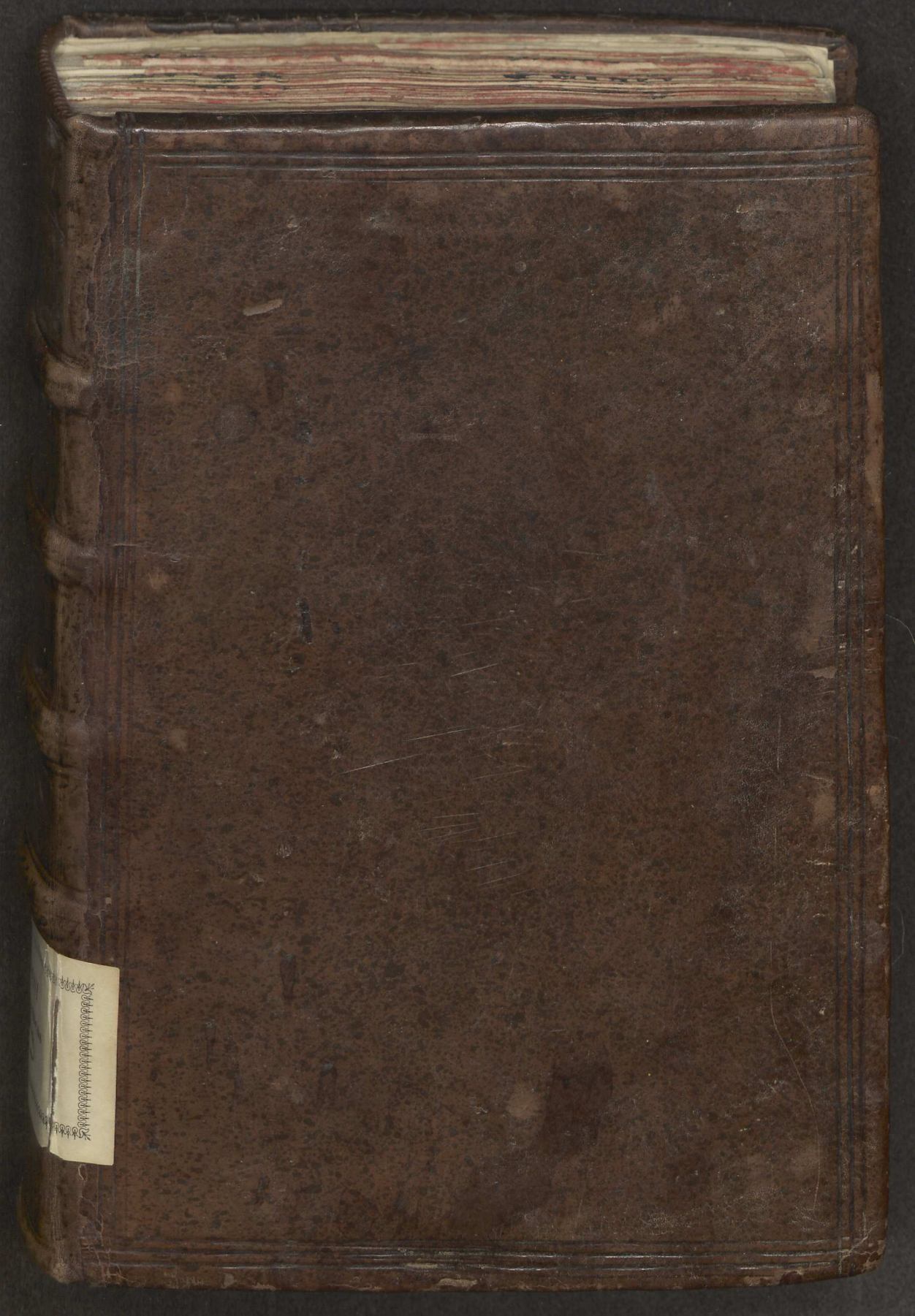

IS. VOSSII
Codex Gallicus
§ № 9



Ms. Germ., Gall. et. Prof.

C. 9.

Codex membranaceus partim
partim chartaceus
paginarum 270.

Contenta.

A folio MS of John Lidgate, containing the Destruction of Troy penes Dom. W. B.

See y Works of Lidgate Fol. 376. of Chaucer.

John Lidgate fol. 32. m

O ffl Agamenon vnder the large empire
Born in Athenys of grekys royal lyne
Blessed Cylio thy grace lat enspire
In to my pennes thy trace to illumine
Cast down thy look lat thy streamys shyne
off thy illeyn eyen thyn precesse to conveye
By influence of grace which is dyuyne
Me to directe of that I shalde seye

In thy worship / compendiously to write
By a manner / breeffe compilacion
to remembre / so as I can endite
thy glorious lyffe thy consecracion
thorugh al the world / in eny region
Red & rehersde by example fful notable
lyk amerous / of contemplacion
to ffolk that cast them / inwerid to be stable

A litil grene / gadered in y feeld
Rhyme large shotkis / of ffrite holynesse
Among grete shydes / that I thor beheeld
to gadre & here / dede my besynesse
greyn tried out / celestial of sweetnesse
to foster & fede / folke contemplatyffe
fful in purpos / breeffle to expresse
Sentencyously / thy miracles & thy lyffe

Whereupon my penepos to fulfille
by goddys grace fortune or Adventure
there chas to me brought a lytl bille
off grete denoun be A creature
requeryng me to do my be sy and
affar the tenour only for oure sake
out of latyn to translate that scripture
folowyng the copes this labour vndertake

To thos request I lowly dide obye
wrytyng this story to put in remembrance
long ye resse lesse tok the nexte chere
ffor short metrys dou gladly get gle sance
by clere report rehersid the substance
pleyte for to set A syde
lod no lynger but gaw my penne Avance
trustyng sayn gile for to my gyde

Compendiously chas remembrid thus
So as in order I shal rehersyn here
the fadre chas named Theodorus
called pellagia chas the inderder
off royal blod bothe bonne ye fere
the youthe fosted bolid dechynne
with diligence vertu for to learne
And ye fite in bertuous disapulyne

Thus disposid in vertu to ye fyte
lyke the maystrys which taught ye spelle & rede
Tendre of age yrely lyst delite
as seth the lyff in almes deede
of compassion castyst of thy chode
gaff it frely to oon that quook for colde
Wych chas mad hool refresshid in hyrnode
first myracle in thy legende to olde

ffadre And modre A mon as thy chyldhede
thou dedyst varysshe thy tresour & thy richesse
thy patrimonye for mor goodly stede
thou gaff to poore of mdafful almes
Anothre gey sond the conynd ist represse
to an Alf with A frende wa vayl lede
thy prayer & ryght holynesse
to thy rescyf hat sondenly A bayled

Thy myracle spread in thy contree
for to schelle Aboynglorr and fals pride
off ye fetrow floddist on the sea
preisyng of peple for to set A side
on to shypmen sanacon & gyde
madist the tempeste gracionsli A sswage
and for perysshyng dist so for thow pryde
ffrom Al peril to fortune thow passage

Eke & pore // thou hyst also sofrite
And all that weyn // in tribulacion
of the wedde // called Theocrite
to her doctrin // thou were fulwacion
of old langour // her consolacion
to all the contre // pleynyng forsaufte
by ye prayer // and medytacion
thy dede habende // with gracious plente

Whan the heremyte // Veredemyne
was ferre absent // thy stom doth expresse
thowith thy meyt // notable & vertuous
thou madist a penant // hoolsome all sikenesse
to wand desert // thy journey thou didest dresse
with colde water & herbys // radish & grene
complet in gere // thy stom berith witnesse
laddist thy life // of colour pale & lene

God of his grace // had upon the mynde
hyst ordyne // for a restoratyffe
to thy repast // wyth as prudent an hynde
with plenty bound mylke // to sustyne therby thy lyffe
mid shawe breens // thou were contemplatyffe
thy body peyned // with vigerone continens
a gayn Sathan // of custom was thy stomffe
daunting thy flesh // by vertuous abstynens

Thy fode was nouthir // on fresh flesch nor fisch
Cool be thy selfe // in desert place
other deynties // cowd nowt in thy dysh
but frute & wotis // which thou dist by vace
beestis reioysing // to lok up thy face
mong sharpe bosshis // keptist thy heremytage
as I toldi erst // among bo godde grace
Solit of an hynde // with that was savage

Thus of custom the hynde kept hir tyme
at certyn howrs // dwyng ful thre zeyr
about a pastur // grezing fro ye prime
towarde midday // she cam with still glad chere
of godly hynde // to be thy botelere
with a repast of thy mylk most soote
she was thy cook // she was thy botelere
a gayn the constreynt // of hongre to do bote

This myracle & this unknowth thyng
was at Tustan // to Gascoigne adjacent
upon Zorgon // reynyng there a king
as I rede his name was fluent
with in hunting // set all his entent
curtes gentyl // in all his gouernance
to conclude sortly // in sentens
he was so get // to ye kyng of fyrance

At wyndt pellerie holdyng the power
as the story Cylis mahyt mende
Upon a day the kyng at gret labour
all his weye town was lost behynde
houdis encompled to chase at thyn hoynde
Royal lomorys with dauntis hugo
the best schuft lost hym on hon behynde
raw to the fyffe feet for socow & refuge

The kyng the bisshop the story who hyst rede
of that kyngdom cam to the presence
hurt with an arbe sekh the wondis blede
ffend a mendys and gold for the offence
the kyng in evil the wrong to recompence
by the assigned of hoob affection
to bylde a monks in goddys reuence
a mynsty with thrance hys regyon

At the request the bisshop & the kyng
condescendid with a condicion
that thou woldist accomplesh the assyng
to bryn abbot of that religion
Sett a grund of hely affection
by gode examplo take of thy sone
and of desote lono the mansion
ffor comon affect and loo not so allone

At thy prayer with all hymylyte
in thyn avyce thou wow condescendid
that the religion mythe ouercome be
by thy presence and corrouysly amendid
arrantaus breffly comprehendid
thouch so persone of hym hath be greyde
all a religion myth ben amendid
be a godman sconed & reloyd

in this mater it nedith nat to taryc
to dawte the ffleysh who trouch was well sone
than thou lestest to ben solitarys
ffodyng the solfe with vowis well & gyeno
drank well watis of colour mogre & lono
the wondis opyd the blod dystilled down
as dedo drogys a gayn the sunne shyno
ay to remombre on arste passion

Prayeng the lord duryng all thy lyfe
bypponenco as it was after fonde
in remombrance of arfyr wondis five
that cure our blodyng pulle be thy wond
that no lothe with salue shold soudo
thy gracious hurt to stanche it a to bynd
arste oavectis large wyde & roude
eternally tompyt thow in thy mond

ffisyng & balyng & liggyng hard a myght
to thi disciple pacion & exemplary
ffirst at thatyme sittyng by the light
in cothy of the sentuary
lanchyng in thenfyr & in library
encrease in study & in contemplacion
pastor called nat a mercenary
but a bridyl of castigacion

Madist thi flesh meekly to bowe
to the spirite void of rebellacion
of al thy warbyt disposacion bayd & lyd
by thi high prudence & no presumpcion
thyne of consaile equite & of reason
lyke a fadre poysd in gentrie & clemence
twoyn the extremytyes hate or affeccion
rebellyng thi conscient vnder obedience

Mett & discrecion kept egaly the ballance
dotlyn chersyng and juste correccion
thou bar the shrich of prudent gouernance
ffor qual drad the & fals dowy stand
reson repressid for ouyr occasion
with soft speech & with wordis fayre
wore not a fyre all rebellion
to thi preacte was no sort contrayre

ffrost of charge ffyght of thi good fame
bi ter report and to the auenge
of kyng charles & of thi ffyth name
wer of supposed with spirital sentence
bi auctorite of voral excellence
ferre to p devoutly bi massage
beyng thi self at dratatence
toward hym holdyng thi stage

Nettast a man which in his entrale
was oppressid be fendis myght
a vertiid goost sodde hym a syle
all mew ffeerfu to comen to his sight
but of compassion & grace of cristes myght
bi thi prance he was mad hool bi grace
after thys myracle charles the noble knyght
in bothe his armys the meekly dde embrace

The kyng lowly with devout obersance
prayd thou wolddist in thyne orisons
hand hym dark in the remembrance
with it stood so for shorth conclusions
he had a fendis of feodard in accidis
in a shrine terrible to dissayne
lenen of purpos in his oppryuyons
ther of to been confessid in hye lyde

Nat long after // at the masse
be gret abys // prayedist for the kyng
in the memento // list not lightly passe
tyl arte thu // graunted thyn asknyge
in abille // the trespas rehersyng
with goldene lettres // cast on the auhtere
brought be an angil // from heyne descendyng
off all the cas // declarynge the maner

Tho more enaces // of the unkouth myracle
as the bille // mouede ride oppresse
to the request // was made non abstacle
arst hat forgone // of hys gret goddnesse
the kyngis gilt // throuth the witnesse
alle ewangelias // plenyly out declared
attlyne yon too // as thou didist hym confesse
trewly mouede // ther was no gynt ffrande

The unkouth bille // be an angil brought
cast on the auhtere // bright as the sonne shone
what was writyne // no man kneuh right nouth
wood nor sillabil // but the selfe allone
ther gaff a light // like a carbonole stone
throuth the chappelle // the swete shon so clene
among hem alle // sothly was nat sen
except the self // ye kneuh what thy ride mene

Granted to the // for a prerogatiffe
in this bille // with this addicion
what synful man // list amend his lyff
ffull repentant // with contricion
and the sacramet // with confession
the lord abouyne // shal hem to mercy take
throuth thy prayere // e holy orison
So that they left // ther synne to for sake

Thanke restorid // on to gostly helthe
be thy notable // in formacion
to gret enaces // of his wordly welth
and gret ffrute // of all his region
at thy dryvyng // from his roialdom gone
to dessiner // ye tlyne wer so loth
off fewet lode // and well afficcion
thy lyfe remembreth // that ye wepte both

Repayryng hom // be thy decert ay mord
benedes of derth // arst thu was thy ffrede
a duke sone // was to lyff restorde
with thy prayer // which lay a-fome the dede
among thy bredthre // with ther sande edred
comyng hom // brought in with glad visage
alle nat long // old mapelgrym dodo
toward rome // madist thy gage

Cause of the goyng / in the lyff expressyde
was of gret zel / & gret affectacion
fful well expert / fro grace that so dressid
the pilgrymage / to wande Rome to
and to explet / att the entencion
non obstacle / as it is comprehendid
to the request / and mete procacion
graciously / the pope is to ndsseyd

Gret hed he tok / to the holynesse
and to thi fiances / gret humylite
Set the chercheis for ever in sekernesse
And the religion / in tranquilite
bi bulle assehid / with many lyberte
peynys dmexed / bi ffull hard sentens
Agayne all tho / that of ynquite
to the conent / ade violenesse

And by a nothe / favourable syne
off god enspired / the popedd he peyne
lyke a sadie / graciens and benynge
put the fiddamys / to stand in certyne
On to the holyse / he gaff doris ebeyne
bi craft / cordee but / wrontfet be ffrayssh entayll
mangre all tho / that list at it dsdeyne
thyn hous tenpongne / thi shall nat pvail

Thes seyd doris / cozne out of Cypresse
bronth to Tibre / thes seid non obstacle
next to that stronde / the stoz sitth expresse
thoffro Tibre / conveied be myracle
to thi closed / And litl tabernacle
bronth to loid / with solemnyte gret
Assome the stepyll / with many a fresh pynacle
In which doris / who list the stoz see

Was hool complet / lyff of thapostolis ebeine
In fresh pictur / with lyfly gobyl ymages
thouth pigmalion / had bee thes tyme selfe
he kolde hane made / no goddes visages
Peysid bertayle / opon smale stages
Garnyssht with / gold fret with stonys riche
blissid Giles / bi the pilgrymage
thon get theys kolbys / to which tyme be non liche

Kept in the chercheis for amemoriall
tokne of fil grant / and confirmacion
that the monster / in especiall
ffranchysid was / for pleyn conclusion
throm all maner / juridiction
off foren prelat / bi the holynesse
prelat nor prynce / of no presumcion
the libertes / nor franchis to appresse

Bi a spirit / only of ye sesye
trinity be born / Wan thou sholdest passe
thy brethye present / with many dolyng ye
on a sonday wyth / kneling in thy place
Spryng with teres / lakyng on thy face
Wan that thou gaff / as I can remembre
thy gost to god / conduit up be grace
with holy angel // month of September

explicit vita sancti Egidii.
sequitur oratio de eundem.

Et vita sa Egidy
quapt oza de eidem

O gracious Gyle / of yore folke chef patron
ye digne // to folke in ther distres
to all nedy // shelde and protection
refut to wretches // ther damages to redres
folke that ber ded // restorid to gobyknes
with thou of god // ber chose to be so gode
pray for our synnes // pity forour writhednes
to crist yhu / that bought us with hys blod

Cast upon us // thy godly petous ye
to our request / thyn eris do enclyne
for the love of yhu and yare
yourem bedeue // shed grace ouryne
and as thou // ber tracle & medane
to kyng charles whan he in mischeff stode
teche us the weye / bi thy goostly doctryne
to love that lorde / that bought us with hys blod

Geyn our enmyes // wecche lyu in noumber thre
theffesyh the worlde the dredfull ffelle fyrent
off the grace & merycful grete
to thy servantis / that serve the of entent
a gayne all trobile / be with hew & sent
maugre the feide & hys furious mood
gracious Gile // be nener fro us absent
for love of yhu // that bought us with hys blod

We put our trust // and our affection
in thy most feythfull prudent gouernance
be thou our sheelde / our pavys & shelter
that ber so famous / bi myracles in substance
wrought bi thy merite / in Germayne & France
maugre lemachand / mankynd is foe most wood
agenst whos were // hand us in remembrance
tofore that lord // wech bought us with hys blod

O myn a vowe // wech calde art seynt Gyle
thyn hope & dred // most mekely I require
thynke on thy man that labored to compyle
this lytyll dite // of hol hert and entent
hano mynde on alle // that trust on thy prayere
for love of thynd // that sparff by thy vede
yff thou be mere // we stond no thyng in dere
to hano hys mere // that bought us with hys blod

yt as the bible makit menacon
the original grounde of devout offryng
callyd of clarkis just decymacion
in playne yngliship treube & just tellyng
dwel bo gan innocent off lesyng
Oonly to god for to dow gld sendce
offsonte of bestis rebind & oiny thyng
yaff god his part tenthe of hys substance

Melchisedeth bisshop preest & kyng
To abrahm a jmce of gret pnttsnce
for his victori let his hom coulyng
kyan amalich was wrought in to ottrance
offred bred & wyn with devout sbcsaunce
of att obligacons figurs out to cerche
in bred & wyn in vrial sussiaunce
the feith is grounde of att holy chrych

Off good grein sede growith up good whete
with gret labor planted is the wyne
the tenthe gte is to our lord most mete
to whos preceptis honeyly & dyvyne
we must ow hodis meekly dow enclyne
pay our dymes in his comandemetis
moyses lawe & ole in the dottryne
ffoure evangelistis & too testamentis

for Melchysedeth dow to abraham
lofte of tythis a foundacon
thenaces of ffonte & all that they of cam
they wedly made ther oblacon
dew jacob sawh in his d orison
tymes that he slepte upon the olde ston
sawh on a ladder angel gondep & dow
to god above mad his a vowh a mon

Thus was his vowh with gret hymphte
lyke his entent in full gleym language
lord yff thou lift to conduccion me
off the grace ffortune my passage
to retourne hom to my hovrage
my ffadrs hous come ther to in tymes
of good & treson with all the surplusage
I shall to the offren up the dymes

Among all ffontys in especiall
by a prerogatyff exclent and notable
in worthynesse derray pupiall
of reverence candyng & honorable
by antiquite in templys constomable
in holy christ venerabyd ostyn sithis
thyn dyle & whete fonte most acceptable
to god a bowyn dew offred up for tythis

The patriarke of antiquite
call ysaac noote be succession
to abrahm dreth drith thes sonnes thre
Esaffe to jacobe hys benedicion
the drich thre in conversion
off the moralyte who so takeyt heed
to prestyhed ffirst & kynges of renon
gret mysteris in ayle dryn & bred

Bred & dryn to bisshopp & aptene
Dyle longyth for to nourite kynges
offeryng is mad off fruis wyne & grene
off fowle & best and of all other thynges
breffly conclud all folke in thes kynges
that treddy tithe drith glad hart & face
patriarkis & pphetis in thes dryvynges
shall dere encrese drith fortune hap & grace

Lynd who from god drithhalt hys debite
late hym knowe for pleyn conclusion
off drauntyse he shall nowe the
latte grace & drovnous foysson
off thes treasoure desireseme ech seson
to holy chrych that dyll not gay hardynes
late hem ad berte & hane in fraccion
what thes be sett in dustynes tymo

monodustyn that was from romo sente
bi sent Gregoor in to thys region
graciously a vicyd ep in kent
ffamone in bertu of gret ypfection
hys lyffe was like his predicacion
as he taught sothly so he drouthte
by his most holy conversacion
in to this lond the feith of crist he brouht

Thorvnyt the ptes & pynces of this londe
off cristis gospel he fant the seed to sobe
drikwedly myrache drouhte drith hys hand
worchyped he was both off heth & lobe
drith onte pompe grace hat so his horne blobe
thorvnyt his mentis that the hemyly son
he called was as it is dyll knobe
Cristis appostol in Brutus albion

He was amora dehan phebus shold arise
drith his birth bemys on that lond to shyne
called day sterre most glorious to declise
on ffith was darke drew the chiptyke hyne
on my sbelefe he dedd first enlumyne
than he ant spradde the trith bemy clere
off cristis lobe in his ypfyte doctryne
thorvnyt all this lond to make his lyth apere

Thus was done // be grace of the der dar
of tholygost // bi thi influence
than. my. stedis // of pyebis goldyn oher
lift in this region // holde residense
who drow the oher // to conclude in sentens
bi gostly labor // off the xx specis
til blessid austyn // bi gostly eloquence
was tech alinga // of. my. gostelers

Ye austyn cam // be slombird in derknesse
lyke idolatrus // blynded mow sight
off crist feyth // was enteryned the clernesse
tyl bol pistae // lift sthe bethe beyns bright
off his mercy // to clarifye the lyght
chase a way // our olddy ignorance
the lord of lordis // of most imperial myght
tabord a way // our froward mysreuance

ffirst from the pope // tha called was Gregorie
Austyn was sent // who that lyst do serte
Tyme & dat // ben put in memorye
to crist feyth than hodyde his conuerte
our gostly enmyes // felt as tho gret suerte
ded cors our soldis // our body ete dispised
til austyn mad be fast off thoht & sybrete
in cold water // bi hym the der baptyste

Kyng Athelbert seyng that tyme in kent
touchyng the date // than austyn cam fost don
Nowbod the tyme // than that he was sent
Zit pope Gregory // in to thys region
yeer of our lord // by computacion
complet fyve hundred fowrty & eck nyne
as cronicles // makyn intencion
in ther boks // fully determyne

Thyne he began // be grace of godis hond
ther god lift thyrch // may nowt obstacle
bi his labour // was orsteued all this lond
sprech of our lord // ber more cler than spectacle
than tholygost // mad his abitacle
in thos seyns // that wern in bord & dede
h austyn trewyd // god dwoght a gret miracle
to make hem stable // in artichis of the crede

Zit to resorte // agayn to my matter
with tholygost // Austyn sect affyre
gan prech & tech // devoutly tho lande
off crist labe // a bud in eny syere
grace of our lorde // dide hym so arsyne
to enlumyne all thys regyon
off aventure // hys hart gan desyre
to entre a village // that called was Compton

The parissh prest // of the same place
afforne sayd // in full humble wyse
besowght hym mekly // that he wold of grace
here is compleynt // as he shall devyse
In playn language // told hym al his gryse
lord of that thorpe // requyred oftyn seythes
he aye contrarie // to beye the emprise
off holy cherch // lyst nat pay his tythes

Entretid hym // lyke to hys estat
ffirste secretly // nexte aforne the ton
but for al for nouht // I fond hym obstynat
most indurat // in hys oppynyon
told hym the custom // groundyd on reson
he was boud be lawe of olde wrytyng
to pay hys tythes // (& for rebellion
I cursid hym // cause of false tythyng)

Thys mater hool // ye must of right redresse
requeryng you // off your godlyhede
bi your discression // to do rightwisnesse
peysen all the cas // & prudently takyn hed
that holy cherch // have no wrong indede
all thynge consyderd // & weyed in ballance
ye to be iuge // & lyke as ye procede
we shall obbeye // to your ordynance

right an/ws

Holy Austyn // sad and well avysyd
knew be sygnes // this compleynt was no fable
and in a maner // was of the cause agrysyd
ffond that the lord // was in that poynt culpable
to reduce hym // & make hym more tretable
as the lawe // ordeyned hath of ryth
blissid Austyn in cristis feyht most stable
tok hym apart // seyd on to this knyht

How may thys be // that thou art so froward
to holy cherch // to pay thi debte
lyke thi desert // thou shalt have thi reward
thynk thou art bound // of trewthe & equite
to paye thy tithes // and lerne this of me
the tenthe parte // ffro god iff thou withdrawe
thou must incurre // of necessite
the byn acursyd by rigour of the lawe

The knyht astonyd // somwhat of his chere
Sir quod he // I wot well that ye knowe
my labor is aye // from yer to yer
by revoluacion // that the lond be sowe
fforn this pepill // stondyng her a rowe
by evydence // to make an open preffe
what maner bost // that ony man list blowe
I with the nynthe // will have the tenthe sheffe

Say what ye lyst / I will have no lasse
this was the answere / plenyly of the knyght
holy Austyn / Disposed hym to masse
ffull devoutely / and in the peoples syght
turned his face / comandyth a wid vilyn
ech cursed man / that wer outh of grace
tyme of his hye masse / that eny manner kyndly
that stod a cursed / bydde shold this place

Present that tyme / many creature
withoute abod / or any long tarryng
" thow vos up on / out of hys sepulture
terrible of face / the people beholdyng
a gret pace / the church yard passyng
the seynt man / bad there a gret skylle
att the fras / the masse was seyng
ffeirfully / aforne the church style

Without medyng / alway falle he stod
the people ffa full / in their opynyon
alle most for dred / they was ful nedbod
after masse att / of a sent came don
to holy Austyn / mad relacion
off al this cas / right as it was befalle
gaff hym a spyrit / of consolacion
ffull sobrely / spak un to them all

God z distret

God z desaret / in his adventure
Cauth bi ther port / that they stod in drede
ffirst of att / with devout reverence
" Cros z holy water / he mad aforne prede
" the consecry / ther baner was in dede
blessd Austyn / the caren gan compelle
yn hym name / that lyst for man to blede
What that thon art / wellly for to tell

" Disobeisant / my tythes for to pay
" off yore agon / I was lord off this town
" my debtees / I did all thay de laye
" Stood a cursd / for my rebellyond
" mad in my lyse / no restitucion
" yyn thy bidyng / I myght no solone hane
" my cursd carayne / ffull of corrupcion
" bi godde angell / was cast out of my grane

Thi precepte was / upon ech a syde
beyng at masse / skylle thow wer in presence
no stynkyng flesh / myght in the prouche abyde
I was take up / led forth bi violence
on me was yone / se dede full a sentence
off owe allas / which to my defame
noth as ye seen / of disobisance
disclaunded is / perpetually is my name

Tyme whan Bretons wer lordes off this lond
hadde the lordshep // and domynacion
the same tyme // as ye shall understonde
off the Cillage // in sothe I was patron
to holy church // had no devocion
offe sith // stered off my cwat
to pay my dymes // had in dignacion
was aye contrary // froward & obstynat

This hundred yer // I have endured peyne
and fiffty ober // by computacion
gret tanse have I to morne & complyne
in a darke presoun // off desolacion
mong fyre flawmys // wod off remyssion
And well that he // this wofful tale tolde
holy Anstyn // with the people enbrewn
wepte of compassion // as they to hatyr wolde

Anstyn gan muse // in his opynyon
to fynde amene // the sobble for to same
off his terrible // dolfull inspection
the peplys hartis // gretly gan a dale
whom to be holde // they conde no conforte have
al while the caren // was in ther presence
Anstyn aqeth // yff he knewth the grane
Off thilke prest // that graff on hym sentens

So long afforne // for his false ~~thy~~ tithyng
as we have herd // the mater in substance
Sothly qd he // ther shall be no tarieng
but ye shal have // a recoryssaunce
So ye shall digge // & dow your obsyuance
to delivren sp // his bonys dul & rude
lo here he lith // cheff cause off my grevance
So fel a cwrs // he dide on me conclude

Anstyn fulfilled // of grace and vertu
as any prier // in one feith most stable
the dede prest // in name of crist jhu
he bad arise // with wordis ful treatable
tegnyred hym // by tokyns ful notable
yff he hadde // sith tyme that he was borne
Seyn that odoly carryn lamentable
the dede body // that stood hem biforne

Sothly qd he // & that me rebuth sore
that ev I kneed hym // for hys frowardnesse
I graff hym consayle // daylj more and more
to pay hys tithis // the pervell dide oppresse
he tok now hede // his sureties to redresse
I warned hym // many dyverse tymys
but all for nought // I can well ber witnesse
deyed a cursed // rebel to pay his dymes

Whan the prest had told enewdel
With hew chor the boys most lamentable
Off seynt Anthyn brodyr thou knowest weyll
thynke on ho that bought the redemeable
In whos ensample thou must be treatable
as the gospel phych doth recorde
And for thy part be not thou bengable
So that with rigore mera may acordy

Thynk how the bought the with his blood
only of mera suffred passion
For mannys sake was nayled on the rode
hyne to the harte for our redempcion
Remembre how thou dist execracion
Upon thyse penat prolonged in grete pyne
With drawe thy sentens and do remyssion
For purgatory his troble to restreyne

On hym thou laydst a fulde ful bonde
to thert longyth the same bond to unbynd
take thys flagell doe with in the honde
on crist passion in this matter hans mende
many exemple to purpos thow mast fynde
off trespasses relesed of thy peyne
Off peter poule sent thomas off yude
Off egyptiacha and mary Magdalyn

Take to mera for thy grete repentance
thow has non other medicacion
thou must of right yene hym his penance
With this flagelle off equyte & reson
Set on this chirre a cast gracion
as he requyrith knelyng afore thy face
best restoratiff myte crist passion
ye thyn assoylyng for his grete trespas

All this dadon in thy comandyment
Off seynt Anthyn the cayre thed knelyng
lord of that village dide also thy present
all the people most petously sobbyng
ffrom thy eyen the tears dryllyng
the last prest rased from his grave
the tothe cayre with bitterfull sorrowyng
assoyled hym his sobble for to save

Dodd man assoyled hat a nothyr
an unknowe cas mencloue to express
on knelith down requyrith of the tothyr
phyne vennyssion of old aubsdiuesse
bete with a sporge take it with meknesse
hopyng that the shold his sobble save
Seynt Anthyn bad hym in hast that he shold dresse
(thankyng our lord) a gayn on to his grave

Circumstances // in ordre to acorde
off this miracle // prayed every thyng
mercy off our lord // doth every thyng summon
to sure aid dampne // he is lord and kyng
heyw and helle // obeye to hys bydyng
by many example // expert in the mater
wrought therupon // for hys grete demyng
I sayed that // be mene & the prayere

Off seynt Gregory pope of Rome tow
cause of his doinys // he dyd so grete right
vigoure that made // with vemyssion
ffor he that is // of most purpal aylight
lyst addyse // in his celestiall sight
thyn with & fauor // vigour and pyte
in doing sentence // of every maner wrigt
Mercy & vertues // hath the sondrite

O

Un to the prest // affore that I you tolde
Seynt austyn made // a strange question
to chese of thyne // wedw that he wolde
to gow with hym // thowght thys region
the feyth of crist // be predicacion
for his part prouide // on scripture
to dow his den // of old holl affection
or to resorte // on to his sepulture

ffadurgd he // with supportacion
of yow benyngne // fidwly pite
I you require // to grant me perdon
Un to my grave // I may restorid be
the world is ful // of mutabilite
ffull of trowbth // change & variaunce
and for thys tyme // I pray yow suffrith me
abyde in reste // from worldly pturbaunce

I rest in pees // and take of nothyng keep
rebrisith in quiet // and contemplacion
lord of all noble // celestiall is my slep
and in the mene of // cristes passion
ffyth hope & charite // with hol affection
benqueres fodre // to rest upon bo grace
day of the gewall // resurrecacion
when Gabriel callight // tapper affore his face

O brothur myn // thys chyce is for the best
contemplatyff // fulfillyd of all plesance
I pray to god send the good rest
off gostly gladnesse // soueryn suffraans
pray for us // and have in remembrance
all holy chewch // in quyet to be wolbnd
that arst thine // dispose so the ballance
that petres ship // be with no tempest drallbnd

Mene thus // that nord heresye
lyse in thys dayes // nor now thett was before me
nor nord danyel // grette nor multiplye
nor no false cottel be medlyd with godd corne
these with the vose // cast a way the thorn
cast bought us all // with his greacous blod
to that he bought us // lete no thyng be lor
ffor our redemcaon // he starff upon the roo

bolowe
rode

The hyght present // lord of the same tow
this myracle // whan godde see
dunstyn ayeth of hym // this question
wol thou qd he // pay thy debte
Grantyght his ayeyng // fel down on his knee
most repentant // for sot the world as blyde
with desort hart // and all humylite
ffolewith seynt dunstyn // duryng all his lyfe

Go hal tretys // loyd of presumcaon
presse not to fer // nor be not to bolde
this labor start // under correccaon
off this myracle // remembrid many folde
in many sthyre // and many cete tolde
to yow echon // to whom yt dueete
be cause I am // of with this dul & olde
doth your debu // this q cesse to correcte.

Go myracle sr dunstyn

Danica invasio regnante Athelstano, una cum historia Guidonis de Warwik.

f

Go cristus berth // compleet nynehundrid yeer
thryty & sebyn // by computacion
kyng athelstow // as seith the cronycler
kynyng that tyme // in Britnis albion
dwyng also // the persecuacion
off thynt of denmark // with with mythty hond
rood bent & slouth // mad non exceptcion
by reuel fors // thorugh out all thys lond

Spared nouthyr heyth nor lowth degre
churchis collagis // but that thy bert hem down
mythty castellys // & city gret cite
in ther fuye // by false oppression
un to the bondis // of wynchester tow
with sword & fyr // they mad all wast & wylle
and in ther malvalt // procession
Spared not women // gret with child

in this brennyng // fwions reuelle
too denmark prynces // pompous & elat
lyke wod lyons // wyd of all pete
ide no fauor // to lowe nor hey estat
allas this lond // stod so distomfolat
froward fortune // hath yt hom disporme
hayes & hawcury // throwith hond at debat
that both the kyng // & prices thow constreyned

By froward force to take hem to the flight
thes dangerous princes / a gayn hem ther so bold
on hith hyllis / ther fyres gaff such light
ffortune of ther / in such disayrit tho stood
the people robbid / & spoyled of thyr good
ffor berray ded / of colour ded & pale
Chaw the stremys / ran doun off red blod
lyke a great riber / fro mondayne to the bale

Sar abertin / for sum olde trespas
as is remembrid / of antiquite
of oo persone / hap fortune & grace
nyght be with drawe / in conyclis ye may see
Ted hob the nyghty / famous josue
das put abak thre days in bataylo
the theefte of Machor / mad sist to flee
out of the feld / & in ther conquest faylo

Thus bi the pride / and boyn ambusaon
and anel furye / of thes princes thyne
this rellind all most / brought to distruccion
the seed of Bellona / gan at them disdeyn.
lordis borne pensiff / the poraill gan couple
on of thos terantis / called Anelphus
And as my autor / remembrith in certyn
the thodw das called / maried Genaphelus

This meschiff / bers than stroit of pestilense
God with his punysshyng / is ford merciable
Tebird of atwaid / punysshith with violence
With furious hond / mortal & bengable
Ber folke repent / the lord is ay tretable
that sitt abobyn which halt all in his hand
but thers trauttis / to shedyn blod most able
With sword & fladdis / troubled al this lond

God for syme / bi record of sceptrous
hat chastysid / many a gret dre
and suffrid hem / feet meschiff to endur
record justin / recorde on Vynyus
parys in ffrance / hat hid his part payd
for lechery / and falce ambusaon
palpable at eye / examples mete mar see
off Rome Cartage / and of Troye tore

This mater ofte hatt ben examplefied
for lak of clysdin / & of god consail
that peples hartis / ber not fil applyed
to be bertu / for thes olbne a dayle
wyrid of glad fortune / blowith not in ther sayle
for thes demerits / god punysshid thym of rytt
outrage & bras hatt bentynce at hys tayle
thon kyng ethelston das a manly knyght

Cruel dayes Yngliship blod to shed
ther sorow was what // & therfore lyst
yet in cronycles at leyser who so list red
kyng Athelston was a full noble knyght
thoush for a tyme enclyned was his lyth
off his noblesse // & forth magestie
the hand of god // stood allwey in his myght
to chang his troble in to prosperite

The somer is hatter // after shaupe showrs
the glad morwe // folowth the derke myght
after wenter // comyth ayr with freysh flowrs
and after mystes phebus shyneth bryght
after gret troble hertes ben mad lyght
and to conclud ~~as~~ ~~[illegible]~~ lyke as I be gan
god lyst to cast his merciable sight
upon his knyght // the for seyd Athelston

In this mater ferther to procede
constreynt of wed & gret adversite
mad kyng to drawe // in cronycles as I red
with all his lordes of hyth & lowe degre
to have a consail // at wynchestre the cite
Sone remydye // in all hast to provide
a gyn the malice // & fimrous crewelte
wrought be the dayes // in ther mercyall pride

Offtt the lord // gadred were the state
remedy to shapyn // in this mater
princes barons // bisshepis and prelates
in that cite assemled // ber in fere
hap & fortune // shewyd hem hem ther
ther hope turnyd // desspevans
knyghthood of armys // had lost the maner
to defiant // they ber of spere & lance

In that party // was no remedie
redresse to fynde // no consolacion,
yards set abak // al ther chevalrye
thus stood the lord // in desolacion
Strong ber the dayes // prowd bi ambuscaon
kyng Athelston // in constreynte & distres
held with his lordis // a counsel in the ton
to fynd amende // his meschef to redres

In grace of god // how this myght ben amended
reed to fynde // of ther adversite
breffly to telle // ther ber thus condyssended
ben bassatrye // ormens of fynne trety
Streyghth drewyn // of nessecite
the kyng of denmarke // with omage for to pay
so yeldyr tribut // to have this kibette
as a soget // verrayly this hademe

Or ellis pleynly / of grys bi couenaunt
kyng Athelston / for kynd to fynd a knyght
with Colibrond / of denmark the Geant
a day assynede / to entre with kynd in fyth
for to darreyne / at thyn hend to the right
Who shall seruisse / with strong and mytyhon
to hold a ceptur be manhod & bi myght
and hane possessiond / in quet of his lond

The kyng / the lordis beyng ther yfent
withoute vesyte / or long delaiend
to yef answer / of ther fynal entent
hold they list / gryten hend / for short conclusiend
onthir to make / a resignaciond
off Sceptur & crowne / onthir to fynde a knyght
as yfeyd erst / to be ther champion
Geyn Colibrond / to entren on to fyght

The denmark dukis / of males gnportable
wod & wittful / in ther mercial rage
yn other wyse / list not to be treatable
requerd in hast / benbasset or massage
to hane answer / or pleggis for hostage
off the couenaciond / relaciond to fond
hold they cast hend / to put in morgage
the lyfe of thyne / to make a fynal end

This a pointement / so sweytly was forth lede
off simons hast / they wolde hane no delaye
kyng Athylston / so hard was be stede
and all his gnias / gnit in gret afray
a for wynchester / the gronid dukis laye
the kyng onthyne / a stondd in his myride
and wyll thennore / bi cause he knewh no wayne
in his defences / a champion to fynd

Knell no bettmene / as in this matter
redresse to fynde / to resoun acordyng
than be assent / to take hym to prayer
he & his lordis / to walynd and sessyng
more & riche / without more taryng
all ~~autorite~~ stonys / as thy were of degre
with sulte tens / resuddid in ther beyng
bi penance doyng / to folk of ~~re~~ Nynyve

Fyrom hith estatis / dond to the gornall
of all degrees / fynde was no wyght
to undertonge / thamprise of this batayll
a gayn the Geant / of denmark for to fight
heralde of hedrene / the nable simone knyght
caldin his tymie / of gresse myth & frane
fadin in armys / in ery maniys fight
Nypote Guy of warwyk / of manhod lodissterne

The seyd Herald // beyng tho absente
out of his kebend // to sele the son of Guy
called Reynbowe // in contrees diuerse
and ~~all~~ the peyne // that sodfast bye
christ in young age // was stole traytorwely
bi strange marchandis // wrongfully lad a way
ffelice his modre // weppyng tendrely
ffor his absence // complynyng nyght & day

Borne bi destent // to beyn his sidrous heyr
her young son Reynbowe // to succede
in her tyme // was hold man so fayr
called the example // of trouthe & wommanhed
to aid her fadre // for noble & manhed
Erle of warwyk // named an the best knyght
that was tho days // in storn as I rede
but he alas // floddyng in his myght

Day his dette // bi deth on to natur
his yeas sufficient // was sponnelis bers thed
and as the storn // remembrith bi sorytur
whan that felice // conceyued had in dede
bi seyd Guy // sone after as I rede
like a pilgrem // endwyd with all vertu
the neyte morbe // changed hat his wede
and sped hym forth // for loue of crist Jhu

ffor sok the world // vnknowe of any wyght
of heyth & fetaw // to lebyn in penance
lefft wife & hine // & be trad gode knyght
whom to serue // was set all his plesance
content with litel // crist was his suffisance
in worldly pompe // he lift not to sorowne
calling a gayn // on to remembrance
kyng Athelston // my promise I well retorne

As I be gone // in ordre to cede
off his complyst // to make menand
nat wed in pumple // but changed hat his wede
blak for mornyng // and desolacion
by cause ther was // in all his region
ffonde no ffone // his quarel to defend
to god a bowyn // sed thus orison
be sprengt with teris // his grace don to send

O lord Jhu he // of most magnyficence
cast dow thyne eris // on to my prayer
remembrist nat // upon my grete offence
but fro my synnys // turne a way thi fure ther
disseyred // stondyng in double were
to lese my kyngdom // septre and regalye
but mediacion of thy // modre dere
be gracious mene // to save my ptye

My faith my hope my trust my affiance
all holly rested in the ꝓtection
my shield my shaftron my sword & eke my lance
be ~~blunt~~ blunt & feble my pore is bereden
but grace with mercy lift be my champion
therwith the suppose my foo shal me encombre
whil Athelston slept this vision
or he was war he fel in to a slombre

for wach & troble lay in an agonye
devently kneling be his bedes syde
the lord aboun which can no man deye
that apeth grace with meknesse bord off pride
ffor his seruant lift graciously ꝓ syde
which of his godnesse sent an angel down
bid hym not drede but sette all feere on side
which of his mercy had hard his orison

To ward the kyng cast his lok benyng
bad hym trust all holy in his grace
in a token and an entrechyng
which shall be sheed to hym in vitte shortly
of slep a dabid the kyng lift up his face
marlith eny thyng & prudently took hed
to whom the angel his heynesse to enchas
thes words ~~[illegible]~~ hadde in stor as I rede

ffrom the lord all dispayre and drede
whan aurora sheedith her pale light
to morwe erly rys and take good hed
ffor crist yhu of his gracious mylt
to the request hat cast down his sitth
trust up on hym & in the trust be stable
he shall consue of equyte & right
thy royall title for he is merciable

At yeghebus up rast set no longer date
whan silver deith doth on the floddes flate
make thy passage to ward the north gate
or that the sonne with his feruent hate
hett on the lebis drad up the wete
abyd therinnelly & shall to the send
first among poore a pilgrem thou shalt mete
entrete hym godly the quarel to defend

Clad as a pilgrym in abord slatayn
olde and for grobbe among the pornale
mark hym wyl & be wyl certayn
at the request that he shal not fayle
to a compliffy manly the batayle
trust on hym wyll & for the ꝓmptive
with godis mylt that he shal ꝓvayle
in this mater thym ayeyng not deffyne

The Bordes sayd // as is rehersde here
On to the kyng // by relacion
the angl Ridcu Warly // desyere
and ~~of~~ Ethelston // of gret devocion
gaff thank to god // of this a vision
nobly rewarded // one of all kynnesse
with too bisshopis // made is mension
and eche tweyn // forth he gan hym dresse

Thankyng the lord // of his beyng grant
as he was boide // of humble affection
With his bisshopis // and eche expectant
at thylke cyty // north ward of the town
lyke as the ~~and~~ angl // for sycht conclusion
had told the here // on to the kyng but late
Whan porefolk // for sustentacion
had in ayslond // to entrew atte gate

As the cronycle // breefly doth compile
on to purpos // makyth rehersayle
off sycow Baptist // a forne in the Isle
hold Guy of Warwyk // made his a vowayle
at portismouth // nun antor dyll not stayle
pryhis writyng // assignyng howe & tyme
by grace of god // which may most avayle
tellit hold Guy // thyn att the howe of pyme

Whan bryhte phebus // with his gold tressyd beymys
on yllis hyth // gan showe his heynly lyht
erly on morne // & with his hote stremys
dryd up the dew // as perlis sylver bryht
Whan sayd Guy // the noble famous knyht
repayred was // from his long pylgrymage
ffro portismouth // took his way rytt
to Wynchester // holdyng his vyage

By grace of god // I come trewly
Guy was hom sent // in to this region
heer to accomplisch // in knyhthood finally
the laste emprise // of his hyh renon
he for to ben // the kynges champion
unknowe off all // but whan he com to lond
to hym was made // playn relacion
off his requesis // hold it ade stonde

They told hym first // in ordure ceremonyll
Harald Hardrane // that was so good a knyht
was gon to seke // the sonne of Cuy
gretly desyred // of any manyr rytt
which in descent // was borne of Seray rytt
in tytle of ffelice // famous in renownyd
at his repayre // with grate of arstis nyht
Erle of Warwyk // justly to shrede

Dum stimus In mundo vivamus

They told hym also // of the great strife
twyn them of denmarke // & Athelston the kyng
and hold that rolland // fader to his wife
olde Erle of warwyk // ful notable of kyng
was dede also // & Guy had ay thyng
off hith prudence // kept hym self close
like a pilgrim // his lone ther taking
Goth to wynchester // a mon as he wrote

Guy took his loggyng // whan it drouth to nyght
With poore men // at an old ostyrnyll
very of trabaill // unknow to any wight
too houdred pas // without the north wall
Wher stondith mold // a menstre ful wrall
the nor temorne // a mon as Guy a book
God was his his guyd // in a especiall
among pore men // the right waye he toke

To the north gate // as grace ide hym guyde
bi resonnable // so entryng in to toun
as dand whitlond // oan a gayn bolye
to helpen saul // bi grace of god sent down
So for vengye // and for sanaaan
Both of the kyng // & of all thie lond
Guy was prided // to be ther champion
a geyn the pompie // of proude Colbrond

Bi his habite // and his pilgrem wede
thilk tyme // clad in a rouhe slaben
off whos a ray // whan the kyng tok hed
Jauh godes pines // was not madin geyn
took up his hart // & kneyh right well certeyn
god fayrith men // his frend on se nor on lond
With wepyng tens // his chelys spreyn lik reyn
for berray gladnes // he took Guy be the hond

Besekyng hym // in most lowly wyse
With sobbyng cher // that rowth was to se
to undrfonge // this knyghtly kith emprise
for godes sake // and merci ful grete
to do scorn // in this messcate
in his defens // that he wyll not fayle
Geyn Colbrond // his champion to be
for his pte // darreyne the batayle

Guy wondrsed // of look and of visage
ffeyrt & wey // and sulled of trawayle
and his eyes // that he was fallen age
and out of wes // more to be clad in mayle
my wyll god he // yff I might a vayle
the cruel pre // off the dauys to appese
for comon ffyte // god wyll shall not fayle
my hyffe pryere // to sett this lond in ese

The kyng the lordis made gret mn stande
to this pilgrym // with language & prayer
Guy for to dow // On to the kyng plesande
ffor thy sake & for his modir dere
is condescended // bot as ye shall here
with godis grace // assiew the coberat
as the conbenacon // justly doth require
at place assigned // to mete the Geant

Off this enprise // was made no long delay
the conbenacon // plenly to daryane
tyme // ff jul // on the wedyseday
place appoynted // & meeting of thes etyn
thaccord rehersyd // the stratt and the peyne
doubilness // & frande sett a seyde
as the gres // ther bondyn in certyn
for short conclusion // they by to abyde

without the gate // remenbrid as I rede
the place called // of antiquite
in yngliss tong // named hide mede
or elles denmark // nat fer fromd the cite
meeting to gedyr // ther mete mythy see
terrible frokis // lyke the dynt of thonde
sparkis out of ther harnes fley
that to behold // it was a bera wonde

The olde pylgrym

The olde pilgrym // quyt hym lyke a knyght
Spared nat the Geant // to assayle
on his lefft shuldir // smet at hym with such a myght
undir the bodim // of his aweed entayle
a strem of blod // gan be his syde rayle
the Geant // this hedons Colibrond
thought it shuld hym // grethy avayle
that Guyes sword // was brokyn out of his hond

Whan dawys sauth // Guy had lost his sworde
they cauhte a manor // consolacon
Guy like a knyght // in hart nat affrayed
required manly // of the champion
Sith he of chepens // had so gret forsord
to grant hym on // that hour of his defens
but Colibrond // of indignacon
to his request // gaff non audiens

ffor he was sett // on malee and on wrake
to quente // his purpos set on pride
and wyle that he & Guy together spak
att at onys // Guy stert out on syde
cauht a pollax // lift no lenger bide
smot the Geant // eryn in the first bond
made his stroke // so mythyly to glide
that his lefft harnis // & sholdir fell to grond

With wych strok // the Geant Colibrond
al his armure // & body was mad rede
stompyng a syde // yan wych forth his hand
to take a sword // wer of Guy tok hed
God & grace // that day gaf hym sweych speed
to put his name // ever after in memore
ffley with his ax // smet of sterdi hed
off the Geant // & had of hym victorye

This thyng accomplisyt // by grace of godes hand
and by the prowesse // of Guy this noble knyght
they of denmark // as the statut bond
have crossd seal // & take ther day right
to warde ther contre // nouthir glad nor lyth
ther surquedye // & ther pompe oppressid
kyng Athelston // by grace of godes myght
had of denmark // the pompe fil repressid

Ther froward pompe // with meknesse was repressid
by Guy of warwyk // as mad is menacion
the kyng the clergye // devously yan them dressid
prices baronys // & borgeys of the con
with al the comonte // for short conclusion
hith and lowe // to spek in generall
kyng to conuye // with procession
in to the cherch // called cathedrall

This syd Guy // ther knelyng on his kne
with gret meknesse // mad his oblacion
off chilke ax // wych wych a forme that he
had of dawys slayn the champion
wych instrument // thorwh al this region
is yet called the ax // of Colibron
kept among men of // religion
in the cesaure // as ye shal understond

Whan al was don // ther is no more to sey
Guy mal haste // cast of his armure
lik a pilgrem // gon on his flaucen
the kyng fulgodly // dde hym assure
that he myght // the grace so recure
off the pilgrem // to tellyn & not spare
in secret wyse // tellyn his aventure
what was his name // playnly to declare

Cuz qd Guy // ye must hane no excusid
touchyng your asyng // & your pacion
bothe nett besy // & lat no more be mused
in your desyre // for now occasion
to my cause // I hane fil gret reson
ffor I shall nod // discure this matter
but under bond of a condicion
a sweme mad // be tellyn vi

ye either

All your grace // a barded be absens
Tool by your selfe // out of this Erte
now but be ellyne // be yng in presens
With trowth assured // that ye xal be secret
Duryng my lyff // ye get no more of me
to no person // I am no more a bante
off forth & oth // to high or lowe degree
that ye shall neu disur my counsyle

This thyng conformyd // bi myeful veral
passed the bonds off subbarbis of ohoton
at a crosse // that stod for frond the walle
fful debonly // the pilgrym knelyt don
to sett a syde all suspecion
my lord qd he // of forth with out blame
your legeman // of humble affecion
Guy of warwyk // trewly is my name

The kyng astonyd // gan chang cher & fact
and in maner gan weppyn for gladnesse
and dilattoyns // he gan hym to embrasse
in both his armys // of veral gentilnes
with ofteyn kyssyng // of ferfull kyndnesse
with gret p[illegible] // on the tydyr side
off gold & tresour // of gret richesse
[illegible] in his hales yef he wold abyde

Wth

Dett theys p[illegible] // meketly he for soke
and to the kyngis // veral magyste
hym recomandyng // a now his weye he tok
at his deptyng // this a bont he made
with prisons weppyng // knelyng on his kne
on to the kyng // in ful humble entent
duryng my lyff // it may neu other be
Shal I neu don of // this garnement

At ther departyng // was but final language
Sebem off ther speche // mad interpacion
the kyng goth hom // Guy tok his viage
to ward warwyk // his castel & his ton
no man // of hym // hanyng suspecion
where day be day // after his twelfe wyfe
ffed pore folk // of gret devocion
to pray for her // & her lordis lyfe

Thirtene in nombre // my autor ~~wrytyth~~
Guy at his comyng // for grobem his vesage
thre dayes spac // he was on of the
that tok armes // with humble & lowe corage
thankyng the contes // in hast tok his viage
nat ferre from warwyk // the cronycle doth expresse
of ancetrw cone // to an armytage
were he fond on // dwellyng in wylderness

To hym he vrouth // besechyng hym of grace
ffor a tyme ~~hold ther~~ to holde ther sonvne
the same hermyte // wythyne a lytel spasse
bi deth is passid // the ffyne of his labore
after whos day // Guy was his successour
Was off too yer // by grace of crist jhu
dantyng his flesshe // by penance & vigoure
ay more & more // encressyng in berta

God mad hym know // the day he sholde dye
therith the most // gracious visitacion
by an angel his spirite to conveye
after his bodily resolucion
for his merites // to the heuenly mansion
after he sent // in hast his weddyng ryng
vnto his wyfe // of trewe affeccion
prayed her come // to be at his dyeng

and that she shold // dow her best cure
Bi a manner // wyffly diligence
in hast ordeyn // for hys sepulture
with now gret cost // nor with no gret dispence
where as he lay // deth & pale of face
besprent with teris // kneling with reuerence
the dede body sobbyng // she dede embrace

And as this noble famous worthy knyght
Sent her to seyne // ete bi his massanger
In that place // to bryng hym a now vyght
Wher as he lay // a fowl a final abter
and that she shulde do trewly her deber
ffor her selfe dispose and prvide
the ye. day // sobbyng the same yed
to hym bered fast be his syde

The holy wyff // of al this thyng wel hed
Like as Guy bad // lost no lynger tarie
to quite her selfe // of trewth & womanhed
She was ful loth // fyond his desyre to varye
Sent in al hast // for the ordynary
Whych coupd // in that diocese
She was not fonde in no point contrary
all thyng to complisse // as ye hane hard devise

And this mater // breffly to conclude
at his exequies // old & yong of age
off dyuers states // ther cam gret multitude
with gret devocion // to that hermytage
and like a prince // with all the suprhuse
they took hym up // and layd hym in the grave
ordynid of god // a forme of hith corage
a fayn the dawe // this legend to sade

Whose sowle I hope resyth now in glorie
with holy spirites above the firmament
where his cyff ay called to memorie
the day approchyng of her enterment
whose ordyned in ther testament
her son reynbowrn in title of her possede
heyr trewly borne in lenyall dissent
in ther Erldam of warwyk to succede

The stok descendyng of antiquite
to Guy his fadir in tele of ayarage
after whose det of lawe & equite
reynbowrn to entre in to his heritage
after all this this his modyr of good age
hathy olde her det be dethen to nature
be side her lorde in the hermytage
with a good ende was made her sepulture

for more autorite as of this mater
Whose translacion sellist in sentens
out of the latyn made be the cronycler
called of olde Gerard of Cornbrone
which wrot the dedis wilt gret delygens
off them that werne in wessyx aculnyd kynge
Greatly commendyng for knyghtly excelens
Guy of warwyk in his sermons wrytyng

Off whose noblesse ful gret heed he tok
his marcial name putyng in remembrance
the xx capitle chapitle of his historial book
the xxi yeth lyff the vertuous gouernance
he whilst xxxvi yeard goyng & penance
wrought in rome a chapitle for to translate
yeff aught be wrong in meter or in substance
pryth the wyte for dulnesse of his age

Meetly compyled under correction
hyff of sir Guy in delygent labour
Sett a side pride and presumcion
in cause he hade of eloquence no colour
in Tullius gardyn he gadrid not flour
Nor of Omerus he coud wed in the meede
praying rehersyn of support and fauour
not to disdyne the clauses whan they rede

Explicit Guydo de Warwyk

Incipit Macrobius

O Creatures that byn resonable
the lyff desyryng which is eternall
ye may seen her doctrynes ful notable
your lyff to lede the which is mortall
ther by to leyne in especiall
holde ye shal trace the dance which ye see
to man & woman that be naturall
ffor deth ne spareth hih nor lowe degree

Angelus In this mesure every man may fynde
that hym be longeth to go upon the dance
who goth be forne & who goth be hynde
al dependit in goddis ordynance
therfor each man lowly take his chance
deth spareth nouthir prove nor blod royall
each man ther for have this in remembrance
off oon mater god hat forged all.

Papa Ye that be sett hih in dignyte
of al estatis in erthe spirituall
and lyke to geter have the sovereynte
over the chereh most in especiall
upon this dance ye first be gynne shall
as most worthy lord & gouernour
ffor all the worship of your astat papall
and of lordship to god is the honour

ffirst mo belongeth this dance deth to lede
which sat in erthe heyest in my see
the estat pmlous whp so takit hed
to ocupye seynt petris dignyte
but for al that foo deth I may nat flee
upon this dance with oder for to trace
ffor sich honour who can prevendtly can see
yo lytil worth that doth so sone passe.

Emp. Ye Emperour lord of al the grounde
most soverayn prince surmountyng of nobles
ye most for sake of golde your appil rounde
Septre & sword & al your hih noblesse
be hynd your late treasure & richesse
and with other to my dance obeye
ageyn my myth vayleth non hardynesse
that lordis gret have litil avantage

Pu. Not to whom I may appele
whan deth me faileth that doth me constrayne
ther is no geynne to socour my quarele
but spad & pycoys my grave to atteyne
a sympyle shote ther is no more to seyne
to chappen in my body & my visage
whe upon I me sore complayne
that lordis gret have litil avantage

Cardinal

Ye be abaysshyt & semeth & ondrede
Sir Cardinall / it semeth be yone cher
but for al that ye sholde shal nedde
With other estatis / this dance to lere
yone gret arayes / al shal leyn here
yone hat of red / yone cestin of gret cost
att thes thynges / rehynyd shall I fere
In gret worshyp / godd amys to lost

Kin

I hane gret cause / trewly it is no fayle
to hym abaysshyt & gressly to dredyn me
Sithy deth is comen / me sodynly to assayle
that shal neid after / clothis be
In Kys nor Kynyd lyk to my degre
nyn hatt of red / leyn Hedyn distresse
Sir the which / I hane leyn Kitt & see
yous that att joye / endith in heynesse

Impate

Lat se yone hand / my lady dame empesse
hane no disdyn / with me for to daunce
ye may a side / leyn al yone richesse
yone fressh attyres devises of plesance
yone solyne cheres / yone straunge countenances
yone clothis of gold / most unkouthly wrought
hanyng of deth / ful litil remembrance
but now I see / deth / att is come to nought

What availeth gold / richesse or pere
or what availeth / high blod or gentylnes
or what availeth / fressyness or bere
or what is worth / high port or strangenesse
Deth sith chek mate / to al such beyn noblis
att bodyly poyer / nob may me not avale
Tanford hyred / frenship nor worthynesse
Syn deth is come / my high estat to assayle

Sir patarch / patarcha
Sir patarch / fatt sad and humble of cheer
ye not with other / gowns thys dance with me
yone double crosse of gold / & stonys clere
yone poyer hol / & al yone dignyte
Sond other fyatt / of worth and equite
be possessed in hast / as I wehers and
trust neid that ye / shal pope be.
For poly hope / deserneth many amend

Kin

Worldly honour / treasone & richesse
hath me deserved / sothfastly indede
my joyes olde / be tourned to distresse
What availeth / such honour to possed
high clymbyng up / a fatt hat to his mede
gret estat / folk chaseout of nowbe
Who so mounteth / hiest / stoundeth most endrede
Such hony bedyn / doth sond oftyn encumbre

Rex

Wyth noble kyng // most worthy of renoun
Come forth anon // for all your worthynesse
that sometyme hed // so gret possession
Nowadays obeyeng // vnto your high noblesse
ye ought of natur // to this daunce yourselfe
and finally // your crowne & scepytre lete
For who so most // habounded in gret richesse
Shal ber with hym // but a sengle shete

Fin

I hane not larned // her affore to daunce
no daunce in soth // of sotynes so savage
Wherby I see // ful clerly in substance
What pride is worth // force or high parage
Deth al for deth // this is his vsage
gret & final // that in this world sometyme
Who that is most mek // hath most avantage
For he shall att // to dede assyse tornyne

Archeps

Sir archebisshop // why do ye so withdralle
your lok your face // ab ytt ber bi disdeyne
ye most obeye // to your mortal lawe
yt to constreyn // ytt ber but a beyne
For day be day // be wyth wyll certyn
Deth at hond // pursueth every cost
Presis & deth // may not be holdyn ageyn
For at your hond // mend contyn with thy ryll

Fin

Allas I wot nat // what gry foto sle
For drede of deth // I stand in such distresse
to escape his power // I can no refuse see
but who that kneth // his constreynt & duresse
he wold take rest // to marstresse
and seyn adew // poup & prude also
my poynted gales // my tresour & richesse
thyng that be honyth // nedys must bedo

Princes

Wyth myth prynce // be wyth wyll certyn
this daunce to you // is my schessable
For more myth // than ewedas Charlemeyn
Or worthy Arthour // in prewesse ful notable
with al his ~~of the~~ knyghtys // of the vonde table
What dede ther platys // ther armour or ther mayle
ther strong corage // ther shelds defensable
a geyns deth avayle // whan he hym dede assayle

Fin

My purpos was // & myn entencion
to assegid castelis // & myth porteresis
rebellys to bryng // vn to subrection
to sekeworshyps // fame & worthynesse
but I see wel // that all worldly gladnesse
deth can abate // wer of I hane dysyryt
to hym all one // sorow & sobernesse
For a geyn deth // is fonde no resyryt

Eps

Cant ner ye bisshop / with your myter & cha
ffor al your richesse // soth I ensure
ffor al your tresour // so long kepte ne loo
your erdly goods // & goods of natur
and of your shep // the gostly drad hilem
with charge committed // to your grace
ffor the cowte // ye shal be brought to lur
nouht is sur // that dymbith on hilse

Soth

Kn

Off thes tidynges // I and nothyng glad
dolyth doth to me // so sodenly doth bryng
yt make my face // & countenance ful sade
that for disconfort // me lift no thyng to sy
O world contrary // to me in werkyng
which al estates // can so desire
and nedis dammyst // into our deprynge
and shal passe // suffoonly on mente

Cannes & Baro

Erle & baron // which that thorut regrou
hane sore labourid // for worship & renow
for get your trompetis // & your clarions
this no drem // nor symulacion
fintyne your custon // & your entenance
was mestat // & worldly worship to glade
but oft tynes it happith in anoth sow
oo man brekyt that a other made

ffil often tynes // I hane ben auterised
to hih emprise // & thyng of gret fame
off gret estatye // me think also desired
herfyd with // princes // & lordis gret of name
nor new on me // as put no defame
in for all contrie // which that ber notable
but doth on bauly // al goller maht lame
and bider heyre // in erthe is nothyng stable

Kn

Abbot & Pr

Sir abbot & prior // with your bred hatt
to him abassyt // ye hane a maner wist
gret is your hed // your body rond & fatt
ye most cond dante // thouh ye be hatyth
lenyn your lordship // to sond other wisyt
your heyre is of age // the stat to conpye
who so is fattest // to hym I hane delyt
in his grane sonnest // shal pritrye

Kn

Off thy manace // I hane no gret enbye
that I shall lose // al man gouernance
but that I shal // as a dorsterer dye
the doth to me // sondeyt the los grebance
my liberte // nor my gret habundance
what may they avail in any maner wise
yt ake I mera // with debout repentance
thouh to forn doth // to late men thew abise

Abbatissa

And ye my lady // gentil dame abbasse
With yonte mantyl // furred large & wide
your veil your wymple // so ryng of gret richesse
and bedis sesse // ye must nedis ley on syde
for to this dance // I must be your guyde
though ye be tender // borne of gentyl blod
with that ye lesse // yourself & pride
for after deth // no man hath goode

Pri

Allas that deth hath so sorme ordeyned
that in no wyse // I may nat hynd of hell
on to this // of rith // and constreyned
that her with other // must this trace fele
this pilgrymag // to every man is debe
and ernest mater // a mater of no gape
who that is alley redy // shal nevr rebe
the hour abydyng // that god hat to hynd

Judex

That hand of your // my lord justice
that have rebed // so long the lacke
yet may nevr hold you // dar & wyse
to that this dradfyl // be well drabe
Escape shal ye nat // wold ye never so fabe
such doom to have // as ye hav yonew yourself
wherfor men seyn // of an old fabe
what is hynd that alley well doth

Allas neber that myne entent
was wel dresside // though I other while erred
nedis shold I vetterly // be shamed & shent
for many cause // that I have offend deserved
but mercy only // nedis ber I marred
blessed therfor is every wyght
as in holy scripture // may ben aberved
that in al tyme // doth lede & kepyth right

Doctor

Com forth doctor // of canon & cyvyle
in bothe the lawes // with long contynuance
your tyme han spent // be war ye dede no gyle
in your matere // for to have forthrance
nedis must ye leve // with me for to dance
al your lak may you nat a bayle
Syff me your hand // & mak no turbance
your hour is cond // this is withouten fayle

Mors

I mere phy // hedis mankind is feel
and litel tyme in this world abydyng
no man of his lyff // hat nouther charter nor sel
therfor it may be liked in al thyng
but to a flowr // so amerously flourshyng
which with a frost // right sone be gynnet to fade
When aprel deth // he massag lust to bryng
all lusty thyng // he bryngeth in the shade

Miles et Armiger

Knyght or squere // with fresshly in yond araye
that can of dances // all the nett guyse
thoughe ye bee armye // well horsed yesterday
with spere & shield // at yond tuborney devise
and take upon you // many strange enprise
dauntyth with be // it well no bett be
there is no boone // in no manner wyse
ffor no man may // fro dethis pollerfle

Eccl.

Thy that dethe // me holdit in his lace
yet shal I speke a word or I passe
Adieu al merthe // Adieu noble ul solace
Adieu my ladies // sometyme so fresshe of face
Adieu beute // that lasyth but short space
Off dethis chang // ey day is myne
thynk on your soules // or that dethe manace
ffor shal rote // & no man wot what tyme

Maior

Come forth ou Mayr // which had gouernaunce
By polyce // to rebble this Cete
thoughe your // ye notable in substance
to fle my dauntes // ye have no aberte
what is non // nor wherby dyguyte
that may escape // out of my daungers
to fynd refuge // ensample ye may see
neithe bi rechesse // nor force of officers

Eccl.

What helpyth nobl // the stat in the church I stood
to rebble citeis // or conuous to gouerne
plente of richesse // or mores of good
in old dymyng // that comet to me so yerne
dethe all defacyth // who so lust to lerne
me for tarefte // he cometh on so fast
ech man therfor // shold a forne distrune
prudently // to thynk up on his last

Lo see your hand // of chanon regular
Sometyme I shorne // to religion
in humble sort // & obedience
chastly to lerynd // lyt your profession
but thow may be // no consolacion
ageyn my sacbes // sodeu & crewell
except only // for short conclusion
who lyth in beter // must nedis dye well

Canonicus regularis

Why shold I gruchyth // or dispayre.
the thyng the which // of seruay truly with
was I ordeynd // and borne to dye
as in this world // in ey manner wyght
which to remembre // is nothyng like
prayeng the lorde // that was prud on ye rude
to mydle mere // with his eternall myght
and sake the soules // that he bought with his blod

Eccl.

Deaing

Sir dean or chanon / with many grete pbend
ye may no longer / han distribucions
pnyset away // your tesons to dispende
with al your riches // & your pcessions
ffor hynd hath set // her rebellacions
ech man sow daye // to dance on dethes bryn
therof ye may // han no delacion
ffor deth cometh // ever chan nerd lest ouhy

Fu'

Why dyers cures / my meth & sonages
alas ful litel // they may me nolb conforth
deth crow me hat // hat gryn his a chantry
all my richesse // can make me nolb no sport
dmys of grey // they must a gryn resort
on to the world // with many a grete pbaunde
ffor which wetly // as clarkis can report
to deye well // ech man shold entende

Agemal

Thonh ye be barbed // & clad in clothe blake
chastly reayed // the mantil & the ryng
ye may not the comfsse of natur forsake
to dance with other // nolb at my comyng
pthis world // as now a bydyng
nouther of mayde // ch dbe nor chyff
as ye may seyn her // clerly be dryvyng
that a geyns deth is fonde no pfenacy

Fu'

pt helpith nat / to stryve a gayn natur
Namly chan deth // be gynneth to assayle
Wher for I consail // ech creatur
to hym redy // a gayns this fel batayle
Ther is sirer than other plate or mayle
Alp nothyng // may help at such nede
than to pride // a sud acquitayle
with the hand of almasse // to lone god & drede

Yene me your hand // with chekis ded & pale
Caused of chacth // & long abstynence
Sir Chartreny // doth your chyne cale
on to the dance // with hable pacens
to stryve a geyn // may be no resistens
lenger to lyve // set your memorye
thonh I be lothsome // outward in apperance
above all men // deth hat the victorye

Chartreny

Fu'

On to this world // I was ded ago ful long
bi my ordre / & my pfession
ffy man be he new so strong
dedit hym to dye // bi natural mocion
after his flesshly // in ohynacion
pfet at my lorde // my sable for to bore be
ffro fendis myth // & fro dampnacion
Sond em to day // that shal not bete mouthe

Fu'

Sergant of Lawe

Com nere sir sergante / short yr cause to mak
ye must com plete / affor the justice in hist
many a quarel / thouth ye haue bidir tak
and for lad / dou ful gret remedye
ther shal your sotil writis / be denyd ful hyst
yeff fleyche & coueitise / be nat exiled
be clear be tymes / & labor for mera
ffor they that most trust thesilf ar sonest

Fri

Off with & reson / bi natures of lawe
and a leggeid / nor make no defence
nor be fleyche / nor statut nie sluth dealbe
to scape a bay / shoud this dredful sentence
ffor all my cont / nor gret prudence
nathyng in erth / may nothyng deserue
a geyne hys myght / to make re fystence
but god gryth mercy / better than thy desse

Generosus

Com forth maistras / of yeris yong & grene
which hold your selfe / of beter sorte yne
as fayre as clear sonnytyme pollicene
penelope or the quen Elayne
yet on this dance / they went both tobeyn
and so shal ye for all your strangenesse
thouh deynous / dangerlong that lad yo rey
on to this dance / ye not yo fotyng dresse

Gr

Gr

Gerucl deth / that sparst non estat
to old & yong / thou art indefrent
to my bente thow hast seyd chek mate
so hastly is thy mortal jugement
ffor in my youthe / tyme was myn entent
to my hirse / many a man to haue lived
but sche is a fool / shorly in sontenesse
that in her fayrnesse / is to mych assured

Comforth / that lolyn by so ferre
with instrumentis / off astronomye
to take the grees & hilte of eny sterre
what may a vale / all your astrologie
fith of Adam / all the Genologie
and first of god / to walyn upon grond
deth doth arest / thus fith theologye
and shul dye / ffor an appil vonde

ffor al my crafft / konnyng or sience
can find / no prison
nor in sterrs / seche out no defence
bi demechyeng / or calculacion
sanff fynally / in conclusion
ffor to discryeyd / our konnyng eny del
ther is no mor / bi sentence of reson
but he that well lebith / most nedis deye well

Pri

37

Officer

Comforth thou officer // to ye my hand is auxed
Upon this dante // the to condere & lede
Which in thi techyng // hast ful ostraunt
Holde that I am // gaffil for to dede
Att thonty that folk // take thevof non hed
Yet is ther non // so strang nor so hardye
But dar arest hym // & lette for no mede
For deth ech hond // is ye sent & redye

Juryman

What may this be // pm ye ebord no man
Heer for abide // may han no suerte
Strengthe nor richee // nor ebhat eht heaven
Or ebor ebe dam // al is but banyte
In gret estat // now in greete
Is nothyng sonde // that may fro deth defende
For ebhich I sey // to hym & lorde deyre
Wysse is the hymer // that deth hym ffamende

Sergant

Comforth Sergant // ebith thi statly mace
Make no defence // nor no rebellion
Ye may not ebanle // to grenchen in the case
Thouh thou be deymous // of condicion
For nouthyr appil // nor pterrend
May the franchee // to do no man ebrong
For there is now // so stordy a champion
Thouh he be mythy // I am more strong

Hold darst thou deth // on me set arest
Which am the kingis officere
And yesterday // ebalkyng oft & ebest
My office dede // ebith ful sentons cher
But nolt this day // I am arested here
And may not flee // thouh I had at sebond
Ech man is loth // to deye fere or mere
That hath not leried // to dey affone

Juryman

Master juroun // ebhich that at assises
And at ohwes // questis didst embrace
Deptyd lond // after thi devises
And ebho most gaff // most stod in thi grace
The poveman // lost both lond & place
For gold thou bindist // folk disherite
But lat se nolt // that ebithyne so short a space
By for the juge holt thou canst the acquite

Juryman

Sontyme I ebas // callid in my contre
The belle ebedder // & that ebas not a lyte
Nat lawd but dred // of hith nor lo be deyre
For ebone list I // cor bi evaff I called endyte
Hang the trebe // & the theffis acquite
Al the contre // bi my ebord ebas lede
But I dar sey // shorth for to ebryte
Off my deth // many on ebold be ful glad

Minne

Gentil menstrel // shew nowe thy witt
how thow canst hoyley // or sute the dance
I dare well say // an hawder ~~fest~~ fytt
than this fel new to thi chance
loke therfor // what may best avance
thi sobble as now // & ese that prede
ffor vice nyce play // & keyw plesance
better late than never // to do godd dede

Ver

Cry benedicite // this world is fiel
now glad now sory // what shal men ese
harpe lute & fidel // fare well
Salter & tol & shalmise
all wedh merth // I her refuse
god grant me grace // of such penance
I may my old synnes expase
ffor all be not mery // that other while dance

ffamily

Servant or officer // in this office
yeff hadest ben // as god wold & right
to pore & rich // dew plein justice
sled extorcion // with al thi myth
than mayst thow // in this dance goly
or elles fil hely // shalt you be ~~thought~~ than
when al downe // shal finally be dyght
to welhens // the tyde abydith no man

Shal I so sone // to dethis dance
that weend to have lived // yeres many
and sodenly for sake // all my plesance
off offices // & ryches that long ther too
yet othyng // I consel or goo
in the office // let no man dow out rage
ffor dred of god // and peyne also
also hyre is non heritage

Ye physicians // for many that lolyw so fast
in other mennys wateres // what the cyle
lok well to you self // or atte the laste
I wot what your medynes // or craft wol avayle
ffor deth comyng // sodenly doth assayl
as well lechis // as other that shal ye knowe
atte last jugement // with outen any fayle
when al men shal repe // as they han sowe

Alas to long // and to mych in physik
ffor this I lyve // al my besinesse
both in sirculacion // and in practik
to knowe & bowe // al bodyli sikness
but of gostly helthe // I was reckless
wher for may help // nouthir erbe nor rote
nor no medicyne // sauff godds goodnesse
ffor ageyns deth // is finally no bothe

Mercator

Come with marchant & lok hidder and
thith hat passid many dyuse lond
on hors & fote / hauyng mat vellaud
to hire & ryuyng / as I under stond
but nolb to dauce / thow most yeff me thy hand
att thyn old labour / where be come nolbe
adieu vayn glory both of fre & bonde
nor nore coueth / than he that hat nolb

Den

Ly man an hyl / & many a strong tale
hane trabulid / with many marchandysse
by strong seis / I carried many a male
in sondry ylis / no than I can devise
my hart in eloud / ebu fret with conetise
but all for nouth / deth doth me constreyn
ffor which I sey / be record of the wyse
who so embrasith / he lital shal restreyn

Artifex

Vene hidder thyn hand / thow artificer
ffor ther as fonde / no subtilte
but ytt of man / that fromy dauger
to sune thyn selfe / can hane no liberte
my stroke as I deyn for the which no man may
be aroun / now lonyng of fre will devise
hyn hat ordynid / at ebil now other be
ech man not passe / ebhan deth secreth a fface

Ther is no craft / reichid art nor sonlyt
cast nor compasid / bi old nor nelb entayle
I see ful well with thyne my olbne thanyt
against deth / ther may nothyng abayle
the perfiith shelds / the perfiith plat & mayle
against hir stroke / lenuyng nor stenesse
ebhan that ther hit mortally tassayle
allas allas / ther may be new defence

Den

Thow laborer / which in sorlbe & pryne
hast lad thy hyll / & in gret trabayle
thou must here dauce / & ther to nat disdeyn
ffor thouh thou do / it may the not abayle
and cause ebhy / that I the assayle
I only fro the / for to dessener
the false ebord / that causith folk to fayle
ffor hers a sot / that ebenyth to lesse ebu

laboring

I hane ebrisshid / affer deth ful offte
al thouh I ebold / ha fled hyn nolb
I had leber / to hane hyn ebu soffte
in ebyd & reyn / & go forth to the plouh
with spade & pryoyse / labord fro my youth
dolyn & dikid / & at the arte gon
ffor I may syn / & pleynly abolbe
in this ebold hore / rest is ther non

Den

Infans

lytl childe / that ther but lat bome
shape in this world // to have no plesunce
thou must with other / that hou here to forme
be lad with hym // with sotil ordynaunce
lerne of well // to gow upon this daunce
ther may non age / in soth scape ther fro
late eth wrthe // ha this in remembrance
who so hyngest lerith // most shal suffer woo

Vir

I. W. I. abord / can nat spche
and ful yong // / was born yester day
Deth is ful hasty // on me to be a wrek
and of his stok // / lyst make no delay
/ cam but nowh // and now / gonny away
off me no more // no tale shal be told
the wyll of god // no man with stand may
ffor as sone dieth // a yong shep as an old

Heremyta

Ye that ha lerid // long in wyldernesse
and continuyd // long in abstynence
tyme is com // that ye mot you dresse
off my daunce // to have experience
ffor ther a geyns // is no resistence
take well lere of thy Heremytage
wher for eth man // ad vise this sentence
that this lyff her / is but a pilgrymage

lyff in desert // called solatour
may a geyns deth // hau no resist nor stay
at unset hour // his comyng doth not tarye
and for my part // whi com be godis grace
thankyng my lord // with humble cher / face
off his yeftes // such as / have assunde
ffynally // affirmyng in this place
no man is rich // but he that halte hym pay

Vo folk that lokyn // upon this scripture
Concerneth her // that al estatis daunce
Deth what ye be // / what is your natur
mote ew to wormys // nat other substance
and have this in your // ay in remembrance
be for your mynd // abovyn al thyng
to alle estatis a troth // resemblance
that wormys fode // is end of your lyffyng

What is manys lyff // but a contenance
is as a puff of wynd // that is transitorie
as may be well preyned // in this daunce
therfor ye that redyn this storye
be ye content // in your memorye
and it shal stir you // into gostly lyff
to eschew peyn // / com unto glorye
and be your socour // mal gostly stryff

Conclu

Vir 41

Be nott afferd / thys scripture in tyme of pley
yf yourmyrd // to rebolue & rede
ffor trust certly / ye shal nerd the sooner dye
but it shal you hyme for to dede
the which chapid / ye shal hym gret mede
therfor among / hane myrd on this lette
and ese certu / prayer & allmesdede
and than dar sey // ye shal don the bette

Et Macabroy

of the Bird hight Philomena. where of
reade the Legends of Saints: of Rex
Avemen. this Sonn Josaphat. cap. 79.
at this scale.

Fabula de Ave & Rustico.

XII

42

P Roblemys likenesses // and figures
which preed ben // fructuous of sentence
and han autorites / groided on scripturis
By resemblances of notable apparens
with mortalites / conclidyng in prudens
lyk as the bible / rehersith be certyng
" Holl tress sometyme / chas thym self alyng

Trees
in d. 9. 8.

ffirst in ther choys // they named the olyde
to regne among hem / judicid with expresse
but he hym self // ran excusson blybe
he myght not for sahyng // his fitnesse
nor the ffygge tre his amerous swetnesse
nor the vyne / his holsom fressh savagis
which yeneth // conforth // to att maneragis

And semlable / poetis laureat
bidirle pables / ful conbenet
ffyne that bridis // and bestis of estat
As roial eglis // and hous bressent
Sent out writis / to holdyng a planet
and mad dearees / breffly for to seye
Sum to hane lordshyp // & sum to obbye

" Eglis in the hayr // highest to take ther flyght
Power of hows / on the groundis seye
Lidre of tres // highest is of sytyt
and the lauree / of natur is ay greue
of flowrs att // fflora goddesse & queue
thus of att thyngis // ther bend dusytes
Sum of estat // and sum of lothiedegre

Poetis write. wondirful likenesse
and under couert lepe hym fel ful close
bestis ther take / & fowlis to witnesse
off whos fayry fables first arose
and her / cast / to my purpose
out of the frensch / a tale to translate
which in a pamflet / gradde & sunty bitlate

This tale which I mak of mention
in goos rehersid / plenyly to declare
thre yeris / payd for raynsom
off a fayre bird / that was tak in a snar
vnder desirous / to scape out of his care
off myn auttour / folowing the & trace
of a wert fel / in ordre I shal expresse

byrd

Whilom ther was / a smal village
as myn auctour / makit rehersayle
a charl / which had lust & gret corage
withyne hym self / bi diligent trauayle
tuway his gardyn / with notable apparail
off hyng the & bord / I hich squar & long
heggid & dychid / to make sur & strong

All thealoys / ber mad gleyn with sond
the benchis clomid / with nett turfis grene
Soote herbis / with coldis atte hond
that ebellid up / a geyn the sonne shene
hich silver streymis / as any cristal cler
ther lurkli wallis / in ther up boylyng
bord as bernil / ther beryis out shetyng

Mid the gardyn / stud a fresch laurer
ther on a bird / syngyng both day & nyght
With sonny fly fedris / brighter than gold weed
Which with his ger song / makith hem hartis light
that to be hold it was an heynly sight
hoos to wand eyne / & in the dallenyng
The bird her peyne / most a merenfly to syng

Ceres / afforsid her corage
to hard eyne / when phebus gan to west
among the branches / to hed bandage
to syng her complein / & than go to rest
and at the rysyng / of the quen dicesse
to syng a geyn / as it was to hys desse.
Bryd on morwe / the day stere to sulle

It was a bery / heynly melody
eyne & morwe / where the bridis song
and the soot / sugrid amonye
off bukiolis / wellis / & tuys drabe along
that all the gardyn / of the noyse rong
til on a morwe / that tuton shon full cler
the bird was trappid / & taught in apentier

The charle was glad / that he this bird hat take
mery of cher / of look / and of visage
and in all hast / he cast for to make
withyne his hous / a fran litil cage
and with his song / to vouchsafe his corage
til at the last / the cely bird abraid
and sobrly / to the charle he sayd

I am nowe take // & stond vndir danger
hold straight // and may nat flee
Adieu my song // and all my notis cler
" now that I gane // lost my liberte
now am I thral // & sowtyme I was free
and tenyst with now // I stond in distresse
I can nat syng // nor make no gladnesse

And thow my cage // forgid wer of golde
" and the pynachys // off Werill & crystall
I remembre // a perche sey of olde
" who lesith his fredam // in soth he lesith all
ffor I gane lebir // up on a branch small
merily to syng // among the wodis grene
" than in a cage // of golde bright & shene

Song & prison // than now a cordance
trowist thow // I wyll syngyn in prison
" Song & credith // of joye and plesance
and prison causith // deth & distruction
syngyng off sotenis // makith no mery song
" or how shold he // be glad or jocunde
a geyns his wyll that lith in chenys bonde

What barlethe it a leon to ben a kyng
" off bestis all // shett in a tour of stow
" or an egle // vndir streight keppyng
called also kyng of fowlis eny chow
" ffy on lordship // what liberte is thro
answer her to // & lat it nat a stert
Who syngeth mery // that syngeth nat of harte

But yff thow wilt // reuoke of my syngyng
lat me go flee // fro fro danger
and eny day // in the morwynge
" I shal repayre // vn to thy lawer
and frescly syng // with lusty notis cler
vndir thy chamber // or a-forne thyn halle
eny season // when thow lyst me calle

To be shett up // & pynned vndir dred
no thyng accordith // vn to my natiu
though I ber fed // with myll & chastel bred
and sete widdis // brought to my pasture
yet had I lever // to do my besy cure
" erly on morwe // to shrape in the vale
" to find my dyner // among the wormys smale

The labore // is gladder at his plowe
erly on morwe // to fede hym on bacon
than sowd man is that hat treson nowe
off all dayntes // plente & foyson
and hath fredam // with his possession
to go at large // but as aber to a stale
to passe his bondis but yff he lene tale

Tak this answer // for a full conclusion
to syng in prison // thow shalt me nat constreyn
til I gane fredam // in wodis up & down
to fley at large // on bordis round & geyn
and of reson thow sholdist nat dysdeyn
" off my desyr but lawhen & ha game
" but who is a chorle // wold eth man aber the same

Wel quod the charle // sith it will not be
that I desire // as by thy talkyng
mangre thy will // thou shalt chese of thre
withyne a cage // meerly to hyng
" or to the kychene I shal thy body bryng
pulle thy fedras // that be so bright & clere
and after rost // or bake to my dynere

Than qd the bird // to resoun seyst nay
touchyng my song // a ful answer thou hast
and than my fedres // pulled be a way
yff I be rosted // outhir bake in past
thou shalt of me // haue a ful sural repast
but thou wilt // be ruled by my counsell
thou mayst bi me // haue passyng grete availe

Yff thou wilt // on to my red assent
and suffre me // gon fre fro prison
without ransom // or any other rent
I shal the yeue // a notable grete guerdon
the grete dispaniys // acordyng to resoun
more of valu // tak hed what I do offer
than all the gold // that is shet in thy coffer

Trust me well // I shal the nat dessayue
quod the charle // tele on a word let see
nay qd the bird // thou must affrend conceyle
who that shal trey // of resoun must gosse
" yt fitt a maystr // to hane his liberte
and at large // to techyn his lesson
hence me nat suspect // I meneus treson

Well qd the charle // I hold me content
I trust thy promys // which thou hast made to me
the bird fley forth // the charl was at sent
and tok her flight // up to the lauer tree
than thought he thus // nold that I stand fre
with suche grauers // I cast nat all my lyfe
nor with no hym thy gyre // any more to stryue

Here a fol // that scapyd is danger
hat brok his fetris // & fled is fro prison
" ffor to resorte // for grete child dredith fyre
ech man be war // of chesyng & resort
" off suche stroed // that hidith false poyson
ther is no trayne // so perilous of shaynesse
" as than it hat // of treacle a likenesse

Who dredith no peril // in peril he shal falle
" Unto the chaces // ben ofte sithes depe
" the quayle pype // can most falsly calle
til the quayle // under the net doth crepe
" a bleryd fowler // trust nat thou he be pe
schelbe his thombe // of chepyng tak now hede
" that smale briddis // can mype be the hede

And nold that I // such dangers am escapyd
I will be war // & a forne pride
that of no fowler // will no more be rapyd
ffrom thy hym thy gyre // I will flewer a side
" than peryle is // grete peril is abide
Com nere (thou charle) // tak hed to my speche
off thre chesaunys // that I shall the teche

Yeff nat of corsaw // to hast credence
to every tale // nor to oth tydyng
but consider // of reson & prudence
mong many tales // is many great lesyng
hast credence hath caused great hyndryng
report of tales // & tydynges brought up well
makit many a man // to be hold bn trelbe

for oo party // take this for my rawsond
lerne the sconde // growed on sceptur
desire thou nat // be no coldrcold
thyng that is // impossible to recur
wordly desire // stond all in abertur
and who desyreth // to chyme to high on lofte
he sodyn tood // falith of tyn he fall on soffe

The third is this // be law both ebe & morde
for get at nat // but lerne this of me
for tresour lost // make neu to great sorbe
which an no thyng // may recured be
for who takith // sorbe for losse unthat degre
relue first his sorbe // & affeir chyne hart
off so sorbe // he makyt sorbes to chyne

After this lesson // the bird be gan to sing
of her escape // gretly reioysshyng
and she remembrid // also of the wrong
don be the chavle // first at her taking
off her afray // & of her imprisonyng
glad that was at large // & out of drede
bird bn to hym // hobyng above his hed

Thou wer ad fle // aberray naturall foll
to sappie me depne // off thi lolldnesse
thou antyst of rith // to pleyn & make dolle
and in thi hart // han great heuinesse
that thou hast lost // so passyng great riches
which myth suffice // bi ratell mrchnyng
to pay therans sond // of a mytty kyng

Ther is a ston // which is called Jagonce
off old engendred // cristynemum entrayle
which of hyn tolde // pay sith a great price
Citryn of colour // lyke garnetis of entrayle
which makyt men // victorious in batayle
and who sond ber // bere on hym this ston
he fil assurid // a gayn his mortal fon

Who that hat this ston in possecion
shal suffre no poverte // nor non indigence
but of att tresour // hane plent & foyson
and ther man // shall dow his vaberous
and non emy shal hym dow offence
but frow thyne handis // neth that I and gow
pleyn yif thowe wolt // for thy pte is nowt

It cansith lowe // it makith men graciouse
and favourable // to ever manys sith
It makit acorde // attweyn foll envious
confortith sorbefull // makit hely herte lyte
lik Topason // of colour sunyssh bryth
I am a fool // to tellyn att attonys
or rich a cherl // the price of prcyous stonys

Men shold nat gett // a pacons Margarite
as rubies saphirs // or other stones yinde
Emerondes // nor ronde pls clyte
to forn tinde sklyn // that lone draff of hynde
ffor a solbe delitetth as I hynde
nor of foul draff // het piggis for to glide
than in all the perre // ye cometh out of Gar

Ech thyng drasbith // un to his semblable
ffysh in the se // bestis on the stronde
the ayre for foulis // of natur is conbenable
to a plouh man // fob to tale his loud
and to a cherle // a mutforbe in his hond
I lese my tyme // and move to tarye
to tellen a bobw // of the lapidarye

That thow hadest // thow getest no more a gayn
thy lyme tbiggis // & pantes I desire
to late me gow // thow cbersonle bid sayn
to lese thy rechesse // only for follye
I and nolle fye // to syngen & to flye
cbher that me list // & here is a fol at all
that goth at large // & malt hym self thra

Tho heryn of cbrsdam // thyn here hym hasset
lik an asse // that lisset on and harpe
thou maist go pyper in an yny lesse
bet is to me to syng on thornys sharpe
than in a cage // with a clarle to carpe
ffor it cbas said // off folye yone a gow
a cherlis bird is cbo be gow

The cherle felt his harte part on tbayn
for beray sorbe // and on sindw aybe
allas (qd he) I may cbeye & pleyne
as a cbrechetb // new lat to tbeyne
but for to endw // in pouit all my lybe
ffor of foly & of cbilfulnesse
I hane nolb lost // al holy my richesse
I cbas a loud I caye out on fortune
bid gret tresow // late in my keping
cbhich myth hane made me longe to contenu
cbith thilk stow // tragylld lyke a kyng
yff that I had sett it in a ryng
borne it on me // I hadde had good I wellb
I ffold no more // ha gow to the plouh

When the bird sauth the cherl thus morne
and holb that he cbas heny of his cheer
he tok hesflight // & gan a gyn retorne
to bardis hyne // & sid as ye shal here
(O dul cherl) cbisdamys foo to lere
that I the tauhte // al is lesse behynde
tacd all abeye // & clene out of thy mynd

Tauht I the nat // this cbisdam in sentence
to eny tale // bronht to the of nelbe
nat hastily // yff yone ther to credence
pr to tynte // thou knelb that it cber treble
al is not gold // that shelbnth gold // ffy herbe
Nor stoms all // by natur as I hynde
be nat saphens // that shelbe colow yinde

In this doctryne / I lost my labor
to teche the / which a berbre of substance
nor marst thou seyn / the blynde lead erroure
for all my body / weyed in ballance
weyeth nat an unce / and as the remembrance
I to have more weyse / closed in myn entrayle
than all my body / sett for the contrefayle

All my body / weyeth nat an unce
Holde myght I than / have in me a stone
that weyeth more / as doth a gret gargone
thy brayn as dul / thy eyr is almost gone
off thy cristenyng / thou hast for getyn and
thou shuldyst nat / after my sentence
to ery tale / yeue to hasty evidence

I bad also / be as bothe day & morowe
for thyng lost / of sodeyn a newtrow
thou sholdyst nat / make to moch sorowe
than thou seest / thou maystnot reed
her thow fayst / which dost the best and
in the fuure / to cacheh me a greyn
thou art a fool / the labour is in veyne

In the thunder / also thou dost vane
bad thou sholdyst in no maner wyse
debate thyng / which thou maystnot have
in which thou hast / for getyn myn enprise
that I may seyn / plenyly to devise
thou hast of madnesse / for getyn all the
notable cristenyng / that I taught the

Ether but sche / nor with the to crepe
or to preche of cristenyng more or lesse
I hold hym mad / that wenyth sorily the harpe
theron to teche / a ride for dulled asse
and mad is he / that sengyth a fool a messe
and he most mad / that doth his besynesse
to teche a cherl / termys of gentylnesse
and semblable / in dryll & in myr
than gentill bodys / most mat melodye
the cobbode / syngen can but so laye
in other tymys / sche hat no fantasye
thys ery thyng / as clerke specaye
some old trees / & folk of every age
fro whens thy cam / they take a wrage

The bynnener treyth of his holsom wynes
of gentil fruse bostyth the gardiner
the fisshar cast / his hoks & his lynes
to cacheh fisshe / in every fresshe ryver
of tylthe of lond / treyth the boer
the cherl delyteth / to speke of rebaldye
the hynter to speke of venerye

All on to the / a fancow and a hyte
as good an noble / as a popyngay
a dongthille doke / as deynte as a fynye
who sewyth a cherl / hat many a cursyll day
adieu sir cherl / farewell I sye my weye
cast me neu / henforth my lebyng
affrow a cherl / any mor to syng

cherle

Verba auctor

Ye folke that syal this fable seen & redy
nolde sowgd tales / conceiled yow to fle
ffor losse of good / take that to gret heed
Beth not to sorowful / for nou ad infite
Conceiled no thyng / that may nat be
and remembreth / where that eid ye gon
a cherche chal / as all weye wo be gon

Vn to pruepos / this gy Verbe is fil wyff
rad & reported / bi old remembrance
a childes bord / & a knaves dyse
hane often sith / gret sorowe & myschance
Who hat fedam / hat al hefft sance
bett is fedam / with litil in gladnesse
than to be thral / in all wordly richesse

Wo litil prayer / & recomande me
on to my master / with hyble affecion
be seech hym lowly / of mercy & pite
off thy vnde makyng / to gane compassion
and as touchyng / thi translacion
out of frensch / hoe and the yng lyff be
all thyng is sayd vnder correccion
with supportacion of yow benyngnyte

Ex fabula de Ane & rustico

pucp de fideli amore duorum mercatorum

i Egypt whilom as I rede & fynde
ther dwelled a marchant of high & gret vsiat
nat only riches / but bountevous & hynde
as of nature / to hym it was ynnat
for al beryns / in hym ber aggregat
frowices wode / pitous & merciable
and of his mood / as any Cent stable

But as me thynkith / at ber in conbement
so I nu this tale any farther passe
for to discryme / to you that bed present
where that this conte stant / & in what place
and yff I erre / I put me in your grace
for berith me wele / & herith patiently
for as myn auctour seith / right so sey I

This riche lord / most passant of pleme
which hurey marchis / toward the orient
on which side / is eke the red see
and libie stant / ful in the occident
who casteth the costes / of the firmament
the / gret de / northward shal he fynde
and ferr in southe / Ethiope & yinde

As auctoure witnesse / this lond is desert
off cloud & raynes / a bout in every yle
but yet in yte / the soyle is ynnigett
and dun floweid / with the flod of Nyle
the which enduryth / but a certyn whyle
as for a norishyng / her fruyt to fecunde
with corne & greyn / to mak the lond habunde

Of sondry ffrutys / & of marchandise
throughout enuron / it is so plentevous
What merceny / that men list devise
So ther ful redy / and ful copyous
I hold it best / to be compendious
off all riches / there is such habondance
that every wight / hat ther suffisance

This worth marchant / this expert
which I of spak / was named Sir / & Ryde
for an any son / that hym had never seyn
Spak of his name / which yldly wold not fly
and in a contre / cald Baldac ther be syde
a nother marchant / as by relacion
off hym had hard / & of his hyll renon

This latter marchant / was of a worth mind
ful wyll beloved / also in his contre
In trouthe he hadde / al that ever he wold
and hym joined / ever mor in honeste
from ech to other / the name gan flee
that by report / & by now other mene
off her too loves / was mad a stable dyene

Renoueth ech / by contemplacion
al of his frend / the lykness & ymage
thynkyng hat grave / with deep impression
ech others fourme / stature & visage
her hertes eye / dedal ebay her massage
and myrid medlyth / in the memoryall
and fett his fode / in the fantastycall

Thorugh out her eyes / wellid of memory
the fond of fame / of hem so fers / fett
hat past / & wonne / the castel of victory
for yentilnesse / ne may it not vn flyt
love berth the keye / & also the chief
as trebe porter / that they not neds dwelle
So as they lokyn / with yne myndes celle

Berto goth forre / he may nat hyde his lyth
withoutyn feet / a great pace doth he renne
and wher he flyrnyth / no derknesse of the nyght
his bemys dimyne / nor no cloud of synne
with out smoke / fyre ne may nat brenne
and gladly berto / wol in to berto trace
to sek his frend in any cost & place

For right as falsnesse / anon fyndit out his fer
So trouthe & trouth / as fast hym at accorde
ther of oo kynde / to gedir dralle ner
So strong of natur / is the mytyly cordes
kynder is in clerkyng / a ful mytyly lorde
In love he likneth hym / that bet bertuous
lyth as dissolved / thynges / that be frous
for lich of lich / is serched & enquered
to merth longeth / to fynden out gladnesse
and who can drye / thoug he be nat lorde
and dool ofe drawyth / vn to derknesse
honour is ydded / vn to worthynesse
vn to his semlable / thus ech thyng gan dralle
and nothyng bynde hem / but natur by her lawe

Report of verten / only bi audience
from ech to other / hat bouth the blissful sond
off thes two marchantis / dissevyd bi absence
that they hew on / as bi affection
ther may be mad / no delusion
withoutt frith ech is to other dere
lobe hath her hartis / so sove set affyre

Bi lond & se / the good the chapmen bayne
bas entvecomoned / be thew bothis assent
yff on had ought / plessant or necessayre
on to the tother / a now he hat it sent
So ful they ber of on a covenement
as ow mi too / and too mow for che
that nought but deth / her lone may dissever

ffurther to telle / hows it fel of theyes too
as fortune wolde / & che nessate
that he of Baldac / to Egipte must go
ffor marchandise / that bas in that contre
ful glad he bas / that he his frend sul se
blissid bynd / in to his seyl hat blothe
his shyp to dube / thew as he may hy bothe

When that he bas / arrynd unto lond
ffor joye hym thenkyt / he bas in penadise
for eny lone / may bill undurstond
that of frenshep / the most sovrin blye
Is for to be / with outhan any nye
In thilk place / where wold iche hate
ffor to telles / of lone the peynes sinethe

ffor right as after / the blak nyth of so
gladnesse folleith / thorwh spryng of day
and fresh flewr / displayen be the noble
that ben to forne / in darknesse & affray
and after wynter sheweth greyn a ay
right so off frendis / hew trustesse for to fynde
Is light of presence / whan it to hew may shyne

O out on presence / of hew that lowyn treble
O out ~~stryng~~ on stryng / bi dessevrante
O ground of woo / off ther fetin nobe
O mene off frendis / that longyne in distance
O bitter bale / hangyng in ballance
on the a diamond / nobly wol be gynne
that cunsist lovers / a sovrin for to wynne

But as to hew / that han y tasted galle
more agreable / is the hony swoote
right so to them / that ben in meschaff fulle
Is whan they heryn / tidyngis of her bote
off lovis arte / ful bitter as the vote
but willis hym / that may the frute atteyne
as whilom dden / thes noble marchantis weyn

ffor whan he of Egypt / had sey
how that he frend bas / bas arivid in to the lond
ffor verray joy / he felt his hart playe
and hym ten courte / he seyd he wold fong
and whan they mette / he tok hym be the hond
and bisset hym after / & with wifyned chere
he seyd welcomd my feithful frend so dere

Noes hane I fond // that solong ha sought
wolcom he seyd // bi rode an hondred sithe
and to his place // a non he hat hym brought
and hym resayuyd // with hart glad & blythe
he mad his mery // then denyr do assithe
that all wer redy // that myth be to hym ease
he fayn he was // his frend to queme & please

Vn to a chamber // ful rich & wel arrayed
a non he led hym // which stod somwhat on hye
and seyd frend I am full wyll apayed
that I be grace // of yond ha bought a sith
for nothyng more // myn hart myght lyft
wher for wolcom // also god me sauue
unto your vrtue // & that any hane

Off meete & drynke // dyntes & dutyle
off dyuse wynes // ther was no stryfe
off strang wiandes // in sondry apparaille
that non afforne // was seyn such vowlte
to move & lesse // at fiolled tow plente
to relyn the fare // & cowrs in thrifty wyse
a fomys day // ne myght not sufficce

The rych bedyng // off sure so wyll be seyn
passant & glesyng // ale the royal parauent
that for his frend // the marchant dide ordeyn
with all the sord // of dynes instrumentis
rebel disgysid // with change of garnement
off song & tunyll // the mertie & melodye
all to rehers // my witte I cand not gyte

They rode a boute // with hawks & eke with houndis
he showed hym maneris // castelys & eke tollwys
through all his lordship // he led hym in the boundis
bi parke bi forest // bi medewis fresh of flowrs
and lost he wer gled // with gravamounts
ful many a lady // maydyn be his syde
on white palfreys // he mad sir to rede
Off all tresone writhyne & with oute
no thyng he hidith // of al he gad a sute
he seyd frend with outen any doute
what so I hane // I gladly in your myght
I offre you fully // in all my good & rist
both glad & wollond // I can sey you no more
hane here myn hand // for nedis & ad more

The strang marchant // thankith hym with herte
nay strange not // alas wh seyd I so
I spak amysse // the wordis nedis me asterte
bithe in accord // confident be they too
the bondis mad both of well & of woo
I wrid feble to spek of strang nesse
off tellyng allyd // so knyt in stablenesse
But as I seyde // with all hart entrewe
his frend he thankith // of entent full trewe
for nedis presence // hat mad the wedw clow
off absence chased // the mystys full of tene
her joy full sond // is tayned al in grene
off stable bles // is ther bothen hele
as shold that toe // in love wed nedis trewe

This blisfull life from day to day they lede
til that fortune to them had envye
Allas foodole myn hart I felle blede
for che ~~on che~~ vulgarly conthe addrite
the frendyge marchant hat canth in fromye
a bremyng fow so love doth hym shake
that from the death he trechith nat to scape

A bed in hast chas mad ful sofftly
in which he conchid & gan to slee & grone
his prayer chas to al pitously
that by hym selfe he myth hym alone
Bo bonde he bes yeff ffor to his mone
but than his frend ffor choo be gan to melle
that all his peynes he sawd that he fell

Thus lengith it to frendes entreparte
nat only marthe but choo & hemmesse
yiff our hatth peyne both hartbat dotth thy
yiff that her lobe be set in sekynesse
and yiff our dye bothe they han distresse
this to the ballance only of frendissthe
evenly to dele chere they be glad or lyke

And for tassaye yiff it myche hym ese
the chamber chas clodd & he is left al sol
than to hym self he speak in his disese
and sayd Allas my langour & my dol
Nolle hoot nolle cold I erre as dotth a fool
Allas & yet the cheffest of my peyne
is that I dar to no chrich chel complayne

I and I gurt

I am I hurt but closid is my bonde
my dethis speer stekith on my brest
my bollyng sestrith that it may nought sonde
and yet modicatrice shechith at lest
Cupidis darte on me hath made a rest
the clere strenye off castyng of ian ye
this is the arbe me canstith for to dye

And at myn harte is hooly that I feele
but affter an god chert I dar not seche
my chete foo is hard as any stelle
allas hu mercy doth to cruel breche
ffor thilke flour that myht be my leche
the chert with nought chat choo I endure
and to bedd I dar me nought disaure

And cele my freud chow I lobe so chell
yiff that he trouth my seve maladye
ffor cruel bengance shold upon me fell
ffor myn outrage disport & bolanye
that I durst chu chybyn up so hithe
to lobe that mayde heart for his chthe stare
thus must I deyen chat shold I pleyne mor

I fauth full many ladies in the route
so fayr so ffresh I bronght for my plesance
but nolle ffor dou my hyff lythe al in doubth
that off my deth ther is non a bardance
and yit the thyng that doth me most grebance
is that I sholde to chow I and so bonde
Bynatural or traytour ber I fonde

For thill goodly that he lowd most
and a bouten / sallly hym to zebe
lone can no frenship / see whin no cost
allas Cupide / disseyable for to lebe
loberech chith nat / his frend wrathe grow
allas off lobe such as the ferment heete
that litil charguth his frend for to lete

And whil he lay / in langour thus musing
his freinde wott busy was wt all his mytte
to serch a boute / the loud enbrownyng
he nuer redyn bothe day & nyght
to fender sune man that wer expert wotte
or phesicien / for no cost wold he spare
to haue restored / the sike to welfare

Assembled ben / off lechis many an
the beste & weyest / that he bonde fynde
on to the sake / thy be come echon
to taste his poze / & for to deme his hynde
then wer ful busy / to synde out rote & syne
off what humour / was cause al his disse
And ther on werk / his accesse to appese

With hem they bronte / yff they sey nede
ful goode siropis / to make digestiybes
And ther wightatt / and for to spede
pelotis expert / for obstructiybes
full precaus prudens / for consetutiybes
that whan they knewth / of natures [illegible]
nought wer be hynderyn / to werk for the [illegible]

Whan they had sarched / his signes his estat
they marbarled gretly / what it mytte be
that his feber / was nott interpolat
bitt ay continued / hot in oodegre
wher seyd certeyn / it was ond off the thre
but yff it ber only / effymera
for nonther etik / was nor putrida

Effymera / hath his orrigynatt
whan mannys spirits ben in distempaudes
or in to excesse / yff a whith be falle
off meto & drynk / thrwth my sordinance
off accidentis / off thought of yturbance
off hoot or colde / greeff or motis conde
thus feber / cometh / as auctowrs do conclude

And putrida / is cause gladly thus
whan any humour / synneth in quantite
or whan his folbynd / as to plentybous
that he excedith / mesour in qualite
yff bi blood / anon ye may it see
yff matte onte ere / expreth it thus
the ffebir in phisik / is called synochus

And yff the humour / in qualyte excedith
or heete or blood / passe his temperament
in to affebir anon / anan it tedith
clepid synocha / bi putrefaction shewt
and yff off colre / he take his grondniet
pure or bupur / citrew or citelyne
Cyles you techeth / to juge it be tryne

Also off Etikes // ther bye hyndes thre
but oon ther is greldne in especiall
the which is // whan bi auyceniye degre
deeply ysoudid // his hete naturall
in thilke hymedyte // called radicall
the which ffebid is gladly increcuralle
ffor drye Tisyk is with all ytable

Off othir hymoures han thes lechis eek
ffull depe enquered to serchyn out the ter
bi eny weye // that they cowde seeke
in hem was foudyn // no defaute nor slowth
but at the laste // off oo thyng ha ther inwitte
that he wer falle // ffor onlyt they cowde effy
ffer thought or lobe // in to maleuolye

his beyne was // remyse attemat
bi resoun gendrid // off frigidite
the seyn vyseers // for they wern oplit
yt was fill thynne & wanyssyd fro to fe
the streitte passage // cansid a quesite
without substaunce // to boide hym of colour
that they dispeered been // bi his so cour

ffor whan natur off kerin regityff
thorwh malencoly // is pressid & bordon
yt is to drede greely // off the hyff
but sine be ordynyd // opposicion
ffor it was lykly // that his passion
was eythir thought // or lobe that men calle
Amor Eros // that he was in fallie

The vote whan of // the corrupcion
off thilk bered // called estantiff
as yff amen // hane der impression
that ord lordshyp his imaginatiff
and that the conds // be forth sucretiff
to trobbe a dayliff more fryce or pim
than eyre hym ordynyd // hat god of natur

This cansith man // to fallyn in manye
so dun his fiwrie // beyond be trabaille
allas that man // shold fallyn in frenesye
ffor lobe of woman // that lytil may availe
ffor nolt thes lechis // as be supposaile
comen off the man // non other febre esyye
but that for lobe // was hool his maladye

And whan his frend // the soth gan bidin grope
off the mesheff // he nat ne wolde abyde
but in to the chamber // anon is he leye
and bwlyd adon be his bedis syde
he seyd frend // to me nothyng he hyde
telle me your hart // telle me your hanynesse
and no thouth // cansen your dystresse

Yff lobis fever // do you ought to quake
tell me the soth // & wak nat in the fyre
out of your slombre // for shame why nel ye wake
to me vnclose // the sond of your desyre
be what she be // I shal do my deuer
allas my trost // to lelle ert to fro me
telle on for shame // cond of 2 lete me see

Your freend my trust // it is an hyll requyff
or to concele from hym your pente
paventur he may to your myschyff
hym remydy // fower than may ye
and sith in feyth // so depe I shame be the
I will it chyn // withouten more delay
that may you helpyn // by god & by my fay

And alle the ladies // & maydes of his hous
both old & yong // her bewty to his seruis
and on ther was // so fayre & vertuous
that for her sadnes // & her excellence
was most of alle had in reuerence
the which this marchant // for on ye best on hym
kept in his hoble // in purpos her to chyse

ful chyse she was // of so tendre age
prudent & chyse & ful of honeste
de bonde clene of vices & outrage
whos beute flowred & swyngnyte
plesante of port rote of humylite
off maners meyne // & belle of bowmyd
goodly abayssyt // & sempryne of drede

hool of her hart berynge & immutable
not fel fadyng // but full of assurance
in moral vertu // mesure & tretable
houseld to guyd // ful draw of gouernance
to hym example // hym her lyst advance
that yff I shal her shortly comprehend
in her was nothyng // that mend myght a mend

The sely marchant when he her beholde
~~chyse~~ dredful ~~to to~~ hart // & boys ful tymorous
he seyd certis but mere be my shelde
to you my freend that ye be gracious
that on my trespas // ye be not rigorous
to tak vengeance on myn hyll folly
that I was bold to set my hert so hyll

O mere freend // & rebel you my hyll
dedf for my gylt // I not is resonable
lovers hymed // & gressed all my stryff
but mo thyng // am excusible
that I shone // that fayre in comparable
which is to zow // so plesant & sowete
and to playne // to loue I can not lete

So that you lyst // for tell my hart rebe
I may not chesyn // but that I am her man
ffor erth my self thouh euer mor stryne
there is non other that I loudcane
ffor her in filnesse // and so pale & wan
thus me confesse // & put me in your grace
my hyll my dedf // is portrayd in her face

This freendly marchant // of this not dismayd
but with good hart // seyd as ye may hyd
Alas my freend // why are thow so dismayed
ffor love of on // ~~hyll~~ thow mayst hant her hyd
with al her beute // & constall eyen clyr
be thyn ~~not~~ you too // in lowe to mak a bond
I yff her the // have tak her be the hond

And ful & hool / as I hane day with
I yff her the / which is so wyse & sage
Rys up a non / & be right glad & light
For I will makyn / be tween you the marrage
And bere thoppence / fully & costage
Off your wedyng / & hat a day I set
Off her sponsail / to see the knott I knett

Vn noon he roos / supposyd be gladnesse
And don he hett / lech on his knes
And hym he thankyd / for his gentillnesse
That from the deth hat made hi scape fre
Allas he seyd / what shall I thank the
That hast so frendly / hym wno lobe for sake
Thy frend to sube & hool & solbud to make

Tho passant costes / of feste of thor wedyng
Iustes & revel / & al the ordinance
The gret chere / the yeftes sumontyng
Ibarre witt / to tell of ayeustance
For ymonens / that hatth y ordinance
Off such festys / to make acordnist
And thor to fortune / thas y at desente

Thus is the sebe / off his langour lessid
The blosms of bote / & frenchip hatth he bonde
For hoth mortise / to hym is nol nat mossid
No schadell of forbe / forfunth nat his sonde
His hond to hym / a hoche hat the tolus
Of thondoly tpade / for non qwedo yet
Ne hond to anothr / that so wel hatth hym quyt

To hym relesyd / he hatth his hertly glow
Hym selfe disiettid / of his mchande joyo
The brithnerow / the lyffe of his meniozyo
Which al his rancow / & rancow bond loyo
He hatth for sake / the guyer of his lyffe joyo
He & lyke lantno / staffe of his gotid age
To bryng his hond / in quiet out of vage

Off the mat / what shulde I deptyn moyd
Rel entyte this gesso / forthe in ployn
Hw & hw gotehs / hw richesse and her stove
He hatth hym yonyn / the stow seth certyn
And how deth att / repayrid is a gryn
And lad hir at hym / as bas his hond / wott
Which conde not nat foyno / his plesance to fulfyllo

At her deptyng / the morwyg that was for to det
The doful tens / dolows & heynesso
Myn hert bledth / what I thev of endyte
To knowo hov troblo / turment & distresso
But of the marchant lyst no bridnesso
He hond / deptyng / dod hym moyd to suoute
That lobe of hop that sat so nov his houte

Morwyng for absence / he is lefft a lone
The tothr straight / to bald of his coutre
With dryff & catell / the vyhte ebeyo is gow
And thov resoymed / at gyst solowmyte
Hov tyff they led / in gret ffrytd
He dryff & he / of on hort in quote
For with a bott no man myhte mote

Ther was no stryff betwen hym nor debate
but ffull a cordyd / they be both nyght & dayes
Sho hym obeyeth in al / erly and late
Whan he seyd ya / sho cud nat seyn naye
a bote wyffe / was nowhar at all assayes
joynyd in on // thus hym hyd hortis too
that nought but deth hyd lowe may fordo

ffor all wyves as fer as on kneth
within her brest / han grodyng patience
suffryng & mete / they be lich neth
but yeff so be / that mend hym dor offence
they lowe natmore / make expience
off ther lowenesse / but left thym displese
ye get no mor / passe on it is an ese

Thus lowe thew / in thor polyte
I nowe thos too / ich hyng other well
I wyll no mor of thor fakate
ffor no man may / sich joye & wythe fold
but he ther exprovte / to tel it endyell
ffor to ye marchant of Egypt wolt torne
which ffor his frend / in wo I left morne

But now allas who shall my sale gyve
or hauso forth / who shall bery mine
ffor sebay dyel / I stand in jupte
all mowth of malyng / my mat not refyne
mom to aston / bysmyed hath me now
ffor doray stonyng / off fortunys fickilnes
that fer tho marbarle / no word I can expyll

Antony Bynyd Wethnar & Sly

allas Meggera / I mot nowe bin to the
off hart calle / to help me complayne
And to thy sust / the sayhye
that ase joye / goddesse bryn off pyne
O chepyng yere / now lote thy tere repe
into myn yule / so chubbyd in my pome
that robbtho in schagyng / abrod makort home

Yet sit tho nat / enlumyned for to be
of other colour / but only al of sable
O doolfull mat / who so nowe redo tho
ho may well seyd / this worlde is ful changable
ffor hath this marchant / whilom so worchipable
into off Egypte / fortune dido a vale
not to as nowe / remanant off my tale

To hym fortune / falsnesse hath shert
hir slyfft wheel / turnyde up so down
ffor he is fallyn & plungid in poort
through envyssyng / off his prosperyte
now al is brought / in to distroycion
by hosse & frowdis / bin att I sow a good
and he in myschefff / is fool I lefft alone

This now Job / I cast in pidigrence
he wepyth wanlyth / solyn & solytary
Alone he drowth hym / floyng all disorder
and old his heff / he gan to cawe & wayye
O out on wodo / off malyc multiphayye
he gan to cryye / in his pye and wo
yet a man in fayye / for proffid to & foo

ffor remembrance / of olde yfyrs
hath bith adart // hynd ebondid to ye yert
more unkouth chas // to hynd ad ifite
that nord to forus // notrobledd hy fuert
ffor mor disporred / he chas for a fort
thouth he nohad // of coo non ocfyce
hynd thought it chas to hynd a nobe emp

Thus is the foote // of his tranquillite
fful noebly turned // in to bitternesse
thus is he balod // a dow from hih degre
fful many a flyre // lodes in to brechidnesse
his lyff he lodeth // al in cheryynesse
ffor nod fortune hat hath chagid nethe cho
ffrend nor foo // no tok of hynd nord hode

Bitt by hynd self / chalkyng in boldnes //
he gan to pleynd / his sodyn pleyn estat
and seyd alas / where is thi kyndnesse
off all my frendis // to me disconsolat
pley fool ? and al most chet mat
that wyl lond hidde // my mony me abonte
nod destitut // ? and be shet with outs

Nod and ? reproff // to my frendis all
marked of many // & of ye people fables
nod wot ? not // to chynd for holy to calle
that sitt so glorious / sum tyme at my table
and they that than / dow to me so worshiffulle
han disprye // at my schoff me for fals
ffet cause hane ? du out cry for to make

out on schame

out on schame / of hantesse plungid lowe
Out of dolond / of worshyp brought to nought
Out on wrachesse / with hanes for blowe
ffor sikyn prisoned & with grat traboule sought
O chordly blysse most mis fal dedd abought
thy sodyn turn / nod dol bluth my grevance
mor than off it / ? nord had hadde pleasance

Node hongre thirst unkouth sleeth to me
in chanly sleeth my passyd habundance
nod cold nod nakyd // in necessite
walks abouht for my sustenance
whilom in glorie & nod al in penance
allas my ful is dedyd in to chance
with chynd for chirlyd as is ayant fame

O in the world what woo & cheryynesse
what mortall tourment assayleth al a bouth
what grevous molest / and what besinesse
with many a sunt // in dred doth be to dolute
nod ep nod dord / as doth a currant gouth
so wode trabayled with solicitude
the world with in wh hoe so bott cande delude

Bitt ? kouth who trustith on the most
Shal bode coynd / than he to the hath most mode
Who is thy clarion of thi cry & boft
that to ye skyes // my famodd bode
Who hyrith the / what shal be his mode
than that he chouth thord mayst hy nemost abaule
than in thi hand / rathest thou bott hynd sayle

O sely marchant my hand I fold quake
to write thy woo / in my tribulacion
fful oft I weep also ffor thy sake
ffor to be holde / the revolucion
off thy degre / and transmutacion
Allas to the I can no bett sayse
than the to arme / strongly in patience

Nat only thou / but every man on lyve
hath hit in wone / he sittith on a bank
late hym nat tempte / against god to strive
but take his sond / meekly at out debate
ffor who so do / he is unfortunat
no wele is worthy / that may no woo endure
wherfore ech man / take patiently his adve

ffor sence seth / wytnesse hit sentence
off precept in poesye / who so that hym vede
In thylk book / he mad of / evidence
that he unhappy is / without on drede
which nord had / ad infinite nor nede
off whom the goddis / dempt evily thus
without a say / no man is vertuous

And yff ayee / with frente be on lade
in his apostolys / he setth as ye may see
bothe branch & bonk / wol enclyne & fade
and grynd oppressyth / to mych wheete
right so it fayre / off false feleete
that yff his werth / mosom doth encrede
than of a fulle / greely is to drede

But whi that god / this marchant list visite
as I suppose / it was hym for to prede
though he ever wyful / he was the lasse to write
Sithnon he sonne / fortune dide hym grete
ffrom his wantrust / he was brought in belete
that he wall kneth / this world was ful on stable
and nat a bydyng / but onye mor variable

And whan he kneth / the gret unkyndnesse
off wardly lust / by preeff in specialt
on knees he fill / with dobout humblenesse
fful lowe off hart / & thanked god of alle
and seyd lord thouh I hane had a falle
no put me nat ffrom thy protection
Sith I it take / ffor my pacion

But good lord / lat me thy grace hynde
and gyve my witte / that be nat disposed
but me enspire / pryttyng in my mynde
Som hope of refut / that am so sore apposed
and thouh to riche / thow hym no gresse I stoyred
ta sondyn up / as I was wont to don
yet good lord / do comfort to my bone

And while he lay / thus in his orison
fful poorely clad / in ful simple wede
his hart was brought / in consolacion
which in to lusyng / his langour did lede
he thought he wolde go his frendis at nede
and gon to Baldac / for to make a sayse
in pylgrymyng wyse / he tok the right weye

And whan he was comen to that lond
ffulfore afford he was to complayne
allas he seyd // my hart I dar not fond
vnto my frend // to shedden out my peyne
that whylom was // in vnchiffe so hantyng
ffor to be dede // I dar for shamfastnesse
nat shewe a peynt to hym off my distresse

And eke that it was // somwhat late
whan he was entred // in to that Orte
hym liked nat // to longe hym at gate
and namly // in so poore degree
and it was nyght // thor for he loffte to be
lost of his frend // he wer anow rewfulle
as man vnkynde // or for sum spye accusyd

In to a temple // fondid bi day was olde
he was I entrid // a place al desolate
and lord hym dord // bi the walle colde
So derk so eborn // for wandred I for mat
I prompe vnpurssyd // whilom so elat
tak hed ye entre // off what estat ye be
ffor in the marchant // your morne ye may se

Hold many a man // ffortune has a sayled
with sterrys I cast // whan he best wende hym fre
hor haburdyne off stel // also in mayled
ffor all thor trust // sho wold the lasse wende
to pley the pley // both with fro I bond
ffor who stood ther // yet in suroto
that in sonsith // in effecte was he degre

For bi examplie // natur doth declare
which is of god // mynyst and ordre
withouto tonge // sho biddith us be ware
bi thilke storme // that schyne bryght I clere
which bi hor cancure // I mokyng crauler
in hor discore // wassyng vndr walle
be to in fformow // by changyng off hor lodge

ffor fode off hom // al they to be appere
but yeff it be tho More bright I schone
in thilke pleynt // that arthone doth to stere
ffor yet Boetie // that tyme holith vnder kone
fond whylo is dyne // that mo may nat hym seue
the lucifer // at morthyl fynyeere
bi nyght hym hydith vnder our empire

The day doth passe // off tayne I glorie
and nyght approchith // whan Tytan is don gone
but tho lift hymne // the palme be victorie
the world to vanquyssh // ful of chacon
late hym dispyse // as a champion
all erthly lustis // that shynen but in vrede
and off the marchant // ther among take hede

Euer entermedlid // as merthe I heynesse
nott lyght nott sorr // nott joyful nott in blos
nott clere on lowe // nott lowe in derknesse
as phebus hath conchid // tonnes too
whithynne hie celer plaly I no mo
the toon is fill of joye I gladnesse
the tothr full of sorrow I bitternesse

Who that coyll cutted // to come of ye sweto
honost as wolt // takyn hys aventur
to cast in bitter // or yo the wossel lote
and both ye lych // of strong hort endure
yo may not clouse // the thilko frow ye gure
for who so wel sekenesse first a broch
honot bo war // off bitter wolt a proch

Off thos too // ye drowken atte fulle
hath this marchant // that ye of swat er whylo
the last bener // so mad his hed to dulle
that ho no hist but bital lauch or smylo
ewert ho was // both off tunst & gryllo
for wher that ho // his bedyng wyll lowd shot
slept on the grond // nolle naked herberwlos

And whylo that ho sleping lay in the wyse
an hap befell // of too mow in the toris
bo tempe the which // a cantel gan to vyse
right ther bo syde // with grot noyse & sure
that ow his felaw // hat slayn & bordow
under the temple // wher as the marchant lay
and lost hym thod // & fled a now his way

Who tow was vayed // with vnmo wyt a nou
and to the temple fast gan rouno
nolle hor nolle thor // fful sekerly they gon
to takon hym that hadde wrought that fynno
til at the last they sowht han hym with hym
and with the noyse // as they gan in thrifte
the pore marchant // a brayd out of his sleyfte

Wyth sore a stonod // pahyn gan his hoffe
Whan ther hym asked // what mest man ho wor
or yeff that ho // the homicide kuelle
that had slayn // the man that liggeth thor
and ho a now withouten dredo or ffere
Seyd certynly // tholl yomo hango & drawe
no wyght but ye // hano this man ye slawe

Hys covetysse was to hano hym ded
that ho bedeth his mysevy mynyt fynde
He woo hyng on hym hanyd thand lodo
and robert ded hym so mych peyne
ho wold that deth had loyd hook & hyno
to ha kuchched hym // in to his bitter lasso
thor for on hym // ho tok this hoy trespasse

Deth desired // in ad nersite
Whan thou art called // why nyll thou wrechis horo
and art so redyo // in ffellato
to come to them that the nothyng desire
o come thou deth // & make off me the fere
this marchant cryeth // in his wofull herte
So fful ho was // off prevaid poynes smerte

A now ho was // ye take and ye bondow
and cast in prison // til on the nopto morwe
and than ye takon // & brought as they hym fondow
affore the justice // for no man wold hym borwe
for demyt ho was // thorwyt his ollno sprecho
by ingement // to han for deth the wrecho

And than as fast // as he to the deth was led
his olde frend happid fow by passe
the which he held hym with her demure face
and knowth the fotune // & syngnes of his face
anon he prayeth // leyser to have & space
for to hym herde // off how in patience
and stynt a while // to gyff hym audience

Sirrs he sith // so it nat yow displese
this man is dempned so full of innocence
and giltles yo dow hym this disese
for I my self ha wrought this grete offence
to me it falleth // to conwrow the sentence
off trewth deth the trewthe wol to sonde
for with myn hond // I gaff hym deth wrongfully

Hys hert was mowd // of old nature
to save his frend // & for hym for to dye
and he was hent anon & prillid in mure
with fiw arest // they handie on hym leye
and her lust // unto hedde // they
to for the ingo // he was I lad & drawe
wher he was dampned in concoupis off lawe

The was he lad // with weping & grete
toward his deth // of many hym be syde
his poro frendis // was loos at liberte
that thought for wo deth thorwh his hert glide
while in the pres // the wery homicide
that sothfastly // the dede had wrought
spak to hym self thus // in his wrow thought

Allas myn herte // as hard as the dyamant
how mayst thow suffre // this crewelte to seno
allas thorwh remors // with no wor I repentant
the sothfast trewthe // to be confessid alone
allas this wrong // how may it thus sustrene
to sen a fore me // innocente thus I take
and lad to deth wardes // only for my sake

O rightwis god // to whom echo gynyte
I ploye & gyve // to thy magnyficence
o lord that knowest // my hid iniquite
be holdyng att // o fonte of sapience
no take no vengance // of myn hih offence
that I so longe // concelid have the trewthe
but of thy mere // lord have on me rewthe

For well I wote // that of thy rightwisnesse
thow most me punyssheen // at thy iugement
and thow thow suffre // a while in cristnesse
blood shell have wreche // that wrongfully is spent
o blood innocente // o blood so innocente
how canst thow gow to deth // & nat complene
to wreke the ast // on me with crewel peyne

To hih god // eternall in his see
blood crieth out // that is I shad in wrongo
and saith o lord // whan wolt thow wengid be
upon our deth // why hidiste thow so longe
off innocentis // the note and songe
wher for I wolt while I have liff & space
the soth be knowe // & put me in thy grace

It is to moch that I hane slayne on
And but I speke to dead is a nothing
tho which is done / & sale as a my stow
for dray lond / for to sane his bodie
and yth as redy / to fling doth for other
nold dell I gon / & gloynely no confesse
and for my gylt / recayuyn the redresse

With opyn mouth loude he gan to crye
O ye disseyned peple / be ewrne
that innocent allas why shal he dye
which nen ne was in his lyfe trespasour
turnyth a geyn / ad late be this clamour
and late to me her dom / ben hool refuyde
for I and he / that hath tho doth desenyde

Late hym goo loos / sith he of gylt is fre
It is my sotf / that ylth tho dede dord
why wolle ye erren / & gmy sffyen overto
and late falsenesse / at his large gon
the peple of this / gan for to cridie sore
and the justices of this sdyn chanse
that all her wittes / for hangid in ballance

Yet neytholes / thus they I wrought
the first the subiudes / & this other tale
and bi assent hom eny thow I beniste
to for the kyng & ther a cosse make
hell rich of thoys / hath don for other sake
and prayed hym good grace for to ben
to fynd a way the trouth for to sen

This worth kyng to serchen out the wyst
Shelbith hym self both wise & ek treatable
and mad mercy / to gon afore his myght
Shapyng a mene / fitt just & resonable
to att tyre / he shalbide hym merciable
off att the crime withyn bodie sube
pardon he grantith / so they the trelbthe shelbe

Off att the cas / they hane no poynt spared
first off her joys / frensshyp & ad versite
but word be word / the stor hool doth clare
both off thes tweyne / the lond & bryte
ye hane hard / that ye get no more off me
and hole the thrid / had a conciense
for his trespas / so dampned I innocence

With gret marvayle / ther wondred on this thyng
to seyn in frensshyp / so hool affection
and specially / this wise worth kyng
Jan cyysse off hert / that thorith his region
Were fitt a fermyd / an obligacion
off such entercesse / fro man to man a bought
off treson than fitt lital wer to dout

Ful hard a wer / to accomplisshen his desir
or an his wellin / such a bargayn dryb
tho heyre in fere / tho bodie is not clere
no nold no shal / whil treson is so ryb
for nold of trouth no man can trythyn
a gray sel / or thonprent I grabe
with ditt a label / his hool armys for to sane

Zint than this kyng hath thus don hem fre
he let hem go at her election
and he off Zaldac hath lade hym to his place
his poore ffrend with grete pcession
he varieth hym noble with good affection
and sayd ffrend your pensiffhed assbage
and for ponert ne beth no more enrage

Zint her anon as ffere as it may last
off all my good halvendel is your
I will that it be deytid as fast
at your devise your robert to socour
ffor your frenssyp shall ely seyn floch
and in short tyme I tell it you in plyne
ye shal to riches restorid hym a geyn

And than at erst advisid ye may telle
vn to your contre wh dw ye thyk retorne
or here with me all your lyff to dwelle
the ofeys is your lete no more yemorne
and whether so be ye go or her sorne
have here my trouth and herte shal bend
Whils breth may last I mord and sende you

Zy gall wit his godis enychon
wer the deytid be thyn thes frendis too
be cause this marchant wold algate gon
hom to his contre that he lobide so
the storr tellith with out wordis mo
Wyth in to egypt he is gon a geyn
off her frenssyp what shod I more you seyn

I say you playly so as it semyth me
off thyng wel prevyd to make yeher stylle
to often sythe it wer but vanyte
lyste tedionste your herres dede assayle
with yo it knolle it may nothyng avayle
off her frenssyps forther more to deyne
for as they come so in lobe they fyne

Thus off this tale to you I make an ende
and my redde tellyng off cortesy yo rebe
and god I prayo that he his grace sende
that ely frend to other be as trebe
as wer thes marchantis alle oy I lich nobe
this my desire in al degrees off word
that it so be I prayo you seith amen

Explicit de ffide di amore
dnozn gaw cat oz mny

Incipit Arthorus conquestor

Ye every prince / myght hym silf assure
Off fforture / the favour to restreyn
Lyk his desire / her grace to receive
Tabyde stable / and stonde att certeyn
Anding att / reteno Arthour off Britteyn
Which in his tyme / was holdyn off city chief
The chiefest prince / and the best knyght

To whom I wil / as nowe my style dresse
In this chapitle / to remembren blyde
His gret conquest / and his high noblesse
With synguler / that he wrought his lyfe
And first I will be gynne breffly to discryve
The sith off Britteyn / and off that contre
Which is in closyde / with a large See

Set fferre westward / as ye shall endiste
Hanyng Spayne / Set in the opposit
Off a sual Angle / callyde Ynglond
Ffrance a bonte hym / discryben thus hyde
With many a Tener / plesant off delite
Hoot bathis / and welle / ther be ffonde
Syuse myneris / off metalle ffull habunde

Abonte the which / renneth the Ocean
Fyght plentyvous / off al man Citayll
The name off which / at Brutus first begyn
London hath shippis / in the See to sayle
Bachus at Westmouste / gladly doth a tayle
Worcestre with fruitis / ha habundith att fill
Horford with bestis / cotswold with well

Watre hot bathis / holsond for medeyns
Yorke myty tymber / for gret a vantage
Coznwall / myneers in to myne
Salisbery bestis / ffull sabage
Whito mole / Henry / plent ffor ony age
Kent / Canterbury / hath grot comodite
Off sondry ffyssyis / thor to takyn in the See

The book rehorsith / thow is eke in Britteyn
Ffond of Get / a fiill gesions stone
Blak off colour / / Bertlone in Croyn
For fynesse many nie than on
Poudre of which / well disaure anon
Yiff it be drunke / though it be secret
Off maydenhed / the broken chastite

Thor byn eke pooles / fondyn in unsele shollis
And they be best / that have most wholsomnesse
And as the book / off Bentus also tellis
How kyng Arthur / to spede off Cherthynesse
Passyng att kynge / in morall prowesse
Touchyng the lyne / / his royall kenne
Who that list see / / in Bentus he may rede

His ffader called / / Uter Pendragon
A manly knyght / / famous of corage
Off false ondys / / mordrid be poyson
His son Arthour / but yong / tender of age
Bifiil assent / of all his baronage
Be succession / / crowned anon wight
Called of Europ / / the most famous knyght

Cirtes large // and manly off disponce
morrow cald of liberalyte
hardys strong // & off gret prudence
and off his knyghtly // magnanymyte
he drew saloynes // out off his contre
Saxons
" conquered be pe cross // off his mythy hand
" Orcadeys denmark // and holland

Yrland Norbayo Gale Scotland & ffrance
as Martis sone // to the chorrs mete
Crenyst hi consail // & be the ordinance
" off prudent aylrleyn // cald his pphete
and as pfindo he lot make a sete
amang the Zirtonis // most famous & notable
" thorugh all the world // called the rondo table

Most worthi knyghtis // pbid off thor bond
chose out be arthour // this ordinis hano begon
thor famous nobilnesse // thorugh all cristen
Now by report as doth the mydday sonne
To fannes praise // the rondo is ly rome
Statutis set be vertuous ordynance
Under pfession // off mor crall goidnance

The first statute // in the regestor ffaudo
ffor which they shold nat // dochyns of knyght
by fful as stratis // of othe & cristen bonde
ay to bow armyd in platis forgid bright
except a space to restyn hem on nyght
Seke amoutinis // and thor tynne stonde
Ryght ful gracell // to sustayn & defende

The feble pty // yff he had right
to thor poder manly to support
yeff that they ber requerd of any knyght
ffolk disconsolat to bere cy & comforth
at al tymes mow may off thoy reporto
no mand of clyse // thoy do nobilonce
and a gayn twantis // make knyghtly resistense

That bedbis madnys // suffre no damage
bi false oppression // off hatful crenelte
restoren children // to thor trell heritage
throughly expelde folk // to thor contre
and for holy chorchys hyberto
body and // to make hem solynd strong
rathir & to dye // than suffre hem to han wrong

For comon pfyth // as chosyn champions
& re publica // defendyng thor contre
Shold ay thow solf // hardy as hyons
honour ~~tow~~ tenerese // chastyse dishonoste
Kolode all thow // that suffre adusite
Kolignous folk // hano thond in renorence
pilgrymes recoyse // that fayle off thor dispence

Called in armys // by dodis off mere
Zinny sendrous // that fayle sepultyr
ffolk in prison // dolyd hem graciously
Such as ben poro // thor ransom to receive
Condd people // that // langyssh & endure
Right & republica manly // pout thor blood
the statut bond to dew such folkis good

To put hem silf in aventure
but for maters // that seyen mete & trebe
afore yprised // that they stud sure
the grond stell // knoche ther it of olde or noble
and after that // the mat shall they knoche
to ye code knyghtly // and nat to fleyne
as right requiered // ther quarell to drayne

A clerk ther was // to cronycle al ther dede
in yure fraunchise // mad to hem reporte
off ther orplit // and ther gode spede
red & sung // folk // to folk gaf grot comforte
thes famous knyghtes // makyng ther
at hir feste // ryche tel hir sote
lyke ther ostat as was to them note

Ou was lord // called ye see yr lone
as ye song // royal doth yr lyn oly doth
not to outrey // but ye most soytuous
off gode yrised // to lyn ab yure bryne
bryne off dissent // tacomplyche & to fyne
he allone af as chief & sondyn
all vertuys // off wale & trotyn

Among all kynges // renomyd & famous
as a bright sun shot // among stures
To stud arthour // famous & glorious
lik fresh ~~flok~~ phebus castyng his lite
in his yee lik argus // most merail & his
as hector hardy // like bleyes trotable
called among cristen kyng // most honorable

Hes royall corte // he did so ordeyne
thorugh ach entre // so fere spred out the lyght
the that on thider cam to pleyne
by wrong oppressid // & requerid of right
in his desyre // he shold fynd a knyght
to hym assignyd // finally tattride
in merail dom // his quarel to defende

Yf it fel so // that any strange knyght
fonght aventure // & come fro fere // thider
to dow a nuyse // his request mad of right
his chalang seyne // ther wer aspyes or ewers
was accepted // to the court cam were
like he cam // with many or a lone
they ther detynyd // for sake was nowdow

Ther was the scole of merail doctryne
for yong knyghtes // to lerne at the quyse
in tender age // to have ful disciplyne
on horse on fote // in stable exercise
thyng taken in youthe // doth holpe in many wise
and ydlnesse // in grene yere gerne
off all vertu // clipsyt the shorne sorne

Ridders maydens // oppressid folk also
off extort wrongis // wrought be tyranny
In that court // what maid cam ther too
he cryyd ther // thei last no man dely
off ther complaintis find redy remedy
mad no delay // but forth a new wyte
hem to defende // assygned was a knyght

E In ther ordure // ther bonde wer of trouthe
by assurance // and by otho & seborn
in ther ouwses & lot for no slouthe
ploynly to tello // holl they gane theme bore
ther aventure // of thynge don be fore no
right as it foll // sparo in no manor
to tell rich thyng // on to ther regesterer

Thyng ryynly don or thyng that was seen
off aventure // as betlyne tlyger
or any quarell // toko of bolatte
trellly reporto // & plathy nett to foyne
thom to be seborn // the statut ido ordyne
nought concolyd // of worthyno nor of schame
to be regestrond // report of solue same

And to conclud // the statute han be lerd
every quarell // grondid on honoste
in that corto // what knyght was requyred
in the dofence // off trouth and equyte
ffalsyed excludyng // & duplicate
shal ay be redyo // to sustayne the gryt
his lyff his body // to quit in quyte

Thus in bretayn // shon the cler light
off chenalrie // ad and of knyghtes ffe
which thorut the world // his benys fyad blow
walle of worthy // conduto of al noblesse
imperial court // all wrongis to redresse
hodryng of honour // of largesse chef exter
merour of manhode // of noblesse the lauter

Yet was ther neu // seyn so knyght a somo
the somers day // in the nydday fyro
so ffresshely shyno // but sommo shys donno
myght & cas // curtoyno his benys clero
offte it fallith // than fortuno maliti best chero
and falsly smytith // in her dobble wodo
ffoll seyn expro // thaurs the most drodo

Thus than the name // off this worthe kyng
was forthest spred // bi report & memoryo
in ony rolm // his noblesse most shynyng
all his emprises // concludyng verth victoryo
the dobble goddesse // onbrodat his glorio
and cast meyre // be sommo maner treyno
to depse the lyght // of the knyghthood in Bretayn

Thus whilo arthour // stod most honorable
in his estat // flourisyng in lusty age
among his knythe // off the rondo table
horthest of ~~yeres~~ amoos // on fortyns stage
to vomans sport // to hym for trebluge
and make a dayne // froward & outrayous
takyng ther tytle // off Cesar julius

The same tyme // this mytthty kyng arthour
conquerd Gaddo // Gaddo & also franco
entrand ffrollo // & lyke a conquerour
wonne Parys // under obersance
toks hom to grace // & with his ordynance
batt al angoys angoris & Gascoyns
Poytoll Nanorno // Berry & Burgoyns

Cassidnat / but dede his best peyne
most lyke a knyght hold forth his passage
Gat all p loud // off peyteres & Tozeyne
thor Cetees yolden / to hym thoy dede homage
to bond vebell // thoy fond non a bardage
Boroned in ffrance // as sith the croniclor
hold possecion // the ffrac off xp yer

Held a fest / fiill solempne at pascys
all the contees // which he gat in ffrance
like a prince fiil ybident // and thyse
which had of ffredam // most roial inffluence
off all his enquest / the contees in substance
ffor his princes // & baronys so ybide
hit thor decorus // he hath thom doubled

To his senaall // that was called bay
Angow & mayn / he gaff all that p lye
to his botolor that was no delay
called Bodwer // he gaff normandye
to a baron // nye cosin off allye
a manly knyght which was named Zorell
Gaff the duche off Zorgyne only dell

Thus doptid / lorsheppis of that londe
thor he thought // was most expedyent
Bome he returnyd // in his ownne londe
a gayne to Bretayn / returned of entent
Sent out erettis / held a grete plament
after which / he made a fest anon
in the contre called Glotmorgon

At a grete Cite // named Carlion
as it is remembred // be chytyng
cam many a prince // & many fresse baron
in nombre of hynde // p thor chose p kynge
body to obbey / Arthour in att thyngis
present also as it was shollo seene
ther ber off Erlis / retned fiil thrittene

Att the knyghtis // off the rondo tablo
ffest of pentecost / a fest principall
mayn estatis // famous & honorablo
off princes barons // of the blood roialt
ber ther present // and in especiall
all the that ben / bi the grymesse bonde
to the brotherhed // off the tallo rondo

And it fell so / till that kyng Arthour
as aptynyd to sat in his estat
thor cam. xv. sett down bi grete labour
off old men those out off the Scott
had off ther port / dommed & temperat
richely clad // off lock & of visage
Grey hored / echon sempte of of grete age

ffirst bommyngly as they thought it doche
Cause of ther comyng / & ploynch what thor mont
ffirst off a sonte / the kyng thoy gan salid
nepto after that thoy told the thom sent
and thor lettis // mekely they present
conclydyng thus / to spoke in breff language
Hell the romayns aye of hym trebuge

Costomed of old sith so many a days
When that Cesar conquered first Bretayn
the kyng requeryng // to make hem no delay
Arthour abode // list nothyng to seyn
But all the court // gan at hem disdeyn
the proud Bretons // of crabbel hasti blood
Cool them hane slayn // eben ther they stood

Nay qd Arthour // to all his officers
Knyghtis and coote // they shal hane no dauntes
ther entred hem // & come as massangers
and mon also gretly // fallow a gyse
late make hem // ther with a glad visage
took his counsail // off such as ber chyse
with this answer // seyd in courtoys wise

Your lettis redo // and openly understond
the tenour holde rehersid in this place
touchyng the charg // which ye han take on hond
to yeff answer // rehersid in short space
be word & chrytyng // ye me gretly me manace
holde yo purpose // with many strong batayl
passe the montayns // no felly for trauayl

It nedith not // such conquest to a lyge
a geyn Bretons // of noon olde trebage
off comyng don // your wey shal a lyge
with godis grace // short your passage
make no delays // but at my barnage
passe the se with out long tarrey
to mote romayns // at ther don conuyng

Ther was the answer

Ther was the answer // yone to the massangers
At ther departyng // bar with hym gret richesse
the kyng lade so bu to his officers
a geyn to rome // in hast they gan hom dresse
ploynly reportyng // bontibons largesse
off worthy Arthour // considerying all thyngis
off arsondam // he passid all other kyngis

Arthouris court // was the fyre sowre & bett
off mercial poder // to hiens ther tolde
and hoth that he // all other dede excell
In chynalry // with whom they were withholde
the choyse knyghtis // both yong & olde
In all Europe // who can considre a right
off all noblesse // the torches be thorlyght

He cast hym nat // to pay no trebage
Sond off the romayns // hoth he holde no lande
which to defond // could make his passage
off yone cloymysse // to breke a sonder the bande
and knyghtly preen // with his honde
yo hane no tytle // ye nor yond Crete
a geyn the Bretons // which old ber stond fre

With all the kyngdame // sorget to rome tons
kynges graces // abone the hyh montayns
with hiens they be dissonded don
to mote Bretone // upon the large playns
Arthouris comyng // gretly he disdeyns
be cause he hadde // ploynly to distryns
In multitude // off people such sybes

At Southhampton Arthur took the se
with all his knyghtes / of the round table
be hynd he lefft to goberne the contre
his Cosyn Modred / entrusti & bu stable
and at a preest / salso & dedeyable
to whom Arthur / off trust tuck al his lond
the Crowne except / which he kepte in hide

ffro Southhampton / Arthur gan to sayle
with all the worthi lordis of Bretayn
at Barbefleet / fond good aribayle
hym and his pures / ther passage did ordeyne
thorwh Normandye / ffrance / & to Burgoyne
or to a Cite called Augustenes
where he first fond of the kingis the p̃sence

So large a folde / nor such a multytude
off mon off armys / assemlid on a pleyn
upon oo day / shortly to conclude
oo godre assemlid / affore ner non sen
kinge Hadde / on his pty certayn
est wardis the worlde all the chevalrye
brought to the montayns / don toward Germanye

Ther wardis set / in ech a grett batayle
with ther retayners / to godre them grys
Arthour with Bretons / the romays gan assayle
ffond many furlyns / upon thoy pty
the Bretons Gauffred / doth plomnely pchase
as he off Arthur the pple so doth destroyde
he slowh thett day off Sarsyns kyng fyle

The grett slaughter / the effusion off bloodis
thor was thett day / up on outhir party
ech a gayn other / so furious was & wood
like ffor the ffeldis / as fortune lift lyst guide
that yff I shuld / thor on long a bydde
to wryte the deth / off slaughter & the manor
touchyng the fyldis / wer tedious ffor to hyr

To conclude / & lono the surplusage
In that batayle / ded was many a knyght
the Co Cristal kingis / slayn in that rage
the prendis romayns / by force put to flyght
off Gentilis Arthour anow wyst
lord the bodys / off the kingis be carryed
a goyn to rome it was no longer tarred

The worthi princes / & lordis that wer dede
I manly ~~hyght~~ knyght / a bidyng ~~worth~~ Arthour
like a kyng solempnely took hedde
that they wer buried / by diligent labour
And in the while / lyke a ffalse traytour
he Cosyn Modred / ded his busy peyn
to take ffro hym / the kyngdom off Bretayn

So as the stor / plenly maketh mynde
Modred falsly / to hys a bondage
entredd them that wer lefft be hynde
under colour off frandolent langage
yaff them grett fredam / & they ded hym homage
that by his falso conspyracyon
brought al Bretayn / into rebellion

By fayre behestis // & many frenli speche
dronk the people to hym in london dyse
Chosyd hym out bade godly & benyng
gaff hyberto // grantyd gret franchyse
to make Bretons // thorsoun lord to dispise
and purbeante // he gan ordon blybe
to kepe the portis // he should nat arybe

Whan the kyng Arthour had knowlachyng
off this fals tresow // and al the purbeante
that modred made // he hyt a manly knyght
lofft Borgoyne // & all the lond of ffrance
cast on modred // forto to do wrongwisnes
tot the kee // and with gret apparayle
cast at Sandwich // to make his arybale

Modred was redy // with hurtis a gretnoun
nad a strong fold // to mete hondon & pyle
on purpose fully // Arthour to encowbre
at which bybayll // slayn was Gawyn
Cosyn to Arthour // a noble knyght certeyn
of cot Angusyl // was slayn on the stroude
kyng off Scottis // or he myght londe

Mangre modred // Arthour dod arrive
the grond recouer // lik a manly knyght
ffor for of whom // anon aft blybe
the foyd modred // tok trow to the flyght
to ward London // tok his way right
the gate shott // & kept was the cite
gayn modred // he myght hand non entree

in all hast to Cornewayle // he flodd
the feberd off Arthour // he durst nat a bydd
lost he shold // loyn his hiff to wedd
yet for hym solf // thus he gan gyde
with multitude // gadered on his side
put hiff & deth // that day in a bontur
that day to dye // or the feld recour

pi fortune // ther may be no certeyn
upon whos wheel // all bretlnesse as fondid
modred in the feld // that day was slayn
and noble Arthour // to the deth was wondid
By which the feld of Bretons was confondid
off so gret slaughter // & good knyghtis lorn
upon oo day // now hand & nat hard to ffrorn

After the bataylo Arthour for a while
to lurch his wondis // & hurtis to cocure
borw in a lete // cam to an yle
called Avalon // & thor aff aventure
as seyd Ganffrid // recordith by scripture
hoth kyng Arthour // flow off chynalrye
litt with his knyghtis // & lorith mffayre

Thus off Bretayn // tiplatid was the sonne
upon to // the rich stewy dongon
astronomorus // well pohorsd konne
called Arthours // consellacon
where he sett crowned // in the honowly mansion
amod the palis // off stonys cristallyne
told among cristend // ffirst off the worthy wynne

This crown yet // abiit among bretons
which sunnid is up on the quo fo
off olde Merlyn // lit thou oppenyng
ho as a kyng is crowned / in fayre
with Scepture & sword & with his royallyo
shal rosort as lord & souryn
out off ffayre & reyng in Bretayn

A repare a geyn // tho ~~rong~~ nowde tablo
bi ye phosie ay rehyn sett tho dato
among kyngis greuace in comperable
his Seete a geyn // to Carlion titlate
tho parchas lustrew / shomo so his fute
his epitaphyo // recordith so certayn
hor lith kyng arthour // which shal regno a

Yu to my mator I will a geyn retorne
affozno rehorsid // qwall off his prowesso
therou tabide // mo list no moze shrono
but to remembrd // tho gret unkyndnosso
tho conspiracion // tho treson & falsnosso
don to kyng arthour // be his cosyn a dred
make a kynbayo / that all mon may it rede

A kynboyo made
upon all tho gressso

This tragedyo of arthour horo follwyng
but qnces all be bar of
ffor in all erthe // is non moze pealous thyng
than trust on ffeyth // whor is decepcion
hid under mryn off ffalso conclusion
for which mon shold // I hold to compett god
be bar a forno on off unkind blood

The world is dyuyd // fortuno ay changyng
in ony contre & ony region
at a strayght nedo // fedo frendis abydyng
long absence causith debision
and yeff qnesso bi false derision
mis of alyo / shoo tro faes in on hood
lato men be bar on off on kynde blood

Who was moze hardy // of qrynces her lyuyng
or moze famous // of mezaall renon
than ulysses was / his emprises outrayeng
arthour chosen / off Brutus Albion
But for all that // the disposicion
off fate & fortuno // most furyous & wood
causid the distruccion // by on kynd blood

What moze contrions // to nature in shedyng
than fayre qretonce / double of outonaton
yet alliances // frochardly warlyng
hid under flowris / a serpent cast poyson
with ~~flyter~~ silver scalid / damage of the dragon
ch venom sonne qry // taragith off his blood
a what is moze qrlous than kynges blood

Noble prince / on Arthour remembryng
demeth the day off phebus going doun
all is nat gold / that is clere ~~shynyng~~ shynyng
affoyn gyddin chre / in dard resoun
ffalso enuemynyng / and supplantacion
Remembryng ay / with Arthour hott at stand
by consyracion off enbynd blood

Explicit conquestor de Arthour
the historie of king Arthur.

Incipit de Constantino imperatore Romano

75.

Hat thyng may be more off excellence
or m a prince / more to comendo
than is mygod / with a treble ffrence
berray ffeyth / that al thyng doth transcendo
my ntenyng as / yff that yee well at tendo
off Constantyn / in Rome Empour
which to our ffeyth / did passand gret honour

This mysty prince / was born in Bretayn
so as the bruto / plynely doth be lere
his holy eyddr / called was Elepas
hom his dayes / most knyghtly & entere
off mercaall actus / kneuth all the man
hoffin Empour / off his hyh noblesse
ffil to be lopre / cronycis expresse

his sorr so grebous / that no medicyne
myht abaylo his fiknesse to recure
he was concelid / to make a gret pyssyne
with innocentis blood / of thydren & der pure
to make hym ~~pure~~ dene / of pt he did endure
thorugh all yrall / cheldren amon ber sought
and to his palas / by the modrus brought

It was gret rebell / to behold & see
bff tendr modrus / to heir the sobbyng
bi furious constreint / off ther adiusito
ther clothis to rent / be dobid with weepyng
the strange noyse / & that hydous cryeng
ascended up / that ther hydous clamour
cam to the eyes of the Empour

Off which noyse theempour was agryed
when that he ~~knew~~ knew grow occasion
off this mater / affore told and debised
the noble prince / gan hane compassion
and for to stynte / the lamentacion
off all the women / ther bynn presence
off mercyfull grete / hath changid his sentence

This glorious & gracious Empour
is clombe off mercy so high upon the styre
Spared nouther / his citeyes nor tresour
nor his langour / that ded hym so appeyre
with ffull glad cher / made hym to repayre
wher they cam fore / to rome the Cite
they how retorned / glad to thor contre

Yoral compassion ded in his hert myne
ches to be slyt / rather than blood to shed
his brest enlumyned / with gre which is dyne
which ffrom heuene / ded upon hym spredd
he wold nat suffren / innocentis blede
preferryng grete / & mercy more than ryght
he was sighted / upon the mynte nyght

Petr & poulo / to hym dydo appere
sent ffrom the lord / as heuenly messanger
bad Constantyn / ben of right good cher
ffor he that sitt / a bove the yeyres
the lord off lordis / lord off lengest yeres
will that thou wet / hane it well in mynd
in mont Serapty / thou shalt the lech fynd

God off his gras / lyst the to visite
to shed blood / by cause that thou dost spare
he hath be sent / thi labour for to quyte
tidynges brought off helthe & the welfare
pepe silnester / shall to the declare
as we hane toldo / be right well assured
holle thow off thi sikness / shalt be recured

To mont Serapty / matt hast that ye sendo
Sayre Silnest / cone to thy presence
Solight & ffonde / breefly to make an endo
to cerne after with deliberaverens
ded his deber / of entyr diligence
lyk as the bysshop of Silnester / hath devised
by grace and hool / when he was Baptised

his ffleysh renewed / and sodynly made whyte
be thries wasshyng / in the fresh pyssyne
off holy Baptyme / well of most delyght
where the holy gost / ded hym enlumyne
enformyd by techyng and doctryne
off Silnester / lyk as myn auctour seith
off all articles / that long to our feyth

The font was made of porphyr stone
which was after / be ost of Constantyn
with a vonde ayre / that ded a bound gow
off gold & pls / & stonys that shed fyne
and off the font / right by as a lyne
upon a pelere off good / a lamps burnt
ffull off fyn balme / that bente day & nyght

A lampe off goold / heded also pride
Set on thys ~~upon~~ ffirst upon a pinal gyler
Which lyk a conduitt / upon eny syde
Shad outte water / as any crystall cler
on whos orthe side / an ymage most enter
was richely ffrayed / off our sauiour
all off pure goold / that cost gret tresour

And off this lambe / upon the tothir syde
an ymage sett / longe to endur
off baptist John / with lettrys for tabyde
graue curiously / & thus was the crepture
Ecce agnus dei / that ded for man endure
on goodffriday / offred up his blood
to saue mankynd / sterbe upon the rode

Ho let also / make a gret ceuser
all off goold / fret with perlis fyne
which be nyght / as phebus in his fure
through all the cherch / most freshly dod shyne
thor ber fourty stoyre / Jacynty
appollos temple / myne autor wrytet of sume
was hallyd riche / an sent petrys name

The romayn temple / that ber belt of olde
ho hath for dou / with all the mallmentys
the false goddis / off silu & goldo
ho hath to breke / on ech partys
this goodly juce / off gostly holynes
Set off noch / statutis off gret sertu
to bryn obsyed / in the name crist jesu

The first labe / as prechers can
In ordre sect / with ffull gret reverence
that thu crist / was sothfast god & man
lord off lordis / & off excelence
which hath this day / of his bonn beleuere
cured my lipre / as yo han hard deuised
by blessid silvester / whan I was baptised

This gracious lord / my soueren lordo thu
ffrom house forthe / for short conclusion
I will that ho as lord off most sertu
off feyth ffull hert / & hool affection
bo ber hold in euen region
No man so hardy my biddyng to disdeyne
but ho in cure / off dede the grebous peyne

Folowyng the day / callid the seconde
the constantyn / ordyned a decre
that who that ou / in the tow ber fonde
or ellis ber / aboute in the contre
what ou ho ber / off hith or lowe degre
that blasphemed / the name off crist jesu
bi dom shold hane / off doth a pleyn ressu

The thrido day / in oth manys sight
bi a decre / conformyd & mad strong
to any cristen / who that ido wyth
bi oppression / or bi collaterall wrong
he shold nat bo / tarried dur long
who ber conuicto / or gilty shall nat chose
bi labe ordeyned / half his good to lose

Lm

The mte day // among romayns alle
this prebilage // p nouride in the tow
yone to the pope // sittyng in petre stalle
as sonereyn hed // in every region
To hane the rolle // and jurediccion
off prestis all // allone in ech thyng
off tempall lordis // lych as hath the kyng

To the cherch // he gifid gret franchyse
the ffyffte day // a speciall hyberto
yeff a fflow // in aly maner wyse
to ffynde socour // thow did ffle
withyne the bondis // ffrom danger to go fre
to bynd assured // & hald thor sul reffuge
ffrom execucion off any tempall juge

Lvi

Nomand psuns // withyne no cite
the sexte day // he gaff this sentence
no man so hardy // of hih nor lolle degre
to bylde no cherch // but he hane licence
off the bisshop // beyng in presence
this to seyn // that he in his estat
is the pope // affore be approbat

Lvij

The sexte day // this labe hedd ele made
off all possiscions // which that ben trauell
the tewthis pre yerly shall be take
in jugis handis // in pity & in all
which trespur // they dewiden shall
is the statuts plenyly specifyd
hool & entyre // thowthis to edifyd

m

The eighte days // meklly he dedd hym unto
with gret reverence // and hublle affection
which he dedd off // all his clothis white
and hym silff // on pilgrymage don
to fore sentt pet // of gret devocion
nathlis stondyng // his roiall excellence
made his confession // in opyn audience

Lviij

70

Hys crochis take off // holyng thus he seyd
with chepyng eyne & bowe most lamentable
aid for fobbyng // so as he myght a brayde
O blyssid jhu // o lordis most merciable
late my crie // be to p accepable
resoyne my prayere // my request nat refuse
as man most synfull // I may me nat excuse

Lix

I corrupyd the stat // off the emperour
off thy martires // I shedde the holy blood
spared no seyntis // cruel in myn errour
them to pursewe fol fierce & wood
nell blyssid jhu // most gracius & good
peysid & considered // myn unportable offence
thu nat dere // to come to thi presence

Nor for to entre // into this holy place
upon this groude // in able for to dele
to opyn myn eyn // & to lyft up my face
but of thi mercy // so thou me nat repelle
as man most synfull // I come unto thi well
thi cheff off grace // & mowrnfull unto
ffor to bewe chastisyng // of myn unpacyente

This example // in qwyn he hath showed
his great imperial // meekness lord & kyng
his purple garmenet // crist tovis albeit
ne had no sceptre // nor horse upon to ryde
there was non seyn // nor banners spread ryde
off mercial triumphes // there was no tokis
but cried and thempour // lay plat to ground

The people gladness // was medlid et weyng
and their weyng was medolid with gladness
to see an emprour // & sonatable kyng
off his fre choyse // sheds so gret meknesse
thus entremedolid // ther joye & heynesse
hownesse for passid old wongeance
with meke reconsiling // of gostly repentance

This joye was lyk // affeste ffenerall
in folk of custom // that don their busy ane
to bryng a corpse // which of custom shall
hand all the entye of his sepulture
and in this tyme // of sodyn aventure
to lyff a gyn // restoryd hym his bonys
causyng his frend // to lauh & wepe attonys

Semblably // depeindyng at thym tweyne
the people weyte // & ther with reconsiling
to send the emprour // so petously compleynyng
ffor his treason // and requiryng
off joye & sowde // a gracious medolyng
that day was seyn // gladness meynt etc
with weyng lauhter // all in oo sound

after all this // he diggid up hym selfe
stones thelne // where he lay kneling
and put hem // in orphyne thelne
on the thelne // appostolys devoutly remebryng
compassid a groide // larg ffor biggyng
be side his pales // cast ther on to wercho
in cristis name // to sect up ther a chercho

The place off olde // called lateranenco.
bitt & edified // in the appostlis name
Constantynus // but all the diffence
ordyned a lawe // myn antone with the same
yeff any goore // naked halt or lame
receyne shelde // the ffeyth of crist pho
he shold be statute // be tale to this affe

In his gmys // yeff he ther fonde trewe
that he ebernat // bi feynyng no faytour
he shold first // be spoiled & clade newe
be the costage // off the emprour
Liberty. H. receyne to his socour
off which receyte // nothyng was withdrawe
off statut kept // and holdyn as for lawe

Ther to longe // to put all in memoryes
his hiy gwerdes // & his notable dedis
and to rehersyn // any gret victoryes
which he hadde // with ostis that he ledis
and to remebre // all the gracious speedis
the simplinsag // who list to compehende
lat hym of sylvester // redo the legende

And among other// touchyng his vision
which that he hadde// in cronyche men may fe
when that he fleyt// kn his knaff doufte
hed crist to hym// and gracyusly appere
schewid hym a cros// & seyd as ye shall hap
be nat afrid// up on the ffow to falle
ffor in this signe// ·i·. thow shalt ou tow[illegible]

Wo the which a vision he was made gld[illegible]
thorch goddis grace// & hownly in fliend
ffrest in his banere// that show so cler & bri[illegible]
the cros was bore// cheff tokow of hiede[illegible]
Mouth the tyrant// that called was Maxen
after whos deth// thowch all his hih vent
off all thowper// he tok possission

In which estat// he moyntened trowth & vyll
up on all pore// hawyng compassion
duryng his lyfe// hold the best knyght
that other was in any region
off gyftis feyth// thynnpall champyon
thorch his notable// knyghth magnyficence
to all christen protector & defence

After his name// which men shall appall
changid in grece// the name off Bisanto
Constantynople// he did it aft talle
and on a stede of brasse// as men may see
Manasyng the turkis & thor contre
he sitt armyd// a gret sword in his hand
thow to chastey so// that rebell in that land

Kerossyo ye folk// that bore ben in Bretayn
callid othir clys// Bruttis Albion
that had a gnce// so notable son evyn
brought forth & fosted// in your region
that whilom hadde// the domynacion
as chefff monarche// gnnat & gisident
ober all the worlde// frowd est til occident

Trwe of his deth// that mowet of the ye
whelne nat seyn// withdrawth his ferbent hete
and longe a forne// larg brode & clor
toward affrik// shewide gret comete
albay encessyng// drecth toward the see
off Michowedye// show erly & eke late
whor in his pales// he passid in to fate

Et de Constantino Conquestore.
Incipit disputatio inter Equum, Aucam, & Ovem.

Quapnt disputant Equus Anceau & Ouis.

C Outrauntance pleis and disordis
Attwen psonys // wer it too or thre
Sunt out of grondo // be wittnesso off reason

This was the cristom // off antiquite
Iuges wer sett // that hadd autorite
The cas concayned // stondyng in deffrence
Attwen prtyes // to yeff a iugement

Partyes assemled // off hih & lowe degre
Were admitted // to showen in sentence
Trouble off hor quarell // the lawe mad hauffi
Without decepcion // to com to audience
Bi the president // comandid ffirst sylence
Ffredam yone // the prtyes nat to spare
Bi title off right // ther grauys to declare

Upon this mater // shortly to conclude
Nat yere a gord // as prechers shall
Sonde to purpos // a synyfitude
Full crafteli depeint upon a wall
Wayn sitte in ther estat royall
The hardy lyon // famous in all realmys
Thynperial eyle // pssyng the sonne beymys

Thes wer the dred full royall ymyes wayn
In ther estat sittyng // I took good hey
That hadde the prtyes // by & by conpleyn
The horse the oxe // & the synple shep
The processe was nat // to prolongyn or to dep
Off ther debat // but continued of a table
Which of them // to man was mist profitable

Ech for his prty // prowdely gan procede
Tenforso hym sylf // bi recorde of scrptur
In philosophye // as clarkys seen & rede
The prerogatynes // yoned hem be natur
Which of theys thre // to eny creatur
In to publica // a vanitij most to man
For his prty // thus first the horse began

To procede breefly // and nat tarye
For the trouth // that I do nat erre
What best at all // is fonde so necessarye
As is the horse // both nyh & ferre
Or so notable // in prees or werre
Horse in cronycle // who so lobe a knyht
Hano be sabacon // to many a worth knyht

Mercatt processe // in especiall
God hath bi horse // yone to vertiouis
Record off alexandr // whos horse Zusifall
Made hym escape // many sharpe shouris
The golyn char // off old conquerouris
Toward the tryumphe // for ther knyhtly dedis
Conered wer duth fom whito stedis

Remembre off Ector // the troian champion
Whos horse was calid // Chylon Galatho
Upon whos bak // he ployed the lyon
And afyn seyth // and the quelio flo
The fado of pegus // was calid the pegase
Duth swift wengis // poetis seyn the same
Was for swiftnes // calid the horse off fame

Equus ab equo / is seydo off beray wight
and chevaler is sayd off chyualrye
induch a knydde / as a knyght
Arogon tongo doth / also specifie
Chabaloro / which in that gryce
is name of chorchy / & took his begynyg
off spryng of goldo / & chiefly of ayd yng

Thes Empowre thes prices & thes kynges
which they beyd avnyd / in bright plate & mayl
without yn hors / what der ther mustryngs
ther brood banerrs / & ther rich apparayll
to fore ther emyes / to sheds hem in batell
without yn hors / spyr schard nor sheeld
myght kitell a barld / for to hold a fold

The hardy prekers / upon hors bak
be sent to fore / what grond is best to take
in that ordynance / that ther be no lak
bi providence / the feld wha thy shall make
an hors will depe for his mayster sake
Chaucer remembrych / the schard the kyng gave
presentid them / upon a. steede off bras

Deben toc hillis / the prophete zacharye
Such steds four / tho first of hem was red
in charis four / tho sold to magnesye
the sconud was blak / it is no drede
the thrude was whyt / body / nekke & hed
the fourte was dnivers / & eny chon diversyd
aid to knyghthood / all thes colours long

Thorede hors was tokin off hardynes
which appertyneth / to eny hardy knyght
the coloblak hors a syne of sobrynes
pozaill appressid / to helpe them in ther wight
the mytke whyte steds that was so glide of sight
tokin that knyghthood / trewly shold entende
holy cherch & prestehood to dessende

The manyfold colours / to speke in gendull
ben sundry vertues / and condicions
as the four vertues / callid cardynall
longyng to knyghthood / to honures ther hith renoms
in to pupblica / callyde the champions
trewthe to sustayn / shedde hem selven strong
bonde be ther ordyr / so no man hans wrong

without yn hors / justys ne turney attull
may nott be holdyn / in ber nor in pees
nor in palestre nor paleis medyall
pryff hors do pryle may come to no mees
nor no man sothly dar prytt hym self in pres
wythoute hors for shorte conclusion
to atteyne ye palme of trumphal guerdon

Lobed degrees ther ben of hors also
do grete profyte to eny comonte
the plowh ye carte myth no gmy do
thyth out hors / dayly ye may se
tylth der lest no ber wo hors gerde
the busy marchant to his avantage
ner shippis & hors bold make no carriage

Pitchemer season // for to make bete chor
than is nede / wood and turffe to carye
wayn fruto & oyle // to serue thonych thoyer
is bronight to Cornewere / & to tho appotecaryes
bynes dragges // & many a lotuarye
Sondry balys // & shorlis all vitaille
off tho carage // hors hauo tho trabaule

Hey nor horis // plenly who lyst lorne
may from tho folds // nor tho medwys grene
to tho garner // nouthir from the berne
withouten hors be carried it is seno
and to purpos // I seys yow as I mene
thor is no best // to reknu as I be gan
so necessary // as hors as ou to man

The ship be lytnesse / is clepid and hors of
full notable who // can bidie stande
to lode men // and carye ouer the see
as dothe tho hors a hau they er conde
tho prozeman ledit up and A. boude
his litil capil / his corn his melo to sell
than it is grounds / hors carie it from

August is a season // merry & glad
than ey tre // with nett fruchis is lade
with draught off hors // tho sheris ben hote
that moneth past tho lebis gynne fade
why thu made in sonn a plesant lusty hy
whett dow hors than to sheis in thordis
the seconde crope they carye houd

By draught of hors // from reberis & from bellis
both ne be bronight // to bretheris for good ale
lede ston & timber // carage eche for bellis
the beyng to cherchis // off trouth this is no tale
the lede cloth silkis // & many a large male
and gladly sowye // arn sent ouer to fonde
with gardiniandis // hoch myght ou be for bone

Respondent juges // the Egle & the lyon
wyat I hau seyd // doth beyfly Dinytyse
wherth this matir // in your discression
whedir Goos or sheep plenyly to dewise
off ther natur // may in day wyse
justly demeth // late it not be shaved
in to an hors // be lytned & compared

That I hauo told is trouthe & no feynedy
no drift of reson // a geyn this may replye
Goos ne gandir // nor no greno fosshinge
but yeff he entir tho bondis off enbrie
late hir comforth // & seys for hergtyo
this trouth me thott for the I wolnot spare
lyke as I fold // my verdyt to declare

Wher as thou hast to thy pasture
but oo place to make in thi repayr
is me grantid plenyly be natur
tabide in thyre lond chatur & hayr
nech a mong flowis & grene that be fayr
nech bath in reverre sesynne in many a stonde
for storm or shone as dryn as in the lande

To myn entent / mo thynges ye may seen
as expert knowen / that ben olde
than childe gees hith / in tho hayre ey fleen
Agronostyk / off snowe & wedrys cold
with her wengis displayed & vnfolde
kalendis beyng plenly for to seye
agyn wintir / lorbe man hem shal preye

The grees off a gandir / is good in medycyne
with sondry drynkis / temyd for the gynte
dyuers achis / tassebage and to declyne
in the tremytees / drabbe the malice out
ffetheris off gees / than they falle or mont
to gadyr hom by / herdis hem dilyte
Geeth hem to ffletchers / the greyest of chyte

Men pluk stalkys / out of my wengis thay
come to poetray / some to note & dryte
than rethoriciens / haudon ther bely pey
ffresh epistelis & letteris to endyte
with outo drytyng / barleth nat a myth
for vyff pennes / and drytyng ber a weye
off remembrans / be had lost tho keye

Off Gees also / the dede is preebid offte
in many contre / & many a lognere
to make quilbis / & ffethir bedis softe
off prouydent men / plukkid off the dow
thus to make / a glem comparison
as quilbis bed / to chambris a greable
So is hard strauth / leter for thi stable

The ffyme of Gees / & grene goslyngis
gadered may a mong tho horbis soote
a gayn brennyng scaldyng / & many othir thynges
temyd with oyle & butir / doth gret bote
tassebage the peyn / perceth to gyrote
but hors dowche / as rentis albers
is good for firneyssis / temyd with clayes

Add hors / is but a feble carcyn
the heyr infectyng / it is so corrumpable
but a fat goos / than it is nedi slayn
in dyssis off golde / a morsel agreable
is serued at kynge table
Debenmyng on lybe / in vitore cristallyne
tondir rostyd / requeryth to hane good chyne

Thorith all the lond / off Brutis Albyon
for fethered archis / as ye rehers can
Goos as best tho / as in comparison
Except ffetheris / off pekol arrows than
by bobbe & archis / sit the ber begin
hane yngliss men / as it is redon in story
in hed emmyes / had many gret victory

Hors in the feld / may muster with gret pide
than thoy off trumpetis / hor the blody sonde
but than an archer / hath perchid thorith gret pide
to grounde he goth / & cast his mantil down
entryng tho feldis he gloyeth the hyne
that follieth after / his carcew stynketh sore
Dauff flyn & shon / men lobe off hym no more

Anthiy capteyns & knyts in the feldo
make her chaudis & her ordynance
ffirst men off armys & gollay speres fyrst
set in dede ordre to have the gouernaut
which at generes tok the kyng off frauns
thank to the goos not be yond of might
which in ther feld sodrydly tok her flyht

Slouthfye off my flyht for hasty neclygence
off presumpcion the Goos cas left be hynde
than the famous Dorthi duke of clarence
rod on bayard with his eyen blynde
ffyht off my fedris ber put out of mende
and for he set of me nefor that day no fore
ffull lytil ar nought a baylod hym the hed

Yoke olde remebryn in sentence
Some tyme than vonno bi his fen cas tak
the capitolio kept with gret defence
noyse off a gandir the capitoil ded a wak
which thyng remebred ther set ber for his sak
in hed tomple vondir bydo zoldo
a large gandir forgid off fyne goldo

This baker noyse cas the sacrifice
bi which the captyn rau vp to the calle
thus bi a gandir recured cas the tow
called of the Romye Cito most royalle
Cito off Citas that day most principall
cas cid Hors in bokis the ye cau red
pro republica that dido fiche a dede

In the book off chenaleer de Rigno
the storn tellit as in sentonment
thor ber childor off the kyng hym
for dith chowe which cam the Rome of frent
thoy turnode to swanys bi enchantment
took ther ffyht the cronycle is fill clar
aid as swanys the sonne in the reuer

The stord is ffull auctentik & oldo
in frenssh compiled offtendrad & seyn
off the chewe cas made a cuppe of golde
which is kepto yet as sondmen seyn
aid bi discent it longit in certen
to the Harfordes yo shall it fynd in dedo
Ceremonyly the so lyst the storn redo

Harford

And semblably nat long hero to forn
I tolde thise tale as for this qtyo
thor cas a man in lombardye born
to a Goos turnode bi craft off sorcery
a bood so seyn yer me lyst nat to lye
his dent fel off the stod he by a man
a bood with the duke in sicile off melan

home in inferior

And for he cas a man off hih degre
born off good blood & notable in substance
his kinrede yo nath a Goos to ther hynde
the syd mezbelo to put in remebrance
poyse alle thyngis justly in balance
and late the hors lobyn his boost & wos
to be compared onthir to gandir or Goos

Withyn Rome / the grandur was derryed
Sett in ther temples / of grett affection
bi Senatours / of custom magnyfyed
as chiff protector / & patrone of the tow
lat o hors & sheep / ley ther boost adow
but yeff the tow / with his brasen bello
cam for the sheep / the better sord tello

The sheep was symple / loth to make affray
lyk a beest disposid / to meknesse
the stoundy Rom / advocat was that day
before the juges / and he gan hym dresse
with a Rhetorye / in latyn thus to expresse
Ovid

Iste purpurea / o Tyro & thou hynd
qui diti sunt arietes ovium

Off this notable / Youll hiis creptur
the blissid doctur / Austyn as I redd
ba manier / goostly fayne fygure
off a chast sheep / thus he doth procedd
called maria / amid in thanfit & dede
bronght forth / the lambe / lambe of mostberte
the lambe off grace / which called is Jhu

Austyn callith / this lambe in his epist
bi many folke record off scripture
the Youll lambe / off colour purpurat
which for mankinde / lyst passion to endure
born of a mayd / bi grace against natur
whan he be meue / off her hymylitie
took the meke clothyng / off our humanyte

Borne bi discent / to be bothe prest & kyng
kyng be succession / from David dou belyne
off purple rede / was his Youll clothyng
this Agnus dei / born off a pure virgine
which chassyd abey / al benem serpentyne
on Calvarye / whan he for man was ded
with his pur blod / purpurat & red

This paschal lambe / anthoutew hyt al whyt
bi his passion / in Bosra steyned red
which cam from edom lambe of most delyt
that yaff his body / to man in sorrow of bred
on Sher thursday / before ~~art~~ or he ever ded
was en found affore / this in scrypture
off hors or goos / so slempne a figure

This lambe was crist / which lynaly don cam
bi discent / to conceiv the pety degre
ffro the patriarch / called Abrahm
bi Isaac Jacob & so don to Jesse
which be the ferth off his hymylitie
lyk to be called the blissid lord Jhu
ffor his hiis meknesse lambe of most vertu

And to rehers bodly comodites
pro publica / make no comprison
ther is no best which in al degrees
nouthir Tigre / Olyffant nor Griffon
dit thyng / reked thorugh cuy region
doth so grett proffyt hors Goos nor Schan
as doth the sheep / in to the eso of man

Lite be thy bost / thou hors & thy gaulyng
ley dow thy trappure / for god of lord & mayd
cust of thy broder brial of gold so bright shyng
what thi sadill / or boos the abaylo
this goostly lambe hath don a gret batayle
bi his mekenesse / he offerid up for mate
clad in pur purpyle / benquesshid hath batayl

The Goos may gaglo / the hors may gylo & gyll
neyther off hew in prosperite may atteyn
ffor to be set / or gut in remembrance
a gon the lambe / thouh they ther at disdeyn
for comon proffyt / he passit both theyr
beyed & considered / they be nothyng like
to hym in balede / to bet theyn pore & riche

Off Brutus Albion / his bolle chef pryd
Iustice surmontyng / city athur thyng
banff greyn & corno / marchaunts all appre
bolle is the best tresour / in the lond nothyng
to riche & pore / this best feyrest clothyng
all nacions / afferme up to the fulle
in all the bore / the is no better bolle

Off sheep also / conneth gelet & ele felle
wadride in this lond for a gret ayarchandy
carried ow hee / ther men may it selle
the bolle sleuys / make men to ryse
to gret richesse / in many sunder weyse
the sheep also turnetyh to gret profite
to help of man / beryth furris blaytyh

Ther is also mad of the sheepis skyn
to write on bokis / in quayres many foldo
therroff also is made good parchemyns
pylche & glouys to ber & abey the colde
the ram of Colchos bar a fleis of goldo
the fleis off Gideon off duch delitable
thas off ydera / a figur so notable

This flesh his natural restauracion
as some men seyn / after gret sykness
food & sothyn holsom as motyn
bolled with growel physicens expresse
fruit mature / after a gret access
the sheep also / conchidyng doubtes
off his natur lobith east & wes

Off the sheep is cast abey nothyng
his horn for nolle / to hessis goth the bow
to the lord ~~doth~~ gret proffyt doth his tendelyng
his tallith ele / bith for playsere mo than ow
for harpestryng / his voys serbe whow
off his hed boyled / bolle & all
the conneth agely anoyment fil vnall

Forache off bonys / and also for brosyn
trenchetyh / & doth ese fill blyde
cansyth men / starkid joynis to secur
addesenebis / restoryth a gryn to hyde
blak sheps bolle / with fresh oyle of olyne
thes nede of donys / with charnys wed good
at afterth nede / they can weyll stanch blodo

But the bolle contrary off natur
as seyn auctours / ther is the hable best
lacketh no debat / ffor ebrith ech a creatur
ffor his prye he beel labe in rest
wherffor ye juges / I hold it for the best
ben publycam / ye must of right preffere
altbey considerying / that pees is bet than ther

In this matter / breeffly to conclude
pees to preffere / as to my deyce
by many an olde / prebid synyltudo
maketh no delay / youyth to the sheep the prye
off on assent / sith that ye be wyse
lato all ther / and styff beseett a hyde
and ebrith tyon pees / sith ebrith the sheep abyde

Nay qd the hors / your requeste is ebrong
al thyng considerd / me ther lothe to ere
the sheep is cause / ehath befill long
off noll styff / & off mortall ther
the circumstance / me listnat to deffere
thy bolle is cause / & gret occasion
why that the proud duke off Borgon

Came before Calays / ebith sloyny his navafull
which yaff the salkis / & the sarplecys off tow
to Gant & Bruggis / his fredam for to sheche
and off thy bolle / heath hem possedy
but his bostens bastyle / ffirst was bet dow
he ne the escapede ebithe his lyff
what but thy bolle / was cause of al thos stryff

Wher richesse is / off bolle & such good
men drawe thedir / that ben reklos
as sordiours / thatt branles ben & bode
to get baggage / put hym selfe in pres
causet ther / seyste thow lobest pes
and yff ther ber / no ther nor no bataylo
hall or nouth / gret hors shold a barle

No qd the Goos / nor my fethers whyte
withouten ther / shold don non abantage
nor hoked bekys / profitt but alyttl
to mete our enmyes / maugre ther visage
and from our annyes / to sanebe from damage
ffyght off my fethers / defyyth off sheep enychow
shal be defende / ageyn ane mortall fow

Bothe qd the hors / as in myn in bande syttl
without ther / before as I yon tolde
ben may nat sabe / nor kepe our rihe
nor garnysons / nor our castelis olde
but for the sheep / vnkyng in his folde
sett hal stoore / off stbed or arbis lowe
shan he is in pees / may pasture on the grene

Yff so stood / thatt no ther bove
be ever the crafte off thes armorers
what sholde a barle / poley stbed or spere
or thes daggers / made be cotolers
all thes instrumetis for the ther wrought
yff ben styte / shold fles off non he

Thee companion shold haue non encres
knyghthood not flowren shold in hys estat
prudy contre yff ther were pees
no man off armys shold be ffortynat
probe that pees is grond off all debat
for in ffybe spokyn lyke as in a wheel
turneth all the worlde who can considerell

Syn ffirst at pees which causeth most richesse
and richesse is the origynall off pride
pride causeth for lak off right wysnesse
wer be tweyn rebuyns look indenyed
harts contrary in pees can not a bide
thus ffynally who can considre & see
were is cheff grond & cause off poute

Doute be were brought to disencres
ffor lak off tresour than he can nomore
tariff only thus he crieth after pees
and complyneth on the werre sore
he seith hi were he hath goods lore
can no reair but grucchyng & disdeyn
seith he wolde fayne haue pees ageyn

Thus pride & richesse to conclude maclyff
betwyn they treuyte // off pees & poueres
off all debates & were be cheff cause
and such wollis // beyngeth in gret plenty
wher thy habonde as folk ey pert may see
than may I seyn yff wolde taken keep
were is brought in all only hi the sheep

Where is agenall reson off as hore
trowe he be fallyn in a dotage
which off madnesse hi wolle sett no fore
falsly affermeth it doth non avantage
berbrous plente may do no damage
sheep berith his wolle trold so than I gan
nat for hym selfe but for pfyt of man

Ynere comodytes that comen of the sheep
Cause no werre what men langle or mynse
as in her gilt yeynge takit keep
what that I seye her innocence to excuse
off coretise men may falsly mynse
here benefetis & estoutly hem atchyte
of such occasions other to nis not to wyte

What is the sheep // to blame in yonr sith
than she is shorn & off her fleynnd bar
thonh folk of males for hys wollis fyght
causeles to stryne folis vnnat syn
wher pees reigneth ther is all well fur
and sith the sheep loveth pees & innocence
yeuyth to hys parte diffenytyff sentence

The royal Egle the lyon aff assent
all thyng considerynge reherse wher to sorn
off all thes thre be good avisement
off hore of Goos off ram with hys gret horn
Sith in re publica myght nat be for born
hi short sentence tavoide all discorde
Cast a mene // to sett hem at accorde

This was the mene tawde fust & stryffes
and al old rancur with her herts glade
ose her vyffus & her prerogatyffes
to that ende which that they ther made
bar with presumpcion her bakkis be nat lade
bidenyde with hert wel & thought
to do her office as natur hath yeuen ouerwhe

The hors be kynde to liven trawale
Goos with her gosslyngis sherne in the lake
the sheep whos wolle doth so mych auale
in her pasture gres & mey make
her comparisonis bi on assent forsake
all they remembryng how goode natur
to a good ende made euyry creatur

That non to other shold doing wrong
the rauenous wolfe the cely lamb tappresse
and though on be more than another strong
to the feble do no fraud and duresse
all extorcion as grounded on falsnesse
wil is no lawe where it be wrong or rufe
truthe is put don the feble is put to stryffe

Orions off olde ben all compysons
and off compysons engendred as hatrede
all folk be nat off lyk condicions
nor lyke disposid off thought weel nor dede
but this fable which that ye wolle rede
Contreuyd was that who that hath pretest
off seruiuous yffis shold the frendis depart

Thing all seruice allone hath nat oo man
that on lakkith god hath yeuen a nothir
that thou canst nat parcas a nothir can
do entrecomon as brothir doth with brothir
and yff chance ponde weel the rothir
and ow clause to speke wordis pleyn
that no man shold off othir hane disdeyn

The auctour makith
a lenbore grow all the
mater be ffore seyde

Off this fable concyueth the sentence
at good kayser doth the mater see
which imporith gret intelligence
yff ye list take the mordalyte
profitable to euery conditte
which in chidrith in many sordin wise
no man shold off nor lawe degrelyth
ffor no prerogatyff his neyghbour dispyse

Sum man is strong hardy as alyon
to bynde berris or bors to oppresse
wher as a nothir hath gret disposicion
Sum man shold hoolly lameth in fortuesse
a nothir bosy to gadre gret mochesse
but with all this tabo hed off this empryse
no man presume so high his horns dresse
ffor no prerogatyff his neyghbour to dispyse

Trappures off golde / ordynd ever for steede
Sheep in ther pasture / fresed with mekenesse
yet off ther wollis / ben wowen riche wedis
off sliooth wool / mad pillis for softnesse
ffethirbeddis / to sleep wham meen dresse
towarde Aurora / agenst til they aryse
Rolle by this problem / thynke what it doth expresse
ffor no prerogatyff / thy neighbour nat dispise

Thow in wand meny / to fore as it is tolde
the hore is tokin off mercial noblesse
with his belle / & bosis bed off golde
ffiat off tyrantis / the pozal doth expresse
the wolfe in foldis / to sheep doth gret duresse
trublyng in foldis / fordwd dar nat a ryse
ye that han power / be war in your highnesse
ffor no prerogatyff / your sogettis to dispise

A pronostik / clarkis bere witnesse
be war off phebus / that erly cast his light
off reyne or storm / off myst or off dirknesse
Shal after folde / long or it be nyght
Signe off gret wenter / wham wilde gees take her flyght
lyke as natur / her stondis can devyse
late lyth nor lowe / presume off his myght
ffor no prerogatyff / his neighbour to dispise

Off many strange / wikonth hymylitude
poetis off olde / fables han continued
off sheep off hors off wes off beestis wilde
by which ther wittis wer secretly appreved
Cupid wibert / tirantis eek reprehend
ther appressions / & malex to chastyse
bi examplis / off reson to be inwed
ffor no prerogatyff / pore folke to dispyse

ffortunes court / dyversly is dresside
bi likenesse off many an other talo
man beest & foul / & fiissyis be expresside
in ther nature / bi femel or by malo
off grettest fiissyis / devowrd ben the smalo
which in natur / is a fiil strang gnyse
to seen a cokkok / mordre a nightyngale
an innocent bird / off hatred do dispise

Rich the processe / who that be wroth or wood
thynges contrary / be found in eny hynde
a wolf of berthe / hatith gentyl blood
it wer a monstre / a geyn natur as hynde
that a gret mastyff / shold a lyon bynde
a grim chynbyng / wham beggers up arise
to high estat / make this in your mynde
bi false prerogatyffis / ther neyhbours to dispise

ffalse supplantyng / chynbyng up off folye
into they / off wordly dignyte
lik off desceccion / set gobbardis up on stolis
which hath distroied / many a comonte
a marcolff to sett / in Salomon is see
what folliith after / no resoun nor justyce
bu iniste promocion / and gracialte
by false prerogatyffis / ther neyhbours to dispise

Tween rich & pore / what is the difference
wham deth approchith / in any oweatur
lauff a gay tombe / ffresh off apparence
the riche is shett / with colowre of pictur
to hyde his caren / stuffid with foule ordur
the poore hyde lowe / affter the comond gnyse
to techen all prowde / off reson & nature
ffor no prerogatyff / ther neyhbour to dispise

Ther was a king whilom as I rede
as remembrid wel full yore a gon
which cast a wey crowne & empire wede
be cause that he knewe nat how he how
off pore nor riche hym sempte thei wer bothe one
refusid his crowne gan to aduertise
princes buried in gold nor precious stone
thold off no pompe ther sogetis nat disprise

This thing was done in alisandre tyme
both auctentyk and historiall
bood nat til nyght lefft his estat at prime
his purple mantyl his garnement royall
the exemplaire in especiall
to imperiall power what power is to auise
who clembith highest most dredful is his fall
ech man be war his neighbour to disprise

Hih & lowe wer mad of on matter
offerth wocaud & to erth wo shal a yen
thes emprour erth yf ademys ter
erth her victoryes & triumphes mercyn
in charis of gold lato hem thiw no disdeyn
thenk thei ech day of nowe how sodenly
forzeme is false her sonne is mayst chas
both war ye prynces yam sogetis to disprise

Hed & feet be nesessary both
feet bryn up all & hedes shal wide
hors shep & goos wh shold they be wroth
for ther comodites tabardyn gyn gyde
natur her gyftis doth diuisely deide
whos power lesith from cartage in assise
he lasteth wel that wisly can a byde
for any prerogatiff his neighbour to disprise

To beest & foule natur hath sett a lawe
ordynid feedis in iustise the kyne
in carte & plouh oxen for to drawe
shep in ther pastur to gresse day & nyght
goos to stymie a mong to take therflyght
all god & bride take al ther franchise
venyng example that no maner wiff
for no prerogatiff his neyhbour shal disprise

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Et disputatio inter Equū Aucā & Ovem.

Sequitur Compilatio quedā de regibus Anglie

Incipit ~~compilacio~~ quedam compilacio de regibus Anglie

Willm conqueror

This mytthy William duk off Normandye
As bokis olde make mencion
Zy mist title & bi his chyvalrye
had kyng be conquiste off Lorrtis Allfrid
put off Harald toke possession
bar his crowne ful xxvi & twenty yeer
Buried at Caen thus seyth the cronycle

William Rufus

Neyte mordre bi succession
William Rufus his sone crowned kyng
which to godward had no devocion
distroyed cherchis off nell & olde beldyng
to make a forest grieusame for hunting
xiij yer bar his crowne in deede
buryed at Wenchester the cronycle ye mayn

Henry the ffirste

His brothir neyte called the ffirst Henry
was at London crowned and fynd
whos brothir robert duk of normandye
gan him werreye the cronycle makith mende
he conquiled all rancoursect be hynde
ffiul xxxj yeer bi recorde off chrytyng
he regnede buryede at redyng

Stephin

His Cosyn Stephin whan first Henry wasde
to warde yngloud gan to crosse his sayle
the archebisshop set upon his hedde
a rych crowne beyng off his conseylle
xiij yer with sorwe & gret trauaille
he bar his crowne had nev rest
At ffeuersham lith buried in a chest

Henry the ij

Henry the second son off Emprisse
was crowned next a ful manly knyght
as bookis olde plenyly doth expresse
this lord hath be frobard forest myght
Slouth sent thoe for holy chirch enyt
yeers xxxvi. regned as it is mad mynde
at ffont Everard lith buried as hyrnde

Richard ffirst

Richard the sone neyte bi succession
ffirst off that name strong hardy & notable
was crowned kyng called Cuer de lyon
with Cursus heedis fynd at as table
slayn at Talise bi deth lamentable
the space regned fully xj yeer
his hart buried at Rouc atte his duchyeer

Kyng John

Next kyng Richard regned his brothir John
after soone entrid in to ffrance
lost alle Angoye & normandye anon
this lord enterdyted bi his gouernance
and as it is put in remembrance
xiij yeer kyng off this region
lyth at Wenchester ded off poysoun

Henry the iij

Henry the iij his son xx. yeerage
was at Gloucestre crowned as redy
long terre he hadde with his baronage
Greth debtid in illnesse dede
xlvj yer he regned her indede
buryede at Westmenster bi record off chrytyng
day of sent Edmond martyr mayde & kyng

Edward the first

Edward the first with his shaftis long
was after crowned that was good abyst
wan Scotteland maugre of Scotis kyng
and all wales desyre of ther myght
dwyng his lyff in peyntenance yeth & rule
xxx. yeer he was heer ing
lyth at Westmynster this trouth & no lesing

Edward Carnarvan

Edward the sone called Carnerban
succeding after to make his alyance
as the cronycle seekeres can
wedd the doubter of the kyng of France
on Thos lancastre he dyth he tok vengyance
xix. yeer held her the regalye
buried at Gloucestre iolie specie

Edward the iij

The iij de Edward born at Windsore
which in knythhood had sogyrat a peyce
Guherenour off ffrance whithin xxxx
bar in his armys quarter iij flour delys
and he gat Calays bi his prudent desire
regned in yngloud l. yeer
lyth at Westmynster this seyth the cronycle

Richard the second

Sone of ynes Edward Richard the second
in whos tymis was peces & gret plente
wedd procedaunt off zelynus as trewe
Isabell after off france whos lift see
xvij. yer he regned her parde
at langley buried he stood the cas
affter wand to wenchester his bodi cuvad

Henry the iiij

Henry the iiij newte crowned certeyn
Harmone knyht & off gret honeynesse
from his exil whan he caw his time a peyn
trauayled after with werre & gret sykynesse
xiij yeer he regned in sothnesse
lyth at Canterbury in that hooly place
god off his mercy do his soule grace

Henry the v

Henry the v off knythhood lodister
dyet right manly pleynely to termyns
right fortunat prebyd in peces & werr
pretty expert in marcyall disciplyns
able to stand amongt the doothynne
regned xxj yer whos lyft to hym was bend
lyth at Westmynster nat for fer sent edmund

The vi Henry

The vi Henry brought forth in all werr
bi iust title bord bi inheritance
after provided bi force of conseyt
to ther too crowns in yngloud & in fraunce
to whom god hath youen sowen sufficiaunce
off vertuous lyff & ofte hym for his knyht
long to verrayly & regne her in his right

Et compilatio de Regibus Anglie.

Incipit quedam disputacio inter
conquerulatorem & fortuna

This wrecched world transmutacion
of wheel & woo nolt procedeth honour
withouten ordre ar cause disseuerance
ponned as bi fortunes ewone
but neuertheles the lak of her fauour
nat may me doing thouh that I deye
ay toute qdu. mord temps & mont labour
for finally fortune I defye

Yit is me left the stith off my reson
to knowe freend from foo in my mesure
So mych hath yit thi trayne be wrought
I taught me to knowe in an hour
but trewly no force off thi wrathfull
to thyne that ouer hym stiff hath maystrye
my sufficiance shal be my secour
for finally fortune I defye

O Socrates thou stedfast champion
the nyght neuer be thi tormentour
thou nen dradest her oppression
nor nyther cheer fold thou no labour
thou knewest well the deceyt of her colour
and that her most worthyest is to lye
I knowe her ek a false dissimulour
for finally fortune I defye

La responce de fortune
encontre le plaintyff

No man is wrecchid but hym self it deme
and he that hat hym self hath sufficiance
thi sest thou than I am to the sotene
that hast thi self cut off my pourvance
Say thou grauncey off thi habondance
that thou hast lett or thus thou shalt nat seyne
what cost thou yit how it wel the avance
and ek thou hast thy best freend on lyve

I have the taught division be tween
freend off effect & freend off countenance
the wrath nat the galle off the heme
that cruelly eyn dirk from pernance
wost sest thou deer that ber in ignorance
yit hold thyn ankir & yit thou mast aryve
ther boute berith the keye off my sufficiance
and ek thou hast thi best freend on lyve

How many have I refusid to sustenyne
with I the fostred hane in the plesance
wolt thou than make a statute on the preeu
that shal ben aye at thyn ordynance
thou bern art in my kenne off vaunce
a boute the wheel with other must thou deyne
my loze is better than thi wikkid gouernance
and ek thou hast thi best freend a lyve

La responce de plaintyff
en contre fortune

Thy loze & dampne / it is a dusite
my freend mayst thou nat rebe / blind godesse
ad that & frendie / knoll & thanke the
tale heim agenn late hem go lyn on gresse
the nogardes / keppyng her vnkesse
gronstyk is / her tour thou dell assayle
worldes awtid / courth ay before sikiness
in generall / this rule may nat fayle

La response de fortune
au plentyff

Thou gruchist / aye at my mutabilite
for q the lett / a drop off my richesse
and hold me lyketh / to chitth drab me
why shold thou / my donate oppresse
the bee may ebbe / & flobbe maze & lesse
the chalkin hath myght / to shyne reynet hayle
right so mot I / lythe my bratchilnesse
in generall this rule may nat fayle

La response de plentyff
en cette fortune

O excecacon / off thy magestie
that all gronyth / off his vnrichesse
that same thyng / fortune clepe ye
blind beetis / full of vndiesse
the heuen hath propte of sekirnesse
this world hath on / restles trabalis
thy last day / is ende of my untresse
in general this rule may nat fayle

La bon Conceil
de l'auctour

ffle from the pres / & dwelle with sotfastnesse
suffice to the good / though it be smalle
for hoord hath hate / & chynbyng tikilnesse
pres hath envye / & dwelle as bleut and falle
labour no more / than the bee hone shall
rebble the sikff / that other folk canst red
and trouth the shall delyn it is no dred

Peyne the nat / ech crold to redresse
in trust off her that turneth as a ball
Trot vest faint / in litil besynesse
be wise also to spynne agenn a wall
Stryde nat / as doth a crokke agenn a ball
Daunt thy silff / that dantist other wis dede
and trouth the shall delyn it is no drede

That the is sent / receyve in bopinesse
the brasthyng off this world / aye is a falle
her is no hond / her is but wildernesse
forth pilgrym / forth beest out of thy stalle
look up on high / & thank god of all
Serve thy lust / & late thy goost the lede
and trouth the shall delyn it is no drede

Et optimo tractatu
de fortuna.

Incipit facetia ~~[illegible]~~ vocata,
Stans quere ad me sam.

MY dere child first the enable
with al thyn hart to vertuous disciplyne
Affore soueryn standyng at table
dispose thy youth after my doctryne
to al noztur thy corage to enclyne.
First whill thou speiest be not reckless.
keepe feet & fingers handis stil in peis

The symple of cheer cast nat thi look on side,
Gape nat a louth turnyng chaff
ageyn the wyst late nat thi hat abide
make nat thy nerveus also of the chaff
pik nat thi nose & in especiall
be wise wel war & set hor on thy thouht
to force thi soueryn crach ne vnbe vnwisse

Who speiketh to the many maner place
lubrisshly cast nat thi hed adon
but with sadde cheer look him in the face.
dalke demurly bi stretis in the town
and addrytse off consaun & reson
with disseiuite lauhtowns thou do no offence
to force thi soueryn whil he is in presence

Dare clene thi nayles thi handis wassh all
to force mete & whi thou dost avers
Sitt in that place thou art assigned to
gres nat to high in no man wise
and til thou see afforn the thi force
be nat to hasty on bred for to byte
off gredynesse lest nor the bold attchyte

Gremyng & mokyng at table eschewe
Cry nat to loud keep mestly silence
tenbore thi gobis with bred ne nat dewe
with fil mouth speke nat lest thou do offence
drink nat bridell for hast nor neligence
keep clene thi hynns for fat off fleisshy & fisshy
drypeseyn thi spone leue it nat in thi dysshy

Off bred & beer no soppis that thou make
lodde for to soupe it is a geyn gentilnesse
with mouth enbrebid thi coppe that thou nat take
fulle nor drynk with hand lebe no fattnesse
fobble nat thi napey for no reklessnesse
nebu at mete be ware gryme no steyff
thi teth also ne pyke nat with thi knyff

Off honest merth late be thi dalyance
Drynkyng other speke nor bandye
the best morsell hane thou in vencobrance
hold to thy silff albey do nat applye
parte with thi felawe for this is cortesye
lede nat thi trenchour with many vennysshes
and fro blaknesse alway keep thi nayles

Off cortesey also ageyn the lille
with son dishoneste for to dow offence
off olde surfetis abrayd nat thi felawe
to hand thi soueryn hane albey thyn ad
pley with ne knyff take heed to my sere
at mete & soper keep the stylle & soffre
coke two & fro mobe nat thi foot to hoffte

Drep nat the breest whyle nor whyle prayse
beyng no kynbus / on stord to the table
ffil nat thi spon / lest in the carage
it wert be slide which wer nat conuenable
beynyk & redy / meek & seruisable
wett abayting / to fulfille anon
what thi soueryn / comandeth the to don

And wher so be / that thou dyne & or soppe
off gentillesse / take salt with thi knyffe
and be wet war / thou blowe nat in thi cuppe
Fauence thi plates / beyne wt hem no stryff
to thi pore / kep pees all thi lyff
gruche nat / wher so that thou wend
no manys tale / til he hane mad an end

With thi fryndi / mak nat thi tale
be wet a sed / namely in tendir age
to deynt be mesin / both dyne & ale
bi ntt coynne also of lanquage
as tyme requyreth / shew out thi sage
to glad nor to sor / but kep the mid wtheyne
for lesse or more / or any cas sodeyn

Ze mete in mesour / nat hasty but treatable
on moch / is nat worth / in testyng
to childe longith nat / to be bengable
Bone mend / & sue for yenyng
and as is remembrd / lerd of wytyng
wrath off childryn / is sue old gond
with an appul / qwrtas wend at don

In childe werre / noth merth & noth debate
ynchser pacel / is no gret violence
noth pley / noth wepyng / seld mad a fat
to ther playyng / yene no gret reuerence
I redde rest / meth all ther insolence
In ther corage / no vaycour doth a bide
who spareth the yard / al wrte set a side

Go lytil bille / baren of eloquence
pray yong children / that ye shal seen or rede
thoush that thou be / comyndious of sentence
off thi clauses / for to take heede
which to all wrte / shall ther youth leede
off the wrytyng / thouh ther be no dete
yet outh be a nysse / in word syllable or dede
put all desaute / upon yoth indgate

Et Facetia vocata stans puer ad mensam.

Incipit dictarium or a booke of good counsel.

Who wil be hool & keep hym fro sykness
And resist the stroke of pestilence
late hym be glad & gad al heynesse
flee wicked ayres & eschew the presence
off infecte places causyng the violence
drink good wyn & holsom meter take
Vinelle & wote thyng & for hie defence
walke in clene heye & eschew mystes blake
With bed stonak & ouer and the nett dresse
Vrsyng ely which fire haue assistence
delyte in gardeyne for they yet sibetnesse
to be wel clad do thy diligence
keep wel thy self from quentynence
in stewis bathis & no stroke that thou make
bryng of hymours thys doth yet offence
walk in clene & eschew mystes blake

Ete not yet flesh for no gredynesse
and fro fruits hold thy abstinence
wolatis & chekens & for ther tendernesse
Ete hend with sauce & fra wenat fro dispense
Vernous vynegre and chynstuence
off holsom spices & day wyn take
the mozzle sleep called golden sentence
Greatly helpyth a geyn the mystis blake

for helth off body cow from cold dryncke
Ete no raw meta & tak good hed herto
drink holsom dryn & fode the ordyth bred
with an appetyde & rys from the meta also
which conuey and & fleshly hanouat to
upon the sleep drink not of the copyo
slide to bard bedde at mozzo both too
and esp nen late for to suppo

rosen fro cold thynkeed

rebyn bred the past & temped clene
and well decoct and off good chote
daye half old & in tast it shall be sene
and eschewe excesse off labour
walk in gardeynes sore of thes labour
Temperatly & take also good keep
Wozze bysy gozze is cause off yet langour
and in especiall flee meredian sleep

In thi drynke yet clene sadge & rewe
both be gode & holsom off natur
and ysopis & fenell the rose flowrs dewe
and ypocras & recedyth in stregtur
Good drynk is holsom for eny creatur
taken mesow with thyse addicions
Strong fresh & cold stirage & bedin
most conuenyng among al nacions

Thorth ffor holth & so thys policye
void lackeye al surfet & excesse
abstynence ageyn glotonye
keep sopeds & fro and drunkenesse
Gaynyng pryng & nodyng heynesse
enbassatours affrey sen for the beste
nase robbyng stumbyr & ydelnesse
but a gode nien be tynne go to bedde

A replet stomak caughth yet damage
Gronyng gruchyng & walkyng at mydnyght
both in folkys olde & yong of age
which soper at nyne maketh men lyght
therbeit thre leches causyn a mayre nyght
first a glad hart that carith tiel or nought
temperat dyet holsom for eny wyte
and beest of all for nothyng take yet thought

Care alway is a good medicine
Drink a stone, except the gladness
Distilled water from a vine
Off Zachus garden, cordial to redresse
Wind potable in hot or cold sickness
Hard to be bought for folk in poverte
Water gruel, wacher of prentisse
Abanish the beginning off ther infirmyte

Greedy soper, 2 drynkyng late at eyn
Causith off fleume, grete superfluyte
Colere adust doth the stomak greve,
Melancolye a fowl and gest yde
Off mykil or heal comith al infirmyte
Attheyn thestoo for lak of gouernance
Drybe wit a mene excesse or starvate
Seet the bottomle upon temperance

Mene as thou for any foolhard delyt
Wyff thy sayle a lust of false excesse
That bold a gyve the natural appetyt
Thy digestion with forfete to oppresse
Off hot nor cold be clere that vondrcesse
Nor subouth age. Cicharly the assule
Moderat dyet a gyve al sikness
So best physicien to mesure thyn entrail

conclusyon

All this processe concludith upon tyme
Temperat diet kyndely digestion
The golden sleep braydyng upon gouernance
Natural appetyt abydyng hie fashion
Foods accordyng to thy complexion
Stondyng in iiij fleume or melancolye
Dangeron colerz. So coudid be reson
Voydyng all trouble off foolhard malady

And yiff so be to this do the sayle
Thou take good heed to bse thyngis thine
Temperat diet temperat travaille
Nat malancholyus for non adusite
Mettin al trouble gladan poure
Fight with litil content with sufficiaunce
Nen gruchyng mery like thi degre
Yiff phisik lakke make this thi gouernaunce

To ony tale soone yeff nat credence
Be nat to hasty nor sodenly credible
To goze foolke do no violence
Lutes off langage off fedyng mesurable
In sundry metis nat hedye at table
In fedyng gentil prudent in daliaunce
Thoo of tonge off good nat disseyable
To seyth the best seet alway thy pleasaunt

hate Shame in hart mouthis that ben double
Suffre at thy table no detraccion
Hane disdeyn at folk that doth trouble
Off false rebuke & adulacions
Within thy court suffre no division
Which in thyn houshold shal cause grete vengeance
Off al elesfan prosperite 2 foysoun
With thy neighbour leff in rest & pees

Be clenly clad after thyn estat
Passe nat thy bondis keep thy purse blyst
With thyre folk be nat at debate
Trust with thy better be harder to fin be
Fen the felaw no quarel do entrybe
With thy soget to fyn it ber shame
Other for counsel punisse al thy lyke
To lyve in pees & get the a good name

Ffyre at mezzenet & lollande bed at eyne
Aggeyn mystre blake eyen of pestylence
be tyrned at masse thou shalt the better chance
Rise at thi vessyng to god do reverence
Visite the poor with entir diligence
on all nedy have pite & compassion
and god shal send grace and influence
to mi redre the tenures off thi possession

" Suffre no surfetis in thyn hous at nyght
" bare off beer supers & off gret excesse
" off nodyng hedis & of candellight
" off slowthyng on mozne & slombzyng ydilnesse
" which of all vices is chief pestilence
portedes " void all drunkelew, lyers, & lechoure.
" (off all butterfli, quite the chief maistresse
that is to seyn) dees pleyers, & hasardoure

Ffyre mete be war nat no sleep
hed, fot, & stomak, pres be hom aye to colde
" be nat to pensyff off thoughi take no keep
" after thyne rente mentayn thyn hanshalde
" Suffer in tyme / in thi syght be boolde
" Observon dthis, no man to beryle
" yn youth be hasty, be sad than after
" no bozdly joye lost hore but a while

Dyne nat at mezze affozne thyn appetyde
" Clear heyr in walkyng makith good digestion
" Theyn mell, drynke nat for no thirst
but thirst or trabull yeff the occasion
" on suche metis do gret oppression
to feble stomakis which mich cannot resseyve
ffor thyngis contrary to ther complexion
off grey haudis the stomak hath gret peyne

Nat " Thus in too thyngis stondith all the healthy
off sotle & bodye / whos lust hem sebe
moderat fode venith to man sich hetth
and al superfetis dethi from hym remove
and charite to the sotle is debe
this receyt bought is off mon apotecary
off mmister Antonye nor off maistir hybe
to all in doferon / richest dictarye

Ex dictarii

incipit descripcio Gurfichys

Of a Drunkard

A ffrowand knave plesyneli to serve
And a slowgyand slowth to deserve
A precious knabe that cast hym nev to thryve
his mouth wet ebet / his flesh erlyt thyn bare
a trunne beech a boyfor hoge at bare
with lowy face / nodyng & slombzyng
off nebe cistenyd and called yak have
which off a bolle can pluke out the lynyng

The boye ll / fful fulborne of his boyye
Dingy at mezze his lonnes ey to dresse
a gentil harlot chese out for the nonye
Fone & cheff heyr / to dam ydelnesse
Cosyn to theber / brothir to recklessenesse
which lure at eyn / & mezze at his eyyng
he hath no joye to do no besynesse
Sauff of a taverne / to pluke out the lynyng

Lady thy cherche slab hre siborne brothir
Lady dissh a hytt out to take
fantastirall off thy dissh also has another
off thy bryde the caviage for to make
and hic can chet chayte on and chid cast
and off nette ale ben at the lynyng
and off purpos his thrifft for to slake
can off a pitcher pluk out the lynyng

This fiance by layir thil dow al his messagt
and hold a tale with thy man straight
sthrat drinke sholl bern sth off enfagt
sho tong ayle fayleth thin it draw with e nyght
to bakyd ledder his face is shrynyng
Glasy eyed thol dryne off deed right
out off a bolle to pluk out the lynyng

ran He en a bedd an hors comb wol shake
lyk as he wolde rorne his mes hors horst
and with his old hand his mastis doublet take
with and the tothe gratly cut his gurs
all such knaves shall have godis curs
Lady on mozen cut the bryd lynyng
thyr ben to find a boy brow the bered
moors out off a cuppe to pluke out the lynyng

He may be sold by on bazarty se
as for a trobard that nothing wol don
kelle his hors pluck his chek mazhandyst
and for a chorlande can pluk off the shos
and al the dyll pleyen the mouyn nou
and with his shinnyng the makith his offryng
at ale stakis sittyng a gyn the mone
out off a cuppe to pluk out the lynyng

Nolle cassayl M. and to the gosy gate
buthrysst 2 thow ben to gow mett
late at ebe thow bost bushere the gate
2 grope on mozbe yiff vegis bak be bett
and yiff the bak off togace be ought hett
his chey nolle at mydnedis by hrffyng
with bullasis handis nat land his doubett
out off a bolle can pluk out the lynyng

Off all thy bande thou art made officer
that no man passe with out licence off the
Lady on mozbe er than the day be clear
than cast thy cheyre redy bolt than be
they be nat off gren nor off tree
thyn are cheeff lynyth on mozbe at thy rysyng
Wel the bett thow mayst thy cheyre lat slyee
for off a bolle thow canst wel pluk out the lynyng

And than thou hast wel serryssyd thy gate
to take assay in hast thow bolt the dresse
but wore sche that nyght shal be thy mate
thyn orgons so hight be gyme to syng thy messe
with treble mene 2 tenor dystordyng alg grosse
that all the hoggis that bed a bouth lyggyng
to syng with the they gyne thew the dresse
which off a pott so wel cast pluk tha lynyng

Yett cassulle onys 2 thyme be th therffe
with all the orgonys 2 thy melodye
ffulfyl a cuppe of good ale canst than lysse
and drynk it off 2 lake the cuppe dryye
hold thi cheyre had cheyrd by the eldye
be tween the cuppe when thou art hrffyng
and thy mouth for thou art in redye
out off a cuppe to pluk out the lynyng

Ex

Ora nunsma dni gosie
Gette ad dnm glorie

Light mysty ynce / & yt beyond whelle
Condescend / leyser for to take
to seen the content / off this litel bille
which whan I wrot / myn hand / felt quake
tokne off morning / wherd clothis blake
Cause my pure / was falle in gret verage
hynyng outward / his gottis wer out shake
only for lak off plate & off cuirage

I sought leches ffor / a vestoratyff
in whom I fonde / no consolacion
appothecaries / ffor a confortatyff
drage nor dya / was non in Winyton
Bottom off his stomak was turned up sydon
a layratyff ded hym so gret outrage
mad hym slendir by a consumacion
only for lak off plate & off cuirage

Shep was ther non / nor seyles red off hedde
the wende ffroward / to heir ther to lande
the fflode was passid / & sodenly of nedde
a lowe grounde ebbe / was fast be the lande stronde
no mariner durst take on hande
to cast an ancre / for streitenesse off passage
the aston scars / as folk may ridir stonde
only ffor lak off plate & off cuirage

Ther was no tolnic sert / don ffrom the town
as any gessomes / the contrepeye was light
in affreting & tyl / caused his langour
bi a studiar / which hold hym day & nyght
Sol & luna ber in clipsid off ther light
thed was no avoc / nor no prent off no ffaye
his hynyng dirk / ther ber no plates bright
only for lak & scarsete of cuirage

Hard to lette hony / out off a marble stone
ffor ther is noythyr / licour nor mortone
an ernest prote / whan it drenkis & gud
bargeyn off marchantis / stant in adventur
my pures & q / be called to the lur
off indigence our stuff leyd in morgage
but ye my lord / may set / our seresem
with arrecyes off plate & off cuirage

Nat sugre plate / mad be thappotecarye
plate off bryght metall / yeneth a mervaylyd
in bollare & Wury is nod such lotuary
Gold is a cordiall / gladdest confection
a gryn stynes / off old consumption
amin potable / for folk ffer come mage
in quit essence / best restauracion
with fiid plate in prentid with cuirage

Bykland
bound

The autour makith a
hymsyf crewsing hym
self off his wrytyng

O seely bille / why art thow nat a shamyd
so malapertly / to shewe out thy constyent
But poiert hath / sowe thi tunne attuymyd
That Vichil he / is cause of thy complyent
A dreye tipil / makith old men ful fayint
Rodyd wrye to venche ther corage
Le a ffresyll dragge off no ffrias meynt
But off a bright plate enprentid with cuirage

Thou maist afferme as for thyn cause
thi barcyn sorle is sool and solitazye
off cros no cyple ther is no reclise
greeen nor impression in al thin hermytage
to conclude breffly & not tarye
ther is noon norse hande in thy hermytage
god send soone a gladder letuarye
with a cleer sowl off plate & off corynage

Et

Et letterd dios do thow

Et

Et

The olde worlde whan saturn was first kyng
regnyng in Creete in his ~~tat~~ royal estatt
Noye Abrahm by vertuous lebyng
Cauhid erthly folk to be most fortunat
the world tho dayes was called auryat
ffor ~~sobrynesse~~ sobrynesse and attempance
had in that world hooly the governance

Ther was that tyme no wrong nor violence
Enbie exiled ffrom enery creature
dyssolucion and drunkeed in silence
Ribaudye and att such foul ordur
ffroward surfetis contrary to natur
banyshid were bi cause off attempance
had in that world hooly the governance

Youth was bridled vndur disciplyne
vertuous study ffloured in meddil age
dreed held the yerde off nortur & doctryne
riot restreyned ffrom furquedous outrage
hatful detraccion repressid his language
youth was chaste bi cause of attempance
had in that worlde hooly the governance

ffortitudo stoode thoo in his myght
defendyng widowis & cherysshid chastite
knyghtHood in worbesse gaff out so cleer light
that with his sworde of trouthe & equite
keeld up the cherch in spiritualt dignyte
punysshid heretikes bi cause of attempance
had in the world hooly the governance

Rightwisnesse chastysed all robbours
by egal ballance / off oppynion
ffrand false medes / put bak and fro gyrouns
trebe gromys holde / mad no delaton
for sekynge shamed / durst entre in no ton
Nor lefyng mongers / bi cause of attempance
had in that world holly the gouernance

That golden world / londe lobe god & drede
all the seben dedis off merci for to bse
the rich was redy to dow alms dedis
who afyd harborde / mended hym monyt wyf
no maid off males / wold other the accuse
diffame his neighbour / bi cause of attempance
had in that world holly the gouernance

The trebe marchant / bi mesour bought & sold
deceit was now in the artificer
makyng no balkis / the plowh was trewly hold
abak stod ydelnesse / sour from the labourer
discession marchall at dyn & soper
Content with mesour bi cause of attempance
had in that world holly the gouernance

Off cast in clothyng / was that tyme non gyf
men myght the lord from the sogyt knowe
a difference mad / twen gouert & richesse
twen aquer & other stats lowe
off horned bestis / no cost was than bloude
nor contrefet feynyng / by cause of attempance
had in that world holly the gouernance

The golden world / long while ded endure
was non allay in that metal seue
tel Saturn seid / bi record of scripture
Jupiter signed / put out his fadir oleue
changid obrision / in to silver sheue
all by so dow bi cause of attempance
was sett a syde / & lost hir gouernance

Off ~~metis~~ a yartis mynoral / the metal is so strong
Insteble & nat mallyable
bi sturdynesse / to do the peple wrong
with rigerous sebed / furious & bengable
the merciful golde / of phebe nat phycable
to hane compassion / bi attempance
was sett a syde / & lost her gouernance

Lead of philosophers / is called gold leprous
Syn of Jupiter / crassyng & dul of sen
false and fugitiff / is a yarcurous
the mone is mutable / of her condicion
the golden world / is turned by sodon
Jrech estat fith attempance
was sett a syde / & lost her gouernance

In Cybis / opposicion
tak off this / metal the moralite
the golden world / was gouned bi resoun
the world of gren / was furious cruelte
the mone is mutable / ful of displicate
lik to this world by cause of attempance
is sett a syde & hath no gouernance

Thomas Hudson

Demis off lovys // Empesso & queene
off Bracne lustis // lady & mestres
his metall copu // that well turnyth grene
a chauchable colour // contra // to slowesse
a notable fygur // off bodly brechilnesse
hyt gery being // bi cause of attempance
bas sett a syde // and lost her gouernance

Off gloteny // & riotous excesse
bach & rebbe // & drynkyng al the nyght
kemen bulouth // febles & many gret excesse
membris potagre // makith men thi go nat upright
gouttes uromales // horrible to the syght
many in fyrmytes // bi cause of attempance
bas nat off counsel // to bard the gouernance

Out off ther court // bamyshid bas prudence
fortitudo held non entresse
beyng bracne lobyng // to make resistence
cured bolies hed // bas bertuous sobryness
trouth durst nat medle abak sod right bashfulness
put out off houshold // bas attempance
bith this people kouth hauen no gouernance

Jon off the prophete // callid zacharye
the patriarch // the holy man seynt john
victorious champion off gredy gloteny
labid in desert // dentes had hed heron
eet Wel dilnesser lay on the colde stone
to cuse gadered // his cook bas temperance
and off his houshold had al the gouernance

Off Camel hair // bas bere his clothyng
record the gospel // that com the trouth tele
hony socks // bas his moderat fedyng
mong bold bestis // than he ded dwelle
to stanch his thrust // drank water of the well
this blessid Zaprist // root of attempance
sett for cheff mirrour off all god gouernance

Off his diet // Catour bas scauset
his costful fode // bas bertuous abstynence
riotis off desert // his dely gett plente
he riche pymetis his procras off dispence
being nat in costrectis // nor botellis in the spence
nat excessyff // bi cause attempance
had off his houshold holy the gouernance

Thus Zaprist john // bi his moderat fode
the cheff trumphe // off abstynence hath be gonne
this patriarch // reckeyd on the good
content with litel // al suffisance hath bonne
as diogenes // in his litel tonne
held hym apayed // bi cause attempance
had of his houshold // att the gouernance

His tonne to hym // bas secret & houshold
& vyff houshold bost // of his celer
therber no appis // off silicrnes off gold
his costfull vintage // came from the ryuer
well tylled mesour // bas for his mouth botelier
and his attastour // bas attempance
which off his houshold had al the gouernance

His conquest was // mor sovereyn off degre
than Alisandre // for all his hih renon
for he conquered // his sensualite
made hym forget // & servant to reson
dauid off prudence // ech forcyn passion
his clark off kichyn // called attempance
which off his dicte // had all the gouernance

Off superfluyte // off slouth & off slepe
this diogenes // stood emyrammong in dreede
off worldly savour // he tok no maner kep
strauth was his liter // a simple kusset wede
turned his tomes // a gein the wyrd in dede
tween hot & colde // that attempance
in sonne & weirtie // had hooly the gouernance

Noble princes // off prudence takith heed
this litil chapitle // breefly to comprehende
the golden world // is turned in to lead
prayeth to god // his grace don to sende
off his hih mercy // that it may sence amende
and that this princesse // called attempance
may off your householdis han the gouernance

Breefly for lobe // and percel cel for dreede
in your estat // whan ye be most shyneende
for your encres // & your most gracous speed
to his precepts // doth diligently attende
off old empowre // redith the legende
whil they were reelid // bi attempance
in long & sperte // stood ther gouernance

Off worldly

Off worldly kyngdomys // rome is callid heed
whos royall boundys // forthest out extende
in mercyall actus // bothe in lengthe & breede
kem publiam // bi prbesse to defende
No forcyn enmy // hardy to offende
ther hih noblesse // whil attempance
with her thre sustren // hadden the gouernance

Et

Incipit prologus
Signa seculi degenerantis. p. 213.

Who so list know the tokyns observe
how that this wrechid world shall dissyne
Iy bire that is to sertin all contrarye
he know shal the first cribled lyne
grace & reson shall from folk declyne
for aged folk shal lakke distressyne
& peple shall be without debonaire

Riche folk shal lakke chaunte
and to the poraylt sayle shal mekenesse
matrymonye shal lad fidelite
the clarkis shal lebe with out holynesse
and women out shame & stedfastnesse
prelate out conyng & sirence
religious folk out off abedience

The wise man said on to his sonnes
thynk on thes proverbis that after comys
Who that in youth no verten useth
honour in age ~~shall~~ hym refusyth
pride goth before & after coluyth shame
well is hym at eso that hath a good name
seldom sehe ye sone forgetyn
at unset stedyd men nuty metyn
late thy neighbour thy frenship sele
what eis thou seyst a wyse the well
that is nolt shal turne to was
mightake grace al thyng shal passe
enyr at the ende wrong woil wende
& thou hane need assay thy frende
spend no manys good in vertu
borrowed thyng wott hom agene
the world turneth as doth a balle
chambe nat to high lest thou falle
A fayre vertu is good suffrance
A foule vice is more vengance
Who self do self hane
To ech maystir long knabe
knoll wel or thou knytte to fast
ostyn rape rocknyth at last
late thy wott passe thy well
say wel or be stille
In flatryng words lyeth gret gyle
In ~~flatryng~~ fyre & walur is gret pile
lowe prees & chaunte
do to ech man equite
En more flo discord & hate
wt thy neighbour make no debate
after gret cold cometh heete
wan is best is tyme to lete
mesour is a ruler mete
after sikness cometh heelle
off thy sorrowe be nat to sade
off thy joye be nat to glade

ffrom folly ein keep thy fare
and in wel albeye be ware
knowe wel or thou knythe
thyn wellmen prayse thy wittle
god is good for to drede
vertu most hane mede
In litil besinesse stant mekil rest
better is to lowe than brest
Diligence makith man
Sey nat al that thou can
lowe right & ~~lyne~~ & lyne
prowe wel ar thou pleyne
assaye wel ar thou sleyne
and war wel ar thou takes wreke
to mykil nat the entermeth
In thy most lust is good to leth
off speche is good to be soste
mowe nat thy mode to oste
hane nat preyer in thy nose
& prowe ofte ar thou purpose
lowe alwey thy better
and greuch nat agen thy better
off thy hood alway be heende
and to thy self be trowe frende
make nat to many festis
be hote nat to many hestis
make mery at thy mete
spende fayre yf thou mekil gete
wende nat to mykil to the wyne
ne drynk nat ar thou dyne
sippe nat mykil and late
and spend after thyn estat
what wott hat be late it passe
late althyng passe that was
yf thou wott hane godisse grace
from the poore turne nat yr face
ein the hyther that thou arte
ein the lother be thyn harte

Dochyd pryntys
In memyndeor

Thou be chaunsid late & lele
ffrom evill wordis kepe the well
wher euyr thou be hane god in myude
and thynk alledey on thy last ende
ylle a man may nat hane his hyst
therfore be wise of hardiehyst
ho so doth in courte dwelle
he must curey ffabelle
mede may speed & that is rowth
that mede shall speed or than trowth
here and see and seye nat
be ware & wise and keye nat
telle no man what thou wolt do
that is nowt frend may be thy foo
here & se and be stylle
thou mayst the sonner hane thy welle
yif that deth wold resayve mede
many wold other ouer lede
grasse oure is an ese
holde thy tonng & be in pees
owne is owne & other meuys ed wite
what on thou forest thynkist sey but lyte
be ny thoch thou hard be tyde
ffor godis iwa thow must abyde
vndir gret lordis mew songe gret strokis
with gret wendis falle gret okis
thynk & hoch that the self shal hemne
care nat thy fiff for other mew
off evil tongis cometh gret debate
ffor women & homnis is oft debate
a folis bolt is sone shotyn
dele with no good that is mysgotyn
he shal dye wenot hoch sone
To day dwan to mor we mone

Thaunk God
Hoy thoupe

In thy condicion off infortunacye
Onstedfast fortune ther is no confidence
thyn assurance is not but flatyng
thy feyned ffyth but feray fraudelence
thy false ffloure shyng deceyveth innocence
thy colowred goodnesse is but mugute
ffor ebhan a man stant most in indigence
thou gladly encresest his adversite

Thou canst folk to be vnstable
thowgh thyn enforced semmyng influence
thou makist ebonion to be so fayable
thou canstest that ebere hath now abstynence
and mybty princesse from ther magnyficence
thow makist abale & troublest ther nobleness
abordest concorde and bunficence
Thy double mene of thyn vnstedfastnes

Thou makist that ther is no perceberance
Among estatis as ebunt ebas to be
all trebereble & fade continuance
ffro folkis honerable thow makist for to fle
thowgh thy transmutyng fals fragilite
and puttest seruantis in vnstable rage
out off fasbon & grace off fortune
in to turment off robert & damage

With notis ~~tuned~~ cleer & sore entuned clene
lyk the sabisshyng marbelous armony
off Jerusalem I hard the philomene
in dirk december syng melodiously
the comyng sobbyng off ebhor melody
with such delyt so in myn eres rong
that euyr me semyth I her her blessefull song

Nat only entrid shomyn audience
~~lyke the sanysshyng marbelous~~
with her subtile tunes musicall
but en as she had had the obedience
off myn hert so she possed all
with all thapyrtenance of seruice corporall
and that she hath don me wrong ar light
to here her song most I medelyght

Nevertheles al it be so that she
may hane & hath ful poeber & puissance
wyt as hir list both off myn tht & mo
Sabyng all only hor horiouly resonance
nerd tho ner and I off my pleasance
ffor in her paradis so mouthit she dlest
that nouthir touch hor I may ner sen her ost

Wher to I can non other remedye
but to that floure off al musicens
with out presumpcion or hatful furquedye
dayly don honour & reverence
and in a figur off mysty sentence
all thowgh to vnable to discorne
hir grace I with hor preyse & seruice

I have a lady where so she be
That seldom is the sovereyn of my thought
On whos beute where I beholde & see
Remembryng me how well she wrought
I thank fortune that to her gow me brought
So fayre as she but nothyng angellike
Her beute is to mow other lyke

For hardyly and she ber made off brasse
Face & al she hath I notes sauncesse
Her eyne ben holowe & grene as any grasse
And rabemyth wylede as her sonny tresse
Ther to she hath of eny coulyne
Such quantite yebin how bo natur
That with the lost she is off her statur

Judas a bolt her brothes beyng bent
And bittil brocod she also with alle
And off her witte as simple & innocent
As is a child that can no good attalle
She is nat thikke her statur is but smalle
Her syngers boyd lytil & nothyng long
Her shyn is smoth as any yvis thong

Ther to she is so cruse in dalyance
And so sot how words so wanwyly
That her to her it doth no displesance
For that she sayd is sayd so comyngly
That wham that thow bowes wham she
I had low she wor off talkyng still
Than that she shold so gody goodly speche

And thought now shal have in her entresse
So dilygent is she and vertuloes
& so bisy ay al good ay to endresse
That as a she ayo she is harmeloes
And as a harmet moke & gentiloes
With that she is so wyse & circumspecte
That prudent mon her poly can infecte

Yo art nat goyo that such on off herage
Ebt mmo the bonds off so gret tendirnesse
Shold in her wartys be so sad & sage
That off the wedyng sauch al the noblesse
Off queen Jane and what the age I gesse
But off the age off yeres x. & vi
I trowe thow nat many such allyve

For as thio my synful wocle sabe
Ther nys creature in al this world lobyng
Lyk in to her that I wold gladly have
So ytosith myn hert that goody sweete thyng
Whos sobile in hast in to the blisse bryng
That first her formed to bew a creature
For ber she wold off me did no cure

Nunc Juppiter Pallas Venus
Minerba Pallas loqt ad paris detroye
Come off priam gentil paris off troye
Wake off thi slep be hold be goddesses iij
the halle I brought to the encres off joye
To thi discresion reportyng oure bewte
Take here this appil & weel a vise the
which off us is fayrest in thi sight
And yeve it her we pray the gentil knyght

Pallas And yff so be thou yeve it me paris
this shall I yeve vn to thy worthynesse
honour conquest nobley loos & pris
victorye corage strenghe & hardynesse
good aventur and famous manhynesse
for that appil all this yeve I to the
Considre this paris & yeve it vn to me

Venus loquitur ad paris Nay yeve it me And this I shall yeve the
glad aspecte with fauour & fayrenesse
and love off ladyes also while that ye live
famous stature and princely gentilnesse
Acordyng to your nalyff gentilnesse
understond this yff week in you assay
And yeff it me hardly paris

Minerba loqtur ad paris Ye ye paris take heed vn to me
Thou art a prince borne be descent
And for to rule thi roial dignyte
I shall the yeve first entendement
Discresion prudence in sight off jugement
which in a prince as thyng most convenable
yeve it me I and to have it able

Upon temse fro london myles iij
In my chambir, with ab I lay slepyng
methought I sawe apperyng vn to me
the fresshy dame meraffinly lokyng
Upon her fyngers many a strange ryng
off which the stones gaff so gret clernesse
that neid sawe I so fresshy a berthynesse

And in her hand me semed that she holde
depeynted upon a shyld of sulem whight
the resemblance of a flowry sceptre
and the middis a woman stood ryght
off which the figur so fayre wax to my sight
that neid in grabyng nor in portraiture
sulle I depict so fayre a creature

the boyted of thyt lord hys name
in hous name lady I besecche the
to sorry nye in my nessesyte

e lessyd lorde be ye passyn ye sorye abydynge dede boy
thyt delyuerd myself from steynall pelynd
of his pleuteous blodde he dis not myssor
for he suffyrd his myaydy to be slayne
at the tymedde day he rose & myde the fel filynd
for the synnes gave quene most of mydys
against alle synnys thys be my sorowe

d onfortyes of alle distonfortes
of whom alle gre tothe abounde
tonmsteyes of alle distonnesses
thyt to the dellis alle in any stounde
tonnesse my sele soule thyt is unsounde
and tonfort it st. gravis of the myseryes
for to make it abill lady for to fynd the

d mundundis vertu neu dothe fette fayle
thyt passith the boyted of the diamundstone
for when the fyrde bolde myaunys soule assayle
then prayest to the. sone and helpe thomanne
thor dis neu synnor so foule of synne bycome
thyt dellis on to the aft myery alle
butte thyd myadist hym fro dreyd he dis thyd alle

e nor lastyng fortune of gynnlyte
of whom thy ymyrith the boyte fou of gre
full filled st thy bygynyte
hope me to amende thyd gyddynte me hyde
thyt I have no cause to thy blasse
bhanne fro this worlde shall make tidinsinnitleyn
butte me condyte the way of halbleyn

f long myst excellent for to malynche
then dedist boy thyt blessid blodde
be the hey fadrys of heynd dolynte
thyt lowte alle mankynde out of drede
for be on the rode the blode he dede shede
I pray the thyt blodde be in my memorye
when I dan be stadde st any thought of folye

f beyond quene st the resplendissant bryghtnes
thyt tonfortith st joye alle mankynde
employed full of ever lastyng swetnes
thy comparison may no mans fynde
lady I besecche the to have me in thy myynde
thyt in this worlde fulle of abuseyn
thou defende me fro the tribulacyon

g dyle myd mylydon wyfe & quene
en lastyng trise my hadd neu none
butt thyd godde myd so seyne
no neu stydalle have butt ye alone
of the godes lady I aske abowne
thyt thyd shedde me so gyott gabiye
to be my defence against the fiendes opposy

O ryche wyllyng of myght chastyse
that man has synnede by lyxyrye
thow dyst synne that doyed on the
that of thy blood wylle so gyette dispyse
and alle ye that for manys defense
to the blyssyde defence ymyne of heyre
I pryde the sune wyl pro ye synnes syne

P Repor of sorrow on to the blee
of thyne on lastyng syghte
Rodyesse of thyne that done amysse
Dyscy the gyete bownynyte
make my soule abult to come to the
And for grace yette gie myssedede
The body defende fro the synne of pryde

Q Abyngye & joye do to godly an compost
that than yor yye tyme Sellle dessende
Dyo synfull sautor for to rodyesse
And gyve on grace for to amende
Gyldeyone lady to my lyf onde
I pratle the bothe sowle & bodye
Myenge the to kepe hem fro ye synne of envye

R O mygmyed lady of the cort celestyalle
And ayte on my conceyd on to ye dayte
Roffne to be synnedy alle.
Judge helpe I pray the on to me
that for thy gyette gynnyly

on to synnes gyve pety & rodtye
And to defende fro the synne of slodtye

S Ode to the fleryo glyeyst of lente
that for no tempest nen do synne
Gyeend of myst eyy loyedlyte
On to the I pye Complayn
that of thy grace I me rodyne
From that engendrylt synne of ryor & fyor
Whych is callyd the synne of yre

T Glorious prynces to mygsty & to good
that alle comyst by godde yodeyr dysse
Gemmyd to thyn of alle cristen blodde
And guyde to thy vdme in ony plasse
Myne alle to thyn ordynance thy grace
To ye stonde that synne & lust
that is vdmyd lobestyre

V Phytie gressyde and seyd fruit tyede
that of and de dyadmyst cryst spyede
And yte vdme cryst is jesu
that cryst dyd man from alle dyede
Gyldeyone lady thyn to my rode
And ye dyytymone thyn rode my
Defeyne the synne of slotonye

W Nowe on to the & to the cryssyde dyadmyst of jesu
For myst cryst crysyn thyn ede
Moder to that loyeth lord for to be
that for man dyed upon the crosse
O lady for that loyeyngye ye thyn crysyn ede
my eddy fruit tyll ye chastyte
Dyse I lynte not mere synne of lecherye

Ossyo that spyod so fyrstly thy bodye
that enluminyd alle the eyes & thy clynnes
And genone egyst Godhys the
of Gorgyne & the And gosse as thosse Emyes
lady for the gyrte Cytynesse
| Respyche the then gyadnte nye in wyr lyes
To Spende Dolle wyr Dynner fyre

Magyne lady of wyrt Sweetnesse
that dyte of pity Bereleye
on to the & alle wykennesse
| Recomandmd wyr pryeyd
Whyche dyte of yaydon Thesyeye
that then gyadnte oz | dye
To fulle fille ye by Lyghte of wyre

Yede dyte sye in Whome Dolde take
onye sonegyn Salvyon trumdwyte
that dolynyd So fye the fynd lake
Wych the blood So gyte plente
Whych the schedde for So on the Rood tye
Therfor lady | be sythe the
wyr & comandmdonnent to kepe wykte nye

Wyen glorione And dilectable
Dolle of peace And of concyde
And in alle gre So fesynd And stable
lady of pyte And wysseyynde

onto yeue the Dane that nye deyde
And of wyr Synnye then teche ye Bonde
that the fende flyght | wyly & fonde

Pur yn the holy wydyn pryse
So Dolle the knowe the Bonchynnce
that of the ye Bolde take hys fyrynye
that then Confundest & oddyn dalyance
And dolynyd So fye the fende chalynce
Wherefore lady cyrcoys & Sage
| Pryye the lady fy for So to that hyd of the yage

Saye the yrete that suffryyd Dae
to the Bowgest of the to wake wyncyon
that of the cyrud come alle onye gyace
And frome alle Bondye to ony defonyon
On to the lady So take onconyon
| Recomandmd wyr Syrete So chalynge dalle
To the the wyr that non Dae dessayd dalle

Adynne And Eydlethe that Rosyed Dae
And dolynyd from yoye bayonte
So | respyche the lady yn Deepest Space
for that the Solemnyte
that Seynt yohn the Baptiste dode to the
Whyen Ezyzah the wyne at the Sylyn yate
fye alle Bondye to ony defonc bothe oyh & late

or pryd thou dyte & cute conpayn
to the ryal rome wyth humylytude
thor for in thy hyll conetryed
to pryd the to be not ingratytude
ffro the pfoun of the pyd wydgnytude
root dreepte and pryed in dry cossyon cossone
thodo it to tate at ouyn or sthy at wyppyne

2 ~~thy~~ pryd thou of thyne oryn conygnyte
ho to hyt calle the wpone
to thy hy ore lode of ouny degre
thy poyynne ye of wyere hyre hanne a wone
so wyrcyfully to thy trysyd hone thou drift gone
and aske of thyn for wyrtrude wyrty
thyrofor to thynke the wyst glorione lady

3 tryd in the hyt aude thor to
ffadyr and sone & holy gost
in sunnyshadow of the fruyte
loodyn alle thynge of wyrytoo wyst
to hyr bodyd & hotsh to in dry cost
and to wyrpe thyr wydyn ouene
ffyt amen & alle the comyn of heuene

holwyght holwyght holwyght

Of the holy wyrgyn wrow no thing yfelly

Benedictus

Benedic

Dost tenebras tuas lucem

Dost

lowe good and lede sethanne
defyl lowe and kepe p manne
yd pesyn of dommedwe
fryd thysse hobe yssa thysse

The - - - Prologus.

O how holsum and glad is the memorie
of Crist Jhu surmountyng all swetnesse,
name of conquest of triumphe and victorie
th' assaute of Sathan to vequysshe and oppresse
to which name Seynt Poule beareth witnesse
of heveno and erthe, and infernall ponste,
alle creatures of right and bowe humblesse
and of holo hertes bowe shalt ther kne.

To songe so sote onto the audience
ne is the, nor so fulle of plesaunce
ageyn alle enemyes shelde pavis and defence
to hoby hertes, thich comfort in substaunce,
of gostly gladnesse most soudyn sufficisaunce
Chief directorie to hevenewar the cite
Gladdest resort of spirituall remembraunce,
to whome alle creatures bowe shal ther kne.

To alle folkes that stonde in repentaunce
withyn ert contrite made ther confession,
with Crist and thought accomplysshed ther penaunce
and to ther power done satisfaction
that clayme by merite of Cristes passion
...rkes with pay.T. for more sweete
...them Jhu shalt graunte fulle pardon
to aske hym mercy whan they knele on ther kne.

In this name Jhu, mose sonveyn of ...
stant alle our hope, and all our ah...

The - - - - Prologus -

hoso holsum and glad is the memorie
of Crist Jhu surmountyng alle swetnesse
name of conquest of triumphe and victorie
Sante of Sathan to vequysshe and oppresse
Chassante of Sathan to vequysshe and oppresse
To which name Seynt Poule beyth witnesse
of heveno and erthe, and infernall ponste
alle creatures of right and bowe humblesse
and of holo hertes bowe shalt ther kne

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...them Jhu shalt graunte fulle pardon
to aske hym mercy whan they knele on ther kne

In this name Jhu / most conveyn of
Otant all our hope / and all our al
For Sheye that ende / named is Jhu
Goyn softly trouble / men fynde allegeam
Sho trusteth Jhu / may fele no grenamce
Which from all tyale thyaldam / brought coto
Onto of knage / he made acquytamce
To alle that knowe / to Jhu on they kne

In amozous hepter / hemyng of kyndenesse
This name Jhu / most ceformaly doth myne
Mayty Jgnatius / can bere hepor witnesse
Amyd Shoo hepte / by grace which is disyne
Writh auroat lettres / as gold that did shyne
His hepte was grade / men may his legende
To tethe alle trustene / they hedes to enclyne
To blisses Jhu / and bowe adon they kne

This is the name / that chaceth away the
Of forceyn darkenesse / as clerer doth ryne
By John remembred / in thapocalipse
Howe liche a lambe / his hede he did enclyne
Shoo blode don ran / right as ony hyne
To wasshe the ozames / of our dryam
Medled with water / clere ans cristallyne
Which from his hepte / don rauled by his kn

By blode Jhu / made our redemption
With water of baptem / from folthe wessh we clene
And fro his hepte / two licoure they ran don
On calvary / the tenthe was well sene
Shan that longions / with a spere kene
Pierced his hepte / upon the rode tre
O man onkynde / thynk what this doth mene
And onto Jhu / bowe adon thy kne

Ther is no speche / nor langnage can remembre
Lette ottable nor word that may expresse
Though mto tunger / ber tynnest ony membre
Of man to telle / thexellent noblesse
Of blissed Jhu / which of his grete meknesse
Lift unthe deth / to make his chamt fre
Rowe mysfitt Jhu / for thyn high godnesse
Have mcy on alle / that bowe to the they kne

The prynce was of clayn / the chamt sent at large
And to delyne / his coget from pryson
The lord tok on hym / for to bere the charge
To quyte mankynde / by oblation
Solid with. v. wounde / he payed our ransson
Man to restore / to paradys his tite
O nat man bowde / of aste this question
To blisses Jhu / for to bowe his kne

Sy hymself tyme / Sith sygty told by nombre
In Ponles pistles / ihsu men may rede
Wynkynde / of fendes / to encombre
To paye our ransom / his blode he did shede
Sat a smal part / but all he did onto blede
For Adames appel / plukked from the tre
Ihsu sayde / for shame man tak hede
Gif thank to ihsu / and bede to hym thy fee

Alle these thynges / consider that I telle
Man sher one / thou holdest thy passage
To Sayd ihsu / alway that thou behelde
Sith eye fy / lede on his visage
Crowned sith thorn / for our grete outrage
Hane this in mende / and leyne o thynd of me
That day none enemy / shall done us no damage
Shan se to ihsu / sedently bede our fee

Sethynne my closet / and my litell conche
O blessed ihsu / and by my bedes syde
That none enemy / nor no fend shal me touche
The name of ihsu / sith me shal end abyde
My lede stepe / and my sondyn ryde
In the world here / bothe on lond and se
O ihsu ihsu / for alle the folk prayde
Sthich to thy name / sedently bede thy fee

Sith Maria called / Magdeleyne
Sely sith more / Sthil that my lyfe may dure
The clothe and clombe / I shall my silf restreyne
To sede ihsu / at his sepulture
Shome for to fynde / yf I may recure
To hane possession / of hym at lifte
Ther sey in erthe / no wyher creature
To Shome sith sight / bede shal his fee

In mydnyght ihsu / to prette a Sray prech
Of his mey / that noman disespeyre
Upon the rosse / gah grant onto the thef
To Paradys / sith hym to repaye
Tok out of helle / conles many a payne
Mangre Cayphas / and all his meynte
O gracious ihsu / benygne and debonayre
Hane mey on alle / that bede to the ther fee

The name of ihsu / sweetest of names alle
Seyn gostly synnes / holsomest triacle
For whose ende / onto this name calle
Of tankes / onfetes / hynt reles by myracle
To eyen blynde / lyght lantine and spectacle
And bryghtest mirour / of all felicite
Support and shelde / sefonte and thef obstacle
To alle that knele / to ihsu on ther fee

This royall name / most condeyn of renon
This name Jhc / victorious in bataylle
Of heveny triumphes / the lauryat gyrdon
The eyrynall palme / of gostly apparayll
Celestial pcesse / which may most avayll
To dwelle with angeles / in their etynall co
The imperial conquest / nat get with plate or mayl
But with meke inclyng / to Jhu on our kne

Patriarkes and pphetes one by one
Thre jerarchies / and alle the ordres nyne
Ye welle apostles / and martyres onychone
Holy confessoures / and eney pure virgyne
To blyssed Jhu / most mekely shal enclyne
Fonles and bestes / and fyshes of the co
Kynde hath taught hem / by natyrall disciplyne
Meekely to Jhu / to bowe adon their kne

Ther is no lone / parfitly Jcomyded
But it of Jhu / take his origynall
For upon Jhu / all parfitnesse is fomded
Our tony our tastell / goyn poweyr infernall
Our portcullys / our bolewerk and our wall
Our shelds our pavys / goyn all assaute
Our heritage / our gyrdon etynall
To whome all creatures / bowe shall their kne

Condigne laude / nor commendacion
Yowe to this name / they can no tunge telle
Of gostly fode / richest refection
Rosespryng of grace / of lyf tondryt and welle
Jhu named / they say no dragon dwelle
Blyssedest balme / of our felicite
Al tankers / ozes / and poysonne to repelle
From them to Jhu that knele upon their kne

This name Jhc / by interpretacion
Is for soyne / our blyssed sauyour
Our strong Sampson / that strangled the lyon
Our lord our maker / and our creatour
And by his passion / he yeth our redemptour
Our Orpheus / that from captivite
Fette Eurydice / to his celestiall tour
To whome alle creatures / bowe shall their kne

Al welles fyve / lytour Jchal wasse
Yo Sallye the rust / of my synnes blyve
Ther alle mysteries / of the old and newe lawe
Take origynall / morally to destryve
I mene the welles / of Cristes wounder fyve
Whedy we clyme / of mryfull prete
Thurgh helpe of Jhu / at gracious port tarryve
Ther to have mry / inclyng on our kne

I m jesu / sette for joiuitas
Gymyng and gromes / of all gostly gladnesse
E nexte in ordre / is eternitas
Tokene and signe / of eternal brightnesse
O sette for Sanitas / seteny ageyn sikknesse
S for Speritas / of spiritual plente
O for Onanitas / from whome cometh all esetnesse
To them that knele / to jesu on their kne

I m jesu / is joye that none shal ende
E signifieth / endlastyng sufficiaunce
O our Sanacion / whan we shal hens wende
S his fyve wounde / that made we acquytaunce
Ffro Sathanes wyght / thrugh his mete sufficiaunce
O for the sacrement / which ech day we may se
In forme of bredde / to cane we fro my shamte
Whan we devoutly / receyne it on our kne

I fro Jacob / h from ~~Ab~~ Habraham
The kyne descendyng / by generacion
E stant for crist / that from heven kam
Born of a mayde / for our redempcion
The shape trel / tokene of his passion
Whan he was nayled / upon the rode tre
O blessed jesu / do remyssion
To alle that asse / mcy on their kne

No mcy jesu / or we hens passe
Out of this perilous / wrecefull pilgrymage
Wherfore with brightnesse / keyd wayte in every place
With mortall sante / to lette our ~~pilgrymage~~ passage
Among other / of that am falle in age
Greately feblyssed / of olde infirmyte
Crye onto jesu / for my synfull outrage
Right of holy herte / thus knelyng on my kne

Let nat be lost / that thou hast bought so dere
With gold or silver / but with thy precious blode
Our flesh is fleel / but short abidyng here
The olde serpent / malicious and wode
The world constable / no we obbe no we flowe
Ech thyng vanishyng / on unstabilite
Wherfore we hold this counsail good
Wyn whose damgeres / I holde this counsail good
To preye for mcy / to jesu on our kne

And under support / jesu of thy favour
Or I passe hens / this holly myn entente
To make jesu / to be chief our seyour
Of my laste gift / sette in my testament
Which of myself / am insufficient
To reckene or counte / but mcy and pete
Be preyed / or thou do judgement
To alle that calle / to jesu on their kne

age is gone in / calleth me to my grave
To make reckenyng / how I my tyme have spent
Wherin of sin / alas I shall me rave
Who fonder wanger / takenyng for my talent
But ihesu be / my staff and my potent
Onely thy grace / is like to encombren me
Or some bewyse / but only be present
To alle that knele / to ihesu on thy kne

Now in the name / of my lord ihesu
Of right hole herte / in alle my beste entent
My lyfe remembryng / how sayd and cruwe
Ay contrary / to the commandement
Of crist ihesu / now with advisement
The lord besechyng / to have mercy and pite
My youthe myn age / how that I have myspent
With this word cast / knelyng on my kne

O ihesu mercy / with support of thy grace
For thy moste passion / remembre on my complayne
Syngyng my lyfe / with many grete trespace
By many wrong path / where I have myspent
I nowe purpose / by thy grace influent
To write a treatys / of confessyon done to the
And callen it / my last testament
With ihesu mercy / knelyng on my kne

Testamentum in nomine ihesu

The yeres passed / of my tender youthe
Of my fresh age / cover the gromesse
Ant appalled / the experience in kouthe
Whe on wolsy poynter / stayed with redenesse
The cloudy sighte / myxed with darknesse
Without resyse / remye or amender
To me of deth / han brought in the kalender

Of myspent tyme / a fole may well complayne
Thyng impossible / agayn for to remye
Wayes lost in vyel / noman may restreyne
Them to reforme / by none avantye
With mortall man / is called to the kye
Of deth alas / entreteyn the passage
Whos ye thich mariner / is called rolled age

One of his bedelles / named febelnesse
Cam with his potent / in stede of a mace
Gomomed me / and after cam crikenesse
Malencolik / pythely and pale of face
With ther gyant / these tweyne can menace
How doth of me / his dede delle conghte
And to a bed of langour / they me brought

Where onto me / anone they did appere
While that I lay / complenyng in a trance
Clad in a mantel / a woman cad of there
Blak was hir habite / who of contenance
Strange of hir port / ho was of dalyance
Casting hir loke to me was meteyn
Lyth of me / she had had but disdeyn

This cold woman / was called remembrance
Of myspent tyme / in youthes lustynesse
Which to recorde / did me grete grevance
Than cam hir sister / named pensifnesse
For olde owsores / and gan onto me dresse
A sorfull bille / which brought onto my mynde
My grete outrages / of long tyme left behynde

Lyggyng allone / I gan to ymagyne
How with. my. tymes / departed is the yere
First hole in May / the coyle tarynyng
Under gynne opne / agayn the sunne clere
The barme cproysed / most coueyn and entere
Out of the yote / doth natrally ascende
With noise lyffe / the bayn coil tamende

The hony sowcle / the fresh prymerolles
They leves cplaye / at phebus cpryslyng
The amorous fowles / with motetes and trolles
Salute this season / only mozsonyng
Than amoza / hir licoy distillyng
Sent on herbes / the perlely drepes shene
Of aluer dewes / tenluminyng with the grene

This tyme of May / is named of gromesse
Tyme of Joye / of gladnesse and disport
Tyme of growyng / which moder of freshnesse
Tyme of recoyssyng / ordeyned for comfort
Tyme than tyme / maketh his resort
In gerysh wyche / to was the aprete
Our Emyspery / to gladen with his hete

Which season pricketh / fresh corages
Recoyssoth lefes / walkyng in their pastyme
Tansoth birdes / to synge in their rages
Than blode renewyth / in every creature
Som observance / doyng to nature
Which is of May / called queen princesse
And under god / their worldly Emprysse

And for thy lusty / sesom agreable
Of gladnesse hath / so grete advantage
By convenyent reson / fruit notable
Thereto fruiteful / resembleth thy lusty age
Unto grene fresh / and doluyne of corage
For right as day / ay moreth in grennesse
So doth thy lusshode / in amorous lustynesse

This unkyng reson / mirth and gode
Of the nature / hath taken qualitees
Of hote and moyst / which longe also to blode
In their asteracion / cup and dyscreces
Of kyndly right / the which spirites
By natural hete / and tempat moystnye
Lokenes in thy lusshode / yet yet doth encrye

Thus in .xij. thynges / by ordre men may see
Notable accord / and just convenyence
Blode eyr and day / south and meridien
And age of thy lusshode / by natural assistence
Which shul they conde / in their fresh pynynge
Hote and moystnye / dyrecteth their passages
With grene fervence / to fore yonge corages

First zephyrus / with his blastes cote
Enspireth day / with nedes kindes grene
The bacme ascendeth / out of erly rote
Cauysyng with flowes / ageyn the come shene
Way among monethes / stant like a queene
Hir ester aprill / kattyng hir gaynes
With holsum showes / chad in the tendre reynes

This tyme of day / flora doth hir tryo
With colour motles / passyng fresh and gayo
Nyppel colowes / brought by same nature
Mountayne dales / and medes for tayre
Hir sandeles open / lift nat to delaye
Large mesure / to chesse out and to chese
Treasure of fayre / which she doth possese

This sesom day / most pleasant to thy lusshode
With hir chapelettes / grene white and rede
In which tyme / the nedes yonge blode
Hote and moyst / ascendeth up in dede
Reioysyng hertes / as it abrode doth spredo
Sommyng this reson / among their mithes alle
Holde nede dishoten nor appalle

The varyant reson / of this stormy age
Abrayd doth one / on noe sofongelnesse
Noe flowrynge there / noe fresshe of visage
Noe glad noe light / noe tronble and hevynes
Ryde as an hete / noe mornyng for gadnesse
Stormysshe as marche / with changes full redeyne
After ye clere shynyng / to tonyne and make it reyne

Of this reson / lust halt yeno and hyddeff
Solde or none / abidyng in opoynt
Noe passyng besy / noe dissolute and yedeff
Noe a gode felaze / noe al out of joynt
Noe smothe and stark / noe like an hard poynt
Noe as the poys / of a dyall goth
Noe geyssh glad / and anone after wroth

Lych as in ver / men gretely them delyte
To beholde / the beaute condeyne
Of these blosmes / com blowe yeso and whyte
To whos fresshnesse / no colour may attayne
But than contrary / cometh a wynd redeyne
For no favour / lust nat for to spare
Fresshnesse of branches / for to make hem bare

Jhesu mercy Amen

This reson ver / stant nende in no treyn
For com one hour / thought phebus fresshly shyne
In marches sodeyn / it redeyly drift reyn
Which of the day / al brynesse doth declyne
And comfiably / a likenesse to dissyne
Men sen children / of berthe yong and grene
Dryves forthyne / the yeres fifteene

Than ver is fresshest / of blosmes and of flowres
An endlay storme / his fresshnesse may appayre
Who may withstonde / the steyne shap showres
Of dethes power / wher hym list repayre
Thought fetures fresh / angelyk and fayre
Whose out in childhode / as ony cristall clere
Deth can deface hem / within. xv. yere

Yeres reson / doth but a while abide
Oftsyly. m. monethes / he holdeth here crown
The age of childhode / yelone on the tother side
In his entres / springyng as a flowr
In outho tide / he can nomore defence
But than doth / manaceth with his showr
Than rolled ago / in his most impotence

Day and eth reson / mut by pressé fade
In Day of age / may be no rekynesse
Eth hath his homes / hery and eke glade
Their resons meynt / with joye and heryness
Ne se fay no se fonte / no se holthe no se ekiness
To shewe a maner / lykness and ymage
Our wollyng hoye / is but a pilgrymage

And for my part / I can remembre well
Than I was gladest / in that fresh reson
Like brotel glas / not stable nor like stell
Ffer out of hane / syde of condicion
Ffull geyssh / and coyd of all reson
Like a phane / ay turnyng to and fro
Or like an orloge / than the poye is go

Yone to onthrift and dissolucion
Stode onbridled / of all gouernance
Which remembryng / by mekle confession
Ne se with my potent / to fynde alleggance
Of olde offetes / contrite with repentance
To the I fly / I make my passage
Rehersyng trespates / done in my tender age

But to drette / by grace my mater
Wholly enclyng / I fly in thy presence
I me purpose / to gyme with prayer
Under thy mercyfull / fruitfull influence
So thou fly / of thy benevolence
To my requestes / by mercyfull attendance
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentance

My wrecched lyf / amenden and torette
I me purpose / with support of thy grace
Thy deth thy passion / thy + roos chal me drette
Which suffredest deth / I fly for our trespace
I speche onworthy / to loke upon thy face
Thy fete onbracyng / fro which I chal nat trayme
Mercy requyryng / thus I will desyme

Christ

O mycyty lord / of power mycyteyest
Without shome / al force is febilnesse
Domte dome I fly / of gode godelyest
Mercy thy bedel / or thou thy domes dresse
Delayest yrom / to punsche my wilfulness
Longest abydyng / lothest to do vengeance
O blissed fly / of thyn high godenesse
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Though thou be mysty thou art eke mryable
To alle folkes, that mekely hem repente
A sterche, contagione and conpable
To alle outrages, redy for tassente
But of hole hete, and sitt in myn entente
Of olde and newe, al crimes goundame
Of youthe of age and of myn tyme spent
Graunt or I deye, christ hosel repentaunce

Of my confession, receyve the sacrifice
By my tunge, cop offred onto the
That I may seyn, in al my bestte guise
Mekely with Dauid, hane mry upon me
Sane alle my ozes, that they nat taudred be
With none old rust of desesperaunce
Which of hole hete, aye upon my kne
Graunt or I deye, christ hosel repentaunce

Suffre me to hane, sauoy nor sweetnesse
But in thy name, that called is Jesu
Al forseyn thyngs, to me make bitternesse
Sane only Jesu, most conseyn of Jesu
To my profession, a wordyngs and most su
Ende to be prented, in my remembraunce
At myn ende, to graunte me this ussh
To for my deth, christ hosel and repentaunce

No lorde but Jesu most mirable and benygne
Which of mry, take our humanyte
And of lorde, to chese a conseyn signe
Suffredest passion, upon the rode tre
Onely to fraunchise our mortalyte
Which stode in damger, of Sathanes encumbraunce
Or I passe hence, Jesu graunte onto me
To for my deth, christ hosel and repentaunce

I am exiled, and meded of natyre
This name of Jesu, conseynly to preyse
Name to mendes, most highly in scripture
Which name hath power, dede men to reyse
Do lyk otnaill, Jesu doth so peyse
Against my synnes, seyed in balaunce
That grate and mry, shal so tumtepeyse
Graunt or I deye, christ hosel repentaunce

Let me nat rest, nor hane no quyete
Onpre my conte, with spiritual tranaill
Do synge and seyn, O mry Jesu swete
My protection, seyn fonded in bataill
Sette a side, all other appaiaill
And in Jesu, putte hole myn affiaunce
Treson of tresones, that me may most auaill
Graunt or I deye, christ hosel repentaunce

My feyth myn hope / to the Jhu doth calle
Which glorious name / shal nevo out of my mynd
I shal the cake / What happe that evo falle
By grace and mercy / in trust I shal the fynde
And but I dede / trewely I seye onkynde
Which for my sake / seye pertes with a lamme
Onto the hepe / Jhu lef nat behynde
Grant or I deye / christ hosel repentance

There is no god / but thou Jhu allone
Condeynest / and ek most mercyfull
Fayrest of face / ely late and sone
Stable and most strong / pretous and rightfull
Reformyng synnes / that bene in vtu dull
Hamtyng the fronde / mekenesse to enhance
Thy tome of mercy / is evo a lych full
Grant or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Suffre of mercy / I may to the speke
O blessed Jhu / and godely do adrete
Who shal yeve me / leyther out to breke
That thou Jhu / mayst entre in myn hepe
Ther to a byde / more neye than my chepe
With anyeat letter / grave ther in enbstance
Provide for me / and lat it nat afepe
Grant or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Sic aie mee salus tua ego sum

Cry to my conle Jhu / thou art myn helthe
Herynge thy voye / after I shal pryses
O tonye that place / from alle gostly felthe
And vices alle / ho thenne to yemes
Thyn holy gost / close in that litel mes
Dart nat lightly / make mych chesysance
Tenyete in vtu / and vices to esches
And or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Illustra faciem tuam super seruum tuum

Chesse glad thy face / and light don chesse
The mercyfull lyght / of thyn eyen tweyne
On me thy knamt / which hath so meche nesse
For his synnes / to seye and tomplayne
And blessed Jhu / of mercy nat disdeyne
Thy gracious chonse / lat reyne in abundance
Upon myn hepe / tadesen ely reyne
And or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Saluum me fac in nomine tuo Dne

Sane me thy knamt / O lord in thy mercy
For lak of which / lat me nat be tonfounded
For in the Jhu / myn hope stant fynally
And al my trust / in the Jhu is grounded
For my synnes / thynk Jhu thou sey sounded
Rabed on the rode / by mortall grete penance
By which the power / of Sathan was tonfounded
Grant or I deye / christ hosel repentance

Tu es refugium meum a tribulatione.

Thou art thy / my comfort and refuge
Gyn ony tempest / and tribulacion
That worldly wawes / with their mortal dedyn
Ne wyll me nat / in the wedefull danger
Their barbarie / hath dominacion
And enter wynneth / conges of distynbaunce
To passe that danger / be my pteccion
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentaunce

Quis dabit michi pennas in ter meum

Who shal yeve me / lych to myn entent
That thou thy / mayst make thyn herbynage
By receyvyng / of holy sacrement
Into myn herte / which is to myn old age
Repast ethal / gyn all forcyn damage
Worthely receyved / with devout observaunce
Celestial sweyson / ende of my pilgrymage
Je christ and hosel / and herthy repentaunce

I fole myn herte hotel and mynone
Nat prysed thy / thym to reste
But as a carpenter / cometh to a broken hone
Or an artificer / reparyth a reven cheste
So thou thy / of vaylyn men the beste
Repare my thought / broke with mysgouernaunce
Visite my soule / myn herte of cell to breste
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentaunce

With weepyng eyen / and contrite chere
Accepte me thy / and my complaynt conceyve
As most on worthy / tappere at thyn entere
Which in myself / no seyn apparyteyve
But yf thy mry / by grace me receyve
By synfull desyng / brought onto entraunce
Hereyn with gode hope / which may me nat disceyve
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentaunce

Cryeng to the / that deydest on the rode
Which with thy blode / were cleynsed and made red
And on cheythursday / gave me to our fode
Thy blessed body / thy in forym of bred
To me most synfull / graunte or I bedred
To clayme by mry / for myn enheritaunce
That with sharp thorn / were pynned on thyn hed
Or I passe hence / christ hosel and repentaunce

And one request / in especiall
Graunt me thy / which I am here abyde
Ende to have printed / in my memoriall
The remembraunce / of thy wounded syde
Nailles with the spere / that did thyn herte ryde
Thy wounde of thorn / which was no smal penaunce
Langnage and tunge / me wordely for to chyde
The holy contrion / christ hosel repentaunce

Alle the tokenes / of thy passion
I preye the jesu / stand hem in my memorie
Devotely marke / myd ~~send~~ tente of my resoun
On calvary / thy triumphall victorie
Man to restore / to thyn ownall glorie
By mediacion / of thy moste ouffiaunte
Out of this exil / consent and transitorie
And than I passe / christ hosel and repentaunte

Of thy mry / requyryng the to myne
Of my mende / the myd poynt most profounde
This word jesu / my. s. Ertes testimyne
In lengthe and breede / like a large bounde
Alle yvel thoughtes / tavoide hem and confounde
Thy rosse thy orozges / thy garnement tast at thyne
The rop the poler / to which thou war bounde
Graunt or I deye / christ / hosel repentaunte

Of this prayer / meekly I make an ende
Under thy mryfull / inportacion
O gracious jesu / graunt ther one I bende
To have memorie / upon thy passion
Testimonyall / of my redemption
In my testament / cette for allegaunte
This clause last of my petacion
Graunt or I deye / christ hosel repentaunte

The
Tynyng the tyme / of this resoun der
I mene the resoun / of my yeres greene
Tynyng fro thy lyhode / ouerwhich cep so fer
To the yeres atounted full fifteene
Dexpiente / as it was well seene
The sevyllth reson / ychange of condicione
Disposed to many / unbridelled passione

Boyde of reson / rode to wilfulnesse
Fro wast to waste / of thryft tok litel hede
Loth to lerne / loved no besynesse
Sane play and mirthe / ychange to spille or rede
Folwyng alle appetites / longyng to thyldhede
Lightly trynyng / wylde and wilde cad
Sopyng for nought / and anone after glad

For litel sloth / to chyde with my folaste
As my passione / did my bridel lede
Of the yerde / sometyme I stode in aste
To be ychowed / that was all my drede
Loth to wast wole / lost my tyme in dede
Like a yong colt / that jan ertho to bridell
Was my fiendes / they gode to spende in ydell

I hadde in custome, to come to scole late
Nat for to leyne, but for a contenance
With my felaches, redy to debate
To iangle and iape, was sette al my pleasance
Whereof rebuked, this was my thoughtesame
To forge a lesyng, and therupon to muse
Shan I trespaced, myself to excuse

To my bettre, did no reverence
Oh my conseyne, gaf no force at aff
Wex obstynat, by I nobeyence
Ran in to gardynes, applies ther I staff
To gadre fruites, spared hegge nor gaff
To pluke grapes, in otheymanes vynes
Was more redy, than for to syn matynes

My lust was al, to sporte folke and iape
Whereof trynes, ofte among to rise
To skoffe and mocken, like a wanton ape
Shan I did ocol, other I londe aunse
My wittes fyve, in wast I did al rise
Redyere christenes, for to telle
Than gon to chyche, or heye the cauy belle

Loth to rise, lother to hedde at ones
With unwasshe handes redy to dyner
My pater noster, my credo or my bolebe
Cast at the tok, lo thus was my maner
Wakes with ech wynd, as doth a redde oper
Symbled of my frendes, unche torches for tamende
Nade doth eye, list nat to them attende

A chyrd resemblyng, which was nat like to thyve
Whoseyd to god, rebelles in his envye
Loth to correction, ofte my silf to chyve
Alle gode thewes, redy to despite
Which bollowedes, of hoseyd tyrannie
Thus is to mene, myself I londe foyne
Sibe like a tyrant, and felt no maner poyne

My port my pas, my fote alway constable
My lokes myn eyen, consey and vagabonde
Al aff my wyttes, codeynly chamgeable
To alle gode thewes, contrarye I was fonde
Noble onesed, noble morynyng noble iocunde
Wilfull rebelles, made wrytynge as an hare
To folowe my lust, for no man wold I spare

Nathan [illegible]

Entyng this tyme / into religion
Onto the plongh / & putte forth myn hond
A yere complete / made my profession
Considyng litel charge of thilk bond
Of profession / fulgode example & fond
They teachyng gode / in me was the lak
With lothes eyh / & lokes often a bak

Taught of my masteres / by ettnone discipline
My loke restreyne / and kepe clos my eighe
Of blessed Benet / to folowe the doctrine
And bere me lowly / to only maner wight
By the admitence / of myn enward eight
Cast to god ward / of holy affection
To folowe the empryses / of my profession

His holy rule / was onto me read
And expowned / in full notable wise
By ettnone men / religione and wad
Full well expert / wisest prudent and wise
And observaunces / of many goostly empryse
& herde al well / but touchyng to the de
Of that they taught / & take litel hede

Of religion / & weren a blak habite
Only onto ward / as by apparence
To folowe that charge / wadomed but fulliyte
Dane by a maner / counterfete presence
But in effecte / they was none existence
Like the ymage / of Pygmalion
Che was lyfly / and was nat but ston

Upon the ladder / with stages thryes thre
The nyne degrees / of ettnone meekenesse
Taught in the rule / grees of hunmylite
Whereon tastende / my fote me lift nat dresse
But by a maner / feyned fals hunblesse
To tedeyly / than folkes were present
One to chose onto ward / another in myn entent

First there as I / forsoke my owne will
Chette with a lok / of obedience
To bere my condyne / as it was right and skill
To folowe the crois / of parfite patience
To myn eynes / done worshipe and reverence
Fortheyng the resons / take att another eye
That I was boden / I konde well disobeye

Erth tunge at large and hotel constrente
ffull of Wordes / disordinat of langnage
Reddes to depe / my lippes in silente
Mouth eyen and eres / toke they advantage
To hane ther tonse / onbridelled by outrage
Out of the reynes / of attempryaunte
To consnalite / gah all the gouernaunce

Wauch out of tyme / rynt and wonkenesse
Unfructuous talkyng / intempat dyete
To coyn fables / and dis my eres dresse
ffals detraccion / among was to me obete
To talke of vtn / me thonghte is was not ...
To my vorage / nor my completion
Nor nat that ordenes / to ways pfection

One Erth the fruste / to take my disport
Last that a yoor / to come to the quere
In contemplacion / and fond but smal comfor
Holy histories / dis to me no there
And vaborned more / in Eryn that was clere
And eny hour / my passage for to dresse
Ros and seyde est / to rynt or excesse

Conde gynche / and fond no cause why
Cansoles ofte / complenyng on my faye
Coyn my vorrecions / answeys fro wardly
Withonte yendence / list noman to spaye
Of al vtn / and patience and was baye
Of reddes youthe / list none hede to take
What Crist thin / suffred for my sake

Which no we remembryng / in my latter age
Dyme of my chyldhode / as I reherse shall
Withyme ... / holdyng my passage
Myd of a thystre / depnte upon a stall
And was a tynafix / shoe wondes ber nat small
Erth this word dide / yete they beside
Behold my meknesse / O thyld and leno thy pryde

The which word / shan I dis understonde
In my last age / takyng the sentente
Theron remembryng / my pome I toke in honde
Gan to wryte / Erth humble yendente
On this word dide / Erth humble diligente
In remembrance / of Cristes passion
This lytel dyte / this compilacion

The.

Dide.

Beholde o man / lift up thyn eye and se
What mortall peyne / I suffre for thy trespace
With pretous voyce / I cry and say to the
Beholde my wounde / beholde my blody face
Beholde the rebukes / that do me so manace
Beholde myn enemyes / that do me so despite
And hose that I / to reforme the to grace
Was like a lambe / offred in sacrifice

Beholde the paynemes / of whome that I was take
Beholde the wordes / wich which that I was bounde
Beholde the armyes / whiche made myn herte to make
Beholde the gaydyn / in which that I was founde
Beholde hose Judas / take xxx. pence pounde
Beholde his treson / beholde his wayte
Beholde hose I / with many a mortal wounde
Was like a lambe / offred in sacrifice

To my disciple / which that hath me sold
And so the foynes / false salutacion
And so the money / which that he hath tolde
And so his kissyng / of false deception
Beholde also / the compasses false treson
Fals as a thief / with lanthes in their gyse
And after bad / for mamers redemption
Was like a lambe / offred in sacrifice

Beholde to Cayphas / hose I was presented
Beholde hose Pilat / list yeve me no respight
Beholde hose bysshopes / bey to my deth assented
And so hose herode / hadde me in despight
And like a fole hose I was clad in whight
Shaven as a folon / in most cruel wyse
And last of alle / I after they delight
Was like a lambe / offred in sacrifice

Beholde the mynystres / which has me in keppyng
Beholde the peler / and the roper strong
Where I was bounde / my rises son bledyng
Most fully bete / with strokes long
Beholde the bataylle / that I did endefyng
The bront abydyng / of they mortall enpyse
Thrust they arnsyng / and their slaundres strong
Was like a lambe / offred in sacrifice

Behold and se, the hatefull wrechednesse
Putte ageyn me to my confusion
Myn eyen hid, and blynded with derknesse
Bote and eke robbed, by false illusion
Naked in erore, by their kneelyng down
Behold al this, and se the mortall grynne
Hose I onely, for mannes salvacion
Was like a lambe, offred in sacrifice

Se the witnesses, by whome I was betrayed
Behold the Jurres, that gaf my Jugement
Behold the crosse, that was for me displayed
Behold my body, with bitynge al torment
Behold the people, whiche of false entent
Cansoles, rid ageyn me rysse
Which like a lambe, of malyce innocent
Was like a lambe, offred in sacrifice

Behold the women, that followed me afore
That were wepte, whan I thine was assayled
Behold the Jewes, whiche by their cruel bowe
Han my body, onto a crosse I nayle
Behold my tormentes, most sharply appayled
Atten two theves, put to my Jwise
Behold hose mechel, my deth hath eke avayled
That was for man, offred in sacrifice

Behold the spere, most sharply stronge and whette
Myn herte wounded, upon the rysht syde
Behold the resspere, galle and eysel fette
Behold the ekrymynges, whiche that I dede abyde
And my wounded, that were made so wyde
Whiche nomen list, of youthe to abidyse
And thine I was, of meknesse ageyn pryde
For mannes offence, offred in sacrifice

Se my disciples, hose they hane me forsake
Fro me fled, almost enychon
Hose they slepte, and list nat with me wake
In mortal drede, they lefte me aft alon
Except my moder, and my cosyn seynt John
Wy deth complaynyng, in most dolefull wise
Se fro my crosse, they wolde nede gone
For mannes offence, whan I did sacrifice

Se hose that I was Jugged to the deth
Se barabas, gone at his lible
Se with a spere, hose longine me sleth
Behold two krones, distillyng down fro me
Se blode and water, by mryfull plente
Fallyng by my syde, which ought I nose office
Man, whan I upon the rode tree
Was like a lambe, offred in sacrifice

Beholde the kynges / which by their fordays
Sat for my clothes / at the dede to pleye
Beholde my moder / wordenynge for sorowe
Upon the rosse / whan she caught moderye
Beholde the sepulcre / in which my bones
Kepte with stonge / tile I did arise
Of hell's gates / to hode I brake the keye
And gave for man / my blode in sacrifice

Ageyn thy pride / beholde my sore meknesse
Ageyn thyn envie / beholde my charite
Ageyn thy lechery / beholde my chastite
Ageyn thy covetise / beholde my poverte
Atten two theves / naylled to a tre
Rayled with red blode / they lift me to dise
Beholde O man / al this I did for the
Whole as a lambe / offered in sacrifice

Beholde my lore / and gif me thyn ageyn
Beholde I deyde thy ransom forto paye
So hode myn herte / is open blode and pleyn
Thy gostly enemyes / onely to affraye
In hayder batayll / noman myght assaye
Of alle adversyes / the grettest high victorie
Wherfor O man / no lenger the dismaye
I gave for the / my blode in sacrifice