



*The Bancroft Library*

University of California • Berkeley

Gift of

THE HEARST CORPORATION

982-13a

#7747-3936

227  
1877



*University Library*  
University of California - Berkeley

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation











## THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.



**W**HEN that Phebus his  
 chaire of gold so hie  
 Hadde whirled  
 up the sterrie sky a-  
 lofte, And in the  
 Boole was entred cer-  
 tainely: When  
 shoures sweet of raine  
 discended softe, Causing the ground,  
 fele times & ofte, Up for to give many  
 an wholesome aire, And every plaine  
 was eke yclothed faire



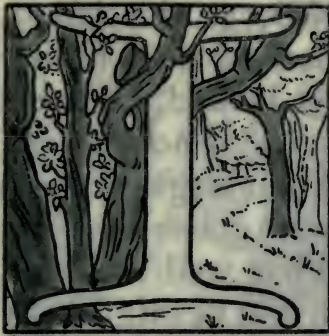
**W**ITH NEWE green,  
 and maketh smalle  
 floures To spring-  
 en here and there in  
 field & mede; So  
 very good & whol-  
 some be the shoures,  
 That it renueth  
 that was old and dede In winter time;  
 and out of every sede Springeth the  
 hearbe, so that every wight Of this  
 season wexeth ful glad and light.



AND I, so glad of the  
season thus swete,  
Was happed thus up-  
on a certaine nighte:  
As I lay in my bed,  
sleep ful unmete  
Was unto me, but why  
that I ne mighte  
Rest, I newiste; for there nas earthly wight,  
As I suppose, hadde more heartes ease  
Than I, for I nadde sicknesse nor dis-  
ease.



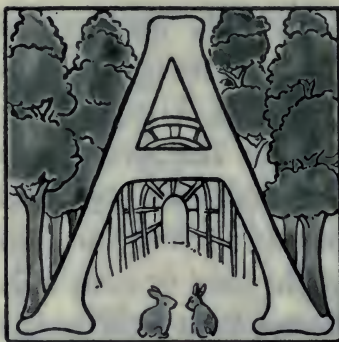
HEREFORE I mer-  
vaile greatly of my-  
selfe,  
That I with-  
outen sleepe so longe  
lay;  
And up I rose  
three houres after  
twelwe,  
Aboute  
the springing of the  
day,  
And on I putte my geare and mine  
array,  
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan to  
passe,  
Long or the bryghte Sonne up-  
risen was;



**I**N which were okes  
great, streight as a  
line, Under the  
which the grasse, so  
fresh of hewe, Was  
newly sprong; and an  
eight foot or nine  
Every tree well fro his  
fellow grew, With  
branches brode,  
lade with leves newe,  
That sprongen  
out ayen the sunne  
shene, Some very  
red and some a glad  
light grene;



**W**HICH, AS ME  
thoughte, was right  
a plesant sight;  
And eke the briddes  
songes for to here  
Would have re-  
joiced any earthly  
wight; And I,  
that couthe not yet,  
in no manere,  
Heare the nightingale  
of all the year,  
Ful busily herkened  
with hart & eare,  
If I her voice perceiue  
coud any where.



AND, at the last, a  
path of little breede  
I found, that great  
ly hadde not used be;  
For it forgrowen was  
with grasse & weede,  
That well unneth a  
wight ne might it se:  
Thought I, 'This path some whider goth,  
pardé!' And so I followede, till it me  
broughte To right a pleasaunt herber,  
well ywrought,



HAT benched was,  
& ekewith turfes new  
Freshly turved,  
whereof the grene  
gras, So small, so  
thicke, so short, so  
fresh of hewe, That  
most ylike greene  
wool, I wot, it was:  
The hegge also that  
yede in this compas,  
And closed in all  
the green herbere,  
With sicamour was  
set and eglatere,



RETHEN in fere so  
well and cunningly,  
That every branch  
& leafe grew by me-  
sure, ☞ Plaine as a  
bord, of oon height  
by & by. ☞ I ne segh  
never thing, I you en-  
sure, ☞ So well y-done; for he that tooke  
the cure ☞ It for to make, Y trow did all  
his peine ☞ To make it passe alle tho that  
men have seine.



ND shapen was this  
herber, rooffe and all,  
As is a prety parlour;  
& also ☞ The hegge  
as thicke as is a castle  
wall, ☞ That who  
that list withoute to  
stond or go, Though  
he would all day prien to and fro, ☞ He  
shoulde not see see if there were any wighte  
Within or no; but one within wel mighte.



PERCEIVE ALLE  
tho that yeden there  
without. Into the  
field, that was on ev-  
ery side Covered  
with corne & grasse;  
that out of doubt,  
Though one woulde  
seeke all the worlde wide,  
So rich a  
felde ne coude not be espide  
On any  
coast, as of the quantitie;  
For of alle  
good thing there was plentie.



AND I that all this  
pleasaunt sight aysie,  
Thought sodain-  
ly I felte so sweete an  
aire Com of the  
eglenterre, that cer-  
tainely There is  
no heart, I deme, in  
such dispaire,  
Ne with no thoughtes  
froward and contraire  
So overlaid, but  
it shoulde soone have bote,  
If it had  
ones felt this savour sote.









AND as I stood & cast  
aside mine eie, I  
was of ware the fairest  
medler tree, That  
ever yet in all my life  
I sie, As full of  
blossomes as it mighte  
be; Therein a gold-  
finch leaping pretile  
Fro bough to  
bough; and, as him list, gan eete  
Of  
buddes here and there and floures sweete.









AND to the herber side  
ther was joyninge.  
This faire tree, of  
which I have you  
told; And at the  
last the brid began  
to singe, When he  
had eaten what he  
eate wolde, So passing sweetly, that by  
manifolde It was more pleasaunt than  
I coude devise. And when his song was  
ended in this wise,



HE nightingale with  
so mery a note   
Answered him, that  
all the woode rong  
 So sodainly, that,  
as it were a sote,  I  
stood astonied; so was  
I with the song   
Thorow ravished, that till late and longe,  
 Ne wist I in what place I was, ne where;  
 And ay, me thoughte, she song even by  
mine ere.



HEREFORE about I  
waited busily,  On  
every side, if that I her  
mighte see;  And,  
at the last, I gan full  
well aspie  Where  
she sat in a fresh grene  
laurer tree,  On  
the further side, even right by me,  That  
gave so passing a delicious smell,  Ac-  
cording to the eglenterre full well.





HEREOF I hadde  
so inly great plea-  
sure, That, as me  
thought, I surely rav-  
ished was Into  
Paradice, where as  
my desire Was for  
to be, and no ferther  
to passe As for that day; and on the sote  
grasse I sat me downe; for, as for mine  
entent, The birddesson was more con-  
venient,



AND more pleasaunt  
to me by many fold,  
Than meat or drinke,  
or any other thing.  
Therto the herber  
was so fresh and cold,  
The wholesome  
savours eke so com-  
forting, That, as I demede, sith the be-  
ginning Of thilke world was never  
sene or than So pleasaunt a ground of  
none earthly man.



ND AS I SAT, the  
birddes harkening  
thus, Me thoughte  
that I hearde voices  
sodainly, The most  
sweetest & most de-  
licious, That ever  
any wight, I trow tru-  
ly, Heard in here life; for sothe the ar-  
mony And sweet accord was in so good  
musike, That the voices to angels most  
was like.



ND at the last, out of  
a grove faste by,  
That was right good-  
ly & pleasant to sight,  
I sie where there  
came, singing lustily,  
A world of ladies;  
but, to tell aright,  
Here grete beautie, it lieth not in my  
might, Ne here array; neverthelesse I  
shalle Telle you a part, though I speake  
not of alle.



HE surcotes white, of  
velvet wele sitting,  
They were in clad,  
& the semes echone,  
As it were a maner  
garnishing, Was  
set with emeraudes,  
one and one. But  
by and by ful many a riche stone  
Was set on the purfiles, out of doute,  
Of colors, sleves, and traines round aboute.



AS GREATE pearles,  
round & oriente,  
Diamondes fine, and  
rubies rede And  
many another stone,  
of which I wente  
The names now; and  
everich on her heade  
A riche fret of gold, which, withoute  
drede, Was full of stately riche stones  
set; And every lady had a chapelet.



**U**PON HER HEAD  
of floures fresh and  
greene ☞ So wele  
ywrought & so mer-  
vellously, ☞ That  
soth it was a noble  
sight to seene; Some  
of laurer, and some  
full pleasantly ☞ Hadde chapelets of  
woodbind, and sadly ☞ Some of agnus cas-  
tus were also ☞ Chapelets freshe; but  
there were many tho



**T**HAT song & daunc-  
ed, ekeful soberly, ☞  
And all they yede in  
manner of compace;  
But one there yede in  
mid the company,  
☞ Soole by her selfe;  
but alle followede the  
pace ☞ Which that she kepte, whose hea-  
venely faire face ☞ So pleasaunt was, and  
her wele shape person, ☞ That of beautie  
she past hem everichone.



ND more richly be-  
seene, by manifold,  
She was also in  
every maner thing:  
Upon her head, full  
pleasaunt to beholde,  
A crowne of gold  
riche for any kinge:

A braunch of agnus castus eke bearing  
In her hand; and to my sight truly,  
She lady was of al the company.



ND SHE BEGAN  
a roundell lustely,  
That 'Suse le  
foyle, devers moy,'  
men calle, 'Seen  
et mon joly cuer est  
endormy;' And than  
the company answer-

ed alle, With voices sweet entuned, and  
so smalle That it me thoughte the  
sweetest melody That ever I heard in  
my life soothly.



AND thus they came,  
dauncing & singing  
Into the middest  
of the mede echone,  
Before the herber  
where I was sitting;  
And, God wot, me  
thought I was wel  
bigone; For then I might avise hem one  
by one, Who fairest was, who coude  
best dance or singe, Or who most wom-  
anly was in alle thinge.



THEY HADDE not  
daunced but a little  
throwe, When  
that I hearde not ferre  
off sodainely, So  
great a noise of thun-  
dering trumpes blow,  
As though it should  
have departed the skie; And, after that,  
within a while I sie, From the same  
grove where the ladies come oute, Of  
men of armes coming such a route,



Salle themen on earth  
hadde ben assembled  
In that place, wele  
horsed for the nones,  
Stering so faste, that  
al the earth trembled:  
But for to speake of  
riches and of stones,

And men and horse, I trow the large  
wones. Of Prestir John, ne all his tresorie,  
Mighte not unneth have boght the  
tenth partie



F here array: who  
so list heare more,  
I shall rehearse so as  
I can a lite. Out  
of the grove, that I of  
spake before, I  
sie come first, all in  
here clokes white,

A company, that ware, for here delite,  
Chapelets fresh of okes serialle,  
Newly yspronge, and trumpets they were alle.



**N** EVERY trumpe  
 hanging a broad ban-  
 ere. Of fine tarta-  
 rium fulrichelybete;  
 Every trumpet his  
 lordes armes bere;  
 About here neckes,  
 with greate pearles  
 sete, Colleres brode; for cost they  
 woulde not lete, As it woulde seeme,  
 for here scochones echone Were set  
 aboute with many a precious stone.



**H**ERE horse harneis  
 was all white also.  
 And after hem next,  
 in one company,  
 Came kinges of armes,  
 & nomo, In clokes  
 of white cloth of gold  
 richly; Chapelets  
 of greene on here heades on hie; The  
 crownes that they on here scochones bere,  
 Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere,





ND eke great diamonds many one:  
But all here horse harneis & other geare  
Was in a sute accordinge, everychone,  
As ye have heard the foresaid trumpets

were; And, by seeming, they were nothing to lere,  
And here guiding they dide so manerly.  
And, after hem, came a great company



F heraudes and pur-sevauntes eke,  
Ar-rayed in clothes of whit velvette,  
And, hardily, they were nothing to seke,  
How they on hem shoulde the harneis

sette; And every man had on a chapellet;  
Scochones and eke horse harneis, indede,  
They had in sute of hem that before hem yede.



EXT after hem cam-  
en, in armour bright  
All save here heades,  
seemely knightes  
nine; And every  
claspe and naile, as to  
my sight, Of here  
harneis were of red  
golde fine; With cloth of gold, and  
furred with ermine. Were the trappores  
of here stedes strong, Wide and large,  
that to the ground dide honge.



ND every bosse of  
bridle & paitrell  
That hadde they, was  
worth, as I woulde  
wene, A thou-  
sand pound; and on  
here heades, well  
Dressed, were crowns  
of laurer grene, The best ymade that  
ever I hadde sene; And every knight  
had after him riding Three henshe-  
men on him ay awaiting.



F which every first,  
on a short tronchoun,  
His lordes helme  
bare, so richly dight,  
That the worst was  
worth the ransoun  
Of any king; the se-  
cond a shield bright

Bare at his backe; the thridde bare  
upright A mightie spere, full sharpe  
yground and kene, And every child  
eke ware of leaves grene



FRESHchapelet up-  
on his haire brighte:  
And clokes white of  
fine velvet they were;  
Here steedes trapped  
& arraied righte,  
Without difference,  
as here lordes were;

And after hem, on many a fresh corsere,  
There came of armede knightes such  
a route, That they bespradde the large  
field aboute.



AND all they ware, after here degrees, ☞  
Chapelets newe made of laurer grene; ☞  
Some of the oke, and some of other trees,  
Some in here hondes bare boughes shene,  
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene, ☞  
Some of hauthorne, and some of the wood-  
bind, ☞ And many mo which I hadde  
not in mind.



AND so they came, here horses freshly  
stering ☞ With bloodiesownes of her  
trompes loude; ☞ There sie I many an  
uncouth disguising ☞ In the array of  
these knightes proude; ☞ And at the last,  
as evenly as they coude, ☞ They took here  
places in middes of the mede, ☞ And  
every knight turned his horse hede



O his fellow, & lightly  
laid a spere In  
the arest; & so justes  
began On every  
part abouten, here &  
there; Some brake  
his spere, some drew  
down hors & manne;

Aboute the field astray the steedes ranne;  
And, to behold here rule and governaunce,  
I you ensure, it was a great pleasaunce.



ND so the justes last  
an houre and more;  
But tho that crowned  
were in laurer grene  
Wanne the prise;  
here dintes were so  
sore, That there  
was none ayenst hem  
mighte sustene: And the justing all  
was yleft off clene, And fro here horse  
the ninth alight anone, And so did all  
the remnant everichone.



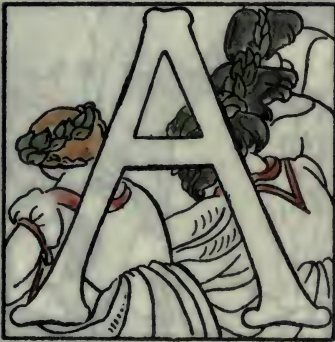
AND forth they yede  
togider, twain and  
twain, That to  
behold it was a wor-  
thy sight, To-  
ward the ladies on  
the greene plaine,  
That song & daunc-  
ed, as I saide now righte: The ladies  
tho, soone as they goodly mighte,  
They braken of bothe the song and dance,  
And yede to meet hem with ful glad sem-  
blance.



AND every lady tooke,  
full womanly,  
By the right hond a  
knight, & forth they  
yede Unto a faire  
laurer that stood fast  
by, With leves  
lade, the boughes of  
great brede; And to my dome there  
never was, indede, Man that hadde  
sene halfe so faire a tree; For under-  
neath there might it well have be



ND hundred persons,  
at here owne ples-  
ance, ☞ Shadowed  
fro the heat of Phe-  
bus bright, ☞ So that  
they shoulden have  
felt no grevaunce ☞  
Of raine ne haile that  
hem ne hurte mighte. ☞ The savour eke  
rejoice would any wighte ☞ That hadde  
be sicke or melancolius, ☞ It was so very  
good and vertuous.








ND with great rev-  
erence encline they  
lowe ☞ To thilke  
tree so soot, and faire  
of hewe; ☞ And af-  
ter that, within a lit-  
tle throwe, ☞ They  
beganne to singe and  
daunce of newe ☞ Some song of love,  
some plaining of untrew, ☞ Enviroun-  
inge the tree that stood upright; ☞ And  
ever yede a lady and a knight.











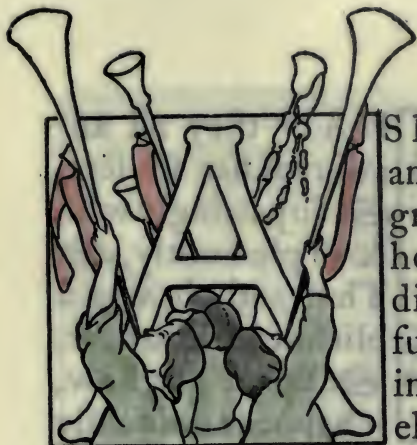




AND at the last mine  
eye I caste aside,   
And was ware of a  
lustie company   
That came roming  
out of the field wide,  
 Hond in hond  
a knight and a lady;  
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely   
Purfiled were with many a rich stone,   
And every knight of grene ware mantles  
on,



EMBROUDED well  
so as the surcotes  
were:  And ever-  
ich had a chapelet on  
her hede,  Which  
dide right well up-  
on the shining here  
 I-made of goodly  
floures white and rede;  The knightes  
eke, that they in hond gan lede,  In sute  
of hem ware chapelets everychone,   
And before hem wente minstrels many one.



S harpes, pipes, lutes,  
and sautry, All in  
greene; and on here  
heades bare, Of  
divers floures, made  
full craftely, All  
in asute, goodly chap-  
elets they ware;

And, so dauncing, into the mede they fare.  
In mid the which they found a tuft that  
was Al oversprad with floures in com-  
pas.



HERETO THEY  
enclined everychone  
With great rev-  
erence, and that full  
humbly; And, at  
the laste, there be-  
gan anone A la-  
dy for to singe right

womanly A bargaret in praising the  
daisie; For, as me thought, among her  
notes swete, She said 'Si douse est la  
Margarete.'



HAN they all answered her in fere,  
☞ Sopassingly well,  
& so plesauntly, ☞  
That soth it was a blisfull noise to here.  
☞ But, I not how,  
it happede suddainly  
☞ As aboute noone, the sonne so fervent-  
ly ☞ Waxe hote, that the pretie tendre  
floures ☞ Hadde lost the beautie of her  
freshe colours,



ORSHRONKE with heat; the ladies  
eke to-brent, ☞  
That they ne wiste  
where hem to be-  
stowe; The knightes  
swelte, for lack of  
shade nie shent; ☞  
And after that, within a little throwe, ☞  
The wind began so sturdily to blowe, ☞  
That down goeth alle the floures everich-  
one, ☞ So that in all the mede there laft  
not one;



AVE SUCH as succoured were among  
the leues ☞ Fro every storme that  
mighte hem assaile,  
☞ Growing under  
hedges and thicke  
greves; ☞ And after  
that there came a storme of haile ☞ And  
raine in fere, so that, withouten faile, ☞  
The ladies ne the knightes nade o threed  
☞ Drie upon hem, so dropping was her  
weed.



ND whan the storm  
was cleane passed a-  
way, ☞ Tho clad in  
white that stode un-  
der the tree, ☞ They  
felte nothing of the  
great affray, ☞ That  
they in greene with-  
out had in ybe; ☞ To hem they yede for  
routhe and pité, ☞ Hem to comfort after  
here greate disease, ☞ So faine they were  
the helplesse for to ease.



HAN was I ware how  
 one of hem in grene  
 Had on a crowne,  
 ful rich and wel sit-  
 ting; Wherefore  
 I demed wel she was  
 a quene, And tho  
 in greene on her were  
 awaiting; The ladies then in white that  
 were comming Towardes hem, and the  
 knightes in fere, Beganne hem to com-  
 fort, and make hem chere.



HE queen in white,  
 that was of great beau-  
 ty, Tooke by the  
 hond the queen that  
 was in grene, And  
 said, 'Suster, I have  
 right great pitie  
 Of your annoy, and  
 of the troublous tene, Wherein ye and  
 your company have bene  
 So long, alas!  
 and if that it you please  
 To go with  
 me, I shall do you the ease,








**I**N all the pleasure  
that I can or may;  
Whereof the toth-  
er, humbly as she  
might, Thank-  
ed her; for in right  
ill array She was  
with storm and heat,  
I you behighte; And every lady, then  
anone right, That were in white, one  
of hem took in grene By the hond;  
which when the knightes hadde sene,









**I**N LIKE WISE ech  
of hem tooke hir a  
knight I-clad in  
greene, & forth with  
hem they fare, Un-  
to an hegge, where  
they anon gan right  
To make here  
justes, woulde they not spare Boughes  
to hewe down, and eke trees square,  
Wherwith they made hem stately fires  
greate, To dry here clothes that were  
wringing weate.





AND AFTER that, of  
hearbes that there  
grewe, They made,  
for blisters of the  
sunne brenning,   
Very good & whole-  
some ointmentes  
newe,  Where that  
they yede the sicke fast anointing;  And  
after that they yede aboute gadering   
Pleasaunt salades, which they made hem  
eate,  For to refresh here greate unkind-  
ly heate.






THE lady of the Leafe  
then gan to praye   
Her of the Floure  
(for so to my seeming  
 They shoulde be,  
as by here arraye)   
To soupe with her,  
& eek, for any thing,  
 That she shoulde with her all her peo-  
ple bringe;  And she ayen, in right good-  
ly manere,  Thanketh her of her most  
friendly cheare,










AYING plainly, that  
she would obaye   
With all her hart all  
her commaundement;  
And then, anon, with-  
oute lenger delaye,  
 The lady of the  
Leafe hath one ysent

 For a palfray, as after her intent,   
Arrayed well and faire in harneis of golde,  
 For nothing lacked, that to him long  
sholde.



ND after that, to all  
her company   
She made to purvey horse  
and every thing   
That they needed; &  
then ful lustily,   
Even by the herber  
where I was sitting,

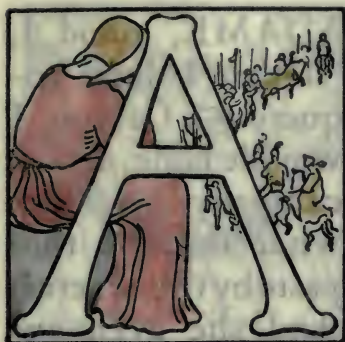
 They passed alle, so pleasantly singing,  
That it would have comforted any wight.  
 But then I sie a passing wonder sight;



OR then the night-  
ingale, that all the  
day ☞ Had in the  
laurer sete, & did her  
might, ☞ The whole  
service to singe long-  
ing to May, ☞ All  
sodainly began to  
take her flight; ☞ And to the lady of the  
Leafe, forthright, ☞ She flew, and set her  
on her hond softly, ☞ Which was a thing  
I marveled of greatly.



HE goldfinch eke,  
that fro the medler  
tree ☞ Was fled for  
heat into the bushes  
colde, ☞ Unto the  
lady of the Flower  
gan flee, ☞ And on  
her hond he set him  
as he wolde, ☞ And pleasauntly his winges  
gan to folde; ☞ And for to singe they  
pained hem both, as sore ☞ As they hadde  
do of all the day before.



AND so these ladies rode forth a great pace, And all the rout of knightes eke in fere; And I that hadde seene all this wonder case, Thought I would assay in some manere, To knowe fully the trouth of this matere; And what they were that rode so pleasantly. And when they were the herber passed by,



DRESTE me forth, and happede to mete anone Right a faire lady, I you ensure; And she come riding by herselfe alone, All in white; with semblance ful demure I salued her, and bad her good aventure Might her befall, as I coude most humbly; And she answered, 'My daughter, gramercy!'



ADAME,' quod I,  
'if that I durst en-  
quere ☞ Of you, I  
woulde faine, of that  
company, ☞ Wite  
what they be that  
paste by this arbere?'  
And she ayen an-  
swerede right friendly: 'My faire dough-  
ter, all tho that passed here by ☞ In white  
clothing, be servaunts everichone ☞ Un-  
to the Leafe, and I myselfe am one.



SEE ye not her that  
crowned is,' quod she,  
☞ 'All in white?'—  
'Madame,' quod I,  
'yis:' ☞ That is Di-  
ané, goddessse of chas-  
tité; And for because  
that she a maiden is,  
☞ In her own hond the braunch she bear-  
eth iwis, ☞ That agnus castus men calle  
properly; ☞ And all the ladies in her  
company,









**H**ICH AS YE SE of  
that hearb chapelets  
weare, Be such as  
han kept alway hir  
maidenheed: And  
alle they that of lau-  
rer chapelets beare,  
Be such as hardy  
were, and manly indeed,  
Victorious  
name which never may be dede! And  
alle they were so worthy of here honde,  
That in her time none might hem  
withstonde.







**A**ND tho that weare  
chapelets on here hede  
Of fresh wood-  
bind, be such as nev-  
er were To love  
untrue in word, in  
thought, ne dede,  
But aye stedfast; ne  
for pleasaunce, ne fere,  
Thogh that they  
shuld here hertes al to-tere,  
Wouldene  
flitte, but ever were stedfaste,  
Til that  
here lives there asunder braste.'



OW faire madame,' quod I, 'yet would I pray  Your ladi-ship, if that it mighte be,  That I mighte knowe, by some maner way,  (Sith that it hath i-liked your beauté,  The trowth of these ladies for to telle me);  What that these knightes be in rich armour,  And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?



ND why that some dide reverence to the tre,  And some unto the plot of floures faire?' 'With right good will, my fair doghter,' quod she, 'Sith your desire is good and debonaire;  Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,  Of all honour long-ing to chivalry;  And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,










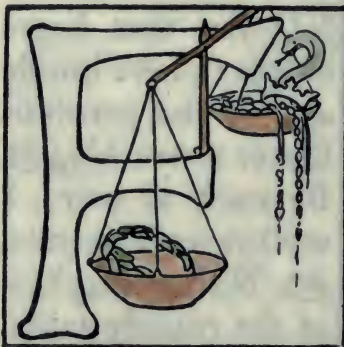
**W**HICH ye may see  
now riding all before  
That in her time  
dide many a noble  
dede, And for  
her worthinessefull  
oft have bore. The  
crowne of laurer  
leaves on here hede,  
As ye may in your  
olde bookes rede;  
And how that he that  
was a conquerour,  
Hadde by laurer al-  
way his most honour.









**A**ND tho that beare  
bowes in here honde  
Of the precious  
laurer so notable,  
Be such as were, I  
woll ye understonde,  
Noble knightes  
of the rounde table,  
And eke the Douseperis honourable,  
Which they bearen in signe of victory;  
It is wisse of here deedes mightily.



**KE** there be knightes  
 old of the garter,   
 That in her time dide  
 right worthily;   
 And the honour  
 they dide to the lau-  
 rer,  Is for by it  
 they have here laud  
 wholly,  Here triumph eke, and mar-  
 shall glory;  Which unto hem is more  
 parfit richesse,  Than any wight im-  
 agine can or gesse.



**OR** one leafe given  
 of that noble tree   
 To any wight that  
 hath done worthily,  
 And it be done  
 so as it oughte to be,  
 Is more honour  
 than anything earth-  
 ly;  Witnessse of Rome that founder was  
 truly  Of all knighthood and deedes  
 marvelous;  Record I take of Titus  
 Livius.





AND as for her that  
crowned is in greene,  
It is Flora, of these  
floures goddesse;  
And all that here on  
her awaiting beene,  
It are such folk  
that loved idelnesse,  
And not delite hadde of no businesse,  
But for to hunt and hauke, and pley in  
medes, And many other such idle  
dedes.



AND for the greate de-  
lite and pleasaunce  
They have to the  
floure, and so rever-  
ently They unto  
it do such grete obei-  
saunce. As ye may  
se.' — 'Now faire Ma-  
dame,' quod I, 'If I durst aske what is  
the cause and why, That knightes have  
the signe of honour, Wel rather by the  
leafe than by the flour?'



**D**OOTHLY, dough-  
ter, 'quod she, 'this is  
the trouth: For  
knightes ever should  
be persevering,  
To seeke honour  
without feintise or  
slouth, Fro wele  
to better in all manner thing;  
In signe of  
which, with leaves aye lasting  
They be  
rewarded after here degré,  
Whose lusty  
green may not appaired be,



**B**UT AIE KEPING  
here beautie fresh &  
greene; For there nis  
storme that ne may  
hem deface, Ne  
haile nor snow, ne  
winde nor frostes  
kene; Wherfore  
they have this propertie and grace. And  
for the floure, within a little space  
Woll  
be i-lost, so simple of nature  
They be,  
that they no greevance may endure;



ND every storme will  
blow hem soone a-  
waye, ☞ Ne laste  
they not but for oon  
season; That is the  
cause, the very trowth  
to saye, ☞ That they  
maye not, by no way  
of reason, ☞ Be put to no such occupa-  
tion.' ☞ 'Madame,' quod I, 'with all mine  
whole servise ☞ I thanke you now, in my  
most humble wise;



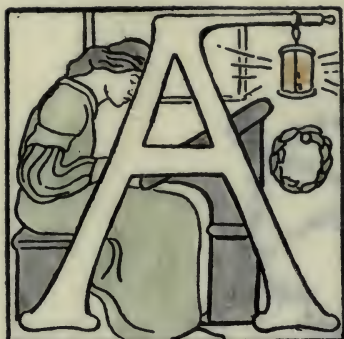
OR now I am ac-  
ertained throughly, ☞  
Of every thing I de-  
sired to knowe.' ☞  
'I am right glad that  
I have said, sothly,  
☞ Ought to your  
pleasure, if ye wille  
me trowe,' ☞ Quod she ayen, 'but to whom  
do ye owe ☞ Your service? and which  
wolle ye honoure, ☞ Tel me I pray, this  
yere, the Leafe or the Floure?'



ADAME,' quod I,  
'though I be least  
worthy, Unto the  
Leafe I owe mine ob-  
servaunce': 'That is,'  
quod she, 'right well  
done certainly; And  
pray I God to hon-  
our you avaunce, And kepe you fro the  
wicked remembraunce Of Malebouch,  
and all his crueltie, And all that good  
and well conditioned be.



OR here may I no  
lenger now abide,  
I muste followe  
the greate company,  
That ye maye  
see yonder before  
you ride.' And tho  
forth, as I couthe,  
most humbly, I tooke my leve of her,  
as she gan hie After hem as fast as ever  
she mighte; And I drow homeward,  
for it was nigh nighte,



AND put all that I  
hadde seene in writ-  
ing, Under sup-  
port of hem that lust  
it to rede. O little  
booke, thou art so un-  
conning, How  
darst thou put thy-  
self in prees, for drede? It is wonder  
that thou wexest not rede! Sith that  
thou wost full lite who shall beholde  
Thy rude language, ful boistously unfolde.

HERE ENDS CHAUCER'S FLOW-  
ER AND THE LEAF. PRINTED AT  
THE ESSEX HOUSE PRESS UN-  
DER THE CARE OF C. R. ASHBEE.  
THE ORNAMENTAL LETTERS  
HAVE BEEN DRAWN AND COL-  
OURED IN BY EDITH HARWOOD.  
MDCCCCII.



Published in England by EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, and in America by SAMUEL BUCKLEY & Co., 100 William Street, New York.

165 copies only, and all on vellum. This copy is No. 138.









