For I have herd at your opinion,
And in effect yet be we never the nere;
But fynally, this is my conclousion,
That she hirselfe shal han the eleccion
Of whome hir list, whoose be wrooth or blythe,
Him that she cheste, he shal hir have as wythe.

For sith hit may not here discust ed be
Who loveth hir best, as seide the tercelet,
Than wol I doon hir this favour, that she
Shal have right hir on whom hir herte is set,
And hir that hir herte hath on hir knet.
This juge, Nature, for I may not lye;
To noon estat I have non other ye.

But as for counsely for to cheste a make,
If hit were reasone, certes, than wolde I
coucause ye the royal tercel take,
As seide the tercelet ful skilfully,
As for the gentilste and moste worthy,
Whiche I have wrought so wel to my pleausance;
That to yow oghthe been a suffissance.

With dredfull voys the formel hir answerd:
My rightfull lady, goddesesse of Nature,
Both is that I am ever under your yerde,
Lyke as is everiche other creature,
And moot be youres whyl my lyf may dure;
And therfor graunte me my firste bone,
And myn entente I wol yow sey right sone.

I graunte it you, quod she; and right amoon
This formel egle spak in this degree:
Almighty quene, unto this yer be doun
I ask espit for to aysen me,
And after that to have my chouys al fre:
This al and som, that I wolde aple and seye;
Ye gete no more, although ye do me deye.

I wol noght serven Venus ne Cupyde
For sothe as yet, by no manere weye.
Now sin it may non other wyse betyde,
Quod the Nature, here is no more to seye;
Than wolde I that these foules were aseye
Ech with his make, for tarying lenger here,
And seyde hem thus, as ye shul after here.
To you speke I, ye terrelets, quod Nature,
Beth of good herte and serveth alle three;
A yere is not so longe to endure,
And ech of yow peyne him, in his degree,
For to do wel; for, God wot, quit is she
Pro yow this yere; what after so befalle,
This extreme is dressed for you alle.

And when this werk al broght was to an end,
To every foule Nature yaf his make
Seven acorde, and on hir wey they wende,
Yaf al! the bliss and joye that they make!
For ech of hem gan other in winges take,
And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,
Chanking alway the noble goddesse of hinde.

But first were chosen foules for to singe,
As yee by yere was alway hir usaunce
To singe a roundel at hir departinge,
To do Nature honour and pleasure.
The note, I trowe, maked was in fraunc;
The wordes wer swich as ye may her finde,
The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

Qui bien aime a tard oblige.

Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake!

Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-lofte;
Thus singen smale foules for thy sake,
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe.
That hast this wintres weders over-shake.

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;
Ful blissful may they singen when they wake;
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake.

And with the showtynge, when hir song was do,
That foules maden at hir flight away,
I wok, and other bokes took me to
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;
I hope, ywis, to rede so som day
That I shal mete som thing for to fare
The bet; and thus to rede I nil not spare.

Explicit tractatus de congregacione Volu-

crum die sancti Valentini.
BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE.

BOOK.

Metre 1.

Carmina quodam studio florente peregi.

vers of wretchedness sea weten my face with
verray teres. At the leaste, no drede ne might
overconm the Muses, that they wren fe-
lawes, and folweden my wey, that is to seyn,
when I was exyled; they that weren glorie of
my youthe, whylom wefelful and grene, com-
forten now the sorrowful weorde of me, olde
man. For elde is comen unweary upon me,
hasted by the harnes that I have, and sorrow
hath comanded his age to be in me. Heres
bore ben shad overymeliche upon myn heved,
& the slake skin tremblyth upon myn empted
body. Althke deeth of men is wefelful that ne
cometh not in yeres that ben swete, but com-
eth to wrecchen, often yeleped.

ALLAS! alas! with how deef an
e re deeth, cruel, torneth awrey fro
wrecches, and naiteth to closen
wepeinges even! Whyl Fortune, un/
faithful, favorede me with lighte
goodes, the sorrowful houre, that
is to seyn, the deeth, hante almost shent
myn heved. But now, for Fortune cloudy halle
chaunghed hir deceyvable chere to meward,
myn unpitous lyf draweth along unagreable
Boethius de
Consolatione
Philosophie.

Prose I.

Hic dum mecum tacitus ipsae reputarem.

Fule that I stifled recorded the three things with myself, and marked them weepingly complete with offices of pointet, I saw, standing above the height of my heven, a woman of full great reverence by semblance, her eye reeking of their own heven, over the common people of men; with a lively colour, and with such vigour and strength that it might not be emptied; al were it so that she was full of so great age, that men ne wold not trowen, in no maner, that she were of cue elde. The stature of her was of a doughtous judgement; for somyme she constreined and shone hirselfen lyk to the common measure of men, and somyme it semede that she touched the hevene with the height of her heved; and when she hef her heved hyer, she perceived the alyve hevene, so that the sighes of men looking was in ydell. Their clothes were made of refe of dere thredes and subtill cratfe, of perdurable mateure; the whiche clothes she hadde worn with hir owne hondes, as I knew after by hirselfe, declaring and shewing to me the beautie, the whiche clothes a darknesse of a forlen and dispayed elde hadde dusch and derked, as it is wont to derken bimokede images.

In the netherseate hem or bوردure of these clothes men redded, waven in, a Grechias T. that signiffeth the lyf Actif; and aboven that lettre, in the heyeaste bordure, a Grechias C. that signiffeth the lyf Contemplatif. And biwixen these two lettres ther were seyn degrees, nobly ywroght in manere of laddre; by whiche degrees men mighten climbre fro the netherseate lettre to the upperseate. Nathelles, handes of some men hadde carven that cloth by violence and by strength; and everiche man of hem hadde broun away hisiche pecen as he mighte geten. And forsothe, this sorely woman bar smale bokes in hir right hand, & in hir left hand she bar a ceptre.

And whan she sayde this poetical Muses aprocheth about my bed, and everlasting words to my weeping, she was a litel amoved, and glowed with cruel eye, who, quod she, hath suffred approcheth to this syke man thise common strompetes of swich a place that men cle-

dwellinges in me. O ye, my frendes, what or wherto avaynted ye me to ben weleful? for he that hath fallen stond nat in stedfast degree.

Metre II.

Neu quam precipiti merita profundo.

ILLAS! how the thought of man, dreint in overthrowinge deepenes, dulleth, and forleteth his propre cleer
nesse, mintinge to goon into foreine darknesse, as ofte as his ancous businesse waxeth withoute mesure, that is driven to and fro with worldly windes! This man, that why
lom was free, to whom the hevene was open and knowen, and was wont to goon in heyneliche pathes, and swaugh the lightnesse of the rede somne, & swaugh the sterres of the colde mone, & whiche sterre in heven useeth wandering recourses, yffie by dy
verse aspers; this man, overcome, hadde comprehended at this by nombre of acounting in astronomy. And over this, he was wont to seken the causes whemnes
the bounide winde moeven and bisen the smothe water of the see; & what spirit thon
eth the stable hevene; and why the sterre arysteth out of the rede east, to fallen in the
westrene wavel, and what atempreth the lusty hous of the firste powere ascendent
that bighteth and apparypleth the erthe with resene floweres; and who maketh that plen
tevous automepe, in fulle yere, fleteth with hevy grapes. And eeh this man was wont to
telle the diverce causes of nature that weren wile. Ailas! now lybeth he empted of light
of his thought; & his nekketh is pressed with hevy cheynes; and bereth his chere enclyned
addoun for the grete weichene, & is constreen
ted to looken on the fool erthe!

Prose II.
Set medicine, inquit, tempus est.

AT tyme is now, quod she, of medicine more
than of compleinte, & forsothe she ent
rending to maward with alle the lookinge
of hir eyen, seide: Art nat thou he, quod she,
that whylicom ymowen shed with my milk, &

fostered with myne metes, were escaped and
comen to corage of a parfit man? Certes, I yaf
thee swiche armures that, yif thou thyself ne
haddest first cast hem away, they shulden ban
defended thee in sikernesse that may nat be
overcomen. Knowest thou me nat? Why art
thou stille? Is it for shame or for astoninge?
It were me lever that it were for shame; but
it semeth me that astoninge hath oppres
sed thee. And whan she say me nat only
stille, but withouten office of tuned heauens,
she leide hir hand softe upon my brest, and
seide: Here nis no peril, quod she; he is fallen
into a litarie, whiche that is a comune eny
nes to hertes that ben deceived. He hath a litel
foryeten himself, but certes he shal lightly
rembrenen himself, yif so be that he hath
known me or now; & that he may so don. I
wil wypen a litel his eyen, that ben deried
by the cloude of mortall thinges. Chise wordes
seide she, and with the lapphe of hir garment,
ypyned in a freunce, she dryrede myn eyen,
that weren fulle of the wawe of my wepinges.

Metre III.
Tunc me discusa liquerunt nocte tenebre.

NUS, whan that night was discossed &
chased away, derkenesse forleste ten
me, and to myn eyen repirede ayein
hir first strength. And, right by enem-
ples as the somne is hid whan the stertes ben
clustred (that is to seyn, whan stertes ben
covered with cloudes) by a swifte winde
that highte Chorum, & that the firmament
stant derked by wete plouncy cloudes, &
that the stertes nat appeyn upon hevene,
so that the night semeth sprad upon
erthe; yf thanne the winde that highte Bo-
rion, ysent out of the cavea of the contree
of Trace, beteth this night (that is to seyn,
chaseh it away), & descoverty the closed
day: than ahynek the Phaebus ylahen with
acel light, and Smythe with his bemes
in merveling eye.

Drose III.

Haud alter tristici nebulis dissoluit.

Although other woes, the cloudens of sorwe dissolved
and don away, I took hevene, and received minde to know-
yn the face of my Fysoicien; so that I mette myyn eye on hir,
& fastene my lookeinge. I beholde my noirc Philosophe,
in whose house I hadde conversed & haunted fro my youth; & seide thus:
O thou bokestrate of all vertues, descended from the souven nat, why ar we comen into this solitary place of myn exile? Arrow comen for thou art made culpable with me of false blames?

O, QUOD she, my sorry, sholde I
forsaken thee long, and shoide I
not parten with thee, by comune
travaile, the charge that thou hast suffered for envi of my name? Certes, it were not leevalf ne sittinghe thing to Philosophe, to leten withoute company the way of
him that is innocent. Sholde I thanne re-
doute my blame, & assembler as though ther
were bishallen a new thing? quasi diseret,
non, for trouwestow that Philosophe be
now alderfirst assailed in perils by folk of
wilkede maners? Have I nat ariven with
fulgrire syn, in olde tymes, before the age
of my Plato, aynen the feohardinessse
of folye? And eel, the same Plato livinge,
his maister Socrates deservide victorie of
unrighted death in my presence. The her-
curious of which Socrates... the heritage is to
seyn the doctrine of the whiche Socrates in
his opinion of Felicitee, that I clepe wele-
fulnessse... whan that the people of Epi-
curiens and Stoiciens and many other en-
forceden him to go ravishe everich man
for his part... that is to seyn, that everich
of hem wolde drawn to the defence of his
opinion the wordes of Socrates... they,
fere, Ne the wey of thonder-leit, that is
wont to anyten heye torues, ne shal nat moevetoethatman. Where to thanne, or wrwech/ es, drede ye tirantus that ben wode and ferouus withoute any strengthe? Hopo ater either ne drede nat; & so shal
desarmen the ire of thilke unmyghty ti/ raint. But thosse that, quakinge, dredeeth or desirith thing that missef stabl of his
right, that man that dooth hath cast away
his sheeld & is removed fro his place, and
enlacen him in the cheyne with the which he
may ben drawen.

Proce IV.
Sentene, inquit, sec.

ELESTOW, quod she, thse things, & entreyn they aught
in thys corage? Hrrow lyke an ass to the
harpe? Why wepe/
wstow, why spilles-
tow teres? Yff thosse abydeast after help
of thy leche, thosse bi-
hoveth discovere thy wounde.

H0I, that hadde gathered strengthe
in my corage, answeerede and seide:
And nedeth yit, quod I, of rehers-
inge or of amonicous; and sheweth yat
ynough by himself the sharpnesse of for-
tune, that wexeth wood ayeins me? Ne
mocveth it nat thee to seen the face or the
manere of this place (i. priscum)? Is this
the librarie whiche to thou haddest chos/
en for a right certein acte to thee in myn
hous, thers thou desputedest ofte with
me of the sciences of thinges tocuynghe
divinitie and touchinghe mankinde? Was
thanne myn habite swich as it is now? Was
than my face or my chere swiche as now
(quasi diceret, non), whan I sawe with
thee secrets of natur, than thou enform-
edest my maneres and the resoum of alle
my lyf to the ensaumle of the ordre of
heven? Is nat this the guerdon that I
refere to thee, to whom I have ben obesiuan?
Certes, thou confermeast, by the mouth of
Plato, this sentence, that is to seyn,
that comune thinges or comunalitea wren
en blisful, yif they that hadden studied al
fully to wisdom governeden thilke thinges,
or elles yif it so bifiele that the govern-
oures of comunaliteudes studiuen to geten
wisdon.

Ou seiest ech, by the mouth of
the same Plato, that it was a necesa-
sarie cause, wyse men to taken
and desire the governaunce of comune thinges,
for that the governements of citvzenes, yeift
in the bandes of feroueus tormentous
citvzenes, ne sholde nat bringe in pestilence
& destriuicioun to gode foli. And therfor
I, folwinge thilke auctorite (sc. Platonis),
desiered to puyten forth in executioun
and in acte of comune administracioun thilke
thinges that I hadde lerned of thee among
my suaerc resting-whyles. Thou, and God
that puethe thee in the thoughts of wyse
foli, ben knowinge with me, that nothing
ne broughte me to maistrie or dignitee,
but the comune studie of alle goodnesse. And
thereof comith it that betwisen wyked foli
and me han ben grevous discorsed, that ne
migheten ben releast by preyers; for this
libertee hath the freedom of conscienc,
that the wrathe of more mighty foli hath
alwyse been despyed of me for auaicon of
right.

H00 ofte have I resisied and with-
tonde thilke man that highte
Coniguate, that made alwey as-
saute ayens the procede fortune of pure
febe foli. How ofte ech have I put of forcast
out him, Trigwill, provost of the kinges
hous, bothe of the wronges that he hadde
bigunne to doon, and ech fully performed?
How ofte have I covered & defended by
the auctorite of me, put ayeins perils... that
is to seyn, puyt myn auctorite in peril for...
the wrecched pore foli, that the coveteuse
of stranugere unpunished tournented-
en alwy with mishyse & grevousques out
of noumbe? Never man ne drow me yit fro
right to wronge. Whan I say the fortunes
and the richeses of the peole of the
provinces ben harmd or amusued, outher
by pricr ravynes or by comune tributes or ca-
riages, as sory was I as they that suffer-
en the harm.

Giossa. Whan that Theodoric, the king of
Gothes, in a derye, hadde hise gemerses
ful of corn, and comandende that no man
shoulde byen no corn til his corn were
sold, & that at a greedye dery preys, Boecce
withstood that ordinaunce, and overcom it,
knowinge al this the king himself.

Textus.
Whan it was in the soure hungry
yme, ther was established or
serued greevous and inpletible co-
empcioun, that men sayen wel it shold be
greelye turmenten & endagen at the pro-
vice of Campagine, I took stryf ayens
the provost of the pretorie for comunquepro-
fit. And, the king knowinge of it, overcom
it, so that the compeclion ne was not axed
ne took effect.

Giossa. Compecioun, that is to seyn, com-
une achat or bying togidere, that were
established upon the peole by swich a
manere imposicioun, as whoso boughte a
bussel corn, he moste yeve the king the
fifte part.
Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae

Tertius.

Paulin, a counsellor of Rome, the riches of the which Paulin the houndes of the palays, that is to seyn, the officeres, wolden han devoured by hope and covetise, yit draw him out of the jowe (ac. faucus) of them that gaped. And for as moche as the peyme of the accuacioun agiued biforn sholde nat socediely henten ne punisshen wrongfully Albin, a counsellor of Rome, I putte me ayeni the hatoes and indignacions of the accuacioun Ciprian. Is it nat thanne yough yseyn, that I have purchased grete discordes ayeni myselfe? But I oughte the more assured ayeni alle othere folk (s. Romans), that for the love of rightwrisme I ne reserved never nothing to myselfe to hemward of the higes halle, ac. officeres, by the whiche I were the more siluer. But thourgh the same accusours accusinge, I am condemnde. Of the nomber of the whiche accusors con Basilius, that whylom was chased out of the hinges service, is now compelled in accusinge of my name, for neede of foreine money. Also Oplion and Gaudencius have accused me, al be it so that the justice regal hadde whylom demed hem bothe to goe into exil for hir trecheryes and fraudes withoute noumber. To whiche judgement they holden nat o beye, but defendeden hem by the silerne of hody houses, that is to seyn, fledden into seintuaryes; and when this was perceived to the king, he commounced, that but they voldede the ciete of Ravenna by certain day assigned, that men sholde meriten hem on the fooz with an boot yren & chasen hem out of the town, now what thing, autem thee, might ben lykened to this crueltie? For certe, thelike same day was receiued the accusinge of my name by thilke same accusors. What may ben seid herto (quasi dicert, nichil), hath my studie and my cunninge deserved thus; or elles the forseide damnapcion of me, made that hem rightful accusors or no (quasi dicert, non). Was not fortune ashamed of this? Certes, al hadde nat for- tune ben ashamed that innocenc was accu- cised, yit oughte she han had shame of the filte of myne accusors.

I have wolde it, that is to seyn, the sava- cion of the senat, ne I shal never leten to wilne it, and that I confess & am alnowe; but the entente of the accusor to be des- toured shal ease. For shal I clepe it thanne a felonie or a sinne that I have des- ired the savacioun of the ordre of the senat? (quasi dicert, dubito quid). And certes yet hadde thilke same senat don by me, thorugh hir decretes & hir jugements, as though it were a sinne or a felonie; that is to seyn, to wilne the savacioun of hem (ac. senatus). But filothe, that lyethawly to himself, may not chaunge the merite of thinges. Ne I trowe nat, by the jugement of Socrates, that it were lefewe to me to hyde the sothe, ne assente to liengisse. But certes, how so ever it be of this, I putte it to geasen or prelien to the jugement of thee & of wyse folk. Of whiche thing al the or- dinance & the sothe, for as moche as folk that ben to comen after our dayes shullen knowen it, I have put it in scripture and in remembrance. For touching the letteres falsity maken, by whiche letteres I am ac- cused to han hoped the feredom of Rome, what aperteneth me to speke therof? Of whiche letteres the fraude hadde ben shewn- ed apertly, yif I hadde hadde libertee for to han used & ben at the confusion of myne accusours, the whiche thing in alle neda hath greet strengthe, for what other feredom may men hopen? Certes, I wolde that som other feredom mighte ben hoped. I wolde thanne han answerede by the wordes of a man that highte Canius; for whan he was accused by Gaius Cesar, Gemeynesone, that he (Canius) was knowenge and consentinge of a conjuracioun ymakedayeni (ac. Gaius), this Canius an- swerede thus: Yif I hadde wist it, thou haddest nat wist it. In which thing sorwe hath nat so dulled my wit, that i pleyne only that shewede foliis aparaile felonie ayeni vertu; but I wonde grealty how that they may performe thinges that they hadde hoped for to don. Forwhy, to wilne shrewdness, that comth peraunture of cure defaite; but it is lyk a monstre and a merwaille, bow that, in the present sighte of God, may ben achieved and performed swiche thinges as every felonious man hath conceived in his thought ayeni innocents. For which thing oon of the famileres nat unskilfully aseyd thus: Yif God is, whemen come wilkke thinges? And yet God ne is, whemen come gode thinges? Butal hadde it ben leeful that felonious folkis, that now desieren the blood & the deeth of alle gode men and eeh of alle the senat, han wilned to gon destroyen me, whom they han seyen alwey batailen & defenden gode men and eeh al the senat, yif had I nat dea-
served of the faderes, that is to seyn, of
the senatorices, that they sholden wilne
my destruction.

THOU rememberest wel, as I gesse,
that when I wolde doon or seyn
any thing, thou thyself, alway presen,
reweldest me. At the city of Verone,
when that the king, gydes of comune
slaughter, caste him to transporten up
at the ordre of the senat the gift of his real
majestie, of the whiche gift that Albin
was accused, with how gret silkenesse of peril
to me defendede I at the senat! Thou wost
wel that I eyrebooth, ne I ne axantede me
never in presysinge of myself. For alway,
when any wight receveth precious renoun
in avanteing himselfe of his werkes, he
amenuseth the secrece of his conscience.
But now thou mayst wel se, to what end I am
comen for myne innocence; I receive payne
of fals felonye for gerdon of verray vertu.
And what open confession of felonye
haddede ever juges so accoarnt in cruelty,
that is to seyn, as myn accusinge hath,
that either errore of mannes wit or elles
condicon of Fortune, that is uncertain
to alle mortal fylk, ne submitted some of
him, that is to seyn, that it ne enclyned
som juge to han pitee or compassion?
For althought I hadde ben accused that
I wolde brene holy houses, and straunge
presteis with wilked swerde, or that I
haddede greythed deeth to al gode men,
algate the sentence sholde han punished
me, present, confessid, or convicte. But
now I am remewed fro the citee of Rome
almost fype hundred thousand pas, I am
withoute defence dampened to proscrip-
cion and to the deeth, for the studie and
bountees that I have doon to the senat.
But O, wel ben they worthy of merite (as
who seith, nay), ther mighte never yit non
of hem be convicte of swiche a blame as myne
is! Of whiche trepas, myne accusour
asen ful wel the dignitee; the whiche dig-
nitee, for they wolde derien it with med-
ing of som felonye, they baren me on
hand, and lyden, that I hadde petut and
defouled my conscience with sacrilege, for
covetise of dignitee. And certes, thou thy
self, that art plaunted in me, chaced out of
the sege of my corage al covetise of
mortal thinges; ne sacrilege hadde no leve
to ban a place in me biforn thyn eyen.
For thou droppedeth every day in myne eres
and in my thought thile comandement
of Diexagorun, that is to seyn, men shal
serve to Godde, & not to goddes. Neit was
nat convenient, ne no nede, to taken help
of the foulest spirites: I, that thou hast or
deined & set in swiche excellence that thou
madebest me lyk to God. And over this,
the right elene secrece chamber of myne
houe, that is to seyn, my wyf, & the com-
panye of myn honest frendes, and my
wyves fader, as wel holy as worthy to ben
reverenced through his owenededes, defend/
en me from alle suspiccion of swich blame.
But O malice! for they that accusen me
taken of thee, Philosophie, feith of so
gret blame! for they troven that I have had
affinitee to malefic or enchaunteyment,
bycause that I am replenisshed and fulfilled
with thy tychinges, and enformed of thy
maneres. And thus it suffiseth not only,
that thy reverence ne avale me not, but yif
that thou, of thy free will, rather be blam-
ished with myn offensicen. But certes, to
the harnes that I have, ther bitydeth yit
this encrea of harm, that the gessinge &
the jugement of moche folk ne looken no-
thing to the desertes of thinges, but only
to the aventure of fortune; and jugen that
only swiche thinges ben purveyed of God,
whiche that tempret welefulnessesse com-
medeth.
Geso. As thus: that, yif a wight have pro-
speritee, he is a good man and worthy to
han that prosperitee; and whose hath ad-
versee, he is a wilked man, and God hath
forsyne him, and he is worthy to han that
adversee. This is the opinion of some
folk.

And therof cometh that good gess-
inge, first of alle thing, forsaken
wreche: certes, it greweth me to
thinke right now the dyverse sentences
that the people seith of me. And thus
moche 1 seye, that the last charge of con-
trarious fortune is this: that, when that
any blame is leyd upon a calatif, men wen
that he hath deserved that he suffreth.
And I, that am put away fro gode men,
and despoiled of dignitees, & defouled of
my name by gessinge, have suffred torment
forme & goddes. Certes, me semeth that
I see the feleson coines of wilked men
habounden in joye and in gladnesse.
And I see that every lorde shapeth him to
finde out newe fraudes for to accuse gode folk.
And I see that gode men beth overthrown
for drede of my peril; & every luxurisous
ruffe & dar don alle felonye unpunish-
ed & ben excited therto by yfites; and
innocents ben not ony despoiled of isker-
nesse but of defence; and therefore me list
to cryen to God in this wyse:

Metre V.

O stellifer condivor orbis.
Boethius de Consolation Philosophiae

sterres to suffringly lawe; so that the more sometymes hyming with hir ful horns, meting with alle the bemes of the same hir brother, hydeth the sterres that ben lesse; and sometyme, when the mone, pale with hir dere horns, approche the somne, lessett hir lightes; and that the eystere Nepheus, whiche that in the fraste tymne of the night bringeth forth hir colde arringes, cometh eth ayen hir used cours, & is pale by the morwe at the rystynge of the somne, and is thanne cleped Lucifer. Thou reestreinest the day by shorter dwelling, in the tymne of colde winter that malaketh the leves to faile. Thou dividest the swifte tydes of the night, when the hote somer is comen. Thy might atempesthe the varianta sesons of the yere; so that Zephyrus the debonere wind bringeth ayen, in the first somer sesoun, the leves that the wind that highte Boreas hathreft awyn in autumnne, that is to seyn, in the laste ende of somer; and the seedes that the sterre that highte Arcturus saw, ben waxen heye cometh when the sterre Sirius eschauffeth hem. Ther nis nothin unbounde from his olde lawe, ne forletheth the werk of his proprespit.

THOU governour, governinge alle things by certein ende, why ref unstow to governe the werkynge of men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that anyding fortune tormeth so grete entrechaunginghes of thinghes, so that anyous peyne, that sholde dewely punishe felounys, punisheth innocents? And folk of wilhelme manere sitten in heycyares, and anyonghe folk trede, & that unrightfully, on the nekes of holy men? And ver tu clerhysinghe naturely is hid in derke derkenesees, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. Ne forweringe ne la fraude, covered and kembed with a falco colour, ne anoyeth nat to shrewes; the shrique shrewes, whan hem list to usen hir strengthe, they rejysen hem to putten under hem the soverayne kinges, whiche that people withouten nombrre dreeden.

THOU, what so ever thou be that limittet alle bonedes of thinghes, a loke on this wretchedede ethere; we men that ben nat a foule party, but a fayr party of a grete a werk, we ben tormentes in this see of fortune. Thou governour, withdraw and restreyn the ravisshinge florides, and fastene and ferme thise ethere stable with thilke bonde, with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

Prose V.

Dic ubi continuato dolore delatravi.

HANNahadde, with a continuo aorwe, bobbed or boken out thishe thinghes, she with hir chere presible, and nothiing amoved with my complente, seide thus: When I say thee, quod she, sorweful and wepeinge, I wiset anon that thou were a wreche and exile; but I wiste neverhow fer thyme exile was, yf thys tale ne hadde showeth it to me. But certee, al be thou fer fro thy contree, thou art nat put out of it; but thou hast failed of thy weye and gon amio. And yf thou hast lever for to wene that thou be put out of thy contree, than hast thou put out thyself rather than any other wight hath. For no wight but thyselfe ne mighte never han don that to thee. For yf thou remembre of what contree thou art born, it nis nat governed by emperours, ne by governement of multitude, as weren the contrees of hem of Athenes; but o lord and o king, and that is God, that is lord of thy contree, whiche that rejoyseth him of the dwelling of his citezene, and nat for to putte hem in exit; of the which lorde it is a soveraynne freedom to be governed by the brydel of him and o beye to his justice. Hastow forvosten thilke right olde lawe of thy cium, in the whiche cium it is ordeigned and established, that for what wight that hath lever founden therin his satre or his houe than ellewhere, he may nat be exiled by no righte from that place? For whoso that is contened inwith the pals and the clos of thilke cium, ther nis no drede that he may deserve to ben exiled. But whoso that leteth the vil for to enhaeb he, he forletheth also to deserve to ben ciumen of thilke cium. So that I say, that the face of this placemoveth men nat so mchel as thyne owne face. Ne I axe nat rather the wallles of thy librarie, aperayled and wrought with ywory & with glas, than after the sete of thy thought. In whiche I putte nat whylom bokes, but I putte that that maketh bokes worthy of pryse or precious, that to seyn, the sentence of my bokes. And certeynly of thy desartes, bisowed in comune good, thou hast said sooth, but after the multitude of thy gode dede, thou hast said fewe. But the of coun- tee or of the falsenesse of thinghes that ben aposed ayens thee, thou hast remembre thinges that ben knowen to alle folk. And of the felonys and fraudes of thyme accussours, it semeth thee have youtouched it forsethe rightfully & shortly, al mighten
the same thinges better and more plentifully ben couthe in the mouthe of the people that knoweth at this.

It hast eek blamed grettly and com-
pleined of the wrongful dede of the
senat. And thou hast soowed for my
blame, & thou hast wopen for the damage
of thy renoun that is payred; and thy laste
sorwe echaufedeye aeyins fortune, & com-
plesiest that guerdouns ne ben nat even-
liche yolden to the desertes of folk. And
in the latere ende of thy wode Muse, thou
preydest that thilike pees that governeth
the heyne sholde governance the erthe. But
for that manye tribulationes of affliccion
was assailed thee, and sorwe and fue & wep-
inge tookarne thee diversely; as thou art
now feble of thought, mightier remedies
is shullen nat yet touchen thee, for whiche
we wol use somde lighter medicines: so
that thilike passioune that ben waxen hard
in swellinges, byperturbationes flowing
into thy thought, mowen waxen esy and
softe, to receive the strengthe of a more
mighty and more gre medicine, by an esier
touchinge.

Metre VI.
Cum Phæbi radiis grave
Canceri sidus inestans.

THAN that the hevy sterre of
Cancre echaufeth by the
bemes of Phæbus, that is to
seyne, whan that Phæbus the
sonne is in the signe of the
Cancre, whose yeve thamme
largely bise sedes to the fieldes that refu-
sen to receven hem, let him gone, bigyled
of trust that he addde to his corn, to acorns
of olues. Yf thou wolt godre violettes, ne
go thou not to the purpur wode when
the field, chinking, agrype of olde by the
tempe of the winde that bighth Aquilon.
Yf thou desierest or wolt user grapes, ne
ake thou nat, with a glotonous bond, to
streynge and presse the stalles of the vine
in the first somer season; for Bacchus, the
god of wyne, hath rather seyn his yeveles
to autumne, the late ende of somer.

OD toketh & assigneth the tymes,
salbing hem to his proper offices;
ne he ne suffreth nat the stoundes
whiche that himself hath devyded and con-
stryned to ben medied togidere. And
forthbe he that forlечен certaine ordinar
ance of doinge by overthrowinge wey, bene
hath no glade issue or ende of his werkis.

Prose VI.
Primum irrigut paterisme me pauculis ro-
gacionibus.

FIRST wolowe suffre me to touche &
assaye the estat of thy thought by a
fewe demandes, so that I may unders-
stande what be the maner of thy cura-
cion? O Axe me, quod I, at thy wille,
what thou wolt, and I shall answereth.

O seidest thou: Whether wene-
stow, quod she, that this world be
governed by foolish happes and
fortunes, or else that ther be in it any
government of reasoun?

CERTES, quod I, ne trowe nat in
no maner, that so certaine things
sholde be moved by fortune and
bystow, that only men were put out of the cure of God. For
of alle other thinges thou ne doute
nat that they were governed by
reason. But owel (i. pape!) I wondre grettly, certes, why
that thou art syn, sin that thou art put in so
belloo a sentence. But lat us gheen de-
per; I conjecte that ther lakketh I not nere
what. But seye me this: sin that thou ne
doest nat that this world be
governed by God, with which governales take how
bede that it be governed?

NNETHE, quod I, nowe I the sent-
tence of thy question; so that I
ne may nat yet answeren to thy
demandes.

NAS nat deceived, quod she, that
ther ne fallesh somwhat, by whiche
the malady of thy perturbation is
crept into thy thought; and the
strength of the palis chyning is open. But seye me
this: remembrest thou what is the ende
of thinges, and wold that the entencium of
alle kinde tendeth?

AVG herd it told of sometime, quod
yemt I; but dreynesse hath dulled my
memorie.

CERTES, quod she, thou wost wel
whenes that alle thinges ben com-
en and procedeth?

I wot well, quod I, and answerede, that
God is beginning of al.

ND how may this be, quod she, that,
sin thou knowest the beginning of
thinges, that thou ne knowest nat
what is the ende of thinges? But swiche

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DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHICAE.

BOOK II. PROSE I.

De rerum natura. 

After this she stinte a liter; and, after she had gathered by aetemps stillinessa myn attencion, she acide thus: (As who mighte seyn thus: After this things she stinte a liter; and, when she perceived by aetemps stillinessa that she was ententif to beginn, she incontinent (in this wyse): Yf I, quod she, have understood en known outre the causes and the habit of thy maladye, thou languisest

and art defected for desyre and talent of thy rather fraught. She, that lie fortune only, that is changed, and thow foart, to theeward, hath perverted the cleernesse and the estat of thy corage. I understande the telesofale colours and deceties of thike merelius monstre fortune, & she useth ful flatering familiarite with hem, & it enforce the bigote so longe, that she confound how un sufferable sorwe hem that she hath left in despeye unpurveyed. And yf thow remembre wet the hinde, the manere, and the desert of this fortune, thou shal we knowe that, as I thinke thou never handling chesty lost any thing. But, as I trowe, I shall not greatly travaile to do therewem.
bren onthose things, for thou were wont to hurtelen and despyse hir, with manye wordes, when she was blaudiassing and present, & pursweede hir with sentence.

Com now forrethere the suasion of swe
tene rethore, whiche that goth only the right wy, whyl she forsalethe nat myne estatutes. And with Rhetorice com forth Muscie, a damissel of our hous, thar singeth now nightem moedes or prolocious, now heyver. What eyleth thee, man? What is it that hath caste thee into monninge and into wipinge? I trowe that thou hast seym som new thing and uncouth. Thou weneest that Fortune be chaunginge ayein thee; but thou weneest wrong, yf thou that wene. Alwye thou ben hir maner; she hath rather kept, as to theeward, hir propre stableness in the chaungenge of hirself. Right swich is she when she flatered thee, & deceived thee with unleverful lykinges of fals weleful
nesse. Chou hast now knowen and ataynt the doutous or double visage of thishe blinde goddesse Fortune. She, that yit covereth hir and wimples hir to other folk, hath showen hir everydel to thee. Yf thou approvest hir and thenkest that she is good, use hir manerse and pleyne thet nat. And yf thou agryssest hir false trechery, despyse and cast awye hir that pleyth so harmfully; for she, that is now cause of so muche sorwe to thee, sholden ben cause to thee of pese & of joye. She hath forsalen thee, forsothe; the whiche that never man may ben siker that shene shall forsake him.

Glosse. But nathelesse, som bokes han the text thus: for sothe, she hath forsaketh thee, ne ther nis no man siker that she ne hath nat forsaken.

OLDSTOW than thilke weleful
nesse precioso to thee that shal passen? And is present Fortune derowerto to thee, which that nis nat feith
ful for to dwelle; and, when she gothaway, that she bringeth a wight in sorwe? For sin god what nat ben withheld at amanen
s wille, she maketh him a wrecche when she departeth fro him. What other thing is flitinge Fortune but a maner shewing of wrecchenesse that is to comen? Ne it ne suffyseth not only to lochen on thing that is present biforn the eye of a man. But wisdom loketh and amesurueth the ende of things; & the same chaunginge from oon into another, that is to seym, from adver
sitee into prosperitee, maketh that the manaces of fortune ne ben not for to dreed
en, ne the flateringes of hir to ben desired. Thus, at the laste, it bishoweth thee to suffre with even wille in patience al that is don inwith the floor of fortune, that is to seym, in this world, sin thou hast ones put thynelke under the yol of hir. For yf thou wolt wryten a lawe of wendinge & of dwel
linge to fortune, which that thou hast chosen frely to ben thy lady, artow nat wrongfull in that, & maketh fortune wroth and aspere by thyn impatience, & yit thou mayst nat chaung hir?

If thou committest and bitaketh thy sailes to the winde, thou shalt be of shoven, nor thiner that thou wold
est, but whider that the wind showeth thee. Yf thou castesty thy sedes into the feldes, thou sholdest han in minde that the yers ben, amenges, otherwyse plentevous and otherwyse bareyne. Chou hast bitaken thyself to the governance of Fortune, and forthby it bishoweth thee to ben obelains to themaner of thy lady. Enforcest thou thee to aresten or witholden the swift
nesse & the sweghe of hir turninge wherde? O thou fool of alle mortalfooles, if Forgetnigian to dwelle stable, she ceeseth thanme to ben fortune!

Metre I.

Decem superba vererit vices dextra.

Ful Fortune with a proud
right hand hath torment hir
chaunginge stoundes, she
fareth lyth the maner of the
boilinge Europe. Glosa.
Europe is an arm of the see that
ebeth and howeth; and somtyme the
stream is on o syde, and somtyme on the
other. Text. She, cruel fortune, casteth a
down hinges that whylom weren ydrad; &
she, receivable, enhauseth the humble
chere of him that is discomfited. Ne se
neither hereth ne reketh of wrecche
depinges; & she is so hard that she laugh
eth and acometh the weepinges of hir, the
whiche she hath maken wepe with hir free
wille. Thus she pleyth, & thus she proveth
hir strengthes; and sheweth a greet
wonder to alle hir servante, yf that a
wight is seym weleful, and overthrowe in
an houre.
Prose II.

\[ \text{Prose II.} \]

\[ \text{VELEM AUTEM PAXA TECUM.} \]

\[ \text{HORSES, I wolde plente with thee a fewethinges, usinge} \]
\[ \text{the worde of fortune; tak heede now thyself, yif that she} \]
\[ \text{axeth right: O thou} \]
\[ \text{man, wherfore mak} \]
\[ \text{est thou me glitt} \]
\[ \text{by thyne everydayes} \]
\[ \text{pleyningeis? What wrong have I don thee?} \]
\[ \text{What goodesse have I bireft thee that wert} \]
\[ \text{thyne? Stryf or plete with me, before what} \]
\[ \text{juge that thou shalt, of the possession} \]
\[ \text{of richesses or of dignitez. And yif thou} \]
\[ \text{mayst shewen me that ever any mortal} \]
\[ \text{man hast receiued any of the thinges to} \]
\[ \text{be holden in propretty, than wol I grante frely} \]
\[ \text{that alle thilke thinges were thyne whiche that} \]
\[ \text{thou axest. Whan that nature noughte} \]
\[ \text{thee forth out of thy moder wombe, I} \]
\[ \text{receiued thee naked and nedy of alle thinges,} \]
\[ \text{and I norisshed thee with my richesses, and} \]
\[ \text{was redy and ententioun through my fav} \]
\[ \text{oure to susteyne thee; and that maketh} \]
\[ \text{thou nynpacte any enimes me; and I} \]
\[ \text{emvironde thee with alle the abundance} \]
\[ \text{and shyninge of alle gooden that ben in} \]
\[ \text{my right. Now it lyketh me to withdrawen my} \]
\[ \text{hand; thou hast had grace as he that hath} \]
\[ \text{used of forreigne goodes: thou hast no right} \]
\[ \text{to pleyne thee, as though thou haddest} \]
\[ \text{outrely for to lortle alle thy thinges. Why pleyn} \]
\[ \text{nest thou thanne? I have done thee no} \]
\[ \text{wrong. Richesses, honours, and swich} \]
\[ \text{other thinges ben of my right. My ser} \]
\[ \text{vaunteis knowen me for his lady; they com} \]
\[ \text{en with me, & departen when I wende. I dar} \]
\[ \text{wel affermen hardily, that yif the thinges} \]
\[ \text{of which thou pleynest that thou hast for} \]
\[ \text{lorn, hadde ben thyne, thone hadde not lorn hem.} \]
\[ \text{Shal I thanne ony ben defended to} \]
\[ \text{usen my right?} \]

\[ \text{HORSES, it is levelful to the heaven} \]
\[ \text{to make cler dayes, & after that, to} \]
\[ \text{coveren the same dayes with derke} \]
\[ \text{nigheten. Chayyer hath eek leve to appari} \]
\[ \text{len the visage of the erthe, now with floures} \]
\[ \text{and now with fruit, & to confounden hem} \]
\[ \text{somtyme with renes, and with coldes. The} \]
\[ \text{see hath eek his right to ben somtyme} \]
\[ \text{calme & blaudlishing with smothe wateres,} \]
\[ \text{and somtyme to ben horrible with wavves} \]
\[ \text{and with tempestes. But the covetise of} \]
\[ \text{men, that may nat ben stamched, shal} \]
\[ \text{it binde me to ben stedefast, sin that stede} \]
\[ \text{fastnesse is uncouth to my maneris.} \]
\[ \text{Swich is my strengthe, & this pleyn I ple} \]
\[ \text{yen continually. I torne the whirlinge wheel} \]
\[ \text{with the torninge circle: I am glad to} \]
\[ \text{chaungyen the lowest to the heystest, and the} \]

\[ \text{heystest to the lowest. Worth up, if thou} \]
\[ \text{wolt, so it be by this lawe, that thou ne} \]
\[ \text{holde nat that I do thee wronge though thou} \]
\[ \text{descende adown, when the resoun of my} \]
\[ \text{pleyn axeth it.} \]

\[ \text{IEST thou nat how Creus} \]
\[ \text{es, the king of Lydien, of whiche} \]
\[ \text{king Cyrus was ful sore agaist a} \]
\[ \text{litel biforn, that this rewliche Creus} \]
\[ \text{was caught of Cyrus and lad to the fyr to ben} \]
\[ \text{bren, but that a rayn descendede down fro} \]
\[ \text{hevene that rescowevede him? And is it out} \]
\[ \text{of thy mind how that Paulus, consaul of} \]
\[ \text{Rome, when he hadde taken the king of} \]
\[ \text{Persiens, weep pitously for the captiviteit} \]
\[ \text{of the self henge? What other thing bi} \]
\[ \text{wallen the crynges of tragedyes but only} \]
\[ \text{the deedes of fortune, that with an unwor} \]
\[ \text{stroke overcometh realmes of grete nob} \]
\[ \text{leye?} \]

\[ \text{Tragedie is to seyn, a ditee of} \]
\[ \text{a prosperite for a tyne, that endeth in} \]
\[ \text{wrechechedesse.} \]

\[ \text{ERNEST nat thou in Greke,} \]
\[ \text{when thou were yonge, that in the} \]
\[ \text{entree, or in the celere, of Jupiter,} \]
\[ \text{ther ben couched two tonnes; that on is} \]
\[ \text{ful of good, that other is ful of harm.} \]
\[ \text{What right hast thou to pleyne, yif thou} \]
\[ \text{hast taken more plenteously of the good} \]
\[ \text{syde, that is to seyn, of my richesses and} \]
\[ \text{prosperites; and what eelk if I ne be nat al} \]
\[ \text{departed fro thee? What eelk yif my muta} \]
\[ \text{blitez yiveth thee rightful cause of} \]
\[ \text{hope to han yit betterthings? Nathesles dismaye} \]
\[ \text{thee nat in thy thought; and thou that art} \]
\[ \text{put in the comune realme of alle, ne desyre} \]
\[ \text{nat to livyn by thyn only propre right.} \]

\[ \text{Metre II.} \]

\[ \text{Si quantae rapidia flatibus incitae.} \]

\[ \text{TOUH Plente, that is god,} \]
\[ \text{desse of richesses, hiddle a} \]
\[ \text{doun with ful horn, and with} \]
\[ \text{draweth his hand, as many} \]
\[ \text{richesses as the see torneth} \]
\[ \text{upward sundes when it is} \]
\[ \text{moeved with ravishinge blastes, or elles} \]
\[ \text{as many richesses as the shynen brighte} \]
\[ \text{steres on hevene on the sterry nightes; yif, for al that, mankunde nolde not cose to wepe} \]
\[ \text{wrechechede pleyntes. And al be it so} \]
\[ \text{that God receyveth gladly hir preyers, and} \]
\[ \text{yiveth them (as fool.large) moche gold, &} \]
\[ \text{aparaleth covetous men with noble or} \]
\[ \text{clere hounours; yif semeth hem havyn get} \]
\[ \text{en nothing, but alwys hir cruel raynyn, de} \]
\[ \text{vouringe al that they han geten, abeweth} \]
\[ \text{othercappinges; that is to seyn, gapen and} \]
\[ \text{desyren yit after no richesses. What bry} \]
\[ \text{dles mghten withholde, to any certein} \]
\[ \text{ende, the desordence covetise of men, whan,} \]
\[ \text{ever the rather that it fleeth in large yiftes,} \]
\[ \text{the more ay bremeth in hem the thurst of} \]

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havinge? Certea he that, quakinge & dread-
ful, weneth himselfen nedy, he ne liveth
nevermore riche.

Proe III.

Hius igitur si pro se tecum fortuna loque-
retur.

PERFOR, yif that fortune spake with thee for himself in
this manere, forsothe thou ne haddest nat what thou
mightest answere. And, if thou hast
anything wherwith thou mayest right-
fully defend thy compleint, it behoveth
thee to shew it; & I wol well the space to
tell it.

CERTEYNLY, quod I thanne, thine
beth faire thinges, & moonest with
hony sweetenesse of rethoreike and
mushile; and only why? they ben herd they
ben delicious. But to wrecches is a de-
pper felinge of harm; this is to seyn, that
wrecches selen the harmes that they suf-
fren more grievously than the remedies or
the delites of thise wordes mowen gladen
or comforten hem; so that, when thise
thinges stitten for to soune in eree, the
norwe that is inset greveth the thought.

LICH to is it, quod she, for this ne
ben yit none remedies of thyme mal-
dye; but they ben a maner norish-
inges of thy sorwe, yit rebel ayen thy cura-
cion, for whan that tyne is, I shal moove
awiche thinges that peren himselfe depe.
But natheles, that thou shalt not wilme to
leten thyself a wreche, hast thou foryeten
the number and the manere of thy wele-
fulnesse? I holde me stille, how that
the soverayne men of the cite dooken thim
in cure and heiping, when thou wert orphel
of fader and moder, and were chosen in a f
finite of princes of the cite; and thou bi-
gonne rather to be leef and dere than for to
be a neighbour; the whiche thing is the
most precious kind of any propinuice or
alaynance that may ben. Whi is it that ye
selde tho that thou wert welful, with
so grete a nobyle of thy fadresin/waye,
and with the chastitie of thy wyf, and with
the opportunite and noblesse of thy man-
culin children, that is to seyn, thy thinges?
And over at this, me liet to passen the
comune thinges, how thou haddest in thy
youthe dignitees that wereñet warren to olde
men. But it delyseth me to come mon no
to the singular upheping of thy weleful-
nesse. Yif any fruit of mortal thinges may
han any weghte or pryse of welefulnesse,
miesteth thou ever foryeten, for any charge

of harm that mighte bисalle, the remem-
brance of thilke day that thou says thy
two sones maked conselors, and ylad to
gedere fro thy house under no grete as-
semble of senoatours & under the blithe-
nesse of pople; and when thou sayes hem
set in the court in here chayren of digni-
tees? Thou, retheren or pronuncere of
kinges preysinges, deservede glorie of
wit and of eloquence, when thou, sittinge
bitwen thy two sones, conselors, in the
place that highte Circo, fulfulldest the a-
bysinge of the multitude of pople that
was sproadabouten thee, with so large prey-
singe & laude, as men singen in victories.
The yawe thou wordes to fortune, as I
trowe, that is to seyn, the feffedest thou
fortune with glosinges wordes & deceived
eat hir, when she acouete thee and norisa-
ished thee as hir owne delices. Thou bere
away of fortune a yffe, that is to seyn,
wische guerdoun, that she never yaf to
prive man. Wilt thou therfor eyre a rehen-
ings with fortune? She hath now twinkled
first upon thee with a whilate eye. Yif thou
consideride the noombre and the manere of
thy blisses and of thy sorwes, thou mayest
not forsaken that thou art yet blissful. For
if thou therfor wenesst thyself nat welful,
for thinges that tho seneiden joyeful ben
passed, thei nis nat why thou aboldest
wene thyself a wreche; for thinges that
semen now sorye passen alao.

ART thou now comen first, a boden
large, into the shadowe or tabernacle
of this lyf; or truesth thou that any
stedefastnesse be in mannes thinges,
when ofte a swift houre dissolved the
same man; that is to seyn, when the soule
departeth fro the body? For, although
that selde is ther any feith that fortunous
thinges wolen dwelle, yit natheles the
laaste day of amannes lyf is a manere deeth
to fortune, and also to thilke that hath
dwel. And therfor, what, wenestow, thar
thee recche, yif thou forlite hir in de-
inge, or elles that she, Fortune, forlite thee
in fleeginge awaye?

Metre III.

Cum polo Ἐρέbus rosea quadrige.

HAN Dhebus, the somne, bi-
ginneth to spreden his cleer-
nesse with roseene chariettes,
chame the sterre, ydimmend,
ghaleth hir wyte chere,
by the flambe of the somne that
overcometh the sterrelight. This is to
seyn, when the somne is risen, the
der sterre waxeth pale, and leschir hir light for
the grete brightness of the somne.
WHEN the wode wexeth rody of roseine floures, in the first somer assoun, thorugh the brethe of the winde Zephirua that wexeth warm, yif the cloudy winde Huster blowe felliche, than goth awey the fairenesse of thones.

If the see is clere and calm without moeinge flocede; and ofte the horrible winde Aquilon moweth boylinge tempestes and overw hethe the see.

If the forme of this worlde is so seide stable, and yif it turgeth by so many entreaunchinges, wilt thou thame trusten in the tomblinge fortunes of men? Wolt thou twometh on flittinge goodes? It is certein and established by lawe perdurable, that nothing that is engendered his atedfast ne stable.

Prose IV.

Tunc ego, vera, inquam, commemoramus.

ANNE SEIDE I thus: Onorice of alle vertues, thou seist it full goode: ne I may not forsake the right switte cours of my prosperitee; that is to seyn, that prosperitee ne be come to me, but I must be the cause to me wonder swiftely and some. But this is a thing that greiletly smertehe me when it remembereth me. For in all adversitee of fortune, the most unsely kinde of contrarious fortune is to han ben weleful.

It pat thau, quod she, abyest thus the torment of thy false opinion, that mayst thou nat rightheblamen ne artatten to thinges: as who seith, for thou hast yit many habundances of thinges.

Text.

OR al be it so that the ydel name of aventurous welefulnesse moeeth thecnow, it is leseful that thoukhe with me of how manye grete thinges thou hast yit plente, and therfor, yif that thilke thing that thou haddest for most precious in al thy richesse of fortune be kept to thee yit, by the grace of God, unwemmed and unde loued, mayst thou thanne pleyne righfully upon the mesche of fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beast thinges? Certes, yif liveth in good point thilke precious honoure of mankunde, Synw acus, thy wyves fader, which that is a man made alle of sapience and of vertu; the whiche man thou woldest beyn redely with the prys of thyn owne lyf. He biaweth the wronges that men don to thee, and nat for himself; for he liveth in silwerneess of any sentences put ayeins him. And yif liveth thy wyf, that is atempre of wit, & passinge other wimmen in clenness of chastitee; and for I wol closeyn shortly hir bountees, she is lyk to hir fader. I telle thee, that she liveth thereof of this lyf, and kepeth to thee onl only hir goost; and is al maat and overcomen by wepinge and sorwe for desyr of thee, in the whiche thing only I most graunted that thy welefulnesse is amenusted. What shal I seyn ech of thi two sones, conselours, of whiche, as of children of hir age, theh abyneth the lytmese of the wit of hir fader or of hir elder fader? And sin the sovereigne cure of alle mortel folkis to saven hir owen lyves, shoue weleful art thou, yif thou honowe thy goodes! For yif ben ther thinges dwellen to theward, that no man deuteh that they ne ben more derowreth to thee than thyn owen lyf. And forthy drye thy teres, for yit nis nat everich fortune al hateful to theward, ne over greet tempeat hath nat yit fallen upon thee, whan that thyn aneres eleven faste, that neither wolen suffren the comfort of this tyme present ne the hope of tyme coneinge to passen ne to paylen.

NDI preye, quod I, that Faste moten they halden; for whylen that they halden, howsewer that thinges ben, I shal wel feten Forth & escapen; but thou mayat wel seeh how grete aparyales and aray that me lakketh, that ben passen away frome me.

HAVE somwhat avanced and forthed thee, quod she, yif that thou amo ye nat or fortheith nat of al thy fortune: as who seith, I have somwhat comforted thee, so that thou tempest thee nat thus with al thy fortune, sin thou hast yit thy beste thinges. But I may nat suffren thy delices, that pleyneth so wepeinge & anguisous, for that ther lakketh somwhat to thy welefulnesse. For what man is so sad or of so parfit welefulnesse, that he ne stryveh & pleycheth on som halve ayen the qualitee of his estat? Forwhye ful anguisous thing is the condition of mannes goodes; for either it cometh nat altogether to a wight, or elles it last nat perpetuel. For summan hath greterichesses, but he is ashamed of his ungentel lineage; and som is renowne of nobiles of kinrede, but he is enclosed in so grete anguishe of nede of thinges, that him were lever that he were unknowe. And som man habundeth both in richesse and noblese, but yit he bawileth his chaste lyf, for he ne hath no wyf. And som man is wel & selilym maried, but he hath no children, and norisheth his richesses to the eyres of strange folkes. And som man is glaied with children, but he wepeth ful sory for the trepas of his
sone or of his daughter. And for this thine acorderth no wight lightly to the condi-
cion of his fortune; for alwaye to every man ther in is somewhat that, unassayed, he ne wot nat; or elles he detheth that he hath assayed. And addie this also, that every weleful man hath a ful delicat felinge; so that, but yf alle thinges bifielle his owne wil, for he is impatient, or nat used to han non adversite, anon he is thrown adoun for every litle thing. And ful litle thinges ben tho that withdrawen the somme or the perfecteoun of blisfulnesse fro hem that ben moste fortunat. How many men, trou-
esthewol, waldem demen hemselfe to ben alm-
est in hevene, yif they migheten atayne to the laste party of the remnant of thy fortune? This same place that thou clepest exil, is concre to hem that enhabin heer, and forthy nothing is wrenched but when thou weneest it: as who seith, thou thyself, ne no wight elles, nis a wrecce, but when he weneeth himself a wrecce by reputacioun of his corage. And ayecward, alle fortune is blisful to a man by the agacitee or by the egalitee of him that suffreth it.

 Hath man that, that is so wele-
ful, that wolde changen his estat when he hath lost patience? The swettenes of mannes welefulnesse is spraied with many biterenesse; the whiche welefulnesse, although it semel swete and joyful to hem that usest it, yif may it net ben withholden that it neth goth away when it wolde. Thanne is it well aene, how wrecchen is the blisfulnesse of mortal thinges, that neither it dureth perpetuell with hem that every fortune receiven agre-
ably or egaly, neit delyyteth nat al to hem that ben anguisse. Oymeowtfolk, what seke ye thanne blisfulnesse out of your-
self, whiche that is put in youself? Erourd and folye confoundeth yow.

Hat maner man, stable & war, that wolde founden him a perdurable acte, & ne wolde nat ben cast down with the loud blaster of the wind Eurog; & wolde deapseye the se, manasinghe with noddes; lat hem es-
cheven to bide on the cop of the mountainge or the moiste sandes. For the felle wound Auster tormenteth the cop of the mountainge with all his strengethe; and the lauze sandes refusen to beryn the hevy wighte.

And forthy, if thow wolt fleen the perilous adventur, that is to seyn, of the worlde; haveminde certeynly to flechen thyn hous of a merye site in a lowe stoon. For although the wond, troub-
ling the se, thonde with overthrowing-
es, thou that art put in quiete, and weleful by strengthe of thy palis, shalt leden a cleer age, scorning the woodneses and the irdes of the eyr.
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Prose V.
Sectum rationem jam in te.

Foras as moche as the norishinges of my resouns descend now into the, I trowe it were tyme to useus a little stronger medicines. Now understanding here, al were it so that the yste of Fortune were nat brutel in transitorie, what is ther in hem that may be thyn in any tyme, or elles that it nis foul, yif that it be considered and loked perfitly? Richesses, ben they precious by the nature of themself, or elles by the nature of thee? What is most worth of richesses? Is nat gold or might of moneye assembled? Certes, thilke gold and thilke moneye shyneth & yeveth bethere renoun to ben that deppenden it thanne to thilke folk that moheren it: for avarice maketh alwey moheres to ben hated, and largesse maketh folk cleer of renoun. For sin that switch thing as is transferred fram o man to another ne may nat dwellen with no man; certes, thanne is thilke moneye precious when it is translated into other folk and stenteth to ben had, by usage of largeynge of him that hath yeven it. And also: yif that al the moneye that is overal in the worlde were gadered toward o man, it sholde makhen alle other men to ben nedy as of that. And certes a voys al hool, that isto seyn, without amenusinge, fullilith togidere the hering of moche folk; but certes, your richesses nemowen nat passen in moche folk without amenusinge. And when they ben apassid, nede they maken hem pore that forgon the richesses.

STREITE and nedy clepe I this richesse, sin that many folk nemay nat han it al, ne al may nat comen to o man withouten povertye of alle other folk! And the shyninges of gremes, that I clepe precious stones, draweth it nat the eyen of folk to hemward, that is to seyn, for the beaute? But certes, yif ther were beaute or bountee in the shyninges of stones, thilke cleeresse is of the stones hemself, and nat of men; for which I wonder greatly that men mervailen on swiche things. For why, what thing is it, that yif it wanteth movyng and joyowtinge of sowle and body, that by right mightes semen a faire creature to him that hath a soule of resoun? For al be it so that gemmen draweth to himself a litel of the laste beaute of the world, through the entente of hir creatour and through the distinction of hemself; yif, for as mocel as they ben put under your excellence, they ne han nat de-

served by no wyse that ye sholden mervailen on hem. And the beaute of feldes, deylPeeth it nat mochel unto you?

Boece. Why shold it nat deylven us, sin that it is a right fair porcioun of the right faire werke, that is to seyn, of this world? And right so ben we gladed somyte of the face of the see when it is cleer; and also mervailen we on the hevene and on the sterres, and on the somne & on the mone.

Philosophye.

PERTENETH, quod the, any of thilke thinges to thee? Why darst thou glorifyen the in the shyninge of any swiche thinges? Art thou distingwed and embodied by the springinge florues of the first somer sesoun, or swelth thy plente in the fruites of somer? Why art thou ravished with ydel joyes? Why embrassest thou straunge goodes as they were thynge? Fortune ne shal never maken that swiche thinges ben thynge, that nature of thynge hath made foreme fr thee. Sooth is that, withouten doute, the fruites of the ethe owen to ben to the non issinge of bestes. And yif thou wolt fulfil thy nede after that it suffyseth to nature, then is it no nede that thou selke after the superfultee of fortune. For with ful fewe thinges and with ful litel thinges nature holt bir apayd; and yif thou wolt aachon the fullissinge of nature with superfluites, certes, thilke thinges that thou wolt threaten or poren into nature shull ben unjoyful to thee, or elles anoynous. Weneest thou eek that it be a fair thing to shyne with diverses clothinges? Of whiche clothinges yif the beaute be agreeable to loken upon, I wol mervailen on the nature of the nature of thilke clothinges, or elles on the werkman that wroghthe hem. But also a long route of meyne, maketh that a blissful man? The which servevants, yif they ben viscious of condiccions, it is a greet charge and a distraccion to the houde, & a greet enemy to the lord himself. And yif they ben goode men, how shal straungere or for one goodnesse ben put in the numbre of thy richesse? So that, by ale these foreside thinges, it is clearly yahewed, that never oon of thilke thinges that thou accoutredest for thynge goodenes na nat thy good. In the whiche thinges, yif ther be no beaute to ben desyred, why sholdes thou ben sory yif thou leshe hem, or why sholdest thou rejoysen thee to holden hem? For yif they ben faire of hir owne kinde, what aperteneth to the, that alle with alder, they han ben faire by hemselfe, though they were departed from alle thyn richesses. For why faire ne preciouss ne weren they nat, for that they comen among thy richesses; but, for they semeden faire and
ND I deny that this thing be good that any of them hath it. Gabbe 1 of this! Thou wolt seyn Nay. Certes, riches be no good. Ful of the hem that han the riches; sin that every wilde shrewre, (and for his wilde shrewes be more gredy after other folkes riches, wether ever it be in any place, be it gold or precious stones) wretched them only most worthy that hath hem. Thou shal me, that so biy dredest now the swerd and now the spere, yif thou haddest entred in the path of this life a wold warfeyng man, than woldest thou sone biforn the theif; as who sith, a pore man, that borth no riches on him by the weye, may boldly singe bisorn theves, for he hath nat where to ben robbed. O precious and right clee is the blisse fulnes or mortal riches, that, when thou hast gaten it, than haveth thou forn thy silkenesse!

Metre Y.

Felix minium prior etea.

LISFUL was the first age of men! They helden hem apayed with the metes that the trewe feldes broughten forth. They ne disroyede nor deceyved nat hemselfe without rage. They were wont lightly, when they were hungry at even with acorns of oke. They ne coude nat medly the yffe of Bacaus to the clere bony; that is to seyn, they coude make no piment nor clarre; ne they coude nat medle the brighte fleeses of the con-tree of Seren with the venin of thee; this is to seyn, they coude nat deyen whyte fleeses of Seren con-tree with the blode of a maner shelsshe that men finde in Tyrie, with whiche blode men deyen purpur. They steopen hoolasom stipes upoun the gran, & dronken of the renning wateres; and laken under the shadow of the dace pyntrees. Nen geost men straungere enearf yit the heye see with ores or with shippes; nethe nehadde seyn yit none neweatrons, des to leden marshaundysse into diversere contrees. Tho woren thee the cruel clarionsc ful huist and ful stille, ne blood yshad by egre hate ne hadde nat deyen yit armures. For wherto or which woodnesse of enemys wolde first moore armes, when they seyen cruel woundses, ne none medes be of blood yshad?

WOLDE that oure tymes sholde torenayne to the olde maneres! But the anguishous love of havinge brenneth in folk more cruely than the fyr of the mountaigne Ethna, that ay brennet. Atlas! what was he that first gaf up the gobetes or the weightes of gold covered under erthe, and the precious stones that
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Drose VI.
Quid autem de dignitatisbus.

QUIS autem de dignitatisbus.

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folk nat only make them nat digne, but it sheweth rather al openly that they ben unworthy & undigne. And why is it thus? Certes, for ye haun joye to clepen things with falsenames that ben hem alle in the contrarie, the whiche names ben ful ofte reproved by the effecte of the same thinges; so that toke of the same richesse ne oughten nat by right to ben cleped richesse; ne swich power ne oughte nat ben cleped power; ne swich dignite ne oughte nat ben cleped dignite.

NOW at the laeste, I may conclude the same thing of alle the fiftes of fortune, in which ther nis nothing to ben desired, ne that hath in himselfe naturall bountee, as it is ful wel yseene. For neither they ne joinen hem nat alwey to goode men, ne maken hem alwey goode to whom that they ben joignyd.

Metre VI.
Novimus quanta dederit ruinas.
Hanc vel known how many grete harms and destruc-
tions weren done by the emperor Nero. Delecte brene the
cite of Rome, & made sleek the senateours. And he, cruel,
whylom slew his brother; & he was made moist with the blood of his moder; that is to seyn, he let sleen and allitten the body
of his moder, to seyn when he was conceived;
and he loked on every halfe upon her cold dede body, ne nother ne wette his face,
but he was so hard herted that he might ben domes man or juge of hir dede beau-
tee. And natheles, yit governed this Nero
by cempire alle the poeptees that Dhebus and
sone may seen, cominge from his outer
este aysings til he hyde his bemes under
the wawes; that is to seyn, he governel alle
the poeptees by cempire imperial that the
sone goth aboute, from east to west. And
eth this Nero governed by cempire alle
do poeptees that ben un der the colde sterres
that highten Septem triones. This is to seyn,
governel alle do poeptees that ben
under the part of the northy. And eth
Nero governed alle the poeptees that the
violent wind Notbus scortileth, & balisteth
the brenning sandes by his drye hete;
that is to seyn, alle the poeptees in the south.
But yit ne mighte nat al his hye power
tome the woodness of this wicked Nero.
Alas! it is a grevous fortune, as ofte as
wilked awerd to joined to cruel venim;
that is to seyn, venimous crueltee to lord-
shippe.
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bitacle; to the whiche naciouns, what for
difficulty of eywees and what for diversitee
of langages, and what for defaute of un-
usage and entrecomininge of marchaund-
dise, nat only the names of singuler men
ne may nat strechen. But eek the fame of
cicree ne may nat strechen. At the laste,
certes, in the tyme of Marcus Tulius, as
himself writ in his book, that the renoun
of the comune of Rome ne hadde nat yit
passed ne cloumen over the montaigne
that highe Caecusus; and yit was, thilke
tyme, Rome wel waxen & gretly redouted
of the Parthes and eek of other folke enha-
bitinges aboute. Seestow nat thanne how
streit and how compressed is thilke glorie
that ye travallen aboute to shewe and to
multiplyte? May thanne the glorie of a sin-
guler Romaine strechen thider as the fame
of the name of Rome may nat climen ne
passen? And eek, seestow nat that the
maneres of vywee folk and eek hir lawes
ben discordaut amonge hymself; so that
thilke thing that som men jugen worthy of
preysinge, other Folke jugen that it is wor-
thy of torment? And therof cometh that,
though a man deynte hym in preysinge of
his renoun, he may nat in no wyse bringen
forth ne spredeen his name to many maner
peoples. Therfore everyman oughte to ben
apazee of his glorie that is publiished a-
mong his owne neighbours; and thilke
noble renoun shal ben restrayned within
the boundes of o manere folk. But how
many a man, that was ful noble in hymsele,
hath the wrecched and nedde forgyninge
of wryters put out of minde and don away?
Al be it so that, certes, thilke wrytinges
profiten litel; the whiche wrytinges long
and dark elle doth awaye, bothe hem & eek
hir autours. But ye men senem to geten
yow a perdurabłete, when ye thenken that,
in tyme tocominge, your fame shal lasten.
But nathelen, yif thou wolt makke com-
parsion to the endes spaces of etermi-
tee, what thing hast thou by whiche thou
mayst rejoyynen thee of long lustinge of
thy name? For yif ther were makken com-
parsion of the abydent of a moment to
ten thousande winter, for as mochel as
bothe the spaces ben ended, yif hast the
moment som porcioun of it, although it
litel be. But nathelen, thilke selve noum-
bre of yeres, & eek as many yeres as therto
may be multiпланe, ne may nat certes, ben
comparisoned to the perdurabilete of
his endele; for of thinges that han ende
can be makken comparisoun, but of thinges
that ben withouten ende, to thinges that
han ende, may be maken no comparisoun.
And forthe is it that, although renoun, of
as long tyne as ever thee list to thienlen,
were thought to the regard of etermitee,
that is unstaunchable & infinit, it not sole
ne only semen litel, but pleyynliche right
naught. But ye men, certes, ne come don
nothing aright, but yif it be for the audi-
cence of people and for ydel rumours; and
ye forsaken the grete worthinesse of con-
sience and of vertu, & ye seken your guer-
douns of the smale wordes of straunge
folk.

V & E now heer and understande, in
the lughtnesse of wyche pryde and
of wyne glorie, how a man scornede
festivity & merly swich vanitie. Whyth-
then was a man that hadde assayed with
stryinge wordes anotherman, the whiche,
not for usage of verray vertu but for proud
wyne glorie, had taken upon hym falsly the
name of a philosophre. This rather man
that I spak of thoughte he wolde assaye,
wher he, thilke, were a philosophre or no;
that is to seyn, yif that he wolde han suf-
fred lightly in pacience the wronges that
weren don unto hym. This seyne philosophre
tok patience a litelwhile, & shat he
hadden received wordes of outragen, he, as
in stryinge ayein and rejousynge of him-
self, sedyte at the laste right thus: Undec-
stonedest hounat that Iam a philosophre?
That other man answered ayein ful by-
tingly, & sedyte: I hadde we understonden
it, yif thou haddenst helden thy tonge stille.
But what is it to this noble worthy men
(for, certe, of wyche folke speke I) that
sehen glorie with vertu? What is it? quod
sho; what attymeth fame to swiche folk,
whan the body is resolved by the deeth at
the laste? For yif it so be that men dyen in
al, that is to seyn, body and sowle, the
whiche thing our resoun defendeth us to
bileve, thanne is ther no glorie in no wyse.
For what sholde thilke glorie ben, whan he,
of whom thilke glorie is sedyte to be, nis
right naught in no wyse? And yif the sowle,
which that hath in itself science of goode
werke, unbounden fro the prison of the
erthe, wendeth frely to the hevene, depply
setheit nat thanne alle eterthly occupacioun;
and, being in hevene, rejouseth that it is
exempt fro alle eterthly thinges? As who
seith, thanne reduceth the sowle of no glorie
of renoun of this world.

Metre VII.

Quicunque solam mente praecipit petit.

HOSO that, with overthrow,
of when thought, only se PKet
of glorie of fame, and wenden
that it be overreyn good; let
him loken upon the brode
shewingcontrees of hevene,
and un upon the strete site of this erthe; and
he shal ben ashamed of the encreo of his
name, that maynat fulfille the litel compas
of the erthe. Of what coveitent proude folk
to liftyn up hir nekkes in ydel in the dedly
yol of this worlde? For although that ren-
oum ysprad, passyng to feme peples,
geth by dyuerse tonges; & although that
grete houses or kinredes shynen with erle
titles of bonours; yet, natheles, deeth de-
spayseth alle heye glorie of fame: and deeth
wrappeth togider the heye heveded & the
lowe, and malseth egal & evene the heyesste
to the loweste. Wherwolen now the bones
tof trewe Fabricius? What is now Brutus,
or eterne Catoun? The thime fame, yit
laistinge, of hir ydel names, is marked with
a fewe letters; but although that we han
knowen the faire wordes of the fames of
hem, it is nat yeven to knowe hem that ben
dede & consumpte. Liggeth thanne stille,
al outrely unknowable; ne famel ne malseth
yow nat knowe. And yif ye were to liven
the longer for winde of your mortal name,
when a cruel day shal ravishe,yow, thanne
is the secunde deeth dwellinge unto yow.
Glose. The first deeth he clepethe her the
departinge of the body and the bowle; and
the secunde deeth he clepethe, as her, the
stintinge of the renoun of fame.

Prose VIII.
Set me inexcusabile contra fortunam.

Hoc est for as mochal as thou shalt nat wen-
en, quod she, that I
dere untrelatable ba-
taille ayeina fortune, yit somtyme it bi-
fallath that she, de-
cyvable, deserveth
to han right good
thank of men; and
thatis, whan she hirself opneth, and sheh
descovers hem hir frount, and sheweth
hir manere. Deraventure yit understandest
thou nat that I shal aye. It is a wonder
that I deere to tell, and forthy unnethe
may I unpleyten my sentence with wordes;
for I deme that contrarious fortune pro-
fiteth more to men than Fortunedemonaire.
For alwey, when Fortune someth debo-
naire, than she lyeth falsely in bishetinge
the hope of welesfulness; but forsothe the
contrarious fortune is alway soothingfast, when
she sheweth hirself unstable thorough hir
chauinginge. The amiable fortune decey-
seth folk; the contrarie fortune techeth.
The amiable fortune bindeth with the
beauette of false goodes the hertee of folk
that usen hem; the contrarie fortune un-
bindeth hem by the knowings of freete
welesfulness. The amiable fortune mayst
thou seen alway windly and flowinge, and
ever misknowinge of hirself; the contrarie
fortune is atempre and restreyned, & wys
thorough exercise of hir adversaries. At the
laste, amiable fortune with hir flateringe
draweth miandringe men fro the sove-
reynegood; the contrarious fortune ledeth
ofte folk ayein to soothfast goodes, and
hailseth hem ayein as wel as booke. Wenest
thou thanne that thou oughtest to leten
this a litel thing, that this aspre and hor-
rible fortune hath discovered to thee the
thoughtes of thy trewe frendese? Forwhy
this like fortune hath departed and un-
covered to thee bothe the certein visages &
eth the douteuse visages of thy felawes.
When she departed ayein she took
away hir frendese, and lafte the thyn
frendese. Now whan thou were riche
and welesful, as thee semede, with howe mocel
woldest thou han bought the full know-
inge of this, that is to sayn, the knowinge
of thy verray frendese? Now plyene thy
nat thanne of richesse ylorn, sin thou hast
founded the moste precious kinde of rich-
essea, that is to sayn, thy verray frendese.

Metre VIII.
Quod mundus stabilisse.

Hoc est for as mochal as thou shalt nat wen-
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DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE.

BOOK III. PROSE I.

Metri I.

Qui seere ingenium volet agrum,

hos solos sowe a feeld plentivous, lat him first deliverie

fro thornes, and there a

sunder with his hook the

bushis & the fern, so that

corn may come hevy of

eres & of greymes. Dony is the more swete,

yinmouthes han first tastoed savours that ben

wilkid. The storge aynen were so

greatly when the wind Nother leteth his

ploungy blastes; & after that lucifer the

day sterre hath chased away the derke

nighthe, the day the faiere ledeth the rosen
hone of the sonne. And right so thou, bi-

holdinge first the false goodes, bign to

withdrawen thyself fro the yol of erthe-

ly afecteung; & afterward the verray
goode shollen entre into thy
corage.

Prose II.

Tunc debus paululmam viea.

Laora, ye folde me what is

this verray welefulnesse, quod

me, of thyn herte disreph-

def; but for as mache as thy site is oc-

cupied and diisorted by imaginacion of

erthely thinges, thou mayst nat yet

seen thiike inere welefulnesse.

quod I, and shewe me what is

this verray welefulnesse. I preye

yee, without taryinge. That

wol I gladly don, quod she, for the cause

of thee; but I wol first marken thee by

wordes and I wol enforcen me to enfor-ner

thee. If thiike false cause of blissufelnesse that

thou more knowest; so that, when thou

hast fully bisholden thisike false goode, &
torned thyn eye to that other syde, thou

more knowe the cleemenesse of verray bliss-

fulnesse.
among his neighbours by the honours that they have gotten. And some folk ther ben that holden, that right heigh powere beoweryng good, & enforcen hem for to regnen, or elles to joynen hem to hem that regnen. And it semeth to some other folk, that noblesse of renoun be the sovereye good; and hasten hem to geten glorious name by the arts of werre and of pees. And many folk mesure and gesen that sovereye good be joye and gladnesse, & wenen that it be right blissful thing to ploungen hem in voluptuous deyt. And ther ben folk that entrechaungen the causes and the endes of thisse forseyde goodes, as they that desiren riches in to han powere & deltyes; or elles they desiren powere for to han moneye, or for cause of renoun. In thisse thinges, and in swiche othere thinges, is tournede alle the entenclou of desiringes and of werkes of men; as thus noblesse and favour of peple, whiche that yvreth somen, as it semeth to maner clereesse of renoun; & wyi and children, that men desiren for cause of deyt and of merinnenes. But forsothe, frende se sholden ne ben retne al through the goodes of fortune, but of vertu; for it is a fyl holy maner thing. Alle thisse othere thinges, forsothe, ben taken for cause of powere or elles for cause of deyt.

CERTES, now am I rede to referen the goodes of the body to thise for seide thinges aboven; for it semeth that strengthe & greeness of body yveyn powere and worthinnesse, and that beutie and glories yveyn noblesse & glorie of renoun; & helo of body semeth yveyn deyt. In alle thisse thinges it semeth only that blissfulness be desired. For whyth thilke thing that every man desireth most over alle thinges, he demeth that it be the sovereye good; but I have definyn that blissfulness is the sovereye good; for whiche every wight demeth, that thilke estat that he desireth over alle thinges, that it be blissfulness.

NOW hast thou thanne biforn thyne eye and almost at the purposed forme of the welefulness of mankinde, that is to seyn, riches, honours, power, and glorie, and deltyes. The whiche delty only considereth Epicurus, and juged and exstablished that delty is the sovereye good; for as moche as alle othere thinges, as hym thought, birefte away joye & mirth fram the herte. But I retorne aynen to the stories of men, of whiche men the corage alwey reherseth and aecheth the sovereye good, as be it so that it be with a derked memorie; but be not by whiche path, right as a dronken man not nat by whiche path he may retorne him to his hous. Semeth it thanne that folk folyen and eren that enforcen hem to have nede of nothing?
inge brid that singeth on the eye brancnes, that is to seyn, in the wode, and after is enclosed in a stryct cage; although the pleynge bignes of men yeve th hem honide drinks & large metes with swete studie, yet natheles, yif thilke brid, skippinge out of hir gryte cage, seeth the a-greable shadowes of the wodes, she de-foueth with hir feet hir metes yshad, and seketh morninge only the wode; & twir-ereeth, desiringe the wode, with hir swete voys. The yerde of a tree, that is halde adown by mighty strengthe, boweth redily the crope adoun: but yif that the hand of him that bente lat it gon ayen, anon the crope loketh upright to bevene. The somne Phæbus, that ralleth at even in the west-ren wawes, returneth ayen eftsones his carte, by private path, thorun it is wont a-ryse. All thinges seken ayen to hir propre cours, and alle thinges seyoun hem of hir retorninge ayen to hir nature. Ne non or-dinance nio bitaken to thinges, but that that hath joyned the endinge to the begin-ninge, and hath maken the course of itself stable, that it chaungereth nat from his propre kinde.

Probus III.

Vos quoque, o terræ animalia.

ERTES also ye men, that ben erthe liche beesten, dre男人allyewe youre be-ginninge, although it be with a thine imaginacion; & by a maner thought, alle be inat ceerly ne paritly, ye leken fram afer to thilke verray syn of blisfulnesse; eðerefore nature entenciou ledeth you to thilke verray good, but many maner errores mistorneth you thertro. Consider now yif that by thilke thinges, by whiche a man wene to geten him blisfulnesse, yif that he may come to thilke ende that he weneth to come by nature. For yif that moneye or honours, or thine other for-sye ye thyno broughto to men swich a thing that no good ne fayle hem ne semeth fayle, certes than wole I graunte that they ben maken blisful by thilke thinges that they han geten. But yif so be that thilke thinges nemowen nat performen that they biheten, and that thilke fayle to mane, manie, nodes, sheweth it nat thanne clere that fals beatee of blisfulnesse is knownen and a-teinte in thilke thinges? First and forward thou thyself, that haddest habundances of richesses nat long acon, I axe yif that, in the habundance of alle thilkerichesses, thou were never anguious or sory in thy corage of any wrong or grevance that bi-tideth thee on any syde?

ERTES, quod I, it ne remembreth me nat that evere I was so free of my thought that I ne was alway in anguious of somwhat.

I was nat that, quod she, for that thelakketh somewhat that thou nold est nat han lakketh, or elles thou haddest that thou nobrest nat han hadd? Right so is it, quod I.

HANNE desiderest thou the presence of that son and the absence of that other? I graunte wel, quod I, forsothe, quod she, than nedeth ther somewhat that every man desireth? Ye, ther nedeth, quod I.

ERTES, quod she, & he that hath lalike or nede of aught nis nat in every wye suffisaunt to himself?

No, quod I.

ND thou,quod she, in the plente of thilke richesses haddest thilke laike of suffisaunte? What elles? quod I.

HANNE may nat richesses maken that a man nis nedy, ne that he be suffisaunt to himself; & that was it that they blighsten, as it semeth. And eech certes I trowe, that this be gretly to considere, that moneye ne hath nat in his owne kinde that it ne may ben binomen of hem that han it, maugre hem? I bilnowe it wel, quod I.

Why sholdest thou nat biknowen it, quod she, when every day the strenger folk biemen it fro the febler, maugre hem? for whannes comen elles alle thise foreyne compleyntes or querene of pletinges, but for that men axen ayen here moneye that hath ben binomen hem by force or by ygle, and alwey maugre hem? Right so is it, quod I.

HAN, quod she, hath a man nede to sehen him foreyne helpe by whiche he may defende his moneye? Who may sey nay? quod I.

ERTES, quod she; & him nedede non help, yif he hadden no moneye that he mighte lese? That is doutelen, quod I.

HAN is this thinge tomed into the contrary, quod she. For richesse, that men wenen sholdze make suffaunce, they maken a man rather han nede of foreyne help! Which is the manere or the gyse, quod she, that riquence may drywe away nede? Riche foli, may they neither han hunger ne thurst? Thyse riiche men, may they fele no cold on hir limes on winter? But thou wolt answere, that riiche men han now wherwith they may staunchen on hir hunger, slohen hir thurst, and don away cold. In this wyse may nede be coun
forted by richesesse; but certes, nede ne may nat aloutrely ben don awaye. For though this nede, that is alwey gaping and gredy, be fulfillid with richesesse, & axe any thing, yt dullest thanne a nede that mighte be fulfillid. I hold thee este, & tellen at how that litle thing suffiseth to nature; but certes to avarice yngnowe no suffiseth nothing. For sin that richesesse ne may nat al don awaye nede, but richesesse maken nede, what may it thanne be, that ye wenet that richesesse mowen yeven you suffisaunce?

Metre III.
Quamvis fruente divea auris gurgitati.

I were it so that a riche coveye/tous man hadde a river flet-inge al of gold, yt shoold it never stauche his covey-ise; & though he hadde his nelke ychargeth with precious stones of the rede see, & though he do ere his feldes plentivis with an hundred oxen, never ne shal his byrtinge busi-nessse forten him whyl he liveth, ne the lighte richesesse ne shoole nat bren him companye when he is ded.

Prose IV.
Set dignitates.

IT dignitates, to whom they ben comen, makyn they him honorable & reverent? Han they nat so grete strengthe, that they may putte vertue in the heretie of folk that usen the lordshipes of hem? Or elles may they don awaye the ycees? Certes, theyne ben nat wont to don awaye wilkednesse, but they ben wont rather to shewen wilkednesse. And therof comyth it that I have right grete des-deyn, that dignitates ben yeve often to wilked men; for which thing Catullus cleepe a consil of Rome, that highte Nonius, Postum or Boch; as who seythe, he cleepe him a congregacion of ycees in his brest, as a postum is ful of corrupcion, al were this Nonius set in a chayre of dignite. Seest thou nat thanne how grete vilene dignitates don to wilked men? Certes, unworthinesse of wilked men shold be the lasse ysene, yif they weren renowned of none honour. Certes, theiy al a meneight nat ben brought with as manye perilis as thou mightest sufferen that thou woldest ben the magistrat with Decorat; that is to seyn, that for no peril that mighte befallen thee by offence of the king Theodore, thou noldest nat be felowe in gov-ernance with Decorat; when thou saye that he hadde wilked corage of a likorous shrewed and of an accuser, Ne I ne may nat, for swich honours, jugen hem worthy of reverence, that I deme and holde unworthy to han thilke same honours. Now yif thou saye a man that were fulfillid of wisdom, certes, thou ne mightest nat deme that he were unworthy to the honour, or elles to the wisdom of which he is fulfillid. No, quod I. Certes, dignitates, quod she, a pertienen proprely to vertu; & vertu trans-porteth dignite anon to thilke man to which she herself is consignyd. And for as moche as honours of people ne may nat maken folke dign of honour, it is wel seyn clearly that they ne han no propre beautie of dignite. And yit men oughten taken more heed in this. For yif it so be that a wilshed wight be so mocol the foullere and the more outcast, that he is depayyd of most folke, so as dignite ne may nat maken shrewes dign of reverence, the which shrewes dignite sheweth to moche folke, thanne maketh dignite shrewes rather so moche more depayded than prevyd; and forsothe nat unpunished: that is for to seyn, that shrewes revengen hem ayenward upon dignitates; forthey yelden ayein to dignitates as gret guerdoun, when they bisetten and desoulen dignitates with bir vilene. And for as moche as thou moever knowe that thilke verray reverence ne may nat comen by thise adayew transitori dignitates, undirstond now thus: yif that a man hadde used & bad many maner dignitates of conoules, and were comen par-venture amonge straunge men, sholdo thilke honour maken him worshipful and redouted of straunge folke? Certes, yif that honour of people were a naturall gift to dignitates, it ne mighte never ceesen no-wher amonges no maner folke to don his office, right as fyr in every conteynent in thath nat to eschaufen and to ben boot. But for as moche as for to ben bolden honourable or reverent ne cometh nat to folke of hir propre strenthe of nature, but only of the false opinion of folke, that is to seyn, that wenen that dignitates maken folke dign of honour; anon therefore whan that they comen thers folke ne knownet nat thilke dignitates, hir honours vanisshen awey, & that anon. But that is amonges straunge folke, mayst thou seyn; but amonges hem theuer they weren born, ne duren nat thilke dignitates alwey? Certes, the dignite of the provostric of Rome was whylom a gret power; now is it nothing but an ydel name, & the rente of the senatorie a gret charge. And yif a wight whylom hadde the office to taken heede to the vitale of the people, as of corn & other thinges, he was bolden amonges grete; but what thing is nowmore
outcast thanne thilke provostrie? And, as I have seyd a litel herbiform, that thilke thing that hath no propre beautee of himself receiveth somtyme pryse & shyninge, and somtyme leaseth it by the opinion of usanices. Now yif that dignitees thanne ne mowen nat maken folk digne of reverence, and yif that dignitez wezen foule of hir wille by the filthe of shrewes, & yif that dignitez lesen hir shyninge by chaunginge of tymsen, and yif they wezen foule by estimacions of poeple: what is it that they han in hemselfe of beautee that oughte ben desired? as who seyth, non; thanne ne mowen they yeven no beautee of dignitez to non other.

Metre IV.
Quamvis se, Tyrro superbus astra.

Be it so that the proude Nero, with alle his wode luxurie, hembde him and aparalleled him with faire purpures of Cinie, and with whyte perles, algetes yit thryf he hateful to alle folke; this is to seyn, that al was he behated of alle folke. Yit this wilked Nero hadde gret lordship, and yaf whylom to the reverentes senatours the unworshipful setes of dignitez. Unworshipful setes he cle肺eth, for that Nero, that was so wilked, yaf thz dignitez. Whoso wolde thamne reasonably wezen, that blisfulnesse were in aiche honours as ben yeven by vicious shrewes.

Prose V.
An vero regna regumque familiaritas.

Act regnes and familiarites of kinges, may they maken aman to ben mighty? How elles, when blisfulnesse dureth perpetuety? But certes, the oldeage of tyms passed, and eek of present tyemenow, is ful of engaumpes how that kinges ben chaunged into wrecchelessesse out of hir welefulnesse. O! a noble thing and a cleere thing it is power, that is nat founden mighty to kepen itself! And yif that power of reames be auctour and maker of blisfulnesse, yif blisfulke power tahlketh on any ayde, amenueneth it nat blisful blisfulnesse and bringeth in wrecchelesness? But yit, al be it so that the reames of maninke strecchen brode, yit mot ther nede ben moche folke, over whiche that every kinge ne hath no lordshippe comauement. And certes, upon theky eyle that power faileth, which that maketh folk blisful, right on that same

sydenoun power entreth undermeth, that maketh hem wrecches; in this manere thanne moten kinges han more portioun of wrecchelesness than of welefulnessse.

A tyrant, that was king of Sisile, that hadde assayed the peril of his estat, shewede by similitude the dreedes of reames by gastenes of a sword that heng over the heved of his familiers. What thing is thanne this power, that may nat don awye the bytinges of businesse, ne escheue the prikhes of drede? And certes, yit wolden they leven in ailemenesse, but they may nat; and yit they glorifye hem in hir power. Holdest thou thanne that thilke man be mighty, that thou seest that he wolde don that he may nat don? And holdest thou thanne him a mighty man, that hath enuironed his sydes with men of armes or serjaunts, & drede more hem that he maketh agast than they dредen him, and that is put in the handes of his servantauntz for he aboldhe some mighty? But of familiers or servantauntz of kinges what shold I telle thee anything, sin that I myselfe have shewede thet that reames hemselfe ben ful of gret feblesse? The whiche familiers, certes, the rayal power of kinges, in hool estat and in estat abated, ful ofte throweth adown. Neroconstreynde Seneh, his familiers and his myaster, to choose on what deeth he wolde deyen. Antonius comandede that knightes alowen with hir swerde Papian his familiers, which Dapinian hadde ben longe time fullmightly amongeas hem of the court. And yit, certes, they wolden bothe han renounced his hir power; of whiche two Seneh enforceide him to yeven to Nero his richesses, & also to han gon into solitarie exil. But when the grete weighte, that is to seyn, of lordes power or of fortune, draweth hem that shullen falle, neither of hem ne mighte that do he wolde. What thing is thanne thilke power, that though men han it, yit they ben agast; and whanne thou woldest han it, thou nart nat aikere; & yif thou woldest foruten it, thou mayet nat eschuen it? But whether awiche men ben frenedes at nede, as ben conseyled by fortune and nat by vertu? Certes, awiche folk as weleful fortune maketh frenedes, contrariouste fortune maketh hem enembys. And what pestilence is more mighty for to aynoe a wight than a famili ery?

Metre V.
Qui se volet esse potentem.
that the contree of Inde quaketh at thy comauandements or at thy lawes, and that the last ile in the see, that hight Tytle, be thral to thee, yif thou mayst nat putten awcly thy foule derke desyns, & dryven out fro thee wrecche complaints, certes, it nieth no power that thou hast.

Prose VI.
Gloria vero quam fallax saepere.

UT glorie, how deceivable and how foul is it ofte! For which thing nat unslainingly a tragedien, that is to seyn, a maker of di-tees that bighten tragedie, cryde & seide; O glorie, glorie, quod he, thou art nothing elles to thousands of folkes but a greet sweller of eeres. For manye han had ful greet renoun by the false opinion of the poeple, and what thing may ben thought fouler than swiche presynges? For thilke folce that ben preysed falsly, they moten nedes shane of him presynges. And yif that folce han geten hem thonk or presynges by hir desertes, what thing hath thilke presyched or encreesd to the conscience of wyse folce, that measuren hir good, nat by the rumour of the poeple, but by the soothfastnesse of conscience? And yif it seme a fair thing, a man to han encreesd and opred his name, than folweth it that it is dedem to ben a foul thing, yif it ne be yaprad and encreesd. But, as Lucre a litle herbشرع that, sin thir mot nedes ben many folce, to which folce the renoun of a man ne may nat comen, it befalleth that, he, that thou weest be glorius and renomed, semeth in the nexte partie of the erstes to ben without glorie and without renoun.

Metre VI.
Omne hominum genus in terris.

A fill the lineage of men that ben in erthe ben of semblable birthes. On alleone is fader of thynge. On alleone minis-treth alle thynge. Be yaf to the sonne his eene; he yaf to the mone hir horns. He yaf the men to the erthe; he yaf the sterres to the hev-ene. Be encloeseth with membres the soules that come fro his yse sete. Thanem comen alle mortal folke of noble sede; whyosen ye or bosten of youre elders? For yif thou lokie thy bighinne, and God your aucto & your maker, thann nys ther no forlived wight, but yif he norishe his corage unto yvess, and forleite his propre burthe.

Prose VII.
Quid autem de corpore voluptatibus.

UT what shal I seye of delices of body, of whichde lelisceth the/ siringes ben ful of languish, & the ful-lillinges of hem ben ful of penuence? How gree synnesse and how gretes sorwes un-suffisable, right as a maner fruit of wildnesse, ben thilke delices wont to bringen to the bodiess of folke that usen hem! Of which delices I not what joye may ben had of hir moevinge. But this woT wel, that whossoever remembren bren of his luxuries, he shal wel under-stonde that the issues of delices ben sorw-ful & sorwe. And yif thilke delices mowe maken folke blisful, than by the same cause moten thilke bestes ben clesped blisful; of whiche bestes al the entendous hasteth to ful fille hir bodioli jolitee. And the gladnesse of wyp and childeres were an honest thing, but it hath ben seyd that it is over muchel ayens kinde, that children han ben founden tormentours to hir faderes, I not how manye: of whiche children how byinge is every condicion, it nedeth nat to tellen it thee, that hast or this tymaye assayed it, and art yit now anguisous. In this approve the sentence of my disciple Eu-ripidis, that seyde, that he that hath no children is welleful by infortune.
thorugh the thinges that withstanden it, whose laketh thanne in the entrails of the body of Helebiades, that was ful fattyr in the surface without, it shold some right foul. And for thy, yf thou seme faty, thy nature maketh nat that, but the deseavance of the feblease of the eyen that lochen. But preye the goodes of the body as mochet as ever thee list, so that thou knowe alagate that, whatso it be, that is to seyn, of the goodes of thy body, which that thou wondrest upon, may ben destreyed or dissolved by the hete of a fevere of three days. Of alle whiche forscyde thinges I may reducen this shortly in a somme, that thise worldly goodes, whiche that ne mowen nat yeven that they biheten, ne ben nat parfit by the congregacion of alle goodes; that they ne ben nat wyees ne pathes that bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken men to ben blisful.

Metre VIII.
Sedu qui quasi triste devos.

LL/AS! which slyve and which ignoranuce misledeith wand- ringe wrecches fro the path of verray goodes! Certes, ye ne seken no gold in grene trees, ne ye ne gadere nat precious stones in the vynes, ne yene hyden nat your grines in the hye mountaignes to cachen fish of whiche ye may maken riche festes. And yf yow lylke to hunte to roes, ye ne gonen nat to the fordes of the water that highte Tyrene. And overthis, men knowen wel the cryhen and the cavernees of the see yhid in the floges, and knowen ek which water is most plentivous of whyte perles, and knowen which water haboundeth nost of rede purpre, that is to seyn, of a maner shellfish with which men dyen purpre; & knowen which stondes habounden most with tendre flisses, or of sharpe flisses that highten echines. But folk suffren himself to ben so blinde, that hem ne reccheth nat to knowe where thilke goodes ben yhid whiche that they coveiten, but plougen hem in there & seken ther thilke good that sornmonteth the hevene that bereth the sterres. What preyere may I maken that beagim to the nyce thoughtes of men? But I preye that they coveiten richease and honours, so that, whan they han geten the false goodes with greet travaile, that thereby they move knowen the verray goodes.
Prose IX.

Boethius de
Consolatione
Philosophie.

Book III.

SUFFRSETH that I have sowed hiderfo the forme of false welefulnesse, so that, yf thou looke nowe cleere, the order of myn entencion requireth from heneforth to shewen the wreay wele

Or sothe, quod I, I see weliow that suffisance may nat come by richesse, ne power by reames, ne reverence by dignitie, ne gentilles by glorie, ne joye by delices. And hast thou wel knownen the causes, quod she, why it is?

CERTES, me semeth, quod I, that I see hem right as though it were throughe a lile cloffe; but me were cleere knownen hem more openly of the.

CERTES, quod she, the reason is al redy. For thilke thing that simply is a thing, withouten any deviousion, the errore and folye of maninke departeth and devydeth it, and misledeith it and transporteth from verry and parfit good to goodes that ben false and unpart. But seymeth this. Me neath thou that he, that hath nede of power, that him ne laketh nothynge? Nay, quod I.

CERTES, quod she, thou sayest a right. For yf so be that ther is a thing, that in any partye be feblere of power, ceretes, as in that, it met nedes ben nedy of foreine help. Right so is it, quod I.

SUFFISANCE & power ben thanne of o kinde? So semeth it, quod I. And demest thou, quod she, that a thing that is of this manere, that is to say, suffisaunt and mighty, oughte ben despysyd, or elles that it be right dignye of reverence above alle thynge? CERTES, quod I, it is no doute, that it is right worthy to ben reverenced.

AC us, quod she, adden thanne reverence to suffisance & to power, so that we demen that thynne thynge ben a o thing, Certe, quod I, let us adden it, yf we wolen graunnten the soth.

WHAT demest thou thanne? quod she; is that a derek thing and nat noble, that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty, or elles that it is right noble & right cleer by celebreite of renoun? Consider thanne, quod she, as we han graunte
ed herboform, that he that ne hath nede of nothing, and is most mighty & most dignye of honour, yif him nedeth any cleernesse of renoun, which cleernesse he mighte nat graunnten of himself, so that, for lacke of thilke cleernesse, hem should semen the rebel
er on any syde or the more outcast?

This is to sayen, nay; for whose that is suffisaunt, mighty, & reverent, cleernesse of renoun folweth of the forseyde thynge; he hath it al redy of his suffisaunce. BOCCE. I may nat, quod I, denye it; but I not graunnte as it is, that this thinge bighte celebreble by cleernesse of renoun and noblesse.

DANNE folweth it, quod she, that we adden cleernesse of renoun to the three forseyde thynge, so that ther ne be amounges hem no difference? This is a consequent, quod I.

DIS thing thanne, quod she, that ne hathnedo of foreine thing, & that may don alle thynge by hise strengthes, and that is noble and honou
able, his nat that a mere thing & a joyfyl? But whenne, quod I, that any sowre mighte come to this thing that is swiche, certes, I may nat thinken.

DANNE moten we graunnten, quod she, that this thing be ful of gladness, yif the forseyde thynge ben sotte; and ceretes, also moten we graunnten that suffisaunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and gladness ben only dyverse by names, but his substauscheth no diversite. It mot needly been so, quod I.

BILKE thing thanne, quod she, that is oon & simple in his nature, the wikkedness of men departeth it and devydeth it; and when they enforcen hem to geten partye of a thing that he hath no part, they ne geten hem neither thilke partye that his non, ne the thinge al hool that they ne desire nat. In which manere? quod I.

BILKE man, quod she, that secheith richesses to stee fen povertee, he ne trau
saunt, werreynge, and that...

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most desireth. And right thus may I make en semblable resoun of honours, and of byrthe, and of deltye. For as of evry of these foreseyde thinges is the same that thys other thinges ben, that is to seyn, al con thing, whose that ever seleth to geten that oon of these, and nat that other, he ne geteth nat that he desireth. Boce. What seyest thow thanne, yif that a man coveith to geten alle this thinges together.

Philosophie.

Certes, quod she, I wolde sele, that he wolde geten him sovereyn blissfulnesse; but that shal he nat finde in thow thinges that I have shewed, that ne mowen nat yeven that they behet, Certes, no, quod I.

Hanne, quod she, ne sholden men nat by no wery seken blissfulnesse in swiche thinges as men wene that they mowen yeven but a thing aenglyte of alle that men seken, I graunte wel, quod I; ne no sother thing ne may ben sayd.

HOW hast thou thanne, quod she, the forme and the causes of fals welefulnesse. Now trome and flitte the eyre of thy thought; for the shalt thou anon thilke verray blissfulnesse that I have bishght thee, Certes, quod I, it is clere and open, thogh it were to a blinde man; and that shewdest thou me ful wel a litle herberif, whan thou ensefeste thee to shewe me the causes of the fals blissfulnesse, for but yif I be biggyte, thanne is thilke the verray blissfulnesse parfit, that parfitly maketh a man suiffant, mighty, honourable, noble, and ful of gladnesse. And, for thou shalte wel knowe that I have wel estondon thow mynthinges in my herte, I knowe wel that thilke blissfulnesse, that may verrayly even oon of the foreseyde thinges, in they ben alacon, I knowe, douteles, that thilke thing is the fulle blissfulnesse.

Philosophie.

My norye, quod she, by this opinioun I seye that thou art blissful, yif thou putte this thereto that I shal seyn, What is that, quod I.

ROWEST thou that ther be any thing in this ethely mortall tymblinge thinges that may bringen this estat? Certes, quod I, I trove it naught; and thou hast shewed me wel that over thilke good ther is nothing more to ben desired.

NISSE thinges thanne, quod she, that is to seyn, ethely suiffance & power & swiche thinges, either they shemen lykneses of verray good, or elles it semeth that they yve to mortall foli a maner of goodes that ne ben nat parfit; but thilke good that is verray and parfit, that may they nat yeven, Lacoerde me wel, quod I. Hanne, quod she, for as moche as thow hast knownen which is thilke verray blissfulnesse, and ech whiche thilke thinges ben that lyen falsly blissfulnesse, that is to seyn, that by deceite sempren verray goodes, now behoveth thee to knowe wherenge and where thou mowest seke thilke verray blissfulnesse. Certes, quod I, that desire I gretely, and have abiden longe tym to herhemen it.

AT for as moche, quod she, as it lyketh to my discipline Plato, in his book of In Timo, that in right litel thinges men sholden bisechen the help of God, what jugest thou that ben now to done, so that we may deserve to finde the sete of thilke verray good? Certes, quod I, I deme that we shollen clepen the fader of alle goodes; for withouten hym nia they nothing founden aigbt. Thou seyst a-right, quod she; and bigan anon to singen right thus:

Metre IX.

O quiperpeta mundumrationegubernas.

Chou fader, creator of hevene and of erthe, that governest this world by perduableason, that comandest the tymes to gon from sin that age hadde beguninge; thow that dwellset thyself in stede fast and stable, & yevest alle the thinges to ben moved; ne foreine causes necesseden thee never to compose werke of floteinges mate. But only the forme of sove-rein good yet within thee withoute enmye, that movedeth thee freely. Chou that art alde, & fayrest, beringe the faire world in thy thought, formedest this world to the lyknesse semblable of that faire world in thy thought. Chou drawest al thing of thy soverain ensampler, & comandeest that this world, parfitliche ymaked, have freely & absolut his parfit parties. Chou bindest the elements by noumbres proporcionables, that the colde thinges mowen acorden with the hote thinges, and the drye thinges with the moote thinges; that the fyr, that is puret, ne fle nat over hye, ne that the hevynesse ne drawe nat adoum over lowe the erthes that ben plounged in the wateres. Thou linittest togider the mene bowle of treble hinde, mowinge alle thinges, and devydest it by membre accusande; & wann it is thow devyded, it hath assembled a mowinge into two roundes; it goth to torne ayein to himself, and enviourneth a ful deep thought, and torneth the hevene by semblable image. Thow by evenlyke causes enhaste the sowles & the laste lyves, and, abliging hem hewe by
Philosophiae.

Auctores alia, quod se, in quam
this blissfulness inabiteth. The
comune acordance and conceit of
the corage of men proweeth & grunteth,
that God, prince of all thinge, is good.
for, so as nothing ne may ben thought
better than God, it may nat ben doubted
thanne that he, that nothing nis bettre,
that he nis good. Certes, resoun sheweth
that God is so good, that if proweeth by
verray force that parfit good is in him.
for yf God is in swich, he ne may nat ben
prince of all thinges; for certes somthing
possesing in itself parfit good, sholde
ben more worthy than God, and it sholde
semen that thilke thing were first, &
eldr than God. For we han shewed aperly
that alle thinges that ben parfit ben first or
thinges that ben unparfit; and forthy, for
as moche as that my resoun or my proces
ne go nat awaye withoute an ende, we owen
to graunten that the soveriene God is right
ful of soveraine parfit good. And we han
establisshed that the soveraine good is ver-
ray blissfulness: thanne mot it nede be,
that verray blissfulness is set in soveraine
God. This take I wel, quod I, ne this ne
may nat ben withseid in no manere.

BUT I preye, quod sith, see how
thou mayst preeven, holie & with-
these courcuioun, this that I habe
seyd, that the soveraiene God is right ful
of soveraiene good. In which manere? quod I.

I konest thou aught, quod sith,
that this prince of alle thinges
have ytake thilke soveraiene good
anywer out of himself, of which soveraiene
good men proweeth that he is ful, right as
thou mightyest thinke thinke that God, that hath
blissfulness in himself, and thilke blissful-
ness that is in him, weren dyvers in substauence?
for yf thou wene that God have
receiveth thilke good out of himself, thou
mayst wene that heth that yf thilke good to
God be more worthy than is God. But I
am blinnewen and confesse, and that right
digely, that God is right worthy abovn
alle thinges; and, yf so be that this good
be in him by nature, but that it is dyvers
fro him by weninges resoun, sin we spok
of God prince of alle thinges: feigne who
so feigne may, who was he that con-
joyned this dyverse thinges togidr?
And eek, at the tangle, see we that a thing that
is dyvers from any thinge, that thilke thing
nys nat that same thing fro which it is un-
derstoneden to ben dyvers. Thanke solweth
it, that thilke thing that by his nature is
dyers fro soveraiene good, that that thing
nys nat soveraiene good; but certes, that
were a felonous corse in trent to thinke
that of hyn that nothing nis more worth,
for alwey, of alle thinges, the nature of
hem ne may nat ben bettre than his bgin-
ing: for which I may concluden, by right
verry resoun, that thilke that is bginning
of alle thinges, thilke same thing is so-
verein good in his substaunce. Boece.
Thou hast seyd rightfully, quod L

PHILOSOPHIE.

BUT we han graunted, quod she, that
the soverain good is blissfulness,
And that is sooth, quod L

HANNIE, quod she, moten wenede
grauten and confessen that thilke
same soverain good be God. Cer-
tes, quod L, ne may nat denye ne with-
stone the resoun purposed; and I see
wyl that it folweth by strengthe of the
premises.

OKE now, quod she, yif this be
proved yit more ferme thynus; thyn
menwenn nat ben two soverain
goodes that ben dyverse amognes hemselves.
For certes, the goodes that ben dyverse a-
monges hemselves, that oon nis nat that
that other is; thanne ne mayneither of hem ben
parfit, so as either of hem laketh to other.
But that that nis nat parfit, men may seyn
apertyt that it nis nat soverain. The thing-
es, thanne, that ben soverainly goode, ne
mowyn by no wy way ben dyverse.
But I have wel concluded that blissfulness and God
ben the soverain good; for whiche it mot
nede ben, that soverain blissfulness is
soverain divinite. Nothing, quod L, nis
more soothfast than this, ne more ferme
by resoun; ne a more worthy thynge than
God may nat ben conclued.

DON thilke thinges thanne, quod
she, righte as thys geoemtries, 
what they han shewed his propos-
siciones, ben wont to bringen in thinges
that they clepen porisomy, or declaraciones
of forside thinges, righte so wole I yeve
thee here as a corollarias, or a mede of
corouns. For vshe, as mocho as by the get-
ing of blissfulness men ben maket bliss-
ful, and blissfulness is divinite; thanne is
it manifest and open, that by the gettinge
of divinite men ben maken blissful. Right
as by the gettinge of justice they ben mali-
ed just, & by the gettinge of sapience they
ben maken wyse: right so, nedes, by the
seeblessable resoun, when they han geten di-
vinite, they ben maken goddes. Thanne
is ever blissful man God; but certes, by
nature, the nis but a God; but, by the par-
icipacion of divinite, ther ne lent ne des-
turbeth nothing that ther ne ben manye
goddes. This is, quod L, a fairy thing
and aprecious, clept it as thou wilt; be it por-
me or corollarie, or mede of coroun or de-
claringe.
Thanne is sovereign good the somme and the cause of all that aughte ben desired; for why thilke thing that withholdeth no good in itself, ne semblance of good, it ne may nat wel in no manere be desired ne required. And the contrary: forthogh that thinges by hir nature ne ben nat goode, al-gates, yif men were that ben goode, yit ben they desired as though that they weren verry liche goode. And therfor is it that men oughten to wene by right, that bountee be the sovereign tym, and the cause of alle the thinges that ben to requeren. But certes, thilke that is cause for which men requeren any thing, it semeth that thilke same thing be most desired. As thus: yif that a wight wolde ryden for cause of helte, he ne desirith nat so molest the mooving te ryden, as the effect of his helte. Now thanne, aint that alle thinges ben required for the grace of good, they ben nat desired of alle folkes more than the same good. But we han graunted that blissfulnesse is that thing, for whiche that alle thinge othere thinges ben desired; thanne is it thus: that, certes, only blissfulnesse is required and desired. By whiche thing it sheweth cleerly, that good of and of blissfulnesse is al con & the same sustenbe. See nat, quod I, wherfore that men mighten discorden in this.

We han shewed that God & verry blissfulnesse is al oo thing. That is sooth, quod I.

Nown we concludes clerly, that the sustenbe of God is set in thilke same good, and in non other place.

Metre X.

Duc omnes pariter venite capti.

COME THE ALLE togerther now, ye that ben yeought and ybounde with wilkiede chenyes, by the deceiverly delte of erethely thinges enhabi tinges in your thought! Heer shal ben the rest of your labours, heer shal the havene stabile in posyble quety; this anlye is the open refus to wrieches.

Glosa. This is to seyn, that ye that ben comberd and deceived with worldly affections, cometh now to this sovereign good, that is God, that is refus to hem that wolent come to him. Tertius. Alle the thinges that the river Tagus yeveht yow with his goldeene gravales, or elles alle the thinges that the river Hermes yeveht with his rede brink, or that Indus yeveht, that is next the hote party of the world, that medelth the grene stones with the whyte, nehelde, nat cleeren the lokkyng of your thought, buthyden rather your blinde corage with.

in hir derkynes. Al that lyketh yow beere, and excyseth & moeveht your thoughtes, the erthe hath nourished it in hisse lowe caves. But the shyninge, by whiche the he- ven is governed and wennes he hath his strength, that eachueth the dene overthrowinge of the sowle; and whose may known the light of blissfulnesse, he shal wel seyn, that the whyte bemes of the somme ne ben nat cleer.

PROSE XLI.

Assentor, inquam.

Boece.

ASSENTE ME, quod I; for alle these thinges ben stronly bounden with right firme respuns. Philosophe. Heow mochel wille thou presen it, quod she, yif that thou knode what thilke good is? I wel presse it, quod I, by pryss without ende, yif it shal byrde me to knode also togerder God that is good.

CERTES, quod she, that shal I do thece by verry respuns, yif theo thinges that I have concluded al littel herbesforn dwellen only in hir first graun ting. They dwell grunted to the, quod I; this is to seyn, as who seith: I graunte thy forseide conclusions.

AVE I nat shewed thee, quod she, that the thinges that ben required of many folks ne ben verry goode in paritate, for they ben dyverse that con fro that othere; and so as ech of hem is tahinge to other, they ne han no power to bringen a good that is ful and absulat. But thanne at erst ben they verry good, whanne they ben gadered togerder alle into o forme & into oon wurlinge, so that thilke thing that is sufflumce, thilke same be power, and reverence, and noblesse, and mirthe; and fowsote, but yif alle thinges ben alle oon same thing, they ne han nat whereby that they mowen ben put in the number of thinges that oughten ben requeren or desired. It is shewed, quod I; ne hero f may ther no man doute.

THES thinges thanne, quod she, that ne ben no goode whanne they ben dyverse, & whanne they beginnen to ben alle oon thing thanne ben they goodes, ne comth it hem nat thanne by the seynting of unite, that they ben maked goodes. So it semeth, quod I.

But al thing that is good, quod she, grauntest thou that it be good by the participacioun of good or no? I graunte it, quod I.
Boethius de
Consolatione
Philosophiae
Book III.

CHAP. XVII.

Most thou graunted, quod she, by semblable resoun, that oon
and good be coe same thing. For of
things, of which that the effect his nat
naturally diverse, nede the substantiamot
be coe same thing. Ne may nat denye
that, quod I.

Nor thoun nat known wel, quod she,
that al thing that is hat so longe his
dwelling & his substance as longe
as it is oon; but when it forleth to ben
oon, it met nedo dyen and corumpe
togider. In which manere? quod I.

Wight is in bestes, quod she, when
the soyle and the body ben con-
joined in oon and dwelled togider,
it is cleped a beast. And whan hir unitee is
destroyed by the disbereraunce of that
oon from that other, than scheweth it wel
that it is a ded thing; & that it is no longer
no beast. And the body of a wight, whyl it
dwelteth in oo forme by conjunction
of members, it is wel seyn that it is a
figure of mankinde. And if the parties of the
body ben devyed and dissoevered, that
oon fro that other, that they destroyen
unitee, the body forleth to ben that it
was biforn. And, whose woeld renne in
the same manere by alle thinges, he scholde
seen that, withoute doute, every thing is in
his substance as longe as it is oon; and
whan it forleth to ben oon, it dyseth and
perisheth. When I considere, quod I,
manye thinges, I see non other.

Is ther anything thanne, quod she,
that, in as moche as it liveth natu-
really, that forleth the talent or ap-
pete of his beynge, and desiringe to come
to death and to corruptioun? Yf I con-
sidere, quod I, the bestes that han any
maner nature of wilninge and of nillinge,
I ne finde no beast, but yf it be constrai-
ned fro withoute forth, that forleth or
despyseth the enticencioun to livien and to
duren, or that wol, his thankes, hasten
him to dyen. For every beast travellieth him
to defeende and kepe the savacioun of his
lyf, and escheweth death and destructioun.
But certes, I doute me of herbes and of
trees, that is to seyn, that I am in a doute of
swiche thinges as herbes and trees, that
ne han no felinge sowles, ne no natural
widingsse servinge to appetytes as bestes
han, whether they han appetyt to dwellen
and to duren.

CERT. XVIII.

quod she, ne therof that
the nat doute. Nowe loken upon thise
herbes and thise trees; they wezen
fist in swiche places as ben coveneable
to hem, in swiche places they ne mowen nat
sonc dyen ne dryen, as longe as hir nature
may defienden hem. For som of hem wezen
in feeldes, and som in mountaignes, and
othre wezen in marleys, and othre eleven on
roches, and somme wezen plentivous in
sondes; & yf that any wight enforce
him to beren hem into othre places, they wezen
drye. For nature yeveth to every thing that
that is convenient to him, and travellieth
that they ne dye nat, as longe as they han
power to dwellen & to livien. What wolto
seyn of this, that they drawen alle hir
norissinges by hir rotes, right as they
hadden hirmouthes yplougued within the
erthe, and heiden by hir maryes hir wode
and hir barks? And what woltow seyn of
this, that thilke thing that is right softe,
as the marye is, that is alwey hid in
the sete, al withinne, and that is defendor
withoute by the stedefastnesse of wode?
and that the uterste bark is put ayen
the desemperacion of the soyle, as a
defendor mighty to suffren harm? And
thus, certes, mayfow wel seyn how gret
is the diligence of nature; for alle thinges
removelen and pulphasen hem with seed
ymultiplyed; ne ther nis no man that ne
wet wel that theyn ben right as a founda-
tment and edifice, for to duren nat only for
a temporary, but right as for to duren perdu-
ably by generacioun. And the thinges eek
that men wenen ne havent none sowles, ne
desire they nat ech of hem by semblable
resoun to kepen that is hir, that is to seyn,
that is according to hir nature in conserva-
cioun of hir beynge & enduringe? For wher-
for elles bereth lightnesse the flaumes
up, and the weighte presseth the erthe a-
down, but for as moche as thilke places
and thilke movienges ben coveneable to
everich of hem? And forsothe every thing
kepeth thilke that is accordinge & propre to
him, right as thinges that ben contraries
and enemys corome hem. And yit the
harde thinges, as stones, cyven & holden
hir parties tegidere right faste and harde,
and defienden hem in withstandinge that
they ne deparre nat lightly at wrin. And
the thinges that ben softe and fleetinge, as
is water and eyr, they deparren lightly, and
ever place to hem that breken or devyden
hem; but nathelesse, they retornen sone
ayen into the same thinges fro whences
they ben arrarid. But yf they refuseth & refuseth
all devisioun. Ne I ne trete nat heer now of
willful movienges of the soyle that is
knowinge, but of the natureentencioun
of thinges, as thus: right as we sowlove the
mote that we receiven and ne thinke nat on
it, and as we drawen our breath in slepinge
that we wite it nat whyle we slepyn. For
certes, in the bestes, the love of hir liv-
inges ne of hir beynge ne comth nat of the
wilninges of the soyle, but of the big-
ninges of nature. For certes, thorugh con-
streininge causes, wil desireth & embrac-
eth ful ofte tyme the death that nature dreedeth; that is to seyn as thus: that a man may ben constreyned so by som cause, that his wil dreedeth and taketh the death which that nature hateth & dreedeth ful sore. And somtyme we seeth the contrarie, as thus: that the wil of a wight destorbeth & constreymeth that that nature dreedeth & requereth alway, that is to seyn, the werk of generacion, by the whiche generacion only dwellith and is sustene the longe durability of mortal thinges.

AND thus this charitee and this love, that every thing hath to himself, ne comith nat of the moving of the sowle, but of the entencie of nature. For the pursuance of God hath yeven to thinke that ben creat of him this, that is a ful gret cause to liven and to duren; for which they desiere naturally his lyf as longe as ever they mowen. For which thow mayst nat dreedre, by no manere, that alle thinges that ben anywhere, that they ne requeren naturely the ferme stableness of perdurable dwelling; and eft the eschewing of destruction. Now confesse I weel, quod I, that I see now wel certeinly, without doubtes, the thinges that whilom semeden uncertain to me.

UT, quod she, thilke thing that desiere to be and to dwell perdu- rably, he desiere to ben con; for yif that that con were destroyed, certes, beinge ne shulde ther non dwellen to no wight. That is sooth, quod I, Channe, quod she, desiere alle thinges con; I as- sente, quod I. And I have shewed, quod she, that thilke same con is thilke that is good. Ye, for sooth, quod I.

ILLE thinges thanne, quod she, requeren good; & thilke good thanne mayst thou descryen right thus: good is thilke thing that every wight desiere.

GER ne may be thought, quod I, no more verray thing. For either alle thinges ben referred & brought to nought, & floteren withoute gouvernor, despoiled of con as of his propre heved; or elles, yif ther be any thing to which that alle thinges tenden and hyen, that thing moste ben the severing good of alle goodes. DHANE seyde she thus: O my nory, quod she, I have gret gladnesse of thee; for thou hast fisched in thyn herte the middel soothfastnesse, that is to seyn, the prikhe; but this thing hat ben descoved to thee, in that thy seydest that thou wistest nat a littel herbiferm. What was that? quod I.

WAT thoune wistest nat, quod she. Ye, which was the ende of thinges; and certes, that is the thing that every wight dreedeth; and for as mochel as we han gadered and comprehended that good is thilke thing that is desired of alle, thanne moten we redea confesen, that good is the fyn of alle thinges.

Metre XI.
Quisquis profunda mente vestigat verum.

HOSO that seketh sooth by a deep thought, and coveiteth nat to ben deceived by no miwyes, lat him rollen and treden withinne himself the light of his inward sight: & lat him gaderese yein, enctyninge into acom- pas, the longe moveinges of his thoughtes; & lat him tychen his corage that he hath enclosed and hid in his tresors, al that he compasseth or seketh frø withoute. And thanne thilke thinge, that the blak cloud of errore whylom hadde ycovered, schal lighten more cleerly thanne Phœbus hymself ne shyneth.

Cleo.

HOSO WOLE seken the deep groundes of sooth in his thought, & wol nat be deceived by false proposicion that goune amis fro the trouthe, lat him wel examine and rolle with himself the nature and the properitees of the thing; & lat him yif etstones examine and rolle his thoughtes by great deliberacion, or that he deme; & lat him tychen his sowle that it hath, by natural principles, kindeliche yhid within it selfe, alle the trouthe the whiche he imagineth to ben in thinges withoute. And thanne alle the darknesse of his misknowinge shal deme more evidentlie to sighte of his understandinge thanne the sonne ne semen to sighte withouteforth.

OR certes the body, bringinge the weightes of foryteinge, ne hath nat chasid out of your thoughtes al the cleernesse of your knowynge; for certainly the seed of sooth haldeth & cyveth within your corage, and it is awaked and exyted by the winde & by the blastes of doctrine. For wherfor elles demen ye of your owne wil the rightes, whan ye ben axed, but yif so were that the norisshinge of reacon ne yplodyn in the depthes of your herte? this is to seyn, how sholden men demen the sooth of any thing that were axed, yif thernere a rote of soothfastnesse that were yplounge & hid in natural principles, the whiche soothfastnesse lived within the deepnesse of the thought. And yif so be that the Muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth sooth, al that every wight semen, he ne doth nothing elles thanne but recordeth, as men recorden thinges that ben foryteyn.
HANNE seide I thus: I acorde me greatly to Plato, for thou rememberst and recordest me thine own thinges yit the seconde tyme; that is to seyn, first when I loste my memorie by the contagious conjunction of the body with the soule, & afterward, when I loste it, confounded by the charge and by the burdene of my sorwe.

ND thanne seide she thus: yif thou loke, quod she, first the thinges that thou hast grante, it ne shal nat ben right for that thou ne shalt remembr thilke thing that thou seyst that thou nistest nat. What thing? quod I.

By whiche governement, quod she, that this world is governed. Me remembret me wel, quod I, and I confesse wel that I ne wasse it naught. But albeit so that I see now from after what thou purposed altages, I desyried to erkene it the more plenyly. Choue wendeast natt, quod she, a litel herbiform, that men sholden doute that this world neis governyed by God.

CERTES, quod I, ne yit ne doute I it naught, ne I nel never were that it were to doute; as who seith, but I wot wel that God governeth this world; & I shal shortly answere thee by what re- soumes I am brought to this. This world, quod I, of so manye diverse & contrarious partes, ne mighte never han ben assem- bled in a forme, but yif ther were oon that conjoined se manye diverse thinges; and the same diversiteit of hir natur, that so disordenn that oon fro that other, moot departen and unynjoynen the thinges that ben conjoin, yif ther ne were oon that conteneled that he hath conjoined and ybunde. Ne the certein ordre of nature ne shold ne bringe forth so ordene moevi- nges, by places, by tyymes, by doynge, by spaces, by qualitites, yif ther ne were oon that were ay aterefast and everlasting, that ordynede and disponede thise diversyte of moeynges. And thilke thing, whatsoe- ever it be, by which that alle thinges ben ymaked and ylad, I celpe him God; that is a word that is used to alle folc.

If thou felest thus thise thinges, quod she. I trowe that I have litel more to done that thou, mighty of welleynesse, howd and sounde, ne se efsones thy contrec. But lat us loken the thinges that we han purposed herbiform. Have Inat noumbred and seyd, quod she, that sufisiance is in blis- fulnesse, and we han acorde that God is thilke same blisfulness? Yis, forsothe, quod I. And that, to governe this world, quod she, ne sholde he ne han naide of non helpe fro withoute? For elles, yif he hadde naide of any help, he ne sholde nat have no ful sufisiance? Yis, thus it mot nedes be, quod I. Thanne ordeyneth he by himselfe alone alle thinges? quod she. That may nat be denying, quod I. And I have shewed that God is the same good. It remembret me wel, quod I.

HANNE ordeyneth alle thinges by thilke good, quod she; sin he, which that we han acorde to be good, governeth alle thinges by himself; and he is as a keye & a steere by which that the edifice of this world is ykeple stable & withoute corouncing.

ACORDE me greety, quod I; and I sperched an aitale herbiform that thou woldest seye thus; albeit so that it were by a thinne suspiccion.

CERTES it wel, quod she; for, as I trowe, thou ledest now more enten- tly thyne eye to loken the verray goodes. But natheles the thing that I shal telle they yit ne sheweth nat lasse to loken. What is that? quod I.

So as men trowen, quod she, and that moste, that God governeth alle thinges by the keye of his good- nesse, & alle thise same thinges, as I have taught thee, hasten hem by nature enten- cion to commen to good: ther may no man douen that they ne be governed voluntarily, and that they ne convert hem of hir owne wil to the wil of hir ordenour, as they that ben acordonging and enclymynge to hir governour and hir king. I mott nedes ben so, quod I; for thereaume ne sholde nat aemen blissful yif ther were a yol of mis- drawynes in diverse parties; ne the savynge of obedient thinges ne sholde nat be.

Thanne is ther nothin, quod she, that kepeth his nature, that enforcest him to goon ayein God? No, quod I.

ND yif that anything enforcest him to withoute God, mighte it availe at the lastly ayein him, that we han grante to ben alyght by the right of blissfulness? Certes, quod I. Aboute is it me mighte nat ayein him. Thanne is ther nothin, quod she, that either were or mightest to this soverain good? If I trowe nat, quod I. Thanne is thilke the soverain good, quod she, that alle thinges governeth strongly, and ordeyneth hem softly.

HANNE seide I thus: I delyte me, quod I, nat only in the ende or in the summe of the resoun that thou hast
concluded and proved, but thilke wordes that thou usest deliyen me moche more; so, at the laste, foolest that sumtryme ren-
den grete thinges oughten ben ashamed of himself; that is to seyn, that we foolest that reprehendeth sikely the thinges that tochen Goddes governance, we oughten ben ashamed of ourself: as I, that seyde that God refuseth only the werke of men, and ne entremeteth nat of hem.

THOU hast wel herd, quod she, the fables of the poetes, the gi-
aunts asaileden the heuene with the goddes; but for the, the deobnaire force of God deposeiden hem, as it was worth-
thy; that is to seyn, destroyde the gi-
aunts, as it was worthy. But wilt thou that we joignen togerider thilke same resouns? For peradventure, of swich conjunccon may atteren up som fair sparkle of sooth. Do, quod I, as thee liete, Wenest thou, quod she, that God ne be almighty? No man is in doute of it. Certes, quod I, no wight ne doueth it, yit he be in his minde. Buthe, quod she, that is almighty, ther nything that he ne may. That is sooth, quod I, May God don yevel? quod she, Nay, forsothe, quod I, Thanne is yevel nothynge, quod she, sin that he ne may nat don yevel that may don alle thinges.

So NEST thou me, quod I, or elles pleyest thou ordecece thou me, that hast so swon me with thy resouns the house of Dedalus, so entrel-
ded that it is unable to be unlated; thou that otherwhyle entrest ther thou iastest, and otherwhyle ester ther thou estrest, no foldest thou nat togerider, by replicatio-
un of wordes, a maner wonderfull cercle or-environe of the simplicitei devyne? for certes, a litel heriborn, whan thou bi-
gume at blisfulnesse, thou seyst that it is soverne good; and seyst that it is set in soverne God; and seyst that God himself is soverne good; and that God is the fulle blisfulnesse; for which thou gave me as a covenable yift, that is to seyn, that no wight ny blisful but yit he be Godalso therwith. And seidest eel, that the forme of good is the subsaunce of God and of blisfulnesse; & seidest, thilke same con is thilke same good, that is required & desired of alle the kinde of thinges. And thou provedest, in disputinge, that God governeth alle the thinges of the world by the governementes of bountee, and seyd-
est, that alle thinges wolen obeyen to him; and seydest, that the nature of yevel ny thing. And thise thinges ne showedest thou nat with none resouns yaken fro withoute, but by prooves in cercles.& seibone
lich known; the whiche prooves drawen to hemselfe his feith and his acord, everich of

hem of other.

THANNE seyede she thus: I ne scorne
de nat, ne pleye, ne deceyve thee; but I have shewed thee that the thing that is gretest over alle thinges by the yift of God, that we whylom preyed, forthis is the forme of the devyne subsaunce, that is swich that it ne slydeth nat into out-terest foreiine thinges, ne ne perviceth straunge thinges in him; but right as Par-
menides seye in Greek of thilke devyne subsaunce; he seye thus: that Thilke devyne subsaunce toreneth the world and the moneable cercle of thinges, whythilke devyne subsaunce kepeth in his cercle his movinge; that is to seyn, that it ne moey-
eth nevermo, and yit it moeyeth alle othre thinges. But notheles, yf I have stired resouns that ne ben nat taken fro withoute the compas of thing of which we tretten, but resouns that ben bittoweth within that compas, ther nis nat why that thou shold-
ester merveille; sin thou hast lemed by the sentence of Plato, that Nedas the wordes moten be cosines to the thinges of which they spelen.

Metre XII.

Felix, qui potuit boni.

LISFUL is that man that may
seen the cler well of good;
blisfulnes, & hadde bind-
en him fro the bonds of the
hey erthe. The poete of
Trace, Orpheus, that whylom
hadde right grete sorwe for the deeth
of his wyf, after that he hadde maked, by his
weeply songes, the hevynes, ne fylde, to
rennen; and hadde maked the rivers to
stonden stille; & hadde maked the heretes
and the hindes to joignen, dredelen, his
sydes to cruel lycons, for to herim his
songe; & hadde maked that the hare was
nat aignant of the hounde, which that was
pleased by his songe: so, when the moete
ardautlove of his wyf brende the entrailes
of his brest, ne the songes that hadden
overcomen alle thinges ne mighten nat as-
wagen hir lord Orpheus, he pleynede him
of the hevyn goddes that weren cruel to
him; he went him to the house of helle.
And there he temprede his blaimdish-
inge songes by resowninge strenges, and
spak and song in weeping at that ever he
hadde receivde and laved out of the noble
welles of his moder Calliope the goddesse;
and he song with as moclhes as he mighte of
weepinge, and with as moche as love, that
doublet he his sorwe, mighte yve him and
techen him; and he commyncede the helle,
& requerede & broughthe by swee preyer the
lords of sowees in helle, of releasinge;
that is to seyn, to yelden him his wyf.
DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHII

BOOK IV PROSE

1. DEOFFICIO.

Sed consolamentum, quod ait, se habere necesse est
nullum esse, qui non possit praelocuis esse.

2. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

3. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

4. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

5. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

6. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

7. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

8. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

9. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

10. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

11. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

12. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

13. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

14. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

15. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.

16. DEOFFICIO.

Sed si unusquisque se habere consolamentum, qui
non possit praelocuis esse, nullum esse, qui non
possit praelocuis esse.
shal bringen thee ayein unto thyn houe.
And I shal fichen fetheres in thyn thought,
by which it may aynen in heighe, so that,
alle tribulation ydon awy, thou, by my
gydinge and by my path & by my sleses,
shalt mowe returne hool and sound into
thy contre.

Methe I.
Sunt etenim pennae volucres mihi.

In

RHA E, forooste, swifts fetheres that
surmounten the heightes of hevene. Whan
the swift thought hath clothed
is brest, fetheres, it de-
spoyeth the hateful edenes,
and surmounteth the roundnesse of
the grete ayr; and it seeth the cloudes behinde
his bak: and passeth the heighte of the re-
igion of the fyr, that eschaufeth by the
swift moevinge of the firmament, till that
heareyeth him into the houses that boren
the sterres, & joyneth his weyes with the
sonne Dhebus, and felawipeth the wey
of the olde colde Saturnus; & he ymaked
a lighst of the clere sterre: that is to seyn,
that the thought is made Goddes knight
by the sekinge of truthe to come to
the verray knowleche of God. & thilke
thought renneth by the cercle of the sterres,
in alle places theras the shyninge night is
peinted; that is to seyn, the night that is
cloodeles; for on nights that ben cloode-
les it semeth as the hevene were painted
with divers images of sterres. & And
whanne he hath ydoon ther ymough, he
shal forleten the laste hevene, and he shal
pressen & wenden on the bak of the fetheres:
its fetheres, and he shal ben made parfit
of the worshipefull light of God. Ther halet
the lord of hinges the ceptre of his might,
and atempbreth the gouvernements of the
world, and the shyninge juge of thinges,
stable in himself, governeth the swift
cart or wayn, that is to seyn, the circular
moevinge of the sonne. And yif thy wye
ledeth thee ayein so that thou be brought
thider, thanne wolst thou seye now that
that is the contre that thou requirest,
of which thou ne haddest no minde: But now
it remembreth me wel, her was I born, her
wel I fastne my degree, her wolte I dwelle.
But yif thee lyketh thanne to loken on the
darknesse of the ethre that thou hast for-
leten, thanne shalt thou seen that thise
felounous eyrautes, that the wrecched peo-
ples dredeth, now shollen ben exyld fro
thilke fayre contre.

Proce II.

Tun ego, Papa, inquam.

HAN seyde I thsu:
Owh! I wondere me
that thou bistebest
me so grete thinge-
esse: and I doubtenat
that thou ne mayest
wel performe that
thou bistebest. But
I preye thee only
this, that thou ne
tarye nat to telle me
thilke thinges that
thou hast knew.

If she, thou most nodes
knowen, that goodol folthe be
stronge & mighty, & the shrewes
ben feble and desert and nacked of alle
strengthes. And of thise thinges, certes,
everich of hem is declared and shewyd by
other, for so as good and yvel ben two
contraries, yif so be that good be stede-
fast, than sheweth the feblease of yvel al
openly: & yif thou knowe clearly the frete-
nesse of yvel, the stedfastnesse of good
is knowen. But for as moche as the foy
of my sentence shal be the more ferme and
haboundant, I wol lym by that so wye
and by that other; and I wolte confirme
the thinges that ben purposed, now on this
syde and now on that syde. Two thinges
ther ben in whiche the effect of alle the
dedes of manhinde standeth, that is to
seyn, wil and power: and yif that oon of
thase two fayleth, ther nia nothing that
may be don, for yif that wil lautheth, ther
nis no wighte that undertaketh to don that
he wold nat do; and yif power fayleth, the
wil nia but in yvel and haunte for naught.
And therof cometh it, that yif thou see a
wighte that wolde geten that he may nat
geten, thou mayest nat douen that power
ne fayleth him to havyn that he wolde.
This is open and cleere, quod I; ne it may
nat ben deneyd in no maner. & Yif thou
seest a wight, quod she, that hath done
that he wolde doen, thou nolt nat douen
that he ne hath had power to don it? No,
quod I. & And in that that every wighte
may, in that men may holde him mighty; as who
seyth, in a moche man is mighty to don
a thing, in a moche men haile him mighty;
and in that that he ne may, in that men
demn him to be feble. I confesse it wel,
quod I. Remember the, quod she,
that I have garded & shewyd by forseyde
reasons that al the entenience of the wil
of manhinde, that which is lad by dyverse
studies, hasteth to come to blisfulnesse?
It remembreth me wel, quod I, that it
hath ben shewyd. & And recordeth thee
nat thenne, quod she, that blisfulnesse is
thilke same good that men requiret: so
that, when that blissfulness is required of all, that good also is required and desired of all; if it recordeth me nat, quod I; for I have it greatly alway fixed in my memory. All folk thanne, quod she, goode and ech badde, enforcen hem without difference of entencion to come to good? This is a verray consequence, quod I. And certein is, quod she, that by the getting of good ben men ymaked goode? This is certein, quod I. Thanne geten goode men that they desiren? So semeth it, quod I. But wylke folke, quod she, yf they geten the good that they desiren, they nemow nat be wylked? So is it, quod I.

HANNE, so as that oon and that oon, quod she, desire good; and the goode folke geten good, & nat the wylke folke; thanne nia it no doute that the goode folke ne ben mighty & the wylcke folke ben feble? Whoso that ever, quod I, douth of this, hem neman nat consider the nature of thinges ne the consequence of resouns.

But over this, quod she, yf that ther be two thinges that han oo same purpose by kinde, and that oon of hem pursueth & parfometh thilke same thing by naturale ofifice, and that other ne may nat doon thilke naturale ofifice, but falseth, by other manere thanne is convenable to nature, him that accomplished his purpose kindely, and yit he neman accomplishe nat his owne purpose: whether of thilke two demestow for more mighty? Yf that I conjecte, quod I, than that thou wolt seye, algaten yf I desere to herne it more pleyly of thee. Thou wilt nat thanne deneye, quod she, that the movemen of goinge niamen by kinde. No, forsothe, quod I. Ne thou doyst nat, quod she, that thilke naturale ofifice of goinge ne be the office of feet? Nye doyte it nat, quod I.

HANNE, quod she, yf that a whight be mighty to moore and goth upon his feet, and another, to whom thilke naturale ofifice of feet laketh, enforce him to gon crepinge upon his handes: whether of thilke two oughte to ben holden the more mighty by right?

KNIT forth the remanent, quod I; for no wight ne doyte that he that may gon by naturale ofice of feet ne be more mighty than he that ne may nat. But the sovereign good, quod she, that is evenliche purposed to the gode folke & to badde, the gode folke seken it by naturale ofifice of vertues, & the shrewes enforce hem to geten it by diverse coveitise of the other thinges, which that nim no naturale ofifice to geten thilke same sovereign good. Troweverth that it be any other wyse?

AY, quod I; for the consequence is open and shewing of things that I have graunted; that nede gode folk moten bemighty, and shrewes feble and unmighty.

HOU rennes artigh biforn me, quod she, and this is the jugement; that is to seyn, I juge of thee right as thilke leche ben wont to hopen of synke folk, when they aperceyen that nature is reordered and withstoned to themaladye. But, for I see the now al redy to the understanding, I shal shewe thee more thilke & continuall resouns, for loke now how greatly sheweth the feblesse and infirmite of wylkede folk, that ne noman nat comen to that hir nature entencione ledeth hem, and yit almost thilke naturale entencione constrineth hem. And what were to demen thanne of shrewes, yf thilke naturale help hadde forlen hem, the which naturale help of intencion goth awaie forforn hem, and is so gret that unno the it may ben overcome? Consider thanne how greet defaute of power and how greet feblesse ther is in wylkede felonous folk; as who so yeeth, the gretter thing that is covete and the desire nat accomplished, of the laze might is he that coveteith it and may nat accomplish it. And forthy Philosophie aeth thus by sovereign good: Ne shrewes ne requeren nat lighte meden ne veyne games, which theyn may folwen ne holden; but they fallen of thilke somme and of the heighte of thinges, that it is to seyn, sovereign good; ne thilke wrecches ne comen nat to the effect of sovereign good, the which they enforce hem only to geten, by nightes and by dayes; in the gettinge of which good the strengthe of good folk is ful wel ysen. For right so as thou mightest demen him mighty of goinge, that gooth on his feet til he mighte come to thilke place, fro the whiche place ther ne laye no wy way forther to ben gon; right so most thou nede demen him for right mighty, that geteth & atyngeth to the ende of alle thinges that ben to desire, byonde the which ende there is nothing to desire. Of the which power of good folk men may conclude, that the wylkede men semen to be bareine & naked of alle strengthe, for why forlen they vertues & folwen yce? Nis it nat for that they ne knowan nat the goodes? But what thing is more feble and more catif thanne is the blindnessom of ignoraunce? Or elles they knowen ful wel whiche thinges that they oughten folwe, but leche and coveteys seoth overthroweth hem misterond; and certes, so doth dis TEMPERANCE to feble men, that ne noman nat wretynse ayeins the yce. Ne knowen
they nat thane wele that they foreten the good wilfully, and tomen hem wilfully to vyes? And in this wyse they ne foreten nat only to ben mighty, but they foreten alou trely in any wyse for to ben. For they that foreten the common fyne of alle things that ben, they foreten atherwithal for to ben.

And peraventure ifef sholde menen to som fole that this was a merivel to seyen: that shrewes, wiche that containen the more partye of men, ne ben nat ne han no beinge; but nathelesse, it is so, & thus stant this thing. For they that ben shewen, I deneye nat that they ben shrewes; but I deneye, and seye simple & plainly, that they ne ben nat, ne han no beinge. For right as thou mightest seyen of the carayne of a man, that it were a deedman, but thou ne mightest nat simpley callen it a man; so graunte I wel foresethe, that vicios fole ben whilked, but I ne may nat graunten absolutly and simplely that they ben. For thilke thing that witholdeth ordre and kepent nature, thilke thing is and hath beinge; but what thing that failleth of that, that is to seyn, that he foreleteth nature ordre, he foreleteth thilke thing that is set in his nature. But thou wolt seyn, that shrewes mowen. Certes, that ne deneye I nat; but certes, hir power ne descedeth nat of strengthe, but of feblesse. For they mowen don wilkednesses; the whiche they ne might nat don, yif they mighthenden in the forme & in the doijnge of good fole. And thilke power sheweth ful evidently that they ne mowen right naught. Forsois have gadered & proveed a litel heribon, that yuel is naught; and so as shrewes mowen only but shrewednesses, this conclusioun is al clear, that shrewes ne mowen right naught, ne han no power. And for as moche as thou understandest, which is the strengthe of this power of shrewes, I have definished a litel heribon, that nothing is so mighty as sovereign good. Chat is sooth, quod I. And thilke same sovereign good may don non yuel. Certes, no, quod I. Is ther any wight thane, quod she, that wene that men mowen doon alle thinges? No man, quod I, but yif he be out of his witte. But, certes, shrewes mowen don yuel, quod she. Ye, wolde God, quod I, that they migheten don non.

Hanne, quod she, so as he that is mighty to doon only but goode thinges may don alle thinges; and they that ben mighty to don yele thinges ne mowen nat alle thinges: thanne is it open thing and manifest, that they that mowen don yuel ben of lasshe power. And yif, to provee this conclusioun, ther helpeth this, that I have shewed heribon, that alle power is to be nombred among thinges that men oughten require. And I have shewed that alle thinges, that oughten ben desired, ben referred to good, right as to a maner heighte of his nature. But for to mowen don yuel and felonyne may nat ben referred to good. Thanne nis nat yuel of the nombred of thinges that oughten ben desired. But alle power oughten ben desired & requered. Than it is open and cleere that the powern the mowinge of shrewes nis no power; and of alle thise thinges it sheweth wel, that the goode fole ben certainely mighty, and the shrewes douteles ben unmyghty. And it is cleer and open that thilke opinion of Plato is verray and sooth, that seith, that only wyse men may doon that they desire; & shrewes mowen haughten that hem lyketh, but that they desire, that is to seyn, to comen to sovereigndom, they ne han no power to acomplishen that. For shrewes don that hem list, whan, by the thing in which they desyten, they wenen to atteine to thilke good that they desiren; but they ne giten ne atteinen nat therto, for vyes ne come nat to blissfulnesse.

Metre II. Quos vide sedere celosos.
AND ayn it is thus, that goode men ne failen nevermo of hir mede, certes, no wys man ne may doute of undepartable payne of the shrewes; that is to seyn, that the payne of shrewes ne departeth nat from himself nevermo. For so as goode and ywel, and payne and meden ben contrarye, it mot nedes ben, that right as we seen bitydhen in guerdoun of goode, that also mot the payne of ywel answery, by the contrarye party, to shrewes. Now thanne, as so bountee and prowessee ben the mede to goode folk, also is shrewedness itself torment to shrewes. Thanne, whoso that ever is entecheed and defouled with payne, he may doute nat, that he is entecheed & defouled with ywel. Yf shrewes thanne wolten preyen hemself, may it seemen to hem that they ben withoute party of torment, akin they ben atiche that the utterste wikklednesse (that is to seyn, wikkede thwees, that is the utterste & the worst hinde of shrewednesse) ne defouleth ne entechehath hem only, but infecteth & evinneth hem grettly? And also look on shrewes, that ben the contrarie party of goodmen, how greet pynce felawe shipeth & folweth hem! forhou hast lerned a litel herbifforn, that al thing that is & hath beinge is oun, and thiike same oun is good; thanne is the consequence, that it semeth Wel, that al that is & hath beinge is good; this is to seyn, as who seyth, that beinge and unifer and goodnesse is oun. And in this manere it folweth thanne, that all thing that faileth ben good, it stinteth for to be and for to han any beinge; wherefore it is, that shrewes stinten for to ben that they weren. But thiike other formes of manehinde, that is to seyn, the forme of the body withoute, sheweth yit that thes shrewes weren whyronymen; wherefor, when they ben perverted and torne into malice, certes, than han they forlorn the nature of manehinde. But so as only bountee and prowessee may enhaunse every man over other men; thanne mot it nedes be that thes shrewes, which that shrewednesse hath cast out of the condicioun of manehinde, ben put under the merite and the desert of men. Thanne bitydeth it, that yif thou asest a wight that be transformed into yves, thou ne mayst nat wene that he be a man.

OR yif he be ardaunt in avarice, and that he be a ravinour by violence of foreine richesse, thou shalt anh that he is lyke to the wolf. And yif he be fenomon and withoute reste, and exercise his tonge to chyldinge, thou shalt lyhe him to the hound. And yif he be a preyve awaitour yhid, and rejoyseth him to ravishe by wyle, thou shalt seyn him lyke to
the foxwhelpes. And yf he be distempre and qualketh for ire, men shal wene that he
bereth the corage of a lyoun. And yf he be
dreadful and fleinge, and dredeeth thynge
that ne oughten nat to ben drede, men shal
holden hym lyk to the hert. And yf he be
slow and astoned and lache, he liveth as an
asbe. And yf he be light and unstedfast of
corage, & chaungeth by his studies, he is
lyyned to briddes. And if he be plun-
ged in foule and unclene luxuries, he is with-
holden in the foule deycys of the foule
sowhe. Channe folweth it, that he that for-
leteth bountee and prowestee, he forleteth
to ben a man; sin he may nat passen into
the condicion of God, he is torno into a
beest.

Metre III.
Vela Neristi dulcia.

Pirras the wind arayvede the
saielys of Alisses, duk of the
contree of Narice, & his wan-
dringe shippes by the see,
into the ile thersa Circes, the
faire goddesse, daughter of
the some, dwelteeth; that medleteth to hir
newe gestes drunketh that ben touched and
maked with enchauntements. And after
that hir hand, mighty over the herbes, hadde
chaunged hir gestes into divers manerese;
thayn of hir, is covered his face with
forme of a boore; that othir is chaunged
into a lyoun of the contree of Marromike,
and his nayles and his teeth ween;
thayn of hir is neweliche chaunged into
a wolf, & howilet when hir wolde wepe;
thayn othir goth deonairely in hir hose as
a tyege of Inde.

But albeite so that the godshed of Mer-
curie, that is eloped the brid of Ar-
cadie, hath had mercy of the duke
Alisses, besieged with divers yvels, and
hath unbounden him fro the pestilence of
his ostesse, algethe the rwerese and the
marinerese haddon by this ydrowned in hir
mouthes & drunken the wilkede drunkh
Thayn that weren swen swen haddon by
this ychaunged hir mete of breed, for to
eten andorres of ofkhe. Non of hir limes ne
dwelteeth with hir hole, but they han lost
the voice and the body; only hir thought
dwelteeth with hir stable, that wepeth and
biewelteeth the monstruose chaunginge that
they suffren. O overlght hand (as who
seyth, O! feble and light in the hand of
Circe the enchaunteresse, that chaungeth
the bodyes of folkes into bestes; to regard
and to comparisoun of mutacion that is
maked by yvces); ne the herbes of Circes
ne ben nat might; for albeit so that they
may chaugen the limes of the body, al-
gateyth they may nat chaunge the herbes;
for withinne is yhild the strengthe & vigor
of men, in the secrete tour of hir herdes;
that is to seyn, the strengthe of resoun.
But thylke venims of yvces to drawen aman
to hem more mighty then the venim of
Circes; for yvces ben so cruel that they
percen and thorugh paissen the corage
withinne; and, thogh they ne anoche nat
the body, yf yvces wooden to destroye
men by woundes of thought.

Prose IV.
Tum ego, Fatae, inquam.

VAN seythe I thus:
I confesse and am
aknowe it, quod
I nene see nat that
men mayes byn,
as by
right, that shrewe as
ben chaunged in
beeste by the
qualette of hir soule
es, albeit so that
they repen yit the
forme of the body
of mankine.
But I holde nat of shrewe, of
which the thought cruel woodeth alway in
to destruccion of goode men, that it were
levelu to heman to don that.

ers, quod she, ne is
nus nat lev
ful to hem, as shal wel shewe thee
mene place; but natheles, yf
o were that thilke that men wenen ben leve.
Ful to shrewe were binomen hem, so
that they ne mighte nat anoche or doon harm
to goode men, certes, a great paryte of
the peny to shrewe sholde ben allegred and
relved. For albeit so that this ne semeth
credible thing, peraventure, to some foole,
yf moote it nedes be, that shrewe ben
more wrecches and unsely when they may
doone & perforee that they coyeeene, than
yf they mighte nat complisshen that they
cyeeve. For yf so be that it be wrecised
dense to wilne to don yvel, than is more
wrecossedese to mowen don yvel; with-
outhe whiche mowinge the wrecched wil
sholde languisse withoute effect. Than,
sin that everiche of thish things hath his
wrecossedese, that is to seyn, wil to don
yvel & mowinge to don yvel, it most nedes
be that they ben constryned by three un-
selnesses, that wolyn and mowyn & per-
formen feloneyes and shreweesses. I ac-
orde me, quod I; but I desire gretly that
shrewe losten sone thilke unselnessese,
that is to seyn, that shrewe were des-
posed of mowinge to don yvel.

So shullen they, quod she, soner,
peraventure, than woldest; or
soner than they hemself were to
lahken mowinge to don yvel. For ther nis
nothing so late in so shorte bounds of
this lyf, that is long to abyde, nameliche,
to a corage inmortel; of whiche shrewes the grete hope, & the hye compassinges of shrewednesses, is ofte destroyed by a soden ende, or they ben war; & that thing estabalthe to shrewes the ende of hir shrewedness. For yif that shrewedness maketh wrecches, than mot he nedez ben most wrecched that lengest is a shrew; the whiche wilked shrewes wolde I demen aldermost unusly and caitsif, yif that hir shrewedness ne were finisshed, at the lest, by the outterste deeth. For yif I have concluded sooth of the unseeliness of shrewedness, than sheweth it cleerly that thilke wrecchedness is withouten ende, the whiche is certein to ben perdurable. Dertes, quod I, this conclusion is hard & wonderfull to graunte; but I knowe wel that it acordeth moche to the thinges that I have graunted herbyforn.

HOW hast, quod she, the right estimacion of this; but whosover wene that it be a hard thing to acorde him to a conclusion, it is right that he shew that some of the premises ben false, or elles he moot shew that the collacion of proposicionis his nat speedfull to a necessarie conclusion. And yif it be nat so, but that the premisses ben ygraunted, ther is not why he sholde blame the argument. For this thing that I shal telle thee nowe ne shal nat denne laze wonderful; but of the thinges that ben taken also is it necessarie: as who seyth, it foloweth of that which that is purposed biforn. What is that? quod I.

Dertes, quod she, that is, that thilke wilked shrewes ben more blisful, or elles laze wrecches, that abyen the tormentes that they han deservyd, than yif no peyne of justice ne chastysende hem. Ne this ne seye I nat now, for that any man mighte thinke, that the manner of shrewes ben corigied and chastysied by venjanys, and that they ben brought to the right way by the drede of the torment, ne for that they yeven to other folk ensample to fleen fro yreces; but I understande yif in anothermanere, that shrewes ben more unusly when they ne ben nat punished, albeit so that there be not no reason or lawe of correccioun, ne non ensamle of lokeinge. And what manere shal that ben, quod I, other than hath be told herbyforn? Have we nat thanne graunted, quod she, that goode folk ben blisful, and shrewes ben wrecches? Yif, quod I. Thanne, quod she, yif that any good were added to the wrecchedness of any wight, nis he nat more weleful than he that ne hath no medlinge of good in his solitaria wrecchedness? So semeth it, quod I.

AND what seystow thanne, quod she, of thilke wrecche that laketh alle goodes, so that no good nis meddel in his wrecchedness; & yit, over al his wrecchedness for which he is a wrecche, that ther be yit another yvel anexed and knitt to him, shal nat men demen him more unusly than thilke wrecche of whiche the unseeliness is releved by the participacion of som good? Why sholde he nat? quod I.

DANNE, certes, quod she, han shrewes, when they ben punished, somewhat of good anexed to hir wrecchedness, that is to seyn, the same peyne that they sufferen, which that is good by the resoun of justice; and when thilke same shrewes ascapen withoute torment, than han they somewhat more of yvel yit over the wilkedness that they han don, that is to seyn, defaut of peyne; which defaut of peyne, thou hast graunted, is yvel for the deserte of felony. I ne may nat deneyeit, quod I. Moche more thanne, quod she, ben shrewes unusly, when they ben wrongfully delivered fro peyne, than when they ben punished by rightful venjanys. But this is open thing & cleer, that it is right that shrewes ben punished, and it is wikhednesse & wrong that they escapeun punished. Who mighte deneye that? quod I. But, quod she, may any man denye that al that is right nis good; & also the contrarie, that al that is wrong is wikhe. Dertes, quod I, these thinges ben elere enough; and that we han concluded a litel herbyforn. But I praye thet that thou telle me, yif thou acordest to leten no torment to sowles, after that the body is ended by the deeth; this is to seyn, understandestow aught that sowles han any torment after the deeth of the body?

Dertes, quod she, ye; & that right greet of which sowles, quod she, I trowe that some ben tormented by asprenesse of peyne; and some sowles, I trowe, ben exercysed by a purginge mekenesse. But my conseil nis nat to determinye of thise peynes. But I have travaile and told yit hiderto, for thou sholdest knowe that the mowinge of shrewes, which mowlinge thee semeth to ben unworthy, nis no mowinge: & eeh of shrewes, of which thou pleinedest that they ne were nat punished, that thou woldest seen that they ne weren nevermo without the torments of his wikkednesse: and of the licence of the mowinge to don yvel, that thou predeest that it mighte bese enden, & that thou woldest fayn lernen that it ne sholde nat longe dure: and that shrewes ben more unusly yif they were of lenger duries, and most unusly yif they were perdurable.
And after this, I have shewed thee that more uselie ben shrewes, when they escapen without his right full payne, than when they ben punished by rightfull vengeance. And of this sentence folweth it, that thanne ben shrewes constrained at the laste with most gresous torment, when men were that ne be nat punished.

THAN, I consider thy resouns, quod I, I ne trowe nat that men seyn anything more verayly. And yif I tome ayein to the studies of men, who is he to whom it asholde seme that he ne asholde nat only leven thise thinges, but eek glady herden hem?

CERTES, quod she, so it is; but men may nat. For they han hir eyen so wont to the darknesse of etheles thinges, that they ne may nat liften hem up to the light of cleer soothfastnesse; but they ben lyke to bridles, of which the night lighteth hir lokinge, and the day blindeth hem. For when men loken nat the ordre of thinges, but hir lustes and talents, they wene that either the leve or the bokinge to don wikkednesse, or elles the scapinge without payne, be wefelulle. But consider the jugement of the perduarable lawe. For yif thou conferre thy corage to the beste thinges, thou nass hast no nede of no juge to yeven thee prys or mede; for thou hast joyned thyself to the most excellent thing. And yif thou have enclyned thy studies to the wikked thinges, ne seyn no foreyne wechere out of thyself; for thou thyself hast thrist thyself into wikked thinges: right as thou mightest loken by diverse tympes the foute erthe and the hevye, and that alle other thinges stitten fro withoute, so that thou were neither in hevye ne in erthe, ne saye nothing more: than it asholde semen to thee, as by only resoun of lokinge, that thou wern wa in the sterres and now in the erthe. But the poeple ne loketh nat on thise thinges. What thanne? Shal we thanne appoachen us to hem that I have shewed that they ben lyk to bostes? And what woltow seyn of this: yif that a man hadde al forlon his sightes and hadde foryeten that he ever saugh, and wende that nothing ne faylde him of perfeccioun of manikinde, now we that mighten seen the same thinges, wolde we nat wene that he were blinde? Ne also ne acordeth nat the poeple to that I shal seyn, the which thing is sustennd by a streng feondement of resouns, that is to seyn, that more uselie ben they that don wrong to othre folk than they that the wrong suffren? I wolde heren thilke same resouns, quod I. Denyeatow, quod she, that alle shrewes ne ben worthy to han torment? Nay, quod I. But, quod she, I am certain, by many resouns, that shrewes ben uselie. It acordeth, quod I. Thanne ne doute tow nat. Quod she, that thilke folk that ben worthy of torment, that they ne ben wrekhes?

It acordeth wel, quod I. Yif thou were thanne, quod she, yest a juge or a knower of thinges, whether, browestow, that men asholden tormenten him that hath don the wrong, or elles him that hath suffered the wrong? Ne doute nat, quod I, that I nole don suffisaunt satisfaccioun to him that hadde suffered the wrong by the sorwe of him that hadde don the wrong? Thanne semeth it, quod she, that the doere of wrong is more wreckhe than he that suffered wrong? That folweth wel, quod I.

THAN, quod she, by these causes & by othere causes that ben enforced by the same rote, filthy or sinne, by the propre nature of it, malicen men wrekhes; & it sheweth wel, that the wrong that men don nis nat the wrekchednesse of him that received the wrong, but the wrekchednesse of him that doth the wrong. But certes, quod she, thise oratoure or advocatys don al the contrary; for they enforce hem to commowe the juges to han pitee of hem that han suffred & receyved the thinges that ben gresous and asperse, and yif men asholde more rightfully han pitee of hem that don the greson and the wronges; the whiche shrewes, it were a more covenable thing, that the accusours or advocatys, nat wroth but pitous & debonair, ledden the shrewes that han done wrong to the jugement, right as men leden syke folk to the leche, for that they asholde seken out the maladies of sinne by torment. And by this covenant, either the entente of defendours or advocatys sholde paylen and cesen in al, or elles, yif the office of advocatys wolde bettre profiten to men, it sholde ben turned into the habit of accusacioun; that is to seyn, they asholde accuse shrewes, and nat excuce hem. And eek the shrewes hemself, yif hit were leverful to hem to seen at any cliffe the vertu that they han forleiten, & sawen that they asholde putten adoun the filthes of hir myces, by the tormentes of pynsus, they ne oughten nat, right for the recompensioun for to geten hem bountee and prowessse which that they han lost, demen ne holden that thilke pynes were tormentes to hem; & eek they wolden refuse the attendance of hir advocatys, and talen hemself to hir juges and to hir accusors, for which it bitydeth that, as to the wyse folk, ther nis no place yleten to hate; that is to seyn, that ne hate hath no place amonge wyse men. For no wight ni hiten goode men,
but if he were overmuch a fool; and for
to haten shrewes, it is no resoun. For
right so as languissinge is madaye of
body, right so ben yves & sinne maladye
decorae. And so as we ne deme nat, that
they that ben afhe of hir body ben worthy
to ben hated, but rather worthy of pitee:
wel more worthy, nat to ben hated, but for
to ben had in pitee, bethe of whiche the
toughtes ben constreined by felonous
wilkenesse, that is more cruelt than any
languissinge of body.

Metre IV.
Quid tandem juvat excisare motus.

But dyelthyeth you to excyten
so grete movinges of hate
redes, & to hasten and bisyn
the fatal dispositions of
youre deaths with your propre
handes? that is to sayn, by
batailis or conthe. For yf ye axen
dereth, it hasteth hym of his owne wile; ne
deeth ne tarieth hir swifte hirde. And
the men that the serpent and the lyon
and the yere and the bire and the boor
sheen to sleen with hir teeth, yit thilethe
same men sheen to sleen erlich of
hem other with sword. Lo! for hir maneres ben
dyverse and disordant, they moeven un
rightfulostes and cruelt batailis, & wilren
to periish by entrechaunginge of dartzes.
But the resoun of crueltey neis nat ynowgh
rightful.

Metre V.
Si quis Arcutri sidera nescit.

Ne so that ne knowen nat the
sterres of Arcutre, yorned
neigh to the soverain con-
tree or point, that is to sayn,
yorned neigh to the soverai
n pool of the firmament,
& wot nat why the sterre Bootes passeth
ogadereth his weyenes, and drencheth his
late flamles in the see, & why that Bootes
the sterre unfoldeth his over-swifte skyng
inge, thanne shal wondren of the lawe
of the heye eyr.

Prose V.
Hic ego video inquam.

Nus see I wel, quod
Lei ether what blisful
nesse or elles what
unselinness is esta-
lished in the desert
of good men and of
shrewes. But in
this like fortune of
people I see som-
what of yvel. For no wyse man hath lever
ben exyled, poore and nedy, and nameles,
than for to dwelwen in his citee and flower
of richesse, and be redoutable by hon-
our, and strong of power. For in this wyse
more clearely and more witnesfully is the
office of wyse men yuxtappt, than the blis-
fulnesse and the poueste of governours
is, as it were, yahad amongst peopes that
be neibouris & subgits; sith that, name-
ly, prisoun, lawe, & thise othere tommens
of laweful peynes ben rather owed to fe-
lonous citeezins, for the whiche felonous
citeezins tho peynes ben established,
that for good folk. Thanne I merveile me
greety, quod I, why that the thinges ben
so mis entrechaunges, that tormentes of
felonyes pressen and confounden good
folk, & shrewes ravishen medes of vertu,
and ben in honours & in gret estatas. And
I desyre eeh for to witen of the, what
semeth thee to ben the resoun of this so
wrongfuly a conclusioun? For I wolde won-
dre wel the lasse, yf I trouwede that al
these thinges weren medled by fortunous
happe; but now hepeth & encreseth myn
astonyinge God, governour of thinges,
that, so as God yeveh ofte tymes to gode
men godes and mithres, and to shrewes
yveles and aspre thinges: and yeveh a
pynward to gode folk hardnesses, and to
shrewes he graunteth hem hir wil and that
they desynen: what differreance thanne may
ther be between that that God doth, and
the happe of fortune, yf men ne knowe
nat the cause why that it is?

Prose V.

Hic ego video inquam.

Nus see I wel, quod
Lei ether what blisful
nesse or elles what
unselinness is esta-
lished in the desert
of good men and of
shrewes. But in
this like fortune of
people I see som-
what of yvel. For no wyse man hath lever
ben exyled, poore and nedy, and nameles,
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office of wyse men yuxtappt, than the blis-
fulnesse and the poueste of governours
is, as it were, yahad amongst peopes that
be neibouris & subgits; sith that, name-
ly, prisoun, lawe, & thise othere tommens
of laweful peynes ben rather owed to fe-
no man ne wondreth when the 
blastes of the wind Chorus benet 
the stondye of the see by quaking 
fodes; ne no man ne wondreth when the 
weight of the snow, yndered by the colde, 
is resolued by the brenning hete of Phæ 
bus the done; for heer seen men redely 
the causes. 

But the causes yhid, that is to sayn, 
in hevene, troublen the breste of 
men; the mowable peopel is astonned 
of alle thinges that comen seide & sodeinely 
in our age. But yif the troublous errore of 
our ignouance deparde fro us, so that we 
isten the causes why that swiche thinges 
bytyden, certes, they sholden cese to some 
wondres.

Prose VI. 
Ita est, inquam. 

HUS is it, quod I. 
But so as thou hast 
yen or blyght me 
unwapped the 
causes of thinges, & 
to discouer me 
the resouns covered 
with darknesses, I prey 
that thou de 
vyse and juge me 
this matere, and that thou do me to un 
stonden it; for this miracle or this wondre 
troubleth me right 
grety.

ND thannes, a litet what smylyng, 
sayde: Thou clepest me, quod she, 
to telle thi thing that is grettest of 
alle thinges that mowen ben axed, and to the 
whiche questionen unethen is ther aught 
yngough to laven it; as whoeth, unethen 
is ther suffisantly anything to answere 
parfitly to thy question. For the matere 
of it is swich, that when o doute is deter 
mined & cut away, ther wessen other douete 
withoute number; right as the hevedes 
wexen of Ydre, the serpent that Escules 
slowh, Ne ther ne were no manere ne non 
de, but yif that aught consyneste thou 
doutes by a right lyly and quik fyr of 
thoughts; that is to sayn, by vigour and 
strength of wit. For in this manere men 
weren wont to maken questions of the 
simplicite of the purviance of God, and 
of the order of destine, & of sodainhapp, 
and of the knowynge and predestinacion 
divyne, and of the liberte of freewille; the 
whiche thinges thou thyself aperceczyest 
wel, of what weight they ben. But for as 
mochel as the knowynge of thise thinges 
is a maner porcioun of the medicin of thee, 
although that I have litet tymo to don it, yit 
nathelen I wole enfcen me to ahew what 
whate of it. But althogh the norisshinghes 
of dite of musike delyteth thee, thou b b i
the celestial movinges of sterres, or elles by the vertu of angeles, or elles by the diverse subtillisite of deelles, or elles by any of hem, or elles by hem alle, the destinal ordinance is ywowne and accomplished. Certes, it is open thing, that the purvi-
ance is an unmoveable and simple forme of thinges to done; & the moevable bond and the temporele ordinance of thinges, whiche that the divyn simplicite of purvi-
ance hath ordeyned to done, that is desti-
tine. For which it is, that alle thinges that ben put under destintie ben, certes, subgits to purviance, to whiche purviance desti-
tine itself is subgit and under. But some thinges ben put under purviance, that sur-
mounten the ordre of destinal moevable-
tee. For right as of cercles that tornen abouete a same centre or aboute a poynyt, thilke cercle that is innerst or most with-
mine joyneth to the simpless of the mid-
del, and is, as it were, a centre or a poynyt to that other cercles that tornen abouten him; and thilke that is outerst, compass-
ed by larger envermoninge, is unfoled by larger spaces, in so moche as it is forthe-
sto fro the middel simplicite of the poynyt; and yif ther be anything that knitted and felowasippeith himself to thilke middel poynyt, it is constreined into simplicite, that is to sayn, into unmoevable, & it ce-
seth to be shad & to fleten diversely: right so, by semblable resoun, thilke thing that departerth forthe fro the first thought of God, it is unfoled & summited to gretter bondes of destintie: and in so moche is the thynge more freycand laus fro destintie, asit axeeth and holdeth hem ner to thilke centre of thinges, that is to sayn, God. And yif the thynge dyveth to the stedefastnesse of the thought of God, and be withoute moe-
vinge, certes, it surmounteth the necessiteit of destintie. Thanne right swich compar-
sion as it is of skilinge to understand-
inge, & of thynge that is engendred to thynge that is, and of tym to eternite, and of the cercle to the centre, right so is the ordre of moevable destintie to the stable simplicite of purviance.

UNLIKE ordinance moveth the he-
vene and the sterres, and atempreth the elements togider amonge them-
self, and transformeth hem by entre-
changeable mutacioun; and thilke same ordre neweth ayein alle thinges growinge and fallinge adown, by semblable progressiones of seedes & of sexes, that is to sayn, male and female. And this lye ordre con-
streineth the fortunes & the dedes of men by a bond of causes, nat able to ben un-
bounde; the whiche destinal causes, whan they passen out fro the bigynninges of the unmoveable purviance, if not nebes be that they ne be nat mutable. And thus ben the thinges ful wel ygoverned, yif that the simplicite dwellinge in the divyne thought sheweth forth the ordre of causes, unable to ben ybowed; and this ordre constrein-
eth by his propre stabilete the moevable thinges, or elles they sholden fleten folly, for which it is, that alle thinges semen to ben confus and trouble to us men, for we neownen nat considere thilke ordinance; natheles, the propremaner of every thing, dressinge hem to goode, disponeth hem alle.

OR ther nis nothing don for cause of ywel; ne thilke thing that is don by wikheide folki nis nat don for ywel. The whiche shr ewes, as I have shewen ful plentivously, aken good, but wikheide er-
rourmistorneth hem, ne the ordre cominge fro the poynyt ofoverein good ne declyn-
eth nat fro his bigynninge. But thou mayst seyn, what unreme may ben a worse con-
fusion than that gode men han somtyme adversite and somtyme prosperite, and shr ewes also now han thinges that they desieren, and now thinges that they hate? Whethermen leven now in swich hociness of thought, (as who seyth, ben men now so wyse), that swiche folki as they demen to ben gode folki or shr ewes, that it moste nedes ben that folki ben swiche as they we-
nen? But in this manere the domes of men discordan, that thilke men that some folki demen worthy of mede, other folki demen hem worthy of torment. But lat us graunte, I pose that som man may wel demen or knownen the gode folki and the badde; may he thanne knownen & seen thilke innerste atemprance of corages, as it hath ben werk to be seyd of bodis; as who seyth, may a man aphehen & determen of atemp-
prauenes in corages, as men were wont to demen or speken of complexiouns and at-
temprances of bodis? Ne it ne is nat an unlyk miracle, to hem that ne knownen it nat, (as who seith, but it is lyke a mervel or a mira-
cole to hem that ne knownen it nat), why that swete thinges ben covenable to some bodis that ben hole, and to some bodys bittere thinges ben covenable; and also, why that some syke folki ben holpen with lighte medecynes, & some folki ben holpen with sharpe medecynes. But natheles, the leche that knoweth the manere and the at-
temprance of hele & of maladye, ne mer-
velleth of it nothing. But what other thing semeth hele of corages but bountee and prosesse? And what other thing semeth maladye of corages but yves? Whos elles kepere of good or dryver wyay of yvel, but
God, governour and lecher of thoughtes? The whiche God, whan he baiholden from the heaven of his puryseance, he koweth what is covenable to every wight, and leneth hem that he wit that is covenable to hem. Lo, herof cometh and herof is don thi noble miracle of the ordre destinial, whan God, that al koweth, doth swiche thing, of whiche thing that unknowinge folki ben astoned. But for to constreine, as who semyth, but for to comprehende & telle a feve things of the divyne deepnesse, the whiche that mannes resoun may understonde, thi rayinge that thou wenest to ben right juste and right kepynge of equitay, the contrarie of that semeth to the divyne puryseance, that al wot. And Lucan, my familer, telleth Thi victorious cause lyhtede to the goddes, and the cause overcomen lyhtede to Catoun. Thanne, whatsoeuer thou maytest se that is don in thi wierd unhoped unwunened, certes, it is the right ordre of thinges; but, as to thy wil/ kede opinium, it is a confusion. But I suppose that som man be so wel ythewed, that the divyne jugement & the jugement of manlynde acorden hem togidere of hym: but he is so unatedfast of corage, that, yif any adversitee come to hym, he wol for/ leten, paraventure, to continue innocence, by the whiche he ne may nat withholden fortune. Thanne the wyse dispencacion of God aparenth him, the whiche man adversitee myhtes eneypen; for that God wol nat suffren him to travaile, to whom that travaile nis nat covenable. Another man is parfit in alle vertuces, and is an holy man, & neyth to God, so that the puryseac God wolde demen, that it were a felonye that he were touched with any adversitee; so that he wol nat suffre that swich a man be mooved with any bodily maladye. But so as seyde a philosphere, the more excellant by me: he seyde in Chreth, that Vertuces ha edified the body of the holy man. And ofte tyme it bitydeth, that the somme of thinges that ben to don is taken to governe to gode folki, for that the malice ha boundaunt of shrewes sholde ben abat Tour, and God yweth & departeth to other folki prosperitee, and adversitee medled topehe, after the qualitee of hir corages, and remordeth som folki by adversitee, for they ne sholde nat wezen proude by longe welefulnesse. And other folki he suffreth to ben travailed with harde thinges, for that they sholden conferen the vertues of corage by the usage and exercitacion of pacience. And other folki dредen more than they oughten that whiche they mighten wel beren; and somme diapye that they mowe nat beren; & thilke folki God ledeth into experience of hymself by aspre and b3
though he see othere sterres yplongued in the see. And Hesperus the sterre bodeth & telleth alwey the late nightes; & Lucifer the sterre bringeth ayen the clere daye.

AND thus maketh Love entrecâble the perdurable courses; & thus is discordable bataille yput out of the contree of the sterres. This accordance atemptreth by everelyh manere the elements, that the moiste things, styvynge with the drye things, yeven place by stoumonds; & the colde sterres joynen hem by feyth to the hote things; and that the lighte fyr ariyeth into heighe; and the hevy erthe awalen by hir weightes. By this same causes the floury yere erdeth swote smelles in the firste somereason warminge; and the hote somere dryeth the cornes; & autumnne comth ayen, hery of apples; and the flente reyn bideweth the winter. This atempraunce norisatheth and bringeth forth al thing that bretheth lyf in this world; & thilke same atempraunce, raviッシュings, hydeth and binimeth, and drencheth under the luste deeth, alle things eboth.

AMONGS thise thinges sitteth the heye maker, king and lord, wele and biginninge, lawe & wys juge, to don equiteit; and governeth and enclyneth the brydel of thinges. And the thinges that he sterteth to gon by moyninge, he with-draweth and areath; and aftermeth the moveable or wandringe thinges. For yieth that he ne clepede ayen the right goynd of thinges, and yieth that he ne constrayne hem nat eftsones into roundnesse enclyned, the things that ben nowcontyned by stabile ordinans, they sholden de-parten from hir welle, that is to seyn, from hir biginninge, and faylen, that is to seyn, torn e in nouht.

HIS is the comune Love to alle thinges; and alle thinges axen to ben holden by the fyn of good. For elles ne myghten they nat lasten, yieth they ne come nat eftsones ayen, by Love retorned to the cause that hath yeven hem beinge, that is to seyn, to God.

Prose VII.

ECESTOW NAT thanne what thing solweth alle the things that I have seyde? Beeste. What thing? quod I. CERTES, quod she. altoutrely, that alle fortune is good. And how may that be?

quod I.
Now understand, quod she, so as alle fortune, whether so it be joyful fortune or aspere fortune, is yeve either by cause of guerdoning or elles of exerysinge of good folk, or elles by cause of p Premium or elles chastesyen shrewes; thanne is alle fortune good, the whiche fortune is certain that it be either rightful or elles profitable. 

ORSCHEN, this is a fulveryre reasonable, quod I; and yf I consider the puurvaunce and the destinee that thou taughtest me a litel herbiform, this sentence is set der to the deed of surety. But yf it lyke unto thee, let us nowbren hem amonge thilke thinges, of whiche thou saydest a litel herbiform, that they ne were nat able to ben wened to the peole. Why so? quod she, for that the commen word of men, quod I, misuseth this maner speche of fortune, & seyn ofte tyme that the fortune of som wight is whikhed. Willow thanne, quod she, that I approche a litel to the wordes of the peole, so that it seem nat to hem that I be overmoche dased as fro the usage of manhinde? As thou wolt, quod I. Demestow nat, quod she, that al thing that profighteth is good? Yis, quod I. And certes, thilke thing that exeryseth or corigeth, profighteth. I confessse it wel, quod I. Thanne is it good? quod she. Why nat? quod I. 

But this is the fortune, quod she, of hem that either ben put in vertu and batailen ayeines aspere thinges, or elles of hem that eschuen & declynen fro yves and may the way of vertu. Thi ne may nat denye, quod I. But what seystow of the mery fortune that is yeve to good folke in guerdoum? Demeth aught the peole that it is whikhed? Nay, forsothe quod I; but they demen, as it suiteth, that it is right good. 

And what seystow of that other fortune, quod she, that, althogh that it be aspere, & restrineth the shrewes byrightful torment, weneth aught the peole that it be good? Nay, quod I, but the peole demeth that it is most wrecche of alle thinges that may ben thought. War now, & loke wel, quod she, lest that we, in folwinge the opinion of the peole, have confessed and concluded thing that is unable to ben wened to the peole. What is that quod I. 

ERES, quod she, it folweth or comth of thinges that ben graunte-
ed, that alle fortune, whateuer it be, of hem that ben either in possession of vertu, or in the encre of vertu, or elles in the purchasing of vertu, that thilke fortune is good; and that alle fortune is right whikhed to hem that dwellen in shrewedness; as who seyth, and thus weneth nat the peole. That is soothe, quod I, albeit so that man dar conseste it ne blinowen it. 

Why so? quod she; for right as the strong man ne se meth nat to abaisen or dioidaigne as ofte tyme as he hereth the noyse of the bataile, ne also it ne se meth nat, to the wyes man, to beren it grevously, as ofte as he is laid into the styre of fortune. For bothe to that oon man and cek to that other thilke dificultete is the mater; to that oon man, of encre of his glorius renome, and to that other man, to conforne his sapience, that is to seyn, to the asprenesse of his estat. For therfore is it called Vertu, for that it susteneth & enforseth, by hyse strengthes, that it is no nat overcomen by adversities. Ne certes, thou that art put in the encre or in the heightes of vertu, ne hast nat comen to fleten with delices, and for to wellen in bodily luste; thou sawest or plauuset a ful egre bataile in thy corage ayeines every fortune; for that the sorrowful fortune ne confounde thee nat, ne that the mery fortune ne corumpe thee nat, occupye the mene by stedefast strengthes. For al that ever is under the mene, or elles al that overpasseth the mene, despuyseth weleynesse (as who seyth, it is veyous), & ne hathe no mede of his travaile. For it is set in your hand (as who seyth, it lyth in your power) what fortune yow is levest, that is to seyn, good or yvel. For alle fortune that semeth sharp or aspere, yf it ne exerece nat the gode folk ne chastesyeth the whikhed folk, it punisheith. 

Mete VII. 

Bella bis quinquis operatus annis. 

He wryth Atrides, that is to seyn, Agamenon, that wrougheit & continuade the batailes by ten yeer, recovered & purgede in wrekkinge, by the destruction of Troye, the desto chaumbers of mariage of his brother; this is to seyn, that he, Agamenon, wan aeyen Eleyn, that was Menelaus wyf his brother. In the mene whyle that thilke Agamenon desird to yeven sayles to the Gre_ASSIS, anne, and boughte aeyen the windes by blood, he unsmithede him of pitte of fader; & the sory preest yweth in acerifyinge the wrecche cuttinge of throte of the daughter; that is to seyn, that Agamenon let cutten the throte of his daughter by the preest, to maken altaunce with his goddes, & for to han windes with whiche he mith wenden to Troye.
ging in his grete cave, hadde freten and
dreynt in his empty wombe. But nathes
dPoliphemus, woode for his blinde visage,
said to Ulises joye by his sorrowful teere;
this is to seyn, that Ulises smoot out the
eye of Poliphemus that stood in his fore
hed, for which Ulises hadde joye, when he
say Poliphemus weeping and blinde.

DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE. BOOK V. PROSE I.

DE HADDE SEYDE, and
torned the cours of
their reason to som
e other thynge to ben
treted and to ben
yspped. Channe seyde
I: Certes, rightful
is thyn amonente
and full digne by
autorite. But th
thou sciedest whymon, that the question
of the divyne purviunce is enlaed with many
other questions. I understonde wet and
prove it by the same thing. But I say yit
that thou weneat that hath by any thing
in any wyse; and yit thou weneat that hath by
any thing, what is it? Thanne quod she,
I haste me to yiddon and asoile to thee
the dette of my biste, and to shwelwen and
openen the wy, by which wy thow mayst
come ayn in to thecontre. But albeit so
that the thinges which thou hast ben
right profitable to knowe, yit they di-
verse somwhat fro the path of my purpos;
and it is to doute that thou ne be maked
very by misweyse, so that thou ne mayst
have no more to measure the right wy.

DE DOUTE THE THEREFORE QUOD
FOR, for to known the thynge to
gedere, in the whiche thynge I
he fought with Hercules, at the laste he
torne him into a bole; and Hercules brake
of oon of his hoones, and he, for shame,
hide him in his wy. And he, Hercules,
caste adown Theus the gynant in the
atrodes of Lib; & Cacus apayrase the
wraeth of Evander; this is to seyn, that
Hercules slowe the monstre Cacus, and
apayrase with that deeth the wrath of
Evander. And the bristleed boar markede
with ames the shuldres of Hercules, the
whiche shulderen the heye cercle of heven
abode thirste. And the laste of his lab-
ours was, that he sustene the heven
upon his nedle unbowed; & he deseruede
esoses the heven, to ben the prys of
his late travaile.

OTH now thanne, ye straunge men,
theras the heye wy of the grete
ensample ledeth you. Oycemen,
why make ye youre backes? Who seyth?
O ye slowe, aliud decretan, we be
adversite, and ne fighet nat ayenys him
by vertu, to winen the mede of the
hevene? for the erthe, overcome, yeve the
sterres; this is to seyn, that, whan
that edely lust is overcomes, a man is made
worthy to the hevene.

DE HADDE SEYDE, and
torned the cours of
their reason to som
other thynge to ben
treted and to ben
yspeed. Channe seyde
I: Certes, rightful
is thyn amonente
and full digne by
autorite. But th
thou sciedest whymon, that the question
of the divyne purviunce is enlaed with many
other questions. I understonde wet and
prove it by the same thing. But I say yit
that thou weneat that hath by any thing
in any wyse; and yit thou weneat that hath by
any thing, what is it? Thanne quod she,
I haste me to yiddon and asoile to thee
the dette of my biste, and to shwelwen and
openen the wy, by which wy thow mayst
come ayn in to thecontre. But albeit so
that the thinges which thou hast ben
right profitable to knowe, yit they di-
verse somwhat fro the path of my purpos;
and it is to doute that thou ne be maked
very by misweyse, so that thou ne mayst
have no more to measure the right wy.

DE DOUTE THE THEREFORE QUOD
FOR, for to known the thynge to
gedere, in the whiche thynge I

of naught; but yif this ne may nat ben don, thanne is it nat possible, that hap be any swich thing as I have disfiinished a litel heurtborm. How shal it thanne be? quod I. Nis ther thanne nothing that by right may be eloped either hap or elles Aventure of fortune; or is ther aught, albeit so that it is hid fro the peple, to which these wordes ben covenable? Myn Aristotel, quod she, in the book of his Phisyl, diisfiinished this thing by short resoun, & neith to the sothe. In which manere? quod I.

So ofte, quod she, as men doon any thing for grace of any other thing, & another thing than hille thing that men entendon to don byrdeth by some causes, it in elope. Right as a man daif the erthe by cause of tyme of the feeld, and founde ther a gobet of gold bidolven, thanne wene folk that it is bifallie by fortunous byrdinghe. But, for sothe, it nis nat of naught, for it hath his propre cause; of which cause the cource unforsen & unwenn sebet to han maked hap. For yif the tylvere of the feild ne dolve nat in the erthe, & yif the hyder of the gold ne hadde hit the gold in thilke place, the gold ne hadde nat been founde. Tho ben thanne the causes of the abregginge of fortuit hap, the which abregginge of fortuit hap comth of causes encountringe and flowinge togider to hime selfe, & nat by the entencion of the doer, for neither the hyder of the gold ne the delver of the feeld ne understoden nat that the gold sholde han ben founde; but, as I sayde, it bitidde and ran togider that he daif thoras that other hadde hit the gold. Now may I thus diisfiinished hap. Hap is an unwar byrdeth by some causes assembled in thinges that ben don for som other thing. But thilke ordre, procedinge by unescusabale bindings togider, which that descendeth fro the welle of purrvance that ordaineth alle thinges in hir places and in hir tymes, maketh that the causes rennen and assembilen togider.

Metre 1.
Rupia Achemene scopusia, ubi versa sequentum.

GRIS & Eufrates resolven et springen of se welle, in the cragges of the roche of the contree of Achemene, theras the fleinge bataile ferchet hir darves, retorn in the breast of hem that fowlen hem. And borne after the same riveares, Cigroia & Eufrates, unjoinen and deparren hir wateres. And yif they come togiders, and ben assembled and eloped togider into a cours, thanne moten thilke thinges fleten togi-

dere which that the water of the entre-
chaunging of flowd bringeth. The shippe & the stokhes arraiced with the flood moten assemblen; & the wateres ymedled wrap-
peth or implyeth many fortonel happenes or maneres; the whiche wandringe happes, nathelkes, thilke dechninge tounesse of the erthe and the flowinge ordre of the slydinge water governeth. Right so for-
tune, that seeth as that it fleteth with slashed or ungovernede byrdles, it suffer-
eh byrdles, that is to seyn, to be governed, and passeth by thilke lawe, that is to seyn, by thilke divyne ordenaunce.

Prose II.
Animadverto, inquam.

HIS understonde I wel, quod I, and I acorde wel that it is right as thow seyst. But I axe yif ther be any libertee of free will in this ordre of caues that clven thus togider in hir selfe; or elles I wolde witen yif that the destal cheyne cons-
streineth the movinges of the corages of men?

15, quod she; ther is libertee of free will. Ne ther ne was nevere no nature of resoun that it ne hadde libertee of free will. For every thing that may naturilly usen resoun, it hath doom by which it decerneth & demeth every thing; thanne knoweth it, by itself, thinges that ben to fleen and thinges that ben to desieren. And thilke thing that any wight demeth to ben desired, that axeth or desireth he; & fleeth thilke thing that he troveth ben to fleen. Thherefore in alle thinges that resoun is, in hem also is libertee of willinge and of nillinge. But I ne ordyne nat, as who seyth, I ne graunte nat, that this libertee be evene lyk in alle thinges. For why in the sover-
eines devynes sustauncces, that is to seyn, in spirtus, jugement is more cleer, and wil nat ycorpmed, and might redy to speden thinges that ben desired. But the soules of men moten nedes be more fre when they loken hem in the speculacium or lokings of the devyne thought, and lasse free when they abyden into the bodies; and yif lasse free when they ben gadered togider & comprehended in ethely membres. But the laste servage is when that they ben yeven to yvces, & han yfallen from the post-
session of hir propre resoun. For after that they han cast away hir eyen fro the light of the sovereyn soothfastnesse to lowe thinges and derke, anen they derken by the cloude of ignorance & ben troubled by felonous talents; to the whiche tal-

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ents when they apprehen and asen, they happen & encrese the servage which they han joyned to hemself. Ne I may not serve as thilke same resoun, as who seyth, I ne alsow nat, or I ne preye nat, thilke same resoun, by which that sometime men wene that they moyen assuolen and unhitten the knotte of this question. For certes, they seyn that thing his nat to comen for that the purviance of God hath seym it biforn that is to comen, but rather the contrarye, and that is this: that, for that the thing is to comen, therefore ne may it nat ben hid fro the purviance of God; & in this maner this necessitee slydeth ayein into the contrarype: ne it ne bivoveth nat, nedes, that thinges bitydhen that ben purvayed, but it bivoveth, nedes, that things that ben to comen ben purveyed: but as it wearyalde, as who seyth, that thilke anserwer procedeth right as thoghe men travailleden, or waren bigay to enquiren, the whiche thing is cause of the whiche thing: as, whether the prescience is cause of the necessitee of thinges to comen, or elles that the necessitee of thinges to comen is cause of the purviance. But I ne enforce me nat now to shewen it, that the bitydhen of thinges by biforn is necessarie, how so or in what manere that the ordre of causes hath itself: althogh that it ne seme nat that the prescience bringe in necessitee of bintinge to thinges to comen. For certes, yif that any wight sitteth, it bivoveth by necessitee that the opinion be sooth of him that conjecteth that he sitteth; and ayeinward also is it of the contrarype: yif the opinion be sooth of any wight for that he sitteth, it bivoveth by necessitee that he sitte. Thanne is heere necessitee in that oon and in that other: for in that oon is necessitee of sittinge, and, certes, in that other is necessitee of sooth. But therefore ne sitteth nat a wight, for that the opinion of the sittinge is sooth; but the opinion is rather sooth, for that a wight sitteth biforn. And thus, althogh that the cause of the sooth cometh of that other ayde (as who seyth, that althogh the cause of sooth cometh of the sittinge, and nat of the trewe opinion), algates yif is ther comune necessitee in that oon and in that other. Thus sesteth it, that I may make semblable shilles of the purviance of God & of thinges to comen. For althogh that, for that thinges ben to comen, therfore ben they purveyed, nat, certes, for that they ben purveyed, therfore ne bitydeth they nat. Yitnathethe, bivoveth it by necessitee, that either the thinges to comen ben purveyed of God, or elles that the thinges that ben purveyed of God bitydhen. And this thing only suffiseth ynoth to destroyen the freedom of oure arbitre, that is
to seym, ofoure free wil. But now, certes, sheweth it wel, how fer fro the sothe and how upsodoun is this thing that we seym, that the bityrdeing of tempore thinges is cause of the eterne prescience. But for to wenen that God purweyth the thinges to comen for they ben to comen, what oth-
ner thing is it but for to wene that thilke thinges that bitidden whylom ben causes of thilke sovereign puryzayence that is in
God? And hereto I hadde yit this thing: that, right as when that I wot that a thynge is bivoweth by necessiteze that thilke selve thynge be; and ech, when I have knowte that any thing shal bityrde, so byshoweth it by necessiteze that thilke thinge brytde: so fol-
weyth it thanne, that the bityrdeing of the thinges brytde binaire may nat bene extraced. And at the laste, yif that any wight wene a
thing to ben othere wyse the thanne it is, it is nat only uneacuse, but it is deceivable op-
inion ful diverse and fer fro the sothe of science. Wherefore, yif any thing be so to comen, that the bityrdeing of hit ne be nat cettin ne necessarie, who may weten biforn that thilke thing is to comen? For right as science ne may nat ben medled with falnesesse (as who seyth, that yif I wot a thynge, it ne may nat be false that I ne wot it), right so thilke thing that is conceyved by science ne may nat ben non other wyse than as it is conceyved. For that is the cause why that science wanteth lesing (as who seyth, why that wittinge ne receveth nat lesinge of that it wot); for it bivoweth, by necessiteze, that every thing be right as science comprehended it to be. What shal I thanne seym? In whiche manere knoweth God biform the thinges to comen, yif they ne be nat cettin? For yif that he deme that they ben to comen uneacuseably & so may be that it is possible that they ne shollen nat comen, God is deceived. But nat only to truen that God is deceived, but fer to speke with it with mouth, it is a fel-
sonous sinne. But yif that God wot that, right so as thynge be to comen, so shul-
len they comen...so that he wite egaly, as who seyth, indifferently, that thinges mowen ben doon or elles nat yidoon...what is thilke prescience that ne comprehended-
eth no certein thing ne cettin? Or elles what difference is ther boutine the pre-
scence & thilke laverworthy divyninge of Tresie the divynour, that seyle: All that I seye, quod he, either it shal be, or elles it shall not be? Or elles how mochel is worth the devyne prescience more than the opinion of mankinde, yif so be that it demeth the thinges uncertein, as men doon; of the whiche domes of men the bityrdeing nin nat cettin? But yif so be that non uncertein thing ne may ben in him that is right cettin welle of all thinges,

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yf men were nat that hope ye preyeres ne
han no strengthes, by the necessite of things
to come preceived, what thing is
ther thanne by whiche we wopen ben con-
joined and cluyen to thilke sovereigne prince
of thinges; for whiche it bihoweth, by ne-
cessitie, that the image of manhinde, as
thow songe a litel herbiform, be depart-
and unjoynd from his welle, and failen of
his biginninges, that is to seyn, God.

Metrer III.
Quemam discors federa rerum.

HAT discordable cause
hath toret & unjoind the
bindinge, or the alliance,
of thinges, that is to seyn,
the conjunction of God &
man? Whiche God hath es-
established so greed bataile biwezen the
two soothfast or verray thinges, that is to
seyn, biwezen the purvianc of God and
free will, that they ben singular & devyded,
ne that ne wolen nat be medeled ne
conected togidere? But ther is no discord

to the verray thinges, but they cluyen cer-
tein, alway to hemself. But the thought
of man, confoundid and overthrown by the
dirhemembres of the body, ne may nat, by
fy of his derked looking, that is to seyn,
by the vigour of his insigilated, whil the
soule is in the body, knowe the thynne sub-
til limettiges of thinges. But wherfore en-
chaufeth it so, by so greed love, to finden
thilke notes of sooth yoovered; that is to
seyn, wherfore enchaufeth the thought of
man by so greed desyr to knowen thilke
notificacions that ben hid under the couer
toures of sooth? Was it aught thilke thing
that it, anguisous, desireth to knowe?
As who seith, nay; for no man travelleth
for to witen thinges that he wot. And then-
fore the reste seith thus: but who travel-
ell to witen thinges yknowe? And yf that
he ne knoweth hem nat, what seketh thilke
blinde thoght? What is he that desireth
any thing of which he wot right naught?
As who seith, who so desireth any thing,
medes, somehow he knoweth of it; or elles,
he ne coude nat desire it. Or who may fol-
wen thinges that ne ben nat ytist? And
thoght that he seke the thinges, wher shal
he finde hem? What wight, that is al un-
comminges and ignorant, may knowen the
forme that is yfounde? & But when the
soule bholdeth & arth the heye thought,
that is to seyn, God, than knoweth it to-
gider the somme and the singularitees,
that is to seyn, the principles and everich
by hemself.

Ac now, whyth the soule is hid in the
cloude and in the dearknesse of the
members of the body, it ne hath nat
al foryeten itself, but it withholdeth the
somme of thinges, & leseth the singulari-
tees. Thanne, whose that seetheth sooth-
nesse, he ne is in neither nother habite; for
he noot nat a l, ne he ne hath nat al foryet-
en: but yf him remembreth the somme of
thinges that he withholdeth, & axeth con-
scel, and retreteth deappliche thinges yseyn
biform, that is to seyn, the grete somme
in his minde: so that he mowe adden the
partys that behath foryeten to thilke that
he hath withholden.

Prose IV.
Cum ulla: Vetus, inquit, hec est.

HANNE seide she:
this is, quod she, the
olde question of the
purviene of God;
and Marcus Tullius,
when he devyded the
divynacions,that is
to seyn, in his book
that he wroct of
divynacions, he mow-
ed gret this question; and thou thy-
seft has ysought it mobel, & outrely, and
longe; but yf ne hath it nat ben determin-
ed ne yaped fermenty and diligently of any
of you. And the cause of this dearkenesse
and of this difficulite, is, for that the mov-
inge of the resoun of manhinde ne may
nat mowe to (that is to seyn, applyen or
joinen to) the simplicite of the devyne
prescience; the whiche simplicite of the
devyne prescience, yf that men mightten
thinken it in any maner, that is to seyn,
that yf men mightten thinken & compre-
benden the thinges as God seeth hem,
thanne ne sholde ther dwellen outrely no
doute; the whiche resoun & cause of dif-
iculite I shal assaye at the laste to shewe
and to speden, when I have first yspended
& answered to the resouns by which thou
art ymoved. For I axe why thou wenest
that thilke resouns of hem that aomegaen
this questione ne ben nat speadfulynough
ne sufficient: the whiche solucion, or the
whiche resoun, for that it demeth that the
prescience nis nat cause of necessite to
thinges to comen, than ne wene this nat
that freedom of vil be destorct or ylet
by prescience. For ne drawestow nat argu-
ments from elswher of the necessite of
thinges to tocomen (as who seith, any oth-
er way than thus) but that thilke thinges
that the prescience wot biform ne mowen
nat unbityde? That is to seyn, that they
moten bityde. But thanne, yf that pre-
sциence ne putteoth no necessite to thinges
to comen, as thou thyself hast confessid
it & bilmowen a litel herbiform, what cause
or what is it (as who seith, ther may no
cause be) by which that the ended volun-
tarie of thinges mightn be constrained
to certain bytydylge? For by grace of position, so that thou movest the betere underneath this that folweth, I pose, per impossible, that ther be no prescience. Thanke axe I, quod she, in as much as apertieneth to that, holde to that, by that come of free will be contained to bytyden by necessity? & Boece. Nay, quod I.

THANNE ayenward, quod she, I suppose that ther be prescience, but that it en putthe no necessity to thinges; thanne trowe I, that thilke selve freedom of wil shal dwellen al hool and absolut & unbounden. But thou wolt seyn that, albeit so that prescience nys nat cause of the necessity of bytydylges to thinges to comen, algate yit it is a signe that the thinges ben to bytyden by necessity. By this manere thanne, although the prescience ne hadde never yden, yit algate or at the leaste wyle it is certain thing, that the endes and bytydylges of thinges to comen sholden ben necessary. For every signe sheweth and signifieth only what the thingis is, but it namelik nameth the thing it signifieth. For which it bishovent first to shewen, that nothing ne bityde that it ne bitydeth by necessity, so that it may appere that the prescience is signe of this necessity; or elles, if ther were no necessity, certes, thilke prescience ne mighte nat be signe of thing that nis nat.

But certes, it is now certein that the prose of this, youstened at stideo fast resoun, ne shal nato lade ne prooved by signes nes by arguments yaken fro withoute, but by causes covenable and necessary. But thou mayst aym, how may it be that the thinges ne bitydylg nat that ben ypurveyed to comen? But, certes, right as we trowen that the thinges which that the purviaince wot biforn to comen ne ben nat to bityden; but that ne sholden we nat demen; but rather, although that they shal bityden, yit nesave they no necessitye of his kinde to bityden. And this maytow lightly apercieven by this that I shal aym. For we seen many thinges when they ben dow biforn oure eyen, right as men seen the carter werkyn in the torminge or atempurinpe or adreysinge or his cartes or charites. And by this manere (as whoso the, maystow under stonde) of alle other workmen. Is ther thanne any necessity, as whoso, in oure lokinge, that constreineth or compellet any of thilke thinges to ben dow so.

Boece.

NAY, quod I: for in yeul and in yeun was, we were the effect of craft, yit that alle thinges were moveyd by constreinynge; that is to say, by constreyninge of oure ouren or of oure sight.
the materie. Reason surmounteth imagination, and comprehendeth by universal lookeinge the comune speeche that is in the singular pieces. But the eye of intelligence is heyere; for it surmounteth the environinge of the universite, and lookeith, over that, by pure subtilitie of thought, thinke same simple forme of man that is perducibly in the divine thought. In whiche this oughte greatly to ben considered, that the heyesteste strengthe to comprehendend thinges enbraceth and contieneth the lower strengthe; but the lower strengthe ne arysteth nat in no manere to heyere strengthe. For wit ne may nothing comprehende out of materie, ne the imaginacion ne lookeith nat the universales speces, ne reason taketh nat the simple forme so as intelligence taketh it; but intelligence, that lookeith al aboven, when it hath comprehended the forme, it knoweth & demeth alle the thinges that ben under that forme. But she knoweth hem in thilke manere in the whiche it comprehendeth thilke same simple forme that ne may never ben knowen to none of that other; that is to say, to none of the three forside thinges of the sole. For in it knoweth the universite of reason, & the figure of the imaginacion, and the sensible materialbe conceived by wit; ne it ne useth nat nor of reason ne of imaginacion ne of wit withouteth; but it bisholdeth alle thinges, so as I shal seye, by a stroke of thoughte formely, with oute discours or collacion. Certes reason, when it lookeith anything universale, it ne useth nat of imaginacion, nor of witte, & algates yit it comprehendeth the thinges imaginable and sensibell; for reason is she that deditis aesth the universale of his conceynte right thus: man is a reasonabe two foted beast. And how so that this knowinge is universall, yet nis there no wight that ne woot wel that a man is a thing imaginable and sensible; & this same considereth wel resoun; but that nis nat by imaginacion nor by wit, but it lookeith it by a reasonable concepccion. Also imaginacion, albeit so that it taketh of wit the bigning of all sight of images and algates, although that wit ne were nat present, yit it environeth and comprehendeth alle thinges sensible; nat by resoun sensible of deminge, but by resoun imaginatif. Seestown nat thene that alle the thinges, in knowinge, use more of his facultie or of his power than they doon of the faculte or power of thinges that ben ymowen? Nethat nis nat wrong; for so as every judgement is the dede of doinge of him that demeth, it bisholde that every wight performe the werk and his entencion, nat of foreine power, but of his propre power.

Metre IV.
Quondam porticus attulit.

Or Porche, that is to seyn, a gate of the towne of Athens eathe philosophere hadde his congregacicon to deputi-

e, thilke Porche broughte somtyme olde men, fulderke in hir sentences, that is to seyn, philosophere that bigheten Stoiciens, that wenden that images and sensibillities, that is to seyn, sensible imaginacions, or elles imaginacions of sensible thinges, weren empreniende into soleis fro bodies withouteforth; as who seith, that thilke Stoiciens wenden that the sole hadde ben naked of itself, as a mirour or a clene parchemin, so that alle figures mosten first comen fro thinges fro withouteforth into soleis, & ben empreniende into soleis: Text: right as we ben wont somtyme, by a swifite pointel, to flechitten lettere empreniende in the smoothenesse or in the pleinnesse of the table of wex or in parchemin that ne hath no figure ne note in it. Close: But nowargueeth Boece aying that opinion, and althous that yit the thryvinge sole ne unpleyseth no thing, that is to seyn, ne dooth nothing, by his propre moovinges, but suffreth and lyth subgit to the figures and to the notes of bodies withouteforth, and yeldeith imagges ydel and seyn in the manere of a mirour, whinnen therbyeth thanne or whinnen cometh thilke knowinge in our sole, that discerneth & bisholdeth alle thinges? And whinnen is thilke strength of that bisholdeth the singular thinges; or whinnen is the strength that devydeth thinges ymowen; & thilke strength that gadereth togidere the thinges devydeth; and the strength that chesteth his entrechaunged wey? For somtyme it bisheth the heved, that is to seyn, that it heveth up the entencion to right hevy things; & somtyme it deascendeth in right lowe things. And when it revometh into hirself, it reprooveith & destoyeth the false thinges by the trewe thinges. Certes, this strength is cause more efficient, and moclhe more mighty to seyn & to knowe thinges, than thilke cause that suffreth and receiveth the notes and the figures impressed in maner of materie. Algates the passion, that is to seyn, the suffrance or the wit, in the quike body, goth biform, exciteinge and moovinge the strengths of the thought. Right so as when that clearmeece amyeth the ywich & moeveth hem to seyn, or right so as wol som hurteleth to the eres and commooyeth hem to heryne, than is the strength of the thought ymowed and excited, and clepeith forth, to semblable moovinges, the apeces that it hathe withinne itself; and addeth the apeces to the notes and to the
things without for, and medleth the images of things without for to the former y hide within himself.

Prose V.

Quod si in corporis sentientia

But what yif that in bodies to ben feeld, that is to seyn, in the taking of knowledge a change of bodily things, and albeit so that the qualities of bodies, that ben object [s] from without forth, move and entail the instruments of the wittes; and albeit so that the passion of the body, that is to seyn, the wit or the suffrancse, goth to form the strength of the working courage, the which passion or sufferance clepeth forth the dede of the thought in himself, and moveyth and exciteth in this mene whyle the forms that resten within forth; and yif that, in sensible bodies, as I have seyd, our courage is nat ytaught or enprinted by passion to know these thinges, but demeth and knoweth, of his owne strenght, the passion or sufferance subject to the body: moche more thame the thinges that ben absolut and quyte fro ale talents or affections of bodies, as God or his aungenes, ne folwen nat in discerning thinges object from without forth, but they accomplisshen and speden the dede of his thought. By this resoun thame ther kommen many maner knowingses to dyverse and differinge substantes. For the wit of the body, the whiche wit is nacked and despolted of alle other knowings, thilke wit cometh to bee stedfast that nemowen nat moeven hemself and ther, as oystres and muscules, and other swich shellles and fish of the see, that clewen and ben norishshed to roches. But the imaginacion cometh to remuable stedfast, that semen to han talent to fleen or to desieren any thing. But resoun is alony to the lineage of mankinde, right as intelligence is only to the devyne nature: of which it folweth, that thilke knowynge is more worth than thysce othere, sin it knoweth by his propre nature nat only his subject, as who seith, it ne knoweth nat alony that pertyneth property to his knowynge, but it knoweth the subjects of alle other knowynge. But how shall it thanne be, yif that wit and imaginacion stryen ayein reasoninge, & seyn, that of thilke universel thing that resoun weneth to seen, that it nis right naught? For wit & imaginacion seyn that that, that is sensible or imaginable, it ne may nat be universel. Thanne is either the judgement of resoun sooth, ne that ther nis nothing sensible; or elles, for that resoun wot wel that many thinges ben subject to wit and to imaginacion, thanne is the concepcion of resoun seyn & false, which that lokeith & comprehended that that is sensible and singular as universel. And yif that resoun wolde answeren ayein to thysse two, that is to seyn, to witte & to imaginacion, and seyn, that soothly she hirself, that is to seyn, resoun, lokeith and comprehended, by resoun of universalitee, bethe that that is sensible & that that is imaginable; and that thilke two, that is to seyn, wit and imaginacion, ne mowen nat strechen ne enhansen hemselfe to the knowynge of universelitee, for that the knowynge of hem ne may exceede ne surmounte the bodily figures: certes, of the knowynge of thinges, men oughten rather yeven credence to the more stede fast and to the more parfit judgement. In this maner stryvynge thanne, we thanne strengthe of reasoninge & of imagininge and of wit, that is to seyn, by resoun and by imaginacion and by wit, we holde ther rather precye the cause of resoun; as who seith, than the cause of wit and of imaginacion.

Emblable thing is it, that the resoun of mankinde ne wethet nat that the devyne intelligence biholdeth or knoweth thinges to comen, but right as the resoun of mankinde knoweth hem. For thou arquest and seyst thus: that yif it ne seem nat to men that some thinges han certein & necessarie bitydynge, they ne mowen nat ben wist biforn certeiny to bityden. And thannen is ther no precydence of thilke thinges; and yif we trowe that precydence be in thysse thinges, thanne is ther nothing that it ne bitydeth by necessitee. But certes, yif we mighten han the judgement of the devyne thought, as we ben parsoneres of resoun, right so as we ben damed that it behove that imaginacion and wit be binette resoun, right so wolde we demen that it were rightfull thing, that mannes resoun oughte to submitten itself and to ben binette the devyne thought. For which, yif that we mowen, as who seith, that, yif that we mowen, I counseile, that we enhance us into the heightes of thilke sovereyn intelligence; for ther shal resoun wot seen that, that it ne may nat biholden in itself. And certes that is thys, in what manner the precydence of God seeth alle thinges certeine and diminisshed, although they ne han no certein issues or bitydynge; ne this is non opinione, but it is rather the simplicitie of the sovereyn science, that nis nat enclosed nor yshet within none boundes.
Be beastes passen by the erthe by ful diverse figures. For som of hem han hit bodiues straughte & crepen in the dust, and drawen after hem a bras or a forsh ycontynued; that is to seyn, as naddres or naikes. And other beastes, by the wandriding of the nesse of hit winges, benett the windes, and overcome the spaces of the longe eyr bymoist fleece. And other beastes glad-en hemself to diggen hit bras or hit step-pes in the erthe with hit goings or with hit feete, & to goon either by the grene feldes, or elles to walken under the wodes. And albeit so that thou seest that they alle alia/ cordon by diverse formes, algetas hit facies, enclined, hevieth hit dulce writtes. Only the linage of man heveth heyeset hit heye hevyed, and atondeth light with his upright body, and bigboldeth theerthe under hit. And, but yif thou, evryth man, weaxeth yel out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth thee, that aczet the heavene with hit righte visage, and hast areysed thy foreheved, to beren up aheigh thy corage; so that thy thought ne benat yheved ne put lowe under fote, sin that thy body is so heys areysed.

PROSE VI.
Quoniam igitur, uti paullo ante.

Herfor thame, as I have showed a litel herfeiron, that hit thing that is ywis hit nat known hit nature prope, but by the nature of hem that compre-hendenit, late iske now, as inasochelas it is leevol us, as who seith, lat us lote now as we mowen, that the estat is of thedevyne substantia; so that we mow-en eek known what hit science is. The commune jugement of alle creatures rasonables there is, that God set eth eterne. Lat us considere thame what is eternite; for certes that shal shewen us todgidere the devyne nature and the devyne science.

Ternite, thame, is partit pos-sessioyn & todigide of lye inter-minable; and as theweth more clery by the comparisson or the colloquent of temporel things, for all thing that liveth in trympe it is present, and procedeth fro preterites into futures, that is to seyn, fro tryme passed into tryme con-inge; ne theerisis nothing establisshed in tryme that may embracen todiger at the space of his lye. For certes, yit ne hath it taken the tryme of tomorowe, and it hath lost the tryme of yesterdye. And certes, in the trympe of this day, ye ne liven no more but right as in the moevable & transitorie moment. Thame thilke thing that arebestrith temporel condicion, although that it never bignan to be, ne thoug it never cease for to be, as Aristotle demed of the world, and although that the trympe of it bestriched with infinite of tryme, yit algetas nis it no swich thing that men myghten trynowen by right that it is eterne. For although that it com-prendene and embrase the space of trympe in-finit, yit algetas ne embrase it nat the space of the trympe altogider; for it ne hath nat the futuresse that ne benat yit, ne it ne hath no lenger the preterites that benydoon or ypassad. But thilke thing thame, that hath & comprehende todiger at the plen-te of the trympe interminable, to whom thame faileth naught of the future, and to whom thermin naught of the preterit escaped nor ypassad, thilke same is ywitnessed and yprooved by right to be eterne. And it bi-howeth by necessitee that thilke thing be alwey present to himself, and copetent; as who seith, alwey present to himself, & so mighty thatal beright at his pleasaunce; & that he have al present the infinite of the moevable trympe. Wherfor som men crown wrongfully that, whan they heren that it semede to Plato that this world ne hadde never biginning of trympe, ne that it never shal han fallinge, they wenen in this maner that this world be maide coeteren with hit maker; as who seith, they wene that this world and God ben maide todiger eterne, and that is a wrongful weninge. For other thing is it to ben ylad by trympe interminable, as Plato graunted to the world, and other thing is it to embrase todiger al the present of the trympe interminable, the whiche thing it is cleer and manifext that it is prope to the devyne thocht.

Yet it ne sholde nat semen to us, that God is elder thane thinges that ben ymaked by quantitee of trympe, but rather by the propretie of his simple nature. For this ilke infinit moevinge of temporel thinges folweth this preterit ettat of trympe unmoevable; and so as it ne may nat countrefeten it ne feyemen it ne be even, lyke to it for the moevabletee, that is to seyn, that is in the eternitee of God, it faileth and faileth into moevinge fro the simplicitee of the presence of God, and disencereeth into the infinit quantitee of future and of preterit: and so as it ne may nat han todiger al the plente of the trympe, al getas yit, for as moche as it ne ceseveth never for to ben in som maner, it semeth somdel to us, that it folweth & resemblith a like thing that it ne may nat atayne to ne fulfili- len, and bindeth itself to som maner pre-
sence of this litel and swifte moment: the
which presence of this litel & swifte mo-
ment, for that it bereth a maner image or
lyknese of the ay-dwellinge presence of
God, it grauneteth, to swiche maner thing-
es as it byrddeth to, that it semeth hem as
thei thei thinges han yeven, and den.

ND for that the presence of swiche
litel moment ne may nat dwelle,
therefor it ravished and took the
infinite way of tymere, that is to seyn,
by succession; and by this maner is it y-
don, for that it abode and continue the lify
in goinge, of the whiche lyf it ne mighte
nat embrace the plente in dwellinge. And
forthly, yf we woluen putten worthy names
to thinges, and folwen Plato, lat us seye
thanne soothly, that God is etern, & the
world is perpetuel. Thanne, sin that every
judgeth knoweth and comprehende
by his owne nature thinges that ben sub-
ject unto him, ther is soothly to God, al-
ways, an etern and presentarie estat; and
the science of him, that over-passeth al
temporal movement. Dwellith in the sim-
pliite of his presence, and embraceth and
considereth al the infinit spaces of
tymes, preterits and futures, and loketh,
in his simple knowinge, alle thinges of
preterit right as they were ydone pre-
sently right now. Yf thou wolue thanne
thenken & avyse the prescienc, by which
it knoweth alle thinges, thow ne shalt
nemen it as prescienc of thinges to com-
en, but thou shalt demen it more right-
fully that it is science of presence or of
insistance, that never ne faileth. For which
it is named Previscence, but it abode
rather ben clepele Purviscence, that is
established ful fer fro right lowe thinges,
& bishothe from after alle thinges, right
as it were fro the herte heights of thinges.
Why aetnaw thanne, or why deputest-
ow thanne, that thilke thinges ben doon
by necessite thanne thilke ben ysoyn and
known by the deynew sighte, sin that,
forsothe, men ne maken nat thilke thinges
necessarie which they seyn ben ydone in
the right. For alde thy bishothinge,
any necessite to thilke thinges that thou
bisherdest præente? Nay, quod I.

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CERTES, thanne, if men mighte
maken any digne comparision or
collacion of the presence deynew
and of the presence deynse, right so
as ye seyn some thinges in this temporel
present, right so seeth God alle thinges
by his etern present. Wherfore this de-
bye prescienc ne chaungeth nat the na-
ture ne the propretie of thinges, but bi-
holdeth swiche thinges present to him-
ward as they shullen bydye to yowward
in tymere to comen, Ne it confoundeth nat
the jugement of thinges; but by o sighte
of his thought, he knoweth the thinges
to comen, as wel necessarie as nat neces-
sarie. Right so as when ye seyn togyder
a man walken on the erthe and the somme
aryson in the hevene, albeit so that ye seyn
and bishothen that oon and that other	
togyder, ythatheth ye demen and disseren
that that oon is voluntarie and that other
necessarie. Right so thanne the deyne
lookinge, bishothinge alle thinges under
him, ne troublith nat the qualtie of thing-
es that ben certeynly present to himward;
but, as to the condicium of tymere, fersothe,
they ben future, for which it folweth, that
this nisnon opinion, but rather a stede-
fast knowinge, ystrengthened by sooth-
nesse, that, thanne that God knoweth any
thing to be, he ne unwoe nat that thilke
thing wanteth necessite to be; this is to
seyn, that, than that God knoweth any
thing to bityde, he wot well that it he hath
no necessite to bityde.

ND yf thou seyst heer, that thilke
thing that God seeth to bityde, it
nemay nat bityde (as wseoeth, it
bet bityde), and thilke thing that ne
may nat bityde it met bityde by neces-
site, and that thou streyne me by this
name of necessite: certes, I wol wet con-
feisien and bilnowe a thing of ful sad
troubte, but unnethe shal ther any wight
mowe seen it or come therto, but yf that
he be bishothen of the deyne thought. For I
wol answeren thee thus: that thilke thing
that is future, when it is referr to the
deye new knowinge, thame is it necessarie,
but certes, when it is understanden in his
owne kinde, men seen it is outrely free,
& absout fro alle necessite.

OR certes, ther ben two maneres
of necessite. That oon necessite
is simple, as thys: that it bishothe
by necessite, that alle men be mortal or
deadly. Another necessite is conditionel,
as thys: yf thou worst that a man walketh,
it bishothe by necessite that he walk.
Thilke thing thanne that any wight hath
ylowe to be, it ne may ben non other
weyes thanne he knoweth it to be. But
this condicium ne draweth nat with hir
thilke necessite simple. For certes, this
necessite conditionel, the propre nature
of it ne maketh it nat, but the adjoynce
of the condicium maketh it. For no ne-
necessite ne constureyth a man to com,
that goth by his propre wil; albeit so that,
when he goth, that it is necessarie that he
goeth. Right on this same maner thanne,
yf that the purvisance of God seeth any
thing present, than met thilke thing ben
by necessite, although that it ne have no
necessite of his owne nature. But certes,
the futures that bityden by freedom of
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seth hem alle tegider present. Thise thinges thanne, yf they ben referred to the deyve sighte, thanne ben they made necessarie by the condicions of the deyve knowlinge. But certes, yf thilke thinges be considere by himself, they ben absolut of necessitie, and ne for- leten nat ne cesen nat of the libertee of hir owne nature. Channe, certes, without doubt, alle the thinges shollen ben doon which that God wot biforn that they ben to come. But som of hem come and bit- ryden of fre arbitre or of free will, that, albeit so that they bitryden, yf aligates na lese they nat hir propre nature in beinge; by the which first, or that they weren y- doon, they hadden power nat to han bitid. Boece.

That is this to seyn thanne, quod L, that thinges ne ben nat necessarie by hir propre nature, so as they come in alle maneres in the lykness of necessitie by the condicione of the deye science?

Philosophie.

Here is the difference, quod she; that the thinges that I purposely thee a little herbeforn, that is to seyn, the somme arysinge and the man walkinge, that, therhylles that thilke thinges been ydoon, they ne mighte nat ben undoon; natheles, that oon of hir, orit was ydoon, it bishowd by necessitie that it was ydoon, but nat that other. Right so is it here, that the thinges that God hath present, without doubt they shollen been. But som of hem descendeth of the nature of thinges, as the somme arysinge; and som descendeth of the power of the doeres, as the man walkinge. Thanne seide I no wrong, that yf these thinges ben referred to the deye knowlinge, thanne ben they necessarie; and yf they ben considered by hirself, thanne ben they absolut fro the bond of necessitie. Right so are alle thinges but apereth or sheveth to the wittes, yf thou refere it to resoun, it is universelle; yf thou refere it or loke it to itself, than is it singuler. But now, yf thou seyst thus, that yf it be in my power to chauge my purpos, than shall I voide the purvaunce of God, than that, peraventure, I shal han chauenged the thinges that he kneweth bifoorn, thanne shal I anawere thee thus. Certes, thou mayst wyl chauge thy purpos; but, for as mochet as the present soothnesse of the deyve purvaince bi- holdeth that thou mayst chauge thy purpos, and whether thou wilt chauge it or no, & whiderward that thou torne it, thou ne mayst nat euen the deyve procenci; right as thou ne mayst nat flen the sighte of the presente eye, although that thou torne thyselfe by thy fre wil into diverse accouuns. But thou mayst seyn ayein: How shall it thanne be? Shal nat the deyve science be chauenged by my dis- posicion, than that I wot o thing now, and now another? And thilke prescience, ne someth nat to entrechaugeth stoumdes of knowlinge; as who seith, ne shal it nat same to us, that the deyve prescience ent- trechaugeth bise diverse stoumdes of knowlinge, so that it knowe sumtyme o thing and sumtyme the contrarie of that thing? No, feroacthe, quod I.

Philosophie.

For the deyve sighte remeth to- form and seeth alle futures, and elepeth hem ayein, and retorneth hem to the presence of his propre knowlinge; ne he ne entrechaugeth nat, so as thou weneest, the stoundes of fowrknowlinge, as nowthis, now that; but he aydwel- ling comth biforn, and embracheth at o strook alle thy muticatorious. And this pres- ence to comprehende and to seen alle thinges, God ne hath nat taken it of the bitydinge of thinges to come, but of his propre simplicite. And herbst, that of his propri arbitre thing that thou puttest a litel her- biform, that is to seyn, that it is unworthy thing to seyn, that our futures yeven cause of the science of God. For certes, this strengthe of the deyve science, which that embracheth alle thinges by his presente knowlinge, establissheth maner to alle thinges, and it ne oweth naught to latter thinges; and sin that these thinges ben thus, that is to seyn, sin that necessitie his nat in thinges by the deyve pre- science, than is ther freedom of arbitre, that dwellethe heel and unwemmed to mortal men. Ne the lawes ne purposen nat wili- kedly medes and peynes to the willinges of men that ben unbounden and quite of alle necessitie. And God, biholder & for- witer of alle thinges, dwellethe above; and the present eternites of his sighte remeth alwey with the diverse qualitie of oure dedes, deapurisinge & ordeyninge medes to goode men, and tormentes to wilched men. Ne in ydel ne in veyn ne ben ther nat put in God hope and prayeres, that ne mowen nat ben unspeedful ne withoute effect, when they ben rightful.

Witshcond thanne and eache thou yvices; worshipse & love thou thy virtue; areys thy corgage to rightful hopes: yilde thou humble prayeres a- heigh. Greet necessitie of prowess & vertu is encharged & commanded to yow, yf ye ni nat dissimulan; sin that ye worken and doon, that is to seyn, your dedes or your workes, bifoorn the eyen of the Juge that seeth and demeth alle thinges. To whom be glorie and worshiphe by infinit tymes. Amen.
Al is yliche good to me,
Joye or sorowe, whereso hit be,
For I have fletyn in nothing,
But, as it were, a mased thing,
Alway in point to falle adon;
For sory imaginacion
Is alway hooly in my minde.

Ny wel ye wife, agaynes kinde
Hit were to liven in this wyse;
For nature wolde nat suffysse
to noon erthele creature
Not longe tyne to en朋友们对
Without slepe, and been in sorwe;
And I ne may, ne nighte ne morwe,
Slepe; and thus melancoliye,
And dreid I have for to dye,
Defaute of slepe, and heynesse
Dath sleyn my spirit of quenesse,
That I have lost that hethed.
Suche fantasiesen ben in myn bedef
So I not what is best to do.

Yet men mighte axe me, why so
I may not slepe, and what me is?
But naethely, who ask this
Least his ashing trewely;
Myselfen can not tell why
The soothe; but trewely, as I gesse,
The Book of the Duchese

I holde bit be a siliness
That I have suffred this eight yere,
And yet my bote is never the nere;
For ther is phisicen but oon,
That may me hele; but that is doon.
Pass we over until lent;
That will not be, most nede be left;
Our first mater is good to hepe.

So when I saw I might not slepe,
Till nowe late, this other nigh,
Upon my bedde I sat upright,
And bad oon reche me a book,
A romances, and he hit me took
To rede and dryve the night away;
For me thought it better play
Then playen either at chesse or tables.

And in this boke were written fables
What clerkes hadde, in old tymes,
And other poets, put in ryme
To rede, and for to be in minde
Why men loved the law of kynde.
This book ne spak but of such thinges,
Of quenes lyves, and of kynges,
And many other thinges smale.
Amonge al this I found a tale
That me thought a wonder thin.
Tis the tale: Ther was a kyng
That hight Seys, and hadde a wyf,
And the beast that mighte bere lyf;
And this quene highte Algynne.
So hit berfel, therafter sone,
This kyng wolde wenden over see,
To telle shortly, whan that he
Was in the see, thus in this wyse,
Soche a tempes gent to ryse
That brak hir mast, and made it falle,
And clepe hir ship, and dreinte hir alle,
That never was founden, as it telles,
Bord ne man, ne nothing elles.
Right thus this kyng Seys losete his lyf.

O[] for to spaken of his wyf;
This lady, that was left at home,
Bath wonder, that the kyng ne come
Doom, for hit was a longe terme.
Then herte gan to erme;
And for that hit thoughte evermo
Hit was not wel he dwelte so,
She longed so after the kyng
That certes, hit were a pitous thing
to telle hir hertely sorrowful lyf.
That hadde, alas! this noble wyf;
For him she loved alderbeat.
Anon she sente bothe east and west
to seke him, but they founden nought.

Thus quoth she, that was wrought!
And wher my lord, my love, be deyd?
Certes, I nil never sette breed,
I make anowe to my god here,
But I movye of my lordes here!

Such sorwe this lady to her took
That treweley, it which made this booke,
Had swich pite and swich rowthe
to rede hir sorwe, that, by my trouthe,

I ferde the worse al the morowe
After, to thynken on her sorwe.

S[That no man mighte fynde hir lord,
ful oft she was quone, and beside Alas!]
For sorwe ful nigh wood she was,
Ne coude she no reed but oon;
But down on knees she sat anoon,
And weep, that pite was to here.

MERCY! sweete lady dere!
Quod she to Juno, hir goddess;
Help me out of this distresse,
And yeve me grace my lord to see
Some, or wise whereby he be,
Or how he fareth, or in what wyse,
And I shall make you sacrificye,
And hoolly youres become I shal
With good wil, body, herte, and al;
And but thou wilt this, lady sweete,
Send me grace to slepe, and mete
In my slepe som certeyn sweven,
Wherethrough that I may knowen even
Whether my lord be quit or deod.

With that word she heng down the heed,
And ful awsoned as cold as ston;
Hir women caught her up anon,
And brughten hir in bed al naked,
And she, forwept and forwalked,
Was very, and thus the dede sleep
Fell on her, or she toke keep,
Through Juno, that had herd hir bone,
That made hir for to slepe sone;
For as she prayde, so was don,
In dede; for Juno, right anon,
Called thus her messager
To do her erande, and he con nere.
When he was come, she bad him thus:

O bet, quod Juno, to Morpheus,
Thou knowest him wel, the god of sleep;
Now understand wel, and talke keep.
Sethys on my halfe, that he
Go faste into the grete see,
And bid hir that, on alle thing,
He take up Seys body the kyng,
That lyth ful pale and nothing rody.
Bid him crepe into the body,
And do it goon to Algynne
The quene, ther she lyth alone,
And shewe hir shortly, hit is no nay,
Hou hit was dreynet this other day;
And do the body speke so
Right as hit was wont to do,
The whythe that hit was on lyve,
Go now faste, and thy beclyve!

This messager took leve and wente
Upon his wyse, and never ne stente
Til he com to the derke valeye
That stant bytwen roches tweye,
Ther never yet grew corn ne grass,
Ne tree, ne nothing that ought was,
Baste, ne man, ne nothing elles,
Save there were a fewe welles
Come renning fro the cliffe adown,
That made a deadly sleping soun,
And ronne don right by a cave
That was under a rokke ygrave
Amid the valey, wonder depe.
Ther thine goddesse laye and slepe,
Morpheus, and Eclymystere,
That was the god of slepes heyre,
Ther slepe and did nere wherth.
His cave was also as dark
As hell pit overal aboute.
They had good keyser for to route
To ennuye, who might slepe beate;
Some henge hir chin upon hir breeste
And slepe upright, hir head yfed,
And some laye nacked in hir bed,
And slepe whylens the dayne laste.
His messager was fighters, and
And cayed: O ho! awah aon!
Bit was for noght; ther herde him non.
Awake! quod he, who is, byth there?
And blew his horn right in hir ere,
And cayed: Awake! wonder hyde.
This god of sleepe, with his oon yé
Cast up, azed: Who sleepteth there?
Bit am I, quod this messager;
Juno, I am, thou shouldest goon.
And tolde him what he shoulde doon
As I have toold you hereto fore;
Hit is no need reherse hit more;
And wente his way, whan he had sayed.

Out of his sleepe, and gan to goon,
And did as he had hed him doon.
Tak up the dreynyte body sone,
And bar hit forth to Alcione,
His wyf the quene, theras she lay,
Right even a quarter berde she,
And stond right at hir beddes fete,
And called hir, right as she herte,
By name, and seyde: My sweete wyf,
Awake! let be your sorwful lyf!
For in your sorwe ther lyth no reed;
For certes, sweete, I nam but deed;
Ye shul me never on lyve ysee.
But good sweete herte, look that ye
Bury my body, at whiche a tyde
Ye mowe hit finde the see besyde;
And farwel, sweete, my worldes blisse!
I prey ye god your sorwe liesse;
To litel whyr our blisse lasteth!

And by this god of sleepe abrad
That hir eyen up she casteth,
And saw noght: A quod she, for sorwe!
And dreyed within the thridde morowe.
But what she sayde more in that awow
I may not tell ye as now,
Hit were to londe for to dwele;
My first mater I wil yow telle,
Wherefor I have told this thing
Of Alcione and Seya the king.
The Book of the Duchess

No more than coude the laste of us;
Ne nat acrasly Macrobeus,
(For that wroth at thys swoon
That he mette, hing Scipion,
The noble man, the Afrikan,
Swiche man yfelice fortuned than)
I trove, arde my dremes even.
Lo, thus hit was, this was my sweven.

The Dream.

I thoughteth thus: that hit was May,
And in the dawnynge thre I lay,
Me mette thus, in my bed al nakyd,
I loked forth, for I was wakeid
With smale foliage a grete newe
That had affrayed me out of sleepe.
Through noysse and sweetnesse of hir song;
And, as me mette, they sate amony,
Upon my chambere, roofe withoute,
Upon the tyle, at aboute,
And songen, everich in hys wyse,
The moote solemny servyse
By note, that ever man, I trowe,
Had herd; for som of hir song lowe,
Som hye, and al of oon acorde.

To talke shorlyt, at oo wordes,
Was never herd so sweete a stever,
But hit had a thing of herven;
So mery a song, so sweete entunes,
That certes, for the toune of Tewnes,
I nolde but I had herd hem singe,
For al my chambre gan to ringe
Through singynge of hir armoyne.
For instrument nor melody
Was nother herd yet half so sweete,
Nor of acorde half so mete;
For ther was noon of hem that fyned
To singe, for ech of hem hir peyned
To finde out mery crafty notes;
They ne apared not hir throte.
And, soothe to seyn, my chambre was
Ful wel depaynted, and with glas
There at the windowes wel yglased,
Ful cler, and nat an hole ycrased,
That to beholde hit was gret joye.
For hoolely at the storie of Troye
Was in the glasing yworthe thus,
Of Ector and hing Driamus,
Of Achilles and Lamedon,
Of Medea and of Jason,
Of Paris, Gleyne, and Layyne.
And alle the walleres with coloure fynne
Were peyneit, botho text and close,
Of al the Romance of the Rose.
My windowes weren shet echon,
And through the glas the sunne shon
Upon my bed with brighte berme,
With many glade gloden oremes;

And eek the welken was so fair,
Blew, brighte, cler was the air,
And ful atempre, for sothe, hit was;
For nother cold nor hooth hit nas,
Ne in at the welken was a cloude.

And I lay thus, wonder loude
That thoughteth I herde an hunte blowe
Tassay his horn, and for to knowe
Whether hit were cler or hoor of goun.

HERDE goinge, up and doun,
Men, hoores, houndes, and other thing;
And al men speken of hunting,
How they wolde selle the hert with strengthe,
And how the hert had, upon lengthe,
So mache embossed, I not now what.
Anoursight, when I herde that,
How they wolde on hunteing goon,
I was right glad, and up ancon;
I took my hors, and forth I went
Out of my chambre; I never atente
Til I com to the feld withoute.
Ther overtok I a gret route
Of huntees and eek of foresters,
With many breedes and lymeres,
And ybyd hem to the forest faste,
And I with hem; so at the laste
I asked oon, ladde a lymere:
Say, felow, who shal hunten here
Quod I; and he anawered ageyn:
Sir, temeperour Octovien,
Quod he, and is heer faste by.
A goddes halle, in good tymen, quod I,
So we faste! and gan to ryde.
When we came to the forest raiden,
Every man dide, right ancon,
As to hunting fil to doon.
The maister-hunte ancon, fot/hoot,
With a gret horse blew thre moote.
At the uncoupling of his houndes,
Within a whyl the hert yfounde is,
Yhalowed, and rechaused faste
Longe tymen; and at the laste,
This hert ruged and stai away
For all the houndes a preyen way.
The houndes had overhote hem alle,
And were on a defaute yfolle;
Therewith the hunte wonder faste
Blew a forlyom at the laste.

I was so walken from my tree,
And as I wente, ther cam by me
A whelp, that fauned me as I stood,
That hadd me yfolowed, and coude no good.
Hit com and creep to me as lowne,
Right as hit hadde me yhnowe,
Held down his heed and joymed his eere,
And leyde al amothe doun his heres.
I wolde han caughd hit, and ancon
Hit fledde, and was fro me goon;
And I him folowed, and hit forth wente
Doun by a floury grene wente
Full thilke of gras, ful softe and sweete,
With flowres fele, fair under fete,
And litle used, hit seemed thus;
The mooste pite, the mooste rowythe,  
That ever I herde; for, by my truowthe,  
Hit was gret wonder that nature  
Might suffren any creature  
To have swich sorwe, and be not deed.  
Ful pitous, pale, and nothing reed,  
He sayde a lay, a maner song.  
Withoute note, withoute song,  
And hit was this; for wel I can  
Reherse hit; right thus hit began:  

"HAVE of sorwe so gret woon,  
That joye gete I never noon,  
Now that I see my lady bright,  
Which I have loved with al my might,  
Is fro me deede, and is agoon.  
Alas, o deeth! what ayleth thee,  
That thou nedest have taken me,  
When that thou toke my lady sweete?  
That was so fayre, so fresh, so fre,  
So good, that men may wel yee  
Of al goodnesse she had no mete!

THAN he had mad thus his complaynte,  
His sorrowful herte gan faste faynte,  
And his spirites waxen dede;  
The blood was fied, for pure drede,  
Doun to his herte, to make him warm,  
For wel hit feled the herte had harm,  
To wite eek why hit was adrad  
By hinde, and for to make hit glad;  
For hit is membre principal  
Of the body; and that made al  
His hewe chaunghe and were grene  
And pale, for no blood was bese  
In no maner lime of his."

But forth they romed wonder faste  
Doun the wode so at the laste  
I was war of a man in blak,  
That sat and had yurnished his bah  
To an oke, an huge tre.  
Lord, thoughte I, who may that be?  
What ayleth him to sitten here?  
Anconright I wente newe;  
Than fond I sitte even uprigh  
A wonder wel farynges knight,  
By the maner me thoughte so,  
Of good mocheal, and yong thereto,  
Of the age of four and twenty yeer.  
Upon his berde but fitle heer,  
And he was clothed al in blakhe.  
I stalked even unto his bahke,  
And ther I stood as stille as ought,  
That, sooth to seye, he saw me nought,  
For why he heng his heed audee.  
And with a deadly sorrowful lume  
He made of ryme ten veres or twelwe,  
Of a compleymt to himselfe,  
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O! how goodly spaketh this knight,
As it had been another wight;
He made it nother tough ne queyme.
And I saw that, and gan me aqynte
With him, and fond him so tretale,
Right wonder shifful and resonable,
As me thoughte, for al his bale.
Now right I gan finde a tale
to him, to loke wher I migh ought
Have more knowynge of his thoughte.

My thought is thren never a del.

Y our lord, quod I, I trov yow wel,
Right so me thinketh by your chere.
But, sir, so thing wol y e here?
Me thinketh, in grete sorwe I yow see;
But certes, good air, sif that ye
Wolde ought disquire me your wo,
I wolde, as sis God helpe me so,
Amende hit, sif I can or may;
Y wolde proove hit by assay.
For, by my trouthe, to make yow hool,
I wol do al my powere hool.
And tellith me of your sorwe asmerete,
Paraventure hit may ese your herte,
That someth ful seke under your aye.
With that he loketh on me asde,
As who sayth, Hay, that wol not be.
Graunt mercy, goode frend, quod he,
I thanke thee that thou woldest so,
But hit may never the rather be do.
No man may my sorwe glade,
That maketh my hewe to falle and fade,
And hath myn understanding lorn,
That me is wo that I was born!
May nothth maketh my sorwe alyde,
Nought the remedies of Owoyde;
Ne Orpheus, god of medleye,
Ne Dedalus, with playen stye;
Ne hele me may philisien,
Noght Typhocas, ne Galien;
Me is wo that I live houre twelve;
But who so wol assayse himselfe
Whether his herte can have pite
Of any sorwe, lat him see me.
I spreeche, that deeth hath mad al naketh
Of alle blisse that was ever made,
To the worste of alle wightes,
That hate my dayes and my nightes;
My lyf, my luette be me lothe,
For al welfare and I be wrothe.
The pure deeth is so my fo,
Thogh I wolde deye, hit wolde not so;
For when I folwe hit, hit wol cleue;
I wolde have hit, hit nil not me.
This is my peyne withoute reed,
Alwa delyng, and be not deed,
That Scipion, that lyth in heli,
May not of more sorwe telle.
And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,
And when I saw my fers aseye,
Alas! I couthe no lenger playe,
But seyde, farwel, sweete, ywis,
And farwel all that ever ther is!

Therwith fortune seyde Chek here!
And Mathe! in mid pointe of the chekhere
With a poune erraunt, alaas!
Ful craftier to playe she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the ches: so was his name.
But Godd wolde I haden on over
Yvoud and knowe the jeardadys.
That coude the Greek Pitagorose!
I shulde have played the bet at chea,
And kept my fers the bet therby;
And thogh wherto? for trewdy
I bold that wish nat worth a streel
Hit had be never the bet for me.
For fortune can so many a wyle,
Ther be but fewe can hir begyle,
And eek she is the las to blame;
Myself I wolde have done the same,
Before God, hadde I been as she;
She ought the more excused be.
For this I say yet more thereto,
Haddhe the Godde and mightie he do
My wil, whan my fers she caughte,
I wolde have drawe the same draughte.
For, also wis Godde give me reste,
I dar wel awere she took the bente!

Through that draughte I have torn
My blosse; alaas! that I was born!
I wolde for evermore, I trowe trewdly,
For al my wil, my lust hoolly
Is turned; but yet, what to done?
By our Lord, hit is to deye sore;
For nothing I ne leve it noght,
But live and deye right in this thoght.
Their nis planete in firmament,
Ne in air, ne in erthe, noon element,
That they ne give me a yift schoon
Of weping, whan I am aloon.
For whan that I aywe me wel,
And betheke me evereyd,
How that ther lyth in reheling,
In my sorwe, for nothing;
And how ther leveth no gladnesse
May glade me of my distressse,
And how I have lost suffisance,
And thereto I have no plesance,
Than may I say, I have right noght,
And whan al this falleth in my thought,
Alaas! than am I overcame!
For that is doon is not to come!
I have more sorwe than Tantaly;
ND whan I herde him tell this tale
I was so greatly, as I owe telle,
Une thes mighte I lenger dwelle,
Hitt diyn herte so moche wo.
Good sir? quod I, say not so!
Have som pite on your nature
That formed yow to creature;
Remembere yow of Socrates;

That formed yow to creature;
Remembere yow of Socrates;

for he ne counted nat three streets
Of noght that fortune coude do.
No, quod he, I can not so.

WPY so? good sir! pardle quod I;
Ne say noght so, for trewdly.
Thogh ye had lost the ferset twelve,
And ye for sorwe morterd yourselfe,
Ye scholde be dampted in this cas
By as good right as Medea was,
That slow hir children for Jason;
And Phyllis als for Demophon
Heng hirselfe, so welayaw!
For he had broke his terme day
To come to hir. Another rage
Had Dydo, queene eek of Cartage,
That slow hirselfe, for Eneas
Was fals; a! where a fool she was!
And Esquod dyed for Narcissa
Nolde nat love hir; and right thus
Hath many another foly don.
And for Datida dyed Sampson,
That slow himselfe with a pilere.
But ther is noon alwyse here
Wolde for a fers make this wo!

Se thes? XP7 so? quod he; hit is nat so;
Thou wost ful liet that thou menest;
I have lost more than thou wenest.
Lo, hir, how may that be? quod I;
Good sir, tel me al hoolly
In what wyse, how, why, and wherfore
That ye have thus your blisse lore.

LYTHLY, quod he, com sit adoun;
I telle thee up condicioun
That thou hoolly, with athy wit,
Do thynt entent to herkene hit.

Yis, sir! Swere thy trouthe therto.
Gladyly Do than holde herto!
That right brythly, so Godde me aue,
Hoolly, with al the witte I have,
Here yow, as well as I can.

GODDES half! quod he, and benged:
Sir, quod he, sith first I couthe
Have any maner wit fro youthe,
Or ymendy understanding
To comprehend, in any thing,
What love was, in myn owne wit,
Dredeth, I have ever yit
Be tributary, and yiven rente
To love hoolly with goode entente,
And through plesance become his thral,
With good wil, body, herte, and al.
At this I putte in his servage,
As to my lorde, and dide homage;
And ful devoutly praye him to,
He shulde besette myn herte so,
That if pleasance to him were,
And worship to my lady dere.

ND this was longe, and many a yere
Or that myn herte was set owrhe,
That I did thus, and niste why;
I trowe hit cam me kindely.
Paraunet I was therto most able
As a whyt wal or a table;
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For hit is redy to cachete and take
All that men wil therin make,
Whereo men wol portreyte or peynte,
Be the werthe never so quynte.
At the thike tyme I ferde so
I was able to have lerned tho,
And to have coude as wel or better,
Daraunter, other art or letter.
But for love cam first in my thought,
Therefor I forgot it nought.
I cheese love to my firste craft,
Therefor hit is with me ylaft.
For why I took hit of so yong age,
That malice hadde my corage
Nat that tyme turned to nothing
Through to mocel knowleching.
For that tyme youth, my maistresse,
Governed me in ydelnesse;
For hit was in my firste youth,
And the ful liefel good I couthe;
For al my werthe were flittinge,
And al my thoughten varyinge;
Al were to me yliche good,
That I knew tho; but thus hit stood.

And hit happed that I cam on a day
Into a place, ther I say,
Trewly, the fayre ente companye
Of ladies, that ever man with ye
Had seen togethers in so place.
Shall I elepe hit hap other grace
That brughte me ther? nay, but fortune,
That is to luyen ful commune,
The fals traceresse, pervers
God wolde I coude elepe hir wers!
For now she worcheth me ful wo,
And I wol tellen sone why so.

Mong thse ladies thus echoon,
Both to seyn, I saw ther oon
That was lyk noon of al the route;
For I dar wene, withoute douthe,
That as the someres sonne bright
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more light
That any planet, is in heven,
The moon, or the steres seven,
For al the worldes, so had she
Surmounted hem alle of beaute,
Of maner and of comlinease,
Of stature and wel age gladnesse,
Of goodlihede so wel beaeve...
Shortly, what shal I more seye?
By God, and by his halwe twelve,
It was my sweet, right as hirselfe!
She had so stedfast countenance,
So noble port and meynentunce.
And Love, that had herd my bone,
Had espied me thus sone,
That she ful sone, in my thought,
As helpe me God, so was yeought
So sodenly, that I ne took
No maner reed but at hir look
And at myn herte; for why hir eyen
So gladly, I trowe, myn herte seyen,
That pureth the myn owne thought
And negh his face was alderbest;
for certes, Nature had swich seight
To make that fair, that trewly she
Was his cheef patron of beautee,
And cheef ensample of al hir weke,
And moustrie; for, be hit never so derke,
I see hym evremo.
And yet moreover, thogh alle tho
That ever lived were now alyve,
They ne sholdhe have founde to discryve
In al hir face a wikked signe;
for hit was sad, simple, and benigne.

And whiche a goodly softe speche
Had that swete, my lykes leche!
So frendly, and so wel ygrounded,
Up al resoun sou ye fond my swete;
And so treble to alle gode,
That I dar swere by the rode,
Of eloquence was never founde
So swete a swoweninge facounde,
Ne trewer tonge, ne scorned lasse,
Ne bet coude bete; that, by the passse
I durste swere, thogh the pope hit songe,
That ther was never through hir tonge
Man ne woman gretly harmed;
As for hir, ther was al harm hid;
Ne lasse flatering in hir worde,
That purely, hir simple recorde
Was founde as trewe as any bonde,
Or trouth of any mannes honde.

Ne chyde she coude never a del,
That knought in the world ful wel.

Yet, of a swiche a fairnesse of a neke
That swete, that boon nor breke
Nas ther non seene, that mis/absat.
Hit was whyt, smoothe, straught, and flat,
Withouten hole; and canel/boon,
As by noyng, had she non.
Fir theote, as I haue now memoire,
Semed a round tour of yvoire,
Of goode gretnesse, and nocht to grete.

And gode faire whyte she hete,
That was my lady name right.
She was bothe fair and bright,
She hadde not hir name wrong.

Right faire shulderes, and body long
She hadde, and armes, every lith
Fattish, fleshy, not greet therwith;
Right whyte handes, and nayles rede,
Rounde brustes; and of good brede
Hir higges were, a straught flat bah.
I livon on hir non other lai
That al hir limmes were sewen,
In as fer as I had knowen.

HERTO she coude swel pleye,
When that hir liste, that I dar seye,
That she was lyk to torche bright,
That every man may take of light
Ynogh, and hit hath never the lesse.

If maner and of comlinesse
Right so ferde my lady dere;
For every wight of hir maner
Might cacche ynogh, if that he wolde,
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She ne used no suche knaakles smale.
But wherfore that I telle my tale?
Right on this same, as I have sedy,
Thog thyn soul at my love leyd;
For certes, she was, that sweet wyf,
My suffaunce, my lust, my lyf,
My hape, my hele, and al my blisse,
My worldes welfare and my lisse,
And I hys hooft, everydel.

Your Lord, quod I, I trowe yow wel
Hardely, your love was wel beaft,
I not how ye mighte have do bet.

Quod I, quod I quod I, quod I
I trove hit, sir, quod I parde!

Nay, leve hit wel, sir, so do I;
I leve you wel, that trewey
Yow thoughte, that she was the beste,
And to beholde the alderfaireste,
Who so had looke with your eye.

Which myn? nay, alle that hir seyen
Seyde, and sworn hit was so.

And thogh thay ne hadde, I wolde tho
Have loved best my lady fre,
Thogh I had had al the beautee
That ever had Alciyades,
And al the strengthe of Crycles,
And therto the had the worthinesse
Of Alisaundry, and al the richesse
That ever was in Babylonye,
In Cartage, or in Macedyne,
Or in Rome, or in Nintye;
And therto also hardy be
As was Ector, so have I joye,
That Achilles slow at Troye,
And therfor was he slayn also
In a temple, for both the two
Were slayne, he and Antilouge,
And so seyffh Dares Frigius,
For love of hir Pellequena,
Or ben as wy as Minerva,
I wolde evry, withoute drede,
Have loved hir, for I moste nede!
Nede I nay, I Gabbe now,
Noght Nede, and I wol telle how,
For al good wilde hir herte hit wolde,
And celt to love hir I was holde
As for the fairest and the beste.

She was as good, so have I raste,
As ever was Penelope of Grece,
Or as the noble wyf Lucresse,
That was the beste, he telleth thys,
The Romain Cypus Livius,
She was as good, and nothing lyke,
Thogh hir hirstes be autentyle;
Algate she was as trewe as she.

But wherfore that I telle thee
When I first my lady sey
I was right yonge, the oath to sey,
And ful grete I hadde to terne;

When hir herte wolde yre
To love, it was a greet emprysse.
But as my wyte coude best suffyse,
After my yonge childly wit,

Withoute drede, I besette hit
To love hir in my beste wyse,
To do hir worship and servyse.
That I tho coude, by my trouthe,
Withoute fynyng other slouthe;
For wonder fayn I wolde hir see.
So mochte hit amended me,
That, when I saw hir first amorwe,
I was warished of al my sorwe
Of al day after, til hit were eve;
Me thoughte nothing mighte me greve,
Were my sorwes never so smerte.
And pit she sit so in myn herte,
That, by my trouthe, I wolde noght,
For al this worlde, out of myn thought
Leve my lady; no, trewyly!

Now, by my trouthe, sir, quod I
Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce
As shirft withoute repentance.

Repentance! nay, by, quod I,
Shulde I now repenteme
To love? nay, certes, than were I wel
Wers than was Achitofel,
Or Antenior, so have I joye,
The tracer that betrayed Troye,
Or the false Genelon.
He that purchased the treaun
Of Rowland and of Noverere.
Nay, whyl I am alwyse here
I nil forgere hir nevermore.

Now, goode sir, quod I right tho,
Ye han wel told me herebefore.
It is no need rehearse hit more
How ye sawe hir first, and where;
But wolde ye telle me the manere,
To hir which was your firste speche,
Throf I wolde yow beseech,
And how she knewe first your thought,
Whether ye loved hir or noght,
And telleth me ech what ye have lore;
I herde yow telle herebefore.

E, seyde he, thou nost what thou menest;
I have lost more than thou wistes.

What los is that, sir? quod I tho;
Nill she not love yow? is hit so?
Or have ye oght ydoon amis,
That she hath left yow? is hit this?
For Goddes love, tel me al.

Before God, quod he, and I shal.
I saye right as I have seyd,
On hir was al my love leyd;
And yet she niste hit never a del
Noght longe tymes, leve hit wel.
For be right siluer, I dureste noghte
For al this worlde telle hir my thought.
Ne I wolde have wrathed hir, trewly.
For wootow why? she was lady
Of the body: she had the herte;
And who hath that, may not astere.

But for to kepe me fro yevelnesse,
Trewly I did my businesse
To make songs, as I best coude,
And ofte tyne I song hem loude.
And made songes a grete del,
Although I could not make so wel
Songes, ne knowe the art al,
An coude I make bone Cubal,
That foud out first the art of songe;
For, as his brothers hamers ronge
Upon his anvelt up and doun,
Therof he took the firste soune;
But Grekes seyn, Pictagorases,
That he the firste finder was
Of the art; Aurora tellethe so,
But therof no fowr, of hem two.
Agates songes thus I made
Of my felting, myn herte to glade;
And lo! this was the altherfirste,
I not weth that hit were the weusteste.

ORD, hit maketh myn herte light,
When I thynke on that sweete wight
That is so semely on to see;
And wiste to God hit might so be,
That she wolde holde me for his knight,
My lady, that is so fair and bright!

H ave I told thee, sooth to saue,
My firste songe. Upon a day
I bethoughte me what wo
And sorwe that I suffreth tho
For hir, and yet she wiste hit noght,
Ne telle hir duraste I nat myn thogeth.
Alas! I thoughte L I can no reed;
And, but I telle hir, I nam but deed;
And if I telle hir, to saue sooth,
I am adred she wol be wrooth;
Alas! what shal I thanne do?

N this debat I was so wo,
Me thoughte myn herte braste atweyn!
So atta laste, sooth to seyn,
I me bethoughte that nature
Ne formed never in creature
So moche beaute, treuely,
And bounte, withouten mercy.

N hope of that, my tale I tolde
With sorwe, as that I never shelde,
For nedes; and, maugre my heed,
I moste have told hir or be deed.
I not wel now that I began,
Ful ever rebelsen hit I can;
And eek, as helpe me God withal,
I trowe hit was in the dymal,
That was the ten wounedes of Egipte;
For many a word I overskippe
In my tale, for pure fere
Lost my wordes misstret were.
With sorwe ful herte, and wounedes dede,
Sorfe and qualke for pure drede
And shame, and stincking in my tale
For ferto, and myn heue at plea,
Ful ofte I wey bothe pale and reed;
Bowing to hir, I heng the heed;
I duraste nat oghte hir on,
For wit, manere, and al was gon.
I seyde Mercy! and no more;
Hit nas na game, hit sat me sore.

Satte laste, sooth to seyn,
What that myn herte was come ageyn,
To telle shortly at my speche,
With hool herte I gan hir beseche
That she wolde be my lady swete;
And swer, and gan hir hertely hete
Ever to be stedfast and trewe,
And love hir alway freshely newe,
And never other lady have,
And al hir worship for to save
As I best coude; I swor hir this:
For youres is al that ever ther is
For evermore, myn herte owete!
And never falle vow, but I mete,
I nil, as wis God helpe me so!

D when I had my tale ydo,
God wot, she acontoed nat a strete
Of al my tale, so thoughte me.
To telle shortly as hit is,
Treuely hir answere, hit was this;
I can not now wel counterfete
Bir wordes, but this was the grete
Of hir answere; she sayde, Nay
Aloueterly, Alas! that day
The sorwe I suffred, and the wo!
That treuely Cassandra, that so
Bewayled the destruccioun
Of Troye and of Ilion,
Had never swich sorwe as I tho.
I duraste no more say thereto
For pure fere, but stol away;
And thus I lived ful many a day:
That treuely, I hadde no need
Fetter than my beddes heed
Never a day to seeche sorwe;
I fonde hit redye every morwe,
Fowrwhy I loved hir ino gere.

S hit befel, another yere.
I thoughte ondes I wolde fonde
To do hir knowe and understonde
My wo; and she wel understood
That I welned thing but good,
And worship, and to kep hir name
Over al thing, and drede hir shame,
And was so beay hir to serve;
And pite were I shulde sterve,
Sith that I wilned noon harm, ywis.
So when my lady knew at this,
My lady saf me al hoolly
The noble yift of hir mercy,
Sawing hir worship, by al weyes;
Dredles, I mene noon other weyes.
And therwith she yaf me a ring;
I trowe hit was the firste thing;
But if myn herte was ywaue
Glad, that is no need to axe!
As helpe me God, I was as bywe,
Reyed, as fro dethe to lywe,
Of alle happes the alderbeste,
The gladdest and the moste at reste.
For treuely, that swete wight,
When I had wrong and she the right,
She wolde alway so goodely.
Forgyve me so debonairly.
In alle my youte, in alle chaunce,
She tooke me in her governaunce.

HERWYTH she was alwaye so trewe,
Our joye was ever yliche nevew;
Our heres were so even a payre,
That never nas that oon contrayre
To that other, for no wo.
For sothe, yliche they suffred tho
So blisses and eeh so sorwe bothe;
Yliche they were bothe glade and wrothe;
Al was us son, withoute were.
And thyn we lived ful many a yere
So wel, I can nat telle how.
Sir, quod I, wher is she now?
Now! quod he, and stinte anoon.

HERWYTH he wez as deed as stoon,
And seyde: Alas! that I was bore!
That was the los, that herbefore
I toide thee, that I had lorn.
Bethenk how I seyde herbeorn,
Thou wost ful litel what thou menest;
I have lost more than thou weneest...
God wot, alas! right that was she!

ALAS! sir, how? what may that be?
She is deed! Nay! Yis, by my trouthe!

Is that your los? by God, hit is routhe!
And with that word, right anoon,
They gan to strake forth; al was doon,
For that tyne, the hert-hunting.

Wit that, me thought, that this king
Can quikly hoomward for to ryde
Unto a place ther besyde,
Which was from us but a lyte.
A long castel with walles whyte,
By seynt Johan! on a riche hil,
As me mette; but thus it fil.

RIGHTE then me mette, as I yow telle,
That in the castel was a belle,
Hit had amiten bourns twelve.

HERWYTH I wook myselve,
And fond me lying in my bed;
And the book that I had red,
Of Alcyone and Seys the king,
And of the goddes of sleping,
I fond it in myn honde ful even.

DOCHTELE, this is so quenyt a sweven,
That I wol, by processe of tyne,
Fonde to putte this sweven in ryme
As I can best; and that anoon.
This was my sweven; now hit is doon.
Explicit The Boke of the Duchess.
A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE

PROLOGUS

I

Loyismysone, I have perceived
wel by certeyne evidences thy able to lerne
sciencez touching numbers and propor-
cion; & as wel consider I thy bleye preyere
in special to lerne the Cretis of the Astrolabe.
Than, for as mechel as a philosophre seith, He
wrappeth him in his frend, that condescend-
eth to the rightfyl preyers of his frend, ther-
for have I given thes a suftsaunt Astrolabe
as foroure orizonte, compouned after the la-
titude of Oxenford; upon which, by media-
cion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thes
a cernyn nombre of conclusions apperteyn-
g to the same instrument. I seye a cernyn of
conclusionz, for three cause. The furste
cause is this: trusyte wel that alle the conclu-
sionz that han ben founde, or elles possibly
mighth ben founde in so noble an instrument
as an Astrolabe, ben unknowne parfitt to any
mortal man in this regioun, as I suppose. An-
other cause is this; that soothly, in any tretis
of the Astrolabe that I have seyn, there ben
some conclusionz that wolte nat in alle things
performen his dieste; & some of hem ben
to harden so thy tendre age of ten yeer to se-
seye. This tretis, divided in fvye partie,
wole I shewe thee under ful lighte rewles &
naked worde in English; for Latin ne canst
ow yet but amal, my lyte sone. But nathely,
suffisse to thes thysr tretse conclusionz in
English, as wel as suffysseth to this noble
clerkes Orches thysr same conclusionz in
Grec, & to Arabiens in Arabik, & to Jewes
in Ebre, & to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche
Latin folk han hem furst out of othe diverse
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Langages, & written in his owne tongue, that is to bein, in Latin. And God wot, that in alle thise langages, and in many mo, han thise conclusions ben suffisauntly lerned & taught, & yt by diverse ruelas, right as diverse pathes led in diverse follen the righte wey to Rome. Now well, prep meychly every discret persone that redeth or hereth this litel tretin, to have my ruelas endyng for excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The firste cause is, for that curious endyng and hard sentence is ful herry aones for swich a child to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothly me semeth betre to wryten unto a child twyes a good sentence, than he forgote it ones. And Louie, yif se be that I shewe thee in my lige Englishe as tewe conclusiones touching this mateere, and naught only as tewe but as many and as subtil conclusioones as ben shewed in Latin in any commune tretis of the Astrolabe, con me the more than; and preye God save the king, that is lord of this langage, and alle that him fetheth bereth and obeyeth, everech in his degree, the more & the lessse. But considere wel, that I ne usurpe nat to have founde this werk of my labour or of myn engin. In any but a lewed compilatour of the labour of olde Astrologiemen, and have hit translated in myn English only for thy doctrine; & with this swerd shall I steene euere.

I. The firste partie of this tretis shall reheare the figures and the membreys of thyng Astrolabe, because that thou shalt han the grettere knowynge of thyng owne instrument.

II. The second partie shall teche the werk, en the verruy practis of the forsyde conclusiones, as ferforth and as nar, we as may be shewed in so smal an instrument, so as subtillye calcule for a cause.

III. The thridde partie shall contien diverse tables of longitudes and latitudes of steres fixe for the Astrolabe, & tables of declinacions of the sonne, and tables of longitudes of eleexz and of towneze; and as well the governance of a clockke as for to finde the altitude meridian; & many another notable conclusion, after the kalender of the reverent clerkes, freere I. Somer and freere N. Lenne.

IV. The fyrthe partie shall ben a theoir, to declare the mooving of the celestial bodys with the causes. The whiche ferthe partie in special shall shewen a table of the verray movinge of the mone from houre to houre, every day and in every signe, after thyng almanach, upon which table ther folowith a canon, sufficiant to teche as wel the maner of the wyryng of that same conclusion, as to knowe in our oriente with which degree of the zodiac that the mone ariseth in any latitute; and the arising of any planet after his latitude from the ecliptils lynne.

V. The fift partie shall ben and proceditoric after the statut of our doctours, in which thou maist lerne a great part of the general ruelas of thyngs in astrologie. In which fift partie shall shawen tables of equation of houges after the latitude of Oxenford; and tables of dignettes of planetes, and other noteful thinges, yif God wol vouchsaf and his modur the mayde, mo than I behete, &c.

Part I.
Here bighemeth the description of the Astrolabe.

1. Hey Astrolabie hath a ring to putten on the thombe of thyngs right hand in taking theheight of thinges. And tak kep, for as thine eftwad, I wol cropy the height of any thing that is taken by thyng ruelas, the altitude, withoute mo wordees.

2. HIS ring renneth in a maner turet, fast to the modur of thyng Astrolabe, in so rowm a space that hit dexturbeth nat the instrument to hangen after his righte centre.

3. The Modur of thyng Astrolabe is the thikheste plate, percht with a large hole, that resseyveth in his wombe the thimne plates componed for diverse climez, and thy riet shapen in manere of a net or of a webbe of a lopp; and for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

4. HIS modur is devyded on the bache half with a lynne, that cometh desendinge fro the ring down to the netherest bordure. The whiche lynne, fro the forseyde ring unto the centre of the large hole amide, is cleyped the south lynne, or elles the lynne meridional. And the remenant of this lynne downwe to the bordure is cleyped the north lynne, or elles the lynne of midnight. And for the more de-
claricion, lo here the figure.

5. OVERTHWAFT THIS forside longe lyne, ther crooseth him anotherlyne of the same length from east to west. Of the which lyne, from a little crose in the bordure unto the centre of the large hole, is cleepe the Est lyne, or elles the lyne Orientale; & the remenat of this lyne fro the forside unto the bordure, is clepe the West lyne, or the lyne Occidentale. Now hastow here the four quarters of thin Astrolabie, devyded after the four principale places or quarters of the firmament. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

6. THE est side of thyth Astrolabie is cleepe the right side, and the west side is cleepe the left side. Forget nat this, litel Lewis. Put the ring of thyth Astrolabie upon the thumbe of thy right hand, and thanne wolde his right syde be toward thy left syde, & his left syde wolde toward thy right syde: tak this sentence general, as wel on the bali as on the wombe side. Upon the ende of this est lyne, as I first seide, is marked a litel H, whereas everemo generaly is considered the entring of the first degree in which the same arysteth. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

7. PRO this litel H up to the ende of the lyneridional, under the ring, shalow finde the bordure devyded with 90 degrees; and by that same proportion is every quarter of thin Astrolabie devyded. Over the which degrees ther ben noumbers of augrim, that devyded thilke same degrees fro fyve to fyve, as sheweth by longe strykes bytwen the. Whiche longe strykes the space bytwen conteneth a mile west. And every degree of the bordure conteneth fourten minutes, that is to seyn, minutes of an hour. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

8. UNDER the compas of thilke degrees ben wrote the names of the Twelve Signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces; and the numbers of the degrees of the signes ben writen in augrim above, and with longe devisiones, fro fyve to fyve; devyded fro tyme that the signe entred unto the laste ende. But understand wel, that thre degrees of signes ben everich of hem considered of 60 minutes, and every minute of 60 seconds, and so forth into smale fractions infinit, as seith Alhabucus. And therfor, know wel, that a degree of the bordure conteneth fourte minutes, and a degree of a signe conteneth 60 minutes, and have this in minde. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

9. NEXT this folweth the Cercle of the Dayes, that ben figured in maner of degrees, that contenien in nombre 365; divyded also with longe strykes fro fyve to fyve, and the nombres in augrim written under that cercle. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

10. NEXT the Cercle of the Dayes, folweth the Cercle of the names of the Monthes; that is to seyen, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December. The names of thise monthes were cleepe in Arabiens, somme for his propere, and some by statut of lorde, some by other lorde of Rome. Ech of thise monthes, as sheweth to Julian Cesard and to Cesar Augustus, some were compouned of diverse numbers of dayes, as Juli and Augustus hath Tane are 31 dayes, February 28, March 31, April 30, May 31, June 30, July 31, Augustus 31, September 30, October 31, November 30, December 31. Nateles, although that Julian Cesard took 3 dayes out of feverer and put hem in his moneth of Julie, and Augustus Cesard cleepe the moneth of August after his name, and ordyned it of 31 dayes, yit truste wel, that the somme dwelth therforewere the morene lessis in con signe that in another.

11. THIN folwen the names of the Holidayes in the Kalender, and next hem the letteres of the Abc. on which they fallen. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

12. NEXT the forside Cercle of the Abc, under the croislyne, is marked the scale, in maner of two squyres, or elles in manere of laddres, that serveth by hiat 12 poynte and his devisiones of full many a subtle conclussion. Of this forside scale, fro the croislyne unto the verre angle, is cleepe umbra versa, and the nether partie is cleepe the umbra recta, or elles umbra extensa. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

13. HANNGE hastow a brood Rewle, that hath on either ende a square plate perched with a certein holes, some more and some lesse, to resseyven the stremes of the somme by day, and eek by mediacion of thyth eye, to knowe the altitude of strems by nighte. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.
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14. HANNE is ther a large Pyn, in manner of an extree, that goth thowr the hole, that halte the tables of the clymates and the nict in the wombe of the Moder, thowr which Pyn thowr goth a lilte wegge which that is claped The Nore, that streyneth alle thise parties topepe; thise forside grete Pyn, in manner of an extree, is imagined to be the Pol Artih in thyn Astrolabe. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

15. THE wombeside of thyn Astrolabe is also devyded with a longe croys in four quarters from est to west, fro south to north, fro right yside to left yside, as is the balisyde. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

16. THE borside of which wombeside is devyded by the point of the east lynne unto the point of the south lynne under the ring, in 50 degrees; and by that same proporcioun in every quarter devyded as is the balisyde, that amonst 360 degrees. And understond wel, that degrees of this borside ben answering and consentirih to the degrees of the Equinoxxial, that is devyded in the same nombre as every other cercle is in the heye hevene. This same borside is devyded also with 22 letters capitals and a smal croys above the south lynne, that sheweth the 24 hours equalis of the clokke; and, as I have saide, 5 of thise degrees maken a milewery, and 3 milewery maken an hour. And every degree of this borside conteneth 4 minutes, and every minut 60 seconds; now have I told thee twye. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

17. THE plate under thy nict is descriyyed with 3 principal cercles; of which the lest is claped the cercle of Cancer, bycause that the heved of Cancer turneth evermor consentirih upon the same cercle. In this heved of Cancer is the grettest declinacioun northward of the sonne. And therafter is claped the Solasticiun of Sommer; which declinacioun aptur Diholome, is 23 degrees and 50 minutes, as well in Cancer as in Capricorne. This signe of Cancere is claped the Tropik of Sommer, of tropos, that is to seyn, againward; for thanne bygyneth the sonne to passe fro to ward, and for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

18. THE middel cercle in wyndesse, of thise 3, is claped the Cercle Equinoxxial; upon which turneth evermo the hedos of Aries and Libra. And understond wel, that evermo thine Cercle Equinoxial turneth justly fro verrey est to verrey west; as I have shewed the in thë spere solid. This same cercle is claped also the Geyere, equator, of the day; for when the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries and Libra, then is the dayes & theghtes lythe of length in al the world, and therefore ben thise two signes called the Equinoxes. And alle that moeeth within the hevedes of thise Aries & Libra, his moeying is claped northward; & alle that moe eth without thys hevede, his moeying is claped southward as fro the equinoxxial.

19. Tah keep of thise latitudees north and south, and forget it nat. By this Cercle Equinoxxial ben considered the 24 hours of the clokke; for everemo the earyst of 15 degrees of the equinoxxialemaketh an hour equal of the clokke. This equinoxxial is claped the girdel of the firste moeying, or elles of the angulus primi motus vel primi mobilis. And, nota, that firste moeying is claped Moeying of the firste moeable of the 8 spere, which moeying is fro est to west, & est againn into est; also it is claped Girdel of the firste moeying, for it departeth the firste moeable, that is to seyn, the spere, in two lyfe parties, evenedistantz fro the poles of this world. The wydeste of thise three principal cercles is claped the Cercle of Capricorne, bycause that the heved of Capricorne turneth evermo consentirih upon the same cercle. In the heved of this forside Capricorne is the grettest declinacioun southward of the sonne, and therafter is it claped the Solasticiun of Winter. This signe of Capricorne is also claped the Tropik of Winter, for thanne bygyneth the sonne to come againn to upward. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

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FROM this seneth, as it semeth, ther come a maner croked stroiketh lyke to the clawe of a leppe, or elles like to the werth of a womanes calle, in hervng over thewth the Alhikaneteras. And thys same stroiketh or divisioon ben cleypt Azimuth. And they devyden the orisonete of thyn Astrolabie in foure and twenty deuisiones. And these Azimuthes serven to knower the costes of the firmament, and to otber conclusiones, as for to knowe the centh of the sonne and of every sterre. And for more declaracion, lo here thys figure.

EXT thys Azimuth, under the Circell of Cancer, ben ther twelve deuisiones embellif, moche like to the shap of the azimutes, that shewen the spaces of the houre of the planets; and for more declaracion, lo here thys figure.

The sit of thyn Astrolabie with thys zodial, shapen in maner of a net or of a lopp, maybe after the olde descripicion, wherein the mayet tornen up and doun as thysel thyself, containeth certein nombre of sterrres fixes, with hir longitude and latitudes determinat: yf so be that the macker have natered. The names of the sterrres ben writen in the margin of the net ther as they sette; of which the sterrre the smale poynt is cleypt the Centre. And understand also that alle sterrres setteing within the zodiak of thyn Astrolabie ben cleypt Sterres of the northe, for they arysen by northe the est lye. And alle the remenant fixed, out of the zodiak, ben cleypt Sterres of the south; but loy nat that they arysen alle by southe the est lye; witnesse on Hodeberan and Alcogyessa. Generally understand this rewle, that thys sterrre that ben cleypt sterrres of the north arysen rather than the degree of hir longitude, & alle the sterrres of the south arysen after the degree of hir longitude; this is to sayn, sterrres fixen in thyn Astrolabie. The mesure of this longitude of sterrres is taken in the lye ecliptic of hevene, under which lye the samyn & the mon ben lynesight or elles in the superficie of this lye, than is the eclips of the sonne or of the mone; as I shall declare, and eth the cause whin. But soothly the Ecliptic Lyne of thys zodiak is the cuttereate bordure of thys zodiak, that the sonne & the mone ben shownight or elles in the superficie of this lyne, than is the eclips of the sonne or of the mone; as I shall declare, and eth the cause why. But soothly the Ecliptic Lyne of thys zodiak is the cuttereate bordure of thys zodiak, as by thyn almury. And for the more declaracion, lo here thys figure.

22. HANNEN hast a label, that is clesht lyk a rewle, save that it is streit & hath no plate on either end with holes; but, with the samale point of the forside labe, shalow calcule thyn equocilous in the bords of thyn Astrolabie, as by thyn almury. And for the more declaracion, lo here thys figure.

23. THYN Almury is cleypt the Denticle of Capricorne, or elles the Calcul-lier. This samame Almury sit fix in the bed of Capricorne, and it serveth of many
a necessarie conclusion in euacuions of things, as shall be shewed; and for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure. Here endeth the description of the Astrolabe.

Part II. Here beginneth the Conclusions of the Astrolabe.

1. To fynde the degree in which the sonne is day by day, after hir course aboute.

(Pic incipit: Conclusiones Astrolabi et primarcat ad inveniendum gradus solis in quibus singulio diebus secundum cursum soli est existens.)

2. To knowe the altitude of the sonne, or of other celestial bodies.

(De altitudine solis et aliorum corporum supra celestum.)
side of the lyne of midday, 18 degrees of heighte taken by my rewle on the balsayde. 
This sette I the centre of this Alhabor upon 18 degrees among myn almanaketers, 
upon the west side; bycause that she was 
founden on the west syde. The leide I my 
label over the degree of the sonne that was 
descended under the weste orisonte, and 
rikeneth all the letters capitials from the lyne 
of midday unto the point of my label in 
the bordure; and fonde that it was passed 
8 of the clocke the space of 2 degrees. Tho 
loked I doun upon myn est orisonte, and 
fonde ther 23 degrees of Libra assending, 
whom I tok for myn assendent; and thus 
leme I to knowe ones for ever in which 
manere I should come to the house of the 
night and to myn assendent; as verrely 
as may be taken by so smal an instrument. 
But matheles, in general, wolde I warneth 
thee for evere, ne mak thee neuer bold to have 
take a just assendent by thyn Astrolabie, 
or elles to have set justly a clocke, when 
any celiestiall body by which thow wert 
governe the clocke: ben ney the 
south lyne; for trust well, when that the 
sonne is ney the meridional lyne, the 
degree of the sonne renneth so longe 
conserneth upon the almanaketers, that sothly 
shalt erre fro the just assendent. The 
same conclusion say I by the centre of 
any sterre fixe by night; and moreover, by 
experience, I wot wel that in oure orisonte, 
from II of the clocke unto 30 lyne of 
the clocke, in taking of a just assendent in a 
portatif Astrolabie, hit is to hard to knowe. 
I men, from II of the clocke biforn the 
houre of noon til oun of the clock next fol 
wling. And for the more declaracion, lo here 
thy figure.

4. Special declaracion of the assendent. 
(Specialia declaracio de assendent.)

This assendent sothly, as wel 
in alle nativetes as in ques 
tions & eleccions of tyme, 
is a thing which that thase 
astrologiens greatly observe; 
wherfore me semeth convenient, 
so that I speke of the assendent, to 
mak of it special declaracion. The 
assendent sothly, to take it at the largeste, 
is thilleke degree that assendent at any 
of thise forside tyme upon the est orisont 
e; and therefore, yf that any planet 
assende at that same tyme in thilleke 
foride strete of his longitude, men seyn 
that thiske planet is in forscop. But 
sothly, the hous of the assendent, that is 
to seyn, the firste hous or the est angle, is 
a thing more brood and large. For after 
the statut of astrologiens, what celiestiall 
body that is 5 degrees above thilleke 
degree that assendent, or within that noumber, 
that is to seyn, nere the degree that as 
andeth, yf riinne thay thilleke planet in 
the assendent. And what planet that is under 
that degree that assendeth the space of 
25 degrees, yf seyn thay, that thiske plan 
eth is lyk to him that is in the hous of the 
assendent; but sothly, yf he passe the 
bondes of thise forside spaces, above or 
ynethy, the seyn thay the planet is faill 
ling fro the assendent. Yit seyn thiske a 
trologiens, that the assendent, & eke the 
lorde of the assendent, may be shapen for 
to be forntunat or infortunat, as thus: a 
fortunat assendent elepen they whan that 
no wyklyde planetes, as Saturne or Mars, 
or elles the Tail of the Dragonis, is in the hous 
of the assendent, ne that no wylked plan 
ete have non aspecte of enemite upon the 
assendent; but they wol caste thay they 
have a fortunat planetes in hir assendent 
yt in his felicitee, and tham seyn thay 
that it is wel. Fortherover, they seyn that 
the infortuning of an assendent is the 
contrarie of thase forside thinges. The 
lorde of the assendent, seyn they, that he is 
fortunat, when he is in good place fro the 
assendent as in angle; or in a succedent, 
whereas he is in his dignitee and conforted 
with frendelie aspectes of planetes and wel 
receiveth, and ech that he may seyn the 
assendent, and that he be nat retrograd ne 
combust; ne joine with no shrew in the 
same signe; ne that he be nat in his de 
sencion, ne joine with no planetes in 
his disencion, ne have upon him non as 
pecte infortunat; and tham seyn thay that 
he is wel. Matheles, thay joine observanaces 
of judicial materie and rytes of payens, 
in which my spirit ne hath no feith, ne no 
knowing of his horoscopum; for they seyn 
that every signe is departed in 3 evente 
parties by 10 degrees, and thilleke porcioun 
they eleperse. And although that a plan 
ete have a latitute fro the ecliptyk, yf seyn 
some folk, so that the planetes arise in that 
same signe with any degree of the forside 
face in which his longitude is rehneth, that 
yt is the planetes in horoscop, be it in nat 
itive or in eleccion, &c. And for the more 
declaracion, lo here the figure.

5. To knowe the verrey equacion of the 
degree of the sonne, yf so be that it fall 
bytwyse thyn Almanaketers. 
(Ad cognoscentum verum equationem de 
gradu solis, si contigerit fore in duae Al 
micantes.)

Oras moche as the almanak 
terbes in thyn Astrolabie been 
compounded by two and two, 
whereas some almanaketers 
in sondry Astrolabie been 
compounded by on and on, or 
elles by two and two, it is necessarie to thy
A Treatise on the Astrolabe

I.

1. To know the spring of the dawning and the ending of the evening, the which ben called the two crepusculia.

(Ad cognoscendum orum solis et eae occasum, quae vocatur vulgariter crepusculum.)

2. Get the degree of thy sonne upon thy label, and set thine label upon the pointe of the bordinate set a priike. Turne thy gyre aboute till the degree of thy sonne is set upon the west orisonte, and let thy label upon the same degree of thy sonne, and at the pointe of thy label set another priike. Reheare thame the quantite of tymne in the bordinate bywixt bothe priikes, and talke ther thy arke of the day. The remenant of the bordinate under the orisonte is the arke of the night. Thus maistow reheare bothe arches, or every porcion, of whether that thee lyketh. And by this maner of wyrking maistow see how longe that anysterre fixe dwelleth above the erthe, fro tymne that he ryseth till he go to reste. But the day natural, that is to sayn 24 houres, is the revolution of the equinoxial with an moche partie of the zodiac as the sonne of his proporne movinges paaseth in the same whyle. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

8. To turn the houres inequales in houres equales.

(Ad convertendum horas inequales in horas equales.)

Nowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres inequales, and depart hem by 15, and talke ther thy houres equales. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

9. To knowe the quantite of the day vulgare, that is to sayn, from spring of the day unto verrey night.

(Ad cognoscendum quantitatem diei vulgari, viz. ab ortu diei usque ad noctem.)

Now the quantite of thy crepusculia, as I have taught in the chapter biforn, and add hem to the arch of thy day artificial, and talke ther the space of al the hole day vulgar, unto verrey night. The same maneremaystow worke, to knowe the quantite of the vulgar night. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

10. To knowe the quantite of houres inequales by day.

(Ad cognoscendum horas inequales in die.)

Understand well, that these inequales ben cleped houres of planetens, & understand wel that somtyme ben theyengere by day than by night, and somtyme the contrarie. But understand wel, that evermo, generally, the houre inequal of the
day with the houre inegal of the night containeth 30 degrees of the bordure, whiche bordure is evermo answering to the degrees of the equinoxial; wherfor departe the arch of the day artificial in 12, and taketh the quantitie of the houre inegal by day. And if thou abate the quantitie of the houre inegal by daye out of 30, than shalt thou remenant that levesth performe the houre inegal by night. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

11. To know the quantitie of houres equales.

(Ad cognoscendum quantitatem horarum equalium.)

The quantitie of houres equales, that is to say, the houres of the clocke, ben departed by 15 degrees alredy in the bordure of thyn Astrolabe, as wel by night as by day, generally for euer. What nedeth more declaracion? Wherfor, when thee list to know how many houres of the clocke ben passed, or any part of any of those houres that ben passed, or elles how many houres or partie of houres ben to come, fru swich a tyne to swich a tyne, by day or by nighte, knoweth the degree of thy sonne, and ley thy label on it; turne thy riet aboute joyntly with thy label, & with the point of it rehne in the bordure fro the sonne arayse unto the same place ther thou desierest, by day as by nights. This conclusion wol I declare in the laste chapitre of the parte of this tretis so openly, that ther shall lacke no worde that nedeth to the declaracion. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

12. Special declaracion of the houres of planetes.

(Specialis declaracio de horia planetarum.)

UNERSTOND ISEL, that everemo, fro the arysing of the sonne til it go to reste, the nadir of the sonne shewe the houre of the planet, & fro that tyne forward at the night til the sonne arayse; than shal the veryre degree of the sonne shewe the houre of the planetes. Eseample as thus. The 13 day of March fil upon a Saterday per adventure, and, at the arising of the sonne, I found the second degree of Aries sitting upon myn est orisonete, albeit that it was but little; than fonde I the 2 degree of Libra, nadir of my sonne, desending on my west orisonete, upon which west orisonete every day generally, at the sonne ariate, entreth the houre of any planetes, after which planetes the day beryth his name; and endeth in the nexte styk of the plate under the foreside west orisonete; & evere,
of that condicioun; and yet thilke two degrees ben in diverse signes; than maistow lightly by the sesoun of the yeare knowe the signe in which is the sonne. And for the more declaraciooun, lo here thy figure.

15. To know which day is lyk to which day as of lengthe, &c.
(Ad cognoscendum quales dies in longitudine sunt similares.)

OE& whiche degrees ben ylyke fer fro the hevedes of Cancer and Capricorn; and loke, whan the sonne is in any of thilke degrees, than ben the dayes ylyke of lengthe. This is to seyn, that as long as that day in that monethe, as was lyk in a day in swich a monythe, ther varietie but lyf. Also, yif thou take two dayes naturally in the ylyke fer fro eyther poine of the equinoxial in the oppositte partes, than as long is the day artificial of that on day as is the night of that other, and the contrarie. And for the more declaraciooun, lo here thy figure.

16. This declaration is a maner declaraciooun to conclusions that folwen.
(Illud capitulum est quaedam declaratio ad certas conclusiones sequentias.)

UNDESTRONDewel that thy zodiak is departid in two halfe cercles, as fro the heved of Capricorne unto the heved of Cancer; & agaynward fro the heved of Cancer unto the heved of Capricorne. The heved of Capricorne is the lowest point, whereso the sonne goth in winter; and the heved of Cancer is the heyest point, in whiche the sonne goth in somer. And therfor understond wel, that any two degrees that ben ylyke fer fro any or thilke two hevedes, truste wel that thilke two degrees ben of ylyke declinaciooun, be it southward or northward; and the dayes of hem ben ylyke of lengthe, and the nightes also; & the shadues ylyke, and the altitudes ylyke at midday for evere. And for more declaraciooun, lo here thy figure.

17. To knowe the verrey degree of any maner sterre amonge or untraynge after his longitude, though he be indeteminat in thyn Astrolabe; sothly to the trothwe, thus he shal be knowe.
(Ad cognoscendum verum gradum aliquus stellae alienæ sequendum ejus longitudinem, quamvis sit indeterminata in astrolabo; verax iterum modo.)

UN THE altitude of this sterre when he is on the east side of the lyne meridional, as ney as thou mayst gesse; & tak an assentent anon right by som maner sterre fixe which that thou knowest; and forget nat the altitute of the firste sterre, ne thy assentent. And whan that this is don, espie diligencely whan this same firste sterre passeth anything the south westward, & hath him anon right in the same nombre of altitute on the west side of this lyne meridional as he was caught on the est side; and tak a newe assentent anon right by some maner sterre fixe which that thou knewest; and forget nat this seconde assentent. And whan that this is don, rike thanke how manye degrees ben bytwixe the firste assentent and the seconde assentent, & rike wyt the middel degree bytwene botho assententes, & set thilke middel degree upon thin est orisonte; and waite thanne what degree that sit upon the lyne meridional, & tak ther the verrey degree of the eclipstik in which the sterre stondeth for the yrne. For in the eclipstik is the longitud of a celestiel body rekened, even fro the heved of Aries unto the ende of Pisces. And his altitude is riken after the quantite of his declinaciooun, north or south towards the poles of this world; as thus. Yif it be of the sonne or of any fixe sterre, rekenhe his latitude or his declinaciooun fro the equinoxial cercle; and yif it be of a planet, rikehe than the quantite of his latitude fro the eclipstik lyne. Albeit so that fro the equinoxial may the declinaciooun or the latitude of any body celestial be riken, after the site north or south, and after the quantite of his declinaciooun. And right so may the latitude or the declinatiooun of any body celestial, save only of the sonne, after his site north or south, and after the quantite of his declinaciooun, be raken fro the eclipstik lyne; fro which lyne alle planetes som lyne declynen north or south, save only the foreside sonne. And for the more declaraciooun, lo here thy figure.

18. To knowe the degrees of the longitudes of five sterres after that they ben determinat in thin Astrolabe, yif so be that they ben truewy set.
(Ad cognoscendum gradum longitudinis de stellis fixis que determinantur in astrolabo, sicut in sua locio recte locentur.)

SET the centre of the sterre upon the lyne meridional, & tak keepe of thy zodiac, and loke what degree of any signe that sit on the same lyne meridional at that same tyne, & tak the degree in which the sterre standeth; and with that same degree comth that same sterre unto that same lyne fro the orisonte. And for more declaraciooun, lo here thy figure.
To knowe with which degree of the zodiac any stelle fixe in thy astrolobe arayseth upon the est orisonte, althogh his dwelling be in another signe.

(Ad cognoscendum cum quibus gradibus zodiaci que stella fixa in astrolobio ascendent super orizontem orientalem, quamvis ejus statio sit in aliis signis.)

ET the centre of the stelle upon the est orisonte, and loke what degree of any signe that sit upon the same orisonte at that same tyme.

And understand wel, that with that same degree arayseth that same stelle; and this meravelous arayseth with a strange degree in another signe is because that the latitude of the stelle fixe in either north or south fro the equinoxxial.

But oothly, the latitudes of planetes ben commonly rehned fro the ecliptik, because that now of hem declineth but fewe degrees out fro the brede of the zodiac.

And tak good kepy of this chapitre of arayseth of the celestial bodies; for truste wel, that neyther mone ne stelle as in oure embely orisonte arayseth with that same degree of his longitude, save in oss; and that is, when they have no latitude fro the eclip tik lyne. But anathema, som tyme is everichie of these planetes under the same lyne. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

To knowe the declinacion of any degree in the zodiac fro the equinoxxial cercle, &c.

(Ad cognoscendum declinacionem aliacus gradus in zodiaco a circulo equinoxxiali.)

ET the degree of any signe upon the lyne meridional, & riline his altitude in alimihan teras fro the eat orisonte up so the same degree set in the fereise lyne, and set ther a prihle. Turne up thanne thy rieth, and set the heved of Aries or Libra in the same meridional lyne, and set ther another prihle.

And whan that this is don, considere the altitudes of hem bothe; for oothly the differenc of thille altitude is the declinacion of thille degree fro the equinoxxial.

And yif so be that thille degree be northward fro the equinoxxial, than is his declination north; yif it be southward, than is it south. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

To knowe for what latitude in any regioun the alimihanteras of any table ben compounded.

(Ad cognoscendum pro qua latitudine in aliqua regione alimicanter tabule mee sunt composite.)
under the pool. Take then tothones the altitude of $A$ from the orizonte, and note as well his seconde altitude as his firste altitute; and then that this is don, rihne how manye degrees that the firste altitude of $A$ excedeth his seconde altitude, and tak halfe thilche porcion that is exceeded, and add it to his seconde altitude; & tak ther the elevacion of thy pool, and eke the latitute of thy regioun. For thiste two ben of a nombre; this is to seyn, as manye degrees as thy pool is elevat, so michel is the latitute of the regioun. Ensemple as thus: par aventure, the altitude of $A$ in the evening is 56 degrees of heghte. Than wol his second altitude or the dawing be 48; that is 8 lasse than 56, that was his firste altitude at even. Take thanne the halfe of 8, & add it to 48, that was his seconde altitude, & than hastowy52. Now hastow the heghte of thy pol, and the latitute of the regioun. But understand wel, that to prove this conclousion & manye another faer conclousion, thou must have a moneth hanging on a lyme heryther than thin heron on a perche; & thilte lyme mol hange even perpendicular bytwixe the pool & thin ey; & thanne shalt ow seyn yff $A$ sitte even over the pool and over $F$ at event; and also yff $F$ sitte even over the pool and over $A$ or day. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

24. Another conclusion to prove the heghte of the pool arith fro the orizonte. (Allia conclusio ad probandum altitudinem de polpo articco ab orizonte.)

25. Another conclusion to prove the latitute of the regioun, &c. (Allia conclusio ad probandum latitudinem regionis.)

Understand wel that the latitude of any place in a regioun is verrely the space bytwixe the seith of hem that dwellen there & the equinoxial cerke, north or south, taking the measure in the meridional lyme, as bytwixe the almilianters of thy Astrolabe. And thilke space is as moche as the pool arith is bey in the same place fro the orizonte. And than is the depression of the pol arith, that is to seyn, than is the pol arith bynethe the orizonte, the same quantite of space, neither more ne lasse. Thanne, yif thou desire to know this latitute of the regioun, tak the altitude of the sonne in the middel of the day, when the sonne is in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra; (for thanne moveth the sonne in the lyne equinoxial) and abate the nombre of that same sonnes altitude out of 90, and thanne is the remenant of the nombre that levethe the latitude of the regioun. As thus: I suppose that the sonne is thilke day at noon 38 degrees and 10 minutes of heghte. Abate thanne thisthe degrees and minutes out of 90; 50 levethe there 51 degrees & 50 minutes, the latitute. I seyn this but for ensample; for wel I wol the latitude of Oxenforde is certaine minutes lasse, as I mighte prove. Now yif 80 be that thee semeth to long a tarynge, to abyde til that the sonne be in the hevedes of Aries or of Libra, thanne waieth when the sonne is in any other degree of the zodial, & considere the degree of his declinacion fro the equinoxial lyne; & yif it no be that the sonnes declinacion be northward fro the equinoxial, abate thanne fro the sonnes altitude at noon the nombre of his declinacion, and thanne hastoy the heghte of the hevedes of Aries & Libra. As thus: my sonne is, par aventure, in the firste degree of Leoun, 58 degrees and 10 minutes of heghte at noon and his declinacion is almost 20 degrees northward fro the equinoxial; abate thanne thilke 20 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at noon, than levethe thee 38 degrees and odde minutes; lo ther the heved of Aries or Li bra, & thin equinoxial in that regioun. Al 80 yif 80 be that the sonnes declinacion be soutward fro the equinoxial, add thanne thilke declinacion to the altitude of the sonne at noon; and tak ther the hevedes of Aries and Libra, and thin equinoxial. Abate thanne the heghte of the equinoxial out of 90 degrees, and thanne levethe there the distans of the pole, 51 degrees & 50 minutes, of that regioun fro the equino xial. Or elles, yif thee lest, take the heyeast altitude fro the equinoxial of any sterre fixe that thou knowest, and tak thin nether elongacion lengthing fro the same equinoxial lyne, and wirke in the maner forsaid. And for more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

26. Declaracion of the ascension of signes, &c. (Declaracio de ascensione signorum.)
in the embeliff cercle. Thise auctours wrytten that thilke signe is cleped of right ascension, with which more part of the cercle equinoxial and lasse part of the zodiac ascendet; & thilke signe ascendet embeliff, with which lasse part of the equinoxial and more part of the zodiac ascendet. Fertherover they sayn, that in thilke cuntry where as the senith of hem that dwelten there is in the equinoxial lyne, & herorisonc that passting by the poles of this world, thilke folke han this right cercle and the right orisonc; and evermore the arch of the day and the arch of the night is ther ylike long, and the sonne twyse every yeer passinge thorow the senith of her heved; and two somerse & two winteres in a yeer han this forseide pople. And the almkhanteras in her Astrolables ben streight as a lyne, sa as sheweth in this figure. The utile to knowe the assencionc in the righte cercle is this: truste wel that by mediacion of thilke assencionc thise astrologistes, by hir tables & hir instrumentes, knownen verrely the assencionc of every degree and minit in al the zodiac, as shal be shewen. And not, that this forseide right orisonc, that is cleped orison rectum, disypeth the equinoxial into right angles; and the embeliff orisonc, whereas the pol is enhaued upon the orisonc, overherveth the equinoxial in embeliff angles, as sheweth in the figure. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

27. This is the conclusion to knowe the assencionc of signes in the right cercle, that is, circulus directus, &c.
(Ad cognosendum ascenciones signorum in recto circulo, qui vocatur circulus directus.)

SET THE HEVED of what signe these thile to knowe his assending in the right cercle upon the lyne meridional; and waite wher thy almyrty toucheth the bordure, and set ther a prikile. Curne thanne thy riet westward til that the ende of the forseide signe sitteth upon the meridional lyne; and effones waite wher thy almyrty toucheth the bordure, and set ther another prikile. Rhine thanne the nombre of degrees in the bordure bytwix both prikiles, & tak the assencionc of the signe in the right cercle. And thus maystow wyrke with every porcion of thy zodiacs, &c. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

28. To knowe the assencionc of signes in the embeliff cercle in every region, Imene, in circulo obliquo.
(Ad cognosendum ascenciones signorum in circulo obliquo, in omni regione.)

Set the heved of the signe which as these thile to knowe his ascension upon the est orisonc, & waite wher thy almyrty toucheth the bordure, and set ther a prikile. Curne thanne thy riet upward til that the ende of the same signe sitteth upon the est orisonc, and waite effones wher as thy almyrty toucheth the bordure, and set ther another prikile. Rhine thanne the nombre of degrees in the bordure bytwix both prikiles, & tak ther the assencionc of the signe in the embeliff cercle. And underronden, that alle signes in thy zodiac, frow the heved of Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped signes of the north frow the equinoxial; & these signes arysen bytwix the verrey est and the verrey north in oure orisonc generally for ever. And alle signes from the heved of Libra unto the ende of Capricorne unto the ende of Gemini, ben cleped Tortuus signes or Croked signes, for they arisen embeliff in oure orisonc; and this crokedes signes ben obedient to the signes that ben of right assencion. Thes signes of right assencion ben from the heved of Cancer to the ende of Sagittare; and these signes arysen more upright, and they ben called the sovereyn signes, & everich of hem aryseth in more space than in two houres. Of which signes, Gemini obeyeth to Cancer; and Taurus to Leo; Aries to Virgo; Libra to Scorpio; Aquarius to Capricorne. And thus evermo two signes, that ben bylycke fer fro the heved of Capricorne, obeyen everich of hem til other. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

29. To knowe justly the fourte quarters of the world, as est, west, north, and south.
(Ad cognosendum evidentium quartus partes mundi, alictet, orientem, austrum, aquilonem, et occidentem.)

AKE the altitude of thysomme whan these list, and note wel the quarter of the world in which the somme is for the lyne by the azimutz. Curne thanne thy Astrolaby, and set the degree of the somme in the almkhanteras of his altitude, on thilke side that the somme stant, as is the manere in taking of houres; and ley thy label on the degree of the somme, and rihene how many degrees of
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The bordure ben bytwexe the lyne meridional and the point of thy label; & notewel that noombre. Curne thanne agayn thyn Astrolabie, and set the point of thy gret rewle, ther thou takest thyn ealitudes, up on as many degrees in his bordure fro his meridional as was the point of thy label fro the lyne meridional on the wobme-syde. Tah thanne thyn Astrolabie with bothe handes sadly and alde, and lat the somne ahunge thorow bothe holes of thy rewle; & alye, in thilke ahynge, lat thyn Astrolabie couch adoun evene upon a smoth gound, & thanne wol the verry lyne meridional of thyn Astrolabie eye evene south, and the est lyne wolce lyce est, and the west lyne west, and north lyne north, so that thewer be softly and avisa in the couching; and thanse bowlaw the 4 quartero of thefirmament. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

30. To knowe the altitude of planeteis fro the way of the somne, whether so they be north or south fro this orseide wey.

(Ad cognoscendum ac scandium planetarum a curvo solis, utrum sint in parte australi vel boreali a curvo supra dicto.)

OK whan that a planetis is in the lyne meridional, yif that his altitude be of the same heigthe that is the degree of the somne for that day, and than is the planet in the verry waye of the somne, & hath no latitude. And yif the altitude of the planet be heyrere than the degree of the somne, than is the planet north fro the way of the somne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almenyntesi. And yif the altitude of the planet be lasse than the degree of the somne, thanne is the planet south fro the way of the somne swich a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thyn almenyntes. This is to seyn, fro the waye whereas the somne wente thilke day, but nat from the way of the somne in every place of the zodiah. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

31. To knowe the senith of the arysing of the somne, this is to seyn, the partie of the orisonte in whiche that the somne aryseth.

(Recognoscendum signum de ortu solis, scilicet illum partem orientis in qua oritur sol.)

But most first considereth that the somne aryseth nat alwey verry est, but some tymen bynorth the est, & som tymen bysouth the east. Sothely, the somne aryseth never mo verry est in ourte orisonte, but he is in the heved of Ariys or Libra. Now is thyn orisonte departed in 24 partes by thyn azimutus, in significacion of 24 partes of the world; albeit so that shipmen rihe thilike partes in 32. Thanne is Ther no more but wai in which azimut that thyn somne entreté at his arysing; & taketh the senith of the arysing of the somne. The manere of the devision of thyn Astrolabie is this; I mene, as in this cas, first is it devisid in 4 plages principal; with thelye that gote from est to west, and than with another lyne that gote fro south to north. Than is it devisid in smale partes of azimutus, as est, and eat by southe, whereas is the firste azimut above the est lyne; & so forth, fro partie to partie, til that thou comen agayn unto the est lyne. Thus maystow understand also the senith of any sterre, in which partie he riseth, &c. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

32. To knowe in which partie of the firmament is the conjunction.

(Ad cognoscendum in quae partem firmamenti sunt conjunctiones solis et lune.)

Onsidereth the tym of the conjunction by thy halender, as thyn azimut; loke how many hores thilike conjunction is fro the midday of the daye preceding, as sheweth by the canoun of thy halender. Rihe thanne thilike nombre of houres in the bordure of thyn Astrolabie, as thou art wont to do in knowing of the houres of the day or of the night; and ley thy label over the degree of the somne; and thanne wol the point of thy label sitte upon the hour of the conjunction. Loke thanne in which azimut the degree of thy somne siteth, and in that partie of the firmament is the conjunction. And for the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.

33. To knowe the senith of the altitude of the somne, &c.

(Ad cognoscendum signa de altitudine solis.)

This is no more to seyn but any tymen of the daye the altitude of the somne; and by the azimut in which he estouth, maystow see in whiche partie of the firmament he is. And in the same wysse maystow see, by thenight, of any sterre, whether the sterre sitte eat or west or north, or any partie bytwene, after the name of the azimut in which is the sterre. And for the more declaracion, lo here the figure.

34. To knowe. Sothely the degree of the longitude of the mone, or of any planet that hath no latitude for the tym fro the ecliptik lyne.

(Ad cognoscendum verae gradum de longitudine lune vel alcius planetas qui non habet longitudinem pro tempore causante linea ecliptica.)
The altitude of the mone, and rime thy altitude up among thyne almihanteras on which syde that the mone stande; & set ther a prikthe. Tak thenmeanon right, upon the mone syde the altitude of any sterre fix which that thou knowest, and set his centre upon his altitude among thyne almihanteras ther the sterre is founde. Waite thanne which degree of the zodical touctheth the prikthe of the altitude of the mone, and talie ther the degree in which the mone standeth. This conclusion is verye toth, yif the sterren in thyng Astrolobe standen after the towthe; of comune, tretias of Astrolobe ne make non excepeex whether the mone have latitude, or nor on whether syde of the mone the altitude of the sterre fix be taken. And nota, that yif the mone shewe himself by light of day, than maystow wyche the same conclusion by the sonne, as well as by the fix sterre. And for the more declaraclion, lo here thy figure.

35. This is the workinge of the conclusion, to knowe yif that any planete be directe or retrograde.

(De conclusionis operaturad cognoscendo sit directa vel retrograda.)

The altitude of any sterre that is cleped a planete, and note it well. And tak then anon the altitude of any sterre fix that thou knowest, & note it wel also. Come thanne agayn the thrilde or the ferthe night next folowing: for thanne shallow wyche wy the moving of a planete, whether so he move forthward or bakward. Waite wel thanne when that thy sterre fix is in the same altitude that she was when thou toke hit firste altitude; and talie than etnoons the altitude of the forside planete, and note it wel. For trust wel, yif so be that the planete be on the right syde of the meridional lyne, so that his seconde altitude be lasse than his firste altitude was, thanne is the planete directe. And yif he be on the west syde in that condicon, thanne is he retrograd. And yif so be that this planete be upon the east syde when his altitude is taken, so that his seconde altitude be more than his firste altitude, thanne is he retrograde, and yif he be on the west syde, than is he directe. But the contrarie of thisse parties is of the cours of the mone; for sothly, the mone moeveyeth the contrarie from other planetes as in his epicycle, but in non other manere. And for the more declaraclion, lo here thy figure.

36. The conclusionis of equacionis of houses, after the Astrolobe, &c.

(Conclusio de equacione domorum.)

Yet the beginning of the degree that assendeth upon the ende of the 8 hour inequal; thanne wol the beginning of the 2 hous sitte upon the lyne of midnight. Removeth the degree that assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 10 hour inequal; & thanne wol the beginning of the 3 hous sitte upon the midnight lyne. Bring up again the same degree that assendeth first, and set him upon the orisonte; and thannew wol the beginning of the 4 hous sitte upon the lyne of midnight. Tak thanne the nadir of the degree that first assendeth, and set him on the ende of the 2 hour inequal; and thanne wol the beginning of the 5 hous sitte upon the lyne of midnight; set thanne the nadir of the assendent on the ende of the 4 hous, than wol the beginning of the 6 hous sitte on the midnight lyne. The beginning of the 7 hous is nadir of the assendent, and the beginning of the 8 hous is nadir of the 2; and the beginning of the 9 hous is nadir of the 3; and the beginning of the 10 hous is the nadir of the 4; & the beginning of the 11 hous is nadir of the 5; and the beginning of the 12 hous is nadir of the 6. And for the more declaraclion, lo here the figure.

37. Another manere of equacionis of houses by the Astrolobe.

(De aliqua forma equacionis domorum secundum astroabulum.)

Ask thyng assendent, & thanne hastow thy 4 angles; for wel thou west that the opposit of thyng assendent, that is to seyn, thy begining of the 7 hous, sit upon the west orisonte; and the begining of the 8 hous sit upon the lyne meridional; and his opposit upon the lyne of midnight. Thanne ley thy label over the degree that assendeth, and relime fro the point of thy label alle the degrees in the bordure, til thou come to the meridional lyne; and departe alle thilke degrees in 3 even parties, and tak the even equacion of 3; for ley thy label over even of 3 parties, and than mainstow see by thy label in which degree of the zodical is the begining of evertich of thise same houses fro the assendent: that is to seyn, the begining of the 12 hous next above thyng assendent; and thanne the begining of the 11 hous; and thanne the 10, upon the meridional lyne; as I first seide. The same wyse wirke thou fro the assendent down to the lyne of midnight; and thanne hastow other 3 houses, that is to seyn, the begining of the 3, and the 3, and the 4 houses; thanne

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is the nadir of thise 3 houeses the byginn-
ing of the 3 houeses that folwen. And for
the more declaracion, lo here thy figure.
38. To make the lyne meridional to dwelle
fix in any certein place.
(Ad inveniendum lineaem meridionalem per
subtiliae operationes.)

AR a rond plate of metal; for
warping, the brodere the bet-
tre; & make therupon a just
compeas, a life within the bou-
dure; and ley this rond plate
upon an evene gronde, or on
an evene ston, or on an evene stock fix in the
gronde; and ley it even by a level. And in
centre of the compas stike an evene pin or
a wyr upright; the smalliere the betere. Set
thy pin by a plomrowe evene upright; &
let this pin be no lengtere than a quarter of
the diameatre of thy compas, fro the cen-
tre. And waiit bigly, aboute 10 or 11
of the clokich and when the somne shyneth, when
the shadowe of the pin entreth anything
within the centre of thy plate an heermele,
and mark ther a prikhe with inke. Abide
thanne stille waiting on the somne after 1
of the clokich, til that the achadwe of the
wyroor of the pin passe any thing out of
the centre of the compas, be it never so lyte;
and set ther another prikhe of inke. Take
then a compas, and mesure evne the mid-
del bytwixe bothe prikhes; and set ther a
prikhe. Take thanne a reule, and draw a
stykhe, evene alyne fro the pin unto the mid-
del prikhe; & tak ther thy lyne meridional
for everemos, as in that same place. And yif
thow drawe a crowlyne over thwart the
compas, justly over the lyne meridional,
than hastow est and west and south; and,
par consequense, than the nadir of the
south lyne is the north lyne. And for more
declaracion, lo here thy figure.

40. To knowe with which degree of the
zodiac that any planete ascendith on the
orison, whether so that his lytude be
north or south.

NOWE by thyn almenah the
degree of the ecliptick of any
signe in which that the planete
is ascendit for to be, and that is
cleped the degree of his longi-
tude; and knowe also the de-
gree of his lytude fro the ecliptick, north
or south. And by these samples folwinge
in special, mayestow wirke for sothe in ever-
signe of the zodiac. The degree of the longi-
tude, par aventure, of Venus or of an-
other planete, was 6 of Capricorne; & the
lytude of him was northward 2 de-
grees fro the ecliptick lyne. I tok a subtil compas,
and cleped that soon point of my compas
A, and that other point F. Than tok I the
point of A, and set it in the ecliptick lyne
evne in my zodiac, in the degree of the longi-
tude of Venus, that is to seyn, in the 6 degree of Capricorne; and thanne sette I
the point of F upward in the same signe,
because that the lytude was north, upon
the lytude of Venus, that is to seyn, in
the 6 degree fro the heved of Capricorne;
and thus have I 2 degrees bytwixe my two
prikhes. Than leide I doun softly my
compaas, and sett the degree of the longi-
tude upon the orison: tho tok I & weexede
my label in maner of a peyre tables to re-
sceyve distinctly the prikhes of my compas.
Tho tok I this foreside label, and leide it
fix over the degree of my longi-tude; tho
I up my compas, and sett the point of
In the wax on my label, as even as I coude geese over the ecliptik lynn, in the ende of the longitude; & sette the point of $f$ endlang in my label upon the space of the latitude, inwarde and over the zodiacal, that is to seyn, northward fro the ecliptik. Than leide I, doun my compass, and lokeede wel in the way upon the prikike of $A$ and of $F$: the turned I my riet til that the prikike of $f$ sat upon the orisononte; than saw I wel that the body of Venus, in hir latitude of 2 degrees septentrionalis, assended, in the ende of the 6 degree, in the heved of Capricorne. And nota, that in the same maner maiestow wirke with any latitude septentrional in alle signes; but soothly the latitude meridional of a planet in Capricorne may not be take, because of the litle space bytwixe the ecliptik and the bordure of the Astrolabe; but soothly, in alle othersign it may. Also the degree, par aventure, of Jupiter or of an other planetes, was in the first degree of Pisces in longitude, and his latitude was 3 degrees meridional; the tok I the point of $A$, and sette it in the firste degree of Pisces on the ecliptik, and tanne sette I the point of $f$ downward in the same signe, because that the latitude was south 3 degrees, that is to seyn, fro the heved of Pisces; and thus have I 3 degrees bytwixe bothe prikikes; thanne sette I the degree of the longitude upon the orisononte. Tho tok I my label, and leide it fix upon the degree of the longitude; tho sette I the point of $A$ on my label, evene over the ecliptik lynn, in the ende evene of the degree of the longitude, & sette the point of $f$ endlang in my label the space of 3 degrees of the latitude fro the zodiacal, this is to seyn, southward fro the ecliptik, toward the bordure; and turned my riet til the prikike of $f$ sat upon the orisononte; thanne saw I wel that the body of Jupiter, in his latitude of 3 degrees meridional, ascended with 14 degrees of Pisces in boreoscope. And in this maner maiestow wirke with any latitude meridional, as I first setide, save in Capricorne. And yif thou wolt playe this craft with the arysing of the mone, loke thou rehne wel hir cors hous by hous; for she dwellleth not in a degree of hir longitude but a litle while, as thou wel knowest; but nathelikes, yif thou rehne hir verrey movynge by thy tables hous after hous, thou shalte do wel now.

Explicit tractatus de Conclusionibus Astrolabii, compositus per Gafridum Chaucerum ad Filiun suum Lodewicum, a collectis tum temporis Oxonie, ac sub tutela illius nobilitysini philosophi Magistri N. Strode, etc.

Supplementary Propositions.
41. Umbra Recta.
If $A$ be $B$, and thou wilt werke by umbrella recta, and thou may come to the bas of the tourne, in this maner thou shalt werke. Tak the alti- tude of the tourne by bothe holes, so that thy reule liege even in a point. Ensample as thus: I see him thorw at the point of 4; then mete I the space between me and the tourne, and I finde it 20 feet; than beholde I, how 4 is to 12, right so is the space between thee & the tourne to the altitude of the tourne. For 4 is the thriddle part of 12, so is the space between thee & the tourne the thriddle part of the altitude of the tourne; than thres 20 feet is the heighte of the tourne, with adding of thy owne person to thy eye. And this reule is so general in umbrella recta, fro the point of con to 12. And yif thy reule falle uppon 5, than is 5 parts of the heighte the space between thee and the tourne; with adding of thy owne heighyt.
42. Umbra Versa.
This is another manner of wersinge, by umbrella versa. Yif so be that thou may nat come to the bas of the tourne, I see him thorw the nombre of 1; then sette ther a prikike at my note; than go I near to the tourne, and I see him thorw at the point of 2, and there I sette another prikike; and I beholde how 1 hath him to 12, and ther finde I that it hath him twelve synthes; than beholde I, how 2 hath him to 12, and thou shalt finde it sene synthes; than thou shalt finde that as 12 above 6 is the nombre of 6, right so is the space between thy two prikikes the space of 6 synthes thyhn altitude. And note, that at the ferste altitude of 1, thou settest a prikike; and afterward, when thou seest him at 2, thou settest another prikike; than thou findest between two prikikes 60 feet; than thou shalt finde that 10 is the 6 party of 60. And then is 10 the altitude of the tourne. For other poynite, yif it fille in umbrella versa, as thus: I sette caas it fille upon 3, & at the secunde upon 3; than achat thou finde that 2 is 6 partyes of 12; & 3 is 4 partyes of 12; than passeth 6 4, by nombre of 2; 80 is the space between two prikikes the wyse the heighyte of the tourne. And yif the difference was thres, than subdide it be three synthes; and thus mayst thou werke fro 2 to 12; and yif it be 4, 4 synthes; or 5, 5 synthes; et sic de ceteris.
43. Umbra Recta.

OTHER maner of wyrking be umbra recta. Yif it do be that thou mayst nat come to the baas of the tour, in this maner thou shalt werkhe. Sette thy rewle upon 1 till thou see the altitude, and sette at thy foot a prihke. Than sette thy rewle up 2, and behold what is the difference between 1 & 2 & thou shalt finde that it is 1. Chan mete the space between two prihkis, and that is the 3 parte of the altitude of the tour. And yif ther were 2, it were the 5 parte; and yif ther were 3, the 4 partye; et sic deinceps. And note, yif it were 5, it were the 5 party of 12; and 7, 7 party of 12; and note, at the altitude of thy conclusion, adde the stature of thyne heghte to thyne eye.

44. Another maner conclusion, to knowe the mene mote and the argumens of every planete. To knowe the mene mote & the argumens of every planete fro yere to yere, from day to day, from houre to houre, and from annale fraccionis infinites. (Ad cognoascendum medios motus et argumenta de hora in horum cujuslibet planete, de anno in annum, de die in diem.)

In this maner shalt thou worche: consider thy rote first, the whiche is made the beginning of the tables fro the yere of our lord 1397, and entere hit into thy slate for the laste meridie of December; & than consider the yere of our lord, what is the date, & behold whether thy date be more or lasse than the yere 1397. And yif hit be more, looke how many yeres hit passeth, and with so many enter into thy tables in the first yere theran is written anni collecti et expansi. And loke where the same planete is written in the hede of thy table, and then loke what thou findest in directe of the same yere of our lord which is passid, be hit 8, or 9, or 10, or what nombre that were it be, til the tymne that thou come to 20, or 40, or 60. And that thou findest in directe wyrte in thy slate under thy rote, and adde hit togidere, and that is thy mene mote, for the laste meridie of the December, for the same yere whiche that thou hast purposed. And if hit be 20, consider wel that fro 1 to 20 ben anni expansi, and fro 20 to 3000 ben anni collecti; and if thynombre passe 20, than take that thou findest in directe of 20, and if hit be more, as 6 or 8, than take that thou findest in directe thereof, that is to sayen, signes, degrees, minutes, and seconds, and adde togedere unto thy rote; and thus to make rotes; and note, that if hit be that the yere of our lord be lasse than the rote, which is the yere of our lord 1397, than shalt wyrte in the same wyse furat thy rote in thy slate, and after enter into thy table in the same yere that be lasse, as I taught before; & than consider how many signes, degrees, minutes, and seconds thy entringe conteyneth. And so be that ther be 2 entrees, than adde hem togered, & after withdrawe hem from the rote, the yere of our lord 1397; and the residue that leeveth is thy mene mote fro the last meridie of December, the whiche thou hast purposed; and if hit be tho wolt weten thy mene mote for any day, or for any fraccion of day, in this maner thou shalt worche. Make thy rote fro the lasse day of December in the maner as I have taught, and afterward behold how many moneths, dayes, & houres ben passid from the meridie of December, & with that entere with the lasse moneth that is ful passed, and take that thou findest in directe of him, and wyrte hit in thy slate; and enterre with as mony dayes as be more, and wyrte that thou findest in directe of the same planete that thou worcheat for; & in the same wyse in the table of houres, for houres that ben passed, and adde alle these to thy rote; and the residue is the mene mote for the same day and the same houre.

45. Another maner to knowe the mene mote.

If thou wolt make the mene mote of any planete to beby Aristeichus tables, take thy rote, the whiche is for the yere of our lord 1397; and if it be that thyere be passid the date, wyrte that date, and than wyrte the nombre of the yeres. Than withdawe the yeres out of the yeres that ben passed that rote. Ensamplu as thus: the yere of our lord 1400, I wolde wyrte in my rote, my rote; than wrot I furat 1400. And under that nombre I wrote a 1397; than withdaw I the laste nombre out of that, and than fond I the residue was 3 yere; I wiste that 3 yere was passed fro the rote, the which was written in my tables. Than afterward wotghte I in my tables the anni collecti et expansi, & amongyn expansa yere fond I 3 yere. Than tol I alle the signes, degrees, & minutes, that I fond directe under the same planete that I wotghte for, and wrot 80 many signes, degrees, and minutes in my slate, and afterward added I to signes, degrees, minutes, and seconds, the whiche I fond in my rote the yere of our lord 1397; and kepeth the residue; and than had I the mene mote for the lasse day of December. And if thou
Bringe furth than the labelle, and set the point thereof in that same coste that the mone makest flode, and set thou there the degree of the mone according with the edge of the label. Than afterward awayte where is than the degree of the somme, at that tyme. Remove thou than the label fro the mone, and bringe and sette it justly upon the degree of the somme. And the point of the label shal than declare to thee, at what houre of the day or of the night shal be flode. And there also maist thou wirte by the same point of the label, whether it be, at that same tyne, flode or ebbbe, or half flode, or quarter flode, or ebbbe, or half or quarter ebbbe; or ellis at what houre it was last, or shall be next by night or by day, thou than shalt esily knowe, &c. furthermore, if it so be that thou happe to worke forthis mater aboute the tyne of the conjunccion, bringe furthe the degree of the mone with the labelle to that coste as it is before seyd. But than thou shalt understonde that thou may not bringe furthe the label fro the degree of the mone as thou diide before; for why the somme is than in the same degree with the mone. And so thou may at that tyne by the point of the labelle unremoved knowe the houre of the flode or of the ebbbe, as it is before seyd, &c. And evermore as thou findest the mone passe fro the somme, so remowe thou the labelle than fro the degree of the mone, & bringe it to the degree of the somme. And worke thou than as thou diide before, &c. Or ellis knowe thou what houre it is that thou art inne, by thy instrument. Than bringe thou furth fro thence the labelle and leyf upon the degree of the mone, and thereby may thou wite also when it was flode, or when it wol be next, be it night or day; &c.

Here end Chaucer's Propositions supplemenitary to his Treatise on the Astrolabe.
Ne may of hit non other wyees witen,
But as he hath herd seyd, or founde hit witen;
For by assay ther may no man hit preve,
But goddes forbode, but men shulde leve
Wel more thing then men han seen with ye!
Men shal nat wenen everything a lye
For that he seigh it nat of yore ago.
God wot, a thing is never the lease so
Thogh every sight ne may hit nat seye.
Bernard the monk ne saugh nat al, parde!

THOUSAND SYCHES HAVE I HERD
men telle,
That ther is joye in heven, and peyne in helle;
And I acorde wel that hit be so;
But nathelss, this wot I wel also,
That ther nis noon that dwelleth in this contree,
That either hath in helle or heven ybe,

ND, as for me, though that my wit be lyte.
On bokes for to rede I me delelyte,
And in myyn herte have hem in reverence;
And to hem yeve swich lust and swich credence,
That ther is wel uneth the game noon
That from myn bokes make me to goon,
But hit be othre upon the haliday,
Or elles in the joly tyme of May;
Whan that I here the smale fowles singe,
And that the floure the ginne for to springe,
farwel my studie, as lasting that sessoun.

OW have I therto this condicon
That, of al the floure in the mede,
Chown love I most these floures whyte
and rede,
Swiche as men called dayleses in our toun.
To hem have I so greyt affecticon,
As I sayde ert, whan comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day.
That I nam up, and walking in the mede
To see these floures agen the sonne aprede,
Whan hit upriseth by the morwe shene,
The longe day, thus walking in the grene.
And whan the sonne ginneth for to woste,
Chown closeth hit, and draweth hit to reste.
So sore hit is aferd of the night,
That on the morwe, that hit is dayles light.
This dayles, of alle floures flour,
fulfill of vertu and of alle honur,
And ever yhyke fair and fresh of bewe,
As wel in winter as in somer newe.
Fain wolde I preisen, if I coude aught;
But we is me, hit lyth nat in myn myght.

OR wel I wot, that folk han herbeform
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;
And I come after, gleening here and there,
And am ful glad if I may finde an ere
Of any goody word that they han left.
And, if hit happe me rehersen eft
That they han in her fresshe songes sayd,
I hope that they vil nat ben evel apayd,
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honur
Of hem that either serven leef or flour.
For trusteth wel, I ne have nat undertake
As of the leef, agyn the flour, to make;
Nor of the flour to make, agyn the leef,
No more than of the corn agyn the sheef.
For, as to me, is leefre noon me lether;
I am witholde yit with never nether.
I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour;
That hit nothing the entent of my labour.
For this werth is al of another tunne,
Of olde story, or swich stryf was begunne.
But wherfor that I sapeth, to yeve credence
To bokes olde and doon hem reverence,
In for men shulde autorite belewe,
Ther as ther lyth non other assay by preve.
For myn entent ia, or I fro yow fare.
The nuked text in English to declare
Of many a story, or elles of many a geste,
As autours seyn; leweth hem if yow leste!

The Legend of Goode Wimmen

WAN passed was almost the moneth
Of May,
And I had romed, al the somer day
The grene medow, of which that I yow tolde,
Upon the freshe dayles to beholle,
And that the sonne out of the south gan woste,
And closed was the flour and goon to reate
For darknesse of the night, of which she dredde,
Doom to myn hous ful swiftey I me spedde;
And, in a litel erber that I have,
Trenchd newe with turves freshe and ygrave,
I bad men shulde me my couche make;
For deyntee of the newe somere saile,
I bad hem strowe floures on my bed.
When I was lyard, and had myn eyen hed,
I fel asleape within an houre or two.
Me mette how I was in the medow tho,
And that I romed in that same gyse.
To seen that flour, as ye han herd devysse.
Fair was this medow, as thought me overal;
With floures swote enbrowed was it al;
As for to speke of gomme, or erbe, or tree,
Comparisoun may noyn ymaken be.
For hit surmountd plenteely alle odours,
And ech of riche beate alle flores.
Geten had the erthe his pore estat
Of wter, that him naked made and mat,
And with his sward of cold so sore had greved.
Now had the atempe somme ai that relieved,
And clothed him in grene al newe agayn.
The smale foules, of the secon fayn,
That from the panter and the net ben seaped,
Upon the fouler, that hem made awhaped.
In winter, and destroyd had hit broodd,
In his deapty, hem thoughted hit did hem good.
To singe of him, and in hit song deapysse.
The foule cherl that, for his covetyse,
Hed hem betrayd with his sophistrye.
This was hit song: The fouler we debye;
Sommere songes layes on the branchese cleere
Of love and May, that joye hit was to here.
In worship and in preysing of hit make,
And of the newe blissful somere saile,
That songen, Blissed be seynt Valentyn.
For at hit day I chews yow to be myn,
Witout repentence, myn herte swete!
And therewith all bere gonmen mete.
They dede honour and humble obeaunces,
And after deden other obserbauances.
Right pleasing unto love and to nature;
So ech of hem doth wel to creature.
This song to berline I dide al myn entente,
For why I mette I wiste what they mente.
Thil at the laate a larkie song above:
I see, quod she, the mighty god of love!
Lo! yond he cometh, I see his winges sprede.
Thy gan I loken endelong the mede,
And saw him come, and in his bond a quene.
Clothed in ryal abite ale of grene.
A fret of gold she had to next his hear,
And upon that a wyht coroun she beer.
With many floures, and I shal nat lye;
for al the world, right as the dayeye
Icroned is with whyte leves lyte,
Swich were the floures of hir coroune whyte.
For of a perle fin and oriental
Hir whyte coroune was ymaketh al;
For which the whyte coroune, above the grene,
Made hir lyk a dayseis for to sene,
Considered eek the flet of gold above.

CLOTHED was this mighty god of love
Of silh, ybrouded ful of grene greves;
A garland on his head of rose leves
Steked al with lithe floures neve.
But of his face I can nat seyn the heue.
For herein his face shoon so brighte,
That with the gleem astoned was the sighte;
A furlong waye I mighte him nat beholde.
But at the laste in hande I saw him holde
Two fyry darts, as the gleedes rede;
And ungelllic his wenges gan he sprede.
And al that men seyn that blind is he,
Algate me thoughte he mighte wel yose;
For sternely on me he gan bisholde,
So that his loyng doth myn herte colde.

And by the hande he held the noble quene,
Coronued with whytte, & clothed al in grene,
So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
That in this world, though that men wolde seke,
Half hir beautie shulde men nat finde
In creature that formed in by hinde,
Hir name was Alcesta the debonayre;
I prey to God that ever fall she fayre!
For ne hadde confort been of hir presence,
I had be red, withouten any defynce,
For drede of Loves wordes and his chere,
As, whan tyne is, herafter ye shal here.
Byhind this god of love, upon this grene,
I saw comming of ladys nyntene
In ryal abite, a ful eay pae,
And after hem com of women swich a tras
That, sin that God Adam had made of ethere,
The thredde part of women, ne the ferthe,
Ne wende I nat by possibilitie
Hadden ever in this world ybe;
And trewe of love thse women were echoon.

Ou whether was that a wonder thing or noon,
That, right anoon as that they gonne epye
This flour, which that I clepe the dayeye,
Ful oddeinly they stinten alle stones,
And kneled adown, as it were for the nones.
And after that they wenten in compas,
Daunsinge aboute this flour an eay pae,
And songen, as it were in caroles wyse,
This balade, which that I shal yow devyse.

Balade.

YD. Absolem, thy gyte tresse cler;
Ester, ley thou thy melisses al adoun;
Dyt, Jonathas, at thy frendly manere;
Penelope, and Marcia Catoun,
But nathelen, answere me now to this,
Why nedest thou as we hem sayd goodnesse,
Of wemen, as thou hast sayd wilthednesse?
Was ther no good matere in thy minde,
Ne in alle thy bokes coudest thou nat finde
Sume story of wemen that were goode and trewe?
Ys! God wot, sixty boke old and newe
Hast thou thyself, alle fulle of stories grete,
That bothe Romains and eccleghes trete
Of sundry wemen, which lyf that they ladde,
And ever an hundred gode ageyn son badde.
This knoweth God, and alle clerkes eke,
That uen swiche matere fro to seke.
What seith Valerie, Citus, or Claudian?
What seith Jerome ageyn Tovinian?
How clene maydens, and how trewe wyves,
How stedfast wydes were al the lyves,
Tellith Jerome; and that nat of a fewe,
But, I dar seyn, an hundred on a rewe;
That hit is pitee for to rede, and routhe,
The wo that they enduren for hir trouthe.
For to hir love were they so trewe,
That, rather than they wolde take a newe,
They chose to be dede in sundry wyse,
And deyden, as the story wol dewye;
And som were bred, and some were cut the hals,
And some dreynyt, for they wolden nat be fals.
For alle heped they hir maydenhed,
Or elles wedlo, or hir widwyched.
And this thing was nat kept for holinesse,
But al for verrey vertu and clemenesse,
And for men shulde gette on hem no lak;
And yet they wrenen hethen, al the pal.
That were so sore adraf of alle shame.
These olde wemen kepte so hir name,
That in this world I traw men shal nat finde
A man that coude be so trewe and hinde,
He was the luste woman in that ryde.
What seith also the epistles of Oveyde
Of trewe wyves, and of hir labour?
What Vincent, in his Storial Mirour?
Ek al the world of autours maystow here,
Cristen and hethen, trete of swich matere;
It nedeth nat alay; thus for tentyde.
But yet sey, what eyeth thee to wryte
The draf of stories, and forgoy the corn?
By seint Venus, of whom that I was born,
Although that thou renayed hast my lay,
As other olde foles many a day,
Thou shalt repent hit, that hit shall be sene!

The Legend of Goode
Wimmyn

That tabourien in your ees many a thing
For hate, or for jelsus imaginage,
And for to han with yow som daulaunce.
Envye (I preye to God yeve hir mischaunces)
Is lavender in the grete court alway.
For she ne parteth, neither night ne day,
Out of the hous of Cesar; thus seith Dante;
Whoso that goeth, alwey she moost nat wante.
This man to yow may wrongly been accusation,
Ther as by right hime oghte ben excuse.
Or elles, sir, for that this man is nyce,
He may translate a thing in no malyce,
But for he useth bothes for to make,
And taketh non heed of what materie he take;
Therfor he woot the Rose and eek Crissseyde
Of innocenice, and niste what he seyde;
Or him was boden make thiike tweye
Of som persone, and dureste hit nat witheye;
For he hath written many a book er thi.
He ne hath nat doun so gervously amis
To translaten that olde clerkes wryten,
As thogh that he of malice wolde endytyn
Despyt of love, and hadde himself wywght.
This shulde a rightheve lord han in his thought,
And nat be lye tirants of humane;
That use wilfulth and tirannye,
For he that kynge or lord is naturel,
Him oghte nat be tiraunte ne cruel.
As is a former, to doun the harm he can.
He moote thinke hit is his lige man,
And that hime oweth, of verray duteee,
Shewen hime peple pleyn benigneite,
And wel to hore him excusacions,
And hir compleynites and peticions,
In duede tymes, when they shal hit profre.
This is the sentence of the philosophre:
A kynge to hepe his ligea in justice;
Withouten doute, that is his office.
And therto is a king ful depe ysworn,
Ful many an hundred winter heebiforn;
And for to hepe his lordes hir degree,
As hit is right and skiful that they
Enhaunced and honoured, and most dere,
For they ben half goddes in this world here.
This shal he doun, bothe to pore and riche,
Al be that here stand be nat aliche,
And han of pore folk compassion.
For lo, the genit kind of the loun!
For whan a flye offendeth him or byyth,
Hew with his taply away the flye Smytth
Al eaily; for, of his genterye,
Him dymeth nat to wreke him on a flye,
As doth a curre or elles another beste.
In noble corage oghte been areste,
And weyen every thing by squirente,
And ever han reward to his owen degree.
For, sir, hit is no majestrie for a lord
To dannape a man withoute answere or word;
And, for a lord, that is full fout to use.
And if so he may hem nat excuse,
But aseth mercy with a sorweful herte,
And profreth him, right in his bare aberte,
To been right at your owne jugeinent.
The Legend of Goode Wimmen

Than oghte a god, by short aynement,
Conside his owne honour and his trespas.
For thine no cause of deeth lyth in this cas,
Yow oghte been the lighter merciable;
Leteth your pre, and beth somewhat tretable!
The man hath servyd yow of his conning,
And forthered your lawe with his making.
Wyl he was yong, he kepeth your estat;
I not whe he be now a renegat.
But wel I wot, with that he can endyte,
He hath maken lewed folk delyte
To serve you, in preyings of your name.
He made the book that hight the Boas of Fame,
And eek the Deeth of Blaumche the Duchesse,
And the Parlement of Soules, as I gesse,
And all the love of Palamon and Arcyte
Of Thebae, though the storey is knowne lyte;
And many an ympne for your halydayes,
That sighten Balades, Roundels, Virelayes;
And for to speke of other businesse,
He hath in prose translated Beoce;
And of the Wrecked Engendring of Manke,
As man may in pope Innocent yfynde;
And mad the Lyf also of seynt Cecyle;
He made also, goon sithen a greet whyt,
Oregens upon the Maudecyne;
He made now to have the lease peyne;
He hath mad many a lay and many a thing.

End she anwerde: Isat be thyng arguynge;
For love ne wol nat counterebated be
In right ne wronge; and lerne this at me!
Thou hast thy grace, and hold thee right therto.
Now wol I seyn what penance thou shalt do
For thy trespas, and understand hit here;
Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yer by yer,
The moste party of thy lyve spende
In making of a glorious Legende
Of Gode Almen, maidesyn and wyves,
That were tret in lovinge at his lyves;
And telle of false men that hem bitrayen,
That al hir lyf ne done nat but asasayen
Now many wemen they may done a shame;
For in your world that is now holden game.
And thoughe thee lesteth nat a lover be,
Spek wel of love; this penance were I the.
And to the god of love I shal so preye,
That he shal charge his servantes, by any weye,
To forthen thee, and wel thy labour quyte;
So now thy wey, thy penance is but lyte.

The god of love gan smyle, and than he seyde:
Wostow, quod he, wher this be wyf or mayde,
Or quene, or countess, or of what degree,
That hath so litel penance yeven thene,
That hast deserved sorer for to smerte?
But pite rennewe none in gentil herte;
That mayst thou seen, she khytheth what she is.
And anwerde: Nay, sir, so have I bly.
No more but that I see wel she is good.

What is a trewe tale, by myn hooe,
Quod Love, and that thou knowest wel,
pardee,
If hit be so that thou avise thee.
Justow nat in a book, lyth in thy cheste,
The trete goodnesse of the quene Alcesta,
That turned was into a dayesye:
She that for hir husbondes chee to dye,
And eek to goon to helte, rather than he,
And Escules rescueth hir, pardee,
And brighteth hir out of helte agan to blis.

END I anwerde ageyn, and seyde: Thow,
Now knowe I hir! And is this good Alcesta,
The dayesye, and myn owne hertes reste?
Now felte I wel the goodnesse of this wyf,
That bothe after hir deeth, and in hir lyf,
Hir grete bountee doubteth hir renoun.
Wel hath she quitte me myn affeccion,
That I have to hir flour, the dayesye.
No wonder is togh thow hir stellife,
As testeth Agaton, for hir goodnesse!
Hir whyle coruneth of hit witnesse
As also manerlynesse of his
As smale flouris in hit coruneth be
In remembrance of hire and in honour
Cibella made the dayeay and the flour
Conceuned al with whyt, as men may see;
And Mars yaf hit corumeth reed, pardere,
In state of rubies, set among the whyte.

And whyth sumthis was wrote for
shame of a lyte,
When she was preyed so in hire presence.

CHAN SEDYE LOVE: A ful grete negligence Was hit to she, to write unetertemnaage Of women, althou thee worth goodnesse By preef, and ech by storie herberbome; Let be the chaf, and wryt wel of the corn. Why the nestest thow han writen of Alceste,
To shippe anoon, no lenger they ne stente;
And in the see hit happed hem to mete,
Up got the trompe, and for to shoute and shete,
And peynen hem to sette on with the sonne.
With grisly sound out got the grete gonne,
And hetely they hurtlen al at ones,
And fro the top doun cometh the grete stones.
In got the grapiel so ful of crookes
Byt they the ropen, and the shenrichokes.
In with the polax preseth he and he;
Behind the maat beginmeth he to flee,
And out again, and dryveth him overborde;
He stingeth him upon his spere ordre;
He rent the sall with hokes lyke a sythe;
He wringeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem be blythe;

He poureth peeson upon the haches slider;
With pottes ful of tym they goon togider;
And thus the longe day in fight they spende
Til, at the laste, as every thing hath ende,
Antony is abord, and put him to the flighte,
And al his folk togo, that best go forthe.

BLEETH ech the queen, with al hir
purpre sail,
for strokes, which that wente as
thikhe as hal;

No wonder was, she mighte hit nat endure.
And whan that Antony saw that aventure,
Alas! quod he, the day that I was born!
My worship in this day thus have I torn!
And for dispayr out of his witte he sterete,
And rooff himselfe anoon throughout the herte
Er that he ferther wente out of the place.
His wyf, that coude of Cesar have no grace,
To Egypte is fled, for drede & for distresse;
But herkenneth, ye that speke of endenesse.

E men, that falsly sweren many an oath
That ye wol dye, if that your love be wrooth,
Neer may ye seen of women whiche a trouthe!
This woful Cleopatre hath mad owch routhe
That ther nis tonge noon that may hit telle.
But on the morn she wol no lenger dwelle,
But made hir subweomen make a shryne
Of alle the rubies and the stones fyne
In al Egipte that she coude espye;
And putte ful the shryne of spycyere,
And left the cors enbume, & forth she fette
This dede cors, and in the shryne hit shette.
And next the shryne a pit than doth she grave;
And alle the serpents that she mighte have,
She putte hem in that grave, and thus she sedy:
"Agitt love, to whom my sorrowful herte
obeyde
So fyrthorth that, fro that blissfull
hourre
That I yow sware to been al frely youre,
I mene yow, Antonius my knight!
That neuer wakeing, in the day or night,
I ware out of myn herte remembrance
for wele or wo, for carole or for daunce;
And in my selfe this covenant made I tho,
That, right swich as ye felten, wele or wo,
As fyrthorth as hit in my power lay,
Unreprovable unto my wyfrhood ay,
The same wolde I felen, lyf or deeth.
And thyllke covenant, whylme lasteth breth,
I wol fulche, and that shal wel be sene;
Hys neuer unto hir love a trewe guise.
And with that word, naked, with ful good
herte,
Among the serpents in the pit she sterre,
And ther she chees to han bir buryinge.
Anoon the nedres sone her for to stinge,
And she hir deeth recysweth with good cherre,
for love of Antony, that was bir so dere;
And this is storial sooth, hit is no fable.
Now, er I finde a man thus trewe and
stable,
And wol for love hys deeth so freulty take,
I pray God lat our hedes ne be she.
Explicit Legenda Cleopatrie martiris.

SINCIPIT LEGENDA TESBE BABELONIE MARTIRIS.
Ther mighte have been bitwix hem marriag,
But that hir faders nold hit nat asente;
And bothe in love ylyke are they brente,
That noon of alle hir fрендes mighte hit
lette
Priveely somyme yit they mette
By sleighthe, and speken som of hir desyer;
As, wry the gleed, and hverter the fyr;
Forcide a love, and it is ten so ydow.
This wal, which that bitwix hem bothe
stood,
Was cloven at twy, right fro the topppe
adown
Of olde tyme of his fundacioun;
But yit this elffte was so narwe and lyte,
It was nat sene, dere ymogh a myyte,
But what is that, that love can nat ensyte?
Ye lavers two, if that I shal nat be,
Ye founden first this lymbar narwe elffte;
And, with a soun as softte as any shirftte,
They lete hir wordes through the elffte pace,
And tolden, whyl that they stode in the place,
Al hir compleymt of love, and al hir wo,
At every tynde when they doreste go.

BABELONIE WYLIDON FIL IT THUS,
The whiche toun the queene Semiramis
Leet dichen alabout, and walles make
Ful hye, of harde tyle ws yblake.
Ther weren dwellinges in this noble toun
Two lordes, that which were of great renoun,
And wonden so nigh, upon a grete,
Ther was but a goretworthis hem bitwene,
As ofte in grete tounes the wene.
And sooth to seyn, that o man hadde a sone,
Of al that londe oon of the lustiaste.
That other hadde a doghter, the faireste,
That estward in the world was the dwellinge.
The name of everich gan to other springe,
By woman, that were neighboures aboute.
For in that contrey yit, withouten doute,
Maidens been yhept, for jelosye,
Yntereste, lest they diden som folye.
This yonge man was eleped Piramus,
And Tisbe bighte the maid, Nasso seeth
him
And thys by report was hir name yshove
That, as they were in age, wes hir love;
And certayne, as by reson of hir age,

Through thyn enye thou us letteest al!
Why nil thou cleve, or fallen al atwo?
Or, at the lesse, but thou woldest so,
Yt woldestow but ones let us mete,
Or ones that we wolden kiden atewe.
Than were we covered of our cures colde.
But nathelys, yit be we to the holde
In as muche as thou sufcrest for to goon
Our wordes through thy lyme and eth thy
stoon.
Yt oghte we with the ben wel apayd.
AND when these yellow words were said,
The cold wall they wolden kiss of
a stone,
And take their leave, & forth they wolden goon.
And this was gladly in the eventye
come, for tho, lest men hit rapyn
And longe tyme they wroghte in this manere
Til on a day, when Phoebus gan to clere,
Aurora with the streames of hit hete
had dried up the dew of herbeus wete;
Into this cliffe, as it was wont to be,
so Diramus, and after com Tisbe,
And plighten trouthe fully in hit fey
That like same night to stele away,
And to begylyr hit warteins evericioon,
And forth out of the citee for to goon;
And, for the feldes been so brode and wyde,
So to mete in o place at o tyle.
They sette mark hit meting abold be
The king Ninus was graven, under a tre;
For olye paynys that ydoles heryd
Gedden tho in feldes to ben beried;
And faste by this grave was a welle,
And, shortly of this tale for to telle,
This cause was wery wondre faste;
And longe hem thoughte that the bonne
faste,
That hit nere goon under the sec adoun.

HIS Tisbe had so greet affectioune
And so greet lykynge Diramus to see,
That, when she seigh her tymne mighte be.
At night she stal away ful privey
With her face wynpled subtilly;
For alle her frendes, for to save her trouthe,
She hath forsake; alas! and that is routhe
That ever woman wolde be so trewe
To susten man, but shely he hit knewe!
And to the tree she goth a ful good pas,
For love made her so hardy in this cas;
And by the welle adoun she gan her dress.
Alas! than cometh a wilde leonesse
Out of the wode, withouten more areate,
With a bloody mouth, of strangling of a beate.
To drinken of the welle, ther as she sat;
And, when that Tisbe had espied that,
She rat hir up, with a ful drye herte;
And in a cave with dreadful foot she sterte,
For by the more she seigh hit wel withale.
And as she ran, her wynple left she falle,
And took noo heed, so sore she was
awhapped,
And eek so glad of that she was escaped;
And thus she sit, and darketh wonder stille,
When that this Leonese hath done on her fille,
Boute the welle gan she for to winde,
And rigth anoon the wimplen gan she finde,
And with her bloody mouth hit al oertene.
When this was done, no lenger she ne stente,
But to the wode her wye than bath she nome.

ND, at the laste, this Piramus is come,
But al to longe, alas! at boOm was he.

The mone shoon, men mighte wel ysee,
And in his weye, as that he com ful faste,
His eyen to the grounde adoun he caste,
And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,
He seigh the steppes breke of a lecon,
And in his herte he soyledy acros,
And pale he wex, therwith his heer aroos,
And neer he com, and fond the wimplen torn.

Alas! quod he, the day that I was born?
This night wol we lourers bothe sere!

And shoolde I seek mercy of Cisbe?
When I am he that have you slain, alas!
My bidding hath you slay, as in this cas.
Alas! to bidde a woman goon by nighte
In place ther as peril fallen mighte,
And so slow! alas, I ne haddhe be
Here in this place a furlong wey or ye?
Now what lecon that be in this foreste,
My body mote he render, or what beste
That wilde is, gwaven mote he now myn herte!

And with that wordes he to the wimpel sterte,
And kiste hit ote, and weep on hit ful sore,
And seide: Wimpel, alas, ther mias no more
But thou shalt fele as wel the blode of me
As thou hast felt the bloding of Cisbe!

And with that wordes he smoot he to the herte.
The blode out of the wounde as brede sterte
As water, when the conduit broken is.

OW! Cisbe, which is that wiste nat of this,
But sitting in her drede, she thoughte thus:
If hit so falle that my Piramus
Be comen bider, and may me nat yfinte,
He may me holde fels and eek unkinde.
And out she comth, and after him gan spyen
Both with her herte and with her yen,
And thoughte, I wol him tellen of my drede
Both of the leonesa and at my dede
And at the laste her love than hath she founde
Beteing with his helen on the grounde,
Al bloody, and therwithal abah she sterte,
And lyke the wawes quappe gan her herte,
And pale as box she wex, and in a throwe
Ayssed her, and gan him wet to knowe,
That hit was Piramus, her herte dere.
Who coude wyte whiche a deedly chere
Hath Cisbe now, and how her heer she rente,
And how she gan herselfe to turmente,
And how she lyth and sowneneth on the grounde,
And how she weep of teres ful his wounde,
Now medeleth she her blood with her complemente,
And with her blood herselven gan she peyne;
Now clippeth she the dede cors, alas!
Now doth this woful Cisbe in this ca.
Now hissaeth she her frosty mouth so cold!

Who hath done this, & who hath been so bold
To slay my lef? O spek, my Piramus!
I am thy Cisbe, that thee calleth thus!

And therwithal she lifteh up his heed.

THIS woful man, that was nat fully deede,

When that he herde the name of Cisbe cryen,
On her he caste his hevy deadly yen
And doun again, and yeldeth up the gost.

CISBE ris up, withouten noise or bost,
And seith her wimplen and his emptie sleteh,
And ehh his swerd, that him hath doen to dethe;
Than spak she thus: My woful hand, quod she,
Is strong ynogh in swiche a werk to me;
For love shee gis me strengthe and hardiness
To make my wunde large ynoch, I gessse.
I wol thee folwen deed, and I wol beh
Felawe and cause eek of thy deeth, quod she,
And thogh that nothing save the deeth only
Mighte thee fro me deparre trewel.
Thou shalt no more departe now fro me
Than fro the deeth, for I wol go with thee!

ND now, ye wretched jeoulous faders oure,

We, that were whelpen children yure,
We prayen yow, withouten more envye,
That in a grave yfere we moten lye,
Sin love hath brought us to this pitous ende!
And rightwis God to every lover sende,
That loveth trewely, more prosperitee
Than ever hadde Piramus and Cisbe!
And lat no gentil woman her assured
To putten her in swiche an aventure.
But God fordecd but a woman can
Been as trewe and loving as a man.
And, for my part, I shal anoone it by thee!

And, with that wordes, his swerd she took as swythe,
That warm was of her loves blood and hoot,
And to the herte she herselven smoot.

ND thus art Cisbe and Piramus ago.

Li, Of trewe men I finde but fewe me.
In alle my bokes, save this Piramus,
And therfor have I spoken of him thus.
For hit is deyte in to us men to finde
A man that can in love be trewe and kinde.

This may ye see, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and can as wel as he.

Explicit legenda Cisbe.
HAN Troye broght was to de-
strucctoun
By Grehes sleighte, and namely
by Sincoun,
feyning the hors y-offred to Mynere,
Through which that many a Troyn moste
sterve;
And Ector had, after his deeth, appered,
And fyre so wood, it mighte nat be stered,
In all the noble towre of Lione,
That of the citie was the cheef dungeoun;
And at the contree was so lowe yborght,
And Priamus the king fordoon and noght;
And Eneas was charged by Venus
To fleen away, he took Ascanius,
That was his bone, in his right hand, and
fledde;
And on his bakke he bar and with him ledde
His olde fader, cleped Anchises,
And by the weye his wyf Creusa he lea.
And mochel sorwe hadde he in his minde
Er he coude his felowshippe finde.
But, at the laste, when he had seen Rome,
He made him redy in a certein stounde,
And to the se ful tast he gan him bye.

AND HONOUR, VIRGIL MANTUA,
Be to thy name I and I shal, as I can,
folow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn,
Hou Eneas to Dido was forsworn.
In thyn Enide and Naso wol I take
The tenour, and the grete effectes make.
And saileth forth with al his companye
toward Itaile, as wolde destine.
But of his aventures in the see
Non nat to purpos for to speke of here,
For hit acordeth nat to my mater.
But, al I seide, of him and of Dido.
Shal be my tale, til that I have do.
So longe he sailed in the salte see
Til in Libye unnethe arrieved he,
With shippes seven and with no more navie;
And glad was he to londe for to hye,
So was he with the tempest at toshake.
And when that he the haven had ytaka,
He had a knight, was called Achates;
And him of al his felawshiphe he chees
to goon with him, the contre for tespye;
He took with him no more companye.
But forth they goon, and lafte his shippes ryde,
His ferre and he, withouten any gyde.
So longe he walketh in this wilderness
Til, at the laste, he mette an huntersse.
A bowe in honde and arwees hadde she,
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee;
But she was yet the fairest creature
That ever was byforned by nature;
And Eneas and Achates she grette,
And thys she to hem opal, when she hem mette.
She sayd ye, quod she, as ye han walked wyde,
Any of my suatren walk yow besyde,
With any wilde boor or other beste
That they han hunted to, in this foreste,
Ythked up, with arwees in her cas?
Nay, soothly, lady, quod this Eneas;
But, by thy beaute, as hit thynketh me,
Thou mightest not erethly womanne be,
But Phebus suster arrow, as I gesse.
And, if so be that thou be a goddesse,
Have mercy on our labour and our wo.

NAM no goddes, soothly, quod she tho;
For maidens walken in this contre here,
With arwees and with bowe, in this manere.
This is the regne of Libie, thrye been,
Of which that Dido lady is and queen.
And shortly tolde him al the occasione
Why Dido com into that regioun,
Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;
Hit nedeth nat; hit nere but los of ryme.
For this is al and som, it was Venus,
His owne moder, that apak with him thus;
And to Cartage she had he abode him dyghte,
And vanisshed anoon out of his sigthe,
I coude folwe, word for word, Virgyle,
But it wolde lasten al to longe a while.
This noble queen, that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wyf of Sithco,
That faifer was ther to the brighete sonne,
This noble tyne of Cartage hath begonne;
In which she regmeth in so greet honour,
That she was holde of alle queene flour,
Of gentilnesse, of freedom, of beaute;
That wel was him that mighte her ones see;
Of kings and of lordees so dyorted,
That al the world her beaute hadde yfryed;
She stood so wel in every wightes grace.

THE Legend of
Gooden
Wommen

Of Eneas was come unto that place,
Unto the maistertemple of al the towne,
Cher Dido was in her devocioun,
ful privily his wyse than hath he done.
When he was in the large temple come,
I can nat seyn if that hit be possible,
But Venus hadde him maken invisible;
Thus seith the book, whithouten any lees.
And whan this Eneas and Achates
Hadden in this temple been overall,
Than founde they, depynctyd on a wal,
How Troye and al the lond destroyed was.

And, with that wordes, he braunt out for to wepe
So tendrely, that routhe hit was to sene.
This fresche lady, of the citie quene,
Stood in the temple, in her estat royall,
So richely, and eek so fair withall,
So yong, so lusty, with her eyen glade,
That, if that God, that heven and erthe made,
Wolde han a love, for beaute and goodnesse,
And womanhood, and trouthe, and seemlineesse,
Whom shoulde he leven but this lady sate?
There nis no womanne to him half so mette.

FORTUNE, that hath the world in govern-
ance,
Hath sodeiney brought in so newe a chauncour,
That never was ther yit so fremd a cas.
For al the companye of Eneas,
Which that he wende han loren in the see,
Arryed is, nat fer fro that citie,
For which, the gretttest of his lordees some
By aventure ben to the citie come,
Unto that same temple, for to sene
The quene, and of her socour her besche;
Swich renoun was ther spronge of her goodnesse.
And, whan they hadden told al hir distresse,
And al hir tempest and hir harde cas,
Unto the quene appered Eneas,
And openly beknew that hit was he.
Who hadde joye than but his meyne,
That hadden founde hir lord, hir governour?

This quene saw they dide him swich honour,
And had herd ofte of Eneas, er thow,
And in hir herte she hadde routhe and wo
That ever swich a noble man as he
Shal been disherited in swich degree;
And saw the man, that he was lyk a knight,
And suffisant of persone and of might,
And lyk to been a very gentill man;
And wel his wordes he behette him,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formed wole of branes and of bones.
For, after Venus, hadde he swich fairnesse,
That no man might be half so fair, I gesse.
And wel a lord he semed for to be.
And, for he was a straunger, somwhat she
Lyked him the bet, as, God do bote,
To som folk ofte new thing is swete.
Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,
And, with that pitee, love com in alo;
And thus, for pitee and for gentlesse,
Refreshted mooste he been of his distresse.
She seide, certes, that she sower was
That he hath had swich peril and swich ca;
And, in her fayntely speche, in this manere
She to him spake, and sise as ye may here.

E ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?
In good feith, al the worship and encrees
That I may goodly doon yow, ye al have.
Your shippeis and your meynne as I have;
And many a gentil word she spake to him;
And comande her messagerei go
The same daye, withouten any faille,
His shippe for to seke, and hem vitale.
She many a beast to the shippeis sente,
And with the wyne she gan hem to presente;
And to her realy pales she her apede,
And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.
What nedeth wyne the feste to deacreve?
Ye never beter at ese was his lyve.
Ful was the feate of delyces and richesse,
Of instruments, of song, and of gladnessse,
And many an amorous loyng and deymy.

HIS Eneas is come to Paradys
Out of the awolow of helte, & thus in joye
Remembrith hem of his estat in Troye.
To dauncing chambers ful of parements,
Of riches beddes, and of ornamente,
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.
And with the queene when that he had sete,
And spycyce parted, and the wyn agoon,
Unto his chambers was he lad anon
To take his ese and for to have his reste,
With al his folk, to doon what his hem leste.

HERE nas courasye wel ybriddel noon,
Ne stede, for the jauting wel to goon,
Ne large palfyre, esy for the nones,
Ne juel, fretted ful of riche stones,
Ne saikes ful of gold, of large wightte,
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nyghtte,
Ne gentil hautene faunon heronere,
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or dere,
Ne coupe of gold, with floris newe ybethe,
That in the lond of Libie may be gethe.
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas yuent;
And al is payed, what that he hathspent.
Thus can this noble queene her gestes calle,
As she that can in freedom passen alle.

Eneas sothly eek, withouten lees,
Hath sent unto his shippe, by Achates,
After his sone, and after riche thingis,
Both septr, clothes, broches, and eek ringes,
Som for to were, and som for to presente
To her, that al thise noble thinges him sente;
And bad his sone, how that he sholde make
The presentment, and to the queene hit take.

Espaireth this Achates again,
And Eneas ful blissful is and faire
Co seen his yonge sone Ancanius.

But natheles, our autour telleth us,
That Cupido, that is the god of love,
At preyere of his moder, yhe above,
Hadd the lynhes of the child yake;
This noble queene enamoured to make
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,
Be as be may, I make of hit no cure.
But soothe is this, the queene hath mad swich chere
Unto this child, that wonder is to here;
And of the present that his fader sente
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

HIS is this queene in pleyaunce & in joye,
With all this new lusty folk of Troye.
And of the dedes hath she more enquered
Of Eneas, and al the storie lered
Of Troye; and al the longe day they tewe
Entendeden to speken and to playe;
Of which thar gan to breden swich a fyr,
That sely Dido hath now swich dey.
With Eneas, her newe grete, to dele,
That she hath lost her herwe, and eek her hel.
Now to the effect, now to the fruit of al,
Why I have told this storie, and telle shal.

HIS I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,
When that the mone uppreyed had her light,
This noble queene unto her reate wente;
She syketh sore, and gan herself turmente.
She waileth, walweth, maketh many a brayd,
As doon thishe leveres, as I have herd sayd.
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne
She made her moon, & right; thus spak she thanne.

Here is her suster wyn, what may hit be
That me agasteth in my dreme? quod she.
This ilke Troyan is so in my thought,
For that me thinketh he is so wel ywroght,
And eek so lyuly for to be a man,
And therewithal so mikel good he can,
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.
Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede hit me,
I wolde fain to him wyedded be;
This is the effect; what sholde I more seye?
In him lyth al, to do me live or dye.

An her suster Anne, as she that coude hergood,
Seide as her thoughtes, and somdel hit withstood.
But herof was so longe a sermoning,
Hit were to longe to make rehearsing;
But fynaly, hit may not yet bewontone;
Love wol love, for no wight wol hit wonde.
This dawning uprout out of the see;
This amorous queene chargeth her meynne
The nettes dresseth, and apere brode & kene;
An hunting wol this lusty fresshe queene;
So prieke her this newe joly wo.
To hors is al her lusty folk ygo;
Unto the court the boundes been ybroght,
And upon coursers, swift as any thought.
Her yonge knightes boven al aboute,
And of her wemen eek an huge route.
Upon a thike palfyre, paper, whyt,
With avel rede, enbroute with defyt,
Of golde the barres uponbossete hye,
Sit Dido, at in gold and perre wyre;  
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe.  
That heeth seke folk of nightes worre.  

Upon a courser, starting as the fyre,  
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,  
Sit Gneas, lyk Rhedus to devise;  
So was he freshe theyrayd in his wyre.  

The som brydel with the wit of gold  
Governeth he, right as himself hath wold.  
And forth this noble quene thus lat I ryde  
An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.  

The herd of hertes founden is ancon,  
With: Hey! go bet! prik thou! lat goon, lat goon!  
Why nil the leoun come or the bere,  
That I mightes ones mete him with this spre?  

Thus see my thys yonge folk, and up they kille  
These hertes wyle, and han hem at hire wille.  

Among this to romblen gan the heven,  
The thunder rored with a grisly steen;  
Doun com the rain, with hail & sleet so faste,  
With hevenes fyre, that hit so sore agaiste  
This noble quene, and also her meyne.  
That eth of hem was glad away to flee.  
And shortly, fro the tempest hem to save,  
She fleed herself into a litel cave.  
And with her werte this Gneas also;  
I noot, with hem if ther wente any mo?  
The autour maketh of hit no mencion.  
And her began the depe affliccion  
Betwix hem two; this was the firste morwe  
Of her gladness, and ginning of her sorwe.  
For ther hath Gneas ykadeo,  
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,  
And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,  
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no newe,  
And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne.  
That selly Dido rewed on his payne,  
And took him for husband, to be his wyf  
For evermo, whyl that hem laste lyf.  
And after this, whan that the tempest stente,  
With mirth out as they comen, hoom they wente.  

She wishede fame up roos, and that anon,  
How Gneas hath with the quene ygon  
Into the cave; and demed as hem list:  
And whan the king, that Tarbas bright, hit wiste,  
As he that had her loved ever his lyf;  
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,  
Swich sorwe as he hath malad, and swich thare,  
Hit is a routhe and pite for to here.  
But, as in love, alday hit hathepeth so;  
That son shall laughen at another wo;  
Now laugheth Gneas, and is in joye  
And more richesse then ever he was in Troye.  

SCLY woman, ful of innocence,  
O mult of piety, of trouhe hand conscience.  
What maketh yow to me to trusten so?  
Have ye swich routhe upon hire feined wo,  
And han swich olde enamples yow befor?  
See ye nat alle, how they been forsworn?  
Wher see ye sone, that he ne hath hit his leef,  
Or been unhinde, or doen her son mischeef,  
Or pilled her, or bouted of his dote?  

Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede;  
Tak heed now of this grete gentilman,  
This Troyan, that so wel her pleisen can,  
That feineth him so trewe and obesieng,  
So gentil and so privy of his doing,  
And can so wel doen ale his obeisances,  
And waten her at festes and at dauncees,  
And when she gott to temple and hoom ageyn,  
And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,  
And bere in his devyses, for her sake,  
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,  
Justen, and doen of armes many thinges,  
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes,  
Now herlent, how he shal her lady serve!  
Thera he was in peril for to serve  
For hunger, and for mischeef in the sea,  
And desolat, and fled from his contree,  
And at his folk with tempten at tordiven,  
She hath her body and eek her reame yiven  
Into his hand, thera she mighte have been  
Of other land then of Cartage a queen,  
And lived in joye ynoth; what wolde ye me more?  

Dido hath suspiccion of this,  
And thoughtes wel, that hit was al amis;  
For in his bedde he lyth aigent & syketh;  
She asketh him ancon, what him mislyketh:  
My dere herte, which that I love most?  
Certes, quod he, this night my fadres gost  
Hath in my sleep so sore me tormente,  
And eek Mercuric his message hath presented,  
That nedes to the conquest of Italie  
My destines is sorne for to saile;  
For which, me thinketh, broaten is myn herte!  
Cherwyth his false teres out they sterte;  
And taketh her within his armes two.  

Ther that in ernest, quod she; wil ye so?  
Have ye nat sworne to wyve me to take,  
Alas! what woman wil ye of me make?  
I am a gentilwoman and a queen,  
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule feen;  
That I was born! alas! what shal I do?  
O telle in short, this noble queen Dido,  
Shall stelth halves, and doth sacrifice;  
She kneelth, cryeth, that rothe to devise;  
Conjureth him, and profeteth him to be  
His thral, his servante in the lease grete;  
She falthe him to fote, and swoeneth there  
Dischevele, with her brighte gilte here,  
And seith: Have mercy! let me with you ryde!  
Thise lordes, which that women me beaye  
Kill me destroyen only for your sake.  
And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,  
As ye han sworn, than sol I give you leve  
To sleeve me with your sword now sone at eve!  
For thon yit shal I dyen as your wyf.  
I am with childe, and give my childe his lyf.  
O mercy, lord! have pite in your thought!  
But at this thynge availedh her right nght;  

The Legend of
Goode
Wimmen

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For on a night, slepinge, he let her lye,
And stal away unto his companye,
And, as a traitour, forth he gan to saile
Toward the large contree of Itaile.
Thou hast he left Dido in wo and pyne;
And wedded ther a lady hight Lawyne.

Cloth he latte, and eek his swerd he standing.
When he fro Dido stal in her sleping,
Right at her beddes heed, so gan he hye.
When that he stal awaye to his navye;
Which cloth, when sely Dido gan awake,
She hath hit kist ful ofte for his sake;
And beide; O cloth, why Jupiter hit deste,
Cath how myssal, unbend me of this unrese;
I have fulfild of fortune al the cours.
And thus, alas! withouten his occour,
Twenty tymes yowwmed hath she thanne.
And, when that she unto her suster Anne
Compieyned had, of which I may nat wryte,
So gret a route the I have hit for tendyte,
And bad her nesore and her sunderston.
To fecchen pry and other thing anoon,
And beide, that she wolde sacryfe.

And, when she mighte her tyne wel esaye,
Upon the Pry the herte,
And with his swerd she roof her to the herte.
O God, as myn auort seith, right thus she seyde;
Or she was hurt, before that she deyde.
She wrote a lettre anoon, that thus began:
Right so, quod she, as that the whyte
Swan
Ayens his deeth binneth for to singe,
Right so yow make my complenyng.
Nat that I trowe to geten yow again,
For wel I woot that it is al in vain.
Sin that the goddes was contraire to me.
But sin my name is lost through yow, quod she.
I may wel esse a word on yow, or letter,
Albeit that I shal be never the better.
For thilke wind that blew your ship awaye,
The same wind hath blowe away your fey.
But who wot at this letter have in minde,
Roses, Ovide, and in him he shal hit finde.
Explicit Legenda Didonis martyris, Carthaginens regnis.

Incipit legenda Ysiphile et Medee martirum.
Have at thee, Jasoun! now thyn horn is blowe!
But certes, hit is bothe routh and wo.
That love with false lovers werketh so;
For they shul have wel better love and chere
Than he that hath aboght his love ful dere,
Or had in armes many a bloody box.
For ever as tunde a capon in the fox,
Thogh he be fals and hath the foul betrayed,
As shal the good man that therfor hath payed.
All have to the capon shille and right,
The false fox wol have his part at night.
On Jasoun this ensample is wel ysene
By Ysiphile and Medee the queene.

IN Tenuale, an Ode to telleth us,
There was a king that highte Pelleus,
That had a brother, which that highte
Eson;
And, when for age he mighte unethes gon,
He yeaf to Pelleus the governyng
Of al his regne, and made him lord and king.
Of which Eson this Jasoun geten was;
That, in his tyne, in al that land, ther nas
Nat swich a famous knight of gentilesse,
Of freedom, & of strengthe and lustinesse.
After his fader deeth, he bar him so
That ther nas noon that bare been his fo,
But dis he al honour and compayny;
Of which this Pelleus hath greet envy,
Imagining that Jasoun mighte be
Enhaunted so, and put in swich degree
With love of lordes of his regioun,
That ther nas noon that bare been his adoun.
And in his wit, amight compassed he
How Jasoun mighte best destroyed be
Withoute slauder of his compasment.

Note of false lovers, dur Jasoun!
Chou sty devourer and confusion
Of gentillwomen, tender creatures,
Chou madest thy reclaiming and thy lures
Co ladies of thy statly apperance,
And of thy wonder, fairness with plencynce,
And of thy feyned trouthe and thy manere,
With thy obesiance and thy humble chere,
And with thy counterfetd peyne and wo.
Cher other falsenoon, thou falsenest two!
Oft e aware that thou falsest dye
And falsest when that he feleth many a sty.
Save foul deyly, which that thou callest love!
If that I live, thy name shal be shoue
In English, that thy aleghte shall be shoue!
And at the last he took avisement
To senden him into some fer contree
Ther as this Jasoun may destroyed be.
This was his wit; al made he to Jasoun
Gret chere of love and of affecion,
For drede lest his lordes hit egypye.
It hit so, as fame rennes wynde,
Ther was swich tyding overlaid and swich log,
That in an ile that called was Colcos,
Beyonde Troye, estward in the see,
That therin was a ram, that men mighte see,
That had a flees of gylde, that shoon so brighte,
That nowher was ther swich another sighte;
But hit was kept awray with a dragoun,
And many other merveils, up and down,
And with two boles, male and al of bras,
That spitten fry, and moche thing ther was.
But this was eek the tale, nathelose,
That whose swold was man Thike flees,
He mooste bothe, or he hit winne mighte,
With the boles and the dragoun fighte;
And king Oettes lord was of that yle.

This Pelleus ethoghte upon this styte;
That he his newe Jasoun wolde enhorte
To sailen to that land, him to disporte.
And of this nle lady was and quene
The faire yonge Isiphile, the shene,
That whylom Thoas doghter was, the king.

ISIPHILE was yoo in her playing;
And, roming on the cluyes by the see,
Under a banke anon eplied she.

When that the ship of Jassoun gan aryse,
Of her goodness adoun she sendeth blyve
To witen yf that any strange wight
With tempest thider were yblowen aigh,
To doon him socour; as was her usaunce
To forthwren every wight, and doen plesaunce
Of very bountee and of curteysye.

HS messagere adoun him gan to hye,
And fand Jassoun, and Ercules also,
That in a cogge to londe were ygo
Hem to refreshen and to take the eyr.

The mowineng atempe was and fair;
And in his wy the messagere hem mette,
Ful cunningly thise lordes two he grette,
And dide his message, axing hem anon
Yf they were broken, or oght we begoon,
Or hadde nee of lodemen or vitale;
For of socour they shulde nothing faile,
For hit was utterly the quenes wille.

JASOUN answerede, mekely and stilte:
My laddy, qued be, thanke I hertely
Of hir goodnesse; us nedeth, trewly,
Nothing as nou, but that we wery be,
And come for to playe, out of the see,
Til that the wind be better in our wyne.

HIS lady roymeth by the ciff to playe,
With her meynece, endeleng the stronde,
And fynt this Jassoun, and this other stonde,
In spekin of this thing, as I yow tolde.

HIS Ercules and Jassoun gan beholde:
How that the quene hit was, and faires her
Grette
Anon-right as they with this lady mette;
And she took heed, and knew, by hir manere,
By hir ary, by worde and by chere,
That hit were gentilmen, of grete degree.
And to the castel with her ledeth she
Thise straunge folk, and doth hem gret and honer,
And axeth hem of travaile and labour
That they han suffred in the salte see;
So that, within a day, or two, or three,
She knew, by folk that in his shippes be,
That hit was Jassoun, ful of renome,
And Ercules, that had the grette too;
That bochten the aventure of Colco;
And dide hem honer more then before,
And with hem deler ever longer the more,
For they ben worthely folk, withouthen lees.
And namely, moist she spak with Ercules;
To him her herte bare, he sholde be
Sad, wys, and trewe, of worde avisee,
Withouten any other aesseccion
Of love, or evill imaginacion.

HIS Ercules hath so this Jassoun preyed.
That to the same he hath him up arise,
That half so trewe a man ther nas of love
Under the cope of heven that is above;
And he was wys, hardy, secre, and riche.
Of thise thre points her nas noon him liche;
Of freedom passeth he, and lustybede,
Alle tho that livyn or ben dede;
Therto so greet a gentilman was he,
And of Teasalik kyng to be.
Ther nas no tah, but that he was agast
To love, and for to speke shamefaste.
He hadde lever himself to mordre, and dye
Than that men shulde a lover him espie:
Als wolde almyghty God that I had die
My blood and flesh, so thot I myghte live,
With the nones that he hadde owher a wyf
For his eatt; for awhich a lusty lyf,
She shold lede with this lusty knyght!

And al this was compased on the night
Betwixt him Jassoun and this Ercules.
Of thise two best was mad a shrewde lees
To come to houye upon an innocent;
For to bedowe this quene was hir aseent.
And Jassoun is as coy as is a maide,
He loqeth pitously, but noght he saide,
But priete yf he to her consellers
Wytet gret, and to her officeres.
No wolde God laine hadde, and finne,
By proces al his wowing for to wynne.
But in this hous if any falo lover be,
Right as himselfe now doth, right so dide he,
With feynynge and with every agoatel.
Ye geten no more of me, but ye wil rede
Thoroginal, that tellyth al the cas.

THE somme is this, that Jassoun wedded was
Unto this quene, and took of hersubstaunce
Whoso he listte, unto his purewaunce;
And upon her begat he children two,
And drow his sail, and saw her nevermo.

LETTRIG sente she to hir cernes,
Which were to longe to wryteyn and to seyn,
And hir repyrwth of hir gret untrouthe,
And preywh her on hir to have som routhe.
And of his children two, she seide hir this,
That they be lycke, of alle thing, ywis,
To Jassoun; save they coude nat begyle;
And preywh God, or hit were longe whyle,
That she, that had hit herte graft her frou
Moste findeyn him to her untrewle also,
And that she moeste bothe her children spille,
And alle tho that suffreth hir hylle.
And twe to Jassoun was she al her lyf,
And ever kepeth her chast, as for his wyf;
Ne never had she joye at her herte.
But dyed, for his love, of sorwe smerte.

O Colco comen is this duk
Jassoun,
That is of love devourer and dragoun.
As materate appetyeth formes alwey,
And frome forme into forme
hit passen may,
Or as a welle that were botomless,

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Right so can this fals Jasoun have no pees.
For, to desyren, through his appete,
To doom with gentil wommen his deylt,
This is his lust and his felicitie.
JOSON is romed forth to the citee,
That whylom cled was Jacintos,
That was the maister-toum of al Colcos,
And hath ytold the cause of his coming
Unto Ottes, of that contre king,
Preying him that he moste doon his assay
To gete the flees of god, if that he may;
Of which the king assenteth to his bone,
And doth him honour, as hit is to done,
So serforth, that his doghter and his eyr,
Medea, which that was so wys and fair
That fairer saw ther never man with ye,
He made her doon to Jasoun companye
At mete, and sitte with him in the halle.
JOSON was Jasoun a semely man withalle,
And lyk a lord, and had a greyt renowne,
And of his loke as real as lecon,
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,
And coude of love al craft and art plener
Withoute boke, with everich observance,
And, as fortune her cogte a foul mechaunce,
She wex enamoure upon this man.
JOSON, quod she, for ought I see or can,
As of this thing the which ye been aboute,
Ye han youself yput in moche doute.
For, whoso wol this aventure acheve,
He may nat well asteren, as I leve,
Withouten deeth, but I hit helpe be.
But nathenle, hit is my wille, quod she,
To forthen ynow, so that ye shal nat dye,
But turnen, bound, boome to your Tessalye.
Yrighete lady, quod this Jasoun tho,
That ye han of my deethe or of my wo
Any reward, and doon me this honour,
And I wot wel that my mighte ne my labour
May nat deserve hit in my lyves daye;
God thanke yow, ther I ne can ne may.
Your man am I, and lothly you beasche,
To been my help, withoute more speche;
But certe, for my deeth shal I nat spare.
JOSON gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this cas, fro point to point,
And of his batal, and in what disjoint
Demote stande, of which no creature,
Save only she, ne mighte his lyf assure.
And shortly, to the point right for to go,
They been accorded ful, betwix hem two,
That Jasoun shal her wedde, as trewe knight;
And term yuet, to come done at night
Unto her chambre, and make ther his oath,
Upon the goddes, that he, for leef ne looth,
Ne sholde her never falsen, nighte ne day,
To been her husband, whyl hit leven may.
As she that from his deeth him saved here.
And herupon, at night they mette yfere,
And deth his oath, and goth with her to bedde.
And on the morwe, upward he him spedde;
For she hath taught him how he shal nat faile
The flees to winne, and stitten his bataile;
And saved him his lyf and his honour;
And gat him greet name as a conquereour
Right through the sleight of her enchantment.
JOSON hath Jasoun the flees, and bome is went
With Medea, and trevor ful gret woon.
But unwisst of her fader is she goon
To Tessaly, with duc Jasoun her leef,
That afterward hath brought her to mescheef.
For as a traitour he is from her goe,
And with her lafte his yonge children two,
And falsly hath betrayed her, alas!
And ever in love a cheef traitour he was;
And wedde yit the thridde wyf anon,
That was the domghter of the king Creon.
TEIS is the meed of loving and guerdoun
That Medea received of Jasoun
Right for her trouthe and for her kindenesse,
That loved him better than herself, I geese,
And lafte her fader and her heritage.
And of Jasoun this is the vasalage,
That, in his dayes, nas ther noon yfounde
So fals a lover going on the grounde.
And therfor in her lettre this she seyde
First, whan she of his falnesse him umbredye,
Why lyked me thy yellow herd to see
More then the boundes of myn honestee,
Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fairnesse,
And of thy tonge the infinit graceousnesse?
O, haddest thou in thy conquest deed ye be,
Ful mikel untroute the hath ther dyed with thee!
Wel can Oyde her lettre in vers endye,
Which were as now to longe for me to wyte.
Explicit Legenda Voiphile et Medea martrim.
MOOT I SEYN THE EXILIING OF KINGS
Of Rome, for his horrible doings,
And of the laste king Tarquinius,
As saith Oyde and Titus Livius.
But for that cause telle I nat this storie,
But for to praise and drawn to memorie
The verray wif, the verray trewe Lucrecie.

That, for her wyfhood and her stedefastness,
Not only that thys paynys her comende,
But he, that clyped is in our legende
The grete Austin, hath greet compassion
Of this Lucrecie, that starf at Rome toun;
And in what wyse, I wol but shortly tret,
And of this thing I touche but the grete.

And he beguyn was aboute
With Romeyns, that ful steme were and stoute,
Ful longe lay the sege, and litel wroghte,
So that they were half ysl, as hem thoughte;
And in his pleyn Tarquinius the yonge
Can for to jape, for he was light of tonge,
And seyde, that It was an ysl ylyf;
No man did ther no more than his wyf;
And lat us speke of wyves, that is best;
Praise every man his owne, as hym lest,
And with our speche lat us eac our herte.

A KNIGHT, that highte Colatyne, up startte,
And seyde thus, Nay, for hit is no nede
To trowen on the word, but on the dede.
I have a wyf, quod he, that, as I trauwe,
Is holden good of alle that ever her knowe;
So we tonight to Rome, and we shal see.
ARQUINIUS answerde, That lyketh me. 
To Rome be they come, & faste hem dighte 
To Colatynes house, and doun they lighte, 
Tarquinius, and eke this Colatyn.

The husband knew the estre wet and fynte, 
And privily into the hous they gonne; 
Nor at the gate porter was ther none; 
And at the chambrerdore they abyde.

This noble wyf sat by her beddes syde 
Dischevele, for no malice she ne thoughte; 
And softe wolle our book seith that she wronghte 
To kepen her fro slouthe and ydelnesse; 
And bad her servants doon hir businessse, 
And axeth hem: What tydings heren ye? 
How seith men of the sege, how shal hit be? 
God wolde the walles weren falle adoun; 
Myn husband is so longe out of this town, 
For which the dreed doth me so sore smerte, 
Righ as a sward hit streighth to myn herte 
When I think on the sege or of that place; 
God save my lord, I preye him for his grace.

And therewith ful tenderly she weep, 
And of her work she took no more keep, 
But meekly she let her eyen falle; 
And thille semblant sat her wel withinne. 
And ekker teres, ful of honestee, 
Emblisshed her wyplly chaftite; 
Her countenance is to her herte digne, 
For they acrorden in dede and signe. 
And with that word hir husband Colatyn, 
Or she of hime was war, com startetyn in, 
And seide, Dreed the noght, for I am here!

And she anoun up roos, with blissful chere, 
And kiste him, as of wyves is the wolne. 
ARQUINIUS, this proude hinges none, 
Conceived hath her beautye and her chere, 
Her yelow heer, her shap, and her manere, 
Her heuer, her wordes that she hath compleyned, 
And by no crafe her beautee nas nat fyned; 
And caughte to this ladie swich deayr, 
That in his herte brende as any fyr 
So woodely, that his wite was al forgotten. 
For wel, thoughte he, she sholde nat be geten; 
And say the more that he was in dispair, 
The more he coveteth and thoughteth her fair. 
His blinde lust was at his covetinge. 

MORGUE, when the brid began to singe, 
Unto the sege he cometh ful privily, 
And by himselfe he walketh sobery, 
Thyme of her recording alwey newe; 
Thus lay her heer, and thus fressh was her hewe; 
Thus sat, thus spak, thus span; this was her chere, 
Thus fair she was, and this was her manere. 
At this conceit his herte hath now ytake. 
And, as the see, with tempest al toshake, 
That, as a sward the storm is al ago. 
Yet wol the water quappe a day or two, 
Right so, thogh that her forme wer absent, 
The pleasance of her forme was present; 
But theless, nat pleasance, but deynty, 
Or an unrightful talent with despoyt; 
For, maugre her, she shal my lemman be; 
Hap helpeith hardy man alday, quod he; 
What ende that I make, hit shal be so; 

And girt him with his sward, and gan to go; 
And forth he ritt til he to Rome is come, 
And aloud his waye than hath hime nome 
Unto the house of Colatyn ful right. 
Doun was the somme, and day hath lost his light; 
And in he com unto a pryvy halle, 
And in the night ful theerye gan he stalle, 
When every night was to his reste broght, 
Ne no wight had of tresoun swich a thoght. 
Were hit by window or by other gir, 
With swarden ydrena, shortly he comth in 
Ther as she lay, this noble wyf Lucrece. 
And, as she wok, her bed she felt prese. 
What beate is that, quod she, that blytheth thus? 
I am the hinges done, Tarquinius, 
Quod he, but and thou crye, or noise make, 
Or if thou any creature awake, 
By thilke God that formed man on lyve, 
This dward throughout thyne herte shal I ryve, 
And therewith unto her throte he aterre, 
And sette the point al sharp upon her herte. 
No word she spak, she hath no might thereto. 
What shal she sayn? her wite is al ago. 
Right as a wolf that fynte a lomb alocon, 
To whom shal she compleyne, or makhemoon? 
What! shal she fighte with an hardy knight? 
Wel wet men that a woman hath no might. 
What! shal she crye, or how shal she assterre 
That hath her by the throte, with swardre at herte? 
She axeth geace, and seith al that she can. 
He wolte thow nat quod he this cruel man, 
As wiste Jupiter my soule sawe, 
As I shal in the stable slepe thy knave, 
And leye him in thy bed, and loude crye, 
That I thee finde in suche avoyteryse; 
And thow shal bli the deed, and also lese 
Thy name, for thou shal nat of this liche.

BISE Romain wyves loveden so hir name 
At thilke tyme, and dredden so the shame, 
That, what for fere of slaundre and dreede of deeth, 
She loste botho atones wit and breeth, 
And in a sware she lay and wex so deed, 
Men migthe mytten of her arm or heed; 
She feleth nothinge, neither foute ne fair. 
ARQUINIUS, that art a hinges eyr, 
And sholdest, as by ligne and by right, 
Doon as a lord and a verray knight, 
Why hastow doon dispeth to chevalrye? 
Why hastow doon this lady vilanye? 
Alas! of thee this was a vileinse deede! 

But now to purpos; in the story I rede, 
When he was goon, at this mischance is al falle. 
This lady sente after her frendes alle, 
Fader, moder, huabond, al yfere; 
And al diachevele, with her heres clere, 
In habit swich as women used tho 
Unto the burying of her frendes go; 
She sit in balle with a sovere ful sighte, 
Her frendes axen what her aylen mighte, 
And who was deed? And she sit ay weeping, 
A word for shame ne may she fyrth outbringe, 
Ne upon hem she dorse nat beholde.
INCIPI T LEGENDA ADRIEN DE A TH ENES.

Til on a day befel an adventure, that Minos daughter stood upon the wal, and the sea was the maner.

Minos, that was the mighty king of Crete, that had an hundred citites stronge and grete, to acre hath sent his son Andreogus, to Athene; of the whiche hit happe, that he was slaine, being absche by a syte, right in that citie, nat but for envy.

The grete Minos, of the whiche I speke, his sones deeth is comen to write: Alacathoe he biseth harde and longe. But thanethes the walles be so stronge, and Nius, that was king of that citie, so shath Minos two, shal be no more, of Minos or his ost took he no care, and Brutus by her chaite blode hath swore that Tarquini shold ybanight be therfore, and al his kit, and let the peple calle, and openly the tale he tolde hem alle, and openly let carie her on a bery.

But the laste of Tarquini she hem tolde, this reful cas, and at this thing horrible, the wo to ternen hit were impossible, that she and alle her frendes made atones, hit mighte have made hem upon her rewe, her berte was so swerly and so trewe, she seide, that, for her gylt ne for her blame, her husband shold he nat haue the foule name, that wolde she nat suffre, by no wey, and they answeren alle, upon hit fery, that they forseye hit her, for hit was right; hit was gylt, hit lay nat in her wight; and seiden her examples many son. But al for night: for thus she seide anoon: Be as may, quod she, of forgiving. I wol nat have no forgity for nothing. But privly she caughte forth a kyf, and therethat she rafe her self her lyf; and as she fel adoun, she caste her looke, and of here clothes yit she heide took; for in her falling yit she hadde care lest that her feet or swiche thing lay bare; so wel she had cleannes and ceh trouble.

And at her had at the towne of Rome routhe, and Brutus by her chaite blode hath swore that Tarquini shold ybanight be therfore, and al his kit, and let the peple calle, and openly the tale he tolde hem alle, and openly let carie her on a bery.

Through at the towne, that men may see & here the horribl deed of her oppreuson. Ne never was ther king in Rome towne. Sin thilke day; and she was holden there.

A seint, and ever her day yhalwe dere Ao in her lawe: and thau endeth Lucresea, the noble wyf, as Citius bereth witeynesse. But in their hit, for she was of love so trewe, in her wyfe she changed for none newe. And for the stable herte, sad and kinde, that in these women may alday finde; ther as they caste her herte, ther hit dwellith, for wel I wot, that Crist himself teleth, that in Israel, as wyd as is the lond, that no gret faith in all the lond for me. Ao in a woman; and this is no eye. And as of men, loketh which tiranny they doen alday; assay hem who so list, the trewest is ful bretel for to triote.

Explicit Legenda Lucresea Rome martiris.
And maken hem of Athenes his thrall
Fro yere to yere, whyl that he liven shal;
And hom he sailleth whan this tooun is wonne.
This wikked custom is no longe yronne
Cil that of Athenes king Egeus
Not sende his owne son, Theseus,
Sith that the lot is fallen him upon,
To be avoured, for grace is ther non.
And forth is lad this woful yonge knight
Unto the court of king Minos ful right,
And in a prison, fetered, caste is he
Cil thilke tymen he sholdte ypreten be.

EL maystow wepe, woful Theseus,
That art a kinges son, and dampned thus.
I thinketh this, that thou were depe yholde
To whom that saved the fro cares colde!
And now, if any woman helpe thee,
 Meloughtow her servant for to be,
 And been her tre love yere by yere!
But now to come agayn to my matere.

De tour, ther as This seus is thrown
Doun in the bottom derke & wonder lowe,
Was joynyn in the walle to a foryne;
And hit was longinge to the doghtren twyne
Of kine Minos, that in his chambers gret
Naten shaw to ward the maister strete,
In mochel mirth, in joye and in solas.

Not I nat how, hit happed ther, per cas,
As Theseus compleyned him by nighte,
The kinges doghter, Adrian that bighte,
And eek her sueter Phedra, herden at
His compleyning, as they stode on the wal
And lokeden upon the brighte mone;
Pe leste nat to go to bedde done.
And of his wo they had compassion
A kinges son to ben in swich prisoun
And be devoured, thoughte hem grete pitee.

DAN Adrian spak to her sueter free,
And seyde: Phedra, lewe sueter dere,
This woful lorder son may ye nat here,
Now pitously compleyneth he his kin,
And eek his pore estat that he is in,
And glitteles? now certes, hit is routhe!
And if ye wol asaenten, by my trouthe,
De shal be holpen, how so that we do
For him as ever I was for any man;
And, to his help, the beste reed I can
Is that we doon the gayler privily
To come, and speke with us hastily,
And doon this woful man with him to come.
For if he may this monstre overcome,
They were he quit; ther is noon other bote.
Let us wel taste him at his herte rote,
That, if so be that he a wepen have,
Wher that he dar, his lyf to kepe and save,
Fighiten with this fend, and him defende.
For, in the prison, there he shall descend,
Ye wiste well, that the beste is in a place.
That his nat derk, and hath room eek and space.
To wele an ax or sword or staf or knyf,
So that, me thinkeith, he sholde save his lyf;
If that he be a man, he shal do so.
And we shal make him balles eek also.
Of weye and towne, that, when he gapeth faste,
Into the beste threth, he shal him take.
To slake his hunger and encombre his teeth;
And right anon, when that Theseus seeeth
The beste ached, he shal on him lepe
To slay him, or they come more tochepe.
This wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,
Parvily within the prison lyde;
And, for the hous is crinkled to and fro,
And hath so queinte weyes for to go.
For hit is shapen as the mase is wrought,
Therto have I a remedie in my thought,
That, by a clewe of twyne, as he bath goon,
The same wepy, he may returne anoyn,
Following alye the threth, as he hath come.
And, when that he this beste hath overcome,
Then may he flie away out of this drede,
And eek the gayler may be with him lede,
And him avance at hoom in his contree,
Sin that so great a lordes hove in a.
This is my reed, if that he dar hit take.
What sholde I lenger sermon of
hit make?

Whose?
The gayler cometh, and with him
Theseus.
And when thiese thinges been acorded thus,
Adoun sit Theseus upon his knee:

The right lay of my lyf, quod he,
I, sorrowful man, ydampet to the death.
Pro yow, whyl that me lasteth lyf or breth,
I wol nat twyne, after this aventure,
But in your service thyn I wol endure,
That, as a wrecche unknoue, I wol yow serve
For evermo, til that myn herte sterve.
Forsake I wol at hoom myn heritage,
And, as I seide, ben of your court a page,
If that y prose haue that, in this place,
Ye graunte me to han so greet a grace.
That I may han nat but myn mete and drinke;
And for my sustenance yit wol I wynke,
Right as yow list, that Minos ne no wight,
Sin that he saue me never with even sight.
Ne no man eile, shal me come espoye;
So dely and so wel I shal me gyve,
And me so wel dishfigure and so lowe,
That in this world ther shal no man me knowe,
To han my lyf, and for to han presence.
Of yow, that doon to me this excellence,
And to my fader shal I senden here
This worthy man, that is now your gaylere,
And, him to guerdon, that he shal wel be
Gon of the gretest men of the contree.
And yf I dorne asey, my lady bright,
I am a hinges bone, and eek a knight;
As wolde God, yf that hit mighte be
Ye weren in my contree, alle three,
And I with yow, to bere yow companye,
Than shulde ye seen yif that I therof hive.
And, if I profere yow in low manere
To ben your page and seyven yow right here,
But I yow serve as lowly in that place,
I prey to Mars to give me swiche a grace
That shames deeth on me ther mote faile,
And deeth and powre to my frendes alle;
And that my spirtly by nighte mote goe
After my deeth, and walke to and fro;
That I mote of a traitour have a name,
For which my spirtly goe, to do me shame.
And yf I ever clame other degree,
But if ye wolde be fro me in this place,
As I haue seid, of shames deeth I dye.
And mercy, lady! I can nat elles seye!
The King was Thesues to see,
And yong, but of a twenty year and three;
But whose haddye seen his countenance,
He wolde have wept, for routh of his penance;
For which this Adriane in this manere
Answerde to his profre and to his chere.
A hinges bone, and eek a knight, quod she,
To been my servant in so low degree,
God shulde hit, for the shame of women alle;
And leve me never swich a cas befalle!
But sende yow grace and sleightes of herte also,
Yow to defende and knayghtelie seen your fo,
And leve hereafter that I may yow finde
To me and to my suste here so kinde;
That I repente nat to give yow lye!
Yf were hit better that I were your wyf,
Sin that ye been as gentil born as I,
And have a raseme, nat but faste by,
Then that I suffred glittis yow to sterre,
Or that I let yow as a page serve;
Hit is not profit, as unto your kimrede;
But what is that that man nil do for drede?
And of my suster, gyn that hit is so,
That she not goon with me, if that I goe,
Or elles suffre deeth as well as I,
That ye unto your sone as trewly
Doun her be wedded at your hoom coming.
This is the fynale ende of ali this thing;
Ye wene hit better, or that it may be aworn.
E. lady myn, quod he, or elles to meste
Mote I be with the Minotaur tomore?
And havelh hereof my herte/blood to borwe,
Yf that ye wil; if I had knyf or spere,
I wolde hit tenen out, and theron wrewe,
For that at ert I wolte ye wil me lye.
By Mars, that is the cheef of my blyve,
So that I myhtede liven and nat faile
Tomefre for tacheve my bataile,
I nolde never fro this place flee,
Til that ye shulde the verray preve see.

For now, if that the sooth I shal yow say,
I haue ywed yow ful many a day,
Chogy ye ne wiste hit nat, in my contree.
And aldermost deseerty yow to see.
Of any eorthy living creature
Upon my trouthe I were, and yow assure.
Thise seyen yeare I have your servant be;
Now haue I yow, and also haue ye me,
My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse!

His lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,
And at his herte worden, and his chere,
And to her suster seide in this manere,
Alsoftely: Now, suster myn, quod she,
Now be we duchesses, bothe I and ye,
And siluered to the regales of Athenes,
And bothe herafter lykly to be quenes,
And saved fro his deeth a hinges bone,
As ever of gentil women is the wone
To save a gentil man, emforth hir mighte,
In honest cause, and namely in his right.
I thinkeith no wight oughte herof us blame,
Ne ben us therfor an evill name.

Ther as this Minotaur hath his dwelling,
Right faste by the dore, at his entring.
And Thesues is lad unto his deeth,
And forth unto this Minotaur he geeth,
And by the teching of this Adriane
He overcom this beast, and was his bane;
And out he came by the clewe again,
Ful prevly, whan he this beast hath slain;
And by the gayler geten hath a barge,
And of his wyves tresor gan hit charge,
And took his wyf, and eek her suster trewe,
And eke the gayler, and with hem alle three
Is stole awaye out of the lond by nighte,
And to the contre of Ennopye him dighte
Ther as he had a fred of his knowinge.
Ther festen they, ther dauncen they and singe;
And in his armes hath this Adriane,
That of the beast hath kept him from his bane;
And gat him ther a newe barge anoon,
And of his contre/folk a ful greet woon,
And taked his lyve, and bomyward aileth he.
And in yle, amid the wilde see,
Ther as ther dwelle creature noon
Save wilde bestes, and that ful many a con,
He made his ship alonclone for to sette;
And in that yle half a daye he lette,
And seide, that on the lond he moste him reste.
His mariners han doun right as him leste;
And, for to telien shortly in this cas,
When Adriane his wyf aslepe was,
For that his suster fairer was than she,
He taked her in his hond, and forth goth he
To shippe, and as a traitour stil his waye
Whyl that this Adriane aslepe lay,
And to his contreward he aileth blyve,
A twentye devil waye the wind him dryve
And fonde his fader drenched in the see.
E list no more to speke of him, parde; 
Thise false lovers, poison be hir bane!
But I wol turne again to Adriane
That is with slepe for weynesse atake,
Ful soweefully her herte may awake.
Alas! for thee my herte hath now pite!
Right in the dawenyn awaketh she,
And grogether in the bedde, and fond right nght.

Alas! quod she, that ever I was wroght!
I am betrayed! and her heer torent.
And to the strende barfot feste she wente,
And trept! Theseus! myn herc sweete!
Wher be ye, that I may nat with yow mete,
And mighte thus with bestes been yaliad?

Holwe rokkes answerd her again;
No man she saw, and yet shyned the mone.

And bye upon a rokke she wente sone,
And saw his barge sailing in the see.
Cold wex her herte, and right thys seide she:
Melior than ye finde I the bestes wilde!

Hadd he nat sinnen, that her thus begylde?
She cryed: O turne again, for routhe and sinnen!
Thy barge hath nat al his menny inne!

Her kercchef on a pole up stilked she,
Announce that he sholde hit wel yace,

And him remembre that she was behinde,
And turne again, and on the strende her finde:
But al for noight; his wey he is ygoon.
And doun se fil aswown upon a stoon;
And up she ris, and rieste, in al her care,
The stepehes of his feet, ther he hath fare,
And to her bedde right thus she speke the tho:

Thow bed, quod she, that hast receaved two,
Thow shalt answere of two, and nat of oon!
Ther is thy gretter part away ygoon?
Alas! wher shall I, wrecched wight, become!
For, thogh so be that ship or boat heer come,
Joon to my contree dar I nat for drede;
I can myselfen in this caun nat rede!

What shall I telle more her com-
pleining?
Hit is so long, hit were an hevy
thing.

In her epistle Naso telleth al:
But shortlly to the ende I telle shal.
The goddes have her holpen, for pite;
And, in the signe of Caurus, men may see
The stone of her coroun anye clere.

WOL no more speke of this matere;
But thus this false lover can begylde
Hys trewe love. The devil quyte him his
whyle!

Explicit Legenda Adriane de Athenes.
Incipit Legenda Philomene.

Deus dator formarum.

As for that fyn to make swiche a thing,
Why suffrest thou that Cereus was boren,
That is in love so fals and so foreworm
That fro this world up to the firste hevewe,
Corrupteth, whan that folk his name nevewe?
And, as to me, so grisyly was his dede,
That, whan that I his foule story redde,
Myn eye token foule and sore also;
Methought the wey of so longe agoe.
That hit enfecteth him that wol beholde
The story of Cereus, of which I tolde.

Oft Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,
The cruel god that stant with bloody darte.
And wedded had he, with a blissful chere,
King Dandones, faire dochter dere.
That bighte Progne, flour of her contree,
Thogh Juno list nat at the feste be,
Ne Ymeneus, that god of weddyl bren;
But at the feste redly been, ywis,
The furies three, with alle hire mortell brand,
The owle alnight aboute the balkes wond,
That prophet is of wo and of mischaunce,
This revel, ful of songe and ful of daunce,
Lasteth a fourtenight, or litel lase,
But, shortly of this story for to passe,
For I am very of him for to telle,
Five yer he wyf and he togethe dwelle,
Til on a day she gan so sore longe
To seyn her suster, that she saw nat longe,
That for day or day she niste what to seye,
But to her husband gan she for to preye,
For Goddess love, that she moste ones goon
Her suster for to seyn, and come anoon,
Or elles, but she moste to her wende,
She preye him, that he wolde after her sende;
And this was, day by day, al her prayere
With a humberouse of wyfhood, word, and chere.

Thys Teresus let make his shippe yare,
And into Grece himself is forth yfare
Unto his fader in lawe, and gan him preye
To vouche sauff that, for a month or twye,
That Phileme, his wyves suster, myghte
On Droge his wyf but ones haue a sighte,
And she shal come to yow again anoon.
Myself with her wol bothe come and goon,
And as myn hertes lyf I wol her kepe.

Thys olde Pandion, this king, gan wepe
For tenderness of herte, for to lewe
His nochter goon, and for to give her lewe;
Of all this worlde he lovede nothing so;
But at the laste lewe hath she to goe.
For Phileme, with salte teres she,
Gan of her fader grace to beseeke
To seyn her suster, that her longeth so;
And him embraceth with her armes two.
And therwilhe so yong and fair was she
That, whan that Teres saw her beautee,
And of array that ther was noon her liche,
And yit of bountee was she two so riche,
He caste his fyry herte upon her so
That he wol have her, how so that hit goe,
And with his wyles kneled and so preye,
Til at the laste Pandion thus seyde:

Now, sone, quod he, that art to me so dere,
I thee betake my yonge dochter here,
That bereth the hevy of al my hertes lyf.
And grete wel my dochter and thy wyf,
And yive her lewe o姆tyme for to playe,
That she may seyn me ones er I deye.

And soothly, he hath mad him riche pente,
And to his foles, the moste and eek the lest,
That with him com; and yaf him yffites grete,
And him conveyeth through the maisterstrete
Of his land, and to the see him broghte,
And turneth hoom; no malice he ne thoughte.

He ores pulleth forth the vesel faste,
And into Trace arriweth at the laste,
And up into a forest he her ledde,
And to a cave privily him spede;
And, in this dere cave, yf her leste,
Or leste noght, he had her for to reste;
Of whiche her herte agroes, and seyde thus:
Whe is my suster, brothere Teresus?

And therwithal she wepte tenderly,
And quok for fere, pale and pitously,
Right as the lamb that of the wolf is bitten;
Or as the cock, that of the egle is smitten,
And is out of his claws forth escaped,
Yet hit is sore affered and awshaped
Leat hit be hent eftsones, so sat she.
But utterly hit may non other be.

By force hath he, this traitour, doon that dede,
That he hath refet her of her maydenhede,
Maugree her head, by strengthe and by his might.
Lo! here a dede of men, and that a right!
She eryeth Suster! with ful loude stene,
And fader dere! and Help me, God in hevene!

Al helpeth nat; and yet this false thee
Hath done this lady yet a more mischefe,
For fere lest she sholde his shame crye,
And doun him openly a vilanye.
And with his sword her tong of kerveth he,
And in a castel made her for to be
Ful privity in prison evermore,
And kepe to his usage and his store,
So that she mightes him nevermore asterete.
O sely Phileme! wo is thy herte;
God wrke thee, and sende thee thy bone!
Now hit tymeth I make an ende sone.

Thys Teresus is to his wyf ycome,
And in his armes hath his wyf ynomne,
And pitously he weep, and shock his heed,
And awor her that he fond her suster deed;
For which this sely Droge hath swich wo,
That ny her sorweful herte brak atwo;
And thus in teres lette I Droge dwelle,
And of her suster forth I wol yow telle.

Thys moste lady lemed had in youthe
So that she werken & embrodden couthe,
And weven in her stole the radewe
As hit of women hath been yore.
And, shortly for to seyn, she hath her fille
Of mete and drink, and clothing at her wille,
And coude ech rede, and wel ynoch endyte,
But with a penne coude she nat wyte;
But lettreys can she weven to and fro,
So that, by that the yer was al ago,
She had ywoven in a stamin large
Now she was broth from Athenea in a barge,
And in a cave bow that she was broth;
And al the thing that Teresus hadde,
She waf hit wel, and wrote the story above,
Now she was serwed for her suster love;
And to a knave a ring she yaf anoon,
And prayed him, by signes, for to goon
Unto the quene, and beren her that clooth,
And than by signes awor him many an ooth,
She sholde him yewe what she geten mighte.

Thys knave anoon unto the quene him dighte,
And took hit her, and at the maner tolde,
And, whan that Droge hath this thing beholde,
No word she spak, for sorwe and eek for rage;
But feyned she to goon on false image
To Bacchus temple: and, in a litel stoutline,
Her dombe suster sittyngh hath she founde,
Weeping in the castel her alcon.
Alas! the wo, the compleint, and the moon
That Droge upon her dombe suster maketh!
In armes everich of hem other talke,
And thus I lete hem in his sorwe dwelle.
INCIPIT LEGENDA PHILLIS.

That wikked fruit cometh of a wikked tree,
That may ye finde, if that it lyketh yow.
But for this ende I speke this as now,
To telle you of false Demophon.
In love a false here I never seyn,
But if hit were his fader Theseus.
God, for his grace, fro swich con kepe us!
Thus may thise women prayen that hit here.
Now to the effect turne I of my mater.

DESTROYED is of Trowe the citee:
This Demophon com salking in the see
Toward Athenes, to his paleys large:
With him com many a ship and many a barge
Ful of his folk, of which ful many con
Is wounded sore, and seke, and wo begoon.
And they han at the sege longe ylaine.
Behinde him com a wind and eek a rain
That shooft so sore, his sail he mighte stonde,
Him were lever than at the world alonede,

The remanent is no charge for to telle,
This is al a doom, thus was she served,
That never harm agitie ne deserved
Unto this cruel man, that she of wiste.
Ye may be war of men, yf that yow liste.
For, al be that he wol nat, for his shame,

Doon so as Teres, to lese his name,
Ne serve yow as a mordrecor a laine,
Ful litle whyle shut ye trewe him have,
That wol I seyn, al were he now my brother,
But hit so be that he may have non other.
Explicit Legenda Phiiomene.
So hunteth him the tempest to and fro.
So deth hit was, he couede nowher go;
And with a wawe brosten was his stre.
His ship was rent so lowe, in swich manere,
That carpentere ne couede hit nat amende.
The see, by nighte, as any torche brende
For wood, and posseth him now up now doun,
Til Neptun hath of him compassicon,
And Theidis, Chorus, Citron, and they alle,
And maden him upon a londe to talle,
Werof that Phillis lady was and quene,
Ligurges doghter, fairer on to seen
Than is the flour again the brighte bone.
Unnethe is Demophon to londe ywonne,
Wayk and eek verry, and his folk forpynd
Of werinesse, and also enfamynd;
And to the deeth he almost was ydriuen.
His wyse folk to conseil han him yiven
To selken help, and socour of the queen,
And lochen what his grace might been,
And maken in that lond som chevisaunce,
To kepem him fro wo and fro misconwance.
For seek was he, and almost at the deeth;
Unnethe mighte he speke or drawe his breath,
And lyth in Kodepeya him for to reste.
When he may walke, his thoughte hit was the beste
Unto the court to seken for socour.
Men kneve him wel, and diden him honour;
For at Athenes duk and lord was he,
As Theseus his fader hadde yde,
That in his tymne was of grete renoun,
No man so greet in al his regiwon;
And lyk his fader of face and of stature,
And fals of love; hit com him of nature;
As doth the fox Renard, the foxes sone,
Of kinde he couede his olde faders wone
Without lore, as can a drake swinne,
When hit is caught and caried to the brimme.
This honourable Phillis doth him chere,
Her lyketh whel his port and his manere.
But for I am agroted heer biforn
To wryte of hem that been in love forswn,
And eek to houte me in my legende,
Which to perfore God me grace sende,
Therfor I passe shorty in this wyse;
Ye han wel herd of Theseus devyne
In the betraison of fair Adriane,
That of her pite kepte him from his bane.
Hit sherte wordes, right so Demophon
The same wy, the same path hath gon
That dide his false fader Theseus.
For unto Phillis hath he sworn thus,
To wedden her, and her his trouthe plighte,
And piket of her at the good he mighte,
When he was hool and sound and hadde his reste;
And doth with Phillis what so that him lest.
And wel couede I, yif that me leste so,
Tellen al his doing to and fro.
And openly he took his leve tho,
And hath her sworne, he wolde nat sojorne,
But in a moneth he wolde again retorne.
And in that lond let make his ordinaunce
As verray lord, and took the obeisaunce
Wel and hoomly, and let his shipspe dighte,
And hoom he gott the nexte wy he mighte;
For unto Phillis yit ne com he noght.
And that hath she so harde and sore aboght,
Alas! that, as the stories us recorde,
She was her owne deeth right with a corde,
When that she saw that Demophon her trayed.
He got to him first she wroote and faste him prayed
He wolde come, and her deliver of peyne
As I rehearse shal a word or twyne.
Me list nat vouchesauf on him to swynke,
Ne spende on him a pene ful of inke,
For fals in love was he, right as his yyre;
The devil sette his soules bothe abyre!
But of the lettere of Phillis wol I wryte
A word or twyne, although hit be but lyte.

Dun hostesse, quod she, O Demophon,
Thy Phillis, which is that so wo began,
Dus I of Kodepeya, upon yow moost compleyne,
Over the termes betwixt u twyne.
That ye ne holde forward, as ye seyde;
Your anker, which ye in our haven leyde,
Righte us, that ye wolde come, out of doute,
Or that the mone ones wente aboute.
But tymes foure the mone hath bid her face
Sin thilke day ye wente fro this place,
And foure tymes light the world again.
But for al that, yif I shal soothel sain,
Yif hath the streem of Sitho nat ybrought
From Athenes the ship; yit comth hit noght.
And, yif that ye the terme rhene wolde,
As I or other trewe lovers sholde,
I plyene not, God wot, before my day.

But al her lettre wryten I ne may
By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;
Her lettre was right long and ther to large;
But here and there in ryme I have hit laid,
This as me thoughte that she wel hath said.

Seide: Thy salles comen nat again,
Ne to thy word theris no foy certein;
But I wot why ye come nat, quod she;
For I was of my love to you so fre.
And of the goddes that ye han forswn,
Yif that her vengeance falle on yow therfore,
Ye be nat saffiant to bere the peyne.
To moche trusted I, wel may I plyne,
Upon your linage and your faire tonge,
And on your teres falsely out wy纠错.
How couede ye wepe so by craft? quod she;
May ther swiche teres tyme seyn be?
Now certes, yif ye wolde have in memorie,
Hit oghte be to yow but litel glorie.
To have a sey mayde thus betrayed!
To God, quod she, preye I, and ofte have prayed,
That hit be now the gretest pryse of aile,
And moste honour that ever yow shal befalle!
And when thyn olde ancesstre peyned be,
In which men may hir worthinesse see,
And praye I to God, thou peynte be also,
That felle may yden, forty as they go,
Lo! this is he, that with his flaterie
Betrayed hath, and doon her vilanye,
That was his trewe love in thoughte and deede!
But softely, of 00 point yit may they rede,
That ye ben lyk your fader as in this;
For he begot Adriane, wysh,
With awiche an art and swiche soteite
As thou thyself hast begyded me,
As in that point, although hit be nat fayr,
Thou folwest him, certein, and art his eyr.

But sin thus sinfully ye me begyde,
By body mothe ye been, within a whyle,
Right to the haven of Athenes fleetinge,
Withouten sculpture and buryinge;
Thogh ye ben harder than is any stoon
And, when this lettre was forth sent anoon
And knew how brotel and how fals he was,
She for dispeyr forside herself, alas!
Swote he hath she, for she bestrate her soo.
Be war, ye women, of your sootli fo,
Sin yet this day men may ensample see;
And trusteth, as in love, no man but me.
Explicit Legenda Philiss.

Incipit Legenda Ypermistre.

And rede Mars was, that tyme of the yere,
So feble, that his malice is hi raft,
Repressed hath Venus his cruel craft;
What with Venus and other oppreession
Of houses, Mars his venim is adoun,
That Ypermistra dar nat handle a knyf
In malice, thogh she sholdse lose her lyf.
But natheles, as heven gan the turne,
To baddse aspectes hath she of Saturne,
That made her for to deyen in prooune,
As I shal after make mencion.
O Danao and Egiates also,
Although so be that they were brethren two,
For thilke tyme was spared no linage,
Plyed hem to maken mariage
Betwixt Ypermistra and him Lino.
And casten swiche a day hit shal be so;
And ful accorded was hit witterly;
The array is werthe, the tyme is faste by.
And thus Lino hath of his fadre brother
The doghter wedded, and ech of hem hath other.

The torches brennen & the lampes brighte,
The sacrificis been fulredly dighte;
Thencess out of the lyre reikeht acte,
The flour, the leef is rent up by the rote
To maken garlandes and corouenes hye;
Ful is the place of soun of ministracye,
Of sones amorous of mariage,
As thilke tyme was the pleyne usaghe.
And this was in the paleys of Egiates,
That in his hows was lord, right as him liste;
And thus the day drywen to an ende;
The frendes taken leve, and hoom they wende.
The night is come, the bryd shal go to bedde;
Egiates to his chamber faste him sperede;
And dryly be let his doghter calle.
When that the hous was voided of hem alle,
He loked on his doghter with glad chere,
And to her spak, as ye shul after here.

Ybrighte doghter, tresor of myn herte! 
Sin first that day that shapen was my shorte.
Or by the fatal suytren had my dom,
So my myn herte never thing me com
As thou, myn Yermistra, doghter dere!
Tak heed what I thy fader sey thee here,
And werk after thy wyser evermore.
For alderfistre, doghter, I love thee so
That al the world to me his half so leef;
Ne I molde rede thee to thy mischief
For al the gode under the colde mone;
And what I mene, hit shal be seid right sone,
With protestacion, as in this wyse,
That, but thou do as I shal thee devise,
Thoushalt be deede, by him that al hath wroght!
In shorte worordes, thou neesapest noght
Out of my paleys, or that thou be deede,
But thou consente and werke after my reed;
Tak thin to thee for ful conclusion.

Yermistra caste her eyen down,
And quok as dooth the leef of aspe grene;
Deed wes her Hewe, and lyk as ash to sene,
And seyde: Lord and fader, al thy will,
After my might, God wont, I shal fulfille;
So hit to me be no confusion.

NIL, quod he, have noon excepccion;
And out he caught a lynyf, as rasour kene;

Byd this, quod he, that hit be nat ysene;
And, whan thy husband is to bedde ygo,
Whyl that he slepit, cut his throte atwo.
For in my dremes hit is warned me
Now that my neve shal my bane be,
But whiche I noot, wherfore I wol be blake.
Yf thow say nay, we two shal have a biler
As I have sayd, by tham that I have sworn.

This Yermistra hath ny her wit for-lorn;
And, for to passen harmles of that place,
She graunted him; ther was non other grace.
And therwithal a costrel talethe he,
And seyde: heroic draught, or two or three,
Yf him to drinke, when he goth to reste.
And he shal slape as longe as ever thee laste,
The narcotists and opies been so stronge;
And go thwy, lest that him thinke longe.
At comth the bryd, & with ful sober chere,
As is of maidens ofte the manere,
To chamber is broughth with revel and with songe.
And shortly, lest this tale be to longe,
This Lino and she ben bome broughth to bedde;
And every wight out at the dore him spede.
The Legend of Goode Wimmens

The night is wasted, and he fele allepe;
Ful tenderly beginneth she to wepe.
She riu her up, and dredfully she quaketh,
As doth the braunch that Zephirus shaketh,
And husheth were alle in Argon that citie.
As cold as any frost now weaxeth she;
For pite by the herte her streyneth so,
And dreed of deeth doth her so moche wo,
That thryes down she fil in swiche a were.
She riu her up, and stakereth heer and there,
And on her handes faste toketh she.
Alas! and shul my handes blydy be?
I am a maid, and, as by my nature,
And by my semblant and by my vesture,
Myn handes been nat shapen for a knyf,
As for to reve no man fro his lyf.
What devil have I with the knyf to do?
And shal I have my throte corwe at two?
Than shal I blede, alas! and me beshende;
And needes cost this thing mot have an ende;
Or he or I mot needes leae our lyf.
Now certes, quod she, sin I am his wyf,
And hath my feith, pit is it bet for me
For to be deed in wyfhy honestee.

Than be a trairour living in my shame.
Be as be may, for ernest or for game,
He shal awake, and ryse and go his way
Out at this goter, or that hit be day!

And weep ful tenderly upon his face,
And in her armes gan him to embrace,
And him she roggeth and awaketh ofte;
And at the window leep he fro the loftre
When she hath warned him, and doon him bote.

This Lino swifte was, and light of fote,
And from his wyf he ran a ful good pas.
This sely woman is so wayly, alas!
And helpes so, that, or that she fer wente,
Her cruel fader dide her for to hente.
Alas! Lino! why art thou so unkinde?
Why ne haddest thou remembered in thy minde
To taken her, and lad her forth with thee?
For, when she saw that goon away was he,
And that she mighte nat so faste go,
Ne folwen him, she sette her doun right tho,
Til she was caught and fetered in prisoun.
This tale is seid for this conclusion....

Unfinished.
In the House of Fame, Liber Primus.

Wyt that hyt an avisyon,
And this a revelacion;
Why this a dreym, why that a sweven,
And nat to ever a man lye even;
Why this a fantom, these oracles,
I noot; but whom of these miracles
The causus knoweth bet than I,
Deyne he; for I certes
Ne can hem noght, ne never thinke
To beasty my wit to swende,
To knowe of his signification.
The genresses, neither the distance
Of rymes of hem, ne the causus
Forywhy this more than that cause is;
As if folke complexions
Make hem dreame of reflexions;
Or elles thus, as other sayn,
For to greet feblisenesse of brayn,
By abstinence, or by sekenesse,
Prison, stewe, or greet distressse;
Or elles by disorderance
Of natural acustomance
That som man is to curiouse
In studie, or melancholious,
Or thus, so iny ful of drede,
That no man may him bote bende;
Or elles, that devocioun
Of somme, and contemplacioun
Causeth swiche dreemes ofte;
Or that the cruel tyr ye unsefte
Which these love, lero de leden
That hopen over muche or dreden,
That purely hir impresioun
Causeth hem avisacioun;
Or if that spirits have the might
To make folk to dreeme anight
Or if the soule, of propre hinde,
Be so parfit, as men finde,
That hit forwor result hir to come,
And that hit warneth alle and somme
Of eurchiche of hir aventure
By avisacioun, or by figures,
But that our flesh ne hath no might
To understonden hit arihgt,
For hit is warned to derlyh;
But why the cause is, nought wet I.
Wel wirth, of this thing, grete clerkes,
That tret of this and other werkes;
For I of noon opinioun
Nil as now make mencioun,
But only that the holy rode
Turne us every dreeme to gode!
For never, sith that I was born,
Ne no man elles, me biforn,
Mette, I trowe stedfastly,
So wonderfull a dreem as I.
The tenth day dide of Decembre,
The which, as I can now remembre,
I wol yow telle, every del,
The Invocation.

That take hit wel, and scorne hit noght,
Ne hit misdeem in hir thoght,
Through malicious entenciuon.
And who so, through presumpcioun,
Or hate or scorne, or through envye,
Dispyt, or jape, or vilanye,
Misdem hir, preye hir I Jesus God
That (dreeme he barfoot, dreeme he shod),
That every harm that any man
 Hath had, sith that the world began,
Befalle hit therof, or he serve,
And graunte hir more hit ful deserve,
Lo! I with aisch an conclusion
As had of his avisacioun
Creusa, that was king of Lyde,
That high upon a gebet dyde!
This prayer shal he have of me;
I am no bet in charite!
Now herketh, as I have you seyd,
Whit that I mete, or I abyed.
The Dream.

Decembre the tenth day,
When hit was nyght, to
Sleep I lay
Right ther as I was wont
to done,
And fil on slepe wonder
Some,
As he that wery was forso
On pilgrimag myles two
to the corseynt Leonard,
To make lythe of that was hard.

But as I sleep, me mette I was
Within a temple ymad of glass;
In which ther were no images
Of gold, standing in sondry stages,
And mo riches tabernacles,
And with pere mo pinacles,
And mo curiouse portreytures,
And queynte maner of figures
Of olde werke, then I saw ever.
For certeynly, I niste never
Other that I was, but wel wiste I,
Hit was of Venus redely
The temple: for, in portreyture,
I saw ancon right hir figure
Naked flatinge in a see.
And also on hir heede, parde,
Hir rose garland whye and reed,
And hir comb to hembe hir heede,
Hir downes, and daun Cupido,
Hir blinde sone, and Vulcano,
That in his face was ful broun.

But as I roamed up and down,
I fond that on a walt ther was
Thus written, on a table of bras:
I wol now singe, if that I can,
The armes, and also the man,
That first cam, through his destine,
Fugitif of Troye contrede,
In Italie, with ful moche pyme,
Unto the stronges of Layyme.
And tho began the story anoon,
The Fosc
of Fame.

He I shal telle you eechoun.
First saw I the destrucctioun
Of Troye, through the Greke
Ilioum, 
That with his false forsweringe,
And his chere and his lesinge
Made the hore brought into Troye,
Thorg which Troyena loste al hir joye.
And after this was grave, alas! 
Hir Ilioum assaulted was
And wome, and king Priam ystalyn,
And Polites his sone, certayn,
Dispiteous, of dan Pirrus,
Next that saw I how Venus,
Whan that she saw the castel brende,
Doun fro the hevene gan descende,
And bad hir sone Eneas flee;
And how he fledde, and how that he
Escaped was from al the prea,
And took hir fader, Anchises,
And bar hir on his bakhe away,
Cryinge, Atlas, and weleweay!
The whiche Anchises in his honde
Bar the goddes of the londe,
Thike that unbrende were.
Next that saw I, alle this fere,
How Creusa, daw Eneas wyf,
Which that he lovede as his lyf,
And hir yonge son Iulio,
And eek Ascanius also
Fledden eek with drery chere,
That hit was pite for to here;
And in a forest, as they wente,
At a turninge of a wente,
How Creusa was yloste, alas!
That deede, but noot I hooe she was;
How he hir soughete, and how hir gote
Bad him to flee the Grikes out,
And seyde, he moiste unto Italie,
As was his destinee, sauns faile;
That hit was pite for to here,
Whan hir spirtu gan appere,
The wordes that she to hir seyde,
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.
Ther saw I grave eek how be,
His fader eek, and his meyne,
With his shippes gan to sayle
Toward the contree of Italie,
As aigreth as that they mighte go.
HER saw I thee, cruel Juno,
That art daun Jupiteres wyf,
That hast yhaled, at thy lyf,
At the Croyanisshe blood,
Renne and crye, as thouere were wood,
On Coud, the godde of windes,
To blowen out, of alle hindes,
So loude, that he shulde drench
Lord and lady, grome and wenche
Of all the Croyan nacion,
Withoute any savacium.

HER saw I swich tem peste aryse
That every herte mighte agryse,
To see hit peyned on the walle.

HER saw I graven eek withaille,
Venus, how ye, my lady dere,
Glepinge with ful woful chere,
Prayen Jupiter an hye
To gave and kepe that nave
Of the Troyen Eneas,
Sith that hir sone was.
HER saw I Iove Venus hisse,
And graunted of the tempest lisse.
Ther saw I how the tempest stente,
And how with alle pyne he wente,
And prevely tolke arriage
In the contree of Cartage;
And on the morwe, how that he
And a knight, hight Achatee,
Metten with Venus that day,
Goinge in a quenft array,
As she had ben a huntersese,
With wind blowinge upon hir tresse;
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,
Whan that he knew hir, of hir pyne;
And how his shippes dreynete were,
Or elles lost, he niste where
How she gan him confort tho,
And bad him to Cartage go,
And ther he shulde his folk finde,
That in the see were left behinde.
HER, shortly of this thing to pace,
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dido, queene of that contree,
That, shortly for to tellen, she
Becam his love, and leet him do
That that wedding longeth to.
What shulde I speke more quaynte,
Or pyne me my wordes peynete,
To speke of love? hit wol not be;
I can not of that facultee.
And eek to telle the manere
How they aqueynteneden in fere,
Hit were a long proces to telle,
And over long for yow to dwelle.
HER saw I grave, how Eneas
Colde Dido every cas,
That hir sone was tides upon the see.
HER, after grave was, how she
Made of him, shortly, at to word,
Venus.
Ther to, I hir fader, hir love, hir lord;
And dide hir at the reverence,
And leyde on hir at the dispence,
That any woman mighte do,
Weninge hit had all be so,
As hir sower; and herby demed
That he was good, for he swich semed.
Alas! what harme doth apperence,
What hit is fals in existence?
For to hir a traitour was;
Wherefor she glow hirself, alas!
O, how a woman doth amis,
To love hir that unknowen is!
For, by Crist, lo! thus hit farreth;
Hit is not al gold, that gareth.
For, also brouthe I wel myn heed,
Ther may be under goodliheed
And Paris to Oenone;
And Jason to Ispihile;
And Egypt to Medea;
And Hercules to Dymira;
For he left his for Joile,
That made him cauce his death, parde.

Now fast he was he, Theseeus;
Chat, as the story telleth us,
How he betrayed Adrian;
The earth be his soules mate;
For had he laughed, had he tourned,
He most have be al devour, if Adrian ne had the.
And, for she had of him pitee,
She made him fro the dethe escape,
And he made in a full fast lape;
For after this, within a while
He left his sleping in an yle,
Deserte alone, right in the see,
And set away, and left his be;
And took his quater Phedra the
With him, and gan to shippe go.
And yet he had awared to here,
On al that ever he mightes swere,
That, so she saved him his lyf,
He woulde have take hir to his wif;
For she desired nothing elles,
In certein, as the book us telles.

But to excuse Eneas,
Fulliche of all his greet trespas,
The book seyth, Mercurie, sauns fall,
Bad him go into Italie,
And leve Auffrykes region,
And Dido and hir faire toun.
No saw I grave, how to Italie
Daun Eneas is go to saile;
And how the tempest al began,
And how he loste his steersman,
Which that the stere, or he took keep,
Smot over bord, lo! as he slept.
No also saw I how Sibyle
And Eneas, besyde an yle,
To helle wente, for to see
His fader, Anchises the free,
How he ther fond Palinurus,
And Dido, and eeh Deiphubes;
And every tournent eeh in helle
Saw he, which is long to telle.
Which whose wilthey for to nowe,
He moste rede move a rowe
On Virgile or on Claudian,
Or Daunte, that hit telle can.
No saw I grave al tharivaille
That Eneas bad in Italie;
And with king Latine his treete,
And all the batailles that he
Was at himself, and eek his knightes,
Or he had at ywone his rightes;
And how he Turnus reft his lyf,
And wan Laynya to his wyf;
And at the merveles signals
Of the goddes celestials;
For maugre Jupitour Enreas,
For al his sleight and his compass,
Acheved at his aventure;
For Jupiter took of him cure
At the prayer of Venus;
The which I preyde alwaies gave us,
And us of curous stondes lighte!

WHAN I had seyen at this sichte
In this noble temple thus,
I, Lord! thought I, that madest us,
Yet saw I never with nobleasse
Of images, ne swich richesse,
As I saw graven in this churche;
But not woold I who dide hem wriche,
Ne wher I am, ne in what contree.
But now wol I go out and see,
Right at the wike, if I can
See owre sterings any man,
That may me telle why I am.

WHEN I out at the dores cam,
I taste aboute me beheld,
Then saw I but a large feld,
As far as I might see,
Withouten toun, or hous, or tree,
Or bush, or grass, or ered lond;
For al the feld nas but of sond
As smal as man may see yet lye
In the desert of Lybye;
In no maner creature,
That is yformed by nature,
Ne saw, me for to rede or wisse.
O Crist, thought I, that art in bliss,
In fantome and illusion
Me save! and with devocioun
My self to the heven I caste.

WHAN I was war, lo! at the laste,
That taste by the sonne, as hye
As kenne mighte I with myn ye,
Me thought I saw an egle bore,
But that hit semed moche more
Then I had any egle seyn.
But this as sooth as deeth, certeyn,
Hit was of golde, and shoon so brighte,
That never saw men such a sichte,
But if the heven hadde ywone
An newe of golde another somme;
So shoon the egle fethers brighte,
And somwhat downward gan hit lighte.

Explicit Liber Primus.

THE HOUSE OF FAME. LIBER

Secundus. Quod vocatur Poem.

Incept Liber Secundus. A Poem.

And ye, me to endyte and ryme
Helpesth, that on Parnaso dwelle
By Elioun the clerk weye.

THOUGHT, that woot al that I mete,
And in the tresorie hit sette
Of my braun! now shal men see
If any vertu in thee be,
To tellen al my drem ariight;
Now hythe thynges engyn and myghte!

The Dream.

His egle, of which I
Have yow told,
That shoon with fethers
As of golde,
Which that so hye gan
to tore;
I gan beholde more and more,
To see beryth of the wonder;
But never was ther dint of thonder,
Ne that thing that men cal ed pouder,
That armest downyme a tour to powder,
And in his switte coming brende,
That so swythe gan descende,
As this froul, whan hit behelde
That I armes was in the felde;
And with his grimme paws stronge,
With his bigge naples longe,
Me, flinge, at a swappe he hente,
And with his bours agayn up wente,
Me carrying in his claws stark
As lightly as I were a lark,
How high, I can not telle you,
For I cam up, I niste bow.
For so astonied and asweved
Was every vertu in my head,
What with his sours and with my drede,
That al my feling gan to dede;
Forswhy hit was to greet affray.

Thus I longe in his claws lay,
Cil at the laste he to me spak
In mannes voys, and seyde: Awak!
And be not so agaist, for shame!
And called me the by my name.
And, for I goboide the bet abyde,
Me mette, Awak, to me he seyde,
Right in the same voys and stevene
That useth oon I coude nevene;
And with that voys, sooth for to saym,
My minde cam to me agayn;
And hit was goode spak to me,
So nas hit never wont to be.

And wherewith I gan to store,
And he me in his feet to bere,
Til that he felle that I had bete,
And felle eek the myn herte bete.
And they gan to me so disportse,
And with wordes to conforte.

And seyde twyes: Scynte Marie!
Thou art my lordis for eare,
And nothing nedeth hit, parde!
For also wis God helpe me
As thou non harm shalte have of this;
And this cas, that betid thee is,
Is for thy lore and for thy prow;
Let see! darat thou yet loke now?
Be ful assured, boldly.
I am thy frend, And therwith I
Can for to wonden in my minde.
O God, thoughte I, that madest kinde,
Shal I non other weyes dye?
Whe Joves wol me stellifye,
Or what thing may thinge signifie?
I neither am Enok, ne Elye,
Ne Romulus, ne Ganymede
That was ybore up, as men rede,
To hevene with dan Jupiter,
And maad the goddes botteler.

This was so mysliche ity?
But be that bar me gan espye
That I so thoughte, and seyde this:
Thou demest of thyself amis;
For Joves is not thera boutte,
I dar wel putte thee out of doute,
To make of thee as yet a sterre.
But er I bere thee mothe ferre,
I wol thee telle what I am,
And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
to do this, so that thou take
Good herte, and not for fere quake.
Gladly, quod I, Now wel, quod he:
First I, that in my feet have thee,
Of which thou hast a fear and wonder,
Am dwelling with the god of wonder,
Which that men callen Jupiter,
That doeth mee felle ful ofte fere
to do al his commandment.
And for this cause he hath me sent
to thee: now herke, by thy southe.
Certeyn, he hath of thee rought,
That thou so long trewely
hast served so ententiy
His blinde new Cupido,
And fair Venus goddesse also,
Withoute guerdoun ever yet,
And nevertheles hast set thy wite,
Although that in thy hede ful lyte is,
to make bokes, sones, dytees,
In ryme, or elles in cadence.
As thou best canst, in reverence
Of Love, and of his seruants she,
That have his servise oght, and seel;
And peyne thee to preye his art,
Although thou hastest never part;
Wherfor, also God me blesse,
Jovis hale hit great humblese
And vertu eek, that thou wolt make
Withoute thyne heed to ake,
In thy studie so thou werttest,
And evermo of love endyteest,
In honour of him and preyses,
And in his folkes furtheringe,
And in his matere devessest,
And noght him nor his folke despyssest,
Although thou mayest go in the daunce
Of hem that him list not avenance.

HERFOR, as I seyde, ywis,
Jupiter considereth this,
And also, beau sir, other thynge;
That is, that thou hast no tydinges
Of Loves sones, if they be glade,
Ne of noght elte that God made;
And noght only fro fer contrey
That ther no tyding comth to thee,
But of thy verray nevyghborese,
That dwellen almoast at thy dores,
Thou herest neither that ne this;
For whom thy tyme labour don al is,
And hast ymaad thy rekenings,
In stede of reste and newe thinges,
Thou gosst hoom to thy hous ancon;
And, also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Til fully daowed is thys lope,
And livest thus as an hermyte,
Although thy abstynence is lyte.

And therfor Jovis, through his grace,
Wol that I here theke to a place,
Which that hight The House of fame,
To do thee som disporet and game,
In som recompesacoun
Of labour and devoicoun
That thou hast had, la! causeles,
To Cupido, the reccheles;
And thus this god, though his meryte,
Wol with som maner thynge thee quyte,
So that thou wolt be of good chere.
For truste wel, that thou shalt here,
When we be comen ther I seye,
Mo wonder thinges, dar I leye,
Of Loves folke mo tydinges,
Bothe soth sawes and leyinges;
And mo loves newe become.
And longe ysvered loves wonne,
And mo loves causely
That been betid, no man wot why,
But as a blind man stert an hare;
And more jolyttee and fare,
Whyl that they finde love of steele,
As thinketh hem, and overal wele;
Mo discords, and mo jecousye,
Mo murmurs, and mo newelrye,
And mo dissimulacions,
And fyned reparacions;
And mo berdes in two hours
Withoute rasour or siourres
Ymaad, then greynes be of sondes;
And che mo holudinge in hondes,
And also mo renovacions
Of olde forleten aquyentauences;
Mo lovestayes and acordes
Then on instruments ben cordes;
And che of loves mo eschaunges
Than ever comrnes were in graunges;
Anthe mairow trowen this;
Quod he, quod, no! helpe me God so wis!
Quod he, quod, why? quod he, quod;
For hit were impossible, to my wit,
Though that fame hadde al the pyes
In al a realme, and al the spyes,
Now that yet she shulde here at this,
Or they espye hit, yis, yis,
Quod he to me, that can I preve
By resoun, worthy for to leve,
So that thou yevest thy testament
To understande my sentence.

FIRST shall thou herehen when she dwelleth,
And so thy omne book hit telles;
hir paleys stant, as I shal seye,
Right even in middes of the waye
Betwixen hevene, erthe, and see;
That, whatsoever in al these three
Is spoken, in pricre or aperete,
The wey thereto is soo overt;
And stant eek in so juute a place,
That every soum mot to hit pace,
Or what so comth fro any tongs
Be hit rouned, red, or sone;
Or spoke in seerute or drede.
Certein, hit moste thider nede.
The House of Fame.

Liber II.

NOW herne wet: for why I wilt
Tell thee a proper shile,
And worthy demonstracion
In myn imaginacion.

G UEFREY, thou wost right wel this,
That every kindly thing that is,
Hath a kindly stede ther he
May best in hit conserved be;
Unto which place every thing,
Through his kindly entlyning,
Moveth for to come to.

What that hit is awey ther fro;
As thus: lo, thou mayst al day see
That any thing that hervy be,
As stoo or leed, or thing of wighte,
And ber hit never so hve on highte,
Lat go thy hand, hit falleth doun.

LIGHT so seye I by pyre or soum,
Or amoke, or other thinges lighte,
Alwey they seke upward on highte;
Whyl ech of hem is at his large,
Light thing up, and dounward charge.

ND for this cause mayst thou see,
That ever river to the sea
Enclenid is to go, by hinde.
And by these shilien, as I finde,
Hath fish dwelungen in floode and see,
And trees eek in erthe be.

Thus every thing, by this resoun,
Hath his propre mansioun,
To which hit seithel to repaire;
As ther hit shuldle not apaire.

Lo, this sentence is knowne couthe
Of every philosophre mouthe,
As Aristotle and dan Platon,
And other clerkes many son;
And to confirme my resoun,
Thou wost wel this, that speche is soum,
Or elles no man mighte hit here;
Now herne what I wol the eere.

OUN is noght but air ybrokent,
And every speche that is spoken,
Loud or prive, foul or fair,
In his substance is but air;
For as flambe is but lighted smoke,
Right so soum is air ybrokent.

But this may be in many wyse,
Of which I wil the two devyse,
As soum that comth of pyre or harpe;
For when a pype is blowen sharpe,
The air is twist with violence,
And rent; lo, this is my sentence;
Eek, when men harpe or stringe al smyte,
Whetre hit be moche or lyte,
Lo, with the strek of the air trebreth;
Right so hit trebreth when men speleth.
Thus wost thou wet what thing is speche.

OUN hennesforth I wol thee teche,
How every speche, or noise, or soum,
Through his multiplicacion,
Thogh hit were pypped of a mouse,
Moot nede come to Fames house.
I preve hit thuh, tal hede now.

By experience; for if that thou
Crowe on water now a stoon,
Wet wost thou, hit wol make anoon
A litel roundel as a cirele,
Paraventure brood as a covercle;
And right anoon thou shalt see weel,
That wheel wol cause another wheel.
And that the thridle, and so forth, brother,
Every cirele causeth other,
Wider than himselfe was;
And thus, fro roundel to compass,
Ech aboute other goinge,
Caused of other sterlinge,
And multiplying evermo,
Til that hit be so fer ygo.
That hit at bote the binkies be.
Both though thou moue hit not yece
Above, hit goth vet alway under.
Although thou tenke hit a gret wonder.
And whose seith of trouthe I varie,
Bid him proven the contrarie.

And right thus every word, ywis,
That lude or priv e spoken is,
Moveth first an air aboute.
And of this moving, out of douthe,
Another air anoon is meved,
As I have of the water proved,
That every cirele causeth other.
Right so of air, my leve brother;
Everich air in other stereth
More and more, and speche up bereth,
Or voix, or noise, or word, or soum,
By through multiplicacion,
Til hit be atte House of Fame;
Til hit in ernest or in game.

NOW have I told, if thou haue minde,
How speche or soum, of pure hinde,
Enclenid is upwawrd to move;
This, mayst thou see, wel I preve.
And that the mansioun, ywis,
That every thing enclenid to is,
Bath his kindelche stede:
Than sheweth hit, withouten drede,
That kindely the mansioun
Of every speche, of every soum,
Be hit either foule or faire,
Bath his hinde place in air.
And that every thing, that is
Out of his hinde place, ywis,
Moveth thider for to go
If hit aweye be ther fro,
As I before have provel thee,
Hit seweth, every soum, pardee,
Moveth kindely to pace
All up into his kindely place.
And this place of which I telle,
Til her as famel to dwelle,
Is set amidde of these three,
Deven, erthe, and eek the see,
As most conservatif the soum.
Than is this the conclusion,
That every speche of every man,
As I the telle first began,
Mooeth up on high to pace
Kindely to fame place.
ELLE me this faithfully,
I have not preved thus simply,
Whithouten any substite
Of speche, or gret prolificate
Of termes of philosophie,
Of figures of poetrhe,
Or coloure of retorqueth.
Pardee, hit oghte thee to lyke;
For hard langage and hard materie
Is encumbrous for to here
At ones; wost thou not wel this?
And lanowerde, and seyde, Vie.
By quod he lo, so lcan
Lewedly to a lewed man
Spake, and shewe him swiche shiles,
That may shake hem by the biles,
So palpyable they shulden be.
But tel me this, now pray I thee,
How thinkith thee my conclusion?
Quod he A good persuasouen
Quod I, hit is; and lyk to be
Right so as thou hast preved me.
By God, quod he, and as I love,
Thou shalt have hit, or hit be eve,
Of every word of this sentence
A preve, by experience;
And with thyn erez heren wel
Top and tail, and everydal,
That every word that spoken is
Comth into James Hous, ywis,
As I have seyd; what wilt thou more?
And with this word upper to sore
Gan, and seyde: By Beynt Jame!
Now wit we spoken al of game.
By thy trouthe, yond adoun,
Oher that thou knowest any toun,
Or hous, or any other thing,
And whan thou hast of ought knowing,
Loke that thou warne me,
And I anoon shal telle thee
How far that thou art now therfore.
And I adoun gan yoken tho,
And beheld feldes and plaines,
And now hilles, and now mountaines,
Now valeys, and now forestes,
And now unether, grete bestes;
Now rivers, now citites,
Now towns, and now grete trees,
Now shippes safetynge in the see.
All thus sone in a while he
Was flown fro the ground so bye,
That at the world, as to myn ye,
No more sene tham than a prikite;
Or elles was the air so thikke
That Ie mighte not discerne,
With that he spake to me as yveme,
And seyde: Scenstow any toun
Or ought thou knowest yonder doun?
The House of Fame.

Liber II.

To passen everich element;
And when he hath so fer went,
Than may be seen, behind his bah,
Cloud, and at that I of spake.

Who gan I waxen in a wre,
And seyde: I woot wel I am here;
But wher in body or in gost
I noot, ywai; but God, thou wost!

For more cler entendement
Nadde he me never yit yent.
And than thought I on Marcian,
And aek on Anteclaudian,
That sooth was hit descripencious
Of al the heveses region,
As fer as that I saw the preve;
Therfor I can hem now beleve.

Which that this egle gan to crye:
Lat be, quod he, thy fantasye;
Will thou lere of sterres aught?

Nay, certesly, quod I, right naught;
And why? For I am now to old.

Elles I wolde thee have told,
Quod he, the sterres names, lo,
And at the heveses signes to,
And which they been, No fors, quod I.

Vin, pardee, quod he; wostow why?
For whan thou redest poetrye,
Now goddes gonne stellifeye
Bird, fis, beste, or him or here,
As the Raven, or either Bere,
Or Ariones harpe fen.

Castor, Dollux, or Delphyn,
Or Antaes doughtres seve;
Now alle this nine are set in hevene;
For though thou have hem ofte on honde,
Yet nostow not wher that they stonde.

Foro, quod I, hit is no nede:
I leve as wel, so God me speke,
Hem that wryte of this matere,
As though I knew bir places here;
And eek they shynen here so brighte,
Hit shulde shenden at my sighte.

To loke on hem: That may wel be,
Quod he, And so forth bar he me
A whyl, and than he gan to crye,
That never herde I thing so synge:
Now up the heed; for al is wel;
Seym Jutyan, lo, bon hostel!
See here the House of fame, lo!
Mainten not heren that I do?

What? quod I. The grete soum,
Quod he, that rumbleth up and doun
In fames Hous, ful of tydenges,
Bothe of fair speche and chrydenges,
And of fals and both compounded.

Hertin wel; hit is not round.
Heresowt not the grete swogh?

Vin, pardee, quod I, wel ymghe,

And what soum is it tyk? quod he.

Peter! I lyk betynge of the see,
Quod I, again the roches holowe,
Whan tempest doth the shippes
Swatowe;
And lat a man stonde, out of douete,
A myle thens, and here hit route;
Or elles lyk the last humblinge
After the clappe of a thundringe,
When Joves hath the air ybete;
But hit doth me for fer sweete.

Nay, dred thee not therof, quod he,
Hit is nothing wil biten thee;
Thou shalt non harm have, treweyly.

And with this word bothe he and I
As nigh the place arraywed were
As men may casten with a spere.

I niste how, but in a strete
He sette me faire on my fete,
And seyde: Halie forth a pas,
And tak thyne aventour or cau,
That thou shalt finde in Fames place.

Ow, quod I, why! we han space
Co speke, or that I go fro thee,
For the love of God, tel me,
In sooth, that wil I of thee lere.
If this noyse that I here
Be, as I have herd thee tellen,
Of folk that down in erthe dwellen,
And comth here in the same wyse
As I thee herde or this devyse;
And that ther lively body nis
In al that hous that yonder is,
That maketh at this loude fare?

Oo, quod he, by Seynte Clare,
And also wis God rede me!
But o thinge I wil warne thee
Of the which thou wolte have wonder.
Lo, to the Hous of fame yonder
Thou wost how cometh every speche,
Hit nedeth nought thee eft to teche.
But understand now right wel this;
When any speche ycomen is
Up to the paleys, anon right
Hit wexeth lyk the same wynde,
Which that the word in erthe apak,
Be hit clothed reed or blak;
And hath so verray his lykenesse.
That apak the word, that thou wilt gesse
That hit the same body be,
Man or woman, he or she.
And is not this a wonder thing?

Vin, quod I tho, by hevene king!

And with this word; farwel, quod he,
And here I wol abeyden thee;
And God of hevene sende thee grace,
Som good to lemen in this place,

And I of him took leve ancora,
And gan forth to the paleys goon.

Explicit liber secundus.
Inspit Liber Tercius. Invocation.

And that I do no diligence
To shewe craft, but o sentence.
And if, diuyne vertu, thou
Wilt help me to shewe now
That in myn hede ymarketh is,
Lo, that is for to menen this,
The Hous of fame to deserve,
Thou shalt see me go, as blyve,
Unto the nexte laurz I see,
And hisse hit, for hit is thy tree;
Now entreth in my breste anon!...

The Dream.

WHAN I was fro this eyle goon,
I gan beholde upon this place.
And certein, or I fether pace,
I wol yow at the shap devyse
Of hous and site; and at the wyse
How I gan to this place aproche
That stood upon so hight a roche,
Hyer stant ther noyn in Spayne.
But up I clomb with alle paine,
And though to climbe hit greved me,
Yit I ententif was to see,
And for to pouren wonder lowe,
Yt I coude anywyse knawe.
What maner stoon this roche was;

GOD OF SCIENCE AND OF LIGHT,
Apollo, through thy grete might,
This lilet laste book thou gye!
Nat that I wilne, for maistreye,
Here art poetical be shewed;
But, for the ryth is light and lewedy,
Yit make hit sumwhat agreable,
Though som ves falls in a gullable;
The House of Fame.
Liber III.

for hit was lyk a thing of glas,
But that hit shoon ful more clere;
But of what congealed materie
Hit was, I mistere dely.

But at the laste copped I,
And found that hit was, every deel,
A roche of yse, and not of steel.

Thoughte I: By Seynt Thomas of Kent!
This were a fable foundement
To bilden on a place hye;
He oughte him litle glorifye
That heron bit, God so me save!

Whe saw I at the half grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had ybeen in mochel wele,
And hir names wyde yblowe.
But wel unetereth coude I knowe
Any letters for to rede
Hir names by: for, out of drede,
They were almoost of, thowed so,
That of the letters oon or two
Was molte away of every name,
So unfamous was wex hit fame;
But men seyn: What may ever laste?

HO gan I in myn herete caste,
That they were molte away with hete,
And not away with stormes bete.
For on that other ayde I sey
Of this hille, that northward lay,
How hit was writen ful of names
Of folk that hadden grete fame
Of olde tyme, and yit they were
As freshe as men had writen hem there
The selve day right, or that houre
That I upon hem gan to poure.
But wel I wiste what hit made;
Hit was conserved with the shade,
At this wrightinge that I say
Of a castel, that stood on hy,
And stood eeh on so cold a place,
That hete mighte hit not deface.

HO gan I up the hille to goon,
And fond upon the coping a woon,
That alle the men that ben on hye
Ne han the cunning to descryve
The beautee of that ilk place,
Ne coude casten no compase
Swich an other for to make,
That mighte of beautee be his make,
Ne so wonderlichou wyproute;
That hit astonieth hit my thoughte,
And maketh at my wis to swinke
On this castel to bethinke.
So that the grete craft, beautee,
The cast, the curiositee
Ne can Isto to yow devyse,
My wis ne may me not suffye.

AT nathesel at the substance
I have yit in my remembrance;
For whym I thoughte, by Seynt Gyle!
At was of stone of breyle,
Bothe castel and the tour,
And eek the halle, and every bour,

Withouten pces or joyninges.
But many subtil compassinges,
Babewinnes and pinacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I saw; and ful eek of windowes,
As flake fallie in grete snowes.
And eek in eek of the pinacles
Weren sondry habitacles,
In whiche tocten, al withoute,
Ful the castel, al aboute,
Of alle maner of minstrales,
And gestictures, that tellen tales
Bothe of weeping and of game,
Of all that longeth unto fame.

HER herde I playen on an harpe
That sounte botho the wel and sharpe,
Orpheus ful craftetly,
And on his ayde, faste by,
Sat the harpe Orion,
And Eacides Chiron,
And other harpers many oon,
And the Bret Glascuron;
And amyle harpers with her glees
Seten under hem in steds,
And gonne on hem upward to gape,
And countrefete hem as an ape,
Or as craft countrefete thine.

HO saugh I stonden hem behinde,
Afer fro hem, al by hemselve,
Many thousand tymes twelve,
That maden loude menstracies
In comenese and shahmeyes,
And many other maner pype,
That craftely begyme pype
Bothe in douct and in rede,
That ben at feastes with the brede;
And many floute and lusting hornE,
And pypes made of grene corne,
As han thise litel heredesromes,
That hepen bestes in the brome.

HER saugh I than Athenes,
And of Athenes dan Paeutia,
And Marcia that lost her skin,
Bothe in face, body, and chin,
For that she wolde enyen, lo!
To pypen bet then Apollo.
Ther saugh I famous, olde and yonge,
Pyppers of the Duche tonge,
To lerne love daumes, springes,
Ryeve, and these strange thinges.

HO saugh I in another place
Stonden in a large space,
Of hem that maken blody soun
In trumpe, beme, and clarion;
For in flight and blood sheldinge
Ius gladly clariong.

HER herde I trumpe Messenius,
Of whom that speleth Virgilius,
Ther herde I Job trompe also,
Theodomas, and other mo;
And alle that used clarion
In Catalaigne and Aragon,
That in hir tyme famous were
To lerne, saugh I trumpete there.
  Ther saugh I sitt in other see,
Pleyinge upon sondry glees,
  Whiche that I cannot neve recorde me.
  By no wyse may recovered be.
  Ther saugh I playen jocouryses,
  Magicians and tregetours,
  And phitonesyses, charmeresses,
  Old wicches, sorcereasses,
  That use ezerorisaunges,
  And celt thise fumigaunges;
  And clerkes eek, which come wel
  At this magyke nature,
  That craftely don hire ententes,
  To make in certeyn ascenedentes,
  Images, i.e., through which magyke
  To make a man ben boole or yny,
  Ther saugh I thee, queen Modia,
  And Circe eek, and Calipso;
  Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus,
  Lymote, and eek Simon Magus,
  Ther saugh I, and knew hem by name,
  That by such art don men han fame.
  Ther saugh I Colle tretegour
  Upon a table of sycamour
  Pleye an uncouth thing to telle;
  I saugh him carien a windsmelle
  Under a walshe note shale.
  What shuld I make lenger tale
  Of al the pleple that I say,
  Fro hennes into domesday?
  Hyn I had al this folk beholde,
  And fond me lous, and nosth yholde,
  And eft ymused longe whyte
  Upon these wales of berlye,
  That shoon ful lighter than a glass,
  And made wel more than hit was
  To seme, every thing, ywis,
  As kinde thing of names is;
  I gan forth somen til I fond
  The castel-yate on my right bond,
  Which that so wel corwen was
  That never swich another nas;
  And yt hit was by aventur
  Ywrought, as often as by cure.
  It nedeth nought yow for to tellye,
  To make you to longe dwellen,
  Or yste yate fluorishinges,
  Ne of compasses, ne of hervinges,
  Ne how they haste in maconeries,
  As, corbets full of imagaries.
  But, Lord! so fair hit was to shewe,
  For hit was al with golde behewe.
  But when I wente, and that aoon:
  Ther mette I crying many oon.
  A larges, larges, hold up wel!
  God save the lady of this pel,
  Our owne gentil lady Fame,
  And hem that witen to have name
  Of us! Thus herde I cryste alle,
  And faste comen out of halle,
  And shoken nobles and sterlings;
  And somme crownd were as kinge,
  With crowns wrought ful of losenges;
  And many riban, and many fringes
  Were on hire clothes trevely.

  Ther atte laste assayed I,
  That pursuants and heraudes,
  That cryen riche folkhes laudes,
  Bit were alle; and every man
  Of hem, as I yow telled can,
  Had on him thrown a vesture,
  Which that men clepe a cote-armure,
  Embrownded wonderliche riche,
  Although they were nought ylice.
  But noght nil I, so mote I thryve,
  Been aboute to discryve
  At these armes that ther weren,
  That they thys on hir cotes ben,
  For hit to me was impossible;
  Men mighte make of hem a bible
  Twenty foot thikke, as I trowe.
  For certeyn, whose coude ynowe
  Mighete ther alle the armes seen
  Of famous folk that han ybeen
  In Auffrike, Europe, and Haye,
  Sith first began the chevalyre.

  Of how shulde I now tellen tis?
  Ne of the halle eek what nede is
  To tellen yow, that every wal
  Of hit, and floor, and roof and al
  Was plaited halve a fote thikke
  Of golde, and that nas nothing wylke,
  But, for to prove in alle wyse,
  As fryn as duicat in Venysse,
  Of whiche to lyte al in my pouche is?
  And they wer set as thikke as thochis
  Fulle of the finest atones faire,
  That men rede in the Lapidaire,
  As grees growthen in a mede;
  But hit were al to longe to rede
  The names; and therfore I pace.

  In this riche lustye place,
  That Fames halle called was,
  Fyl moche price of folk ther nas,
  Ne eourding, for to mocchil price.
  But al on hye, above a dees,
  Sitte in a see imperal,
  That maad wass of a rubee al,
  Which that a carbunelle is ycallid,
  I saugh, perpetually ystatell,
  A femynyme creature,
  That never formed by nature
  Nas swich another thing wysye.
  For altherfirst, meth for to seye,
  Me thoughted that she was so lyte,
  That the lengthe of a cubyte
  Was lenger than she semed be;
  But thuslye, in a whyte, she
  Bir tho so wonderliche streighte,
  That with her feet she therthe reighte,
  And with her heed she touched hevene,
The House of Fame. 
Liber III. 

Ther as ahynen sterres sevne.  
And thereto ech, as to my wit,  
I saugh a gretter wonder yet,  
Upon hir eyen to beholde;  
But certeyn I hem never tolde;  
For as fele eyen hadde she  
As fetheren upon foules be,  
Or wronen on the beastes foure,  
That Godsse trone gonne honoure,  
As John writ in thapocalips.  
Hir heer, that cundy was and crips,  
As burned gold hit shoon to see,  
And booch to tellen, also she  
Had also fele upstanding ere  
And tonges, as on beastes here;  
And on hir feet wezen saugh I  
Darwiches winges redely.  

BUT, Lord! the perrie and the richesse.  
I saugh sitting on this goddesse!  
And, Lord! the hevenish melodye  
Of songes, full of armony,  
I herde aboute hir trone ysonge,  
That al the paleys/wallen songe!  
So song the mighty Mune, she  
That cleped in Calipsope,  
And hir eighte sustren eke,  
That in hir face aemen meke;  
And evermo, eternally.  
Thei songe of fame, as tho herde I:  
Feried be thou and thy name,  
Goddessse of renoun and of fame!  

O was I war, lo, atte taste,  
As I myn eyen gan up caste,  
That this ilk noble quene  
On hir shuldres gan sustene  
Bothe tharmes and the name  
Of the that hadde large fame;  
Alexander, and Hercules  
That with a sherte his lyf lees!  
Thus fonde I sitting this goddesse,  
In noblesse, honour, and richesse;  
Of which I stinte a whyle now,  
Other thing to tellen yow.  

O saugh I stonde on either syde,  
Stright doune to the dores wyde,  
Fro the dews, many a pillar  
Of metal, that shoon not ful cleer;  
But though they nere of no richesse,  
Yet they were maad for great noblesse,  
And in hem greet and by sentence;  
And fole of dignere reverence,  
Of which I wol now celle fonde,  
Upon the pillar saugh I stonde.  

FIRST, lo, ther I sigh,  
Upon a pillar stonde on high,  
That was of lead and yren fyn,  
Him of secte Saturnyn,  
The Ebray thosophs, the olde,  
That of Ferwe gestes tolde;  
And bar upon his shuldres hye  
The fame up of the Jewerye,  
And by him stoden other seyene,  
Wyse and worthy fo to nevne,  

To helpen him bere up the charge,  
Hit was so hevy and so large.  
And for they wretten of batailes,  
As wel as other olde meraves,  
Therfor was, lo, this pilere,  
Of which that I yow tellen heer,  
Of lede and yren botho, ywis,  
For yren Martees metal is,  
Which that god is of bataile;  
And the leed, withouten faile,  
Is, lo, the metal of Saturne,  
That hath ful large wheel to rume.  
The stoden forth, on every rowe,  
Of hem that which I coude knowe,  
Thogh I hem noght by ordre telle,  
To make yow to long to dwelle,  
These, of whiche I ginne rede.  

O saugh I stonden, out of drede,  
Upon an yren pilere strong,  
That peynten was, al endelong,  
With tygresse blode in evele place,  
The Choloas that highte Stace,  
That bar of Thebes up the fame  
Upon his shuldres, and the name  
Hao of cruel Achilles.  
And by him stood, withouten lees,  
Ful wonder hye on a pilere  
Of yren, he, the gret Omeer;  
And with him Dares and Tytus  
Before, and eek he, Lollius,  
And Guido eek de Columbia,  
And English Gaufride eek, ywis;  
And eek of these, as have I joye,  
Was beey for to bere up Troye.  
So hevy therof was the fame,  
That for to bere hit was no game.  
But yit I gan ful wel espie,  
Betwixe hem was a litel envye.  
Oon seyde, Omere made lyes,  
Feyninge in his poertye,  
And was to Grekes favorable;  
Therfor held he hit but fable.  

O saugh I stonde on a pilere,  
That was of tinned yren cleer,  
That Latin poetae, dan Virgyle,  
That bore hath up a longe whyle  
The fame of Pius Eneas.  

ND next him on a pilere was,  
Of coper, Venus clerke, Owde,  
That hath yaswen wonder wyde  
The grette god of Lovess name.  
And ther he bar up wel his fame,  
Upon this pilere, alow heye  
As I might see hit with myn yee:  
Forwhy this halte, of whiche I rede  
Was wexe on highte, lengthe and brede,  
Wel more, by a thousand del,  
Than hit was erst, that saugh I wel.  

O saugh I, on a pilere by,  
Of yren wroght ful sternety,  
Jow. The grette poetae, daun Lucian,  
And on his shuldres bary up than,  
As hithe as that I mighte see,
The fame of Julius and Pompey.
And by them steden alle these clerkes,
That written of Rome's mightie werkes,
That, if I wolde hir names telle,
I should moste I dwelle.

And next him on a piler stood
Of oultre, tyk as he were wood,
Of Don Claudian, the soth to telle,
That bar up at the fame of helle,
Of Pluto, and of Proserpyne,
That quene is of the derke pynce.

What should I more telle of this?
The halle was al ful, ywis,
Of hem that written side gestes,
As ben on trees rokes nestes;
But hit a ful confus materie
Were al the gestes for to here,
That they of write, and how they highte.
But whyl that I beheld this sighte,
I herde a noise aponen bysye,
That ferde as ben don in an hyve,
Agen her tyme of out-fleyinge;
Right swiche a hande murmuringe,
For at the world, hit semed me.

Who gan I laken aboute and see,
That ther com entring in the halle
A right grete company wathalle,
And that of sondry regioons,
Of alshinesse condicions,
That dwelle in erthe under the mone,
Pore and ryche. And al alsoe
As they were come into the halle,
They gonnen doun on kneessen falle
Before this like noble quene,
And seyde: Graunte us, lady shene,
Ech of us, of thy grace, a bone:
And somme of hem shal graunte sone,
And somme she wenned wel and faire;
And somme she graunte the contraire
Of hir axing utterly,
But thus I seye yow truely,
What hir cause was, I nistte.
For this folk, ful wel I wiste,
They hadde good fame ech desvered,
Althogh they were diversely served;
Right as hir suster, dame fortune,
Is wont to serven in comune.

GOOD herzine how she gan to paye
That gonne hir of hir grace pry:
And yit, lo, at this companye
Seyden sooth, and nought a ly.

ADAME, seyden they, we be folk
That hir will and hir wroth they se,
That thou graunte us now good fame,
And lete our werkes han that name;
In full recompensacioun
Of good werke, give us good renown.
WERSE yow hit, quod she moone,
Ye gete of me good fame noon,
By God, and therfor go your wy.
Alas, quod they, and weteway.
Telle us, what may your cause be?

FOR me list hit noght, quod she;
No wight shal speke of yow, ywis,
Good ne harm, ne that me this.
And with that word she gan to calle
Hir messanger, that was in halle,
And bad that he shulde feste goon,
Up peyne to be blind ancon,
For Eolus, the god of windes;
In Trace ther ye shul him finde,
And bid him bringe his clarioun,
That is ful dyvers of his soum,
And hit is elpeed Clere Laudye,
With which he wont is to heraude
Dem that me list yeprised be:
And also bid him how that he
Bringe his other clarioun,
That highte Sclaundre in every toun,
With which he wont is to diffame
Dem that me list, and do hem shame.

His messanger gan feste goon,
And found wher, in a cave of a stoon,
In a contree that hight Trace,
This Eolus, with harde grace,
Held the windes in distresse,
And gan hem under him to presse,
That they gonnen as beroe ry.
He bond and pressed hem so sore.

His messanger gan feste crye:
Rys up, quod he, and feste hye,
Til that thou at my lady be;
And tak thy clariouns eek with thee,
And speed thee forth, and be anon,
Tock to a man, that hight Ciron,
His clariouns to bere tho,
And leet a certeyn wind to go,
That blew so hiddiously and hye,
That hit ne lefte not a skye
In al the welthe long and brood.

This Eolus nowher abode
Til he was come at fames feet,
And eek the man that Ciron heet;
And ther he stode, as still as stoon.
And herewith that ther com amoon
Another huge company
Of gode folk, and gunne crye:
Lady, graunte us now good fame,
And lat our werkes han that name:
Now, in honour of gentilese,
And also God your soule blissye!
For we han wel desvered hit,
Therfor is right that we ben quit.

Thryve I, quod she, ye shal faile,
Good werkes shal yow night availe
To have of me good fame as now.
But wite ye what? I graunte yow,
That ye shal have a shrewed fame
And wikiwed loes, and worse name,
Though ye good loes have wel desvered,
Now go your wy, for ye be served;
And thou, da Eolus, let see!
Tak forth thy trompe anon, quod she,
That is ycleped Sclaundre light,
And blow hir loes, that every wight.

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Speke of hem harm and shrewednesse,
In stede of good and worthinesse,
For thou shalt trumpe at the contrarie
Of that they han don wel or faire.

LAS! thoughte I, what aventures
Han these sory creature?
For they, amonges at the pres,
Shul thus be ashamed gitelesa!
But what! hit moste nedes be.

What did this Eolus, but he
cok out his blakke trumpe of bras,
That fouler than the devil was,
And gan this trumpe for to blowe,
As al the world shulde overthrowe;
That throughout every region
Wente this foule trumpes soon,
As swift as pelet out of gonne,
Whan fyr is in the poudre romne.
And omche a smoke gan out-wende
Out of his foule trumpes ende.
Blah, blo, grench, swartish reed,
As doth wher that men melte leed,
Lo, on hight fro the tuel!
And therto oo thing saugh I wel,
That, the furer that hit ran,
The gretter went hit began.
As doth the river from a welle,
And hit stank as the pit of helle.

Atlas, thus was his shame yronge,
And gitelesa on every tonge.

Ho com the thridde companye,
And gunne up to the dees to bye,
And doun on knees they file anon,
And eyde: We ben everichon
Folk that han ful trewe;
Deserved fame rightfully,
And pryre pow, hit mot be knowe,
Right as hit is, and forth yblowe.

I graunte, quod she, for me list
That now your gode werk be wist;
And yte shul han better lus,
Right in dispayr of alle your food
Than wrothy is; and that anon:
Lat now, quod she, thy trumpe goon,
Thou Eolus, that is so blak;
And out thyn other trumpe tak
That nigh the Laude, and blow hit so
That through the world his fame go
Al easly, and not to faste;
That hit be knowen atte laste.

AL gladly, lady myn, he eyde;
And out his trumpe of golde he brayde.

Anon, and sette hit to his mouthhe,
And blew hit eat, and west, and southe,
And north, as loude as any thunder,
That every wight hadde of hit wonder,
So brode hit ran, or than hit attente.
And certes, al the breth that wente
Out of his trumpes mouthe amede
As men a potfull bawme helde
Among a basket ful of roses;
This favoure dide he til her loses.

ND right with this I gan aspye
Theer com the fyrthe companye,
But certeyn they were wonder fewe,
And gonne attonden in a rewe,
And seyden: Certes, lady brighte,
We han don wel with al our mighte;
But we ne hepen have no fame,
Hyd our werkes and our name,
For Goddess love! for certes we
Han certeyn doon hit for bountee,
And for no maner other thing.

I graunte you al your asking,
Quod she; let your werk be deed.

WIT the aboute I clew myn heed,
And saugh amoon the fift route
That to this lady gonne loute,
And doun on lune amoon to lalle;
And to hir the besoughten alle
To hyde hir gode werkes eek,
And seyde, they even noght a leek
For fame, ne for swich renoun;
For they, for contemplacion
And Goddess love, hadde yrwrapped;
Ne of fame wolde they nought.

What? quod she, and be ye wood?
And wende ye for to do good,
And for to have of that no fame?
Have ye dispyt to have my name?
Nay, ye shul liven everichoon.
Blow thy trump and that amoon,
Quod she, thou Colus, I hote,
And ring this folkes werk by note,
That at the world may of hit here.

And han blew his lous so cleere
In his golden clarion,
That through the world wente the soun,
So hony, and eek so softe;
But atte laste hit was onloufte.

NO com the seste companye,
And gonne faste on fame croye.
Right verrally, in this manere
They seyden: Merci, lady dere!
To telle certein, as hit is,
We han don neither that ne this,
But ydel al our lyf ybe.
But, nathes, yat preye we,
That we mowe han so good a fame,
And greet renoun and lownen name,
As the that han don noble gesates,
And achieved alle hir lestes,
As wel of love as other thing;
At was us never broche ne ring,
Ne elles nought, from wimmen sent,
Ne ones in hir herte hit sent.
To make us only frendly chere,
But mighte temen us on bere;

Yit lat us to the pleple seme
Swinche as the world may of us dene,
That wimmen love us for wood,
Hit shal don us as moche good,
And to our herte as moche avail
To countrepeise eek and travaile,
As we had wonne hit with labour;
For that is dere boghte honour
At regard of our grete eee.
And yit thou most us more plese;
Let us be holden eek, therto,
Worthy, wyse, and gode also,
And riche, and happy unto love.
For Goddess love, that sit above,
Though we may not the body have
Of wimmen, yet, so God yow save!
Let men glewe on us the name;
Suffyce that we han the fame.

GRAUNTE, quod she, by my trouthe!
Now, Colus, withouten slouthe,
Tak out thy trump of gold, let see,
And blow as they han axed me,
That every man wene hem at eee,
Though they gon in ful badde leste.

This Colus gan hit so blowe,
That through the world hit was phnowne.

RO com the seveth route amoon,
And fel on knees everichoon.
And seyde: Lady, graunte us bone
The same thing, the same bone,
That ye this nexte folk han dune.

Fy on you, quod she, everichoon!
Ye maasty swyn, ye ydel wrecches,
Ful of roten slowe tecches!
What? false theves! wher ye wolde
Be famous good, and nothing nole.
Devise why, ne never roughte?
Men rather yow toshagen oughte!
For ye be lyk the swymyte cat,
That wolde have fish; but woslow what?
Ne wolde nothing wete his clowes.
Yel frieth come on your jowes,
And eek on myn, if I hit graunte,
Or do yow favour, yow to avaunte!
Thou Colus, thou king of Trace!
Go, blow this folk a sory grace,
Quod she, amoon; and wostow how?
As I shal telle thee right now;
Sey: These ben they that wolde honour
Have, and do nockitives labour,
Ne do no good, and yit han laude;
And that men wende that bele I saude
Ne coude hem nought of love wene;
And yit she that grint at a querne
Is al to good to ese hir herte.

HIS Colus anon up sterte,
And with his blakhe clarion
He gan to blasen out a soun,
As loude as betweth wind in helle.
And eek therwith, the scoth to telle,
This soun was al so ful of japes,
As ever mowe was in apace.
And that wente al the world aboute,
That every wight gan on hem shoute,
And for to laughe as they were wode;
Such game fonde they in hir hode.

Bo com another companye,
That had ydoon the traiterye,
The harm, the gretest wikkednesse
That any herte couthe geese;
And preyed hir to han good fame,
And that she holde hem doon no shame,
But yve hem loes and good renoun,
And do hit blowe in clarion.

Nay, wair quod she, hit were a vyce;
Me therin meta iustycye,
Me liesteth not to do hit now,
Ne this nil I not graunte you.

Boe com ther lepinge in a route,
And gonne Christoph al aboute,
Every man upon the crowne,
That at the halfe gan to soume,
And seyden Lady, lefte and dere,
We ben swich a thyde here.
To tellen at the tale aright,
We ben shrewes, every wight,
And han delyt in wikkednesse,
As gode folk han in goodnesse;
And joye to be knowen shrewes,
And fulle of vyce and wikked thewes;

Wherfor we preven yow, arrowe,
That our fame swich be knowe
In alle thing right as hit is.

GRANTE hit yow, quod she, ywis.
But what art thou that seyest this tale,
That werest on thy hode a pale,
And on thy tipet swiche a belle!

Madame, quod he, bothe to telle,
I am that ilke shrew, ywis,
That brende the temple of Isidis
In Athenes, lo, that citee.

And wher for diest thou so? quod she.
By my thrieff, quod he, madame,
I wolde fayn han had a fame,
As other folk hadde in the town.
Althoug they were of gretest renoun
For hir vertu and for hir thewes;
Thoughte I, as grete a fame han shrewes,
Thogh hit be but for swychen thewes;
As gode folk han for goodnesse;
And oun I may not have that oun,
That other nil I thought foregone.
And for to gete of shames hyre,
The temple sette I al afyre.
Now do our loes be blowen swythe,
As wisty be thou ever blythe.

Gladly, quod she; thou Colus,
Here estow not what they preyen us?
Madame, yis, ful wel, quod he,
And I wil trumpen hit, parde!
And tol his blakhe trumpes faste,
And gan to puffen and to blaste,
Till hit was at the woldes ende.

Wit that I gan aboute wende;
For on that stood right at my bale,
Me thoughte, goodly to me spak,
And seyde: friend, what is thy name?
Arrow come hider to han fame?
Nay, fawtsothe, friend! quod I;
I cam noght hider, grant mercy!
For no swiche cause, by my heed!
Suffyceth me, as I were dead,
That no wight have my name in honde,
I woot myself betwixt how I stonde;
For what I dye or what I thinke,
I wol my selfen at hit drinke, Certeyn, for the more part,
As ferforth as I can my art.
But what dost thou here than? quod he.
Quod I: That wol I telle thee,
The cause why I atonde here:
Sone newe tydings for to lere:
Sone newe things, I not what,
Tydings, other this or that,
The House of Fame.

Liber III.

No gan I forth with him to goon
Out of the castel, both to aye,
The saugh I stonde in a valye,
Under the castel, faste by,
An houce, that domus Dedali,
That laborintus decped is,
Nas maad so wonderliche, ywis,
Ne half so quenyntliche wyrought.
And evermo, so swift as thought,
This quyne houe aboute wente,
That newero hit stille stente.
And therout com so greet a noise,
That hit hit stonden upon Oise,
Men mighte hit han herd esety
To Rome, I trowe silerly.

And the noyse which that I herde,
For all the world right so hit ferde,
As doth the routing of the aoton
That from the genyn is leten goon.

And at this houe, of which I rede,
Was made of tiggues, fallwe, rede,
And grene ech, and som wenen
whyte,
Swiche as men to these cages thwyte,
Or maken of these paniers,
Or elemor hotmes o doubers;
That, for the awgh and for the tiggues,
This houe was also ful of gigges,
And also ful ech of chirkinges,
And of many other werkinges;
And ech this houe hath of entrees
As fele as leves been on trees
In somer, when they gree been;
And on the rooff men may yet seen
A thousand holes, and well mo,
To leten we the soun out go.

ND by day, in every tyde,
Ben at the dore open wyde,
And by night, echon, unsshette;
Ne porter ther is non to lette
No maner tyding in to pace;
Ne never reste is in that place,
That hit nis ful ful of tydinges,
Other loude, or of whispringes;
And, over alle the houses angles,
Is ful of rouninges and of jangles
Of wre, of pees, of mariages,
Of reste, of labour of viagens,
Of abood, of deeth, of yfe,
Of love, of hate, acorde, of stryfe,
Of loo, of lore, and of winninges,
Of helo, of seheness, of bilinges,
Of faire windes, of tepestes,
Of qualme of folli, and ech of bestes;
Of dyvers transmutacions
Of esto, and ech of recognions;
Of trust, of drede, of jelousy,
Of wit, of winninge, of yfye;
Of plente, and of gret famyne,
Of chape, of derth, and of ruyne;
Of good or mis government,
Of fy, of dyvers accident.

ND lo, this houe, of whiche I wryte,
Siler be ye, hit nas not lye;
For hit was sixty myle of lenth;
At was the timber of no strengthe,
Yet hit is founded to endure
Whyth that hit list to Aventyre,
That is the moder of tydinges,
As the see of welles and springes,
And hit was shapen lyk a cage.

CERES, quod I, in al myn age,
Ne saugh I swich a houe as this.
And as I wondred me, ywis,
Upon this houe, the war was I
Now that myn egle, faste by,
Was perched yhe upon a stoon;
And I gan streight to him goon
And seyde thus: I preye thee
That thou a whys abyde me
For Goddes love, and let me seen
What wondres in this place been;
For yit, paraventure, I may lere
Som good theron, or sumwhat here
That leef me were, or that I wente.

CERCLE! that is myn entente,
Quod he to me; therfor I dwelle;
But certein, oon thing I thee telle,
That, but I bringe the therinne,
Neshalt thou never cumne ginne
To come into hit, out of doute,
So faste hit whirleth, lo, aboute.
But sith that thoes, of his grace,
As I have seyd, wol thee solace
Fynally with swiche thinges,
Ancothe sightes and tydinges,
To passe with thyn hevinness;
Suche routhe the hath he of thy distresse,
That thou suffrest debonairly,
And most thyselfe utterly
Disseaperat of alle blis.
Sith that fortune hath maad amis
The fruit of al thyn heres reste
Languishe and ech in point to breathe,
That he, through his mighty meryte,
Wol do thee ese, al be hit lyte,
And yaf exprese commandement,
To whiche I am obiedent,
To furthere thee with al my might,
And wisse and teche thee aright
When thou maist most tydinges here;
Shalow anco heer many oon lere.

WIT this wordes he, right anoon,
Went me up betwene his toon,
And at a windowe in me broughte,
That in this houe was, as me thoughte,
And therewithal, me thoughte hit stente,
And nothing hit aboute wente,
And me beth in the flur adoun.
But which a congregacioun
Of folli, as I saugh rom heur aboute
Some within and some withoute,
Nas never seen, ne shal ben eft;
That, certes, in the world nas left
So many forned by Nature,
That I had never fro thee go,
But be thyn owne owen brother!
We will medle us ech with other,
That no man be he never so wrothe.
Shal ban that oon of two, but bothe
At ones, al beside his leve,
Come we armorne or on eke,
Be we cryed or stille yrouned.

Thus saugh I fals and dooth compounded
Together flee for oo tydinge.

DUS out at hole stone gone wringe
Every tydinge strait to fame;
That I had gan yoon ech his name,
After his disposition,
And yaf hem ech duracioun,
Some to wexe and wane some,
As dooth the faire whyte mone,
And leet hem gon. Ther mighth I seen
Wended wondres faste fleene,
Twenty thousand in a route,
As Eolus hem blew aboute.

ND, Lord! this hous, in alle tymes,
Was ful of shipmen and pilgrymes,
With scripbes bretful of lesinges,
Entremedled with tydinges,
And eek alone by hemaere.
O, many a thousand tymes twelve
Saugh I ech of these pardoneeres,
Currours, and eek messangereis,
With bolotes crammed ful of ies
As ever vesel was with ies.
And as I athe firste waste
Aboute, and dide al myn entente
Me for to playe and for to lere,
And eek a tydinge for to here,
That I had herd of oon contree
That shal not now be told, for me:
For hit no rede is, redely;
Folk can singe hit bet than I;
For al mot out, other late or rathe,
Alle the sheves in the lathe:
I herde a gret noise withalle
In a corner of the halles,
Ther men of love tydinge tolde,
And I gan thiether beholde;
For I saugh renninge every wight,
As faste as that they hadde might;
And everich cryed: What thing is that?

ND som seyde: I not never what.
And when they were alle on an hepe,
The behinde gone up lepe,
And clamber up on othere faste,
And up the nose on bye caste,
And troden faste on othere hele
And stampe, as men don after eles.

Gotte laste I saugh a man,
Which that I neveere naugh nae can;
But he semed for to be
A man of gret auctoreitee....

Unfinished.
TROILUS AND CRISEYDE \ LIBER PRIMUS.

Incipit Liber Primus.

Thise wofull vers, that wopen as I wryte.
To thee ecle I, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruel furie, sorwing ever in payne;
Help me, that am the sorrowful instrument
That helpest lovers, as I can, to pleyne;
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A wofull wight to han a dreary fere,
And, to a sorrowful tale, a sorry chere.

for I, that god of Loves servaunte serve,
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinessse,
Driven for speed, al sabed I therfor sterwe,
So fer am I fro his help in deckyssesse;
But nathelesse, if this may doon gladnessse
To any lover, and his cause avayle,
Have he my thank, and myn be this travayle!

But ye lovers, that batten in gladnessse,
If any drops of pitee in yow be,
Remembrethe yow on pased hevinessse
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee
Of others folly, and thynketh how that ye
Han felt that Love dorate yow displea.
Or ye han wonne him with to greet an eue.

And preyeth for hem that ben in the cae
Of Troilus, as ye may after here,
That love hem bringe in hevene to solas,
And eek for me preyeth to God so dere,
That I haue might to shewe, in som manere,
Goth peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,
In Troilus unsely aventure.

And biddeth eek for hem that been despeyred
In love, that never nil recovered be,
And eek for hem that falsely been apeed
Throgh wilked tongues, be it he or she;
Thus biddeth God, for his benigintie,
To graunte hem done out of this world to pac,
That been despiered out of Loves grace.

And biddeth eek for hem that been at ese,
That God hem graunte ay good per-
severance,
And sende hem might hir ladies so to plese,
That it to Love be worship and pleasant.
For so hope I my soule best avene,
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitie.

And for to have of hem compassioun
As though I were hir owene brother dere.
Now herheneth with a gode entencioun,
For now wol I gon streight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here
Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde,
And how that she forsook him er she deye.

Tis well wist, how that the
Gryches stronge
In arme with a thousand shippes wente
To Troyewardes, and the cite longe
Hasegeden neygh ten yeer er they stent,
And in diverse wyse and con entente,
The ravishing to wreken of Elyne,
By Paris don, they wrought-
en al hir peyne.
Now fil it so, that in the town ther was
dwellinges a lord of grete au-
torite,
A grete devyn thate clepe was
Calchas,
That in science so expert was, that he
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,
By answere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Dhebus or Apollo Delphicus.
So whan this Calias knew by calculeinge,
And eke by answer of this Apollo,
That Erehea shoolden swich a peple bringe,
Thorough which that Trowe mooste been fordo,
He caste anoon out of the town to go;
For wet wiste he, by sort, that Trowe shoold
Destroyed been, ye, wolde who-soe nolde.

for which, for to departen softly
Took purpo full for this forknowledge wyse,
And to the Erechee out full privily
He aste anoon; and they, in curteys wyse,
Him deden bothe worship and servyce,
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede
In every peril which that is to drede.

The noysy up roos, when it was first aspyed,
Though al the town, and generally was spoken,
That Calias traitor fled was, and aliped
With hem of Ereche; and casten to ben wooken
On him that falsly hadde his feith so broken;
And azyden, he and al his kin at ones
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

Now hadde Calias left, in this mechaunce,
Al unwiat of this false and wilked dede,
His daughter, which that was in gret pennaunce,
For of hir tyf she was ful sore in drede,
As she that neste what was best to rede;
For bothe a widowe was she, and alione
Of any freind, to whom she dorote her mone.

Criseyde was this lady name aight;
As to my done, in al Trowey cite
Na noon so fair, for passing every wight
So aungeltylly was hir natyf beautee,
That by a thing immortal seemed she,
As doth an hevenly parfit creature,
That doun were sent in acomning of nature.

This lady, which that alday herde at ere
Hir fadres shame, his falseness and tresoun,
Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and ferne,
In widewen habit large of aamit broun,
On knea she fil bifors Ecotor adoun;
With pitowe voyes, and tendrely wepinge,
Hir mercy bad, herselfe excusinge.

Now was this Ecotor pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorrowfully bigoon,
And that she was so fair a creature;
Of his goodnesse he gladed hir acon,
And seyde: Lat your fadres treson goo
Forth with mischaunce, and ye yourself, in joye,
Dwelleth with us, whyl ye good list, in Trowe.

And al thounour that men may doun yow have,
As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,
Ye shul han, and your body shal men save,
As fer as I maught enquire or here.
And she him thombed with ful humble chere,
And ofter wolde, and it hadde ben his wille,
And took hir leve, and boom, and held hir stille.

And in hir house she abode with swich meynche
As to hir honour rede was to holde;
And whyl she was dwelling in that citee,
Kepte hir estat, and bothe of yonge and olde
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of hir tolde.
But whethere that she children hadde or noon,
I rede it nought; therfore I lete it goo.

The thinges follen, as they doon of werre,
Bitwixen hir hem of Trowe and Ereche ofte;
For som day boughten they of Trowe it derre,
And eft the Erechee founden no thing softe
The folk of Trowe; and thus fortune onlefte,
And under eft, gan hem to wheelen bothe
After hir cours, ay whyl they were wrothe.

But how this towe com to destrucceioun
Ne falleth nought to purpo to me to telle;
For it were here a long diagnosticon
From my mater, and yow to longe dwelle;
But the Trowye geste, as they felle,
In Onner, or in Darre, or in Dyte,
Whoso that can, may rede hem as they wryte.

But though that Erechee hem of Trowe shetten,
And hir citee biuseppe at aboute,
Hir olde usage wolde they not letten,
As for to honoure hir goddes ful devotee;
But aldermost in honour, out of doute,
They hadde a relik hight Palladion,
That was hir trist aboven everichon.

And so biffel, whan comen was the tyme
Of Aperell, when clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,
And awote smellen flouryn whyte and rede,
In sondry wyseys shewed, as I rede,
The folk of Trowe hir observances olde,
Palladiones feste for to holde.

And to the temple, in al hir beste wyse,
In general, ther wente many a wight,
To herken of Palladion the seryse;
And namely, so many a lusty knight,
So many a lady fresh and maydene bright,
Ful wel arayed, bothe the moste and leste,
Ye, bothe for the secon and the feste.

Among thisi othere folk was Crisyde,
In widewen habite blak; but natheneles,
Right as our fryste lettre is now an A,
In beaute first so stood she, makeles;
Hir godly looking gladde at the prees.
Na never seyn thing to ben preyzed derre.
Nor under cloudes blak so bright a sterre
As was Crisyde, as folk seyde everichoon
That hir bithen in hir blake wede;
And yet she stode ful lowe and stille alloon,
Bibunden othere folk, in litel brede,
And neight the dore, ay under shames drede,
Simple of atyr, and debonare of chere,
With ful assured foching and manere.
This Troilus, as he was wont to saye
His yonge knightes, ladde hem up and doun
In thistle large temple on every syde,
Bibolding ay the ladyes of the toun,
Now here, now there, for no devocioun
Haddhe he to noon, to reven him his reste,
But gan to preye and takken whom he list.

And in his walk ful fast he gan to wayten
If knighet or squyer of his company
Gan for to syke, or lette his eyen Bayten
On any woman that he coude aspye;
He wolde amyte, and holden it folye,
And seye him thus: God wot, she elepeh softe
For love of thee, when thou toorest full ofte.

I have herd told, pardieux, of thy livinge,
Ye lovers, and thy wolewde observaunces,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and, in the keping, which doutaunces:
And whan thy preye is loost, wo and penunces;
O verre folys! nyce and blinde be ye;
Theris no con can war by other be.

And with that word he gan caste up the browe,
Ascaunces: Lo! is this nought wysly spoken?
At which the god of love gan loken rowe
Right for despity, and shoop for to ben wroken;
He hidde anoon his bowe nas nat broken;
For sodeynly he hit him at the fulle;
And yet as proud a pekoh can he pulle.

O blinde world, O blinde entencioun
Now ofte fallith al the effect contreire
Of surpirdyre and foul presumpcioun;
For caught is proud, and caught is debonaire.
This Troilus is clomben on the staire,
And litel wënethe that he most descenden.
But al dday flyeth that fooles wenden.

As proude Bisayd ginmeth for to shippe
Out of the wy, so prilheth him his corn,
Til he a lath have of the longe whippe,
Than thenketh he: Though I prauence al bifor
First in the strays, ful fat and newe shorn,
Yet am I but an hors, and horses lawe
I must endure, and with my fere draue.

So ferde it by this fere and proude knighte:
Though he a worthye hingred sare ware,
And wende nothing hadde had sveche might
Ayens his wil that sholde his herte sterve,
Yet with a looch his herte wes affere,
That he, that now was most in prude above,
Wex sodeynly most subget unto love.

Forthey exampl taketh of this man,
Ey wyse, proude, and worthy folkes alle,
To scornen Love, which that so sone can
The freedom of your hertes to him thralle;
For ever it was, and ever it shal bifiele,
That Love is he that alle thing may binde;
For may no man ferde the lawe of hinde.

That this be sooth, hath preved and doth yet;
For this trowe I ye knowen, alle or some,
Men reden not that folk han gretter wit
Than they that han be most with love ynome;
And strengest folk ben therwith overcome,
The worthiest and grettest of degree;
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see.

And trewelich it sit wel to be so;
For alderwyses han therwith ben pleased;
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,
With love han ben conforted most and eed;
And ofte it hath the cruel herte apesed,
And worthy folk maad worthier of name,
And caudeth most to dresen ynce and shame.

Now sith it may not goodly be withstonde,
And is a thing so vertuous in hinde,
Refuseth not to Love for to be bonde,
Sin, as himseelen list, he may yow binde.
The yerde is bet that bowen wole and winde
Than that that brest; and therfore I yow rede
To folwen him that so wel can yow lede.

But for to tellen forth in special
As of this hinges some of which I tolde,
And leten other thing collateral,
Of him thinkes I may tale for to holde,
Bothe of his joye, and of his cares colde;
And al his werk, as touching this matter,
For I it gan, I wil thereto referre.

Withinne the temple he wente him forth pleyinge,
This Troilus, of every wyght aboute,
On this lady and now on that lollinge,
Wheroo she were of toune, or of withoute.
And upon cas biffel, that thoughe a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente.
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it stente.

And sodeynly he wex therwith astoned,
And gan hire bet bholde in thriffy wyse:
O mercy, God! thoughtes he, wher hastow woned,
That art so fair and goodly to devyse?
Therwith his herte gan to opred and ryse,
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him here,
And caughte ayen his firste pleyinge chere.

She hase not with the taste of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeryng
Weren to womanhode, that creature
Was neuer lasse mannish in seminge.
And eek the pure wyse of hir meninge
Shewede wel, that men mighte in hir gese
Honour, estat, and womanly noblesse.

To Troilus right wonder wel withalle
Gan for to lyke hir mening and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she lest falle
Hir look a life aside, in swich manere;
Ascaunces: What! may I not stonden here?
And after that hir lolling gan she lighte,
That never thoughte him seen so good a sighte.
Troylus and
Criseyde.
Liber I.

And of his look in him ther gan to quen
So gree desir, and swich affectioun,
That in his herse botme gan to stilen
Of hir his fre and depe impression;
And thogh he erst hadde pourde up and doun,
He was the gude lowd in hir to shrinke;
Unmethe wrote he how to loke or winke.

Lo, he that leet himselfe so honninge,
And scorned hem that loves peyne dryen,
Was ful unwar that love hadd hir dwelling
Withinne the swulte atremes of hir yen;
That sodeynly he thoughte he felte dryen,
Right with hir look, the spirit in hir herte;
Blessed be love, that thus can folke converte!

She, this in blath, lykinge to Troylus,
Over alle thinge he stand for to bido;le;
Ne hir desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,
Ne heither chere made, ne worde tolde;
But from after, his maner for to holde,
On other thinge his look somtyme he caste,
And oft on hir, whyl that servysse laste.

And after this, sot fullich he al awaped,
Out of the temple al ealelhe he vente;
Repentinge him that he hadde ever ypared
Of loves folke, laste fully the desente
Of acorn file on hirselfe; but, what he mente,
Left it were wist on any maner syde,
Hia wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

When he was fro the temple thus departed,
He straught anoon unto his paleys torneth,
Right with hir look thungh-shotten and thunghdarted,
Al feyneth he in luste that he sojorneth;
And al his chere and speche also he borneth;
And ay, of loves servante every wythe,
Himselfe to wryte, at hem he gan to smyle.

And seyede: Lord, so ye live al in lest,
Ye loveses! for the conningest of youw,
That serveth most ententifich and best,
Him tis with often harm therofo as growe;
Your byrde is quit ayeyn, ye, God wot how!
Nought wel for wel, but acorn for good servysse;
In feith, your ordre is ruled in good wyse!

In noun certeyn ben alle your observances,
But it sely fewe poynete be;
Ne nothing asseth so grete attendances
As doth your lay, and that knowe alle ye;
But that is not the worsite, as mote I the;
But, tolde I yow the worsite poynet, I leve,
At seyde I booth, ye wolden at me greve!

But tak thin, that ye loveres ofte eschewe,
Or elles doon of good entencion,
Ful ofte thy lady wole it miscnostrue,
And deme it harm in hir opinione;
And yet if sy, for other enchous,
Be wrooth, than shalt thou han a growm anoon:
Lord! wel is hir that may be of yow oon!

But for al this, whan that he say hir tyme,
He held his peen, non other bote hir gynned;
For love bigan his fetheres so to tyme,
That wol unmethe unto his folke he sayned;
That other gynede hir detrayned;
For we wass him, that what to doon he niste,
But bad his folke to gowon wher that hem iste.

And whan that he in chaumbrer was alone,
He doun upon his beddes feet tem sette,
And first he gan to syple, and eft to grone,
And thoughte ay on hir so, withouten lette,
That, as he sat and woole, his spirit mette
That he hir saw a temple, and at the wyse
Right of hir loke, and gan it newe ayse.

Thus gan he make a mirour of his minde,
In which he saugh al hoolly hir figure;
And that he wol coude in hir herte finde,
It was to hir a right good aventure
To love swich oon, and if he did his cure
To servir hir, yet mighte he falle in grace;
Or elles, for oon of hir servante pate.

Imagininge that travaile nor grame
Ne mighte, for so goodly oon, be lorn
As she, ne hir for his desir ne shame,
As were it wis, but in greet him destrayned;
Of alle lovers wel more than biforn;
Thus argumented he in his gimminge,
Full unavysys of his wo cominge.

Thus took he purpos love craft to suwe,
And thoughte he wolde werken prively,
First, to hyden his desir in muwe
From every wyth yborn, allouteynt,
But he mighte ought recovered be therby;
Remembeerimg him, that love to wyde yblowe
Telt bitte fryst, though swee seed be bowe.

And over al this, yet muchel more he thoughte
What for to speke, and what to holden inne,
And what to arten hir to love he soughte,
And on a song anon-right to bigine,
And gan loude on his borwe for to winne;
For with good hope he gan fully asente
Criseye for to love, and nought repente.

And of his song nought only the sentence,
Alas, myn autour called Lollius,
But pleynly, gave our tonges difference,
I dar wel sayn, in al that Troylus
Seye in his song; lo! every word right thus
As I shal seyn; and whoso list it here,
Lo! next this vers, he may it finden here.

Cantus Troiis.

Loy no love is, 0 God, what fele I so?
And if love is, what thing and whiche
Is he?
If love be good, from whenne comth
My wo?
If it be wike, a wonder thinketh me,
Whenne every torment and adversite
That cometh of him, may to me savoury thinke;  
for ay thurste I, the more that I it drinke.  
And if that at myn owene lust I brenne,  
fron whennes cometh my wailing and my pleynite?  
If harme agree me, wherto pleynie I themne?  
I noot, ne why unwery that I feynie.  
O quike deeth, o swete harm so queynite,  
Now mayme of thee in me swich quantite,  
But if that I consente that it be?  
And if that I consente, I wrongfully  
Compleynye, ywis; thus posed to and fro,  
Al sterelee withinne a boot am I  
Amid the see, bytwisen windes two,  
That in contrarie stonden evermo.  
Alas! what is this wonder maladye?  
for hete of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.  
And to the god of love thus seyde he  
With pitous voyes: O lord, now youre is  
My spirit, which that oughte youre be.  
Yow thanke I, lord, that ban me brought to this;  
But whether goddesse or womman, ywis,  
She be, I noot, which that ye dreme seve;  
But as hir man I wole ay live and sterve.  
Ye stonden in hire eyen mightily,  
As in a place unto your vertu digne;  
therefore, lord, if my servyse or I  
May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne;  
for myn estat royal here I resigne  
Into hir hond, and with ful humble chere  
Become hir man, as to my lady dere.  
In him ne deyned sparen blood roial  
The fyr of love, wherfor God me blesse,  
Ne him forbar in no degree, for al  
His vertu or his excellent prowessse;  
But held him as his thral lowe in diestresse,  
And brenye him so in sondry wyse ay newe,  
That sixty tyme a day he looste his hue.  
So muche, day by day, his owene thought,  
For lust to hir, gan quiken and encrease,  
That every other charge he sette at nocht;  
Forthey ful ofte, his hote fyr to cease,  
To seen hir goodly look he gan to prese;  
For therby to ben ened wel he wende,  
And ay the ner he was, the more he brende.  
For ay the ner the fyr, the hotter is,  
This, trouse I, knoweth at this companye.  
But were he fer or ner, I dar seye this,  
By night or day, for wysdom or folowe,  
His herte, which that is his breytys ye,  
Was ay on hir, that fairer was to sene  
Than ever was Cleyne or Polezene.  
Sek of the day ther passed nought an houre  
That to himself a thousand tyme he seyde:  
Good goodly, to whom serve Iand laboure,  
As I best can, now wolde God, Criseyde,  
Ye wolden on me rewe er that I dye ye!  
My dere herte, alas! myn hele and bewe  
And lyf is lost, but ye wolde on me rewe.  
Alle other dere were from him fledde,  
Bothe of the assege and his savacioun;  
Ne in him despyr noon other fowmes bredde  
But arguments to this conclusion,  
That she on him wolde han compassioun,  
And he to be hir man, whyle he may dure;  
Lo, here his lyf, and from the deeth his cure!  
The sharpe shoures felle of armes preve,  
That Ector or his other brethern diden,  
Ne made him only therye once meve;  
And yet was he, wherome men wente or riden,  
Founde on the best, and lenger tyme abiden  
Ther peril was, and dide ech such travaile  
In armes, that to thenke it was mermarye.  
But for non hate he to the Grekes hadde,  
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,  
Ne made him thus in armes for to madde,  
But only, lo, for this conclusion,  
To byken hir the bet for his remede.  
Fro day to day in armes so he spedde,  
That alle the Grekea as the deeth him dredde.  
And fro this forth tho refete him love his sleep,  
And made him his fete; and eth his sorwe  
Gan multipliche, that, whose toke kep,  
It shewed in his hue, bothe eve and morwe;  
Therfor a little he gan him for to borowe  
Of other synnhesse, lest of him men wende  
That the hote fyr of love him brende.  
And seye, he hadde a fever and ferde amis;  
But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,  
If that his lady understood not this,  
Or fyned hir she niate, son of the tweye;  
But wel I rede that, by no manere weye,  
Ne seyned it as that she of him roughte,  
Nor of his peyne, or whatsoever he thoughte.  
But than fel to this Troilus such wo,  
That he was wel neighe wood; for ay his drede  
Was this, that she som wight had loved so,  
That never of him she wolde have taken hede;  
For whiche he thoughte that felte his herte blede.  
Ne of his wo ne dorete he not biginne  
To telle it, for al this world to winne.  
But whanne he hadde a space fro his care,  
Thus to himself ful ofte he gan to pleyne;  
He sayde: O fool, now art thou in the snare,  
That whilom japedest at loves peyne;  
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyne owene cheyne;  
Thou were ay wonte ech after to reprehende  
Of thing fro which thou canest thee nat defende.  
What wolde now every lover seyn of thee,  
If this be wist, but ever in thyne absence  
Laughen in acorn, and seyn: Lo, ther gooth he,  
Trotius and  
Criseyde.  
Liber I.
Trolius and Crisneyde.
Liber I.

That is the man of so gret a spiance.
That holde us lovere lest in reuerence!
Now, thanked be God, he may goon in the daunce
Of hem that Love list feble for to avance!

But, O thou wousful Trolius, God wolde,
Sin thou most loven thy destinee,
That thou bene wast on swich son that sholde
Knowe al thy wo, al laikide hir pise:
But al so cold in love, towardes thee,
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone,
And thou fordoon, as snow in yeyis bone.

God wolde I were arvyed in the port
Of deeth, to which my sower wil me lede!
Al, Lord, to me it were a greet comfort;
Then I was quit of languishing in drde.
For by myn hiddre sower yblowe on brede
I shal biispeen be a thousand tymne
More than that feel of wholes folye men ryme.

But now help God, and ye, swete, for whom
I pleyne, ycaught, ye, never wight so faste!
O mercy, dere herte, and help me from
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may laste,
More than my self wol love yow to my laste,
And with som frendly look glaiddeth me, swete,
Though never more thing ye me biletete.

Chise wordes and ful manye another to
He speke, and called ever in his compleynte
His name, for to tellen hir his wo,
'Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.
Al was for nought, she herde nought his pleynte;
And whan that he bithoughte on that folye,
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplye.

Biwayleng in his chambr thuc alone,
A frend of his, that called was Pandare,
Com onde in unwar, and herde him growe,
And say hir freend in swich distresse and care:
Alas! quod he, who causeth at this fare?
O mercy, God! what unhap may this mene?
Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow lene?

Or hastow som remore of conscience,
And art now falle in som devocioun,
And wayleast for thy simne and thyn offence,
And hast for ferde caucht attricioun?
God save hem that blueden gan our toun,
And so can leye our jolyt on prease,
And bring our lusty folk to holinesse!

These wordes seye he for the nones alle,
That with swich thing he mighte him angry maken,
And with an angre don his sower falle,
As for the tymne, and his corese awaken;
But wel he wise, as fer as tonges spaken,
The rnas a man of gretter hardinesse
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

What cas, quod Trolius, or what aventure

Hath gyded thee to see my languishinge,
That am refus of every creature?
But for the love of God, at my preyinge,
Go hemme away, for certes, my deynghe
Wol the disease, and I not nedes deye;
Therfor go wey, ther is no more to seye.

But if thou wen I be thus syk for drde,
It is not so, and therfor sorwe nought;
Ther is another thing I take of hede
Wes more than ought the Grekes han wyrought,
Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe & thought.
But though that I now telle thee it ne leste,
Be thou nought wrooch, I hyde it for the beste.

This Pandare, that neig halt for wo and routh:
Ful often seyde: Alas! what may this be?
Now frend, quod he, if ever love or trouthe
Hath been, or is, biwixen thee and me,
Ne do thou ever swiche a cruelte
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care;
Wostow nought wel that I am I, Pandare?

I wele parten with thee al thy pynye,
If it be so I do thee no comfort,
As it is frendes right, ooth for to syne,
To entreparten wo, as glad desaup.
I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,
In wrong and right ylowed thee al my lyve:
Byd not thy wo fro me, but telle it blyve.

Than gan this sorrowful Trolius to syke,
And seyde him thus: God leve it be my beate
To telle it thee: for, ooth it may thee lyme,
Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte brette;
And wel wol I thou mayst be me no reste.
But lest thow deme I truste not to thee,
Now herhine, frend, for thus it stant with me.

Love, ayenys the which whose defendeth
Himselfe most, him alderlest ayeyleth,
With deesopir so sorrowfully me offendeth,
That streyght unto the deeth myn herte sayleth.
Chere deysr so bremingly me assayleth,
That to ben slayn it were a gretter joye
To me than king of Grece been and Troye!

Suffiseth this, my fulle frend Pandare,
That I have seyd, for now wostow my wo;
And for the love of God, my colde care
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to me;
For harms mighte folwen, me than two,
If it were wist: but be thou in gladnesse,
And lat me sterwe, unknowe, of my distrese.

How hastow thus unkindely and longe
Hid this fro me, thou fool? quod Pandarum;
Paranter thou might after swich oon longe,
That myn ayys anon may helpen us.

This were a wonder thing, quod Trolius,
Thou coudest never in love thyselven wise;
How devel maystow bringen me to blisse?
Ye, Troilus, now herbe, quod Pandare,
Though I be nyce; it happeth ofte so,
That on that excus doth full ywel fare,
By good counsel can hepe his frend ther fro.
I have myselfe eeh semy a blind man go
Theas he felt that coude loke wyde;
A fool may eeh a wyse man ofte gyde.

A whetston is no kereing instrument,
And yet it maketh sharpe kereing tolis,
And ther thow woost that I have ought miswent,
Escheew that thou foar, for which thow shal thee scole be;
Theas the wyse man is alwey wyse,
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwared;
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

For how might ever sweetnesse have be knowe
To him that never tasted bitternesse?
Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe,
That never was in sorwe or som diastresse;
Eeh whyt by blak, by shame eeh worthinesse,
Eeh set by other, more for other semeth;
As men may see; and so the wyse it demeth.

Sith thus of two contraries is a lore,
I, that have in love so ofte assayed
Grevances, oughte come, and wel the more
Counsaullen thee of that thou art amayded.
Eeh thes oughte nat ben ywel apayed,
Though I desyre with thee for to bere
Thyn herbe charite; it shal the lasse dere.

I woot wel that it faireth thus by me
As to thy brother Darys an herdesse,
Which that yeplede was Oene,
When of a compleyn in ben war mynesse;
Ye saie the lettre that she woot, I gesse?
 Nay, never yet, ywis, quod Troilus.
Now, quod Pandare, herkmeth; it was thus:

Dhebus, that first fond art of medecyne,
Quod she, and soude in every wighten care
Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,
Yet to himselfe his comming was ful bare;
For love hadde him so bounden in a snare,
Al for the doughter of the kinge Amede,
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe bete.

Right so fare I, unhappily for me;
I love oon best, and that me smerteth sore;
And yet, paraunte, can I rede thee,
And not myselfe: repreve me no more.
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore
As doth an hault that lysteth for to playe,
But to thyn help yet somewhat can I seye.

And of a thing right alke maystow be,
That certaym, for to deyen in the peyne,
That I shal nevermore discovereth thee;
No, by my triste, I hope nat restreyne
Thee fro thy love, though that it were Eleyne,
That is thy brotheres wyf, if ich it wiste;
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.
Trollus and Criseyde.

And with that Pandarus of his wordes stente;
But Trollus yet him no word answerede,
For why to telle nae not his entente
To never no man, for whom that he so ferde.
For it is seyed: Man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is himself ybeten
In sondry maner, as thys wyse treten,
And namely, in his counsayl tellinge
That toucheth love that oughte be secrete;
For of himself it wolves ymough out springe,
But if that it the bet governed be.
Geh somtyme his craft to seme flete
Pre thing which in effect men hunte faeste;
Al this gan Trollus in his herte caste.

But natheless, when he had herd him crye
Awake! he gan to syke wonder sore.
And seyde: Frend, though that I stille lye,
Iam not deedef; now pees, and cry no more;
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lorye;
But suffre me my mischef to biwaise,
For thy proverbeth me may noughte awase.

Nor other cure canstow noon for me.
Geh I nil not be cured, I wol deye;
What knowe I of the queene Niobe?
Lat be thynne olde ensamples, I thee prye.
No, quod Pandarus, therfore I seye,
Swich is deylyt of foles to biwepe
Hir wo, but seken bothe they ne kepe.

Now knowe I that ther reyon in thee fayleth.
But tel me, if I wiste what she were
For whom that the al this miscalter alyleth,
Dorastesow that I tolde bire in bire cre
Thy wo, sith thou darist not thyself for gire,
And hir bisogn this thee to han som routhe?

What? not as busily quod Pandarus,
As though myn owene lyf lay on this nede?
No, certes brother, quod this Trollus.
And why? for that thou shouldest never speade.

Quodcatow that wele? Ye, that is out of drede,
Quod Trollus, for al that ever ye come.
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be wonne.

Quod Pandarus: Allas! what may this be,
That thou despeycyd art thus causeles?
What? livenoth thy lady? benedictes!
How westow so that thou art graceles?
Swich yel is not alwey botelues.
Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,
Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure.

I graunte wel that thou endurest wo
As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle,
Whos stomah fousles tyrese evermo.
That brighte voltries, as bokes telle.
But I may not endure that thou dwelle
In so unshyfull an opinion
That of thy wo is no curacyoun.

But once nilow, for thy coward herte,
And for thy mere and felish wilfulnesse,
For wantrust, tellen of thy syrrowes smerte,
Ne to thy owene help do business.
As muche as speke a resoun more or leesse,
But lysett as he that list of nothing recche.
What womanne could love swich a wrecche?

What may she demen other of thy deeth,
If thou thyse deye, and she not why it is,
But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth,
For Orches han biseged us, ywis?
Lord, which a thanke than shalow han of this!
Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at ones:
The wrecche is deed, the deel have his bones.
Thou mayest alone here wepe and crye and knele;
But, love a woman that she woot it nought,
And she wol quyte ye that shalt not fele;
Unknowne, unhiste, and lost that is unsought.
What! many a man hath love full dere ybought
Twenty winter that his lady wiste.
That never yet his lady mouth he kiste.

What? shulde he therfor fallen in despeyr,
Or be recreant for his owene tene.
Or alen himself, al be his lady fayr?
Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and grene
To serve and love his dere hertes quene,
And thenhe it is a guerdoun hir to serve
A thousand fold more than he can deserve.

And of that word took hede Trollus,
And thoughte anon what folye he was inne,
And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,
That for to selen himself mighte he not winne,
But bothe deon unmanhed and a synne,
And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte;
For of his wo, God woot, she knew ful lyte.

And with that thoughte he gan ful sore syke,
And seyde: Allas! what is me best to do?
To whom Pandarus answerede: If the lyke,
The best is that thou telle me thy wo:
And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,
I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe.
To peces do me drawe, and siten honge!

Ye, so thou seyst, quod Trollus thy, allas!
But, God wot, it is not the rather so;
Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,
For wel finde I that fortune is my fo,
Ne alle the men that rynen come or go
May of his cruel wheel the harm withatonde;
For, as hir list, she playeth with free and bonde.

Quod Pandarus: Than blamestow Fortune
For thou art wraughte, ye, now at erst I see;
Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune
To every maner wight in som degree?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardée!
That, as hir joyes moten overgoon,
So mot hir sorwes pasen everlichoon.
for if hir wheel stinte anything to tome,
Than cesses she fortune anoon to be:
Now, sith heir wheel by no wry may sojorne,
What wostow if hir mutabilite.
Right as thy evil list, wol doon by thee,
Or that she be not fer fro thy helpinge?
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

And thers for wostow what I thee beseeche?
Let be thy wo and turning to the grounde;
For whoso list have helping of his leche,
To him biforneth first unwrye his wounde.
To Ceres in helle ay be I bounde,
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe,
By my will, she shold al be thy tomorwe.

Looke up, I seye, and tell me what she is
Anoon, that I may goon aboute thy nede;
Knowe ich hir ought? For my love, tell me this;
Thau wolde I hopen rather for to spede.

Tho gan the yveyn of Troilus to bledde,
For he was hit, and wax al reed for shame;
I haf quod Pandare, here bigynneth game!

And with that word he gan him for to shake,
And seye: Theef, thou shalt hir name telle.
But thy gan eatly Troilus to quake
As though men sholdan lad him into helle,
And seye: Alas! of al my wo the welle,
Than is my sweete so called Criseye!

And wel nigh with the word for fer he dyde.

And when that Pandare herde hir name neyne,
Lord, he was glad, and seye: Frend of dere,
Now fare aight, for Joves name in hevene,
Love hath biset thee wel, be of good chere;
For of good name and wysdom and manere
She hath enowth, and eek of gentillesse;
If she be fayr, thou wost thyselfe, I gesse.

Ne I never saw a more bountevous
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche
A frendiel, ne a more gracious
For to do wel, ne lasse hadde nede to seche
What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,
In honour, to as fer as she may streche,
A kinges herte semeth by hires a wrecche.

And forthy loke of good comfort thou be;
For certainly, the firste poiyn is this
Of noble corage and wel ordynye.
A man to have pees with himselfe, ywis;
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is
to loven wel, and in a worthy place;
Thoe oughte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

And also thern, and therwith glade thee,
That sith thy lady vertuous is al,
So solweith it that ther is som pitee
Amongen alle thir other in general;
And forthy see that thou, in special,
Requere ought nought that is ayen hir name;
For vertue strecheth not himself to shame.

But wel is me that ever I was born,
That thou biset art in so good a place;
For by my troth, in love I durste have sworn,
The shold not than hir fayr a grace;
And wostow why? for thou wert went to chace
At love in acorn, and for despoyt him calle.

How often hastow maad thy nice japes,
And aeyd, that loves yeuans everichone
Of nyceete ben verray Goddess apes;
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,
Libyg abedde, and make hem for to grone;
And som, thou seydest, hadde a blamche fevere,
And preydest God he shold not never ferev!

And some of hem toke on hem, for the colde,
More than enough, so seydestow ful ofte;
And some han feyned ofte tyne, and tolde
How that they wake, when they slepen softe;
And thus they wolde han brought herself alofte,
And nathelsses were under at the lante;
Thus seydestow, and japedest ful faste.

Yet seydestow, that, for the more part,
These loverse wolden speke in general,
And thoughten that it was a delker art;
For savyng, for to assayen overal.
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shal;
But nathelsses, though that I sholdo deye,
That thou art noo art of tho, that dorste I seye.

Now beest thy breast, and sey to god of love:
Thy grace, lord! for now I me repente
If I mis spak, for now myselfe I love.
Thus sey with al thy herte in good entente.

Quod Troilus: A! lord! I me consente,
And pray to thee my japes thou forgive,
And I shal nevemore whyl I live.

Quow seyst wel, quod Pandare, & now I hope
That thou the goddes wratheste hast al apeace;
And sithen thou hast wopen many a drope,
And seyd swich thing wherwith thy god is pleased,
Now wolde never god but thou were ead;
And think wel, she of whom rist al thy wo
Hereafter may thy comfort been alao.

For thilke ground, that bereth the wedes whike,
Bereth eel thile hosesom herbis, as ful ofte
Next the foule nette, rough and thilke,
The rose waxeth swore and smothe and softe;
And next the valey is the hil alofte;
And next the derke night the glade morwe;
And also joye is next the fing of sorwe.

Now loke that atempe be thy brydel,
And, for the beate, ay suffere to the tyde,
Or elles al our labour is on ydel;
He hasteth wel that wyaly can abyde;
Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde;
Be lusty, Free, persevere in thy neryse,
And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.
Troilus and Cressyde.
Liber I.

But he that parted in every place
In nowher hool, as witen clerkes wyse;
What wonder is, though swich oon have no grace?
Eek wostow how it faryth of som servyse?
As plante a tre or herbe, in sondry wyse,
And on the mon the fulle it up on bluye,
No wonder is, though it may nother thryve.

And sith that god of love hath thee biatowde
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,
Stond faste, for to good port hastow rowed;
And of thyself, for any heynesse,
Hope alweyl wel; for, but if derinesse
Or ever haste our bothe labour shende,
I hope of this to maken a good ende.

And wostow why I am the lasse afered
Of this mate with my nece trete?
For this have I herd sayd of wyse yerled,
Man never man ne woman yet rigete
That was unapt to suffren loves bete
Celestial, or elles love of hinde
Forthy som grace I hope in hir to finde.

And for to speke of hir in special,
Ere beuteet to bithikken and hir youthe,
It sit hir nought to be celestial
As yet, though that hir liste bothe and couthie;
But treuly, it sethe hir wel right nouthie
A worthy kynght to lowen and cheryce,
And but she do, I holde it for a wyce.

Wherefore I am, and wol be, ry rede
To peyne me to dow this servyse;
For bothe you to please thus hope I
Her afterward; for ye bethe bothe wyse,
And cowne it counself hepe in swich a wyse,
That no man shal the wyser of it be;
And so we may be glade alle three.

And, by my trouthe, I have right now of thee
A good consyent in my wit, as I gese,
And what it is, I wol now that thou see,
I thanke, sith that love, of his goodnesse,
Bath thee converted out of wickednesse,
That thou shalt be the laste post, I leve,
Of al his lay, and most his foon corgreve.

Ensamle why, see now these wyse clerkes,
That eren aldercort ayen a lawe,
And ben converted from hir wilshet werkys
Thorough grace of God, that liet hem to him drawe,
And eren they folke that han most God in awe,
And strengesterfyleth ben, I understande,
And commo er one alderbeest withatonde.

Al in Troilus had herd Pandare assent
To been his helpe in loving of Cressyde,
Wex of his wo, as who seyth, untormented,
But better wes his love, and thus he seyth,
With sobre there, although his herte pleye:
Now blisful Venus helpe, er that I sterre,
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank deserve.

But, dere frend, how shal myn wo ben lease
Til this be doon? and goode, eeh tel me this,
How wiltow seyn of me and my destresse?
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most, ywis,
Cry not here onus, though how it is.
If this drede I, and eek for the manere
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing here.

Quod Pandarum: Thou hast a ful gret care
Lest that the cherl may falle out of the mone!
Why, Lord! I hate of thee thy nyce fare!
Why, myn entremeate of that thou hast to done!
For Goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste.

Why, frend, quod he, now do right as thee leste.

But herke, Pandare, o word, for I holde
That thou in me wendest so gret folye,
That to my lady I desiren sholde
That toucheth harm or any wilenye;
For dreedeles, me were everelye
Than she of me ought elles understode
But that, that mighte bounen into gode.

Oo lough this Pandare, & anon answerde:
And I thy bore? fy! no wight deeth but so;
I soughte nought though that she stode & herde
How that she seyte; but farewel, I wol go.
Adieu! be glad! God spede us bothe two!
Yfe me this labour and this business,
And of my spee be thyne at that sweetnesse.

Oo Troilus gan dow on knebes to falle,
And Pandare in his arnes bente faste,
And seyde: Now, fy on the Grekes alle!
Yet, pardee, God shal helpe us at the laste;
And dreedeles, if that my lyf may laste,
And God toforn, lo, som of hem shal omerte;
And yet me athynketh that this auntye meastert.

And now, Pandare, I can no more seye,
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayest, thou art all!
My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn honde I leye;
Help now, quod he, by my trouthe, I shal.

God yelde thee, frend, and this in special,
Quod Troilus, that thou me recompaund
To hir that to the deeth me may comanda.

This Pandarum tho, desirous to serve
His fulle frend, than seyde in this manere
Farwel, and then I wol thy thank desere;
Have here my trouthe, & that thou shalt wel here.
And wene his wy, thenhing on this mater,
And how he best mighte hir beche of grace,
And finde a tyne therto, and a place.

For every wight that hath an hous to founde
Ne renneth sought the wark for to biname
With ralel bound, but he wol byde a stonde,
And sende his hertes lyne out fro withinne
Alderfisst his purpos for to winne.
Al this Pandare in his herto thoughtes,
And caste his werk ful wysely, or he wroughte.
But Troilus lay tho no lenger dow,
But up anoon upon his stede bay;
And in the feld he playde tho leoun;
Tho was that Greek that with him mette that day.
And in the toun his maner tho forth ay
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,
That ech him loveide that looked on his face.

For he bicom the frendlyeste wight,
The gentileste, and eek the moste free,
The thristieste and oon the beste knight,
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.

Dede were his japes and his cruellee,
His heighe port and his manere estrange,
And ech of tho gan for a vertu chaunge.

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a stounde,
That fareth lyh a man that hurt is sore,
And is somdel of a kinges of his wounde
Yllessed wel, but heled no det more:
And, as an eay pacient, the lord
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure;
And thus he dryveth forth his aventure.

Explicit Liber Primum.
Of desespeyr that Troilus was inne:
But nowe of hope the calender biginne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleor,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, & my muse,
To ryme wel this book, til I have do;
Me nedeth here noon other art to use,
Forwhy to every lover I me excuse,
That of no senteym I this endyte,
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

Wherefore I nil have neither thank ne blame
Of al this werk, but pray you mekyly,
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,
For as myn auctor ayde, so aye I,
Eek though I speke of love unfeliningly,
No wonder is, for it nothing of newes is;
A blind man can nat jugen wel in hewis.

Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche is change
Withinne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden pryse, now wonder nyce and straunge
Us thinke ther; and yet they awake hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
Geh for to winne love in sondry ages,
In sondry iondes, sondry ben usages.

And forthy if it happe in any wyse,
That here be any love in this place
That is kethen, as the story wol devye,
Now Troullus com to his lady grace,
And thynketh, so note I nat love purchase,
Or wondreth on his speche and his doinge,
I noot; but it is me no wonderinge;

For every wight which that to Rome went,
Dalt nat o path, or alwey o manere;
Geh in some lond were at the gamen shent,
If that they ferde in love as men don here,
As thus, in open doing or in chere,
In visitinge, in forme, or byde hit saues;
Forthy men seyn, egh contree hath his lawes.

Geh scarcely been ther in this place three
That han in love byed tyl and doon in al;
For to thy purpos this may fayn thee
And thee right ought, yet al is byed or shal;
Geh some men grave in tree, som in stoon wai,
As it bitt; but sin I have begunne,
Myn auctour shal I folwen, if I come.
Explicit prohemium Secundi Libri.
TROILUS AND CRISEYDE.

Liber II.

How Teresus gan forth his suster take,
That with the noys of hir he gan awake;
And gan to calle, and dresse him up to ryse,
Remembrye this his erand was to done
From Troiles, and eth his grete empreyse;
And caste and knew in good plyt was the mone
To doon viage, and took his wey ful sore
Unto his nece paleys ther bryse;
Now Janus, god of entree, thou hym gyde!

Whan he was come unto his nece place,
Whe is my lady? to hir folk sayde he;
And they him tolde; and he forthe in gan pace,
And fond two other ladyes sete and she
Withinne a paved parlour; and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the geste
Of the Bege of Thebes, whylm hem leste.

Quod Dandarus: Ma dame, God yow see,
With al your book and al the companye!
Ey, uncle myn, welcome ywis, quod she,
And up she rote, and by the hond in yhe
She took him faste, and sayde: This night thrye,
To doone mote it turne, of yow I mette!
And with that word she doun on bench hem sette.

Ye, nece, ye shal fare well the bet,
If God wole, al this yeer, quod Dandarus;
But I am sory that I have yow let
To berhnen of your book ye presen thus;
For Goddes love, what seth it? tel it us.
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!
Uncle, quod she, your maistresse is not here!

With that they gonnen laughe, and thoe she sayde:
This romance is of Thebes, that we rede;
And we han herd how that king Laius dode
Thurgh Edipus his sone, and al that dode;
And here we stoten at these lettres rede,
How the bishop, as the book can telle,
Amphioxe, fil thurgh the ground to helle.

Quod Dandarus: Al this knowe I myselfe,
And al the assege of Thebes and the care;
For herof been ther maken bokes twelue:
But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare;
Do wye your barbe, and shew your face bare;
Do wye your book, ryse up, and lat us daunce,
And lat us doon to May som observaunce.

Al! God forbede! quod she, by ye mad?
Is that a widewes lyf, so God you save?
By God, ye maken me right sore adrad,
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!
It sete me wel betay in a cave
To bidde, and rede on holy aseytys lyves:
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge wyves.

As ever thryve I, quod this Dandarus,
Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you playe.
Now uncle dere, quod she, tel it us

For Goddes love; is than the assege asey?
I am of Grekes so ferd that I deye.
Nay, nay, quod he, as ever mote I thryve!
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve.

Ye, holy God! quod she, what thing is that?
What? bet than swiche fyve? ey, nay, ywis!
For at this world ne can I reden what
It sholde been; som jape, I trowe, is this;
And but yowselven telle us what it is,
My wit is for to aere to al to nere.
As help me God, I noot nat what ye mene.

And I your borow, ne never shal, for me,
This thing be told to yow, as mote I thryve!
And why so, uncle myn? why so? quod she.
By God, quod he, that wole I telle as blyve;
For prouder womman were then noy onlye,
And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye;
I jape nought, as ever have I joye!

The gan she wondren more than biforn
A thousand fold, and doun hir eynen caste;
For never, sith the tyme that she was born,
To knowe thing desired she so faste;
And with a syth she seyde him at the taste:
Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought displesse,
Nor axen more, that may do yow dise.

So after this, with many wordes glade,
And freyndly tales, and with mery chere,
Of this and that they pleyde, and gunnen wade
In many an unkouth glad and deep mater;
As freyndes doon, whan they ben met yfere;
Tel shal gan axen him how Ector ferde,
That was the tounes wald and Grekes yerde.

Ful wel, I thanke it God, quod Dandarus,
Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;
And eth his fresehe broth Troiles,
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,
In whom that every vertu lant abounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse,
Wydom, honour, feredom, and worthinesse.

In good feith, eem, quod she, that lyketh me;
They faren wel, God save hem bothe two!
For trewey I holde it gret deynette
A hinges stone in armes wel to do,
And been of good condicions therto;
For grett power and moral vertu here
In selde ysewe in o persone yfere.

In good feith, that is sooth, quod Dandarus;
But, by my trouthe, the king hath sones tweye,
That is to mene, Ector and Troiles,
That certeynly, though that I holde deye,
They been as soyde of ynce, dar I seye,
As any men that liveth under the sonne,
Bir might is wyde yknowe, and what they conne.

Of Ector nedeth it nought for to telle;
In al this wold ther nis a better knight
Than he, that is of worthynesse welle;
And he we more vertu bath than might.
This knoweth many a wyse and worthy wight.
The same prys of Troilus I seye,
God help me so, I knowe not swiche tweye.

By God, quod she, of Hector that is sooth;
Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;
For drede thee, men tellen that he dooth
In armes day by day so worthily,
And bereth him here at hoom so gentilly
to every wight, that al the prys hath he
Of hem that me were levest presseyd be.

Ye sey right sooth, ye wis, quod Pandarus;
For yesterday, whose hadde with him been,
He might have wondere upon Troilus;
For never yet so thikke a swarft of been
Ne leigh, as Grekes fro him gonne fleen;
And thoricke the field, in every wightes erie,
Ther nas no cry bud: Troilus is there!

Now here, now there, he hunted hem so faste,
Ther nas but Greke blood and; and Troilus,
Now hem he hurteth, and hem alle doun he caste;
By where he wente it was arayed that
He was his deeth, and shed and lyf for
That so that day ther dorote noon withstonde,
Whyl that he held his bloody awerd in honde.

Thereto he is the frendlyeste man
Of grete estat, that ever I saw my lyve;
Whan hem he list, best fealtyship in
to suche as him thinketh able for to thryve.
And with that word the Pandarus, as blyve,
He took his lyve, and seide: I wol go henne;
Nay, blame have I, myn uncle, quod she thenne.

What eyleth yow to be thus very bony,
And namerich of wommen? wol ye so?
Nay, sitteth down: by God, I have to done
With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go.
And every wight that was aboute he theo,
That herte that, gan fer awey to stonde,
Whyl they two hadde al that hem listte in honde.

Whan that his tala al broughte was to an ende
Of hire estat and of hire governaunce,
Quod Pandarus: Now is it tyme I wende;
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,
And cast your widwes habit to mischaunce:
What list yow thus yourself to disfigure,
Sith yow is tis thus fair an aventure?

A! wel bithought! for love of God, quod she,
Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?
No, this thing axeth laver, the quod he,
And ech me wolde mueche greve, ye wis,
If it tolde, and ye it toke amis.
Yet were it be my tonge for to stille
Than see y seeth a sooth that were ayeins your wille.

For, nece, by the goddess Minerve,
And Jupiter, that maketh the thunder ringe,
And by the blissful Venus that I serve,
Ye been the womman in this world livinge,
Withoute paramours, to my wittenge,
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,
And that ye witen wel yourself, I leve.

Ye wis, myn uncle, quod she, grant mercy;
Your friendship have I founden ever yit;
I am to no man holden trewely
So much as yow, and have so litle quit;
And, with the grace of God, emforthe my wit,
As in my glitt I shal you never offende;
And if I have er this, I wol amende.

But, for the love of God, I yow beseeche,
As ye ben he that I most love and trieste,
Let be to me your fremde manner speche,
And sey to me, your nece, what yow listte;
And with that word hir uncle aoon hir kiste,
And seyde: Gladly, leve nece dere,
Talke it for good that I shal seye yow here.

With that she gan hir eyen doun to caste,
And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte,
And seyde: Neece, alwey, lo! to the laste,
Now howe it be that som men hem delyte
With subtill art hir tales for to endyte,
Yet for at that, in hir entencioun,
Hir tale is al for som conclusioun.

And sitthen thende is every tales strengthen,
And this matere is so bihovely,
What aholde I peynte or drawen it on lengteh
To yow, that been my freend so feithfully?
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Biholde hir, and token on hir face,
And seyde: On such a mirour gode grace!

Than thought he thus: If my tale endyte
Ought hard, or make a proces any whyte,
She shal no savour han therin but lyte,
And trove I wolde hir in my wil bigyle.
For tendre witter wenne al be wyte
Theo they can nat pleynly understonde;
Forthy hir wit to serven wol I fonde:

And looke on hir in a beay wyse,
And she was war that he byheld hir so,
And seyde: Lord! so faste ye me avyse!
Sey ye me never en now? what sey ye, no?
Yes, yes, quod he, and bet wole er I go;
But, by my trothe, I thought new if ye
Be fortunat, for now men shal it se.

For to every wight som goodly aventure
Som tyme is shape, if he it can receven;
And if that he wol take of it no care,
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it weyven,
Lo, neither cas nor fortune him deceyven,
But right his verray slouthe and wrecchednesse;
And swych a wight is to for to blame, I gesse.

Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye
Ful lightely founden, and ye come it take;
And, for the love of God, and ceh of me,
Cacehe it aloon, lest aventure alake.
What sholde I lenger procce of it make?
Yif me your hond, for in this word is noon,
If that you list, a wight so wel begoon.

And aith I speke of good entenion,  
As I to you have told we herelfon, 
And love as wel your honour and renoun 
As creature in all this word yborn; 
By alle the others that I have yow sworn, 
And ye be wroth therfore, or weye I tye, 
Ne sial I never seen yow eft with ye.

Beth nought agast, ne qualkeh nat; wherto?
Ne chaungent nat for yer so your hewe; 
For hardely, the werte of this is do; 
And though my tale as now be to yow newe, 
Yet triot alwe, ye shall me finde trewe; 
And were it thing that me thoughte unsittinge,
To yow nolde I no swiche tales bringe.

Now, my good eem, for Goddes love, I preye, 
Quod she, com of, and tel me what it is; 
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye, 
And eek me longeth it to wite, wys.
For whether it be wel or be amis, 
Sey on, lat me not in this fere dwelle: 
So wol I doon, now herketh, I shal telle:

Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone, 
The good, wyse, worthy, fresehe, and free, 
Which alway for to do wel is his wone, 
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee, 
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be. 
Lo, here is a, what sholde I more seye?
Both what yow list, to make him live or deye.

But if ye lete him deye, I wol sterve; 
Have her my throuthe, nece, I nil not lyn; 
Al sholde I with this knyf my throuthe herve; 
Glith that the tere wasste out of his yen, 
And seye: If that ye doon us bothe dym, 
Thus glitelose, than have ye fished faire; 
What mende ye, though that we bothe apecye?

Alas! he which that is my lord so dere, 
That trewe man, that noble gentil knight, 
That nought desirith but your friendly chere, 
I see him deye, ther he goth upright, 
And hasteth him, with al his fulle might, 
For to be alyyn, if fortune wol assente; 
Alas! that God yow swich a beaute sente!

If it be so that ye so cruel be, 
That of his deth yow lyste nought to recche, 
That is so trewe and worthy, as ye se, 
No more than of a japepe or a wreche, 
If ye be swich, your beautey may not streche 
To make amende of so cruel a dede; 
Ayyement is good before the nede.

Wo worth that faire gemme vertulees! 
Wo worth that herbe also that dooth no bote! 
Wo worth that beautee that is routheles!

Wo worth that wight that tret ech under fote! 
And ye, that been of beautee crop and rote, 
If therwirthal in you ther be no routhe, 
Than is it harm ye liven, by my trouthe!

And also thynk wel, that this is no gauke; 
For me were lever, thou and I and he 
Were hanged, than I sholde been his bade, 
As heyghe, as men mighte on us alle ysee: 
I am thyn eem, the shame were to me, 
As wel as thee, if that I sholde assente, 
Thorough myn aber, that he thyn honour shente.

Now understand, for I yow nought require 
To bine yow to him thoughn no beheste, 
But only that ye make him bettre chere 
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste, 
So that his lyf be saved, at the laste: 
This al and som, and playnly our entente; 
God helpe me so, I never other mente.

Lo, this request is not but shile, wys, 
Ne doute of reson, pardee, is ther noon. 
I sette the worste that ye dredded this, 
Men wolden wondren seen him come or goon: 
And ther ayeins arower I thus anoon, 
That every wight, but he be foo of kinde, 
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.

What? who wol deme, though he see a man 
To temple go, that he the images eteth 
Thanke eek how wel and wysly that he can 
Governe himselfe, that he nothing foryeteth, 
That, wher he cometh, he pryse and thank him 
geteth; 
And eek thereto, he shal come here so selde, 
What fors were it though at the town behelde?

Sweich love of freendes regmeth al this toun; 
And wyse yow in that mantle everno; 
And, God so wis be my savacion, 
As I have seyd, your beste is to do so. 
But alwey, goode nece, to stinte his wo, 
So lat your daunger sucerd ben a lyte, 
That of his deth ye be nought for to wyte.

Crisye, which that herde him in this wyse, 
Thoughte: I shal fele what he meneth, wys. 
Now, eem, quod she, what woldes ye devyne, 
What is your reed I sholde doon of this? 
That is wel seyd, quod he, certaun, best is 
That ye him love ayein for his loveinge, 
As love for love is skilful guerdonge.

Thanke eek, how elde wasteth every houre 
In ech of yow a party of beauteen; 
And therefore, er that age thee devoure, 
Go love, for, olde, ther wol no wighte of thee. 
Lat this proverbe a lore unto yow be; 
To late ywair, quod Bearte, when it past; 
And elde daunteth daunger at the laste.

The kinges fool is wonded to cryen loud, 
When that him thinketh a womanmer bereth br huye,
So longe mot ye live, and alle proude,
Til crowes feet be grove under your ye,
And sende yeow thanne a mirour in to preye.
In whiche ye may see your face amorwe.

Nece, I bidde wisthe yeow no more sorwe.

With this he aternte, and caste adoun the heed,
And she bagnede a treate awepe anoon.
And seye: Alas, for wo! why nere I deede?

For of the world the feith is a alon.
Alas! what sholden strange me to doone,
That I wolde, and sholde it me defende.

Alas! I wolde han trusted, doueteles,
That if that I, thurgh my disaventure,
Had loved other him or Achilles,
Ector, or any mannes creature.
Ye wolde han had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwayes had me in reprieve;
This false world, alas! who may it leve?

What? is this al the joye and al the feeste?
Is this your reed, is this my blissful cas?
Is this the veryn mede of your beeste?
Is al this pytented proce seyd, alas!
Right for this tym? O lady myn, Dallas!
Thou in this dedful cas for me purveye;
For so astonied am I that I deye.

With that she gan ful sorrowfully to syke;
A may it be no bet? quod Pandarus?
By God, I shal no moer com here this wyke,
And God to Carm, that am mistrusted thus;
I see ful wel that ye ette lyte of us,
Or of our deeth! Alas! I wootful wrecche!
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to recehe.

O cruel God, O dispitousw Marte,
O Furies three of helle, on yow I crye!
So let me never out of this hous departe,
If that I mente honest or vilanye!
But sith I see my lord mot nedes dye,
And I with him, here I me shryve, and seye
That wikkedly ye doon us bothe deye.

But sith it lyketh yow that I be deeds,
By Neptunus, that god is of the see;
For this forth shal I never eten brede
Til I myn owene herte blood may see;
For certayn, I wolde deye as done as be.
And up be aternte, and on his wey he raughte,
Til she agayn him by the tappe caughte.

Criseyde, which that weighe starrf for fere,
So as she was the ferfullest wight
That mighte be, and herde eek with his ere,
And saw the sowerfull ernest of the knight,
And in his preyere eek saw noon unrigh,
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen more,
She gan to rewe, and draddde his wonder sore;

And thoughte thus: Unhappes fallen thilke
Alday for love, and in swich maner cas,

As men ben cruel in hemselfe and wikke;
And if this man olce here himselfe, alas!
In my presence, it wol be no solas.
What men wolde of hit deeme I can nat seye;
It nedeth me ful sleyly for to peye.

And with a sowerful syk she seyd thrye:
A! Lord! what me is tid a sory chaunte!
For myn estat now lyth in jupartye,
And erh myn emes lyth lyth in balunce;
But nathelose, with Goddes governaeunce,
I shal so doone, myn honour shal I hepe,
And erh his lyf, and stinte for to wepe.

Of harms twis, the lesse is for to cheste;
Yet have I lever maen him good dree
In honour, than myn emes lyf to lese;
Ye seyn, ye nothing elles me require?
No, wis, quod he, myn owene nece dere.
Now wel, quod she, and wol doon my peyne;
I shal myn herte ayeins my lust constreyne,
But that I nil not holde him in bonde,
Ne love a man, ne can I non, ne may
Ayeins my wyl; but elles wol I wonde,
Myn honour sauff, plesse him fro day to day;
Therto nolde I nought ones have seyd nay,
But that I drede, as in my fantasye;
But cesse cause, ay ceaseth maladye.

And here I make a protestation,
That in this proces if ye depper go,
That certaynly, for no savacion
Of yow, though that ye ette bothe two,
Though al the world on a day be my po,
Ne shal I never on him han other routhie.
I graunte wel, quod Pandar, by my trouthe.

But may I troute wel therto, quod he,
That, of this thinge that ye han bighte me here,
Ye wol it holde trewly unto me?
Ye, doueteles, quod she, myn uncle dere.
Ne that I shal han causse in this matere,
Quod he, to pleyne, or after yow to preche?
Why, no, parde; what nedeth more speche?

Tho fillen they in othere tales glade,
Til at the late: O good em, quod she tho,
For love of God, that us bothe made,
Til me how first ye wiseten of his wo:
Wot noon of hit but ye? he seye, No.
Can he wel speke of love? quod she, I prey,
Til me, for I the bet me shal purveye.

Tho Pandar a litel gan to smyle,
And seye: By my trouthe, I shal yow telle,
This other day, nought gon ful longe whyle,
Inwith the palesygardyn, by a welle,
Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,
Right for to spoken of an ordenaunce,
Now we the Grekes mighte disavauce.

Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,
And casten with our dartes to and fro,
Troylus and
Crisyeode.
Liber II.

Til at the laste he seyde, he wolde slepe,
And on the grea adoun he leyde him tho;
And I after gane toome and fro
Til that I herde, as that I well alone,
How he began ful wofull to groome.

Tho gan I stalle him softlye bihinde,
And siertly, the sothe for to seyne,
As I can slepe ayein now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to pleyne;
He seyde: Lord! I have routhen upon my peyne,
At I have been rebel in myn entente;
Now, mea culpa, lord! I me repente.

O god, that at thy dispositioum
Lestent the dyn, by juste purveyaunce,
Of every wight, my love confessioum
Accepte in gree, and send me swich penaunce
As lyketh thee, but from desaepenaunce,
That may my goost departe awre fro thee.
Thou be my sheld, for thy benigne.

For certes, lord, so sore hath she me wounded
That aet in blash, with loking of hir yen,
That to myn herte botyme it is ysounded,
Thorough which I woort that I mot nedes dyen;
This is the worste, I dar me not biwryen;
And wel the better been the gesdes rede,
That men hem wryen with asshe pale & dede.

With that he smoot his heed adoun anoon,
And gan to motre, I noot what, trevely.
And I with that gan stille away to goon,
And leet therof as nothing wist hadde I,
And come ayein anoon and stood him by,
And seyde: Awahe, ye slepen al to longe;
It someth nat that love douth yow longe,

That slepen so that no man may yow wake.
Who sey ever or this so dull a man?
Ye, frend, quod he, do ye your hedes ake
For love, and let me even as I can.
But though that he for wo was pale and wan,
Yet made he tho as fresh a contenaunce,
As though he shulde have led the newe daunce.

This passed forth, til now, this other day,
It felt that I com roving al alone
Into his chambrere, and fond how that he lay
Upon his bed; but man so sore grone
Ne herde I never, and what that was his mone,
Ne wiste I nought; for, as I was coming,
At sodeynly he lefte his compleyneing.

Of which I took somewhat suspicioun,
And neer I com, and fond he wepte sore;
And God so wis be my savacioun,
As never of thing hadde I no routhe more.
For neither with engyn, ne with no lore,
None thes mighte I fro the deeth him hepe;
That yet fele I myn herte for him wepe.

And God wot, never, sith that I was born,
Was I so biy no man for to preche,
Ne never was to wight so depe ysworn,
Or he me tolde who might be his leche.
But nou to yow rehearse at his speche,
Or alle his wofull wordes for to boun.
Ni be me nout, but ye wole see me soweune.

But for to save his lyf, and elles nought,
And to no harm of yow, thus am I driven;
And for the love of God that us hath wrought,
Swechere him dought, that he and I may liven.
Now have I plat to yow myn herte ochevren;
And sin ye woot that myn entente is clede,
Tah hede therof, for I non yvel mene.

And right good thrift, I pray to God, have ye,
That han swich oon ycaught withoute net;
And be ye wys, as ye ben far to see,
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set.
Ther were never two so wel ymet,
When ye ben his al hool, as he is to youre;
Ther mighty God yet graunte us see that houre!

Nay, therof spak I not, a! hai quod she,
As helpe me God, ye shendyn every deel!
O mercy, dere nece, anoon quod he.
Whatso I spak, I mente nought but weel,
By Mara the god, that helmed is of steel;
Now beth nought wrooth, my blood, my nece dere.
Now wet, quod she, forveyn be it here!

With this he took his leve, and boome he wente;
And Lord, how he was glad and wel bigoon!
Crisyeode aroos, no lenger she ne stente,
But straught in hir closet wente anoos,
And sette here doun as stille as any stoon,
And every word gan up and doun to winde,
That he hadde seyd, as it com hir to minde.

And wax somdel astonied in hir thought,
Right for the newe cas; but than that she
Was ful avysed, the fond she right nought
Of peril, why she oughte alerred be.
For man may love, of possibilee,
A womman so, his herte may tobreate,
And she nouthe love ayen, but if hir leaste.

But as she sat alone and thoughte thus,
Thasaery aroos at sharmish al withoute,
And men cryde in the strete, as with Troylus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes route!
With that gan al hir meynce for to shouete:
Al go we see, caste up the latis wyde;
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays ryde;

For other wey is fro the pate noon
Of Dardanus, ther open is the chayme.
With that com he and al his folk anoos
An eas pas rydinge, in routines twyne,
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,
For which, men say, may nought disturbed be
That shal bityden of necessitie.

This Troylus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely,
And wounded was his horse, and gan to blede,
On whiche he rood a pas, ful softeley;
But swich a knightly sighte, trewelie,
As was on him, was nought, whithouten faile,
To lote on Mars, that god is of batayle.

So lyk a man of arme and a knight
De was to seen, full of heir prowesse;
For bothe he hadde a body and a might
To doun that thing, as wel as hardinesse;
And eek to seen him in his gere him dresse,
So fresh, so yong, so weylde semed he,
It was an heven upon him for to see.

His helm toswen was in twenty places,
That by a tisew heng, his bah bihinde,
His sheld todashe was with swerdes & maces,
In whiche men mighte many an arwe finde;
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde;
And ay the peple erde: Piere cometh our joye,
And, next his brother, holdere up of Troye,

For which he wez a litle reed for shame,
Whan he the peple upon herde cryen,
That to biseide it was a noble game,
Now sobrelche he caste doun hir y'en.
Crisyeuda gan al hir cheere azynd,
And let so softe it in hir herte sinken,
That to hirself she seyde: Who yaf me drinke?

For of hir owene thought she wez al reed,
Remebringe hir right thus: Lo, this is he
Which that myn uncle swereth he must be deed,
But I on him have mercy and pite;
And with that thought, for pure ashamede she
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as faste,
Whyl he and al the peple forsyte,

And gan to caste and rollen up and doun
Withinne hir thought his excellent prowesse,
And his estat, and also his renoun,
His wit, his chap, and eek his gentillese;
But most hir favoure was, for his distresse
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a routhe
To oen wissch soo, if that he mente trouthe.

Now mighte som ennoys jangely thus:
This was a sodemyn love, how mighte it be
That she so lightly lovede Troyes
Right for the firste sighte; ye, pardee?
Now whoso seyth so, mote he never thee!
For every thing, a ginning hath it nede
Or al be wrought, whithouten any drede.

For I sey nought that she so sodemynly
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan enclene
To lyke him first, and I have told you why;
And after that, his manhood and his pyne
Made love withinne hir herte for to myne,
For which, by process and by good servyse,
He gat hir love, and in no sodemyn wyse.

And also blissful Venus, wel arrayed,
Sat in hir seveth the house of hevene tho,

Disposed wel, and with aspectes payed,
To helpe thely Troilus of his wo.
And, sooth to seyn, she nas nat ai a fo
To Troyes in his nativite;
God woot that wel the soner spede he.

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe,
That rydeth forth, and lat us tounne faste
Unto Crisydeye, that heng hir head ful lowe,
Theras she sat alone, and gan to caste
Wherfore she wolde apoynte hir at the laste,
If it so were hir cern ne wolde cease,
For Troyes, upon hir for to presse.

And, Lord! so she gan in hir thoughte argue
In this matere of which I have yow told,
And what to doun best were, and what escheue,
That plyted she ful oft in many fold.
Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,
And what she thoughte somewhat yali I wryte,
As to myn auctour listeth for to endyte.

She thoughte wel, that Troyes persone
She knew by sighte and eek his gentillese,
And thus she seyde: If were it nought to done,
To graunte him love, yet, for his worthiness
It were honour, with pley and with gladnesse,
In honestie, with swich a lord to dele,
For myn estat, and also for his hele.

Eek, wel wot I my kynge songe is he;
And sith he hath to see me swich dilut,
If I wolde utterly his sighte flee,
Paraunter he mighte have me in diapye,
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse plyt;
Now were I wyn, me hate to purchase,
Whithoute nede, ther I may stonde in grace?

In every thing, I woot, ther lyth mesure.
For though a man forbode dronkenesse,
He nought forfit that every creature
Be drinkeles for alwey, as I gese;
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,
I oughte not for that thing him despyse,
Sith it is so, he meneth in good wyse.

And eek I knowe, of longe tymne agoon,
His thewes goode, and that he is not nyce.
Ne avantour, seyth men, certein, is he noon;
To wyn is he to do so gret a wynce;
Ne as I nel he never so cheryce,
That he may make avant, by justc cause;
He shal me never binde in swiche a cause.

Now set a cas, the hardest is, ywis,
Men myghten deme that he lovede me;
What dishonour were it unto me, this?
May I him lette of that? why nay, pardee!
I knowe also, and alday here and see,
Men love women all this toem aboute;
Be they the wors? why, nay, whithouten doute.

I think eek how be able is for to have
Of all this noble toem the thristfeste,
To been his love, so she hir honour save;
For out and out he is the worthieste,
Save only Ector, which that is the beste,
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,
But swich love is, and eek myn aventure.

Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought;
For wet wet I myselfe, so God me speche,
I wolde I that noon wiste of this thought,
I am on the fayreast, out of drede,
And goodlyeste, whose taketh hede;
And so men seyn in alle the towne of Troye.
What wonder is it though he of me have joye?

I am myn owene woman, wet at ese,
I thanke it God, as after myn estat;
Right yong, and stonde untendy in lusty lese,
Wythouten jalousye or swich debat;
Shal noon housbondes seyn to me, Chelmat!
For either they ben ful of jalousye,
Or maisterful, or loven nelye.

What shal I doon? to what fyn live I thus?
Shal I nat love, in cas if that me lest?
What, par dieu! I am nought religious!
And thought that I myn herte sette at rate
Upon this knight, that is the worthieste,
And kepe alwey myn honour and my name,
By alle right, it may do me no shame.

But right as when the somne shyneth brighte,
In March, that chaungeth ofte tyme his face,
And that a cloud is put with wind to flighte
Which oversprat the somne as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan thorugh hir soule pace,
That overspradde hir brighte thoughtes alle,
So that for fere almost she gan to falle.

That thought was this: Alas! sin I am free,
Sholde I now love, and putte in juparte
My silleresse, and thralden libertee?
Alas! how doute I thynken that folye?
May I nought wel in other folk appe,
Hir drede full joye, hir constreyn, and hir peyne;
Ther loveth noon, that she nath why to pleyne.

For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,
Right of himselfe, that ever was bigonne;
For ever som mistrust, or nyce stryf,
Ther is in love, som cloud is over the somne;
Therto we wrecched wommen nothing conne,
When us is wo, but wepe and sitte and thinke;
Our wrecche is this, our owene wo to drinke.

Also these wilked tonges been so great
To speke us harm, eek men be so untrewe,
That, right anoon as caused is hir lest,
So caeeth love, and forth to love a newe:
But harm ydeon, is doon, whose it rewe,
For though these men for love hem first forende,
Ful sharp bigning breketh ofte at ende.

How ofte tyme hath it yhownen be,
The treason, that to woman hath be do?

To what fyn is swich love, I can nat see,
Or wher bicometh it, whan it is ago;
Ther is no wight that woote, I trowe so,
Wher it bocometh; lo, no wight on it aproneth;
That erst was nothing, into nought it torneth.

How bys, if I love, eek moste I be
To pleseen hem that jangle of love, and demen.
And cote hem, that they seyn non harm of me?
For though ther be no cause, yet hem semen
Al be for harm that folt hire frendes quemen;
And who may stoppen every wilked tonge,
Or sound of belles whyl that they be ronge?

And after that, hir thought bigan to cleere,
And sayde: He which that nothing undertaketh,
Nothing ne acheweth, be him loothe or dere.
And with an other thought hir herte quaketh;
Chas slepeth hope, and after dreed awaketh;
Now boast, now cold; but thus a bitwen tweye,
She rist hir up, and went hir for to pleye.

Adoun the steyre anoon right tho she wente
Into the gardin, with hir neces three,
And up and down ther made many a wente,
Flixippe, she, Tharbe, and Antigone,
To pleyen, that it joye was to se;
And other of hir wommen, a grete route,
Hir folode in the gardin al aboute.

This yerd was large, and raspell alle the alyes,
And sawdewel wet with bloomy bowes grene,
And bunched newe, and sounde alle the wayes,
In which she walke on arm in arm bitwene;
Til at the laste Antigone the shene
Gan on a Troian song to singe clere,
That it an beven was hir voye to here.

She sayde: O love, to whom I have and shal
Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente,
As I best can, to yow, lord, yeve ich al
For evermore, myn herdes lust to rente,
For never yet thy grace no wight sente
So blissful cause as me, my lyf to lede
In alle joye and seurete, out of drede.

Ye, blissful god, han me so wel beset
In love, ywis, that al that bereth lyf
Imagininge me conde how to ben bet;
For, lord, wythouten jalousye or stryf,
I love oon which that is most ententyf
To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned,
That ever was, and leest with harm distreynd.

As he that is the welle of worthinesse,
Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodlihood,
Of wit Appollos, stool of silernesse,
Of vertu rote, of lust findere and heed,
Thurgh which is alle sorwe fro me ded;
Ywis, I love him best, so doth he me;
Now good thrift have he, where so that he be!

Whom sholde I thanke but yow, god of love,
Of al this bliss, in which to bathe I ginne?
And thanked he ye, lord, for that I love!
This is the righte lyf that I am inne,
To flemen alle manere wyce and sinne:
This doth me so to vertu for to entendre,
That day by day I in my wyll amende.

And whoso seythe that for to love is wyce,
Or thraldom, though he fele in it distresse,
He outhur is envious, or righte wyce,
Or is unmyghty, for his shrewdnessse,
To loven; for swich maner folli, I gesse,
Defamen love, as nothing of him knowe;
They speken, but they bente never his bowe.

What is the sone weare, of kinde righte,
Though that a man, for feblesse of his yeer,
May nought endure on it to see for brighte?
Or love the weares, though wrecche on it cryen?
No wele in worth, that may no sorwe dryen.
And forthy, who that hath an head of verre,
Fro cast of stones war him in the weare.

But I with al myn herte and al my might,
As I have seye, wol love, unto my laste,
My dere herte, and al myn owene knight,
In whiche myn herte growen is so faste,
And his in me, that it shal ever laste.
Al drede I first to love him to biginne,
Now woot I wel, ther is no peril inne.

And of his song right with that word she stente,
And therwithal: Now, nece, quod Cristeye, 
Who made this song with so good entente?
Antigone ansewerde, adoun, and seyede:
Ma dame, wyue, the goodlyse mayde
Of greet estat in al the towne of Troye;
And let hir lyf in moste honour and joye.

Ferlootho, so it semeth by hir song,
Quod the Cristeye, and gan therwith to syke,
And seyede: Lord, is ther any bliss blasong
These lovers, as they come faire endyte?
Ye, woe, quod fresh Antigone the whyte,
For alle the folk that han or been on lyve
Ne comen wel the bliss of love discrewe.

But wene ye that every wrecche woot
The parfit bliss of love? why, nay, wyse;
They wenen al be love, if oon be hoot;
Do woe, do woe, they woot nothing of this!
Men moosten azex seyentes if it is
Aught fair in hevene: why? for they conne telle;
And axen fendas, is it foul in helle.

Cristeye unto that purpos nought answeerd,
But seye: Wyse, it wol be no as faste.
But every word which that she of hir herde,
She gan to prenten in hir herte faste;
And ay gan love hir lasse for to agaste
Than it dide erst, and sinken in hir herte,
That she wex somwhat able to converte.

The dayes honour, and the hevenes ye,

The nightes fo, al this clepe I the sone,
Gan westren faste, and downward for to wyre,
As he that hadde his dayes cours yronne;
And whyle the things waxen dimme and delone
For lack of light, and sterenes for to appere,
That she and al hir folk in wente ylere.

So whan it lyked hir to goon to reсте,
And voyded weren they that voyden oughte,
She seye, that to spele wel hir leste.
Hir women gonne til hir bed hir bringhte.
Whan al was hust, than lay she stille, & thoughte
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.
Reherce it nederth nought, for ye ben wyse.

A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,
Under the chambre wal ther as she lay,
Ful loude sang ayen the mone shene,
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay,
That herkened she so longe in good entente,
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.

And, as she slept, amonriight the hir mette,
Now that an egle, feathered whit as boon,
Under hir breat his longe clauset sette,
And out hir herte he rente, and that aoon,
And dide his herte into hir breat to goon,
Of which she nought agros no nothing smerte,
And forth she leigh, with herte left for herte.

Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales holde
Of Troilus, that is to paleys ridden,
Fro the armuch of the whiche I tolde,
And in his chamber sit, and hath abiden
Til two or three of his messagers yeden
For Pandaros, and boughten him ful faste,
Til they him founde, & broughhte him at the laste.

This Pandaros com leping in at ones
And seide thus: Who hath ben wel ybete
Today with swerdes, and with slingenstones,
But Troilus, that hath caught him an het?
And gan to jape, and seye: Lord, so ye sweete!
But ryse, and lat us soupe and go to reste;
And he answered him: Do we as thee leste.

With al the haste goodly that they mighte,
They spedde hem fro the souper unto bedde;
And every wight out at the dere him dighete,
And wher hem list upon his wey he spedde;
But Troilus, that thoughtes his herte bredde
For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,
He seye: Freend, shal I now wepe or singe?

Quod Pandaros: Ly stille, and lat me slepe,
And don thyn hoode, thy nedes spedde be;
And chese, if thou wilt singe or daunce or lepe;
At shorte wordes, thow shalt trowe me.
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee,
And love thee best, by God and by my trouthe,
But tak of puruit make it in thy silouthe.

For thus ferforth I have thy word bigonne,
Troilus and Criseyde
Liber II

Pro day to day, til this day, by the morwe,
Her love of friendship have I to thee wonne,
And also she leyd her feth to borwe.
Iligate a foot is hamleted of thy borwe.

What holde I linger sermon of it holde?
As ye han herd before, al he him tolde,

But right as flowers, thorugh the colde of night
Ye closed, stopen on hir stalkes lowe,
Redressen hem ayen in the sonne bright,
And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe;
Right so gan the his even up to throwe
This Troilus, and seyde: O Venus dere,
Thy might, thy grace, yheried it be here!

And to Pandare he held up bothe his bondes,
And seyde: Lord, al thyne be that I have;
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes;
A thousand Troians who so that me yave,
Eche after other, God so wis we save,
Ne mighte we so gladen; lo, myn herte,
It spredeth so for joye, it wol toosterte!

But Lord, how shal I doon, how shal I liven?
When shal I next my dere herte see?
How shal this longe tyne away be driven,
Til that thou be ayen at hir fro me?
Thou mayst answer, Abdy, abdy, but he
That hangeth by the nheke, sooth to seynne,
In grete disaise abdythe for the peyne.

Al esily, now, for the love of Marte,
Quod Pandarus, for every thing hath tyne;
So longe abdy til that the night departe;
For al so siker as thou lyst here by me,
And God toform, I wol be there at pryene,
And for thy werk somewhat as I shal ayene,
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

For pardee, God wot, I have ever yit
Ben redy thee to serve, and to this night
Have I nought fayne, but emfowthe my wit
Don al thy lust, and shal with al my might;
Do now as I shal seye, and fare aright;
And if thou nilt, wyte al thyself thy care,
On me is nought along thyne mytel fare.

I woot wel that thow wyser art than I
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,
God helpe me so, as I wolde outrely,
Right of myn owene hond, wyte hir right now
A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen bow
I ferde amis, and hir beseeche of routhe;
Now help thyselfe, and leve it for sloute.

And I myselfe shal therwith to hir goon;
And whan thou wost that I am with hir there,
Worth thou upon a coursier right anoon,
Ye, hardely, right in thy beste gere,
And ryd forth by the place, as nought ne were,
And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge
At som windowe, into the strete lokinge.

And if thee list, than maystow us saluwe,

And upon me make thy contenaunce;
But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eachuwe
To tarien ought, God shilde us fro mischaunce!
Ryd forth thy wey, and hold thy governaunce;
And we shal speke of thee somwhat, I trowe;
When thou art goon, to do thynne treo glowe!

Touching thy lettre, thou art wyse ynowe,
I woot thow nit il digneliche endyte;
As make it with this argumentes tough;
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wyte;
Reblette it with thy terze eek a lyte;
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,
Though it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

For though the beste harpion upon lyve
Wolde on the beste sounding joly harpe
That ever was, with alle his fingres fywe,
Touche ay o streng, or ay o werbul harpe,
Were his nayles poynted never so sharpe,
It shulde maken every wight to dulle,
To here his glee, and of his strokes fullle.

Ne jompre eek no discordant thing fylere,
As thus, to usen termes of physsh;
In loves termes, hold of thy matere
The forme alwaye, and do that it be lyth;
For if a peyntour wolde peynete a phy
With aese feet, and hede it as an ape,
It corderth nought; so nere it but a jape.

This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;
But, as a dreadeful lover, he seyde this:
Alas, my dere brother Pandarus,
I am ashamed for to wyte, wyis,
Lest of myn innocence I seyde amis,
Or that she holde it for deagyt receyve;
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it nothing wyve.

To that Pandare answere: If thee letst,
Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon;
For by that Lord that formed eat and west,
I hope of it to bringe answere aynoon
Right of hir hond, and if that thou nilt noon,
Lat be; and soryne mote he been his lyve,
Ayens thy lust that helpeith thee to thrive.

Quod Troilus: Depardieux, Lassente;
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wyte;
And blissful God preye ich, with good entente,
The voyage, and the lettre I shal endyte,
So spedet it; and thou, Minerva, the wyte,
Yf thou me wilt my lettre to devye;
And sette him down, and woot right in this wyse.

First he gan hir his righte lady calle,
His hercys lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,
His blisage, and eek this other termes alle,
That in swich cas these loveres alle seche;
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,
He gan him recomaunde unto hir grace;
To telle aflowe, it axeth muchel space.
And after this, ful lowly he hir prayed,  
To be nought wroth, though he, of his folye,  
So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde,  
That love it made, or elles moste he dye,  
And piteously gan mercy for to crye,  
And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,  
Himself was litel worth, and lesse he coude;  

And that she sholden han his connynge excused,  
That litel was, and eek he dredded hir so,  
And his unworthinesse he ay acused,  
And after that, than gan he telle his wo;  
But that was endele, withouten bo;  
And seyde, be wolde in trouthe alway hir holde;  
And raddite it over, and gan the lettre folde.

And with his salte teregan han bathe  
The ruby in his signet, and it sette  
Upon the wax deliveryshe and rathe;  
Therwith a thousand tymes, er he lette,  
He histe tho the lettre that he shette,  
And seyde: Letter, a blissful destane  
The shapen is, my lady shal ther see.

This Pandaros toketh the lettre, and that byyme  
Amorwe, and to his heces pales atereo,  
And faste he swoor that it was passed Pryme,  
And gan to jape, and seyde: Wise, myn herte,  
So freth it is, although it sore amerte,  
I may not slepe never a Mayes morwe;  
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorwe.  

This Pandaros toketh the lettre, and that byyme

Crisseyde, whan that she hir uncle herde  
With dreadful herte, and desirous to here  
The cause of his cominge, thus answered:  
Now by your feythe, myn uncle, quod she, dere,  
What maner windes gydeth yow now here?  
Tell us your joly wo and your pennaunce,  
How ferther ye put in loves daunce.  

By God, quod he, I hoppe alway bihinde!  
And she to laughe, it thoughte hir herte breaste.  
Quod Pandaros: Loke alway that ye finde  
Game in myn hood, but herknesse, if you lestee;  
Theis is right nowe come into toune a geste,  
A Greke espye, and tellesse newe thinges,  
For which I com to tell yeu tydinges.  

Into the gardin go we, and we shal here,  
At prevelly, of this a longe sermoun.  
Wheth that they wenten arm in arm yhere  
Into the gardin from the chaunbre doune.  
And whan that he so fer was that the soum  
Of that he speche, no man here mighte,  
He seyde hir thus, and out the lettre plighte  

Lo, he that is al hooly joyrues free  
Him recomandeth loyly to your grace,  
And sent to you this lettre here by me;  
Avyseyth you on it, when ye han space,  
And som goodly answere your purchase;  
Or, helpe me God, so pleynly for to seyne,  
He may not longe liven for his peyne.

Ful drefully the gan she stonde stille,  
And took it nought, but al hir humle chere  
Gan for to chaunge, and seyde: Scrit ne bille,  
For love of God, that toucheth swich matere,  
Ne bring me noon; and also, uncle dere,  
To myn estat have more reward, I preye,  
Than to his lust; what sholden I more seye?

And loketh now if this be reasonable,  
And leteth nought, for favoure for slouthe,  
To seyn a sooth; now were it covenable  
To myn estat, by God, and by your trouthe,  
To taken it, or to han of hir routhe,  
In harmsyng of myselfe or in reprieve?  
Ber it ayen, for him that ye on leve!

This Pandaros gan on hir for to stare,  
And seyde: Now is this the grettest wonder  
That ever I sey! let be this nyce fare!  
To deeth the mote I smiten be with thonder,  
If, for the citec which that stondeth yonder,  
Wolde I a lettre unto yow bringe or take  
To harme of yow; what list yow thus it make?

But thus ye faren, weel neigh alle and same,  
That he that most desireth yow to serve,  
Of him ye receve least when he bcome,  
And wether that he live or elles sterve.  
But for at that ever I may deserve,  
Refuse it nought, quod he, and hente hir faste,  
And in hir bosom the lettre doune he thraate,  

And seyde hir: Now cast it away anoon,  
That folk may seen and garen on us tweye.  
Quod she: I can abyde til they be goon.  
And gan to smyle, and seyde hir: Gem, I preye,  
Swich answere as you list yourself purrye,  
For treweyly I nil no lettre wryte.  
Not? than wol I, quod he, so ye endyte.

Cherwith she lough, and seyde: Go do wyne.  
And he gan at hirself to jape faste,  
And seyde: Nece, I have so greet a pyne  
For love, that every daye I faste;  
And gan his beste japes forth to caste;  
And made hir so to laughe at his folye,  
That she for laugher wende for to dye.

And whan that she was come into halle:  
Now, eem, quod she, we wol go dune anoon;  
And gan some of hir women to hir calle,  
And streight into hir chaunbre gan she goon;  
But of hir businesse, this was cen  
Amonges other thinges, out of drede,  
Ful privyly this lettre for to rede;  

Avysed word by word in every nyne,  
And send no lach, she thoughte she coude good;  
And up it putte, and went hir in to wyne.  
And Pandaros, that in a study stood,  
Er he was war, she tok hem by the hoo,  
And seyde: Ye were caught er that ye wiste;  
Of vouche sauf, quod he, do what yow liste.
Troylus and Criseyde.  
Liber II.

The weassen they, and sette hem doun & ete;
And after noon ful stelye Pandarauus
Gan drawe him to the window next the strete,
And seyde; Nece, who hath arayed thus
The wondre houes, that stant afryenyn uop?

Which houes? quod she, and gan for to bisholde,
And knew it wel, and who was it was him tolde,

And filen forth in speche of thinges smale,
And seten in the window bothe tweyye.
When Pandarauus saw tymes unto his tale,
And saw wel that his folk were alle awydy.
Now, nece myn, tel on, quod he, I seyde,
How thyghen yow the lettre that ye woot?
Can he theron? for, by my trouthe, I noot.

Cherwith al rosse hewed the wex she,
And gan to humme, and seyde; So I trwowe.

A quyte him wel, for Goddes love, quod he;
Myself to medeaw wol the lettre sowye,
And held his bondes up, and aat on knowe,
Now, goode nece, be it never so lyte,
Yf me the labour, it to sowye and plyte.

Ye, for I can so wryte, quod she tho;
And cal I noot what I sheolde to him seyde.

Nay, nece, quod Pandarau, aey not so;
Yet at the leste thankethim, I prye,
Of his good wil, and doeth him not to deye.
Now for the love of me, my nece dere,
Refuseth not at this tymye my preyer.

Depardievux, quod she, God leve al be wel;
God helpe me so, this is the firste lettre
That ever I wroote, ye, aly or any del.

And into a closet, for to ayse his bettre,
She wette alone, and gan his herte unfettre
Out of diadames prison but a lyte;
And sette his doun, and gan a lettre wryte,

Of which to tell in shot is myn entente
Theffect, as fer as I can understande;
She thonke him of a that he wel mente
Towards his, but holde him in bonde
She nolde nought, ne make hiselen bonde
In love, but as his suster, him to plesse,
She wolde fayn, to doon his herte an ese.

She abette it, and to Pandarauus gan geon,
There as he sat and loket into strete,
And doun she sette his by him on a stone
Of jaspere, upon a quisheen gold ybetet,
And seyde; As wisely helpe me God the grete,
I never dide a thing with more pynye
Than wryte this, to which ye me constrayne;

And took it him: he thonke him and seyde;
God woot, of thing ful ofteoth bigonne
Cometh ende good; and nece myn, Criseyde,
That ye to him of hard now ben ywonne
Oughte he be glad, by God and yonder bonne!
For why men seyde: Impressiones lighte ful lightly been apredy to the flighte.

But ye han played tyrant neighe to longe,
And hard was it your herte for to grave;
Now stint, that ye no longer on it honge,
Al wold ye the forme of daunger save.
But hasteth yow to doon him joye have;
For trueth wel, to longe yoon hardnesse
Causeth despyt full often, for distresse.

And right as they declaimed this matere,
Lo, Troylus, right at the stretes ende,
Com ryding with his tenthe some yfere,
Al softly, and thiderward gan benede
Theras they sette, as was his way to wende
To paleys-wyrd; and Pandarau aspyde,
And seyde; Nece, ysee who cometh here ryde!

O flee not in, he seeth us, I suppose;
Yet may he thynke that ye him eschuwe.

Nay, nay, quod she, and wex al reed as rose.
With that he gan hir humlly to salwe,
With dredful chere, and oft his heuwen muve;
And up his look debounairly he caste,
And beheld on Pandarau, and forth he paste.

God woot if he sat on his hors aight,
Or goodly was beseyn, that ill day!
God woot wher he was lyth a manly knight!
What sholde I dereche, or telle of his aray?
Criseyde, which that alle these thinges say,
To telle in short, his quyted al yfere,
His persoane, his aray, his look, his chere,
His goodly manere and his gentillesse,
So wel, that never, sith that she was born,
Ne hadde she swich routhe of his distresse;
And howso she had hir ben herbiforn,
To God hope I, she hath now caught a thorn.
She shal not pull it out this neste wyff;
God sende me swich thornes on to pyne!

Pandarau, which that stood hir faste by,
Fette ired hooft, and he bigan to Smyte,
And seyde; Nece, I pray yow hertely,
Tell me that I shal axen yow a lyte.
A woman, that were of his deeth to wyte,
Withouten his gift, but for hir laketh routhe,
Were it wel doon? Quod she; Nay, by my trouthe!

God helpe me so, quod he, ye see me sooth;
Ye felen wel youself that I not lye.
Lo, yond his rit! Quod she; Ye, so he dooth.
We, quod Pandarau, as I have told you thrye,
Lab be your nyce shame and your folye,
And speke with him in esing of his herte;
Nytecete not do yow bothe amarte.

But theron was to heven and to done;
Considered at thing, it may not be;
And why, for shame; and it were eek to sone
To graunten hime so greet a libertee.
For playnly hir entente, as seyde she,
Was for to love him unwise, if she mighte,
And guerdon him with nothing but with sghte.
But Pandarus thought: It shal not be so,
If that I may: this nyce opinium
Shal not be holde fuly yere two.
What sholde I make of this a long atermoun?
He moste assente on that conclusioum
As for the tyme; and whan that it was eve,
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

And on his wey ful faste homward he spedde,
And right for joye he felt his herte daunce;
And Troilus he fond alone abedde,
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a trauence,
Bewiuen hope and dere deseapearence.
But Pandaras, right at his incominge,
He song, as who seyeth: Lo! summwhat I bringe.

And seyde: Who is in his bed so son
Yburied thus: 
It am I, frend, quod he.
Who, Troilus? nay helpe me so the mone,
Quod Pandaras, thou shalt aryse and see
A charm that was sent right now to thee,
The which can helen theek of thyne acces,
If thou do forthwith at thy businesse.

Ye, through the might of God! quod Troilus,
And Pandaras gan him the letter take,
And seyde: Pardee, God hath holpen us;
Have here a light, and loke on al this blake.
But ofte gan the herte glade and quake
Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,
So as the words yave him hope or dere.

But fynally, he took al for the beste
That she him woot, for sumwhat he bileth
On which, him thoughte, hemighte his herte reste,
Al covered she the words under sheشهد
Thus to the more worthy part he held,
That, what for hope and Pandaras bisteate,
His grete wo fresye he at the beste.

But as we may alday ourselven see,
Through more wode or col, the more fyr;
Right so erere of hope, of what it be,
Therwith ful ofte erereeth ek deyry;
Or, as an ooke cometh of a litle spyer,
So through this lettre, which that she him sente,
Encreisen gan deyry, of wiche he brente.

Wherfore I seye alway, that day and night
This Troilus gan to desier more
Than he did erde, thurgh hope, & dide his might
To pressen on, as by Pandaras loere,
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore
Fro day to day: he let it not refryde,
That by Pandare he woot somewhat or seyde;

And dide alao his othere observaunces
That to a lover longeth in this cas;
And, after that these dees turnede on chaunces,
So was he outher glad or seyde Alas!
And held after his gestes ay his pan;
And aftir swiche anwers as he hadde,
So were his dayes sory outher gladde.
TROILUS AND CRISEAIDE.

Liber II.

Yes, pardes, quod Deiphubus, wel toy wost, In al that ever I saw, and God tofore, At nere it but for man I love most, My brother Troilus; but se whyerfore It is; for sith that day that I was borne, I nay, ne nevermo to been I think, Heylos a thing that migh the thee forthhink.

And Pandare gan him thonke, and to him seyde: Lo, sire, I have a lady in this towne, That is my nece, and callyed is Criseyde, Whom som men wolden doon oppression, And wrongfully have her possession, Wherefor I of your lordship pow biseeche To been our frende, without more speche.

Deiphubus him answerde: O, is not this That thow speke of to me thus straungely, Criseyde, my frende? He seyde: Yes, Than nedeth, quod Deiphubus hardely, Namore to speke, for trusteth wel, that I Wol he bire champioun with spore and yerde; I roughte nought though alhe fios it herde.

But tell me, thou that woost al this mater, How I might best awayen? now lat see. Quod Pandarus: If ye, my lord so dere, Wolden as now don this honour to me, To prayen him tomorwe, lo, that she Com unto you hir pleynites to devyse, Hir adversaries wolde of hit agraie.

And if I more dorete preye as now, And chargen yow to have so greet travayle, To han som of your brethren here with yow, That mighten to hir cause bet awayle, Than, woot I wel, she mighte never fayle For to be holpen, what at your instande, What with hir other frendes governance.

Deiphubus, which that cemen was, of hinde, To al honoure and bountee to consente, Answerde: It shal be done; and I can finde Yet greter help to this in myn entente, What wolte thow seyn, if I for Eleyne sente To speke of this? I trowe it be the beste; For she may leden Paris as hir leste.

Of Ector, which that is my lord, my brother, It nedeth nought to preye him frende to be; For I have herd him, o tymes and eek other, Spoke of Criseyde swich honoure, that he May seyn no bet, awich hap to him hath she. It nedeth nought his helpee for to crave; He shal be swich, right as we wolde him have.

Speth thou thyself also to Troilus On my bhibit，则, and pray him with us dyne. Sire, at this shal be done, quod Pandarus; And took his leve, and never gan to fyne, But to his nece hous, as streight as fyne, He com; and fonde hir fro the mete aryse; And sette him down, and upke right in this wyse.

Be seyde: O very God, so have I ronne! Lo, nece myn, see ye nought how I sweze? I noot whether ye the more thank me conne. Be ye nought warr how that hati Doliphete Is now aboute eftsoones for to plete, And bringe on yow advocacye newe? I no, quod she, and chaunged al hir hewe.

What is he more aboute, me to drecche And doon me wrong? what shal I do, alas? Yet of himself nothing ne wolde I recche, Ner it for Antenor and Gneas, That been his frendes in swich maner cas; But, for the love of God, myn uncle dere, No fyr of that, lat him have al yfere;

Withouten that, I have enought for us. Nay, quod Pandare, it shal nothing be so. For I have been right now at Deiphubus, And Ector, and myne otheres lordes me, And shortlye made ech of hem his fo; That, by my thrife, shal he never winne For ought he can, whan that so he bigine.

And as they casten what was best to done, Deiphubus, of his owene curtayne, Com hir to preye, in his propre persoene, To holde him on the morwe companye At diner, which she nolde not denye, But goodly gan to his preyere obeye. He thanke hir, and wente upon his weye.

Whanne this was done, this Pandare up anoon, To telle in short, and forth gan for to wende To Troilus, as stille as any stoon, And at this thing he tolde him, word and ende; And how that he Deiphubus gan to blende; And seyde hir: Now is tyme, if that thou com, To bere thew wolde tomorwe, and al is womne.

Now speche, now prey, now pitously compleyne; Lat not for nyce shame, or drede, or slouthe; Someyme a man mot tellle his owene peyne; Byleve it, and she shal han on heu toughte; Thou shalt be saved by thy feth, in trouthe. But wel wol I, thou art now in a drede; And what it is, I ley, I can arede.

Thow thinkest now: how sholde I doon al this? For by my cures moste folk apaye, That for hir love is that I fare ames; Yet hadde I lever unswit for sorwe dye. Now thynke not so, for thou dost greet folke. For right now have I founden o manere Of sleighte, for to coveren al thy cures.

Thow shal gon over night, and that as blyve, Unto Deiphubus hous, as thee to playe, Thy maladye away the bet to dryve, For why thou semetest ethyl, soth for to seye. Sone after that, down in thy bed thee ley, And say, thou mayst no linger up endure, And ley right there, and byde thynt aventure.
Say that thy fever is won't thee for to take
The same tyme, and lasten til amowre;
And lat see how wel thou canst it make,
For, pardee, syke is he that is in soore.
Go now, farewell! and, Venus here to borwe,
I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme,
Thy grace she shal fully ther conferne.

Quod Troilus: Ywis, thou nedest cesse
Counsel lest me, that syliche I me fynne!
For I am syke in erenest, doutelesse,
So that wel ney, I sterre for the pynne.

Quod Pandaruns: Thou shalt the bettre pleyne,
And hast the lasse nede to countrefete;
For him men demen hoot that men been sene.

Lo, holde thee at thy triste cloos, and I
Shal wel the deeer unto thy bowe dryve.
Cherwith he took his leve al sofrely,
And Troilus to paleys wente bylye.
So glad ne was he never in al his lyve;
And to Pandaruns red gan al assente,
And to Deiphbold houz at night he wente.

What nedeth yow to tellen al the chere
That Deiphbold unto his brother made,
Or his access, or his sylych manere,
Now men gan him with clothes for to lad;
When he was leyd, and how men wolde him glade?
But al for nought, he held forth al the wyse
That ye han hert Pandare er this devere.

But certyn is, er Troilus him leyde,
Deiphbold him had praye, over night,
To been a frend and helpping to Criseyde.
God woot, that he it graunte of anonight,
To been hir full frend with al his myght.
But swich a nede was to preye him thonne,
As for to bidde a wood man for to renne.

The morwen com, and neigheyn gan the tyme
Of meel tyd, that the faire quene Elyme
Shoopt hir to been, an houre after the pyrne,
With Deiphbold, to whom she nold fynne;
But as his suster, hoomly, sooth to seyne,
She com to diser in hir playn entente,
But God and Pandare wiste at what this merte.

Come eelh Criseyde, al innocent of this,
Antigone, hir sister Tarbe also;
But fle we now prolixitee best is,
For love of God, and lat us faste go
Right to the effect, withoute tales mo,
Why al this folk assembled in this place;
And lat us of hir saluynge pace.

Gret honour dide hem Deiphbold, certeyn,
And fedde hem wel with al that mighte lyke.
But evermore: Alas! was hit her leyne,
My good brother Troilus, the syke,
Lyth yet. And therewithal he gan to syke;
And after that, he peyned him to glade
Hem as he myghte, and chere good he made.

Compleyned eelh Elyme of his sykehese
So feithfully, that pitee was to here,
And every wyght gan waxen for acess.
A leche anoon, and seyde: In this manere
Men curen folk; this charme I wol you tere.
But there sat oon, al list hir nought to teche,
That thoughte, best coude I yet been his leche.

After compleyn, him gonnen they to preynen,
As folk don yet, whan som wight hath bigonne
To preynen a man, and up with pryss hir reyne
A thousand fold yet hyer than the sonne:
He is, he can, that fewe lorde reyne...

And Pandaruns, of that they wolde afferne,
He not forgat hir preysing to conforme.

Herde al this thing Criseyde wel ynowng,
And evere word gan for to notynyn:
For which with soore chere hir herde lough;
For who is that ne wolde hir glorifye,
To mowen swich a knyght don live or dye?
But al passe I, leste ye to longe dwelle;
For of oon is al that ever I telle.

The tyme com, for diner for to ryse,
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychone,
And gonne a while of this and that devyne.
But Pandaruns brak al this aope anoon,
And seyde to Deiphbold: Wole ye goon,
If youre wille be, as I you preye.
To speke here of the nedes of Criseyde?

Elyme, which that by the hond hir held,
Took first the tale, and seyde: Go we bylye;
And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,
And seyde: Jove lat him be hir yeve,
That dooth you hame, & bringe him sone of lyve
And yeve me sone, but he shal it rewe,
If that I may, and alle folk be trewe.

Tel thou thy nede cas, quod Deiphbold
To Pandaruns, for thou canst beat it telle.
My lorde and my ladye, it stant thuse,
What sholde I lenger, quod he, do you dwelle?
He rong hem out a prococ lyk a belle,
Upon hir fo, that nighte Poliphete,
So hynous, that men myghte on it speke.

Anwende of this eelh worse of hem than other,
And Poliphete they gonnen thus to warien:
Anhonged be swich con, were he my brother;
And so he shal, for ne may not warien.
What sholde I lenger in this tace tarien?
Deymol, at ones, alle they hir highten,
To been hir helpe in al that ever they myghten.

Spalt than Elyme, and seyde: Pandaruns,
Woot ought my lord, my brother, this matere,
Imene, Setor? or woot it Troilus?
He seyde: Ye, but wole ye now me heere?
Me thinke thes, aith Troilus is here,
It were good, if that ye wolde assente,
She tolde hirself al this, er she wente.
Trolis and Criseyde. Liber II.

For he wole have the more his griefe at herte,
By cause, lo, that she a lady is;
And, by your leve, I wol but right in sterte,
And do wyse, and that ancon, ywis,
If that he slepe, or wole oughte of this.
And in he lepte, and sayde hym in his ere;
God have thy soule, ybroughte have I thy here!

To Smylen of this gan the Trolis,
And Pandaras, withoute rekening,
Out wene ancon to Elyne and Deiphebus,
And sayde hem: So there be no tarrynge,
Ne more prei, he wol wel that ye bringe
Crisyeue, my lady, that is there;
And as he may endure, he wole here.

But wel ye woot, the chambrer is but lyte,
And fewe folk may lightlly make it warme;
Now loketh ye, for I wol have no wyte,
To bringen in prees that mighte doon him harm
Or hym disasent, for my better arm,
When it be bethe byde til eftsones;
Now loketh ye, that knouen what to doon is.

I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in ne wento but ye tewe,
But it were I, for I can, in a throwe,
Reherece hir cas, unlyth that she can seye;
And after this, she may him ona preye
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir leve;
This may not muchel of hir ese he rewe.

And eek, for she is straunge, he wol forbere
His ese, which that hir that nought for yow;
Eek other thing, that toucheth not to here,
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,
That secret is, and for the tounes prow,
And they, that nothing knewe of this entente,
Withoute more, to Trolis in they wento.

Elyne in al hir gunstly softe wyse,
Gan hir aluure, and womanly to pleye,
And seyde: Ywis, ye mooste alwetys aryse!
Now fayre brother, beth al hoo, I preye!
And gan hir arm right over his sholder leye,
And him with al hir wyte to recomforte;
As she best coude, she gan hir to dispore.

So after this quod she: We yow biseke,
My dere brother, Deiphebus, and I,
For love of God, and so doth Pandare she,
To been good lord and frend, right hertely,
Unto Criseyde, which that certeynly
Receyveth wrong, as woot wel here Pandare,
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.

This Pandaras gan newe his tung affylle,
And al hir cas rehere, and that ancon;
When it was seyd, some ther he was whyle,
Quod Trolis: An so ne as I may goon,
I wol right fayn with at my might ben con,
Have God my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.
Good thrift have ye, quod Elyne the quene.

Quod Pandarus: And it your wille be,
That she may take hir leve, or that she go?
Or elles God forbode, the quod be,
If that she vouche sauff for to do so.
And with that word quod Trolis: Ye two,
Deiphebus, and my sweter leef and dere,
To yow have I to speke of omaterre.

To been avysed by your reed the bettre;
And fond, as hap was, at his beddey heed,
The copie of a trestis and a lettre,
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed.
If al a man was worthy to ben deed,
Woot I nought who; but in a prickly wyse
He preyede hem ancon on it avyse.

Deiphebus gan this lettre to unforthel
In earnest greet; so dide Elyne the quene;
And rominghe outward, fast it gane hibolde,
Downward a stappe, into an herbere grene.
This like thing they reden hem bitwene;
And largely, the moutance of an houre,
They gonne on it to reden and to powre.

Now lat hem rede, and tumne we ancon
To Pandaras, that gan ful faste prye
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon
Into the grete chambe, and that in hye,
And seyde: God save al this companye!
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Elyne
Abyde thew, and eek my lordes twyne.

Rys, take with yow your nece Antigone,
Or whom yow list, or no fora, hardlyly.
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with me,
And loke that ye thanke humbly
Dem alle three, and, when ye may goodly
Your tympe yche, taketh hem your leve,
Lest we to langhe his restes him brewe.

Al innocent of Pandaras entente,
Quod tho Criseyde: Go we, uncle dere;
And arm in arm inward with him she wento,
Avysed wel hir words and hir chere;
And Pandaras, in earnestful manere,
Seyde: Alle folk, for Goddes love, I preye,
Stinteth right here, and softly yow pleye.

Aviate yow what folk ben here withinne,
And in what pliyt con is, God him amende;
And inward thus ful softly biginne;
Nece, I conyure and heightly yow defende,
On his half, which that bowle us alle sende,
And in the vertue of correones twyne,
Sile nought this man, that hath for yow this poynel.

On the deval! thing which con he is,
And in what pliyt he ly; com of ancon;
Thenk al swich tarried tyd, but lost it nin;
That wol ye bothe seyn, when ye ben con.
Secundance, ther yet devyseth noon
Upon yow two: com of now, if ye conne;
Whyb folk is blent, lo, al the tym is wonne!
In titering, and pursue, and delayes,
The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree;
And though ye wolde han after merye dayes,
Than dar ye nought, and why? for she, and she
Spak swich a word; thus loked he, and he;
Lest tyme I losste, I dar not with yow dele;
Com of thercfore, and bringeth him to hele.

But now to yow, ye lovers that ben here,

Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,
That lay, and mighte wispringe of hem
here,
And thoughte: O Lord, right now renneth
my sort
Fuly to dye, or han ancon comfor.
And was the fyrste tyme he shulde hir preye
Of love; O mighty God, what shal he seye?
Explicit Secundus Liber.
CROILUS AND CRISEYDE. LIBER TERCIS.

Incipt Prolcmium Terci Libri.

The red be thy might and thy goodnesse!

In hevene and helle, in erthe and salte see
Is felt thy might, if that I wil descerne;
As man, brid, best, fissh, herbe and grene tree
Thee feele in tymes with vapour eterne.

God loveth, and to love wol nought wreme;
And in this world no lyve creature,
Withouten love, is worth, or may endure.

Ye Joves first to thilke effectes glade,
Thorough which that thynge al leven alle and be,
Comedwen, and amorous him made
On mortal thing, and as yow list, ay ye
ey yeve him in love eae or adversite;
And in a thousand formes doun him sente
For love in erthe, and whom yow listes, he hente.

Ye fere Mars apeysen of his ire
And, as yow list, ye maken herdes digne;
Nigates, hem that ye wol sette afyre.
They drede in shame, and vices they resign;
Ye do hem co wynys be, freashe and benigne,
And hie or lowe, after a wight entendet;
The joyes that he hath, your might him sendeth.

BLISFUL LIGHT, OF WHICHE THE
benea clere
Adorneth at the thrilde hevene faire!
O sonnes leef, O Joves daughter dere,
Pleasure of love, O goody debonaire,
In gentill herdes ay reedy to repayre!
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Ye holde the regne and houz in unitee;
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been also;
Ye knowe at thilke covered qualitee
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,
When they can not construe how it may go.
She loveth him, or why he loveth here;
No why this fish, and nought that, cometh to were.
Ye folke a lawe han set in universe,
And this knowe I by hem that lovest be,
That whose a stryveth with yow hath the perye;
Now, lady bright, for thy benigneite,
At reverence of hem that serven thee,
Whoso erclerk I am, so teche me devyse
Som joye of that is felt in thy servyse.

Ye in my naked herte sentiment
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy sweetnesse.
Callipe, thilke be now present,
For now is nede; set asow my destresse,
Now I mot tel le anon-righ the gladnesse
O Troilus, to Venus herynge?
O to which gladnes, who nede hath, God him bringe!
Explicit prohemium Terci Libri.

Incepit Liber Tercius.

Y al this mene whytle
Troilus,
Recordinge his lesoun
in this manere:
Ma fey thought he,
thus wol I seye and thug;
Thus wol I pleyne unto
my lady dere;
That word is good, and
this shal be my chere;
This nil I not forayten in no wyse.
God leue him werien as he gan devyse.

And Lord, so that his herte gan to quappe,
Heringe hir come, and shorne for to syke!
And Pandarus, that ladde hir by the lappe,
Com her, and gan in at the curte pyle,
And seyde: God do bote on alle syke!
See, who is here yow come to visyte;
Lo, here is she that is your death to wyte.

Therwith it semed as he wepte almost:
A ha, quod Troilus so rewfullly,
Wher me be wo, O mighty God, thou wost!
Who is al there? I see nought trewely.
Sire, quod Criseyde, it is Pandare and I.
Ye, swete herte? alasse, I may nought ryse
To knelle, and do yow honour in som wyse.
And dressede him upward, and she right tho
Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him leyde:
O, for the love of God, do ye not so
To me, quod she, ey what is this to seye?
Sire, come am I to yow for causes twayne;
First, yow to thonke, and of your lordshiphe the
Continuance I wolde yow biseke.

This Troilus, that herde his lady preye
Of lordship him, wex neither quili ne deed,
Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye,
Athough men sholdte smyten of his heed.
But Lord, so he wex sodeinliche read,
And sire, his lesson, that he wende come,
To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit yrenne.
Cryseide at this aspyede wel enough,
For she wase wye, and lovede him nevertheless,
Al here he malapert, or made it tough.
Or wass to bold, to stinge a fool a mase.
But when his shame gan somewhat to passe,
His reasons, as I may my rymes holde,
I yow wol telle, as techen bokes olde.

In chaunged vois, right for his verrey drede,
Which vois ek quoch, and thereto his manere
Goodly abayst, and now his heves rede,
Now pale, unto Cryseide, his lady dere,
With loox doun cast and humble bolden chere,
Lo, the alderfirste word that him asterte
Was, tweye: Mercy, mercy, swete herte!

And stinte a whyl, and when he myghte outbringe,
The nexte word was: God wot, for I have,
As feythfully as I have had homming,
Ben yowre, also God my soule save;
And shal, till that I, wolfe wight, be grave.
And though I dar ne can unto yow pleyne,
Ywis, I suffre nought the lasse payne.
Thus muche as now, O wommanliche wyf,
I may outbringe, and if this yow diapese,
That shal I write upon myn owne lyf
Right sone, I trewe, and doon your herte an ey
If with my death your herte I may asepe.
But sin that ye han herd me somwhat seye,
Now recche I never how sone that I deye.

Therwith his manly sorwe to biholde,
It mighth han maad an herte of stoon to rewe;
And Pandare weep as he to watre wolde,
And polede ever his nece newe and newe,
And seye: Wo bigon ben hertes trewe!
For love of God, make of this thing an ende,
Or slise us bothe at ones, er that ye wende.

What? quod she, by God and by my trouthe,
I nought nought what ye wille that I seye.
What? quod he, that ye han on hym routhe,
for Goddes love, and doth him nought to deye.
Now thanne thus, quod she, I wolde him preye
To telle me the fyn of his entente;
Yet wiste I never wel what that he mente.
What that I mente, O swete herte dere?
Quod Troilus, O goodly fresche free!
That, with the stremes of your eyen clere,
Ye wolde someyme friendly on me see,
And thanne agrée that I may ben he,
Withoute braunches of wyse in any wyse,
In trouthe alwaye to doon yow my seryse.

As to my lady right and chief resort,
With al my wit and al my diligence,
And I to han, right as yow list, comfort,
Under your yerde, egal to myn offence,
As deeth, if that I breke your defence;
And that ye deigne me so muche honour,
Me to comamunden ought in any howre.
And I to ben your seruy humbl trewe,
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,
And evermore desire newly newe,
To seruen, and been ylyke ay diligent.
And, with good herte, al holly your talent
Receyen wel, how sore that me smerte,
Lo, this menel, myn owene swete herte.

Quod Pandarua: Lo, here an hard request,
And resonable, a lady for to serue!
Now, nece myn, by natal Joves fest,
Were I a god, ye sholde aterve as yerne,
That heren wel, this man wol nothing yerne
But your honour, and seen him almost aterve,
And been so looth to suffren him yow serue.

With that she gan hir eyen on him caste
Ful eaily, and ful debonairly,
Ayysing hir, and hyed not to faste
With never a word, but seye hir sofely:
Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely.
And in swich forme as he can now devyse,
Receyen him fully to my servyse,
Biasching him, for Goddes love, that he
Wolde, in honour of trouthe and gentilise,
As I wolde mene, eke mene wolte to me,
And myn honour, with wit and businesse,
As he kepeth; and if I may don him gladnesse,
From hennesforth, ywis, I nil not fayne:
Now beeth al hool, no lenger ye ne pleyne.

But natheles, this warne I yow, quod she,
A hingere sone although ye be, ywis,
Ye shul namore have soverainetee
Of me in love, than right in that cas is;
Ne I nil forber, if that ye doon amis,
To wraethen you; and whyl that ye me servye,
Cherycen you right after ye deservye.
And shortly, dere herte and al my knyght,
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,
And I shall trewely, with al my might,
Your bittre tornen al into sweetnesse;
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,
For every wyse shall recover a blissie;
And him in armes took, and gan him bisse.

Fil Pandarus on kneele, and up his yen
To hevene threw, and held his hondes hye:
Immortal god! quod he, that mayst nought dyen,
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye;
And Venus, thou mayst make melodye;
Withouten hond, me semeth that in townne,
For this merveyle, I here ech belle sowne.

But ho! no more as now of this materie;
For why this folk wol come up ancon,
That han the lettre red; to, hem here.
But I conjure thee, Criseyde, and son,
And two, thou Troilus, whom thou mayst goon,
That at myn hous ye been at myn warninge,
For I ful wel shall shape thy cominge;

And seeth ther thy hertes right ynoough;
And lat see which of yow shall here the belle
To speke of love aright! therewith he lough,
For ther have ye a layter for to telle.
Quod Troilus: Now longe shal I dwelle
Er this be doon? Quod he: When thou mayst ryse,
This thing shal be right as I yow devyse.

With that Elyne and also Deiphbus
The come upward, right at the steyres ende;
And Lord, so than gan grone Troilus,
His brother and his suster for to blende.
Quod Pandarus: It tyme is that we wende;
Tali, nece myn, your leue at alle three,
And lat hem speke, and cometh forth with me.

She took hir leue at hem ful thriftyly,
As she wel coude, and they hir reverence
Unto the fulle diden hardely,
And speken wonder wel, in hir absence,
Of hir, in presasing of hir excellence,
Hir governance, hir wit; and hir manere
Commendeden, it joye was to here.

Now lat hir wende unto hir owne place,
And torne we to Troilus ayen,
That gan ful lightly of the lettre passe,
That Deiphbus hadde in the gardin seyn.
And of Elyne and him he wolde fayn
Delivered been, and seyde, that him leste
to stepe, and after tales have reste.

Elyne him hiate, and took hir leue blyve,
Deiphbus ech, and hoom wente every wight;
And Pandarus, as faste as he may dryve,
To Troilus the com, as lynge right;
And on a paillet, al that glade night.
By Troilus he lay, with mery chere,
To tale; and wel was hem they were yfere.

When every wight was voided but they two,
And alle the dores were faste yshette,
To telle in short, withoute wordes mo,
This Pandarus, withouten any lette,
Up roos, and on his beddes syde him sette,
And gan to speken in a sobre wyse
To Troilus, as I shal yow devyse.

Myn alderleves lord, and brother dere,
God woot, and thou, that it sat me so sore,
When I thee saw so languishing toyere,
For love, of which thy wex alwey more;
That I, with al my might and al my lore,
Have ever sitben doon my business
To bringe thee to joye out of distresses;
And have it brought to swich plyt as thou wost,
So that, thorugh me, thou stondest now in weye
To fare wel, I seye it for no boat.
And wostow why? for shame it is to seye,
For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye
Which that I never doon shal ef for other,
Although he were a thousandfold my brother.

That is to seye, for thee am I bigonne,
Btwyen game and ernest, swich a mene
As maken wommen unto men to comen;
Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I mene.
For thee have I my nece, of yvices clene,
So fully maad thy gentlesse triote,
That al shal been right as thyselfe liste.

But God, that al wot, take I to witnessese,
That never I this for covetiouse wroghte,
But only for to abregge that distresse,
For which wel nyth thou dydeest, as me thoughte.
But gode brother, do now as thee oughte,
For Goddes love, and keip hir out of blame,
Sin thou art wyes, and save alwey hir name.

For wel thou wost, the name as yet of here
Among the peple, as who seyth, halwed is;
For that man is unborne, I dar wot owere,
That ever wiste that she dide amis.
But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,
May thaken that she is my nece dere,
And I hir eem, and traytor eek yfere!

And were it wiat that I, through ym engyn,
Baddie in myn nece yput this fantasye,
To do thy lust, and hooly to be thyn,
Why, al the world upon it wolde creye,
And seye, that I the worsste trecherye
Dide in this cas, that ever was bigonne,
And she forlost, and thou right nought ywonne.

Wherefore, er I wol futher goon a pas,
Yet eft I thee biseche and fully seye,
That priveteke go with us in this cas,
That is to seye, that thou us never weye;
And be nought wroth, though I thee ofte preye
To holde acree swich an heigh materie;
For shiffulis is, thow wost wel, my preyere.

503
Crolus and Griseye.

And rhynke what wo thy hath bitter this,
For malings of aumuntes, as men rede;
And what mishanunce in this world yet ther is,
Fro day to day, right for that wilked dede;
For these wyse clerkes that ben dede
Han ever yet proveder to us yonge,
That firste virtu is to kepe tounge.

And, here it that I wylne as now tabregge
Diffusion of speche, I coude almost
A thousand olde stories thee allegge
Of wommen lost, thurgh fols and foleso bost;
Proverbes canst thyself ynowe, and wout,
Ayeing that wyse, for to beem a labbe,
Al ayeys men sooth as ofte as they galle.

O tounge, alas! so ofte herebifrom
Hastow mad many a lady bright of hewe.
Syde: Welawey! the day that I was born!
And many a mayden sorwe for to newe;
And, for the more part, al is untrue
That men of yelpe, and it weere brouht to preve;
Of hinde non aumunour is to leve.

Avauntour and a lyere, al is on;
Ne thou: I pose, a woman graunte me
Ther love, and aeyth that other wol she non,
And I am sworn to holden it secre;
And after I go telle it two or three;
Ywis, I am avauntour at the leste,
And lyere, for I breke my bisehe.

Now loks thanne, if they be nought to blame,
Swich maner folk; what shal I sepe hem, what,
That hem aumante of wommen, and by name,
That never yet bighhte hem thyn ne that?
Ne knewe hem more than myn olde hat?
No wonder is, so God me sende hele,
Though wommen dede with us men to dele.

I sere not this for no mistrust of yow,
Ne for no wyse man, but for folkes nyce,
And for the harm that in the world is newe,
As wel for foly ofte as for malyce;
For wel wot I, in wyse folk, that wyse
No woman drat, if she be wel ayused;
For wyse ben by folke harm chastayed.

But nowe to purpoe: lye brother dere,
Have at this thing that I have seye in minde,
And keep thee cloe, and be now of good chere,
For at thy daye thou shalt me trewe finde.
I shal thy proces sette in swich a kinde,
And God toforn, that it shall thee suffuye,
For it shal been right as thou wolt devuye.

For wel I woot, thou mene wel, parde;
Therfore I dar this fully undertake.
Thou wost eek what thy lady grauanted thee,
And day is set, the chartris up to make.
Have now good night, I may no lenger wake;
And bid for me, sin thou art now in bise,
That God me sende deeth or some liase.

Who mighte tell halfe the joye or feste
Which that the bowe of Crolus tho fette,
Heringe thieffect of Pandarus bisehe?
His olde wo, that made his herte awetel,
Can tho for joye watten and tometel,
And at the richesse of his sykes sore
At ones flede, he fette of hem no more.

But right so as these holtes and these hayes,
That han in winter dede been and dreye,
Kevesthen hem in grene, whan that May is,
When every lusty lyketh best to playe:
Right in that betwix yse, soothe to seye,
Ax beydeynliche his herte ful of joye,
That gladder was ther never man in Troye.

And gan his look on Pandarus up caste
Ful sobere, and frenched for to see,
And seye: frend, in Aprille the laste,
As wel thou wost, if it remembre thee,
How neighe the deeth for wo thou founde me;
And how thou didest al thy businesse
To knowe of me the cause of my diostresse.

Thou wost how longe I lit forbar to seye
To thee, that art the man that I best triste;
And pariel was it noon to thee bywreye,
That wiste I wel; but fel me, if thee lisse,
Sith I so looth was that thyself it wiste,
How dorote I mo tollen of this matere,
That quake now, and no wight may us here?

But nathelose, by that God I thee awere,
That, as him list, may at this world governe,
And, if I lye, Achilles with his sperre
Myn herte clewe, al were my lyf eterne,
Ho I am mortal, if I lote or yerne
Wolde it biwreye, or dorote, or sholde conne,
For al the good that God made under sonne;

That rather daye I wolde, and determinye,
As thinketh me, now stokked in prenoun,
In wretchednesse, in flitte, and in vermyne,
Caytify to cruel king Agamenon;
And this, in ali the temples of this down,
Upon the goddes alle, I wol the awere,
Tomorwe day, is that thee lyketh here.

And that thou hast so muche ydco for me,
That I ne may it moremore deserue,
This knowe I wel, al mighte I now for thee
A thousand tymes on a morwen sterue,
I can no more, but that I wol thee serve
Right as thy sclave, whider so thou wende,
For evermore, unto my lyves ende!

But here, with al myn herte, I thee bieche,
That never in me thou deme swich folye
As I shalt seym; me thoughte, by thy speche,
That this, which thou me dost for companye,
I sholde wene it were a baudere;
I am nought wood, alif I lewed be;
It is not so, that woot I wel, parde.
But he that goth, for gold or for richesse,
On swich message, calle him what thee list;
And this that thou doost, calle it gentileesse,
Compassion, and felawship, and trist;
Departe it so, for wyde where is wist
How that there is diversitee required
Bewteen thinges lyke, as I have tereed.

And, that thou knowe I thinke nought ne wene
That this servysse a shame be or jape,
I have my faire bouter Polixene,
Cassandre, Cleynne, or any of the fraye;
Be she never so faire or wely shape,
Cet me, which thou wilt of everyone,
To han for thynyn, and lat me thanne alalone.

But sin that thou hast don me this servysse,
My luff to sake, and for noon hope of mede,
So, for the love of God, this grete empreysse
Performe it out; for now is moste mede.
For high and low, withouten any drede,
I wol alwyne thyne heastes alle hepe;
Have now good night, and lat us bothe slepe.

Thus held him ech with other wel apayed,
That at the world ne me mighte it bet amende;
And, on the morwe, when they were apayed,
Ech to his owen mede gan entende.
But Troilus, though as the fryr he brende
For sharpe dasyr of hope and of pleasance;
That for byth gast he not got his gode governaunce.

But in himself with manhod gan restreyne
Ech ruel dede and ech unbreyled chere,
That alle tho that liven, sooth to seyne,
Ne sholde han wist, by word or by manere,
What that he merte, as touching this matere.
From every wyght as fer as is the cloude
He was, so wel dissimul he coude.

And al the wyhly which that I yow dasyve,
This was his luff; with al his fulle mighte,
By day he was in Marteys high servysse,
This is to seyn, in armes as a knight.
And for the more part, the longe night
He lay, and thoughte how that he mighte serve
His lady best, hir thanke for to deserve.

Nil I nought swere, although he lay softe,
That in his thoughte he was sumwhat diseed,
Ne that he torne on his pittose ofte,
And wolde of that him missed han ben seedd;
But in swich cas syn nought alwyne plessed,
For ought I wot, no more than was he;
That can I deme of possibillite.

But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,
That in this wyhle, as writen is in geste,
He say his lady somtyne; and also
She with him spak, when that she dorete or teste,
And by hir bothe ayy, as was the bete,
Apoyntened ful waryn in this mede,
So as they dorete, how they wolde procede.

But it was spoken in so short a wyse,
In swich awayt alwey, and in swich fece,
Lest any wyght dyvenyn or dasyve
Wolde of hem two, or to it leyse an eere,
That at this world so leef to hem ne were
As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende
To maken of hir aspeche angth a ende.

But thilke lilet that they speke or wroghte
His wyse goost took ay of al swich mede,
It seemed hir, he wiste what she thoughte
Withouten word, so that it was no mede
To bidde him ought to done, or ought forbeede;
For which she thoughte that love, at come it late,
Of alle joye hadde opned hir the yate.

And shortly of this proces for to pace,
So wel his werk and wordes he biellette,
That he so ful stood in his lady grace,
That twenty thousand tymeys, or she lette,
She thonked God she ever with him mette;
So coude he him governe in swich servysse,
That at the world ne mighte it bet dasyve.

For why she fond him so discreet in al,
So secret, and of swich obelaunce,
That wel she felt he was to hir a wal
Of steel, and sheld from every dipleaunce;
That, to ben in his gode governaunce,
So wys he was, she was no more afered,
I mene, as fer as oughte ben required.

And Pandarus, to quyte alwey the fryr,
Was ever ylyke prest and diligent;
To ese his friend was set al his dasyr.
He shof ay on, he to and fro was sent;
He lettred bar when Troilus was absent.
That never man, as in his frendes mede,
Ne bar him bet han, withouten drede.

But now, parauter, som man wayten wolde
That every word, or sonde, or look, or chere
Of Troilus that I heressen sholde,
In at this wyhle, unto his lady dere;
I trowe it were a longe thing for to here;
Or of what wysht that stant in swich disjoynte,
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynete.

For sote, I have not herd it doon er this,
In storie noon, ne no man here, I wene;
And thought I wolde I coude not, ywis;
For ther was som epistel hem bitwene,
That wolde, as seyth myn auctor, wel contene
Neigh half this book, of which hem list not wryte;
How sholde I thanne a fyne of it endyte?

But to the grete effecte: than say I thus,
That stonding in concord and in quiete
Thise ills two, Criseyde and Troilus,
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,
Save only often mighte they not mete,
Ne layser hir speche to fullfelle,
That it beth right as I shal yow telle,

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Troilus and
Criseyde.
Liber III.
That Pandarus, that ever did his might
Right for the same that I shall speke of here,
As for to bringe to his house so micht
His faire nece, and Troilus yfere,
Wheras at Leyues at this heigh mater
Touching his love, were at the fullè up-bounde,
Hadde out of thought a tyne to it founde.

For he with grete deliberacion
Hadde evry thing that hereto mighte avayle
Forcaust, and put in execucion,
And neithe larft for cost ne for tranayle;
Come if hem lent, hem sholdie nothing fayle;
And for to been in ought espayed there,
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were.

And dredeleke, it cler was in the wind
Of every pye and every lette-game;
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind
In this mater, bothe fremede and tame.
This timber is al redy up to frame;
As lathketh nought but that we witen wolde
A certein houre, in whiche she comen sholdie.

And Troilus, that al this purveyance
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,
Hadde herupon ech maad great ordenaunce,
And foundede his cause, and thereto his aray,
If that he were missed, night or day,
Therwhile he was aboute this servyse,
That he was goon to doon his sacrifyse,

And moste at awych a temple alone wake,
Answered of Apolló for to be;
And first, to seen the holy lauerquake,
Er that Apolló spak out of the tre,
To telle hym next when Grekeis sholden flee,
And forthye lette him no man, God forbode,
But preyse Apolló helpen in this nede.

Now is ther litel more for to done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to ayenye,
Right soone upon the chaunging of the mone,
When lightles is the world a night or twyne,
And that the welken shoope him for to reyne,
He streighte amorwe unto his nece wente;
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

When he was come, he gan ancon to playe
And was wont, and of himselfe to jape;
And fynally, he awore and gan his seye,
By this and that, she sholdie him not escape,
Ne lenger doon him after his gape;
But certeyne she moste, by his leve,
Come soupen in his hous with him at eve.

At whiche she lough, and gan his haste excuse
And seyde: It raymeth; lo, how sholdie I gooyn?
So Lat be, quod he, ne stonde not thus to mose;
This most be doon, ye shal be ther ammoon.

So at the laste herof they felle at oon,
Or elles, soffe he awor in his ere,
He tolde never come ther she were.

Some after this, to him she gan to rowne,
And asked him if Troilus were there?
He swor hir: Nay, for he was out of towne,
And seyde: Nece, I pose that he were,
Yow thurfte never have the more fare.
For rather than men mighte him ther aspye,
Me were lever a thousand folde to dye.

Nought list myn auctore fully to declare
What that she thoughte when she seyde so,
That Troilus was out of towne yfere,
As if she seyde therof sooth or no;
But that, withoute awayte, with him to go,
She graunted hym, oth he hir that biaughte,
And, as his nece, obeyed as hir owghte.

But nathelesse, yet gan she hime biseche,
Although with hime to goon it was no fere,
For to be war of goosish peples speche,
That drenen thinges whiche that never were,
And wel avyse hym whom he broughte there;
And seyde hym: Eem, sin I mot on yowtrite,
Loke al be wel, and do noon as yow liste.

He swor hir: Yia, by stokkes and by stones,
And by the goddes that in hevene dwelle,
Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,
With Pluto king an depe been in helle
As Tantalus!

What sholdie I more telle?
When al was wel, he roode and took his leve,
And she to souper com, when it was eve,

With a certeyn of hir owne men,
And with hir faire nece Antigone,
And othere of hir wommen nyne or ten;
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,
But Troilus, that stood and mighte it se
Throughe a litel windowe in a steepe,
Ther he bishet, ain midnight, was in mewe,

Unwist of every wight but of Pandare?
But to the pownt: now when she was ycome
With alle joye, and alle frendes fare,
Hir eme ancon in arnes hath hir nome,
And after to the souper, alle and some,
When tymes was, ful softe they hem sette;
God wot, ther was no deyntee for to fette.

And after souper gommen they to ryse,
At esse wel, with berteles freshe and glade,
And wel was hime that coude best devye
To tyken hir, or that hir laugen made.
He song: she plyeye; he tolde tale of Made.
But at the laste, as every thing hath ende,
She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

But O, Fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of thase hevenes hye!
Soth is, that, under God, ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us besotes been the causes wyte.
This mene I know, for she gan boomward hye,
But execut was al biayde hir leve,
At the goddes wil; for which she moste bleeve.
The bente mone with hir hornes pale,
Saturne, and Tove, in Canoro joyned were,
That even maner womman that was there
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere;
At which Pandare tho tough, and seyde thenne:
Now were it tymne a lady to go henne!

But goode nece, if I mighte ever please
Yow anything, than pray I yow, quod he,
To doon myn herte as now so greet an eae
As for to dwell here at this nighte with me,
For why this is your owene hous, pardee.
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nought agame,
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.

Crisseyde, whiche that coude as muche good
As half a world, tolde hede of his preyere;
And sene it ron, and al was on a flood,
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwelle here,
And grunte it gladly with a frendes chere,
And have a thork, as grucehe and thanne abyde;
For hoom to goon it may nought wel bityde.

I wol, quod she, myn uncle leef and dere,
Sin that yow list, it shile to be so;
I am right glad with yow to dwelle here;
I seyde but agame, I wolde go.

Ywis, grant mercy, nece! quod he tho;
Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.

Chus al is wel; but the bign aright
The newe joye, and at the feste agayn;
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde sayn,
And seyde: Lord, this is an huge rayn!
This were a wede for to slepen inne;
And that I rede us boste to biginne.

And nece, woot ye when I wol yow leye,
For that we shul not liggen fer aisoner,
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,
Heren noise of reynes nor of thonder?
By God, right in my lyte closet yonder.
And I wol in that outer houe alone
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone.

And in this midel chaumber that ye see
Shul youre wommen slepen wel and softe;
And ther I seyde shal youreselvse be;
And if ye liggen wel tonight, com ofte,
And careth not what weder is on softe.
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow lestes,
So go we slepe, I trowe it to be the beste.

Ther nis no more, but hereafter sone,
The voyde dronke, and travers drawe anon,
Gan every wight, that hadde nought to done
More in that place, out of the chaumber gow.
And evermo so sterneleth it ron,
And blewe therwith so wonderliche loude,
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

The Pandarus, hir em, right as him oughte,
With women swiche as were hir most aboute,
Ful glad unto hir beddes ayde hir broughte,
And toke his heve, and gan ful love loute.
And seyde: Here at this closet dore withoute,
Right over thwart, your wommen liggen alle,
That, whom yow luste of hem, ye may here calle.

So whan that she was in the closet leyd,
And alle hir wommen forth by ordenaunce
Abbede weren, ther as I have seyed,
There was no more to shippen nor to traunce,
But boden go to bedde, with mischaunce,
If any wight was sterings anywhere,
And late hem slepe that abbede were.

But Pandarus, that wel coude ech a deil
The olde daunce, and every poyn tricke,
Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,
He thoughte he wolde upon his werk biginne,
And game the steve dore al softe unpinne,
And stille as stern, withouten lenger lette,
By Troilus adown right he him sette.

And, shortly to the poyn right for to gon,
Of al this werk he tolde him word and ende,
And seyde: Make thee redy right anon,
For thou shalt into bevene blisse wende.
Now blissful Venus, thou me grace sende,
Quod Troilus, for never yet no nede
Hadde I er now, ne halvedel the drede.

Quod Pandarus: Ne drede thee never a deil,
For it shal been right as thou wilt desyre,
So thrwy I, this night shal I make it wel,
Or casten al the gruel in the pyre.
Yit blissful Venus, this night thou me ensyre,
Quod Troilus, as was I thee serve,
And ever bet and bet shal, til I sterve.

And if I hadde, O Venus ful of mirthe,
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou combust or let were in my birthede,
Thy fader prey al thilke harm disterre
Of grace, and that I glad aycin may tyme,
For love of hym thou lovedst in the shawe,
I mene Acoo, that with the boor was slawe.

O love eech, for the love of faire Europe,
The whiche in forme of bote away thou fette;
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy blosy coppe,
For love of Cipris, thou me nought ne lette;
O Phoebus, thynk when Dane hirselfen shette
Under the bark, and laurer wex for drede,
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nefe!

Mercurie, for the love of Pierse ehe,
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wooth,
Now help, and eech Diane, I thee bisehe,
That this viage be not to thee tooth,
O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth
Me shappen was, my destene me sponne,
So helpeth to this werk that is bigonne!

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Quod Pandarus: Chou wrecched moues herte,
And he is come in swich peyne and distresse
That, but he be al fully wood by this,
And eowed by his mowe he wol the byte?
Why, don this furred cloke upon thy sherte,
And sodeynly mot falle into wodesese,
And thay that layen at the dore withoute,
And they that layen at the dore withoute,
Ful sytherly they slepten alle yere;
And Pandarus, with a ful sobere chere,
Both to the dore anon withouten lette,
Theras they laye, and softly it shette.
And as he com ayenward prively,
And as he com ayenward prively,
His nece awooch, and asked: Who goth there?
Ne won dere nece, quod he, it am I;
Ne wondereth not, ne have of it no fere;
And ne her com, and seye he in his ere:
No word; for love of God I yow bische;
Lat no wight ryse and hereyn of our speche.

What! which wey be ye comen, benedict ice?
Quod she, and how thus unwist of hem alle?
Here at this secre trappe dore, quod he.
O! God! ferorde that it sholde falle,
Quod Pandarus, that ye swich foly wrot they;
They mighte deme thinge they never er thoughte!
It is nought good a sleping hound to wake,
Ne yewe a wight a cause to devyne;
Your wommen slepen alle, I undertake,
So that, for hem, the hous men mighte myne;
And slepen wolent til the somne shyme.
And when my tale al brought is to an ende,
Unwist, right as I com, so wol I wende.

Now nece myn, ye shul wel understande,
Quod he, so as ye wommen demen alle,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And hym his Leeft and Dere herte calle,
And maken hym an bowse above a calle,
Imene, as love an other in this whyse,
She doth himselfe a shame, and him a gyte.

Now wherby that I telle yow at this?
Ye woote yourselfe, as wel as any wight,
Now stand it thus, that sith I fro yow wente,
This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,
Is thoght a goter, by a prive wente,
Into my chambe come in at this reyn,
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,
Save of myselfe, as wiely have I joye,
And bye that feith I shal Pryam of Troye!

And he is come in swich peyne and distress
That, but he be al fully wood by this,
He sodeynly mot falle into wodesese,
But if God helpe, and cause why this is,
He seth hym told is, of a frend of his,
How that ye sholde love oon that hathe Horaste,
For some of which this night shal be his laste.

Crisyde, which that at this wonder herde,
Can sodeynly aboute hir herte colde,
And with a syk she soorfully anwerede:
As I! I wende, whose talen tolde,
My dere herte wolde me not holde
So lightly fals! alas! conceyseth wronge,
What harm they doon, for now live I to longe!

Horaste! alas! and falsen Trojanus?
I knowe him not, God helpe me so, quod she;
Alas! what wished spirit tolde him thus?
Now certene, eem, tomorwe, and I him see,
I shal thereof as ful excusen me
As ever dide womman, if hime lyte;
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

O God! quod she, so swylde selinessse,
Which clerken calleth fals felicite,
Ymedled is with many a bitternessse,
Ful anguioushous than is, God woot, quod she,
Condiuncion of veyn prosperitee;
For echother comen nought yere,
Or elles no wight hath hem alwey here.

O brotel wele of manner joye unstable!
With what wight so thow be, or how thow pleye,
Either he woot that thow, joye, art muable,
Or woot it not, it mook ben oon of tweye;
Now if he woot it not, how may he aseye
That he hath verray joye and selinessse,
That is of ignorance ay in derkenesse?

Now if he woot that joye is transitorie,
As every joye of worldly thing mot flee,
Than every tyne he that hath in memorie,
The drede of lesing maketh him that he
May in no parfit selinessse be.
And if to lese his joye he set a myte,
Than asemeth it that joye is worth ful lyte.

Wherfore I wol defyne in this materie,
That trewely, for ought I can espye,
That is no verray wyle in this world here.
But O, thou wilked serpent jalouses,
Thou misbeloved and enimous folye,
Why hastow Trojanus me mad untriste,
That never yet agilte him, that I wiot.

Quod Pandarus: Thus falen is this cas.
Why, uncle myn, quod she, who tolde him this?
And why doth my dere herte thus, alas?
Ye woote, ye nece myn, quod he, what is;
I hope al shal be wel that is amis.
For ye may quench at this, if that yow leste,
And doth right so, for I holde it the beste.
So shal I do tommorwe, ywis, quod she,
And God toform, so that it shal suffysse,

Tomorwe? alas, that were a fayr, quod he,
Nay, nay, it may not stonden in this wyse;

For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,
That peril is with dreching in ydrame;
Nay, swich abodes been nought worth an hawe.

Nece, alle thing hath tyme, I dar avowe;
For whan a chaumber afyr is, or an halle,
Wel more nede is, it soberly rencowwe
Than to dispute, and axe amonge alle

How is this candel in the straw yfalle?
Al! benedicte! for al among that fare
The harm is doon, and farewell feldere.

And, nece myn, take it not agreet,
If that ye suffire him al night in this wo,
God help me so, ye hadde him never leef,
That day I seyn, now there is but we two;
But wel I woot, that ye wol not do so;
Ye been to wys to do so greet folye,
To putte his lyf alnight in jupartye.

Padde I him never leef? By God, I wene
Ye hadde never thing so leef, quod she.

Now by my thurst, quod he, that shal be sene;
For, sm ye make this examble of me,
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see
For al the treasour in the town of Troye,
I bidde God, I never more have joye!

Now loke thanne, if ye, that been his love,
Shul putte all night his lyf in jupartye
For thing of nought! Now, by that God above,
Nought only this delaye comth of folye,
But of malayce, if that I al al nought yce.
What, platty, and ye suffire him in disstrese,
Ye neither bounte deoon de gentleless!

Quod the Criseyde: Toyle ye doon o thing,
And ye therewith shal atte al his disease;
Have here, and bereth him this blewre ring,
For ther is nothing mighte him better plese,
Save I myself, ne more his herte aperse;
And sey my dere herte, that his sorwe
Is causaues, that shal be seen tommorwe.

A ring? quod he, ye, hase! wodes shaken!
Ye, nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon
That mighte dede men alvyse maken;
And wche a ring, trawe I that ye have noon.

Discrecium out of your heed is goon;
That fele I now, quod he, and that is routhe;
O tymc ycoet, wel may I nowe cursen slouth!

Wot ye not wel that noble and heigh corage
Ne sorweth not, ne arthet ech for lyte?
But if a fool were in a jalous rage,
I nole setten at his sorwe a myte,
But feft he on with a few wordes whyte
Another day, when that I mighte him finde:
But this thing stont al in another hinde.

This is so gentil and so tendre of herte,
That with his deeth he wol his sorwe wreke;
For trusteth wel, how sore that him smerte,
He wol to yow no jalous wordes speke.

And forthy, nece, er that his herte breke,
So spek yourself to him of this matere;
For with o word ye may his herte stire.

Now have I told what peril he is inne,
And his coming unswist to every wyght;
Ne, parde, harm may ther be noon ne sinne;
I wol myselfe be with yow al this night.

Ye knowe ech how it is your owne knight,
And that, by right, ye moste upon him triste,
And I pryst to feche him when yow list.

This accident so pitous was to here,
And ech so lyk a sooth, at pryme face,
And Criseyde his knyght to his so dere,
His privy coming, and the aiter place.
That, though that she dide him as thanne a grace,
Considered alle thinges as they stode,
No wonder is, sin she dide al for gode.

Criseyde answerde: He wisly God at reste
My soowe bringe, as me is for him wo!
And eem, ywis, fayn wolde I doon the beate,
If that I hadde grace to do so.
But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,
I am, til God me bettre minde sende.
At dutcarne, right at my wittes ende.

Quod Pandarus: Ye, nece, wol ye here?
Dutcarne called is fliminghe of wrecheues;
It semeth hard, for wrecheues wol not lere
For verray aloute or othere wilful trecches.
This sayd by hem that be not worth two feches.
But ye ben wys, and that we han on bonde
Nis neither hard, ne shilful to withatonde.

Thanne, eem, quod she, dooth herof as yow list;
But er he come I wil up first aryse;
And, for the love of God, sin at my triest
Is on yow two, and ye ben bothe wyse.
So wrocheth now in so discreet a wyse,
That I honour may have, and be pleasance;
For I am here al in your governaunce.

That is wel seyd, quod he, my nece dere,
Ther good thrifte on that wyke gentil herte!
But ligeth stille, and taketh him right here,
It nedeth no foother for him sterte;
And ech of yow ese others sorwe smerte,
For love of God; and, Venus, I thee here;
For some hope I we shulle ben alle merie.

This Troilus ful sone on knees him sette
Ful sobrely, right by his bedde head,
And in his beate wyse his lady grette;
But Lord, so she wex soodeynliche reed.
Ne, though men sholden amyten of his heed,
She coude nought a word aright outbringe
So soodeynly, for his soden cominge.

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But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele
In every thing, to playe anoon bigan,
And seyde: Nece, see how this lord can knele!
Now, for your trouthe, aeth this gentil man.
And with that word he for a quishitten ran,
And seyde: Kneelth now, whyl that you leste,
That your hertes bringe bote at reste!

Can I not seyn, for she bad him not ryse,
If sorwe it putte out of hir remembrance,
Or elles if she take it in the wyse
Of dutee, as for his observance;
But wel finde I she dide him this plesaunce,
That she him histe, although she syked sore;
And bad him sitte adoun withouten more.

Quod Pandarus: Now wol ye wel biginne;
Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere,
Upon your beddes syde al there withinne,
That ech of yow the bet may other here.
And with that word he drow him to the fere,
And took a light, and fonde his contenaunce
As for to toke upon an old romance.

Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,
And dier stood on a ground of silersenese,
Al thoughte she, hir servaunte and hir knight
Ne sholde of right non untrouthe in hir gesse,
Yet nathelesse, considerde his distresse,
And that love is in cause of swich folye,
Thus to him spak she of his jelousye:

Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excellence
Of love, ayain the which that no man may,
Ne oughte eek goddily maken resistence;
And eek bycause I felte wel and say
Your grete trouthe, and servyse every day;
And that your herte al myn was, sooth to seyne,
This droof me for to rewe upon your payne.

And your godnesse have I founde alway yit,
Of whiche, my dere herte and al my knight,
I thonke it yow, as fer as I have wit,
Al can I thought as muche as it were right;
And I, emforthe my conninge and my might,
Have and ay shal, how sore that me amerte,
Ben to yow trewe and boole, with al myn herte;

And dreedlesse, that shal be founde at preve.
But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne
Shal wel be told, so that ye noght yow greve,
Though I to yow right on yourself compleyne.
For therwith me fynally the payne,
That halt your herte and myn in hevenesse,
Fully to sleen, and every wrong redresse.

My goode, myn, not I forwhy ne how
That jalousye, alias! that wilked whivere,
Thus causelesse is cropyen into yow;
The harm of which I wolde fayn delivere!
Alias! that he, al hool, or of him silvere,
Shoulde have his refut in so dignne a place,
Theorie him sone out of your herte arace!

But O, thou Love, O auctor of nature,
Is this an honour to thy deitie,
That folk ungiltif affrren here injure,
And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?
O were it leful for to playne on thee,
That undeserved aufftouf jalousye,
And that I wolde uppon thee playne and crye!

Eek al my wo is this, that folk now usen
To seyn right thus: Ye, jalousye is love!
And wolde a buckeshel venim al excusen
For that a green of love is on it shoule!
But that not heigh God that sit above,
If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame;
And after that, it oughte becre his name.

But certeyn is, some maner jalousye
Is excusabule more than som, ywis,
As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye
With pitee so wel represse,
That it unmethe dooth or seyth amis,
But godde drinketh up at his distresse;
And that excus I, for the gentillete.

And som so ful of furie is and despyt,
That it sourmounteth his repriusion;
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyte,
That thanke I God, for whiche your passioun
I wol not calle it but illusioun,
Of habundance of love and bice cure,
That dooth your herte this diseish endure.

Of which I am right sorry, but not wrooth;
But, for my devoir and your hertes restes,
Therow yow list, by ordal or by both,
By sort, or in what wyse so yow lestes,
For love of God, lat preve it for the beate;
And if that I be giltif, do me deye,
Alias! what mighte I more doon or seye?

With that a fewe brighte tere newe
Out of hir open fille, and thus she seyde:
Now God, thou wost, in thoughte ne dede untrrewre
To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.

With that hir heed down in the bed she seyde,
And with the shete it weygh, and syghed sore,
And held hir pees; not o word spak she more.

But now help God to quencheth al this sorwe,
So hope I that he shal, for he beat may;
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe
Folwen ful ofte a manner someres day;
And after winter folwen grene May.
Men seen alday, and reden ech in stories,
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

This Troilus, when he hir wordes berde,
Have ye no care, him list not to sleepe;
For it thochteth him no strokes of a yere
To here or seyn Criseyde his lady wepe;
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,
For every teir which that Criseyde asterete,
The crampes of deeth, to streyne him by the herte.
And in his minde he gan the tyme averse.
That he cam thare, and that he was born;
And al that labour he hath doon biforn,
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but lorn.
O Pandarus, thoughte he, alais! thy wyte,
Svereth of nought, so wyelaye the wytle!

And therwithal he heng adowne the heede,
And fil on knees, and sorwefully he sighte;
What mighte he seyn? he felt he nas but deed,
For wrooth was she that shuldhe his sorwe lighte.
But nathelesse, whan that he spoken mighte,
Thyn seyde he thyst: God woote, that of this game,
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame!

Therwith the sorwe so his herte shette,
That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,
And every spirit his vigour in s handguns,
So they astoned and appresed were.
The felling of his sorwe, or of his fere,
Or of ought elles, fled was out of towne;
And doun he fel at solemnly asoweone.

This was no litel sorwe for to see;
But al was hyst, and Pandare up as faste:
O nece, nece, or we be lost, quod he,
Beth nought agast, but certeyn, at the laste,
For this or that, he into bedde him caste,
And sayde: O ther, is this a mannes herte?
And of hem rente al to his bare sherte!

And sayde: Nece, but ye helpe us now,
Alas, your owne Troilus is lorn!
O wis, so wolde I, and I wiste now,
Ful fayn, quod she; alais! that I was born!
Ye nece, wol ye pullen out the thorn
That striketh in his herte? quod Pandare:
Sey Al forreyve, and stinte al is this fere!

Ye, that to me, quod she, ful lever were
Than al the good the sonne aboute gooth;
And therwithal she swoor him in his ere:
Ywis, my dere herte. I am nought wrooth,
Have here my trouthe and many another oath;
Now speke to me, for it am I, Cryseyde!
But al for nought; yet mighte he not abryde.

Therwith his pous and pammes of his bondes
They gan to frote, and wete his templas twyne,
And, to delivere him from bittre bondes,
She ofte him lists; and, shortly for to seyne,
Him to revokere she did al per peyne.
And at the laste, he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swough some after that adawe.

And gan bet minde and reson to him take,
But wonder sore he was aabaye, ywis.
And with a syke, whan he gan bet awake,
He sayde: O mercy, God, what thing is this?
O God, why do ye with yourselven thus amis?
Quod tho Cryseyde; is this a mannes game?
What, Troilus! wol ye do thus, for shame?

And therwithal his arm over him she leyde,
And al forsyf, and ofte tyme him lesthe.
He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and sayde
As fil to purpos for his herte reste.
And she to that answerde him as hir lesthe;
And with hir goody words him disporte
She gan, and ofte his sorwe to conforte.

Quod Pandarus: for ought I can espyen,
This light nor I ne serven here of nought;
Light is not good for syke folthes yen.
But for the love of God, sin ye be brought
In thus good pluyt, lat now non hevy thought
Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow tewe:
And bar the candele to the chimeneye.

Some after this, though it no nede were,
When she swich othes as hir liet devyse
Padde of him talle, hir thoughte the no fere,
Ne cause eek non, to biddre him thennes ryse.
Yet lease thinge than othes may suffysse
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,
That lovest wel meneth but gentilesse.

But in effect she wolde wiste anon
Of what man, and eek where, and alow why
Ne jelous was, sin ther was cause noon;
And eek the signe, that he took it by,
She bad him that to telle hir bisality,
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on bonde,
That this was doon of malle, hir to fonde.

Withouten more, shortly for to seyne,
He moost obeye unto his lady heyste;
And for the lasse harm, he moost feyne.
He sayde hir, when she was at swiche a foste
She moyste on hym han looke at the lestte;
Yet I not what, al dere enough a rishee,
As he that nede moste a cause fysshe.

And she answerede: Swete, al were it so,
What harme was that, sin I non yveld mene?
For, by that God that boughete us two,
In alle thinges is myn entente clen;
Swich argumentes ne been not worth a bene;
Wol ye the childish jalous contrefete?
Now were it worthy that ye were ybetse.

O cho Troilus gan sorefully to syke.
Lest she be wroth, him thoughte his herte defye;
And sayde: Alas! upon my sorwe syke
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Cryseyde!
And if that, in the wordes that I seyne,
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespace;
Do what ye list, I am in your grace.

And she answerede: Of gilt mericordes!
That is to seyne, that I forvyve at this;
And evermore on this nighte ye recorde,
And beth wel ywarde ye no more ames.
O Nay, dere herte myn, quod he, ywis,
And now, quod she, that I have do yow smerte,
Firvyve it me, myn owene swete herte.
Troilus and
Crisynde.
Liber III.

This Troilus, with blisse of that suprysted,
But al in Goddes bond, as he that mente
Nothing but wel; and, sodeynly aysed,
He hir in armes faste to hime hente.
And Pandarus, with a ful good entente,
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde: If ye ben wyse,
Swomweth not now, lest more folk aryse.

What mighte or may the selve larke seye,
When that the sparrow hath it in his foot?
I can no more, but of thise like tewe,
To whom this tale suere be or soot,
Though that I tarie a yere, somtyme I moote,
After myn auctor, tellen hir gladnessse,
As wel as I have told hir hevinse.

Crisynde, which that felte hir thus ytake,
As wren clerkes in hir bokes olde,
Right as an apes leef she gan to quaye,
When she hir felte hir in hir armes folde.
But Troilus, al hoof of cares colde,
Gan thanken tho the blisful goddes sevne;
Thus sondry peyneyes bringen folly to hevene.

This Troilus in armes gan hir streyne,
And seyde: O swete, as ever moote I goon,
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we two tewe;
Now yeeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.
To that Crisynde answorde thus anoon:
Ne hadda I er now, my swete herte dere,
Ben yole, ywis, I was nowe not here!

O! sooth is seyd, that heled for to be
As of a fevre or other greet slynke,
Men moote drinke, as men may often see,
Ful bittre drink; and for to han gladnessse,
Men drinkyen oft pynye and greet distressese;
I mene it here, as for this aventure,
That thourgh a pynye hath frenden at his cure.

And now swyectos someth more swete,
That bitterness essaysed was biforn;
For out of wo in bliss now they fleete.
Non swich they felten, sith they were born;
Now is this bet, than bothe the two be lorn!
For love of God, take every womman hede
To werken thus, if it comth to the nede.

Crisynde, al quit from every drede and tene,
As she that ysate hirde him to tritate,
Made him with freshes, as joye was to sene,
When she his trouthe and cleene entente wiste.
And as aboute a tree, with many a twiste,
Bitren and wryth the sote wode:blinde,
Gan eche of hem in armes other winde.

And as the newe abaysshed nightingale,
That atinteth first when she biginneth sange,
When that she hereth any herde tale,
Or in the hegges any wight steringe,
And after alre dooth hir voys y outrage;
Right so Crisynde, when hir dreme stente,
Oplened hir herte, and tolde him hir entente.

And right as he that beeth his deeth yshapen,
And deye moote, in ought that he may geese,
And sodeynly rescous doth hir escapen,
And from his deeth is brought in sikerneze,
For al this world, in swich presse gladnessse
Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete;
With worst hap God lat us never mete!

Hir armes smale, hir streyghte bale and softe,
Hir eydes longe, fleshlyly sotoche, and whyte
He gan to stroke, and good thirt bale ful ofte
Hir awnish throcte, hir breastes rounde and lyte;
Thus in this hevene he gan him to delyte,
And therwithal a thousand tyme hir histe;
That, what to done, for joye unmethe he wiste.

Than seyde he thus: O, Love, O, Charitee,
Thy moder eek, Citherea the swete,
After thyself next heried be she,
Venus mene I, the welwilly planete;
And next that, Imenius, I thee grete;
For never man was to yow goddes holde
As I, which ye han brought fro cares colde.

Benigne Love, thou holly bond of things,
Whoso wolde grace, and liet sted nought honoure,
Lo, his deyp wol fleethe withoute winges.
For, holdenowt of bountee hem accore
That serven best and most alwye laboure,
Yet were al loast, that dar I wel seyn, certes,
But if thy grace passeth our deserete.

And for thou me, that coude leseth deserve
Of hem that nombred been unto thy grace,
That holpen, ther I lykely was to sterve,
And me bisteowed in so hegyh a place
That thilke boundes may no blissse pace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy boute and byn excellence!

And therwithal Crisynde anoon he kiste,
Of which, certeym, she felte no dise.
And thus seyde he: Now wolde God I wiste,
Myn herte swete, how yow mighte plese!
What man, quod he, was ever thus at ege
As I, on whiche the faireste and the beste
That ever I say, deyneth hir herte reste.

Here may men seen that mercy pasbeth right;
The experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so owte a wight.
But herte myn, of your benifitee,
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,
Yet mot I neede amenden in som wyse,
Right thourgh the vertu of your heughe servys.

And for the love of God, my lady dere,
Sin God hath wroughte me for I al yow serve,
As thus I mene, that ye wol be my atere,
To do me live, if that yow list, or atere,
To techeth me how that I may deserve
Your thank, so that I, though myn ignorance,
Ne do nothing that yow be displeasaunce.
For certes, freesehe wommanliche wyf,
This dar I seye, that trouthe and diligence,
That shal ye finden in me al my lyf,
Ne I wol not, certeyn, breken your defence;
And if I do, present or in absence,
For love of God, lat sique me with the dede,
If that it lyke unto your womanhede.

Ywis, quod ahe, myn owne herte liet,
My ground of ese, and al myn herte dere,
Grant mercy, for on that is al my trist;
But late us falle away fro this mateure,
For it suffyseth, this that seyd is here.
And at o word, withouten repentance,
Welcome, my knight, my pees, my suffisaunce!

Of hir delty, or joyes con the teste
Were impossible to my wit to seye;
But juggeth, ye that han ben at the fest
Of swich gladnessse, if that herte lytepley
I can no more, but thus thise ight tweye
That night, betwixen dreed and silemnessse,
Felt the love of the grete wightnessse.

O blissfull night, of hem so longe lyght
How blithe unto hem both the two were!
Why ne hadde I swich on with my sone ybought,
Ye, or the lesteste joye that was there?
Awey, thou foule daunger and thou fere,
And lat hem in this hevene blissse dwelle,
That is so hegygh, that al ne can I telle!

But sooth is, though I can not tellen al,
As can myn auctor, of his excellencye,
Yet have I seyd, and, God toforn, I shal
In every thing al houly his sentence.
And if that I, at loves reverence,
Have any word in ech for the beste,
Both therwithall right as youselven leste.

For myn worde, here and every part,
I speke hem alle under correccioun
Of yow, that felynge han in loves art,
And putte it al in your discreccioun
To encrese or maken diminucioun
Of my langage, and that I yow bischee;
But now to purpos of my rather speche.

Thisse like two, that ben in armes laft,
So looth to hem asonder goon it were,
That ech from other wende been biraft,
Or elen, lo, this was hir mooste fere,
That al this thinge but nyce dreme were;
For which ful ofte ech of hir seyde: O swete,
Clipse ich yow thrust, or elen I it mete?

And, Lord! so he gan goodly on hir see,
That never his look ne bleynte from hir face,
And seyde: O dere herte, may it be
It that it be sooth, that ye ben in this place?
Ye, herte myn, God thanke I of his grace!
Quod the Crisseyde, and therwithal him kiste,
That where his spirit was, for joye be niate.

This Troilus ful ofte hir eyen two
Gan to hisae, and seyde: O eyen clere,
It were ye that wroughte me swich wo,
Ye humble nettee of my lady dere!
Though ther be mercy written in your chere,
God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to finde,
How coude ye withouten bond me binde?

Therwith he gan hir fasting in armes take,
And wyl an hundred tymes gan he styke,
Nought swiche sorrowful stykes as men make
For wo, or elles when that folke ben styke,
But styke styke, swiche as ben to styke,
That abevede his afeccioun withynne;
Of swiche stykes coude he nought binne.

Some after this they spoke of sondry thinges,
As fil to purpos of this aventure,
And pleyninge entrechaungenden hir ringes,
Of which I can nought tellen no scripture;
But well I woot a broche, gold and aure,
In whiche a ruby sey was lyk an herte,
Crisseyde yaf, and stak it on his sherte.

Lord! I trawe ye, a conviete, a wrecche,
That blameth love and boll of it despyt
That, of the pena that he can molhe and keche,
Was ever yet yyeyve him swich delty,
As is in love, in ooy point, in som plty?
Nay, doueteles, for also God me sake,
So parfit joye may no nigard have!

They wol sse yis, but Lord! so that they lyve,
The bisy wrecches, ful of wo and drede
They callen love a woodnesse or foye,
But it shal faille hem as I shal yow rede;
They shal forgo the whyte and eit the rede,
And live in wo, ther God yew hem mischaunce,
And ever yver in his trouthe avance.

As wolde God, the wrecches, that dispyye
Servye of love, hadde eres also longe
As hadde Myla, ful of covertyse;
And therto dronken hadde as boot and stronge
As Crasus dide for his affectis wronge,
To techen hem that they ben in the yce,
And leveres nought, although they holde hem nyce!

Thisse like two, of whom that I yow seye,
When that hir hertes wel assured were,
Thon gonne they to spoke and to playe,
And ech retheren how, and whanne, and where,
They knewe hem first, and every wo and fere
That passed was; but al swich hevenesse,
I thanke it God, was tomered to gladesse.

And evermo, than that hem fel to speake
Of any thing of swich a tymge agoon,
With kising al that tale sholde breke,
And fallen in a newe joye anoon,
And didden al hir might, sin they were con,
For to recoveren blisse and been at eas,
And passen wo with joye countreyse.
Troilus and Cressyde.
Liber III.

Reason will not that I now speke of sleep,
For it accordeth nought to my materie;
God woot, yetto of that ful litel keepe,
But lest this night, that was to hem so dere,
Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere;
It was biset in joye and bisinesse
Of al that soumeth into gentilnesse.

But when the col, comune astrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the dayes messenger,
Gan for to rysse, and out hur bemes throwe;
And eastward roon, to him that coude it knowe,
Fortuna major, than anoon Cressyde,
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde:

Myn hertes lyf, my triest and my pleasaunce,
That I was born, alast, what me is wo,
That day of us mot make desseverance!
For tyne it is to rysse, and hemnes go,
Or elles Iam lost for evermo!
O night, alast! why nitow over us hove,
As longe as whanne Almena lay by Jove?

O blake night, as folke in bothe rede,
That shapen art by God this world to hyde
At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,
That under that men myghte in reste abyde,
Wel oughte beltes pleyne, and folk thee chyde,
That there day with labour wolde us brete,
That thou thus fleaste, & deynest us nought rete!

Thou dost, alast! to shortly thyne offeyce,
Thou ralke night, ther God, makere of kinde,
The, for thyn hast and thyn unhinde vyece,
So faste ay to our hemisere binde,
That nevermore under the ground thou winde!
For now, for thou so hyest out of Troye,
Have I forgon thus hastily my joye!

This Troilus, that with tho wordes felte,
As thoughtes him tho, for pietous distresses,
The blody terre from his herte meltte,
As he that never yet awich hevenesse
Assayed hadde, out of so great gladnesse,
Gan therewithall Cressyde his lady dere
In armes streyene, and seyde in this manere:

O cruel day, accusour of the joye
That night and love han stole and faste ywryn,
Heursed be thy coming into Troye,
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yen!
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?
What hastow lost, why seestow this place,
Ther God thysght so quencheth, for his grace?

Alas! what han thise loveres thee agit.
Dispitous day? thyne be the pyrne of belle!
For many a lover hastow shent, and wilt;
They pourin in wol nowher lete hem dwellte.
What prouerettow thy light here for to selle?
So selle it hem that smale sols graven,
We wold thet nought, us nedeth no day haver.

And celt the somne Tytan gan he chyde,
And seyde: O fool, wel may men thee dispysse,
That hast the Dawing al night by thy syde,
And suffrest hire so sone up fro thee rysse,
For to dissewn loveres in this wyse.
What holdst thy bed ther, thou, & celt thy Morwe?
I wedde God, so yeve yow bothe the sorwe!

Thus ther wife folke he sighte, & thus he seyde:
My lady right, and of my wele or wo
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Cressyde,
And shal I rysse, alast! and shal I go?
Now fele I that myn herte mout atwo!
For how sholde I my lyf an houre save,
Sin that with yow ia at the lyf I have?

What shal I doen, for certes, I not how,
Ne whanne, alast! I shal the tyne see,
That in this pyt I may be eft with yow;
And of my lyf, God woot, how that shal be,
Sin that desyrg right now so byteth me,
That I am deed anoon, but I retourne.
Now shoeld I longe, alast! fro yow sojourne?

But nathelse, myn owene lady bright,
Yet were it so that I wiste outrely,
That I, your humble aeraunt and your knight,
Were in your herte set so fermently
As ye in myn, the which thing, trevely,
Me lever were than thise wordles twyne,
Yet shoeld I bet enduren at my peyne.

To that Cressyde anawerde right anoon,
And with a syth ahe seyde: O herte dere,
The game, ywis, so ferforth now is goon,
The first shal Phebus fellle fro his spere,
And ever egle been the downes fere,
And ever roche out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus out of Cressydes herte!

Ye be so depe inwith wyn herte grave,
That, though I wolde it turne out of my thought,
As wisly verray God my soule save,
To dyen in the peyne, I coude nought!
And, for the love of God that us hath wroughe,
Lat in your brayn non other fanteyre
So crepe, that it cause me to dye!

And that ye me wolde han as faste in mind
As I have yow, that wolde I yow biseche;
And, if I wiste soothe that to finde,
God myghte not a poynyt my joues eche!
But, herte myn, withoute more speche,
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routh;
For I am thyn, by God and by my trouthe!

Beth glad forthy, and live in sillerenesse;
Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to me;
And if to yow it were a grete gladnesse,
To turne ayein, sooone after that ye go,
As sayn wolde I as ye, it were so,
As wisly God myn herte bringe at reste!
And him in armes took, and ofte keste.
I pase all that which chargeth nought to seye,
What! God forsy a his death, and she also
Forsyth, and with bire uncle gan to pleye,
For other cause was ther noon than so.
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
When tymne was, bom til hir hous she wente,
And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

Now torne we ayein to Troilus,
That restes ful longe abede lay,
And prevly sente after Panduras,
To him to come in at the haste he may.
He com anon, nought ones seyde he Nay,
And Troilus ful sobrely he gan ter,
And doun upon his beddes syde him sette.

This Troilus, with al the affeccioun
Of frenedes love that herte may devyse,
To Pandaras in hirnes fil adoun,
And er that he wolde of the place arye,
He gan him thonken in his beste wyse;
A hundred sythe he gan the tymne blisse,
That he was born to bringe him fro distresse.

He seyde: O frend, of frenedes the alderbeste
That ever was, the sothe for to telle,
Thou hast in hevene ybrought my soule at reste
Pro flegiton, the fery flood of helte;
That, though I mighte a thousand tymes selle,
Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,
It mighte nought a motye in that suffyse.

The sonne, that the al the world may see,
Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I ley,
So only fair and goodly as is she,
Whos I am al, and shal, til that I dye;
And, that I thus am hire, dar I ley,
That thanke be the heigh of worthinesse
Of love, and eek the hinde bisiness.

Thus hastow me no littel thing yvive,
So which to thee obliged be for any
My lyf, and why? for thorough thyn help I live;
For elles deed hadde I be many a day.
And with that word doun in his bed he lay,
And Pandaras ful sobrely him herde
Til al was seyd, and thanne he him answere:

My dere frend, if I have doun for thec
In any cas, God wot, it is me leef;
And am as glad as man may of it be,
God help me so; but tak now not agree.
That I shal seyn, be war of this myscheef,
That, theer as thou now brought art into blisse,
That thou thyself ne cause it nought to misse.

For of fortuymes sharp adversee
The worst knide of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperous,
And it remembreth, when it passed is.
Thou art menyough, forthy do nought amis;
Be not to rashl, though thou sitte warme,
For if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee harme.
Troilus and
Criscyeude.
Liber III.

Thou art at eke, and holde thee wel therinne.
For also euer as read is ever fryr,
As greet a craft is kep wel as winne;
Brydle alwey wet thy speche and thy desyer.
For worldly joye hait but not by a wyrm;
That preveth wet, it brest alday so ofte;
Forthy nedest is to werk with it selfe.

Quod Troilus: I hope, and God to forn;
My dere fred, that I shal so me bere,
That in my gift ther shal no thing be lorn,
Ne I nil not takle as for to greven here;
It nedeth not this mateere ofte tere;
For wisten to myn herte wel, Pandare,
God woot, of this thou woldest litel care.

Tho gan he telle him of his glade night,
And wherof first his herte drede, and how,
And seyde, freend, as I am trewe knight,
And by that feyth I shal to God and yow,
I hadde it never half so hote as now;
And ay the more that desyer me byteth
To love his king, the more it me deltyeth.

I noot myself wistly what it is;
But now I felle a newe qualitee,
Ye, al another than I didde er this.
Pandare answerde, and seyde thus, that he
That ones may in hevyn bliss be,
He feleth other wyere, dar I leye,
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seyere.

This is a word for at; this Troilus
Was never ful, to speke of this matere,
And for to preysen unto Pandare
The bountee of his righte lady dere,
And Pandare to thanke and maken dere,
This tale ay was aparnnew to biginne
Til that the night departed hem at winne.

Sone after this, for that fortune it wolde,
Icemmen was the blisful tyme swete,
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,
Ther he was erst, Criscyeude his lady mete;
For which he felte his herte in joye flente;
And feythfully gan alle the goddes hire,
And lat se new if that he can be merie.

And holde hau to the forme and at the wyse,
Of his comynge, and eek of his also,
As it was erst, which nedeth nought desyer.
But playnely to the effect right for to go,
In joye and seurte Pandare hem two
Abedde broughte, whan hem botho leste,
And thus they ben in quete and in reste.

Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they ben met,
To aske at me if that they blythe were;
If for it erst was wel, tho was it bet
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enquire.
Agon was every sorwe and every fere;
And bothe, ywis, they hadde, and so they wende,
As many joye as herte may comprenede.

This is no litel thing of for to seye,
This passeth every vit for to devysse;
For ech of hem gan otheres luat obeye;
Feliciteit, that thise clerkes wyse
Commenden sco, ne may not herer affyse.
This joye may not witen been with inhe,
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

But cruel day, so welawye the stounde!
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knewe,
For whiche hem thoughte felen dethes wounde;
So wo was hem, that changen gan hir hewe,
And day they gomen to dispyse al newe,
Calling it travour, enyous, and worse,
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

Quod Troilus: Alas! now am I war
That Pironus and the swifte stedes thee,
Whiche that draven forth the sonnes char,
Han goon som bypath in despoyt of me;
That maketh it soo soone day to be;
And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to ryse,
Ne shal I never doon him sacrifeyce.

But nedes day parte the moste hem sone,
And whanne hir speche doon was and hir chere.
They winne anoon as they were wont to done,
And setten tyme of meting eft yfere;
And many a night they wroghte in this manere,
And thus Fortune a tyme ladde in joye
Criscyeude, and eek this kynge sonne of Troye.

In suffaunce, in bliss and in singinges,
This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede;
He spendeth, justeth, maketh festynges;
He yeveith freky ofte, and chaungeth wede,
And held aboute him alwey, out of drede,
A world of folk, as cam him wel of hinde,
The fresseheate and the beste he coude fynde;

That swich a voys was of hym and a stevene
Thoroughout the world, of honour and largeesse;
That it up rong unto the yate of hevene,
And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,
That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,
That there nie love in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him plese.

The godliche or beaute which thyn hinde
In any other ladde yest
Can not the moutenauce of a knot unbinde,
Aboute hir herte, of al Criscyeudes net;
He was so narwe ymasked and yknet,
That it undon on any manere synde,
That nil not been, for ought that may betryde.

And by the hond ful ofte he wolde take
This Pandare, and into gardin lede,
And swich a feste and swich a proces make
Him of Criscyeude, and of hir womanheade,
And of hir beaute, that, withouten drede,
It was an hewene his wordes for to here;
And thanne he wolde singe in this manere.
Love, that of erthe and see hath governaunce,
Love, that his benten hath in hevene hye,
Love, that with an holocon allianc
Halt peples joyned, as hem lest hem gye,
Love, that knetteh lawe of company,
And coupleth doth in vertu for to dwelle,
Bind this acord, that I have told and telle;

That that the world with feyth, which that is stable,
Dyverseth so his stoundes concordinge,
That elements that been so discordable
Holden a bond perpetually duringe,
That Zeus mote his reyc day forth bringe,
And that the mone hath lordship over the nightes,
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his mightes!

That that the see, that gredly is to flowen,
Contrayeth to a certeyn ende so
His fodes, that so fersely they ne growen
To drenchen erthe and al for evermo;
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,
Al that now loveth ansonder sholde lepe,
And lost were al, that Love hault now topepe.

So wolde God, that auctor is of kinde,
That, with his bond, Love of his vertu list
To cerclen herdes alle, and faste binde,
That from his bond no wight the wy way out wiste.
And herdes colde, hem wolde I that he twiste
To make hem lowe, and that hem leste ay rewe
On herdes sore, and hepe hem that ben trewe.

In alle neded, for the tounes were,
He was, and ay the firste in armes sight;
And certeynly, but if that auctor erre,
Save Hector, most ydrad of any wight;
And this encrees of hardinesse and might
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to winne,
That altered his spirit so withinne.

In tyme of trewe, on haunkinge wolde he ryde,
Or elles hunte hoor, bere, or lyoun;
The smale bestes leet he gon bissyde.

And whan that he com rydinge into toun,
Ful ofte his lady, from his window doun,
As fresh as faucen comen out of muwe,
Ful rectly was, him goodly to saluwe.

And most of love and vertu was his apeche,
And in deapty hadde alle wretchednesse;
And doutless, no nede was him biseche
To honouren hem that hadde worthinesse,
And eene hem that were in distresse.
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,
That lover was, which he it wiste or herde.

For sooth to seyn, he lost held every wight
But if he were in love he shepysse,
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.
And over al this, so wel coude he devysse
Of sentement, and in so unhouth wyse
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,
That al was wel, whatso he seye or wroughe.

And though that he be come of blood royal,
Him list of pryde at no wight for to chase;
Benigne he was to ech in general,
For which he gat him thanke in every place.
Thus wolde Love, phereded be his grace,
That Pryde, Empe, Ire, and Hawyce
He gan to fleo, and every other wyce.

Thou lady bright, the daughter to Dione,
Thy blinde and winged sone eeh, doun Cupyde;
Ye sustren myne eeh, that by Silicone
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde,
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,
I can no more, but sin ye wol wende,
Ye heried been for ay, withinen ende!

Though yow have I seyd fully in my song
Theffect and joye of Troilus servysse,
Al be that ther was som disease among,
As to myn auctor listeth to devysse.
My thridde book now endeth ich in this wyse;
And Troilus in lute and in quete
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte sweete.
Explicit Liber Tercius.
Than laugheth she, & maketh him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan hir brighte face
Awey to wrythe, and took of hir non hede,
But caste him clene oute of hir lady grace,
And on hir wheel she sette up Diomed;
For which right now myn herte ginneth blede,
And now my penne, alas! with which I wryte,
Quakheth for drede of that I moot endyte.

For how Crisseyde Troilus forsook,
Or at the leste, how that she was unhinde,
Mot bemesforth ben matere of my boke,
As wrytten folke thurghowch it is in minde,
Alas! that they shulde ever cause finde
To speke hir harm; and if they on hir lye,
Ywis, hemyself shoulde han the vilanye.

O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,
That endelss complemente ever in pyne,
Megera, Alete, and eek Chesiphone;
Thou cruel Mars eeh, fader to Quyne,
This ill ferthe booke me helpeth pyne,
So that the los of lyf and love yfere
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Explicit Prohemium.
Indici Quartius Liber.

In cinque in ost, as I have seyed er this, The grekes stronge, aboute Troye toun, Butt that, when that Phebus shyming is Upon the brede of Hercules Lyoun, That Hector, with full many a bold baroun, Caute on a day with grekes for to fighte, As he was wont to greve hem what he myghte.

But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle, The folk of Troye hemselfen so misledden, That with the worse at night homward they fledden.

At whiche day was taken Antenor, Maugre Polydamas or Monestro, Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynezeptor, Polyste, or ech the Troian daun Ripheo, And other lasse folk, as Phebusseco. So that, for harm, that day the folk of Troye Delhienn to lisse a greet part of hir joye.

Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek requeste, A ryme of trewe, and tho they gommen trete, Hir prisoners to chaunge, moorte and leste, And for the surpluse yeven sommer grete. This thing anon was couth in every strete, Bothe in thansege, in toun, and everywhere, And with the firste it cam to Calchas ere.

When Calchas knew this tretie sholde holde, In consistorie, among the grekes, done He gan in thringe forth, with lorden olde, And sette him therehe he was wont to done; And with a chanied face hem bad a bone, For love of God, to don that reverence,
TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. Liber IV.

To stinte noyse, and yeve him audience.

Channe seyde he thus: Lo! lordes myne, I was Troian, as it is known out of drede;
And if that yow remembre, I am Callias,
That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,
And tolde wel bow that ye ahalden speide.
For dredelees, thorough yow, shal, in a stounde,
Ben Troie ybrend, and beten dow to grounde.

And in what fome, or in what maner wyse
This town to shende, and at your lust to acheue,
Ye han er this wel herit it me derwyse;
This knowe ye, my lordes, as I lewe,
And for the Grekes were myn so lewe,
I com myself in my propre persone,
To teche in this bow yow was best to done;

Pavings unto mine tresour ne myn rente
Right no resport, to respect of your eye,
Thus al my good I acote and to yow wente,
Wening in this you, lordes, for to pleae.
But al that lote no doth me no disease.
I vouchebauf, as wisle I have I joye,
For you to lese al that I have in Troye,

Save of a daughter, that I lachte, alas!
Slepinge at hoom, whanne out of Troye I sterte.
O sterne, O cruel fader that I was!
Now mighte I have in that so hard an herte?
Alas! I ne hadde ybrought hir in hir sherte!
For selwe of which I wol not live to morwe,
But if ye lordes rewye upon my sorwe.

For, by that cause I say no tyme er now
Hir to deliere, I holde have my pese;
But now or neuer, if that it lyke yow,
I may hir have right sonne, douetelee.
O help and grace! amonges al this pese,
Rewye upon this olde caif in destresse,
Sin I through yow have al this hewinesse!

Ye have now caught and fetted in prisoun
Troians ynowe; and if your willes be,
My child with oon may have redempcioun.
Now for the love of God and of bountee,
Oon of so fele, alas! so yeve him me.
What nede were it this prerye for to werne,
Sin ye shul bothe the han folk and town as yrente.

On peril of my lyf, I shal not lye,
Appollo hath me told it feithfully;
I have eek founde it by astronomye,
By sort, and by augurie eek trewely,
And dar wel seye, the tyme is faste by,
That fyre and flambe on al the town shal sprede;
And thus shal Troye turne in ashen deed.

For certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus bothe,
That makeden the walls of the town,
Ben with the folk of Troye alwaye so wrothe,
That thir wol bringe it to confusion,
Right in deuypt of king Lameadoun.

Bycause he holde payen hem hir hyre,
The town of Troye shal ben set on fyre.

Tellynge his tale alwey, this olde greye,
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge ehe,
The salte teres from his eyen tewe
Ful faste ronnen downe by eyther cheke.
So longe he gan of soucrr hem byshe
That, for to helpe him of his sorwes sore,
They yave him Antenor, withoute more.

But who was glad enough but Callias the?
And of this thing ful sone his nede leyde
On hem that ahalden for the tretia go,
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde
To bringen hoom hing Toas and Criseyde;
And when Pryam his savagearde sente,
Thembassadours to Troye streght they wente.

The cause ytold of hir comming, the olde
Pryam the king ful sone in general
Let hereupon his parlement to holde,
Of which the effect rehear hir yow I shal.
Thembassadours ben answered for fynal,
The schaunche of prisoners and al this nede
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they proceed.

This Troilus was present in the place,
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,
For ful sone chaunche gan his face,
He he that with the wordes wel neigh deyde.
But nathelen, he no word to it seyde,
Lest men sholde his afeccioun espye;
With manners herte he gan his sorwes drye.

And ful of anguish and of grisly drede
Hood what lordes wolde unto it aye;
And if they wolde graunte, as God forbode,
The schaunche of hir, than thoughte he thinges tewe,
First, how to save hir honour, and what wyse
He mighte beat the schaunche of hir withstonde;
Ful faste he caste how at this mighte withstonde,

Love him made al preest to doon hir byde,
And rather dyne than she sholde go;
But resoun seyde him, on that other byde:
Without assent of hir ne do not so,
Lest for thy werk she wolde be thy fo,
And seyn, that thorough thy medling is yblove
Your bother love, there it was erst unknowne.

For which he gan deliben, for the beate,
That though the lordes wolde that she wente,
He wolde late hem graunte what hem leste,
And telle his lady first what that they mente.
And when that she had seyde him hir entente,
Then after wolde he werken also byve,
Though al the world ayen it wolde stryve.

Getor, which that wel the Grekes herde,
For Antenor how they wolde han Criseyde,
Can it withstonde, and nobly answere:
Sires, she nis no prisoner, he seyde;
I noot on yow who that this charche leyde,
But, on my part, ye may estoone him telle,
We use no women for to selle.

The noisye of peple uposirte thanne at ones,
As breme as blase of straw yast on fyre;
For infortune it wolle, for the none,
They sbothen his confusioyn desyre.

O Ector, quod they, what goost may you ensyre.
This woman thus to shilde and doon us lese
Daun Antenor? a wrong wey now ye chese.

That is so wyse, and eek so bold baroun,
And we han nede of folk, as men may see;
He is eek con, the grettest of this toun;
O Ector, lat tho fantasyes be!
O king Pryam, quod they, thus seggen we,
That at our wyse is to forseng Criseyde;
And to delveren Antenor they preyde.

O Juvenal, lord! trewe is thy sentence,
That litel witen folk what is to yerne
That they ne finde in hir deuyn offence;
For cloud of errour lat hem not descerne
What beat is; and lo, here ensemple as yerne.
This folk desiren now deliverance
Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mischaunce!

For he was after traytour to the toun
Of Croye; alias! they quitte him out to rathe;
O nyce world, lo, thy discrescoun!
Criseyde, which that never dide hem shathe,
Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;
But Antenor, he shal con hoom to toun,
And she shal out; thus seyden here and howne.

For which delivered was by parlament,
For Antenor to yelden up Criseyde,
And it pronounced by the president,
Althought that Ector Nay ful ofte preyde.
And fyndely, what wight that it wylhayde,
It was for nought, it moste been, and sholde;
For substancie of the parlament it wolle.

Departed out of parlament echone,
This Troilus, withoute wordes mo,
Unto his chaumbre sppedde him faste alone,
But if it were a man of hir or two,
The whiche he had out faste for to go,
Bycause he wolde slepen, as he seyde,
And hastely upon his bed hem leyde.

And as in winter leves been biread,
Eche after other, til the tree be bare,
So that ther nia but bairk and braunch ylaft,
Lyth Troilus, biread of ech welfare,
Ybouneden in the blake bairk of care,
Disposed wood out of his wyt to biread,
So sore hem at the chauninge of Criseyde.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette
And windowe ech, and tho this sorrowful man
Upon his bedde syde adoun hem sette,
Ful lyth a deyde image pale and wan;
And in his brest the healed wo bigan
Outbreste, and he to werken in this wyse
In his woodnessse, as I shal yow devyse.

Right as the wilde bale biggynth springe
Now here, now there, ydarted to the herte,
And of his deeth roreth in compleynynge,
Right so gan he aboute the chaumber sterre,
Smynnyng his brest ay with his festes smerte;
His hede to the wal, his body to the grounde
Ful ofte he swypte, himselfen to confunde.

His eyen two, for pite of his herte,
Out stremeden as swifte welleves tweye;
The heighs sobbes of his sorrowes smerte
His apweyng him raffe, unmethes might he seye:
O deeth, alias! why nitow do me deye?
Acurred be the day which that nature
Shoopen me to ben a lyves creature!

But after, whan the furie and the rage
Which that his herte twiste and faste threste,
By lengthe of tyme somewhat gan assagge,
Upon his bed he leyde him doun to reste;
But tho bigonne his teres more outbreste,
That wonder is, the body may suffysye
To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

Than seyde he thus: fortune! alias the whyle!
What have I doon, what have I thus agill?
Now mightestow for rethe me bigple?
Is ther no grace, and shall I thus be spilt?
Shal thus Criseyde awy, for that thou wilt?
Alias! how maystow in thy herte finde
To been to me thus cruel and unhinde?

Have I thee nought honoured at my lyve,
As thou wel west, above the goddes alle?
Why willow me fro joye thus depreye?
O Troilus, what manen now thee calle
But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour falle
Into miserie, in which I wol biwyde
Criseyde, alias! til that the breath me fayle.

Alias, fortune! if that my lyf in joye
Displeased hadde unto thine foule envye,
Why ne haddestow my fader, king of Croye,
Byraft the lyf, or doon my brethren rye,
Or slayn myselfe, that thus compleynge and crye,
I, combre world, that may of nothing serve,
But ever dye, and never fully sterwe?

If that Criseyde alloine were me laft,
Nought roughte I whider thou woldest me sterwe;
And hir, alias! than hastow me biread.
But evermore, lo! this is thy manere,
To rewe a wight that most is to him dere,
To prewe in that thy gerful violenc,
Thus am I lost, ther helpeeth no defence!
O verray Lord of love, O God, alas!
That lowestest best myn herte and al my thought,
What shal my sorrowlyf lyf don in this cas,
If I forgo that I so dere have bought?
Sin ye Cristeyde and me han fully brought
Into your grace, and bothe our hertes beled,
How ye may suffre, alas! it be repled?

What I may doon, I shal, why! I may dure
On lyve in torment and in cruel peyne,
This infortune or this dissaventure,
Allone as I was born, ywis, compleyne;
Ne never wil I seen it shynye and peyne:
But ende I wil, as Edippe, in derlinessse
My sorrowlyf lyf, and dyen in diresse.

O wery goost, that errest to and fro,
Why nilowe flee out of the wofullest body,
That ever mighte on grounde go?
O soule, lurkinge in this wo, unneate,
Flee forth out of myn herte, and lat it breste,
And solwe alwey Cristeyde, thy lady dere;
Thy righthe place is now no lenger here!

O wofulle eye two, sin your disport
Was al to seen Cristeydea eye brighte,
What shal ye doon but, for my discomfort,
Stonden for nought, and wepen out your sighte?
Sin she is queyneth, that wont was yow to lighte,
In veyn fro this forth have I eyen twewe
Yformed, sin your vertue is aweye.

O my Cristeyde, O lady sovereigne
Of thikfe woful soule that thus eryeth,
Who shal now yeven comfort to my peyne?
Alas, no wight; but when myn herte dyeth,
My spirit, that so into yow hyeth,
Recyeve in gre, for that shal as yow serve;
Fortho no fero is, though the body sterre.

O ye loueres, that heigh upon the wheel
Ben set of fortune, in good aventure,
God leve that ye finde ay love of steel,
And longe mot your lyf in joye endure!
But when ye comen by my seculiture,
Remembret that your felawe resteth there;
For I lovede cel, though I unworthy were.

O olde unholsom and mistlyved man,
Calhas I men, alas! what eylith thee
To been a Greke, sin thou art born Croian?
O Calchas, which that wilt my bane be,
In cursed tyme was thou born for me!
As wolde blissful Jove, for his joye,
That I thee hadde, where I wolde, in Troye!

A thousand alykes, hottere than the glode,
Out of his hreat ech after other wente,
Medled with plyentez newe, his wo to fede,
For which his woful teres never stente;
And shortly, so his peynes him torente,
And wex so mat, that joye nor panaunce
He felth noon, but lyth forth in a trauence.

Pandare, which that in the parlament
Hadde herd what ever lord and burgeys seyde,
And how ful graunted was, by oon assent,
For Antenor to yelden so Cristeyde,
Can wel neigh wood out of his wit to breyde,
So that, for wo, he niate what he mente;
But in a rees to Troilus he wente.

A certeyn knight, that for the tymke kepeth
The chaumbredore, undide it him anoon;
And Pandare, that ful tendrelie wepte,
Into the derke chaumbre, as stilte as stoon,
Toward the bed gan softely to goon,
So confus, that he niate what to sey;
For verray wo his wit was neighe aweye.

And with his chere and lokynge al totorn,
For sorwe of this, and with his armes folden,
He stoode this woful Troilus biforn,
And on his pitous face he gan biholden;
But Lord, so often gan his herte colden,
Seing his frend in wo, whose hevenese
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for diresse.

This woful wight, this Troilus, that felte
His frend Pandare ycomen him to see,
Gan as the snow ayen the sonne melte,
For which this sorrowful Pandare, of pitee,
Gan for to wepe as tendrelie ab he;
And specheles thus been thiste like tweye,
That neather mighte o word for sorwe seyde.

But at the laste this woful Troilus,
Ney deed for smert, gan breten out to rore,
And with a sorrowful noyae he seyde thuo,
Among his sobes and his alykes bores:
Lo! Pandare, I am deed, withouten more.
Hastow nought heard at paredment, he seyde,
For Antenor how lost is my Cristeyde?

This Pandarus, ful deed and pate of hewe,
Ful pitously answerede and seyde: Yea!
As wisel ye were it faly as it is trewe,
That I have herd, and not al how it is,
O mercy, God, who wolde have trowed this?
Who wolde have wend that, in so litel a throwe,
Fortune our joye wolde han overthrowe?

For in this world ther is no creature,
As to my doom, that ever saw ruyne
Straungere than this, thoughor cas or aventure.
But who may al eschewe al desyne?
Swich is this world; forthy I thus defyne,
Ne trust no wight to finden in Fortune
By properte; his yeftes been comune.

But tel me this, why thou art now so mad
To sorwe thys? Why lytlow in this wyse,
Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had,
So that, by right, it oughte know suffysye?
But I, that never felt in my servysye
A frendly chere or lokynge of an ye,
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.
And over al this, as thou woldest thyself, This towne is full of ladies al aboute; And, to my doome, fairer than swiche twelve As ever she was, shall I finde, in som route, Ye, one or two, withouten any doute. Forthye be glad, myn owene dere brother, If she be lost, we shal recover another.

What, God forbade alwey that ech pleasance In o thing were, and in non other wight! If con can singe, another can well daunce; If this be goodly, she is glad and light; And this is faer, and that can good aright. Ech for his vertu holdeyn is for dere, Both the heronyn and fauncon for rivere.

And eek, as wrat Lanzis, that was ful wys: The newe love out chacheth ofte the olde; And upon newe cas lyth newe ayys, Thynk eek, thyself, to alwen arrow holde; Swich fyr, by proces, shal al of kinde colde, For sin it is but casual pleasance, Som cas shal putte it out of remembreance.

For also euer as day commeth after night, The newe love, labour or other wo, Or elles selde seing of a wight, Don olde affeccionys alle overgo. And, for thy part, thou shalt have con of tho To aribrye with thy bittre paynes smerte; Absence of hir shal dryve hir out of herte.

Chise wordes seyede he for the none alle, To helpe his frend, lest he for sorwe seyde. For doutelesse, to doon his wo to falle, He rogte not what unthrift that he seyde. But Troilus, that neighe for sorwe seyde, Tolke litel stede of al that ever he mente; Oon ere it herde, at the other out it wente.

But at the laste answerde and seyde: freend, This leechcraft, or heled thus to be, Were wel sitting, if that I were a frend, To traesen hir that trewe is unto me! I pray God, lat this consalye never ye thee; But do me rather sterve amen right here Er I thus do as thou me woldest least.

She that I serve, ywis, what so thou seye, To whom my herte enhabit is by right, Shal han me holly hire til that I deye. For, Pandarus, sin I have trouthe hir right, I wol not been untrewe for no wight; But as hir man I wol ay live and sterve, And never other creature serve.

And thur thou seyest, thue shalt as faire finde As she, lat be, make no compassoun To creature yformed here by kinde. O leve Pandare, in conclusion, I wol not be of thyn opinion, Touching at this; for whiche I thee biseche, So bold thy pen; thou blest me with thy speche.

Thow biddest me I sholde love another All trewely newe, and lat Criseyde go! It thoth not in my powere, leve brother. And though I mighte, I wolde not do so. But can any pleyen raked, to and fro, Nette in, dokie out, now this, now that, Pandare? Now foute false hir, for thy wo that care!

Thow farest eek by me, thou Pandarus, As he, that when a wight is wo bigoon, Be cometh to him a pas, and seyth right thus: Thenk not on smert, and thou shalt fele noon; Thou most me first transmewen in a stoon, And reve me my passions e alle, Er thou so lightely do my wo to falle.

The deeth may wel out of my brete departe The lyf, so longe may this sorwe myne; But fro my soule shal Criseydes darte Out neverno; but doun with Proserpyne, Whan I am deade, I wol go wele in pyne; And ther I wol eternally compleyne My wo, and how that twinned be we twayne.

Thow hast here maad an argument, for Wyn, Now that it sholde lasse payne be Criseyde to forgoon, for she was myn, And live in eue and in felicitie. Why gabbestow, that seydeyst thus to me That him in wors that is fro wreth ythrowe, Than he hadde erst non of that werle ynowe?

But tel me now, sin that thee thinkest so light To chaungyn so in love, ay to and fro, Why hastow not don biauly thy myght To chaungyn hir that doth thee al thy wo? Why nisow lete hir fro thyne herte go? Why nisow love another lady swete, That may thyne herte setten in quiyte?

If thou hast hadden in love ay yet mischaunce, And canst it not out of thyne herte dryve, I that livede in lust and in pleasance With hir as muche as creature onlyve. Now sholdde I that foryte, and that so blyve? O where hastow ben hidd so longe in muwe, That canst so wel and formely arguye?

Nay, nay, God wol, nought worth is al thy reed, For which, for what that ever may biffalle, Withouten wordes me, I wol be deede. O deeth, that endere art of sorwe alle, Com now, sin I so ofte after thee calle; For seth is that deeth, soth for to seyne, That, ofte yeplete, cometh and endeth payne.

Wel wol I, whyle my lyf was in quiyte, Er thou me slowe, I wolde have yeten byre; But now thy comminge is to me so swete, That in this world I nothing so desyre. O deeth, sin with this sorwe I am afyre, Thou outher do me anoon in terre drenche, Or with thy colde strowk myn hetre quenchel!
Troilus and Criseyde.
Liber IV.

Sin that thou sleest so seel in sondry wyse
Ayens hir wil, unpreyed, day and night,
Do me, at my request, this servysse,
Delivere now the world, so dostow right,
Of me, that am the woefullye wight
That ever was; for tyne is that I sterile,
Sin in this world of right ought may I serve.

Thus am I lost, for ought that I can see;
For certeyn is, sin that I am hir knight,
I moste hir honour leve, than me
In every cas, as lovere oughte of right.
Thus am I with deyry and reason twight;
Deyry for to distourben hir me redeth,
And reson nil not, so myn herte dredeth.

Thus wapinge that he could neveresse,
He seyde: Alas! how shal I, wrecche, fare?
For wel felle I alwey my love erencese,
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pandare!
Gnresesen eek the causes of my care;
So welawe, why nil myn herte breaste?
For, as in love, ther is but litle reaste.

Pandare answerde: Freem, thou mayest, for me,
Doe as thee list; but hadde ich it so bote,
And thyne estat, she sholde go with me;
Though at this tong creyde on this thing by note,
I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote.
For when men han wole creye, than wol they roune;
A wonder last but nyne night never in toune.

Devynne not in resoun ay so depe
Ne curteyly, but help thyself anoon;
Bet is that other than thyselfen wepe,
And namelie, sine ye two been al coon.
Rys up, for by myn heed, she shal not goon;
And rather be in blame a lyte yfounde
Than art over her as a gnat, with out smoke.

It is no shame unto yow, ne no vyce
Hir to withholden, that ye loveth most,
Paraunter, she mighte holde thee for nyce
To lete hir go thus to the Greche ost.
Thenk eek Fortune, as wel thyseleven woste,
Helpeth an hardy man to his empresse,
And wemyth wrecche, for hir cowardyse.

And though thy lady wolde a litel hir greve,
Thou shalt thy pees ful wel hereafter make,
But as for me, certeyn, I can not leve
That she wolde it as now for yvel take.
Why shalde than for ferd thyne herte quake?
Thenk eek how Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love; and why shalde not have another?

And Troilus, o thing I dar thee awere,
That if Criseyde, whiche that is thy leef,
Now lovethe thee as wel as thou dost here,
God helpe me so, she nil not take aghfeef,
Though thou do bote anoon in this mischeef.
And if she wilneth fro thee for to pasce,
Channe is she false; so love hir wel the lasse.

Forthy tal herte, and thenk, right as a knight,
Though love is broken alday every lawe.
Rythe now sumwhat thy corage and thy might,
Have mercy on thyselfe, for any awe.
Lay not this wrecche wo thin herte gnaue,
But manly set the world on sike and seve;
And, if thou deye a marit, go to hevene.
I wol myself be with thee at this dede,
Though iech and al my kin, upon a stounde,
Shulle in a strete as dogges liggen dede,
Though bright with many a wyd & bloody wounde,
In every cas I wol a frend be founde.
And if the the list here sterwen as a wreche,
Adieu, the deevel speche him that it recche!

> This Troelis gan with tho wordes quiken,
And seye: Freend, graunt mercy, ich asente;
But certaynly thou mayst not me so prilken,
Ne peyne noon ne may me so tormente,
That, for no cas, it is not myn entente,
At that sorte wordes, though I dyen shold:
Coriasshe hir, but if hisef it wolde.

> Why, so sene I, quod Pandarus, al this day.
But tel me than, hastow hir wel assayde,
That sorweast thus? And he answerde: Nay.
> Whereof arsow, quod Pandare, than amayde,
That noot not that she wol ben yvel apayde
To coriasshe hir, sin thou hast ben not there,
But if that Jove tolde it in thyn ere.

For thy res up, as soughed we were, aoon,
And was thy face, and to the king thou wende;
Or he may wondren whder thou art goon.
Thou most with wisdom him and othere blend;
Or, upon cas, he may after thee sended
Er thou be war; and shortly, brother dere,
Be glad, and lat me wrec in this matere.

For I shal shape it so, that alikerly
Thou shalt this night som tynde, in som manere,
Com speke with thy lady presely,
And by hir wordes ek, and by hir chere,
Thou shalt ful som apareceyne and wel here
Al hir entente, and in this cas the beste;
And fare now wel, for in this point I reste.

The swifte fame, whiche that false thinges
Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe,
Was throughout Troye yfled with preate winges
Fro man to man, and made this tale at newe,
How Calhaus daughter, with hir brighte hewe,
At parlement, without wordes more,
Lygrantd was in chaunge of Antenore.

The whiche tale amonright as Criseyde
Bad hirde, whiche that of hir fader rought,
As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne he caydey,
Ful blyssely to Jupiter bisoughte
Yeve his mischaune that this treti broughte.
But shortly, lest thise tales sothe were,
She dorste at no wight ashen it, for ferre.

As she that hadde hir herte and al hir minde
On Troelis yeet so wonder faste,
That al this world ne mighte hir love unbinde,
Ne Troelis out of hir herte caste:
She wol ben hie, whyl that hir lyf may laste,
And thyn she brendeth bothe in love and drede,
So that she niste what was best to rede.

But as men seen in toyme, and al aboute,
That wommen usen frenedes to visyte,
So to Criseyde of wommen com a route
For pitious joye, and wenden hir delyte;
And with hir tales, dere ynoch a myte,
These wommen, whiche that in the cite dwelle,
They sette hem down, and seye as I shal telle.

Quod first that con: I am glad, trewely,
Bycause of yow, that shal your fader see.
> Another seye: Wyis, so nam not I;
For al to litel hath she with us be.
> Quod the thir ide: I hope, wyis, that she
Shal bringen us the pece on ever ygyde
That, when she gooth, almighty God hir gyde!

Cho wordes and tho wommaninshe thinges,
She herde hem right as though she themmes were:
For, God it wol, hir herte on other thing is,
Although the body eat among hem there.
Hir advertence is alway elsewhere;
For Troelis ful faste hir soule soughte;
Withouten word, alway on hir she thoughte.

Thisse wommen, that thus wenden hir to plese,
Aboute nought gonne alle hir tales apendele:
Swich vanitee ne can don hir non ece,
As she that, al this meme whyte, brende
Of other passion than that they wende,
So that she felted almost hir herte dye
For wo, and wery of that company.

For which no lenger mighthe she restreyne
Hir teres, so they gommen up to welle,
That seven signes of the bitter pynne
In whiche hir spirit was, and mooste dulle;
Remembering hir, fro hir ene unto which helte
She fallen was, alth she foroth the sighte
Of Troelis, and sorowfully she sighte.

And thilke foles sittinge hir aboute
Genden, that she so wepte and syked sore
Bycause that she shold out of that route
Departe, and never plye with hem more.
And they that hadde ykwnen hir of yore
Seyt hir so wepe, and thoughtes it kindenesse,
And ech of hem wepte eek for hir distress.

And blysally they gommen hir conforten
Of thing, God wol, on which she litel thoughte;
And with hir tales wenden hir disporten,
And to be glad they often hir bisoughte.
But swich an es thorhhich they hir wroughte
Right as a man is esed for to fete,
For ache of heed, to clawen him on his helte!

But after al this nyce vanitee
They took hir leve, and hoom they wenden alle.
Criseyde, ful of sorrowful pitee,
Into hir chaumbrer up went out of the halle,
And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,
In purpose nevethenmes for to ryse;
And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow devye.
Thus herte myn, for Antenor, alsa!  
Ioane shall be chaunged, as I wene.  
But how shal ye don in this sowefull caus,  
How shal your tendre herte this sustene?  
But herte myn, foryet this sowe and ten,  
And me alas; for, soothly for to seye,  
So ye wet faire, I recche not to deye.

How mighte it ever yred ben or ysonge,  
The pleynyte that she made in hir distresse  
I nought; but, as for me, my litel tonge,  
If I discreven wolde his hevinesse,  
It sholdake his hir sowe some leue  
Than that it was, and chidelely deface  
Hir heigh compleynyte, and thercfor I it pace.

Pandare, which that bent from Troilus  
Was to Crisyeye, as ye han herd desyre,  
That for the best he it was accorded thus,  
And he ful glad to doon him that desyre,  
Unto Crisyeye, in a ful acceere wyse,  
Theras she lay in torment and in rage,  
Com hir to telle al hooly his message.

And fonde that she hirselfen gan to trete  
Ful pitiously; for with his salte teres  
Hir brete, hir face ybathed was ful wete;  
The mighty tresse of hir sowhe heeres,  
Unbroyden, hangen al aboute hir eare;  
Which yaf him verray signale of martyre  
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan desyre.

Whan she him saw, she gan for sower anoon  
Hir tery face atwix his armes hyde,  
For which this Pandare is so wo bigoon,  
That in the houe he mighte umethe abyde,  
As he that pitee feltes on every wyse,  
For if Crisyeye hadde erst compleyned sore,  
The gan she pleyne a thousand tyme newe.

And in hir asperi pleynyte than she aye:  
Pandare first of joyes mo than two  
Was cause causinge unto me, Crisyeye,  
That now transmuved been in cruel wo.  
Wher shal I seye to yow wel come or no,  
That alderfirst me broughte into a serysse  
Of love, alsa! that endeth in swich wyse.

Endeth than love in wo? Ye, or men lyth!  
And alle worldly blissere, as thinketh me,  
The ende of blissere a sower it occupeth;  
And whose trothewe not that it so be,  
Lant him upon me, wulof wrecche, ysee,  
That myselfe hate, and ay my birthe acores,  
Felinge alwery, fro wylke I go to worse.

Whoso me seeth, he aeth sower al at ones,  
Peyne, torment, pleynye, wo, diastresse.  
Out of my wulof body harm ther noon is,  
As anguish, langour, cruel bitterness,  
Anoy, smert, drede, fury, and eek silennesse.  
I trowe, ywis, from hevence teres reyne,  
For pitee of myn aspers and cruel peyne!
And thou, my sueter, ful of discomfort,
Quod Pandarus, what then hastow to do?
Why ne hastow to thyself even som resport,
Why woltow thus thyselfe, alias, fordo?
Leef al this werk and tal now hede to
That I shal seyn, and herline, of good entente,
This, which by me thy Troilus thee sente.

Comed hir tho Cresysede, a wo makinge
So greet that it a death was for to see:
Alas! quod she, what wordes may ye bringe?
What wol my dere herte seyn to me,
Which that I drede nevermo to see?
Wol he have pleynete or teres, er I wende?
I have ynowe, if he thereafter sende!

She was right swich to seyn in hir visage
As is that wight that men on bere bine;
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,
Was al ychaungen in anoder knide.
The pleyne, the laughtere men was wont to finde
In hir, and eek hir joye everychone,
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Cresysede alone.

Aboute hir eyen two a purple ring
Bitretn in sotthast tolminge of hir peyne,
That to bisholde it was a deadly thing,
For which Pandare mighte not resatrene
The teres from his eyen for to reyne.
But nathelesse, as he best mighte, he seyde
From Troilus thie wordes to Cresysede:

Lo, nece, I trowe ye ban herel al how
The king, with other lordes, for the beste,
Hath mad echaunge of Antenor and yow,
That cause is of this sorwe and this unreste.
But how this cas doth Troilus moleste,
That may non erthele manes tonge seye;
For verray wo his wit is al aweye.

For which we han so sorwe, he and I,
That into litel bothe it hadde us slawe;
But thurgh my consell this day, finally,
He somewhat is fro weeping now withdrawe.
And semeth me that he desyreth fawe
With yow to been al night, for to devyse
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

This, short and pleyne, the effect of my message,
As forthwith as my wit can comprehende.
For ye, that been of torment in swich rase,
May to no longe prologue as now entendeth;
And herupon ye may answere him sende.
And, for the love of God, my nece dere,
So leef this wo er Troilus be here.

Greuous to me, God wol, is for to twine,
Quod she, but yet if harderis is to me
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne;
For wel wol I, it wol my bane be;
And deye I wol in certayn, tho quod she;
But bide him come, er deeth, that thus me thretheth,
Drype out that goost, which in myn herte beeth.

These wordes seyd, she on hir armes two
Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.
Quod Pandarus: Alas! why do ye so,
Syn wel ye wol the tyne is faste by,
That he shal come? Arye up hastely,
That he pow nat biopen thus ne finde,
But ye wol han him wood out of his minde!

For wiste he that ye ferde in this manere,
He wolde himselfe slee; and if I wende
To ban this fare, he sholde not come here
For al the good that Pryam may depende.
For to what fyn he wolde anoon pretendhe,
That knowe I wel; and forthy yet I seye,
So leef this sorwe, or platly he wol dye.

And shapeth now his sorwe for to abregge,
And nought encrese, lese nece swete;
Beth rather to him cause of flat than egge,
And with som wysdom ye his sorwes bete.
What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,
Or though ye bothe in salte teres dreynete?
Bet is a tyne of cure ath than of pleynete.

I mene thus; when I him hider bringe,
Sin ye ben wyse, and bothe of oon assent,
So shapeth how disturbe ye your goynge,
Or come ayn, sone after ye be went.
Sommen ben wyse in short ayeement;
And let ben how your wit shall now awaile;
And what that I may helpe, it shal not faste.

Go, quod Cresysede, and uncle, trewly,
I shal don al my mighte, me to restreyne
From weeping in his sight, and blysly,
For to glade, I shal don my peyne,
And in myn herte seken very peyne;
If to this soor ther may be founden salve,
It shal not lakhen, certain, on myn halve.

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he soughte,
Til in a temple he fond him al alone,
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte;
But to the pitouse goddes everichone
Ful tendrely he preyde, and made his mone,
To doon him some out of this world to paye;
For wel he thoughte ther was non other grace.

And shortly, at the aote for to seye,
He was so fallen in despeyr that day,
That outrely he showed him for to deye.
For right thus was his argument alwey:
He seyde, he nas but loren, waylaway!
For al that cometh, cometh by necessitee;
Thus to be born, it is my destinee.
Troilus and Criseyde
Liber IV.

For certenly, this wot I wel, he seyde,
That forsight of divyne purveyance
Hath seyn alway me to forgon Criseyde,
Sin God seyth every thing, out of doutance,
And hem desponeith, through his ordenaunce,
In hir merye soothly for to be,
As they shul come by predestynce.

But nathelesse, alases! whom shal I love?
For ther ben grete clerkes many anon,
That destynie though argumente pebreve;
And som men seyn that nedely ther is noon;
But that free choise is yeven us everichoon.
O, welaway! so sleye arn clerkes elde,
That I not whose opinion I may holde.

For som men seyn, if God seyth al biforn,
Ne God may not deceyved ben, pardee,
Than moot it fallen, though men hadde it sworn,
That purveyance hath seyn biforn to be.
Wherfor I seye, that from eteme if he
Hath wist biforn our thought eeh as oure dede,
We have no free choise, as these clerkes rede.

For other thought nor other dede also
Might never be, but swich as purveyance,
Which may not ben deceyved nevermo,
Hath feled biforn, withouten ignorance.
For if ther mighte beene a variancye
To wrysten out fro Goddes purveyinge,
There were no prescience of thing cominge;

But it were rather an opinion
Uncertyne, and no stedfast forserine;
And certes, that were an abuisun,
That God shuld han no parfit cler witinge
More than we men that han douteus weninge.
But swich an error upon God to gesse
Were fals and fowle, and whilchen crosedethese.

Eeh this is an opinion of somme
That han hir top ful heighge and smoothe yshorpe;
They seyn right thus, that thing is not to comne
For that the prescience hath seyn biforn
That it shal comne, but they seyn, that therfore
That it shal comne, therefore the purveyance
Wot it biforn withouten ignorance;

And in this manere this necessite
Retorneth in his part contrarie agayn.
For needfully bihoveth it not to be
That thilke things fallen in certayn
That ben purveyed; but nedely, as they seyn,
Bihoveth it that thinges, whiche that falle,
That they in certayn ben purveyed alle.

I mene as though I laboured me in this,
To enquire such thing cause of which thing be;
As whether that the prescience of God is
The certayn cause of the necessite
Of thinges that to comen been, pardeee;
Or if necessite of thing cominge
Be cause certeyn of the purveyinge.

But nowe ne enforce I me nat in shewinge
How the ordre of causes stant; but wel wot I,
That it bihoveth that the biffalinge
Of thinges wist biforn certeynly
Be necessarie, al sem it not thetby
That prescience put falling necessarie
To thing to come, al falle it fule or faire.

For if ther sit a man yond on a see,
Than by necessite bihoveth it
That, certes, thyn opinion shal be,
That wenest or conceynt he that he sit;
And therover now ayenward yit,
Lo, right so it is of the part contrarie,
As thus; now herke, for I wol not tarie:

I seye, that if the opinion of thee
Be sooth, for that he sit, than seye I this,
That he not setten by necessite;
And thus necessite in either is.
For in him nede of setting is, ywis,
And in thee nede of sooth; and thus, forsothe,
Ther moost necessite ben in yow bothe.

But thou mayest seyn, the man sit not therfore,
That thyn opinion of sitting soothe is;
But rather, for the man sit ther biforn,
Therfore is thyn opinion soothe, ywis.
And I seye, though the cause of soothe of this
Comth of his sitting, yet necessite
Is entrenchued, bothe in him and thee.

Thus on this same wysse, out of douteance,
I may wel maken, as it semeth me,
My resoninge of Goddes purveyance,
And of the thinges that to comen be;
By whiche reson men may wel yse,
That thilke thinges that in erthe falle,
That by necessite they comen alle.

For although that, for thing shaal come, ywis,
Therfore is it purveyed, certeynly,
Nat that it comth for it purveyed is:
Yet nathelesse, bihoveth it nedely,
That thing to come be purveyed, trewelee;
Or elles, thinges that purveyed be,
That they bityden by necessite.

And this suyffyseth right nowe, certeyn,
For to destroye our free choise every del.
But now is this abuisyon seyn,
That fallinge of the thinges temporale
Is cause of Godde prescience eternel,
Now treuelee, that is a fals sentence,
That thing to come sholde cause his prescience.

What mighete I wene, and I hadde awich a thought,
But that God purveyth thing that is to come
For that it is to come, and elles nought;
So mighete I wene that thinges alle and alme,
That whylom been bifalle and overcome,
Ben cause of thilke sovereyn purveyance,
That forwot at withouten ignorance.
And over at this, yet seye I more herte, 
That right as when I woot ther is a thing, 
Ywis, that thing mot nedefuly be so; 
Geh right so, when I woot a thing coming, 
So mot it come; and thus the bifalling 
Of thinges that ben wist before the tryde, 
They mowe not been escheowied on no syde.

Chran seyde he thus: Almighty Love in trone, 
That woot of at this thing the soothfastnesse, 
Rewe on my sorwe, or do me deye done, 
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this distresse. 
And whyn he was in at this hevinesse, 
Disputinge with himself in this matere, 
Com Pandare in, and seyde as ye may here.

O mighty God, quod Pandarus, in trone, 
Gy! who seigh ever a wy man faren so? 
Why, Troilus, what thankestow to done? 
Hastow swich lust to been thy wynne owne? 
What, parde, yet is not Criseyde ago! 
Why lust thee so thyself fordoon for drede, 
That in thyne heed thyne eyen semen deede?

Hastow not lived many a yer biforn 
Withouten hir, and ferd ful wel at ece? 
Artow for hir and for non other born? 
Bath hinde thee wroghte alone hir to please? 
Lat be, and thynk right thus in thy disease, 
That, in the deedes right as ther fallen chaunces, 
Right so in love, ther come and gon pleasaunces.

And yet this is a wonder most of alle, 
Why thou thus sorweat, sin thou nyst not yit, 
Touching hir goinge, how that it shal falle, 
Ne if she can hirselfe distorben it, 
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir witt, 
A man may al by tymne hir nekhe bede 
When it shal of, and sorween at the nede.

Forthy take hede of that that I shal seye; 
I have with hir yspoke and longe ybe, 
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye. 
And evermo I thinketh thus, that she 
Hath somwhat in hir hertos prevete, 
Therwith she can, if I shal right arede, 
Distorbe at this, of which thou art in drede.

For which my conseil is, when it is night, 
Thou to hir go, and make of this an ende; 
And blisful Juno, though hir grete mighte, 
Shal, as I hope, hir grace unto us sende. 
Myn herte seyth, Certeyn, she shal not wende, 
And forthy put thyne herte a whyle in reste; 
And hold this purpos, for it is the beste.

This Troilus answere, and sighte sone: 
Thou seyst right wel, and i will do right so; 
And what him listhe, he seyde unto it more. 
And when that it was tyne for to go, 
Ful prevely himself, withouten me, 
Unto hir com, as he was wont to done; 
And how they wroghte, I shal yow telle sone.

Both is, that when they gonne first to mete, 
So gan the peyne hir herete for to twiste, 
That neither of hem other mote grete, 
But hem in armes toke and after kiste. 
The laose wofulle of hem bothe niste 
Whether that he was, ne moute a word outbringe, 
As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

The woeful teres that they leten falle 
As bittre weryn, out of teres kinde, 
For peyne, as is line alores or galle, 
So bittre teres weep nought, as I finde, 
The woeful Myrtra wepe hir right moore, 
That in this world ther has so hard an herte, 
That nolde han rewed on hir peynes smerte.

But whan hir woeful very goates tweyne 
Retorne been theras hem oughte dwelle, 
And that somwhat to mayken gan the peyne, 
By lengthe of plymente, and ebben gan the welle 
Of bire teres, and the herte unsowelle, 
With broken voys, al hours for abright, Criseyde 
To Troilus thys ilk wordes seyde:

O Jove, I deye, and mercy I beseeche! 
Help, Troilus! and therwithal hir face 
Upon his breth she leyde, and loste speche; 
Hir woeful spirit from his propre place, 
Right with the word, alwaye up poyn to pace. 
And thus she lythe with hewe pale and grene, 
That whylem fresh and fairest was to sene.

This Troilus, that on hir gan biholde, 
Clepinge hir name, and she lay as for deed, 
Withouten answere, and felte hir lines colde, 
Fir eyen thrownen upwirdh the brack. 
This sorwful man can now noon other reed, 
But ofte tymne hir colde mouth he kiste; 
Wher him was wo, God and himselfe it wiste!

He visit him up, and long streighte hir leyde; 
For signe of yf, for oughte he can or may, 
Can he noon finde in nothing on Criseyde, 
For which his song ful ofte is Meylaway! 
But whan he saugh that speche she lay, 
With sorwful voys, and herte of blisse al bare, 
He seyde how she was fro this world yfare.

So after that he longe hadde hir compleyned, 
Hir honden wroghte, and seye that was to seye, 
And with his teres salte hir breut bireyned, 
He gan tho teris wipen of ful dreye, 
And pitously gan for the soule preye, 
And seyde: O Lord, that set art in thy trone, 
Rewe ech on me, for I shal folwe hir sone!

She colde was and withouten sentement, 
For aughte he woot, for breth ne felte he noon; 
And this was him a pregant argument 
That she was forth out of this world akeyn; 
And whan he seigh ther was non other woon, 
He gan hir lines dresse in swich manere 
As men don hem that shul be leyd on bere.
Trostilus and Criseyde.
Liber IV.

And after this, with serene and cruel herte,
His aword anon out of his whethe he twighte,
Himselfe to seene, how sore that he smerte,
So that his sowle his sowle sowen mighte,
Thereto the doom of Mynsod wolde it dighte;
Sin love and cruel fortune it ne wolde,
That in this world he tenger liven sholde.

Thanne seye he thus, fulfild of heigh deadayn:
O cruel love, and thou, Fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slayn
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no worse,
For one mighte and werkyn so diverse;
Thyn cowardly ye shul me never winne;
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

For I this world, sin ye han slayn hir thus,
Wol lette, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye;
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye;
For certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.
But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,
Yet suffreth that our soules ben yfere.

And thou, citee, whiche that I leve in wo,
And thou, Pryam, and brethern al yfere,
And thou, my moder, farewell! for I go;
And Artropos, make redy thou my bere!
And thou, Criseyde, o sweete herte dere,
Receive now my spirit! wolde he seye,
With aword at herte, al redy for to dyee.

But as God wolde, of sougher therwith she abrede,
And gan to syke, and Troilus she cryde;
And he aanswerde: Lady myn Criseyde,
Live ye yet? and leet his aword doun glyde.
Ye, herte myn, that thankest be Cupyde!
Quod she, and therwithal she sore sighte;
And he began to glade hir as he mighte;

Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir ofte,
And hir to glade he dide at his entete;
For which hir gooft, that filked aponeflohte,
Into hir wo ful herte ayein it wente.
But at the taste, as that hir eyen glente
Aseyde, anoon she gan his aword aspye,
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye,

And asked him, why he it hadde outdrowe?
And Troilus acon the cause hir tolde,
And how himselfe therwith he wolde have slawe.
For which Criseyde upon him gan biholde,
And gan him in hir armes faste folde,
And seye: O mercye, God, lo, which a dede!
Alas! how neigh we were bothe dede!

Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye wolde han slayn yourselfe acon? quod she.
Ye, douteles, And she aanswerde: Alas!
For, by that lyke Lord that made me,
I holde a forlong wey onlywe han be,
After your deeth, to han be crowned queene
Of al the fonde the some on shyneth shene.

But with this aword aword, which that here is,
Myselfe I wolde have slayn! quod she tho;
But ho, for we han righ nowy of this,
And late us ryse and streight to bedde go;
And thereto us spoken of our wo.
For, by the morer which that I see brenne,
Knowe I ful wel that day is not fer henne.

When they were in hir bedde, in armes folde,
Nought was it lyk the nightes herbifor;
For pitousely ech other gan biholde,
As they that hadde al hir blisse ylorn;
Bi waylinge the day that they were born.
Til at the last this sowerful wight Criseyde
To Troilus these like wordes seye:

Lo, herte myn, wel wol ye this, quod she,
That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne,
And selieth nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of payne;
And sin that here assemblde be we twyne
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,
It were al tymes bote to biginne.

I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,
And as I am aysed sodeynly,
So wol I telle yow, whetli it is breet.
Me thinketh thu, that neither ye nor I
Oughte half this wo to make skillfully.
For there is ayt nowe for to redresse
That yet is mis, and ailemon this hevinessse.

Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we ben inne,
For ought I woot, for nothing ellen is
But for the cause that we shollen twinne.
Considered al, ther nis no more amis.
But what is thanne a remedde unto this,
But that we shape us borne for to mete?
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

Now that I shal wel bringen it aboute
To come ayein, some after that I go,
Thereof am I no maner thing in doute.
For dreedes, withinne a wouke or two,
I shal ben here; and, that it may be so
By alle right, and in a wordeas fewe,
I shal yow wyl an heep of wayes shewe.

For which I wol not make long sermoun,
For tyme ylote may not recovered be;
But I wol gow to my conclusyon,
And to the beste, in oughte that I can see.
And, for the love of God, forwyte it me
If I speke ought ayein your hertes reate;
For trewel, I speke it for the beste;

Makinge alwey a protestacioun,
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal seye,
Nis but to shewe yow my mocioun.
To finde unto our helpe the beste weye;
And taketh it non other weye, I preye.
For in effect whatso ye me commeunde,
That wol I doon, for that is no demaunde.
Now herkeneth this, ye han wel understande
My going granted is by parlement
So forth, that it may not be withstande
For al this world, as by my jugement.
And sin ther helpleth noon avysemen
To leten it, lat it passe out of minde;
And let us shape a better wey to finde.

The sothe is, that the twinninge of us twoyne
Wel us disease and cruelliche aynye.
But him bionoth somtyme han a payne,
That sereveth love, if that he wol have joye.
And sin I shal not ferthere out of Troye
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morowe,
It oughte laesse causen us to sorne.

So as I shal not so ben hid in muwe,
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat yhere.
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,
And thanne have ye bothe the Antenor ywayne
And me also; beth glad now, if ye conne;

And thynk right thus: Criseyde is now agoon,
But what! she shal come haastely ayeyn.
And whanne, alaun? by God, lo, right agoon,
Er daze ten, this dar I sauffly seyn.
And thanne at eraste shul we been so fayn,
So as we shulle togedere ever dwelle,
That al this world ne mighte our blissse telle.

I see that ofte, theras we ben now,
That for the beste, our conselle for to hyde,
Ye speke not with me, nor I with you
In fourtenight; ne see yow go ne ryde.
May ye not ten dayes thanne abyde,
For myn honour, in swich an aventure?
Ywio, ye mowen elles lite endure!

Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is here,
But if that onliche it my fader be;
And eek myn othere thinges alle yfere,
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,
Whom that I solede leven for to see
For al this world, as wyd as it hath space;
Or elles, see ich never Joves face!

Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse
Coveteth so to see me, but for drede
Least in this toun that folke me dyspyye
Bycause of him, for his unhappy dede?
What woote my fader what tyf that I LEDs?
For if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,
As neded for my wending nought to care.

Ye seen that everday eek, more and more,
Men trete of pees; and if supposed is,
That men the quene Elyse shal restore,
And Grekes us restore that is mis.
So though therere comfort noon but this,
That men purpose pees on every syde,
Ye may the bettre at esse of herte abyde.

M 32

For if that it be pees, myn herte dere,
The nature of the pees mot nedes dryve
That men moote entrecumen yfere,
And to and fro eek ryde and gon as byve
Alday as thilke as been fyn from an hyve;
And every wight han libertee to bleeve
Wheras him list the bet, withouten leve.

And though so be that pees ther may be noon,
Yet hider, though ther never pees ne were,
I moste come; for whider shold I goon,
Or how miucaunche shold I dwelle there
Among the men of armes ever in fere?
For which, as wistly God my soule rede,
I can not seen wherof ye sholden drede.

Have here another wey, if it so be
That al this thinge ne may yow not suffysye.
My fader, as ye knowen wel, pardee,
Lo old, and elde is ful of coyeteys.
And I right now have founden al the gyse,
Whiloute net, wherewith I shal him hente;
And herkeneth how, if that ye wole assente.

Lo, Troilus, men seyn that hard it is
The wolfe ful, and the wethe hool to have;
This is to seyn, that men ful ofte, ywio,
Mort aspendant part, the remenunt for to save.
For ay with gold men may the herte grave
Of him that set is upon coyeteys;
And how I mene, I shal it yow devye.

The moebel which that I have in this toun
Unto my fader shal I take, and seye,
That right for trust and for savacioun
It sent is from a frend of his or troye,
The whiche frendes ferventliche him preye
To senden after more, and that in hye,
Whyt that this toun stant thus in jupartye.

And that shal been an huge quantitee,
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde,
This may be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eek shewen him, if pees bryde,
What frendes that ich have on every syde
Toward the court, to doon the wraeth pace
Of Priamus, and doon him atonde in grace.

So, what for o thing and for other, swete,
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes,
That right in hevene his sawle is, shal he mete!
For al Apollo, or his clerke lawes,
Or calulginge awyleth nought three hawes;
Desyr of gold shal so his solew blende,
That, as me lyset, I shal wel make an ende.

And if he wolde cought by his sort it preve
If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde
Distorben him, and plukke him by the sleve,
Makynge his sort, and beryn him on bonde,
He hath not wel the goddes understande.
For goddes spoken in amphiblegees,
And, for a sooth, they telien twenty lyses.
Eeh drede fond first goddes, I suppose,
Thun shal I sayn, and that his cowarde herte
Made him amis the goddes text to close,
Whan he for ferde out of his Delphos sterte.
And but I make him bone to verte,
And doon my reed withinne a daye or tweye,
I wol to yow oblige me to deye.

And trewliche, as writen wel I finde,
That al thi thing was seyd of good entente;
And that hir herte trewe was and hinde
Towardes hir, and spak right as she mente,
And that she starf for wo neighe, when she wente,
And was in purpus ever to be trewe;
Thus writen they that of hir werkes knewe.

This Troilus, with herte and ere spradde,
Ferde at thi thing devysey to and fro;
And verraylich he semed that he hadde
The alde wit; but yet to lete hir go
His herte misforyaf hir evermore.

But finally, he gan his herte wreste
To trusen hir, and took it for the beate.

For which the grete furie of his penance
Ilas queynt with hope, and therwith hem bitwene
Bigan for joye the amorous daunce.

And as the briddes, when the somme is shene,
Delyten in hir song in leewe grene,
Right so the wordes that they spake yfere
Delyten hem, and made him hertes clere.

But natheles, the wending of Criseyde,
For al this world, may nought out of his minde;
For which ful ofte he pitously hir preyde,
That of hir heste he might hir trewe finde.
And sayde hir: Certes, if ye be unhinde,
And but ye come at day set into Troye,
Ne shal I never have hele, honour, ne joye.

For aIso sooth as somne uprist on morwe,
And, God! so wialy thou me, woful wrecche,
To reate brinche out of this cruell sorwe,
I wol myselven see if thi ye dreche.
But of my deeth though litel be to reche,
Yet, er that ye me cause so to amerte,
Dwel rather here, myn owene atwee herte!

For trewely, myn owene lady dere,
The sleightes yet that I have herd you stere
Ful shaply been to fallen alle yfere.
For thus men seyn: That oon thenketh the here,
But al another thenketh his leedere.

Your aire is wyg, and seyd is, out of drede;
Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-rede.

It is ful hard to halten unespyed
Before a crepul, for he can the craft;
Your fader is in sleight in Argus yed;
For al be that his moobile is him biraft,
His olde sleightes is yet so with him laft,
Ye shal not blende hir for your womanhede,
Ne feyne aright, and that is al my drede.

I noot if pees shal evermo bityde;
But, pees or no, for earnest he for game,
I woot, sin Callias on the Grekes ayde
Bath ones been, and lost so foule his name,
He dar no more come here ayen for shame;
For which that weye, for ought I can espys,
To trusen on, nis but a fantasye.

Ye shal eek seen, your fader shal yow close
To been a wyf, and as he can wel preche,
He shal som Grek so preyse and wel alose,
That ravishen he shal yow with his speche,
Or doo yow doon by forge as he shal teche.

And Troilus, of whom ye nil han routhe,
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe!

And over al this, your fader shal despysye
As alle, and seyn this citeth his but lorn;
And that thossege never shal aryse,
For why the Grekes han it alle sworn
Til we be slayn, and downe our walles torn.
And thus he shal yow with his wordes fere,
That ay drede I, that ye wol blewre there.

Ye shul eek seen so many a lustye knight
Among the Grekes, ful of worthinesse,
And ech of hem with herte, wit, and might
To plesen you don al his beasnese,
That ye shul dullen of the rudenesse
Of us sety Troianes, but if routhe
Remorde yow, or vertue of your trouthe.

And this to me so gresous is to thinke,
That fro my brete it wol my soule rende;
Ne dredeles, in me ther mai not inke
A good opinion, if that ye wende;
For why your faderes sleightes wol us shende.
And if ye goon, as I haue told yow yore,
So thnk I nam but deed, without more.

For which, with humble, trewe, and pitous herte,
A thousand tymene mercy I yow preyse;
So reweht on myn aspre peynea smerte,
And doth somwhat, as that I shal yow seye,
And lat us stele away bitwice us tweye;
And thank that folye is, when man may chese,
For acciden his substaunse ay to lese.

I mene this, that sin we mowe er day
Wel stele away, and been togider so,
What wit were it to pitten in asbay,
In cau ye sholden to your fader go,
If that ye mighte come ayen in no?
Thus mene I, that it were a grete folye
To putte that akernes in juparte.

And vulgarly to spoken of substaunse
Of treasur, may we bothe with us lade
Ynough to live in honour and pleasance,
Til intr tymene that we shal ben dede;
And thus we may eachewen at thi drede.
For everich other wey ye can recorde,
Myn herte, ywis, may not therwith acorde.
And hardly, ne dredeith no povertie,
for I haue hym and frendes elsewhere
That, though we comen in our bare sherte,
As sholde neither lakhe gold ne gare,
But been honoureth whil we dwelten there.
And go we anon, for, as in myn entente,
This is the beste, if that ye wole assente.

*Crisseyde, with a sly, right in this wyse*

\textbf{Anawerde}: Ywis, my dere herte trewe,
We may wel stele awaye, as ye devye,
And finde swiche untrustife wypees neve;
But afterward, ful gore it wol us rewye,
And help me God so at my moste nede
As causeth ye suffren at this dere?

For thilke day that I for cherisshinge
Or drede of fader, or of other wight,
Or for estat, defay, or for wyddinge
Be falo to yow, my Croiuls, my knight,
Saturnes daughter, Juno, through thir might,
As wood as Athamanke do me dwelle
Eternally in Stix, the put of helle!

And this on every god celestial
I sweare it yow, and ech on ech goddeesse,
On every Nympke and deite infernal,
On Satyry and Fauny more and less,
That halve goddes been of wildynesesse;
And Atropes my thred of lyf to brete
If I be fals; now twe re me if thou leste!

And thou, Simoys, that as an arwe cleere
Thorough Troye renneest ay downward to the see,
Ber wintresse of this word that seyd is here,
That thilke day that ich untrewre be
To Croiuls, myn owene herte free,
That thou retornne balfware to thy welle,
And I with body and soule sinke in helle!

But that ye speke, awaye thus for to go
And leten alle your frendes, God forbeide,
For any woman, that ye sholden so,
And namely, sin Croiye hath now swich nede
Of help, and ech of thing taketh hede;
If this were wist, my lif laye in balace,
And your honour: God shilde us fro mischance!

And if so be that peeg herafter take,
As alad day happeth, after anger, game,
Why, Lord! the sorwe and wo ye wolde maken,
That ye ne doreste come ayein for shame!
And er that ye juparten so your name,
Beth nought to hastye in this hote fare;
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

What trowe ye the peple ech al aboute
Wolde of it seye? It is full light to arede.
They wolde seye, and swere it, out of doute,
That love ne droof yow ought to doon this dede,
But lust volupetuous and coward dere.
Thus were at lost, ywis, myn herte dere.
Your honour, which that now shyneth so cleere.

And also thenketh on myn honeste,
That fowreth yet, how fould I sholde it shende,
And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,
If in this forme I sholde with yow wende.
Ne though I livede unto the worldes ende,
My name sholde I never ayenward winne;
Thus were I lost, and that were routhe and sinne.

And forthe slee with reson at this hete;
Men seyn, the suffraunte overcometh, pardee;
Ech Whose wol han leef, he leef mot lette;
Thus maketh vertue of necessitee
By pacience, and thik that lord is he
Of fortune ay, that nought wol of hir recche;
And she ne daunteth no wight but a wreche.

And trusteth this, that certes, herte sweete,
Er Dhebus suster, Lucina the shene,
The Lcon passe out of this Ariete,
I wol ben here, withouten any wene.
Ismene, as helpe me Juno, hevenes quene,
The teneth day, but if that deeth me assaye,
I wol yow seen, wol oon any fayle.

And now, so this be sooth, quod Troiuls,
I shal wel suffire unto the teneth day,
Sin that I see that nede it moot be thus.
But, for the love of God, if it be may,
So lat us stele privately away;
For ever in con, as for to live in stone,
Myn herte seyth that it wol been the beste.

O mercy, God, what lyf is this? quod she;
Alas, ye sere me thus for verray tene!
I see wel now that ye mistrusten me;
For by your wordes it is wel yseene.
Now, for the love of Cynthia the shene,
Mistrust me not thus causeth, for routhe;
Sin to be trewe I have yow plight my trouthe.

And thenketh wel, that som tyme it is wit
To spende a tyme, a tyme for to winne;
Ne, parde, torne am I nought fro yow yit,
Though that we ben a day or two atwinne.
Dryf out the fantasyes yow withinne;
And trusteth me, and leveth ech your sorwe.
Or here my trouthe, I wol not live til morwe.

For if ye wiste how sure it doeth me smerte,
Ye wolde cease of this; for God, thou wost,
The pure spirit wepeth in myn herte,
To see yow wepen that I love most,
And that I most go to the Greeks ost.
Ye, here it that I wiste remeyde
To come ayein, right here I wolde dye!

But certes, I am not so nyce a wight
That I ne can imagin a way
To come ayein that day that I have hight.
For who may holde thing that wol away?
My fader nought, for al his queynez pleyn,
And by my thirft, my wending out of Croye
Another day shal torne us alle to joye.
Troylus and Criseyde. 
Liber IV.

Forthwith, with all mine herte I now beseeke,
If that you list do myn prayere,
And for the love which that I love you she,
That er that I departe fro you here,
That of so good a comfort and a chere
I may you seen, that ye may bringe at reate
Myn herte, which that is at point to brestes.

And over all this, I pray you, quod she thon,
Myn owene herte of soothfast suffisaunce,
Sin I am thyn al hool, withouten mo,
That whyt that I am absent, no plesaunce
Of other do me fro your remembrancye.
For I am ever agoat, forwhy men rede,
That Love is thing ay ful of bissy drede.

For in this world ther liveth lady noon,
If that ye were untrewe, as God defende!
That so bitrayed were or wo bigoon
As I, that alle throte in yow entende.
And doubtes, if that ich other wende,
I nere but deed, and ye cause finde,
For Goddes love, so beth me not unkinde.

To this answere Troylus and seye:
Now God, to whom ther nis no cause ywrye,
Me glade, as wli I never unto Criseyde,
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with ye,
Was fal, ne never shal til that I dye.
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me lye;
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve.

Graunt mercy, gode myn, ywise, quod she,
And blissful Venus lat me never sterwe
Or I may stonde of plesaunce in degree
To quyte hir wel, that so wel can deserve;
And whyl that God my wyt wol me conserve,
Lahal so doon, as trewe I have yow founde,
That ay honour to meward shal rebounde.

For trusteth wel, that your estat royal
Ne yvn delyt, nor only worthinesse
Of yow in werre, or tourney marcial,
Ne pome, array, noblye, or eche richesse,
Ne made me to reve on your distresse;
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe,
That was the cause I first hade on yow routhe!

Ech gentil herte and manhod that ye hadde,
And that ye hadde, as me thoughte, in deasyt
Every thing that souned into batde,
As rudennesse and poplish appetit;
And that your resoun byrdled your delyt,
This made, aboven every creature,
That I was your, and shal, whyl I may dure.

And this may lengthe of yeres not fordo,
Ne remuoble fortune deface;
But Jupiter, that of his mighte may do
The sorwful to be glad, so yve us grace,
Er nightes ten, to meten in this place,
So that it may your herte and myn suffysye;
And farew nyw wel, for tyne is that ye rysye.

And after that they longe ypleyned hadde,
And ofte yhyst and streyte in armes fold,
The day gan ryne, and Troylus him clade,
And refulliche hir lady gan bholde,
As he that telte dethes cara colde.
And to hir grace he gan him recomande;
Wher hir was wo, this holde I no demaune.

For mannes beed imaginen ne can,
Ne entendement considere, ne tounge telle
The cruel pynes of this sorrowful man,
That passen evry torment down in helpe.
For when he saugh that she ne mighte dwelle,
Which that his soule out of his herte rente,
Withouten more, out of the chaumbre he wente.
Explicit Liber Quartus.
TROILUS AND CRESSYDE. LIBER QUINTUS.

Incest Liber Quintus.

That on his hors unmethe he saue for payne.

For ire he quoo, so gan his herte gnaue,
When Diomede on horse gan him dresse,
And seyde unto himself this ilke sawe:
Alas, quod he, thus föul a wrecchenesse
Why sufre ich it, why nil ich it redresse?
Is ilke not bet at ones for to dye
Than evermore in langour thus to drye?

Why nil I make at ones riche and pore
To have enough to done, or that she go?
Why nil I bringe at Troye upon a rose?
Why nil I leen this Diomede alas?
Why nil I rathere with a man or two
Steale hir away? Why wol I this endure?
Why nil I helpen to myn owene cure?

But why he holde doon so fela deede,
That shal I seyn, and why him liete it appere:
He hadde in herte alway a maner deede,
Leat that Cressyde, in rumour of this fare,
Sholde han ben alyon; of this was al his care.
And elles, certeyn, as I seyde yore,
He hadde it deon, withouten wordes more.

Cressyde, whan he redy was to ryde,
Ful sorwefuly she aighte, and seyde Alas!
But forth she moot, for scort that may taryde.
And forth she rit ful sorwefuly a pas,
Tirn his non oth remede in this case.
What wonder is thought that hir sore amerte,
Whan she forgote hir owene svete herte?

This Troilus, in wyse of curteisye,
With hauke on hond, and with an huge route
Of knyghtes, rood and dide hir companye,
Passinge al the valey fer withoute.
And ferdher wolde han riden, out of doute,
Ful fayn, and wo was him to goon so sone;
But borne he mooste, and it was eek to done.

And righ with that was Antenor ycome
Out of the Grekes ost, and evry wight
Was of it glad, and seyde he was welcome.
And Troilus, al soere his herte light,
He seyde him with al his fuller might
Him to withholde of wepinge at the laste,
And Antenor he histe, and made feaste.

And therwithal he mooste his leve take,
And caste his cuppon his lipynge,
And neer he rood, his cause for to make,
To take hir by the bonde al sobrely.
And Lord! so she gan wepen tendrely!
And he ful sopa and sleaghely gan hir eyne:
Now höld ye day, and dooth me not to deye.

With that his courser torme he aboute
With face pale, and unto Diomede
No word he spak, ne noon of al his route;
Of which the sone of Cydeus took hede,
As he that coude more than the crede
In swich a craft, and by the reyne hir hente;
And Troilus to Troye homward he wente.

This Diomed, that ladde hir by the brydel,
When that he saw the folk of Troye aweiye,
Thought: Amylour shal not ben on ydel,
If that I mae, for somewhat shal I seye.
For at the worste it may yet shorte oue weye.
I have herd seyd, ech tymes twayes twelve:
He is a fool that wol foryte himselve.

But natheles this thoughte he wel enough:
That certaynly I am aboute nought.
If that I speke of love, or make it tough;
For douteless, if she have in hir thought
Him that I greve, he may not ben ybrought
So done awery; but Ishal finde a sene,
That she not wite as yet shal what I mene.

This Diomed, as he that coude his good,
When this was done, gan fallen forth in speche
Of this and that, and asked why she stood
In such a disease, and gan her ech biseche,
That if that he encrese mightes or eches
With any thing hir ese, that she sholde

Comande it hir, and seyde he doon it wolde.
For tremely he swoor hir, as a knight,
That ther nas thing with whiche he mighte
hier plese,
That he holde doun his payne & al his migt
To doun it, for to doun hir herte an eie.
And preyede hir, she wolde hir sorwe apese,
And seyde: Ywis, we Grekes con have joye
To honoure yow, as wel as folk of Troye.

He seyde eek thus: I woot, yow thinketh
strange,
No wonder is, for it is to yow newe,
Thaqueintance of these Troianes to change,
For folk of Grece, that ye never knewe.
But wolde never God but if as trewe
A Greek ye shulde among us alle finde
As any Trojan is, and eek as hanke.

And by the cause I swoor yow right, lo, now,
To been your frend, and helply, to my might,
And for that more acquenintance eek of yow
Hawe ich had than another straunger wight,
So fro this forth I pray yow, day and night,
Comande me, how seote that me omerte,
To doun at that may helpe unto your herte:
And that ye me wolde as your brother trete,
And taketh not my friendship in despyt;
And though your sorwe be for thinges grete,
Noot I not why, but out of more reapyt,
Myn herte hath for to amend it grete deylt.
And if I may your harms not redresse,
I am right sorry for your hevinesse.

And though ye Troian with us Grekes wrothe
Pan many a day be, alwey yet, pardee,
O god of love in bothe we serven bothe.
And, for the love of God, my lady free,
When so ye hate, as beth not worth with me.
For trewyly, ther can no wight yow serve,
That half so looth your wrath the wolde deserve.

And nere it that we been so neig the tente
Of Calis, which that seen us bothe may,
I wolde of this yow telle al myn entente;
But this enaeted til another day.
Yeve me your bond, I am, and shal ben ay,
God help me so, whyl that my lyf may dure,
Your owene aboven every creature.

This seyde I never er now to woman born;
For God myn herte as wistly glade so,
I loveide never woman heherebiforn

As paramours, ne never shal no mo,
And, for the love of God, beth not my fo;
Al can I not to yow, my lady dere,
Compleyne ariht, for I am yet to lere.

And wondreth not, myn owene lady bright,
Though that I speke of love to you thuslyve;
for I have herd or this of many a wight,
Hath loved thing he never saugh his lyve.
Eeh I am not of power for to styve
Ayens the god of love, but him obeye
I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

Ther been so worthy knightes in this place
And ye so fair, that everich of hem alle
Wel peynen him to stonden in your grace.
But mighthe me so fair a grace falle,
That ye me for your servaunt wolde calle,
So lowely ne so trewe lyfe yow serve
Nil noon of hem, as I shal, til I sterve.

Criscelde unto that purpoyse lyte answerde,
As she that was with sorwe oppressee so
That, in effect, she nought his tales herde;
But here and there, now her, a word or two.
Hir thoughte hir sorweful herte braat a two,
For whan she gan hir fader her ayspe,
Wol neig down of hir hors she gan to aye.
Troilus and
Crisyece.
Liber V.

But matheles she thonked Diomedes
Of al his travaile, and his goed chere,
And that him liete his friendship hir to bede;
And she accepteth it in good manere,
And wolde do fayn that is him leef and dere;
Andtrusten him she wolde, and wel she mighte,
Asseyde she, and from hir herte she aligethe.

Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,
And twentie tyne he kiste his daughter sweete,
And sese: O dere daughter myn, welcome! 
She sese ech, she was fayn with him to mete,
And arrode forth mete, mild, and manuete.
But here I leve hir with hir fader dexte,
And forth wol of Troilus yow telle.

To Troie is come this woful Troilus,
In sorwe aboven alle sorwe smerte,
With felon look, and face dispirotous.
Tho sodeinly doun from his hore he sterke,
And thourgh his paleys, with a swollen herte,
To chambre he wente; of nothing took he hed,
Ne noon to him dar speke a word for drede.

And there his sorwe that he aspered hadde
He yaf an issue large, and Deeth! he cryde:
And in his throwes frenetly and madde
He cursed Tove, Appollo, and ech Cupyde,
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cypyde,
His burthe, himself, his fate, and ech nature,
And, sewe his lady, every creature.

To bedde he gorth, and weyleth there and torneth
In furie, as doth he, Tixon, en helle;
And in this wyse he neig til day sojorneth.
But tho bigan his herte a lyte unswelle.
Though there which that gonneth up to welle;
And pitously he cryde upon Criseyde,
And to himself right thus he spak, and sese:

Wheer is myn owene lady lief and dere,
Wheer is hir whyte brete, wheer is it, where?
Wheer ben hir armes and hir eyen clere,
That yeernight this tyne with me were?
Now maye I wepe allone many a tere,
And grasshe aboute I may, but in this place,
Save a pilowe, I finde nought tenbrace.

How shal I do? When shal she com ayeyn?
I nout, alas! why leet hir ich to go;
As wolde God, ich hadde as tho be oleyn!
O herte myn, Criseyde, O sweete foi!
O lady myn, that I love and no mo!
To whom for evermo myn herte I dowe;
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescwe!

Who seeth yow now, my rights lode sterre?
Who sit right now or stant in your presence?
Who can conforten now your hertes were?
Now Lam gon, whom yeve ye audience?
Who aplethe for me right now in myn absence?
Alias, no wight; and that is al my care;
For wel wot I, as ywel as I ye fare.

How shuld I thus ten dawe ful endure,
When I the firste night have at this tene?
How shal she doon ech, sorrowful creature?
For tenderenesse, how shal she this sustene,
Swich wo for me? O pitous, pale, and grene
Shal been your freushe wommanliche face
For langour, or ye tombe unto this place.

And when he fil in any alomerings,
Afoon biginne he sholde for to grone,
And dremen of the dredest fullieest things
That mighte been: as, mete he were allone
In place horrible, makings ay hisi mone,
Or meten that he was amonges alle
His enemys, and in hir hondes falle.

And therewithal his body sholde sterte,
And with the stert al sodeinliche awake,
And swich a trembour fele aboute his herte,
That of the fyer his body sholde quake;
And therewithal he sholde a noysse make,
And semse as though he sholde falle depe
From heighe alofte; and than he wolde wepe,

And rewen on himself so pitously,
That wonder was to here his fantasynye.
Another tyne he sholde mightilby
Conforte himself, and semyn it was folly,
So causeth swich drede for to drye,
And eft biginne his asebro sorwe newe,
That every man mighte on his sorwe reweth.

Who coude tell me of ful disappye
His wo, his pleynyte, his langour, and his pyne?
Nought at the men that han or been onlyve.
Chou, redere, mayst thyself ful wel devyne
That swich a wo my wit can not defyne.
On ydel for to wryte it sholde I swinke,
When that my wit is wery it to thinke.

On hevene yet the sterre was sene,
Although ful pale ywaxe was the mone;
And whyten gan the orynta shene
Abestoward, ast it woned it to done.
And Dhebus with his rosy carte sone
Gan after that to drese him up to fare,
When Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

This Pandare, that of al the day biforn
He mighte have comen Troilus to see,
Although he on his heed it hadde ysworn,
For with the king Pryam aldaye was he,
So that it lay not in his libertee
Nowheer to gon, but on the morwe he wente
To Troilus, that he for him sente.

For in his herte he coude wel devyne,
That Troilus al night for sorwe woxk;
And that he wolde tell him of his pyne,
This knew he wel ynow, withoute boock.
For which to chambre stright the wey he took,
And Troilus the sobrelieche he gette,
And on the bed ful bowl he gan him sette.
My Pandarus, quod Troilus, the sorwe
Which that I drye, I may not longe endure.
I trowe I shal not liven til tomorowe;
For whiche I wolde alwey, on aventure,
To thee devyen of my sepulture
The forme, and of my mooste thou dispone
Right as thee semeth best is for to done.

But of the fyre and flambe funeral
In whiche my body brene shal to glede,
And of the feast and pleynye palesstral
At my vigile, I prye thee take good heed
That al be wel; and offre Mares my stede,
My swerid, myn helm, and, leve brother dere,
My sheld to Dallas yet, that shyneth clere.

The poudre in which myn herte yvred shal tombe,
That prye I thee thou take and it conserve
In a vessel, that men cleyeth an urne,
Of golde, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,
So yve it hir, and do me this pleaunce,
To prye hir helpe it for a remembrance.

For wel I fele, by my maladye,
And by my dreames now and yore ago,
Al certeiny, that I mot nedes dye,
The owle eek, that which that nonn Hecaphilo,
Bath after me shrieng alle thys nightes two.
And, god Mercurie! of me now, woful wretched,
The soule gyde, and, whan thee list, it teche'

Dandare answerde, and aseyde; Troilus,
My dere frecand, as I have tolde thee yore,
That it is folye for to sorwen thus,
And causeles, for whiche I can no more.
But who so wol not shrowen reed ne lore,
I can not seen in him no remedye,
But letc him worthen with his fantasye.

But Troilus, I prye thee tel me now,
If that thou trowe, er this, that any wight
Bath loved paramount as weel as thou?
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthy knight
Bath his lady goon a fourtyneight,
And he not yet mad halvened the fare.
What nede is thee to maken at this care?

Sin day by day thou mayest thyself see
That from his love, or elles from his wyf,
A man mot twinnen of necennitee,
Ye, though he love hir as his owene lyf;
Yet nil 'e with himself thus maken styre.
For wel thou wost, my leve brother dere,
That alwey Frendres may nought been yfere.

How doon this folk that seen hir loves wedded
By frendres might, as it bittt ful ofte,
And seen hem in hir spouces bed ybedded?
God wot, they take it wysly, fair and softe.
Forwhy good hope hal up hir herte ontoftte,
And for they can a tympe of sorwe endure;
As tympe hem hurt, a tympe doth hem cure.

So sholdestow endure, and late styde
The tympe, and fonde to ben glad and light.
Ten daies his longe not tabye,
And sin she thee to kommen hath blyght,
She nil hir herte breken for no wight.
For drede thee not that she nil finden weye
To come ayen, my lyf that droste I lye.

Thy swenenes eek al swich fantasye
Dryf out, and lat hem faren to mischaunce;
For they procede of thy malencye,
That doth thee fele in sleepe at this penaunce.
A straw for alle swenenes signifiance!
God helpe me so, I counse hem not a bene,
Ther woot no man aright what dreme mene.

For prestes of the temple tellen this,
That dreme been the revelacions
Of goddes, and as wel they telle, yeow,
That they ben infernals illusions;
And laches seyn, that of complexious
Proceden they, or fast, or gleytonye.
Who woot in booth thus what they signifie?

Ech othere seyn that thorough impressions,
As if a wight hath faste a thing in minde,
That therof come swiche visiuons;
And othere seyn, as they in bokes finde,
That, after tymes of the yeer by hinde,
Men dreme, and that theffect gott by the mone;
But leve no dream, for it is nought to done.

Wel worth of dreme ay thys olde wyves,
And trewliche eek augurie of thys foules;
For fere of which men wenen lese her lyves,
As ravenes quam, or shryking of thys cuiles.
To trowen on it bothe fals and fool is.
Allas, allas, so noble a creature
As is a man, shal drede swich ordure!

For which with al myn herte I thee beseech,
Unto thyself that at this thou forgive;
And rys up now withoute more apche,
And let us caste how forth may best be drive
This tympe, and eek how fresche we may live
When that she cometh, the which shal be right sone;
God helpe me so, the best is thuo to done.

Rys, lat us speke of lusty lyf in Troye
That we han lad, and forth the tympe dryve;
And eek of tympe comeinge us rejoye,
That bringen shal our blissse now so blyve;
And landour of these tweyes dayes fylwe
We shal therwith so foryste or oppresse,
That wel unmethe it doon shal us dureose.

This tooun is ful of lordes alaboute,
And trewes lasten at this mene whyte.
Go we and pleye us in som lusty route
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle.
And thus thou shalt the tympe wel blyve,
And dryve it forth unto that blissful morwe,
That thou hir see, that cause is of thy nyrwe.
Now rys, my dere brother Troilus;
For certes, it noon honour is to thee
To wepe, and in thy bed to jousken thus.
For trewe, of o thing trust to me,
If thou thus ligge a day, or two, or three.
The folk wol wene that thou, for cowardye,
Thee feynest ey on, and that thou darst not ryse.

This Troilus answere: O brother dere,
This knowen folk that han ysumed payme,
That though he wepe and make sorrowful chere,
That feleth harm and amert in every yeene,
No wonder is; and though I ever pleyne,
Or alwey wepe, I am nothing to blame.
Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,
I shal aryse, as soon as ever I may;
And God, to whom myn herte I sacrifysse,
So sende us hastily the tenthe day!
For was ther never fowel so fayn of May,
As I shal been, when that she cometh in Troye,
That cause is of my torment and my joye.

But whider is thy reed, quod Troilus,
That we may pleye us best in al this town?
By God, my conseile is, quod Pandarus,
To ryde and pleye us with hys Sarpedoun.
So longe of this they spaken up and down,
Til Troilus gan at the laste assente
To ryde, and forth to Sarpedoun they wente.

This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable
Was ever his lyve, and full of heigh prowesse,
With al that might yeved been on table,
That deyntee was, al coste it greet richesse,
He fedde hem day by day, that swich nobleasse,
As seydeth bothe the mooste and eek the leste,
Was never er that day wist at any feste.

Nor in this world ther is non instrument
Delicious, through wind, or touche, or corde,
As far as any wight hath er ywent,
That tonge telle or herte may recorde,
That at that feste it was well herde acorde;
Ne of ladies eek so frayr a companie
On daunce, er tho, was never yeeyn with ye.

But what wayleth this to Troilus,
That for his sorew nothing of it roughte?
For ever in on his herte pleyous
Ful blysly Crisyde his lady soughte.
On hir was ever at that his herte thoughte.
Now this, now that, so faste imagininge,
That glade, ywis, can him no festeyeng.

These ladies eek that at this feste been,
Sin that he saw his lady was aweye,
It was his sorew upon hem for to seen,
Or for to hire on instrumentz so pleye.
For she, that of his herte borth the keye,
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasye,
That no wight shold make melodye.

Nor ther nas houre in al the day or night,
When he was thersas no wight mighte him here,
That he ne seyde: O lufsom lady brighte,
How have ye faren, sin that ye were here?
Welcome, ywis, myn owene lady dere.
But welwayne, al this nas but a mase;
Fortune his howe heended bet to glase.

The lettres eek, that she of olde tyme
Hadd made hym ysent, he wolde alone rede,
An hundred sythe, atwixen noon and prymye;
Refuringe hir shap, hir womanhede,
Withinne hir herte, and every word and dede
That passed was, and thus he droof to an ende
The ferte day, and seyde, he wolde wende.

And seyde: Leve brother Pandarow,
Intendeasow that we shul here blewe
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen us?
Yet were it fatter that we toke our lewe.
For Goddes love, let us now sone at eve
Our leve take, and homward lat us torne;
For trewe, I nil not thus sojorne.

Pandarow answere: Be we comen hider
To fechen fyr, and rennen hoom ayeyn.
God helpe me so, I can not tellen whider
We mighten goon, if I shal soothely seyn,
Ther any wight is of us more fayn
Than Sarpedoun; and if we hennes hye
Thus seidenly, I holde it vilanye,
Sin that we seyden that we wolde blewe
With him a woule; and now, thus seidenly,
The ferte day to take of him our lewe,
He wolde wondren on it, trewe!
Lat us holde forth our purpos firmely;
And sin that ye bihihten him to byde,
Hold forward now, and after lat us ryde.

Thus Pandarow, with alle peyne and wo,
Made hym to dwelle; and at the woules ende,
Of Sarpedoun they take hir lewe tho,
And on hir wery they speddhen hem to wende.
Quod Troilus: Now God me grace sende,
That I may finden, at myn hom-cominge,
Crisyde comen; and therwith gan he sige.

Ye, hase! wode! thoughte this Pandarow,
And to himself ful softly he seyde:
God woot, refreyden may this hote fare.
Er Callias sende Troilus Crisyde!
But natheseth, he japed thus, and seyde,
And swor, ywis, his herte him wel bihihtet,
She wolde come as sone as ever she mighte.

When they unto the paleys were ycomen
Of Troilus, they doun of hore alighte,
And to the chambr hir wey than han they nomen.
And into tyme that it gan to nighte,
They spaken of Crisyde the brighte,
And after this, when that hem bothe leste,
They aedde hem fro the soper unto reste.
On mowe, as some as day bigan to clere,
This Troilus gan of his sleep tabryde,
And to Pandare, his owene brother dere:
For love of God, ful pitously he seyde,
As go we seen the pales of Criseyde;
For sin we yet may have namore feste,
So lat us seen his pales at the lest.

And therewithal, his myne for to blende,
A cause he fond in toume for to go,
And to Criseydes hous they gonnen wende.
But Lord! this sety Troilus was wo!
Him thoughte his sorrowful herte braste atwo.
For when he saugh his dores were clore alle,
Wel neigh for sorrow adoun he gan to galle.

Therewith when he was war and gan biholde
How shet was every windowe of the place,
As frost, he thoughte, his herte gan to colde;
For which with chunged deethlich pale face,
Wiouten word, he forth bogan to pace;
And, as God wolde, he gan so faste ryde,
That no wight of his contenance aspyde.

Than seyde he thus: O paleys desolat,
O houte, of houte wholmest beest yght.
O paleys empty and discosolat,
O thou lanterne, of which queynt is the light,
O paleys, wholmest day, that now art night,
Wolgethestow to young, and I to dye,
Sin she was sent that was now us to gye!

O paleys, wholmest crumbe of houses alle,
Enlumined with sonne of alle blisse!
O ring, fro which the ruby is outfalle,
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of lisse!
Yet, sin I may no bet, I may not kisse
Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route;
And farewell shreme, of which the seynt is oute!

Cherwith he caste on Pandarus his yé
With chunged face, and pitous to biholde;
And whom he mighte his tymne aright assype,
Hy as he rood, to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorwe, and ech his joyes olde,
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,
That every wight mighte on his sovve rewe.

Fro thennes forth he rydeth up and doun,
And every thing com him to remembrance
As he rood forth by places of the toun
In whiche he wholm hadde at his plesaunce.

Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce;
And in that temple, with hir eyen clere,
Me caughth first my righte lady dere.

And yonder have I herd ful lustly
My dere herte laughte, and yonder pleye
Saugh I hir ones ech ful blisfulty.
And yonder ones to me gan she seye:
Now goode swete, lord me wel, I preye,
And yond so goodey gan she me biholde,
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde.
Troylus and Criseyde.

Liber V.

for which he myked in his songes shewe
Thencheson of his wo, as he heat mighte,
And make a song of worde but a fewe,
Somwhat his woful herte for to lighte.
And whan he was from every maneys sighte,
With softe voyo be, of his lady dere,
That was abstent, gan singe as ye may here.

O sterre, of which I loste have at the light,
With herte soor wel oughte I to bewayle,
That ever derk in torment, night by night,
Toward my deeth with wind in sterre I sayle;
For which the teneth night if that I sye
The gydling of thy bemes brighte an hour,
My shippe and me Caribdis wole deveoure.

This song when he thus songen hadde, sone
He sit ayen into his sykes olde;
And every night, as was his wone to done,
He stood the brighte mone to beholde,
And al his sorwe he to the mone tolde;
And syde ye, Wyse, when thou art horned newe,
I shal be glad, if at the world be trewe!

I joyed thynges olde eke by the morwe,
When bannes rood my righte lady dere,
That cause is of my torment and my sorwe;
For whiche, O brighte Lucina the clere,
For love of God, ren faste aboute thy sperre;
For when thynges hornes newe ginne springe,
Than shal she come, that may my bliss be bringe!

The day is more, and lenger every night,
Than they be wonte, to be thoughte to;
And that the sone wente his course unright
By lenger wey than it was wonte to go;
And syde ye, Wyse, me dredeth eterno,
The somne sone, Dethon, be onyve,
And that his fader cart amys he dryve.

Upon the walles faste eek wolde he walke,
And on the Grekes out he wolde se,
And to himself right thus he wolde talke:
Lo, yonder is myn swene lady free,
Or elles yonder, ther tho tentes be!
And themes cometh this eyr, that is so sote,
That in my soule I feel it doth me bote.

And hardely this wind, that more and more
Thus aboute me encreeth in my face,
Is of my ladenys depe sykes sore.
I preve it thus, in nonn othere place
Of al this town, save onliche in this space,
Fete I no wind that souneth so lyk pynne;
It seyth: Alas! why twinned be we twayne?

This longe tyme he drypeth forth right thus,
Till fully passed was the nynythe nighte.
And ay biseyd him was this Pandarurus,
That bisilye didle alle his full emple
Him to conforte, and make his herte light.
Yeunging him hope alwey, the teneth morwe
That she shal come, and stimen at his borwe.

Upon that other eydde eek was Crisydeye,
With wommen feue, among the Grekes stronge;
For which ful of a day, Alas! she sydeye,
That I was born! Wyl may my herte longe.
After my deeth; for now live I to longe!
Alas! and I ne may it not amende;
For now is warre then ever yet I wende.

My fader nil for nothing do me grace
To goon ayen, for nought I can him queene;
And if so be that I my terme passe,
My Troylus shal in his herte deme
That I am fall, and so it may wle ame,
Thus shal I have unthank on every syde;
That I was born, so weylawe the tyde!

And if that I me putte in jupartye,
To steele away by nighte, and it biffalle
That I be caught, I shal be holde a appye;
Or elles, lo, this drede I most of alle,
In the handes of som wrerde I falle,
I am but lost, al be myn herte trewe;
Now mightye God, thou on my sorwe rewe!

Full pale wyxene was his brighte face,
Hir limes lene, as she that at the day
Stood when she dorate, and loked on the place
Ther she was born, and ther she dwelt hadde ay,
And at the night wepinge, alas! she lay,
And thus despeire, out of alle cure,
She lade hir lyf, this woful creature.

Full ofte a day she syghte eek for destresse,
And in hirselfe she wente ay portrayinge
Of Troylus the grete worthinesse,
And alle his goodly wordes recordinge
Sin first that day hir love began to springe,
And thus she sette hir woful herte afrye
Thorugh remembrance of that she gan desyre.

In al this world ther nis no cruel herte
That hir hird herd compleynen in hir sorwe,
That nolden han wopen for hir peyne smerte,
So tendrely she weep, bot hir eye and morwe.
Hir nedede no terpe for to borwe,
And this was yet the vorse of al hir peyne,
Ther was no wight to whom she dorse hir peyne.

Ful remfully she loked upon Troy,
Bisheed the tourse heighte and eek the balles;
Alas! quod she, the pleasance and the joye
The whiche that now al torned into galle is,
Have I had ofte withinne yonder walles!
O Troylus, what dostow now, she syde;
Lord! whether yet thou thynke upon Crisydeye?

Alas! I ne habed troved on your lore,
And went with yow, an ye me radde er this!
Thanne habed I now not syked half so sore.
Who mighte have syed, that I had done amis
To steele awy by sych on as he is?
But al to late cometh the leturie,
When men the cors unto the grave care.
To late is now to speke of this mate:  
Prudence, alas! con of thyn eyen three  
Me laked alway, er that I cam here;  
On tyne ypassed, wel remembred me;  
And present tyne cee ou I wel ysee.  
But futur tyne, er I was in the snares  
Coud I not see?; that causeth now my care.

But naethesel, birdye what bityde,  
I shal tomorwe at night, by est or woste,  
Out of this ost stele ou som maner syde,  
And go with Troylus wheras him leste.  
This purpos ou I holde, and this is best.  
No fons of wilked tonges janglery,  
For ever on love han wrecches had envy.

For whoso wole of every word take heed,  
Or rewten him by every wightes wit,  
Ne shal he never thryven, out of drede.  
For that that som men blamen ever yit,  
Lo, other maner folk commenden it.  
And as for me, for al swich variaunce,  
Felicite clepe I my suffisaunce.

For which, withouten any wordes mo,  
To Troye I wol, as for conclusion.  
But God it wol, er fully monthes two,  
She was ful fer fro that entencion.  
For both Troylus and Troye toom  
Shal knotteles throughout hir herte styde;  
For she wol take a purpos for tabyde.

This Diomed, of whom pow telle I gan,  
Goth now, withinne himself ay argynge  
With at the sleighte and at that ever he can,  
How he may best, with shortest taryinge  
Into his net Criseyde herte engre.  
To this entente he coud not never fyne;  
To flissen hir, he leyde out hook and lyne.

But naetheles, wel in hir herte he thoughte,  
That she was nat withoute a love in Troye.  
For never, sithen hir hirst hemmes broughte,  
Ne coud he seen her laughe or make joye.  
He niste how best hir herte for tacoye.  
But for to assaye, he seyde, it nought ne greveth;  
For he that nought neassayeth, nought nacheveth.

Yet seide he to himself upon a night:  
Now am I not a fool, that weot wel how  
Hir wo for love is of another wight,  
And hereupon to goon assaye hir now?  
I may wel wite, it nil not been my prow.  
For wyse folk in boles it expresse;  
Men shal not nowe a wight in heviness.

But whose mightes witten swich a flour  
From him, for whom she morneth night and day,  
He mightes seyn, he were a conquerour.  
And right anon, as he that bost was ay,  
Thought in hir herte: Happe, how happe may,  
A sholde I deye, I wol hir herte seche;  
I shal no more lesen but my speche.

This Diomed, as bothes us declare,  
Thes in his nedes prest and couragous;  
With sterrne voyes and myghty lymes square,  
Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalrous  
Of dedes, lyk his fader Tidues.  
And som men seyn, he was of tunge large;  
And heir he was of Calidoine and Arge.

Criseyde mene was of hir stature,  
Therto of shap, of face, and eek of chere,  
Ther mightes been no fairer creature.  
And ofte tyne this was hir manere,  
To gon ypressed with hir heres cleere  
Doun by hir color at hir bak bhinde,  
Which with a thredes of golde she wolden binde.

And, save hir brawes joynden yfere,  
Ther nas no la, in ought I kan espyn;  
But for to spenen of hir eyen cleere,  
Lo, trewely, they writen that hir syn,  
That Paradyse stood formed in hir yen.  
And with hir riche beautie nevermore  
Strof love in hir, ay which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eek simple, and wys withal,  
The beste ynorished eek that mightes be,  
And goodly of hir speche in general,  
Charitable, estathiche, lusty, and free;  
Ne neverno ne lakede hir pite;  
Tendre herted, olydine of corage;  
But trewely, I can not tell hir age.

And Troylus wol waxen was in highte,  
And complet formed by proportioun  
So wel, that kinde it not amenden mighte;  
Yong, freshe, strong, and hardy as lyoun;  
Trewe as steele in ech condicion;  
On of the beste entechted creature,  
That is, or shal, whyl that the world may dure.

And certainly in storie it is yfounde,  
That Troylus was never unto no wight,  
Ali in his tyne, in no degree accounde  
In durring don that longeth to a knight.  
Ali mighte a geant passen him of mighte,  
Hir herte ay with the firste and with the beste  
Stod paregal, to durre don that him leste.

But for to tellen forth of Diomed:  
It fil that after, on the tenthe day,  
Sin that Criseyde out of the citee yede,  
This Diomed, as freshe as braunch in May,  
Come to the tenthes theras Callias lay,  
And feyned him with Callias han to done;  
But what he mente, I shal yow telle done.

Criseyde, at shortes wordes for to telle,  
Welcomed him, and doun by hir him sette;  
And he was eth the ynoch to maken dwelle.  
And after this, withouten longe letter,  
The aypees and the wyn men forth hem fette;  
And forth they speke of this and that yfere,  
As frendes doon, of whom som shal ye here.

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Troylus and Cresseide.
Liber V.

He gan first fallen of the warre in speche
Bitwix him and the folk of Troye toon;
And of that sey he gan hie eche byspeche,
To telle him what was hir opinione.
Pro that demaunde he so descenedeth doun
To asken hir, if that hir straunge thoughte
The Grekes gyro, & werke that they wroghte?

And why hir fader tarieeth so longe
To wodden hir unto som worthy wight?
Cresseide, that was in hir peyne so stronge
For love of Troylus, hir owene knight,
As forsothe as she comyn hadde or might,
Answered hym the; but, as of hir entente,
It semed not she wiste what he mente.

But nathelbis, this ilke Diomed
Gam in himselfe assurte, and thus he seyde:
If ich aright have taken of yow hecde,
Me thinketh thus, O lady myn, Cresseide,
That sin I first hond on your byrdel leyde,
When ye out come of Troye by the morwe,
Ne coudde I never seen yow but in sorwe.

Can I not seyn what may the cause be
But if for love of som Troyan it were,
The which right sore wolde athinken me
That ye, for any wight that dwelleth there,
Sholden spille a quarter of a tere,
Or pitously yerselven so bigule;
For dreudenthe, it is nought worth the whylle.

The folk of Troye, as who seyeth, alle and some
In preson been, as ye yourselven see;
For themens shal not oon onlyve come
For al the goddes ben peyne and see.
Trusteth well, and understande the me,
That shal not oon to mercy goon onlyve,
As were he lord of worldes twye fyre.

Swich wrecche on hem, for feeching of Elyne,
Ther shal be take, er that we hennes wende,
That Maegne, which that goddes ben of peyne,
Shal been agrat that Grekes wol hem shende,
And men shal drede, unto the worldes ende,
From hennesforth to ravisse any quene,
So cruel shal our wrecche on hem be senne.

And but if Caileas lede us with ambages,
That is to seyn, with double wordes stye,
Swich as men slepe a word with two visages,
Ye shul wel knowen that I nought ne lye,
And al this thing right seen it with your ye,
And that anoone, ye nil not trowe howe some;
Now taketh heed, for it is for to done.

What wene ye your wyse fader wolde
Han yeven Hittener for yow anoone,
If he ne wiste that the citee shold
Destroyed been? Why, nay, so mote I goone!
He knew ful wel ther shal not acapen oon
That Troyan is; and for the grete fere,
He domage not, ye dwette lenger there.

What wolde ye more, lufsom lady dere?
Lyt Troye and Troyan fro your herte pace!
Dryf out that bittre hope, and make good chere,
And clepe ayen the beautee of your face,
That ye with salte teres so deface.
For Croye is brought in swich a supartye,
That, it to save, is now no remedye.

And thynketh wel, ye shal in Grekes finde
A more parfit love, er it be night,
Than any Troyan is, and more hinde,
And bet to serven yow wol doen his might.
And if ye wouche sauff, my lady bright,
I wol ben he to serven yow myselvy,
Ye, lever than be lord of Greces twelve!

And with that word he gan to waxen reed,
And in his speche a litel wight he quok,
And caute asyde a litel wight his heed,
And stinte a while; and afterward swoole,
And sobrelche on hir he threw his looke,
And seyde: I am, al be it yow no joye,
As gentil man as any wight in Croye.

For if my fader Tydeus, he seyde,
Ilyved hadde, I hadde been, er this,
Of Calidoine and Arge a king, Cresseide!
And so hope I that I shal yet, ywis.
But he was slaym, alas! the more harm is,
Unhappily at Thebes al to rathe,
Polymites and many a man to acathe.

But herte myn, sin that I am your man,
And been the furere of whom I seche grace,
To serven you as hertely as I can,
And ever shal, whyl I to live have space,
So, er that I departe out of this place,
Ye wol me grantye, that I may tomarwe,
At bettre leyser, telle yow my sorwe.

What shold I telle his wordes that he seyde?
He spak ynow, for o day at the meste;
It prevest wel, he spak so that Cresseide
Graunted, on the morwe, at his requeste,
For to spoken with him at the leste.
So he holde speke of swich materie;
And thus to him she seyde, as ye may here:
As she that hadde hir herte on Troylus
So faste, that ther may it noon arace;
And straungeley spak he, and seyde thus:
O Diomed, I love that ilke place.
Ther I was born; and Joves, for his grace,
Delivere it some of al that doth it care!
God, for thy might, so leve it wel to fare!

That Grekes wolde hir wraithe on Troye weke,
If that they mighte, I knowe it wel, ywis.
But it shal not bifallen as ye speke;
And God toform, and fether over this,
I wot my fader wyse and redy is;
And that he me hath bought, as ye me tolde,
So dere, I am the more unto him holde.
That Grekes been of heigh condictioune, 
I woot eek wel; but certein, men shal finde 
As worthy follyt withinne Troye toun, 
As conning, and as parlit and as knide, 
As been between Orcades and Inde. 
And that ye coude wel your lady serve, 
I trowe eek wel, hir thank for to deserve.

But as to speke of love, ywis, she seyde, 
I hadd a lord, to whom I wedded was, 
The whoe myne herte al was, til that he dyde; 
And other love, as helpe me now Dallas, 
Ther in myne herte was, ne never was. 
And that ye been of noble and heigh kinred, 
I have wel herd it telen, out of drede.

And that doth me to han so gret a wonder, 
That ye wol scornen any woman so. 
Eeh, God wot, love and I be ferasoned; 
I am disposed bit, so mote I go, 
Unto my death, to pleyne and maken wo. 
What shal I after doon, I can not seye; 
But trewey, as yet me list not pleye.

Myn herte is now in tribulacions, 
And ye in armes blyy, day by day, 
Hereafter, whan ye women han the toun, 
Paraunter, thanne do it happen may, 
That when I see that I never er say, 
Than woole I werke that I never wroghte! 
This word to yow ynowgh sughysen oughte.

Tomorrow eek wol I speke with yow fayn, 
So that ye tochen noughte of this matere. 
And whan yow list, ye may come here ayen; 
And, er ye gon, thus muche I seye yow here: 
As helpe me Dallas with hir heres clere, 
If that I sholde of any Grek han roughte, 
It sholde be yourselven, by mye treuite!

I sey not therfore that I wol yow love, 
Ne I sey not nay, but in conclusioune, 
I mene wel, by God that sit above: 
\( ^* \)And therwithal she caste hir eyen downe, 
And gan to syke, and seye: O Troye toun, 
Yet bidde I God, in quiete and in reste 
I may yow seyn, or do myn herte brente. 
\( ^* \)

But in effect, and shortly for to seye, 
This Diomede al frethyly newe ayen 
Can presen on, and feste hir mercy preye; 
And after this, the sothe for to seyn, 
Hir gheve he took, of which he was ful famy. 
And fynally, whan it was waken eve, 
And al was well, he roos and took his leve.

The brighte Venus folwed and ay taughte 
The wey, ther brode Phelus doune alighte; 
And Cynthia hir char/hors overraughte 
To whirle out of the Lyon, if she mighte; 
And Signifier hir candlees showed brighte, 
Whan that Cristeyle unto hir bedde wente 
Inwhiche hir faders faire brighte tente.
Troilus and Criseyde.
Liber V.

And certes, now ye haten shal I never,
And frendes love, that shal ye han of me,
And my good word, al migh te I leven ever.
And, trewely, I wolde sory be
For to seene yow in any adversitee.
And gitelees, I woot wel, I yow leve;
But shal shal passe; and thus take I my leve.

But trewely, houe longe it was bittene,
That she forsook him for this Diomedes,
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.
Take every man now to his holies helye;
He shal no terme finden, out of drede.
For though that he bogan to endure his sone,
Er he hir wane, yet was ther more to done.

Ne me ne list this asey woman chyde
Ferther than the story vol devye,
Hir name, alas! is publishyd so wyse,
That for he gift it oughte ynow suffyse.
And if I might excute hir any wyse,
For she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
Ywis, I wolde excute hir yet for routh.

This Troilus, as I biforn have told,
Thus dryweth forth, as wel as he hath might.
But often was his herte hoot and cold,
And namly, that illynyneth the night,
Which on the morow she hadde him bybight
To come ayenin: God wet, ful litle reste
Haddhe he that night; nothing to sype he lest.

The laurercrewne Phebus, with his hete,
Gay, in his course ay upward as he wente,
To warmen of the est see the wawes vete;
And Nius douther song with fresh entente,
When Troilus his Pandare after sente;
And on the walles of the toun they pleyde.
To loke if they can been oughed of Criseyde.

Til it was noon, they stonden for to see
Who that ther come; and every maner wight,
That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she,
Til that they coude knounen him aight.
Now was his herte dul, now was it light;
And thuss byjaped atonende for to stare
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde:
For oughite I wot, bifer noon, sikerly,
Into this toun ne comth nought here Criseyde.
She hath nyow to done, hardily.
To winnen from hir fader, so trouwe I;
Hir olde fader yol yet make hir dyne
Er that she go; God yeve his herte pyne!

Pandare answere: It may wel be, certeyn;
And forthy lat us dyne, I thet bische:
And after noon than mayst thou come ayenin.
And hoom they go, withoute more speche;
And comen ayenin, but longe may they seche
Er that they finde that they after cape;
Fortune hem bothe thenketh for to jape.
for which she may yet holde al hir bisehe.  
And on the morwe unto the yate he wente,  
And up and down, by went and eek by est,  
Upon the walle made he many a wente.  
But al for noht; his hope awel he blente;  
For which at night, in sorwe and sykes sore  
He wente him hoom, withouten any more.

This hope al clen out of his herte fellede,  
He nath wherof now longer for to honge;  
But for the pynne him thoughte his herte bleddle,  
So were his throwesse sharpe and wonder stronge.  
For that he saugh that he besode so longe,  
He niste what he juggen of it mighte,  
Sin she hath brokhen that she him blyghte.

The thriddle, ferthe, fistine, siste day  
After the dayes ten, of which I tolde,  
Between hope and drede his herte lay,  
Yet somewhat trystinge on hir hestes olde.  
But when he saugh she nold hir terme holde,  
He can now seen non othre remedye,  
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

Therwith the wisehe spirit, God us blesse,  
Which that men clepest wode jalousye,  
Can in hime crepe, in al this bevinesse;  
For which, bycause he wolde some dye,  
He nede ne drenk, for his malenciye,  
And eek from every companye he fledde;  
This was the lyf that al the tymne he ledde.

He so defet was, that no maner man  
Amethhe mighte him knowe ther he wente;  
So was he lene, and thereto pale and wan,  
For when that he heved he no more lyve;  
And with his ire he thun himselven shente.  
And whoo axed him whereof he smerte,  
He sydey, his harm was al aboute his herte.

Praym ful ofte, and eek his moder dere,  
His bretheren and his sustren gone him freyne  
Why he so soreful was in al his chere,  
And what thing was the cause of al his pynne?  
But al for noht; he nold his cause pleyne,  
But sydey, he felte a grevous maladye  
Aboute his herte, and fayn he wolde sydey.

So on a day he leyde him down to slepe,  
And so biefel that in his sleep him thoughte,  
That in a forest faste he welth to wepe  
For love of hir that him thise pynnes woreth;  
And up and doun as he the forest soughete,  
He mette he saugh a boor with tuakes grete,  
That slepe ayein the brighte sonnes hethe.

And by this boor, faste in his armes folde,  
Lay kising ay his lady bright Crisseyde:  
for some of which, when he it gan biholde,  
And for despyt, out of his slepe he breyde,  
And loute he cryde on Pandarus, and sydey:  
O Pandarus, now knowe I come and rote!  
In nam but deed, ther his non othre bote!

My lady bright Crisseyde hath me bireved,  
In whom I trusted most of any wight,  
She elleswhere hath now hir herte apayed;  
The blissful goddes, through hir grete mighte,  
Han in my dreem yshewed it ful right.  
Thus in my dreem Crisseyde I have bisholde.  
And at this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

O my Crisseyde, alas! what subtily,  
What newe lust, what beaute, what science,  
What wrath the of juste cause have ye to me?  
What gift of me, what fel experience  
Hath fro me raft, alas! thyne advertence?  
O trust, O feyth, O depe asurancce,  
Who hath me ret Crisseyde, al my plesaunce?

Alas! why lest I you from hennes go,  
For which we neighe out of my wif I breyde?  
Who shal now throve on any othes me?  
God wot I wende, O lady bright, Crisseyde,  
That every word was gospel that ye sydey!  
But who may det bigylen, if him liste,  
Than he on whom men weneh beat to triste?

What shal I doon, my Pandarus, alas!  
I fele now so sharpe a newe pynne,  
Sin that ther is no remedie in this cae,  
That bet were it I with myn boned twyne  
Mysleven slow, than alwey thus to pleyne.  
For through my deeth my wo sholde han an ende,  
Ther every day with lyf myself I shende.

Pandare answarde and sydey: Alas the whyle  
That I was born; have I not seyd er this,  
That dreme man may a man biygle  
And whyn? for folk expounden hem amis.  
How darow seyn that fals thy lady is,  
For any dreme, right for thyne owene drede?  
Lat be this thought, thou canst no dreme rede.

Paraunter, ther thou dremeast of this boor,  
It may so be that it may signifie  
Hir father, which that old is and eek hoor,  
Ayein the sonne lyth, on poyn to dye,  
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,  
And kiseth hem, ther he lyth on the grounde;  
Thus shuldestow thy dreme aright expounde.

How mighte I thanme do? quod Troilus,  
To knowe of this, ye, were it never so lyte?  
Now seyatow wyaly, quod this Pandarus,  
My reed is this, than thou canst weel endyte,  
That hastily a lettre thou hir wyte,  
Thorough then whe thou shalt wel bringen it aboute,  
To knowe a booth of that thou art in doute.

And see now wher; for this I dar wel seyn,  
That if so is that she untrew he,  
I can not trome that she wol wryte ayeyn.  
And if she wyte, thou shalt ful some see,  
As whether she hath any libertee  
To come ayein, or elles in som claus,  
If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.
Troilus and
Criseyde.
Liber V.

Thou hast not written his sin that she wente,
Nor she to thee, and this I dorste leye,
Ther may awish cause been in her entente,
That hardely thou wolt thyselfe seye,
That hir abode the beste is for yow tweye.
Now wryte hir thanne, and thou shalt fele eine
A bothe of al; ther is no more to done.

Accorded been to this conclusioun,
And that moone, thysse ilke lords two;
And hastely sit Troilus adoun,
And rolleth in his herte to and fro,
How he may best discryven hir his wo.
And to Criseyde, his owene lady dere,
He wroth right thus, and seyde as ye may here.

Right freshe flour, whos I have been and shal,
Without en part of elleswhere servyse,
With herte, body, lyf, lust, thought, and al;
L.wofel wight, in every humble wyse
That tonge telle or herte may devyse,
As oft as mater ye occupieth place,
Recomande unto your noble grace.

Lyketh it yow to witen, awte herte,
As ye wel knowe how longe tymes agoon
That ye me latte in aspre peynes smerte,
Whan that ye wente, of which yet bote noon
Have I non had, but ever wers bigoon
Pro day to day am I, and so mot dwelle,
While it yow list, of wele and wo my welle!

For which to yow, with dredful herte trewe,
I wryte, as he that sorwe dryght to wryte,
My wo, that evre houre encreeth newe,
Compleymeinge as I dar or can endyte.
And that defaced is, that may ye wyte
The tere, which that fro myn eyen reyne,
That wolde speke, if that they coude, and pleyne.

Yow first biseche I, that your eyen cleere
To look on this defouled ye ne botel;
And over al this, that ye, my lady dere,
To looke upon this lettre to biholde,
And by the cause eth of my Care colde,
That sleeth my myt, if ought amie me asterte,
Foreyeve it me, myn owene sweete herte.

If any servant dare or oughte of right
Upon his lady pitously compleyne,
Than wene I, that ich oughte be that wight,
Considered this, that ye these monthes tweyne
Pan tared, ther ye sedyen, sooth to seyne,
But dayene ten ye nold in ost sojourne,
But in two monthes yet ye not retourn.

But foranmuche as me mot neden lyke
Al that yow list, I dar not pleyne more,
But humbely with sortuly oryne speke;
Yow wryte ich myn unreesty sorwe sore,
Pro day to day deyping evermore
To knowen fuly, if your wilt it were,
How ye han ferd and doon, whyte ye be there.

The whoso welfare and hele eek God encresse
In honour awch, that upward in degree
It growe alwey, so that it never cease;
Right as your herte ay can, my lady free,
Devyle, I prey to God so mote it be.
And graunte it that ye sone upon me rewe
As weleigh as in al I am yow trewe.

And if yow lyketh knowne of the fare
Of me, whos wo ther may no wight discriye,
I can no more but, chaste of every care,
At wrytinge of this lettre I was onlye,
Hir ede out my woful goost to dryve;
Which I delaye, and holde him yet in bonde,
Upon the sight of mater of your sonde.

Myn eyen two, in vegyn with which I see,
Of sorweful teres salte arm waken welles;
My song, in plente of myn adveraoe;
My good, in harm; myn ese eth waken helie is.
My joye, in wo: I can as yow noughte elles,
But turnd is, for which my lyf I warie,
Ewerich joye or ese in his contrarie.

Which with your cominge boome ayein to Troye
Ye may redresse, and, more a thousand sythe
Than ever ich haddte, encreisen in me joye.
For was ther never herte yet so blythe
To han his lyf, as I shal been as swythe
As I yow see; and, though no maner routh
Commeye yow, yet thincketh on your trouthe.

And if so be my gult hath deether desaved,
Or if yow list no more upon me see,
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,
Biseche yow, myn hertes lady free,
That hereupon ye wolde wryte me,
For love of God, my righte lode sterre,
That deeth may make an ende of al my werre.

If other cause aught doth yow for to dwelle,
That with your lettre ye me recomforte;
For tought to me your absence is al helie,
With paciencie I wol my wo comporte.
And with your lettre of hope I wol desporte.
Now wryteth, sweete, and lat me thus not pleyne;
With hope, or deeth, delivereth me fro peyne.

Ywis, myn owene dere herte trewe,
I woot that, whan ye nexte upon me see,
So lost have I myn hele and eek myn hewe,
Crisyeede shal noughte comen knowe me!
Ywis, myn hertes day, my lady free,
So thursteth ay myn herte to biholde
Your beautee, that my lyf unnethe I holde.

I say no more, al have I for to seye
To yow wel more than I telle may;
But whether that ye do me live or dysh,
Yet praye I God, so yeve yow right good day.
And fareth wel, godlye Fayre freshes may,
As ye that lyf or deeth me may comande;
And to your trouthe ay I me recomande.
With hele swich that, but ye yeven me
The same hele, I shal noon hele have.
In you lyth, whan you list that it so be,
The day in which me clothen shal my grave.
In you my lyf, in you myght fot for to save
Me from diseat of alle pynnes smerte.
And fare now wel, myn owene sweete herte!

_Le vostre T._

This lettre forth was sent unto Crysye
de, Of which hir answe in effect was this;
Ful piteously she wroate ayen, and seyde,
That also sone as that she might, ywis,
She wolde come, and mende al that was mis.
And fyndally she wroote and seyde him thanne,
She wolde come, ye, but she niste whanne.

But in hir lettre made she swich festes,
That wonder was, & a swerthe she loveth him best,
Of which he fond but botmelees bilteotes.
But Troilus, thou mayst now, est or west,
Dyepe in an ivy leaf, if that thic lest;
Thus gooth the world; God shilde us fro mischaunce.
And evry night that meneth trouthe avance!

Encreen gan the wo fro day to night
Of Troilus, for taryinge of Crysye;
And lessen gan his hope and eeh his might,
For which al doun he in his bed him leyde:
He ne cer, ne dronck, ne sleep, ne word he seyde,
Imagining ay that she was unkimee;
For which wel neighe he wex out of his minde.

This dreem, of which I told sa eeh biforn,
May never come out of his remembrance;
He thoughte ay wel he haddis his lady lorn,
And that Jove, of his purevance.
Him shewed hadde in sleep the simperance
Of hir untrouthe and his disadventure,
And that the boor was shewed him in figure.

For which he for Sibille his auber sente,
That called was Caussandre eeh al aboute;
And al his dreem he tolde hir er he stente,
And hir bissouthe assoloon him the doute
Of the strong boor, with tushes stoute;
And fyndally, withinne a litel stoute,
Caussandre him gan right thus his dreem expounde.

She gan first smyle, and seyde: O brother dere,
If thou a booth of this desyerest knowe,
Thou most a fewe of olde stories here,
To purpos, how that Fortune overthowe
Hath lorde olde; through which, withinne a throwe,
Thou wel this boor shalt knowe, & of what hinde
He comen is, as men in bokez finde.

Diane, which that wrooth was and in ire
For Grekes node deon hir sacrificye,
Ne encens upon hir auter sette a fyre,

_Herber V._

She, for that Grekes gone hir so dispyse,
Wrait hir in a wonder cruel wyse.
For with a boor as gret as oxe in stalle
She made up frete hir corn and yynes alle.

To selle this boor was al the contree reseyd,
Amonges which ther com, this boor to see.
A mayde, son of this world the best ypreseyd;
And Meleagre, lord of that contree,
He lovedo so this freshe mayden frey.
That with his manhood, er he wolde stente,
This boor he slow, and hir the heed he sente;
Of which, as oole bokes tellen us,
Ther roos a conteh and a gret enuye;
And of this lord descended Tydeus
By ligne, or elles oole bokes lye.
But how this Meleagre gan to dye
Thorugh his moder, wol I yow not telle,
For al to long it were for to dwelle.

Argument of the 12 Books of Statius' Thebais.
Assiociat profugum Tideo primus Polimitem;
Tideo legatum ducet insidiose secundus;
Cercus Demonicen cant et vates laistanetes;
Quartus habet reges inuentes prelia septem;
Max furie Lenne quinto narratur et anguis;
Archimori bustum sexto ludique leguntur;
Dat Graios Thebes et vatem septimius umbris;
Octavo eccidit Tideo, open, vita Pelagias;
Ypomedon nono mortitur cum Parthonopo;
Fulmine percutiatur, decimo Capaneus superatur;
Undecimo sece perimunt per vulnera frateres;
Argivam flentem narrat duodenus et ignem.

She tolde eeh how Tydeus, er she stente,
Unto the strong citee of Thebe;
To cleyme kingdom of the citee, wente,
For his felawe, daun Polymites;
Of which the brother, daun Ethyocles,
Ful wrongfully of Thebes helde the strengthe;
This tolde she by proces, al by lengthe.

She tolde eeh how Démonides austerete,
Whan Tydeus slough fifty knyghtes stoute.
She tolde eeh al the propheayes by herte,
And how that seene kynge, with hir route,
Bisegeten the citee al aboute;
And of the holy serpent, and the welle,
And of the furies, al she gan him telle.

Of Archimoría buryinge and the pleyes,
And how Amphiorax fil through the grounde,
How Tydeus was slayn, lord of Argyeas,
And how Ypomedoun in litel arounde
Was dyete, and deed Parthonope of wounde;
And also how Capaneus the proude
With thonder-dint was slayn, that cryde loude.
She gan eeh telle hym how that either brother,
Ethyocles and Polimyte also;
At a scarmyche, eech of hem slough other,
And of Argyeas weeping and hir wo;
This like boor bitokmeth Diomed,  
Tydeus sone, that doun descended in  
To Meneagre, that made the boor to blede,  
And thy lady, wherso she be, ywis,  
This Diomed hir herte hath, and she his.  
Welp if thou wolt, or leef; for out of doute,  
This Diomed is inne, and thou art oute.

Thou sayst nat sooth, quod he, thou sorceresse.  
With al thy false goost of prophesy!  
Thou weneest been a greet deveynesyse;  
Now seestow not this fool of fantasye  
Deyneth hir on ladys for to lye?  
Awey, quod he, ther Jove ses thee sorwe!  
Thou shalt be fals, paraneter, yet tomyrwe!

As weel thou mightest lyen on Acestes,  
That was of creatures, but men lye,  
That ever were, kindest and the beste,  
For whanne hir houesbonde was in jupartye  
To dye himselfe, but if she wolde dye,  
She chees for hir to dye and go to helle,  
And starf anoon, as us the boches telle.

Cassandre goth, and he with cruel herte  
Foryat hir wo, for angre of hir speche;  
And from his bed al sodeynly he sterre,  
As though al hool him hadde ymad a leche.  
And day by day he gan enquire and seche  
A sooth of this, with al his fulle cure;  
And thus he dryeth forth his aventure.

Fortune, whiche that permutionacioun  
Of thinges hath, as it is hir committed  
Through puretayunce and disposicioun  
Of heighe Jove, as regnes shal ben fittet  
Pro folk in folk, or when they shal ben omitted,  
Gan pullewey the fetherebrighte of Troye  
Pro day to day, till they ben bare of joye.

Among al this, the fyn of the paradic  
Of Hector gan approchen wonder blyeve;  
The fete wolde his soule sholdre unbode,  
And shapen hadde a mene it out to drye;  
Ayeins which fate him helpeht not to stryve;  
But on a day to byghten gan he wende,  
At which, alas! he caughthe his lyves ende.

For which me thinketh evrey maner wight  
That hauntet armes oughte to biawyle  
The deeth of hym that was so nobile a knight;  
For as he drough a hing by thaventayle,  
Unsafe of this, Achilles through the maple  
And through the body gan him for to ryve;  
And thus this worthy kniht was brought of lyve.

For whom, as olde bokes tellen us,  
Glaud mad which wo, that tonke it may not telle;  

And namelie, the sorwe of Troilus,  
That next him was of worthinesse welle.  
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwelle,  
That, what for sorwe, and love, and for unreste,  
Ful ofte a day he bad his herte breste.

But nathelles, though he gan him dispere,  
And dradde ay that his lady was untrewe,  
Yet ay on hir his herte gan repere.  
And as these lovers doon, he oughte ay newe  
To gete ayen Cassandre, bright of heue.  
And in his herte he wente hir excusinge,  
That Calchas causede a hir taryinge.

And ofte tymes he was in purpus grete  
Himselfen lyk a pilgrim to disguise,  
To seyn hir; but he may not contrefete  
To been unknown of folk that weren wyse,  
Ne finde excuse aight that may suffysye,  
If he among the Grekes knownen were;  
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

To hir he wroth yet ofte tymes al newe  
Ful pitously, he lefte it nought for sloute,  
Bisecching hir that, sin that he was trewe,  
She wolde come ayen and holde hir troute.  
For which Cassandre upon a day, for routhe,  
I take it so, touchinge at this matere,  
Wrot hir ayen, and seydye aye may here.

Cupides sone, ensample of goodlihede,  
O awerd of knighdowt, sounde of gentilesse!  
How myghte a wight in torment and in drede  
And heelewes, you sende as yet gladnesse?  
I hertelees, I syke, I in distresse;  
Sin ye with me, nor I with you may dele,  
Yow neithere sende ich herte may nor hele.

Your letters ful, the papir al pleynted,  
Conseyved hath myn hertes pietie;  
I have eek seyn with teres al depyned  
Your letter, and how that ye requeren me  
To come ayen, which yet ye may not be.  
But why, lest that this letter founden were,  
No mencion ne make I now, for fere.

Grevous to me, God woot, is your unreste,  
Your hanta, and that, the goddes ordenaunce,  
It semeth not ye take it for the beste.  
Nor other thinke in your remembrance,  
As thynketh me, but only your pleauncse.  
But beth not wroth, and that I yow biseche;  
For that I tarie, is al for wikked speche.

For I have herd wel more than I wende,  
Touchinge us two, how thinges han ystonde;  
Which I shal with disaimulinge amende.  
And beth nought wroth, I have eek un-  
derstonde,  
How ye ne doon but holde me in honde.  
But now no fere, I can not in yow grese  
But alle trouthe and alle gentlesse.
Comen I wol, but ye in swich disjoynete
I stonde as now, that what yeer or what day
That this shal be, that can I not apoynte.
But in effect, I pray yow, as I may,
Of your good word and of your friendship ay.
For trewely, whyle that my lyf may dure,
As for a frend, ye may in me assure.

Yet preye I yow on ywel ye ne take,
That it is short which that I to yow wryte;
I dar nat, ther I am, wel lettres make,
Ne never yet ne coude I wel endeyte.
Eek greet effect men wryte in place lyte.
Thentente is al, and nought the lettres space;
And fareth now wel, God have you in his grace!
La voestre C.

This Troilus this lettre thoughte al straunge,
When he it saugh, and sorwefully he sighte;
Him thoughte it tyk a kalenedre of chaunge;
But fynally, he ful ne trowen mighte
That she ne wolde him holden that she bighte;
For with ful ywel wil list him to leve
That louht wel, in swich cae, though him greve.

But nathenles, men sayn that, at the laste,
For any thing, men shal the bothe see;
And swich a cas bitidde, and that as faste,
That Troilus wel understande that she
Nas not so kinde as that his oughte be.
And fynally, he woot now, out of doute,
That al is lost that he hath been aboute.

Stood on a day in his malencolye
This Troilus, and in suspicioun
Of hir for whom he wende for to dye.
And so biefel, that thoroughout Troye toun,
As was the gyse, y bore was up and doun
A maner cote armure, as seyth the storie,
Hifern Deiphbe, in signe of his victorie,

The whiche cote, as telleth Lollius,
Deiphbe he hadde yeernt from Diomede
The same day; and when this Troilus
It saugh, he gan to taken of it bede,
Appearance of the lengthe and of the brede,
And al the werk; but as he gan bitholde,
Ful sodeinly his herte gan to colde,

As he that on the color fond withinne
A broche, that he Crisydeyn yaf that morwe
That she from Troye moaste nedes twinne,
In remembrance of him and of his sorwe;
And she him leyde ayien hil feyth to borwe
To kepe it ay; but now, ful wel he wiste,
His lady nas no lenger on to triste.

He gooth him hoom, and gan ful dune sende
For Pandarous; and at this newe chaunce,
And of this broche, he tolde him word and ende,
Compleynyng of hir hertes variunc.
His longe love, his trouthe, and his penance;
And after death, without worde more,
Ful faste he cryde, his reste him to restore.

Than spak he thus: O lady myn Crisydeyn,
Wher is your feyth, and wher is your bihoste?
Wher is your love, wher is your trouthe, he seyde;
Of Diomede have ye now al this feste!
Allas, I wolde have trowed at the laste,
That, sin ye holdel in trouthe to me stonde,
That ye thurly holde na holden me in honde!

Who shall now trowe on any other mo?
Alas, I never wolde hal wende, er this,
That ye, Crisydeyn, coude han chaunged so;
Ne, but I hadde agilit and doon amis,
So cruel wende I not your herte, ye wis,
To alle me thys; alas, your name of trouthe
Is now fordon, and that is al my routh.

Was ther non other broche yow listete
To felle with your newe love, qued he,
But thilke broche that I, with theris were,
Yow yaf, as for a remembrance of me?
Non other cause, alas, na hadde ye
But for despyt, and eek for that ye mente
Auctrely to shewen your entente!

Through which I see that thilke out of your minde
Ye han me cast, and I ne can nor may,
For al this world, within myn herde finde
To unloven yow a quarter of a day!
In cursed tym e I born was, wepyaway!
That ye, that doon me at thi won endure,
Yet love I best of any creature.

Now God, qued he, me sende yet the grace
That I may meten with this Diomede!
And trewely, if I have might and space,
Yet shal I make, I hope, his sydes blede.
O God, quod he, that oughtest taken bede
To fortheren trouthe, and wronges to punye,
Why nitow doon a vengeance on this wyse?

O Pandarous, that in dremes for to trieste
Me blamed hast, and wont art ofte upbreyde,
Now maystowe see thytechye, if that thee liote,
How trewe is now thyn nece, bright Crisydeyn!
In sondry formes, God it woot, he seyde,
The goddes shewen bothe the joye and tene
In sleipe, and by my dreme it is now aene.

And certaynly, withoute more speche,
From hennesfort, as forthes as I may,
Myn owene deeth in armes wol I seche;
I recehe not how some be the day!
But trewely, Crisydeyn, swete may,
Whom I have ay with al my mighte yowere,
That ye thus doon, I have it nought deserved.

This Pandarous, that alle thys thinges herde,
And wiste wel he seyde a booth of this,
He nought a word ayien to him answered;
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is,
And shamed, for his nece hath deon amis;
And stant, astoned of thys causes twye,
As stille as stoon; a word ne coude he seye.
Troylus and
Crisyeke.
Liber V.

But at the laste thus he spak, and seyde:
My brother dere, I may thee do no more.
What shulde I sey? I hate, ywis, Crisyde!
And God wet, I wol hate hir evermore!
And that thou me bisoughest doон of yore,
Havinge unto myn honoure ne my reste
Right no reward, I dide at that theaste.

If I dide ought that mighte lyken thee,
It is me leef; and of this treson now,
God woot, that it a sorwe is unto me!
And dredelees, for heres ees of yow,
Right faym wolde I amende it, wiste I howe.
And fro this world, almighty God I preye,
Delivere hir sone; I can no more seye.

Gret was the sorwe and pleyn of Troylus;
But forth hir cours fortune ay gan to holde.
Crisyeke loveth the sone of Cydeus,
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.
Swich is this world; whose it can biholde,
In ech estat is litel hertes reste;
God leve us for to take it for the beste!

In many cruel batayle, out of drede,
Of Troylus, this lyke noble knight,
As men may in thise olde bokes rede,
Was sene his knighthod and his grete might.
And dredelees, his ire, day and night,
Ful cruelly the Grekes ay aughte;
And alway most this Diomede he soughthe.

And ofte tyme, I finde that they mette
With bodly strokes and with wordes grete,
Assayinge how hir sperev weren whette;
And God it woot, with many a cruel het
Gan Troilus upon his helm to bete.
But natheles, Fortune it noughte ne wold,
Of othres hond that either deyen sholde.

And if I hadde ytaken for to wryte
The armes of this ilke worthy man,
Than wolde I of his batailles endyte.
But for that I, to wryte first bogan
Of his love, I have seyed as that I can.
His worthy dedes, whose list hem here,
Reed Dare, he can telle hem alle yfere.

Biuechinge every lady bright of heue,
And every gentil woman, what she be,
That al be that Crisyde was unfrew.
That for that gift she be not wrooth with me.
Ye may hir gift in othere boke see;
And gladlier I wol wrytene, if yow leste,
Penelopee trouthe and good Alcest.

Ne I sey not this alony for thiis men,
But most of women that bryayssed be
Through false folke; God yeve hem sorwe, amen!
That with hir grete wit and subtitute
Bryasay yow! and this commeth me
To speke, and in effect yow alle I preye,
Beth war of men, and herheneth what I seye!

Go, listeth book, go listeth myn trecedef,
Ther God thy maker yet, er that he dye,
So sende might to maken som comedie!
But listeth book, no making thou nenvye,
But subgit be to alle poesyte;
And his the steppes, whereau thou seest pace
Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for ther is so grete diversite
In English and in wytryng of our tonge,
So preye I God that noon miswyte thee,
Ne the mismeire for defaute of tonge.
And red weren thou be, or elles songe,
That thou be underonde I God bescheche!
But yet to purpose of my rather speche.

The wraththe, as I began yow for to seye,
Of Troylus, the Grekes boughten dere;
For thousandes his hondes maden dyee,
As he that was withouten any dere,
Save Ector, in his tyme, as I can here.
But weylaway, save only Goddes wilne,
Disputiclym he slough the fierc Achille.

And whan that he was slayn in this manere,
His lyghte goost ful bliaulfly is went
Up to the holownesse of the septem spere,
In convey letinge every element;
And ther he saugh, with ful asyment,
The errant sterres, herhenye armonyne
With sownes fulle of hevenial melodie.

And down from thenne faste he gan avyse
This litel spot of erthe, that with the see
Enbraced is, and fully gan despyse
This wrecched world, and held al vanitee
To respect of the pleyn felicitee
That is in hevene above; and at the laste,
Ther he was slayn, his loking doen he caste;

And in himselfe he lough right at the wo
Of hem that wepent for his deeth so faste;
And dampned at our werk that folweth so
The blinde lust, the which that may not laste,
And sholden al our herte on hevene caste.
And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.

Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troylus for love,
Swich fyn hath al his grete worthenesse;
Swich fyn hath his estat real abowe,
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his nobleesse;
Swich fyn hath false wordeis brotenesee.
And thus bigan his lovinge of Crisyde,
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.

O yonge fresshe folke, he or she,
In which that love up growtheth with your age,
Repeyrath hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte upcasteth the visage
To thilke God that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al his but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as flouris fayre.
And lovesth him, the whiche that right for love
Upon a crose, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene above;
For he nil falson no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al hooly on him leye.
And al he beat to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth fyned loves for to seke?

Lo here, of Payens corsed olde rytes,
Lo here, what alle his goddes may awaile;
Lo here, these wrecched worlde appetites;
Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
Of Iove, Appollo, of Mars of swich rascaille
Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche
In poctrye, if ye hir bokes seche.

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,
To vouchen saulf, ther nede is, to corecte,
Of your benignitees and zeles gode.
And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on rode,
With al myn herte of mercy ever I preye;
And to the Lord right thus I speke and seye:
Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne on lyve,
That regnast ay in three and two and oon,
Uncircumscript, and al mayst circumbarwe,
As from visible and invisible foon
Defende; and to thy mercy, everthoon,
So make us, Jesus, for thy grace digne,
For love of mayde and moder thy benigne!
Amen.
Explicit Liber Troli et Criseydis.

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