The Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

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The Minor Poems
of
John Lydgate

EDITED FROM ALL AVAILABLE MSS., WITH AN ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH
THE LYDGAME CANON

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PART II
SECULAR POEMS

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The Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

PART II.—SECULAR POEMS.

1. A BALLADE, OF HER THAT HATH ALL VIRTUES.


Loo here begynnepe a balade / whiche pat Lydegate wrote at pe request of a squyer pat served in loves court.

1

(1)

Fresshe lusty beaute, ioyned with gentylesse,
Demure appert, glad chere with gouuemaunce,
Yche thing demenid by avysinesse,
Prudent of speeche, wisdam of dalýaunce,
Gentylesse, with wommanly plesaunce,
Hevenly eyeghen, aungellyk of vysage:
Al fis hafe nature sette in youre ymage.

(2)

Wyfly trouthe with Penolope,
And with Gresylde parfyt pacynce,
Lyche Polixcene fayrely on to se,
Of bounte, beaute, having þexcellence
Of qweene Alceste, and al þe diligence
Of fayre Dydo, pryncesse of Cartage:
Al þis hafe nature sett in youre ýmage.

MS. B.M. Adds. 29729, leaf 157 and back, has a faithful copy of the above MS. text. The only variant is: 31 þot] this.

7 ymage] visage MS.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II. C C
A Ballade, of Her that hath all Virtues.

(3)

Of Nyobe þe sure perseverance,
Of Adryane þe gret stedfastnesse,
Assured trouthe, voyde of varyaunce,
With yonge Thesbe, exsaumple of kyndenesse,
Of Cleopatres abyding stabulnesse,
Meeknesse of Hester, voyde of al outrage:
Al þis haþe nature sette in your ýmage.

(4)

Beaute surmounting with feyre Rosamounde,
And with Isawde for to beo secree,
And lych Indith in vertu to habounde,
And seemlynesse with qwene Bersabee
Innocence, fredame, and hye bountee,
Fulfilled of vertu, voyde of al damage:
Al þis haþe nature sette in youre ýmage.

(5)

What shoulde I more reherce of wommanhede?
Yee beon þe myrrour and verray exemplayre
Of whome þat worde and thought acorde in deed,
And in my sight fayrest of alle fayre,
Humble and meek, benyngne and debonayre,
Of oter vertues with al þe surplusage
Which þat nature haþe sette in youre ymage.

(6)

I seo no lack, but oonly þat daunger
Hæþe in you voyded mercy and pytee,
Þat yee list not with youre excellence
Vpon youre servantes goodely for to see;
Wher-on ful soore I compleyne me,
Þat routh is voyde to my disavauntage,
Sijþe alle þeþe vertues be sette in youre ymage.

Lenvoye.

Go, lytel balade, and recomaunde me
Vn-til hir pyte, hir mercy, and hir grace;
But first be ware aflorne, þat þou weel see
A Complaint, for Lack of Mercy.

Disdayne and daunger be voyde oute of þat place,  
For elys þou mayst haue leysier noon, ner space,  
Truvely to hir to done my message,  
Which haþe alle vertues sette in hir ymage.

Little Balade, ask her to exile Disdain.

2. A COMPLAINT, FOR LACK OF MERCY.

[MS. Univ. Lib. Cam. Ff. 1. 6, leaves 152, back, to 153.]

(1)  
Grettere mater of dol an[d] heuynesse,  
Noe more cause haith no man to complayne  
Than y, alas ! wich 1 langwysche yn sekenesse,  
And at m yn herte abyde the dedely payne,  
Which daye and nyght dothe me so constreyne ;  
Suche a cotydyan halt me so greusly,  
And, worse than deth, my leche dothe disdeyne  
Me to recure, for lacke of mercy.

(2)  
The salt teres that fro myn yan reyne,  
Theyre tyme spente yn wepyng, & not els,  
Which may be called the petows fides twyne ;  
And þe hede sprynge with his whofull welles  
of dedly constreynte my corage so compellys,  
Lyke Nyobe and Myrra fast by,  
Wiche wepten euer, as theyre story tellys,  
Withoute recure, for lacke of mercy.

(3)  
Whate vayleth vertu wiche is not treteabill ?  
Recure of sykenesse is hasty medecyne.  
Whate vayleth bewte which ys nat mercyabill ?  
Whate vayleth a sterre when hit do nat schyne,  
Or grete poure that lyste nat to declyne  
His heres downe, to here pytusly  
Compleynyt of nedy, whiche yn theyre payne  
Crye 3 for recur, and there is no mercy.

C C 2
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(4)

Achilles sverde the egge was keruy\[n]g,  
The plat therof was softe and recureabile;  
Wounded of \[e\]egge was mortall yn werkyng,  
The fatall plate was medycynabill;  
\[And\] and thof so be of feith \[p\]at ye be stable,  
Nere \[p\]at gode hope toke hede for my party,  
I nere but dede, pleyne\[l\]ly, \[p\]is is no fable,  
Withoute recure, for lacke of mercy.  

3. THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

[From MS. Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 20, back, to 30.]

Complaynte of a Loners Lyfe.  [leaf 20, back]

In May, when Flora, the fressh[e] lusty queene,  
The soyle hath clad in grene, rede, and white;  
And Phebus gan to shede his stremes shene  
Amyd the Bole, wyth al the bemes bryght;  
\[And\] And Lucifer, to chace awey the nyght,  
MSS. : Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 20, back, to 30 = F; Tanner 346, leaves 48, back, to 59 = T; Bodley 638, leaves 1-4, back = B (incomplete, beg. 468); Digby 181, leaves 31-39 = D; Selden B 24, leaves 120, back, to 129, back = S; Magdalene Coll. Camb. Pepys 2006, pp. 1-17 = P; B. M. Adds. 16165, leaves 190, back, to 200, back = A. Prints: Chapman and Myllar = C; de Worde = V; Thynne 1532 = Th. Astro\[n\]an MS. not consulted. Title A : leaf 190. And here filowyng begynne\[e] a right lusty amorous balade made in wyse of complaynt of a right worshipful knyght \[p\]at truly euer serued his lady euenduryng grete disese by fals envye and malebouche made by Lydegate. B as in F. The complaint of ye black Knight T P Th. (xvi. c hand). Pe man in pe erber D. A complaynte of / An amorous knyght A. (Running titles: pe complaynte in love / made by Lidegate—pe compleynt of pe lover—pe complaynte of a Knight made by Lidegate—Compleynt of a trewe knight in his ladies servyce—Complayut in loves servyce—Lenvoye of dann John [\[a\]lt.] ) Here begynnys the mayng or disport of Chancer C. The complaynte of a louers lyfe W.  
1 fressh\[e\] om. D fresche S P A C W. 2 hadde P. red grene T. gene whit and red A. rede quhite grene a-richt S C. 3 shede\[z\] shewe P. 4 Amiddles A. the[\]l his S C. 5 with bemy of delyte A. chacen T. chace pe night als tyte A.  

1 Mere dialectal variants of this Scottish text are disregarded.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Ayen the morowe our orysont hath take,
To byd[de] lovers out of her slepe awake,

(2)
And hertys heuy for to reconforte
From dreryhed of heuy nyghtis sorowe:
Nature bad hem ryse and [hem] disporte,
Ageyn the goodly, glad[e], grey[e] morowe,
And Hope also, with Saint Iohn to borowe
Bad in dispite of Daunger and Dispeyre,
For to take the holosome lusty eyre.

(3)
And wyth a sygh [I] gan for to abreyde
Out of my slombre, and sodenly out stert
As he, alas; that nygh for sorowe deyde,
My sekenes sat ay so nygh myn hert
But for to fynde socour of my smert,
Or attelest summe relesse of [my] peyn,
That me so sore halt in euery veyn,

(4)
I rose anon, and thoght I wol[de] goon
Vnto the wode, to her the briddes sing,
When that the mysty vapour was agoon,
And clere and feyre was the morownyng,
The dewe also lyk syluer in shynyng
Pon the leves, as eny bavme suete,
Til firy Tytan with hys persaunt hete

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(5)

Had dried vp the lusty lycour nyw
Vpon the herbes in [the] grene mede,
And that the floures of mony dyuers hywe
Vpon her stalkes gunse for to sprede,
And for to splay[en] out her leves on brede
Ageyn the sunse, golde-borne in hys spere,
That down to hem cast hys bemes clere.

(6)

by a river,
And by a ryuer forth I gan costey,
Of water clere as berel or cristal,
Til at the last I founde a lytil wey
Tovarde a parke, enclosed with a wal
In compas rounde ; and by a gate smal,
In to this parke, walled with grene stoon.

(7)

birds sang.
And in I went to her the briddes songe,
Which on the braunches, bothe in pleyn [and] vale,
So loude songe that al the wode ronge,
Lyke as hyt sholde sheuer in pesis smale ;
And as me thoght[e] that the nyghtyngale
Wyth so grete myght her voys gan out wrest,
Ryght as her hert for love wolde brest.

(8)

All was fair,
The soyle was pleyn, smothe, and wonder softe,
Al ouer-sprad wyth tapites that Nature
Had made her-selfe, celured eke a-lofte
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

With bowys grene, the flo[u]res for to cure, 54
That in her beaute they may not longe endure 56
Fro al assaute of Phebus feruent fere,
Which in his spere so hote shone, and clere.

(9)
The eyre atempre, and the smothe wynde 61
Of Zepherus, amonge the blossmes whyte,
So holsomme was, and so norysshing be kynde,
That smale buddes, and rounde blomes lyte,
In maner gan of her brethe delyte,
To yif vs hope [that] their frute shal take
Ayens autumpne, redy for to shake.

(10)
I sawe ther Daphene, closed vnder rynde, 68
Grene laurer, and the holsomme pyne,
The myrre also, that wepeth euer of kynde,
The cedres high, vpryght as a lyne,
The philbert eke, that lowe dothe enclyne 70
Her bowes grene to the erthe dovne
Vnto her knyght icalled Demophovne.

(11)
Ther saw I eke [the] fresshfe[haw[e]thorne
In white motele, that so soote doth smelle,
Asshe, firre, and oke, with mony a yonge acorne,
And mony a tre mo then I can telle;
And me beforne I sawe a litel welle; 75
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Best of all was a little well, with fresh grass, and refreshing water; not like the well of Narcissus, that had his course, as I gan behold, under an hille, with quyte stremes colde.

(12)
The grauel golde, the water pure as glas, The bankys rounde the welle environyng, And softe as veluet the yonge gras, That ther vpon lustely gan spryngyn, The sute of trees a-boute compassyng Her shadowe cast, closyng the welle rounde, And al the erbes grovyng on the grounde. 1 MS. therbes.

(13)
The water was so holsom, and so vertuous, Throgh myghte of erbes grovynge [ther] beside; Nat lyche the welle wher as Narcissus Islayn was th[o]ro vengeance of Cupide, Wher so couertely he did[e] hide The greyn of deth vpon echi[e] brynk, That deth mot folowe, who that euere drynk; 91

(14)
Ne lyche the pitte of the Pegace, Vnder Parnaso, wher poetys slept; 2 Nor lyke the welle of [pure] chastite, Whiche as Dyane with her nymphes kept, When she naked in-to the water lept, That slowe Acteon 3 with his ho[u]ndes felle, 4 Oonly for he cam so nygh the welle.

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(15)
But this welle, that I her rehearse,
So holsom was, that hyt wolde aswage
Bollyn hertis, and the venym perce\(^1\)
Of pensifhede, with al the cruel rage,
And euermore refresh[e] the visage
Of hem that were in eny werynesse
Of gret labour, or fallen in distressesse.

(16)
And I that [had] throgh daunger and disdeyn
So drye a thrust, thoght I wolde assay
To tast a draght of this welle or tweyn,
My bitter langour yf hyt myght alay;
And on the banke anon dovne I lay,
And with myn hede into the welle I raght,
And of the watir dranke I a good draght.

(17)
Wher-of me thoght I was refresshed wel
Of the brynnyng that sate so nyghe my hert,
That verely anon I gan to fele
An huge part relesed of my smert;
And therwith-alle anon vp I stert,
And thoght I wolde walke[n] and se more,
Forth in the parke and in the holtys hore.

(18)
And thorgh a launde as I yede apace,
I gan about[e] fast[e] to be-holde;
I fonde anon a deyltyable place,
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

That was beset with trees yong and olde, 124
Whos names her for me shal not be tolde,
A-myde of which stode an erber grene,
That benched was with colours nyw and clene.

This erber was ful of floures ynde, 1
Into the whiche, as I beholde gan,
Be-twex an hulfere and a wodebynde,
As I was war, I sawe ther lay a man
In blake and white colour, pale and wan,
And wonder dedely also of his hiwe,
Of hurtes greene, and fresh[e] woundes nyw;

And ouer-more destreyned with sekenesse,
Besyde al this he was [ful] greuosly,
For vpon him he had a hote accesse,
That day be day him shoke ful petously,

Astonished, I started back,
And hid myself,

Whereof astonied my fote I gan with-drawe,
Gretly wondring what hit myght[e] be,
That he so lay and had[de] no felawe
Ne that I coude no wyght with him se,
Whereof I had routhe and eke pite
I gan anon, so softly as I coude,
Amonge the busshes me priuely to shroude;

For mo h6 r6 P* Jict
D. 125 Amid de A. 126 Colours] turns W. 127 Iende P.T. of ynde AS.
erbis ynde D. rynde W. 129 Bytwene W. hulfure T. haselle A.
lorere S. hoser C. an wodebyyne T. 130 So was I ware and A. ther] where T D A S P, etc. 131 white] with D. of colour P.
 coloured A. 132 was he also of hewe S C. his] om. D. 133 fresshly A. 134 euermore P W S C. 135 all this T D P A S] as thus F. as this W. full T D P A S] om. F W. 136 he] om. T P.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(22)
If that I myght in any wise espye,
What was the cause of his dedely woo,
Or why that he so pitously gan crie
On hys ffortune, and on his eure also;
With al my myght I leyde an ere to,
Euery worde to marke what he sayed[e],
Out of his swogh among as he abreyde.

(23)
But first, yf I shal make mensyoun
Of hys persone, and pleynly him discrive,
He was in sothe, with-out excepciouw,
To speke of manhod oon the best on lyve—
Ther may no man ayein[es] trouthe stryve—,
For of hys tyme, and of his age also,
He proued was, ther men shuld haue ado.

(24)
For oon the best ther of brede and lengthe
So wel ymade by good proporsiouw,
Yf he had be in his delyuer strengthe;
But thought and sekenesse wer occasioun,
That he thus lay in lamentaciouw,
Gruffe on the grounde, in place desolate,
Sole by him-self, aw[h]aped and amate.

(25)
And for me semeth that hit ys syttyng
His wordes al to put in remembraunce,
To me that herde al his compleynyng

And al the grounde of his woful chaunces,  
Yf ther-with-al I may yow do plesaunce:  
I wol to yow, so as I can anone,  
Lych as he seyde, rehers[e] euerychone.  

(26)

But who shal 1 helpe me now to compleyn?  
Or who shal now my stile guy or lede?  

O Nyobe! let now thi teres reyn  
Into my penne, and eke helpe in this nede  
Thou woful Mire, that felist my hert[e] blede  
Of pitouse wo, and my honde eke quake,  
When that I write for this mannys sake. 

(27)

For vnto wo acordeth compleynyng,  
And delful chere vnto heuynesse,  
To sorow also sighing and wepyng,  
And pitouse morenyng vnto drerynesse,  
And who that shal write[n] of 2 distresse,  
In partye nedeth to know[e] felyngly  
Cause and rote of al such malady. 

(28)

But I, alas, that am of wytte but dulle  
And haue no knowyng of suche mater,  
For to discryve and wryte[n] at the fulle  
The wofull compleynt, which that ye shul here;  
But euen-like as doth a skryuener,  
That can no more what that he shal write,  
But as his maister beside dothe endyte:

---

Ryght so fare I, that of no sentement
Sey ryght noght as in conclusioum,
But as I herde, when I was present,
This man compleyn[e] wyth a pytouse soun ;
For euen-lych, wythout addissyou[n],
Or disencresse, outh[er] mor or lesse,
For to rehearse anon I wol me dresse.

And yf that eny now be in this place,
That fele in love brennyng or fervence,
Or hyndered were to his lady grace,
With false tonges, that with pestilence
Sle trwe men, that neuer did offence
In worde ne dede, ne in their entent—
Yf eny such be here now present,

Let hym of routhe ley to audyence
With deleful chere, and sobre contenaunce,
To here this man be ful high sentence,
His mortal wo, and his perturbaunce
Compleynyng, now lying in a traunce,
With loke vp-cast, and [with ful] reuful chere,
Theeffect of which was as ye shal here.

Compleynt.

The thought oppressed with inward sighes sore,
The peynful lyve, the body langwyshing,
The woful gost, the hert[e] rent and tore,
The Complaint of the Black Knight

The petouse chere pale in compleynyng,
    The dedely face lyke asshes in shynyng,
The salt[e] teres that fro myn yen falle,
    Parcel declare grounde of my peynes alle.

(33)
Whos hert ys grounde to blode on heuynesse,
    The thoght resseyt of woo and of compleynt,
The brest is chest of dule and drerynesse,
    With hote and colde my acces ys so meynt,
Now I shyer, now I sweat;
That now I shyer for defaute of hethe,
And hote as glede now sodenly I suete.

(34)
Now hote as fire, now colde as asshes dede,
    Now hote for colde, [now colde] for hethe ageyn,
Now colde as ise, now as coldes rede
    For hethe I bren, and thus betwyxe 1 tweyn 1 MS. betwyx.
    I possed am, and al forcast in peyn,
So that my hethe pleyynly as I fele
Of greuouse colde ys cause euerydele.

(35)
This ys the colde of ynwarde high dysdeyn,
    Colde of dyspite, and colde of cruel hate ;
This is the colde that euere doth besy peyn,
    Ayen[e]s trouthe to fight[en] and debate ;
This 2 ys the colde that wolde the fire abate 3 MS. Thus. 243

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Of trwe menyng, alas, the harde while;
This ys the colde that will me begile.

(36)
For euere the better that in trouthe I ment,
With al my myght feythfully to serue,
With hert and al to be dilygent,
The lesse thanke, alas, I can deserue.
Thus for my trouthe Daunger doth me sterue;
For oon that shuld my deth of mercie let,
Hath made Dispite now his suerd to whet

(37)
Ayen[e]s me, and his arowes to file,
To take vengeaunce of wilful cruelte,
And tonges fals through her sleghtly wile
Han gonne a werre that wol not stynted be,
And fals Envye of wrathe, and Enemyte
Haue conspired ayens al ryght and lawe,
Of her malis, that Trouthe shal be slawe.

(38)
And Male-bouche gan first the tale telle,
To sclaundre Trouthe of Indignaciouw,
And Fals-report so loudre ronge the belle,
That Mys-beleve and Fals-suspeciouw
Haue Trouthe brought to hys dannaciouw,
So that alas wrongfully he dyeth,
And Falsnes now his place occupieth,

(39)
And entred ys in-to Trouthes londe,
And hath therof the ful possessyouw.
O ryghtful God ! that first the trouthe fonde,
How may this be?

How may thou suffre such oppressyon,
That Falsed shuld have iuryshdixion
In Trouthes ryght, to sle him gilt[es]?
In his fraunchize he may not lyve in pes.

Falsly accused, and of his foon for-iuged,
Without ansuer, while he was absent,
He damned was, and may not ben excused:
For Cruelte satte in iugement
Of Hastynesse with-out avisement,
And bad Disdeyn do execute anon
His iugement in presence of hys fon.

No attorney was allowed him.
Attorney non ne may admytted ben
To excuse Trouthe, ne a worde to speke;
To Feyth or Othe the Iuge list not sen,
Ther ys no geyn but he wil be wreke.

O Lorde of Trouthe! to The I calle and clepe:
How may Thou se thus in Thy presence,
With-out[e] mercy mordred Innocence?

God! see how I die for Truth,
And seest how I lye for Trouthe bounde,
So sore knyttte in loves fyry cheyn,
Euen at the deth throgirt wyth mony a wounde,
That lykly ar neuer for to sounde,
And for my trouthe am damned to the dethe,
And noght abide but drawe alonge the brethe:

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(43)
Consider and se in thyn eternal sight,
How that myn hert professed whilom was,
For to trwe with al my ful[le] myght
Oonly to oon the which[e] now, alas!
Of volunte, withoute more trespas,
Myn accusurs hath taken vnto grace,
And cherissheth hem my deth for to purchace.

(44)
What meneth this? what ys this wonder vre
Of purveance, yf I shal hit calle,
Of God of Love, that fals hem so assure,
And trew, alas! down of the whole be falle?
And yet in sothe this is the worst of alle,
That Falshed wrongfully of Trouth hath the name,
And Trouthe ayenwarde of Falshed bereth the blame.

(45)
This blynde chaunce, this stormy aventure
In love hath most his experience;
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure,
Shal for his meede fynde most offence,
That serueth love with all his diligence;
For who can fynye vnder loulyhede,
Ne fayleth not to fynde grace and spede.

(46)
For I loved on ful longe sythe agoon
With al my hert[e], body and ful[le] myght,
And to be ded my hert[e] can not goon

LYDGATE M.P.—II.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

From his hest, but hold that he hath hight;
Though I be banysshed out of her syght,
And by her mouthe damned that I shal deye,
Vnto my behest yet I wil euer obeye.

(47)
For euer sithe that the worlde began,
Who so lyste loke[n] and in storie rede,
He shal ay fynde that the trwe man
Was put abake, wer-as the falshede
I-furthered was ; for Love taketh non hede
To sle the trwe, and hath of hem no charge,
Wher-as the fals goth frely at her large.'

(48)
Palamides,
The trwe man, the noble worthy knyght,
That euer loved, and of hys peyne no relese,
Not-withstondyng his manhode and his myght
Love vnto him did ful grete vnright,
For ay the bette he did in chevalrye,
The more he was hindred by Envye;

(49)
And ay the bette he dyd in euer place,
Throgh his knyghthode, and [his] besy peyn,
The ferther was he fro his ladys grace,
For to her mercie myght he neuer ateyn;
And to his deth he coude hyt not refreyn
For no daunger, but ay obey 1 and serue,
As he best coude pleylyn til he sterue.

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(50)
What was the fyne also of Ercules,
   For al his conquest and his worthynesse, * MS. worthynesse.  
That was of strengthe alone pereles?
   For lyke as bokes of him list expresse,
He set[te] pilers sq thro his high provesse,  * MS. periles. 348 who set up the pillars
Away at Cades, for to signifie,
That no man myght hym passe in cheualrie.  350

(51)
The whiche pilers ben ferre by-yonde Ynde
   Be-set of golde, for a remembraunce;
And for al that was he sete behynde
    With hem that Love list febly avaunce;
For [he] him set last vpon a daunce,
Ayen[e]s whom helpe may no strife,
For al his trouth[e] [sit] he lost his lyfe.  357

(52)
Phebus also for al his persaunt lyght,
   When that he went her in erthe lowe,
Vnto the hert with [fresshe] Venus sight
    Ywounded was, th[o]ro Cupides bowe,
And yet his lady list him not to knowe,
Thogh for her love his hert[e] did[e] blede,
She let him go, and toke of him non hede.  364

(53)
What shal I say of yong[e] Piramus?
   Of trwe Tristram for al his high renovne?
Of Achilles or of Antonyus?  * MS. Antonyas.

---

345 his (2) om. W.  347 liste of hym T A W. can of him S C.
348 Ben sette A. Ysett S C. Sette D.  353 sit was S. sete] pat D.  354 feobully tavaunce A. to awance ins. P W.  355 he
A] om. F. etc. at pe last ins. A. a] the D. chance P.  356
quois help may non stryve S C.  357 for loue he ins. A.  357 he
S C] om. F. etc. lyve S C.  358 for] wyth C. all T. etc.] as F.
359 whanne he dwelt A. he] sche P.  360 the] his A. herte T.
goddes Venus A. fresche Venus S. Venus] Phebus T.  361 He
woundid D A. with Cupidis owne S C.  362 his] this T. yet]
om. A. not him to A D S C.  363 he for her ins. S. her] his A.
herte dide T. hert did F. did offt A.  364 led] bade A.  365
yonge T A D. Pyramus A W D.  366 Troy Tristram D. * high]
on. A. grate D.
Arcite and Palamoun,

Of Arcite or of him Palamovne?
What was the ende of her passion
But after sorowe dethe and then her graue.
Lo her the guerdon that [thes] louers haue!

(54)

Jason,

But false Iasoun with his doublenesse.
That was vntrwe at Colkos to Mede,

Tereus,

And Tereus, rote of vnkyndenesse,
And with these two eke the fals Ene:
Lo thus the fals, ay in oon degre,
Had in love her lust and al her wille,
And save falshed ther was non other skille.

(55)

Of Thebes eke [loo] the fals Arcite,
And Demophon eke for his slouthe,
They had her lust and al that myght delyte,
For al her falshede and [hir] grete vntrouthe.
Thus euer Love, alas, and that is routhe,
His fals[e] legys furthereth what he may,
And sleeth the trwe vngoo[d]ly day be day.

(56)

For trwe Adon was slayn with the bore
Amyde the forest in the grene shade,
For Venus love he felt al the sore.
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The foule cherle had many nyghtis glade,
Wher Mars her [worthy] knyght, her [trewe] man,
To fynde mercy comfort noon he can.

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(57)

Also the yonge fressh Ipomones,
So lusty fre as of his corage,
That for to serue with al his hert [he] ches
Athalans, so feire of her visage;
But Love, alas, quyte him so his wage
With cruel Daunger pleynly at the last,
That with the dethe guerdonlesse he past.

(58)

Lo her the fyne of lover[e]s seruise!
Lo how that Love can his seruantis quyte!
Lo how he can his feythful men dispise,
To sle the trwe men, and fals to respite!
Lo how he doth the suerde of sorowe byte
In hertis suche as must his lust obey,
To save the fals and do the trwe dey!

(59)

For feythe nor othe, worde ne assuraunce,
Trwe menyng, awayte, or besynesse,
Stil[le] port ne feythful attendaunce,
Manhode ne myght in armes worthinesse,
Pursuite of wurschip, nor [no] high provesse
In straunge londe rydinge, ne trauayle,
Ful lyte or noght in love dothe avayle.

(60)

Peril of dethe, nother in se ne londe
Hungre ne thrust, sorowe ne sekenesse,
Ne grete emprises for to take on honde,
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Shedyng of blode, ne manful hardynesse,
Nor ofte woundynge at sawtes by distresse,
Nor iupartyng of lyfe, nor dethe also:
Al ys for noghte, Love taketh non hede thereto.

(61)

But Lesynges with her fals flaterye,
Thro her falsed and with her doublenesse,
With tales new, and mony feyned lye,
By False-Semlaunce, and Contrefet-Humblesse,
Vnder colour depeynt with Stidfastnesse,
With Fraude cured vnder a pitouse face,
Accept ben now rathest vnto grace,

(62)

And can hem-self now best[e] magnifie
With feyned port and presumpson.
They haunce her cause with fals Surquedrie,
Vnder menyng of Double-Entencion,
To thenken on in her opynyon
And sey another, to set hym-selfe alofte,
And hynder Tr[o]uthe, as hit ys seyn ful ofte.

(63)

The whiche thing I bye now al to dere,
Thanked be Venus and the god Cupide!
As hit is seen by myn oppressed chere,
And by his arowes that stiken in my syde,
That safe the dethe I no thing abide
Fro day to day, alas, the harde while,
When enure hys dart that hym list to fyle,

I suffer for it.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(64)
My woeful hert[e] for to ryve atwo,
For faute of mercye, and lake of pite
Of her that causeth al my peyn and woo,
And list not ones of grace for to see
Vnto my trouthe throug her cruelte.
And most of al [sit] I me compleyn
That she hath ioy to laughen at my peyn,

(65)
And wilfully-hath my dethe [y] sworne,1 [leaf 27] 1 MS. sworone.
Al gilt[elles and wote no cause why,
Safe for the trouthe that I have hade aforne
To her alone to serue feythfully.
O God of Love! vnto the I crie,
And to thy blende double deyte
Of this grete wrong I compleyn[e] me,

(66)
And vnto thy stormy wilful variaunce,
I-meynt with chaunge and gret vnstabl[en]esse,
Now vp, now down, so rennyng is thy chaunce,
That the to trust may be no sikernesse;
I wite hit no-thinge but thi doublenesse.
And who that is an archer, and ys blynde,
Marketh nothing, but sheteth by wenynge;

(67)
And for that he hath no discrecion,
With-oute avise he let his arowe goo,
For lak of syght and also of resoun.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

In his shetyng hit happeth oft[e] soo,
To hurt his frende rathir then his foo : 467

Thou slayest

So doth this god with his sharpe flon,
The trwe sleeth and leteth the fals[e] gon. 469

the true

only.

(68)

And of his wounded this is the worst of alle,
When he hurtteth he dothe so cruel wreekhe,
And maketh the seke for to crie and calle
Wnto his foo for to ben his leche,

It is doubly
hard for one

to seek
mercy of his foe,

And hard[1] hit ys for a man to seche,
Vnto the poynt of dethe in [iu]-pardie,
Vnto his foo to fynde remedye. 476

(69)

Thus fareth hit now even[ly] by me,
That to my foo that yaf my hert a wounde,
as I must.

Mot axe grace, mercie, and pite,
And namely ther wher noon may be founde ;
For now my sore my leche wol confounde
And god of kynde so hath set myn vre,
My lyves foo to haue my wounde in cure. 483

(70)

Alas, Alas the while now that I was borne ! [leaf 27, back]
Or that I euer saugh the bright[e] sonne !

That to my foo that yaf my hert a wounde,
For now I see that ful longe aforoe,
Er I was borne, my destanye was sponne
By Parcas sustren, to sle me if they conne, 488
For they my dethe shopen or my shert,
Oonly for trouthe I may hit not astert.

(71)

Nature has been

The myghty Goddesse also of Nature,
That vnder God hath the gouernaunce
Of worldly thinges commytted to her cure,

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Disposed hath thro her wyse purveaunce,
To yive my lady so moche suffisaunce
Of al vertues, and therwith-al purvyde
To mordre Trouthe, hath taken Daunger to guyde.

(72)
For bounte, beaute, shappe, and semelyhed,
Prudence, wite, passyngly fairenesse,
Benigne port, glad chere with louslyhed,
Of womanhed ryght plentevous largesse,
Nature in her fully did empresse,
Whan she her wroght, and altherlast Dysdeyne,
To hinder Trouthe, she made her chambreleyne.

(73)
When Mystrust also, and Fals-suspecion,
With Mys-Belive she made for to be
Chefe of counseyle to this conclusion,
For to exile Routhe and eke Pite,
Out of her court to make Mercie fle,
So that Dispite now haldeth forth her reyn,
Thro hasty beleve of tales that men feyn.

(74)
And thus I am for my trouthe, alas!
Mordred and slayn with wordis sharp and kene,
Giltlesse, God wote, of al trespass,
And lye and blede vpon this colde grene.

And to youre grace of mercie yet I prey,
In your seruise that your man may dey.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

But and so be that I shall deye algate,¹
And that I shall non other mercy haue,
Yet of my dethe let this be the date
That by youre wille I was broght to my graue,
Or hastely yf that ye list me saue
My sharpe woundes that ake so and blede,
Of mercie charme, and also of womanhede.

For other charme pleylynys ther noon,
But only mercie, to helpe[n] in this case;
For thogh my wounde blede euere in oon,
My lyve, my deth stondeth ² in your grace;
And thogh my gilt be nothing, alace!
I axe mercie in al my best entent,
Redy to dye yf that ye assent.

For ther ayens shal I never strive
In worde ne werke, pleylynys I ne may,
For leuer I haue then to be alyve
To dye sothely, and hit be her to pay;
Ye, thogh hit be this ech[e] same day,
Or when that euer her lust to deuyse,
Sufficeth me to dye in your seruise.

And God, that knowest the thoght of euery wyght
Ryght as ³ hit is, in euery thing thou maist se,
Yet er I dye, with al my ful[le] myght,

¹ MS. alagate.
² MS. stont.
³ MS. at.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Loully I prey to graunte[n] vnto me
That ye, goodly, feir[e], fressh, and fre,
Which sle me oonly for defaut of routhe,
Er then I die, [ye] may know my trouthe.

At least, know my truth first,
then I shall be content.

(79)
For that in sothe suffic[et]he [vnto] me,
And she hit knowe in every circumstaunce;
And after I am wel[a]payed that she
Yf that her lyst of deth to do vengeaunce
Vnto me, that am vnder her legeaunce,
Hit sitte me not her doom to dysobey,
But at her lust wilfully to dey.

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

What more? In this mater more what myght I seyn,
Sithe in her honde and in her wille ys alle,
Bothe lyf and dethe, my ioy, and al my peyn;
And fynally my hest[e] holde I shall
Til my spirit, be destanye fa[ta],
When that her list, fro my body wynde;
Haue her my trouthe and thus I make an ynde.

Thus he lay sighing,
And with that worde he gan sike as sore,
Lyke as his hert[e] ryve wolde atweyne,
And holde his pese and spake a worde no more,
But for to se his woo and mortal peyn;
The teres gan[f]e fro myn eyen reyn
Ful piteusly for werry inwarde routhe,
That I hym sawe so languysshing for his trouthe.

And al this w[h]ile my-self I kep close
Amonge the bowes, and my-self gunrce hide,
Til at the last the woful man arose,
And to a logge went[e] ther be-syde,
Wher al the May his custom was to abide,
Sole to compleyn of his peynes kene,
Fro yer to yer vnder the bowes grene.

Then, as it was late,
And for be-cause that hit drowe to the nyght,
And that the sunne his arke divrnall
I-passed was, so that his persaunt lyght,
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

His bryght[e] bemes, and his stremes all
Were in the wawes of the water fall,
Vnder the bordure of our occean,
His chare of golde his course so swyftly ran;

(86)
And while the twilyght and the rowes rede
Of Phebus lyght wer deaurat a-lyte:
A penne I toke and gan me fast[e] spede,
The woful pleynyt of this man to write,
Worde be worde, as he dyd endyte;
Lyke as I herde, and coude him tho reporte,
I haue here set, your hertis to dysporte.

(87)
Iff oght be mys, leyth the wite on me,
For I am worthy for to bere the blame;
Yf eny thing mys-reported be,
To make this dite for to seme lame
Thro myn vnkylnynge, but for to seme the same
Lyke as this man his compleynt did expresse:
I axe mercie and foryeuenesse.

(88)
And as I wrote me thoght I sawe aferre,
Fer in the west lustely appere
Esperus, the goodly bryght[e] sterre,
So glad, so feire, so persaunt eke of chere,
I mene Venus with her bemys clere,
That heuy hertis oonly to releve
Is wont of custom for to shew at eve.

(89)
And I as fast fel dovn on my kne,
And euen thus to her I gan to preie:
"O lady Venus! so feire vpon to se,

The Complaint of the Black Knight.

Let not this man for his trouthe dey,
    For that ioy thou haddest when thou ley
With Mars thi knyght, whom Vulcanus founde
And with a cheyne vnvisible yow bounde,

(90)

"To-gedre both tweyne in the same while,
    That al the court above celestial,
At youre shame gan [to] laughe and smyle.
    O feire lady! wel-willy founde at al,
Comfort to carefull! O goddesse immortal!
Be helpyng now, and do thy diligence,
To let the stremes of thin influence

(91)

"Descende dovne, in furtheryng of the trouthe,
    Namely of hem that lye in sorow bounde;
Shew now thy myght, and on her wo haue rothe
    Er fals Daunger sle hem and confounde:
And specialy let thy myght be founde
For to socour, what so that thou may,
The trew[e] man, that in the erber lay;

(92)

"And al[le] trew[e] further for his sake,
    O glad[e] sterre! O lady Venus myn!
And [cause] his lady him to grace take;
    Her hert of stele to mercy so enclyne,
Er that thy bemes go vp to declyne,
And er that thou now go fro vs adovne,
For that love thou haddest to Adon."

622 whom] whon D P. quhen pat S. you T. 623 reyne
W. Inuisibly S W. 624 bothe T. both F. 625 aboute W.
626 for to ins. S C. 627 wele om. Th. 628 O T. etc.] of F.
629 thy] om. P. 630 thin] this P. 631 the] thy S. the
routhe sic D. 632 hym that lyeth P. lye B D T. he F. be
635 be] om. P. 636 that] om. C. 637 Thi C. trewe T D S.
trew F. 638 alle trewe T. The trewe D. 639 glad] goddly
S C. 640 cause B T S etc.] om. F. to hir ins. S. take] call B.
642 thy] the D. wp] om. D. 643 go now D S C. 644 pat
thou ins. S. Adamoun D. downe W.
The Complaint of the Black Knight.

(93)
And when [that] she was goon [vn]to her rest
  I rose anon, and home to bed[de] went
For werry wery, me thought hit for the best;
  Preyng thus in al my best entent,
  That all[e] trew[e], that be with daunger shent,
With mercie may, in relés of her peyn,
Recured be, er May come eft ayegyn.

(94)
Andfor that I ne may noo lenger wake,
  Farewel, ye louers all[le] that be trewe!
Prayng to God, and thus my leve I take,
  That er the sunne to morowe be ryse newe,
  And er he haue ayen his rosen hewe,
That eche of yow may haue such a grace,
His ovne lady in armes to embrace.

(95)
I mene thus, that in al honeste,
  With-oute more ye may to-gedre speke
What-so yow list at good liberte,
  That eche may to other her hert[e] breke,
On Ielosie oonly to be wreke,
That hath so longe of his malice and envie
Werred Trouthe with his tiranye.

(96)
Lenvoye.
Princes, pleseth hit your benignite
  This litil dite [for] to haue in mynde,
Of womanhede also for to se,
The Floure of Curtseys.

Your trewe[e] man may summe mercie fynde
And pite eke, that longe hath [be] be-hynde,
Let [him] ayein be prouoked to grace;
For by my trouthe hit is ayen[e]s kynde,
Fals Daunger to occupie his place.

(97)

Lenvoye de quare.

Go, little book, to my lady,
and plead for me.

Go, litel quayre, go vn-to my lyves quene,
And my verry hertis souereigne,
And be ryght glad for she shal the sene;
Such is thi grace, but I, alas, in peye
Am left behinde, and not to whom to pleyn;
For Mercie, Routhe, Grace, and eke Pite
Exiled be, that I may not ateyne,
Recure to fynde of myn 1 adversite. 1 MS. hym.

4. THE FLOURE OF CURTESY.

[From Thynne's Chaucer, 1532, leaves 283-284, back.]

In Feuerier, when the frosty moone,
Was horned ful of Phebus firy luyght,
And that she gan to reyse her streams sone,
Saynt Valentyne, vpon thy blisful nyght
Of dewetee,2 whan glad is euery wight, 2 Pr. dutie.
And foules chese, to voyde her olde sorowe,
Eueryche his make, vpon the next[e] morowe;

The Floure of Curtesye.

(2)
The same tyme, I herde a larke syng
  Ful lustely, agayne the morowe gray:
"Awake, ye louers, out of your slombringe,
  This glad[e] morowe, in al the haste ye may;
Some obseruaunce dothe vnto this day,
  Your choyse ayen of herte to renewe,
In confrmyng for euere to be trewe.

(3)
"And ye that be, of chosyng, at your large
  This lusty day, by custome of nature,
Take vpon you the blisful holy charge
  To serue Loue, whyle your lyfe may dure,
With herte, body, and al your besy cure,
  For euermore, as Venus and Cipride
For you disposeth, and the god Cupyde.

(4)
"For ioye owe we playnly to obey[e]
  Vnto this lordes mighty ordynaunce,
And, mercylesse, rather for to d[e]ye
  Than euuer in you be fownden varyaunce,
And at your herte closed be your wounde,
Beth alway one, there as ye are bounde."

(5)
That whan I had herde, and lysted longe,[leaf 283, back]
  With deuoute herte, the lusty melodye
Of this heuenly comfortable songe,
  So agreable as by ermonye,
I rose anon, and faste gan me hye
  Towarde a groue, and the way [to] take,
Foules to sene eueryche chose his make.

(6)
And yet I was ful thursty in languisshyng;
  Myn ague was so ferman in his hete
Whan Aurora, for drery complaynyng,
  Can distyl her chrystal teeres wete
Vpon the soyle, with syluer dewe so swete,
  For she durste, for shame, not apere
Vnder the lyght of Phebus beames clere.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
And so, for anguysshe of my paynes kene,
And for constraynte of my sighes sore,
I sat beneath a laurel,
Ful pitously ; and alway more and more,
As I behelde into the holtes hore,
I gan complayne myn inwarde deedly smerte,
That aye so sore craunpisshed ¹ myn herte.

And whyle that I, in my drery payne
Sate and behelde aboute on euery tre
The foules sytte, alway twayne and twayne,
Than thought I thus, “Alas, what may this be,
That euery foule hath his lyberte
Frely to chose after his desyre
Everyche his make thus, fro yere to yere ?

They are all free,
“The sely wrenne, the tytemose also,
The lytel redbrest, haue free election
To flyen yfere and togyther go
Where as hem lyst, aboute enuyron,
As they of kynde haue inclynacion,
And as Nature, emp[e]resse and gyde,
Of euery thyng lyst[e] to prouyde.

“But man alone, alas, the harde stounde,
Ful cruelly, by kyndes ordynaunce,
Constrayned is, and by statute bounde,
And debarred from al suche plesaunce
What meneth this ?  What is this puruayaunce
Of God aboue, agayne al right of kynde,
Without[e] cause, so narowe man to bynde ?”

Thus may I se[y]ne, and playne[n] [eke], alas !
My woful houre and my disauenure,
That doulfully stonde in the same caas,
So ferre behynde, from al helth and cure.
My wounde abydeth lyke a sursanure,
For me Fortune so felly lyste dispose,
My harme is hyd, that I dare not disclose.

¹ Pr. crampesshat.
The Floure of Curtesye.

(12)  
For I my herte haue set in suche a place
    Wher I am neuer lykely for to spede,
So ferre I am hyndred from her grace
    That saue Daunger I haue none other mede;
And thus, alas! I not who shal me rede
Ne for myne helpe shape remedye,
For Male-bouche, and for false Enuye;

(13)  
The whiche twayne aye stondeth in my wey
    Malyciously, and false Suspection
Is very cause also that I dey,
    Gynnyng and rote of my distruction,
With her traynes that they wol me shende,
Of my labour that dethe mote make an ende.

(14)  
Yet, or I dye, with herte, wyl, and thought
    To God of Loue this auowe I make:
As I best can, howe dere that it be bought,
    Where so it be that I slepe or wake,
As I haue heyght, plainly, tyl I sterue,
For wel or wo, that I shal her serue.

(15)  
And for her sake nowe this holy tyme,
    Saynt Valentyne! somwhat shal I write,
Al-though so be that I can not ryme,
    Nor curyously by no crafte endyte,
In vnconnyng than in neglygence,
Whateuer I saye of her excellence.

(16)  
Whateuer I say, it is of du[we]te,
    In sothfastnesse, and no presumpcion;
This I ensure to you that shal it se,
    That it is al vnder correction,
Of her, that I shal to you, as blyue,
So, as I can, her vertues here discryue.
My lady passeth all, like Lucifer, like the ruby, the rose, the mirror of beauty.

Ryght by example as the somer sonne Passeth the sterre with his beames shene, And as the ruby hath the soueraynte Of ryche stones and the regalye, of beauty. Glad, yet reason rules her.

My lady passeth, who so taketh hede, Al tho alyue to speke of womanhede. She passeth al in bountie and fayrenesse, Of maner eke, and of gentynnesse.

The mirror of beauty.

The very myrrour, and of gouernaunce To al example, withouten varyaunce. The Floure of Curtesye.

For she is bothe the fayrest and the beste, To reken al in very sothfastnesse ; For every vertue is in her at reste, And furthermore, to speke of stedfastnesse, She is the rote, and of semelynesse

The very myrrour, and of gouernaunce

To al example, withouten varyaunce.

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The mirror of beauty.

The very myrrour, and of gouernaunce To al example, withouten varyaunce.
And there to speke of femynyte,
    The leste mannyssh in comparyson,
Goodly abasshed, hauyng aye pyte
    Of hem that ben in trybulacion,
For she alone is consolacion
To al that arne in mischefe and in nede,
To conforte hem of her womanhede.

And aye in vertue is her besy charge,
    Sadde and demure, and but of wordes fewe,
Dredeful also of tonges that ben large,
    Eschewyng aye hem that lyste to he we i
Aboue her heed, her wordes for to shewe,
Dishonestly to speke of any wight ;
She deedly hateth of hem to haue a syght.

The herte of whom so honest is and clene,
    And her entent so faythful and entere
That she ne may, for al the worlde, sustene
    To suffre her eeres any worde to here
Of frende nor foe neyther ferre ne nere
Amysses resowning, pat hynder shulde his name,
And if she do, she wexeth reed for shame.

So trevely in menyng she is in-sette,
Without chaungyng or any doublenesse ;
For bountie and beautie are togyther knette
    On her persone vnder faythfulnesse ;
For voyde she is of newfanglenesse,
In herte aye one, for euer to perseuer
There she is sette, and neuer to disseuer.

I am to rude her vertues everychone
    Cunnyngly to discryue and write,
For, wel ye wot, colour haue I none
    Lyke her discrecion craftely to endyte,
For what I say, al it is to lyte ;
Wherfore to you thus I me excuse,
That I aqueynted am not with no muse.
Nature could not mend her.

She is equal to Polyxena, Helen, Dorigen, Cleopatra, Esther, Judith, Alcestis, Marcia, Ariadne, Lucrece, Peu elope, Phyllis, Dido, Medea; indeed better than they.

By rethorike my style to goueme
In her preise and commendacion,
I am to blynde so hylye to discerne
Of her goodnesse to make discrypccion,
Saue thus I say, in conclusyon,
If that I shal shortly [her] commend,
In her is naught that Nature can amende.

For good she is, lyke to Polycene,
And in fayrenesse to the quene Helayne,
Stedfast of herte as was Dorigene
And wyfely trouthe, if I shal not fayne,
In constaunce eke and faythe, she may attayne
To Cleopatre, and therto as secre ¹
As was of Troye the whyte Antygone.

As Hester meke, lyke Judith of prudence
Kynde as Alcest or Marcia Catoun,
And to Grisylde lyke in pacience,
And Ariadne of discrecioun,
She may be lykened, as for honeste,
And for her faythe, vnto Penelope.

To fayre Phyllis and to Hipsyphilee
For innocence and for womanhede,
For semelynnesse vnto Canace;
And ouer this, to spoke of goodlyhede,
She passeth al that I can of rede,
For worde and dede, that she naught ne fal,
Acorde in vertue, and her werkes al.

For though that Dydo with wytte sage
Was in her tyme stedfast to Enee,
Of hastynesse yet she dyd outrage,
And so for Iason dyd also Medee;
But my lady is so auysee
That, bountie and beautie bothe in her demeyne,
She maketh bountie alway souerayne.
The Flower of Curtesye.

This is to meane, bountie gothe afore,

   Lad by prudence, and hath the soueraynte,
And beautie foloweth, ruled by her lore,
   That she ne fende her in no degre;
So that, in one, this goodly fresshe fre
Surmountynge al, withouten any were,
Is good and fayre in one persone yfere.

And though that I, for very ignoraunce,
Ne may discryue her vertues by and by,
Yet on this day, for a remembraunce,
Onely supported vnder her mercy,
   With quakyng honde, I shal ful humbly
To her hynesse, my rudenesse for to quyte,
A lytel balade here byneth endyte.

Euer as I can suprise in myn herte,
   Alway with feare, betwyxt drede and shame,
Leste out of lose any worde asterte
   In this metre to make it seme lame;
   Chaucer is deed, that had suche a name
   Of fayre makyng, that, without[en] wene,
Fayrest in our tonge, as the laurer grene.

We may assay for to countrefete
   His gay[e] style, but it wyl not be;
The welle is drie, with the lycoure swete,
   Bothe of Clye and of Caliope;
   And, first of al, I wol excuse me
To her that is grounde of goodlyhede,
And thus I say vntyl her womanhede:

   Balade Symple
   "With al my might and [in] my best entent,
   With al the faythe that mighty God of kynde
   Me yaue, synth he me soule and knowyng sent,
   I chese, and to this bonde euer I me bynde,
   To loue you best, whyle I haue lyfe and mynde."
Thus herde I foules, in the dawenyng,
Vpon the day of Saynte Valentyne synge.
A Gentlewoman’s Lament.

(37)
"Yet chese I, at the begyning, in this entent,
   To loue you, though I no mercy fynde,
And if you lyste I dyed, I wolde assent,
   As euer twynne I quicke out of this lyn[de].
Suffyseth me to sene your fethers ynde."
Thus herde I foules in the mor[stenyng]
Vpon the daye of Saynte Valentyne synge.

(38)
"And ouer this, myne hertes luste to bente,
   In honour onely of the wodde-bynde,
Holy I yeue, neuer to repente
   In ioye or wo, where-so that I wynde
To fore Cupyde, with his eyen blynde."
The foules al, whan Tytan dyd springe,
   With deuoute hert, me thought I herde synge.

Lenouye
Princesse of beautie, to you I represent
This symple dyte, rude as in makynge,
   Of herte and wyl faythful in myn entent,
Lyke as this day foules herde I synge.

Here endeth the Floure of Curtesy

5. A GENTLEWOMAN’S LAMENT.

1 And here begynnepe a balade sayde by a gentil-
womman whiche loued a man of gret estate.

(1)
Alas! I wooful creature,
   Lyving betweene hope and dreed,
Howe might I je woo endure,
   In tendrenesse of wommanhede,
   In langoure ay my lyff to leede,
And sette myn hert in suche a place,
   Wher as I, be liklyhede,
Am euer vnlyke to stonde in grace!

2251, leaves 250, back, and 251, back = H; B. M. Adds. 29729,
leaves 160–161 = A. Title: A adds; made by Lydgate.
419

A Gentlewoman's Lament.

(2)

Yet is so gret a difference
   Tweene his manheed and my symplese,
Yet danger by gret vyolence
   Hape me brought in gret distresse;
   And yit in verray sikurnesse,
Foughe my desyre I neuer atteyne,
   Yit withoute doublenesse
To love him best I shal not feyne.

The distance is too great.

(3)

For whane we were ful tendre of yeeris,
   Flouring boojhe in oure chyldhood,
   In youth we played and loved,
   Wee sette to nothing oure desyres,
   Sauf vn-to playe, and tooke noon heede,
   And Love gaf me for my meede
   A knotte in hert of remembraunce,
   Which ȝat neuer may beo vnbounde,
   Hit is so stedfast and so truwe,
   For alwey oone I wol beo founde
   His womman, and chaunge for no nuwe!
   Wolde God ȝe sooȝe ȝat he knewe,
   Howe offt I sighe for his saake,
   And he me list not onys ruwe,
   Ne yyveȝe no force, what ȝvell I make.

And Love gave me a knot,

(4)

His poore, his cheere, and his fygure
   Beon euer present in my sight,
   Never to be loosed.
   In whos absence eekte I ensure,
   I cane neuer be gladde ne light:
   Fore he is my chosen knyght,
   Faughe hit to him ne beo not kouȝe,
   And so hape he beon bope day and night,
   Truly fro my tendre youȝe.

He is my chosen knight.

(5)

Empynted in myn inwarde thought,
   And alwey shal til ȝat I deye,

(6)

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Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
My Lady Dere.

Out of myn hert he partepe nought,

Ne neuer shal, I dare weel seye.¹

His loue so soore me doope werreye,

God grant it.

God graunt hit tourne for þe best!

For I shal neuer, I dare wel sey,

Without his love lyve in rest.

A trouthe in tendre aage gonne,

Of loue with longe perseveraunce,

In my persone so sore is ronne,

Pat þer may beo no varyaunce;

For al myn hertes souffysaunce

Is, wheþer þat I waake or wynk,

To haue hooly my remembraunce

On his persone, so mychil I thynk!

6. MY LADY DERÉ.

[MS. B.M. Adds. 16165, leaves 249, back, to 251, back.]

²Amerous balade by Lydegate made at departynge³ of

Thomas Chauciers on þe kynges ambassade into

Fraunce.

¹ MS. I shal.

Every one

Every maner creature

Disposéd vn-to gentylesse,

Boþe of kynde and of nature,

 успех where his desire is,

Hæpe in hert[e] most gladnesse

Fo[r] tabyde in sothfastnesse

Wher his ioye is most entier,

And I lyve euer in hevynesse

But whenne I se my lady dere.

44 neuer I TA neuer H.

MSS. B. M. Adds. 16165, leaves 249, back, to 251, back = B;
Harley 367, leaf 67, and back = H; Bodl. Ashmole 59, leaves 45,
back, to 47, back = A. Title in A: Here folowþe next a compleynt
made by Lydegate for þe departing of Thomas Chaucier in-to
Fraunce by his seruauntz upon þe kynges ambassade. Running
titles. At Chauncers departinge in-to fraunce of Ambassade. Balade
made by Lidigate dann John. Balade with Lenvoye, B. absences
of Thomas Chaucier by Lidigate. Balade by Lidgate. Lidigate
see my lady dere. On these (errounes) titles see Note, p. 657.
4 his hert ins. A H. 5 þor A H. ʃʃo B. 6 wher þat ins. A.
My Lady Dere.

(2)
Eke euery wight of verray kynde
Is glad and mury for to abyde
Wher þat [h]is wille, þought, and mynde
Beo fully sett on euery syde,
And wher-so þat I go or ryde,
I ne can be glad in no maner,
As God and Fortune list provyde,
But whanne I seo my lady der.

(3)
Who parteþe out of Paradys,
Frome þat place so ful of glorye,
Wher as Mirthe is moste [of] prys,
And Ioye haþe sourain victorye,
What wonder whane he haþe memorye,
Of al, þoughe he beo dul of chere,
For I am euer in Purgatorye
But whanne I seo my lady dere.

(4)
Þe sterres of þe heghe heven
Feyrest shyne vn-to oure sight,
And þe planetis alle seven
Moost fulsomly yif þer hir light;
And Phebus with his bemis bright
Gladdest shyneþ in his speere,
But I am neuer glad ner light
Save whanne I seo my lady dere.

(5)
Eke Phebus in oure enmyspirye,
After derknesse of þe night,
At his vpryst [yolowe as golde clere]
Eryly on morowe, of kyndely right,
Whanne cloudis blake haue no might
To chace awey his bemyys clere;
Right so frome sorowe I stonde vpright
Whane þat I se my lady der.
My Lady Dere.

(6)
Ye foole, that flye in ye eyre,
And freshely singe and mirthes make,
In May ye sesoun is so feyre,
With all ye right ope hem awake,
Reioyes ye eueriche with his make,
With hue heuencly notes cleer;
Right us al sorowe in me dope slake
Whanne ye I se my lady der.

(7)
Ye hert, that hynde in ye forest
Moost luste beo of ye reyre corage,
And euerey maner ope beest,
Bope ye tame and eke sauve,
Stonden most at avantage
In laundis whanne ye renne efeer;
Ye us euer glad is my visage
Whanne ye I se my lady der.

(8)
I dare eke seyne ye buck and do
Amonge ye holtis hore and gay,
Ye reynder and ye wylde roo,
In mersshes haue ye reyre moste pley,
Wher ye boe voyde frome ale affraye;
And even-lyke, with-oute were,
Myn hert is glad, bope night and day,
Whanne I se ye my lady der.

(9)
What is a fissh out of the see,
For alle his scales siluer sheene,
But ded anoon, as man may se?
Or in ruyers crystal clene,
Pyke, baxe, or tenche with slynnes grene,
Out of ye water whanne ye appere?
Ye us deythe darte ye myn hert[e] kene
Per I se naught my lady der.

My Lady Dere.

(10)

Ye ruby stande best in ye rynge
Of gold whanne hit is polisshed newe, [leaf 251]
The ruby needs the ring.

Yemerade eke is ay lasting
Whil hit abydepe with his hert truwe, 76
Ye saphyre with his heavely hewe
Makepe gounded eyen clere;
Yus my ioye doepe ay renewe
Whanne pat I se my lady dere. 80

(11)

Ye floures on yeyre stalkis vncloose, [the flowers need the sun,

Springyng in pe bavmy med,

Ye lylies and ye swoote roos,

Ye dayesyes, who takepe hede,

Whanne Phebus doepe his bemys spred

In somer, lyke as men may lere;

So glad am I in thought and ded,

Whanne pat I seo my lady der. 88

(12)

In somer whanne pe sheene sunne
Hape shewed bright a grete space,
And towardes night pe skyes dunne

His clernesse doepe awey enchace;

Right so dedly and pale of face,

Mortal of look and eke of chere,

I wexe, suche wo me did enbrace

At partyeing fro my lady der. 96

(13)

Summe folk in signe of hardynesse
Takepe hem to colour pat is red,
And summe in token of clennesse,

Weren whyte, takepe heed,

And summe grene for lustynesse;

But I alias in blak appere,

And alwey shal, in sorowe and dred,

Til I seo nexst my lady dere. [leaf 251, back] 104

I wear black
till I see her.

A Lover's New Year's Gift.

(14)
Now God, þe which art eternal,
And hast eche thing in gouernance,
And art also inmortall,
Stabled with-oute variaunce,
 Fortune and guyde so my chaunce,
 Of þy power moste entier,
   In abreggyng of my penaunce
Soone to seo my lady dere.

(15)
Lenuoye.
Go, lytel bille, in lowly wyse,
Vn-to myn hertes souereyne,
And prey to hir for to devyse
 summe relees of my mortel peyne,
And wher þou er, rest not, ne feyne
Oonly of pitee to requerre
þat she of mercy not disdeyne
To be my soueraine lady dere.

Devynayle par Pycard.
Take þe seventep in ordre sette
 Lyneal of þe ABC,
 First and last to-geder knette
Middles e-ioyned with an E,
And þer ye may beholde and se
 Hooly to-gidre al entiere
Hir þat is, wher-so she be,
Myn owen souerayne lady dere.

7. A LOVER'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT
Amerous balade by Lydegate þat hape loste his thanke of wymmen.

[MS. B. M. Adds. 16165 : leaves 253, back, to 254, back.]

At New Year's I must remember my lady.

In honnour of þis heghe fest, of custume yere by yere,
Is first for to remembre me vpon my lady dere.

[Leaf 253, back.

pat art so H A. 106 eche thing] all thing H A. 109 bowe guyde lord A H. 111 bowe some abregge A. than sone abridge H. 112 þat I may seo A. 115 to hir for] live H. 117 whan thou arte at hirs thare lest ne fayne H. Whan þou art at hir þou reste ne feyne A. 119 of mercy she A H. Devynayle om. H A.
425

A Lover's New Year's Gift.

For nowe vpon his first day I wil my choys renuwe, 3 And renew my choice,
All pe whyles pat I lyve to hir to be truwe, 4 ever to be true.
Bope to serue and love hir best with al myn hert entier. 5

(2)

For I haue maked myn avowe, in verray sothefastnesse, 8
To beo hir faythful truwe man, withoute doublenesse,
Wher so euer pat I be ouper fer or ner.

(3)

Hit voyde pe al myn hevynesse, bope in thought and ded, 11 It gladdens me.
Whane pat I remembre me vpon hir goodelyhed,
Because she is so wommanly, bope of port and chere.

(4)

Arid as I stoode myself alloone, vpon pe Nuwe Yere night, 14
I prayed vnto pe frosty moone, with hir pale light,
To go and recomaunde me vnto my lady dere.

(5)

And erly on pe nexst morowe, kneling in my cloos, 17 and sun.
I prayed eke pe shene sonne, pe houre whane he aroos,
To gon also and sey pe same in his bemys clere.

(6)

But po per came a dowdy thought, and gan myn hert assayle, 20
And sayde me, howe my servyce per me shoulde not avayle,
Til my lady mercylesse me hade brought on beer.

(7)

Hit is ful hard to grave in steel and in a flynt al-so, 23 to doubt my reward.
And yit men may smyte fyre of hem bope two,
But I may of hir hert of steel mercye noon requere.

(8)

Yo came gode hope ageyne and gan myn hert adawe, 26 Yet Hope was good to me,
And of myn hevy stormy thought apeese wel pe wawe,
And so pe skyes of dispeyre began to wexen clere.

(9)

And yit ageyne for hevynesse I gane me to compleyne, 29 though Absence kept me far.
Pat she was so fer away, myn hertes soueraine,
Which to spek of wommanhed hape in pis world no peer.
She passeth all the fair ones of old.

I had rather have one look of hers than all others at my will.

My only gift is my heart, who gives that, gives all.

Who gyvethe his hert he grauntepe al his good[es] in substance,
And vn-to hir I gif hit al withoute repentaunce,
And þat I am hir truwest man þer by she may hit lere.

A Lover's New Year's Gift.

(10) And whanne I thenke verrayly vpon hir wommanhed,
And þer withal recorde also hir hevenly godelyhed,
I seo sheo is so fer fro me, allas, and I am here.

(11) For sheo passeþe of beaute Isande and Eleyne,
I seye in sophe as thenkeþe me, for me list not feyne,
And yonge fresshe Polixene with hir eyen cler.

(12) She passeþe eke of desport Dydo of Cartage,
Adrean and Medea by favour of vysage,
And eke alle þoo þat euer I sawe in any coost appere.

(13) Penalapee was in hir tyme most famous of fayrnesse,
And Ester was ecallèd eke myrour of gentyllesse,
But yit noon of hem euerychoon is lyke my lady dere.

(14) If I shal reherce also Gresyldes pacyence,
My lady haþe, I dare wel seye, more passing eloquence. 1
To reherce by and by hir vertus alle efeere. 1

(15) I hade leuer a looke alloone withoute[n] any more
Of hir godely eyen twoo myn haromes to restore,
Þanne haue alle þær at my wille I rechche not who hit here.

(16) I haue no thing to gyven hir at þis gladde tyme,
But myn hert vndeparted, nowe þis first[e] pryme,
Þe which þis day I sende hir al hooly and entier.

(17) And þis lytel symple gift I prey hir nought refuse,
Þe whiche þoughe hit but symple beo, but God wil me excuse,
For yif she toke hit not aright, I shulde hit bye to dere.

(18) I had rather have one look of hers
than all others at my will.

My only gift is my heart, who gives that, gives all.
The Servant of Cupyde Forsaken.

(19)
Now go forthe, hert, and be right glad with hir to abyde,
And wayt vpon hir day or night, wher hat she go or ryde,
And looke bow part not away, I charge, in no maner.

(20)
And pouȝte pou sooiuorne euere her hit shal not cost[e] gret
For constreynt of be wyntur colde ner sunne with his het,
For despense of be vitayle shal nought beo to deer.

(21)
Go nowe forpe, pou lytel songe, vpon my message,
And sey howe hat I gyve hir hole with be surplusage,
Hert, body, and al my good, and my servyce in fere.

(22)
Lat no wawes ner no wynde lettyn py passage,
Ne stormes of be salt[e] see, ne no rokkes rage;
Ye streemes of hir hevenly looke shul alle py sorowes steer.

(23)
Go forthe in hast, pou lytel songe, and no lenger tarye,
Now vpon be first day of pis Ianuarye,
And conferme fully vp my choyse ay frome yere to yere.

Explicit.

8. THE SERVANT OF CUPYDE FORSAKEN.

“Complaynt Lydegate.” [leaf 255]

[MS. B.M. Adds. 16165, leaves 255–256.]

(1)
Ful longe I haue a seruant be
Vn-to mighty god Cupyde;
Thorugh his gret[e] crueltie
Euer I haue be set a-syde.
For cruwel Daunger was my guyde
Withoute mercy ober grace,
And so for me can ay provyde,
I was forsake in euery place.

(2)
And wher I put me most in prees,
Per was I firpest esett abacke.
Disdeyne enseled my releesse,
The Servant of Cupyde Forsaken.

And wrot þe quytaunce al with black, 1 MS. deletes with. 12
So þat vpon me fel al þe wrack
Of hem þat list at loue chace;
þer was of mercy so gret lacke
I was forsake in euery place.

(3)
I koude neuer go to-forne
In no servyce my-self tavaunce;
I blewe alwey þe bukkes horne,
So vnhappy was my chaunce;
And ay þe fyne of my plesaunce,
And cheef also of my pournalce,
Was to begynne a newe daunce
To be forsake in euery place.

(4)
If I loued in hye estate,
þer fonde I nought but disdeyne;
And lower dovne Þe fonde debate,
And þus I served euer in veyne;
Of hope þer was no dewe ne reyne
In no degre me to solace;
For which I may of trouthe seyne
I am forsake in euery place.

(5)
The fair neg-
lected me.
I loued some þat wer right feyre,
þat tooke of me no maner heed;
And some right fresshe and debonayre,
þat gaf me daunger for my mede;
And some eke for hir wommanhed,
And some for hir goodely face;
þat my fortune dope me lede
To be forsaken in euery place.

(6)
Wealth passed me by.
And þer as I loued for richchesse
Pouert plonged me a-dovne;
And wher I did moost bisynesse
Skorne was my conclusyoun
And for my truwe afeccioun
A deynous looke gan me manace;
þat I may wryte for my resoun
I am forsake in euery place.
A Ballade on an Ale-Seller.

(7)

I loued some fer ronne in age,
    Al þoughe hit wer ful truwe chaffare;
And yonge eke ful wylde and rage,
    And list not for no coste to spare;
And þus I pleyde Iacke þe Haare,
    And gane to hoppe a newe trace,
    And sange "Go, farewell feldfare,"
As man forsake in euery place.

(8)

Per fonde I moost confusyoun
    I was most forsaken
Per as I did moost my cure;
    where I served most.
And moost hade indignacioun
    Wher as lengest I did endure;
And my woful aventure
    And my woful aventure
Disdayne and Daunger did enbrace;
    Fat I may singe þe Chaunteplure
As man forsake in euery place.

(9)

LENOYVE.

To alle wymmen þis compleynt
    So I com-plain of all
    women.
With cursed hert I nowe direct,
    Whos corage is euer emeynt
    Whos corage is euer emeynt
With doublunesse, suche is þe sect,
    Which sopely no man may correct,
    Youre nature hape so double a face,
Whos galle ay newe dope infect
    Whos galle ay newe dope infect
þe sugre of men in euery place.

9. A BALLADE ON AN ALE-SELLER.

[MS. Bodl. Rawlinson, C. 48, leaves 131, back—133.]

Hic nota de illis que vendunt servisiam in Cantuar.

Emembryng on the grete vnstabilnesse,
    Remem-bring the falseness
The plesaunt looke also, the countenaunce,
The counterfett cheer, medlid withe dowbilnesse,

66 Opposite this line Shirley writes: "Be stille daun Johan, suche is yours fortune."
A Ballade on an Ale-Seller.

Of you whom I put myn affiaunce,
I tooke my penne, thus stondyng in a traunce;
Experiens had, the trouthe I nyl denye,
In you my-silf I nyll nomor assye.

(2)

Nota decepotiones per signa.

Your callyng look, the sholdres ofte thwertyng,
Your brestis bare, I dar riht weel assur,
In eche of them ye putt withe desseyuance
"Whil the hed is hooll, withynne my chaplerie
I shal yow love, and moost in you affye."

(3)

Nota decepcio per iuramenta.

This nat suffisithe, but yit ye be mor slihe
To make men put in you more affiaunce,
Your tresours tenvoce, and for to sett vp hihe
A garlek hed, and swer thus in substauwce,—
I shal yow love, and moost in you affye."

(4)

Whil in ther purs thei haue money to spende,
Nouthir nyht nor day thei can themsilf withsette,
Till that ther spens be brouht fully to eende,
Than must thei borwe and bryng themsilfe in dette;
And nat-for-this ye can weel bler ther ye,
And love a-nothir, whan they yow moste affye.

(5)

Your bewte and also your feyned plesauwce
Venus to serue, withe all the surplusage,
Causeth men ful ofte to haue greuauce,
To wandryn in mynde, and make men full vsage
To walke alone, as men that don in rage,
Thouh ye seen this, ye wil riht applie,
Your herte a way; in whom shall men affye?

14 trist altered to this from trust. 26 hette altered from hiette.
To trewe Grisilde I wil nat compare,
To Lucrece nor vnto Penelope;
Trew love in yow I trow is so ful rare
It were grete wrong, as me semethe, pardie,
To write your liff mong ther legendis to be,
From hym so soone in twynklyng of an ye
Your herte wil chaunge, that you moost dothe affie.

Gladly ye wil, to gete you acqueytaunce,
Calle men to drynke, althouhe thei therfor pay;
With your kissyng thouh that ye do pleasaunce
It shal be derrer, er thei go ther wey,
Than al ther ale, to them I dar weel saye.
Thus withe your ale, and withe your cheer so slye,
Ye them disseyve, that in yow moste affye.

Thouh natur in you hathe don her besy cur,
And fourmed you withe bewtes and plesaunce;
Like as hir silfe wer set in your figur,
Off alle bewtes in yow be suffisaunce;
The fyne of all in you is variauance;
Whan love is moost, rathest ye wil applie
Decet to them, that moost you don affie.

You are no Griselda, or Penelope,
for you make men pay dear,
with your ale and good cheer.
Fickleness mars your gifts.
You deserve to be yourself deceived.

Soo litil To no t
But vn.
Men to
All trew
That name.
That men may

64-77 Leaf torn.
Ballade per Antiphrasim.

(11)
Let true women be praised.
Sithe in ther natur.
Is founde them silfe and.
To ther honour ther na.
All this writyng reboundethe I.
Thouh it be rude & spoke in termys.
The meenyng is, preys vnto them applie.
That wil be trewe whan men in them affye.
(Explicit.)

10. BALLADE PER ANTIPHRAISIM.
[MS. Bodl. Rawl. c. 48, leaf 133–133, back.]

V Ndir your hood is but oo contenaunce,
Excludid is from you al doubilnesse,
Vnto your herte your tonge hath accordaunce,
Off stedfast love yee may be cheeff godesse,
To mocke nor to scorne your herte hath no gladnesse,
Trewthe and your sadnesse your persone enlumyne;
Thes been as trewe of you, I bere witnesse,
As I goo loos, and teied am withe a lyne.
(2)
Your beauty to write I haue no suffisaunce,
In termys rude yit this I wil procede:
Your port is meeke and sad in countenaunce;
The roosis reede, the lilly also, in-deede,
In dewe myxtur han grauhtid you ther weede;
Moost like to mylk of you is necke and chyne;
Al this is trewe of you, withoute falsheede,
As I goo loos, and teied am with a lyne.
(3)
esse [leaf 188, back]
treweseweprunehescheuhye a lyne.
11. BYCORNE AND CHYCHEVACHE.


Loo sirs \(\text{pê deuise of a peynted or desteyned clothe for an halle a parlour or a chaumbre/ deuysed by Iohan Lidegate at þe request of a werfy citeseyn of London/}\)

\[\text{ffirst þere} \text{shal stonde an ymage in poete-wyse seying þees thre balades/}\]

O prudent folkes, take þe heed
And remembreþe, in youre lyves,
Howe þis story doþe proceed
Of þe housbands and þeyre wyves,
Of þeyre acorde and of þeyre stryves
With lyf or deeþe, which to derrain
Is graunted to þees beestis tweyin.

And þane shalle þeer be purtrayed twoo
beestis oon fatte a noþer leene

Of Chichevache and of Bycorne
Treteþe hooly þis materie,
Whos story hâþe taught vs here to-forne

Look well upon this picture, and on this;

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Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY
**Bycorne and Chychevache.**

Howe þes beestis, bope in seere, 12
Haue þeyre pasture, as yee shal here, 14
Of men and wymmen, in setence, 19
Thorugh souffraunce or throughe inpacience. 21

(3)

For þis **Bycorne** of his nature
Wil noon ober maner foode
But pacient men in his pasture;
And **Chychevache** eteþe wymmen goode;
And boþe þes beestes, by þe roode,
Be fatte or leene, hit may not fayle,
Lyke lak ¹ or plente of þeyre vitayle. ¹ MS. luk. 21

⁠banne shalle þer be pourtrayhed
⁠a fatte beest called **Bycorne** of þe
cuntrey of Bycornoys and seyne
⁠þees thre balades flowing

(4)

Of Bycornoys I am **Bycorne,**
Ful fatte and rounde, here as I stonde,
And in maryage bonde and sworne
To **Chychevage,** as hir husbande,
Whiche wil not ete on see nor lande 26
But pacient wyves debonayre
Which to hir husbandes beon [nat] contrayre. 28

(5)

Ful scarce, god wot, is hir vitayle,
Humble wyves she fyndeþe so fewe,
For always at þe countretayle
Þeyre tungse clappeþe and doþe hewe;
Suche meke wyves I beshrewe,
Þat neþer cane at bedde ne boord
Þeyre husbandes nought forbere on worde. 33

(6)

But my fooþþe and my cherisshing, ² MS. foote.
To telle pleynly, and not tarye,
Ys of suche folk whiche þer living

C.H. 14 or thorough] and C. 15 For] Furst C. 17 men [husks
35 nat to ins. C. 37 nat to ins. C.H. 38 beth here lyuyng C.
Bycorne and Chychevache.

Dar to peyre wyves be not contrarye,  
Ne frome peyre lustis dar not varye,  
Nor with hem holde no chaumpartye;—  
Alle suche my stomake wol defye!

hanne shal be pourtrayed a companye of  
men comyng towards pis beest Bicorne  
and sey pees foure balades.

Felawes, takepe heede and yee may see  
Howe Bicorne castepe him to deuoure  
Alle humble men, bope you and me,  
Per is no gayne vs may socour; 
Wo be per-fore, in halle and bour,  
To alle pees husbandes, which peyre lyves  
Maken maystresses of peyre wyves.

Who pat so doope, pis is pe lawe,  
Pat pis Bycome wol him oppresse,  
And devowren in his mawe  
Pat of his wyff makepe his maystresse;  
Pat we for oure humylytee  
Of Bycome shal devowred be.

We stonden pleynly in suche cas,  
Pat pey to vs maystresses be,  
We may wel sing and seyne allass!  
Pat wee gaf hem pe souereynte;  
For we be thralle and pey beo fre,  
Wher-fore Bycorne, pis cruell beste,  
Wol vs devowren at pe leest.

But who pat cane be souereyne,  
And his wyf teeche and chastyse,  
Pat she dare not a worde geyne-seyne,  
Nor disobeye no maner wyse,—  
Of suche a man, I cane devyse,  
I get all I want.

Fellows take heed from our fate.

We are eaten for humility.

Our wives rule us.

He that can be master

46 no gayne] nothyng C. may vs C H. 48 of her lyfes C.  
67 in no ins. C H.
need not fear.

He stant vnder proteccion
Frome Bycornes iurisdiccyoun.

\[\text{p. 18}\]

Noble wives, learn by me.

O noble wyves, beo\text{e} wel ware,
Take\text{e}pensaumle nowe by me,
Or ellys, afferme weel I dare,
Yee shal beo ded, yee shal not flee;
Bee\text{e}p crabbed, voyde\text{e} humylitee,
Or Chychevache ne wol not fayle
You for to swalowe in hir entrayle.

\[\text{p. 18}\]

Here am I, poor Chichevache,

Chychevache, pis is my name,
Hungry, megre, sklendre, and lene,
To shewe my body I have gret shame,
For hunger I feele so gret teene,
On me no fattnesse wol beo seene,
By cause pat pasture I fynde noon,
\[\text{p. 18}\]

For my feding in existence
Is of wymmen pat beon meeke,
And lyche Gresylde in pacyence,
Or more, peyre bountee for to eke;
But I ful longe may goon and seeke
Or I cane fynde a gode repaaste
A-morowe to breke with my faaste.

\[\text{p. 18}\]

I trowe \text{e}per beo a dere yeere
Of pacyent wymmen nowe \text{e}os dayes;
Who greue\text{e} hem with worde or chere,
Let him be-ware of suche assayes;
For it is more \text{e}ane thrifty Mayes
75 and voyde C. 76 Or] For C. 77 for to ins. H. 79 sklendre]
tendre H.
Bycorne and Chychevache.

Pat I haue sought frome lande to londe,
But yit oone **Gresylde** neuer I fonde.

(15)
I fonde but oone, in al my lyve,
   And she was deed sith go ful yore ;
For more pasture I wil not stryve
   Nor seeche for my foode no more,
Ne for vitayle me to enstore ;
Wymmen beon wexen so prudent
Fey wol no more beo pacyent.

_ Panne shal pere be pourtrayhed after Chichevache _
_ an olde man with a baston on his bakke manassing _
_ pe beest for pe rescowing of his wyff._

(16)
My wyff, allas ! devowred is ;
   Moost pacyente and mooste peysyble,
Sheo neuer sayde to me amysse,
   Whome hape nowe slayne pis beest horryble,
And for it is an inpossyble
To fynde euer suche a wyff;
I wil ly ve sool during my lyff.

(17)
For nowe of nuwe for peyre prowe
   Pe wyves of ful hyegh prudence
Haue of assent made peyre avowe,
   For to exyle **Pacyence,**
And cryed, “Wolffes heed _obedyence !_”
To make **Chichevache** fayle
Of hem to fynde more vitayle.

(18)
Nowe **Chichevache** may fast longe,
   And dye for al hire cruweltie,
Wymmen haue made hem self so stronge
   For to outraye **Humyllyte ;**
O cely housbands ! woo beon yee !

Beware of Doublenesse.

Suche as cane haue no pacyence
Ageyns youre wyves vyolence.

(19)
Yif pat yee suffre, yee beo but deed,
\[p. 15\]
\(pis\) Bicorne awayte\(pe\) yowe so soore,
Ecke of youre wyves yee stonde in dreed
Yif yee geyne seye hem any more;
And \(pus\) yee stonde, and haue doone yoore,
Of lyff and deeth bytwix[en] tweyne,
Lynkeld in a double cheyne.

12. BEWARE OF DOUBLENESSE.

[From MS. Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 199 to 199*, back].

This worlde is ful of variaunce
In euery thing, whoo taketh hede,
That feyth and trust and al constaunce
Exiled ben, this is noo drede;
And, safe onyly in womanhede,
I kan see no sykyrnesse;
But for al that, yet as I rede,
Be-ware alwey of doublenesse.

Also these fresh somer floures,
White and rede, blewe and grene,
Ben sodeynly with wynter shoures

133 lynked C.

MSS. Bodley Fairfax 16, leaves 199–199*, back (an error was made in the pagination) = F ; Ashmole 59, leaves 47, back, to 48, back = A ; B.M. Adda. 16165, leaves 252–253, back = M ; Harley 7578, leaves 17, back, to 18, back = H.

Titles: Nowe here folowe a balade made by Lydegate of wymen for desporte and game per Antyfrasim A ; Balade made by Lydgate A. Running titles: Lydegate of doublenesse. By Lydegate poete.

Balade of wyrmens constaunce M. A. adds two syllables to each line at first.

1 ful\(false\) H. nowe full ins. A. of al ins. A. 2 pat tape \(ins\). A. 3 and al\(withe\) sire A. 4 this\(right\) for it A. 5 And\(om.\) A. saving A. \(pat\) in al ins. A. 6 kanne H. nowhere se ne \(ynde\) ins. A. 7 Line ons H. yet as I\(counselle\) yowe and A. 8 pat yee be wele ware of peire A. 9 these\(pis\) M. their H seope howe \(peos\) A. 10 pe whyte pe red pe blewe and eke the grene A. 11 with colde \(ins.\) A.
Beware of Doublenesse.

Made feynyt and fade with-oute wene; 12 Nature
That truste is noon, as ye may sene, changes,
In no thinge, nor noo stedfastnesse; 16 flowers,
Except in women, thus I mene,
Yet ay be-ware of doublenesse.

The croked moone—this is no tale—
Som while is shene and bryght of hewe; 20 the moon,
And after that ful derke and pale,
And every monyth chaungeth newe;
That, who-so the verray sothe knewe,
Alle thynge is biltte on brotilnesse,—
Save that women ay be trewe,
Yet ay be-war of doublenesse.

The lusty fresshe somers day
And Phebus, with his bemes clere, sunshine,
Towardes nyght they drawe away
And no lenger lyste appere;
So in this present lyfe now here,
Noo-thynge abyttte in hys fairenesse,
Save women ay be founde entere
And devoide of doublenesse. Per Antifrasim.

The see eke, with his sterne wawes,
Eche day floweth new ageyn,
And by concourse of his lawes

12 any weene ins. A. 13 ful trust ins. A. noon as ye may] in
fewe thinges A. 14 ne but right lytel in A. 15 thus I mene]
whane I tell you clene A. 16 ay I rede ins. A. 17 thinge
notable A. 18 while] tyme A. 19 that ful derke and] soone
it may wease A. 20 chaunged H. it chaungepe also A. 21
who-so] who H M A. fully it knuwe ins. A. 22 sette and bylte on
fikunnesse A. 23 pat peos ins. A. ben ay founden his A. 24
But ytte I rede ins. A. 25 fresshe M A. Yee seo pat pe fayre
fresshe ins. A. 26 and bright ins. A. so clere ins. A. 27
hem fast away ins. A. 28 And] pe whiche A. panne list to ins.
A. toppere M. 29 now] amonge vs A. 30 abyttte] aboute
H. abydeth M. in full surnesse A. 31 Save pat in wymmen
whoche bene hole entier A. 32 And ay ins. A. of olde ins. A.
Marginalia Per Antifrasim F M. vt. creditor A. 33 Yee seo pe
ins. A. 34 pat every daye flowepe here A. 35 his olde ins. A.
Beware of Doublenesse.

The ebbe foloweth, in certeyn;
After grete drought ther cometh a reyne,
That fare-wel alle her stableness;—
Save that women be hool and pleyne;
Yet ay be-war of doublenesse.

(6)

Fortune is slippery,
Fortunes whele gooth rounde about
A thousande tymes, day and nyght,
Whos course stondeth euer in doute,
For to transmewe, she ys so lyght;
For which aduertyth in your syght
The vntrust of worldly fikelnesse,—
Sane women which, of kyndely ryght,
Ne haue no tachche of doublenesse.

(7)

What man may the wynde restreyne,
Or holde a snake by the tayle,
Or a slepur eele constreyne
That yt wil voyde, withoute fayle?
Or whoo kan dryve so a mayle
To make sure new fanglenesse,—
Save women that kan guye her sayle
To rowe her boote with doublenesse?

(8)

They come through safe.
Atte euery haven they kan arryve
Where as they woote ys good passage.
Of innocence they kan not strive
Wyth wawes, nor noo rokkes rage;
So happe ys her lodmanage
Wyth nelde and stoon her course to dresse,
That Salamon was not so sage
To fynde in hem noo doublenesse.

36 soone after yat compe jebbe certayne A.
37 and after ins. A. offt folowpe reyne A.
38 here nowe al ins. A. her om. A.
39 yat owre ins. A. hool] so sure A.
40 But yitte I red A. of foule ins. A. 41 gooth rounde] tournepe om. A.
A thousand ins. A. in pe day ins. A.
43 ay stondipe and rennepe ins. A.
44 to] om. H. she ys so] so is nature A.
45 advertipe per for in youre inwarde ins. A.
46 pinterste M. pe vtterist A.
47 of peire A. 48 Have no maner touche ins. A.
51 Line om. A.
53 so depe ins. A.
55 A adds a line: and putte muche thing where is no sayle.
57 per fore beware of A. Stanza 8 om. A. M. 61 happe] happy H.
Beware of Doublenesse.

(9)
Wher-fore, who-so hem accuse
Of any double entencion,
To speke rovne, outh-er to muse,
   To pynche at hyr condicion—
Alle is but fals collusion,
I dar ryght welle the sothe expresse:
They haue no bette proteccion
But shrowde hem vnder doublenesse.

(10)
So wel ffortuned ys hir chaunce
   The dise to turne vp so don,
With sis and synke they kan avaunce
   And than by revolucion
They sette a felle conclusion
Of ambesase, in sothfastnesse,
   Though clerkes make mencion
Theiry kynde ys frete with doublenesse.

(11)
Sampson hadde experience
   That women weren ful trewfe founde
Whan Dalida of innocence
   With sheres gan his hede to rounde;
To speke also of Rosamounde,
And Cleopatris feythfulnesse,
   The storyes pleyly wil confounde
Men that apeche her doublenesse.

(12)
Sengle thing ne is nat preysed,
Nor oo folde is of noo renovne,
In balaunce when they be peysed
   For lakke of weght they be bore dovne;
And for this cause of iust resovne
These women alle, of ryghtwysnesse,
   Of choyes and free eleccion,
Muste love eschaunge and doublenesse.

They are falsely ac¬
cussed.

They win with "am-
bes ace."

Think of Innocent
Delilah,

and faithful Cleopatra.

They win with "am-
bes ace."

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CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Women, arm yourselves for defence in doubleness.

Christ gave Eve and Adam Paradise, and the Fruit of the Tree; but when Adam was doted, because of Eve, God began to holden stryff, through excityng of Eve, that was his wyff, and wilfully gave to here assent Goddes preceptis to breke, and commaundment.

Examples against Women.

(13)

Lenvoy.

O ye women whiche ben enclyned,
By influence of youre nature,
To ben as pure as golde y-fyned,
In your trouthe for to endure, 1 MS. to tendure.

Arme your-selfe in stronge armure,
Leste men assayle youre sikernesse;
Sette on your brest, your-self tassure,
A myghty sheld of doublenesse.

Explicit.

13. EXAMPLES AGAINST WOMEN.

[MS. Bodl. Digby 181, leaves 8, back, to 10.]

(1) T]o Adam and Eve Crist gave the soueraig[n]te
Of Paradice, and domynacion,
A place fullfilled of all ffelicite,
The ffrutes all in there subieccion,
Save that of oon was made excepcion,
Which God forbade, the Bible canne devise,
They sholde it touche in no maner wyse.

(2) Which vertu hadde agayn all maladie,
Folk to preferre in youth in ther ffresshnes;
Who ate perof sholde neuer die,
But leve ever in ioy and gladnes,
And nothir ffle trouble nor sikenes
But in that place haue ever hertis ease
And sufficiant of all that myght hem please,

(3) Ever indure, and neuer ffall in age,
For which it was called the tre of lyff.
But when Adam was ffallen in dotage,
And agayn God beganne to holden stryff,
Through excityng of Eve, hat was his wyff,
And wilfully gave to here assent Goddes preceptis to breke, and commaundment.

99 ben] haue H. Explicit M.
Examples against Women.

(4) They were banysshed out of that blisfull lyf—

Whan Adam gafe credence to a snake,
And wrecchidly gaue trust vnto his wyff,
Which did the apple of the serpent take,
And plesauntly did a present make
Vnto Adam, as she first bygan
Deth to devise and poysnon to man.

(5) To Salamon also, Kynge of Israel,
Sonne of Dauid, Crist gave in commandment
With straungers in no wise that he sholde mell;
And for he not liste sue Cristis intent,
But to straunge women gave wilfully his assent,
Ther goddes worshipid, the Bible ye may see,
And folowed his own wyll, and sensualite,

Crist wolde hym chast[ie], in this maner wise:
Gave his kyngdom, aftir his mortall fate,
To Ieroboan his servant, the Bible doth deuyse,
Disheretyng his heires from house and estate.
Who doth aftir women erly or late
Accomplysh2 ther willes & desires euermore,2 MS. accom-
Grete wonder is at laste, but he repent sore.

(6) Also Iacob his wyff, called Rachell,
Her own faiper Laban mocked & disceyued;
Stale his goodes, the story doth it tell;
Leyde hem on the grownde, be trouth well conceyved,
And fforthwith anoon, or it was perceyued,
Sate vpon them, these goodes for to hyde,
Discevyng her faiper with surquedry and pride.

(7) Holyfernus also, leder of the oste
Of Nebugodonoser, the grete warrioure,
Of all women loued Judith most,
Trustyng to haue had her to his paramour;
But he, wyne-dronken, to slepe lay in his boure
With his own swerde, was it not [a] wonder,
Att two strokes she smote his nek a-sondir.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
Examples against Women.

(9)
And Job in ricches all othir did excell
Of his contre, suche was but tyme his grace,
And noon so pourre, thus doth the story tell,
Was not alyve, borne as he was;
But was it not pite, in his most wrecchid caas,
In his most povert and moste myserie,
His wyf hym rebuked & on a donghyll left hym lye?

(10)
Sampson also, the strengest man of myght
That ever was, loved Dalida the ffeyre,
On whom his hert was sett, both day & nyght,
She cowde here ffayne so meke and so debonayre,
Make hym suche chere whan hym list repaire;
But I may call here “Dalida the double,”
Cheff cause and rote of his mortall trouble.

(11)
For he ment trouth, and she was variable;
He was ffeithfull, and she was vntrewe;
He was stedfast, and she was vnstable;
She wered colours of many diuers hewe,
In stede of blewe, which is stedfast & clene,
She loved chaungis of many dyvers grene.

(12)
But to the purpose for to condiscende,
When she of Sampson knewe the prevyte,
Here ffalshode shortly for to comprehende,
She made hym slepe full softly on hir kne,
And a sharp rasour aftir toke she
Shove of his here, large & of grete lengthe;
Wherby, allas, he lost all his strengthe.

(13)
Thus Sampson was by Dalida deceyved,
She cowde so well flatter, fforge, & ffeyne;
Which whan pe Philistens haue conseyued,
Vinwarly bounde hym in a myghty cheyne,
Cast hym in preson, put out his eyen tweyne,
And of despite after, as I fynde,
Att þer quernys made hym [for] to grynde.
A Ballade of Jak Hare.

(14)

Damage in erth is noon so greuous
As an enmy which is secre;
Nor pestilens noon so perilous
As falsnes, wher it is preve,
And specially in ffemynyte,
For wher women woll flitte & be variable,
Shall no man make hem stedfast & stable.

(15)

Thise olde ensamples ought i-nowgh suffice
Men to be ware, though ther were no newe;
But who-so listeth not by othir hym-silf chastice,
Othir woll by hym, whan he shall it rewe.
Some women outrage, some stedfast been & true;
Some renne in riote, of custome this is no faile,
Suche woll discyue, there nature is so fraye.

Explicit.

14. A BALLADE OF JAK HARE.

[From MS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 54, back, to 56.]

Here gynneth a tale of froward Maymond

(1)

A ffroward knave pleynly to descryve,
And a soggard schortly to declare;
A precious knave that castith hym neuer to thryve,
His mouth weel weet, his slevis riht thredbare;
A Turnebroche, a boy for Hogge of Ware,
With louryng face noddyng and slombryng,
Of newe creystened and callid Iakke Hare—
Wich of a bolle can plukke out the lynyng.

MSS. Bodley Laud Misc. 688, leaves 54, back, to 56 = N;
B.M. Harley 2251, leaf 14, and back = H; Lansdowne 699, leaves
88 to 89 = L; Leyden Voss. 9, pp. 201–203 = V. Title; om. H.
Incipit descripicio Garciaonis L.V. 2 plainly H. 3 hym] om. L.
Hogge] Wat H. 6 loury LV.
This boy Maymond ful styborne of his bonys,
Sloggy on morwen his lemes vp to dresse,
A gentel harlot chose out for the noonys,
Sone and cheeff eyr on-to dame Idylnesse,
Cosyn to Wekoc, brother to Reklesnesse,
Wich late at eve and morwe at his rysyng
Ne hath no ioie to do no besynesse,
Saue of a tancard to plukke out þe lynyng.

A boy Chekrelyk was his sworen brother
Of euery dyssh a lypet out to take,
And Faffyntycol was also a-þoþer
Of euery brybe the caryage for to make,
And he can weell waytyn on an oven cake,
And of newe ale been at the clensyng,
And of purpos, his thrust for to slake,
Kan of a pecher plukke out the lynyng.

This knave be leyser wil don al his massage,
And holde a tale with every maner wight;
Ful pale dronken, weell vernysshed of visage,
Whos tongue ay faileth whan it draweth to nyht,
Of o-candell he weneth too were lyght;
As barkyd leder his fface ys schynyng;
Glasy-eied, wol cleyme of dewe right
Out of a bolle to plukke out the lynyng.

He can a bedde an hors-kombe weell shake,
Lyk as he wolde coraye his masteris hors,
With his on hand his masteris doublet shake,
And with the tother preuyly kutte his purs;
Alle sweche knavis shul haue Cristys curs,
Erly on morwe at ther vprysyng;
To fyynde a boy I trowe ther be non wors
Out of a pot to plukke out the lynyng.
A Ballade of Jak Hare.

He may be sold vpon warantyse,
As for a truaunt that no thyng wil doon;
To selle hors prouendre is his chef marchaundise,
And for a chevesaunce can pluke of ther shoon;
And at the dys pley the mony soon,
And with his wynnyngis he maketh his offryng,
Out of a cuppe to plukke out the lynyng.

Lenvoye.

Wassail to Maymond and to his Iousy pate,
Vnthryfft and he be to-gedre met;
Late at eve he wol onspere the gate,
And grope on morwe yif Riggis bak be wet,
And yif the bak of To-gace be out het;
His heuy nolle at mydmorwe vplyfftyng,
Out of a bolle to plukke out the lynyng.

Explicit.

[Additional stanzas, probably spurious, from MS. Leyden Voss. 9, leaf 102.]

Off all thy warde thou art made officer,
That no man passe with-out licence off the;
Erly on morwe, er than the day be cleer,
Thou cast thy chenys, redy wolt thou be;
They be nat off iren nor off tree,
Thyn ars cheeff smyth on morwe at thi rysyng,
Weel the bett thou mayst thy clieyn lat flyee,
For off a bolle thou canst weel pluk out the lynyng.

And whan thou hast weel vernyssht thi pate,
To take a slap in hast thou wolt the dresse;
But wo is she that nyht shal be thi mate?

43 Selle his H L V. 44 ther] his hors L. his H. 47 the] om. L V.
49 Now wassayl N. L V. vn-to thi L. and to thi V. 50 he] thou L V. 51 thou wolt. 52 on] at L. Riggis above V writes i. canis.
53 Togace, H L V. above H writes be cot be] the L. 55 vn-wash H L V. his so LV. Lines 57-50 only in L V. 64 Wcie canst thou plukke the L. 67 she] he L.
Against Millers and Bakers.

Thyn orgons so hihe be-gynne to syng thi messe, 68
With treble, mene & tenor discordyng, as I gesse,
That all the hoggges that ben about lyggyng, 1 MS. about.
To syng with the they gyne them thedir dresse,
Which off a pott so wel canst pluk thyn lynynge.

(10)

Yitt wassaille, onys, & thynne be thi thriifte, 72
With all thi orgonyis & thi melodye,
Ful weel a couppe of good ale canst thou lifte,
And drynk it off & leve the cuppe drye,
I wold thi chenys had chenyd vp the weye,
Be-twenn the cuppe, whan thou art lyfftyng,
And thi mouth, for thou art euere redye
Out off a cuppe to pluk out the lynynge.

15. AGAINST MILLERS AND BAKERS.
[MS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaf 157.]

(1)

Put out his head, 1
But lyk a man vpon that tour to abyde.

For cast of eggys wil not oonys spare,
Tyl he be quaylled, body, bak, and syde ; 4
His heed endooryd, and of verray pryde.

Put out his armys, shewith abrood his face;
The fenestrallys be made for hym so wyde
Cleymyth to been a capteyn of that place.

(2)

The bastyle longith of verray dewe ryght
To fals bakerys, it is trewe herytage,
Severell to them, this knoweth every wyght,
Be kynde assyngned for ther sittyng stage,
Wheer they may freely shewe out ther visage.

Whan they take oonys there possessioun
Owthir in youthe or in myddyl age,
Men doon hem wrong yif they take hym doun.

(3)

Let them all Let mellerys and bakerys gadre hem a gilde,
And alle of assent make a fraternite;

73 thynne] thyne L. 79 evyr drye L.
16. THE ORDER OF FOOLS.

[MS. Bodl. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 56 to 60.]

Here begynneth a tale of thre skore foolys and thre
wich ar lyk neuer ffor to the.

(1)
The ordre of foolis, ful yore agoon be-gonne,
Neuly professed encreseth the kovent.
Bachus and Iuno haue set a-broche a tonne
And brouht braynes on-to the exegent.
Markolff, ther foundour, patroun, & president,
Noumbe of this frary told iij skore and thre;
Echon registred, be greet avysement;
Endosed ther patent, that they shal neuer the.

(2)
Cheef of alle folys, men in bokys redeth,
Able in his foly to holde resyndence,
Is he that nouther 2 loveth God nor 3 dredith,
Nor to his chirche hath noon advertence, [leaf 56, back] 12
Nor to his seyntys doth no reuereunce,
And hath dysdeyn of folk in poverte,
To ffader, moder doth no benyvolence—
A-seele his patent, for he shal neuer the.

MSS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 56-60 = L; Laud 638, last leaf (219) = B (3 stanzas); Cotton Nero A. VI, leaves 194, back, to 195, back = C; Addls. 34360, leaves 24 to 26, back = A; Harley 2251, leaf 274 to leaf 276, back = H. 1 full] well B. 3 a] the H.A. 4 the] om. A H C. to B. 5 Marklofe B. Marchol

2 The o is doubtful, Ed. 3 Presumably; word almost effaced.
The Order of Fools.

(3)

Sixth comes Steadfast-in-sin, then Stubborn-in-Evil,

The sixte flooll this frary to be-gynne, More than a fooll, braynles, maad, and wood,

Is he that neuer wyll forsake his synne; Nor he that can nouht, nor lerne wil no good;

And he that hath two facys in on hood, May ben enrollid in this fraternyte;

Double-face, Cherl of condicious and born of gentyll blood

and the May cleyme of riht that he shal neuer the.

Churl by nature.

Tenth comes Spendthrift, then Feigning, Pretence,

Tenth comes Spendthrift, then Feigning, Pretence,

Spendthrift, He that al yeveth, and kepeth hym-self nothyng.

The tenthe fooll may hoppe vpon the ryng, Foote al afforn, and lede of riht the daunce,

A double herte, fair ffeyned contenaunce; A pretens face, treble in his dalyaunce;

A pretens face, treble in his dalyaunce; Tonge spreynt with sugre, þe galle kept secre,

Backbiter, A perlous mouth is wers than sperre or launce, Thogh they be cherisshed, God let hem neuer the.

(4)

Backbiter, A perlous mouth is wers than sperre or launce, Thogh they be cherisshed, God let hem neuer the.

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Backbiter, A perlous mouth is wers than sperre or launce, Thogh they be cherisshed, God let hem neuer the.

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Backbiter, A perlous mouth is wers than sperre or launce, Thogh they be cherisshed, God let hem neuer the.
The Order of Fools.

Cometh to counsail or he callyd be,
Of ech thyng medlith, his thriift lith in mortgage,
Devant a knave that schall neuer the.

In the book of prudent Cypryan
Wich callid is 'a gardeyn of his fflours,'
He seith a pulteer that selleth a fat swan
For a goselyng that greseth on bareyn clours;
And he that casteth his cloke a wey in shours,
Out of the tempest whan he may flie;
Or whan that Sperado loveth paramours—
On of the nombre that schall neuer the.

And he also that halt hym-selff wys,
Whos chaunce goth nouther on synk nor sis,
With ambes—as encreseth his dyspence;
A foltysssh face, rude of eloquence,
Bosteth with bordas, and at a bront wil flie;
Tween wolle & gossomer is a gret difference,
Stuff for a chapman that is nat lyk to the.

I redde also of other ffoolys twoo:
Thyng to chalenge to wich he hath no right,
And he in trouthe is a more ffooll also,
Wich al requereth that cometh in his sight.
And he is a ffooll wich on-to euery wight
Telleth his coussaill and his preuytee.
Who sekith werre and hath hym-selff no myht,
It were gret mervail that euer he sholde the.

Another fool with counterfeet vysage
Is he that can falsly ffage and ffeyne,
Where that he be old or yong of age,
452

The Order of Fools.

Seith he is syk, and felt no maner peyne;
And that doth his owne wyf dysdeyne,

76

and

Adulterer,

And halt a-nother, of what estat she bee—
With other foolys enbrace hym in þe cheyne,

[leaf 58]

A warantyse that he schall neuer the.

(11)

Off this ffrary mo ffoolys to expresse:

He that is to every man contrary,
And he that basteth of his cursidnesse,

80

And he also that doth prolonge and tarye,

With fair hestis, from his promys to varye—

84

Breffly to telle, I can noon other see—;

He lyk a fflugtyff, that flleeth to seyntwarie

For dred of hangyng, for he schal neuer the.

88

(12)

He is a ffooll eek, as Senek seyth,
That longe delaith his purpos for to speede;

92

A gretter ffooll he that breketh his ffeith;
And he is a ffooll that doth no shame drede;

With fair hestis, from his promys to varye—

96

And he that hoteth, & faileth his frend at nede,

Whos promys braideth on duplycyte;

In cattys eris, that brood shal neuer the.

(13)

And he is a ffooll that also yeveth credence
To newe rumours and euer foiltyssh flable;

A dronklew fool that spareth for no dispence,

78 she] he C A H. 79 he] a H A. 80 A] for A H. 85
and from H A. to] om. H A. 87 He is A H. 88 and yit he shal A. and yit shal he H. 90 for] om. CAH.
92 doth drede CAH (leaf clipped, C doubtful). 92-94 tr. H. 97 ywith also H A C. 100 he] om. H A. sleepe CAH. 103
for] om. CAH. 104 in plees] om. CAH. With purs A H.

To drynke a taunt, tyl he slombe at þe table;

Among alle foolys that ffool is most coupable [leaf 58, back]

That is a-cursed, and hath ther-of deyne;

A pore beggere for to be vengable,

Purs Penylees in plees may neuer the.

(14)

And he that holdeth a quarel ageyn right,
Halt his purpos stiborne ageyn resoun;
And he is a fooll, that is ay glad to fflyght,
And to debate seketh occasioun,
Abit so longe tyl he be bete doun,
Dronke, lame, that he may nat file;
And who reiissbeth to soioure in prisoun,
Enrolle hym vp, for he schall neuer the.

(15)
A lusty galaunt that weddit an old wicche,
For gret tresour, because his purs is bare;
An hungry huntere þat handeth hym a bicche,
Nemel of mouth, for to mordre an hare;
Nyht riotours that wil no wareyn spare,
With-oute licence or ony lyberte,
Tyl sodeyn perel brynge hem in þe snare,
A ppreperatyf that they shal neuer the.

(16)
Who doth amys & lauheth hym-self to scorne;
Or come to counsail or that he be callyd;
Or loude lawheth whan he sholde mome,
Among alle folis of riht he may be stall yd;
Purposeth his viage whan his hors is gallid;
Plukketh of his schoon toward his iourne;
Swich foltyssh tast, God let hem neuer the.

(17)
And he þat is a ryotour all his lyff,
And hath his felawe & neihebour in despiht,
And woundeth hym-self with his owne knyf,
Of a candel he weneth two were lyght,
Slepeth a day, and waccheth al the nyght,
Alle massis 1 doon longe or he redy bee,
Suych on may cleyme be very title of riht,
To been a brother of them shal neuer the.

The Order of Fools.

(18)
Who halt al his þe tresour þat he wissheth,
And gadereth gossomer to pakke it for wolle;
And he is a fool affore þe net that fissheth;
And he is a fool þat doth þe fitherys pulle
Of flette capouns, vp mewed to the fillum,
And hath no thyng but bonys for his fée—
Nullatensis aselyd hath a bulle
To alle suych, that noon of hem schall the.

(19)
Whan þe gandre greseth on the grene,
The sleyhty ffox doth hir brood be-holde.
He taketh þe flette, casteth awey the lene;
And Isigrinus, cheef wardeyn of the fiole,
Takith to his larder at what pris they be sold,
Grettest lambre, oon, or two, or thre;
In wynter nyhtes þe frostis been so colde,
The shepperde slepeth—God let hym neuer the.

(20)
A foreyn lyknesse wich shal no mon displese,
By a strauge vnkouth comparysoun:
Whan þe belle-weder pastureth at his ese,
Though al þe flok haue but smal ffoysoun,
Slepeth at leiser, maketh noyse non, nor soune,
Careth for no more so he haue plente—
Alle tho that make suych a departysioune,
Among her sogettys, God let hem neuer the.

(21)
With ful wombe they preche of abstynence,
Ther botel fild with fressh wyn or good ale,
Love weell rownyng, loutyng, and reuerence,
Newe fals report with many glosyng tale,
The iay more cherisshed than the nyhtyngale;

The Order of Fools

Tabourerys with ther duplycyte,¹
Plese more this daies whan stuffed ² is ther male,
Farsed with fflateryng—God let hem neuer the.

(22)

To gete this ffrary a confirmacyoun
Of somme vnthryffty bysshop Nullatense,
And graunteth hem a generall pardoun,
With a patent to begge ther dyspence,
Erly and late to walke with lycence,
With open walet ffreely in ech contre,
Ther bulle asselyd,³ concluding in sentence:
Noon of this ⁴ ordre is neuer lyk to the!

¹ MS. seems to read i instead of u, but letter is not clear.
² First letter indistinct.
³ Last letter indistinct.
⁴ Last letter indistinct.

Explicit.

166 with theyr mokkis and false ins. H A.
worthy C. 170 vnthryffty]
176 of al pys C. Amen C.  Stanza 23 om. in H A.
for which the following 3 stanzas are substituted, text of H :

Paterfamilias, wise and expert of old,
Shuld sette botraille atwene derk and light;
So prudently gouerne theyr houshold,
      To knowe a flight-drake from a sterre-bright.
Owl is and bakkis of reasoun flee bi nyght,
Late pluk theyr fethers, that they now nat flee,
For false nyght-rowners hau hyndred many a wight,
Al suche benche-whistelers, God lete hem neuer the.

Late Jonas Bifrons have none interesse,
Whiche in oon hode can shewe a double face,
Voyde Camelyon, whiche of newfangelnesse,
Èche colour seyn, the same he doth embrace,
And Salamandra most felly doth manace
With his crikettis, lerne this of me,
Where they abide or breede in any place,
Lord of that household is neuer like to the.

Swiche a fravy requyrith Goddis curs,
And I beshrewel al suche counsaillours,
Can kiss with Judas and kit a mans pears,
Further a netle, and cast out rose floures,
With bury-dokkis strowid bien theyr boares,
Theyr hoked arowis doth euer bakward flee
Suche false erwiggs, suche covert losengeours,
Ensale vp theyr patent, for they shul neuer the.

173 reasoun] custom A. 178 oon] an A. 182 crokettis A.
192 Asseale A.
The Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage.

17. THE PAIN AND SORROW OF EVIL MARRIAGE.
[From MS. Bodl. Digby 181, leaves 7 to 8, back.]

(1)

From the deluge of mortal pestilence,
And from the tempest of deadly violence,
And me preserved I fell not in the rage
Vnder the yoke and bondis of mariag.

(2)

I intended once to wed a fair maid,
urged by married friends,
I was in purpoce for to take a wiff,
And for to haue wedded without ayysenesse,
A full faire mayde; with hir to haue ladde my liff,
Whom that I loued of hasty wylfulnesse; 1 MS. When.
With othir ffolys talyved in distresse. 2 MS. tallowed. 12
And some gave councell & ganne me to constreyne
To be partable of ther wofull peyne. 14

(3)

They lay vpon me, and hastid me full sore,
Gave me councell with hem to be bounde,
And ganne to preyse eche day more & more
MSS. Bodl. Digby 181, leaves 7 to 8, back = D ; Harley 2251, leaf 155 and back = H ; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1. 6, leaves 155-156 = C. Print by de Worde (no date, 4to). CW. begin with this stanza (text of W):—

Take heed and lerne, thon lytell chylde, and se
That tyme passed wyl not agayne retourne;
And in thy yowthe unto vertues use the;
Lette in thy brast no maner vyce sojourn;
That in thyne age thou haue no cause to mourne
For tymel lost, nor for defaute of wytte:
Thynke on this lesson, and in thy mynde it shyte.

Variants in C: thou om. C. mynde herte C.

1 laude] louynge W C.
2 Peter and Johan W. To Petre and Poule C.
6 I fell] I fall C. that I fall W.
7 bonde and yoke W. yoke and bond C.
8 for] om. W. to haue C W.
11 Whome C W.
12 to haue lyued W C.
13 And] as C W. ganne me W. began W.
14 To haue ben C W.
15 full] om. C.
16 And ganne C W. with hem] for to haue C W.
The Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage.

The wofull lyf in which they did habounde,
   And besy weren my gladnesse to confounde,
Them-silf reioysyng both at eve & morowe
   To haue a ffolowe to lyve with them in sorowe.

But of his grace God hath me preserved,
   To the wise counsell of Aungelis three;
From Hell[e] gates they haue my-silf conserved,
   In tyme of Vere when lovers lusty be,
   And bright Phebus was fresshest onto see,
In Gemyne, the lusty gladde seasouw,
   When I to wedde caught first occasiouw.

My ioy was sette in especiall
   To wedde oon excellyng in fairnesse,
And through here beaute to haue made my-silf thrall,
   Under the yoke of euerlastyng distresse;
But God all oonly of his grete goodnesse
   Hath be an aungill as ye herde me tell,
Stopped my passage from thylke perelis of Hell.

1 Amonge thysse aungelis, that were in nombre thre,
   There appered oon oute of the South,
Which that spake ffirst of all that trinite,
   All of on sentence, the mater [was] well couth,
   And he was called "Iohn with the gildyn mouth,"
Which concluith by sentence full notable,
Wyves of custome be gladly variable.

Aftir this Iohn, the story seith also,
   In confirmacion of ther ffragilite,
Howe that Petyr called the Corbelio
   Affermyd pleynly, how wyfes gladly be

The Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage.

Dyvers of hert, full of duplicite,
Right mastirfull, hasty and eke proude,
Crabbed of langage when pei lust cry lowde.

(8)
Who takith a wyf rescuyeth a grete charge,
   In which he is like to haue a fall;
With tempest possed as is a sely barge;
   Wher he was fre, he makith hym-silf thrall,
Wyves of porte been so imperyall,
Hubbondes dare not [theyre lustis] well gayne-say,
   But lowly plie, and lowly hem obey.

(9)
[From MS. Harley 2251, leaf 155.]
[The husbond educab in travaile,
   O laboure passed, ther comyth another newe;
And every day she gynneth a bataile,
   Vnder suche falsenes she fyneth hir to be triewe,
She makith hir husbond rude as a dul asse,
   Owt of whos daunger impossible is to passe.]

(10)
Thus wedlok is an endles penaunce,
   Hubbondes knowe that haue experience,
A martirdome and a contynuaunce
   Of sorowe ay lastynge, a deedly violence,
And this of wyves is gladly the sentence; 3 MS. thys cor-
   Vpon here husbondes when hem list be bold,
Howe they allone gouerneth the howsold.

(11)
And if the husbond happe for to thryve,
   She saith it is here prudent purviance;
If they go bak ageynward and vnthryve,

lastynge W. 68 of wifes this H. 69 they lyst to be H W. 70 gouerneth W. wil gouerne H. 71 the] her W. hap H. happen W.
The Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage.

She sayth it is his mysgouernaunce;
He berith the wite of all suche ordynaunce:
If they be poure and fall into distresse,
She sayth it is his ffoly and his lewdnesse.

(12)
And if [so be] he be no spere-man good,
Hit may well hap he shall haue an horn,
A large bone to stuff wythall his hood,
A mowe be-hynde, and fayned chere beforne;
And if it ffall, that there good be lorn,
By auenture at 1 even or at morowe,
The sely husbond shall haue all the sorowe.

(13)
The husbond hath grete cause to care,
For wyff, for childe, for stuff and [for] mayne,
And if ought lacke, she woll swere and stare,
"He is a wastoure, and shall neuer the!"
But Salamon seith, ther be thynges thre,
Shrewed wyfes, rayne, and smokes blake,
Makith husbondes there howses to fforsake.

(14)
Wyves been bestes very vnstable
In ther desires, which may not chaunged be;
Like a swalowe which is insaciable,
Like perilous Caribdis of the trouble see,
A wawe calme, full of aduersite,
Whoes blandisshyng medled wttA myschaunce—
Callid Syrenes ay full of variaunce.

(15)
They hem reioise to see and to be sayne,
And to seke sondry pilgrimages;
At grete gaderynges to walken vpon the playne,


LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
The Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage.

And at staracles to sitte on hie stages;
If they be faire, to shewe ther visages;
If they be fowle of look or countenaunce,
They can amend it with plesaunt daliaunce.

(16)
Of ther nature they gretly hem delite,
With holy face fayned for the nones,
In seyntuaries ther ffriendes to visite,
More than for relikkes or any seyntis bones;
Though they be closed vnder precious stones;
To gete hem pardoun, like there olde vsages,
To kys no shrynes, but lusty yong images.

(17)
And to conclude shortly on reasoun,
To speke of wedlok, of Soles that be blent:
Ther is no more grevous Sell poysouw,
Ne noon so dredfull [peryllous] serpent,
As is a wyfe double in here entent;
Wherfore, yonge men, to eschewe sorowe & care,
Withdrawe your foot, or ye ffall in the snare.

Explicit.

The spurious stanzas from W read:
And of profyte they take but lytell hede,
But loketh soure whan theyr husbandes ayleth ought;
And of good mete and drynke they wyll not fayle in dede,
What so ever it cost they care ryght nought;
Nor they care not how dere it be bought,
Rather than they should therof lacke or mysso
They wolde leuer laye some pledge ywys.

It is trewe, I tell you yonge men everychone,
Women be varyable and loue many wordes and stryfe;
Who can not appease them lyghtly or anone,
Shall haue care and sorowe all his lyfe,
That woo the tyme that euer he toke a wyfe;
And wyll take thought, and often muse
How he myght fynd the maner his wyfe to refuse.

102 staracles] scaffolde W. 105 They it amende W. plesynge
W. Stanza 16 om. W, for which four spurious stanzas are
substituted (see below). 115 no greter grefe nor feller W.
116 peryllous W of D (erased and a written above).
Finis. Here endeth ye payne and sorowe of euyll maryage. IMPRINTED
at London in fleete strete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn
de Worde, W.

[leaf 8, back]
18. RYGHT AS A RAMMES HORNE.

[MS. Ellesmere 4, leaf 18, and back.]

A Resoun of the Rammes Horne.

(1)

Al Right-Wisnesse dothe now procede,

Sitte crowned liche an Emperesse;

Lawe hathe diffied Guerdoun & Mede,

And sette vp Trowthe as a goddesse.

Good Feithe hathe outraied Dowbleness,

And Prudence seeth all thynges a-forne,

Kepyng the ordre of Stableness

Conveyed by lyne—right as a rammes horne.

But that maner with trouth can not be founde,

Therfore be wyse or ye come in the snare,

Or er ye take the waye of that bounde;

For and ye come there youre joye is tourned unto care

And remedy is there none, so may I fare,

But to take pacynes, and thynke none other way aboute

Then shall ye dye a martyr without ony doute.

Therfore you men that wedded be,

Do nothynge against the pleasure of your wyfe,

Than shall you lyue the more meryly,

And often cause her to lyue withouten stryfe;

Without thou art unhappy unto an euyll lyfe,

Than, yf she than wyll be no better,

Set her upon a lelande, and bydde the devyll fet her.
Princes and prelates,

Princes of custome maynteyne right yn dede,
And prelates lyuen alle yn holynesse,

knights,

Knyghtode wille suffre no falsliede,
And presthode hathe refused al richesse;

monks,

Religious, of verray parfitenesse,
With vertues ben on hight vp-borne;

merchants,

Enuye yn cloisters hathe noon entresse:
There loue conveyed—right as a rames horne.

labourers,

There conveyed be lyne—right as a rammes home.

poor folk,

Marchauntes of lucre take noon hede,
And Vsure lith fetred yn distresse;

the rich,

And for to speke or write of womanhede,
Thei banished han from hem Nowfangenesse;

Pore folke pleyne hem for no nede,—
These riche men dothe so grete almesse!
Plente eke dothe the hungry fede,
Clothe the naked & his wrecchednesse;
Ryght as a Rammes Horne.

And Charite is now a chief maistres; Sclandre from his tounge hathe plucked owte pe thorn; Dretaccioun his langage dothe repressye: Conveied be lyne—right as a rammes horn.

Ipocrisie chaunged hathe his wede, Take an habite of vertuous gladnesse; Deceyte dare not abrode is whynges sprede, Nor Dissymulynge owte his hornes dresse; For Trowthe of kynde wille shewe his brightnesse Withowte eclipsynge, thowgh Falsnesse had hit sworn; And for to afferme this dite by processe, Hit is conueied—right as a rammes horn.

Owte of this londe—& elles God forbede!— Owtlawed ben Feynynge & Falsenesse; And Flatrie is fled, for verrai drede; Riche and pore haue chose hem to Sadnesse; Women left Pride, & take hem to Mekenesse, Whos paciens is now wette and shorne, Ther tonges haue non tarage of sharpnesse: Conueied be lyne—right as a rammes horn.

So now remembre, & prudentli take hede, How Vertu is of Vices lady & maistresse;
So as the Crabbe Goth Forward.

Owre feithe not halteth, but leueth on his crede,
Thurgh right beleue, the dede bereth witnesse ;
Eretikes han loste here frowardenesse,
Wedid the cokle from the pure corne :
Thus eche astate is gouerned, yn sothenesse,
Conuied be lyne—right as a rammes horne !

19. SO AS THE CRABBE GOTH FORWARD.

The Anonymous French Original, with Lydgate's Translation.


I.
Yce 1 comence vn balade sfauncoys fait par le plus grande poetycal Clerk du Parys regardez & lysez
Le vous en pry.

(1)

Le mounde va en amendaunt,
Chescun ententa a dieux seruir,
Pour droite loyaulte tenir,
Hom voit chescum vice fouir,

Ther of owr dedys bere nowe L. In wurd and dede as wark beiris Ba. All ipocritis Ba. lefte HA Ba T. And wede L. pure om. Hy. owt of pe corn L. Thus weidit is the poppil fra the corne Ba. 55 And every Ba. Now ych a state ys grounddyd be sothfastnes L. as I gess Ba. Colophon. quod I Ludgate H. Finis Ba. quod Iohn ludgate write out of Master Philyppes boke A. La adds an extra stanza:

Frerys of lordes take non hede,
To plese hem for no worldly ryches,
And chastyte hath nowe sowyn hys seyd,
Among nunnys of grete holynesse,
Faytowr lyth bown flaterying in derknesse,
Thus ysall falsy put abak & lome,
That nothyng ysto hus trewenesse,
Conowyd be lyne as ryght as a ramys horn.

[In late hand: The above was wrote by Lydgate Monk of Bury but never printed.]

MSS. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 20, pp. 49-52 = T; B. M. Adda. 29729, leaves 154-155 = A; Ellesmere 4, leaf 19 and back = E; Bodley 666, leaf 189 and back = B; Harley 2251, leaf 40 and back = H; Harley 4011, leaf 1 (frag. beg. l. 30) = h.
Traysoun plus ne regnera—
Vous verrez ses fais acomplir
Aynsi come le cravisse va.

(2)
Bien se garderont tout sergant
De tort fayre ne de mantir,
Aduocas n'y[r]ont plus playdant
Fors pour lour droit soustenir,
Iuges ferront droit sans faillir,
Gabelle iamays ne courra—
Vous verrez ces fais acomplir
Aynsy come le cravisse va.

(3)
Theologie s'ira humylissant,
Deuisyon verras perir,
Religieux verras en grant
De luxure en sus d'eux bannir,
Mendyans verrez hom¹ rechir,
Les pources exsauciez serra—
[Vous verrez ces fais acomplir]
Ainsy come le cravisse va.

Lenvoye.
Prince, les cieux verrez ourir
Et croy que chescun sayntira,
Car tous souent plains de saint espir(i)t
Ainsy come le cravysse va.

II. LYDGATE'S TRANSLATION.
Take þe heede my lorde for here folowe þe a balade of
þe same sentence made in oure englishe langage
by Daun Iohan Lidegate of Bury þe Munke / nowe
iugeþe yee þat beþe kunyng / which yowë lykeþe
þe beter þe nsh or þenglissh.

(1)
Þis worlde is ful of stabulnesse,
Þer is þerinne no varyaunce ;
But trouthe, feyth, and gentylesse,
Secrenesse, and assuraunce,
Plente, ioye, and al playsaunce

There is no fickleness,
[p. 51]
Bensaumple who cane haue rewarde,
Verrayly by ressemblance
So as þe crabbe gope forward.

(2)
Ver is nowe founde no falsnesse,
Right is so mighty of puissance;
Feyth haþe exyled doublenesse,
Fortune chaungeþe not hir chaunse,
Beheest abydiþe in constaunce,
Frenship is founde no coward,
Light with derkeness haþe acordaunce—
So as þe crabbe gope forward.

(3)
Prynces soutene Rightwysnesse,
Knighthood in Trouthe haþe whett his launce,
Lawe haþe putte Meede in gret distresse
And avoyded hir acqueyntaunce,
Pariuree in England and Fraunce
Is fledde byyonde Mount Godard,
Iuroures with Trouth haue allyaunce—
So as þe crabbe gooþe forward.

(4)
Sergeauntes, pledirs of Kyndenesse,
Haue made oon Guerdoun a defyaunce;
Consistoryes for Hoolynesse,
Bytweene hem and Meede is gret distaunce;
Flatterye hape lost his countenaunce,
Plentee is founden no nygarde,
Scarsytee is goone to meschaunce—
So as þe crabbe gooþe forward.

(5)
Iche man haþe enoughe Rychesse,
Pourde folke feelen no grevaunce;
Preesthode lyveþe in parfytnesse,
So as the Crabbe Goth Forward.

And cane in lytell haue souffysaunce;
Relygyoun have noon attendaunce
Vn-to þe worlde, but al vpward—
To gyf ensaumple, in substaunce,
Howe þat þe crabbe gooþe forward.

(6)

Takeþe heede also, bavysynesse,
Wymmen frome Cartage to Constaunce
Ebaunysshed haue Newfangelnesse,
Putt in his place Perseueraunce;
In clergye is parfyte gouuemaunce;
Mesure with marchaundes is cheef stuward;
Weght holdeþe truwly þeyre ballaunce—
So as þe crabbe gooþe forward.

Lenvoye.

Prynce, þe reuers to expresse
Of yche thing by contynuaunce:
Entendement Double is cheef maystresse,
Fals compassing by disseyvaunce,
Which causeþe alwey gret distourbaunce;
Frenssehe, Englysshe, Normand, and Pycard,
þe hevenly signe makeþe demonstraunce
Howe þat þe crabbe gooþe bakward!

h. ends: by lydegate. 42 Custaunce E B. Fraunce H. 43
Itanshed E B. 44 And putte H. in a B. his] om. E. 45
is] hath H. 47 Iuste weight H. justly the H. 48 So]
Right E B. 49 Prynces E B. Perantifrasim H. 50 yche]
eueri E B. matiers of longe a. H. 51 cheef] a H. 52 line
om. H. 53 Triew people to sette at distaunce H. 54 To
please al folk it is ful hard H. 56 Right as the Crabbe gothe
forewarde E B. How worldly thynges goo forward H.
20. THE CHURL AND THE BIRD.

[MS. B. M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 28 to 34, back.]

1 Incipit de Ave & Rustico. [leaf 27, catch-phrase]

Fables are useful, such

Problemers, liknessis & figures
Which previd been fructuous of sentence,
And han auctoritees groundid on scriptures
Bi resemblauces of notable appareance,
With moralites concludyng in prudence,—
Lik as the Bible reherseth bi writyng,
How trees somtyyme ches hem-silf a kyng;

(1)

First in ther chois they namyd the Olive
To regne among hem, Judicum doth expresse,
But he hym-silf gan excuse blyve,
He myht nat forsakyn his fatnesse;
Nor the Figge-tre hir amerous swetnesse;

(2)

MSS. B. M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 28, back, to 34, back = L; Leyden Univ. Vossius 9, leaves 42 to 48 = Ly; Harley 116, leaves 146, back, to 152 = H; Camb. Un. Lib. Hh. 4. 12, leaves 74, back, to 81 = C; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 19, leaves 9–11, back = T; Cotton Caligula A II., leaves 15 to 20 = Ct; Balliol Coll. 354, leaves 106 to 112 = B; Lincoln Cath. C. 4. 5, leaves cij–cviij, back, = Li; Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 6, leaves 208, back, to 214, back, = K; prints, Caxton 1477–8 = Cx; Caxton 1490 = Cx²; W. de Worde = W¹ and W²; Pynson = Py; Mychel = M; Copeland (not collated; said to be copy of M.); Ashmole = A (Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum 1652, pp. 213–226). Cx² is identical with Cx except where separately noticed. An uncollated fragment is in the Cardigan Chaucer.

Nor the **Vyne** hir holsom fresh tarages,
Which yeuyth comfort to al maner ages.  

(3)

And semblably poetes laureate,
Bi dirk parables ful convenyent,
Feyne that briddis & bestis of estat—
As roial eglis & leones—bi assent
Sent out writtis to hold a parlement,
And maade decrees breffly for to sey,
Som to haue lordship, & som to obey.

(4)

Eglis in the ayer hihest to take ther fliht,
Power of leones on the grounde is scene,
Ceedre of trees hihest is of sight,
And the **Laurel** of natur is ay grene,
Of flouris all **Flora**, goddes & queene;
Thus of al thyng ther been dyuersites,
Some of estat, & som of lowe degrees.

(5)

Poetes write wondirful liknessis,
And vndir covert ² kepte hem silf ful cloos;
Bestis thei take, & fowlis, to witnesis, ³ MS. coverfort (see below.)
Of whoos feynyng fables first arroos—
And heere I cast vnto my purpoos
Out of Frenssh a tale to translate,
Which in a pau?tflet I radde & sauh but late.

---

**Note:**
- The transcription includes marginal notes and corrections, indicating the original manuscript's condition and possible errors or additions made by the scribe. These are marked with footnotes and superscript numbers. The text is a translation from French, and the footnotes provide further details and context for the original text. The final paragraph mentions the purpose of translating a French tale and the manuscript's condition. The document also includes a note on the nature of the beast-fables, as mentioned by poets like Chaucer.
The Churl and the Bird.

This tale, which I make of mencion,
In groos rehersid, pleynly to declare,
Thre proverbis paied for raunsoun
Of a fair bird that was take in a snare,
Wondir desirous to scape out of hir care:
Of myn auctour folwyng the processe,
So as it fill, in ordre I shal expresse.

Whilom ther was [in] a smal village,—
As my auctour makith rehersail—
A cherl which had[l] lust & gret corage
Withyne hymsilf, bi diligent travaile,
Tarray his gardeyn with notable apparaile,
Off lenghte & brede ilych[e] square & longe,
Hedgid & dichid to make it sewr & strong.

Al thaleys were made pleyn with sond,
The benchis turved with newe turvis grene,
Sote herbes with condittes at the hond,
That wellid vp ageyn the sonne shene,
Lich siluer strenmys, as any cristal cleene,
The burbly wavys in ther vp boylyng
Rounad as berel, ther bensyts out shewyng.

---

The Churl and the Bird.

Mid the gardeyn stood a fressh laurer,
Theron a brid syngyng, bothe day & nyht,
With sonnyssh fetheris brihter than gold wer,
Which with hir song makith heuy hertis liht,
That to bihold it was an heuenly siht
How toward evyn & in the daw[e]nyng,
She did hir peyn most amorously to syng.

Esperus afforcid hir corage,
Toward euyn, whan Phebus gan to weste,
Among the branchis for hir avauwtage,
To syng hir compyyn & than gon to reste,
And at the risyng of the Queene Alceste
To syng ageyn, as it was to hir 1 dewe,
Erly on morwe the day-sterre to salewe.

It was a verry heuenly melodie
Euen & morwe to here the briddis song,
And the soote sewgred armonye
Of vncouth warblis & townes drawe along,
That al the gardeyn of the noise rong,
Til on a morwe, that Titan shon ful cleere,
The brid was trappid & cauht in a panteere.

The churl was glad that he this brid hath take,
Mery of cheer, of look, and of visage,
And in al hast he cast[e] for to make
The Churl and the Bird.

and made a cage for her, but she said:

Withyn his hous a praty litel cage
And with hir song to reioissh his corage;
Tyl atte last the cely bryd a-brayde,
And sobirly to the cherl [s]he saide:

[Illustration]

"I am now take & stonde vndir daungeer,
Hold[e] streite, & I may nat flee;
Adieu my song & al my notis cler
Now that I haue lost my libert[e],
Now am I thral, and somtyme I was fre,
And trust weel now I stonde in distresse,
I can-nat syng, nor make no gladnesse."

Freedom is all!

"And thow my cage forged were of gold,
And the pynaclis of berel & Cristall,
I remembere a prourerbe seid of old,
'Who lesith his fredam, in soth, he lesith all;
For I haue leuer vpon a braunche small
Meryly to syng among the woodis grene,
Than in a cage of siluer briht and shene.

"Song & prisoun haue noon accordauwce,
Trowistow I wole syngen in prisoun?
Song procedith of ioie & plesaunce,
And prisoun causith deth & destruccioun;
Ryngyng of ffeteris makith no mery soun;
Or how shold he be glad or iocounde,
Ageyn his wil that lith in cheynes bounde?

[Leaf 29, back]

"What vaileth it a leon to be a kyng
   Off bestis all, shet in a tour of ston?
Or an egle vndir strete kepynge,
   Callid also kyng of ffoules euerychon?
   Fy on lordship whan liberte is gon!
Answer heer-to, & late it nat asterte,
Who syngith mery, that syngith nat of herte?  

"But if thou wilt reioissh my syngyng, late it nat asterte,
   Who syngith mery, that syngith nat of herte?  

"To be shet vp & pynned vnnder drede
   Nothyng accordith vn-to my nature;
   Thouh I were fed with mylk & wastelbred,
   Yit hadde I leuer do my besy cure
Erly on morwe to shrape[n] in the vale
To fynde my dyner among the wormes smale.

"The labourer is gladder at his plow,
   Erly on morwe to feede hym on bacouw,
Than som man is, that hath tresour inow

The Churl and the Bird.

Of all deynte, plente & foisoun,
And hath no fredam, with his poscioun,
To gon at large, but as a bere at stake,
To passe his boundis, but if he leve take.

(20)

"Take this answeer for a ful conclusiouyn,
To syng in prisoun thou shalt me neuer constreyn,
Tyl I have fredam in woodis vp and doun,
To flee at large on bouhis rouh & pleyn;
And of resoun thou shuldist nat disdeyn
Of my desir, but lawhen & haue game,
But who is a cherl wold eche man were the same."

(21)

"Then,' said the churl,
"Weel," quod the cherl, "sith it wole nat be [leaf 30, back]
That I desir, as be thi talkyng,
Maugre thi wil thou shalt chese oon of three, 1 MS. oon sof.
Withyn a cage myryly to syng,
Or to the kechen I shal thi body bryng,
Pulle thi ffetherys that be so briht & cleere,
And aftir roste, or bake to my dyneer."

(22)

"Nay," said the bird,
"You shall be eaten."

Than quod the brid :—"To resoun sei nat I nay,
Touchyng my song a ful resoun thu hast,
And whan my fetheris pulled ben away
Yiff I be rostid othir bake in past,
"You'd get but little,
Thou shalt of me haue a ful small repast;
But yiff thou wilt werkyn bi my counsail,
Thou maist bi me han passyng gret avail."
"Yiff thou wilt on-to my rede assent,  
And sofre me gon frely fro prisoun  
Without ransom or any othir rent,  
I shal the yeve a notable gret gwerdoun,  
Thre grete wisdames, accordyng to resoun,  
More of availe, take heed what I do profre,  
Than al the gold that is shett in thi coofre.

"Trust me weel I shal the nat disseive,  
Whoo that shal teche, of resoun he shal go fre."  
"Weel," quod the cherl, "telle on, anoon lat see."  
"Nay," quod the brid, "thou shalt anon conceyve,  
It sitt a mayster to have his liberte,  
And at large to have his lessoun,  
Have me nat suspectt, I meene no tresoun."  

"Weel," quod the cherl, "I hold me weel content,  
I trust the promys which thou hast made to me."  
The brid fley forth, the cherl was at assent,  
And took hir fliht up to the lawrer tre.  
Than thouht she thus:—"Now that I stond[e] free,  
With snarys, panteris, I cast nat al my live,  
Nor with no lymetwigges any more to stryve.  


LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
The Churl and the Bird.

(26)

and the bird rejoiced, and made good resolves for the future,

"He is a fool, that skapid is daunger,
Hath brooke his systeris, & fled is from prisoun,
For to resort; for brent child dredeith fyer;
Eche man bewar, of wisdam & resoun,
Of sugre strawid, that hidith fals poisoun;
Ther is no venym so perilous of sharppnesse,
As when it hath of triacle a liknesse.

(27)

"Whoo dredeith no perel, in perel he shal falle;
Smothe watres beth oft-sithis deepe;
The quaile-pipe can most falsly calle,
Til the quaile vndir the nett doth creepe;
A blereyde fowler trust nat, thouh he weepe,
Eschew his thombe, of wepyng take non heed,
That smale briddis can nype bi the hed.

(28)

"And now that I sych daungers am askapid,
I wole bewar, & a-forn provide,
That of no fowler I wole no more be iapid,
From ther lyme-twiggis I wol fleen a-side,
Wher perel is, gret perel is tabide;
Com nere thou cherl, take heed [vn-]to my speche,
Of thre wisdamys that I wole the teche.

(29)

"Yiff nat of wisdam to hasty credence
To euvry tale, nor to eche tidyng,
But considre of reson & prudence

doelas nec omne quid audis credas nec cupias id quod haberes nequis. 198 ne to euvry W Ct Cn B. nor to] and Py. nor A of M. tidyng thyng Ct. 199 considre] conseve Ct B Ox W. and of ins. Ct B Ox]
The Churl and the Bird.

Mong many talis is many grett lesyng;
Hasty credence hath causid gret hyndryng,
[Report of talis, & tydynges brought vp new
Makith *many a man to be hold vntrewe.] *MS. makit.

(30)

"For oo party take this for my raunsoun; *MS. raunsoun.
Lerne the secounde, groundid on Scriptur:
Desir thou nat bi no condiciou
Thyng that is impossible to recur;
Wordly desires stond al in aventure,
And whoo disireth to clymbe to hih a-loftt,
Bi sodeyn torn, felith often his fal vnsoftt.

(31)

"The thridde is this, bewar, bothe eue & morwe,
Forgete it nat, but lerne this of me:
For tresour lost make nevir to grett sorwe,
Which in no wise may recured be;
For who takith sorwe for losse in that degre,
Rekne first his losse, & aftir rekne his peyne,
Off oo sorwe, he makith sorwis tweyne."

(32)

Aftir this lessoun the brid began a song,
Off hir escape gretly reioissi[n]g,
And she, remembring also of the wrong

Don bi the cherl, first, at hir takyng,
Off hir affray & of hir prisonyng,
Glad that she was at large & out of dreede,
and said:
Said on-to hym, houyng above his hede:—

(33)

"Thou were," quod she, "a very natural foole,
To sofre me departhe of thi lewdnesse,
Thou aughtist of riht to pleyn & makyn deole,
And in [thyn] hert[e] han grett hevynesse
That thou hast lost so passyng gret richesse,
Which myht suffise bi valew in rekenyn[g]
To pay the rausnom of a myhty kyng.

(34)

I had a 'Jagounce',
in my body,

"Ther is a ston which callid is jagounce,
Off old engendrid withynne my entrayle,
Which of fyne gold peiseth a gret vnce,
Citryne of colour, lik garnetes of entaile,
Which makith men victorious in bataile,
And who-so-euer bere on hym this stoon
Is ful assured of his mortal foon.

(35)

of magical properties,

"Who hath this stoon in poscessioun,
Shal sofre no povert, nor non indigence,
But of all tresour haue plente & foisoun,
And euery man shal doon hym reverence,
And noon enmye shal doon offence;
But from thyn handis now that I am goon,
Pleyn if you wilt, for thi part is noon.

The Churl and the Bird. 479

(36)

"It causith love, it makith men gracious
And favorabil in every mannys siht,
It makith accord attween folk envious,
Comfortith sorweful, makyth hevy hertis liht,
Lik thopasion of colour sonnyssh bright;—
I am a fool to telle þe al attonys,
Or teche a cherl the prys of precious stonys.

(37)

"Men shuld nat put a precious margarite,
As rubies, saphires or othir stonys ynde,
Emeroudes, nor othir perlis whithe
To fore rude swyn, that love draff of kynde;
For a sowe delitith, as I fynde,
Moore in fowle draff hir pyggis for to glade,
Than in all the perre, that cometh of Garnade.

(38)

"Ech þing drawith vn-to his semblable: 1 MS. þeing (corrected).
Fish in the see, bestis on the stronde,
The ayr for fowlis of natur is covenable,
To a plowman for [to] tyle his londe,
And to a cherl, a mookfork in his honde;
I lese my tyme any moor to tarye,
[To telle a bovir of the lapidarye].

246 ð(2)and Py M. 247 in] to Ly. 248 oftwewn sic Ct. bitwene
men Py M. folkes B W Cx. 249 It conforteth M. and maketh
H Ct C. it maketh M. 250 topasion others. to poyson Py M. of
] in Py. passyng A. colours H T. sonnyssh] schynyng K. shynneth M.
251 þe] om. others. tellyn Ly. 252 Or to ins. H Py M. 254 or] and Cx Py B W. of yud Ct. hynde H. 255
othir L B Cx] rounde others. 256 ruder] a C. a rude K. louen
H. daffe sic H. 257 hir as A. 258 foule] om. W. 259
of] out of ins. all others exc. Py M. 260 vu-to] to M Ct T B Cx
Py. 263 And to the PyCh B W. To the Ct. for] om. K M. to (3) Ly etc.] om. LM. his the B C A Py Ct C H S W. om. K M. 264
to] om. Py H M. a(2)] om. C. doungeforke B Cx W. 266 Line inserted from Ly, with which H T Li K agree. For to tell a cholie of la-
pidarye W B Cx. of the Cx. Or to teche a cholie of the lapidarye Py.
bovir] churle C Ct. bower H. Boye K. bouer T. To teche a
cholie þe price of þe lapedare L (written over blank by a later
hand).
The Churl and the Bird.

(39)

You'll never get it again.

"That thou haddist, thou getist no more ageyn,

Thy lyme twyggis & panteeris I defye.

To let me gon thou were fowle ovir-seyn,

To lese thi richesse only for folie ;

I am now free, to syngen & to flie

Wher that me list, & he is a fool at all

That goth at large, & makith hym-silf thrall.

But it's of no use to talk with you."

(40)

"To heeryn a wisdawt thyn eris ben half deeff,

Lik an asse that listeth on a harpe,

Thou maist go pypen in a ivy leeff;

Bett is to me to synyn on thornes sharpe,

Than in a cage, with a cherl to karpe,

For it was seyd of ffolkis yoore a-goon,

A cherlis cherl ful oft is woo-bigoon ! "

The churl wept for sorrow,

"I was a lord, I crie, 'Out on fortune !'

Hadde gret tresour late in my kepyng,

Which myhth haue made me long to contune

I have now lost al holly my richesse.

(41)

"Allas," quod he, "I may weel weepe & pleyn

As a wretche nevir lik to thry ve,

But for tendewr in povert al my live,

For of foly & of wilfulnesse

I may weel weep & pleyn

As a wretche nevir lik to thry ve,

But for tendewr in povert al my live,

For of foly & of wilfulnesse

I have now lost al holly my richesse.

(42)
The Churl and the Bird.

With thilk[e] ston to have lived lik a kyng,
Yif that I hadde sett it in a ryng,
Born it on me, I hadde had good i-nowh,
I shold no more haue goon on-to the plowh!"

(43)
Whan the brid sauh the cherl thus moorne,
And how that he was hevy of his cheere,
She took his flght, and gan ageyn retorne,
Towards hym, & seide as ye shal here:—
"O dulle cherl! wisdames for to leere
That I the tauht, al is left bi-hyne,
Racid awey, and cleene out of thi mynde.

(44)
"Tauht I the nat this wisdam in sentence:
To every tale brouht to the of newe,
Nat hastily yeue ther-to credence,
Into tyme thou knowe that it were trewe?
All is nat gold that shewith goldissh hewe,
Nor stoonys all bi natur, as I fynde,
Be nat saphires that shewe colour ynde.

(45)
"In this doctryne I lost my labour,
To teche the sikh proverbis of substaunce.
Now maist thou seen thi blynded lewde errour;
For al my body, peised in balaunce,
Weieth nat an vnce, rewde is thi remembraunce,
I to have moore peise closyd in myn entraile,
Than al my body set for the countirtaile.

"I told yon not to regret
the past,
Thou shuldist nat, aftir my sentence,
To euery tale yeue to hasty credence.
1 MS. hastily.

"I bad al-so, bewar bothe day & morwe,
For thyng lost of sodeyn aventur,
Thou sholdist nat make to mych sorwe,
Whan thou seest thou maist it nat recur;
Heer thou failist, which doost thi besi cur
In thi snare to catche me ageyn,
Thou art a fool, thi labour is in veyn.

"In the thridde also thou dost rave,
I bad thou sholdist in no maner wyse,
Coueite thyng which thou maist nat have,
In which thou hast forgeten myn emprise,
That I may seyn, pleynly to devise,
Thou hast of madnesse forgeten all thre
Notable wisdamys, which I tauht[e] the.

"It were but foly with the for to carpe,
Or to preche of wisdamys more or lasse,
I hold hym mad that bryngith foorth an harpe,

[leaf 34]
The Churl and the Bird.

Ther-on to teche a rude, for-dullid asse;
And mad is he that syngheth a fool a masse;
And he most mad that dooth his besynesse
To teche a cherl termys of gentylnesse.

(50)
"And semblably in Aprill and in May,
Whan gentil briddis make most melodie,
The cookkow syngen can but o lay,
In othir tymes she hath no fantasye;
Thus euery thyng, as clerkes specifie,
Frute on trees, & folk of euer age,
Fro whens thei cam, [thei taken] a tarage. 1 MS. that.

(51)
"The vynteneer tretith of his holsom wynes,
Off gentil frute bostith the gardeneer,
The fissher cast his hookis & his lynes,
To catche fissh in euery fresh ryveer,
Of tilthe of lond tretith the boveer,
The cherl deliteth to speke of ribaudye,
The hunter to speek of venerye.

(52)
"All oon to the a ffaucon & a kyte,
As good an oule as a popyngay,
A donghyl doke, as deynste as a snyte;

340 fordulle H. dulle Py M. 341 madder Py M. to a M. 342 he ys ins. Ct H I Py. 343 the termys A. 345 maken mooste Py M. must make C. mooste make K. 346 than can syng but oo Ct. can syng but oo A. syng can than but oon H. jan synq can but oo T. synqyng can but oo C. synqeth but one Py M. 347 C. other tymes she M Py (he Py). In odthir tunys A. tunys Li. 348 clerkys don ins. Ct. clerkes Py. K. ends here (leaf wanting). 349 As foules bestes of euery age Py M. and bestes M. as frute ins. H T C Ct. on] and H. folkes C. age] degree H. 350 cam] Cam C Ly. thei taken] thak sic they have A. they make C. pey take Ct Ly H T Py Li. a tarage] talage M Py A. 351 his] om. T Cx B W. 352 frutys C Py. bostith eke ins. C Li. 353 castiteth sic Py. his (1)] oute B Cx Py M. his (2)] om. W Cx B. 355 boveer] labourer M Py. powre A. 356 in T Cx M B W Py Ct A. read:
The gentylman tretyth of genterye
The cherl deyltyth to speke of Rybawdrye.

The Churl and the Bird.

Whoo serveth a churl hath many a careful day.

Good day!" **

Adieu, Sir Cheri, farwell, I flye my way;
I cast me nevir hensforth, my lyvyng,
Afor a cherl anymore to syng!"**

(53)

Verba auctoris.

Ye folk that shal this fable seen & rede,
New forgid talis counceilith yow to flee,
For losse of good takith no gret heede,
Beeth nat to sorwefull for noon adversite,
Coveitith no-thyng that may nat bee,
And remembrith, wheer that euer ye gon,
A cherlis cherl is alwey woo-begon.

(54)

Lenvoie.

Vn-to purpoos this proverbe is ful riff,
Rad & reportid bi oold remembraunce:
And the words on freedom.

A childis brid, and a knaves wyff
Have oft[e] sithe gret sorwe & myschaunce.
Who hath freedam, hath al suffisaunce,
Better is freedam with litel in gladnesse,
Than to be thral in al wordly richesse.

(55)

Go, little book, to my master.

Go, litel quaier, & recomaunde me
Wn-to my maistir with humble affeccioun;

Beseche hym lowly, of mercy & pite,
Of thi rude makyng to have compassioune;
And as touchyng thi translacioun
Out of the Frenssh, how-euyr the Englysh be,
All thyng is seide vndir correccioun
With supportacioun of your benyngnyte.

Explicit Fabula de Ave & Rustico.

The spurious stanzas in A read as follows:

As y the abrayde her before
Of a stone now that I had
The wych now thow hast forlore,
Be alle reson thow schuldys be glad
And in the hert nothyng glad
Now Chorle y the tel in my device,
I was eyred and bred in swite Paradyce

Now no namys y schal the tel,
Of my stone that y call Ragownce
And of hys vertuis with hys smel,
That her so swete and so odiferus
Wyth Ennoch and Ely hath be my servis;
My swete songe that sowndith so senerpe,
Wyth Angelles voyse that passeth eny harpe.

The nigrum deamond that ys in Morienis seas
And the white Charbonkkel that rolleth in wave
The setryne Ruby of rych degrees;
That passeth the stonys of comen sawe
In the Lapidery ys grown by olde lawe;
He passeth all stonys that ys under hevyn,
After the course of kynde by the Planets sevin.

Hyt ys for none chorle to have schuch tresour
That ensideth alle stonys in the lapidery:
And of all vertuis he bereth the flour,
Wyth all joy and grace yt maketh man mery
That in this worlde schial never byn sory
Now very Chorle thow passeth thy gras,
Y am at my liberte even as I was.
In Egipt whilom, as I reede and fynde,
Ther dwellyd a marchaunt of hih & gret estat,
Natfoonly riche, but bounteuous and kynde,
As of nature to hym it was innat
(For alle vertues in hym wern aggregat);
Of vices voyd, pitous and merciable,
And of his woord, as any centre, stable.

As clerkys fyndeth in the Bybell
At Paradys yatis when he was cast
By an angell both fayr and styll
Adoune kyng Elysawnder ther I threat
And of all stonys yt was y lest;
Soche stonys in place few ben y brought
Soroful ys the Chorle and hevy in hyss thoute.

Now more Chorle yt tel y can,
And thow wolt to me take hede;
The Byrde of Ermes ys my name,
In all the worlde that ys so wyde,
Wyth gletering of grace by every syde
Hose me myght have in hyss covertowr
He wer rychcher than eny Emperowr

Elysawnder the conquerour my Ston smot downe
Upon hyss helme when hyt pyght
No mor then a pese that ys so rownde,
Hyt was ther to no manys syght
That leyde so pleyne the manly knyght;
Now y tel the wyth welde Stewyn,
Thys myghty grace cam owte fro Hevyn.

Now Chorle y have the her tolde,
My vertuys her wyth grete experience;
Hyt were to some man better than Golde;
To the yt ys no fructius a sentence,
A chepys Coke to thee ys better than a Launce;
A dew now Globbe wyth herte sore,
In Chorles clowchys com y neuer more.

MSS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 72–88 = Ha ; Harley 2251, leaves 56–71 = H ; Add. 34360, leaves 4–18, back = A ; Lansdowne 699, leaves 3–13 = L ; Leyden Yess. 9, leaves 97–129 = Ly ; Bodl. Rawlinson poet. 32, leaves 38–53, back = R. Title. The Merchant of Baldok R (in table) an history of two Merchants (in late hand). 4 it was to hym H A. 5 were to hym H A. to hym R.
But, as me thynkith, it were convenient, 
    Or in this tale I any futher passe, 
For to descryve to you, that be present, 
    Wher that this contre stant and in what place; 
    And, if I erre, I put me in your grace: 
Forberith me now and heerith paciently; 
For, as myn auctour seith, riht so sey I.  

This riche lond, moost passaunt of plente, 
    With Surry marchith toward thorient, 
On which syde is eek the Rede Se; 
    And Libye stant ful in the occident; 
Who castith the coostys of the firmament, 
The Grete Se northward shal he fynde 
And ferre by south Ethiope and Ynde.  

As auctours witnesse, this lond is desolat 
    Of cloude and reynes aboute in euery yle, 
But yeer by yeer the soil is irrigat 
    And ouyrflowyd with the flood of Nyle, 
The which endurith but a certeyn whyle, 
As for a norshyng, her frutys to fecunde, 
With corn and greyn to make the lond habounde.  

Of sondry frutys and of marchaundise 
    Thoruh out envyroun it is so plentevous, 
What mercymony that men list devise, 
    Is ther ful reedy and ful copious. 
I hold it best to be compendious: 
Of al richesse ther is such habundaunce, 
That euery wiht hath ther[of] suffisaunce.  

This worthy marchaunt, this Egipcien, 
    Which I of spak, was named ferre and wyde; 
For many oon, that hym had [neuer] seen,
Spak of his name, which gladly wol nat hyde.
And in a contre cald Baldac ther besyde
Another marchaunt, as by relacioun,
Of hym hadde herd and of his hih renoun.

(7)
This latter marchaunt was eek a worthy man,
Ful weel belovid also in his contre;
In trouthe he hadde al, that euyr he wan,
And hym governyd evirmore in honeste.
From ech to othir the name began to fle,
That by report and by noon othir mene
Of her too lovys was maad a stable chene.

(8)
Revoluyth ech by contemplacioun
Al of his freend the lyknesse and ymage:
Thynkyng hath grave with deep impressioun
Ech othris fourme, stature and visage;
Her hertys eye did alwey her message,
And mynde medleth in the memorial
And fet his foode in the ffantastical.

(9)
Thorugh-out her erys wellyd of memorye
The soun of fame of hem so ferre-i-fet
Hath past and wonne the castel of victorye:
Foryetilnesse ne may it nat vnshet;
Love berith the keye and also the cliket,
As trewe porteer, that they mot needys dwelle
(So ar1 they loke) withyne myndys selle. 1 MS. as ar. 63

(10)
Vertu goth ferre, he may nat hyde his liht:
Withoute feet a gret paas doth he renne,
And, wher he shyneth, no dirknesse of the nyht
His beemys dymmen, nor no cloude of synne.
Withoute smoke fire ne may nat brenne,

Virtue always shines.
And gladly vertu wil in-to vertu trace
To seeke his feer in euery coost or place.

(11)
For, riht as falsnesse anoon fyndith out his feere,
So trouthe and trouthe as faste been at accorde;
Tweyne of o kynde togidre drawe neere,
So strong of nature is the myhty corde.
Kynde is in werkyng a ful myhty lorde:
In love he lynketh hem, that be vertuous,
Riht as dissoluen thynges, that be contrarious.

(12)
For lich of lich is serchyd and enqueerid:
To merthe longith to fynden out gladnesse,
And wo can wepe, thouh he be nat leryd,
And dool eek drawith vnto drerynesse;
Honour is weddyd vnto worthynesse.
Vnto his semblable thus euery thyng can drawe,
And nothyng bynde hem, but natur by hir lawe.

(13)
Reopoort of vertu oonly by audience
Of thes too marchauntis disseueryd by absence,
That they been oon, as by affeccioun;
Ther may be maad no divisioun.
With-oute siht ech is to othir deere,
Love hath her hertys so soore set affyre.

(14)
By lond or se the good her chapmen carye
Was entircomownyd by her bothys assent:
Yiff oon hadde ouht plesaunt or necessarye,
Vnto the tothir anoon he hath it sent.
So ful they were of oon accordement,
As oon in too and too in oon for euere,
That nought, but deth, her love may disseuere.

69 in H. 75 in werkyng is H A. 76 lynketh] thynkkyth
tr. H A. 88 as by of H. 91 on fyre A. 92 theyr goode
chapmen H A. 95 he hath] om. H A. 98 may her love L Ly.
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(15)
Ferthere to telle, how it fel of thes too,
As fortune wolde and eek necessite,
That he of Baldac to Egypt mst goo
For marchandise, that was in that contre.
Ful glad he was, that he his freend shal see:
A blisful wynd in-to his seyl hath blowe
His ship to dryve, ther as he may hym knowe.

(16)
Whan1 that he was arryved vnto londe, 1 MS. And whan.
For ioye hym thouhte, he was in Paradys;
For every lover may weel vndirstonde,
That of frenship the moost sovereyn blys
Is for to be withouten any mys
In thilke place, wher rootid is his herte,
For to relese of love his peynes smerte.

(17)
For, riht as after the blake nyht of sorwe
Gladnesse folwith thoruh suyng of the day,
And fressh flourys displayen by the morwe,
That worn toforn in dirknesse and affray,
And afftir wyntir sweth greene May:
Riht so of freendys her tristesse for to fyne
Is liht of presence, whan it to them may shyne.

(18)
O out on absence of hem, that loven trewe!
O out on partyng by disseveraunce!
O ground of woo, of her feuere newe
(I meene, of freendys, that langour in distaunce)!
O bitir bale hangyng in ballaunce!
On the a clamour now I wil begynne,
That causist lovers assondir for to twynne.

(19)
But, as to them, that han i-tastyd galle,
Mor aggreadable is the hoony soote,

100-101 tr. H A. 103 shuld H A. 104 in A. 106 to the land H. vnto the lande A. Whan that L Ly Ha A. Whanne R.
110 any om. H. 111 his] her L. 113 afftir] a sterre H A.
114 suynq] shyneng H A. 115 displayen] sprynggen H A.
117 shewith H A. 119 may to hem H A. 120 O om. H A.
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Riht so to them, that wern in myscheef falle,
Is, whan they heryn kalendys of her boote.
Of lovers art ful bittir is the roote,
But weil is hym, that may the frute atteyne,
As whilom diden thes noble marchauntis tweyne.

(20)

For, whan that he of Egipt herde seye,
How that his freend was entryd in-to the londe,
For verray ioye he felte his herte pleye,
And hym tencontre, he seyde, he wolde fonde,
And, whan they mette, he took hym by the honde
And kist hym aftir, and with vnfeynd cheere
He seide: "Wolcom, my faithfyl freend so deere.

(21)

Now haue I found, that I so longe haue souht.” [leaf 74, back]
"Wolcom," he seide by rowe an hundryd sithe,
And to his place anoon he hath hym brouht
And hym receyved with herte glad and blithe.
He maad his menee her deveer doon as swithe,
That al wer reedy, that myht be to hym ese:
So fayn he was his freend to queeme and plese.

(22)

Vnto a chambre ful riche and weil arrayed
Anoon he lad hym, which stood somwhat on heihte,
And seide: “Freend, I am ful weil appayed,
That I be grace of you haue cauht a sihte;
For nothyng moore myn herte myhtfe lihte:
Wherfore wolcom, also God me save,
Vn-to your owne, and to al that I have.”

(23)

Of mete and drynk, deyntees and vitaille,
Of divers wynes ther was no skarseete,
Of strangeu viaundys in sondry apparaillle,
That nevir afor was seen such roialte:
To moore and lasse it snowyd doun plente.
To rekken the fare and cours in thrifty wyse
A someries day ne myht[e] nat suffise.

(24)
The riche beddyng of swee so wel beseyne,
Passaunt and plesyng eek, the roial paramentis,
That for his freend this marchaunt did ordeyne,
With al the sou of dyvers instrumentys,
Revel disguysed with chaung of garnementis,
Of song and musyk the merthe and melodye—
Al to reherse my.witt I can nat plye.

(25)
They ryde aboute with hauk & eek with houndys, 1
He shewith hym maneers, castellis and eek tours;
Thoruh al his lordship he lat hym in the boundys
By park, by forest, by meedwys fressh of flowrs;
And, list he were pryked with paramours,
Ful many a lady and maiden by his side
On white palfreys he made for to ryde.

(26)
Of al his tresour withyne and withoute
Nothyng he hidith: of al he hadde a siht.
He saide: "Freend, withouten any doute,
What so I haue, is platly in your myht.
I feffe you fully in al my good and riht.
Beth glad and wolcom: I can sey you no more.
Haue her myn hand for now and evirmore."

(27)
This straunge marchaunt thankyth hym with herte:
Nay, "straunge" nat; alias, why seid I soo?
I spak amys, this woord now me asterte,
Sith in accord confederat been they too.
The boond is maad bothe for wele and woo.
I erryd foule to speke of straungenesse
Of tweyne alayed, so kneet in stabilnesse.
(28)
But, as I seyde, with al herte entieer
His freend he thankith of entent ful cleene,
For now presence hath maad the wedir cleer,
Of absence chacyd the mystis ful of teene.
Her ioiful somer is tapited al in greene,
Of stable blew is her bothen hewe
To shewe that too in love wer nevir so trewe.

(29)
This blisful lyff from day to day they leede,
Tyl that fortune to them had enmyte.
Allas, for dool myn herte I feele bleede;
For evir vnwarly cometh aduersite.
This straunge marchaunt hath cauht infirmyte:
A brennyng feuere so soore did hym shake,
That fro the deth he trowith nat to skape.

(30)
A bed in haste was maad ful softly,
In which he cowchyd, and gan to sike and groone.
His prayeer was to alle pitously,
That by hym-sif he myhte been alloone:
So kowde he best yeuen issu to his moone.
But than his freend for woo began to melte,
That al his peynes, he seemyd, that he felte.

(31)
Thus longith it to freendys, entirparte
Nat oonly merthe, but wo and hevynesse:
Yif oon hath peyne, bothe hertis it doth thoruh-darte,
Yif that her love be set in sikirnesse,
And, yif oon drye, bothe they haue distresse.
This is the ballaunce oonly of freendys riht:
Euenly to deele, wher they be glad or liht.

(32)
And for tassaye, yif it myht [hym] ese,
The chaunbre is voyded, and he is left al sool.
Than to hym-seluen he spak in his disese
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And said: "Allas, my langour and my dool!
Now hoot, now coold I erre, as doth a fool.
Allas, and yit the cheffest of my peyne
Is, that I dar to no whith weel compleyne.

(33)

"I am [i-] hurt, but closyd is my wounde:
My dethis spere strykith in my brest;
My bollyng festrith, that it may nat sounde,
And yit no cicatrice shewith at the lest.
Cupidis darte on me hath maad arrest:
The cleer streemys of castyng of an ye
This is thatwre, me causith for to dye.

(34)

"And at myn herte is hoolly, that I feele,
But aftir cure, God wot, I dar nat seche.
My sweete fo is hard as any steele.
Allas! vnmercy doth to cruel wreche;
For thilke flour, that myhte be my leche,
She wot riht nouht, what wo that I endure,
And to be ded I dar me nat discure.

(35)

"And eek my freend, whom I love moost of al,
Yif that he knewh my secre maladye,
Ful cruel vengaunce shuld vpon me fal
For myn outrage, despiht and velanye,
That I durst evir clymbyn vp so hihe
To love that maiden kept for his owne stoor:
Thus must I deyen; what shuld I pleynen mor?

(36)

"I sauh ful many ladyes in the rowte
So fayr, so fressh i-brouht for my plesaunce,
But now for oon my liff lith al in dowte,
That of my deth ther is noon avoidaunce:
And yit the thyng, that doth me moost grevaunce,
Is, that I shulde to hym I am so bounde
Disnatural or traitour been i-founde.

222 alias the chevest parte H A. (part A.) 225 I hurt L Ly.
226 spere] spoke R. 227 I may nat found H A. 230 of(1)]
and L Ly. 232 hoolly] only H A. 235 to] om. L Ly. 238
nat me R. 241 Ful] For A. 245 compleyne H A. 247
founde L.
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(37)

"For thilke goodly, that he lovyd moost, I am abowte falsly hym to reve. Love can no frenship, I se weel, in no coost. Alas, Cupide disseyvable for to leve. Love rechchith nat his freend [to] wrath and greve. Alas, of love such is the fervent heete, That litil chargith his freend for to leete."

(38)

And, whil he lay in langour thus musyng, His freend wol besy was with al his myht To serche aboute the lond envirouwnyng: His menee riden bothe day and niht To founden som man, that wer expert arriht, Or phisicien, for no cost wold he spare To haue restoored the sike to weelfare. Meanwhile his friend

(39)

Assemblyd been of leechis many oon, The beste© and wisest, that he coude ffynde. Unto the sike they been i*comen echoon To taste his poorys and for to deeme his kynde. The[i] were ful besy to fynd out roote and rynde, Of what humour was causyd his dissese, And theron werke his accesse to appese. Sends for wise leeches,

(40)

With hem they brouhte, yif they sey[e] neede, Ful goode siropys to make dygestyues, And therwithal the sonnere for to speede Pelotes expert for evacuatyues, Ful precious poudrys and confortatives, That, whan they knew of maladies the roote, Nouthe were behynyn to werken for his boote. With medicines,
(41)

Whan they haue serched by signes his estat, [leaf 77]
They merveyle gretely what it myht[e] be,
That his fevere was nat interpollat,
But ay contynueth hoot and in ceo degre.
They seide, certeyn, it was noon of the thre,
But yif it were oonly effymora;
For neithir etyk it was ne putrida.

(42)

Effymera hath his original
When mannys spiritys been in distemperaunce,
Or in-to excesse yif a wiht be fal
Of mete and drynk thoruh mysgovernaunce:
Of accidentis, of thouht, of perturbaunce,
Of hoot, of cold or greef in any maneer
This feuere cometh, as auctours tellen heer.

(43)

or putrida,

And putrida is causyd gladly thus:
When any humour synneth in quantite,
Or whan his flowyng is to plenteous,
That he excedith mesoure in qualite.
Yiff by blood, anoon ye may it see;
Yif quantite ouht erre, espyeth it thus,
The feuere in phisyk is callyd sinochus.

(44)

And, yiff the humour in qualite exceedith,
Or heete or blood passe his temperament,
In-to a feuere anoon a man it leedith
Clepid synocha by putrefaccious shent.
And, yif of co/r/a he take his groundement,
Pure or vnpure, citryn or vitellyne,
Gyles you techith to iuge it by vryne.

(45)

or "etik;"

Also of etikes ther be kyndes thre,
But oon ther is pereilous in special,
The which is, whan by [any] degre

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Deeply profound did heete natural
In thilke humyndite i-callyd radical;
The which ffevere is gladly incurable,
For drye tisyk is withal partable.

(46)
Off othir humours han thes leechys eek
Ful deepe enqueeryd to serchen out the trouthe
By every weye, that they cowde seek:
In hem was ffounde defawte noon nor slouthe;
But atte laste of o thyng ha they routhe,
That he were falle, for ouht they cowd espye,
For thouht or love into malencolye.

(47)
His vryne was remys, attenuat
By resoura gendryd of ffrigidite,
The veyne ryueers, for they wern oppilat,
It was ful thynne and wannysh for to see;
The streihte passage causyd aquosite,
Withoute substaunce to voyde hym of colour,
That they dispeired been by his socour.

(48)
For, whan nature of vertu regitiff
Thoruh malencolye is pressyd and bor dou't,
It is to dreede gretly of the liff,
But soone be ordeyned opposicioun;
For it was likly, that this passioun
Was eithir thouht or love, that men calle
Amor ereos, that he was in falle.

(49)
The roote wherof and the corrupcioun
Is of thilke vertu callid estimatiff,
As yif a man haue deep impressioua,
That ovirlordshipith his imagynatif,
And that the cours be forth successyf
To trowe a wiht for love mor favr or pure.
Than evir hym ordeyned hath God or nature.
This causith man to fallen in manye,
So arn his spiritis vexid by travayle.
Allas, that man shuld fallen in ffrenesye
For love of woman, that litil may avayle!
For now thes leechys, as by supposayle,
Konne of this man noon othir ffevir espere,
But that for love was hool his malladye

And, whan his freend the sothe gan vndirgrope
Of this myscheef, he nat ne wolde abide;
But in to the chaunbyr anoon he is i-lope
And kneelyd adoun by his beddys syde.

He seyd: "Freend, to me nothyng thu hyde:
Telle me your herte, telle me your hevynesse,
And lat no thouht causen your drerynesse.

"Yiff loues Severe do yow ouht to quake,
Telle me the soth and rake nat in the fyre.
Out of your slombre, for shame, why nyl ye wake?
To me vnclose the somme of your desyre.
Be what she be, I shal do my deveere.
Allas, mystrust to lokke it vp fro me!
Telle on, for shame, com of and lat me see!

"Your freend mystruste, it is an hih repreeff,
Or to concele from hym your priuyte.
Parauenture he may to your myscheeff
Fynde remedye sonnere, than may ye.
And sith in feith so deepe i-sworn be we,
I wol it weten withouten mor delay,
What may you helpyn, by God and by my fay."

And alle the ladyes and maydenys of his hous,
Bothe oold and yong, were brought to his presence.
And oon ther was so fair and vertuous,
That for hir wysdam and hir excellence
Was moost of alle had in reverence,
The which this marchaunt for oon the beste alyve
Kept in his hous in purpoos hir to wyve.

(55)
Ful wys she was of so tendir age,
Prudent and war and ful of honeste,
Devoyde cleene of vices and outrage,
Whos beaute flouryd and virginite,
Of maneir myrour and welle of womanheede,

(56)
Hool of hir herte, benygne and immvtable,
Nat frel, fadyng, but ful of affiaunce,
In moral vertu mesuryd and tretable,
Housoold to guye ful war of governaunce:
That, yif I shal hir shortly comprehende,
In hir was nothyng, that nature myht amende.

(57)
The sike marchaunt, when he hir beheeld,
With dreedful herte and voys ful tymerous
He seide: "Certis, but mercy be my sheeld
To you, my freend, that ye be gracious,
That on my trespas ye be nat rigerous
To take vengaunce on myn hih folye,

(58)
"O, mercy, freend, and rewe vpon my liff:
Deth fro my gilt, I wot, is resounable.
Love is gynnere and ground of al my striff.
But in o thyng I am inexcusable,
Which is to you so plesaunt and so meete:
And, to be slayn, to love I can nat leete.
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

(59)

"Do, what yow list: for, tyl myn herte ryve,
I may nat chesyn, that I am hir man;
For, with my sylf thoue I evirnorn stryve,
Ther is noon othir, that I love can;
For hir in syknesse I am so pale and wan.
Thus I me confesse and put me in your grace:
My liff, my deeth is portrayed in hir face."

(60)

This frendly marchaunt of this nat dysmayed,
But with good herte saide, as ye may heere:
"Allas, my freend, why art thu so dismayed
For love, anoon sith thu maist han hir heere
With al hir beaute and cristal eyen cleere?"
Betwix yow too in love to make a boond,
I gyf hir the: haue, tak hir by the hond.

(61)

"And ful and hool, as I haue any riht,
I give hir the, which is so wys and sage.
Rys vp anoone and be riht glad and liht,
For I wil makyn between yow the maryage
And bere thexpence fully and costage
Of your weddyng," and hath a day i-set
Of hir spousayl to see the knotte i-knet.

(62)

Anoon he ros supportyd by gladnesse,
And doun he fel lowly on his kne,
And hym he thankyd for his gentillesse,
That fro the deth hath maad hym skapid fre.
"Allas," he seide, "whan shal I thanken the,
That hast so freely thyn owne love forsake
Thy freend to save, and hool and sound to make?"

(63)

The passaunt costys, the feeste of her weddyng,
Iustys and revel and al the purveiaunce,
The grete yiftys, the cheer so surmountyng—
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

I wante witt to telle the circumstaunce;
For Ymeneus, that hath the governaunce
Of such feestys to make accordement,
Therto Fortune was therat present.

(64)
Thus is the syke of his langour lissyd,
The blosme of bounte by frenshepe hath he wonne;
For herly merthe to hym is now nat myssyd,
No shadwe of sorwe forfarith nat his sonne,
His freend to hym abrochyd hath the tonne
Of freendly triacle; for nevir I radde yit,
O freend to a-nothir that so weel hath hym quy.

(65)
To hym relesyd he hath his hertry glorye,
Hym silf dismyttid of his inward ioye;
The briht myrour, the liht of his memorye,
Which al his rancour by refut cowde coye,
He hath forsake, the guyere of his ioye,
His lives lanterne, staff of his crokyd age,
To bryng his freend in quiete out of rage.

(66)
Off this mateer what shuld I write mor?
I wil entrete this processe forth in pleyn:
Hir and hir iowellys, hir richesse and hir stor
He hath hym youen, the storiy seith certeyn,
And hom with al repayred is ageyn
And lad hir with hym, as was his freendys wyl,
Which cowde nat feyne his plesaunce to fulfyl.

(67)
At ther departyng the moornyng for to wite,
The wooful teerys, dolour and hevynesse,
Myn herte bleedith, whan I therof endite,
To knowe her trouble, turment and distresse.
But of this marchaunt lyst the kyndenesse:
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

His freendys partyng did hym mor to smerte
Than love of hir, that sat so nyh his herte. 469

(68)

Moorng for absence he is lefft allone:
The tothir streiht to Baldoc, his contre,
With wyff and catel the riht weye is gone
And ther receyved with gret solemnyte.
Her lyff they ledde in gret prosperite,
His wif and he of oon herte in quyete:
For with a bettir no man ne myht mete. 476

(69)

Ther was no stryff between hem nor debate,
But ful accordid they be bothe nyht and day;
She hym obeyeth in al erlich and late:
Whan he seid "ya," she coud nat sey "nay",
A bettir wyff was nevir at al assay;
Ioyned in oon thus been her hertys too,
That nouht, but deth, her love may fordoo. 483

(70)

For alle wyves, as ferre as evir I kneuh,
Withyne her brest hath growyng pacience:
Suffryng and mecke they been ilich[e] new;
But yiff so be, that men hem doon offence,
They love nat, men make experience 488
Of her lownesse. But lyst I hem disples,
Ye gete no more: passe ovir is an ese. 490

(71)

Thus leve I hem in her iolite
(I meene thes too), ech lykyng othir weel;
I speke no mor of her felicite:
For no man may such ioye & merthe feel,
But he were expert to telle it euerydeel. 495

For to the marchaunt of Egip will I turne,
Which for his freend in woo I lefte moorne. 497

469 Than the ins. H. 476 no man myght with a better H A.
478 day and nyht L. accord H A.
479 both erly ins. H A.
480 ye H A. 481 was] om. L L y. 483 her] om. L L y.
theyr H A. may her hertys R. Stanza 70 om. H A.
491 I leve hem H A. 492 ech other H. 495 were] om. R.
I wil A. 497 left I H.
But now, alas, who shall my stile guye,
Or he[n]ej[s] forth who shall be my muse?
For verray dool I stond in iupartye:
Al merthe of makyng my mateer mot refuse.
Me in-to stoon transmwed hath Meduse
For verray stonyng of Fortunys fikylnesse,
That for the merveyle no woord I can expresse.
(aid me to write,

Allas, Meggera, I mot now vnto the
Of herte calle to helpe me compleyne
And to thy sustir eek, Thesiphone,¹
That afftir ioye goddessys been of peyne.
O weepyng Mirre, now lat thy teerys reyne
In-to myn ynke so clubbyd in my penne,
That rowthe in swaggyng abrood[e] make it renne.

It sitt the nat enlwmyned for to be
Of othir colour but oonly al of sable.
O doolful mateer! who so now reede the,
He may weel seyn, this world is ful chaungable;
For, how this marchaunt whilom so worshipable
(I meene of Egipt) Fortune did avale,
Mot be as now [the] remenaunt of my tale.

To hym Fortune hir falsnesse hath overt,
Hir swift[e] wheel turned vp so doun;
For he is ffallen and plonget in povert
Thoruh vanysshyng of his possessioun.
Now al is brouht in-to destruccioun:
Rychesse and freendys been alle i-feere goon,
And he in myscheef is sool i-lefft aloon.

This newe Job, i-cast in indigence,
He weepith, wayleth, soleyn and solitarye;

(72)

(73)

(74)

(75)

(76)
Allone he drouh hym fleeyng al presence,
And evir his liff he gan to curse and warye.
"O, out on neede of malys multipharye": 530
He gan to crye in his ire and woo,
Lych a man in furye for-poosyd to and froo. 532

(77)
For remembraunce of oold prosperite  [leaf 81, back]
Hath with a darte hym woundid to the herte.

(78)
Thus is the sweete of his tranquyllite  
Ful newely turned in-to bittirnesse;
Thus is he valyd adouw from hih degre
Ful many a steiher lowe in-to wrecynnesse.

(79)
But, by hym-silf walkyng in wildirnesse,
He gan to pleyne his sodeyn poore estaat
And seide : "Alas, wher is the kyndenesse
Of alle my freendys to me disconsolaat?
I pley[e] sool, I am almoost chek-maat:
That whilom hadde my menee me aboute,
Now destitut I am beshet withoute.

(80)
"Now am I repreef to my freendys alle,
Markyd of many and of the peeple fable.
Now wot I nat, to whom for helpe calle,
That sat so glorious somtyme at my table;
And they, that than wer to me servisable,
Han by despit at myscheef me forsake.
Gret cause haue I an outcry for to make.

528 drouh hym] drawith H A. 532 possed H A. 534 with a] withouten H A. wounded hym H A. 535 to hym was H. 546 ne] nor L. takyth H A. 551 sool] the foole H A. 558 that to me than H A. were so ins. H.
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

(81)

"O out on shame of hauhtesse plongid lowe! [leaf 82]
O out on dolour of lordship brouht to nouht! ¹ MS. of.
O out on richesse with vanyte forblowe,
Forsakyng soone and with gret travayle souht!
O worldly blisse, of me ful dere aboute,
Thy sodeyn turn now doublith my grevaunce
Mor than of it I nevir hadde had plesaunce. ⁵⁶⁵

(82)

"Now hongir, thrust, vnkouth as vnto me, ² MS. sweth to.
Ynwarly sweth my passyd habundaunce.
Now cold, now nakyd in necessite
I walke aboute for my sustenaunce.
Whilom in plente and now al in grevaunce!
Allas, my fulle is derkyd in-to wane,
With wynd forwhirlyd as is a mvaunt ffane. ⁵⁷⁴

(83)

"O, in this world what woo and werynesse,
What mortal torment assaileth al aboute!
What grevous molest and what besynesse
With many assaut in dreed doth vs to doute!
Now vp, now doun, as doth a curraunt goute,
So ar we travailed with solicitude:
The world with mowhes so weel can vs delude. ⁵⁸¹

(84)

"But I knowe weel, who trustith on the moost,
Shal be deceyued, whan he to the hath neede.
Wher is the clarious of thy cry and boost,
That to [the] skyes my fame did[e] beede?
Who seruyth the, what shal be his meede:
Whan that he wenyth thu maist hym most availe,
Than in the hand rathest thu wilt hym fayle?" ⁵⁸⁸

(85)

O seely marchaunt, myn hand I feele quake [leaf 82, back] Alas, poor man!
To write thy woo in my translaciuon;
Ful ofte I weepe also for thy sake,

⁵⁶¹-⁵⁶³ O] om. H A.
⁵⁶⁸ seketh me L Ly.
⁵⁷⁴ sweth to R.
⁵⁸⁸ Wha] What A.

⁵⁶⁵ Out on wealth and vanity!
⁵⁷⁴ My luck is waning.
⁵⁸¹ How this world mocks!
⁵⁸⁸ Who serves it loses his labour.
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

For to beholde the revolucious
Of thy degree and transmutacioun.
Allas, to the I can no bet diffence
Than the to arme strongly in pacience.

(86)

Nat oonly thu, but every man on lyve,
How hih in throne he sitth exalat,
Lat hym nat tempte ageyn[e]s God to stryve,
But take his sonde meekly withoute debat;
For who so do, he is infortunat.
No wele is worthy, that may no woo endure,
Wherfor ech man tak paciently his ewre.

(87)

For Senek seith with ful hih sentence
Of preef in povert, who-so that hym reede,
In thylke book he made of providence,
That he unhappy is, withouten dreede,
Which nevir ne hadde adversite nor neede,
Of whom the goddys dempten pleynly thus:
"Withouten assay no man is vertuous."

(88)

"And yiff a tre with frut be ovirlade,"
In his Epistles he seith, as ye may see,
"Both braunche and bouh wol enclyne and fade.
And greyne oppressith to moche vberte.
Riht so it farith of fals felicite,
That yif his weihte mesure do exceede,
Than of a fal gretly is to dreede."

(89)

But, why that God this marchaunt list visite,
As I suppose, it was hym for to preeve.
Thouh he were wooful, he was the lasse wite,
Sith nevir afforn Fortune did hym greeve.
From his wantrust he was brouht in beleewe,
That he weel kneuh, this world was ful vnstable
And nat abydyng, but evirmor variable.

595 the] om. H A. 601 is hym H. is he A ins. 605 made]
619 wore sic H A. the lasse he was to A. 622 knowe A H.
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

(90)
And, whan he kneuh the grete vnsikyrnesse
Of worldly lust by preef in special,
On knees he fel with devout humblesse,
Ful lowe of herte, and thankyd God of al,
And sayde: “Lord, thouh I haue had a fal,
Ne put me nat fro thy protecciouw,
Sith I it take for my probaciou\textsuperscript{1}.

(91)
“But, goode Lord, lat me Thy grace fynde
And guye my wittis, that I be nat despeyred ;
But me enspeere, puttyng in my mynde
Som hoope of refut, that am so soore appeyred.
And, thouch to richesse ther be no grees i-steyred
Tascenden vp, as I was wont to doone,
Yit, goode Lord, do confort to my boone.”

(92)
And, whil he lay thus in his orisoun,
Ful poorly clad in ful symple weede,
His herte was brouht in consolaciourc,
Which in-to lissyng his langour did leede.
He thouhte, he wolde preeve his freend at neede; 642
And vnto Baldac, for to make assay,
In pilgrym wise he took the rihte way.

(93)
And, when he was comen to that londe, [leaf 83, back]
Ful soore afferd he was for to com piny no
Allas ! he seide, “myn herte dar nat fonde
Vnto my freend to shewen out my peyne,
That whiloom was in richesse so hauhteyne; 649
For to be ded, I dar\textsuperscript{1} for shamfastnesse 651
Nat shewe a poynt to hym of my distresse.”

(94)
And eek, that it was somwhat late,
When he was entryd in-to that cite,
Hym liked nat to knocken at the gate

\textsuperscript{1} MS. dar nat.
And nam[e]ly in so poore degre;
And it was nyht: therfor he lefte be,
List of his freend he were anoon refusyd
As man vnknowe or for som spye accusyd.

(95)

In-to a temple foundid by dayes olde
He is i-entryd, a place al desolat,
And leyd hym downs by the wallys colde,
So weyk, so wery, forwandryd and for-mat.

O pompe emporisshyd, whilom so elat!

Take heed, ye ryche, of what estat ye bee;
For in this marchaunt your myrour ye may see.

(96)

How many a man hath Fortune assayled,
With sleihte i-cast, whom he best wende ha stonde,
Her habiriownys of steel also vnmayled!
For al her trust she nolde the lasse wonde
To playe this playe bothe with free and bonde.

For who stood evir yit in surete,
That in som siht infect was his degre?

(97)

For by exaumphlys nature doth declare,
Which is of God mynystir and vikeer;
Withoute tonge she biddith vs beware
By thylke sterrys, that shynen briht and cleer,
Which by her concours and mevyng circuleer,
In her discens westynge vndyr wavys
Vs to enfourmen by chaungyng of hir lawys.

(98)

And fewe of hem alway to vs appeere,
But yif it be the bere briht and sheene
In thilke plow, that Arthow doth it steere;
For yit Boetes, that twynkelith wondir keene,
Somwhile is dym, that men may nat hym seene;
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.

Eek Lucifeer, at morowhil prymycere,
By nyht hym hidith vndir our empeere.

The day doth passe of vanite and glorye,
And nyht approchith, whom Titan is gon doun.
But who list wynne the palmy by victorye,
The world to venquyssh ful of elaciouz,
Lat hym despise as a chaunpioun
Al erthly lustys, that shynen but in dreede,
And of this marchaunt evir among tak heede.

Evir entirmedlyd is merthe and heuynesse,
Now liht, now soory ; now ioiful, now in woo ;
Now cler aloftte, now lowe in dirk[e]nesse,
As Jupiter hath couchyd tonnes too
Withyne his ceeleer, platly and no moo :
That oon is ful of ioye and gladnesse
That othir ful of sorwe and bittirnesse.

Who that wil entren to tamen of the sweete,
He must as weel taken his aventure
To taste in bittir, or he the vessel leete;
And bothe ilich of strong herte endure;
He may nat close the thykke from the pure:
For, who that wil sweetnesse first abroche,
He mot be war, or bittir wol approche.

Of thes too i-dronken at the fulle
Hath this marchaunt, that I of spake erwhyle ;
The laste beuere so maad his hed to dulle,
That he ne lest but litil lawh or smyle ;
Expert he was bothe of trust and guyle :
For, wher that he hisbeddyng whilom chees,
Slept on the ground now nakyd herberwelees.

And whil that he lay sleepyng in this wise,  
    An hap befel of too men in the towne,  
Betwix the which a contek gan to ryse  
Ryht ther besyde with gret[e] noyse and soune :  
That oon his felawe hath slayn and bore downs  
Vndir the temple, wher as this marchaunt lay,  
And lefft hym ther and fled anoon his way.

The town followed,  
and found the merchant,  
who, for misery, confessed to the deed.

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To come to them, that the nothyng desire?
O com now, Deth, and maak of me thy feere, 1 MS. 747

This marchaunt crieth in his wooful herte:
So ful he was of inward peynes smerte. 749

(108)
Anoon he was i-taken and i-bounde
And cast in prisoun tyl on the nexte morwe,
And than i-taken and brouht, as they hym founde,
Afforn the iustice; for no man wold hym borwe.
To seen a fyn he hopith of his sorwe;
For-dempt he was thoruh his owne speche
By iugement to han for deth the wreche. 756

(109)
And than, as faste as he to deth was lad,
His oold[e] freend happyd forby passe,
The which beheeld hym with cheer demvre & sad
And kneu[h] the feturys and signes of his face.
And anoon he prayeth leyser to hym and space
For to been herd of hem in pacience
And stynt a whyle to yive hym audience. 763

(110)
“Sires,” he seith, “so it nat yow displese,
This man is dampned so ful of innocence.
And gilt[el]les ye don hym this diseese;
For I my silf haue wrouht this gret offence:
To me it fallith tencurren the sentence
Of deth, the trouthe weel to founde;
For with myn hand I gaff his dedly wounde!” 770

(111)
His herte was meevyd of oold naturesse
To save his freend and for hym for to deye;
And he was hent anoon and pullyd by duresses,
With swre arrest they handys on hym leye,
And al her lust meekly he did obeye; 775
Then he was condemned.

To-fore the inge he was i-lad and drawe,
Wher he was damned by concours of the lawe.

(112)

Thoo was he lad with weepyng and pite,
   Toward his deth, of many hym bysete.
His poore freend was los at libertee,
   Which thouhte for woo deth thoruh his herte glyde ;
   Whyls in the press the verray homyside,
That sothfastly that deede hadde i-wrouht,
   Spak to hym-sylf thus in his owne thouht :

(113)

"Allas, myn herte, hard as the dyamaunt,
   How maist thu suffre this cruelte [to] seen !
Allas, choruh remors why ne were I repentaunt
   The southfast trouthe to be confessyd cleen ?
   Allas, this wrong ! how may I thus susteen
To see afore me vngilte thus i-take
And lad to dethward oonly for my sake ?

(114)

"O rihtwys God, to whom ech pryuyte
   Is pleyn and open to Thy magnyficence,
O Lord, that knowyst myn hyd iniquite :
   Beholdyn al, O Sonne of Sapience,
   Ne take no vengaunce of myn hih offence,
   That I so longe concelyd haue the trouthe ;
   But of Thy mercy, Lord, haue on me routhe.

(115)

"For weel I wot, that of Thy rihtwysnesse
   Thu must me punyssh at Thy iugement,
And thouh Thu suffre a while in esynesse,
   Blood wil haue wreche, that wrongfully is spent.
   O blood vngilte, O blood so innocent,
How canst thu gon to deth and nat compleyne,
   To wreke the afftir on me with cruel peyne ?

779 manyon H. A. 783 hath L Lly H. A. that] the R H. A.
784 and in H. A. 786 this cruel tene H. A. 788 Th] that
H. A. to] om. H. A. 790 vngilte L Lly H. A. this one H. A. 794
pow] om. A. 806 wreche on me after A H. with] bi L. L. A.
Fabula Duorum Mercatorum.  

(116)  
"To the hih God, eternal in His see,  
Blood crieth out, that is i-shad in wronge,  
And seith: 'O Lord, whan wilt Thu vengyd bee  
Vpon our deth? why bydist Thu so longe?''  
Of innocentys this is the noote and songe;  
Wherfor I wol, whil I haue liff and space,  
The sothe be-knowe, and put me in Thy grace.  

(117)  
"It is to moche, that I haue slayn oon;  
And, but I speke, toward is anothir,  
The which is domb and stille as ony stoon,  
For verray love for to save his brothir:  
Everych is reedy to fonge deth for othir.  
Now wyl I goon and pleyynly me confesse  
And for my gilt receyven the redresse."  

(118)  
With open mouth lowde he gan to crye:  
"O ye disceyved peeples by errour!  
That innocent, alias, why shal he dye,  
Which nevir ne was his lyve trespasour?  
Turneth ageyn and let be this clamour  
And let to me her doom been hool reserved:  
For I am he, that hath the deth disserved.  

(119)  
"Let hym go loos, sith he of gilt is fre:  
It is my silf, that hath the deede i-do.  
Why wyl ye erren and punysshen verite  
And let falsnesse at his large go?"  
The peple of this gan for to wondren tho,  
And eek the iustices, of this sodeyn chaunce,  
That alle here wittis wer hangid in ballaunce.  

(120)  
Yit nevirtheles thus they [haue] i•wrouhte:  
The firste the[i] vnbounde and this othir take,
And by assent hem everychon i-brouhte
Tofore the kyng and ther a processe make,
How ech of thes hath don for othrys sake,
And pray[e]n hym good iuge for to bee
To fynde a wey the trouthe for to see.

(121)
This worthy kyng to serchyn out the riht
S Hewith hym-silff bothe wys and eek tretable,
And made mercy to goon afforn his myht,
Shapyng a men[ ] ful iust and resoneable:
To alle thre he shewyd hym merciable;
Of al the crym, withyne woordys fewe,
Pardoun he grauntith, so they the trouthe shewe.

(122)
Of al the cas they haue no poynt i-sparyd
(First of her ffrenship, ioye and adversite),
But woord by woord the stoory hool declaryd:
Bothe of thes tweyne the love and vnyte—
Ye han that herd, ye gete no mor of me,—
And how the thrydde hadde a conscience,
For his trespace so damned innocence.

(123)
With grete merveile they wondryn on this thyng,
To seen in frenshep so hool affeesioun,
And specially this wise, worthy kyng
Gan wisse of hert, that thoruh his regiuon
Were ful affermyd an obligacioun
Off such enteernesse fro man to man aboute:
Off tresoun than ful litil wer to doute.

(124)
Ful hard it were tacomplisshen his desyr
Or in his rewm[e] such a bargeyn dryve:
The aeyer infect, the wedir is nat cler
Ne nevir ne shal, whil tresoun is so ryve;
For now of trowthe no man can contryve
A verray seel or thenpreent i-grave
Withoute a label his armes hool to save.

838 [leaf 87]
840 eek
845
847
852
854
859 MS. voisse.
861
866
868
But, whan thys kyng hath thus doon hem grace,
He let hem goo at her eleccioun,
And he of Baldac hat[h] lad hoom to his place
-His poore freend with gret processiouw.
He rayeth hym newe with good affeccioun
And seide: "Frend, your pensiffheed asswage
And for pouert ne beeth no more in rage.

"But here anoon, as ferre as it may laste,
Of al my good halvendeel is youre:
I wyl, that it departyd be as faste
At your devise your pouert to socoure;
For our frenship shal every sesoun floure,
And in short tyme, I telle it you in pleyn,
Ye shul to richesse restooryd be ageyn.

"And than at erst avised ye may telle,
Vnto your contre whedir ye wil retume
Or heer with me al your lyff[e] dwelle:
The choys is your; look no more ye moorne!
And whersobe ye goon or heer soioume,
Haue heer my trouthe, our hertys shul been oon,
Whil breeth may laste, and nevir vnsondir goon."

By egal witt his goodys everychon
Wer tho departyd betwix thes freendys too,
Bymceuse this marchaunt wold algatys gon
Hom to his contre, that he lovyd soo.
The stoory tellith, withoute woordys moo,
Riht in-to Egypt he is goon ageyn;
Of her frenship what shuld I you moor seyn?

I say you platly, so as it seemyth me;
Guy of Warwick.

I will say no more, lest I be tedious.

To oftyn sith it were but vanye.
Lest tedioustye your eys did assayl,
Sith ye it knowe, it may nothyn avayl
Of her frendship fether more divyne:
For, as they gonne, so in love they fyne.

(130)
Lenvoye.

Thus of this tale to you I make an eende.
On my rewde tellynge of curtesye ye rewe,
And God I prey, that He His grace sende,
That ebery freend to othir be as trewe,
As were thes marchauntis alway ilich[e] newe.

This my desyr in al degrees of men:
That it so be, I pray you, seith, "Amen."

Explicit quod Lidgate.

22. GUY OF WARWICK.

[From MS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 65-78.]

1 Here gynneth the lyff off Guy of Warwyk. [1 leaf 65]

(1)
Fro Cristis birth the complet nyne huward yeer,
Twenty and seuyen, by computaciuou,
Kynge Ethelstan, as seith the Cronycleer,
Regnyng that tyme in Brutys Albouyn,—

902 furtermore to H. further to A. 906 He] God L Ly.
907 That] And H A. 909 This is H A.

Colophon: Explicit de fideli amore duorum mercatorum L Ly.
Explicit Fabula duorum mercatorum de et super gestis Romanorum
H A.

MSS. Bodley Laud Misc. 683, leaves 65–78 = B; Br. M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 18, back, to 27, back = L; Leyden Vossius 9, pp. 000 to 000 = Ly; Harley 7333, leaves 33 to 35, back = H; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21, leaves 305–314 = T; Harvard MSS. A R 5, leaves 4, back, to 12, back = A.

Titles: Here begynneth a tale of Guy and Colbroud T. Here nowe begynne an abstracte oute of the Cronicles in Latyn made by Gyrarde Comubyence the worpy Croniculer of Westaeexe, & translated in to Englishe be Lydegate dann Iohan at the requests of Margarite Countas of Shrowesbury Ladye Talbot fornyual and Lisle of the lyf of pat moste worpy knyght Guy of Warwike, of whose bloode shee is lyneally descended H A. (oute of) oute A.)

Guy of Warwick.

Duryng also the persecucyoun
Of them of Denmark, with myhty hond
Rod, brente, and slouh, made noon excepcioun,\(^1\)
By cruel force, thorugh out al this lond; \([1\text{ leaf 65, back}]\)

(2)

Spared nouther hih nor louh degre,
Chirchis, collegis, but that they bete hem doun;
Myhty castellis, and euery greet cyte
In ther ffurie, by ffals oppressioun,
On-to the boundys of Wynchestre toun,
With suerd & feer they madyn al wast & wylde;
And in ther mortall persecucyoun
Spared nat women greet with chylde:

(3)

In this brennyng, ffurious cruelte,
To Denmark pryncis, pompous & elat,
Lyk woode lyouns, void of all pite,
Did no favour to louh nor hih estaat.
Allas! this lond stood so dysconsolaat,
Froward Fortune hath at hem so dysdeyned,
Mars & Mercurie wer with hem at debaat,
That bothe þe kyng and pryncis wer distreynd

(4)

By froward force to take hem to the fflyght,
Thees Danyssh pryncis ageyn hem wer so wood;
On hih hilles ther ffyres gaff suych lyght,
Fortune of werre in suych disioynt tho stood,
The peple robbed and spoiled of ther good,

For verray dreed of colour ded and pale,

\(^{5} \text{also\,} \text{paer harde} \ H A. \ 6 \text{þe Danes} \ H A. \ \text{withe þeire} \ H A.\)
\(^{7} \text{and made} \ T. \ 9 \text{ey spared} \ H A. \ \text{10 that they} \ om. \ H A. \ \text{they} \ bete} \ Ly. \ \text{of hem} \ A. \ \text{adowne} \ H A. \ 11 \text{castell.} \ 12 \text{ffurie} \ wodnesse} \ H A. \ 13 \text{bownes A.} \ 14 \text{mode} \ Ly \ H A T. \ \text{wylle Ly.} \ 15 \text{Line om. H A.} \ 16 \text{he spared} \ ins. \ H A. \ \text{gon gret} \ ins. \ H A. \ 18 \text{Tq]}
\text{The T.} \ 19 \text{and voyde} \ ins. \ H A. \ 20 \text{Did} \ \text{shewyd T.}
\text{no favour} \ shewa \ H A. \ \text{noþer A.} \ \text{nor to} \ ins. \ H. \ 21 \text{so]} \ \text{poo H.} \ \text{than} \ A. \ 22 \text{hod T.} \ \text{at hem hathe} \ so \ H A. \ 23 \text{held with hem} \ A H. \ \text{bate T.} \ 24 \text{So was} \ H A. \ \text{þane constreynd} \ A H. \ 25 \text{By force} \ ellas \ H A. \ \text{the} \ om. \ T. \ 26 \text{Thes} \ \text{þe} \ A H. \ 27 \text{On theyre} \ ins. \ \text{T.} \ \text{ffyres gaff} \ \text{beekens wer} \ A H. \ \text{lyght} \ \text{bryght H.} \ 29 \text{the} \ \text{obhyd} \ ins. \ T. \ \text{spoyld} \ \text{and robbyd} \ A H. \ 30 \text{verray} \ \text{mortall} \ A H.
Guy of Warwick.

When the streymes ran doun of red blood
Lyk a greet ryver fro mounteyns to pe vale. 32

It was, perhaps, God’s visitation.

Paraventure for sum old trespace,
As is remembriid of antyquyte,

Of o persone hap, ffortune, and grace
Myhte be with-drawe, in cronycles ye may see;

Reed how þe myhtry famious Iosue
Was put a-bak thre dayes in batayll,
The theffte of Nachor made Israel to file
Out of the field, and in ther conquest faile. 40

Thus by the pryde and veyn ambycioun
And cruel ffurie of thes pryncis tweyne
This rewm almost bouht to destruccyoun,
The swerd of Bellona gan at hem so disdeyne,
Lordis wer pensiff, þe porail gan compleyne;
Oon of thes tirauntys, callid Anelaphus,
And as myn auctour remembreth in serteyn,
The tother was named Genaphelus. 48

This myscheff, wers than strok of pestilence,
God with his punsshing is ffounde mercyable;
Suerd of a tyraunt punssheth with vyolence,
With ffurious hand mortall and vengable;
Wher ffolk repente, the Lord is ay tretable,
That sit above, wich halt all in his hond,
But thes tirauntys, to sheden blood most able,
With suerd & flawme troubled al this lond. 56
519

Guy of Warwick.

(8)

God for synne, by record of Scripture,
Hath chastysed many a greet cyte,
And suffered hem gret myschief to endure,
Record Ierusalem, record on Nynyvee,
Paris in Fraunce hath had his part, parde,
For leccherie and veyn ambucyoun;
Palpable examples, at eye men may see,
Of Rome, Cartage, and of Troie toun.

(9)

This mater offfce hath been exempleffyed,
For lak of wisdam and of good consayll,
That peplys hertys wer nat ffull applyed
To sue vertu for ther owne avayll;
Wynd of glad Fortune bleuh nat in ther saill,
For ther dismeritees, God purashed hem of right,
Outrage & vices hath vengauwce at his tayll.
Thouh kyng Ethelstan was a manly knyght,

(10)

Cruell Danys Inglyssh blood to scheede,
Ther swerd was wheet, & ther ffyres lyght;
It in cronycle, at leyser who lyst reede,
Kyng Ethelstan was a ffull noble knyght,
Though for a tyme eclypsed was his lyght;
Of his noblesse and royall mageste,
The hand of God stood alway in his myght
To chaunge his trouble in-to prosperyte.

(11)

The sonne is hatter affter sharpe schours,
The glade morwe ffolweth the dirke nyght,

Guy of Warwick.

After wynter cometh May with fresshe fflours,
And after mystys Phebus schyneth bright;
After trouble hertys be maad lyght ;—
And, to conclude lyk as I began,
God lyst to caste his mercyable syght
Upon his knyght, the forseid Ethelstan.

(12)
In this mater fforther to procede,
Constreyn of werre and gret aduersyto,
Made hym to drawe, in cronycle as I reede,
With alle his lordis of hih and louhe degre,
To haue a counsayll at Wynchestre the cyte,
Som remedye in all haste to provyde
Ageyn the malys and ffurios cruelte
Wrouht by the Danys in ther marcyal pride.

(13)
Off al the lond gadryd were the statys,
Remedye to schapen in this mateere,
Prynys, barouns, byshhopis and prelatys,
In that cyte assembled wern in ffeere,
Hap and ffortune shewyd hem heuy cheere,
Ther hope turned to dysesperaunce,
Knyghthood of armes had lost the maneere,
So destitute they were of spere and launce.

(14)
In that party was no remedye,
Redres to ffynde, nor consolacyoun,
Mars set a-bak all ther chevalrye,
Thus stood the lond in desolacyoun,
Strong wer the Danys, proud by ambucioun:

Guy of Warwick.

Kyllng Ethelstan, by constreynt and distresse,
Held with his lordis a coumsayll in that toun
to fflynde a mene his myschef to redresse;

By grace of God how this myht ben amendyd
Recure to fflynde of ther aduersyte.

Breeffly to telle, they were thus condessendyd,
Benbassatrie or mene of som tretee,

The kyng of Denmark with homage for to queme:
Or vnnder tribute to haue this liberte,

As a soget reioysshe his dyademe;

Or ellis pleynly of partyes covenaunt

Kyng Ethelstan for hym to fflynde a knyght
With Colybrond of Denmark the Geaunt,

Who shal reioisshe, with strong and myhty hond,
To holde a septre, by manhood and by myght,
And haue possesion in quyete of this lond.

The kyng, the lordis, beyng there present,
Withoute respight, or loud dylaciuon,
To yeve answere of ther fflynall entent,
How they list quyten hem, for short conclusiouw:
Others to make a resygncyoun
Of septre & crowne, uther to fflynde a knyght,
As I seyde erst, to be ther champioun,
Geyn Colybrond, to entryn in-to flight.

The Denmark dukis, of malys importable,
Wood and wyulf in ther marcysal rage,
for the Danes, who demanded instant reply.

The king was in great distress. He prayed, and his people all fasted.

Guy of Warwick.

In outer wise lyst nat be tretable, [leaf 68, back] 140
Requyred in haste, benbassat or massage,
To haue answeres or pleggis for hostage,
Of this convencioun relacioun to sende
How they caste hem to puttyyn in morgage
The lyff of tweyne to make a fyinal ende.

(19)
This apoyntement so streitly was forth lad,
Of furious haste they wolde haue no delay,
Kyng Ethelstan so hard[o] was be-stad,
And alle his pryncis put in gret affray;
Affore Wychnester the proude dukis lay,
The kyng withlinne, astoned in his mende,
And weel p more, be-cause he knew no way
In his dyffence a champion to flynde.

(20)
Knew no bet mene, as in this mateer,
Redres to flynde, to resoun accordyng,
Than by assent to taken hym to prayeer,
He and his lordis, to wakyng and fiastynig,
Pore and riche, with-oute more taryng;
Alle attonys, as they wern off degré,
With salte teris, resembled in ther wepyng,
By penaunce doyng, to folk of Nyntyvee. [leaf 69] 160

(21)
From hih estatys doun to the porayll,
Of alle degrees ffouwde was no wyght
To vnderfonge themprise of this batayll,
Ageyn the Geauwt of Denmark ffor to flight:
Herald of Hardeme, p noble famous knyht,

139 ne lyst H. to be ALLy. 141 or] om. A H. for] or A H.
142 relacioun] unswere for A H. 143 caste hem] purposid H. pos-
144 The] om. A H. 145 so] full A. 146 they
147 was so harde A. 149 wolde have] the Danys wold A H. 147 was so harde A. 149
151 And see] Falle moche A H. see] wyl
152 for to ins. T. 153 as in] in al L. Knew no] Koupe
thinke H. be] om. A H. 154 Redres] Remedyse A H. to (2)] be
The pourse ins. A H. to make no A H. 158 attomyse] echon A H.
A H. to] as A H. 161 the hygh ins. T A H. 162 Of
souglte A H. but they flynde A H. fonde H. 164 Line om.
HA. 165 Arderne] order and T (later hand over blank). noble] good A H.
Guy of Warwick.

Callid in his tyme, of prowesse nyh and ferre,  
Fader in armes, in euery manhis sight;  
Next Guy of Warwyk, of manhood lodesterre—

(22)

This seide Herald beyng tho absent,  
Out of this rewrm to seke the sone of Guy,  
Callid Raynbouerne, in contrees adiacent,  
And alle þe provyncis that stode faste by,  
Wich in yong age was stole traytourly,  
By strange marchauntis ongoody lad away,  
Felyce, his moder, wepyng tendirly,  
For his absence compleynyng nyht and day.

(23)

Born by dyscent to ben hir ffadris hayr,  
Hir yonge sone Raynborne to succede,  
In hir tyme was holde noon so ffayr,  
Callid the example of trouthe and womanhede;  
Rowand, hir ffader, for noblesse and manheede,  
Erl of Warwyk, named oon the beste knyht  
That was tho dayes, in story as I reede,  
But he, alas! fflooryng in hys myght

(24)

Paide his dette of deth on-to nature,  
By Parcas sustren was spowne his ly ves threede.  
And, as the story remembreth by scripture,  
Whan that Felyce conseyved liadde in deede,  
By [this] seyde Guy, sone affter, as I reede,  
He lyk a pilgrym endewed with all vertu  
The nexte morwe chauwged hath his weede,  
And spedde hym forth for love of Crist Ihesu ;
So Athelstan prayed

O Lord, of moost magnificence,
Cast down Thyn erys vn-to my prayere!
Remembre nat vp-on my greet offence
But fro my synnes turne a-way Thy cheere,
Disespeired, stondying in doubyll were,
To lese my kyngdam, septre, and regalye,
But medyacioun of Thy Moder deere
Be gracious mene to saue my partye.

My feith, my hope, my trust, myn affyauence
All hooly restith in Thy proteccyoun;
Guy of Warwick.

My sheeld, my sheltroun, my suerd & eek my launce
Be blont and feble, my power is bore doun;
But grace with mercy list be my champioun,
Yorgh Ji support my foone shal me encombe!"—While Ethelstan seyde this orysoun,
Or he was war, he ffyll in-to a slombre.

(29)

For wach and trouble lay in an agonye,
Devoutly knelyng by his beddy syde;
The Lord above, wiche can no man denye
That asketh grace, with meeknesse void of pride,
For His servaunt lyst graciously provyde,
Which of His goodnesse sente an angell doun,
Bad hym nat dreede, but set al feer a-syde,
Wich of His mercy had herd his orysoun.

(30)

Toward the kyng cast His look benygne,
Bad hym truste al hoolly in His grace,
By a tookene and an entyeer-signe,
Which shal be shewed to hym in riht short space.
Of sleep a-dawed, the kyng lefft vp his face,
Marked euerythyng, and prudently took heede
To whom the angel his heuynesse tenchase,
These wordis hadde, in story as I reede:


Sent an angell Ethelston to recomforte
Between myndnight and the morowe tyde
Spake to the kyng as I cane me reporte:
"O Goddes angell sent ffrom hevenly kynge
For to releesse thyne hevy perturbaunce,
Whether thou slepe or that thou be wakyng,
God hath rescveyed thy prayere & penance,
Byme pytous weeping & alle thyne olde greuaunce
Shall hastily chauce to ioy & to plesaunce
Ne drede the not, but have thou in remembrance,
As I to the shall nowe here expresse."

(This is from A H, in line 238, for plesaunce reads blyse, written over erased plesaunce, and line 240 here right shall nowe.) 232 cane me] shall you H 234 And bode T. 235 entyeer] rethyr T. 238 toke T. 240 hadde] harde T.

MM 2
526

Guy of Warwick.

(31)

"From the voide al dyspeir and dreede,
When Aurora sheweth hir pale light,
To-morwe erly arys and take good heede,
For Crist Ihesu of His gracyous myght
To thy requeste hath cast down His sight.
Trust vp-on Hym, and in His trust be stable,
Thy roiall tytle, for He ys mercyable.

(32)

"At Phebus vpriste set no lenger date,
When silver deuh doth on the flours flleece,
Make thy passage toward the north gate,
Or that the sonne with his fervent heete,
Hath on the levys dried vp the weete;
Abide there meekly, and God shal to the sende,
Fyrst among pore a pilgrim thou shalt meete,
Entrete hym goodly, thy quarell to dyffende.

(33)

"Clad as a pilgrim in a brood slavye,
Old and forgrowe amongys the porayll,
Marke hym weell, and be riht weell serteyn,
At thy requeste that he schall nat ffiayll
To accomplyshe manly thy batayll.
Trust on hym weell, and for thy purpartye,
With Goddis myht that he schall prevayll
In this mater thy axing nat denye."

(34)

The woordis seid, as ys rehearsed heere,
On-to the kyng, by revelacyoun,
The angell dyd onwarly dysapeere,
Guy of Warwick.

And Ethelstan of greet devossion,
Gaff thank to God off this avysioun.
Neuly reioished out off all hevynesse
With too bisshopis, as maad ys mercyoun,
And erlis twyne, forth he gan hym dresse;

(35)
Thankyng the Lord of His benygne graunt,
As he was bounde, of humble afeccyoun,
With his bisshopis and erlys expectaunt,
At thilke party northward of the toun,
Lyk as the aungell, for short conclusioun,
Had told the hour on-to the kyng but late,
Whan poore folk, for sustentacyoun,
Hadde in custom to entren at the gate.

(36)
As the cronycle breefly doth compile,
Vnto purpos maketh rehersayl,
Of Iohn Baptyst affore in the vygyle,
How Guy of Warwik maad his arryvaylle
At Portysmouth, myn auctour wil nat ffayle,
In his wntyng assignyng hour and tyme,
By grace of God, wich may most avaylle,
Tellith how Guy evene at the hour of pryme,

(37)
Whan briht Phebus, with his gold-tressed bemys,
On hillis hih gan shewe his hevenly lyght,
Erly on morwe, and with his hoote stremys
Dried vp the deuh as perlis siluer bright,
Whan seide Guy, the noble famous knyght,
Repeired was from his long pylgrymage,
Fro Portysmouth took his weye right,
To Wynchestre holdeynge his vyage.

God sent him.  By grace of God I deeme trewe[y]
Guy was hom sent in-to thys regyoun,
Here taccomplishe, in knyghthood ffynally,
The laste empryse of his hih renoun,
He ffor to be the kyngys champioun,
Onknowe of alle; but whan he cam to lond,
To hym was maad pleyn relacyoun
Of his requestis, how it did[e] stond.

He heard all the news.  They told hym firste in ordre ceryously,
    Harald Harderne, that was so good a knyht,
Was goon to seke the sone off Guy,
Gretly desired of euery maner wight,
Wich by discenct was born of verray riht
By tytle of Felyce, famous in womanhede,
    At his repair, with grace of Cristys myght,
Erl of Warwyk iustly to succede.

They told hym also of the grete stryfi,
    Tween them of Denmark & Ethelstan pe kynge,
And how that Rowand, ffader to hys wyff,
Old erl of Warwik, ful notable of levynge,
    Was ded also;—and Guy herd euery thyng,
Of hih prudence kept hym-silff clos,
Lyk a pilgrym his leve there takyng,
Goth to Wynchestre anoon as he aroos.

Guy took his loggyng, whan it drouh to nyht,
    With pore men at an old hospytall,
Guy of Warwick.

Wery of travayl, onknowe to every wight,  
Too hundrid pas withoute the north wall,  
Where stondeth now a menstre ful roiall.  
The nexte morwe, anoon as Guy a-wook,  
God was his guyde, in espeyall,  
Mong pore men, the rihte weie he took  

(42)

To the north gate, as grace did hym guye,  
By resemblauwe, so entryng in-to toun  
As David whilom cam ageyn Golye  
To helpen Saul, by grace of God sent doune;  
So for refuge and flor savacyon,  
Bothe of the kyng and of al this lond,  
Guy was provided to be ther champioun  
Ageyn the Pompe off proude Colybrond.

(43)

By his habite and his pylgrym weede,  
Thilke tyme clad in a round sclaveyn,  
Of whos array, when the kyng took heede,  
Sauh Goddis promys was nat maad in veyn,  
Took vp his herte, and knew riht weel serteyn,  
God faileth neuer His frend on see nor lond,  
With wepyng teris his chekis spreynt lik reyn,  
For verry gladnesse he took Guy by pe hond.  

(44)

Besekyng hym, in moost louly wyse,  
With sobbyng cheer that routhe was to see,  
To vnderfonge this knyhtly hih empryse;  

323 whan hit droughe to nyght A H.  
324 withoute, etc. ] and  
fyffty from pe walle H A.  
325 Ther L. Where as now T.  
nowe ful H.  
327 guyded him þere H A.  
328 with oper pours A H. among T.  
330 the toun ins. A T H.  
331 whilom] somtyme T.  
333 for the refugy sic T.  
335 prouyd T.  
336 the Pompe off ] the Danys and A H. proude fowle L. furions H A.  
337 Boþe be his A H.  
338 Thilke tyme clad] þe eclad A H. in]  
with H A. round] rowght H. rowe A.  
339 Of ] On T.  
340 promys] behest A H.  
341 He toke H T A. vp his herte] gode  
heede A. gode herte H. riht weel] well flor A H.  
342 neuer] not  
A H. saylod H. in see nor in H T. in see nor lande A.  
343 lité] as A H.  
344 Of hye gladnesse A H. he to Guye H he]  
om. A.  
345 Requieryg A H. in] om. H. in the T A  
347 this knyhtly hit] the dredfull A. is dredefull H.
Guy of Warwick.

For Goddys sake, and mercyfull pyte,
To do socour in this necessyte;
In his dyffence that he wyll nat ffayll,
Geyn Colybrond his champion for to be
For his party darreyne the batayll.

(45)
Guy, wonder sad of look and of vysage,
    Feynt and wery, and dulled of travayll,
Made his excuse that he was ffalle in age,
    And out of ews more to be clad in mayll.
    “My wil,” quod he, “yif it myhte avayll,
The cruell ire of Danys to appese,
    For comoun profit, good wil shal nat ffayll,
    My lyf iuparte to set thys lond in ese.”

(46)
The kyng, the lordys, made greet instaunce
    To this pylgrym with language and prayere ;
Guy, for to doon vnto the kyng plesaunce
    For Ihesus sake, and for His Moder deere,
    Ys condescendyd, lyk as ye schall heere,
    With Goddys grace, after the covenault,
As the convencyoun iustly doth requere,
At place assigned to mete the Geaunt.

(47)
Off this empryse was maad no long delay,
This convencyoun pleynly to darreyne,
Tyme set of Iule vp-on the xij. day,
Place assigned, and meetynge of thys twyne,
The accord rehearsed, the statute, and the peyne,
Guy of Warwick

Doublynnesse and ffrade set a-syde,
As the partyes were boundyn in serteyn,
For short conclusioun ther-by to a-byde.

(48)
Withownte the gate, remembred as I reede,
The place callyd of antyquyte,
In Inglyssh tonge named Hyde Meede,
Or ellis Denmark, nat fer from the Cyte:
Meetyn togedre there men myghte see
Terryble strokys lyk the dent of thonder,
Sparklys out off ther harneys fflee,
That to be-holde, it was a verray wonder.

(49)
The old pylgrym quyt hym lyk a knyght,
Spared nat the Geaunt to assaylle,
On his lefft shulder smet at hym wttA suych myht
Vndir the bordour of his aventayll
A streem of blood gan by his sydes rayll;
The Geaunt wood, this hydous Colybroad,
Thoughte it sholde gretly hym avayll
That Guyes suerd was broke out of his hond.

(50)
Whan Danys sauh Guy had lost his suerd,
They cauhte a maner consolacyoun;
Guy, lyk a knyght in herte nat afferd,
Requered manly of the champioun
Sith he of wepnys hadde so gret foysous

To graunte hym oon, that hour in his diffence;
But Colybrond of indygnacyoun
To his requeste gaff noon audyence.

(51)
For he was set on malys and on wrak,
To execute his purpos set on pryde,
And while that he and Guy to-gedre spak,
All attonys Guy sterete out a-syde,
Cauhte a pollex, lyst no lenger byde,
Smette the Geaunt evene in the firste wounde,
Made his strok so myghtyly to glyde
That his left arme and shuldir ffyll to grounde;

(52)
With wich strok the Geaunt Colybrond,
Al his armure and boody was maad reed,
Stoupyng a-syde, gan reche forth his hond,
To take a suerd, wherof Guy took heed.
God and grace that day gaff hym suych speed,
To put his name euer after in memorie,
Fleih with his ax, smet of the sturdy heed
Of the Geaunt, and hadde of hym vyctorye.

(53)
This thyng accomplisshed by grace of Goddis hond,
And by the prowesse of Guy, this noble knyght,
Thay of Denmark, as the statute bond,
Han crossed sail, and take ther weye right
Toward ther cuntre, nouthor glad nor light,
Ther surquedye and ther pompe oppresed:
Kynge Ethelstan by grace of Goddys myht,
Hadd of Denmark the pompe ful repressed.

Guy of Warwick.

(54)

Ther froward pompe with meknesse was repressed,
   By Guy of Warwyk, as maad is mencion,—
The kyng, the clergye devoutly haue hem dressed,
   With al the comoute; for short conclusioun,
Hih and lowe, to speke in generall,
   Hym to conveie with procesioun,
On-to ther chirche callyd Cathedrall.
   and the English gave thanks to God.

(55)

This seide Guy, ther knelyng on his kne,
   With gret meknesse made his oblacioun
Of thilke ex, with wich afforn that he
   Hadde of Danys slayn the champioun,
Wich instrument thorugh al this regyoun;
   Is yit callid "the ex of Colybrond,"
Kept among men of relygyoun
   In the vestiarie, as ye shall vnderstond.

(56)

Whan al was doon, ther is no more to seyn,
   Guy in al haste caste of hys armure,
Lyk a pilgrym put on his sclaveyn.
   The kyng ful goodly aftter dyd his cure
   That he myhte the grace so recure
Of this pilgrym to tellyn and nat spare,
   In secre wyse to tellyn his aventure,
What was his name pleynly to declare.

(57)

"Certys," quod Guy, "ye must haue me excused.
   Touchyng your ascyng and your petycioun,
425 and eke the pryde of Danys sore oppresed. A H (sore) so H).
427 have om. H A. 428 Both Pryncis T. & barouns A. and] om. H. 429 In on oon assembled of pure devocyoun A H. 431
Hym} Guy A H. wyth peire H A. with a T. 432 mynstre &
chyre A H. 433 This noble knyght A H. 435 thilke] pat
same A H. that T. 436 Denmarke A H. jeh her A H. 437 inst-
strument] wepon yit A H. 438 yit om. T. yit is hit A H. of gret
A H. 439 And kept A H. 440 as ye shall] as ye may L. I
A H. 441 se] was L. 443 he clothed hym with A H. cast on
T. 444 after full gladly T. kynge Ethelston did his besy cure
A H. 446 to telle him A H. to spare A. 447 to] om. L.
tellyn] shewe A H. 448 His name to hym A H. for to A H. 449
My lorde quod he A H. 450 your] bis A H. and your] or A H.
Guy of Warwick.

Beth nat besy, and lat no more be mused
In your desire for noon occasioun.
    To myn excuse I haue ful greet resoun,
For I shal neuer dyscure this mateer
    But vnder bond of a condycyoun,
Assuraunce maad tween yow and me, in feere;

(58)

"Alle your pryncys avoided by absence,
Sool be our-silff, out of this cyte,
Noon but we twayne beyng in presence,
    With troute assured that ye shal be secre,
Duryng my lyf—ye gete no more of me— [leaf 75, back]
To no persone, I aske no more avayll,
    Of ffeith and oth, to hih nor louh degre,
That ye shall neuer dyscure my counsayll."

(59)

This thyng confermed by promys ful roiall,
    Passed the subbarbys and boundys of the toun,
At a cros that stood fleer ffrom the wall,
    Ful devoutly the pilgrym knelith doun,
To sette asyde all suspecyoun.
    "My lord," quod he, "Of feith with-outen blame,
Your lyge man, of humble affeccyoun,
Guy of Warwyk trewly is my name."

(60)

The kyng, astoned, gan chaunge cher and face,
And in maner gan wepyn for gladnesse,
And al attonys he gan hym to enbrace
    In bothe his armes, of royall gentylnesse,
With offte kyssyng of ffeithfull kyndenesse,
    Of gold, of tresour, and of gret rychesse
Withinne his paleys yif he wolde abyde.

With all secrecy,
Guy of Warwick.

(61)
Alle thes profres meekly he for-sook,
And to the kynges royall mageste
Hym recomaundying, anoon his weie he took.
At his departying this avouh maad he,
With pitous wepyng, knelyng on his kne,
Vnto the kyng in full humble entent :
"Duryng my lyf, it may noon other bee,
Schall I neuer doon of this garnement."

(62)
At ther departying was but smal langage,
Sweem of ther speche made interupcyoun ;
The kyng goth horn,—Guy took his vyage
Toward Warwyk, his castell and his toun,
No man of hym hauyng suspecyoun.
Where day be day Felyce, his trewe wyf,
Fedde poore folk, of greet devocyoun,
To praie for hir, and for hir lordys lyf—

(63)
Thrittene in noumbre, myn auctour writeth so.
Guy at his comyng forgrowe in his vysage,
Thre daies space he was oon of tho
That took almesse with humble and louh corage ;
Thankyng the contesse, in haste took his viage
Nat fer fro Warwyk, the cronycle doth expresse,
Of aventure kam to an hermytage
Where he fond on dwellyng in wyldirnesse.

(64)
To hym he drouh, besechyng hym of grace
For a tyme to holde there soiour.

481 But alle AH. Guy pere cleue AH. (pere) om. A. 482
vnnto AH. 483 Hyme] with A H. recomaundyd T. 484-5

The following lines read thus in AH: 486 Duryng Guys lyffe hit
wille noon other be AH (scratched in red : H). 487 He should
neuer were other gar[n]uente. 488 Till Iesu Cryste of mercy
and pytce. 488 b Here in this courte hathe for his soule sent.
489 but] om. AH. ful. L. 490 Sweem] blank T. Theyr hevinnesse
AH. [interupcyoun AH. 493 man] wyght AH. 496 hir] his
A. her H. 497 tellith AH. 498 in] is A. 499
Be thre AH. euuer oon T. 501 in haste took] made than AH.
502 Warwyk] thems AH. 506 As for ins. A H. there] with
hym AH.
At his death, he sent for his wife, who embraced him swooning, and buried him by the small altar where he lay.

The same hermyte with inne a lytel space
By deth is passed the fyn of his labour;
After whos day Guy was his successour
Space of too yeer, by grace of Cryst Ihesu,
Dauntyn his flessh by penaunce and rigour,
Ay more and more encreseyng in vertu.

(65)

God made him knowe the day he sholde deie,
Thorough his moost gracious vysytacyoun,
Be an angel hys spirit to conveye
After his bodyly resolucyoun,
For his merites to the hevenly mansioun;
After he sente in haste his weddyng ryng
Un-to his wyf, of trewe afeccyoun,
Praied hir come to been at his deyng.

(66)

And that she scholde doon hir besy cure,
By a maner wyfly dylygence,
In haste ordeyne for his sepulture
With no gret cost, nor with no gret dyspence.
Gan haste hir faste tyl she kam in presence
Where as he lay dedly and pale of fface;
Bespreynt with teris, knelyng with reuerence,
The dede body swownyng she did enbrace.

(67)

And as this notable, ffamous, worthy knyght
Sente hir to seyne, cek be his massangeer,
In that place to burye hym anoon right,
Where as he lay afforn a smal auhteer,
And that she scholde doon trewly hir deveer,
For hir-silf dyspose[n] and provyde
The xv day ffolwyng, the same yeer,
To be buryed ffaste be his syde.

536
Guy of Warwick.

(68)

Hys hooly wyf of al this thynge took heed
Lyk as Guy bad, lyst no lenger tarye,
To quyte hir-sylf of trouthe and womanheed
She was ful loth ffrom his desire to varye;
Sente in al haste ffor the ordynarye,
Whiche ocupied in that dyocye;
She was nat ffounde in o poynyt contrarye
Al thynge taccomplishe as ye han herd devyse.

(69)

And this mater breefly to conclude,
At his exequyys, old and yong of age,
Of dyuerse statys there cam gret multytude
With gret devocyoun to that hermynty;
And lyk a prynce with al the surpluse,
They took hym vp, and leyd hym in his grave,
Ordeyned of God afForn of hih corage
Ageyn the Danys thys regyoun to save.

(70)

Whos sowle, I hope, restith now in glorye,
With hooly spiritis above the firmament.
Felyce, his wyf, ay callyng to memorie
The day approchyng of hir enterment,
Afforn ordeyned in hir testament
Hir sone Reynborne be tytle of hir possede,
Heyr trewly born by lyneal dyscent,
In the Erldam of Warwyk to succede.

(71)

The stok descendyng of antyquyte
To Guy his ffader be tytle of manage,
Affter whos deth, of lawe and equyte,
Reynborne to entre in-to his herytage.

After al this, his moother, of good age,

Hath yolde hir dette, by deth, vn-to nature. [leaf 77 back]

Beside hir lord in the hermytage,

With a good ende was maad hir sepulture.

(72)

For more auctorite as of this mateer,

Whos translacioun is suych in sentence,

Out of the Latyn maad by the cronycleer

Callyd of old Gerard Cornubynce, 572

Wich wrot the dedis with gret dilligence,

Of them that wern in Westsex crowned kynges,

Gretly comendyng for knyghtly excellence

Guy of Warwyk in his famous writynges.

(73)

Of whos noblesse ful gret heed he took,

His marcyal name puttyng in remembraunce,

The xi. chapitle of his hystorial book,

The parfight lyf, the vertuous gouernaunce,

His wylful povert, hard goyng, and penaunce

Brought on-to me a chapitle to translate:

Yif ought be wrong in metre or in substaunce,

Putteth the wyte for dulnesse on Lydgate.

(74)

Meekly compiled vnder correccyoun,

Lyf of Sir Guy, by dylygent labour;

Sette aside pryde and presumpcioun,

Because he hadde of cadence no colour;

In Tullius’ gardyn he gadrid neuer fflour,

Nor of Omerus he kam neuer in the meede:

Praying echon of support and flavour

Nat to dysdeyne the clauses whan they reede.

Explicit.


591 And pray H A. pat shall of hit take heede A H. 592 Fauour & support whan be] the clause rede A H (be clause] om. A).

Explicit Guydo de Warwik L Ly.
23. THE DEBATE OF THE HORSE, GOOSE, AND SHEEP.

[MS. B.M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 66, back, to 78, back.]

A Disputation between a horse, a sheepe and a goose, for superiortie (in a later hand).

(1) Controuersies, pleys & discordis
Attween persones, wer it too or thre,
Sought out the ground bi wittnessis of recordis:
This was the costom of antiquyte;
Iuges wer sett that hadde auctor[i]te,
The cas conceyved stondyng indifferent,
Attween parties to yeue a iugement.

(2) Parties assemblid of hih or lowe degre,
Weren admittid to shewen in sentence
Ground of her quarell; the lawe made hem fre
Without excepcioun to come to audience,
Bi the president comauudid first silence,

MSS. B.M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 67 to 68, back = L; Leyden Univ. Vossius 9, leaves 80, back, to 92 = Ly; Harley 2251, leaves 306-316 = H; B.M. Add. 34360, leaves 27-37 = A; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4. 12, leaves 46-57, back = C; Bodley Laud Misc. 598, leaves 46-49, (double column) = Ld; Rawlinson C. 48, leaves 117-128 = R; Rawl. C. 86, leaves 91-99, back, = r; Ashmole 50, leaves 2-9, = A; Ashmole 754, leaves 112-123, back, = As; Lambeth 506, leaves 142-145 = Lib; Prints, Caxton I = Cx; Caxton II = Cx² (identical with Cx except where indicated), W. de Worde 1499 = W. Titles; Incipit disputacio inter Equum, Aucam, & Ouem Ly (Incipit om. Ly). The horse goose & shepe. Jhon Lidgate Mounke of St. Edm. Bury r. (in later hands). The horse and the gosse by Jhon Lidgate (in later hand) A. Here begynneth a lytell treatyse of the horse the sheep and the ghooe W. The hors the shepe & the ghooe Cx. om. A As.

1 and al discord H Ar. 2 wer it) be itt one r. ben yit of A W were Cx W. 3 out om. r. of) or R. bit) betwene Ld. witnesss of) om. Cx W. record A Hr. 4 of] And old r. or A As. 6 cause s r. cause H A. in deffirence sichy. 7 parties] persones As As. a] om. Ld Cx W. 8 cx) and Hhy Ld Cx W. 9 They were ins. r. H A. 10 Grounded Cx W. quarels Cx W A H Lyd. 11 to (1)] om. r. A. to (2) in Ld Cx W.

LYDGATE, M. P.— II. N N
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Fredam yove the parties nat to spare
Bi title of right ther grevis to declare.

Vpon this mater shortly to conclude,
Nat yoor a-gon as I rehearse shall,
I fond to purpos a similitude
Ful craftily depeyntid vpon a wall :
Tweyn sitt in ther estat roiall,
The hardy Leoun famous in al rewmys,
Themperiall Egle pershying the sonne bemy.

These wer the dreadful roiall iugis tweyn,
In ther estate sittyng, I took keepe,
That herde the parties bi & bi compleyn,
The Hoors, the Goos, & the symple Sheepe.
The processe was nat to profunde nor deepe,
Off ther debat, but contruyed of a fable ;
Which of them to man was most profitable.

Ech for his partie proudly gan procede
Tenforce hym-silf, bi record of scriptur
In philosophie as clerkis seen or rede,
The prerogatives goven hem bi natur ;
Which of these thre to euery creatur
In re puplica availeth most to man.
For his partie thus first the hors began :

"To procede breffly, & nat [long to] tarie,
Fro the trowth that I do nat erre,
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

What beast is found at all so necessarie
As is the horse both by hew & ferre,
Or so notable to man in peacs & warre?

Horse in croyncli, so-looke a-riht,
Hav be savacion to many a worthi knyht.

(7)

"Marcial prowess in especiall
God hath bi hors yvo to werreiours.
Record of Alisandre whoos hors Busifall
Made hym tascape many sharp[e] shours;
The golden char of old[e] conquerours
Toward the tryumphe for ther knyghtly deedis
Conveied were with four white steedis.

(8)

"Remembre of Ector the Troian chaumpioune,
Whoos hors was callid whilom Galathe;
Vpon whos bak he pleyed the leoun,
And ofte sithe made the Greiks flee.
The stede of Perseus was callid the Pegase,
With swift[e] wengis, poetis seyn the same;
Was, for swiftnesse callid ' the hors of Fame.'

(9)

"Eques, ab 'equo,' is seid of verray riht,
And cheualer is saide of cheualrye;
In Duche, a rudder is a knyght;
Aragon tunge doth also specifie

The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

The Horse.

Caualaro,¹ which, in that partie, ¹ Margin Cavalero.
Is name of worship & took bigynnynge
Off spooris of gold & cheeffly of rydyng.

(10)

"Thes emperours, thes princes & thes kynges,
Whan thei been armyd in bright plate & mayle,
Withouten hors what wer her mustryges,
Ther brode baneres & ther riche apparaile,
To-fore ther enmyes to shew them in bataile?
Withouten hors spere, swerde, no shed
Miht litel a-vaile for to holde a feeld.

(11)

"The hardy prikeris vpon hore[e] bak
Be sent to-forn what ground is best to take
In that ordynaunce, that ther be no lak
Bi providence the feeld whean thei shal make;
An hors wole wepee for his maistir sake;
Chaunser remembrith the swerd, the ryng, the glas,
Presentid wern vpon a stede of bras.

(12)

"Tween to hyllis the prophete Zacarie
Sauh steedis four: the first of hem was red,
In charis four the feeld to magnyfie;
The secunde was blak it is no dreed
The thrydde was whight, bodi, nek, & hed;
The fourthse was dyuers, & euerichon wer strong:
And to knyghthood alle these colours long.

61 Chavalero Ly. cavalato corr. in margin as above L. Caualero C. Caualoro Cx W. which, in] within Ld. thurghout A H. al pat H. all parties r. 62 named Cx W. is a Ae As. took his Ly C Ae As. take his Ld. so toke his gynuyng A H r. so] and r. 63 of (8)] om. A H. cheeffly of] cheualre r. 64 thes (2)] om. Ld. and thise r. d] om. r. kynges] knyghtes A H. 65 bright] om. Ld. d] or r A H. 66 her] the R. om. r. musteryuges C. 68 enmyes] Envyt r. 70 to holde] the conquist r. the conquest of A H. 71 prikeris] renners r H A. upon a r. vpon theirr A H. horse W. 72 to take] om. Ld. 74 prudence C. how they the field A H Cx W. how the field r Ld. 75 margin A H: Vide in Bartholomues de propriitabus rerum. 76 the (3)] and Cx W. and the r. the hors swerd the glas sic Ld. 77 Which presentid ins. A H r. 78 margin A H: Montes erant quos sakarie vidit. 79 of] om. R. was] om. Ld. 81 And the ins. Ld Cx W. levith withouten drede A H r. leve it r. 83 d] of Ld. euerichon] colours Cx W. eche of hem H A r. one was] wondir Ld Cx W. was Ae As, etc.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(13)

"The red hors was tokne of hardynesse, Which apperteneth to every hardy knyht; The cole-blak hew a sygne of sobirnesse, Poraile oppressid to helpe them in ther right; The mylk-whiht steede that was so glad of siht, Tokne that knyhthod trewly shuld entende, Holi chirche & preesthod to defende.

(14)

"The many-fold colours, to speke in generall, Been sondry vertues & condiciou?is, As the fower vertues callid cardynall Longywg to knyhthod tencrece ther hih renouws— In re publica callid the chaumpiou[n]s, Treuthe to sustene shewe hem siluen strong, Bounde bi ther ordre so no man have wrong.

(15)

"Withouten hors iustis ne turney att all May nat be holden, in werr ne in pees; Nor in palestre nor pleyes marciall, Yiff hors do faile may come to non encreas, Nor no man sothly dar put hym silf in pres Withouten hors, for short conclusioun, To atteyn the palme of tryumphal guerdoun.

(16)

"Lower degrees ther been of hors al-so Do grett profite to every comoute :

The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

The Horse.

The plough, the cart myht no thynge doo;
Without[en] hors dayly ye may see,
Tilthe wer lost, ne wer hors parde;
The besi marchant to his avautage
Nar shippis & hors coude make no cariage.

(17)

"The ship bi liknesse is clepid an hors of tree
(Ful notably who can vndirstond)
To leden men & carien over see
As don these hors when thei ar come to lond:
The poor man ledith vpon a lond
His litel capil his corn, his mele, to selle;
Whan it is grounde hors carye it hom melle.

(18)

"In wyntir seson, for to make bele cheer,
Than is neede wode & stuff to carie;
Wyn, frute, & oyle to serve thoruh the yeer
Is brought to vynters, & to the appotecarie
Divers dragges & many a letuarie,
Sondry bales & shortly, al vitaill:
Off the cariage hors have the travaille.

(19)

"Hey nor otis (playnly who list lerne,)
May from the feeld[is] nor the medewis grene
To the garner nothir fro the berne

Horses carry
fuel, food,
wine, &c.

Horses drag
hay and eate
to granaries.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Without[en] hors be caried, it is seene;
And to purpos (I sei right as I meene)
Ther is no best (to rekne as I be-gan)
So necessarie as hors is on-to man.

(20)

"August is a seson mery & glad,
Whan euery tre with newe frut is lade,
With draught of hors the shevis been hom lad ;
That moneth past, the levis gynne fade,
Which made in somer a pleasan lusti shade :
What doon hors than (to speke in wordis pleyn,) ?
The secund crop thei carie hom roweyn.

(21)

"Bi draught of hors fro rivers & fro wellis
Bowges be brouht to brewers for good ale ;
Leede, ston, & tymbre, cariage eek for bellis,
We bryng to chirches (of trouthe, this is no tale);
We lede cloth sakkis & many a large male,
And gladly somers ar sent euyr to-forn
With gardeviaudis; how myht we be for-born ?

(22)

"Ye prudent iugis, the Egle & the Leoua,
What I haue saide doth wisly advertise ;
Weieth this mater in your discrecioun,*
Whedir Goos or Sheep (pleynly to devise)
Off ther nature may in any wise
(Vn-to an Hors be likned & comparid.

Horses also carry water, lead, stone, &c.
In August, horses bring home the sheaves of corn.

- 130 is wel ins. Ld. as I wene r. 131 right[ you Ly. om. Cx W. herk what I meane A H r. 132 to om. Ld Cx W r. be-gan.] can A H r. 133 to r Ae As. as is hors to Ld. 134 mery season and Ld. 135 there with ins. r. 136 been] om. r. 137 That] The C Ae As. passith Ld. bogenne A H r Ae As. to fade ins. Cx W A H r. 138 lusty plesaunt Ld H. 139 Than what don hors A H r. Thau] om. Ld. 140 hom] of A H r. raweyn Ly C r. of ryweyn Cx W. reweyn Ld. 141 fro(2)] om. Cx W Ld. [143 d] om. Cx W Ld. eek] om. Cx W Ld. for] of R Cx W Ld r H A. 144 Wc] Horse r. Horsis A H. of] in Cx W Ld. this is[ this R (a better reading). such is þe tale Ld. no] om. r. a As Ae. 146 gladly] euer Ld. large Lr. ever be sent afrom A H r. be sent to forn Cx W Ld. ouyr As Ae. 147 we] hors Cx W Ld r A H. 149 doth] om. r. 151 Whedir] Where Cx W. 152 may] meve r. 153 deme ye ins. Cx W. 154 d} or C R Ld A H r.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(23) "That I have told is truth, & no feynyng;
No wiht of reson may a-geyn replie,
Goos nor Gandir nor no grene Goslyng,
But if he entre the boundis of envie:
Lat hir come forth & say for hir partie."

(24) "Yis, trust me weel for the 1 I wil nat spar,
Lik as I fele my verdite to declar:
"Wher-as thou hast vnto thi pastur

(25) "To myn entent mo thynges ye may seen,
As expert knowen that been old:
Whan wilde gees hihe in the ayer vp fleen,
A pronostik of snow & wedris colde
With her weenges displayed & vnfolde,
Kalendis bryng pleynly for to seye
A-geyn wyntir hoiy men shal them purueye.

(26) "The grees of gandris is good in medicyne,
With sundry gummes tempred for the gout,
Divers achis taswage & to declyne,
In thextremytes drawe the malice out;
Fethers of goos whan thei falle or mout,
To gadre hem vp heerdys hem delite,
Selle hem to fletchers, the grey with the whihte.

(27)
"Men plukke stalkes out of my weengis tweyn,
Some to portraye, somme to noote & write,
Whan rethoriciens han doon ther besy peyn
Fressh epistolis & lettris to endite.
With-out wriyng vaileth nat a myte;
For, yiff penneys & wriyng wer a-way,
Off rememraunce we had lost the kay.

(28)
"Off gees also the deede is previd oft
In many a contre and many a region,
To make pilwes & fether-beddis soft,
Of provident men plukkid of the doun:
Thus, to make a pleyne comparisoun,
As pilwes been to chaumbris agreable,
So is hard strauh litteer for the stable.

(29)
"The fyme of Gees <k greene Gos[e]lyngis [leaf 70, back]
  Gadred in May among the herbis soote
A-geyn brenny^g, scaldyng, & many othir thygges,
  Tempred with oile <fe buttir doth gret boote
  Tasswage the peyn [that] perceith to the roote:
  But hors[es] duwge as ref us al-way
  Is good for forneyssis, temprid with clay.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(30)

A dead Horse is good for nothing; but a roast Goose is served at a king's table.

(31)

The best arrows are made with goose-feathers. And with bow and arrow, Englishmen have won great victories.

(32)

When an arrow pierces a War-horse, down he goes, rots; and only his skin and shoes are worth anything.

(33)

Pottiers was won by the goose-feathered bowmen.

The best arrows are made with goose-feathers. And with bow and arrow, Englishmen have won great victories.

"Hors in the feeld may mustre in gret pride,
When thei of trumpetis her the blody soun;
But whan an arwe hath perced thoruh his side,
To ground he goth & cast his maistir doun:
Entryng the feeld he pleyeth the leoun;"

"A ded hors is but a fowl careyn,
The ayr infectyn, [it] is so corrupemple
But a fatt goos when it is new[e] slayn,
In dissisis of gold, a morsel agreable,
Is sewid vp atte kyngis table,
Swymmyng on lyve in waturis cristallyn;
Tendre rostid requerith to have good wyn.

"Th[r]ouh al the lond of Brutis Albion,
For fetherid arwes (as I reherse can)
Goos is the best (as in comparisoun,)
Except fetheris of Pekok or of Swan :
Bi bowe & arwis sith the werr began,
Have Ynglyyshmen, as it is red in story,
On her emmys had many gret victory.

"Hors in the feeld may mustre in gret pride,
Whan thei of trumpetis her the blody soun;
But whan an arwe hath perced thoruh his side,
To ground he goth & cast his maistir doun:
Entryng the feeld he pleyeth the leoun;"

"Milty capteyns & knyhtis in the feeld
Make her wardis & her ordynaunce:

204 ne is ins. A H. a (2) om. Ld. careon As Ae. foule ded ins. R. full foule r. 205 ayr myre W. it is ins. Ly W Cx Ld R A H r. 206 news A H Cx W. 207 a] in A. & r. moose Ld. 208 vp om. R. at Ly. vpon a Cx W. vpon the Ld. at the R C. 210 margin A H:

Auca petit Bachum
Mortua vina lacum.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

First, men of armys with pollax, sper & sheeld,
Sett in dew ordre to have the gouernaunce;
Which at Peiters take the kyng of Fraunce.
Thank to the Goos mote be yove of riht,
Which in that feeld so proudly took her flight.

(34)

"Slouth of my fliht for hasti negligence
Of presuzcion the Goos was left bi-hynde,
Whan the famous worthi Duke of Clarence
Rood on Baiard with his eyn blynde,—
Fliht of my fetheris was put out of mynde;
And, for he sett of me that day no fors,
Ful litel or nouht availed hym his Hors.

(35)

"Bookis old remembren in sentence
Som tyme whan Rome bi his foon was take,
The Capitoile kept with gret deffence:
Noise of a gandr the Capteyn did awake;
Which thyng remembryd thei sett vp for his sake,
In her templis wondir wide & olde,
A large Gandr forgid of fyn golde.

(36)

"His wakir noise was the savacioun
Bi which the Capteyn ran vp to the wall:
Thus, bi a gandr recured was the toun,
Cite of Citees that day most principall.

Was euyr Hors in bookis that ye can rede,
Pro re publica that dide sich a deede?

The Goose.

The capture of the French king at Poitiers was due to the Goose—the arrows.

When the Duke of Clarence left the Goose-arrows behind, his Horse was no good to him.

At a siege of Rome,
a Gander's noise saved the city;
and a Golden Gander was set up in the temples

of the most royal city in the world.

Did a Horse ever do a deed like this?

The bookes old H. 240 Whilom Cx W Ld H A r. bi his foomen A H r. 241 of with W Cx. 242 With the noyse ins. r. 243 thynge] om. Cx W. thei] om. r. 244 wonder] om. Cx W. so wonder A H r. 245 large] grete r H A. al of ins. Cx W. 246 For his r. wakir] om. r. thei] there Cx W. her Ld. they sic H. theyr A. 247 ran] gate H A r. to] om. As Ae. vpon the Cx W H r. 249 of al ins. H A. the cyte Cx W. cite most] most excelent r. 251 booke Cx W H A. that] the Ly. as Ld.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(37) In the book of *Chyvaler de Lynge*. The story tellith (as in sentement)

Ther wer childre of the roiall ligne

Born with cheynes which, whan thei wern of rent,

Thi turned to swannes by enchantement,

 Took her fliht (the cronycle is ful cleer,)

And as swannys the[i] swomme in the riveer.

(38)

"This story is ful autentik & old,

In Frenssh compiled often rad & seyn:

Of the cheynes was made a cuppe of gold

Which is yit kept as somme folkis seyn,

And bi descent it longith (in certeyn)

To the Herfordis; ye shal it fynde in dede

Ceriously who list the story reade.

(39)

"And semblably nat long her-to-forn,

(I telle this tale as for this partie)

Ther was a man, in Lumbardy born,

To a goos turned bi craft of sorcerye,

A-bood so seuene yeer (me list nat to lye);

His writ fill of, tho stood he vp a man,

A-bood with the duke in seruyce of Melan.¹

¹ MS. corrects Meloon to melan.

(40)

"And for he was a man of hih degre,

Born of good blood & notable in substaunce,
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

His kynrede yeuyth a goos for ther lever,
    The seide merveile to put in remembrance.
    Peise all these thyngis justly in balaunce,
And lat the Hors leven his boost & roos,
    To be comparid othir to Gandir or Goos.

(41)

"Withynne Rome the Gandr was deified,
    Set in ther templis of gret affeccioun,
    Bi senatours of costom magnyfied
As cheeff protector & saviour of the toun :
    Lat Hors & Sheep ley her bost a-doun,
    But yiff the Ram, with his brasen belle,
Can for the Sheep any bettir story telle."

(42)

The Sheep was symple, loth to mak a-fray,
    Lik a beste disposed to meeknesse :
The sturdy Ram aduocat was that day :
    Be-for the iuges anon he gan hym dresse,
    With an exordie in Latyn, this texppresse :

"Verte pupurea, O Egle, & thou Leoun,
    Induti sunt Arietes Ouium."

(43)

"Off this notable roiall hih scriptur,
    The blissid Doctour Austyn, as I reede,
Be maner [of a] gostly fayr figur
    Off a chast Sheep (thus he doth procede,)"
The Royal Lamb who laid down His life for man. 

Brought forth the Lamb Jesus, The Lamb of Grace which is called Ihesu. 

"Austyn callith this Lambe, in his estat (Bi many-foldre recorde of Scriptur,) The Roial Lambe of colour purpurat, Which for mankynde list passioun to endur, Born of a maide bi grace, a-geyn nature, Whan He, bi mene of hir humylite, Took the meeke clothyng of our humanyte. 

This Agnus Dei born of a pur virgyne, Which wessh a-vey all venym serpentyne On Calvarie when He for man was ded, With His pur blood purpurat red. 

"This Paschale Lamb withouten spot, al whiht, Bi His passioun in Bosra steyned red, Which cam from Edom, Lamb of most delite, That yaff His bodi to man in forme of bred On Sheerthursday be-forn ar He was ded. Was euyr founde afore this in scriptur, Off Hors or Goos so solemne a figur? 

"This Lamb was Crist which lyneali doun cam, Bi descent conveide the peedegre
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Fro the Patriarch i-callid Abraham, Bi Isaac, Iacob & so doun to Iesse, Which, bi the vertu of His humylite, List to be callid the blissid Lord Ihesu, For His hih meekenesse Lamb of most vertu.

(48)

"And to reherse worldly comoditees, In re publica make no co[m]parison : Ther is no best which, in all degrees, Nouthir Tigre, Olifant, nor Gryffon— Al thynes rekned thoru every region— Doth so gret profite, Hors, nor Goos, nor Swan, As doth the Sheep, vn-to the ese of man.

(49)

"Lat be thi bost, thou Hors, & thi iangelyng! Ley doui thi trapurs forgid of plate & maile! Cast of thy brydyl of gold so freshh shynyng! What may thi sadil or bos the availe? This gostly Lamb hath doon a gret bataile; Bi His meknesse He offered vp for man, Clad in pur purpil venquysshid hath Satan.

(50)

"The Goos may gagle, the Hors may prike & prauce; Neithir of hem in prowes may atteyne For to be set or put in remembrauce A-geyn the Lamb, thoui thei ther-at disdeyn: For comon profite he passith bothe tweyne, but, for the common profit, there is nothing like the Lamb.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Weied & considred thei be no thyng liche
To hym in valew be-tween poor & riche.

(51)

"Off Brutis Albion his wolle is cheeff richesse,
In prys surmountynge every othir thyng
Sauff greyn & corn : marchauntis al expresse,
Wolle is cheeff tresour in this lond growyng :
To riche & poore this beeste fynt clothyoynge :
Alle nacieous afferme vp to the fulle,
In al the world ther is no bettir wolle.

and none better is in the world.

From Sheep come fur and skins,
enriching men—

furs black
and white,

garments
and gloves
against the
cold,
and parch¬
ment to
write books
on.

"Of Sheep al-so comyth pilet & eke fell,
Gadrid in this lond for a gret marchaundise,
Caried ovir see wher men may it sell :
The wolle skynnys makith men to rise
To gret richesse in many sondry wise ;
The Sheep al-so turnyth to gret profite,
To helpe of man berith furris blak & white.

(52)

"Ther is also made of [the] Sheepis skyn,
Pilchis & glovis to dryve awey the cold.
Ther-of also is made good parchemyn,
To write on bookes in quaiers many told.
The Ram of Colcos bar a flees of gold ;
The flees of Gedeon of deuh delectable
Was of Maria a ffignur ful notable.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(54)

"His fleessh is natural restauracioun,
As summe men seyn aftir gret siknesse:
Rostid or sodyn, horsom is motoun,
Wellid with growel, phisiciens expresse,
Ful nutritiff aftir a gret accesse.

The Sheep al-so concluyng doute[le]es
Of his nature louyth rest & pes.

(55)

"Of the Sheep is cast a-way no thyng:
His horn for nokkis, to haftis goth the bon;
To the lond gret profite doth his tirdelyng;
His talwe eke seruyth for plaistres mo than on;
For harp strynges his roppis serue echn;
Of his hed boiled [holl] with wolle & all,
Ther comyth a gelle, an oyneme[n]t ful roiall!

(56)

"For ache of bonys & also for brosour
It remedieth & dooth [men] ese ful blyve;
Causith men starkid bonys to recur;
Dede synnewis restorith a-geyn to live.
Blak sheepis wolle with fresh oile of olive—
Thes men of armys with charmys previd good,—
At a streiht neede thei can weel staunch blood.

(57)

"But to the Wolff contrarie of natur,
As seyn auctours, it is the humble best,
Louyth no debat, for with eche creature,

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The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

For his party, he wol lyve in rest.
Wherefore, ye Judges, since Peace is better than War,
Alwey consideryng that pees is bet than werre.

"In this mater breffly to conclude,
Pees to preferre as to my devis,
Bi many an old previd symylitude:
Makith no delay, yeuth to the Sheep the pris,
Of oon assent, sith that ye be wis;
Lat al werr & striff be sett a-side,
And vpon pees dooth with the Sheep a-bide."

"No," says the Horse, "the Sheep is the cause of war.
For his wool the Duke of Burgundy attacked Calais.
"Nay," quod the Hors, "your request is wrong,
Al thyng considerid me wer loth to erre:
The Sheep is cause & hath be ful long,
Of newe striff & of mortal werre.
The circumstancis me list nat to defferre:
Thi wolle was cause & gret occasion
Whi that the proude Duke of Burgouyon
Cam befor Caleis with Flemynge nat a fewe,
Which yaff the sakkis & sarpleres of the toun
To Gaunt & Brugis his fredam for to sliewe,
And of thi wolle hiht hem pocessioun;
But his boistous baistill first was bete doun;
He vnethe escapid with the liff:
What but thi wolle was cause of al this striff?
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(61) "Wher richesse is of wolle & siche good, 
    Men drawe thidir that be rek[e]les, 
And soudiers that brayles been, & wood, 
    To gete baggage put hem sif in prees: 
Causist weree, seist thu louest pees. 
And yiff ther wer no werre nor bataille, 
Lityll or nouht gret Hors[is] shuld availe."

(62) "No," quod the Goos, "nor my ffetheris white, 
    Withoute werre shuld do non avautage, 
Nor hookid arwis profite but a lite: 
    To mete our en[m]yes magre ther visage, 
And from our enmyes to save vs from damage, 
Fliht of my ffetheris despite of Sheeph echon, 
Shal vs defende a-geyn our mortal foon."

(63) "Sothe," quod the Hors, "as in my inward siht, 
    Without[en] werre (be-forn as I yow told), 
We may nat save nor keype [wele] our riht, 
    Our garisons nor our castelis old. 
But her this Sheep rukyng in his fold, 
Set litill stoor of swerd or arwis keene, 
Whan he, in pees, may pastur on the greene.

(64) "Yiff it so stood that no werre were, 
    Lost wer the craft of these armoreres. 
What shuld availe pollex, swerd or spere,

The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Or these daggars wrouht bi coteleres,
Bowes, crosbowes arwis or fletcheres?
All these instrumentis for the werre wrouht,
Yif werr stynt shuld[e] serue of nouht.

("Her occupacioun shold have non encres ;"
"Knyhthod nat flouren shuld in his estat ;"
"In euery contre yiff ther were pees,
No man of armys shold be fortunat :
I prove that pees is grond of all debat,
For on five spookis lik as on a wheel,
Turnyth at the world, who can considre weel.

(Gyn first at pees which causith most richesse,
And riches is the originall of pride,
Pride causith, for lak of rihtwissnesse,
Werre between rewmys, look, on euery side,
Hertis contrarye in pees can nat a-bide :
Thus, fynally (whoo can considre & see,) Werre is cheff ground & cause of pouerte.

"Pouert bi werr brouht to disencrece,
For lak of tresour than he can no more,
Sauf only this he crieth aftir pees.
And compleyneth on the werris sore :
He seith, ' bi werris he hath goodis lore,'
Can no recur but grutchyng & disdeyn,
Seith he wold hofnay have pees a-geyn.

Further, riches are the cause of Pride.
Pride causes wars,
Wars produce poverty,
and when men have lost their treasure, then they cry out for Peace."
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(68)
Thus pride & riches to conclude in a clause,
Betwen thextremetyes of pes & pouerte,
Off all debatis & werre be cheeff cause;
And, sith wollis bryngith in gret plente,
Wher thei habounde (as folk expert may se),
Than may I seyn (yiff men wole takyn keepe),
Werr is brouht in al only bi the Sheep.”

(69)
“Her is a gentil reson of an Hors ! IT Ouis
I trowe he be fallen in a dotage,
Which of madnesse bi wolles set no fors,
Falsly affermeth it doth non avauntage.
Vertuous plente may do no damage:
Sheep berith his wolles, I told so when I gan,
Nat for hym-silf, but for profit of man.

(70)
“Divers comoditees that comen of the Sheep
Cause no werris what men iangle or muse,
As in her gilt, ye Iuges, takith keep
What that I sei her innocence texcuse!
Of coveitise men may falsly mysvse
Her beenfetis & wrongly hem attwite
Of sich occasiouns wher he is nat to wite.

(71)
“What is the Sheep to blame in your sight
When she is shoorn & of hir flessh made bare,

Non sibi sed reliquis
Aries sua vellera portat.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

The Ram.

Thou folk of malice for his wollis fiht?
Causelees to stryve foolis wil nat spare.
Wher pees restith ther is al weelfare;
And sith the Sheep louyth pes of innocence,
Yeuyth to his party diffynytiif sentence.”

The Sheep loves peace,
give judging for her.”

The Judges.

The roial Egle, the Leon, of assent,
Al thyng considerid rehersid heer-to-forn
Of all these thre bi good avisement,
Of Hors, of Goos, of Ram, with his gret horn,
Sauh in re publica myht nat be for-born;
Bi short sentence tavoyde al discorde,
Cast a meene to sett hem at a-corde.

This was the meene tavoide first the stryves,
And al old rancour with her hertis glade,
Vse her yiftes & her prerogatives
To that eende which that thei wer made,
War, with presu[m]picious her bakkis be nat lade,
Vndevidid with hert[e], will & thouht
To doon her office as natur hath hem wonht.

The Hors, bi kynde, to lyve in travayle,
The Goose, with his Gooslynges [to] swymme in the lake,
The Sheep, whoos woll doth so myche availe,

Thou folk of malice for his wollis fiht?
Causelees to stryve foolis wil nat spare.
Wher pees restith ther is al weelfare;
And sith the Sheep louyth pes of innocence,
Yeuyth to his party diffynytiif sentence.”

(72)

(73)

(74)
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

In her pastur grese & mery make;
Her comparisouns bi on assent forsake,
Al-wey remembryng how God & Natur,
To a good ende made every creatur.

(75)
That noon [of hem] to othir shuld do no wrong,
The ravenous wolf the selye lambe toppresse;
And thouh oon be more than an othir strong,
To the febler do no froward duresse.
Al extorcioun is groundid on falsnesse;
Will is no lawe whethir it be wrong or riht:
Treuthe is put down, the feeble is put to flught.

(76)
Odious of old been all comparisouns,
And of comparisons is gendrid hatereede;
All folk be nat of lik condiciouns,
Nor lik disposid of thouht, wil, or deede;
But this fable which that ye now reede,
Contreued was that who that hath grettest part
Off vertuous yiftis shold with his freend depart.

(77)
Thus all vertues alloone hath nat oo man:
That oon lackith God hath yove a-nothir:
That thou canst nat parcas a-nothir can:
So entircomon as brothir doth with brothir;

― The Judges.  

as God intended.
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

The Judges.

And if charite gouerne weele the tothir,
And in oo clause speke in words pleyn,
That no man shold of othir ha disdeyn.

[Amor uincit omnia]

¶ The Auctour makith a lenvoie vpon all the
mateer be-fore said.

Understand the
moral of this
Fable:

Yiff ye list take the moralite
Profitable to euery comounte,
Which includith in many sondry wise,
No man shuld of hih nor lowe degre,
For no prerogatiff his neihbore despise.

Don't de¬
spise your
Neighbour!

Though you're
strong,

Som man is strong, hardi as a Leoun
To bynde Beeris or Booris to oppresse,
Wher-as anothir hath gret discrecioun
Som man hooly liveth in parfitnesse,
A-nothir besi to gad re gret richesse:
But with al this tak heed of this emprise,
No man presume so hih his hornes dresse,
For no prerogatiff his neihbour to despise.

Of sheep's
wool

are made
soft pillows
and feather-
beds.

Sheep in the pastur gresen with mekenesse,
Yit of ther wollis be woven riche weedis,
Of smothe doua maal pilwis for softnesse,
Fethirbeddis to sleep, whan men dresse

All in oon vessel H A Cx Ld Lb.  in] om. Ly.  to speke ins. R
Ly O.  539 have of other H A.  haue othir in. Colophon in
Cx Ld: Thus endith the hors the goos and the shepe (quoth
Leghrewell Cx.  Lb Ld end here.  Cx adds matter already des-
scribed in W.  Explicit the hors, the shepe, and the gose. John
Lidgate (in late hand).  Lb. The Lenvoys As Aa.  H A: The moralite
of the hors, the goos, and the shepe translatid bi Dan John
Lidgate.  L Ly C. as above. Lenvoye R.  540 conteyneth this
sentence H A.  545 in] om. R.  547 to despise H A.  548
ARCH.  them dresse Ly.
Toward Aurora ageyn till thei arriise:
Rolle vp this problem, thynk what it doth expresse:
For no prerogatiffe thi neibour nat despise.

The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

(81)
The inward meenyng to-forn as it is told,
The Hors is tokne of marcial noblesse
With his hi belle & bocis brood of gold.

Estat of tirantis the poraile doth oppresse;
The Woolff in foldis to Sheep doth duresse,
Rukkyng in foldis for dreed dar nat arryse,
Ye that han power be war in your hihnesse,
For no prerogatiff, your sogettis to despise.

(82)
A pronostik clerkis ber witnesse:
Beth war of Phebus that erly cast his liht,
Of reyn, of storme, of myste or of derknesse
Shal aftir folwe longe or it be nyht;
Signe of gret wyntir whan wild gees tak her fliht
Like as Natur hir stoundis can devise:
Lat hih nor lowe presumen of his myht,
For no prerogatiff his neibour to despise.

(83)
Of many strange vncoth simylitude,
Poetis of old fablis have contryvid,
Of Sheep, of Hors, of Gees, of bestis rude,
Bi which ther wittis wer secretly apprevid,
Vndir covert tyrauwtis eeke reprevid
Ther oppressiouns & malis to chastise
Bi examplis of resoun to be mevid,
For no prerogatiff poore folk to despise.

(84)
Fortunes cours dyversly is dressid
Bi liknessis of many othir tale;
Man, best, & fowle & fisshis been oppressid

The Judges.
Don't despise your neighbour!

Tyrants oppress the poor.
Don't despise your dependants!

After sun, come storm and cold.
Don't despise your neighbour!

By Esop's Fables of animals,

Don't despise the poor!
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

The Judges.

In nature, the great eat the small.

The Cuckoo kills the Nightingale.

In ther natur bi female or bi male;
Of grettest fissh devourid been the smale,
Which in natur is a ful straunge guyse,
To seen a Cokkow mordre a Nityngale,
An innocent brid of hattreede to despise.

With this processe who that be wroht or wood,
Thynges contrari be founde in euer kynde:
A cherl of berthe hatith gentil blood;
It wer a monstre a-geyn natur, as I fynde,
That a gret Mastyff shuld a Leoun bynde;
A parlious clymbyng whan beggrers vp arise
To hih estat—merk this in your mynde—
Bi fals prerogatives ther neibhours to despise.

What's the difference between poor and rich when both die?
Let this teach you not to despise your neighbour.

The Churl hates the Gentleman.

It's bad when Beggars rise, and despise their neibhours.

The climbing-up of Fools ruins a land.

They despise their neibhours.

Fals supplantyng clymbyng vp of foolis,
Vnto chaires of worldly dygnyte,
Lak of discrecioun sett iobbardis vpon stoolis,
Which hath distroied many a comoute:
Marcoff to sitt in Salomon-is see.
What folwith aftir? Nor resoun nor iustise,
Vn-iust promocioun & parcialite,
Bi fals prerogativis ther neibhours to despise.

What's the difference between poor and rich when both die?
Let this teach you not to despise your neighbour.

Tweene riche & poore what is the difference,
Whan deth approchith in any creature,
Sauff a gay tumbe ffressh of apparence?
The riche is shet with colours & pictur
To hide his careyn stuffid with fowle ordur;
The poore lith lowe aftir the comoun guyse,
To techyn al proude of resoun & natur,
For no prerogatiff ther neibhour to despise.

Ther was a kyng whilom as I rede,
As is remembrid of ful yore a-gon,
Which cast away crowne & purpil weede,
The Debate of the Horse, Goose, and Sheep.

Bi cause that he knew not bon fro bon, * MS. new. 623
Of poore nor riche hym sempthe thei wer al on,
Refusid his croune gan to aduertise:
Pryncis buried in gold nor precious ston,
Shuld, of no pompe, ther suggettis nat despise. 627

(89)
This thyng was doon in Alisandris tyme,
Bothe autentik & historiall;
Bood nat til nyht, left his estat at pryme,
His purpil mantil, his garnement roiall,
Texemplifie in especiall
To imperial power what perel is to a-rise:
Whoo clymbith hihest most dredful is his fall
Beeth war, ye pryncis, your sogettis to despise. 635

(90)
Hih & low wer maad of oo mateer;
Of erthe we cam, to erthe we shal a-geyn;
Thees emperours with diademys cleer,
With ther victories & triumphes in certeyn,
In charis of gold lat hem nat disdeyn,
Thow thei, eche day, of newe hem self disguyse.
Fortune is fals, hir sonne is meynte with reyn:
Bath war, ye pryncis, your suggettis to despise. 643

(91)
Hed <feet feete been necessary bothe;
Feet beryn vp all & hedis shal provide;
Hors, Sheep, & Gees, whi shuld thei he wrothe,
For ther comoditees tabreyden vpon pride?
Natur hir gittis doth dyversly devide,
Whoo power lastith from Cartage into Fryse:
He lastith weel that wisly can a-bye;
For any prerogatiff his neihbour to dispise. 651

623 ye he ins. C. 624 corowne and ins. H.A. 626 burye A.
627 nat] to H.A. 631 garn. mentis H.A. 633
what] that H.A. power L Ly As Ae. 635 Eche man be ware hys neybhr to dispise C R Ly H A Ly. 636 mateer] nature H.
638 H copies here 637 then erases. A has written over blank:
Of kynges and princes take we no cure A. 642 hir] his H.A.
645 bere H.A. 646 or goos C. or gees R. & Goos Ly. 647
Ro Ly As Ae. 649 Fryse] Pise H.A. (Furnivall prise H). 650
hastith H.A.
Isopes Fabules.

To beest & foule Nature hath set a lawe:
Ordeyned steedis in iustis for the knyht,
In carte & plouh stokkis for to drawe,
Sheep in ther pastur to grese day & nyht,
Gees to swyme a-mong to take ther fiht;
Of God & kynde to take ther fraunchise,
Yeuynge exampl[e] that no maner wiht
For no prerogatiff his neibbour shal dispise.

Explicit.

24. ISOPES FABULES.


PROLOGUE AND FABLE I.

1 The Tale of the Cok, that founde a precyous stone,
groundyd by Isopus, the phylosopher of Rome,
that yche man shuld take in gTee suche as God sent.

Wisdom is more in prise, þen gold in cofers,
To hem, þat haue sauowr in lettrure.
Olde examples of prudent philosophers
Moche auaylyd to folke þat dyd her cure
To serche out lykenes in nature,
In whyche men myght conceue & clerely see
Notable sentence of gret moralyte.

(2)

Aesop did his best to teach by fables
Vnto purpos þe poete laureate
Callyd Isopus dyd hym occupy

Isopes Fabules.

Whylom in Rome to plesse þe senate,
Fonde out fables, þat men myght hem apply
To sondry matyrs, yche man for hys party,
Aftyr þeyr lust, to conclude in substauence,
Dyuerse moralytees set out to þeyr plesaunce.

(3)
Som of foules, of bestis and of fyssh,
Thys Isopus founde out example pleyne.
Where syluer faile?, in a pewter dyssh
Ryall denteesbyn oft tymes seyne,
And semblably poetes, in certeyne,
In fables rude includyd gret prudence
And moralytees full notable of sentence.

(4)
Vnder blak erþe byn precious stones founde,
Ryche saphyres & charbuncles full ryall,
And, who þat myneþ downe lowe in þe grounde,
Of gold & syluer groweþ þe mynerall;
Perlys whyte, clere & orientall
Ben oft founde in muscle shellys blake,
And out of fables gret wysdom men may take.

(5)
For whyche I cast to folow þys poete
And hys fables in Englyssh to translate,
And, þough I haue no rethoryk swete,
Haue me excusyd : I was born in Lydgate;
Of Tullius gardeyn I passyd nat þe gate,
And cause, why : I had no lycence
There to gadyr floures of eloquence.

Yet, as I can, forþe I woll procede
In þys labour & my style dresse
To do plesaunce to þeym, þat shall hit rede,
Requirynge hem of verrey gentynes
Of her grace to rewe on my rudeynes,

Thys compilacion fyr to take at gree,
Whyche theym to plese translatayd was by me.  

(7)
And, yef I fall bycause of ignoraunce,
That I erre in my translacion,
Lowly of hert & feyfull obeytsaunce,
I me submyt to peyr correccion,
Of hem, pat haue more clere inspeccion

In matyrs, pat touche poetry,
Me to reforme pat pey nat deny.

(8)
And, as myn auctor dope at þe cok begyn,
I cast me to folow hym in substaunce,
Fro þe throuþe in sentence nat to twyn,
As God and grace woll yeue me suffysaunce,
Compyle þys lybell for a remembraunce:
To the reders hereaftyr may be founde
The thanke þerof fully to rebounde.

(9)

FABLE I.

THE COCK AND THE JACINTH.

The Cok of kynde hape a crest rede
Shape lyke a crowne, token of gret noblesse,
By whyche he hape, whyle hit stont on hys hede,

for courage.
As clerkis seyn, corage & hardynes,
And of hys berde melancolyk felnes :
Aboute hys nek by mercy all apparayll
Nature hape yeue hym a stately auentayll.

He is the clock of the night,
Thys hardy foule with brest & voyce so clere
Most trewly kepeþ þe tydes of þe nyght,
Of custom namyd comon astrologere
In throwpes smale to make þeyr hertis lyght ;
With spores sharpe enarmyd for to fyght
Lyke a champion iustly dope attende,
As a proud capten, hys broode for to defende ;
Isopes Fabules.

(11)
Betep hys wyngis, afor or he do syng
B[ij]t sluggy hertis out of þeyr slepe to wake,
When Lucyfer toward þe dawnyng
Lawgheth in þe oryent & haþe þe west forsake
To chase away þe myghty clowdyys blake:
Towarde Aurora þys foule, who takeþ kepe,
Byddþþ folk ayene awake out of þeyr slepe,

(12)
Whos waker callyng þryes tolde in nombre
With treble laudes youe to þe Trinite,
Slouþe auoodyng, cleþþ folk out of þer slombre
(Good hope repeyreþ to all, þat heuy bee),
Comfortþþ þeseke in hys infirmite,
Causeþþ merchautnis & pylgryms to be glad,
The þeuys swerde hyd vndyr þe shad.

(13)
Callyd þe prophete of ioy & all gladnes,
Embassiatour of Phebus fyry lyght,
Whych put away by musicall swetnes
The vgy blaknes of þe derk[e] nyght;
For whych me semeth, me shuld of dew[e] ryght
For .iij. causes preferre þys foule among,
For waker kepyng, for hardynes & song.

(14)
Thys foule ys waker ayen þe vyce of slouþe,
In vertu strong & hardy as a lyon,
Stable as a geaunt, opon a grounde of trouþe,
Ayene all vyces þe morall champion,
And with þe entewnes of hys melodious soun
He yeueþ ensample, as he hys voyce dop reye,
Howe day & nyght we the lord shall preyse.
Isopes Fabules.

(15) And, for because hys brest ys strong & cleere
   And on hys tipto dyspose[for to syng],
   He ys of poettis callyd Chaunceleer.
   And, as myn auctour remembreb by wrytyng,
   Whylom hys foule in a glad mornynge
   Reioysyd hym ayene the son[ne] shene
   With all hys flok to walke opyn a grene.

(16) He was furst besy for to breke hys faste,
   With hys wyues about hym euerychone,
   On a small donghyll to fynde a good repaste
   Gan scrape & sporne & fast about[e] gone.
   Hyd in þe dong hyll he fonde a iacynct stone,
   Yet hys labour & hys besy cure
   Was for nat elles, but for hys pasture.

(17) He yaue ensample, whyche gretly may auayle,
   As he was oonly taught by nature,
   To auoyde sloure by dylygent trauayle,
   By honest labour hys lyuelood to procure.
   For, who woll þryue, labour must endure ;
   For idylynæ & froward negligence
   Makeþ sturdy beggars for lak of þeyr dyspence.

(18) Losengowres, þat fele hem strong ynough,
   Whyche haue sauour in sloupe & slogardy,
   Haue leuere to beg, þen go at þe plough,
   Dyche or delue, þeymsylf to occupy.
   Thus idylynæ[se] causeþ rob[e]ry
   In vacant pepyll, þat to and fro dyd wende :
   For þeft arestyed at Tyburn make an ende.

Isopes Fabules.

(19)
They be no men, but folk's bestiall,
Voyde of reson oonly for lak of grace,
Whyche ete & drynke & labour nat at all.
The cok was besy hys lyuelood to purchase
The long day in many diuerse plase,
Hym & hys broode oonly to forstre, in troupe,
Suche folke rebukyng, bat lyue in slombre & sloupe.

(20)
Vertu gynne at occupacion,
Vytces all procede of idelnesse,
Vnto þeues foundres & patroun ;
As thryft connempe of vertuous besynesse,
So of myschyef slouth ys chief maistresse :
Thys ydelnes cause folk in dede
To waste þeyr dayes in myschief & in nede.

(21)
With scrapyng, spornyng all þe long[e] day
The cok was besy hym & hys broode to fede,
Founde a iacyncte, whyche in þe donghyll lay,
A ryche stone & a precious, as I rede ;
Of whyche stone when þe cok toke hede,
Stynt awhyle, sodenly abrayde,
And to þe ston euyn þus he sayde :

(22)
"Who þat knew þy nature & þy kynde,
All þe propurtees, whyche of the be tolde,
A ieweller, yef he þe myght fynde,
Wolde for þy vertues close þe in golde.
Euax to the yeueþ praysyng manyfolde,
Whos lapydary bereþ opynly wytnesse,
Geyn sorow & wo[þ]e þou bryngest in gladnesse.

131 longe H. 133 And suche folk to rebuken H. 134 begynnth H. 137 As] Of T. 138 myschief of H. 139 Thys H. 140 and spurnyng H. 144 as Þ rede] in dede H. 145 As I rede of whiche stone whan he H. 146 til sodainly at H. 148 the nature of thy H. 149 And al thy H. 150 if that H. the fynde H. 152 margin T: Euax rex Arabiuu.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
(23)

"The best iacyncte in Ethiope ys founde
   And ys of colour lyke þe saphyre ynde,
Comforteþ men, þat ly in prison bounde,
   Makeþ men strong & hardy of hys kynde,
Contract synewes þe iacyncte dop vnbynde:
Yet for all þy vertuous excellence
Twene þe & me ys no conuenience.

(24)

"For me þou shalt in þys place abyde,
   With the I haue lyght or nought to done.
Late þese merchantis, þat go so ferr & ryde,
   Trete of þy valew, wheþer hit be late or sone,
Deme how þe cherle came furst in þe mone:
Of suche mysteryes I take but lytell hede;
Me lyst nat hewe chyppes aboue myn hede.

(25)

"Precyous stones longen to iewellers
   And to princes, when þey lyst wel be seyn:
To me more deynte in bernes or garners
   A lytell rewarde of corn or good greyn.
To take þys stone to me hit were but veyn:
Set more store (I haue hit of nature)
Among rude chaffe to shrape for my pasture.

(26)

"Like as folkis of relykts haue deynte,
   Theron þey set a valew or a pryece,
Hygh maters profounde & secrete
   Ne shuld nat wit out gret auyce
Be shewyd in opyn to hem, þat be nat wyse;
For, as a wyseman in wysdom hæpe delyte,
Ryght so a foole of doctrine hæpe dyspyte.

(27)

"Golde & stones be for a kyngis hede,
   Stele ys tryed for platis in armure,
Isopes Fabules.

To couer churches couenable ys lede,
    Brasse for belles, irlen long to endure
(Thus euery þyng folowep hys nature),
Pryncys to regyne, knyghtis for batayll,
Plowmen for tylþe, shypmen for to sayll.

(28)
“Then hert desyreþ to drynke of crystall welles,
    The swan to swyeme in large brood riueres,
The gentyll faucon with gesse & ryche belles
    To cache hys pray lyke to hys desyres,
I with my brode to scrape afore garneres :
Precious stonyng apperteyne
To gese nor fovlys, þat pasture on þe grene.

(29)
(Of þeyr nature as folke byn dysposyd,
    Diuersely þey make eleccion.
Double of vertu þe saphyr in gold closyd.
    Ycheman cheseþ lyke hys opinion :
On cheseþ þe best of wysdom & reson,
And anoþer (hys eyen byn so blynde)
Cheseþ þe werst, þe best he lyt behynde.”

Lenuoy.

(30)
Though þys fabyll be boysters & rurall,
    Ye may þeryn consider þyngis þre :
Howe þat diligence in especiall
    Haþe agayn slouþe caught þe souereynte,
And, where fre choyse haþ hys liberté,
Cheseþ þe werst in ernest or in game,
Who, but hymsylyf, þeroft ys to blame ?

(31)
Who folowep vertu, vyces doþ eschew,
    He cheseþ þe best in myn opinion.
Isopes Fabules.

The cok demyd, to hym hit was more dew
Small simple grayne, þen stones of hygh renoun,
Of all tresour chief possessioun.

Suche as God sent, eche man take at gre,
Nat prowde with ryches nor groge with pouerte.

(32)
The worldly man laboreth for rychesse,
And on þe worlde he set all hys intent.
The vertuos man to auoyde all ydelnesse
With suffisaunce hold hymself content.

Eche man þerfore with suche as God hap sent,
Thanke þe Lorde, in vertu kepe hem stable,
Whyche ys conclusioun of þys lytyll fable.
Explicit.

FABLE II.
The Tale of the Wolfe and the Lambe groundyd opon
Isopus, the phylosophor of Rome, ayenst raueyn & tirannyn.

(33)
Rlyght as atwene turment & delyces
There ys in kynde a gret difference,
Rylght so atwene vertues lyfe & vyces
There may be no iust conuenience:
Malyce contrary to pure innocence,
And phylosophers by wrytyng bere recorde,
Twene trowpe & fraude may be non acorde.

(34)
Atwene rancour & humble pacience
Ther ys in nature a gret diuision:
A sely shepe make may no resistence
Ageyn þe power of a strong lyon;
A dwerfe to fyght with a champyon
Were to febyll in a feilde to endure,
By lykenes agayn nature.

217 with (2) in H. 223 and in ins. H. hym H. 224 lite H. Here endith the tale of Iosepe how that the cok fonde a joconet stone in þe dunghill. The seconde tale of Isopos H. 229 pure innocence H. 231 fraude and trowth H. 234 may make H. 236 with a grete ins. H. 237 a] om. H 238 of reason and ageyne ins. H.
Isopes Fabules.

(35)
Grete pykes, þat swymme in large stewes,
Smaller fysshe most felly þey deuour.
Who haþe most myght, þe febler gladly sewes:
The pore haþe few hys party to socour.
The raunenous wolf opon þe lambe doþe lour;
Of whyche Isopus in hys booke
Full notably thyse example he toke.

(36)
The lambe, þe wolf[e], contrary of nature,
Euer diuere & noþyng oon þey þynke.
Boþe at onys of soden auenture
To a fresshe ryuer þey came downe to drynke:
At þe hede spryng hy opon þe brynke
Stondeþ þe wolfe, a froward beste of kynde;
The sely lambe stood fer abak behynde.

(37)
Who þat is froward of condicion
And disposyd to malyce & outrague,
Can sone seke & fynde occasion
• Pyke a quarell for to do damage;
And vnto purpoise malycious of corage
The furyos wolfe out with hys venym brake,
And euyn þys vnto þe lambe he spake:

(38)
"Lyke þyffadyr, þou art false & double
And hym resemblest of dysposicion,
For he was wont my water here to trouble,
To meue þe þyk, þat lay low doune:
Pat I myght haue no recreacioune
To drynk my fyll of water pure and clere,
He was so contrary to trouble þys ryuere.

(39)
"And þou of malyce art com to do þe same,
Sekest occasion by trobly vyolence

259 to H. 262-266 wanting in H filled in by Stow from T.
267-322 (wanting in H, leaf out).
Ayenst me & makest þerof a game
To fynde mater and for to do offence.”

The lamb answered with humble reverence:
“Thys may nat be; þe preef ys seyn full oft:
I stond beneþe, & ye stond aloft.

(40)

From þe hyll þe ryuer downe dyscendeþ:
For to ascende hit were aȝeyn nature.
That I stond here hit noþyng yow offendeþ:
The troublle goþe low, aboue hit ys most pure;
The clere ys youres, but I must endure,
Tyll ye haue dronke, and þen at erst begyn,
Take, as hit falleþ, þe þyk with the þyn.

(41)
“I may nat chese: þe choyse to yow ys fall.
Hyt were but foly for me with yow to stryue.
Ye shall for me haue your desyres all:
Of your ryght I wyll nat yow depryue.”

But the wolf was hateful,
Ageyn the lambe of naturall haterede,
Seyd vnto hym quakyng in hys drede:

(42)
“Thy feynyd speche flatteryng & benygne,
I see hit well in myn inward syght,
How þou dost ayene me malygne
To vex me wrongfully, yef þou haddyst myght.
The lawe shall part vs, whyche of vs haf ryght.”

But he no lenger on þe lawe abood,
Deuouryd þe lambe & aȝtir soke hys blood.

(43)
The lambe was sleyn, for he seyd soþ.
Thus was law tornyd to rauyne,
Dome execute by þe wolfis tothe;
By whyche lawe Naboth lost hys vyne,
Whylom commaundyd by law, whyche ys dyuyne,
No rauenous beste (þe Byble doþ deuysse)
Shuld be offred to God in sacryfyse.
Isopes Fabules.

(44)
Herdys be rekles pē lambe for to defende,
   than the
Take noon hede on theyr flock to tary ;
   wolf,
Ther hounde ys muett, whyche pât shuld attende
   Fauci pastores
   te mercenarii multi,
   That falsly entre, as Iohns gospell tolde,
By pê wyndow into Cristis folde.
   306
   308

(45)
The lambe¹ ys clyppyd, chese and mylke ys peysyd,
   for it is so
On felle & flesshe ys set a certayn pryse,
   useful to
For tylpe of lond pê dong ys also preysyd,
   man.
   1 MS. wolfe.
   Noþyng foryte (sheperdyys be so wyse):;
   The beest ys spoylyd & nat without avyse.
   313
The wolf haþ so ferre pê lambe purchasyd,
That he ys deuouryd & haþ noþyng trespasyd.
   315

(46)
The ram in Colches bare a flees of golde;
   for It is so
Therof he was dyspoylyd by Iason,
   useful to
The body left hoole, lyke as hit ys tolde.
   man.
   But shepe þese dayes be spoylyd to þe bon ;
   For þer be wolfoes many mo þen oon,
   320
   322
That clyp lamborn at sessions & at shyres
   320
   322
Bare to þe bone, & yet þey haue no sheres.

(47)
The sely lambe ys spoylyd to þe bones,
   The wolf
The wolf goþ fre, wheþer hit be ryght or wrong.
   still goes
When [a] iorrowr hape caught sauowr ones
   free.
   To be forsworn, custom makeþ hym strong.
Si dedero ys now so mery a song,
   327
Hap founde a practyk by lawe to make a preef
To hang a trew man & saue an errant theef.
   329

(48)
With empty hande men may noon hawkis lewre
   What does
Nor cache a iorrowr, but yef he yeue hym mede.
   a poor man
The pore pleteþ : what ys hys auenture ?
   get at law ?
Voyde purse causeþ he may nat spede.
The lambe put bak,¹ þe wolf þe daunce dop lede.
   334
   325 Whan a ins. H.  330 handis H. ¹ MS. bakis.
Dyfference atwene þese bestis tweyne
Causyd Isopus þys tale for to feyne. 336

Conclusio. (49) [leaf 14, back]
The wolfe ys lykenyd to folkys rauenous,
The selly lambe resembleþ þe porayle; 341
The wolfe ys greedy, fell, cruell, dyspituous,
The lambe content with grasse for hys vytayle.
The[i] dey[e] boþe: þe wolfe may nat auayle,
Be hit for houndis caren most corumpable,
The lambe vþ 1 seruyd at þe kyngis table. 343

(50)
As men desire, þey receive þeyr guerdon.
Onrepentaunte þe tyraunt goþ to hell.
The pore man with small possession
Vertuosly dop in þe erþe dwell,
Content with lytely dop trewly by and sell
And of hoole hert can loue God & drede;
When he goþ hens, hape heuen to hys mede. 350

(51)
To encrease vertu and vyces to confounde
Example here shewyd of gret diuersyte;
By Isopus was þys fable founde,
Where ys rehersyd, toforene as ye may se,
The wolftis felinesse, þe lambes properte;
The lambe commendyd for naturall mekenes
The wolfe rebuked for rauenous felines.
Explicit.

FABLE III.
The Tale of the Frogge and þe Mowse foundyd by
Isopos, þe philosophor, groundyd ayenst deceyte.

(52)
By a decree of Natures law,
Peysyd egally þe balance of reson,
335 Different betwene H. Conclusio] om. H. 339 cruell] and H. 342 Be hit] But only H. 346 with his H. 347 liveth and H. 350 to] for H. 353 was] om. H. I founde H. 354 Whan he H. Here endith the secunde tale of Iospe declaryng how the wolf founde agenst the lambe a quarle H. Here begynmeth the iij. fabul of Isopos. H. (The frogge and the mowse follows here in T. I follow the order of H.) 358 By decrees H.
Isopes Fabules.

Who that cast hym deceue hys felaw,
  Shall of deceyte receue hys guerdon.
  Salary to feynyng ys simulacion.
Who by dyssimelyng & fraude do procede,
Lyke a defrauder receue shall hys mede.

(53)
Som reioyse theym in malyce & in fraude
  And cowntely to hynder theym neyghbors.
As men deserue, reporte yeuep theym theyr lawde.
  Clope falsy wouen may kepe no fresshe colours.
The dorre on donghyll, pe bee on holsom floures,
As they receue, they bryng home to theyr heue:
The oon do damage, pe ope do releue.

(54)
Aftyr theyr naturall disposicions
  In man & beste ys shewyd experyence:
Som haue to vertew theyr inclinacions,
  Oone to profyte, anothe to do offence;
Som man pesyble, som man dop violence;
Som man delyte in troupe in theyr entent,
  Anothe reioyse to be fraudulent.

(55)
Who pat mene treson or falsnes
  With a pretence outward or frenshyp or frendlyhede,
Face counterfete of feynyd fals gladnes,
  Of all enemyes suche oon ys most to drede,
And Isopus to purpos, as I rede,
  Telle how a fresshe felle & contraryouse,
Dowble of entent, deceuyd haue pe movse.

(56)
Of theys fable pe processe for to tell,
  The frosshe of custom abode at a ryuer;
The mowse also soiornyd at a myll,
  That stood besyde from all dangere;
And a morow, when Phebus shone full clere,
invited by a mouse to his mill.

So as þe frosshe passyd þerbesyde,
The mowse besought hym goodly to abyde. 392

(57)

Lad hym vp to þe myll alofte,
Shewyd hym the hoper, þe trowgh & þe myll stone,
On a corne sak made hym syt softe,
Seyde, he shuld to dyner go anone,
Leyde afore hym greynes many oone: 397
To shewe hym of gentylnes gret fauourure
The second course he brought in mele & flourere.

(58)

They had good cheer.

The mouse thought himself well off.

“See,” quoth þe mowse, “þys ys a mery lyfe.
Here ys my lordshyp & dominacion.
I lyue here esyly out of noyse & stryfe.
Thys clos all hoole ys in my subieccion.
Suffisaunce ys my possessione.
As I haue appetyte, I dyne late or sone;
For Gyb, þe catte, haje here noþyng to done.

(59)

‘ Poor folks like me fear no thieves.

I am happier than Croesus,

Thus am I content here in my householde
As well as Cresus was with all hys golde.

Blessyd be pouerte, þat causeþ assurance,
Namely when gladnes dop þys brydyll lede.
What God sendeþ, hit ys to þeyr plesance,
As he fyndeþ, þeron he dop hym fede.

(60)
Isopes Fabules.

(61)
“Tresour of Mygdas medelyd was with drede,
Broke slepes, reft hym hys libertees.
The pore man slepeþ fearelese, takeþ noon hede,
Who ryde or go : hys gatie opyn bee.
And I suppose, noman ys more free
Nor more assuryd, to myne opynyon,
Then glad pouert with small possession.

(62)
“Salomon wryte?, howe hit ys bet by halfe
A lompe of brede with reioysyng,
Then at festis to haue a rostyd calfe
With heuy chere, frownyng or grogyng.
Nature ys content with full lytell þyng.
As men seyen & reporte, at þe leste,
Nat many deyntees, but good chere makeþ a feste.

(63)
“Where a tyraunt haþ power noon nor myght,
Ys sewre abydyng vnto þe porayll.
Diogenes was with hys towne as lyght,
As Alysaundre with all hys apparyll.
Thys lyttel mylle fynt me my vytayll:
I haue þerin as gret lust and ioy,
As kyng Priamus had in hys towne of Troy.

(64)
“The poreman mery in hys cotage,
As ys þe merchaunt in hys stuffyd house;
The plowman glad with bacon & potage,
As in þeyr paleyse byn prynces gloriusse.
And, þough þat I be but a lytell movse,
Ther ys no lorde, mo castelles haþ to kepe,
Then I haue hernes & hooles in to crepe.

(65)
“Abyde with me all nyght in þys mylle,
That we togedyr may haue our dalyaunce.

Midas could not sleep, I can.
Good cheer makes the feast.
This little mill is good enough for me.
I have as many holes as a lord has castles.
Spend the night.”
The frog said, "I want a drink."

There's a river near by."
Isopes Fabules.

Sey þe to þe mowse: "Yende on þe oper syde
Ys myne abydyng vppon þe water clere.
Lat vs go swymme ouer þe ryuere,
And, lyke as I haue vnto þe tolde,
Thow shalt abyde & see þere my householde."

(70)
The mowse answeryd quakyng in hys drede:
"I haue of swymmyng noon experience."
"No," quoth þe frosshe, "I shall tey a threde
About þy nek by gret diligence,
The other ende shall for þy defence
At my leg sore be knyt behynde
Ouer þe broke passage for to fynde."

(71)
Thus gan þe frosshe couertly to feyne
Of false fraude þe lytell mowse to drowne.
The frosshe by swymmyng dyd hys besy peyne
To make þe mowse lowe to plonge downe.
For þe gop þe frosshe, þe mowse for fere gan sowne,
And in þys whyle a kyte, or þey toke hede,
Raught hem boÞe vp hangyng by þe þrede.

(72)
Fatte was þe frosshe, þe mowse sklender ik lene;
The frosshe deuouryd because of hys fatnes.
The threde to-brake, þe mowse fell on þe grene,
Fro deÞe escapyd: þe frosshe for hys falsnes
Gwerdon receueþ of vnkyndenes.
For conclusion clerk[is] put in mynde,
Lawe & nature pleyynyn on folke vnkynde.

Conclusio.

(73)
Of vyces all, shortly to conclude,
Ther ys no vyce in comparyson
To þe vyce of ingratitude;

"Come across," said the frog.
"I will carry you, tied by a thread."
"I will carry you, tied by a thread."
So they started, but a kite swooped down and caught them both.
He ate the fat frog; the lean mouse escaped.

Nothing is so bad as ingratitude.
Isopes Fabules.

For hit ys worse þen pestylence or poyson,
More to be drad, me semef, of reson:
Preservatycle made for pestylence,
But agayn fraude may be no defence.

(74)
In þys fable for an exemplary,
For þe party of pure innocence,
The mowse ys but symyll, nat contrary,
Where þe frosshe by fraude & violence
Vnder colour of frendly dylygence
Was euer besy hys felow to encloy:
The cause out sought hit dyd hysylf dystroy.

(75)
To a deceyuowr by ryght, as hit ys founde,
Kynde requyreþ in folkis fraudulent,
Where fraud ys vayd, fraude mot rebounde,
Gwerdon for fraude most conuenient;
For whyche Isopus in hys fynall entent
Thys fable wrote full soþly in hys wyt:
Who useþ fraude, with fraude shalbe quyt.

Explicit.

FABLE IV.
The Tale of þe Hownde and þe Shepe groundyd ayen
periure & false wytnes founde by Isopns.

(76)
The world made diuerse by froward folkis twye,ne,
By a false iorroure and a false wytnesse,
Horryble monstres enbrasyd in a cheyne
Trouþe forto assayle & greusosly to oppresse,
Whych þe forto clypse þe lyght of ryghtwysnesse
Be nat aferde with hande put forþe toforn
Vppon a boke falsely to be forsworn!

(77)
With canoryd lyppes & with tung[e] double
Twene ryghte & wronge forþe þey woll procede,

513 parties in H. 514 but om. H. and nat ins. H. Here endith the v. fable of Isopns discernyng the mychief that the frosshe for his Ingratitud shewed to the mowse. 529 for] om. H. 534 that wiln forth H.
Isopes Fabules.

Ryghtfull causes to trauerse & trouble,
To be forsworn on a boke for mede,
Of conscience hye take so lytell hede ; 537
Whyche hyng to preue by exsamples full notable
Of olde Isopus whylom wrote hyis fable. 539

(78)
Hauyng thys conceyte, set hit for a grounde ;
By maner lyknes rehersyng in sentence,
He wrote her was whylom a gret hounde,
Whyche toke a quarell by hatefull violence
Agayns a shepe simple of innocencce,
Whyclye stood alone voyde of all refuge,
Constreynydyd by force to apere afor a iuge. 546

[The Trinity MS. fails here; completing portion from Harley 2251.]

(79)
Agenst the sheepe, quakyng in his drede,
Withouten support of any proctour,
This ravenous hound thus wrongly gan procede,
  His tale aforsyng like a false iurrour :
    How he had lent the sheepe, his neygh[j]bour,
  A large lofe, his hunger to relieuen,
As he was redy by lawe for to preve. 553

(80)
And his quarel more to fortefy,
The selie shepe to bryng[en] in distresse,
He affermed it, and falsly did lye,
  Towchyng his loflf, that he of kyndenesse
    Toke it the sheepe, whan he stoode in distresse
Of mortal hunger, whan plente dide faile,
Likly to dye for lak of vitaile. 560

(81)
Straitly requyreng the iuge in this matiere
To yeve hym audience and to do hym right,
By apparence shewyng ful sad chiere,

and set H. 541 By a H. 542 that ther ins. H. 543
toke] to H. 544 of] and H. 548 a] the H. 547–750
missing in T (rest of leaf 16 blank).
As though he meant no falsnesse to no wyght.
The sely sheepe, astonied in his sight,
Stoode abasshed ful like an innocence;
To help hym-self cowde fynd[e] no diffence.

(82)

Towchyng the loff requyred by the hound,
With humble chiere the sheepe did it deny,
Sothly affermyng, levyng on this ground,
Vnto his day he neuer on no party
No loff receyved, and loth he was to ly,
Prayeng the iuge, that he myght frely gon,
For other aunswer plainly cowde he none.

(83)

Quod the iuge : “The lawe thow must abide,
Til ther be yoven sentence of iugement ;
I may no favour do to nowther side,
But atwene both stande indifferent,
As rightful iuge of hert and hole intent,
Til I may se by lawe to make me strong,
Whiche of the partyes have right or wrong.”

(84)

The lawe, first founde on a triew[e] grounde,
May nat declyne from his stabilnesse.
The iuge, abraidyng, axed of the hound,
“Hastow,” quod he, “record or witnesse
This douteful cause to set in sikemesse,
For to stynt[en] al contrauersy
Be triewe report of suche as wil nat ly ?”

(85)

The hound answerd: “My cause is iust and triewe,
And my-self in lawe here for to a quyte,
I have brought two, that the covenant knewe,
The faithful wolf, in trowth that doth delite,
And with hym comyth the gentil foule, the kyte,
Chose for the nones by report of theyr names,
As folke were knowe, that dredith sclaundre and shames.

(86)

They both abhor lies.”
“To offende trewth the wolf doth gretly drede,
He is so stidefast and triew of his nature;
The gentil kyte hath refused al falshe,  
He had lever grete hunger to endure,  
Lovyn no raveyn vnto his pasture,  
Thanne take a chykken, by record of writyng,  
To his repast, or any goselyng.”

(87)
The hound, to accomplish thend of his entent,  
Agayn the sheepe to susteyne his partye  
Witnese tweyne brought in iugement,  
The wolf, the puttok that were ful loth to ly;  
And for to stynte the contrauersy  
Of this matier, they vpon hem toke  
To lay theyr hondis boldly vpon a booke.

(88)
Mote they be hanged on high by the halse,  
Be-cawse they swore wetingly vntriewe!  
The hound wele wiste his [com]playnt was false,  
The sheepe condemnpned, tristy and pale of hewe,  
The twey witnesse, albe it they ne knewe  
The matier false, rehersed here to-form,  
Yit drad they nat falsely to be forsworn.

(89)
Thus al thre were false by oon assent,  
The hound, the wolf, and the cursid kyte,  
The sheepe, alias, though he were innocent,  
By doome compelled, as Isopos doth write,  
To pay the loff, his dettis to acquyte,  
Thus constrayned, the lawe dide hym compelle,  
At grete myschief his wynter flees to selle.

(90)
The ram of Colchos bare a flees of gold,  
Whiche was conquered manly by Iason;  
But this sheepe, whan he his flees hath sold,  
With cold constrayned, wynter cam vpon,  
Deyd at myschief, socour had he none;  
Be-twene the wolf and the puttok that nought were  
lost in veyne,  
As myn auctour sayth, parted was the kareyne.

LYDGEATE, M.P.—II.
Isopes Fabules

(91)

The sheepe thus deyd, his body al to-rent,
And the wolf and kite ate him.
The wood recouered his part by iugement;
The false kyte cast hym nat to faile,
Thus in this world by extorcion veriliche

Poor folk are devoured by the rich.

The sheepe thus deyd, his body al to-rent,
The wood recouered his part by iugement;
The false kyte cast hym nat to faile,
Thus in this world by extorcion veriliche

By examples, in stwes long and large,

(92)

Of grete fissh devoured bien the smale.

Hardy is the bote that stryvith ageist the barge.

To ouerpresse a pore man the riche set no tale.

A cloth sakke stuffid, shame it is to pike a male.

What nedith the see to borwe of smale rivers,

Or a grete barne to borow of strait garners?

(93)

Al suche outrages and inconveniences

Takith origynal of pillage and ravyne;

An extorcioner, to amend his expences, 1

Can make the poore to bowe and declyne;

Lierne this prouerbe, founde of old doctryne, 1

"Suche as have no conscience of no maner wronges,
Of other mennys ledir can kut ful large thonges."

(94)

The shepe is ded, the puttok hath his part,

Ioynt from ioynt the wolf hath rent a-sunder,

The hound by dome recouered hath his part,

Suche false practik is vsed here and yonder :

Al suche raveyne on poraile to theyr distresse

(95)

False witneses are worse than hooked arrows; they.

To a false witnesse, record in Salamon,

Prouerbiorum, .iij. thynges bien compared

A shrew[e]d dart, an hoked arow is oon,
Isopes Fabules.

Al for the werre as it is declarid,
Yit vnder trety somtyme they be spared;
But a false wittesse hath this avauntage
With mowth infect alwey to do damage.

(96)
Agayne sharpe quarels helpith a pavice,
Agayne arowes may be made defence,
And though a swerd be riche and of grete price,
Somtyme he sparith for to do offence;
But a false iurrowr, by mortal violence,
Nat only causith men her bloode to shede,
But makith hem lese theyr lyf and goode for meede.”

(97)
Ageyne verry poysone ordeyned is triacle,
As auctours sayne, by craft of medicyne;
But ageyn a iurrowr there were no bettir obstacle
Than 1 to geld hym yong, hys venym to declyne,
That no false braunche myght spryng of his lyne,
For the nombre suffisith only of ij. or iij.
To enfecte a shyre or a grete contre.

(98)
It is remembred by record of auctours,
As writeth Holcot vpon sapience,
How ther folwith .iij. incomoditees
Of false forsweryng ageyn conscience:
First, rehersith this auctour in sentence,
Vpon a booke whan a false iurrowr
Forswerith hym-self, he is to God a traytour.

(99)
There-vpon, this matier to conclude,
That false forsweryng is to God treason,
First he makith this simylitude:
That if a man withyn a regioun
Wold countrefete, by false collusioun,
The kynges seale, the people to begile,
What were he worthy to deye by civile 1

1 MS. That.

Eugenics demands that they should be gelded.
Holcote speaks out against them.
It is treason to God, to swear falsely.

work in peace or war.
Isopes Fabules.

(100)

And semblaly, who can considre wele,
The name of God, ordeyned to impresse,
Is the signacle of the celestial seale,
Yoven to al Cristen of trowth to bere witnesse,
And who that euer mysusith it in falsenesse,
Holcot affermyth it, for short conclusioun,
That he to God doth opinly treason.

(101)

Who with his hand the Holy Booke doth towche,
And to record takith Cristes name,
On Holy Writ, I dare me wele avowche,
If he swere falsely, gretely is to blame,
Hande of periurye to his eternal shame;
God and His werkis he doth vtterly forsake,
And to the fiend for euer he doth hym take.

(102)

In His preceptis, whiche that be devyne,
God bad man bere no false witnesse,
And of oure faith to folwe the doctryne.
Periury is enemy to al rightwisnesse;
What man for lucre or for [gret] richesse
Wilbe forsworn, by sentence of clerkis,
Falsly forsakith God and al His werkis.

(103)

Who swerith by God, his hand leyd on a booke,¹
He causith God, auctours doth expresse, ¹ [leaf 264, back]
Vnto the record of the charge he toke,
In right or wronge, in trowth or in falsenesse,
To preve his oth Hym takith to witnesse:
If his causyng to make his party strong,
Falsly concludith, he doth to God grete wrong.

(104)

Of periurye the trespas is ful huge,
Wonder perilous in Oure Lordis sight,
For the iurrours first dissey vith the iuge,
Causith his neyghburgh for to lese his right,
His conscience hurt, of grace blent the light,
Isopes Fabules.

As a renegat, that hath the Lord forsake,
Lyke to be dampned, but he amendis make. 728

(105)
Isopos iurrowrs doth discryve,
Callith them Arpies, houndes infernal,
With ravenous feete, wynged to flee blyve,
Like to Carberos, that receyvith al,
Gredy Tantalus, whos hunger is nat smal ; 733
And be suche peple, who that takith kepe,
As sayth my[n] auctour, devoured was the shepe. 735

(106)
Thus false forsweryng, frawde, and extorcioun,
With false witnesse afore God be dampnable,
But if they make diew satisfaccioun,
Thynges to restore, wherof they bien culpable ;
And for suche folkes Isopos wrote this fable, 740
To this intent, that I have told aforn,
What peril it is falsly to be forsworn. 742

(107)
Late al false iurrowrs have this in mynde,
Remembre at shyres and at cessions :
Who is forsworn, settith God behynde,
And puttith the fiend in ful possessioun
Of soule and body, vnder his dampeion,
Toforn his deth, but if he have repentaunce,
Or make restitucioun, or do som penaunce. 749

Here endith the .iij. fable of Isopos, what perel it is to
be forsworn wetyngly, as was the wolf and the kyte
for synguler love, that they hadde to the hounde,
and to have the sheepe ded and slayn, as iurrowrs
dampne þe triewe and save the false.
FABLE V.

How the wollefse disyvyd the crane,
Isopus, translatyd by Iohn Lydgat.

(106)

In Isopus forther to proced,

Towchyng the vyce of wnkyndnesse,

In this tretes a lytyll fabill I rede

Of engravytude, ioynyd to falsenesse,

How that a wolff, of cursyd frowardnesse

Was to the crane, of malyce, as I fynde,

For a good torne falce founden and wnkynd.

(109)

The fable is this: when bestes everychone

Helde a feste and a solempnyte,

Ther was a wolffe strangled with a bone,

And constraynyd by grete adverseyte,

Des[es]peyryd relyvyd for to be,

For remede playnly knew he none,

So depe downe enteryd was the bone.

(110)

Thorow all the cort surg[e]ons wer sought,

Yf eny were abydynge them a-monge;

At the last the crane was forthe brought,

Bycaws his neke was slender, sharp, & longe,

To serche his throt wher pe bone stode wronge,

For whiche perlows occupacion

The wolff behyte hym a full grete guerdon.

(111)

The bone out browght by subtile delygence

Of the crane, by crafft of surgery,

The court all hole being in presence,
Axid his rewarde & his solary,—
The wolffe frowardly his promys gan deny,
Sayd, “It suffisith,”—and gan to make stryffe,—
“Out of his mouthe that he scapid with his lyffe.”
(112)
The wolffe denied that he had be-hyte,
Sowght a-gayne hym froward occacion,
Seyd, he had don hym grete wn-ryght,
And hym deseyvyd by fals colusion,
Whan he his byll putte so low a-downe
In his throt to pyke a-vey the bone;
Other reward of hym gett he none!
(113)
Caste on the crane a full cruell loke,
With opyn mouthe gan to approche nere,
“When thow,” quod he, “the sayd[e] bone toke
Out of my throt thow were in my daunger,
Thy sharpe beke, neke, eyen, and chere
Atwene my tethe, sharp[e] whet & kene,
Thy lyffe in iubardy, the truthe was welle sene.
(114)
“At that tyme thy power was but small,
Ageyne me to holde were or stryff,
For whiche thow art boundyn in speciall
To thanke me thou scapidest withe thy lyff,
Owt of my iawes, sharper than file or knyff,
Stode desolate in many manar wyse,
Streynyd in the bondes full narow of my fraunchyse.”
(115)
And semblably, makynge a fals excuse
To pay theyr dewte wnto the poraille,
This is the way with tyrants.

Takynge ther service & labour to ther vse,

[Gerwardounles] to make them to travayle. ¹ MS. Ever doules.

Yf they aught ax, tyrantes them assayle, 803
And of malys constreyne them so for drede,
They not so hardy of them to ax ther mede. 805

(116)
The tyrant hath the possescions and riches,

The poure travelythe for meate, drynke, & fode,
The ryche dothe the laborar oppresse,
For his labour denyethe hym hys lyflode,
The lambe must suffre, the wolffes bene so wode;
A playne ensample declaryd how men done,
Shewde in the crane that plukkyd away þe bone. 812

[Moralization.]

(117)
Prayer of princes is a commaundement,
The poure obayethe, they dare none othar do,

Prescept of tyrantes is so vyolent,

Who-evr sey nay, nede it muste be so,
Hove they ther lust, they care for no mo;
The wolff made holle, of very froward pryde,
Sofferyd the crane rewardles to abyde. 819

(118)
The crane was chese to be a surg[i]on, ¹ MS. chese.

To save the wolffe, as ye have hard beforne,
Toke out the bone, whiche no man migh[t]e sene,
Whiche thynge accomplyshed, his labour he had lorne,
The wolffe made hym blow the bok[e]s home,—
As it fallythe at preffe, oft[e] sithe,
Fayr behestes makythe the folkes ofte-tyme blythe. 826

(119)
Isophus, the famous olde poyete,

This fable wrote for a memoryalle,

Isophus, the famous olde poyete,

This fable wrote for a memoryalle,
The accorde wher-of wnykely & wn-mete  
Atwen tyrauntes & folke that bene rurall,  
The poure hathe lytell, the extorssionar hathe all,  
His body, his lyffe, the laborar enpartythe,  
The riche hathe all, & no-thynge he departythe.  

(120)

The morallyte of this tale out sowght,  
The Crane is lyke the folke, that for drede  
Travayll for tyrantes, & reseve nowght  
Bwt fowll rebukes for [a] ffynalle mede;  
Thus connrselynge, yow that this talle dothe rede,  
Whill that yowr hond is in the wolffes mowthe,  
Remembre that with tyrantes merci ys wncote.  

(121)

To pley withe tyraunts I holde it is no iape,  
To oppres the poure they have no concience,  
Fly frome daunger, yf ye may askape,  
Thynke on the crane that dyd his delygence  
To helpe the wolfe, but he do recompence,  
His kyndenes maneshed hym, as I fynde,  
This tall applyinge a-gayn folke that be wn-kynde.  

Finis  
John Lydgat, wryten by  
John Stow.
Isopes Fabules.

To wast and spoyle by false extoreyoun,
For whiche Isopes maketh mecyoun,
Unto purpos bryngith in a fabil,
To be rehearsed moral and notabil.

(123)
The tale is this, convynable and mete,
The moralite remembrid in sentence;
First in Cancro, when Phebus takith his hete,
Inportable ful ofte is his fervence,
That som while the persyne violence
Of his beames, oft or men take heed,
The soyle consumyth of herbe, greyne, and seede.

(124)
In somer season when Phebus shadde his streames,
The orasont clery to enlumyne,
It so byfelle, that with his fervent beames
On Tellus lordship brent vp branche and vyne,
Til a false lust his corage dide inclyne,

(125)
But for to procede for the comowne availe,
He hath his lettres and [his] brief[e]s sent
To goddis, goddessis, beyng of his counsaile,
Of erthe, of see, and of the firmament,
And Saturne ther to be present,

(126)
In this matier was grete contrauersye
Atwene the goddes and goddesses of grete prise,
Towchyng this mariage and this straunge ally,
Whether they shal holde to shewe theyr devise;
Til it fel, that a philosophre wise,
Called Theofrast, a man ronne ferre in age,
Gaf sentence as towchyng this mariage.

(127)
Ioyned with hym to gyve iugement
Of this alliaunce in especial,
Were assigned by all the hole perlement,  
The Romayn poete Cocus Marcial,  
Cloto, Lachesis, that spynne the threde smal,  
And Antropos, withouten difference,  
To gyve hereon a diffinytif sentence.  

(128)
Among these owmperis was werre none, ne stryf,  
But concluyd to accord, al beyng of assent,  
That, if so be that Phebus take a wyf,  
And procreacioun be vnto hym sent,  
By his lynage therth[e] shuld be brent;  
This is to sayne, that no erthely creature  
Hete of ij. sunnes may nowhile endure.  

(129)
Thus concluyng, it doth inow suffice,  
Vnto heven oo sunne to shyne bright,  
Twey sunnes were like in many wise,  
To brenne al the erth, by fervence of theyr myght;  
And, semblaly, who-so looke aright,  
O myghti tiraunt suffisith in a shy re  
Al the contrey for to sette a-fuyre.  

(130)
If he have eyres for to succeed,  
Folowe theyr fader in successioun,  
By tirauntry, than are they more to drede  
In theyr ravyne and extorcioun,  
By theyr counseil and false convencioun;  
For multitude of robbers, where they gon,  
Doth more damage, sothly, than doth oon.  

(131)
Men may at the ie se a pref  
Of this matere, old and yong of age,  
Lasse is to drede the malice of oo thief,  
So sayne merchauntis, ridyng in theyr viage,  
But wher many on awaytith on the passage,  
Ther standith the parell, as it is often sene,  
By whiche example ye wote what I mene.
598

Isopes Fabules.

(132)

You can’t win against a crowd.

Oon ageyn oon may make resistence,

Oon ageyn many, the conquest is vnknowth;

Nombre of tirrauntis thurgh theyr violence

Pursweth the pore, both est and sowth;

Gredy wolfs, that comyn with open mowth,

Vpon a folde theyr nature can declare

By experience, whether they wil hurt or spare.

(133)

By example of Phebus, as to-fore is previd

By an vnknowth moral for liknes,

Whervpon this fable was contryved

By Isopos of grete advisenesse,

Plainly to shewe and opinly to expresse,

If oo tiruunt the people may constrayne,

Than the malice is worse and damagith more of twayne.

Here endith the vi. fable of Isopos, disclosyng what hurt or hyndryng tirrauntis done, where they may have power.

FABLE VII.

[MS. Trin. Coll. R. 3, 19, leaf 236.]

Thys ffable is of pe hound that bare the chese, grondyd on Isopus agaynst covetousness, translatyd by Iohn Lydgat, made in Oxforde.

(134)

An olde proverbe hathe bene sayd, and shall,

Towchynge the vyce of grete covetyce—

Who all covetythe, oft he losythe all—

Where-wppon Isopos dothe devyce A morall fabyll, rehersing in this wyse,

How a grete hownd over a bryge square

A large chese in his mouthe he bare.

Here endith the vi. fable of Isopos disclosing what hurt or hyndryng Tiruuntis done where they may have power.

Title of Fable VII.: Here begynneth a notable proverbe of Ysopus Ethiopym in balad by daun Iohan Liedegate made in Oxenford A. om. H. 933 gredy H A. 937 a grehounde A. ful square A.
(135)
Castyng his loke downe to the ryver,
   By apparence and fals yllusion,
As hym thought, a chese ther did apere,
   And was nought els but a reflexion
Of the chese in his possesscon;
Wiche to cache, whan he dyd his payne,
Opynynge his mouthe, he lost bothe twayne.

(136)
By whiche eexsample men may conceyve & lere,
   by trying to get both.
   By experience prevyd in many place,
Who all covetythe, faylyth offt in fere,
One man allone may not all purchase,
Nor in armys all the worlde enbrace,
   A meane is best withe good governaunce,
To them that be content withe suffisaunce.

(137)
Ther is no man that lyvythe more at ease
   Be content with little.
   Than he that can withe lytill be content;
Even contrary, he standithe evar in disseasse
That in his hert with covetyce is blent;
Withe suche fals etykes many a man is shent:
Lyke as the hownd, not content withe one chese,
Desyrde twayne, bothe he dyd lese.

finis
25. A BALLADE, IN DESPYTE OF THE FLEMYNGES.

[MS. Lambeth 84, leaf 201, back.]

2 And in despyte of pe Flemynges, an English man made this English yn baladdys:

(1)

If any one wants liars, let him join the Black Lion in Flanders.

Off stryvys new, & fraudulent falsnesse,
Who-so lyst to seek out pe cheef occasioun,
Late hym resorte, & his weye dresse,
In-to Flaundrys, streyght to the Blak Lyoura,
Which hath compassed, be fals collusioun,—
Lyk in his standard as betyn is the signe,—
That meved his countre of presumpcion,
Ageyn Ingelond frowardly to malygne,

(2)

His murdered father was kindly treated by Henry V.

Fyrst to remembre, the deedee beryth wyntnesse,
Of his fadyr mowrdred be tresoun,
How Herry the Fyfthe, of knyghtly gentynesse,
Had of his dethe manly compassiou/i,
Leete digge hym vp, stank for corrupcioun,
Of a prynce a mercyable sygne.
But thou ageynward, be fals decepiouw,
Madest Flaundrys ageyn Ingelond to malygne.

(3)

You swore truth at Amyas,

Thou madist an oothe, be gret avisynesse,
Vpon the sacrament at Amyas, in that toun,
Ay to be trewe, voyde of dobylnesse,
But vndyr the courteyne of fals collusioun,
Thou gat at Araas an absolucioun,
Thy feyned feythe vp falsly to resygne,
Causyng Flaundrys, to ther confusioun,
Ageyn Ingelond proudly to malygne.

(4)
The pees purposyd at Araas, in soothnesse,  
When our embassatourys, of hool affeccioun,  
Cam goodly thedyr, dyd ther bysinesse,  
To haue concluded a parfyt vnyoune  
Twyxt to reavmus, for ful conclusion,  
Thou shewyng there a face ful benyg[n]e  
Vndyr a veyle of fals decepcioun,  
Record of Flaundrys, whiche falsly dothe malygne.

(5)
What hast thou wonne with al thy bysinesse,  
And alle thy tentys to Caleys caryed doun,  
Thyn ordynaucys, whiche cost gret rychesse,  
Bastyle, and cartyes of fagot gret foysoun,  
Of thy gouanys the dreadful noyse and soun,  
Peyse al togedyr, with many anothyr sygne?—  
Thy cowardly flyght, cokeney of a chaumpyun  
Whiche darst not fyght, and canst so wel malygne.

26. ON GLOUCESTER’S APPROACHING MARRIAGE.


And nowe here begynne he a comendable balade by  
Lydegate Daun Iohan at pe reuerence of my Lady  
of Holand and of my Lord of Gloncestre to fore pe  
day of peyre maryage in pe desyrous tyme of peyre  
truwe lovyng.

(1)
Thorough gladde aspectis of pe god Cupyde,  
And ful acorde of his moder deere,  
Ful oft[e] sy[e]pes list aforne provyde,  
By cours eterne of pe sterres cleere,  
Hertis in loue for to ioyne in feere,  

MSS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 3, 20, pp. 158–164 = T; Harley 2251, leaves 279, back to 282, back = H. Adda. 29729, leaves 157,  
back, to 160 = A. Rubric om. H.
On Gloucester’s Approaching Marriage.

Thourghfe bonde of feyth, perpetuellly tendure,
By influence of God and of nature.

(2)
Ye heven aboue dispose pe many thinges
Which witt of man can not comprehende:
Ye faatal ordre of lordes and of kynges
To make somme in honnour hye ascende,
And somme al-so ful lowe to descende,
And in loue eke to lacen and constreyne,
Hertes tenbrace in Iubiter’s cheyne.

(3)
Thus came in alliance of nations by marriage.

Pus cam in first pe knotte of allyaunce
Betweene provynces and worby regyouns,
Folkes to sette in pees and acordaunce,
To beon alloone in þeyre affeccouws
And to exclude alle devysyouns,
Of conek, stryff of batayle, and of werres,
Ye first cause pourtreyed in þe sterres.

(4)
For noman may þordeynance eschuwe,
Things disposed by cours celestyal,
Ner destenye to voyde nor remuwe,
But oonly God þat lordshipe þe al;
For thorughe His might moost impreyal,
Peternal Lord, moost discrete and saage,
He brought in first þordre of maryage.

(5)
Ensaumple in bookes þer beon moo pane oon,
Þinward pithth whoo so list to charge,
Executid is of so yoore aгоon,
Recorde I take of Caldyoyne and Arge,
Howe poo landes so broode, so wyde, so large,
Were maked oon þe story list not feyne,
By maryage, wheeche a-fore were tweyne.

13 lacen] laten H. 24 nor] and A. ne to H. 29 moo pane]
many H. 31 thore A sic.
On Gloucester's Approaching Marriage.

(6)

And in cronycles autentyk and olde
Many a story of antiquyte
Vnto pis pourpoos rehersed is and tolde,
Howe maryages haue grounde and cause be
Betwene landes of pees and vnytee,
And here to-forne, as made is remembraunce,
Pe were synt of England and of Fraunce.

(7)

And, as I hope, of hert and menyng truwe
Ye mortall werre ceesse shal and fyne,
Betwene soo boope, and pees ageyne renuwe,
To make loue with cleer beemys shyne,
By pe meene of hir pat heeght Kateryne,
Ioyned til oon, his deedis can you telle,
Henry ye Fyffte, of knighthoode souris and welle.

(8)

And firperdovne for to specefye,
Ye dewe of grace distille shal and reyne
Pees and acorde for to multeplye,
In pe boundes here of our Bretbaygne
To fynde a wey wherby we may atteyne
Pat Duchye of Holand by hool affeccoun
May beo allyed with Brutus Albyoun.

(9)

Pat pey may beo oon body and oon hert,
Rooted on feyth, devoyde of doublenesse,
And eek to seen cleerly and aduerte
A nuwe sonne to shynen of gladnesse,
In boope londes, texcluden al derknesse
Of oolde hatred and of al rancour,
Brought in by meene of oon pat is pe floure

(10)

Thoroughe oute ye worlde called of wommanheed,
Truwe ensaumple and welle of al goodeynesse,
Benynynge of poorte, roote of goodelyheed,
Soopefast myrrour of beaute and fayrnesse,
I mene of Holand ye goodely freshe Duchesse,

45 pees] thes A sic. 

LYDGATE, M.P.—II. 603
Called **Iaques**, whos birth for to termyne, is by descent imperyal of lyne.

(11)

As **Hester** meeke, and as **Judith** saage, Flouring in yowpe lyke to **Polixseene**, Secree feythful as **Dydo of Cartage**, Constant of hert lyche **Ecuba** pe qweene, And as **Lucrese** in loue true and cleene, Of bountee, fredame, and of gentylesse, She may be called wel lady and maystresse.

(12)

beauty too, 
Feyre was **Heleyne**, liche as bookes tellepe, And renommed as of seemlynesse; But sheo in goodnesse fer aboue excellepe, To rekken hir trouthe and hir stedfastnesse, Hir gouuernaunce and hir hye noblesse, Pat if she shal [be] shortly comprehendid, In hir is no thing pat might beon amended.

(13)

discretion Per-to she is descreete and wonder sadde In hir appoorte, who so list taake heede, Right avysee, and woumanly eke gladde, And Dame **Prudence** doope ay hir brydel leede, **Fortune**, and **Grace**, and **Raysoun** eke in deede In alle hir werkis with hir beon allyed, Pat thoroughge pe worlde hir naame is magnefyed.

(14)

She is charitable To pe poore she is also ful mercyable, Ful of pytee and of compassyoun, And of nature list not to beo vengeable,— Poughe hit so beo sheo haue occasyoun; Pat I suppose nowe in no regyoun Was neuer a better at alle assayes founden, So miche vertu doope in hir habouden.

---

69 determyne A. 71 As(1)] Lo H. 83 shalbe H A. 94 to] om. H. 96 nowe written in margin by Shirley. in no regyone nowe A. 97 at] as H A.
A heven it is to beon in hir presence,
Who list consyndre hir governaunce at al,
Whos goodely looke in verray existence
So aungellyk and so celestyal,
So femynynye, and in especial,
Hir eyeghen sayne, who so looke weel,
"Foryoven is our wrath the euer deel."

And hir colours beon black, whyte, and rede:
Ye reed in trouthe tookenepe stabulnesse,
And ye black, whoo so takepe heede,
Signefyeth parfyt soburnesse,
Ye whyte also is tooken of clennesse,
And eke hir word is in verray soope
Ce bien raysoun al þat euer she dooþe.

And sith she is by discent of blood
Ye grettest borne oone of hem on lyve,
And þer-with-al moost vertuous and goode,
Ye trouthe pleynly yif I shal descryue,
Suche grace I hope of nuwe shal arryue
With hir komyng thoroughe al þis lande
Þat þer shal beo a perpetuelle bande,
Parfourmyng vp by knott of maryage
With helpe of God betweene þis lady bright
And oon þat is sooþely of his aage,
Thorough his worlde oon þe best knyght,
And best pourveyed of manhood and of might,
In pees and werre thoroughe his excellence,
And is also of wisdom and prudence
Moost renommed; for to rekken al,
From eest to west, as of heghe prowesse,
In daring-doo and deedes marcyal,
He passeþ alle thorugh his worþynesse,
Þat yif I shall þe trouthe cleer expresse,
On Gloucester's Approaching Marriage.

He haþe deserved thoroughge his knyghtly name
To beo registred in þe Hous of Ffaame.

(20)

Egally ye with þe Worpy Nyen;
For with Parys he haþe comlynesse,
In trouth of loue with Troyllus he doþe shyne,
And with Hectour he haþe eeke hardynesse,
With Tedeus he haþe fredam and gentylesse,
Wal of Bretayne, by manly vyolence,
Ageyne hir foomen to standen at defence.

(21)

Slouth eschuwing, he doþe his witt applye
To reede in bookis, wheeche þat beon moral,
In Hooly Writt with þe allegorye,
He loves In Hooly Writt with pe allegorye,
In vnderstanding is noone to him egal,
Of his estate expert in poetrye,
With parfounde feeling of phylosofye.

(22)

With Salamoun haþe he saplyencye,
Faame of knighthoode with Cesar Iulius,
Of rethoryk and eeke of eloquence
Equypollent with Marcus Tulius,
With Hanubal he is victorious,
Lyche vn-to Pompey for his hyeghe renoun,
And to gouuerne egale with Cypyoun.

(23)

Þis Martys sone and soopefastly his heyre,
So wolde God of his eternal might
He ioyned were with hir þat is so feyre,
Þe fresshe duchesse, of whome I speek now right,
Sith he in hert is hir truwe kynght,
For whome he wryteþe in goode aventure
Sanz plus vous belle perpetually tendure.

141 his witt] it wele H.
On Gloucester's Approaching Marriage.

(24)

 Pane were his lande in ful sikurnesse
 Ageyns passaute of alle oure mortell foone,
 Farewell panne al trouble and heynesse
 Yif so were pees landes were alle oon,
 And God I prey it may beo doone anoon,
 Of his might so graciously ordeyne
 Pat pees fynal were sette betweene hem twyne.1

[1 page 164]

(25)

And I dare weel afferme fynally
 Thoroughe oute his lande, of hye and lowe degree,
 Pat alle folkes preyen ful specyally
 His thing in haast may executed be;
 And you pat art oon and twoo and thre,
 His gracious werk dispoose for he best,
 For to conclude he fyne of heyre request.

(26)

And Ymeneus, bow fortune his materie;
 Thoroughe helpe of Iuno, neexst of hye allye, I MS. Iuvo.
 Maake a knotte feythful and entiere,
 As whylome was betweene Phylogonye
 And Mercurye, eeke so hyegh a-bove he skye,
 Wher pat Clyo and eeke Calyopye
 Sange with hir sustren in noumbre thryes three.

(27)

And alle yee goddes beohe of oon acorde
 Pat haue youre dwelling aboue he firmament,
 And yee goddesses, devoyde of al descoorde,
 Beohe weel-willy and also dilygent,
 And powe, Fortune, bee also of assent
 His neodful thing texecuyt yerne,
 Thoroug youre power which pat is eterne.

(28)

Lenvoye
 Pryncesse of bountee, of fredam emparessse.
 He verray loodsterre of al goodelyhede,
 Lowly I prey vn-to youre hyeghe noblesse

173 and (2) om. H. inserted by caret A. 186 wele willyng H A.
Lenvoye om. H.
A Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester.

Of my rudenesse not to taken heed;
And wher so it be pis bille bat yee reed,
Hape mercy ay on myn ignoraunce,
Sith I it made, bytwix hope and dreed,
Of hoole entent yowe for tyl do plesaunce.

and pus eendepe heere pis balade.

27. A COMPLAINT FOR MY LADY OF GLOUCESTER AND HOLLAND.


Here bygynnepe a complaynte of a solitarye persone compleyning of absence of pe moste renommed and best beloued pryncesse pat ener of hire estate in peos dayes came in to pis reanme of Logres by pe weye of manage and so sodeynly vnordynatly departed hens, as hit is sayde and spooken in many regyouns by pe heigheste estates per.

[1 page 863]

A Solityr, soore compleynyng,
Sat weeping by a water syde,
Yeiris and dayes a wayting,
Which with goode hope dyd ay abyde,
On folke bat Rowe or forby ryde,
To here typinges in peyre passage,
Bat might his hertyly sorowe aswage.

A Solitary once sat weeping by a river

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A Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester.

(2)

And many a-noper creature
Sat wayting on þat fresshe ryver,
In feythful hope for to recure
At some on daye of al þe yeere,
Pe sonne shal shyne clere
Tenchace awaye with his brightnesse
Pe cloudes of alle þeyre hevynesse.

(3)

Jer were boþe olde and yonge of age,
Wheche vowed with hole entencyoun
To faste, and goon on pilgrymage
Til sayntes of þat regyoun,
Pe God wolde her þeyre orysoun
To sende hire home amonges þeyre alle,
For whame so offt þey clepe and calle.

(4)

þey wepped for hir long absence
And cryed owte on fals Fortune,
Pe sheo not did hire dilygence
To glade þeyre hertes in comune.
With sobbing þeyre song þey gane entune,
Preying þe Lord of Rightwysnesse
Of mercy þeyre haromes to redresse.

(5)

And þus compleynyng of pitee
þe ladyes of þat regyoun,
Wymmen of heghe and lowe degree,
Gane make þeyre lamentaciouw
And sayde, "O Lord, sende vs nowe downe

A Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester.

Ye pryncesse to stynten our woo
Whiche pat so long hape beon vs froo.

(6)

"May she soon return."

"Sende hire soone home as it is right,
And graunt hire grace and goode passage,
For to reioyssse hire owen knight
With-outen stryff and al owtrage,
Tavoyden al pe hevy rage
Of folkes, moo Jane oon or twyne,
Pat sorest for hire sake compleyne."

(7)

Whyle pey peos pytous wordes sayde
Vppon pe stronde in peyre distresse,
Hem thought pey saughe a myrmayde
Ressemblyng vn-to a chaunteresse,
Of faace\(^1\) lyke a soreceresse,
Vppon a toure with a gret route
Of wychches sittynge rounde abowte.

(8)

Pey were of courage serpentyne
By apparence of looke and sight
Besy to bowe and tenclyne,
With al peyre power and peyre might,
Pey prynces hert ageynst al right,
His noblessemight and day to trouble
His hert in love to make hit double.

(9)

Yeos fals Circes\(^2\) songe ful lowde \(\quad\) MS. i. mirmaydens (margin).
And with hire song hire wychches alle,

34 pe] Oure A. to stynten] which may stint al A. 35 beon] beo
A Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester.

Which of coustume ful weele coude
   With payre sugre tempre galle.
   Vengeance of right mot on hem falle!
For whoo supplaunth[e], of equytee,
   By processe shal supplaunted be.

(10)
   Pis cirenes nuwe crafft oute sought
   By payre fals incantacyouns,
   And fals medecynes þey wrought
   To tempre þeyre confeccyouns,
   In metys and dyuers pocyouns,
   þe prynce[s] hert agaynst al lawe
   Frome his promesse his hande to drawe;

(11)
To make him strange and beo forsworne
   Vn-to þat goodely fayre pryncesse,
Wher thorughe his name and fame are lorne,
   But God þe sonner þayme redresse,
   As al þis lande cane bere witnesse,
   Yong and olde crying in oone,
   “Owt on þe wychches euerych oone.”

(12)
   Þe Solitarye tooke here-of kepe,
   Hade þytee of þeyre woful sownes,
In his drem as he laye and slepe,
   Herde in alle citees and alle townes,
   Howe wymmen made þeyre orysouns
   Desyrouse þat pryncesse to see,
   And for hire comyng raunsoned to be.

59 þat of A.  ful] om. A.  þat crafft þy kowde A.  60 sugred  
61 mot] I bidde god A.  62 who  
63 after shal A.  64 haue oute A.  65 foule  
66 fals curst A.  67 þeyre  
68 made in þeire metys and in þeire A.  69  
70 his hande] truwe alle to withdrawe A.  71 To straunge him and make him foule of A.  72  
73 his fame beo A.  74 þayme] list hem  
75 lande] Reayme, bere wol A.  76 Bope yonge A. ay  
77 Brenne alle peos fals wychches and  
78 here-of] Of all þis mater A.  79 wordes  
80 dreem] bedde as he dremed on slepe A.  81  
82 every citees villages and toones A.  82 How þat alle A.  83  
84 Desyrourse] And soone desyred A.  84 comynge home A.
A Complaint for My Lady of Gloucester.

(13)
praying for her.

“God bryng hire home,” but þey gan crye,
“And gyff us grace to seon hire soone,
Our ioye, oure gladnesse, to multepleye;
O Lorde above, nowe here oure boone,
Or chaungyng of þe nexst[el] moone;”

(14)

And so as he coude vnderstande,
He gane to do his besy cure,
Tooke towards morowe his penne on hande,
And thought remembre it by scripture,
þey song lyche to þe Chaunteplure,
þe peoples menyng for tacquyte,
Was cause why þat he did it wryte.

(15)

þis dreme he wrote of truwe entent,
Off feyth and hoole affecctoun,
Thre hundreþe thousand dyd assente
Of peples in þat regyoun;
And eke for right conclusyoun
Alle þe folk boþe yong and olde,
Which þat dwell in þat housholde.

(16)

þeyre truwe names shal beo knowe
Afterwardes, with Goddes grace,
Whane blake mystes ar leyde lowe
And clere trouth shall shewe his face,
Wychches, bawdes, away tenchace,

Their true names shall be known hereafter.
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

Flaterieres and al raskayle,
Ageynst trouth þat may not vayle.

(17)
And vnnder colour of þis dreme,
þis Solytarye bereþe witnesse,
Ryche and pore of al þis reme
With hole hert and al lownesse
Hem recomaunden to þat pryncesse,
Preying with al humylytee
Þat þey may it soone see.

(18)
Awayting on hire eche a day,
Àfter hir comyng clepe and crye,
Þey thenke she is to long aweye,
She is beloued so entierely,
Thoroughe al þe londe ; and specyally
Of hye and lowe, to reken alle,
Hir godsone after hire doþe calle.

28. THE TITLE AND PEDIGREE OF HENRY VI

Here begynneth a remembraunce of a peedeugre how that the kyng of Englond, Henry the Sext, is truly borne heir vnto the Corone of Fraunce by lynyall successions, als wele on his ffader side, Henry the Fifth, whom God assoill, as by Eateryne queen of Englond, his modir, whom God assoile; made by Lydygate Iohn the monke of Bury, at Parys, by þe instaunce of my Lord of Warrewyk. [1 leaf 31]

To teach people the truth

Trouble hertis to sette in quyete,
And make folkys their language for to lette,
Which disputen in their opynyons
Touching the ligne of two regions,
The right, I mene, of Inglond and of Fraunce,
To put away all maner [of] variaunce,
Holy the doute and þe ambyguyte,
To sette the ligne where hit shuld[e] be,
And where hit aught iustly to abide,
Wrongfull claymes for to set aside,
I moved was shortly in sentement
By precept first and commaundement
Of the nobly prince and manly man,
Which is so knyghtly & so moche can,
My lord of Warrewyk, so prudent & wise,
Beyng present that tyme at Parys
When he was than repaired agein
From Seint Iulian of Mavns, oute of Mayn,
Resorted home, as folkys telle conne,
From the castell þat he had[de] wonne
Thurgh his knyghthode and his hy noblesse,
And thurgh his wysdom & his hy prowesse.
Gladly he chevith what so he begynne,
Sesyng not tyll he his purpos wynne,
The fyn þerof berith witnessing.
Lyf and goodis for title of his kyng
He sparith not to put in iuperdye,
Oonly the right for to magnifie
Of him that is to him moste souerain,
Henry the Sext, of age ny fyve yere ren,
Borne to be kyng of worthie reamys two.
And God graunt that it may be so,
Septure and crowne þat he may in dede,
As he hath right, in peas to possede.
And to put his title in remembraunce,
Which that he hath to Inglond and to Fraunce,
The noble, þat worthi varioure,
Which may be callid a very conquerour,
Who lyst considre and serche by and by
His grete emprise in ordre ceriously,
And specially to encrece his glory,
Who list remembre þe grete high victory
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

Which that he had in Vernoill in Perche,  
Full notable in boke[s] oute to serche,  
In cronycles to be song & rad;  
And this prince, moste discrete & sad,  
My lord of Bedford, of Fraunce pe regent, [leaf 31, back]  
Was the first that did his entent,  
By grete advys and ful hy prudence,  
Thurugh his labour & his diligence,  
That made serche ¹ in cronycle full notable,  
By the clerk which he knew moste able,  
Renomed of wysdom and science,  
Worthie eke of fame and of credence.  
And I, as he that durst not withsey,  
Humbly his biddyng did obey,  
Ful desirous him to do plesaunce,  
With fere suppressed for my ignoraunce,  
And in my hert quakyng for drede;  
And as I kend began to taken hede  
Vnto the Frenssh compiled by Laurence,  
In substaunce filowyng the substaunce  
Of his writyng and compilacioun.  
All be pat I in my translaciouw  
To my helpe nor to my socoure  
Of rethoryk have no maner floure,  
Yit shal I folow my maistre douteles,  
Calot, and be not recheles  
Liche his writyng my stiel to direct;  
Wher I dar pray hem to correct,  
I mene tho pat shall hit sene or rede;  
And right forth, who so lyst take hede,  
Vndir favour and supportacioun,  
Thus I begyn on my translaciouft.

Here endith the prolog, and begynneth the translacioun.

Crist Ihesu, Prince and souerain Lord  
Of vnyte, of peas, and of accorde,  
Seyng the myschief & þe hie distaunce  
Betwene the kynges of Englond and of Fraunce;
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

Peryll of soules both[e] nygh and ferre,
By occasioun of the mortall werre ;
Seyng also the grete confusion
Of both reames, by devisioun
Thurgh feyned falsed caused cursidly
By the Dolphyn, that so horribly
Made sleen withoute drede or shame,
At Monstreux, a toun of grete fame,
Iohn duc of Burgoyne, by grete violence,
Doyng to him honoure & reverence,
And evermore of inyquite,
By false tresoun and cursed cruelte
Compassed ; alas ! pat was to grete a ruth
Undir colour and shadowe of veray trouthe,
In dispite of the Chirche, ala !
Hauyng no reward in pis horrible cas
To suerte nor othe ymade to-forne,
Nor assurance in holy place asworne,
The high lord, Herry Bully, to offende ;
That wit of man coude not comprehende,
That this Dolfyn shuld in any wise
So hygh tresouz compassen or devise,
Himself, alas ! in hindryng of his name,
Thurgh the world to sclaundre & to blame ;
Causing in soth his vnabilite
For to succede to any dignite,
Of knyghtly honoure to regne in any lond,
As by letres ensealid with his hond
Clerly recorde, truth[e] woll not vary,
He to his othe wirching the contrary :
Considereryng this & peised in balaunce,
Touching the right of true inheritaunce,
God thurgh his myght who can vndirstond
More of grace than of mannes hond,
All oure trouble to enden & to fyne,
By purveaunce, which pat is devyne,
Provided hath of his hy[e] grace
For reames two large to compasse
A rightfull heir, I dare hit wel endite,
As pis figure vnto euery wight
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.  

Shewyng in ordre descendyng lyne right,
To forein blode þat it not ne chaunge,¹ ¹ MS. choinge. 120
The crowne to put in non bondis straunge,
But it conveied þere it shulde be.
Verily, liche as ye may se,
The pee-degre as ye may se,
The pee-degre as ye may se,
The figure, lo, of the genealogy,
How that God list for her purchace
Thurgh his power and benigne grace,
An heir of peas by iust successioun,
This figure makith clere demonstracioun,
Ageins which noman may maligne,
But þat he stondith in þe veray ligne,
As ye may se, as descendid is
Of the stok and blode of Seynt Lowys;
Of which we aught of equite & right
In oure hertis to be glad and light,
That we may se with euery circumstaunce
Direct the lyne of Englond & of Fraunce.
On þe othir part byhold & ye may se
How this Herry in þe eight degre
Is to Seynt Lowys sone & very heir;
To put awey all doute & dispair,
God hath for vs so graciously provided,
To make al oon that first was devided,
That this Herry stonding in the lyne,
Thurgh Goddis hond & purviaunce devyne,
Is iustly borne, to voide all variaunce,
For to be kyng of Englond & of Fraunce;
To whom we owe truly to obey
In euery thing, ther is nomore to sey;
By whom we se the werre doutelesse
Fully finisshed, brought in werre & peas,
Betwix this noble worthi reames twayn,
Ful long aforne with labour & grete payn
Sought & required, which ben now at rest,
Thanked be God, þat all doth for the best;
And that this peas in sothfast vnyte,
Be endid sone withoute strif or plee,
By thavise and mediacioun
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

According to the treaty of Troyes,

Henry V was declared heir of France.

Made by trete of both regioun,
Sworne and asured by full besy peyn
Of both partes at Trois in Champoigne.
Charlis be Sext makyng thassurance,
Thilke tyme beyng kyng of Fraunce;
The quene also sworne in the same wise,
And after hem, as I shal devise,
The boke also entouchid with his hond,
Was Herry sworne, kyng of Eng[el]ond,
Heir of Fraunce, and also regent,
And Phelip eke beynge pere present,
Duc of Burgoyne, assured eke & sworne,
Sone to the duc of whom I spake byforne,
That slayn was & murdred traitoursly;
Than thre astatis beyng by & by,
Prelatis, Erles, Lordis, and Barons,
Sworne and assured, of both regions,
As the traite fully hath devised.
And there in Troys also was solemnised
The mariage, to conferme vp the peas;
And to declare the maner douteles
Of this weddyng, who so lyst to serche,
At Seint Petirs Aundels of the chirche,
The said Herry, manly & prudent,
Of Englond kyng, of Fraunce the regent,
Etrouthed hath my lady Kateryn,
And be mystery wicch 1 that is devyne.
Of mariage by grete reuerence,
The sacrement for the excellence
He hath worshipped, and full humbly
In the chirch made axid openly,
After custume of hy or low degre,
To shew ensample of humylite.
In the chirche thries of Seint Iohn,
Liche the custume of new & yore agon,
Thries publishshed in open audience,
As the lawe byndeth in sentence.
Touching the statuyt in cas of mariage,
For any fauour of blode or lynage,
The cours suyng in all his hole entent,
And in no wise list not be exempete;
From poyn to poyn list no thing withdrauwe,
The bonne flyowyng of Holy Chirche lawe,
Notwithstanding his astate riall:
But in his chirche pan parochiall
Of Seint Iohn he came with good entent,
For to receive the holy sacrement
Of mariage, he and Kateryn,
As ye toforne haue herd me determyne.

The which Herry if I shal discryve,
I dare wele sey here was neuer on lyve
No manlier to speke of worthinesse,
Of gouernaunce, nor of hy prowesse,
Lyche a notable worthi conquerour
Cesid not, thurgh his besy peyne,
Iustly to bring worthi reames twayn
Vndir oo crowne by desceynt of lyne;
For which he may among pe Worthie Nyne
Truly be set & reconed for oon,
Who can take hede among hem euerychone.

And of this Henry, of knyghthode moste famous,
Moste avisy, and moste victorious,
From Seint Lowys in the right[e] lyne,
I sey, of him and of Kateryne,
Douz in orde by corious lyneall,
Descendid is from pe stok riall
Of Seint Lowys, who can vnstyleson,
Henry the Sext, borne in Eng[e]lond,
For to possede by enheritaunce
Crownes two of Englond & of Fraunce,
By true title, as ye haue hard toforne,
The first yere in soth that he was born.
By the which of [hem] he & his fader dere
Both[e] two passing in oon yere,
Eueriche in haste suyng aftir othir,
By pitous faate, hit wold be non othir,
The yere of grace by computacious
A thousand foure hundrid by conclusiouns
Twenty and two, who so compt right.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

God graunt her soulis of her grete myght
Joy & rest which is eternall,
In his court aboue celestiall;
And graunt oure kyng ioy, honoure & glorye,
Peas & quiete, & of his foon the victorye,
To loue his people, & to be loved ayen,
As pei loued her lord most souerain,
Charles pe Sext, which was his aiell;
And in doctrine he norisshed be aswele,
And als wys and prudent fynally,
As i was his fader callid eke Henry.
Graunt him grace & also good fortune,
In his regnes also to contynue
His riall lyne also to habound,
And that hit may verily be founde
Hy to encrece in worship & vertue,
As an heir blessed of Ihesu,
And of renoun excellent in vertue.
To drawen ouте a true peedegrue,
Lynenallly descending even adoun
From Seint Lowys, most famous of renoun,
And renowned of parfite holynesse;
And specially, the trouth[e] to expresse,
Amonges opre to reken euerychone,
Of Frenssh-men oonly pere was oon
From the trouth which wold not varie,
Oure liege lord chosen secretary
For his feithfull true diligence,
Which by name callid is Laurence
Calet, of the Counseill clerk,
Which toke on him pere laboure of this werk,
Euer aftir to be rad & song;
First to compile hit in pere Frenssh tong,
Compendiously drawe hit in sentence
In that language, by grete prouidence,
As he pate was passing excellent,
In rethoryk famous & eloquent,
And diligent withouten any slouth
To declare ouте the trouth,
The chaf to voide & take the true corne.
The Title and Pedigree of Henry VI.

Of which my lorde pat I spak of byforne,
My Lord of Warrewyk, ful worthi of renoun,
Of high prudence & discrecioun,
Touching þe wrytyng of this Calot clerk,
Draw into Frenssh by his besy werk,
Gaf me precept in conclusion
To make therof a playn translacioun
In English tong, & bad me hit translate.
And to reheere þe very true date
Of this labour, when I first bygan,
Hit was in soth, as I reheere can,
The monyth of Iuyll twenty daies comen,
And eight ouere, when þe sonne shone
Made his paleys & his duellyng place
Ameddis the heuen in the thrid[de] face,
The signe I mene callid the Liouw,
Which is the toure & chief mansiou
Where Phebus hath moste souerain dignite
And thilke tyme in the thritteneth degre
He entred was of the same signe,
Thatempre wedir lusty and benigne,
Saturne beyng in the Scorpyoun,
In which he hath no domynacioun,
Ne dignite, shortly for to tary ;
Iubiter in þe Sagittary
Seven degrees wher he is dignified,
Full fortunat & gretly magnified ;
Furious Mars, þe ferfull red[e] sterre,
Causar of stryf, patron of þe werre,
With his bemes cast moste feruently,
Was two pocys passed of Gemeny ;
Fressh Venus, lady of Citheroun,
Was nyne degrees entred the Lyoun ;
And þe mone, with her hernes pale,
From the Bolle gan her cours availe ;
The same tyme when þat Mercurious
In the Liouw had[de] take his hous,
Ful contrary to his dignite,
Beyng tho in the tenth degre ;
And of the Bulle also douteles
Roundel for the Coronation of Henry VI.

By accomptes also twenty grees
Entred was the hed of the Dragoun;
And his taill in thopposicioun;
The same tyme, as I vndirstond,
My Lord bad me pis werk take an hond.
That he may se his generaciou
Vnto the forteth multiplicacioun
Victoriously for to regnen here,
Aftir this lif aboue the sterres clere,
God him graunt oonly of his grace
Of mercy pere for to haue a place.

29. ROUNDEL FOR THE CORONATION OF HENRY VI.

[From the same MS. and leaf.]

Here endith the genologie of Kyng Henry pe Sext,
and folowith a roundell of him ayens his coronaciou, made by Lydegate daun Iohn.

(1)
Rejoice, ye reames of Englonde & of Fraunce,
A braunche pat sprang oute of the floure-de-lys,
Blode of Seint Edward and Seint Lowys,
God hath this day sent in gouernaunce.

(2)
God of nature hath yoven him suffisaunce,
Likly to atteyne to grete honure and pris.

(3)
O hevenly blossome, o budde of all plesaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wise
As was thi fader by circumspect advise,
Stable in vertue, withoute variaunce.

Explicit.
30. THE SOTELTES AT THE CORONATION BANQUET OF HENRY VI (1432).

[MS. B.M., Cotton Julius B. I, leaves 79–80.]

[This was the first cours at his coronacion, that is to say, first, furmentie, with venison. Vtiande Royal plantid with losenges of golde. Borehedes in castelles of earned with golde. Beef. Moton. Signet. Capon stued Heron. Grete pike. A redde lech with lions corven theryn of white. Custade Roial with a leparde of golde sittynge theryn. Fritour like a sonne with a flour de lice therynne. A sotelte, Saint Edward and Saint Lowes armed in cote armours bryngyng yu bitwene hem the Kyng in his cote armour with this scripture suyng:]

(1)
Loo here twoo kynges righte perfit and right good,
Holy Seint Edwarde and Seint Lowes:
And see the braunch borne of here blessid blode;
Live, among Cristen moost souereigne of price,
Enheretour of the floure de lice!
God grante he may thurgh help of Crist Ihesu
This siet Henry to reigne and be as wise
And hem resemble in knyghthod & vertue.

(2)
Ageinst miscreauntes themperour Sigismound
Hath shewid his myght which is imperial;
Sithen Henry the Vth so noble a knyght was founde
For Cristes cause in actis martial;

Collation (of Lydgate's stanzas only), from MS. B.M., Lansdowne 285.
3 see om. 4 of moost soueraigne prynce. 6 help of] om. Crist grace. 7 seide harry. 8 hem] om. 9 Geyn. 10 which is] with his. 11 And with N. Henry the Vth] om.

Both St. Edward and St. Louis.

Imitate Sigismund and your father, Henry V.
Ballade to King Henry VI.

Cherisshyng the Chirch Lollardes had a falle,
To give exaumple to kynges that succede
And to his braunch in especiall
While he dothe regne to love God & drede.

[The iij4 course sueth ; that is to say :—
1 Blaunde Surrey poudrid with quatrefoils gilt. Venysou rostid.
   like a shelde quarterly redde and white, set with losenges & gilt,
   and flourises of borage. Fritour crispes. A solte of Our Lady
   sitting and his Childe in his lappe, and she holdyng in his hand a
   crowne and Seint George knelyng on that oo side and Seint Denys
   on that other side, presentyng the Kyng, knelyng, to Our Lady, with
   this reason folowyng ;]

(3)

O blessid Lady, Cristes moderator dere,
And thou Seint George, pat callid art hir knight ;
Holy Seint Denys, O martir moost entier,
The sixt Henry here present in your sight,
Shewith of grace on hym your hevenly light,
His tendre yought with vertue doth avaunce,
Bore by descent and by title of right
Iustly to reigne in England and in Fraunce.

31. BALLADE TO KING HENRY VI UPON HIS CORONATION.


Loo here filowing beginnep a balade whiche Daun
Johan Lidegate pe Munk of Bury made vn to pe
Kyng pis2 same yeere of his coronacion. [1 p. 154]

14 that shulde ins. 18 pat] om. art] om. 20 The] to. Henry]
Ashmole 59, fols. 54–56, back = S; Harley 2251, fols. 251, back,
to 253, back = H; B.M. Add. 29729, fols. 84–86 = A.

Title: Her beginyth a tretis of the kynges coronacion Henry the
vj. made by the monke of bury John lidgatt anno 1430. ye 6. of
November A (Stow). Nowe here followepe next a balade made by
pat solempne clerk Lidegate daun Johan presented to Kyngs Henry
pe sixt his soueriñ Lorde, pe daye of pat royal solempnysaciuon of
his coronacion at Westmi/wier S.
(1) Most noble Prince

Moost noble prynce of Cristin prynces alle,
Flouring in youpe and vertuous innocence,
Whome God aboue list of his grace calle
Vis day testaate of knyghtly excellence,
And to be crowned with duwe reuerence,
To gret gladdnesse of al þis regyoun,
Lawde and honnour to þy magnyfycence
And goode fortune vn-to þyn heghe renoun.

(2)

Royal braunche descendid frome twoo lynes
Of Saynt Edward and of Saynt Lowys,
Hooly sayntes translated in þeyre shrynes,
In þeyre tyme manly, prudent, and wys ;
Arthur was knyghtly, and Charles of gret prys,
And of alle þeos þy grene tendre aage
By þe grace of God, and by His avys,
Of manly prowesse shal taaken a terrage.

(3)

God of His grace gaf to þy kynrede
Þe palme of conquest, þe laurier of victorye,
Þey loued God and worshiped Him in deede,
Wher-fore hir names He hape putte in memorye;
Made hem to regne for vertu in His glorye,
And sith [pat] þou art borne of hir lynaage.
To fore alle thinges þat beon transytorye
Loue God and dreed, and so gynne þy passage.

(4)

Dovne frome þe heven thre floure delys of golde, [p. 155]
Þe feelde of asure, were sent til Clodove.
To signefye, in story it is tolde,
Parfyte, byleeve and sooþefast vnyyte
Ballade to King Henry VI.

Of three persones in be Trynyte;

For to declaare þat þe lyne of Fraunce

Shoulde in þeyre trouthe parfyte and stable be,

Grounded on feyth, with-outen varyaunce.

(5)

And sith þou art frome þat noble lyne

Descendid dovne, be stedfast of byleeve,

Þy knightly honnour let hit shewe and shyne,

Shewe þy power and þy might to preove

Ageye ne alle þoo þat wolde þe chirche greve,

Cherisshe þy lordes, haate extorcion,

Of þyne almesse þy people þou releve,

Ay on þy comunes having compassyoun.

(6)

Noble prynce, þe heeghe lord to qweeme,

Susteyne right, trouthe þou magnefye,

Differre vengeaunce alwey or þou deeme,

And gif no doome til þou heere yche partye,

Til noþer part þy fauour not applye,

And eke consydre in þyne estate royal

Þe Lord above which no man may denye

Indifferently see þe and consider þe al.

(7)

God sende þis day vn-to þy regalye

Of alle vertues hevenly influence,

First of alle, þy staate to magnefye,

With Salamons souerain sapynce,

To gouuerne þy witt and þyn heghe prudence,

Lyche Kyng David to be, loo, mercyable,

Which of pitee, whane men him did offence,

Mercy preferring, list not beo vengeable;
Ballade to King Henry VI.

(8)
Noblesse and force in wexing lyche Sampson;
Resemble in knyghthoode to worpy Issue,
And þat pou mayst beo Goddes Chaumpyoun,
As þat he was, Judas þe Makabe;
With Alysaundres magnanymyte,
Conquest, victorye, with Cesar Iulyus,
His pacynce and his tranquyllytee,
And in souffraunce to beon als vertuous;

(9)
Provydent wit[h ] Brutus Cassius,
Hardy as Hector, whanne tympe dooþe requere,
Vyces eschuwyng as Fabricyus,
Constant of hert, and also als entier
As Zencrataes, whas renoun shoone so clere;
Wronges forgetting as noble Cypyon,
Clement with Tytus: with al þees in feere,
In alle þy deedis conquest an heghe renoun.

(10)
In alle þy werkis hauntyng rightwysnesse,
As þemperor þat called was Traian;
With Thiberye fredame and gentylesse,
Attemperaunce with prudent Gracyan,
And in þy doomys lyche Instynyan,
Noo thing conclude til þou see þe fyn,
Pees preferring as Octovyan,
Þe Chirche cherisshing lyke to Constantyne.

(11)
And þat þou mayst beo resemblable founde
Heretykes and Lollardes for to oppresse,
Lych þemperor, worthy Sygesmound,
And as þy fader, floure of hye prowesse,
Ballade to King Henry VI.

At þe gynnyng of his royal noblesse
Woyded al Cokil fer oute of Syon,
Crystes spouse sette in stabulnesse,
Outraying foreyns þat came frome Babylon.

(12)
God graunt þee grace for to resemble in al
Vn-to þeos noble worthy conquerours,
Longe to contynue in þyn estate royal,
And to be lyche to þy progenytours;
To gadre þe vertue oute of fresshe floures,
As did þy fader, myrrour of manhede;
And to represse of vyces alle þe shoures,
With fynal grace to loue God and dreed.

(13)
Fynally, remembring of resoun
Croppe and roote of þat royal lyne
[Frome'] which þou came, folowe þe discretion
Of þy fader which þat did so shyne
In al vertu ; pleynly to termyne,
Lat him beo þy myrrour and þy guyde,
With þe goode lyf of qweene Katheryne,
þy blessid moder, in þat oþer syde.

(14)
Of goode rootes springing by vertue,
Most growe goode fruyt by necessyte
Whane influence by þe lord Ihesu
Is sent adowne frome his hevenly cytee;
And God I prey, of his hye bountee,
To taake ensaumple, regnyng in þy see,
And beon in vertu als famous and als kouþe,
I pray God for you.
Ballade to King Henry VI.

(15)
With him in knyghthode to haue excellence,
Lyke ḵy moder in vertuous goodnesse;
And lyche hem bōpe grounde ḵy conscyence
To loue ḵy Lord in parfyte stabulynesse,
Goode lyve and longe alle vyces to represse,
Love of ḵy lieges, pees and obeyssaunce,
[With alle vertues ᵖat longe to gentylesse]¹
/by right reioyssing of England and of Fraunce. ¹BST. om.

(16)

Lenvoye.

Prynce excellent, be feythful, truwe and stable;
Dreed God, do lawe, chastye extorecyoun,
Be liberal, of courage vnmutable,
Cherisiche þe Chirche with hoole affeccyoun,
Loue þy lyeges of eyþer regyoun,
Preferre þe pees, eschuwe werre and debate,
And God shal sende frome þe heven adovne
Grace and goode hure to þy royal estate.

(17)
Be mercyful, not hasty ne vengeable,
Lightly forgyf where as þou seest raysoun,
Be rightful iuge, be manly, beo tretable,
/by right ay sugre with remyssyoun,
Deeme not to soone, but make dylacion,
Ruwe on þe poore and folk desconsolate,
And God shal sende frome þe heven adovne
Grace and goode hure to þy royale estate.

(18)
In þy beheestes beo not varyable,
Holde þy promesses made of entencion,

¹ MS. om.
Be bounteouose and kyngly honnourable,
Voyde þy reaume frome [all 1] discencyoun, 1 MS om. 140
Eschuwe flaterye and adulacioun,
Folkes recounsaile þat stonde desolate,
And God shal sende frome þe heven adoun
Grace and goode hure vn-to þy royale state. 144

32.—KING HENRY VI'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO LONDON, 21 FEB., 1432.

[MS. Cotton, Julius, B. II, leaves 89 to 100, back.]

1 Ordenaunces for the Kyng made in the Cite off London.

[Leaf 89]

(1)
About the ende of Wyndy Februarie,
Whanne Phebus was in the Fysshé eronne,
Out of the Sygne, which called is Aquarie,
Newe kalendes were entred and begonne
Off Marchis komyng, and the mery sonne 5
Vpon a Thursday shewed his bemyşı briht
Vpon London, to make hem glade and liht. 7

(2)
The stormy reyne off alle theyre hevynesse
Were passed away and alle her olde greuaunce,
For the vjte Herry, roote off here gladnesse,
Theyre hertis ioye, theyre worldis suffisaunce,
By trewe dissent crovnyd kyng off Fraunce, 12
The hevene reioysyng the day off his repayre
Made his komyng the wedir to be so ffayre. 14

Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

(3)
A tyme, I trowe, off God for hym provided,
In alle the hevenes there was no clowde seyn,
From other dayes that day was so devided,
And fromenchised from mistys and from reyn,
The eyre attempred, the wyndis smoth and pleyn,
The citezenis thurh-oute the Citee
Halwyd that day with grete solempnyte.

It was a beautiful day.

(4)
And lyke for Dauid, affter his victorie,
Reioyssed was alle Ierusalem,
So this Citee with lavde, pris, and glorie,
For ioye moustred lyke the sonne beem,
To yeve ensample thurh-out the reem ;
Alle off assent, whoso kan conseveye,
Theyre noble kyng wern gladde to resseyve.

All London came to meet him.

(5)
Theyr clothing was off colour sufful covenable,
The noble Meire cladde in reede velvette,
The Sheryves, the Aldermen suffull notable,
In furred clokes, the colour skarlette ;
In statly wyse, when they were mette,
Eche oon well horsed made no delay,
But with here Meire roode fforth in her way.

The Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet.

(6)
The citezenis echoon off the Citee,
In here entent that they were pure and clene,
Chees hem off white a sufful sfeyre lyuere,
In euery craffte, as yt was well sene ;
To showe the trouthe that they dyd[f]e mene Toward the Kyng hadd made hem sfeythfully
In soundry devyses enbrowdred richely.

The citizens in white.

(7)
And fforto remembre off other alyens ;
First Ieneweys, though they were straungers,

Aliens were present, too.
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

Florentyns and the Venycyens,
And Esterlinges gladde in her maners,
Conveyed with sergeauntes and other officers
Passed the subbarbes to mete with the kyng.

Estatly horsed, after the Meire rydyng,

They waited in two rows at Blackheath,
To the Blake-heeth whanne they dydde atteyne,
The Meire, off prudence in especyall,
Made hem hove in rengis tweyne,
A strete bitwene eche partye lyke a wall,
Alle cladde in white, and the moste princypall
Afforn in reede with theire Meire rydyng
Tyl tyme that he sauh the Kyng komyng.

They waited in two rows at Blackheath,
To the Blake-heeth whanne they dydde atteyne,
The Meire, off prudence in especyall,
Made hem hove in rengis tweyne,
A strete bitwene eche partye lyke a wall,
Alle cladde in white, and the moste princypall
Afforn in reede with theire Meire rydyng
Tyl tyme that he sauh the Kyng komyng.

(8)

They waited in two rows at Blackheath,
To the Blake-heeth whanne they dydde atteyne,
The Meire, off prudence in especyall,
Made hem hove in rengis tweyne,
A strete bitwene eche partye lyke a wall,
Alle cladde in white, and the moste princypall
Afforn in reede with theire Meire rydyng
Tyl tyme that he sauh the Kyng komyng.

(9)

Thanne with his sporys, he toke his hors anoon,
That to beholde yt was a noble siht,
How like a man he to the kyng ys goon
Riht well cherid, off herte gladde and liht;
Obey[ing] to him as him ouht off riht:
And after that he konnyngly abrayde,
And to the kyng evyn thus he sayde.

"Sovereyn Lorde and noble Kyng, ye be welcome out
off youre Reeme off Fraunce into this your blessed Reeme
off Englond, and in speciall vnto your moste notable
Citee off London, othir wyse called youre Chaumbre; We
thankyng (thanke) God off the goode and gracious
arenyng (H. athenyng) off youre Crovne off Fraunce.
Beseeching his Mercyfull Grace\(^1\) to sende yow prosperite
and many yeers, to the conforte off alle youre loyynge
peple."

[1 leaf 90, back]

"Sovereyn Lorde and noble Kyng, ye be welcome out
off youre Reeme off Fraunce into this your blessed Reeme
off Englond, and in speciall vnto your moste notable
Citee off London, othir wyse called youre Chaumbre; We
thankyng (thanke) God off the goode and gracious
arenyng (H. athenyng) off youre Crovne off Fraunce.
Beseeching his Mercyfull Grace\(^1\) to sende yow prosperite
and many yeers, to the conforte off alle youre loyynge
peple."

[1 leaf 90, back]

I will set out the whole pageant that followed.

But ffarto tellen alle the circumstauwces,
Off euery thing shewed in sentence,
Noble devyses, dyuers\(^2\) ordenauuces
Conveyed by scripture with ffull grete excellence,
Alle to declare I have noone eloquence,

45. the] om. C H.
46. gladde] clad H.
55. there] be H.
56. the Kyng] om. C.
62. knouyn gly abbarayd sic C. Prose:
arenyng] athenyng H. God] Almvghty god H.
65-66. tr. J.
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

Wherfore I pray to alle that shall ye rede,
Forto correcte where as they se nede.

First whanne he passed was the Fabour
Entryng the Brigge off this noble towns,\(^1\) MS. Citee.

There was a pylere reysed lyke a tour
And ther-on stoode a sturdy champeouw,
Off looke and chere sterne as a lyoun,
His swerde vp rered proudely gan manace,
Alle fforeyn enmyes from the Kyng to enchace.

And in defence off his \[ejstate ryall
The geaunt wolde abyde eche adventure;
And alle assautes that wern marcyall,
For his sake he proudly wolde endure,
On eyther syde declaryng his entent,
Which seyde thus by goode avysement:

"Alle tho that ben eneoiyes to the Kyng,
I shall hem clothe with confusioun,
Make him myhty with vertuous levyng
His mortall foon to oppressen and bere adoun,
Alle myscheffes from hym to abrigge
With the grace off God at thentryng off the Brigge."

Two antelopes stondyng on eytheyr syde
With the armes off Englond and off Fraunce,
In tokenyng that God shall for hym provyde,
As he hath tytle by iuste enheritaunce
To regne in pes, plente and plesaunce;
Sesying off werre, that men mow ryde or goon,
As trewe lieges, theyre hertes made both oon.

\[^{1}\text{city}\]

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633

69 it schal H. 71 ley passed was H. 72 Citee] town H. 82 a long ins. H. 84 Marginal rubrics above stanzas in H. 85 Allso that beth C. 91 of pis H. 96 and all H. 97 myste ryden and H. mowgh ride & C.
(15)

Furthermore, so as the Kyng gan ryde,
   Midde off the Brigge ther was a tour on loffte,
The Lorde off Lordes beyng ay his guyde,
   As He hath be and yitt 1 woole be ffull offte ;
The tour arrayed with welvettes soffte, 1 MS. yutt. 103
Clothis off golde, sylke, and tapecere,
   As apperteynyth to his regalye. 105

(16)

And at his komyng, off excellent beaute,
   Beyng off port most womanly off chere,
Ther yssed oute emperesses three ;
   Theyre heer dysplayed as Phebus in here spere,
   With crovnettes off golde and stones clere ; 110
At whos out komyng they yaff such a liht,
That the byholders were stonyed in theire siht. 112

(17)

The first off hem called was Nature,
   As she that hath vnder her demeyne,
Man, beeste, and ffoule, and euery creature,
   With-inne the bondys off hire goldyn cheyn ;
   Eke heven, and erthe, and euery creature 117
This emperesse off custume doth enbrace;
And next hire komyth hire sustre called Grace, 119

(18)

Passyng ffamous, and off grete reuerence,
   Moste desired in all regions ;
For wher that euer sheweth here precence,
   She bryngeth gladnes to citees and tovns ;
   Off alle well fare she holdeth the possessions, 124
For, I dar say, prosperyte in no place
No while abydith, but yff ther be grace. 126

(19)

In tokne that Grace shulde longe contune
   Vnto the Kyng she shewed hire ffull benyngne ;

103 velwetty H. 106 Benygne H. 109 here H. 113
was callyd H. 116–117 tr. H. 119 com H. 120 of the ins.
C. 123 to] om. C. 124 halfieth C. halt H. 127 shal H.
contune H.
And next hire come the emperesse, \textit{Fortune},
   Apperyng to hym with many a noble sygne,
   And ryall toknes, to shewe that he was dygne,
Off God dysposed as Grace lyst to ordeyne,
Vpon his heede to were crownes twayne.  \[leaf 92\] 133

(20)
Thes three ladyes, alle off oon entent,
   Three goostly gifftes, hevenly and devyne,
Vnto the Kyng anoon they dydde present,
   And to His Hyghnesse they dydd anoon enclyne;
   And, what they were pleynly to termyne,
Grace gaff him first at his komyng
Twoo riche gifftes, \textit{Sciens} and \textit{Kunnyng}; 140

(21)
Nature gaff him eke \textit{strenth} and \textit{ffyrenesse},
   Forto be lovyd and dreddde off every wiht;
\textit{Fortune} gaff him eke \textit{prosperite} and \textit{richesse},
   With this scripture apperyng in theire siht,
   To him applied off verrey dewe riht,
“First vndirstonde and ioyfully \textit{procede}
And lange to regne” the scripture seyde in dede.

(22)
This ys to mene, who-so vndirstonde a-riht,
   Thow shalt be Fortune haue lange \textit{prosperite}; 152
And be \textit{Nature} thow shalt haue strenth and myht,
   Forth to procede in lange ffelicite;
   And \textit{Grace} also hath graunted vnto the,
Vertuouly lange in thy ryall citee,
With septre and crowne to regne in equyte.” 154

(23)
On the riht hande off thes emperesses
   Stoope sevyn maydenys verrey celestyall;
Lyke Phoebus bemys shone hire goldyn tresses,
   Vpon here heedes ech havyng a cornall,
Off porte and chere semyng in immortal,
159

\begin{footnotes}
130 To apperyng him C. Tokyne aperyng H. 132 Grace \text{lyst to} lust H. 137 hignesse \text{sic} H. 138 determyne H. 144 \text{this} om. C. 148 vnderstondith H. 155 this Empresse C. 158 crownall H.
\end{footnotes}
Heni'y Vi's Triumphal Entry into London.

In siht transendyng alle erthely creatures,
So auengelyk they wern off theyre figures.  

(24)
Alle cladde in white, in tokne off clennesse,
Lyche pure virgynes as in theyre ententys,
Shewyng outward an hevenly ffresh brihtnesse;
Stremed with sonys were alle their garmentis,
Afforne provyded for pure innocentis,
Most columbye off chere and off lokyng,
Mekely roos vp at komyng off the Kyng.  

(25)
They hadde an bawdrykes alle off saffir hewe,
Goynge outward gan the Kyng.salewe,
Hym presentyng with her gifftes newe,
Lyche as theym thouht yt was vnto hem dewe,
—Which goostly gifftes here in ordre sewe,
Dovne dessendyng as syluere dewe ffro hevyn,
Alle grace include with-inne thes gifftes sevyn;  

(26)
Thes ryall gifftes ben off vertue moste
Goostly corages, moste sovereynly delyte ;
Thes gifftes called off the Hooly Gooste,
Outward figured ben vii dowys white—
And seyyng to him, lyke as clerkes write,
“God the ffulfille with intelligence
And with a spyryt off goostly sapience.  

(27)
“God sende also vnto thy moste vaylle
The to preserve ffrom alle hevynesse,
A spyrit off strenth, and off goode counsaylle,
Of konnyng, drede, pite and lownesse.”
Thus thes ladyes gan theire gifftes dresse,
Graciously at theyr eoute komyng,
Be influence liht vpon the Kyng.

Henry VT's Triumphal Entry into London.

(28)

Thes emperesses hadde on theyre lefte syde
Other sevyn virgynes, pure and clene,
Be attendaunce contenuelly to abyde,
Alle cladde in white, smytte ffulle off sterres shene;
And to declare what they wolde mene
Vnto the Kyng with fful grete reuerence
Thes were theire gifftes shortly in sentence:

(29)

"God the endewe with a crowne off glorie,
And with septre off clennesse and pytee,
And with a swerde off myht and victorie,
And with a mantel off prudence cladde thow be,
A sheld of ffeyth ffarto defende the,
An helme off helthe wrouht to thyn encrees,
Girt with a girdyll off love and parfyte pees."

(30)

Thes sevyn virgyns, off siht most hevenly,
With herte, body, and handes reioysynge,
And off othir cheris appered murely
For the Kyngis gracious home komynge;
And ffor gladnesse they begawne to synge,
This same roundell, which I shall now specyfye:

(31)

"Sovereyne Lorde, welcome to your citee;
Welcome, oure Ioye, and oure Hertis Plesauncce,
Welcome, oure Gladnesse, welcome, oure Suffisaunce,
Welcome, welcome, riht welcome mote ye be.

"Syngyng to-fforn thy ryall Mageste,
We say off herte, withoute variaunce,
Sovereyne Lorde, welcome, welcome ye be."
"Meire, citezenis and alle the comounate,  
At youre home komyng now out off Fraunce,  
Be grace releuyd off theyre olde grevaunce,  
Syng this day with grete solemnyte,  
Sovereayn Lorde, welcome to youre citee."  

Thus resseyvyd, an esy paas rydyng,  
The Kyng is entred into this Citee:  
And in Cornhill anoon at his komyng,  
To done plesaunce vnto his Magestee,  
A tabernacle surmountyng off beaute,  
Ther was ordeyneyd, be flul flresh entayle,  
Richely arrayed with ryall apparyle.  

This tabernacle off moste magnyficence,  
Was off his byldyng verrey imperyall  
Made ffor the lady callyd Dame Sapience;  
To-fore whos face moste statly and ryall  
Wern the sevyn sciences called lyberall  
Rounde aboute, as makyd ys memorie,  
Which neuer departed ffrom hire consistorie.  

First ther was Gramer, as I reherse gan,  
Chief ffloweresse and roote off all konnyng,  
Which hadde a-forne hire olde Precian;  
And Logyk hadde afforn hire stondyng  
Arestotyll moste clerkely dysputyng;  
And Rethoryk hadde eke in hire presence,  
Tulyus, called Mirrour off Eloquence;  

And Musyk hadde, voyde off alle dicorde,  
Boece, hire clerke, with hevenly armonye,  

219 now] newe H.  222 Line om. H, but indicated on margin  
by the words Souerayn Lord.  232 callyd] om. C.  236 hire]  
his H.  240 here ek H.  241 so clerkly H.  244 royde  
stic H.
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

And instrumentis alle off oone accordre;
   Forto practyse with sugred melodye
   He and his scolers theyre wyettes dydde aplye, 248
With touche off strenges on orgons eke pleynig,
Theyre craffte to shewe at komyng off the Kyng ; 250

(37)
And Arsmetryk, be castyng off nombrarye, [leaf 94, back]
   Chees Pyktogeras for hire partye ;
Called chieff clerke to governe hire lybrarye,
   Euclyte toke mesours be craffte off Gometrye ;
   And alderhyhest stode Astronomye, 255
   Albunisar last with hire off seynyn,
   With instrumentis that rauht vp into hevyn. 257

(38)
The chieff pryncesse called Sapience
   Hadde to-forn hire writen this scripture :
"Kynges," quod she, "moste off excellence, Per me
   By me they regne and moste in ioye endure,
   For thurh my helpe, and my besy cure,
To encrece theyre glorie and hyh renoun,
   They shull off wysdome haue ffull possessioun." 264

(39)
And in the ffront off this tabernacle,  
   Sapience a scripture ganne devyse
Able to be redde with-out a spectakle,
   "Vnderstandith and lernyth off the wyse, krt nunc
   To yonge kynges seyynge in this wyse,
   "Vnderstandith and lernyth off the wyse,
On riht remembryng the hyh lorde to queme, 271
Syth ye be iuges other ffolke to deme."

(40)
Ferthermowe the materre doth devyse :
   The Kyng, procedyng fforth [vp]on his way, At the
Kome to the Conduyte made in cercle wyse ;
   Whame to resseyve, ther was made no delay, [leaf 95]
   And myddys above in ffull riche array, 276

248 scolers] clerkes H. 249 eks] we H. (doubtful), at be
   comynge of oure H. 255 stode] tooke C. 258 callyd dame
H. 270 highe H. 273 on J.
Henry VI’s Triumphal Entry into London.

Ther satte a childe off beaute precellyng,
Middis off the throne rayed lyke a kyng.

(41)
Wham to governe, ther was figured tweyne,
A lady, Mercy, satte on his riht syde;
On his lyffte hande, yff I shall nat ffeyne,
A lady, Truthe, his domes to provyde;
The lady Clemens alofte dydd abyde,
Off God ordeyned in the same place
The Kyngis throne strongly to enbrace.

(42)
For, by the sentence off prudent Salomon,
**Mercy and Riht** kepyn euer kyng,
And Clemence kepte by Resoun
His myghty throne ffrom myschieff and ffallyng,
And makith yt stronge with lange abydyng;
For I darr say thes sayde ladyes three
A kyng preserve in lange prosperetye.

(43)
Thanne stoode also afofre the seyde kyng
Twoo iuges with full hyh noblesse—
VIII sergeauntes echon representyng
For comvne profyte, doom and rihtwysnesse—
With this scripture, which I shall expresse:
"Honour of kyngys, in euery manys siht, of comyn custum lovitli equyte and riht.”

(44)
Kyng Dauid wrote, the Sawter benth wytnesse,
"Lorde God,” quod he, “thy dome yeve to the
Kync,
And yeve thy trouthe and thy rihtwysnesse
The Kyngis sone here in his levynge;"
To vs declaring, as by theyre writyng, 1 MS. he. 304
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London

That kyngis, princes, shulde aboute hem drawe
Folke that be trewe and well expert in lawe.

(45)

The Kyng ffourth rydyng entryd Chepe anoon,
A lusty place, a place off alle delycys; 1 Ms. into Chepe.
Kome to the Conduyt, wher, as cristall stoon,
The watir ranne like welles off Paradys,
The holosme lykour, ffull riche and off grete prys,
Lyke to the water off Archedeclyne,
Which by miracle was turned into wyne.

(46)

Thetes, which that is off waters chieff goddess, 1 Thetes est dea aquarum.
Hadde off the welle power noon ne myht,
For Bachus shewed there his ffulsomnesse
Off holosme wynes to eueri manere wiht;
For wyn off nature makith hertes liht,
Wherfore Bachus, at reuerence off the Kyng,
Shewed oute his plente at his home komyng.

(47)

Wyn ys a likour off recreacioun, 1 Ms. of grete.
That day presentyd in tokne off alle gladnesse,
Vnto the Kyng off ffamous and hyh renoun,
From vs texile alle manere hevynesse;
For with his komyng, the dede berith wytnesse,
Out off the londe he putte away alle trouble,
And made off newe oure ioyes to be double.

(48)

Eke at thes welles there were virgyns three
Which drewe wyn vp off ioye and off plesaunce,
Mercy and Grace, theyre suster eke Pyte;
Mercy mynystred wynes off attemperaunce,
Grace shedde hire likour off goode gouernaunce,
And Pitee profered with ffull goode floysoun
Wynes off conforte and consolacioun.
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

(49)
The wyn off Mercy staunchith by nature
The gredy thirstis off cruell hastynesse,
Grace with hire likour cristallyne⁠¹ and pure
Defferrith vengageance off furious woodnesse,
And Pitee blymsith the swerde off Rithwysnesse;
Covenable welles, moste holsom off savour,
Forte be tasted off euery governour.

(50)
O ! how thes welles, who-so take goode hede,
With here likours moste holsome to atame,
Affore devysed notably in dede
Forte accorden with the Meirys name;
Which by report off his worthy ffame
That day was busy in alle his gou«maunce,
Vnto the Kyng fforto done plesaunce.

(51)
There were eke treen, with leves ffressh off hewe,
Alle tyme off yeer, ffulle off ffruytes lade,
Off colour hevynly, and euery-liche newe,
Orenges, almondis, and the pome-gernade,
Lymons, dates, theire colours ffressh and glade,
Pypyns, quynces, blaunderell to disport,
And the pome-cedre corageous to recomfort;

(52)
Eke the ffruytes which more comvne be—
Quenynges, peches, costardes and wardounas,
And other meny ffull ffayre and ffressh to se;
The pome-water and the gentyll ricardouns;
Damysyns, which with here taste delyte,
Full grete plente both off blak and white.

(53)
And besydis this gracious paradys,
Alle ioye and gladnesse fforto multyplye,
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

Two olde men, ful circonstpecte and wyse, there dyd appeare lyke folkes off eyrye;
The toon was Ennoch, the tothir Eliye,
The Kyng presentyng theire gifftes ful notable,
That God conferme his state ay to be stable. [leaf 97]

(54)
The first seyde, with benyngne chere, Nichil pro-
Gretly desiryng his prosperyte, fictat Inimi-
That noon enemies have in him power, cius in eo.
Nor that no childe by false iniquyte
Parturble neuere his felicite;
Thus olde Ennoch the processe gan well telle,
And prayd ffor the Kyng as he roode by the welle. 376

(55)
After, Elijah, with his lokkes hoore,
Seyde well devoutly, lokying on the Kyng,
"God conserve the and kepe the euermore,
And make him blessid, here in erthe levyng,
And specially amongis kynges alle,
In enemies handes that he neuere flalle."

(56)
And at frontewr off thes welles clere,
Ther was a scripture komendyng the lykour;—
"Yee shal drawe waters, with goode chere,
Oute off welles off oure Savyour,
Which have vertue to curen alle langour
Be influence off her grete sweetnesse,
Hertes avoydyng 1 off alle therey hevynesse."

(57)
Thanne ffom thes welles off fulsom habundance,
With theyr lykours as eny cristall clene, [leaf 97, back]
The Kyng roode fforth, with sobre contenaunce,
Towarde a castell bilt off iaspar grene,
Vpon whos toures the sonne shone shene,
Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

Ther clerly shewed, by notable remembrance, 
This kyngis tytle off England and off Fraunce. 397

(58)
Twoo green treen ther grewe vp-[a]riht, 
Fro Seint Edward and ffro Seint Lowys, 
The roote y-take palpable to the siht, 
Conveyed by lynes be kyngis off grete prys; 
Some bare leopardes, and some bare ffloredelys, 402
In nouther armes ffounde was there no lak, 
Which the sixte Herry may now bere on his bak. 404

(59)
The [pe]degree be iuste successions, 
As trewe cronycles trewly determyne, 
Vnto the Kyng ys now dessended dovn 
From eyther partye riht as eny lyne ; 
Vpon whos heede now ffresshely done shyne 409
Two riche crovnes most sovereyn off plesaunce 
To brynge inne pees bitwene England and Fraunce. 411

(60)
Vpon this castell on the tothir syde 
There was a tree, which sprange out off Jesse, 
Ordeyned off God ffull longe to abyde ;—
Dauid crovnyd ffirst ffor his humylite 
The braunches conveyd, as men myht[e] se, 416
Lyneally and in the Genologie, 
To Crist Ihesu, that was born off Marie. 418

(61)
And why the Iesse was sette on that partye, 
This was the cause in especyall, 
For next to Paulis, I dar well specefye, 
Is the partye moste chieff and princypall, 
Callyd off London the chirche cathederall, 423
Which ought off reson the devyse to excuse, 
To alle thoo that wolde ageyn yt ffroune or muse. 425

Henry VI's Triumphal Entry into London.

(62)
And ffro that castell the Kyng fforth gan him dresse
Toward Poullys, chieff chirche off this citee,
And at Conduyt a liht, and a lyknesse
Indevysible made off the Trinite,
A throne compassid off his ryall see;
Aboute which, shortly to conclude,
Off hevenly aungelles worn a grete multitude;

(63)
To whom was yoven a precept in scripture,
Wrete in the ffrontowr off the hyh[e] stage,
That they shulde done theyre besy cure,
To kepe the Kyng [sure] ffrom alle damage
In his lyff here, duryng alle his age,
Hys hyh renoun to spred and shyne fferre,
And off his twoo reemes to sese the mortall werre.

(64)
And laste was wretyn in the ffronterys:
"I shall ffulfille him with ioye and habundaunce,
And with lengthe off [many] holsome yeerys,
And I shall shewe him my helpe with alle plesaunce,
And off his lieges ffey thfull obeyssaunce,
And multyplye and encrese his lyne
And make his noblesse thurh the worlde to shyne.

(65)
"Love off his peple, ffauowr off alle straungers,
In bothe his remys pees, reest, and vnyte,
Be influence off the nyne sperys,
Longe to co[n]tune in his ryall see,
Grace to cherice the Meire and the Citee,
Longe in his mynde to be conceyved
With how good will, that day he was resseyved."

---

428 be conduyt he list H. a lytell C. 432 was H. were C. 434 wrethe H. hize H. 436 sure] om. J. 438 shyne and sprede H. 439 And] om. H. his] these C. 442 of many H. 445 And] om. H. 446 thorow outhe C H. 448 Pees and C. 451 mayer C H. 453 Heer goode will J. Here god woll C. With how good will H.
At Paul's the archbishop met him. He was then escorted to Westminster.

(66)
Comyng to Poulis ther he liht adovn, Entryng the chirche ffull demure off chere, And there to mete him with processioun Was the Erchebisshop, and the Chaunceller, Lyncoln, and Bathe, off hoole herte and entier, Salysbury, Norwich, and Ely, In pontyficall arrayed richely.

(67)
Ther was the Bisshop off Rouchestre also, The Dene off Paulys, the Chanons euerychon, Off dew[e]te as they auht to do, On processioun with the Kyng to goon; And though I kan nat reherse hem oon by oon, Yitt dar I say, as in theyre entent, To do theyre devote ffull trewly they ment.

(68)
Lyke theyre estates fforth they ganne procede; With observaunces longyng ffor a kyng Solempnely gan him conveye in dede Vp into the chirche with ffull devout syngyng; And whanne he hadde made his offryng, The Meire, the citezenis, abode and lefft him nouht, Unto Westmynstre tyl they hadde him brouht;

(69)
Where alle the covent, in copys richely, Mette with him off custume as they ouht; The Abbot afther moste solemnely Amonges the relikes the septre oute souht Off Seint Edward, and to the Kyng it brouht; Though it were longe, large, and off grete weyht, Yitt on his shuldres the Kyng bare it on heyht,

(70)
Into the mynstre, while alle the belles ronge, Tyl he kome to the hyh awtere;
Henry VI's Triumphant Entry into London.

And full devoutly Te Deum ther was songe,
And the peple, gladd de looke and chere,
Thanked God with alle here hertes entere,[1] Ex dua abs
To se theire Kyng with twoo crowns shyne,1
From twoo trees trewly flettte the lyne.

(71)
And after that, this ys the verrey sothe,
Vnto his paleys off kyngly apparrayllle,
With his lوردes the Kyng [anon] ffforth goothe
To take his reste after his travaylle;
And than off wysdome, that may so mych avaylle,
The Meire, the citezenis, which alle this dyd se,
Ben home repeyred into hire citee.

(72)
The Shereves, the Aldermen in fffeere,
The Saturday alther next suyng,
Theire Meire presented, with theyre hertes entere,
Goodly to be resseyved off the King;
And at Westminster confirmed theire askyng,
The Meyre and they with full hole entent
Vnto the Kyng a gyffte gan to present.

(73)
The which gyffte they goodly haue dysposyd,
Toke an hamper off golde that shene shone,
A M pounde off golde ther-inne yclosyd;
And ther-with-all to the Kyng they goone
And fylle on knees to-forn him euerchoone,
Full humbly the trouthe to devyse,
And to the Kyng the Meire seyde in this wyse:
'Most Cristen Prynce and noble Kyng, the goode ffolke
off youre moste notable Citee off London, otherwyse
cleped youre Chambre, beseching in here moste lowly wyse
they mowe be recomaunded to Yowr Noble Grace to resseyve this
lyttyll gyffte, gyffyn with a goode wille off trouthe and

485 all be H. 486 Thankyne H. 489 pis it H. the|om. H. 490 anon forth H. 494 pis ping ins. H. 500 here
a kyng H. 502 to|om. C H. 505 closyd C H. Prose: other-
wise callid H. to] vnto youre C. as good awille H. off]om. H.
Be glad, O London, for your glorious reception.

(74)

For seven things I praise London:
Off true meaning, and faithful observance,
Off righteousness, truth, and equity,
Off stabilities ay kept in lygeance;
And for off vertue thou hast such suffisaunce,
In this lande here and other landes alle
The Kyngis Chambre off custome men the calle.

Lenvoye.

O noble Meir! be yt vnto youre plesaunce,
And to alle that duelle in this citee,
On my rudenesse and on myn ygnoarance,
Off grace and mercy fferto haue pitee,
My symple makynge fferto take at gree;
Consider this, that in moste lowly wyse
My wille were goode fferto do yow servyse.

33. BALLADE ON A NEW YEAR'S GIFT OF AN EAGLE, PRESENTED TO KING HENRY VI.

[MS. Trin. Coll. Camb., R. 3. 20, pp. 149-152.]

This ballade was gyven vn to þe kyng Henry ye. vj. and to his moder þe qweene Kateryne sittynge at þe mete vpon þe yeris day in þe Castell of Hertford made by Ledegate, &c. [1 p. 149]

(1)

Þis hardy foole, þis bridde victoryous,  
Þis staately foole, mooste imperyal,  
Of his nature fiers and corageous,  
Called in Scripture þe foole celestyal—  
Þis Yeeris Day to youre estate ryal  
Lowly presente þe tencrese of your glorye  
Honour and knighthoode, conquest and victoyre.

(2)

Þis staately bridde doope ful heghe soore,  
Percyng þe beemys of þe heghe sonne,  
And of his kynde excelleþe euermoor  
In soryng vp above þe skyes donne;  
And for þis bridde hæþ þe crowne wonne  
Above briddes alle, presenteþe to your glorye  
Honour of knyghthoode, conquest and victoyre.

(3)

Þis foole is sacred vnto Inbyter  
Pe lord of lordeþe in þe heghe heven,  
Weel-willing planete, beholding frome so fer  
Aboue þe paleys of þe sterres seven  
Alle constillacyouns þat any man kan neven;  
Þis saame foole presenteþe to youre glorye,  
Honour of knyghthoode, conquest and victoyre.

MSS. B.M. Harley 2251, leaves 249, back, to 250, back, an Add. 29729, leaves 145, back, to 146, back, are accurate copies of the above.
650  Ballade on a New Year’s Gift to King Henry VI.

(4)

\[\text{pis is pe foole, as clerkis telle can,} \]
\[\text{Which leete dovne falle in pe natijuyn.} \]
\[\text{Of Cryst Ihesu vn-to Octouyan} \]
\[\text{Pe grene olyue of pees and vnytee,} \]
\[\text{Whane pe heghe Lord tooke youre humanytee;} \]
\[\text{Honnour of knighthoode, conquest and victoyye.} \]

(5)

\[\text{Ezekiel saw it in a vision.} \]
\[\text{pis is pe foole which Ezechyel} \]
\[\text{In his avysyoun saughe ful yoore agoon—} \]
\[\text{He saughe foure beestis tournyng on a wheele,} \]
\[\text{Amonges wheeche pis ryal brydde was oon,} \]
\[\text{Called in Scripture pevangelyst Saint Iohan;} \]
\[\text{Honnour of knighthoode, conquest and victoyye.} \]

(6)

\[\text{To the Queen also,} \]
\[\text{pis ryal bridde, moost peersande of hir sight, } \]
\[\text{Ageyne Phebus strems moste shyning} \]
\[\text{fresshe and sheene} \]
\[\text{Blenchepe neuer for al pe cleer light;} \]
\[\text{Presentepe also vn-to pe noble qweene} \]
\[\text{Pat sittepe nowe here, ful graecious on to seene,} \]
\[\text{Hellepe and welfare, ioye and prosparytee.} \]

(7)

\[\text{for the Eagle’s mate} \]
\[\text{is queen of birds.} \]
\[\text{pis foole also, by tytle of hir nature,} \]
\[\text{Of fooles alle is qweene and emperesse;} \]
\[\text{Flyepe highest and lengest may endure,} \]
\[\text{Bating hir wynges with-out eberyymesse} \]
\[\text{To Iuvoos Castel;} \]
\[\text{in heven a gret goddesse: [p. 151]} \]
\[\text{Sendepe to you, Pryncesse, here sitting in youre see,} \]
\[\text{Helthe and welfare, ioye and prosparytee.} \]

(8)

\[\text{He sendepe also vn-to youre hye noblesse} \]
\[\text{Of alle vertus fulsome haboundaunce,} \]

50  \text{hye] om. H.}
Ballade on a New Year's Gift to King Henry VI.

Fredame, bountee, honnour and gentylesse—
Which wee bee mene by gracyous allyaunce
To sette in pees England and Fraunce—;
To whos' hyenesse downe frome hevenly see
Helthe and welfare, ioye and prosparyyee.

(9)

Pis bridde in armys of emperoures is borne,
Which in be tyme of Cesar Iulius,
In Roome appering whane Cryst Jesus was borne,
Of a mayde most clene and vertuous;
Wherfore O Pryncesse, happy and gracyous,
To you presente pise egle as he doope flee
Helthe and welfare, ioye and prosparyyee.

(10)

Pis foole with briddes hape holde his parllement,
Where as pe lady which is called Nature
Sate in hir see, lyche a presydent;
And alle, yche oon, pey dyd hir besy cure
To sende to yowe goode happye, good aventure,
Alle youre desyres accomplisshed for to beo,
Helth and welfare, ioye and prosparyyee.

Lenvoye.

Mooste noble Prynce, which in especyal
Excelle alle ojer, as maked is memorye,
Pis day beo gif to youre estate ryal,
As I sayde erst, honnour, conquest, victorye,—
Lyche as pise egle hape presented to your glorye;
And to yowe, Pryncesse! he wol also per be
Helth and welfare, ioye and prosparyyee.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
34. VERSES ON CAMBRIDGE.

[Baker's MS., Camb. Univ. 24, pp. 249-250.]

(1)
As Bede says,
By trewe recorde of the Doctor Bede,
That some tyme wrotte so mickle with his hand,
And specially—remembringe as I reede
In his Cronicles made of England—
Amoung other thyngs, as ye shall understand—
Whom for myne aucthour I dare alleage—
Kouth ¹ pe translation & buylding of Cambridge;

(2)
and Alfred the Chronicler,
Of Beverley, (1)
With hym accordynge, Alfride the Croniclere—
Seriouslye who lyst his booke to see,
Made in pe tyme when he was Thresurere
Of Beverley, an old famouse cytye—
Affirme & seyne, the Universitie
Off Cambridge & studye fyrst began
By pat wrytinge, as I reporte can.

(3)
Cambridge comes from Canteber,
He rehersing first for commendacion,
By pat wrytinge, how that old cytie
Was stronglie whalled with towers manye one,
Builte & finished with great libertie,
Notable & famous, of greate authoritie,
As theis authors accordinge sayne pe same,
Of Cantabro takyng first his name.

(4)
brother of Pertoline.
Like as I finde—reporte I can none other—
This Canteber tyme of his lyvynge
To Pertholyne he was germayne brother,
Duke in tho dayes, in Ireland a great kynge,
Chieffe & principall cause of that buildyng;
The wall about & towers as they stoode
Was sett & builte upon a large floode,
Verses on Cambridge.

(5)
Named Cantebro, a large brode ryver,
   And after Cante called Cantebro.
This famous citie, this write the cronicer,
   Was called Cambridge; rehearsing eke also
In pat booke theis authors both the twoe.
Towching the date, as I rehearse can,
Fro thilke tyme that the world began

(6)
Fower thowsand complete, by accompt[e]s clere,
   And three hundreth by computacion,
Ioyned thereof eight & fortie yeare,
   When Cantebro gave the foundacion
Of thys cytie & this famous towne,
And of this noble universitie,
Sett on this ryver which is called Cante;

(7)
And fro the greate transmigration
   Of kyns reconned in the Byble of old,
Fro Ierusalem to Babylon
   Two hundreth wynter & thirtie years told—
Thus to write myne author maketh me bold—
When Cantebro, as it [is] well kouthe,
At Atheynes scholed in his youth,

(8)
All his wytts greatlye did applie
   To have acquayntance by great affection,
With folke experte in philosophie.
   From Atheynes he brought with him downe
Philosophers most sovereigne of renowne,
Unto Cambridge, playnlye this is the case,
Anaxamander & Anaxogoras,

(9)
With many other, myne Author doth declare;
   To Cambridge fast[e] can hym spede,
With philosophers, & let for no cost spare,
   33 theire booke H. 34 I rehearse can H. 44 kinges H.
58 fast canne he H.
In the scholes to studdie & to reede,
Of whoes teachynge great profit pat gan spread
And great increase rose of his doctrine;
Thus of Cambridge þe name gan first shyne

Thus the University began.

(10)
As chieffe schoole & universitie.
Unto this tyme fro the daye it began,
By clere reporte, in many a far countre;
Unto the reigne of Cassibellan—,
A woorthie prynce & a full knightlie man,
As sayne cronicles, who with his might[y] hand
Let Iulius Cesar to arryve in this land—,

(11)
Five hundreth yere, full thirtie yere & twentie
Fro Babylons transmigracion,
That Cassibelane reigned in Britaine,
Which, by his notable royall discretion,
To increase that studdie of great affection,
I meane of Cambridge the Universitie
Franchised with manye a libertie.

(12)
By the meane of his royall favor,
From countreis about[en] manye one,
Divers schollers, by diligent labour,
Made pat resorte of great affection;
To that stooddie great plentye there cam downe,
To gather fruits of wysedome & science
And sondrie flowers of sugred eloquence.

(13)
And as it is put eke in memorie,
Howe Iulius Cesar, entring this region,
On Cassybellan after his victorye,
Tooke with him clarks of famous renowne
Fro Cambridge, & ledd them to Rome Towne;
Thus by process remembred here-to-forne,
Cambridg was founded long or Chryst was borne—
Death's Warning.

(14)

Five hundreth yere, thirtie & eke nyne.
In this matter ye gett no more of me,
Reherse I wyll no more at this tyme. [p. 240]

Theis remembranc[e]s have great authoritie,
To be preferred of long antiquitie;
For which by recorde, all clarks seyne pe same,
Of heresie Cambridge bare never blame.

35. DEATH'S WARNING.
[MS. Bodley, Douce, 322, leaves 19b. to 20.]

(1)
Syth that ye lyste to be my costes, [leaf 19, back] Since you will have me in your book,
And in your book to set[ten] myne image,
Wake and remembre wyth grete anys[es],
Howe my custome and mortall vsage
Ys for to spare nether olde ne yonge of age,
But that ye nowe in thyss world leuyng,
Afore be redy or I my belle rynge.

(2)
My dredefull spere [that ys] full sharpe ygrounde think of me with bell and spear.
Doth yow now, lo, here thys manace,
Armour ys noon that may wttAstande hys wounde
Ne whom I merke ther ys non other grace,
To fynde respite of day, oure, ne space ;
Wherfore be redy, and haue no dysdeyne
Yef of my commyng the tyme be vncerteyne.

(3)
Remembre your yeres almost past be,
Of flowryng age lasteth but a seasoun,

MSS. Donce 322, leaf 19, back, and 20 = D; Harley 1706, leaf 19, back, and 20 = H; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 545 = C. In each MS. the stanzas appear before the treatise Orologium Sapientie. In D H an image of Death is sketched at the head, with bell and spear. 12 of] om. C. 14 Yef] bough C. 16 lastyng a C.
Death's Warning.

By procese at ey[e] men may see

Beaute declyneth, hys blossom falleth doune,
And lytyll and lytyll, tyll by successioun
Cometh croked elde, vnwarly [in] crepyng,
With hys patent purely than manysshynge.

(4)
The gospell byddeth 1 than [to] wake and pray[e]; 1 [leaf 20]
For of my commyng there ys no tyme sette,
Ne no man knoweth [the hour] when he shall d[e]ye,
Ne agayne myne entre no gate may be shutte;
Twen me and kynde ther ys a knot [y-knet]a
That in thys worlde euery lyuyng creature  *MS. vnknyt.
For Adams synne must dye of nature.

(5)
O worldely folke, auerteth and take hede
What vengeaunce and punyciouw
God shall take, after ye be dede,
For your trespas and youre transgressiouw,
Whyche breken hys precepts ayenst all reasoun ;
Ye haue foryete ho we, with hys precious bloode
Yow for to saue, he dyed on the roode.

(6)
Lerne for to dye and hate for to lye,
Of olde offens amonge haue repentaunce,
And to eschewe all skorne and mok[e]ry[e],
Ayenst vyces do almes and penaunce,
And for to haue moste souueranly plesaunce,
To sewe the pathes of oure lorde Ihesu,
Trewe exampler of grace and vertew,

(7)
Whyche for oure sake and oure redempciouns,
And for oure loue was nayled to a tree,

poorerly you C. 22 bit you for to C. gospel than wake H. 24
the hour C] om. D H. 26 vpknetyt C. vnknytte H. 27 every]
ech C. 28 Rubric H D : Thys balades that thus be wretten here
be take owte off the booke of Iohn lucas (Bochas !) and seyd to the
peple that shall se thys lytell tretyse in tyme to come. 30 anb
what ins. C. 38 mockery C. mokey H. 42 exemplary C.
On the Departing of Thomas Chaucer.

Suffred payne and [cruel] passioun,
   And nothyng asketh of hygh ne lowe degree,
   Recompensed ayenwarde for to be,
But that we sette all holy oure ententes,
For to fulfyll hys commaundmentys,

(8)
Wherby men may that prudent be and wyse,
   The ioyes clayme, whyche be eternall,
And entre [ageyn] in-to paradise,
   From whens [our fadyr] Adam had a fall ;
   To whyche place aboue celestiaall,
O Cryste Ihesu, so brynge vs to that glory,
   Whyche by thy dethe had[dest] the victory.

Amen.

36. ON THE DEPARTING OF THOMAS CHAUCER
(1417).
[MS. B.M., Adds. 16165, leaves 248 to 249, back.]

Balade made by Lydegate at pe Depart-
yng of Thomas Chaucyer on Ambassade in-to France

(1)
O bow Lucyna, qwene and 1 empyresse
   Of waters alle, and of floodes rage,
And cleped art lady and goddesse
   Of iorneying and fortunate passage,
Governe and guye by grace pe vyage,

Yowe Heuenly Qweene, sith I of hert[e] prey
My maystre 2 Chaucyer goodely to convey,

(2)
Him to expleyten, and firberne on his way
   With holsome spede, ay in his journee.

Running title. At Chaucers departin on Ambassate.
On the Departing of Thomas Chaucer.

And Neptunus, make eke no delaye
Hym to fauour whane he is on pe see,
Preserving him frome al aduersytee,
Frome al trouble of wynde and eke of wawe.
And lat hy grace so to him adawe

(3)
Pat wher to hym may beo most plesaunce,
Jer make him lande, he and his meyne.
And God I prey, pe whyle he is [in] Fraunce,
To sende him helthe and prosperitytee,
Hasty repayre hoome to his cuntrie,
To reconfort per with his presence
Folkys pat mowrne most for his absence.

(4)
For sopely nowe payable sonne
Of housholding and fulsum haboundaunce
Eclipsid is, as men recorden konne,
Pat founden per so ryche souffisaunce,
Fredam, bountee, with gode governaunce,
Disport, largesse, ioye and al gladnesse,
And passingly goode chere with gentylesse.

(5)
Ceres 1 also, goddesse of welfare,
Was ay present, hir chaare with plentee lade;
And Bacchus per ne koude neuer spare
With his lykour hertes for to glade,
Refresshe folkis pat were of colour fade,
With his conduytes moost plentyvous habownde,
Pe wellis hed so fulsome ay is founde.

(6)
His moost ioye is innly gret repayre
Of gentilmen of heghe and lowe estate,
Pat him thenkep, bope in foule and fayre,
With-outen hem he is but desolate;
And to be loued pe moost fortunate
Pat euer I knewe, with othe of sopefastnesse,
Of ryche and pore, for bounteuouse largesse.
On the Departing of Thomas Chaucer.

(7)
And gentyl Molyns, myn owen lord so der,
Lytel merveyle þoughe þow sighe and pleyne;
Now to forgone þin owen pleying feere,
I wot right wel, hit is to þe gret peyene.
But haue good hope soone for to atteyne
Þin hertis blisse agayne, and þat right sone,
Or foure tymes echaunged be þe mone.

(8)
Lat be youre weping, tendre creature,
By my sainte Eleyne fer away in Yude.
How shoule ye þe gret woo endure
Of his absence, þat beon so truwe and kynde
Haþe him amonge enprynted in your mynde,
And seythe for him, shortly in a clause,
Goddes soule to hem þat beon in cause.

(9)
Ye gentilmen dwelling envyroun,
His absence eke ye aught to compleyne,
For farwell nowe, as in conclusyoun
Youre pleye, your ioye, yif I shal not feyne;
Farwel huntyng and hawkyng, boþe twyne,
And farewel nowe cheef cause of your desport,
For he absent, farewel youre recomfort.

(10)
Late him not nowe out of remembraunce,
But euer amonge haþe him in memoyre;
And for his saake, as in youre dalyaunce,
Saythe euer day deuotely þis memoyr(r)e,
“Saint Iulyan, oure ioye and al oure gloyre,
Come hoome ageyne, lyche as we desyre,
To suppwaylen al þe hole shyre.”

(11)
And for my part, I sey right as I thenk,
I am pure sory and hevy in myn hert,
More þan I expresse can wryte with inke,
Þe want of him so sore doþe me smert;
But for al þat hit shal me nought astert,
Daye and night, with hert[e] debonayre,
And prey to God, þat he soone may repayre.
37. OF THE SODEIN FAL OF PRINCES IN OURE DAYES.

[MS. Trin. Coll., R. 3. 20, pp. 359 to 361.]

Here folowen seven balades made by Daun John Lydegate of pe sodeine fal of certain Princes of Fraunce and Englande nowe late in oure dayes.

(1)

Beholde þis gret prynce Edwarde þe Secounde,
Which of diuers landes lord was and kyng,
But so governed was he, nowe vnderstonde,
By suche as caused foule his vndoying,
For trewly to telle yowe wþtA-oute lesing,
He was deposed by al þe rewmes assent,
In prisoun murdred wþt a broche in his foundament.

(2)

Se howe Richard, of Albyon þe kyng,
Which in his tyme ryche and glorious was,
Sacred with abyt, with corone, and wþt ring,
Yit fel his fortune so, and eke his cas,
Pat yvel counseyle rewled him so, elas!
For mys-treting lorde of his monarchye,
He fayne was to resigne and in prysone dye.

(3)

Lo Charles, of noble Fraunce þe kyng,
Taken with seknesse and maladye,
Which lefft him never vnto his eonding,
Were it of nature, or by sorcerye,
Vnable he was for to governe or guye
His reaume, which caused suche discencyon,
Pat fallen it is to gret destrucccion.
Of the Sodein Fal of Princes in Oure Dayes.

(4)

Se nowe pis lusty Due of Orlyance,  
Which floured in Parys of chiuallerie,
Broþer to Charles, þe kyng of Fraunce:
   His yong[e] hert[e] thought[e] never to dye,
   But for he vsed þe synne of lecherye,
His cosin ¹ to assent[e] was ful fayene,
   ¹ i. Duc of Burgoyne John.
Pat he in Parys was murdred and foule slayne.

(5)

Of Edward þe Thridde Thomas his sone,
Of Gloucestre Due, Constable of England,
Which to love troutli was ever his wone,
   Yet not-with-stonding his entent of trouthe,
   He murdred was at Caleys, þat was routhe,
And he to God and man moste acceptable,
   And to þe comvne profit moste fauorable.

(6)

Lo here þis Eorlle and Due of Burgoyne boþe,
   Oon of þe douspiers and deen of Fraunce,
   Howe fortune gan his prosparite to looþe,
   And made him putte his lyff in suche balaunce
   Þat him navayled kyn nor allyaunce,
   Þat for his mourder he mortherd was and slayne,
Of whos deth þErmynakes were fayne.

(7)

Þis Duc of Yrland, of England Chaumburleyn,  [p. 361
   Which in plesaunce so he ledde his lyff,
Tyl fortune of his welthe hade disdeyn,
   Þat causeles he parted was frome his wyff,
   Which grounde was of gret debate and stryff,
And his destruccjon, if I shal not lye,
   For banned he was, and did in meschef dye.

23 with (2)] om. H.  28 he in parice H] themferys A.  31 it
was om. T.A.  33 and that H.  42 the Armynakes H.  44 he
edde H.  46 Margin A ; loomceren.  49 bourned A.  
dlanned H.
38. HORNS AWAY.

[MS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 53 to 54, back].

Here gynneth a Dyte of Womenhis Hornys

(1)

Beauty is the gift of God and Nature only.

No counterfeit is worth aught.

Off God and kynde procedith al bewte;
Craft may shewe a foreyn apparence,
But nature ay must haue the souerynte.

Thyng countirfeet hath noon existence.

Tween gold and gossomer is greet dyfference;
Trew metall requeryth noon alay;
Vnto purpos by cleer experyence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh hornys wer away.

(2)

Ryche attyres of stony and perre,
Charbonclys, rubyes of moost excellence,
Shewe in dirknesse lyght where so they be,
By 1 ther natural hevenly influence.

Doublettys of glas yeve a gret eyvudence,
Thyng cou?iterfeet wol faylen at assay;
On this mater concludyng in sentence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.

(3)

Aleyn remembreth—his compleynt who lyst see,
In his book of fiamous eloquence—

MSS. Laud Misc. 683, leaves 53-54, back = L; Harley 2255, leaves 6-7 = H; Harley 2251, leaf 13, back = h; Adda. 34360, leaf 73 = A; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4, 12, leaves 84–85 = C; Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 27, back, to 29 = J; Bodley Ashmole 59, leaf 33, back, to leaf 34, back = S; Leydon Univ. Voss. 9 = L. Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3, 19, leaves 206–207 = T; Rawlinson C. 86, leaves 88, back, to 89, back = R.

Title. Here foloweth nowe a moral balade withe Refrayde if hornes were awaye bytwene nature and beavte &c. by Lidgate.

Horns Away.

Clad all in flowers and blosmes of a tre
He saugh Nature in hir moost excellence,
Vpon hir hed a kerche[f] of Valence,
Noon other richesse of counterfet array:
Texemplyfie by kyndely provydence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh horns wer away.

(4)

Famous poetis of antyquyte,
In Grece and Troye renomed of prudence,
Wrot of Queen Heleyne and Penolope,
Of Pollycene, with hir chast innocence;
For wyves trefwe calle Lucrece to presence;
That they wer faire ther can no man saye nay;
Kynde wrouht hem with so gret dylygence,
Ther beute kouth, hornys wer cast away.

(5)

Clerkys recorde, by gret auctoryte,
Hornes wer yove to bestys ffor dyffence—
A thyng contrarie to femynyte,
To be maad sturdy of resystence.
But arche wives, egre in ther vyolence,
Fers as tygre ffor to make affray,
They haue despit, and ageyn concyence,
Lyst nat of pryde, ther horns cast away.

Lenvoye.

Noble pryncessis, this litel schort dyte,
Rudely compyled, lat it be noon offence

Noble ladies, set the example,

663
To your womanly mercyfull pyte,
    Though it be rad in your audyence;
    Peyded euery thyng in your iust aduertence,
So it be noon dyspleaunce to your pay,
    Vynder support of your pacyence,
Yeveth example hornes to cast away.

(7)
Grettest of vertues ys humylyte,
    As Salamon seith, sonne of sapyence,
Most was accepted onto the Deyte;
    Taketh heed herof, yeveth to his wordis credence,
How Maria, which hadde a premynence
Above alle women, in Bedlem whan she lay,
    At Crystys birthe no cloth of gret dispence,
She wered a kouercheef, hornes wer cast away.

(8)
Off birthe she was hihest of degre,
    To whom alle angellis dyd obeydence,
Of Dauid-is lyne wich sprang out of Iesse;
    In whom alle vertues by iust convenyence,
Maad stable in God by goostly confydeence,
This rose of Iericho, ther greuh non suych in May,
    Pore in spirit, parfit in pacyence,
In whom alle hornes of pride wer put away.

(9)
Modyr of Ihesu, myrour of chastyte,
    In woord nor thouht that neuere dyd offence,
Trewe examplire of virgynyte,
    Hed-spryng and welle of parfit contynence,

43 wommanly full and gret pitee S. 44 Line tr. with 47 S.
45 euery] ech H J S. iust] moste S. 48 paughe nyce habyle-
mentsz were put awey S. to putte R. 49 vertues] birth S R. is
nowe ins. S. 50 but if it be sapience S. 51 And moste
accepts was S. was moost J T. 52 to his wordis] here to R.
to thys word C J H. to these wordes T. and give yee ful
54 in Bedlem] om. S R. whane [at S. 55 in clope of lyte
dispace sic S. 56 hir hornes R S. 57 Stanza 8 om. S R.
60 vertue is C. 61 of] in J. growth C. 62 in the ins. J.
65 Moder of chastitee moder of alle pitee S. 66 transposed with.
67 S. thouht] dede S. did neuer R S. 68 Hedespring of welle of passing contynence S.
Lydgate's Letter to Gloucester.

Was neuer clerk by rethoryk nor scyence
Koude alle hir vertues reherse on-to this day;
Noble pryncessis, of meek benyvolence,
Be example of hir your hornes cast away.

Explicit.

39. LYDGATE'S LETTER TO GLOUCESTER.

[B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 45, back, to 47].

(1)

Ifht myhty prynce, and it be your wille, \[leaf 45, back\]

Mighty prince,

Condescende leiser for to take,

kindly read

To seen the content of this litil bille,

my petition,

Which whan I wrot, myn hand I felte quake.

My purse is

Tokne of momnyng, weryd clothys blake,

in a bad way,

Cause my purs was falle in gret rerage,

Lynyng outward, his guttys wer out shake,

Oonly for lak of plate and of coignage.

(2)

I souhte leechys for a restoratif,

In whom I fond no consolacioun,

Appotecaryes for a confortatif,

Drage nor dya was noon in Bury toun;

There's no

Botme of his stomak was tournyd vp-so-douro,

drug for it

A laxatif did hym so gret outrage,

in Bury,

Made hym slendre by a consumpciouw,

Oonly for lak of plate and of coignage.


Titles. This is the letter that daun John Lidgate Monke of Bury sent to Humfrey duke of Gloucester for mony for making of Bochas P. Lidera missina domini Iohannis Lidgate ad dominum Gloucestric Lyl. 3 the content] thentent h A. 4 felt I A h. 5 I wered P Ah. clothis werid L. 6 Caused A h. 7 his] the P. 10 counsaile A h. 11 To apoticiary h A. 16 of (2)] om. h.
There's no gold ship with red sails. All the coins are stranded.

Ship was ther noon, nor seilis reed of hewe,
The wynd froward to make hem ther to londe,
The flood was passyd, and sodeynly of newe,
A lowh ground-ebbe was faste by the stronde;
No maryneer durste take on honde,
To caste an ankir for streightnesse of passage,
The custom skars as folk may vndirstonde,
Oonly for lak of plate and of coignage.

Nothing from the Tower mint.

Ther was no tokne sent douw from the Tour,
As any gossomer the countirpeys was liht;
A ffretyng etyk causyd his langour
By a cotidian whi[ch] heeld hym day and nyht;

Sol and Luna were eclypsyd of ther liht,
Ther was no cros, nor preent of no visage,
His lynyng dirk, ther wer no platys briht,
Oonly for lak and scarsete of coignage.

Harde to likke hony out of a marbil stoon,
For ther is nouthir licour nor moisture;
An ernest grote, whan it is dronke and goon,
Bargeyn of marchauntys, stant in aventure;

Off indigence, our stuff leyd in morgage.

But ye, my Lord, may al our soor recure,
With a receyt of plate and of coignage.

Gold, the cordial, is what's needed,
Plate of briht metal, yeivith a mery souw,
In Boklerys-bury is noon such letuary.

Gold is a cordial, gladdest confeccioun,
A-geyn etiques of oold consumpcioun,
\textbf{Aurum potabile} for folk ferre ronne in age,
In quynt-essence best restauracions
With siluer plate, enprentyd with coignage.

\[ \text{Lenvoye.} \]

(7)
O seely bille, why art thu nat ashamyd,
So malapertly to shewe out thy constreynt?
But pouert hath so nyh thy tonne attamyd
That \textit{nicihil habet} is cause of thy compleynt.
A drye tisyk makith oold men ful feynt;
Reediest weye to renewe ther corage,
Is a fresh dragge, of no spycis meynt,
But of a briht plate, enpreentyd with coignage.

(8)
Thu mayst afferme, as for thyn excus,
Thy bareyn soyl is sool and solitarey;
Of cros nor pyl ther is no reclus,
Preent nor impressious in al thy seyntuarye.
To conclude breefly, and nat tarye,
Ther is no noyse herd in thyn hermytage,
God sende soone a gladdere letuarye
With a cleer soura of plate and of coignage.

\textbf{Explicit quod Lydgate.}

\textit{LYDGATE, M.P.—II.}
40. THE MUMMING AT BISHOPSWOOD.

[MS. Bodl. Ashmole 59, leaves 62–64.]

1 Nowe here nexst folowyng ys made a balade by Lydegate, sente by a porsyvant to þe Shirreves of London, accompanied with þeire breþerne vpon Mayes daye at Busshopes wod, at an honorable dyner, eche of hem bringginge his dysshe. ¹ [leaf 62]

(1)

Mighty Flourra, goddes of fresshe floures,
Whiche closed hast þe soyle in lousty grene,
Made buddes springe with þir swote showres
By influence of þe sonne ² so sheene;
To do plesaunce of entent ful clene
Vn-to þestates whoche þat nowe sitte here,
Hæþe Veere dovne sent þir owen doughter dere,

(2)

Making þe vertue þat dured in þe roote,
Called of clerkes þe vertue vegytable,
For to trascende, moste holsome and moste swoote,
In-to þe crope, þis saysoun so greable.
Þe bawmy lykour is so comendable
Þat it reioype with þe fresshe moysture
Man, beeste, and foole, and every creature

(3)

Whiche hæþe repressed, swaged, and bore dovne
Þe grevous constreinte of þe frostes hoore;
And caused foolis, for ioye of þis saysoune,
To cheese þeire makes þane by natures loore,
With al gladnesse þeire courage to restore,
Sitting on bowes fresshly nowe to synge
Veere for to salue at hir home comynge;

(4)

Ful pleaþly meninge in þeire ermony
Wynter is goone, whiche did hem gret payne,
The Mumming at Bishopswood.

And with þeire swoote sugre melodye,
    Thanking Nature þeire godesse souereyne
    þat þey noe have no mater to compleyne,
Hem for to proygne every morwenyng
With lousy gladnesse at Phæbus vprysinge.

(5)
And to declare þe hye magnifysence
    Howe Vere inbringeþe al felicytee,
Affter wynters mighty vyolence
    Avoydinge stormys of al adversyte;
For sheo hape brought al prosperitee
To alle þestates of þis regyoun
At hir comynge to-fore youre hye renoun:

(6)
To þe mighty prynces þe palme of þeire victorie;
    And til knighthode nowe sheo doþe presente
Noblesse in armes, lawde, honnour, & glorie;
    Pees to þe people in al hir best entente,
With grace and mercy fully to consente
    þat provydence of hye discressioun
Avoyde descorde and al devysyoun.

(7)
Wynter shal passe of lievynesse and trouble,
    Flowres shal springe of perfite charite,
In hertes þere shal be no meninge double,
    Buddes shal [blosme] of trouþe and vnytee,
Pleinly for to exyyle duplicytee,
Lorde to regne in þeire noble puissance,
    þe people obeye with feythful obeysaunce.

(8)
Of alle estates þere shal beo oone ymage,
    And prynces first shal occupye þe hede,
And prudent iuges, to correcte outrages,
    Shal trespassours const[r]eynen vnder drede,
þat innosentes in þeire lowlyhede
As truwe comvnnes may beo þeire socour,
Truwyly contune in þeire faithful labour.
The Mumming at Bishopswood.

(9)
And by be grace of Oure Lorde Ihesu
Pat Holly Chirche may have parseueraunce,  
Beo faythfull founde in al [vertu],
Mayre, provost, shirreff, eche in his substanse;
And aldremen, whiche haue be governaunce (leaf 63, back)
Over be people by vertue may avayle,
Pat noone oppression beo done to be pourayle.

(10)
Us as be people, of prudent pollycye,
Pryncis of be right shal governe,
Pe Chirche preye, pe iuges iustefye,
And knighthode manly and prudently discerne,
Til light of troupe so clerely be lanterne:
Pat rightwysnesse thorughe pis regyoune
Represse be derknesse of al extorcyone.

(11)
Peos be be tyþinges, wheoche pat Weer hape brought,
Troubles exylinge of wynters rude derknesse;
Wherfore reioye yowe in hert, wille, and thought,
Somer shal folowe to yowe off al gladnesse;
And aþpen sheo is mynstre of iustynesse,
Let hir beo welcome to yowe at hir comyng,
Sith sheo to yowe haþe brought so glad tyþinge.

(12)
Pe noble princesse of moste magnifisence,
Qweene of al ioye, of gladde suffisaunce,
May is nowe comen to Youre Hye Excellence,
Presenting yowe prosperous plesaunce,
Of al welfare moste foulsome haboundance,
As sheo pat haþe vnder hir demayne
Of floures fresshe moste holsome and soueraine.

59 perseveraunce, written again, and something written over
which seems to end in [tu].
The Mumming at Bishopswood.

Lenvoye to alle þestates present.

(13)
þis Princesse hāpe, by favoe of nature, 
Repared ageine þat wynter hāpe so fade, 
And foolish loustely recovre 
þeire lusty notes and þeire enemye glade, 
Reioyssing þaire with many swote odoures, 
And Zepherus with many fresshe [shoures].

(14)
Topyetd fayre, with motleys whyte and rede, 
Alle hilles, pleynes, and lusty bankes grene, 
And made hir bawme to fleete in every mede, 
And fury Tytane shewe oute heos tresses sheene, 
And vppon busses and hawthornes kene, 
þe nightingale with plesant ermony 
Colde wynter stormes nowe sheo doþe defye.

(15)
On Parnoso þe lusty muses nyene, 
Citherra with hir sone nowe dwellis, 
Þis sayson singe and þeire notes tuwyne 
Of poetrye besyde þe cristal wellis; 
Calyope þe dytes of hem tellis, 
And Orpheus with heos stringes sharpe 
Syngeþe a roundell with his temperd herpe.

(16)
Wher-fore to alle estates here present, 
Þis plesant tyme moste of lustynesse, 
May is nowe comen to fore yow of entent 
To bringe yowe alle to ioye and fresshnesse, 
Prosparitee, welfare, and al gladnesse, 
And al þat may Youre Hyennesse qweeme and pleese, 
In any parte or doone youre hertes eese.
41. **A MUMMING AT ELTHAM.**


Loo here begynnepe a balade made by daun Iohn Lidgate at Eltham in Cristmasse, for a monyng tofore pe kyng and pe Qwene.

---

Bacchus, which is god of pe glade vyne, Iuno and Ceres, acorded alle peos three, Thorughe þeyre power, which þat is devyne,
Sende nowe þeyre gifftes vn-to Your Magestee:
Wyne, whete and oyle by marchandes þat here be,
Wheeche represent vn-to Youre Hye Noblesse
Pees with youre lieges, plente and gladnesse.

---

For þeos gifftes pleynly to descryve,
Wheche in hem-self designe al souffisaunce:
Pees is betokened by þe grene olyve;
In whete and oyle is foulsome haboundaunce;
Wheche to Youre Hyenesse for to do plesaunce,
þey represente nowe to Houre Hye Noblesse,
Pees with youre lieges, plentee with gladnesse.

---

Ysaak, be patryark ful olde,
Gaf his blessing with his gifftes three
Vn-to Iacobe; in Scripture it is tolde,
Genesis yee may hit reede and see.
And semblabully þe Hooly Trynytee,
Your staate blessing, sent to Youre Hye Noblesse
Pees with youre lieges, plente with gladnesse.

---

In þe olyve He sendeþe to yowe pees,
Ye Lord of Lordes, þat lordshipeþe euery sterre,

---

The collations of this and the following mummings are here given from MS. B.M. Adds. 28729, leaves 132, back, to 145, back = A (a copy by Jonn Stow of the MS. above printed). 14 with and A. 16 Ū]of A (G struck through). 23 lorshipe A.
A Mumming at Eltham.

And in youre rebelles, wheche beon now reklesse,
He stint shal of Mars be cruvel werre;
And pane youre renoun shal shyne in londes ferre
Of youre two reavmes, graunting to Your Noblesse
Pees with youre lieges, plentee and gladnesse.

(5)
For Mars pat is moaste furyous and woode,
Causer of stryff and desobeyssaunce,
Shal cesse his malice; and God pat is so goode,
Of vnytee shal sende al souffysaunce.
He ioyne pe hertes of England and of Fraunce,
Bassent of boo\[e sent to your Hye Noblesse
Pees with youre lieges, plentee with gladnesse.

(6)
Juno pat is goddesse of al tresore,
Sende eke hir gyfftes to your estate royal:
Laude of knight-hoode, victorie and honnour,
Ageyns mescreantes in actes marcyal—
For Crystes feyth yee enhaunce shal;
Repeyre ageyne, and regne in Your Noblesse—,
Pees with youre lieges, plentee and gladnesse.

(7)
And al pis whyle Ceres, goddesse of corne,
Shal where yee ryde mynistre you victayle;
Provvydence, hir sustre, goo byforne
And provyde, soo pat no thing ne fayle;
Bachus also, pat may so miche avayle:
Alle of acorde present to Your Noblesse
Pees with youre lieges, plentee with gladnesse.

(8)
Pis God, pis Goddesse, of entent ful goode,
In goodely wyse also peyre gyftes dresse
To youwe, Pryncesse, borne of Saint Lowys blood;
Frome youwe avoyding al sorowe, al hevynesse,
Frome yeere to yeere in verry sikrenesse;
To you presenting, yif youwe list aduerte,
Ay by encreesee ioye and gladnesse of hert.
A Mumming at Eltham.

(9)

Yey wol peyre gyfftes with you and youre dwelle

Pees, vnytee, plente and haboundaunce,
So pat Fortune may hem not repelle,
Ner hem remuwe thorugh hir varyaunce;

Graunting also perseueraunt constaunce;

To you presenting, yif yowe list aduerte,
Ay by encresse ioye and gladnesse of hert.

(10)

To Youre Hyenesse poy gif be fresshe olyve,

By pess texyle awaye al hevynesse;

Prosparytee [eeke] during al your lyve.

And Iuno sent you moost excellent ricchesse,

Loue of al people, grounded in stablenesse.

With pis [reff(r)ete, yif yowe list] aduerte,

Ay by [encresse ioye and gladnesse of hert.]

(11)

Ceres also sent foulsomnesse,

Frome yeere to yeere in your court tabyde.

Aduersyte shal þer noon manase,

But care and sorowe for ever sette asyde,

Happe, helthe and grace chosen to be youre guyde.

And with al pis present, yif yee aduerte,

Ay beo encresse, ioye [and] gladnesse of hert.

Lenvoie.

(12)

Prynce excellent, of your benignytee,

Take þe pees gyfftes, sent to your Hye Noblesse,

Vis hyege feest frome þeos yche three:

Pees with youre lieges, plente with gladdnesse,

As Bacus, Iuno and Ceres bere witnesse.

To you, Pryncesse, also, yif yee aduerte,

Ay beo encresse, ioye [and] gladnesse of hert.

69-70 supplied from A (leaf torn in T) by Stow from some other MS.

76 yif ye] give A. ffinis A.
42. A MUMMING AT HERTFORD.


1 Nowe folowepe here pe maner of a bille by wey of supplicacion putte to pe kyng holding his noble feest of Cristmasse in pe Castel of Hertford as in a disguysing of pe rude vpplandisshe people compleynyng on hir wyves, with pe boystous aunswere of hir wyves, devysed by Lydegate at pe request of pe Countre Roullour Brys slayne at Loviers.

Moost noble Prynce, with support of Your Grace
Ver beon entred in-to youre royal place,
And late e-comen in-to youre castell,
Youre poure lieges, wheche lyke no-thing weel;
Nowe in pe vigyle of pis nuwe yeere
Certeyne sweynes ful [froward of ther chere]
of entent comen, [fallen on ther kne],
For to compleyne vn-to Yuoure Magestee
Vpon pe mescheef of gret aduersyte,
Vpon pe trouble and pe cruwelte
Which pat pey haue endured in peyre lyves
By pe felensose of peyre fierce wyves;
Which is a tourment verray importable,
A bonde of sorowe, a knott vnremuwable.
For whoo is bounde or locked in maryage,
Yif he beo olde, he fallepe in dotage.
And yong[e] folkes, of peyre lymes sklendre,
Grene and lusty, and of brawne but tendre,
Phylosophres callen in suche aage
A chylde to wyve, a woodnesse or a raage.
For pey affermpe pe is noon eorpely stryff
May beo compared to wedding of a wyff,
And who pat euer stondepe in pe cas,
He with his rebecke may sing ful offt ellas!

6–7 words supplied from A (copied by Stow after first transcript, probably from some other MS.). 11 endued A. 14 vuneri-able sic A.
Hobb the Reeve has a dreadful time with Beatrice Bittersweet.

She drinks, and doesn’t get him his dinner,

and poor Robin can’t say a word.

Colin Cobbler fares no better.

Cecely Sour-cheer never

Lyke as þesos hyynes, here stonding oon by oon,
He may with hem vpon þe daunce goon,
Leorne þe traas, boþe at even and morowe,
Of Karycantowe in tourment and in sorowe;
Weyle þe whyle, ellas! þat he was borne.

For Obbe þe Reeve, þat goøe heere al to-forne,
He pleyneþe sore his mariaghe is not meete,
For his wyff, Beauntryce Bittsweete,
Cast vpon him an hougly cheer ful rowghe,
Whane he komeþe home ful wery frome þe ploughe,
With hungry stomake deed and paale of cheere,
The hope to fynde redy his dynier;
Yanne sitteþe Beauntryce bolling at þe nale,
As she þat gyveþe of him no maner tale;
For she al day, with hir iowsy nolle,
Hathe for þe collyk pouped in þe bolle,
And for heed aache with pepir and gyngere
Dronk dolled ale to make hir throte cleer;
And komeþe hir home, whane hit draweþe to eve,
And þanne Robyn, þe cely poure Reeve,
Fynde noone amendes of harome ne damage,
But leene growell, and souþeþe colde potage;
And of his wyf hafe noone oþer cheer
But cockcrowertes vn-to his souþer.
Yis is his servyce sitting at þe borde,
And cely Robyn, yif he speke a worde,
Beauntryce of him dooþe so lytel rekke,
þat with hir distaff she hitteþe him in þe nekke,
For a medecyne to chawf with his bloode;
With suche a metyerde she hape shape him an hoode.

And Colyn Cobeller, folowing his felawe,
Hæþe hade his part of þe same lawe;
For by þe feyth þat þe preost him gaf,
His wyff hæþe taught him to pleyne at þe staff;
Hir quarter-strooke were so large and rounde
þat on his rigge þe towche was alwey founde.

Cecely Sour-Chere, his owen precyous spouse,
Kowde him reheete whane he came to house;
A Mumming at Hertford.

Yif he ought spake whanne he felt[e] peyne,
Ageyn eon worde, always he hade twayne
Sheo quytt him euer, þer was no thing to seeche,
Six for eon of worde and strookes eeche.
þer was no meen bytweene hem for to goone;
What euer he wan, clowting olde shoone
Pe wykday, pleynly þis is no tale,
She wolde on Sondayes drynk it at þe nale.
His part was noon, he sayde not onys nay;
Hit is no game but an hernest play,
For lack of wit a man his wyf to greeve.
þeos housbondemen, who-so wolde hem leewe,
Koude yif þey dourst telle in audyence
What foloweþ þer of wyves to doone ofence ;
Is noon so olde ne ry veld on hir face,
Wit tong or staff but þat she dare manase.
Mabyle, God hir sauve and blesse,
Koude yif hir list bere here of witnesse :
Wordea, strookes vnhaappe, and harde grace
With sharp[e] nayles kracching in þe face.
I mene þus, whane þe distaff is brooke,
With þeyre fistes wyves wol be wrooke.
Blessed þoo men þat cane in suche ofence
Meekly souffre, take al in paceynce,
Tendure suche wyffly purgatorye.
Heven for þeyre meede, to regne þer in glorye,
God graunt al housbandes þat beon in þis place,
To wynne so heven for His hooly grace.
Nexst in ordre, þis bochier stoute and bolde
Þat killed hape bulles and boores olde,
Þis Berthilmewe, for al his broode knyff,
Yit durst he neuer with his sturdy wyff,
In no mater holde chaumpartye ;
And if he did, sheo wolde anoon defye
His pompe, his pryde, with a sterne thought,
And sodeynly setten him at nought.
Þoughe his bely were rounded lyche an ooke
She wolde not fayle to gyf þe first[e] strooke;
For proud Pernelle, lyche a chaumpyoun,
Wolde leve hir puddinges in a gret caudroun,
Suffre hem boylle, and taake of hem noon heede, 104
But with hir skumour reeche him on þe heued.
She wolde paye him, and make no delaye,
Bid him goo pleye him a twenty deuel wey.
She was no cowarde founde at suche a neode,
Hir fist ful offt made his cheekis bleed;
What querell euuer þat he agenst hir sette,
She cast hir not to dyen in his dette. 108
[p. 44]
She made no taylle, but qwytt him by and by;
His quarter sowde, she payde him feythfully,
And his waages, with al hir best entent,
She made þer-of noon assignement.
Eeke Thome Tynker with alle hees pannes olde,
And alle þe wyres of Banebury þat he solde—
His styth, his hamour, his bagge portatyf—
Bare vp his arme whane he faught with his wyff.
He fonde for haste no better bokeller
Vpon his cheeke þe distaff came so neer.
Hir name was cleped Tybot Tapister.
To brawl and broyle she nad no maner fer,
To thakke his pilche, stoundemel nowe and þanne,
Thikker þane Thome koude clowten any panne.
Nexst Colle Tyler, ful hevy of his cheer,
Compleyneþe on Phelyce his wyff, þe waferur.
Al his bred with sugre nys not baake,
Yit on his cheekis some-tyme he hape a caake
So hoot and nuwe, or he can taken heede,
Pat his heres glowe verray reede,
For a medecyne whane þe forst is colde,
Making his teethe to ratle, þat beon oolde.
Þis is þe compleynt, þat þeos dotardes oolde
Make on þeyre wyves, þat beon so stoute and bolde.
Þeos holy martirs, preued ful pacyent,
Lowly beseching in al hir best entent,
Vn-to Youre Noble Ryal Magestee
To graunte hem fraunchyse and also liberte,
Sith þey beþe fetird and bounden in maryage,
A sauf-conduyt to sauf him frome damage.
Eeke vnder support of youre hyeghe renoun,
Graunt hem also a proteccyoun;
Conquest of wyves is roane thoroughge pis lande,
Cleyming of right to haue þe hyyegher hande. [p. 45] 144
But if you list, of youre regallye,
Þe Olde Testament for to modefye,
And þat yee list asselen þeyre request,
Þat þeos poure husbandes might lyf in rest, 148
And þat þeyre wyves in þeyre felle might
Wol medle amonge mercy with þeyre right.
For it came neuer of nature ne raysoun,
A lyonesse toppresse þe lyoun,
Ner a wolfesse, for al hir thyraunye,
Ouer þe wolf to haven þe maystrye.
Þer beon nowe wolfesses moo pane twoo or three,
Þe bookys recorde wheeche þat yonder bee. distaves. 156
Seope to þis mater of mercy and of grace,
And or þeas dotardes parte out of þis place,
Vpon þeyre compleynt to shape remedye,
Or þey beo likly to stande in iupardy.
It is no game with wyves for to pleye,
But for foolis, þat gif no force to deye!

Take þe heed of þaunswer of þe wyves.
Touching þe substance of þis hyyeghe discorde,
We six wyves beon ful of oon acorde, 164
Yif worde and chyding may vs not avaylle,
We wol darrein it in chaumpcloos by bataylle.
Iupart oure right, laate or ellys raathe.
And for oure partye þe worthy Wyff of Bathe 168
Cane shewe statutes moo þan six or 1 seven, 1 Ms. of.
Howe wyves make hir housbandes wynne heven,
Maugre þe feonde and al his vyolence;
For þeyre vertu of parlyte pacyence 172 Wives get their husbands heaven by teaching them patience.
Parteneþe not to wyves nowe-adayes,
Sauf on þeyre housbandes for to make assayes.
Þer pacyence was buryed long agoo, [p. 46]
Gresyldes story recordeþe pleinly soo. 176

157 Soth A. 166 darrein] not clear in A.
A Mumming at Hertford.

It longepe to vs to clappen as a myle,
No counseyle keepe, but þe trouth oute telle;
We beo not borne by hevenly influence

Of oure nature to keepe vs in sylence.
For þis is no doute, everu prudent wyff
Hæþ redy aunswere in al suche maner stryff.
Foughe þeos dotardes with þeyre dokked berdes,
Which strowteþe out as þey were made of herdes,

Haue ageyn hus a gret quarell nowe sette,

I trowe þe bakoun was neuer of hem fette,
Awaye at Dounmowe in þe Pryorye.

Þey weene of vs to haue ay þe maystrye;
Ellas ! þeos foole, let hem aunswere here-to ;
Whoo cane hem wasshe, who can hem wring alsoo ?
Wryng hem, yee, wryng, so als God vs speed,
Til þat some tyhe we make hir nases bleed,
And sowe hir clooþes whane þey beo to-rent,
And clowte hir bakkes til somme of vs beo shent ;
Loo, yit þeos foole, God gyf hem sory chaunce,

Wolde sette hir wyves vnder gouuernaunce,
Make vs to hem for to lowte lowe ;
We knowe to weel þe bent of Iackys bowe.
Al þat we clayme, we clayme it but of right.
Yif þey say nay, let preve it out by flight.

We wil vs grounde not vpon wommanhede.
Fy on hem, cowardes ! When hit komepe to nede,
We clayme maystrye by prescripcyoun,
Be long tytle of successyoun,
Frome wyff to wyff, which we wol not leese.
Men may weel gruchche but þey shal not cheese.
Custume is vs for nature and vsaunce

[p. 47]
To set oure housbandes lyf in gret noysaunce.
Hum belly byseching nowe at oon worde
Vnto oure Liege and Moost Souerein Lord,
Vs to defende of his regallye,

And of his grace susteenen oure partye,
Requeying þe statuyt of olde antiquytee
Pat in youre tyhe it may confermed bee.

184 straweth A. 186 babesnu A. 195 sorowe A. rubric: hard the kynge and gauue A.
A Mumming at Hertford.

681

The king will


[p. 48]


Statuyt vsed by confirmacyoun,
Processe and daate of tyme oute of mynde,
Recorde of cronycles, witnesse of hir kuynde :
Wher-fore þe Kyng wol al þis nexst[e] yeere
Fat wyves fraunchyse stonde hoole and entier,
And þat no man with-stonde it, ne with-drawe,
Til man may fynde some processe oute by lawe,
Fat þey shoulde by nature in þeyre lyves
Haue souerayntee on þeyre prudent wyves,
A thing vnkouþe, which was neuer founde.
Let men be-ware þer-fore or þey beo bounde.
Þe bonde is harde, who-soo þat lookeþe weel ;
Some man were leuer fetterd beon in steel,
Raunsoun might help his peyne to aswaage,
But whoo is wedded lyueþe euer in seruage.

The king will not decide this quarrel here.
He weighs the woes of husbands against the vested rights of wives.
For next year, then, wives shall be masters.
But beware not to be locked up in wedlock.
And I knowe noother nowher fer ner neer
Man þat was gladde to bynde him prysonier,
þoughe þat his prysoun, his castell, or his holde
Wer depeynted with assure or with golde.

Explicit.

43. A MUMMING AT LONDON.


Lo here filoweþe þe deuyse of a desguysing to fore þe
gret estates of þis lande, þane being at London,
made by Lidegate Daun Iohan, þe Munk of Bury.
of Dame Fortune, Dame Prudence, Dame Rightwyss-
nesse and Dame Fortitudo. beholdeþe, for it is
moral, plesaunt and notable. Loo, first komeþe
in Dame Fortune.

Loo here þis lady þat yee may see,
Lady of mutabilytee,
Which þat called is Fortune,
For seelde in oon she doope contune.
For as shee hape a double face,
Right so euery houre and space
She chaungeþe hir condycyouns,
Ay ful of transmutacyouns.
Lyche as þe Romans of þe Roose
descryveþe hir, with-outen glose,
And telleþe pleyne, howe þat she
Hape hir dwelling in þe see,
Ioynynge to a bareyne roche.
And on þat oon syde doope aproche
A lytel mountaygne lyke an yle;
Vpon which lande some whyle
þer growen fresshe floures nuwe,
Woner lusty of þeyre huwe,
Dyuers trees, with fruyte elade.
And briddes, with þeyre notes glaade,
A Mumming at London.

Pat singen and maken melodye;
In þeyre hevenly hermonye
Somme sing on hye, and some lowe.
And Zepherns þeer doophe eekë blowe
With his smoope, attempree ayre.
He makeþ þe wedër clerë and fayre
And þe sesoun ful of grace.
But sodeynly, in lytel space,
Vpon þis place mooste ryal
Þer comþe a wawe and for-dooþe al.
First þe freshe floures glade
On þeyre stalkes he doþe faade.
To þeyre beautee he doþe wrong ;
And þanne farweel þe briddles song.
Braunche and boughe of euery tree
She robbeþ hem of hir beautee,
Leef and blossomes downe þey falle.
And in þat place she haþe an halle,
Departed and wonder desgyseen.
Frome þat oon syde, yee may see,
Ceryously wrought, for þe noones,
Of golde, of syluer, and of stoones,
Whos richesse may not be tolde.
But þat oþer syde of þat hoolde
Is ebylt in ougly wyse,
And ruynous, for to devyse ;
Daubed of clay is þat doungeoun,
Ay in poynt to falle adoun.
Þat oon fayre by apparence,
And þat oþer in existence
Shaken with wyndes, rayne and hayle.
And sodeynly þer doophe assayle
A raage floode þat mancyoun,
And ouerfloweþe it vp and doun.
Her is no reskous, ner obstacle
Of þis ladyes habytacle.
And as hir hous is ay vnstable,
Right so hir self is deceyuable :
In oo poynt she is neuer elyche ;

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
A Mumming at London.

Pis day she makepe a man al ryche
And thorughe hir mutabilytee
Castepe him to morowe in pouertee.
Ye prodest she can gyve a fal:
She made Alexander wynnen al,
Pat noman him with stonde dare,
And caste him dovne, er he was ware.
So did sheo Sesar Iulius:
She made him first victorius,
Yaughe to do weel sheo beo ful loope;
Of a bakers sonne, in soope,
She made him a mighty emperour,
And hool of Roome was gouernour,
Maugrey þe Senaat and al þeyre might;
But whanne þe sonne shoone mooste bright
Of his tryumpe, fer and neer,
And he was corouned with laurier,
Unwarly thorughe hir mortal lawe
With bodekyns he was eslawe
At þe Capitoyle in Consistorye,
Loo, affter al his gret victorye.
See, howe þis lady can appalle
þe noblesse of þeos prynces alle.
She haþe two tonnys in hir celler;
Þat oon is ful of pyment cler,
Confeit with sugre and spycies swoote
And manny 1 deleytable roote.
But þis is yit þe worst of alle:
Þat oþer tonne is ful of galle;
Whoo taasteþe oon, þer is noon oþer,
He moste taaste eke of þat toþer.
Whos sodeyne chaunges beon not sofft,
For nowe sheo can reyse oon aloft,
Frome lowghe estate til hye degree.
In olde storyes yee may see
Estates chaunge, whoo takeþe keepe.
For oon Gyges, þat kepte sheepe,
Sheo made, by vertu of a ring,
For to be made a worpy kynge;
And by fals mourdre, I dare expresse,
A Mummimg at London.

He came to al his worthynesse—
Moost odyous of alle things.
And Cresus, richest eke of kynges,
Was so surquydous in his pryde,
Yet he wende, vpon noo syde
Noon eorpely thing might him pertourbe,
Nor his ryal estate distourbe.
Til on a night a dreme he mette,
Howe Iuvo in pe ayre him sette
And Iubiter, he vnderstandes,
Gaf him water vn-to his handes,
And Phebus heeld him pe towayle.
But of pis dreme pe devynayle
His doughter gane to specefye,
And fer to-forne to prophesye,
Whiche called [was] Leryopee.
Sheo sayde, he shoulde an hanged bee;
Pis was hir exposicyoun.
Loo, howe his pruyde was brought adovne.
And alle peos chaunges, yif pey beo sought,
Pis fals lady ha pe hem wrought,
Avaled with peyre sodeyne showres
Pe worpyynesse of conquerroures.
Reede of poetes pe comedyes ;
And in dyuers tragedyes
Yee shal by lamentacyouns
Fynden peyre destruccyouns—
A thousande moo pean I can telle—,
In-to mescheef howe pey felle
Dovne frome hir wheel, on see and lande.
Per-fore, hir malys to withstande,
Hir pompe, hir surquydye, hir pryde,
Yif she wol a whyle abyde,
Foure ladyes shall come heer anoon,
Which shal hir power ouergoone,
And pe malys eeke oppresse
Of pis blynde, fals goddesse,
Yif sheo beo hardy in pis place
Oonys for to shewe hir double face.
Nowe komepe here pe first lady of pe foure, Dame Prudence.

Loo, heer pis lady in youre presence
Of poetis called is Dame Prudence,
Ye which with hir mirrour bright,
By ye pourveyaunce of hir foresight
And hir myrrour, called providence,
Is strong to make resistence
In hir foresight, as it is right,
Ageyn Fortune and al hir might.
For Senec seype, who pat can see,
Pat Prudence hafe eyeghen three,
Specyally in hir lookynges
To considre three maner thinges,
Alweyes by goode avysement:
Things passed and eekte present,
And thinges aftey pat shal falle.
And she mot looke first of alle,
And doon hir inwarde besy peyne,
Things present for to ordeyne
Avysely on eueri syde,
And future thinges for to provyde,
Ye thinges passed in substaunce
For to haue in remembraunce.
And who pus doope, I say pat hee
Verrayly hafe yegehen three
Comitted vn-to his diffence,
Ye truwe myrrour of prouydence.
Yane pis lady is his guyde,
Him to defende on eueri syde
Ageyns Fortune goode and peruerse
And al hir power for to reuerse.
For fraunchysed and [at] liberte,
Frome hir power to goo free,
Stonde alle folkes, in sentence
Wheech beon gouerned by Prudence.
A Mumming at London.

Nowe shewepe hir heer pe seconde lady, Dame
Rigwysnesse.

Seohe here pis lady, Rightwysnesse.
Of alle vertues she is pryncesse,
For by pe scales of hir balaunces
Sheo sette hem alle in gouuernances.
She puttepe asyde, it is no dreede,
Frenship, fauour and al kyns meede.

Love and drede she settepe at nought,
For rightful doome may not beo bought.
And Rightwysnesse, who can espye,
Haþe neþer hande ner yeghe.
She loste hir hande ful yore agoone,
For she rescyeueþe gyftes noone,
Noþer of freonde, neþer of foo.
And she haþe lost hir sight al-soo,
For of right sheo doþe provyde,
Nought for to looke on neþer syde,
To hyeghe estate, ner lowe degree,
But doþe to boþen al equytee,
And makeþe noon excepcyon
To neþer part, but of raysoun.
And for þe pourpos of þis mater
Of a iuge yee shal heere,
Which neuer his lyff of entent
Per passed no iugement
By his lippes of falsnesse ;
Of whome þe story doþe expresse,
After his deeþe, by acontes cleer,
More þane three hundreþe yeer,
His body, as is made mencyoun,
Was tourned vn-to corrupteþoun,
Þe story telleþe, it is no dreed ;
But lyche a roos, swoote and reed,
Mouþe and lippes werne yfounde,
Nought corrupte, but hoole and sounde.
For trouth is, þat he did expresse
In alle hees doomes of rithwysnesse.

[176 Righteousness next.
[178 all hines ende sic A. 183 thor agone A. 190 boden A.]
For pis lady with peos balaunce
Was with him of acqweyntaunce,
Which him made in his ententys
To gyf alle rightwyse iugementis.
Where fore pis lady, which yee heer see
With hir balances of equytee,
Hape pe scaalis honged soo,
Pat she hape no thing to doo
Neuer with Fortunes doublenesse.
For euer in oon stant Rightwysnesse,
Nowher moeving too ne froo
In no thing pat she hape to doo.

Loo, heer komepe in nowe pe thridde lady, called Fortitudo.

Takepe heede, pis fayre lady, loo,
Ycalled is Fortitudo,
Whame philosophres by peyre sentence
Ar wonte to creepe Magnyfysence.
And Fortitudo sopely sheo hight,
Ageyns alle vyces for to fight,
Confermed as by surtee
Ageynst all aduersytee.
In signe wher of sheo berepe a swerde,
Pat sheo of no thing is aferd.
For comune profit also she,
Of verray magnanymyte,
Thinges gret doope vnderfonge,
Taking enpryses, wheeche beon stronge.
And moost sheo doope hir power preove
A communaltye for to releve,
Namely vpon a grounde of trouthe;
Panne in hir per is no slouthe
For to maynteyne pe goode comune.
And alle passautes of fortune,
Of verray stidfastnesse of thought
Alle hir chaunges she sette at nought.
For pis vertu magnyfycence
Thorough hir mighty excellence
She armed þeos philosophres oolde,
Of worldely thing þat þey nought tolde
Reorde vpon Dyogenes,
On Plato and on Socrates.
She made Cypion of Cartage
To vnderfongen in his aage
For comune proufyte things gret ;
And for no dreed list not leet,
Ageynst Roome, þat mighty tovne,
For to defende his regyoun.
Sheo made Hector for his cytee
To spare for noon aduersytee,
But, as a mighty chaumpyoun,
In þe defence of Troyes toun
To dye with-outen feer or dreed.
And þus pis lady, who takeþe heed,
Makiþe hir chaumpyoun[e]s strong,
Paraylous things to vnderfong,
Til þat þey þeyre pourpos fyne.
Reorde of þe worthy nyen,
Of oþer eek þat weere but late,
I 1 meene prynces of latter date.
Herry þe Fyfft, I dare say soo,
He might beo tolde for oon of þoo ;
Empryses wheeche þat were bygonne
He lefft not til þey weere wonne.
And I suppose, and yowe list see,
Þat þees ladyes alle three
Wer of his counseyle doutelesse,
Force, Prudence and Rightwysnesse.
Of þeos three he tooke his roote,
To putte Fortune vnder foote.
And sith þis lady, in vertu strong,
Sousteneþe trouthe, and doþe not wrong,
Late hir nowe, to more and lasse,
Be welcome to yowe þis Cristmasse.
And peos edoone, komepe inne pe feorpe lady, cleped Dame Feyre and Wyse Attemperaunce.

Pis feorpe lady þat yee seon heer,
Humble, debonayre and sadde of cheer,
Ycalled is Attemperaunce;
To sette al thing in gouernaunce
And for hir sustres to provyde,
Vyces alle shal circumsyde,
And setten hem in stabulnesse.
With hir Cousin Soburnesse
She shal frome vyces hem restreyne
And in vertu holde hir reyne,
And þer-inne gyf hem libertee,
Eschuwing alle dishonestee;
And hem enfourmen by prudence,
For to haue pacycence,
Lownesse and humlylytee,
And pruyde specyally to flee.
Contynence frome gloutonye,
Eschuwe deshoneste compaignye,
Fleen þe dees and þe taverne,
And in soburnesse hem gouverne;
With hert al þat euer þey can,
In vertu loven euery man;
Sey þe best ay of entent:
Whoo þat seyþe weel, doþe not repent.
Detraction and gloutony,
Voyde hem frome þy companye
And al rancoure sette asuyde.
Be not to hasty, but euer abyde,
Specyally to doone vengeaunce;
In aboode is no repentaunce.
And in vertu whoo is þus sette,
Þanne beo þeos sustres weel ymette;
And sooþely, if it beo discerned,
Who by þeos foure is þus gouuerned—
Þus I mene: þat by Prudence
He haue þe myrrour of Provydence.
A Mumming at Windsor.

For to consider thinges alle,
Naamely parylles, or þey falle—
And who þat haue by gouuernance
Of Rightwysnesse þe ballaunce,
And strongly holde in his diffence
þe swerd of hir Magnyfycence:
Yee been assured frome al meschaunce,
Namely whanne þat Attemperaunce
Hir sustre gouuernene þe al three.
Frome Fortune yee may þane go free,
Booþe alwey in hert and thought.
Whyle yee beo soo, ne dreed hir nought,
But avoydeþe hir acqweyntaunce
For hir double varyaunce,
And fleoþe oute of hir companye
And alle þat been of hir allye.
And yee foure susters, gladde of cheer,
Shoule abyde here al þis yeer
In þis housholde at libertee;
And ioye and al prosparytee
With yowe to housholde yee shoule bring.
And yee all foure shal nowe sing
With al youre hoole hert entiere
Some nuwe songe aboute þe fuyre,
Suche oon as you lykkeþe best;
Lat Fortune go pley hir wher hir list. Explicit.

44. A MUMMING AT WINDSOR.


Nowe foloweþe nexst þe devyse of a momyng to fore
þe Kyng Henry þe Sixst, being in his Castell of
Wyndesore, þe fest of his Crystmasse holding þer,
made by Lidegate daun Iohn, þe Munk of Bury;
howe þampull and þe froure delaþ came first to þe
tynges of Fraunce by myrkale at Reynes. [p. 71]
A Mumming at Windsor.

(1)

Most noble Prince,

Mooste noble Prynce of Cristen prynces alle,
To Youru Hyeghnesse lat hit beo plesaunce,
In youre presence men may to mynde calle,

you may be pleased to recall how France was converted,

Howe þat whylom oure worthy reavme of Fraunce
Conuerted was frome þeyre mescreaunce,
Whane þe Lord of Lordes caste a sight
Vpon youru lande and made His grace alight.

(2)

in Clovis time,

For in þe heghe, hevenly consistorye,
Be ful acorde of þe Trynitée,
As in cronycles maked is memorye,

His eyeghe of mercy caste on Cloudovee,
Shadde His grace of goostely influence
Towards þat kyng, having his aduertence,

(3)

through St. Clotilda.

Þat he shoulde passe frome paganymes lawe
By prescyence, which þat is devyne,
His hert al hoolly and him self withdrowe
Frome his ydooles, and alle hees rytes fyne,
Whane hevenly grace did vpon him shyne,
By meene oonly and by devoute preyer
Of Saint Clouste, moost goodly and entier.

(4)

Her devotion saved France,

Hir hertely loue, hir meditacyouns,
Hir wacche, hir fasting and hir parfyt lyf,
Hir stedfast hoope, hir hooly orysouns,

Causing þe lawe, moost souerein of vertue
To sprede abroode of oure Lord Ihesu.

(5)

when the angel presented to the hermit

Hir meryte caused and hir parfit entent,

Whane þat an aungel was frome heven sent
Vn to an hermyte, of parfyt lyf in deed,

5 mestraunce sic A.
A Mumming at Windsor.

A sheld of azure, moost souerein by devys,
And in þe feelde of golde three floure delys.

(6)
At Ioye en Vale, with-oute more obstacle,
Fel al þis cas, where þaungel doune alight,
A place notable, chosen by myracle,
Which thorughe al Fraunce shadde his bemys light.
God of his grace caste on þat place a sight,
For to þat reavme in passing avauntage
In þilke vale was sette þat hermytage.

(7)
Al þis came in, whoo-so list to seen,
I dare afferme it with-oute any dreed,
By parfytnesse of þe hooly qweene,
Saynte Cloote, floure of wommanheed.
What euer she spake, acordant was þe deed:
I mene it pus, þat worde and werke were oon;
It is no wonder, for wymmen soo beon echoon.

(8)
Hir hoolynesse Fraunce did enlumyne
And Crystes fayth gretly magnefye.
Loo what grace doeþe in wymmen shyne,
Whas assuraunce noman may denye.
To seye pleyne trouth nys no flaterye;
But stabulnesse in wymmen for to fynde,
Deemeþe youre selff wher it komeþe hem of kynde.

(9)
For thorughe meeknesse, yif it be aduerted,
Of Saynte Cloote, and thorugh hir hyeghe prudence,
Kyng Cloudovee was to oure feyth convertiad.
In hir þer was so entier diligence,
Fully devoyde of slouthe and neeglygence,
Ne stynt nought, til þat hir lord haþe take
þe feyth of Cryst and his errour forsake.

(10)
þis made, þe kyng þat Crystes feyth tooke,
For he was booþe manly and rightwys,

54 Whas] was A.
A Mumming at Windsor.

The king took the three fleurs-de-lys for his device.

The golden ampulla, brought from heaven by a dove, from which the king was anointed.

Ye three crepaudes pis noble kyng forsooke, And in his sheelde he bare thre floure delys, Sent frome heven, a tresore of gret prys; After at Reynes, þe story telleþ þus, Baptysed lowly of Saint Remigius.

(11)

Vlampolle of golde a colver brought adovne, With which he was, þis hooly kyng, ennoynt. Gret prees þer was standing envyroun, For to beholde þe kyng frome poynþ to poynþ. For where as he stooede, in gret desioynt, First a paynyrae, by baptyme anoon right Was so conuerted, and bekame Crystes knight.

(12)

is still kept at Rheims.

At Reynes yit þat hooly vnccyoun Conserued is for a remembraunce, And of coustume, by reuolucyoun Of God provyded, with due observaunce, Tannoynte of coustume kynges wheeche in Fraunce Ioustely succeede, þe story doope vs leere; Of which Sixst Henry, þat nowe sitteþ here,

(13)

Henry VI shall soon receive it.

Right soone shal, with Goddes hooly grace, As he is borne by successyoun, Be weel rescuyed in þe same place And by vertu of þat vnccyoun Atteyne in knighthoode vn-to ful hye renoun, Resceyve his coroune, he and his successours, By tytle of right, lyche hees progenytours.

(14)

Nowe, Royal Braunche, O Blood of Saint Lowys, So lyke it nowe to ſｙ Magnyfycence, ſｙat þe story of þe flour delys May here be shewed in þyne heghe presence, And þat þy noble, royal Excellence Lyst to supporte, here sitting in þy see, Right as it fell þis myracle to see.

78 yt[ ] ther A.
45. A MUMMING FOR THE MERCERS OF LONDON.


1 And nowe filowe[e a lettre made in wyse of balade by Daun Iohan, brought by a poursuyaunt in wyse of mommers desguysed to fore þe Mayre of London, Eastfeld, vpon þe twelffe þe night of Cristmasse, ordyned ryallych by þe worthy merciers, cite-seyyns of London.

(1)

Moost mighty Lord, ]ubyt[e þe Greet,
Whos mansyoun is ouer þe sonnes beem, Frome þens þat Phæbus with his feruent heet Reflecteþe his light vpon þe swyff streeme
Of Eufrates towards Jerusalem,
Dovne coosteyng, as bookys maken mynde, By Lybys landes, thorughhe Ethyope and Ynde;

(2)

Conveyed dovne, where Mars in Cyrrea
Hāpe bylt his paleys vpon þe sondes rede, And she, Venus, called Cytherrea,
On Parnaso, with Pallas ful of drede;
And Parseus with his furyous steede
Smote on þe roche where þe Muses dwelle,
Til þer sprange vp al sodeynly a welle,

(3)

Called þe welle of Calyope,
Mooste auctorysed amonage þeþe Cyryens—;
Of which þe poëtes þat dwelle in þat cuntree,
And oper famous rethorycyens,
And þat þat cleped beon musycyens,
Ar wont to drynk of þat hoolsome welle,
Which þat alle oper in vertu dooþe excelle—;

Rubric: And nowe] om. A.  Marinalia as in T. 4 swyfte A. 6 costynge A.
Bacus is cleped god of wyne and
Thagus is a ryver of which by gravelles
and by sandes been of golde.
Tulius a poete and a rethorisyen of Rome.
Macrobye an olde philosofer.
Ovyde and Virgilius weren olde poetes, but oon of Rome, but oper of Naples afore be tyme of Cryst.
Fraunceys Petrark was a poete of Florence.
Bocas and Dante with inne bis hundbred yeare; and bey were called laureate for bey were coroned with laurer in token bat bey excelled oper in poetyre. Poetes feynen bat be gret god Iubiter came downe from heven for to rausisse a kynges douther cleped Europa, after whame alle be cuntreyes of Europ bære be name.

Where Bacus dwelleþe besydes þe ryver
Of rych Thagus, þe grauellys alle of gold,
Which gyeþe a light agens þe sonne clere,
So freshe, so sheene, þat hit may not beo tolde;
Where Bellona hære bylt a stately hoolde—
In al þis worlde, I trowe, þer is noon lyche—
Of harde magnetis and dyamandes ryche:—

And of þat welle drank some tyme Tulius
And Macrobye, ful famous of prudence;
Ovyde also, and eek Virgilius,
And Fraunceys Petrark, myrour of eloquence;
Johan Bocas also, flouring in sapynce.
Thorough þat sugred bawme aureate
Yey called weren poetes laureate.—

Oute of Surrye, by many straunge stronde,
Yis Iubiter hære his lettres sent,
Thorough oute Europe, where he did lande,
And frome þe heven came dovnþ of entent,
To ravisshe shortly in sentement
Fayre Europe, mooste renommed of fame,
After whame yit al Europe bære þe name.

And thorough Egype his poursuyant is comme,
Dovne descendid by þe Rede See,
And hære also his right wy nomme
Thorough the valeye of þe Drye Tree
By Flomme Iordan, coosteyng þe cuntree,
Where Iacob passed whylome with his staff,
Taking his shippe, to seylen at poort Iaff.

And so forþe downe his iourney can devyse,
In Aquarye whane Phebus shoon ful sheene,
Forþe by passing þe gret gulff of Venys; And sayled forþe soo al þe ryver of Geene;
In which see regneþe þe mighty qweene,
A Mumming for the Mercers of London.

Called Cyrses, goddesse of waters salte,
Where nymphes syng, hir honnour to exalte.

(9)
And þer he saughe, as he gan approche,
With inne a boote a fissher drawe his nette
On þe right syde of a crystal rooche;
Fisshe was þer noon, for þe draught was lette.
And on þoon syde þer were lettres sette
þat sayde in Frenshe þis raysoun: Grande travayle;
þis aunswere nexst in ordre: Nulle avayle.

(10)
þanne seyling forþe bysyde many a rokk,
He gane ful fast for to haaste him dovne
Thoroughe þe daunger and streytes of Marrokk,
Passing þe parayllous currant of Arragoun;
So foorþe by Spaygne goyng envyroun, 
þoroughe out þe Raas and rokkes of Bretaygne,
þe Brettysshe see til þat he did atteyne

(11)
Thoroughe þilk sakk, called of Poortland;
And towandes Caleys holding his passage,
Lefft Godwyn sandes, by grace of Goddes hand—
Havyng his wynde to his avauntage,
þe weder cleer, þe stormes lefft hir raage—
Entryng þe see of Brutes Albyon,
Nowe called Themse thoroughe al þis regyon.

(12)
And in a ffeeld, þat droughe in to þe eest,
Besyde an ylande, he saughe a shippe vnlude
Which hade sayled ful fer towarde þe West;
þe caban peynted with floures freshe and glaade
And lettres Frenshe, þat feynt nyl ne faade:
Taunt haut e bas que homme soyt,
Tous tóures regraceyer dieux doyt.

(13)
And in a boote on þat oper syde
Anoþer fissher droughe his nette also,
698

A Mumming for the Goldsmiths of London.

Neptunus is also a goddesse of the see
Ful of gret fishe (Neptunus was his guyde),
With so gret plente, he nyst what til do.
And þer were lettres enbroded not fer froo,
Ful fresshly wryten þis worde: grande payne;

(14)

Þe noble yllande, where he saughe þis sight,
Gaf vn-to him a demonstracion,
Taught him also by þe Poolys light,
He was not fer frome Londones tovne.
And with a floode þe pursuyaunt came downe,
Left þe water, and at Themys stronde,
With owte aboode, in haaste he came to lande,

(15)

Where certayne vessels nowe by þe anker ryde. [p. 173]
Hem to refresshe and to taken ayr,
Certein estates, whiche purveye and provyde
For to vysyte and seen þe noble Mayr
Of þis cytee and maken þeyre repayr
To his presence, or þat þey firþer flitte,
Vnder supporte, þat he wol hem admytte.

From Egypt to London, Jupiter's herald has come to gladden the noble Mayor.

46. A MUMMING FOR THE GOLDSMITHS OF LONDON.


And newe filowe þe a lettre made in wyse of balade by Lelegate Daun Iohan, of a mommyng, whiche þe goldesmythes of þe Cite of London mommed in right fresshe and costele welych desguyysing to þeyre Mayre Eestfeld, vpon Candelmas day at nyght, after souper; brought and presented vn to þe Mayre by an heraude, cleped Fortune. [p. 178]

Rubric in A: Here folowythe a letter made by Iohan Lidgat for a momanyng, whiche þe goldesmythes of londun showyd before Estfyl þe mayr on Condylmas day at nyght. this letar was presentyd by an harold calld fortune.
A Mumming for the Goldsmiths of London.

(1)

Pat worpy David, which pat slouge Golye,
Je first kyng pat sprang oute of Jesse,
Of God echosen, je bookes specefeye,
By Samuel sette in his royal see,
With twelve trybus is comen to pis citee,
Brought royal gyfftes, kyngly him taquyte,
Je noble Mayre to seen and to vysyte.

(2)

Je first trybe, je Byble cane well telle,
Is called Iuda, je hardy, strong lyoun.
Fro whos kynrede—for hit did excelle—

Crystal lyneally he came adowne,
Which lyche David was je chaumpyoun

Je slouge je tyrant, to gete him-self a prysse,
Man to restore ageyne to Paradys.

(3)

Je noble Dauid, moost mighty and moost goode,
Is noe deseended in his estate royal
With alle je trybus of Iacobus blood,

For to presenten in especial

Id ENT pat beon bope hevenly and moral,

Apperteyning vn-to good gouuernaunce,
Vn-to je Mayre for to doo plesaunce.

(4)

Frome his citee of Iherusalem
He is come dovne of humble wille and thought ;
Je arke of God, bright as je sonne beeme,
In-to pis tovne he hape goodeley brought,
Which designeje, if hit be wel sought,
Grace and goode eure and long prosperitee
Perpetually to byde in pis cytee.

(5)

O yee Levytes, whych bere pis lorde arke,
Dooje youre devoyre with hevenly armony
Je gret misterye deouutely for to marke,
With laude and prys je Lord to magnefye ;
Of oon acorde sheweje your melodye,
A Mumming for the Goldsmiths of London.

Syenge be for ioye, pat be arke is sent
Nowe to be Mayre with hoole and truwe entent.

(6)
Whylome pis arke, abyding in be hous
Of Ebdomadon, brought in ful gret ioye;
For in effect it was more gracyous
Yanne euer was Palladyone of Troye.
Hit did gret gladnesse and hit did accoye
Things contrarye and al aduersytee.
Effect per-of, whane Dauid did see,

(7)
And fully knowe, howe God list for to blesse
Thorouge his vertu and his mighty grace,
Pat of gladdnesse pey might nothing mysse—
Wher hit abode any maner space,
God of His might halowed so pe place—
Wherfore Kyng Dauid, by gret deuocioun,
Maade of pis arke a fyrre translacion

(8)
In-to his hous and his palays royal,
Brought by pe Levytes with gret solempnytee;
And he him-self in especyal
Daunsed and sang of gret humylyte,
And ful deuoutely lefft his ryaltee,
With Ephod gyrt, lyche preestis of pe lawe,
To gyf ensaumple howe pryde shoulde be withdrawe

(9)
In yche estate, who list be trouthe serche,
And to exclude al veyne ambycyoun,
Specyally fro mynistres of pe Chirche,
To whome hit longebe by deucyoun,
To serve God with hool deffeccyoun
And afforne him mynistre in clennesse,
Bensaumple of Dauid for al his worpynesse.

(10)
Nowe ryse vp, Lord, in-to py resting place,
Aark of pyne hooly halowed mansyoun,
A Mumming for the Goldsmiths of London.

You aark of wisdome, of vertu and of grace,
    Keepe and defende in þy proteccion
Ye Meyre, þe citeseyns, þe comunes of þis tovne,
Called in cronycles whylome Nuwe Troye,
Graunte hem plente, vertu, honnour and ioye.

(11)
And for þat meeknesse is a vertu feyre,
    Worpy David, with kyngly excellencce,
In goodely wyse hae made his repayre,
    O noble Mayre, vn-to youre presence,
And to youre hyeghnesse with freondly dilygence
Þis presande brought, oonly for þe best,
Perpetuelly þis tovne to sette at rest,

(12)
Of purpoos put þis aark to youre depoos,
    With good entent, to make youre hert light;
And þoo three thinges, which þer inne beo cloos,
    Shal gif to yowe konnyng, grace and might,
For to gouuerne with wisdome, pees and right
Þis noble cytee, and lawes suche ordeyne,
Þat no man shal haue cause for to compleyne.

(13)
A wrytt with-inn shal vn-to you declare
    And in effect pleynly specefye,
Where yee shal punysshe and where as yee shal spare,
    And howe þat Mercy shal Rygour modefye.
And youre estate al-so to magnefye,
Þis aark of God, to make you gracyous,
Shal stille abyde with you in youre hous.

(14)
For whyles it bydepe stille in youre presence,
    Ye hyeghe Lord shal blesse booþe yowe and youres,
Of grace, of fortune sende yowe influence
    And of vertue alle þe fresshe floures;
And of aduersytee voyde awey þe shoures,
Sette pees and rest, welfare and vnytee
Duryng youre tyme thorough-oute þis cytee.
47, 48. A DIETARY, AND A DOCTRINE FOR PESTILENCE.¹

[MS. B.M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 85, back, to 88.]

[A DOCTRINE FOR PESTILENCE.]

(1)

Who will been holle & kepe hym from sekenesse¹
And resiste the strok of pestilence,
Lat hym be glad, & voide al hevynesse,
Flee wikkyd heires, eschew the presence.
Off infect placys, causyng the violence;
Dryrak good wyn, & holsum meetis take,
Smelle swote thyng[es] & for his deffence
Walk in cleene heir, eschew[e] mystis blake.

(2)

With voide stomak outward the nat dresse.
Risyng erly, with fyr have assistence,
Delite in gardeyns for ther gret swetnesse,
To be weele claad do thi dilygence.
Keep welle thi-silf from incontynence,
In stiwes, bathis, no soiour that thou make,
Opnyng of humours this doth gret offence,
Walke in cleene heir, eschewe mystis blake.

(3)

Ete nat gret flessh for no greedynesse,
And fro frutes hold thyn abstynence,
Poletis & chekenys for ther tendirnesse
Ete hem with sauce, and spar nat for dispence,
Verious, vynegre, & thynfluence
Of holsum spices, I dar vndirtake,
The morwe sleep, callid gyldene in sentence,
Gretly helpith ayeen the mystis blake.

¹ Usually occurring in MSS. separately, but in the version here printed, combined, with additional stanzas, perhaps genuine. For the numerous MSS. see Vol. I. Pertinent collations are given here from MS. Leyden Un. Voss. 9, leaves 98–101 = V, and Univ. Coll. Oxf. C. 60, leaves 378–380 = O. 1–24 om. O.
[THE DIETARY.]

(4)
For helthe of body keep fro cold thyn hed,
   Ete no rawe mete, take good heed herto,
Drynk holsom wyn, feede the on lyht bred,
   With an appetite ryse from thi mete also,
   With women aged flesshly have na a do,
Vpon thy sleep drynk neyur of thi cuppe,
   Glad toward bedde and at morwe, bothe too,
   And vse nevir late for to suppe.

(5)
Leveyn bred, the past itempred cleene,
   And weel decoct made of good whete flour,
Day & half old in tast it shal be seene,
   And eschew excesse of labour.
   Walk in gardeyns sote of ther savour,
   Temperatly, and take also good keep,
   Gorge vpon gorge is cause of gret langour,
   And in especial flee meridian sleep.

(6)
In thi drynkis put cleene sawge & rewe,
   Bothe be good & holsom of natur,
And phisik seith, the rose flour-is dewe,
   And Ypocras recordith in scriptur
   Good wyn is holsom to euery creatur
Take in mesur, with v. addiciouns,
   Strong, fressh, & cold, off tarage, & verdur,
Most comendid a-mong al naciouns.

(7)
Shortly for helth vse this pollicie :
   Voide awey al surfete & excesse,
Abstynence ageyns glotonye,
   Reer sopers & froward drousk[e]nesse,
Gapyng, yixnyng, & noddyng hevynesse,
Embassetours afforn sent for the best,
   Nase Routyng, slombryng & ydilnesse,
Bit agid men betymes go to rest.

Keep your head covered, be temperate, don't drink before sleep or sup late.
Eat good bread.
Don't overwork. Walk in gardens. Don't sleep at noon.
Sage and rue are good in drink.
Void all surfeltes.
A Dietary, and a Doctrine for Pestilence.

(8)
Overeating causes all the trouble.
A repleet stomak causith gret damage,
Gronyng, grucchyng, walkyng at mydnyth,
Bothe in folkiis old & yong of age;
A litill sopeer at morwe makith men liht,
Ther be thre lechees consarue a manys myht,
First a glad hert, he carith lite or nouht,
Temperat diet, holsom for every wiht,
And best of all, for no thyng take no thouht.

(9)
Care a-way is a good drug.
Care a-way is a good medycyne,
Digest afoirn, preparat with gladnesse,
An holsom dia distylyng from the vyn
Of Bachus gardeyn corages to redresse, 1, MS. &.
Aurum potabile, in hoot or cold seekenesse,
Hard to be bouht for folk in poverte,
Watir growell, wacheth of grennesse,
Abatith the brennyng of ther infirmyte.

(10)
Overeating causes too much phlegm.
Greedi souper & drynkyng late at eve
Causith of flewme gret superfluyte;
Colre adjust doth the stomak greve,
Malencolik a froward gest, parde!
Off mykil or litel cometh al infirmyte,
Attween thes too for lak of governaunce,
Dryve out a mene, excesse or scarsete,
Set thi botaill vpon temperaunce.

(11)
I mene as thus, for any froward delite
Yiff ther falle a lust of fals excesse,
That wold agrotye thi natural appetite,
Thi digestioun with surfetis to oppresse,
Of hoot or colde, be war that non accesse
Nor vncouth agew vnwarely the assaile,
Moderat diet ageyns al seekenesse,
Is best phisicien to mesur thyn entraile.

(12)
All this processe conclusidh vp[on] tyme,
Temperat diet kyndly digestioun,
The golden sleep braidyng vpon pryme,
    Naturall appetite abydyng his sesoun,
    Foode accordyng to the complexioun,
    Stondyng on iiij, fiewme or malencolie,
    Sangney colre so conveid bi resoun,
    Voidyng al trouble of froward maladie.

(13)

And yiff so be leechis doth the faile,
    Than take good heed to vse thynges thre,
    Temperat diet, temperat travaile,
    Nat malencolius for non adversite,
    Meke in trouble, glad in pouerte,
    Riche with litel, content with suffisaunce,
    Nevir grucchyng, mery lik thi degre,
    Yiff phisik lak, make this thi gouernance.

(14)

To euery tale soone yif not credence,¹
    Be nat to hasty nor sodeynli vengeable,
To poore folk do no violence,
    Curteis of language, of fedyng mesurable,
    On sondry metis not gredy atte table,
    In feedyng gentil, prudent in daliaunce,
    Cloos of tungge, of word nat deceivable,
    To sei the best set alwey thi plesaunce.

(15)

Have in hate mouthis that be double,
    Suffre at thi table no detraccioun ;
Have despite of folk that sow[e] trouble
    Of fals rounners & adulacions,
    Withynne thi coort suffre no division,
    Which in thyn housold shal cause gret encrece,
    Of al weelfare, prosperite, & foioun
    With thi neihbore live in rest & pes.

(16)

Be clenly claad aftir thyn estat,
    Passe nat thi boundis, keep thi promys blive,
With thre² folk be nat at debate,³ MS. thec.
    First with thi bettir be war for to stryve,
Ageyn thi felaw no quarell do contryve,

100 malicious O. 101 in al trouble V.
A Dietary, and a Doctrine for Pestilence.

With thi soget to fihten it were shame,
Wher[for] I counsel purswe al thi lyve
To live in pes & gete the a good name. 128

Fire night and morning.

Fire at morwe & toward bed at eve,
Ageyn mystis blake & heir of pestilence,
Be-tyme at messe thou shalt the bettir cheeve,
First at thi risyng to God do reverence,
Visite the poore with enteer diligence,
On al nedy have pite & compassioun,
And God shal sende the grace & influence
The tenchrece, & thi possessioun. 136

Prayers.

Suffre no surfetis in thyn hous at nyht,
War of rer sopers & of gret excesse,
Of noddyng hedis & of candil liht,
Off slouthe on morwe, & slombrynge ydilnesse,
Which of al vices is cheeff port[e]resse,
Voide al dronklew[e] liers & letchours,
Of all vnthryft exile the cheeff maistresse,
That is to say dees pleiers & hasardours. 144

Charity.

Aftir mete bewar, make no sleepe,
Hed, foote & stomak preserve ay from colde,
Be nat to pensiff, of thouht take no keepe,
Aftir thi rent mayntene thyn housold. 148

Beware of dissipation.

Suffir in tyme, in thi riht be bold,
Swer non othis, no man to be-gyle,
In youthe be lust[i], sad whan thou art old,
No wordly ioie lastith her but a while. 162

No sleep after meals.

Dyne nat at morwe before thyn appetite,
Cleeer heir & walkyng makith good digestioun,
Tween mele drysk nat for no froward delite,
But thrust or travail geve the occasioun,
Over salt metis do gret oppressioun
To feeble stomakis whan thei can nat refreyn
For thynges contrarie to ther complexioun,
Off gredy handis the stomak hath gret peyn. 160

Never swear falsely.

Clear air and walks aid digestion.
Do not drink between meals.
Over-salt meats are harmful.

134 pile de] om. O. 141 cheeff] close V. 141 no long
sleep O. 188 the[ ] men V.
Duodecim Abusiones.

(21)

Thus in too thyngis stondith al the welthe
Of sowle & bodi, who so list hem sewe,
Moderat foode yeueth to man his helthe,
And all surfetis doth fro hym remewe,
And charite to the sowle is dewe;
This receiht bouht is of non appotecarie,
Off Maister Antony, nor of Maister Hewe;
To all indifferent richest dietarie!

Explicit.

49. DUODECIM ABUSIONES.

[From Wynkyn de Worde's first print of The Temple of Glas.]

Rex sine sapiencia. Episcopws sine doctrina.
Dominas sine consilio. Mulier sine castitate.
Miles sine probitate. Iudex sine iusticia.
Diues sine elemosina. Populus sine lege.
Senex sine religione. Seruus sine timore.
Pauper superbus. Adolescens sine obediencia.

(1)

Goo forth, Kyng, reule the by sapyence;
Bysshop, be able to mynystre doctryne;
Lord, to treu councyele yeue audyence;
Womanhed, to chastyte euer enclyne;
Knyght, let thy dedes worshyp determyne;
Be rightuous, Iuge, in sauyng [of] thy name;
Ryche, doo almes, lest thou lese blys with shame.

(2)

People, obeye your kyng and the lawe;
Age, be thou ruled by good religyon;
True Seruaunt, be dredfull & kepe the vnder awe,
And thou, Poure, fye on presumpeyon;
Inobedyence to yongth is vtter destructcyon,
Remembre you how God hath sette you, lo!
And doo your parte, as ye ar ordeynd to.
50. FOUR THINGS THAT MAKE A MAN A FOOL, AND OTHER SAYINGS OF DAN IOHAN.


I. A saying of Daun Iohan.

Per beope foure thinges pat makeb man a fool.
Honnour first putebje him in oultrage
And aldernexst solytarye and sool.
Ye secound is vnweldy crooked aage,
Wymmen also bring men in dotage,
And mighty wyne in many dyuers wyse
Distempren folk wheche beon holden wyse.

Per beon foure thinges causing gret folye.
Honnour first and vnweldy aage;
Wymmen and wyne, I dare eeke specfye,
Make wyse men fallen in dotage
Wherfore, by counseyle of phylosofres saage,
In gret honnour, lerne bis of me,
With pyne estate haue humylytee.

II. Proverbe.

Subtilis duplicitas Italicorum
Manufesta luxuria Theothonicorum
Frentosa duricies Ispanorum
Effrenata superbia Gallicorum
Rara ffidelitas Anglicorum

Dictum de Senioribus.

Italici viliant Lombardes weymenten
Theotonici clamant Duchemen cryen
Gallici cantant Frenshmen singen
Anglici jubilant And Englissmen ioyessen

I. Copied in Adda. 29729, leaf 132, and in Stow’s Chaucer, 1561, fol. 332, back.
II. Copied in Adda. 29729, leaf 132.
and Other Sayings of Dan Iohan.

III. Another Version of the Four Things.

Quatuor infatuant, honor, etas, femina, vinum.

Worship, women, wyne, vnweldy age
Maken men to fonne for lakke of ther resoun;
Elde causeth dulnesse and dotage;
Worship causeth chaunge of condiciouw;
Excesse of wyne blyndeth discrecioun;
And bookes alle, that poetes wroot and radde,
Seyn women moste maken men to madde.

[Ye wilbe shent, Dane Iohan Lidgate
for your triew seyeng. MS.
Adds. 34360, see below.]

IV. On Worldly Worship.

Worldly worship is ioye transitory,
Vnsure assuraunce, highnes declinable,
Vaynegloryous gladnes, flater proditory,
Disceynt disceyvous ful dissymulable,
To mannys soule moste preiudiciable,
In whiche who hym most surely assurith
In most vnsuerte perilously endurith.

Verbum Magistri I. Lidgate.

quasi honor mundi.
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

V. Balade de Bone Counselye.

Yif hit befalle, pat God pee list visyte
With any tourment or aduersytee,
Thank first pe Lord ; and, py-self to qwyte,
Vpon souffraunce and humlytee
Founde pou py qwarell, whateuer pat it be.
Make py defence,—and pou shalt haue no losse—
Pe remembraunce of Cryst and of His Crosse.

51. THE KINGS OF ENGLAND SITHEN WILLIAM CONQUEROR.

(A REVISED VERSION, WITH STANZAS ALSO FOR EARLIER KINGS.)

[MS. B.M. Harley 372, leaves 51-53, back.]

From tyme of Brute, auctours do specefye,
Two hundrid & fowr & twenty be succession
Kynges regned, til tyme pe monarchie
Deuouht Alfrede took pocession,
To Hooly Chirche which had gret deuocion
In . vj. parties his goodes dide deuyde,
Regned . xxixyeer is beried at Hyde.

Next in ordre bi succession
Edward seniour, his sone, crownyd kyng,
Which toward God had gret deuocion,
Repared chirches of newe and old byldyng,
Large in exspence, Argus in iustifying,
Four & twenty yer he bar his crown in deede,
Beried at Seynt Swythynes, pe cronycle ye may reede.

V. Also copied in Adds. 29729, leaf 132, back, and in Stow's Chaucer, 1561.
51. Lines 1-105 in Harl. 372 only.
Aftyr this Edward, be trewe enheritance
His sone Athelstan was crownyd, as I fynde,
Whoso noble fame put in remembrance
Of Mydilton and Mechelneye the abbeys byldyng,
Gaf greet pocessions to chirches as maad is mynde,
Ful. xvj* yeer reygnd, & had good rest,
At Malmysbury list buried in his chest.

His brothre Edmond, whan Ethelstan was ded,
Be riht title þe crowne took on hed,
Contynwed vj. yeer in sorouh & gret trauayl,
Lyncoln, Notyngham, Leycetyr to his avail
Gat bi conquest, mawgre the Danys myhtily;
Cronycle[s] witnesse, is buried at Glastonbury.

Aftyr Edmond, as seith myn auctour,
His brothir Edreed to make allyaunce,
Regned . ix. yeer, bar gret fauour,
& for gracious gostly gouernaunce
In his deying, as maad is remembrance,
Heryng Seynt Dunstan aungelis song on hih,
Edreed restith in pesable memory.

Next to Edreed regned Kyng Edwyne
Straunge of condicions, as bookys speceffye,
Sone to Edmond descendyns doun be lyne,
Exiled Seyn Dunstan of furyous tyraunye,
The . vij* kyng sith gan the monarchye;
Bar the Crown fully . iiij yeer
Buried at Wynchestr, þus seith the Cronycleer.

Brothir to Edwyne was Edgar, as I reede,
At whoos birth aungellys with melodious song
Song on hih, as auctours write in deede,
"Bi the birthe of Edgar pees be you among,"
In tyme of Dunstan, bore to Yngelond,
Regned . xvj* yeer, riht enherytour,
Buried at Glastonbury as seith myn auctour.
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

(8)

Kyd Edward.
Next peaseable Edgar regned his son Edward,
   Be trewe title get in mariage,
His stepmodyr, to hym ful froward,
   Wolde haue prefferrid hir sone of tendre age,
   Did hir cure in werk & eek language,
Regned . iiiij. yeer as cronycles determyne,
At Shafftysbury lith buried in his shryne.

Kyd Egelreid.
Aftyr kyng & martir Edward did succede
   Egelredus breeffly to expresse,
xxviiiyeer bar his crown in deede,
   Lik as cronycles clerly ber witness,
Lith at Westmenstyr, lyued ay in gret distresse,
   Aftrer the prophecye of Seyn Dunstan, as I reed,
Deth for moordre fynally was his meed.

Kyd Edmond.
Aftyr þe deth, as maad is mynde,
   Of Egelredus fil greet dyvision,
   Lordis purposid to destroye þat kynde ;
   The Londonerys, hauy[ng] contrary disposicion
   With summe estatis which of discression
Took his sone Edmond with therynside
Excludyng Knute to regne did hym prouyde.

Kyd Knute.
Aftyr Edmond Knute took þe monarchye
Regned . xix. yeer, bar gret fauour,
   A Dane of byrthe, exiled al the lye
   Of his predecessours þat noon enheritour,
   In this region shulde be successour :
   The lond consentying to hym be flaterye,
Lithe at Wynchestre in þe old monastery.

Harald Harfoot.
Harald Harfoot, aftyr Knute was ded,
   V. yeer regnyd bi succession ;
With besy trauaille the crown bar on his hed,
   In greet contraversye took pocession
   Of his reem, as maad is mention ;
His brothre spyryng þe crowne to possede,
Buried at Westmynster, þe cronycle ye may reed.
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

(13)

Hardekanut, wondyrful vengable,
Of his regne deyde þe second yeer,
Ageyn nature as tirant vntretabere
Reysed þe body, as seith the Cronycleer,
Of his brothre thoruh extort poweer,
Throwh it in Tempse; at Westmenster buryed was,
Afftyr in þe chyrch-yeerd of Danys so stood þe cas.

(14)

Of Egelredus retournyth ageyn þe lyne
Blissed Edward entrith trewe enherytour
xxiiij* yeer as mayde & pure virgyne,
Bar þe crowne, regned & had grete labour,
To his suggettis releef and cheef socour,
Lith at Westmenster in his noble shryne,
Werkyng myracles thoruh grace þat is dyuyne.

(15)

Duk Harald afftyr this was kyng,
Regned a while in gret glorye,
Boold and hardy, wyly in werkyng,
Had greet fortune, tyl out of Normandy
Cam William Conquerour with a fair meynye,
Mette in þe feeld & to-gidre ranne,
Woundid to þe deth, buried at Waltham.

(16)

This myghti William Duk of Normandie,¹
As bookis olde make mencion,
Bi iust title and bi his chyualrie
Maad kyng bi conquest of Brutis Albion,
Put out Haralde, took possession,
Bar his crown ful xxj yeer,
Buried at Cane, thus seith þe cronycleer.

(17)

Nexte in ordre bi successsion
William Rufus his son, crownyd kyng,
Which to Godward had no deuocion,
Destroied cherchis of newe & olde beeldyng
To make a forest plesant for huntyng,

Here collated only with MS. B.M. Lansdowne 699, leaves 79–80, back = L 108 and bi] of L.
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

xiiiij yeer bar his crown in deede,
Buried at Wynchestir, þe cronycle ye may reede. 119

Kyng Herry. j.*
His brothir next, callid þe first Herry,
Was at London crownyd, as I fynde,
Whos brodir Roberd, Duk of Normandy,
Gan hym werreye, the cronycle makith mynde,
Reconciled, al rancour set behynde,
Ful xxxi[ij]\(^1\), bi recorde of writyng,
[Yeres] he regned; buried at Redyng. 126

(19)

Kyng Stevyn.
His cosyn Stephan, whan first Herry was ded,
Toward Ynglond gan to crosse his sail.
Therchebisshopp sett vpon his hed
A rich crown, beyng of his conseil;
xix yeer with soruh and gret travail,
He bar his crown, hadde neuer rest,
At Feuersham lith buried in a chest. 133

(20)

Kyng Herre. ij.\(^*\).
Herry the Second, son of thempersese,
Was crowned next a ful manly knyht
As bookes olde pleyly do expresse,
This forside Herre bi froward force & myht
Slouh Seyn Thomas, for Hooly Cherchis right,
Yeeres . xxxv. regned, as it is made mynde,
At Fount Euerard lith buried as I fynde. 140

(21)

Kyng Richard. j.*.
Richard his son, next bi succession,
First of that name, strong, hardy, & notable,
Was crownyd kyng, callid Cuer de Leon,
With Sarsyn hedys servyd at his table,
Slayn at Chalus\(^1\) bi deth lamentable,
The space regned fully of . ix . yeer,
His hert buried at Rone at hih auter. 147

(22)
The Kings of England sithe William Conqueror.

This londe entirdited bi his gouernaunce,
And as it is put in remembraunce
xviii yeer kyng of this region,
Lith at Wircester deied of poyson.

(23)
Herry the iiijde his sone, of ix yeer age,
Was at Gloucester crowned, as I reed;
Long werr he hadde with his baronage,
Gretly delited in almesse-deed,
lxj yeer he regned heer in deede
Buried at Westmynster, bi record of writyng,
Day of Seynt Edmond, marter, maid, & kyng.

(24)
Edward the First, with the shanks long,
Was after crowned that was so good a knyght,
Wen Scotlond, maugre the Scottis strong,
And all Walys despyt of al ther myht;
Duryng his lyff meyntened trouth <fc riht,
xxxxv yeer he was heer kyng,
Lith at Westmynster this trouth and no lesyng.

(25)
Edward his sone, callid Carnarvan,
Succeeded after to make his alliaunce,
As the cronycle weel reherse can
Weddid the douhtir of the kyng of Fraunce,
On Thomas Lancaster bi deth he took vengaunce;
xix yeer heeulde heer his regalye,
Buried at Gloucestr, bookis specifye.

(26)
The iiijde Edward, born at Wyndesor,
Which in knyhthode had so gret a pris,
Enheritour of Fraunce withoute mor
Bar on his armys quartle iiij flour delis,
And he gat Caleis bi his prudent devis,
Regned in Ynglond ij yeer,
Lith at Westmynstre, thus seith the cronycler.

179 onj in L.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.

3 A
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

(27)

Sone of Prynce Edward, Richard the Second, 
In whos tyme was pes and gret plente, 
Weddid Queen Anne of Bewme, as it is found, 
Isabell aftir of Fraunce, who list see, 
xxij yeer he regned heer, parde; 
At Langley buried first, so stood the cas, 
Aftir to Westmynster his body caried was.

(28)

Herry the iiijte next crowned, in certeyn, 
A famous knyht and of gret seemlynesse, 
From his exil when he cam hoom ageyn, 
Trauailed aftir with werr & gret siknesse; 
xiij yeer he regned, in sothnesse, 
Lith at Cantirbury in that hooly place. 
God of His mercy, do his soule grace.

(29)

The Fifte Herry, of knyhthod lood[estre], 
Wis and riht manly, pleynly to termyne, 
Riht fortunat preevid in pes & werr, 
Gretly expert in marcial disciplyne, 
Able to stonde among the Worthi Nyne! 
Regned x yeer, who so list han rewarde, 
Lith at Westmynster nat ferr fro Seynt Edwarde.

(30)

The Sext Herry, brouht foorth in al vertu, 
Bi iust title, born bi enheritaunce, 
Afforn provided, bi grace of Crist Ihesu, 
To wer too crownys in Yngland & in Fraunce, 
To whom God hath yovyn souereyn suffisaunce 
Of vertuous liff, and chose hym for his knyht, 
Long to reioisshe and regne heer in his riht. 
Explicit.
II.

[A Later Redaction of the Same, by another hand.]

[MS. Bodl. Adds. E. 7 (R.).]

Willelmus Conquestor.¹

The mighty William, Duk of Normandy,
By iust tale and by his cheualry,
As olde bokys to vs makyn mensioun,
Made kyng by conquest of Brutis of Albioun,
Put out Haralde and toke possessioun,
The kyng of Scottis he made his liegeman,
He reigned hier kynge xxj yere,
And at Cane in Normandy buryed ys ther.
He yaf to his oldest son Robert Normandy,
And to his secund son William Englland, truly,
And to his iij de son Harry his goodes mevable,
This was holden both ferme and stable.

William Ruphus.

Then reigned William Rufus his sone,
That was a full sturdy man;
He was lyther and withouten rest,
For he let make a newe forest,
Fifty parish churchis he threwe adowne,
And made wylde, ther bifore was towne;
And that didde his sowle lytell note,
For after ther in he was yshote,
He reigned hier xvij. yere:
And to Winchestre men hi m bere.

Harry ye Furst.

Aftur him reigned sone anothir,
Harry, the Kynges owne brothir.
He made a statute with good rede,
Pat thevis thorough honginge shuld be dede,
A noþer he made anone right,
That monymakers shuld lese her sight,
He tok to wyf, as he wolde,
The kynges daughter of Scotland, Molde,
Of whom he had ij. doughters truly,
Molde y Emperesse, and hur suster Mary.
He reigned hier kynge xxxv yere,  
And to Redynge men hym bere.  

Stephanus ♞ Rex.  
Aftur him, anon forth evyn,  
Then reigned Kyne Stevyn;  
The Eorl's son Bloys he was, truly,  
He weddyd Molde, the daughter of Mary;  
As hit fille in his tyme, y wene.  
In tribulacion leved and teene,  
He reigned kyng hier xvij. yere,  
And to Feurersham in Kent men him bere.  

Harry ♞ Secunde.  
Then reigned Henry, not full wise,  
The son of Molde the Empyrese,  
For in his tyme Seint Thomas,\textsuperscript{1}  
Att Canterbury martired was,  
He helde Rosamounde the Shene,  
Grete sorow hit was to p\textsuperscript{a} Queen;  
Att Wodestoke for hur he made a towre,  
That ys called Rosamoundes Bowre;  
By his wyf he hadd sonnes two,  
Richard the Furst, and Iohn also;  
He reigned kynge xxxvj. yere,  
And buryed at Ponnte Euerard ther.  

Richard ♞ the Furst.  
A[nd] sithen reigned his son Richard,  
A man that neuer was aferde;  
He werryd often tyme, y-wys,  
And ther he faught he hadd p\textsuperscript{a} prise.  
For Coer the Lyon y-called and werred, ywis,  
Worthely ofte on Goddys enmys,  
Sethen was he shote, alas,  
At Castell Gaylard p\textsuperscript{e}r he was.  
He reigned almoste x. yere,  
His herte buryed in Rone at p\textsuperscript{a} high auter.  
Issu forsoth hedde he none,  
Therfor reigned his brothur Iohn.
The Kings of England sitthen William Conqueror.

Harry his first son Prince.

In Iohnes tyme, as y vndyrstonde,
Was enterdyted all Inglonde.
He was ful wrath and ful grime
For prestes wold not singe before him.
In his tyme was lost moche lond, truly,
Of Gascoyn, Gyan, and Normandy.
In his tyme was grete derth
xij$^d$ an halfpeny lof was worth,
Then he swore in ire and sawde,
To fede all Englonde with a spawde,
A monke anone therof herde,
A-for Englonde was sore aferde,
A poysone he ordeyned anone,
And the kyng poysened pat he dyed sone.
He reigned hier xix. yere
And to Worcestur men hym bere.

Aftur hym reigned the iiij$^d$ Harry,
A good man eke and an holy.
In his tyme werryys were ful stronge,
And moche stryf in Englond ;
The batell of Lewys was than,
And also the bataille of Euesham ;
And in hys tyme also ther was
The translacion of Seint Thomas,
In his tyme, as y vnderstonde,
Kom ffrere mynowrs in-to this londe,
He reigned almoste lvj yere,
And to Westmynstre men hym bere.

Edward the Furst.

Edward the Furst then reigned truly ;
The sonne he was of Kyng Henry ;
He conquered all Scotteland,
And toke Irelond in-to his hande,
And was that tyme called conquerour ;—
God gyff his sowle myche honour !
Edward his first son.
The Kings of England, since William Conqueror.
In his time he made subiecte
All Walys, and put hem under yekke;
He beheded the same time
The Prince of Walys, Lewellyne,
Iewis that tyme, with outen dowte,
Off this lande were put owte;
Att Westmynstre he had his buryinge,
xxxv yere he reigned kynge.

Edward the Second.
Aftur hym reigned than his sonne,
The ijde Edward, as was to done.
I-borne he was at Carnervan,
Truly he was a holy man.
Gret vilony suffred he in his tyme,
Thorough Mortymer and the Quene;
For hur love his lyf lost he,
Withyn the Castell of Barcle,
With a hote ieren spit verement,
That put was in-to his fundement,
He reigned almost x. yere,
And to Gloucester men hym bere.

Aftur him the iijde Edward reigned here,
And v. sonnes had, bothe lese and dere,
Furst the kyng didde a gret maistry,
At Scluse he hent a grete navy,
At Cressy he faught agayn,
The Kyng of Beme ther was slayn,
And the Kynge of Fraunce put to flight,
No lenger ther durst he fight.
A sege at Calys before,
That lasted xij moneths and more,
At the bataill of Peyters by Maunce,
Was taken Iohn the Kyng of Fraunce.
At Westmynstr he lyeth ther;
He reigned almost lij. yere.
Richard the iijth.

Thus Richard reigned sone,
Aftur his bels—as was to done,
At x. yere of age crowned was he,
He was a man of grete beaute.
In his tyme the comyns of Kent
Vp arisen, and to London went,
And Savoy thay brent that place,
Which the Duk of Lancastr was,
Thorough evyl counseill wer slayn swelle,
The Duk of Gloucestr and pe Eorle Arundelle.
He reigned hier kyng xxij. yer and more,
And to Langley men him bere,
But in Kyng Henry the Vth tyme,
He was leyd at Westmynstr by his quene.

Thomas Duk of Clarence.

Henry the iiiijth.

Aftur hym reigned anone than,
The iiiijth Harry, a full doughty man,
Att Westmynstr crowned he was,
Thereof all Englond made solas,
In his tyme was a blasyng sterre,
That men might se full ferre;
Att the bataill of Shrewesbury,
Of his enmys he had the victory.
He reigned almost xiiij. yere,
And [to] Canturbury men him bere.

Henry the vth.

Aftur hym reigned his son then,
The vth Henry a full gracious man;
Att his begynning, verement,
He destroyed Lollards and hem shent.
Aftur he made religions at Shene,
Syon, Ierusalem, and eke Bedleme.
The iijde yere he went truly,
And gate Herflete in Normandy;
Att Agyncourt he hadd a bataille, ywys,
Hamward, and ther he had the prise.
The Kings of England sithen William Conqueror.

He toke ther the Duk of Orlyaunce,  
The Duk of Borgoyne and many of Fraunce,  
And then he wan Cane towne,  
Roone and all Normandy sone.  
Also he wan Parys worshipfully,  
And many mo townys with Mews-en-Bry,  
Ther he toke to his quene  
Kateryn the kyng doughter shene,  
Of whom he hadd a son y-bore,  
That ys called Henry of Wyndesore.  
In Fraunce he dyed at Boysvyncent,  
And buryed at Westmynstr in Englond.  

Harry the vi*.

The vi* Harry broght forth in vertu,  
Afore provyded by grace of Crist Ihesu,  
By iust titull borne by enhenritance
To were ij. crownyys in Englond, Fraunce,  
Furst crownyd at Westmynstr þe viij yer after his reigne,  
And sithen crownyd at Parys in substaunce,  
Ryally rescyued for lord and sovereyne,  
A rightfull kynge of England and Fraunce.  
Of whom our Lord hath yeve suffisaunce  
Of vertuos lyve and chose him for his knyght,  
Now Lord him sende suche gouernaunce,  
Long to reiose and regne in his right.  

THE TYTULL OF FRAUNCE.

Phelip the Kyng of Fraunce had issu .iij. sonnes which dyed without yssu and then he hadd a doughtur that hight Isabel which was maried to Kyng Edward of Carnarvane by whom he hadd issu Kyng Edward of Wyndesore and after deth of these iij. sonnes Phillip the sonne of Charles of Walise was wrongfully made kynge and disherited the said Edward rightfull heyre of Englond and Fraunce.
A TRETISE FOR LAUANDRES.¹

[Cambridge University Library MS., Ff. 1. 6, leaf 141.]

(1)
Yee maisteresses myne, and clenly chamberys,
That haue to doe with my Ladis atyere
Atendythe ay as honest officers,
Sith youre fee, youre wages, and youre hyre
Is duly paide, than sette youre desyre
How to doo youre godely observaunce,
Wayt all be well & that may you avaunce.

(2)
Loke well youre lawne, youre homple, & youre Lake
Plesaunce, Reyns, & eke the fin Champeyn,
Ye washe cleyn fro mole, and spottes blake,
That wyn, nor oyle, nor yit non inke distyen
Keuerschif or cloth aboute youre souerayn.
Bot wasshe hem clene, & ye lust to lere,
How ye schall doo thes verses techen here.

(3)
Vinura lacte lava oleumque licore fabarum
Incaustum vino cetera mundat aqua.

(4)
Of wyn away the moles may ye wesshe,
In mylk whyt; the fletyng oyle spott
Wyth lye of beenes make hit clene & fresshe.
Wasshe with wyn the feruent inkes blot²,
All oder thynges clensed well, ye wot,
Wyth water cler, is purged & made clene,
But thes thre clense, wyn, mylkes, and beene.

MSS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1. 6, leaf 141 = F; Harley 2251, leaf 77, back = H; Adds, 34360, leaf 77, back = A. Stanzas 1–2 om. H A. Latin lines in all MSS. identical. ¹ 16 mylkes H A. ² 18 blot H A] spott F. ¹ 19 is clensed ins. H A. ² 20 is purged] I purged H A. 21 mylk H A.
The Nine Properties of Wine.

53. THE NINE PROPERTIES OF WINE.

The ix. properties of wyne per Iohanem Lidgate.

Wine of nature hathe properties nyne, 1 MS. Iohanem.
Comfortythe coragis, clarifiethe the syght,
Gladdeth the herte this lycor most devyne,
Hetythe the stomake of his natural myght, 4
Sharpithe wittis, gevith hardines in fight,
Clensyth wounds, engendrithe gentyll blode;
Licor of licor, at festis makyth men lyght,
Scoureth pe palat, through fyne pe color good. 8

The nyne properties of wyne per Iohanem Lidgate.

Collation of MS. Harley 2252, leaf 2. 2 coragis] coragythe.

54. A PAGEANT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Thys world ys born vp by astates seuy,
Prynce[s] ordeynyd to susteyn [pe] ryght,
Prestes to pray, pe iustyces to deme euyn,
Marchauntes in sellyng to do troupe in weyght, 4
For comon profyte fyght[e] shal pe 1 knyght,
Plowman in tylpe, pe laborer in trauayll. 1 MS. shalbe.
Artyfycers diligent day and nyght.
The ryche her almes to parte with pe porayll. 8

1 For other MSS., see Vol. I, Introduction. A second version is printed here, No. 54 B, but no collations.
A Pageant of Knowledge.

(2)

Officia dictorum magnatum.

Prynceys. To us longe to prestys to gounne,

Presthode And we be bounde to lyue in partes.

Iuges. Betwene ryght & wrong our office do yscerne.

Merchants. In bying & sellyng we shall do no falsnes.

Knyghthode. We shall defende troupe & ryghtwysnes.

Plowman. Our occupation to tyll & sowe pe lond,

Werkemen. And by our labour we voyden idylnes.

Rycheman. We delyuer our almes with our hond.

Explicit.

Septem Pagine sequuntur sapiencie.

(3)

Prima de Prudencia.

Thynges passyd remembre & well dyuyde,

Thynges present consider & well gounne,

For jynges commyng prudently prouyde,

Peyse matyrs or jou deme or dyscerne,

[Lat right in causes holde the lantern.] 2 *MS. line blank. 21

Twene frende & foo stond euyn, & be egall,

And for no mede be nat parciall.

(4)

Secunda de Iusticia.

Furst in jy mesure loke þer be no lak,

Of jy weyghtes hold iustly þe balaunce,

Be trew in rekenyng, set no som abak,

And in jy worde lat be no variaunce;

Of chere be sad, demure of gouemaunce,

Set folk at rest, & apese all trouble,

Beware of flaterers & of tongys double.

(5)

Tercia de Temperancia.

By sapience tempre þou þy corage,

Of hasty ire daunt þe passion;

Dyffer vengeance tyll þy wrapa aswage,

Reuerence þe good for þeir condicion;

Punyssh pacyently þe transgression.
A Pageant of Knowledge.

Of men disrewlyd, redressyng errour,
Mercy preferryng or þou do rygour.

(6)

Quarta de Discerecione.

Discretion, modyr & pryncesse,
Of all vertues to gouerne hem & gye,
And elumyneþ with lyght of hygh noblesse
Crownes of kynges, hold vp þeyr regaly,
Conservþ reames, by prudent polcy,
Causeþ provinces & every gret cyte
To contynnew in long prosperyte.

(7)

Quinta de Racione.

Thys emperesse, verrey celestiall,
Most aungelyk of conteneunce and chere,
To rewle man he be nat bestiall,
God yaue hym reson, hys owne doughter dere,
Princesse of princesses, most souereyn & entere,
To brydell in man þe froward volunte
That he not err by sensualyte.

(8)

Sexta de Placencia & Bona Voluntate.

Pleasance and Gi•III#
Will bid yon welcome,
Thys fayre lady, whyche callyd ys Plesaunce,
And eke Good Wyll, her owne doughter dere,
Beseke all folk, afthyr theyr suffysaunce,
With all þeyr hert, to make ryght good chere,
With suche disport as þey fynde[n] here,
And þat hem lust benygnely aduertyse,
Who þat ys welcom hape all þat may suffyse.

(9)

Septima de Fasetia & Nurturia.

Thys goodly lady callyd Curtesy,
And her sustyr, whos name ys Nurture,
By þeyr offycy longyng to gentry
Lowly requyryd to euery creature,
As ferre as myght & power may endure,
With hoole herte, body, wyll, & mynde,
To be content with suche as they here fynde.

Explicit.

(10)
The fynders of the vij. sciences artificiall.

Jubal was fadyr & fynder of song,
Of consonantes, and of armony,
By noyse & strooke of hamors pat were strong.

Fro Jubal came first the melody

Of sugryd musyk, and of mynstralsy,

So procedyng down fro man to man

Practyke of concorde, as I haue told, began.

(11)
Saturne.

Saturne taught first the tylde of londe,

Hys doothter Ceres made men ere & sowe,

The goldyn worde he compassyd with his honde,

Of sede and grayne the difference to knowe,

Of trees, herbes, growyng hygh & lowe;

Somer seson, pere bawme aboue moste swote,

And in cold wynter per vertu in the rote.

(12)
Mars.

Though myghty Mars be callyd god of werres,

Prudent Pallas founde out first armure,

Thys godde, hyss goddes, syt among the sterres,

Tubalcaym of stele founde the temperure,

Forgyd plates, long[e] to endure,

And þus these iiij., by marciall apparayll,

Be callyd in bokes patrones of batayll.

(13)
Minerva.

Crafe of wolles & of cloth weuynge

Founde Minerva, of spynnyng chief goddesse;

And Delbora of lynen cloþe makyng

The practyke sought, bokes bere wytnesse;

In all suche craft was a chief masteresse;
A Pageant of Knowledge.

But Semiranus, as bokes specyfy,
Fonde out furst breche, myn auctor lyst nat ly.  93

(14)
Diana.

Lo, here Diana, princesse of venery,
In forest walkyng lyke an hunteresse,
Hauyng her paleyce ferre aboue the sky,
Callyd Lucina there shewyng her bryghtnes,
Of huntyng, hawkynge, fysshynge, chefe goddesse,  98
Enery moneb her cours she dope renew,
Now full, now wane, now bryght, now pale of hewe.  100

(15)
Mercurius.

Mercury, callyd for mannys gret auayle
God of eloquence, and merchandyse ;
Argon fond furst craft of shyp & sayle,
And Neptunus pe saylyng gan deuyse
To passe pe see, in many sondry wyse,
Whyche to merchauntes ys full necessary,
Theyr stuff, theyr bales, fro londe to londe to cary.  107

(16)
Phebus.

Phebus fond furst craft of medicine,
By touche of pounce, veyne, & inspeccions.
Esculapius taught pe doctrine
To knowe pe qualytees of . iiiij. compleccions,
Of letaryes, drogges, & pocions ;
And among all pere ys noplyng more mete
To helthe of man pe ten temperat diete.

Explicit.  [Lidgatt: Stow.]

(17)
The . viij. sciences callyd lyberall.  [leaf 288, back]

Ojf seuyn sciences, callyd lyberall,
Gramer teche pe congruite & wrytyng,
Philosophy in especiall
Tellep natures of euery maner thyng,
Ars metryk craft of proporcionyng,
A Pageant of Knowledge.

Musyk concord, rethoryk eloquence,
Astronomy by diurnall meuyng
The world gouerneth, by heuynly influence.

(18)

Auctors of seuyn sciences.

Auctor of gramer was whilom Precian,
Euclid excellyd in craft of geometry,
Tully in rethoryk was a famous man,
Hermogines fadyr of phylosophy,
Boys wrote of musyk & of melody,
Of methephysyk wrote Aristotyles,
Albimazar of astronomy,
Founders of sciences & vertuos encrese.

Explicit.

(19)

The Dysposicion of the . vij. planettes.

Slaturne disposep a man to melancoly,
Iubiter reysep man to gret nobles,
And sturdy Mars to stryfe werre & enuy,
Phebus to wysdom & to hygh prowes,
Mercurius to be changeable & dowbylnes,
The moone mutable, now glad, & now drypyng,
And Gere Venus, full of new fangylnes,
Makyn men vnstable here in her lyuyng.

Explicit.

The dysposicion of the xij. sygnes.

(20)

Aries ys hoot, & also coleryk1
And in þe hede keþep hys dominacion ;
Taurus in þe prote, be man hoole or seke,
That part haþ he in supportacion ;
Geminus eke by reuelucion
Hæþe in armes hys influence & werkyng,
How shuld a man þan be stedfast of lyuyng ?

(21)

Cancer hæþe the brest in hys demayne,
Of the hert lordshyp hæþe þe Lyon,
Man, made of four fickle elements, cannot be stable. Earth gives him sloth, water gives him instability, fire rage and air sweetness. Fire turns earth liquid, and liquids into air. Hard becomes soft, and soft hard.

The Pageant of Knowledge.

Virgo þe gouernance hápe of twayne, Of nouell & wombe, & Libra lower downe. The membres of man gouernþ þe Scorpioun, By thys reson the philosofyrs seyng Ys that man cannat be stedfast in lyuyng. 150

(22)

Of all the sygnes rekenyd here-to-forn, The thyes of man gouernþ þe Sagyttary And knees & legges hápe þe Capricorn, Eke þe calfe downward perteyneþ to Aquary And fro þe feete, I wyll nat long[er] tary, Piscis háþ theym in hys kepyng; Howe shuld a man þan be stedfast of lyuyng ? 159

Explicit.

[John Lidgat: Stow.]

The disposicion of þe iiiij. elementes. (23)

Man, made of four fickle elements, The world so wyde, the ayre so remeuable, The jeþ man so lytell of stature, 1 MS. sic. The greue & þe ground of cloþyng so mutable, The fyre so hote & subtylle of nature, Watyr neuer in oon, what creature cannot be stable. Made of þese . iiiij., whyche be so flyttyng May stable be, here in hyr lyuyng ?

(24)

Man of þe erþe haþe slouþe & heuynes, Flux and reflux by water made vnstable, Kyndely of ayre he háþ also swetnes, Be fyre made hasty, wode, & not tretable ; To erþe ayene, by processe comparable, Selde or neuer in oon poynt abydyng, Howe shuld he þan be stable in lyuyng ?

(25)

Fyre resolueth erthe to be watery, And watery þynges fyre turneþ in eyre, Makeþ harde þynges nesse, and fyre eke naturall[y] Makeþ nesse þynges harde by his soden repeyr, Though harde he ys þat shone bryght & feyre, 178
A Pageant of Knowledge.

Whyche element hæpe in man gret workyng,
How shuld he þan be stable¹ in lyuyng? 1 MS. þan stable. 180

(26)
Ayre of kynde yeueþ inspiracion
To mannyss hert þyng most temperatyf,
And kyndly hete yeueþ respiracion,
Of subtyll, rare, & a gret medegatyf,
To tempre þe sprytyes by vertew vegetatyf; 185
And syþ þat ayre in man ys þus meuyng,
How shuld he þan be stedfast of lyuyng?

(27)
Watyr somwhyle ys congeylyd to cry stall,
Colde & moyst as of hys nature, 191
Now ebbep, now flowep, whyche in speciall
The myght of þe mone doþe her course recure,
And syþ þys element by recorde of scripture, 195
Ys oon of þe . iiij, compact of our makyng,
I wold enquere, what maner creature,
Made of þese . iiij, were stedfast of lyuyng?
Explicit.
[John Lidgatt: Stow.]

The disposition of þe iiij. complexyons.

(28)
Tjhe sanguyne man of blood hæpe hardynes,
Wrought to be louyng, large of dyspence, 199
The fleumatyk man slow, oppressyd with dulnes,
Whyte of vysage, rude of eloquence,
And syþ þer ys in man suche difference,
By complexions diuersely workyng,
Answere herto, concludyng þys sentence,
How þat man myght be stedfast of lyuyng.

(29)
The coleryk¹ man, subtyle & dysseuable, 203
Splender, lene, & cytryne of hys colour,
Wroþe sodenly, wood, & nat tretable,
And full of envy, malyce, & rancour,
Dry, pursty, & a gret wastowr,
LYDGATE, M.P.—II.

¹ MS. colorj k.
A Pageant of Knowledge.

Dysposyd to many a sondry thyng,
With pompe & bost hasty to do rygour,
Ben soche men stable here in þeyr lyuyng?

Melancolyk of hys complexiouw,
Dysposyd of kynde for to be fraudulent,
Malicious, froward, & be decepcioun
Forgyng discordes, double of hys entent;
Whyche þynges peysyd by good avysement,
I dar conclude, as to my felyng,
By confirmacion as in sentement,
Few men byn here stabyll in her lyuyng.

The dysposicion of þe . iij. tymes of þe yere.

Summer gives man heat and dryness.
M]an haþ in somer drynesse & hete,
In theyr bok as auctors lyst expresse,
And when Phebus entreþ þe Ariete
Dygest humours vpward done hem dresse,
Porys opyn þat seson, of swetnesse
And exaltacions, diuerse wyrkyng,
How shuld man [þan] be stable in lyuyng?

Autumn has dangerous diseases.
Autumpne to Veer foundyn ys contrary,
As Galien seyþ in all hys qualityes,
Disposyng a man þat season to vary,
To many vncouþe straunge infirmitées,
Of canyculer dayes takyng þe propertées,
By reuelacion of manyfold changyng,
How shuld man þan be stable in lyuyng?

Winter closes man's pories.
Man haþe in wynter in þis present lyfe,
By dysposicion, colde and humlyyte,
Whych season ys to fleume nutrytyfe,
Spoyleþ herbe and tre of þer fresshe beaute,
Closeþ, constreyneþ, the poore, men may se,
Causeþ kyndly hete, inwarde to be wyrkyng,
How shuld man þen be stable in lyuyng?
A Pageant of Knowledge.

(34)

By Veere man haþe hete and eke moystour,
A-twene boþe a man[er] of temperaunce,
On whyche tweyne gret lust he doþ recouer,
Yef colde not put hym in dystemperaunce.
Thus meynt witþ drede ys manyns gouernance,
Ay in no certeyn, by recorde of wrytyng,
Howe shuld he than be stable in lyuyng?

Explicit.

(35)

The Dysposicion of þe World.
[by Lydgatt: Stow.]

The monþes vary, euerychæ haþ his sygne
And harde hit ys all wedyrs for to know,
The tyme somewhatly ys gracius & benygne,
And vpþon hilles and valeys 1 þat ben low
The iiiij. wyndes contrarioulys do blow
In every storme man ys here abydyng,
Som to release, & som to overthrow,
How shuld man þan be stedfast of lyuyng?

(36)

The worldly answer, fortune transmutable,
Trust of lordshyp a feynt sekernes,
Euer yseon varyeth, frendshyp ys vnstable,
Now myrthe, now sorow, now hele, now sekenes,
Now ebbe of pouert, now floyds of ryches,
All 1 stont in chaunge, now losse, now wynnyng,
Tempest in see & wyndes sturdynes
Makeþ men vnstable & ferefull of lyuyng.

(37)

Tytan somwhyle fresshly doþe appere,
Then commep a storme & doþ hys lyght deface,
The soile of somer with 1 floures glad of chere
Wynters rasure doþe all away rase; 1 MS. with whyche.
All erþþþ þynges sodenly do passe
Whyche may haue here no seker abydyng,
Eke all astatic false fortune doth manase,
How shuld a man þan be stedfast of lyuyng?

Spring gives man desires by its mingling heat and moist.

The months have uncertain weather.

Fortune is fickle.

Storm follows sun.
A Pageant of Knowledge.

(38)
Beholde & see þe transmutacion,
Howe þe seson of grene lusty age,
Force of Iuuentus, strong, hardy ¹ as a lyoun,
Tyme of manhode, wysdom, sad of corage,
And howe Decrepitus turnyth to dotage,
Cast all in a balance, & foryete noþyng,
And thow shalt fynd þis lyfe a pylgremage,
In whyche þer ys no stedfast abydyng.

(39)
Then lyft vp thyne ey vnto [þe] heuyn,
And pray þy Lord, whyche ys eternall,
That syt so ferr aboue þe sterres seuyn,
In hys p[a]lace most imperyall,
To graunt pe grace, here in þys lyfe mortall,
Contricion, shryft, & howsyll at þy departyng,
And, er þou passe hens, remyssion finall
Towarde þe lyfe, where ioy ys euerlastyng.

Explicit.

[John Lydgate: Stow.]

54B. A PAGEANT OF KNOWLEDGE, ANOTHER VERSION OF THE LAST PART.

[MS. Harley 2255; leaves 14–17.]

(1)
The world so wyd, the hair so remeaval,
The cely man so litel of stature,
The greve and the ground of clothyng so mutable,
The fyr so hoot and sotil of nature,
The watir nevir in oon, what creature
Maad of thes foure that been thus flettyng,
Miht of resoun perseveren by any cure,
Or stedfast been heer in his livyng.
A Pageant of Knowledge.

(2)
Man hath of erthe slowthe and hevynesse,
   Flux and refflux by watir made unstable,
Kyndly of hayr he hath also swiftnesse,
   By fyr maad hasty, wood, and nat tretable ;
Seelde or nevir in o point abydyng,
   Now glad, now hevy, now froward, now tretable,
How shuld he than be stedfast of lyvyng ?

(3)
Off erthe he hath ioyntes, flessh, and boonys,
   And of watir ful manyfold humours,
Hayr in his arters disposyd for the noonys,
   Fir in his herte, by record of auctours ;
Complexionat of sondryfold colours,
   Now briht as Phebus, now reyn, and now shynyng,
Now silver dewli, now fressh with April flours,
How shuld man than be stedfast of lyvyng ?

(4)
With Ver he hath drynesse and moisture,
   Attwen bothe bamaner attemperaunce,
In which tweyne deliteth hym nature,
   Yiff coold nat put hym in distemperaunce ;
Thus meynt with dreed is mannys gouernaunce,
   Ay in invncerteyn, by record of writyng,
Now wood, now sobre, now prudent in daliaunce,
How shuld man than be stedfast in livyng ?

(5)
Man hath with somyr drynesse and heete,
   In ther bookys as auctours lyst expresse,
Whan Phebus entrith in the Ariete,
   Digest humours vpward doon hem dresse,
Poorys opnyng, that sesoun of swetnesse !
With exalaciouns and mystis descendyng,
   Titan to erly whan he his cours doth dresse,
Of his briht shynyng no stedfast abyding.

(6)
Autumpne to Ver foundyn is contrary,  
   Galien seith in al ther qualitees,
Disposyng man that sesoun doth so vary,
To many vnkouth straunge infirmytees, 44
Of canyculer dayes takyng the propirtees, 48
By revoluciour of manyfold chaungyng, 52
In spiritual state temperal comowneerees, 56
How shuld he than be stedfast of livyng ?

Man hath with wyntir in this present lyff, 7
By disposicion cold and humydite, 60
Which sesoun is to flewme nutritiff, 64
Spoleth tre and herbe of al ther fresh bewte ; 68
The dayes-eye drepith, leesith hir libertie,
Poores constreyned no roseer out shewyng,
Fresshnesse of corages that sesoun makith fle,
How shuld man than be stedfast of livyng ?

Fyr resoluethe erthe by watry, 8
And watry thynges fyr turneth into hayr,
Makith hard thyng neisshe and also naturally,
Neisshe thyng hard by his sodeyn repair ; 68
Thowith hard yis that shoon as cristal fayr,
Which element hath in man ful greet werkyng,
Feith, hope, and charite shal outraye al dispayr,
Thouh alle men be nat stedfast of ly vyng,

Ayer of nature yeves inspiracioun," [1 leaf 15, back.]
To mannys herte thyng moost temperatiff,
Off kyndly heete gevyth respiraciouz,
Sotil, rare, and a gret mytigatiff,
To tempre the spiritis by vertu vegetatiff ;
And sith that hayr in man is thus meevyng,
By manyfoold sawt he troubllyd in his lif,
How shuld man than be stedfast in livyng ?

Watir somwhile is congelyd to cristall,
Coold and moist, as of his nature,
Now ebbith, fflowith, which, in especiall,
Miht of the moone doth hir cours recure ;
And sith that element, by record of Scripture,
A Pageant of Knowledge.

Was oon of foure compact in our makyng,
I wold enqueer what maneer creature
Maad of thes foure were stedfast of living?

(11)
The **sangueyn** man of blood hath hardynesse,
Wrouht to be lovlyng, large of his dispence,
The **fflewrmatyk** slowh, oppressyd with dolnesse,
Whit of visage, rude of eloquence;
And sith ther is in man suche difference
Of **complexioues** dyversly werkyng,
Answer heerto concludyng in sentence,
How that he myhte be stable of his livyng.

(12)
The **coleryk man** sotil and deceyuable,
Slendir, leene, and citryn of colour,
Wroth sodeynly, wood and nat tretable.
Ay ful of yre, of malys, and rancour,
Drye and adust and a gret wastour,
And disposyd to many sondry thyng,
With pompe and boost hasty to do rigour,
Been such men stable heer in ther livyng?

(13)
**Malencolik** of his complexioues,
Dispoosid of kynde for to be fraudelent,
Malicious, froward, and by decepcioues,
Which thynges peysed by good avisement,
Forgyng discordes double of his entent;
I dar conclude as to my feelyng,
By confirmacioynes as in sentement,
Fewe men be stable heer in ther livyng.

(14)
**Satourn** disposith to malencolye,
**Iubiter** reiseth men to hih noblesse,
And sturdy **Mars** to striff, werre, and envy,
**Phebus** to wysdam and to hih prowesse,
**Mercurius** to chaung and douibilnesse,
The **moone** mutable, now glad, and now drepyng,
And gery **Venus**, ful of newfangilnesse,
Makith man vnstable heer in this livyng.
(15)
The world vnsuyr, fortune transmutable, Trust on lordship a feynt sekinnesse ;
Ech sesoun varieth frenishp oft vnstable,
Now glad, now hevy, now helthe, now syknesse ;
An ebbe of pouert next floodys of richesse,
Al staunt on chaung, now los and now wynnyng ;
Tempest on se, and wyndes sturdynesse
Make men vnstable and feerful of livyng.

(16)
Titan somwhile fresshly doth appeere,
Than comyth a storm and doth his liht difface,
The soyl in somyr with floures glad of cheere,
Wyntris rasour doth al away arrace ;
Al erthly thyng sodeynly doth pace,
Which may haue heer no siker abydyng,
Eek alle estatys fals ffortune doth manace ;
How shuld man than be stedfast of lyvyng ?

(17)
Considre and see the transmutacioim,
How the sesoun of greene lusty age,
Force of iuventus, hardy as lioun,
Tyme of manhood, wisdam, sad corage,
And how decrepitus turneth to dotage,
Al cast in ballaunce, be war, forget nothyng,
And thu shalt fynde this lyff a pilgrymage,
In which ther is no stedfast abydyng.

(18)
Man ! left vp thyn eye to the heuene,
And pray the Lord, which is eternal,
That sitt so ferre above the sterrys sevne,
In his paleys moost imperyal,
To graunt the grace heer in this liff mortal,
Contriciouz, shrifft, hoosyl at thy partyng,
And, or thu passe, remyssion fynal,
Toward that lyf wher ioye is ay lastyng !

Explicit Iohan Lydgate.
My dear son, first piseille enable
With all thy herte to vertuous disciplyne
Affore thy souereyn stondyng at the table,
Dispose thy thought after my doctryne,
To al norture thy corage do inclyne.
First whane thou spekest be nat reklees,
Kepe feete & fyngeris, hondis stille in pees.

Be symple of cheer, cast not thy look asyde,
Gase nat aboute, turnyng over all;
Ageyn the post lat nat thy bak abyde;
Make nat the merowr also of the wall,
Pike nat thy nase, and in especyall

don't pick your nose
Stans Puer ad Mensam.

Be riht well war, and set hit in thy thouht,
To-fore thy souereyn cracche ne rubbe nought. 14

Who speketh to the in ony maner plase,
Lombysshly cast nat thyn hed adoun,
But with sad cheer looke hym in fface;
Walke demurely by streys in toun,
And advertyse of wisdam and resoun.
With dysolute langage thou do noon offence
To-fore thy souereyn, while he is in presence. 19

Pare clene þi nailles, thyn hondis wasshe also
To-fore mete, and when thou doost arye;
Sitte in that place thou art assigned to;
Prese not to hye in no maner wyse;
And [t]yl thou se affore the thy servyse,
Be nat to hasty vpon bred to bight
Of gredynesse lyst men þe wolde atwight. 21

Grenyng and mowes at þe table eschewe;
Crie nat to loude; kepe honestly silence;
Tenboce þi iowes with bred it is not dewe;
Be quiet. 28

Stans Puer ad Mensam.

With ful mouth speke nat, list thou do offence;
Drynk nat brydeled for haste nor necligence;
Kepe clene þi lippes fro faat of flesshe or fessh;
Wipe fair thy spone, leue it nat in thy dissh.

(6)
Off brede i-beete no soppis that thou make;
To soupe loude it is ageyn gentylnesse;
With mouth enbruued þi cuppe thou nat tak;
In ale or wyne with hand leue no sdatnesse;
Neuer at mete be war gynne no stryff;
Thy teeth also ne pike not with thy knyff.

(7)
Off honest myrth let be thy dalyaunce;
Swere none othis, speke no rebaudrye;
The beste morcellis, have this in remembrance,
Hoolll to thyself alway do nat applye;
Parte with thy ffeelawe, for that is cortesie:
Lade not þi trenchour with many remyssailis;
And fro blaknesse alwey kepe thy nayllis.

Stans Puer ad Mensam.

(8)

Off curtesie it is ageyn the lawe,

With sounde dishonest for to do offence;

Of old surfetys abrayde nat Ȣ fíelawe;

Toward Ȣ soureyn Ȣ have ay thyn aduertence;

Pley with Ȣ no knyff, take heede to my sentence;

At mete and soper kepe Ȣ stille and soffte;

Eek to and ffro move not thy ffoot to offte.

(9)

Scour your knife, don't fill your spoon.

Droppe nat Ȣ brest with souce ne with potage;

Brynge no knyves onscored to the table;

Fylle nat thy spone, lyst in the caryage

It went beside, wich wer nat comendable;

Be quyk and redy, meek and seruysable,

Weell awaytyng to fulfylle anoon

What Ȣ soureyn comauandeth the to doon.

(10)

And wherso be that thow dyne or suppe,

Of gentilnesse take salt with thy knyff;

And be weell war thow blowe nat in Ȣ cuppe.

Reuercence Ȣ felaus, gynne with hem no stryff;

To thy power kepe pes all thy lyff.

Interupte nat, where so that thow wende,

No man his tale, tyl he haue maad an ende;
Stans Puer ad Mensam.

(11)
With thy fynger marke nat thy tale;  
Be weel avised, namely in tender age,  
To drynke in mesour bothe wyne and ale;  
Be nat copious also of language;  
As tyme requyreth, shewe out thy vysage,  
To glad ne to sory, but atween tweyne,  
For los or lucre or ony cas sodeyne.

(12)
Be meek in mesour, nat hasty, but tretable;  
Ouer mekyll is nat worth in no thyng;  
To childer longeth nat to be vengable,  
Sone mevyd and some fforgeuyng;  
And as it is remembrid by old writyng,  
Wratthe of children sone is overgoon,  
With an appell partyes be maad at oon.

(13)
In childeris werre now myrthe, now debate,  
In her quarell is no greet vyolence;  
Now pley, now wepyng, selde in on estate;  
To her pleyntes yeve no gret credence;  
A rod reformeth al her insolence;
Amor Vincit Omnia Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

In her corage no rancour doth abyde;
Who spareth the yerde, al vertu set asyde.

(14)

Lenvoye.

Go, lytel bylle, bareyn of eloquence,
Pray yonge childer yat ye shall se or reede,
Thogh thou be compendious of sentence,
Of thy clauses for to taken heede,
Wich to al vertu shal her youthe leede.

Of the writyng, thogh ther be no date,
Yif ouht be mys,—in woord, sillable, or dede,—
Put al diffaute vpon Iohn Lydgate.

Explicit.

56. AMOR VINCIT OMNIA MENTIRIS QUOD PECUNIA.¹

[MS. B.M. Harley 2251, leaves 46, back, to 48, back.]

(1)

Eche man folwith his owne fantasye
Liche as it fallith in his oppinioun,
His witte enclyneng vnto that partie


¹ MSS. B. M. Harley 2251, leaves 46, back, to 48, back = H; Addas. 2929, leaves 124, back, to 126 = A; Shirley's Bodley Ashmole 59, leaves 41 to 43 = S. Title, In A, as above, John Lydgate added. A demanwe by Lydgate, H, Nowe folowepe here nest a questyon, made in wyse of balade / pat Philosofre Lidegate daun Iohan, whejer is moste preferred / in ye worde pat nowe is Amor vincit omnia, or Mentiris quod Pecunia (last word added at end of bracket), S. 2 it fallepe in failpe S.
Amor Vincit Omnia Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

Where as his hert hath made elecioun.
Which has more value?

Whiche of the two by ust comparisoun
Gold.

Love or money in valew doth excede ?

To gyve an answer for short conclusioun,

Love is sette bakke, gold goth byfore, and mede.

(2)

Freseh lusty lovers professed to Venus,
Amor vincit omnia.

Sworn to service of the god Cupyde,
Lovers say no,

Suche of corage as bene amerous,
but read books.

On theyr hye hors prowedly whan they ride
Mentiris quod pecunia.

Seyn how that love sette euery thynge aside ;

The revers founde in bookis, who list reede,

Make no comparisoun, wayte on the tyde,

Love is set bakke, gold goth byfore, and mede.

(3)

Remembre Troye, of Troylus and Cres[e]ide,
Think of Troilus.

Eche in theyr tyme furtherd to plesaunce ;

But what 1 fille after longe or Troylus deyde ?

A false serpent of chaunge and variaunce

Withouten any lengger attendaunce

Put out Troylus, and set in Dyomede.

What shal I say or conclude in substaunce ?

Love was set bakke, gold went afore, and mede.

(4)

Men seyn how Amor vincit omnia,

Of his noblesse love is so corageous ;

But folk expert seyn how pecunia

Put at preef is more victorious.

Toforne Haniball 1 preferrid was Cresus,

Wher gold and tresoure makith folk to spede,

An evidence how Cupide and Venus

In al suche case, ben set abak for mede.

Amor Vincit Omnia Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

(5)
Ovyde saith, whos writyng is ful kowth,  
How Socrates for al his sapience,  
The Greke Omerus with his sugre mowth,  
Tullius put out for al theyr eloquence ;  
Where love in povert lakkith his dispence,  
Farewele ! adieu ! prayer ne may nat sped,  
The cause out sought, of longe experience,  
Olde aqueyntaunce is set abakke for mede.  

(6)
Love peysith nat ageyne an hevy purs,  
Trowth is nat herd where lak is of richesse,  
A false forswerer dreedith nat Goddis kurs,  
To be forsworn for lucre in his falsenesse ;  
Reken storyes of marcial noblesse,  
Prowsesse of princes, allyaunce of hye kynrede,  
The old auctours can bere hereof witnesse,  
Love hath ful oft \( ^1 \) be set abak for mede.  

(7)
Take it for a custome, it wil be non other,  
In worldy quarels lucre goth toforn.  
A man for wynnyng wil forsake his brothir,  
Som tyme for lucre weede above the corn,  
For lucre alday men wilbe forsworn,  
Chaunge hath be founde som tyme in wommanhede ;  
In al suche case love blowith the bukkiis horn,  
Where olde acqueyntaunce is sette abak for meede.  

(8)
Paris, for love he gate the qwene Heleyne ;  
Cleopatra\( s \) loved Anthonius tresoure,  
Trewe Piramus \( ^1 \) he felt also grete peyne,  
For love of Thesbe suffred grete langoure ; \( ^2 \)  
Kynge Alisaundre, the grete conqueroure,  

---

1 MS. Priamus.  
2 MS. deletes 'langoure.'
Beloved of Candace, who that can take hede;
Concludyng thus, in al worldly laboure [leaf 47, back]
Love in al thyng is set abak for mede.

(9)
Ovyde doth write that goddis and goddessis
Have a delite gyftes for to take,
And of custom princis and princessis,
Who gevith hem ought, they wil it nat forsake;
Love may go pley, and his dogge hey shake,
For any friend he fyn[dith] at strayt nede;
Thus concludyng, short proces for to make,
Frendship goth bak, gold goth before, and mede.

(10)
Frenshep on these dayes in fayre langage feyned
With a gladd chiere, outward, wordes of liberte,
At a straite suche love nys but disdeyned,
To fynde socour in his necessite;
Al nys nat golde that shyneth bright, parde!
Money as revel ay the daunce doth lede;
Love is put bak by false duplicite,
For in eche court, gold goth before, and mede.

(11)
The world vnsure, fortune is variable,
Booth right friendly founde in prosperite;
Put at assay, if they abide stable,
Outher of them in tyme of aduersite,
Pref thy vriende afore, and thou shalt se
Whom thow maist trust, thy iournay for to spede;
As thow fyndest, so make thyn owne suerte,
Whiche of them both, love goth tofore, or mede.

64 Love is sette backe dy for lucre and mede S. 65 and]

LYDGATE, M.P.—II. 3 c
Amor Vincit Omnia Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

(12)
Al worldly frenship is straunge and right dyuers.
Lete al men trust as they causes fynde;
Dede to bihest doth oft the reuers,
Theffect in werk goth lame and halt behynde;
Of obligacions som sealis ben so blynd
That men may neither se the printe ne rede;
Thynk thervpon lete it nat out of mynde, (leaf 48)
Whiche goþ before frenship, money, or mede|

(13)
The faire behestis maken foolis gladde,
Fye on the werk 1 whan hestis ben contrayre ! 2
Like to a tre, with fressh blosmes ladde, 1 MS. the h werke.
Whiche that in Aprill so lusti be and fayre;
But whan in August folk[es] do repayre 2 MS. contrayre.
To gadre his fruyte, there is none found in dede:
Of suche friendis there be mo than a payre,
Save with fayre chiere they love nat but for mede.

(14)
But for to grounde oure love in sikernesse,
And sette asyde fraude and decepcioun,
Late vs to God al oure wittis dresse
Where feyth abydith, and al perfecioun
Suche love as wil nat faile his friende at nede,
But love for love in the heuenly regioun
God yevith to man, for his eternal mede.

(15)
There you shall find friendship.
The love excellyng of Dalida and Sampson,
Passe Octovian or Cresus in riches,

---

Amor Vincit Omnia Mentiris Quod Pecunia.

The love of Phillis or of Demephon;
And in fayrenesse transcendyng Absolon;
Sette ther your love and ye shul nat myspeede
That Cite bilt with euery precious ston,
Ther for to dwelle for youre eternal mede.

(16)
Vp to that court now do youre loves dresse,
Vnto that gracious gostly mansioun,
Whiche that excellith in beaute and brightnes
Rome, Cartage, Troye and Ilioun;
Of hevenly rubyes bilt is that dongeoun,—
God graunt vs grace there oure lyf to lede!
And clayme [by] love to have possessioun,[16] and worldes love behinde ermore,
With hym for love, that suffre[d] his sides bleede.

(17)
Who seyth that Amor vincit omnia,
He saith ful triew, playnly to expresse,
Nought erthely love, whiche with pecunia
Sette trouth aside be fraude and doublenesse;
But perfite love, whiche hath none interesse
To erthly thyngges, neyther in word ne dede;
Suche love grounded in love and stablenesse
Shal have of God his gwerdoun and his mede.

117 Or in transcending fayrnesse of Absolon S. Margin S:  
Vanitas vanitatum. 118 shul nax] ne shal S. 120 Ther
Inne to S. 121 now do S. 125 is bylt hast feyre S. 127  
by] S A. om. H. to) here S. 129 suffre H, suffred, for love
heos sydes A. 129 Margin S:  
Amor is proved by kynde to fore
And wordes love behinde ermore,
130 playnly A S, for to ins. S. 133 whiche] hat S. 135 love]
troufe S. 136 of God] om. S. gwerdoun] reward A. Colophon:
Deo gracias Iohn Lydgat wryttyn be Iohn Stowe A.
57. **CONSULO QUISQUIS EROS.**

[From MS. B. M. Harl. 2255, leaves 1 to 3.]

**CONSULO QUISQUIS EROS, QUI PACIS FEDERA QUERIS, CONSONUS ESTO LUPIS, CUM QUIBUS ESSE CUPIS.**

(1)

Whoever you be, when you're in Rome do as the Romans do,

I conseyle what-so-euyr thou be,

Off policye, foresight, and prudence,

Yiff thou wilt lyve in pees and vnite,

Conforme thy-sylff and thynk on this sentence,

Wher-so-everye thou hoold residence,

Among woluys be woluyssh of corage,

Leoun with leouns, a lamb for innocence,

Lyke the audience so vttir thy language.

(2)

The vnycorn is cauht with maydenys song,

By dispociouw, record of scripture;

With cormerawntys make thy nekke long,

In pondys deepe thy prayes to recure;

Among foxis be foxish of nature,

Mong ravynours thynk for avauntage,

With empty hand men may noon haukys lure,

And lyke the audience so vttir thy language.

(3)

With hooly men speke of hoolynesse,

And with a glotoua be delicat of thy ffare,

With dronke men do surfetys by excesse,

With gluttons, drunkards, wasters, etc.
Consulo Quisquis Eris.

And among wastours no spendynge that thou spare; 20
With woodcockys lerne for to dare,
And sharpe thy knyff with pilours for pilage;
Lyke the market so preyse thy chaflaire,
And lyke the audience so vttre thy language. 24

Take the market price.

With an otir spare ryveer noon nor pond,
With them that forett robbe conyngerys;
A bloodhound with bowe & arwe in hond,
Mawgre the wach of fosterys and parkerys; 28
Lyke thy felaship spare no daungerys,
For lyff nor deth thy lyff put in morgage,
Mong knyhtes, squyers, chanouns, monkes, fryers,
Lyke the audience vttir thy language. 32

You may get through, if God helps.

Danyel lay a prophete ful notable,
Of God preservyd in prysoun with lyouns;
Where God lyseth spare, a tygre is nat vengable;
No cruel beestys, berys, nor gryffouns;
And yif thou be in cavys with dragouns,
Remembre how Abacuk brought the potage
So feere to Danyel, to many regiouns,
As caas requerith so vttre thy language. 40

Talk to each of his oc¬

With wyse men talke of sapience,
With philosophres speke of philosophie,
With shipmen, seyleng that haue experience,
In troublly seis how they shal hem guye;
And with poetys talke of poetrye; 44

Consulo Quisquis Eris.

Observe in all thinge the concords of company.

This little ditee concludith in menyng,

Who that cast hym this rewle for to kepe,
Mot conforme hym lyke in euery thing,
Wher he shal byde, vnto the felashipe;
With wachmen wake; with slogsly folkes sleepe;
With wood men wood; with frentyk folk savage;
Renne with beestys; with wilde wormys creepe;
And like the audience vttir thy language.

Be content.

Mong alle thes I counceyl yit take heed,
Wher thu abydest or reste in any place,
In cheef love God, and with thy love ha dred,
And be feerful ageyn Hym to trespace;
With vertuous men encrece shall thy grace,
And vicious folk ar cause of gret damage,
In every ffelaship so for thysilf purchace,
Wher vertu regnyth, ther vttir thy language.

Be paied with litel, content with suffisaunce,
Clymb nat to hih, thus biddith Socrates;
Glad pouert is of tresours moost substaunce,
And Catoun seith is noon so greet encres
Off wordly tresours, as for to live in pees,
Think of Diogenes, which among vertues hath the vasselage:
I take record of Diogenes,
Which to Alissandre had this language.

(10)
His paleys was a litel poore tonne,
Which on a wheel with hym he gan carye,
Bad this emperour ride out of his sonne,
Which dempt hym-sylf richer than Kyng Darye,
Kept with his vessel fro wyndis moost contrarye,
Wherin he made daily his passage,
This philosophre with pryncys lyst nat tarye,
Nor in ther presence to vttre no language.

(11)
Attwen thes tweyne a greet comparysoun,
Kynge Alissandir he conqueryd al,
Diogenes lay in a smal dongoun;
Lyke sondry wedrys which turnyd as a bal,
Fortune to Alissandir gaff a sodeyn ffal;
The philosophre disposed his coignage,
He thouht vertu was moor imperrial
Than his acqueyntauunce, with al his proud language.

(12)
Antonye and Poule dispised al richesse,
Lyved in desert of wilful poverta;
Sesar and Pompey of marcial woodnesse,
By ther envious compassyd cruelte,
Twen Germanye and Affryk was gret enmyte;
No comparisions twen good greyn and florage;
Preise every thyng like to his degre;
And lyke the audience so vttir thy language.
I once saw an ideal painting of the perfect man. Every member wrought for righteousness, more fair than Pygmalion's image.

Let us pray Christ to set such a figure in our consciences.

Consulo Quisquis Eris.

[(13)]

I fond a lyknesse depict vpon a wal,
Armed in vertues, as I walk up and doun,
The hed of thre ful solempe and roial,
**Intellectus, Memorye, and Resou**;
With eyen and erys of cler discrescioun,
Mouth and tongue avoided al outrage,
Ageyn the vice of fals detraccioun,
To do no surfet in woord nor in language.

Hand and armys with this discrescioun,
Wher-so man have force or feebilnesse,
Trewly to meene in his affeccioun,
For fraude or favour to folwe rihtwisnesse;
Entrailes inward, devocioun with meeknesse,
Passyng Pigmalioun which graued his ymage;
Freyd to Venus, of lovers cheef goddesse,
To graunt it lyff and quyknesse of language.

Of hool entent pray we to Crist Iesu,
To quyke a figure in our conscience,
Aforne rehersyd breefly in sentence;
Vndir support of his magnificence,
Crist so lyst governe our wordly pilgrymage,
To his plesaunce to vttren our language.

**Explicit.**
A FREOND AT NEODE.

[MS. Ashmole 59, leaves 35 to 37. 17 stanzas of 8 lines.]

1 Here begynnepe a Polletyke Balade Ryale made by pat approbate Poete Lidegate pe Munk of Burye with 2 pe gode Refrayde, To fynde a freonde at neode.

1 Late whane Aurora of Tytane toke leve,
Nought longe agone in a gladde mor[we]nyng,
Soole by my self walking in a greve,
Goldyne Phæbus feyre in chare shyninge,
I harde a larke in maner compleyninge,
Seying pis refreyde, I toke per off heede,
"Je worlde is divers, fortune is chaungyng,
Ful weele is him pat fyndepe a freonde at neede."

Gret noumber of frendes in prosperitee
Whylest fortune shewepe hir lookes glade;
Gret prees of coustume is abowte pe tree,
While pat boughes beon with fruytes lade;
But whane pe braunches beon bareine and fade
Pat he revested is in wynters weede,
Fare weele pe prees, pis liknesse pat I made,
Is agayne hem pat fayle peire freonde at neede.

Ye ryche man hape freondes gret plentee,
Every wight redy til do him plesaunce.
But folke pat beon fallen in pouerte
Noman desirepe to haue peire qweyntance,
To þeyme men chaunge chere and contenaunce,
A Freond at Neode.

Ye poure haþe none to wysse him and to rede,
Lat every man have þis in remembranuce
It is ful vnkouþe to fynde a freonde at nede.

(4)

Whilome Horaste was freonde vnto Pilade,
Never to part as seyþe Ovydïus,
In frowarde fortune ne in þeire stoundes glade,
So did Achilles and Patroclus,
Ye duc Prothee and eke duc Theseus,
Yeire thoughtes oone in herte, wille, and dede,
Giving ensaumple to prynces vertuous,
Howe gret a tresore to fynde a freonde at nede.

(5)

Kyling Dauid alsoo and freondly Ionathas,
Loved as brether voyde of devisyoun,
Ye sparde not for daunger nor manasse
Ne for al Saulus fel parseucyoun,
Ay to contynue in oone opynyoun,
And never dessever for no foreine dede,
Texemplefe by short conclusioun
Howe muche avayleþe to fynde a frende at nede.

(6)

Per is a storye noted in substaunce
Of knightes twayne, Amys and Amylon,
As þey were lyke of chere and countenaunce,
Of all þeire fayture made none excepcion,
Booþe of one porte and one condicion
Hole, vndeparted of courage and manhede,
As by þere fatal constillacyoun
Echeone til oþer feythfull founde at nede.

(7)

Rethor Tulius, De Amicicia,
Hyest of vertues frenship doþe preferre,
In þe hevenly courte supra cidera,
With gods goddesse caste heos beemis ferre,
In whos clere stremis pilgrymes may not erre,
What cooste or parte heos lightes for to shede,
A precyous tresore founde in pees and werre,
A man to fynde a feythful freonde at nede.
A Freond at Neode.

(8)

Pe doctrinal þus writeþe is me tolde
Sepe viatorem nona non vetus orbita fallit.

For nuew knowellege chaungte not þy freondes alde.

Sepe viatorem nona non vetus orbita fallit.

(9)

Do not change old friends.

Peos stately freondes boþe of worde and chere,

Beware of parasites.

(10)

As at feestis at dyners and sowpere,

Cicero compared friendship to the sun.

(11)

Yif þou of freondes make elleccion

Solomon counsels to prove your friends.

(12)

By þe counseyle of prudent Salamon, Si possidesamicus in temp.

taccione posside ipsum. Beware of fairweather friends.

By gode avyse cheese þee vnto such one,

Est amicus secun-
dum tempus.

Preved and expert of olde affeccion,

Beware of

And whane þou haste of him pocession,

Friends.

Þane for no nuwe þou chaunghe him I þee rede,

To him þat wil not fayle his freonde at nede.

Of whiche chaunghe is aye þe nuwe pryme,

Of golde of tresore make no comparisoun,

[leaf 36, back]
A Freond at Neode.

Stoundemelie diuers of entencion,  
Gerisshe, stormisshe of entencion,  
Liche march weder, let nomman take hede,  
Preyse as pou fyndest in pyne opynion,  
And chese þy freonde þat wol not fayle at neode.  

(13)
Pe sone of Syrake called was Ihesus,  
Whiche in heos dytes hade so gret a fame,  
Sepe þere beo freondes of langage glorious  
Þeire worde and worke not lyke who list atame  
For hem he callþe freonde but of name,  
Þeire heestis suspecte, deperted is þeire wede,  
But þey of frensip bire but þe surname,  
Beþ no fals feynier, þat failþe freonde at nede.  

(14)
Alle one to me þat freonde þat doþe no gode,  
And þat enymye þat doþe me no damage,  
As Ianus²Byfronus twoo faces in oone hode³  
Byhinde and fore double of þeire vysage,  
Þeire yee hem boþe with footesles avauntage,  
Oone countreþeþe þeire love and þeire haterede,  
A smal destinccion sette in þeire ymage,  
Þeire trust, þeire hate conclude all one at nede.  

(15)
Þere beon freondfull freondes in wele and woo,  
And ever elych[e] truwe in þeire entent,  
And þere beo freondes, Salamon seyþe eke soo,  
Feyning, flatering, fals, and fraudelente,  
And some beo double of entendment,  
Þat flourisshe and floure, but þei do not feede,  
Of whome I may conclude in sentement,  
Alle suche wol fayle þeire freonde at his neode.  

(16)
Blessed þis man þat doþe his freonde socour,  
Him to support at neode frome his mescheef,  
Incomporable to golde or suche tresore,  
Bavme or tryacle agenst alkyns greef,  
Of pryce no charboncle ne perille is so cheef,
A Ditty upon Haste.

Who fynge suche one, amisse he may not spede,
He may beo marked and trusted, I let you leve,
As for to fynde so feythfull freonde at neode.

(17)
O Cryste Ihesu, whos frenship may not fayle,
For love of man pat suffred passyoun,
And with Golye pat heldeat gret battayle,
Oure Dauid pat sloughe bere and lyoun,
Oure Moyses, oure Gedeon, oure Sampson,
On Calvarie pat list for vs to blede
For Maries sake be oure proteccion
And helpe alle poO pat calne pee at peire nede.

59. A DITTY UPON HASTE.
From Camb. Univ. Lib., MS. KK. 1. 6, leaves 205, back, to 208, back.]

Here endyth the songe on pis worde / Who sueth vertu, vertu schall he leere / And begyneth the dite on pis worde He hasteth weel pat wysely can abyde.

(1)
Alle haste is odious, where as discression
Off wylfulnesse hath non int[e]resse,
And sodeyne rauncour oppressed hath reson,
And extort power rebukyd rj3twisenesse,
Geyne consience haue trouth[e] sette aside,
Afforne providid all surfetys to represse;
He hastuth weele pat wysely can abyde.

(2)
The hasti man ffayleth neuer woo,
Haste contrarious enemy to sadnesse,
And wylful haste to wisdam gretteste foo,

A Ditty upon Haste.

Mortal espie, tretour to soburnesse,
Cheef of counsell to furius dronkenesse,
Spor of vengaunce whan woode man lyste ride,
In oueri mater Salomon bereth wittenesse,
He hasteth wele þat wyseli can abyde.

(3)
Geyne foltyse haste without avisinnesse,
Whan out of counsell exiled is prudence,
What foliewtuth aftur but rancour & rudenesse?
Lak of thre mirrouris longyng to prouydence
Of tyme passed, flutur & presence,
Grounde of al damage for wantyng of a gyde,
To ffolowe þe counsell of parfite pacyence,
He hastuth wele þat wysely can abyde.

(4)
Haste ageyne reson requireth repentaunce,
Haste vnnavysed braydeth on neclygence,
Haste puttuth al courseyle in distemperaunce,
Hasty report & hasti false credence,
Hasti mevyng & hasti violence,
In þem þat lyste not aﬀorne provyde
For to remembre in þer advermente
He hastuth wele þat wysely can abyde.

(5)
Proverbiorum, Salamon speketh of thre,
Alle were to hasti & noon of hem was good,
The fyrste of them of furius cruelte
Was of kynde hasty to scheede bloode,
As whylom Cayme geyne Abel was to wood
For he in his offerynge lyste ryȝtfully devide,
Cayme accursed Abel in grace stood,
He hastuth wele þat wysely can abyde.

12 espy and H. 13 farresse sic H. 14 woode man] women H.
to ryde H Ha. Stanza 3 om. Ha. 18 out] eny H. 19 rude-
nesses] wrathfulnes H. 20 For lake of the H. Lak of theire R.
Among this proverbs H. 36 of K H] agyn R hast H.
mannys blode H. 37 gyne] wyth H. 38 he in] om. R.
to devide R. 39 Ther Kyem ins. H.
A Ditty upon Haste.

(6)
Off a nother Salamon bereth wyttenesse,
Whet [hastith] faste toward his heritage,
Of coveytysse to gedre grete richesse,
In hope þerby to gete grete avauntage
He maketh his god of tresour & coygnage
What sfollewuth aftur, the schipples seyle wyde,
Such folke alday dye or þer myddyll age,
He hastuth wele þat wysely can abyde.

(7)
Tryste is not best þat cometh afforne his tyme,¹
Ner hasty clymbynge to grete possession.
Nexte Phebus vpryste þe next oure is prime,
And mydday follewuth by iyste succession.
Caste weel þyn houres by revolucyou[n]
Dethys horlage wul not passe his tyde,
Be-war þat complyne, preferrer not his sesoun,
He hastuth wele þat wysely can abyde.

(8)
Hasty blosomes a sodeyne wynde doth [shake] [MS. skape.
The seluer deuh a-morewe clere schynynge [MS. deuth.
Wyth bryght bemes of Tytan been vptake,
Or heete of mydmorewe þe mystis doth doun brynge,
Sodeyne rysynge doth sodeynly doun slyde,
Take þe moralite vpon þis worde thynkynge,
He hastuth weel þat wysely can abyde.

(9)
At prime-tens, men seen hit wel at ye,
Hasty frutus haue no longe resydens,
Ryght feyre outward þe coore doth putrifye,
Dayly perceyuyd of olde experyence;
Clymbyng of beggers to worldely excellence,
A Ditty upon Haste.

Namely in chyldehood discression set asyde,
What folewuth pro? Al such false apparence
Though hit schyne outwarde, hit wyl no while abyde. 72

Eche thyng is beeste take in his sesoun,
Thend of Auguste disposeth his ventagys,
Caneculer days bryng home venyson, [leaf 207]
In May & Iune bryddys synge in cagys,
Corn at hervest is brought home by cariagys,
Off hey moneth Iule hath set þe tyde,
In temperat weder men goon on pylgrymagys,
He hastuth weel þat wysely can abyde. 80

Asael was hasti of rennyng,
More swyft of cours than outhaer hert or hynde,
Lyste not take of Abner the warnyng,
Sleyne for his hast In Regum as y fflynde,
Troian stori of Patroclus maketh mynde,
When he for hast geyne Hector wolde ryde,
Off presumpeyon his yen were to blynde
He hastuth weel þat wesely can abyde. 88

Furius hast made Hector lese his lyff
Of hateful yre, for he 3aff no credense
Vnto þe dreme of his notable wyff,
Causyng his deth by fatall influence,
Troyus champyoun cheff wall of þer defence,
Geyne Iunoos bydyng allas, why wolde he ryde?
Geyne Parchas sustren is made no resistence,
He hastuth weele þat wysely can abyde. 96

Achylles spere vnwarly made hym bleede,
Perced his hert, þe heed was whette so keene,
Fortune quytt hym, ther stoory who lyste reede,
For haste he hadde toward Polycyne,
His deth compasyd by Ercula þe Queene, [leaf 207, back] 100

Stanzae 10 om. Ha. 73 to take ins. H. 74 vention : cage :
Stanzae 11–16 om. H. 11 om. Ha. 81 whych is R. 82 outher]
To-forn **Appollo** amyd þer templus wyde
That deth for deth departed þem betweene,
He hastuth weel þat wysely can abyde.  
(14)

**Hasty sechyng & rauaschyng of Heleyne,**
Whan **Paris** ryued vp at **Citheron,**
Maade **Erlies** mortally dysdeyne,
Geyne **Troians** leyde siege to þer towne,
Looste ther relyquyt called **Palladyon,**
Froward cheer offerynge to **Venes & Cupide,**
Causyng the brennyng of ryche **Ylion,**
He hastuth weel þat wysely can abyde. 108

(15)
The amorous haste of **Philles** who lyste see,
For longe abydyng of proude **Demophon,**
Maade sche was turned to a philbert tree,
And bare philbertis passyng grete ffuson.
Hasti desyris, wyfly affeccion,
Off **Penolape** recorde of **Ovide,**
For **Vluxes** fyl ofte sithes downe,
He hastuth weel þat wysely can abyde. 120

(16)
The hasti werres & þe fflurious rage
Atwyxe þe twayne flamous myghti touns. 
Atwene þe Romaynes & cite of **Cartage,**
Caused in Auffryk grete desolacyouns,
Deth & distruccyon of thre **Scipions,**
Tytus Lyuyus þer triumphus wyl not hyde,
Concludyng thus monge all condicions,
That haste is beeste which wysely can abyde. 128

(17)
Euer be war of hasti ffrowarde speche,
Kepe close þy tonge from rekeles langage,
Geyn hurt of tonges harde to fynde a leche,
Beware of hasty speech.
A Ditty upon Haste.

Contraryous wynde of mouth doth grete damage; 132
Swyft of wynte to slaunder doth his message,
And frowarde fliye splayeth his fliyf ful wyde.
Good report is best in eueri age,
And haste is best that wysely can abyde. 136

Haste to¬
ward virtue,
That hast is good wheche hastuth to vertue,
And slouthe is good pat vengaunce doth differre.
Best of all hastus is haste towards Ihesu,
Haste hym to serue for suche haste may not erre, 140
Criste brought [in] pees, Satan brought in waere,
Pursewe for pees, & late pees be py gyde,
Lette parfyte cherite be py loode sterre,
Suche haste is beste who can per-on abyde. 144

In wykkyd haste was neuer founde speede,
Slouth to be vengid, men seyne such slouth is good,
Haste to Criste Ihesu meynt with loue & dreede,
Wyth remembraunce he starff apon pe Rood, 148
And for mankynde spent his presyous blood,
Wyth a sharche spere persyng though his syde,
To vynquesche Satan no scheltron is so good,
As Cristus Passion who can per on abyde.

Lerne in suth to proffyte in vertu, 156
Thynge take in south hath good impression,
A goode begynnynge requireth a good issu,
A good preamble a good conclusyon,
For vertuous lyff vertuous gwerdon,
His bryght bemes vertu can not hyde;
Haste in all perylys to Cristus Passion,
Embrace pat baner, & do per-by a-byde.

Explicit quod Lydgate.
60. LOOK IN THY MEROUR, AND DEEME NOON OTHIR WIGHT.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, leaves 7, back, to 11, back.]

(1)
Toward the eende of ffreosty Januarye,
    When watry Phebus had his purpoos take
For a sesoura to sojourne in Aquarye,
    And Capricorn hadde vttirly forsake,
Toward Aurora a-morwe as I gan wake
A feldefare ful eerly took hir fliht,
To fore my study sang with hir fetheris blake :
"Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wiht."

(2)
Thouh the Pecok haue wengys briht and sheene,
    Grauntyd be nature to his gret avayl,
With gold and azour and emeroudis grene,
    And Argus eyen portrayed in his tayl,—
Berth up his fethrys displayed like a sayl,—
    Toward his feet when he cast dou% his sight,
Tabate his pryde ther is no bet counsayll ;—
Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(3)
The kyng of ffoulys moost imperyal,
    Which with his look percith the fervent sonne,
The Egle, as cheef of nature moost roial,
    As oolde clerkys weel devise konne ;
To Phebus paleys by flight whan he hath wonne,
What folwith aftir for al his gret[e] myght ?
    Bit men remembre vpon his fetherys donne ;
Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wiht.
Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

(4)
In large lakys and riveers fressh rennyng, The yelwe Swan famous and aggreaeable, Ageyn his deth melodyously syngyng, His fatal notys pitous and lamentable; Pleynyly declare in erthe is no thyng stable, His byl, his feet, who[so] look ariht, In tokne of moornyng be of colour sable; Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(5)
The hardy Lioun, of beestys lord and kyng, When he sit crownyd as prynce of wyldirnesse, Alle othir beestys obeye at his biddyng, As kynde hath taught hem, ther lady & maistresse; But natwithstondyng his bestial sturdynesse, Whan he is moost furyous in his myht, Ther comyth a quarteyn, seith in his gret accesse, Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(6)
The Tigre of nature excellith of swiftnesse, The Lynx with lookyng percith a stoon wal, The Vnycorn, by musical sweetnesse, Atwen too maydenys is take and hath a fal; Al wordly thyng turneth as a bal, The Hert, the Roo, been of ther cours ful liht, By ther prerogatives, but noon allone hath al; Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(7)
Among alle beestys the Leoun is moost strong, Of nature the Lamb hath gret meeknesse, The Wolff dispoosid by raveyn to do wrong, The sleihty Fox smal polayl doth oppresse; To ffissh in watir the Otir doth duesse, Greet difference atwix day and nyht, Lak of discrecioun causeth gret bylyndenesse, Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

Lines 25–72 om. R.
34 prynce lord T. 39 seith] syth S. W. actesse S. W. 47
allone] of theym T. 52 polall J. polacle sic T. pollet S. W.
54 by twene S. W.
Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

(8)
Thouh thy have poweer, oppresse nat the porail,
Of o mateer was maad ech creature,
Pryde of a tyrant a sesoun may prevayl,
A cherl to regne is contrary to nature;
No vengable herte shal no while endure,
Extort power nor fals vsurpyd myht,
Lyst for no doctryne nor techyng of Scripture,
Look in ther myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(9)
Reyse vp a beggere that cam vp of nouht,
Set in a chayer of wordly dignite.
Whan fals presumpcion is entryd in his thouht,
Hath cleene forgete his stat of pouerte;
An asse, vp reysed vnto the royall see
Off a leoun, knowith nat day fro nyht;
A fool yst nat, in his prosperyte,
Look in his myrour and deem noon othir wiht.

(10)
Thus by a maner of simylitude,
Tyrantys lyknyd to beestis ravynous,
Folk that be humble, pleynly to conclude,
Resemble beestys meek and vertuous;
Som folk pesible, som contrarious,
Stoundemel now heuy and now liht,
Oon is froward, anothir is gracious,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(11)
Som man of herte disposed to pryde,
By disposicioun of froward surquedye,
Som man may suffre and long tyme abyde,
Som man vengable of oold malencolye;
Som man consvmyd with hate and fals envye,
To hold a quareel whethir it be wrong or riht,
But vnto purpoos this mateer to applye,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.
Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

(12)

No man is cleer withoute som trespase,
Blissed is he that nevir did offence,
O man is meekte, anothir doth manace,
Som man is fers, som man hath pacience;
Oon is rebel, anothir doth reuerence,
Som man coorbyd, som man goth vpriht;
Lat ech man cerche his owne conscience,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(13)

Contraries do not accord.

Thynge contrary be nat accordyng,
A poore man proud is nat comendable,
Nor a fayr saphir set in a copir ryng,
A beggers thret with mouth to be vengable;
Nor fayr behestys of purpoos varyable;
A lordis herte, a purs that peiseth liht;
Outward gay speche, in meenyng disseyvable;
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(14)

Som yeue no fors for to be forswnorn,
Oonly for lucre abraydyng on falsnesse;
Som can dissymele and blowe the bukkys horn,
By apparence of feyned kyndenesse;
Vndir fllours of fraudelent fresshnesse,
The serpent dareth with his scalys briht,
Galle vndir sugre hath doubyl bittirnesse,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(15)

Cure nat thy conceyt with no feyned glosys,
Som goldene fllours have a bittir roote,
Sharp thornys hyd somtyme vndir roosys,
Fowl heyr oppressyd with synamomys soote;
Lat fals presumciour pley bal vndir foote,
Torchis comparyd to Phebus beemys briht;
What doth cleer perle on a bawdy boote?
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

(16)

Kynde in hir werkys can hyndre and preferre,
   Set differencys many moo than oon,
Attwen Phæbus and a litel sterre,
      Twen a flynt and a precious stoon ;
      Twen a dul masoun and Pigmiaoon,
     Twen Tercites and Hector, a good knyht,
     Lat euerey man gnawe on his owne boon;
Look in his myrour and deeme noon othir w[iht].

(17)

Som man is strong berys for to bynde,
     Anothir feeble preferryd with prudence ;
Oon swyft to renne, anothir comyth behynde ;
     Oon hath slewthe, anothir diligence : 132
     Som man hath konnyng, lakkith eloquence ;
Som hath force, yit they dar nat fiht ;
   Pees most profitheth with this experience,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(18)

Som man hath bewte, anothir hath goodnesse
     Oon hath ioye, anothir aduersite ;
Som man fortune and plentevous ricnesse,
     Som oon hath helthe, anothir infirmyte ;
What euyr God sent, thank hym with al thy myht ;
   Grucho nat ageyn, and lerne oon thyng of me,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht.

(19)

There is no gardeyn so ful of fressh flouris,
     But that ther been among som weedys seene ;
The holsome roser for al his soote odouris,
     Growith on thornys prykyng sharp and keene ;
     Alcestis flowr, with whit, with red and greene,
     122 difference T.  125 and a R.  127 boon] om. J.  129
lakketh ins. T.  lakkynge R S W.  134 Som men haue T. Some
man hath J R.  they] om. R.  135 this] hys T. profith J. with
as by R.  136 none oile sic R.  142 sende J.  143 oon] this
W S.  146 wede R. among them ins. W S.  147 soote] hote
J.  149 Alceste R. All costes sic J. and] with R.
Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

Displaieth hir crown geyn Phebus bemy briht,
    In stormys dreepith, conseyne what I meene,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 152

(20)

The somerys day is nevir or seelden seyn,
    With som cler hayr, but that ther is som skye;
Nor no man erthly so vertuous in certeyn,
    But that he may been hyndred by enyne;
A voys distwnyd troublith al melodye,
As seyn musiciens which knowe that craft a-riht;
    On trewe accoord stant al melodye;
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 160

(21)

Let each Comparysouns conceyued in nature,
    By a moralite of vertuous lyknesse,
Lat every man doon his besy cure,
    To race out pride and sette in first meeknesse,
Geyn covetise compassion and almesse;
Fro poore peple lat no man turne his siht;
    Geyn flesshly lust, chastite and clennesse,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 168

(22)

Off every man, by repoort of language,
    Affile thy tunge of trewe affeccioun,
Of hast nor rancour with mouth do no damage,
    Restreyne thy corage fro fals detraccioun,
Fro flatrye and adulacioun;
Withstond[e] wrong, susteyne trewthe and riht,
    Fle doublinesse, fraude, and collusiouTt,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 176

(23)

Evil men No man of kynde is moore suspecious,
    Than he that is moost vicious and coupable,
By cause he halteth and is nat vertuous,

151 dropeth R. conceue J. 154 with so J. 155 in] om. T.R.
156 that] om. R. 157 discorde R. distreyued T.
distronblith J. 158 As] A J. 159 armony S W. 161
Look in Thy Merour, and Deeme noon othir Wight.

He wold ech man to hym were resemblable; 180
A gallyd hors wyl wynceh in a stable,
For noyse of sadlys, heuy othir liht;
A fool that is by repoort repreeuable,
Shuld look yn his myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 184

(24)
That man for vertu may were a dyademe,
With stoonys xij remembryd by auctours,
And as a kyng weel crowned he may beene,
That hath no weed growyng among his flours;
Thouh Aprille haue many soote shours,
Fro Iubiter an vnwar thundir liht,
Seith with an hayl fro Sagittaries tours,
Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wiht. 192

(25)
With vertuous pite and iust compassioun,
Rewe on thy neibour whan he is coupable,
Lat mercy modefie rigerous correccioun,
Alle we be synners thouh God be nat vengable;
We myht nat lyve but he wer merciable,
That his pacience peysed a-doua his riht;
Affore your doomys, ye Iuges moost notable,
Look in your merours or ye deeme any wiht. 200

(26)
Set a myrour of hih discrecioun
To-fore youre face by polityk governaunce;
Farith faire with them that han contricioyns,
And for ther surffetys in herte have repentaunce;
Lat nat your swerd be whet to do vengaunce,
Twen flat and egghe thouh shapnesse tokne liht,
The flat of mercy preent in your remembraunce,
Look weel your myrour or ye deeme any wiht. 208
A Song of Just Mesure.

(27)

Lenvoye.¹

Go litel bille withoute title or date,
And of hool herte recomaund[e] me,
Which that am callyd Iohn Lydgate,
To alle tho folk which lyst to haue pite
On them that suffre trouble and adversite,
Beseche hem alle that the shal reede a-riht,
Mercy to medle with trouthe and equyte,
Look well your myrours and deeme noon othir wiht. ²¹²

Explicit.

61. A SONG OF JUST MESURE.

[From MS. B.M. Harley, 2251, leaves 28, back, to 29, back.]

(1)

By witte of man al thyng that is contryved,
Standith in proporcioun, plainly to conclude,
In old auctours lyke as it is discry ved,
Whether it be deppesse or longitude,
Cast out by compas of height or latitude,
By peyme, by nombre, tryed out by equyte,
To voyde al errow fro folkis that ¹ ben rude,
Nothyng commendyd but it in mesure be. ²¹⁶

(2)

Mesours of musyk bene the spieris nyne,
Mesur'd by mesure with hevenly armony ;
Lower in erth compas, squyer, and lyne,
Voyde al errottrs cause of geometrye ;
Sownyng of instrumentis, concorde of mynstralcye,
A Song of Just Mesure.

Sette full and hoole be perfite vnite;
    Swetnessse of mesure causith al melodye,
By perfite musyk if it in mesure be. 16

(3)
Without mesure may non artificere
    In his wyrkyng parfitely procede,
Peintour, steynour, mason, nor carpentere,
    Without mesure accomplish nat in dede; 20
    Where mesure fayleth, wrong wrought is euery dede,
Of thyng to longe the superfliuite
    Mesure cutte of, and thus who can take beede,
Iche thyng is praysed if it in mesure be. 24

(4)
When mesure faiileth in dome or iugement,
    Rightwisnes is tourned to woodenesse,
A rigurous iuge, a foiltiash president,
    With hate and rancour doth his vertu dresse ; 28
    Vengeaunce by envye theyre reason doth oppresse ;
When they ben blynde and can no mesure se,
    False rooted malice and cruel wilfulnesse,
Wil suffre no mesure in theyr court to be. 32

(5)
[A crownyd asse rude, that can no goode,
    That wylle play a countarfettyd lyon,
And he allso that is a cherll of blode
    Brought vp of naght vnto dominacion ;
A Scottysche hare lyke to a fell gryffon,
    The lyknesse made contraryous of degre,
In theyr accord is no conuencion,
    Nor in ther meethyng ther may no mesure be.] 40

(6)
An olde prouerbe, mesour is tresourse, [leaf 29] Measure is treasure.
    Where mesure faileth is disconuenience ;
In rethorik stant no parfite colour,
    But if it be conveyed by cadence,
If mesure lak, what vailith eloquence ?

Concludyng thus [how] the souerante,  
Of euery craft and of eche scyence,  
Receyvith his price, if it in mesure be.  

[Who that presumythe to make in mytar or prose,  
Or to accomplyshe matters of poetry,  
Withe-oute mesure to endyte texte or glose,  
Or usyth his tonge in truthe or flaterye,  
Oute of mesure, for to say sooth or ly,  
Whan over-mykile is, and grett scarsete,  
A mene is best eche man his witt to plye  
What-ever he doo, that it in mesure be.]  

[Temperyd by mesure is every medysyn,  
Proporcion sent unto the Apotecarie,  
Helthe Recuryd, folowynge the doctrine  
Ypocras set in his diatary,  
Surfatt to mesure is noyous and contrarie,  
Wher-by is causyd grett in-fermyte,  
In this mattar what sholde I longar tarye,  
Wher mesure reygnyth, ther may non exses be.]  

Where mesure reygnyth, subgettis lyve in peas ;  
Roote of discorde is froward tyrannye :  
Favour in mesure causith grete increas,  
And out of mesure it causith grete envye.  
Men must by mesure rigour modifye,  
Atwixt love and hate mesure doth equyte ;  
Wherfor late souerayns vse this policye,  
What-euer they do late it in mesure be.

Lete men be mesure werk other travaile,  
Mesoure biddith men do none outrages ;  
And he that euere of mesure takith counsaile,
A Song of Just Measure.

Can nat shewe in one hoode two visages.  
The coke by mesour sesonyth his potages,  
A temperat hete egall in oone degre,  
By decoccioun to take theyr avauntages,  
Aforne provyded that al in mesure be.

(11)

Disport with labour among is necessary;  
Travaile requyrith a recreacioun;  
Pees and werre ben thynges ful contrary:  
Mesure of eueriche grauntith his season;  
Chaunge and diuersite of complexioun

In sundry ageses set aduersite,  
Nat to glad ne to hevy of condicioun,  
But al is wele so it in mesure be.  
[leaf 29, back]

(12)

That [play] is goode that causith no damage,  
Honest disport that causith none hyndryng.

Blessid of God is also that langage,  
That kepith his tunge fro froward bakbytyng;  
And blessid is he that saith wele of al thyng,  
And blissed is he which e in his pouerte,  
List thank God, voyde of al grucchyng,  
And doth nothyng but it in mesure be.

(13)

Late euery man wisely aduertise,  
He shal agayne receyve suche mesoure,  
By egal peyse and in the same wise,  
So as he weyeth vn-to his neyghboure;  
Be it of hate, fauour, or rancoure;  
The gospel tellith, lerne this of me,  
So as thow weyest be mercy or rigoure,  
The mesure same shal be don to the.

77 mesure he ins. A.  79 deco scratched, then don condicion A.  
84 to eche creature A.  86 diuersite A.  87 One glade and one hevy A.  
88 so that ins. A.  89 That] The play A.  93 al] every A.  94 whiche in his] that is in A.  
95 That list thank god and make no gruchyng A.  97 man in hymselfe  
byasly A.  101 Thow that A.  104 same mesure.  

Colophon  
in A: Explicit the songe of just mesure writen by John Stowe, by  
John lidgate.
Mesure is Tresour.

62. MESURE IS TRESOUR.
[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 143, back, to 146 back.]

Measure is treasure.

Men wryte of oold how mesour is tresour,
And of al grace ground moot principall,
Of vertuous lyf[e] suppoort & eek favour,
Mesour conveyeth and governyth all,—
Tewe examplayr and orygynall,
To estaatys of hyll and lowe degree,
In ther dewe ordre, for, in especiall,
Alle thyng is weel so it in mesure be.

Root of all good, sustains all estates,
Popes and Prelates,
Mesure is roote of al good policye,
Sustir-germayn vnto discrecioun,
Of Poopys, Prelatys, it beryth vp the partye,
Them to conduce in hyh perfeccioun,
To leve in preyour and in devocioun,
Yeve good exaunple of pears and vnite,
That al ther werky, for shoort conclusioun,
With trewe mesure may commendid be.

Al theyr doctryne, nor all ther hoolynesse,
Kuunynng, language, wisdam, nor science,
Studye on bookys, in prechyng besynesse,
Almesse-dede, fastynng, nor abstinence,
Clothe the nakyd with cost and dispence,
Rekne alle these vertues, compassion, and pite,
Avayllith nought, pleynly in sentence
But ther be mesure and parfight charyte.

Myghty emp[er]ours, noble wourthy kynges,
Pryncis, dukys, erlys, and barouanys,
Ther greete conquestys, ther surquedous rydynges,
But ther be mesure in ther condicyounys,
That attemperaunce conveye ther renownys,
Rekne vp the noblesse of every conquerour,
What availlith al ther posciounys,
But ther ende conclude in just mesure?
Kyng Alissaundre, that gat al myddyl-erthe,  
Affryk, Ayse, Ewrope, and eek Ynde,  
And slowh Porrus with his dreedful swerde,  
Yit in his conquest mesure was set behynde ;  
For which, ye lordys, lefft vp your eyen blynde !  
The stoon of paradys was ffyn of his labour,  
In al his conquest, haue ye wel in mynde,  
Was sett ferre bak for lak of iust mesure.  

Knyghthood in Greece and Troye the Cite  
Took hys principlys, and next in Rome toun,  
And in Cartage, a famous greet cuntre,  
Recoord of Hanybal and wourthy Scipioun ;  
The greete debaatys and the division  
Among these kyngdammys by marcial labour,  
Fynal cause of ther destrucciouw,  
Was fawte of vertu and lakkyng of mesure.

To knyghthood longith the Chirche to suppoort,  
Wydewys, and maydenys, and poore folke to diffende,  
Men in ther ryght knyghtly to recoumfoorte,  
To comou[n] proffight nyght and day entende  
Ther lyff, ther good manly to dispende,  
To punyssh extorciou[n], raveyne, and ech robbour,  
And brynge[n] alle vnto correcciou[n],  
That be froward vnto the iust mesour.

Treuwe iuges and sergeauntis of the lawe,  
For hate or frenshippe they shal ther doomys dresse,  
With-oute excepciou[n], and ther hand with-drawe,  
Fro meede and yifftes alle surffetys to represse ;  
Holde trouthe and sustene rightwisnesse,  
Mercy preferre alwey to-for rigour,  
That fals for-sweryng haue there noon interesse,  
For lak of trouthe and lak of iust mesour.

So egally ther doomys to avaunce,  
Of God and trouthe alwey to takyn hede,  
And Cambises to haue in remembranuce,
Mesure is Tresour.

That was slayn be-cause that he took meede
Of poore folk, the causys they shall speede,
To moordre nor theffte they shal doo no favour,
In al ther doomys of conscience to dreede,
That ryght goo not bak, equite, nor mesour.

(10)

Meyris, sherevys, aldirmen, cunstablys,
Which that governe bourghes and citees,
Kepith your fraunchise and statutys profitablys,
That moost avaylle may to the Comouneees;
In no wise lese nought your libertees,
Accorde ech man with his trewe neybhour,
That peys and wheyghte be kept, and iust mesour.

(11)

A-mong yourselves suffre noon extorcioun,
Let no wrong be doo vnto the poraylle,
On theffte and manslaughte doo execucioun,
Beth weel providd for stuff and for vitaylle;
Let no devisiou?i, Salamon doth consaylle,
With-inne your-silf holde no socour;
And for a treasou which gretely may avaylle,
Among alle thyng kepe peys and iust mesour.

(12)

Famous marchauntys, that ferre cuntrees ryde,
With al ther greete rychesse and wynnynges,
And artificerys, that at hom aabyde,
So ferre castyng in many sundry thynges,
And been expert in wondirful konnyngges,
Of dyvers craftys tavoyden al errour;
What may avaylle al your ymagynynges,
Withoute proporciouns of weyghte and iust mesour?

(13)

Rekne vp phesyk with all ther letuaryes,
Grocerys, mercerys, with ther greet habundaunce,
Expert surgeyns, prudent potecaryes,
And all ther weyghtes pyesed in ballaunce,
Masouws, Carpenterys, of Yngelond and of Fraunce,
Mesure is Tresour.

Bakerys, browsterys, vyntenerys, with fressh lycoyr,
All set at nought to rekne in substaunce,
Yiff peys or weyghte doo lakke, or iust mesour.

(14)
Ploughmen, carterys, with othir laborerys,
Dichers, delverys, that greet travaylle endure,
Which bern vp all, and hane doon many yeerys,
The staatis alle set here in portrature,
On Goddys wyll, and also by nature,
Alle oon ymage diuers in ther degree,
Shulde be alle oon, by recoord of Scripture,
Be large mesour of parfight charyte.

Fro yeer to yeer thexpmence is seyn,
Ne were the plough no staat myght endure;
The large feeldys shulde be bareyn,
No corn vp-growe nor greyn in his verdure,
Man to suppoorte, nor beeste in his nature,
For which we shulde of trouthe for our socour
Wourshippe the plough, sithe euery creature
Hath of the ploughman his lyffloode be mesour.

(15)
So as the shepperde wacchith vpon ther sheep,
The hoote somyr, the coolde wynterys nyght,
Spiritual heerdys shulde take keep
In Crystes foolde, with al ther ful[le] myght,
By vertuous doctryne as they ar holde of ryght,
To save ther sogettys fro wolvys fell rygour,
That heretikys quenche nat the lyght
Of Crystes feith nor of iust mesour.

(16)
Heerdys with sheep shul walke in good pastu re,
And toward nyght sewrly sette a foolde,
Of Isaac and Iacob a ful pleyn figure,
That wer shepperdws whyloom be dayes oolde ;
Which lyk prelatys and bysshoppes as I toole,
Thestaatys here sett in charyte shal governe,
By good exaumple in heete and froostys coolde,
That ryght and mesure shal holde vp the lanterne.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
As a Mydsomer Rose.

(18)

Strong as Hercules of manhood & of myght,
I am set here to stowyn at dyffence,
Wrong to represse, and to suppooerte ryght.
With this budgeon of sturdy violence;
But vnto alle that wyl doo reuence,
To alle the staatys sett here in portrature,
I shall to hem make no resistance,
That be gouernyd iustly be mesure.

(19)

Among boorys, beerys, and leounnys,
Myn office is to walke in wyldirnesse,
Reste a-nyght in cavys and dongeounnys,
Tyl Phebus shewe a-morwen his bryghtnesse
Now stonde I here to kepe in sekyrnesse
This hows in sewyrte, with al my besy cure,
To letyn in folk, that of gentilnesse
Lyst hem governe iustly be measure.

Explicit quod Lydgate.

63. AS A MYDSOMER ROSE.

[From B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 3, back, to 5, back.]

(1)

Let none boast,
all things change like a rose.

Lat no man booste of konnyng nor vertu,
Off tresour, riches, nor of sapience,
Off wordly support, for al comyth of Ihesu
Counsayl, confort, discrucion, and prudence,
Prouision, forsight, and providence,

MSS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 3, back, to 5, back = H;
Harley 2251, leaves 15-16, back = h; Bodley Ashmole 59,
leaves 31, back, to 33, back = A; Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4.
12, leaves 86-87, back = C; Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 21, leaves
300-301, back = T; Phillippe (Cheltenham) 8299, (no foliation)
= P; Jesus Coll. Camb. 55, leaves 25-27, back = J. Title:
Wanting in all save A; Here folowepe a balade made of be
transmutation of his worlde with be refraye as a midsomer Roos.
[Running titles in A : Poete Lydgate : with refraye of be Roos.]
As a Mydsomer Rose.

Like as the Lord of grace list dispose;
    Somman hath wisdam, somman hath eloquence,
Al stant on chaung, lyke a mydsomyr roose.

(2)

Holsom in smellyng be the soote flourys,
    Ful delitable outward to the sight;
The thorn is sharp, curyd with fressh colouris,
    Al is nat gold that outward shewith bright;
A stokfyssh boon in dirknesse yevith a light,
Twef ffair and foul, as God list dispose,—
    A difference atwix[en] day and nyght,
Al stant on chaung, lyke a mydsomyr roose.

(3)

Floures open vpon euery grene,
    Whan the larke, messager of day,
Salueth the vprist of the sonne shene
    Moost amerously in Apryl and in May,
And Aurora, ageyn the morwe gray,
    Causith the dayeseye hir crowne to vncloose;
Worldly gladnesse is medlyd with affray,
    Most malapert ther verditeto purpoose,
Al stant on chaung, like a mydsomyr roose.

(4)

Atwen the cockow and the nightyngale
    Ther is a maner straunge difference.
On fresh braunchys syngith the woode-wale;
    Iayes in musyk haue smal experyence,
Chateryng pyes whan they come in presence,
    Moost malapert ther verdite to purposse,
Al thyng hath favour breffly in sentence,
Off soffe or sharp, lyke a mydsomyr roose.

Diversities show the changes in nature.
It is fair in May, but all things change.
Birds differ in proper¬ties, like the petal and the thorn.
The royal lioun leete calle a parlement,
Alle beestys abowte hym enviroun,
The woff of malys, beyng ther present,
Vpon the lamb compleyned, ageyn resoun;
Said he maad his watir vnholysom,
His tendir stomak to hyndre and vndespoose;
Raveynours reigne, the innocent is bore dou,
Al stant on chaung, lyk a mydsomer roose.
As a Mydsomer Rose.

(8)

Constreyn't of coold maketh flours dare
With wyntir froostis, that they dar nat appeere.
Al clad in russet the soyl of greene is bare,
Tellus and Imo be dullyd of ther cheere,
By revolucioun and turnyng of the yeere,
As gery March his stoundys doth discloose,
Now reyn, now storm, now Phebus bright & cleere,
Al stant on chaung like a mydsomyr roose.

(9)

Wer is now Dauid, the moost worthy kyng
Of Iuda and Israel, moost famous and notable?
And wher is Salomon moost soureyyn of konnyng,
Richest of blydyng, of tresour incomparable?
Face of Absolon, moost fair, moost amyable,
Rekne vp echon, of trouthe make no gloose,
Rekne vp Ionathas, of frenship immutable,
Al stant on chaung lyke a mydsomyr roose.

(10)

Wer is Iulius, proudest in his empyre,
With his tryumphes moost imperyal?
Wer is Pyrrhus, that was lord and sire
Of Ynde in his estat roial?
And wher is Alisaundir that conqueryd al?
Failed leiser his testament to dispoose.
Nabugodonosor or Sardonapal?
Al stant on chaung like a mydsomyr roose.

(11)

Wer is Tullius, with his sugryd tonge?
Or Cristostomus, with his goldene mouth?
The aureat dites that be red and songe

57-64 om. A. 57 flours] fowlys C. 60 Ymo J.T. Iuno h.
Yone P. 62 gyry T. gray C. guyri h. 63 stormy P. 66
Of al Iuda be prince most notable A. noble P. 67 moost
soureyyn] wysest A. of] in T. 69-72 A reads:
Fayre Absolon of face moste amyable,
Rekken hem alle by troupe and make no gloose,
Of Ionathas, and make ful mutable,
Al is in chaunge lyche a midsomer roos.

70 gloose] close. 74 alle heos ins. A. so imparial A. 75
eke is ins. A. 76 Of al ins. A. most Ryal ins. h. so ryal
ins. A. 77 that] the whiche h. 79 or] and AC.
Sadonopall J. 82 Cristostomus all MSS. enc. C Cristomus (sic.)
with his cunnyng koupe A. 83 aureat] solempne A. Rad be h.
As a Mydsomer Rose.

Of Omerus, in Grece both north and south?
The tragedyes divers and vnkouth
Of moral Senek, the mysteryes to vnclose?
By many example this mateer is ful kouth,
Al stant on chaung like a mydsomyr roose.

(12)
Wher been of Fraunce al the dozeepeers,
Which in Gawle hadde the governaunce?
Vowes of the Pecok, with al ther proude cheers?
The worthy nyne with al ther hih bobbaunce?
Troian knyhtis, grettest of alliaunce?
The flees of gold, conqueryd in Colchoos?
Rome and Cartage, moost souereyn of puissaunce?
Al stant on chaung, like a mydsomyr roos.

Put in a som al marcial policye,
Compleet in Affryk and boundys of Cartage.
The Theban legioun example of cheualrye,
At Rodamus Ryuer was expert ther corage,
Ten thousand knyhtes born of hih parage,
Ther martirdam, rad in metre and proose,
Ther goldene crownys, maad in the heuyenly stage,
Fressher than lilies, or ony somyr roose.

(13)
The remembraunce of euery famous knyght,
Ground considerid, is bilt on rihtwisnesse.
Race out ech quarel that is not bilt on riht;

84 Homeras C. bope by ins. A. 85 and] ful right A. 86 the] heo A. 87 this mater] om. J P. 87-88 A reads:
Bynsaumple of peo things here nowpe pey been far changed as a somer Roos.
A Praise of Peace.

Withoute trouthe, what vaileth hih noblesse?
Lawrer of martirs foundid on hoolynesse,—
Whit was maad red, ther tryumphes to discloose.
The whit lillye was ther chaast clennesse,
Ther bloody suffraunce was no somyr roose.

(15)
It was the Roose of the bloody feeld,
Roose of Iericho, that greuh in Beedlem;
The five Roosys portrayed in the sheeld,
Splayed¹ in the baneer at Ierusalem.¹
The sonne was clips and dirk in every rem
Whan Crist Ihesu five wellys lyst vncloose,
Toward Paradys, callyd the rede strem,
Off whos five woundys prent in your hert a roose.

Explicit.

64. A PRAISE OF PEACE.
[From MS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 21-25.¹]

(1)
Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn, [leaf 21]
Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer
Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,
And with foure sustryn moost goodly of ther cheer,
List nat departe, nor severe in no maneer,
Of oon accoord by vertuous encrees,
Ioyned in Charite, pryncesses moost enteer,
Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

¹ Owing to a fault in numbering, one leaf not having been counted, leaf 25 is numbered 24*. Collated with MS. Jesus Coll. Camb. 56, leaves 37, back, to 41.
A Praise of Peace.

(2)

Pity ends in *Misericordia*, ground and original
Of this process Pax is conclusion
*Rihtwisnesse*, of vertues pryncipal,
The swerd to modefyte of execuciuon
With a sceptre of discrecioun,
Ther sustir *Equitas* wil put hir sylf in prees
Which with hir noble mediacioun
Sette alle vertues in quiete and in pees.

(3)

In this woord Pax, ther be lettrys thre,
P set to-forn for polityk Prudence,
A for Augmentum, and moore Auctorite,
X for Xpvs moost digne of reverence,
Which on a cros, by mortal violence
With blood and watir wrot by a relees
Of our trespacys, and for ful confidence
With hym to regne in his eternal pees.

(4)

An inward pees ther is eek of the herte,
Which callid is a pees of conscience,
A pees set outward, which that doth averte
To wordly tresours with to gret dilligence ;
Glad pees in pouert, groundid on pacience,
Professyd to which was Diogenees,
Which gruchyd nevir for noon indigence
Such as God sent, content in werre and pees.

(5)

The peace of holy living.
Ther is also a pees contemplatif
Of parsiht men in ther professiou,n
As som that leede a solitary lif
In fastyng, prayng, and devout orisoun
Visite the poore, and of compassiou,n
Nakyd and needy, and hungry socourlees,
And poore in spirit, which shal haue ther guerdoun
With Crist to regne in his eternal pees.

11 vertuous J. 23 for a ins. J.
A Praise of Peace.

(6)

Pees is a princesse, douhtir to Charite, 
Kepyng in reste cites and roial touns,
Folk that be froward, set in tranquyllite,
Monarchies and famous regionus
Pees preseruyth them from divisiouns,
As seith the philisophre, callid Socrates,
A-mong alle vertues makith a discipcioun
He moost comendith this vertu callid pees.

(7)

Pees is a vertu pacient and tretable,
Set in quyet discoord of neihbours,
Froward cheerys pees makith amyable,
Of thorny roseers pees gradrith out the flours,
Makith the swerd to ruste of conquerours
Provided by poeety, nat slouh nor rekles,
And mediaciou of wise enbassitours,
The spere, maad blont, brouht in love and pees.

(8)

And who that list plente of pees possede,
Live in quyete fro sclaundre and diflame,
Our Lord Ihesus he musto love and drede,
Which shal preserve hym fro wordly trouble & shame, 60
This woord Ihesus in Nazareth took his name,
Brouht by an angil, which put hym silf in prees,
Whan Gabriel cam, the gospeleer seith the same,
Brouht gladdest tydynges pat evir was of pees.

(9)

And in reioisshyng of this glad tydyng
Angelis song devoutly in the ayr
Gloria in excelsis at comyng of this kyng,
And thre kynges hauyng ther repayr
With a sterre that shoon so briht and fayr
Brouht hem to Bedleem, a place that they chees,
Of ther viage brouht out of dispayr,
Where, poorly loggyd, they fond the kyng of pees.

65 in the J.  68 ther om. J.  70 pe chese J.
A Praise of Peace.

(10)
Briht was the sterre ovr the dongous moost
Wher the Heuenly Queen lay poorly in iesyne,
With the seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost
On hire awaytyng, moodir and virgine,
Tofore whos face lowly they did enclyne,
Song Laudes Deo pastores doulees,
Fyl douz to ground, bowyd bak and chyne,
And of ther song the refreit was of pees.

(11)
Of thes seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost,
Caritas in love brente briht as levene,
And for bicause that she lovyd moost,
Hir contemplacioun, rauht vp to the heuene.
The next sustir in ordre, as I can nevene,
Was Pacience, which put hir silf in prees,
And moost was besy of alle the sustryn sevene
Folk at discord to settyn hem in pees.

(12)
Gaudium in Spiritu to reiosshe euery wrong,
For Cristes comyng among her sustrys alle,
With a glad spirit this was hir newe song,
Gaudete in Domino, born in an oxis stalle,
A newe myracle in Bedleem is now falle,
Kyng Dauid-is heir mong prophetis perlees,
Shal at Ierusalem in that royal halle
As lord of lordys callyd souereyn lord of pees.

(13)
In thes seven sustryn was no divisioyn
Cheef of ther consayl wac Humylitas,
Content with litel was Discrecioun,
Moost meke of alle was Leta Paupertas,
Alle of accord, cause that Benignitas
Set governaunce, that none was reklees,
Of cardinal vertues perfecta societas,
What-evir they wrouhte, concluidid vpon pees.

82 brent J.
A Praise of Peace.

Thes sustryn alle, pacient and pesible,
Lyk ther princesse, moost fayr, moost gracious,
Callyd Maria, as ferre as was posible
Fulfilled with vertues she was moost plentevous,
Queen of Hevene lay in a symple hous,
A poore stable mong beestys rewleless
An ox, an ass, no courseers costious,
In a streiht rakke lay ther the Kyng of Pees.

At Cristes birthe, as I reherse can,
This pees cam in almoost at merk mydnyht,
Tyme of thempyre of Octovian,
Whan Sibile cast hir look vpright
Toward the Orient, and sauh an auhteer briht
Callyd Ara Celi, of beute peerles,
Theron an empresse, moost fayr of face and siht,
A child in hir armys, callyd cheef Lord of Pees.

This pees of grace long while did endure,
Tyme that iii. kynges wer conveyd with the sterre,
Tyl Herodes, of froward aventure,
Geyn Ihesus by malys gan a werre,
Sent his knyhtes both[e] nyh and ferre,
Slouh Innocentys, of malys giltles,
In Bedleem boundys this Tyrantaunt list so erre,
Ageyn the prynce callyd souereyn Lord of Pees.

This Herodis, tiraunt ful of pryde,
In his malys surquedous and cruel,
Thoruh alle the citiess that stood there be-syde,
Slouh alle the childre, geyn Crist he was so fel;
Of compassionate moost pitously Rachel
Wepte whan she sauh the knyhtes mercilees,
Slouh so hir childre, born in Israel,
For his sake souereyn Lord of Pees.
Other strifes have destroyed peace. Ther be figures dolorous of pite,
    Of fals tyrantuous vengable to do wreake,
Caym slouh Abel for his gret equite,
    Attwen Ismael was stryff and Isaak,
Esaw wolde haue founde a laak
Cause that Iacob was put out of prees,
    By Rebecca a while set a-baak,
Atwen the brethren, tyll ther wer maad a pees.

St. John saw One ride who should do so,
The Apocalips remembryd of seyn Iohn,
    In his avisiouns the Evangelist took heede,
With a sharp sword he saugh ridyng Oon,
    Fers and proudly vpon a poleyn steede,
Of colour reed, his iourne for to speede,
    By his array vengable and rekles,
    Whos power was bothe in lengthe and breede
To make wreere and distroye pees.

His swerd wex bloody in the mortal wreer,
    Attween Grekys and them of Troye towe,
Gan spreede abrood, bothe nyh and ferre,
    Thebes afor brought to destruccioun,
    Kyng Alisaundre put Darye doun,
In Perce and Meede, the crowne whan he chees,
    Vowes of the Pecok, the Frenssh makith mencion,
Pryde of the werrys most contrary vnto pees.

Othir werrys, that were of latter age,
    Affir Ierusalem and gret Babiloon,
Werrys attween Roome and Cartage
    Of thre Scipiouns, moist souereyn of renoun,
Rekke Hanybal, the proude chapioun,
Brak Rome wallys, furyous and rekles,
    At the laste strangelyd with poisoun,
    Of marcial ire koude lyve nevir in pees.

142 was] om. J.
A Praise of Peace.

(22)

Al werre is 1 dreadful, vertuous pees is good, 1 MS. At werrys. God send us peace be-
Striff is hatful, pees douhtir of plesaunce,
In Charlys tyme ther was shad gret blood,
God sende vs pees twen Ynglond and Fraunce; 172
Werre causith povert, pees causith habundaunce,
In Charlys tyme ther was shad gret blood,
God sende vs pees twen Ynglond and Fraunce;
Werre causith povert, pees causith habundaunce,
And attween bothen for ther moor encrees,
Withoute feynyng, fraude, or varyaunce,
Twen al Cristene Crist Ihesus send vs pees. 176

(23)
The Fifte Herry preevyd a good knyght, Henry the
By his prowesse and noble chivalrye, Fifth warred
Sparyd nat to pursue his riht, and died.
His title of Fraunce and of Normandy, Now God
Deyed in his conquest, and we shall alle dye, send us
God graunt vs alle, now aftir his discees,
To sende vs grace attween ech partye,
By loue and charyte, to live in parfiet pees:

(24)
Criste cam with pees at his Natiuite, His peace, [leaf 25]
Pees songe of angelis for gladnesse in Bedleem, which Christ
died to give.
And of his mercy to make vs alle fre,
He suffryd deth at Ierusalem, 188
The day wex dirk, the sonne lost his beem,
The theef to Paradys by mercy gan in pees,
Gladdest kalendis to euery Cristen reem,
For vs to come to evir-lastyng pees. 192

Explicit quod Lydgate.

169 All werris J.
65. RYME WITHOUT ACCORD

[From MS. Harl. 2251, leaves 26 to 27.]

(1) All thyng in kynde desirith thyng i-like,
   But the contrary hatis euery thyng,
   Save only mankynd can never wele lyke,
   Without he have a volumus livyng,
   Flesshly desire, and gostly norisshyng,
   It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(2) A man that vsith to serve lordis twayne,
   The whiche holdith contrary to oone oppynioun,
   To please hem both, and serve no disdayne,
   And to be triewe, without touche of treasoun,
   Now to talk with that oon, and with that other rowne,
   To telle hym a thyng that neuer was wrought,
   And to bryng this to a goode conclusioun,
   It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(3) A myghti kyng, a pore region,
   An hasty hede, a comunalte nat wise,
   Mikel almes-dede and false extorcioun,
   Knyghtly manhod, and shameful cowardise,
   An hevenly hevene, a peyneful paradise,
   A chast doctryne with a false thought,
   First don on heed, and sithen witte to wise,
   It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(4) Frely to spende and to folwe covetise,
   To se burgyons on a dede drye stok,
   A gay temple withoute divyne service,
   A byrdles cage, a key withouten lok,
   A tombe shyppe alway ridyng on a rok,
   A riche bishop convauncyd with right noght;
   And to bryng this to a goode . . . . .
   It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought,

1 blank in MS.
Ryme without Accord.

(5)
To have a galle, and be clepid a douffe,
To be my friend, and gyve me false counsaile,
To breke myn hede, and yeve me an houffe,
To ben a prist, and fight in eche bataile,
To lye in bedde, and a strong castel to assaile,
To be a merchauant, where nothyng may be bought,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(6)
A prowde hert in a beggers brest,
A fowle visage with gay temples of atyre,
Horrible othes with an holy prist,
A iustice of iuges to selle and lete to hyre,
A knave to comande and have an empire,
To yeve a iugement of that neuer was wrought,
To preche of pees and sett eche man on fyre,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(7)
A leche to thryve where none is sore ne sike,
An instrument of musyk withouten a sown,
A scorpion to be both mylde and meke,
A cloyster man euër rennyng in the towne,
First to kille and sith to graunt pardoun,
To yeve a stone to hem that of brede the besought,
To make a shippard of a wielde lyoun,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(8)
A lewde wrecche to were a skarlet gowne,
With blac lamb furre without purfile of sable,
A goode huswyf alwey rennyng in towne,
A chield to thryve that is vnchastisable,
But euër inconstaunte and lightly chaungeable,
To make moche of them that neuer wol be [o]ught,
And take a Rome Renner without a lesyng fable,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

(9)
Religioun men alway wonnyng in the court,
Also curatis evil ther children to love,
To be forsworn they hold it but a bord,
Ryme without Accord.

God to serve and with the fiende to beleve,
The riche man cherissith the poore to robbe and reve,
Hym to disseyve that of trust the besought,
To hele dede men with gresse on the greve,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

To do reddour alwey without grace or mercy,
A powche ful of straw, a prowde purs penyles,
Trew tayled land ayeast the right to bye,
A blynde borne man to pley wele at chesse,
First to dyne, and after go to messe,
A chield without noryce to be vpbrught,
To kepe trewe weight and selle pepere by gesse,
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

Now almighti God, sith it is as thow wost,
Among mankynd made suche variaunce,
Send downe thy sonde from the Holi Gost,
And festen in vs love and concordaunce;
And with suche dedis, Lord, thow vs avaunce,
That we be neuer streyned with worme nor mought,
And bryng vs al to thyn enheritaunce,
With thi precious bloode, as thow vs bought.
66. SAY THE BEST, AND NEVER REPENT.

[MS. Bodl. Laud 598, leaves 49 to 49, back.]

[Ballade.]

(1)

Who seith the best shal neuer repent,
A vertu callid of full grete reuerens;
For euery wiseman, to saue hym from reprefe,
Doth kepe his tong ful couert in scilens;
And men that bith most expert in prudens
Seyn of old tyme, that “tong brekith boone,”
Of his nature, “though he hymself haue none.”

(2)

Croked langage is a ful perilous thefe,
Robbith the fame of vertuous innocens,
Take the darnel and cast corn fro the sheffe,
Sugurat gall with aureat eloquens,
Noise of disslaunder is wers than pestilens,
Which comyth of tongues as men se mo than oon,
And brekyth bonys though he hymself haue none.

(3)

Hit were bettir he fed hym on raw [befe],
Than with his slaundir mortal violens,
So for to sett his venym at a prefe,
To hurt a man which is not in presens,
And faile treacle to make resistens;
Of their nature, thou be hamself haue none.

(4)

Of vices al, to seyn euyl is the chef,
That maybe told or rekenyd in sentens,
For cankerid mouthis doth most mortal grefe,
Namly when prince3 list to yeue hem audiens,
For slaughtyr of sword doth not so grete offens
As mordir of tongues, expert of yore agone,
For he brekith bonys though he himself haue none.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
Say the Best, and Never Repent.

(5)

He gaderith vp the vicious relefe
Of menne; maners be froward diligens,
Disseuereth frendship of folk that were most lefe,
And cuttith asondir theire old benevolens,
For ech fals tong hath pis, of experiens,
Ageyn eche vertu to abutt anoone,
Thus brekith he bonys, and hymself hath none.

[Text.]

(6)

When the siluer dewe sote
From the heuyn down gan still
To bryng the bawne oute of the rote,
After kalendes of Aprill,
Within a park I found a bill
Vndir a bank beside a bent,
Directid to folk that lyst speke yll,
"Who seith the best shall never repent."

(7)

"Say the best."

To sey the best, hit greuyth nought,
Both of folkes hiegh and low,
Lete the trouth be first out sought,
And deme no man till pou hym know ;
Among good greyn no cockill sow
To peyr no man in thynt entent,
A foole hath redy bent his bow
To shete his bolt, till he repent.

(8)

None so virtuous, but ill speech may hurt.
For in this world per is no man,
Where so a man to list fer sech,
Nor so virtuous no woman,
But may be hynderid be oursid spech
Venym of tung doth grete wrecch,
And al that ever per-to assent,
For with pis lesson I wil hym tech,
"Who seith the best shall never repent."
Say the Best, and Never Repent.

(9)

Alas, fals conspiracion,
Hath hynderid many a creature,
Vnkynd subplantacion,
Who may the sore ther-of endure?
The wound ther-of hath no mesure,
Hit perssith deppir han doth a tent,
Take heed, thercfore, to this scripture,
"Who seith the best shal neuer repent."

(10)

A word, when hit is onys i-spooke,
May not be callid ayen of new;
When tonges arn to wyde vnlooke,
Hit makith many man to rew.
Theire spech is clad in dowbill hwe
To compace thynges þat neuer was ment,
Ho seith the best shal neuer repent.

(11)

Most perilous hurt þat is on lyue
As inward smytyng at the bak,
A bacbiter for to discryue
Behynd folk he doth most wrak.
On folk absent he settith a bak,
Of such as be most innocent;
Of lesinges so i-stuffid is his sak,
That folkes welfare he doth repent.

(12)¹

And tho tunges be most to wite
That for suger yeuyn gall
Ageyn good wol hamself delite
To sey the worst in bourre and hall,
And to eclipsyn and apall
Ech thyng be appeyrment
Therefor I sey to one and all
Who seith þe best shal neuer repent.

(13)

Caton writith þat good tung
Of vertuous hath the first price,
No man may stop whan thei be rong,
Say the Best, and Never Repent.

Thesis belles as in my deuyce,
A slaundir of one goth vp so suyse,
By fals report or iugement;
Therfore folk[es] hat be wise,
To sey the best shal neuer repent. 99

(14)
There is som tong can mater flynd,
Afore folk to flatyr and glose,
And cursidly can sey behynd,
And of fals slaundir his sak vnclose,
Resemblyng and braydyng on a rose,
Outward fayre, and thorn in his entent,
Wherfore late ech man hym dispose
To sey wele, and he shal neuer repent. 107

(15)
Ther was on callid Diotropes,
Of whom Seynt Iohn makith mencion;
Whois tong couth neuer be in pees
But brought folk at discencion,
With fals spech and detraxcion,
For ech mannys tong was rent,
Wherfore ech of such condicion
Were good to chaunge lest he repent. 115

(16)
Many a lady and princesse
Of hiegh estate, and many a maide
Tonges haue brought in heuynesse,
Th[rs]ough slaundir of tong falsly seid,
And where the venym doth abreid
Of recles tonges negligent,
Therfore, remembr the on pat I seid,
"Who seith pe best shal neuer repent." 123

(17)
Salamon be writyng berith record,
He had abhominacion
Of tonges pat shew fals discord,
Among folkes by diuysion;
By hoiis cursid conclusion

1 MS. repeats first two words of following line here.
Ful many a trew man is blent,
    Therfore lern in this lesson,
Who seith pe best shal neuer repent.

(18)

Sey the best of more and lesse
    Of low also and hiegh estate,
Lete not langage to sone passe
    Nor bryng no folkes at debate.
To their name sey not chekmate,
    But lern this word, erly and late,
"Who seith the best shal not repent."

(19)

Good seing doth ful greete plesaunce,
    To God truly and to ech man.
Ther folowith per-of no repentaunce
    Who to hym first pat slaundir ganne.
The poison fro the Deuyll out-ranne
    Rote and branch fro hym oute went,
Therfore pe best reed pat I canne,
    To sey wele and hit neuer repent.

(20)

Ther is no wers pat thei pat most deme,
    Ne more lewdir in theire lyuyng,
For with a circumstaunce thei make to seme,
    Wele trewir in tast pan euer was trew thyng.
And al is long in cursid fauoryng
    Of them pat lust hire of such oblocuction,
Almyghty Ihesu, heuyn kyng,
    Staunch cruel tonges and fals detraxion.

(21)

Nature of God askith vengeaunce
    On falshed and vnkyndnes,
For per is neithir sword nor launce
    So whet to kerue with sharpnes,
As tonges ful of doubylnes,
    For all the world with hem is shent,
Therefore, for most sekyrnes,
    Who seith pe best shal neuer repent.

Et ibi finis Inde.
See Myche, say Lytell and Lerne to Soffar in Tyme.

67. SEE MYCHE, SAY LYTEL AND LERNE TO SOFFAR IN TYME.
[MS. Br. Mus. Adds. 29729, leaf 130—130, back.]

(1)
See myche, say lytell, & lerne to soffar in tyme;
Emprynthe thes thre in thy remembraunce.
Lyke as the mone chaungith a-fore the pryme
So faryth this worlde, replett with variaunce.
Ofte lewde langage cawsyth gret distaunce,
Wherefore wyse Caton seythe to olde and yonge,
"The first cheffe vertwe is to kepeoure tongue."

(2)
So wolde God, that thes fals tonges all
Movynge and clappyng lyke pe leffe of aspe,
Whos daly venym more bittar is then galle,
Were bounden eche one & closed with a claspe
Tyll trwthe & temparaunce lyst them to wnhaspe;
For falce detractyon, lesyng, and slaundar
Hathe slayne more people then dyde kynge Alisander!

(3)
Yff in this lyffe thow wilt encrese & eche
Thy worldely ioye, thyne ease, and thyn welfare,
Be well avysed at all tymes of thy speche,
And safe the sure frome Sathan and his snare.
Ofte fals report of tonges kyndels care;
Wherfore in spekyng at no tyme is he ydell
That can his tonge att alle tymes wyselye brydell.

(4)
A lytell sparke ofte sette a tonne a-fyre
But when it [brennyth], it is not lyghtely quent.
O worde myse spoken may bringe the in the myre.

Every Thing to his Semblable.

So depe, in sothe, tyll thow ther in be drent.
A falce tonge may floryshe well and peynt
As for a while, but evar the end is shame;
And wo is hym whos tonge hath lost his name.

Lytell medelynge causeth quiete\(^1\) & rest; \(^{1}\) MS. quête.
Ovar busy was nevar yet commendable.
Loke where thow art in dout, & deme pe best,
Dele not with dobblenesse, ne be not desayvable,
Recheles and rakle ar oft tymes reprevable;
Wherfore, thy self and thow wolt kepe fro cryme,
Se myche, sa[y] lytell, and lerne to suffar in tyme.

Explicit (Lidgat)\(^1\)
\(^{1}\) Added in same hand, later.

68. EVERY THING TO HIS SEMBLABLE.

"A NATURAL BALADE BY LYDEGATE."

[MS. Bodl. Ashmole 59, leaves 18 to 21.]

Here nowe followepe a balade ryal made by Lidegate
after his resorte to his religyon with pe refrayde
howe every thing drawej?e to his semblable.

(1)
Trete every man as he is disposed;
With holy men entrete of holynesse,
\(\tilde{y}\)ambissyous man lovepe to be glosed,
\(\tilde{y}\)e marcyal prynce to here of hys prowesse,
\(\tilde{y}\)e hardy knight of werre and wor\(\tilde{y}\)nesse,
\(\tilde{y}\)e rightful iuge to make heos doomes stable,
\(\tilde{y}\)amorous squyer relese of his distresse,
Thus every thing drawej?e to his semblable.

\(^{1}\) as] like as. \(^{2}\) entrete] trete. \(^{3}\) lovepe] lovith wele. \(^{7}\) amorous] The amerous.
Every Thing to his Semblable.

(2)
Each loves his trade.
The conqueror reioyseth heos victories
And heos tryumphus gladde in his entent,
Philosophier of heos aquatories
With astrelabur to take ascendent,
Mooving of sterres, coursse of pe firmament,
By influence doune from heven sent
Yis every thing drawephe to his semblable.

(3)
Philosophres trete of philosophye,
With pe marchande of tresore and richchesse,
And with pe poete entretethe of poesye,
With gentylemen entrete of gentylesse,
Who correype horsse resortepe to pe stable,
Plowman in tilthe settpe al his besynesse,
Yis every thinge drawepe to his semblable.

(4)
Men pat beon entirde into religyoun
Entrete and talke of peire obedynce,
Musyssyen of instrument and sovne,
Rethorien of craffte of eloquence,
Vercefyour of metres and cadence,
Geometryen sette markis covenable,
Howe every thing drawepe to his semblable.

(5)
Ye smyth in forging, parmorier in aremure,
In steele tryinge he cane al pe doctryne,
By crafft of Ewclyd mason dope his cure,
To suwe heos mooldes ruyle, and his plumblyne,
Ye crafty fynour cane he golde wele fyne,
Every Thing to his Semblable.

Ye iowayllier, for pat it is vaillable,
    Mape saphyres, rubyes, on a foyle to shyne,
Yus every thing drawepe to his semblable. 40

(6)

Palknamystre tretepe of myneralles,
    And of metalles pe alteracyouns,
    Of sulphur, mercury, of alomys, of sallis,
    And of peire sundry generacyouns,
    And what is cause in peire comixstyns,
Why somme beo clene, some leprous, and not able,
    Fixing of spirites with sublymacies,
Yus every thing drawepe to his semblable. 48

(7)

In rych e colours delytepe pe peyntour,
    Pe ymageour in ymages of entayle,
And in proporcion reioyepe pe steynour,
    Pe brouderer in vnkoupe apparayle.
    Pe man of armes in plate and stonge mayle,
    Pe taylours slye, to shewe hemself notable,
In nuwe devyse [to] Fraunce, Duche, and Ytayle,
Yus every thinge drawepe to his semblable. 56

(8)

Of waters demyng pe phisicyen,
    Of pe comfytys peexpert appoticyare,
Of jemplastres tretepe pe surgen,
    Of moderate dyete as pe yeere dope varye,
    Pe famous clerk haþe ioye of his librare,
As for tresore to him mooste acceptable,
    Grossiers of baales and divers letwarie,
Yus every thing drawepe to his semblable. 64

(9)

Ye besye hunter is gladde to fynde game,
    Ye fissher leyþe heos nettis and heos dragges,
Ye fouuler murderþe þe wylde with þe tame,

38 [pat] om.  39 Mape] malsy sic.  om], ypon.  41 The Alkah-
mystre.  42 be alteracyouns] transmutacions.  43 of alomys]
alomys and of.  45 And] om.  in,] of.  50 ymages] mesure.
52 brouderer] braudarere.  53 stronge] straunge.  54 [pe
60 like as ins.  63 baales] gummies.  67 divers] many a.
Every Thing to his Semblable.

Ye begger besy to clowte heos olde ragges,
With hevy lumpes to stuffe heos large bagges, [leaf19, back]
Sellepe hem for money whane pey beo chargeable,
Ye turfman turff, pe ffenman [delvith] flagges,
 Yus every thing drawepe to his semblable.

Prevydent husbandes done peire dilygence
Thoroweoute pe yeere peire saysouns for to knowe,
Devoyding sloupe and froward necligeunce,
To cheese peire tyymes whane pei shal eyre or sowe,
Peire haye, peire corne, to repe, bynde, or mowe,
Sette oute peire falowes, pastures, and lande ayreable,
Governe peire hyrdes afetter pe wynde dofe blowe,
 Yus every thing drawepe to his semblable.

The gardyner in erbis and in rootis,
The laborer doth hegge about his croft,
The cordewaner on sundry shone and bootis,
And on the last for to tourne hem oft,
The curriour on ledres hard and soft
To the weryng to make hem profitable.
Plummers on stieplis and towris clymming aloft,
Thus euery thyng drawith to his semblable.

Pe glover castepe to make heos gloves sheyte,
Pat pey sitte streyte vppon pe mans hande,
Pe marynier amonge pe wawes weete,
Holdepe his coursse to many unkoupe lande,
By the streytes of Marroke and many dredful sande,
And ryde on ankre tyed with many a cabull,
Til pey arryve and reste hem on pe strande,
 Yus every thinge drawebe to his semblable.

69 to charge with his baggys. 70 Sellepe] and sellith.
71 fenneman delvith. 74 peire] the. 75 Slowth avoidyng.
76 eyre or] om. 79 Gouernyth. 89 sheyte[,] meete.
90 [pat bey] for to. mans] om. 92 Holdepe] halit. many]
many an. 93 the streytes of Marroke] marrok straites. 94
And ryde on ankre] casten theyr Ankers. 95 Till] While.
and] to.
Every Thing to his Semblable.

(13)

Wevinge of cloope, of wol, and eke of lyne,
In bookis olde as men may rede and see,
Was one þe first as autours do termyne,
Of þe seven crafftes called mechanycee,
And Cayme was first þat bylde feire citee,
By masonry[es] made it defensable,
And sloughæ Abel of hateful cruweltee,
Þus every thing drawæþe to his semblable.

(14)

Þe pyebaker leteþe heos pyes blode,
With stobul-geesse selleþe garlec dere,
Þe vynter, gladde of vendages goode
Of beestis fatte reiøyæþe þe bochier,
Parkis replenisshed glæþæþ þe parker,
And in comparysoun of thinges comparable,
Þe flatter conyes þe gladder þe wariner,
Þus every thing drawæþe to his semblable.

(15)

Þe mighty archier in bowes that beo stronge,
In craffty takle boostæþe þe fielchecher,
Þe ioynours of bourdons, of speres [round and longe],
In feyre knyves glæþæþ þe cuttiler,
Of sharp swerdes þe fourbour garnissshed clere
Made for þe werre of proef vnreprouable,
Champyoun ful gladdæþe, withouten pere,
Þus every thing drawæþe to his semblable.

(16)

Þe chappechirche þe persone cane deceyve,
Þe fals and coveytous acorded be,
Þe patrouns to permute lycence to rescyeve,

97 Webbyng. 99 one of. do termyne] determyne. 101
bilt a strong cyte. 102 masonry[es] masons. 103 And
he. 106 geesse] gees. selleþe garlec] his garlyk selle. 107
vendages] vnyntages that ben. 111 conyes] konny. þe gladder
gladder. 113 archier] sheter. 114 takle] arowis. boostæþe
reioysith. 115 þe ioynours of bourdons, of] maker of standardis.
115 So H. A has long and ronde. 116 feyre knyves] choyse
bladis. glæþæþ] reioysith. 117 H. has In swerded and pollax of
stiele bourned clere. 118 Made] And. of] at. vnreprouable] nat
reprouable. 119 The champioun gladdæþe to be possessioner.
121 chappechirche] choppe chirche. 122 þe] om. 123 Patrons
for licence theyr guerdon don receyve.
Maistre Symon graunte phe hem liberte,
Frome peire prelate compe pectorite,
Archedens and denys per to beo favourable,
Jey alle acorde vpon duplicyte,
Jeos folkes alle drawn to peire semblable.

(17)
At sessyons and assyses pere moste cheef,
Jourours al redy pere, for-sworne for mede,
To honge pere true and save perrant theef,
Tendyte preestis of God pere have no drede,
Jye belleweder to fore pere daunce dope lede,
Echone acurste in conscience ful couplable,
Ley hande on booke pere Sysour ta\pe none hede,
For every thing drawe\pe to his semblable.

(18)
A shrewed payer ma\pe muche longe delaye,
With fals byhestis and fals flatterye,
Ay gladde to borewe and loope ageine to paye, [leaf 20, back]
He hap\pe of custume where he cane best aspye,
Where men haue golde, pider wol he hye,
Creounce on weddis with face receyvable,
And feyrest speker whane he caste\pe to lye,
\Pes every thing drawe\pe to his semblable.

(19)
Gladde is pere larke Aurors to salute,
Pere nightingale on cedres for to singe,
Gladde is pere mawvys as it is til him duwe,
Kalendes of [Aprill and of May to] brynge,
Gladde is pere throstel whane pere floures spring[e]
Every Thing to his Semblable.

Ye somer is to him so acceptable,
For ioye pey proigne hem evry mor[we]nyng
Pus every thing drawepe to his semblable. 152

(20)
Gladde beo beestis to walke in þeire pasture,
Ye raveynous wolff and þe stowte lyoun,
Ye swyfft tygre his ravyne to recure,
And for to styngye glad is þe scorpyoun,
So to devowre wol þe foule dragoun,
Ay of his kynde þe serpent to vengeable,
And þus of natural inclynacyoun,
Every thing drawepe to his semblable. 160

(21)
[Iren is drawer] of þademantes stone,
Ye gootis blode dissolveye þe of nature,
Ye mighty Achate, auctours seyne eche one,
Of heos enemys doþe victorye recure
Pus of kynde here every creature,
Reioyseþe him, sopely it is no fable,
His owen place of nature holdþe most sure
And causeþe him to drawe to his semblable. 168

(22)
Man was ordeynde talyved in Paradys,
Til he was founde frowarde of entente,
Lefft Goddes heeste, perfore he was not wyse,
And gaf his credence to a fals serpente,
Forsoke his dwelling abode the firmament,
Chase eorpely thinges of nature corumpable,
And was frowarde by fals avysement
Til drawe to God, to whome he was semblable. 176

Every Thing to his Semblable.

(23)

God gaf to man hevenly intelligence
With heos anngelles þat beon so hye in heven,
Feeling with beestis more excellence,
Lyvng with trees as clerkis cane it neven,
Knowing of ellementis þe thondres leven,
Beinge with stoones excepte he is chaunceable,
To knowe þe Kyng above þe sterres seven
Sith He to hem of nature is semblable.

(24)

Pe heven ordeynde for folke contemplatyff;
Pe worlde for men þat þereindwelle,
As fore deserte here in þis present lyff
Pe goode gone vp, þe cursed drawe to helle,
Afþer þeire merytes eche shal haue his celle ;
O Lorde of Lordes, þat art so mercyable,
In Paradys graunte vs drynke of þe welle,
Whiche to þyne ymage madest man semblable.

(25)

Lyff þþþe yeyege, man, and have rewarde,
Vnto þat lord þat is þy saveour,
Þyne hertes looke caste not bakwarde,
Which with his bloode was þy redempþour,
Made þee of nought and was þy creatour,
Of his gret mercy which is incomporable.
Prerogatyff moste souereine of honour,
Vn-to his ymage list make þee semblable.

Explicit.

That now is Hay some-tyme was Grase.

69. THAT NOW IS HAY SOME-TYME WAS GRASE.

[MS. B.M. Adds. 29729, leaves 127, back, to 129, back.]

1 Here begyneth a balade whych Iohn Lydgate the Monke of Bery wrott & made at pe commaundement of pe Quene Kateryn as in here sportes she wallkyd by the medowes that were late mowen in the monthe of Iulij.

[1 leaf 127, back]

(1)

Ther is full lytell sikernes
Here in this worlde but transmutacion,
The sonne by pe morowe gyvyth bryghtnes,
But towards eve his bemes gon downe.
And thus all thynge, be revolucion,
Nowe ryche, now pore, now haut, now base,
By resemblaunce to myn opynyon,
That now is heye some tyme was grase.

(2)

Take hede nowe in this grene mede,
In Apryll howe thes fioures sprynge,
And on theyr stalke splaye and sprede
In lustye May in eche mornynge;
But whan Iuyn cometh, the ben droppyng,
And sharpe sythes lykke them full base,
Therfore I seye, in my wrytynge,
That nowe is heye som tyme was grasse.

(3)

Thes rede roses and the whyte
At mydsomer bene full fresche & soote,
Then folke gretly them delyte
To them to smelle for hertes bote;
Then sone a geyne in-to theyr rote
The roses
The bawme of them is brought full base,
Theyr vertwe lythe than vndar fote,
That nowe is hey som tymes was gras.

Collation from Bodl. Rawlinson c. 86, leaves 141–142. Title in R. : Fabula. 8 was] om. 9 grene made] medowe. 10 thes] pe. 12 in] om. 14 layeth. 15 say. 16 bat sumtyme. 17 Rose. 19 ryght gretly. 20 is for.
That now is Hay some-tyme was Grase.

(4)

In somer men here the nyghtyngalle,\(^1\) And fele fowles in theyr armonye,
Erly and late on hylle and vale
That makyn full hevenly melodye;
But in wyntar, who lyst aspye,
Theyr lowde songe is browght full base,
By whiche ensample I may applye
That now is heye some tyme was grase.

(5)

Ther may nothynge here longe contynue
For to endure in his freshenys,
The whelle so turnythe of Dame Fortune
By chaungyng of her doublenes,
For olde defaseth the all fayrenys,
And all beawtie bryngyth full base.
So here a sample and a lyknes
That now is heye some tyme was grase.

(6)

Wymen that bene most freshe of face
And moste lusty in all theyr corage,
Proses of yeres can all deface,
And chaunge the colours of theyr vysage,
"Chekemate to beawtye," seyth rymplyd age,
When theyr fayrnys is browght full base;
Behold ensample in yowr passage
That now is hey some tyme was grase.

(7)

Whilome full feyre was Polixene,
So was Creseyde; so was Helene
Dido also of Cartage quene,
Whos beaute made many one pleyne;
But dethe came laste and can dysteyne
Their freshenes, and made them full base.
Youre remembraunce let not disdeyne,
That now is hey some tyme was gras.

\(^1\) MS. nyghtyngALLE.
That now is Hay some-tyme was Grase.

(8)
Hester was fayrest on to se
Her tyme of most excellence,
And Gresylde¹ surmontynge of beaute, ¹ MS. deletes cresyde.
       But she and all her pacience 60
Wer buryed with deethes violence,
And in her grave brought full base,
Werfore have evar in yowr advartence
That now is hey some tym was gras.

(9)
Remembre vpon the Worthi Nyne,
Of Kynge David and of Isuue,
The whiche in knyghthod deden shyne,
   Forget not Judas Machabe, 68
What was the fyne of all thes thre,
When dethe hade brought theyr poure base,
   By whiche ensample yow may se
That nowe is heye sometyme was gras.

(10)
Hector of Troy, and Julius,
And Alisandar most myghty kynge,
The story of them tellyth thus,
   For all theyr conquest and rydyng, 76
   For all theyr ryches and gederynge,
Dethe made them to be layd full base,
Remembre therfore in thy thynkyng,
That now is hey some tym was gras.

(11)
Arthur, most worthy of renowne,
And Charls, the myghty emperowre,
And good Godfray of Bolyoune,
Of knyghthod clepyd susteynoure,
   What was the fyne of theyr laboure? 84
Whan dethe provyens hath brought base,
But for to shewe that everyche floure,
That nowe is heye some tyme was gras.

(12)
Nowe it is day, nowe it is nyght;
Nowe it is fowlle, nowe it is feyre;
Nowe it is derke, nowe it is lyght;

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
That now is Hay some-tyme was Grase.

Nowe clowdye mystes, nowe bryght ayre;
Nowe hope in lyve, nowe false dispayre;
Nowe on the hylle, nowe brought full base;
Nowe clymben hiegh vppon the steyre,
That nowe is heye some tyme was grase.

(13)
Nowe clothed in blake, nowe clothed in grene;
Nowe lustye, nowe in sobernes;
Nowe clothe of golde that shynyth shene,
Nowe rede, in token of hardynes,
Nowe all in white, for clennes,
Nowe sise, nowe synke, nowe ambbes aas;
The chaunce stondes in no stabulenes,
That now is hey some tyme was grase.

(14)
Nowe thes tres blosome and blome,
Nowe the leves fade and falle;
Nowe suger, nowe swete synamome,
Nowe tryakle, nowe bytar galle;
Nowe yowthe, nowe age pat dothe apall;
Nowe ioye, nowe myrthe, nowe alas;
And thynke a-mongest thes chaungis all
That nowe is heye : some tyme was gras.

(15)
Nowe men reioys, nowe men complayne;
Nowe can thes wimen flattar and wepe;
Nowe dothe it shyn, nowe dothe it rayne;
Nowe on drye soylle, nowe in the depe;
Nowe stonde vpryght, nowe lowe to crepe;
Nowe rune, nowe go an esy pase,
Nowe mene a wake, nowe folke a slepe;
Nowe that is heye some tyme was grase.

(16)
In this mater lat ws not tarye;
Alle stont on chaunge, who list to see,
Every thynge here dothe chaunge and varye,
Nowe feythe, nowe mutabylyte;
Nowe vpon tweyne, nowe vpon thre;

The Cok hath Lowe Shoone.

Who clymbeth hyest gothe ofte base,  
Ensample in medowes thow mayst se  
That nowe is heye some tyme was grase.  

Explicit Lydgat.

Lenvoye.

(17)

Go forth anon, thou short dite,  
Bydde folke not trust this worlde at all,  
Bydde theme remembre on cite  
Which is a-bove celestiall;  
Of precious stones bylt is the wall,  
Who clymbeth theder gothe nevar base,  
Out of that place may be no fall,  
Ther is no heye but all fresh grase.  
/Finis quod Lydgat of Bery/.

70. THE COK HATH LOWE SHOONE.

[From B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 131, back, to 135.]

(1)

Svm man goth stille of wysdawt and resoun,  
A-forn provided, can kepe weel scilence ;  
Ful ofte it noyeth be recoord of Catoun  
Large language concluying off no sentence ;  
Speche is but fooly and sugryd eloquence  
Medlyd with language wheer man haue noght to don.  
An old proverbe groundid on sapience  
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(2)

To thynke mochyl, and seyn but smal,  
Yiff thow art feerffull to ottre thy language,  
It is no wisdam a man to seyn out al,  
Sum bird can synge merily in his cage.  
The stare wyl chatre and speke of long vsage,  
Though in his speche there be no great resoun,  
Kepe ay thy touge fro surfleet and outrage,  
All go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.


3 a 2
The Cok hath Lowe Shoone.

(3)
Speak advisedly.
Unavised speke no-thyng to-forn,
Nor of thy tounge be nat rekklees,
Vtre nevir no darnel with good corn,
Be-gyn no trouble when men trete of pees,
Scilence is good, and in euery pees,
Which of debate yevith noon occasyoun,
Pacience preysed of prudent Socratees,
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(4)
The Cock watches at night, when the Fox comes near.
Comoun astrologeer, as folk expert weel knowe, [leaf 132]
To kepe the howrys and tydis of the nyght,
Sumtyme hih and sumtyme he syngith lowe,
Dam[e] Pertelot sit with hire brood douz-right;
The Fox comyth neer with-oute candellyght,
To trete of pees menying no tresoun,
To avoyde al gile and ffraude he hath behight;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(5)
False peace is evil.
Vndir fals pees ther may be covert ffraude,
Good cheer outward with face of innocence,
Feyned flatterye with language of greet laude:
But what is wers than shynyng apparence,
Whan it is prevyd ffales in existence?
Al is dul shadwe, whan Phebus is doun goon,
Berkyng behynde, fawnyng in presence;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(6)
Contraries never agree.
The royall egle with his ffetherys duane,
Of nature so hih takith his flyght,
No bakke of kynde may looke ageyn the suane,
Of sfrowardnesse yit wyl he ffieen be nyght,
And quenche laumpys, though they brenne bright.
Thynges contrarye may nevir accordre in oon,
A fowle gloowerm in dirknesse shewith a lyght;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(7)
The world, though, goes by contraries.
The wourld is tournyd almoost vp so doun:
Vndir prynces ther dar noon officerer
Peyne of his lyff do noon extorcioun;
The Cok hath Lowe Shoone.

Freerys dar nat sflater nor no pardowneer, 52
Where-evir he walke al the longe yeer,
Awtentyk his seelys everychoon,
Vp peyne of cursyng I dar remembre heer;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(8)
Alle estatys of good condicioyn  All estates
Will noon of them offende his conscience;
Bysshoppis, prelatys of oon affeccioun
Kepe ther chargys, of entieer dilligence;
Avaunsyd persownys holde residence
Among ther parysshens make a departysoun
Of ther tresours to folk in indigence,
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(9)
I saugh a kevell, corpulent of stature,
Lyk a materas redlyd was his coote,
And theron was sowyd this scripture,
"A good be stille is weel wourth a groote;"
It costith nat mekyl to be hoote,
And paye ryght nought whan the feyre is doon,
Suych labourerys synge may be roote,
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(10)
Atwen a ship with a large seyl,  [leaf 133]
And a cokboot that goth in Tempse lowe,
The toon hath oorys to his greet avayl,
To spede his passage whan the wynd doth blowe;
A blynd maryneer that doth no sterre knowe,
His loodmaunage to conveye doun,
A ffressh comparisoun, a goshawk and a crowe;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(11)
The royall egle with his fetherys duwne,
Whoos eyen been so cleer and so bryght,
Off nature he perce may the sunne,
The owgly bakke wyl gladly fleen be nyght;
Dirk cressetys and laumpys that been lyght,
The egle a-loffe, the snayl goth lowe down,
Daryth in his shelle, yit may he se no sight;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone. 88

(12)
The pecok hath fetherys bryght and shene,
The cormeraun wyl daryn in the lake,
Popyngayes froo Paradys comyn al grene,
Nghtynngales al nyght syngen and wake,
For long absence and wantyng of his make:
Withoute avys make no comparyson,
Atween a laumperey and a shynyng snake;
Alle go we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone. 90

There is also a thyng in-comparable,
By cleer rapoort in al the wourld thorough right;
The ryche preferryd, the poore is ay cowpable,
In ony quarell gold hath ay moost myght;
Evir in dirknesse the owle takith his flight,
It were a straungue vnkouth devisyon,
Tersites wrecchyd, Ector moost wourthy knyght;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone. 104

(13)
Is noon so proude, pompous in dignyte,
As he that is so sodeynly preferryd
To hih estaat, and out of povertie,
Draco volans on nyght his tayl is sterreyd?
Stelle eratice, nat ffix for they been erryd,
Stable in the eyr is noon inpressiouTi,
This wourld wer stable, yif it were nat werryd;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone. 112

(15)
Among estatys whoo hath moost quiete,
Hih lordshippes be vexid with bataylle,
Tylthe of ploughmen ther labour wyl nat lete,
Geyn Phebus vprist syngen wyl the quaylle;
The amerous larke of nature wyl nat faylle,
Ageyn Aurora syng with hire mery sown,
No laboureer wyl nat for his travaylle;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone. 120
The Cok hath Lowe Shoone.

(16)

Foo vnto hevys and enemy is the drane: Men with a tabour may lyghtly cacche an hare.
Bosard with botirfyes makith beytis for a crane,
Brecheles beerys be betyn on the bare;
Houndys for favour wyl nat spare,
To pyntche his pylche with greet noyse and soun,
Slepith he merye that slombryth with greet care;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(17)

I sauh a krevys with his klawes longe,
Pursewe a snayl poore and impotent,
Hows of this snayl the wallys wer nat stronge,
A slender shelle the sydes, al to-rent;
Whoo hath no goold his tresoure soone [is] spent,
The snayl-is castel but a skendir coote,
Whoo seith trouthe ofFte he shall be shent;
A good be stille is offte wel wurth a groote.

(18)

Whoo hath noon hors, on a staff may ryde;
Whoo hath no bed, may slepyn in his hood;
Whoo hath no dyneer, at leyser must abyde,
To staunche his hungir abyde vpon his ffood;
A beggers appetight is alwey ffressh and good,
With voyde walet whan al his stuff is doon,
For fawte of vitaylle may knele afore the hood;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(19)

The ryche man sit stuffyd at his table,1
The poore man stant hungry at the gate,1 MS. stable.
Of remossaylles he wolde be partable,
The awmeneer seyth he cam to late;
Off poore men doolys is no sekir date,
Smal or ryght nought whan the feeste is doon,
He may weel grucche and with his tounge prate;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoone.

(20)

A good be stille is weel wurth a groote,
Large language causith repentauwce,
The kevel wroot in his rydlyd coote,
They that no While Endure.

But with al this marke in your remembrance;
Who cast his iourne in Yngelond or in Francse,
With gallyd hakenyes, whan men haue moost to doon,
A ffool presumptuous to cacche hym acqueyntaunce;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.

(21)
Whoo that is hungry & hath no-thyng but boonys,
To staunche his apetyght is a froward foode,
Among an hundryd oon chose out for the noonys,
To dygestiouz repastys be nat goode;
To chese suych vitaylles ther braynes wer to woode,
That lyoun is gredy that stranglith goos or capoun,
Fox and fulmar, to-gidre whan they stoode,
Sang, be stylle, the Cok hathe lowe shoon.

(22)
Here al thyng and kepe thy pacience,
Take no quarell, thynk mekyl & sey nought,
A good be stille with discreet scilence,
For a good grote may not wel be bought;
Keep cloos thy tounge, men sey that free is thought,
A thyng seid oonys outhir late or soon,
Tyl it be loost stoole thyng is nat sought;
Alle goo we stille, the Cok hath lowe shoon.
Explicit quod Lydgate.

71. THEY THAT NO WHILE ENDURE (TWO VERSIONS).

FIRST VERSION.

[MS. B. M. Harley 2255, leaves 118, back, to 119, back.]

This wyde woourld is so large of space,
No man hath poweer it holly to restreyne:
Kyng Alisaundre myght not alwey enbrace
Al to conquere, though he did his peyne;
Nor riche Cresus nevir myght atteyne
With tresour gadryd by soort or aventure,
Whan fortune list at hym disdeyne,
But that he afftir myght no whyle endure.
They that no While Endure:

(2)

Myghty prynces, abydyng on the werrys,
Which them delyte in there oppynyouns,
As ferre as Phebus shyneth or his sterres,
By ther conquest in diuers regiouns,
To gadre vp al to ther pocessiouns,
What fallith of them? record of scripture,
Whoo al conveyeth, by manyfoold resouns,
Heer lordshippe here may no whyle endure.

(3)

Certeyn folk be diuersly disposyd,
Summe for the wourld as it shulde evir laste,
Summe in ther consceyt fully be purpoosyd
Al ther studye and ther wittys caste,
Previd this dayes and tymes that be past,
Care no ferther, but lyk the chaunteplure;
But wheer so be that they suppe or faste,
Whoo nat providith, shal no while endure.

(4)

A knyght in werrys hardy as a lyou»,
And hasty squyers that been amerous,
Or a facou» that flyeth for the herown,
Nor a grehound on boorys coragious,
Nor he that is to stryve desirous,
For noon of alle, I do yow weel assure,
Of folk fool-hardy, causeles despitous,
Off kyndely ryght may no whyle endure.

(5)

Nor no woman that bargeyneth hire bewte,
Ne no greet giotou» nor no chyderesse,
Nor a strong theef, bydyng in o cuntre,
Ne noon morderer, nor no fals sorceresse,
Nor noo wastour that spendith by excesse,
Ne he that falsly doth ony lond recure,
And he that vsith to bere fals witnesse,
Of right me semyth they shuld not longe endure.

(6)

For he that is a comouw cutpurs,
And vsith longe to ryote on nyght,
Nor he that hath of ech man Goddys curs,
They that no While Endure.

And he that doth to every man vnright,
Nor an owle that fleeth be dayes lyght,
Nor a servant froward to come to lure,
Ne he that hath disdeyn of every wyght,
Off right me semyth they may not longe endure.

(7)
Therfore in this be wys, and take good counsayl,
And prey God fro suych vices teschewe them in-dede,
For comoun profight and for our greet avayl,
In our diffence that we may procede,
In alle vertues, and therto also to takyn hede
To exclude negligence that he may recure
By devoute prayeer to helpe in suych a nede
Thorough mercy and grace, and so longe endure.

Explicit.

71B. THEY THAT NO WHILE ENDURE
SECOND VERSION.
[MS. B.M. Adds 36983, leaves 262 to 263.]

The unwise may not live, whether it be amorous squires, bold knights,
gluttons and thieves.

A knyght that is hardy as a lyon,
Ner a squyer that is amerous,
Ner a goshawke that fleeth for the heron,
Ner a grehounde on bores corageous,
Ner he that forto stryue is desirous,
None of all these, I doo yow well assure,
Off kyndely ryght may no while endure.

(2)
Ner a womman that sellith her beaute,
Ner a glotton ner a chyderesse,
Ner a theeffe abyding in oo contre,
Ner a murder ner a felonesse,
Ner a waster that spendith by excess.

Note: stanza 7 is corrupt, and perhaps spurious. I suggest these emendations: 49 omit *and*, 50 omit *and*, suych, 53 omit *also to*. Collations from MS. Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 8. 19, leaf 209:—1 as hardy ins. 4 ys in stryfe. 6 well] om. 7 no while] long.
9 chyderesse.
They that no While Endure.

None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Off kyndely right may no while endure.  

(3)  
Ner he that is a comune cut purs,  
Ner he that vseth to ryott long on nyght,  
Ner he that hathe of eche man Goddes curs,  
Ner he that dothe to euery man vnright,  
Ner an owell that fflyeth by dayes light,  
None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Off kyndely right may no whyle endure.

(4)  
Ner he that vseth of custome for to lye,  
Ner he that fforgeth tydyngges ay vntrewe,  
Ner he that drynketh tyll slepe falle in his ye,  
Ner he that loueth every day a newe,  
Ner these vynters that her wynes brewe,  
None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Of kyndely right may no while endure.

(5)  
Ner he that ioyeth to wyueth hym on a wich,  
Ner he that ioyeth to horse hym on a mare,  
Ner he also that houndeth hym on a bich,  
Ner he that lyst no warayne for to spare,  
Ner he that holdeth bothe with hounde & hare,  
None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Of kyndely right may no while endure.

(6)  
Ner he that is withholde with euery lorde,  
Ner he that can nat a-byde in noocontre,  
Ner he that vseth to make folke att discorde,  
Ner he that can not sey well in noo degre,  
Butt lete his tung iangle att libertee,  
None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Of kyndely right may no while endure.

None of all these, I do yow well assure,  
Off kyndely right may no while endure.

13 well] om.  14 long.  16 to] om.  17 yeueth euery man.  18 to] om.  20 well] om.  21 long.  23 forth goth with thynges vntrew.  25 For this line is substituted after 26: Nor a chylde that all hyis owne wyll doth sewe.  26 vnteners.  27 well] om.  28 long.  29 wyueth hym] devyne sic.  31 also, etc.] custumably etyth or drynketh to myche.  34 well] om.  35 long.  36 ys bolde with any.
A Thoroughfare of Woe.

(7)
Ner he that vseth to bryng folke in defame,
Ner he that can haue no paciense,
Ner he that vseth to hynder a mannes name,
Ner he that hathe no man in reuerense,
Ner he that passeth his wynnynges by dispense,
None of all these, I do yow well assure,
Off kyndely right may no whyle endure.

(8)
Ner he that boroweth, and caste hym neuer to pay,
Ner he that swereth falsely forto wynne,
Ner he that beheth and allway dothe delaye,
Ner he that neuer lust schryve hym of his synne;
There as I lefft, I will ayen begynne,—
None of all these, I do yow well assure,
Of kyndely right may no while endure.

Lenvoy.¹

72. A THOROUGHFARE OF WOE.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, leaves 246, back, to 249, back.]

(1)
Lyft up the ieen of your aduertence,
Ye that beth blynde with worldly vanyte,
No better myrrrowr than experience,
For to declare his mutabilitie.
Lo! now with ioye, now with aduersite,
To erthly pilgrymes that passen to and froo,
Fortune shewith ay, by chaungyng hir see,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(2)
Boethius bide us beware.
Boys in his booke of Consolacioun,
Writeth and rehersith fortunes variaunce,
And makith there a playne discrispcioun,

⁴⁶ For this line is substituted after ⁴⁷: Nor he that vseth grety
vyolence. ⁴⁷ by] in. ⁵² beheth] eteth. ⁵₃ lyst nat to.
⁵₄ As I sayd erst. ⁵₅ That noone. Lenvoy] Explicit.
MSS. British Museum, Harley 2251, leaf 246, back, to 249 = H ;
B. M. Adds. 29729, leaves 152, back, to 154 = A. Rubric om. H.
To trust on hir ther is none assuraunce;
For who til hir, lo! hath attendaunce,
Is liche a pilgryme passyng to and froo,
To shewe to vs with sugred false plesaunce,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(3)
In this world here is none abidyng place,
But that it is by processe remuable:
For who had euer in erth suche a grace,
To make fortune for to abide stable:
Hir double face is so variable,
Seeth by these pilgrymes that passen to and fro,
To prudent folkes an ymage acceptable,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(4)
Nis nat this world liche a pilgrymage,
Wher high ne lowe no while may abyde?
Liche a fayre peynture sette on a stage,
That sodainly is oft so cast aside?
• Fy on pompe, and fy on worldly pride,
Whiche bien but pilgrymes passyng to and froo,
To shewe plainly, who that can provide,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(5)
Oure fader Adam bygan with sore travaile,
When he was flemed out of Paradice.
Lord! what myght than gentillesse availe,
The first[e] stokke of labour toke his price;
Adam in the tilth whilom was holden wyse,
And Eve in spynnyng prudent was also,
For to declare as be myn advise,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(6)
Is nat the cart and the laborious plough,
Of lordes riches and of theyr haboundaunce
Roote and grounde, if they kowde have i-nowgh,
And hold hem content with fortunes chaunce;
But covetise oppressith souffisaunce,
A Thoroughfare of Woe.

In worldly pilgrimes passyng to and froo,
To shewen allas and maken demonstraunce,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(7)
And for to telle plainly and nat to spare,
Whiche bien the worthy surmountyng noblesse,
That han be tymes passid this thurghfare,
And kowde therin fynde no surennesse,
For to abyde but chaunge and doublenesse,
What was ther fyne whan that they shuld goo?
Redith the cronycles and trouth shal expresse,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(8)
Who was more knyghtly than was Iosue,
Whiche hyng vp kynges there at Gabaon?
Or more manly than Iudas Machabe,
Meker than Dauid, wiser than Salamon?
Or fayrer founde than was Absolon?
Icheon but pilgrimes passyng to and froo;
Takyng ensample also by Sampson,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(9)
Hector was slayne also of Achilles,
As he hym mette vnwarly in bataile,
And Iulius was murthred in the prese,
Whan senatours at Rome hym dide assaile.
What myght the conquest of Alisaundre availe?
Al ner but pilgrimes passyng to and froo,
Plainly to declare to riche and to the poraile,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(10)
Remembrith how that many a riche realme,
Hath bien to-forn cast downe and ouerthrowe,
Prynces of provynces whilom Jerusalem,
Was for his synne somtyme brought ful lowe,
Seede of discord also that was sowe,
Among the Trojans in myddes of theyr mortal woo,
Gyvith evidence to make men to knowe,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(11)
Of Babylonyne the grete Balthasar,
When he sat hyest in his estate royal,
Ful sodainly, or he list be ware,
Had from his crowne a ful dredeful fal;
Mane techel phares writen on the walle,
Taught hym plainly what wey he shuld goo,
To vs concludyng in especial,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(12)
[The gret stryffe and the deuisyon]
Betwene Pompey and Cesar Iulius,
Was grounde and cause why that Rome town
Distroyed was, cronycles tellen vs;
Cesar slayne by Brutus Cassius,
Makyng thempire vnto declyne to goo,
For to reporte plainly vnto vs,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(13)
Hertis devided have caused mochel wrake;
Recorde on Fraunce and Parys the fayre citee,
Betwene Burgoynoun and hateful Armynake,
Gynnyng and roote of grete mortalite,
Shedyng of bloode, slaughter, and aduersite,
As Martis chaunce torned to and froo,
To yeve ensample if men kowde se,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(14)
The fyft Henry, the myghti conquerour,
To sette rest atwene Ingland and Fraunce,
Dide his peyne and diligent labour,
As he wele kydde by knyghtly gouernaunce,
[But o alias, fortunes varyaunce]
To grete hyndryng of these reames twoo,
Toke hym away, to shewe vs in substaunce,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

A Thoroughfare of Woe.

(15)

The Dukes of Clarence, and of Exeter.

Clarence the Duk, ensample of gentilesse, [leaf 248, back]
Of fredam callid the verray exemplayre;
The Duk of Excestre, ful famous of prowess,
Though he were knyghtly, he was eke debonayre;
But for al that fortune was yit contrayre:
To both these dukes, alas! why did she so?
But for hir list to shewe by mortal chaunce,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(16)

The Earl of Salisbury.

Of Salusbury the manly Montagw,
Though he was preved in armys a goode knyght,
The fatal day yit myght he nat eschewe,
Whan that he dyed for his kynges right,
And Parchas sustren list preve ther yvel myght,
Of his paradice, whan it come therto,
To make a myrrour how we may have a sight,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(17)

Death spares none.

Stabilnesse is founde in nothyng,
In worldly honour who so lokith wele;
For deth ne sparith emperour ne kyng,
Though they be armed in plates made of steele:
He castith downe princes from Fortunes wheele,
As hir spokes rounde about[e] goo,
To exemplifye, who that markith wele,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(18)

God sent aforn ful oft his officers,
To dukes, erles, barouns of estate,
Sommoneth also by his mynisters
Surquidous people, pompous and elate,
Ageyns whos somons they dare make no debate,
Obey his preceptis and may nat go ther fro,
To signifie to pope and to prelate,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

122 yu] it A. 133 aboute A.
A Thoroughfare of Woe.

(19)
Of his bedils the names to expresse,
   And of his serjeauntis, as I can endite,
To somowne he sendith langour and sikenesse,
   And som with povert hym list to visite;
To iche estate so wele he can hym qwyte,
Markyng his seruauntis with tokens where they goo,
To shewe hem plainly as I dare wele write,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(20)
Whom that he lovith, the Lord forgeth hym nought,
   I meane the children of his heritage,
He gyvith hem leuerey of gold ne perle i-wrought;
   The prente whiche he bare in his pilgremage,
Scorne and rebuke cast in his visage,
He pacient and sayde nothyng therto,
   But gaf ensample to euery maner of age,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(21)
Thankith God with humble pacience,
   Whan he yow visiteth with suche aduersite,
Heven nys nat wonne with worldly influence,
   With gold ne tresour ne grete prosperite,
But with suffraunce and with humylite,
For this lyf heere, take goode heede therto,
   Faileth ay at nede whery ye may se,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

(22)
Kynges prinois, most souerayne of renoun,
   For al theyr power, theyr myght, theyr excellence,
Nor philosophers of euery regioun,
   Nor the prophets preferred by science,
Were nat fraunchised to make resistence,
But liche pilgrymes whan it cam therto,
   To shewe ensample and playn evidence,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

144 names] meanes A.
Reken vp the realmes and the monarchyes,
Of erthly princes, reigneng in theyr glorye, [leaf 249, back]
With theyr sceptres and theyr regalyes,
With theyr triumphes conquerid bi victoreye,
Their marcial actes entitled by memoreye,
And to remembre whan that al this is doo,
They doo but shewe a shadow transitorye,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

O, ye maysters, that cast shal yowre looke
Vpon this dyte made in wordis playne,
Remembre sothly that I the refreyd tooke,
Of hym that was in makyng souerayne,
My mayster Chaucier, chief poete of Bretayne,
Whiche in his tragedyes made ful yore agoo,
Declared triewly and list nat for to feyne,
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

So as I lay this othir nyght,
In my bed tournyng vp so doyn,
Whan Phebus with his beemys bryght
Entryd the signe of the Lyoun,
I gan remembre with-inne my resoun
Vpon wourldly mutabilite,
And to recoorde wel this lessoun
Timor mortis conturbat me.

I thoughte pleynly in my devise,
And gan considre in myn entent,
How Adam whylome in Paradise
Descyved was of a fals serpent
To breke Goddys comaundement,
Timor Mortis Conturbat Me.

Wheer thorough al his posteryte
Lernyd by short avisement
Tymor mortis conturbat me. 16

(3)
For etyng of an appyl smal
He was exyled froom that place;
Sathan maade hym to haue a fall
To lese his fortune and his grace,
And froom that gardeyn hym enchace
Fulle ferre froom his felicite;
And thanne this song gan hym manace,
Tymor mortis conturbat me. 24

(4)
And had nought been his greet offence,
And this greet transgressioun,
And also his inobedience
Of malice and of presumcioun;
Gyf credence ageyn al resoun
To the Develys iniquite,
We had knowe no condicioun
Of timor mortis conturbat me. 32

(5)
This lastyd forth al the age;
Ther was noon othir remedye,
The venym myght nevir aswage
Whoo sprong out of envye,
Off pryde, veynglorye, and surquedye:
And lastyng til tyme of Noye,
And he stood eek in iupartye
Of timor mortis conturbat me. 40

(6)
From our fom ffadir this venym cam,
Fyndyng nevir noon obstacle,
Melchisedech, nor of Abraham,
Ageyn this poysou sprong tryacle;
But of his seed ther sprang tryacle;
Figure of Isaak, ye may rede and see,
Restoore to lyff by hih myracle,
Whan timor mortis conturbat me. 48
Timor Mortis Conturbat Me.

(7)

Moses, Moyses with his face bryght
Which cleer as ony sunne shoon;
Joshua, Josue that was so good a knyght
That heng the kynges of Gabaoon;
Gideon, Nor the noble myghty Gedeoon
Had no poweer nor no powste,
For ther flamous hih renoun,
Ageyn timor mortis conturbat me.

(8)

Sampson, Sampson that rent the lioun
On pecis smale, thus stood the caas;
Nor Dauid that slowh the champyoun,—
I meene the myghty greet Golias—
Maccabeus, Nor Machabeus the strong Iudas,
Ther fatal ende whoo so lyst see,
Bothe of Symon and Ionathas,
Was timor mortis conturbat me.

(9)

In the Apocalips of Seyn Iohn,
The chapitlys whoo so can devyde,
The Apoostyl thoughte that he sawh oon
Vpon a paale hors did ryde,
That poweer hadde on euery syde,
His name was Deth thorugh cruelte,
His strook whoo so that durste abyde
Was timor mortis conturbat me.

(10)

Rekne alle the Wourthy Nyne
And these olde conquerours;
Deth them made echoon to fyne
And with his dedly mortal shours,
Abatyd hath ther fressh[e] flours ;
And cast hem down from hih degree,
And eek these myghty emperours
With timor mortis conturbat me.

(11)

These ladyes that were so fressh of face
And of bewte moost souereyn,
Ester, Judith, and eek Candace,
Timor Mortis Conturbat Me.

Alceste, Dido, and fayr Eleyne,
And eek the goodly wywes twayne
Marcya and Penelope,
Were embracyd in the cheyne
Of timor mortis conturbat me.

(12)
What may all wourldly good avaylle?
Strength, konnyng and rychesse,
Nor victorye in bataylle,
Fame, conquest, nor hardynesse,
Youthe, helthe nor prosperyte?
All this hath here no sykirnesse
Ageyn timor mortis conturbat me.

(13)
Whan youthe hath doon his passage
And lusty yeerys been agoon,
Thanne folwith afftir crookyd age
Slak skyn, and many a wery boon;
The sunne is dirk that whyloom shoon
Of lusty youthe and fresshe bewte,
Whan othir socour is ther noon
But timor mortis conturbat me.

(14)
In August whan the levys falle
Wyntir folwith afftir soone,
The grene of somyr doth appalle,
The wourld is chau?igeable as the moone;
Than is there no moore to doone,
But providence in ech degree
Of recure, whan ther is no boone
Saaff timor mortis conturbat me.

(15)
Ech man be war and wysbeforn
Or sodeyn deth come hym to saylle,
For there was nevir so myghty born,
Armyd in platys nor in maylle,
That whan deth doth hym assaylle
Hath of diffence no liberte
To thynke afore what myght avayle
On timor mortis conturbat me.

(16)

Enpreente this mateer in your mynde,
And remembre wel on this lessoun,
Al worldly good shal leve be hynde,
Tresour and greet posessioun.
So sodeyn transmutacioun
Ther may no bettir socour be
Whan timor mortis conturbat me.

74. TYED WITH A LYNE.
[From MS. Harl. 2251, leaves 38, back, to 39, back.]

(1)
Things go by contraries,
The more I go, the further I am behynde;
The further behynd, the nere the weyes end;
The more I seche, the wers can I fynd;
The lighter leve, the lother for to wend;
The lengger I serve, the more out of mynd;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am with a lyne.

(2)
Drye in the see, and wete vpon the stronde;
Brenne in watir, in fuyre fresyng;
In reveris thurstlew, and moyst vpon the lond;
Gladde in mournyng, in gladnes compleyneng;
The fuller wombe, the gredyer in etyng;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I teyed am with a luyne.

(3)
A wery pees, and pees amyd the weere;
The better felaw, the rathir at discoarde;
The neere at hande, the sonner set a-ferre;
Accorde debatyng, debatyng at accorde;
Furthest fro court, gretttest with the lorde;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am with a lyne.

(4)
A wepyng laughter, a mery glad wepyng;
A fresy thowe, a meltyng fryse;
The slowar paas, the further in rennyng;
The more I renne, the more way I lese;
The grettest losse when I my chaunce do chese;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am with a lyne.

(5)
Weryles I walke ay in trouble and travaile,
Euer travilyng without werynes;
In labour idel, wynnyng that may nat availe;
A troubled ioy, a joyeful hevynes;
A sobbyng songe, a chierful distres;
Is it fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am with a lyne.

(6)
Wakyng a bedde, fastyng at the table;
Riche with wysshis, pore of possessioun;
Stable vnassured, assured eke vnstable;
Hope dispeyred, a gwerdonles gwerdon;
Trusty discyte, feythful decepcioun;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am wythe a lyne.

(7)
A mournyng myrth, sobrenes savage;
Prudent foly, stidefast wildenesse;
Providence conveyed ay with rage;
A dronken sadnesse, and a sad drunkenesse;
A woode wisdom, and a wise woodednesse;
Is this fortune, or is it infortune?
Though I go loose, I tyed am with a lyne.

(8)
Vnhappy everous fortune infortunat;
An hertles thought, a thoughtlees reme[m]braunce;
Lo what avauntage! and sodainly chekmate,
Tyed with a Lyne.

Now six, now synk, now deny for my chaunce;
Thus al the world stant in variance:
Late men dispute, whethir this be fortune?
No man so loose, but he is tied with a luyne.

(9)
The world vnsure, contrary al stablenesse,
Whos ioye is meynt ay with adversite;
Now light, now hevy, now sorwe, now gladnes;
Ebbe after floode of al prosperite.
Set al asyde and lierne this of me,
Trust vpon fortune? Defye false fortune,
And al recleymes of hyr double luyne.

(10)
The gretter lord, the lasse his assuraunce;
The sikerest lyiffe is in glad pouerte;
Both high and lough shal go on dethis daunce,
Renne vnto Powlis, beholde the Machabe;
Fraunchise of phisyk makith no man go free;
Trust vpon God, defye fals fortune,
And al recleymes of hyr double luyne.

(11)
Lothest departyng where is grettest richesse;
Al worldly tresour goth to the world agayne;
To kepe it longe may be no sikernesse,
Of grete receytis grete rekenyng in certayne.
Whan we gon hens al this shalbe but vayne;
Trust vpon God, defye false fortune,
That al recleymes of hir double luyne.

(12)
Nothyng more sure than al men shal deye,
Late men aforne make theyr ordynaunce;
vij. dedis of mercy shal best for vs purveye,
And almesdede shal make achevisaunce,
Texclude by grace the rigour of vengeaunce;
For Cristis passioun mavgre false fortune,
Shal-recleyme vs to his merciable luyne.
75. A SONG OF VERTU.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 12 to 14.]

(1)

As of hony men gadren out swetnesse,
   Of wyn and spices is maad good ypocras,
Fro silver wellys pat boyle vp with fresshnesse
   Cometh cristal watir rennyng a gret pas;
So as Phebus perceth thoruh the glas,
With briht beemys, shynyng in his speere,
Byforn our dayes this prouerbe provid was,—
   Of prudent folk men may vertu leere.

(2)

Quyk lusty sprynges, that boile vp in the welle,
   Do gret refresshyng and courafort to the siht,
Mong holsom herbys in vertu that excelle,
   What folwith aftir makith hertis glad and liht;
Good hair a morwe aftir the dirke nyht,
Passyng holsom al sesouns of the yeere,
Concludyng thus of verray trouthe and riht,—
   W[h]o sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

(3)

Frut fet fro fer tarageth of the tre,
   Wyn takith his pris of the holsom vyne,
Of puryd flour maad holsom breed parde,
   As clerkys wyse is holsom the doctryne;
The wyntres nyht is glad whan sterrys shyne,
   fruit shows the tree,
Somer toward when buddys first appeere,
And the Maydewh round lik perlys fyne,—
Who sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

(4)

Ech thyng of kynde drawith to his nature,
Som to profite in wysdam and science,
Som also to studyen in scripture,
A fool is duliyd of slouth and necligence;
Konnyng conqueryd with long experyence,
Which noble tresour may nat be bouht to deere,
And who that doth his enteer dilligence,—
Vertu to sewe, vertu he shal leere.

(5)

A yong braunch wol soone wexe wrong,
Dispoosyd of kynde for to been a crook,
The ffyr of nature wyl growe vpright and long,
Hoot ffir and smoke makith many an angry cook;
The fissh for beit goth to the angil-hook,
The larke with song is Phebus massager,
A thryvyng scoler riht eerly to his book,—
Who sewith vertu, vertu he shal leere.

(6)

Off rethericyens men lerne fressh language,
Of hooly seyntes procedith parfitnesse,
Of furyoufs folk debate and gret outrage,
Of marcial pryncis vertuous hih noblesse,
For lyk hymsilf kynd wyl ay appeere,
A cherl of nature wil brayde on rewdnesse,—
Who seweth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

22 Somer is ins. R.h. first gynne J.T. doth h. 23 Line tr. with 22 h. as rounde perles h. 24 he shal vertu h. vertu shal he P. (et. al. v.) 26 profite] be perfite R. in wysdam and] and som to h. 27 stedyen C. studyn P. Lines 30-31 tr. h. 29 conqueryth R. 31 that] so R. 32 To sue P. som vertu h. h here repeats stanzas 2-4. In the mar¬gin is written Reade agayne. 33 waxen C. yonge J.R. 35 right h. and om. J. 36 cook] tooke J. 38 with] to h. is] to h J. 39 riht eerly] erly and late h. his] om. h. 43 gre] om. T.A. 44 marcial pryncis] mercifull princesse P. vertues C. 46 kynde T.R h C. 47 rudenesse h R.T.C. on] of P.
A Song of Vertu.

(7)

Lusty hertys in gladnesse them delite,
Set al ther study on occupacioun,
In ioye and myrthe, riht as an ypocrite
Reioysith hymself in symylacioun;
And bakbiters in fals detraccioun,
To hurt wers than brymbyl, busk, or breere,
Contrary to vertu of condicioun,—
Who sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

(8)

Off knyhtis knyhthood expert in pees and werre;
Marchauntys by travayle gadre greet richesse;
Be nedle and stoon and by the lood-sterre,
Maryners ay ther cours they dresse;
And massageers with wacch and gret swiftnesse,
Texpleyte ther iourne al tymes of the yeere,
Ther grettest foo is slouthe and ydilnesse,—
To alle tho that vertu list to leere.

(9)

Love Hooly Chirche, do therto reuerence,
Do no man wrong, mayntene rihtwisnesse;
Thouh thu be strong, do no violence,
Specially no poore man oppresse;
With glad herte parte thyn almesse;
In prosperite be nat to proud of cheere,
In aduersite be pacient with meeknesse;
Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

(10)

Touchyng also thyn occupacioun,
Departe thy tyme prudently on thre,
First in prayer and in orisoun,
Trauayl among is profitable to the;
Reede in bookys of antiquyte,

Love the church, be just and merciful.

Divide your time in prayer, work, and reading.

49 they hem h. 50 al] om. h. on] in C. and hCTR. 51 as] so h. 52 And] om. A. 54 hurte Rh. busk] doth h. or] and P. 55 of al ins. h. 56 schal he C. 57 werre and pees h. 59 lodesterre RhCTR. 60 they] doth h. R. om. P. 62 To] om. R. To hast theyr iourneyes they also steere h. (written over). 63 Ther] The PTRJC. grete P. 64 Vnto h. Order in h. 67, 65, 68, 66. 65 Love] Bow to R. 68 thou oppresse Rh. 69 parte] parte with J. departe h. 71 And in J. with] wheche C. 72 shalt you P. 74 om] in P. 76 to] vnto P. for A.
A Song of Vertu.

Of oold stooryes be glad good thyng to heere,
And it shal tourne to gret comodite,—
Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

(11)

Be no sloggard, fle from ydilnesse;
Connyng conquer by vertuous diligence;
Slouthe of vices is cheef porteresse,
And a step-moodir to wysdam and science;
Labour cheef guyde to profit in prudence,
With vertuous lyff take heed of this mateere,
Withdrawe thy hand from froward necilage;
Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

(12)

Sith thu were wrouht to be celestial,
Lat resouTi brydle thy sensualite,
Geyn froward lustys fleeshly and bestial,
Ageyn al wordly disordinat vanyte;
With fortunys fals mutabilite,
Peysed how short tyme thu shalt abyden heere,
Pray Crist Ihesu, of mercy and pite,
Or thu parte hens, vertu so to leere.

(13)

With tyme and space and goostly remembraunce, [leaf 14]
Of oold surfetys to haue contricioun,
Shrifft, and hosyl, and hooly repentaunce,
With a cler mynde of Crystes passioun,
Vpon the Cros He bouht the so deere,
Cleyme of His mercy to haue possessioun,
With Hym to dwelle above the sterrys cleere.

Explicit.

78 turne [e R. to] forto P. 81 slugge but h. 84 And]
om. h. a] om. R. 85 in] and h. 86 of] to h. 94
abyden C. 95 Of his A. 96 thow shalt h. so] for R.
hennes C. 97 remembraunce] apparence h. P. adds a line after
97 : Pray Crist issu of mercy and pite, cf. 95. 98-99 tr. h.
T. Amen J L (in monogram) P.
A Wicked Tunge wille Sey Amys.

76. A WICKED TUNGE WILLE SEY AMYS.

A resoun de fallacia mundi.

(1)

Considere welle with euery circumstaunce,
Of what estate euery that thoue be,
Riche, stronge or myghti of puysaunce, 1 MS. pyysaunce.
Prudent or wis, discrete or avyse,
The dome of folkes yn sothe thow maiste not fle.

What euery thow do, truste right welle this,—
A wicked tunge wille alwey sey a-mys.

(2)

For yn thi port or yn thyn apparaile,
3if thou be glad or honestli be-seyne,
A-noon the peple of malis wille not faile,
With-owte aduyse or resoun, for to seyne
That thy thy arrai is made, or wrowght yn veyne.

What, suffre hem speke ! & truste right wel this,
A wicked tonge wille alwey sey a-mys.

(3)

Thow wolt to kynges ben equypolent,
With grete lordes euene and peregal,
And 3if thou be to-torne & to-rent,
Then wille thei seyne, & ianglyn ouer al,
Thow art a slogarde, that neuer thryue shal.

3itte suffre hem speke, & trust[e] right wel this,
A wicked tonge wille alwey sey a-mys.

MSS. Ellesmere 4, leaves 20 to 22 = E ; Trin. Coll. R. 3, 20, pp. 15-19 = T ; Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. 1, 6, leaves 125-128 = C ; Bodley 686, leaves 190, back, to 192 = B ; B.M. Add. 29729, leaves 149, back, to 151, back = A ; Harley 2251, leaves 151-152, back = H ; Print in Thynne’s Chaucer 1532, fols. 382, back, to 383 = Th.

Title: B as in E. T A: Lo my lordes here begynne a balande
go de connyseyle translated out of verses in Latyne into Englishe
by daun Johan þe monk of Bury celyped Lydegate. om. C H Th.
If fair, then they call you amorous.

3if thou be feeire, excellyng of beaute,
   Than wille they seyne that thou art amorous.
3if thou be fowle & owgle vn-to see,
   They wille afferme that thou art vycious,
   The peple of langage is so despitous.
Suffre al ther speche & trust[e] right wel this,
   A wicked tounge wille alwey sey a-mys.

If married, they pity your mis-fortune.

3if hit be-falle, that thou take a wif,
   Thei will falsly seyne yn ther entent
   Thow art lyke euer to lyue yn strif
   Voide of al reste, with-owe your allegement;
   Wyues ben maistres, thus there iugement.
   3itte suffre ther speche, & truste right wel this,
   A wicked tounge wille alwey sey a-mys.

If single, then they call you impotent.

And 3if so be that of perfitesse
   Thow haste a-vowed to lyue yn chastite,
   Than wille folkes of thy person expressse
   Thow art ympotent tengendre yn thi degre.
   And thus whether thou be chaste or dislaue
   Suffir hem speke, & truste right wel this,
   A wicked tounge wille alwey sey a-mys.

If fat, then you're a glutton; if lean, you're a niggard.

3if thou be fatte owther corpolent,
   Than wille folke seyn thou art a grete glotoun,
   A deuowerer or ellis vinolent;
   3if thou be lene or megre of fassioun,
   Calle the a negard yn ther oppynyoun,

22 Th. tr. stanzas 4 and 5. excellent CB. and excellent Th.
23 that] om. B. 24 3if] And H. for to se H A. 27 truste
   right] deme H. truste Th. Suffre hem speke C. speke B. 29
   And yif hit falle C. be-falle] falle H. take the H.
   31 That thou ins. Th. likely Th H B T C A. 33 thau] this T C B A H
   Th. 34 3itte suffre] suffre al H Th A T. Suffir ar wyl and C.
   that thou ins. Th. 37 Thou] om. Th. Haue Th. vowede H.
   38 expresse] represe H. 39 Sey thou H C. That thou Th.
   41 to speke and deme wele H. right] om. Th. 43 And if H C.
   that thou C. fatte owther] om. H. or C Th. 44 folke] they H
3itte suffre hem speke & triste right wel this,
A wicked tonge wille alwey sei a-mys.  

(8)
3if thow be riche, somme wille see the laude,
And seyne, hit cometh of prudent gouernance;
And somme wille sai[en], hit comyth of fraude,
Owther be sleigte or false cheuysshaunce.
To seyne her worste folke han so grete plesaunce:
What, suffre hem sai! & triste right welle this,
A wicked tonge wille alwey sei a-mys.  

(9)
3if thow be sad and sowbre of contenaunce, [leaf 21]
Men will seyn thow thenkest somme tresoun;
And 3if thow be glad of daliaunce,
Men wil deme it dissolucioun,
Callen faire speche adulacioun
3itte let hem speke & trist[e] right wel this,
A wicked tonge wille alwey see a-mys.  

(10)
And who that is holi bi perfecchioun,
Men of malice wil cal hym ypocrite;
And who that is meri of clene entencioun
Men seyne yn riot he dothe hym deleite
Somme morne yn blak, somme laweth in clothis white, 68
What, suffre hem speke, & triste right wel this
A wicked tonge wil alwey sei a-mys.  

(11)
Honest a-rai, men deme it pompe & pride,\(^1\)  M3. pripe.
And who go pore men calleth hym a wastour;
And who go stille, men marke hym on the side,
Seyn that he is a spie or a gylour,
Who wasteth not, men seyn he hathe tresour,  

\(^1\) Honest array is pomp to them.
A Wicked Tonge wille Sey Amys

Wherefore conclude, & triste right wel this,
A wicked tonge wil alwey sey a-mys.

(12)
Who spoketh moche me[n] calle hym prudent,
And who that debateth, men seyn he is hardi.
And who seyeth litel, with grete sentement,
Somme folke wil hym atwyten of foli
Trouth is putte doun, & vp goth flatere,
And who liste pleynli to know the cause of this,
A wicked tonge alwey seyinge a-mys.

Though one

Though one had all

For thowgh a man were as pacient
As was Dauid thorow his hymylite,
Or with Salamon yn wysdom as prudent,
Or yn kny^thode egal with Iosue,
Or manli preuyd as Iudas Machabe,
3itte for al that, triste right wel this,
Somme wicked tonge wolde sei of hym a-mys.

(13)
And thowgh a man had[de] the prewesse
Of worthi Ector, Troies champioun,
The loue of Troylis, or the kyndenesse,
Or of Cesar the famous high renoun,
With al Alisaundres domynacioun,
3it for al that, triste right wel this,
Somme wicked tonge wil sey of hym a-mys.

(14)
Or thowgh a man of hye or lowe degre
Of Tullyus had the sugred eloquence,
Or of Senek the moralite,

76 Wherof T A. right] om. H. 78 men cleepe him T A. is
holden Th. 79 And] om. T A H. that} om. Th. that he H Th.
81 Some men yet Th. wol wyte him Th. wil} om. H. edwyte
him C. hym edwite H. 82 vp] nowe Th. 83 who] bat
Th. to om. HTA C Th. the cause] om. B. be trouth Th.
84 bat alway saythe Th. wol alway deeme T A C H. 85 as
so C. 87 with} as T A. as in wysdome prudent C. 89 as
was ins. H. 90 right] om. H. 91 Somme} A C H. om.
T A. of him sey B. wolde deeme of him T A. wol alwey deeme
CH. 92 a} om. C. the] the hygh Th. thre H. 94 al
always T A. alwey deeme C H. of him wol sey B. 99 Or (1)
And C H. 100 sugred] swete T A. surget C. 101 the
great ins. Th.
A Wicked Tunge wil se Sey Amys.

Or of Catoun the for-sight & prouydence,
The conquest of Charlous, Arturs magnificence, 103
3it for al that, triste right wel this,
Somme wicked tonge wol sey of hym a-mys. 105

(16)
Towchyng of wymmen the perfite innocence,
Thowgh they had of Ester the mekenesse,
Or Gresildis humble pacience,
Or of Ludith the preued stabulnesse,
Or Pollicenys virgynal clennesse,
3it dar I seyne, & triste right wel this,
Somme wicked tonge wol sey [of hem] a-mys. 110

(17)
The wifli trowthe of Penolope
Thowgh thei had yn her possessioun,
Elenes beauute, the kyndenesse of Mede,
The loue vnfeyned of Mercia Catoun,
Or of Alceste the trewe affeccioun,
3it dar I sain, & triste right wel this,
Somme wicked tonge wol sey of hem a-mys. 119

(18)
Than seweth it that no man mai eschewe
The swerde of tongus, but hit wole kerue <fe bite,
Ful harde hit is a man for to remewe
Out of ther daunger hymself for to a-quyte,
Woo to thoo tongis that hem so delite
To hyndre and sclaundre, and sette her studie yn this,
And ther plesaunce, al-wai [to] say a-mys. 124

102 the] om. H C T A. 103 Conquest with H.C. of T.A.
107 paunge hât ias. T.A. noblesse T.A. 108 Or of Greyslyde
114 hit hadde C H Th. hade it J A. 115 Elenes] Holynesse Th. 116
120 seveth vi] sith it is H. sythen it is so Th. that om. Th. 121 tonge Th. wole] om. Th. &]
or C. 122 a man for] a man H. man C. 123 hym self deylyte H.
124 hem so] hemself B.T.A. Tho hindre sclaundre and also to backbye C.
From suche detractours that sette theyr appetite H. 125 For
theyr study synaly it is C. and] Th. theyr study sett H.
126 to do and say Th. to deeme alweys T.A. alwey to deme C.H.

LYDGATE, M.P.—II.
The World is Variable.

(19)

Moste noble princes, cherissheris of vertu,
Remembreth 30w of hygh discrecioun,
The first vertu most plesyng to Ih[es]u
Be the writyng and sentence of Catoun
Is a gode tonge, yn his oppynyoun.
Chastiseth the reuers, & of wisdom dothe this,.
Voideth 3owre heryng from al that sey a-mys.

In Decem¬
ber, at
dawn, I
reflected
on the vari¬
ableness of
the world,
Toward Aurora in the monyth of Decembre, [leaf 126, back
Walkyng alloone in contemplacioun,
On flittynge fortune I gan me remembre,
Callyng to mynde wourdly variacioun
In poyntes dyvers be computacioun,
Prevyng that she ay was vntretable ;
And euere my mynde concluidid this resou
Exsperience shewith the worlde is varyable.

Musis poetichall includyng royaite,
In fyned tragedyes put therto dylyght,
Philisoffres moral, hif of auctorite,
Thorough experience of konnyng had delight.
Among the Romayns previd was the knyght
Whanne ad Rem puplicam he was profitable,
With dynct of swerd lyst to diffende ryght,
Exsperience shewith the worlde is varyable.

Off his crafft talkyth the artificeer,
Frute folwith the tarage of the tree,
Beyn twygges cause smokyng feer
A beggere sett in a chayer of degree,
Hym silff not knowyng in souereyn dignite,

77. THE WORLD IS VARIABLE.

[From MS. B.M. Harley 2255, leaves 126, back, to 128.]

(1)

Ancient
custom

and modern
use
show the
same.
The World is Variable.

If this teerme to hym were appliable,
    Clene forgetith his consanguinite,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.  24

(4)
In the goldene wourld ech man kept his degree,
    Chevalrye delityd nat with marchaudise,
Nyse array in the comunaltie
    Leftt was, lyst them nat desguyse ;  28
Knyghtes in bataylle took greet empryse,
Here laureat crownys to make perdurable.
    Al wourldly rychesse for wourschip did despise
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.  32

(5)
In the Capitolye among the senatours
    Honowryd he was, writyng whoo list se,
Which lyst nat spare fel and sharpe shours,
    The right to diffende of the comunaltie,
Pryvat avayl lyst in no degree
    Vnto hym sylf make acceptable,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.  40

(6)
The owle with the egle doth nat compare,
    Ne the lamb with the furious lyoun,
The sleyghty ffox pleyeth with the hare,
    In feyned pees, to fals conclusioun,
Ryght delyuered for ambitious
    Vnto trewthe is nat appliable,
Colowryd trety convertible with tresoun
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.  48

(7)
An argement sophistical doth me conclude,
    Hym which to resou? yevith aduertence,
Dalida Sampson sotilly did delude,
    Delilah cheated Samson.
Materys sumtyme put be in suspence,
    Wrechydnesse causyd that is detestable,
Which partyes doth put to greet exspence,
    Manhood withstandith in the prime temps
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.  56

312
The World is Variable.

(8)

Mars goddesse souereyn of bataylle
Brennyng Venus doth exyle from hire ryght,
Which shewyn hire sylff in countirfeet apparaylle,
Froome his propirte drawith the hardy knyght
In marcial prowess that put shulde his delayght,
Holdypg of the swerd to hym moost covenable,
Enemyes foreyn to put vtto flight,
Exsperience shewyth the wourld is varyable.

(9)

Off nedyl and stoon direccioun faylyng,
In his iourne the shipman doth erre,
In Aurora a-fore Phebus doth sryng,
Risyth with Esperus, namyd the day sterre,
Thy tydy shepperde to save froom mortal werre,
His owne sheep to hym moost amyable,
On fool dys foreyn lyst nat looke to ferre,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.

(10)

Whoom the egle lyst to diffende,
Be poweer absolute moost imperial,
To hym vengeaunce wyl not ostende,
Othir foolys in poweer not egal,
Othir conserve in a boody natural,
Ech membre to othir supportable,
Whoo contrayre destroyeth the body political,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.

(11)

The eraunt theef is hange be the purs,
Smal polaylle the kyte doth offende,
Of the Chirche they purchace Crystes curs,
Ageyn the sensours colours which pretend,
A summe notable for hem to dispense,
Rollyd at Rome in the audyte countable,
Vndir colowryd pretens mateerys which diffende,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.

(12)

Ageyn Aurora the cok doth meryly crowe,
Which for envye redily doth fight,
Countirfeet poetis seedys down sowe,
The World is Variable.

In mynde imagyned ageyn trouthe & right.
Al is not goold which shynyth cleer & bryght,
A beggere to a lord is not comparabe,
Lyk in apparylle which apperyth to sight,
Exsperience shewith the wourld is varyable.

(13)
Vnprofitable talkyng with-oute discrecioun,
As of Aristotyll doth teche the sentence,
Is men to comowne flaileyng discrecioun,
On teermys passyng there intelligence;
A beggere to trete the hih magnificence
Off a prynce famous and aggreaable,
Contrarye doth take for wisdam vn prudence,
Experience shewith the wourld is varyable.

(14)
Lenvoye
Goo, litil bille, and vndir socour
To euery estaat, this proverbe present,
Ech tale is endid, as it hath favour,
For among many ech man seith his entent.
A greet multitude in oon to make assent
Thyng celestial is, and devynable,
Envye feerfull for devyne iugement,
Experience shewith the wourld is varyable.

Explicit quod Lydgate.
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