

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS,
FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE
SERIES EDITED,

WITH
PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND
THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE
ADDITIONAL LIVES
BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

GOWER,
SKELTON,
HOWARD,



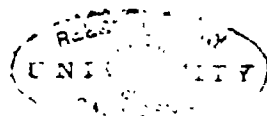
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THE
CONFESSIO AMANTIS
OF
G O W E R.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN GOWER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

1330 - 1402

AMONG the few poets who flourished in the first periods of our poetical history, the name of Gower has been handed down to us with peculiar honour, as fit to be coupled with that of Chaucer, to whom some have supposed he was prior in his attempt to meliorate our poetry, and others have asserted that he was the early guide and encourager of Chaucer's studies. Yet there is not much in this, were it confirmed, to detract from Chaucer's superiority. Gower might have possessed the judgment of a critic, without the fire of a poet; and it is not uncommon for a pupil to excel his master. We know, however, too little of the history of either, to believe that they stood in these relations, and the point of precedency must still remain conjectural, while we have more substantial evidence that as an English poet Gower was far inferior to his great contemporary.

John Gower is supposed to have been born before Chaucer, but of what family, or in what part of the kingdom, is uncertain. Leland was informed that he was of the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham, in Yorkshire, and succeeding biographers appear to have taken for granted what that eminent antiquary gives only as a report. Other particulars from Leland are yet more doubtful, as that he was a knight and some time chief justice of the Common Pleas, for no information respecting any judge of that name can be collected either in the reign of Edward II. during which he is said to have been on the bench, or afterwards. Weaver asserts that he was of a Kentish family, and, in Caxton's edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, he is said to have been a native of Wales.

He appears, however, to have studied law, and was a member of the Society of the Middle Temple, where it is supposed he met with, and acquired the friendship of Chaucer. The similarity of their studies, and their taste for poetry, were not the only bonds of union. Their political bias was nearly the same. Chaucer attached himself to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and Gower to Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, both uncles to king Richard II. The tendency of the *Confessio Amantis* in censuring the vices of the clergy coincides with Chaucer's sentiments, and although

we have no direct proof of those mutual arguings and disputes between them, which Leland speaks of, there can be no doubt that their friendship was at one time interrupted. Chaucer concludes his *Troilus and Cresside*, with recommending it to the corrections of "moral Gower," and "philosophical Strode;" and Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, introduces Venus praising Chaucer "as her disciple and poete." Such was their mutual respect; its decline is less intelligible. Mr. Tyrwhit says, "If the reflection (in the Prologue to the *Man of Lawes Tale*, ver. 4497.) upon those who relate such stories as that of Canace, or of Apollonius Tyrius, was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack to our notions of the strict friendship which is generally supposed to have subsisted between the two bards. The attack too at this time must appear the more extraordinary on the part of our bard, as he is just going to put into the mouth of his *Man of Lawe* a tale, of which almost every circumstance is borrowed from Gower. The fact is, that the story of Canace is related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, B. iii. and the story of Apollonius (or Apollynus, as he is there called) in the viiith book of the same work: so that, if Chaucer really did not mean to reflect upon his old friend, his choice of these two instances was rather unlucky."

"There is another circumstance," says the same critic, "which rather inclines me to believe, that their friendship suffered some interruption in the latter part of their lives. In the new edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, which Gower published after the accession of Henry IV. the verses in praise of Chaucer (fol. 190. b. col. 1. ed. 1532.) are omitted. See MS. Harl. 3869. Though perhaps the death of Chaucer at that time had rendered the compliment contained in those verses less proper than it was at first, that alone does not seem to have been a sufficient reason for omitting them, especially as the original date of the work, in the 16 of Richard II. is preserved. Indeed the only other alterations, which I have been able to discover, are towards the beginning and end, where every thing which had been said in praise of Richard in the first edition, is either left out or converted to the use of his successor¹."

As this is the only evidence of a difference between Chaucer and Gower, we may be allowed to hope that no violent loss of friendship ensued. As to their poetical studies, it is evident that there was a remarkable difference of opinion and pursuit. Chaucer had the courage to emancipate his muse from the trammels of French, in which it was the fashion to write, and the genius to lay the foundation of English poetry, taste and imagination. Gower, probably from his closer intimacy with the French and Latin poets, found it more easy to follow the beaten track. Accordingly the first of his works was written in French measure. It is entitled "*SPECULUM MEDITANTIS, Un Traitteé, selonc les aucteurs, pour ensampler les amants marietz, au fins qils la foy de lour seints espousailles, pourront per fine loyalte garder, et al honneur de Dieu salvement tener.*" Of this, which is written in Ten Books, there are two copies in the Bodleian library. It is a compilation of precepts and examples from a variety of authors, in favour of the chastity of the marriage bed.

His next work is in Latin, entitled *VOX CLAMANTIS*. Of this there are many copies extant; that in the Cottonian library is more fully entitled "*Johannis Gower Chronica, quæ Vox Clamantis dicitur, siue Poema de Insurrexione Rusticorum contra ingenuos et nobiles, tempore Regis Richardi II. et De Causis ex quibus talia contingunt*

¹ Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*, § xiv. and note 15. C.

Enormia: librâ septem." Some lesser pieces are annexed to this copy, historical and moral. That in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, appears to have been written, or rather dictated, when he was old and blind. It has an epistle in Latin verse prefixed, and addressed in these words; "Hanc epistolam subscriptam corde devoto, misit senex et cæcus Johannes Gower, reuerendissimo in Christo patri ac domino suo principio D. Thomæ Arundel Cantuar. Archiepiscopo, &c. Pr. Successor Thomæ, Thomas humilem tibi do me." This, therefore, is supposed to have been the last transcript he made of this work, probably near the close of his life. Mr. Warton is of opinion that it was first written in 1397.

The *CONFESSIO AMANTIS*, which entitles him to a place among English poets, was finished probably in 1393, after Chaucer had written most of his poems, but before he composed the *Canterbury Tales*. It is said to have been begun at the suggestion of King Richard II. who meeting him accidentally on the Thames, called him into the royal barge, and enjoined him "to booke some new thing." It was first printed by Caxton in 1493. In 1516, Barclay, the author of the *Ship of Fools*, was requested by sir Giles Aylington to abridge or modernize the *Confessio Amantis*. Barclay was then old and infirm, and declined it, as Mr. Warton thinks, very prudently, as he was little qualified to correct Gower. This anecdote, however, shews that Gower had already become obsolete. Skelton, in the *Boke of Philip Sparrow*, says "Gower's Englishe is old." Dean Colet studied Gower as well as Chaucer and Lydgate, in order to improve his style. In Puttenham's age, about the end of the sixteenth century, their language was out of use. In the mean time, a second edition of the *Confessio Amantis* was printed by Berthelette in 1532, a third in 1544, and a fourth in 1554. At the distance of two centuries and a half, a fifth is now presented to the public. The only stain on his character, which Mr. Ritson has urged with asperity, but which is obscurely discernible, is the alteration he made in this work on the accession of Henry IV. and his consequent disrespect for the memory of Richard, to whom he formerly looked up as to a patron.

The only other circumstances of his history are, that he was esteemed a man of great learning, and lived and died in affluence. That he possessed a munificent spirit, we have a most decisive proof in his contributing largely, if not entirely, to the rebuilding of the conventual church of St. Mary Overry, or, as it is now called, St. Saviour's church, Southwark, and afterwards founded a chantry in the chapel of St. John, now used as a vestry.

He appears to have lost his sight in the first year of Henry IV. and did not long survive this misfortune, dying at an advanced age in 1402. He was interred in St. Saviour's church, and a monument was afterwards erected to his memory, which, although it has suffered by dilapidations and injudicious repairs, still retains a considerable portion of antique magnificence. It is of the Gothic style, covered with three arches, the roof within springing into many angles, under which lies the statue of the deceased, in a long purple gown; on his head a coronet of roses, resting on three volumes entitled *Vas Clemantis*, *Speculum Meditantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*. His dress has given rise to some of those conjectures respecting his history which cannot now be determined, as his being a knight, a judge, &c.

Besides these larger works, some small poems are preserved in a MS. of Trinity College, Cambridge, but possessing little or no merit are likely to remain in obscurity².

² Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, art. Gower. C.

Mr. Warton speaks more highly of a collection, contained in a volume, in the library of the marquis of Stafford, of which he has given a long account, with specimens. They are sonnets in French, and certainly are more tender, pathetic, and poetical than his larger poems. As an English poet, however, his reputation must still rest on the *Confessio Amantis*, but although he contributed in some degree to bring about a beneficial revolution in our language, it appears to be the universal opinion of the critics that he has very few pretensions to be ranked among inventors. Mr. Warton's analysis of the *Confessio* will be no improper apology for the meagerness of this biographical article.

The *Confessio Amantis*, "is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and like the mystagogue in the Picture of Cebes, is called GENIUS. Here, as if it had been impossible for a lover not to be a good catholic, the ritual of religion is applied to the tender passion, and Ovid's Art of Love is blended with the breviary. In the course of the confession, every evil affection of the human heart, which may tend to impede the progress or counteract the success of love, is scientifically subdivided: and its fatal effects exemplified by a variety of apposite stories, extracted from classics and chronicles. The poet often introduces or recapitulates his matter in a few couplets of Latin long and short verses. This was in imitation of Boethius.

"This poem is strongly tinctured with those pedantic affectations concerning the passion of love, which the French and Italian poets of the fourteenth century borrowed from the troubadours of Provence. But the writer's particular model appears more immediately to have been John of Meun's celebrated *ROMAUNT DE LA ROSE*. He has, however, seldom attempted to imitate the picturesque imageries, and expressive personifications, of that exquisite allegory. His most striking portraits, which yet are conceived with no powers of creation, nor delineated with any fertility of fancy, are Idleness, Avarice, Micherie or Thieving, and Negligence, the secretary of Sloth. Instead of boldly clothing these qualities with corporeal attributes, aptly and poetically imagined, he coldly, yet sensibly, describes their operations, and enumerates their properties. What Gower wanted in invention, he supplied from his common-place book; which appears to have been stored with an inexhaustible fund of instructive maxims, pleasant narrations, and philosophical definitions. It seems to have been his object to crowd all his erudition into this elaborate performance. Yet there is often some degree of contrivance and art in his manner of introducing and adapting subjects of a very distant nature, and which are totally foreign to his general design.

"In the fourth book, our confessor turns chemist; and discoursing at large on the Hermetic science, develops its principles, and exposes its abuses, with great penetration. He delivers the doctrines concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal stones, to which Falstaff alludes in Shakspeare, with amazing accuracy and perspicuity; although this doctrine was adopted from systems then in vogue. In another place he applies the Argonautic expedition in search of the golden fleece, which he relates at length, to the same visionary philosophy. Gower very probably conducted his associate Chaucer into those profound mysteries, which had been just opened to our countrymen by the books of Roger Bacon.

"In the seventh book, the whole circle of the Aristotelic philosophy is explained; which our lover is desirous to learn, supposing that the importance and variety of its speculations might conduce to sooth his anxieties by diverting and engaging his attention. Such a discussion was not very likely to afford him much consolation: especially, as hardly a single ornamental digression is admitted, to decorate a field

naturally so destitute of flowers. Almost the only one is the description of the chariot and crown of the sun; in which the Arabian ideas concerning precious stones are interwoven with Ovid's fictions and the classical mythology.

"Perhaps, in estimating Gower's merit, I have pushed the notion too far, that because he shews so much learning he had no great share of natural abilities. But it should be considered, that when books began to grow fashionable, and the reputation of learning conferred the highest honour, poets became ambitious of being thought scholars: and sacrificed their native powers of invention to the ostentation of displaying an extensive course of reading, and to the pride of profound erudition. On this account, the minstrels of these times, who were totally uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibit more genuine strokes of passion and imagination than the professed poets. Chaucer is an exception to this observation: whose original feelings were too strong to be suppressed by books, and whose learning was overbalanced by genius.

"This affectation of appearing learned, which yet was natural on the revival of literature, in our old poets, even in those who were altogether destitute of talents, has left to posterity many a curious picture of manners, and many a romantic image. Some of our ancient bards, however, aimed at no other merit than that of being able to versify: and attempted nothing more, than to cloath in rhyme those sentiments, which would have appeared with equal propriety in prose³."

Mr. Warton's account of the sonnets in the marquis of Stafford's library occurs in the emendations and additions to his second volume.

In this library "there is a thin oblong manuscript on vellum, containing some of Gower's poems in Latin, French, and English. By an entry in the first leaf, in the hand-writing, and under the signature, of Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell's general, an antiquarian, and a lover and collector of curious manuscripts, it appears, that this book was presented by the poet Gower, about the year 1400, to Henry the Fourth; and that it was given by lord Fairfax to his *friend and kinsman* sir Thomas Gower, knight and baronet, in the year 1656. By another entry, lord Fairfax acknowledges to have received it, in the same year, as a present, from *that learned gentleman* Charles Gedde, esq. of St. Andrews in Scotland; and at the end are five or six Latin anagrams on Gedde, written and signed by lord Fairfax, with this title, 'IN NOMEN venerandi et annosi Amici sui Caroli Geddei.' By king Henry the Fourth it seems to have been placed in the royal library: it appears at least to have been in the hands of king Henry the Seventh, while earl of Richmond, from the name Rychemond, inserted in another of the blank leaves at the beginning, and explained by this note, 'Liber Henrici septimi tunc Comitis Richmond, propria manu scripsit.' This manuscript is neatly written, with miniated and illuminated initials: and contains the following pieces. I. A Panegyric in stanzas, with a Latin prologue or rubric in seven hexameters, on king Henry the Fourth. This poem, commonly called *Carmen de pacis commendatione in laudem Henrici quarti*, is printed in Chaucer's works (Vol. I. p. 548). II. A short Latin poem in elegiacs on the same subject, beginning, '*Rex cali deus et dominus qui tempora solus.*' (MSS. Cotton. Otho. D. 1. 4.) This is followed by ten other very short pieces, both in French and English, of the same tendency. III. CINKANTE BALADES, or fifty sonnets in French. Part of the first is illegible. They are closed with the following epilogue and colophon:

³ Hist. of Poetry, Vol. ii. 1—31 passim. C.

LIFE OF GOWER.

O gentil Engleterre a toi iescrits,
 Pour remembrer ta ioie qest nouvelle,
 Qe te survient du noble Roy Hemris,
 Par qui dieus ad redreste ta querle,
 A dieu purceo prient et cil et celle,
 Qil de sa grace, au fort Roi corone,
 Doignit peas, honour, ioie et prosperite.

Expliciunt carmina Iohis Gower que Gallice composita BALADES dicuntur. IV. Two short Latin poems in elegiacs, the first beginning, 'Ecce patet tensus ceci Cupidinis arcus.' The second, 'O Natura viri potuit quam tollere nemo.' V. A French poem, imperfect at the beginning, On the Dignity or Excellence of Marriage, in one book. The subject is illustrated by examples. As no part of this poem was ever printed, I transcribe one of the stories.

"Qualiter Iason uxorem suam Medeam relinquens, Creusam Creontis regis filiam sibi carnaliter copulavit. Verum ipse cum duobis filiis suis postea infortunatus periiit."

Li prus Iason queu lisle de Colchos
 Le toison dor, pour laide de Medee
 Conquist dont il donour portoit grant loos
 Par tout le monde encourt la renomee
 La joejne dame oue soi ad amenee
 De son pays en Grece et lespousa
 Ffreinte espousaile dieus le vengera.

Quant Medea meulx qui de etre en repos
 Ove son mari et quelle avoit porte
 Deux fils de luy lors changea le purpos
 El quelle Iason permer fuist oblige
 Il ad del tout Medeam refuse
 Si prist la file au roi Creon Creusa
 Ffrenite espousaile dieux le vengera.
 Medea qot le coer de dolour cloos
 En son corous et ceo fuist grant pite
 Sas joejnes fils queux et jadis en clos
 Veniz ses costees ensi com forseue
 Devant ses oels Iason ele ad tue
 Ceo que fuist fait pecche le fortuna
 Ffrenite espousaile dieux le vengera.

Towards the end of the piece, the poet introduces an apology for any inaccuracies, which, as an Englishman, he may have committed in the French idiom.

Al universite de tout le monde
 IOHAN GOWER ceste Balade evoie;
 Et si ieo nai da Francois faconde,

Pardonez moi qe ieo de ceo forvoie.
 Ieo suis Englois: si quier par tiele voie
 Etre excuse mais quoique mills endie
 L' amour parfait en dieu se justifie.

It is finished with a few Latin hexameters, viz. "Quis sit vel qualis sacer order connubialis." This poem occurs at the end of two valuable folio manuscripts, illuminated and on vellum, in the Bodleian library, viz. MSS. Fairfax. iii. and NE. F. 8. 9. Also in the manuscript at All Souls college, Oxford, MSS. xxvi. And in MSS. Harl. 2869. In all these, and, I believe, in many others, it is properly connected with the *Confessio Amantis* by the following rubric. "Puisqu' il ad dit cidevant en Englois, par voic dessample, la sotie de celui qui par amours aimie par especial, dirra ore apres en Francois a tout le mond en general une traitie selonc les auctors, pour essemplar les amants mariez, &c. It begins

Le creature du tout creature.

"But the Cinquante Balades, or fifty French sonnets above-mentioned, are the curious and valuable part of (this) manuscript. They are not mentioned by those who have written the life of this poet, or have catalogued his works. Nor do they appear in any other manuscript of Gower which I have examined. But if they should be discovered in any other, I will venture to pronounce, that a more authentic, unembarrassed, and practicable copy than this before us, will not be produced: although it is for the most part unpointed, and obscured with abbreviations, and with those misspellings which flowed from a scribe unacquainted with the French language.

"To say no more, however, of the value which these little pieces may derive from being so scarce and so little known, they have much real and intrinsic merit. They are tender, pathetic, and poetical; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has hitherto been usually seen. I know not if even any among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets: for they were probably written when Gower was a young man, about the year 1350. Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of composition. I will transcribe four of these Balades as correctly and intelligibly as I am able: although I must confess, there are some lines which I do not exactly comprehend.

BALADE XXXVI.

Pour comparer ce jolif temps de Maj.
 Ieo dirrai semblable a Paradis:
 Car lors chantoit et merle et papegai,
 Les champs sont vert, les herbes sont floris:
 Lors est Nature dame du païs:
 Dont Venus poingt l'amant a tiel assai,
 Qencoutre amour nest qui poet dire N'ai.

LIFE OF GOWER.

Quant tout ceo voi, et que ieo penserai,
 Coment Nature ad tout le mond suspris.
 Dont pour le temps se fait minote et gai,
 Et ieo des autres suis souleni horpris,
 Com al qui sanz amie est vrais amis,
 Nest pas mervaille lors si ieo meamai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

En lieu de rose, urtie cuillerai,
 Dont mes chapeals ferrai par tiel devis,
 Que tout ioie et confort ieo lerrai,
 Si celle soule en qui iai mon coer mis,
 Selonc le ponit qe iai sovent requis,
 Ne deigne alegger les griefs mals qe iai,
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

Pour pite querre et pourchacer intris,
 Va ten balade ou ieo tenvoierai,
 Qore en certain ieo lai tresbien apris
Qencontre amour nest qui poet dire Nai.

BALADE XXXIV.

Saint Valentin, l'Amour, et la Nature,
 Des touts oiseals ad en gouvernement,
 Dont chascun deaux, semblable a sa mesure,
 Un compaigne honeste a son talent
 Ealust, tout dun accord et dun assent,
 Pour celle soule laist a covenir:
 Toutes les autres car nature aprent
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma doulce Dame, ensi ieo vous assure,
 Qe ieo vous ai eslien semblablement,
 Sur toutes autres estes a dessure
 De mon amour si tresentierement,
 Qe riens y falt pourquoy ioiousement,
 De coer et corps ieo vous voldrai servir,
 Car de reson cest une experiment
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Pour remembrer iadis celle aventure
 De Alceone et ceix enseinent,
 Com dieus mmoit en oisel lour figure,
 Ma volente serroit tout tielement
 Qe sans envie et danger de la gent,
 Nous porroions ensemble pour loisir
 Voler tout francs en votre esbatement
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

Ma belle oïsel, vers qui mon pensement
 Seu vole ades sanz null contretenir
 Preu cest escript car ieo sai voirement
Ou li coers est le corps falt obeir.

BALADE XLIII.

Plustricherous qe Iason a Medee,
 A Deianire ou q' Ercules estoit,
 Plus q' Eneas q' avoit Dido lassee,
 Plus qe Theseus q' Adriagne^a amoit,
 Ou Demophon qut Phillis oubliot,
 Te trieus, helas, qamer iadis soloie,
 Dont chanterai desore en mon endroit
Cest ma douleur qe fuist amicois ma joie.

Unques Ector qama Pantafilee^b.
 En tiele haste a Troie ne sarmoit,
 Qe tu tout mid nes deniz le lit couche
 Amis as toutes quelques venir doit,
 Ne poet chaloir mais qune femme y soit,
 Si es comun plus qe la halte voie,
 Helas, qe la fortune me deçoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

De Lancelot si fuissetz remembre,
 Et de Tristans, com il se countenoit,
 Generides^c, Florent^d, par Tonope^e,
 Chascun des ceaux sa loialte gardoit;
 Mais tu, helas, qest ieo qe te forsoit
 De moi qa toi iamaï mill iour falsoie,
 Tu es a large et ieo sui en destroit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

Des toutz les mals tu qes le plus maloit,
 Ceste compleignte a ton oraille envoie
 Sante me laist, et langour me recoit,
Cest ma dolour qe fuist amicois ma joie.

BALADE XX.

Si com la nief, quant le fort vent tempeste,
 Pur halte mier se torna ci et la,
 Ma dame, ensi mon coer manit en tempeste,
 Quant le danger de vo parrole orra,
 Le nief qe votre bouche soufflera,

^a Ariadne. ^b Penthesilea. ^c A name corruptly written. ^d Florence de Rome. ^e Parthenope,
 * Parthenopeus.

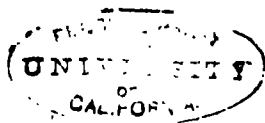
LIFE OF GOWER.

Me fait sigler sur le peril de vie,
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Rois Ulyxes, sicom nos dist la Geste,
 Vers son paais de Troie qui sigla,
 Not tiel paour du peril et moleste,
 Quant les Sereines en la mier passa,
 Et la danger de Circes eschapa,
 Qe le paour nest plus de ma partie,
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Danger qui tolt damour tout la feste,
 Unques un mot de confort ne sona,
 Ainz plus cruel qe nest la fiere beste
 Au point quant danger me respondera.
 La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,
 Plusque la mort mestoie celle oie
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie.

Vers vous, ma bone dame, horspris cella,
 Qe danger manit en votre compainie,
 Cest balade en mon message irra
Qest en danger falt quil mera supplie."



TO

THE MOSTE VICTORIOUS, AND OUR MOSTE GRACIOUS SOUERAIGNE LORDE

KYNGE HENRY THE VIII.

KYNGE OF ENGLANDE AND OF FRANCE, DEFENDER OF THE FAYTH,
AND LORDE OF IRELANDE, &c.

PLUTARKE writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kyng of Perse, amonge other iewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littell cheste of great value, which the noble king Alexander beholding saide: This same shall serue for Homere.

Whiche is noted for the greate loue and fauour, that Alexander had vnto lernyng: But this I thynke verily, that his loue and fauour therto, was not so great as your graci: whiche caused me, moste victorious, and moste redoubted soueraigne lorde, after I had printed this warke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely maiestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernyng the value) was farre to simple (as me thought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some payne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not muche greater payne to that excellent clerke the morall lohan Gower, to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleue it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembred your incomparable Clemencie, the whiche, as I haue my selfe sometyme sene, moste graciously accepteth the skender giftes of small value, which your highncs perceiued were offred with great and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobles and great estates, but also of your meane subiectes: the whiche so muche boldeth me againe, that though I of al other am your moste humble subiecte and seruannte, yet my herte geueth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my power giue vnto your grace the most godliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And this more ouer I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royaulme, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and be the more diligent to marke and beare away the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forthe vnder your graces name, whom thei with all their very hertes so truely loue and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they euer fynde so good, so iuste, and so gracious a prince. And who so euer in redyng of this warke, doth consider it well, shal fynde, that it is plentifully stuffed and furnished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of great auctoritee, parradyng vnto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readyng of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the vnderstandyng of many and diuers actours, whose reasons, sayenges, and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pleintie of englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the which began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our english tonge, were constrained to bringe in, in their wrytynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borowed out of latine, frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that vnderstode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fet, coude not perceiue their wrytynges.

And though our most allowed olde autors did otherwhile vse to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for lacke of a feete englishe worde, yet that ought not to be a presidente to vs, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we haue all redie wordes approued and receiued, of the same effects and strength. The whiche if any man wants, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Iohn Gower, that shal as a lanterne giue him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The which noble auctour, I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present, and besече your highnes, that it maie go forth vnder your graces fauour. And I shall euer praie: God that is almightie preserue your roiall maiestee in moste longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite.

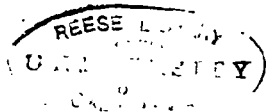
Amen.

TO THE REDER.

In time past when this warke was printed, I can not coniecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the boke that be written, be contrarie, yet I haue folowed therein the print copie, for as muche as it maie serue hothe waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder, that the writen copies do not agree with the printed. Therefore I haue printed here those same lines, that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteration ye shall perceiue began at the xxiii. line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

In our englishe I thinke make
A boke for kyng Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that euer a liege man
Unto his kyng maie done or can,
So farforth I me recommande
To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
Preiende vnto the high reigne,
Whiche canseth eury kyng to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde:

I thinke and haue it vnderstonde,
As it befall vpon a tide,
As thyng, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste ioye,
In Themse, when it was flowende,
As I by bote came rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, when he me sigh,
He had me come into his barge.
And when I was with hym at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge vpon me leyde,
And bad me do my businesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thyng I shulde boke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writyng
And this vpon his commandyng
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as he me bad.
And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none enuie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige and blame that I write.



A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
 That it malice none distilleth
 But preiseth, that is to be preised:
 But he that bath his worde vnpeised
 And handleth with ronge any thyng,
 I praie vnto the heuen kyng,
 Fro suche tonges be me shilde.
 And netheles this worlde is wilde.
 Of suche ianglyng and what befall,
 My kynges heste shall not falle,
 That I in hope to deserue
 His thonke, ne shall his will obserue
 And els were I nought excused.
 For that thyng maie nought be refused,
 What that a kyng hym selfe bit.
 For thy the simplest of my wit
 I thynke if that it maie auaille,
 In his seruice to trauaile
 Though I sickenes haue vpon honde,
 And longe haue had, yet woll I fonde,
 So as I made my bebeste,
 To make a boke after his heste,
 And write in suche a maner wise,
 Whiche maie be wisdomes to the wise,
 And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
 But in prouerbe I haue herde saie,
 That who that well his warke beginneth,
 The rather a good ende he ynneth.
 And thus the prologue of my boke,
 After the worlde, that whilom toke,
 And eke somdele after the newe,
 I woll begyn for to newe.

And thus I saie for these lxx. lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie vnto these, both in sentence and in meanyng. Farthermore there were lefte out in diuers places of the warke lines and columes, ye and sometyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceiued: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde haue mased his mynde in redyng, that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greater blemishe vnto a noble auctour? And for to preise worthily vnto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right muche vnable, ye shal your selfe now deme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his owne shappe and likens. And this the mene tyme I maie be bolde to saie, that if we shulde neuer haue sene his connyng warkes, the whiche euen at the full do witnesse, what a clerke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellent Geffraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his moste speciall warke, that is intituled Troilus and Creseide, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
 To the, and to the philosophical Strode
 To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
 Of your benignitees and zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also vnderstonde, that he and Gower were bothe of one selfe tyme, bothe excellently lerned, both great frendes to gether, and both a like endeouored them selves and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doynge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure

and continue, this noble roialme shall be the better, ouer and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their iourney, the one of them, that is to saie, Iohn Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of saynt Marie Oueres, where somewhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his bead, in token that he iu his life daies flourishshed fresshly in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the North side of the fore saide church, in the chapell of sainte Iohn, where he hath of his owne foundacion, a masse daily songe. And more ouer he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same church, on fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope saynte Gregorie.

Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peynted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in hir honde.

En toy qui es fitz de dieu le pere
Saune soit, que gist souz cest pierre.

The seconde is written Mercie, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuise:

O Sone Jesu fait ta mercie
Al alme, dont le corpe gist icy.

The thyrde of them is written Pitie, whiche holdeth in hir hande this deuise folowyng.

Pur ta Pité Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauue garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherin appereth, that who so euer praith for the soule of Iohn Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth, haue a M. and. D. dates of pardon.

The other lieth buried in the monasterie of seynt Peters at westminster in an ile on the south side of the church. On whose soules, and all christen, Iesu haue merie. Amen.

POEMS

OF

JOHN GOWER.

PROLOGUS.

Hic imprimis declarat Joanes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, & finaliter compleuit, An. regni regis Ric. secundi. 16.

OF them, that writen vs to fore
The bokes dwelle: and we therefore
Bea taught of that was writen tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our tune amonge vs here
Do write of newe some mattere
Ensampled of the olde wise
So that it might in suche a wise
Whan we be deade and els where
Beleue to the wordes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, and sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdom write
It dalleth ofte a mans witte.
To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey,
And write a boke bytwene the twey
Somwhat of lust, and somewhat of lore
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write
And for that few men endite
In our englishe, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere xvi. of kynge Richarde
What shall befall here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe vpon this tide
Men see the worlde on enery side
In sondrie wise so diuersed
That it well nigh stant all reuersed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
R nedeth nought to specifie,
The thyngs so open is at the cie

That euery man it maie beholde,
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren feuer,
Wrytyng was beloued euer
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge vs
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good
Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be loste: so for to magnide
The worthy princes, that tho were.
The bookes shewen here and there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is
And tho that didn than amis
Through tyrannie and crueltec
Right as thei stonden in degree,
So was the wrytyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyn it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thinke for to touche also
The worlde, whiche neweth euery daie
So as I can, so as I maie
Though I sekenesse haue vpon honde
And longe haue had, yet wolde I fonde
To write, and do my besinesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man maie be aduised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisdom all belongeth,
That wise man that it vnderfongeth,
He shall draw into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended
The boke shall afterwards be ended

Of loue, whiche dothe many a wonder,
 And many a wise man hath put vnder,
 And in this wise I thynke to treate
 Towarde them, that now be greate,
 Betwene the vertue and the vice,
 Whiche longeth vnto this office.
 But for my wittes ben to smale
 To telle euery mans tale
 This booke vpon amendement
 To stonde at his commandement
 With whom mine herte is of accorde,
 I sende vnto mine owne lorde,
 Whiche of Lancaster is Henry named
 The hygh God hath hym proclaimed
 Full of knyghthode and all grace,
 So wolde I nowe this werke embrace
 God grannte I mote it well acheue
 With whole truste and whole beleue.

Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
 Linqvit, & antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
 Progenit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
 Legibus vnicolor tunc temporis aura refulait,
 Iustitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
 Nunque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
 Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
 Instar & ex variis mutabile cameliontis
 Lex gerit, & regnis sunt noua iura nouis.
 Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
 Soluuntur, nec eó centra quietis habent.

Destatu, regnoque, vt dicunt, secundum temporalia,
 Videlicet tempore regis Richardi secundi, Anno
 regni sui sextodecimo.

If I shall drawe in to any mynde
 The time passed, than I fynde
 The worlde stode in all his welthe,
 Tho was the life of man in helth,
 Tho was plentee, tho was richesse,
 Tho was the fortune, tho was prowessse,
 Tho was knighthode in price by name,
 Wherof the wide worldes fame
 Write in cronicles is yet withholde,
 Justice of lawe tho was holde,
 The priuilege of regalie
 Was safe, and all the Baronie
 Worshipped was in his astate,
 The cities knewe no debate,
 The people stode in obejance
 Under the rule of gouernance
 And peace with vrightwisenesse keste
 With charitee tho stode in reste:
 Of mans herte the courage
 Was shewed then in the visage.
 The worde was like to the conceite
 Without semblant of deceite.
 Tho was there vnnied loue,
 Tho was vertue set aboute,
 And vyce was put vnder foote,
 Nowe stante the crope vnder the roote.
 The worlde is changed overall,
 And therof moste in speciall
 That loue is falle in to discorde,
 And that I take in to recorde
 Of euery lande for his partie
 The common voice, whiche maie not lie.
 Nought vpon one, but vpon all
 Is that men nowe clepe and calle,

And seyn, that reignes bene deuided,
 In stede of loue is hate guided.
 The warre woll no peace purchace,
 And lawe hath take hir double face,
 So that Justice out of the waie
 With rightwisenes is gone awaie.
 And thus to loke on euery halue
 Men sene the sore without salue,
 Whiche all the worlde hath ouertake
 There is no reigne of all out take.
 For euery climat hath his dele
 After the tournyng of the whele,
 Whiche blind fortune ouerthroweth,
 Wherof the certaine no man knoweth.
 The heuen wote what is to doone,
 But we that dwell vnder the moone
 Stonde in this worlde vpon a were,
 And namely but the powere
 Of them that bene the worldes guides
 With good counsell on all sides,
 Ben kept vpright in sucbe a wise,
 That bate breke nought thassise
 Of loue, whiche is all the chiefe
 To kepe a reigne out of mischiefe:
 For all reason wolde this,
 That vnto him, whiche the head is,
 The membres buxom shall bowe,
 And he shulde eke their trouth alwe
 With all his herte, and make them chere:
 For good counsell is good to here,
 All though a man be wise hym selue,
 Yet is the wisdom more of twelue:
 And if thei stande both in one,
 To hope it were then anone,
 That God his grace wolde sende
 To make of thilke werre an ende,
 Whiche euery daie nowe groweth newe
 And that is greatly for to rewe,
 In speciall for Christes sake,
 Whiche wolde his owne life forsake
 Amonge the men to yeuen pees,
 But nowe men tellen nathelës,
 That loue is from the worlde departed,
 So stant the peace vneuen parted.
 With them that liuen now a daies.
 But for to loke at all assaies
 To him, that wold reison seche
 After the comen worldes speche.
 It is to wonder of thilke werre,
 In whiche none wote who hath the werre.
 For euery lond him selfe deceiueþ,
 And of disease his parte receiueþ
 And yet take men no kepe,
 But thilke lorde, whiche all maie kepe,
 To whom no counsell maie be hid,
 Upon the worlde, whiche is betide
 Amende that, wherof men plaine
 With trewe beres and with plaine
 And reconcele loue againe:
 As he, whiche is kyng soueraine
 Of all the worldes gouernance
 And of his high puruiance
 Afferme peace betwene the londes,
 And take their cause in to his bondes,
 So that the world maie stand appeased,
 And his godheade also be pleased.

Qua coluit Moses vetus, aut nouus ipse Ioanes,
 Hesternas leges vix colit ista dies.
 Sic prius Ecclesia bina virtute polita,
 Nunc magis inculta pallet vtraque via.

Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro resumens
 Horruit ad Christi verba cruoris iter.
 Nunc tamen assiduo gladium de sanguine tinctum
 Vibrat auaricia lege repente sacra.
 Sic lupus est pastor, p̄r hostis, mors miserator,
 Prædicoe largitor, pax & in orbe timor.

De statu cleri vt dicunt, secundum spiritualis, vi-
 delicte tempore Roberti Gilbonensis, qui nomen
 Clementis sortitus est sibi tunc Antipapæ.

To thinke vpon the daies olde,
 The life of clerkes to beholde,
 Men seyn how that they were tho
 Ensample, and rewle of all tho,
 Whiche of wislome the vertue soughten,
 Unto the god firste thei besoughten,
 As to the substance of their schoole,
 That thei ne shulde not befoole
 Their witte vpon none erthly werkes,
 Whiche were ayent the astate of clerkes.
 And that thei mighten flee the vice,
 Whiche Symon hath in his office.
 Wherof he taketh golde in honde.
 For thilke time (I vnderstonde)
 The lambarde made non exchange
 The bissopriches for to change:
 Ne yet a letter for to sende
 For dignitee, ne for prouende,
 Or cared, or without cure.
 The churche laie in aduenture
 Of armes and of brigantaille
 Stode no thyng then vpon bataille:
 To fight or for to make cheste.
 It thought them then not honeste.
 But of simplicittee and pacience
 Thei maden then no defence.

The courte of worldly regallie
 To them was then no haillie,
 The vaine honour was nought desired,
 Whiche hath the proude herte fired
 The humiltee was tho withholde,
 And pride was a vice holde.

Of holy churche the largesse,
 Yafe then and did great almesse
 To poure men, that had neede.
 Thei were eke chast in word and deede,
 Wherof the people ensample toke,
 Their lust was all vpon the boke,
 Or for to preche or for to praie,
 To wise men the right waie
 Of suche as stode of trouth vulered.
 Lo thus is PetersARGE stered
 Of them, that thilke time were.
 And thus came firste to mans ere
 The feith of Christe and all good,
 Through them that then were good,
 And sobre, and chaste, and large, and wise.
 And nowe (men seyn) is other wise
 Simon the cause hath vndertake,
 The worldes swerde in hond is take.
 And that is wounder metheles,
 Whan Christe him selfe hath bode pees
 And set it in his testament.

How now that holy churche is went,
 Of that their lawe positife
 Hath set to make werre and strife
 For wordli goodes, whiche maie not last.
 God wote the cause to the last
 Of euery right and wronge also.
 But whye the lawe is ruled so,

That clerkes to the werre intende,
 I not howe that thei shall amende
 The wofull worlde in other thinges
 To make peace betwene kynge
 After the lawe of charitee,
 Whiche is the propre dewtee
 Belonged vnto the priesthood:
 But as it thinketh to manhood.
 The heauen is far, the worlde is nigh,
 And vaine glorie is eke so sligh,
 Whiche couetise hath now withholde,
 That thei none other thinge beholde,
 But only that thei mighten winne.
 And thus the werres thei beginne,
 Wherof the holy churche is taxed,
 That in the point as it is axed,
 The disme goth to the bataille,
 As though Christe might not auaille
 To do them right by other waie:
 In to the sworde the churche kaie
 Is turned, and the holy bede,
 In to cursynge, and euery stede,
 Whiche shulde stonde vpon the feithe
 And to this cause an eare leithe
 Astonyed is of the quarele,
 That shulde be the worldes hele,
 Is nowe men sayn the pestilence,
 Whiche hath expelled pacience
 Fro the clergie in special,
 And that is shewed ouerall,
 In euery thyng when thei be greued:
 But if Gregorie be beleued,
 As it is in the bokes writte,
 He dothe vs somdele for to wittie
 The cause of thilke preclacie
 Where God is nought of companie.
 For euery werke as it is founded
 Shall stande, or els be confounded.
 Who that onely for Christes sake
 Desireth cure for to take,
 And nought for pride of thilke astate
 To beare a name of a prelate,
 He shall by reason do profite
 In holy Churche vpon the plite,
 That he that set his conscience:
 But in the worldes reuerence
 Ther be of suche many glade,
 Whan thei to thilke astate be made
 Nought for the merite of the charge,
 But for the wolde him selfe discharge
 Of ponertee, and become grete,
 And thus for pompe and for behete
 The scribe and eke the pharisee,
 Of Moyses vpon the see,
 In the chairs on high ben sette,
 Wherof the feith is ofte lette,
 Whiche is betake them to kepe.
 In Christes cause all daie thei slepe
 But of the worlde is nought-foryete
 For well is him, that nowe maie gete
 Office in court to be honoured:
 The stronge Coffre hath all deuoured
 Under the keie of auarice
 The tresour of the benefice,
 Wherof the poure shulden clothe,
 And ete, and drinke, and house bothe.
 The charitee goth all vnknowe.
 For thei no graine of pitee sowe,
 And slouthe kepeth the librarie,
 Whiche longeth to the santuarie.

To studie vpon the worldes lore
 Sufficeth nought without more
 Delicacie his sweete toothe
 Hath suffred so that it fordooth
 Of abstinence all that ther is:
 And for to loken ouer this
 If Ethna brenae in the clergie
 Al openly to mans eie,
 At Auignon the experience
 Therof hath youen an euidence,
 Of that men seen them so deuided,
 And yet the cause is nought decided.
 But it is saide, and euer shall
 Betwene two stooles is the fall,
 Whan that men wenen beat to sitte.
 In holy church of suche a slitte
 Is for to rewe vnto vs alle,
 God graunte it mote well befall
 Towardes him whiche hath the trouth.
 But ofte is seen, that muche slouth,
 Whan men ben drunken of the cup
 Doth muche harme, when the fire is vp,
 But if somwho the flame stanche:
 And so to speke vpon this branche,
 Whiche proud enuie hath made to spring
 Of schisme, causeth for to bringe
 This newe secte of lollardie,
 And also many an heresie
 Amonge the clerkes in them selue,
 It were better dike and delue,
 And stande vpon the right feith,
 Than knowe all that the bible seith,
 And erre, as some clerkes doo.
 Upon an hande to weare a shoo,
 And set vpon the foote a gloue,
 Acordeth not to the behoue
 Of reasonable mans vse.
 If men behelden the vertuse
 That Christe in erthe taught here,
 Thei shulde not in suche manere
 Amonge them, that be holde wise
 The papacie so disguise,
 Upon diuers election,
 Whiche stant after thaffection
 Of sondrie landes all aboute:
 But whan god woll, it shall weare out.
 For trothe mote stande at laste,
 But yet thei argumenten faste
 Upon the pope and his astate,
 Wherof thei fallen in great debate.
 This clerke saide ye, that other naie:
 And thus thei driue forth the daie,
 And eche of them hym selfe amendeth
 Of worldes good: but none entendeth
 To that, whiche common profite were.
 Thei sein, that god is mighty there,
 And shall ordeine, what he wyll,
 There make thei none other skyl.
 Where is the peryll of the feith,
 But euery clerke his berte leieth
 To kepe his worlde inspeciall:
 And of the cause generall,
 Whiche vnto wholy church longeth,
 Is none of them that vnderfongeth
 To shapen any resistance,
 And thus the right hath no defence:
 But there I loue, there I holde.
 Lo thus to broke is Christes folde,
 Wherof the flocke without guide
 Deuourd is on euery side,

In lacke of them, that be vnware
 Sheperdes, whiche their witts beware
 Upon the worlde in other halue,
 The sharpe pricke in stede of salue
 They vsen nowe, wherof the bele
 Thei hurte of that thei shulde hele,
 What shepe, that is full of wulle
 Upon his backe thei tose and pulle
 Whyle ther is any thyng to pille,
 And though there be none other skille,
 But onely for thei wolde winne,
 Thei leaue nought, whan thei beginne
 Upon their acte to procede,
 Whiche is no good sheperdes dede.
 And vpon this, also men sayn,
 That fro the lease, whiche is plaine,
 In to the breres thei forcatche,
 Here of for that thei wolden lache
 With suche duresse, and so bereue,
 That shal vpon the thornes leue
 Of wooll, whiche the herre hath tore,
 Wherof the shepe ben all to tore,
 Of that the herres make them lese
 Lo how thei feignen chalke for chese.
 For though thei speake and teche welle,
 Thei done them selfe therof no dele.
 For if the wolfe come in the waie
 Their gostly staffe is then awaie,
 Wherof thei shuld their flocke defende.
 But if the poure shepe offende
 In any thyng, though it be lite,
 Thei ben all ready for to smite.
 And thus how euer that thei tale
 The strokes fall vpon the smale:
 And vpon other that bene grete
 Them lacketh herte for to beate
 So that vnder the clerkes lawe
 Men seen the merell all misdrawe,
 I woll not saie in generall.
 For there be some in speciall,
 In whom that all vertue dwelleth,
 And tho bene, as the Apostell telleth
Qui vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron,
 That God of his election
 Hath cleped to perfection,
 In the maner as Aaron was,
 Thei be nothyng in thilke cas
 Of Symon, whiche the foldes gate
 Hath lette: and goth in other gate:
 But thei gone in the right waie.
 There bene also somme (as men saie)
 That folowen Symon at heles,
 Whose carte goth vpon wheles
 Of couetise and worldes pride,
 And holy church goth beside:
 Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage
 Of that is nought in the courage.
 For if men loken in holy church
 Betwene the worde, and that thei worche,
 There is a full great difference.
 Thei prechen vs in audience,
 That no man shall his soule empeire.
 For all is but a cherie feire
 This worldes good, so as thei tell.
 Also thei saien, there is an hell,
 Whiche vnto mans sinne is due:
 And bidden vs therefore eschewe
 That wicked is, and do the good,
 Who that their wordes vnderstode,
 It thinketh thei wolde do the same.
 But yet betwene earnest and game,

Full oft it torneth other wise,
 With holy tales thei deuise,
 How meritory is thilke dede
 Of charitee to clothe and fede
 The poore folke, and for to parte
 The worlde good, but thei departe
 Ne thinke nought for that thei haue.
 Also thei sain good is to saue
 With penance, and with abstinence,
 Of chastitee the continence:
 But plainly for to speke of that
 I not how thilke bodye fat,
 Whiche thei with deintie meates kepe,
 And laien it softe for to slepe,
 Whan it hath elles of his will
 With chastitee shall stonde still:
 And netheles I can not saye
 In aunter that I misseye
 Touchend of this, how euer it stande
 I here, and will nought vnderstande.
 For therof haue I nought to doone,
 But be that made first the moone,
 The high god of his goodnes,
 If ther be cause, be it redrease.
 But what that any man can accuse,
 This maie reason of trouthe excuse,
 The vice of them that ben vngood
 Is no repreefe vnto the good.
 For euery man his owne werkes
 Shall beare: and thus as of the clerkes
 The good men ben to commende,
 And all these other god amende.
 For thei be to the worlde eie
 The myrrour of examplarie,
 To reulen and taken here,
 Betwene the men, and the godhede.

Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus
 Dum iacet vt mitis digna subibit onus:
 Si caput extollat, & lex sua frena relaxat,
 Vt sibi velle iubet, tygridis instar habet.
 Ignis aqua dominans duo sunt pietate carentes,
 Ira tamen plebis est violenta magia.

De statu plebis, ut dicunt, secundam accidentia
 mutabilia.

NOWE for to speke of the commune,
 It is to drede of that fortune,
 Which hath befall in sondrye londes:
 But ofte for defaulte of bondes
 All sodeinly, er it be wist,
 A tname, whan his lie arist
 Tobreketh, and renneth all aboute,
 Whiche els shulde nought gone out.
 And eke full ofte a littel skare
 Upon a banke, er men be ware,
 Let in the streme, whiche with gret peine,
 If any man it shall restraine,
 Where lawe failleth, error groweth.
 He is not wise, who that ne troweth.
 For it hath proued of er this.
 And thus the common clamour is
 In euery londe, where people dwelleth:
 And eche in his complaints toleth,
 How that the worlde is miswent,
 And therupon his argument
 Yeaeth euery man in sondrie wise:
 But what man wolde him selfe auise
 His conscience, and nought misuse,
 He maie well at the first excuse

His god, whiche euer stant in one,
 In him there is defaulte none
 So must it stande vpon vs selue,
 Nought only vpon ten ne twelue,
 But plenarily vpon vs all.
 For man is cause of that shall fall.

Nota contra hoc, quod aliqui fortem Fortune, aliqui influentiam planetarum ponunt, per quod (ut dicitur) rerum euentus necessario contingit, sed potius dicendum est, quod ea quae nos prospera et aduersa in hoc mundo vocamus, secundum merita et demerita hominum, digno dei iudicio proueniunt.

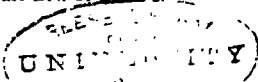
AND netheles yet some men write
 And seyn fortune is to wite:
 And some men holde opinion,
 That it is constellacion,
 Whiche causeth all that a man doothe.
 God wote of bothe whiche is soothe,
 The worlde, as of his propre kinde
 Was euer vntrew, and as the blinde
 Improperly he demeth fame:
 He blameth, that is nought to blame
 And preiseth, that is nought to preise
 Thus whan he shall the thinges peise
 Ther is deceit in his balance,
 And all is that the variance
 Of vs, that shulde vs better aise,
 For after that we fall and rise
 The worlde ariste, and fallet with all:
 So that the man is ouer all
 His owne cause of wele and wo,

That we fortune clepe so,
Out of the man him selfe it groweth.
 And who that other wise troweth,
 Beholde the people of Israel,
 For euer, while thei didden well,
 Fortune was them debonaire:
 And when thei didden the contraire,
 Fortune was contriariende:
 So that it proueth wele at ende,
 Why that the worlde is wonderfull,
 And maie no while stande full,
 Though that it seme wele besayn,
 For euery worlde thing is vaine.
 And euer goth the whele aboute,
 And euer stant a man in doute,
 Fortune stant no while still:
 So hath ther no man his will,
 Als far as any man maie knowe
 There lasteth nothing but a throwe.

Boetius.

O quam dulcedo humane vite multa amaritudine
 aspersa est.

THE worlde stante euer vpon debate,
 So maie be siker none astate,
 Now here, now there, now to, now fro,
 Now vp, now down, the world goth so,
 And euer bath done, and euer shall:
 Wherof I finde in special
 A tale written in the Bible,
 Whiche must nedes be credible,
 And that as in conclusion,
 Saith, that vpon diuision
 Stant, why no worlde thing maie laste
 Til it be driue to the laste,
 And fro the first reigne of all
 Unto this daie how so befall



Of that the reignes be meuable,
The man him selfe hath be culpable,
Whiche of his gouernance
Fortuneth all the worldes chance.

Prosper & aduersus obliquo tramite versus
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in euentu versatur, vt alea casu,
Quam celer in ludis iactat aura manus.
Sicut imago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statque nihil firmpum præter amare deum.

Hic in prologo tractat de statua illa, quam rex Nabugodonosor viderat in somnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferre, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam factus videbatur: sub qua membrorum diuersitate secundum Danielis expositionem huius mundi variatio figurabatur.

THE bigh almighty purueiance,
In whose eterne remembrance
From first was eury thing present,
He hath his prophecie sent
(In suche a wise as thou shalt here)
To Daniel of this matere,
How that this world shal torne and wende
Till it be falle vnto his ende:
Wherof the tale tell I shall,
In which is betokened all.

As Nabugonosor slepte
A sweuen him toke, the whiche he kept
Til on the morowe he was arise.
For thereof he was sore agrise,
Til Daniel his dreame he tolde,
And praied him faire, that he wolde
A rede what it token maie,
And saide, a bedde where I laie,
Me thought I seighe vpon a stage,
Where stooode a wonder strange image:
His head with all the necke also
They were of fine golde bothe two,
His breaste, his shoulers, and his armes
Were all of siluer, but tharmes,
The wombe, and all downe to the knee
Of bras thei were vpon to see:
His legges thei were made all of steele,
So were his feete also somdele,
And some dele parte to them was take
Of erthe, whiche men pottes make.
The feble mengled was with the stronge
So might it not stande longe.

Hic narrat vterius de quodam lapide grandi, qui ut in dicto somnio videbatur ab excelso monte super statuum corruens, ipsam quasi in nihilum penitus contriuit.

AND tho me thought, that I sighe
A great stone from an hille on highe
Fell downe of sodeine auenture
Upon the feete of this figure:
With whiche stone all to broke was
Golde, syluer, erthe, steele, and bras,
That was in to pouder brought,
And so forthe torne in to nought.

Hic loquitur de interpretacione somnii, et primo dicit de significacione capitis aurei.

THIS was the sweuen, whiche he had,
That Daniell anone arad,

And saied hym, that figure strange
Betokeneth how the worlde shall change,
And war lasse worthe and lasse,
Til it to nought all ouer passe:
The necke, and head, that weren golde
He saied, howe that betoken shoide
A worthe worlde, a noble a riche,
To whiche none after shall be liche.

De pectore argenteo.
Of siluer that was ouer foorth
Shall ben a worlde of lasse woorth.

De ventre eneio.
And after that the wombe of bras
Token of a wers worlde it was,
The whiche steele he sawe afterwarde
A worlde betokeneth more hard.

De tibeis ferreis.
But yet the werste of eury deele
Is last, that when of erth and steele
He sawe the feete departed so.
For that betokeneth muche wo.

De significacione pedum, que ex duabus materiis discordantibus adinvicem diuisi extiterunt.

WHAN that the worlde deuided is,
It mot algate fare amis.
For erthe, which mengled is with stele
To gider maie not laste wele.
But if that one that other waste,
So mote it nedes fall at the laste.

De lapide statuum confringente.
The stone, whiche from that hilly stage
He sawe downe fall on that ymage,
And hath it in to poudre broke,
That sweuen hath Daniell vnloke
And saied, that it is gods might,
Whiche whan men wene moste vpright
To stonde, shall them ouer caste:
And that is of this worlde the laste,
And than a newe shall begynne,
From whiche a man shall neuer twinne,
Or all to paine, or all to pees,
That worlde shall laste endles.

Hic scribit, qualiter huius seculi regna variis mutationibus, prout in dicta statua figurabatur, secundum temporum distinctiones sensibilibus hactenus diminuuntur.

Lo thus expowned Daniell
The kynges sweuen faire and well
In Babylone the citee,
Where that the wisest of Caldee
Ne couden witte what it mente,
But be tolde all the whole entente
As in the partie it is befall
Of golde the firste reigne of all.

De seculo aureo, quod in capite statuum designatum est a tempore ipsius Nabugodonosoris regis Caldee usque in regnum Cyriregis Persarum.

Was in that kynges tyme tho,
And last many daics so
There, whiles that the monarchie
Of all the worlde in that partie
To Babylone was subgette
And helde him still in suche a pleght,

Till that the worlde began diuerse,
 And that was, when the kynge of Perse,
 Whiche Cyrus hight, ayen the pees
 Forthe with his sonne Cambyzes
 Of Babylone all that Empire,
 Right as thei wolde them selfe desire
 Put vnder in subiection,
 And toke it in possession,
 And slayne was Baltasar the kynge,
 Whiche lost his reigne, and all his thynges.

*De seculo argenteo, quod in pectore designatum
 est a tempore ipsius regis Cyri usque in regnum
 Alexandri regis Macedoniae.*

AND thus when thei had it wonne
 The worlde of siluer was begonne
 And that of golde was passed out
 And in thus wise it goth aboute
 In to the reigne of Darius
 And that it felle to Perse thus
 There Alexander put them vnder
 Whiche wrought of armes many a wonder
 So that the monarchie lefte
 With grekes, and their estate vp lefte
 And Persiens gone vnder foote
 So suffre thei, that nedes mote.

*De seculo eneo, quod in ventre designatum est a
 tempore ipsius Alexandri usque in regnum Iulii
 Romanorum imperatoris.*

AND tho the worlde began of bras
 And that of siluer ended was
 But for the time thus it laste
 Till it befelle, that at laste
 This kyng, when that his daie was come
 With strength of dethe was ouercome
 And netheles yet or he dyde
 He shope his reigne to deuide
 To knightes, whiche him had serued
 And after that thei haue deserued
 Yafe the conquestes, that he wanne
 Whereof great werre tho beganne
 Amonge them, that the reignes had
 Through proud enuy, whiche them lad
 Till it befelle ayene them thus
 The noble Cesar Julius
 Whiche tho was kynge of Rome londe
 With great battaile, and stronge honde
 All Grece, Perse, and Chaldee
 Wan, and put vnder: so that he
 Not all only of thorient:
 But all the marche of thoccident
 Governeth vnder his Empire,
 As be that was holle lorde and sire
 And helde through his cheualrie
 Of all the worlde the monarchie
 And was the firste of that honour
 Whiche taketh name of Emperour.

*De seculo ferreo, quod in tibiis designatum est,
 a tempore Iulii Cesaris usque in regnum Caroli
 magni regis Francorum.*

WHERE Rome than wolde assaile,
 There might no thyng contreuaille
 But every contrey must obeye,
 Tho goth the reigne of bras awaye,
 And comen is the worlde of steele,
 And stode aboute vpon the wheale,

As steele is hardest in his kinde
 Aboute all other, that men finde
 Of metalles, suche was Rome tho
 The mightiest, and laste so
 Longe time amonge the Romains,
 Till thei become so villains
 That the emperour Leo,
 With Constance his sonne also,
 The patrimonie, and the richesse,
 Whiche to Siluester in pure almesse,
 The first Constantinus lefte,
 Fro holy churche thei berefte.
 But Adrian, whiche pope was,
 And sawe the mischefe of this cas,
 Gothe in to France for to plaine,
 And prieth the great Charlemaigne,
 For Christes sake, and soule bele,
 That he wolde take the quarele
 Of holy churche in his defence.
 And Charles, for the reuerence
 Of god, the cause hath vndertake,
 And with his hoste the waie hath take
 Ouer the mountes of Lumbardie
 Of Rome, and all the tyrannie
 With blodie swerde he ouercome,
 And the citee with strength nome
 In such a wise, and ther he wrought,
 That holy churche ayene he brought
 In to Franchise, and dothe restore
 The popes luste, and yaf him more.
 And thus when he his god hath serued,
 He toke, as he hath well deserued
 The diademe, and was coroued
 Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
 Thempire, whiche came neuer againe
 In to the hande of no Romaine:
 But a longe time it stode still
 Under the Frenche kynges will,
 Till that fortune her wheele so lad,
 That afterwarde the Lumbardes it had,
 Not by the swerd, but by the sufrance
 Of him, that tho was kyng of France,
 Whiche Carle Caluus cleped was
 And he resigned in this cas
 Thempire of Rome vnto Lowis
 His Cosin, whiche a lumbarde is:
 And so it laste in to the yere
 Of Alberte, and of Berengere.

*De seculo nouissimis iam temporibus ad similitu-
 dinem pedum in discordian lapso et diuiso,
 quod post decessum ipsius Caroli cum imperium
 Romanorum in manus Longohardorum perue-
 nerat tempore Alberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam
 ob eorum diuisionem contigit, ut Alemani im-
 peratoriam adepti sunt maiestatem: in cuius
 solium quendam principem theutonicum Otho-
 nem nomine sublimari primitus constituerunt.*

BUT than vpon disencion
 Thei fell, and in diuision
 Amonge them selfe, that were greates
 So that thei lost the beyete
 Of worship, and of worldes pees.
 But in prouerbe netheles
 Men saine, full seldome is, that welthe
 Can suffre his owne astate in helthe,
 And that was in the lumbardes sene,
 Suche common strife was them betwene,
 Through couctise, and through enuie,
 That enery man drough his partie,

Whiche might lede any route,
 Within bourgh and eke without.
 The common right hath no felawe,
 So that the governance of lawe
 Was lost: and for necessitee
 Of that thei stode in suche degree,
 All ony through diuision,
 Them nedeth in conclusion
 Of strange londes helpe beside,
 And thus for thei them seife diuide,
 And standen out of rewle vneuen,
 Of Almaine princes seuen
 Thei chosen in this condicion,
 That vpon their election
 Thempire of Rome sholde stonde:
 And thus thei left it out of honde
 For lacke of grace, and it forsoke,
 That Almaines vpon them toke
 And to confermen their astate,
 Of that thei stoden in debate
 Thei token the possession
 After the composicion
 Amonge them selfe, and ther vpon
 Thei made an Emperour anon,
 Whos name (the Cronicle telleth)
 Was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth
 Fro thilke daie yet vnto this
 Thempire of Rome bath be and is
 To thalmains, and in this wise,
 As to fore ye haue herde deuise
 How Daniel the sweuen expouneth
 Of that image, on whom he foundeth
 The world, whiche afterward shold fall,
 Comen is the last token of all
 Upon the feete of erthe and stele,
 So stant the worlde now euery dele.
 Departed, whiche began right tho,
 Whan Rome was deuided so,
 And that is for to rewe sore.
 For alwaie sith more and more
 The worlde empeireth euery daie,
 Wherof the sooth shewe maie
 At Rome first if we begin,
 The wall and all the citie within
 Stante in ruine, and in decays
 The felde is wbera was the palais,
 The towne is wast, and ouer thato,
 If we behold thilke astate
 Whiche whilom was of the Romains
 Of knightbod, and of citezens
 To peise nowe with that beforne,
 The chaffe is take from the corne,
 And so to speke of Romes might
 Unnethes stante ther ought vpright
 Of worship or of worldes good,
 As it before time stode.
 And why the worship is awaie,
 If that a man the soothe shall saie:
 The cause hath ben deuision,
 Whiche moder of confusion
 Is, where she cometh ouer all,
 Nought only of the temporall,
 But of the spirituall also,
 The dede proueth it is so
 And hath do many a daie er this
 Through venim, whiche that medled is
 In holy churche of erthely thyng.
 For Christ him selfe maketh knowlageing,
 That no man maie togeder serue
 God and the worlde, but if he swerue

Frowarde that one, and stonde vnstable:
 And Christes worde maie not be fable,
 The thyng so open is at the eye
 It needeth nought to specifie
 Or speke ought more in this matere.
 But in this wise a man maie lere
 How that the worlde is gone aboute,
 The whiche well nigh is wered out
 After the forme of that figure,
 Whiche Daniell in his scripture
 Expowned, as to fore is tolde,
 Of bras, of situer, and of golde
 The worlde is passed, and agone,
 And nowe vpon his olde tone
 It stant of brutell erthe and stele,
 The whiche acorden neuer a dele:
 So mote it nedes swerue aside
 As thyng, the whiche men seen diuide.

Hic dicit, secundum apostolum, quod nos sumus,
 in quos fines seculi deueniunt.

THE Apostell writeth vnto vs all,
 And saieth, that vpon vs is fall
 The end of the worlde: so maie we knowe
 This ymage is nigher oerthrowe,
 By whiche this worlde was signified,
 That whilom was so magnified,
 And nowe is olde, and feble, and vile,
 Full of mischayefe, and of perille:
 And stante diuided eke also,
 Lyke to the feete, that were so
 As I tolde of the statue aboue.
 And thus men saie for lacke of loue,
 Where as the londe diuided is,
 It mote algate fare amis.

And now to loke on euery side
 A man maie see the worlde diuide.
 The warres bene so generall
 Amonge the Christen ouer all,
 That euery man nowe seketh wreche,
 And yet these clerkes aldaie preche
 And sayne, good dedes maie none bee,
 Whiche stante nought vpon charitee.
 I not howe charitee shulde stonde,
 Where deadly warre is taken on honde.
 But all this wo is cause of man,
 The whiche that witte and reason can,
 And that in token and in witness,
 That ilke ymage bare likeness
 Of man, and of none other beste.

For first vnto the mans heste
 Was euery creature ordeined.
 But afterwarde it was restrained,
 Whan that he fell, thei fallen eke,
 Whan he wer seke, thei weren seke,
 For as the man hath passion,
 Of sekene in comparision,
 So suffren other creatures,
 Lo firste the heuenly figures.

Hic scribit, quod ex diuisionis passione singula
 creati detrimentum corruptibile patiuntur.

THE sonne and moone eclypsen both,
 And bene with mans sinne wroth.

The purest ayre for sinne alofte,
 Hath ben and is corrupted full ofte.
 Right now the highe windes blowe:
 And anon after thei ben lowe.

Now cloudie, and now clere it is,
 So maie it prouen well by this
 A mans sinne is for to hate,
 Whiche maketh the welken to debate,
 And for to see the proprietie
 Of euery thyng in his degree.
 Benethe the foorthe amonge vs here
 All stante a like in this matere,
 The sea nowe ebbeth, and nowe it floweth.
 The lond now weiketh, and now it groweth.
 Now ben the trees with leaues greene,
 Now thei be bare and nothyng scene.
 Nowe be there lustie somer floures,
 Nowe be there stormis winter shoures,
 Now be the daies, now be the nightes,
 So stant there nothyng all vprightes.
 Nowe it is light, now it is derke,
 And thus stant all the worldes werke
 After the disposicion
 Of man and his condicion.

For thy gregorie in his morall
 Saieyth, that a man in speciall
 The lasse worlde is properly,
 And that he proueth redily.
 For man of soule reasonable
 Is to an angell resemblable,
 And like to beast he hath felyng,
 And like to tres he hath growyng.
 The stones ben, and so is hee,
 Thus of his propre qualitee
 The man (as telleth the Clergie)
 Is a worlde in his partie.

And whan this littel worlde mistorneth
 The great worlde all ouertorneth,
 The loude, the sea, the firmament
 Thei asken all indgement
 Ayene the man, and make hym warre
 Ther while him selfe stant out of harre,
 The remenant stant out of acorde,
 And in this wise (as I recorde)
 The man is cause of all wo
 Why this worlde is diuided so.

Diuisiō (the gospell saieyth)
 One house vpon an other laieth
 Till that the reigne all ouer throwe.
 And thus may euery man well knowe
 Diuisiō aboue all
 Is thyng, whiche maketh the worlde fall,
 And euer hath do, sith it began,
 It maie firste proue vpon a man.

*Quod ex sue complexionis materia diuisus homo
 mortalis existat.*

THE whiche for his complexion
 Is made vpon diuisiō
 Of colde, botte, moiste, and drie
 He mote by verrey kynde die.
 For the contrarie of his estate
 Stant enermore in suche debate,
 Tyll that a parte be ouercome
 There maie no finall peas be nome
 But otherwise if a man were
 Made all togeder of one matere
 Without interrupcion,
 There shuld no corrupcion
 Engendre vpon that vnitee:
 But for there is diuersitee
 Within him selfe, he maie not laste,
 But in a man yet ouer this
 Fall great diuisiō there is,

Through whiche that he is euer in strife
 While that hym last any life,

Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione diuisus, sicut saluationis, ita damnationis aptitudinem ingreditur.

THE bodie and the soule also
 Amonge them ben deuided so,
 That what thyng that the bodie hateth
 The soule loueth and debateth:
 But netheles full ofte is scene
 Of werre, whiche is them betweene
 The feble hath wonne the victorie,
 And who so draweth in to memorie.

*Qualiter Adam a statu innocentie diuisus a paradiso
 voluptatis in terram laboris peccator proiectus est.*

WHAT hath befall of olde and newe,
 He maie that werre sore rewe,
 Whiche first began in paradys.
 For there was proued what it is,
 And what disease there it wrought.
 For thilke werre the foorthe brought
 The vice of all deadly sinne,
 Through whiche diuisiō came in.

*Qualiter populi per vniuersum orbem a cultura dei
 diuisi, Noe cum sua sequela dumtaxat exceptis,
 diluuiū interierunt.*

AMONGE the men in erthe here,
 And was the cause and the matere
 Why god the great flodes sende,
 Of all the worlde and made an ende:
 But Noe, with his fellowship,
 Whiche only weren saufe by shyp,
 And ouer that through sinne it come
 That Nembroth suche price nome

*Qualiter in edificatiōe Turris Babylonis, quam in
 dei contemptum Nembroth erexit, lingua priu-
 hebraica in varias linguas caelica vindicta diuis
 debatur.*

WHAN the toure Babylon on hight
 Lette make, as he that wolde fight
 Ayene the high goddes might,
 Wherof deuided anon right
 Was the language in suche entent
 There wiste none what other ment,
 So that thei might nought procede
 And thus it stant of euery dede,
 Where sinne taketh the case on bonde
 It maie vpright not longe stonde.
 For sinne of hir condicion
 Is mother of diuisiō.

*Qualiter mundus, qui in statu diuisiōis quasi co-
 tidianus presenti tempore vexatur flagellis a la-
 pide superueniente, id est a diuina potentia us-
 que ad resolutionem omnis carnis subito con-
 teretur.*

AND token whan the world shall faile
 For so saith Christe without faile
 That nigh vpon the worldes ende
 Peace and accorde away shall wende
 And all charitee shall cease
 Amonge the men, and hate encrease

And whan these tokens ben befall
 All sodeinly the stone shall fall
 As Daniell it hath beknowe
 Whiche all this worlde shall ouerthrow
 And euery man shall than arise
 To ioye or elles to iuise.
 Where that he shall for euer dwell
 Or streight to heuen, or streight to hell.
 In heuen is peace and all accorde
 But helle is full of suche discorde
 That there maie be no loue day
 For thy good is whyle a man may
 Echone to sette peace with other
 And louen as his owne brother
 So maie he wyinne workdes welthe
 And afterwarde his soule helthe.

Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et vnitate
 inter homines prouocanda: Et dicit qualiter
 quidam Ariou nuper citharista ex sui cantus ci-
 thare que consona melodiam tante virtutis exti-
 terat, vt ipse non solum virum cum viro, sed
 etiam leonem cum cerua, lupum cum hagno,
 canem cum lepore (ipsam audientes) vnanimi-
 ter absque vlla discordia ad inuicem pacifica-
 uit.

But wolde god that nowe were one
 An other suche as Arione
 Whiche had an harpe of suche temprure
 And therto of so good measure
 He songe, that he the beastes wilde
 Made of his note tame and milde
 The hynde in peace with the lyon
 The wolfe in peace with the motton
 The hare in peace stode with the hounde
 And euery man vpon this grounde.
 Whiche Arion that time herde
 As well the lorde as the shepherde
 He brought them all in good accorde
 So that the common with the lorde
 And lorde with the common also
 He sette in loue bothe two
 And put awaie melancolie.

That was a lustie melodie
 Whan euery man with other lough
 And if there were suche one nowe
 Whiche coude harpe as he did.
 He might auaille in many a stede
 To make peace, where nowe is hate
 For whan men thincken to debate
 I not what other thyng is good
 But wher that wisdome waxeth wood
 And reason tourneth in to rage
 So that measure vpon outrage
 Hath set this worlde, it is to drede
 For that bringeth in the common drede
 Whiche stant at euery mannes dore
 But whan the sharpnes of the spore
 The hors side smiteth to sore
 It greueth ofte. And nowe no more
 As for to speke of this mater
 Whiche none, but onely god maie stere
 owere it good at this tide

That euery man vpon his side
 Besought, and prayed for the peace
 Whiche is the cause of all incesse
 Of worshippe, and of worldes welthe
 Of hertes reste, and soules helthe
 Without peace stonde nothyng good
 For thi to Christ, which shed his blood

For peace, byseketh all men.
 Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.
 Explicit prologus.

Naturatus amor naturas legibus orbem
 Subdit, & vnanimes concitat esse feras.
 Huius enim mundi princeps amore esse videtur,
 Cuius eget diues pauper & omnis opes.
 Sunt in agone pares amor & fortunaque cæcas,
 Plebis ad insidias vertit vterque rotas.
 Est amor, ægra salus, vexata quies, pius error
 Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suauè malum.

Postquam in prologo tractatum hactenus existit,
 qualiter hodiernæ conditionis diuisio charitatis
 dilectionem superauit, intendit et auctor ad
 presens suum libellum (cuius nomen Confessio
 Amantis nuncupatur) componere de illo amore,
 a quo non solum humanum genus sed et cuncta
 animantia naturaliter subiiciuntur.

INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS.

I MAIE not stretche vp to the heuen
 Myn honde ne set al in euen
 This worlde whiche euer is in balance.
 It stant not in my suffiance
 So great thynges to compass:
 But I mote lette it ouerpasse,
 And treaten vpon other thynges.
 For thy the stile of my writings
 Fro this daie forth I thinke change,
 And speake of thing is not so strange,
 Whiche euery kinde hath vpon honde,
 And wherypon the worlde mote stonde,
 And hath done sith it began:
 And shall while there is any man:
 And that his loue, of whiche I meane
 To treate, as after shal be sene,
 In whiche there can no man him rule.
 For loues lawe is out of reule
 That of to muche or of to lite
 Well nigh is euery man to wite
 And netheles there is no man
 In all this worlde so wise, that can
 Of loue temper the measure:
 But as it falleth in auenture,
 For witte ne strength maie not helpe
 And whiche eis wolde him yelpe,
 Is ratheest throwen vnder foote,
 There can no wightes therof do boote.
 For yet was neuer suche couine,
 That couth ordeine a medicine
 To thyng, whiche god in law of kynde
 Hath set, for there maie no man finde
 The right salue for suche a sore,
 It hath and shall be euermore,
 That loue is maister, where he will:
 There can no life make other skille
 For where as him selfe liste to set
 There is no might, which him maie let.
 But what shall fallcn at laste,
 The soth can no wisedomè cast,
 But as it falleth vpon chance.
 For if there euer was balance,
 Whiche of fortune stant governed,
 I maie well leuc as I am lerned,

That loue hath that balance on honde,
 Whiche will no reason vnderstonde.
 For loue is blinde, and maie not see.
 For thy maie no certeintee
 Besette vpon his iudgement
 But as the whele about went
 He yeneith his graces vnderseued
 And fro that man, whiche hath him serued,
 Full ofte he taketh away his fees,
 As he that plaieth at the dies:
 And therpyon what shall befall,
 He not, till that the chance fall:
 Where he shall lese or he shal wyne:
 And thus full ofte men begyn,
 That if thei wisten what it ment
 Thei wolde change all their intent.

Hic quasi in persona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens se auctor esse amantem, varias eorum passiones variis huius libri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

AND for to preue it is so,
 I am my selfe one of tho,
 Whiche to this schole am vnderfonge.
 For it is sothe go not longe
 As for to speake of this matere
 I maie you tell, if you woll here,
 A wonder happe, whiche me befelle
 That was to me bothe harde and felle
 Touchyng of loue and his fortune,
 The whiche me liketh to commune,
 And pleynly for to tell it out
 To them that louers be aboute,
 Pro poynt to poynt I woll declare,
 And writen of my wofull care,
 My wofull day my wofull chance,
 That men mowe take remembrance
 Of that thei shall here after rede.
 For in good feithe this wolde I rede,
 That eury man ensample take
 Of wisdom, whiche is hym betake:
 And that he wote of good appryse
 To teche it forthe for suche emprise
 Is for to preyse: And therefore I
 Will write and shewe all openly,
 Howe loue and I togedr mette,
 Whereof the worlde ensample fette
 May after this, whan I am go
 Of thiike vnsele iolife wo,
 Whose reule stant out of the wey,
 Nowe gladd, and nowe gladnes aweie:
 And yet it maie not be withstonde
 For ought that men maie vnderstonde.

*Non ego Samsonis vires, non Herculis arma
 Vinco, sum sed vt hij victus amore pari,
 Vt discant alij docet experientia facti,
 Rebus in ambiguis quae sunt habenda via,
 Deus ordo ducit temtata pericula sequentem,
 Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
 Me quibus ergo Venus casus laqueauit amantem,
 Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.*

Hic declarat materiam dicens qualiter Cupido quodam ignito iaculo, sui cordis memoriam graui vlcere perforauit, quod Venus percipiens ipsum vt dicit, quasi in mortis articulo spasmatum, ad confutendum se Genio sacerdotis super amoris causam sic semiuinum specialiter commendauit.

UPON the poynt that is befall
 Of loue, in whiche that I am falle,
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I thynke tell my matere:
 Now herken who that woll hit here
 Of my fortune howe that it ferde
 This endyrdaie, as I forthe ferde
 To walke, as I you tell maie,
 And that was in the moneth of Maie,
 Whan euery brid hath chose his make,
 And thinketh his mirthes for to take
 Of loue, that he hath acheued:
 But so was I nothyng releued.
 For I was further fro my loue
 Than erthe is from the heauen aboue,
 And for to speake of any spede
 So wiste I me none other rede,
 But as it were a man forsake.
 Unto the wood my waie gan take
 Not for to syng with the birdes.
 For whan I was the wood amidde,
 I fonde a soote greene plaine,
 And there I gan my wo complaine,
 Wisshyng and wepyng all mine one.
 For other mirthes made I none.
 So harde me was that ilke throwe
 That ofte sitbes ouerthrowe
 To grounde I was without breathe:
 And euer I wished after death.
 Whan I out of my peine awooke,
 And caste vp many a pitous looke
 Unto the heauen, and saied thus

O thou Cupide, O thou Venus
 Thou god of love, and thou goddeesse
 Where is pitea? where is mekenesse?
 Nowe dothe me plainly liue or die
 For certes suche a maladie
 As I now haue, and longe haue hadde
 It might make a wise man madde
 If that it shulde longe endure
 O Venus queene of loues cure
 Thou life, thou luste, thou mana hele
 Beholde my cause, and my quarele
 And yeue me some parte of thy grace
 So that I maie finde in this place
 If thou be gracious or none.
 And with that worde I sawe anon
 The kyngs of loue, and queene bothe
 But he that kyng with eyen wrothe
 His chere aweiwarde for me caste
 And forthe he passed at the laste
 But netheles or he forthe went
 A fyry darte me thought he sent
 And threwe it through mine herte roote
 In hym fonde I none other boote
 For leuger lyst hym note to dwell
 But she, whiche is the source and well
 Of wele and wo, that shall betide
 To them that louen at that tide
 Abode but for to telle here.
 She cast on me no goodly chere.
 Thus netheles to me she saide.

What arte thou sonne: and I abraide
 Right as a man doth out of slepe,
 And therof she toke right good kepe,
 And bad me nothyng be adradde.
 But for all that I was not gladd.
 For I ne sawe no cause why:
 And ofte she asked, what was I.
 I saide a caiff, that lieth here.
 What wolde ye my ladie dere?
 Shall I be whole, or elles die?
 She saide, tell me thy maladie.

What is thy sore, of whiche thou pleinst?
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feignest,
I can do the no medicine.

Madame, I am a man of thyne,
That in thy courte haue longe serued,
And aske that I haue deserued,
Some wele after my longe wo.
And she began to loure tho,
And saide, there be many of you
Faitours: and so maie be that thou
Art right suche one, and by feintise
Seyste, that thou haste me do seruice:
And netheles she wiste wele
My worde stode on an other whele,
Without any feiterie.

But algate of my maladie
She had me tell, and saie hir trouthe.

Madame, if ye wolde haue routhe
(Quod I) then wolde I tell you
Sei forth (quod she) and tell me how.
Shew me thy sokeness euery dele.

Madame, that can I do wele:
Be so my lyfe therto woll laste.
With that hir loke on me she caste,
And saide, in aunter if thou liue,
My wyll is first, that thou be shriue.
And netheles how that it is
I wote my selfe, but for all this
Unto my preest, whiche cometh anone,
I woll thou tell it one and one,
Both of thy thought, and all thy werke.

O Genius mine owne clerke
Come forth, and here this mans shrifte
(Quod Venus tho) and I vplifte
My heade with that, and gan beholde
The selfe preeste, whiche as she wolde,
Was redy there, and set him douns
To here my confession.

Confessus Genio sit medicina salutis
Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.
Lesaqueidam ferro medicantur membra salutis,
Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.

Hic dicit qualiter Genio pro confessore sedenti
prouoluit amans ad confitendum se flexis genibus
incuratur, supplicans tamen, vt ad sui
sensus informationem confessor ille indicendis
opponere sibi benignus dignaretur.

THIS worthie preest, this wholly man
To me spekend thus began,
And saide: Benedicite
My sonne of the felicitee
Of loue, and eke of all the wo
Thou shalt be shriue of bothe two,
What thou er this for loutes sake
Haste felte, let nothyng be forsake:
Tell plainly, as it is befall.

And with that worde I gan downe fall
On knees with good deuotion,
And with full great contricion,
I saied than: Dominus,
Myn holy fader Genius
So as thou haste experience
Of loue, for whose reuerence
Thou shalt me shriue at this tyme,
I praiethe let me not mistyme
My shrifte. For I am destourbed
In all myn herte, and so conturbed,

That I ne maie my wittes gete:
So shall I mucche thyngge foryete
But if thou wolte my sinne oppose
Fro pointe to pointe, than I suppose,
There shall nothyngge be lefte behynde
But nowe my wittes be so blynde,
That I ne can my selfe teche.
Tho he beganne anone to preche,
And with his wordes debonayre
He saied to me softe and fayre:

In this place I am set here
Thy shrifte to oppose and here
By Venus the goddesse aboue,
Whose preest I am touchend of loue.

Sermo Genii sacerdotis super confessione ad
amantem.

BUT netheles for certaine skill
I mote algate, and nedes wille
Nought only make my speckynges
Of loue, but of other thinges,
That touchen to the cause of vice
For that belongeth to thoffice
Of prestes, whose ordre that I bere:
So that I wol nothing forbere,
That I the vices one and one
Ne shall the shewe euery chone,
Wherof thou might take euidence
To rewle with thy conscience.
But of conclusion fuall

Conclude I wolde in speciall
For loue, whose seruant I am,
And why the cause is that I am,
So thinke I to do bothe two.
Firste that myn ordre longeth to
The vices for to telle on rewle,
But nexte aboue all other shewe
Of loue I wol the propretrees
How that thei stande by degrees
After the disposicion
Of Venus, whose condicion
I must folowe as I am holde.

For I with loue am all withholde
So that the lesse I am to write
Though I now can but a lite
Of other thinges, that bene wise,
I am not taught in suche a wise.
For it is nought my comen vse
To speke of vices, and vertuse:
But all of loue, and of his lore.
For Venus hokes of nomore
Me techen, nether text ne glose:
But for as mucche as I suppose
It sit a preest to be well thewde:
And shame it is, if he be lewde.
Of my presthode after the forme
I wol thy shrifte so enforme,
That at the last thou shalt here
The vices, and to thy matere
Of loue I shall them so remeue,
That thou shalt know what thei meue.
For what a man shall axe or seine
Touchend of shrifte, it mote be pleine
It nedeth nought to make it queint.
For trouth his wordes wol not peinte,
That I wol axe of the for thy
My sonne it shall be so plainly
That thou shalt know and vnderstande
The pointes of shrifte how that thei stande.

Visus & auditus fragiles sunt ostia mentis,
 Sane vitiosa manus claudere nulla potest.
 Est ibi larga via, gradit qua cordis ad antrum,
 Hostis & ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
 Hæc mihi confessor Genius primordia prefert,
 Dum sit in extremis vita reuorsa malis.
 Numc tamen vt poterit fœmina loquela facit,
 Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.

Hic confessio amantis, cui de duobus precipuis
 quinque sensibus, hoc est de visu et auditu cou-
 fessor præ ceteris opponit.

BETWENE the life and dethe I herde
 This prestes tale er I answerde:
 And than I praied him for to saie
 His will: and I it wolde obeie
 After the forme of his apprise.
 Tho spake he to me in suche wise,
 And bad me that I shulde me shriue
 As thouchende of my wittes fine,
 And shape, that thei were amended.
 Of that I had them mispended,
 For tho be properly the gates
 Through which, as to the hert algates
 Cometh all thing vnto the feire,
 Whiche maie the mannes soule empeire.
 And now is this matter brought in
 My sonne I thinke firste begynne
 To witte, how that thyn eie hath stande,
 The whiche is (as I vnderstande)
 The most principall of all
 Through whom that peril maie befall.
 And for to speke in loues kinde,
 Full many suche a man maie finde,
 Whiche euer caste aboute their eie
 To loke, if that thei might aspie
 Full oft thing, whiche them ne toucheth,
 But only that their hertes soucheth
 In hyndryng of a nother wight.
 And thus ful many a worthy knight,
 And many a lusty lady bothe
 Hath be full ofte sithe wrothe:
 So that an eie is as a thefe
 To loue, and doth full great meschiefe.
 And also for his owne parte,
 Ful ofte thilkeurie darte
 Of looe, whiche that euer brenneth,
 Through bim in to the hert renneth,
 And thus a mans eie first
 Him selfe greueth alder werst.
 And many a time that be knoweth
 Unto his owne harme it groweth.
 My sonne herken now for thy
 A tale, to be ware therby,
 Thyn eie for to kepe and warde,
 So that it passe nought his warde.

Hic narrat Confessor exemplum de visu ab illicitis
 presensendo, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cadmei
 regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam foresta
 venationis causa spaciari, accidit, vt ipse quen-
 dam fontem memorosa arborum pulchritudine
 circumuentum superuenies, viditibi Dianam cum
 suis Nymphis uadam in flumine balneantem, quam
 diligentius intuens oculos suos a muliebri nudi-
 tate nullatenus auertere volebat, vnde indigna-
 ta Diana ipsum in cerai figuram transformauit.

OURD telleth in his boke
 Example touchend of mistoke,

And saith, how whilome ther was one
 A worthy lorde, which Acteon
 Was hote, and he was cosin nyght
 To him, that Thebes firste on high
 Upset, which kyng Cadme hight.
 This Acteon, as he well might
 Aboute all other cast his chere,
 And vsed it from yere to yere,
 With boundes, and with great hornes
 Amonge the woddes, and the thornes,
 To make his huntynge, and his chace,
 Where him best thought in euery place
 To finde game in his waie,
 There rode he for to hunte and plaie.

So him befelle vpon a tide
 On his huntynge as he can ride,
 In a foreate alone he was
 He sawe vpon the grene gras
 The faire floures fresshe springe,
 He herd among the leues singe
 The throstel, with the nightyngale.
 Thus (er he wiste) in to a dale
 He came, wher was a litell plaine
 All rounde aboute, well beseyne
 With bushes greene, and cedres hie.
 And there within he caste his eie
 A mydder the plaine, he sawe a welle
 So faire, there might no man telle,
 In whiche Diana naked stode
 To bathe and plaie hir in the floode,
 With many nymphes, whiche hir serueth:
 But he his eie aweie ne swerueth
 From hir, whiche was naked all:
 And she was wonder wroth with all,
 And him, as she whiche was goddeesse,
 Forshope anone, and the likenesse
 She made him taken of an herte,
 Whiche was tofore his houndes sterte,
 That ronne besily aboute,
 With many an borne, and many a route
 That maden muche noyse and crie.
 And at the laste vnhappilie
 This hert his owne houndes slough,
 And him for vengeance all to drough.
 Lo nowe my sonne, what it is
 A man to caste his eie amis:
 Whiche Acteon hath dere aboutht:
 Beware for thy, and do it nought
 For ofte, who that hede toke,
 Better is to wynke than to loke.
 And for to prouen it is so
 Ouide the Poete also
 A tale (whiche to this matere
 Accordeth) saith, as thou shalt here.

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, vbi dicit, quod
 quidam princeps nomine Forcus, tres prosequit
 filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, quas vno par-
 tu exorte, deformitatem monstrorum serpentinam
 obtinuerunt, quibus cum in etatem peruenerant,
 talis destinata fuerit natura, quod quicumque in
 eas aspiceret, in lapidem subito mutabatur, et sic
 quamplures incaute respicientes, visis illis perie-
 runt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis, gladio-
 que Mercurii munitus, eas extra montem Atlantis
 cohabitantes, animo audaci abque sui periculo
 interfecit.

IN Methamor, it telleth thus
 How that a lorde, whiche Forcus

Was hote, had daughters three:
 But vpon their natiuitee
 Suche was the constelacion,
 That out of mans nacion
 Fro kynde thet be so miswent,
 That to the likeness of a serpent
 Thei were bothe, and that one
 Of them was cleped Stellybone,
 That other suster Suryale,
 The thirde (as telleth in the tale)
 Medusa hight, and netheles
 Of comon name Gorgones
 (In euery countrey there about
 As monstres, which that men doute)
 Men clepen them, and but one eis
 Amonge them thre in purpartie
 Thei had, of which thei might se.
 Now hath it this, now hath it she
 After that cause and nede it hadde
 By throwes eche of them it hadde.
 A wonder thing yet more amis
 There was, wherof I telle all this
 What man on them his chere caste,
 And them behelde, he was als faste
 Out of man in to a stone
 Forshape, and thus full many one
 Deceiued were, of that thei wolde
 Mistoke, where thei ne shoulde.
 But Perseus, that worthie knight,
 Whom Pallas, of hir great might
 Halpe, and toke him a shelde therto.
 And eke the god Mercury also
 Lent him a swerde: he as it sillie
 Beyonde Athlans the bighe hille
 These monstres sought, and there he fonde
 Diuerse men of thilke londe,
 Through sight of them mistorned were
 Standing as stones here and there:
 But he (which wisdom and prowess
 Hath of the god and the godesse)
 The shelde of Pallas gan embrace,
 With which he couereth saufe his face.
 And Mercurius swerde out he drough
 And so he bare him, that he slough
 These dredfull monstres all thre.

X
CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne suise the,
 That thou thy sight not misuse,
 Cast not thin eis vpon Meduse,
 That thou be torned in to stone.
 For so wise man was neuer none,
 But if he woll his eis kepe
 And take of foule delite no kepe,
 That he with luste nis ofte nome
 Through strengthe of loue, and ouercome.
 Of mislokyng how it hath ferde,
 As I haue tolde, now hast thou herde.
 My good sonne take good hede,
 And ouer this I the rede,
 That thou beware of thine hering,
 Which to the herte the tiding
 Of many a vanitee hath brought
 To tarie with a mans thought.
 And netheles good is to here,
 Suche thing, wherof a man maie here,
 That to vertus is accordant
 And towarde all the remenant
 Good is to torne his ere fro,
 For elles but a man do so,

Him maie full ofte misbefalle.
 I rede ensample amonges alle,
 Wherof to kepe wel an eare
 It ought put a man in feare.

Hic confessor exemplum narrat, vt non ab auris
 exauditione fatua animus deceptus inuolnatur.
 Et dicit qualiter ille serpens, qui aspis vocatur,
 quendam preciosissimum lapidem nomine car-
 bunculus, in sue frontis medio gestans, contra
 verba incanantis aurem vnam terre affigendo
 premit, et aliam sue caude stimulo firmissime
 obturat.

A SERPENT, whiche that aspidis
 Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
 That be the stone noblest of all,
 The whiche that men Carbuncle call,
 Bereth in his heed about on high,
 For whiche whan that a man by slight
 (The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
 With his carecte him wolde enchante,
 Anone as he perceiue that,
 He leyth downe his one eare all plat
 Unto the grounde, and bait it fast:
 And eke that other eare als faste
 He shoppeth with his tuille so sore,
 That he the wordes, lasse or more
 Of his enchantement ne hereth.
 And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
 So that he hath the wordes wayned,
 And thus his eare is nougt deceiued.

Aliud exemplum super eodem qualiter rex Ulysses
 cum a bello Troiano versus Greciam nauigio re-
 miariet, et prope illa monstra maxima, Syrenes
 nuncupata, angelica voce canoras ipsam ven-
 torum aduersitate nauigare oporteret, omnia
 nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit.

In other thing who that recordeth,
 Like vnto this sample accordeth,
 Whiche in the tale of Troie I finde.
 Syrenes of a wonder kinde
 Ben monstres, as the bokes tellen,
 And in the great sea thei dwellen,
 Of body bothe and of visage
 Like vnto women of yonge age
 Up fro the nauil on bighe thei bee,
 And downe benethe (as men maie see)
 Thei beare of fishes the figure.
 And ouer this of suche nature
 Thei ben, that with so sweete a steuen
 Like to the melodie of heuen
 In womens voice thei singe,
 With notes of so great likynge,
 Of suche measure, of suche musike,
 Wherof the shippes thei beswike,
 That passen by the costes there.
 For whan the shipmen laie an eare
 Unto the voice in there aduice,
 Thei wene it be a paradysse:
 Whiche after is to them an helle.
 For reason maie not with them dwelle,
 Whan thei the great iustes here,
 Thei can not their shippes stere,
 So besily vpon the note
 Thei herken, and in suche wise assote,
 That thei their right cours and weie
 Foryete, and to their eare obeie,
 And saylen, till it so befall,
 That thei in to the perille falle,

Where as the shippes ben to drawe,
 And thei be with the monstres slawe.
 Rut fro this perille netheles
 With his wisedome kinge Ulysses
 Escapeth, and it ouerpasseth.
 For he to fore the hande compasseth,
 That no man of his companie
 Hath power vnto that folie
 His care for no luste to caste.
 For he then stopped als faste,
 That non of them maie here them singe.
 So whan thei come forth saylinge,
 There was suche gouernance on honde,
 That the monstres haue withstonde,
 And slough of them a great partie.
 Thus was he saufe with his manie
 This wise kinge through gouernance.

CONFESSOR.

Herof my sonne in remembrance
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 As I haue tolde, and what thou here
 Be well ware, and yeeue no credence:
 But if thou se more euidence.
 For if thou woldest take kepe,
 And wisely coutheest warde and kepe
 Thine eie and eare, as I haue spoke:
 Than hadst thou the gates stoke
 Fro suche folie, as cometh to wyne:
 Thyn hertes witte, whiche is within:
 Whereof that now thy loue exceedeth
 Measure, and many a peine bredeth.
 But if thou coutheest sette in rewle
 Tho two, the thre were ethe to rewle.
 For thy as of thy wittes fine
 I woll as now no more shriue,
 But only of these ylke two,
 Tel me therfore if it be so,
 Hast thou thyne eie ough misthrowe?

AMANS.

My fader ye, I am beknowe,
 I haue them cast vpon Meduse,
 Therof I may me nought excuse,
 Myn hert is growen in to stone,
 So that my lady there vpon
 Hath suche a printe of loue graue,
 That I can nought my selfe saue.

OPPOSIT CONFESSOR.

What saiste thou sonne, as of thin ere?
 My fader I am giltye there.
 For whan I my ladye here,
 My witte with that hath luste his stere:
 I do nought as Ulysses dede,
 But falle anon vpon the stede,
 Where as I se my ladye stande:
 And there I do you vnderstande
 I am to pulled in my thought,
 So that of reason leueth nought,
 Whereof that I maie me defende.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, god the amende.
 For as me thinketh by thy speche,
 Thy wittes be right far to seche,
 As of thyn eare, and of thine eie
 I woll no more specifie:
 But I woll asken ouer this
 Of other thyng how that it is.

Celsior est aquilae leone ferocior ille,
 Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta mouet.
 Sunt species quinque, quibus est superbia ductrix
 Clamat & in multis mundus adheret eis.
 Laruando faciem ficto pallore subornat
 Fraudibus hypocrisis mellea verba suis.
 Sicque pios animos quoque saepe ruit muliebres
 Ex humili verbo sub latitante dolo.

Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia,
 quorum caput superbia varias species habet, et
 earum prima hypocrisis dicitur, cuius proprietatem secundum vitium Confessor amanti declarat.

MY sonne, as I shall the informe,
 There ben yet of an other forme
 Of dedly vices seuen applyed,
 Whereof the herte is often plied
 To thyng, whiche after shall hym greeue:
 The first of them thou shalt beleuee
 Is pryde, whiche is principall,
 And hath with hym in speciall,
 Mynistres fyue full dyuerse:
 Of whiche as I shall the rehcerce,
 The firste is saide hypocrisie,
 If thou arte of his companie
 Tell forth my sonue, and shriue the cleane

AMANS.

I wote not fadre what ye meane.
 But this I wolde you beseeche,
 That ye me by some weye teche,
 What is to ben an hypocrite,
 And than if I be for to wite
 I woll beknowen, as it is

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, an hypocrite is this:
 A man, whiche feigneth conscience,
 As though it were all innocence
 Without, and is not so within:
 And doth so for he wolde winne
 Of his desyre the vaine astate:
 And whan he cometh anone there at,
 He sheweth than, what he was,
 The corne is turned in to grasse.
 That was a Rose, is than a thorne,
 And he that was a lambe before
 Is than a wolfe: and thus malice
 Under the colour of iustice
 Is hid, and as the people telleth,
 These ordres witen where he dwelleth,
 As he that of her counseyll is,
 And thilke worde, whiche thei er this
 Forsoken, he draweth in ayene.
 He clotheth riches (as men seyne)
 Under the simplest of pouerte
 And doth to seme of great deserte
 Thyng, which is littel worthe within.
 He seith in open, phy, to sinne,
 And in secrete there is no vice,
 Of whiche that he nys a norice:
 And euer his chere is sobre and softe,
 And where he goth he blesseth ofte,
 Whereof the blynde worlde he dretcheth.
 But yett all onely he ne stretcheth
 His rewle vpon religion,
 But next to that condicion,
 In suche as clepe them holy churche.
 It sheweth eke how he can worche

Amonge the wide furred hoodes
 To gete them the worldes goodes,
 And them selfe ben thiike same,
 That setten moste the worlde in blame.
 But yet in contrarie of their lore
 There is nothyng thei louen more,
 So that feignyng of light thei werke
 The dedes, whiche are inwarde derke.
 And thus this double hypocrisie,
 With his deuoute apparence
 A vyser set vpon his face
 Wherof towarde the worldes grace
 He semeth to be right well thewed:
 And yet his herte is all beshrewed.
 But netheles he stant beleued,
 And hath his purpos ofte acheued
 Of worship, and of worldes welthe,
 And taketh it, as who saith by stelfthe
 Through couerture of his fallas:
 And right so in semblable cas
 This vice hath eke his officers
 Amonge these other seculars
 Of great men, for of the smale
 As for to accompte he set no tale.
 But thei that passen the commune,
 With suche hym lyketh to commune.
 And where he saith, he woll socoure
 The people, there he woll deuoure.
 For noue a daie is many one
 Whiche spekketh of Peter and of John,
 And thynketh Judas in his herte,
 There shall no worldes good asterte
 His hande: and yet he geueth almesse,
 And fasteth ofte, and hereth messe,
 With *mea culpa*, whiche he seith
 Upon his breste full ofte he leith
 His hande, and ca t vwarde his eie,
 As though Cristes face he seie:
 So that it semeth at sight,
 As he alone all other might
 Rescue with his holy dede:
 But yet his herte in other stede
 Amonge his beades moste deuoute,
 Goth in the worldes cause aboute
 How that he might his warison
 Encrease, and in comparison.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa hypocrisia, que sub amoris facie fraudulententer latitando mulieres ipsius ficticiis credulas sepiissime deceptit innocentes.

THESE ben louers of suche a sorte
 That feignen them an humble porte,
 And all is but hypocrisie,
 Whiche with deceite and flatterie
 Hath many a worthy wife begiled.
 For whan he hath his touge asted
 With sofie speche, and with lesyng,
 Forthwith his false pitous lokinge
 He wolde make a woman weene
 To gone vpon the feire greene,
 Whan that she faueth in the myre.
 For if he maie haue his desyre,
 How so falleth of the remenant,
 He holde no worde of couenant:
 But er the time that he spede
 There is no sleighte at thilke nede,
 Whan he any loues faitour maie,
 That he no put it in assaie,

As him belongeth for to doone.
 The colour of the reiny Moone
 With mediciné vpon his face
 He set, and than he asketh grace,
 As he, whiche hath sekeneis feigned,
 Whan his visage is so distaigned,
 With eie vp caste on her he siketh
 And many a countenance he piketh,
 To bringen hir in to beleue
 Of thing, whiche that he wolde achewe,
 Wherof he beareth the pale bewe.
 And for he wolde seme trewe,
 He maketh him sicke, whan he is heile,
 But whan he beareth low, at seile,
 Than is he swiftest to begyle
 The woman, whiche that ilke whyle
 Set vpon hym feith or credence.
 My sonne if thou thy conscience
 Entamed haste in suche a wise,
 In shrifte thou the might aulse
 And tell it me, if it be so.

AMANS.

Myn holy fadre certes no,
 As for to feigne suche sicknesse
 It nedeth nought: for this witnessse
 I take of god, that my courage
 Hath ben more sicke than my visage,
 And eke this maie I well auowe
 So lowe couthe I neuer bowe
 To feigne humilitee without
 That me ne liste better loute
 With all the thoughtes of mine herte.
 For that thyng shall me neuer asterte.
 I speke as to my ladie dere
 To make hir any feigned chere
 God wote well there I lie nought,
 My chere hath ben such as my thought.
 For in good feithe this leureth wele,
 My wyll was better a thousande dele
 Than any chere that I couthe.
 But syre, if I haue in my youthe
 Done other wise in other place,
 I put me therof in your grace.
 For this excusen I ne shall,
 That I haue elles ouer all,
 To loue and to his companie
 Be pleine without hypocrisie.
 But there is one, the whiche I serue,
 All though I maie no thanke deserue,
 To whom yet neuer vnto this daie
 I saied only ye or naie.
 But if it so were in my thought,
 As touchend other saie I nought,
 That I nam somdele for to wite,
 Of that ye clepe an hypocrite.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne it sit well euery wight
 To kepe his worde in trouth vpright
 Towardes loue in all wise.
 For who that wolde him well aduse,
 What hath befall in this mattere,
 He shulde nought with feigned chere
 Deceyue loue in no degree
 To loue is euery hert free.
 But in deceite if that thou feigneste,
 And therupon thy luste attyneste,
 That thou haste wonne with thy wile,
 Though it the like for a while,

Thou shalt it afterwarde repente.
And for to prouen myne entente
I finde ensample in a Cronique,
Of them that loue so biswike.

*Suod hypocrisis sit in amore periculosa narrat
exemplum, qualiter sub regno Tiberii imperato-
ris quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Roma-
norum dux militis tunc prefuit, dominam Pauli-
nam pulcherrimam castitatisque famosissimam
mediantibus duobus falsis presbyteris in Tem-
plo Isis domini sui se esse fingens sub fecte sanc-
tatis hypocrisis nocturno tempore vitauit, vnde
idem dux in exilium, presbyteri in mortem ob
sui criminis enormitatem damnati extiterant.*

It befelle by olde daies thus
Whilome the emperor Tiberius
The monarche of Rome ladde,
There was a worthy Romain had
A wife, and she Paulina hight:
Whiche was to euery mannis sight
Of all the citee the faireste:
And as men saiden eke the beste.
It is and hath ben euer yet,
That so stronge is no mans witte,
Whiche through beautee ne maie be drawe
To loue, and stande vnder the lawe
Of thilke bore freile kinde,
Whiche maketh the hertes eyes blinde,
Where no reason maie be communed:
And in this wise stode fortunéd
This tale, of whiche I woll meene.

This wife, whiche in hir lustes greene
Was faire and fresche and tender of age,
She maie not let the courage
Of him, that wol on hir assotte.
There was a duke, and he was hotte
Mundus, whiche had in his baillie
To lede the chiuarrie
Of Rome: and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of suche might
The strengthe of loue to withstoude,
That he ne was so brought to honde,
That maugre whether he wol or no,
This yonge wife be loueth so,
That he hath put all his assaie
To winne thing, which he ne maie
Gette of hir grant in no maner
By yefte of gold, ne by praiser.
And whan he sawe, that by no mede
Toward hir loue he might spede
By sleight feigned than he wrought,
And therupon he bim bethought,
Howe that there was in the citee
A temple of suche auctoritee,
To whiche, with great deuocion
The noble women of the towne
Moste comonly a pilgrimage
Goe, for to pray thilke image,
Whiche the goddesse of childyng is,
And cleped was by name Isis:
And in hir temple than were
(To reule and to minister there
After the law, whiche was thu)
Abouen all other prestes two.

This duke, which thought his loue get
Upon a daie them two to mete
Hath bede: and thei come at his heste,
Where thei had a riche feste.

And after mete in preuy place
This lord, which wolde his thanks purchase,
To eche of them yafe than a gifte,
And spake so by waie of shrifte
He drough them in to his couine
To helpe and shape how Pauline
After his luste deceiue might:
And thei their trouthes bothe plight,
That thei by night bir shulde wiune
Into the temple, and he therinne
Shall haue of hir all his intent.
And thus accorded furth thei wente.

Now liste through whiche hypocrisis
Ordeined was the trecherie,
Wherof this lady was deceiued.

These prestes hadden wel conceiued,
That she was of great holynesse,
And with a counterfeit simplesse,
Whiche hid was in a fals courage,
Feigned an heuenly message.
Thei come, and saide vnto her thus:

Paulyne, the God Anubus
Hath sente vs both presente here,
And saith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him selfe alone
For loue he hath to thy persone:
And therupon he hath vs bede
That we in Isis Temple a stede
Honestly for the purueye,
Where thou by night as we the seye
Of him shalt take a vision.
For vpon thy condicion
The whiche is chaste and full of feithe
Suche price (as he vs tolde) he leith,
That he woll stande of thin accorde:
And for to beare herof recorde
He sende vs hider bothe two.

Glad was hir innocence tho
Of suche wordes, as she herd.
With bumble chere, and thus answerde
And saide, that the gods will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by hir housbondes leue,
She wolde in Isis Temple at eue
Upon hir gods grace abide,
To seruen him the nightes tide.

The prestes tho gon home againe.
And she goth to hir soueraine,
Of gods will, and as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas:
Wherof he was deceiued eke,
And badde, that she hir shulde meke
All hole vnto the gods heste.
And thus she, whiche was all honeste
To godwarde, after hir entent,
At night vnto the temple went,
Where that the fals prestes were,
And thei receiuen hir there
With suche a token of holynesse,
As though thei seen a goddesse,
And all within in preuy place
A softe bedde of large space
Thei hadde made, and encortained,
Where she was afterward engined.
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,
The fals prestes than opposeth
And axeth by what obseruance
She might moste, to the plesance
Of god, that nightes reule kepe.
And thei hir bidden for to slepe

Lyggend vpon the bedde a lofte.
 For so thei saiden, still and soft
 God Anubus hir wolde awake.
 The counseill in this wise take,
 The prestes fro this lady gone,
 And she that wiste of gile none
 In the maner as it was saide
 To slepe vpon the bedde, is laide
 In hope that she shulde acheue
 Thing, whiche stode than vpon beleue,
 Fulfilled of all holynesse.
 But she hath failed as I gesse.
 For in a closet faste by
 The duke was hid so priuely,
 That she him might not perceiue
 And he that thought to deceiue
 Hath suche araie vpon nome,
 That whan he wolde vnto hir come,
 It shulde semen at hir eie,
 As though she verily seie
 God Anubus, and in suche wise.
 This hepcrite, of his queintise
 Awayteth euer till she slept,
 And than out of his place he crept
 So still, that she nothing herde,
 And to the bedde stalyng he ferde:
 And sodenly, er she it wiste
 Beclipt in armes he hir kiste:
 Wherof in womannyshe drede
 She woke, and niste what to rede.
 But he, with softe wordes milde
 Comforteth hir, and saith, with childe
 He wolde hir make in suche a kynde,
 That all the world shall haue in minde
 The worshippe of that ylke sonne.
 For he shall with the gods wone,
 And ben him selfe a god also.

With suche wordes, and with mo,
 The whiche he feigneth in his speche:
 This ladies witte was all to seche,
 As she, whiche all trouthe weneth.
 But he, that all vntrouth meneth,
 With blynde tales so hir ladde,
 That all his will of hir he hadde.
 And whan him thought it was enough,
 Againe the daie he him withdrough
 So priuely, that she ne wiste
 Where he hecome, but as hym liste
 Out of the temple he goth his waie:
 And she begaune to bid and prairie
 Upon the bare grounde knelende:
 And after that made hir offrende,
 And to the prestes yefes great
 She yafe, and homeward by the strete
 The duke hir mette, and saide thus:

The mightie god, whiche Anubus
 Is hote, he saue the Pauline.
 For thou arte of his discipline.
 So holy, that no mans might
 Maie do, that he hath do to night
 Of thyng, whiche thou hast euer eschued:
 But I his grace haue so pursued,
 That I was made his leutenant.
 For thy by waie of couenant
 From this daie fourth I am all thyne,
 And if the like to be myne,
 That stonte vpon thyn owne wyll:

She herde this tale, and bare it styll,
 And home she went as it befyll
 Into hir chambre, and there she fill

Upon hir bedde to wepe and crie,
 And saide, O derke hypocrisie,
 Through whose dissimulacion
 O false imaginacion,
 I am thus wickedly disceiued:
 But that I haue it apperceiued,
 I thanke vnto the gods all.
 For though it ones be befall,
 I shall neuer este while that I liue:
 And thilke auowe to god I yene.
 And thus wepende she complaineth,
 Hir faire face and all disteineth
 With wofull teares hir eie,
 So that vpon this agonie
 Hir husbonde is in come,
 And sawe how she was ouercome
 With sorrow, and asketh hir what hir eileth.
 And she with that hir selfe bewelleth
 Well more than she did afore,
 And saide, alas wifehode is lore
 In me, whiche whilom was honest,
 I am none other than a beaste:
 Nowe I defouled am of two.

And as she might speake tho
 Ashamed with a pitous onde
 She tolde vnto hir husbonde
 The sothe of all the hole tale,
 And in hir speche, dead and pale
 She swoundeh well nigh to the last,
 And he hir in his armes faste
 Uphelde, and ofte swore his othe,
 That he with hir is nothyng wroth.
 For well he wote she maie there nought.
 But netheles within his thought
 His herte stode in a sorie plite,
 And saide, he wolde of that despite
 Be auenged, howe so euer it fall,
 And sent vnto his frendes all.

And whan thei were comen in fere,
 He tolde them vpon this matere,
 And asketh them, what was to done.
 And thei auised were soone,
 And said: It thought them for the best,
 To sette firste his wife in reste:
 And after plaine to the kyng
 Upon the matter of this thyng.

Tho was his wofull wife comforted
 By all waies, and disported,
 Tyll that she was somedele amended:
 And thus thei a daie or two dispended.
 The thirde daie she goth to plaine
 With many a worthie citezaine
 And he with many a citezeine.
 Whan the emperour it herde seine
 And knewe the falsehead of the vice,
 He saide, he wolde do Justice.
 And firste he let the prestes take,
 And for thei shulde it not forsake,
 He put them in to question:
 But thei of the suggestion
 Ne coude not a worde refuse:
 But for thei wolde them selfe excuse
 The blame vpon the duke thei laide.
 But there ayene the counsaile saide
 That thei be nought excused so.
 For he is one, and thei be two:
 And two haue more witte than one,
 So thilke excusement was none.
 And ouer that was saide them eke,
 That whan men wolde vertue seke,

Men shulde it in the prestes fynde,
 Their order is of so highe a kynde,
 That thei be diuisers of the weie.
 For thy if any man forswey
 Through them, thei be not excusable.
 And thus by lawe reasonable
 Amonge the wise iudges there,
 The prestes both damned were,
 So that the priuie trecherie,
 Hid vnder the false hipocrisie,
 Was than all openly shewed,
 That many a man them hath beshrewed.

And whan the prestes weren dede
 The temple of thilke horrible dede
 Thei thoughten purge, and thilke image,
 Whose cause was the pilgrimage
 Thei drouen out, and also faste
 Farre into the Tyber thei it cast,
 Where the riuier it hath defied:
 And thus the temple purified,
 Thei haue of thilke horrible sinne,
 Whiche was that time do therein
 Of this point suche was the deuise.
 But of the duke was otherwise.
 For he with loue was bestadde,
 His dome was nought so harde ladde.
 For loue put reasons awaie,
 And can nought see the right waie.
 And by this cause he was respited
 So that the death him was acquitted.
 But for all that he was exiled.
 For he his loue had so begiled,
 That he shall neuer come ayene,
 For he that is to trouth vnpleine
 He maie not failen of vengeance.

And eke to take remembrance
 Of that hipocrisie hath wrought,
 On other halue men shulden nought
 To lightly leue all that thei here:
 But than shulde a wise man stere
 The ship, whan suche wyndes blowe.
 For first though thei beginne loue
 At ende thei be nought meuable,
 But all to broke mast and cable,
 So that the ship with sodaine blasts
 (Whan men leste wene) is onercast.
 As nowe full often a man maie see.
 And of olde tyme howe it hath bee,
 I finde a great experience,
 Whereof to take an euidence
 Good is, and to beware also
 Of the perill or him be wo.

Hic viterius ponit exemplum de illa etiam hipocrisia, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculosissima consistit, et narrat qualiter Greci in obidione ciuitatis Troie, cum ipsam vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerunt, fallaci animo cum Troianis pacem vt dicunt pro perpetuo statuabant: et super hoc quandam equum mire grossionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in templo Minerue contingentes.

Of them that ben so derke within,
 At Troie also if we begiue
 Hipocrisie it hath betraied.
 For whan the grekes had all assaied,
 And fonde, that by no bataile,
 Ke by no siege it might anaile
 The towne to winne through prowesse,
 This vice feigned of simplesse

Through sleight of Calcas and of Cryse,
 It wanne by suche a maner wyse.

An horse of brasse thei lette do forge
 Of suche entaile, and of suche a forge,
 That in this worlde was neuer man
 That suche an other werke began.
 The craftie werkeman Epus
 It made, and for to tell thus,
 The grekes that thoughten to begile
 The kyng of Troie in thilke while,
 With Antenor, and with Enee,
 That were bothe of the cites,
 And of the counsell the wisest
 The richest, and the mightiest,
 In priuie place so thei treat
 With faire behestes and yettes greate
 Of golde, that thei than haue engined
 To gether, and whan thei be couined,
 Thei feignen for to make peace,
 And vnder that neuer the lesse
 Thei shopen the destruction
 Bothe of the kyng, and of the towne.
 And thus the fals peace was take
 Of them of Greece, and vndertake:
 And thervpon thei fonde a way
 Where strength might not away,
 That sleight shulde helpe than.
 And of an ynche a large spanne,
 By colour of the peace thei made,
 And tolden how thei were gladd
 Of that thei stonden in accorde.
 And for it shall ben of recorde,
 Unto the kyng the grekes saiden
 By waie of loue, and thus thei praiden,
 As thei that wolde his thanke deserue,
 A sacrifice vnto Minerue
 (The peace to kepe in good intent)
 Thei must offre, er that thei went.

The kyng counsailed in the case
 By Antenor and Eneas,
 Therto hath yoven his assent.
 So was the plaine trouthe blent
 Through counterfete hipocrisie
 Of that thei shulden sacrifice.
 The grekes vnder the holynes
 Anone with all besinesse
 Their hors of brasse lette faire dight,
 Which was to sene a wonder sight.
 For it was trapped of him selue,
 And had of smale wheles twelue,
 Upon the which men enough
 With craft toward the towne it drough,
 And goth glistrende ayenst the sonne.
 Tho was there ioye enough be gonne.
 For Troie in great deuocion
 Came also with procession
 Ayenst this noble sacrifice
 With great honour, and in this wise
 Unto the gates thei it brought.
 But of their entree whan thei sought,
 The gates weren all to smale,
 And thervpon was many a tale.
 But for the worshippe of Minerue,
 To whom thei comen for to serue,
 Thei of the towne, which vnderstode,
 That all this thing was done for good,
 For peace, wherof that thei be gladd,
 The gates, that Neptunus made
 A thousande winter ther to fore,
 Thei haue anone to broke and tore.

The stronge walles downe thei bete,
So that in to the large strete
This horse with great solemnitie
Was brought within the citee,
And offered with great reuerence,
Which was to Troie an euidence
Of loue and peace fur euerno.

The grekes token leaue tho,
With all the hole felashippe
And forth thei wenten in to shippe,
And crosen saile, and made hem yare,
Anone as though thei wolden fare.
But whan the blacke winter nighte
(Without moone or sterre lighte)
Bederked bath the water stronde,
All priuely thei gone to loude
Full armed out of the nauie,
Symou, which was made their espie
Within Troie, as was conspired,
Whan tyme was, a token fird,
And bath with that their waie bolden,
And comen right as thei wolden,
There as the gate was to broke,
The purpose was full take and spoke
Er any man maie take kepe,
While that the citee was a slepe,
Thei slouen all that was within,
And taken what thei mighten wynne
Of suche good as was suffinat,
And brenden vp the remenant.

And thus come out the trecherie
Which vnder false hypocrisie
Was hid, and thei that wened peace
Tho mighten finde no release
Of thilke swerde, which all deuoureth:
Full ofte and thus the swete soureth
Whan it is know to the taste:
He spilleth many a worde in waste,
That shall with suche a peopple trete.
For whan he weneth most beyete,
Than is he shape most to lese.
And right so if a woman chese
Upon the wordes, that she hereth,
Som man when he most true appereth,
Than is he forthest from the trowth:
But yet full ofte, and that is rooth
Thei speden, that be most vtrue,
And louen euery daie a newe:
Wherof the life is after lothe,
And loue hath cause to be wrothe.
But what man his luste desieth
Of loue, and therevpon conspireth
With wordes feigned to deceiue,
He shall not faile to receiue
His peine, as it is ofte sene.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, as I the mene,
It sitte the well to take hede,
That thou eschewe of thy manbede
Hypocrisie, and his semblant,
That thou ne nought be deceiuant,
To make a woman to beleue
Thing, which is not in thy beleue.
For in suche feint hypocrisie
Of loue, is all the trecherie:
Through which loue is deceiued ofte.
For feigned semblant is so soft
Unnethes loue maie beware,
For thy sonne, as I well dare,

I charge the to see that vice,
That many a woman hath made nice:
But loke thou deale not with all.

AMANS.

I wys father no more I shall.

CONFESSOR.

Now son kepe, that thou hast swore.
For this that thou haste herde before
Is said, the first point of pride:
And next vpon that other side
To shriue and speake ouer this
Touchande of pride yet there is
The pointe seconde I the behote,
Whiche Inobedience is hote.

Flectere quam frangi melius reputatur, & olia
Fictilia ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neque lex hoim, neque lex diuina valebit
Flectere, multotiens amor, non est sectendus amor.
Quem non flectit cor, non est sectendus ab vilo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignatus amor, poterit quos scire rebelles.
Et rudibus sortem præstat habere rudem.
Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amore,
Frangit in aduersis omnia fata pius.

Hic loquitur de secunda specie superbie, que Inobedientia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturam simpliciter declarat. Et tractat consequenter super illa inobedientia, que in curia Cupidinis exosa amoris causam ex sua imbecillitate sepiissime retardat.

THIS vice of inobedience
(Against the rule of conscience)
All that is humble he disalloweth,
That he towarde his god ne boweth
After the lawes of his heste,
Not as a man, but as a beaste,
Which goth vpon his lustes wilde:
So goth this proude vice vnmiide,
That he disdaineth all lawe,
He not what is to be felawe,
And serue maie be not for pride:
So is he ledde on euery side:
And is that selue, of whom men speake,
Which woll not bowe, or that he breke.
I not, if loue might him plie,
For eis for to iustife
His herte, I not what might auaille.
For thy me sonne of suche entaile
If that thyn herte be disposed,
Telle out and let it nought be glosed.
For if that thou vnuxome bee
To lone, I not in what degree
Thou shalte thy good worde acheue.

My father ye shall well beleue
The yonge whelpe, which is affaited,
Hath not his maister better awaited
To couche, whan he saith go lowe
Than I anone, as I maie knowe
My ladie will me bowe more:
But other while I grutche sore
Of some things, that she dooth,
Wherof that I woll tell sooth.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde, I might nought
Obeye vnto my ladies best,
But I dare make this behest,

Saue only of that ylke two
I am vnboxoume of no mo.

CONFESSOR.

What ben tho two, tell on quod hee?
My father this is one, that shies
Commandeth me my mouth to close,
And that I shulde hir nought appose
In loue, of which I ofte preache,
And plenary of suche a speache
Forbere, and suffre hir in peace.
But that ne might I netheles
For all this worlde obey I wis.
For whan I am there, as she is,
Though she my tales mought allowe
Ayne hir will, yet mote I bowe
To secbe, if that I might haue grace:
But that thinge maie I not embrace
For ought that I can speake or do:
And yet full ofte I speake so,
That she is wroth, and saith be still.
If I that best shall fulfill,
And therto ben obedient:
Than is my cause fully shent.
For specheles maie no man spede,
So wote I not what is to rede.
But certes I maie nought obieie,
That I ne mote sigates saie
Some what, of that I wolde mene.
For euer it is a liche greue
The great loue, whiche I haue,
Wherof I can not bothe saue
My speche, and this obedience,
And thus full ofte my silence
I breke: and is the first point,
Wherof that I am out of point
In this, and yet it is no pride.
Nowe then vpon that other side
To tell my disobeisance
Full sore it stant to my greuance,
And maie not sinke in to my witte,
Full ofte time she me bitte
To lenen hir, and chese a newe,
And saith, if I the sothe knewe,
Howe farre I stonde from hir grace,
I shulde loue in an other place.
But therof woll I disobeie.
For also well she might seie,
Go take the moone, there it sitte,
As brynge that into my witte,
For there was neuer rooted tree,
That stonde so faste in his degree,
That I ne stande more faste
Upon hir loue, and maie not caste
Myn herte away, all though I wolde.
For god swote though I neuer shulde
Seue hir with eie after this daie:
Yet stont it so, that I ne maie
Hir loue out of my breast remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That maugre where she woll or none,
Myn herte is euermo in one,
So that I can none other chese,
But whether that I winne or lese.
I mote hir loosen till I deye.
And thus I breke as by that wey
Hir bestes, and hir commandynges:
But truly in none other thynges.
For thy my father what is more
Touchands vnto this ilke lore

I you beseeche, after the forme,
That ye plainly me wolde enforme,
So that I maie mine herte rule
In loues cause after the rule.

Murmur in aduersis ita concipit ille superbus,
Poena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.
O bina fortunæ cum spes in amore resistit,
Non sine mentali murmure plangit amans.

Hic loquitur de murmure et planctu, qui super
omnes alios inobedientie secretioris, vt ministri
illi deseruiant.

TOWARDE this vice, of which we trets,
There ben yet tweie of thilke estrete,
Hir name is murmure and compleint,
There can no man hir chere peint,
To sette a glad semblant therin.
For touth fortune make them winne,
Yet grutchen thei: and if thei lese,
There is no waie for to chese:
Wherof thei might stonde appeased.
So ben thei commonly diseased.
There maie no welth ne pouerte
Attrempen them to the deserte
Of boxomnes by no wise.
For ofte tyme thei despise
The good fortune as the bad,
As thei no mans reasone had
Through pride, wherof thei ben blinde:
And right of suche a maner kynde
Ther be louers, that though thei haue
Of loue all that thei wolde craue:
Yet woll thei grutchen by some weie,
That thei wolde not to loue obeie
Upon the trouth, as thei do shulde.
And if them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Anone thei falle in suche a peine,
That euer vnboxomly thei pleine
Upon fortune, and curse and crie,
That thei woll not her hertes plie
To suffre, tyll it better fall.
For thy, if thou amonges all
Hast vsed this condicion
My sonne, in thy confession
Nowe tell me plainly, what thou arte.

AMANS.

My father, I beknowe a parte
So as ye tolden here aboue
Of murmure, and complaint of loue,
That for I see no spede commende,
Against fortune complainende
I am (as who saith) euermo:
And eke full ofte time also,
Whan so as that I see and here
Of heuy worde, or heuy chere
Of my lady, I grutche anone.
But wordes dare I speke none,
Wherof she might be displeased:
But in myne herte I am diseased
With many a murmure, god it wote.
Thus drinke I in myn owne swote.
And though I make no semblant,
Myn herte is all disobeisant
And in this wise I me confesse
Of that ye clepe vnboxomnes.

Nowe tell what your counsaile is.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne as I the rede this,
What so befall of other weie,
That thou to lones best obeie,
As far as thou it might suffice.
For ofte sith in suche a wise
Obedience in loue auaileth,
Where all a mans strength failleth.
Wherof if thou liste to witte,
In a cronicle as it is writte,
A great ensample thou maiste finde,
Whiche nowe cometh to my minde.

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendationem obedientie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Scellie filia in sue inuenturis floribus pulcherrime exsuis Nouerice incantationibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus amorosisque legibus intendens, ex sua obedientia in pulchritudinem pristinam reformauit.

THERE was whylom by daies olde
A worthy knight, as men tolde:
He was newew to the emperour,
And of his courte a courtour.
Wyfeles he was, Florent he hight,
He was a man, that mochell might:
Of armes he was desyrours,
Chualrons, and amorous,
And for the fame of worldes speche
Strange auentures wolde he seche.
He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a tyme, as he was out,
Fortune, whiche maie euery threde
To breke and knitte of mans spede
Shope, as this knight rode in a pase
That he by strength taken was,
And to a castell thei him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
For so it fell that ilke stounde,
That he hath with a deadly wounde
(Fightende) his owne hande slaine
Branchus, whiche to the Capitaine
Was sonne and heire, wherof ben wroth
The father and the mother bothe.
That knight Branchus was of his honde
The worthiest of all his londe:
And faine thei wolde do vengeance
Upon Florent, but remembrance,
That thei toke of his worthines
Of knighthode, and of gentilnes,
And how he stode of cosinage
To theemperour, made them assuage,
And durst not slaine hym for feare.
In great disputeson thei were
Amonge them selfe, what was the best.
There was a ladie (the sliest
Of all that men knewe tho
So olde) she might vnnethe go:
And was grandame vnto the dede,
And she with that began to rede:
And she saide, she wolde bring him in
That he shall him to death winne,
All onely of his owne grante,
Through strength of veray couenant

Without blame of any wight.
Anone she sent for this knight,
And of hir sonne she aleid
The death, and thus to him she saide.

Florent howe so thou be to wite
Of Branchus deathe, men shall respite
As nowe to take auengement,
Be so thou stonde in iudgement
Upon certaine condicion,
That thou vnto a question,
Whiche I shall aske, shalt answer.
And ouer this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the sothe faile,
There shall none other thyng auail,
That thou ne shalt thy dethe receiue,
And for men shall the not deceiue,
That thou therof mightest ben adnised,
Thou shalt haue daie and time assised,
And leue, safely for to wende.
Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ageine with thine auise.

This knight, whiche worthy was and wise.
This lady praieth, that he maie witte,
And haue it vnder seales writte,
What question it shulde be,
For whiche he shall in leopardie
Stonde of his life in ieopardie.
With that she freygneth companie
And saith Florent, on loue it hongeth
All that to myn askyng longeth,
What all women most desyre:
This woll I aske, and in thempire
Where thou hast most knowlageyng
Take counseile of this askyng.

Florent this thyng hath vndertake.
The tyme was sette, and daie take:
Under his seale he wrote his othe
In suche a wyse, and forth he gothe
Home to his emes courte againe,
To whome his auenture plaine
He tolde, of that is hym befall.
And vpon that thei were all
The wisest of the londe assent.
But netheles of one assent
Thei might not accorde plat.
One sayde this, an other that
After the disposicion
Of naturall complexion.

To some woman it is plesance,
That to an other is greuance.
But suche a thyng in speciall,
Whiche to them all in generall
Is most plesant, and moste desired
About all other, and most conspired,
Suche one can thei not finde
By constellation, ne by kinde.
And thus Florent without cure
Muste stonde vpon his auenture,
And is all shape vnto his liere,
And as in defaulte of his answers
This knight hath leauer for to die
Than breke his trouth and for to lie
In place where he was swore.

And shapeth him gone ayene therefore,
Whan time come he toke his leau,
That lenger wolde he not beleue,
And praieth his eme he be not wroth:
For that is a point of his othe
He saith, that no man shall him wreke,
Though afterwarde men here speke,

That he peraventure deie.
 And thus he went forth his weie
 Alone, as a knight auenturous,
 And in this thought was curious
 To wytte, what was best to do.
 And as he rode alone so,
 And cam nigh there he wolde bee,
 In a forest there vnder a tree
 He sawe, where satte a creature,
 A lothly womannishe figure,
 That for to speake of flesshe and bone
 So foule yet sawe I neuer none.
 This knight behelde hir redily,
 And as he wolde haue passed by,
 She cleped hym, and bad him abide.
 And he his hors head aside
 Tho torned, and to hir he rode,
 And there he houed, and abode
 To wit what she wolde mene.
 And she began him to bemene
 And saide: Florent by thy name,
 Thou haste on honde suche a game,
 That if thou be not better anised,
 Thy deth shapen is, and deuised,
 That all the worlde ne maie the saue,
 But if that thou my counseill haue.
 Florent whan he this tale herde,
 Uuto this olde wight answerde,
 And of hir counsaile he hir praide.
 And she ayene to him thus saide.
 Florent, if I for the so shape,
 That thou through me thy death escape,
 And take worshipp of thy dede,
 What shall I haue to my mede?
 What thing (quod he) that thou wold axe,
 I bid neuer a better taxe
 Quod she: but firste er thou be spedde,
 Thou shalt me leaue suche a wedde,
 That I wold baue thy troth on honde,
 That thou shalt be myn husbonde.
 Nay (saide Florent) that maie not bee,
 Ride than fourth thy wey, quod shee:
 And if thou go forth without reade,
 Thou shalt be sikerly deade.
 Florent behight hir good enough,
 Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough:
 Bat all that counteth she at nought.
 Tho fell this knight in muche thought.
 Now goth he forth, now cometh ayene,
 He wote not what is beste to seyne:
 And thought, as he rode to and fro,
 That chose he mote one of the two,
 Or for to take hir to his wife,
 Or elles for to lese his life.
 And than he caste his auantage,
 That she was of so great an age,
 That she maie liue but a while,
 And thought to put hir in an lle,
 Where that no man hir shulde knowe,
 Till she with death were ouerthrowe.
 And thus this yonge lustie knight
 Uuto this olde lothely wight
 Tho said: If that none other chance
 Maie make my deuierance,
 Bat onely thiike same speche,
 Whiche (as thou seist) thou shalt me teche,
 Haue here min honde, I shall the wedde:
 And thus his trouth he leyth to wedde.
 With that she frounceth vp the browe.
 This couenant wold I alowe

She saith, if any other thyng,
 But that thou hast of my teachyng,
 Fro deth thy body maie respite,
 I wold, the of thy trouth acquite:
 And elles by none other weie
 Now herken me, what I shall seie.
 Whan thou art come into the place,
 Where nowe thei maken great manace,
 And vpon thy comyng abide:
 Thei wold anone the same tide
 Oppose the of thine answeere.
 I wote thou wold nothinge forbere
 Of that thou wenest be thy beste.
 And if thou mightest so fynde reate,
 Well is, for than is ther no more:
 And elles this shall be my lore,
 That thou shalt saie vpon this molde,
 That all women leuest wolde
 Be soueraine of mans loue.
 For what woman is so aboue,
 She hath as who saith, all hir will,
 And elles maie she nought fulfill
 What thinge were hir leuest haue.
 With this answer thou shalt saue
 Thy selfe, and other wise nought.
 And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
 Come here ayene thou shalt me fynde,
 And let nothing out of thy mynde.
 He goth hym forth with heuy chere,
 As he that not in what manere
 He may this worldes ioie atteine.
 For if he die, he hath a peine:
 And if he liue, he mote him bynde
 To suche one, whiche of all kynde
 Of women is the vsmelieste:
 Thus wote he not, what is the beste.
 But be him liefe, or be him loth,
 Unto the castell fourth he goth,
 His full answer for to yeue
 Or for to die, or for to liue.
 Foorth with his counseile came the lorde,
 The thynges stoden of recorde,
 He sent vp for the ladie soone:
 And fourth she came that olde moone
 In presence of the remenant.
 The strengthe of all the couenant
 Tho was rehersed openly,
 And to Florent she bad for thy,
 That he shall tellen his auise,
 As he that wote, what is the price.
 Florent saieih all that euer he couth.
 But suche worde cam ther nous to mouth,
 That he for yefte, or for behest
 Might any wise his deth areste:
 And thus he tarieth longe and late,
 Till this ladie bad algate,
 That he shall for the dome fnall
 Yeue his answeere in speciall,
 Of that she had him first opposed.
 And than he hath truly supposed,
 That he him maie of nothyng yelp,
 But if so be tho wordes helpe,
 Which as the woman hath him taught,
 Wherof he hath an hope caught,
 That he shall be excused so,
 And tolde out plaine his will tho.
 And whan that this matron herde
 The maner how this knight answerde,
 She saide, ha treason wo the bee,
 That haste thus tolde the priuitee,

Which all women most desire :
 I wolde that thou were a fire.
 But netheles in suche a piite
 Florent of his answer is quite.
 And tho began his sorowe newe.
 For he mote gone, or be vntrewe,
 To hir, which his trouthe had.
 But he, which all shame drad,
 Goth fourth in stede of his penance,
 And taketh the fortune of his chance,
 As he, that was with trouthe affaited.

This olde wight him hath awaited
 In place, where as he hir lefte.

Florent his wofull heed vp lifte,
 And sawe this vecke, where that she sit,
 Which was the lothest wighte
 That euer man caste on his eie:
 Hir nose baas, hir broves hie,
 Hir eies small, and depe sette,
 Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
 And riuelyn, as an empty skyn,
 Hangyng downe vnto the chyn,
 Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
 There was no grace in bir visage.
 Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
 She loketh fourth, as doth a more:
 Hir necke is short, hir shuldres courbe,
 That might a mans luste distourbe:
 Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,
 And shortly to descriue hir all,
 She hath no lith without a lacke
 But like vnto the woll sacke.
 She profereth hir vnto this knight,
 And bad him, as he hath behight
 (So as she hath bene his warrant)
 That he hir held couenant:
 And by the bridell she him seaseth:
 But god wot how that she him pleaseth.
 Of suche wordes, as she speketh,
 Him thinketh wel nye his hert breketh
 For sorow, that he maie not flee,
 But if he wolde vntrewe bee.

Loke how a sicke man, for his hele
 Taketh baldemoyrn with the canele,
 And with the myrre taketh the sugre:
 Right vpon suche a maner lucre
 Stant Florent, as in this diete.
 He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
 He medleth sorowe with likyng,
 And liueth so, as who saieth, diyng:
 His youth shall be cast away
 Upon suche one, which as the way
 Is olde, and lothely ouerall:
 But nede he mot, that nede shall.
 He wolde algate his trouthe holde,
 As euery knight therto is holde,
 What hap so euer him is befall,
 Though she be the fouleste of all,
 Yet to honour of woman head
 Him thought he shulde taken head:
 So that for pure gentilnesse,
 As he hir couth best adresse
 In ragges, as she was to tore,
 He set hir on his hors tofore,
 And fourth he taketh his way softe.

No wonder though he sigheth ofte
 But as an oude fleeth by night
 Out of all other byrdes sight:
 Right so this knight on daies brode
 In close him helde, and shope his rode

On nightes tyme, till the tide
 That he come there, he wolde abide
 And priuely, without noyse
 He bryngeth this foule great coyse
 To his castell, in suche a wise,
 That no man might hir shape auise,
 Till she in to the chamber came,
 Where he his preuy counseille name
 Of suche men as be most truste.
 And told them, that he nedes muste
 This beaste wedde to his wife,
 For els had he loste his life.

The priue women were assent,
 That shulden ben of his assent,
 Hir ragges thei anon of drawe,
 And as it was that tyme laue,
 She had bathe, she had reste,
 And was arraied to the beste.
 But with no craft of combes brode
 Thei might hir hore lockes shode.
 And she ne wolde not be shore
 For no counsaill, and thei therfore
 With suche a tyre, as tho was used,
 Orleyne, that it was excused,
 And had so craftely about
 That no man might seen them out.

But whan she was fully arraied,
 And hir a tyre was all assaied,
 Tho was she fouler vnto see.
 But yet it maie none other bee.
 Thei were wedded in the night:
 So wo begune was neuer knight,
 As he was thau of mariage.
 And she bygan to plaie and rage,
 As who saith, I am well enough.
 But he therof nothyng ne lough.
 For she toke than chere on honde,
 And clepeth him hir husbonde,
 And saith: My lorde, go we to bedde.
 For I to that entent the wedde,
 That thou shalt be my worldes blisse,
 And profereth him with that to kisse,
 As she a lusty lady were.
 His bodie might well be there,
 But as of thought, and of memorie
 His herte was in purgatorie.
 But yet for strengthe of matrimonie
 He might make non essonie,
 That he ne mote algates plie
 To go to bed of companie.

And when they were a bed naked,
 With oute slepe he was awaked.
 He torneth on that other side,
 For that he wolde his eyen hide
 Fro lokyng of that foull wight.
 The chamber was all full of light,
 The courteins were of sendall thyn.
 This newe bride, which laie within,
 Though it be nought with his acorde,
 In armes she beclept hir lorde,
 And praied, as he was torned fro,
 He wolde him torne ayenward tho.
 For now (she saith) we be both one.

But he laie still as any stone
 And euer in one she spake and praide,
 And bad him thynke on that he saide,
 When that he toke hir by the honde.
 He herd, and vnderstode the bonde,
 How he was set to his penance:
 And as it were a man in trance,

He torneth him all sodenly,
 And sawe a lady laie him by
 Of eightene wynter age,
 Whiche was the fairest of visage
 That euer in all this worlde he sighe:
 And as he wolde haue take hir nyghte
 She put hir honde, and by his leue
 Besought him, that he wolde leue,
 And saith, for to wyne or lese
 He mot one of two thynges chese,
 Where he woll haue hir suche on nyght,
 Or els vpon daies light.
 For he shall not haue both two.
 And he began to sorowe tho
 In many a wise, and caste his thought.
 But for all that yet coude he nought
 Deuise him selfe, which was the beste.
 And she that wolde his hert reate,
 Praieth, that he shulde chese algate.
 Till at the laste longe and late
 He saide: O ye my liues hele,
 Saie what ye liste in my quarele.
 I not what answeere I shall yeue:
 But euer while that I maie liue
 I woll, that ye be my maistresse.
 For I can not my selfe gesse,
 Whiche is the beste vnto my choyce.
 Thus grante I yow myn holl voyoe,
 Chese for vs both, I yow praiue:
 And what as euer that ye saie,
 Right as ye woll, so woll I.

My lorde, she saide, grant mercy
 For of this worde, that ye now saine
 That ye haue made me soueraine
 My destynye is ouerpassed,
 That neuer here after shall be lassed
 My beantes whiche that I nowe haue,
 Tyll I be take in to my graue.
 Both nyght and daie, as I am nowe,
 I shall alwey be suche to you.
 The kynges daughter of Cecile
 I am, and fell but sith a while,
 As I was with my father late,
 That my stepmother for an hate,
 Whiche towards me she hath begonne,
 Forshope me, till I had'wonne
 The loue, and the soueraintee
 Of what knight, that in his degree
 All other passeth of good name:
 And as men saine, ye ben the same.
 The deed proueth it is so.
 Thus am I yours for euer mo.

Tho was plesance and ioye enough,
 Echone with other plaied and lough.
 Thei liue longe, and well thei ferde,
 And clerkes, that this chaunce herde,
 Thei wryten it in euidence,
 To teche, howe that obedience,
 Maie weil fortune a man to loue,
 And sette hym in his luste aboue,
 As it befell vnto this knight.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne, if thou do right,
 Thou shalt vnto thy loue obeie,
 And folowe hir will by all weie.

Myne holy father so I wyll,
 For ye haue tolde me suche a styl
 Of this ensample nowe tofore,
 That I shall enforme therfore

Here afterwarde mine obseruance
 To loue, and to his obeisance
 The better kepe. And ouer this
 Of pride, if there ought eiles is
 Wherof that I me shriue shall,
 What thyng it is inspecial
 My father asketh I you praiue.

CONFESSOR.

Nowe list my sonne, and I shall saie.
 For yet there is surquedrie,
 Whiche stant with pride of companie
 Wherof that thou shalt here anone:
 To knowe if thou haue gilt or none
 Upon the forme as thou shalt here
 Nowe vnderstonde well the matere.

Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,
 Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.
 Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
 In laqueos Veneris forcus ipse cadit.
 Sepe (cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem
 Fallit, & in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.

Hic loquitur de tercia species suberbie, que presumpcio dicitur, cuius naturam primo secundum vitium confessor simpliciter declarat.

SURQUEDRIE is thilke vice
 Of pride, whiche the thirde office
 Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
 The trouth, till it ouerthrowe
 Upon his fortune and his grace
 Cometh, *Had I wiste*, full ofte a place.
 For he doth all his thyng by gesse,
 And voideth all sikernesse.
 None other counsell good bym semeth
 But suche, as him selfe demeth.
 For in, suche wise as he compasseth,
 His witte alone all other passeth,
 And is with pride so through sought,
 That he all other set at nought,
 And weneth of him seluen so:
 That suche as he is, there be no mo.
 And thus he wolde beare a price
 So faire, so semely, nor so wise
 Abouen all other, and nought for thy
 He saith not ones graunt mercy
 To god, whiche all grace sendeth:
 So that his witten he despendeth
 Upon him selfe as though there were
 No god, whiche might auaille there:
 But all vpon his owne witte
 He stant, till he fall in the pitte
 So ferre, that he maie not arise.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa sattem presumptione, ex cuius superbie quem plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sibi promittant in expediti citius destituantur.

AND right thus in the same wise
 The vice vpon the cause of loue
 And proudly set the herte aboue,
 And doth him plainly for to wene,
 That he to louen any quene
 Hath worthines, and suffiance:
 And so without purueiance,
 Full ofte he beweth vp so hie,
 That chips fallen in his eie.

And eke full ofte he weneth this,
There as he nought beloued is
To be beloued all there beste.
Noue sonne telleth what so the leste
Of this, that I haue tolde here.

AMANS.

Ha father be nought in a were,
I trowe there be no man lesse
Of any maner worthinesse,
That halt him lasse worthy than I
To be beloued, and not for thy,
I saie in excusyng of me.
To all men, that loue is fre.
And certes that maie no man werne.
For loue is of him selfe so derne,
It luteth in a maus herte:
But that ne shall not me asterte,
To wene for to be worthy
To loue, but in hir mercy.
But sire, of that ye wolde mene,
That I shulde otherwise wene
To be beloued, than I was:
I am beknowe, as in this case.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne tell me howe.

AMANS.

Noue liste, and I woll tell you
My good father howe it is.
Full ofte it hath befaller this
Through hope, that was not certaine
My wenyng hath be set in vaine,
To trust in thing, that helpe me nought
But onely of mine owne thought
For as it semeth, that a bell,
Lyke to the wordes that men tell
Answereth: ryght so no more ne lesse,
To you my father I confesse,
Suche will my witte hath ouer sette,
That what so hope me behete,
Full many a time I wene it sooth.
But finally no spede it dooth.
Thus maie I tellen, as I can,
Wenyng begyleth many a man:
So bath it me, right well I wote.
For if a man wolde in a bote
(Whiche is without botome) rowe,
He must nedes ouerthrowe.
Right so wenyng hath fardre by mee.
For whan I wende next haue bee
(As I by my wenyng caste)
Than was I fortheste at laste:
And as a foole my bowe vnbende,
When all was failed, that I wende,
For thy my fader, as of this,
That my wenyng hath gone amis
Tochend to Surquedrie,
Yeue me my penance er I die.
But if ye wolde in any forme,
Of this matter a tale enforme,
Whiche were ayene this vice set,
I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui
suis viribus presumentes debiliores efficiuntur,
et narrat qualiter ille Campanicus miles in ar-
mis probatissimus de sua presumens audacia

inuocationem ad superos tempore necessitatis
ex recordia tum et non aliter primitus proue-
nisse asseruit, unde in obsidione ciuitatis The-
barum, cum ipse quodam die coram suis hosti-
bus ad debellandum se obtulit, ignis de celo
subito super veniens ipsum armatum totaliter
in cineres combusit.

MY sonne in all maner wise
Surquedrie is to despise;
Wherof I fynde write thus.
The proud knight Campaneus,
He was of suche Surquedrie,
That he through his chiuallrie
Upon hym selfe so mocheill truste,
That to the gods him ne luste
In no quarell to beseche,
But saide, it was an ydell speche,
Whiche cause was of pure drede
For lacke of herte, and for no nede:
And vpon suche presumpcion
He helde this proude opiniou,
Tyll at the laste vpon a daie
About Thebes, where he laie,
Whan it of siege was beleine,
This knight, as the Cronike seine,
In all maus sight there,
Whan he was proudest in his gere,
And thought nothyng might him dere,
Full armed with his shelde and spere,
As he the citee wolde assaile,
God toke hym selfe the battaile
Ayenst his pride, and fro the skie
A firie thonder sodeinly
He sende, and hym to powder smote.
And thus the pride, whiche was hote,
Whan he most in his strength wende
Was brent, and lost withouten ende.
So that it proueth well therefore,
The strength of man is some lore.
But if that he it well gouerne.
And ouer this a man maie lerne,
That eke full ofte tyme it greueth,
What that a man him selfe beleueth,
As though it shulde him well beseeme,
That he all other men can deme,
And hath foryete his owne vice,
A tale of them that be so nice,
And feignen them selfe to be so wise,
I shall the tell in suche a wise:
Wherof thou shalte ensample take,
That thou no suche thyng vndertake.

Hic loquitur confessor contra illos, qui de sua
scientia presumentes aliorum condiciones diju-
dicantes indiscrete redarguunt, et narrat exem-
plum de quodam principe regis Hungarie ger-
mano, qui cum fratrem suum pauperibus in
publico vidit humiliatum, ipsum redarguendo
in contrarium edocere presumebat, sed rex
omni sapientia prepollens, ipsum sic incaute
presumentem ad humilitatis memoriam terribili
prouidentia mitius castigauit.

I FYNDE vpon Surquedrie,
Howe that whilom of Hungarie
By olde daies was a kyng,
Wise, and honest in all thyng.
And so befelle vpon a daie
(And that was in the moneth of Maie)

As thilke tyme it was vsance,
 This kynge, with noble puruiance
 Hath for him selfe his chare araid,
 Wherin he wolde ride araid,
 Out of the citee for to plaie,
 With lordes, and with great noblaie,
 Of lustie folke that were yonge,
 Where some plaide, and some songe,
 And some gone, and some ride,
 And some pricke her horse side,
 And bridlen them nowe in nowe out.
 The kynge his eie caste aboute,
 Till he was at last ware
 And saw comyng ageine his chare,
 Two pilgremes of so great age,
 That like vnto a drie image
 That weren pale and fade bewed,
 And as a busshe, whiche is besnewed,
 Their berdes weren bore and white:
 There was of kynde but a lite
 That thei ne semen fully deade.
 Thei come to the kynge, and bede
 Some of his good pur charitee.
 And be with great humilitee
 Out of his chare to gronde lepte,
 And them in both his armes clepte,
 And kist them both foote and bonde
 Before the lordes of his londe,
 And yafe them of his good therto.
 And whan he hath this dede do,
 He goth into his chare ageine.
 Tho was murmour, tho was disdeigne,
 Tho was complaint on euery side.
 Thei saiden of their owne pride
 Echone till other, what is this?
 Our kynge hath do this thing amisse
 So to abuse his roialtee,
 That euery man it might see,
 And bumbled him in suche a wise
 To them that were of none emprise.
 Thus was it spoken to and fro
 Of them, that were with hym tho
 All prively behinde his backe,
 But to him selfe no man spake.
 The kynges brother in presence
 Was thilke time, and great offence
 He toke therof, and was the same
 Above all other, whiche moste blame
 Upon his liege lorde hath layde,
 And hath vnto the lordes saide
 Anou, as he maie time finde:
 There shall nothyng be lefte behynde,
 That he woll speke vnto the kynge.
 Nowe liste what fell vpon this thyng.
 Thei were merie, and faire enough,
 Echone with other plaide and lough
 And fallen into tales newe,
 Howe that the freshe floures grewe,
 And howe the greene leaues spronge,
 And howe that lone amonge the yonge,
 Beganne the hertes than wake,
 And euery birde hath chose his make.
 And thus the Maies daie to thende
 Thei leade, and home ayene thei wende.
 The kynge was not so soone come,
 That whan he had his chambre nome,
 His brother ne was redie there,
 And brought a tale vnto his eare
 Of that he did suche a shame,
 In hindryng of his owne name:

YOL. II.

Whan he him selfe so wolde dretche,
 That to so yile a powre wretche
 Him deigneth showe suche simplese
 Against the state of his noblesse,
 And saith, he shall it no more vse;
 And that he mote him selfe excuse
 Towarde his lordes euerichone.

The kynge stode still as any stone,
 And to his tale an eare he laide,
 And thought more than he saide.
 But netheles to that he herde
 Well curtoisly the kynge answerde
 And tolde, it shulde ben amended.
 And thus whan that their tale is ended,
 All redy was the borde and clothe:
 The kynge vnto his souper goth
 Amonge the lordes, to the hall.
 And whan thei hadden souped all,
 Thei token leue, and forth thei go.
 The kynge bethought him selfe tho,
 Howe he his brother maie chastie,
 That he through his surquedrie
 Toke vpon honde, and to dipreise
 Humilitee, whiche is to preise:
 And therupon yafe suche counseile
 Towarde his king, whiche was vnheile
 Wherof to be the better lered
 He thinketh to maken hym afered.

It fell so, that in thilke dawe
 There was ordeined by the lawe
 A Trompe, with a sterne breath,
 Whiche was cleped the trompe of death:
 And in the Court, where the kyng was
 A certain man, this trompe of brasse
 Hath in keepyng, and therof serueth
 That whan a lorde his death deserueth.
 He shall this dredfull trompe blowe
 Tofore his gate, and make it knowe,
 How that the iugement is yene
 Of deathe, whiche shall not be foryeue.

The kynge whan it was night anone
 This man assent, and had him gone
 To trumpen at his brothers gate.
 And he, whiche mote doue algate,
 Goth fourth, and doth the kynges besta.

This lorde, whiche herde of this tempest,
 That he tofore his gate blew,
 Tho wist he by the lawe, and knewe,
 That he was sekerly deade,
 And as of helpe he wist no rede:
 But sende for his frendes all,
 And tolde them how it is befall

And thei hym aske cause why.
 But he the soothe not, for thy
 Ne wist, and there was sorowe tho.
 For it stode thilke time so,
 This trompe was of suche sentence,
 That there ayene no resistance
 Thei coude ordeine by no weie,
 That he ne mote algate deie:
 But if so that he maie purchase
 To gette his liege lordes grace:
 Their wittes therupon thei cast,
 And ben appouinted at last.

This lorde a worthie ladie had
 Unto his wife, whiche also drad
 Hir lordes death, and children fue
 Betwene hem two thei had aliuc,
 That weren yonge, and tender of age,
 And of stature, and of visage.

D

Right faire and lustie on to see.

Tho casten thei, that he and shee,
Foorthe with their children on the morowe,
As thei that were full of sorowe,
All naked but of smocks and sherte,
To tendre with the kynges herte,
His grace shuld go to seche,
And pardon of the death besече.

Thus passen thei that wofull night.
And erly whan thei sawe it light,
Thei gone them forth in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde diuise,
All naked, but their shertes one
Thei wepte, and made muche mone.
Their heare hanged about their eares,
With sobbynge, and with sorye teares
This lorde goth then an humble pas,
That whilom proude and noble was:
Wherof the citee sore a sight,
Of them that sawen thilke sight.
And nethelesse all openly
With suche wepyng, and with suche crie,
Foorth with his children, and his wife
He goth to praie for his life.

Unto the court whan thei be come,
And men therin haue hied nome.
There was no wight, if he them sie
From water might kepe his eie
For sorowe, whiche thei maden tho.

The kyng supposeth of this wo,
And feigneth, as he nought ne wist.
But netheles at his vpriste
Men tolde him, howe it ferde.
And whan that he this wonder herde,
In hast he goth in to the halle:
And all at ones downe thei falle,
If any pitee maie be founde.
The kyng, which seeth them go to grounde,
Hath asked them what is the fere,
Why thei be so dispoiled there.

His brother saide, A lorde mercy,
I wote none other cause why,
But onely that this night full late
The troupe of death was at my gate,
In token that I shulde die.

Thus we be come for to preye,
That ye my worldes deathes respite.

Ha foole, how thou art for to wite,
The kyng vnto his brother saide,
That thou arte of so litell fraide,
That onely for a trompes sowne
Hath gone dispoiled through the towne.
Thou, and thy wife in suche manere,
Foorthe with thy children that ben here
In sight of all men aboute:
For that thou sayst, thou art in doubt
Of death, whiche stant vnder the lawe
Of man, and man maie it withdrawe,
So that it maie percbance faile.
Nowe shalt thou not for thy merruile
That I downe from my chare aight,
Whan I behelde to fore my sight,
In them that were of so great age,
Myn owne dethe through their ymage,
Whiche god bath set by lawe of kynde,
Wherof I maie no boote finde.
For well I wote, suche as thei bee,
Right suche am I in my degree,
Of fleshe, and bloud, and so shall deie.
And thus though I that lawe obeie,

Of whiche that kynges be put vnder,
It ought be well the lesse wonder
Than thou, whiche arte without nede
For lawe of londe in suche a drede:
Whiche for to accompte is but a iape,
As thing, which thou might ouerscape.
For thy my brother after this
I rede, that sethen, that so is,
That thou canst drede a man so sore,
Drede god with all thyn herte more.
For all shall die, and all shall passe,
As well a lyon as an asse:
As well a begger as a lorde
Towardes deathes in one accorde
Thei shall stonde, and in this wise
The kyng with his wordes wise,
His brother taught, and all foryeue.

CONFESSOR.

For thy my sonne if thou wolt lise
In vertue, thou must vice eschewe,
And with lowe herte humblemese sewe,
So that thou be not surquedous.

AMANS.

My father I am amorous,
Wherof I wolde you besече,
That ye me by some waie scape,
Whiche might in loues cause stande.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne thou shalt vnderstande,
In loue, and other thynges all
If that surquedry fall,
It maie to him not well betide,
Which vseth thilke vice of pride,
Whiche tougneth wisdome to wenyng,
And sothfastnes into lesyng
Through foule imaginacion,
And for thyn enformacion,
That thou this vice (as I the rede)
Eschewe shalte, a tale I rede,
Whiche felle whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ouide tolde.

Hic in speciali tractat Confessor cum Amante
contra illos, qui de propria formositate presu-
mentes amorem mulieris dedignantur, Et nar-
rat exemplum, qualiter cuiusdam principis
filius Nomine Narcissus estimo tempore, cum
ipse venationis causa quandam ceruum solus
cum suis canibus exagitaret, in grauem sitim
incurrens necessitate compellus ad bibendum
de quodam fonte pronus inclinauit: vbi ipse
faciem suam pulcherrimam in aqua percipiens
putabat se per hoc illam Nympham, quam poete
Echo vocant in flumine coram suis oculis con-
spexisse, de cuius amore confestim laqueatus, vt
ipsum ad se de fonte extraheret, pluribus blan-
ditiis adlabatur, sed cum illud nullatenus per-
ficere potuit, praenimio languore deficiens
contra lapides ibidem adiacentes caput exuer-
berans cerebrum effudit.

There was whilom a lordes sonne,
Whiche of his pride a vice wonne
Hath caught, that worthe to his liche,
To sechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to loue,
So high he set him selfe aboue

Of statures, and of beautee bothe,
That him thought all women lothe.
So was there no comparison,
As towarde his condicions.

This yonge lorde Narcissus hight,
No strength of loue bowe might
His herte, which is vnafled.
But at laste he was begiled.
For of the goddess purueiance
It felde him on a daie perchance,
That he in all his proude fare,
Unto the forest gan to fare
Amonge other, that there were,
To hunt, and disporte him there.
And when he came in to the place,
Where that he walde make his chace,
The houndes were within a throwe
Uncoupled, and the hornes blowe.
The great herte anone was founde,
With swifte feete set on the grounde:
And he with spore in horse side,
Him hasteth faste for to ride,
Till all men be left behynde.
And as he rode vnder a lynde
Beside a roche, as I the tell,
He sawe where spronge a luttie well.

The daie was wondre botte withall,
And suche a thurste was on him fall,
That he must other die or drinke.
And downe he light, and by the brinke
He tide his hors vnto a branche
And laide him lowe for to stanche,
His thurst: And as he cast his loke
Into the well, and bede toke,
He sawe the like of his visage,
And wende there were an ymage
Of suche a nymphe, as tho was fay
Wherof that loue his herte assaye
Began, as it was after sene
Of his sotie, and made him wene
It were a woman, that he sigbe.
The more that he came the well nigh,
The nere came she to him ageine:
So wist he neuer what to seine.
For when he wepte, he sawe hir wepe,
And when he cried, he toke good kepe,
The same worde she cried also.
And thus began the newe wo,
That whilom was to him so strange.
Two made him loue and harde exchange
To set his herte, and to begynne
Thyng, whiche he might neuer wyne.
And euer amonge he gan to loute,
And praieth, that she to him come out.
And other while he goth a ferre,
And other while he draweth nerre:
And euer he fonde hir in o place.
He wepeth, he crieth, he asketh grace,
There as he might gette none.
So that ayene a roche of stone,
As he that knewe none other reade
He smote him selfe till he was deade:
Wherof the Nymphes of the welles,
And other that there weren els
Unto the wodes belongende,
The bodie, whiche was deade lygende,
For pure pitee, that thei haue,
Under graue thei begraue.
And than out of his sepulture
There spronge anone perauenture

Of floures suche a wonder sight,
That men ensample take might
Upon the dedes, which he dede.
And tho was sene in other stede:
For in the wynter fresshe and faire
The floures bene, whiche is contraire
To kynde, and so was the folie,
Whiche fell of his surquedrie.
Thus he, whiche loue had in disdeigne
Werst of all other was beseine,
And as he set his price most hie,
He was lest worthie in loues cie,
And most be iaped in his witte,
Wherof the remembrance is yet:
So that thou might ensample take,
And eke all other for his sake.

AMANS.

My father, as touchende of mee,
This vice I thinke for to flee,
Whiche of his wenyng euer troweth,
And namelich of thing, whiche groweth
In loues cause, or well or wo:
Yet prided in me neuer so.
But wolde god that grace sende,
That towarde me my lady wende,
As I towardes hir wene,
My loue shulde so be sene,
There shulde go no pride a place.
But I am farre fro thilke grace.
And for to speake of tyme nowe,
So mote I suffre, I praie you,
That ye woll aske on other side,
If there be any point of pride:
Wherof it nedeth me to be sbrue.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, god it the foryeue,
If thou haue any thyng mydo
Touchend of this: but enermo
Ther is another yet of pride,
Whiche neuer coude his wordes hide,
That he ne wolde hym selfe ausant:
There maie nothings his tonge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle,
It is behouely for to here,
So that thou might thy tonge stere
Toward the worlde, and stande in grace:
Which lacketh ofte in many a place.
To hym that can not sitte still,
Whiche els shulde haue all his will.

Magniloque propriam minuit iactantia linguam,
Famam quam stabilem firmat honore silent,
Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, vnde
Se sua per verba iactat in orbe palam,
Est que viri culpa iactantia, que rubifacitas
In muliere reas causat habere genas

Hic loquitur de quarta specie superbie, que iactantia dicitur, ex cuius natura causatur, vt homo de se ipso testimonium perhibens, suarum virtutum merita de laude in culpam transfert et suam famam cum extollere vellet, illam proprio ore subuertit. Sed et Venus in amoris causa de isto vicio maculatos a sua curia super omnes alios abhorrens expellit, et eorum multiloquium verecundia detestatur, vnde Confessor Amans opponens materiam plenius declarat.

THE vice cleped auantaunce,
 With pride hath take his acquaintance.
 So that his owne price be lasseth,
 Whan he suche mesure ouerpasseth,
 That be his owne heraulde is,
 That first was well, is than amisse,
 That was thanke worthie, is than blame:
 And thus the worshippes of his name,
 Through pride of his auantrie,
 He tourneth into vilonie.

I rede, howe that this proude vice
 Hath thilke hunt in his office,
 Through whiche the blastes that he bloweth
 The mans fame he ouerthroweth
 Of vertue, whiche shulde els sprynge.
 Unto the worldes knowlegyng:
 But he fordothe it all to sore.
 And right of suche maner lore
 There ben louers, for thy if thou
 Arte one of hem, tell and saie howe,
 Whan thou hast taken any thyng
 Of loues yefte, or ouche, or ryng,
 Or toke vpon the for the colde
 Some goodly worde that the was tolde
 Of frendly chere, or token, or letter,
 Wherof thyn herte was the better.
 Of that she sent the gretynng
 Hast thou for pride of thy lykynng
 Made thyn auant, where as the liste?

AMANS.

I wolde father that ye wist,
 My conscience lyeth not here:
 Yet had I neuer suche matters,
 Wherof myn herte myght amende,
 Not of so muche as she sende
 By mouth, and saide, Grete him well.
 And thus for that there is no dele,
 Wherof to make mine auant,
 It is to reason accordaunt,
 That I maie neuer, but I lie,
 Of loue make auantrie.
 I wote not what I shulde haue do.
 If that I had encheson so,
 As ye haue saide here many one:
 But I fond cause neuer none
 But dauuger, whiche me welnie slough:
 Therof I couth tell enough,
 And of none other auantaunce:
 Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
 Nowe asketh farther of my life:
 For herof am I not giltife.

My sonne, I am well paid with all.
 For wite it well in speciall,
 That loue of his veraic iustice,
 Aboue all other ayeue this vice,
 At all times most debateth
 With all his herte: and most it hateth:
 And eke in all maner wise
 Auantrie is to despise,
 As by ensample thou might witte,
 Whiche I fynde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui
 vel de sua in armis probitate, vel de suo in
 amoris causa desiderio completo se iactant, Et
 narrat qualiter Albinus primus rex Longo bar-
 dorum cum ipse quendam alium regem nomine
 Gurmundum in bello orientem triumphasset,
 testam capitis defuncti auferens ciphura ex ea

gemmis et auro circumligatum in sue victorie
 memoriam fabricari constituit, in super et ipsius
 Gurmundi filiam Rosemundam rapiens, mari-
 tali thoro in coniugem sibi copulauit. Unde ipso
 Albino postea coram sui regni nobilibus in suo
 regali conuiuijo sedente dicti Gurmundi ciphura
 infuso vino ad se inter epulas afferri iussit, quem
 sumptum vxori sue regine porrexit dicens. Bibe
 cum patre tuo, quod et ipsa huiusmodi operis
 ignara fecit. Quo facto rex statim super his
 que prius gesta fuerant cunctis audientibus
 per singula se iactauit. Regina vero cum talis
 audisset animo celato factum obhorrens in mor-
 tem domini sui regis circumspccta industria con-
 spirauit. Ipsumque auxiliantibus Glodesida et
 Helmege breui sub secuto tempore interfecit,
 cuius mortem dux raueneusis tam in corpus
 regine quam suorum fautorum postea vinda-
 dicauit.

Of them, that we lumbardes now call,
 Albinus was the firste of all,
 Which bare crowne of Lumbardie,
 And was of great chivalrie
 In warre ageinst diuers kynges.
 So felle amonge other thynges,
 That he that time a warre had
 With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
 And was a mightie kyng also:
 But netheles it fell hym so,
 Albinus slough him in the felde,
 Ther halpe him nother spere ne shelde,
 That he ne smote his head of than,
 Wherof he toke away the panne:
 Of whiche he saide he wolde make
 A cuppe, for Gurmundes sake,
 To kepe and drawe in to memorie
 Of his bataile the victorie.
 And thus when he the felde had wonne,
 The londe anon was ouerroune,
 And seised in his owne honde,
 Where he Gurmundes daughter fonde,
 Whiche maide Rosemunde hight,
 And was in euery mans sight
 A faire, freshe, a lustie one.
 His herte fill to her snoue,
 And suche a loue on hir he cast,
 That he hir wedded at the laste.
 And after that longe time in reste
 With hir he dwelleth, and to the beste
 They loue eche other wonder wele:
 But she, whiche kepeth the blynd whele,
 Venus, when they be moste aboute
 In all the hottest of her loue,
 Hir whele she torneth, and thei fell
 In the maner as I shall tell.
 This kyng, whiche stode in all his welth,
 Of pees, of worship, and of helth,
 And felt him on no side grieved,
 As he that hath his worlde acheued:
 Tho thought he wolde a feast make,
 And that was for his wiues sake,
 That she the lordes of the feste
 That were obeisant to his heste,
 Maie knowe: and so foorth there vpon
 He let ordene, and sent anon
 By letters, and by messengers,
 And warned all his officers,
 That euery thyng be well araide:
 The great stedys were assaide

For iustynge and for tornament,
 And many a perled garment
 Embrouded was againe the daie,
 The lordes in their beste arais
 He comen at the time sette.
 One iusteth well an other bet,
 And other while thei tornei:
 And thus thei cast care away,
 And token lustes vpon honde.
 And after thou shalt vnderstonde,
 To mete into the kynges halle
 Thei comen, as thei be bidden all.
 And whan thei were sette and serued,
 Than after, as it was deserued,
 To them, that worthis knyghtes were,
 So as thei settan here and there,
 The price was youen, and spoken out
 Amonge the heraudes all about.
 And thus benethe, and eke aboue
 All was of armes and of loue,
 Wberof about at houndes
 Men had many sondrie wordes,
 That of the mjrthe, whiche thei made,
 The kyng him selfe began to glade
 Within his herte, and toke a pride:
 And sawe the cuppe stonde aside,
 Whiche made was of Gurmundes head,
 As ye haue herte whan he was dead:
 And was with golde and riche stones
 Beset and bounde for the nones,
 And stode vpon a foote on hights
 Of horned golde, and with great sight
 Of werkemanship it was begraue
 Of suche worke, as it shulde haue:
 And polished was eke so elene,
 That no signe of the sculle was sene,
 But as it were a grips eie.
 The kyng badde beare his cuppe aweie,
 Whiche stode before hym on the borde,
 And sette thilke vpon his worde.
 The sculle is fatte, and wine therin,
 Wberof he badde his wife beginne,
 Drinke with thy father, dame he saide.
 And she to his byddyng obeide,
 And toke the sculle, and what hir liste
 She drinketh, as she, whiche nothing wist
 What cup it was: and than all out
 The kyng in audience about
 Hath tolde, it was hir fathers sculle,
 So that the lordes knowe shull
 Of his bataile a sooth witness,
 And made anant through what prowes
 He hath his wifes loue wonne,
 Whiche of the sculle bath so begonne.
 The was there mochell pride alofte,
 Thei speken all, and she was softe,
 Thinkende on thilke vakynde pride,
 Of that hir lorde, so nigh hir side
 Ausanteth hym, that he hath slaine,
 And piked out hir fathers braine,
 And of the sculle bath made a cuppe.
 She suffered all till thei were vppe,
 And tho she hath sekeneesse feigned,
 And goth to chambers, and hath compleined
 Unto a maide, whiche she trust.
 So that none other wighte it wust.
 This maide Glodeside is hote,
 To whome this ladie hath byhote,
 Of kydship all that she can,
 To swengen hir vpon this man,

Whiche did hir drinke in suche a plite
 Amonge them all for despite
 Of hir, and of hir father bothe,
 Wberof hir thoughtes ben so wrothe,
 She saith, that she shall not be glad,
 Till that she se hym so bestad,
 That he no more make anaunt.
 And thus thei fell in couenaunt,
 That thei acorden at the laste
 With suche wiles, as thei caste,
 That thei woll gette of their accorde
 Some orped knight to sle this lorde,
 And with this sleight thei begynne
 Howe thei He.mege might wyne,
 Whiche was the kynges botlier,
 A proude and a lustie bachiler:
 And Glodeside he loueth hote,
 And she to make hym more assote,
 Hir loue graunteth, and by night
 Thei shape howe thei to geder might
 A bedde mete: and done it was.

The same night, and in this cas
 The queene hir selfe, the night seconde
 Went in hir stede, and there she fonde
 A chaumber derke without light,
 And goth to bedde to this knight,
 And he to kepe his obseruance
 To loue, doth his obeisance,
 And weneth it be Glodeside
 And she than after laie a side,
 And axeth hym, what he hath do,
 And who she was, she tolde hym tho,
 And saide Helmege, I am the queene.
 Nowe shall thy loue well besene
 Of that thou hast thy will wrought,
 Or it shall sore ben about,
 Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie,
 And if thou wolt by suche a waie
 Do my plesance, and holde it still,
 For euer I shall ben at thy will
 Both I, and all mine heritage.

Anone the wilde louses rage,
 In whiche no man him can gouerne,
 Made hym, that he can not werne,
 But fell all holle to hir assent.
 And thus the whele is all miswent,
 The whiche fortune hath vpon honde
 For howe that euer it after stonde,
 Thei shope amonge them suche a wile,
 The kyng was dead within a while,
 So silyly cam it not aboute,
 That thei ne ben discouered out,
 So that it thought them for the best
 To fle, for there was no reste.
 And thus the resour of the kyng
 Thei truse, and muche other thyng,
 And with a certaine felowship
 Thei fled, and went away by ship,
 And helde their night course from then
 Till that thei comen to Rauenne,
 Where thei the dukes helpe sought,
 And he, so as thei him besought,
 A place graunteth for to dwell.
 But after, when he herd tell
 Of the maner, howe thei haue do,
 The duke let shape for them so,
 That of a poison, whiche thei dranke
 Thei hadden that thei han beswonke.
 And all this made anant of pride
 Good is therefore a man to hide

His owne price: for if he speake,
 He maie lighteliche his thanke breake.
 In armes lyeth none auantance .
 To him, which thinketh his name auance,
 And be renowned of his dede.
 And also who that thinketh to spede
 Of loue, he maie not him auante.
 For what man thilke vice haunte,
 His purpose shall full ofte faile:
 In armes he that woll trauaille,
 Or elles loues grace atteine,
 His lose tonge he mots restreins,
 Whiche beareth of his honour the keie.
 For thy my sonne in all weie
 Take right good hede of this mattere.
 I thanke you my father dere,
 This schole is of a geytill lore:
 And if there be ought elles more
 Of pride, whiche I shall eschewe,
 Nowe axeth forth, and I woll shewe
 What thyng, that ye me woll enforme.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne yet in other forme
 There is a vice of prides lore,
 Whiche like an hawke, when he will sore,
 Fleeth vp on high in his delices
 After the likyng of his vices,
 And woll no mans reason knowe,
 Till he downe fall, and ouerthrowe.
 This vice Vainglorie is hote,
 Wherof my sonne I the byhote
 To trete and speke in snche a wise,
 That thou the might better auise.

Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,
 Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit.
 Eius amicitiam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
 Non sine blanditijs planus habebit homo.
 Verbis compositis qui scit atrigila re fauillum,
 Scandere fallata iura valebit eques.
 Sic in amore magis qui blanda subornat in ore
 Verba, per hoc brauium quod nequit, alter habet,
 Et tamen ornatos cantus, varios que paratus,
 Lets que corda suis legibus optat amor.

Hic loquitur de quinta specie superbie, que Iuanis
 gloria vocatur. Et eiusdem vicii naturam primo
 describens super eodem in amoris causa Con-
 fessor amanti consequenter opponit.

THE proude vice of vainglorie
 Remembreth nought of purgatorie,
 His wordes ioyes ben so great
 Him thinketh of heuen no beyete.
 This liues pompe is all his pes,
 Yet shall he deie netheles,
 And therof thinketh he but a lite.
 For all his lust is to delite
 In newe thynges, proude and vaine,
 As farforth as he maie atteine
 I trowe, if that he might make
 His bodie newe, he wolde take
 A newe forme, and leane his olde.
 For what thyng, that he maie beholde,
 The whiche to comon vae is strange,
 Anon his olde guise change
 He woll, and falle thervpon,
 Like vnto the Camelion

Whiche vpon euery sondrie hewe,
 That he beholt, he mote newe
 His colour: and thus vnaused
 Full ofte tyme he stant disguised
 More joylife than the byrde in Maie:
 He maketh bim euer freshe and gaie,
 And doth all his arnie disguyse,
 So that of hym the newe guyse
 Of lusty folke all other take,
 And eke he can carolles make,
 Roundel, balade, and verelaie,
 And with all this, if that he maie
 Of loue gete him auantage.
 Anone he waxt of his corage,
 So ouer glad, that of his end
 He thinketh there is no deth comende.
 For he hath than at all tide
 Of loue suchre maner pride,
 Him thinketh his ioy is endeles.

CONFESSOR.

Now shrue the sonne in goddes pees,
 And of thy loue telle me plaine,
 Yf that thy glorie hath be so vaine.

ANANS.

My father as touchend of all,
 I maie not well, ne noughten shall,
 Of vaine glorie excuse mee,
 That I ne haue for loue bee
 The better adressyd and araide:
 And also I haue ofte assaie
 Roundel, balades, and verelaie
 For hir, on whom myn bert laie,
 To make, and also for to peinte
 Carolis with my wordes queinte
 To set my purpose alofte.

And thus I sange them forth full ofte
 In halle, and eke in chambre aboute,
 And made mery amonge the route.

But yet ne ferde I not the bet:
 Thus was my glorie in vaine beset
 Of all the ioy that I made,
 For when I wolde with hir glade,
 And of hir loue songes make:
 She saide, it was not for hir sake,
 And liste not my songes here,
 Ne witen, what the wordes were.
 So for to speke of myn arraie
 Yet coude I neuer be so gaie,
 Ne so well make a songe of loue,
 Wherof I might ben aboue,
 And haue encheson to be gladd:
 But rather I am ofte adradde
 For sorow, that she saith me saie,
 And netheles I woll not saie,

Tbat I nam gladd on other side.
 For fame, that can nothyng hide,
 All daie woll bring vnto myn ere
 Of that men speken here and there,
 How that my lady beareth the price,
 How she is faire, how she is wise,
 How she is womanliche of obere:
 Of all this thing when I maie here,
 What wonder is though I be faine?
 And eke when I maie here saie
 Tidynges of my ladies hele,
 All though I maie not with hir dele:

Yet am I wonder glad of that.
 For wen I wote hir good estate,
 As for that tyme I dare well swere,
 None other sorowe maie me dere.
 Thus am I gladed in this wise.
 But father of your lores wise,
 Of whiche ye be fully taught,
 Nowe telle me if ye thinke ought
 That I therof am to wite.
 Of that there is, I the acquite
 My sonne, he saide: and for thy good
 I woll that thou vnderstode,
 For I thinke vpon this mattere
 To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,
 Howe that ageine this proud vice
 The high god, of his justice,
 Is wrothe, and great vengeance dooth.
 Nowe herken a tale, whiche is sooth,
 Though it be nought of loues kinde,
 A great ensample thou shalt finde
 This vaine glorie for to flee,
 Which is so full of vanitee.

*Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria maior,
 Sæpe subesse solet proximis ille dolor,
 Mens elata graues decensus sæpe subibit
 Mens humilis stabile molle que firmat iter.
 Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,
 Cum magis alta petis inferiora tunc.*

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vitium inanis glorie, narrans qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldeorum cum ipse in omni sua maiestatis gloria celsior extitisset, deus eius superbiam castigare volens, ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam fœnum comedentem transmutauit Et sic per septennium penitens cum ipse potentio rem se agnouit, misertus deus ipsum in sui regni solium restituta sanitate emendatum graciosius collocauit.

THERE was a kyng, that much might,
 Which Nabugodonosor hight:
 Of whom that I spake here tofore,
 Yet in the Bible this name is bore.
 For all the worlde in thorient
 Was hole at his commandement,
 As than of kynges to his liche
 Was none so mighty, ne so riche.
 To his empire, and to his lawes,
 As who saith, all in thilke dawes
 Were obeisant, and tribute bere,
 As though he god of erthe were.
 With strength he put kynges vnder,
 And wrought of pride many a wouder.
 He was so full of vainglorie,
 That he ne had no memorie,
 That there was any god but hee,
 For pride of his prosperitee:
 Till that the high kyng of kynges,
 Which seeth and knoweth all thynges,
 Whose eis maie nothyng averte
 The prisitees of mans herte,
 Thei speken and sowne in his ere,
 As though thei loude wyndes were.
 He toke vengeance of his pride.
 But for he wolde a while abide
 To loke, if he wolde him amende,
 To him afore token he sende,

And that was in his slepe by night.
 This proude kyng a wonder sight
 Had in his sweuen, there he laie,
 Him thought vpon a mery daie,
 As he behelde the world about,
 A tre full growe he sawe therout,
 Which stode in the world amiddes-euen,
 Whos height straught vp to the heuen:
 The leues weren faire and large,
 Of frute it bere so ripe a charge,
 That all men it might fede.
 He sawe also the bowes sprede
 A boue all erth, in whiche were
 The kinde of all byrdes there.

And eke him thought he sawe also
 The kinde of all bestes go
 Under the tre about rounde,
 And fedden them vpon the grounde.

As he this vnderstode and sigh
 Him thought he herde a voice on high
 Cryende, and saide abouen all:
 Hewe downe this tre, and let it fall.
 The leues lette defoule in hast,
 And do the frute destroie and wast,
 And let of shreden euery branche,
 But at rote he let it stanche.

Whan all his pride is cast to grounde
 The rote shall be fast bounde,
 And shall no mans herte bere,
 But euery lust he shall forbere
 Of man, and like an oxe his mete
 Of grasse he shall purchase and ete,
 Till at the water of the heuen
 Hath washen him by tymes seuen,
 So that he thorough know aright,
 What is the heucnyche might,
 And he made humble to the wille
 Of him, which maie all saue and spille.

This kyng out of his sweuen abraide,
 And he vpon the morowe it saide
 Unto the clerkes, which he had
 But none of them the sooth arad.
 Was none his sweuen couth vndor:
 And it stode thilke time so,
 This kyng had in subiection
 Jude, and of affection
 Abouen all other one Daniell
 He loueth, for he couth well
 Diuine, that none other couthe,
 To hym were all thynges couthe,
 As he it had of gods grace:
 He was before the kynges face
 Assent and boden, that he shulde
 Upon the point the kyng of tolde
 The fortune of his sweuen expoude;
 As it shulde afterwarde be founde.

Whan Daniell this sweuen berde,
 He stode longe tyme, er he answerde,
 And made a wonder heuy chere.
 The kyng toke hede of his manere,
 And bad hym tell that he wuste,
 As be, to whom he moche truste,
 And saide, he wolde not be wroth.

But Daniel was wonder loth,
 And saide, vpon thy fo men all
 Syr kyng thy sweuen mote fall.
 And netheles touchend of this
 I woll the tellen, how it is,
 And what disease is to the shape,
 God wote if thou it shalt escape.

The highe tree, whiche thou hast sene,
 With lesse and fruite so well besene,
 The whiche stode in the worlde amidde,
 So that the bestes and the birdes
 Governed were of him alone:
 Syr kyng betokeneth thy persone,
 Whiche stonde aboue all erthely thynges:
 Thus reiguen vnder the, the kynges,
 And all the people vnto the louteth,
 And all the worlde thy person douteth:
 So that with vaine honour deceiued
 Thou haste the reuerence weiued
 From hym, whiche is thy kyng aboue,
 That thou for drede ne fer loue
 Wolt nothyng knowne of thy god,
 Whiche now for the hath made a rod,
 Thy vaine glorie, and thy folie
 With great peines to chastie

And of the voice thou herdest speke,
 Whiche bad the bowes for to breke,
 And hewe and fell downe the tree,
 That worde belongeth vnto thee.
 Thy reigne shall be ouer throwe,
 And thou dispoiled for a throwe,
 But that the roote shulde stonde,
 By that thou shalt well vnderstonde
 There shall abide of thy reigne.

▲ time ageine when thou shalt reigne,

And eke of that thou herdest saie
 To take a mans herte aweie
 And set there a bestiall,
 So that he like an oxe shall
 Pasture, and that he be hyreind
 By tymes seuen, and sore peined,
 Till that he knowe his gods mightes,
 Then shall he stond againe vprightes.
 All this betokeneth thine estate,
 Whiche now with god is in debate.
 Thy mans forme shall be lussed,
 Tyll seuen yere ben ouer passed,
 And in the likenes of a beaste
 Of gras shall be thy roiall feaste.
 The wether shall vpon the raine:
 And vnderstonde, that all this paine,
 Whiche thou shalt suffre thilke tide,
 Is shape all onely for thy pride
 Of vaine glorie, and of the sinne,
 Whiche thou hast longe stonden in.

So vpon this condicion,
 Thy swetene hath exposition.
 But er this thyng befall in dede
 Amende the, this wolde I rede.
 Yeue and departe thyn almese,
 Do mercy forth with rightwisenes,
 Beseeche and prae the highe grace,
 For so thou might thy peas purchase
 With god, and stonden in good accorde.

But pride is loth to lese his lorde,
 And woll not suffre humilitee
 With hym to stonde in no degree.
 And whan a ship hath loste his stere
 Is none so wise, that maie hym stere
 Ageine the waues in a rage.
 This proude kyng in his courage
 Humilitee hath so forlore,
 That for no sweuen (he saw tofore)
 Ne yet for all that Daniell
 Him hath counseiled euery dele,
 He lette it passe out of his minde
 Through vainglorie, and as the blinde

He seeth no weie, er him be wo,
 And fell within a time so.
 As he in Babylone wente
 The vanitee of pride him bente,
 His herte aros of vaine glorie,
 So that he drough into memorie
 His lordship and his regalie,
 With wordes of surquedrie.

And whan that he him mooste auanteth,
 That lorde, whiche vainglorie daunteth,
 All sodenly, as who saith treis,
 Where that he stode in his paleis,
 He toke him from the mens sight,
 Was none of them so ware, that might,
 Set eie, where he become.
 And thus was he from his kyngdome
 Into the wilde foreste drawe:
 Where that the mighty gods lawe,
 Through his power did him transforme
 Fro man in to a beastes forme:
 And like an oxe vnder the fote
 He graseth as he nedes mote
 To getten him his lines foode.

Tho thought him cold gras goodde,
 That whilome ete the hote spices:
 Thus was he torned from delices.
 The wyne, whiche he was wonte drinke
 He toke then of the welles brinke,
 Or of the pit, or of the slough,
 It thought him then good enough.
 In stede of chambres well araied,
 He was than of a bushe well apaid.
 The harde gronnde he laie vpon,
 For other pilowes had he non.
 The stormes, and the raines fall,
 The wyndes blowe vpon him all,
 He was tourmented daie and night,
 Suche was the high gods might,
 Tyll seuen yere an ende toke:
 Upon hym selfe tho gan he loke.
 In stede of meate, gras and streys,
 In stede of handes, longe cleys,
 In stede of man, a beaste like
 He sawe, and than he gan to sike.
 For cloth of golde and of perrie
 Whiche him was wonte to magnifie,
 When he beheld his cote of heares,
 He wepte, and with full wofull teares
 Up to the heuen he cast his chere
 Wepend, and thought in this manere,
 Though he no wordes might winne,
 Thus said his herte, and spake within.

O mighty god, that all hast wrought,
 And all might bryng againe to nought:
 Nowe knowe I, but all of thee,
 This worlde hath no prosperitee.
 In thyn aspect ben all aliche,
 The pour man and eke the riche,
 Without the there maie no wight:
 And thou aboue all other might.
 O mighty lorde toward my vice
 Thy mercy medle with iustice,
 And I woll make a couenant,
 That of my life the remenant
 I shall it by thy grace amende,
 And in thy lawe so dispende,
 That vainglorie I shall eschewe,
 And bove vnto thin heste, and sewe
 Humilitee, and that I voue.
 And so thinkend he gan downe bowe.

And though hym lacks voice of speche,
 He gan vp with his feete areche,
 And wailend in his bestly stenen
 He made his plaint vnto the heuen.
 He kneleth in his wise, and braieth,
 To seche mercy, and assaieth
 His god, which made him nothing strange,
 Whan that he sawe his pride change.
 Anone as be was humble and tame
 He funde towarde his god the same:
 And in a twinkelynge of a loke
 His mans forme ageine he toke,
 And was reformed to the reigne,
 Is whiche that he was woute to reigne:
 So that the pride of vaine glorie
 Euer afterwarde out of memorie
 He let passe, and thus is shewed,
 What is to ben of pride vntwethed,
 Ageine the high gods lawe:
 To whome no man maie be felawe.
 For thy my sonne take good hede
 So for to lede thy manhede,
 That thou ne be not like a beste,
 But if thy life shall ben honeste,
 Thou must humblesse take on honde.
 For than might thou siker stonde.
 And for to speke it other wise
 A proude man can no lone assise.
 For though a woman wolde him please,
 His pride can not ben at ease.
 There maie no man to mochel blame
 A vice, whiche is for to blame.
 For thy men shuden nothyng hide,
 That might fall in blame of pride,
 Whiche is the worst vice of all:
 Wherof, so as it was befall,
 The tale I thinke of a cronike
 To telle, if that it maie the like:
 So that thou might humblesse sewe,
 And eke the vice of pride eschewe,
 Wherof the glorie is false and vaine,
 Whiche god him selfe hath in disdaigne:
 That though it mout for a throwe,
 It shall downe fall and onerthrowe.

*Est virtus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima
 Se tulit, et nostræ viscere carnis habet.
 Sic humilis superest, et amor sibi subditur omnis,
 Cuius habet nulla sorte superbus opem,
 Odit eum terra, cœlum deiecit et ipsum,
 Sedibus inferni statque receptus ibi.*

*Hic narrat confessor exemplum contra superbiam
 Et dicit, quod nuper quidam rex famose pruden-
 tiæ cuiusdam militi suo super tribus questionibus,
 vt inde certitudinis responsum daret
 sub pena capitalis sententiæ terminum prefixit.
 Primo quid minoris indigentie ab inhabitantibus
 orbem auxilium maius obtinuit. Secundo quid
 maioris meriti continens minoris expensæ re-
 prias exigit. Tertio quid omnia bona diminuens
 ex sui proprietate nihil penitus valuit. Quorum
 vero questionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia
 nomine patris solutionem aggreffiens taliter regi
 respondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius
 indiget, quam tamen adiuuare cotidianis laboribus
 omnes intendunt. Ad secundam dixit, quod
 humilitas omnibus virtutibus preualet, quæ
 tamen nullius prodigalitatis expensis mensuram
 excedit. Ad tertiam dixit quod superbia omnia*

*tam corporis quam anime bona deuastans maiorum
 expensarum excessus inducit.*

A KYNG was whilom yong and wise,
 The which of his wit set great price
 Of drepe imaginacions,
 And strange interpretations,
 Problemes and demaundes eke
 His wisdoms was to finde and seke:
 Wherof he wolde in sondrie wise
 Opposen them, that weren wise.
 But none of them it might beare
 Upon his worle to yeue answer,
 Out taken one, whiche was a knight,
 To him was euery thyng so light,
 That also soone as he them berde,
 The kynges wordes he answerde.
 What thyng the kyng him aske wolde,
 There anone the trouth he tolde.
 The kyng somdele had an enuie,
 And thought he wolde his wittes plie
 To set some conclusion,
 Whiche shulde be confusion
 Unto this knight, so that the name,
 And of wisdoms the high fame,
 Towarde him selfe he wolde wyne.
 And thus of all his witte within
 This kyng began to studic and muse,
 What strange matter he might vse,
 The knightes wittes to confounde:
 And at last he hath it founde,
 And for the knight anon he sent,
 That he shall tell, what he ment
 Upon the pointes of the matters
 Of questions, as thou shalt here.

The firste point of all thre
 Was this: what thing in his degree
 Of all this worlde hath nede lest,
 And yet men helpe it all their mest.
 The seconde is: what moste is worth,
 And of costage is lest put fourth.
 The thirde is: whiche is of most cost,
 And lest is worthe, and gothe to lost.

The kyng these thre demaundes axeth,
 To the knight this lawe he taxeth,
 That he shall gone and come ageine
 The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
 To euery point, what it amounteth.
 And if so be, that he miscounteth,
 To make in his answer a faille,
 There shall none other thyng auaille
 The kyng saith, but he shall be deade,
 And lese his goodes, and his head.

This knight was sorie of this thing,
 And wolde excuse him to the kyng.
 But he ne wolde him not forbere.
 And thus the knight of his answer
 Goth home to take ausement.
 But after his entendemnt,
 The more he cast his witte about
 The more he stant therof in doubt.
 Tho wist he well the kynges herte,
 That he the death ne shulde asterte:
 And snche a sorowe hath to him take,
 That gladshippe he hath all forsake.
 He thought firste vpon his life,
 And after that vpon his wife,
 Upon his childre eke also,
 Of whiche he had daughters two.

The yongest of them had of age
 Fourtene yere, and of visage
 She was right faire, and of stature
 Liche to an heuently figure,
 And of maner, and of goodly speche,
 Though men wolde all londes seche,
 Thei shulde not haue founde hir like.
 She sawe hir father sorowe and sike,
 And wist not the cause why:
 So came she to him priuely,
 And that was, wher he made his mone
 Within a gardeine all him one.
 Upon hir knees she gan downe fall
 With humble herte, and to him call
 And saide: O good father dere,
 Why make ye thus heuy chere?
 And I wote nothyng howe it is.
 And well ye knowe father this,
 What auenture that you felle,
 Ye might it saufully to me telle.
 For I haue ofte herde you saide,
 That ye suche truste haue on me laide,
 That to my sister, ne to my brother,
 In all this worlde ne to none other,
 Ye durst telle a priuete
 So well my father as to mee.
 For thy my father I you praise,
 Ne casteth nought that hert awaie.
 For I am she, that wolde kepe
 Your honour: and with that to wepe
 Hir eie maie not be forbore.
 She wisheth for to ben vnbore,
 Er that hir father so mistrust
 To tellen hir, of that he wist.
 And euer amonge mercy she cride,
 That he ne shulde his counseile hide
 From hir, that so wolde him good,
 And was so nigh fleshe and bloud.
 So that with wepyng at last
 His chere vpon his childe he caste,
 And sorowfully, to that she praide,
 He tolde his tale, and thus he saide.

The sorowe daughter, which I make,
 Is not all onely for my sake,
 But for the bothe, and for you all.
 For suche a chance is me befalle,
 That I shall er this thirde daie
 Lese all that euer I lese maie,
 My life, and all my good therto.
 Therefore it is, I sorowe so.

What is the cause alas, quod shee,
 My father, that ye shulden hee
 Dead, and distroied in suche a wise?

And he began the pointes deuise,
 Whiche as the kyng tolde him by mouth,
 And said hir plainly, that he couthe
 Answere to no point of this.

And shee, that hereth how it is,
 Hir counsaile yafe, and said tho.
 My father, syn it is so,
 That ye can see none other weie,
 But that ye must nedes deie,
 I wolde pray you of o thyng,
 Lette me go with you to the kyng,
 And ye shall make him vnderstonde,
 Howe ye my wittes for to fonde,
 Haue laide your answeere vpon mee:
 And telleth him in suche degree,
 Upon my worde ye wol abide
 To life or deth what so betide.

For yet perchance I maie purchase
 With some good word the kynges grace,
 Your life and eke your good to saue.
 For ofte shall a woman haue
 Thyng, whiche a man maie not areche.

The fader herd his daughters speche,
 And thought there was no reason in,
 And sawe, his owne life to wyne
 He couthe done hym selfe no cure:
 So better he thought in auenture
 To put his life, and all his good,
 That in the maner as it stode,
 His life incerteine for to lese.
 And thus thinkend he gan to chese,
 To do the counseile of this maide,
 And toke the purpose, whiche she saide.

The daie was come, and fourth thei gone,
 Unto the courte thei come anone,
 Where as the kyng in his iugement
 Was sette, and hath this knight assent,
 Arraied in her best wise.
 This maiden with hir wordes wise
 Hir father ledde by the bonde
 In to the place, where he fonde
 The kyng, with other whiche he wolde:
 And to the kyng knelede he tolde,
 As he enformed was to fore,
 And praieth the kyng, that he therfore
 His daughters wordes wolde take,
 And saith, that he woll vndertake
 Upon hir wordes for to stonde.

Tho was ther great meruaile on bonde,
 That he, whiche was so wise a knight,
 His lyfe vpon so yonge a wight
 Besette wolde in ieopardie:
 And many it holden for folie.

But at laste neuertheles
 The kyng commaundeth ben in peace,
 And to this maide he cast his chere,
 And saide, he wolde hir tale here,
 And badde hir speake: and she began.

My liege lorde, So as I can,
 Quod she, the pointes, whiche I herde,
 Thei shall of reason ben answerde.

The firste I vnderstonde is this,
 What thyng of all the worlde it is,
 Whiche men most helpe, and hath lest nede:
 My liege lorde this wolde I rede,
 The erthe it is, whiche enurmo
 With mans labour is bego,
 As well in winter as in Maie,
 The mans bonde doth what he maie.
 To helpe it fourth, and make it riche:
 And for thy men it delue and diche,
 And ereo it with strength of plough,
 Where it hath of hym selfe enough:
 So that his nede is at leste:
 For every man, byrde, and beste,
 Of floure, and grasse, and roote, and rinde,
 And euery thyng by wey of kinde
 Shall sterue, and erthe it shall become,
 As it was out of erthe nome
 It shall to earth tourne ageine,
 And thus I may by reason geine,
 That therthe is most nedelea.
 And most men helpe it netheles.
 So that my lorde, thouchende of this.
 I haue answerde howe that it is.

That other point I vnderstonde,
 Whiche most is worth, and most is goop,

And costeth least a man to kepe:
 My lorde, if ye woll take kepe,
 I saie it is Humilitee,
 Through whiche the high Trinitee,
 As for deserte of pure loue,
 Unto Marie from aboue
 Of that he knewe hir humble entent,
 His owne sonne adowne he sent
 Aboue all other, and hir be chese,
 For that vertu, whiche that bodeth pes.
 So that I maie by reason call
 Humilitee most worthe of all,
 And lest it costeth to mainteise
 In all the worlde, as it is seine.

For who that hath humblesse on honde,
 He bryngeth no warres in to londe.
 For he desyreth for the best
 To setten enery man in resta.

Thus with your high reuerence,
 Me thinketh that this euidence,
 As to this point, is suffisant.
 And touchende of the remenant,
 Whiche is the thirde of your askynges,
 What lest is worth of all thynges,
 And costeth most, I tell it Pride,
 Whiche may not in the heuen abide.
 For Lucifer, with them that selle
 Bare Pride with hym into helle.

There was pride of to greate coste,
 When he for pride hath heuen loste.
 And after that in Paradise
 Adam for pride lost his price

In myddell erth. And eke also
 Pride is the cause of all wo
 That all the worlde ne maie suffise
 To stanche of pride the reprise.

Pride is the head of all synne,
 Whiche wasteth all, and maie not winne.
 Pride is of euery misse the pricke,
 Pride is the worste of all wicke,
 And costeth most, and lest is woorth,
 In place where he hath his fourth.

Thus haue I saide, that I woll saie
 Of myn answer, and to you praie
 My liege lorde of your office,
 That ye suche grace, and suche iustice
 Ordeine for my father here,
 That after this, when men it here,
 The worlde therof maie speake good.

The kynge, which reason vnderstode,
 And hath all herde howe she hath said,
 Was inly gladd, and so well paide,
 That all his wrath is ouer go,
 And he beganne to loke tho
 Upon this maiden in the face:
 In whiche he fonde so mochel grace,
 That all his price on hir he leide,
 In audience, and thus he saide.

My faire maiden well ye bee,
 Of thyn answer, and eke of thee
 Me liketh well, and as thou wilt
 Foryene be thy fathers gilte.

And if thou were of suche liguage,
 That thou to me were of parage,
 And that thy father were a pere,
 As he is now a bachilere:
 So siker as I haue a life,
 Thou shuldest than be my wife.
 But this I saie netheles,
 That I woll shape thine encrease,

What worlde good that thou woll crame
 Are of my yefte and thou shalt haue.

And she the kynge with wordes wise
 Kneluyge thanketh in this wise.

My liege lorde god mote you quite,
 My father here hath but a lite
 Of warison, and that he wende
 Had all be lost, but nowe amende
 He maie well through your noble grace.

With that the kynge right in his place
 Anon forth in that freshe hete
 An Eredome, whiche than of eschete
 Was late falle into his honde,
 Unto this knight, with reate and londe,
 Hath youe, and with his chartre seased.
 And thus was all the noise appealed.

This maiden, which sate on hir knees
 Tofore the kynges charitees
 Commendeth, and saith euermore,
 My liege lorde right nowe tofore
 Ye saide, and it is of recorde,
 That if my father were a lorde,
 And pere vnto these other great,
 Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
 That I ne shulde be your wife.
 And thus wote euery worthy life,
 A kynges worde mote nede be hoide.
 For thy my lorde, if that ye wolde
 So great a charitee fulfill,
 God wote it were well my will.
 For he whiche was a bachilere,
 My father is nowe made a pere,
 So whense as euer that I cam
 An erles daughter now I am.

This yonge kynge, whiche peised al.
 Hir beautee, and hir witte withall,
 As he, whiche was with loue hente,
 Anone therto yafe his assente.
 He might not the place asterte,
 That she nis ladie of his herte,
 So that he toke hir so his wife,
 To holde, while that he hath life.

And thus the kyng towards his knight
 Accordeth him, as it is right.

And ouer this good is to write,
 In the cronike as it is write
 This noble kynge, of whom I tolde,
 Of Spayne by tho daies olde
 The kyngedome had in gouernance.
 And as the boke maketh remembrance,
 Alphons was his propre name.

The knight also, if I shall name.
 Dom Petro bight, and as men tell,
 His daughter wise Petronell
 Was cleped, whiche was full of grace,
 And that was seue in thilke place,
 Where she bir father out of tene
 Hath brought, and made hir selfe a quene,
 Of that she hath so well disclosed
 The pointes wherof she was opposed.

CONFESSOR.

Lo now my sonne, as thou might here
 Of all this thing to my mattere:
 But one I take, and that is pride,
 To whom no grace maie betide.
 In heuen he felle out of his stede,
 And Paradise him was forbode,

The good men in erthe him hate,
So that to helle he mote algate,
Where euery vertue shall be weued,
And euery vice be reseeded,
But Humblesse is all other wise,
Whiche most is worth, and no reprise
It taketh agein, but softe and faire
If ony thing stant in contraire,
With humble speche it is redressed.

Thus was this yenge maide blessed,
The whiche I spake of nowe tofore:
Hir fathers life she gatte therfore,
And wanne with all the kynges loue,
For thy my sonne, if thou wolt loue,
It sitte the well to leaue pride,
And take Humblesse on thy side,
The more of grace thou shalt gete.

AMANS.

My father I woll not forgete
Of this that ye haue tolde me here,
And if that any suche manere
Of humble porte maie loue appaye,
Here afterwarde I thinke assaye.
But nowe fourth ouer I beseeche,
That ye more of my shrifte seeche.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne it shall be do,
Nowe herken and lay an eare to.
For as toucheude of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare
In cause of vice, in cause of loue,
That hast thou plainly herde abone:
So that there is no more to saie
Touchende of that, but other waie
Touchende enaie I thinke telle,
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle
Without cause to misdo
Towarde him selfe, and other also
Here afterwarde as vnderstande
Thou shalte the spices, as thei stande.

Explicit Liber primus.

*Inuidia culpa magis est attrita dolore,
Nam sua mens nullo tempore læta manet.
Quo gaudent alij, dolet ille, nec vnus amicus
Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, et omnis
Est sibi lætitia sic aliena dolor,
Hoc etenim vitium quam sæpe repugnat amanti,
Non sibi, sed reliquis, dum fauet ipsa Venus.
Est amor ex propria motu fantasticus, et quæ
Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.*

*Hic in secundo libro tractat de inuidia, et eius
speciebus, quarum dolor alterius gaudii prima
nuncupatur, cuius conditionem, secundum vi-
tium Confessor primitus describens amanti,
quatenus amore concernit, super eodem con-
sequenter opponit.*

INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

Nowe after pride the seconde
There is, whiche many a wofull stounde
Towardes other beareth aboute
Within him selfe, and not without

For in his thought he brenneth euer
When that he wote an other leuer,
Or more vertuous than hee:
Whiche passeth him in his degree,
Therof he taketh his maladie,
That vice is cleped hotte enuie.
For thy my sonus if it be so,
Thou arte, or hast ben one of the,
As for to speke in loues cas,
If euer yet thya hert was
Sicke of an other mans hert?

So god auance my quarele
My father ye a thousande sith,
When I haue sene another blithe
Of loue, and had a goodly chere,
Ethna, whiche brenneth yere by yere
Was than nought so bote as I
Of thilke sore: for whiche priuely
Myn hertes thought within brenneth,
The ship, whiche on the wawes renneth,
And is fortorment and forblowe
Is not more peined for a throwe .
Than I am than, when I see
A nother, whiche that passeth mee
In that fortune of loues yeste.

But father, this I tell in shrifte,
That no where but in a place
For who that lese or finde greue
In other stede, it maie nought greue.
But thus ye maie right well beleue
Towarde my ladie, that I serue,
Though that I wete for to sterue,
Myn hert is full of suche folie,
That I my selfe maie not chastiue
When I the court see of Cupide
Approche vnto my ladie side
Of hem, that lusty ben and fresshe,
Though it aquaile them not a resshe:
But onely that thei ben of speche,
My sorowe is than not to seeche.
But when thgi rownen in hir eare,
Than groweth all my most feare,
And namely when thei taken longe,
My sorowes than be so stronge,
Of that I see them well at ease,
I can not tell my disease.
But sire, as of my lady selue
Though she haue wowera. x. or twelue,
For no mistruste I haue of hir
Me greueth nought: for certes sir,
I trowe in all this worlde to seeche
Nis woman, that in dede and speche
Woll better auise hir, what she dooth,
Ne better, for to saie a soothe,
Kepe hir honour at all tide:
And yet gette hir a thanke beside,
But netheles I am beknowe,
That when I see at any throwe,
Or els if I maie it here,
That she make any man good chere:
Though I therof haue not to doone,
My thought woll entermete him soone.
For though I be my seluen strange,
Enuie maketh myn hert change,
That I am sorowfully bestadde
Of that I see another gladde
With hir, but of other all
Of loue what so maie befall,
Or that he faile, or that he spede,
Therof take I but litell hede.

Nowe haue I sake my father all,
As of this pointe in speciall,
As ferforthly as I haue wiste.
Nowe axeth forder what you liste.

My sonne, or I aske any more,
I thinke somdele for thy lore,
Tell an example of this mattere
Touchende enuie, as thou shalt here.

Write in Ciuile this I finde,
Though it be not the houndes kinde
To eate chaffe, yet woll he verue
An oxe, whiche cometh to the berne
Therof to taken any foode:

And thus who that it vnderstode
It stant of loue in many a place,
Who that is out of loues grace,
And maie him selfe not auaille,
He wolde an other shulde faile.
And if he maie put any lette,
He doth al that he maie to lette:
Wherof I finde, as thou shalt witte
To this purpose a tale writte.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos saltem,
qui in amoris causa aliorum gaudiis inuidentes
nequaquam per hoc sibi ipsis proficiunt. Et nar-
rat qualiter quidam iuuenis miles nomine Acis,
quem Galathea Nimpha pulcherrima toto corde
peramauit, cum ipsi sub quadam rupe iuxta litus
maris colloquium aduenticem habuerunt, Poly-
phemus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde par-
tem super caput Acis ab alto projiciens, ipsum
per inuidiam interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc
dictam Galatheam rapere uoluisset, Neptunus
gigantem obsistens, ipsam inuiolatam salua
custodia preseruauit. Sed et dii miserti corpus
Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito
transmutarunt.

THESE ben of suche mo than twelue,
That be not able as of them selue
To get loue, and for enuie
Upon all other thei aspie:
And for them lacketh, that thei wolde,
Thei kepe that none other shulde
Touchend of loue his cause spede:
Wherof a great ensamble I rede,
Whiche vnto this matter accordeth.
As Ouid in his boke recordeth
How Polyphemus, whilom wrought
When that he Galathe besought
Of loue, whiche he maie not latche,
That made him for to waite and watche
By all weyes how it ferde,
Till at the laste he knewe and herde,
Howe that an other had leue
To lose there, as he mote leue.
As for to speake of any spede
So that he knewe none other rede,
But for to waite vpon all,
Till he maie see the chance fall,
That he hir loue might greue,
Whiche he him selfe maie not achue.

This Galathe, saith the poete,
Above all other was vnmete.
Of beastes, that men than knewe,
And had a lusty loue and trewe,
A bachyler in his degree,
Right suche an other as was shee,
On whom she hath hir hert set,
So that it might nought be let

For yest ne for no byheste,
That she ne was all at his best.
This yonge knight Acis was hote,
Whiche hir ageiuarde also hote
All only loueth, and no mo.
Herof was Polyphemus wo,
Through pure enuie, and euer aspide,
And waiteth vpon euery side,
When he to geder might see
This yonge Acis with Galathee.

So longe he waiteth to and fro,
Till at the laste he founde hem two
In priue place, where thei stode
To speke and haue hir wordes good.
The place, where as he them sighe,
It was vnder a banke, nighe
The great see, and he aboue
Stode and behide the lusty leue,
Whiche eche of them till other madey
With goodly chere and wordes glade.
That all his hert hath sette a fire
Of pure enuie, and as a vire,
Whiche fieth out of a mighty bowe,
Awey he fiedde for a throwe:

As he that was for loue woode,
Whan that he sawe howe it stodee:
This Polypheme a geant was,
And whan he sawe the sooth cas,
Howe Galathe him hath forsake,
And Acis to hir loue take,

His herte maie it not forbear,
That he ne roreth as a beare,
And as it were a wilde beast,
In whom no reason might areste.
He ranne Ethna the hille about,
Where neuer yet the fire was out,
Fulfilled of sorow and great disease,
That he sawe Acis well at ease:

Till at the last he him bethought
As he, whiche all enuie sought,
And tourneth to the banke ageine,
Where he with Galathe hath seine
That Acis, whom he thought greue
Though he him selfe maie not releue.

This geant with his rude might,
Part of the banke he shofe downe right,
The whiche euen vpon Acis fille:
So that with fallyng of this hille,
This Polyphemus Acis slough,
Wherof she made sorowe enough.
And as she fledde from the loude
Neptunus toke hir by the bonde,
And kepte hir in so faste a place.
Fro Polypheme, and his manace,
That he with false his enuie
Ne might atteine hir companie.
This Galathe, of whom I speke,
That of hir selfe maie not be wreke,
Without any semblant feigned
She hath her loues death compleined,
And with hir sorowe, and with hir wo
She hath the gods moued so,
That thei of pitoe and of grace
Haue Acis in the same place
There he laie dead, in to a well
Transformed, as the bokes tell,
With freshe stremes, and with clere,
As he whilom with lustie chere
Was frome, his loue for to queme:
And with this rude Polypheme,

For his enuie, and for his hate
Thei were wroth. And thus algate
My sonne, thou might vnderstande,
That if thou wolte in grace stande
With loue, thou must leue enuie,
And as thou wilt for thy partie,
Towardes thy loue stande free:
So must thou suffer a nother bee,
What so byfalle vpon thy chance.
For it is a vnwise vengeance,
Whiche to none other man is lefe,
And is vnto him selfe grefe.

AMANS.

My fader, this ensample is good.
But howe so euer that it stode
With Polyphemus loue as thou,
It shall not stande with me so,
To worchen any felonie
In loue, for no suche enuie.
For thy if there ought elles bee,
Nowe asketh fourth, in what degree
It is, and I me shall confesse
With shrifte vnto your holynesse.

Vita sibi solito mentalis gaudia linor
Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
Inuidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui propriis crastina fata parent.
Sic in amore pari stat sorte iocuos amantes,
Cum vidit illusos inuidus ille quasi.
Sic licet in vacuum speret tamen ipse leuamen
Alterius casu lapsus et ipse simul.

Hic loquitur confessor de secunda specie inuidie,
quæ gaudium alterius doloris dicitur, et primo
eiusdem vicii materiam tractans amantis con-
scientiam super eodem vltierius inuestigat.

My good sonne yet there is
A vice reuers vnto this,
Whiche eniuious taketh his gladnes
Of that he seeth the heuynesse
Of other men. For his welfare
Is, whan he wote another care.
Of that an other hath a falle
He thynketh him selfe arist with all.
Suche is the gladshippe of enuie
In wordes thing, and in partie
Full ofte tymes eke also
In loues cause it stant right so.
If thou my sonne haste ioye had,
Whan thou an other sawe vnglad
Shriue the therof. My fader yis,
I am hyknowen vnto you this,
Of these louers that louen streite,
And for that point, whiche thei coueite
Ben purauantes from yere to yere
In loues court, when I maie here,
How that thei clymbe vpon the whele,
And whan thei wene all shall be wele,
Thei ben downe throwe at laste
Than am I fed of that faste,
And laugh, of that I see them loure.
And thus of that thei brewe soure
I drinke swete, and am well eased
Of that I wote thei ben diseased.
But this, whiche I you tell here
Is onely for my ladie dere,
That for none other, that I knowe
Me recheth not who ouerthrowe,

Ne who that stande in loue vpright.
But be he squier, be he knight
Whiche to my ladye warde pursueth,
The more he leaseth of that he seweth,
The more me thinketh that I wyne,
And am the more glad withim,
Of that I wote him sorowe endure.
For euer vpon suche aventure
It is a comforte as men seie
To him, the whiche is wo besette,
To sene an other in his peine:
So that thei bothe maie complaine,
Where I my selfe maie not auise,
To sene an other manne trauaile,
I am right glad if he be lette.
And though I fare not the bat,
His sorowe is to myn herte a game,
Whan that I knowe it is the same,
Whiche to my ladie stant inclined,
And hath his loue not termined,
I am right ioyfull in my thought:
If suche enuie greweth ought,
As I beknowe me culpable,
Ye that be wise and reasonable
My fader telleth your aduise.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, enuie in to no prise
Of suche a forme I vnderstode
Ne might by no reason stonde.
For this enuie hath suche a kinde,
That he woll set him selfe behinde,
To hinder with a nother wight,
And gladly lese his owne right,
To make another lese his.
And for to knowe howe it so is
A tale licke to his matere
I thinke telle, if thou wilt here,
To shewe properly the vice
Of this enuie, and the malice.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illum, qui
sponte sui ipsius detrimentum in alterius penam
maiores patitur, Et narrat, quod cum Jupiter
angelum suum in forma hominis, vt hominum
condiciones exploraret ab excelso in terram mi-
sit, contigit, quod ipse angelus duos homines,
quorum vnus cupidus et alter inuidus erat, iti-
nerando spacio quasi vnus diei commitabatur.
Et cum sero factum esset Angelus eorum noticie
se ipsum tunc manifestans dixit, quod quidquid
alter eorum ab ipso donari sibi pecieret, illud
statim obtinebit, quod et socio suo secum comi-
tantis affirmat duplicandum. Super quo cupidus
impeditus auaricia, sperans sibi diuicias carpere
duplicatas primo petere recusauit. Quod cum
inuidus animi aduerteret naturam sui vicii con-
cernens ita ut socius suus vtroque lumine pri-
uaretur, se ipsum monoculum fieri constanter
primus ab Angelo postulabat. Et sic vnus in-
uidia alterius auariciam maculauit.

Of Jupiter thus I fynde ywrite,
How whilom that he wolde wite
Upon the pleintes, whiche he herde
Amonge the men, howe that it ferde,
As of her wronge condicion
To do iustificacion.
And for that cause downe he sent
An Aungell, whiche aboute went,

That he the sooth knowe maie.

So it befell vpon a daie,
This angell, whiche him shuld enforme,
Was clothed in a mans forme,
And oerthoke, I vnderstonde,
Two men, that werten oer loude :
Through whiche he thought to aspie
His cause, and goth in companie.

This Angell with his wordes wise,
Opposeth hem in sondry wise,
Nowe lowde wordes and now softe,
That made hem to desputen ofte :
And eche of hem his reason badde,
And thus with tales he hem ladde
With good examination,
Tyll he knewe the condicion,
What men thei wers bothe two :

And sawe well at laste tho,
That one of hem was couetous,
And his felowe was enuious.
And thus, whan he hath knowlchyng
Anone he feigned departyng,
And saide he mote algate wende.

But herken now what fell at ende,
For than he made hem vnderstonde,
That he was there of gods sonde,
And sayd them for the kyndship,
That thei haue doge him felowship,
He wolde do some grace againe,
And bad that one of hem shuld saine,
What thyng is him leuest to craue,
And he it shall of yefte haue.
And ouer that eke foorth with all
He saith, that other haue shall
The double of that his felowe axeth.

And thus to them his grace he taxeth.
The couetous was wonder gladd,
And to that other man he badde,
And seith, that he firste axe shulde,
For he supposeth, that he wolde
Make his axing of worldes good.
For than he knewe well, howe it stood,
If that hym selfe by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by weight,
Because that he wolde wyne,
He badde his felowe firste begynne.

This enuious, though it be late,
Whan that he sawe he mote algate
Make his axinge firste, he thought
If he worship or profite soughte
It shall be double to his fere,
That wolde he chese in no manere.
But than he sheweth what he was
Towardes enue, and in this cas
Unto this angell thus he saide,
And for his yefte this he praide,
To make hym blynde on his one eye,
So that his felowe no thyng se.

This worde was not so soone spoke,
That his one eye anone was lokene:
And his felowe foorth with also
Was blynde on both his eyes two.
Tho was that other glad enough.
That one wepte, and that other lough.
He set his one eye at no cost,
Wherof that other two hath lost,
Of thilke ensample, whiche fell tho
Men tell nowe full ofte so:
The worlde empyreth commonly,
And yet wete none the cause whyle.

For it accordeth nought to kynde
Myn owne harme to seche and fynde.
Of that I shall my brother greue
I might neuer well acheue.

What seist thou soone of this folie?
My father, but I shulde lie
Upon the point, whiche ye haue saide,
Yet was myn hert neuer laide :
But in this wyse, as I you tolde,
But euermore if that ye wolde
Ought els to my shrift saie
Touchand enue, I wolde prais.

My sonne that shall well be do.
Now harken and lay thyn eare to.

*Inuidie pars est detractio pessima, pestera
Quae magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingua venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic vt in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti saepe salute caret.
Sed generosus amor linguam conseruat, vt eius
Verbum, quod loquitur nulla sinistra gerat.*

Hic tractat Confessor de tertia specie inuidie, quae detractio dicitur, cuius morsus viperæ fesa saepe fama deplangit.

TOUCHEND as of enniuous brood
I wote not one of all good.
But netheles suche as thei bee,
Yet there is one, and that is hee,
Whiche cleped is Detractio,
And to confirme his action,
He hath withholde Malshouche,
Whose tonge nother pill ne crouche
Maie hire, so that he pronouce
A pleine good worde withoute frounce :
Where behynde a mans backe
For though he praise, he fyt some lacke,
Whiche of his tale is ay the laste,
That all the price shak ouercaste.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he iangle, not for thy
As he whiche hath the herauldie
Of hem, that vsen for to lie.

For as the nettle, whiche vp reaneth,
The fresshe red rose breaneth,
And maketh him fade, and pale of hewe :
Right so this fals enuious hewe
In euery place, where he dwelleth,
With fals wordes, whiche he telleth,
He tourneth pleasyng into blame,
And worship into worldes shame.
Of suche leynge, as he compasseth,
Is none so good, that he ne passeth,
Betwene his tethe: and is backbited,
And through his fals tonge endited.

Like to the Sharnebades kynde,
Of whose nature this I fynde:
That in the hottest of the daie,
Whan comen is the mery Maie
He spret his winge, and vp he fleeth,
And vnder all aboute he seeth
The fayre lustie floures sprynge :
But therof hath he no lykynge,
Where he seeth of any beaste
The filthe, there he maketh his feaste.
And there vpon he woll alighte,
There lyketh him none other sighte.

Right so this iangler enuius,
 Though he a man se vertuous
 And full of good condicion,
 Therof maketh he no mencion:
 But els be it not so lite
 Wherof that he maie sette a wite,
 There renneth he with open mouth
 Behynde a man, and maketh it couth.
 But all the vertue, whiche he can,
 That woll he hide of euery man,
 And openly the vice telle,
 As he, whiche of the schole of belle
 Is taught, and fostred vp with enuie.
 Of householde and of companie
 Where that he hath his proprs office
 To sette on euery man a vice,
 Howe so his mouthe be comely
 His worde sitte euermore a wrie,
 And saith the worse that he maie.

And in this wise nows a daie
 In lous court a man maie here
 Full ofte pleine of this matere:
 That many enuius tale is stered,
 Where that it maie not be answered.
 But yet full ofte it is beleued,
 And many a worthy loue is grened
 Through backbiting of fals enuie.

If thou haue made suche ianglarie
 In lous courte my sonne er this,
 Shriue the therof. My father yis.
 But wite ye howe: not openly,
 But otherwhile priuely
 Whan I my dere lady mete,
 And thinke howe that I am not mete
 Unto hir highe worthinesse
 And eke I see the besinesse
 Of all this yonge lustie route,
 Whiche all daie pressen hir aboute,
 And eche of them his tyme awaiteth,
 And eche of them his tale affaiteth
 All to deceiue an innocent,
 Whiche woll not be of her assent.

And for men saine vnknowe vnkiste,
 Hir thome she holt in hir fiste,
 So close within hir owne honde,
 That there wynneth no man londe:
 She leueth not all that she hereth:
 And thus ful ofte her selfe she skiereth,
 And is all ware of **HAD I VVIST**.
 But for all that myn hert arise,
 Whan I these common loners see,
 That wolde not holde hem to thre:
 But well nye louen ouer all.
 Myn hert is enuius with all,
 And euer I am adradde of gile,
 In aunter if with any wile
 Thei might hir innocence enchaunte.
 For thy my wordes ofte I haunte
 Behynden hem, so as I dare,
 Wherof my ladie maie beware.
 I say what euer cometh to mouth,
 And wers I wolde, if that I couth.
 For whan I come vnto hir speche,
 All that I maie enquire and seche
 Of suche deceite, I telle it all:
 And ay the worst in speciall.
 So faine I wolde that she wist,
 Howe litell thei ben for to trist,
 And what thei wold, and what thei ment,
 So as thei be of double entent.

Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
 My wicked worde was euer grene.

And neteles the sooth to telle,
 In certaine if it so befelle,
 That alder trewest man ybore,
 To chese amonge a thousand score,
 Whiche were all fully for to trist,
 My lady louted, and I it wist,
 Yet rather than he shulde spode,
 I wolde suche tales sprede
 To my ladie, if that I might,
 That I shuld all his lous vnright.
 And therto wolde I do my peine,
 For certes though I shulde feine,
 And telle, that was neuer thought.
 For all this worlde I might nought
 To suffre an other fully wyne,
 There as I am yet to begynne.
 For be thei good, or be thei had,
 I wolde none my lady had.
 And that me maketh full ofte asprie,
 And vsen wordes of enuie,
 And for to make them beare a blame:
 And that is but of thiike same,
 The whiche vnto my ladie drawe.
 For euer on them I rounge and gnawe,
 And hynder hem all that euer I maie.
 And that is sothly for to saie,
 But onely to my lady selue,
 I telle it nought to. x. ne twelue.
 Therof I woll me well auise,
 To speke or iangle in any wise,
 That toucheth to my ladie name,
 The whiche in earnest and in game
 I wolde sauene to my death.
 For me had leuer to lacke breath,
 Than speke of hir name amis.

Nowe haue ye herd touchend of this
 My father in Confession,
 And therfore of detraction
 In loue, that I haue mispoke,
 Telle howe ye will it shall be wroke,
 I am all redy for to beare
 My peine, and also to forebare
 What thing that ye woll allowe.
 For who is bounden, he must bowe,
 So wolle I bowe vnto your heat.
 For I dare make this behest,
 That I to you baue nothing hid,
 But tolde right as it is betide,
 And otherwise of no mispeche
 My conscience for to seche
 I can not of enuie finde,
 That I mispoke haue, ought behynde,
 Wherof loue ought be mispaide.
 Nowe haue ye herde, and I haue saide.
 What woll ye fader, that I do?

My sonne do no more so.
 But euer kepe thy tonge still,
 Thou might the more haue thy will.
 For as thou seyest thy seluen here,
 Thy lady is of suche manere
 So wise, so ware in all thyng,
 It nedeth of no bakbiting
 That thou thy lady mis enforme.
 For whan she knoweth all the forme
 How that thy selfe art enuius,
 Thou shalt not be so gracious
 As thou parauntere shuldest be elles:
 There wol no man drinke of tho welles,

Whiche (as he wote) is poyson ynne,
And ofte suche as men begynne
Towardes other, suche thei finde,
That set hem ofte fer behynde,
When that thei wenen be before.

My good sonne and thou therfore
Beware, and leue thy wicke speche,
Wherof hath fallen ofte wreche
To many a man before this time.
For who so will his handes lime,
Thei muste be the more vncleue.
For many a mote shall be sene,
That woll not cleue elles there,
And that shulde euery wise man fere.
For who so will another blame,
He seketh ofte his owne shame,
Whiche els might be right still.
For thy if that it be thy will
To stande vpon amendement,
A tale of great entendement
I thinke telle for thy sake,
Wherof thou might ensample take.

Hic loquitur confessor contra istos in amoris causa detrahentes, qui suis obloquiis aliena solacia perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Constantia Tiberii Rome Imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famosissima, ob eius amorem Soldanus tunc Persie, vt eam in vxorem ducere posset, christianum se fieri promisit, cuius accepta caucione concilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia vna cum duobus Cardinalibus, alisque Rome proceribus in Persiam maritaggi causa nauigio honorifice destinata fuit, quæ tamen obloquentium postea detractionibus variis modis absque sui culpa dolorosa fata multipliciter passa est.

A WORTHY knight in Christes lawe
Of great Rome, as is the saue,
The sceptre had for to right,
Tibery Constantin he hight,
Whos wife was cleped Kallie:
But thei to geder of progenie
No childre had but a maide,
And she the god so well apayde,
That al the wide worldes fame
Spake worship of hir good name:
Constance, as the Cronike saith,
She hight: and was so full of faith,
That the greatest of Barbarie
Of hend, whiche vse marchandise
She hath conuerted, as thei come
To hir vpon a tyme in Rome,
To shewen such thing, as thei broughe,
Whiche worthely of hem she bought.
And oer that in suche a wise
She hath hem with hir wordes wise
Of Christes feith so full enformed,
That thei therto ben all conformed,
So that baptisme thei receiuen:
And all hir fals goddes weyuen.

When thei ben of the feith certaine
Thei gone to Barbarie ayene,
And there the Soudan for hem sent,
And asketh hem to what entent
Thei bane her first feith forsake.

And thei, whiche had vndertake
The right feith to kepe and holde,
The matter of her tale tolde,

With all the hole circumstance.

And when the Soudan of Constance
(Upon the point that thei ansverde)
The beautee and the grace herde,
As he, whiche than was to wedde,
In all hast his cause spedde
To sende for the mariage:
And fethermore with good courage
He saith, be so he maie hir haue,
That Christ, that came this world to saue,
He woll beleue, and thus recorded
Thei ben on either side accorded:
And there vpon to make an ende
The Soudan his hostage sende
To Rome, of princes sonnes twelue,
Wherof the fader in him selue
Was gladd, and with the Pope auised
Two Cardinalles he hath assised,
With other lordes many mo,
That with his daughter thei shuld go,
To see the soudan he conuerted.

Qualiter adueniente Constantia in Barbariam mater soldani huiusmodi nuptias perturbare volens, filium suum vna cum dicta Constantia, cardinalibusque et aliis Romanis prima die ad conuiuium inuitauit, Et conuescentibus illis in mensa, ipsum soldanum omnes que ibidem preter Constantiam Romanos ab insidiis latitantibus subdole detractione interfeci procurauit, ipsamque Constantiam in quadam nauis absque gubernaculo positam per altum mare ventorum flatibus agendam in exilium dirigi solum constituit.

But that, whiche neuer was wel herted,
Enne tho beganne to trauaile,
In disturbance of this spoaile,
So priuely, that none was ware.
The mother whiche the souldan here,
Was than aloue, and thought this
Unto hir selfe: If it so is
My sonne hym wedde in this manere,
Than haue I lost my joyes here. *7. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15.*
For myn estate shall so be lassed.

Thinkend thus she hath compassed
By sleight, howe that she maie begyle
Hir sonne, and fille within a while,
Betwene hem two whan that thei were,
She feigned wordes in his eare,
And in this wise gan to saie:

My sonne, I am by double waie
With all myn herte gladd and blithe,
For that my selfe haue ofte eithe
Desyred, thou wolte (as men sayth)
Receiue and take a newe feith,
Whiche shall be forthrynge of thy life,
And eke so worshipfull a wife,
The daughter of an emperour
To wedde, it shall be great honour.
For thy my sonne I you beseeche,
That I suche grace might areche,
Whan that my daughter come shall,
That I maie than in speciall,
So as me thynketh honeste,
By thilke, whiche the firste feste
Shall make vnto hir welcommynge,

The Souldan graunteth hir askynge.
And she therof was glad enough.
For vnder that anone she drough,

With false wordes that she spake,
 Couin of death behynde his backe,
 And therupon hir ordinance
 She made so, that whan Constance
 Was comen forth with the Romaines,
 Of clerkes and of citezeins,
 A riche feaste she hem made:
 And moste whan thei weren glade,
 With false couyn, whiche she had
 Hir close enuie tho she sprad:
 And all tho, that hadden bee
 Or in apperte or in priuee
 Of counseile to the mariage,
 She slough them in a sodeine rage
 Endelonge the borde as thei ben set,
 So that it myght not be lette.
 Hir owne sonne was not quite,
 But died vpon the same plite.

But what the high god woll spare,
 It maie not for the perill misfare.
 This worthie maiden, whiche was there
 Stode than, as who saith, dead for fere,
 To see the feast, how that it stode,
 Whiche all was tourned into bloud.
 The disse forth with the cuppe and all
 Bebled thei weren ouer all.
 She sawe hem die on euery side,
 No wonder though she wepte and cride,
 Makyng many a wofull mone
 Whan all was slaine but she alone.

This olde fende, this Sarazyn,
 Let take anone this Constantyn,
 With all the good she theder brought,
 And hath ordeined as she thought
 A naked ship without stere,
 In whiche the good, and hir in fere,
 Viteled full for yeres fise,
 Where that the wynde it wolde driue,
 She put vpon the waues wilde.

*Qualiter nauis cum Constantia in partes Anglie,
 que tunc pagana fuit prope Humber sub quo-
 dam Castello regis, qui tunc Allee vocabatur
 post triennium applicuit, quam quidam miles
 nomine Elda dicti castelli tunc custos et nau-
 lete suscipiens, vxori sue Hermyngylde in cus-
 todiam honorifice commendauit.*

But he, which all thinges maie shilde
 Thre yere, til that she cometh to londe
 Hir shippe to stare hath take on honde:
 And in Northumberloude arriueth,
 And happeth than, that she dryueth
 Under a castell with the floode,
 Whiche vpon Humber banke stooode,
 And was the kynges owne also,
 The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
 A Saxon, and a worthy knight,
 But he beleueth not aright.

Of this castell was castellayne,
 Elda the kynges chamberlaine,
 A knightly man after his lawe,
 And whan he sawe vpon the wawe
 The ship driued alone so,
 He had anone men shulden go
 To see, what it be token maie.
 This was vpon a sommer daie,
 The shippe was loked, and she founde.

Elda within a littel stounde

It wist, and with his wife anowe
 Towarde this yonge lady gone,
 Where that thei fonde greate richesse,
 But she hir wolde not confesse,
 Whan thei hir asken, what she was,
 And netheles vpon the cas
 Out of the ship with great worship
 Thei toke hir in to felowship,
 As thei that weren of hir glade.
 But she no maner of ioie made:
 But soroweth sore, of that she fonde
 No christendome in thilke londe:
 But eis she hath all hir will
 And thus with them she dwelleth still.
 Dame Hermegylde, whiche was the wife
 Of Elda, liche hir owne life.
 Constance loueth, and it fell so,
 Spekende all daie betwene hem two
 Through grace of gods puruasiace
 This maiden taught the creance
 Unto this wife so perfectly,
 Upon a daie that faste by,
 In presence of hir husboude,
 Where thei go walkende on the stronde,
 A blynde man, whiche came ther lodde,
 Unto this wife criende he badde
 With both his bondes vp, and praide
 To hir, and in this wise he saide:

O Hermegylde, whiche Christes feith
 Enformed, as Constance seith,
 Receiued hast: yeue me my sight.
 Upon this worde hir beste afight,
 Thyngende what was best to doone.
 But netheles she herde his boone,
 And saide, in truste of Christes lawe,
 Whiche done was on the crosse and slawe,
 Thou blynde man beholde and see.
 With that to god vpon his knee
 Thankende he toke his sight anone,
 Wberof thei meruaile euery chone,
 But Elda wondreth most of all
 This open thyng whiche is befaile,
 Concludeth hym by suche a wey,
 That he the feith moste nedes obey.

*Qualiter quidam iuuenis miles in amorem Con-
 stancie exardescens, pro eo que ipsa sibi con-
 sentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegylde, quam
 ipse noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoris ac-
 cusauit, sed angelus domini ipsum sic detra-
 hentem in maxilla subito percutiens, non solum
 pro mendaci comprobatur, sed ictu mortali post
 ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.*

Nowe liste what fell vpon this thyng.

This Elda foorthe vnto the kyng,
 A morow toke his wey and rode,
 And Hermegylde at home abode
 Forth with Constance well at ease.

Elda whiche thought his kyng to plesse,
 As he, that than vnwedded was,
 Of Constance all the pleine cas,
 As goodly as he couth, tolde.

The kyng was glad, and said he wolde
 Come thither in suche a wise,
 That he hym might of hir auise.

The tyme appointed forth withal
 This Elda truste in special
 Upon a knight, whom from childhode
 He had vpdrawe into manhode

To hym he tolde all that he thought:
 Wherof that after him forthought,
 And netheles at thilke tide
 Unto his wife he bad hym ride
 To make redy all thyng
 Ageinst the comynge of the kyng.
 And saith, that he hym selfe tofore
 Thinketh for to come, and bod therefore,
 That he him kepe, and tolde him whan.

This knight rode forth his wey than.
 And soth was, that of time passed
 He had in all his witte compassed,
 Howe he Constance might wyne,
 But he sawe tho no spede therin,
 Wherof his lust beganne to bate,
 And that was loue, is than hate.
 Of hir honour he had enuie,
 So that vpon his trecherie,
 A leaunge in his herte he cast,
 Tyl he come home, he highest fast,
 And doth his lady to vnderstande
 The message of hir husbaude.
 And thervpon the longe daies
 Thei setten thynges in arraie,
 That all was as it shulde bee
 Of every thing in his degree.

And whan it came into the night,
 This wife hir hath to bedde dight,
 Where that this maiden with hir laie.

This false knight vpon delaie
 Hath taried till thei were aslepe,
 As he that woul time kepe
 His deadly werkes to fulfille,
 And to the bedde he stalketh stille,
 Where that he wist was the wife,
 And in his hande a rasour knife
 He bare, with whiche hir throte he cut,
 And priuely the knife he put
 Under that diere beddes side,
 Where that Constance laie beside.

Elda come home the same night:
 And stille with a preuie light,
 As he that wolde not awake
 His wife, he bath his weye take
 In to the chambre: and there liggende
 He fonde his deade wife bledende,
 Where that Constance faste by
 Was falle aslepe: and sodeinly
 He cried aloude, and she awoke
 And fourth withall cast a loke,
 And sawe this lady blede there
 Wherof swounded deade for feare
 She was: and stille as any stone
 She laie, and Elda thervpon
 Is to the Castell clepeth out.
 And vp sterte every man about,
 Is to the chamhre fourth thei went.

But he whiche all vntrouth ment,
 This false knight amonge them all,
 Upon the thing, whiche is befall
 Seith: that Constance hath do this dede,
 And to the bedde with that he yede
 After the falsehead of his speche,
 And made him there for to seche,
 And fonde the knife, where be it laide:
 And than he cried, and thus he saide:

Lo see the knife all bloody here,
 What nedeth more in this matere
 To aske? and thus hir penouence
 He sclaudreth there in audience

With false wordes, whiche he feigneth,
 But yet for al that euer he pleinetb,
 Elda no full credence toke,
 And happed that there lay a boke,
 Upon the whiche when he it sighe,
 This knight hath swore: and said on highe,
 That all men might it wite:
 Now by this boke, whiche is here write,
 Constance is giltife well I wote.

With that the bande of heuen him smote,
 In token of that he hath forswore
 There he bothe his eyen lore,
 Out of his head the same stounde
 Thei stert, and so thei were founde.

A voice was herde, whan that thei fel,
 Whiche saide: O damned man to hell,
 Lo thus hath god thy sclauder wroke,
 That thou agein Constance hath spoke,
 Beknowe the sothe er that thou die.
 And he tolde out his felonie:
 And starfe forth with his tale anone.
 In to the grounde, where al gone
 This dead lady was begraue.

Elda, whiche thought his honour saue,
 All that he maie, restraineth sorowe.

Qualiter rex Allee ad fidem Christi conuersus bap-
 tismum recepit: et Constantiam super hoc leto
 animo desposauit quae tamen qualis vel vnde
 fuit alicui nullo modo fatebatur, Et cum infra
 breue postea a domino suo impregnata fuisset,
 ipse ad debellandum cum scotis iter arripuit, et
 ibidem super guerras aliquandiu permansit.

For the seconde date at morowe
 The kyng came, as thei were accorded.
 And whan it was to him recorded,
 What god hath wrought vpon this chance,
 He toke it in to remembrance,
 And thought more than he saide.
 For all his hole herte he laide
 Upon Constance: and saide he shulde,
 For loue of hir, if that she wolde,
 Baptisme take, and Christes faith
 Beleue: and ouer that he saith,
 He wolde hir wedde: and vpon this
 Assured eche to other is.

And for to make shorte tales,
 There came a bisshop out of wales
 Fro Bangor: and Lucye he bright,
 Which through the grace of god almight,
 The king, with many other mo,
 He christined: and betwene hem two
 He hath fulfilled the mariage:
 But for no lust, ne for no rage
 She tolde him neuer what she was.

And netheles vpon this cas
 The kinge was glad, howe so it stode.
 For well he wist and vnderstode,
 She was a noble creature.

The high maker of nature
 Hir hath visited in a throwe
 That it was openliche knowe,
 She was with childe by the kyng.
 Wherof abouen all other thyng
 He thanked god, and was right glad,
 And fell that tyme he was bestad
 Upon a werre, and must ride:
 And while he shuld there abide,

He left at home to kepe his wife,
Suche as he knewe of holy life.

Elda forth with the bisshop eke,
And he with power go to seke
Ayene the Scottes for fonde
The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

Qualiter regina Constantia infantem masculum
quem in baptismo Mauritium vocant, rege ab-
sente enixa est, Sed inuida mater regis Domilda
super isto facto condolens, mendacibus regi
certificauit, quod vxor sua demoniaci et non hu-
mani generis quoddam monstruosum fantasma
loco geniture adortum produxit, huiusmodique
detractoribus aduersus Constantiam procurauit,
quod ipsa in nauem, qua prius venerat, iterum
ad exilium vno cum suo partu remissa deso-
labatur.

THE tyme sette of kinde is come,
This lady hath hir chambre nume,
And of a sonne borne full:
Wherof that she was ioyfull.
She was deliuered saufe and soone.

The bisshop, as it was to doone,
Yafe him baptisme, and Moris calleth:
And therron as it befalleth,
With letters writen of recorde
Thei sent vnto her liege lorde,
That kepers weren of the queene.
And he, that shulde go betweene,
The messenger to Knaresbourgh,
Whiche towne he shulde passe through,
Rydende came the first daie.
The kynges mother there laie,
Whose right name was Domilde,
Whiche after all the cause spilde.
For he, whiche thanke deserue wolde,
Unto this lady gothe and tolde
Of his message, howe it ferde.
And she with feigned ioye it herde,
And yafe him yestes largely.
But in the night al priuely
She toke the letters, whiche he had,
Ero point to point and oner rad,
As she, that was through out vntreue:
And let do write other newe
In stede of hem: and thus thei speke.

Prima littera in commendationem Constance ab
episcopo Regi missa per Domildam in contra-
rium falsata.

THAT thou with vs be not wroth,
Though we suche thyng, as is the loth
Upon our trouth certifie.
Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
Of suche a childe deliuered is,
Fro kinde, whiche stant all amis.
But for it shulde not be saie,
We haue it kepte out of the waie
For drede of pure worldes shame.
A poore childe, and in the name
Of thilke, whiche is so misbore,
We toke, and therto we he swore,
That none, but onely thou and wee
Shall knowe of this priuete.
Moris is hatte, and thus men wene
That it was borne of the queene,

And of thyne owne bodie gete.

But this thyng maie not be foryete,
That thou ne sende vs worde anon
What is thy will therupon.

This letter, as thou haste herde deuise
Was counterfete in suche a wise,
That no man shulde it apperceiue.
And she, whiche thought to deceiue.
It leith, where she that other toke.

This messenger, whan he awoke,
And wist nothyng howe it was,
Arose and rode the great pas
And toke his letters to the kyng.
And whan he sawe this wondro thyng,
He maketh the messenger no chere:
But netheles in wise manere
He wrote againe, and yafe hym charge,
That thei ne suffre not at large
His wife to go, but kepe hir still,
Tyll thei haue herde more of his will.

This messenger was yestles:
But with his letter netheles
Or be hym lefe or be hym lothe
In all haste ageine, he gothe
By Knaresbourgh, and as he went
Unto the mother his entent,
Of that he fonde towards the kyng
He tolde, and she vpon this thyng
Seith, that he shulde abide all night:
And make hym fesse and chere a right
Feigned as though she coude him tronke.
But he with stronge wine which he dronke,
Forth with the trauaile of the daie
Was dronke: aslepe and while he laie,
She hath his letters ouersaie,
And formed in an other waie:
There was a newe letter write.

Secunda littera per regem episcopo remissa a
Domilda iterum falsata.

WHICHE he saith: I do you for to wite,
That through the counsaile of you two
I stonde in point to be vndo,
As he, whiche is a kyng deposed,
For euery man it hath supposed
How that my wife Constance is faie:
And if that I feigne any delaie
To put hir out of companie,
The worshippes of my regalie
Is lore: and ouer this thei tall,
Hir childe shall not amonge hem dwell
To claime any herytage:
So can I see none auantage,
But all is loste, if she abide.
For thy to loke on euery syde
Towards the mischefe as it is,
I charge you, and byd this,
That ye the same shippe vittaille:
In whiche that she toke arriuaile,
Therin and putteth bothe two,
Hir selfe forth with hir childe also,
And so forth brought in to the depe
Retaketh hir the sea to kepe.
Of foure daies tyme I sette,
That ye this thyng no lenger lette,
So that your life be not forfete.

And thus this letter counterfete
The messenger, whiche was vnware,
Upon the kynges halue bare

And where he shulde it hath betake.

But whan that thei haue hede take
And rad, that writen is within,
So great a sorowe thei beginne,
As thei hir owne mother seien
Brenne in a fire before their eien.
There was wepyng, and there was wo,
But finally the thyng is do:
Upon the sea thei haue hir brought:
But she the cause wist nought.
And thus vpon the foorde thei wonne,
This lady with hir yonge sonne.

And than hir handes to the heuen
She straught: and with a milde steuen,
Kneled vpon hir bare knee
She saide: O high maiestee,
Whiche seest the point of eury trowth:
Take of thy wofull woman outh:
And of this childe, whiche I shall kepe.
And with that worde she gan to wepe
Swouned as deade, and there she laie.
But be, whiche all thynges maie,
Comforteth hir, and at laste
She loketh, and hir eien caste
Upon hir childe, and saide this:

Of me no maner charge it is
What sorowe I suffre, but of thee
Me thinketh it is great pitee.
For if I sterus, thou must deie,
So mote I nedes by that weie,
For motherheed, and for tendernes,
With all my hole besynes,
Ordeine me for thilke office,
As she, whiche shall be thy notice.

Thus was she strengthened for to stonde.
And tho she toke hir childe in honde
And yafe it souke, and euer amonge
She wepte, and otherwhile songe,
To rocke with hir childe aslepe
And thus hir owne childe to kepe
She hath vnder the gods cure.

*Qualiter nauis Constancie post biennium in partes
Hispanie superioris inter Sarazenos iactabatur,
a quorum manibus deus ipsam conseruans gra-
tiosissime liberauit.*

And so fell vpon auenture
Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
Hir ship, so as it moste wende,
By strength of wynde, which god hath yeeu,
Estuarde was into Spaine driue,
Right fast vnder a castell wall,
Where that an bethen admirall
Was lorde: and he a stewarde had
One Thelou, whiche all was bad,
A fals knight, and a renegate,
He goth to loke, in what estate
The ship was comen: and there he fonde
Forth with a childe vpon hir honde
This lady where she was a one.
He toke good bede of the person,
And sawe she was a worthy wight
And thought he wolde vpon the night
Demene hir at his owne will:
And in the ship he kepte hir still,
That no man sawe hir that daie.

At gods wille and thus she laie
Unknowe, what hir shall betide,
And fell so that by nightes tide,

This knight without felauship
Hath take a bote, and came to ship,
And thought of hir his luste to take,
And swore, if she hym daunger make,
That certainly she shulde deie,
She sawe there was none other weie.
And saide he shulde hir well comforte,
That he fyrst loke out at porte,
That no man were nigh the stede,
Whiche might knowe what thei dede.
And than he maie do what he wolde.
He was right glad, that she so tolde,
And to the porte anone he ferde:
She praieeth god, and he hir herde,
And sodeinly he was out throwe
And dreint, and tho began to blowe
Wynde meuable for the londe
And thus the mighty gods honde
Hir hath conueigned, and defended:
And whan thre yere ben full dispended,

*Qualiter Nauicula Constancie quodam die que
altum mare vagans inter copiosam nauium mul-
titudinem dilapsa est, quarum Arcennius Ro-
manorum consul, dux, et capitaneus ipsam ig-
notam suscipiens vsque ad Romam secum per-
duxit, vbi equalem, vxori sue Eliene permansu-
ram reuerenter associavit, nec non et eiusdem
filium Mauricium in omni habundantia quasi
proprium educavit.*

Hir ship was driue vpon a daie,
Where that a great nauie laie
Of shippes, all the worlde at ones:
And as god wolde for the nones
Hir ship goth in amonge hem all
And stynt not, er it be bifall,
And hath that vessell vnder gete,
Whiche maister was of all the fete.
But there it resteth and abode,
This great shyp on anker rode:
The lorde come forth, and when he sigh
That other ligge on borde so nigh:
He wondreth, what it might bee,
And bad men to go in and see.
This lady tho was crope a side,
As she that wolde hir seluen hide.
For she ne wist, what thei were,
Thei sought about, and foud hir there,
And brougten vp hir childe and her,
And thervpon this lorde to sper
Began, fro whens that she came,
And what she was: Quod she, I am
A woman wofully bestadde
I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
That I forth with my littell sonne,
Upon the waues shulde wonne.
But why the cause wote I nought.
But he whiche all thynges wrought,
Yet ay I thanke hym of his might,
My childe and me so kepte vp right,
That we be saufe bothe two.

This lorde hir asketh euermo
Howe she beleueth, and she seith:
I leue and trust in Christes feith,
Whiche died vpon the roode tre.

What is thy name tho quod he?
My name is Coust, she hym saide,
But furthermore for nought he praide

Of hir estate to knowe plaine,
She wolde hym nothyng els saine.
But of hir name, whiche she feigned,
All other thynges she restreigned,
That o worde more she ne tolde.

This lorde than asketh if she wolde
With hym abide in companie,
And saide, he came from Barbarie
To Rome warde, and home he went.

Tho she supposeth what it ment,
And saith, she wolde with hym wende,
And dwell vnto hir liues ende,
Be so it be to his pleasance.

And thus vpon her acquaintance
He tolde hir plainly as it stude,
Of Rome howe that the gentill blode
In Barbarie was betraied,
And therupon he hath assaied
By warre, and take suche vengeance,
That none of thilke iuylance,
By whom the treson was compassed,
Is from the swerde aliuue passed.

But of Constance howe it was,
That couthe he knowe by no cas,
Where she became, so as he seide.

Hir ere vnto his worde she leide,
But forther made she no chere.

And netheles in this mattere
It hapned that ilke tyme so,
This lorde, with whome she shulde go,
Of Rome was the senatour,
And of hir father the emperour,
His brother doughter hath to wife:
Whiche hath hir father eke on liue,
And was Salustes cleped tho.
His wife Eleine hight also:
To whom Constance was cosine.

Thus to the seke a medicine
Hath god ordeined of his grace,
That forthe in the same place
This senatour his trouth plight,
For euer, while he lyue might,
To kepe hir in worship, and in welth,
Be so that god wolle giue hir helth.

This lady, whiche fortune hym sende,
And thus by shippe forth sailende,
Hir and hir childe to Rome he brought,
And to his wife tho he besought,
To take hir in to companie.

And she, whiche couth of curtesie
All that a good wife shulde conue,
Was inly gladde, that he hath wonne
The felowship of so good one.
This emperours doughter Custe,
Forthwith the doughter of Saluste
Was kept, but no man redely
Knewe, what she was: and not for thy,
Thei thoughten well she had bee
In hir estate of high degree.
And euery life hir loueth wele.

*Qualiter rex Allee inita pace cum Scottis a guerris
rediens, et non inuenta vxore sua causam exilii
diligencius perscrutans, cum matrem suam Do-
mildam inde culpabilem sciuisset, ipsam in igne
proiciens conhuri fecit.*

Nowe herke thilke vntable whele,
Whiche euer torneth, wente aboute,
The kynge Alle, while he was out

(As thou tofore hast herde the cas)
Deceiued through his modre was.
But whan that le come home agayne,
He axeth of his chamberlayne,
And of the bishop eke also,
Where thei the queene had do.
And thei answered: there he had,
And haue hym thilke letter rad,
Whiche he then sent for warrant,
And tolde hym playnly as it stante,
And saine, it thought hem great pitee,
To see a worthy one as shee
With suche a childe, as there was bore
So sodeinly to be forlore.
He asketh hem, what childe it were.
And thei him saide, that no where
In all the worlde, though men it sought,
Was neuer woman, that forth brought
A fairer childe, than it was one.

And than he axeth hem anone,
Why thei ne hadden written so.
Thei tolden, so thei hadden do.

He saide nay. Thei saiden yis.
The letter shewed, radde it is.
Whiche thei forsoken euery dele.
Tho was it vnderstonde wele,
That there is treson in the thyng.
The messenger tofore the kynge
Was brought, and sodeinly opposed,
And no thyng hath yet supposed
But all well, began to saie,
That he no where vpon the waie
Abod, but onely in a stede,
And cause why, that he so dede
Was, as he went to and fro,
At Knaresburgh by nightes two
The kynge's moder made hym dwell.

And when the kynge it herde tell,
Within his herte he wiste als faste
The treson, whiche his mother caste:
And thought he wolde not abide:
But forth ryght in the same tide
He toke his hors, and rode anone,
With hym there ride many one
To Knaresburgh, and forth thei wente,
And lych the fyre, whiche thonder hente,
In suche a rage, as seith the boke,
His mother sodeneche he toke
And saide vnto hir in this wise:

O beast of hell in what gise
Hast thou deseru'd for to deie,
That hast so falsely put aweie
With reason of thy hackbitynge,
The trewest, at my knowlehyng
Of viues, and the most honest?

But I wolle make this beheest
It shall be venged er I go.
And lete a fyre do make tho.
And bad men for to caste hir inne.
But firste she tolde out all the sinne,
And did hem all for to wite,
Howe she the letters had write
Fro point to point, as it was wrought,
And tho she was to death brought,
And brent tofore hir sonnes eie:
Wberof these other, whiche it sie,
And herden howe the cause stode
Seine, that the iudgement is good,
Of that hir sonne bir hath so serued:
For she it had wele deserued,

Through treson of hir false tonge,
Which through the londe was after songe,
Constance and euery wight compleineth,
But he, whom all wo dystreineth,
This sorowfull kyng was so bestadde,
That he shall ueuer more be gladde:
He, seith eftsones for to wedde,
Till that he wiste how that she spedde,
Whiche had ben his frste wife.
And thus his yonge valusty life
He driueth fourth so as he maie.

Qualiter post lapsum. xii. annorum rex Allee ab-
solucionis causa Romam proficiens, vxorem
suam Constanciam vna cum filio suo diuina pro-
uidencia ibidem letus inuenit.

TILL it befell vpon a daie,
Whan he his warres had acheued,
And thought he wolde be releued
Of soule hele vpon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he seith,
That he to Rome in pilgrimage
Wolde goe, where Pope was Pelage,
To take his absolucion.
And vpon this condicion
He made Edwyn his lieutenant,
Whiche heire was apparant,
That he the londe in his absence
Shall rewle, and thus by prouidente
Of all thynges well begonne
He toke his leue and forthe is gone.
Elda, whiche tho was with hem there,
Er thei fulliche at Rome were,
Was sent tofore to purueie,
And he his guide vpon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbergeour
Hath axed, who was Senatour,
That he is name might kenne.
Of Capadoce, he saide, Arcenne
He hight: and was a worthie knight.
To him goth Elda tho forth right,
And tokle him of his lorde tidings
And praid, that for his comynge
He wolde assigne him herbergeage.
And he so did of good courage.
Whan all is do, that was to doone,
The kyng him selfe came after soone.
This Senatour whan that he come
To Custe, and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde, howe suche a kyng Allee
Of great array to the Citee
Was come, and Custe vpon his tale
With bert close, and colour pale,
A swoone felle, and he meruailleth,
So sodenly what thyng hir eyleth,
And caught hir vp, and whan she woke,
She sigbeth with a pitous toke
And feigneth sekenesse of the see.
But it was for the kyng Allee:
For ioye, whiche was in hir thought,
That god him hath to towne brought.
This kinge hath spoke with the Pope,
And tolde all that he couthe grope,
What grezeth in his consciencia.
And than he thought in reuerence
Of his estate, er that he went,
To make a feast, and thus he sent
Unto the Senatour, to come
Upon the morowe, and other some,

To sitte with him at mete.

This tale hath Custe not foryete,
But to Moris, hir sonne tolde,
That he vpon the morowe shulde
In all that euer he couth and might,
Be present in the kynges sight,
So that the kyng him ofte sie.

Moris tofore the kynges sie
Upon the morowe, where he sat,
Full ofte stode, and vpon that
The kyng his chere vpon him caste,
And in his face him thought als faste
He sawe his owne wife Constance.
For nature, as in resemblance
Of face, him liketh so to clothe,
That thei were of a suite both.

The kyng was moued in his thought
Of that he seeth, and kooweth it nought.
This childe he loueth kyndely:
And yet he wote no cause why,
Bot wel he sigh and vnderstode,
That he towarde Arcenne stode,
And axeth him anone right there,
Yf that this childe his sonne were.

He saide ye, so I him calle,
And wolde it were so byfalle.
But it is all in other wise.

And tho began he to deuise,
How he the childes mother fonde,
Upon the sea from euery londe
Within a ship was sterles,
And how this lady helpeles
Forth with hir childe he hath forth drawe.
The kyng hat vnderstande his sawe:
The childes name and axeth tho,
And what the mother hight also,
That he him wolde telle he praide.

Moris this childe is hote he saide,
His mother hat Custe, and this
I not what maner name it is.

But Allee wist wel enough,
Wherof soundeles smilend he lough.
For Custe in Saxon is to saine
Constance vpon the worde Romain.

But who that couthe specifie,
What tho fell in his fantasie,
And how his witte abouts renneth
Upon the loue, in whiche he brenneth,
It ware a wonder for to here.
For he was neither there ne here,
But clene out of him selfe away,
That he not what to thinke or sey,
So faine he wolde it were shee,
Wherof his hertes priuitee
Bygan the warre of ye and naye,
The whiche in suche balance laye,
That contenance for a throwe
He loste, till he might knowe
The soth: but in his memorie
The man, whiche lieth in purgatorie,
Desireth not the heuen more,
That he ne longeth also sore
To witte, what him shall betide.

And when the bordes were aside,
And euery man was rise aboute
The kyng hath weined all the route
And with the Senatour alone
He spake, and praid him of a bone,
To see this Custe where she dwelleth
At home with him, so as he telleth.

The Senatour was wel apaide.

This thing no lenger was delaid.
To see this Custe goth the kyng,
And she was warned of the thyng:
And with Eleine fourth she came
Ayne the kyng, and he tho name
Good hede: and whan he sigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught hir in his armes, and kiste
Was neuer wight that sighe ne wiste
A man that more ioye made,
Wherof thei weren all gladde,
Whiche herd tell of this chance.

This kyng tho with his wife Constance,
Whiche had a great part of his wille,
In Rome for a tyme stille
Abode, and made him well at ease,
But so yet couth he neuer please
His wife, that she wolde him seine
Of hir estate the trouthe pleine,
Of what countré that she was bore,
Ne what she was, and yet therefore
With all his wit he hath done seke.

Thus as thei lay in bedde, and speke,
She praith him, and counseileth both,
That for the worship of hem both,
So as hir thought it were honeste,
He wolde an honourable feste
Make (er he went) in that Citee,
Where the Emperour him selfe shall bee.

He graunted all that she him praid.
But as men in that time saide,
Thilke Emperour from that daie,
That firste his daughter went a waie,
He was than after neuer glad,
But what that any man him bad
Of grace, for his daughter sake,
That grace wolde he nought forsake.
And thus ful great almesse he dede
Wherof he had many a bede.

*Qualiter Constantia, quæ antea per totum tempus
exilii sui penes omnes incognitam se celsavit,
tunc demum patri suo imperatori se ipsam per
omnia manifestavit, quod cum rex Allee sci-
uisset, vna cum vniuersa Romanorum multi-
tudine inestimabili gaudio admirantes cunctip-
otentem laudarent.*

THIS Emperour out of the towne,
Within a ten mile enuiroune,
Where as it thought him for the beste,
Hath sondry places for to reste.
And as fortune wolde tho,
He was dwellend at one of tho.

The kyng Allee fourth with thassent
Of Custe his wife, hath thider sent
Morice his sonne, as he was taught
To Themperour, and he goth straught,
And in his father halue he sought,
As he whiche his lordship sought,
That of his high worthines
He wolde do so great mekenes,
His owne towne to come and see,
And yeue a tyme in the citee,
So that his fader might him gete,
That he wolde ones with him etc.

This lorde hath graunted his requeste,
And whan the daie was of the feaste,

In worship of the Emperour,
The kyng, and eke the Senatour,
Foorth with her wiues bothe two,
With many a lorde and lady mo,
On hors riden him ageine,
Till it befell vpon a plaine
Thei sigh, where he was comend.

With that Constance anone preyend
Spake to hir lorde, that he abide,
So that I maie tofore ride,
To ben vpon his bien venu.
The firste, whiche shall him salu.
And thus after hir lordes graunt,
Upon a mule white amblant
Foorth with a fewe rode this quene.
Thei wondred, what she wolde mene,
And riden after a softe pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themperour, in his presence,
She saide aloude in audience:

My lorde my father wel you bee,
And of this tyme that I see
Your honour, and your good hele,
Whiche is the helpe of my quarele.
I thanke vnto the gods might.

For ioye his herte was aflight
Of that she tolde in remembrance:
And whan he wiste, it was Constance,
Was neuer father halfe so blithe,
Wepende he kiste hir ofte sith,
So was his herte all ouercome.
For though his mother were come
Fro death to lyfe out of the graue,
He myght no more wonder haue
Than he hath, whan that he hir sighe
With that hir owne lorde comyng sighe,
And is to themperour obiede.

And whan the fortune is bewreied,
How that Constance is come aboute,
So harde an herte was none oute,
That he for pitee tho ne wepte.

Arccnius, whiche hir fonde and kepte,
Was than gladde of that is fall,
So that with ioye amonge hem all
Thei riden in at Rome gate.

This Emperour thought all to late
Till that the Pope were come,
And of tho lordes sende some,
To praie him, that he woll haste.
And he cam foorth in all haste.
And whan that he this tale herde,
How wonderly this chaunce ferde,
He thauked god of his myracle,
To whose might maie be none obstacle.

The kyng a noble feaste hem made:
And thus thei were all gladde.

A parlement cr that thei went,
Thei setten vnto this entent,
To put Rome in full espeire,
That Moris was apparant heire,
And shulde abide with hem stille.
For suche was all the lordes wille.

*Qualiter Mauricius cum imperatore, vt heres im-
perii remansit, et rex Allee et Constantia in
Angliam regressi sunt.*

WHAN euery thyng was fully spoke,
Of sorowe and queint was all the smoke.

The toke his leue Allee the kyng,
 And with full many a riche thyng,
 Whiche themperour hym had yeue,
 He hath a glad life for to liue.
 For he Constance bath in his honde,
 Whiche was the comforte of his londe.
 For whan that he come home ageine,
 There is no tonge that might seyne,
 What ioye was that ilke stounde,
 Of that he bath his quene founde:
 Whiche first was sent of goddes soude,
 Whan she was dryuen vpon the stronde,
 By whome the mysbilene of synne
 Was lefte, and Christes feith came inne
 To beam, that whilome werd blynde,
 But he, whiche hyndreth euery kynde,

Qualiter rex Alle in Anglia post biennium humane
 carnis resolutionem subiens, nature debitum
 persoluit, post cuius obitum Constanca cum
 patris suo Rome se transtulit moraturam.

AND for no golde maie be forbought,
 The death comend er he besought
 Toke with this kyng suche acquaintance,
 That he with all his retenance
 Ne might not defende his life.
 And thus he parteth from his wife,
 Whiche than made sorowe enough.
 And therupon hir herte drouge
 To leue Englund for euer,
 And go where she had leuer
 To Rome, wheus that she came.
 And thus of all the londe she name
 Hir leue, and goth to Rome ageine.
 And after that the bokes seine,
 She was not there but a throwe
 Whan death of kynde hath ouerthrowe
 Hir worthy father, whiche men salde
 That betwene hir armes deide.
 And afterwarde the yere suende
 The god of hir hath made an ende,
 And fro this worldes fayrie
 Hath take hir into companie.

Moris hir sonne was coroned,
 Whiche so ferforth was abandoned
 To Christes feith, that mea hym calle
 Moris the christnest of all.

And thus the w hole meynge of loue
 Was at last set aboue,
 And so, as thou haste herde tofore,
 The fals tunges were lore,
 Whiche vpon loue wolde lie.
 For thy touchend of this enue
 Whiche longeth vnto bakbitynge,
 Be ware thou make no leyng
 In hindryng of an other wight,
 And if thou wolde be taught a right,
 What mischiefe bakbitynge dooth
 By other weie a tale sooth
 Nowe might thou here nexte sewnd,
 Whiche to this vice is acordend.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia con-
 sistentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et
 narrat qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Mace-
 donii filius Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probita-
 tem inuidens, composito detractiois mendacio
 ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusauit,

dicens ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum
 Macedonii regnum Romanis hostibus pro ditior
 vendidisset. quem super hoc indicium produ-
 cens, testibusque indicibus auro subornatis,
 quamvis falsissimè morte condemnatum euicit,
 quo defuncto eciam et pater infra breue postea
 mortuus est. Et sic Perseo successius regnante
 deus huiusmodi detractiois inuidiam abhorrens
 ipsum cum vniuersa suorum pugnantium mul-
 titudine extra Danubii fluiuium ab Aemilo tunc
 Romanorum Consule, euentu bellico interfeci
 fortunauit. Ita quod ab illo die Macedonii po-
 testas penitus detracta Romano Imperio subi-
 gata deseruiuit, et eius detractio, quam contra
 alium conspirauerat, in sui ipsius diffama-
 tionem pro perpetuo diuulgata consistit.

In a cronike, as thou shalt witte
 A great ensample I finde writte,
 Whiche I shall tell vpon this thyng.

Philyp of Macedony the kyng
 Two sonnes had by his wife,
 Whose fame yet in Grece is rife:
 Demetrius the firste brother
 Was hote, and Perseus that other.

Demetrius men saiden tho
 The better knight was of the two,
 To whom the lande was attendant,
 As he whiche heire was apparant
 To regne after his fathers daie.

But that thyng, whiche no water maie
 Quenche in this worlde, but euer brenneth,
 Into his brothers herte it renneth,
 The proud enuie of that he sighe
 His brother shulde clyme on highe,
 And he to hym mote than obeie,
 That maie he suffer by no weie.
 With strength durst he no thyng fonde:
 So toke he lesynge vpon honde.

Whan he sygh tyme, and spake therto.
 For it befell that tyme so,
 His father great warres had
 With Rome, whiche he streite lad
 Through mighty honde of his manhod,
 As he whiche bath enough knighthod,
 And ofte hem had sore greued:
 But er the warre were achede,

As he was vpon ordinance
 At home in Grece, it fell par chance
 Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
 Rydend was, stode that tyme out,
 So that this Perse in his absence,
 Whiche bare the touge of pestilence,
 With fals wordes, whiche he feigneth,
 Upon his owne brother pleineth
 In priuite behynde his bake,
 And to his father thus he spake:

My dere father I am holde
 By wey of kynde, as reason wolde,
 That I fro you shall nothyng hide,
 Whiche myght torne in any side
 Of your estate into greuance.

For thy mine hertes obeisance
 Toward you I thinke kepe.

For it is good ye take kepe
 Upon a thyng, whiche is me tolde.

My brother hath vs all solde
 To hem of Rome: and you also.
 For than thei hehote hym so,
 That he with them shall regne in pes:
 Thus bath he caste for his ences,

That your estate shall go to nought.
And thus to proue shall be brought
So ferforth, that I vndertake
It shall not wel now be forsake.

The kyng vpon his tale answerde
And said: If this thing, whiche he herde
Be sooth, and maie be brought to proue:
It shall not be to his behoue,
Whiche so hath shapen vs the werste.
For he hym seife shall be the ferste
That shall be dede, if that I maie.

Thus afterwarde vpon a daie,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his father hath hym nome
And bad to his brother Perse,
That be his tale shall reherse
Of tilke treason, whiche he tolde.

And he whiche all vnrrouth wolde,
Counseileth, that so high a nede
Be treted, where as it maie spede,
In common place of iudgement.
The kyng theerto yafe his assent.

Demetrius was put in holde,
Wherof that Perseus was bolde.
Thus stode the trouth vnder the charge,
And the falsehead goth at large,
Whiche through beheat hath ouercome
The greatest of the lordes some,
That priueliche of his accorde
Thei stande, as witness of recorde,

The iudge was made fauourable:
Thus was the lawe deceiuable,
So ferforth that the trouth fonde
Rescouis none: and thus the londe
Forth with the kyng deceiued were,
The gilteles was dampned there,
And deyde vpon accusement.

But suche a false conspirement
Though it be priue for a throwe,
God wolde not it were vnknewe:
And this was afterwarde well proued,
In him, whiche hathr the death controued
Of that his brother was so slayne.

This Perseus was wondre fayne,
As he, that was heire apparant
Upon the reigne expectaunt,
Wherof he waxe so proude and veine,
That he his father in disdeigne
Hath take: and sette at none accompte,
As he, whiche thought him to surmount:
That where he was first debonaire,
He was the rebelle and contraire,
And not as heire, but as a kyng
He toke vpon him in all thinge,
Of malice and of tyrannie
In contempte of Regalie
Lyuende his father: and so wrought,
That whan the father him bethought,
And sighe to wether side it drough,
Anone he wiste well enough,
Howe Perse after his false tonge
Hath so thenuous belies ronge,
That he hath slayne his owne brother,
Wherof as than he knewe none other.
But sodeinly the iudge he nome,
Whiche corrupte sattu vpon the dome
In suche wise, and hath him pressed
That he the sooth him hath confessed
Of all that hath be spoke and do.

More sory, than the kyng was tho,

Was neuer man vpon this molde,
And thought in certaine, that he wold
Vengeance take vpon this wronge.

But the other partie was so stronge,
That for the lawe of no statute
There maie no right be execute:
And vpon this diuision
The londe was tourned vp so downe:
Wherof his herte is so distraught,
That he for pure sorowe hath caught
The maladie, of whiche nature
Is queint in euery creature.

And whan this kyng was passed thus,
This false tonged Perseus
The regiment hath vnderfonge.

But there maie nothing stande longe,
Whiche is not vpon trouth grounded.
For god, whiche al thyng hath bounded,
And signe the falsehead of his gyle,
Hath set him but a litell while,
That he shall reigne vpon depose.
For sodeinly right as he rose,
So sodeinly downe he felle.

In tilke tyme so it befelle.
This newe kyng, of newe pride
With strength shope him for to ride:
And saide he wolde to Rome fast,
Wherof he made a besie harte,
And hath assembled him an hoste
In all that euer he might mooste,
What man that might wepen beare,
Of all he wolde none forbear:
So that it might not be nombred
The folke, whiche after were encombred
Through him, that god wolde ouerthrow.

Anon it was at Rome knowe
The pompe, whiche that Perse lad:
And the Romaines that tyme had
A consull, whiche was cleyed thus
By name, Paulus Emilius.
A noble, a worthy knight withal,
And he, whiche chefe was of hem all,
This werre on honde hath vndertake.

And whan he shulde his leaue take
Of a yonge daughter, whiche was his,
She wepte: and he what cause it is
Hir asketh: and she him answerde,
That Perseus is deade: and he it herde:
And wondreth what she meane wolde.
And she vpon childehode him tolde,
That Perse hir litell hounde is deade.

With that he pulleth vp his head,
And made right a glad visage,
And said, howe that was a prasaige
Touchende to that other Perse,
Of that fortune him shulde aduersa.

He saith for suche a prenostike
Most of an hounde was to him like.
For as it is an houndes kinde,
To berke vpon a man behynde,
Right so behinde his brothers backe
(With false wordes, whiche he spake)
He hath do slayne, and that is routh.

But he, whiche hathr all vnrrouth,
The high god it shall redresse.
For so my daughter prophettesse
Forth with hir litell houndes dethe
Betokeneth: and thus forth he geth
Comforted of this euidence,
With the Romaines in his defence,

Agyne the Grekes that ben commende.

This Perceus as nought seende
 This mischefe, whiche that him abode,
 With all his multitude rode,
 And prided him vpon this thyng,
 Of that he was become a kyng:
 And howe he had his reigne gete,
 That he bath all the right foryete,
 Whiche longeth vnto gouernance,
 Wherof through goddes ordinance
 It felle vpon the wynter tide,
 That with his hoste he shulde ride
 Ouer Danubie thilke floode,
 Whiche all be frossen than stooode
 So harde, that he wende wele
 To passe, but the blinde whele,
 Whiche tourneth ofte, er men be ware,
 Thilke ice, whiche that the horsmen bare
 To brake, so that a great partie
 Was dreint of the chinalrie,
 The reerwarde it toke aweie
 Came none of hem to londe drey.

Paulus this worthy knight Romain,
 By his aspye it herde saime,
 And hasteth him all that he maie,
 So that vpon that other daie
 He came, where he this hoste behelde,
 And that was in a large feilde,
 Where the baners ben displaide.
 He bath anone his men arraide.
 And whan that he was enbatailed,
 He goth, and hath the felde assailed,
 And slough, and toke all that he fonde:
 Wherof the Macedonie londe,
 Whiche through king Alisander honored
 Longe tyme stode: was tho deuoured.
 To Perse and all that infortune
 Thei wite, so that the commune
 Of all the londe his heire exile:
 And he dispeired for the while,
 Disguised in a poore wede
 To Rome goth: and there for nede
 The craft, whiche thilke tyme was
 To worken in laton, and in bras,
 He lerneth for his sustenance
 Suche was the sonnes purneyance.
 And of his father it is saide,
 In stronge prison that he was leide
 In Albe, where that he was deade
 For hongre and defaulte of breade.

The bounde was token and prophecie,
 That liche an hounde he shulde die,
 Whiche liche was of condiciou,
 Whan he with his detraction
 Barke on his brother so behinde.

CONFESSOR.

Lo what profite a man maie finde,
 Whiche hyndre woll an other wight.
 For thy with all thyn hole might
 My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.

AMANS.

My father elles were I nice,
 For ye therefore so well haue spoke,
 That it is in myn herte loke
 And euer shall: but of cruie,
 If there be more in his baillie
 Towardes loue, saie me what.
 My sonne as gyle vnder the hat

With sleightes of a Tregetour
 Is hid, enuie of suche colour
 Hath yet the fourthe deceuiant,
 The whiche is cleped fals Semblant:
 Wherof the mater, and the forme
 Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,
 Dumque diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
 Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, sermo salutem
 Actus sed morbum dat suus esse grauem.
 Paxtibi quamspoudet, magis est prognostica guerræ
 Commoda si dederit, disce sub esse dolum.
 Quod patet esse fides in eo fraus estque politi
 Principium pacti finis habere negat,
 O quem condicio talis deformat amantem
 Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta specie inuidie,
 que Dissimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto
 maioris amicie apparenciam ostendit, tanto
 subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipiendum mens
 imaginatur.

Or fals Semblant I shall tell,
 Aboute all other it is the well,
 Out of the whiche deceite floweth.
 There is no man so wise, that knoweth,
 Of thilke floode, whiche is the tide,
 Ne howe he shulde hym seluen guide
 To take saufe passage there:
 And yet the wynde to mans ere
 Is softe, and as it semeth oute,
 It maketh clere weder all aboute.
 But though it seme, it is not so.
 For fals Semblant hath euer mo
 Of his counsaile in companie
 The derke vntrewe hypocrisie,
 Whose worde discordeth to his thought.
 For thy thy ben to gyder brought
 Of one couine, of one householde,
 As it shall after this be tolde.
 Of fals semblant it nedeth nought
 To tell of olde ensamples ought.
 For all daie in experience
 A man maie see thilke euidence
 Of fayre wordes, whiche be hereth:
 But yet the barge ennie steth,
 And halt it euer fro the londe,
 Whiche fals Semblant with ore in honde
 It roweth, and woll not arriue
 But let it on the waues driue
 In great tempest, and great debate,
 Wherof that lous and his estate
 Empeireth: And therefore I rede
 My sonne that thou flee and drede
 This vice: and what that other seyn
 Let thy semblant be trewe and plein.

For fals Semblant is thilke vice,
 Whiche neuer was withoutt office,
 Where that enuie thinketh to gile
 He shall be for that ilke while.
 Of prine counsaile messagere.
 For whan his semblant is moste clere,
 Than is he moste derke in his thought:
 Though men him se thei know him nought,
 But as it sheweth in the glas
 Thyng, whiche therein neuer was:
 So sheweth it in his visage,
 That neuer was in his courage.



Thus doth he all his thyng by sleight
 Now leie thy conscience in weight
 My good sonne, and shrins the here,
 If thou were euer customere
 To fals Semblant in any wise.

For ought I can me yet auise
 My good father certes no.
 If I for loue haue don so,
 Nowe asketh, I wolde prais yowe.

For elles I wot neuer howe
 Of fals semblant that I haue gylt.

My sonne and sethin that thou wilt,
 That I shall aske, gab nought,
 But tell, if euer was thy thought
 With fals semblant and Couerture,
 To witte of any creature,
 Howe that he was with loue ladde
 So were he sorie, were he gladd,
 Whan that thou wistest howe it were
 All that he rouneth in thine ere,
 Thou toldest fourth in other place
 To setten hym fro loues grace
 Of what woman that the best liste,
 There as no man his counseyll wist
 But thou, by whome he was deceiued
 Of loue, and from his purpose weiued,

And thoughtest that his disturbance
 Thyn owne cause shulde auance,
 As who saith, I am so selee,
 There may no mans priuete
 Ben heled halue so well as myn.
 Arte thou my sonne of suche engyn
 Telle on? My good father saie,
 As for the more parte I saie.
 But of some dele I am beknowe,
 That I maie stonde in thilke rowe
 Amonge hem, that saundes vse,
 I woll not me therof excuse,
 That I with suche colour ne steine,
 Whan I my best semblant feins
 To my felowe, tyll that I wote
 All his counseile bothe colde and hote.
 For by that cause I make hym chere,
 Till I his loue knowe and here.
 And if so be myn herte soucheth,
 That ought vnto my lady toucheth
 Of loue, that he woll me tell,
 Anone I renne vnto the well,
 And caste water in the fyre,
 So that his carte amynd the myre,
 By that I haue his counsaile knowe
 Full ofte sith I ouerthrowe,
 Whan that he weneth best to stonde.
 But this I do you vnderstonde,
 If that a man loue elles where,
 So that my lady be nought there,
 And he me tell, I will it hide,
 There shall no worde escape aside.

For with disceite of no semblant
 To hym breke I no couenant.
 Me lyketh not in other place
 To let no man of bis grace
 Ne for to be inquisitife
 To knowe an other mans life,
 Where that he loue, or loue nought,
 That toucheth nothing to my thought.
 But all it passeth through myn eare,
 Right as a thyng that neuer were,
 And is foryete, and laide beside.

But if it touche on any side

My ladie, as I haue er spoken,
 Myn eares ben nought than loken.

For certes whan that betitte,
 My wyll, myn herte, and all my witte
 Ben fully sette to herken and sper
 What any man woll speke of her.

Thus haue I feigned companie
 Full ofte, for I wolde asprie
 What thyng it is, that any man
 Tell of my worthy lady can.

And for two causes I do this:
 The firste cause wherof is,
 If that I might herken and seke,
 That any man-of hir misspeke:
 I woll excuse hir so fully,
 That whan she wist inderly,
 Myn hope shulde be the more
 To haue hir thanke for euer more.

That other cause, I you assure,
 Is, why that I by couerture
 Hane feigned semblant ofte tyme
 To them that passen all daie byme,
 And ben louers as well as I.

For this I wene truly,
 That there is of hem all none,
 That thei ne louen euerychone
 My ladie. For sotheliche I leue,
 And durst setten it in preus,
 Is none so wise, that shulde asterte,
 But he were lusties in his herte.
 For why, and he my lady sie,
 Hir visage, and hir goodly cie,
 But he hir loued, er he went.
 And for that suche is myn entent
 That is the cause of myn asprie,
 Why that I feigne companie,
 And make felows ouer all.
 For gladly wolde I knowen all,
 And holde me couerte alwaie,
 That I full ofte ye or naie
 Ne lyst answer in any wise,
 But feignyng semblant as the wise:
 And herken tales till I knowe
 My ladies louers, all arowe.
 And whan I here, howe thei wrought:
 I fare as though I herde nought,
 And as I no worde vnderstode.
 But that is nothyng for her good.
 For leueth well, and sooth is this,
 That whan I knowe all howe it is,
 I woll but forthren hem alite,
 But all the werste I can endite,
 I tell it vnto my lady plat,
 For furtheryng of myn owne estate:
 And hynde them all that I maie.

But for all that yet dare I saie,
 I finde vnto my selfe no bots,
 All though myn herte nedes mote
 Through strength of loue all that I here
 Discouer vnto my ladie dere.
 For in good feith I haue no might
 To hele fro that sweete wight,
 If that it toucheth hir any thyng.
 But this wote well the heuen kyng,
 That sithen first the worlde began
 Unto none other strange man
 Ne feigned I semblant ne chere,
 To wite or aske of his matere,
 Though that he loueth. x. or twelue,
 Whan it was nought my ladies selue.

But if he wolde aske any rede
Alonliche of his owne bede,
Howe he with other louses ferde:
His tales with myn eares I herde,
But to myn herte came it nought,
Ne sanke no depper in my thought,
But heide counsaile, as I was bede,
And tolde it neuer in other stede,
But let it passen, as it come.

Nowe father saie, what is thy dome,
And howe thou wolt, that I be peined
For suche semblant as I haue feigned.

My sonne, if reason be well peised,
There maie no vertue be vnprised,
Ne vice none be sette in prise.

For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Do no viser vpon thy face,
Whiche as woll not thyn herte embrace.
For if thou do, within a throwe
To other men it shall be knowe.
So might thou lightly fall in blame,
And lease a great parte of thy name.

And netheles in this degre
Full ofte tyme thou might see,
Of suche men, as nowe a daie
This vice setten in assaie:

I speke it for no mans blame,
But for to warne the, the same.

My sonne as I maie here talks
In every place where I walke,
I not, if it be so or none,
But it is many daies gone,
That I first herde telle this
Howe false Semblant hath be, and is
Most commonly from yere to yere
With them that dwelle amonge vs here,
Of suche as we Lumbardes call.
For thei ben the sliest of all,
So as men saine in towne about,
To feigne and shewe thyng without,
Whiche is reuers to that within,
Wherof that thei full ofte wyne,
Whan thei by reason shulde lese.
Thei ben the last, and yet thei chese:
And we the firste, and yet behynde
We gone, there as we shulden finde
The profite of our owne londe.

Thus gone thei free without boade,
To dooe her profite all at large:
And other men beare all the charge
Of Lumbardes vnto this couine
(Whiche all londes counne engine)
Maie false Semblant in speciall
Be likened: for thei ouer all,
Where that thei thinke for to dwelle,
Amonge them selfe, so as thei telle
Firste ben enforced for to lere
A craft, whiche cleped is Facrere.

For if Facrere come about,
Than afterwarde hem stant no doubt:
To voide with a subtille bonde
The best goodes of the londe,
And brynge chaffe, and take corne,
Where as Facrere goth before,
Is all his weye he flat no lette
That dore can none vasher shette,
In whiche he list to take entre.

And thus the counsaile most secre
Of every thyng Facrere knoweth,
Whiche in to strange place he bloweth

Where as he wote it maie most grene.

And thus Facrere maketh beleue,
So that full ofte he hath deceiued,
Er that he maie ben apperceiued.
Thus is this vice for to drede.
For who these olde bokes rede
Of suche ensamples as we are,
Him ought be the more ware
Of all tho that feigne chere,
Wherof thou shalte a tale here.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui sub dissimulate benevolentie speculo alios in amore defraudant. Et narrat qualiter Hercules cum ipse quoddam fluuium cuius vada non nouit, cum Deianira transmeare proposuit, superueniens Nessus gygas ob amicum Herculis, ut dixit, Deianiram in vlnas suas suscipiens, trans ripam saluo perduxit. Et statim cum ad litus peruenisset quam cito currere potuit, ipsam tanquam propriam in preiudicium Herculis asportare fugiens conabatur. Per quod non solum ipsi sed etiam Herculi mortis euentum fortuna postmodum causauit.

Of fals semblant, whiche is beleped,
Ful many a worthy wight is gneded,
And was longe tyme or we wer bore.
To the my sonne I will therfore
A tale tell, of fals Semblant,
Whiche falseth many a couenant,
And many a fraude of fals counsaile
There be hongend vpon his soile,
And that abouten gilletes
Both Deianyre, and Hercules,
The whiche in greate disease fell
Through fals Semblant, as I shall tell.

Whan Hercules within a throwe
Al onely hath his herte throwe
Vpon this faire Deianyre,
It fell him on a daie desire,
Vpon a riuer as he stode,
That passe he wolde ouer the floode
Without bote, and with him lede
His loue, but he was in drede
For tendresse of that sweete wight.
For he knewe not the foorde aright.

There was a geant than nigh,
Whiche Nessus hight: and whan he sigh
This Hercules and Deianyre,
Within his herte he gan conspire,
As he, whiche through his trecherie,
Hath Hercules in great enuie,
Whiche he bare in his herte loke:
And than he thought it shall be wroke.
But he ne durste netheles
Ayene this worthy Hercules
Fall in debate, as for to feight.
But feigned Semblant all by sleight
Of friendship, and of all good,
And cometh, where as thei both stode,
And maketh hem all the chere he can,
And saith, that as her owne man,
He is all redy for to do
What thyng he maie: and it fel so,
That thei vpon his Semblant trise,
Did asken him, if that he wiste
What thyng hem were beste to doone,
So that thei mighten saufe and soune

The water passe, he and shee.

And whan Nessus the priuete
Knewe of her herte, what it ment,
As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad visage.
And whan he herde of the passage
Of him and hir, he thought gile,
And feigneth Semblant for a while,
To done hem plesance and sernise.
But he thought all an other wise.

This Nessus with his wordes slie
Yafe suche counsaile tofore her eie,
Whiche semed outwarde profitable,
And was within deceuaible.
He bad hem of the stremes depe
That thei beware, and take kepe,
So as thei knowe not the passe.

But for to helpe in suche a cas
He saith him selfe, that for her ease,
He wolde, if that it mighte hem please,
The passage of the water take,
And for this ladie vnder take,
To beare hir to that other stronde,
And saufe to sette hir vp a londe.
And Hercules maie than also
The weye knowe, howe he shall go.

And therto thei accorden all.
But what as after shall befall,
Well paid was Hercules of this,
And this Geant also gladie is,
And toke this ladie vp alofte,
And set hir on his shulder softe:
And in the floode began to wade,
As he, whiche no grutchynge made,
And bare hir ouer saufe and sounde.
But whan he stode on drie grounde,
And Hercules was ferre behinde,
He set his trouth all out of minde.
Who so therof be lese or loth,
With Deianyre forth he goth,
As he that thought to disseuer
The companie of hem for euer.

Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
As faste as euer he might hym spede,
He bieth after in a throue:
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in all hast he bende,
As he that wolde an arowe sende,
Whiche he tofore had ennymed.
He hath so well his shotte tymed,
That he hym through the body smette.
And thus the false wight he lette.

But liste nowe, suche a felonie.
When Nessus wist he shulde die,
He toke to Deianyre his sherte,
Whiche with the bloud was of his hert
Through out disteined ouer all,
And tolde howe she it kepe shall,
And priuely to this entent:
That if hir lorde his herte went
To loue in any other place,
This shert he saith bath suche a grace,
That if she maie so mochel make,
That he the sherte vpon hym take,
He shall all other lette in vaine
And tourne vnto hir loue againe.

Who was tho glad but Deianyre?
Hir thought hir herte was on a fire,
Till it was in hir cofer loke:
So that no worde therof was spoke.

The daies gone, the yeris passe,
The hertes waxen lasse and lasse
Of hem, that be to loue vntrewe,
This Hercules with hert newe,
His loue hath set on Eolen:
And therof spoken all men.

This Eolen, this faire maide
Was (as men thilke tyme saide)
The kynges daughter of Eurice,
And she made Hercules so nice
Upon hir loue, and so assote,
That he hym clotheth in hir cote:
And she in his was cladde full ofte.
And thus feblesse is set alofte,
And strengthe was put vnder foote,
There can no man therof do boote.
Whan Deianyre hath herd this speche,
There was no sorowe for to seeche.
Of other helpe wote she none,
But goth vnto her coufer anone,
With wepend eye, and wofull herte,
She toke out thilke vnhappy sherte,
As she that wend wel to do.

And brought hir werke about so,
That Hercules this shert on dede,
To suche entent, as she was bede
Of Nessus, so as I saide er:
But therof was she nought the ner:
As no fortune maie be weyued,
With false Semblant she was deceiued.

Than whan she wende best haue wonne,
She lost all that she hath begonne.
For thilke sherte vnto the bone
His body sette a fire anone,
And cleueth so, it maie not twynne.
For the vanym, that was therin.

And he than as a wilde man,
Unto the high woodde he ranne,
And as the clerke Ouide telleth,
The great trees to grounde he felleth,
With strengthe of his owne might,
And made an huge fire vpright,
And lepte hym selfe therin at ones,
And brent him selfe both flesche and bones.
Whiche thyng cam through false semblant,
That fals Nessus the Geant
Made vnto him, and to his wife,
Wherof that he hath loste his life:
And she sory for euermo.

For thy my sonne er the be wo
I rede, he wel ware therefore.
For whan so great a man was lore,
It ought to yeue a great conceite
To warne all other of suche deceite.

Graunt mercy father, I am ware
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals Semblant take acquaintance,
But rather I wol do penance:
That I haue feigned chere er this.
Nowe asketh forth, wbot so there is,
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.

My sonne yet there is the sifte,
Whiche is conceiued of enuie,
And cleped is Supplantarie:
Through whose compassment and gile
Ful many hath loste his while
In loue, as wel as other wise,
Here after as I shall deuise.

Inuidus alterius eat supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vq̄tat culmina subitus arat.

Est opus occultum, quasi quæ latet anguis in herba,
 Quod facit, et subita sorte nocuius ad st.
 Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amantem,
 Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam
 Sæpeque supplantans in plantam plantat amoris,
 Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

Hic tractat Confessor de quinta specie Inuidie,
 quæ supplantatio dicitur, cuius cultor prius-
 quam percipiatur aliene dignitatis et officii
 multotiens intrusor existens.

THE vice of supplantacion,
 With many a fals collacion,
 Whiche he conspireth all vnknowe,
 Full ofte tyme hath ouerthrowe
 The worship of another man:
 So wel no life awaite can
 Ayene his sleight for to caste,
 That he his purpose at the laste
 Ne hath, er that it be withset.
 But moste of all his hert is set
 In court, vpon these great offices
 Of dignitees and benefices.
 Thus goth he with his sleights about
 To hynder, and shoue another out,
 And stonden with his slighe compas.
 In stede there another was.
 And so to set him selfe ynne
 He recketh not be so he wyne,
 Of that another man shall lese.
 And thus full ofte chalke for chese
 He changeth with full litell coste,
 Wherof another hath the loste,
 And he the profite shall receiue.
 For his fortune is to deceiue,
 And for to change vpon the whele
 His wo with other mens wele,
 Of that another man auaileth
 His owne estate thus he vp haleth,
 And taketh the byrde to his beyete,
 Where other men the bushes bete.
 My sonne and in the same wise
 There be louers of suche emprise,
 That shapen hem to be relieved,
 Where it is wronge, to be ached.
 For it is other mans right,
 Whiche he hath take daie and night
 To kepe for his owne store,
 Toward him selfe for euermore,
 And is his proper by the lawe,
 Whiche thyng that asketh no felawe,
 If looe holde his coeuenant:
 But thei that worchen by supplant
 Yet wolden suche a man supplant,
 And take a part of thilke plant,
 Whiche he hath for him selfe set.
 And so ful ofte is all vnknet
 That some man weneth be right faste.
 For Supplant with his slye cast
 Full ofte hapneth for to mowe
 Thyng, whiche another man hath sowe,
 And maketh common of propretee
 With sleight, and with subtiltee,
 As men maie sen from yere to yere.
 Thus claimeth he the bote to yere,
 Of whiche another maister is.
 For thy my sonne if thou er this
 Haste ben of suche profession,
 Discover thy Confession

Hast thou supplanted any man?
 For ought that I you telle can
 Myn holy father as of dede,
 I am withouten any drede,
 And gilteles: but of my thought
 My conscience excuse I nought.

For were it wronge or wer it right,
 Me liketh no thyng but might
 That I ne wolde longe er this
 Of other mans loue I wis.
 By wey of supplantacion
 Hauē made appropriacion,
 And holde that I neuer nought,
 Thoughe it another man forthought.

And all this speke I but of one,
 For whom I lete all other gone,
 But hir I maie not ouerpassē,
 That I ne mote alwey ecompassē,
 Me rought not by what quaintise,
 So that I might in any wise
 Fro suche, that my ladie serue
 Hir hert make for to auerue
 Without any parte of looe.
 For by the goddes all about
 I wolde it might so befall,
 That I alone shuld hem all
 Supplant, and welde hir at my will.
 And that thyng maie I nought fulfill,
 But if I shuide strengthe make:
 And that dare I nought vndertake,
 Though I were as was Alisander.
 For therof might rise a sklander.
 And certes that shall I do neuer.
 For in good feith yet had I leuer
 In my simplease for to die,
 Than worche suche supplantaria.
 Of other wise I woll not saie,
 That if I fonde a siker waie,
 I wolde as for conclusion
 Worche after supplantacion,
 So hyghe a loue for to winne.

Nowe father, if that this be sinne,
 I am redy to redresse

The gylt, of whiche I me confesse.
 My good sonne as of supplant
 The dare not drede tant ne quant,
 As for no thyng that I haue herde,
 But onely that thou haste misferde
 Thinkend: and that me liketh nought.
 For god beholt a mans thought.

And if thou vnderstode in sooth,
 In loues cause what it dooth,
 A man to ben a supplantour,
 Thou woldest for thyn owne honour
 By double waie take kepe.

Fyrste for thyn owne estate to kepe
 To be thy selfe so well be thought,
 That thou supplanted were nought.

And eke for worship of thy name,
 Towards other do the same:
 And suffre euery man haue his.
 But netheles it was and is,
 That in awaite at all assaies
 Supplant of looe in our waies,
 The leef full ofte for the leuer
 Forsaketh, and so it hath done euen.
 Ensamplē I fynde thervpon.

Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Bresselde Achillem,
 et Diomedes de amore Criseide Troilour
 supplantauit.

At troie howe that Agamemnon
Supplanted the worthie knight
Achilles, for that sweete wight
Whiche named was Brisseida.

And also of Criseida,
Whome Troilus to loue ches,
Supplanted hath Diomedes.

Qualiter Amphitrium socium suum Getam qui
Alcmenam peramauit, seipsum loco alterius
cautelosa supplantacione substituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrione,
That whilom were both as one
Of frendship and of companie,
I rede howe that Supplantarie
In loue, as it betid tho,
Begyted hath one of hem two.
For this Geta, that I of mene,
To whom the lusty faire Alcmene
Assured was by waie of loue,
Whan he beste wende haue bep aboue,
And sikereste of that he had,
Cupido so the cause lad,
That while he was out of the weie,
Amphitriion hir loue aweie
Hath take, and in this forme he wrought.

By night vnto the chambrę he sought.
Where that she lay: and with a wile
He counterfeteth for the while
The voice of Geet, in such a wise,
That made hir of hir bedde arise,
Wenende that it were he,
And lete hym in: and whan thei be
To gyder a bedde in armes faste,
This Geta cam than at laste
Unto the dore, and saide vndo.
And she answerd, and bad hym go,
And saide, howe that a bed all warme
Hir liefe lay naked in hir arme.
She wende, that it were sooth.

Lo what supplant of loue dooth.
This Geta fourth beiaped went,
And yet ne wüst he, what it ment.
Amphitriion hym hath supplanted
With sleight of loue, and hir enchanted.
And thus put euery man out other.
The ship of loue hath lost his rother,
So that he can no reason stere.
And for to speke of this matter
Touchende loue, and his supplant,
A tale, whiche is accordant
Unto thine eare I thinke enforme.
Nowþ herken, for this is the forme.

Hic in amoris causa contra fraudem detractionis
ponit Confessor exemplum, Et narrat de quodam
Romani imperatoris filio, qui probitates
armorum super omnia exercere affectans, nesciens
patre vitra mare in partes Persie ad deperi-
endum Soldano super guerras cum solo milite
tanquam socio suo ignotus se transtulit, Et cum
ipsius milicie fama super alios ibidem celsior
accreuisset, contigit, vt in quodam bello contra
Caliphum Egypti inito, soldanus a sagitta mor-
taliter vulneratus priusquam moreretur quen-
dam anulum filie sue secretissimum isto nobili
Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia sua sub
paterne benedictionis vinculo adiurata est, quod
quicumque dictum anulum ei afferret, ipsum in

coniugem pre omnibus susciperet. Defuncto su-
tem Soldano versus ciuitatem, que Kayre dicitur,
itinerantis, iste Romanus commilitoni suo ha-
ius misterii secretum reuelauit, qui noctanter a
bursa domini sui anulum furto surripuens, hec
que audiuit vsui proprio falsissima supplantacione
applicuit, et sic seruus pro domino des-
ponsata sibi Soldani filis, coronatus, Persie reg-
nauit.

Of thilke citee chiefe of all,
Whiche men the noble Rome call,
Er it was set to Christes faith,
There was, as the cronike saith,
An emperour, the whiche it lad
In pece, that he no warres had.
There was no thyng disobeyant,
Whiche was to Rome apertenant,
But all was tourned in to reste.
To some it thought hem for the beste,
To some it thought nothyng so,
And that was onely vnto tho,
Whose herte stode vpon knighthode:
But most of all his manhode,
The worthie sonne of the emperour,
Whiche wolde ben a warriour,
As he that was chualrous,
Of worldes fame and desyrous:
Began his father to besече,
That he the warres might seche
In strange marches for to ride.

His father saide he shulde abide,
And wolde graunt hym no leue.
But he whiche wolde nought beleue.
A knight of his, to whom he trist,
Right euen as he thought and list,
He toke and tolde hym his courage,
That he purposeth a viage,
If that fortune with hym stonde.

He sayde, that he wolde fonde
The great sea to passe vnkowde,
And there abide for a throwe
Vpon the warres to trauaile.

And to this point without faile
This knight whan he hath herde his lorde,
Is swore, and stant of his accorde,
As thei that bothe yonge were:
So that in preuie counsaile there
Thei ben assented for to wende,
And thervpon to make an ende,
Treasure enough with hem thei token.

And whan the tyme is best thei loken,
That sodenliche in a galeie
Fro Rome londe thei wente their weie,
And lounded vpon that other side.
The worlde fell so that like tide,
Whiche euer his happes hath diuerse,
The great Soldan than of Perse
Ayene the Caliphe of Egypte
A warre, whiche that hym beclipte
Hath in a marche costeaunt:
And he whiche was a pursuiant
Worshippe of armes to attayne,
This Romaine anone let ordeine,
That he was redie euery dele.
And whan he was arraied wele
Of euery thyng, whiche hym belongeth,
Straught vnto Kayre his weie he fongeth:
Where he the Soldan than fonde,
And asketh, that within his londe

He might hym for the warre serue,
As he whiche woff his thanke deserue.

The Souldan was right glad withall,
And well the more inespaciall,
Whan that he wist he was Romaine,
But what he was elles incertaine,
That might he wite by no waie.
And thus the knight, of whome I saie,
Towarde the Souldan is belefte:
And in the marches nowe and este,
Where that the dedely warres were,
He wrought suche knighthode there,
That every man spake of him good.
And thilke tyme so it stodee,
This mightie Soldan by his wife
A daughter hath, that in this life
Men seide there was none so feire,
She shulde beu hir fathers heire,
And was of yeres ripe enough.
Hir beautee many an hert drough
To bowe to that ilke lawe,
Fro whiche no life maie be withdrawe,
And that is loue, whiche nature
Set life and death in a venture
Of hem, that knighthode vndertake.

This lustie peine hath ouertake
The hert of this Romain so sore,
That to knighthode more and more
Prowesse aunnteth his courage:
Liebe to the lion in his rage,
Fro whom that all bestes flee,
Suche was this knight in his degree,
Where he was armed in the feide,
Ther dust none abide his shelde.
Great price vpon the warres he had.
But she, whiche all the chance lad
Fortune shope the marches so,
That by thassent of bothe two
The Soldan and the Caliphe eke,
Batail vpon a daie thei seke:
Whiche was in suche a wige set,
That lenger shulde it not be let.
Thei made hem stronge on euery side,
And whan it drough towarde the tide,
That the bataill shulde be,
The Soldan in great priuete
A golde ringe of his daughter toke,
And made hir swere vpon a boke,
And eke vpon the gods all:
That if fortune so befall,
In the bataille that he deie,
That he shall thilke man obeie,
And take him to hir housbonde,
Whiche thilke same ringe to honde
Hir shulde bryng after his deth.

This hath she swore, and forth he geth,
With all the power of his londe
Unto the marche, where he fonde
His enemies full enbatailled.

The Soldan hath the feide assailed,
Thei that ben hardie soone assemblen,
Wherof the drefull hertes tremblen.
That one sleeth, and that other sterueth,
But aboven all his price deserueth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedely swerde no man abode,
Ayene the whiche was no defence.
Egypte fledde in his presence,
And thei of Perse vpon the chace
Paruen, but I not what grace

Befell, an arowe out of a bowe
All sodenly within a throwe
The Soldan smote, and there he laie.
The chas is left for thilke daie,
And he was bore in to a tent.

The Soldan sighe how that it went,
And that he shulde algates die:
And to this knight of Romanie
As vnto him whom he most triste,
His daughters ringe, that none it wiste,
He toke, and tolde him all the cas,
Upon hir othe what token it was,
Of that she shulde ben his wife.

Whan this was saide, the hertes life
Of this Soldan departeth soone:
And thervpon, as was to doone,
The dede body well and faire
Thei carie till thei come at Kairo:
There he was wertheliche begraue.

The lordes, whiche as wolden saue
The reigne, whiche was desolate,
To bryng it in to good astate,
A parlement thei set anone.

Nuwe herken what fell thervpon.
This yonge lorde this worthe knight
Of Rome, vpon the same night,
That thei a morowe trete sholde,
Unto his bachiler he tolde
His counseill, and the ringe with all
He sheweth, through whiche he shall
He seith, the kynges daughter wedde.
For so the ringe was leide to wedde
He tolde, in to hir fathers honde,
That with what man that she it fonde,
She shulde him take vnto hir lorde.
And thus, he seith, stant of recorde.
But no man wote who hath this ringe.

This bachelere vpon this thyng
His ere and his entent laide,
And thought more, than he saide,
And feigneth with a fals visage,
That he was glad: but his courage
Was all set in a nother wise.

These olde philosophers wise
Thei wrien vpon thilke while,
That he maie best a man begile,
In whom the man hath most credence.

And this hefell in euidence
Toward this yonge lord of Rome.
His bachiler, whiche had tome,
Whan that his lorie by night slepte,
This ringe, the whiche his maister kepte,
Out of his purs aweie he dede,
And put another in the stede.

A morow whan the court is set,
The yonge ladie was forth fet,
To whome the lordes done homage.
And after that of mariage

Thei tretien, and asken of hir wille.
But she whiche thought to fulfille
Hir faders hest in this mattere,
Saide openly, that men maie here
The charge, whiche hir fader bad.

Tho was this lorde of Rome glad,
And drough toward his purs ane,
But all for nought, it was a gone,
His bachiler it hath forth drawe,
And asketh thervpon the lawe:
That she him holde couenant.
The token was so suffisant,

That it ne might be forsake.

And netheles his lorde hath take
Quarelle ayene his owne man.
But for nothyng that euer he can,
He might as than nought be berde:
So that his claime is vnanwerde,
And he hath of his purpos failed.

This bachiler was tho counsailed
And wedded, and of thilke empire
He was crouped lord and sire,
And all the lond him hath receiued:
Wherof his lorde, whiche was deceiued
A seknes, er the third morowe,
Conceiued hath of dedly sorowe,
And as he lay vpon his death,
There while him lagseth speche and breth,
He send for the worthiest

Of all the londe, and eke the best,
And tolde hem all the sooth tho
That he was sonne and heire also
Of temperour of great Rome:
And bowe that thei to gyder come
This knight, and he, right as it was
He tolde hem all the plaine cas.

And for that he his counseil tolde,
That other hath all that he wolde,
And he hath failed of his mede.
As for the good he taketh noue hede,
He saith, but onely of the loue,
Of whiche he wend haue be aboue.
And thervpon by letter write
He doth his fader for to wite,
Of all the matter howe it stode.
And than with an hertely mode
Unto the lordes he besought,
To telle his lady howe he bought
Hir loue, of whiche another gladdeth,
And with that worde his hewe fadeth,
And saide, a dieu my ladye sweete,
The life hath loste his kindly hete.
And he laye still as any stone,
Wherof was sory many one:
But none of all so as she.

This fals knight in his degree
Arested was, and put in holde.
For openly whan it was tolde
Of the treason, whiche is befall,
Throughout the londe thei saideu all,
If it be sooth, that men suppose,
His owne vntrouth him shall depose.
And for to seche an euidence
With honour, and great reuerence,
Wherof thei mighten knowe an ende,
To temperour anon thei sende
The letter, whiche his sonne wrote.

And whan that he the sooth wote,
To tell his sorowe ia endeles.
But yet in haste netheles
Upon the tale, whiche he herde
His steward in to Perse ferde,
With many a worthy Romaine eke,
His liege traitor for to seke.

And whan thei thyder come were,
This knight him hath confessid there,
Howe falsely that he hath hym bore:
Wherof his worthie lorde was lore.

Tho saiden some, he shulde deie:
But yet thei fonnden suche a weie,
That he shall not be dede in Perse.
And thus the skillen ben diuise:

Be cause that he was coroned,
Of that the loude was habandoned
To hym, all though it were vnright,
There is no peine for him dight.
But to this point and to this ende
Thei graunten wel, that he shall wende
With the Romayne to Rome ageine.
And thus acorded full and plaise,
The quicke body with the dede
With leue take, forth thei lede,
Where that Supplant hath his Juise,
Wherof that thou the might auisse
Upon this informacion,
Touchend of supplantacion,
That thou my sonne do not so.

And for to take hede also
What supplant dooth in other halus,
There is no man can finde a salue
Pleinty to heien suche a sore.
It hath and shall ben euermore,
Whan pride is with enuie Joynt,
He suffreth no man in good poynt,
Where that he maie his honour let
And thervpon if I shall set
Ensample in holy churche I fynde,
How that supplant is not behynde,
God wote if that it nowe be so.

For in Cronike of tyme a go
I fynde a tale concordable
Of Supplaunt, whiche is no fable
In the maner as I shall telle,
So as whylom the thynges felle.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos in
causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatores. Et
narrat qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessorem
suum Celestinum a papatu contractata circum-
uencione fraudulenter supplantauit, Sed qui
potentes a sede deponit huiusmodi supplantati-
onis fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sic in sub-
lime exaltatum postea in profundo carceris mi-
seriam proiciit, fame que siti cruciari, nec non et
ab huius vite gaudiis dolorosa morte supplantari
permisit.

At Rome as it hath ofte fall,
The viker generall of all,
Of hem that leuen Christes feith,
His laste daie, whiche none with seith,
Hath shette, as to the worldes eie:
Whos name, if I shall specifie,
He hight Pope Nicolas.
And thus whan that he passed was,
The Cardinals, that wolden saue
The forme of lawe in the conclawe,
Gon for to chese a newe Pope.
And after that thei coathe groupe
Hath eche of hem saide his entent,
Till at laste thei assent
Upon an holy clerke recluse,
Whiche full was of gostly vertuse.

His pacience, and his simplesse
Hath set hym in to highe noblesse.
Thus was he Pope canonised
With great honour, and intronised.
And vpon chance, as it is falle,
His name Celestin men calle.
Whiche notified was by bull
To holy churche: and to the full
In all londes magnified.

But every worship is enuid:

And that was thilke tyme sene.

For when this Pope, of whome I mene,
Was chose, and other set be side,

A cardinall was thilke tide,
Whiche the papate hath longe desyred,
And therevpon greatly conspired.
But when he sighe fortune is failed,
For whiche louge time he hath traunail:
That ilke fyre, which Ethna brenneth,
Through out his wofull herte renneth:
Whiche is resembled to enuie,
Wherof Supplant and trecherie
Engendred is. And netheles

He feigneth lous, he feigneth pes,
Outwarde he dooth the reuerence:
But all within his conscience,
Through fals ymaginacion,
He thought Supplantacion.
And therevpon a wonder wile
He wrought. For at thilke while
It fell so, that of his linage

He had a Clergon yonge of age,
Whom he hath in his chamber affuited.
This Cardinall his time hath waitid,
And with his wordes slie and queint,
The whiche he couth wisely point,
He shope this clerke of whiche I tell,
Towarde the pope for to dwell:
So that within his chamber a night
He laie: and was a priude wight
Towarde the pope on nightes tide,
May no man see, that shall be tide.

This Cardinall, whiche thought gile,
Upon a daie, when he hath while,
This yonge clerke vnto his toke,
And made hym swere vpon a beke,
And tolde him what his will was:
And fourth with all a Trompe of bras
He hath hym take, and bad him this.

Thou shalt, he saide, when time is
Awaite, and take right good kepe,
Whan that the Pope is fast a slepe,
And that none other man be nie:
And than that thou be so slie
Through out the Trompe in to his ere,
Pro heuen as though a voies it were,
To surne of suche pulacion,
That he his meditacion
Therof maie make, and vnderstonde,
As though it were of gods sonde.

And in this wise thou shalt seie,
That he do thilke astate awie
Of Pope, of whiche he stant honoured,
So shall his soule be secured
Of thilke worshippe at the last
In heuen, whiche shall euer last.

This clerke, when he hath herd the forme,
How he the Pope shuld enforme:
Toke of the Cardinall his lene,
And goth hym home, till it was eue,
And priuely the trompe he hedde
Tyll that the Pope was a bedde.
And at the midnight, when he knewe
The Pope slepte, than he blew
Within his Trompe through the wait,
And tolde, in what maner he shall
His papacie lene, and take
His firste astate. And thus awake
This holy Pope he made thies:
Wherof diuers fantasies

Upon his great holinesse,
Within his herte he gan impress.
The Pope full of Innocence
Consciuet in his conscience,
That it is gods will, he cese.
But in what wise he maie relese
His hie astate, that wote he nought.

And thus within him selfe he thought,
He bare it still in his memorie,
Till he cam to the consistorie,
And there in presence of hem all
He asketh: if it so befall,
That any Pope cese wolde,
Howe that the lawe it suffer sholde.

Thei setten all still, and herde.
Was none, whiche to the pointe answerde.
For to what purpos that it ment,
There was no man knewe his entent,
But onely he, whiche shop the gile.

This Cardinall the same while
All openly with wordes pleine
Seith: if the Pope woll ordeine,
That there be suche a lawe wrought:
Than might he cese, and elles nought.

And as he saide, doone it was.
The Pope anone vpon the cas
Of his papall auctoritee
Hath made and yone the decree.
And whan the lawe was confermed
In due forme, and ait affermed,
This innocent, whiche was defected,
His papacie anone hath welued,
Renounced and resigned eke.

That other was nothyng to seke,
But vndermeth suche a iape
He bath so for hym selfe shape,
That howe as euer it hym beseme,
The miter, with the diademé
He bath through supplantacion:
And in his confirmacion,
Upon the fortune of his grace,
His name was cleped Boniface.

Under the viser of enuie
Lo thus was hid the trecherie,
Whiche hath beggled many one.
But suche counsaill there maie be none,
Whiche treason, whan it is conspired,
That it nis like the sparke fared
Up in thy roofe, whiche for a throwe
Lieth hid, til whan the windes blowe
It blaseth out on enery side.

This Boniface, whiche can nought hide
The trecherie of his supplant,
Hath openly made his auant,
Howe be the papacie hath wonne.
But thing which is with wrong begonné,
Maie neuer stonde wel at ende.
Where pride shall the bowe bende
He sheteth ful out of the weye,
And thus the pope, of whom I seye:
Whan that he stode on highte the whele,
He can not suffer hym selfe be wele.
Enuie, whiche is louefes,
And pride, whiche is laweles,
With suche tempestes made hym erre,
That charitee goth out of herre:
So that vpon misgoernance,
Ageyust Lewis the kynge of France
He toke quarell of his outrage,
And saide, he shuld done homage

Unto the churche bodily.

But he that wist no thyng why
He shulde do so great seruice,
After the world in suche a wise,
Withstood the wronge of that demand.
For nought the pope maie command
The kynge woll not the pope obeye.
This pope tho by all weye,
That he maie worche of violence,
Hath sent the bulle of his sentence,
With cursinge, and enterdite.

The kynge vpon this wrongfull plite,
To kepe his reigne from seruage,
Counsailed was of his baronage,
That might with might shal be with stonde.
Thus was the cause take on honde.
And saiden, that the papacie
Thei wolde honoure and magnifie
In all that euer is spirituall.
But the ilke pride temporall
Of Boniface in his persone,
Ayeue that ilke wronge alone
Thei wolden stonde in debate.
And thus the man, and nought the state
The frenche shopen by her might
To greue: And fel there was a knight,
Siro Guillam de Langaret,
Whiche was vpon this cause set:
And therupon he toke a route
Of men of armes, and rode oute,
So longe, and in a waite he laie,
That he aspid vpon a daie
The pope was at Auignon,
And shulde ride out of the towne,
Unto Poursorge, the whiche is
A castell in Prouince of his.

Upon the weye and as he rode,
This knight, whiche houed and abode
Embuised vpon horsbake,
All sodenliche vpon hym brake,
And hath hym by the bidell sesed,
And said: O thou, whiche hast discesed
The court of France by thy wronge,
Thou shalt singe a newe songe.
Thyn enterdite, and thy sentence
Ayen thyn owne conscience
Here after thou shalt fele and grope.

We plaine nought ageyne the pope
For tilke name is honourable.
But thou, whiche haste be deceiuable,
And trecherous in all thy werke,
Thou Boniface, thou proude clerke,
Misleader of the papacie,
Thy fals bodie shall abie
And suffer, that it hath deserved.

Lo thus this supplantor was serued.
For thei him ladde in to France,
And setten hym to his penance,
Within a toure in harde bondes,
Whence he for longer both his bondes
Eate of: And died, god wote howe:
Of whom the writyng is yet nowe
Regestred as a man maie here,
Whiche speketh and saith in this manere.

Thy entree like a fox was sligh,
Thy reigne also with pride on high
Was liche the lion in his rage:
But at the laste of thy passage
Thy death was to the houndes like.
Suche is the letter of his Cronike

Proclaimed in the court of Roine:
Wherof the wise ensample nome.
And yet as ferforth as I dare,
I rede all other men beware,
And that thei loke well algate,
That none his owne estate translate
Of holy churche in no degre
By fraude ne subtiltee.

For tilke honour, whiche Aaron toke,
Shall none receiue, as seith the boke,
But he becleped, as he was.

What shall I thinke in this cas.
Of that I here nowe a daie?
I not: but he whiche can and maie
By reason both and by nature
The helpe of every mans cure,
He kepe Symon fro the folde.

Nota de propheta Joachim abbat.ii.

FOR Joachim, tilke abbot tolde,
Howe suche daies shulden fall,
That comonliche in places all
The chapmen of suche mercerie
With fraude, and with supplantarie
So many shulden by and selle,
That he ne maie for shame telle
So foule a sinne in mans ere:
But god forbode, that it were
In our daies, that he seith.

For if the clerke beware his feith
In hapmanhode at suche a feire
The remenant mote nedes empelre
Of all that to the worlde belongeth.
For whan that holy churche wrongeth
I not what other thyng shall right.

And netheles at mans sight
Enuie for to be preferred
Hath conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is tilke fals enuie:
Which causeth many a trecherie.
For where he maie another see,
That is more gracious than bee:
It shall not stonden in his might,
But if he hinder suche a wight:
And that is well nyghe ouer all,
This vice is uowe so generall.

Qualiter Joab princeps militie Dauid inuidie causa Ahner subdole interfecit. Et qualiter etiam Achitofell ob hoc, quod Cusi in Consilio Absolon preferebatur, accensus inuidia laqueo se suspendit.

ENUIE tilke vn bap in drough,
Whan Joab by decept slough
Abner, for drede he shulde bee
With kynge Dauid suche as was hee.

And through enuie also it felle
Of tilke fals Achitofelle.
For his counseil was not acheued
But that he sawe Cusi beleued
With Absolon, and hym forsake,
He hyng hym selfe vpon a stake.
Seuecke witnesseth openly
Howe that enuie properly

Is of the court the comon wenche,
And halt tauerne for to schence

That drinke, which maketh the bert brenne,
 And doth the wit about renne
 By every way to compasse,
 Howe that he might all other passe,
 As he whiche through vnkyndship
 Enuieþ every felaship.
 So that thou might well knowe and see,
 There is no vice suche as hee.
 Firste towarde god abhominable,
 And to mankynde vnprofitable.
 And that by wordes but a fewe
 I shall by reason proue and shewe.

*Inuidie stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,
 Nam sine tentante crimine crimen habet.
 Non est huius opus tentare Cupidinis archum,
 Dumque facies Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,
 Absque rubore genae pallor quas fuscus obumbrat.
 Frigida naturae caetera membra docent.*

Hic describit Confessor naturam inuidie tam in amore quam aliter secundum proprietatem vitii.

ENUIE if that I shall descriue,
 He is not shapely for to viue
 In erth amonge the women here.
 For there is in hym no mattere,
 Whereof he might do plesance.
 Firste for his heuy contenance,
 Of that he semeth euer vnglad,
 He is not able to be had.
 And eke he brenneth so within,
 That kinde maie no profite winne,
 Whereof he shulde his loue please.
 For thilke blood, whiche shuld haue ease,
 To regue amonge the moiste veines
 Is drie of thilke vnkindly peines,
 Through whiche enuie is fired aie.
 And this by reason proue I maie,
 That towarde loue Enuie is nought,
 And otherwise if it be sought
 Upon what syde as euer it fall
 It is the werst vice of all:
 Whiche of him selfe hath most malice.
 For vnderstonde that every vice
 Some cause hath, wherof it groweth:
 But of enuie no man knoweth
 Fro whens he cam, but out of hell.
 For thus the wise clerkes tell,
 That no spirite but of malice
 By wey of kynde vpon a vice
 Is tempted, and by suche a waie:
 Enuie hath kynde put a waie.
 And of malice hath his sturryng,
 Whereof he maketh his bakhtyng,
 And is him selfe therof diseased.
 So maie there be no kynde pleased.
 For ay the more that he enuieþ,
 The more ayene him selfe he plieth.
 Thus stant Enuie in good espere
 To ben him selfe the diuels heire,
 As he whiche is the nexte liche,
 And forbest from the heuen richen.
 For there maie he neuer wonne.
 For thy my good-dere sounne,
 If thou wilt fynde a siker weie
 To loue: put enuie aweie.
 Myn holy fader reason wolde,
 That I this vice eschewe sholde:
 But yet to strength my courage,
 If that ye wolde in auantage

Therof set a recouere.
 It were to me a great desire,
 That I this vice might flee.
 Nowe vnderstonde my sonne, and see.
 There is plisike for the seke,
 And vertues for the vices eke.
 Who that the vices wolde eschewe,
 He mot by reason than sewe
 The vertues. For by thilke weie
 He maie the vices done aweie.
 For thei to geder maie not dwell.
 For as the water of the well
 Of fire abateth the malice:
 Right so vertu fordooth the vice.
 Ayene Enuie is Charitee,
 Whiche is the moder of pitee,
 That maketh a mans herte tender,
 That it maie no malice engender,
 In hym, that is inclined therto.
 For his courage is tempered so,
 That though he might him selfe releue,
 Yet wolde he not another greue:
 But rather for to do plesance,
 He bereth him selfe the greuance,
 So faine he wolde an other ease.
 Whereof my sonne for thyu ease
 Nowe herken a tale, whiche I rede,
 And vnderstonde it well I rede.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de virtute Charitatis contra Inuidiam, Et narrat de Constantino Elene filio, qui cum Imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus medici pro sanitate recuperanda, ipsum in sanguine puerorum masculorum balneare proposuerat, sed cum innumera multitudo matrum cum filiis huiusmodi medicina causa in circuitu palatii affuisset, Imperatorque eorum gemitus et clamores percepiisset, charitate motus ingemissens sic ait. O vere est ipsa dominus, qui se facit seruum pietatis. Et his dictis statum suum contipotentis medele committens, sui ipsius morbum potius quam infantium mortem benignus elegit, vnde ipse qui antea paganus et leprosus extiterat, ex vnda baptismatis renatus, vtriusque materie tam corporis quam animo diuino miraculo consecutus est salutem.

AMONGE the bokes of Latine
 I fynde it writ of Constantine
 The worthy emperor of Rome,
 Suche infortunes to him come.
 When he was in his lustie age
 The lepre caught in his visage,
 And so forth ouer all aboute,
 That he ne might riden out.
 So left he both shelde and spare,
 As he that might hym not bestere,
 And helde hym in his chamber close.
 Through all the worlde the fame arose:
 The great clerkes were assent,
 And come at his commaundement
 To trete vpon this lordes hele.
 So longe thei to geder dele,
 That thei vpon this medicine
 Appointen hem, and determine,
 That in the maner as it stodee,
 They wolde hym bath in childes blood
 Within seuen winter age.
 For as thei saien, that shulde assuage

The lepre, and all the violence,
Whiche that they knowe of accidence,
And not by wey of kynde is fall,
And therto they acorden all
As for fynall conclusion,
And tolden her opinion
To temperour: And he anon
His counsaile toke, and thervpon
With letters, and with seales out
Thei send in euery londe about
The yonge children for to seche:
Whose blood, thei said, shulde be leche
For temperours maladie.

There was enough to wepe and crie
Amonge the moders, whan thei herde
Howe wofully this cause ferde.
But netheles thei mot bowe.
And thus women there come enowe
With children soukend on the tete.
There were many teres lete.

But were hem liefe, or were hem loth
The women and the children both
In to the palais forth be brought,
With many a sorie hertes thought
Of hem whiche of her body bore
The children had: and so forlore
Within a while shulde see.

The moders wepe in her degree,
And many of hem a swoune fall.

The yonge babies crieden all.
This noise arose, this lordie it herde,
And loked out, and how it ferde
He sawe: and as he saide abraide,
Out of his slepe, and thus he saide.

O thou diuine puruaunce,
Whiche euery man in the balance
Of kynde hast formed to beliche.
The pore is bore as is the riche,
And dieth in the same wise.

Upon the foole vpon the wise
Sekenes and hele enter commune,
Maie none eschewe that fortune,
Whiche kynde hath in hir lawe sette
Hir strengthe and beautes ben besette
To euery man a liehe free,
That she preferreth no degree,
As in the disposicio
Of bodily complexion.

And eke of soule reasonable,
The poore childe is bore as able
To vertue, as the kynges sonne.
For euery man his owne wanne,
After the lustes of his assaie,
The vice or vertue chese maie.
Thus stande all men franchised
But in estate thei ben deuised,
To some worship and richesse,
To some pouertes and distresse.
One lordeth, an other serueth.
But yet as euery man deserueth
The worlde yeueth not his yettes here.

But certes he hath great matere
To be of good condicio,
Whiche hath in his subiection
The men, that ben of his semblance.

And eke he toke his ressemblance,
Howe he that made lawe of kynde,
Wolde euery man to lawe bynde,
And had a man, suche as he wolde
Toward him saie, right such he sholde

Towards an other doome also.

And thus this worthe lordes as the
Set in balance his owne estate,
And with him selfe stode in debate,
And thought how it was not good
To see so moche mans blood
Be spilt, by cause of him alone.

He sawe also the great mone,
Of that the mothers were vngladd
And of the wo the children made:
Wherof that his herte tendreth,
And such pitee within engendreth,
That him was leuer for to chese
His owne bodie for to lese,
That see so great a mourde wrought
Upon the blood, whiche gittoth nought.

This for the pitee, whiche he toke,
All other leches he forsoke,
And put him out of auenture
Alonly to gods cure,
And saith, who that woll maister bee,
He mote be seruant to pitee.
So ferforth he was ouercome
With oharitee, that he hath nome
His counsaile, and his officers,
And bad vnto his treasurers,
That thei his treasure all about
Depart amonge the poore route
Of women, and of children both,
Wherof thei might hem fede and cloth,
And sauely tournen home ageyne,
Without losse of any greine.

Through charitee thus he dispendeth
His good, wherof he amendeth
The poore people, and countreuaileth
The harme, that he hem so trauaileth.

And thus the wofull nightes sorowe
To ioie is torned on the morowe.

All was thankyng, all was blissing,
Whiche erst was wepyng and cursyng.

These women gone home glad enough,
Echone for ioie on other lough,
And praide for this lordes hele,
Whiche hath released the quarle,
And hath his owne will forsake
In charitee for gods sake.

But now hereafter thou shalt here
What god hath wrought in this matere,
As he that doothe all equitee
To him that wrought charitee,
He was ayenewarde charitous,
And to pitee he was pitous.
For it was neuer knowe yet,
That charitee goth vnaquit.

The night whan he was laide to slepe
The high god, whiche wold him kepe,
Saint Petre and saint Poule him sende,
By whom he wolde his lepre amende,
Thei two to him slepente appere
Fro god, and said in this manere:

O Constantin, for thou hast serued
Pitee, thou hast pitee deserued.
For thy thou shalte suche pitee haue,
That god through pitee woll the saue.
Thou shalte so double hele fynde.

Fyrste for thy bodilyche kynde,
And for thy wofull soule also,
Thou shalt be hole of both two.
And for thou shalt not the despire,
Thy lepre shall no more empire,

Till thou wilt sende therrpon
 Unto the mount of Celion,
 Where Syluester and his clergie
 To gyder dwellen in companie
 For drede of the, whiche many a daie
 Hast ben a fo to Christes laie,
 And hast destroyed, to mocheill shame
 The precbours of his holy name.
 But now thou hast somdele appeased
 Thy god, and with good dede pleased,
 That thou thy pitce hast bewared
 Upon the blood, whiche thou hast spared.
 For thy to thy saluacion

Thou shalt haue information
 Such as Siluester shall the teche,
 The nedeth of none other lecher.

This Emperour whiche all this herde,
 Graunt mercy lords be answerde:
 I woll do so as ye me saie.
 But of one thyng I wold prais,
 What shall I tell vnto Syluester
 Of your name or of your ester?

And thei him tolde what thei hight.
 And forth with all out of his sight
 Thei passen vp in to the heuen.
 And he awoke out of his sweuen,
 And clepeth, and men come anone,
 And tolde his dreame: and therrpon
 In suche a wise as he hem telleth,
 The mount, where Syluester dwelleth
 Thei haue in all haste sought.
 And founden he was, and with her brought
 To thempour, whiche to hym tolde
 His sweuen, and elles what he wolde.

And whan Siluester hath herde the king,
 He was right ioyfull of this thyng,
 And hym began with all his witte
 To techen vpon holy writte.

First how mankynde was fortere,
 And howe the high god therefore
 His sonne sende from aboue,
 Whiche borne was for mans loue.

And after of his owne choys
 He toke his death vpon the croys.

And howe in graue he was befoke,
 And how that he hath helte broke,
 And toke hem out, that were hym leue.

And for to make vs full beleue,
 That he was very gods sonne,
 Ayene the kynde of mans woune,
 Fro death he rose the thirde daie.

And whan he wolde, as he well maie
 He stige vp to his father euen,
 With fleshe and blood into the heauen.

And right so in the same forme,
 In fleshe and blood he shall reforme,
 Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede,
 At thiike wofull daie of drede,

Where euery man shall take his dome,
 As well the maister as the groune.

The mighty kynges retenue
 That daie maie stande of no value
 With worldly strengthe to defende.
 For euery mote maie than entende
 To stande vpon his owne dedes,
 And leue all other mens nedes.

That daie maie no counsaile auail,
 The pledour and the pice shall fail,
 The sentence of that yike daie
 Maie none appels sette in delai.

There maie no golde the iudge plie,
 That he ne shall the sooth trie,
 And setten euery man vp right,
 As well the plowe man as the knight.

The Jewe man, the great clerke
 Shall stonde vpon his owne werke,
 And suche as he is founde tho,
 Suche shall he bee for enermo:
 There maie no peine be released,
 There maie no ioye ben increased,
 But endeles as thei haue do,
 He shall receiue one of two.

Thus Syluester with his sawe
 The grounde of all the newe lawe,
 With great deuocion he preacheth,
 Fro point to point and pitainly teacheth
 Unto this heathen emperour,
 And saith: the high crestour
 Hath vnderfonge his oberites,
 Of that he wrought suche pitce,
 Whan he the children had on hounds.

Thus whan this lorde hath vnderstonde
 Of all this thyng, howe that it ferde:
 Unto Syluestre he than anwerde
 With all his holle herte, and seith:
 That he is redy to the feith.

And so the vessell, whiche for blood
 Was made, Syluestre, there it stode
 With cleane water of the welte

In all haste he let do felle,
 And set Constantine therrinne
 All naked vp to the chyne:

And in the while it was begonue
 A light, as though it were a sonne
 Fro heauen into the place come
 Where that he toke his christendome:
 And euer amonge the holy tales,
 Like as thei weren fishes soules
 Thei fellen from hym nowe and este,
 Tyll that there was nothyng beleste
 Of all this great maladie.

For he that wolde hym purife,
 The high god hath made hym cleue,
 So that there lefte nothyng sene.

He hath hym clensted both two,
 The body and the soule also.

Tho knewe this emperon in dede,
 That Christes feith was for to drede;
 And sende anone his letters out,
 And let do crien all aboute
 Upon peine of death, that no man weyue
 That he baptisme ne receyue.

After his mother queene Eleyne
 He sende, and so hetwene hem tweyne
 They treaten that the citee all
 Was christned, and she fourth with all.

This emperour, which hele hath found,
 Within Rome anone let founde
 Two churches, whiche he did make
 For Peter and for Poules sake,
 Of whome he had a vision,
 And yafe therto possession
 Of lordshippe, and of worldes good.
 But howe so that his will was good
 Towarde the Pope and his franchise,
 Yet hath it proued otherwise
 To see the working of the dede.
 For in cronike thus I rede,
 Anone as he hath made the yette
 A voice was herde on highe the lefte,

Of whiche all Rome was adradde,
 And said, this daie vesim is shadde
 In holy church of temporall,
 Whiche medleth with the spirituall:
 And howe it stant of that degree,
 Yet maie a man the soothe see.
 God maie amende it whan he wille,
 I can therto none other skille.
 But for to go there I began,
 Howe charitee maie helpe a man
 To bothe worldes I haue saide,
 And if thou haue an eare laide
 My sonne, thou might vnderstonde,
 If charitee be take on honde,
 There foloweth after mochel grace.
 For thy if that thou wilt purchase,
 Howe that thou might enioie flee,
 Acquaint the with charitee,
 Whiche is the vertue soueraine.
 My father I shall do my paine.
 For this ensample whiche ye tolde
 With all myn herte I haue witholde,
 So that I shall for enuermore
 Eschewe enioie well the more.

And that I haue er this misdo,
 Yeue me my penance er I go.
 And ouer that to my matere
 Of shrifte, while ye sitten here
 In priuete betweene vs tweye
 Nowe aske, what there is I prey.

CONFESSOR.

My good sonne, and for thy lore
 I wolle the telle, what is more:
 So that thou shalt the vices knowe.
 For whan thei bee to the full knowe,
 Thou might hem wel the better eschue.
 And for this cause I thinke sewe
 The forme bothe and the matere,
 As nowe sewenda thou shalt here,
 Whiche vice stant nexte after this.

And whan thou wost, howe that it is,
 As thou shalt here my deuise
 Thou might thy selfe better auise.

Explicit Liber secundus.

Ira suis paribus est par furiis Acherontis,
 Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet,
 Ira melancholicos animos perturbat, vt equo
 Iure sui pondus nulla statera tenet.
 Omnibus in causis grauat ira inter amantes
 Illa magis facili sorte graunamen agit.
 Est vbi vir discors leuiterque repugnat amari,
 Saepe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.

Hic in tertio libro tractat super quinque species
 ire, quarum prima melancholia dicitur, cuius
 vitium Confessor primo describens amantem, super
 eodem consequenter oppouit.

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

If thou the vices liste to know
 My sonne, it hath not ben vnknow
 Fro first that men their swerdes grounde,
 That there nis none vpon this grounde

A vice foreine fro the laue,
 Wherof that many a good felawe
 Hath be distraught by sodeine chance:
 And yet to kynde no pleasure
 It doothe: but where he most acheneth
 His purpose, mooste to kinde he groweth,
 As he, whiche out of conscience
 Is enmy vnto pacience,
 And is by name one of the seuen,
 Whiche ofte hath set the worlde vneuen,
 And cleped is the cruelle ire:

Whose herte is enuermore on fire,
 To speke anime, and to do bothe.
 For his seruantes ben euer wrothe.
 My good father telle me this,
 What thyng is ire? Sonne it is,
 That in our englishe wrath is hote,
 Whiche hath his wordes ay so hote,
 That all a mans pacience
 Is fired of the violence.
 For he with hym hath euer fue
 Seruantes, that helpe hym to serue.

The first of hote ~~unlawfully~~
 Is cleped, whiche in company
 An hounderde tymes in an houre
 Woll as an angry ~~beast~~ loure,
 And no man wote the cause why.

My sonne shryue the nowe for thy,
 Hast thou be ~~melancholien?~~

My father ye by saint Julien:
 But I intrewed wordes vse,
 I maie me out therof excuse.
 And all maketh lone well I wote,
 Of whiche myn herte is euer hote,
 So that I brenne as doth a glede
 For wrath, that I maie not spede,
 And thus full ofte a daie for nought
 (Saufe on ~~the~~ of myn owne thought)
 I ars so with my seluen wroth,
 That howe so that the game goth,
 With other men I am not glad,
 But I am well the more vnglad.
 For that is other mens game,
 It tourneth me to pure grame.

Thus am I with my selfe oppressed
 Of thought, whiche I haue impressed,
 That all waynge I drewe and mete,
 That I alone with hir mete,
 And pray hir of some good answer.
 But for she wolde not gladly swere,
 She saith me naye withouten othe.
 And thus waxe I within wroth,
 That outwards I am all affraid,
 And so distempred, and so esmayed:

A thousande tymes on a daie
 There sowneth in myn eare naye,
 The whiche she saide me tofore.
 Thus be my wittes all forlore,
 And namely whan I begynne
 To reken with my selfe withinne,
 Howe many yeres ben agone
 Sith I haue truely loued one,
 And neuer toke of hir other hede,
 And euer a liche for to spede
 I am, the more I with hir deale:
 So that my hap, and all my beale
 Me thinketh is ay the lenger the ferre,
 That bringeth my gladship out of herre:
 Wherof my wittes ben empeired,
 And I, as who saith, all dispeired.

Pierremont's

extra English

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Not a melancholic

See in...

For finally when that I muse
 And thinke, howe she woll me refuse,
 I am with anger so bestad,
 For al this worlde might I be glad:
 And for the while that it lasteth,
 All vp so downe my ioye it casteth.
 And ay the farther that I see

(When I he maie my ladie see)
 The more I am redy to wrathe,
 That for the touchyng of a lath,
 Or for the touchyng of a strea,
 I woode as doth the wilde sea:
 And am so melancolious,
 That ther nis seruant in myne house,
 Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
 That eche of hem ne stant in doubt,
 And wenen, that I shulde raue
 For angre, that thei see me haue.
 And so thei wondre more and lasse,
 That thei seen it ouerlasse.

But father, if it so betide,
 That I appoche at any tide
 The place, where my fisdie is:
 And than hir liketh ywis
 To speke a goodly worde to me
 For all the golde that is in Rome
 Ne couth I after that be wroth,
 But all myn angre ouergothe.
 So glad I am of the presence
 Of hir, that I all offence
 Forgyete, as though it were nought,
 So ouer glad is my thought.

And netheles, the sothe to telle,
 Ayenwardes if it so befelle,
 That I at thilke tyme sie
 On me, that she miscaste hir eie,
 Or that she lyst not loke,
 And I therof good hede toke:
 Azone into my firste estate
 I tourne, and am with that also mate,
 That euer it is a liche wicke,
 And thus myn honde ayene the pricke
 I hurte, and haue done many a daie,
 And go so forth as I go maie
 Full ofte bitynge on my lippe,
 And make vnto my selfe a whippe:

With whiche in many a chele and beate
 My wofull herte is so to beate,
 That all my wittes ben vnsotte,
 And I am wrothe, I not how ofte,
 And all it is melancolic,
 Whiche groweth on the fantasie.
 Of loue, that me woll not louten,
 So beare I forth the angry shoute
 Full many tymes in a yere.

But father, nowe ye sitten here
 In Loos stede, I you beseeche,
 That some ensamble ye me teche,
 Wherof I maie my selfe appease.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne for thyn hertes ease
 I shall fulfill thy priere,
 So that thou might the better lere
 What mischief that this vice stereth,
 Whiche in his anger nought forbeareth,
 Wherof that after him forththinketh,
 When he is sovre, and that he thinketh.
 Upon the folie of his dede,
 And of this point a tale I rede.

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Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui cum vires amoris non sunt realiter experti contra alios amantes melancolica seueritate ad iracundiam vindicte pronocantur, Et narrat qualiter rex Eolus filium nomine Machareum, et filium nomine Canaceum habuit, qui cum ab infantia vique pubertatem inuicem fuerant educati, Cupido tandem cum ignito iaculo amorum cordis desideria amorose penetravit, itaque natura Canacis cooperante a fratre suo inpregnata paritit, super quo pater intollerabilem inuentutis concupiscentiam ignorans, nimisque furoris melancolia preuentus, dictam filiam cum partu dolorosissimo casu interfecti diiudicauit.

THERE was a kynge, whiche Eolus
 Was hote: and it befell hym thus,
 That he two children had fayre
 The sonne cleped was Machayre,
 The daughter eke Canace hight,
 By daie bothe and eke by night.

While thei be yonge of common woune
 In chambre thei to gether woune,
 And as thei shulden pleid hem ofte
 Till thei be growen vp alofte
 In the yongthe of lustie age,
 When kynde assaileth the courage
 With loue, and doth him for to bowe,
 That he no reason can allowe,
 But baite the lawes of nature.

For whom that lone hath vnder cure,
 As he is blynde hym selfe, right so
 He maketh his client blynde also.
 In suche maner, as I you tell:
 As thei all daie to gether dwell,
 This brother might it not asterte,
 That he with all his hole herte
 His lone vpon his sister cast,
 And so it fell hem at the laste,
 That this Machayre with Canace,
 When they were in a preyry place,
 Cupide bad hem firste to kisse,
 And after she, whiche is maistrisse
 In kynde, and teacheth every life
 Without lawe possiue.

Of whiche she taketh no maner charge,
 But kepeth her lawes all in larder.
 Nature toke hem in to lore,
 And taught hem so, that ouermore
 She hath hem in suche a wise daunted,
 That thei were as who saith, enchanted,
 And as the blynde an other ledeth;
 And till thei fall nothyng dredeeth:
 Right so thei had none insight,
 But as a birde, whiche woll a light,
 And seeth the meate, and not the nette,
 Whiche in deceite of him is sette,
 These yonge folke no perill sie,
 But all was likyng in hir eie.

Where witta both lawe his reasonance
 So longe thei to gether assemble,
 The wombe arose, and she gan to tremble,
 And helde hir in hir chambre close,
 For drede it should be disclose,
 And come vnto hir fathers eare,
 Wherof the sonne had also feare,
 And feigneth cause for to ride.
 For longe durst he not abide,

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In aunter if men wolle seine,
That he his sister hath forleine:
For yet she had it not beknowe,
Whose was the childe at thilke throwe. 200

Machayre goth, Canace abit,
The whiche was not deliuered yet:
But ryght sone after that she was,

Nowe list and herken a wofull cas,
The soth, whiche maie not ben hid
Was at laste knowe and kid
Unto the kyng, howe that it stode.

And whan that he it vnderstode,
Anone into Melancolie,
As though it were a franke, 210
He fell, as he whiche not hyngecouthe,
Howe maisterfull Loue is in youthe.

And for he was to loue strange,
He wolde not his herte change
To be benigne and fauourable
To loue but vmerciaible.

Betwene the want of woode and wroth
In to his daughters chambre he gothe,
And sie the childe was late bore,

Wherof he hath his othe swore, 220
That she it shall full sore abie.

And she beganne mercy to crie
Upon hir bare knees, and praide,
And to hir father thus she saide:

Haue mercy father, thyneke I am
Thy childe, and of thy bloud I cam.

That I misdeede, youth it made,
And in the floudes bad me wade,

Where that I see no perill tho:
But nowe it is befall so, 230

Mercy my father, as I can.

And whan that woode she herte speche,
And fell downe swooned in the face:
As she, for sorowe nedes mote.

But his horrible crueltee,

That might attempte no pitee,

Out of hir chambre forth he wente

All full of wrath in his entente,

And toke the counsaile in his herte,

That she shall not the death asterte. 240

And he whiche is melancolien,

Of pacience hath not lian.

Wherof he maie his wrath restraine:

And in this wilde woode pange

Whan all his reason was vntome,

A knight he cleped by his name,

And toke hym, as by wey of sonde

A naked swerde, to beare on honde,

And saide hym, that he shulde go,

And tell vnto his daughter so, 250

In the maner as he hym bade,

Howe she that sharpe swerdes blade

Receiue shulde, and do withall,

So that she wote where to she shall.

Forth in message goth this knight

Unto this wofull yonge wight.

This sharpe swerde to hir he toke,

Wherof that all hir bodie quoke.

For well she wist what it ment,

And that it was to thilke entent, 260

That she hir seluen shulde slea,

And to the knight she saide yea,

Nowe that I wote my fathers will,

That I shall in this wise spill:

I will obeie me therto,

And as he wolle, it shall be do,

But now this thyng maie be none other,
I wolle a letter to my brother,

(So as my feble hande maie write)
With all my wofull herte endite. 270

'She toke a penne up honde the

Fro point to point and all the wote

As forforth as hir affe it wote,

Unto hir deadly frende she wrote:

And tolde howe that hir fathers grace

She myght for nothinge purchace.

And ouer that as thou shalt here,

She wrote and saide in this manere:

O thou my sorowe, and my gladnes,

O thou my hele, and my sickenes, 280

O thou my wanhope, and my truste,

O thou my disease, and all my luste,

O thou my weale, O thou my wo,

O thou my frende, O thou my fo,

O thou my looe, O thou my hate,

For the mote I be deade algaie,

Thilke ende maie I not asterte,

And yet with all myn holle herte,

While that there lasteth me any breath,

I wolle the loue vnto my death. 290

But of o thyng I shall the preie,

If that my hertel sonne deie,

Let him be buried in my graue,

Beside me, so shalt thou haue

Upon vs both remembrance.

For thus it stondeth of my greiunce

Nowe at this tyme, as thou shalt wite

With teares, and with inke write

This letter I haue in cares colde.

In my right honde my penne I bokle, 300

And in my lefte my swerde kepe,

And in my barme there lieth to wepe

Thy chylde and myn, whiche sebbeth fast.

Nowe am I come vnto my last.

Fare well: for I shall soone die,

And thinke bowe I thy loue abie.

The pomell of the swerde to grounde

She set: and with the point a wounde

Through out hir herte asone she made, 310

And forth with all pale and fade

She fell downe dead fro ther she stode.

The childe laie bathede in hir bloods

Out rolled from the mother barme.

And for the blood was hote and warme,

He basket hym about therein

Ther was no boote for to wynee.

For whiche he can no pitee knowe.

The kyng cam in the same throwe,

And sawe howe that his daughter died.

And howe this baby all blodie cried: 320

But all that might hym not suffice

That he ne bad to do Inise

Upon the childe, and beare hym out,

And seche in the forest aboute

Som wilde place that it were,

To cast hym out of honde there:

So that some beste hym maie deuoure,

Where as no man hym shall soccoure.

AN that he bad was done in dede,

As who herde euer singe or rede, 330

Of such a thyng, as this was do.

But he, whiche had his wrath so,

Hath knowe of loue but a lite.

But for all that he was to wite

Through his sodeine melancolie

To do so great a felonie.

For thy my sonne, howe so it stonde,
 By this cas thou might vnderstande,
 That if thou euer in cause of loue
 Shalt deme, and thou be so abounde,
 That thou might leade it at thy wille,
 Let neuer through thy wrath spille,
 Whiche euery kinde shulde saue.

For it sit euery man to haue
 Regarde to loue, and to his fight
 Against whos strength maie no might.

And with an here is so streined,
 The reddour ought to be restrained,
 To hym that maie bet awaye,
 When he mote to nature obeye. 350
 For it is saide thus ouerall,
 That nedes mote, that nedes shall.
 Of that a life doth after kinde,
 Wherof he maie no boote finde.
 What thyng nature hath set in lawe,
 Ther maie no mans might withdrawe,
 And who that worcheth there ayene,
 Full ofte tyme it hath be seyne.
 There hath befall great vengeance,
 Wherof I finde a remembrance.

Hic narrat qualiter Tiresias in quodam monte
 duos serpentes inuenit pariter commiscentes,
 quos cum virga percussit, Irati dii ob hoc, quod
 naturam impediuit, ipsum contra naturam a
 forma virili in muliebrem transmutarunt.

OUIDE after the tyme tho
 Tolde an ensamble, and saide so:
 Howe that whilom Tiresias,
 As he walkend goth par cas
 Upon an high moustaine, he sigh
 Two serpentes in his weye nigh:
 And thei so, as nature hem taught
 Assembled were, and he the caught
 A yerde, whiche he bare on bonde,
 And thought, that he wolde fonde 370
 To lette hem, and smote hem bothe,
 Wherof the gods weren wrothe.
 And for he hath destourbed kinde,
 And was so to nature valkinde,
 Unkindeliche he was transformed,
 That he, whiche erst a man was formed
 In to a woman was forshape:
 That was to hym an angry iape.
 But for that he with anger wrought,
 His anger angerliche he bought.

CONFESSOR.

Lo thus my son Ouide hath write,
 Wherof thou might by reason wite,
 More is a man than such a best,
 So might it neuer ben honest,
 A man to wrathen hym to sore,
 Of that another doth the lore
 Of kinde, in whiche is no malice
 But onely that it is a vice.
 And though a man be reasonable
 Yet after kinde he is measurable
 To loue, where he will or thowght
 Thinke thou my sonne therspouht,
 And do melancolie awaye.
 For loue bath ener his lusts to playe
 As he whiche wold no life graue.

AMANS.

My fader that I maie well leue

All that ye telle, it is skille,
 Let euery man loue, as he wille,
 Be so it be not my ladye.
 For I shall not be wroth there by,
 But that I wrath and fare amis 200 400
 Alone vpon my selfe it is,
 That I with bothe loue and kinde
 I am so bestad, that I can finde
 No wey, howe I it maie asterde,
 Whiche stant vpon myn owne hert,
 And toucheth to none other life,
 Sauf onely to that swete wife,
 For whom, but if it be amended,
 My glad daies ben dispended,
 That I my selfe shall not forbear 250 910
 The wrathe, whiche I nowe beare.
 For therof is none other liche.
 Nowe asketh forth I yowe beseeche
 Of wrathe, if theru ought elles is,
 Wherof to shirfue. Soune yis.

Ira mouet litem, que lingue frena resoluens,
 Laxa per infames currit vbique vias.
 Rixarum nutrix quos educat ista loquaces,
 Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.
 Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celet ore,
 Vincit et optati carpit amoris iter.

Hic tractat Confessor super secunda specie ire,
 que Lis dicitur, ex cuius contumeliis innumerosa
 dolorum occasio, tam in amoris causa quam
 aliter, in quem pluribus sepiissime exorta est.

Or wrath the second is cheest,
 Whiche bath the wyndes of tempest
 To kepe, and mauny a sodeine blast
 He bloweth, wherof ben agast
 Thei, that desiren pes and reste: 220
 He is that ilke vngoodlyeste,
 Whiche many a lustie loue hath twynned,
 For he beareth euer his mouth vpinnd:
 So that his lippes ben vnloke,
 And his courage is all to broke,
 That every thyng, whiche he can tell,
 It springeth vp as doth a welle,
 Whiche maie no man of his stremes hide,
 But renneth out on euery side:
 So boylen vp the foule sawes,
 That cheeste wote of his felawes.
 For as a siue kepeth Ale,
 Right so can cheeste kepe a tale.
 All that he wote, he wold disclose,
 And speke er any man oppose.

As a citee without walle,
 Where men maie gon out oueralle,
 Withouten any resistance:
 So with his croked eloquence
 He speketh all, that he wote with yane,
 Wherof men lese more than wyne.
 For often tyme of his chidyng,
 He bringeth to hous suche tidyng,
 That maketh warre at beddes heade:
 He is the leucin of the breade,
 Whiche soureth all the past about:
 Men ought well such one to doute.
 For euer his bowe is redy bent,
 And whom he hit, I tell hym shent.
 If he maie perce hym with his tonge,
 And eke so leade his belle is ronge,
 That of the noyse, and of the soune
 Men fearen hym in all the towne

Well more than thei done of thonder.
 For that is cause of more wonder.
 For with the windes, whiche he bloweth,
 Full ofte sith he oerthroweth
 The Citees, and the poeike.
 That I haue herde the people crye
 And ecbone aside in his degree:
 Ha wicke tonge wo thou bee.
 For men sayn, that the harde bone,
 All though hym selfe haue none,
 A tonge breaketh it all to piieces,
 He hath so many sondry spices
 Of vice, that I maie not weie
 Descriue hem by a thousand dele.
 But whan that he to cheste falleth,
 Full many a wonder thyng befallerh.
 For he ne can no thyngge forbere.
 Nowe tell my sonne thyn answeres,
 If it haue euer so betide,
 That thou at any tyme hast chidde
 Toward thy loue? Fader naie,
 Suche cheste yet vnto this daie
 Ne made I neuer, god forbede.
 For er I singe suche a crede
 I had leuer to be lewed.
 For thas were I all beshrewed,
 And worthy to be put a backe,
 With all the sorowe vpon my backe,
 That any man ordeine couthe.
 But I spake neuer yet by mouthe
 That vnto chest might touche,
 And that I durst right wel vouche
 Upon hir selfe, as for witnes.
 For I wote of hir gentilnes,
 That she me wold well excuse,
 That I no suche thynges vse.
 And if it shulde so betyde,
 That I algates must chyde,
 It might not be to my loue.
 For so yet neuer was I aboue,
 For all this wyde worde to wyne,
 That I durst any worde begynne:
 By whiche she might haue be amoued,
 And I of cheste also reppoued.
 But rather if it might hir like,
 The beste wordes wolde I pike,
 Whiche I couthe in myn hert chese.
 And serue hem forth in stede of chese.
 For that is helpeliche to defie:
 And I wolde so my wordes plie,
 That mighten wrath and cheste auale,
 With tellyng of my softe tale.
 Thus dare I make a forward,
 That neuer vnto my lady ward
 Yet spake I worde in suche a wise,
 Wherof that chest shulde arise.
 Thus saie I not, that I full ofte
 Ne haue, whan I spake moste softe,
 Parcas saied more than enough.
 But so well halt no man the plough,
 That he ne balketh other while,
 Ne so well can no man affle
 His tonge, that somtyme in iape
 Hym maie some light worde ouerscape,
 And yet ne meneth he no chesta.
 But that I haue ayene hir best
 Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe,
 And howe, my wille is that you knowe.
 For whan my tyme cometh about,
 That I dare speke, and saie all out

My longe loue, of whiche she wot,
 That euer in one aliche hot
 Me greueth: than all my disease
 I tell: and though it hir displese
 I speke it forth, and nought ne leue:
 And though it be beside hir leue,
 I hope and trowe netheles,
 That I do not ayene the pe.
 For though I tell hir all my thought,
 She wot well, that I chide nought.
 Men maie the highe god beseche,
 And he wold here a mans speche,
 And be not wroth of that he seith:
 So yeueth it me the more feith,
 And maketh me hardie soth to seie,
 That I dare well the better prsie
 My lady, whiche a woman is.
 For though I tell hir that er is
 Of loue, whiche me greueth sore,
 Hir ought not to be wroth the more.
 For I without noise or crye
 My plaint make all baxomly,
 To putten all wrath awaie.
 Thus dar I say vnto this daie
 Of cheste, in earnest or in game
 My lady shall me nothyng blame.
 But ofte tyme it hath betid,
 That with my seluen I haue chid,
 That no man couthe better chide
 And that hath ben at euery tide,
 Whan I cam to my selue alone.
 For than I made a preuy mone,
 And euery tale by and by,
 Whiche as I spake to my lady,
 I thinke and peise in my balance,
 And drawe in to my remembrance.
 And than, if that I fynde a lacke
 Of any worde, that I mispake,
 Whiche was to muche in any wise:
 Anone my wittes I despise,
 And make a chidyng in myn herte,
 That any worde he shuld asterte,
 Whiche as I shuld haue holden ynne.
 And so forth after I begynne.
 And loke if there was elles ought
 To speke, and I ne spake it nought.
 And than if I maie seeche and fynde,
 That any worde he lefte behynde,
 Whiche as I shalde more haue spoke,
 I wolde vpon my selfe be wroke,
 And chide with my selfen so,
 That all my wit is ouergo.
 For no man maie his time lore
 Recouer: and thus I am therefore
 So ouer wroth in all my thought,
 That I my selfe chide all to nought,
 That for to muche, or for to lyte
 Full ofte I am my selfe to wite.
 But all that maie me not auale,
 With cheste though I me trausale,
 But oule on stoke, and stoke on oule,
 The more that a man defoule,
 Men wote well whiche hath the werse,
 And so to me nis worth a kerse,
 But torneth vnto myn owne heade,
 Though I tell, that I were deade,
 Wolde euer chide in such a wise
 Of lous, as I to you deuse.
 But father nowe ye haue all herde,
 In this maner howe I haue ferde

Of cheste, and of dissencon,
Yeue me your absolucion.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne if that thou wistest all,
What cheste doth in speciall
To loue, and to his welwilling,
Thou woldest fleen his knowlegeyng.
For who that moste can speke fayre,
And lerne to be debonayre,
Is most accordende vnto loue,
Fayre speche hath ofte brought aboute
Full many a man, as it is knowe,
Whiche elles shuld haue ben right lowe.
And failed mochell of his wille.
For thy holde thy tonge still,
And lete thy wite thy wille reste,
So that thou fall not in cheste,
Whiche is the sours of great distance,
And take into remembrance,
If thou might gete Pacience,
Whiche is the leche of all offence,
As tellen vs the olde wise.

Pacientia est vindicta omnium iniuriarum.

FOR whan nought elles maie suffice,
By strengthe, ne by mans wit,
Than Pacience it ouer sit,
And ouer cometh at laste.

But he maie neuer longe laste,
Whiche woll not bowe er that he breake.
Take hede sonne of that I speke.

AMANS.

My fader of your goodly speche,
And of the wite, whiche ye me teche,
I thanke you with all myn herte.
For that worde shall me neuer asterte,
That I ne shall your wordes holde
Of Pacience, as ye me tolde,
Als ferforth as myn herte thinketh.
And of my wrath it me forthinketh.

But fader if ye forth with all
Some good ensample, in speciall
Me wolden teche of some Cronike:
It shulde well myn hert like
Of Pacience for to here:
So that I might in my matere
The more vnto my loue obeie,
And putten my disease aweie,

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum de pacientia in amore contra lites habenda, Et narrat qualiter Vxor Socratis, ipsam quodam die multis sermonibus litigauit, Sed cum ipse absque vlla responsione omnia probra patienter sustulit, indignata Vxor quandam ydriam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, super caput viri sui subito effudit, dicens: Euigila et loquere, qui respondens tunc ait: O vere iam scio, et expertus sum, quod post ventorum rabiem sequuntur imbres. Et isto modo litis contumeliam sua pacientia denicit.

CONFESSOR.

MY sonne a man to bie hym pes
Beboweth suffer, as Socrates

Ensample left, whiche is writte,
And for thou shalt the sooth wite.
Of this ensample, what I mene,
All though it be nowe littell sene
Amonge the men thilke euidence:
Yet he was vpon pacience
So set, that he hym selfe assaie
In thyng, which might him most mispale
Desyreth, and a wicked wife
He weddeth, whiche in sorow and strife
Ageinst his case was contrayre:
But he spake ouer softe and fayre,
Till it befell, as it is tolde.
In wynter, whan the daie is colde,
This wife was fro the well come,
Where that a pot with water nome
She hath, and brought it in to house,
And sawe howe that hir selfe spouse
Was set, and loked on a boke
Nigh to the fyre, as he whiche toke
His case, as for a man of age,
And she began the wood rage,
And asketh hym, what diuel he thought,
And bare on hond, that hym ne rougt
What labour that she toke on honde,
And saith, that suche ar husbande
Was to a wife not worth a stre.

He said nother naye ne ye,
But helde hym stille, and lete hir chide.
And she, whiche maie hir selfe not hide,
Began within for to swelle,
And that she brought in fro the welle
The water pot she hent a lofte,
And badde hym speke, and he all softe
Sat stille, and nought a word answerde.

And she was wroth, that he so ferde,
And asketh hym, if he be deade,
And all the water on his heade
She poured out, and bad hym a wake.
But he, whiche woll not forsake
His pacience, than spake,
And saide, howe that he foud no lake
In no thyng, whiche she had do.
For it was wynter tyme tho,
And wynter, as by wey of kinde,
Whiche stormie is, as men it finde,
First maketh the windes for to blowe,
And after that within a throve,
He reineth, and the water gates
Undoth, and thus my wife algates,
Whiche is with reason well beseyn,
Hath made me bothe wynde and reya
After the season of the yere.

And than he set hym ner the fire,
And as he might his clothes dried,
That he nomore o worde ne seyde,
Wherof he gat hym somdele rest.
For that hym thought was for the best.

AMANS.

I not of thilke ensample yit
Accordeth with a mans wit
To suffer, as Socrates dede.
And if it fal in any stepe
A man to lese so his galle,
Hym ought amonge the women alle
In Loues court, by Judgement
The name beare of patient,
To yeue ensample to the good
Of pacience howe that it stode,

That other men it might knowe.

CONFESSOR.

And sonne if thou at any throwe
Be tempted ayenst pacience,
Take hede vpon this euidence,
It shall par case the lesse greue.

AMANS.

My fader so as I beleue
Of that shall be no maner nede.
For I woll take so good hede,
That er I fall in suche asuaie,
I thinke eschewe, if that I maie.

But if there be ought elles more,
Wherof I might take lore,
I praie you, so as I dare,
Nowe telleth, that I maie beware
Some other tale of this matters.

CONFESSOR.

Sonne it is euer good to lere,
Wherof thou might thy wode restraine
Er that thou falle in any peine.

Fpr who that can no counsell hide,
He maie not faile of wo beside,
Whiche shall befaile, er he it witte,
As I finde in the bokes writte.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod de alterius
lite intromittere cauendum est. Et narrat qua-
liter Jupiter cum Junone super quadam questione
litigabant, videlicet vtrum vir an mulier in amo-
ris concupiscentia feruentius ardebat: super
quo Tyresiam eorum Iudicem constituebant. Et
quia ille contra Junonem in dictis litis causam
sententiam diffiniuit, irata ipsam de amborum
oculorum lumine claritatis absque remissione
priauit.

CONFESSOR.

Yer cam there neuer good of strife,
To seche in all a mans life,
Though it begyn on pure game
Full ofte it torneth in to game,
And doth greuance on som side,
Wherof the great clerke Ouide,
After the lawe, whiche was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his boke mencion,
Howe thei felle at dissencion,
In maner as it were a borde,
As thei began for to worde:
Amonge hem selfe in priueteē:

And that was vpon this degre,
Whiche of the two more amorous is,
Or man or wife, And vpon this
Thei might not acorde in one,
And toke a Juge thervpon,
Whiche cleped is Tyresias,
And bad hym demen in this cas.

And he without auisement
Ayeue Juno gaf iugement.
This goddes, vpon his answer
Was wrothe, and wolde not forbere,
But toke aweye for enermo
The light from both his eyen two.

Whan Jupiter this hurt hath sene,
Another benefite there ayene

He yafe, and suche a grace hym dooth,
That for he witte he aside sooth,
A sooth sayer he was for euer.

But yet that other were feuer
Haue had the loking of his eis
Than of his worde the prophecie.

But howe so that the sooth went,
Strife was the cause, of that he bent
So great a peine bodily.

My sonne be thou ware there by,
And holde thy tonge stille close.
For who that hath his worde disclose
Er that he witte what he mene,
He is full ofte nyghe his tene,
And leseth full many tyme grace,
Wher that he wold his thanks purchase.

And ouer this my sonne dere,
Of other men if thou might here
In priueteē, what thei haue wrought:
Hold counsell, and discouer it nought.
For cheste can no counseile bele,
Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale in to thy minde,
The whiche of olde ensample I finde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui
in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare pre-
sumunt. Et narrat, qualiter quendam scis tunc
alibissima nomine Coruus, consilium domine sue
Coronis Phebu denudauit: unde contigit non
solum ipsam Coronidem interfeci, sed et Co-
ruum, qui sateo tanquam nix albus fuit, in pi-
ceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari.

PHEBUS, whiche maketh the daies light,
A loue he had, whiche tho hight
Coronis, whom abouen all
He pleseth. But what shall befall
Of loue, there is no man knoweth,
But as fortune hir happes throweth.
So it befell vpon a chance,

A yong knight toke hir acquaintance,
And had of hir all that he wolde.
But a fals byrd, whiche she hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe,
Discouereth all that euer he couthe,

The byrdes name was as tho
Coruus, the whiche was than also
Well more white than any swan:
And he the shrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus saide.

And he for wrath his swerd out braide,
With whiche Coronide anone he slough.

But after, hym was wo enough,
And toke full great repentance,
Wherof in token and remembrance
Of hem, whiche vsen wicke speche,
Upon this byrde he toke his wreche,
That there be was snowe white tofore,
Euer afterwarde cole blake therfore
He was transformed, as it sheweth.
And many a man yet hym beshreweth.
And clepen hym is to this daie

A Rauē, by whom yet men maie
Take euidence, whan he crieth,
That some mishap it signifieth.
Beware therfore, and saye the best,
If thou wolt be thy selfe in rest,
My good sonne, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur super eodem, Et narrat qualiter Lara Nympha eo quod Jupiter Iuturnam adulteravit, Junoni Jouis vxori secretum reuelavit. Qua propter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Laris prius abscisa, ipsam postea in profundum Acherontis exulam pro perpetuo mancipavit.

Lo in another place I rede
Of thilke Nympe, which Lara hight
For she the priuete by night
(How Jupiter laie by Iuturna)
Hath told: god made hir ouertorne.

Hir tonge he cut, and in to helle
For euer he sent hir for to dwelle:
As she that was not worthie here
Lo ben of lose a chambere.
For she no counsaile couth hele.

And suche a daies be nowe felle
In louses courte, as it is saide,
That lette her tonges gose vntaide.

My sonne be thou none of tho,
To iangle, and telle tales so,
And namely that thou ne chide.
For cheste can no counsaile hide.
For wrathe saide neuer welle.

My father soothe is euery dele,
That ye me teche: and I wold holde
The rule, whiche I am holde
To see the cheste, as ye me bidde.
For well is hym, that neuer chidde.

Nowe telle me forth if there be more
As touchende vnto wrathes lore.

Demonis est odium, quasi scriba cui dabit ira

Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui.
Non laxabit amor, odij quem frens restringunt,
Nec secreta sui iaris adire sciunt.

Hic tractat Confessor de tertia specie irae, que odium dicitur: cuius natura omnes irae inimicitias ad mentem reducens illas vsque ad tempus vindictae, velut scriba demonis in cordis papyro commemorandas inserit.

Of wrathe yet there is an other,
Whiche is to cheste his owne brother,
And is by name cleped hate,
That suffereth not within his gate,
That there come other loue or peace.
For he wold make no release
Of no debate, whiche is befall:

Nowe speke if thou arte one of all,
That with this vice hath be witholde.

As yet for ought that ye me tolde
My father, I not what it is.

In good faith sonne I trow ye is.
My father nay, but ye me lere.
Nowe list my son and thou shalt here.

Hate is a wrath, not she wende,
But of longe tyme gatherende,
And dwelleth in the berte loken,
Till he see tyme to be wroken
And than he sheweth his tempest
More sodeine than the wilde best,
Whiche wote nothyng, what mercy is.

My sonne arte thou known of this?

My good father, as I wene,
Nowe wote I somedele what ye mene.
But I dare sauely make an othe,
My lady was me neuer lothe.

I wold not swere netheles,
That I of hate am giltelea.
For whan I to my ladie pleie,
Fro daie to daie, and mercy erie.
And she no mercy on me leith,
But shorte wordes to me seith,
Though I my lady loue sigate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate,
And wolde thei were all dispent,
Or so ferre out of londe went,
That I neuer after shulde hem here:
And yet loue I my ladie dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye maie see,
Betwene my ladies worde, and me.
The worde I hate, and hir I looe,
What so shall me betide of looe.

But furthermore I wold me shryue,
That I haue hated all my liue
These ianglers, whiche of her euise
Ben euer redy for to lie.
For with her false compeusement
Full often thei haue made me thest,
And hyndred me full ofte tyme,
Whan thei no cause wiste byme,
But onliche of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte haue I bought
The lie, and dronke not of the wyne.
I wolde her happe were suche as myne,
For howe so that I be nowe shryue,
To hem maie I nought foryeue,
Till I see hem at debate

With loue, and with myn estate
Thei mighten by her owne deme,
And loke how well it shuld hem queme
To hyndre a man, that loueth sore.
And thus I hate hem euermore,
Till loue on hem wold done his wreche:
For that shall I alwaie beseche
Unto the mighty Cupido,

That he so mochel wolde do
(So as he is of loue a god)
To smite hem with the same rod,
With whiche I am of loue smiten.
So that thei might knowe and witen,
Howe hindryng is a wofull peine
To hym, that loue wold atteine.
Thus euer on hem I waite and hope,
Till I maie sene hem lepe a lope,
And halten on the same sore,
Whiche I do nowe for euermore
I wolde than do my might,
So for to stonden in her lighte,
That thei ne shulden haue away
To that, thei wolden put away.

I wolde hem put out of the stode
Fro loue, right as thei me dede.
With that thei speke of me by mouthe,
So wolde I do, if that I couth

Of hem, and thus so god me saue
Is all the hate, that I haue
Towarde the ianglers euery dele,
I wolde all other ferde wela.

Thus haue I father, said my wille:
Say forth nowe, for I am stille.
My sonne of that thou hast me saide,
I holde me nought fully paid,
That thou wolte haten any man,
To that accorden I ne can,
Though he haue hyndred the tofore.
But this I telle the thofore,

Thou might vpon my benison,
Well haten the condicion
Of the iauglers, as thou me toldest.
But furthermore, of that thou woldest
Hem hyndre in any other wise:
Suche hate is euer to despise.

For thy my sonne I wolde the rede,
That thou drawe in by frendly hede,
That thou ne might not do by hate,
So might thou gete loue algate,
And sette the my sonne in rest.
For thou shaite finde it for the best.
And ouer this so as I dare,
I rede, that thou be right wel ware
Of other mens hntes about,
Which euery wise man shulde dout.
For hate is euer vpon awayte:

And as the fisher on his bayte
Seeth, whau he seeth the fishes fast:
So whan he seeth tyme at last,
That he maie worche an other wo,
Shall no man tourne him ther fro,
That hate nyll his felonie
Fulfil, and feigne companie.

Yet netheles for false semblant
Is towarde hym of cosenant
Witholde, so that vnder bothe
That prey wrath can hym clothe,
That he shall seme a great beleue.
But ware the well, that thou ne leue
All that thou seest afore thyn eie,
So as the Gregoys whilom sie.
The boke of Troie who so rede,
There maie he finde ensample in dede.

Mic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire sue odium aperte vindicare non possint, ficta dissimulatione vindictam subdole assequuntur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamedes princeps, Grecorum in obsidione Troie, a quibusdam suis emulis proditorie interfectus fuisset, paterque suus rex Nauplius in patria sua tunc existens, huiusmodi euentus certitudinem sciuisset: grecos in sui cordis odium super omnia recollegit, vnde contigit, quod cum greci deuicta Troia per altum mare versus Greciam nauigio remeantes obscurissimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempestate iactabantur, rex Nauplius in terra sua contra litus maris, vbi maiora saxorum eminebant pericula super cacumina montium, grandissimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos greci aspicientes saluum portum ibidem inuenire certissime putabant, Et terram approximantes diruptis nauibus magna parte grecorum periclitabatur.

Sonne after the destruction,
Whan Troie was all beate downe,
And slain was Priamus the kyng,
The gregoys, whiche of all this thyng
Ben cause, tornen home ageyne.
There maie no man his hap withseyne,
It hath ben sene, and felte full ofte
The harde tyme after the softe.

By sea as thei forth homeward went,
A rage of great tempest hem bent.
Juno let bende hir partie bowe,
The skie ware derke, the wind gan blow,
The fire welken began to thunder,
As though the world shuld al a sonder.

From heuen out of the water gates
The reynie storme felle downe algates,

And all hir tacle made vnwelde,
That no man might him selfe bewelde.

There maie men here shipmen crie,
That stoode in aunter for to die.

He that behynde sat to sters
Maie not the for sterne here.
The shyp arose againe the wawes,
The ludesman hath lost his lawes,
The sea on beate on euery side,
Thei nisten what fortune abide,
But set hem well in gods will,
Where he hem wolde stee or spiff.

And it fell thilke time thus,
There was a kyng, whiche Nauplius
Was hote: and he a sonne had
At Troie, whiche the gregoys ladde,
As he that was made prince of all,
Till that Fortune let hym fall,
His name was Palamides
But through an hate netheles
Of some of hem, his death was caste,
And he by treason ouercaste.
His father, whan he herde it telle,
He swore, if euer his tyme felle,
He wolde him venge if that he might,
And therto his auowe he hight.
And thus this kyng through priue hate,
Abode vpon a waite algate.
For he was not of suche emprise,
To auengen hym in open wise.

The fame, whiche goth wide where
Maketh knowe, how that the greges were
Homwarde with all the felawship
Fro Troie vpon the sea by ship.

Nauplius whan he this vnderstode,
And knewe the tides of the fode,
And sawe the wynde blowe to the londe:
A great deceite anone he fonde
Of priue hate, as thou shalt here,
Wherof I tell all this matere.

This kyng the wether gan beholde,
And wist well, thei moten bolde
Her cours endlonge the marche right,
And made vpon the derke night,
Of great shydes and of blockes,
Great fire agein the great rockes,
To shewe vpon the hilles high:
So that the flete of grece it sigb.
And so fell right as he thought,
This flete, whiche an hauen sought,
The bright fyres sawe a ferre,
And thei ben drawn ner and ner,
And wende well, and vnderstode,
Howe all that fyre was made for good,
To shewe where men shulde arise,
And thitherwarde thei hasten blie.
In semblant (as men sayne) is gile,
And that was proud thilke while.
The shipp, whiche wende his helpe accroche,
Drofe all to peces on the roche:
And so thre deden tenne or twelue,
There might no man helpe hym selue.
For there thei wenden death escape,
Withouten helpe her death was shape.

Thus thei that comen firste tofore,
Upon the rockes ben forlore,
But through noise, and their crie,
The other were ware therby.
And whan the daie began to rowe,
Tho mighten thei the sooth knowe,

That where thei wende frendes fynde,
Thei fonde frendship all behynde.

The londe than was soone weiued,
Where that thei hadden be deceiued,
And toke hem to the high see,
Therto they saiden all ye.
Pro that daie forthe, and where thei were,
Of that thei haue assaied there.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne wherof thou might auise,
Howe fraude stant in many wise
Amonge hem, that gile thynke.
There is no scriuener with his inke
Whiche halfe the fraude write can,
That stant in suche a maner man.

For thy the wise men ne demen
The thynges after that thei semen.
But after that thei knowe and fynde.

The mirroure sheweth in his kynde,
As he had all the worlde within,
And is in sooth nothyng therin.
And so fareth bate for a throwe,
Till he a man hath ouerthrowe,
Shall no man knowe by his chere,
Whiche is auant, and whiche arere.

For thy my sonne thinke on this.

My father so I woll iwys.
And if there more of wrath bee,
Nowe aske forthe pur charitee.
As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the soothe shall beknowe.

*Sui cobivere manum nequit, et sic spem eius
Naribus hic populo aspe timendus erit.
Sapius in luctum Venus et sua gaudia transfert,
Cumque suis thalamis talis amicus adest.
Est amor amplexu non icthibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicitias impetosa manus.*

Hic tractat Confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas et homicidium dicuntur: sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura spes in naribus gestando ad omnes ire motiones in vindicta parata, patientiam nullatenus obseruat.

MY sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
That yet towards wrath stonde
Of deadly vices other two:
And for to tell her names so,
It is Contecke and Homicide,
That be to gether on euery syde.

Contecke, as the bokes saine,
Foollehaast hath to his chamberlaine,
By whose counsaile all vnduised
Is Patience moste despised,
Tyll Homicide with hem mete,
For mercy thei ben all vmete.
And thus ben thei the worst of all
Of hem, whiche vnto wrath fall,
In dede both, and eke in thought.
For thei accompen their wrath nought,
But if there be shedyng of blood.
And thus liche to a beast woode
Thei knowen not the god of life,
Be so thei haue or swerde or knife,
Her deadly wrath for to wreke,
Of pitee list hem not to speke,
None other reason thei ne fonge,
But that thei ben of might stronge.

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But ware him well in other place,
Where euery man behoueth grace.
But there I trowe it shall him faile,
To whom no mercie might auaille,
Rut wroughten vpon tyrannie,
That no pitee ne might hem plie.

Now tell me sonne. My father what?
If thou hast be culpable of that?

My father nay, Christe me forbede,
I speake onliche of the dede,
Of whiche I was neuer culpable,
Without cause reasonable.

But this is not to my matere
Of shrifte, why we sitten here.
For we be set to shrue of loue,
As we begonne firste aboute.
And netheles I am beknowe,
That as touchende of loues throwe,
Whan I my wittes ouerwende,
Myn hertes contecke hath none ende,
But euer stant vpon debate,
To great disease of myn estate,
As for the tyme that it lasteth.

For whan my fortune ouercasteth
Hir whele, and is to me so strange,
And that I see she woll not change:
Than cast I all the worlde about,
And thinke howe I at home in dout
Haue all my tyme in veine spende,
And see not howe to be amende,
But rather for to be empeired,
As he that is well night despeired:
For I ne maie nothyng deserue,
And euer I loue, and euer I serue,
And euer I am a liche nere.

Thus, for I stonde in suche a were,
I am, as who saith, out of herre,
And thus vpon my selfe a werre
I brynge, and put out all pees,
That I full ofte in suche a reea
Am wery of myne owne life.
So that of contecke, and of strife,
I am beknowe, and haue answerde,
As ye my father nowe haue herde.
Myn herte is wonderly begone
With counsaile, wherof witte is one,
Whiche hath reason in companie,
Againe the whiche stant partie
Wille, whiche hath Hope of bis accorde.

And thus thei bringeu vp discorde.
Witte and Reason counsaillen ofte,
That I myn herte shulde softe:
And that I shulde wille remue,
And put him out of retenue:
Or els holde hym vnder foote.
For as thei seine, if that he mote
His owne rule hane vpon honde,
There shall no witte ben vnderstonde
Of hope, also to tellen this
That ouer all where that he is,
He sette the herte in iopardie,
With wishyng and with fantasie,
And is not trewe of that he seith:
So that in hym there is no feith.

Thus with Reason and witte auised
Is will and hope all daie despised.

Reason saith, that I shulde leue
To loue, where there is no leue
To spede: and will saith there ageine,
That suche an herte is to vileine,

To loke, if that he might wyne.

Thus was he euer to begynne.
For euer away fro hym she fled,
So that he neuer his loue sped.
And for to make hym full beleue
That no foolhast might acheue,
To gete lous in suche degree:
This Daphne in to a laurel tree
Was torned, whiche is euer greene,
In token, as yet it maie be seene,
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phebus failen of his will.

By suche ensamples as thei stonde
My sonne thou myght vnderstonde
To hasten loue is thyng in veine,
Whan that fortune is there ageine.
To take where a man hath leue
Good is: and elles he mote leue.
For whan a mans happes faylen,
There is no haste maie auaylen.

My fader graunte mercy of this,
But whyle I see my lady is
No tree: but holde hir owne forme,
There maie me no man so enforme,
To whedyr parte fortune wende,
That I vnto my liues ende
Ne wolde hir serue everma.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne sith it is so,
I saie no more, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.

Nought onely vpon lous chance,
Bet vpon euery gouernance,
Whiche falleth vnto mans dede,
Foolhast is euer for to drede.
And that a man good counseyll take.
Er he his purpose vndertake.

For counseill put foolhast a wey.
Now good fader I you prey,
That for to wisse me the more,
Some good ensample vpon this lore
Ye wolde me tell, of that is writte,
That I the better might witte,
How I foolhaste shulde eschewe,
And the wisdom of counseill sewe.

My sonne that thou myght enforme
Thy pacience upon the forme
Of olde ensamples, as thei fell,
Nowe vnderstonde, what I shall tell.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra illos qui
nimio furore accensi vindictam Ire sue vitra
quam decet consequi affectant. Et narrat qua-
liter Athemas et Demephon Reges, cum ipsi a
bello Troiano ad propria remeassent, et a suis
ibidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato
aliunde pugnatorum exercitu, regiones suas non
solum incendio vastare, sed et omnes in eisdem
habitantes et minimo vsque ad maiorem in per-
petuum vindicte memoriam gladio interficere,
feruore iracundie proposuerunt: Sed rex Nestor,
qui senex et sapiens fuit, tractatus inter ipsos
reges et eorum regnis inita pace huiusmodi im-
petuositatem mihius pacificauit.

WHEN noble Troie was bileyn
And ouerscome, and home ageine
The gregoyt torned from the sieg,
The kynges fonde her owne lieg

In many place, as men saide,
That hem forsoke and disobeide:
Amonge the whiche fell this case
To Demephon and Athemas,
That were kynges both two,
And bothe werp serued so:
Her lieges wolde not hem receiue,
So that thei mote algates weine
To seche londe in other place.
For there fonde thei no grace
Wherof thei token hem to rede,
And soughten frendes at nede:
And eche of hem assureth other,
To helpe as to his owne brother,
To vengen hem of thiike outrage,
And wyne ayene her heritage.

And thus thei ride aboote faste
To getten hem helpe: and at laste
Thei hadden power sufficient,
And maden than a coenant,
That thei ne shulde no life saue,
Ne prieste, ne clerke, ne lorde, ne knaue,
Ne wife, ne childz of that thei finde,
Whiche beareth visage of mans kynde,
So that no life shall be socoured,
But with the deadely swardes deuoured.
In suche foolhaste her ordinance.
Thei shapen for to do vengeance.

Whan this purpose was wist and knowe
Amonge their host, tho was there blowe
Of wordes many a speche aboote.

Of yonge men the lustie route
Were of this tale gladdie enough.
There was no care for the plough,
As thei that were foolhastif,
They ben accorded to the strife,
And sein, it maie not be to greet
To vengen hem of suche forfet.

Thus saith the wilde vnwise tonge
Of hem, that there weren yonge.

But Nestor, whiche was olde and bore,
The salue saue tofore the sore,
As he that was of counseill wise:
So that anon by his aduise,
There was a priue counsaile nome,
The lordes ben to gether come:

This Demephon and anthemas
Her purpose tolden, as it was.
Thei setten all still and berde,
Was none but Nestor hem answerde:
He had hem, if thei wolde winne,
Thei shulden see, er thei beginne
Her ende: and set her first entent,
That thei hem after ne repent,
And asketh hem this question
To what finall conclusioun
Thei wolden reigne kynges there,
If that no people in londe were?

And seith, it were a wonder yerd,
To seen a kyng bycome an herd,
Where no life is but onely beste
Under the ligeance of his beste:
For who that is of man no kyng,
The remenant is as no thyng.

He seith eke, if thei pourpose holde
To see the people, as thei two wolde:
Whan thei it might not restore,
All Greece it shulde abide sore,
To se the wyld bestes wonne,
Where whilom dwelt mans sonne.

And for that cause he had hem treate,
 And stult of the manaces great:
 Better is to wynne by faire speche
 He seith, than suche vengeance seche.

For when a man is moste abous,
 Hym nedeth moste to gette hym loue.

When Nestor hath this tale saide,
 A yene hym was no worde withsaide:
 It thought hem all he saide wele.
 And thus fortune hir deadly whele
 Fro werre tourneth in to peas:
 But forth thei wenten netheles.

And when the countreis hearde seyne,
 Howe that her kynges be beseyne,
 Of suche a power as thei lad,
 Was none so bolde, that hem ne drad,
 And for to seche peas and grith
 Thei sende and praide anone forthwith:
 So that the kynges ben appeased,
 And every mans hert is eased:
 All was foryete, and not recorded,
 And thus thei ben to gedre scorded.

The kynges were ayene receiued,
 And peas was take, and wrath weiued,
 And all through counseill, which was good
 Of hym that reason vnderstoode.

By this ensample some attempre
 Thyn herte, and let no will distempre
 Thy witte: and do nothing by might,
 Whiche maie be do by loue and right.

Foolhast is cause of moebell wo:
 For thy my sonne do not so.

And as touchend of Homicide,
 Whiche toucheth vnto lounes side,
 Full ofte it falleth vnayised
 Through will, whiche is not well asiased:
 When witte and reason ben away,
 And that foolhast is in the way:
 Wherof hath fall great vengeance.
 For thy take into remembrance
 To loue in suche a maner wise,
 That thou deserue no iuise.

For well I wote, thou might not lette,
 That thou ne shalt thin herte sette
 To loue, where thou wolt or none,
 But if thy witte be ouergone,
 So that it torne vnto malice,
 There wote no man of thilke rice,
 What perill that there maye befall:
 Wherof a tale amonges all,
 Whiche is great pitee for to here,
 I thinke for to talen here,
 That thou such murdres might withstonde,
 When thou the tale hast vnderstonde.

Hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos, qui ob se concupiscentie desiderium Homicide efficiuntur. Et narrat qualiter Clitemnestra, vxor Regis Agamemnonis, cum ipse a bello Troiano domi redisset, consilio Egisti, quem adultera perarnsmit, sponsum suum in cubili dormientem suo noctis silencio trucidabat: cuius mortem filius eius Horestes tunc iamioris etatis postea diis admonitus crudelissima seueritate vindicauit.

Or Troie at thilke noble towne,
 Whose fame stant yet of renowne,
 And euer shall to mans ere:
 The siege laste longe there,

Er that the Grekes it might wiane,
 While Priamus, was kyng theriu.
 But of the grekes, that lien aboute,
 Agamemnon ladde all the route.
 This thyng is knowen ouer all:
 But yet I thinke in speciall,
 To my matter therupon,
 Tell in what wise Agamemnon
 Through chance, that maie not be weiued,
 Of loue vntrowe was deceiued.

An olde sawe is: who that is sligh,
 In place where he maie be nigh,
 He maketh the ferre leef, loth
 Of loue, and thus full ofte it goth.

There while Agamemnon batailleth,
 To winne Troie, and it assaileth,
 From home and was longe tyme there,
 Egistus drough his queene nere,
 And with the leiser, whiche he had,
 This ladie at his wille he ladde.
 Clitemnestre was hir right name,
 She was therof greatly to blame,
 To loue there it maie not laste,
 But fell to mischief at laste.

For when this noble worthie knight
 Fro Troie came, the first night
 That he at home a bedde laie,
 Egistus longe er it was daie,
 As this Clitemnestre hym had assent,
 And weren both of one assent:
 By treson slough hym in his bed.

But murther, whiche maie not ben hed,
 Spronge out to euery mans care,
 Wherof the londe was full of feare.

Agamemnon hath by this queen
 A sonne, and that was after scene.
 But yet as than he was of youth
 A habe, whiche no reason couth.
 And as god welde, it fell hym thus,
 A worthie knight Talibius,
 This yonge childe hath in kepyng:
 And when he berde of this tidynge,
 Of this treason, of this misedede,
 He gan within hym selfe to drede,
 In sunter if this false Egiste
 Upon hym come, er he it wiste,
 To take and murther, of his malice,
 This childe, whiche he hath to norice,
 And for that cause in all haste
 Out of the londe he gan hym haste,
 And to the kyng of Crete he straught,
 And him this yonge lorde betaught,
 And praide him for his fathers sake,
 That he this childe wolde vndertake,
 And kepe hym till he be of age,
 So as he was of his lignage:

And tolde hym ouer all the cas,
 Howe that his father murthered was:
 And howe Egistus, as men saide,
 Was kyng, to whom the londe abside.

And when Idomeneus the kyng
 Hath vnderstanding of this thyng,
 Whiche that this knight him hath tolde,
 He made sorowe manifolde,
 And toke the childe vnto his warde,
 And saide, he wolde hym kepe and warde,
 Tyll that he were of suche a might,
 To handle a swerde, and be a knight,
 To vengen him at his owne will.
 And thus Horestes dwelleth still,

Sache was the childes right name,
Whiche after wrought mochell shame
In vengeance of his fathers deth.

The tyme of yeres ouergeth,
That he was man of brede and length,
Of wyt, of manhode, and of streuth:
A fayre persone amonges all,
And he beganne to clepe and call,
As he, whiche come was to man,
Unto the kyng of Crete than,
Preiende that he wolde hym make
A knight, and power with hym take,
For lenger wolde he not beleue
He saith, but praieth the kyng of leue
To gone and cleyme his heritage,
And venge hym of thilke outrage,
Whiche was vnto his father do.

The kyng assenteth well therto,
With great honor and knight him maketh,
And great power to hym betaketh,
And gan his iourney for to caste.
So that Horestes at laste
His leue toke, and forth he goth,
As he that was in his herte wroth,
His frste playnt to be mene

Unto the citee of Athens
He goth hym forth, and was received.
So there was he nought deceiued.

The duke, and tho that weren wise
Thei profereu hem to his seruice.
And he hem thonketh of their proffer,
And satle hym selfe he wolde gone offer
Unto the goddes for his spede,
And all men yeue hym rede.
So goth he vnto the temple forth,
Of yestes, that he mochell worth
His sacrifice, and his offryng
He made: and after his askyng
He was answerde, if that he wolde
His estate recouer, than he sholde
Upon his mother do vengeance
So cruell, that the remembrance
Therof might euermore abide,
As she that was an homicide,
And of hir owne lorde mourdrice.

Horestes, whiche of thilke office
Was nothyng glad, and than he praide
Unto the goddes there, and saide,
That thei the iudgement deuise,
Howe he shall take the iuise.
And therupon he had answerde
That he hir pappes shulde of tere
Out of hir breast, his owne hondes;
And for ensample of all londes,
With hors he shulde be to drawe,
Till hondes had hir bones gnawe,
Without any sepulture.
This was a wofull auenture.

And whan Horestes hath all herde,
Howe that the goddes haue answerde,
Forth with the strength, whiche be lad,
The duke and his power he had,
And to a citee forth thei gone,
The whiche was cleped Cropheone:
Where as Phoicus was lorde and sire,
Whiche profereu hym withouten hyre
His helpe, and all that he maie do,
As he that was right glad therto,
To greue his mortall enemy,
And tolde him certaine cause why,

Howe that Egiste in mariage
His daughter whilom of full age
Forlaie, and afterwarde forsoke,
Whan he Horestes mother toke.

Men saine olde synne newe shame:
Thus more and more arose the blame
Ayene Egiste on eury side.
Horestes with his host to ride
Began, and Phoicus with hym went.
I trowe Egiste shall hym repent.
Thei riden forth vnto Mycene,
There lay Clitemaestre thilke quene,
The whiche Horestes mother is.
And whan she herde tell of this,
The gates were faste shette,
And thei were of her entre lette.
Anone this citee was without
Beleine, and seged all about,
And euer amonge thei it assaile
Fro daie to night, and so trauaile,
Till at last thei it wonne.

Tho was there sorowe enough begonne.
Horestes did his mother call
Anone tofore the lordes all,
And eke tofore the people also,
To hir and tolde his tale tho
And saide: O cruell beaste unkynde,
Howe mightest thou in thyn herte finde,
For any luste of lous draught,
That thou accordest to the slaught
Of hym, whiche was thine owne lorde?
Thy treason stant of suche recorde,
Thou might thy werkes not forsake
So mote I for my father sake
Vengeance vpon thy body do,
As I commaunded am therto.

Unkyndely for thou hast wrought,
Unkyndeliche it shall be bought.
The some shall the mother slea,
For that whilom thou saidest yea
To that thou shuldest nay haue said.
And he with that his hondes hath laid
Upon his mothers breast anone,
And rent out from the bare bone
Hir pappes both, and caste awaie
Amiddes in the carte waie.
And after toke the deade cors,
And let it bedrawe away with hors
Unto the hondes, vnto the Ranen.
She was none other wise gauen.

Egistus whiche was elles where
Tydynges comen to his eare,
Howe that Mycenes was beleine:
But what was more, herd he not seine.
With great menace and mochel boste
He drough power, and made an hoste,
And came in rescous of the towne.

But all the sleight of this treasone
Horestes wist it by a spie,
And of his men a great partie
He made ambussament abide,
To wayte on hym in suche a tide,
That he ne might her bonds escape.
And in this wise, as he hath shap,
The thyng befell, so that Egyst
Was take, er he hym selfe it wist:
And was brought forth his hondes bonde,
As whan men haue a traitour fonde.
And tho that were wih-hym take,
Whiche of treason were ouertake,

To gether in one sentence falle.
But false Egyste about hem alle
Was demed to diuers peine,
The werst that men couthe ordeine,
And so after by the lawe
He was vnto the gibet drawe,
Where he about all other bougeth,
As to a traitour it belongeth.

The same with hir swifte wynges
About seeth, and bare tidynges,
And made it couth in all londes,
How that Horestes, with his bondes
Clytemnestre his owne mother slough.

Some seyne, he did well enough,
And some seythe, he did amis.
Diuers opinions there is,
That she is deade thei spoken all.
But plainly howe it is befall
The matter in so littell throwe,
In soothe there might no man knowe,
But thei that weren at the dede.

And commonlicbe in euery nede
The werst speche is rathest herde,
And leued, till it be answerde.

The kynge, and the lordes great
Begonne Horestes for to threat,
To putten hym out of his reigne.
He is not worthy for to reigne.

The childe, whiche slough his moder so,
Thei saide, and therepon also
The lordes of common assent,
The tyme set of parlement.

And to Athenes kyngs and lorde
To gether come of one accorde,
To knowe howe that the sooth was:
So that Horestes in this cas
Thei senden after, and he come.

Kyngs Menelay the wordes nome,
And asketh hym of this matere.
And he, that all it might here,
Answerde, and tolde his tale at large:
And howe the goddes in his charge
Commaunded hym in suche a wise
His owne honde to do iuyse,

With this tale a duke arose,
Whiche was a worthy knight of lose,
His name was Menestheus,
And saide vnto the lordes thus:

The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,
It was thyng of the goddes bede,
And nothyng of his crueltee.
And if there were of my degre
In all this place suche a knight,
That wold seyne, it was no right,
I wold it with my body proue,
And therepon he cast his gloue.
And eke this noble duke aleyde
Full many an other skill, and seide,
She had well deserued wreche.

First for the cause of spouse brache,
And after wrought in suche a wise,
That all the worlde it ought agrise,
Whan that she for so foule a vice
Was of hir owne lorde mourdrice.

Thei sitten all stille and herde,
But therfo was no man answerde:
It thought hem all, he saide skille,
There is no man with say it wille.

Whan thei vpon the reason mused,
Horestes all thei excusen:

So that with great solemnitee,
He was vnto his dignitee
Receyued, and coroned kyng.

And tho befell a wondre thyng.
Egyona, whan she it wyste,
Whiche was the daughter of Egyste
And sister on the mother side,
To this Horest, at thilke tide,
Whan she herde, how hir brother sped,
For pure sorowe, whiche hir led,
That he ne had ben exiled,
She hath hir owne life begiled
Anone, and henge hir selfe tho.
It bath and shall be euermo,
To mourther who that wold assente,
He maie not faile to repent.

This false Egyona was one,
Whiche to mourther Agamemnon
Yaue hir accorde, and hir assent,
So that by gods iudgement,
Though none other man it wolde,
She toke hir iuyse, as she sholde.
And as she to an other wrought
Vengeance vpon hir selfe she thought,
And hath of hir vnhappy witte,
A mourther with a mourther quit.
Suche is of mourther the vengeance.

For thy my sonne in remembrance
Of this ensamble take good hede.
For who that thinketh his loue sped
With mourther, he shall with wordes shame
Him selfe and eke his loue shame.

My father of this auenture,
Whiche ye haue tolde, I you assure,
My herte is sory for to here:
But onely for I wolde here
What is to done, and what to leue.

And ouer this by your leue,
That ye me wolde telle I prey,
If there be leful any weye,
Withoute sinne a man maie see?

My sonne in sondry wise yea.
What man that is of Traitorie,
Of mordre, or els Robberie
Atteint, the Judge shal not let,
But he shal sleen of pure det,
And doth great sinne if that he woude.

For who that lawe hath vpon honde,
And spareth for to do iustice
For mercy: doth not his office,
That he his mercy so bewareth:
Whan for one shrewde, whiche he spareth,
A thousand good men he greueth.
With suche mercy who that bilueth.
To please god: he is deceiued,
Or els mota reason be weyued.

The lawe stode or we were bore,
Howe that a kynges swerde is bore
In signe, that he shall defende
His true people: and make an ende
Of suche, as wolden hem deuour.

Lo thus my sonne to wouccour
The lawe, and common right to wynde
A man maie slee without sinne,
And do therof a great almesse,
So for to kepe rightwisenesse.

And ouer this for his countrie,
In tyme of werre, a man is free
Hym selfe, his house, and eke his londe,
Defende with his owne honde,

And sleen, if he maie no bet,
After the lawe, whiche is set.

Nowe father than I you beseeche,
Of hem, that deadly werres seche
In worldes cause, and sheden blood,
If suche an homicide is good?

CONFESSOR.

My sonne vpon thy question,
The trowth of myn opinion
(Als ferforth as my wit arecheth
And as the plaine lawe teacheth)
I wolde the telle in euidence,
To rule with thy conscience.

*Quod creat ipse deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,
Vltor et humano sanguine spargit humum.
Vt pecoris sic est hominis cruor heu modo fusus,
Victa iacet pietas, et furor vrget opus.
Angelus in terra pax dixit, et vitima Christi
Verba sonent pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.*

*Hic sequitur contra motores guerre, que non
solum homicidii sed vniuersi mundi desolationis
mater existit.*

THE high god of his iustice,
The ilke foule horrible vice,
Of homicide he hath forbode
By Moyses, as it was bode.

Whan goddes sonne was also bore,
He sent his angell downe therfore,
Whom the shepherdes herden singe
Pees to the men of wel-willynge
In erthe amonge vs here.

So for to speke in this matere
After the lawe of charites,
There shall deadly werre bee.
And eke nature it hath defended,
And in hir lawe peas commended,
Whiche is the chiefe of mans welth,
Of mans life, of mans helth.

But deadly werre hath his couzine
Of pestilence, and of famine,
Of pouertee, and of all wo:
Wherof this worlde we bliamen so,
Whiche nowe the werre hath vnderfoote
Till god him selfe therof do boote.
For all thyng, whiche god hath wrought
In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.

The church is brent, the priest is slaine
The wife, the maide is eke forlaine,
The lawe is lore, and god vnserued:
I not what mede he hath deserued,
That suche werres ledeth inne.

If that he do it for to winne:
Firste to accompte his great coste,
Forth with the folke that he hath loste,
As to the worldes rekenyng
There shall he fynde no wimynge.

And if he do it to purchase
The heuen, mede of suche a grace
I can nought speke netheles,
Christ hath commaunded lone and peas.
And who that worcheth the reuerser,
I trowe his mede is full diuers.
And sithen than that we fynde,
That werres in hey owne kynde
Ben towarde god of no deserete:
Andeke thei bringen in pouerte
Of worldes good, it is merueille,
Amonge the men what it maie eyle,

That thei a peas ne common set.
I trowe synne be the let,
And euery mede of sinne is deth,
So wote I neuer howe it geth.
But we, that be of beleue
Amonge our selfe, this wolde I leue,
That better it were peas to obere,
Than so by double weie lose.

I not if that it nowe so stonde,
But this a man maie vnderstonde,
Who that these olde bokes redeth,
That couetise is one, whiche ledeth
And brought the first werres inne.

At Grece if that I shall beginne,
There was it proued howe it stode,
To Perse, whiche was full of good,
Thei maden werre in speciall:
And so thei didden ouer all,
Where great richesse was in leude:
So that thei lefte nothyng stonde
Unwerred, but onely Archade.

*Nota quod greci omnem terram fertilem debella-
bant, sed tantum Archadiam, pro eo quod pauper
et sterilis fuit, pacifice dimiserunt.*

FOR there thei no werres maie,
Because it was bareine and poure,
Wherof thei might nought reouer:
And thus pouerte was forbore.

He that nought had nought hath lore.
But yet it is a wonder thyng,
Whan that a riche worthis kyng
Or lorde, what so he bee,
Woll aske and claime propertee
In thyng, to whiche he hath no right.
But onely of his great might.

For this maie euery man well wite,
That both kynde and lawe write
Expressely stonden there agayne.
But he mote nedes somewhat sayne.
All though there be no reason iane,
Whiche secheth cause for to wiane.
For witte, that is with will oppressed,
Whan couetise him hath addressed,
And all reasons put away,
He can wel fynde suche a way
To werre, where as euer hym liketh:
Wherof that he the worde entriketh,
That many amon of hym complaineth:
But yet alway some cause he finoth,
And of his wrongfull herte he demoth,
That all is well, what euer him semeth,
Be so that he maie wiane enough.
For as the true man to the plough
Only to the gaine extendeth:
Right so thei wronger dependeth
His tyme, and hath no conscience.

And in this point for euidence
Of hem that suche werres make,
Thou might a great ensample take,
How thei her tyrannie excusan,
Of that thei wrongfull warres van,
And howe thei stonde of one accorde
The soudiour forth with the lorde,
The poore man forth with the riche,
As of courage thei ben like,
To make werres and to pylle
For lucre: and for none other skille:
Wherof a pappe tale I rede,
As it whilom befell in dede

Hic declarat per exemplum contra istos principes
 seu alios quoscunque illicite guerre motores,
 Et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis
 spoliatore notissimo, qui cum captus fuisset, et
 in iudicium coram rege Alexandre productus,
 et de latrocinio accusatus, dixit, O Alexander
 vere quia cum paucis sociis spoliatorum causa
 naves tantam explor, ego latrocinialis vocor,
 tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine
 vnicuersam terram subiugando spoliasti,
 Imperator diceres, Itaque status tuus a statu
 meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem pari-
 tatem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam
 in responsione comprobans, ipsum penes se fa-
 miliarem retinuit. Et sic bellicosus bellatori
 complacuit,

Of hym whome all this erthe drad,
 Whan he the world so ouerladde
 Through werre, as it fortun'd is,
 Kyng Alisaunder I rede this,
 Howe in a marche, where he laie,
 It fell perchance vpon a daie,
 A rocer of the sea was nome,
 Whiche many a man had ouercome,
 And slaine, and take her good awale.
 This piller, as the boke saie,
 A famous man in sondrie stede
 Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.

This prisoner afore the kyng
 Was brought: and therupou this thyng
 In audience he was accused.
 And he his dede hath nought excused,
 And praide the kyng to done him right,
 And saide. Syre if I were of might
 I haue an herte liebe vnto thyu.
 For if thy power were myn
 My will is most in speciall
 To ryse, and gette ouer all
 The large worldes good about.
 But for I leade a poure route
 And am, as who saith, at mischief, e,
 The name of pillour and of thefe
 I beare: and thou whiche routes great
 Might leade, and take thy beyete,
 And doste right, as I wolde do,
 Thy name is nothyng cleped so,
 But thou art named emperour,
 Our dedes ben of one colour,
 And in effecte of one deserte:
 But thy rychease and my pouerte,
 Thei be not taken euen liehe.
 And netheles he that is riche
 This daie, to morowe he maie be poorer,
 And in contrary also recouer
 A pouere man to great riches.

Men seyn for thy let rightewisenes
 Be peised euen in the balance.

The kyng his hardie countenance
 Beheld: and his wordes wise,
 And said vnto hym in this wise:

Thyne answer I haue vnderstonde,
 Whereof my wyll is, that thou stonde
 In my seruice, and still abide.

And forth with all the same tide
 He hath hym terme of life withholde,
 The more and for he shulde ben holde,
 He made him knight, and yafe hym londe:
 Whiche afterwarde was of his honde
 An orped knight in many a stede,
 And great prowes of armes gode,

As the Cronikes it recordern :
 And in this wise thei accorden,
 The whiche of condicion
 Be sette vpon destruction.

Suche Capitaine suche retinse,
 But for to see what issue
 The kyng befallerh at the laste.
 It is great wonder that men caste
 Her herte vpon suche wronge to winne,
 Where no beyete maie be inne,
 And doth disease on euery side.
 But when reason is put a side,
 And wisse gouerneth the courage.

The faucon whiche fleeth ramage,
 And suffreth no thyng in the wale,
 Whereof that he maie take his prairie:
 Is not more set vpon rauyne,
 Than thilke man, whiche his couyase
 Hath set in suche a maner wise
 For all the worldie maie nought suffise
 To wil, whiche is not reasonable.

Hic secundum gesta Alexandri de guerris illicitis
 ponit Confessor exemplum, dicens: quod quam-
 uis Alexander sua potentia totius mundi vic-
 tor, subiugaret imperium, ipse tandem mortis
 victoria subiugatus, cunctipotentis sententiam
 euadere non potuit.

WHEREOF ensample concordable
 Liche to this pointe, of whiche I mene,
 Was vpon Alisauder sens,
 Whiche had set all his entent,
 So as fortune with hym went,
 That reason might hym not gouerne,
 But of his wille he was so sterne,
 That all the worldie he ouerran,
 And what hym list he toke and wan.

In Judee the superiour,
 Whan that he was full conquerour,
 And had his wilfull pourpouse wonne,
 Of all this erth vnder the sonne,
 This kyng homwarde to Macedeyne,
 Whan that he cam to Babyloyn,
 And wend most in his empire
 (As he whiche was holle lorde and sire)
 In honour for to be receyued,
 Most sodenliche he was deceyued,
 And with stronge poison enenoumed.
 And as he hath the worldie mistimed,
 Not as he shulde with his witt,
 Not as he wolde, it was acquitte,
 Thus was he slayn, that whilom slough.
 And he, whiche riche was enough
 This daie, to morowe had nought.
 And in suche wise as he hath wrought
 In disturbance of worldes pees,
 His werre he fonde than endeles
 In whiche for euer discomfite
 He was. Lo nowe for what prouffite
 Of werre it helpeth for to ride,
 For couetise and worldes pride
 To slee the worldes men aboute
 As bestes, whiche gone there oute.
 For euery life, whiche reason can,
 Ought wel to knowe, that a man
 Ne shulde through no tyrannie
 Liche to this other bestes die.
 Til kynde wolde for hym sende,
 I not how he it might amend,

Whiche taketh a weye for euermore
The life, that he maie not restore.

For thy my sonne in all weye
Be wel auised, I the preie
Of slaughter that thou be culpable
Withoute cause reasonable.

My suder vnderstonde it is
That ye haue saide: but ouer this
I praiſe you telle me naye or yea,
To passe ouer the great sea
To warre and sle the Sarasin,
Is that the lawe? Sonne myn
To preche, and suffer for the feith,
That haue I hard, the gospel seith:
But for to slea, that here I nought.
Christ with his owne deth hath bought
All other men, and made hem free,
In token of perfite charitee.

And after that he taught him selue,
Whan he was dede these other twelue
Of his aposteles went aboute
The holy feith to preche oute,
Wherof the deathe in sondrie place
Thei suffer, and so god of his grace
The feith of Christ hath made arise.

But if thei wolde in other wise
By werre haue brought in the creance,
It had yet stonde in balance,
And that maie prouen in the dede.
For what man the Cronickes rede
Fro first that holy churche hath weied
To preche, and hath the swerde receiued,
Wherof the werres ben begonne:
A great partie of that was wonne
To Christes feith, stant nowe miswent:
God do therof amendement,
So as he wote, what is the best.

But sonne if thou wilt liue in rest
Of conscience well assised,
Er that thou slea, be wel auised,
For man, as tellen vs the clerkes,
Hath god aboute all erthely werkes
Ordeined to be principall,
And eke of soule in speciall
He is made liche to the godhede:
So sit it wei to taken hede,
And for to loke on eury side
Er that thou falle in homicide:
Whiche sinne is now so generall,
That it wel nie stant ouerall
In holy churche, as elles where,
But all the while it is so there,
The world mot nede fare amis.

For whan the wel of pitee is,
Through couetise of worldes good,
Defouled with shedyng of blood,
The remenant of folke about
Unnethe stonden in any dout
To werre eche other, and to slea,
So is it all not worth a strea
The charitee, wherof we prechen.
For we do no thyng as we techen.

And this the bynde conscience
Of pes hath lost thilke euidence,
Whiche Christe vpon this erth taught,
Nowe maie men see morder and manslaughter
Liche as it was by daies olde,
Whan men the sinnes bought and solde.

Facilitas uenit occasionem prebet delinquendi.

In Grece afore Christes feithe
I rede, as the Cronicke seith,
Touchend of this matter thus,
In thilke tyme bowe Pesus
His owne breder Phocus slough.

But for he had golde enough
To yeue, his sinne was dispensed
With golde, wherof it was compensated.
Acastas, whiche with Venus was
Hir priest, assoyld in that cas,
Al wers there no repentance.

And as the boke maketh remembrance,
It telleth of Medee also,
Of that she slough hir sennes two,
Egeus in the same plite
Hath made hir of hir sonne quite.

The sonne eke of Amphioras,
Whose right name Almeus was,
His moder slough Eriphilee.
But Achiloo the priest and hee,
So as the bokes it recorden,
For certaine some of golde acorden,
That thilke horrible sinfull dede
Assoyld was. And thus for mede
Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is set alofte
Here in this worlde: but after this
There shall be knowe, how that it is
Of hem, that suche thynges wurchen.
And how also that holy churche
Lete suche sinnes passe quite,
And how thei wolde hem selfe acquite
Of deadly werres, that thei make.

For who that wolde ensample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturell,
By weye of kinde sheweth wel,
That homicide in no degree
(Whiche werreth ayene charitee)
Among the men shulde not dwelle.

For after that the bokes telle,
To seche in all the worldes riche,
Men shall not finde vpon his liche
A best for to take his preye.
And sithen kinde hath suche aweye:
Than is it wonder of a man,
Whiche kinde hath, and reason can,
That he woll either more or lasse
His kinde and reason ouerpasse,
And slea that is to hym semblable,
So is the man not reasonable,
Ne kinde, and that is not honeste,
Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam auis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, que cum depreda sua hominem iuxta fluium occiderit, videritque in aqua similem sibi occisam, statim pro dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,
Solinus speketh of a wonder kinde,
And saith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of bloode and bone,
Like to a man in resemblance.
And if it falle so perchance,
As he, whiche is a foule of praiſe,
That he a man finde in his waye,
He woll hym slea, if that he maie,
But afterward the same daie.

Whan he hath eaten all his felle,
And that shall be beside a welle,
In whiche he woll drinke take,
Of his visage and the make,
That he hath slayn, anone he thinketh
Of his misdede, and it forthinketh
So greatly, that for pure sorowe
He liueth not till on the morowe.

By this ensample it maie well sewe,
That man shall homicide eschewe.
For euer is mercy good to take,
But if the lawe it hath forsake,
And that Justice is there agayne.
Full oft time I haue herde saine
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
But thei somwhile her cause ladden
By mercie, whan thei might haue slaine,
Wherof that thei were after faine.

And sonne, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertue of Misericorde,
Thou sighe nener thilke place,
Where it was vsed, lacke grace.
For eueri lawe, and eueri kynde
The mans wit to mercy bynde,
And namely the worthie knightes,
Whan that thei stonden moste vprightes,
And beu moste mightie for to greue:
Thei shulden then moste releue
Hym, whome thei mighten ouerthrow:
As by ensample maie men knowe.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum de pietate contra homicidium in guerris habenda, Et narrat qualiter Achilles vna cum filio suo contra regem Mese, qui tunc Theucer vocabatur, bellum inierant, Et cum Achilles dictum regem in bello questratum occidere voluisset, Thelaphus pietate motus, ipsum clipeo cooperiens veniam pro rege a patre postulauit, pro quo facto, ipse rex ad huc viuens Thelaphum regni sui heredem libera voluntate constituit.

It maie not failen of his mede,
That hath mercy. For this I rede.
In a Cronike I fynde thus,
Whan Achilles with Thelaphus
His sonne, towarde Troie were:
It fell hem er thei come there
Ayene Theucer the kyng of Mese,
To make warre, and for to sese
His londe, as thei that wolden reigns:
And Theucer put out of his reigns.

And thus the marches thei assaile:
But Theucer yafe to hem bataille.
Thei foughten on both sides faste.
But so it happneth at laste,
This worthie greke this Achilles,
The kyng amonge all other ches,
As he that was cruell and felle
With swerde in honde on hym he felle,
And smote hym with a deathe wounde,
That he vnhorsed fell to grounde.

Achilles vpon hym aight,
And wolde anone, as he well might,
Hane slain him fullliche in the place,
But Thelaphus his faders grace
For hym besought, and for pitee
Prayth, that he wolde let hym bee,
And caste his sheld betwene hem twa.
Achilles asketh hym why so.

And Thelaphus his cause tolde,
And saith that he is mocbell holde.
For whilome Theucer in a stede
Great grace and socour to hym dede,
And saith, that he him wolde acquite,
And praith his fader to respite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde.
But all the power of the londe,
Whan that thei sawe her kyng thus take,
Thei fled, and hathen the felde forsake.

The grekes vnto the chas fall,
And for the moste parte all
Of that countrei the lordes great,
Thei toke and wonne a great beyete.
And some after this victorie
The kyng, whiche had memorie,
Upon the great mercie thought,
Whiche Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in presence of all the londe
He toke hym fayre by the honde,
And in this wise he gan to seie:

My sonne I mote by double weis
Loue and desire thine ecures.
Firste for thy fader Achilles
Whilome full many a daie er this,
Whan I shulde haue fare amis,
Rescoue dyd in my quarele,
And kept all myn astate in hele.
Howe so there fall nowe distance
Amonge vs, yet remembrance
I haue of mercie, whiche he dede
As than: and thou nowe in this stede
Of gentlines, and of franchise
Hast do mercy the same I gesse,
So woll I not, that any tyme
Be loste, of that thou hast do byme.
For how so this fortune fall,
Yet stant my trusts abouen all.
For the mercy whiche I nowe fynde,
That thou wilt after this be kynde,
And for that suche is mine espeire,
And for my sonne and for myn heire
I the receiue, and all my londe
I yeue and seise into thyn honde.

And in this wise thei acorde,
The cause was misericorde.
The lordes do her obeisance
To Thelaphus, and purueiance,
Was made, so that he was coroned.
And thus was mercie reguerdoned,
Whiche he to Theucer did tofore.

Lo this ensample is made therefore,
That thou might take remembrance
My son, and whan thou seest a chance
Of other mens passion,
Take pitee and compassion,
And let no thyng to the be leef,
Whiche to an other man is grefe,

And after this if thou desire
To stende ayene the vice of Ire,
Counsell the with pacience
And take in to thy consciencia
Mercy to be thy gouernour:
So shalt thou fele no rancour,
Wherof thyn herte shall debate
With homicide, ne with hate.
For cheste or melancolie
Thou shalt be softe in companie,
Without contecke or foolbast,
For elles might thou longe waste

Thy tyme, er that thou haue thy wille
Of loue, for the weadir stille
Men praise, and blame the tempestes.

AMANS.

My fader I woll do your bestes.
And of this point ye haue me taught,
Toward my selfe the better saught
I thinke be, while that I liue.
But for as muche as I am shrive
Of wrath, and all his circumstance:
Yeue what ye lyste to my penance:
And aske forther of my life,
Yf otherwise I be gyltife
Of any thyng, that toucheth sinne.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne, er we departe a twisse,
I shall behynde nothyng leue,

AMANS.

My good fader by your leue,
Then asketh forth what so you liste.
For I haue in you suche a triste,
As ye that be my soule hele,
That ye fro me nothyng woll hele.
For I shall tell you the trouthe.

CONFESSOR.

My sonne art thou culpable of slothe
In any poynt, whiche to hym length?

AMANS.

My fader of the pointes me length.
To witte plainly, what thei mene,
So that I maie me shrive clene.

CONFESSOR.

Now herken, I shall the pointes deuise,
And vnderstonde well myn apprise
For shrifs stant of no value
To hym, that woll hym nought vertue
To leue of vices the folie.
For words is wynde, but the maistris
Is that a man hym selfe defende
Of thyng, whiche is not to commende:
Wherof be fewe nowe a daie:
And netheles so as I maie
Make vnto thy memorie knowe
The pointes of slogh, thou shalt know.

Explicit liber tertius.

Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem vitiorum,
Turpet et in cunctis tardaque lenta bonis.
Que seri possent hodie transfert piger in cras,
Furtaque prius hostia claudit equo.
Poenenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido:
Sed Venus in ceteri ludit amore viri.

Hic in quarto libro loquitur confessor de speciebus
Accidie, quarum primum tardacionem vocat,
cuius condicionem pertractans Amanti, super
hoc consequenter opponit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

UPON the vices to procede
After the cause of mans dede,

The first point of sloth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of all,
And hath this property of kinde
To lenen all thyng behynde:
Of that he might do more here,
He tarieth all the louge yere,
And enermore he saith, To morowe,
And so he woll his tyme borowe,
And wisheth after, God me sander:
Than when he weneth to haue an ende,
Than is he forthest to begyn.
Thus bryugeth he many a meschiefe in
Unware, till that he be mescheud.
And maie not than be releud.

And right so nother more ne lesse,
It stant of loue, and of lachesse.
Some tyme he sloutheth on a daie
That he neuer after gets maie.

Nowe sonne as of this ilke thyng,
If thou haue any knowlechynge,
That thou to loue hast done er this,
Telle on. My good fader yis.
As of laches I am beknowe,
That I maie stonde vpon his rowe,
As I that am cladde of his sute.
For when I thought my paruse.
To make, and therto set a daie
To speke vnto that swete maie,
Lachesse badde abide yit,
And bare on honde it was no wit,
Ne tyme, for to speke as tho.

Thus with his tales to and fro
My tyme in tariyng he drough:
When there was tyme good enough,
He said another tyme is better,
Thou shalt nowe senden hir a letter:
And par ceas write more plain,
Than thou by mouth durstest sein.

Thus haue I let tyme slide
For slothe, and kept not my tide:
So that laches with his vice
Full ofte hath made my wit so nice.
That what I thought to speke or do,
With tariyng be held me so,
Til when I wolde, and might nought,
I not what thyng was in my thought:
Or it was drede, or it was shame,
But eger in earnest and in game,
I wote there is longe tyme passed,
But yet is not the lowe lased,
Whiche I vnto my ladie haue.
For though my tonge is slow to craum
At all tyme, as I haue bede,
Myn hert stant eger in o stede,
And asketh besiliche grace,
The whiche I maie not yet embrace:
And god wote that is manigre myn.
For this I wote right wei sijn,
My grace cometh so selde aboute,
That is the slothe, whiche I doubte
More than of all the remenant,
Whiche is to loue appartenant.
And thus as touchende of lachesse,
As I haue tolde, I me confesse
To you my fader, I beseeche,
That fethermore ye wol me teche,
And if there be to my mattere
Some goodly tale for to here,
How I maie do lachesse awey,
That ye it wolde telle, I prey.

To wise the fry soune and rede,
Amonge the takes, whiche I rede
An olde ensample therupon
Nowe herken, and I wol telle on.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui
in amoris causa tardantes delinquent Et narrat
qualiter Dido regina Cartaginis Eneam, ab in-
cendiis Troie fugitum in amorem suum gauisa
suscipit, qui cum postea in partes Italie a Car-
thaginis bellaturum se transtulit, nihilinque
ibidem morata faciens, tempus redditus sui ad
Didonem ultra modum tardauit, ipsa intoller-
abili dolore concussa, sui cordis intima gladio
transfodit.

ASAYNE lachesse in loues case
I finde, howe whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to southe had,
With great manie, whiche he had
Fro Troie, arriueth at Carthage.
Where for a while his herbage
He toke, and it betid so,
With hir, whiche was a queene tho
Of the Citee, his acquaintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance
Is yet, and Dido she was hote
Whiche loueth Eneas so hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he saide,
That all hir herte on hym she haide:
And did all wholly, what he wolde.
But after that, as it be shelde,
Fro thens he goth toward Itayle
By ship, and there his arriuayle
Hath take, and shope hym for to ride.
But she, whiche maie not longe abide
The hotte peine of loues throwe,
Aen within a litel throwe
A letter vnto hir knight hath writte,
And did hym plainly for to wittle:
If he made any tariynge
To dretche of his ayen comynge,
That she ne might hym fele and see,
She shulde stonde in suche degre,
As whilom stode a swan to fore,
Of that she had hir make more,
For sorowe a fether in to hir brayne
She shoof, and hath hir selfe slayne.
As kynge Menander in a laye
The sooth hath fonde, where she laye
Spranled with hir wynges twey,
As she whiche shelde than deye
For loue of hym, whiche was hir make.
And so shal I do for thy sake,
This queene saide, wel I wote.
Lo to Kene thus she wrote,
With many a nother word of compleint.
But he, whiche had his thoughtes feint
Towardes loue, and full of slouth,
His tyme let, and that was routhe.
For she, whiche loueth hym to fore,
Desireth euer more and more.
And whan she sawe hym tary so,
Hir hert was so full of wo,
That compleynd manyfolde
She hath hir owne tale tolde
Unto hir selfe, and thus she spake.
A who fonde euer suche a lacke
Of slouth in any worthy knight?
Howe wote I well my death is dight

Through him, which shuld haue be my life.
But for to stynen all this strife,
Thus whan she sigh none other boote,
Right euen vnto hir hert roote
A naked sward anone she thruste:
And thus she gat hir selfe reste.
In remembrance of all slowe
Wherof my soune thou might knowe,
Howe tariynge vpon the nede
In loues cause, is for to drede.
And that hath Dido sore abought,
Whose death shall euer be bethought.
And euermore if I shall seehe
In this matter another speche,
In a Cronicke I finde writte
A tale, whiche is good to witta.

Hic loquitur super eodem, qualiter Penelope
Ulyssem maritum suum in obsidione Troie diu-
tius morantem, ob ipsius ibidem tardationem
epistola sua redarguit.

AT Troie whan kynge Vlysses
Upon the sege amonge the pres
Of hem, that worthy knightes were
Abode longe tyme stille there:
In thilke tyme a man maie se
Howe goodly that Penelope,
Whiche was to hym his trewe wife,
Of his lachesse was plentif:
Wherof to Troie she hym sende
Hir wille by letter, thus spekende:
My worthy loue, and lorde also,
It is and hath be enar so
That where a woman is alone,
It maketh a man in his persone
The more hardye for to bowe,
In hope that she wolde bowe
To suche thyng, as his wile were,
While that hir lorde were els where.
And of my selfe I telle this.
For it so longe passed is
Sith firste that ye from home went,
That welke nigh euery man is went
To there I am, while ye be out
Had made, and eche of hem about
Whiche loue can, my loue secheth,
With great prayer, and me beseecheth.
And some maken great manace,
That if thei might come in place,
Where that thei might hir wille haue,
There is no thyng me shulde saue,
That thei ne wolde worch thynges.
And some telle me tidynge,
That ye ben dead: and some seyne,
That certainly ye ben beseyne
To loue anewe, and leaue me,
But howe as euer that it be,
I thonke vnto the goddes all,
As yet for ought, that is befall,
Maie no man do my chekes redde:
But netheles it is to drede,
That lachesse in continuance
Fortuns might suche a chance,
Whiche no man after shulde amende.
Lo thus this ladie compleynde,
A letter vnto hir lorde hath writte,
And prayde hym, that he wolde witt,
And thinke, howe that she was al his,
And that he tarie not in this:

But that he wolde his loue acquite
To hir ayenwarde, and not write.
But come hym selfe in all haste,
That he none other paper waste:
So that he kepe, and holde his trouthe,
Without lette of any slouthe.

Unto hir lorde and loue liege
To Troie, where the great siege
Was leide, this letter was conceide.
And he, whiche wisdome hath purueid,
Of all that to reason belongeth,
With gentill herte it vnderfongeth.
And when he hath it oure rad,
In parte, he was right inly glad,
And eke in parte he was diseased:
But loue his hert hath so through seased
With pure imaginacion,
That for none occupacion,
Whiche he gan take on other side,
He maie not fittie his herte aside,
For that his wife hym had enformed,
Wherof he hath hym selfe conformed,
With all the will of his courage,
To shape and take the viage
Homewarde, what tyme that he maie,
So that hym thinketh of a daie
A thousande yere till he maie se
The visage of Penelope,
Whiche he desireth mooste of all.

And when the tyme is so befall,
That Troie was distroied, and brent,
He made no delayment,
But goth hym home in all hie,
Where that he fonde tofore his eis
His worthye wife in good estata.
And thus was seased the debate
Of loue, and slouth was excused,
Whiche doth great harme, wher it is used,
And hindreth many a cause honest.

*Nota adhuc de quodam Astrologo super eodem,
qui quoddam opus ingeniosum, quasi ad comple-
mentum septennium perducens, vnus mo-
menti tardatione omni sui operis diligentiam
penitus frustraui.*

FOR of the great clerke Grostest
I rede, howe busy that he was
Upon the clergie an head of bras
To forge, and make it for to telle
Of suche thynges as befelle:
And seuen yeres besinesse
He laide, but for the lachesse
Of halfe a minute of an houre,
Fro first he began labour,
He loste all that he had do.

And other while it fareth so
In loues cause, who is slowe,
That he without vnder the wowe
By night stant full ofte a colde
Whiche might, if that he had wolde
His tyme kepte, haue be within.

*Nota adhuc contra tardationem de virginibus
fatuis, que nimiam moram facientes, intrante
sponso ad nuptias, cum ipso non introierunt.*

But slouth maie not profit wyne,
But he may singe in his Carole,
How late ware came to the dole,

Where he no good receyue might,
And that was proued well by night,
Whilom of the maidens sue,
When thilke lorde came for to wiae.
For that her oyle was aweye
To light hym lampes in his wey,
Her slouth brought it so about,
Fro hym that thei be shette without.

Wherof my sonne be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For slouthe muste ben awaited:
And if thou be not well affaited
In loue, to eschewe slouthe,
My sonne for to telle trouthe,
Thou might not of thy selfe ben able
To wyne loue, or make it stable:
All though thou mightest loue achewe.

My father that I maie well leue:
But me was neuer assigned place,
Where yet to gette auy grace.
Ne me was no suche tyme appointed.
For than I wolde I were vnioynted
Of euery lymme that I haue,
And I ne shulde kepe and saue
Myn boure bothe, and eke my stede,
If my lady it had bede.

But she is otherwise auised,
Than graunt suche a tyme assised.
And nethelesse of my lachesse,
There beth by no defaults I gesse
Of tyme loste, in that I might.

But yet hir lyketh not slight
Upon no lure, whiche I caste.
For ay the more I crie faste,
The lesse hir liketh for to here.

So for to speke of this matere,
I seche that I maie not finde:
I haste, and euer I am behynde,
And wote not, what it maie amount.
But father vpon myn accompte,
Whiche ye ben sette to examine
Of shrifte after the discipline:
Saye what your best counsaile is.

My sonne my counsaile is this,
Howe so it stande of tyme ago,
Do forthe thy besines so,
That no lachesse in the be founde.
For slouthe is mighty to confounde
The spede of euery mans werke.
For many a vice, as saith the clerke,
There hongen vpon slouthes lappe,
Of suche as make a man mishappe,
To pleinc and telle of Had I wist:
And thervpon if that the liste
To knowe of slouthes cause more,
In speciall yet ouermore
There is a vice full greuable
To hym, whiche is therof culpable:
And stant of all vertues bare,
Here after as I shall declare.

*Qui nihil attemptat, nihil expedit, oreque muto
Munus amicitie vir sibi raro capit.
Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parci amor
Verba referre sua non fauet vilis amor.*

*Hic loquitur Confessor de quadam specie Accidie,
que pusillanimitas dicta est, cuius imaginatio
formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vitia*

fugere audet, sicque vtriusque vite tam actiue quam contemplatiue premium non attingit.

TOUCHEDE of sloth in his degree
There is yet pusillanimitie,
Whiche is to saie in this langage,
He that hath littell of courage,
And dare no mans werke begynne:
So may he nought by reason wynne.
For who that nought dare vndertake,
By right he shall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare nothing sette in auenture,
Hym lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he shulde his cause spede:
He woll no manhode vnderstonde:
For euer he hath drede vpon honde.
All his perill, that he shall saie,
Hym thynketh the wolfe is in the waie:
And of imaginacion
He maketh his excusacion,
And feigneth cause of pure drede,
And euer he failleth at nede,
Till all be spilte, that he with dealeth,
He hath the sore, whiche no man heleth,
The whiche is cleped Lacke of herte:
Though euery grace aboute hym sterte,
He woll not ones stere his fote,
So that by reason lese he mote,
That woll not aunter for to wynne.

And so forth sonne, if we begynne
To speke of loue and his seruice,
There ben trauantes in suche a wise,
That lacken bert, whan best were
Thei speken of loue, and right for fere
Thei waxen dombe, and dare not telle,
Without sowne, as dothe the belle,
Whiche hath no clapper for to chyme:
And right so thei, as for the tyme
Ben herteles without speche,
Of loue and dare nothing besече:
And thus thei lese, and wynne nought.

For thy my sonne if thou arte ought
Culpable, as touchende of this slouth,
Shriue the therof, and tell me trouth.

My fader I am all bekowe,
That I haue ben one of the slowe,
As for to telle in loues cas
Myn herte is yet, and euer was,
Although the worlde shulde all to breke
So fearfull, that I dare not speke,
Of what purpose that I haue come,
Whan I towarde my ladie come:
Bat lette it pas and ouer go.

My sonne do no more so.
For after that a man persueth
To loue, so fortune seweth
Full ofte, and yeueth hir happie chance
To hym, whiche maketh continuance
To preie loue, and to besече,
As by ensample I shall the teche.

Hic in amoris causa loquitur contra pusillanimes, Et dicit que amans, pro timore verbis obtumescere non debet, sed concinando preces sui amoris expeditionem tutius prosequatur. Et ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Pigmalion pro eo quod preces continuauit, quandam imaginem eburneam, cuius pulchritudinis concupiscentia illaqueatus extitit, in carnem et sanguinem ad latus suum transformatam sentit.

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I FYNDE, how whilom there was one,
Whose name was Pigmalion,
Whiche was a lustie man of youthe:
The werkes of entaile he couthe
Aboute all other men as tho:
And through fortune it fell hym so,
As he, whom loue shall trauaile,
He made an image of entaile,
Liche to a woman in semblance,
Of feature, and of countenance,
So fayre yet neuer was figure,
Right as a fines creature
She semeth. For of yuor white
He hath it wrought of suche delite.
She was rodie on the cheke:
And redde vpon hir lippes eke:
Wherof that he him selfe begyleth.
For with a goodly loke she smileth:
So that through pure impression
Of his imaginacion,
With all the herte of his courage
His loue vpon this faire image
He set: and hir of loue praide.
But she no worde ayenewarde saide.

The longe daie what thyng he dese
This image in the same stede
Was euer by: that at meate
He wolde hir serue, and praide hir eate,
And put vnto hir mouth the cup.
And whan the borde was taken vp
He hath hir vnto his chambre nome:
And after whan the night was come,
He leide hir in bedde all naked.
He was forewepte, he was forwaked,
He kiste hir colde lippes ofte,
And wissheth, that thei were softe.
And ofte he rowneth in hir eare,
And ofte his arme now here now there
He laide, as he hir wolde eubrace:
And euer amonge he asketh grace,
As though she wist what it ment.
And thus hym selfe he gan tourment
With suche disease of loues peyne,
That no man might hym more peine.
But howe it were of his penance
He made suche countenance
Fro daie to night, and praide so longe,
That his prier is vnderfonge,
Whiche Venus of hir grace herde
By night, and whan that he werst ferde,
And it laie naked in his arme,
The colde image he fette warme
Of fleshe and bone, and full of life.

Lo thus he wanne a lustie wife,
Whiche obeisant was at his will.
And if he wolde haue holde him still,
And nothyng spoke, he shuld haue failed.
But for he hath his worde trauailed,
And durst speke, his loue he spedde,
And had all that he wolde abedde.
For er thei went than a two
A knaue childe betwene hem two
Thei gate, whiche was after hote
Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
A certaine ile, whiche Paphos
Men clepe, and of his name it rose.

By this ensample thou might fynde,
That worde maie worche aboute kynde.
For thy my sonne if that thou spare
To speake, loste is all thy fare.

K

For slouth bringeth in all we
 And ouer this to loke also.
 The god of loue is fauourable
 To hem, that ben of loue stable:
 And many a wondre hath befall.
 Wherof to speake amonges all,
 If that ye liste to taken hede,
 Therof a solemne tale I rede,
 Whiche I shall tell in remembrance,
 Upon the sorte of loues chauce.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter rex
 Ligdus vxori sue Thelacuse pregnantī minaba-
 tur, quod si filiam pararet, infans occideretur.
 que tamen postea cum filiam ediderat, lais dea
 partus tunc preens filiam nomine Iphi appella-
 ri ipsamque more masculi educare admonuit,
 quam pater filium credens, ipsam in marita-
 gium filie cuiusdam principis etate solida copu-
 lauit. Sed cum Iphis debitum sui coniugii, vnde
 solvere non habuit, deos in sui adiutorium inter-
 pellabat, qui super hoc miserti femineum genus
 in masculinum ob effectum nature in Iphi per
 omnia transmutarunt.

THE kyng Ligdus vpon a strife
 Spake vnto Thelacuse his wife,
 Whiche than was with childe grnat:
 He swore, it shulde nought be lette,
 That if she haue a daughter bore,
 That it ne shulde be forlore,
 And slayne: wherof she sory was.
 So it befell vpon this one,
 When she deliuered shulde be,
 lais by nighte in priuitee
 (Whiche of childyng is the goddessse)
 Came for to helpe in that distresse,
 Till that this ladie was all small,
 And had a daughter forth with all,
 Whiche the goddessse in all weie
 Bad kepe, and that thei shulde seie,
 It were a sonne: And Thus Iphis
 Thei named him: and vpon this
 The father was made for to wene,
 And thus in obambre with the queene
 This Iphis was forthe drawe tho
 And clothed, and arraid so
 Right as a kynges sonne sholde,
 Tyll after, as fortune it wolde,
 When it was of tenne yere age,
 Hym was betake in mariage
 A dukes daughter for to wedde,
 Whiche launte hight, and ofte a bedde
 These children laie, she and he,
 Whiche of one age both be:
 So that withia tyme of yeres,
 To gether as thei ben play fares,
 Liggende ebedde vpon a night
 Nature, whiche doth euery wight
 Upon hir lawe far to muse,
 Constraigneth hem, so that thei vs
 Thyng, whiche to hem was all vnknow,
 Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
 Toke pitee for the great loue,
 And let do sette kynde aboue:
 So that hir lawe maie ben vsed,
 And thei vpon her luste exused.
 For loue hateth nothyng more
 Than thyng, whiche stant ayenst the love
 Of that nature in kynde hath set.
 For thy Cupide hath so benette

Her grace vpon this suenture,
 That he accordant to nature.

When that he sigh his time best,
 That eche of hem hath other keat,
 Transformeth Iphi into a man,
 Wherof the kynde loue he wan
 Of lusty yough, lante his wife,
 And tho thei ledde a mery lyfe,
 Whiche was to kynde none offence.

And thus to take an euidence,
 It semeth loue is welwillende
 To hem that be continuende
 With besie herte to pursue
 Thyng, whiche that is to loue due:
 Wherof my sonne in this matere
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 That with thy great besinesse
 Thou might attein the richesse,
 Of loue, that there be no slouth.

I dare well saie by my trowth,
 Als ferre as my witte can seeche,
 My father, as for lacke of speche,
 But so as I me sbrofte tofore,
 There is none other time lore:
 Wberof there might be obstacle
 To lette loue of his miracle,
 Whiche I beseeche daie and night.
 But father so as it is right,
 In forme of shrifte to be knowe,
 What thyng belongeth to the slowe,
 Your fatherhode I woll preye,
 If there be forther any weye
 Touchende vnto this ilke vice.

My sonne ye, of this office
 There serueth one in specall,
 Whiche lost hath his memoriaal:
 So that he cau no wit witholde
 In thyng, whiche he to kepe his holde:
 Wherof full ofte hym selfe he greueth,
 And who that moste vpon hym leueth,
 When that his wittes ben so weied,
 He maie full lightly be deued.

Mentibus oblitus alienis labitor ille,
 Quem probat accidia non meminisse sui.
 Sic amor incautus, qui non memoratus ad horas,
 Perdit, et offendit, quod capere nequit.

Hic tractat Confessor de vitio obliuionis, quam
 mater eius Accidia ad omnes virtutum memo-
 rias, necnon et in amoris causa immemorem se
 constituit.

To serue Accidie in his office
 There is of slouth an other vice,
 Whiche is cleped Foryetlines,
 That nought maie in his herte impress
 Of vertue, whiche reason hath set,
 So clene his wittes he foryete.
 For in tellyng of his tale
 No more his herte than his male
 Hath remembrance of thilke fourme,
 Wherof he shulde his witte enforme
 As than, and yet as wote why.
 Thus is his purpose nought for thy
 Forlore, of that he wolde abide
 And scarcely if he seeth the thrilde
 To loue of that he had ment.
 Thus many a lover hath be euent:
 Telle on further, hast thou ben one
 Of hem, that hath slouth begonne?

Ye father ofte it hath ben so,
 That whan I am my ladie fro,
 And thinke vntowarde hir drawe,
 Than cast I many a newe lawe,
 And all the worlde tourne vp so downe:
 And so recorde I my lesson,
 And write in my memoriall,
 What I to hir telle shall
 Right all the matter of my tale:
 But all nis worthe a nutte shale.
 For whan I come there she is,
 I haue it all foryete iwis,
 Of that I thought for to telle,
 I can not than vnnethe spele,
 That I wende alther best haue redde,
 So sore of hir I am adrede.
 For as a man that soddeinly
 A goost beheldeth, so fare I:
 So that for feare I can nought gette
 My wit: but I my selfe foryete,
 That I wote neuer, what I am,
 Ne whither I shall, ne when I cam:
 But mee, as he that were amased,
 Like to the boke, in whiche is rased
 The letter, and made nothing be radde:
 So ben my wittes ouerladde,
 That what as euer I thought haue spoken
 It is out of myn herte stoken
 And stonde, as who saith, dombe and deaf,
 That all nis worth an Iuys lefe,
 Of that I wende well haue saide:
 And at laste I make abraide,
 Last vp myn heed, and leke aboute,
 Right as a man, that were in doute,
 And wote not, where he shall become.
 Thus am I ofte all ouercome,
 There as I wende best to stonde.
 But after whan I vnderstonde,
 And am in other place alone,
 I make many a woeful moue
 Vnto my selfe, and speke so.
 A foole, where was thyne herte tho,
 Whan thou thy worthie ladie sie?
 Were thou asered of hir eie?
 For of hir honde there is no drede,
 So well I knowe hir woman heade,
 That in hir is no more outrage
 Than in a childe of thre yere age.
 Why hast thou drede of so good one?
 Whom all vertue hath begone,
 That in hir is no violence,
 But goodlibede, and innocence,
 Without spothe of any blame.
 A nyce herte, she for shame.
 A coward herte of loue vnlered,
 Wherof arte thou so sore asered?
 That thou thy tongue suffrest frese,
 And wolte thy good wordes lese,
 Whan thou hast soude tyme and space,
 Howe shouldest thou deserue grace?
 Whan thou thy selfe darst aske none,
 But all thou hast foryete anone.
 And thus dispute in looes lore,
 But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
 But stamble vpon myn owne treine,
 And make an ekyng of my peine.
 For euer whan I thinke amonge,
 Howe all is on my selfe alonge,
 I saie, O foole of all fooles,
 Thou farrest as he betwene two stoles

That wolde sitte, and goth to grounde:
 It was, ne neuer shall be founde
 Betwene Foryettilnes and Drede,
 That man shulde any cause spede.
 And thus myn holy father dars,
 Towarde my selfe, as ye may here,
 I pleine of my foryettilnes:
 But elles all the businesse,
 That maie be take of mans thought,
 My hert taketh, and is through sought:
 To thinke euer vpon that swete
 Withouten slouthe I you by beta.
 For what so falle or wele or wo,
 That thought foryete I neuer mo,
 Where so I laugh, or so I loue,
 Not halfe a minute of an houre
 Ne might I lette out of my mynde,
 But if I thought vpon that hende,
 Therof me shall no slouth lette,
 Till death out of this worlde me fette,
 All though I had on suche a ryng,
 As Moyses, through his enchantyng
 Sometyme in Ethiope made,
 Whan that he Tharbis wedded had,
 Whiche ryng bare of obliuion
 The name, and that was by reason,
 That where on a finger it sate,
 Anone his loue he so foryate,
 As though he had it neuer knowe.
 And so it felle that ilke throwe
 Whan Tharbis had it on hir honde,
 No knowlage of hym she fonde,
 But all was cleane out of memorie,
 As men maie rede in his storie.
 And thus he went quite awaie,
 That neuer after thilke daie
 She thought, that there was suche one,
 All was foryete, and ouergone.
 But in good feith so maie not I.
 For she is euer faste by
 So nigh, that she myn herte toucheth,
 That for no thing that slouth toucheth,
 I maie foryete hir lefe ne loth.
 For ouer all where as she goth,
 Myn herte foloweth hir aboute.
 Thus maie I saie withouten doute,
 For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
 She passeth neuer for my thought.
 But whan I am there, as she is,
 Myn hert, as I you saide or this,
 Somtyme of hir is sore adradde,
 And sometyme is ouergladde,
 All out of reule, and out of space.
 For whan I se hir goodly face,
 And thinke vpon hir high prise,
 As though I were in Paradise
 I am so raiuisbed of the sight,
 That speke vnto hir I ne might,
 As for the tyme, though I wolde.
 For I ne maie my witte vnfolde
 To finde o worde of that I meane,
 But it is all foryete cleane.
 And though I stonde there a mile,
 All is foryete for the while.
 A tonge I haue, and wordes none:
 And thus I stonde, and thinke also
 Of thyng, that helpeth ofte nought:
 But what I had afore thought
 To speake, whan I come there
 It is foryete, as nought ne were,

And stonde amased, and assoted,
That of no thyng, whiche I haue noted,
I can not than a note singe,
But all is out of knowlageyng.

Thus what for ioy, and what for drede,
All is foryeten at nede:
So that my father of this slouth
I haue you saide the plaine trouthe:
Ye maie it, as ye liste; redresse.
For thus stant my foryettlinese,
And eke my pusillanimittee:
Say nowe forth, what ye liste, to mee.
For I woll onely do by you.

My son I haue well herd, how thou
Hast sayd, and that thou must amende.
For loue his grace woll not sende
To that man, whiche dare aske none.
For this we knowen euerichone,
A mans thought without speche
God wote: and yet that men beseche,
His will is: for without bedis
He dothe his grace in fewe stedis.
And what man that foryete hym selue,
Amonge a thousande be not twelue,
That woll hym take in remembrance,
But let hym fall and take his chance.
For thy pull vp a besie herte
My sonne, and let nothyng asterete
Of loue fro thy besinesse.
For touchyng of foryettlinese,
Whiche many a loue hath set behynde,
A tale of great ensample I fynde:
Wherof it is pitee to witte
In the maner as it is writte.

Hic in amoris causa contra obliuiosos ponit Confessor exemplum, qualiter Demophon versus bellum Troianum itinerando a Philli de Rodopea regina non tantum in hospicium, sed etiam in amorem gaudio magno susceptus est, qui postea ab ipsa Troie descendens rediturum infra certum tempus fidelissime se compromisit: sed quia huiusmodi promissionis diem statutum post modum oblitus est, Phillis obliuionem Demophontis lachrymis primo deplangens, tandem cordula collo suo circumligata se mortuam suspendit.

KYNGE Demophon whan he by ship
To Troie warde with feauship,
Seylend goth vpon his weie,
It hapneth hym at Rodopeic,
As Æolus hym had blowe
To londe, and rested for a throwe,
And fell that yike tyme thus,
That the daughter of Lycurgus,
Whiche queene was of the countree,
Was sojourned in that Citee,
Within a castell nigh the stronde,
Where Demophon cam vp to londe:
Philles she hight, and of yonge age,
And of stature, and of visage
She had all that hir best besemeth.

Of Demophon right well hir quemeth,
Whan he was come, and made hym chere,
And he that was of his manere
A lustie knight, ne might asterete
That he ne set on hir bis herte:
So that within a daie or two
He thought, howe euer that it go,

He wolde assaie the fortune,
And gan to comune
With goodly wordes in hir ere.
And for to put hir out of fere,
He swore, and hath his trouthe plight
To be for euer hir owne knight.

And thus with hir he still abode
There; while his ship on anker rode,
And had enough of tyme and space
To speke of loue, and aske grace.

This ladie herde all that he saide,
Howe he swore, and howe he praide,
Whiche was an enchantment
To hir, that was as an innocent
As though it were trouthe and feith
She leueth all, that euer he seith:
And as hir fortune shulde,
She graunteth hym, all that he wolde.

Thus was he for the time in ioye
Till that he shulde go to Troye:
But tho she made mocheil sorowe,
And he his trouthe leyd to borowe
To come, and if that he liue maie
Ageine, within a moneth daie,
And therupon thei kisten bothe.
But were hym leef or were hym loth,
To ship he goth, and forth he went
To Troye, as was his first entent.

The daies go, the moneth passeth,
Hir loue encreseth, and his lasseth.
For hym she loste slepe and mete,
And he his tyme hath all foryete,
So that this wofull yonge queene,
Whiche wote not what it might mene,
A letter sent, and prayd hym come,
And saith, howe she is ouercome
With strength of loue, in suche a wise,
That she not longe maie suffice
To lyuen out of his presence:
And put vpon his conscience
The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
Wherof she loueth hym so hote.
She saith, that if he lenger lette
Of suche a daie as she hym sette,
She shulde steruen in his slouthe,
Whiche ware a shame vnto his trouthe.

This letter is forth vpon hir soude,
Wherof somdele comfort on boude
She toke, as she that wolde abide:
And waiteth vpon that yike tide,
Whiche she hath in hir letter writte.

But nowe is pitee for to wite.
As he did erst, so he forgate
His tyme eftsoone, and ouer sate.
But she, whiche might not do so,
The tide awaiteth euermo,
And caste hir eis vpon the sea,
Somtyme naie, somtyme yea,
Somtyme he cam, somtyme nought.
Thus she disputeth in hir thought,
And wote not what she thynke maie,
But fastende all the longe daie
She was, in to the derke night,
And tho she hath do set vp light
In a lanterne on high alofte
Upon a toure, where she goth ofte
In hope, that in his comyng
He shulde see the light brennyng
Wherof he might his weies right
To come, where she was by night.

But all for nought, she was deceiued.
 For Venus hath hir hope weiued,
 And shewed hir vpon the skie,
 How that the daie was fast by,
 So that within a littell throwe
 The daies light she might knowe.
 Tho she beheld the sea at large,
 And whan she sigh there was no barge,
 Ne ship, als fer as she maie kenne.
 Downe fro the toure she gan to renne
 In to an herber all hir owne,
 Where many a wonder wofull moue
 She made, that no life it wist
 As she, whiche all hir ioie mist:
 That now she swooneth, now she pleineth,
 And all hir face she disteineth,
 With teares, whiche as of a well
 The stremes from hir eien fell:
 So as she might, and euer in one
 She cleped vpon Demophon,
 And saide: Alas thou slowe wight,
 There was neuer suche a knight,
 That so through his vngentilnesse,
 Of slouth, and of foryettllesse
 Aynst his trouthe breketh his steuen.

And tho hir eie vp to the heuen
 She cast, and sayde: O thou vnkynde,
 Here shalt thou through thy slouth finde,
 (If that the liste to come and see)
 A lady dede for loue of thee,
 So as I shall my selue spill
 Whom, if it had be thy will,
 Thou mightest saue well enough.

With that vpon a grene bough
 A scynt of sylke, whiche she there had
 She knit: and so hir selfe she lad,
 That she about hir white swere
 It dyd, and henge hir selfe there.

Wherof the goddes were amoued,
 And Demophon was reproued,
 That of the goddes providence
 Was shape suche an euidence
 Euer afterwarde ayene the slowe,
 That Phillis in the same throwe
 Was shape into a nutte tree,
 That all men it might see:
 And after Phillis Philberd
 This tree was cleped in the yerd.
 And yet for Demophon to shame,
 Is to this daie it beareth the name.

This wofull chance howe that it ferde
 Asone as Demophon it berde,
 And euery man it had in speche,
 His sorowe was not tho to seche:
 He gan his slouthes for to banne,
 But it was all to late thanne.

Lo thus my sonne might thou wite
 Ayene this vice how it is write.
 For no man maie the harme gesoe,
 That fallen through foryettllesse,
 Wherof that I thy shrifte haue herde,
 But yet of slouthes howe it hath ferde
 In other wise I thinke oppose,
 If thou haue gylt, as I suppose.

*Dam plantare licet, cultor qui negligit ortum,
 Si desint fructus, imputat ipse sibi.
 Præterit ista dies bona, nec valebit illa secunda
 Hoc caret exemplo leatus amore sue,*

*Hic tractat Confessor de vitiis negligentie, cuius
 condicio Accidiam amplectens omnes artes
 scientia tam in amoris causa quam aliter igno-
 miniosa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit emi-
 nere remedium sui ministerii diligentiam ex post
 facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.*

FULFILLED of slouthes exemplair,
 There is yet one his secretair,
 And he is cleped Negligence:
 Whiche woll not loke his euidence,
 Wherof he maie beware tofore:
 But whan he hath his cause lore,
 Than is he wise after the boude,
 Whan helpe maie no maner boude,
 Than at first wold he hynde.
 Thus euermore he stant behynde,
 Whan he the thyng maie not amende,
 Than is he ware, and saith at ende:

A wolde god I had knowe,
 Wherof beisped with a mowe
 He goth, for whan the great stede
 Is stole, than he taketh hede,
 And maketh the stable dore fast.
 Thus euer he pleith an after cast
 Of all that he shall saie or do.
 He hath a maner eke also,
 Hym list not lerne to be wise.
 For he sette of no vertu prise:
 But as hym liketh for the while,
 So feleth he ful ofte gile,
 Whan that he weneth seker to stonde.
 And thus thou might wel vnderstonde
 My sonne, if thou art suche in loue,
 Thou might not come at thyn aboue
 Of that thou woldest wel acheue.

Myn holy fader as I leue,
 I maie wel with sauf conscience
 Excuse me of negligence
 Towardes loue in all wise.
 For though I be none of the wise,
 I am so truly amorous,
 That I am euer curious
 Of hem, that can best enforme
 To knowen and witten all the forme,
 What falleth vnto loues craft.
 But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
 Whiche might vnto the blade accorde.
 For neuer herd I man recorde,
 What thyng it is, that might auaille
 To winne loue, without faile,
 Yet so fer couthe I neuer finde
 Man, that by reason ne by kynde
 Me couthe teche suche an arte,
 That he ne failed of a parte.

And as toward myn owne witte
 Contrue I couthe neuer yit
 To finde any sikernesse,
 That me might other more or lesse
 Of loue make for to spede.
 For leueth wel withouten drede,
 That if there wery suche a weie,
 As certainly as I shall deye,
 I had it lerned longe a go.
 But I wote wel there is none so,
 And netheles it maie wel bee,
 I am so rude in my degree,
 And eke my wittes ben so dull,
 That I ne maie nought to the full

Attaine vnto so highe a lore.
 But this I dare sey ouermore,
 All though my wit ne be not stronge,
 It is not on my wil alonge.
 For that is bery night and daie
 To lerne all that he lerne maie,
 How that I might loue wyne.
 But yet I am as to begynne,
 Of that I wolde make an ende.
 And for I not, howe it shall wende,
 That is to me my moste sorowe.
 But I dare take god to borowe
 As after myn ententement,
 None other wise negligent
 Than I you saie, haue I not bee.
 For thy pur seint charitee,
 Telle me my fader, what you semeth.
 In good feith sonne wel me quemeth,
 That thou thy selfe hast thus acquite
 Toward this, in whiche no wight
 Abide maie, for in an houre
 He lest all that he maie labour
 The longe yere : so that men seyne,
 What euer he doth, it is in veyne.
 For through the slouth of negligence
 There was yet neuer suche science,
 Ne vertue, whiche was boley,
 That nis destroyed, and loste therby.
 Ensamplē, that it hath be so,
 In boke I finde writte also.

Hic contra vitium negligentie ponit Confessor exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Phaeton filius Solis curram patris sui per aera regere debuerat, admonitus a patre, vt equos ne deuiarent equa manu diligentius refrenaret, ipse consilium patris sua negligentia preteriens, equos cum curru nimis basse errare permisit, vnde non solum incendio orbem inflammavit, sed et ipsum de curru cadentem in quoddam fluuium demergi ad interitum causauit.

PHÆBUS, whiche is the son hote,
 That shineth vpon erthe hote
 And causeth euery liues helth :
 He had a sonne in all his welth,
 Whiche Phaeton hight : and he desirith,
 And with his moder he conspireth,
 The whiche was cleped Clemene
 For helpe and counsaill, so that he
 His faders cart lede might
 Upon the faire daies light :
 And for this thyng thei both praide
 Unto the fader : And he saide,
 He wolde wel, but forth with all
 Thre pointes he bad in speciall
 Unto his sonne in all wise,
 That he hym shulde wel auise,
 And take it as by weye of lore.

The first was, that he his hors to sore
 Ne pryke : And oer that he tolde,
 That be the reynes fast hold.

And also that he be right ware,
 In what maner he ledeth his chare,
 That he mistake not his gate,
 But vpon auisement algate
 He shulde beare a siker ele,
 That he to lowe, ne to hie
 His cart drue, at any throwe,
 Wherof that he might ouerthrowe.

And thus by Phæbus ordinaunce
 Toke Phaeton in to gouernaunce
 The Sonnes cart, whiche he led :
 But he suche vain glory had
 Of that he was set vpon high,
 That he his owne estate ne sigh,
 Through negligence, and toke none hede,
 So might he wel not longe spede.
 For he the hors withouten laue
 The cart let aboute drawe,
 Where as hym liketh, wantonly,
 That at the last sodenly,
 For he no reason wolde knowe,
 This fire cart he droue to lowe,
 And fireth all the worlde aboute,
 Wherof thei weren all in doute :
 And to the god for helpe criden
 Of suche vnappes, as betiden.

Phæbus whiche sawe the negligence,
 How Phaeton ayene his defence,
 His chare hath drue out of the weye,
 Ordeineth, that he sel awaye
 Out of the cart in to the flood,
 And dreint : lo nowe howe it stode
 With hym, that was so negligent,
 That fro the highe firmament,
 For that he wolde go to lowe,
 He was anone downe ouerthrowe.

In highe estate it is a vice
 To go to lowe, and in seruice
 It greueth, for to go to hie,
 Wherof a tale in Poesie.

Exemplum super eodem de Icharo filio Dedali in carcere Minotauri existente, cui Dedalus, vt inde euolaret alas componens firmiter iniunxit, ne nimis alte propter solis ardorem ascenderet, quod Icharus sua negligentia post ponens cum altius sublimatus fuisset, subito ad terram corruens expirauit.

I FINDE, how whilom Dedalus,
 Whiche had a sonne, and Icharus
 He hight, and though hym thought loth,
 In suche prison thei were both
 With Minotaurus, that aboute
 Thei mighten no where wendon oute.
 So thei begonne for to shape,
 Howe thei the prison might escape.
 This Dedalus, whiche fro his youthe
 Was taught, and many craftes couthe,
 Of fethers, and of other thynges
 Hath made to flee diuers wynges
 For hym, and for his sonne also :
 To whom he yafe in charge tho,
 And bad hym thinke therrpon,
 Howe that his wynges ben set on
 With war : and if he toke his sight
 To highe, all sodenliche he might
 Make it to mette with the sonne.
 And thus thei hase her sight begonne
 Out of the prison faire and softe.
 And whan thei weren both slofte,
 This Icharus began to mounte,
 And of the counseill none acceptte
 He set, whiche his fader taught,
 Till that the sonne his wynges caught :
 Wherof it melt, and from the hight
 Withouten helpe of any sight,

He fell to his destruction,
And liche to that condition
There fallen oftymes fele,
For lacke of governaunce in wele,
As well lous as other wele.

Now good fader I you preie,
If there be more in this matere
Of sleuth, that I might here.

My sonne as for thy diligence,
Whiche enery mans conscience
By reason stralke reule and kepe,
If that the liste to take kepe,
I woll the tellen abousen all,
In whome no vertu maie befall,
Whiche yeueth vnto the vices rest,
And is of sleuth the slowest.

*Absque labore vagus vir inutilis otia plectens,
Nescio quid presens vita valebit ei.
Non amor in tali misero viget, inno valoris,
Qui faciunt opera clamat habere suos.*

*He loquitur Confessor super illa specie societie,
que Otium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum
cultura nullius occupacionis diligenciam ad-
mittens, cuiuscunq; expedicionem cause non
attingit.*

Among these other of sleutes kinde,
Whiche all labour set behinde,
And hateth all besines,
There is yet one, whiche Idelnes
Is cleped: and is the nerice
In mans kynde of every vice,
Whiche sebeth eases many folde.
In wynter doth he nougth for colde,
In somer maie he nougth for hets,
So whether that be frese or swete,
Or be he in, or be he out
He woll ben ydell all about:
But if he pley ought at dies,
For who as euer take fees,
And thynketh worship to deserue,
There is no lorde whome he woll serue,
As for to dwell in his seruice,
But if it were in suche a wise,
Of that he seeth perauenture,
That by lordship and by courtare,
He maie the more stoude stille,
And vse his Idelnesse at wille
For he ne woll no traselle take
To ride for his ladies sake,
But lyueth all vpon his wieshes,
And as a catté wolde ete fishes
Without wetyng of his eses:
So wolde he do, but nethetes
He faileth ofte of that he wolde.

My sonne if thou of suche a moide
Art made, now tell me pleine thy shrift.

Nay fader god I ysee a yift,
That toward lous, as by writte,
All ydell was I neuer yitte,
Ne neuer shall, while I maie go.

Now some tell me than so,
What hast thou done of besiship
To lous, and to the ladieship
Of hir, whiche thy ladie is?

My fader euer yet er this,
In every place, in every steade,
What so my lady hath me bade,

With all myn herte obedient
I haue ther to be diligent.
And if so is, that she bid nougth,
What thyng that than in to my thought
Cometh fyrst, if that I maie suffice,
I bowe, and profer my seruice.

Somtime in chamber, somtyme in hall,
Right so as I see the tymes fall:
And whan she guth to here masse,
That tyme shall nougth ouerpasse,
That I ne approche hir iadihede,
In aunter if I maie hir lede
Unto the chapell, and againe,
Than is not all my wey in vayne,
Somdele I maie the better fare
Whan I, that maie not fele hir bare,
May lede hir clothed in myn arme.
But after warde it doth me harme,
Of pure imaginacion.

For than this collacion
I make vnto my seluen ofte,
And say: O lorde howe she is softe,
Howe she is rounde, howe she is small,
Now wold god, I had hir all
Without daunger at my wille,
And than I sike and sit stille,
Of that I see my besy thought
Is tornd Idell in to nougth.

But for all that let I ne maie
Whan I see tyme a nother daie,
That I ne do my besines
Unto my ladies worthines.
For I therto my witte affaite
To se the tymes and awaite,
What is to done, and what to leuse,
And so whan time is, by hir leuse,
What thyng she byt me don, I do,
And where she byt me gon, I go,
And whan hir list to clepe, I come:
Thus hath she fullliche ouercome
Myn idelnesse till I sterue,
So that I mot hir nedes serue.

For as men seyn, nede hath lawe.
Thus mot I nedely to hir drawe:
I serue, I bowe, I leke, I lowte,
Myn eie foloweth hir aboute,
What so she woll so woll I,
Whan she woll sit, I knele by:
And whan she stont, then woll I stonde:
And whan she taketh hir werke on honde
Of weuyng, or of embroudrie,
Than can I not but muse and prie
Upon hir fingers longe and small:
And nowe I thinke, and nowe I take,
And nowe I syng, and nowe I sike,
And thus my contentance I pike.
And if it fall, as for a tyme,
Hir liketh nougth abide byme,
But busien hir on other thynges.
Than make I other tarienges
To driue forth the longe daie,
For we is loth departe awaie,
And than I am so symple of porte,
That for to feigne some disporte
I play with hir littell bounde,
Nowe on the bed, nowe on the grounde,
Nowe with the birdes in the cage.
For there is noue so littell page,
Ne yet so symple a chamberere,
That I ne make hem all chere:

And all for thei shulde speke wele,
Thus now ye see my besy whele,
That goth not ydeliche aboute.

And if hir list to riden oute
On pilgrimage, or other stede,
I come, though I be not bede,
And take hir in myn arme alofte,
And set hir in hir saddle softe,
And so forth lede hir by the bridell,
For that I wolde not ben ydell.
And if hir list to ride in chare,
And that I maie therof beware,
Anone I shape me to ride
Right euen by the chares side,
And as I maie, I speke amonge,
And other while I syng a songe,
Whiche Ouide in his bokes made,
And said: O what sorowes gladd,
O whiche wofull prosperitee
Belongeth to the propertes
Of loue? who so woll hym serue,
And there for maie no man awerue,
That he ne mote his lawe obeie.

And thus I ride forth my weie,
And am right besie ouer all
With herte, and with my bodie all,
As I haue saide you here tofore,
My good fader tell therefore,
Of ydelnes if I haue gilte.

My sonne but thou tell wite
Ought elles, than I maie nowe here,
Thou shalt haue no penance here
And netheles a man maie see,
Howe nowe a daies that there bee
Ful many of suche hertes slowe,
That woll not besien hem to knowe,
What thyng loue is: till at laste,
That he with strengthe hem ouercaste,
That maugre hem thei mote obey,
And done all ydelship away
To serue well and besiliche.

But sonne thou arte none of aiche.
Fer loue shall the well excuse,
But otherwise if thou refuse
To loue, thou might so par caas
Ben ydell, as sometyme was
A kynges daughter vnauised,
Till that Cupide hir hath chastised:
Wherof thou shalt a tale here
Accordaat vato this matere.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos, qui
amoris occupationem omitentes, grauioris iu-
fortunii casus expectant, Et narrat de quadam
Armenie regis filia, que huiusmodi condicionis
in principio iuuentutis ociosa persistens, mira-
bili postea visione castigata, in amoris obse-
quium pre ceteris efficitur.

OF ARMENIE I rede thus
There was a kyng, whiche Herupus
Was hote: and he a lustie mayde
To doughter had, and as men saide,
Hir name was Rosiphele,
Whiche tho was of great renome.
For she was bothe wise and feyre
And shulde be hir fathers heyre.
But she had one default of slouth
Towardes loue, and that was routh.

For so well couthe no man seie,
Whiche might set hir in the weie
Of loues occupacion
Through none imaginacion:

That schole wolde she not knowe,
And thus she was one of the slowe,
As of suche hertes businessse,
Till whan Venus the goddessse,
Whiche loues courtes hath for to rule,
Hath brought hir into better rule,
Forth with Cupide, and with his might.
For thei meruaile of suche a wight,
Whiche tho was in hir lustie age,
Desyreth nouthur mariage,
Ne yet the loue of peramours,
Whiche euer hath ben the common cours
Amonge hem, that lustie were:
So was it after shewed there.
For he that hie hertes loweth
With fyrie darte, whiche he throweth,
Cupido, whiche of loue is god,
In chastisyng hath made a rod
To driue awaie hir wantonnesse,
So that within a while I gesse
She had on suche a chauce spoured,
That all hir mode was ouertorned,
Whiche firste she had of slowe manere.
For this it fell, as thou shalt here.

Whan come was the moneth of maie,
She wolde walke vpon a daie,
And that was er the sonne ariest,
Of women but a fewe it wist,
And forth she went priuely
Unto the parke was faste by
All softe walkende on the gras,
Tyll she came there the launde was,
Through whiche there ran a great riuer,
It thought her fayre: and saide here
I woll abide vnder the shawe,
And bad hir women to withdrawe,
And there she stode alone stille,
To thinke what was in hir wille.

She sigh the swete floures spryng,
She herde glad foules syng,
She sigh beastes in her kynde,
The bucke, the doo, the hert, the hynde,
The males go with the femelle,
And so began there a quarele
Betwene loue and hir owne herte,
Fro whiche she couthe not asterte.

And as she caste hir eie aboute
She sigh clad in one sute a route
Of ladies, where thei comen ride
A longe vnder the woodde side,
On fayre ambulende hors thei set,
That were all white, fayre and great,
And euerichone ride on side.

The sadels were of suche a pride,
With pertes and golde so well begone,
So riche sigh she neuer none:
In kirtels and in copes riche
Thei were clothed all aliche,
Departed euen of white and blew,
With all luses, that she knewe
Thei were embroudred ouer all,
Her bodies weren longe and small,
The beantee of her fayre face
There maie none erthly thyng deface.
Corownes on their heades thei bere,
As eche of hem a queene were,

That all the golde of Cressus-hall,
The leaste coronall of all,
Might not haue boughte, after the worth.
Thus comen thei ridend forth.

The kynges daughter, whiche this sigh,
For pure abashe drewe hir adrigh,
And helde her close vnder the bough,
And let hem still ride enough.
For as hir thought in hir auise
To hem that were of suche a prise,
She was not worthie to aske there,
Fro when they come, or what thei were,
But leuer than this worldes good,
She wolde haue wist how it stooode,
And put hir head-a litell out:
And as she loked hir aboute,
She saw comende vnder the lynde
A woman vpon an hors behynde,
The hors, on whiche she rode was blacke,
All lene, and galled vpon the backe,
And halted, as he that were encloied,
Wherof the woman was annoied.
Thus was the hors in sorie plight,
And for all that a sterre white
Amiddes in hir front she had:
Hir saddell eke was wonder bad,
In whiche the wofull woman sat.
And netheles there was with that
A riche bridell for the nones
Of golde and precious stones:
Hir cote was sonnedele to tore,
About hir middell twentie score
Of hors halters, and well mo
There hangen that time tho.

Thus whan she came the ladie nigbe,
Then toke she better hede, and sighe
The woman was right faire of face,
All though hir lacked other grace.
And so this ladie, there she stode
Bethought hir well, and vnderstode,
That this, whiche came ridende tho,
Tidynges couthe tell of tho,
Whiche as she sigh tofore ride,
And put hir forth, and praide abide,
And said? A sister lette me here,
What ben thei, that riden bowe here,
And ben so richely arraid?

This woman, whiche come so esmaied,
Answerde with full softe speche
And saide: Madame I shall you teche.
These are of tho, that whilom were
Seruantes to loue, and trouth bere
There as thei had their hertes sette.
Fare well. For I maie not be lette,
Madame I go to my seruice,
So muste I haste in all wise.
For thy madame yeue me leue,
I may not longe with you leue.

A good sister yet I preie,
Tell me why ye be so beseye,
And with these halters thus begone?

Madame, whilom I was one,
That to my father had a kynge
But I was slowe, and for no thynge
Me liste not to loue obeie,
And that I nowe full sore abeie.
For I whilom no loue had
My hors is nowe feble and badde,
And all to tore is myn arraie,
And euery yere this freshe maie,

These lustie ladies ride aboute,
And I must nedes sewe her route
In this maner, as ye nowe see,
And trause her halters forth with mee,
And am but her hors knaue,
None other office I ne laue,
Hem thynketh I am worthy no more.
For I was slowe in loues lore,
When I was able for to here,
And wolde not the tales here
Of hem, that couthe loue teche.

Now tell me than I you besече,
Wherfore that riche bridell serueth?
With that awaie hir chere she swerueth,
And gan to wepe, and thus she tolde.

This bridell, whiche ye nowe beholde
So riche vpon myn hors hede
Madame afore er I was dede
When I was in my lusty life
There fell in to myn herte a strife
Of loue, whiche me ouercome,
So that therof hede I nome,
And thought I wolde loue a knight,
That last well a fourteenight.
For it no longer might laste,
So nigh my lyfe was at laste.

But nowe at laste to late ware,
That I ne had hym loued are.
For death cam so hast byme
Er I therto had any tyme,
That it ne might ben achede.
But for all that I am releued
Of that my wille was good therto,
That loue suffreth it be so,
That I shall suche a bridell were.
Nowe haue ye herde all myn answer,
To god madame I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake
Of loue, that thei be nought idell,
And bid hem thinke vpon my brideff.

And with that worde all sodenly
She passeth, as it were a skie
All cleane out of the ladies sight.
And tho for feare hir herte aflight,
And saide to hir selfe: Alas
I am right in the same cas,
But if I liue after this daie,
I shall amende if I maie.

And thus homewarde this ladie went,
And changed all hir firste entent
Within hir herte, and gan to swere,
That she no halters wolde bere.

Lo sonne, here might thou take lede,
Howe idelnes is for to drede,
Nameliche of loue, as I haue writte.
For thou might vnderstonde and witta
Amonge the gentill nacion,
Loue is an occupation,
Whiche for to kepe his tustes saue,
Shulde euery gentill herte haue.
For as the ladie was chastised:
Right so the knight maie be suised,
Whiche idell is, and woll not serue
To loue, he maie percase deserue
A greater peine than she had,
Whan she aboute with hir lad
The hors halters: and for thy
Good is to be ware therby.
But for to loken abouen all
These maidens, howe so it fall,

Thei shulde take ensample of this,
Whiche I haue tolde: for soth it is.

My lady Venus, whom I serue,
What woman woll hir thanke deserve,
She maie not thiike loue eschewe
Of peramours, but she mote sewe
Cupides lawe, and netheles
Men sene suche loue selde in pees,
That it nis euer vpon asprie
Of ianglynge, and of fals euie,
Full ofte medled with disease,
But thiike loue is well at ease,
Whiche sette is vpon mariage.
For that dare shewen the visage
In all places openly.
A great meruaile it is for thy,
Howe that a maide woll lette
That she hir tyme ne besette,
To haste vnto thiike feste,
Wherof the loue is all honeste.
Men maie reconer losse of good,
But so wise a man yet neuer stode,
Whiche maie reconer tyme ylore:
So maie a maiden well therefore
Eusample take, of that she strangeth
Hir loue, and longe er that she changeth
Hir herte vpon hir lustes grene
To mariage, as it is sene.
For thus a yere, two, or three
She lefte, er that she wedded bee,
While she the charge might beare
Of children, whiche the worlde forbear
Ne may, but if it shulde faile.
But what maiden that in hir spouse
Wolde tarie, whan she take maie,
She shall perehance an other daie
Be let, whan that hir leaset were:
Wherof a tale vnto thyn eere,
Whiche is culpable vpon this dede,
I thinke telle of that I rede.

*Hic ponit exemplum super eodem: Et narrat de
filia Jepte, quæ cum ex sui patris voto in holo-
caustum deo occidit offerri deberet, ipsa pro
eo, quod virgo fuit, et prolem ad augmentatio-
nem populi dei nondum genuisset. xl. dierum
spacium, vt cum suis sodalibus virginibus suam
dederet virginitatem priusquam moreretur, in
exemplum aliorum a patre pestitavit.*

AMONGE the iewes, as men tolde,
There was whilom by daies olde
A noble duke, whiche Jepte hight:
And felle, he shulde go to fight
Againe Amon the cruell kyng,
And for to speke vpon this thyng,
Within his herte he made a vowe
To god, and said, A lorde, if thou
Wolte graunt vnto thy man victorie,
I shall in token of thy memorie,
The firste life, that I maie see,
Of man or woman, wher it bee,
Anone as I come home ageyne,
To the, whiche arte god souereyne,
Sleen in thy name, and sacrifice.

And thus with his chivalrie
He goth hym forth, so as he sholde,
And wanne all that he wynde wolde,
And ouercame his fumen alle.
Maie no man knowe that shall falle.

This duke a lustie daughter had,
And fame, whiche the worlde sprad,
Hath brought vnto this ladies eare,
Howe that hir father hath do there.
She wayteth vpon his comynge,
With daunsuge, and with carolyng,
As she that wolde be tofore
All other, and so she was therefore
In Maspat at hir fathers gate
The first: and whan he cometh ther at,
And sigh his daughter, be to braide
His clothes, and wepde he saide:
O nightie god amonge vs here
Nowe wote I, that in no manere
This worlde ioy maie be plaine.
I had all that I couth asie
Ayene my fomen by thy grace:
So whan I came towards this place,
There was no gladder man than I:
But now my lorde all sodsiny
My ioye is tourned in to sorowe.
For I my daughter shall to morowe
To hewe and brenne in thy seruice,
To louynge of thy sacrifice
Through myn auowe, so as it is.

The maiden whan she wist of this,
And sawe the sorowe hir father made,
So as she maie with wordes glade
Comforted hym, and bad hym holde
His couenant, as he was beholde,
Towardes god, as he behight.
But netheles hir herte aflight,
Of that she sawe hir deathe comende:
And than vnto the grounde knelende
Tofore hir father she is faile,
And saith, so as it is faile
Upon this point, that she shall deye,
Of one thyng first she wolde hym psey.
That forty daies of respite
He wolde hir graunt, vpon this plight,
That she the while maie bowepe
Hir maydenhode, whiche she to kepe
So longe hath kept, and net be set,
Wherof hir lusty youth is lette,
That she no children hath forth drawe
In mariage after the lawe:
So that the people is not encoramd,
But that it might be released,
That she hir tyme hath lore so
She wolde by his leas go
With other maydens to complaine:
And afterwarde vnto the paine
Of death, she wolde come ageyne.

The father berde his daughter seyne,
And therevpon of one assent
The maydens were anone assent,
That shulden with his mayden vende.

So for to speke vnto this ende,
Thei gone the downes and the dales,
With wepyng, and with wofull tales,
And euery wight hir maydenhode
Complayneth vpon thiike nede,
That she no children had bore,
Wherof she hath hir youth lore,
Whiche neuer she reconer maie,
For so felle, that hir laste daie
Was come, in whiche she shulde take
Hir dethe, whiche she maie not forsake.
Lo thus she deye a wofull maide,
For thiike cause, whiche I saide,

As thou hast vnderstonde aboue.

My father as towards the loue
Of maydens for to telle trouthe,
Ye haue thilke vice of slouthe
Me thinketh right wonder wel declared,
That ye the women haue not spared
Of hem that tarien so behynde.

But yet it filleth in my mynde
Towarde the men, howe that ye speke
Of hem that woll so trauaile seke
In cause of loue vpon deserte,
To speke in wordes so couerte,
I not what trauaile that ye ment.

My soune and after myn entent
I woll the telle, what I thought:
How whilom men her losses boughte
Through great trauaile in strange londes,
Where that thei wrought with her bondes
Of armes many a worthy dede,
In sondry places, as men maie rede.

*Sæm probat armorum probitas Venus approbat,
et quem*

*Torpor habet reprobum, reprobata illa virum.
Vercors segnicies insignia nescit amoris,
Nam piger ad brauium tardius ipse venit.*

*Hic loquitur, quod in amoris causa militie probi-
tas ad armorum laboris exercitium nullatenus
torpescat.*

THAT every loue of pure kynde
Is fyrst forth drawe, well I fynde:
But netheles yet ouer this
Deserte dothe so, that it is
The rather had in many place.
For thy who secheth lounes grace,
Where that these worthy women are,
He maie not than him selue spare
Vpon his trauaile for to serue,
Wherof that he maie thanke deserue,
Where as these men of armes be,
Sometyme ouer the great sea,
So that by londe, and eke by ship
He more trauaile for worshyp,
And make many hastie rodek,
Sometyme in Pruis sometyne in Rodes,
And some time in to Tartarie:
So that these herauldes on hym crie,
Vailant vailant, lo where he goth,
And than be yemeth hem golde and cloth:
So that his fame might sprynge,
And to his ladies eare brynge
Some tidynge of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse,
Of that she herde men recorde,
The better vnto his loue accorde,
And daunger put out of hir mood,
Whan all men recorden good:
And that she wote well for hir sake,
That he no trauaile woll forsake.

My soune of this trauaile I mene,
Now shrise the: for it shall be sene,
It how arte ydell in this cas.

My father ye, and euer was.
For as me thynketh truly,
That every man doth more than I,
As of this point, and if so is,
That I haue ought done so er this,

It is so littell of accompte,
As who saith, it maie not amount
To winne of loue his lustie yifte.

For this I tell you in shrifte,
That me were leuer hir loue winne,
Than Kaire, and all that is theriane.

And for to slea the heathen all
I not what good there might fall
So muche blood though there were shed:
This fynde I write, howe Christe bad,
That no man other shulde slea.

What shulde I wynne ouer the sea.
If I my ladie loste at home?
But passe thei the salte fomme,
To whom Christe bad thei shulden preche
To all the worlde, and his feith teachen.

But now thei rucken in hir nest,
And resten, as hem liketh beste
In all the swetnes of delices.

Thus thei defenden vs the vices,
And sitten hem selfe all amide,
To slea and fight, thei vs bidde.
Hem whom thei shuld, as the boke saith,
Conuertten vnto Christes faithen.

But herof haue I great meruaile,
How that thei shuld me bid trauaile.

A sarazyn if I slea shall,
I slea the soule forth withall:

And that was neuer Christes lore:
But now hoo therof I saie no more.

But I woll speke vpon my shrift,
And to Cupide I make a yifte,
That who as euer price deserue
Of arme, I woll lounes serue,
As though I shulde hem bothe kepe,
Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
When it were time to abide,
And for to trauaile, and for to ride.
For how as euer a man labour
Cupide appointed hath his hours.

*Hic allegat Amans in sui excusationem, qualiter
Achilles apud Troiam propter amorem Polixeni
arma sua per aliquod tempus dimisit.*

For I haue herde tell also,
Achilles lefte his armes so,
Both of hym selfe, and of his men,
At Troie for Polixen,
Upon hir loue when he fell:
That for no chance that befell
Amonge the grekes, or vp or downe,
He wolde nought ayene the towne
Ben armed, for the loue of hir:
And so me thinketh leue syr,
A man of armes maie bim reste
Sometyme in hope for the beste,
If he maie fynde a werre nerre,
What shulde I than go so ferre?
In strange londes many a mille
To ride, and lese at home there while
My lous, it were a shorte beyete
To winne chaffe, and lese whete.
But if my ladie bidde wolde,
That I for hir loue shulde
Trauaile, me thynketh truly,
I might fle through out the skie,
And go through out the depe sea,
For all ne sette I not a strea;

What thanke that I myght els gete.
 What helpeth a man haue mete,
 Where drinke lackethe on the borde:
 What helpeth any mans worde:
 To saie howe I trauaile faste,
 Where as me faileth at laste
 That thyng, whiche I trauaile fore.
 O in good tyme were he bore,
 That might atteine suche a mede.
 But certes if I might spede
 With any maner besinesse
 Of worldes trauaile than I gesse,
 There shulde me none idelship
 Departe from hir ladship.

But this I see on daies nowe,
 The blynde god (I wote not howe)
 Cupido, whiche of loue is lorde,
 He sette the thynges in discorde,
 That thei that lest to loue entende,
 Full ofte he woll hem yeue and sende
 Moste of his grace: and thus I fynde,
 That he that shulde go behynde,
 Goth many a tyme ferre to fore.
 So wote I not right well therefore,
 On whether borde that I shall saile.
 Thus can I nought my selfe counsaile,
 But all I sette on auenture,
 And am, as who saith, out of cure.
 For ought that I can sey or do.
 For euermo I fynde it so,
 The more besinesse I laie,
 The more that I knele and prae,
 With good wordes, and with softe,
 The more I am refused ofte
 With besines, and maie not winne.
 And in good feith that is great sinne.
 For I maie seie of dede and thought,
 That idell man haue I be nought.
 For howe as euer that I be deslaide,
 Yet euermore I haue assaide.
 But though my besynesse laste,
 All is but ydell at laste.
 For whan theffecte is idelnesse,
 I not what thyng is besynesse.
 Saie what auaieth all the dede,
 Whiche nothyng helpeth at nede.
 For the fortune of every fame
 Shall of his ende beare a name.

And thus for ought is yet befall,
 An idell man I woll me calle,
 And after myn ententement,
 But vpon your amendement
 Myn holy father, as you semeth,
 My reason and my cause demeth.

My son I haue berde of thy matere,
 Of that thou hast the shryuen here,
 And for to speake of idell fare,
 Me semeth that thou thurst not care,
 But only that thou might not spede,
 And therof sonne I woll the rede
 Abide, and haste not to faste
 Thy dedes ben every daie to caste
 Thou nost, what chance shall betide:
 Better is to waite vpon the tide,
 Than rowe ayenste the stremes stronge.
 For though so be the thyng longe:
 Percase the reuolucion
 Of heuen, and thy condicion
 Ne be not yet of one accorde,
 But I dare make this recorde

To Venus, whose priest that I am:
 That sithen that I hither cam
 To here, as she me badde, thy life,
 Wherof thou els be gyltife,
 Thou might herof thy conscience
 Excuse, and of great diligence,
 Whiche thou to loue hast so dispended,
 Thou oughtest wel to be commended.

But if so be, that there ought faile
 Of that thou sloutheest to trauaile
 In armes for to ben absent,
 And for thou makest an argument
 Of that thou saidest here abone,
 How Achilles through strength of loue
 His armes left for a throwe:
 Thou shalt an other tale knowe,
 Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt witte.

For this a man maie finde writte,
 Whan that knighthode shall be weired,
 Lust maie not than be preferred:
 The bed mot than be forsake,
 And shelde and spere on hond take,
 Whiche thing shall make hem after glade,
 Whan thei be worthy knightes made:
 Wherof, so as it cometh to honde,
 A tale thou shalt vnderstode,
 How that a knight shall armes sewe,
 And for the while his ease eschewe.

*Hic dicit, quod amoris delectamento postposito,
 miles arma sua preferre debet, Et ponit exem-
 plum de Ulyssae, cum ipse a bello Troiano Jupi-
 ter amorem Penelope remanere domi voluisset,
 Nauplius pater Palamidis cum tantis sermonibus
 allocutus est, quod Ulysses thoro sue coniugis
 relicto labores armorum vna cum aliis Troie
 magnanimis subibat.*

UPON knighthode I rede thus,
 Howe whilom the kyng Nauplius,
 The fader of Palamidis,
 Came for to preyen Vlysses,
 With other Gregois eke also,
 That he with hem to Troie go,
 Where that the siege shulde be.

Anone vpon Penelope
 His wife, whom that he loueth hote,
 Thinkend, wolde hem nought behote:
 But he shope then a wonder wile,
 Howe that he shulde hem best begile,
 So that he might dwelle stille
 At home, and weld his loue at wille:
 Wherof ery the morowes daie,
 Out of his bed, where that he laie,
 Whan he was vp, he gan to fare
 In to the feide, and loke and stare,
 As he whiche feigneth to be wood:
 He toke a plough, where that it stodee,
 Wherin anone in stede of oxes
 He let do yoken great Foxes,
 And with great salt the loude he sewe.

But Nauplius, whiche the cause knewe,
 Ayene the sleighte, whiche he feigneth,
 Another sleighte anone ordeineth.
 And fell that tyme Vlysses had
 A childe to sonne, and Nauplius bad,
 How men that sonne take shoide,
 And set hym vpon the molde,
 Where that his fader helde the plough,
 In thilke forough, whiche he tho droug,

For in such wise he thought assaie,
How it Vlysses shulde paie,
If that he were wood or none.

The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemachus anone was fette,
Tofore the plough and euen sette,
Where that his fader shulde drine.
But whan he sawe his childe as bliue,
He drof the plough out of the weye.
And Nauplus tho began to crye,
And hath halfe in a iape cried:

O Vlysses, thou art aspied,
What is all this thou woldest mene?
For openliche it is nowe sene,
That though hast feigned all this thyng,
Whiche is great shame to a kynge,
Whan that for lust of any slouthe,
Thou wilten a quarel of trouthe
Of armes thilke honour forsake,
And dwelle at home for lounes sake.
For better it were honour to wyne
Than loun, whiche likynge is ynue.
For thy take worship vpon honde,
And elles thou shalt vnderstonde,
These other worthie kynges all
Of Grece, whiche vnto the call,
Towardes the wol be right wroth,
And grene the per chans both:
Whiche shall be to the double shame,
Most for the hyndryng of thy name,
That thou for slouthe of any loun,
Shalt so thy lustes set aboue,
And leue of armes the knighthode,
Whiche is the price of thy manhode,
And ought first to be desired.

But he, whiche had his herte fered
Upon his wife, whan he this herde,
Nought one word there ayene answerde,
But torneth home haluyn ashamed,
And hath with in hym selfe so tamed
His herte, that all the sotie
Of loun for chualrie
He lefte, and be hym leef or loth,
To Troie forth with hem he goth,
That he hym might not excuse.
Thus stant it, if a knight refuse
The lust of armes to trauaile.

There maie no worldes ease auaille,
Bat if worship be with all,
And that hath shewed ouerall.
For it sit wel in all wise
• A knight to ben of highe emprise,
And putteu all drede awaye.
For in this wise I haue herd seye.

*Hic narrat super eodem, qualiter Laodomia regis
Prothesalai vxor, volens ipsam a bello Troiano
secum retinere, fatalem sibi mortem in porta
Troie prenunciauit: eed ipse militiam potius-
quam ocia affectans, Troiam adiit: vbi sue
mortis precio perpetue laudis Cronicam ademil.*

THE worthie knight Prothesalae
On his passage, where he laie
Toward Troie thilke sieg,
The whiche was all his owne lieg
Laodomie his lustie wife,
Whiche for his loun was pensife,
As be whiche all hir hert had
Upon a thyng, wherof she drad,

A letter, for to make hym dwelle
Fro Troie, send hym, thus to telle,
Howe she hath asked of the wise
Touchend of hym in suche a wise,
That thei haue done hir vnderstonde,
Toward other howe so it stonde,
The destyne it hath so shape,
That he shall not the deth escape,
In caas that he arrine at Troie,
For thy as to hir worldes ioye,
With all hir herte she hym preyde,
And many another cause alleide,
That he with hir at home abide.

But he hath cast bir letter a side,
As be whiche tho no manere bede
Toke of hir womanliche drede:
And forth he goth, as nought ne were
To Troie, and was the firste there,
Whiche londeth, and toke arriuaille.
For hym was leuer in the battaile,
He seith, to deyen as a knight,
Than for to liue in all his might,
And be reproued of his name.

Lo thus vpon the worldes fame
Knighthode hath euer yet beset,
Whiche with no cowardis is let.

*Adhuc super eodem qualiter Rex Saul, non ob-
stante quod Samuelem a Phitoniss suscitatum
et coniuratum responsum, quod ipse in bello
moreretur, accepisset: hostes tamen suos ag-
grediens militie famam cunctis huius vite blan-
dimentis preposuit.*

Of kynge Saul also I finde,
Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
Through that the Phitones hath lered
In Samarie, was arered
Longe tyme after that he was dede,
The kynge Saul hym asketh rede,
If that he shall go fight or none.
And Samuel hym said anone,
The first daie of the bataile
Thou shalt be slain without faile,
And Ionathas thy sonne also.

But howe as euer it felle soo,
This worthy knight of his courage
Hath vndertake the viage,
And wolde nought his knighthode let
For no perille he couth set:
Wherof that both his sonne and he,
Upon the Mount of Gelboe
Assemblen with bir enemies.
For thei knighthode of suche a pris
By olde daies than halden,
That thei none other thyng behelden.
And thus the fader for worship,
Forth with his sonne of felouship,
Through lust of armes weren dede,
As men maie in the bible rede,
Thei whos knighthode is yet in mynde,
And shall be to the worlde ende.

*Hic loquitur, quod miles in suis primordiis ad au-
daciā prouocari debet. Et narrat qualiter
Chiro Centaurus Achillem, qui secum ab infan-
tia in montem Peleon educavit, vt audax effi-
ceretur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse vena-
tionibus ibidem imisteret, leones, et tigrides,
huiusmodique animalia sibi resistencia, et nulla*

alia fugitiua agitare, et sic Achilles in iuuentute animatus famosissime milicie probitatem postmodum adoptauit.

AND for to loken ouermore,
 Ir hath and shall ben euermore,
 That of knighthode the prowess,
 Is grounded vpon hardinesse
 Of hym that dare well vndertake:
 And who that wolde ensample take
 Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
 How that Achilles was forth drawe
 With Chiro, whiche Centaurus hight,
 Of many a wonder here he might.
 For it stood thilke time thus,
 That this Chiro this Centaurus
 Within a large wylderneesse,
 Where was lyon and leonesse,
 The leparde, and the Tygre also,
 With bert, and hynd, buk, and do,
 Had his dwellynge, as the bealle
 Of Peleon vpon the hills:
 Wherof was than muchell speche,
 There hath Chiro this childe to teche,
 What tyme he was of twelue yere age.
 Wherof to maken his courage
 The more hardy by other weye,

In the forest to hunt and pleie
 Whan that Achilles walke wolde,
 Centaurus badde, that he ne sholde
 After no best make his chas,
 Whiche wolde seen out of his place:
 As bukke and do, and herte and hynde,
 With whiche he maie no werre fynde.
 But tho, that wolden hym withstonde,
 There shuld he with his darte on bonde
 Upon the Tygre and the lion
 Purchase and make his venison,
 As to a knight is accordant:
 And therupon a couenant
 This Chiro with Achilles set,
 That enery daie without let
 He shuld seeke a cruell best,
 Or sle or wounden at the lest,
 So that he might a token brynge
 Of bloude vpon his home comyng.

And thus of that Chiro hym taught,
 Achilles suche an herte caught,
 That he no more a lion drad,
 Whan he his darte on honde had,
 Than if a lion were an asse,
 And that bath made hym for to passe
 Al other knightes of his dede,
 Whan it cam the great nede,
 As it was afterwarde well knowe.

Lo thus my son thou might knowe,
 That the courage of hardinesse
 Is of knighthode the prowess,
 Whiche is to loue suffisant
 Abouen all the remenant,
 That vnto lones courte pursue.

But who that wolde no slouthes eschewe
 Upon knighthode, and not trauaile,
 I not what lone hym shulde anaille:
 But enery labour asketh why
 Of some rewarde, wherof that I
 Ensamples couth teil enough,
 Of hem that towarde loue drough
 By olde daies, as thei sholde.

My fader therof here I wolde.

My sonne it is well reasonable
 In place, whiche is honourable,
 If that a man his herte sette,
 That than he for no slouth lette
 To do what longeth to manehede.

For if thou wolt the bokes rede
 Of Launcelot, and other mo,
 There might thou seen, how it was the
 Of armes, for thei wolde atteine
 To loue, whiche withouten peins
 Maie not be gette of Idelines,
 And that I take to witnesse
 An olde Cronike in speciell,
 The whiche in to memoriall
 Is writte for his lones sake,
 Howe that a knight shall vndertake.

Hic dicit, quod miles priusquam amoris simplex dignus efficiatur, euentus bellicos victoriosus amplectere debet, et narrat qualiter Hercules et Achillius propter Deianiram Caldonie regis filiam singulare duellum adinuicem inierunt, cuius victor Hercules, existens armorum meritis amorem virginis laudabiliter conquestauit.

THERE was a kyng, whiche Oenes
 Was bote, and he vnder pees
 Held Caldonie in his empyre:
 And had a daughter Deianire,
 Men wiste in thilke tyme gone.
 So fayre a wight, as she was one.
 And as she was a lusty wight,
 Right so was than a noble knight,
 To whom Mercurie fader was,
 This knight the two pilers of bras,
 The whiche yet a man maie fynde
 Set vp in the deserte of Inde,
 That was the worthy Hercules,
 Whos name shall ben endeles.

For the meruailes, whiche he wrought.
 This Hercules the loue sought
 Of Deianire, and of this thyng
 Unto hir fader, whiche was kyng
 He spake touchend of marriage.

The kyng knowend his his linage,
 And drad also his mightes sterce,
 To hym ne durst his daughter werne.
 And netheles, this he bym seyde,
 Howe Achilous, er he, fyrst preyde
 To wedden hir: and in acord
 Thei stode, as it was of recorde.

But for all that, this he him graunteth,
 That whiche of hem, that other daunteth,
 In armes, hym she shulde take,
 And that the kyng hath vndertake.

This Achilous was a geant,
 A subtil man, a deceiuaunt,
 Whiche through Magike and sorcerie
 Couthe all the worlde of trecherie.

And whan that he this tale berde,
 Howe vpon that the kyng answerde,
 With Hercules he must feight:
 He trusteth nougth vpon his sleight
 Al onely, whan it cometh to nede:
 But that, whiche voideth all drede,
 And enery noble herte stereth
 The loue, that no lyfe forbereth,
 For his lady, whome he desyret,
 With hardinesse his herte fyreth,
 And sent hym worde without fail,
 That he wolt take the bataille.

Thei setten daie, thei chosen felde,
The knightes covered vnder shelde
To gyde come at tyme sette,
And eche one is with other mette.
It fell thei foughten bestie on foote,
There was no stone, there was no roote,
Whiche might letten hem the weie,
But all was voide and take awaie.

Thei smitten strokes but a fewe,
For Hercules, whiche wolde shewe
His great strengthe, as for the nones
He stert vpon hym all at ones,
And caught hym in his armes stronge.

This gesant wote, he maie not longe
Endure vnder so harde bondes,
And thought he wolde out of his hondes
By sighte, in some maner escape.
And as he couthe hym selfe forshape
In lyknesse of an adder he elipte
Out of his bonds, and forthe he skipte,
And ofte, as he that fyght wolde,
He torneth hym into a bolle,
And gan to belowe in suche a sonne
As though the worlde shuld all go doune:
The ground he sporaeth, and he traunotht,
His large hornes he asaunotht,
And cast hem here and there aboute.

But he, whiche stant of hem no doute,
Awaiteth well whan that he came,
And hym by bothe hornes nam,
And all at ones he hym caste
Unto the grounde, and helde hym faste,
That he ne might with no sleight
Out of his honde gete vpon height,
Till he was overcome, and yolde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.

The kyng hym graunted to fulfillle
His askyng at his owne wille.
And she, for whome he had serued,
Hir thought he hath hir well deserued.
And thus with great deserte of armes
He wan hym for to ligge in armes,
As he whiche hath it dere bought.
For otherwise shulde he nought.

Nota de Penthesilea Amazonie regina, que Hectoris amore colligata, contra Pirrum Achillis firum apud Troiam arma ferre etiam personatiter non recusauit.

And ouer this if thou wilt here
Upon knighthode of this mattere,
How loue and armes ben acquainted,
A man maie see both writte and painted,
So ferforth, that Penthesile,
Whiche was the queene of Femine,
The loue of Hector for to seke,
And for thouour of armes eke,
To Troie cam with spere and shelde,
And rode hir selfe in to the felde,
With maidens armed all a route,
In recus of the Towne aboute,
Whiche with the grekes was belein.

Ita qualiter Phillimenis propter militie famam a suis terre in defensionem Troie ueniena, tres pallas a regno Amazonie qualibet anno percipendas sibi et heredibus suis imperpetuum ea de causa habere promeruit.

From Paphlagonie and as men sein,
Whiche stant vpon the worldes ende,
That tyme it liked eke to wende
Phillimenis, whiche was kyng,
To Troie, and came vpon this thyng
In helpe of thilke noble townie,
And all was that for the renoune
Of worship and of worldes fame:
Of whiche he wolde beare a name,
And so he did, and forth with all
He wan of loue in speciall
A faire tribute for euermore.
For it felle thilke tyme so,
Pyrrus the sonne of Achilles
This worthy queene amonge the pres
With dedely swerde sought out, and fonde,
And slough hir with his owne bonds.
Wherof this kyng of Paphlagonie
Penthesile of Amazonie,
Wher she was queene, with hym ladde,
With suche maidens as she hadde
Of hem that were left aliuie,
Forth in his ship, till thei arine,
Where that the body was begraue
With worship, and the women sauie.
And for the goodship of this dede,
Thei graunten hym a iustie mede,
That every yere, for his trauage,
To hym and to his heritage,
Of maidens faire he shall haue three.
And in this wise spedde hee,
Whiche the fortune of armes sought,
With his trauaile his ease he bought.
For other wise he shulde haue failed,
If that he had noight trauailed.

Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello deuicit, non solum amorem Lauine, sed et regnum Italie sibi subiugatum obtinuit.

ENEAS eke within Italie
Ne had he wonne the bataile,
And done his might so besily
Ayene kyng Turne his enemy,
Ne had nought Lauine wonne
But for he hath hym ouer runne
And gat his pris, he gat hir loue.

By these ensamples here aboute,
Lo nowe my sonne, as I haue tolde,
Thou might wel see, who that is bolde,
And dar trauaile, and vndertake
The cause of loue, he shall be take
The rather vnto loues grace.
For comonliche in worthie place
The women lonen worthinesse
Of manhode, and of gentillesse.
For the gentills be most desired.

My fader but I were inspired
Through lore of you, I wote no waye
What gentillesse is for to seye:
Wherof to telle I you beseeche.

The grounde my sonne for to seche
Upon this diffinicion,
The worldes constitution
Hath set the name of gentillesse
Upon the fortune of richesse:
Whiche of longe tyme is falle in age,
Than is a man of bighe lineage
After the forme as thou shalt here,
But no thyng after the manere.

For who that reason vnderstonde,
 Upon-richeſſe it maie not ſtonde.
 For that is thyng, whiche failleth ofte.
 For he that ſtant to daie ſlotte,
 And all the worlde hath in his wones,
 To morowe he falleth all at ones
 Out of riches in to pouerte:
 So that therof is no deſerte,
 Whiche gentilneſſe maketh abide.
 And for to loke on other ſide,
 Howe that a gentilman is bore:
 Adam, whiche was all tofore,
 With Eue his wife, as of heni two
 All was aliche gentill tho.
 So that of generacion
 To make declaracion,
 There maie no gentilles bee.
 For to the reaſon if we ſee
 Of mans byrthe the meaſure,
 It is ſo common to nature,
 That it yeueth every man aliche,
 As well to the poore as to the riche.
 For naked thei ben bore bothe,
 The lorde no more hath for to clotbe,
 As of hym that like throwe,
 Than hath the pooreſt of the rowe.
 And whan thei ſhall both paſſe,
 I not of hem whiche hath the laſſe
 Of worldeſ good, but as of charge,
 The lorde is more for to charge,
 Whan god ſhall bis accompte here.
 For he hath had his luſtes here.
 But of the body, whiche ſhall deye,
 All though there be diuers weye
 To deth, yet is there but one ende,
 To whiche that every man ſhall wende,
 As well the begger as the lorde,
 Of one nature of one accorde.

She whiche our olde mother is
 The erthe, dothe that and this
 Receyueth, and aliche deuoureth,
 That ſhe to nouthur part fauoureth.
 So wote I nothyng after kinde,
 Where I maie gentilles finde.
 For lacke of vertus lacketh of grace,
 Whereof Richeſſe in many place,
 Whan men beſt weue for to ſtonde,
 All ſodeinly goth out of honde.
 But vertue ſette in the courage,
 There maie no worlde be ſo ſaluage,
 Whiche might it take and done awaye,
 Till whan that the body deye:
 And than he ſhall be riched ſo,
 That it maie faille neuermo.

So maie that well be gentilneſſe,
 Whiche yeueth ſo great a ſikernes.
 For after the condicion
 Of reaſonable intencion,
 The whiche out of the ſoule groweth,
 And the vertue fro vice knoweth,
 Whereof a man the vice eſcheweth,
 Without ſlouth, and vertue ſeweth,
 That is a very gentill man:
 And nothyng els, whiche he can
 Ne whiche he hath, ne whiche he maie.

But for all that yet nowe a daie,
 In loues courté to taken bede,
 The poore vertue ſhall not ſpede,
 Where that the riche vice woweth.
 For ſelde it is, that loue alloweth

The gentill man withouten good,
 Though his condicion be good,
 But if a man of bothe two
 Be riche and vertuous alſo:
 Than is he well the more worth.
 But yet to put hym ſelfe forth,
 He muſt done his beſineſſe
 For nother good, ne gentilneſſe
 Maie helpen hem, whiche idel bee.
 But who that woll in his degre
 Trauaile ſo, as it belongeth,
 It happeth ofte, that he fongeth
 Worſhip, and eaſe bothe two.
 For euer yet it hath be ſo,
 That loue honeſt in ſondrie wey
 Proſteth: for it dothe aweye
 The vice: and as the bokes ſeyne,
 It maketh curteis of the vileyne,
 And to the cowarde hardieſſe
 It yeueth: ſo that the very proweſſe
 Is cauſed vpon loues reule,
 To hym that can manhode reule:
 And eke towards the womanbede,
 Who that therof woll taken bede.
 For though the better affaiſed bee
 In euery thyng, as men maie ſee.
 For loue hath euer his luſtes greas
 In gentill folke, as it is ſene,
 Whiche thyng there maie no kind areſt.

I trowe that there is no beſte,
 If he with loue ſhulde acqueint,
 That he ne wolde make it queint
 As for the while, that it laſt.

And thus I conclud at laſt,
 That thei ben idell, as me ſemeth,
 Whiche vnto thyng, that lone demeth,
 For ſlouthen, that thei ſhulden do.

And ouer this my ſonne alſo,
 After the vertus morall eke
 To ſpeke of loue if I ſhall ſake
 Amonge the holy bokes wiſe,
 I finde writte in ſuche a wiſe.

*Nota de amore charitatis, vbi dicit, qui non diligit,
 manet in morte.*

WHO loueth not, as here is dead.
 For loue aboue all other is head,
 Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
 Of all that vnto mannes dede
 Belongeth. For of idelſhip
 He hateth all the ſelaſhip.
 For ſlouth is euer to deſpise,
 Whiche in diſdeigne hath all appriſe,
 And that accordeth nought to man.
 For he that wit and reaſon can,
 It ſit hym wel, that he trauaile
 Upon ſuche thyng, which might auaille.
 For idelſhip is nought comended,
 But every lawe it hath defended.
 And in enſample therrpon
 The noble wiſe Salomon,
 Whiche had of euery thyng insight,
 Seith: As the birdes to the fight
 Ben made, ſo the man is bore
 To labour, whiche is nought forbore
 To hem, that thinke for to thriue.

For we, whiche are nowe a liue,
 Of hem that beſy whilom were
 (As wal in ſchole as els where)

Nowe euery daie ensample take,
That if it were nowe to make
Thyng, which that thei firste founden out,
It shuld not be brought about.

Her liues than were longe,
Her wittes great, her mightes strong,
Her bertes full of besinesse,
Wherof the worldes redinesse,
In body both, and in courage,
Stant euer vpon his auantage:
And for to drawe in to memorie
Her names bothe, and her historie
Upon the vertu of her dede
In sondry bokes thou might rede.

*Expediit de manibus labor, vt de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita viuere potest homo.
Sed qui doctrina causa fert mente labores
Præualeat, et merita perpetuata parat.*

*Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscumque, et maxi-
me contra istos, qui excellentis prudentie inge-
nium habentes absque fructu operum torpes-
cunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligentia pre-
decessorum. qui ad totius humani generis doc-
trinae et auxilium suis continuis laboribus et
studijs gratia mediante diuina artes et scientias
primitus inuenierunt.*

Or euery wisdome the parfit
The highe god of his spirite
Yafe to men in erth here,
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise
And thus cam in the firste aprise
Of bokes, and of all good,
Through hem, that whilom vnderstode
The lore, whiche to hem was yeue:
Wherof these other, that nows liue
Bea euery daie to lerne newe:
Nat er the tyme that men sewe,
And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corne, though men it sought
In zone of all the felde oute,
And er the wisdome cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes writte,
This maie wel euery wise man witte.
There was great labour eke also.

Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath vndertake
With labour, whiche the bond hath take.

That other toke to studie and muse,
As he whiche wolde not refuse
The labour of his wittes all:
And in this wise it is befall
Of labour, whiche that thei begonne
We be now taught, of that we conne,
Her besines is yet to seene,
That it stant euer aliche greene.
All be it so the bodie daye,
The name of hem shall neuer aweye,
In the Cronicks as I finde,
Cham, whos labour is yet in mynde,
Was he, whiche firste the letters fonde,
And wrote in hebrewe with his honde
Of naturall philosophia.

He fonde first also the clergie.
Cadmus the letters of gregois
First made vpon his owne choise.
Theges of thyng, whiche shal befall
He was the first augur of all,

102. II.

And Philemon by the visage
Fonde to descriue the courage.
Claudius, Esdras, and Sulpices,
Termeigis, Pandulfe, and Frigidilles,
Menander, Ephiloquorus,
Solinus, Pandas, and Iosephus,
The first were of enditours
Of olde Cronike, and eke sauctours,
And Herodot in his science
Of metre, of ryme, and of cadence
The first was, whiche men note.
And of musike also the note
In mans voyce or softe or sharpe,
That fonde luball, and of the harpe
The mery sowne, whiche is to like,
That fonde Paulius forth with phisike.

Zeuzis fonde first the portrature:
And Promætheus the sculpture,
After what forme that hem thought,
The resemblance anon thei wrought.

Tuball in yron and in stele
Fonde first the forge, and wrought it wete,
And ladabel, as saith the boke,
Firste made nette, and fishes toke.

Of hunting eke he fonde the chace,
Whiche nowe is knowe in many place.
A tent of clothe with corde and stake
He sette vp first, and did it make.

Herconius of cokerie
First made the delicacie.

The crafte Myneure of wolle fonde,
And made cloth hir owne bonde.

And Delbora made it of lyne.
The women were of great engyne.

But thyng which yeueth mete and drinke,
And doth the labour er for to swynke,
To till the londes, and sette the vines,
Wherof the corne and the wynes
Ben sustenance to mankynde,

In olde bokes as I finde,
Saturnus of his owne wit
Hath fonde first: and more yit
Of chapmenhode he fonde the weye,
And eke to coygne the money
Of sondry metall, as it is,
He was the first man of this.

But howe that metall cam a place
Through mans wit and goddes grace
The route of philosophers wise
Contreueden by sondry wise.

First for to gette it out of myne,
And after for to trie and fine.

And also with great diligence
Thei fonde thilke experience,
Whiche cleped is Alconomie,
Wnerof the siluer multiplie
Thei made, and eke the golde also,
And for to telle howe it is so
Of bodies seuen in specciall
With foure spirites ioynt withall,
Stant the substance of this matere,
The bodies, whiche I spake on here,
Of the planettes ben begonne

The golde is tilled to the sonne,
The moone of siluer hath his part,
And Iron that stonde vpon Mart,
The leed after Saturne groweth,
And Iupiter the brasse bestoweth,
The copper sette is to Venus,
And to his part Mercurius

I

Hath the quicke siluer, as it falleth,
 The whiche after the boke it calleth
 Is first of thilke foure named
 Of spirites, whiche ben proclaymed,
 And the spirite, whiche is seconde,
 In Sal Armoniake is founde:
 The thirde spirite Sulphur is,
 The fourth sewende after this
 Arcennium by name is hote,
 With blowyng and with fires hote.
 In these thynges, whiche I saye,
 Thei worchen by diuers waye.
 For as the philosopher tolde
 Of golde and siluer thei ben holde
 Two principall extremittees,
 To whiche all other by degrees
 Of the metalles ben accordant,
 And so through kinde ressemblant:
 That what man couth awaite take
 The rust, of whiche thei woxen blake,
 And the sauour of the hardnes,
 Thei shulden take the sikenes
 Of golde or siluer perfectly.
 But for to worche it sikerly
 Betwene the corps and the spirite,
 Er that the metall be parfite
 In seuen formes it is sette
 Of all: and if one be lette,
 The remenant may not auail:
 But other wise it maie nought fail.
 For thei, by whom this art was founde,
 To euery poynt a certayne bounde
 Ordeinen, that a man maie fynde,
 This crafte is wrought by wey of kinde,
 So that there is no fallace in.
 But what man that this werke begyn,
 He mote awaite at euery tide,
 So that nothyng be lefte a side.

Fyrst of the distillation,
 Forth with the congelacion,
 Solucion, Discencion,
 And kepe in his entencion
 The point of sublimacion,
 And forth with Calcination
 Of very approbacion,
 Do that there be fixation,
 With temperate hetes of the fyre,
 Tyll be the parfite Elixer
 Of thilke philosophers stone
 Maie gette, of whiche that many one
 Of philosophers, whilome write:
 And if thou wolt the names wite
 Of thilke stone, with other two,
 Whiche as the clerkes madden tho,
 So as the bokes it recorden,
 The kynde of hem I shall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapidibus, quos philosophi composuerunt: quorum primus est lapis vegetabilis, qui sanitatem conseruat, Secundus dicitur lapis Animalis, que membra et virtutes sensibiles fortificat, Tertius dicitur lapis mineralis, que omnia metalla purificat, et in suum perfectum naturali potentia deducit.

THESE olde philosophers wise,
 By wey of kynde in sondrie wise
 Thre stones made through clergie,
 The fyrste I shall specifie,
 Was cleped Vegetabilis:
 Of whiche the propre vertus is

To mans heale for to serue,
 As for to kepe and to preserue
 The body fro sickenes all,
 Till death of kynde vpon hym fall.
 The seconde stone I the bebote
 Is lapis Animalis hote:
 The whose vertue is propre, and couth
 For eare, and eie, nose, and mouth,
 Wherof a man maie here and see,
 And smelle, and taste in his degree,
 And for to fele, and for to go
 It helpeth a man of both two:
 The wittes flue he vnderfongeth
 To kepe, as it to hym belongeth.
 The thirde stone in speciall
 By name is cleped Minerall,
 Whiche the mettals of euery myne
 Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne,
 And pureth hem by suche a wey,
 That all the vice goth awey
 Of rust, of stynke, and of hardnes:
 And whan thei ben of suche clenness,
 This mineral, so as I fynde,
 Transformeth all the fyrste kynde,
 And maketh hem able to conceiue
 Through his vertue, and receiue
 Both in substance and in figure
 Of golde and siluer the nature.
 For thei two ben thextremittees,
 To whiche after the proprietees
 Hath euery metall his desire,
 With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
 Forth with this stone, as it is saide,
 Whiche to the soune and moone is laide:
 For to the redde, and to the white
 This stone hath power to profite.
 It maketh multiplicacion
 Of gulde, and the fixation
 It causeth, and of his habite
 He doth the werke to be parfite
 Of thilke Elixer, whiche men call
 Alconomy, as is befall
 To hem, that whilome were wise.
 But now it stant all otherwise.
 Thei speken faste of thilke stone,
 But howe to make it, nowe wote none,
 After the southe experience.
 And netheles great diligence
 Thei setten vp thilke dede,
 And spillen more than thei spede.
 For alway thei fynde a lette,
 Whiche bringeth in pouertee and dette
 To hem, that riche were tofore;
 The losse is had, the lucre is lore:
 To get a pounce thei spenden flue,
 I not how suche a crafte shall thriue,
 In the maner as it is used,
 It were better be refused,
 Than for to worchen vpon wene
 In thyng, whiche stant not as thei wene
 But not for thy who that it knewe,
 The science of hym selfe is trewe,
 Upon the forme, as it was founden,
 Wherof the names yet be grounden
 Of hem, that first it founden out:
 And thus the fame goth all about
 To suche as soughten besines
 Of vertue, and of worthines,
 Of whom if I the names call,
 Hermes was one the first of all.

To whom this arte is mooste applied:
 Geber therof was magnified,
 And Ortolan, and Morien,
 Amonge the whiche is Auicen,
 Whiche fonde and wrote a great partie
 The practike of Alconomie:
 Whose bokes plainly, as thei stonde
 Upon this crafte, fewe vnderstonde.
 But yet to put hem in assaie,
 There ben full many nowe a daie,
 That knowen littall what thei mene,
 It is not one to wite, and wene.
 In forme of wordes thei it trete,
 But yet thei failen of beyete.
 For of to muche, or of to lite,
 There is algate founde a wite:
 So that thei folowe not the line
 Of the perfecte medicine,
 Whiche grounded is vpon nature:
 But thei that writen the scripture
 Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
 Thei were of suche auctoritee,
 That thei first founden out the way
 Of all that thou hast herde me sey.
 Whereof the cronike of her lore
 Shall stonde in price for euermore.
 But towarde our marches here
 Of the Latins, if thou wilt here
 Of hem that whilom vertuous
 Were, and therto laborious,
 Carment made of hir engine
 The first letters of latine,
 Of whiche the tonge romayn came,
 Whereof that Aristarcus name,
 Forth with Donat, and Didymus
 The fyrate rule of sehole, as thus,
 Howe that latine shall be compowned,
 And in what wise it shall be sowned,
 That euery worde in his degree
 Shal stonde vpon congruitee.
 And thilke time at Rome also
 Was Tullius Cicero,
 That writeth vpon Rethorike,
 How that men shulde her wordes pike
 After the forme of eloquence,
 Whiche is, men seine, a great prudence.
 And after that out of hebrewe
 Jerome, whiche the langage knewe,
 The Bible, in whiche the lawe is closed,
 In to latine he hath transposed.
 And many an other writer eke
 Out of Caldee, Arabe, and Greke,
 With great labour the bokes wise
 Translateden, and otherwise
 The latins of hem selfe also
 Her study at thilke tyme so
 With great trauaile of schole toke
 In sondry forme for to loke,
 That we maie take her euidence
 Upon the lore of the science
 Of craftes bothe, and of clergie,
 Amonge the whiche in poesie
 To the loners Ouide wrote
 And taught, if loue be to hote,
 In what maner it shulde akele.
 For thy my sonne if that thou fele,
 That loue wrynge the to sore,
 Beholde Ouide, and take his lore.
 My father if thei might spede,
 My loue, I wolde his bokes rede,

And if they techen to restréyne
 My loue, it were an idell payne
 To lerne a thyng, whiche mai not bee,
 For liche vnto the grene tree,
 If that men take his roote awie:
 Right so myn herte shulde deie,
 If that my loue be withdrawe,
 Whereof touchende vnto this sawe
 There is but onely to pursewe
 My loue, and idelshipp eschewe.

My good sonne sooth to seye,
 If there be siker any weye
 To loue, thou hast saide the best.
 For who that woll haue all his rest,
 And do no trauaile at nede,
 It is no reason that he spede,
 In loues cause for to wyne.
 For he, whiche dare nothyng begynne,
 I not what thyng he shulde acheue.
 But ouer this thou shalte beleue,
 So as it sit the well to knowe,
 That there ben other vices slowe,
 Whiche vnto loue do great lette,
 If thou thyn herte vpon hem sette.

Perdit homo causam linquens sua iura sopori,
 Et quasi dimidium pars sua mortis habet.
 Est in amore vigil Venus, et que habet vigilantia,
 Obsequium thalamis fert vigilata suis.

Hic loquitur de Somnolentia, quæ Accidie Came-
 raria dicta est, cuius natura semimortua alicui-
 us negotii vigilias obscurari soporifero torpore
 recusat, vnde quatenus amorem concernit Con-
 fessor Amanti diligentius opponit.

TOWARDE the slowe progenie
 There is yet one of oompanie,
 And he is cleped Somnoience,
 Whiche dothe to slouth his reuerence,
 As he whiche is his chamberlein,
 That many an honderde tyme hath lein
 To slepe, when he shulde wake.
 He hath with loue truce take,
 That wake who so wake will,
 If he maie couche adowne his bill,
 He hath all wowed what hym list,
 That ofte he goth to bedde vnkist,
 And saith, that for no druerie
 He woll not leue his sluggardie.

For though no man wold it allowe,
 To slepe leuer than to wowe
 Is his maner, and thus on nightes
 When he seeth the lusty knightes
 Reuelen, where these women are,
 Awey he skulketh as an hare,
 And gothe to bed, and leyth hym softe,
 And of his slouth he dremeth ofte,
 How that he stickeh in the mire,
 And howe he sitteth by the fire,
 And claweth on his bare skankes,
 And howe he clymeth vp the banckes,
 And falleth in the slades depe.
 But then who so take kepe,
 When he is falle in suche a dreme,
 Right as a ship against the streme
 He routeth with a slepie noyse,
 And broustleth as a monkes froyse,
 When it is throwe in to the panne,
 And otherwhile selde whanne

That he maie dreme a lustie sweenc,
 Hym thinketh as though he were in heuen:
 And as the world were holly his.
 And than he speaketh of that and this,
 And maketh his expositcion
 After his disposicion,
 Of that he wold, and in suche wise
 He dothe to loue all his seruise.
 I not what thonke he shall deserue.
 But sonne if thou wolte loue serue,
 I rede that thou do not so.

A good father certes no,
 I had leauer by my trouth,
 Er I were sette on suche a slouth,
 And beare suche a slepye snoute,
 Bothe eien of my head were out.
 For me were better fully die,
 Than I of suche sluggardie
 Had any name, god me shilde.
 For whan my mother was with childe,
 And I lay in her wombe close,
 I wolde rather Atropos,
 Whiche is goddesse of all death,
 Anone as I had any breath,
 Me had fro my mother cast.

But nowe I am nothyng agast,
 I thanke god: for Lacheis,
 Ne Cloto, whiche hir felawe is,
 Me shopen no suche destinee,
 Whan thei at my natuities
 My werdes setten as thei wolde.
 But thei me shopen that I sholde
 Eschewe of slepe the truandise,
 So that I hope in suche a wise
 To loue for to ben excused,
 That I no sompnolence haue vsed,

For certes father Genius,
 Yet vnto nowe it hath be thus
 At all tyme if it befelle,
 So that I might come and dwelle
 In place there my lady were,
 I was not alowe ne slepye there.
 For than I dare well vndertake,
 That whan hir list on nightes wake
 In chambre as to carole and danche,
 Me thinke I maie me more auance
 If I may gone vpon hir bonde,
 Then if I wyne a kynges bonde.
 For whan I maie hir honde beclip,
 With suche gladnes I danche and skip,
 Me thinketh I touche not the floore.
 The Ro, whiche renneth on the moore
 Is than nought so light as I.
 So mowe ye witten all for thy,
 That for the tyme slepe I hate,
 And whan it falleth other gate,
 So that hir liketh not to danche,
 But on the dyes to caste a chaunce,
 Or aske of loue some demaunde,
 Or els that hir list commaunde
 To rede and here of Troilus,
 Right as she wolde, so or thus,
 I am all redie to consent.
 And if so is, that I maie hent
 Somtyme amonge a good leysur,
 So as I dare of my desire,
 I telle a part: but whan I prais,
 Anone she biddeth me go my weye,
 And saith: it is ferre in the night,
 And I swere, it is euan light.

But as it falleth at laste,
 There may no worldes ioye last,
 So mote I nedes fro hir wende,
 And of my watche make an ende.
 And if she than hede toke,
 Howe pitousliche on hir I looks,
 Whan that I shall my leue take,
 Hir ought of mercy for to slake
 Hir daunger, whiche saith euer naie.

But he seith often, Haue good daie,
 That lothe is for to take his leue.
 Therefore while I maie beleue,
 I tary forth the night alonge.
 For it is nought on me alonge,
 To slepe, that I soone go,
 Till that I mote algate so.
 And than I bidde, god hir see,
 And so downe knelende on my knee,
 I take leue, and if I shall,
 I kisse hir, and go forth withall.
 And other while, if that I dore,
 Er I come fully at dore,
 I tourne ayene, and feigne a thyng,
 As though I had lost a ryng,
 Or somewhat els, for I wolde
 Kisse hir eftsoone, if I shulde.
 But selden is, that I so spede.
 And whan I see, that I mote nede
 Departe, I departe, and than
 With all my herte I curse and banne,
 That euer slepe was made for eye.
 For as me thinketh I might drie
 Without slepe to waken cuer,
 So that I shulde not disseuer
 Fro hir, in whom is all my light.
 And than I curse also the night,
 With all the will of my courage,
 And saie, Away thou blacke image,
 Whiche of thy derke cloudie face
 Makest all the worldes light deface,
 And causeth vnto slepe awaye,
 By whiche I mote nowe gone awaye
 Out of my ladies companie.

O slepy night I the defie,
 And wolde that thou lay in presse
 With Proserpine the goddess,
 And with Pluto the belle kyng.
 For till I se the daie springe,
 I sette slepe nought at a risse.
 And with that worde I sigh and wishe,
 And saie: A why ne were it daie.
 For yet my lady than I maie
 Beholde, though I do no more.
 And este I thinke fortbermore,
 To some man howe the night doth ease,
 Whan he hath thyng, that may hym please
 The longe night by his side,
 Where as I faie, and go beside.
 But slepe, I not wherof it serueth,
 Of whiche no man his thanke deserueth
 To get hym loue in any place,
 But is an hynder of his grace,
 And maketh hym dead as for a throwe,
 Right as a stocke were ouerthrowe.
 And so my fader in this wise
 The slepy nightes I despise:
 And euer a middes of my tale
 I thinke vpon the nightyngale,
 Whiche slepeth not by wey of kynde
 For loue, in bokes as I fynde.

Thus at laste I go to bedde;
 And yet myn herte lieth to wedde
 With hir, where as I cam fro,
 Though I departe, he woll not so,
 There is no locke maie shet hym oute,
 Hym nedeth nought to gone aboute,
 That perce maie the harde wall.
 Thus is he with hir ouerall
 That be hir leef, or be loth,
 In to hir bed myn herte goth:
 And softly taketh hir in his arme,
 And feleth howe that she is warme,
 And wissheth that his body wers
 To fele, that he feleth there.

And thus my seifen I torment,
 Tyll that the dead slepe me hent.
 But than by a thousand score,
 Wel more than I was tofore
 I am tormented in my slepe:
 But that I dreme is not on shepe,
 For I ne thynke nought on wull,
 But I am dretched to the full
 Of loue, that I haue to kepe:
 That nowe I laugh and nowe I wepe,
 And nowe I lese and nowe I wynue,
 And nowe I ende, and nowe beginne:
 And other while I dreme, and mete,
 That I alone with hir mete,
 And that daunger is lefte behynde:
 And than in slepe suche ioye I fynde,
 That I ne bede neuer awake.

But after, when I hede take,
 And shall arise vpon the morowe,
 Than is all torned in to sorowe:
 Nought for the cause I shall arise,
 But for I mette in suche a wise.
 And at laste I am bethought,
 That all is vaine, and helpeth nought.
 But yet me thynketh by my wille,
 I wold haue ley and slepe stille,
 To meten euer of suche a sweuen.
 For than I had a slepie heuen.

CONFESSOR.

My soone and for thou tellest so,
 A man maie finde of tyme a go,
 That many a sweuen hath be certeyn,
 All be it so, that som men seyn,
 That sweuens ben of no credence:
 But for to shewe in euidence,
 That they full ofte soth thynges
 Be token, I thynke in my wrytinges
 To telle a tale therupon,
 Whiche felle by old dayes gone.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter somnia prenostice
 veritatis quandoque certitudinem figurant. Et
 narrat, quod cum Ceix rex Troceni pro reforma-
 tione fratris sui Dedalionis in ascipitrem trans-
 mutati peregre proficiscens in mari longius a
 patria dimersus fuerat, Iuno mittens Iridem
 nanciam suam in partes Chimerie ad domum
 somni iussit, quod ipse Alcione dicti regis vxori
 huius rei euentum per somnia certificaret. Quo
 facto Alcione rem perscrutans corpus mariti
 sui, ubi super finctus mortuus iactabatur, in-
 uenit: que pro dolore angustata cupiens corpus
 amplectere, in altum mare super ipsum prosiliit,
 vnde dii miseri amborum corpora in aues, que

adhuc Alciones diote sunt, subito conuertuntur.

THIS fynde I writte inn poesie,
 Ceyx the kyng of Troceni
 Had Alceon to his wyfe,
 Whiche as hir owne hertes lyfe
 Hym loueth, and he had also
 A broder, whiche was cleped tho
 Dedalion, and he par cas,
 Fro kynde of man forshape was
 In to a goshaue of likenes,
 Whereof this kyng great heauinesse
 Hath take: and thought in his courage
 To gone vpon a pilgremage
 In a strange region,
 Where he bath his deuocion
 To done his sacrifice, and preye,
 If that he might in any weye
 Towardes the goddes fynde grace,
 His broders hele to purchase,
 So that he might be reformed,
 Of that he had ben transformed.
 To this purpose, and to this ende,
 This kyng is redy for to wende:
 As he whiche wold go by ship,
 And for to done hym feiauship,
 His wife vnto the sea hym brought
 With all hir herte, and bym besought,
 That he the tyme hir wolde seyne,
 Whan that he thought come ageyne.

Within, he saith, two monethes daie.
 And thus in all the harte he maie
 He toke his leue, and forth he sailleth.
 Wepend and she hir self bewaileth,
 And torneth home there she cam fro.

But when the monethes were ago,
 The whiche he set of his conynges,
 And that she herd no tydynges,
 There was no care for to seche,
 Whereof the goddes to beseche
 Tho she began in many wise,
 And to Iuno hir sacrifice
 Aboue all other moste she dede,
 And for hir lorde she hath so bede,
 To witte and knowe howe that he ferde,
 That Iuno the goddes hir herde
 Anone, and vpon this matere
 She badde Iris hir massager,
 To Slepes hous that she shall wende,
 And byd hym, that he make an ende
 By sweue, and shewen all the cas
 Unto this ladie, howe it was.

This Iris for the highe stage
 (Whiche vnder take hath the message)
 Hir reinie cope dyd vpon,
 The whiche was wonderly begone
 With colours of dyuers hewe,
 An honderd mo than men it knewe,
 The heuen lyche vnto a bowe
 She bende, and she cam downe lowe,
 The god of slepe where that she fonde,
 And that was in a strange londe,
 Whiche marcheth vpon Chimerie.
 For there, as seith the poesie,
 The god of slepe hath made his hous,
 Whiche of entaylle is meruailous.

Under a hille there is a caue,
 Whiche of the sonne maie not haue,
 So that no man maie knowe aright
 The poynt betwens the daie and night

There is no fyre, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, whiche maie charke,
Wherof an eie shulde vnshet,
So that inward there is no let.

And for to speke of that withoute,
There stant no great tree nigh aboute,
Wheron there might crowe or pie
Alight? for to clepe or cria.

There is no cocke to crowe daie,
Ne best none, whiche noise maie
The hyll, but all aboute rounde
There is growend vpon the grounde

Popie, whiche beareth the weds of slepe,
With other herbes suche an hepe.
A still water for the nones
Rennend vpon the small stones,
Whiche hight of Lethes the riuier,
Under that hille in suche maner
There is, whiche yeueth great appetite
To slepe, and thus full of delite
Slepe hath his hous. And of his couche
Within his chamber if I shall touche,
Of Hebenus that slepie tree
The bordes all aboute bee.

And for he shuld slepe softe,
Upon a fether bed alofte
He lieth, with many a pylow of downe.
The chambre is strowed vp and downe
With sweuens many a thousande folde.

Thus came Iris in to this holde,
And to the bed, whiche is all blacke
She goth, and ther with slepe she spake,
And in this wise as she was bede,
The massage of Iuno she dede.
Full ofte hir worde she reherseth,
Er she his slepie eares perseth.
With mocheill wo but at laste
His slomerend eies he vpcaste,
And said hir, that it shall be do.
Wherof amonge a thousande tho
Within his hous, that slepie were
In speciall he chese out there
Three, whiche shuiden do this dede.

The first of hem, so as I rede,
Was Morpheus, the whose nature
Is for to take the fygure
Of that person, that hym liketh,
Wherof that he full ofte entriketh
The lyfe, whiche slepe shall by night.
And Ithecus that other hight,
Whiche hath the voice of euery soune,
The chere and the condicioun
Of eucry life what so it is.

The thirde sewende after this,
Is Panthasas, whiche maie transforme
Of euery thyng the right forme,
And change it in an other kynde.
Upon hem three, so as I fynde,
Of sweuens stant all thapparence,
Whiche other while is euidence,
And other while but a iape,
But netheles it is so shape,
That Morpheus by night allone
Appereth vntill Alceone,
In lyknesse of hir husbunde,
All naked dead vpon the stronde.
And how he dreint in speciall
These other two it shewn all,
The tempest of the blacke clowde,
The woode sea, the wyndes lowde,

All this she met, and seeth hym diens?
Wherof that she began to crie
Slepnd a bedde there she laie,
And with that noise of hir afaire,
Hir women sterten vp aboute,
Whiche of hir ladie were in doubt,
And asken hir, howe that she ferde.
And she, right as she sigh and herde,
Hir sweuen hath tolde hem euery dele.
And thei it halsen all wele,
And seyn, it is a token of good.
But till she wist howe that it stooed,
She hath no comfort in hir herte.

Upon the morowe and vp she sterte,
And to the sea (where as she mette
The bodie laie) without lette
She drough: and when that she cam nigh,
Starke dead his armes sprade she sight
Hir lorde, fletende vpon the wawe:
Wherof hir wittes be withdrawe,
And she whiche toke of death no kepe,
Anone forth lepte in to the depe,
And woulde haue caught hym in hir arme.
This infortune of double harme

The goddes from the heuen aboue
Beheld, and for the trouthe of loue,
Whiche in this worthe ladie floode
Thei haue vpon the salt floode,
Hir dreint lorde and hir also
For deth to life torned so,
That thei ben shapen in to briddes
Swimmend vpon the wawe amidde.
And when she sawe hir lorde lyuend
In lyknesse of a birde swymende,
And she was of the same sorte,
So as she might do disports
Upon the ioie, whiche she had
Hir wings both abroad she sprad,
And hym both so as she maie suffice,
Beclipte and kiste in suche a wise,
As she was whilome wont to do,
Hir wings for hir armes tho
She toke, and for hir lippes softe
Hir harde hille, and so full ofte
She fondeth in hir birdes forme,
If that she might hir selfe couforme
To do the plesance of a wife,
As she did in that other life.

For though she had hir power lore,
Hir wille stode, as it was tofore,
And serueth hym so as she maie,
Wherof in to this ylke daie
To geder vpon the sea thei wonne,
Where many a daughter and sonne
Tbei bringen forth of byrdes kynde.
And for men shuiden take in mynde
This Alceon the trewe quene,
Hir briddes yet as it is sene,
Of Alceon the name beare.

Lo thus my sonne it maie the stere
Of sweuens for to take kepe.
For oft tyme a man a slepe
Maie se, what after shall betide.
For thy it helpeth at some tide
A man to slepe as it belongeth:
But slouthe no life vnderfongeth,
Whiche is to loue appertenant
My fader vpon the coueuant
I dare well make this sauowe,
Of all my life in to nowe,

Als ferforth as I can vnderstonde,
 Yet toke I neuer slepe on houde,
 What it was tyme for to wake.
 For though myn eie it wolde take,
 Myn herte is euer there agayne.
 But netheles to speake it playne,
 All this that I haue sayde you here,
 Of my wakyng, as ye maie here,
 It toucheth to my lady swete.
 For other wise I you bihete,
 In straunge place whan I go,
 Me lyst no thyng to wake so.
 For whan the women lysten plaie,
 And I hir se not in the waie,
 Of whome I shulde myrthe take,
 Me list not longe for to wake,
 But if it be for pure shame,
 Of that I wolde eschewe a name,
 That thei ne shuld haue cause none
 To seie, A lo where suche one,
 That hath forlore his countenance.
 And thus amonge I syng and daunce
 And feigne lust, there none is.
 For ofte ayth I fele this
 Of thought, whiche in mine herte falleth,
 Whan it is night myn heade appalleth:
 And that is for I see hir nought,
 Whiche is the waker of my thought.
 And thus as tymelicly as I maie
 Fall ofte, whan it is brode daie,
 I take of all these other leue,
 And go my way: and thei beleue,
 That seen per cas her louses there,
 And I go forth as nought ne were
 Unto my bed, so that alone
 I maie there ligge sigh and grone,
 And wisben all the longe night,
 Tyll that I see the daies light:
 I uot if that be sompnolesse,
 But vpon your conscience
 Myn holy fader demeth ye.
 My sonne I am well payd with the
 Of slepe, that thou the sluggardie
 By nights in lones companie
 Eschewe hast, and do thy peyne
 So, that thy loue dare not pleyne.
 For loue vpon his lust wakende
 Is euer, and wold that none ende,
 Wherof the longe night is sette,
 Wherof that thou beware the bette,
 To telle a tale I am bethought,
 Howe loue and slepe scorden nought.

Hic dicit, quod vigilia in amantibus, et non somnolentia laudanda est. Et ponit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno silentio Auroram amicam suam diligentius amplectens, Solem et Lunam interpellabat, videlicet quod sol in circulo ab oriente distantiori currum cum luce sua retardaret, et quod Luna sphaera sua longissima orbem circueus, noctem continuaret, ita ut ipsum Cephalum amplexibus Aurore volutum priusquam dies illucesceret suis delitiis adquiescere diutius permittere dignarentur.

For loue who that lust to wake
 By night, he maie exmple take
 Of Cephalus, whan that he laie
 With Aurora the swete maie
 n armes all the longe night.
 But whan it drough towarde the lyght,

That he within his herte se
 The daie, whiche was the morowe nie,
 Anone vnto the sonne he pruide,
 For luste of loue: and thus he saide:
 O Phebus, whiche the daies light
 Gouvernest tyll that it be night,
 And gladdest euery creature
 After the lawe of thy nature,
 But netheles there to a thyng,
 Whiche onliche to thy knowlechyng
 Belongeth as in primitiee
 To loue, and to his dutee,
 Whiche asketh not to be a pert,
 But in scilence, and in couert
 Desyr th for to be heshaded:
 And thus whan that the light is faded,
 And vesper sheweth hym alofte
 And that the night is longe and softe
 Under the loudes derke and stille.
 Than hath this thyng most of his wille.
 For thy vnto thy mightes hie,
 As thou, whiche art the daies eie
 Of lone and might no counseyl hyde,
 Upon this derke nightes tide
 With all myn herte I the besече,
 That I plesance might seche
 With hir, whiche lyeth in mayn armes,
 Withdrawe the baner of thyn armes,
 And lete thy lightes ben vborne,
 And in the signe of Capricorne
 The hous approped to Saturne,
 I preie the, that thou wolt soiourne
 Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
 For I my loue haue vnderfonge,
 Whiche lieth here by my side naked,
 As she whiche wolde ben awaked,
 And me list no thyng for to slepe:
 So were it good to take kepe
 Nowe at this nede of my praier,
 And that the like for to stere
 Thy fryre carte, and so ordeine,
 That thou thy swift hors restraine
 Lowe vnder erthe in occident,
 That thei toward thorient
 By cercle go the longe weie.
 And eke to the Diane I preie,
 Which cleped art of thy noblesse
 The nightes moone, and the Goddessse,
 That thou to me be gracious,
 And in Cancro thyn own hous,
 Ayeue Phebus in opposite
 Stoud at this time, and of delite
 Beholde Venus with a gladde eie.
 For than vpon Astronomie
 Of due constellation,
 Thou makest prolificacion,
 And dost that children ben begete,
 Whiche grace if that I might gete,
 With all myn herte I wold serue
 By nyght, and thy vigille obserue.
 Lo thus this lustie Cephalus
 Praied vnto Phebe, and to Phebus,
 The night in lengthe for to drawe,
 So that he might do the lawe
 In thilke poynt of louses heate,
 Whiche cleped is the nightes feste,
 With outen slepe of sluggardie,
 Whiche Venus out of companie
 Hath put away, as thilke same,
 Whiche lustles fer from game

In chambre doth full ofte wo
A bedde when it falleth so,
That loue shulde ben awaited,
But sloutbe, whiche is euill affaited
With slepe hath made his retenue,
That what thyng is to loue due,
Of all his dette he paieth none,
He wote not howe the nygt is gone,
Ne howe the daie is come aboute,
But onely for to slepe and route,
Till high middaie, that he arise.
But Cephalus did otherwise,
As thou my sonne hast herd aboue.

My fader who that hath his loue
A bedde naked by his side,
And wold than his eien hide
With slepe, I not what man is he.
But certes as touchend of me;
That felle me neuer yet er this.
But other while wban so is,
That I maie catche slepe on honde
Lyggend slone, than I fonde
To dreme a mery sweuen er daie.
And it so falle, that I maie
My thought with suche a swēuen please,
Me thynke I am somdele at ease.
For I none other comfort haue,
So nedeth nought that I shall craue
The Sonnes carte for to tarie
Ne yet the Moone that she carie
Hir cours a longe vpon the heuen.
For I am nought the more in euen
Towardes loue in no degree.
But in my slepe yet than I see
Somwhat in sweuen of that me liketh,
Whiche afterwarde myn herte entriketh,
Whan that I fynde it other wise:
So wote I not of what seruice
That slepe to mans ease dooth.

My sonne certes thou sayst sooth:
But onely that it helpeth kynde,
Somtyme in Phisike as I fynde,
Whan it is take by measure
But he whiche can no slepe measure
Upon the reule as it belongeth,
Full ofte of sudeine chance he fongeth,
Suche infortune, that hym greueth.

But who these olde bokes leueth,
Of somnolence howe it is writte.
There maie a man the soth witte,
If that he wolde ensample take,
That otherwhile is good to wake,
Wherof a tale in Poesie
I thynke for to specifie.

*Hic loquitor in amoris causa contra istos, qui
somnia dediti, ea que seruare tenentur,
amittunt, Et narrat quod cum Io puella pul-
cherrima a Iunone in vaccam transformata, et
in Argi custodiam sic depositam fuisse super-
ueniens Mercurius Argum dormientem occidit,
vt ipsam vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit,
secum perduxit.*

GUIDE telleth in his saies
Howe Jupiter by olde daies
Laie by a maide, whiche Io
Was cleped, wherof that Iuno
His wife was wrothe, and the goddessse
Of Io turned the likenesse

In to a Cowe to goe there bote
The large felde all aboute,
And get hir mete vpon the grene.
And therupon this highe queue
Betoke hir Argus for to kepe.
For he was seldon wonte to slepe:
And yet he had an hundred eyen,
And all aliche well thei syen.
Now herken how he was bagged
Mercurie whiche was all affiled
This Cowe to stele he came disguised,
And had a pipe well deuised
Upon the notes of musike,
Wherof he might his eres like.
And ouer that he had affaited
His lusty tales, and awaited
His time; and thus in to the felde
He came, where Argus he behelde
With Io, whiche beside hym went:
With that his pype anon he hent,
And gan to pipe in his manere
Thynge, whiche was slepie for to here,
And in his pipynge euer amonge
He tolde hym suche a lusty songe,
That he the fool hath brought a slepe,
There was none eie that might kepe
His heade, whiche Mercurie of smote,
And forth with all anone fote hote
He stale the cowe, whiche Argus kepte,
And all this fell for that he slepte.

Ensamble it was to many mo,
That mochele slepe doth ofte wo,
Whan it is time for to wake.
For if a man this vice take,
In somnolence and hym delite,
Men shulde vpon his dore write
His Epitaphe, and on his graue.
For he to spille, and nought to saue
Is shaped, as though he were deade.

For thy my sonne holde vp thin heade,
And let no slepe thyn eie engue,
But whan it is to reason due.

My fader as touchend of this,
Right so as I you tolde, it is,
That ofte a bedde, whan I sholde,
I maie not slepe though I wolde.
For loue is euer fast byme,
Whiche taketh none hede of due tyme.

For whan I shall myn eien cloe,
Anone my hert he woll oppose,
And hold his schole in suche a wise
Tyll it be daie that I arise:

That selde it is whan that I slepe.
And thus fro somnolence I kepe
Myn eie, and for thy if there bee

Ought elles more in this degree
Now aske forth. My sonne yis.
For slouth, whiche as moder is,
The fourth drawer and the Norice
To man of many a dredfull vice,
Hath yet another last of all,
Whiche many a man hath made to falle,
Where that he might neuer arise:
Wherof for thou the shalt auisse,
Er thou so with thy selfe misafare,
What vice it is I woll declare.

Nil fortuna iuuat, vbi desperatio ledit.

Quo desiccatur humor non viridescit humus.

Magnanimum sed amor spem ponit, et inde salutem.

Consequitur, quo ei prospera fata fauent.

Hic loquitur super vltima specie accidie, que Tristitia, siue desperacio dicitur, cuius obstinata condicio totius consolacionis spem deponeat ali-cuius remedij, quo liberari poterit, fortanquam si-bi euenire impossibile credit.

WHAN slouth doth all that he maie
To driue forth the longe daie
Till he become to the nede,
Than at last vpon the dede
He loketh howe his tyme is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
That he within his thought conceiueth
Tristesse, and so him selfe deceiueth,
That he wanhope bringeth iane,
Where is no comforte to beginne,
But euery ioye hym is delaied,
So that within his herte affraied
A thousande tyme with one breath
Wepende he wisabeth after death,
Whan he fortune fynt aduerse.
For than he woll his hope reherse,
As though his worlde were all forlore,
And saith, alas that I was bore,
How shall I liue? how shall I do?
For nowe fortune is thus my fo.
I wote well god me woll not helpe:
What shulde I than of ioye yelpe?
Where there no bote is of my care.
So ouercaste is my welfare
That I am shapen all to strife:
Alas that I nere of this life,
Er I be fulliche ouertake.
And thus he will his sorowe make,
As god him might not auaille:
But yet ne woll he not trauaile,
To helpe hym selfe at suche a nede,
But sloutheth vnder suche a drede,
Whiche is affermed in his herte:
Right as he might nough asterte
The worlde wo, whiche he is inne.
Also whan he is falle in synne,
Hym thynketh he is so far culpable,
That god woll not be merciable
So great a sinne to foryeue.
And thus he leneth to be sbrine.
And if a man in thilke throwe
Wold hym counseile, he wold not knowe
The soth, though a man it fynde.
For tristesse is of suche a kynde,
That for to maintene his folie
He hath with hym obstinacie,
Whiche is within of suche a slouth,
That he forsaketh all the trouthe,
And wooll to no reason bowe.
And yet he can not alowe
His owne skille, but of bede
Thus dwineth he, till he be dede,
In byndrynge of his owne estate.
For where a man is obstinate,
Wanhope falleth at laste,
Whiche maie not longe after laste,
Till slouth make of hym an ende.
But god wote whether he shall wende.
My sonne and right in suche manere
There be louers of heuie chere,
That sorowen more than is nede,
Whan they be taried of her spede,
And can not them selfe rede,
But lesen hope for to spede,

And stynten loue to parsewe.
And thus thei faden hyde and hewe,
And lustles in her hertes ware.
Herof it is, that I wolde are,
If thou my sonne art one of tho.

A good father it is so,
Out take o point I am beknowe.
For els I am ouerthrowe
In all that euer ys haue seide,
My sorowe is euermore vateide,
And sebeth ouer all my veynes.
But for to counsaile of my peines
I can no bote do therto.
And thus withoute hope I go:
So that my wittes ben empeiard,
And I am, as who saith dispeird
To winne loue of thilke swete,
Without whom, I you behete,
Myn herte, that is so bestadde,
Right inly neuer maie be gladd.
For by my trouth I shall not lie.
Of pure sorowe, whiche I drie,
For that she saith she will me nought,
With dretchyng of myn owne thought,
In suche a wanhope I am falle,
That I ne can vnethes calle,
As for to speke of any grace,
My ladies mercy to purchase.
But yet I saie nought for this,
That all in my defaute it is,
That I am neuer yet in stede,
Whan time was, that I me bede
Ne sayde, and as I durst tolde.
But neuer fonde I, that she wold
For ought she knewe of myn entent,
To speke a goodly worde assent.

And netheles this dare I saie,
That if a sinfull wolde prae
To god of his foryeuenes,
With halfe so great a besinesse,
As I haue do to my ladie,
In lacke of askyng of mercie,
He shulde neuer come in helle.
And thus I maie you soothly telle,
Saufe onely that I cri and bidde,
I am in tristesse all amide,
And fulfilled of desperance:
And therof yeue me my penance
Myn holy father, as you liketh.
My sonne of that thya herte siketh,
With sorowe might thou not amende,
Tyll loue his grace woll the sende.
For thou thyn owne cause empeiarest,
What tyme as thou thy selfe despeirest
I not what other thyng auaieth
Of bope, whan the herte failleth
For suche a sore is incurable:
And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man maie right well frede,
These olde bokes who so rede
Of thinge, whiche hath befalle er this.
Nowe here, of what ensample it is.

Hic narrat qualiter Iphis, regis Thencri filius, ob amorem cuiusdam puelle nomine Araxarathen, quam neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, desperans ante patris ipsius puelle ianuas noc-tanter se suspendit, vnde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem durissimam transmutarunt, quam rex Theucer vna cum filio suo apud Sala-

minam in Templo veneris pro perpetua memo-
ria sepeliri et locari fecit.

WHILOM by olde daies fer,
Of Mese was the kynge-Theucer,
Whithe had a knight to soine Iphis,
Of loue and he so maistred is,
That he hath set all his courage,
As to regarde of his lignage,
Upon a maide of lowe estate.
But though he were a potastate
Of worldes good, he was subiecte
To loue and put in suche a plite,
That he exceedeth the measure
Of reason, that hym self assure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The lasse loue on hym she layde.
He was with loue vnwise constraigned,
And she with reason was restraigned.
The lustes of his herte he seweth,
And she for drede, shame escheweth:
And as she shulde, toke good hede,
To saue and kepe hir womanhede.
And thus the thyng stode in debate
Betwene his lust, and hir estate.
He yaue, he sende, he spake by mouth.
But yet for ought that euer he couth
Unto his spede he fonde no weie:
So that he cast his hope awie,
Within his herte he gan despeyre
Fro daie to daie, and so empeire,
That he hath lost all his delite
Of lust, of slepe, of appetite,
That he through strength of loue passeth
His witte, and reason ouerpaseth:
As he whiche of his life ne rought,
His death vpon hym selfe he sought:
So that by night his weie he nam,
There wist none where he becam.
The night was derke, there shone no moone,
Tofore the gates he cam soone,
Where that this yonge maide was,
And with this wofull worde, alas
His deadly plaintes he began
So still, that there was no man
It herde: and than he saide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whose ordinance
Of loue, is euery mans chance.
Ye known all myn hole herte,
That I ue maie your bondes asterte.
On you is euer that I crie,
And you deigneth not to plie,
Ne towarde me your eare incline.
Thus for I see no medicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My death shall be in stede of hele
Ha thou my wofull ladie dere,
Whiche dwellest with thy father here,
And slepest in thy bedde at ease,
Thou wotest nothyng of my disease,
Howe thou and I be now vnmete,
A lorde, what sweuen shalt thou mete:
What dremes hast thou nowe on honde?
Thou slepest there, and I berde stonde.
Though I no death to the deserue,
Here shall I for thy loue sterue,
Here shall I a kyniges sonne die
For loue, and for no felonie.

Whether thou therof haue ioy or sorow,
Here shalt thou se me dead to morowe.
O harde herte abouen alle,
This death, whiche shall to me falle,
For that thou wolde not do me grace,
It shall be tolde in many place,
That I am dead for loue and trowth,
In thy default, and in thy slouth.
Thy daunger shall to many mo
Ensamble be for euermo,
When thei the wofull death recorde.

And with that worde he toke a corde,
With whiche vpon the gate tree
He hege him selfe, that was pitee.

The morow cam, the night is gone.
Men come out and see anone
Where that this yonge lorde was dede,
There was an hous without rede.
For no man knewe the cause whie,
There was wepyng, there was crie.

This maiden, whan she it herde,
And sigh this thyng howe it misferde:
Anone she wist what it ment,
And all the cause howe it went.
To all the worlde she tolde it out,
And preieth to hem, that were aboute
To take of hir the vengeance.
For she was cause of thilke chance,
Why that this kynges son is spilte:
She taketh vpon hir selfe the gilte,
And is all redie to the peine,
Whiche any man hir wolde ordeine.
But if any other wolde,
She saith, that hir selfe she sholde
Do wreche with hir owne honde,
Through out the worlde in euery londe,
That euery lyfe therof shall speke,
Howe she hir selfe it shulde wreke.
She wepeth, she crieth, she swouneth ofte,
She caste hir eien vp alofte,
And saide amonge full piteously:
O god, thou wost that it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beseine,
Ordeine so, that men maie seine
A thousande winter after this,
Howe suche a maiden did amis.
And as I did, do to me.
For I ne did no pitee
To hym, whiche for my loue is lore.
Do no pitee to me therfore.

And with this worde she fell to grounde
A swoune, and there she laie a stounde.

The goddes, whiche hir plaintes herde,
And sith how wofully she ferde,
Hir life thei toke away anone,
And shopen hir into a stone,
After the forme of hir image,
Of body both, and of visage.
And for the meruaile of this thyng
Unto the place came the kynge,
And eke the queene, and many mo:
And whan thei wisten it was so,
As I haue tolde it here aboue,
How that Iphis was deade for loue,
Of that he had be refused:
Thei helden all men excused,
And wondren vpon the vengeance.
And for to kepe remembraunce,
This fayre image maidenliche,
With companie noble and riche,

With torches, and great solemnitee,
To Salamine the Citee
They leade and carie forth withall
This deade corps, and seine it shall,
Besyde thilke image haue
His sepulture, and be begraue.
This corps and this image thus
In to the citee to Venus,
Where that goddesse hir temple had,
To gether bothe two thei laddes.
This ilke image as for a miracle,
Was set vpon an high pinnacle,
That all men it might knowe:
And vnder that thei maden lowe
A tombe riche for the nones
Of marble and eke of Jaspre stones,
Wherin that Iphis was beloken,
That euermore it shall be spoken,
And for men shall the sothe witte
Thei haue her epitaphé writte,
As thyng, whiche shulde abide stable,
The letters grauen in a table
Of marble were, and saide this:
Here lieth, whiche slough hym selfe, Iphis
For loue of Araxarthen.
And in ensample of the women,
That suffren men dien so,
Hir forme a man maie seen also,
Howe it is tourned fleshe and bone
In to the figure of a stone.
He was to nesse, and she to hardie.
Beware for thy here afterwarde
Yemen and women both two,
Ensampleth you of that was tho.

Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
It greneth by diners waie
In dispeire a man to falle,
Whiche is the last branche of all
Of slepe, as thou hast herde deuise,
Wherof that thou thy selfe auise,
Good is, er that thou be deceued,
Wher that the grace of hope is weiued.

My father howe so that it stonde,
Nowe haue I pleynly vnderstonde
Of slouthes courte the propertee,
Wherof touchende in my degree,
For euer I thinke to beware.
But ouer this so as I dare,
With all myn herte I you besече,
That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your apprise
In loue, als well as otherwise,
So that I maie me cleane shriue.

My sonne while thou arte aliue,
And hast also thy full mynde,
Amonge the vices, whiche I fynde,
There is yet one suche of the seuen,
Whiche all this worlde hath set vneuen,
And causeth many a wronge,
Where hē the cause hath vnderfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou shalt here
The forme bothe, and the matere.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Obstat auaritia naturæ legibus, et quæ
Largus amor poscit, strictius illa vetat.
Omne quod est nimium, vitiosum dicitur aurum,
Vellera sicut oues seruat auarus opes.

Non decet, vt soli seruabitur æs, sed amori
Debet homo solam solus habere suam.

Hic in quinto libro intendit Confessor tractare de auaritia, que omnium malorum radix esse dicitur, necnon de eiusdem vicii speciebus, et primum ipsius auaritie naturam describit.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

FVNSTE whan the highte god beganne
This worlde, and that the kynde of man
Was fal into no gret encres,
For worldes good was tho no pres,
But all was set to the commune.
Thei speken than of no fortune,
Or for to lese or for to winne
Till Auarice brought it in,
And that was whan the worlde was wore
Of man, of hors, of shepe, of ore,
And that men knewen the money:
Tho went pees out of the wey,
And werre came on euery side,
Whiche all loue leide aside,
And of common his propre made,
So that in stede of shouell and spade
The sharpe sworde was take on honde.
And in this wise it came to londe,
Wherof men made diches depe,
And high walles, for to kepe
The golde, whiche Auarice encloseth.
But all to littel hym supposeth,
Though he might all the worlde purchase.
For what thing, that he maie eubrace
Of golde, of catell, or of londe,
He let it neuer out of his honde,
But gette hym more, and halt it fast,
As though the worlde shulde euer laste.
So is he liche vnto the helle.
For as these olde bokes telle,
What cometh therin lasse or more,
It shall departe neuermore.
Thus whan he hath his cofer loken,
It shall not after ben vnstoken,
But whan he list to haue a sight
Of golde, Howe that it shineth bright,
That he theron maie loke and muse
For otherwise he dare not vse
To take his parte or lesse or more,
So is he poore, and ouermore
Hym lacketh, that he hath enough.
An ore draweth in the plough
Of that hym selfe hath no profite:
A shepe right in the same plite
His woll beareth, but on a daie
An other taketh the flees awaie.
Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath.
For he therof his parte ne tath.
To seie howe suche a man hath good,
Who so that reason vnderstooode
It is vnproperliche sayde:
That good hath hym, and halt him taide,
That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
But is vnto his good a thral,
And a subiecte thus serueth he:
Where that he shulde maister be.
Suche is the kynde of thauarous.

My sonne as thou art amorous,
Tell if thou fare of loue so,
My father as it semeth no,

That auarous yet neuer I was,
 So as ye setten me the cas.
 For as ye tolden here aboue,
 In full possession of loue
 Yet was I neuer here tofore:
 So that me thynketh well therfore
 I maie excuse well my dede.
 But of my wyll withouten drede,
 If I that treasour might gete,
 It shulde neuer be foryete,
 That I ne wolde it faste holde,
 Tyll god of loue hym selue wolde,
 That death vs shulde departe a two.
 For leueth well, I loue hir so,
 That euen with myn owne life,
 If I that swete lustie wife
 Might ones welden at my wille,
 For euer I wolde holde hir stille:
 And in this wise taketh kepe,
 If I hir had, I wolde hir kepe:
 And yet no fridaie wolde I fast,
 Though I hir kepe and helde fast.
 Fie on the bagges in the chist.
 I had enough, if I hir kyst.
 For certes if she were myne,
 I had hir leuer than a myne
 Of golde: for all this wordes ryche
 Ne might me make so riche,
 As she that is so inly good:
 I set nought of other good.
 For might I gette such a thyng,
 I had a treasour for a kyng.
 And though I wolde it fast holde,
 I were than well beholde.
 But I might pipe nowe with lasse,
 And suffre that it ouer passe,
 Not with my will, for thus I wolde
 Ben auarous, if that I sholde.
 But father I herde you sey,
 How the auarous hath yet some wey
 Wherof he maie be glad. For hee
 Maie, when hym list, his treasure see,
 And grope, and fele it all aboute:
 But I full ofte am shet theroute,
 There as my worthie treasour is.
 So is my life liche vnto this,
 That ye me tolden here to fore,
 Howe that an oxe his yoke hath bore
 For thyng that shulde hym not auaille:
 And in this wise I me trauaille.
 For who that euer hath the welfare,
 I wote well that I haue the care.
 For I am had, and nought ne haue,
 And am, as who saith, loues knaue.
 Nowe deme in your owne thought,
 If this be auarice or nought.
 My sonne I haue of the no wonder,
 Though thou to serue he put vnder
 With loue, whiche to kynde accordeth:
 But so as euery boke recordeth,
 It is to kynde no pleasance,
 That men aboute his sustenance,
 Unto the golde shall serue, and bowe.
 For that maie no reason auowe.
 But auarice netheles,
 If he maie getten his encrees
 Of golde, that wolde he serue and kepe.
 For he taketh of nought els kepe,
 But for to fylle his bagges large:
 And all is to hym but a charge.

For he ne parteth nought withall,
 But kepeth it as seruaunt shall.
 And thus though that he multiplie
 His golde, withoute treasorie
 He is, for man is nought amended
 With golde, but if it be dispended
 To mans vse, wherof I rede
 A tale, and take therof good hede,
 Of that befelle by olde tide,
 As telleth vs the clerke Ouide.

Hic loquitur contra istos auaros, et narrat qualiter
 Mida rex Frigie Silenum Bacchi sacerdotem,
 quem rustici vinculis ferreis alligarant dissoluit,
 et in hospicium suum benignissime recollegit:
 pro quo Bacchus quodcumque munus rex exi-
 gere vellet, donari concessit. Unde rex auari-
 tia ductus, vt quicquid tangeret, in aurum con-
 uerteretur, indiscrete petiit.

BACCHUS, whiche is the god of wine
 Accordant vnto his diuine
 A prest, the whiche Silenus hight,
 He had, and fell so, that by night
 This prest was drunke, and goth a stryde,
 Wherof the men were euill apayde
 In Frigelonde, where as he went.
 But at last a chorle hym hent
 With strength of other felawship:
 So that vpon his drunke ship
 They bounden hym with cheynes faste,
 And forth they lad hym also faste
 Unto the kyng, whiche hight Mide.
 But he that wolde his vice hide,
 This curteis kyng toke of hym hede
 And bad, that men shulde hym lede
 In to a chambre for to kepe,
 Till he of leyser had slepe.
 And thus this prest was soone vnbound,
 And vpon a couche fro the ground
 To slepe he was leyde soft enough.
 And when he woke, the kyng him drough
 To his presence, and did hym chere.
 So that this prest in suche manere,
 While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth,
 And all this be to Bacchus telleth.
 When that he cam to hym ageyne.
 And When that Bacchus hard seyne,
 How Mide hath done his curtesie,
 Hym thinketh, it were a vilanie,
 But he rewarde hym for his dede,
 So as he might of his godhede.
 Unto this kyng this god appereth,
 And clepeth, and that other hereth.
 This god to Mide thonketh fayre,
 Of that he was so debonayre
 Towarde his prest, and bad hym seye,
 What thyng it were, he wolde preye,
 He shulde it haue of wordes good.
 This kyng was glad, and stille stooode,
 And was of his askyng in doute,
 And all the worlde he casteth aboute,
 What thyng was best for his estate,
 And with hym selfe stode in debate
 Upon thre pointes, whiche I fynde,
 Ben leuest vnto mans kynde.
 The first of hem it is delite,
 The two ben worship and profite,
 And than he thought, if that I craue
 Delite, though I delite maie haue,

Delite shall passen in my age,
 That is no siker advantage.
 For every ioye bodily
 Shall ende in wo, delite for thy
 Woll I not chese. And if I worship
 Aske, and of the worlde lordship,
 This is an occupacion
 Of proude imaginacion,
 Whiche maketh an herte vaine within,
 There is no certaine for to winne.
 For lorde and knaue is all one wey,
 Whan thei be bore and wan thei dey.
 And if I profite aske wolde,
 I not in what maner I sholde
 Of worldes good haue sikernes.
 For every these vpon richesse
 Awaiteth, for to rrobe and stale:
 Suche good is cause of harmes fele.
 And also though a man at ones
 Of all the worlde within his wones
 The treasour might haue every dele:
 Yet had he but one mans dele
 Towarde hym selfe, so as I thinke,
 Of clothyng, and of meate and drinke.
 For more (out take vanitee)
 There hath no lorde in his degree.
 And thus vpon these poyntes diuerse
 Diuersly he gan reherce,
 What poynt hym thought for the beste.
 But playnly for to gette hym rest,
 He can no siker waie caste.
 And netheles yet at laste
 He fell vpon the couetise
 Of golde, and than in sundrie wise
 He thought, as I haue said tofore,
 How treasour maie be soone lore,
 And had an inly great desyre
 Touchende of suche reconere,
 Howe that he might his cause auayle,
 To get hym golde withouten faile.
 Within his herte and thus he preiseth
 The golde, and faith, how that he preiseth
 Abouen all other metall moste.
 The golde, he saith, maie lede an hoste
 To make werre ayene the kynge,
 The golde put vnder all thyng,
 And set in what hym list aboue:
 The golde can make of hate loue,
 And werre of pees: and right of wronge,
 And longe to shorte, and shorte to longe.
 Without golde maie be no fest:
 Golde is the lorde of man and best,
 And maie hem both bie and selle
 So that a man maie sothely telle,
 That all the worlde to golde obeieith.
 For thy this kynge to Baccus preith,
 To graunte him golde, but he excedeth
 Measure, more than hym nedeth.
 Men tellen, that the maladie,
 Whiche cleped is hydropsie,
 Resembled is vnto this vice.
 By waie of kynde of Auarice
 The more hydropsie drinketh,
 The more hym thirsteth: for him thynketh,
 That he maie neuer drinke his fille,
 So that there maie no thyng fulfill
 The lustes of his appetite,
 And right in suche a maner plite
 Stant euer Auarice, and euer stooode,
 The more he hath of worldes good,

The more he wolde it kepe streite,
 And euer more and more coueite.
 And right in suche condicion,
 Without good discrecion,
 This kynge with Auarice is smitte,
 That all the worlde it might wite.
 For he to Bacchus than preid,
 That wherupon his honde he leyd,
 It shulde through his touche anone
 Become golde: and therupon
 This god hym graunteth, as he badde.
 Tho was this kynge of Frige gladd,
 And for to put it in assaie,
 With all the hast that he maie,
 He toucheth that, he toucheth this:
 And in his hond all golde it is,
 The stone, the tree, the leaf, the gras,
 The floure, the fruite all golde it was.
 Thus toucheth he, while he maie laste
 To go: but hunger at laste
 Hym toke so, that he mote nede,
 By wey of kynde his hunger fede.
 The cloth was leid, the borde was set,
 And all was forth tofore hym set,
 His disse, his cup, his drink, his meate.
 But whan he wolde or drinke or eate,
 Anone as it his mouth cam nigte,
 It was all golde: and than he sighe
 Of Auarice the folie:
 And he with that beganne to crie,
 And preide Bacchus to foryeue
 His gylt, and suffer hym for to lyue,
 And be sucbe as he was tofore:
 So that he were nought forlore,
 This god, whiche herde of this greuance,
 Toke routhe vpon his repentance,
 And bad hym go forth redily
 Unto a flood was fast by,
 Whiche Paeole than bight:
 In whiche als fast as euer he might
 He shuld hym washe ouerall:
 And said hym than that he shall
 Recouer his first astate ageine.
 This kynge right as he herd seyn,
 In to the flood goth fro the londe,
 And weshe hym both foote and honde,
 And so forth all the remenant,
 As hym was set in couenant.
 And than he sigh meruailles strange,
 The flood his colour gan to change,
 The grauell with the small stones,
 To gold thei torne both attones:
 And he was quite of that he hadde:
 And thus fortune his chance ladde.
 And whan he sigh his touch away,
 He goth hym home the right wey,
 And liueth forth as he did er,
 And put all auarice a fer,
 And the riches of golde despiseth,
 And seith, that meate and cloth suffiseth.
 Thus hath this kynge experience,
 Howe fooles done the reuerence
 To golde, whiche of his owne kynde
 Is lasse worth than is the rynde,
 To sustenance of mans foode:
 And than he made lawes good,
 And all his thyng set vpon skille:
 He bede his people for to tille
 Her londe, and liue vnder the lawe.
 And that thei shuld also forthdrawe.

Bestail, and seche none encreas
 Of golde, whiche is the breche of pces
 For this a man maie fynde writte,
 To fore the time, er golde was smitte
 In coygne, that men the floren knewe,
 There was wel nighe no man vntrewe.
 Tho was there sheide ne speare,
 Ne deadly wepen for to beare.
 Tho was the towne withouten walle,
 Whiche nowe is closed ouer alle.
 Tho was there no brocage in londe,
 Whiche nowe taketh euery cause on bonde
 So maie men knowe, how the foreyn
 Was moder first of malengin,
 And bringer in of al werre,
 Wherof this world stant out of berre,
 Through the counsell of Auarice,
 Whiche of his owne propre vice
 Is as the helle wonderfull.
 For it maie neuermore be full;
 That what as euer cometh therinne,
 A wey ne maie it neuer winne.

But sonne myn do thou not so,
 Let all suche Auarice go,
 And take thy parte of that thou hast:
 I bid not that thou do wast,
 But holde largesse in his measure.
 And if thou see a creature,
 Whiche through pouert is falle in nede,
 Yeue hym some good: for this I rede
 To hym that woll not yeuen here,
 What payne he shall haue els where:
 There is a peyn amonge all
 Benethe in helle, whiche men calle
 The wofull payne of Tantalie,
 Of whiche I shall the redily
 Deuse howe men therin stonde.

In hell thou shalt vnderstonde,
 There is a flood of thiike office,
 Whiche serueth all for auarice:
 What man that stond shall therin,
 He stant vp euen to the chinne.

Above his hede also there hongeth
 A fruite whiche to that peine longeth:
 And that fruite toucheth euer in one
 His ouerlippe, and therupon
 Suche thirste and hunger hym assaileth,
 That neuer his appetite ne faileth.
 But whan he wolde his hunger fede,
 The frute withdraweth hym at nede:
 And though he heue his heds on high,
 The fruite is euer aliche nigh,
 So is the hunger well the more.
 And also though hym thurst sore,
 And to the water bowe a doune,
 The flood in suche condicion
 Auaileth, that his drinke areche
 He maie not. lo nowe whiche a wreche,
 That meate and drinke is hym so couth,
 And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
 Liche to the peines of this flood
 Stant Auarice in worldes good.
 He hath enough, and yet hym nedeth,
 For his scarcenes it hym forbedeth:
 And euer his hunger after more
 Trauaileth hym aliche sore:
 So is he peined ouerall,
 For thy thy goodes forth withall
 My sonne loke thou dispende,
 Wherof thou might thy selfe amende

Both here, and eke in other place,
 And also if thou wolte purchase
 To be beloued, thou must vse
 Largesse: for if thou refuse
 To yeue for thy loues sake,
 It is no reason that thou take
 Of loue, that thou woldest craue.
 For thy if thou wolt grace haue,
 Be gracious and do largesse:
 Of Auarice and the sekenesse
 Eschewe aboue all other thyng,
 And take insample of Mide the kyng,
 And of the flood of helle also,
 Where is enough of all wo.
 And though there were no matere,
 But onely that we fluden here;
 Men ought Auarice eschewe.
 For what man thiike vice sewe.
 He gete hym selfe but litell rest,
 For howe so that the body rest,
 The herte vpon the golde trauaileth,
 Whom many a nightes drede assaileth.
 For though he ligge a bed naked,
 His herte is cuermore awaked,
 And dremeth, as he lieth to slepe,
 How bewy that he is to kepe
 His tresour, that no thefe it stele:
 Thus bath he but a wofull wele.
 And right so in the same wise,
 If thou thy selfe wolt wele anise,
 There be louers of suche enowe,
 That wol vnto no reason bowe
 If so be thei come aboue,
 Whan thei ben maisters of her loue,
 And that thei shulden be moste gladd
 With loue, thei ben moste bertadde:
 So fayn thei wolde it holden all,
 That her herte, her eie is ouerall,
 And wenen euery man be thefe,
 To stele away that hem is lefe.
 Thus through her owne fantasia
 Thei fallen in to Jelousie.

Than hath the ship to broke his cable,
 With euery wynde and is menable.

My fader for that ye nowe telle,
 I haue herde oft tyme telle,
 Of Jelousie, but what it is,
 Yet vnderstod I neuer er this.
 Wherfore I wolde you besече,
 That ye me wolde informe and teche,
 What maner thyng it might bee.

My sonne-that is harde to see.
 But netheles as I haue herde,
 Now herken, and thou shalt be answerde.

Nota de Zelotipia, cuius fantastica suspitio amorem quamuis fidelissimum multotiens sine causa corruptum imaginatur.

AMONGE the men lacke of manhod
 In mariage, vpon wifehode
 Maketh that a man him selfe deceiueth:
 Wherof it is, that he conceiueth,
 That like vneasy maladie,
 The whiche is cleped Jelousie:
 Of whiche if I the propertee
 Shall telle, after the nicetee,
 So as it worcheth on a man,
 A feuer it is cotidian,

Whiche enery date wol come aboute,
 Where so a man be in or oute.
 At home if that a man woll wonne,
 This feuer is than of comon wonne
 Most greuous in a mans eie.
 For than he maketh hym tote and prie,
 Where so as euer his loue go,
 She shall not with hir litell to
 Misteppe, but he seeth it all:
 His eie is walkend ouerall.
 Where that she syng, or that she daunce,
 He seeth the lest countenance,
 If she loke on a man a side,
 Or with hym rowne at any tide,
 Or that she laugh, or that she loure,
 His eie is there at euery houre.
 And whan it draweth to the night,
 If she than be without light,
 Anone is all the game shente.
 For than he set his parliament
 To speake it whan he cometh to bed,
 And saith: if I were nowe to wed,
 I wolde neuer haue wife.
 And so he torneth in to strife
 The luste of loues dutee,
 And all vpon diuersitee.
 If she be fresshe, and well araid,
 He saith hir baner is displaid
 To clepe in guesstes by the weie.
 And if she be not well besieid,
 And that hir list not to be gladde,
 He beareth ou honde that she is madde,
 And loueth not hir husbonde.
 He saith, he maie well vnderstonde,
 That if she wolde his companie,
 She shuld than afore his eie
 Shewe all the pleasure that she might.
 So that by daie ne by night
 She not what thyng is for the beste,
 But liueth out of all rest.
 For what as euer hym liste to seyn,
 She dare not speke o worde ageyn,
 But wepeth, and holt hir lippes close.
 She maie welle writte, Sance repose
 The wife, whiche is to suche one maried,
 Of all women be he waried,
 For with his feuer of ielousie,
 His eche daies fantasie
 Of sorowe is euer aliche grene,
 So that there is no loue sene,
 While that him list at home abide.
 And whan so is he woll out ride,
 Than hath he redie his aspie
 Abiding in hir companie,
 A iangler, an euil mouthebed one,
 That she ne maie no whither gone,
 Ne speke one worde, ne ones loke.
 But he ne woll it wende, and croke,
 And torne after his owne entent,
 Though she no thyng but honour ment:
 Whan that the lorde cometh home ageyne,
 The iangler must somewhat seyn.
 So what without, and what withinne,
 This feuer is euer to begynne.
 For where he cometh he can not ende,
 Till death of hym hath made an ende.
 For though so be, that he ne here,
 Ne se, ne witte in no manere,
 But all honoure and womanbede,
 Therof the Jelous taketh none hede:

But as a man to loue vnkynde,
 He cast his staffe and as the blinde,
 And firt defaulte, where is none.
 As who so dremeth on a stone
 Howe he is leyde, and groneth ofte.
 Whan he lieth on his pilowe softe.
 So is there nought but strife and chest,
 Whan loue shulde make his fast.
 It is great thyng if he hir kisse,
 Thus hath she lost the nightes blisse.
 For at suche tyme he grutcheth euer,
 And bereth on honde, there is a leuer,
 That she wolde another were
 In stede of hym abedde there.
 And with the wordes, and with mo
 Of Jelousie, he torneth hir fro,
 And lieth vpon that other side.
 And she with that draweth hir aside,
 And there she wepeth all the night.
 A to what peine she is dign.
 That in hir youth hath so be set
 The bonde, whiohe maie not ben vnkent
 I wote the tyme is ofte cursed,
 That euer was the golde vnposed,
 The whiche was layd vpon the boke,
 Whan that all other she forsok
 For loue of hym, but all to late
 She plaineth: for as than algate.
 She mote forbear, and to hym bowe,
 Though he ne woll it nought allowe.
 For man is lorde of thilke feyre:
 So maie the woman but euppeyre,
 If she speke ought agin his wille
 And thus she bereth her payne stille.
 But if this Feuer a woman take,
 She shall be well more harde shake.
 For though she both see and here,
 And fynde, that there is no matere,
 She dare hut to hir selfe pleyne:
 And thus she suffreth double payne,
 Lo thus my sonne, as I haue writte,
 Thou might of Jelowsie witte
 His feuer, and his condicion.
 Whiche is full of suspencion.
 But wherof that this feuer groweth,
 Who so these olde bokes troweth,
 There maie he fynde howe it is.
 For thei vs teche, and telle this,
 Howe that this feuer of Jelousie
 Somdele it groweth of sotie
 Of loue, and somdele of vtrust.
 For as a sicke man leat his lust,
 And whan he maie no sauour geate,
 He hateth than his owne meate.
 Right so this feuerous maladie,
 Whiche caused is of fantasie,
 Maketh the Jelous in feble plite,
 To lese of louc his appetite
 Through feigned informacion
 Of his imaginacion.
 But finally to takea bede,
 Men maie well make a liklyhede
 Betwene hym whiche is auarous
 Of golde, and hym that is Jelous
 Of loue: in o degre
 Thei stonde both, as semeth mee,
 That one wold haue his bagges still,
 And nought departen with his will,
 And dare not for the theues slepe,
 So fayne he wolde his treasure kepe:

That other maie not well be glad.
For euermore he is adrad
Of these louers, that gone aboute,
In aunter, if thei put hym oute.
So haue thei both litell ioye,
As well of loue, as of moneie.

Now hast thou son of my techynge.
Of Jelousie a knowlechyng
That thou might vnderstonde this,
Fro whence he cometh, and what he is:
And eke to whom that he is like,
Beware for thy thou be not sike
Of thilke feuer, as I haue spoke.
For it wolle in hym selfe be wroke.

For loue hateth no thyng more,
As men maie finde by the lore
Of hem, that whilom were wise,
Howe that thei speke in many wise.

My fader sothe is that ye seyn,
But for to loke there ayen,
Before this time howe it is falle,
Wherof there might ensample falle
To suche men as ben Jelous,
In what maner it is greuous,
Right fayn I wolde ensample here.

My good sonne at thy praiere,
Of suche ensamples as I finde,
So as thei comen now to mynde,
Upon this point of tyme agoune,
I thinke for to telle one.

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra istos maritos, quos Zelotipia maculauit. Et narrat quater Vulcanus, cuius vxor Venus extitit, suspicionem inter ipsam et Martem concipiens, eorum gestus diligentius explorabat, Vnde contigit, quod cum ipse quadam vice ambos inter se pariter amplexantes in lecto nudos inuenit, et exclamans, omnem cetum deorum et dearum ad tantum spectaculum conuocauit, super quo tamen derisum potius quam remedium a tota cohorte consecutus est.

OUIDE wrote of many thynges,
Amonge the whiche, in his writynges
He told a tale in poesie,
Whiche toucheth vnto Jelousie,
Upon a certaine cas of loue.

Amonge the goddes al aboue.
It felle at thilke tyme thus:
The god of fire, whiche Vulcanus
It bote, and hath a craft for with
Assigned for to be the smith
Of Jupiter, and his figure,
Both of visage and of stature,
Is lothly, and masgracious.
But yet he hath within his hous,
As for the likynge of his life,
The faire Venus to his wife.
But Mars, whiche of batailles is
The god, an eie had vnto this,
As he whiche was chisualrous.
It felle him to ben amorous,
And thought it was great pitee,
To see so lustie one as she,
Be coupled with so lounl a wight
So that his peine daie and night
He did, if he hir wyne might.
And she that had a good insight

Toward so noble a knightly lord,
In loue fel of his acorde.
There lacketh nought but tyme and place,
That be nis sicker of hir grace.

But whan two hertes fallen in one,
So wise a waite was neuer none,
That at sometyme thei ne meta.
And thus this faire lustie swete
With Mars hath ofte companie,
But thilke vnynde Jelousie,
Whiche euermore the herte opposeth,
Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
That it is not wel oucrall:

And to hym selfe he said, he shall
Aspie better, if that he maie.
And so it felle vpon a daie,
That he this thyng so aightly ledde,
He fonde hem both two a bedde
All warme, echone with other naked,
And he with craftes all rely naked,
Of stronge chelines hath hem bounde,
As he together hem had founde,
And lefte hem bothe ligge so,
And gan to clepe and crie tho.

Unto the gooddes all aboute:
And thei assembled in a route
Come all at ones for to see.
But none amendes had hee,
But was rebuked here and there
Of hem, that loyes frendes were,
And saiden, that he was to blame.

For if there felle hym any shame,
It was through his misgouernance.
And thus he lost contenance,
This god, and let his cause falle,
And thei to scorne hym laughen all.
And losen Mars out of his hondes,
Wherof these ertly husbondes
For euer might ensample take,
If suche a chaunce hem ouertake.

For Vulcanus his wife bewrayd,
The blame vpon hym selfe he laide,
Wherof his shame was the more,
Whiche ought for to ben a lore
For euery man, that liueth here,
To reulen hym in this matere.

Though suche an happe of loue starte,
Yet shuld he not apoynte his herte
With Jelousie, of that is wrought:
But feigne, as though he wist it nought.
For if he let it ouer passe,
The sclauder shall be well the lasse,
And he the more in ese stonde.
For this thou might well vnderstonde,
That where a man shall nedes leae,
The lasse harme is for to chese.

But Jelousie of his vtriste,
Maketh full many an harme ariste,
Whiche elles shulde not arise.
And if a man wolde hym auise
Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
Hym ought of reason thinke thus:
That sith a god was therof shamed,
Well shuld an ertly man be blamed,
To take vpon hym suche a vice.
For thy my sonne in thyne office
Beware, that thou be nought ielous,
Whiche oft tyme hath hent the hous.

My fader this ensample is harde,
Howe suche thynges to the heuenwarda

Amonge the goddes might falle.
 For there is but o god of all,
 Whiche is the lordes of heuen and helle.
 But if it like you to telle,
 Howe suche goddes come aplace,
 Ye might mochell thanke purchase.
 For I shall be well taught withall.
 My sonne it is thus oerall
 With hem, that standen misbelieued,
 That suche goddes ben beleued,
 In sondry place, in sondry wise
 Amonges hem, whiche be vnwise,
 There is betaken of credence,
 Wherof that I the difference
 In the maner, as it is writte,
 Shall do the plainly for to witte.

*Mentibus illius signantur templa deorum,
 Vnde deos caecos natio caeca colit.
 Nulla creaturi ratio facit esse creatum,
 Equiparans quoad huc iura pagana foent.*

*22ia secundum poetarum fabulas in huiusmodi
 libelli locis quampluribus nomina et gestus deo-
 rum falsorum intuluntur, quorum infidelitas,
 vt Christianis clarius innotescat, intendit de ip-
 sorum origine secundum varias paganorum sectas
 scribere consequenter. Et primo defecta
 Caldeorum tractare proponit.*

Er Christe was bore among vs here
 Of the byleues, that tho were,
 In foure fourmes thus it was.
 Thei of Chaldee, as in this cas
 Had a beleue by hem selue,
 Whiche stode vpon the signes twelue,
 Forth eke with the planettes seuen,
 Whiche as thei sigen vpon the heuen
 Of sondrie constellacion,
 In her imaginacion
 With sondrie kerfe and portrature
 Thei made of goddes the figure.
 In thelementes and eke also
 Thei hadden a beleue tho,
 And all that was vnreasonable.
 For the elementes ben seruisable
 To man: And ofte of accidence,
 As men maie see the experience,
 Thei ben corrupt by sondrie weye:
 So maie no mans reason seye,
 That thei ben god in any wise,
 And eke if men hem wel anise,
 The sonne and moone eclipsen both,
 That be hem les, or be hem loth,
 Thei suffre, and what thyng is possible
 To ben a god is impossible.
 These elementes ben creatures,
 So ben these heuenly figures.
 Wherof maie wel be justified,
 That thei maie not be defied.
 And who that taketh awaie the honour,
 Whiche due is to the creatour,
 And yemeth it to the creature:
 He dothe to great a forfaiture.
 But of Caldee netheles,
 Upon this feith though it be lesse.
 Thei holde affermed the creance,
 So that of helle the penance,
 As folke, whiche stant out of beleue,
 Thei shall receiue as we beleue.

VOL. II.

Of the Caldeens so in this wise
 Stant the beleues out of assise:
 But in Egypte worste of alle
 The faith is fals, howe so it falle.
 For thei diuers beastes there
 Honour, as though thei goddes were.
 And netheles yet forthe withall
 Thre goddes mooste in speciall
 Thei haue forth with a goddesse,
 In whome is all her sikernesse.
 Tho goddes be yet cleped thus
 Orus, Typhon, and Isirus.
 They were brethren all three,
 And the goddesse in hir degree,
 Her sister was, and Isis hight:
 Whom Isirus forlaie by night,
 And helde hir after as his wife.
 So it befalle, that vpon strife
 Typhon hath Isire his brother slayne,
 Whiche had a childe, to sonne Orayne:
 And he his fathers dethe to herte
 So toke, that it maie nought asterte,
 That he Typhon after ne slough,
 When he was ripe of age enough.
 But yet the Egypciens trowe,
 For all this errour, whiche thei knowe,
 That these bretherne ben of might,
 To sette and kepe Egypt vpright,
 And oerthrowe, if that hem like.
 But Isis, as seith the cronike,
 Fro Grece in to Egypte cam,
 And she than vpon honds nam
 To teche hem for to sowe and ere,
 Whiche no man knewe tofore there.
 And whan the Egypciens sie
 The feldes full afore her eie,
 And that the londe began to greyne,
 Whiche whilom had be bareyne:
 For the erthe bare after the kynde
 His due charge, this I fynde,
 That she of birth the goddesse
 Is cleped, so that in distresse
 The women thervpon chidyng
 To hir clepe, and her offryng
 Thei bearen, whan that thei ben light.
 Lo howe Egypt all out of sight
 Fro reason stant in misbeleue
 For lacke of lore as I beleue.

De secta Grecorum.

AMONGE the grekes out of the weis,
 As thei that reason put aweie,
 There was, as the cronike saith,
 Of misbeleus an other faith,
 That thei her goddes, and goddesses
 As who saith token all to geses,
 Of suche as weren full of vice,
 To whom thei made sacrifice.

*Nota qualiter Saturnus deorum summus appel-
 latur.*

THE high god, so as thei sayde,
 To whom thei worship layde,
 Saturnus hight and kyng of Crete
 He had be: But of his sete
 He was put downe, as he whiche stode
 In freusie, and was so woode,
 That fro his wyfe, whiche Rea hight,
 His owne children he to pight,

X

And ete hem of his commune wonne.
 But Iupiter, whiche was his sonne,
 And of full age, his father bonde,
 And kyt of with his owne honde
 His genitalles, whiche also faste
 In to the depe sea he caste:
 Wherof the grekes asserme and sey
 Thus, whan thei were caste away,
 Came Venus forth by weie of kynde.
 And of Saturne also I fynde,
 Howe afterwarde in to an ile
 This Iupiter hym dyd exile,
 Where that he stode in gret mischiefe.
 Lo whiche a god thei maden chiefe.
 And sithen that suche one was hee,
 Whiche stode moste high in his degree
 Amonge the goddes, thou might know
 These other, that ben more lowe,
 Ben litell worth, as it is founde.

Iupiter deus deliciarum.

FOR Iupiter was the seconde,
 Whiche Iuno, had vnto his wife,
 And yet a lechour all his life
 He was, and in auoutrie
 He wrought many a trecherie.
 And for he was so full of vices,
 Thei cleped hym god of delices.
 Of whom if thou wolte more witte,
 Ouide the poete hath writte.
 But yet her sterres bothe two,
 Saturne and Iupiter also,
 Thei hane, although thei hen to blame,
 Attitled to her owne name.

Mars was an other in that lawe,
 The whiche in Dace was forthe drawe:
 Of whom the clerke Vegetius
 Wrote in his boke, and tolde thus,
 Howe he into Italie came,
 And suche fortune there he nam,
 That he a maiden hath oppressed,
 Whiche in hir ordre was professed,
 As she whiche was the prioresse
 In Vestes temple the goddesse:
 So was she well the more to blame.
 Dame Iliia this ladis name
 Men clepe, and eke she was also
 The kynges doughter that was tho,
 Whiche Minitor by name hight:
 So that ayene the lawes right,
 Mars thilke tyme vpon hir that
 Remus and Romulus begat.
 Whiche after, whan thei come in age,
 Of knighthode, and of vassellage
 Italy all holle thei ouercome,
 And founden the great Rome,
 In armes and of suche emprise
 Thei weren, that in thilke wise,
 Her father Mars for the meruaile
 The god is cleped of bataile.

Thei weren his children both two,
 Through hem he toke his name so:
 There was none other cause why,
 And yet a starre vpon the skie
 He hath vnto his name applied,
 In whiche that he is signified.

An other god thei hadden eke,
 To whom for counsaile thei beseke,
 The whiche was brother to Venus,
 Apollo men hym clepe thus.

He was an hunt vpon the billes,
 There was with hym no vertue elles,
 Wherof that any hokes carpe,
 But onely that he couth harpe:
 Whiche whan he walked ouer londe,
 Full ofte time he toke on honde,
 To get hym with his sustenance,
 For lacke of other purueance.
 And otherwhile of his falsebede
 He feigneth hym to come a rede
 Of thyng, whiche afterwarde shuld fall,
 Wherof amonge his sleightes all,
 He hath the lewde folke deceiued,
 So that the better he was receiued.

Lo nowe through what creacion
 He hath deificacion,
 And cleped is the god of wit
 To suche as be the foolles yit.

An other god, to whom thei sought,
 Mercurie hight, and hym ne rought,
 What thyng he stalle, ne whom ne slough.
 Of sorcerie he couth enough,
 That whan he wold hym selfe transforme,
 Full ofte tyme he toke the forme
 Of woman, and his own lefte:
 So did he well the more thefte,
 A great speker in all thynges
 He was also, and of lesynges
 An artour, that men wisten none
 An other suche as he was one.

And yet thei maden of this thefe
 A god, whiche was vnto hem lese,
 And cleped hym in tho beleues,
 The god of marchantes, and of theues.
 But yet a sterre vpon the heuen
 He hath of planettes seuen.

But Vulcanus, of whom I spake,
 He had a courbe vpon the backe,
 And therto he was bippe haite,
 Of whom thou vnderstonde shalte:
 He was a shrewe in all his youth,
 And he none other vertue couth
 Of crafte to helpe hym selfe with,
 But onely that he was smith
 With Iupiter, whiche in his forge
 Diuers thynges made hym forge.
 So wote I not for what desyrs
 Thei cleped hym the god of fyre.

Kyng of Cicile Hipoditas
 A sonne had, and Eolius
 He hight, and of his fathers graunt,
 He helde by wey of couenant,
 The gouernaunce of euery ile,
 Whiche was longende vnto Sicile.
 Of hem that fro the londe foreyn,
 Laie vpon the wynde all pleine,
 And fro thilke illes in to the londe
 Full ofte cam the wynde to honde.
 And after the name of hym for thy
 The wyndes cleped Eoli

Thei were, and he the god of wynde.
 Lo nowe howe this beleue is blynde.

The kyng of Crete Iupiter,
 The same, whiche I spake of er,
 Unto his brother, whiche Neptane
 Was hote, it list hym to communs
 Parte of his good, so that by ship
 He made hym stronge of the lordship
 Of all the sea in tho parties,
 Where that he wrought his tyrannies.

And the strange yles aboute
 He wan, that every man hath doute
 Upon his marche for to sayle.
 For he anoue hem wolde assayle
 And robbe, what thynge that thei ladden,
 His sanse conduit but if thei ladden:
 Wherof the common voice aroos
 In every londe, that suche a loos
 He caught, all nere it worth a stres,
 That he was cleped of the sea
 The god by name, and yet he is
 With hem, that so beleue amis.

This Neptune eke, was thilke also,
 Whiche was the first founder tho
 Of noble Troie, and he for thy
 Was well the more sette by.

The loresman of the shepherdes,
 And eke of hem that netherdes,
 Was of Arcade, and byght Pan:
 Of whom hath spoke many a man
 For in the wodde of Nouraigne,
 Enclosed with the trees of pigne,
 And on the mount of Parisie,
 He had of beastes the baillie.

And eke beneth the valeie,
 Where thylke riuier, as men maie seie
 (Which Ladon hight) made his cours
 He was the chiefe of governours
 Of hem, that kepten tame beastes,
 Wherof thei maken yet the feastes
 In the citee of Stimphalides.
 And forth with all yet netheles,
 He taught men the forth drawynge
 Of bestaile, and eke the makyng
 Of oxen, and of hors the same,
 Howe men hem shulde ride and tame.
 Of foules eke, so as we fynde,
 Full many a subtille crafte of kynde
 He fonde, whiche no man knewe tofore.

Men did hym worschyp eke therfore
 That the fyrst in thilke londe
 Was, whiche the melodie fonde
 Of reedes, when thei weren ripe,
 With double pipes, for to pipe:
 Therof he yafe the fyrst lore,
 Till afterwarde men couthe more.
 To enery crafte of mans helpe
 He had a redy witte to helpe
 Through naturall experience.
 And thus the nice reuerence
 Of soles, when that he was dede,
 The foote was tourned to the heade,
 And clepen hym god of nature.
 For so thei maden his fygure.

An other god, so as thei seie,
 Whiche Jupiter vpon Semele
 Begatte in his anoutrie,
 Whom for to hide his locherie,
 That none therof shall take kepe,
 In a mountayne for to kepe,
 Whiche Dion hight, and was in Inde,
 He sent, in bokes as I fynde,
 And he by name Bacchus hight,
 Whiche afterwarde, when that he might,
 A vastor was, and all his rent
 In wyne and bordell he dispent.
 But yet all were he wounder had,
 Amonge the grekes a name he had,
 Thei cleped hym the god of wine.
 And thus a glotton was diuine.

There was yet Esculapius
 A god in thilke tyme as thus,
 His crafte stode vpon surgerie,
 But for the luste of lecherie
 That he to Daires daughter drough,
 It fell, that Iupiter hym slough.
 And yet thei made hym nought for thy
 A god, and wist no cause why.
 In Rome, he was longe tyme so
 A god amonge the Romaines tho.
 For as he saide of his presence,
 There was distroied a pestilence,
 When thei to the ile Delphos went,
 And that Apollo with him sent
 This Esculapius his sonne,
 Amonge the Romaynes for to wonne:
 And there he dwelte for a while,
 Till afterwarde in to that yle,
 Fro when he cam, ayene he tourneth,
 Where all his life that he sojourneth
 Amonge the grekes, till that he deyde.
 And thei vpon hym than loyde
 His name, and god of medicie
 He hatte, after that ilke lynne

An other god of Hercules
 Thei made, whiche was netheles
 A man, but that he was so stronge,
 In all this worlde that brode and longe
 So mighty was no man, as hee:
 Meruailes twelue in his degree
 As it was couth in sondry londes,
 He did with his owne bondes,
 Ageine geantes and monsters both,
 The whiche horrible were and loth:
 But he with strength hem ouercam,
 Wherof so great a price he nam,
 That thei hym clepe amonges all
 The god of strengthe, and to hym calle.
 Had yet there is no reason iune
 For he a man was full of synne,
 Whiche proned was vpon his eade.
 For in a rage hym selfe he brende.
 And suche a cruell mans dede
 Accordeth nothyng with godhede.

Thei had of goddes yet an other,
 Whiche Pluto hight, and was the brother
 Of Iupiter, and he for youth
 With euery worde, whiche cam to mouth
 Of any thyng, when he was wroth,
 He wolde swere his common othe,
 By Lethen, and Phlegeton,
 By Cocytus, and Acheron,
 The whiche after the bokes tell
 Ben the chiefe floodes of helle.
 By Segne, and Styge he swore also,
 That ben the depe pittes two
 Of hell the most principall.
 Pluto these othes ouer all
 Swore of his common customance,
 Till it befell vpon a chance,
 That he for Iupiters sake
 Unto the goddes lette do make
 A sacrifice, and for that dede,
 One of the pittes for his mede
 In hell, of whiche I spake of er,
 Was graunted hym, and thus he thes
 Upon the fortunes of this thyng
 The name toke of helle kyng.

Lo these goddes and well mo
 Amonge the grekes thei had tho,

And of goddesses many one,
Whose names thou shalt here anon:
And in what wise they deceiuen
The foles, whiche her feith receiuen.

Mater dearum.

So as Saturne is souerayne
Of false goddes, as thei sayne:
So is Cybéle of goddesses
The mother, whom without gesses
The folke preyen, honour, and serue,
As they, the whiche her laws obserue.
But for to knowen vpon this,
Fro when she cam and what she is,
Berecinthis the countrei height,
Where she cam first to mans sight,
And after was Saturnus wife,
By whom thre children in hir life
She bare, and they were cleped the
Iuno, Neptunus, and Pluto,
The whiche of nice fantasie
The people wolde deifie.
And for hir children were so
Cybéle than was also
Mada a goddesse, and thei hir call
The mother of the goddes all.
So was that name bore forth,
Anp yet the cause is littell worth.

A voice vnto Saturne tolde
How that his owne soune hym sholde
Out of his reigne put away:
And he because of thilke wey,
That hym was shapen such an hate,
Cybéle his wife began to hate,
And eke hir progenie bothe.
And thus while that they were wroth,
By Philyra vpon a daie
In his auoutrie he laie,
On whom he Iupiter begat:
And thilke childe was after that,
Whiche wrought all that was prophesied.
As it tofore is specified.

So whan that Iupiter of Crete
Was kynge, a wife vnto hym mete,
The daughter of Cybéle he toke,
And that was Iuno, saith the boke,
Of his deificacion,
After the false opiniou,
That haue I tolde, so as thei mene.
And for this Iuno was the queene
Of Iupiter, and syster eke,
The foles vnto hir seke,
And seyn, that she is the goddesse
Of reignes bothe, and of richesse:
And eke she as thei vaderstonde,
The water Nymphes hath in honde
To leaden at hir owne heste:
And whan hir list the skie temper
The reynbowe is hir messagere.
Lo whiche a misbeleue is here,
That she goddesse is of the skie,
I wote none other cause why.

An other goddesse is Minerue,
To whom the grekes obey and serue,
And she was nigh the great lay
Of Triton founde, where she lay
A childe for cast, but what she was,
There knewe no man the soth cast:
But in Affrike she was leyde,
In the maner as I haue seyde.

And caried from that ilke place
In to an yle farre in Thrace,
The whiche Pallene than hight,
Where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for she was so wise,
That she fonde fyrst in hir anise
The cloth makynge of woll and linc,
Men saiden that she was deuine,
And the goddesse of sapience
Thei clepen hir in that credence.

Of the goddesse, whiche Pallas
Is cleped, sondry speche was.
One saith hir father was Pallant,
Whiche in his time was a gesant,
A cruell man, a batayoun.
An other saith, how in his hoos
She was the cause why he deyde.
And of this Pallas some eke sayde,
That she Martes wife was, and so-
Amonge the men that were tho
Of mysbeleue in the ryote,
The goddesse of batalie she hote
Was, and yet she bereth the name.
Nowe loke how thei be for to blame.

Saturnus after his exile
Fro Crete, cam in great perile
Into the londes of Itaille:
And there he did great meruaille:
Wherof his name dwelleth yet.
For he fonde of his owne wit
The fyrst crafte of plough tillynge,
Of earynge, and of corne souynge,
And howe men shulde set vines,
And of the grapes make wines,
All this he taught, and it fell so,
His wyfe, the whiche cam with him the,
Was cleped Ceres by name.
And for she taught also the same,
And was his wife that ilke throwe,
As it was to the people knowe,
Thei made of Ceres a goddesse,
In whome her tyllthes yet they blisse,
And sayen that Triptolemus,
Hir soune goth amonges vs,
And maketh the corne good chepe or dere,
Ryght as hir list from yere to yere.
So that this wife, because of this,
Goddess of corne cleped is.

Kynge Iupiter, whiche his likynge
Whilom fulfilled in all thyng,
So priueliche about he had
His lust, that he his will had
Of Latona, and on hir that
Diane his daughter he begat,
Unknowen of his wife Iuno.
But afterwarde she knewe it so,
That Latona for drede fled
Into an yle, where she had
Hir wombe, whiche of ehilde ares,
Thilke ile was cleped Delos,
In whiche Diana was forth brought,
And kepte so, that hir lacked nough.
And after whan she was of age,
She toke none hede of mariage,
But out of mans companie
She toke hir all to venerie
In foreste and in wildernesse
For there was all hir besinesse
By daie, and eke by nightes tide,
With arrowes brode vnder the side,

And how in honde, of whiche she slough,
 And toke, all that hir lyst enough
 Of beastes, whiche ben chaceable,
 Wherof the cronike of this fable
 Saith, that the gentils most of all
 Worship hir, and to hir calle:
 And the goddesse of high hilles,
 Of greene trees, of fresche wellles,
 Thei clepen hir in that beleue,
 Whiche that no reason maie acheue.

Proserpina, whiche doughter was
 Of Ceres, befell this cas,
 While she was dwellyng in Cecile,
 His mother in that ilke while
 Upon hir blessinge, and hir best
 Had, that she shulde ben honest,
 And lere for to weaue and spinne
 And dwelle at home, and kepe hir inne.
 But she cast all that lore awie.
 And as she went hir out to pleie,
 To gather floures in a plaine,
 And that was vnder the mountaine
 Of Ethna, felle the same tide
 That Pluto cam the way ride,
 And sodeinly, er she was ware,
 He toke hir vp into his chare.
 And as thei riden in the felde,
 Hir great beautee he behelde,
 Whiche was so pleasant in his eie,
 That for to holde in companie,
 He wedded hir, and helds hir so
 To ben his wife for euermo.

And as thou hast tofore herde telle,
 Howe he was cleped god of helle,
 So is she cleped the goddesse,
 Because of hym ne more ne lesse.

Lo thus my sonne, as I the tolde,
 The grekes whilom by dale oldes
 Her goddess had in sondrie wise:
 And through the lore of her apprise,
 The Romaines helde eke the same,
 And in worship of her name,
 To eery god inspeciall
 Thei made a temple forth withall:
 And eke of her yeres daie
 Attitid had, and of arraie
 The temples weren than ordeined,
 And eke the people was constraigned,
 To come and done her sacrifice.
 The preestes eke in her office
 Solempne made thilke festes.
 And thus the grekes like to beastes
 That men in stede of god honour,
 Whiche might nought hem selfe socour,
 While that thei were alius here.
 And ouer this as thou shaite here.

The grekes (fulfilled of fantasie)
 Sayne eke, that of the hilles hie
 The goddess ben inspeciall,
 But of her name in generall
 Thei boten all Satyri.

Thers ben of nymphes properly
 In the beleue of hem also:
 Oreades thei saiden tho
 Attitid ben to the mountaine.

And for the woddes in demaines
 To kepe, tho ben Dryades,
 Of fresche wellles Naiades.
 And of the nymphes of the see
 I fynde a tale in proportee,

Howe Dorus whilom kyng of Greece,
 Whiche had of infortune a pece:
 His wife, forth with his doughter alle,
 So as the happes shulde falle,
 With many a gentil woman there,
 Dreint in the salte see they were:
 Wherof the grekes that tyme sayden,
 And suche a name vpon hem layden,
 Nereides that thei ben hote
 The nymphes, whiche that thei note
 To reigne vpon the streames salte.

Lo nowe if this beleue halt,
 But of the nymphes as thei telle,
 In eury place where thei dwelle,
 Thei ben all redy obeisant,
 As damoyelles attendant
 To the goddess, whose seruice
 Thei mote obeie in all wise:
 Wherof the grekes to hem beseke,
 With them that ben goddesses eke,
 And haue in hem a great credence,
 And yet without experience
 Saufe onely of illusion,
 Whiche was to hem damnacion.

For men also that were dede
 Thei hadden goddess as I rede,
 And tho by name Manes highten,
 To whom full great honour thei dighten,
 So as the grekes lawe sayth:
 Whiche was ayens the right feith.

Thus haue I tolde a great partie,
 But all the holle progenie
 Of goddess in that ilke tyme
 To longe it were for to ryme.
 But yet of that whiche thou hast herde,
 Of mysbeleue, how it hath ferde,
 There is a great diueritee.

My father right so thinketh me.
 But yet one thyng I you besече,
 Whiche stant in all mens speche,
 The god, and the goddesse of loue,
 Of whom ye nothyng here aboue
 Haue tolde, ne spoken of her fare,
 That ye me wolde nowe declare,
 Howe thei fyrst come to that name.

My sonne I haue lefte it for shame,
 Because I am hir owne preest,
 But for theistonde nigh thy brest
 Upon the shrifte of thy matere,
 Thou shalt of them the sooth here.

And vnderstonde now well the cas
 Venus Saturnus doughter was,
 Whiche all daunger put awie,
 Of loue, and fonde to lust a weie,
 So that of hir in sondrie place
 Diuers men fell in to grace,
 And suche a lusty life she ladde,
 That she diuers children had.
 Nowe one by this, nowe one by that,
 Of hir it was that Mars begat
 A childe, whiche cleped was Armene,
 Of hir also cam Androgene:
 To whom Mercurie father was.
 Anchises begatte Eneas
 Of hir also, and Hericion
 Biten begatte, and therrpon,
 Whan that she sigh ther was none other,
 By Iupiter, hir owne brother
 She lay, and he begat Cupide.
 And thilke sonne vpon a tide,

Whan he was come vnto his age,
 He had a wonder fayre visage,
 And fond his mother amorous,
 And he was also lecherous:
 So whan thei were bothe alone:
 As he whiche eien had none
 To see reason, his mother kist,
 And she also that nothyng wist,
 But that, whiche vnto his lust belonketh.
 To bene hir louer hym vnderfongeth.
 Thus was he blynde, and she vnwis.
 But neuertheles this cause it is,
 Whiche Cupide is the god of loue.
 For he his mother durst loue,
 And she, whiche thought hir lustes fonde,
 Diuers loues toke on honde
 Well more than I the-tell here.
 And for she wolde her selfe shere,
 She made common that disporte,
 And set a lawe of suche a porte,
 That euery woman might take,
 What man hir list, and nought forsake
 To ben as common as she wolde.
 She was the fyrst also, whiche tolde,
 That women shuld her body selle.
 Semiramis, so as men telle,
 Of Venus keppte thiike apprise.
 And so did in the same wise
 Of Rome faire Neabolie,
 Whiche solde her body to Regolie.
 She was to euery man felawe.
 And helde the luste of thiike lawe,
 Whiche Venus of hir selfe beganne,
 Wherof that she the name waune,
 Why men hir clepen the goddesse
 Of loue, and eke of gentillesse,
 Of worldes luste, and of plesance
 See nowe the foule mycreance.
 Of grekes in thiike tyme tho,
 Whan Venus toke hir name so.
 There was no cause vnder the moone,
 Of whiche thei hadden tho to doone,
 Of well or wo where so it was,
 That thei no token in that caas
 A god to helpe or a goddesse,
 Wherof to take my witnesse.

Nota de epistola Dindimi regis Bragmannorum
 Alexandro magno directa, vbi dicit, quod Greci
 tunc ad corporis conseruacionem pro singulis
 membris singulos deos specialiter appropriari
 credunt.

THE kynge of Bragmans Dindimus
 Wrote vnto Alisaander thus,
 In blamyng of the grekes faith:
 And of the misbeleue he saith,
 Howe thei for euery membre hadden
 A sondry god, to whom thei spradden
 Her armes, and of helpe besoughten.
 Minerue for the head thei soughten,
 For she was wise, and of a man
 The witte and reason whiche he can
 Is in the celles of the bryyn,
 Wherof thei made her souerayn
 Mercurie, whiche was in his dawes
 A great speaker of fals lawes:
 On hym the keypyng of the tonge
 Thei laid, whan thei speke or songe.

For Bacchus was a glotton eke,
 Hym for the throte thei beaके,
 That he it wolde wasshen ofte
 With soote drinckes and with softe.

The god of shulders and of armes
 Was Hercules, for he in armes
 The mightiest was to fight,
 To hym the lymmes thei beight.

The god, whom thei clepen Mart,
 The brest to kepe hath for his part.
 For with the herte in his image,
 That he addressse to his courage.

And of the galle the goddesse,
 For she was full of hastinesse
 Of wrath, and light to greue also,
 Thei made, and sayd, it was Iuno.

Cupide, which the brond of fire,
 Bare in his honde, he was the sire
 Of the stomacke, whiche boileth euer,
 Wherof the lustes ben the leuer.

To the goddesse Ceres,
 Whiche of the corne yafe hir encrees,
 Upon the feith that tho was take,
 The wombes cure was betake.

And Venus throughe the lecherie,
 For whiche thei hir deise
 She kept all doune the remenant
 To thiike office appertainant.

Nota de prima Idolorum cultura, que ex tribus
 precipue statusis exorta est, quarum prima fuit
 illa, quam in siliū sui memoria quidam Prin-
 cepts nomine Cirophanes a sculptore Promotheo
 fabricari constituit.

THUS was dispers in sondrie wise
 The misbeleue, as I deuise,
 With many an ymage of entaile
 Of suche as might hem not auaille.
 For thy without lines chere
 Unmighty be to see, or here
 Or speke, or do, or elles fele,
 And yet the foolles to hem knele,
 Whiche is her owne hande werke.
 A lorde howe this beleue is derke,
 And fer fro reasonable wytte:
 And netheles they don it yit.

That was this daie a ragged tree,
 To morowe vpon his maiestee
 Stant in the temple well beseyne.
 Howe might a mans reason seyn,
 That suche a stocke maie helpe or greue?
 But thei, that ben of suche beleue,
 And vnto suche goddesse calle:
 It shall to hem right so befall,
 And failen at most neede.
 But if the lyst to take heede,
 And of the first ymage wytte,
 Petronius therof hath writte,
 And eke Nigargarous also,
 And thei afferme, and write so,
 That Promotheus was tofore.
 And fonde the fyrst crafte therfore.
 And Cirophanes, as thei telle,
 Throughe counsell, which was take in hell,
 In remembrance of his lignage,
 Let setten vp the fyrst ymage.

Of Cirophanes, seith the booke,
 That he for sorow, whiche he toke

Of that he sigh his sonne dede,
Of comfort knewe none other rede,
But lete do make in remembrance
A faire image of his semblance,
And set it in the market place:
Whiche opehly to fore his face
Stood euery day, to done hym ease:
And thei that than wolden please
The fader, shuld it obeye,
Whan that thei comen thilke weye.

Secunda status fuit illa, quam ad sui patris Beli
culturam, rex Ninus fieri et adorari decreuit.
Et sic de nomine Beli postea Bel et Belzeub
Idolum accreuit.

AND of Nilus kynge of Assire
I rede, how that in his Empire
He was next after the seconde
Of hem, that first images founde.
For he right in semblable caas
Of Belus, whiche his fader was,
From Nembroth in the right line,
Lete make of gold and stones fine
A precious image riche
After his fader euenliche:
And therevpon a lawe he sette,
That euery man of pure dette,
With sacrifice, and with truage,
Honour shuld thilke image.
So that within tyme it felle,
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belzabub and so
The misbeleue went tho.

Tertia status fuit illa, que ad honorem Apis Regis
Græcorum sculpta fuit, cui postea nomen Se-
rapis imponentes ipsum quasi deum pagani co-
luerant.

THE third image next to this,
Whan the kynge of Grece Apis
Was deed, thei made a figure
In resemblance of his stature.
Of this kynge Apis seith the booke,
That Serapis his nome tooke,
In whom through longe continuance
Of misbeleue a great creance
Thei hadden, and the reuerence
Of sacrifice and of enence
To hym thei made, and as thei telle
Amonge the wonders, that befelle,
Whan Alexander fro Candace
Cam ridend in a wilde place
Under an hille a caue he fonde,
And Candalus, whiche in that londe
Was bore, and was Candaces sonne,
Him told, how that of common wonne
The goddes were in thilke caue.
And he that wolde assaye and haue
A knowlageyng, if it be soth,
Light of his hors, and in he gothe,
And foud therin, that he sought.
For through the fendes sleight him thought,
Amonge other goddes mo,
That Serapis spake to him tho,
Whom he sigh there in great arie.
And thus the fende from daie to daie
The worship of idolatrie
Drough forth vpon the fantasie

Of hem, that were than blynde,
And couthen nought the trouth finde.
Thus hast thou herd in what degre
Of Grece, Egypte, and Chaldee
The misbeleue whilom stood,
And howe so thei be not good
Ne trewe, yet thei sprongen oute,
Wherof the wyde worlde aboute
His part of misbeleue toke:
Til so befelle, as seith the boke,
That god a people for him selue
Hath chose, of the linages twelue,
Wherof the sothe redily,
As it is wriiten in Genesis
I thinke telle in suche a wise,
That it shall be to thyn a prise,

De Hebreorum seu Iudæorum secta quorum Sina-
goga, ecclesia Christi superueniente, defecit.

AFTER the flood, fro whiche Noe
Was saufe, the worlde in his degre
Was made as who seith newe ageyn
Of flour, of fruit, of gras, of greyn,
Of beast, of byrd, and of mankind,
Whiche euer hath be to god vnkind,
For not withstandinge all the fare,
Of that this worlde was made so bare,
And afterward it was restored,
Amonge the men was nothyn mored
Toward god of good linyng:
But all was torned to likyng
After the fleshe, so that foryete
Was he, whiche yafe hem life and mete,
Of heuen and erth creatour.
And thus cam forth the great errour.
That thei the high god ne knewe,
But maden other goddes newe,
As thou hast herd me saide tofore.
There was no man that tyme bore,
That he ne had after his choyce
A god, to wom ye yafe his voyce,
Wherof the misbeleue cam
In to the tyme of Abraham:
But he fonde out the right weie,
Howe onely men shulde obieie
The high god, whiche weldeth all,
And euer hath done, and euer shall,
In heuen, in erth, and eke in helle,
There is no tonge his might maie telle,
This Patriarche to his linage
Forbad, that thei to none ymage
Encline shulde in no wise:
But ber offrende and sacrifice,
With all the hole hertes lous,
Unto the mighty god above
Thei shulden yeue, and to no mo,
And thus in thilke tyme tho
Began that sect vpon this erthe,
Whiche of beleues was the ferthe,
Of rightousnes it was conclud:
So must it nedes be recoued
Of hym that all ryght is in,
The high god, whiche wolde wynne
A people vnto his owne feyth,
On Abraham the grounde he leyth,
And made hym for to multiplie
In to so great a progenie,
That they Egypte all ouer sprad.
But Pharao with wronge hem lad

In seruitude ayene the pees,
 Till god let sende Moyses,
 To make the deliuerance.
 And for his people great vengeance
 He toke, whiche is to here a wonder,
 The kyng was slayn, the londe put vader,
 God bad the read see deuide,
 Whiche stode vpright on euery side,
 And yafe vnto his people a weie,
 That thei on fote it passed dreye,
 And gone so forth in to deserte,
 Where for to kepe hem in court.
 The daies whan the sonne brent,
 A large cloude hem ouerwent.
 And for to wissen hem by nyght,
 A fire pillar hem alight.
 And whan that they for bonger plaine,
 The mighty god began to rayne,
 Manna fro heuen downe to grounde,
 Wherof that eche of hem hath founde
 His food, suche right as hym list.
 And for thei shuld vpon hym trist,
 Right as who set a tonne a broche,
 He perced the harde roche,
 And spronge out water all at wille,
 That man and best hath dronke his fille,
 And afterwarde he yafe the lawe
 To Moyses, that hem withdrawe
 Thei shuld not fro that he bad.
 And in this wise thei be lad,
 Till thei toke in possession
 The landes of promission,
 Where that Caleph and Iorus
 The marches vpon suche degre
 Departen after the linage,
 That eche of hem as heritage
 His pourpartie hath vnderfonge.
 And thus stode this beleue longe,
 Whiche of prophetes was gourned,
 And thei had eke the people lerned
 Of great honour, that shuld hem falle:
 But at most nede of all
 They failden, whan Christ was bore.
 But howe that thei her feith haue lore,
 It nedeth nought to tellen all,
 The mater is so generall
 Whan Lucifer was hest in heuen,
 And ought moste haue stonde in euen,
 Towardes god he toke debate.
 And for that he was obstinate,
 And wold nought to trouth incline,
 He fell euer into ruine.
 And Adam eke in paradise,
 Whan he stode moste in all his prise,
 After the state of Innocence,
 Ayen the god brake his defence,
 And fell out of his place aweie
 And right by suche maner weye
 The Iewes in her best plite,
 Whan that thei shulde most perfitte
 Haue stonde vpon the prophecie,
 Tho fellen thei to moste folie,
 And hym, which was fro heuen come,
 And of a maide his fleshe hath nome,
 And was amonge hem bore and fed,
 As men that wolden nought be sped,
 Of goddes sonne, with o voice
 Thei henge and slough vpon the croice:
 Wherof the perfitte of her lawe
 Fro then forth hem was withdrawe,

So that thei stonde of no merite,
 But in truage as folke subiecte,
 Without propretee of place
 Thei liuen out of gods grace,
 Dispers in all londes out.
 And thus the feith is come aboute,
 That wilome in the Iewes stode,
 Whiche is nought perfittelich good.
 To speke as it is nowe befalle,
 There is a feyth abocen all,
 In whiche the trouth is comprehended,
 Wherof that we ben all amended.

De fide Christiana, in qua perfecti legis comple-
 mentum, summi ministerii sacramentum, nos-
 treque saluationis fundamentum in fallibiliter
 consistere creditur.

THE high almighty maiestee,
 Of rightounnes, and of pitee,
 The synne, whiche that Adam wrought,
 Whan he sigh tyme ayene he bought,
 And send his sonne fro the heuen,
 Whiche mans soule hath set in euen,
 And bath his grace reconciled,
 Fro whiche the man was first exiled,
 And in hym selfe so sore fall,
 Upon the poynt whiche is befall,
 That he ne might him selfe arise.

Gregorie saith in his apriue,
 It helpeth nought a man be bore,
 If gods sonne were vnborne.
 For than through the first synne,
 Whiche Adam whylom brought vs inne,
 There shulden all men be lost:
 But Christ restoreth thilke lost,
 And bought it with his fleshe and blood.
 And if we thynken, howe it stood
 Of thilke raunson, whiche he paide,
 As saynt Gregorie it wrote and saide,
 All was behouely to the man.
 For that, wherof his wo began,
 Was after cause of all his welth,
 Whan he, whiche is the well of helthe,
 The high creatour of life,
 Upon the nede of suche a strife,
 So wold he for his creature
 Take on him selfe the forfeiture,
 And suffer for the mans sake.

Thus maie no reason well forsake,
 That thilke sinne originall
 Ne was the cause in speciall
 Of mans worship at last
 Whiche shall withouten end last.
 For by that cause the godhede
 Assembled was with the manhede,
 In the virgine, where he nome
 Our fleshe, and very man become
 Of bodely fraternitee,
 Wherof the man in his degre
 Stant more worth, as I haue tolde
 Than he stode erst by many folde,
 Through baptisme of the newe lawe,
 Of whiche Christe lord is and felawe,
 Through vertue of his might,
 Whiche in Mary was alight
 To binde mans soule agayne.
 And this beleue is so certayne,
 So full of grace and of vertue,
 That what man clepeth to Iesu,

In eene life, forth with good dede,
 He maie not fallen of henen mede,
 So that it stont vpon belesue,
 That euery man maie well acheue,
 Whiche taken hath the right feith.
 For elles, as the gospell seith,
 Saluacion there maie be none.
 And for to preche tbervpon
 Christ bad to his apostles all,
 The whose power as now is falle
 On vs, that ben of holy church,
 If we the good dedes wurch.
 For seyth, but if there be good dede,
 Thapostle seyth, is worth no mede.

Nowe were it good, that thou for thy,
 Whiche through baptisma properly
 Art vnto Christes feyth professed,
 Beware that thou be not oppressed
 With antichristes lollardie.
 For as the Iewes prophecie
 Was set of god for auantage:
 Right so this newe tapinage
 Of lollardie goth aboute,
 To sette Christes feithe in doute.
 The santes, that were vs tofore,
 By whome the feithe was first vp bore,
 That holy church stode releued:
 Thei oughte better be beleued,
 Than these, whiche that men knowe,
 Not holy, though thei feigne and blowe
 Her lollardie in mennes eare.
 But if thou wyll lyue out of feare,
 Seche newe lore I rede eschewe,
 And holde forth right the weie, and sewe
 As thyn suncestres did er this:
 So shalt thou nought beleue amia.
 Christe wrought fyrst, and after taught,
 So that his dede the worde araight:
 He yafe ensample in his parson,
 And we the wordes haue alone
 Like to the tre with leues greene,
 Upon the whiche no fruite is scene.

Nota quod cum Anthenor palladium Troie a templo Minerue abstulit, Thoas ibidem summus sacerdos auro corruptus, oculos aertit, et sic malum quasi non videns scianter fieri permisit.

The priest Thoas, whiche of Minerue
 The temple had for to serue,
 And the Palladion of Troie
 Kepte vnder keie: for monie
 Of Anthenor whiche he hath nome,
 Hath suffred Anthenor to come,
 And the Palladion to stele,
 Whereof the worship and the wele
 Of the Troians was ouerthrowe.

But Thoas at same throwe,
 Whan Anthenor this Iewell toke,
 Wynkand cast away his loke,
 For a decite, and for a wile,
 As he that shuld hym self begile,
 He hid his eyes from the sight,
 And wende well, that he so might
 Excuse his fals conscience.

I wote not if thilke euidence
 Now at this time in her astates,
 Excuse might the prelates,
 Knowend how that the feith discreaseth
 And all morall vertue ceaseth:

Whereof that thei the keyes bere,
 But yet hem liketh not to stere
 Her gostly eie for to see
 The worlde in his aduersitee.
 Thei woi no labour vndertake
 To kepe that hem is betake.

Christe died hym selfe for the feyth,
 But nowe our ferfull prelates seyth,
 The life is swete, and that he kepeth,
 So that the feith vnholpe slepeth,
 And thei vnto her case entenden,
 And in her lust her life dispenden,
 And euery man do what hym list.
 Thus stant this worlde fulfilled of miste,
 That no man seeth the right weie.
 The wardes of the church keie,
 Through misaudlyngge ben miswreint,
 The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint
 The ship whiche Peter hath to stere.
 The forme is kept, but the matere
 Transformed is in other wise,
 But if thei weren gostly wise,
 And that the priestes were good,
 As thei by olde daies stooode,
 It were than litell nede,
 Amonge the men to taken hede,
 Of that thei heren Pseudo tell,
 Whiche nowe is come for to dwelle
 To sowe Cockill with the corne,
 So that the tilthe is nigh fororne,
 Whiche Christ sewe first his owne bonde,
 Nowe stant the Cockill in the londe,
 Where stode whilom the good greyne.
 For the prelates nowe, as men seyne,
 Forslouten that thei shuld tille:
 And that I trowe be the skille,
 Whan there is lacke in hem aboue,
 The people is stranged to the loue
 Of trouth, in cause of ignorance.
 For where there is no purueiance
 Of light, men erren in the darke.
 But if the prelates wolden warke
 Upon the feith whiche thei vs teache,
 Men shukden nought her waie seche
 Without light as nowe is used.
 Men see the charge all daie refused,
 Whiche holy church bath vndertake.

Gregorius. Quando Petrus cum Iudea, Andreas cum Achaia, Thomas cum India, et Paulus cum gente venient, quid dicemus nos moderni, quorum fossam talentum pro nihilo computabitur.

But who that wolde ensample take,
 Gregorie vpon his Omelie
 Ayene the slouth of Prelacie
 Complaineth hym, and thus he saith:
 Whan Peter, father of the faith
 At domes daie shall with hym bryng
 Iudea, whiche through his prechyng
 He wan, and Andrew with Achaie
 Shall come his dette for to pale,
 And Thomas eke with his beyete
 Of Indie, and Poule the routes great
 Of sondry londes to present:
 And we fulfilled of londe and rent,
 Whiche of this worlde we holden here,
 With voide hendes shall appere,

They go by night vnto the myne
 With pitche, with sulphur, and with rosyne:
 And whan the citee was a slepe,
 A wilde fyre in to the depe
 Thei caste amonge the tymber werke,
 And so forth while the night was derke
 Desguised in a poore araic
 Thei passeden the towne er daie.
 And whan thei comen vpon an hille,
 They sighen bow the myrroure fylle:
 Wherof thei made ioye enough,
 And eche of hem with other lough,
 And sayde: Lo what couetise
 Maie doe, with hem that be not wise?
 And that was proued afterwarde.
 For every londe to Rome warde,
 Whiche had be subiecte to fore,
 Whan this myrroure was so forlore,
 And thei the wonder herde seie,
 Anone begonne to disobeie
 With werres vpon euery side.
 And thus bath Rome lost his pride,
 And was defouled ouer all.

For this I fynde of Haniball,
 That he of Romaynes on a daie,
 Whan he hem fonde out of araic,
 So great a multitude slough,
 That of golde rynges, whiche he drough
 Of gentill bandes, that ben deade,
 Buusbelles full three, I rede
 He fylled, and made a bridge also,
 That be might ouer Tyber go
 Upon the corps that dede were
 Of the Romaynes, which he slough there.

But nowe to speke of the iuyse,
 The whiche after the couetise
 Was take vpon this emperour,
 For he destroyed the myrroure,
 It is a wonder for to here.
 The Romaines madeu a chayere,
 And sette her emperour therin.
 And sayden, for he wolde wyne
 Of golde the superfluitee,
 Of golde he shulde suche plentee
 Receyue, till he saide bo,
 And with golde, whiche thei had the
 Boylcude hote within a panne,
 Into his mouthe thei pouren than.

And thus the thirst of golde was queint
 With golde, whiche had ben atteint.

Wherof my sonne thou might lere
 Whan couetise hath lost the stere
 Of reasonable gouernance,
 There falleth ofte great greuance.
 For there maie be no worse thyng,
 Than couetise aboute a kyng
 If it in his persone bee,
 It doth the more aduersitee.
 And if it in his counsaile stonde,
 It bryngeth all daie-mischiefe to honde
 Of common harme: and if it growe
 Within his court, it will be knowe.
 For than shall the kyng be pilled.
 The man whiche hath his londe tilled,
 Awaiteth nought more redily
 The bernest, than thei greedily
 Ne make than warde and watche,
 Where thei the profits mighten catche.
 And yet full ofte it falleth so,
 As men maie seie amonge hem the;

That he, whiche most coueteth fast,
 Hath least auantage at last.
 For whan fortune is there agayne,
 Though he coueite, it is in vayne:
 The happes ben nought alliche,
 One is made poore an other riche:
 The courte to some it doth profite,
 And some ben euer in one plite,
 And yet thei both aliche sore
 Coueite, but fortune is more
 Unto that one parte fauourable.
 And though it be nought reasonable,
 This thyng maie a man seie all daie,
 Wherof that I the telle maie
 After ensample in remembrance,
 Howe euery man maie take his chance
 Or of rychesse, or of pouerte,
 How so it stande of the deserte,
 Here is nought euery thyng acquite.
 For ofte a man maie see this yit,
 That who best doth, lest thouke shall hanke.
 It helpeth nought the worlde to craue,
 Whiche out of reule and of measure
 Hath euer stande in auenture,
 As well in courtes as eis where
 And howe in olde daies there
 It stode so as the thynges felle,
 I thynke a tittle for to telle.

Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus
 regum seruitates, pro eo quod ipsi secundum
 eorum cupiditatem promoti non existunt, de re-
 gio seruitio quamvis in eorum defectu indiscrete
 murmurant.

In a cronike this I rede,
 About a kyng, as must nede,
 There was knightes and squiers
 Great route, and eke officers:
 Some of longe tyme hym had serued,
 And thoughten, that thei haue deserued
 Auancement, and gone without:
 And some also ben of the route,
 That comen but a while agone,
 And thei auanced were anone.

These olde men vpon this thyng,
 (So as thei durst) ageyne the kyng
 Amonge hem selfe compleinen ofte:
 But there is nothyng sayde so ofte,
 That it ne cometh out at last.

The kyng it wist, anone als fast
 As he whiche was of high prudence,
 He shope therefore an euidence
 Of hem that plainen in the cas,
 To knowe in whose defaults it was,
 And all within his owne entent,
 That no man wist what it ment.

Anone he lette two cofres make,
 Of one semblance, of one make,
 So lyche, that no life thaike throwe,
 That one maie fro that other knowe:
 Thei were in to his chambre brought:
 But no man wote why thei be brought.
 And netheles the kyng bath bede,
 That thei be sette in priuis stode,
 As he that was of wisdoms eligh.
 Whan he therto his tyme sigh,
 All priueliche, that none it wist,
 His owne bondes that one chist
 Of fine golde, and of fyne perie,
 The whiche out of his tresorie

Was take, anone he slide fall:
That other coffre of strawe and mull,
With stones mened be slide also.
Thus be thei full both two.

So that ereliche vpon a daie
He bad within there he laie,
There shulde to fore his bedde
A bourde vp sette, and sayre sprovede,
And than he let the coffre sette.
Upon the bourde and did hem sette,
He knewe the names well of tho,
The whiche ayene hym grutcheth so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and sent for hem all,
And saide to hem in this wyse:

There shall no man his hap despise,
I wotte well ye haue longe serued,
And got wote what ye haue deserued,
But if it is a longe on me,
Of that ye vnauanced be,
Or els if it be longe on you,
The noth shall be preued nowe,
To stoppe with your euill worde.
Lo here two cofers on the borde,
Chese whiche you list of both two.
And witteth well, that one of tho
Is with treasure so full begone,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye shall be riche meu for euer.
Nowe chese and take whiche you is leuer.
But be well ware, er that ye take.
For of that one I vndertake,
There is no maner good therin,
Wherof ye might profite winne.
Nowe goth to getherof one assent,
And maketh your aduiseament.
For but I you this daie-uaunce,
It stant vpon your owne chance
All onely in default of grace,
So shall ye shewe in this place
Upon you all well asne
That no defaulte shall be myn.

Thei knelen all, and with one voice
The kynge thei thanken of this choise.
And after that thei vp arise,
And gon a side, and hem auise,
And at last thei acorde,
Wherof her tale to recorde,
To what issue thei ben falle,
A knight shall speake for hem alle.
He kneleth downe to the kynge,
And saith that thei vpon this thyng
Or for to wynde, or for to lese,
Ben all auised for to chese.

The toke this knight a yerd on bonde,
And goth there as the cofers stonde,
And with thassent of euerichone,
He leid his yarde vpon one,
And setteth the kynge, howe thilke same
Thei chese in reguerdon by name,
And preith him that thei might it haue.
The kynge whiche wolde his honour saue,
Whan he hath herde the common voise,
Hath graunted hem her owne choise,
And toke hem therupon the keye.
But for he wolde it were seye
What good thei haue, as thei suppose,
He had anone the cofer vnclose,
Whiche was fulfilled with straw and stones.
Thus be thei serued all at ones.

This kynge than in the same stode,
Anone that other Cofer vndede,
Where as thei sawen great richesse,
Well more than thei couthen gesse.

Lo, sayth the kynge, nowe maie ye see,
That there is no defaulte in mee.
For thy my selfe I woll acquite,
And beareth your owne wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.

Thus was this wise kynge excused,
And thei left of her euill speche,
And mercy of her kynge besече.

*Nota de diuitiarum accidentia, vbi narrat, qualiter
Fredericus Romanorum imperator duos pauperes
audiuit litigantes, quorum unus dixit, Bene
potest ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius
dixit, quem deus vult ditare diues erit, que rex
cum ab experimentum postea probata fuisset,
ille qui deum innocabat pastillum auro plenum
fortitius est, alius vero caponis pastillum sotta
precelegit.*

SOMDELE to this master like
I fynde a tale, howe Frederike
Of Rome that tyme Emperour
Herde, as he wente, a great clamour
Of two beggers vpon the weye:
That one of hem began to seye,
Ha lord well may the name be riche,
Whome that a kynge list to riche.

That other said no thyng se,
But he is ryche and well begge,
To whoime that god wol sende wele.
And thus thei maden wordes fele.
Wherof this lord bath hede nome,
And did hem both for to come
To the paleis, where he shall ete,
And bad ordeine for her paste
Two pasteys, whiche he lete de make.
A capon in that one was bake,
And in that other for to wynde
Of foreyns all that maie within
He let do put a great riches:
And euen as liche as man maie gesse,
Outwarde thei were both two.

This begger was commanded tho,
He the whiche held hym to the kynge,
That he fyrate chese vpon this thyng.

He sawe hem, but he felt hem nought:
So that vpon his owne thought
He chese the capon, and forsoke
That other, whiche his felawe toke.
But whan he wist howe that it ferde,
He seyth slowde, that men it herde,
Nowe haue I certaynly conceiued,
That he maie lightly be deceiued,
That tristeth vnto mans helpe.
But well is hym, that god woll helpe.
For he stant on the siker side,
Whiche elles shulde go beside,
I see my felawe well recouer,
And I mote dwell still pouer.

Thus spake the begger his entent,
And pouer he cam, and pouer he went,
Of that he hath richesse sought,
His infortune it wolde nought.
So maie it shewe in sondrie wise,
Betwene fortune and couetise,

The chance is cast vpon a dee
 But yet a man maie full ofte see
 Enowe of suche netheles,
 Whiche euer put hem selfe in pres
 To get hem good, and yet thei faile.
 And for to speke of this entaile
 Touchende of loue in thy mattere,
 My good sonne as thou might here,
 That right as it with the men stood
 Of infortune of worldes good,
 As thou hast herde me tell aboue:
 Right so full ofte it stant by loue,
 Though thou coueyte it enermore,
 Thou shalte haue no dele the more,
 But only that, whiche is the shape,
 The remenant is but a iape.
 And netheles enowe of tho
 There ben, that nowe coucite so.
 That where as thei a woman see,
 Ye ten or twelue though there beo,
 The loue is nowe so vnaised,
 That where the beautee stant assised,
 The mans herte anone is there,
 And rouneth tales in hir ere,
 And seith, howe that he loueth streite.
 And thus he sette hym to coucite
 An hondred though he sawe a daie,
 So wolde he more than he maie.
 So for the great couetise
 Of sotie and fool emprise,
 In eche of hem he fiat somewhat,
 That pleaseth hym, or this or that:
 Some one, for she is white of skynne,
 Some one, for she is noble of kynne,
 Some one, for she hath a rodie cheke,
 Some one, for that she semeth meke,
 Some one, for she hath eyen greye,
 Some one, for she can laugh and pleye,
 Some one, for she is longe and smalle,
 Some one, for she is lite and talle,
 Some one, for she is pale and bleche,
 Some one, for she is softe of speche,
 Some one, for that she is camused,
 Some one, for she hath not be vsed,
 Some one, for she can daunce and sing,
 So that some thyng of his likyng
 He fint: and though no more he fele,
 But that she hath a litell hele,
 It is enough, that he therefore
 Hir loue, and thus an hundred score,
 While thei be newe, he wolde he had,
 Whom he forsaketh, she is bad,
 The blinde man no colour demeth,
 But all is one right as him semeth:
 So hath his lust no iudgement,
 Whom couetise of loue bleat.
 Hym thinketh, that to his couetise,
 Howe all the worlde ne maie suffice.
 For by his wille he wolde haue all,
 If that it might so befall.
 Thus is he comon as the strete,
 I set nought of his beyete.
 My sonne haste thoue suche couetise?
 Naye fader suche loue I despise,
 And while I liue shal don euer.
 For in good feith yet had I leuer,
 Than to coucite in suche aways,
 To ben for ener till I doye
 As poor as Ioh, and loueles,
 Out taken one, for haueles

His thonkes is no man a liue.
 For than a man shulde all vnthrive,
 There ought no wise man coucite,
 The lawe was not set so streite.
 For thy my selfe with all to saue,
 Suche one there is I wold haue,
 And none of all this other mo.
 My sonne of that thou woldest so,
 I am not wroth, but ouer this,
 I wold the belle, howe it is.
 For there be men, whiche other wise
 Right onely for the couetise,
 Of that thei seen a woman riche,
 There wol thei all her loue affiche
 Nought for the beautee of hir face,
 Ne yet for vertu ne for grace,
 Whiche she hath elles right enough,
 But for the parke and for the plough,
 And other thinges, whiche therto longeth.
 For in none other wise hem longeth
 To loue, but if thei profite finde,
 And if the profite be behyude,
 Her loue is euer lesse and lesse.
 For after that she hath richesse,
 Her loue is of proporcion.
 If thou hast suche condicion.
 My sonne telle right as it is.
 Myn holy fader naye ywis,
 Condicion suche haue I none
 For truly fader I loue one
 So well, with all myn hertes thought,
 That certes though she had nought,
 And were as poore as Medea,
 Whiche was exiled for Creusa,
 I wolde hir nought the lesse loue:
 Ne though she were at hir aboue,
 As was the riche queene Candace,
 Whiche to deauerie loue and grace
 To Alisander, that was kynge,
 Yafe many a worthye riche thyng:
 Or elles as Panthasiace,
 Whiche was the queene of Feminee,
 And great richesse with hir nam,
 Whan she for loue of Hector cam
 To Troie, in rescous of the towne.
 I am of suche condicion,
 That though my ladie of hir selue
 Were also riche, as suche twelue,
 I couth not, though it were so,
 No better loue hir, than I do.
 For I loue in so plaine a wise,
 That for to speke of couetise,
 As for pouerte, or for richesse,
 My loue is nother more ne lesse.
 For in good feith I trowe this,
 So couetous no man there is,
 For why, and he my ladie sie,
 That he through loknyge of his eie
 Ne shuld haue suche a stroke within,
 That for no gold he might wyu,
 He shuld nought hir loue asterte,
 But if he lefte there his herte,
 Be so it were suche a man,
 That couth the skille of a woman.
 For there be men so rude some,
 Whan thei amonge the women come,
 Thei gon vnder protection,
 That loue and his affection
 Ne shal not take hem by the sleue.
 For thei ben out of that beleue,

Hem lusteth of no ladie chere,
 But euer thinkend there and here,
 Where as the golde is in the cofre,
 And wol none bther loue profre.
 But who so wote, what loue amounteth,
 And by reason truliche accompteth:
 Than maie he knowe, and taken hede,
 That all the lust of womanhede,
 Whiche maie ben in a ladis face,
 My lady hath, and eke of grace.
 If men shuld yeuen hir a prise,
 Thei maie wel seye, howe she is wise,
 And sobre, and simple of countenance,
 And all that to good gouernaunce
 Belongeth of a worthie wight,
 She hath plainly: for thilke night,
 That she was bore, as for the nones,
 Nature set in hir at ones
 Beautee with bountee so heseyn,
 That I maie well afferme and seyn,
 I sawe yet neuer creature,
 Of comly hede, and of feture,
 In any kynges region,
 Be liche hir in comparison.
 And therto, as I haue you tolde,
 Yet hath she more a thousande folde
 Of bountee, and shortly to telle,
 She is pure heade and welle,
 And myrroure, and ensample of good,
 Who so hir vertues vnderstood.
 Me thinketh it ought enought suffice
 Withouten other couetise,
 To loue suche one, and to serue,
 Whiche with hir chere cau deserue
 To be beloved better wyis,
 Than she par cas that richest is,
 And hath of golde a milion:
 Suche hath he myn opinion,
 And euer shall, But netheles
 I saie nought she is haueles,
 That she nis riche, and well at ease,
 And hath enough, wherwith to please
 (Of worldes good) whome that hir list.
 But one thyng I wolde wel ye wist,
 That neuer for no worldes good
 Myn bert vnto hir warde stodee,
 But onely right for pure loue.
 That wote the high god aboue:
 Nowe fader what saie ye therto?
 My sonne I saie it is wel do.
 For take of this right good beleue,
 What man that wol hym selfe releue
 To loue in any other wise,
 He shall well fynde his couetise
 Shall sore greue hym at laste.
 For suche a loue maie not laste.
 But nowe men seyn in our daies,
 Men maken but a fewe assaies,
 But if the cause be richesse.
 For thy the lone is well the lesse.
 And who that wold ensamples telle,
 By olde daies as thei fell,
 Than might a man well vnderstonde,
 Suche lone maie not longe stonde.
 Now herken sonne, and thou shalt here
 A great ensample of this mattero

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos, qui non propter
 amorem, sed propter diuitias sponsalia sumunt.
 Et narrat de quodam regis Apulie Senescallo,

qui non solum propter pecuniam uxorem duxit:
 sed etiam pecunie commercis uxorem sibi de-
 sponsatam vendidit.

To treat vpon the cas of loue,
 So as we tolde here aboue,
 I fynde write a wonder thyng.
 Of Puile whilom was a kyng,
 A man of high complexion,
 And yonge, but his affection,
 After the nature of his age,
 Was yet not falle in his courage,
 The lust of woman for to knowe.
 So it betid vpon a throwe,
 This lorde felle in to great likenes,
 Phisike hath done the besines
 Of sondry cures many one
 To make hym holle, and therupon
 A worthis maister, whiche there was,
 Yafe hym counsell vpon this cas,
 That if he wolde haue parfite hele,
 He shuld with a woman dele,
 A fresshe, a yonge, a lustie wight,
 To don hym companie a night.
 For than he sayde hym redily,
 That he shall be all hole therby,
 And other wise he knewe no cure.

The kyng, whiche stode in a venture
 Of life and deth for medicine,
 Assented was and of couyne.

His stewarde, whom he trusteth well,
 He toke and tolde hym euery delc,
 How that this maister had sayde,
 And therupon he bath hym prayde,
 And charged vpon his ligeance,
 That he do make pureiaince,
 Of suche one as be conenable
 For his plesance, and delitable,
 And bad hym, howe that euer it stood,
 That he shall spare for no good,
 For his will is right well to paie.

The stewarde saide, he wold assaie.

But now here after thou shalt wittle,
 As I fynde in the bokes writte,
 What couetise in loue doth.

This stewarde, for to tell soth,
 Amonges all the men onliue
 A lustie ladie hath to wine,
 Whiche netheles for golde he toke,
 And nought for loue, as saith the boke.
 A riche marchant of the londe
 Hir fader was, and he hir fonde
 So worthyly and suche richesse
 Of worldes good and suche largesse,
 With hir he yafe in mariage,
 That onely for thilke auantage
 Of good, the stewarde hath hir take
 For lucre, and nought for loutes sake:
 And that was afterwarde well sene,
 Nowe herken, what it woll mene.

The stewarde in his owne herte
 Sigh, that his lorde maie not aterne
 His maladie, but he haue
 A lustie woman hym to saue,
 And thought he wolde yeue enough
 Of treasour, wherof he drough
 Great couetise into his mynde,
 And set his honour ferre behynde.

Thus he, whom golde hath ouersette,
 Was trapped in his owne nette.

The golde bath made his wittes lame,
So that sechende his owne shame,
He rouneth in the kynges care,
And said hym, that he wist where -
A gentill and a lustie one
Tho was, and thither wolde he gone,
But he mote yeue yefes great.
For but it be through great beyete
Of golde, he shulde not spede.

The kyng hym bad vpon the nede,
That take an hundrede pounde he sholde,
And yeue it, where that he wolde,
Be so it were in worthis place.

And thus to stonde in lous grace,
This kyng his golde bath habandoned.
And whan this tale was full rounded,
The stewarde toke the golde, and went,
Within his herte aud many a went
Of couetise than he caste,
Wherof a purpose at leste

(Ayene loue and ayene his right)
He toke, and saide howe thilke night
His wife shall ligge by the kyng,
And goth thynkende upon this thyng,
Towarde his inne till he cam home
In to the chambre, and than he nome
His wife, and tolde hir all the cas.
And she whiche red for shame was,
With both hir handes to hym prayde
Knelende, and in this wise sayde:
That she to reason and to skille,
In what thyng that he bid wyll,
Is redy for to done his heste:

But this thyng that were not honeste,
That he for golde hir shulde selle.

And he tho with his wordes felle,
Forth with his gastly countenance,
Sayth, that she shall done obeisance,
And folowe his wille in enery place,
And thus through strength of his manace,
Hir innocence is ouerladdre,
Wherof she was so sore adradde,
That she his wille mote nede obeie.
And therupon was shape aweie,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of all memnes sight,
(So princely that none it wist)

Brought to the kyng, whiche as hym list
Maie do with hir what he wolde.

For whan she was there as she sholde
With hym a bedde vnder the cloth,
The stewarde toke his leue, and goth
In to the chambre faste by:
But howe he slepte, that wote not I.
For he sigh cause of lelousie.

But he whiche hath the companie
Of suche a lusty one as shee,
Hym thought that of his degree,
There was no man so well at ease.
She doth all that she maie to please,
So that his herte all holle she had.
And thus this kyng his ioie lad
Till he was nigh vpon the daie.

The stewarde than where she laie
Cam to the bedde, and in this wise
Math bid she shulde arise.

The kyng saith maie, she shall not go.
The stewarde saide nothyng so.
For she mote gone er it be knowe,
And so I swore, at thilke throwe,

Whan I hir fette to you here.

The kyng his tale wolde not here,
And seith, how that he hath hir bought.
For thy she shall departe nought,
Till be the bright daie beholde,
And caught hir in his armes folde,
As he whiche list for to pleie,
And bad his stewarde gone aweie,
And so he did ayene his wille.
And thus his wife a bedde stille
Laie with the kyng the longe night,
Till that it was high soune light,
But who she was he knew nothyng.

Tho cam the stewarde to the kyng,
And prayde hym without shame
In sauynge of hir good name,
He might leaden home ayene
This ladde, and tolde hym pleyne,
Howe that it was his owne wife.

The kyng his care vnto this strife
Hath leyde: and what that he it herde,
Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And sayde: A caytife most of all,
Where was it euer or this befall,
That any Lokarde in this wise
Betoke his wife for couetise?
Thou hast bothe hir and me begiled,
And eke thyn owne estate reuiled,
Wherof that burome vnto the
Here after shall she neuer be.
For this auowe to god I make,
After this daie, if I the take,
Thou shalt be honged and to drawe.
Nowe loke anone thou be withdrawe:
So that I see the neuer more.

This stewarde that drad hym sore,
With all the hast that he maie
Is fled away the same daie,
And was exiled out of londe.

Lo there a nice husbonde,
Whiche thus his wife hath loste for euer.
But netheles she had a leuer.
The kyng her weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof hir name she soccoreth,
Whiche erst was lost through couetise
Of him, that lad hir other wise.
And hath hym selfe also forlore.

My soune be thou ware therfore,
Where thou shalt lous in any place,
That thou no couetise embrace,
The whiche is not of lous kinde.
But for all that a man maie finde
Nowe in this tyme of thilke rage
Full great disease in mariage,
What venim medleth with the sugre,
And mariage is made for lucre,
Or for the lust, or for the hele,
What man that shall with other dele,
He maie not faile to repent.

My fader suche is myn entent:
But netheles good is to haue.
For good maie oft tyme saue
The loue, whiche shuld elles spille.
But god, whiche wote my hertes wille
I dar wel take to witnesse,
Yet was I neuer for richesse
Be set with mariage none.
For all myn herte is vpon one
So frely, that in the persons
Stant all my worldes loye alone.

I aske nother parke ne plough,
If I hir had, it were enough.
Hir loue shulde me suffice,
Withouten other couetise.
Lo nowe my fader, as of this,
Touchend of me, right as it is,
My shrifte I am be knowe pleyn:
And if ye wol ought elles seyn
Of couetise if there be more
In loue, agropeth out the sore.

*Fallere cum nequeat, propria vir fraude subornat
Testes sit queis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dum querit amans mulieres
Vult testes falsos falsus habere suos.
Non sine vindicta periurus abibit in eis,
Visu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere periuro non est laudanda puellam
Gloria, sed falso conditionis opus.*

*Hic tractat super illis auaricie speciebus, que
falsum testimonium et periurium nuncupantur,
quorum fraudulenta circumuentio tam in cupiditatis
quam in amoris causa sui desiderii propositum,
quam sepe fallaciter attingit.*

My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
Howe couetise hath yet on honde
In speciall two counsailours,
That ben also his procurours.
The first of hem is fals witnesse,
Whiche euer is redy to witnesse
What thyng his maister woll hym hote:
Periurie is the second hote,
Which spareth nought to swere an othe,
Though it be fals, and god be wrothe.
That one shall fals witnesse beare,
That other shall the thyng forswear,
Whan he his charged on the boke.
So what with bepe, and what with croke,
Thei make her maister ofte winne,
And woll not knowe, what is sinne
For couetise: and thus men seyn,
Thei make many a fals bargeyn.
There maie no trewe quarel arise
In thilke queste of thilke assise,
Where as thei two the people enforme.
For thei kepe euer o maner forme,
That vpon golde her conscience
Thei founde, and take her euidence.
And thus with fals witness and othes
Thei winne hem meate, drinke, and clothes.
Right so there be, who that hem knew,
Of these louers ful many vntrewe.
Nowe maie a woman finde enowe,
That eche of hem, whan he shall wowe,
Anone he will his bande downe leyne
Upon a boke, and swears and seyne,
That he wol feith and trouth beare.
And thus he profereth hym to swears
To seruen euen till he die,
And all is very trecherie.
For whan the soth hym selfe trieth,
The more he sweareth, the more he lieth.
Whan he his feith maketh all thermost,
Than maie a woman trust hym lest.
For till he maie his will acheue,
He is no lenger for to leue.
Thus is the trouthe of loue exiled,
And many a good woman beguiled.
And eke to speke of fals witnesse,
There ben now suche many I gesse,

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That liche vnto the proulsours
Thei make hem hir preuie procourours,
To tell howe there is suche a man,
Whiche is worthy to loue, and can
All that a good man shulde conne.
So that with lesing is begoune
The cause, in whiche thei woll procede.
And also siker as the crede
Thei make of that thei knowen fals.
And thus full ofte about the halse
Loue is of fals men embraced.
But loue, whiche is so purchaced
Come afterwarde to litell prise.
For thy my sonne, if thou be wise,
Nowe thou hast herde this euidence,
Thou might thyn owne conscience
Oppose, if thou hast be-suche one.

Naye god wote father I am none,
Ne neuer was, for as men saith,
Whan that a man shall make his faith,
His hert and tonge must accorde.
For if so be that thei discorde,
Than is he fals, and els nought.
And I dare saie, as of my thought
In loue, it is not discordable
Unto my worde, but accordable.
And in this wise father I
Maie right well swere, and sauffy,
That I my lady loue well.
For that accordeth euery dele,
It nedeth nought to my soth sawe,
That I witnesse shulde drawe
Iuto this daie, for euer yit
Ne might it sinke in to my wit,
That I my counsaile shulde seye
To any wight, or me bewreye,
To sechen helpe in suche manere,
But onely for my lady dere.
And though a thousands men it wiste,
That I hir loue, and than hem liat
With me to swere, and to witnesse:
Yet were that no fals witnesse.
For I dare vnto this trouth dwelle,
I loue hir more than I can telle.
Thus am I father giteles,
As ye haue herde: and setheles
In your dome I put it all.

My sonne witte in speciall,
It shall not commonliche faile,
All though it for a tyme faile,
That fals witnesse his cause spede
Upon the point of his faishede:
It shall well afterwarde be kid,
Wherof so as it is betid,
Ensampler of such thynges bynde
In a cronike writte I fynde.

*Hic ponit exemplum de illis, qui falsum testifi-
cantes, amoris innocentiam circumuehiunt, Et
narrat qualiter Thetis Achillem filium suum
adolecentem muliebri vestitum apparatu asse-
rens esse puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias
ad educandum produxit, Et sic Achilles decepto
rege filie sue Deidamie socia et cubicularia
effectus super ipsam Pirrhum genuit, qui postea
mire probitatis militiam assecutus, mortem patris
sui apud Troiam Polixene Tyrannice vindicauit.*

THE goddesse of the sea Thetis
She had a sonne, and his name is

L

Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
 While he was yonge, and in to warde
 She thought hym masy to betake,
 As she, whiche drad for his sake
 Of that was saide of propheetie,
 That he at Troie shoulde die,
 Whan that the citee was beleyne.
 For thy so as the bokes seyne,
 She cast hir wit in sondrie wise,
 Howe she hym might so disguise,
 That no man shuld his body knowe.
 And so befelle that ilke throwe,
 While that she thought vpon this dede,
 There was a kyng, whiche Lichomede
 Was hote, and he was well begone,
 With faire daughters many one,
 And dwelte ferre out in an yle.
 Nowe thalt thou here a wonder wile.
 This quene, whiche the mother was
 Of Achilles, vpon this cas
 Hir sonne, as he a maiden were
 Let clothen in the same gere,
 Whiche longeth vnto womanhede.
 And he was yonge, and toke none hede,
 But suffreth all that she hym dode,
 Wherof she hath hir women hede,
 And chargeth by her othes alle,
 Howe so it afterward befall,
 That thei discouer nought this thyng,
 But feigne and make a knowlageyng
 Upon the counseile, whiche was nome,
 In euery place where thei come,
 To telle and to witnesse this,
 Howe he hir ladis daughter is.
 And right in suche a maner wise
 She bad thei shuld hir don seruisse:
 So that Achilles vnderfongeth,
 As to a yong lady belongeth,
 Honour, seruice, and reuerence.
 For Thetis with great diligence
 Hym hath so taught, and so affaited,
 That howe so that he were awaited
 With sobre, and goodly contenance
 He shulde his womanbede auance,
 That none the soth knowe might,
 But that in euery mans sight
 He shuld seme a pure maide.
 And in suche wise, as she hym saide,
 Achilles, whiche that ilke while
 Was yonge, vpon hym selfe to smile
 Began, whan he was so beseyn.
 And thus after the bokes seyn,
 With frette of perle vpon his heds
 All freshe betwene the white and rede,
 As he whiche tho was tender of age,
 Stode the colour in his visage:
 That for to loke vpon his cheke,
 And seen his childly maner eke,
 He was a woman to beholde.
 And than his moder to hym tolde,
 That she hym bad so begone,
 Because that she thought gone
 To Lichomede at thilke tide,
 Where that she saide, he shulde abide
 Amonge his daughters for to dwelle.
 Achilles herd his moder telle,
 And wist nought the cause why.
 And netheles full buxomly
 He was redy to that she bad,
 Wherof his moder was right glad.

To Lichomede and forth thei went.
 And whan the kyng knewe hir entent,
 And sawe this yonge daughter there,
 And that it came vnto his ere,
 Of suche record, of suche witnesse,
 He had right a great gladnesse,
 Of that he both sigh and herde,
 As he that wote not howe it ferde
 Upon the counseil of the nede.
 But for all that kyngs Lichomede
 Hath toward him hir daughter take:
 And for Thetis his moder sake,
 He put hir in to companie
 To dwelle with Deidamie
 His owne daughter the eldest,
 The fairest, and the comliest
 Of all his daughters, whiche he had.
 Of los Thetis the cause lad,
 Ind lefte there Achilles feigned,
 As he, whiche hath hym selfe restrained
 In all that euer he maie and can
 Out of the maner of a man,
 And toke his womaniashe chere,
 Wherof vnto his bedfere
 Deidamie he hath by night,
 Where kynde wolde hym selue right,
 After the Philosophers seyn,
 There maie no wight be there ageyn,
 And that was thilke tyme sene.
 The longc nightes hem betwene
 Nature, whiche maie not forbere,
 Hath made hem bothe for to stere,
 Thei kissen first, and ouermore
 The highe wey of loues lore
 Thei gone, and all was done in dede,
 Wherof lost is the maiden hede,
 And that was afterward well knowe.
 For it befall that ilke throwe
 At Troie, where the sieg laie,
 Upon the cause of Menelaie,
 And of his quene dame Heleine,
 The gregois hadden mochel peine
 All daie to fight, and to assaile.
 But for thei might nought auaille
 So noble a citee for to wynde,
 A preuye counsaile thei begynne,
 In sondrie wise where thei treat,
 And at laste amonge the great
 Thei fellen vnto his accorde,
 That Phorceus, of his reorde,
 Whiche was an Astroomien,
 And eke a great magicien,
 Shulde of his calculacion
 Serche of constellation,
 How thei the citee mighten gette.
 And he the whiche had sought foryete
 Of that belongeth to a clerke,
 His studie sette vpon this werke,
 So longe his wit about he cast,
 Till that he fonde out at last,
 But if thei hadden Achilles,
 Her werre shall ben endeles.
 And ouer that he tolde hem pleine,
 In what maner he was beseyne,
 And in what place he shall be founde.
 So that within a litell stounde
 Ulysses forth with Diomede
 Upon this point to Lichomede
 Agamemnon to gether sente.
 But Ulysses, er he forth went,

Whiche was one of the most wise,
 Ordained hath in suche a wise,
 That he the most riche araye,
 Whereof a woman maie be gaye,
 With hym he toke manifolde.
 And ouermore, as it is tolde,
 An harnois as for a lustie knight,
 Whiche burned was as siluer bright,
 Of swerde, of plate, and eke of maile,
 As though he shulde do bataile,
 He toke also with hym by ship.
 And thus to gether in felawship
 Forth gone this Diomed and hee,
 In hope till thei mighten see
 The place, where Achilles is.

The wynde stode than nought amis,
 But euery topsaile coole it blew,
 Till Ulysses the marches knewe,
 Where Lichomede his reigne had.

The stiresman so well him ladde,
 That thei be comen saufe to londe,
 Where thei gone out vpon the stronde
 In to the burgh, where that thei fonde
 The kyng: and he, whiche bath facounde,
 Ulysses did the message.

But the counsaile of his courage,
 Why that he came, he tolde nought,
 But vnderneath he was bethought,
 In what maner he might aspie
 Achilles from Deidamie,
 And fro these other, that there were,
 Full many a lustie ladie there.

Thei plaide hem there a date or two,
 And as it was fortun'd so,
 It fell that tyme in suche a wise,
 To Bacchus that a sacrifice
 These yonge ladies shulden make:
 And for the straunge mens sake,
 That comen from the siege of Troie,
 Thei maden well the more ioie.
 There was resell, there was daunsinge,
 And euery life, whiche couth singe
 Of lusty women in the route,
 A freshe caroll hath songe about.
 But for all this yet netheles,
 The grekes vnknewe of Achilles
 So weren, that in no degree
 Thei couthen witte, whiche was he,
 Ne by his voice, ne by his pass.

Ulysses than vpon the caas
 A thyng of high prudence hath wrought.
 For thilke araye, whiche he hath brought
 To yee amonge the women there,
 He lette do fetten all the gere,
 Forth with a knightes harnois eke,
 In all the country for to seke,
 Men shulden nought a fairer see,
 And euery thyng in his degree
 Endelonge vpon a bourde he laide.
 So Lichomede and than he praide,
 That euery lady these shoide
 What thyng of all that she wolde,
 And take it as by waye of yeste.
 For thei hem selfe it shulde sheft,
 He saide, after her owne wille.

Achilles than stode nought stille,
 When he the bright helme behelde,
 The swerde, the hanberke, and the shelde,
 His herte selle therto anone,
 Of all that other walde he none.

The knightes gere he vnderfongeth,
 And thilke arraie, whiche that belongeth
 Unto the women, he forsoke.

And in this wyse, as sayth the boke,
 Thei knowen than whiche he was.
 For he goth forth the great pass
 In to the chambre, where he laie
 Anone, and made no deliaie:
 He armeth hym in knightly wise,
 That better can no man denise.
 And as fortune shulde falle,
 He came so forth tofore hem alle,
 As he, whiche tho was glad enough.
 But Lichomede nothyng lough,
 When that he sigh, howe that it ferde
 For than he wist well and herde
 His daughter had be forleyn.

But that he was so ouersayn
 The wonder ouergoth his wit.
 For in Cronike is writen yit
 Thing, whiche shall neuer be foryete,
 Howe that Achilles hath begette
 Pirrus vpon Deidamie,
 Whereof came out the trecherie
 Of fals witnes, when he sayde,
 Howe that Achilles was a mayde:
 But that was nothyng sene tho.
 Forth he is to the siege go
 For with Ulysses and Diomed

Lo thus was proued in the dede
 And fully spoke at thilke while,
 If o woman an other begile,
 Where is there any sekynnesse?
 When Tbetis, which was than the goddesse,
 Deidamie bath so beisped,
 I not howe it shall bene escaped
 With the women, whose innocence
 Is nowe all daie through suche credence
 Deceined ofte, as it is sene
 With men, that suche vntrouth mene.
 For thei ben aligh in suche a wise,
 That thei by slyght, and by quaintise
 Of fals witnes bringen inae,
 That doth hem ofte for to wynne,
 That thei be not worthy therto.

For thy my somme dooe not so.
 My father as of fals witnesse
 The trouth, and the maner expresse,
 Touchende of loue, howe it hath ferde.
 As ye haua tolde, I haue well herde.
 But for ye sayden other wise,
 Howe thilke vice of couetise
 Hath yet periu of his acorde:
 If that you list of some records
 To tell an other tale also,
 In loues cause of tyme ago,
 What thyng it is to be forswore,
 I wolde preie you therfore,
 Whereof I might ensample take.

My good soonne and for thy sake,
 Touchende of this I shall fulfill
 Thyn axynge, at thyme owne wiff:
 And the matere I shall declare,
 Howe the women deceiued are,
 When thei so tender hertes beare,
 Of that thei here men so swear.
 But when it cometh vnto thassale,
 Thei fynde it fals an other daie:
 As Iason did vnto Medee
 Whiche stants yet of auctoritee,

In token, and in memoriall,
 Wherof the tale in speciall
 Is in the boke of Troie writte,
 Whiche I shall do the for to witte.

Hic in amoris causa ponit exemplum contra periuros, Et narrat qualiter Iason priusque ad Insulam Colchos pro aureo vellere ibidem conquestando transiit, in amorrem et coniugium Medee regis Oethes filie iuramento firmiter se strinxit, sed suo postea completo negotio cum ipsam secum nauigio in Gretiam perduxit, ubi illam senectutem patris sui Easonis in floridam iuuentutem mirabili scientia reformauit, Ipse Iason fidei sue ligamento, aliisque beneficiis postpositis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creusa regis Creontis filia periuirus dereliquit.

In grece whilom was a kyng,
 Of whom the fame and knowyngyng
 Beleueth yet, and Peleus
 He highte: but it felle hym thus,
 That his fortune hir whele so lad,
 That he no childre his owne had
 To reiguen after his decease,
 He had a brother netheles,
 Whose right name was Eson,
 And he the worthy knight Iason
 Begatte, the whiche in euery londe
 All other passed of his honde
 An armes, so that he the best
 Was named, and the worthiest.
 He sought worshippie ouer all:
 Nowe herken, and I the tell shall
 An aduenture, that he sought,
 Whiche afterwarde full dere he bouht.

There was an yle, whiche Colchos
 Was cleped, and therof arose
 Great speche in euery londe aboute,
 That suche meruaile was none oute
 In all the wide worlde no here,
 As tho was in that yle there.
 There was a shepe, as it was tolde,
 The whiche his flees bare all of golde,
 And so the goddes had it sette,
 That it ne might awaie be fette.
 By power of no worldeis wight:
 And yet full many a worthy knight
 It had assaied, as they dorst,
 And euer it fell hem to the worst.
 But he that wolde it nought forsake,
 But of his knighthode vndertake
 To do, what thyng theerto belongeth,
 This worthy Iason sore alongeth
 To see the strange regions,
 And knowe the condicions
 Of other marches, where he went,
 And for that cause his hole entent
 He set Colchos for to seche:
 And therupon he made a speche
 To Peleus his eme the kyng.
 And he well paide was of that thyng,
 And shope anone for his passage,
 Suche as were of his lignage,
 With other knightes, whiche he ches,
 With hym he toke: and Hercules,
 Whiche full was of chualrie,
 With Iason wente in companie:
 And that was in the moneth of maie,
 Whan colde stormes were awaie.

The winde was good, the ship was yase,
 Thei toke her leue, and forth thei fare
 Towards Colchos: but on the weie
 What hem befelle, is longe to seie:
 Howe Laomedon the kyng of Troie,
 Whiche ought well haue made hem ioie,
 Whan thei to rest a while hym preyde,
 Out of his londe he them congeyde.
 And so befelle the dissencion,
 Whiche after was destruction
 Of that citee, as men maie here:
 But that is nought to my matere.
 But thus the worthy folke gregois
 Fro that kyng, whiche was not curtois,
 And fro his lande with sayle vpdraue
 Thei went hem furth, and many a sawe
 They made, and many a great manace,
 Tyll at last in to that place,
 Whiche as thei sought, thei arriue,
 And striken sayle, and forth as bliue
 Thei sente vnto the kyng, and tolde,
 Who weren there, and what thei wolde,
 Oetes, whiche was then kyng,
 Whan that he herde this tidyng
 Of Iason, whiche was comen there
 And of these other, what thei were:
 He thought done hem great worship.
 For thei anone come out of ship,
 And streight vnto the kyng, thei weate,
 And by the honde Iason he hente,
 And that was at the paleys gate,
 So far the kyng came on his gate,
 Towarde Iason to done hym chere.
 And he, whom lacketh no manere,
 Whan he the kyng sith in presence,
 Yafe hym ageyne suche reuerence,
 As to a kynges state belongeth.
 And thus the kyng hym vanderfongeth,
 And Iason in his arme he caught,
 And forth into the halle he straught,
 And there thei sat and speake of thynges.
 And Iason tolde hym the tidynges,
 Why he was come, and faire hym praide
 To hast his tyme: and the kyng thus saide.

Iason thou art a worthy knight,
 But it lieth in no mans might
 To done, that thou arte come fore,
 There hath bene many a knight forlore,
 Of that thei wolden it assaie.

But Iason wolde not hym esmaie,
 And saide: of euery worldeis cure
 Fortune stant in auenture,
 Paranter wele, paranter wo:
 But howe as euer that it go,
 It shall be with myn honde assayed.

The kyng the helds hym not wel paied.
 For he the grekes sore dredde,
 In aunter if Iason ne spedde,
 He might therof beare a blame.
 For tho was all the worldeis fame
 In grece, as for to speke of armes.
 For thy he drad hym of his harmes,
 And gan to preche, and to preyre.

But Iason wolde not obeye,
 But aside, he wolde his purpos holde,
 For ought that any man hym tolde.

The kyng whan he these wordes herde,
 And sigh how that this knight answerde:
 Yet for he wolde make hym glad,
 After Medea gone he bad,

Whiche was his daughter: and she cam.

And Iason whiche good hede nam
Whan he hir sigh, ageyn hir goth.
And she, whiche was hym nothyng loth,
Welcomed hym in to that londe,
And softe toke hym by the honde,
And downe thei setten both same.
She had berde spoken of his name.
And of his great worthines.
For thy she gan hir eie impresse
Upon his face, and his stature,
And thought how neuer creature
Was so welfernde, as was hee,
And Iason right in suche degre
Ne might not withhold his loke,
But so good hede on hir he toke,
That hym ne thought vnder the heuen,
Of beautee sighe he neuer hir euen,
With all that felle to womanbede.
Thus eche of other toknu hede,
Though there no worde was of recorde,
Her hertes both of one accord
Ben sette to loue, but as tho
There mighten be no wordes mo.

The kyng made hym great ioye and fest,
To all his men be yafe an hest,
So as thei wolde his thonke deserue,
That thei shulde all Iason serue,
While that he wolde there dwelle.
And thus the daie, shortly to telle,
With many myrthes thei dispent,
Till night was come, and tho thei went.
Echone of other toke his leue,
Whan thei no lenger mighten leue.

I not bowe Iason that night slepe,
But well I wote, that of the shepe,
For whiche he cam in to that ile,
He thought but a littell while:
All was Medea that he thought
So that in many wise he sought
His wit wakende, or it was daie:
Some tyme ye, some tyme nay,
Some tyme thus, some tyme so,
As he was stered to and fro
Of loue, and eke of his conquest,
As he was holde of his behest.

And thus he rose vp by the morowe,
And toke hym selfe seint Iohn to borow,
And saide he wolde first begynne
At loue, and after for to wynne
The fies of golde, for whiche he come,
And thus to hym good herte he nome.

Medea right in the same wise,
Till daie cam, that she must arise,
Laye and bethought hir all the night,
Howe she that noble worthy knight,
By any waye might wedde.

And wel she wist, if he ne spedde
Of thyng, whiche he had vnder take,
She might hir selfe no purpose take.
For if he deyde of his bataile,
She must than algate faile
To getten hym, whan he were dede.
Thus she began to sette rule,
And tourne about hir wittes all
To loks howe that it might fall,
That she with hym had a leisir
To speake and telle of hir desire.

And so it felle the same daie,
That Iason, with that swete maie

To gether sette, and hadden space
To speke, and he besought hir grace.
And she his tale goodly berde:
And afterwarde she hym answerde
And said: Iason as thou wilt,
Thou mighte be saufe, thou might be spilt.
For witte well, that neuer man,
But if he coult, that I can,
Ne mighte that fortune acheue,
For whiche thou comest: but as I leue,
If thou wolt holde comenaunt
To loue of all the remenaunt,
I shall thy life and honour sane,
That thou the fies of gold shalt hane.

He said: All at your owne wille
Madamo I shall truly fulfill
Your leat, while my life maie laste.

Thus longe he praied, and at last
She graunteth, and beight hym this,
That whan night cometh, and it time is
She wolde hym sende certainly
Suche one, that shulde him priuely
Alone in to hir chambre brynge.

He thanketh hir of that tidynge.

For of that grace is hym begonne,
Hym thinketh al other thinges wonne.

The daie made ende, and loste his sight,
And comen was the derke night,
The whiche all the daies sie bleat.

Iason toke leue, and forth he went:
And whan he cam out of the pres,
He toke to counsaile Hercules
And tolde hym, howe it was betid,
And praide if shulde well ben hid,
And that he wolde loks about
The whiles that he shulde be out.

Thus as he stode, and hede name,
A mayden fro Medea came,
And to her chambre Iason ledde,
Where that he fonde redy to bedde
The fairest, and the wisest eke,
And she with simple chere and meke,
Whan she him sigh, waxt all asshamed,
Tho was hir tale newe entamed
For sikernes of mariage.

She fette forth a riche image,
Whiche was the figure of Iupiter:
And Iason swore, and said ther,
That also wis god hym helpe,
That if Medea did hym helpe,
That he his purpose might wyane,
Thei shulde neuer part a twynne,
But euer while hym last life,
He wolde hir holde for his wife:
And with that word thei kystend both.
And for thei shulde bem vncloth,
There come a maiden in hir wise
She did hem both full seruise,
Till that thei were in bed naked.

I wote that night was well bewaked.
Thei hadden both what thei wolde:
And than at leysur she hym tolde,
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of this bataile, and all the forme,
The whiche that he shulde finde there,
Whan he to that yle come were:
She saide, at entre of the pas,
Howe Mars, whiche god of armes was,
Hath set two oxen sterne and stoute,
That casten fire and flam aboute,

Both at mouth and at nose,
 So that thei setten all on blasse.
 What thyng that passeth hem betwene.
 And furthermore vpon the greene
 There goth the flees of golde to kepe,
 A serpent, whiche maie neuer slepe.
 Thus who that euer it shulde wynne,
 The fire to stoppe he mote begynne,
 The whiche that the fierse beastes cast:
 And daunt he mot hem at last,
 So that he maie hem yoke and driue:
 And there vpon he als biue
 The serpent, with suche strength assaile,
 That he maie slein hym by bataile,
 Of whiche he must the teeth outdrawe,
 As it belongeth to that lawe:
 And than he must the oxen yoke,
 Til thei haue with a plough to broke
 A furrow of lond, in whiche a rowe
 The teeth of thadder he must sow,
 And therof shall arise knightes
 Well armed at all righten:
 Of hem is nougt to taken hede.
 For eche of hem in hastihede
 Shall other slea with dethes wounde.
 And thus when thei be brought to grounde
 And go so forth, and take his prais,
 Than must he to the goddes prais.
 But if he faile in any wise
 Of that ye here me deuise,
 There maie be set non other weie,
 That he ne mote algates deie.
 Nowe haue I tolde the peril all,
 I will yow telle forth withall
 (Quod Medea to Iason tho)
 That ye shall knowen er ye go
 Azeyne the venym and the fire
 What shall be the recouere.
 But sir, for it is nigh daie,
 Ariseth vp, so that I maie
 Deliuer you, what thyng I haue,
 That maie your life and honoure saue.
 Thei were both loth to risse:
 But for thei were both wise,
 Up thei risen at last.
 Iason his clothes on hym cast,
 And made hym redy right anone.
 And she hir shirte did vpon,
 And cast on hir a mantell close
 Withouten more, and than arose.
 Tho toke she forth a riche tie
 Made all of golde and of perie:
 Out of the whiche she toke a ryng,
 The stone was worth all other thyng:
 She said, whiles he wold it were,
 There might no perill hym dre:
 In water maie it not be dreinte,
 Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
 It daunteth eke the cruel beste:
 There maie none quad that man arest:
 Where so he be on sea or londe,
 That hath this ryng vpon his honde.
 And ouer that she gan to seyne,
 That if a man wil ben vnseyne,
 Within his honde holde close the stone,
 And he maie inuisible gone.
 The ryng to Iason she betawght,
 And so forth after she hym taught,
 What sacrifice he shuld make.
 And gan out of his cofer take

Hym thought an heuene figure,
 Whiche all by charme and by couiure
 Was wrought, and eke it was through writ
 With names, whiche he shuld witta,
 As she hym taught tho to rede,
 And bad hym as he wold spede,
 Without rest of any while,
 When he were loded in that ile,
 He shuld make his sacrifice,
 And rede his carectes in the wise,
 As she hym taught, on knes down bent
 Thre sithes toward orient.
 For so shuld he the goddes please,
 And wyn hym selfe mochel ease.
 And when he had it thrise radde,
 To open a boxe she hym badde,
 That she there toke hym in present,
 And was full of suche oignement,
 That there was fire ne venym none,
 That shulde fastenen hym vpon,
 When that he were anoynt withall.
 For thy she taught hym howe he shall
 Anoynt his armes all aboute:
 And for he shulde nothing doute,
 She toke hym than a maner gise,
 The whiche was of so great vertue,
 That where a man it shulde cast,
 It shulde bynde anone so fast,
 That no man might it done awaye,
 And that she had by all weye,
 He shulde into the mouthes throwe
 Of the two oxen, that fire blowe,
 Therof to stoppe the malice
 The glue shall serue of that office.
 And ouer that hir oignement,
 Hir ryng, and hir euchaument,
 Ayene the serpent shulde hym were,
 Till he hym slea with swerde or speare:
 And than he maie saufely enough
 His oxen yoke in to the plough,
 And the teeth sowe in suche wise,
 Til he the knightes se arise,
 And eche of other downe be laide,
 In suche maner as I haue saide.
 Lo thus Medea for Iason
 Ordeineth, and prayeth thervpon,
 That he nothing foryete shulde.
 And eke she prayeth hym that he wolde,
 When he hath all his armes done,
 To grounde knele, and thonke anone
 The goddes, and so forth by ease
 The flees of golde he shulde sease:
 And when he had it seased so,
 That than he were some ago,
 Without any tarienge.
 When this was saide into wepyng
 She fel, as she that was through nome
 With loue, and so forth ouercome,
 That all hir worlde on hym she setta.
 But when she sigh there was no lette,
 That he mote nedes parte hir fro,
 She toke hym in hir armes two,
 An honderde tymes and gan hym kisse,
 And saide: O all my worldes blisse,
 My trust, my luste, my life, myn bele,
 To ben thy help in this quarele
 I pray vnto the goddes all
 And with that word she gan downe fall
 Of swoone: and he hit vp nam,
 And forthe with that the makon cam.

And thei to bedde amonge hir brought:
 And than Iason hir besought,
 And to hir seyde, in this manere.

My worthy lustye ladie dere
 Comforteth you, for by my trouthe,
 It shall not fallen in my slouth,
 That I ne woll throughout fulfill
 Your hestes, at your owne wille.
 And yet I hope to you bringe
 Within a while suche tidynge,
 The whiche shall make vs bothe game.

But for he wolde kepe hir name
 Whan that he wist it was aigh daie,
 He saide, adewe my swete maie,
 And forth with hym he nam his gere,
 Whiche as she had take hym there,
 And straught vnto his chambre went,
 And goth to bedde, and slepe bym hent,
 And laie, that no man hym a wote.
 For Hercules hede of hym toke,
 Till it was vnderne high and more,
 And than he gan to sigh sore,
 And sodeinly he brayde of slepe,
 And thei than toke of hym kepe.
 His chamberleins ben soome there,
 And maden redy all his gere,
 And he arose, and to the kyng
 He went, and saide, howe to that thing,
 For whiche he cam, he wolde go.

The kyng therof was full wo,
 And for he molde hym fayne withdraw,
 He tolde hym many a dredefull sawe.
 But Iason wolde it nought recorde,
 And at laste thei accordie,
 Whan that he wolde nought abide,
 A bote was redy at tide,
 In whiche this worthy knight of Grece,
 Full armed vp at euery pece,
 To his bataile whiche belongeth,
 Toke sore in bonde, and sore hym longeth,
 Till he the water passed were.

Whan he cam to that ile there
 He set hym on his knees down straught,
 And his carecte, as he was taught,
 He rad, and made his sacrifice,
 And sithe annoynte hym in that wise
 As Medea hym hath bede:
 And than arose vp fro that stede,
 And with the glewe the fire he queynt,
 And anone after he attreynt
 The great serpent, and hym slough,
 But erst he had sorowe enough.
 For that serpent made hym trausile
 So hard and sore of his bataile,
 That nowe he stood, and nowe he felle.
 For longe tyme it so befelle,
 That with his swerd, and with his spere,
 He might not the serpent dere:
 He was so aberded all aboute,
 It held all edge toole withoute,
 He was so rude and hard of skyn,
 There might no thyng go there in,
 Venym and fire to gader he cast,
 That he Iason sore a blast.
 And if it ne were his oyntement,
 His ryng, and his enchantement,
 Whiche Medea toke hym before,
 He had with that worme be lore.
 Bot of vertu, whiche therof cam
 Iason the dragon outstream:

And he anone the tethe out drough,
 And set his oxen in his plough,
 With whiche he brake a pece of londe,
 And sewe it with his owne honde.
 Tho might he great merueile see
 Of euery toth in his degre,
 Sprong vp a knight with spere and shelde,
 Of whiche anone right in the felde,
 Echone slough other, and with that
 Iason Medea not forgat,
 On both his knees he gan downe falle,
 And gafe thanke to the goddes all.

The flees he toke, and gothe to bote:
 The sonne shineth bright and hote,
 The flees of gold shone forth with all
 The water glisterd ouerall.
 Medea wept, and sighed ofte,
 And stode vpon a towre alofte,
 All priuely within hir selfe,
 There herd it not ten pe twelfe,
 She praid, and said: O god hym spede,
 The knight, which hath my maiden bede.
 And aie she loketh toward the ile.
 But whan she sigh within a while,
 The flees glistering ageyn the sonne,
 She said: O lord all is ywonne,
 My knight the feld hath ouercomen,
 Nowe wolde god, he were comen.
 O lordes god, I wolde he were in londe.

But I dare take this on honde,
 If that she had wynges two,
 She wolde haue flownen to hym the
 Streight there he was vnto the bote.
 The daie was clere, the sonne hote,
 The grekes were in great doute,
 The while that her lorde was oute,
 Thei wist not what shuld betide,
 But wayted euer vpon the tide,
 To see what ende shulde falle.

There stoden eke the nobles all,
 Forth with the comun of the towne:
 And as thei loken vp and doun,
 Thei were waren within a throw,
 Where cam the bote, which thei wel know,
 And sigh how Iason brought his preye.
 And tho thei gauen all seye,
 And criden al with o steuen,

O where was euer vnder the heuen
 So noble a knight, as Iason is?
 And wel nighe all saiden this,
 That Iason was a faire knight.
 For it was neuer of mans might
 The flees of golde so for to wyne:
 And thus tellen thei begynne.

With that the kyng cam forth anone,
 And sigh the flees, howe that it shone.
 And whan Iason cam to the londe,
 The kyng hym selfe toke his honde,
 And kissed hym, and great loye made.

The Grekes weran wonder glade,
 And of that thing right mery ben thought,
 And forth with hem the flees thei brought,
 And ech on other gan to ligh.
 But wel was hym that might nigh
 To se thare of the propertes.

And thus thei passen the oites,
 And gone vnto the paleis straught.
 Medea, whiche forgat hir naught,
 Was redy there, and saide anon:
 Welcome, O worthy knight Iason.

She wolde hane kist hym wonder fayn:
 But shame tourued hir agayne.
 It was nought the maner as tho.
 For thy she dorste nought do so.
 She toke hir leue, and lason went
 Into his chambre, and she hym sente
 Hir maiden, to seme howe he ferde:
 The whiche whan that she sigh and herde,
 Howe that he had faren out,
 And that it stode well all about,
 She tolde hir ladie what she wist.
 And she for ioye, hir maiden kist.
 The bathes weren than araid
 With herbes tempred and assaid,
 And lason was vvarmed soone,
 And did, as it befelle to doone.
 Into his bathe he went anone,
 And wishe hym cleane as any bone
 He toke a soppe, and out he cam,
 And on his best araye he nam,
 And kempt his head, whan he was clad,
 And goth hym furth all mery and glad
 Right straught in to the kinges halle.
 The kyng cam with his knyghtes alle,
 And made hym glad welcomyng.

And he hem tolde tho tidyng
 Of this and that, howe it befelle,
 Whan that he wan the shipes felle.

Medea whan she was after sent
 Come soone to that parlement:
 And whan she might lason see,
 Was none so glad of all as she.
 There was no ioye for to seehe,
 Of hym, made every man a speche.
 Som man said one, som said other,
 But though he were goddes brother,
 And might make fire and thonder,
 There might be no more wonder,
 Than was of hym in that citee.
 Echone taught other, this is he,
 Whiche hath in his power within,
 That all the worlde ne might wyne.
 Lo here the beste of all good.
 Thus thei asiden, that there stoude,
 And eke that walkende vp and downe,
 Both of the court, and of the towne.

The tyme of souper cam anone:
 Thei wisshen, and therto thei gon.
 Medea was with lason sette.

Tho was there many a deintee fette
 And set tofore hem on the boorde,
 But none so likyng as the woorde,
 Whiche was there spoke among hem two,
 So as thei dorst speke tho.
 But though thei had litel space,
 Yet thei acorden in that place,
 Howe lason shuld come at night,
 Whan every torche and every light
 Were out, and than other thynges,
 Thei speke alowde for supposynges
 Of hem that stoden there aboute.
 For loue is evermore in doute.
 For if it be wisly gouerned
 Of hem, that ben of loue lerned.

Whan al was doone, that dish and cup,
 And cloth, and boord, and all was vp,
 Thei wake, while hem list to wake,
 And after that thei loue take,
 And gon to bed for to reste
 And whan hym thought for the beste,

That every mau was fast on slepe,
 Iason, that wolde, his tyme kepe,
 Goth forth stalkyng all priuely
 Unto the chambre, and redily
 There was a maide, whiche hym kepte,
 Medea woke, and no thyng slepte.
 But nethelea she was a bedde,
 And he with all hast hym spedde,
 And made hym naked, and all warme
 Anone he toke hir in his arme.
 What nedes is for to speke of ease,
 Hem list eche other for to please,
 So that thei had ioye enowe,
 And tho thei setten, whan and how,
 That she with hym away shal stele,
 With wordes suche and other fele.

Whan all was treted to an eude,
 Iason toke leue, and gan forth weude
 Unto his owne chamber in pes,
 There wist it non but Hercules.

He slept, and ros whan it was tyme,
 And whan it fel towards prime,
 He toke to hym suche as he triste
 In secre, that none other wist,
 And tolde hem of his counseile there,
 And saide, that his will were,
 That thei to ship had sli thyng
 So priuely in the euenyng,
 That no man might her dede asprie,
 But tho that weren of companie.

For he woll go without leue,
 And lenger woll he nought beleue,
 But be ne wolde at thilke throwe
 The kyng or quene shulde it knowe.

Thei saide all, this shall well be do:
 And lason trust well therto.

Medea in the meane while,
 Whiche thought hir father to begile,
 The treasour, whiche hir father had,
 With hir all priuely she lad.
 And with lason at tyme sette,
 Away she stalle, and fonde no lette,
 And straught she goth hir vuto ship
 Of Grece with that felouship.
 And thei anone drough vp the saile,
 And all that night this was counsaile.
 But erly whan the sonne shone,
 Men sigh, that thei were agone,
 And come vnto the kyng, and tolde.

And he the soth knowe wolde,
 And asketh where his daughter was.
 There was no worde, but out alas,
 She was a go, the mother wepte,
 The father as a wood man lepte,
 And gan the tyme for to warie,
 And swore his othe, he wold not tary
 That with Calippe, and with galey,
 The same cours, the same weye,
 Whiche Iason toke, he wolde take,
 If that he might hym ouertake.

To this thei asiden all yea
 Anone as thei weren at the sea,
 And all, as who saith, at one woorde,
 Thei gone within shippes boorde.
 The saile goth vp, and forth thei straught,
 But none exploit therof thei caught:
 And so forth thei tourne home ayen,
 For all that labour was in vayne.

Iason to Grece with his praie
 Goth through the sea the right waie.

When he there combe, and men it tolde,
Thei maden ioye yonge and olde.

Eson when that he wist of this,
Howe that his sonne comen is,
And hath scheued that he sought,
And whom with hym Medea brought,
In all the wide worlde was none
So glad a man as he was one.

Together bene these louers tho,
Till that thei had sonnes two,
Wherof thei weren bothe glade.
And olde Eson great ioye made,
To seen the increas of his lignage.
For he was of so great an age,
That men awayten euery daie,
Whan that he shulde gone awaie.

Iason, whiche sigh his fader olde,
Upon Medea made hym bolde
Of art magike, whiche she couth,
And praieth hir, that his fathers youth
She wolde make aysenwarde newe,
And she that was towarde hym trewe,
Behighte hym, that she wolde it do,
Whan that she tyme sigh therto,
But what she did in that matere,
It is a wonder thyngs to here.
But yet for the nouelrie,
I thinke tellen a great partie.

*Nota quibus medicamentis Esonem senectute de-
crepitem, ad sue iuuentutis adolescentiam pruden-
dens Medea reduxit.*

Truy it befell vpon a night,
Whan there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight, but hir selfe wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The worlde was stille on euery side,
With open heed, and fotee all bare,
Hir heare to sprad, she gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gyrt she was,
Al specheles vpon the gras
She glode forth, as an adder doth,
None other wise she ne goth,
Till she came to the freshe floode
And there a while she withatode
Thries she turned hir aboute,
And thries eke she gan downe loutz,
And in the floode she west hir heare
And thries on the water there
She gaspeth, with a dretchyng onde,
And tho she toke hir speche on honde.

First she began to clepe and call
Upwarde vnto the sterres all.
To wynde, to ayre, to sea, to londe
She preide, and eke helde vp her honde
To Echates, and gan to crie,
Whiche is the goddesse of Sorcerie,
She saide, helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to spede,
Whan Iason came fies to seeche:
So helpe me nowe, I you beseeche.
With that she loketh, and was ware
Downe fro the skie there came a chare,
The whiche dragons aboute drowe:
And tho she gan hir head downe bowe,
And vp she stighe, and faire and wellie
She drofe forth by chare and whelle
Aboue in the ayre amonge the skies
The londe of Crete, in tho parties

She sought, and fast gan hir highe,
And thervpon the hylles highe
Of Othryn and Olympe also,
And eke of other hylles mo
She fonde, and gethereth herbes soote,
She pulleth vp some by the roote,
And many with a knife she shereh
And all in to hir chaare she beareth.

Thus whan she hath the hylles sought,
The floodes there foryate she nought,
Eridian, and Amphrisos,
Penelee, and eke Sperceidos,
To hem she went, and there she nome
Bothe of the water, and of the fome,
The sonde, and eke the small stones,
Whiche as she chee out for the nones,
And of the redde sea a parte,
That was behoueliche to hir art
She toke, and afterwarde than about
She sought sondry sedes out.
In feldes, and in many greues,
And eke a parte she toke of leues.
But thing, whiche might hir most auail
She fonde in Crete, and in Theessaie.
In daies, and nightes nyne,
To make with this medicine,
She was purueyed of euery pece,
And torneth homward in to Grece,
Before the gates of Eson

Hir chare she lette awaie to gone,
And toke out first that was theria.
For tho she thought to begyn
Suche thyng, as semeth impossible,
And made hir selfe inuisible,
As she that with the aire enclosed,
And might of no man be disclosed:
She toke vp turues of the londe,
Without helpe of mans honde,
And beled with the greene gras,
Of whiche an Aulter made there was
Unto Echates, the goddesse,
Of arte magike and maistresse,
And eft an other to inuent,
As she whiche did hir holle intent.
Tho toke she feldwodde, and verueyne,
Of herbes ben not better tweyne,
Of whiche anone without let,
These anlterz ben about set:
Two sondry pittes fast by
She made, and with that hastily
A wether, whiche was black, she slough,
And out therof the bloud she drough,
And did in to the pittes two:
Warme milke, she put also therto,
With hony meynt, and in sucbe wise
She gan to make hir sacrifice,
And cried and praid forth withall
To Pluto the god infernal,
Aud to the queene Proserpine:
And so she sought out all the lyn
Of hem, that longen to that crafts,
Behynde was no name laft:
And praid hem all, as she well couth,
To graunt Eson his first youth

This olde Eson brought forth was tho:
Awaie she bad all other go
Upon perill, that might fall:
And with that worde thei wenten all,
And lefte there them two alone.
And tho she began to gaspe, and gone,

And made signes many one,
 And said hir wordes thervpon:
 And with spellyng, and hir charmes
 She toke Eson in both hir armes,
 And made hym for to slepe fast,
 And hym vpon hir herbes cast.
 The blacke wether tho she tooke,
 And bewe the flesshe, as doth the cooke,
 On either autler part she laide,
 And with the charmes, that she saide,
 A fire downe from the skye alight,
 And made it for to brenne light.
 And whan Medea sawe it brenne,
 Anone she gan to sterre and renne
 The frye autlers all about.
 There was no best, whiche goth out
 More wilde, than she semeth there.
 Aboute ber sholders benge her here,
 As though she were out of hir myade,
 And torneth in to another kynde.
 Tho laye there certaine woodde clofte,
 Of whiche the peces nowe and ofte
 She made hem in the pittes wete,
 And put hem in the frye hete,
 And toke the bronde, with all the blase,
 And thries she began to rase
 About Eson, there as he slepte,
 And ofte with water, whiche she kepte,
 She made a cercle about hym thries,
 And ofte with fire of sulphur twie.
 Full many a other thyng she dede,
 Whiche is not written in the stede.
 But she ran vp so and doune,
 She made many a wonder sounne,
 Somtyme liche vnto the cocke,
 Somtyme vnto the lauerocke,
 Somtyme caceth as an henne,
 Somtyme speketh as don the men,
 And right so as hir iargon strangeth,
 In sondry wise her forme chaungeth:
 She semeth faire, and no woman,
 Forth with the craftes that she can.
 She was as who saith, a goddesse,
 And what hir list more or lesse
 She did, in bokes as we finde,
 That passeth ouer mans kinde.
 But who that woll of wonders here,
 What thyng she wrought in this matere,
 To make an ende of that she gan,
 Such meruaile herd neuer man.
 Apointed in the newe moone,
 Whan it was tyme for to doone,
 She set a cauldron on the fire,
 In whiche was all the hole a tyre,
 Where on the medicine stooode
 Of Ieuse, of water, and of bloode,
 And lette it boyle in suche a plite,
 Til that she sigh the spume white.
 And tho she cast in rynde and roote,
 And sede, and flour, that was for boote,
 With many an herbe, and many a stone,
 Wherof she hath there many one.
 And eke Cimpehus, the serpent,
 To hir bath all hir scales lent.
 Cheldre hir yafe hir adders skyn,
 And she to boyle cast hem in,
 And parte eke of the horned oste,
 The whiche men here on nightes boule:
 And of a rauen, whiche was tolde
 Of nyne hundred wynter olde,

She toke the head, with all the halle,
 And as the medicine it wille,
 She toke hereafter the bowele
 Of the see foule, and for the bele
 Of Eson, with a thousand mo
 Of thynges, that she had tho
 In that cauldron to gyder as blyue
 She put, and toke thau of oliue
 A drye braunche hem with to store,
 The whiche anone gan flour and bere,
 And waxe all freshe, and grene ageyne,
 Whan she this vertne had seyne,
 She lette the leaste droppe of all
 Upon the bare flour downe fall,
 Anone there sprong vp flour and gras,
 Where as the droppe fall was,
 And waxe anone all medowe greene,
 So that it might well be seene.
 Medea than knewe and wist
 Hir medicine is for to trist,
 And gothe to Eson there he laye,
 And toke a swerde was of assaye,
 With whiche a wounde vpon his side
 She made, that there out maie slide
 The bloud within, whiche was olde,
 And sicke and trouble, feble, and colde.
 And tho she toke vnto his vse
 Of herbes of all the best Iuse,
 And poured it in to his wounde,
 That made his veines fall and sounde.
 And tho she made his woundes close,
 And toke his bonde, and vp he rose,
 And tho she yafe hym drinke a draught,
 Of whiche his youth agayne he caught,
 His head, his herte, and his visage
 Liche vnto twenty wynter age.
 His hore heres were awaie,
 And liche vnto the freshe maie,
 Whan passed bene the colde shoures:
 Right so recouereth he his flouris.
 Lo what might any man denise
 A woman shewe in any wise,
 More bertely loue in any stede,
 Than Medea to Iason dede?
 First she made hym the fees to wynne:
 And after that from kith and kynne,
 With great treasure with hym she stalle:
 And to his fader forth with all
 His elde hath torned in to youthe,
 Whiche thyng none other woman couth.
 But howe it was to hir acquit
 The remembraunce dwelleth yit.
 Kynge Peleus his eme was dead,
 Iason bare crowne on his head,
 Medea hath fulfilled his will
 But whan he shald of right fullfall
 The trouthe, whiche to hir afore
 He had in the ile of Colchos swore,
 Tho was Medea most deceiued.
 For he an other hath receiued,
 Whiche daughter was to kynge Creon,
 Creusa she hight, and thus Iason,
 As he that was to loue vntrewe
 Medea left, and toke a newe.
 But that was afterwarde so bought,
 Medea with hir art hath wrought
 Of cloth of golde a manstell riche,
 Whiche semeth worthe a kynges riche,
 And that was vnto Creusa sent,
 In name of yefte, and of present,

For sisterhode hem was betwene,
 And when that yonge freshe queene
 That mantil lapped hir aboute,
 Anon therof the fire sprange oute,
 And brent hir both flesshe and bone.
 Tho cam Medea to Iason,
 With both hir sonnes on her honde,
 And saide: O thou of euery londe
 The mooste vntrewe creature,
 Lo this shall be thy forfeiture.
 With that she both his sonnes slough
 Before his eie, and he out drough
 His swerde, and wold haue slaine hir tho
 But farwell she was ago
 Unto Pallas the court above,
 Where as she pleineth vpon Ioue,
 As she that was with that goddesse,
 And he was left in great distresse.
 Thus might you see, what sorow it dooth,
 To swere an othe, whiche is not sooth
 In Ioues cause namely.
 My son be well ware for thy
 And kepe, that thou be not forswore.
 For this, whiche I haue tolde tofore,
 Ouide telleth euery dele.

My father I may leue it wele.
 For I haue herde it ofte saye,
 Howe Iason toke the flees awaye
 Fro Colchos, But yet herde I nought,
 By whom it was first thider brought.
 And for it were good to here,
 If that you list at my priaiere,
 To telle I wolde you beseeche.

My soune, who that wolt it seeche,
 In boke he may finde it writte.
 And netheles, if thou wolt witte
 In the maner as thou hast preyde,
 I shall the tell, howe it is seyde.

*Nota qualiter avreum vellus in partes insule
 Colchos primo deuenit. Athamas rex Neiphyle
 habitu coniugem. ex qua Phrixum et Hellen
 genuit, Mortua autem Neiphylem Athamas
 Isonem regis Cadmi filiam postea in vxorem
 duxit, que more nouerca dictos infantes in
 tantum recollegit odium, que ambos in mare
 proici penes regem procurauit, vnde Iuno com-
 patiens quendam Arietem grandem aureo ves-
 titum vellere ad littus natantem destinauit,
 super cuius dorsum pueros apponi iussit, quo
 facto Arias super vndas regressus cum solo
 Phrixo sibi adherente, in Colchos applicuit, vbi
 Iuno dictum Arietem cum solo vellere, prout in
 aliis canitur cronici, sub areta custodia collo-
 cauit.*

THE fame of thilke shoper selle,
 Whiche in Colchos, as it befalle,
 Was all of gold, shal neuer deye:
 Wherof I thynke for to seye,
 Howe it cam first in to that ile.

There was a kyng in thilke while
 Towardes Grece; and Athamas
 The cronicke of his name was,
 And had a wife, whiche Neiphyle hight,
 By whom, so as fortune it dight,
 He had of children yonge two.

Frixus the first was of the,
 A kynges childe, right faire with all,
 A daughter eke, the whiche men call

Helle, he had by his wife.

But for there maie no mans life
 Endure vpon this erth here,
 This worthy queene, as thou might here,
 Er that the children were of age,
 Toke of hir ende the passage
 With great worship and was begrane,
 What thing it liketh god to haue,
 It is great reason to ben his.
 For thy this kyng, so as it is,
 With great suffraunce it vnderfongeth,
 And afterwarde, as hym belongeth,
 When it was tyme for to wedde,
 A newe wife he toke to bedde,
 Whiche Iuo hight, and was a maide,
 And eke the daughter, as men saide,
 Of Cadme, whiche a kyng also
 Was holde in thilke daies tho.

When Iuo was the kynges make,
 She cast how that she might make
 These childre to her father loth,
 And shope a wile ayene hem both,
 Whiche to the kyng was all vnknowe.

A yere or two she let do sowe
 The lond with sodden wheate aboute,
 Wherof no corne maie spryngen oute,
 And thus, by sleight, and by couyne
 Aros the derth, and the famine
 Through out the londe in suche a wise,
 So that the kyng a sacrifice,
 Upon the pointe of this distresse,
 To Ceres, whiche is the goddesse
 Of corne, hath shape hym for to yeue,
 To loke, if it maie be foryene
 The mischief, whiche was in his londe.
 But she, whiche knewe tofore the honde
 The circumstance of all this thyng,
 Ageyn the comyng of the kyng
 In to the temple, hath shape so,
 Of her accorde that all tho,
 Whiche of the temple prestes were,
 Haue saide, and full declared there
 Unto the kyng: But if so be,
 That he deliuer the countre
 Of Phrixus, and of Helle bothe,
 With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
 That while tho childre be within,
 Suche tilth shall no man begyn,
 Wherof to gette hym any corne.
 Thus was it saide, thus was it sworne
 Of all the prestes, that there are.
 And she, whiche causeth all this fare,
 Seyde eke therto, what that she wolde,
 And every man than after tolde,
 So as the queene had hem preyde.

The kyng, whiche hath his ere layde,
 And leneth all, that euer he herde,
 Unto her takes thes answers,
 And seith, that leuer is hym to chese
 His children bothe for to leese,
 Than hym, and all the remonaunt
 Of hem, whiche are appertenant
 Unto the londe, whiche he shall kepe:
 And bade his wife to take kepe,
 In what manere is best to doone,
 That thei deliuerde were soone
 Out of this world, and she anon
 Two men ordeineth for to goon.
 But first she made hem for to swere,
 That thei the children shalde beare

Unto the sea, that none it knowe,
And hem therein both throwe.

The children to the sea ben lad,
Where in the wise, as Ino bad,
These men be redy for to do.
But the goddesse, whiche Iuno
Is hote, appereth in the stede,
And hath vnto the men forbode,
That thei the children nought ne slea,
But bad hem loke in to the sea,
And taken hede of that thei sigen.
There swam a shepe tofore her eyen,
Whose flees of burned golde was all.
And this goddesse furth with all
Commandeth, that without let,
Thei shulde anon the children set
Above vpon the shepes backe.
And all was do, right as she spake,
Wherof the men gone home ageyne.

And fell so, as the bokes seyne,
Helle the yonge maiden tho,
Whiche of the sea was wo bego,
For pure drede hir hert hath bore,
That fro the sheepe, whiche hath hir bore,
As she that was swounnde feint,
She fell, and hath hir selfe adreint.
With Phrixus and this sheepe forth swam,
Till he to the ile of Colchos cam,
Where Iuno the goddesse he fonde,
Whiche toke the sheepe vnto the londe,
And set it there in suche a wise,
As thou tofore hast herde deuse:
Wherof cam after all the wo,
Why Iason was forswore so
Unto Medee, as it is spoke.

My father who that hath to broke
His trouth, as ye baue tolde abone,
He is not worthy for to loue,
Ne be beloued, as me semeth.
But every newe loue quicmeth
To hym, that newefangle is.
And netheles nowe after this,
If that you list to taken hede,
Upon my shrifte to procede
In loues cause ayene the vice,
Of conetiae and auarice,
What there is more, I wolde witte.

My sonne this I finde writte,
There is yet one of thilke brood,
Whiche only for the worldes good,
To make a treasure of money,
Put all conscience aweye:
Wherof in thy confession,
The name and the condicion
I shall here afterwarde declare,
Whiche maketh one riche, an other bare.

Plus capit vsura sibi, quam debetur, et illud
Fraude collocata saepe latenter agit.
Sic amor excessus quam saepe suos vt auarus
Spirat et vnus tres capit ipse loco.

Hic tractat de illa specie Auaricie, quæ vsura dicitur,
cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata
plus quam sibi de iure debetur incrementum
lucris adaugēt.

Upon the benche sittende on high
With Auarice Vsure I sighe,
Ful clothed of his owne sute,
Whiche after golde maketh chase and sute

With his brocours, that renne aboute
Liche vnto ratches in a route
Suche lucre is none aboue gronde,
Whiche is not of tho ratches founde.
For where thei see beyete sterte,
That shall hem in no wise asterte,
But thei it driue in to the net,
Of lucre, whiche Vsure hath set.

Vsure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that euer he byeth and selleth
He hath ordeined of his sleight
Mesure double, and double weight.
Outwarde he selleth by the lasse,
And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full within:
He recheth nought be so be wyn,
Though that there lese ten or twelue,
His loue is all toward hym selue,
And to none other: but he see,
That he maie wyne sucbe thre
For where he shall ought yeue or lene,
He woll ayenward take a bene,
There he hath lent the small pese.
And right so there ben many of these
Louers, that though thei loue alite,
That skarsly wolde it weye a mite:
Yet wolde thei haue a pound ageyn,
As doth Vsure in his bargayne.
Bat certes suche Vsure vnliche,
It falleth more vnto the riche,
Als well of loue, as of beyete,
Than vnto hem, that ben nought great
And as who saith ben simple and pouere.
For selden is, when thei reconere,
But if it be through great deserte,
And netheles men see pouerte
With pursuite of countenance,
Full ofte make a great cheuissance,
And take of loue his auantage.
For with the helpe of his brocage,
That maken seme where is nought.
And thus full ofte is loue bought,
For litel what, and mochell take,
With false weightes that thei make.

Nowe sonne of that I saide aboue,
Thou wotest what Vsure is of loue,
Tell me for thy what so thou wilt,
If thou therof hast any gilte?

My father naye, for ought I here.
For of tho pointes ye tolde here,
I will you by my trouth assure,
My weight of loue, and my mesure
Hath be more larve, and more certeyne,
Than euer I toke of loue ageyne.
For so yet couthe I neuer of sleighte,
To take ageyne by double weighte
Of loue, more than I haue yeue.
For also wis mote I be shruue,
And haue remission of sinne,
As so yet couth I neuer wyne,
Ne yet so muchel, soth to beyne,
That euer I might haue halfe ageyne.
Of so full loue, as I haue lent.

And if myne hap were so well went,
That for the hole I might haue halfe,
My thinketh I were a goddesse halfe.
For where Vsure wolde haue double,
My conscience is not so trouble,
I bid neuer as to my dele,
But of the hole an haluen dele,

That is none excesse, as me thinketh:
But netheles it me forthinketh.
For well I wote, that wol not bee.
For euery daie the better I see,
That howe so euer I yeue or lene,
My loue in place that I mene,
For ought that euer I axe or craue,
I can nothyng ayenewarde haue.

But yet for that I wol not lete,
What so befall of my beyete
That I ne shall yeue and lene
My thought, and all my loue so clene,
That toward me shall nought beleue.
And if she of hir good leue
Rewarde wolde me nought ageyne,
I wote the last of my bargeyne
Shall stonde vpon so great a lost,
That I maie neuer more the cost
Reouer in this worlde till I die.
So that touchende of this partie
I maie me well excuse, and shall.
And for to speke forth withall,
If any brocour for me went,
That point come neuer in myn entent:
So that the more me meruailleth
What thynge it is, my lady eilleth,
That all myn herte, and all my tyme
She hath, and do no better byme.

I haue herde saide, that thought is free.
And netheles in priuitee
To you my fader, that bene here,
Myn hole shrifte for to here,
I dare myn herte well disclose
Touchende vsurie, as I suppose,
Whiche, as ye tellen, in loue is vsed,
My ladie maie not bene excused,
That for o lokyng of hir eie,
Myn hole herte till I deie,
With all that euer I maie and can,
She hath me wonne to hir man:
Wherof me thinketh, good reson wolde,
That she somdele rewarde sholde,
And yeue a parte, there she hath all:
I not what falle hereafter shall.

But in to nowe yet dare I seyne.
Hir list neuer yeue ageyne
A goodly worde in suche a wise
Wherof myn hope might arise,
My great loue to recompense,
I not howe she hir conscience
Excuse wol of this measure,
By large weight, and great measure
She hath my loue, and I haue nought
Of that, whiche I haue dere about:
And with myn herte I haue it payde,
But all this is aside layde,
And I go loueles aboute.
Hir ought stonde in full great doute,
Till she redresse suche a sinne,
That she wol al my loue wyne,
And yeueth me not to lue by,
Nought al so muche, as grant mercy
Hir list to sey, of whiche I might
Some of my great peine alight.
But of this point, lo thus I fare,
As be that payeth for his chaffare,
And bieth it dere, and yet hath none:
So mote he nedes poure gone.

Thus bie I dere, and haue no loue,
That I ne maie nought come aboute

To wyne of loue none encrece.
But I me will ne the lese
Touchende vsure of loue acquite,
And if my lady be to wite,
I pray to god suche grace hir sende,
That she by time it mote amende.

My sonne of that thou hast answered,
Touchende vsure, I haue al herde,
Howe thou of loue hast wonnen smale,
But that thou tellest in thy tale,
And thy lady therof accusest,
Me thinketh these wordes thou misusest.
For by thyn owne knowlechyng,
Thou sayst, howe she for one lokyng,
Thy hole herte fro the she toke.
She maie be suche, that hir o loke
Is worthe thynne herte many folde.
So hast thou well thyn herte solde,
Whan thou hast that is more worthe,
And eke of that thou tellest forthe,
Howe that hir weight of loue vneuen
Is vnto thynne, vnder the heuen
Stonde neuer in euen that balance,
Whiche stont in loues gouernance.
Suche is the statate of his lawe,
That though thy loue more drawe,
And peyse in the balance more,
Thou might not aske ageyn therefore
Of duetie, but all of grace.
For loue is lorde in euery place.
There maie no lawe 'hyu iustifie
By reddour, ne by companie,
That he ne wol after his wille,
Whome that hym liketh saue or spile.
To loue a man maie well begynne,
But whether he shall lese or wyne,
That wote no man, til at last.
For thy coueyt not to fast
My sonne, but abide thyn ende
Percase all maie to good wende.
But that thou hast me tolde and saide
Of a thynge I am right well payde,
That thou by sleight, ne by gile
Of no brocour, hast otherwhile
Engyned, loue of suche dede
Is sore geyned as I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos maritos, qui
ultra id quod proprias habent vxores, ad noue
voluptatis incrementum, alias mulieres superflue
lucrari non verentur. Et narrat qualiter Iuno
vindictam suam in Eccho, in huiusmodi mulie-
rum lucris acquirendis de consilio mariti sui
Iouis mediatrix exstiterat.

BROKERS of loue, that deceiuen,
No wonder is though thei receiuen,
After the wronge, that thei deseruen.
For whom as euer that thei seruen,
And do pleasure for a while,
Yet at the last her owne gile
Upon her owne head descendeth,
The whiche god of his vengeance sendeth.

As by ensample of tyme ago
A man may finde, it hath be so.
It felle some tyme, as it was scene,
The high goddesse and the queene
Iuno tho had in companie
A maiden full of trecherie.
For she was euer in acorde
With Iupiter, that was hir lorde,

To get hym other lones newe
Through suche brocage, and was vntrewe,
All other wise than hym nedeth.
But she, the whiche no shame dredeth,
With queint wordes, and with alie
Blent in suche wise hir lady's eie,
As she, to whom that Iuno trist,
So that thereof she nothyng wist.

But so pruiue maie be nothyng,
That it ne commeth to knowlechyng,
Thynge done vpon the derke night
Is after knowen on daies light.

So it befelle, that at last,
All that this sligh maiden cast,
Was ouer cast, and ouerthrowe.
For as the soothe mote be knowe,
To Iuno it was done vnderstonde,
In what manere hir husbonde
With fals brocage hath taken vsure
Of loue, more than his mesure,
Whan he toke other, than his wife,
Wherof this maide was gitliffe,
Whiche had bene of his assent
And thus was all the game shent.
She suffred hym, as she mote vede,
But the brocour of his misdede
She, whiche hir counseile yafe therto,
On hir is the vengeance do.
For Iuno with hir wordes hote,
This maiden, whiche Eccho was hote
Reproneth, and saith in this wise :

O traitresse, of whiche seruice
Hast thou thyn owne ladie sarued,
Thou hast great peine well deserved :
Thy sligh wordes for to peynt
With flaterie, that is so queint
Towardes me, that am thy queene,
Wherof thou madest me to wene,
That my husbonde trewe were,
Whan that he loneth els where,
All be it so, hym nedeth nought :
But vpon the it shall be bought,
The whiche art pruiue to the doynge,
And me full ofte of thy lesinges
Deceyued hast : nowe is the daie,
That I thy while quite maie.
And for thou hast to me counceled,
That my lorde hath with othe dealed,
I shall the sette in suche a kynde,
That euer vnto the worldes ende,
All that thou herest, thou shalt tell,
And clappe it out, as doth a belle.
And with that worde she was forshape,
There may no vice hir mouthe escape,
What man that in the worldis crieth,
Withouten faile Eccho replieth,
And what worde that hym lust to sayn,
The same worde she saith agayn.
Thus she, whiche whitom had leue
To dwelle in chamber, mot beleue
In woodes, and on hills both.
For suche brocage as wises loth,
Whiche doth her lordes hertes chaunge,
And loue in other places strauinge.

For thy if euer it so befalle,
That thou my sonne amonges all
Be wedded man, bold that thou hast.
For than all other loue is waste :
O wife shal wel to the suffice,
And than if thou for couetise

Of loue, woldest aske more,
Thou shuldest don ayen the lere
Of all hem that trewe be.

My fader as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused.
For I no suche brocage haue vsed,
Wherof that lust of loue is wonne.
For thy speketh forthe, as ye begonne,
Of Auarice vpon my shrifte.

My son I shall the branches shifte
By order as thei ben set,
On whom no good is wel beset.

Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi

Conuenit, vt pondus equa statera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat sua dona cupido.

Nam qui nulla serit, gramina nulla metat.

Hic tractat auctor super illa specie Auaricie, que
parcimoniam dicitur, cuius natura tenax aliquam
sue substantie portionem, aut deo aut ho-
minibus participare nullatenus consentit.

BLIND Auarice of his lignage,
For counseile, and for cosinage,
To be witholde ayen largesse
Hath one, whose name is said Scarwesse,
The whiche is keper of his hows,
And is so throughtout auarous,
That he no good lete out of honde,
Though god hym selfe it wolde fonde,
Of yest shuld he no thyng haue :
And if a man it wold craue,
He must than faile nede,
Where god hym selfe maie not spede.

And thus Scarwes in every place
By reson maie no thonke purchace.
And netheles in his degre
Above all other most priose
With Auarice stant he this.
For he governeeth that there is
In eche estate of his office,
After the reule of thilke vice,
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he bynd,
That lighter is to fle the synt,
Than gete of hym in hard or neysse
Only the value of a reysse.
Of good in helpyng of an other
Nought, though it were his owne brother.
For in the cas of yefte and lone
Stant euery man for hym alone
Hym thinketh of his vnkynshippe,
That hym nedeth no felawship
Be so the bagge and he accorden,
Hym recheth nought, what men recordew
Of hym, be it euill or good,
For all his truste is on his good :
So that alone he falleth ofte,
Whan he best weneth stonde alofte,
Als well in loue as other wise.
For loue is euer of some reprice
To hym that woll his loue holde.
For thy my sonne, as thou arte holde
Touchende of this telle me thy shrifte,
Hast thou be scarce or large of gifte
Unto thy loue, whom thou seruest.
For after that thou well deseruest
Of gifte, thou might be the bette.
For that good holde I well be sette,
For whiche thou might the better fare :
Than is no wysdome for to spare.

For thus men seyne in euery nede,
 He was wise, that first made mede.
 For where as mede maie not spede,
 I not what helpeth other dede.
 Full ofte he faileth of his game,
 That will with ydell honde reclayme
 His hawke, as many a nice doth.
 For thy my sonne telle me soth,
 And smith the trowth, if thou hast bee
 Unto thy loue or scarce, or fre?
 My father it hath stonde thus,
 That if the treasure of Cressus,
 And all the golde of Octavian,
 Forth with the richesse of Indian,
 Of perles and of riche stones,
 Were all to gether myn at ones,
 I sette it at no more account,
 Than wolde a bare strawe amount,
 To gyue it hir all in a daie,
 Be so that to that swete maie
 It might like more or lesse.
 And thus because of my largesse
 Ye maie well vnderstonde and leue,
 That I shall nought the worse achere
 The purpos, whiche is in my thought,
 But yet I yafe hir neuer nought,
 Ne therto durst a proffe make.
 For well I wote, she woll nought take:
 And youe woll she nought also,
 She is eschewe of bothe two.
 And this I trowe be the skill
 Towardes me, for she ne will,
 That I haue any cause of hope,
 Nought als muche as a droppe:
 But toward other as I maie see,
 She taketh and yeueth in suche degree,
 That as by wey of frendelyhede,
 She can so kepe hir womanhede,
 That euery man speketh of hir wele:
 But she wol take of me no dele,
 And yet she wote wel, that I sholde
 Yese, and do both what I sholde,
 To plesen hir in all my might,
 By reason this wote euery wight.
 For that maie by no weye asterte,
 There she is maister of the herte,
 She mote he maister of the good,
 For god wote wel, that all my mood
 And all myn herte, and all my thought,
 And all my good, while I haue ought,
 Als freely as god hath it giue,
 It shall be hers, while I liue,
 Right as hir list, hir selue commande,
 So that it nedeth no demande
 To aske me, if I haue be scarce
 To loue, for as to the parse
 I wille answere, and sey no.
 My sonne that is right well do.
 For often tyme of scarcenesse
 It hath be seen, that for the lesse
 Is lost the more, as thou shalt here
 A tale, like to this matere.

Hic loquitur contra istos, qui auaricia stricti largitatis beneficium in amoris causa confundunt. Et ponit exemplum, qualiter Croceus largus et hilaris Babionem auarum et tenacem de amore Violæ, quæ pulcherrima fuit, donis largissimis circumuenit.

SCARCENES and loue acord neuer.
 For euery thing is wel the leuer,
 When that a man hath bought it dere.
 And for to speke in this matere,
 For sparyng of a littel cost.
 Full oft tyme a man hath lost
 The large cote for the hode:
 What man that scarce is of his good,
 And wol not gyue, he shall nought take,
 With gyfte a man may vndertake
 The highe god to please, and queme,
 With gyft a man the worlde maie deme.
 For euery creature bore
 If thou hym yese, is glad therefore,
 And euery gladship (as I finde)
 Is comforte vnto loues kinde,
 And causeth ofte a man to spede.
 So was he wise, that first yafe mede.
 For mede kepeth loue in hous,
 But where the men be coueitous,
 And sparen for to yese a parte,
 Thei known nought Cupides arte.
 For his fortune, and his apprise
 Disdeigneth alle couetise,
 And hath alle nigardie:
 And for to loke of this partie
 A sothe ensamble, howe it is so,
 I finde writte of Babio,
 Whiche had a loue at his menage
 There was no fayrer of hir age,
 And hight Viola by name,
 Whiche full of youth, and full of game
 Was of hir selfe, and large and free:
 But suche an other chinche as hee
 Men wisten nought in all the londe,
 And had assaited to his honde
 His seruant, the whiche Spodius
 Was hote: and in this wise thus
 The worlde good of suffiance
 Was had, but likyng and plessaunce
 Of that belongeth to richesse
 Of loue stode in great distresse:
 So that this yonge lustie wight
 Of thing, whiche felle to loues right
 Was euill serued ouer all,
 That she was wv bego withall:
 Tilt that Cupide and Venus eke
 A medicine for the seke
 Ordeine wolden in this cas,
 So as fortune than was
 Of loue vpon the destinee
 It fell right, as it shulde bee.
 A fressbe, a free, a frendly man,
 That nought of auarice can,
 Whiche Croceus by name hight,
 Towarde this swete cast his sight,
 And there she was cam in presence.
 She sigh hym large of dispense,
 And amorous, and glad of chere
 So that hir liketh well to here
 The goodly wordes, whiche he saide,
 And thervpon of loue he praide.
 Of loue was all that he ment.
 To loue and for she shulde assent,
 He gafe hir giftes euer amonge.
 But for men sayen, that mede is stronge,
 It was well sene at thilke tide
 For as it shulde of right betide,
 This Viola largesse hath take,
 And the nigarde she hath forsake,

Of Babio she will no more.
 For he was grutchende euernore,
 There was with hym none other fare,
 But for to pinche, and for to spare,
 Of worldes mucke to gette eures:
 So goth the wretche loueles
 Beiaiped for his scaruittee.
 And he that large was and free,
 And sette his herte to dispende,
 This Crocarius his bowe bende,
 Whiche Venus toke hym for to holde,
 And shotte as ofte as euer he wolde.

Lo thus departeth loue his lawe,
 That what man woll nought be felawe
 To yeue and spende, as I the telle,
 He is nought worthie for to dwell
 In loues courte to be relieurd.
 For thy my sonne, if it be lieued,
 Thou shalt be large of thy dispense.

My father in my conscience,
 If there be any thyng amis
 I wolde amende it after this,
 Towarde my loue namely.

My sonne well and redily
 Thou saist, so that well paide withall
 I am, and further if I shall
 Unto thy shrifte specifie
 Of Auarice the progenie,
 What vice sueth after this,
 Thou shalt haue wonder howe it is
 Amonge the folke in any reigne,
 That suche a vice might reigue,
 Whiche is comune at all assaies,
 As men maie finde now a daies.

Cuncta creatura deus et, qui cuncta creauit,
 Damnant ingrati dictaque facta viri.
 Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
 Trazit, et in fine deserit esse suam.

Hic loquitur supra illa aborta specie auaricie, que
 ingratitude dicta est, cuius conditioni non solum
 creator, sed etiam cuncte creature abhomi-
 nabilem detestantur.

THE vice like vnto the fende,
 Whiche neuer yet was mans frende,
 And cleped is vnkindeship,
 Of couine and of felauship
 With Auarice he is witholde.
 Hym thinketh he shuld nought ben hold
 Unto the mother, whiche hym bare:
 Of hym maie neuer man bewate,
 He wol not knowe the merite:
 For that he wolde it not aquite,
 Whiche in this worldis is mochel vsed,
 And fewe ben therof excused.
 To tell of hym is endeles:
 And thus I saic netheles,
 Where as this vice cometh to londe,
 There taketh no man his thonke on honde,
 Though he with all his might serue,
 He shall of hym no thonke deserue:
 He taketh what any man wil yeue:
 But while he hath o daie to liue,
 He wol nothyng rewarde ageyne,
 He grutcheth for to gyue a greyne,
 Where he hath take a berne fulle,
 That maketh a kinde herte duille,
 To sette his trust in suche frendeship,
 There as he firt no kindeship.

And for to speke wordes pleiue,
 Thus here I many a man compleiue,
 That now on daies thou shalt finde
 At nede, fewe frendes kinde:
 What thou hast doone for hem tofore,
 It is forgotten, as it were lore.
 The bokes speken of this vice,
 And telle howe god of his Justice,
 By waye of kinde and eke nature,
 And euery liuis creature,
 The lawe also, who that it can,
 Thei dampne an vnkinde man.

It is all one, to sey vnkinde,
 As thyng, whiche doone is againe kinde.
 For it with kinde neuer stode
 A man to yelde euill for good.
 For who that wolde taken hede,
 A beest is glad of a good dede,
 And loueth thilke creature,
 After the lawe of his nature,
 And doth hym ease: and for to see
 Of this matere auctoritee,
 Full oft tyme it hath befallē,
 Wherof a tale amonge vs all,
 Whiche is of olde ensamplarie,
 I thinke for to specifie.

Hic narrat, quod bestie in suis beneficiis hominem
 ingratum naturaliter precellunt. Et ponit
 Exemplum de Adriano Romano senatore, qui
 in quadam foresta venationibus insistens, dum
 predam persequeretur, in cisterna profundata
 necia familia corruit, ubi super perueniens
 quidam pauper, nomine Bardus, immisa cor-
 dula putans hominem extraxisse, primo Simiam
 extraxit, Secundo serpentem, Tertio Adrianum,
 qui pauperem despiciens aliquid ei pro benefac-
 to reddere recusabat. Sed tam serpens quam
 simia gratuita benevolentia ipsum gingulis do-
 nis remunerauerunt.

To speke of an vnkynde man
 I finde, howe whilome Adrian
 Of Rome, whiche a great lorde was,
 Upon a daie as he par cas
 To woodde in his huntynge went,
 It hapueth at a sodein wente,
 After the chase as he pursueth,
 Through hap, whiche no man escheweth,
 He felle vnware in to a pit,
 Where that it might not be let.
 The pit was depe, and he felle lowe,
 That of his men none might knowe
 Where he became, for none was nigh,
 Whiche of his fall the mischiefe sigh.
 And thus alone there he laie
 Clepēde, and criēde all the daie
 For socoure and deliuerance,
 Till ageyne eue it fell par chance,
 A while er it began to night,
 A poure man, whiche Bardus hight,
 Come forth walkende with his asse,
 And had gethered hym a tase
 Of grene stickes and of drie,
 To selle, whom that wolde hem bie,
 As he, whiche had no liuelode,
 But whan he might suche a lode
 To towne with his asse carie.
 And as it felle hym for to tarie
 That ilke tyme nigh the pitte,
 And hath the trusse fast knitte,

He herde a voice, whiche cried dymme,
And he bis ere to the brymme
Hath leide, and herde it was a man,
Whiche saide: O helpe here Adrian,
And I will yeuen halfe my good.

The poure man this vnderstood,
As he that wolde gladly wyn,
And to this lorde, whiche was within,
He spake and saide: if I the saue,
What sikernes shall I haue
Of couenant, that afterwarde
Thou wolt me gyue suche rewarde,
As thou behightest nowe before?

That other hath his othes swore,
By heuen, and by the goddes all,
If that it might so befall,
That he out of the pit hym brought,
Of all the goodes, whiche he ought,
He shall haue euen haluen dele.

This Bardus seide, he wolde wele
And with this worde his asse anoue
He let vtrusse, and therypon
Downe goth the corde in to the pit,
To whiche he hath at ende knit
A staffe, wherby he saide, he wolde,
That Adrian hym shulde holde.

But it was tho per chance fallen,
In to that pit was also fallen
An ape, whiche at thilke trowe,
Whan that the corde cam downe lowe,
All sodenly therto he skipte,

And it in both his armes clypte:
And Bardus with his asse anoue
Hym hath vp draw, and he is gon.
But whan he sigh it was an ape,
He wend all bad ben a iape
Of faierie, and sore hym dradde.
And Adrian eft soone gradde

For helpe, and cride and preide faste:
And he eft soone his corde caste.
But whan it cam vnto the grounde,
A great serpent it hath by wounde,
The whiche Bardus anoue vp drough:
And than hym thought welenough
It was fantasie that he herde

The voys, and he therto answerd,
What wight art thou in goddes name?
I am (quod Adrian) the same,
Whose good thou shalt haue euen halfe.

Good Bardus than a gods halfe,
The thirde tyme assaye I shall,
And cast his corde forth withall
In to the pit, and whan it came

To hym, this lorde of Rome it name,
And therypon hym hath adressed,
And with his honde ful ofte blessed:
And than he had to Bardus hale.

And he, whiche vnderstode his tale,
Betwene hym and his asse all softe,
Hath drawen, and set hym vp a lofte,
Without harme all easely.

He saith not ones grant mercy,
Bet straught hym forth in to the citee,
And let this poure Bardus bee.

And netheles this simple man
His couenant, so as he can,
Hath asked: And that other saide,
If it so be that he vpbraide
Of ought, that hath be spoke or do,
It shall be venged of hym so,

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That hym were better to be dede.

And he can tho no other rede,
But on his asse agayne he cast
His trusse, and bieth homewarde faste!

And whan that he came home to bed,
He tolde his wife, howe that he sped.

But finally to speke ought more
Unto this lorde, he drad hym sore,
So that one worde he durst not sayne.

And thus vpon the morowe agayne
In the maner, as I recorde,
Forth with his asse, and with his corde,

To gather woodde, as he did er,
He goth, and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place, where he wolde,

He gan his asse anoue bekolde,
Whiche had gadred at aboute
Of stikes here and there a route,

And leyde hem redy to his honde:
Wherof he made his trusse and bonde.
Fro daie to daie, and in this wise

This ape profreth his seruise,
So that he had of woodde enough.
Upon a tyme and as he drough

Towarde the woodde, he sigh beaide
The great gastly serpent glide,
Till that she cam in his presence,

And in hir kinde a reuerence
She hath hym do, and forth withall
A stone more bright than a Christall

Out of hir mouth to fore his waye
She let downe fall, and went awaye,
For that he shall not be adrad.

Tho was this poure Bardus glad,
Thankende god, and to the stone
He goth, and taketh it vp anoue,

And hath great wonder in his writte,
Howe that the beast hym hath acquitte,
Where that the mans son hath failed,

For whom he had most trauailed.
But all he put in gods honde,
And torneth home, and what he fonde

Unto his wife he hath it shewde,
And thei that were bothe lewde,
Acorden, that he shulde it selle.

And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anoue vpon the tale
The stone he profreth to the sale,

And right as he hym selfe it sette,
The jeweller anoue forth fette
The golde, and made his payement,

Therof was no delaiement.
Thus whan this stone was bought and sold,
Homward with ioye many folde

This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
Hom to his bows, and that he nam
His gold out of his pours within,

He fonde his stone also therein:
Wherof for ioye his berte plaide,
Unto his wife and thus he saide.

Lo here my golde, lo here my stone.
His wife hath wonder therypon,
And asketh hym howe that maye be.

Nowe by my trouth I not (quod he)
But I dare swere vpon a boke,
Unto my marchant I it toke,

And he it had, whan I went.
So knowe I nought to what entent
It is nowe here, but it be gods grace.

For thy to morowe in other place

M

I wille it fonde for to selle,
And if it wolle not with hym dwelle,
But crepe in to my purse ageyne,
Than dare I sanely swere and seyne,
It is the vertue of the stone.

The morowe came, and he is gone
To seche about in other stede,
His stone to selle, and so he dede,
And lefte it with his chapman there.
But whan that he came els where,
In presence of his wife at home,
Out of his purs and that he nome
His golde, fonde his stone withal.
And thus it felle hym oueral,
Where he it solde in sondrie place,
Suche was the fortune, and the grace.
But so well maie nothyng be hid,
That it nis at last kid.

This fame goth about Rome
So serforth, that the wordes come
To the emperour Iustinian,
And he let sende for the man,
And asked hym, howe that it was.

And Bardus tolde all the cas,
Howe that the worme, and eke the beste,
Al though thei made no biheste,
His trauaile hadden well quitte:
But he, whiche had mans witte,
And made his couenant by mouth,
And swore therto all that he couth,
To parte and gye halfe his good,
Hath nowe foryete howe that it stood,
As he, whiche wol no trouth holde.

This emperour al that he tolde,
Hath herde, and thilke vnkyndnesse:
He saide, he wolde hym selfe redresse.
And thus in courte of iudgement
This Adrian was then assent,
And the quareil in audience
Declared was in the presence
Of the emperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel speche tho,
And great wondryng among the prese.

But at last nethelese,
For the partie, whiche hath pleined,
The lawe hath demed, and ordeined.
By hem, that were anised wele,
That he shal haue the haluen dele
Throughout of Adrians good.

And thus of thilke vnkinde blood
Stant the memorie vnto this daie,
Where that enery wise man maie
Ensamplen hym, and take in mynde,
What shame it is, to ben vnkynde,
Ageyne the whiche reason debateth,
And every creature it hateth.

For thy my sonne in thy office
I rede the flee that ilke vice.
For right as the cronicle seith
Of Adrian, howe he his feith
Foryate for wordes couetise:
Ful oft in suche a maner wise
Of louers nowe a man maie see
Ful many, that vnkynde bee
For wel behote, and eucl last
That is her life, for at last,
Whan that thei haue her wille do,
Her loue is after soone ago.
What sayst thou sonne to this cas?
My fader I wil saie alas,

That euer suche a man was bore,
Whiche whan he hath his trouth swore,
And bath of loue what he wolde,
That he at any tyme sholde
Euer after in his bert finde
To sin fal, and to ben vnkinde.

But fader as touchend of mes,
I maie not stond in that degree.
For I toke neuer of loue why,
That I ne maie go therby,
And do my profite els where.
For any spede I finde there,
I dare wel thyngen all about:
But I ne dare not speke it out:
And if I dorst, I wold pleine,
That she, for whom I suffer paine;
And loue hir euer aliche hote,
That nother yeue ne behote,
In rewardyng of my seruice,
It list hir in no maner wise.
I wille not sey, that she is kinde,
And for to sey, she is vakinde,
That dare I not by god aboue,
Whiche demeth enery herte of loue,
He wote, that on myn owne side
Shall none vnkindenes abide.
If it shall with my ladie dwelle,
Therof dare I no more telle.
Nowe good father as it is
Tell me, what thinketh you of this?

My sonne of that vnkinde bip,
The whiche towarde thy ladiasship,
Thou pleinst, for she wolle the nought,
Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
For it maie be, that thy desire,
Though it brenne euer, as doth the fire,
Percease to hir honour misset,
Orels tyme come nought yet,
Whiche stant vpon thy destinee.
For thy my sonne, I rede thee,
Thynke well, what euer the befall.
For no man hath his lustes all:
But as thou toldest me before,
That thou to loue art nought forwore,
And hast doone no vnkindnesse,
Thou might therof thy grace blesse,
And leue nought that continuance,
That there maie be none suche greuance
To loue, as is vnkindship,
Wherof to kepe thy worship,
So as these olde bokes tale,
I shall the telle a redy tale.
Now herken, and be ware therby.
For I will tell it openly.

Hic ponit exemplum contra viros amori ingratos.
Et narrat qualiter Theseus Aegaei filius consilio
fultus Ariadne regis Minos filie in douno, que
Labyrinthus dicitur, Minotaurum vicit, vnde
Theseus Ariadne sponsalia certissime promit-
tens, ipsam vna cum Phedra sorore sua a Creta
secum nauigio duxit, Sed statim postea obli-
to gratitudinis beneficio, Ariadnam ipsam saluan-
tem, in insula Chion apretam post tergum reli-
quit. Et Phedram Athenis sibi sponsatam in-
gratus coronauit.

MINOS, as telleth the poete,
The whiche whilom was kyng of Creta,

A soone had, and Androchee
 He hight, and so befelle that bee,
 Unto Athenes for to lere
 Was sente, and so he bare hym there,
 For that he was of high lignage,
 Suche pride he toke in his corage,
 That he foryeten hath the schooles,
 And in ryot amonge the fooles,
 He did many thynges wronge,
 And vsed thilke life so longe,
 Til at last of that he wrought
 He fonde the mischiefe, whiche he sought,
 Wherof it fell, that he was slayne.
 His fader, whiche it herde sayne,
 Was wroth, and all that euer he might,
 Of men of armes he hym dight
 A stronge power, and forth he went
 Unto Athenis, where he brent
 The plaine countrye al aboute:
 The cities stode of hym in doute,
 As thei that no defence had
 Ageyne the power, whiche he lad.
 Egeus, whiche was there kynge,
 His counsell toke vpon this thyng.
 For he was than in the citee:
 So that of pees in to treatee,
 Betwene Minos and Egeus
 Thei fell, and hene accorded thus:
 That kynge Minos fro yere to yere
 Receyue shal as thou shalt here
 Out of Athenis for truage
 Of men, that were of mighty age
 Parsons nyne: of whiche he shall
 His will don in speciall.
 For vengeance of his sonnes deth
 None other grace there ne geth
 But for to take the luyse,
 And that was don in suche a wise,
 Upon whiche stode a wonder cas.
 For that tyme so it was,
 Wherof that men yet rede and singe,
 Kynge Minos had in his keynge
 A cruell monster, as seith the iest.
 For he was halfe man and halfe best,
 And Minotaurus he was hote,
 Which was begotten in a riote
 Upon Pasiphae, his owne wife,
 Whiles he was out vpon the strife,
 Of that great siege of Troie.
 But she, whiche lost hath all ioye,
 Whan that she sighe this monstre bore,
 Bad men ordeine anon therfore,
 And felle that ilke tyme thus,
 There was a clerke, one Dedalus,
 Whiche had ben of hir assent,
 Of that hir lorde, was so miswent,
 And he made of his owne witte,
 Wherof the remembrance is yit.
 For Minotaurus had suche a hous,
 That was so stronge, and meruailous,
 That what man that within went,
 There was so many a sondrye went,
 That he ne shulde nought come out,
 But gone amased all about:
 And in this house to locke and warde
 Was Minotaurus put in warde,
 That what life, that therin cam,
 Or man or beest, he ouercam,
 And slough, and fedde hym therypon.
 And in this wise many one,

Out of Athenis for truage,
 Denouered weren in that rage.
 For euery yere thei shopen hem so
 Thei of Athenis er thei go
 Towarde that ilke wofull chance,
 As it was sette in ordinance,
 Upon fortune her lotte thei cast,
 Till that Theseus at laste,
 Whiche was the kynges sonne there,
 Amonges other that there were,
 In thilke yere, as it befelle,
 The lotte vpon his chance felle.
 He was a worthy knight withall.
 And whan he sigh his chance falle,
 He ferde, as though he toke none hede,
 But all that euer he might spede
 With hym, and with his felauship,
 Forth in to Crete he goth by ship,
 Where that the kyng Minos he sought,
 And profereth all that he hym oughte
 Upon the point of her accorde.

This sterne kynge, this cruell lorde
 Toke euery daie one of the nyne,
 And put hym in to the discipline
 Of Minotaurus to be deuoured.

But Theseus was so fauoured,
 That he was kepte till at last,
 And the meane while he cast,
 What thyng hym were best to do.
 And felle, that Ariadne tho,
 Whiche was the daughter of Minos,
 And had herde the worthy los
 Of Theseus, and of his might,
 And sigh he was a lustie knight,
 Hir holle berte on hym she laide.

And he also of loue hir praide
 So ferforth, that thei were alone,
 And she ordeineth, that anone,
 In what maner she shuld hym saue,
 And shope so, that she did hym haue
 A clewe of threde, of whiche within
 First at dore he shall begynne
 With hym to take that one ende:
 That whan he wold ageynward wende,
 He might go the same weye.

And ouer this so as I seye,
 Of pitche she toke hym a pelote,
 The whiche he shulde in to the throte
 Of Minotaurus cast right.

Suche wepon also for hym she dight.
 That he by reason maie not faile
 To make an ende of his bataille.
 For she hym taught in soudrie wise,
 Tille he was knowe of thilke emprise,
 Howe he this best shuld quelle.
 And thus shortly for to telle,
 So as this maiden hym had taught,
 Theseus with this monster fanght,
 And smote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
 And by the threde, so as he cam
 He goth ageyne, til he were oute:
 So was great wonder all aboute.

Minos the tribute hath releced,
 And so was all the werre seced
 Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.

But nowe to speke of that swete,
 The whose beautee was withoute wan,
 This faire maiden Adrian:
 Whan that she sigh Theseus sounde,
 Was neuer yet vpon this grounde,

A gladder wight than she was tho.
 Theseus dwelt a daie or two,
 Where that Minos great chere hym ded.
 Theseus in a prëuie sted
 Hath with this maiden spoke and rownd,
 That she to hym was abandouned
 In al that euer she couth,
 So that of hir lustie youth,
 All priuely betwene hem twey,
 The firste flour he toke awaye.
 For he so faire tho behight,
 That euer while he liue might,
 He shuld hir take for his wife,
 And as his owne hertes life
 He wolde hir loue, and trouth beare.

And she, whiche might not forbear,
 So sore loueth hym ageyne,
 That what as euer he wold seyne,
 With all hir hert she it leueth.
 And thus his purpose he acheneth,
 So that assured of his trouth
 With hym she went, and that was routh

Phedra hir yonge suster eke,
 A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
 Fulfilled of all curiosie,
 For susterhode and companie
 Of loue, whiche was hem betwene,
 To see hir suster be made a quene,
 Hir fader lefte, and forth she went
 With hym, whiche all his first entent
 Forgat within a litel throwe,
 So that it was all ouer throwe,
 Whan she best wend it shuld stonde.
 The ship was blown for the londe
 Wherin that thei sailend were.

This Ariadne had mochel fere,
 Of that the wynde so lowde blew,
 As she whiche of the sea ne knewe,
 And praid for to reste a while.
 And so felle, that vpon an yle,
 Whiche Chio high, thei ben dreue,
 Where he to hir leue hath yeue,
 That she shall lond and take hir rest:
 But that was nothing for hir best.
 For whan she was to lond brought,
 She, which that tyme thought nought
 But all trouth, and toke no kepe,
 Hath laide hir soft for to slepe:
 As she whiche longe hath ben forwatched.
 But certes she was euil matched,
 And fer from all lounes kinde.

For more than the beast vnkinde
 Theseus, whiche no trouth kept,
 (While that this yonge ladie slept)
 Fulfilled of all vnkinde ship,
 Hath all forgotten the goodship,
 Whiche Ariadne hym had do,
 And bot vnto the shipmen tho
 Hale vp the saile, and nought abide,
 And forth he gothe the same tide
 Towarde Athenis, and hir on londe
 He left, whiche laie nigh the stronde
 Slepnd, til that she awoke.
 But whan that she cast vp hir lōke
 Towarde the stronde, and sigh no-wight,
 Hir herte was so sore affright,
 That she ne wist what to thinke,
 But droug hir to the water brinke,
 Where she behelde the sea at large:
 She sigh no ship, she sigh no barga

Als ferforth as she might kenne:
 Ha lorde (she said) whiche a senne,
 As all the worlde shall after here
 Upon this wofull woman here,
 This worthie knight hath doone and wrought
 I wend I had his loue bought,
 And so deserued at nede,
 Whan that he stode vpon his drede,
 And eke the loue, he me behight.
 It is great wonder, howe he might
 Towardis me nowe ben vnkinde,
 And so to lette out of his minde
 Thyng, which he said his owne mouth.
 But after this, whan it is couth,
 And drawe to the worldes fame,
 It shall ben hyndrynge of his name.
 For well he wote, and so wote I,
 He yafe his trouthe bodily,
 That he myn honour shulde kepe,
 And with that worde she gan wepe
 And soroweth more than enoughe.
 Hir faire tresses she to drougth
 And with hir selfe she toke such strife,
 That she betwene the deth and life
 Swounende lay full ofte amonge:
 And all was this on hym alonge,
 Whiche was to loue vnkinde so,
 Wherof the wronge shall euermo
 Stonde in cronike of remembrance,
 And eke it asketh a vengeance
 To ben vnkinde in lounes cas,
 So as Theseus than was,
 All though he were a noble knight.
 For he the lawe of lounes right
 Forfaiteth hath in all waye,
 That Ariadne he put awaye,
 Whiche was a great vnkinde dede.
 And after that, so as I rede,
 Phedra, the whiche hir sister is,
 He toke in stede of hir, and this
 Fell afterwarde to mekell tene,
 For thilke vice, of whiche I mene.

Unkyndship where it falleth,
 The trouthe of mans herte it pallcth,
 That he can no good dede acquite:
 So maie he stonde of no merite
 Towardes god, and eke also
 Men calle hym the worldes fo.
 For he no more than the fende
 Unto none other man is frende,
 But all toward hym selfe alone.

For thy my soune in thy persone
 This vice aboute all other see.

My fader as ye teche me,
 I thinke to do in this matere.

But ouer this I wolde fayn here,
 Wherof I shall me shrine more.

My good sonne as for thy lōre,
 After the reule of couetise,
 I shall the propertee deuise
 Of euery vice by and by.
 Nowe herken, and be wel ware therby.

Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina
 Floribus et iuncta virgine mella capit.

Hic tractat super illa specie cupida, que rapina
 nuncupatur, cuius mater extorcio ipsam ad de-
 seruendum magnatum curiis specialius com-
 mendauit.

In the lignage of Anarice
 My sonne yet there is a vice,
 His right name it is Rauine,
 Whiche hath a route of his coine.
 Rauine amonge the maisters dwelleth,
 And with his seruantes as men telleth,
 Extorcion is nowe witholde.
 Rauine of other mens folde
 Maketh his larder, and payeth nought.
 For where as ener it maie be sought
 In his hous there shall no thyng lacke,
 And that ful ofte abieth the packe
 Of poore men, that dwelle aboute.
 Thus stant the commune people in doute,
 Whiche can do none amendement.
 For whan hym failleth paiement,
 Rauine maketh non other skille,
 But taketh by strength al that he wille.
 So ben there in the same wise
 Louers, as I the shall deuise:
 That whan nought elles maie auaille,
 Anone with strength thei assaile
 And gette of loue the sesine,
 When thei se tyme by rauine.
 For thy my sonne shriue the here,
 If thou hast ben Rauinere
 Of loue. Certes father no,
 For I my lady loue so.
 For though I were as was Pompeye
 That all the worlde me wolde obeye:
 Or els suche as Alisandre,
 I wolde nought do suche a sclander.
 It is no good man, whiche so doth.
 In good feith sonne thou saist sooth.
 For he that woll of purueance,
 By suche a wey his luste auance,
 He shall it after sore abie,
 But if these olde ensamples lie.
 Nowe good father telle me one,
 So as ye connen many one,
 Touchende of loue in this matere.
 Now list my sonne, and thou shalt here;
 So as it hath befall er this,
 In loues cause howe that it is,
 A man to take by rauine
 The preye, whiche is feminine.

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in amoris causa raptores, Et narrat qualiter Pandion rex Athen. duas filias, uidelicet Progne et Philomenam habuit: Progne autem regi Tracie Thereo desponsata contigit, quod cum Tereus, ad instantiam uxoris sue Philomenam de Athen. in Traciam sororis visitationis causa secum quadam vice perduceret, in concupiscentiam Philomene tanta severitate in itinere dilapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue violentia rapine virginitatem eius oppressit, sed et ipsius linguam, ne factum detegeret forcipe mutauit, unde imperpetue memorie cronicam tauti raptoris austeritatem, miro ordine dil postea vindicarunt.

There was a riall noble kyng,
 A riche of all worldes thyng,
 Whiche of his propre enheritance
 Athenis had in gouernance,
 And who so thinketh therevpon,
 His name was kyng Pandion.
 Two daughters had he by his wife,
 The whiche he loued as his life.

The first daughter Progne hight,
 And the seconde, as she well might,
 Was cleped faire Philomene,
 To whom fell after mochel tene.
 The father of his purueance,
 His daughter Progne wolde auance,
 And gaf hir vnto mariage
 A worthy kyng of high lignage,
 A noble knight eke of his honde,
 So was he kid in enery londe.
 Of Trace he hight Thereus,
 The clerke Ouide telleth thus.
 This Thereus his wife home lad,
 A lusty life with hir he had,
 Till it befelle vpon a tide,
 This Progne, as she lay hym beside,
 Bethought hir, howe that it might bee,
 That she hir suster might see,
 And to hir lorde hir will she saide
 With goodly wordes, and hym praide,
 That she to hir might go.
 And if it liked hym not so,
 That than he wolde hym selfe wende,
 Or els by some other sende,
 Whiche might hir dere suster grete,
 And shape, howe that they might mete.
 Hir lorde anone to that he berde
 Yafe his accorde, and thus answerde.
 I will (saide he) for thy sake,
 The wey after thy sister take
 My selfe, and bryng hir, if I maie,
 And she with that, there as she laye,
 Bigan hym in hir armes clippe,
 And kist hym with hir softe lippe,
 And saide: sire graunt mercy.
 And he soone after was redy,
 And toke his leue for to go.
 In sory tyme did he so.
 This Thereus goth forth to shippe,
 And with hym his feloushippe.
 By sea the right cours he nam,
 Unto the countrey till he cam,
 Where Philomene was dwellynge,
 And of hir suster the tidyng
 He tolde, and tho thei wren gladde,
 And mochel ioye of hym thei made.
 The father and the mother bothe
 To leaue her daughter were lothe,
 But if thei were in presence:
 And nethcles at reuerence
 Of hym that wolde hym selfe trauaile,
 Thei wolde nought he shulde faile,
 And that thei praide geue hir leue,
 And she that wolde not beleue,
 In all hast made hir yare
 Towarde hir suster for to fare
 With Thereus, and forth she went,
 And he with his hole entent,
 Whan she was fro hir frendes go,
 Assotteth of hir loue so,
 That his eie might he not witholde,
 That he ne must on hir beholde,
 And with the sight gan desire,
 And set his owne herte a fire:
 And fire, whan it to towe approcheth,
 To hym anone the strength accrocheth,
 Till with his hete it be deuoured,
 The towne may not be souccoured.
 And so the tyranne rauener,
 Whan that she was in his power,

And he therto sawe tyme and place,
As he that lost hath all grace,
Forgate, he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hir he ran,
Right as a wolfe, that taketh his praye.

And she began to crie and praye,
O father, o mother dere,
Nowe helpe. but thei ne might it here.
And she was of to litell might,
Defence ageyne so rude a knight
To make, whan he was so woode,
That he no reason vnderstoode,
But helde hir vnder in suche wise,
That she ne might not arise,
But laye oppressed and diseased,
As if a Goushauke had seyed
A byrde, whiche durst not for fere
Remue. And thus this tyranne there
Berast hir suethe thyng, as men seyne,
May neuer more be yolden ageyne,
And that was the virginitee:
Of suche rauyn it was pitee.

But whan she to hir selfe come,
And of hir mischiefe hede nome,
And knewe, how that she was no maide,
With wofull herte thus she saide.

O thou of all men the werst,
Where was there euer man that derst
Do suche a dede, as thou hast do?
That daie shall falle, I hope so,
That I shall tell out all my fille,
And with my speche I shall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou hast doome to me by strength,
If that I amonge the people dwelle,
Unto the people I shall it telle.
And if I be within walle
Of stones closed, than I shalle
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tell hem thy felonie.
And if I be the woddys wende,
There shall I tell all and ende,
And crie it to the hyrdes out,
That thei shall here it all aboute.

For I so lowde it shall reberse,
That my voice shall the heuen perce,
That it shall sowne in goddes eare.
A fals man, where is thy fere?
O more cruell than any best,
Howe hast thou holden thy behest,
Whiche thou vnto my sister madest?
O thou, whiche all loue vngladest,
And art ensample of all vntrewe:
Nowe wolde god my sister knewe
Of thyn vntrouthe, howe that it stode.

And he than as a lion woode,
With his vnhappye handes stronge,
He caught hir by the tresses longe,
With the whiche he bonde both hir armes,
That was a feble dede of armes,
And to the grounde anoue hir cast,
And out he clippeth also fast
Hir tonge, with a paire of sheres.
So what with blode, and what with tere,
Out of hir eyen, and of hir mouthe
He made hir faire face vacouth,
She laye swownange vnto the dethe,
There was vneth any brette.
But yet whan he hir tonge reffe,
A litell parte therof he lefte:

But she withall no worde maie sowe,
But chitre, and as a byrde iargowne.
And neuertheles that woode hounde
Hir bodie hent vp fro the grounde,
And sent hir there, as by his will,
She shulde abide in prisonne still
For euer mo, but nowe take hede,
What after felle of this misdede.
Whan all this mischiefe was befall
This Thereus, that foule hym falle,
Unto his countrey home he tigh.
And whan he come his palais nigh
His wife already there hym kepte.
Whan he hir sigh, anone he wept,
And that he did for deceite.

For she began to aske hym streite,
Where is my sister? And he saide,
That she was dede, and Prugne abraide.
As she that was a wofull wife,
And stode betwene hir deth and life,
Because she herde suche tidynge.
But for she sigh hir lord wepyng,
She wende nought but all trouth,
And had wel the more routh.
The perles were the forsake
To hir, and blacke clothes take,
As she that was gentil and kynde,
In worship of hir sisters mynde,
She made a riche entremet.
For she fonde none amendement
To sighen or to sob more:
So was there gyle vnder the gore.
Nowe leaue we this kyng and quene,
And torne ayens to Philomene.

As I beganne to tell erste,
Whan she cam in to prison ferst,
It thought a kynges daughter strange
To make so sodeine a change
Fro welth, vnto so great a wo:
And she began to thynke tho,
Though she by mouth nothyng praide,
Within hir herte thus she saide,

O thou almighty Iupiter,
That hie sittest, and lokest ferre,
Thou suffrest many wrongfull doynge,
And yet it is not thy willynge.
To the there maie nothyng ben hid,
Thou wost, howe it is betid.
I wolde I had net be hore.
For than had I nought forelore
My speche and my virginitee.
But good lorde all is in thee,
Whan thou therfo wolte do vengeance,
And shape my deliuerance.
And euer amonge this lady wepte.
And thought that she neuer kepte
To be a worldes woman more,
And that she wissheth euermore.
But ofte vnto hir sister dere
Hir herte speketh in this manere,
And said: O sister, if ye knewe
Of myu estate, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliuerance
Ye wold shape, and do vengeance
On hym, that is so fals a man:
And netheles so as I can,
I will you sende some tokenyng,
Wherof ye shall haue knowlageyng
Of thyng, I wote that shall you lothe,
The whiche you toucheth, and me both.

And tho within a while as tite
She wafe a cloth of silke all white,
With letters and imagerie,
In whiche was all the felonie,
Whiche Thereus to hir hath do,
And lapped it to gether tho,
And sette hir signet therupon,
And sent it vnto Progne anon.

The messenger, whiche forth it bare,
What it amounted is nought ware,
And netheles to Progne he goth,
And priuely taketh hir the cloth,
And went again right as he cam:
The courte of hym none hede name.

Whan Progne of Philomene berde,
She wolde knowe how that it ferde,
And openeth that the man hath brought,
And wot therby, what hath be wrought,
And what mischiefe there is befall,
In swoone tho she gan downe fall,
And este arose, and gan to stonde,
And este she taketh the clothe on honde,
Behelde the letters, and thymages:

But at last of suche outrages
She saide: wepyng is nought the bote,
And swereth, if that she leue mote,
It shall be venged othe wise:

And with that she gan hir auisse,
How first she might vnto hir wyn,
Hir sister, that no man within,
But onely thei, that were swore,
It shalde knowe, and shope therefore,
That Thereus nothyng it wist:
And yet right as hir seluen liste,
Hir sister was deliuered soone
Out of prison, and by the moone
To Progne she was brought by nighte.

Whan eche of other had a sight,
In chambre there thei were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous mone.
But Progne most of sorow made,
Whiche sigh hir sister pale and fade,
And specheles, and dishonoured,
Of that she had be defoured.
And eke vyon hir lorde she thought,
Of that he so vntreuly wrought,
And had his espousalle broke,
She maketh anowe it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth downe
Wepynge in great deuocion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus

She praid, and said than thus:
O ye, to whom no thyng astert
Of loue maie, for every herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben aboute
The god and the goddesse of loue,
Ye witen well, that euer yit
Withal my wille, and all my wit,
Sith first ye shope me to wedde,
That I laie with my lorde a bedde,
I haue ben trewe in my degree,
And euer thought for to bee,
And neuer loue in other place,
But all onely the kyng of Trace,
Whiche is my lorde, and I his wife.
But nowe alas this wofull strife,
That I hym thus ageinward finde
The most vntrewe, and most vnkinde,
That euer in ladies armes laie.
And wel I wote that he ne maie

Amend his wronge, it is so gret.
For to litell of me be lete,
Whan he myn owne sister toke,
And me that am his wife forooke.

Lo thus to Venus and Capide
She praid, and ferthermore she cride
Unto Apollo the highest,
And said: O mightie god of rest,
Thou do vengeance of this debate,
My sister and all hir estate
Thou wost, and how she hath forlore
Hir maidenbede, and I therfore
In all the worlde shall beare a blame,
Of that my sister hath a shame,
That Thereus to hir I sent.

And well thou wost, that myn entent
Was all for worship and for good.
O lorde, that geuest the liues foode
To euery wight, I prais the here,
These wofull sisters, that ben here,
And let vs nought to the ben loth,
We ben thyn owne women both.

Thus plaineth Progne, and axeth wreche,
And though hir sister lacke speche,
To hym, that all thynges wote,
Hir sorowe is not the leese bote.

But he, that than herd them two,
Hym ought haue sorowed euermo.
For sorowe, whiche was hem betwene,
With signes plaineth Philomene.
And Progne saith, it shal be wreke,
That all the worlde therof shall speke.

And Progne tho sickenes feigned,
Wherof vnto hir lorde she pleined,
And preith, she mote her chambre kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and stepe.
And he hir graunteth to be so.
And thus to gether ben thei two,
That wolde hym but a litell good.
Nowe herken hereafter, how it stode
Of wofull auntries that befelle.

These sisters, that ben both felle,
And that was not on hem alonge,
But onely on the great wronge,
Whiche Thereus had hem do:
Thei shopen for to venge hem tho.

This Thereus by Progne his wife
A soune hath, whiche as his life
He loueth, and Itys he hight.
His mother wist well she might
Do Thereus no more greue,
Than slea his childe, whiche was so leue.
Thus she that was as who saith madde
Of wo, whiche hath hir ouerladde,
Without insight of motherhed,
Forgate pitee, and lost drede,
And in hir chambre priuely
This childe without noyae or crie
She slough, and hewe hym all to peces:
And after with diuers spieses
The fleshe, when it was so tq hewe,
She taketh, and maketh therof a sewe,
With whiche the fader at his meate
Was serued, till he had hym eate,
That be ne wist, howe that it stode:
But thus his owne fleshe and bloode
Hym selfe deuoureth ageyne kinde,
As he that was to fore vnkinde.
And than er that he were arise,
For that he shalde bene agrise,

To shewen hym the childe was dede,
 This Philomene toke the hede
 Betwene two dishes, and all wrothe
 Tho came forth the sisters bothe,
 And setten it vpon the borde.
 And Progne than began the worde
 And seide: O werst of all wikke,
 Of conscience whom no prikke
 Maie stere, lo what thou hast do,
 Lo here ben nowe we sisters two.

O rauener, lo here thy preie,
 With whom so falsely on the weie
 Thou hast thy tyranny wrought,
 Lo nowe it is som dele abought:
 And better it shall: for of thy dede
 The worlde shall euer singe and rede,
 In remembrance of thy defame.
 For thou to loue hast done auche shame,
 That it shall neuer be forgete.

With that he sterte vp fro the mete,
 And aboue the borde in to the flore,
 And caught a sworde anone, and swore,
 That thei shulde of his bondes die.

And thei vnto the goddesses crie
 Began, with so loude a steuene,
 That thei were herde vnto heuene,
 And in the twynkelyng of an eie
 The goddess, that the mischiefe seie,
 Her formes chaunged all thre,
 Eche of hem in his degre
 Was turned in to a brides kinde
 Diuerseliche as men may finde,
 After the state that thei were ynne
 Her formes were set a twyne:
 And as it telleth in the tale
 The first in to a nightyngale
 Was shape, and that was Philomene,
 Whiche in the winter is not sene.
 For than be the leues falle,
 And naked ben the bushes alle.
 For after that she was a bridle,
 Hir wille was euer to be hid,
 And for to dwelle in priue place,
 That no man shuld se hir face
 For shame, whiche maie not be lassid
 Of thyng that was tofore passid,
 Whan that she lost hir maidenhed.
 For euer vpon hir womanhede.

(Though that the gods wold hir change)
 She thynketh, and is the more strange,
 And holt hir clos the winter daie,
 But whan the wynter goth awaie,
 And that nature the goddesses
 Will of hir owne fre largesse,
 With herbes, and with flours both
 The felde, and the medowes clothe,
 And eke the wooddes, and the greaues
 Ben hilled all with grene leaues,
 So that a bridle hir hide maie
 Betwene March, April, and Maie,
 She that the winter held hir clos
 For pure shame, and nought aros,
 Whan that she sigh the bowes thicke,
 And that there is no bare stickte,
 But all is hid with leaues grene,
 To woodde cometh this Philomene,
 And maketh hir firs yers flight,
 Where as she singeth daie and night:
 And in hir songe all openly
 She maketh hir plaint, and saith: O why

Why ne were I yet a maide?
 For so this olde wise said,
 Whiche vnderstood, what she ment,
 Hir notes ben of suche entent.
 And eke thei said, how in hir songe
 She maketh great ioye, and mirthe amonge,
 And saith: ha nowe I am a bridle,
 Ha nowe my face may ben hid,
 Though I haue lost my maidenhede,
 Shall no man see ny chekes rede.

Thus medleth she with ioye wo,
 And with her sorowe myrth also:
 So that of loues maladie
 She maketh diuers melodie,
 And saith: loue is a wofull blisse,
 A wisdom, whiche can no man wisse,
 A lustie feuer, a wounde soft,
 This note she rehersteth ofte
 To hem, whiche vnderstonde hir tale.

Nowe haue I of this nightyngale,
 Whiche erst was cleped Philomene,
 Tolde all that euer wolde mene,
 Both of hir forme, and of hir note,
 Wherof men maie the storie note.

And of hir sister Progne I finde,
 How she was tourned out of kynde
 In to a swalowe swift of wyng,
 Whiche eke in winter lieth swownyng
 There as she maie no thyng be sene,
 But whan the wodde is woxen grene,
 And comen is the sommer tide,
 Than fleeth she forth, and ginneth to chide,
 And chetereth out in hir langage,
 What falschede is in mariage,
 And telleth in a maner speche
 Of Thereus the spouse breche:
 She wol not in the wooddes dwelle,
 For she wolde openlich telle,
 And eke for that she was a spouse,
 Amonge the folke she cometh to house,
 To do these wiues vnderstode
 The falshode of her husbonde,
 That thei of hem beware also.
 For there be many vntrewe of tho.

Thus ben the sisters brides bothe,
 And ben towarde the men so lothe,
 That thei ne will for pure shame
 To no mans honde be tame.
 For euer it dwelleth in her mynde,
 Of that thei fonde a man vnkynde,
 And that was fals Thereus,
 If suche one be amonge vs
 I note, but his condicion
 Men saie in euery region,
 Within towne and eke without,
 Nowe reigneth comonly about
 And natheles in remembrance
 I will declare, what vengeance
 The goddess hadden hym ordeined,
 Of that the sisters hadden pleined.
 For anone after he was chaunged,
 And from his owne kinde straunged,
 A lapwynke made he was.
 And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
 And on his heed there stont vp right
 A crest, in token of a knight.
 And yet vnto this day, men seith,
 A lapynke hath lost his feith,
 And is the birde falsest of all.

Beware my souce of the so fall.

For if thou be of such a loue,
To get of loue by raine
Thy lust: it maie the falle thus,
As it befelle Thereus.

My father god forbede:
Me were leuer be fortrede
With wilde horses, and to drawe,
Er I ageine loue, and his lawe,
Did ouy thying, or loude or still,
Whiche were not my ladies will.
Men sayen, that eury loue hath drede:
So foloweth it, that I hir drede,
For I hir loue, and who so dredeth,
To please his loue and serue hym nedeth.
Thus maie ye knowe by this skill,
That no raine doone I will
Ageine hir will, by such a weye,
But while I liue, I will obeye,
Abydyng on hir courtesie,
If any mercy wolde hir plie.

For thy my father, as of this
I wote nought I haue do amisse.
But farthermore I you beseeche,
Some other pointe that ye me teche,
And asketh forthe if there be ought,
That I maie be the better tought.

Vivat vt ex spoliis grandi quam saepe tumultu,
Quo graditur, populus latro perurget iter:
Sic amor ex casu poterit, quo capere praedam,
Si locus est aptus, caetera nulla timet.

Hic loquitur super illa cupiditatis specie, quam
furtum vocant, cuius ministri alicuius legis of-
fensam non metuentes tam in amoris causa
quam aliter, suam quam saepe conscientiam
offendunt.

WHAN Couetise in poure estate
Stout with hym selfe vpon debate,
Through lacke of his misgouernance,
That he vnto his sustenance
Ne can no nother waie finde
To gett hym good: than as the blinde
Which seeth nought, what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, whiche men call
Of Robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
Of thying, whiche other men beswynke,
He getteth hym clothe, mete, and drinke:
Hym retcheth nought, what he begynne
Through thefte, so that he maie wyne.
For thy to make his purchaas
He lieth awaytende on the paas,
And what thying that he seeth ther passe,
He taketh his parte, or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take:
He can the pakkes well ransake,
So princely beareth none aboute
His golde, that he ne sint it oute,
Or other iewell what it bee,
He taketh it as his propretee,
In wooddes, and in feldees eke,
Thus robbery goth to seke,
Where as he maie his purchas finde.

And right so in the same kinde,
My good sone as thou might here,
To speke of loue in this matiere,
And make a very resemblance,
Right as a thefe maketh his cheuesance,

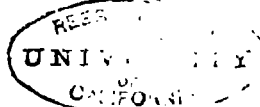
And robbeth mens gooddes aboute,
In woodde and felde, where he goth oute.

So bene there of these louers somme
In wilde stedes, where thei come,
And finden there a woman able,
And therto place couenable,
Withouten leue, er that thei fare,
Thei take a parte of that chaffare,
Ye though she were a shepherdesse,
Yet woll the lorde of wantonnesse
Assaie, all though she be vnmete.
For other mens good is swete.
But therof wote nothyng the wife
At home, whiche loueth as hir life
Hir lorde, and sit all daie wisshyng
After hir lordes home comyng,
But whan that he cometh home at eue,
Anone he unaketh his wife beleue.
For she nought els shulde knowe,
He telleth hir, how his hunt hath blow,
And howe his houndes haue well ronne,
And howe there shone a mery sonne,
And howe his hawkes flowne wele:
But he wol telle hir neuer a dele,
Howe he to loue vntrewe was,
Of that he robbed in the pas,
And toke his lust vnder the shawe
Ageyne loue, and ageyne his lawe.

Whiche thying my soune I the forbede.
For it is an vngoodly dede.
For who that taketh by robbetrie
His loue, he maie not iustifie
His cause: and so fall oft sithe,
For ones that he hath ben blithe,
He shall ben after sorie thriea.
Examples for suche robbetrie
I finde written as thou shalt here
Accordende vnto this matere.

Hic loquitur contra istos in amoris causa pre-
dones, qui cum suam furtiue concupiscentiam
aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur, Et
narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam virginem
nomine Cornicem solam iuxta mare deambu-
lantem opprimere suo furto voluisset, superue-
niens Pallas ipsam de manibus eius, virginitate
seruata gratis liberauit.

I REDY how whilom was a maide,
The fairest, as Ouide saide,
Whiche was in hir tyme tho,
And she was of the chamber also
Of Pallas, whiche is the goddessse,
And wife to Mars, of whome prowesse
Is youe to these worthy knightes.
For he is of so great mightes,
That he gouerneth the bataile,
Withouten hym maie nought auaille
The stronge honde, but be it helpe,
There maie no knight of armes yelpe,
But he fight vnder his banere:
But nowe to speke of my matere,
This faire fresshe lustie maie,
Alone as she went on a daie
Upon the stronde for to plaie,
There came Neptunus in the waie,
Whiche hath the sea in gouernance,
And in his herte suche plesance
He toke, whan he this maiden sigh,
That all his bert aros on high.



For he so sodenliche vware
Beheld the beautee, that she bare,
And cast anone within his herte,
That she hym shall no waie asterte,
But if he take in auantage
Fro thilke maide somme pillage,
Nought of the brooches ne the rynges,
But of some other smale thynges,
He thought parte, er that he went:
And hir in bothe his armes hent,
And put his honde towarde the cofre,
Where to robbe he made a profre,
That lustie treasour for to steale,
Whiche passeth other goodes fele,
And cleped is the maidenhead,
Whiche is the flour of womanhead.

This maide, whiche Cornix by name
Was hote, dredynge all shame,
Sigh, that she might nought debate:
And well she wist, he wolde algate
Fulfille his luste of roberrie:
Anone began to wepe and crie,
And saide: O Pallas noble quene,
Shewe now thy might, and let be sene,
To kepe and saue myn honour,
Helpe that I lese nought my flour,
Whiche now vnder thy key is loken.

That worde was not so soone spoke,
Whan Pallas shope reconire
After the wille and the desire
Of hir, whiche a maide was:
And sodeinly vpon this cas,
Out of hir womanliche kinde
In to a bridde, likenes I finde,
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothyng stall
Of such thyng that he wolde haue stole.

With fethers blacke as any cole
Out of his armes in a throwe
She fleth before his sien a crowe,
Whiche was to hir a more delite,
To kepe hir maidenhead white,
Under the wede of fethers blacke,
In perles white than forsake
That no life maie restore agayne.

But this Neptune his herte in wayne
Hath vpon roberrie sette.
The brid is floue, and he was let,
The faire maide is hym escaped,
Wherof for euer he was belaped,
And scorned of that he hath lore.

My sonne he thou ware therefore,
That thou no maidenhead stele,
Wherof men see diseases fele,
That haue happened in sondrie wise,
So as I shall the yet deuise
Another tale thervpon,
Whiche telle by olde daies gone.

*Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in causa virgin-
tatis lese per predones, et narrat quod cum Cal-
listo regis Lichaonis mire pulchritudinis filia,
suam virginitatem Diane conseruandam castis-
sima vouisset, Et in siluam, que Tegea dicitur,
inter alias ibidem nymphas moraturam se
transtulisset, Iupiter virginis castitatem subtili
furto surripiens, quendam filium, qui postea
Archas nominatus est, ex ea genuit, vnde Iuno
in Calistonem seuiens, eius pulchritudinem in*

*vix turpissime deformitatem subito transi-
gurat.*

KYNGE Lichaon vpon his wife
A daughter had, a goodly life,
And clene maiden of worthy fame,
Calistona whose right name
Was cleped, and of many a lorde
She was besought, but hir accorde
To lone might no man wyne,
As she, whiche hath no lust therinne,
But swore within hir herte, and saide,
That she woll euer ben a maide.
Wherfore to kepe hir selfe in pees
With suche as Amadriades
Were cleped woodmaidens tho,
And with the nymphes eke also,
Upon the sprynge of freshe wellles,
She shope to dwelle, and no where elles,
And thus came this Calistona
Into the woodde of Tegea,
Where she virginitee behight
Unto Diane, and therto plight
Hir trouth vpon the bowes grene,
To kepe hir maidenhead clene.
Whiche afterwarde vpon a daie
Was priueliche stole awaie,
For Iupiter through his quintise
From hir it toke in suche a wise,
That sodenliche forth withall
Hir wombe arose, and she to swall,
So that it might not be hid
And thervpon it is betid,
That Diane, whiche it herde telle
In priue place vnto a welle,
With Nymphes al a companie
Was come, and in a ragerie
She saide, that she bathe wolde,
And had that euery maiden sholde
With hir all naked bathe also.
And tho began the priue wo,
Calistona wex rede for shame:
But thei that knewe not the game,
To whom no suche thyng was befall,
Anone thei made hem naked all,
As thei nothyng wolde hide,
But she withdrewe hir euer aside.
And netheles in the floode,
Where that Diana hir selfe stode,
She thought to come vnperceiued:
But therof she was all deceiued.
For whan she came a litell nighe,
And that Diana hir wombe sighe,
She said: awaie thou foule best.
For thyne astate is not honest
This chaste water for to touche.
For thou hast take suche a touche,
Whiche neuer maie ben hole ageyne,
And thus goth she, whiche was forleine,
With shame, and the Nymphes fedde,
Till whan that nature hir spede,
That of a sonne, whiche Archas
Was named, she deliuered was.
And tho Iuno, whiche was the wife
Of Iupiter (wrothe and hastife
In purpose for to do vengeance)
Came forthe vpon thilke chaunce,
And so Calistona she spake,
And set vpon hir many a lacke

And said : a nowe thou arte take,
That thou thy werke might not forsake.
A thou vngoodly hypocrite,
Thou art greatly for to wite.
Bot nowe thou shalt full sore abie
That ilke stelthe of micherie,
That thou hast both take and do,
Wherof thy fader Lichao
Shall not be glad, whan he it wote,
Of that his daughter was so hote,
That she hath broken hir chast vowe :
But I the shall chastise nowe,
Thy great beante shall be torned,
Through whiche that thou hast be mestorned.

Thy large fronte, thy cien graye
I shall hem change in other waye,
And all the feture of thy face
In such a wise I shall deface,
That every man the shall forbear.
With that the likenes of a beare
She toke, and was forshapen anone.
Within a tyme and therevpon
Refelle, that with a bowe in honde,
To hunte and game for to fonde
In to that woodde goth to plaie
Hir soune Archas, and in his waie
It happeth that this beare came.
And whan that he good hede name,
Where that he stode vnder the bough,
She knewe hym well, and to hym drough,
For though she had hir forme lore,
The loue was nought lost therefore,
Whiche kinde hath set vnder his lawe.
Whan she vnder the woodde shawe
Hir childe beheld, she was so glad,
That she with both hir armes sprad,
As though she were in womanhed,
Toward hym come, and toke none hede
Of that he bare a bowe bente,
And be with that an arowe hath bent,
And gan to teise it in his bowe,
As be that can none other knowe,
But that it was a beste wilde.

But Iupiter, whiche wolde shilde
The moder, and the sonne also,
Ordeineth for hem both two,
That thei for euer were saue.

But thus my sonne thou might haue
Ensample, howe that it is to flee,
To robbe the virginitee
Of a yonge innocent aweye.
And ouer this by other weye,
In olde boke as I rede
Sache robberie is for to drede,
And namliche of thilke good,
Whiche euery woman that is good,
Desireth for to kepe and holde,
As whilome was by daies olde.
For if thou here my tale wele
Of that was tho, thou might somdele
Of olde ensamples taken hede,
Howe that the floure of maidenhede
Was thilke tyme holde in pris:
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it shall for euer stonde:
And for thou shalt it vnderstonde,
Nowe berken a tale nexte sewende
Howe maidenhede is to commende.

Hic loquitur de virginittatis commendatione, vbi

dicit, quod nuper Imperatores ob tanti status
dignitatem virginibus cedebant in via.

Of Rome amonge the gestes olde
I finde, howe that Valery tolde,
That what man was tho emperor
Of Rome, he shulde done honour
To the virgin, and in the weye,
Where he hir mete, he shulde obeye
In worship of virginitee,
Whiche was tho a great dignitee,
Nought oneliche of the women tho,
But of the chaste men also
It was commended ouerall.
And for to speke in speciall,
Touchend of men ensample I finde.

Hic loquitur qualiter Phirinus inuenum Rome
pulcherrimus, vt illesam suam virginittatem con-
seruaret, ambos oculos eruens vultus sui deco-
rem abhominabilem constituit.

PHIRINUS, whiche was of mans kinde
Aboue all other the faireste
Of Rome, and eke the comliest:

That well was hir, whiche hym might
Beholde, and haue of hym a sight.
Thus was he tempted ofte sore,
But for he wolde be no more
Amonge the women so coueited,
The beante of his face streited
He hath, and put out bothe his cien,
That all women, whiche it seine,
Than afterwarde of hym ne rought.
And thus his maidenhead he bought.

So may I proue wel for thy,
Aboue all other vnder the sky,
That maidenhead is for to preise.
Who that the vertues wolde peise,
Whiche, as the Apocalipsis recordeth,
To Christe in heuen best accordeth:
So may it shewe well therefore,
As I haue tolde it here to fore,
In heuen, and eke in erth also,
It is accepte to bothe two,
Out of his fleshe a man to liue,
Gregorie hath this ensample yeue,
And saith : it shall rather be tolde,
Liche to an engell many folde,
Than to the life of mans kinde,
There is no reason for to finde,
But onely through the grace aboute,
In fleshe without fleshely loue
A man to liue chaste here.
And netheles a man maie here
Of suche, that haue bene er this,
And yet there bene, but for it is
A vertue, whiche is selden wonne:
Nowe I this matter haue begonne,
I thynke tellen ouer more,
Whiche is my sonne for thy lore,
If that the liste to taken hede,
To trete vpon the maidenhede.

Vt rosa de spinis spineto preualet orta,
Et lili flores cespitate plura valent :
Sic sibi virginittas carnis sponsalia vincit,
Aeternos fletus quae sine labe parit.

THE boke seith, that a mans life
Upon knighthode in a warre and strife

Is set amonge his enemies,
 The freyle fleshe, whose nature is
 Ay redy for to spurne and fall,
 The first foman is of all.
 For thilke warre is rety aie,
 It warreth night, it warreth daie,
 So that a man hath neuer rest.
 For thy is thilke knight the best,
 Through might and grace of gods sonde,
 Whiche that bataile maie withstonde,
 Wherof yet dwelleth the memorie
 Of hem, that some tymes the victorie
 Of thilke deadly warre hadden:
 The high prowesee, whiche thei ladden,
 Wherof the soule stode amended,
 Upon this erthe it is commended.

*Hic loquitur, qualiter Valentinianus imperator,
 cum ipse octogenarius plures prouincias Romano
 Imperio belliger subiugauit, dixit se super omnia
 magis gaudere de eo, que contra sue carnis
 concupiscentiam victoriam optinuisset, nam et
 ipse virgo omnibus diebus vite sue castissimus
 permansit.*

An emperour by olde daies
 There was, and he at all assaies
 A worthie knight was of his honde,
 There was none suche in all the londe,
 But yet for all his vassellage,
 He stode vnwedded all his age,
 And in cronike as it is tolde,
 He was an hundred wynter olde.
 But whan men wolde his dedes preise,
 And his knighthode of armes preise,
 Of that he did with his hondes,
 Whan he the kynges of the londes
 To his subiection put vnder:
 Of all that preise hath he no wonder.
 For he it set of none accounte,
 And said, all that maie not amounte
 Ayens a point, whiche he hath nome,
 That he his fleshe hath ouercome.
 He was a virgine, as he saide,
 On that bataile his pris he laide.

Lo nowe my soune auise thee.
 Ye fader all this maie well bee.
 But if all other dede so,
 The worlde of men were soone ago.
 And in the lawe a man maie finde,
 Howe god to man by wey of kinde
 Hath set the worlde to multiplie.
 And who that woll hym iustifie,
 It is enough to do the lawe.
 And netheles your good saws
 Is good to kepe, who so maie,
 I wol nought there ayen say naic.

My soune take it as I saie,
 If maidenhead be take awaye,
 Without lawes ordinaunce,
 It may not faile of vengeance,
 And if thou wolte the soth witten,
 Beholde a tale, the whiche is written
 Howe that the kyng Agamemnon,
 Whan he the citee of Lesbon
 Hath wonne, a maiden here he fonde,
 Whiche was the fairest of the londe,
 In thilke tyme, that men wist
 He toke of hir what hym list.

Of thyng, whiche was most precious,
 Wherof that she was daungerous.
 This faire maide cleped is
 Chryseis, the daughter of Chrisis,
 Whiche was that tyme in speciall
 Of thilke temple principall,
 Where Phebus had his sacrifice:
 So was it well the more vice.
 Agamemnon was than in waye
 To Troiwarde, and toke a waye
 This maiden, whiche he with hym lad,
 So great lust in hir he had.
 But Phebus, which hath great disdain,
 Of that his maiden was foriaun,
 Anone as he to Troie came,
 Vengeance vpon this dede he name,
 And sent a commune pestilence.

Thei soughten than her euidence,
 And maden calculacion,
 To knowe in what condicion
 This deth cam in so sodenly.
 And at laste redily
 The cause and eke the man thei fonde.
 And forth with al the same stounde
 Agamemnon opposed was,
 Whiche hath knowen all the cas
 Of the folie, whiche he hath wrought:
 And therupon mercy thei sought
 Toward the god in sondrie wise
 With prayer and with sacrifice.

The maiden home ayeue thei sende,
 And yafe hir good enough to spende
 For euer whiles she wolde liue.
 And thus the sinne was forgyue,
 And all the pestilence seced.

Lo what it is to ben encoored
 Of loue, whiche is ylle wonne.
 It were better nought begonue,
 Than take a thyng without leue,
 Whiche thou must after nedes leue,
 And yet haue maugre forth with all.
 For thy to robben ouer all
 In loues cause if thou begynne,
 I not what ease thou shalt wyne.

My soune be well ware of this.
 For thus of robbery it is.

My father your exemplaris
 In loues cause of roberrie,
 I haue it right well vnderstonde.
 But ouer this howe so it stonde,
 Yet wol I wite of your apprise,
 What thyng is more of coetise.

*Insidiando latens tempus rimatur et horam
 Fur quibus occulto tempore furta parat:
 Sic amor insidiis vacat, et sub tegmine ludos
 Prendere furtiuos nocte fauente queat.*

*Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, que se-
 cretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura custo-
 die rerum nesciente ea que cupit, tam per diem
 quam per noctem abque strepitu clanculo fu-
 ratur.*

With coetise yet I finde
 A seruant of the same kinde,
 Whiche stelh is hote, and micherie
 With hym is euer in companie.
 Of whom if I shall telle sooth,
 He stalketh as a peocke doothe,

And taketh his preie so couerte,
 That no man wote it in aperte.
 For whan he wote the lorde from home,
 Than wolle he stalke about had come,
 And what thyng he sint in his wey,
 Whan that he seeth the men away,
 He stealeth it, and goth forth withall,
 That therof no man knowe shall:
 And eke full ofte he goth a night,
 Without moone or sterre light.
 And with his craft the dore vnpiketh,
 And taketh therein what hym liketh.
 And if the dore be so shette,
 That he be of his entre lette,
 He will in at the wydowe crepe
 And while the lorde is fast a siepe,
 He steleth, what thyng hym best list,
 And goth his wey er it be wist,
 Full ofte also by light of daie,
 Yet wolle he steale, and make assaie:
 Under the cote his honde he put,
 Till he the mans purs haue cut,
 And riseth that he sint therein:
 And thus he aunteth hym to wyn,
 And beareth an horn, and nought ne bloweth
 For no man of his counsaile knoweth,
 What he maie gette of his unichyge,
 It is all bille vnder the wyng.
 And as an hounde that goth to folde
 And hath there take what he wolde,
 His mouth vpon the gras he wipeth,
 And so with feigned chere hym slipeth,
 That what as euer of shepe he strangle,
 There is no man therof shall iangle,
 And for to knowe who it dede
 Right so dothe stelthe in euery stede,
 Where as hym list his preie take,
 He can so well his cause make,
 And so well feigne, and so well glose,
 That there ne shal no man suppose,
 But that he were an innocent.
 And thus a mans eie he blent,
 So that this craft I maie remeue
 Withouten helpe of any meue.
 There be louers of that degree,
 Whiche all her lust in priuete,
 As who saith gotten all by stelth,
 And ofte attene to great welth,
 As for the tyme that it lasteth.
 For lone awayteth euer, and careteth
 Howe he maie stele, and catche his praie,
 Whan he therto maie finde a way.
 For be it night, or be it daie,
 He taketh his parte, whan that he maie.
 And if he maie no more do,
 Yet wolle he stele a cause or two.
 My sonne what saist thou therto?
 Telle if thou didst euer so?
 My father how? My sonne thus:
 If thou hast stole any cause,
 Or other thyng, whiche therto longeth.
 For no man suche theues hongeth:
 Telle on for thy, and saith the trowth.
 My father naye, and that is routh.
 For by my wille, I am a thefe,
 But she, that is to me most lefe
 Yet durst I neuer in priuete
 Noight ones take hir by the knee
 To steale of hir, or this, or that:
 And if I durst, I wote well what.

And netheles but if I lie,
 By stelth ne by robberie
 Of loue, whiche fell in my thought,
 To hir did I neuer nought.
 But as men seyne, where herte is failed,
 There shall no castell be assailed.
 But though I had hertes ten,
 And were as stronge as all men,
 If I be not myn owne man,
 And dare not vsen, that I can,
 I maie my selfe not recouere,
 Though I be man neuer so pouere.
 I beare an herte, and hirs it is
 So that me failleth wit in this,
 Howe that I shulde of myne accorde
 The seruant lede ayenst the lorde.
 For if my foote wolde owbere go,
 Or that my honde wolde els do,
 What that my herte is there againe,
 The remenant is all in vaine,
 And thus me lacketh all wele,
 And yet ne dare I nothyng stele
 Of thyng, whiche longeth vnto loue:
 And eke it is so high aboue,
 I maie not well therto areche,
 But if so be a tyme of speche
 Full selde, if than I stele maie
 A worde or two, and go my waie.
 Betwixte hir high estate and me
 Comparison there maie none be:
 So that I fele, and well I wote,
 All is to heuy and to hote
 To set on honde without leue.
 And thus I mot aigate leue
 To stele, that I maie not take,
 And in this wise I mote forsake
 To ben a thefe ayen my wille
 Of thyng, whiche I maie not fulfille.
 For that serpent, whiche neuer selth,
 The fees of golde so well he kepte
 In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
 That my lady a thousand folde
 Nis better zemed, and bewaked,
 Where she be clothed, or be naked,
 To kepe hir body night and daie
 She hath a wardein redy aie,
 Which is so wonderfull a wight,
 That hym ne maie no mans might
 With swerd, ne with no wepon daunte,
 Ne with no sleight of charme enchant,
 Wherof he might be made tame,
 And Danger is his right name,
 Whiche vnder locke, and vnder key,
 That no man may it stele away,
 Hath all the tresour vnder fonge,
 That vnto loue maie belonge:
 The lest lokyng of hir eye
 Maie not be stole, if he it sey.
 And who so grutcheth for so lite,
 He wold soone set a wite
 On hym, that wolde stele more,
 And that me greueth wonder sore.
 For this prouerbe is euer newe,
 That stronge lockes maken trewe
 Of hem that wolden stele and pike.
 For so wel can there no man slike
 By hym ne by no other mene,
 To whom Danger wot yeue or lene
 Of that tresour he hath to kepe:
 So though I wold stake and crepe,

Besides hir beddes head aboue,
 And with the clothes of hir loue
 She hilled all hir bedde aboute:
 And he, whiche nothyng had in doute,
 Hir wimple woude aboute his cheke,
 Hir kyrtell, and hir mantell eke,
 Abrode vpon his bedde he spredde:
 And thus they slepen bothe a bedde.
 What of traouaile, what of wine;
 The seruantes like to dronken swiue
 Began for to route faste.
 This Faunus, whiche his stelth cast,
 Was than comen to the caue,
 And fonde thei were all saue
 Without noyse, and in he went,
 The derke night his sight blent,
 And yet it happed hym to go,
 Where loleu a bedde tho
 Was layde alone for to slepe,
 But for he wolde take kepe,
 Whose bedde it was, he made assaie,
 And of a lion where he laie
 The cote he founde, and eke he feleth
 The mace, and thau his herte keleth,
 That there durst he not abide,
 But stalketh vpon euey side,
 And sought about with his honde,
 That other bedde tyll that he fonde,
 Where laie bewympled a visage:
 Tho was he glad in his courage.
 For he hir kirtell fonde also,
 And eke hir mantell both two
 Bespred vpon the bed alofte.
 He made hym naked than, and softe
 Into the bed vnuare he crepte,
 Where Hercules that tyme slepte,
 And wende well it were she.
 And thus in stede of Iole
 Anone he profreth hym to loue.
 But he, whiche felte a man aboue,
 This Hercules hym threwe to grounde
 So sore, that thei haue hym founde
 Lyggende there vpon the morowe.
 And tho was nought a litell sorowe,
 That Faunus of hym selfe made,
 But els thei were all glade,
 And lough hym to scorne aboute.
 Saba with Nymphes all a route.
 Came downe to loke howe it ferde:
 And whan that thei the soth herde,
 He was heaped ouerall.
 My sonne be thou ware with all
 To seche suche micheries,
 But if thou haue the better aspies,
 In sunter if the so betide,
 As Faunus did thilke tide:
 Wherof thou might be shamed so.
 Myn holy fader certes no,
 But if I had right good leue,
 Suche micherie I thinke leue,
 My faynt herte woll not serue.
 For maugre wolde I not deserue
 In thilke place, where I loue.
 But for ye tolden here aboue,
 Of couetise and his pillage,
 If there be more of that lignage,
 Whiche toucheth to my shrifte, I prae,
 That ye therof me wolde saie,
 So that I maie the vice eschewe.
 Sonne if I by order shewe

The vices, as thei stonde a rowe
 Of couetise, thou shalt knowe,
 There is yet one, whiche is the last,
 In whome there maie no vertue last.
 For he with god hym selfe debateth,
 Wherof that all the heuen hym hateth

Sacrilegus tantum furto loca sacra prophanat,
 Vt sibi sint agri, sic domus alma dei,
 Nec locus est, in quo non temptat amans, qui
 amatur.
 Si quis posse nequit, carpere velle capit.

Hic tractat super vltima Cupiditatis specie, que
 sacrilegium dicitur, cuius furtum ea que altis-
 simo sanctificantur bona depredans, ecclesie
 tantum spoliis insidiatur.

THE high god, whiche all good
 Purueied bath for mans foode,
 Of clothes and of meate and drynke,
 Bade Adam, that he shuld swynke,
 To getten hym his substance:
 And eke he set an ordinauce
 Upon a lawe of Moyses,
 That though a man be haueles,
 Yet shall he not by theft stele.
 But nowe a daies there ben fele,
 That woll no labour vndertake,
 But what thei maie by stelth take,
 Thei holde it sikerliche wonne.
 And thus the lawe is ouerroane,
 Whiche god hath set, and namely
 With hem that so vnruly
 The gooddes robbe of holy church.
 The theft, whiche thei than wurche,
 By name is cleped Sacrilege,
 Aye the whom I thinke allege,
 Upon the pointes as we ben taught,
 Stont Sacrilege, and elles nought.
 The first point is for to saie,
 Whan that a thefe shall stele awaie
 The holy thyng from holy place.
 The seconde is, if he purchase
 By waye of theft vnholy thyng,
 Whiche he vpon his knowlageynge
 Fro holy place awaie toke.
 The thirde point, as saie the boke,
 Is suche, as where as euer it be,
 In woodde, in felde, or in citee,
 Shall no man stele by no wise,
 That halowed is to the seruise
 Of god, whiche all thynges wotte.
 But there is nother cold ne hotte,
 Whiche he for god or man woll spare,
 So that the body maie wel fare,
 And that he maie the world escape,
 The heuen hym thynketh is but a iape.
 And thus the sooth for to telle,
 He riseth both boke and belle,
 So forth with all the remenaat,
 To gods hows appertinant.
 Where that he shulde bidde his bede,
 He doth his theft in holy stede,
 And taketh what thyng he finit therin.
 For whan he seeth, that he maie wyn,
 He wonneth for no cursidnesse,
 That he ne breketh the holynesse,
 And doth to god no reuerence,
 For he hath lost his conscience,

That though the preste therefore curse,
He seith, he fareth not the worse.
And for to speke it other wise,
What man that lasseth the franchise,
And taketh of holy church his prairie,
I not what bedes he shall prairie,
Whan he fro god, whiche hath yene all,
The purpartie in speciall,
Whiche vnto Christe hym selfe is due,
Byzmethe, he maie not wel eschue
The peine comyng afterwarde,
For he hath made his forewarde,
With Sacrilege for to dwelle,
Whiche hath his heritage in helle.

Hic tractat precipue de tribus sacrilegis, quorum
vnus fuit Antiochus, alter Nabuzardan, tertius
Nabugodonosor.

AND if we rede of tholde lawe,
I finde writte in thilke lawe
Of princes, howe there weren three
Culpable sore in this degre.
That one of hem was cleped thus,
The proude kynge Antiochus.
That other Nabuzardan hight,
Whiche of his crueltie behight
The temple to distroie and waste:
And so he did in all haste.
The thirde, whiche was after shamed,
Was Nabugodonosor named:
And he Hierusalem put vnder,
Of sacrilege and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought,
Whiche Balthasar his heire about.

Nota descripta in pariete tempore regis Balthasar,
quæ fuit, Mane Techel Phares.

WHAN Mane Techel Phares writte
Was on the walle, as thou might witte,
So as the bible it hath declared,
But for al that it is nought spared
Yet nowe a daie, that men ne pille,
And maken argument and skille
To sacrilege as it belongeth.
For what man that there after longeth,
He taketh none bede, what he dooth.
And if a man shall tell sooth
Of gile, and of subtilitee,
Is none so sligh in his degre,
To feigne a thyng for his beyete,
As is this vice, of whiche I trete:
He can so proude pike,
He can so well his wordes slike,
To put awaie suspicien,
That in his excusacion
There shall no man defaute finde,
And thus full ofte men be blinde,
That stonden of his worde deceiued,
Er his quentise be perousiued.
But netheles yet other while,
For all his stelth, and all his gile,
Of that he wolk his werke forsake,
He is atteint, and ouertake:
Wherof thou shalte a tale rede.

Hic loquitur de illis, qui laruata conscientia sacrilegium sibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum
quidam Lucius Clericus, famosus et imperatori
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notus, deum suum Apollinem in templo Rome
de anulo suo, pallio, et barba aurea spoliasset,
ipse tandem apprehensus, et coram imperatore
accusatus, taliter se excusando ait: Anulum a
deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ex sua largitate
anulum hunc gratiose mihi obtulit. Pallium ex lamina
aureo constructum tuli: quia aurum maxime puerosum et frigidum naturaliter
consistit. Vnde nec in estate, propter pondus, nec in
hyeme propter frigus ad dei vestes vitile fuit: Barbam a deo deposui, quia ipsum patri suo
assimulare volui. Nam et Apollo stetit absque barba, iuuenis apparuit, Et sic
ea que gessi non ex furto, sed ex honestate processisse manifeste declarauit.

ER Rome came to the creance
Of Christis feith it felle perchance,
Cesar, whiche tho was emperour,
Hym list for to doone honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an image vpon this,
The whiche was cleped Apollo,
Was none so riche in Rome tho.
Of plate of golde a berde he had,
The whiche his brest all ouer spradde.
Of golde also without faile
His mantell was of large entaile,
Be sette with perrey all about:
Forth right he straught his finger out,
Upon the whiche he had a ryng,
To seen it was a riche thyng,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,
Moste precious of all stones.

And fell that tyme in Rome thus,
There was a clerke one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man,
Of euery witte somewhat he can,
Out take that hym lacketh rule,
His owne estate to guyde and rule:
Howe so it stode of his spekyng,
He was not wise in his dooyng
But eucry riote at last
Mote nedes falle, and maie not laste,
After the nede of his deserte:
So felle this clerke in pouerte,
And wist not howe for to rise,
Wherof in many a sondrie wise
He cast his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh ferre,
Till on a tyme that he come
Into the temple, and hede nome,
Where that the god Apollo stodee.
He sigh the riches, and the good,
And thought he wolde by some waie
The treasure picke and stele awaie:
And thervpon so sleighly wrought,
That his purpose about he brought,
And went awey vnaperceued:
Thus hath the man his god deceiued,
His ryng, his mantell, and his berde,
As he whiche nothyng was aferde,
All priuely with hym he bare.
And whan the wardens were ware,
Of that her god despoiled was,
Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
Howe that a man for any wele,
Durste in so holy place stele,
And namely so great a thyng.
This tale came vnto the kyng.

And was through spoken ouerall.
 But for to knowe in speciall,
 What maner man hath do the dede,
 Thei soughten helpe vpon the nede,
 And maden calculacion,
 Wherof by demonstracion
 The man was founde with the good:
 In iugement and whan he stonde
 The kyng hath asked of hym thus:
 Sey thou vnseely Lucius,
 Why hast thou done this sacrilege?
 My lord, if I the cause allege,
 (Good he ayene) me thynketh this,
 That I haue do nothing amis.
 Thre pointes ther ben, which I haue do,
 Wherof the firste point stant so,
 That I the ryng haue take awaye:
 Unto that point this wof I saye,
 When I the god behelde about,
 I sigh, howe he his honde straught out,
 And profred me the ryng to yeue.
 And I, whiche wolde gladly liue
 Out of pouertee, through his largesse,
 It vnderfange, so that I gesse,
 And therof am nought to wite.

And ouermore I wolle me quite,
 Of golde that I the mantell toke:
 Golde in his kynde, as saithe the boke,
 Is heuy both and colde also,
 And for that it was heuy so,
 Me thought it was no garnement
 Unto the god couenient,
 To clothen hym the sommer tide.
 I thought vpon that other side,
 Howe gold is colde, and suche a clothe
 By reason ought to be lothe
 In wynter tyme for the chele.
 And thus thynkende thoughtes fele,
 As I myn eie aboute caste,
 His large berde than at laste
 I sigh, and thought anoue therfore,
 Howe that his father hym before,
 Whiche stode vpon the same place,
 Was berdles, with a yongly face.
 And in suche wise, as ye haue herde,
 I toke away the sonnes berde,
 For that his father had noue,
 To make hem liche, and here vpon
 I aske for to ben excused.

Lo thus where sacrilege is vsed,
 A man can feigne his conscience,
 And right vpon suche euidence,
 In loues cause if I shall treate,
 There ben of suche small and great,
 If thei no leyfer finde elles,
 Thei wol not wonde for the belles,
 Ne though thei see the preest at masse,
 That thei wol leten ouerpasse,
 If that thei finde her loue there,
 Thei stonde and telle in hir ere,
 And aske of god none other grace,
 While thei ben in that holy place,
 But er thei gon some auantage
 There will thei haue, and som pillage
 Of goodly wordes, or of behestes,
 Or elles thei take at leste
 Out of hir honde a ryng or gloue,
 So nigh the weder thei will houe:
 As who saith, she shall not foryet,
 News I this token of hir haue gete.

Thus halowe thei the hie feste,
 Suche thefte maie no churche arreste,
 For all is lefull that hem liketh,
 To whom that elles it misliketh.
 And eke right in the selfe kinde
 In great citees men may fiude
 This lustie folke, that make hem gaye,
 And waite vpon the holy daye,
 In churches, and in mistres eke
 Thei gon the women for to seke.
 And where that suche one goth aboute
 To fore the fairest of the route,
 Where as thei sitten all a rewte,
 There wille he moste his body shewe,
 His croked kempt, and tharvpon set
 An ouche, with a chapelet:
 Or elles one of grene leues,
 Whiche late come out of the greues,
 All for he shulde seme freshe.

And thus he loketh on his flesche,
 Right as an hauke, whiche hath a sight
 Upon the fowle, there he shall light,
 And as he were a fairie,
 He sheweth hym to for her eie
 In holy place, where thei sitte,
 Al for to make her hertes flitte.

His eie no where wolle abide,
 But loke and prie on euery side
 On hir and hir, as hym best liketh.
 And other while a mouge he siketh.

Thinketh one of hem that was for me,
 And so there thynken two or thre,
 And yet he loueth none of all,
 But where as euer his chance fall.
 And netheles to sey a sooth,
 The cause why that he so dooth,
 Is for to stele au herte or two
 Out of the churche er that he go.
 And as I said it here aboue,
 All that is sacrilege of loue.

For well maie be he steleth awaie
 That he neuer after yeld maie.

Telle me for thy my sonne anoue,
 Hast thou do sacrilege or noue,
 As I haue said in this manere?

My fader as of this matere,
 I will you telle redily
 What I haue do, but truly
 I may excuse myn entent,
 That I neuer yet to churche went
 In suche maner, as ye me shrue,
 For no woman that is on liue.
 The cause why I haue it left,
 May be, for I vnto that craft
 Am nothyng able for to stele,
 Though there be women not so fele.
 But yet wille I not sey this,
 Whan I am there my lady is,
 In whom lieth holy my quarele,
 And she to churche, or to chapele
 Woll go to matens or to messe:
 That tyme I waite well and gesse,
 To churche I come, and there I stonde,
 And though I take a boke on bonde,
 My countenance is on the boke,
 But toward hir is all my loke.
 And if so falle, that I prae
 Unto my god, and somwhat saie
 Of Pater noster, or of Crede,
 All is for that I wolde spede.

So that my bede in holy churcha
 There might som miracle wurche,
 My ladis herte for to chantage,
 Whiche euer hath be to me so straunge:
 So that all my deuocion,
 And all my contemplerion,
 With all myn herte and my corage,
 Is onely set on hir ymage.
 And euer I waite vpon the tide,
 If she loke any thyng aside,
 That I me maie of hir auise,
 Anone I am with coeetise
 So smite, that me were lefe
 To be in holy churcha a thefe,
 But not to stele a vestement.
 For that is nothing my talent.
 But I wolde stele, if that I might,
 A glad worde, or a goodly sight.
 And euer my seruice I professe,
 And namely whan she wold gone offra.
 For than I lede hir, if I maie.
 For somewhat wolde I stele awaie.
 Whan I beclippe hir on the wast,
 Yet at lest I stele a taste:
 And other while grant mercy
 She saith, and so wyne I therby.
 A lasty touche, a good worde eke.
 But all the remenant to seke,
 Is fro my purpos wonder ferre.
 So maie I saie, as I saide erre,
 In holy churcha if that I woue,
 My conscience I wolde allowe,
 Be so that vp amendement,
 I might gete assignement,
 Where for to spede in other place,
 Suche sacrilege I holde a grace.
 And thus my father sooth to saie,
 In churcha right as in the wale,
 If I might ought of loue take,
 Suche hanuell haue I nought forsake.
 But finally I me confesse,
 There is in me no holynesse,
 While I hir see in holy stede:
 And yet for ought that euer I dede,
 No sacrilege of hir I toke,
 But if it were of worde or loke,
 Or els if that I hir frede,
 Whan I towards offryng hir lede,
 Take therof what I take maie:
 For els beare I nought awaie.
 For though I wolde ought els haue,
 All other thynges bene so suue,
 And kepte with suche a pryvilege,
 That I maie do no sacrilege.
 God wote my wil netheloa,
 Though I must nedes kepe poea,
 And maugre myn so let it passe,
 My will therby is not the lasse,
 If I might other wise awaie.
 For thy my father I you prarie,
 Tell what you thinketh therupon,
 If I therof haue gilts or some.
 Thy will my sonne is for to blame,
 The remenant is but a game,
 That I haue the tolde as yit.
 But take this lore in to thy wit,
 That all thyng hath tyme and stede:
 The churcha serueth for the bede,
 The chambre is of an other speche.
 But if thou wistest of the wreche,

Howe sacrilege it hath about,
 Thou woldest better be bethought,
 And for thou shalt the more amende,
 A tale I will on the dispende.

Hic in amoris causa super istius vitii articulo ponit
 exemplum. Et narrat pro eo quod Paris, Priami
 regis filius Helenam Menelai vxorem in quadam
 Grecie Insula a templo Veneris sacrilegus ab-
 duxit, illa Troie famosissima obsidia per vniuersa
 orbis climata diuulgata precipue causabat, ita
 quod huiusmodi sacrilegium non solum ad ipsius
 regis Priami, omniumque suorum interitum, sed
 ad perpetuam vrbs desolationem vindicte fomi-
 tam ministrabat.

To all men, as who soith, knowe
 It is, and in the worlde through blowe,
 Howe that of Troie Lamedon,
 To Hercules, and to Iason,
 Whan toward Colchos out of Grece
 By sea seilend vpon a pece
 Of loude of Troie reste preyde.
 But he wrothfully conieyde:
 And for thei founde hym so villeyne,
 Whan thei came in to Grece ageyne,
 With power, that thei get might,
 Towards Troie thei hem dight:
 And there thei toke suche vengeance,
 Wherof stant yet the remembrance.
 For thei destroyed kyng and all,
 And leften but the broot walle.
 The grekes of Troiens many slowe,
 And prisoners thei toke enowe:
 Amonge the whiche there was one,
 The kynges daughter Lamedon,
 Essiona the faire thyng,
 Whiche vato Thelamon the kyng
 By Hercules, and by thassent
 Of all the holle parliament,
 Was at his wille yow and graunted.
 And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,
 And home thei tourne in suche manere.
 But after this, newe shalt thou here
 The cause why this tale I telle,
 Upon the chanches that befelle.
 Kyng Lamedon, whiche deide thus,
 He had a sonne one Priamus,
 Which was nought thiike tyme at home:
 But whan he herde of this, he come,
 And fonde howe the citee was falle,
 Whiche he began anon to walle,
 And made there a citee newe,
 That thei, whiche other londes knewe,
 Tho seiden, that of lyme and stone
 In all the worlde so faire was none:
 And on that o side of the towne
 The kyng let make Ilon,
 That high toure, that stronge place,
 Whiche was adrad of no manee,
 Of quarele, nor of none engyne:
 And though men wolden make a myne,
 No mans crafte it might approche.
 For it was set vpon a roche.
 The walles of the towne about
 Hem stode of all the worlde no dout.
 And after the proportion,
 Sixe gates were there of the towne,
 Of suche a forme, of suche entaile,
 That hem to see was great mercaille,

The diche weren brode and depe,
A fewe men it might kepe
From all the worlde, as semeth tho,
But if the goddes weren fo.
Great prees vnto that citee-drough,
So that there was of people enough,
Of burgeis that therin dwellen,
There maie no mans tunge tellen,
Howe that citee was riche and good.

Whan al was made, and all well stooede,

Kynge Priamus tho hym bethought,
What thei of Grece whilom wrought,
And what was of her sworde deuoured,
And howe his sister dishonoured,
With Thelamon awaie was lad.

And tho thinkende he waxte vnglad,
And sette anone a parliament:

To whiche the lordes were assent.

In many a wise there was spoke,
Howe that thei mighten ben awroke.

But at the last netheles

Thei saiden all, accorde and pees

To setten euery parte in rest

It thought hem than for the best,

With reasonable amendement.

And thus was Anthenor forth sent,

To aske Esiona ageyne,

And witten what thei wolde seyne.

So passeth he the sea by barge

To Grece, for to sey his charge,

The whiche he saide redily

Unto the lordes by and by.

But where he spake in Grece aboute,

He herde nought but wordes stoute,

And nameliche of Thelamon:

The maiden wolde he not forgone

He saide for no maner thyng,

And bad hym gone bome to his kyng.

For there gate he none amende,

For ought he couth do or sende.

This Anthenor ayene goth home

Unto his kyng, and whan he come,

He tolde, in Grece of that he herde:

And howe that Thelamon answerde,

And howe thei were at her aboute,

That thei wol neither pees ne loue,

But euery man shall done his best.

But for men seyen, that night hath rest,

The kyng bethought hym all that night,

And erely whan the daie was light,

He toke counsell of this matere.

And thei accorde in this manere,

That he withouten any let,

A certeyne tyme shulde set

A parliament to ben auised,

And in this wise it was auised.

Of parlement he set a daie,

And that was in the moneth of Maie.

This Priamus had in his light

A wife, and Hecuba she light:

By whom that tyme eke had he

Sonnes fve, and daughters thre,

Besiden hem and thirty mo,

And weren knightes also tho,

But not vpon his wife begate,

But els where he might hem gete

Of women, whiche he had knowe,

Suche was the worlde that ilke throwe:

So that he was of children niche,

So therof was no man bym liche.

Of parlement the daie was come.

There bene lordes all and some.

Tho was pronounced and purposed,

And all the cause was hem disclosed,

Howe Anthenor in Grece ferde.

Thei sitten all still and berde.

And tho spake euery man aboute,

There was alledged many a doute,

And many a proude worde spoke also.

But for the moste parte as tho,

Thei wisten not what was the beste,

Or for to warre, or for to reste.

But he that was without fere

Hector amonge the lordes there

His tale tolde in suche a wise,

And saide: Lordes ye ben wise,

Ye knowen this, as well as I,

Aboute all other most worthy

Stant nowe in Grece the manhod,

Of worthynes and of knighthod.

For who so will it wel agrope,

To hem belongeth all Europe,

Whiche is the third parte euen

Of all the worlde vnder the heuen:

And we be but of folke a fewe.

So were it reson to eschewe

The perill, er we fall therin:

Better is to leue than begiu

Thyng, whiche as maie not ben acheued.

He is not wise, that finde hym greued,

And doth so, that his greue he findet.

For who that loketh all tofore,

And woll not see, what is behynde:

He maie full ofte his harmes finde.

Wicke is to strive, and haue the worse,

We haue encheson for to corse,

This wote I well, and for to bate

The grekes, but er that we debate

With hem, that ben of suche a might,

It is full good, that euery wight

Be of hym selfe right well bethought.

But as for me thus saie I nought.

For while that my life woll stonde,

If that ye take werre in honde,

Falle it to best, or to the werst,

I shall my seluen be the first

To greuen hem, what cuer I maie,

I wolle not ones saie naie:

To thyng, which that your counceill demeth,

For vnto me welle more it quemeth

The werre certes than the pees.

But this I saie netheles,

As me belongeth for to saie:

Nowe shape ye the beste waie.

When Hector hath saide his auise,

Next after hym tho spake Paris,

Whiche was his brother, and aleyed,

Whan hym best thought, thus he seyde.

Stronge thyng it is to suffer wronge,

And suffer shame is more stronge:

But we haue suffred both two,

And for all that yet haue we do

What so we might to reforme

The pees, whan we in suche a forme

Sent Anthenor, as ye well knowe,

And thei hir great wordes blowe

Upon her wrongfull dedes eke.

And who that woll not hym selfe meke

To pees, and list no reason take,

Men sey, reason wil bym forsake.

For in the multitude of men
Is not the strengthe, for with ten
It hath be sene in trewe quarete
Ayene an bonderd false, dele,
And had the better of gods grace.
Thus hath befall in many place.
And if it like vnto you all,
I wille assaie howe so it falle,
Our enemies if I maie greue.
For I haue caught a great beleue
Upon a point I wol declare.

This ender daie as I gan fare
To hunte vnto the great herte,
Whiche was tofore myn boundes sterte,
And every man went on his side,
Hym to pursewe, and I to ride
Began to chase, and sooth to saie,
Within a while out of my waie
I rode, and nist where I was:
And slepe me caught, and on the grasse
Beside a wellc I leyd me downe
To slepe, and in a vision
To me the god Mercurie came,
Goddesses thre with hym be nam,
Mimeræ, Venus, and Iuno:
And in his honde an apple tho
He helde of golde, with letters writte:
And this he did me to witte,
Howe that thei put hem vpon mee,
That to the fairest of hem thre,
Of golde that apple shulde I yeue.
With eche of hem, tho was I shryue,
And eche one faire me behight:
But Venus saide, if that she might
That apple of my yeste gette,
She wolde it neuermore foryete,
And saide, howe that in Grece londe
She wold bryng in to myn honde
Of all this erth the fairest,
So that me thought it for the best,
To hir and yafe the apple tho.
Thus hope I well, if that I go,
That she for me wold so ordeine,
That thei matere for to pleine
Shall haue, er that I come ayene.

Nowe haue ye berde, that I wold seyne,
Say ye, what stant in your auis.
And every man tho saide his,
And sondrie causes thei recorde:
But at last thei accorde,
That Paris shall to Grece wende
And thus the parliament toke ende.

Cassandra whan she berde of this,
The whiche of Paris sister is:
Asooe she gan to wepe and wayle,
And saide alas, what may vs ayle:
Fortune with hir blynde whele
Ne wold nought let vs stonde wele.
For this I dare well vndertake,
That if Paris his way take,
As it is saide, that he shall do,
We ben for euer than vndo.
The whiche Cassandra than hight,
In all the worlde as it beareth sight,
In bokes as men finde writte,
Is that Sybille, of whom ye witte,
That all men yet clepen sage:
Whan that she wist of this viage,
How Paris shall to Grece fare,
No woman might worse fare,

Ne sorowe more than she dede.
And right so in the same stede
Ferde Helenus, whiche was hir brother,
Of prophecy and suche another:
And all was holde but a inpe,
So that the purpose, whiche was shape,
Or were hem lefe, or were hem lothe,
Was holde: and in to Grece goth
This Paris, with his retenance.
And as it fell vpon his chance,
Of Grece he londeth in an ile,
And hym was tolde the same while
Of folke, whiche he began to freyne,
Tho was in theyle quene Heleyne:
And eke of countrees there aboute
Of ladies many a lusty route,
With mochel worthy people also.
And why thei comen theder tho,
The cause stode in suche a wise,
For worship and for sacrifice,
That thei to Venus wolden make,
As thei to fore had vndertake:
Some of good will, some of behest.
For than was hir highe fest
Within a temple, whiche was there.

Whan Paris wist, what thei were,
Anone he shope his ordinance
To gone to done his obeissance
To Venus, on hir holy daie:
And did vpon his best arais.

With great richesse he hym behongeth,
As it to suche a lorde belongeth.
He was nought armed netheles,
But as it were in londe of pees:
And thus he goth forth out of ship,
And taketh with hym his felawship,
In suche manere, as I you saie,
Unto the temple he helde his waie.

Tidyng, whiche goth ouerall,
To great and small forthe withall,
Come to the quenes care, and tolde,
Howe Paris came, and that he wolde
Do sacrifice to Venus.

And whan she herde tell thus,
She thought, howe that it ener bee,
That she will hym abide and see.

Forth cometh Paris with glad visage
In to the temple on pilgrimage.
Where vnto Venus the goddesse
He yeueth, and offreth great richesse,
And prayeth hir, that he pray wolde.

And than aside he gan beholde
And see, where that this lady stode,
And he forthe in his freshe mode
Goth there she was, and made hir chere,
As he well couth in his manere:
That of his wordes suche plesance
She toke, that all hir acquaintance,
Als ferforth as the herte laye
He stale, er that he went awaye.
So goth he forthe, and toke his leue,
And thought anone, as it was eue,
He wolde doome his sacrilege,
That many a man shulde it abedge.

Whan he to ship ayene was come,
To hym he hath his counsaile nome,
And all deuised the matiere,
In suche a wise as thou shalt bere.

Within night all priuely
His men he warneth by and by,

That thei be redy armed soone
 For certeine thyng, whiche is to done.
 And thei anone ben redy all,
 And echone other gan to call,
 And went hem out vpon the stronde,
 And toke a purpose these a londe,
 Of what thyng that thei wolden do,
 Towarde the temple and forth thei go.

So felle it of deuocion,
 Heleyn in contemplacion,
 With many an other worthy wight,
 Was in the temple and woke all night,
 To bidde and praye vnto thimage
 Of Venus, as was than vsage.
 So that Paris right as hym list,
 In to the temple er thei it wist
 Came with his men all sodenly,
 And all at ones set askrie
 In hem, whiche in the temple were.
 For tho was muche peple there.
 But of defence was no boote,
 So suffren thei, that suffre mote.

Paris vnto the queene wente,
 And hir in both his armes hente
 With hym, and with his felawship,
 And forth thei beare hir vnto ship.
 Up goth the saile, and forth thei wente:
 And suche a wynde fortune hem sent,
 Till thei the hauen of Troie caught,
 Where out of ship anone thei straught,
 And gone hem forth towarde the towne:
 The whiche came with procession
 Ayene Paris, to sene his prais.
 And euery man began to saie
 To Paris, and to his felawship,
 All that thei couthe of worship.
 Was none so littel man in Troie,
 That he ne made mirthe and loye,
 Of that Paris had wonnen Heleyn.

But all that mirthe is sorow and peyne
 To Helenus, and to Cassandre.
 For thei it tolde shame and skandore
 And losse of all the common grace,
 That Paris out of holy place
 By stelh hath take a mans wife:
 Whereof he shall lesse his life,
 And many a worthy man thereto,
 And all the citee be fordo,
 Whiche neuer shall be made ayene.
 And so it fell right as thei sayne:
 The sacrilege whiche he wrought
 Was cause, why the grekes sought
 Unto the towne, and it belais,
 And wolden neuer parte awale,
 Till what by sleight, and what by strength,
 They had it wonne in brede and length,
 And brente, and slayne, that was withh.

Nowe se my soune suche a synne
 Is sacrilege in holy stede,
 Beware therefore and bid thy bede,
 And do nothyng in holy church,
 But that thou might by reason worche.

And eke take hede of Achilles,
 When he vnto his lous chere
 Polixena, that was also
 In holy temple of Apollo,
 Whiche was the cause why he dide,
 And all his luste was hede aside.

And Troilus vpon Creside
 Also his first lous leyde

In holy place, and howe it ferde,
 As who seith, all the worlde it herde:
 Forake he was for Diomedes,
 Suche was of lous his last mede.

For thy my soune I woulde rede,
 By this ensample as thou might rede,
 Seche els where thou wite thy grace,
 And ware the well in holy place,
 What thou to lous do er speke,
 In sunter if it so be wreke,
 As thou hast herde me tell to fore.
 And take good hede also therfore:
 Upon the forme of auarice,
 More than of any other vice,
 I haue decuded in parties
 The brauches, which of companies,
 Through out the worlde in general,
 Be nowe the leders ouer all.
 Of coetise, and of periurie,
 Of fals brotage, and of vstris,
 Of scarcenes and of vnykadeship,
 Which neuer drough to felawship.

Of robberie and of priue stelh,
 Whiche done is for the worldes welth,
 Of ruaine, and of sacrilege,
 Which maketh the conscience agrege,
 All though it make riches atreyn,
 It flourereth, but it shall not greyne
 Unto the fruits of rightwisnesse.
 But who that woulde do largesse
 Upon the reule, as it is yeue,
 So might a man in trouth liue
 Toward his god, and eke also
 Toward the worlde: for both two,
 Largesse awaiteth as belougeth,
 To neither part that he ne wrongeth:
 He kepeth him selfe, he kepeth his frundes,
 So stant he saufe to both his endes,
 That he exceedeth no measure,
 So well he can hym selfe measure,
 Whereof my soune thou shalt witte
 So as the philosophe hath writte.

Prodigus et parcus duo sunt extremaque largus,
 Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.

Nota hic de virtute largitatis, que ad oppositum
 auaricie inter duo extrema videlicet perci-
 moniam et prodigalitem specialiter consistit.

BETWIK the two extremities
 Of vice, stant the properties
 Of vertue, and to preue it so,
 Take Auarice, and take also
 The vice of prodigalitee
 Betwyx hem liberalitee
 (Whiche is the vertue of largesse)
 Stant, and governeth his noblesse.
 For the two vices in discorde
 Stonde euer, as I fynde of recorde:
 So that betwene her two debate
 Largesse ruleth his astate.
 For in suche wise as auarice,
 As I to fore haue tolde the vice,
 Through streit holding, and through scarcenes
 Stant contrary to largesse:
 Right so stant prodigalitee
 Reuers, but nougth in suche degre.
 For so as auarice spareth,
 And for to kepe his tresour careth,

That other all his owne and more,
 Ayene the wise mannes lore,
 Yeeeth and dispendeth here and there,
 So that hym reacheth neuer where,
 While he maie borowe, he woll dispende,
 Tyll at last he saith, I wende.
 But that is spoken all to late.
 For than is pouertee at gate,
 And taketh hym eten by the thre.
 For erst woll he no wisdoms thre.
 And ryght as avarice is synne,
 That wolde his tresour kepe and wyne:
 Right so is prodigaltee.
 But of largesse in his degre,
 Whiche euen stant betwene the two,
 The high god and man also
 The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
 For he hym seluen fyrst amendeth,
 That ower all his name spredeth,
 And to all other, where it nedeth
 He yeeeth his good in suche a wise,
 That he maketh many a man arise,
 Whiche eis shulde falle love.
 Largesse maie not ben ynknowe.
 For what londe that he reigneth inne,
 It may not fayle for to wyne
 Through his desert loue and grace,
 Where it shall faile in other place.
 And thus betwene to muche and lyte,
 Largesse, which is wrought to wite,
 Holt euer forth the myddell waie.
 But who that woll torne awaie
 Fro that, to prodigaltee,
 Anone he leueth the propriete
 Of vertue, and goth to the vice.
 For in suche wise as Auarice
 Leueth for avarice his good name:
 Right so that other is to blame,
 Which through his waste mesure exceedeth.
 For so man wote what harme it bredeth,
 While that a man hath good to yeme,
 With great rowtes he maie leue,
 And bath his frendes ouerall,
 And eueryche of hym tell shall,
 The while he hath his full packe,
 They say: a good fellowe is lacke.
 When it fayleth at last,
 Anone his price thei ouercast.
 For than is there none other lawe,
 But lacke was a good fetawe.
 When thei hem poore and nedie see
 They let hym passe, and fare well see,
 All that be wend of compaignie
 Is than turned to folie.
 But nowe to speke in other kinde
 Of loue, a man maie suche fynde,
 That where thei come in ebery route,
 Thei cast and wast her loue aboute,
 Till all her time is ouergone,
 And than haue thei loue none.
 For who that loneth ouerall,
 It is no reason, that he shall
 Of loue haue any propriete.
 For thy my sonne wise thet,
 If thou of loue hast be to large.
 For suche a man is not to charge.
 And if it so be, that thou hast
 Dispended all thy tyme in wast,
 And set thy loue in sondry place,
 Though thou the substance of thy grace

Lese at the last it is no wonder.
 For he that put hym seluen vnder,
 As who saith, conynm ouer all,
 He leseth the loue speciall
 Of eury one, if she be wise.
 For loue shall nought beare his pris
 By reason, when it passeth one,
 So haue I sen full many one,
 That were of loue wele at ease,
 Whiche after felle in great disease,
 Through wast of loue, that thei spent
 In sondry places where thei went.
 Right so my sonne I aske of the,
 If thou with prodigaltee
 Hast here and there thy loue wasted?
 My father may, but I haue tasted
 In many a place, as I haue go,
 And yet loue I neuer one of tho,
 But for to driue fourth the daie.
 For leueth well, my herte is aye
 Withouten mo, for eternore
 All vpon one, for I no more
 Desire, but hir loue alone:
 So make I many a priue more.
 For well I fele, I haue dispended
 My longe loue, and not amended
 My spede: for ought I finde yit.
 If this be wast vnto your wit
 Of loue, and prodigaltee,
 Now good father demeth yee.
 But of o thyng I will me shride,
 That I shall for no loue thribe,
 But if hir selfe will me releue.
 My sonne that I maie well leue.
 And netheles me semeth so,
 For ought that thou hast yet misdo
 Of tyme, whiche thou hast spendid,
 It maie with grace ben amended.
 For thyng whiche maie be worth the coste,
 Perchaunce is nother wast ne loste,
 For what thyng stant on aventure,
 That can no worldes creature
 Tell in certaine, howe it shall wende,
 Till he therof maie sene an ende:
 So that I note as yet therfore,
 If thou my sonne hast wonne or fore.
 For ofte tyme, as it is sene
 When sommer hath lost all his grene,
 And is with wynter wast and bare,
 That hym is lefte nothyng to spare,
 All is recouered in a throwe,
 The colde wyndes ouerblowe,
 And stilled ben the sharpe shoures,
 And sodeinliche ayene his floures
 The sommer happeneth, and is riche,
 And so percase thy grace is riche.
 My sonne though thou be now pouer
 Of loue: yet thou might recover.
 My fader certes grant mercy:
 Ye haue me taught so redily,
 That euer while I liue shall,
 The better I maie beware with all
 Of thyng, which ye haue said er this.
 But euermore how that it is
 Toward my shrifte, as it belongeth,
 To wit of other pointes me longeth,
 Wherof that ye me wolden teche,
 With all my herte I you besече.

Est gula, quæ nostrum maculauit prima parentem,
 Ex vetito pomò quo dolet omnis homo,
 Hæc agit, vt corpus animæ contraria spirat:
 Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atque macer.
 Intus et exterius si quæ virtutis habentur,
 Potibus ebrietas conuiciata ruit.
 Mersa sopore labis, quæ Bacchus inebriat hospes
 Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

Hic in Sexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali
 vicio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et eiuſdem dua-
 bus solummodo speciebus, videlicet ebrietate et
 delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscentis ob-
 lectamentum habundantius augmentatur.

INCIPIT LIBER SEXTUS.

THE great sinne originall,
 Which euery man in generall
 Upon his birth hath enuennomed,
 In paradise it was mistimed,
 Whan Adam of thiike apple bote,
 His swete morcell was to hote,
 Whiche dedly made the mankynde.
 And in the bokes as I finde,
 This vice, whiche so out of rule
 Hath set vs all, is cleped Gule:
 Of whiche the branches ben so great,
 That of hem all I woll not treat.
 But onliche as touchende of two
 I thynte to speke, and of no mo.
 Wherof the firste is dronkeship,
 Whiche beareth the cuppe felauship.
 Ful many a wonder doth that vice,
 He can make of a wisman nice,
 And of a foole, that hym shall seme,
 That he can all the lawe deme,
 And yeue euery iudgement,
 Whiche longeth to the firmament,
 Both of the sterre, and of the moone:
 And thus he maketh a great clerke soone
 Of hym, that is a lewde man.
 There is no thyng, whiche he ne can
 While he hath dronkeship on honde:
 • He knoweth the sea, he knoweth the stronde,
 He is a noble man of armes,
 And yet no strength is in his armes.
 There he was stronge enow tofore
 With dronkeship it is forlore,
 And all is changed his estate,
 And wexeth anone so feble and mate,
 That he maie neither go ne come,
 But all to gether he is benome
 The power both of honde and fote,
 So that algate abide he mote,
 And all his wittes he foryete,
 The whiche is to hym suche a lete,
 That he wote neuer, what he dooth,
 Ne whiche is fals, ne whiche is sooth,
 Ne whiche is daie, ne whiche is night,
 As for the tyme he knoweth no wighte,
 That he ne wote so muche as this,
 What maner thyng hym seluen is,
 Or he be man, or he be best,
 That holde I right a sory feast:
 Whan he, that reason vnderstoode,
 So sodeinliche is wexe woode,
 Or elles liche the deade man,
 Whiche nother go ne speke can.
 Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
 But yet where he lieth woteth he nought,

Till he arise vpon the morowe,
 And than he saith: O whiche a sorowe
 It is for to be driaketes,
 So that halfe dronke in suche a rees
 With drie mouth he sterte hym vp,
 And saith: Baillie ca the cuppe,
 That made hym lese his wit at eue,
 Is than a morowe all his beleue.
 The cup is all that euer hym pleaseth,
 And also that hym most diseaseth.
 It is the cup whom he serueth,
 Whiche all cares from hym kerueth,
 And all hailes to hym bryngeth.
 In ioye he wepeth, in sorowe he singeth.
 For dronkenship is so diuers,
 It maie no while stonde inuers.
 He drinketh the wine, but at last
 The wine drinketh him, and bynt him fast,
 And leith hym dronke by the walle,
 As hym, whiche is his bonde thralle,
 And all in his subiection,
 And liche to suche condicion,
 As for to speke it otherwise,
 It falleth that the most wise
 Ben other while of loue adoted,
 And so bewhapped and assoted,
 Of dronken men that neuer yit
 Was none, whiche halfe so lust bis wit
 Of drinke, as thei of suche thynges do,
 Whiche cleped is the iolife wo,
 And wexen of her owne thought
 So dronke, that thei knowe nought
 What reason is, or more or lease,
 Suche is the kinde of that sikennesse,
 And that is not for lacke of brayne:
 But loue is of so great a mayne,
 That where be taketh a herte on honde,
 There maie nothing his might withstonde.
 The wise Salomon was nome,
 And stronge Sampson ouercome.
 The knightly Dauid hym ne might
 Rescue, that he with the sight
 Of Bersabee ne was bestade.

Virgile also was ouerlade,
 And Aristotle was put vnder.

For thy my sonne it is no wonder,
 Yf thou be dronke of loue amonge,
 Whiche is aboue all other stronge.
 And if so is, that thou so bee,
 Telle me thy shrifte in priuete.
 It is no shame of suche a thewe,
 A yonge man to be dronkelewe,
 Of suche phisike as I can a parte,
 And as me semeth by that arts,
 Thou shuldest by phisonomie
 Be shapen to that maladie
 Of louedronke, and that is roothe.

A holy fader all is trouthe,
 That ye me telle, I am he knowe,
 That I with loue am so bethrowe,
 And all my herte is so through souke,
 That I am verliche dronke:
 And yet I maie both speke and go:
 But I am ouercome so,
 And torned for my selfe so cleue,
 That ofte I wote not what I mene,
 So that excusen I ne maie
 My hert fro the first daie,
 That I cam to my ladie kithe,
 I was neuer yet sobre sithe:

Where I hir se, or se hir nought,
 With musynge of myn owne thought
 Of loue, whiche my herte assaileth,
 So dronke I am, that my witte failleth,
 And all my brayne is ouertorned,
 And my maner so mistorned,
 That I foryete all that I can,
 And stonde like a mased man.
 That ofte whan I shulde plaie,
 It maketh me drawe oute of the waie
 In soleyne place by my selfe,
 As doth a laborer to delfe,
 Whiche can no gentilmans chere,
 Or elles as a lewde frere,
 Whan he is put to his penance:
 Right so lese I my contenance.
 And if it nedes so betide,
 That I in companie abyde,
 There as I must daunce and synge,
 The boue daunce and carolyng,
 Or for to go the newe foote,
 I may not well heue vp my foote,
 If that she be not in the waie.
 For than is all my myrth awaie,
 And were anone of thought so full,
 Whereof my lymmes ben so dull
 I maie vnnethe gon the pas.
 For thus it is, and euer it was,
 Whan I on suche thoughtes muse
 The lust and myrth, that men vse,
 Whan I see not my lady byme:
 All is foryete for the tyme
 So ferforth, that my wittes chaungen,
 And all lustes fro me straungen:
 That thei sein all truly,
 And swere, that it am not I.
 For as the man, whiche ofte drynketh
 The wine, that in his stomake synketh,
 Waxeth dronke an wittles for a throwe,
 Right so my lust is ouerthrowe,
 And of mine owne thought so mate.
 I waze, that to myn astate
 There is no lym wyll me serue,
 But as a drunken man I swerue,
 And suffre suche a passion,
 That men haue great compassion
 And eche by hym selfe meruaileth,
 What thyng it is, that me so ayleth.
 Such is the maner of my wo,
 Whiche time that I am hir fro,
 Till ofte syene that I hir see:
 But than it were a nicetee
 To tell you how that I fare.
 For whan I maie vpon hir stare,
 Hir womanhead, hir gentillesse,
 Myn herte is full of suche gladnesse,
 That ouerpasseth so my wit,
 That I wote neuer where it sit,
 But am so drunken of that sight,
 Me thinketh, that for the time I might,
 Right sterte through the wholle walle.
 And than I maie well, if I shall,
 Both synge and daunce, and lepe aboute,
 And holde forthe the lustie route.
 But netheles it falleth so
 Full ofte, that I fro hir go
 Ne may, but as it were a stake
 I stonde, auisement to take,
 And loke vpon hir faire face,
 That for the while out of the place,

For all the worlde ne might I wende,
 Such lust comth than into my mynde:
 So that without meate and drynke,
 Of lusty thoughtes, whiche I thinke,
 Me thinketh I might stonden euer,
 And so it were to me leuer,
 Than suche a sight for to leue,
 If that she wolde yewe me leue,
 To haue so mochell of my wille.
 And thus thinkende I stonde still
 Without blenchinge of mine eie,
 Right as me thought that I seie
 Of paradis the most ioie.
 And so there whyle I me reioie
 Unto my herte a great deayre,
 The whiche is hotter than the fire,
 All sodenliche vpon me renneith,
 That all my thought within brenneith,
 And am so ferforth ouercome,
 That I note where I am become:
 So that amonge tho hertes stronge
 In stede of drynke I vnderfonge
 A thought so swete in my courage,
 That neuer pyement, ne vernage
 Was halfe so swete for to drynke.
 For as I wolde, than I thinke,
 As though I were at mine aboute.
 For so through dronke I am of loue,
 That all that my sotie demeth,
 Is soth, as than it to me semeth.
 And while I maie tho thoughtes kepe,
 Me thinketh as though I were a slepe,
 And that I were in goddes barme.
 But whan I see myn owne harme,
 And that I sodenliche awake
 Out of my thought, and hede take,
 Howe that the sothe stant in dede,
 Than is my sikernes in drede,
 And ioie torneth into wo.
 So that the herte is all ago
 Of suche sotie, as I was iune:
 And than ayenwarde I begynne
 To take of loue a newe thirst,
 Whiche me greneith all there wurst,
 For than cometh the blanche Feuer
 With chele, and maketh me so to cheuer,
 And so it coldeth at myn herte,
 That wonder is, howe I asterte
 In suche a poynte, that I ne deye.
 For certes there was neuer keye,
 Ne frozen ise vpon the walle
 More inly colde than I am all.
 And thus suffer I the hote chele,
 Whiche passeth other peynes fele,
 In colde I brenne, and frese in hete,
 And than I drynke a bitter swete
 With drie lippe, and eien wete.
 Lo thus I temper my diete,
 And take a draught of suche relees,
 That all my wit is hertles,
 And all my hert there it sitte,
 In, as who saith, without witte.
 So that I preue it by reason,
 In makinge of comparison
 There maie no difference bee
 Betwix a dronken man and mee.
 But all the werst of euericheone
 Is euer, that I thirst in one.
 The more that my herte drynketh
 The more I maie, so that me thinketh

My thurst shall neuer be asswaged,
God shelde, that I be not dreight
Of suche a superfluitee.

For wele I feele in thy degree,
That all my witte is ouercast,
Wherof I am the more agast,
That in defaulte of iudship
Perchance in suche a frookenship
I may be dead, er-I beware.

For certes father this I dare
Beknowe, and in my shiffte telle,
But I a draught haue of that welle,
In whiche my deth is and my life:
My ioye is tourned in to strife,
That sobre shall I neuer worthe,
But as a drunken man for worthe.
So that in loude where I fare,
The lust is lore of my welfare,
As he that maie no bete fynde.

But this me thinketh a wonder kynde.
As I am drunke of that I drynke
Of these thoughtes, that I thynke,
Of whiche I fynde no reles,
But if I myght netheles

Of suche a drynke as I coueyt,
So as me lust haue o receite
I shoulde as-sobre and sure wele.
But so fortune vpon hir whele
On high me deigneth not to sette.

For euermore I fynde a lette,
The botiler is not my frende,
Whiche hath the key by the bende:
I may well wisbe, and that is wasté.
For well I wote so frembe a taste
(But if my grace be the more)
I shall assaie uerethmore.

Thus am I dronke of that I see.
For taxtynge is defended me.
And I can not my seluen stithebe,
So that my fader of this branche
I am gyltife, to telle trouthe.

My soppé that me thinketh routh.
For loue dronke is the mischiffe
Above all other the most chif.
If he no lusty thought assaye,
Whiche may his sory thurst staye,
As for the tyme yet it lesseth
To hym, whiche other ioye misseth.

For thy my sonne aboue all
Thynke well, how so it befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou hast,
And let hem not be dronke in wast.

But netheles there is no wight,
That maie withstoude looes might,
But why the cause is, as I fynde,
But that there is diuorse kinde
Of loue dronke why men pleineth,
After the courte, whiche all ordeineth,
I will the telle the manere,
Now list my sonne, and thou shalt here.

Hic narrat secundum poetam, qualiter in suo
cellario duo dolia Iupiter habet, quorum primum
liquoris dulcissimi, secundum amarissimi plenum
consistit, ita quod ille, cui fatata est prosperitas,
de dulci potabit, Alter vero cui aduersabitur
poculum gustabit amarum.

FOR the fortune of euery chauce,
After the goddes purueance,

To man it groweth from about:
So that the spoode of euery iouis
Is shape there, er it befall.

For Iupiter abouen all,
Whiche is of goddes sturraie
Hath in his seller, as men saie,
Two tonnes full of loue drinke,
That maketh many a herte sike,
And many an herte also to slete
Or of the sowre, or of the swete.
That one is full of suche plement,
Whiche passeth all ententement
Of mans wit, if he it taste,
And maketh a ioylife herte in hast.

That other bitter as the galle,
Whiche maketh a mans hert pale,
Whose dronkeship is a siknesse,
Through felynge of the bitternesse.
Cupide is botiler of botte,
Whiche to the lesse, and to the losse,
Yeueth of the swete, and of the soure:
That som laugh, and somme leure,
But for so muche as he blinde is,
Full oft tyme he goth amys,
And taketh the bakke for the good,
Whiche hyndreth many a mans foud
Withoute cause, and forthereth eke:
So ben there som of loue seke,
Whiche ought of reason to ben hole.
And som comen to the dote
In happe, and as hem selfe lest
Drinke, vnderued of the best.

And thus this blynde botiler
Yeueth ofte trouble in stede of chere,
And eke chere in stede of trouble.
Lo howe he can the hertes trouble,
And maketh men dronke at vpon chance,
Withoute lawe of gouernance.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorowe all oter tonne
Of loue dronke, and shall nought greden
So to be drunke euery eaten.
For all is than but a game.

But when it is nought of the same,
And he the better tonne draweth,
Suche dronkeship an herte gaweth,
And febleth all a mannes thought.
That better hym were haue dronke nought,
And all his breade haue eaten drie.

For than he leseth his lustie weie,
With dronkeship, and wote not whiche
To go, the waies bene so slider,
In whiche he maie percas so fall,
That he shall breke his wittes all.
And in this wise men ben drunke.
After the drinke thei haue drunke.

But all drinken not yfke.
For some shall singe, and some shall esse,
So that it me nothyng meruyeth
My sonne, of loue that the ayloth.

For I wel knowe by thy tale,
That thou hast dronken of the dwale,
Whiche bitter is, till god the stede
Suche grace, that thou might amende.

But soune thou shalt bidde and prais,
In such a wise, as I shall saie,
That thou the lust well atteyne
Thy wofull thurstes to restreyné
Of loue, and taste the swetesnes,
As Bacchus did in his distres,

Whan bodiliche thurste hym hent,
In straunge londes where he went.

Nota hic qualiter potus aliquando effugati precibus
acquiritur, Et narrat exemplum, quod cum
Bacchus de quodam bello ab Oriente repatrians
in quibusdam Libye partibus effugatus generis
potum non inuenit, fuis ad Iouem precibus,
apparuit et aries, qui terra pede percussit, statimque
fons emanauit, et sic potum petenti pe-
titiu pressauit.

THIS Bacchus, sonne of Iupiter
Was hote, and as he went far,
By his fathers assignement
To make a werre in thorstest,
And great power with hym he hadde,
So that the higher honde he hadde,
And victorie of his ennemis,
And tourneth homwarde with his prius,
In suche a countrei whiche was dreȝ
A meschiefe fell vpon the weye,
As he rode with his companie,
Nigh to the strondes of Libye,
There might thei no drinke finde
Of water, nor of oþer kinde:
So that hym selfe, and all his hostis
Were for default of drinke almoste
Destroyed: and than Bacchus proude
To Iupiter, and thus he saide:
O high father, that ouest all,
To whom is reason, that I shall
Beseeche, and prais in euery neede,
Beholde my father, and take hede,
This fall thurst, that vs be inne
To stauche, and graunt vs for to winne,
And saufe vnto the countrei fare,
Where that our iustice londes are
Wrytende vpon our hounse conyng.
And with the voyce of his prayenge,
Whiche herde was to the goddes hie,
He sigh anon tofore his eie
A wether, whiche the grounde hath sparned,
And where he hath it oerturned,
There spronge a weſse founte and clere:
Wherof his owne bottlere,
After the lustes of his wiffe,
Yane euery man to drinke his lifte.
And for this ilke great grace
Bacchus vpon the same place
A riche temple let arere,
Whiche euer shalde stonde there,
To thurstie men in remembrance.
For thy my sonne after this chauce,
It sitte the well to taken hede,
So for to prey vpon thy neede,
As Bacchus proude for the well,
And thinke, as thou hast herde me tell,
Howe grace be graude, and grace be had.
He was no foolle, that first so rad.
For seldom get a dombe man londe,
Take that proneris, and vnderstonde,
That wordes ben of vertue grette.
For thy to speke thou ne lette,
And aske, and preie cruly and late,
Thy thurst to quenche, and thinke sigate
The bottlere, whiche beareth the keye
Is bynde, as thou hast herde me seye.
And if it might so bekke
That he vpon the bynde side

Parcas the swete tonne draught;
Than shalte thou haue a iustie draught,
And wast of loas dronke sobre.

And thus I rede thou asobre
Thyn herde, in hope of such a grace.
For dronkeship in euery place,
To whether side that it turte,
Doth harme, and maketh a man to spurne,
And ofte falle in such a wise,
Where he percas this thought arise.

Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum qualiter
Tristram ob potum, quem Brangweyn in vase
ei porrexit de amore belle Isolde inebriatus
extitit.

AND for to loke in euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
So that it hath befall et this,
In euery mans mouth it is,
Howe Tristram was of loas dronke,
With bele Isolde whan thei drokke
The drinke, which Brangweine hent sobok
Er that kyng Marke his etne hir toke
To wife, as it was after knowe.

And eke my sonne, if thou wille knowe,
As it hath fallen ouer more
In lones cause, and what is more
Of dronkeship for to drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,
Wherof thou might the better eschewe,
Of dronken men that thou ne sewe
The companie in no manere,
A great ensample thou shalt here.

Hic de periculis ebrietatis causa in amore contin-
gentibus narrat, quod cum Perithous illum pul-
cherrimam Ipotasiam in uxorem deceret, quos-
dam qui Centauri vocabantur, inter alios vicini-
os ad nuptias inuitauit, qui vino imbuti, noue
nupte formocitatem aspicientes, duplici ebrie-
tate a mensa Ipotasiam a Perithoo marito suo
impetu rapuerunt.

THIS finde I writte in poesse
Of thilke faire Ipotasie,
Of whose beautes there as she was
Spake euery man, and felle per cas,
That Perithous so hym sped,
That he to wife hir shulde wed:
Wherof that he great loys made,
And for he wolde his fous glade,
Ageyne the daie of mariage,
By mouthe bothe, and by message,
His frendes to the fest he praied,
With great worship and as men said,
He hath this yonge lady spoused.

And whan that they were all housed,
And set and serued at mete,
There was no wyne, whiche maié begete,
That there ne was plentie enough.
But Bacchus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by waie of dronkeship,
The greatest of the felauship,
Were out of reason ouer take,
And Venus, whiche hath also také
The cause most in speciall,
Hath yane hem drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The lust, wheren a man deliteth.

And thus by double wey dronke
 Of lust that ilke fire fonke
 Hath made hem, as who seith, half woode,
 That thei no reason vnderstoode,
 Ne to none other thyng thei seyen,
 But hir, whiche to fore her eien
 Was wedded thilke same daie,
 That freshe wife, that lustie maie,
 Of hir it was all that thei thoughten :
 And so farforth her lustes saughten,
 That thei, whiche named were
 Centauri, at the feste there
 Of one assent, of one accorde,
 This yonge wife maugre hir lorde,
 In suche a rage awaie forth ladden,
 As thei, whiche none insight ladden,
 But onely to her drunken fare,
 Whiche many a man hath made misfare
 In loue, als wel as other weye,
 Wherof, if I shall more seye
 Upon the nature of this vice,
 Of custome, and of exercise,
 The mans grace, bowe it fordooth,
 A tale, whiche was whilom sooth,
 Of foolles, that so dronken were,
 I shall reherce vnto thyn ere,

*Hic loquitur specialiter contra vitium illorum,
 qui nimia potatione ex consuetudine ebriosi
 efficiuntur, Et narrat exemplum de Galba et
 Vitello qui potentes in Hispania principes fue-
 runt, sed ipse cotidiane ebrietatis potibus assueti,
 tanta vicinis intulerunt enormia, quod tandem
 toto conclamante populo, pena sententie capi-
 talis in eos iudicialiter diffinita est, qui prius-
 quam morentur, vt penam mortis alleuiarent,
 spontanea vim ebrietate sopiti, quasi porci
 semimortui gladio interierunt.*

I REDE in a cronicle thus
 Of Galba, and of Vitellus,
 The whiche of Spayne both were
 The greatest of all other there,
 And bothe of o condicion,
 After the disposicion
 Of glotony, and dronkship
 That was a sorie feleship.
 For this thou might wel vnderstonde,
 That man maie welles not longe stonde,
 Whiche is wine dronke of common vse.
 For he hath lore the vertues,
 Wherof reason shuld hym cloth:
 And that was sen vpon hem both.
 Men seyn, there is no euidence,
 Wherof to knowe a difference
 Betwene the dronken and the woode.
 For thei be neuer nother good.

For where that wine doth wit a weye,
 Wisdom hath lost the right weye,
 That he no maner vice dredeth,
 No more than a blynd man thredeth
 His nedel by the sonne light:
 No more is reason than of might,
 Whan he with dronkship is blent.
 And in this point thei weren shent,
 This Galba both and eke Vitelle,
 Upon the cause as I shall tell,
 Wherof good is to take hede,
 For thei two through her dronkenhede,

Of witles excitacion
 Oppressed all the nacion
 Of Spayne: for all foule vsauce,
 Whiche done was of continuunce
 Of hem, whiche all daie dronke were,
 There was no wife ne maiden there,
 What so thei were, or faire or foule,
 Whom thei ne taken to defoule:
 Wherof the londe was often wo,
 And eke in other thynges mo
 Thei wroughten many a sondrie wronge.
 But howe so that the daie be longe,
 The derke night cometh at last,
 God wolde nought, thei shulden last,
 And shope the lawe in suche a wise,
 That thei through dome to the Iuise
 Be damned for to be forlore.
 But thei, that had be tofore
 Enclined to all dronkenesse,
 Her ende than bare witnesse.
 For thei in hope to asswage
 The peine of dethe vpon the rage,
 That thei lasse shulden feele,
 Of wyne let fill full a meele,
 And dronken till so was befall,
 That thei her strengthes losen all,
 Withouten wit of ony brayne,
 And thus thei ben halfe deed slayne,
 That hem ne greueth but a lite.

My sonne if thou be for to wite
 In ony point, whiche I haue saide,
 Wherof thy wittes bene vnteide,
 I rede clepe hem home ageyne.

I shall do father as ye seyne,
 Als ferforth as I maie suffise.
 But well I wote, that in no wise,
 The dronkship of loue aweye
 I maie remue by no weye:
 It stant nought vpon my fortune,
 But if you list to commaue
 Of the seconde glotonie,
 Whiche cleped is delicacie,
 Wherof ye spake here to fore,
 Beseeche I wolde you therfore.

My sonne as of that ilke vice,
 Whiche of all other is the noyce,
 And stant vpon the retenue
 Of Venus, so as it is due,
 The propertes howe that it fareth,
 The boke herafter nowe declareth.

*Delitiæ cum diuitiis sunt iura potentum,
 In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gula.
 Non sunt delitiæ tales, quæ corpora pascent,
 Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
 Qui completus amor maiori munere gaudet :
 Cum data delitiis mens in amante fatur.*

*Hic tractat super illa specie gula, quæ delicatâ
 nuncupatur, cuius mollicies voluptuose carni
 personis precipue potentibus queque complac-
 entia corporaliter ministrat.*

Of this chapter, in whiche we trete,
 There is yet one of suche diete,
 To whiche no poore may attaine.
 For all is past as paindemaine,
 And sondrie wyne, and soudry drinke,
 Wherof that he woll eate and drinke.

His cookes ben for hym affaited,
 So that his body is awaited,
 That hym shall lacke no delite
 Als ferforth as his appetite
 Sufficeth to the meates hote,
 Wherof the lustie vice is hote
 Of Gule the delicacie,
 Whiche all the holle progenie
 Of iustie folke hath vndertake
 To fede, while that he maie take
 Richesse, wherof to be founde
 Of abstinence he wote no bounde
 To what profite it shulde serue,
 And yet phisike of his conserue
 Maketh many a restranacion
 Unto his recreacion :

Whiche wolde be to Venus lese.
 Thus for the point of his relefe
 The cooke, whiche shal his meate araye,
 But he the better his mouth assaye,
 His lordes thonke shall ofte lease,
 Er he be serued to the chese.
 For there maie lacke not so lite,
 That he ne fint amone a wite.
 But his lust be fully serued,
 There hath no wight his thonke deserued.
 And yet for mans sustenance,
 To kepe and holde in gouernaunce,
 To hym that woll his hele geate
 Is none so good, as common meate.
 For who that loketh on the bokes,
 It seith, confection of cookes,
 A man hym shulde well auise,
 Howe he it toke, and in what wise.
 For who that vseth, that he knoweth,
 Fall selden sikenes on hym groweth:
 And who that vseth meates straunge,
 Though his nature paymre and change,
 It is no wonder iefe sonne,
 When that he both ayene his wonne.
 For in sikenesse this I fynde,
 Usage is the seconde kynde
 In loue, als well as other wey.
 For as these holy bokes sey,
 The bodily delices all,
 In every poynt howe so thei fall,
 Unto the soule done greuaunce.
 And for to take in remembrance
 A tale accordant vnto this,
 Whiche of great vnderstandyng is
 To mans soule reasonable,
 I thinke tell, and is no fable.

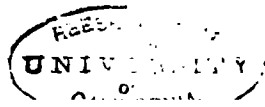
Hic ponit exemplum contra istos delicatos, et
 narrat de djuite et Lazaro, quorum gesta in
 euangelio Lucas euidentius describit.

Of Christis worde, who woll it rede,
 Howe that this vice is for to drede,
 In theuangle it telleth pleyne,
 Whiche mote algate be certeine.
 For Christe hym selfe beareth witnessse:
 And though the clerke, and the clergesse
 In laten tonge it rede and syng,
 Yet for the more knowlecheynge
 Of trouthe, whiche is good to witte
 I shall declare, as it is writte
 In englishe, for thus it began.
 Christe seith, there was a riche man.
 A myghty lorde of great estate,
 And he was eke so delicate

Of his clothyng that euery daie
 Of purple and bysse he made hym gaie,
 And ete and dranke therto his fyl,
 After the lustes of his wyll:
 As he, whiche all stode in delice,
 And toke none hede of thilke vice.
 And as it shulde so betide,
 A poure lazar vpon a tede
 Came to the gate, and axed meate:
 But there might be nothyng geate
 His deedly hungre for to staunche.
 For he, whiche had his full paunche
 Of all lustes at borde,
 Ne deigneth to speake a worde,
 Onliche a cromme for to yeue,
 Wherof this poure might leue
 Upon the yefte of his almesse.
 Thus laie this poure in great distresse,
 A colde and hongred at the gate.
 For whiche he might go no gate,
 So was he wofully besene.
 And as these holy bokes sey,
 The houndes comen fro the halle,
 Where that this sicke man was falle,
 And as he laie there for to deie
 The woundes of his maladie
 Thei licken, for to doone hym ease.
 But he was full of suche disease,
 That he maie not the deth escape:
 But as it was that time shape,
 The soule for the body passeth:
 And he, whom nothyng ouerpasseth,
 The high god vp to the heuen
 Hym toke, where he hath set hym euen
 In Abrahams barme on highe,
 Where he the heuens ioye sighe,
 And had all that he haue woide,
 And fell as it befall sholde:
 This riche man the same throwe
 With sodein deth was ouerthrowe,
 And forth withouten any went
 Unto the hell straight he went:
 The fende into the fyre hym drough
 Where that he had peine enough
 Of flame, whiche that euer brenn
 And as his eie about renneth,
 Toward the heuen he cast his loke,
 Where that he sigh, and hede toke,
 How lazar set was in his see,
 Als farre as euer he might see,
 With Abraham, and than he praide
 Unto the patriarke and sayde:
 Sende lazar downe fro thilke sete
 And do, that he his finger wete
 In water, so that he maie droppe
 Upon my tonge, for to stoppe
 The great hete, in whiche I brenne.
 But Abraham answerde then,
 And sayd to hym in this wise:

Salomon. Qui obturat aures suas ad clamorem
 pauperum, ipse clamabit, et non exaudietur.

MY sonne, thou the might auise,
 And take in to thy remembrance,
 Howe lazar had great penance,
 While he was in that other life,
 But thou in all thy lust iolife
 The bodily delices soughtest.
 For thy so as thou than wroughtest,



Nowe shalte thou take thy rewarde
Of deadly peyne here afterwarde
In hell, whiche shall ever last,
And this lazar nowe at last
This worldes peyne is ouerquene,
In heuen and hath his life begonne
Of ioye, whiche is endles.

But that thou preidest netheles,
That I shall lazar to the sende,
With water on his finger ende,
Thyne hote tonge for to kele:
Thou shalt no suche graces fele,
For to that foule place of synne,
For ever in whiche thou shalt be iane,
Cometh none out of this place thider,
Ne none of you may come hider.
Thus be ye parted nowe a two,
The riche ayepeward cride tho:
O Abraham, sithe it so is
That lazar maie nought do me this,
Whiche I haue axed in this place,
I wolde prae an other grace.
For I haue yet bretherne sijn,
That with my father bene a liue,
To gether dwellende in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I prae, that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he might wende
To warne hem, how the worldis is went,
That afterward thei be not shent
Of suche paines as thei drie.
Lo this I prae, and this I crie,
Howe I maie not my selfe amende.

The patriarke anon sewende,
To this praeir answerde Naie,
And saide hym, howe that every daie
His bretherne might knowe and here
Of Moyses on erthe here,
And of prophettes other mo,
What hem was best: And he saith us,
But if there might a man arise
From deth to life in suche a wise
To tellen hem, howe that it were,
He saide than of pure fare
Thei shulden well beware therig.
Quod Abraham, nay sikerly.

For if thei nowe will not obey
To suche, as teche hem the wey,
And all day teache, and all daie telle,
Howe that it stant of heuen and helle,
Thei will not than taken hede,
Though it befall so in dede,
That any deade man were arised,
To ben of hym no better lered
Than of an other man on liue.

If thou my sonne canst descriue
This tale, as Christe hym selfe it tolde,
Thou shalt haue cause to beholde,
To se so great an euidence,
Wherof the soth experience
Hath shewed openliche at eie,
That bodely delicacie
Of hym, whiche yeueth none almesse,
Shall after fall in great distresse,
And that was sene vpon the riche,
For he ne wolde vnto his liche
A cromme yeuen of his breadde,
Than afterwarde whan he was dedde,
A droppe of water hym was werned.
Thus maie a manes wit be lerned

Of hem, that so delites taken,
Whan thei with death ben overtake,
That erst was swete is than soure.
But he that is a gouernour
Of worldis ioye, if he be wise,
Within his herte he set no priue
Of all the worldis, and yet he weeth
The good, that he nothyng resoneth,
As he, whiche lorde is of the thynges,
The ouches, and the riche rynges,
The cloth of golde, and the parris
He taketh: and yet the delicacie
He leueth, though he weare all this,
The best mete, that there is
He eateth, and drinketh the best drink
But howe that euer he eate or drinke,
Delicacie he put awaie,
As he, whiche goth the right weie,
Nought oply for to fede and clothe
His body, but his soule bothe.
But thei that taken other wise
Her lustes, bene none of the wise.
But nowe a daie a man maie see
The worldis so full of vanities,
That no man taketh of reason hede,
Or for to clothe, or for to fede:
But all is set vnto the vices,
To newe and chenge his delice.

And right so chaungeth his estate,
He that of loue is delicat.
For though he had to his bonde
The best wife of all the londe,
Or the fairest loue of all:
Yet wolde his herte on other fall.
And thinke hem more delicious,
Than he hath in his owne hous.

Men seyne it is nowe ofte so,
Auisen hem well, thei that so do.
And for to speke in other waie,
Full ofte tyme I haue herde saie,
That he, whiche hath no loue schened,
Hym thinketh that he is not relised,
Though that his ladie make hym chere,
So as she maie in good manere
Hir honour, and hir name saue,
But he the surplus might haue,
Nothyng withstandyng hir estate
Of loue more delicat,
He set hir chere at no delite,
But if he haue all his appetite.

My sonne if it with the be so,
Tell me? Myn holy father no.
For delicat in suche a wise
Of loue, as ye to me denise,
Ne was I neuer yet gyttise.
For if I had suche a wife,
As ye speke of, what shulde I more:
For than I wolde neuer more,
For lust of any womanhede,
My herte vpon none other fede:
And if I did, it were a waste,
But all withoute suche repaste
Of lust, as ye me tolde aboue,
Of wife, or yet of other loue,
I faste, and maie no fode geate.
So that for lacke of deintie maner,
Of whiche an herte maie be fedde,
I go fastyng to my bedde.

But might I getten as ye tolde,
So mochel, that my lady wolde

Me fede with hir gladd semblant,
Though me lacke all the remenant;
Yet shulke I sondele ben abeched,
And for the tyme wel refreshed.

But certes fader she ne doth.
For in good feith to tellen soth,
I trowe, though I shulde sterue,
She wolde not hir eie swerue,
My herte with one goodly looke
To fede, and thus for suche a Cooke
I maie go fastigge euermore.

But if so is, that any wo
Maie fede a mans herte wele,
Therof I haue at every mele,
Of plentie more than enough.
But that is of hym selfe so tough,
My stomake maie it not dese.

Lo suche is the delicacie
Of loue, whiche my herte fedeth.
Thus haue I lacke of that me nedeth.
But for all this yet netheles,
I say not, I am gilteles,
That I sondele am delicate.

For els were I fully mate:
But if that I some lusty stoupe
Of comforte and of ease founde,
To take of loue some repast.

For though I with full taste
The lust of loue maie not fele,
Myn hunger otherwise I kele,
Of smale lastes, whiche I pike,
And for a tyme yet thei like,
If that ye wisten, what I meane.

Nowe good soune shriue the cleane
Of suche deinties as ben good,
Wherof thou takest thyn herte foods.
My father I shall you reherse,
Howe that my foodes ben diuerse,
So as thei fallen in degre.

One feedynge is of that I see:
As other is, of that I here:
The thirde, as I shall tellen here,
At groweth of myne owne thought,
And els shalde I liue nought.
For whom that failleth foode of herte,
He maie nought well the dethe asterte.

Nota qualiter visus in amore se continet delicatus.

Or sight is all my first foode,
Through whiche myne eie of all goode
Hath that to hym is accordant,
A lustie foode sufficient,
When that I go towards the place,
Where I shall see my ladies face,
Myn eie, whiche is lothe to faste,
Begyneth anone to hungrs so faste,
That hym thinketh of an houre thre,

Till I there come, and he hir see:
And than after his appetite
He taketh a foode of suche delite,
That hym none other deintie nedeth,
Of sondrie sightes he hym feedeth.

He seeth hir face of suche colour,
That fresher is than any flour.

He seeth hir front is large and playne,
Without frounce of any grayne.

He seeth hir eien liche an heuen,
And seeth hir nose streite and euen.

He seeth hir ruddy vpon the cheke,
And seeth hir redde lippes eke.

Hir chynne accordeth to the face,
All that he seeth is full of grace.

He seeth hir necke rounde and close,
Therin maie no bone be sene.

He seeth hir hapdes faire and white,
For all this thyng without wite

He maie see naked at lest.

So is it well the more feste,
And well the more delicacie
Unto the feedynge of the pie.

He seeth hir shape forth with all,
Hir body rounde, hir middell small,
So well begone with good arraie,
Whiche passeth all the last of maie,
When he is moste with softes showres
Full clothed in his lusty flowres.

With suche sightes by and by
Myn eie is fedde, but finally
When he the porte and the maner
Seeth of hir womannysse chere,
Than hath he suche delite on boorde.
Hym thinketh he might still stonde,
And that he hath full suffysse
Of liuelode, and of sustenance,
As to his parte for euermore.

And if it thought all other so,
Pro then wolde he neuer wrode,
But there vnto the wurdles end
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feeden hym vpon the sight.

For though I might stoppen aie
In to the tyme of domes daie,

And loke vpon hir eier in que:
Yet when I shulde fro hir gone,
Myn eie wolde, as though he faste
Ben hunger stouren also faste,
Till este ayene that he hir seie:
Suche is the nature of myn eie.

There is no lust so deintifull,
Of whiche a man shulde not be full,
Of that the stomake vnderlongeth:
But ever in one myn herte longeth.
For loke howe that a gobauke tirsth,
Right so dothe he, when that he pineth
And tooteth on hir womansode,
For he maie neuer fully fede
His lust, but euer a liche sore
Hym hongreth, so that he the more
Desireth to be fedde algate.

And thus myn eie is made the gate,
Through whiche the deinties of my thought
Of lust ben to myn herte brought.

Right as myn eie with his loke,
Is to myn herte a lustie Cooke
Of loues foode delicate:

Qualiter auris in amore delectatur.

RINNET so myn eare in his state,
Where as mine eie maie not sarge,
Can well my hertes thonke deserue,
And feden hym fro daie to daie
With suche deinties as he maie.

For thus it is, that ouer all,
Where as I come in speciall,
I maie here of my ladies price,
I here one saie, that she is wise,
An other saith, that she is good,
And some men seyne, of worthy blood
That she is come, and is also
So fayre, that no where is none so.

And some men praise hir goodly chere.
Thus euery thyng, that I maie here,
Whiche sowneth to my lady good,
Is to myn care a lusty foode.

And eke myn care hath ouer this
A deintie fenste, whan so is
That I maie here hir seuen speke.
For than anope my faste I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trouth, and full of feyth
Thei ben, and of so great disporte,
That to myn care great comforte
Thei done, as thei that ben delices.
For all the meates and the spices,
That any Lumbarde couth make,
Ne ben so lustie for to take,
Ne so farforth restauratife,
I sey as for myn owne lyfe,
As ben the wordes of hir mouth,
For as the wyndes of the south
Ben moste of all debonaire:
So when hir lust to speke faire,
The vertue of hir goodly speche
Is verily myn hertes leche.

And if it so befall amonge,
That she carole vpon a songe,
Whan I it here, I am so fedde,
That I am fro my selfe so ledde,
As though I were in Paradise.
For certes as to myn auisse,
Whan I here of hir voyce the stenen,
Me thynkth it is a blisse of heuen.
And eke in otherwise also,
Full oft tyme it falleth so,
Myn ere with a good pittance
Is fed, of redinge of romance,
Of Idoyne, and of Amadas,
That whilome were in my cas:
And eke of other many a score,
That loued longe, er I was bore.
For whan I of her lounes rede,
Myn ere with the tale I fede,
And with the lust of her histoire
Somtime I draw into memoire,
Howe sorowe maie not euer last,
And so hope cometh in at last,
Whan I none other foode knowe:
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a cherie feste:
But for to counten at lest
As for the while yet it easeth,
And somdele of my hert appeseth.
For what thinge to my ere spredeth,
Whiche is pleasant, somdele it easeth,
With wordes suche as be maie gete,
My lust in stede of other mete.

Lo thus my fader as I you seie
Of lust, the whiche myn eie hath seie,
And eke of that myn care hath herde,
Full ofte I thane the better ferde:
And tho two bryngen in the thridde,
The whiche hath in myn herte amydde
His place take, to araise,
The lustie thoughtes whiche assaie
I mote, and nameliche on nightes,
Whan that me lacketh all sightes
And that min heringe is away,
Than is he redy in the wey
My rere souper for to make,
Of whiche my hertes foode I take.

*Qualiter cogitatus impressiones leticie imaginarias
cordibus inserit amantum.*

THIS lustie cookes name is hote
Thought, which hath euer his pottes hote
Of loue boylend on the fire,
With fantasie, and with desire,
Of whiche er this full ofte he fedde
Myn herte, whan I was a bedde
And than he set vpon my borde
Bothe euery sight, and euery worde
Of lust, whiche I haue herde or seyne:
But yet is not my fest all pleyn,
But all of woldes, and of wishes,
Therof haue I my full dishes,
But as of felynge, and of taste,
Yet might I neuer haue o repaste.

And as I haue sayd to forne,
I licke bony of the thorne,
And, as who seith, vpon the bridell
I chewe so that all is ydell,
As in effect the foode I haue,
But as a man, that wolde him saue,
Whan he is sicke, by medicine:
Right so of loue the famine
I fonde in all that euer I maie,
To fede and driue forthe the daie,
Till I maie haue the great fest,
Whiche all my honger might areste.

Lo suche ben my lustes thre,
Of that I thynke, and here, and see.
I take of loue my felynge,
With oute tastinge or felenge.
And as the plouer doth of the eire
I liue, and am in good espere,
That for none suche delicacie
I trowe I do no glotenie.
And netheles to your auisse
Myn holy fader, that ben wise,
I recomende myn estate
Of that I haue ben delicate.

My sonne I vnderstonde wele,
That thou hast tolde here, euery dele.
And as me thinketh by thy tale,
It ben delites wonder smaile,
Wherof thou takest thy lounes foode.
But sonne, if that thou vnderstode,
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldest not be curious,
Upon the lust of thyn astate
To ben to hote or delicate:
Wherof that thou reason excede.
For in the bokes thou might rede,
If mans wisdom shall be sewed,
It ought well to ben eschewed
As well by reason as by kynde,
Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

*Hic loquitur de delicacia Neronis, qui corpora-
libus deliciis magis adherens, spiritualia gaudia
minus obtinuit.*

THAT man that wolde hym well auisse,
Delicacie is to dispise,
Whan kynde accordeth not withall:
Wherof ensample speciall
Of Nero whylom maie be tolde,
Whiche ayens kynde manyfoide
His lustes toke, till at last,
That god hym wolde all ouercaste,

Of whom the cronike is so pleine,
 Me lust no more of hym to seyne.
 And netheles for giotonie
 Of bodely delicacie
 To knowe his stomake howe it ferde,
 Of that no man tofore herde,
 Which he within hym selfe bethought,
 A wonder subtil thing he wrought.

Three men vpon election
 Of age, and of complection
 Liche to hym selfe by all waie,
 He toke towards hym to plaie,
 And ate and dranke as well as bee,
 Therof was no diuersitee.
 For euery daie when that they ate,
 Tofore his owne bourde they seate,
 And of suche meate as he was serued,
 All though they had it not deserued,
 Their token seruice of the same:
 But afterwaide all thilke game
 Was into wofull ernest tourned.
 For when they were this soiourned,
 Within a tyme at after mete
 Nero, whiche had not foryete
 The lustes of his free estate,
 As he whiche all was delicate,
 To knowe thilke experience,
 The men let come in his presence,
 And to that one the same tide
 A coarser, that he shulde ride
 Into the felde anon he badde,
 Wherof this man was wonder gladd,
 And goth to pricke and prauce aboute.
 That other, while that he was out,
 He layde vpon his bedde to slepe.
 The thyrd, whiche he wolde kepe
 Within his chambere faire and softe,
 He gothe nowe vp nowe downe ful ofte
 Walkynge a pace, that he ne slepte,
 Till he whiche on the courser lepte
 Was comen fro the felde ageyne.
 Nero than (as boke seyne)
 These men did done take all three,
 And slough hem, for he wolde see,
 The whose stomacke was best defied.

And when he hath the sothe tried,
 He founde, that he, whiche goth the pas,
 Defied beste of all was:

Whiche afterwaide he vsed aie.
 And thus what thyng vnto his paie
 Was most pleasant, he lefte none,
 With ony lust he was begone,
 Wherof the body might glade.

For he no abstinence made.
 But most of all earthely thynges
 Of women vnto the lykynge,
 Nero set all his herte.

For that lust hym shulde not asterte.
 When that the thurst of loue him caught,
 Where that hym list he toke a draught;
 He sparth nether wife ne maide,
 That suche a nother, as men saide,
 In all this worlde was neuer yit.
 He was so drenke in all his wit
 Through sondrie lustes, whiche he toke,
 That euer, while there is a boke,
 Of Nero men shall rede and singe
 Unto the worldes knowlechyng.

My god sonne as thou hast herde,
 Far coer yet it hath so ferde,

VOL. II.

Delicacie in loues cas
 Without reason is and was,
 For where that loue is herte set,
 Hym thinketh, it might be no bet,
 All though it be not fully mete.
 The luste of loue is euer swete.

Lo thus to gether of felauship
 Delicacie and dronkship
 (Wherof reason stant out of herre)
 Hauue made many a man erre
 In loues cause moste of all.
 For than howe so that euer it fall,
 Witte can no reason vnderstonde,
 But let the gouernance stonde
 To wille, whiche than wexeth so wilde,
 That he cau not hym selfe shide
 Fro the perille, but out of fere
 The waie he secheth here and there,
 Hym retcheth not vpon what side.
 For oft tyme he goth beside,
 And doth such thyng without drede,
 Wherof hym ought well to drede,
 But when that loue asoteth sore,
 It passeth all mens lore;
 What lust it is, that he ordeineth;
 There is no mans might restreinet.
 And of god taketh be none hede,
 But lawes withouten drede,
 His purpos for he wolde achene,
 Aynst the pointes of the beleue
 He tempteth heuen, erthe, and helle,
 Here afterward as I shall telle.

Dum stimulat amor, quicquid iubet orta vor-
 luptas,

Audet, et aggreditur nulla timenda timens.
 Omne quod astra queunt herbarum siue potestas,
 Seu vigor inferni singula temptat amans.
 Quod nequid ipse, deo mediante, parare sinistram,
 Dæmonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
 Sic sibi non curat ad opus quæ retia tendit,
 Dummodo nudatam prendere possit anam.

Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicata omnis
 pudicitie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad
 carnalis concupiscentie promotionem sortilegio
 magicam requirunt.

WHO dare do thing, whiche loue ne dare?

To loue is euery lawe vniware,
 But to the lawes of his hest
 The fische, the fowle, the man, the best,
 Of all the worldes kynde lowteth.
 For loue is he, which nothyng douteth,
 In mannes herte where it sitte.
 He counteth nought toward his witte,
 The wo, no more than the wele,
 No more the herte, than the chele,
 No more the wete, than the drie,
 No more to liue, than to die:
 So that to fore ne behynde
 He seeth no thyng, but as the blynde
 Withoute insight of his courage,
 He doth meruailes in his rage,
 To what thyng that he wol hym drawe,
 There is no god, there is no lawe
 Of whom that he taketh any hede.
 But as baiarde the blynde stede,
 Till he falle in the ditche a midde,
 He gothe there no man will hym bidde,

He stant so ferforthe out of rewle,
There is no witte, that maie hym reule.
And thus to tell of hym in soothe,
Full many a wonder thyng he doothe,
That were better to be laste:
Amonge the whiche is withe crafte,
That somme men elepen sorcerie,
Whiche for to wynde his drewrie,
With many a circumstance he vseth,
There is no point, whiche he refuseth.

Nota de autorum necnon et librorum tam naturalis quam execrabilis magice nominibus.

THE crafte, whiche that Saturnus fonde
To make pikes in the sonde,
That Geomance cleped is,
Ful ofte he vseth it amis:
And of the floode his Hydromance,
And of the fire the Pyromance,
With questions eche one of tho
He tempteth ofte: and eke also
Aeremance in iudgement,
To loue he bryngeth of his assent.
For these craftes (as I fonde)
A man maie do by waie of kinde:
Be so, it be to godd entent.
But he goth all another went.
For rather er he shalde faile
With Nicromance he weide assaile,
To make his ipcantacion,
With hote subfumigacion,
Thilke arte, whiche Spatula is hote,
And used is of common rote
Amonge painins, whiche that crafte eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thoser the greke,
He wercheth one and one by rowe:
Razel is not to hym vnknowe
The Salomons Candarie,
His Idenc, his Etonie,
The figure of the boke withall,
Of Balamaux, and of Ghenhall
The seale, and therupon thimage
Of Thebith, for his swantage
He taketh: and some what of Gibere,
Whiche helpliche is to this matere.
Babylla to hir sonnes seuen,
Whiche hath renouced to the heuen,
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,
He traceth ofte vpon the gronde,
Makyng his inuocacion,
And for full informacion
The schole, whiche Honorius
Wrote, he pursueth, and lo thus
Magike he vseth for to winne
His loue, and spareth for no siane.
And ouer that of his sotie,
Right as he secheth sorcerie,
Of hem that bene magiciens,
Right so of the naturiens,
Upon the sterres from above,
His wey he sebeth vnto loue,
Als ferre as he hem vnderstondeth:
In many a sondrie wise he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh sculpture,
He maketh writyng, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculacions,
He maketh his demonstracions,
His hours of astronomie
He kepeth, as for that partie,

Whiche longeth to the inspection
Of loue, and his affection.

He wolde in to the helle seche,
The deuell hym selfe to besече,
If that he wist for to spede,
To gete of loue his lustie mede,
Where that he hath his herte set,
He bidde neuer fare bet,
Ne witte of other heuen more.
My sonne if thou of suche a lore
Has ben er this, I rede the loue.

Myn holy father by your loue,
Of all that ye haue spoken here,
Whiche toucheth vnto this matere,
To telle sooth right as I wene,
I wote not o worde, what ye mene.
I woll not saie, if that I couth,
Thwt I nolde in my lustie youth,
Beneth in helle and eke above,
To wyn with my ladies loue,
Done al that euer that I might.
For therof haue I none insight,
Where afterwarde that I am become:
So that I wonne and ouercome
Hir loue, whiche I moste coueyte.

My soune that goth wonder streyte.
For this I maie well tell soothe,
There is no man, whiche so doothe,
For all the crafte that he can caste,
That he ne bieth it at laste.
For often be that will begite,
Is guiled with the same guile.
And thus the guiler is beguiled,
As I fynde in a boke compiled
To this matere an olde histoure,
The whiche comth owe to my memoire,
And is of great ensamplarie
A yene the vice of sorcerie,
Wherof noue ende maie be good.
But howe whilome therof it stood,
A tale, whiche is good to knowe,
To the my sonnè I shall beknowe.

Nota contra istos ob amoris causam sortilegos, ubi narrat in exemplum, quod cum Ulysses a subuersione Troie repatriare nauigio voluisset, ipsum in Insula Cilli, ubi illa expertissima maga nomine Circes regnauit, contigit applicuissae, quem vt in sui amoris concupiscentiam exardesceret, Circes omnibus suis incantationibus vincere conabatur: Ulysses tamen Magica potentior ipsam in amore subegit, Ex qua filium nomine Telegonum genuit, qui postea patrem suum interfecit, et sic contra fidei naturam genuitus, contra generationis naturam patricidium operatus est.

AMONGE hem, whiche at Troie were,
Ulysses at the siege there,
Was one by name in speciall,
Of whom yet the memoriall
Abideth, for while there is a mouthe,
For euer his name shall be couthe.

He was a worthy knight and kyng,
And clerke knowende of euery thyng,
He was a great Rhetorien,
He was a great magicien,
Of Tullius the Rhetorike,
Of kyng Zoroastes the magike,
Of Ptoleme thastronomie,
Of Plato the philosophie,

Of Daniell the slepief dremes,
 Of Neptune the water stremes,
 Of Salomon and the prouerbes,
 Of Macer all the strength of herbes,
 And the phisike of Hippocras,
 And liche vnto Pythagoras,
 Of surgerie he knewe the cures :
 But some what of his auentures,
 Whiche shall to my matter accorde,
 To the my sonne I will recorde.
 This king, of which thou hast herde sein,
 From Troie as he goth home ageine
 By ship, he founde the sea diuerse,
 With many a windie storme reuerse:
 But he through wisdom, which he shapeth,
 Full many a great perill escapeth :
 Of whiche I thynke tellen one,
 Howe that maugre the nedell and stone,
 Wynde driue he was all sodeynly
 Upon the strondes of Cilly,
 Where that he must abide a while.
 Tway queenes weren in that yle,
 Calypso named and Circes.
 And whan thei herde, howe Vlysses
 Is lounded there vpon the Riuē:
 For hym they senden also hilius.

With hym suche as he wold he nam,
 And to the courte to hem he cam.

These queenes were as two goddesses,
 Of arte magike sorceresses,
 That what lorde cometh to that riuage,
 Thei make hym lous in suche a rage,
 And vpon hem assote so,
 That thei wold haue, or that he go,
 All that he hath of worlde good,
 Vlysses well this vnderstoode.

Thei couthe muche, he couthe more :
 Thei shape and cast ayenst hym sore,
 And wrought many a subtle wile.
 But yet thei might hym not begyle.
 But of the men of his nauie

Thei two forshope a great partie.
 Maie none of hem withstonde her hestes,

Some parte thei shopen in to bestes,
 Some parte thei shopen in to foules,
 To beres, tygres, apes, oules,
 Oris by some other wey,

Ther myght nothing hem disobey,
 Seche craftē thei had aboue kynde,
 But that arte couth thei not fynde,
 Of whiche Vlysses was deceiued,

That he ne hath hem all weined,
 And brought hem in to suche a rote,
 That vpon hym thei bothe assote.

And through the science of his arte
 He toke of hem so well his parte,
 That he begat Circes with childe :

He kepte hym sobre, and made hem wilde,
 He set hym selue so aboue,

That with her good, and with her loue,
 Who that therof be liefē or lothe,
 All quite in to his ship he gothe.

Circes to swolle bothe sides,
 He leftē, and waiteth on the tides,
 And straught through out the salte fome
 He taketh his cours, and comth hym home,
 Where as he founde Penelope,
 A better wife there maie none be :
 And yet there bene enowe of good.
 But who that hir goodshipp vnderstood,

Fro fyrst that she wifehode toke,
 Howe many loues she forsoke,
 And howe she bare hir all aboute,
 There whiles that hir lorde was oute :
 He might make a great auant
 Amonge all the remenant,
 That she, one of all the best,
 Well might he set his herte in rest.

This kyngē whan he hir fonde in hale,
 For as he couthe in wysedome dele,
 So couthe she in womanhede,
 And whan she syth withouten drede
 Hir lorde vpon his owne grounde,
 That he was come safe and sounde,
 In all this worlde ne might be
 A gladder woman than was she.

The fame, whiche maie nought be hid,
 Throughout the londe is soone hid:
 Her kyngē is comen home ayene,
 There maie no man the full seyne,
 Howe that thei weren all glade,
 So mochell ioye of hym thei made.
 The presentes eury daie bene newod,
 He was with yeftes all besnewed.

The people was of hym so glad,
 That though none other man hem bad,
 Tallage vpon hem selfe thei sette,
 And as it were of pure dette
 They yeue her goodes to the kyngē :
 This was a glad heme welcomyngē.

Thus hath Vlysses what he wolde,
 His wife was suche as she be shokle,
 His people was to hym subiecte,
 Hym lacketh nothyngē of delite

Horatius. Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendenta
 filio

But fortune is of suche a sleight,
 That whan a man is most on height,
 She maketh hym ratherst for to falle.
 There wote no man what shall befallē.
 The happes ouer mannes hede
 Ben honged with a tender threde,
 That proued was on Vlysses.
 For whan he was most in his pees,
 Fortune gan to make hym werre,
 And set his welthe oute of herre.

Upon a day as he was mery
 As though ther might bim no thinge derie,
 Whan night was come, he goth to bedde,
 With slepe and both his eieu fode.
 And while he slepte, he met a sweuen :
 Hym thought he sigh a statu euen,
 Whiche brighter than the sonne shone,
 A man it seemed was it none:
 But yet it was a figure
 Most liche to mannishe creature,
 But as of beantie heuenliche
 It was most to an aungell liche.
 And thus betwene sungell and man,
 Beholden it this kyngē began,
 And suche a lust toke of the sight,
 That fayne he wolde, if that he might
 The forme of that figure embrace,
 And goth hym forth toward that place,
 Where he sigh that image tho,
 And takth it in his armes two,
 And it embraceth hym ageyne,
 And to the kyngē thus gan it seyne.

Vlysses vnderstond well this,
 She token of our acquaintance is,
 Here afterward to mocheil tene
 The loue that is vs betwene.
 Of that we nowe suche ioie make,
 That one of vs the deeth shall take,
 When tyme cometh of destinee,
 It maie none otherwise be.

Vlysses tho began to praie,
 That this figure wolde hym saie,
 What wight he is, that sayth hym so.

This wight vpon a speare tho
 A pensell, whiche was well begone
 Embrouded, sheweth hym anone
 Thre fishes all of o coloure,
 In maner as it were a toure
 Upon the pensell were wrought.

Vlysses knewe this token nought,
 And prayth to wite in some partie,
 What thyng it might signifie.

A signe it is, the wight answerde,
 Of an empire, and forth he ferde
 All sodeynly, whan he that sayd.

Vlysses out of slepe abraide,
 And that was right ayene the daie,
 That lenger slepen he ne maie.

Men say, a man bath knowlegeynge,
 Sane of hym selfe, of all thyng.
 His owne chance no man knoweth,
 But as fortune it on hym throweth.
 Was neuer yet so wise a clerke,
 Whiche might knowe all goddes werke,
 Ne the secrete, whiche god hath sette
 Ayene a man, maie not be lette.

Vlysses though that he be wise,
 With all his witte in his aise,
 The more that he his sweuen accounteth,
 The lesse he wote, what it amounteth,
 For all his calculacion,
 He seeth no demonstracion
 As pleynly for to knowe an ende.
 But netheles bowe that it wende,
 He drad hym of his owne sonne,
 That maketh hym well the more astone,
 And shope therefore anons withall,
 So that within castell walle
 Thelemachus his sonne be shette,
 And on hym stronge warde he sette,
 The soothe farther he ne knewe,
 Tid that fortune him ouerthrowe.

But netheles for sikernesae,
 Where that he might wit and gesse
 A place strengest in his londe,
 There let he make of lime and sonda
 A strength, where he wolde dwell:
 Was neuer man yet herde tell
 Of suche an other, as it was,
 And for to strength hym in that cas
 Of all his londe the sikerst
 Of seruantes and the worthiest
 To kepen hym within wards,
 He set his body for to warde:
 And made suche an ordinance
 For loue, ne for aqneintance,
 That were it erefy, were it late,
 Thei shuld let in at yate
 No maner man, what so betid,
 But if so were hym selfe it hid.

But all that mighte hym not auayle,
 For whom fortune woll assaile,

There maie be no suche resistence,
 Whiche might make a man defence,
 All that shall be mote fall algate.

This Circes, whiche I spake of late,
 On whom Vlysses hath begete
 A childe, though he it haue foryete:
 When tyme came, as it was wonne
 She was delinerde of a sonne,
 Whiche cleped is of Telegonus.

This childe whan he was borne thus,
 About his mother to full age,
 That he can reason and langage,
 In good estate was drawe forth.
 And whan he was so mocheil worth
 To stonden in a mannes stede,
 Circes his mother hath hym bede,
 That he shall to his fater go:
 And tolde hym all to geder tho,
 What man he was, that hym begate.

And whan Telegonus of that
 Was ware, and bath full knowlechyng,
 Howe that his fader was a kyng:
 He prayth his moder fayre this
 To go, where that his fader is.

And she hym graunteth that he shall:
 And made hym redy forth with all.

It was that tyme suche vssance,
 That euery man the conysaunce
 Of his contre bare in his honde,
 Whan he went in to strange londe.
 And thus was euery man therfore
 Well knowe where that he was bore.
 For cappyall and mystrowynges
 Thei did than suche thynges,
 That euery man might other knowe.

So it he felle in that throwe,
 Telegonus as in this cas,
 Of his contrei the signe was
 Thre fishes, whiche he shulde beare
 Upon the pinon of a speare:
 And whan that he was thus arraide,
 And bath his harnais all assaide,
 That he was redy eueridele,
 His moder bad him, fare wele,
 And saide hym, that he shulde swithe
 His fader griete a thousand sith.

Telegonus his moder kist,
 And toke his leue, and where he wist
 His fader was, the waie name.
 Tyll he vnto Nachaie came,
 Whiche of that londe the chiefe citee
 Was cleped, and there asketh he,
 Where was the kyng, and how he ferde,
 And whan that he the sooth herde,
 Where that the kyng Vlysses was
 Alone vpon his hors great pas
 He rode hym forth, and in his bonde
 He bare the signall of his londe,
 With fishes thre, as I haue tolde.
 And thus he went vnto that holde,
 Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
 The cause why he came, he telleth
 Unto the kepars of the gate,
 And wolde haue comen in there ate.
 But shortly thei hym sayde naie.
 And he als fayre as euer he maie
 Besought, and tolde hem of this,
 Howe that the kyng his fader is.

But thei with proude wordes great
 Began to manace and threte,

Bat he go fro the gate fast,
 Thei wolden hym take and set fast.
 Fro wordes vnto strokes thus
 Thei felle, and so Telegonus
 Was sore hurte, and well nighe dede
 Bat with his sharpe speares hede:
 He maketh defence, howe so it fall,
 And wan the yate vpon hem all,
 And bath slayne of the best fue.
 And thei ascriden ais bliue
 Through oute the castell all aboute,
 On euery side men come oute
 Wberof the kynges herte afflight:
 And he with all the hast he might
 A speare caught, and forthe he gothe,
 As he that was right woode for wrotbe.
 He sighe the gates full of bloode,
 Telegonus and where he stooode
 He sighe also, but he ne knewe,
 What man it was, but to hym threwe
 His speare, and he sterte oute a side:
 Bat destine, whiche shall betide,
 Befell that ilke time so:
 Telegonus knewe nothyng tho,
 What man it was, that to hym caste:
 And while his owne speare laste,
 With all the signe therupon,
 He cast vnto the kyng anon,
 And smote hym with a dedly wounde,
 Vllyses felle anone to grounde.
 Tho euery man, the kyng the kyng
 Began to crie, and of this thyng
 Telegonus whiche sigh the caas,
 On knees he felle, and saide alas,
 I haue myn owne fader slayne,
 Nowe wolde I deie wonder fayne,
 Nowe slea me, who that euer wille.
 For certes it is right and skill.
 He crieth, he wepeth, he seith therfore
 Alas that euer was I bore,
 That this vnhappie destinee
 So wofully comth in by mee.
 This kyng, whiche yet hath life enough,
 His herte a yen vnto hym drough,
 And to that voyce an eare he layde,
 And vnderstode all that he saide,
 And gan to speke, and sayde on high:
 Brynge me this man: and when he sigh
 Telegonus, his thought he sette
 Upon the swenen, whiche he mette,
 And asketh, that he might see
 His speare, on whiche the fishes three
 He sigh vpon the pensell wrought.
 Tho wist he well, it faileth nought,
 And bad hym, that he tell sholde,
 Fro whens he came, and what he wolde.
 Telegonus in sorowe and wo,
 So as he might, tolde tho
 Cuto Vllyses all the cas,
 How that Circes his mother was:
 And so forth saide hym euery dele,
 How that his moder griete hym wele,
 And in what wise she hym sent.
 Tho wist Vllyses what it ment,
 And toke hym in his armes softe,
 And all bledend kist hym ofte,
 And said: Sonne while I liue,
 This infortune I the foryeue.
 After his other sonne in haste
 He sente, and he began hym haste,

And cam vnto his fader tite.
 But whan he sigh hym in suche plite.
 He wolde haue ronne vpon that other
 Anone, and slayne his owne brother,
 Ne had ben that Vllyses
 Betwene hem made a corde and pees.
 And to his heire Thelemachus
 He bad, that he Telegonus
 With all his power shuld kepe,
 Till he were of his woundes depe
 All hole, and than he shulde hym yeue
 Londe, where vpon he might liue.
 Thelemachus whan he this herde,
 Unto his fader he answerde,
 And seide: he wolde doone his wille.
 So dwelle thei togeder stille
 These bretherne, and the fader sterueth.
 Lo wberof sorcerie serueth:
 Through sorcerie his lust he wau,
 Through sorcerie his wo began,
 Through sorcerie his loue he cheese,
 Through sorcerie his life he lese.
 The child was gete in sorcerie,
 The whiche did all his felonie.
 Thing whiche was ayen kinde wrought,
 Unkyndliche it was about,
 The childe his owne fader slough,
 That was vnkynship enough.
 For thy take hede howe that it is,
 So for to wyne loue amis,
 Whiche cadeth all his ioye in wo.
 For of this arte I finde so,
 That hath be do for loues sake,
 Wberof thou might insample take
 A great cronicke Emperiall,
 Whiche euer in to memorall
 Amonge the men, howe so it wende,
 Shall dwelle to the worldes ende

Hic narrat exemplum super eodem, qualiter Nectanabus de Egypto in Macedoniam fugitiuus Olimpiadem Philippi regis ibidem tunc absentis uxorem arte magica decipiens, cum ipsa concubuit, magnumque ex ea Alexandrum sortelegus genuit, qui natus postea cum ad erudiendum sub custodia Nectanabi commendatus fuisset, ipsum Nectanabum patrem suum ab altitudine cuiusdam turris in fossam profundam precipiens interfecit. Et sic sortelegus pro suo sortelegio infortanii sortem sortitus est.

THE high creatour of thynges,
 Whiche is the kyng of all kynges,
 Full many wonder worldes chance
 Let slide vnder his sufferance,
 There wote no man the cause whye,
 But he, the whiche is almightye,
 And that was proued whilom thus
 Whan that the kyng Nectanabus,
 Whiche had Egypte for to lede,
 But for he sigh tofore the dede,
 Through magike of his sorcerie,
 Wberof he couth a great partie,
 His enemies to hym comende,
 From whom he might hym not defende:
 Out of his owne londe he fledde,
 And in the wise, as he hym dreedde,
 It felle, for all his witchcraft:
 So that Egypte hym was heraste,

And he disguised fledde awaie
 By ship, and helde the right wale
 To Macedoyne, where that hee
 Arriueth at the chiefe citee.
 Thre yomen of his chambre there
 All only for to serue hym wert,
 The whiche he trusteth wonder welle.
 Fer thei were trewe as ony steele,
 And hapneth, that thei wich hym hadde
 Parte of the best good he hadde.
 Thei take lodgyng in the towne
 After the disposicion,
 Where as hym thought best to dwell.
 He axeth than, and herde telle,
 Howe that the kyng was out go
 Upon a werre he had tho.
 But in that citee than was
 The quene, whiche Olympias
 Was hote, and with solempnitee
 The feste of hir natiuitee,
 As it befell, was than holde
 And for hir lust to be behold
 And prised of the people about,
 She shope hir for to riden out
 At after meate all openly.
 Anone all men were redie,
 And that was in the moneth of Maie.
 This lusty quene in good araic
 Was sette vpon a mule white,
 Te sene it was a great delite,
 The ioye that the citee made.
 With freshe thynges, and with glade
 The noble towne was all behonged,
 And euery wight was sore alonged
 To see this lustie ladie ride.
 There was great myrth on all side,
 Where as she passeth by the streate,
 There was ful many a tymbre beate,
 And many a maide carolende.
 And thus through out the towne plaienda
 This quene vnto the pleine rode,
 Where that she houed and abode,
 To se diuers games plaie.
 The lustie fulke iust and tournaye,
 And so forth euery other man,
 Whiche-pley couth, his play began,
 To please with this noble quene.
 Nectanabus came to the grene
 Amonges other, and drough hym nigh:
 But whan that he this ladie sigh,
 And of hir beautee hede toke,
 He couth not withholde his loke
 To see nought els in the felde:
 But stode, and only hir behelde.
 Of his clothyng, and of his gere
 He was vnliche all other there,
 So that it happeneth at laste,
 The quene vpon hym hir eie cast,
 And knewe, that he was straunge, anone.
 But he behelde hir euer in one,
 Without blenchynge of his chere.
 She toke good hede of his manere,
 And wondreth, why he did so,
 And bad men shulde for hym go.
 He came, and did her renerece.
 And she hym asketh in silence,
 From whens he cam, and what he wolde,
 And he with sobre wordes tolde.
 He saith: Madame a clerke I am,
 To you and in message I cam,

The whiche I maie not tellen here:
 But if it liketh you to here,
 It mote be saide so priuely,
 Where none shall be, but ye and I.

Thus for the tyme he toke his leue.
 The daie gothe forthe till it was eue,
 That euery man mote leue his werke,
 And she thought euer vpon this clerke,
 What thyng it is, that he wolde mene.
 And in this wise abode the quene,
 And ouerpassest thilke night,
 Till it was on the morowe light.
 She sende for hym, and he came,
 With hym his Astrolabe he name
 With pointes and cercles metrefoua.
 Whiche was of fine golde precious.

And eke the beuenty figures
 Wrought in a boke full of peintures
 He toke this ladie for to shewe,
 And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
 The cours and the condicion.

And she with great affection
 Sate still and herde what he wold.

And thus whan he seeth tyme, he tolde,
 And feigneth with his wordes wise
 A tale, and seith in suche a wise.

Madame but a while a go,
 Where I was in Egypte tho,
 And radde in schole of this science,
 It fell in to my conscience,
 That I vnto the temple went,
 And there with all my hollie entent,
 As I my sacrifice dede,
 One of the goddes hath me bede,
 That I you warne priuely,
 So that ye make you redy,
 And that ye be nothing agast.
 For he suche loue hath to you cast,
 That ye shall bene his owne dere,
 And he shall be your bedfere,
 Till ye conceiue and be with childe.
 And with that worde she wer all milde,
 And somdele redde became for shame,
 And asketh hym the goddes name,
 Whiche so woll doone hir companye.

And he seide Amos of Lubie.
 And she saith, that maie I not leue:
 But if I see a better preue.

Madame quod Nectanabus,
 In token that it shall be thus,
 This night for enformacion
 Ye shall haue a vision,
 That Amos shall to you appere,
 To shewe and teche in what manere
 The thyng shall afterwarde befall.
 Ye ougten well abouen all
 To make ioye of suche a lorde.
 Fur whan ye be of one accorde,
 He shall a sonne of you begete,
 Whiche with his swerde shall win and gete
 The wide worlde in lengthe and breite.

All erthely kynges shall hym drede.

And in suche wise I you bebote
 Tho god of erth he shall be hote.

If this be sothe, tho quod the quene,
 This night (thou seyest) it shall be sene:
 And if it fall in to my grace,
 Of god Amos that I purchase,
 To take of hym so great worship:
 I woll do the suche ladiship,

Wherof thou shalt for euermo
 Be riche. And he hir thanketh tho,
 And toke his leue, and forthe he wente,
 She wist litell, what he ment.
 For it was gyle and sorcerie,
 All that she toke for prophecie.
 Nectanabus through out the daie,
 When he cam home, where as he laie,
 His chambre he him selfe betoke,
 And coertorneth many a boke:
 And through the craftes of artemage,
 Of were he forged an ymage:
 He loketh his equacions,
 And eke the constellacions,
 He loketh the coniuacions,
 He loketh the recepcions,
 His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
 And draweth fortune of his ascēt.
 The name of queene Olimpias
 In thilke image writteen was
 Amides in the front aboue.
 And thus to winne his lust of loue,
 Nectanabus this werke hath dight,
 And whan it came within night,
 That euery wight is fall a slepe,
 He thought he wolde his time kepe,
 As he, whiche hath his houre appointed.
 And than fyrste he hath anoynted,
 With sondrie herbes that figure:
 And therevpon he gan coniure,
 So that through his enchantement,
 This ladie, whiche was innocent,
 And wiste nothyng of this guile,
 Mette, as she slepte thilke while,
 Howe fro the heauen came a light,
 Whiche all hir chambre made light:
 And as she loketh to and fro,
 She sigh, hir thought, a dragon tho,
 Whose scherdes shynen as the sonne,
 And hath his soft pas begonne,
 With all the chere that he maie,
 Towarde the bedde there as she laie,
 Till he came to the beddes side,
 And she laie still, and nothyng cride.
 For he did all his thynges faire,
 And was courteis, and debonaire.
 And as he stode hir fast by,
 His forme he chaungeth sodeinly,
 And the figure of man he nome:
 To hir and in to bedde he come,
 And such thing ther of loue he wrought,
 Wherof, so as hir than thought,
 Through likenes of this god Amos,
 With childe anone hir wombe aros,
 And she was wonder glad withall.
 Nectanabus, whiche causeth all,
 Of this metred the substance,
 Whan he seeth tyme his nycromance
 He stynt, and nothyng more seyde
 Of his carecte, and she shreyde
 Out of hir slepe, and leueth wale,
 That it is soth than euery dele,
 Of that this clerke hir had tolde,
 And was the gladder many folde,
 In hope of suche a glad metrede,
 Whiche after shall befall in dede.
 She longeth sore after the daie
 That she hir swesen telle maie
 To this gylour in priuete,
 Whiche knewe it also well as abee.

And netheles on morowe soone,
 She lefte all other thinge to doone,
 And for him sant: and all the cas
 She tolde hym pleyneley, as it was,
 And sayde: howe than well she wist,
 That she his wordes might trist.
 For she fonde hir auision
 Right after the condicion,
 Whiche he hir had tolde to fore,
 And prayde hym hertely therfore,
 That he hir holde couenant
 So forth of all the remenant,
 That she maie through his ordinaunce
 Towardes god do suche plesance,
 That she wakende might hym kepe
 In suche wise, as she met a slepe.
 And he that couth of gile enough,
 Whan he this herde, for ioye he lough,
 And seyth: Madame it shall be do.
 But this I warne you therto
 This night, whan that he comth to plaie
 That there be no liefe in the waie,
 But I, that shall at his likyng
 Ordeime so for his comyng
 That ye ne shall not of hym fayle.
 For this madame I you counsaile,
 That ye it kepe so priuce,
 That no wight els, but we thre
 Haue knowlechynge, howe that it is.
 For els might it fare amis,
 If ye did ought, that shuld him greus.
 And thus he maketh hir to beleue,
 And feigneth vnder guile feith.
 But netheles all that he seyth,
 She throweth: and ayene the night
 She hath within hir chambre dight
 Where as this guiler fast by,
 Upon this god shall priuely
 Awaitte, as he makth hir to wene.
 And thus this noble gentill queene,
 Whan she most trusted, was deceyued.
 The night cam, the chambre is weiued,
 Nectanabus hath take his place,
 And whan he sigh tyme and space,
 Through the disceite of his magike,
 He put hym out of mans like,
 And of a dragon toke the forme,
 As he, whiche wolde hym all conforme
 To that she sawe in sweuen er this.
 And thus to chambre come he is
 The queene laie a bed, and sighe,
 And hopeth euer, as he came nighe,
 That he the god of Lubie were,
 So hath she well the lease fere.
 But for he wolde hir more assure,
 Yet este he chaungeth his figure,
 And of a wether the likenesse
 He toke in signe of his noblesse,
 With large hornes for the nones
 Of fine goide and riche stoness
 A crowne on his head he bare,
 And sodeinliche, er she was ware,
 As he whiche all guile can,
 His forme he torneth in to man,
 And came to bedde, and she laie still,
 Where as she suffreth all his will,
 As she, whiche wende not misdo.
 But netheles it hapneth so,
 All though she were in parts deceiued,
 Yet for all that she hath conceiued

The worst of all kith,
 Whiche euer was tofore or sith,
 Of conquest, and of chivalrie,
 So that through gyle and sorcerie
 There was that noble knight begonne,
 Whiche all the worlde hath after woune,

Thus fell the thyng, whiche fall shulde
 Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
 With gyle he hath his loue sped,
 With gyle he came in to the bed,
 With gyle he goth hym out ayene,
 He was a shrewed chamberleyne,
 So as to begyle a worthy quene,
 And that on hym was after sene.
 But netheles the thyng is do,
 This fals god was soone go
 With his deceite, and helde hym close,
 Till morow cam, that he arose:
 And tho whan tyme and leiser was,
 The quene tolde hym all the cas,
 As she, that gyle none supposeth,
 And of two pointes she hym apposeth.

One was, if that this god no more
 Will come ayene: and ouermore,
 How she shall stonden in accorde
 With kyng Philip hir owne lorde,
 When he comth home, and seeth hir grone.

Madame, he seith, let me alone,
 As for the god I vndertake,
 That whan it liketh you to take
 His companie at any throwe,
 If I a daie to fore it knowe,
 He shall be with you on the night:
 And he is wel of suche a might
 To kepe you from al blame.
 For thy comforte you madame,
 There shall none other cause bee.
 Thus toke he leue, and forth goth hee.
 And tho began he for to muse,
 Howe he the quene might excuse
 Towarde the kyng, of that is falle,
 And founde a craft amonges alle,
 Through whiche he hath a sea foule danted
 With his magike and so enchanted,
 That he flewe forth, whan it was night
 Unto the kynges tent right,
 Where that he laie amidde his hoste.
 And whan he was a slepe moste,
 With that the sea foule to him brought
 An other charme, whiche he wrought
 At home within his chamber stille.
 The kyng he torneth at his wille,
 And makth him for to dreame and see
 The dragon, and the priuete, whiche
 Whiche was betwene him and the quene.
 And ouer that he made him wene
 In sweuen, howe that the god Amos,
 Whan he vp from the quene aros,
 Toke forth a ringe, wherin a stone
 Was set, and graue therupon
 A sonne, in whiche whan he came nighe,
 A lion with a swerde he sigh.
 And with that prente, as he so mette,
 Upon the quenes wombe he sette
 A seale, and goth him forth his waie,
 With that the sweuen went awaie.
 And tho began the kyng awake,
 And sighed for his wiues sake
 Where as he lay within his tent,
 And hath great wonder, what it mente.

With that he basted him to rise,
 Anone and sent after the wise.
 Amonge the whiche there was one
 A clerke, his name is Amphion:
 Whan he the kynges sweuen herde,
 What it betokeneth he anwerde,
 And saith, as sekerly as the lyfe
 A god hath layne by thy wife,
 And gotte a sonne, whiche shall wyne
 The worlde, and all that is within.

As the lion is kyng of bestes,
 So shall the worlde obeie his hestes,
 Which with his swerde shal al be woune,
 Als ferre as shineth any sonne.

The kyng was doutife of this dome,
 But netheles whan that he come
 Ageyne into his owne loude,
 His wife with childe great he founde,
 He might not him selfen sterc,
 That he ne made hir heue chere.
 But he whiche couth of all sorowe,
 Nectanabus vpon the morowe,
 Through the deceite of Nicromance,
 Toke of a dragon the semblance,
 And where the kyng sat in his halle,
 Cam in rampende amonge hem all,
 With such a noise, and suche a rore,
 That they agast were all so sore,
 As though they shulde die anone:
 And netheles he greueth none,
 But goth towarde the deise on his:
 And whan he cam the quene nie,
 He stint his noyse, and in his wise,
 To hir he profreth his seraice,
 And laieth his head vpon hir barme.
 And she with goodly chere hir arme
 About his necke ayenwarde layde.
 And thus the quene with him playde,
 In sight of all men about:
 And at last he gan to loute,
 And obeysance vnto hir make,
 As he that wolde his leue take.
 And sodenlie his lothly forme
 In to an eghe he gan transforme,
 And flewe, and set him on a rayle,
 Wherof the kyng had great meruaile.
 For there he pruneth hym and piketh,
 As doth an hauke, whan him well liketh:
 And after that him selfe he shoke,
 Wherof that all the halle quoke,
 As it a trespote were.
 They seyden all, god was there.
 In suche a rees and forth he flieth.

The kyng, which all this wonder sigh,
 Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
 Unto the quene made his mone,
 And of foryues he hir praide.
 For than he knewe well, as he sayde,
 She was with childe with a god.

Thus was the kyng without rod
 Chastised, and the quene excused,
 Of that she had ben accused.

And for the greater euidence,
 Yet after that in the presence
 Of kyng Philip, and other mo,
 Whan they yode in the fildes tho,
 A fesant came before hir eie,
 The whiche anone, as they hir seie
 Fleende, let an neie downe falle
 And it to brake tofore hem alle.

And as they taken therof kepe,
They sigh out of the shelle crepe
A litell serpent on the grounde,
Whiche rampeth all aboute rounde,
And in ayene he woll haue wonne,
But for the brenning of the bonne
It might not, and so he deide:
And therupon the clerkes seide,
As the serpent, when it was out,
Went enuiron the shelle aboute,
And might not torne in ayene.
So shall it fall in certeyne.

This childe the worlde shall enuiron,
And aboue all, the corone
Hym shall befall, in his yonge age,
He shall desire in his corage,
Whan all the worlde is in his honde.
To turne ayene vnto the londe,
Where he was bore, and in his weye
Homewarde he shall with poysoun deye.

The kynge, whiche al this sigh and herde,
For that daie forth, howe so it ferde,
His ielousie hath all foryete:
But he, whiche hath the childe begete,
Nectanabus, in priuete,
The tyme of his natiuitee.
Upon the constellation
Awayteth, and relacion
Maketh to the queene, how he had do,
And every boure appoynteth so,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due tyme is bore
This childe: and forthwith therupon
There fell wooders many one
Of terremote vniuerale.

The sonne toke coloure of stele,
And lost his light, the wyndes blew,
And many strengthes ouerthrewe,
The sea his propre kynde changeth,
And all the worlde his ferme strangeth.

The thunder with his fire leuen
So cruell was vpon the heuen,
That euery ertly creature
Tho thought his life in auenture.
The tempest at last cesseth,
The childe is keppe, his age encreceeth:
And Alisander his name is bote,
To whom Callisthene, and Aristote,
To techen him philosophie
Entenden: and astronomie.

(With other thinges, which he couth,
Also to teche him in his youth)
Nectanabus toke vpon honde,
But every man maie vnderstonde
Of sorcery howe that it wende,
It wolle him selfe proue at ende
And namely for to begile
A ladie whiche withoute gyle
Supposeth trouthe all that she hereth:
But often he, that euill stereth,
His ship is dreint therein a midde:
And in this cas right so betydde.
Nectanabus vpon a night,
Whan it was faire and sterre light,
This yonge lorde lad vpon highe
Aboue a towre, where as he sighe
The sterres, suche as he accounteth,
And saieeth, what eche of hem amounteth,
As though he knewe of all thyng,
Yet hath he no knowlechings

What shall vnto him selfe befall.

Whan he hath tolde his wordes all,
This yonge lorde than him apposeth,
And asketh, if that he supposeth,
What deith he shuld him selfe deie,

He seith, or fortune is awie,
And euery sterre hath lost his wonne,
Or els of mine owne sonne
I shall be slain, I maie not flee.

Thought Alisander in priuete,
Herof this olde dotarde lieth.
And er that other ought aspieth,
All soeinliche his olde bones
He shofe ouer the walle at ones,
And saith hym: Lie downe there a parte,
Wherof nowe serueth all thyn arte?
Thou knewe all other mens chance,
And of thy selfe hast ignorance,
That thou hast sayd amonges all,
Of thy persone is not befall.

Nectanabus whiche bath his death,
Yet whiles hym lasteth life and bretteh,
To Alisander he spake, and seyd:
That he with wrong blame on him leid.
Pro poynt to poynt and all the cas
He tolde, howe he his sonne was.

Tho he, whiche sorie was enough,
Out of the diche his father drough,
And tolde his mother, howe it ferde
In counsaile. And when she it herde,
And knewe the tokens, whiche he tolde,
She nist what she saie sholde,
But stode abashed, as for the while,
Of this magike, and all the gile,
She thought, how that she was deceiued,
That she hath of a man conceiued,
And wende a god it had be.

But nethelesse in suche degre
So as she might hir honour saue,
She shope the body was begraue.

And thus Nectanabus abought
The sorcerie, whiche he wrought,
Though he vpon the creatures,
Through his carectes and figures
The maistris and the power had,
His creatour to nought hym lad,
Ageyne whose lawe his crafte he vsseth,
When he for lust his god refuseth,
And toke hym to the deuils crafte:
Lo what profite is hym belaste:
That thyng, through which he wepd haue stonde,
First him exiled out of londe,
Which was his owne, and from a kynge
Made hym to be an vnderlyng:
And sythen to deceyue a queene,
That torneth hym to mochel tene,
Through lust of loue he gat hym hate,
That ende couth he nought abate,
His olde sleightes, whiche he cast,
Yonge Alisandre hym ouercast.

His fader, whiche hym misbegat
He sloughe, a great mishappe was that.
But for o myz, an other mis
Was yulde, and so full ofte it is.

Nectanabus his crafte miswent,
And so it misfell hym, er he went.
I not what helpeth that clergie,
Whiche maketh a man to do folie,
And namesliche of Nicromance,
Whiche stont vpon the miscreance.

Nota qualiter rex Zoroastes statim cum ab vtero
matris sue nasceretur gaudio magno risit, in
quo pronosticum doloris subsequens signum
figurabatur. Nam et ipse detestabilis artis
magice primus fuit inventor, quem postea rex
Surrie dira morte trucidavit, et sic opus ope-
rarium consumpsit.

AND for to see more evidence
Zoroastes, whiche the experience
Of arte magike first forth drough,
Anone as he was bore he lough,
Whiche token was of wo suynge.
For of his owne controuynge
He foud magik, and taught it forth,
But all that was him litell worth.
For of surry a worthy kynge,
Him slewe, and that was his endynge.
But yet through him this craft is vsed,
And he through all the worlde excused.
For it shall neuer well achene,
That stont not right with the beleue,
But liche to wolle is euill sponne,
Who leseth hym selfe hath litell wonne.
And ende proueth euery thyng.

Sanl, whiche was of lewes kynge,
Up payne of deth forbad this arte:
And yet he toke therof his parte.

The phitonisse in Samarie
Yafe hym counsaile by sorcerie,
Whiche after felle to moche sorowe.
For he was slayne vpon the morowe.
To conne moohell thyng it helpeth,
But of to moche on maan yelpeth.

So for to loken on euery side,
Magike maie not well betide.

For thy my sonne I woll the rede,
That thou of these ensamples drede,
That for no lust of erthly loue
Thou seche so to come aboue,
Wherof as in the worlde wonder,
Thou shalt for euer be put vnder.

My good fader graunt mercy.
For euer I shall beware therby,
Of loue what me so befall,
Suche sorcery abouen all,
Fro this day forth I shall eschewe,
That so ne wyll I not pursue
My lust of loue for to seche.
But this I wolde you beseeche,
Beside that me stant of loue,
As I you herd speke aboue,
Howe Alisandre was betraught
Of Aristotle, and so well taught
Of all that to a kynge belongeth,
Wherof my herte sore longeth
To witte what it wolde mene.
For by reason I wolde wene,
But if I herde of thynges strange,
Yet for a tyme it shuld change
My payne, and liue me somdele.

My good sonne thou sayest wele.
For wisdomme howe that euer it stonde,
To hym that can it vnderstonde,
Doth great profite in sondrie wise:
But touchend of so highe a prise,
Whiche is not vnto Venus knowe,
I maie it not my selfe knowe,
Whiche of hir courtes am all forth drawe
And can nothyng but of hir lawe.

But netheles to knowe more,
As well as thou, me longeth sore:
And for it helpeth to commune,
All be thei wought to me commune
The scholes of philosophie:
Yet thinke I for to specifie,
In bokes as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mightest be amended.
For though I be not all counninge,
Upon the forme of this writinge,
Some part therof yet I haue herde,
In this mater howe it hath ferde.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEXTUS.

Omnibus in causis sapiens doctrina salutem
Consequitur, nec habet quis nisi doctus opem.
Naturam superat doctrina viro quod et ortus,
Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit.
Non ita discretus hominum per climata regnat,
Quin magis vt sapiat, indiget ipse schola.

Quia omnis doctrina bona humano regimini salu-
tem confert, in hoc septimo libro ad instantiam
amantis languidi intendit Genius illam, ex qua
philosophi et Astrologi philosophie doctrinam
regem Alexandrum imbuerunt, secundum aliquid
declarare. Diuidit enim philosophiam in tres
partes, quarum prima Theoretica, secunda Rhetorica,
tercia Practica nuncupata est, de quarum
condicioibus subsequenter per singula tractabit.

INCIPIT LIBER SEPTIMUS,

I GENUS the preest of loue,
My son as thou hast praid aboue,
That I the schole shall declare
Of Aristotle, and eke the fare
Of Alisander, howe he was taught,
I am somdele therof distraught.
For it is not the matere
Of loue, why we sitten here
To shriue, so as Venus badde.
But netheles for it is gladde,
So as thou saiest for thyn apprise,
To here of suche thynges wise,
Wherof thou might thy tyme lisse,
So as I can, I shall the wisse.
For wisdomme is at euery throwe,
Aboue all other thyng to knowe,
In loues cause and els where.
For thy my sonne vnto thyn care,
Though it be not in the registre
Of Venus, yet of that Calisthre
And Aristotle whilom writte
To Alisander, thou shalt witte.
But for the lores ben diuers,
I thinke first to the reherce
The matter of philosophie,
Whiche Aristotle of his clergie,
Wise and experte in the science,
Declared thifke intelligence,
As of the poyntes principalle.
Wherof the first in speciale
Is Theorike, whiche is grounded
On him, which al the worlde hath founded,
Whiche comprehended al the lore.
And for to loken ouermore

Next of science the seconde
Is Rhetoric, whose faconde
Above all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in iudgement,
So well can no man speke as hee.
The last science of the three.
It is practike, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice,
And techeth vpon good thewes
To fle the companie of shrewes,
Whiche stant in disposicion
Of mannes fre election.

Practike enformeth eke the rewle,
Howe that a worthie kynge shall rule
His realme, both in werre and pees.

Lo thus dane Aristoteles
These thre sciences hath deuided,
And in nature also deuided,
Wherof that eche of hem shall serue.

The first, whiche is the conserue
And keper of the remenante,
As that, whiche is most suffisante,
And chiefe of the philosophie.
If I therof sha'l specifie,
So as the philosopher tolde,
Nowe herke, and kepe that thou it holde.

Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum,
Sui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoque iuuat nescire, sed illud,
Quod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.

Hic tractat de prima parte philosophie, que
Theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata est
scientia, scilicet Theologia, Phisica, et Mathe-
matica, Sed primo illam partem Theologicę de-
clarabit.

Of Theorike principalle
The philosopher in speciatte
The propertes hath determined,
As thilke whiche is enlumined
Of wisdom, and of high prudence,
Above all other in his science,
And stant departed vpon three.
The first of whiche in his degree
Is cleped in philosophie,
The science of Theologie.
That other named is phisike,
The thirde is seide Mathematicke.

Theologie is that science,
Whiche vnto man yeueth euidence
Of thyng, whiche is not bodily,
Wherof men knowe redily
The high almighty trinitee,
Whiche is o god in vnitee,
Withouten ende and begynnyng,
And creature of all thynges,
Of heuen, of erthe, and of hell,
Wherof (as olde bokes tell)
The philosopher in his reason
Wrote vpon this conclusion:
And of his writyng is a clense
He clepeth god the firste cause,
Whiche of hym selfe is thilke good,
Withouten whom nothing is good,
Of whiche that every creature
Hath his beyng, and his nature.
After the beyng of the thynges
There ben thre formes of beynges,

Nota quod triplex dicitur essentia. Prima tem-
poranea, que incipit et desinit: Secunda per-
petua, que incipit, et non desinit: Tertia som-
piterna, que nec incipit, nec desinit.

THYNG, whiche began, and ende shall,
That thyng is cleped temporall.
There is also by other weye
Thyng, whiche began and shall not deye,
As soules, that ben spirituall,
Her beyng is perpetuell.

But there is one aboue the sonne,
Whose tyme neuer was bigonne,
And endles shall euer bee:
That is the god, whose magesterie
All other thynges shall gouerne,
And his beyng is sempiterna.

The god, to whom all honoure
Belongeth, he is creatoure.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That thei to him obeien all
Withouten hym, what so befalle
Her might is none. and he maie all:
The god was euer and euer shall
And thei begonne of his assente.

The times al ben present
To god, and to hem all vnknowe,
But what hym liketh, that thei knowe.
Thus both an angel and a man,
The whiche of all, that god began,
Ben chief, obeien goddes might:
And he stont endeles vp right.

To this science ben priuee
The clerkes of diuinitee,
The whiche vnto the people preche
The feith of holy churche and teche,
Whiche in one cas vpon beleue
Stant more than thei can preue
By wey of argument sensible,
But netheles it is credible,
And doth a man great mede haue,
To hym that thinketh hym selfe to saue,
Theology in suche a wise
Of highe science and highe aprise,
Above all other stant vnlike,
And is the first of theorike.

Nota de secunda parte Theorice, que Phisica
dicitur.

PHISIKE is after the seconde,
Through which the philosopher hath fonde.
To teche sondrie knowlechynges
Upon the bodeliche thynges
Of man, of beast, of herbe, of stone,
Of fishe, of fowle, of euerichone,
That ben of bodily substance,
The nature and the circumstance.
Through this science it is full sought
Which vailleth and whiche vailleth nought.

Nota de tertia parte Theorice, que Mathematica
dicitur, cuius condicio quatuor in se continet
intelligentias, scilicet Arithmetiam, Musicam,
Geometriam, et Astronomiam, Sed primo de
Arithmetice natura diuere intendit.

THE third point of Theorike,
Whiche cleped is Mathematicke,

Decided is in sondrie wise,
 And stant vpon diuers apprise.
 The first of whiche is Arthmetike,
 And the second is said Musike,
 The third is eke Geometric,
 And the forth Astronomie.
 Of Arthmetike the matere
 Is that of whiche a man maie lere,
 What Algorisme in nombre amounteth,
 Whan that the wise man accounteth
 After the formel propertes
 Of Algorismes a, b, c.
 By whiche multiplicacion
 Is made, and diminucion
 Of sommes by the experience
 Of this arte, and of this science.

Nota de musica, que secunda pars artis mathematice dicitur.

THE seconde of mathematike,
 Whiche is the science of musike,
 That teacheth vpon harmonie
 A man to maken melodie
 By voice and sounne of instrument,
 Through notes of accordement,
 The whiche men pronounce alofte,
 Nowe sharpe notes, and nowe softe,
 Nowe hie notes, and nowe lowe,
 As by Gam vt, a man may knowe,
 Whiche techeth the prolacion
 Of note, and the condicion.

Nota de tertia specie artis Mathematici, quam Geometriam vocant.

MATHEMATIKÉ of his science
 Hath yet the thirde intelligence,
 Full of wisdom and of clergie,
 And cleped is Geometrie:
 Through which a man hath the sleight
 Of length, of brede, of depth, of height
 To knowe the proporcion
 By very calculacion
 Of this science: and in this wise
 These olde philosophres wise,
 Of all this worldes erth rounde
 Howe large, howe thicke was the grounde,
 Contriued by the experience
 The Cercle, and the circumference
 Of euery thyng vnto the heuen,
 Thei setten point and measure euen.
 Mathematike aboute the erth
 Of high science aboute the firth,
 Whiche speketh vpon Astronomie,
 And techeth of the sterres hie,
 Begynnyng vpwarde fro the moone.
 But first, as it was for to doone,
 This Aristotle in other thyng,
 Unto this worthy yonge kynge
 The kynde of euery element,
 Whiche stant vnder the firmament,
 Howe it is made, and in what wise,
 Fro point to point he gan deuise.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creauit origo:
 Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
 Nostraque quadruplici complexio sorte creatur.
 Corpore sicque suo stat variatus homo.

Hic tractat de creatione quatuor elementorum,
 scilicet terre, aque, aeris, et ignis, Necnon et
 de eorum naturis, nam et singulis proprietates
 singule attribuantur.

TOFORE the creacion
 Of ouy worldes stacion,
 Of heuen, of erthe, or eke of hell,
 So as these olde bokes tell,
 As sounne to fore the songe is set,
 And yet thei ben to gether knet:
 Right so the high purueance
 Tho had vnder his ordenance
 A great substance, a great mattere,
 Of whiche he wolde in his manere
 These other thynges make and forme.
 For yet withouten any forme
 Was that matere vniuersall,
 Which high Ilem in speciall,
 Of Ilem, as I gm enforced,
 These elementes ben made and formed.
 Of Ilem elementes thei hote,
 After the schole of Aristote,
 Of whiche if more I shall reherse,
 Foure elementes there ben diuerse.

Nota de terra, quod est primum elementum.

THE first of hem, men erthe call,
 Whiche is the lowest of hem all:
 And is his forme in shape rounde,
 Substantiall, stronge, sad, and sounde
 As that, whiche made is sufficient,
 To beare vp all the remenant.
 For as the point in a compas
 Stant euen amidde, right so was
 This erthe set, and shall abide,
 That it maie swerue to no side.
 And hath his centre after the lawe
 Of kinde: and to that Centre drawe
 Desireth euery worldes thyng:
 If there ne were no lettyng.

Nota de aqua, quod est secundum elementum.

AMONG the erthe kepeth his bounde
 The water, whiche is the seconde
 Of elementes: and all without
 It enuironneth therthe about.
 But as it sheweth nought for thy
 The subtile water mightily,
 Though it be of hym seife softe,
 The strength of the erth passeth ofte.
 For right as veines ben of blood
 In man, right so the water flood
 Therth of his cours makth ful of veines,
 Als well the hilles as the pleines:
 And that a man maie seen at eie.
 For wber the hilles ben most hie,
 There maie men well stremes fnde.
 So preueth it by waie of kinde,
 The water higher than the londe.
 And ouer this nowe vnderstonde.

Nota de aere, quod est tertium elementum.

AYER is the thirde of elementes,
 Of whose kinde his aspiementes
 Taketh euery liuissime creature,
 The whiche shall vpon erth endure:

For as the fiashe, if it be drie,
Mote in defeaute of water drie:
Right so without aier on line
No man, ne beast, might thrine,
The whiche is made of fleshe and bone,
There is out take of all none.

Nota quod aer in tribus periferis diuiditur.

THIS aier in periferis three
Decided is of suche degree:
Beneth is one, and one amidde,
To whiche aboue is the thridde.
And vpon the deuisions,
There beu diuers impressions,
Of moyst, and eke of drie also,
Whiche of the soune both two
Ben drawe, and baled vpon hie,
And maken cloudes in the skie,
And shewed is at mans sight,
Wherof by daie, and eke by night,
After the tymes of the yere,
Amonge vs vpon erth here,
In sondrie wise thynges falle.

Nota de prima aeris periferia.

THE firste periferie of all
Egendreth mist, and ouermore
The dewes, and the frostes here,
After thilke interstion,
In whiche thei take impression.

Nota de secunda aeris periferia.

FRo the seconde, as bokes seyne,
The moyst droppes of the reyne
Descenden in to the middel erth,
And tempreth it to sede and erth,
And doth to springe gras and floure:
And ofte also the great shoure
Out of suche place it maie be take,
That it the forme shall forsake
Of reyne, and in to snowe be turned.
And eke it maie be so souirned,
In sondrie places vp alofte,
That in to hayle it tourneth ofte.

Nota de tertia aeris periferia.

THE thirde of aier, after the lawe,
Through suche matere as is vp drawe
Of drie thynges, as it is ofte,
Amonge the cloudes vpon lofte,
And is so close, it maie not out:
Than is it chased sore about,
Till it to fire and leyte falle,
And than it breketh the cloudes all,
The whiche of so great noyse craken,
That thei the fearefull thunder maken.
The thunder stroke smit, er it leyte,
And yet men sene the fire and leyte,
The thunder stroke er that men here.
So maie it well be proued here
In thynges, whiche shewed is fro ferre,
A mans eie is there verre,
Than is the sounde to mans eare.
And netheles it is great feare
Both of the stroke, and of the fire,
Of whiche is no recouerire

In place where that thei disconde,
But if god wolde his grace sende.

Nota qualiter ignes, quos motantur in aere, discurrere videmus, secundum varias apparente formas, varia gestant uomina, quorum primus Aasub, Secundus Capra saliens, tertius Eges, Et quartus Daali in libris philosophorum nuncupatus est.

AND for to spoken ouer this,
In this parte of the aire it is,
That men full ofte sene by night:
The fire in sondrie forme alight:
Somtyme the fire drake it semeth,
And so the lewde people it demeth,
Somtyme it semeth as it were
A sterre, whiche that glideth there.
But it is nether of the two,
The philosophre telleth so,
And seith: that of impressions,
Through diuers exaltacious
Upon the cause and the matere,
Men sene diuerse forme appere
Of fire, the whiche hath sondrie name.
Assub, he saith, is thilke same,
The whiche in sondrie place is founde,
When it is fall downe to grounde
So as the fire it hath auclid,
Like vnto slime, whiche is congeled.

Of exaltacion I finde

Fire kenled of the same kinde,
But it is of an other forme,
Wherof, if that I shall conforme
The figure vnto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this:
That it is like a goat skipende:
And for that it is suche semende,
It is hote Capra saliens.
And eke these Astronomiens
An other fire also by night,
Whiche sheweth hym to mans sight,
Thei clepen Eges, the whiche brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that remneth
Upon a corde, as thou haste sene,
When it with poudre is so besene
Of sulphur, and other thynges mo.

There is a nother fire also,
Whiche semeth to a mans eie
By nightes tyme, as though there lie
A dragon brennyng in the skie,
And that is cleped proprely
Daali, wherof men saie full ofte:
Lo where the fyrie drake a lofte
Fleeth vp in thaire: and so thei demen.
But why the fyres suchd semen
Of sondry forme to beholde,
The wise philosophre tolde,
So as to fore it hath ben herde.

Lo thus my sonne it hath ferde
Of aire, the due propretee,
In sondry wise thou myght see.
And howe vnder the firmament
It is eke the thirde element
Whiche enuironeth both two,
The water and the laude also.

Nota de igne, quod est quartum elementum.

AND for to tell ouer this
Of elementes, whiche the forthe is

That is the fire in his degree
Whiche enuironeth thother three,
And is without moyste all drie.
But list nowe, what seythe the clergie.
For vpon hem, that I haue sayde
The creatour hath set and leyde
The kynde and the complexion
Of all menues nacion.

Four elements sondrie there bee,
Liche vnto whiche of that degree,
Amonge the men there bene also
Complexions foure, and no mo:
Wherof the philosophre treteth,
That he nothyng behynde leteth,
And seith, howe that thei bene diuerse,
So as I shall to the reherce.

Nota hic qualiter secundum naturam quatuor elementorum, quatuor in humano corpore complexiones scilicet Melancolia, Fleugma, Sanguis, et Colera naturaliter constituuntur, vnde primo de Melancolia dicendum est.

He whiche natueth euery kynde
The myghty god, so as I fynde
Of man, whiche is his creature
Hath so deuyded the nature:
That none tyll other well accordeth.
And by the cause it so discordeth,
The life, whiche feleth the sikennesse
Maie stonde vpon no sikennesse.

Of therthe, whiche is colde and drie
The kynde of man Melancolie
Is cleped, and that is the fyrste,
The most vngoodlyche, and the werste.

For vnto loues werke on night
Hym lacketh both will and might.
No wondre is in lustie place
Of loue though he lese grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of imaginacion,
Of dedes, and of wrathfull thoughta,
He freteth hym seluen all to noughte.

De complexionis fleugmatis.

THE water, whiche is moysts and colde,
Maketh slime, whiche is manifolde
Foryetell, slowe, and very soome,
Of euery thyng whiche is to doone.
He is of kinde sufficient
To holde loue his couenant:
But that hym lacketh appetite,
Whiche longeth vnto suche delite.

De complexionis sanguinis.

WHAT man that takth his kinde of their
He shall be light, he shall be fayre.
For his complexion is bloode,
Of all there is none so good.
For he hath both will and might
To please and paie loue his right.
Where as he hath loue vndertake,
Wronge is, if that he forsake.

De complexionis colere.

THE first of his condicion
Appropreth the complexion,

Whose properties ben drie and hote,
Whiche in a man is coler hote,
It maketh a man ben enginow,
And swift of fote, and eke yrou.
Of conteke, and foole hastinnesse
He hath a right great businesse,
To thinke on loue and litell maie,
Though he be hote well a daie,
On night whan that he woll assaie,
He maie full euill his dettes paie

Nota qualiter quatuor complexiones quatuor in homine habitaciones diuisim possident.

AFTER the kynde of thelement
Thus stant a mans kynde went,
As touchend his complexion
Upon sondrie diuision,
Of drie, of moyst, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne sets
Appropreth bath within a man.
And first to telle as I began,

Splendimus melancolie.

THE splen is to Melancolie
Assigned for herbirgerie.

Pulmo domus fleugmatis.

THE moyst fleume, with the colde
Hath in the longes for his holde
Ordeined him a propre stede,
To dwell there as he is bede.

Epar domus sanguinis.

TO the sanguine complexion
Nature of his inspection
A propre hous hath in the liuer,
For his dwellinge made deliuer.

Fel domus colere.

THE drie coler, with his hete,
By weie of kynde his propre sete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philosophre telleth.

Nota de stomacho, qui vna cum aliis cordi specialius deservit.

NOWE ouer this for to wite,
As it is in phisike write,
Of liuer, of longe, of galle, of splene,
Thei all vnto the herte bene
Seruantes, and eche in his office
Entenden to don him service,
As he whiche is chiefe lorde aboue.
The liuer makth him for to loue,
The longe giueth him wey of speche,
The gall serueth to do wreche,
The splen doth him to laughe and plaise,
Whan all vniennes is a waie.
Lo thus hath eche of hem his dede
To susteynen hem and fede.

In tyme of recreacion
Nature hath increacion
The stomake for a comune koke
Ordeined so, as saith the bokke

The stomake koke is for the hall,
 And boyleth meate for hem all
 To make hem mightie for to serue
 The herte, that he shall not sterue,
 For as a kynge in his empire
 Above all other is lorde and syre:
 So is the herte principall,
 To whom reason in speciall
 Is yewe, as for the gouernance.

And thus nature his purueance
 Hath made for man to liuen here.
 But god, whiche hath the soule dere,
 Hath formed it in other wise,
 That can no man pleyne denye.
 But as the clerkes vs enforce,
 That liche to god it hath a forme.
 Through whiche figure, and whiche likenesse,
 The soule hath many an high noblesse
 Appropried to his owne kynde.
 But oft hir wittes ben made blynde,
 All oneliche of this ilke poynte,
 That hir abydyng is conioynte
 Forth with the body for to dwelle.
 That one desireth towarde helle,
 That other ypwarde to the heuen,
 So shall thei neuer stonde in euen.
 But if the fleshe be ouercome.
 And that the soule hath holly nome
 The gouernance: and that is seide,
 While that the fleshe him maie bewelde.

All erthely thyng, whiche god began,
 Was onely made to serue man.
 But he the soule all onely made
 Hym seluen for to serue and glade.
 All other beastes that men fynde.
 Thei seruen vnto their owne kynde.
 But to reason the soule serueth,
 Whereof the man his thonke deserueth,
 And get hym with his workes goode,
 The perdurable liues foode.

*Hic loquitur vterius de diuisione terre: que post
 diluuium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, scilicet
 Asiam, Affricam, et Europam diuidebatur.*

Of what matere it shall be tolde,
 A tale liketh many folde
 The better, if that it be spoke pleyne.
 Thus thinke I for to tourne ageyne,
 And telle plenerly therefore
 Of the erth, wherof now tofore
 I spake, and of the water eke,
 So as these olde bokes speke,
 And set properly the bounde
 After the forme of Mappamounde,
 Through which the grounde by purparties
 Departed is in thre parties,
 That is Asie, Affrike, Enrope,
 The whiche vnder the heuen cope
 Begripeth all this earth rounde,
 As ferre as stretcheth any grounde.
 But after that the high wreche,
 The water weyes let out seche
 And ouergo the hillis hie,
 Whiche euery kynde made die,
 That vpon middall erth stode,
 Out take Noe, and his bloodes,
 His sonnes, and his daughters thre
 They were saue, and so was he.
 Her names, who that seide right,
 Sem, Cam, Iaphet, the bretheras hight,

And whan thilke almighty honde
 Withdrough the water for the londe,
 And all the rage was awaie,
 And erth was the mans waie:
 The sonnes thre, of whiche I tolde,
 Right after that hem selfe wolde,
 This worlde departe they bogoune,
 Asia, whiche laie to the sonne
 Upon the marche of Orient,
 Was graunted by commune assent
 To Sem, whiche was the sonne eldest.
 For that partie was the best,
 And double as muche as other two.
 And was that tyme bounded so,
 Wher as the foud, which men Nile calleth,
 Departed for his cours, and falleth
 In to the sea Alexandrine,
 There taketh Asie first sesine
 Towarde the weste, and ouer this
 Of Canahim, where the fode is
 In to the great sea rennede,
 Fro that in to the worldes ende
 Eastwarde Asie it is algates,
 Till that men comen to the gates
 Of paradise, and there be.
 And shortly for to speake it so,
 Of Orient in generall
 Within his bounde Asie hath all.

De Affrica et Europa.

AND than vpon that other side
 Westwarde, as it fell thilke tide
 The brother, whiche was hote Cam,
 Unto his parte Affrike nam.
 Iaphet Europe tho toke he,
 Thus parten they the worlde on thre.
 But yet there ben of londes fele.
 In Occident, as for the chele,
 In Orient as for the bete,
 Whiche of the people be forlete,
 As londe deserte, that is vnable.
 For it maie not ben habitable.

Nota de mare, quod magnum Oceanum dicitur.

THE water eke hath sondry bounde
 After the londe, where it is founde,
 And takth his name of thilke londes,
 Where that it renneth on the strondes.
 But thilke sea, whiche hath no wane,
 Is cleped the greate Oceane:
 Out of whiche arise and come
 The hie floudes all and some.
 Is none so litell well springe,
 Whiche there ne takth his beginninge,
 And liche a man that lacketh brethe,
 By weie of kynde, so it gethe
 Out of the sea, and in ageyne
 The water as the bokes seyne.

*Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto ele-
 mento, quod omnia sub celo creata infra suum
 ambitum contiuet, cui nomen orbis specialiter
 appropriatum est.*

Of elementes the properties
 How that they stonden by degrees,
 As I haue tolde, nowe might thou here
 My good sonue all the matere

Of erthe, of water, ayre, and fire.
 And for thou sayst, that thy desire
 Is for to weten ouermore
 The forme of Aristotles lore,
 He saith in his ententement,
 That yet there is an element
 About the foure, and is the fift,
 Set of the highe goddes yefte,
 The whiche that Orbis cleped is.
 And therupon he telleth this,
 That as the shelle whole and sounde
 Encloseth all aboute rounde
 What thyng within a neie belongeth:
 Right so this Orbis vnderfengeth
 These elementes euerichone,
 Whiche I haue spoke of one and one.

But ouer this nowe take good hede
 My sonne: for I woll procele
 To speake vpon Mathematike,
 Whiche grounded is on Theorike.

The science of Astronomie
 I thinke for to specifie,
 Without whiche to telle playne,
 All other science is in vayne
 Towarde the schole of erthly thynges.
 For as an egle with his wynges.
 Fleeth aboute all that men fynde:
 So doth this science in his kynde.

*Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur
 Ista, sed interdum regula fallit opus.
 Vir mediante deo, sapiens dominabitur astris,
 Fata nec immerito quod nouitafis agunt.*

*Hic loquitur de artis Mathematicæ quarta specie,
 que astronomia nuncupatur, cui eciam Astrologia
 socia connumeratur. Sed primo de septem
 planetis, que inter astra potenciores existunt,
 incipiendo a luna seorsum tractare intendit.*

BENETHE vpon this erthe here
 Of all thynges the matere,
 As tellen vs they, that ben lerned,
 Of thyng aboute it stont gouerned,
 That is to seynes of the planetes,
 The cheles bothe, and eke the hetes,
 The chances of the worlde also,
 That we fortune clepen so.
 Amonge the mennes nacion
 All is through constelacion,
 Wherof that some man hath the wele:
 And some men haue diseases fele
 In loue as well as other thynges.
 The state of realmes, and of kynges.
 In tyme of pees, in tyme of wrec
 It is conceiued of the sterre.
 And thus seyth the naturien,
 Whiche is an Astronomien.
 But the diuine saith otherwyse,
 That if men were good and wise,
 And pleasant vnto the godhede,
 They shulde not the sterres drede.

For one man, if hym well befall,
 Is more worthe than be they all
 Towardes hym, that weldeth all.
 But yet the lawe originall,
 Which he hath set in the natures,
 Mot worchen in the creatures,
 That therof maie be none obstacle:
 But if it stonde vpon miracle

Through prair of som body man.
 And for thy so as I began
 To speke vpon astronomie,
 As it is write in the clergie,
 To telle howe the planetes fare
 Some parts I thinke to declare
 My sonne vnto thine audience.
 Astronomie is the science
 Of wisdomes and of high conninge,
 Which makth a man of knowleching
 Of sterres in the fermament
 Figure, circle, and mouement
 Of eche of hem in sondrie place:
 And what betwene hem is of space,
 Howe so they moue or stonde fast,
 All this it telleth to the last.

Assembled with astronomie
 Is eke that like astrologie,
 The whiche in iudgement accounteth
 Theffecte, what euery sterre amounteth.
 And howe they causen many a wonder
 To the climatas, that stond hem vnder
 And for to telle it more pleine
 These olde philosophers seyne,
 That Orbis, whiche I speke of er,
 Is that, whiche we fro therthe a ferre,
 Beholde, and firmament it calle,
 In whiche the sterres stonden all.
 Amonge the whiche inspeciall
 Planetes seuen principalle
 There ben, that mans sight demeth
 By thorizont as to vs semeth.

And also there ben signes twelue,
 Whiche haue her cercles by hem selue
 Compassed in the Zodiake:
 In whiche thei haue her places take.
 And as thei stonden in degree,
 Her cercles more or lesse bee
 Made after the proporcion
 Of the erthe, whose condicion
 Is set, to be fundament
 To susteine vp the firmament.

And by this skille a man maie knowe,
 The more that thei stonden lowe,
 The more ben the cercles lasse,
 That causeth why that some passe
 Her due cours tofore an other.
 But nowe my lieue dere brother,
 As thou desyrest for to witte
 What I fynde in the bokes writte
 To telle of the planetes seuen,
 Howe that thei stonde vpon the heuen:
 And in what point that thei ben in,
 Take hede: for I woll begyn:
 So as the philosopher taught,
 To Alisander and it betought,
 Wherof that he was fully taught
 Of wisdom, which was him betought.

*Nota hic de prima planeta, que aliis inferior luna
 dicitur.*

BENETHE all other stont the Moone,
 The whiche hath with the sea to doone
 Of floodes highe, and ebbes lowe.
 Upon his change it shall be knowe.
 And euery fische, whiche hath a shelle,
 Mote in his gouernance dwelle
 To waxe and wane in his degree,
 As by the Moone a man maie see:

And all that stont vpon the grounde,
Of his moisture it mote be founde.
All other sterres, as men fynde,
Ben shinende of her owpe kynde:
Out take onely the moone light,
Whiche is not of him selfe bright,
But as he takth it of the sonne.
And yet he hath nought all ful wonne
His light, that he nis somdell derke:
But what the lette is of that werke,
In Almagest it telleth this.
The moones cercle so lowe is.
Wherof the sonne out of his stage
Ne seeth him not with full visage.
For he is with the grounde beshaded,
So that the moone is somdele faded,
And maie not fully shine clere.
But what man vnder his powere
Is bore, he shall his place chaunge,
And seche many londes straunge.
And as of this condicion
The moones disposicion
Upon the londe of Alemanyne
Is set, and eke vpon Britayne,
Whiche nowe is cleped Englonde.
For thei tranyle in every londe.

De secunda planeta, que Mercurius dicitur.

Of the planetes the seconde
Above the moone hath take his bonde
Mercurie: and his nature is this,
That vnder him who that borne is,
In boke he shall be studious,
And in writinge curious,
And slowe and lustie to transyle
In thinge, whiche els might auayle:
He loveth ease, he loveth rest,
So is he not the worthiest.
But yet with somdele businesse
His hert is set vpon richesse.
And as in this condicion
Thaffecte and disposicion
Of this planet, and of his chance
Is moste in Borgoyn, and in France.

De tercia planeta, que Venus dicitur.

NEXT Mercuris as wolle befall
Stont that planet, whiche men call
Venus: whose constellation
Gouerneth all the nacion
Of loners, where thei spede or none.
Of whiche I trowe thou be oone.
But whetherard thin happes wende
Shall this planet shewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo.
To some well, to some wo.
And metheles of this planet
The moste partie is softe and swete.
For who that therof takth his birth,
He shall desyre ioy and mirthe,
Gentill curtoys and debonaire
To speke his wordes softe and faire,
Soche shall he be by wey of kynde.
And ouer all where he maie fynde
Pleasance of loue, his herte boweth.
With all his might and there he wrotheth.
He is so ferforth amorous,
He not what thyng is vicious

Tochend loue, for that lawe
There maie no maner man withdrawe,
The whiche Venerien is bore
By wey of kinde, and therefore
Venus of loue the goddesse
Is cleped but of wantonnesse
The climate of hir lecherie
Is most comane in Lumbardie.

Nota de sole, qui medio planetarum residens,
Astrorum principatum obtinet.

NEXT vnto this planete of loue
The bright sonne stont aboue,
Whiche is the hinderer of the night,
And fortherer of the daies light:
As he whiche is the worldes eie,
Through whome the lustie companie
Of foules by the morowe singe:
The freshe floures sprede and springe,
The highe tree the grounde beshaddeth,
And every mans hert gladdeth.
And for it is the heade planete,
Howe that he sitteth in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what nobleie,
These bokes telle: and thus thei seie.

Nota de curru solis, necnon de vario eiusdem apparatu.

Of golde glistrende spoke and whele
The sonne his carte bath faire and welc,
In whiche he sitte, and is crowned
With bright stones enuironed:
Of whiche if that I speke shall,
There be tofore inspeciall
Set in the front of his corone
Thre stones whiche no persone
Hath vpon erth, and the first is
By name cleped Leucachatis.
That other two cleped thus
Astroites and Ceraunus
In his corone, and also behynde,
By olde bokes as I fynde,
There ben of worthie stones thre
Set eche of hem in his degree,
Wherof a Christall is that one,
Whiche that corone is set vpon.
The seconde is an Adamant:
The thirde is noble and euanant,
Whiche cleped is Idriades.
And ouer this yet metheles
Upon the sides of the werke,
After the writyng of the clarke,
There sitten fise stones mo,
The Smaragdine is one of tho,
Iaspis, and Elitropius,
And Vendides, and Iacinctus.
Lo thus the corone is beset,
Wherof it shineth well the bet.
And in sucbe wise his light to sprede,
Sit with his Diademe on head,
The sonne shinende in his carte:
And for to lede hym swithe and smarte,
After the bright daies lawe,
There ben ordeined for to drawe,
Four hors his chare, and him withall,
Wherof the names tell I shall.
Eriteus the first is hote,
The whiche is redda and shineth hote:

The seconde Acteos the bright :
Lampes the thirde courser hight :
And Philogens is the ferth,
That bringen light vnto this erth,
And gone so swifte vpon the heuen,
In foure and twenty houres euen
The carte with the bright sonne
Thei drawe, so that our ronne
Thei haue vnder the cercles hie
All midde erthe in suche an hie.

And thus the sonne is ouer all
The chiefe planete imperiall,
Above hym and beneth hym thre.
And thus betwene hem renneth he,
As he that hath the middell place
Amonge the seuen : and of his face
Ben glad all ertbely creatures,
And taken after the natures
Her ease and recreacion.
And in his constellation
Who that is bore in speciall,
Of good wille and of liberrall
He shall be founde in all place,
And also stonde in mochel grace
Toward the lordes for to serue,
And great profite and thonke deserue.

And ouer that it causeth yit
A man to be subtil of wit,
To worch in golde, and to be wise
In euery thyng, whiche is of prise.
But for to speken in what coste
Of all this erth he regnoth moste,
As for wisdom it is in Grece,
Where is approppred thilke spece.

Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

MARS the planete bataillous
Next to the sonne glorious
Above stant, and doth merquilles
Upon the fortune of batailles.

The Conquerours by daies olde
Were vnto this planete holde.
But who that his natiuitee
Hath take vpon the propertes
Of Martis disposicion,
By wey of constellation,
He shall be fers and full hastife,
And desirous of werre and strife.

But for to tellen redily
In what climate most commonly
That this planete hath his effecte.
Saide is, that he hath his aspecte
Upon the holy londe so caste,
That there is no pees stedfaste.

Nota de sexta planeta, que Iupiter dicitur.

ABOUE Mars vpon the heuen
The sixte planete of the seuen
Stant Iupiter the delicate,
Whiche causeth pees, and no debate.
For he is cleped the planete
Whiche of his kynde softe and swete
Attempteth all that to hym longeth.
And whom this planete vnderfoogeth,
To stonde vpon his regiment,
He shall be meke and pacient,
And fortunate to marchandie,
And lustie to delicacie

In euery thyng, whiche he shall do.
This Iupiter is cause also
Of the science of light werkes,
And in this wise tellen clerkes,
He is the planete of delices.
But in Aegypte of his offices
He reigneth moste in speciall.
For there ben lustes ouer all,
Of all that to this life befallth.
For there no stormie weder fellith,
Whiche might greue man or best :
And eke the londe is so honest,
That it is plentuous and plaine,
There is no idell grounde in vaine.
And vpon suche felicitee
Stant Iupiter in his degree.

De septima planeta, que reliquis celsior Saturnus
dicitur est.

THE hiest and abouen all
Stant that planet, which men call
Saturnus, whose complexion
Is colde, and his condicion
Causeth malice and crueltee
To hym, whose natiuitee
Is set vnder his gouernance.
For all his werkes ben greunance,
And enemie to mans bele,
In what degre that he shall dele.
His climate is in Orient,
Where that he is most violent.

Of the planetes by and by,
Howe that thei stonde vpon the skie,
Fro point to point as thou might here,
Was Alisander made to lere.

But ouer this toucheode his lore
Of thyng, that thei hym taughten more
Upon the scholes of clergie,
Nowe berken the philosophie.

Postquam dictum est de septem planetis, quibus
singule septimane dies singulariter attitulan-
tur, dicendum est iam de duodecim signis, per
que. xii. menses anni variis temporibus effectus
varios assequuntur.

HE whiche departeth daie fro night,
That one derke, and that other bright,
Of seuen daies made a weke,
A monthe of foure wekes eke
He hath ordeined in his lawe.
Of monthes twelue, and eke forthdrawe
He hath also the longe yere.
And as he sette of his powere
Accordant to the daies seuen,
Planetes seuen vpon the heuen,
As thou tofore hast herde deuise :
To speke right in suche a wise
To euery monthe by hym selue,
Upon the heuen of signes twelue
He hath after his ordinall
Assigned one in speciall,
Wherof so as I shall rehersen,
The tides of the yere diuersen.
But plainly for to make it knowe
Howe that the signes sit a rowe,
Eche after other by degre,
In substance and in propertes,

The Zodiake comprehendeth
Within his cercle, and it appendeth.

Nota hic de primo signo, quod Aries dicitur, cui
mensis specialiter Marcii appropriatus est.

Quo deus in primo produxit adesse creata.

As it seith in Almageste
Of sterres twelue vpon this beate
Ben sette, wherof in his degree
The wombe hath two, the head hath three,
The taile hath seven, and in this wise,
As thou might here me deuise,
Stant Aries, whiche hote and drie
Is of hym selfe, and in partie
He is the recepte and the hous
Of mighty Mars the bataillous.
And oermore eke as I finde,
The creature of all kinde
Upon this signe firste began
The worlde, whan that he made man,
And of this constellation
The very operacion
Assaileth, if a man theria
The purpose of his werke begin.
For than he hath of propertee
Good spede and great felicittee.

The twelue monethes of the yere
Attitled vnder the powere
Of these twelue signes stonde,
Wherof that thou shalt vnderstonde,
This Aries out of the twelue
Hath Marche attitled for hym selfe,
Whan every bird shall chese his make,
And every adder, and euery snake,
And euery reptile, whiche maie moue,
His might assaileth for to proue
To crepen out ayeine the sonne,
Whan Vere his season hath begonne.

Secundum signum dicitur Taurus, cuius mensis
est Aprilis.

Quo prius occultas inuenit herba vias.

TAURUS the seconde after this
Of signes, whiche figured is
Usto a boolle drie and colde,
And as it is in bokes tolde,
He is the hows appertinant
To Venus somdele discordant.
This boolle is eke with sterres set,
Through whiche he hath his hornes knot
Usto the taile of Aries:
So is he not there sterreles.
Upon his brest eke eightene
He hath, and eke as it is sene,
Upon his taile stand other two,
His month assigned eke also
Is Aueryl, whiche of showres
Ministreh wey vnto the floures.

Tertium signum dicitur Gemini, cuius mensis
Mains est.

Quo volucrum cantus gaudet de floribus ortis.

THE thirde signe is Gemini,
Whiche is figured redily

Liche to two twinnes of man kinde,
That naked stonde: And as I finde,
Thei ben with sterres wel bego,
The head hath parte of thilke two,
That shine vpon the boolles taile,
So ben thei both of o parayle,

But of the wombe of Gemini
Ben siue sterres not for thy:
And eke vpon the feete ben twey,
So as these olde bokes sey
That wise Ptholomeus wrote.
His propre monthe well I wote
Assigned is the lustie Maie,
Whan euery brydde vpon his laie
Emonge the grene leues singeth,
And loue of his pointure stingeth,
After the lawes of nature,
The yongthe of euery creatre.

Quartum signum Cancer dicitur, cuius mensis
Iunius est.

Quo falcat pratis pabula tonsor equia.

CANCER after the rule and space
Of signes halt the fourth place.
Like to the crabbe he hath semblance,
And hath vnto his retinace
Xvi. sterres, wherof ten,
So as these olde wise men
Discrue, he bereth on him tofore,
And in the middell two before,
And. iiii. he hath vpon his ende:
Thus goeth he sterred in his kende.
And of him selfe is moyste and colde,
And he is the propre hous and holde,
Whiche apperteineth to the Moone,
And doeth what longeth hym to doone.
The month of Iune vnto this signe
Thou shalte after the rule assigne.

Quintum signum Leo dicitur, cuius mensis Iulius
est.

Quo magis ad terras expandit Lucifer ignis.

THE fiftte signe is Leo hote,
Whose kynde is sharpe drie and bote,
In whome the sonne hath herbergage,
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a lion, whiche in baillie
Of sterres hath his purpartie
The foure, whiche as Cancer hath
Upon his ende Leo tath.
Upon his head, and than neste
He hath eke foure vpon his bresta.
And one vpon his taile behynde
In olde bokes as I fynde.
His propre month is Iule by name:
In whiche men plaien many a game.

Sextum signum Virgo dicitur, cuius mensis Au-
gustus est.

Quo vacuata prius pubes replet horrea messis.

AFTER Leo, Virgo the nexte
Of signes cleped is the sexte:
Wherof the figure is a mayde,
And as the philosopher sayde,

She is the welth and the risynge,
The lust, the ioy, and the likynge
Unto Mercurie: and sothe to saie
She is with sterres well besaie,
Wherof Leo hath lent hir one,
Whiche set on hie bir head vpon:
Hir wombe hath. v. hir fete also
Haue other fise: and euer mo
Touchende as of complexion,
By kyndly disposicion.
Of drie and colde this maiden is.
And for to tellen ouer this,
Hir month thou shalt vnderstonde,
Whan euery felde hath corne in honde,
And many a man his backe hath plied
Unto this signe is August applied.

Septimum signum Libra dicitur, cuius mensis September est.

Vinea quo Bacchum pressa liquore colit.

AFTER Virgo to reken in euen
Libra sit in the nombre of seuen,
Whiche bath figure and resemblance
Unto a man, whiche a balance
Beareth in his honde, as fur to weye.
In boke and as it maie be leie,
Diuers sterres to hym longeth,
Wherof on head he vnderfongeth
First thre, and eke his wombe hath two,
And downe benetbe. viii. other mo.
This signe is hote and moyst both,
The whiche thynges be not loth
Unto Venus, so that alofte
She resteth in his hous full ofte.
And eke Saturne often hyed
Is in the signe and magnified.
His propre month is sayd Septembre,
Whiche yeueth men cause to remembre,
If any sore be lefte behynde
Of thyng, whiche greue maie to kynde.

Octauum signum Scorpio dicitur, cuius mensis Octobris est.

Floribus exclusis hyems qui ianitor extat.

AMONGE the signes vpon the height
The signe, whiche is nombred eight,
Is Scorpio, whiche as season
Figured is a Scorpion.
But for all that yet nethelless
Is Scorpio not sterlesse.
For Libra graunteth him his ende,
Of. viii. sterres, where he wende,
The whiche vpon his head assised
He beareth, and eke there ben deuised
Vpon his wombe sterres thre,
And. viii. vpon his taile bath he,
Whiche of his kynde is moist and colde,
And vnbehonely many folde.
He harmeth Venus and empeyreth,
Aut Mars vnto his hous repeireth.
But ware whan thei togeder dwellen.
His propre monthe is, as men tellen,
Octobre, whiche bringeth the kalende
Of winter, that cometh next sewende.

Nonum signum Sagittarius dicitur, cuius mensis Nouembris est.

Quo mustum bibulo liquit sua nomina vico.

THE. ix. signe in Nouembre also,
Whiche foloweth after Scorpio,
Is cleped Sagittarius.
The whose figure is marked thus.
A monstre with a bowe on honde,
On whom that sondry sterres stonde,
Thilke. viii. of whiche I spake tofore,
The whiche vpon the tale ben lere
Of Scorpio the hede all fayre
Be spreden of the sagittaire,
And. viii. of other stonden euen
Vpon his wombe, and other seuen
There stonden vpon his taile behinde:
And he is hote and drie of kinde.
To Iupiter his house is free,
But to Mercurie in his degree
(For thei be not of one assent)
He worcheth great empeirement.
This signe hath of his propertee
A month, whiche of dewtee,
After the season that befalleth,
The plough ox in winter stalleth,
And fyre into the halle he bringeth,
And thilke drinke, of whiche men siogeth,
He turneth must in to the wise:
Than is the larder of the swine,
That is nouembre, whiche I mene,
Whan that the leef bath lost his grene.

Decimum signum Capricornus dicitur, cuius mensis Decembris est.

Ipsa diem nauo noctemque giganti figurat.

THE tenth signe drie and colde,
The whiche is Capricornus tolde,
Unto a gote hath resemblance:
For whose loue, and whose aquaintance
Within his house to sojourne,
It liketh well vnto Saturne.
But to the Moone it liketh nought.
For no profit is there wrought.
This signe, as of his propertee,
Vpon his head hath sterres thre,
And eke vpon his wombe two,
And twey vpon his tayle also.
Decembre after the yeres formes,
So as the bokes vs enformes,
With daies shorte and nyghtes longe,
This ilke signe hath vnderfonge.

Undecimum signum Aquarius dicitur, cuius mensis Ianuarius est.

Quo lanus vultum duplum conuertit in anoum.

OF tho that sitten vpon the heuen
Of signes in the nombre enleuen,
Aquarius hath take his place,
And stant well in Saturnus grace:
Whiche dwelleth in his herbergeage.
But to the sonne he doth outrage.
This signe is veraily resembled
Liche to a man, whiche halte assembled
In either honde a water spout,
Wherof the stremes runnen out.
He is of kynde moyst and hote,
And he that of the sterres wote,

Saith, that he hath of sterres two
 Upon his head, and bene of tho,
 That Capricorne hath on his ende,
 And as the bokes maken mynde,
 That Ptholomeus made hym selue,
 He hath eke on his wombe twelue:
 And two vpon his ende stonde.
 Thou shalt also this vnderstonde,
 The frosty colde Ianuere,
 Whan comen is the newe yere,
 That Ianus with double face.
 In his chaire hath take his place,
 And loketh vpon bothe sides,
 Some dele towards the winter tides,
 Some dele towards the yere suende:
 That is the monthe belongende
 Vnto this signe, and of his dole
 He yeweth the fyrste primrole.

Doodecimum signum Piscis dicitur, cuius mensis
 Februarius est.

2uo pinuie torrens riparam concitat amnes.

TAR. xii. whiche is last of all
 Of signes, Piscis men it call,
 The whiche, as telleth the scripture,
 Beareth of two fishes the figure.
 So is he colde and moiste of kynde.
 And eke with sterres as I fynde
 Be set in sondry wise, as thus:
 Two of his ende Aquarius
 Hath lent, vnto his head, and two
 This signe hath of his owne also
 Upon his wombe: and ouer this
 Upon his ende also there is
 A nombre of twenty sterres bright,
 Whiche is to sene a wonder sight.
 Towards his signe in to his hous
 Comth Iupiter the glorious,
 And Venus eke with him accordeth
 To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
 The mouthe vnto this signe ordeigned
 Is Februar, whiche is bereigned
 And with londfodes in his rage
 At fordes letteth the passage.
 Nowe hast thou herde the propertes
 Of signes, but in his degree
 Aboutazare yet ouer this
 Saith, so as the orthe parted is
 In foure: right so ben deuised
 The signes twelue, and stonde assised,
 That eche of hem in his partie
 Hath his climate to iustifie:
 Wherof the fyrst regiment
 Towards the parte of Orient,
 From Antioche, and that countries
 Governed is of signes thre:
 That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
 And towards thoccident also,
 From Armesie, as I am lerned,
 Of Capricorne it stant gouerned,
 Of Piscis, and Aquarius.
 And after hem I fynde thus,
 Southwarde fro Alisander forthe
 The signes, whiche most ben worth
 In gouernance of that Doaire
 Libra thei ben, and Sagittaire,
 With Scorpio, whiche is conioynt
 With hem to stonde vpon that poynt

Of Constantinople the citee
 (So as these bokes tellen mee)
 The last of this diuision
 Stant vntowarde Septemtrion,
 Where as by wey of puruiceance
 Aries hath the gouernance,
 Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
 Thus ben the signes proprely
 Denided, as it is rehersed,
 Wherof the londes ben diuersed.
 Lo thus my son, as thou might here,
 Was Alisander made to lere
 Of hem, that weren for his lore.
 But newe to loken ouermore
 Of other sterres how thei fare,
 I thynke hereafter to declare,
 So as kynge Alisander in youth,
 Of hym that suche signes couth,
 Enformed was tofore his eie
 By night vpon the sterres sie.

Hic tractat super doctrina Nectanabi dum ipse
 iuuenem Alexandrum instruxit de illis precipue
 quindecim stellis, vna cum earum lapidibus et
 herbis, que ad artis Magice naturalis opera-
 tionem specialius conueniunt.

UPON sondry creacion
 Stant sondry operacion,
 Some worcbeth this, some worcbeth that,
 The fire is hote in his estate,
 And brenneth what he maie attayne,
 The water maie the fyre restraine,
 The whiche is colde and moyst also,
 Of other thynges it fareth right so
 Upon the erthe amouge vs here.
 And for to speake in this manere,
 Upon the heuen, as men maie fynde,
 The sterres ben of sondrie kynde,
 And worchen many sondrie thynges.
 To vs, that ben her vnderlynges.
 Amonge the whiche forth withall
 Nectanabus in speciall,
 Whiche was an Astronomien,
 And eke a great magicien,
 And vndertake hath thilke emprise,
 To Alisaunder in his apprise,
 As of magike naturele
 To knowe enformeth hym somdele
 Of certaine sterres what thei mene,
 Of whiche he seyth there ben fiftene.
 And sondrily to emerichone
 A gras belongeth and a stone:
 Wherof men worchen many a wonder
 To set thynges both vp and vnder.

Prima stella vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis Car-
 bunculus, et herba anabulla est.

To tell right as he began,
 The first sterre Aldeboran,
 The clerest and the moste of all
 By right name men it call,
 Whiche liche is of condicion
 To Mars, and of complexion
 To Venus, and hath therupon
 Carbunculum his propre stone.
 His herbe is Annabulla named,
 Whiche is of great vertue proclaimed.

Secunda stella vocatur Clota, seu Pliades, cuius lapis Crystallum, et herba feniculus est.

THE seconde is not vertules,
Clota, or els Pliades
It hate, and of the moonnes kynde
He is: and also this I fynde,
He taketh of Mars complexion
And liche to suche condicion,
His stone appropred is Crystall
And eke his herbe inspeciall
The vertuous Fenell it is.

Tercia stella vocatur Algol, cuius lapis Diamans, et herba heleborum nigrum est.

THE thirde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algos the clere rede,
Whiche of Saturne, as I maie rede,
His kynde taketh, and eke of Ioue
Complexion to his behoue.
His propre stone is diamant.
Whiche is to bym moste acordant.
His herbe, whiche is to hym betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

Quarta stella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis Saphirus, et herba Marrubium est.

So as it falleth vpon lotte
The fourth sterre is Alhaiotte,
Whiche in the wise as I saide er,
Of Saturne and of Iupiter
Hath takc his kinde, and there vpon
The saphir is his propre stone,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The whiche accorden both two.

Quinta stella vocatur Canis maior, cuius lapis Berillus: et herba sauina est.

AND Canis maior in his like
The fiftre sterre is of magike,
The whose kynde is venerien,
As saith this astronomien.
His propre stone is saide Berille:
But for to worche and to fulfill
Thynge, whiche to this science falleth,
There is an herbe, whiche men calleth
Saueyne, and that behoueth nede
To hym, that woll his purpose spede.

Sexta stella vocatur canis minor, cuius lapis Achatis, et herba primula est.

THE sixte sewende after this
By name Canis minor is:
The whiche sterre is Mercuriall
By wey of kynde, and forth withall
As it is written in the carte,
Complexion he taketh of Marte:
His stone and herbe (as seith the schole)
Ben Achates and Primerole.

Septima stella vocatur Arial, cuius lapis gargonza, et herba celidonia est.

THE seuenth sterre in speciall
Of this science is Arial,

Whiche sondrie nature vnderfongeth.
The stone, which propre vnto him longeth
Gorgonza proprely it hight,
His herbe also, whiche he shall right
Upon the worchyng as I mene,
Is Celidone fresche and grene.

Octana stella vocatur Ala corui, cuius lapis honochinus, et herba lappacia est.

STERRE Ala corui vpon height
Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
Whiche of his kinde mote performe
The will of Marte, and of Saturne:
To whom Lappacia the gret
Is herbe, but of no beyete.
His stone is Honochinus hote,
Through which men worchen great riote.

Nona stella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis Smaragdus, et herba salgea est.

THE nynthe sterre faire and wele
By name is hote Alaezele,
Whiche taketh his propre kinde thus,
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His stone is the grene Emeraude,
To whom is geuen many a laude.
Saulge is his herbe appertenant
Abouen all the remenant.

Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis laspis, et herba plantago est.

THE tenthe sterre is Almareth,
Whiche vpon life and vpon deth,
Through kinde of Iupiter and Marte,
He doth what longeth to his parte.
His stone is laspe, and of plantaine
He hath his herbe soueraine.

Undecima stella vocatur venenas, cuius lapis Adamas, et herba Cicoria est.

THE sterre enleuenth is Venenas,
The whose nature is, as it was
Take of Venus, and of the Moone
In thynge, whiche he hath for to doone
Of Adamant is that perrie,
In whiche he worcheth his maistrie.
Thilke herbe also, which hym befalleth,
Cicorea the boke hym calleth.

Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheta, cuius lapis Topasion, et herba Rosmarinum.

ALPHETA in the nombre set,
And is the twelfte sterre yet,
Of Scorpio whiche is gouerned,
And takth his kinde, as I am lerned,
And bath his vertue in the stone,
Whiche cleped is Topasione.
His herbe propre is rosemarine,
Whiche shapen is for his couine.

Tertia decima stella vocatur Cor Scorpionis, cuius lapis Serdis, et herba Astrologia est.

OF these sterres, which I mene,
Cor Scorpionis is threttene,

The whos nature Mart and Ioue
 Haue yowen vnto his behoue.
 His herbe is Astrologie,
 Which foloweth his astronomie,
 The stone which that this sterre allowth,
 Is Sardis, whiche vnto hym bowth.

Quarta decima stella vocatur botercadent, cuius
 lapis Crisolitus, et herba satorea est.

THE sterre, whiche stant next the last,
 Nature of him this name cast,
 And clepen hym Botercadent,
 Whiche of his kind obedient
 Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
 His stone is called Crisolitus.
 His herbe is cleped Satoreie,
 So as these olde bokes seie.

Quinta decima stella vocatur Cauda scorpionis,
 cuius lapis Calcidonia, et herba maiorana est.

BUT nowe the laste sterre of all
 The taile of Scorpio men call,
 Whiche to Mercurie and to Saturne
 By wey of kynde mote returne
 After the preparacion
 Of due constellacion.
 The Calcidone vnto hym longeth,
 Whiche for his stone be vnderfongeth,
 Of Maioran his herbe is grounde.
 Thus haue I said, how thei ben founde
 Of euery sterre in speciall,
 Whiche hath his herbe and stone withall,
 As Hermes in his bokes okie
 Witnesse bereth, of that I tolde.

Nota hic de auctoribus illis, qui ad Astronomic
 scientiam pre cæteris studiosius intendentes,
 libros super hoc distinctis nominibus composuerunt.

THE science of Astronomie,
 Whiche principall is of clergie
 To deme betwene wo and wele
 In thynges that bene naturele,
 Thei had a great trouaile ou honde,
 That made it firste ben vnderstonde,
 And thei also, whiche ouernore
 Her studie set vpon this lore:
 Thei weren gracious and wise,
 And worthy for to bere a prise.
 And whom it liketh for to witte
 Of hem that this science writte.
 One of the first, whiche it wrote
 After Noe, it was Nembrote,
 To his disciple Ichoniton,
 And made a boke forth thervpon,
 The whiche Megastre cleped was.
 An other auctor in this cas
 Is Arachel, the whiche men note,
 His boke is Abbateneih bote,
 Dame Ptolome is not the least,
 Whiche maketh the boko of Almagest.
 And Alfraganus doth the same,
 Whose boke is Cathenus by name.
 Gebus and Alpetragus eke,
 Of palmestry, whiche men seke,
 The bokes made. And ouer this,
 Foll many a worthy clerke there is,
 That written vpon this clergie,
 The bokes of Altemetrie,

Planemetrie, and eke also,
 Whiche as belongeth bothe two,
 So as thei bene naturiens,
 Unto these astronomiens,
 Men seene that Abraham was one.
 But whether that he wrote or none,
 That finde I not, and Moyses
 Eke was an other: but Hermes
 Aboute all other in this science
 He had a great experience.
 Through hym was many a sterre assised,
 Whose bokes yet hen auctorised,
 I maie not knowne all tho,
 That written in the tyme tho
 Of this science, but I fude
 Of iudgement by waie of kinde,
 That in one point thei all accorden.
 Of sterres, whiche thei recordern,
 That men maie see vpon the heuen.
 There ben a thousande sterres euen,
 And two and twenty to the sight,
 Whiche ben of hem selfe so bright,
 That men maie deme what thei bee
 The nature and the propretee.

Nowe hast thou heard in suche a wise
 These noble philosophers wise
 Enformeden this yonge kynge,
 And made hym haue a knowlechyng
 Of thyng, whiche first to the partie
 Belongeth of philosophie,
 Whiche Theorike cleped is,
 As thou tofore hast herde er this.
 But nowe to speke of the seconde,
 Whiche Aristotle hath also founde,
 And techeth howe to speke faire,
 Whiche is a thyng full necessaire
 To counterpaise the balance,
 Where lacketh other suffisance.

Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere.
 Principio poterunt veraque fine placere.
 Herba, lapis, sermo tria sunt virtute repleta:
 Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.

Hic tractat de secunda parte philosophie, cuius
 nomen Rhetorica facundos efficit. Loquitur
 etiam de eiusdem duabus speciebus, scilicet
 Grammatica et Logica, quarum doctrina Rhetor
 sua verba perornat.

ABOUT al erthly creatures
 The high maker of natures
 The worde to man bath youe alone,
 So that the speche of his persone,
 Or for to lese, or for to winne,
 The hertes thought, whiche is withinne,
 May shewe, what it wolde mene,
 And that is no where els sene
 Of kynde with none other best,
 So shulde he be the more honest,
 To whom god yafe so worthy a yifte,
 And loke well that he ne shifte
 His wordes to none wicked vse,
 For wordes, the teacher of vortuse
 Is cleped in philosophie.
 Wherof touchende this partie
 Is Rhetoric the science
 Appropred to the reuerence
 Of wordes that ben reasonable,
 And for this arte shall be vailable,
 With goodly wordes for to like:
 It hath Grammer, it hath Logike,

That seruen both vnto the speche.
Grammer, first hath for to teche
To speake vpon congruitee.

Logike hath eke in his degree
Betwene the trouth and the falshe
The pleyne wordes for to shede:
So that nothyng shall go beside:
That he the right ne shall decide:
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good estate,
And peace sustained vp alofte
With easy wordes and with softe,
Where strengthe shulde let it fallie.

The philosophre amonges alle
For thy commendeth this science,
Whiche hath the reule of eloquence,
In stone and gras vertue there is:
But yet the boke tellen this,
That worde aboue all erthly thynges
Is vertuous in his dooynges,
Where so it be to yuell or good.
For if the wordes semen good,
And bene well spoke at mans eare.
Whan that there is no trouth there,
Thei doone full ofte full great deceite.
For whan the worde to the conceite
Discordeth in so double a wise,
Suche Rhetoric is to dispise
In every place, and for to drede.

For of Vlysses thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troie is funde,
His eloquence, and his facunde
Of goodly wordes, whiche he tolde,
Hath made, that Authenor him solde
The towne, whiche he with treason wan.
Worde hath begyled many a man.

With worde the wilde beast is daunted,
With worde the serpent is enchanted.
Of wordes amonge the men of armes
Ben woundes heled with the charmes.
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath vnder his discipline
Of sorcerie the carectes.
The wordes ben of sondrie sectes
Of euill, and eke of good also.
The wordes maken of frende fo,
And fo of frende, and peace of werre,
And werre of peace, and out of herre
The worde the worldes cause entriketh,
And reconcileth who on hym liketh.
The worde vnder the cope of heuen
Set euery thyng or odde or enen.
With worde the highe god is pleased.
With worde the wordes ben appeased.
The softe worde the loude stylleth,
Where lacketh good the worde fulfilleth
To make amendes for the wronge.
Whan wordes medlen with the songe,
It doth plesance well the more.
But for to loke vpon this lore,

How Tullius his Rhetorike
Componeth, there a man maie pike,
How that he shall his wordes set.
How he shall lose, how he shall knet,
And in what wise he shall pronounce
His tale pleyne without frounce,
Wherof ensample if thou wilt seche,
Take hede and rede whilome the speche.

Nota de eloquentia Iulii in causa Catiline contra

Syllanum et alios tunc verbis Romane continen-
tea.

Of Iulius, and Cicero,
Whiche consull was of Rome tho:
Of Cato eke, and Silene
Beholde the wordes hem betwene.

Whan the treason of Catiline
Discouered was and the couine
Of hem, that were of his assent
Was knowe sdd spoke in parliament,
And asked howe, and in what wise
Meu shulde doone hym to luwyse,
Sillanus first his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The common profite for to saue:
He saide how treason shulde haue
A cruell dethe. And thus thei speake,
The Consull both and Cato eke,
And saiden, that for suche a wronge
There maie no peyne be to stronge.
But Iulius with wordes wise
His tale tolde all other wise,
As he whiche wolde his deth respite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The iudges through his eloquence,
Fro dethe to torne the sentence
And set her hertes to pitec.

Nowe tolden thei, nowe tolde he,
Thei spoken pleyne for to saue,
But he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other weie
Spekende. and thus betwene the tway
To treate vpon this iudgement
Made eche of hem his argument:
Wherof the tales for to here,
There maie a man the schole lere
Of Rhetoric the eloquence,
Whiche is the seconde of science,
Touche to philosophie:
Wherof a man shall iustifie
His wordes in disputeson,
And knitte vpon conclusion
His argument in suche a forme,
Whiche maie the pleyne trouth enforme,
And the subtil cautele abate,
Whiche eucry trewe man shall debate.

Practica quæcumque statum pars tertia philoso-
phie,

Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe viæ,
Sed quanto maior rex est, tanto magis ipsum
Ex schola concernit, quo sua regna regit.

Hic tractat de tertia parte philosophie, que practica vocatur: cuius species sunt tres, scilicet Ethica, Economica, et Politica, quarum doctrina regia magestas in suo regimine ad honoris magnificentiam per singula dirigit.

THE firste, whiche is Theorike,
And the seconde Rhetorike
Sciences of philosophie,
I haue hem tolde as in partie,
So as the philosopher tolde;
To Aliandre: and nowe I wolde
Tell of the thirde, what it is,
The whiche Practike cleped is.

Practike stont vpon the thynges
Towarde the gouernance of kynges:

Wherof the fyrste Etike is named,
The whose science stant proclaimed
To teche of vertue thilke rule,
Howe that a kyng hym selfe shall rule
Of his morall condicoun,
With worthie disposicion.
Of good liuyng in his persone,
Whiche is the chiefe of his corone.
It maketh a kyng also to lerne
Howe he his bodie shall gouerne.
Howe he shall wake, how he shall slepe,
How that he shall his hele kepe.
In meate, in drynke, in clothyng eke,
There is no wysedome for to seke,
As for the reule of his persone,
The whiche that this science all one
Ne techeth, as by weie of kynde,
That there is nothyng lefts behynde.

That other thyng, whiche to Practike
Belongeth, is Economike,
Whiche techeth thilke honestee,
Through whiche a kyng in his degree
His wife and childe shall reule and gie,
So forth with all the companie,
Whiche in his housholde shall abide,
And his estate on euery side
In suche manere for to lede,
That he his housholde ne mislede,

Practike hath yet the thirde apprise,
Whiche techeth howe and in what wise,
Through his purueid ordinance
A kinge shall set in godernance
His realme: and that is Policie,
Whiche longeth vnto regalie,
In tyme of werre, in tyme of pees
To worship and to good encreas
Of clerke, of knight, and of marchant,
And so forth all the remenant
Of all the common people aboute,
Within borgh and eke without
Of hem that ben artificers,
Whiche vsen craftes and misters,
Whose arte is cleped Mechanike:
And though they be not all like,
Yet netheles how so it fall,
O lawe mote gouerne hem all,
Or that they leas, or that they winne
After the state that they ben inne.

Lo thus this worthie yonge kyng
Was fully taught of enery thyng,
Whiche might yeue entendemēt
Of good rule, and good regiment
To suche a worthy prynces as he.
But of very necessitee
The philosopher hym hath betake
Fyne pointes, which he hath vndertake
To kepe and holde in obseruance,
As for the worthy gouernance,
Whiche longeth to his regalie
After the rule of policie.

Moribus ornatus regit hic, qui regna moderna
Certius expectat accepta futura poli.
Et quia aeredica virtus supereminet omnes,
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

Hic secundum policiam tractare intendit precipue
super quinque regularum articulis, que ad prin-
cipis regimen obseruandum specialius existunt,
quarum prima veritas nuncupatur, per quam
veredicus sit sermo regis ad omnes.

To euery man belongeth lore.
But to no man belongeth more
Than to a kyng, whiche hath to lede
The people, for his kyngbed
He maie ben both sace and spiffe,
And for it stont vpon his wille,
It sit hym well to be aused,
And the vertues which are assised
Unto a kynges regiment,
To take in his entendemēt.
Wherof to telten as they stonde,
Hereafterwarde now wolle I fonde.
Amonge the vertues one is chiefe,
And that is Trowth, whiche is liefe
To god, and eke to man also.
And for it hath ben euer so,
Taught Aristotle (as he well couth)
To Alisander howe in his youth
He shulde of Trowth thilke grace
With all his holl herte embrace:
So that his worde be trewe and pleyne
Towarde the worlde: and so certeyne,
That in hym be no double speche.
For if men shoulde trouthe seche,
And finde it not within a kyng,
It were an vsittende thyng.
The worde is token of that within,
There shall a wouthie kyng begin
To kepe his tonge, and to be trewe,
So shall his price ben euer newe.
Ause hym euery man to fore,
Ind be well ware, er he be swore:
For afterwarde it is to late,
If that he wolde his worde debate.
For as a kyng in speciall
Aboute all other is principall
Of his power, so shulde he bee
Moste vertuous in his degree.
And that maie well be signified.
By his corone and specified.

The golde betoketh excellence,
That men shulde doone hym reuerence,
As to her liege souerayne.

The stones, as the bokes sayne,
Commended bene in treble wise.
Firste they ben harde, and thilke assise
Betokeneth in a kyng constance,
So that there shall no variance
Be founde in his condicion.

And also by descripcion
The vertue, whiche is in the stones,
A very signe is for the nones
Of that a kyng shall be honest,
And holde trewely his behest
Of thyng, whiche longeth to kinghed.

The bright coloure, as I rede,
Whiche is in the stones shynynge,
Is in figure betokenynge.
The cronike of this worldes fame,
Whiche stante vpon his good name.

The circle, which is rounde aboute,
Is token of all the loade aboute,
Whiche stant vnder his hierarchie,
That he it shall well kepe and gie.
And for that trouthe howe so it falle
Is the vertue souerayne of alle,
That longeth vnto regiment,
A tale, whiche is euidēt,
Of trouthe in commendacion
Towarde thyn enformacion

My sonne hereafter thou shalt here
Of a cronike in this matere.

Hic narrat qualiter Darius, filius Itaspis, soldanus Persie, a tribus suis cubicularibus, quorum nomina Harpages, Monachas, et Zorobabel, dicta sunt nomina, questionis sigillatim interrogauit, vtrum rex aut mulier, aut vinum maioris fortitudinis vim optineret, Ipsis vero varia opinione respondentibus, Zorobabel vltimus afferit, quod mulier sui amoris complacentia tam regis quam vini potenciam excellit, Addidit insuper finali conclusioni dicens, quod veritas super omnia vincit. Cuius responsio ceteris laudabilior acceptabatur.

As the cronike it doth reherce,
A soldan whilome was of Persie,
Whiche Dares hight, and Itaspis
His fader was: and sothe it is,
Of his lignage, as by discente,
The regne of thilke empire he bent.

And as he was him selfe wise,
The wise men he helde in prise:
And sought hem oute on eury side,
That towarde him they shulde abide.
Amonge the whiche thre there were,
That most seruice vnto him bere.
As they, whiche in his chamber lighen,
And all his counceile herde and sigen.
Her names ben of strange note,
Harpages was the first hote,
And Monachas was the seconde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde

In the cronike was the thride,
This Soldan what so him betide,
To hem he trist most of all,
Wherof the case is so befall.
This lorde, whiche hath conceites depe,
Upon a night when he hath slepe,
As he whiche hath his wit disposed
Touchende a poynt hem hath opposed.

The kinges question was this,
Of thinges thre whiche strongest is
The wine, the woman, or the kyng,
And that thei shulde vpon this thinge
Of her answere auised be,
He yene hem fully dayes three.
And hath bihote hem by his feyth,
That who the best reason seyth,
He shalle receiue a worthy mede.

Upon this thinge thei token hede,
And stoden in disputation:
That by diuers opinion
Of argumentes, that thei haue holde,
Harpages fyrst his tale tolde,
And saide, howe that the strength of kinges
Is mightiest of all thinges.
For kinge hath power ouer man.
And man is be, which reason can,
As he whiche is of his nature
The most noble creature
Of all tho that god hath wrought,
And by that skille it seemeth nought
(He saith) that any erthly thinge
Maie be so mightie as a kyng.

A kyng maie spille, a kyng maie saue,
A kyng maie make a lorde, a knaue,
And of a knaue a lorde also,
The power of a kyng stont so,

That he the lawes ouerpasseth.
What he will make lesse, he lasseth,
What he will make more, he moreth.
And as a gentill fauconce soereth,
He fleeth, that no man hym reclaimeth.
But he alone all other tameth.
And stante hym selfe of lawe free.

Lo thus a kynges might, saith he,
(So as his reason can argue)
Is strongest, and of most value.

But Monachas saith other wise,
That wise is of the more imprise,
And that he sheweth by this waie.
The wyne full ofte taketh awaie
The reason for the mans herte.

The wine can make a creple sterte,
And a deliuer man vnweide.
It maketh a blynde man to behelde,
And a bright eied seme derke.
It maketh a leude man a clerke,
And for the clerke the clergie
It taketh awaie, and cowardie
It tourneth in to hardinesse,
Of auarice it maketh largesse.
The wine maketh eke the good blood,
In whiche the soule, whiche is good,
Hath chosen hir a resting place.
While that the lyfe hir woll embrace.

And by this skille Monachas
Answerd hath vpon this cas,
And seith, that wine by wey of kinde
Is thinge, whiche maie the hertes binde
Wele more than the regalie.

Zorobabell for his partie
Seid, as him thought for the best,
That women ben the mightiest.

The kyng and the viour also
Of women comen both two.
And eke he saide: howe that manhede,
Through strengthe vnto the womandele
Of looe, where he wyll or none,
Obeie shall, and therupon
To shew of women the maistrie,
A tale, whiche he sighe with eie,
As for ensample he tolde this.

Nota hic de vigore amoris, qui inter Cirium regem
Persarum et Apemen Besasis filiam ipsius regis
concupinam spectante tota curia experiebatur.

Howe Apemen of Besasis
Whiche daughter was, in the paleis
Sittende vpon his high deis
Whan he was hotest in his ire
Towarde the great of his empyre,
Cirius the kyng tyran she toke,
And only with hir goodly loke
She made him debonaire and meke,
And by the chin, and by the cbeke
She luggeth him right as hir list,
That now she iapeth, and now she kist,
And doth with him what euer hir liketh,
Whan that she loureth, than he siketh,
And whan she gladeth, he is glad,
And thus this kyng was onerlad
With hir, which his lemman was.

Amonge the men is no solas,
If that there be no woman there.
For but if that the woman were,

Tha worldes ioye were away.

This is trouthe, that I you seye.
To knighthode, and to worldes fame,
Thei make a man to drede shame,
And honour for to be desired.

Through the beautee of hem is fired
The darte, the whiche Cupide throweth,
Wherof the iolife peyne groweth,
Whiche all the worlde hath vnderfote.

A woman is the mans bote
His lyfe, his deth, his wo, his wele.
And this thyng maie be shewed wele,
Howe that women ben good and kynde,
For in ensample this I fynde.

Nota de fidelitate coniugis, qualiter Alcesta vxor
Admeti vt maritum suum viuificaret seipsam
morti spontanee subegit.

WHAN that the duke Admetus lais
Sicke in his bedde, that every daie
Men waiten, whan he shulde dey,
Alcest his wife goth for to prey,
As she whiche wolde thanke deserue,
With sacrifice vnto Minerus,
To witte answeere of the goddesse,
Howe that hir lorde of his sicknesse,
Wherof he was so wo beseyne,
Recoer might his hele ayene.

Lo thus she cride, and thus she praide,
Till at last a voyce hir saide,
That if she wolde for his sake
The maladie suffre and take,
And die hir selfe, he shulde liue.

Of this answeere Alcest hath yeue
Vnto Minerus great thankynges,
So that hir detbe, and his liuynges
She chese with all hir hole entent,
And thus accorded home she went.
In to the chambre whan she came,
Air housbands anone she name
In bothe hir armes, and hym kist,
And spake vnto hym, what hir list.
And therupon within a throwe,
The good wife was ouerthrowe,
And died, and he was holle in hast.
So maie a man by reason taste,
Howe nerte after the god abone
The trouthe of women and the loue,
In whome that all grace is founde,
Is mightiest vpon this grounde,
And most behouelic manyfolde.

Lo thus Zorobabell hath tolde
The tale of his opinion:
But for small conclusion,
What strengest is of erthly thynges,
The wine, the women, or the kynges,
He saith, that trouthe aboue hem all
Is mightiest, howe euer it fall.

The trouthe howe so it euer come,
Maie for nothyng ben ouercome.
It maie well suffre for a throwe,
But at last it shall be knowe.
The proverbe is, who that is trewe,
Hym shall his while neuer rewe.
For how so that the cause wende,
The trouthe is shameles at ende,
But what thynges that is trouthles,
It maie not well be shameles.

And shame hyndereth euery wight.

So proueth it, there is no might
Without trouthe in no degree
And thus for trouthe of his decree
Zorobabell was most commended.
Wherof the question was ended,
And he receiued hath his mede.
For trouthe, (whiche to mannes mede)
Is most behouelic oner all.
For thy was trouthe in speciall
The fyrste poynt in obseruance
Betake vnto the gouernance
Of Alisandre, as it is sayde,
For therupon the grounde is layde
Of euery kynges regiment,
As thynges, whiche moste conuenient
Is for to set a kyng in enen,
Bothe in this worlde, and eke in heuen.

Absit auaricia, ne tangat regia corda,
Cuius enim spoliis excoriatur humus.
Fama colit largum volutans per sæcula regem,
Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.

Hic tractat de regie maiestatis secunda policia:
quam Aristoteles largitatem vocat, cuius virtute
non solum propulsata auaricia, regis nomen
magnificum extollatur, sed et sui subdicionum
diuiciarum habundancia iocundiores efficiuntur.

NEXT after Trouth the seconde,
In policie, as it is founde,
Whiche serueth to the worldes fame,
In worship of a kynges name,
Largesse it is, whose priuilege
There maie no auarice abrege.

The worldes good was first commune
But afterwarde vpon fortune
Was thilke common profit cessed,
For whan the people stode encesed,
And the lignages woxen great,
Anone for singular beyete
Drough euery man to his partie,
Wherof come in the fyrste enuie,
With great debate and werres stronge,
And last amonge the men so longe,
Till no man wist, who was who,
Ne whiche was frende, ne whiche fo,
Till at laste in euery londe
Within hem selfe the people fonde,
That it was good to make a kyng,
Whiche might appesen all this thyng,
And yeue right to the lignages,
In partyng of her heretages.
And eke of all her other good.

And thus aboue hem all stode
The kyng vpon his regalie,
As he whiche hath to iustife
The worldes good fro couetise.

So sit it well in all wise,
A kyng betwene the more and lesse
To sette his herte vpon largesse
Towarde hym selfe, and eke also
Towarde his people: and if not so:
That is to sayne: if that he bee
Towarde hym selfe large and free,
And of his people take and pille:
Largesse by no wey of skylle
It maie be saide, but auarice,
Whiche in a kyng is a great vice.

Nota super hoc quod Aristotelis ad Alexandrum
exemplificauit de exactionibus regis Chaldeo-
rum.

A KYNGE behoueth eke to flee
The vice of prodigalitee,
That he measure in his exence
So kepe, that of indigence
He maie be saufe: for who that nedeth,
In all his werke the wers he spedeth.

As Aristotle vpou Caldee
Ensample of great auctoritee
Unto kyng Alisaunder taught
Of thilke folke, that were vnsaught
Towarde her kyng for his pillage.
Wherof he had in his courage,
That he vnto thre poyntes entede,
Where that he wolde his good dispense.

First shulde he loke howe that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yestes, whiche he wolde yeue,
So might he well the better liue.

And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Whiche ought for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben dispended.

He mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thynges all,
Se the decertes of his men,
And after that thei bene of ken,
And of astate, and of merite
He shall hem largelich acquite,
Or for the warre, or for the pease,
That none honour fall in discease,
Whiche might torne in to diffame,
But that he kepe his good name,
So that he be not holde vnkynde.
For in cronike a tale I fynde,
Whiche speaketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterwarde as thou shalte here.

Hic secundum gesta Iulii exemplum ponit, qualiter
rex suorum militum, quos probos agnouerit,
indigentiam largitatis sue beneficiis releuare tetur.

IN Rome to pursue his right
There was a worthie poore knight,
Whiche came alone for to seyue
His cause, whan the courte was pleyne,
Where Iulius was in presence:
And for him lacketh of dispense,
There was with hym uone aduocate
To make plee for his astate.

But though hym lacke for to plete,
Hym lacketh nothinge of manhede.
He wist well his purse was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte alayed
To the emperour, and thus he sayed.

O Iulius lorde of the lawe,
Beholde my counceyll is withdrawe
For lacke of golde, to thine office.
After the lawe of Iustice,
Helpe, that I had counseyle here
Upon the trouthe of my matere.
And Iulius with that anone
Assigned him a worthy one.

But he him selfe no worde ne spake.
This knight was wroth, and fonde a lake

In the Emperour: and aside thus.

O thou vnkynde Iulius,
Whan thou in thy batayle were
Up in Aufrike, and I was there,
My might for thy rescous I dyd,
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had:
But here I fynde the so bad,
That the ne list to speake o worde
Thyne owne mouthe, or of thyn horde
To yeue a floreyne me to helpe,
Howe shulde I than me be yeipe
Fro this day forth of thy largesse,
Whan suche a great vnkynde nesse
Is founde in suche a lorde as thou?

This Iulius knewe well enowe,
That all was soth, whiche he hym toldc:
And for he wolde not ben holde
Unkynde, he toke his cause on honde,
And as it were of goddes sonde
He yaued hym good enough to spende
For euer vnto his liues ende.

And thus shulde euery worthy kyng
Take of his knyghtes knowlygyng,
When that he sigh they hadden nede.
For euery seruice axeth mede.
But other, whiche haue not deserved
Through vertue, but of ispes serued,
A kyng shall not deserue grace,
Though he be large in suche a place.

Hic ponit exemplum de rege Antigono, quoditer
dona regia secundum maius et minus, equo dis-
crecione moderanda sunt.

It sitte well euery kyng to haue
Discrecion, whan men hym craue,
So that he maie his gyfte wite,
Wherof I fynde a tale write,
Howe Cinichus a powre knight,
A somme, whiche was ouer might
Pried of his kyng Antigonus.

The kyng answered to him thus,
And saide, howe suche a yeste passeth
His poore estate: and than he lasseth,
And asketh but a litell peny,
If that the kyng wolde yeue hym ony.

The kyng answered, it was to smelle
For him, which was a lorde rialle,
To yeue a man so litell thinge.
It were vnworship in a kyng.

By this ensample a kyng maie lere,
That for to yeue is in manere.
For if a kyng his tresour lasseth
With out honour, and thankelesse passeth,
Whan he him selfe will so begile,
I not who shall compleine his while,
Ne who by right him shall releue.
But netheles this I beleue,
To helpe with his owne tonde
Belongeth euery man his honde
To set vpon necessitee.

And eke his kynges rialtee
Mote euery liege man comforte
With good and bodie to supporte,
Whan thei see cause resonable.
For who that is not entendable
To holde vp right his kynges name,
Him ought for to be to blame.

Nota hic secundum Aristotelem qualiter principum prodigalitas, paupertatem inducit communem.

Of policie and ouer more
To speke in this mater more,
So as the philosophre tolde,
A kinge after the reule is holde
To modifie, and to adresse
His yestes vpon suche largesse,
That he measure nought excede.

Sal. Sic aliis benefacito, vt tibi non nocias.

For if a kinge falle in to nede,
It causeth ofte sondry thinges
Whiche are vngoodly to the kinges.
What man wille not him selfe mesure,
Men seen full ofte, that measure
Him hath forsake: and so doth hee,
That vseth prodigalitee,
Whiche is the mother of pouerte,
Wherof the londes ben deserte,
And namely when thiike vice
A bone a kinge stant in office,
And hath with holde of his partie:
The couetous flaterie:
Whiche many a worthy kyng decciueth,
Er he the fallace perceiueth
Of hem, that seruen to the glose.
For thei that come please and glose,
Ben as men tellen, the norices
Unto the fostringe of the vices,
Wherof full ofte netheles
A kyng is blamed gyteles.

Qualiter in principum curis adulatores trisplici grauitate offendant.

A PHILOSOPHER, as thou shalt here,
Spake to a kyng of this matere,
And seyde hym well how that flatours
Culpable were of thre errours.
One was towarde the goddes hie,
That weren wroth of that they sie
The mischiefe, whiche befall shulde
Of that the fals flatour tolde
Towarde the kyng. An other was:
Whan thei by steight and by fallas
Of feigned wordes, make hym wene,
That blacke is white, and blew is grene,
Touchende of his condicion.
For whan he doth extortion,
With many an other vice mo,
Men shall not fynde one of the
To grutche or speake there ageine,
But bolden vp his oyle, and seyne:
That all is well, what euer he doth.
And thus of fals thei maken soth,
So that her kynges eie is blynt,
And wote not howe the worlde is went.
The thirde error is harme commune,
With whiche the people mote commune
Of wronges, that thei bringen inne.
And thus they werchen treble siane,
That ben flatours about a kyng.
There might be no worse thyng
About a kynges regalie,
Than is the vice of flaterie.
And netheles it hath ben used,
That it was neuer yet refused,

As for to speke in courte riall.
For there it is most speciall,
And maie not longe be forbore.
But when this vice of hem is bore,
That shulde the vertoes forth brynge,
And trouthe is torned to leynage:
It is, as who seith against kynde,
Wherof an olde ensample I fynde.

Hic loquitur super eodem, et narrat, quod cum Diogenes et Aristippus philosophi a scolis Athen. ad Cartaginem, vnde orti fuerunt reuertissent, Aristippus Curie principis sui familiaris adhesit: Diogenes vero in quodam manciunculo suo studio vacans permansit: et contigit, qui cum ipse quodam die ad finem orti sui super ripam herbas quas elegerat, ad olera lauasset, Superuenit ex casa Aristippus, dixitque ei: O Diogenes, certe si principi tuo placere scires tu ad olera tua lauanda non indigeres. Cui ille respondit: O Aristippe, Certe si tu olera tua lauare scires, te in blanditiis et adulationibus principi tuo seruire non oporteret.

Amonge these other tales wise
Of philosophers in this wise
I rede howe whilome two there were,
And to the schole for to lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Her frendes when they were of age,
Hem sende: and there they stude longe,
Till thei suche lore haue vnderfonge,
That in her tyme they surmounte
All other men: that to accounte
Of hem was tho the great fame.

The firste of hem his right name
Was Diogenes than hote,
In whom was founde no riote.
His felawe Aristippus hight,
Which mochel couthe, and mochel might.
But at last soothe to seyne
They both turnen home ayene
Unto Carthage, and schole lete.
This Diogenes no beyete
Of worldes good, or lasse or more
Ne sought for his longe lore,
But toke hym only for to dwell
At home: and as the bokes telle,
His house was nigh to a riuer
Beside a brigg as thou shalt here.
There dwelleth he, and takth his rest,
So as it thought hym for the best
To studie in his philosophie,
As he, which wolde so defie
The worldes pompe on euery side.

But Aristippe his boke a side
Hath leyde: and to the courte he went
Where many a wyle, and many a went
With flaterie and wordes softe
He caste, and hath compassed ofte
Howe he his prince might please.
And in this wise he gate hym ease,
Of vayne honour and worldes good,
The londes rule vpon hym stode.

The kyng of hym was wondre glad,
And all was do, what thyng he bad,
Bothe in the courte, and eke without.
With flaterie be brought about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Whiche was ayene the state of clerke:

So that philosophie he lefte,
And to riches hym selfe vp lefte.

Lo thus had Aristippe his will.
But Diogenes dweltes still
At home, and loked on his boke,
He sought not the worldes croke
For vayne honour, ne for richesse,
But all his hertes businesse
He sette to be vertuous.
And thus within his owne hous
He liueth to the suffisance
Of his hauinge, and fell perchance
This Diogene vpon a daie,
And that was in the month of maie,
Whan that these herbes ben holosome,
He walketh for to gether some
In his gardeine, of whiche his ioutes
He thought to haue, and thus aboutes
Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
He set him than downe and piketh,
And wishe his herbes in the floode,
Upon the whiche his garden stooode
Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere,
And happneth while he sitteth there,
Cam Aristippus by the streate
With many hors and routes greate,
And straught vnto the bregges he rode,
Where that he houed and abode.
For as he cast his eie nigh,
His felawe Diogene he sigh,
And what he dede he sigh also,
Wherof he saide to him tho.

O Diogene god the spede.
It were certes litel nede
To sitte here and wordes pike,
If thou thy prince coudest like,
So as I can in my degree.
O Aristippe (agaeyne quod he)
If that thou coudest so as I
Thy wordes picke truly,
It were as litell nede or lasse,
That thou so worldly woll compassse
With flaterie for to serue:
Wherof thou thynkest for to deserue
Thy princes thonke, and to purchase
How thou might stonde in his grace,
For gettynge of a littell good.
If thou wolt take in to thy mode
Reason: thou might by reason deme,
That so thy prince for to queme,
Is not to reason accordant.
But it is greatly discordant.
Unto the scholes of Athene.

Lo thus answerde Diogene
Ageyne the clerkes flaterie.
But yet men seyne thessamplarie
Of Aristippe is well receiued.
And thilke of Diogene is weyued.
Office in courte, and golde in coffer
Is now, men seyn, the philosopher,
Whiche hath the worship in the hall.
But flaterie passeth all
In chambre, whom the court suanceth.
For vpon thilke lotte it chanceth
To be beloued now a daie.

Nota exemplum cuiusdam poete de Italia, qui
Dantes vocabatur.

Y NOT if it be ye or naie,

Howe Dante the poete answerde
To a flatour, the tale I herde.

Upon a strife betwene hem two,
He said hym, there ben many mo
Of thy seraantes than of myne.
For the poete of his couine
Hath none, that wil hym cloth and fede:

But a flatour maie rule and lede
A kynge with all his londe about.
So stant the wise man in dout
Of hem, that to foly drawe.
For such is now the common lawe
And as the commune voyce it telleth,
Where nowe that flaterie dwelleth
In euery londe vnder the sonne,
There is full many a thinge begonne,
Whiche were better to be lefte,
That hath be shewed nowe and ofte.

But if a prince him wolde rule
Of the Romayns after the reule,
In thilke tyme as it was used,
This vice shulde be refused,
Wherof the princis ben assoted.
But where the playne trouth is noted,
There maie a prince wel conceyue,
That he shall nought him selfe deceyue
Of that he hereth wordes playne.
For him ther nought by reason playne,
That warned is, er hym be wo,
And that was fully proued so,
Whan Rome was the worldes chiefe,
The sooth sayer tho was leefe,
Whiche wolde not the trouth spare,
But with his worde, playne and bare,
To themperour his sothes tolde,
As in cronicke it is witholde,
Here afterwarde as thou shalt here,
Acordend vnto this matere.

Hic etiam contra vicium adulationis ponit exem-
plum: et narrat, quod cum nuper Romanorum
imperator contra suos hostes victoriam obtinuis-
set, et cum palma triumphi in urbem redire de-
buisset, ne ipsum inanis glorie altitudo super-
extolleret, licitum fuit pro illo die, quod vni-
us quaque peiora, que sue condicionis agnosceret,
in aures suas apcius exclamaret: vt sic gaudium
cum dolore compesceret, et adulationum voces,
si que fuerant, pro minimo computaret.

To see this olde ensamplarie,
That whilom was no flaterie
Towarde the princis, wel I finde,
Wherof so as it comthe to mynde
My sonne a tale vnto thin ere
(While that the worthy princis were
At Rome) I thinke for to telle.
For whan the chanches so befelle,
That any emperour as tho
Victorie had vpon his fo,
And so forth came to Rome agayne,
Of treble honour he was certayne.
Wherof that he was magnifod.

The firste, as it is specified,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
The chare, in whiche he shuld ride,
Foure white stedes shulde it drawe.

Of Iupiter by thilke lawe
The cots he shulde were also.
His prisoners eke shulden go

Endlonge the chare on eyther honde.
 And all the noblesse of the londe
 Tofore and after with him come
 Ridend, and broghten him to Rome,
 In token of his chivalrie:
 And for none other flaterie.
 And that was shewed forth with all,
 Where he satte in his chare riall,
 Beside him was a ribaud set,
 Whiche had his worde so beset
 To temperour in all his glorie
 He saide: take in to momorie,
 For all this pompe, and all this pride
 Let no iustice gon a side,
 But knowe thy selfe, what so befall.
 For men seen often tyme falle
 Things, whiche men wende siker stonde.
 Though thou victorie hane on honde,
 Fortune maie not stonde alway:
 The whele perchance another daye
 Maie turne, and thou ouer throwe,
 There lasteth no thinge but a throwe.
 With these wordes and with mo,
 This ribaulde, whiche satte with him tho,
 To temperour his tale tolde.
 And ouermore what euer he wolde,
 Or were it euyll, or were it good,
 So playnly as the trouth stood,
 He spareth not, but spekeh it oute.
 And so might euery man aboute
 The daie of that solemnitee
 His tale tell as wele as hee,
 To temperour all openly.
 And all was this the cause why,
 That while he stode in his noblesse,
 He shulde his vanitee expresse
 With suche wordes as he herde.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, et narrat, quod eodem die, quo imperator intronizatus in palacio suo regio ab cornu iuniorum in maiori leticia sedisset, ministri sui sculptores procederant alta voce dicentes: O imperator dic nobis, cuius forme, et ubi tumbam sculpture tue faciemus: ut sic morte remorsus huius vite blandicias obtemperaret.

Lo nowe howe thilke tyme ferde
 Towarde so highe a worthy lorde.
 For this I finde eke of recorde,
 Whiche the cronike hath auctorized,
 What emperour was entronized,
 The fyrst day of his corone,
 Where he was in his royall throne,
 And held his fest in the paleis,
 Sittend vpon his bie deis,
 Withall the iuste that maie be gete,
 Whan he was gladest at his mete,
 And euery minstrell had plaide,
 And euery disour had saide
 What most was pleasant to his ere:
 Than at last came in there
 His masons, for thei shulde craue,
 Where that he wolde be begraued,
 And of what stone his sepulture
 Thei shulden make, and what sculptur
 He wolde ordeigne therupon.
 Tho was there flatterie none,
 The worthy prince to beiape,
 The kynge was otherwise shape

With good counsaile: and otherwise
 Thei were hem selfe than wise,
 And vnderstoden well and knewen,
 Whan suche softe wyndes blewen
 Of flatterie in to her eare,
 Thei setten nought ber hertes there.
 But whan thei herde wordes feigned,
 The playne trouth it hath disleigned
 Of hem that weren so discrete.
 Tho toke the flaterer no beyete
 Of hym, that was his prince tho.
 And for to prouen it is so
 A tale, whiche befell in dede,
 In a cronike of Rome I rede.

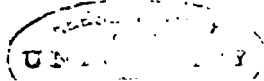
Hic inter alia gesta Cesaris narrat vnum exemplum precipue contra illos, qui cum in aspectu principis aliis sapientiores apparere vellent, quandoque tamen simulate sapientie talia committunt, perquam ceteris stultiores in fine comprobantur.

CESAR vpon his royall troone,
 Where that he sat in his persone,
 And was hiest in all his pris,
 A man, whiche wolde make hym wise,
 Fell downe knelende in his presence,
 And did him suche a reuerence,
 As though the highe god it were.
 Men hadden great meruaile there
 Of the worship, whiche he dede.
 This man aros fro thilke stede,
 And forth with all the same tide
 He goth him vp, and by his side
 He set hym downe, as pere and pere,
 And saide: If thou that sittest here
 Arte god, whiche all thynges might,
 Than haue I worshipped a right,
 As to the god: and other wise
 If thou be not of thilke assie,
 But art a man, suche as am I,
 Than maie I sit the fast by,
 For we be bothe of o kynde.

Cesar answerde, and saide: O blynde
 Thou art a sole, it is well sene
 Upon thy selfe. For if thou wene
 I be a god, thou doste amis
 To sit, where thou seest god is.
 And if I be a man also,
 Thou hast a great foly do,
 Whan thou to suche one as shall deie,
 The worship of thy god alweie
 Hast yeaue so vnworthily.
 Thus may I proue redily,
 Thou art not wise. And thei that hered,
 Howe wisely that the kynge answerde,
 It was to hem a newe lore,
 Whereof thei dreden hym the more,
 And brought nothyng to his ere,
 But if it trouthe and reason were.
 So ben there many in suche a wise,
 That feignen wordes to be wise
 And all is veraiie flatterie
 To hym, whiche can it well asprie.

Nota qualiter isti circa principem adultores potius a curia expelli quam ad regie maiestatis munera acceptari pollicia suadente, deberent.

THE kynge flatterour can not loue,
 But for to bryng hym selfe aboute.



For howe that euer his maister fare,
 So that hym selfe stonde out of care,
 Him retcheth nought. And thus fall ofte
 Deceiued bene with wordes softe
 The kynges, that ben innocent.
 Wherof as for chastement
 The wise philosopre saide:
 What kyng that so his treasure laide
 Upon suche folke, he hath the lesse.
 And yet ne doth he no largesse,
 But harmeth with his owne houde
 Hym selfe, and eke his owne londe:
 And that many a soudry weye,
 Wherof if that a man shall seye,
 As for to speake in generall,
 Where suche thyng falleth ouer all,
 That any kyngs him selfe misrule,
 The philosopre vpon his reule
 In speciall a cause set,
 Whiche is and euer hath be lette
 In gouernance, aboute a kyng
 Upon the mischiefe of the thyng,
 And that, he seith, is flaterie:
 Wherof tofore as in partie,
 What vice it is, I haue declared.
 For who that hath his wit bewared
 Upon a flatur to beleue,
 Whan that he weneth best achieue
 His good worlde, it is meste fro.
 And for to prouen it is so,
 Ensamplis there be many one,
 Of whiche if thou wolt knowe one,
 It is behouely for to here,
 What whilom fell in this matere.

*Hic loquitur vterius de consilio adelantum, quom-
 tum fabulis principis aures organizate veritatis
 auditum capere nequeunt, Et narrat exemplum
 de rege Achab, pro eo, quod ipse prophecias
 fidelis Michee recusauit, blandiciis, que adu-
 lantis Zedechie adhesit, rex Syrie Benedab in
 campo bellator ipsum diuino iudicio deuictum
 interfecit.*

AMONGE the kynges in the bible
 I fynde a tale, and is credible,
 Of hym that whilom Achab hight
 Whiche had all Israel to right.
 But who that coude glose softe,
 And flatter, suche he sette alofte
 In great estate, and made hem riche:
 But they that speken wordes liche
 To trouthbe, and wolde it not forbear,
 For hem was none estate to beare.
 The courte of suche toke none hede,
 Till at last vpon a nede
 That Benedad kyng of Surrie
 Of Israel a greate partie,
 Whiche Ramoth Galaad was hote,
 Hath seised: and of that riote
 He toke counceyle in soudry wise,
 But not of hem, that weren wise.

And netheles vpon this cas
 To stengthen him, for Iosephas
 Whiche than was kyng of Iudee,
 He sende for to come, as hee,
 Whiche through frendship and aliance
 Was nexte to hym of acquaintance.
 For Ioram soune of Iosaphath,
 Acabs daughter wedded hath,

Whiche hight faire Goodelie.

And thus cam into Samarie
 Kyng Iosaphat, and he founde there
 The kyng Achab: and when thei were
 Together spekende of this thyng,
 This Iosaphat saieyth to the kyng,
 Howe that he wolde gladly here
 Some true prophet in this matere,
 That he his counsaile might yeue,
 To what poynt it shall be dreue.

And in that tyme so befelle
 There was suche one in Israel,
 Whiche sette hym all to flaterie,
 And he was cleped Sedechie:
 And after hym Achab hath sent.
 And he at his commandement
 Tofore hym cam: and by a sleight
 He hath vpon his head on height
 Two large hornes set of bras.
 As he whiche all a flattrour was,
 And goth rampende as a lion,
 And cast his horne vp and downe:
 And bad men ben of good espere.
 For as the hornes persen the eire,
 He saith, withouten resistance,
 So wist he well of his science,
 That Benedad is discomfite.

When Sedechie vpon this plite
 Hath tolde this tale vnto his lord
 Anone thei were of his acorde
 Propheta false many uno,
 To beare vp oyle, and al the
 Affermen that, whiche he hath tolde:
 Wherof the kyng Achab was helde,
 And yane hem yestes all aboute.

But Iosaphat was in great doute,
 And helde fantosome all that he herde.
 Praiende Achab howe so ferde,
 If there were any other man,
 The whiche of prophecie can,
 To here him speke er that thei gone.
 Quod Achab than, there is one,
 A brothel, whiche Micheas hight:
 But he ne comth nought in my sight.
 For he hath longe in prisone leyn,
 Him liked neuer yet to seyn,
 A goodly worde to my plesance.
 And netheles at thine instance
 He shall come out: and than be maie
 Saie, as he saide many a daie.
 For yet he saide neuer wele.

The Iosaphat began some dele
 To gladen hym in hope of trouthbe,
 And bade withouten any slouthbe,
 That men hym shulde sette anone.

And thei that were for hym gone,
 Whan that thei comen where he was,
 Thei tolden vnto Micheas
 The maner howe that Sedechie
 Declared hath his prophecie.
 And therupon thei praien hym faire,
 That he will saie no contraire.
 Wherof the kyng maie be displeasid.
 For so shall euery man be easid.
 And he maie helpe hym selfe also.

Micheas vpon trouthbe tho
 His herte set, and to hem saithe:
 All that belonged to his faithe
 (And of none other feigned thiage)
 That wolt he tell vnto the kyng,

As ferre as god hath yeue hym grace.
 Thus came this prophete in to place,
 Where he the kynges will herde.

And he therto snoon answerde,
 And saide vnto hym in this wise:

My liege lorde for my seruice,
 Which trewe hath stonde euer yit,
 Thou haste with prisone me acquite.
 But for all that I shall not glose
 Of trouthe as far as I suppose,
 And as touchende of thy batayle.
 Thou shalt not of the sothe fayle.

For if it like the to here,
 As I am taught in that matere,
 Thou myght it vnderstonde snone.
 Bot what is afterwarde to doone
 Awise the, for this I sie,
 I was tofore the trone on hie,
 Where all the worlde me thought stode,
 And there I herde and vnderstode
 The voyce of god with wordes clere,
 Asende, and sayde in this manere:
 Is what thinge maie I best begyle
 The kyng Achab, and for a whyle
 Upon this poynt they speken fast.
 Tho sayd a spirite at last,
 I vndertake this emprise.

And god hym axeth in what wise.
 I shall (quod he) deceiue and lie
 With flaterende prophecies,
 In suche monthes, as he leueth.
 And he, whiche all thinge acbeueth,
 Bad hym go forth, and do right so.

And ouer this I sigh also
 The noble people of Israel
 Dispers, as shepe vpon an hille
 Without a keper vnaraied:
 And as they wenten about astraid
 I herde a voyce vnto hem seyne:

Goth home in to your houe ayene,
 Til I for you haue better ordeined,
 Good Sedechi thou hast feigned
 This tale, in angrings of the kyng,
 And in a wrathe vpon this thinge
 He smote Miche vpon the cheke.

The kyng him hath rebuked eke,
 And eery man vpon him cride.
 Thus was he sbente on eury side,
 Ayene and in to prisone ladde.
 For so the kyng him selfe badde.
 The trouth might nought ben herde,
 But afterward as it hath ferde
 The dede proneth his entent.
 Achab to the batayle went.
 Where Benedad for all his shelde
 Him slough, so that vpon the felde
 His people goth aboute a straine.
 His people goth aboute a straine.
 But god, whiche all thinges maie,
 So deth, that they no mischiefe haue.

Her kyng was dead, and they be saue,
 And home ageyn in goddes pees
 They wente, and all was founde sees,
 That Sedechie hath saide tofore:

So sit it well a kyng therefore
 To loue them, that trouth mene.
 For at last it wille be sene,
 That flaterie is nothinge worthe.

But nowe to my matter forthe,
 As for to speken ouer more,
 After the philosophers lore,

The thirde poynte of policie
 I thinke for to specifie.

Propter transgressos leges statuuntur in orbe,
 Vt viuant iusti regis honore viri.
 Lex sine iusticia, populum sub principis vmbra
 Deuiat, vt rectum nemo videbit iter.

Hic tractat de tercia principum legis policia que
 iusticia nominata est, cuius condicio legibus in
 corrupta vnicuique quod suum est equo pondere
 distribuit.

WHAT is a londe, where men be none?
 What ben the men, whiche are alone,
 Without a kinges gouernance?
 What is a kyng in his ligeance,
 Where that there is no lawe in londe?
 What is to take lawe on honde,
 But if the Iuges ben trewe?

These olde worldes with the newe
 Who that will take in euidence
 There maie he se experience,
 What thinge it is to kepe lawe,
 Through which wronges be withdrawe,
 And rightwisenes stante commended,
 Whereof the reignes ben amended.

For where the lawe maie commune
 The lordes forth with the commune,
 Eche hath his propre deutee,
 And eke the kinges rialtee
 Of bothe his worship vnderfongeth,
 To his estate as it belongeth:
 Whiche of his high worthinesse
 Hath to gouerne rightwisnesse,
 As he whiche shall the lawe guide.

And netheles vpon some side
 His power stant aboute the lawe,
 To yeue both and to withdrawe
 The forfet of a mannes life.
 But thinges, whiche are excessiue
 Ayen the lawe, he shall not do
 For loue, ne for hate also.

Imperatoriam maiestatem non solum armis sed
 etiam legibus oportet esse armatam.

THE mightes of a kyng be gret:
 But yet a worthie kyng shall let
 Of wronge to done, all that he might.
 For he whiche shall the people right,
 It sit well to his regalie
 That he him selfe first iustifie
 Towards god in his degree.
 For his estate is elles free
 Towards all other in his persone,
 Saue onely to the god alone,
 Whiche will hym selfe a kyng chastise,
 Where that none other maie suffice.

So were it good to taken hede,
 That fyrst a kyng his owne dede,
 Betwene the virtue and the vice,
 Redresse, and than of his iustice
 To set in euen the balance
 Towards other in gouernance,
 That to the poore, and to the riche
 His lawes mighten stonden liche,
 He shall excepte no persone.
 But for he maie not all hym one

In sondry places do iustice,
 He shall of his riall office
 With wise consideracion
 Ordeine his deputacion
 Of suche iudges, as ben lerned,
 So that his people be gouerned
 By hem, that true ben and wise.
 For if the lawe of couetise
 Be set vpon a iudges honde:
 Wo is the people of thilke londe.
 For wronge maie not hym seluen hide.
 But els on that other side,
 If lawe stonde with the right,
 The people is glad, and stont vpright.
 Where as the lawe is reasonable
 The common people stant meuable.
 And if the lawe torne a mis,
 The people also mistorned is.

Nota hic de iusticia Maximini imperatoris, qui cum alicuius provincie custodem sibi constituere volebat, primo de sui nominis fama proclamatione facta ipsius condicionem diligencius inuestigabat.

AND in ensample of this matere
 Of Maximin a man maie here,
 Of Rome whiche was emperour:
 That whan he made a gouernour
 By weie of substitution,
 Of province or of region,
 He wolde first enquire his name,
 And lete it openly proclame
 What man he were, or euill or good.
 And vpon that his name stode
 Enclined to vertue or to vice,
 So wolde he set him in office:
 Or elles put hym all aweye.
 Thus helde the lawe his right weye,
 Which fonde no let of couetise.
 The worlde stode than vpon the wise,
 As by ensample thou might rede,
 And holde it in the minde I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus incorruptis: et narrat qualiter Caius Fabricius nuper Rome consul aurum a Sampnitibus sibi oblatum renuit diceus, quod nobilius est aurum possidentes dominio subingare, quam ex auri cupiditate dominij libertatem amittere.

In a cronike I fynde thus,
 Howe that Caius Fabricius,
 Whiche whilome was consul of Rome,
 By whome the lawes yede and come.
 Whan the Samnites to hym brought
 A somme of golde, and him besought
 To don hem fauour in the lawe.
 Toward the golde he gan him drawe,
 Wherof in all mennes loke
 Parte vp in his bonde he toke,
 Whiche to his mouth in all haste
 He put it for to smelle and taste,
 And to his eie, and to his ere:
 But he ne founde no comforte there.
 And than he gan it to despise,
 And tolde vnto hem in this wise:
 I not what is with golde to thriue
 Whan none of all my wittes fue
 Finde sauour ne delite therein.
 So is it but a nice siuue

Of golde to ben to couetouse.
 But he is riche and glorious,
 Whiche hath in his subieccion
 Tho men, whiche in possession
 Ben riche of golde, and by this skill,
 For he maie all daie whan he will,
 Or be hem left or be hem lothe
 Iustice done vpon hem both.
 Lo thus he sayd, and with that worde
 He threwe tofore hem on the borde
 The golde out of his honde anone:
 And sayd hem, that he wolde none.
 So that he kepte his libertee
 To do iustice and equitee,
 Without lucre of suche richesse.
 There ben nowe fewe of suche I gease.
 For it was thilke tymes vsed,
 That euery Iudge was refused,
 Whiche was not frende to common right,
 But thei that wolde stonde vp right,
 For trouthe only to do iustice
 Preferred were in thilke office,
 To deme and iudge common lawe,
 Which nowe men sayn is all withdrawe.
 To sette a lawe and kepe it nought,
 There is no commune profite sought.
 But about all nethelias
 The lawe, whiche is made for pees,
 Is good to kepe for the beste.
 For that setteth all men in reste.

Hic narrat de iusticia nuper Conradi imperatoris, cuius tempore alicuius reuerencia persone aliquis seu precum interuencione quacunque vel auri redempcione legum statuta commutari seu redimi nullatenus potuerunt.

THE rightful emperor Conrade
 To kepe peas suche lawe made,
 That none within the citee
 In disturbance of vnitee
 Durst ones meuen a matere.
 For in his tyme, as thou myght here,
 What poynte that was for lawe sette,
 It shulde for no good be lette,
 To what persone that it were:
 And this brought in the common fore,
 Why euery man the lawe drad.
 For there was none, whiche fauour had.

Nota exemplum de constantia iudicis, vbi narrat de Carmidotiro Rome nuper consule, qui cum sui statuti legem nescius offendisset, Romani que super hoc penam sibi remittere voluissent, ipse propria manu, vbi nullus alius in ipsum iudex fuit, sui criminis vindictam executus est.

So as these olde bokes sayne
 I fynde writte, howe a romayne
 Whiche consul was of the pretoire
 Whose name was Carmidotiro
 He sette a lawe for the peas,
 That none but he be wepenles
 Shall come into the counseyle hous.
 And elles as malicious
 He shall ben of the lawe dede.
 To that statute, and to that rede
 Accorden all, it shall be so,
 For certeyne cause whiche was tho.

Nowe list what fill thereafter soone.
 This Consul had for to doone,
 And was in to the felde ridde.
 And thei hym had longe abide,
 That lordes of the counseyle were,
 And for hym seide, and he cam there
 With swerde begirde, and hath foryete,
 Till he was in the counseyle sete.
 Was none of hem that made speche,
 Till he hym selfe it wolde seche.
 And fonde out the default hym selfe.
 And than he sayde vnto the twelfe,
 Whiche of the senate weren wise,
 I haue deserued the iuise
 In haste that it were do.

And thei hym sayden all no.
 For well thei wist it was no vice:
 When he ne thought no malice
 But oneliche of a litell slouth.
 And thus thei lesten as for routh
 To do iustice vpon his gyfte,
 For that he shulde not be spytle.
 And whan he sigh the maners howe
 Thei wolde him saue, he made aouwe
 With manfull herte, and thus he sayde.
 That Rome shulde neuer abrayde
 His heires, whan he were of dawe,
 That her aunceatre brake the lawe.
 For thy er that thei weren ware
 Forthwith the same swerde he bare
 The statute of his lawe kepte,
 So that all Rome his dethe bewepete.

Nota quod falsi iudices mortis pena puniendi sunt.
 Narrat enim qualiter Cambyses rex Persarum
 quendam iudicem corruptum excoriari viuum
 fecit, eiusque pelle cathedram iudicalem operiri
 constituit. Ita quod filius suus super patris
 pellem postea pro tribunali sessurus, iudicii
 equitatem euidentius memoraretur.

In another place also I rede,
 Where that a Iudge his owne dede
 He woll nought venge of lawe broke,
 The kynge hath him selfe wroke.
 The greate kynge, it whiche Cambyses
 Was hote, a Iudge lawles
 He fonde, and in to remembrance,
 He did vpon him suche vengeance.

Out of his skin he was befaime
 All quicke: and in that wise staine,
 So that his skin was shape all mete,
 And nailed on the same sete,
 Where that his sonne shulde sitte,
 Aise him if he wolde fitte
 The lawe for the couetise,
 There sawe he redie his Iuise.

Thus in defaulte of other Iudge
 The kynge mote otherwhile Iudge,
 To holden vp the right lawe.
 And for to speke of the olde dawe,
 To take ensample of that was tho,
 I fnde a tale written also,
 Howe that a worthy prince is holde.
 The lawes of his londe to holde.
 Fyrt for the high goddes sake,
 And eke for that him is betake
 The people for to guide and lede.
 Whiche is the charge of his kinge hede.

Hic ponit exemplum de principibus illis, non solum
 legem statuentes illam conseruant, sed vt com-
 mune bonum adaugeant, propriam facultatem
 dimittunt. Et narat, quod cum Athen. prin-
 cepts subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habun-
 dantia diuites et vanimes congruis legibus stare
 feciase volens, ad vtilitatem reipublice leges il-
 las firmitus obseruari peregre profecisse finxit,
 sed prius iuramentum solempne a legiis suis
 sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi vsque in reditum
 suum leges suas nullatenus infringerent, quibus
 iuratis peregrinationem suam in exilium abaque
 reditu perpetuo delegauit.

In a cronike I rede thus
 Of the rightfull Lycurgus,
 Whiche of Athenes prince was,
 How he the lawe in euery cas,
 Wherof he shulde his people rule,
 Hath set vpon so good a rule,
 In all this worlde that citee none
 Of lawe was so well begonc,
 Forthwith the trouth of gouernance,
 There was amonge hem no distance,
 But euery man hath his encrees,
 There was without werre pees,
 Without enuie loue stooede,
 Richease vpon the commune good,
 And not vpon the singular,
 Ordeined was, and the power
 Of hem, that weren in estate,
 Was saufe, wherof vpon debata
 There stode nothinge, so that in reate
 Might euery man his herte reate.

And whan this noble rightfull kynge
 Sigh how it ferde all this thinge,
 Wherof the people stode in ease,
 He whiche for euer wolde please
 The high god, whose thonke he sought,
 A wonder thinge than he wethought,
 And shope, if that it might be,
 Howe that his lawe in the citee
 Might afterwarde for euer laste.
 And therupon his witte he caste,
 What thinge hym were best to seyne,
 That he his purpose might atteine.
 A parlement and thus he sette
 His wisdom where that he be set
 In audience of great and smale,
 And in this wise he tolde his tale:

God wote, and so ye woten all,
 Here afterwarde howe so it fall,
 Yet in to nowe my will hath bee
 To do Iustice and equitee,
 In fordringe of cominune proffite,
 Suche hath hen euer my delite,
 But of one thinge I am be knowe,
 The whiche my wil is that ye knowe.

The lawe, whiche I toke on honde,
 Was all togeder of goddes sonde,
 And nothinge of myne owne wit,
 So mote it nede endure yit,
 And shall do lenger, if ye wil.
 For I wol tell you the skil.

The god Mercurius, and no man,
 He hath me taught, all that I can
 Of suche lawes as I made;
 Wherof that ye ben all glade:
 It was the god, and nothinge I,
 Which did all this: And nowe for thy

He hath commanded of his grace,
That I shall come in to a place,
Which is foreine out in an yle,
Where I mote tarie for a while
With him to speke, and he hath bede,
For as he saieþ, in þilke stede
He shall me suche thinges telle,
That euer while the worlde shall dwell,
Athenes shall the better fare.
But first er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that my lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
There whiles that I shall be oute,
For thy to setten oute of doubte
Both you and me, thus woll I prairie,
That ye me wolde assure and saie
With suche an othe, as ye will take,
That eche of you shall vnder take
My lawes for to kepe and holde.

They sayden all, that they wolde.
And there vpon thei swore there othe,
That fro that tyme, that he gothe,
Till he to hem come ageyne,
They shuld his lawes well and pleyne
In euery poynt kepe and fulfill.
Thus hath Lycurgus his wille:
And toke his leue, and forth he went.
But list nowe well to what entent
Of rightwisnesse he did so.

For after that he was ago,
He shope him neuer to be founde,
So that Athenes, which was bounde,
Neuer after shuld be releced,
Ne þilke good lawe seced,
Whiche was for commune profit sette,
And in this wise he hath it knette.
He whiche the commune profite sought
The kynge his owne estate ne rought.

To do profite to the commune
He toke of exile the fortune,
And lefte of prince þilke office
Onely for loue and for iustice,
Through which he thought, if that he might
For euer after his deth, to right
The citee, whiche was him betake,
Wherof men ought eusample take,
The good lawes to auance,
With hem whiche vnder gouernance
The lawes haue for to kepe.
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that first lawes founde,
Als ferre as lasteth any bounde
Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
And if it like the to knowe
Some of her names, howe they stonde,
Nowe herken, and thou shalt vnderstonde.

*Hic ad eorum laudem, qui iusticie causa leges sta-
tuerunt aliorum nomina specialius commemo-
rat.*

Of euery benefite the merite
The god hym selfe it wol acquite.
And eke full ofte it falleth so,
The worlde it woll acquite also.
But that maie not ben euen liche,
The god he yeueth the heuen riche,
The worlde yeth onely but a name,
Whiche stont vpon the good fame
Of hem; that done the good dede.
And in this wise double mede

Receiuen thei, that done well here,
Wherof if that the lyst to here,
After the fame as it is blowe,
There might thou well the soth knowe,
Howe þilke honest besynesse
Of hem, that first for rightwisnesse
Amonge the men the lawes made,
Maie neuer vpon this earthe fade.
For euer while there is a tonge,
Her name shall be redde and songe,
And holde in the cronike write:
So that the men it shalden wite
To speaken good, as thei well oughten
Of hem, that firste the lawes soughten,
In fordrynge of the worldes pees.
Unto the Hebrewes was Moyses
The fyrste: and to the Aegyptians
Mercurius: and to Troiens
Fyrst was Numa Pompilius:

To Athenes Lycurgus
Yaue fyrst the lawe, vnto gregorya
Foronens hath thilke voyce,
And Romulus of romayns:
For suche men that ben vilayns
The lawe in suche a wise ordeineth,
That what man to the lawe pleyneþ,
Be so the iudge stande vp right,
He shall be serued of his right.
And so ferforth it is befall,
That lawe is come amonge vs all.
God leue it mote well bene holde,
As euery kynge therto is holde.

For thyng, whiche is of kynges sette,
With kynges ought it not be lette.
What kynge of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe he maie no royalm kepe.
Do lawe awaie, what is a kynge?
Where is the right of any thyng
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a kynge well vnderstonde,
As he whiche is to lawe swore,
That if the lawe be fortore
Withouten execucion,
It makth a londe turne vp so down,
Whiche is vnto the kynge a sclaudre.
For thy vnto kynge Aliandre
The wise philosophre hadde,
That he hym selfe fyrste be ladde
Of lawe, and forth than ouer all
To do iustice in generall:
That all the wyde londe aboute:
The iustice of his lawe doubte:
And than shall he stonde in rest.
For therto lawe is one the best
Aboue all other erthly thyng
To make a liege drede his kynge.

But howe a kynge shall gete hym loue
Towarde the highe god aboue,
And eke amonge the men in erthe,
This nexte poynt, whiche is the ferthe
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the schole secheth
What policie that it is,
The boke rehereth after this.

*Nil rationis habens, ubi velle tyrannica regna
Stringit amor populi, transiet exul ibi:
Sed pietas, regnum quæ conseruabit in æuum
Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deo.*

Hic tractat de quarta principum regiminis policia; que pietas dicta est, per quam principes erga populum misericordes effecti, misericordiam altissimi gratius consequuntur.

It nedeth not, that I delate
 The price, whiche praised is algate,
 And hath bene euer, and euer shall,
 Whereof to speake in speciall,
 It is the vertue of Pitee,
 Through whiche the his maistee
 Was stered, when his sonne aight,
 And in pitee the worlde to right,
 Toke of the mayde fleashe and blood:
 Pitee was cause of thilke good,
 Whereof that we ben all saue.
 Well ought a man pitee to haue,
 And the vertue to set in price
 When he hym selfe, whiche is all wise
 Hath shewed, why it shall be praised.
 Pitee maie not be counterpeised
 Of tyrannie with no peise.
 For pitee makth a kynge curteise
 Both in his worde and in his dede.
 It sit well euery liege drede
 His kinge, and to his heat obeye,
 And right so by the same weie
 It sit a kynge to be pitous
 Towarde his people and gracious
 Upon the reule of gouernance.
 So that he worche no vengeance,
 Whiche maie be cleped crueltee.
 Iustice whiche doth equitee,
 Is dredfull, for he no man spareth.
 But in the londe where pitee fareth,
 The kynge maie neuer fayle of loue.
 For pitee through the grace aboue,
 So as the holy boke affermed,
 His reigne in good estate confermed,
 Thapostell Iames in this wise
 Seyth, what man shulde do luise,
 And hath no pitee forth with all,
 The dome of hym, whiche demeth all,
 He maie him selfe full sore drede,
 That him shal lacke vpon the nede
 To fynde pitee, when he wolde.
 For who that pitee woll beholde,
 It is a poynte of Christes lore.
 And for to loken ouermore
 It is behonely, as we fynde,
 To reason and to lawe of kinde.
 Cassodore in his apprise telleth,
 The reigne is saufe, where pitee dwelleth.
 And Tullius his tale auoweth,
 And sayth, what kinge to pitee boweth,
 And with pitee stont ouercome,
 He hath that shelde of grace nome,
 Whiche the kynges yeueth victoyre.
 Of Alisandre in his histoyre
 I rede, howe he a worthy knight,
 Of sodeyn wrath, and not of right,
 Foriudged hath: and he appeleth.
 And with that worde the kynge quareleth,
 And saith, None is aboue me.
 That wote I well my lorde (quod he)
 Fro thy lordship appele I nought,
 But fro thy wrath in all my thought
 To thy pitee stant myn appele.
 The kynge, which vnderstode him wele,

Of pure pitee yaued him grace.

And eke I rede in other place,
 Thus saide whilome Constantine:
 What emperour that is encline
 To pitee for to be seruant,
 Of all the worldes rument
 He is worthy to ben a lorde.
 In olde bokes of recorde
 Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
 Traian the worthy debonaire.
 By whome that Rome stode gouerned:
 Upon a tyme, as he was lerned
 Of that he was to familiar,
 He sayde vnto that counceller,
 That for to be an emperour
 His will was not for vaine honoure,
 Ne yet for reddour of iustice,
 But if he might in his office
 His lordes and his people please,
 Him thought it were a greater ease
 With loue her hartes to him drawe;
 Than with the drede of any lawe.
 For whan a thyng is done for doubt.
 Full ofte it comth the wers aboute.
 But where a kynge is pitous,
 He is the more gracious:
 That mochell thrifte him shall betide,
 Whiche els shulde torne a side.

Qualiter Iudens pedester cum pagano equitante itinerauit per desertum, et ipsum de fide sua interrogauit.

To do pitee, supporte, and grace
 The philosophre vpon a place
 In his writynge of daies olde,
 A tale of great ensample tolde
 Unto the kynge of Macedoyne,
 Howe betwene Cair and Bahyoyne:
 Whan comen is the somer hete,
 It hapneth two men for to mete,
 As thei shulde entre in a pass,
 Where that the wilderness was,
 And as thei went forth spenkende
 Under the large wodes ende,
 That o man asketh of that other,
 What man arte thou my liefe brother?
 Thiche is thy creance and thy feyth?
 I am painim, that other sayth:
 And by the lawe, whiche I vse,
 I shall not in my feyth refuse
 To louen all men yliche,
 The poore bothe and eke the riche.
 Whan thei be glad I shall be glad,
 And sorie whan thei ben bestad.
 So shall I liue in vnitee
 With euery man in his degree.
 For right as to my selfe I wolde,
 Right so towarde all other sholde
 Be gracious and debonaire.
 Thus haue I tolde the softe and faire
 My faith, my lawe, and my creance.
 And if the list for acquaintance
 Nowe telle what maner man thou art.
 And he answerde vpon his parte,
 I am a iewe, and by my lawe
 I shall to no man be felawe
 To kepe hym trouth in worde ne dede:
 But if he be without drede

A very iewe right as am I
For eis I may trewly

Bereue hym both life and good.

The paynym herde, and vnderstoode,
And thought it was a wonder lawe.

And thus vpon their sondrie sawe
Talkende both forth thei went.

The daie was hote, the sonne brent,
The paynim rode vpon an asse,
And of his catell more and lasse
With hym a riche truse he lad.

The iewe, whiche all vntrouth had,
And went vpon his fete beside,
Bethought hym howe he might ride,
And with his wordes slie and wise
Unto the paynim in this wise
He sayde: O nowe it shall be sene
What thyng it is, thou woldest mene.
For if thy lawe be certeyne,
As thou hast tolde, I dare well seyne,
Thou wolt beholde my distresse,
Whiche am so full of werinesse,
That I ne maie vneth go,
And let me ride a myle or two.
So that I maie my body ease.

The paynim wold hym not displease
Of that he spake, but in pitee
It list him for to knowe and see
The pleynt, whiche that other made:
And for he wolde his herte glade
He light, and made hym nothyng straunge.
Thus was there made a newe change.
The paynim goth, the iewe alofte
Was sette, vpon his asse softe.
So gone thei forth carpende faste,
On this, on that, till at laste
The paynim might go no more,
And prayed vnto the iewe therfore
To suffre hym ride a litell while.
The iewe, whiche thought him to begyle,
Anone rode forthe a great pase,
And to the paynim in this case
He sayde: Thou hast do thy right
Of that thou hadst me behight
To do succour vpon my nede,
And that accordeth to the dede,
As thou art to the lawe holde.

And in suche wise, as I the tolde,
I thinke also for my partie
Upon the lawe of Iewrie
To worche and do my duetea.
Thin asse shall go forth with mee,
With all thy good, whiche I haue sesed,
And that I wote thou art disesed,
I am right glad, and not mispaille.
And whan he bath these wordes saide,
In all haste he rode awaie.

This paynim wote nome other waie,
But on the grounde he kneleth euen,
His handes vp to the heuen,
And saide: O highe sothfastnes,
That louest all rightwinesse,
Unto thy dome lorde I appele,
Beholde and deme my quarele,
With vmbre herte I the besech,
The mercy bothe and eke the wreche
I set all in thy iudgement.
And thus vpon his marrement
This paynim hath made his preiere.
And than he rose with drery chere,

And goth hym forth, and in his gate,
He caste his eie aboute aigate,
The iewe if that he might see.
But for a tyme it might not bee,
Till at last ayene the night,
So as god wolde he went right,
As he, whiche helde the highe waye.
And than he sighe in a valeye,
Where that the iewe liggende was
All bloody dead vpon the gras,
Whiche strangled was of a lion,
And as he loked vp and downe.
He fonde his asse fast by,
Forthe with his harness redily
All hole and sounde as he it lafte,
Whan that the iewe it hym bereste.
Wherof he thanked god knelede.

Lo thus a man maie knowe at ende,
Howe the pitous, pitee deserueth.
For what man that to pitee serueth,
As Aristotle it bereth witnesse,
God shall his fomen so redresse,
That thei shall aie stonde vnder fote.
Pitee men seyne is thilke roote,
Wherof the vertues springen all.
What infortune that befall
In any londe, lacke of pitee
Is cause of thilke aduersites.
And that aldaie maie shewe at eie,
Who that the worlde discretly sie.

Good is that every man therfore
Take hede of that is saide tofore.
For of this tale, and other enowe
These noble princes whylom drewe
Her euidence and her apprise,
As men maie fynde in many wise,
Who that these olde bokes rede.
And though thei ben in erthe dead,
Her good name maie not deie,
For pitee, whiche thei wold obeie
To do the dedes of mercy.
And who this tale redily
Remembreth, as Aristotle it tolde,
He maie the wille of god beholde
Upon the poynt as it was ended,
Wherof that pitee stode commended,
Whiche is to charitee selawe,
As thei that kepen bothe o lawe.

Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, vbi
narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenis contra
Dorences bellum gerere deberet, consulto prius
Apoline responsum accepit, quod vnum de duo-
bus, videlicet aut seipsum in prelio interfici, et
populum suum saluare, aut seipsum saluum
feri, et populum interfici eligere oporteret,
Super quo rex pietate motus plebisque sue
magis quam proprii corporis salutem affectans,
mortem sibi preelegit. Et sic bellum aggrediens
pro vita multorum solus interit.

Of pitee for to speake pitee,
Whiche is with mercie wel beseyne,
Full ofte he wold hym selfe peyue
To kepe an other fro the peyas.
For Charitee the mother is
Of pitee, whiche nothyng amis
Can suffre, if she it maie smende.
It sit to every man knende
To be pitous, but none so wels
As to a kyng, whiche on the whele

Fortune hath set aboven all.

For in a kyng, if so befalle
That his pitee be ferme and stable,
To all the soude it is vaillable
Onely through grace of his persone.
For the pitee of hym alone
Maie all the large royallme saue.
So sit it well a kyng to haue
Pitee. For this Valerie tolde,
And sayd : howe that by daies olde
Codrus, whiche was in all his degree
Kyng of Athens the citee,
A warre he had ayenst Dorence,
And for to take his euidence,
What shall befalle of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him first counsaile
With Apollo, in whom he triste,
Through whose answeere thus he wiste,
Of two poyntes, that he might chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese,
And in bataile him selfe deye:
Or els the seconde weie
To seen his people discomfite.

But he, whiche pitee hath perfit.
Upon the poynte of his beleue,
The people thought to releue,
And chese hym selfe to be dead.

Where is nowe suche an other head
Whiche wolde for the lymmes die?

And netheles in some partie
It ought a kynges berte stene,
That he his liege men forbere.
And eke towarde his enemies
Fall ofte he maie deserue prise
To take of pitee remembrance,
Where that he might do vengeance.
For whan a kinge hath the victoie,
And than he draws in to memoire
To do pitee in stede of wreche,
He maie not faile of thilke speche,
Wherof arise the worldes fame
To yeue a prince a worthie name.

Hic ponit exemplum de victoriosi principis pietate
erga aduersarios suos, Et narrat, quod cum Pompeius
Romanorum Imperator regem Armenie
aduersarium suum in bello victum cepisset, captum
que vinculis alligatum Romę tenuisset,
tyrannidis iracundie stimulo postponens, pietatis
mansuetudinem operatus est: dixit enim, quod
nobilius est regem facere quam deponere. super
quo dictam regem absque vlla redemptione non
solum a vinculis absoluit, sed ad sui regni culmen
gratuita voluntate coronatum restituit.

I REDE howe whilome that Pompeie
To whom that Rome must obeie,
A warre had in Iupartie
Ayenst the kyng of Armenie,
Whiche of longe tyme had hym greued,
But at last it was acheued:
That he this kyng discomfite hadde,
And forthe with hym to Rome ladde
As prisoner, where many a daie
In sorie plite and poore he laie.
The corone on his head deposed,
Within walles fast enclosed.

And with full great humilitee
He suffreth his aduersitee.

Pompeie sigh his pacience,
And toke pitee with conscience,

To that vpon his high deys
So fore all Rome in his paleys,
As he that wolde vpon hym rewe,
Lette yeue hym his corone newe,
And his astate all full and playne,
Restoreth of his reigne againe.
And saide : it was more goodly thyng
To make than vndone a kyng
To hym, whiche power had of bothe.

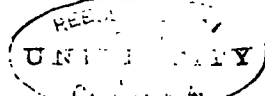
Thus thei that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet iustice netheles
Was kepte, and in nothings offended.
Wherof Pompeie is yet commended.
There maie no kyng hym selfe excuse,
But if iustice he kepe and vse,
Whiche for to eschewe crueltee
He mote attempte with pitee.

Of crueltee the felonie
Engendred is of tyrannie,
Ayeue the whose condicion
God is hym selfe the champion.
Whose strength no man maie withstonde.
For euer yet it hath so stonde,
That god a tyranne ouer ladde.
But where pitee the raigne ladde,
There might no fortune last,
Which was greuous, but at last
The god hym selfe it hath redressed.
Pitee is thilke vertue blessed,
Whiche neuer let his maister fall.
But crueltee thoughte it so fall;
That it maie reigne for a throwe,
God woll it shall be ouerthrowe
Wherof ensamples ben enowe
Of hem, that thilke mercil drowe.

Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica potestate
principatum optinentes, iniquitatis sue malicia
gloriantur, Et narrat in exemplum qualiter Leontius
tyrannus pium Iustinianum non solum a
solio imperatorie maiestatis fraudulenter expul-
sit, sed vt ipse inhabilis ad regnum in aspectu
plebis efficeretur naso et labris abscisis, ipsum
tyrannice mutilauit: deus tamen, qui super omnia
pius est, Tyberio superueniente vna cum
adiutorio Theobellis Bulgarie regis Iustinianum
interfecto Leoncio, ad imperium restitui miserico-
rditer procurauit.

OF crueltee I rede thus,
Whan the tyranne Leoncius
Was to thempire of Rome arriued,
Fro whiche he hath with strenght priued
The pietous Iustinian,
As he whiche was a cruell man,
His nose of and his lyppes both
He cutte, for he wolde him lothe
Unto the people, and make vnable.
But he whiche all is merchieable,
The high god ordeineth so,
That he within a tyme also,
Whan he was strengest in his yre,
Was shouen oute of his empyre.
Tiberius the power hadde,
And Rome after his will he hadde.

And for Leonce in suche a wise
Ordeineth that he toke luse
Of nose and lippes both two:
For that he did another so,



Which more worthy was than hee
 Lo whiche a falle hath crueltee,
 And pitee was sette vp ageyne.
 For after that the bokes seyne,
 Therbellis kynge of Bulgarie,
 With helpe of his chiuallrie,
 Iustinian hath vnprisonned,
 And to thempire ageyne coroned.

*Hic loquitur vltimus de crudelitate Siculi tyranni,
 necnon et de Berillo eiusdem consiliario: qui ad
 tormentum populi quendam taurum eneam ty-
 rannica coniectura fabricari constituit, in quo
 tamen ipse prior proprio crimine illud exigente
 vaque ad sui interitus expirationem iudicialiter
 torquebatur.*

In a cronike I fynde also
 Of Siculus, whiche was eke so
 A cruell kynge like the tempest,
 The whom no pitee might arrest.
 He was the firste, as bokes seie,
 Upon the sea whiche founde galeie,
 And let hem make for the werre,
 As he, whiche all was out of berre
 Fro pitee and misericorde.
 For therto couthe he not accorde,
 But whom he might sleyn, he slough,
 And therof was he glad enough.
 He had of counsell many one,
 Amonge the whiche there was one,
 By name whiche Berillus hight,
 And he bethought hym, how he might
 Unto this tyranne do likynge.
 And of his owne imaginynge
 Lete forge and make a bulle of bras,
 And on the syde cast there was
 A dore, where a man maie in,
 Whan he his payne shall begin
 Through fire, which that men put vnder.
 And all this did he for a wonder.
 That whan a man for peyne cride,
 The bull of bras, whiche gapeth wyde,
 It shulde seme, as though it were
 A belowinge in a mans ere,
 And not the crienge of a man.
 But he, whiche all sleights can,
 The diuell, that lieth in hell fast,
 Hym that it cast hathe ouercast,
 That for a trespas, whiche he dede,
 He was put in the same stede.
 And was hym selfe the first of all,
 Whiche was in to that peyne fall,
 That he for other men ordeyneth.
 There was no man that hym compleineth,
 Of tyrannie and crueltee
 By this ensample a kynge maie see
 Hym selfe, and eke his counsell bothe,
 Howe they hea to mankynde lothe,
 And to the god abhominable.
 Ensamplis that ben concordable
 I fynde of other princes mo,
 As thou shalte here of tyme ago.

*Nota hic de Dionysio tyranno, qui mire crudeli-
 tatis severitate etiam hospites suos ad deuoran-
 dum equis suis tribuit, cui Hercules tandem su-
 perueniens victum impium impietate sua pari
 morte conclusit.*

THE greate tyrane Dionyse,
 Whiche mans life set of no prise,
 Unto his horse full ofte he yafe
 The men, in stede of corne and chafe.
 So that the hors of thilke stode
 Deuoureden the mannes bloode,
 Till fortune at laste came,
 That Hercules hym ouercame.
 And he right in the same wise,
 Of this tyranne tooke the luisse,
 As he tyll other men hath do,
 The same deth he died also.
 That no pitee hym hath socourde,
 Tyll he was of his hors deuourde.

*Nota hic de consimili Lychaontis tyrannia qui
 carnes hominum hominibus in suo hospicio ad
 vescendum dedit, cuius formam conditioni si-
 milium coequans ipsum in lupum transformauit.*

Of Lychaon also I fynde,
 How he ayene the lawe of kynde
 His hote slough, and in to meate
 He made bir bodies to hen eate
 With other men wthin his bows.
 But Iupiter the glorious,
 Whiche was commued of this thyng.
 Vengeance vpon this cruel kynge
 So toke, that he fro mannes forme
 In to a wolfe he let transforme.
 And thus the crueltee was kid,
 Whiche of longe tyme he had hid.
 A wolfe he was then openly,
 The whose nature priuely
 He had in his condicion.
 And vnto this conclusion
 That tyrannie is to despise
 I fynde ensample in sondrie wise,
 And nameliche of hem full ofte,
 The whom fortune hath set alofte
 Upon the werres for to wynde.
 But howe so that the wronge begynne
 Of tyrannie it maie not laste,
 But suche as thei done at laste
 To other men, suche on hem falleth.
 For ayene suche, pitee calleth
 Vengeance to the god aboue.
 For who that hath no tender lone
 In sauynge of a mans life,
 He shall be founde so giltilfe,
 That whan he wolde mercie craue
 In tyme of nede he shall none haue.

Nota qualiter leo hominibus stratis perit.

Of the nature this I fynde
 The fiers lion in his kynde,
 Whiche goth rampende after his prae,
 If he a man fynde in his waie,
 He will hym sleyn, if he withstonde.
 But if the man couthe vnderstoude
 To fall anone tofore his face,
 In signe of mercie and of grace,
 The lion shall of his nature
 Restreigne his Ire in suche measure,
 As though it were a beste tamed,
 And torne awcie halfyng ashamed,
 That he the man shall nothyng greue.
 Howe sholde than a prince abeys

The worldes grace, yf that he wolde
Destroic a man, whan he is yolde,
And stante vpon his mercy alle?

But for to speake in specielle,
There haue he suche, and suche there bee
Tyrannes, whose hertes no pitee
Maie to no poynt of mercie plie,
That thei vpon her tyrannie
Ne gladen hem the men to slea.
And as the rages of the sea
Bea vpitous in the tempeste:
Right so maie no pitee areste
Of crueltee the great vitrage,
Whiche the tyranne in his corage
Engendred hath, wherof I fynde
A tale whiche comth now to mynde.

Hic loquitur precipue contra tyfannos illos, qui cum in bello vincere possunt, humaui sanguinis effusionem saturari nequeunt: et narrat in exemplum de quodam Persarum rege, cuius nomen Spartachus erat, qui pre ceteris tunc in oriente bellicosus et victoriosus, quoscumque gladio vincere poterat, absque pietate interfici constituit. Sed tandem sub manu Tomiris Masagetarum regine in bello captus, quam diu quesiiuit seueritatem pro seueritate finaliter inuenit. Nam et ipsa quoddam vas de sanguine Persarum plenum ante se afferre decreuit, in quo caput tyranni vsque ad mortem mergens dixit: O tyranorum crudelissime semper esuriens sanguinem stitisti, ecce iam ad saturitatem sanguinem bibe.

I REDE in olde bokes thus,
There was a duke, whiche Spartacus
Men clepe, and was a warriour,
A cruell man a conquerour
With stronge power, the whiche he had.
For this condicion he had,
That where hym hagneth the victoire,
His lust and all his most gloire
Was for to slee, and not to saue.
Of ransome wolde he no good haue
For sauynge of a mans life,
But all gothe to the swerde and knife,
So leefte hym was the mans bloode.
And netheles yet thus it stooode,
So as fortune aboute went,
He fell right heire, as by discent
To Pers, and was coroned kynge.
And whan the worship of this thyng
Was fall: and he was kynge of Pers,
If that thei weren fyrst diuers
The tyrannies, whiche he wrought,
A thousand folde well more he sought
Than afterwarde to do mallice,
Till god vengeance ayene the vice
Hath shape: For vpon a tide,
Whan he was hieste in his pride,
In his rancour, and in his bete,
Ayene the quene of Masagete,
Whiche Tomiris that tyme hight
He made warre all that he might,
And she whiche wolde hir londe defende,
Hir owne sonne ayene him seude,
Whiche the defence hath vndertake:
But he discomfite was and take.
And whan this kynge hym had in honde,
He woll no mercy vaderstonde,

But dyd hym slea in his presence.

The tidynge of this violence
Whan it cam to the mothers eare,
She sende anone aie wide where
To suche frendes as she had,
A great power till that she lad:
In sondrie wise and tho she cast,
Howe she this kynge maie ouercast.

And at last accorded was,
That in the daunger of a pas,
Through whiche this tyranne shuld pas,
She shope his power to compas
With strength of men, by suche a wey,
That he shall not escape awey.

And when she had thus ordined,
She bath hir owne body feigned
For feare as though she wolde fleo
Out of hir londe: And whan that hee
Hath herde, howe that this ladie fledge,
So fast after the chase he spode,
That he was founde out of araye.
For it betid vpon a daie,
In to the paas whan he was fall,
The embusshementes to breken all,
And hym beclipte on euery side,
That fleo ne might he not aside.
So that there weren dead and take
Two hundred thousande for his sake,
That weren with hym of his hoste.
And thus was leyd the great boste
Of hym, and of his tyrannie.

It halpe no mercy for to crie
To hym, whiche whilome did none.
For be vnto the quene anone
Was broughte: and whan that she hym sie,
This worde she spake, and said on hie:

O man, whiche out of mans kynde,
Reason of man hast lefte behynde,
And liued worse than a beste,
Whom pitee might none areste
The mannes blode to shede and spillie:
Thou hadst neuer yet thy fille.
But nowe the laste tyme is come
That thy malice is ouercome,
As thou till other men hast do,
Nowe shall be do to the right so.

Tho bad this lady that men shulde
A vessell brynge, in whiche she wolde
Se the vengeance of his luise,
Whiche she began anone deaise,
And toke the princis, whiche he ladde,
By whom his chiefe counsell he hadde,
And while hem lasteth any breth
She made hem blede to the deth
Into the vessell where it stooode.
And whan it was fulfilled of bloode,
She cast this tyranne therin,
And sayde him: Lo thus might thou winne
The lustes of thine appetite,
In bloode was whilom thy delite,
Nowe shalte thou drinken all thy fille
And thus oneliche of goddes wille
He whiche that wolde hym selfe straunge
To pitee, fonde mercy so straunge,
That he without grace is lore.

So maie it well shewe the more,
That crueltee hath no good ende,
But pitee howe so that it wende,
Makth that god is merciable,
If there be cause reasonable,

Why that a kynge shall be pitous,
 But eis if he be doubtous
 To sleen in cause of rightwisenesse,
 It maie be saide no pitousnesse,
 But it is pusillanimittee,
 Whiche euery prince shulde flee.
 For if pitee measure excede,
 Knighthode maie not alwey procede
 To do iustice vpon the right.
 For it belougeth to a knight,
 As gladly for to fight as reate,
 To set his liege people in reate,
 When that the warre vpon hem falleth.
 For hem he mote, as it befalleth,
 Of his knighthode, as a lion
 Be to the people a champion
 Without any pitee feigned.
 For if manhode he restraigned,
 Or he it pees, or be it warre,
 Iustice goth all out of herre,
 So that knighthode is set behynde.
 Of Aristotles lore I fynde,
 A kynge shall make good visage,
 That no man knowe of his courage
 But all honour and worthinesse.
 For if a kynge shall vpon gesse,
 Without veray cause drede,
 He maie be liche to that I rede.
 And though that be like a fable,
 Thensample is good and reasonable.

Hic loqnitar secundum philosophum dicens, quod
 sicut non decet principes tyrannica impetuosi-
 tate essa crudeles, ita nec decet timorosa pusil-
 lanimitate esse vecordes.

As it by olde daies fille
 I rede whilome that an hille
 Up in the londes of Archade
 A wonder dredfull noyse it made.
 For so it fl that ylke daie
 This hille on his childinge laie.
 And whan the throwes on him come,
 His noyse liche the daie of dome
 Was ferefull in a mannes thought
 Of thinges, which that thei se nought:
 But well thei berden all aboute
 The noise, of whiche thei were in doubt,
 As thei that wenden to be lore
 Of thinge, whiche than was vnbore.
 The nere this hil was vpon chance
 To take his deliuerance,
 The more vaboxomly he cride:
 And euery man was fledde aside
 For drede, and lefte his owne hows,
 And at last it was a mows,
 The whiche was bore, and to norice
 Betake: and tho thei helde hem nice.
 For they withouten cause dradde.

Thus if a kynge his herte ladde
 With euery thinge that he shall here,
 Full ofte he shulde change his chere,
 And vpon fantasie drede,
 Whan that there is no cause of drede.

Nota hic secundum Horacium de magnanimo la-
 cide, et pusillanimo Thersite.

HORACE to his prince tolde,
 That him were leuer, that he wolde

Upon knighthode Achilles sewe
 In tyme of warre, than eschewe
 So as Thersites did at Troie.

Achilles all his hole ioye
 Set vpon armes for to fight.
 Thersites sought all that he might
 Unarmed for to stonde in reate.
 But of the two it was the beste,
 That Achilles vpon the nede
 Hath do, wherof his knightlyhede
 Is yet commended oueralle.
 Kynge Salomon in speciall
 Saith, As there is a tyme of pees,
 So is a tyme netheles
 Of warre, in whiche a prince algate
 Shall for the common right debate,
 And for his owne worship eke.
 But it behoueth not to seke
 Onely the warre for worship:
 But to the right of his lordship,
 Whiche he is bolde to defende:
 Mote euery worthy prince entende
 Betwene the simplesse of pitee,
 And the foole hast of crueltee.
 Where stoute the very hardinesse,
 There mote a kynge his herte adresse.
 Whan it is tyme, to forsake,
 And whan tyme is, also to take
 The deadly warres vpon bonde,
 That he shall for no drede woude,
 If rightwisenes be withall.

For god is mighty ouer all
 To forther euery mans trouthe,
 But it be through his owne slouthe,
 And namely the kinges nede
 It maie not fayle for to spede.
 For he stante one for hem all,
 So mote it well the better fall.
 And well the more god fauouereth,
 Whan he the commune righte socoureth.
 And for to see the soth in dede
 Beholde the bible, and thou might rede
 Of great ensamples many one,
 Wherof that I will tellen one.

Hic dicit, quod princeps iusticie causa bellum nullo
 modo timere debet. Et narrat qualiter dux Ge-
 deon cum solis trecentis viris quinque reges
 scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Ambi-
 tanorum, Amoreorum et lebuscorum, cum eorum
 exercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus
 est, gracia cooperante diuina, victoriose in fa-
 gam conuertit.

UPON a tyme as it befelle
 Ayeat Iude and Israell,
 Whan sondry kynges come were
 In purpos to dostroie there
 The people, whiche god kepte tho,
 And stode in thilke daies so,
 That Gedeon, whiche shulde lede
 The goddes folke, toke him to rede,
 And sende in all the londe aboute,
 Tyl he assembled hath a route
 With .xxx. thousande of defence
 To fight and make resistance,
 Ageyne the whiche hem wolde assayle.
 And netheles that one bataile
 Of thre, that weren enemis,
 Was double more than was all his,

Wherof that Gedeon him drad,
That he so littell people had,
But he whiche all thinge maie helpe,
Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his angell sente,
And had, er that he farther wente,
All openly that he do crie
That euery man in his partie,
Whiche wolde after his owne wille
In his delite abide stille
At home in any maner wise,
For purchace, or for couetise,
For luste of loue, or lacke of herte,
He shuld nought aboute sterte,
But holde him stille at home in peas.
Wherof vpon the morow: he lees
Well. xx. thousande men and mo,
The whiche after the crie ben go.

This was with him but onely lefte
The thirde parte, and yet god eft
His angel sende and saide this
To Gedeon: If it so is,
That I thyu helpe shall vndertake,
Thou shalt yet lesse people take,
By whom my wil is that thou spede.
For thy to morowe take good hede,
Unto the flood when ye be come,
What man that bath the water nome
Up in his hande, and lappeth so,
To thy parte chese oute all tho
And him whiche wary is to swinke,
Vpon his wombe and lieth to drynke.
Forsake and put hem all aweye.

For I am mightie all weye,
Where as me list my helpe to shewe
Is good men, though thei be fewe.
This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Vpon the morowe, and euery dele,
As god him bad, right so he dede.
And thus there lefte in that stede
With him thre hondred, and no mo,
The remenant was all go.
Wherof that Gedeon merueilleth,
And theron with god counceileth
Pleinyng, as ferforth as he dare.

And god, whiche wolde he were ware
That he shulde spede vpon his right,
Hath bede hem go the same night,
And take a man with him to here
What shall be spoke in this matere
Amonge the betben enemis,
So may he be the more wise,
What afterwarde him shall befalla.

This Gedeon amonges alle
Phara, to whom he trist moste,
By night toke towarde thilke hoste,
Whiche lodged was in a valeie,
To here what thei wolden seie.
Vpon his foote and as he ferde,
Two sarasines spekende he herde:
Gnod one, arede my sweuen aright,
Whiche I met in my slepe to night.

Me thought I sigh a barly cake,
Whiche fro the hille his way hath take,
And com rollende downe at ones,
And as it were for the nomes,
Forth in his cours so as it ran,
The kynges tente of Madian,
Of Amaleche, of Amorie
Of Amon, and of Iebusie

And many another tente me,
With great ioye as me thought tho,
It threwe to grounde and ouer cast,
And all his host so sore agaste,
That I awoke for pure drede.

This sweuen can I well arede,
Gnod the other sarasine anone,
The barly cake is Gedeon,
Whiche fro the hille downe sodenlis
Shall come, and set suche a skrie
Vpon the kinges, and vs both,
That it shall to vs all lothe.
For in suche drede he shall vs brynge,
That ifwe haden flight of wyng,
The weye one foote in dispaire
We shull leue, and slee in the ayre.
For there shal nothing him withstonde.

Whan Gedeon hath vnderstode
This tale, he thouketh god of all,
And prineliche ageyne he stalle,
So that no life him hath perceiued.
And than he hath fully conceiued.
That he shall spede: and thervpon
The night sewnd he shope to gona
This multitude to assaile.

Nowe shalt thou here a great meruaile,
With what wisdome that he brought.
The littell people, whiche he brought,
Was none of hem that he ne hath
A potte of erthe, in whiche he tath
A light brennyng in a cresset,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other honde beside.

And thus vpon the nightes tide
Duke Gedeon whan it was derke,
Ordeineth hym vnto his werke,
And parted than his folke in thre,
And chargeth hem, that thei ne see.
And taught hem how thei shulde askie
All in o voice par companie.
And what worde thei shulde eke speke,
And howe thei shulde her pottes breke
Echeone with other, whan thei herda
That he hym selfe fyrst so ferde.
For whan thei cam into the stede,
He bad hem do right as he dede.

And thus stalkende forth a pas
This noble duke whan tyme was
His potte to brake, and louds ascride,
And tho thei breke on euery side,
The trompe was sought for to seke,
He blew, and so thei biewen eke
With suche a noyse amonge hem all,
As though the heuen shulde fall.

The hill vnto her voyce answerde.
This hoste in the valey it herde,
And sighe how that the hill a light,
So what of herynge and of sight,
Thei caught suche a sodeine fere,
That none of hem be lefte there.
The tentes holly thei forsoke,
That thei none other good ne toke,
But onely with her body bare
Thei fledde, as doth the wilde hare,
And euer vpon the hille thei blew,
Till that thei sigh tyme and knowe,
That thei be fled vpon the rage.

And whan thei wiste their auantage,
Thei fill anone vpon the chace,
Thus might thou se, how gods graces

Unto the good men ansijeth
 But els oft tyme it faileth
 To suche as be not well disposed.
 This tale nedeth not to be glosed.
 For it is openly shewed,
 That god to hem that ben well thewed,
 Hath yeue and granted the victoire,
 So that the sample of this histoire
 Is good for euery kyng to holde.

First in hym selfe that he beholde,
 Yf he be good of his liuyng:
 And that the folke, whiche he shall bryng,
 Be good also, for than he maie
 Be glad of many a mery daie,
 In what that euer he hath to doone.
 For he whiche sitte aboute the moone,
 And all thyng maie spille and spede,
 In euery cas, and euery nede,
 His good kyng so well adretheth,
 That all his fo men he represseth:
 So that there maie no man bym dere.
 And also well he can forbere,
 And suffre a wicked kyng to falle
 In handes of his fomen all.

Hic dicit, quod vbi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos iusticie aduersarios agnouerit occidere de iure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Saul regem Agag in bello deuictum iuxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse diuino iudicio non solum a regno Israel priuatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

NOWE ferthermore if I shall seyn
 Of my matere, and tourne ageyn
 To speke of Iustice and Pitee,
 After the rule of rialtee.

This mate a kyng well vnderstonde,
 Knighthode mote be take on honde
 When that it stont vpon the nede,
 He shall no rightfull cause drede,
 No more of warre than of pees,
 If he wyll stonde blameles.
 For suche a cause a kyng maie haue,
 Better it is to see than saue.
 Wherof thou might ensample fynde,
 The bigh maker of mankynde
 By Samuel to Saul badde,
 That he shall nothyng ben adrad
 Agayne kyng Agag for to fight.
 For this the godhede hym behight,
 That Agag shall be ouercome.

And when it is so ferforth come,
 That Saul hath hym discomfite,
 The god bad make no respite,
 But that he shulde hym slea onone.
 But Saul let it ouergone,
 And did not the gods heste.

For Agag made a great beheste
 Of raunsome, whiche he wold giue,
 Kyng Saul suffreth hym to liue,
 And feigneth pitee forth withall.
 But be, whiche seeth and knoweth all,
 The hie god, of that he feigneth,
 To Samuel vpon hym pleyneeth,
 And sende hym worde: for that he lefte
 Of Agag that he ne berefte
 The lyfe, he shall not onely die
 Hym selfe, but fro his regalie

He shall be put for euermo,
 Nought he, but eke his heyre also,
 That it shall neuer come ageyn.

Hic narrat viterius super eodem, qualiter David in extremis iusticie causa vt Ioab occideretur, absque vlla remissione filio suo Salomoni iniunxit.

Thus might thou see the soth pleyne,
 That of to muche, and of to lite,
 Upon the princes stant the wite.
 But euer it was a kynges right
 To do the dedes of a knight.
 For in the bondes of a kyng
 The dethe and life is all o thyng,
 After the lawes of iustice.

To steen it is a deedly vice,
 But if a man the dethe deserue.

And if a kyng the life preserue
 Of hym, whiche ought for to die,
 He seweth not the ensamplarie,
 Whiche in the bible is euidet,
 Howe David in his testament,
 When he no lenger might leue,
 Unto his sonne in charge hath geue,
 That he Ioab shall slea algate.

And when David was gone his gate,
 The yonge wise Salomone
 His fathers heste did anone,
 And slewe Ioab in suche a wise,
 That thei that herden the iuise,
 Euer after drede hym the more,
 And god was eke well payd therefore,
 That he so wolde his herte plie,
 The lawes for to iustife.
 And yet he kepte forth withall
 Pitee, so as a prince shall,
 That he no tyrannie wrought.
 He fonde the wisdom, whiche he sought,
 And was so rightfull netheles,
 That all bis life he stode in pees,
 That he no deadly warres had.
 For euery man his wisdom drad.
 And as he was hym selfe wise,
 Ryght so the worthy men of prise
 He hath of his counseyle withholde.
 For that is euery prince holde
 To make of suche his retinue,
 Whiche wise ben: and remue
 The fooles, for there is nothyng,
 Whiche maie be better about a kyng
 Than counseyle, which is the substance
 Of all a kynges gouernance.

Hic dicit, quod populum sibi commissum bene regere super omnia principi laudabilis est. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Salomon, vt populum bene regeret, ab altissimo sapientiam specialius postulauit, omnia bona pariter cum illa sibi habundancius aduenerunt.

In Salomon a man maie see,
 What thyng of most necessitee
 Unto a worthy kyng belongeth.
 When he his kyngdome vnderfongeth,
 God bad hym chese what he wolde,
 And seyde hym, that he haue sholde,
 What he wolde aske, as of o thyng.
 And he whiche was a newe kyng

Forth thervpon his boone prayde
To god, and in this wise sayde:
O kynge, by whom that I shall reigne,
Yeue me wisdome, that I my reigne,
Forth with the people, whiche I haue
To thyn honour spaie kepe and saue.

Whan Salomon his boone hath taxed,
The god of that whiche he hath axed,
Was right well payde, and granteth soone,
Not all onely, that he his boone
Shall haue of that, but of richesse,
Of hele, of pece, of hie noblese,
For with wysdome at his askynges,
Whiche stant aboue all other thynges:

*Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie mage-
statis imperium ante omnia sano consilio diri-
gendum est.*

But what kyng will his reigne saue,
First hym behoueth for to haue,
After the god and his beleue,
Suche counceile, whiche is to beleue,
Folside of trouth, and rightwisenes:
But aboue all in his noblese,
Betwene the reddour and Pitee,
A kynge shall do suche equitee,
And set the balance in euen,
So that the high god of heuen,
And all the people of his nobleie,
Lowenge vnto his name seie.
For most aboue all erthly good,
Where that a kynge hym selfe is good
It helpeth, for in other weye
If so be that a kynge forsweye,

Quidquid delirant reges, pleruntur Achivi.

FULL ofte er this it hath be seine
The comen people is onerleyne,
And hath the kynges synne abought,
All though the people agilte nought.
Of that the kynge his god misserueth,
The people takth that he deserueth
Here in this worlde, but elles where
I not howe it shall stoude there.
For thy good is a kynge to triste,
Fyrst to hym selfe, as he ne wist
None other helpe hut god allone,
So shall the rule of his persone,
Within him selfe through prouidence,
Ben of the better conscience.
And for to finde ensample of this,
A tale I rede, and soth it is.

*Hic de Lucio imperatore exemplum ponit, qualiter
princeps sui nominis famam a secretis consili-
ariis sapienter inuestigare debet, et si quid in ea
sinistrum inuenerit, prouisa discretionis ad
dexteram conuertat.*

In a cronike it telleth thus,
The kynge of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre vpon a night.
The stewarde of his hous a knight,
Forth with his chamberleine also
To counceile had both two,
And stoden by thy chymnee
To gether spekende all thre.

And hapneth that the kynges foole
Sat by the fire vpon a stole,
As he that with his bable plaide,
But yet he herde all that thei saide,
And therof toke thei no hede.
The kynge hem axeth what to rede,
Of suche matere as cam to mouth.

And thei him tolde, as thei couth.
Whan all was spoke, of that thei ment:
The kynge with all his hole entent
Then at lasteth hem axeth this,
What kynges men tellen that he is:
Emonge the folke touchinge his name,
Or it be price or it be blame,
Right after that thei herden sayne,
He had hem for to telle it playne,
That they no poynt of soth forbear
By thilke feyth, that they hym beare.

The stewarde first vpon this thing
Gafe his answer vnto the kynge:
And thought glose in this matere,
And saide, als ferre as he can here,
His name is good, and honorable.
Thus was the stewarde fauourable,
That be the trouth playne ne tolde.

The kynge than axeth, as he sholde,
The chamberleine of his auise.

And he that was subtle and wise,
And somdele thought vpon his feyth,
Hym tolde, howe all the people seyth,
That if his counseyle were trewe,
Thei wist than well and knewe,
That of hym selfe he shulde bee
A worthy kynge in his degree.
And thus the counseyle he accuseth
In party and the kynge excuseth.

The foole, whiche herde of all this cas,
What tyme as gods will was
Sigh, that thei sayden not enough,
And hem to scorne both lough.
And to the kynge he sayd tho:

Syr kynge if that it were so,
Of wisdome in thyn owne mode
That thou thy selfe were good,
Thy counceil shuld not be bad.
The kynge therof meruayle had,
Whan that a foole so wisely spake,
And of hym selfe fonde oute the lacke
Within his owne conscience.
And thus the fooldes euidence,
Which was of gods grace enspired
Makth good counceile was desired.

He put awaie the vicious,
And toke to hym the vertuous.

The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
The londes good is well dispended,
The people was no more oppressed:
And thus stoude euery thinge redressed.
For where a kynge is propre wise,
And hath suche as him selfe is,
Of his counceil, it maie not faile,
That euery thinge ne shall auaille.
The vices than gon away,
And euery vertue holte his wey:
Wherof the hie god is pleased,
And all the londes folke eased.

For if the common people crie,
And thau a kynge list not to plie
To here, what the clamore wolde,
And otherwise than he sholde,

Disdeigneth for to done hem grace,
It hath be seene in many place,
There bath be fall great contraire,
And that I finde of ensamplaire.

Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi potius existunt, Et narrat, qualiter pro eo quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres, senium sermonibus renuncians, dicta iuuenum preelegit, de duodecim tribibus Israel a domino suo decem penitus amisit, et sic cum dambus tantummodo illius postea regnavit.

AFTER the deth of Salomone,
Whan thilke wise kyng was gone,
And Roboas in his persone
Receiue shukde the corone,
The people vpon a parlement
Auised were of one assent,
And all vnto the kyng thei preide
With commune voys and thus thei sayde:

Our liege lorde we the beseeche,
That thou receiue our humble speche,
And graunt vs, whiche that reason wil,
Or of thy grace, or of thy skil,
Thy fader while he was aliue,
And might both graunte and priue
Upon the werkes whiche he had,
The common people streicte lad,
Whan he the temple made newe.
Thinghe whiche men neuer afore knewe,
He brought vp than of his tallage,
And all was vnder the visage
Of werkes, whiche he made tho.
But nowe it is befall so,
That all is made right as he seide,
And he was riche whan he deid.
So that it is no maner nede,
If thou therof wilt taken hede,
To pillen of the people more,
Whiche longe tyme hath be greued sore.

And in this wise as we the seie,
With tender herte we the preie,
That thou relese thilke dette,
Whiche vpon vs thy fader sette.
And if the like to doone so,
We ben thy men for euermo
To gone and comen at thy heste.

The kyng, whiche herde this requeste,
Saiht, that he will ben auised,
And hath therof a tyme assised,
And in the while, as he him thought,
Upon this thinghe counseil be sought,
And firste the wise knightes olde,
To whome that he his tale tolde,
Counsellen him in this manere,
That he with loue, and with glad chere
Foryeue and graunte all that is asked,
Of that his fader had tasked.
For so he maie his reigne, achene
With thing which shall hem litell greue.

The kyng hem herd, and ouer passeth,
And with this other his wit compasseth,
That youge were, and nothinge wise,
And thei these olde men despise,
And sayden: Sir it shall be shame
For euer vnto thy worthis name,
If thou ne kepe not thy ryght
(While thou arte in thy youge might)

Whiche that thyne olde fader gater
But saie vnto the people piats,
That while thou liuest in thy londe,
The leste finger of thine hoode
It shall be strengre ouer all,
Than was thy fathers body all.
And thus also shall be thy tale,
If he hem smote with rodde smale,
With scorpions thou shalt hem smite.
And where thy fader toke a lite,
Thou thynkest take michell more:
Thus shalt thou make hem drede sore
The great herte of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in seruage.

This youge kyng hym hath conformed
To done as he was last enformed,
Whiche was to him his vndoyng.
For whan it came to the spekyng,
He hath the youge counceile holde,
That he the same wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.

And whan they herden the sentence
Of his malice, and the manace,
Anonc tofore his owne face
Thei haue him vtterly refused,
And with full great reprove accused:
So they began for to raue,
That he hym selfe was fayne to saue.
For as the wyde wode rage,
Of wyndes maketh the sea saunge,
And that was caulme bryngeth to wawe,
So for default and grace of lawe
The people is stered all at ones,
And furth they gone out of bis wones,
So that of the lignages twelfe,
Two tribes onely by hem selfe
With hym abiden, and do mo.
So were they for euermo
Of no returne without espeire
Departed from the rightfull heire
Of Israel, with common voyce,
A kyng vpon her owne choyce
Amonge hem selfe anone thei make,
And haue her youge lorde forsake.
A powre knight Ieroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas
Whiche rightfull heire was by discent,
Lo thus the youge cause went.
For that the counceile was not good,
The reigne fro the rightfull blood
Euer afterwarde deuided was.
So maie it prouen by this cas,
That youge counceile, which is to warme,
Er men beware doth ofte harme.
Olde age for the counceile serueth,
And lusty youth bis thonke deserueth
Upon the traueile, whiche he dooth,
And both for to sey a soothe,
By sondrie cause for to hane,
If that he will his reigne saue,
A kyng behoueth euery daie:
That one can, and that other maie,
Be so the kyng hem bothe rule,
Or elles all goth out of rule.

Nota questionem cuiusdam philosophi, vtrum regno conuenientius foret principem cum malo consilio optare sapientem, quam cum sano consilio ipsam eligere insipientem.

AND vpon this matere also
 A question betwene the two
 Thus written in boke I fonde.
 Where it be better for the loude
 A kyng hym selfe to be wise,
 And so to beare his owne prise,
 And that his counceile be not good:
 Or otherwise if it so stoude,
 A kyng if he be vicious,
 And his counceile be vertuous.
 It is answerde in suche a wise,
 That better it is, that thei be wise,
 By whom that the counceile shall be gone.
 For thei ben many, and he is one,
 And rather shall an one man
 With fals counseile, for ought he can,
 From his wisdom be made to fall,
 Than he alone shulde hem all
 Pro vices vnto vertue change.
 For that is well the more strange:
 For thy the loude maie well be glad,
 Whose kyng with good counseile is lad
 Whiche sette hym vnto rightwisnes:
 So that his high worthinesse
 Betwene the reddour and pitee,
 Doth mercie forth with equitee.
 A kinge is holden ouer all
 To pitee, hut in speciall
 To hem, where he is moste beholde,
 They shulde his pitee most beholde,
 That ben the lieges of the loude.
 For thei ben euer vnder his honde,
 After the gods ordenance,
 To stonde vpon his gouernance.

Nota aduoc precipue de principum erga suos subditos debita pietate, legitor enim qualiter Anthonius a Scipione exemplificatus, dixit, quod mallet vnum de populo sibi commisso virum saluare, quam centum ex hostibus alienigenis in bello perdere.

Of temperour Anthonius
 I finde, howe that he saide thus:
 Howe him were leuer for to saue
 One of his liges, than to haue
 Of enemies an hundred dede.
 And thus he lerned as I rede
 Of Scipio, whiche had bee
 Counsell of Rome, and thus to see
 Diuers ensamples howe thei stonde,
 A kinge whiche hath the charge on honde
 The common people to gouerne,
 If that he wil, he maie well lerne.
 Is none so good to the plesance
 Of god, as is good gouernance.
 And every gouernance is due
 To pitee, thus I maie argue,
 That pitee is the foundemente
 Of every kynges regimente.
 If it be medled with Iustice,
 Thei two remeuen all vice,
 And ben of vertue moste valuable
 To make a kinges royme stable.
 Lo thus the foure poyntes tofore
 In gouernance, as thei be bore
 Of trouth first and of largesse,
 Of pitee, forth with rightwisnesse,
 I haue hem tolde, and ouer this
 The first poynte, so as it is

Set of the rule of policie,
 Wherof a kyng shall modifie
 The fleshy lustes of nature,
 Nowe thinke I telle of suche measure,
 That both kinde shall be serued,
 And eke the lawe of god obserued.

Corporis et mentis regem decet omnis honestas,
 Nominis vt famam nulla libido ruat.
 Omne quod est hominis effeminat illa voluptas,
 Sit nisi magnanimi cordis vt obstat ei.

Hic tractat secundum Aristotelem de quinta principum policia, que castitatem concernit, cuius honestas impudicitie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam specialius preseruat.

THE male is made for the femete,
 But where as one desirith fele,
 That nedeth nought by wey of kynde.
 For whan a man maie redy finde
 His owne wife, what shulde he seche
 In strange places to besече,
 To borowe another mans plough,
 Whan he bath geare at home enough
 Affayted at his owne heate,
 And is to hym wel more honeste,
 Than other thinge, whiche is vnknowe.
 For thy shulde every good man knowe
 And thynke, howe that in mariage
 His troath plite, lieth in morgage,
 Whiche if he breke, it is falsehode,
 And that discordeth to manhode,
 And namely towards the great,
 Wherof the bokes all trete.

So as the philosophre techeth
 To Alisander, and him betacheth
 The lore, howe that he shall measure
 His bodie, so that no measure
 Of fleshy lust he shulde excede.
 And thus forth if I shall procede
 The fyfte poynte, as I sayd ere,
 Is Chastitee, whiche selde where
 Comth nowe a daies in to place.
 And nethelesse but it be grace
 Aboue all other in speciall
 Is none that chaste maie ben all.
 But yet a kynges high estate,
 Whiche of his order as a prelate,
 Shall be anynte and sanctified:
 He mote be more magnified
 For dignitee of his corone,
 Than shulde another lowe persone,
 Whiche is not of highe emprise.
 Therefore a prince hym shulde aduise,
 Er that he fell in suche riots,
 And namely that he ne assote
 To change for the womanbed
 The worthinesse of his manhed.

Nota de doctrina Aristotelis, qualiter princeps vt animi sui iocunditatem prouocet, mulieres formosas crebro aspicere debet: caueat tamen ne mens voluptuosa torpescens ex carnis fragilitate in vitium dilabatur.

OF Aristotle I haue well radde,
 Howe he to Alisander badde.
 That for to gladden his corage
 He shulde beholden the visage

Of women, whan that thei ben faire:
 But yet he set an examplaire,
 His body so to guide and rule,
 That he ne passe not the rule,
 Wherof that he him selfe begyle.
 For in the woman is no gyle.
 Of that a man him selfe by wapeth,
 Whan he is owne witte beiapeth,
 I can the woman well excuse.
 But what man will vpon hem muse
 After the foliashe impression
 Of his imagoacion,
 Within him selfe the fire he bloweth,
 Wherof the woman nothyng knoweth,
 So may she nothings be to wite,
 For if a man him selfe excite
 To drenche, and will nought furbear.
 The water shall no blame beare.

What maie the golde though men coueit?
 If that a man will loue streit,
 The woman hath hym nothyng boude,
 If he his owne hert woude,
 She maie not let the folie,
 And though so fill of companie,
 That he might any thyng purchase,
 Yet maketh a man the first chace.
 The woman fleeth, and be purseweth,
 So that by wey of skill it seweth,
 The man is cause howe so befall,
 That he full ofte sith is falle,
 Where that he maie not well arise.

And netheles full many wise
 Befooled haue hem selfe er this:
 As nowe a daies yet it is
 Amonge the men and euer was,
 The stronge is febleste in this taas.

It sit a man by wey of kynde
 To loue, but it is not kinde,
 A man for loue his wit to lese.
 For if the month of Iule shall fresse,
 And that December shall be hote,
 The yere mistorneth well I wote.
 To seen a man from his estate
 Through his sotie effeminate,
 And leue that a man shall dooe,
 It is as hose aboute the shooe
 To man, whiche oughte not to be vsed.
 But yet the worlde hath ofte accused
 Full great princes of this dede,
 Howe thei for lone hem selfe mislede,
 Wherof manhode stode behinde,
 Of olde ensamples as men fynde.

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Sardanapallus Assiriorum princeps, muliebri oblectamento effeminatus sue concupiscentie torporem, quasi ex consuetudine adhibebat, ab Arbactio rege Medorum super hoc insidiantie in sui feruoris maiori voluptate subitis mutationibus extinctus est.

THESE olde gestes tellen thus
 That whilome Sardanapalus,
 Whiche helde all hole in his empire
 The great kyngdome of Assire,
 Was through the slouth of his corage
 Fall into the ilke fire rage
 Of loue, whiche the men assoteth,
 Wherof hym selfe he so rioteth,
 And wexeth so ferforth womannishe,
 That ageyn kynde, as if a fishe

Abide wolde vpon the londe,
 In women suche a luste he fonde,
 That he dwelte euer in chambre stille,
 And only wrought after the wille
 Of women, so as he was bede,
 That seldome whan in other stede,
 If that he wolde wenden oute,
 To seen howe that it stode aboute.
 But there he kiste, and there he plaid,
 Thei taughten hym a face to braied,
 And weue a purs, and to enfile
 A perle: And fell thiike while
 One Arbactus, the prince of Mede,
 Seeth the kyng in womanhode,
 Was falle fro chiuarie,
 And gate hym helpe, and companie,
 And wrought so, that at laste
 This kyng out of his reigne he caste,
 Whiche was vndone for euer mo.
 And yet men spoken of hym so,
 That it is shame for to herv,
 For thy to loue is in manere.

Nota qualiter Dauid amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus exercuit.

KYNGE Dauid had many a loue:
 But netheles alwaie aboute
 Knighthode he kepte in suche a wise,
 That for no flesschely couetise
 Of lust to ligge in ladies armes,
 He lefte not the luste of armes.
 For where a prince his luster sueth,
 That he the warre not pursueth,
 Whan it is tyme to bene armed:
 His coultre stant full ofte harmed,
 Whan the enemies be ware bolde,
 That thei defence none beholde,
 Full many a londe hath so be lore,
 As men maie rede ofte tyme afore,
 Of hem that so her eases soughten,
 Whiche after thei full dere abouten.

Hic loquitur qualiter regnum lasciuie voluptatibus deditum, de facili vincitur: Et ponit exemplum de Cyro rege Persarum, qui cum Lidos mira probitatis streuissimos, sibi que in bello aduersantes nullo modo viuere potuit, cum ipsis tandem pacis tractatum dissimilans, concordiam finalem stabilire sinxit, super quo Lydi postea per aliquod tempus armis insoluti sub pacis tempore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipiens in eos armatus subito irruit, ipsosque inde sensibiles vincens suo imperio tributarios subiugauit.

To mochell case is nothyng worthe.
 For that setteth euery vice forthe,
 And euery vertue put a backe,
 Wherof price turneth in to lacke.
 As in cronike I maie reherse,
 Whiche telleth, howe the kyng of Perse
 That Cyrus hight, a warre hadde
 Ageinst the people, whiche he draide,
 Of a cuntry, whiche Lydos hight.
 But yet for ought that he do might,
 As in bataille vpon the warre,
 He had of them alwaie the warre.
 And whan he sighe, and wist it wele,
 That he by strength wan no dele:

Than at laste he caste a wile
 This worthy people to begyle,
 And toke with hem a feigned pees,
 Whiche shulde lasten endeeles,
 So as he sayde in wordes wise,
 But he thought all in other wise.
 For it betid vpon the caas,
 When that this people in rest was,
 Thei token eases many folde,
 And wordes ease (as it is tolde)
 By waie of kynde is the norice
 Of euery luste, whiche toucheth vice.

Thus when thei were in lustes fall,
 The warres bene forgeten all.
 Was none, whiche wolde the worship
 Of armes, but in idelship,
 Thei putten businesse awaie,
 And toke hem to daunce and plaie.
 But moste aboue all other thynges
 Thei token hem to the likynges
 Of fleshely lustes, that chastitee
 Receiued was in no degree:
 But euery man doth what him liste.

And when the kyng of Perse it wiste,
 That thei vnto folie entenden,
 With his power, when thei lest wenden,
 More sodeinly than doth the thunder
 He came, for ener and put hem vnder.
 And thus hath lecherie lore
 The loude, whiche had be tofore
 The beste of hem, that were tho.

*Nota qualiter facta bellica luxus infortunat. Et
 narrat, quod cum rex Amalech hebreis sibi in-
 sultantibus resistere nequit, consilio Balaam
 mulieres regni sui pulcherrimas in castro he-
 breorum misit, qui ab ipsis contaminati sunt.*

AND in the bible I finde also
 A tale, like vnto this thinge,
 Howe Amaleche the painym kyng,
 When that he might by no weye
 Defende his loude, and put awaie
 The worthie people of Israell.
 This sarasin, as it befelle
 Through the counceite of Balaam,
 A root of faire women nam,
 That lustie were, and of yonge age,
 And bad hem go to the linage
 Of these hebrewes: and forth thei went,
 With eyen grey, and browes bent,
 And well araied euerichone.
 And when thei comen were anone
 Amonge thebrews, was none in sight,
 But catche who that catche might,
 And eche of hem his lustes sought,
 Whiche after they full dere about.
 For grace anone began to faile,
 That when thei comen to bataile,
 Than afterwarde in sory plite
 Thei were take and discomfite.
 So that within a litell throwe
 The might of hem was coerthrowe,
 That whilome were wont to stonde,
 Till Phinees the cause on bonde
 Hath take, this vengeance last:
 But than it ceased at laste.
 For god was payde, of that he dede.
 For where he fonde vpon a stede
 A couple, whiche misferred so,
 Throughout he smote hem both two,

And let hem ligge in mens eie,
 Wherof all-other, whiche hem sie,
 Ensamplid hem vpon the dede,
 And prayden vnto the godhede,
 Her olde synnes to amende.
 And he whiche wolde his mercy sende,
 Restored hem to newe grace.

Thus maie it shewe in sondry place
 Of chastitee howe the clenness
 Accordeth to the worthinesse
 Of men of armes ouer all.
 But moste of all in speciall
 This vertue to a kyng belongeth.
 For vpon his fortune it hongeth,
 Of that his loude shall spede or spille.
 For thy but if a kyng his will
 Fro lustes of his fleshe restrayne,
 Ageyne hym selfe he maketh a treyne,
 Into the whiche if that he slide,
 Hym were better go beside.

For euery man maie vnderstonde,
 Howe for a tyme that it stonde,
 It is a sorie lust to like,
 Whose ende maketh a mau to sike,
 And tourneth ioyes in to sorowe.
 The bright sonne by the morowe
 Bethineth not the derke night,
 The lusty yongth of mans might
 In age but it stonde wele,
 Mistorneth all the last whele.

*Hic loquitur qualiter principum irregularata volup-
 tas eos a senilita recta multotiens deuare com-
 pellit, Et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui
 ex sue carnis concupiscentia victus, mulierum
 blandimentis in sui scandalum deos alienos co-
 lere presumebat.*

THAT euery worthy prince is holde
 Within hym selfe to beholde,
 To see the state of his persone,
 And thynke, howe there be ioyes none
 Upon this erthe made to laste:
 And how the fleshe shall at last
 The lustes of his life forsake:
 Hym ought a great ensample take
 Of Salomon, whose apete
 Was holly sette vpon delite
 To take of women the plesance,
 So that vpon his ignorance
 The wyde worlde meruaileth yit,
 That he, whiche all mens wit
 In thilke tyme hath ouerpassed,
 With fleshly lustes was so tassed,
 That he whiche ledde vnder the lawe
 The people of god, hym selfe withdrew
 He hath fro god in suche a wise,
 That he worship and sacrifice
 For sondrie loue in sondrie stede
 Unto the fals gods dede.
 This was the wise Ecclesiaste,
 The fame of whom shall euer laste,
 That he the mightie god forsake
 Ageyn the lawe when hee toke
 His wyues and the concubines
 Of hem that were sarasines.
 For whiche he did idolatrie.
 For this I rede of his sotie,
 She of Zidonie so him ladde,
 That he kaelende his armes spradde

To Asthoreth with great humblesse,
 Whiche of her londe was the goddessse.
 And she that was of Moabite
 So ferforth made hym to delite
 Through lust, which all his wit deuonreth,
 That he Chamos hir god honoreth.
 An other Amonite also
 With loue him hath assoted so,
 Hir god Moloche that with encence
 He sacreth, and doth reuerence
 In suche a wise as she hym bad.
 Thus was the wyseste onerlad
 With blynde lustes, whiche he sought.
 But he it afterwarde abought.

*Nota hic qualiter Achias propheta in signum,
 quod regnum post mortem Salomonis ob eius
 peccatum a suo herede dimineretur, pallium
 suum in duodecim partes scidit, vnde decem
 partes Ieroboe filio Nabat, qui regnaturaus pos-
 tea successit, precepto dei tribuit.*

For Achias Silonites,
 Whiche was prophet er his deces,
 While he was in his lustes all,
 Betokeneth what shall after falle.
 For on a daie, when that he mette
 Ieroboam the knight he grette,
 And bad hym, that he shulde abide
 To here what hym shall betide.
 And forth withall Achias cast
 His mantell of, and also fast
 He cut it in to peces twelfe,
 Wherof two partes vnto bym selfe
 He kepte, and all the remenant,
 As god hath set his couenant,
 He toke vnto Ieroboas,
 Of Nabat whiche the sonne was,
 And of the kynges courte a knight,
 And saide hym, suche is gods might.
 As thou haste sene departed here
 My mantell, right in suche manere
 After the dethe of Salomon
 God hath ordeined therrpon,
 This reigne than he shall deuide,
 Whiche tyme eke thou shalt abide,
 And vpon that diuision
 The reigne as in proporcion,
 As thou hast of my mantell take,
 Thou shalt receiue I vndertake.
 And thus the sonne shall abie
 The lustes and the lecherie
 Of hym, whiche nowe his father is.
 So for to taken hede of this
 It sit a kyng well to be chaste:
 For eis he maie lightly waste
 Hym selfe, and eke his reigne bothe,
 And that ought euery kyng to lothe,
 O whiche a sinne violent,
 Wherof so wise a kyng was shent,
 That he vengeance of his persone
 Was not enough to take alone,
 But afterwarde, when he was passed,
 It bath his heritage lassed,
 As I more openly tofore
 The trole tolde: And thus therefore
 The philosopher vpon this thinge
 Writte, and counseiled to a kyng,
 That he the forfeite of luxure
 Shall tempre, and rule of suche mesurè,

Whiche be to kynde suffisant,
 And eke to reason accordant.
 So that the lustes ignorance
 Be cause of no misgouernance,
 Through whiche that be ouerthrowe
 As be that will no reason knowe.
 For but a mans wit be swerned,
 When kynde is dulliche serued,
 It ougt of reason to suffise.
 For if it fall hym otherwise,
 He maie the lustes sore drede.
 For of Anthonie thus I rede,
 Whiche of Seuerus was the sonne,
 That he his life of commune wonne
 Yaeue holly vnto thilke vice,
 And ofte tyme he was so nice,
 Wherof nature hir hath compleined
 Unto the god, whiche hath disdeigned
 The warkes whiche Anthonie wrought
 Of luste, whiche he fulle sore abought.
 For god his forfeite hath so wroke,
 That in cronike it is yet spoke.
 But for to take remembrance
 Of speciall misgouernance,
 Through couetise and iniustice,
 Forth with the remenant of vice,
 And nameliche of lecherie,
 I fynde write a great partie
 Within a tale, as thou shalt here,
 Whiche is thensample of this matere.

*Hic loquitur de Tarquinio Rome nuper imperatore,
 necnon et de eiusdem filio nomine Arrous,
 qui omnium viciorum varietate repleti tam in
 homines quam in mulieres innumera scelera
 perpetrarunt.*

So as these olde gestes seyne
 The proude tyranisshie Romeyne
 Tarquinius, whiche was than kyng,
 And wrought many a wrongfull thyng.
 Of sonnes he had many one,
 Amonge the whiche Arrous was one,
 Liche to his father in maneres,
 So that within a fewe yeres,
 With treason and with tyrannie,
 Thei wonne of londe a great partie,
 And token hede of no iustice,
 Whiche dewe was to her office
 Upon the rule of gouernance,
 But all that euer was plesance,
 Unto the flesshes lust, thei toke.
 And fill so, that thei vndertoke
 A werre, whiche was nought acheued,
 But often tyme it had hem greued,
 Agyne a folke, whiche than hight
 The Gabiens, and all by night
 Thus Arrous when he was at home
 In Rome, a preuy place he nome
 Within a chamber, and bete hym selfe,
 And made hym woundes . x. or twelfe
 Upon the backe, as it was sene.
 And so forth with his hurtes grene
 In all the haste that he maie
 He rode, and cam that other daie
 Unto Gabie the citee,
 And in he went: and when that he
 Was knowe, anone the yates were shet,
 The lordes all vpon hym set
 With drawe swerdes vpon hounde.
 And Arrous wolde hem nat wistode,

And saide, I am here at your wille,
As lefe it is that ye me spillie
As if myn owne father dede.
And forth within that same stede
He praide hem that thei wolde see,
And tolde hem in what degre
His father, and his bretheras bothe,
Whiche as he sayd weren wrothe,
Hym had beaten and reuled,
And out of Rome for euer exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleue,
And saide: if that he might achewe
His purpos, it shall well be yolde,
Be so that thei hym helpe wrold.

Whas that the fordes had sene,
Howe wofully he was besene,
Thei toke pitee of his greue.
But yet it was hem wonder leue,
That Rome hym had exiled so.

The Gabiens by counseyle tho
Upon the goddes made hym sweare,
That he to hem shall trouthe beare,
And strength hem with all his might.

And thei also hym hath behight
To helpen hym in his quarle.
Thei shope than for his bele,
That he was bathed and anoynt
Till that he was in lusty poynt,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all bolle the citee had
Right as he wolde hym selfe deuse:
And than he thought hym in what wise
He might his tyrannie shewe,
And toke to his counseile a shrewe,
Whom to his father forth he sent.
And in his message he tho went,
And praied his father for to saie
By his advise and fynde a waie,
How thei the citee might wyne,
While he stooode so well therein.

And whan the messager was come
To Rome, and hath in counseile nome
The kyng: it fell purchance so,
That thei were in a gardeine tho
This messenger forth with the kyng.
And whan he had tolde the thyng,
In what maner that it stooode:
And that Tarquinius vnderstooode:
By the message, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in bonde a yerde,
And in the gardeyne as thei gons,
The lilly croppes one and one,
Where that thei weren sprongen out,
He smote of, as thei stooode about:
And saide vnto the messengere,

Lo this thyng, whiche I do nowe here,
Shall be in stede of thyn answer.
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou shalt vnto my sonne telle.

And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But toke his leue, and goth withall
Vnto his lordes, and tolde hym all,
Howe that his father had do.

Whan Arrous herde hym tell so,
Anone he wist what it ment,
And therto set all his entent
Till he through fraude and trecherie
The princes heades of Gabie.
Hath smiten of, and all was wonne,
His father cam tofore the sonne

In to the towne with the Romeyns,
And toke and slewe the citezeyns
Without reason or pitee,
That he ne spareth no degre.
And for the spede of his conqueste
He let do make a riche feste,
With a solempne sacrifice
In Phebus temple, And in this wise
Whan the Romeynes assembled were
In presence of hem all there,
Upon the auter when all was dight,
And that the fyres were a light,
From vnder the auter sodeinly
An hidous serpent openly
Cam out, and hath deuoured all
The sacrifice, and eke withall
The fyres queynt: and forth anone,
So as he came, so is he gone
In to the depe grounde ayene,
And every man began to seyne:
A lorde, what maie this signifie?
And thervpon thei praie and crie
To Phebus, that thei mighten knowe
The cause: and he the same throwe
With gastli voyce, that all it herde,
The Romeins in this wise answerde,
And sayd, how for the wickednes
Of pride, and of vnrightwisenes,
That Tarquine and his sonne hath do,
The sacrifice is wasted so
Whiche might not ben acceptable
Upon suche sinne abhominable.
And ouer that yet he hem wisseth,
And saith, whiche of hem first kysseth
His mother, he shall take wreche
Upon the wronge: and of that speche
Thei ben within her hertes glade,
Though thei outward no semblance made,

Ther was a knight, which Brutus hight,
And he with all the haste he might
To grounde fill, and there he kiste:
But none of hem the cause wiste.
But wende that he had spoured
Perchance, and so was ouertourned.
But Brutus all an other ment.
For he knewe well in his entent,
Howe therthe of every mans kynde
Is mother: but they weren blynde,
And sighe not so ferre as hee.
But when thei leften the citee,
And comen home to Rome ageyn:
Than every man, whiche was Romeine,
And moder hath, to bir he bewde,
And kist, and eche of hem thus wende
To be the fyrste vpon the chauce,
Of Terquine for to do vengeance,
So as thei herden Phebus seyne.
But every tyme hath his certeyne,
So must it nedes than abide,
Till afterwarde vpon a tide:

Hic narrat, quod cum Tarquinius in obsidione ciuitatis Ardee, vt eam destrueret, intentus fuit, Arrous filius eius Romam secreto adiens in domo Collatini hospitatus est, vbi de nocte illam castissimam dominam Lucreciam imaginata fraude vi oppressit, vnde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cum Tarquinio patre suo, tota clamante Roma, imperpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

TARQUINIUS made vnskillfully
A werre, whiche was fast by,
Ageyn a towne with walles stronge,
Whiche Ardea was cleped longe,
And cast a sege there aboute,
That there maie no man passe oute.

So it befelle vpon a night
Arrous, whiche had his souper dight,
A parte of the chiuallrie
With hym to suppe in companie
Hath bede: and whan thei comen were,
And sette at supper there,
Amonge her other wordes glade
Arrous a great spekyng made,
Who had tho the best wife
Of Rome, and thus began a strife.
For Arrous saith, he hath the best.
So ianglen thei withouten rest,
Till at laste one Collatine
A worthy knight, and was cosine
To Arrous, saide him in this wise,

It is (quod he) of none emprise
To speke a words, but of the dede,
Wherof it is to taken hede.
Anone for thy this same tyde
Lepe on thy hors, and let vs ride,
So maie we knowe both two
Unwarely what our viues do,
And that shall be a trewe assaie.

This Arrous saith not ones maie,
On horsebacke anone thei lepte,
In suche manere and nothings slepte
Ridende forth till that thei come
All priuelle within Rome,
In strange place and downe thei light,
And take a chambre oute of sight.

Thei be disguised for a throwe,
So that no life shalde hem knowe.
And to the paleis first thei sought,
To se what thyng these ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrous made a vaunt,
And thei hir sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of myrthes and of bordes.
But amonge all other wordes
She spake not of hir husbonds,
And whan thei had all vnderstonde
Of thilke place what hem liste,
Thei gone hem forth that none it wist.

Beside thilke yate of bras,
Collacea whiche cleped was,
Where Collatine bath his dwellyng,
There founden thei at home sittyng
Lucrece his wife all caurooned
With women, whiche were abandoned
To werche, and she wrought eke withall,
And bad hem haste, and said it shall
Be for myn husbonds weare:
Whiche with his shelde and with his speare
Lieth at sieg in great disease,
And if it shulde hym not displease,
Nowe wolde god, I had hym here.
For certes tyll that I maie here
Some good tidyng of his estate,
My herte is euer vpon debate.
For so as all men witness,
He is of suche an hardinesse,
That he can not hym self spare,
And that is all my mooste care,
Whan thei the walles shulde assaile.
But if my wishes might auaille,

I wolde it were a groundles pit,
Be so the sieg were vnknit,
And I my husbonde sie.
With that the water in hir eis
Arose, that she ne might it stoppe,
And as men sene the dew bedroppe
The leues and the floures eke:
Right so vpon hir white cheke:
The wofull salte terres falle.

Whan Collatine bath herde hir telle
The meanyng of hir trewe herte,
Anone with that to hir he sterte,
And sayd: Lo my good dere,
Nowe is he come to you here,
That ye mooste lomen as ye seyne.

And she with goodly chere ageyne
Beclipt him in hir armes amale.
And the colour, whiche erst was pale
To beautee than was restored,
So that it might not be mored.

The kynges sonne, which was nigh,
And of this lady herde and sigh
The thynges, as thei ben befall,
The reason of his wittes all
Hath loste: for loue vpon his parte
Cam than, and of his furo darte
With such a wounde him hath through smite,
That he must nedes fele and wite
Of thilke blinde maladie,
To whiche no cure of surgerie
Can helpe, but yet netheles
At thilke tyme he helde his pes,
That he no countenance made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he coude in his manere,
He spake, and made frendly chere,
Tyl it was tyme for to goe.
And Collatine with him also
His leue toke, so that by night,
With all the baste that thei might,
Thei riden to the sieg ageyn.

But Arrous was so wo bessein
With thoughtes, which vpon him ronne,
That he all by the brode sonne
To bedde goth, not for to reste,
But for to thinke vpon the beste,
And the fairest forth with alle,
That euer he sigh, or euer shalbe,
So as him thought in his corage,
Where he portreid hir image,

Fyrst the fetures of hir face,
In whiche nature had all grace
Of womanlie beutes besette,
So that it might not be bette.
And howe hir yelowe heare was tressed,
And hir atyre so well adressed.
And howe she wepte, al this he thought.
And howe she spake, and how she wrought,
That he foryeten bath no dele,
But all it liketh him so wele,
That in the worde nor in the dede
Hir lacked nought of womanhede.

And thus this tyrannische knight
Was soupled, but not halfe aright.
For he none other hede toke,
But that he might by somme croke,
All though it were ageyne hir wille,
The lustes of his flesh fulfille,
Whiche loue was not reasonable.
For where honour is remeuable,

It ought well to ben advised :
But he whiche hath his lust assised
With medlid loue and tyrannie,
Hath founde vpon his trecherie
A weye, whiche he thinketh to holde,
And sayth : fortune vnto the holde
Is fauorable for to helpe.

And thus within him selfe to yelpe,
As he whiche was a wilde man
Upon his treason he began.
And vp he sterte, and forth he wente
On horsbacke, but his entente
There knewe no wight, and he name
The nexte waie, till he came
Unto Collacea the gate
Of Rome, and it was somedele late,
Right euen vpon the sonne sette.
And he whiche had shape his nette
Hir innocence to betrappe,
And as it shulde tho mishappe,
As pruely as euer he might
He rode, and of his hors aight
Tofore Collatines Inne,
And all frendeliche goth him in,
As he that was cosin of house.

And she, whiche is the good spouse
Lacrece, whan that she hym sighe,
With goodly chere drewe hym nighe,
As she, whiche all honour supposeth,
And hym, so as she dare, opposeth
Howe it stode of hir husbonde.

And he tho did hir vndertonde
With tales feigned in this wise,
Right as he wolde him selfe deuise.
Wherof he might hir herte gladde,
That she the better chere made,
Whan she the gladdes wordes herde,
Howe that hir husbunde ferde.
And thus the trouthe was deceiued
With sie treason, whiche was receiued
To hir, whiche mente all good.
For as the festes than stode
His souper was right wel arraied :
But yet he hath no worde assaid
To speke of loue in no degree,
But with couert subtiltee
His frendly speches he affaiteth,
And as the tigre his tyme awaiteth,
In hope for to catche his praije.

Whan that the bordes were awaie,
And thei haue souped in the halle,
He saith, that slepe is on him falle,
And praithe, he mote go to bedde.
And she with all haste spedde,
So as hir thought it was to doone,
That euery thinge was redie soone.
She brought him to his chamber tho,
And toke hir leue, and forth is go
In to hir owne chambre by :
And she that wende certeynly
Haue had a frende, and had a fo,
Wherof fill after mochell wo.

This tyranne though he lie softe,
Oute of his bedde arose full ofte,
And goeth aboute, and leied his ere
To herken, till that all were
To bedde gone, and slepten faste.
And than vpon hym selfe he caste
A mantel, and his swerde all naked
He toke in honde, and she vnwaked

A bedde laie : but what she mette
God wote, for he the dore vnshette
So pruely, that none it herde,
The softe paas and forth he ferde
Into the bedde, where that she slepte,
Ah sodelinly and in he crepte,
And hir in bothe his armes take,
With that this worthy wyfe awoke,
Whiche through teadress of womanhed,
Hir voyces hath loste for pure drede,
That one worde speke she ne dare.
And eke he bade hir to beware.
For if she made noyse or crie,
He sayd, his swerde laie faste bie
To stee hir, and hir folke aboute.
And thus he brought hir herte in doute,
That like a lambe, whan it is cesed
In wolues mouth, so was discesed
Lucrece whiche he naked fonde,
Wherof she swouned in his bonde,
And, as who saith, laie dede oppressed.
And he whiche all him had adressed
To luste, toke than what him liste,
And goth his weye, that none it wist,
In to his owne chambre ageyn,
And cleped vp his chamberleyn,
And made hym redie for to ride.
And thus this lecherous pride
To hors lepte, and forth he rode.
And she whiche in hir bed abode,
Whan that she wist he was agone,
She cleped after light anone,
And vp arose longe er the daie,
And cast aweie hir fresche arate,
As she whiche hath the worlde forsake,
And toke vpon the clothes blake.
And euer vpon continuings
Right as men see a welle springe,
With eien full of wofull teares
Hir heare hangynge aboute hir eares
She wepte, and no man wist whie.
But yet amonge full pitoualrie
She praid, that thei moiden dretche
Hir husbonde for to fetche,
Forthwith hir fader eke also.
Thus be thei comen bothe two,
And Brutus came with Collatine,
Whiche to Lucrece was cosine,
And in thei wenten all three
To chambre, where thei might see
The wofullest vpon this molde,
Whiche wepte, as she to water sholde.

The chambre dore anone was stoke
Er thei haue ought vnto hir spoke.
Thei see hir clothes all disgised,
And howe she hath hir selfe despised,
Hir heare hangynge vnkempte aboute.

But netheles she gan to lowte,
And knele vnto hir husbonde.

And he wolde fayne haue vnderstonde
The cause, why she fared so.
With softe wordes asked tho :

What maie you be my god swete ?
And she, whiche thought hir selfe vnmete,
And the lest worthe of women alle,
Hir wofull chere lete downe falle
For shame, and coude vnmetes loke,
And thei therof good hede toke,
And praiden hir in all waie,
That she ne spare for to saie

Unto hir frendes, what hir aileth,
Why she so sore hir selfe bewaileth,
And what the soothe wolde mene,
And she whiche hath hir sorowe grene,
Hir wo to tell them assaied,
But tender shame hir worde delaied,
That sondry tymes as she meute
To speke, vpon the poynte she stente
And thei hir beden euer in one
To telle forth, and there vpon,
Whan that she sighe she must neede,
Hir tale betwene shame and drede
She tolde, not without peyne.

And he whiche wolde hir wo restreyne,
Hir husband, a sory man,
Comforteth hir all that he can,
And swore, and eke hir fader bothe,
That thei with hir be not wroth,
Of that is do ageinst hir wille,
And praiden hir to be stille.

For thei to hir haue all foryeue
But she whiche thought not to leue,
Of hem will no foryeuenesse,
And said: of thilke wickednesse,
Whiche was to hir body wrought,
All were it so she might it nought,
Neuer afterwarde the worlde ne shall
Reprouen hir: and forthwithall,
Or any man therof be ware,
A naked swerde the whiche she bare
Within hir mantell priuely,
Betwene hir bondes soeonly
She toke, and through hir herte it thronge,
And fill to grounde, and euer amonge,
Whan that she fill, so as she might,
Hir clothes with hir bonde she right,
That no man downewarde fro the knees
Shuld any thyng of hir see,

Thus laie this wife honestly,
All though she died wofully.

Tho was no sorowe for to seke,
Hir husbunde and hir father eke
A swoune vpon the body felle,
There maie no mans tonge telle,
In whiche anguisshe that thei were.

But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Towarde hym selfe his hert keppe,
And to Lucrece anone he lepte,
The bloody swerde and pulleth out,
And swore the gods all aboute,
That he therof shall do vengeance:
And she tho made a countenance,
Hir dedly eie and at laste
In thonkyng as it were vp cast,
And so behelde hym in the wise,
While she to loke maie suffise.

And Brutus with a manly herte
Hir husbunde hath made vp sterte,
Forth with hir father eke also,
In all haste and saide hem tho,
That thei anone without lette
A bere for the body fette:
Lucrece and therupon bledend
He laide, and so forth out criend
He goth vnto the market place
Of Rome: and in a litell space
Through crie the citee was assembled,
And euery mans hert trembled,
Whan thei the soth berde of the cas,
And there vpon the counseyle was

Take, of the great and of the smale:
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam in to remembrance
Of synne the continuance,
Whiche Arrous had do tofore.
And eke longe tyme er he was bore
Of that his father had do
The wronge came in to place tho,
So that the common clamour tolde
The newe shame of synnes olde.
And all the towne began to crie:
Away awey the tyraunie
Of lecherie and couetise.

And at laste in suche a wise
The father in the same while
Forth with the sonne thei exile,
And taken better gouernance.
But yet another remembrance,
That rightwisenes and lecherie
Accorden not in companie,
With hym that hath the lawe on bonde,
That may a man well vnderstonde,
As by a tale thou shalte witte
Of olde ensample as it is writte

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter Lucius
Virginus dux exercitus Romanorum vnicam filiam
pulcherrimam habens, cum quodam nobili viro nomine Ilicio, ut ipsam in vxorem duceret
finaliter concordauit. Sed interim Appius Claudius Imperator virginis formositatem, ut eam
violaret concupiscens, occasiones, quibus matrimonii impedire, ipsam quod ad sui usum apprehendere posset, subdola conspiracione fieri
conlectauit, et cum propositum sui desiderii productis falsis testibus in Iudicio, Imperator habere debuisset: pater tunc ibidem presens
extracto gladio filie sue pectus mortali vulnere per medium transfodit, dicens, malo mihi de filia mea virginem habere mortuam, quam in sui scandalum meretricem seruari viuentem.

At Rome whan Appius,
Whose other name was Claudius,
Was gouernour of the citee,
There fylt a wonder thyng to see,
Touchend a gentill mayde, as thus:
Whome Lucius Virginus
Begeten had vpon his wife,
Men saiden, that so faire a life
As she, was not in all the towne.
This fame, whiche goth vp and downe,
To Claudius came in his ere,
Wherof his thought anone was there,
Whiche all his herte hath sette a fyre,
That he began the floure desyre,
Whiche longeth vnto maidenbede,
And sende, if that he might spedde
The blynde lustes of his wille.
But that thyng he might not fulfillle.
For she stode vpon marriage,
A worthy knight of great lignage
(Ilicius whiche than hight)
Accorded in hir faders sight
Was, that he shuld his daughter wed.
But er the cause were fully spedde
Hir fader, whiche in Romanie
The ledyng of the chivalrie
In gouernance hath vndertake
Spon a werre, whiche was take,

Gothe out with all the strength he had
Of men of armes whiche he lad.
So was the marriage lefte,
And stode vpon accorde till effe.

The kyng, whiche herde tell of this,
Howe that this maide ordeined is
To marriage, thought a nother,
And had thilke time a brother,
Whiche Marcus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of suche riote,
Right as the kyng hym selfe was,
Thei two togider vpon this caas
In counceyle founden out the weye,
That Marcus Claudius shall seye,
Howe she by weye of couenante
To his seruice apertenante
Was holle, and to none other man.
And there vpon he saith he can
In euery poynt witness take,
So that she shall it not forsake.

Whan that thei had shape so
After the lawe whiche was tho,
While that hir fader was absente,
She was somoned and assente
To come in presence of the kyng,
And stode in answer of this thyng.

Hir frendes wisten all wele,
That was falsshede euery dele,
And comen to the kyng, and saiden
Upon the comune lawe and praiden,
So as this noble worthy knight
Hir fader for the common right
Is thilke tyme, as was befall,
Laie for the profite of them all
Upon the wilde felde armed,
That he ne shulde not ben harmed
Ne shamed, while that he were oute.
And thus thei preiden all aboute,

For all the clamour that he herde,
The kinge vpon his luste answerde,
And yane hem onely daies two
Of respite: for he wende tho,
That in so shorte a tyme appere
Hir fader might in no manere.

But as therof he was deceiued.
For Linius had all conceiued
The purpos of the kyng tofore,
So that to Rome ayene therfore
In all haste he came rideide,
And lefte vpon the felde liggende
His boot, till that he came ageyne.

And thus this worthy capiteyne
Appered redy at his daie.

Where all that euer reasone maie
By lawe in audience he dooth,
So that his daughter vpon sooth,
Of that Marcus hir had accused,
He hath tofore the courte excused.

The kyng, which saw his purpose faille,
And that no sleight might auayle,
Incombred of his lustes blynde
The lawe tourneth out of kynde,
And halfe in wrathe as though it were,
In presence of hem all there,
Deceiued of concupiscent,
Yane for his broder the sentence:
And bad hym, that he shulde cease
This mayde, and make hym well at ease.
But all within his owne entent,
He wist how that the cause went,

Of that his brother hath the wite,
He was hym selfe for to wite.
But thus this maiden had wronge,
Whiche was upon the kyng alonge,
But ageyne hym was none apele,
And that the father wist wele.
Wherof vpon the tyrannie,
That for the luste of lecherie
His daughter shuld be disceiued,
And that Ilicius was weied
Untruly from the mariage:
Right as a lyon in his rage,
Whiche of no drede set account,
And not what pites shulde amount,
A naked swerde he pulled out,
The whiche amonges all the rout
He threst through his daughters side,
And all aloude thus he cride:

Lo take hir there thou wrongfull kyng.
For me is leser vpon this thyng
To be the father of a maide,
Though she be dead, than if men saide,
That in hir life she were shamed,
And I therof were euill named.

Tho had the kyng men shulde areste
His body, but of thilke heste
Like to the chased wilde bore
The bouudes whan he feleth sore
To throwe, and goth forth his wey:
In suche a wise for to sey
This worthy knight with swerde in honde,
His wey made, and thei hym woude,
That none of hem his strokes kepte,
And thus vpon his hors he lepte,
And with his swerde droppying all bloods,
Whiche within his daughter stode,
He came there as the power was
Of Rome, and tolde hem all the cas:
And sayd hem: that thei might lere
Upon the wronge of this matere,
That better it were to redresse
At home the great vnrightwisnesse,
Than for to warre in strange place,
And lese at home her owne grace.

For thus stant euery mans life
In ieopardie for his wife,
And for his daughter, if thei bee
Passyng an other of beautee.

Of this meruaile, whiche thei sie
So apparant afore her cie
Of that the kyng hath hym misbore,
Her othes thei haue all swore,
That thei will stonde by the right.

And thus of one accorde vpright
To Rome at ones home ageyne
Thei torne, and shortly for to seyne,
This tyrannie oam to mouth,
And euery man saith, what he couth,
So that the preuie trecherie,
Whiche set was vpon lecherie,
Cam openly to mannes care,
And that brought in the common feare,
That euery man the perill dradde
Of hym, that so hem oerlad.
For thei or that were worse faille,
Through common counseile of hem all
Thei haue her wrongfull kyng deposed.
And hem, in whom it was supposed
The counceyle stode of his ledyng,
By lawe vnto the dome thei bryng,

Where thei receiuen the penance,
That longeth to suche gouernance.

And thus the vnchaste was chastised,
Wherof thei might ben aduised,
That shulde afterwarde gouerne,
And by this euidence lerne,
Howe it is good a kynge eschewe
The luste of vice, and vertue sewe.

Hic inter alia castitatis regimen concernentia lo-
quitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius status
sacramentum quasi continentiam equiparans
etiam honeste delectationis regimen moderari
debet, Et narrat in exemplum qualiter pro eo
quod illi septem viri, qui Sara Raguellis filie
magis propter concupiscentiam quam propter
matrimonium voluptuose susceperunt, vnus post
alium omnes prima nocte a demone Asmodeo
sigillatim iugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
Whiche toucheth to the policie
Of chastitee in speciall.
As for conclusion finall,
That euery lust is to eschewe,
By great ensample I maie argewe,
Howe in Rages a towne of Mede
There was a maide; and as I rede
Sara she hight, and Raguella
Hir father was; and so befelle
Of bodie bothe and of visage
Was none so faire of the lignage,
To seche amonge hem all, as shee,
Wherof the riche of the citee
Of lustie folke, that couden lous,
Assoted were vpon hir loue,
And axen hir for to wedde.
One was, whiche at last spedde,
But that was more for likinge
To haue his lust, than for weddyngs,
As he within his herte caste,
Whiche hym repenteth at laste.
For so it felle the first night,
When he was to the bedde dight,
As he, whiche nothinge god beseecheth,
But all onely his lustes secheth.
A bedde er he was fully warme,
And wolde haue take hir in his arme,
Asmode, whiche was a fende of belle,
And serueth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in suche a wise,
Was redy there, and thilke emprise,
Whiche he hath set vpon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his necke hath writh a two.
This yonge wife was sorie tho,
Whiche wist nothinge what it ment.
And nethelesse yet thus it went,
Not onely for this fyrst man,
But after right as he began,
Sixe other of hir husbandes
Asmode hath take in to his hondes.
So that thei all a bedde deide,
Whan thei hir hande towarde hir leyde,
Nought for the lawe of marriage,
But for that ilke fire rage,
In whiche that thei the lawe excede.
For who that wolde take bede,
What after fill in this matere,
There might he well the sooth here.

Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in companie
Hath taught hym, howe to be honest.
Asmode wan nought at thilke feste:
And yet Thobie his wille had,
For he his lust so goddely ladde,
That both lawe and kynde is serued,
Wherof he hath hym selfe preserued,
That he fill not in the sentence,
Of whiche an open euidence
Of this ensample a man maie see,
That whan likyngs in the degre
Of mariage maie forsweie,
Well ought hym than in other weie
Of lust to be the better aduised.
For god the lawe hath assised
As well to reason as a kynde,
But he the beastes wolde bynde
Onely to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature
God gane hym reason forth withall,
Wherof that he nature shall
Upon the causes modifie,
That he shall do no lecherie.
And yet he shall his lustes haue,
So ben the lawes both saue,
And euery thinge put out of sclander,
As whilom to kynge Alisander
The wise philosopher taught,
Whan he his first lore caught,
Not only vpon chastitee,
But vpon all honestee.
Wherof a kynge hym selfe maie taste,
How trewe, how large, how iust, how chaut
Hym ought of reason for to bee,
Forth with the vertue of pitee,
Through which he mai great thonke deserue
Toward his god, that he preserue
Hym, and his people in all welthe,
Of peas, richesse, honoar, and helthe
Here in this worlde, and elles eke.
My sonne as we tofore speke
In shrifte, so as thou me seidest,
And for thin ease as thou me praidest,
Thy loue throwes for to lisse,
That I the wolde telle and wise
The forme of Aristoteles lore:
I haue it seide, and somdele more
Of other ensamples, to assaie
If I thy peines might alaie
Through any thyng, whiche I can saie.
Do waie my father, I yon prais,
Of that ye haue vnto me tolde,
I thanke you a thousande folde.
The tales sounden in mine ere,
But yet my herte is elles where,
I maie my selfe uot restreygne,
That I name euer in loues peyne.
Suche lore coude I neuer gete,
Whiche might make me foryete
O poynte, but if so were I slepte,
That I my tides aie ne kepte
To thinke on loue, and on his lawe,
That hert can I not withdrawe.
For thy my good fader dere
Leue, and speke of my matere,
Touchend of loue as we begonne,
If that there be ought ouer roanne,
Or ought foryete, or lefte behynde,
Whiche falleth vnto loues kynde

Wherof it nedeth to be shriue,
Nowe asketh, so that while I liue
I might amende, that is amis.

My good dere soune yis,
Thy shrifte for to make playne
There is yet more for to sayne
Of loue, whiche is vnaused.
But for thou shalt ben well aduised
Unto my shrifte, as it belongeth,
A poynte, whiche vpon loue hongeth,
And is the laste of all tho,
A wyl the telle, and than ho.

EXPLICIT LIBER SEPTIMUS.

*Sus fauet ad vicium vetus hæc modo regula con-
Nec nose eontra qui docet ordo placat. [fert
Cæcus amor dudum non dum sus lumina cæpit,
Suo Venus impostum deuisa fallat iter.*

Post quam ad instantiam amantis confessi confessor Genius super his que Aristoteles regem Alexandrum edocuit, vna cum aliarum cronicarum exemplis seriosè tractauit, iam vltimo in isto octauo volumine ad confessionem in amoris causa regrediens tractare proponit, super hoc quod non nulli primordia nature ad libitum voluptuose consequentes, nullo humano rationis arbitrio, seu ecclesie legum impositione a suis excessibus debite refrenantur, vnde quatenus amorem concernit amantis conscientiam profinali sue confessionis materia Genius rimari conatur.

INCIPIT LIBER OCTAVVS,

THE mightie god, whiche vnbegonne
Stoute of hym selfe, and hath begonne
Al other things at his will,
The heuen him liste to fulfill
Of all ioye, where as hee
Sit entronised in his see,
And hath his angels hym to serue,
Suche as him liketh to preserue,
So that thei mowe nought forweie,
But Lucifer he put aweie,
With al the route apostasied
Of hem that ben to him allied,
Whiche out of heauen in to helle,
From angels in to fendes felle,
Where that there nis no ioye of light,
But more derke than any night,
The peyne shall ben endelese,
And yet of fires netheles
There is plente, but thei ben blake,
Wherof no sight maie be take.

Thus whan the thinges ben befall,
That Lucifers courte was fall,
Where deadly pride hem hath conueied,
A none forthwith it was purueied
Through hym whiche al thinges maie.

He made Adam the sixte daie
In paradise and to his make
Him liketh Eue also to make,
And bad hem crece and multiplie,
For of the mans progenie,
Whiche of the woman shall be bore,
The nombre of angels, whiche was lore,

Whan thei oute of the blisse felle,
He thought to restore and fille
In heuen thilke holy place,
Whiche stode the voyde vpon his grace,

But as it is well wist and knowe,
Adam and Eue but a throwe,
So as it shuld of hem betide,
In Paradise at thilke tide
Ne dwelten, and the cause whie
Write in the boke of Genesis,
As who saith, all men haue herde,
Howe Rhabbael the fryre swerde
In honde toke and droue hem out,
To gete her liues foode aboute
Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre saith to this matere,
As he by reuelacion

It had vpon a vision,
Howe that Adam and Eue also
Virgines comen bothe two
In to the world and were ashamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To loue, and taught hem thilke lore,
That firste thei kiste, and ouer more
Thei done, that is to kynde due,
Wherof thei haddén faire issue.

A soune was the firste of all,
And Caim by name thei him call.
Abel was after the seconde,
And in the geste as it is founde,
Nature so the cause ladde,
Two daughters eke dame Eue hadde,
The firste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.

Thus was mankynde to begynne:
For thy that tyme it was no synne
The suster to take the brother,
Whan that there was of choise none other.
To Caim was Calmana betake,
And Delbora hath Abel take,
In whom was gete natheles
Of wordes folke the first encres,
Men sein that nede hath no lawe.
And so it was by thilke dawe,
And laste vnto the seconde age,
Till that the great water rage
Of Noe, whiche was saide the flood,
The worlde, whiche than in synne stood,
Hath dreinte, out take lines eight.
Tho was mankynde of litell weight.

Sem, Cam, Iaphet, of these thre,
That ben the sounes of Noe,
The worlde of mans nacion
In to multiplicacion
Was restored newe ageyne,
So ferforth as these bokes seyne,
That of hem thre, and her issue
There was so large a retinue
Of nacions seuentie and two,
In sondrie place eche one of tho
The wide worlde haue enhabited.
But as nature hem hath excited
Thei toke than litell hede
The brother of the susterhede,
To wedde wiues, till it came
In to the tyme of Abraham,
Whan the thirde age was bygonne,
The nede tho was oueronne.
For there was people enough in londe.
Than at firste it came to honde,

That sisterhode of mariage
Was torned in to cosynage:
So that after the right line
The cosyng weddeth the cosine.
For Abraham er, that he deied
This charge vpon his seruant leied,
To hym and in this wysc spake,
That he his sonne Isaac
Do wedde for no worldes good,
But onely to his owne blood.

Wherof the seruant as he hadde,
Whan he was deade, his sonne hath ladde
To Bethuel, where he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the white necke.
For she, he wist well and sighe,
Was to the childe cosine nyghe.

And thus as Abraham hath taught,
Whan Isaac was god betraught,
His sonne Iacob did also,
And of Laban the daughters two,
Whiche was his eme, he toke to wife,
And gate vpon hem in his life,
Of hir fyrst whiche highte Lie,
Syr sonnes of his progenie:
And of Rachel two sonnes eke,
The remenant was for to seke,
That is to sein of foure mo,
Wherof he gate on Bila two,
And of Zilpha he had eke twey.
And these twelue, as I the sey
Through prouidence of god hym selfe,
Ben saide the Patriarkes twelue.
Of whom as afterwarde befel
The tribus twelue of Israel
Engendred were, and ben the same,
That of hebrewes tho hadden name,
Whiche of libred in aliance
For euer kepten thilke vsance
Most comounly till Christe was bore,
But afterwarde it was forlore
Amonge vs that ben baptised.
For of the lawe canonised

The pope hath bode to the men,
That none shall wedden of his kyn,
Ne the seconde, ne the third.
But though that holy church bid
So to restreyn mariage,
There ben yet vpon loues rage
Full many of suche nowe a daie,
That taken where thei take maie.
For loue, whiche is vnbesciu
Of all reason, as men sein,
Through sotie, and through nicetee
Of his voluptuositee,
He spareth no condicion
Of kynne, ne yet religion,
But as a cocke amonge the hennes,
Or as a stalon in the fennes,
Whiche goth amonge all the stooode:
Right so can he no more good,
But taketh what thyng comth next to honde.

My sonne thou shalt vnderstonde,
That suche delite is for to blame.
For thy if thou hast ben the same
To loue in any suche manere.
Tell forth therof, and shriue the here?

My fader naie, god wote the soothe,
My feyre is not in suche a boothe,
So wilde a man yet was I neuer,
That of my kynne or leue or leuer

Me, lust loas in suche a wise.
And eke I not for what emprise
I schulde assote vpon a nonne,
For though I had hir loue wonne,
It might into no price amounte,
So therof set I none accounte.
Ye maie well aske of this and that,
Bnt sothely for to tell plat,
In all this worldre there is but one,
The whiche my herte hath ouergone.
I am toward all other free.

Full well my sonne nowe I see,
Thy wolle stonte euer vpon a place,
But yet therof thou hast a grace,
That thou the might so well excuse
Of loue, suche as some men vse,
So as I spake of nowe tofore.
For all suche tyme of loue is lore,
And like vnto the bitter swete.
For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
He shall well felen at laste,
That it is sower, and maie not laste.
For as a morcell enuenomed:
So hath suche loue his luste mistimed
And great ensamples many one
A man maie fynde therepon.

Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii
feruore inflamman, ita incestuosos efficit, vt
neque propriis sororibus parcunt. Et narrat
exemplum, qualiter pro eo quod Caius Caligula
tres sorores suas virgines coitu illicito opressit,
deus tanti sceleris peccatum non ferens, ipsum
non solum ab imperio, sed a vita iusticia vindice
priuauit. Narrat etiam aliud exemplum super
eodem, qualiter Amon filius Dauid fatui amoris
concupiscencia preuentus, sororem suam Thamar
a sue virginitatis pudicia inuitam deflorauit,
propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absolon postea
interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio inuitus
redemit.

At Rome fyrste if we begyn.
There shall I fynde howe of this syn
An emperur was for to blame,
Gaius Caligula by name,
Whiche of his owne sisters three
Berefte the virginitee.
And whan he had hem so forleynd,
As he, whiche was all vileyn,
He did hem oute of londe exile.
But afterwarde within a while
God hath berefte him in his ire
His life, and eke his large empire.
And thus for likinge of a throwe,
For euer his lust was ouerthrowe.

Of this soty also I fynde,
Amon his suster ageyn kynde,
Whiche hight Thamar, he forlaye,
But he that lust another daie
About, whan that Absolon
His owne broder there vpon,
Of that he had his suster shente,
Toke of that synne vengeance,
And slough him with his owne honde.
And thus vnkynde, vukynde foude.

Hic narrat qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsa con-
scentibus carnali copula cognouit duosque
ex eis filios scilicet Moab et Amos progeniuit:

quorum postea generatio praua et exasperans
contra populum dei in terra saltim promissionis
varie grammine quam sepius insultabat.

AND for to see more of this thinge,
The bible maketh a knowlegeinge,
Wherof thou might take euidence
Upon the sothe experience,
Whan Lothes wife was ouergone,
And shape vnto the salte stone,
As it is spoke vnto this daie,
By both his daughters than he laie.
With childe he made hem both great,
Till that nature hem wolde lette,
And so the cause about ladde,
That eche of hem a sonne had.
Moab the fyrst, and the seconde
Amon, of whiche, as it is founde,
Cam afterwarde to great ences
Two nacions: and netheles
For that the stockes were not good,
The branches mighten not ben good.
For of the false Moabites,
Forth with the strength of Amonites
Of that thei were first miget,
The people of god was ofte vpsæt
In Iarsell and in Iudee.
As in the bible a man maie see.
Lo thus my sonne as I the saie
Thou might thy selfe be besaie
Of that thou hast of other herde.
For euer yet it hath so ferde
Of loues lust, if so befall,
That it in other place falle,
Than it is of the lawe sette.
He whiche his loue hath so besette,
Mote afterwarde repent hym sore.
And euery man is others lore,
Of that befill in tyme er this,
The present tyme, whiche nowe is,
Maie ben enforced, how it stooode,
And take that hym thynketh good,
And leue that, whiche is nought so:
But for to loke of tyme ago,
Howe lust of loue excedeth lawe,
Itought for to be withdrawe.
For euery man it shulde drede,
And nameliche in his sibrede,
Whiche tourneth oft to vengeance,
Wherof a tale in remembrance,
Whiche is a longe processe to here,
I thinke for to tellen here.

*Omnibus est communis amor, sed imoderatos
Sue facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamen vnde Venus attractat corda videre
Sue rationis erunt, non ratione finit.*

Hic loquitur adhuc contra incestuosos amantum
coitus. Et narrat mirabile exemplum de magno
rege Antiocho, qui vxore mortuam propriam
filiam violauit, et quia filie matrimonium penes
alios impedire voluit, tale ab eo exiit edictum,
quod si quis eam in vxorem peterit, nisi quod-
dam problema questionis, quam ipse rex pro-
posuerat, veraciter solueret, capitali sententia
punitur, super quo veniens tandem discretus
iuuenis princeps Tyri Appolinus questionem
soluit, Nec tamen filiam habere potuit, sed rex
indignatus ipsum propter hoc in mortis odium

recollegit, Vnde Appolinus a facie regis fugiens,
quam plura, prout inferius intitulantur, propter
amorem pericula passus est.

Of a cronike in daies gone,
The which is cleped Panteone,
In loues cause I rede thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche toke
His firste name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had adoughter hem betwene.
But such fortune cam to honde,
That deth, which no kyng maie withstond,
But every life it mote obey,
This worthy quene toke away.

The kyng, whiche maie mochel mone,
Tho stooode, as who saith, all hym one
Without wyfe: but netheles
His daughter, whiche was pereles
Of bewtee, dwelt about hym stille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille
The flesh is freel, and falleth ofte,
And that this maide tendre and softe,
Whiche in hir fathers chamber dwelte,
Within a tyme wist and felte:
For likynge of concupience,
Without insight of conscience,
The fader so with lustes blente,
That he cast all his hole entente
His owne daughter for to spille.
The kyng bath leiser at his wille,
With strengthe and whan he tyme seye
The yonge maiden he forleie.
And she was tender, and full of drede,
She couth not hir maydenhede
Defende: and thus she hath forlore
The flour, whiche she hath longe bore.
If helpeth not all though she wepe,
For thei that shulde hir bodie kepe
Of women, were absent as than.
And thus this mayden goeth to man.
The wilde fader thus deuoureth
His owne flesh, whiche none socoureth,
And that was cause of mochel care.

But after this vnkinde fare
Out of the chamber goeth the kinge.
And she laie still, and of this thinge
Within her selfe suche sorowe made,
There was no wight, that might hir glade
For fere of thilke horrible vice.

With that came in the norice,
Whiche fro childhode hir had kepte,
And asketh, if she had slepte,
And why hir chere was vnghad.

But she, whiche hath ben ouerlad,
Of that she might not be wreke,
For shame couth vnethes speke.
And nethelesse mercy the praied
With wepyng eie, and thus she saied.

Alas my suster wele awaie
That euer I sigh this ilke daie.
Thinge whiche my bodie firste begate
In to this worlde, onelich that
My wordes worship hath berefte.
With that she swouneth nowe and este,
And euer wisheth after deth,
So that welnic hir lacketh breth.

That other, whiche hir wordes herde,
In comforynge of hir answerde,

To lete hir faders foule desyre
 She wist no recoverire,
 When thinge is do, there is no bote,
 So suffren thei that suffren mote:
 There was none other, whiche it wist.
 Thus hath this kyng all that hym list
 Of his likinge and his plesance,
 And last in suche a continuance,
 And suche delite he toke therin,
 Him thought that it was no sin.
 And she durst him no thinge withseye.

But fame, whiche goeth euery weye
 To sondry reignes all aboute,
 The great beautee telleth oute
 Of suche a mayde of hie parage.
 So that for loue of mariage
 The worthie princes come and sende,
 As they, whiche all honour wende,
 And knewe no thinge, howe that it stode.

The fader whan he vnderstood,
 That thei his daughter thus besought,
 With all his wit he cast and sought,
 Howe that he mighte fynde a lette,
 And suche a statute then he sette,
 And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
 That what man his daughter axeth,
 But if he couth his question
 Assoyle vpon suggestion
 Of certeyn thinges, that befell,
 The whiche he wolde vnto him tell,
 He shulde in certeyn lese his hede.

And thus there were many dede,
 Her heades stondinge on the gate,
 Till at last longe and late,
 For lacke of answere in this wise
 The remenante, that weren wyse,
 Eschewden to make assaie.

*De aduentu Appolini in Antiochiam, vbi ipse
 filiam regis Antiochi in vxorem postulauit.*

TIL it befl vpon a daie
 Appolinus the prince of Tyre,
 Whiche hath to loue a great desire.
 As he whiche in his high moode,
 Was likinge of his hote bloode
 A yonge, a freshe, a lustie knyght,
 As he laie musynge on a nyght
 Of the tidinges, whiche he herde,
 He thought assaie howe that it ferde.
 He was with worthie companie
 Armed, and with good nauie
 To ship he goeth, the winde him driueth,
 And saileth, till that he arueth
 Saufe in the porte of Antioche.
 He loudeth, and goeth to approche
 The kynges courte, and his presence.

Of euery naturall science,
 Whiche any clerke him couth teche,
 Him couthe enough: and in his speche
 Of wordes he was eloquente.
 And whan he sigh the kyng present,
 He praieth, he mote his daughter haue.

The kyng againe began to craue,
 And tolde hym the condicion,
 Howe fyrst vnto his question
 He mote answere, and faile nought,
 Or with his heed it shall be bought.

And he him asketh, what it was.

*Questio regis Antiochi: scelere vebor, maternae
 carne vescor, quero patrem meum matris mee
 virum, vxoris mee filium.*

THE kyng declareth him the cause
 With sterne worde and stordie chere,
 To him and saide in this manere.

With felonie I am vp bore,
 I ete, and haue it not forlore
 My moders flesshe whose husbonde
 My fader for to seeche I fonde,
 Whiche is the sonne eke of my wife
 Herof I am inquisitive.

And who that can my tale saue,
 All quite he shall my daughter haue.
 Of his answere and if he faile,
 He shall be dead withouten faile.
 For thy my soune, quod the kyng,
 Be well aduised of this thyng,
 Whiche hath thy life in ieopardie.

Appolinus for his partie,
 Whan he that question had herde,
 Unto the kyng he hath answerde.
 And bath reherced one and one
 The poyntes, and saide therupon.

The question, whiche thou hast spoke,
 If thou wilt, that it be vnloke,
 It toucheth all the priuittee
 Betwene thyn owne childe and thee,
 And stonke all bolle vpon you two.

The kyng was wondre sorie tho,
 And thought, if that he said it oute,
 Then were he shamed all aboute.
 With sile wordes and with felle,
 He sayth: My sonne I shall the telle,
 Though that thou be of litell witte,
 It is no great meruaile as yit,
 Thin age maie it not suffice.

But loke well thou nought despise
 Thyn owne life: for of my grace
 Of thirtie daies full a space
 I graunte the to ben aduised.
 And thus with leue and tyme assised
 This yonge prince forth he wente,
 And vnderstode well what it mente.
 Witbin his herte as he was lered,
 That for to make hym afered,
 The kyng his time hath so delaied,
 Wherof he drad and was amaied
 Of treson, that he deie shulde.
 For he the kyng his southe tolde.
 And sodeinly the nightes tide,
 That more wolde he nought abide,
 All priuily his barge he beate,
 And home ageyne to Tyre he wente.
 And in his owne witte he saied,
 For drede if he the kyng bewrayed,
 He knewe so well the kynges berte,
 That deth he shulde be nought asterte,
 The kyng him wolde so pursawe.
 But he that wolde his deth eschewe,
 And knewe all this tofore the bonde,
 Forsake he thought his owne londe,
 That there wolde he not abide.
 For well he knewe that on some side
 This tyranne of his felonie,
 By some manere of treberie.

To greue his bodie will not leue.

De fuga Appollini per mare a regno suo.

FOR thy withouten takinge leue
As priuilliche as thei might,
He goeth him to the sea by night,
Her shippes that ben with whete laden,
Her takill redie tho thei maden,
And haileth fayte, and forth thei fare.

But for to tellen of the care,
That thei of Tyre began tho,
Whan that thei wist he was ago,
It is a pitee for to here.
Thei losten lust, thei losten ehere,
Thei toke vpon hem soche penance,

There was no soage, there was no daunce,
But euery myrthe and melodie
To hem was then a maledie
For vniust of that anoutere

There was no man whiche toke toaure.

In deadly clothes thei hem clothe,
The bathes and the stewes bothe
Thei shit in by euery wey :

There was no life whiche lust pley,
Ne take of any ioye kepe.

But for hir liege lorde to wepe,
And euery wight saith as he couth,
Alas the lustie flour of youth,
Our prince, our head, our gosernour,
Through whom we stonden in honour,
Without the commune assent,
That sodeinly is fro vs went.

Soche was the clamour of hem all.

Qualiter Thaliartus miles, vt Appollinum veneno
intoxicaret, ab Antiocho in Tyrum missus, ipso
ibidem non inuento Antiochiam rediit.

BUT see we nowe what is befall

Upon the fyrst tale playne,
And tourne we therto agayne.

Antiochus the great syre,
Whiche full of rancour and of yre
His herte bereth so as ye herde,
Of that this prynce of Tyre answerde.

He had a felowe bachelor,
Whiche was his prouie counceyler,
And Thaliart by name he hight,
The kyng a stronge pouyson hym dight
Within a boxe, and golde therto,
In all haste and bad hym go
Streight vnto Tyre, and for no coste

Ne spare, till he had lost
The prynce, whiche he wolde spille.
And whan the kyng hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galeye

With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wynde is good, thei seilen bliue,
Tyll he toke loade vpon the riue
Of Tyre, and forth with all anone
Into the borough he gan to gone,
And toke his inne, and bode a throwe.
But for he wold nought be knowe,
Disguised than he goth hym out.
He sigh the wepyng all about,
And axeth, what the cause was.

And thei hym tolde all the cas,
Howe sodeinly the prynce is go.
And whan he sigh, that it was so,

And that his labour was in vayne,
Anone he tourneth home agayne.
And to the kyng whan he cam nigh,
He tolde of that he herde and sigh,
Howe that the prynce of Tyre is fled.
So was he come ageyne vnsped.

The kyng was sorie for a while.
But whan he sigh, that with no wile
He might acheue his crueltee,
He stynt his wrath, and let hym bee.

Qualiter Appollinus in porta Tharsis applicuit, vbi
in hospicio cuiusdam magni viri nomine Strangulionis hospitatus est.

BUT ouer this nowe for to telle
Of aduentures that befele
Unto this prynce, of whiche I tolde.

He hath his right cours forth holde
By stone and nedell, till he cam
To Tharse, and ther his boude he nam.

A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
Was thilke tyme in that citee,
Whiche cleped was Strangulio,
His wyfe was Dionyse also.

This yonge prynce, as saith the boke,
With him his herbergage toke.

And it befell that citee so
Before tyme, and than also,
Through stronge famyn, which hem lad,
Was none, that any wheate had.

Appollinus, whan that he herde
The mischefe howe the citee ferde,
All feliche of his owne gifte
His wheate amonge hem for to shifte,
The whiche by ship he had brought,
He yaued, and toke of hem right nought.

But sithen fyrst this worlde began,
Was neuer yet to suche a man
More ioye made, than thei hym made.
For thei were all of hym so glade,
That thei for euer in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in a comen place
Thei set it vp: so that his face
Might euery maner man beholde,
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton ouergylte.
Thus hath he nought his yefte spilte.

Qualiter Hellicanus ciuis Tyri Tharsim veniens
Appollinum de insidiis Anthiochi prenunciavit.

UPON a tyme with a route,
This lorde to pley goeth hym oute:
And in his waie of Tyre he mette
A man, whiche on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Whiche praide his lorde to haue insight
Upon hym selfe: And saide hym thus,
Howe that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth, if that he might hym spille
That other thought, and helde hym stille,
And thanked hym of his warnynge,
And bad hym telle no tidynge,
Whan he to Tyre cam home ageyne,
That he in Tharse hym had seyne.

Qualiter Appollinus portum Tharsis reliquit
cum ipse per mare nauigio securiorem quesiit.

superueniente tempestate nauis cum omnibus
preter ipsum solum in eadem contentis iuxta
Pentapolim periclitabatur.

FORTUNE hath euer be muable,
And maie no while stonde stable.
For nowe it hieth, nowe it loweth,
Nowe stant vp right, nowe ouerthroweth,
Nowe full of blisse, and nowe of bale,
As in the tellynge of my tale
Here afterwarde a man maie lere
Wiche is great routh for to here.

This lorde, whiche wold done his best,
Within hym selfe hath litell rest,
And thought he wolde his place change,
And seke a countrei more straunge.
Of Tharsiens his lene anone
He toke, and is to shippe ygone.
His cours he name with saile vp drawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe
And sheweth, as I shall reherse,
Howe she was to this lorde diurse,
The whiche vpon the sea she ferketh,
The wynde arose, the wether derketh,
It blewe, and made suche tempeste,
None anker maie the ship arest,
Whiche hath to broken all his gere.
The shipmen stode in suche a fere,
Was none that might him selfe bestere,
But euer awaite vpon the lere,
When that thei shulden drence at ones,
There was enough within the wones,
Of wepyng, and of sorowe tho.
The yonge kyng maketh mochel wo,
So for to see the ship trauaile.
But all that might him nought auaile.
The mast to brake, the sayle to roofe,
The ship vpon the waves droofe,
Till that thei see the londes coste.
Tho made a vowe the leate and morte,
Be so thei mighten come a londe.
But he whiche hath the sea on honde,
Neptunus wolde nought accorde,
But all to brake cable and corde
Er thei to londe might approche,
The ship to clauie vpon a roche,
And all goth downe in to the depe.
But he that all thinge maie kepe,
Unto this lorde was merciable,
And brought him saue vpon a table,
Whiche to the lande him hath vpbore,
The remenant was all forlore.
Therof he made mochel mone.

Qualiter Appolinus nudus super litus iactabatur,
vbi quidam piscator ipsum suo collobio vestiens,
ad urbem Pentapolim direxit.

THUS was this yonge lorde alone
All naked in a poure plite.
His colour, which was whitom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sore a cale,
That he wist of him selfe no bote,
It helpe him no thyng for to mote,
To gete ageyn that he hath lore,
But she which hath his deth forlore
Fortune, though she will not yelpe,
All sodeynly hath sente him helpe,

When him thought all grace aweie.
There came a fisher in the weye,
And sigh a man there naked stonde.
And whan that he hath vnderstonde
The cause, he bath of hym great routh,
And onely of his poure trowth,
Of suche clothes as he hadde,
With great pites this lorde he cladde.
And he hym thonketh as he shoide,
And saith hym, that it shall be yolde,
If euer he gete his state ageyne,
And prait, that he wolde hym seyne,
If nigh were any towne for hym.

He sayde ye, Pentapolim,
Where both kyng and quene dwellen,
Whan he this tale herde tellen,
He gladdeth hym, and gau besече,
That he the wey hym wolde teche.
And he hym taught: and forth he went,
And praid god with good entent,
To sende hym ioye after his sorowe,
It was nought passed yet mikmorowe.

Qualiter Appolino Pentapolim adueniente, ludus
gimnasi per urbem publice proclamatus est.

THAN afterwarde his wey he nam,
Where soone vpon the noone he cam.
He ete suche as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to see the towne aboute,
And cam there as he fonde a route
Of yonge lustie men withall.
And as it shulde tho befall,
That daie was set of suche asise
That thei shulde in the londe gise,
As was herde of the people seie,
Her commune game than pleye.
And cried was, that thei shulde come
Unto the game all and some
Of hem that ben deliuer and wight,
To do suche maistrise as thei might.
Thei made hem naked as thei sholde
For so that ilke game wolde,
And it was the custome, and vse,
Amonge hem was no refuse.
The flour of all the towne was there,
And of the courts also there were,
And that was in a large place,
Right euen before the kynges face,
Whiche Arthescates than bight.
The pley was pleyed right in his sight
And who moste worthie was of dede,
Receiue he shulde a certaine mede,
And in the citee beare a price.

Appolinus, whiche ware and wise
Of euery game couth an ende,
He thought assaie, howe so it wende:

Qualiter Appolinus Indum gimnasi vincens, in
aula regis ad cenam honoreifice ceptus est.

AND fill amonge hem into game,
And there he wanne hym suche a name,
So as the kyng hym selfe accounteth,
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the price aboute hem all.
The kynges bad, that in to his halle
At souper tyme he shuld be brought.
And he cam than, and lefte it nought,

Without companie alone.
 Was none so semely of persone,
 Of visage, and of limmes bothe,
 If that he had what to clothe.
 At souper tyme netheles
 The kynge amiddes all the pres
 Let clepe hym vp amonge hem all,
 And bad his marshall of his hall,
 To setten hym in suche degree
 That he vpon hym might see.
 The kynge was soone sette and serued,
 And he whiche had his prise deserued
 After the kynges owne worde,
 Was made begyn a middell borde,
 That both kynge and queene hym sie.
 He sette, and cast about his eie,
 And sawe the lordes in estate,
 And with hym selfe were in debate,
 Thynkende what he had lore,
 And suche a sorowe he toke therfore;
 That he sat ener stille, and thought,
 As he whiche of no meate rought.

Qualiter Appolinus in cena recumbens, nihil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submisso capite, maxime ingemescebat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus Citheram plactens cunctis audientibus, citherano ultra modum complacuit.

THE kynge behelde his heuinesse,
 And of his great gentillesse
 His daughter, which was fayre and good,
 And at the borde before him stooode,
 As it was thilke tyme vsage,
 He bad to go on his message,
 And fonde for to make him glade.
 And she did as hir fader bade.
 And goth to him the softe pass,
 And asketh whens, and what he was,
 And praithe he shulde his thoughts leue.

He saith, madame by your leue,
 My name is hote Appolinus,
 And of my riches it is thus,
 Upon the sea I haue it lore,
 The contrei, where as I was bore,
 Where that my londe is, and my rente
 I left at Tyre, whan that I weate,
 The worship there, of whiche I ought,
 Unto the god I there betought.
 And thus togider as thei two speke,
 The tearis ranne downe by his cheke.
 The king, whiche therof toke good kepe,
 Had great pitee to see him wepe.
 And for his daughter sende ageyn,
 And praid hir fayre, and gan to sayn,
 That she no lenger wolde dretche,
 But that she wolde anone forth feteche
 Hir harpe, and done al that she can
 To glad with that sory man.
 And she to doone hir faders best,
 Hir harpe fet, and in the feste
 Upon a chaire, whiche thei fette,
 Hir selfe next to this man she sette.
 With harpe both and eke with mouth
 To him she did, all that she couth,
 To make him chere, and euer he sigheth,
 And she him asketh, howe him liketh.
 Madame certes wel, he saied.
 But if ye the measure plaid,
 Whiche, if you list, I shall you leue,
 It were a gladd thinge for to here.

A leue syr, tho quod she,
 Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see,
 Of what measure that ye mene.
 Tho praithe the kinge, tho praithe the queene,
 Forth with the lordes all arewe,
 That he somme myrthe wolde shewe.

He takth the harpe, and in his wise
 He tempreth, and of suche assise
 Synginge he harpeth forth with all,
 That as a voyce celestiall
 Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
 As though that it an angell were,
 They gladen of his melodie
 But moste of all the companie,
 The kynges daughter, whiche it herda
 And thought eke of that he answerde.
 Whan that it was of hir apposed,
 Within hir herte hath well supposed,
 That he is of great gentillesse.
 His dedes ben therof witnesse,
 Forthwith the wisdome of his lore,
 It nedeth not to seche more.

He might not haue suche manere,
 Of gentill blood but if he were,
 Whan he hath harped all his fille,
 The kinges hest to fulfill,
 A weie goth dishe, a waie goth cup,
 Doun goth the borde, the cloth was vp,
 Thei risen, and gone oute of the halle.

Qualiter Appolinus cum rege pro filia sua crudenda retentus est.

THE kynge his chamberleyn let calle,
 And bad, that he by all weye
 A chamber for this man purueie,
 Whiche nighe his owne chambere bee.
 It shall be do me lorde quod hee.
 Appolinus, of whom I mene,
 Tho toke his leue of kynge and queene,
 And of the worthie maide also,
 Whiche praid vnto hir fader tho,
 That she might of the yonge man
 Of the sciences, whiche he can,
 His lore haue. And in this wise
 The kynge hir graunteth hir apprise
 So that hym selfe therto assent.
 Thus was accorded er thei wente,
 That he with all that euer he maie
 This yonge fayre freshe maie
 Of that he couth shulde enforme.
 And full assented in this forme,
 Thei token leue as for that night,

Qualiter filia regis Appolinum ornato apparatu vestiri fecit, Et ipse ad puelle doctrinum in quam pluribus familiariter intendebat, vnde placata puella in amorem Appollini exardescens, infirmabatur.

AND whan it was on morowe right
 Unto this yonge man of Tyre,
 Of clothes, and of good attyre,
 With golde and siluer to dispende
 This worthie yonge ladie sende.
 And thus she made hym well at ease,
 And he with all that he can please
 Hir serueth well and faire ageine.
 He taught hir, till she was certeyne

Of harpe, citole, and of riote,
With many a towne, and many a note,
Upon musike, vpon measure.
And of hir harpe the temprure
He taught hir eke, as he well couth.

But as men seyne, that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuance
This mayde fill vpon a chancee,
That loue hath made hym a quarele
Ageyne hir youth freshe and frele.
That maugre where she woide or nought,
She note with all hir hertes thought,
To loue and to his laws obey.
And that she shall full sore obeie.
For she wote neuer what it is,
But euer amonge she feleth this
Touchinge vpon this man of Tyre,
Hir herte is hote as any fyre.
And otherwhile it is a oale.
Nowe is she redde, nowe is she pale,
Right after the condicion
Of hir imaginacion.

But euer amonge hir thoughtes all
She thought, whan so maie befall,
Or that she laugh or that she wepe,
She woide hir good name kepe
For fere of womannyshe shame.

But what in earnest what in game
She stant for loue in suche a plite,
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drynke, of nightes rest,
As she that note what is the best.
But for to thyнке all hir fille
She belde hir ofte tymes stille
Within hir chamber, and goth not out.
The kyng was of hir lyfe in doute,
Whiche wist nothyng what it ment.

Qualiter tres filii principum filiam regis sigil-
latim in vxorem suis supplicationibus postu-
larunt.

But fill a tyme, as he out'wente
To walke, of printes sonnes three
There came, and fill to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondrie wyse
Besonght, and profereth his seruice,
So that he might his daughter haue.
The kyng, which wold hir honour saue,
Saieth, she is sick, and of that speche
Tho was no time to besече,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad, and write his owne wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.

And whan she wist howe that it stood,
And had her billes ouerseyne,
Thei shulden haue answers ageyne.
Of this counseyle thei weren glad,
And written, as the kyng hem bad,
And euery man his owne boke
Into the kynges honde betoke.
And he it to his daughter sende,
And praide hir for to make an ende
And write ageyne hir owne honde,
Right as she in hir hert fonde.

Qualiter filia regis omnibus aliis relictis Appoli-
num in maritum precegit.

THE billes weren well receiued,
But she hath all her loues weiued:

And thought tho was tyme and space
To put hir in hir faders grace,
And wrote ageyne, and thus she sayde:

The shame, which is in a mayde,
With speche dare not be vnloke,
But in writyng it maie be spoke.
So write I to you fader thus,
But if I haue Appolinas
Of all this worlde what so betide,
I wil none other man abide.
And certes if I of him faille,
I wot right welles withoute faille,
Ye shall for me be daughterles.
This letter came, and there was prese
Tofore the kinge, there as he stode.
And whan that he it vnderstode,
He yaued hem answer by and by.
But that was doone so priuely,
That none of others counceile wiste.
Thei toke her leue, and where hem list
Thei wente furth vpon their wey.

Qualiter rex et regina in maritagium filie sue cum
Appolino consencierunt.

THE kyng ne wold nought bewrey
The counceill for no maner hie,
But suffreth till he time sie

And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath vnto counceill some
This man of Tyre, and lete hym see
The letter, and all the priuites,
The whiche his daughter to him sente.

And he his knee to grounde bente,
And thongeth him and hir also.
And er thei wente then a two,
With good herte, and with good corage,
Of full loue and full mariage

The kinge and he be hote accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the daughter, howe it stode,
The yeffe of all this worldes good
Ne shuld haue made hir halfe so blithe,
And forth with all the kinge als swith,
For he wold haue hir good assent,
Hath for the queene hir moder sente.

The queene is come: and whan she herde
Of this mater, howe that it ferde,
She sigh debate, she sighe disease,
But if she wold hir daughter please.

And is therto assented full,
Whiche is a dede wonderfull.
For no man knewe the soth cas,
But he hym selfe, what man he was,
And nethelesse so as hem thought,
His dedes to the soth wrought,
That he was come of gentill blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
And as therof is no dispeire,
For she shall be hir faders heyre,
And he was able to gouerne.

Thus wyll thei not the loue werne
Of him and hir in no wise,
But all accorded thei deuisse
The daie and time of mariage,
Where loue is lorde of the corage
Him thinketh longe, er that he spede,
But at laste vnto the dede.

Qualiter Appolinas filie regis nupait, et prima
nocte cum ea concubians ipsam impregnauit.

The time is come, and in hir wise,
 With great offrynge and sacrifice
 Thei wedde, and make a great feste,
 And every thyng was right honeste
 Within hous, and eke withoute
 It was so doone, that all aboute,
 Of great worship, and great noblesse,
 There cried many a man largesse
 Unto the lordes high and loude.
 The knightes, that be yonge and proude,
 Thei iuste firste, and after daunce:
 The daie is go, the nightes chauce
 Hath derked all the bright sonne,
 This lorde, whiche hath his loue womme,
 Is go to bed with his wife,
 Where as thei lede a lustie life,
 And that was after somdele sene,
 For as thei pleiden hem betwene,
 Thei gete a childe betwene hem two,
 To whom fill after mochell wo.

Qualiter ambassiatores a Tyro in quadam nauī
 Pentapoliū venientes, mortem regis Antiochi
 Appolino nunciauerunt.

Now haue I tolde of the sponsailes,
 But for to speake of the meruailes,
 Whiche afterwarde to hem befelle,
 It is a wonder for to telle.

It fell a daie thei riden oute,
 The kinge, and queene, and all the route,
 To pleien hem vpon the stronde,
 Where as thei seen towarde the londe
 A ship sailyng of great arraie.
 To knowe what it mene maie
 Till it be come thei abide,
 Than see thei stonde on euery side
 Endonge the shippes borde to shewe,
 Of pesounceals a ryche rew.

Thei asken, whens the ship is come.
 Fro Tyre anone answerde some.

And ouer this thei saiden more
 The cause why thei comen fore
 Was for to seche, and for to fynde
 Appollinus, whiche is of kynde
 Her liege lorde: and he appereth,
 And of the tale whiche he hereth,
 He was right glad: for they hym tolde,
 That for vengeance, as god it wolde,
 Antiochus as men maie witte,
 With thunder and llightnyng is forsmitte.
 His daughter hath the same chauce:
 So ben thei both in o balance.

For thy our liege lorde we seie,
 In name of all the londe, and preie,
 That lefte all other thyng to doone,
 It like you to come soone,
 And see your owne liege men,
 With other that ben of your ken,
 That liuen in longyng and desyre,
 Till ye be come agayne to Tyre.

This tale after the kyng he had
 Pentapoliū all ouersprad.
 There was no ioye for to seche.
 For euery man it had in speche,
 And saiden all of one accorde:
 A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde.
 That thought vs first an heuines,
 In shape vs nowe to great gladnes.

Thus goth the tydyng euer all.

Qualiter Appolino est vxore sua impregnata a
 Pentapoli versus Tyrum nauigantibus contigit
 vxorem mortis articulo angustiatam, in nauī
 filiam, que postea Thaisis vocabatur, parere.

But nede he mote, that nede shall,
 Appolinus his leue toke,
 To god and all the londe betoke,
 With all the people longe and brode,
 That he no lenger there abode.

The kyng and queene sorowe made,
 But yet somdele thei were glade
 Of suche thyng, as thei berde tho.
 And thus betwene the wele and wo
 To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
 The whiche was euer meke and milde,
 And wolde not departe hym fro,
 Suche loue was betwene hem two.

Lichorida for hir office
 Was take, whiche was a norice,
 To wende with this yonge wife,
 To whom was shape a wofull life.
 Within a tyme, as it betid,

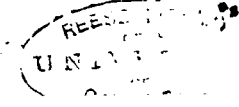
Whan thei were in the sea amid,
 Out of the north thei see a cloude,
 The storme arose, the wyndes loude
 Shei blewen many a dredefull blaiste,
 The welken was all ouercaste:
 The derke night the sonne hath vnder,
 There was a great tempest of thunder.
 The moone, and eke the sterres bothe
 In blacke cloudes thei hem clothe,
 Wherof their bright loke thei hide,

This yonge ladie wepte and cride,
 To whom no comforte might auailie,
 Of childe she began trauaile
 Where she laie in a caban close,
 Hir wofull lorde fro hir arose,
 And that was longe or any morowe,
 So that in anguisse and in sorowe
 She was deliuered all by night
 And deide in euery mannes sight.

But nethelesse for all this wo
 A maide chyld was bore tho.

Qualiter Appolinus mortem vxoris sue planxit.

APPOLINUS when he this knewe,
 For sorowe a swoone he ouerthrowe,
 That no man wist in hym no life.
 And whan he woke, he said: a wife,
 My ioye, my lust, and my desyre,
 My welth, and my recouerire,
 Why shall I liue, and thou shalt die?
 Ha thou fortune I the defie,
 Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
 A herte, why ne wilt thou berst,
 That forth with hir I night passe?
 My peynes were well the lasse.
 In suche wepyng, and suche erie
 His dead wife, whiche laie hym bie,
 A thousande sithes he hir kiste,
 Was neuer man that sawe ne wiste
 A sorowe, to his sorowe liche,
 Was euer amonge vpon the liche,
 He fill swoounyng, as he that thought
 His owne deth, whiche he sought



Unto the goddes all aboue,
 With many a pitous worde of loue:
 But suche wordes as tho were
 Herde never no mannes eare
 But onely thilke, whiche he saide.
 The maister shipman came and praide
 With other suche, as ben therin,
 And saine, that he maie nothinge win
 Ageyne the deth, but thei hym rede
 He be well ware, and take hede:
 The sea by weie of his nature
 Receiue maie no creature,
 Within hym seiffe as for to holde,
 The whiche is dead. For thyr thei wolde,
 As thei counceilen all about
 The dead bodie casten out.
 For better it is, thei saiden all,
 That it of hir so befall,
 Than if thei shulden all spille.

*Qualiter suadentibus nautis corpus vxoris sue mor-
 tue in quadam cista plumbo et ferro obtusa, que
 circumligata Appolinus cum magno thesauro vna
 cum quadam litera sub eius capite scripta re-
 cludi, in mari projiciere fecit.*

THE kynge, which vnderstode her will,
 And knewe her counsaile that was trewe,
 Began ageyn his sorowe newe;
 With pitous herte, and thus to seie,
 It is all reason that ye prey.

I am (quod be) but one alone,
 So wolde I not for my persone,
 There fell suche aduersitee,
 But whan it maie no better bee,
 Doth than thus vpon my worde,
 Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
 That it be firme with lead and pitche.
 Anone was made a coffre sichte
 All redie brought vnto his honde.
 And whan he sawe, and redie fonde
 This coffre made, and well englued,
 The dead bodie was besewed
 In cloth of golde, and leide therin.
 And for he wolde vnto hir win
 Upon some coste a sepulture
 Under hir head in aduenteure
 Of golde he leyde sommes great,
 And of iewels stronge beyete,
 Forth with a letter, and sayd thus.

Copia littere capiti vxoris sue supposit.

I KYNGE of Tyre Appolinus
 Doth all men for to wytte,
 That here and see this letter writte,
 That helpeles without rede
 Here lieth a kynges doughter dede,
 And who that happeth hir to finde,
 For charitee take in his mynde,
 And do so, that she be begraue:
 With this treasure, whiche he shall haue.

Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
 Thei haue anone the coffre stoke,
 And bounden it with yron faste,
 That it maie with the waves last,
 And stoppen it by suche a weie
 That it shall be within dreie,

So that no water might it greue.
 And thus in hope, and good beleue
 Of that the corps shall well arise,
 Thei cast it ouer borde as blieue.

*Qualiter Appolinus, vxoris sue corpore in mare
 proiecto, Tyrum relinquens, cursum suum ver-
 sus Tharsim nauigio dolens arripuit.*

THE ship forthe on the wawes went.
 The prince hath changed his entent,
 And saith, he will not come at Tyre
 As than, but all his desire.
 Is firste to sailen vnto Tharse.
 The wyndie storme began to scarce,
 The sonne arist, the weder clereth,
 The shipman, which behinde stereth,
 Whan that he saw the wyndes saught,
 Towards Tharse his cours he straught.

*Qualiter corpus predictae defuncte super litus
 apud Ephesum quidam medicus nomine Ceri-
 mone, cum aliquibus suis discipulis inuenit, quod
 in hospicium portans, et extra cistam poneas
 spiraculo vite in ea adhuc inuento, ipsam plece
 sanitati restituit.*

BUT nowe to my matere ageyn,
 To telle as olde bokes seyne,
 This dead corps, of whiche ye knowe,
 With wynde and was forth throwe,
 Nowe here, nowe there, till at last
 At Ephesus the sea vpcast
 The coffre, and all that was therin.
 Of great meruaile nowe begyn
 Maie here, who that sitteth still.
 That god will saue maie not spill.
 Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
 There cam walkyng vpon the stroude,
 A worthie clerke, and surgien,
 And eke a great physicien,
 Of all the londe the wisest one,
 Whiche hight maister Cerimone.
 There were of his disciples some.
 This maister is to the coffre come,
 He peyseth there was somewhat in,
 And bad hem beare it to his inne,
 And goeth him selfe forthe with alle.
 All that shall falle, falle shall.

Thei comen home, and tarie nought.
 This coffre in to his chamber is brought,
 Whiche that thei finde faste stoke,
 But thei with craftes it haue vnloke.
 Thei loken in, where as thei founde
 A body deade, whiche was wounde
 In cloth of golde, as I saide ere.
 The tresour eke thei fouden there,
 Forthwith the letter whiche thei rede,
 And tho thei token better hede.
 Unswod was the body soone,
 As he that knewe, what was to doone,
 This noble clerke with all haste
 Began the veynes for to taste,
 And sawe hir age was of youthe.
 And with the craftes, whiche he couth,
 He sought and founde a signe of life.
 With that this worthie kinges wife
 Honestlie thei token oute,
 And mayden fyres all aboute.

Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
 And with a shete warmed ofte
 Hir colde breste began to beate,
 Hir herte also to flacke and beate,
 This maister hath hir suery ioynte
 With certain oyle and balsam anynte,
 And put a licour in hir mouth,
 Whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe.
 So that she couereth at laste.
 Aud first hir eien vp she caste,
 And whan she more of strength caught,
 Hir armes both forth she straught,
 Helde vp hir honde, and pitouslie
 She spake, and said, where am I?
 Where is my lorde, what worlde is this?
 As she that wote not howe it is.

But Cerimone the worthe liche
 Answerde anone vpon his speche,
 And saide: madame ye ben here,
 Where ye be saue, as ye shall here
 Here afterwarde, for thy as nowe
 My counceil is comforteth you.
 For tristeth wel withoute faile,
 There is no thinge, which shall you faile,
 That ought of reason to be do.
 Thus passen thei a daie or two.

Qualiter vxor Appolini sanata, domum religionis
 petiit, vbi sacro velamine munita, castam omni
 tempore vouit.

THEI speke of nought as for an ende,
 Till she began somdele amende,
 And wist hir selfe, what she mente.
 Tho for to knowe hir hole entente.
 This maister asketh all the caas,
 Howe she cam there, and what she was.
 Howe I came here, wote I nought,
 Quod she, but well I am bethought
 Of other thinges all about,
 Fro poynte to poynte and tolde him oute,
 As ferforthly as she it wist.

And he hir tolde howe in a chiste
 The sea hir threwe vpon the londe,
 And what tresour with hir he fonde,
 Whiche was all redy at hir wille,
 As he that shope him to fulfill
 With al his might, what thinge he sholde.

She thonketh him, that he so wolde,
 And all hir herte she discloseth,
 And saith him wel, that she supposeth,
 Hir lorde be dreint, hir chiilde also.
 So sawe she nought but all wo.
 Whereof as to the worlde no more
 Ne wil she torne, and praieth therefore,
 That in some temple of the citee,
 To kepe and holde hir chastitee,
 She might amonge the women dwell.
 Whan he this tale berde tell,
 He was right glad, and made hir knowen,
 That he a daughter of his owen
 Hath, whiche he wil vnto hir yeie
 To serue, while thei both liue,
 In stede of that, whiche she hath loste.
 Al onely at his owne coste,
 She shall be rendred forth with hir.
 She saith, grannte mercy leue sir,
 God quite it you, there I ne maie.
 And thus thei driue forth the daie

Till time cam, that she was hole:
 And tho thei toke ber counseyle hole
 To shape vpon good gouernance,
 And made a worthe purueiance
 Ageyne daie, whan thei be veiled.
 And thus when that thei were counselled;
 In blacke clothes thei them cloth,
 The daughter and the lady both,
 And yolde hem to religion.
 The feste, and the profession,
 After the rule of that degree,
 Was made with great solemnitee
 Where as Diane is sanctified.
 Thus stant this lady justified.
 In ordre, where she thynketh to dwelle.

Qualiter Appolinus Tharsim nauigans, filiam suam
 Tharsim Strangulioni et Dionysie vxori sue edu-
 candum commendauit, et deinde Tyrum adiit;
 vbi cum inestimabili gaudio a suis receptus est:

BUT nowe ageinwarde for to telle
 In what plite that hir lorde stode in.
 He sailleth, tyll that he maie wyne
 The hauen of Tharse, as I saide ere.
 And whan he was arriued there,
 Tho was it through the citee knowe,
 Men might see within a throwe,
 As who saith all the towne at ones
 Thei come ageyne hym for the nones
 To yeuen hym the reuerence,
 So glad thei were of his presence.

And though he were in his corage
 Diseased, yet with glad visage
 He made hem chere, and to his inne,
 Where he whylom soiournd in,
 He goth hym straught, and was receiued.
 And whan the prees of people is weiued,
 He taketh his hoste vnto hym tho
 And saith: My frende Strangulio,
 Lo thus, and thus it is befall:
 And thou thy selfe arte one of all,
 Forthwith thy wife, whiche I most trist:
 For thy if it you both liste,
 My daughter Thaise by your leue
 I thynke shall with you bileue
 As for a tyme: and thus I prairie,
 That she be kepte by all waie.
 And whan she hath of age more,
 That she be set to bokes lore.
 And this auowe to god I make,
 That I shall neuer for hir sake
 My berde for no likynge shaue,
 Till it befall, that I haue
 In conenable tyme of age
 Besette hir vnto mariage.

Thus thei accorde, and all is welle:
 And for to resten hym somdele,
 As for a while he ther soiourneth,
 And than he taketh his leue, and tourneth
 To ship, and goth hym home to Tyre,
 Where every man with great desyre
 Awaiteth vpon his comynge,
 But whan the ship cam in sailynge,
 And perocien that it is he,
 Was neuer yet in no citee
 Suche ioye made, as thei tho made.
 His herte also began to glade
 Of that he seeth his people gladd.

Lo thus fortune his hadde,

In sondry wise he was trauailed,
But how so euer he be assailed,
His later ende shall be good.

*Qualiter Thaisi vna cum Philotenna Srangulionis
et Dionysii filia, omnis sciencie et honestatis
doctrina imbuta est, sed et Thaisi Philotennam
precellens in odium mortale per inuidiam a
Dionysia recollecta est.*

AND for to speke howe that it stode
Of Thaise his daughter, where she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the cronike telleth
She was well kepte, she was well loked,
She was well taught, she was well boked:
So well she sped hir in hir youth,
That she of every wysedome couth,
That for to seche in euery londe
So wise an other no man fonde,
Ne so well taught at mannes eie.
But wo worth euer false euie.
For it befell that tyme so,
A daughter hath Srangulio,
Whiche was cleped Philotenne,
But fame, whiche will euer renne
Came all daie to hir mothers care,
And saith, where euer hir daughter were
With Thaise set in any place,
The common voyce, the comon grace
Was all vpon that other mayde,
And of hir daughter no man sayde.

Who was wroth but Dionyse than?
Hir thought a thousande yere till whan
She might be of Thaise wreke,
Of that she herde folke so speke.
And fill that ilke same tide,
That dead was trewe Lichoride,
Whiche had be seruant to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at ease,
For she hath than no seruise,
But onely through this Dionyse,
Whiche was her deadly ennemie:
Through pure treason and euie,
She that of all sorowe can,
The spake vnto hir bondeman,
Whiche cleped was Theophilus,
And made hym swere in counceill thus,
That he suche tyme as she hym set,
Shall come Thaise for to fette,
And lede hir out of all sight,
Where that no man hir helpe might,
Upon the stronde nighe the sea,
And there he shall this maiden slea.

This chorles herta is in a trance,
As he whiche drad hym of vengeance,
Whan tyme cometh an other daie:
But yet durst he not saie naie,
But swore, and said he shulde fulfill
Hir hestes at hir owne will.

*Qualiter Dionysia Thaisim vt occideret, Theophilo
seruo suo tradidit, qui cum noctanter longius ab
vrbe ipsam prope litus maris interficere propo-
suerat, pirate ibidem latitantes Thaisim de manu
carnificis eripuerunt, ipsam que vaque ciuitatem
Mitelenam ducentes, euidem Leonino scortorum
ibidem magistro vendiderunt.*

THE treason and eke tyme is shape,
So fell that this churlishe knape

Hath lad this maiden where he wolde
Upon the stronde, and what she sholde
She was adrad, and be out brayde
A rusty swerde, and to hir saide,
Thou shalt be dead: alas quod she,
Why shall I so? Lo thus quod he
My ladie Dionyse hath bede,
Thou shalt be murdered in this stede.

This maiden tho for feare shright,
And for the loue of god all might
She preith that for a litell stounde,
She might knele vpon the grounde
Towarde the heuen for to craue
Hir wofull soule that she maie saue.

And with this noyse, and with this crie,
Out of a barge faste by,
Whiche hid was there on scomer fare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this felon, and he to go.
And she began to crie tho,
A mercy helpe for goddes sake.
In to the barge thei hir take,
As theues shulde, and forth thei wente.
Upon the sea the wynde hem bent,
And maulgre where thei wolde or none,
Tofore the weder forth thei gone.
There helpe no saile, there helpe none ore,
Forstormed, and forblowen sore
In great perill so forth thei driue,
Till at laste thei arriue
At Mitelene the citee.

In hauen saufe and whan thei bee,
The maister shipman made him boune,
And goth hym out in to the towne,
And profereith Thaise for to selle.

One Leonin it herde telle,
Whiche maister of the bordel was,
And bad hym go a redie pas
To fetchen hir: and forth he went,
And Thaise out of his barge he hent,
And to the bordeler hir solde.
And that be by hir body wolde
Take auantage, let do crie,
That what man wolde his lecherie
Attempte vpon hir maidenhede,
Laie downe the golde, and he shulde spede.

And thus whan he hath cried it out,
I sight of all the people about.

*Qualiter Leoninus Thaisim ad lupanar destinavit,
vbi dei gracia preuenta, ipsius virginitatem nul-
lus violare potuit.*

HE ladde hir to the bordell tho,
No wonder though she were wo,
Close in a chambre by hir selfe,
Eche after other ten or twelfe
Of yonge men in to hir went.
But suche a grace god hir sent,
That for the sorowe, whiche she made,
Was none of hem, which power had
To done hir any vilanie.

This Leonin let euer asprie,
And wayteth after great beyete.
But all for nought she was forlete,
That no man wolde there come.

Whan he therof hath hede nome,
And knewe, that she was yet a mayde,
Unto his owne man he sayde,

That he with strength ageyne hir leue,
 Tho shulde hir maydenhode bereue.
 This man goth in, but so it ferde,
 Whan he hir wofull pleintes herde,
 And he therof hath take kepe,
 Hym list better for to wepe,
 Than do ought elles to the game.
 And thus she kepte hir selfe fro shame,
 And kneled downe to therthe and prayde
 Unto this man, and thus she sayde:

If so be, that thy maister wolde,
 That I his good encrees sholde,
 It maie not falle by this weie,
 But suffre me to go my weye
 Out of this hous, where I am in,
 And I shall make hym for to wyn
 In some place els of the towne,
 Be so it be of religiowne,
 Where that honest women dwelle.
 And thus thou might thy maister telle,
 That whan I haue a chambre there,
 Let hym do crie aie wide where,
 What lorde, that hath his daughter dere,
 And is in will that she shall lere
 Of suche a schole that is trewe,
 I shall hir teche of thynges newe,
 Whiche that none other woman can
 In all this londe. And tho this man
 Hir tale hath herde, he goth ageyn,
 And tolde vnto his maister pleyn,
 That she hath seyde: and therypon,
 Whan that he sawe beyets none
 At the bordell because of hir,
 He bad his man go and spir
 A place, where she might abide,
 That he maie wynne vpon some side
 By that she can: but at lest
 Thus was she saufe of this tempest.

*Qualiter Thaisis a lupanari virgo liberata, inter
 sacras mulieres hospicium habens, scientias,
 quibus edocta fuit, nobiles regni puellas ibidem
 edocebat.*

He hath hir fro the bordell take,
 But that was not for goddes sake,
 But for the lucre, as she hym tolde,
 Nowe comen tho, that comen wolde
 Of women in her lustie youth
 To bere and see, what things she couth.
 She can the wisdome of a clerke,
 She can of any lustie werke,
 Whiche to a gentill woman longeth,
 And some of hem she vnderfongeth
 To the citole, and to the harpe,
 And whome it liketh for to carpe
 Proverbs and demaundes sie,
 An other suche thei neuer sie,
 Whiche that science so well taught,
 Whereof she great giftes caught,
 That she to Leonin hath wonne.
 And thus hir name is so begonne
 Of sondrie thynges, that she techeth,
 That all the londe to hir seetheth
 Of yonge women, for to lere.

*Qualiter Theophilus ad Dionysiam mane rediens
 affirmavit se Thaisim occidisse, super quo Dio-
 nysia vna cum Strangulione marito suo dolore
 in publico confingentes, exequias et sepulturam*

*honorifice, quantum ad extra subdola coniecta-
 tione fieri constituerunt.*

Nowe lette we this mayden here,
 And speke of Dionyse ageyne,
 And of Theophile the vilayne,
 Of whiche I spake of nowe tofore,
 Whan Thaise shulde haue be forlore.
 This false chorle to his ladie
 Whan he cam home all priuely,
 He saith: Madame slayne I haue
 This mayde Thaise, and is begraue
 In priuy place, as ye me bede.
 For thy madame taketh hede,
 And kepe counceyle, howe so it stonde.
 This fende, whiche hath this vnderstond,
 Was glad, and weneth it be sooth.
 Now se hereafter how she dooth,
 She wepeth, she crieth, she compleyneth,
 And of sickenes, whiche she feyneth
 She saith, that Thaise sodeynly
 By night is dead, as she and I
 To gether lien nigh my lorde.
 She was a woman of recorde,
 And all is leued, that she seyth:
 And for to yeue a more feith
 Hir husbonde, and eke she both
 In blacke clothes thei hem cloth,
 And make a great enterement.
 And for the people shall be blent,
 Of Thaise as for the remembrance,
 After the riall olde vsance,
 A tombe of laton noble and riche,
 With an ymage vnto hir liche
 Liggynge, aboue therypon,
 The made, and set it vp anon.

Hir epitaphe of good assise
 Was writte about: and in this wise
 It spake, O ye that this beholde,
 Lo here lieth she, the whiche was holde
 The fairest, and the floure of all,
 Whose name Thaisis men call.
 The kynge of Tyre Appolinus
 Hir father was, nowe lieth she thus,
 Fourtene yere she was of age,
 Whan deth hir toke to his viage.

*Qualiter Appolinus in regno suo apud Tyrum ex-
 istens, parlamentum fieri constituit.*

Thus was this false treason hid,
 Whiche afterward was wyde kid,
 As by the tale a man shall here,
 But to declare my matere
 To Tyre I thinke tournes ageyne.
 And telle, as the cronikes seyne.

Whan that the kynge was comen home,
 And hath left in the salte fume
 His wife, whiche he maie not foryete,
 For he some comforte wolde gete,
 He lette sommone a parlement,
 To whiche the lordes weren assent,
 And of the tyme he hath ben out,
 He seeth the thynges all about,
 And tolde hem eke howe he hath fare
 While he was out of londe fare,
 And praide hem all to abide:
 For he wolde at some tide
 Do shape for his wines mynde,
 As he that wolde not be ynkinde.

Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the sacrifice,
The feast rially was holde,
And therto was he well beholde.
For suche a wife as he had one,
In thilke daies was there none.

*Qualiter Appolinus post parliamentum Tharsim
pro Thaise filia sua querenda adiit, qua ibidem
non inuenta abinde nauigio recessit.*

WHAN this was done, then be him thought
Upon his daughter, and besought
Suche of his lordes, as he wolde,
That thei with him to Tharse sholde
To fette his daughter Thaise there,
And thei abone all relie were.
To ship thei gone, and forth thei went,
Till thei the hauen of Tharse hente.
Thei londe, and faile of that thei seche
By couerture and sleight of speche.
This false man Strangulio,
And Dionyse his wife also,
That he the better trowe might,
Thei ladde hym to haue a sight,
Where that hir tombe was arraied,
The lasse yet he was mispayde.

And netheles so as he durst,
He curseth, and sayth all the wurst
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Whiche can no siker wey finde.
For hym she neweth euer amonge,
And medleth sorowe with his songe,
But sithe it maie no better be,
He thonketh god, and forth goth he
Sailynge towarde Tyre ageyne.
But sodeynly the wynde and reyne
Began vpon the sea debate,
So that he suffre mote algate.

*Qualiter nauis Appolini ventis agitata portum
vrbis Mitelene in die quo festa Neptani cele-
brari consuauerunt, applicuit, sed ipse pre do-
lore Thaisi filie sue, quam mortuam reputabat,
in fundo nauis obscuro iacens lumen videre
noluit.*

THE lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
Wherof full ofte tyme he pleyneith,
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath tofore assaied.
So that for pure sorowe and care,
Of that he seeth this worlde so fere,
The rest he leueth of his caban,
That for the counsel of no man,
Ageyne therin he nolde come,
But hath beneth his place nome,
Where he wepyng alone laie,
There as he sawe no light of daie.

And thus tofore the wynde thei driue,
Till longe and late thei arriue
With great distresse, as it was sene
Upon this towne of Mitelene,
Whiche was a noble citee tho.
And happeneth thilke tyme so,
The lordes both, and the commune
The high festes of Neptune
Upon the stronde at riunge,
As it was custome and vsage

Solempneliche thei be sigh.
Whan thei this strange vessell sigh
Com in, and bath his saile aualed,
The towne therof hath spoke and taled.

*Qualiter Atenagoras vrbis Mitelene princeps nauim
Appolini inuestigans, ipsum sic contristatum
nihil que respondentem consolari satagebat.*

THE lorde, whiche of that citee was,
Whose name is Atenagoras,
Was there, and saide, he wolde see,
What ship it is, and who they bee,
That ben therin: and after soone,
Whan that he sigh it was to doone,
His barge was for him araied,
And he goeth fourth, and hath assaied,
He fonde the ship of great araic:
But what thyng it amounthe maie,
He sigh thei maden heuy chere,
But well him thinketh by the manere,
That thei ben worthie men of blood,
And asketh of hem howe it stode:
And thei him tellen all the case,
Howe that her lorde fordrue was,
And whiche a sorowe that he made,
Of whiche there maie no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lorde maie see.
But thei him tolde it maie not bee.
For he lieth in so derke a place,
That there maie no wight see his face.
But for all that though hem be lothe,
He fonde the ladder, and downe he goeth,
And to him spake but none answer
Ageine of him ne might he bere,
For ought that he can do or sayne,
And thus he goeth him vp ageyn.

*Qualiter precepto principis, vt Appolinum conse-
laretur, Thaisi cum cithera sua ad ipsum in
obscuro nauis, vbi iacebat, producta est.*

THO was there spoke in many wise
Amonges hem, that weren wise,
Nowe this, nowe that, but at last
The wisdom of the towne thus cast,
That yonge Thaise was assent.
For if there be amendement
To glad with this wofull kyng,
She can so muche of euery thyng,
That she shall glad him asone.

A messenger for hir is gone,
And she came with hir harpe in bonde,
And saide hem, that she wolde fonde
By all the weies, that she can,
To glad with this sory man.
But what he was, she wist nought
But all the ship hir hath beaought,
That she hir witte on him dispende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And sayn: it shall be well aquit.

Whan she hath vnderstonden it,
She goeth hir doune, there as he laie,
Where that she harpeth many a laie.
And like an angell songe with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any thyng he herde.

And whan she sawe that he so ferde,
She falleth with hym vnto wordes,
And telleth him of sondrie bordes,

And asketh him demandes strange,
Whereof she made his herte change,
And to hir speche his care he leyde
And bath meruaile, of that she sayde.
For in prouerbe, and in probleme
She spake, and bad he shulde deme,
In many a subtile question.
But he for no suggestion
Whiche towarde hym she coude stere,
He wolde not one worde answer.
But as a mad man at laste,
His head wepyng away he caste,
And halfe in wrath he had hir go.
But yet she wolde not do so,
And in the derke forth she gothe,
Till she hym toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hir with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she him fonde
Diseased, courtelisly she sayde,
Asoy my lorde, I am a mayde,
And if ye wyrt, what I am,
And out of what linage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so saluage.
With that he sobreth his courage,

*Qualiter sicut deus destinavit patri filiam inven-
tam recognovit.*

AND put away his henie chere.
But of hem two a man maie lere,
What is to be so sibbe of bloode,
None wist of other howe it stode,
And yet the father at laste
His herte vpon this mayde caste.
That he hir loueth kyndely.
And yet he wist neuer why,
But all was knowe er that they went.
For god wote her hole entent,
Her hertes both anone discloseth.
This kyng, vnto this maide opposeth,
And asketh first, what is hir name,
And where she lerned all this game,
And of what kyn she was come.
And she that hath his wordes nome,
Answereth, and saith: my name is Thaise,
That was sometyne well at aise.
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There I lerned, till I was spedde
Of that I can: my father eke
I not where that I shulde hym seke,
He was a kyng men tolde me.
My mother dreint in the see.
No poynt to poynt all she hym tolde,
That she bath longe in herte holde,
And neuer durst make hir mone,
But onely to this lorde allone,
To whom hir herte can not hele,
Tourne it to wo, tourne it to wele,
Tourne it to good, tourne it to harme.
And he tho toke hir in his arme,
But suche a ioye as he tho made,
Was neyer sene, thus ben thei glade,
That sory hadden be toforne,
Fro this daie fortune hath sworne
To set hym vpwarde on the whele.
So goth the worlde, now wo, now wele.

*Qualiter Athenagoras Appolinum de nauí in hos-
piciu[m] honorifice recolligit, et Thaisim, patre
consciencie, in vxorem duxit.*

THIS kyng hath founde newe grace,
So that out of his derke place,
He goth hym vp in to the light,
And with hym cam that swete wight
His daughter Thaise, and forth anone
Thei bothe into the caban gone,
Whiche was ordeined for the kyng,
And there he did of all his thyng,
And was craied rially,
And out he cam all openly,
Where Athenagoras he fonde,
Whiche was lorde of all the londe.
He praieth the kyng to come and see
His castell hothe, and his citee.
And thus thei gone forth all in fere
This kyng, this lorde, this maiden dere.
This lorde tho made hem riche feste,
With enery thyng, whiche was honeste
To plesse with this worthy kyng:
Ther lacketh hem no maner thyng.
But yet for all his noble araie
Wiueles he was vuto that daie.
As he that yet was of yonge age.

So fill ther in to his corage
The lustie wo, the glad payne
Of loue, whiche no man restrayne
Yet neuer might as now tofore.
This lorde thynketh all this world lore,
But if the kyng will doone hym grace,
He waiteth tyme, he waiteth place,
Hym thought his herte wold to breke,
Till he maie to this maide speke,
And to hir fader eke also.
For mariage, and it fyll so,
That all was doone, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded hym as for hir lorde,
Thus ben thei all of one accorde.

*Qualiter Appolinus, vna cum filia et eius marito
nauim ingredientes, a Mitilena vique Tharsim
cursum proposuerunt, sed Appolinus in somnia
admonitus versus Ephesum, vt ibidem in tem-
plo Diane sacrificaret, vela per mare diuertit.*

WHAN all was done right as they wolde,
The kyng vnto his sonne tolde
Of Tharse thilke traiterie,
And said, howe in his companie
His daughter and him seluen eke,
Shall go vengeance for to seke.
The shippes were redie soone.
And whan thei sawe it was to doone,
Without let of any went,
With saile vp drawe forth thei wente
Towarde Tharse vpon the tide:
But he that wote what shall betide,
The hie god, whiche wolde hym kepe,
Whan that this kyng was fast a slepe
By nightes tyme he hath hym beda
To sayle vnto another stede.
To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
And as it was that tyme lawe
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in all wise,
That in the temple amongst all
His fortune, as it is befaile,
Touchyng his daughter, and his wife,
He shall be knowe vpon his life.

The kinge of this auision
 Hath great imaginacion,
 What thinge it signifie maie.
 And nethelesse when it was daie,
 He bad cast anker, and abode.
 And while that he on anker rode,
 The wynde, that was tofore strange,
 Upon the poynte began to change,
 And torneth thider, as it sholde.
 Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
 And bad the maister make hym yare,
 Tofore the wynde for he wolde fare
 To Ephesum, and so he dede.
 And when he came into the stede,
 Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
 With all the haste he maie and fondeth
 To shapen him in suche a wise,
 That he maie by the morowe arise,
 And doone after the mandement
 Of hym, whiche hath hym thider sent.
 And in the wise that he thought,
 Upon the morowe so he wrought.
 His daughter, and his sonne he nome,
 And forth to the temple he come,
 With a great route in companie,
 His yeftes for to sacrifice.

The citezens tho herden saie
 Of suche a kyng that came to praise
 Unto Diaue the goddesse,
 And lefte all other besynesse,
 Thei comen thider for to see
 The kinge and the solempnitee.

Qualiter Appolinus Ephesum in templo Diane
 sacrificans, vxorem suam ibidem velatam in
 uenit, qua secum assumpta nauim versus Ty-
 rum regressus est.

WITH worthis knyghtes enuironed
 The kyng hym selfe hath abandoned
 To the temple in good entente.
 The dore is vp, and in he wente,
 Where as with great deuocion,
 Of holy contemplacion,
 Within his herte he made his sbrifte:
 And after that a riche yifte
 He offrith with great reuerence,
 And there in open audience,
 Of hem that stoden all aboute,
 He tolde hem, and declareth out
 His happe, such as him is befaller,
 There was no thyng foryete of alle.
 His wyfe, as it was goddes grace,
 Whiche was professed in the place,
 As she that was abbess there,
 Unto his tale hath leied hir ere.
 She knewe the voyce, and the visage:
 For pure ioye as in a rage
 She straught to hym all at ones,
 And fill a swoune vpon the stones,
 Wherof the temple flore was paued.
 She was anone with water laued
 Till she came to hir selfe ageyne,
 And than she began to seyne:

A blessed be the high sonde
 That I may se my husbande,
 Whiche whilom he, and I were one.

The kyng with that knewe hir anone,
 And toke hir in his arme, and kist,
 And all the towne this soone it wist.

Tho was there ioye many folde.
 For euery man this tale bath tolde,
 As for miracle, and weren glade.
 But neuer man suche ioye made,
 As doth the kyng, which hath his wife.
 And whan men herle how that hir life
 Was saued, and by whom it was,
 Thei wondred all of suche a cas.
 Through all the londe arose the speche
 Of maister Cerimon the leche,
 And of the cure whiche he dede.
 The kyng hym selfe tho hath bede,
 And eke the quene forth with hym,
 That he the towne of Ephesum
 Will leue, and go where as thei bec.
 For neuer man of his degree
 Hath do to hem so mychell good.
 And he his profite vnderstoode,
 And granteth with hem for to wende.
 And thus thei maden there an ende,
 And token leue, and gone to ship
 With all the hole felauship.

Qualiter Appolinus vna cum vxore et filia sua
 Tyrum applicuit.

THIS kyng, whiche now hath his desire,
 Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tyre.
 Thei hadden wynde at will tho,
 With topsayle coole, and forth thei go.
 And stryken neuer till thei come
 To Tyre, where as thei haue nome
 And londen hem with mochell blisse,
 There was many a mouth to kisse,
 Eche one welcometh other home.
 But whan the quene to londe come,
 And Thaise hir daughter by hir side,
 The whiche ioye was thilke tide
 There maie no mans tunge telle.
 Thei sayden all, here cometh the welle
 Of all womannishe grace.
 The kyng hath take his roiall place,
 The quene is in to chambre go.
 There was great fest araid tho.
 Whan tyme was thei gone to mete,
 All olde sorowes ben foryete,
 And gladem hem with ioyes newe,
 The discoloured pale hewe
 Is now become a ruddy cheke,
 There was no mirth for to seke.

Qualiter Appolinus Athenagoram cum Thaise
 vxore supper Tyrum coronari fecit.

BUT euery man hath what he wolde,
 The kyng as he well coude and sholde
 Makth to his people right good chere.
 And after soone, as thou shalt here,
 A parlement he had summoned,
 Where he his daughter hath coroned,
 Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
 That on his kyng, that other quene.
 And thus the faders ordinance,
 This londe hath set in gouernance,
 And sayde that he wolde wende
 To Tharse, for to make an ende
 Of that his daughter was betrayed,
 Wherof were all men well paid,
 And said, howe it was for to done.
 The shippes weren redy soone.

Qualiter Appolinus a Tyro per mare versus Tharsim iter arripiens, vindictam contra Strangulionem Dionysiam vxorem suam pro iniuria, quam ipsi Taisi filie sue intulerunt indicialiter assecutus est.

A STRONGE power with him he toke,
Upon the skie he cast his loke,
And sigh the wynde was couenable,
Thei hale vp ancre with the cable,
Thei saile on bie, the store on honde,
Thei sailen, till thei come a londe
At Tharse nygh to the citee.

And whan thei wisten it was hee,
The towne hath done hym reuerence.

He telleth hem the violence,
Whiche the traitour Strangulio
And Dionyse bym had do
Touchynge his daughter, as ye herde.
And whan thei wist, how it ferde,
As he whiche pees and loue sought,
Unto the towne this he besought.
To done him right in iugement.

Anone thei weren both assente,
With strengthe of men and comen soone,
And as hem thought it was to doone,
Atteynt thei weren by the lawe,
And demed so honged and drawe,
And brent, and with wynde to blowe,
That all the worlde it might knowe.
And vpon this condicion,
The dome in excecucion
Was put anone withoute faile.
And euery man hath great meruaille,
Whiche herde tellen of this chance,
And thanked goddes purueance,
Whiche doth mercy forth with iustice.
Slein is the morder, and the morderic
Through very trouth of rightwisnesse,
And through mercy saue is simplesse
Of hir, whom mercy preserueth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deserueth.

Qualiter Artestrate Pentapali rege mortuo, ipsi de regno epistolas saper hec Appolino direxerunt, Vnde Appolinus vna cum vxore sua in idem aduenientes, ad decus imperii cum magno gaudio coronati sunt.

WHAN al this thinge is doone and ended,
This kinge, which loued was and frended
A letter hath, which came to hym
By ship fro Pentapolim,
In whiche the londe hath to him writte,
That he wolde vnderstonde and witte,
Howe in good mynde and in good pees
Dead is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof thei all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her liege lorde,
That he the letter wol receyue,
And come, his reigne to receiue:
Whiche god hath yene him, and fortune.
And thus besought the commune,
Forthwith the great lordes all.

This kinge sighe howe it is befall.
Fro Tharse and in prosperitee
He toke his leue of that citee,
And goeth him in to ship ayene.
The wynde was good, the sea was playne,
Hem nedeth not a raffe to slake,
Til thei Pentapolim haue take.

The londe whiche herde of that tydinge
Was wonder glad of his cominge,
He resteth him a daie or two,
And toke his counceill to him tho,
And set a tyme of parlement,
Where al the londe of one assente,
Forthwith his wife haue him croned,
Where all good him was forsoned.

Lo what it is to be well grounded,
For he hath first his loue founded
Honestly as for to wedde,
Honestly his loue he spedde,
And had chyldren with his wife,
And as him liste he led his life.
And in ensamble his life was writte,
That all louers mighten witte
Howe at laste it shal be sene
Of loue what thei wolden mene.

For see nowe on that other side,
Antiochus with all his pride,
Whiche sette his loue vnkynedly,
His ende had sodeynly,
Sett agsyn kynde vpon vengeance,
And for his lust hath his penance.

Lo thus my sonne might thou lere,
What is to loue in good manere,
And what to loue in other wise,
The mede ariseth of the seruice,
Fortune though she be not stable,
Yet at somtime is fauourable
To hem, that ben of loue trewe.
But certes it is for to rewe,
To see loue agein kynde falle.
For that makth sore a man to falle,
As thou might of tofore rede.
For thy my sonne I wolde the rede
To let all other loue aweie,
But if it be through suche aweie,
As loue and reason wold accorde.
For elles if that thou discorde,
And take luste as doeth a beste,
Thy loue maie nought ben honeste.
For by no skil that I finde
Suche luste is nought of loues kynde

Confessio amantis, vnde pro finali conclusionis consilium confessoris impetrat.

My fader howe so that it stonde,
Your tale is herde, and vnderstonde,
As thinge, whiche worthie is to here
Of great ensamble and great matere,
Wherof my fader god you quite.

But in this poynte my selfe acquite
I maie right wel, that euer yit
I was assoted in my wit,
But onely in that worthy place,
Where all lust and all grace
Is set, if that Danger ne were:
But that is all my moste fere.
I not what ye fortune accoumpte,
But what thinge Danger maie amounte
I wot wel: for I haue assaid.
For whan myn hert is beste araid,
And I haue all my wit through sought
Of loue to beseche hir ought,
For all that euer I like maie,
I am concluded with a naie.
That o sylabble hath ouer throwe
A thousand wordes on a rowe

Of such as I best speke can,
Thus am I but a leude man.

But fader, for ye ben a clerke
Of loue, and this matere is derke,
And I can euer lenger the lasse,
(But yet I maie not lete it passe)
Your hole counseil I beseche,
That ye me by some weye teche,
What is my best, as for an ende.

My sonne vnto the trouth wende
Nowe woll I for the loue of thee,
And lete al other trydes be.

*Hic super amoria causa finita confessioe, Confessor
Genius ea, que sibi salubrius expediunt sano
consilio finaliter iniungit.*

THE more that the nede is hie,
The more it nedeth to be alie
To him whiche hath the nede on honde,
I haue well herde and vnderstonde,
My sonne, all that thou hast me saied :
And eke of that thou hast me praied
Nowe at this tyme, that I shall,
As for conclusion final,
Counseyl vpon thy nede set,
So thinke I finally to knette
Thy cause, there it is to broke,
And make an ende of that is spoke.
For I behight the that gifte
First whan thou come vnder my shrifte,
That though I towarde Venus were,
Yet spake I suche wordes there,
That for the presthode, whiche I haue,
Myn order, and my state to saue,
I sayde, I wolde of myn office
To vertue more than to vice
Encline, and teche the my lore.

For thy to speken ouermore
Of loue, whiche the maie auaille.
Take loue, where it maie auaille.
For as of this, whiche thou arte in
By that thou seest it is a sinne,
And sinne maie no price deserue,
Withoute price and who shall serue,
I note what proffit might auaille.
This foloweth it, if thou trauaile
Where thou no proffit hast ne price,
Thou arte towarde thy selfe vnwise :
And sith thou mightest lust atteine.
Of euery lust the ende is peine.
Of euery peyne is good to flee,
So is it wonder thinge to see,
Why suche a thyng shall be desyred,
The more that a stocke is fired
The rather in to ashe it torneth.
The foote, which in the weye sporneth,
Full ofte his heade hath ouerthrowe.
Thus loue is blynde, and can not knowe,
Where that he goeth, till he be fadde,
For thy hut if it so befalle
With good counceyle that he be ladde,
Hym ought for to ben a dradde.
For counceyl passeth all thinge
To him, whiche thinketh to ben a kinge,
And euery man for his partie
A kyngdome hath to iustifie,
That is to serm his owne dome.
If he misrule that kyngdome,
He leseth him selfe, that is more,
Than if he loete ship and ore,

And all the worldes good with alle.
For what man that in speciall
Hath not him selfe, he hath not els,
No more the perles than the sheels,
All is to him of o value,
Though he had all his retinewe
The wide worlde right as he wolde,
Whan he his herte hath not with holde
Towarde hym selfe, all is in vaine.
And thus my sonne I wolde sayne,
As I said er, that thou arise
Er that thou fall in suche a wise,
That thou ne might thy selfe recouer.
For loue whiche that blynde was euer,
Makth all his seruautes blynde also.

My sonne and if thou haue ben so,
Yet is it tyme to withdrawe,
And set thyn herte vnder that lawe,
The whiche of reason is gouerned,
And not of wille : and to be lerned
Ensample thou hast many one
Of nowe and eke of tyme a gone,
That euery lust is but a while,
And who that will him selfe begyle
He maie the rather be disceiued.

My sonne nowe thou hast conceiued
Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
Here afterwarde it shall be sene,
If that thou leue vpon my lore.
For I can do to the no more,
But teche the, the right weie,
Nowe chese, if thou wilt liue or deie.

*Hic loquitur de controuersia, que inter confes-
sorem et amantem in fine confessionis versabatur.*

MY fader so as I haue herde
Your tale, but it were answerde,
I were mochell for to blame,
My wo to you is but a game,
That feleth not of that I fele.
The feylng of a mans hele
Maie not be likened to the herte,
I nought though I wolde a sterte,
And ye be fre from all the peyne
Of loue, wherof I me pleyne,
It is right easy to commaunde
The herte, whiche fre goeth on the launde,
Not of an ore what him eileth,
It falleth ofte a man merueilleth,
Of that he seeth another fare.
But if he knewe him selfe the fare,
And felte it, as it is in soth,
He shulde do right as he doth,
Or elles wors in his degree.

For well I wote, and so do yee,
Thas loue hath cuer yet ben vsed,
So mote I nede ben excused.
But fader if ye wolde thus
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Be frendly toward my quarele,
So that my herte were in hele
Of loue, whiche is in my breste,
I wote well than a better preste
Was neuer made to my beuous,
But all the while that I boue
In none certeyn betwene the two,
I not where I to wele or wo
Shall torne : that is all my drede.
So that I not what is to rede.

But for small conclusion,
I thinke a supplicacion,
With plaine wordes and expresse,
Write vnto Venus the goddesse,
The whiche I praie you to bere,
And brynge ageyne a good answer.

Tho was betwene my preste and mee
Debate, and great perplexitee.
My reason vnderstoode hym wele,
And knewe it was soth euery deile,
That he hath said, but not for thy
My will hath nothyng set ther by.
For towchinge of so wise a porte
It is vnto loue no disporte.
Yet might neuer man beholde
Reason, where loue was withholde.
Thei be not of o gouernance.

And thus we fallen in distance
My preste and I, but I spake fayre,
And through my wordes debonayre,
Than at last we accorden,
So that he saith, he will accorden
To speke, and stonde on my side
To Venus both and to Cupide,
And bad me write, that I wolde,
And said me truly that he sholde
My letter bere vnto the queene.
And I sat downe vpon the grene,
Fulfulled of loues fantasie,
And with the teres of mine eie,
In stede of ynke, I gan to write
The wordes, whiche I woll endite.
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in my letter I sayde thus.

*Hic tractat formam cuiusdam supplicationis, quam
ex parte amantis per manus Genii sacerdotis
sui, Venus sibi porrectam acceptabat.*

THE wofull peyne of loues maladie,
Ageine the whiche maie no pblisike auaille,
My herte hath so be wapped with sottie,
That where so that I reste or trauaile,
I fynde it euer redy to assaile
My reason, whiche can not hym defende,
Thus seeke I help, wherof I might amende.

Fyrst to nature if that I me complayne,
There fynde I howe that euery creature
Somtime a yere hath loue in his demayne,
So that the litell wrenne in his measure
Bath of kynde loue vnder his cure,
And I but one desyre, whiche I mis,
So but I, hath euery kynde his blis.

The reason of my witte it ouerpasseth,
Of that nature techeth me the weie
To loue, and yet no certeyn she compasseth,
How shal I spede and thus betwene the tweie
I stonde, and not if I shall liue or deie.
For though reason ageyn my will debate,
I may not flee, that I ne loue algate.

Upon my selfe this like tale come,
Howe whilom Pan, whiche is the god of kinde,
With loue wrestled, and is ouercome.
For euer I wraistle, and euer I am behynde,
That I no strengthe in all my herte fynde,
Wherof that I maie stonden any throwe,
So for my wit with loue is ouerthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe crase,
Or helpes he shall his nede spille,
Plainly throughout my wittes all I haue,
But none of hem can helpe after my will,
And also well I might sit stille,
As praie vnto my lady of any helpe:
Thus wote I not wherof my selfe to yelp.

Unto the great loue and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke swete tonne,
Whiche vnder keie, in his cellere amidde
Lieth couched, that fortune is ouercome:
But of the bitter cuppe I haue begonne,
I not howe ofte, and thus I fynde no game,
For euer I aske and euer it is the same.

I see the worlde stonde euer vpon change,
Now windes lowde, now the weder softe,
I maie see eke the great moone change,
And thing whiche now is low is este alofte,
The dredfull werres in to pes full ofte
Thei torne, and euer is Daunger in o place,
Whiche niil change his will to do me grace,

But vpon this the great clerke Ouide
Of loue whan he makth his remembraunce,
He sayth: there is the blynde god Cupide,
The whiche bath loue vnder his gouernance,
And in honde with many a fire launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll not hele,
And that someleie is cause of my quarele.

Ouide eke sayth, that loue to performe
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddesse,
But whan she takth counseill with Saturne,
Ther is no grace, and in that tyme I gesse
Began my loue, of which myn beuiness
Is now and euer shall, but if I spede,
So wot I not my selfe what is to rede.

For thy to you Cupide and Venus both,
With all my hertes obeisance I praie,
If ye were at fyrst tyme wrotte,
Whan I began to loue, I you saye
Nowe stynte, and do this fortune awaye,
So that Daunger, whiche stont of retinewe
With my lady, his place may remewe.

O thou Cupide god of loues lawe,
That with thy darte brennyng hast set a fire
My herte, do that wounde be withdraw,
Or yeue me salue, suche as I desyre.
For scruiue in thy courte withouten hyre
To me, whiche euer hath kept thin heste
Maie neuer be to loues lawe honeste.

O thou gentell Venus loues queene,
Without gilte thou dost on me thy wrech,
Thou wotest my pain is euer alich grene,
For loue, and yet I maie it not areche:
Thus wolde I for my last worde besече,
That thou my loue acquite, as I deserue:
Or elles do me playnly for to sterue.

*Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus accepta amantis sup-
plicatione, indilate ad singula respondit.*

WHAN I this supplicacion,
With good deliberacion,
In suche a wise as ye nowe wite,
Had after myn entente writte

Unto Cupide and to Venus,
 This preest, whiche hight Genius,
 It toke on honde to presente,
 On my message and forth he wente
 To Venus, for to wit hir wille:
 And I bode in the place stille,
 And was there but a litell while,
 Not full the mountance of a mile,
 When I behelde, and sodeinly
 I sigh where Venus stooode me by.
 So as I might vnder a tree
 To grounde I felle vpon my knee,
 And preid hir for to do me grace,
 She cast hir chere vpon my face,
 And as it were haluynge a game,
 She asketh me, what was my name.
 Madame I saide, Johan Gower.

Now Johan, quod she, in my power
 Thou must as of thy loue stonde.
 For I thy bille haue vnderstonde,
 In whiche to Cupide and to mee
 Somdele thou hast complayned thee,
 And somdele to nature also,
 But that shall stonde amonge you two.
 For therof haue I not to doone,
 For nature is vnder the moone
 Maistresse of euery liues kynde.
 But if so be, that she maie fynde
 Some holy man, that wyl withdrawe
 Hir kyndely lust againe hir lawe,
 But selde whan it falleth so.
 For fewe men there ben of tho.

But of these other enough there bee,
 Whiche of her owne nicitise,
 Agein nature and hir office,
 Deliten hem in sondrie vice:
 Whereof that she full ofte hath plained,
 And eke my courte it hath disaigned,
 And euer shall: for it receyue
 None suche, that kynde so disceiue.

For all onliche of gentill loue
 My courte stont, all courtes aboue,
 And taketh none into retinewe,
 But thynge, whiche is to kynde dewe.
 For els it shall be refused:
 Whereof I holde the excused.
 For it is many daies gone,
 That thou amonge bem were one,
 Whiche of my courte hast be withhold,
 So that the more I am beholde
 Of thy disease to commune,
 And to remewe that fortune,
 Whiche many daies hath the greued.
 But if my counsaile maie be leued,
 Thou shalt be eased er thou go
 Of thilke vnseely ioly wo,
 Whereof thou saist thyn hert is fered,
 But as of that thou hast desyred,
 After the sentence of thy bille,
 Thou must therof doone at my will,
 And I therof me woll aduise:
 For be thou hole, it shall suffice,
 My medicine is not to seke,
 The whiche is holsome to the seke,
 Not all perchance as ye it wolde,
 But so as ye by reason sholde,
 Accordant vnto loues kynde.
 For in the plite, whiche I the fynde,
 So as my courte it hath awarded,
 Thou shalt be duely rewarded.

And if thou woldest more craue,
 It is no right that thou it haue.

*Qui cupit id, quod habere nequit, sua tempora
 perdit*

*Est vbi non posse velle, salute caret.
 Non sœtatis opus gelidus hirsuta capillos
 Cum calor abscedit æquiparabit hyems.
 Sicut habet Maius non dat natura decembri,
 Nec poterit compar floribus esse latum.
 Sic neque decrepita senum iuvenile voluptas
 Floret in æquiequium, quod Venus ipsa petit.
 Conueniens igitur foret, vt quod cana senectus
 Attigit, vitierius corpora casta colant.*

*Hic contra quoscumque viros inueteratos amoris
 concupiscentiam affectantes loquitur Venus,
 huiusque amantis confessi supplicationem quæsi
 deridens, ipsum pro eo quod senescit, debilis
 est, multis exhortationibus insufficientem re-
 darguit.*

*VENUS which stant without lawe,
 In none certeine, but as men drawe
 Of Ragman vpou the chance,
 She leith no peise in the balance,
 But as hir liketh for to weie,
 The trewe man full ofte aweie
 She put, whiche hath hir grace bede,
 And sette an vntrue in his stede.*

*Lo thus blindly the world she demeth
 In loues cause, as to me semeth,
 I not what other men wolde seyn,
 But I algate am so beseyne,
 And stonde as one amongst all,
 Whiche am oute of hir grace fall:
 It nedeth take no witness.*

*For she, whiche saide is the goddesse,
 To whether parte of loue it wende,
 Hath sette me for a final endle
 The poynt wherto that I shall holde.
 For whan she hath me well beholde,
 Haluynge of scorne she sayd thus:
 Thou wost well that I am Venus,
 Whiche all onely my lustes seche.
 And well I wote though thou beseeche
 My loue, lustes ben there none,
 Whiche I maie take in thy persone.
 For loues luste and lockes bore
 In chamber accorden neuermore.
 And though thou feigne a yonge corage,
 It sheweth well by thy visage,
 That olde grisell is no fole,
 There ben full many yeres stole
 With the, and suche other mo,
 That outwards feignen youth so,
 And ben within of poore assaie.
 My herte wolde, and I ne maie,
 Is nougt beloued nowe a daies,
 Er thou make any suche assaies
 To loue, and faile vpon thy fete,
 Better is to make beaw retreatre
 For though thou mightest loue atteyne,
 Yet were it but an idell peine,
 Whan thou arte not sufficient,
 To holde loue bis couenants,*

*For thy take home thy berta againe,
 That thou trauaile not in vayne,
 Whereof my courte maie be disceiued,
 I wote, and haue it wel conceined,*

Howe that thy wille is good enough.
 But more behoueth to the plough,
 Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
 So sit it wel, that thou beknowe
 Thy feble estate er thou beginne
 Thing, wher thou might none ende winne,
 What bargein shulde a man assaie,
 When that him lacketh for to paie?
 My soone if that thou well bethought,
 This toucheth the, foryete it nought,
 The thinge is torned in to was,
 The whiche was whilome grene gras,
 Is withered heie, as time nowe:
 For thy my counseil is that thou
 Remembre well, howe thou arte olde.

*Smaliter super derisoriā Veneris exhortacionem
 contristatus amans, quasi mortuus in terram
 corruit, ubi ut sibi videbatur, Cupidinem cum
 innumera multitudine nuper amantum variis
 turmis assistenciam conspiciebat.*

WHAN Venus hath hir tale tolde,
 Than I bethought was all aboute,
 And wist wel withouten doubt,
 That there was no recouerie,
 And as a man the blasē of fyre
 With water quenbeth, so ferde I,
 A colde me caught sodeynly,
 For sorowe that my herte made,
 My dedely face pale and fade
 Becam, and swoune I fil to grounde.
 And as I laie the same stounde,
 Ne fully quicke, ne fully deade,
 Me thought I sawe tofore myn head
 Cupide with his bowe bent,
 And like vnto a parlament,
 Whiche were ordeined for the nones,
 With him cam all the worlde attones
 Of gentill folke, that whilome were
 Loovers, I sawe hem all there.
 Forth with Cupide in sondry rowtes,
 Myn eie I caste all aboutes,
 To knowe amonge hem who was who:
 I sigh where lustie yougth tho,
 As he whiche was a capitaync,
 Before all other vpon the playne
 Stode with his rout well begon.
 Her heades kempt, and therupon
 Garlandes, not of one colour
 Some of the lefe, some of the floure,
 And some of great perles were.
 The newe guise of Beme was there,
 With sondry thynges well deuised
 I see, wherof thei be queitised:
 It was all lust, that thei with ferde.
 There was no songe that I ne herde,
 Whiche vnto loue was touchynge.
 Of Pan, and all that was likynge,
 As in pipyng of melodie
 Was berde in thilke companie.
 So loude that on euery side
 It thought that all the heuen cride
 In suche accorde, and suche a soung
 Of bumbarde, and of clariowne,
 With cornemuse, and shalmelle,
 That it was halfe a manns hele
 So glad a noyse for to here
 And as me thought in this manere

All freshe I sigh hem sprynge and daunce,
 And do to loue her entendance.
 After the lust of youthes heate,
 There was enough of ioy and fest.
 For euer amonge thei laugh and pley,
 And put Care out of the weie,
 That he with hem ne sat ne stode.
 And ouer this I vnderstode,
 So as myn care might areche,
 The most matere of her speche

*De nominibus illorum nuper amantum, qui tunc
 amanti spasmatō aliqui iuuenes, aliqui senes
 apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga
 deum quam deam amoris pro sauitate amantis
 recuperanda multiplicatis precibus misericordi-
 ter instabant.*

It was of knighthode and of armes:
 And what it is to ligge in armes
 With loue, whan it is acheued.
 Ther was Tristram, which was beloued
 With bele Isolde: and Lancelot
 Stode with Gonnor: and Galahot
 With his lady: and as me thought,
 I sawe where lasyn with hym brought
 His loue whiche Creusa hight.
 And Hercules, whiche mochell might,
 Was there, bearyng his great mace.
 And most of all in thilke place
 He peyneth hym to make chere
 With Iolen, which was hym dere.
 Theseus though he were vatrewe
 To loue, as all women knewe,
 Yet was he there netheles
 With Phedra, whiche to loue he ches.
 Of Grece eke there was Thelamon,
 Whiche fro the kynge Laomedon
 At Troie his daughter refte away
 Eseonen as for his praie,
 Whiche take was, whan Iason cam
 Fro Colchos, and the citee nam,
 In vengeance of the fyrste hate,
 That made hem after to debate,
 Whan Priamus the newe towne
 Hath made. And in a visiowne
 Me thought that I sigh' also
 Hector, forth with his bretherne two,
 Hym selfe stode with Penthasilee,
 And nexte to hym I might see,
 Where Paris stode with fayre Helaine,
 Whiche was his ioys soueraine.
 And Troilus stode with Creseide:
 But euer amonge though he pleide
 By semblant, he was heuy chered.
 For Diomed, as hym was lered,
 Claimeth to be his partynere.
 And thus full many a bachelere,
 A thousande mo than I can seyne,
 With yougth I sigh there well beseyne,
 Forth with her loues glad and blith.
 And some I sigh, whiche ofte sitbe
 Compleynen hem in otherwise.
 Amonge the whiche I sawe Narcise,
 And Piramus, that sory were.
 The worthy greke also was there
 Achilles, whiche for loue deied.
 Agamemnon eke as men seied,
 And Menelaie the kynge also
 I sigh, with many an other me,

Whiche hadden be fortun'd sore
 In loues cause: And ouermore,
 Of women in the same caas
 With hem I sigh where Dido was
 Forsake, whiche was with Aenee.
 And Phillis eke I might see,
 Whom Demophon desceiued had.
 And Ariadne hir sorowe iad,
 For Theseus hir sister toke,
 And hir vnkindly forsoka.

I sigh there eke amonge the prees
 Complaynyng vpon Hercules,
 His fyrst loue Deianire,
 Whiche set him afterwarde a fyre.
 Medea was there eke, and pleyneth
 Upon Iason, for that he feigneth,
 Without cause and toke a newe,
 She saide, fe on all vntrewe.

I sigh there Deidamie,
 Whiche had loste the companie
 Of Achilles, whan Diomed
 To Troie him fet vpon the nede.
 Amonge these other vpon the grene
 I sigh also the wofull quene
 Cleopatras, whiche in a graue
 With serpentes hath hir selfe begraue
 All quicke, and so she was to tore,
 For sorowe of that she had lore
 Antonie, whiche hir loue hath be.

And forth with hir I sigh Thisbe,
 Whiche on the sharpe swerdes poynte,
 For loue deied in sory poynte.
 And as myn eare it might knowe,
 She sayde, wo worth all slowe.

The plaint of Proigne and Philomene
 There herde I what it wolde mene,
 How Theseus of his vntrouthe
 Undid hem both, and that was routhe.

And next to hem I sawe Canace,
 Whiche for Machayr hir faders grace
 Hath lost, and deied in wofull plite.

And as I sigh in my spirite,
 Me thought amonge other thus
 The daughter of kynge Priamus
 Pplixena, whom Pyrrus slough
 Was there, and made sorowe enough:
 As she whiche deied gittles
 For loue, and yet was loueles.

And for to take the disporte
 I sawe there some of other porte,
 And that was Circes, and Calypse,
 That couthen do the moone clypse,
 Of men and chaunge the liknesse,
 Of artmagike sorceresse,
 Thei helde in bonde many one
 To loue, whether thei wolde or none.

But aboue all that there were
 Of women I sawe foure there,
 Whose name I herde most commended.
 By hem the courtis stode all amended.
 For where thei comen in presence,
 Men deden hem the reuerence,
 As though thei had ben goddesses
 Of all the worlde, or empresses.
 And as me thought, an ere I leide,
 And herde, how that these other seid:

Lo these ben the foure wiues,
 Whose feith was proued in her liues
 For in ensaumple of all good,
 With mariage so thei stode,

That fame, whiche no great thing hideth,
 Yet if cronicke of hem abideth.

Penelope that one was hote,
 Whome many a knight hath loned hote,
 While that hir lorde Vlysses laie
 Full many a yere and many a daie
 Upon the great siege of Troie:
 But she, whiche hath no worldis ioie,
 But onely of hir husbonde,
 While that hir lorde was out of londe,
 So well she kept hir womanhede,
 That all the worlde therof toke hede,
 And namliche of hem in Grece.

That other woman was Lucrece,
 Wife to the Romayn Collatine.
 And she constraigned of Tarquine
 To thinge, which was ayen hir will,
 She wolde not hir seluen still,
 But deied onely for drede of shame,
 In kepyng of hir good name,
 As she whiche was one of the beste.

The thirde wife was hote Alceste
 Whiche whan Admetus shulde die
 Upon his great maladie,
 She praied vnto the goddes so,
 That she rescoueth all the wo,
 And deied hir selfe, to gyue him life:
 Se where this were a noble wife.

The fourth wife, whiche I there sigh,
 I herde of hem that were nyght,
 Howe she was cleped Alceone,
 Whiche Ceix hir lorde alone,
 And to no mo hir bodie kepte:
 And whan she sigh him drenché, she lepte
 Into the waves, where he swam,
 And there a sea foule she becam:
 And with hir winges she him besprad
 For loue that she to him had.

Lo these foure weren tho,
 Whiche I sigh as me bethought the
 Amonge the great companie,
 Whiche loue had for to gie.
 But yougthe, whiche in speciall
 Of loues courte was marshall,
 So besie was vpon his laie,
 That he noue hede, where he laie
 Hath take, And than as I behelde,
 Me thought I sigh vpon the felde,
 Where Elde came a softe paas
 Towarde Venus, there as she was
 With him great companie he laddé,
 But not so fele as youth had.
 The mooste parte were of great age,
 And that was sene in her visage,
 And not for thy so as they might,
 Thei made hem yongely to the sight.
 But yet I herde no pipes there
 To make mirth in mannes ere,
 But the musike I might knowe:
 For olde men, which sowned lowe
 With harpe, and lute, and with citole,
 The houe daunce, and the carole,
 In suche a wise as loue hath bode,
 A softe paas thei daunce and trede,
 And with the women otherwhile
 With sobre chere awonge thei smile.
 For laughter was there none on hie.
 And netheles full well I sie,
 That thei the more queinte it made
 For loue in whom thei weren glade.

And there me thought I might see
 The kinge Dauid with Bersabee,
 And Salomon was not withoute
 Passinge an hondreth in a route
 Of wyues and of concubines,
 Iewes eke and sarazines
 To him I sighe all intendant,
 I not where he were suffisante.
 But netheles for all his witte
 He was attached with that writte,
 Whiche loue with his honde enseleth,
 From whom none ertbly man appeleth.
 And ouer this, as for no wonder
 With his lion, whiche he put vnder,
 With Dalida Sampson I knewe,
 Whos loue his strength all ouertbrowe.
 I sawe there Aristotle also,
 Whome that the queene of Grece also
 Hath brided, that in thilke tyme
 She made him suche a silogesime,
 That he foryate all his logike,
 There was none arte of his practike,
 Through whiche it might ben excluded,
 That he ne was fully concluded
 To loue, and did his obeisance.

And eke Virgile of acquaintance
 I sigh, where he the maiden praid,
 Whiche was the daughter, as men sayd,
 Of themperour whilome of Rome.
 Sortes and Plato with him come,
 So did Ouide the poete,
 I thought than howe loue is swete,
 Whiche hath so wise men reclaimed,
 And was my selfe the lasse ashamed,
 Or for to lese or for to wyune
 In the mischief that I was in.
 And thus I laie in hope of grace:
 And whan thei comen to the place,
 Where Venus stode, and I was falle,
 This olde men with one voyce alle
 To Venus praiden for my sake.
 And she that mighte not forsake
 So great a clamour, as was there,
 Lete pitee come in to hir ere:
 And forth with all vnto Cupide
 She praieth, that he vpon his side
 Me wolde through his grace sende
 Some comforte, that I might amende
 Upon the caas, which is befall.
 And thus for me thei praiden all
 Of hem that weren olde aboute,
 And eke some of the yonge route,
 And of gentilnes and pure trouthe
 I herde hem tel, it was great ronthe
 That I withouten helpe so ferde.
 And thus me thought I laie and herde.

Hic tractat, qualiter Cupido amantis senectute
 contracti viscera percuscitans, ignita sue concu-
 piscentie tela ab eo penitus extraxit, quem Ven-
 us postea absque calore percipiens, vacuum
 reliquit, Et sic tandem prouisa senectus rati-
 onem inuocans, hominon interiorem perprius
 amore infatuatum mentis sanitati plenus re-
 staurauit.

CUPIDE, whiche maie hurte and hele
 In loues cause, as for my hele,
 Upon the poynte which hym was preyd
 Cam with Venus, where I was leyde

Swoundend vpon the grené gras,
 And as me thought anone there was
 On euery side so great prees,
 That euery life began to prees,
 I wote not wel howe many score,
 Suche as I spake of nowe tofore
 Louers, that comen to beholde
 But most of hem that were olde,
 Thei stoden there at thilke tide
 To see what ende shall betide
 Upon the cure of my sotie.
 Tho might I here great partie
 Spekende, and eke his owne aduis
 Hath tolde, one that, another this.
 But amonge all this I herde,
 Thei weren wo, that I so ferde,
 And saiden that for no riote,
 An olde man shulde not assote.
 For as thei tolden redily,
 There is in him no cause why,
 But if he wolde him selfe be wice,
 So were he well the more nice.
 And thus desputen some of tho:
 And some saiden no thinge so,
 But that the wilde loues rage
 In mannes life forbereth none age,
 While there is oyle for to fire
 The lampe is lightly set a fire,
 And is full herde er it be queinte,
 But onely if he be some seinte,
 Whiche god preserueth of his grace.
 And thus me thought in sondrie place,
 Of hem that walken vp and doune,
 There was diuers opinon.
 And so for a while it last,
 Til that Cupide to the laste,
 Forthwith his moder ful aduisd,
 Hath determined and deuised,
 Unto what pointe he woll descende,
 And all this tyme I was liggende
 Upon the grounde tofore his eien.
 And thei that my disease sien,
 Supposen nought I shulde liue:
 But he, whiche wolde than yeue
 His grace, so as it maie bee,
 This blynde god, whiche maie not see,
 Hath groped, til that he me fonde:
 And as he put forth his honde
 Upon my body, where I laie,
 Me thought a firie launcegaie,
 Which whilom through my hert he cast,
 He pulleth oute, and also fast
 As this was do, Cupide nam
 His wey, I not where he becam:
 And so did all the remenant,
 Whiche vnto him was entendant,
 Of hem that in a vision
 I had a reuelacion,
 So as I tolde nowe tofore.
 But Venus went nought therfore,
 Ne Genius, whiche thilke tyme
 Aboden both fast byme,
 And she whiche maie the hertes binde
 In loués cause, and eke vnbynde,
 Er I out of my trauce arose,
 Venus whiche helde a boxe close,
 And wolde not I sholde deie,
 Toke out, more colde then ony keye,
 An ointement: and in suche pointe
 She hath my wounded herte aointe,

My temples, and my reynes also:
 And forth with al she toke me tho
 A wonder myrrour for to holde,
 In whiche she bad me to beholde,
 And take hede, of that I scie.
 Wherin anone my hertes eie
 I cast, and sawe my colour fade,
 Myn cien dim, and all vnglade,
 My chekes thinne, and all my face
 With elde I might see deface.
 So riueld, and so wo besein,
 That there was no thinge full ne pleyn.

I sawe also myn heares hore,
 My will was tho to see no more
 On whiche for there was no pleassance.
 And then into my remembrance
 I drewe myn olde daies passed,
 And as reason it hath compassed.

Quod status hominis mensibus anni equi-
 ratur.

I MADE a likenes of my selue
 Unto the sondry monthes twelue,
 Wherof the yere in his estate
 Is made, and stant vpon debate,
 That like to other none accordeth.
 For who the tymes wel recordeth,
 And than at Marche if he begin,
 Whan that the iustie yers comth in,
 Till Auguste be paste and Septembre
 The mighty yongth he maie remembre,
 In whiche the yere hath his deduite
 Of grasse, of lefe, of floure, of fruite,
 Of corne, and eke the winy grape,
 And afterwade the tyme is shape
 To frost, to snowe, to wynde to rayne,
 Till efte that Marche be come agayne.
 The winter woll no sommer knowe,
 The grena lefe is ouerthrowe,
 The clothed erth is than bare,
 Dispoiled is the sommer fare,
 That erst was hete, is than chele,
 And thus thinkende thoughtes fele,
 I was out of my swowne affraide,
 Wherof I sigh my wittes straide,
 And gan to clepe hem home ageyne.
 And whan reason it herde seyne,
 That loues rage was awaye,
 He cam to me the right weye:
 And hath remeued the sottie
 Of thilfe vnwise fantasie,
 Wherof that I was wont to plain,
 So that of thilke fryr paine
 I was made sobre, and hole enough.
 Venus behelde me than, and lough,
 And asketh, as it were in game,
 What loue was? and I for shame.
 Ne wist, what I shulde answer:
 And netheles I gan to swere,
 That by my trouth, I knewe him nought,
 So ferre it was out of my thought,
 Right as it had neuer be.

My god sonne, tho quod she,
 Nowe at this tyme I leue it wele,
 So goth the fortune of my whele.
 For thy my counceile is thou leue.

Madame, I said, by your leue,
 Ye weten well, and so wote I,
 That I am vnbehouely

Your courte, fro this day, for to serue,
 And for I maie no thonke deserue,
 And also for I am refused,
 I prais you to ben excused.
 And netheles as for to laste,
 While that my wittes with me laste,
 Touchende my confession,
 I axe an absolusion
 Of Genius, er that I go.

The preest anone was redy tho,
 And sayde: Sonn as of thy shrifte,
 Thou hast full pardon, and foryifte,
 Foryete it thou, and so will I.

My holy father graunt mercy
 Quod I to hym, and to the quene
 I fill on knees vpon the grene,
 And toke my leue for to wende.
 But she that wolde make an ende,
 As therto, whiche I was most able,
 A paire of bedes blacke as sable
 She toke, and hyng my necke about.
 Upon the gaudees all without
 Was writte of golde pur reposer.
 Lo thus she sayd, Iohan Gower,
 Nowe thou art at last caste,
 Thus haue I for thin ease caste,
 That thou of loue no more seche.
 But my wil is, that thou besече,
 And pray hereafter for the pees,
 And that thou make a pleyne relees
 To loue, whiche taketh litell hede
 Of olde men vpon the nede,
 Whan that the lustes ben awaye,
 For thy to the nis but o wey,
 In whiche let reason be thy guyde.
 For be maie soone hym selfe misgyde,
 That seeth not the perill tofore.

My sonne he well ware therfore,
 And kepe the sentence of my lore,
 And tarie thou in my courte no more:
 But go there vertue morall dwelleth:
 There ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
 Whiche of longe tyme thou haste writte.

For this I do the welle to wite,
 If thou thyn hele wilt purchase,
 Thou might not make sute and chace,
 Where that the game is not prouable,

It were a thyng vnreasonable,
 A man to be so ouersaie.

For thy take hede of that I saie.

For in the lawe of my commune
 We be nought shap to commune
 Thy selfe and I neuer after this.

Nowe haue I seyde all that there is
 Of loue, as for thy final ende,
 Adeu, for I mote fro the wende.
 And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
 As my disciple and my poete.
 For in the floures of his youth,
 In sondrie wise, as he well couth
 Of ditees, and of songes glade,
 The whiche he for my sake made,
 The londe fulfilled is ouer all,
 Wherof to hym in speciall
 Aboute all other I am most holde.
 For thy nowe in his daies olde
 Thou shalt hym tell this message,
 That he vpon his later age,
 To sette an ende of all his werke,
 As he whiche is myn owne clerke,

Do make his testament of loue,
As thou hast done thy shrifte aboue,
So that my courte it maie recorde.

Madame, I can me well accorde,
(Good I) to telle as ye me bid.
And with that worde it so betid
Out of sight all soevely,
Enclosed in a starred skie,
Venus, whiche is the queene of loue,
Was take in to hir place aboue,
More wist I not where she becam.
And thus my leue of hir I nam.

And forth with al that same tide
Her preest, whiche wolde not abide,
Or me be lefe, or me be lothe,
Out of my sight forth be goth.
And I was lefte withouten helpe,
So wist I not wherof to yelpe,
But that onely I had lore
My tyme, and was sorie therfore.

And thus bewhaped in my thought,
Whan all was tourned in to nought,
I stoed amased for a while,
And in my selfe I gan to smile,
Thyakende vpon the bedes blake,
And howe thei were me betake,
For that I shulde bid and prais:
And whan I sawe none other waie,
But onelie that I was refused,
Unto the life, whiche I had vsed
I thought neuer torne ageyne.
And in this wise soth to seyne
Homwarde a softe pas I went,
Where that with all myn hole entent,
Upon the point that I am shriue,
I thinke bide, while I liue.

*Parce precor Christe, populus quo gaudet iste
Anglia ne triste subeat, rex summe resiste
Corrige quosque status fragiles, absolue reatus:
Vnde deo gratus viget locus iste beatus.*

He whiche within daies seuen,
This large worde, forth with the heuen,
Of his eternall prouidence,
Hath made, and thilke intelligence
In mans soule reasonable
Hath shape to be perdurable:
Wherof the man of his future
Aboue all ertly creature
After the soule is immortal,
To thilke lorde id speciall,
As he whiche is of all thynges,
The creatour, and of the kynges
Hath the fortunes vpon honde,
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I praie,
That he this londe in siker waie:
Will sette vpon good gouernance.
For if men take in remembrance,
What is to liue in vnitie,
There is no state in his degree,
That ne ought to desire pes,
Withoute whiche it is no les
To seche and loke in to the laste,
There maie no workes ioye last.
Fyrst for to loke the clergie,
Hem ought well to iustife
Thyng, whiche belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie, and to procure

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Our pees, towarde the heuen aboue,
And eke to set rest and loue
Amonge vs on this erthe here,
For if thei wrought in this maere
After the rule of charites,
I hope that men shulden see
This londe amende: and ouer this
To seche and loke howe that it is
Touchende of the chualrie,
Whiche for to loke in some partie
Is worthie for to be commended,
And in some parte to be amended,
That of her large retenue
The londe is full of mayntenne,
Whiche causeth that the commune right,
In fewe countreis stont vpright.

Extorcion, contecke, rauine
With holde ben of that couine.
All daie men here great complaint,
Of the disease, of the constreint,
Wherof the people is sore oppressed,
God graunt it mote be redressed.
For of knighthode thordre wolde,
That thei defende and kepe sholde
The common right, and the franchise
Of holy church in all wise:
So that no wicked man it dere,
And therof serueth shelde and spere.
But for it goth nowe other waie,
Our grace goth the more awie.

And for to loken ouermore
Wherof the people plainen sore
Towarde the lawes of our londe,
Men sein that trouthe hath broke his bonde,
And with brocage is gone awie,
So that no man see the weie,
Where for to fynde rightwisenesse.

And if men seke sikernesse,
Upon the lucre of marchandie,
Compassement and trecherie
Of singular profite to winne,
Men sayne is cause of mochell sinne,
And namely of diuision,
Whiche many a noble worthie towne
Fro welth, and fro prosperitee
Hath brought to great aduersitee.
So were it good to be all one.
For mochell grace thervpon,
Unto the citees shulde fall,
Whiche might auaille to vs all,
If these estates amended were,
So that the vertues stoden there,
And that the vices were awie,
Me thynketh I durste than seie,
This londes grace shulde arise,

But yet to loke in otherwise,
There is astate, as ye shall here
Aboue all other on erthe here,
Whiche hath the londe in his balance,
To hym belongeth the ligeance
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde is all forthdrawe
The marchant and the laborer,
So stant it all in his power
Or for to spille, or for to saue,
But though that he suche power haue,
And that his mightes ben so large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To whiche that euery kyng is swore.
So were it good, that he therfore

* r

First vnto rightwisenes entende,
 Wherof that he hym selfe amende
 Towarde his god, and leue vice,
 Whiche is the chiefe of his office.
 And after all the remenant
 He shall vpon his couenant
 Gouverne, and lede in suche a wise,
 So that there be no tyrannise,
 Wherof that he his people greue:
 Or elles maie he nought acheue.
 That longeth to his regalie.
 For if a kynge will iustifie
 His londe, and hem that ben within,
 First at hym selfe he mot begin
 To kepe and rule his owne estate,
 That in hym selfe be no debate
 Towarde his god: for otherwise
 Ther maie none erthly kynge suffice
 Of his kyngdome the folke to lede,
 But he the kynge of heuen drede.
 For what kynge sette hym vpon pride,
 And takth his lust on euery side,
 And will not go the right weie,
 Though god his grace cast aweie
 No wonder is, for at last
 He shall well witte, it maie not last
 The pompe whiche he secheth here.
 But what kynge that with humble chere
 After the lawe of god escheweth
 The vices and the vertues seweth:
 His grace shall not be sufficient
 To gouerne all the remenant,
 Whiche longeth vnto his duetee:
 So that in his prosperities
 The people shall not be oppressed,
 Wherof his name shall be blessed
 For euer: and be memorialle.

Hic in fine recapitulat super hoc, quod in principio
 libri promisit se in amoris causa specialius tractaturum,
 concludit enim, quod omnis amoris delectatio
 extra charitatem nihil est, qui manet in
 charitate, in deo manet.

AND nowe to speke as in finalle,
 Touchende that I vndertoke,
 In englyshe for to make a boke,
 Whiche stant betwene earnest and game,
 I haue it made, as thilke same,
 Whiche aske for to be excused,
 And that my boke be not refused
 Of lered men, whan thei it see
 For lacke of curiositee
 For thilke schole of eloquence
 Belongeth not to my science,
 Upon the forme of Rhetorike
 My wordes for to peinte and pike,

As Tullius somtyme wrote,
 But this I knowe, and this I wote,
 That I haue done my trewe peyne,
 With rude wordes, and with playne,
 In, all that euer I couthe and might,
 This boke to write, as I behight.
 So as sikenes it suffer wolde,
 And also for my daies olde
 That I am feble and impotente,
 I wote not howe the worlde is wente:
 So pray I to my lordes all,
 Now in min age, howe so befall,
 That I mot stonden in their grace.
 For though me lacke to purchase
 Her worthe thonke, as by deserte,
 Yet the simplesse of my pouerts
 Desyreth for to do plesance
 To hem, vnder whose gouernance
 I hope siker to abide.
 But nowe vpon my last tide
 That I this boke haue made and writte,
 My muse dothe me for to witte,
 And sayth, it shall be for my beste,
 Fro this daie forth to take reste,
 That I no more of loue make,
 Whiche many a herte hath ouertake,
 And ouertorned as the blynde
 Fro reason in to lawe of kynde.
 Where as the wisdom goeth aweie,
 And can not see the right weie,
 Howe to gouerne his owne estate:
 But euery daie stant in debate
 Within him selfe, and can not leue.
 And thus for thy my finall leue
 I take nowe for euermore
 Without makynge any more
 Of loue, and of his deadly hele,
 Whiche no phisicien can hele.
 For his nature is so diuers,
 That it hath euer some trauers,
 Or of to muche, or of to lite,
 That plainly maie no man delite:
 But if him faile or that or this,
 But thilke loue, whiche that is
 Within a mannes herte affirmed,
 And stante of charitee confirmed:
 Suche loue is goodly for to haue,
 Suche loue maie the body saue,
 Suche loue maie the soule amende,
 The highe god suche loue vs sende
 Forthwith the remenaunt of grace,
 So that aboute in thilke place,
 Where resteth loue, and all peas,
 Our ioye maie be endelees.

AMEN.