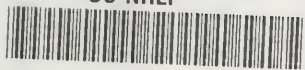
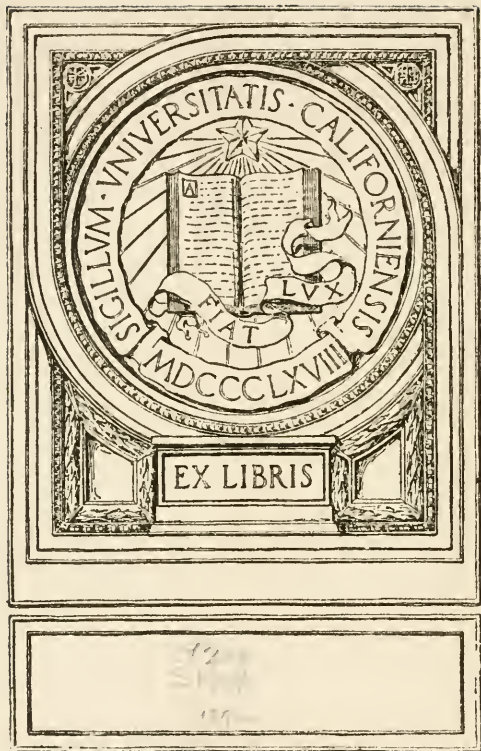


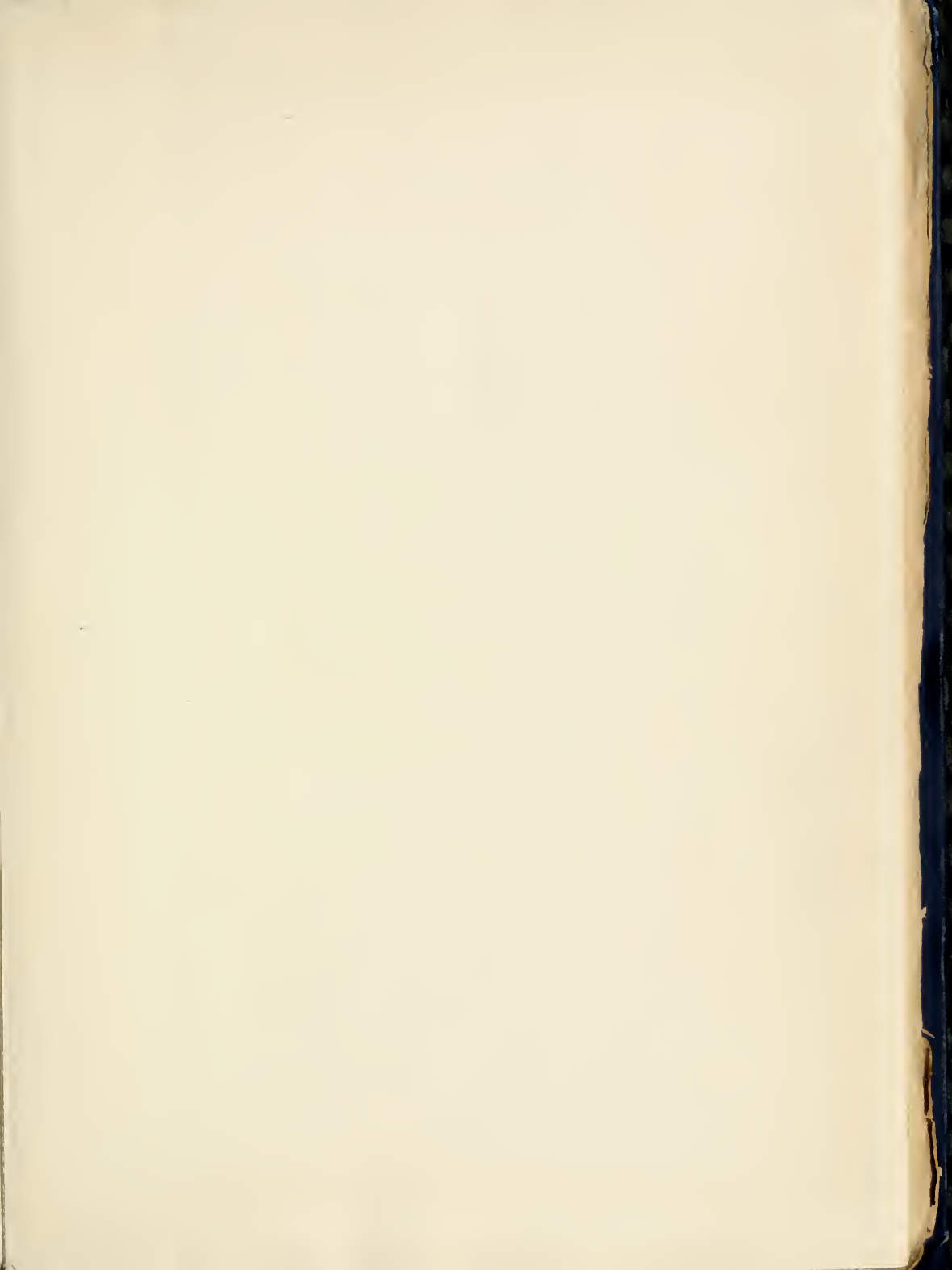
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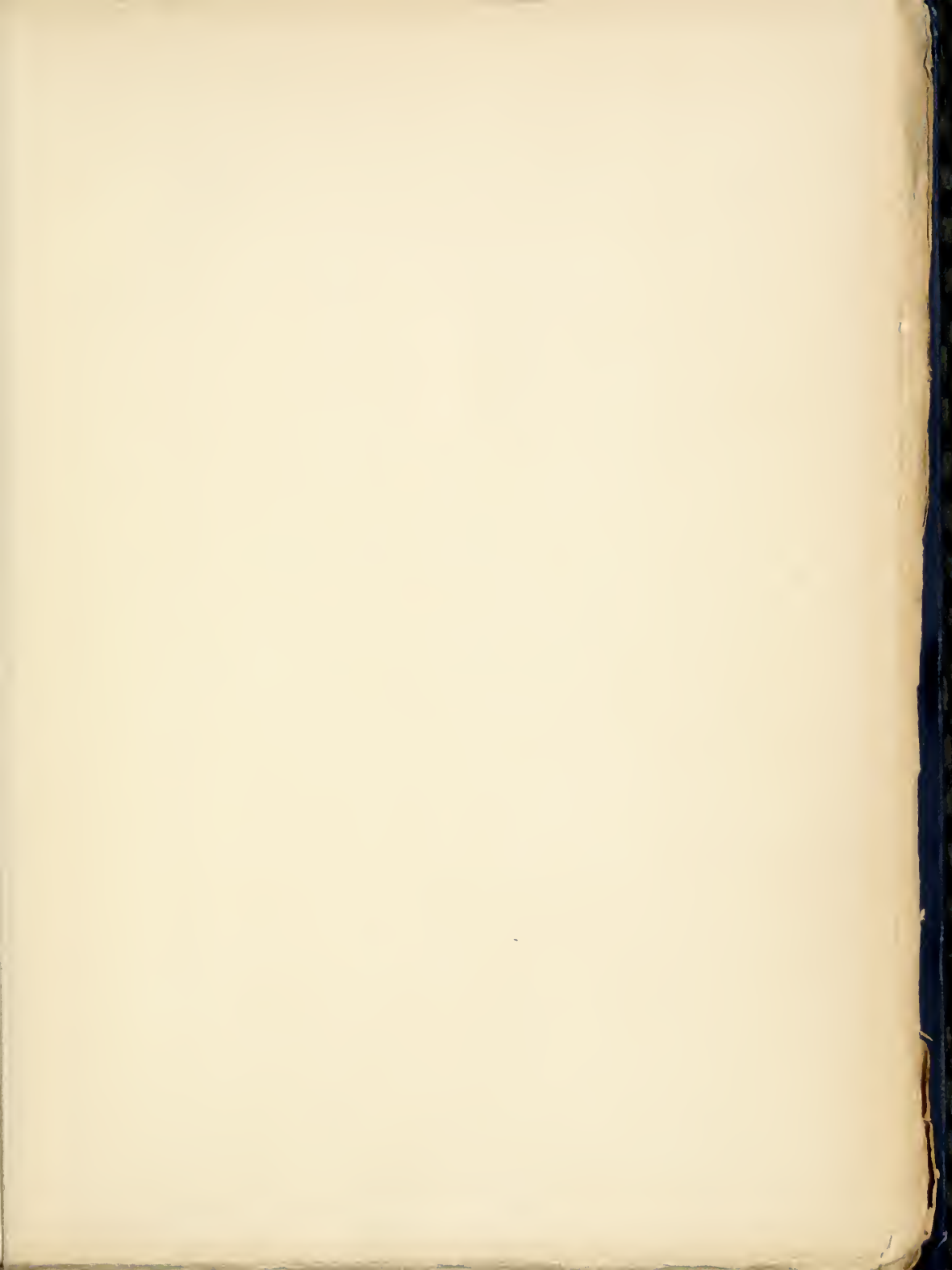
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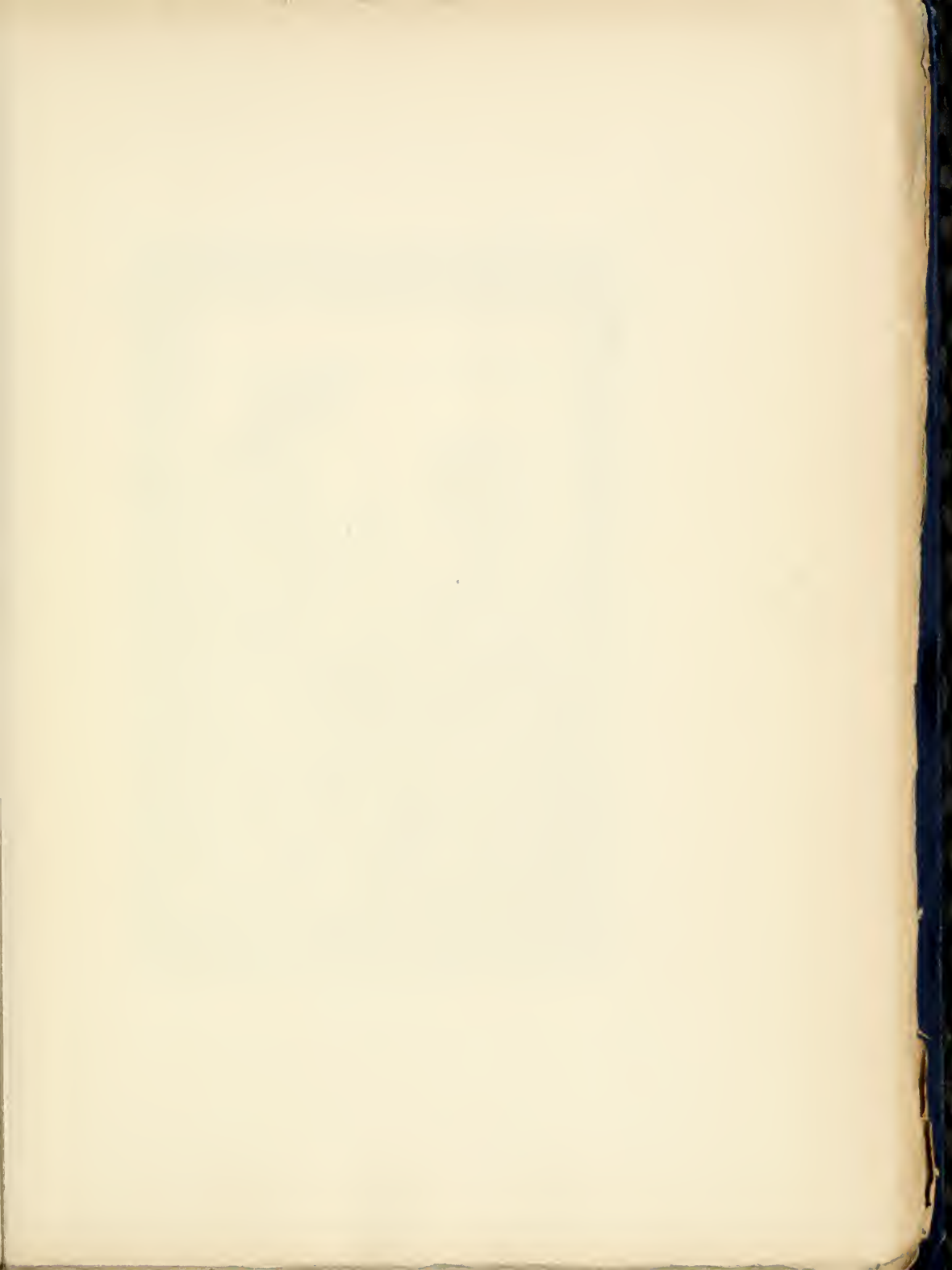
THE DIALOGUE  
OF  
SOLOMON AND MARCOLPHUS

*Three hundred and fifty copies printed.*

No. ....

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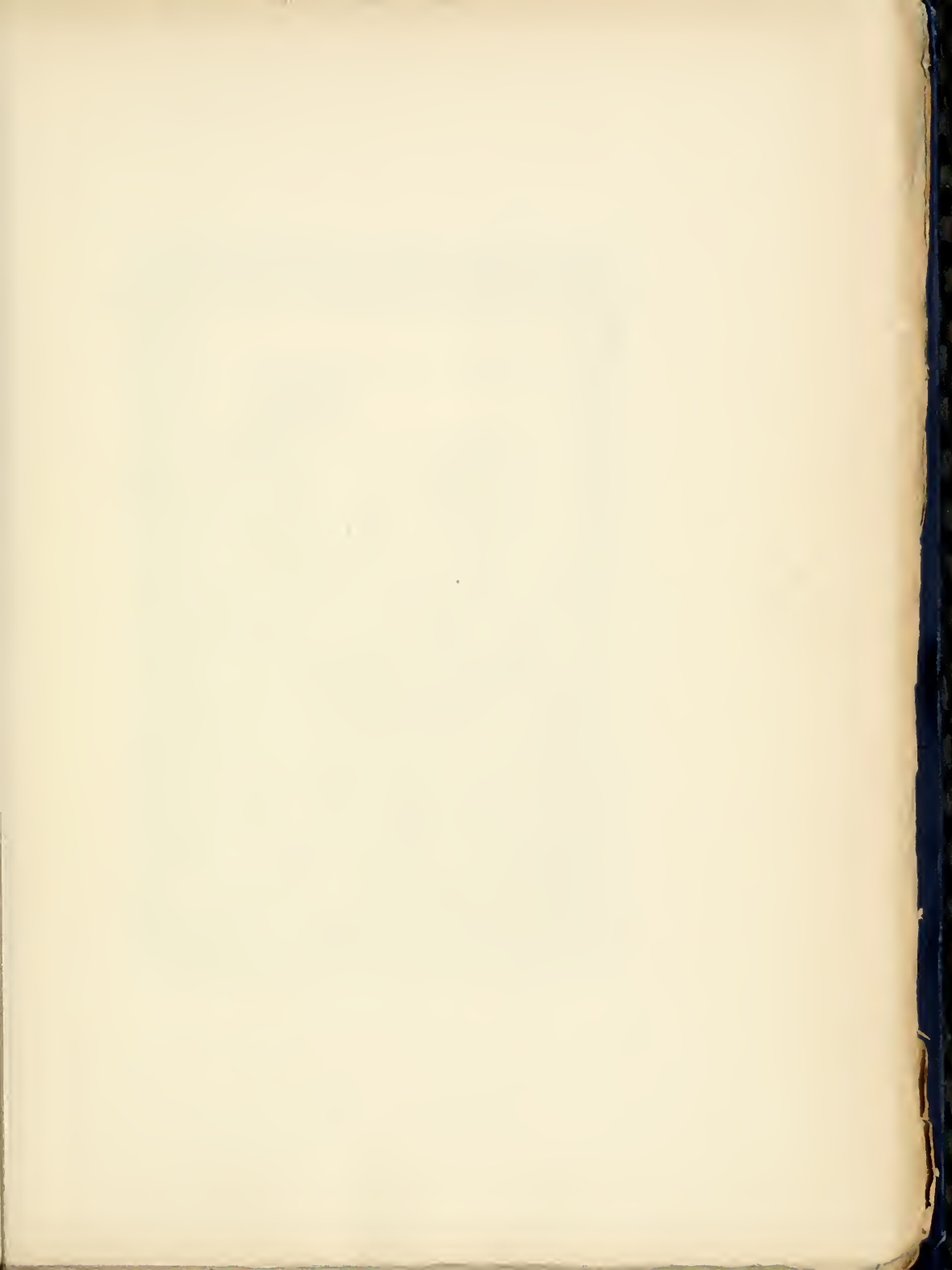




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THE DIALOGUE OR COMMUNING  
BETWEEN THE WISE KING  
SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS

EDITED BY E. GORDON DUFF



LONDON: LAWRENCE & BULLEN

16 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

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1875  
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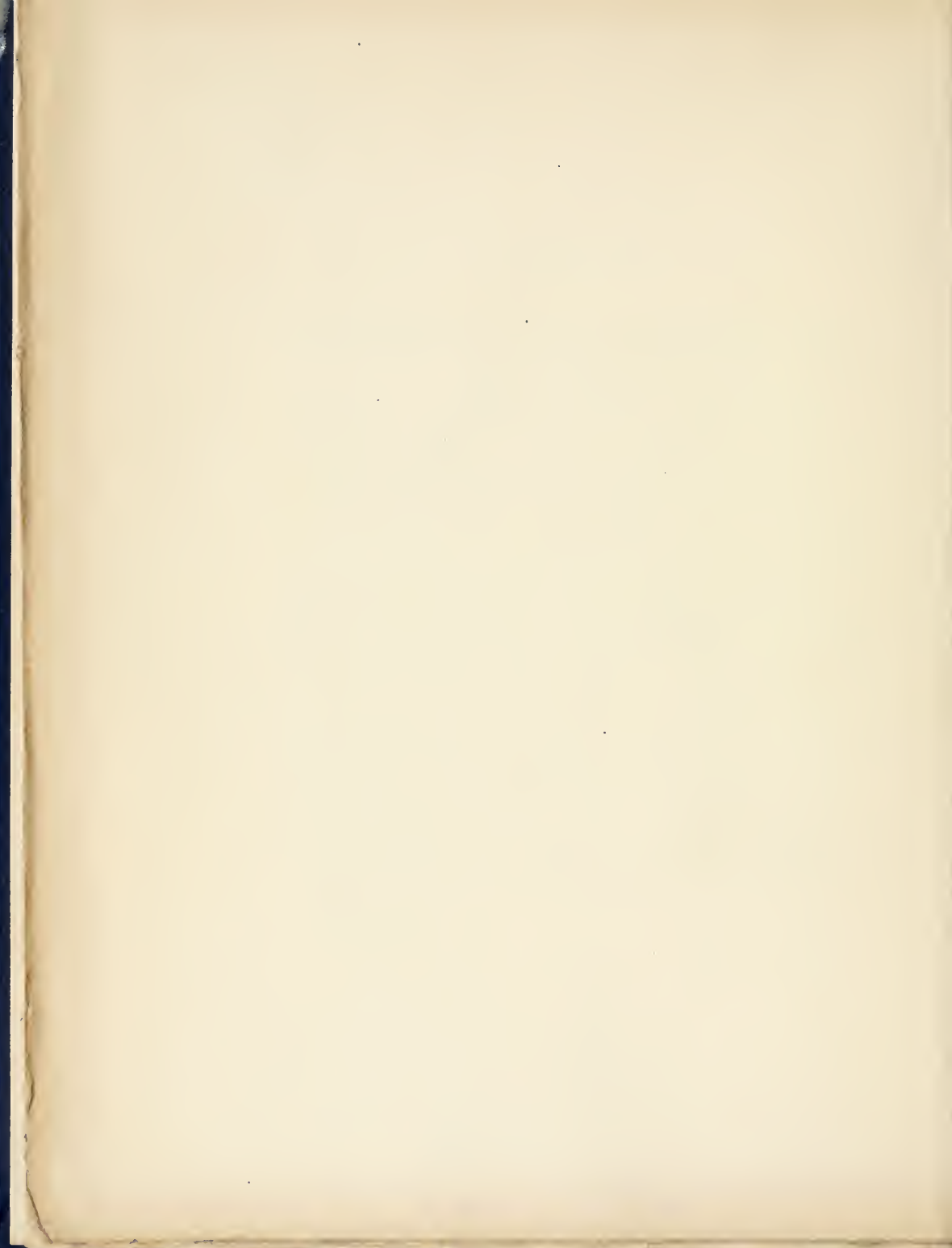
NO apology will be needed for this reproduction in facsimile of a book so full of interest both for the scholar and the bibliographer.

For the benefit of those who find the reading of black letter irksome, a reprint in Roman type has been added: while the bibliography of early editions at the end of the book will, it is hoped, assist those who wish to study the subject more fully. In the introduction I have endeavoured to give, as shortly as possible, an account of the growth of the legend, and I must acknowledge my special indebtedness to two writers on the subject, J. M. Kemble and M. W. MacCallum. I must thank Mr. E. B. W. Nicholson, Bodley's librarian, for permission to have the original reproduced; and the photographer of the Clarendon Press for the care which has produced so good a result. To my friend Mr. F. Jenkinson, librarian of the University Library, Cambridge, I am indebted for much kind help.

E. G. D.

*February, 1892.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

OF the many stories which found favour in the middle ages few seem to have exceeded in popularity *The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus*. The number of editions which issued from the press soon after the invention of printing was very large; and it was the only book of its kind, so far as we know, which was considered of sufficient importance to be published in an English translation. Of that translation but one copy has survived, from which our present facsimile is taken.

The story begins with the introduction of Marcolphus "right rude and great of body, of visage greatly misshapen and foul" to Solomon "full of wisdom and riches" seated upon the throne of David his father. Having heard of the wit of Marcolphus, Solomon invites him to dispute. Then follows a contest between quarter-staff and rapier, the wisdom of Solomon parried by witty

answers, though, indeed, neither the wisdom nor the wit is of a high order; but the answers of Marcolphus are of interest, consisting, as they often do, of popular proverbs.

The second part, in which dialogue is exchanged for narrative, begins with the visit of Solomon to the hut of Marcolphus, and Marcolphus' summons to court. There his behaviour is so impudent that Solomon threatens him with summary punishment unless he can watch with him through the night. Marcolphus continually begins to fall asleep, and, when accused by Solomon, offers the excuse, which is still popular, that he has been meditating; and, in order to substantiate his assertions, mentions the subjects of his meditations: that a hare has as many joints in her tail as in her back-bone (a vulgar error that has escaped Sir Thomas Browne); that a magpie has as many white feathers as black; that nothing is lighter than the day; that men may not trust women; that nature goeth afore learning. All these propositions are proved by Marcolphus during the following day, but in a manner which so enrages Solomon that he drives Marcolphus from the court. Marcolphus, however, returns by a trick; but again offends the king by spitting upon the bald head of a courtier, as the only bare place he could see. Then follows the judgment of Solomon, which is severely criticised by Marcolphus, and Solomon's praise of women in the abstract is turned by a trick of Marcolphus into very concrete abuse, in which Solomon quaintly says: "All

wickedness fall upon women as the sand falleth in the shoes of old people going up a hill". Marcolphus, for this escapade, is banished from the court, and commanded never to show his face to the king again. Though the letter of this command is obeyed, the spirit is broken by an indecent quibble, and with this last trick Solomon's patience is exhausted. Marcolphus is sentenced to be hanged. One favour only is granted him—he may choose his own tree; the result being that Marcolphus and his guards search through the vale of Josaphath to Jericho, over Jordan, through Arabia and the wilderness to the Red Sea, but "never more could Marcolf find a tree that he would choose to hang on". Escaping by this excuse from the hands of Solomon, he returned home and lived in peace.

This story is, however, by no means the earliest version of the legend, which has existed in various forms and under various names from the earliest period. In recent times it has received a good deal of attention, and exercised the ingenuity of many scholars; but, in spite of the wealth of erudition expended upon it, its origin is still obscure and uncertain.

The groundwork of the portions relating to Solomon is naturally to be found in the Bible, and such other early sources as the Talmud and Josephus. His wonderful gift of wisdom presented to early weavers of romance a subject too tempting to be passed over, and countless legends were founded upon it. Indeed, it has proved a favourite theme

in more recent times; for in 1620 a book containing 319 enigmata, which Hiram, Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba explained to each other, was published at Frankfurt.

It is, however, no such easy matter to settle the origin of the character of Marcolphus. Even the meaning and derivation of the name are unknown.<sup>1</sup> William of Tyre, in the twelfth century, suggested that the Marcolphus of the popular stories was the same person as Abdimus, the son of Abdaemon of Tyre, who answered in chains the questions of Hiram for Solomon. There seems in this statement to be some confusion with the Abdemon referred to by Josephus who assisted Hiram against Solomon. Some

<sup>1</sup> The name of Marcolphus, which occurs as early as the tenth century, has never been satisfactorily explained. Kemble would have it to be Mearc-wulf, the wolf of the marches or boundary land; but no explanation can be accepted which does not give the original source of the name, or account for the identity of Marcolphus with the Saturnus of the Anglo-Saxon version. Marcolphus speaks of himself as coming from the East, and Saturnus refers to the land of Marculf, "Marculfe's eard," between the treasure-halls of the Medes and the realm of Saul in the list of places he had visited. It is interesting, in this connection, to note the passage in *Æthicus*: "Diem festum non habent, nisi quod mense Augusto mediante colunt Saturnum . . . in insula majori maris oceani Taraconta. . . . Appellaverunt linguâ suâ Morcholom, id est stellam Deorum, quod derivato nomine Saturnum appellant." In Hebrew, Morcholom could easily be confused in writing with Morcholos, and is perhaps the same as Markolis: whom Buxtorf gives as Mercurius. These various attempts at explanation, though very unsatisfactory, all tend to show that Marcolphus was originally conceived as a superhuman personage. It is worth noticing that many of the early theological writers consider Saturnus to be the same as Moloch.

authorities contend that there is still further confusion, and that the person who worked in chains and answered Solomon's questions is none other than the Ashmedai or Asmodeus spoken of in the Talmud, who, overcome with wine, was bound by Solomon with a chain bearing the name of God, and was compelled to work on the building of the Temple, and to answer all his questions.

The earliest form of the story, as far as can be gathered from allusions to it, was a serious dialogue on theological and mystical questions between two persons of equal learning but of widely different feeling. If we accept Asmodeus, the prince of demons, as a prototype of the early Marcolphus, or, as he was called in England, Saturnus, the contest becomes one between inspired and infernal wisdom; and a manifest connection is found between the Eastern allegory and the earliest forms of the legend in the West, in which Saturnus, earl of a country "where no man may step with feet," contends in argument with Solomon. As early as the fifth century we find a composition under the name "Contradictio Salomonis" expelled by Pope Gelasius from the canon, but the dialogue of Marcolphus with Solomon is first mentioned under that name by Notker in the eleventh century: "Habent etiam talia sæculares literæ. Quid est enim, quum dicunt Marcolphum contra proverbia Salomonis certasse?"

From a remote period forms of the dialogue seem to have been known in England, and two very early versions,



under the title of "Solomon and Saturnus," are still in existence. These were edited with laborious notes for the Ælfric Society by Mr. J. M. Kemble, in 1848. One version, which is mostly in poetry, is known from two MSS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, each containing a portion of the story. This is in two parts. The first part consists of Solomon's elaborate explanation of the Pater Noster, setting forth the power and value of the individual letters in a manner which, to a modern reader, would seem to require wisdom even greater than Solomon's to understand. The second part is a theological and moral disputation, bearing no resemblance to other versions of the story, except in being arranged in the form of a dialogue.

Another Anglo-Saxon dialogue, in prose, under the name of "Solomon and Saturnus," was printed by Thorpe in his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*. It, too, bears little relation to other versions, except in its form. It is a series of questions and answers relating to biblical and physical matters, and differs little in tendency from such collections as the dialogue of Adrian and Ritheus, and from the later Master of Oxenforde's Catechism.

Though it is more than probable that at this early time serious forms of the legend were generally current in Europe, we have now no remaining trace of their existence, except in the Anglo-Saxon versions, and a French version of considerably later date. It is, therefore, impossible to follow the migrations of the story from the

East, or mark the modifications it received on its passage. The story in its earliest extant forms has acquired homely and humorous touches, the production perhaps of the cloister; for the monk, starved upon seriousness, was the earliest cultivator of humour. Being also the guardian of learning, it was only natural that the early stories, as they passed through his keeping, should lose something of their original severity. However we try to account for it, the fact remains that by the time the legend became generally current on the Continent it had assumed a very Teutonic appearance, and had lost almost all its Eastern traits, so much so that some writers would have us disbelieve its Eastern origin altogether. These great and radical changes seem to have been introduced about the twelfth century. Marcolphus no longer appears as a wise person able to cope with Solomon on the same level, and in a grave spirit; he is now "Marcolf the more foole," a gross rustic dependent upon his mother wit, and content to parody Solomon's wise sayings. His mythical, super-human character is gone, and he has changed without any gradation that we know of from the very highest to the humblest position; he has changed from a deity to a Teutonic peasant of the coarsest description. The cause or purpose of this change is unknown; though reason may then have dictated it, reason certainly cannot now explain it.

The story in its altered form seems to have been best known and most popular in Germany, and we know of at

least two versions current there. The first is in prose, and is stated by its author to have been translated from the Latin. "I sat within my cell and found a book that was written in Latin; in the same book I found many words which do not sound polite in the German tongue. I pray old and young that read the story as it stands here written that of their courtesy they will excuse me for that I could not turn the Latin into German better, so that it should still preserve its force." The second version, which is in poetry, was made in the fifteenth century by Gregor Hayden, and it too was a translation from the Latin, as the author states:—

"Lateynisch ich die hystory han  
Funden und in Teutch gerichtet".

Both these German versions as well as the Latin correspond with one another in their general outline, which has already been given from the English translation. There is, however, an entirely separate story, a romance of chivalry or gleeman's poem, under the same title, which it is necessary to notice, as we not unfrequently find an ill-made abridgment of it appended to the ordinary story of Solomon and Marcolphus as a third part.<sup>1</sup>

The following abstract of it I quote from Mr. MacCallum's learned article on Solomon in Europe<sup>2</sup>:—

<sup>1</sup> An edition of this book was published in 1499 (Strassburg, Matthias Hupfuff, 4to) with the following title: "Dis buch seit von Kunig salo || mon und siner huxzfrow || en Salome wie sy der Kunig fore nam und wie || sy Morolf Künig salomō brüder wider brocht".

<sup>2</sup> *Studies in Low German and High German Literature*, by M. W. MacCallum. London, 1884.



“ Solomon’s wife secretly loves a heathen. To procure her he sends two gleemen, who place in her mouth a magic root that immediately stupefies her. All believe her to be dead except Marolf, and his attempt to expose her by pouring molten lead upon her hand fails through the potency of the magic ; so the queen is carried off. Marolf, disguised as a pedlar with a number of nick-nacks, sets out to discover her, and at length, before the gate of her new lord’s palace, identifies the runaway by her burned hand as she buys of him a pair of gloves. He hastens home to report, and by his advice Solomon in palmer’s weeds enters the castle of the heathen, while Marolf waits with the troops to rescue the king at the sound of the horn. Meanwhile the faithless wife sees through her husband’s disguise, and delivers him to her paramour. Asked what he would do were their positions reversed, Solomon replies that he would hang his rival on any tree he liked to choose. When this sentence is about to be executed he begs leave to blow three blasts with his horn. At the third Marolf appears on the scene, the heathen is hanged, and the queen bled to death.”

Whatever are the merits of this third part, there can be no doubt that our English version has lost little by its omission. It may have points in its favour, as indeed historically it has, but it forms, nevertheless, a poor and inappropriate ending to the earlier story. It has all the weakness of a sequel with many new faults, for the actors have entirely falsified their characters, and, while Solomon

has descended, Marcolphus has risen to be his ally—unscrupulous, even dishonest, but still with a character entirely opposed to the *rustique malin* of the earlier parts. Its main value lies in its forming one of the strongest links connecting the German version with the early legends relating to Solomon; indeed, if it were not for this story the Eastern and Western legends would have little in common.

Though we have only the one printed edition of this form of the story, and though so far as I am aware no English manuscripts of it are in existence, we have conclusive evidence from allusions in other writers that it had for long been well known in this country. In the proverbs of Hendyng we find:—

“ Mon þat wol of wysdam heren  
At wyse Hendyng he may lernen  
þat wes Marcolves sone ”.

Since Hending is the personification of shrewd wisdom, and the knowledge that comes of experience, and is spoken of as Marcolf's son, the story in its changed form must have then been known, and the existence of the name Marcolf would seem also to show that the story was not the direct descendant of the old Solomon and Saturnus, but an offshoot of the German form of the legend. John Awdeley, the blind and deaf monk of Haghmon, and John Lydgate, both refer to Marcolf in their poems simply as a fool, and in a manner which shows that his story was well known. We must suppose, how-

ever, that the interest in the story was declining, since so far as we know no English printer thought it worth his while to issue an edition of it. The popularity of this middle version on the Continent is strikingly illustrated by the number of editions which issued from the press soon after the invention of printing. These were mostly printed in Germany and the Low Countries, but few having been published in France or Italy. Italy was too much engaged with the new learning of the Renaissance to trouble itself with such old-fashioned stories. France required something more frivolous to engage its attention. It has one version of this form of the story entitled: "Les Ditz de Salomon et de Marcolphus, translatez du Latin en francois par Maistre iehan diury," printed at Paris by Guillaume Eustace in 1509. This translation, which is in poetry and accompanied by the sayings of the seven sages, has a modest introduction from the translator, who says that he has ventured to render the popular story into French "combien qu'il fust mieux en latin".

The beginning of the sixteenth century, the period which produced the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, was well qualified to appreciate the somewhat coarse humour of "Solomon and Marcolphus". Indeed, we find versions of "Solomon and Marcolphus" appended to some later editions of the *Epistolae*, while the name Marcolphus occurs amongst the many fictitious correspondents of Ortuinus Gratius. This later version

was translated from the Tuscan into the Bolognese dialect, and again into the Venetian, and from these into Romaic. Versions of the story are to be found in Low Dutch, in Danish, in Slavonic, in Polish, and even in Icelandic and Welsh.

England, it will be seen, possesses the three distinct versions: the grave and theological in the Anglo-Saxon, the humorous middle version in Leeu's edition, and the gay parody in Pynson's. The two latter do not seem to have attained much popularity, for they were never reprinted. But though in their complete form they disappeared from view, their stories were not so readily forgotten. They passed through book after book, under various names, and with many disguises: through the jests of Scogin and Archie Armstrong, through the works of "Joe Miller," and Captain Marryat; and even now, in our own day, they still seem to possess a lingering vitality.

Two editions only of *The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus* are known to have been published in English, and these two differ entirely. One is a translation of the Latin text as found in the earlier printed editions, while the other is a translation of the little French "Les Dicts de Salomon avecques les responces de marcon fort joyeuses". Apart from their great rarity (but one copy of each being known), they are of great bibliographical interest, and, as earlier writers seem to have known very little about them, a detailed description can hardly be considered superfluous.

The earlier edition, of which our present reproduction is a facsimile, was printed at Antwerp by Gerard Leeu about the year 1492. Leeu was one of the most important printers of the Low Countries, and exercised his craft first at Gouda (1477-1484), and afterwards at Antwerp (1484-1493). The facility of trade between this latter place and England no doubt suggested to him the advisability of printing books for the English market; and, having issued a small grammar and some liturgical books as an experiment, he determined on a more ambitious undertaking. A special fount of type was cut, and several important English books were issued. *The History of Jason, The History of Knight Paris and the Fair Vienne, The Dialogue of Solomon and Marcolphus*, and *The Chronicles of England* were all issued in the years 1492 and 1493, immediately after the death of Caxton, at a time when the English press seems to have lost all vitality. With the exception of the *Solomon and Marcolphus*, all these books are reprinted from Caxton's editions, and even that, though it seems improbable, may have been copied from an edition now entirely lost.

It was during the printing of the *Chronicles* that Leeu met with his death. A quarrel seems to have arisen between himself and his type-cutter, Henric van Symmen, who was anxious to obtain more lucrative employment; a fracas ensued, and Leeu received a wound in the head from which death resulted after three days' illness. That he was a good master and a kindly man we have ample



evidence to show in the colophon which was put by his workman to the *Chronicles* when finished—a simple and pathetic piece of writing: “Enprentyd by maistir Gerard de Leew, a man of grete wysedom in all maner of kunnyng: whych nowe is come from lyfe unto the deth, whiche is grete harme for many a poure man. On whos sowle god almyghty for hys hygh grace haue mercy. Amen.”

The four English books which Leeu printed are all now of the highest degree of rarity; indeed, of the *Paris and Vienne*, and the *Solomon and Marcolphus*, but single copies are known. The *Solomon and Marcolphus* is bound in a volume of tracts,<sup>1</sup> which came into the Bodleian with the bequest of Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom that library is indebted for so many rarities.

The woodcut on the title-page seems to have been specially cut for this edition; but it afterwards came over to England, for we find it in the hands of William Copland, who used it to ornament the title-page of his editions of Howleglas, a slightly varied translation of

<sup>1</sup> The volume originally contained the following five quarto pieces:—

- |                                    |              |              |          |
|------------------------------------|--------------|--------------|----------|
| 1. The Three Kings of Coleync.     | Westminster. | W. de Worde. | c. 1496. |
| 2. The Meditations of St. Bernard. | Westminster. | W. de Worde. | 1496.    |
| 3. The Governayle of Helthe.       | Westminster. | W. Caxton.   | c. 1490. |
| 4. Ars Moriendi.                   | Westminster. | W. Caxton.   | c. 1491. |
| 5. Solomon and Marcolphus.         | Antwerp.     | G. Leeu.     | c. 1492. |

The *Governayle of Helthe* and the unique *Ars Moriendi* have since been taken out and bound separately.

Eulenspiegel. It is interesting to notice that some of the answers given in this book are the same as some given by Marcolphus to Solomon.

The type in which Leeu's edition is printed is also curious. It was cut specially for printing English books, and some characteristics of English type, notably the flourish after the final *d*, were carefully copied. It was used, however, only in a few books, and is of such uncommon occurrence that it escaped the notice of M. Holtrop when publishing his facsimiles of the types of the Low Countries.

The other book relating to Solomon and Marcolphus is entitled: "The sayinges or proverbes of King Solomon, with the answers of Marcolphus, translated out of frenche into englysshe". The only copy of this edition known to exist is in the library of Mr. Christie-Miller, at Britwell Court. It belonged to Heber, and was bought at his sale for £5. When in Heber's hands it was examined by Dibdin, who has given a description of it in his *Typographical Antiquities*. A transcript of the entire text is among Douce's MSS. in the Bodleian. It is a small quarto of four leaves, containing forty-six stanzas of three lines each, one stanza forming the question of Solomon and the next the answer of Marcolphus, and is a very close translation of the French edition. It ends with the following colophon: "Imprinted at London in flete street by Rycharde Pynson; and be for to sell at ye signe of saynt John Evangelyst in saynt martyns parysshe, besyde Charynge

crosse". It was only at the end of his career that Pynson began to print books for other publishers, and we shall not be far wrong if we date the issue of this book about the years 1527-1529. It was probably printed for Robert Wyer, who started in business at the sign of St. John shortly before the year 1530.




This is the dialogus or cōmynyng betwixt  
the wyse king Salomon and Marcolphus.







**H**ere begynneth the dyalogus or comynicaci  
 on betwixt Salomon the king of iherusalē and  
 Marcolphus that right rude and great of body  
 was bnt right subtyll & wyse of wyt/and full  
 of vndrestād yng.as thereafter folowyn g men  
 shall here.


**M**on a season hertofore as king sa  
 lomō full of wisdomē and richesse:  
 late vpo the kinges sete or stole that  
 was his fadres davyd :sawe co  
 myng a mā out of theste that was  
 named marcolphus.of vpsage greatly myshap  
 pen and fowle/ nevyr thelesse he was right tal  
 katyf elloquend & wyse. His wif had he wyth  
 hym whiche was more ferefull and rude to be  
 holde And as they were bothe comen before king  
 Salomō/ he behelde thaym well This marcolf  
 wa. of shhort stature and thykke hede had  
 he great: a brode for hede rede and full of wrin  
 kelys or frouncys: his crys hery ād to the myd  
 dys of chekys hangyng. great yes and rēnyng.  
 his nether lyppe hāgyng lyke an horse. A berde  
 harde and fowle lyke vnto a goet. The handes  
 short ād blockyssh His frngres great and thyc  
 ke Rownde feet. & the nose thycke and croked. a  
 face lyke an asse: ād the here of hys heed lyke the  
 heet ef a goet: his shoes on his fete: were ovyr  
 moche chorlysh and rude: and his clothys fowle  
 and dyrtly. a shorte koie to the buttockys his ha

lyn hyng. full of wrynkelys and alle his clothes  
Were of the moost fowle coloure. his wyf was  
of short stature and she was out of mesure thyc/  
ke wyth great brestys: and the here of hyz hede  
clustred: lyke thystelys. She had longe wynde-  
browes lyke brosteys of a swyne. Longe eyss  
lyke an asse. Rening yen: berdyd: lyke a goet hyz  
vysage and skyn blacke and full of wrynkelys/  
and vpon hyz great brestys she had of span bro-  
de: a broche of leed: She had short fyngres. full  
of yreuryngys. He had right great nosethrylles  
Hyz leggs short. and hery lyke a bere/ hyz clo-  
thes were rough and broken/ of suche a woman  
oz of an othre lyke vnto hyre: a yongeman hath  
made thies verses folowyn

*femina deformis tenebrarū subdita formis*

*Lum turpi facie transit absqz die.*

*Est mala res multum: turpi concedere cultum*

*Sed turpis nimirum turpe ferat vicium*

That is to saye an evyll favouryd: and a fowle  
blacke wyf behovyth to shewe the dayes lyght.

It is to oure yes medycyne to se that fayre is ād  
fyne

As kynge salomō thies two persons thus had  
seen/ & beholdē: he demaūded: of thaim of whēs  
they weryn & of what lynage they were comyn  
Marcolph<sup>o</sup> thereo āsweryd. Saye furste to vs  
youre kynrede & genleagie. & of youre fadres. &  
than shall I shewe & declare you of oures/ Salo/

mon. I am of the vij. kyndredes of patryarkes.  
that is to wete that iudas gate phares. phares  
gat esron/ Eron gat aron/ Aron genderyd? ami/  
nadab Aminadab gat naazon/ Naazon gat sal/  
mō Salimō gat boos/ Boos gat obeth/ Obeth gat  
ysay. ysay gat davyd king/ David gat salomō the  
king & that am I. Marcolp<sup>o</sup> answeyrd? I am of  
the vij. kindred? of Chorlys. Rustic<sup>o</sup> gat rustan  
Rusta gat rustun/ Rustus gat rusticellū/ Rusti/  
cell<sup>o</sup> gat tarcum/ Tarc<sup>o</sup> gat tarcol/ Tarcol gat  
pharsi/ Pharsi gat marcuel/ Marcuel gat mar/  
quat/ Marquat gat marcolphū & that is I. And  
my wyf is comen of the blood and. vij. kyndre/  
des of vntyd? wyues. That is to knowe/ of lu/  
pica tha gat lupicana. Lupicana gat ludibrac Lu/  
dibrac gat bonestrūg/ Bonestrung gat boledrut  
Boledrut gat paldrut. Paldrut gat lordan/ Lor/  
dan gat curta/ Curta gat Curtula. Curtula gat  
Curtella. Curtella gat polica Polica gat polycana.  
& thys is my wyf Polycana. Salomon say/  
de I haue herd of the that thou kanst right we/  
le clatre and speke/ and that thou art subtyle of  
wyf/ although that thou be mysshapyn ad chor/  
lyssh: Lete vs have betwene/ vs altercacon. I  
shal make questyons to the/ and thou shalt ther/  
to answer. Marcolphus answeyrd? he that sin/  
gyth worste begynne furste. Salo. If thou kãst  
unswere to alle my questyons I shall make the  
ryche/ and be named? above alle othre withyn



my reauine Marcol. The phisician promysyth  
the seeke folke helthe whan he hath no power  
Salo. I haue inged betwixt two light women  
whiche dwellyd in oon house and forlape a chyl  
de. Mar. Were erys are there are causes. where  
women be there are wordys Salo. God ya  
we wysdam in my mouth. for me lyke is none  
in alle partys of the worlde Marcol. He  
that hath evyll neighborys praysthy hym self  
Sal. The wykkrdman fleyth. nomā folwryng  
Marcol. Whan the kydde rennyth: men may se  
his ars Salomō A good wyf and a fayre. is  
to hir husbonde a pleasure Mar. A pot full of  
mylke muste be kept wele from the katte Sal.  
A wyse woman byldeth an house: and she that  
vnwyse and a fool is: dystroyeth with hir han  
des that she fyndeth made Marc. A pot that  
is wele baken may best endure/ and that clene  
is browyn that may they fayre drinken Salo  
mon A ferdefull woman shabbe praysed. Mar  
colfus A Latte that hath a good skyn shalbe  
flaynie Salomō A shamefast wyf and a fayre  
is mekyll to be beloryd Marcol. To pore men  
whyte mete are to be kept Salo. A woman  
stronge in doryng good who shall fynde. Mar.  
Who shal fynde a catte trewe in keepyng mylke  
Salo. Noon Mar. And a woman seldom/ Sa  
lo. A fayre womā and an honest: is to be pray  
sed above alle rychesse that a man fynde may

Marcol. A fat woman and a great is larger in  
yeryng than othre. Salo. A whyt kerchyf be-  
comth wele a womā's hede. Mar. It standyth  
wryten: that the furre is not all lyke the sievys.  
and vndre a whyte cloth often are hyd mothy's  
Sal. He that sowyth wyckydnesse. shal reye e-  
uyll. Mar. He that sowyth chaf shal pozely  
mowe. Salo. Out of the mouth of a holy man  
shal come good lernyng & wysedom Mar. The  
asse behoryth to be allweye where he fedyth  
for ther it growyth: where he etyth oon gres:  
there growe vl. ayen/ where he dungyth: there  
it fattyth: where he pyssyth there makyth he  
wete/ and where he wallowyth there brekyth  
he the strawe. Sal. Lete an othre preyse the  
Mar. yf I shulde my self dyspreyse/ nomā shall  
I please. Sal. Thou shalt ete moche ony. Mar.  
That beys dryve lykke faste theyre syngres  
Sal. In an evyll wyllid herte the spyryt of wy-  
sedome shall not entre. Mar. As ye smyte wyth  
an aye in an hard tre/ beware that the chippes  
falle not in youre ye. Sal. It is hard to spurne  
ayenst the sharp pyrkyl. Mar. The oy that dra-  
wyth backward shalbe twyse pycked. Sal. Fe-  
de vp youre children & from thayre youthe ler-  
ne thaym to do well. Mar. He that fedyth well  
is cove etyth often of the mylke. Salo. All ma-  
ner kyndes turne ayen to theyre furste nature:  
Mar. A worne tabyll cloth turnyth ayē to his

furste kynde Sal What the iuge knowyth of  
right & trouthe that spekyth he out. Mar. A bis-  
shop that spekyth not is made a porter of a pate  
Salo. Honour is to be yeue to the maistre and  
the rodde to be feryd Mar. He that is wonte to  
anothe the iuges hades of tyn tymes he makyth  
his asselene Sal. A yent a strögr & myghty mā  
thau shalt not fyghte/ne stryve ayest the strene  
Marc/ The vultier takyth the skyn of stronge  
fowles & makyth thaim naked of theyr fethe  
/Salo Tete vs amēde vs in good that vnwy-  
thyngly we have mysdone/ Mar. As a mā wy-  
pyth his ars he doth nothing ellys/ Sal Wyl-  
thou n of disceyue any man wyth fayre wordy.  
Mar/ By wyf he etyth that gretyth the ether:  
Salo/ wyth brawlyng people holde no cōpanye  
Marc/ It is reson that he of the swyne ete that  
medlyth amonge te bren/ Sal There be many  
that kan have no shame / Mar/ They lyve vn-  
dre the mē that are lyke to howndes/ Sal The-  
re are many that to theyr good doers do evyl for  
good Marcolphus He that yeryth bred to  
an othre manys hownde shall have no thanke  
Salomon It is no frende that dureyth not in  
frendeshyp Mar The dung of a calf stynkyth  
not longe/ Sal He sekyth many occasiōs that  
woll departe from his maist/ Mar/ A woman  
that woll not cōsente. seyth that she hat a skab-  
byd arse Salomon A kyngees worde shul-  
de be unchamgenable or stedfaste/ Marcolphus



he is sone wery that plowyth wyth a wolf. Sa  
lomo The radiffh rotys are good mete but they  
stynke in the Connsell. Mar. He that cryth Ra  
dyssh rotys coughyth above and vndyr/ Sal. It  
is lost that is spokyn a fore people that vndresta  
de not what they here. Mr. He lesyth his shafte  
that shetyth in the sande; Sal. He that stoppeth  
his erys from the crying of the pore people.oure  
lord god shall not here hym Mar. He that we  
pyth afore a iuge lesyth his terys: Sal. Ryse vp  
thou northren wynde and come forth thou sou  
thren wynde and blowe throughe my gardeyne  
and the wele smellyng herbys shall growe and  
multiplie: Marc. Whan the northren wyndes  
blowe than ben the high howses in great trou  
ble and daunger: Salo. The deith nor povertye  
wyl not be hyd Mar. A man that is brostyn  
and hyde it/they growe the moee/ Sal. As thou  
syttyst at a Richemans table beholde diligently  
what comyth afore the: Mar. Alle metys that  
is ordeyned for the body/muste throughe the be  
ly:and it goth in the stomak: Salo. Whan thou  
syttyst at the tabyll beware that thou taste not  
furst: Mar. He that syttyth in the hyghest seie/  
he holdyth the vppermost place Sal. As the  
stronge the weyke wynnetth/ he takyth all that  
he hath: Mar. The catte seeth wele whoos ber  
de she lycke shall: Salo: That he wycked feryth  
that fallyth hym ofte: Mar. He that doth evyl

and hoppyth good/ is disceyvyd in thaym botge  
Sal. For the colde the southfull wolde not go to  
plough/ be heggyd his brede: and no man wolde  
hym yere Mar. A nakyd ars no man kan rob/  
be oz dispoyle Salo. Studie makyth a maystre  
welewpilled Mar. Thandys that are vsyd in  
the fyze/ fere not the ketyll/ Sal. Brawlers and  
janglers are to be kaste out of alle good cōpanye  
Mar. An angry howse wyf/ the smoke/ the ratte  
and a broken plater/ are often tymes vnprofy-  
table in an howse Sal. For goddys love men  
are bounden to love othre/ Marc/ If thou love  
hym that lovyth not the thou lesyth thyn loue  
Salo. Save not to thy frende come to morowe  
I shal yevethe/ that thou maiste forth wyth yere  
hym Mar. He sayth an othre tyme he shall  
doo it/ that hath noth wher wyth redy for to do  
it with alle Sal. He that is wyne dronke: hol-  
dyth nothng that he sayth Marcolph<sup>s</sup> An  
opyn arse hath no lord Salo/ Many coveyte to  
have rycheffe that with povertye are holdē vn-  
dre/ Marcol. Ete that ye have/ and se what shall  
remaigne Salomō There are many that sus-  
teyne hungry: and yet fede they theyre wyves  
Mar. The pore hady ne breedy ad yet he bought  
an hownde/ Sal The sole answeyryth aftyr hys  
foliffhnes/ for that he shulde not be knowyn wy-  
se/ Mar/ what the stone heryth/ that shall te oke  
answers Sal. wrathe hath no mercy / & trefoze

he that angzely spekyth/beyth evyle oz shrewd/  
ly/ Mar/ Saye not in thyn angze to thy frende  
no evyl/lest thou forthynke it a streward/ Sal.  
The mouthe of an enemye kan saye no good.  
ne hys lypys shall sownde no trouthe: Mar. he  
that lovyth me not/doth not diffame me/ Salo.  
Slepe as ye have nede/ Ma/ He that leyth hym  
downe to slepe & kan not/is not at his hertys ea-  
se/ Sal We have well fyllyd/oure bellys lete vs  
thanke god/ Mar/ As the owfelle whystelyth so  
answeryth the thrusse the hungery and the julle  
syrnge not oon songe/ Sal. Lete vs ete ad drinke  
we shall alle derye Marc. The hungery dyeth  
aswele as the full feddy: As a man playeth vpo  
an harpe he kan not wele idicte Mar. So whā  
the hownde shytyth he berkyth noth/ Sal: The  
wretchyd/ wombe is full go we now to bedde.  
Marcol. He turnyth and walowyth & slepyth  
evyl that hath not for to ete. Salo. Dyspyse thou  
not a lytyll yfste that is yeven the of a tre we frē  
de Mar. That a Geldyd/ man hath that yevyth  
he to his neighborwes/ Salo/ Go thou not wyth  
the evyll man oz the brawelyng: lest thou suffre  
evyll for hym oz perple Marcolph<sup>9</sup> A dede bee  
makyth no hony/ Salo. If thou make frēdeship  
with a false and evylwylled/ man. it shalhyndre  
the more than proffyte: Marcolphus:  
What the wolf doth/that pleasyth the wolfesse  
Salomon: He that answeyth a fore



he is demaundyd shewyth hym self a fole. Mar  
Whan a man tredithe drawelto poure fete  
Sal' Evry thing chesyth his lyke. Mar/ Where  
a skabbyd horse is/ he sekyth his lyke and eyther  
of thaim gnappyth othre Salo. A meycyfull  
mā doth wele to his sowle/ Mar: He dyspyseth  
a great yfite that knowyth not hym self/ Sal'  
He that skapyth te wolf/ metyth the lyon/ Mar  
colfus From evyll into worse/ as the Looke to  
a bakere: Sal' Ware that no man do the non  
evyll/ if he do/ do it not ayen Mar/ The styile stā-  
dyng waty2/ & the man that spekyth but lytyl/  
beleve thaim not Salo. We may not alle be ly-  
ke Mar/ It standeth wrysten in a boke/ he that  
hath no horse muste go on fote. Salo. A Chylde  
of an hundred yere is cursyd Mar. It is to late  
an oide hounde in a bande to lede. Sal. He that  
hath shalbe peuen/ & shall flowe. Mar. Woo to  
that man that hath frendes & no breed/ Salom/  
whoo to that man that hath a dowble herte/ ād  
inbothe weyes wyll wādre. Mar He that woll  
two weyes go muste eythre his ars oz his bre-  
che teze/ Salom/ Of habundaunce of therie the  
mouth spekyth/ Mar. Out of a full wōbe thars  
trompyth/ Salo/ Two ope in one yocke drawē  
lyke: Mar. Two veynes go lyke to oon ars.  
Sal. A sayre woman is to beloved of hire hus-  
bande/ Mar/ In the necke is she whyte as a do-  
pe. and in the ars blacke and derke lyke a molle.

**Salo:** Out of the generaciō of inda is my moost  
kyndrede/ñ the lord of my fadze hath made go-  
uernoure ovvz his people: **Marc.** I knowe wele  
a tabylcloth: and of what werke it is made. **Sa-  
lomō** Rede makyth a right wyse mā to do evyll  
**Marc.** The wolf that is takyn ād set fast/eythze  
he byteth or shytyth/ **Sal.** Were it so that god al-  
le the world vndre my power had set/ it shulde  
suffyse me/ **Marc.** Men kan not yve the katte  
somoche/ but that she woll hyz tayle wagge.  
**Sal.** He that late comyth to dyner/ his parte is  
leest in the mete **Marc.** The glouton kan not se  
or renne alaboutc/ **Salo.** Though it be so that  
thy wif be sowze fere hir not/ **Mr** The shephde  
that wakyth well: ther shall the wolf no wolle  
shypte: **Sal.** It becōth no foles to speke or to byzn-  
ge forth any wyse reason. **Marc.** It becomyth  
not a dogge to bere a sadyl/ **Salo.** whyles the  
children are lytyll: reighte theyze lymmes: & ma-  
ners/ **Marc.** He that kyssyth the lambe/ loryth  
the shepe: **Salo.** Alle reyght pathys god to war-  
des oon weye: **Marc.** So done alle the veynes  
renne to wardes the ars: **Salo.** Of a good man  
comth a good wyf: **Marc.** Of a good mele co-  
myth a great torde that men wyth theyze fete  
trede So muste mē also/ alle the besty all wyms  
trede vndre fote/ **Salo.** A sayze wyf becomyth  
well by hir husbād/ **Marc.** A pot full wyth wy-  
ne becomth well by the thrusty/ **Salo.** wel beco

myth a fapre sworde by my syde. Mar/Wel be-  
comth my hegge a great hepe of stonyes Sal.  
The gretter that ye be the more meke shulde ye  
be in alle thyngys/ Mar/he rydyth well that ri-  
dyth wyth his felawes/Sal The wyse chylde  
gladyth the fadyr: & the folyssh childe is a sorwe  
to the modyr/ Mar. They synge not al oon soege  
the glad & the soyr: Salo. he that sowyth wyth  
skaerstye/repyth skaersty: Mar. The more it fry-  
seth the more it byndeth: Sal. do alle thynges by  
coufcell & thou shalt not astre forthinke it/ Mar/  
he is seke y nough that the sekeneffe drawyth or  
folowyth: Sal. Alle thynges have theyre seasos  
& tyme: Mar. Now dave to morwe dave. sayde  
the oye: that the hare chacyd. Sa. I am wery of  
spekyng: lete vs therfore reste Mar. Therfore  
shall not y leue my clapping: Sa: j may no more  
Mar/ yf ye maye no more yelde youre self ovyr  
comē: & yeue me that ye have promysed/ Wyth  
that spake to marcolf Hanany as the sone of jo-  
iade: and zabus the kinges frende: and adonias  
the sone of abde whiche hadden the charge and  
gouernaſſee ovyr the kyges tribute/and sayde:  
Thou shalt not herefore be the thyrdde in the ki-  
gedome of oure soueraigne lord Me shall rather  
put bothe thyn worst yen out of thy moost vyle  
hede: for it becomyth the bettyr to lye amonge  
berys: than to be exal ted/ to any dignyte or ho-  
nour/ Than marcolphus sayde wherfor hath



the king than promysed? Than sayde the kinges  
vij. prouostes/ that is to wyte Neuthur Benar/  
dachar Benesya Bena Benanides Banthabar  
Athurady Bominia Josephus Semes ad Sa/  
mer/ Wherto comth this fole oure soveraign lor  
de allthus to trouble and mocke Why dzyue ye  
hym not out wyth stavy's of his fyghte Tho say  
de salomon/ not so but yeue hym wele to ete and  
drinke/ and lete hym than goo in pease To spak  
marcolphus goyng his weye to the king/ I suf/  
fre y nough what that ye haue sayde I shall al/  
weyes saye There is no kypg were no lawe is

Onys vpon a tyme the king rode an huntynge  
wyth his hunterys and howndes/ and fortunyl  
d hym to come by the house of marcolf: And  
turnyd hym self thidrewardes wyth his horse  
and demaunded wyth his hede inclyned vndre  
the dorre bowe. who was wythim. Marcolf as/  
weryd to the king: wythin is an hool man & an  
half. & an horse hede/ & the more that they ascen  
de the more they downe falle To that spak salo  
mo what mienyst thou therwithall/ Tho aswe  
ryd marcolphus The hool man is my self syt  
tyng wythin/ ye are the half man sytting wy/  
thoute vpon youre horse lokyng in wyth you/  
re hede declyned. And the horse hede is the  
hede of youre horse that ye sytte on: Than Salo  
mon demaunded of Marcolphus what they



for haste he vnnethe cowde set downe the pot  
to the erthe but that he had etyn the flawne/ ad  
toke vp the cowe torde. and thier wyth covryd  
the pot. And so covryd presentyd it before the  
king. and he askyd why is the pot thus covryd.  
Marcolf My lord have not ye comanded that  
the milke shulde be covryd of the same cowe/ Sa  
lo. I comanded not so to be done. Mar. Thus  
I vnderstode/ Sal. It had ben bettyr covryd  
wyth a flawne made wyth the mylke of the sa  
me Cowe. Mar. So was it furste done/ but hū  
gyr chamigyd wyt/ Sal. How: Marc. I wyste  
wele that ye had no nede of mete/ and I havynge  
great hūgyr ete the flawne wyth mylke anyon  
ted/ and for that wyth wyt chungydy/ the pot I  
have thus covryd wyth a cowe torde. Sal/ now  
leve we all this. and yf that thou thys nyght wa  
ke not aswele as I: thou mayste have no truste  
to morne of thy hede. Salomō & marcolph con  
sentyd bothe. & wythin a lytyll whyle aftyr mar  
colph began to rowte/ Salo. sayde/ marcolf thou  
slepyst: Marcolph answeryd. Lord I do not I  
thinke/ Salomon/ what thinkyst thou/ Marcolf  
I thinke that there are as many joyntys in the  
taylor of an hare/ as I hire chyne: Salomō if thou  
pve not that to morne thou arte worthy to deye  
Salomon beyng styll/ began marcolph to slepe:  
ayen and sayde to hym/ thou slepyst And he ans  
weryd. I do not/ for I thynke/ Salomon what

thynkest thou/ Marcolphus/ I thynke that the  
pye hath as many whyte fethrys as blacke. Sa  
lomō But thou also prove that trewe thou shalt  
lese thyn hede/ As salomon aye began to be styl  
le Marcolph began aye te rowte and to blowe  
And Salomō sayd to hym thou sleppst/ Marcol  
phus Nay I thinke. Salomon/ What thinkest  
thou/ Marcolph I thinke that vndre therhe  
is no clerer thing than the daye Salomō Is the  
daye clerer than mylke/ Marcolph Ye/ Salomō  
That muste thou prove. Anone herupon began  
marcolphus to slepe. Salo. Thou sleppst/ Mar/  
I slepe not but I muse/ Salomon What musyst  
thou. Marcolph I muse how that men may not  
surely truste the women. Salomon/ And that  
of the shawe provydy/ Anon afty2 as Salomon  
was styll began marcolf aye to blowe and to  
slepe. Salomo Thou sleppst/ Marcolph I do not  
but i thinke/ Salomō What thinkest thou. Mar  
coph I thinke how that nature goth afore ler  
nyng: Salomon: If thou prove not that trewe  
thou shalt lese thyn hede/ Afty2 that the nyght  
was ovy2 passydy. and salomon wery of waking  
put hym self to reste Than marcolf left the king  
and ran hastely to hys susty2 Judasa: and fay2  
ned hym self forwefull. and hevvy. and sayde to  
hyre: The king Salomon is ayenst me/ and  
I may not bere hys threptys and iniuries: and

but I shall take this knyfe / & hyde it secretly vnder  
my clothes / and there wyth this daye all pry  
uely he not knowyng I shall smyte hym to ther  
te and sle hym: now goody dere sustyr I praye  
the accuse me not but in any wyse kepe it secreete  
ne shewe it not to myn owne brothy2 Busfydo/  
Judasa answeryd my dere and leevest brothy2  
Marcolph put no doubttes therin I had leyy2 dye  
and be brent at a stake rather / than I shulde disco  
vre it or accuse the / Aftyr that retoumryd mar  
colph all pryvely to wardys the kynges Courte  
The sone rysyng & spredyng hys beamys ovyr  
therthe illumined & fulfyllyd the kynges palay  
ce: and salamon rysyng from his bed / wente and  
sat in the trone or sete of his palayce Than com  
maunded he to bringe a fore hym an hare. and  
asmany joyntes in his tayle as in hys chyne we  
re fownden by marcolph and nombredys ¶  
Thanne was there a pye brought before the  
king / and asmany whyte fettyrs as black we  
re fownden by marcolph And thane toke mar  
colph a great panne wyth mylke and set it in the  
kynges bed chambze all pryvely. and closyd to  
alle the wyndowes that no lyght myght in co  
me Thanne kallyd he the king into the chābre /  
And as he come in he stumbyd at the panne &  
was nygh fallyn therin Tho was the king an  
gry and displeasyd / & sayd thou fowle evyl bo  
dy / what is it that thou doost Marcolph? aswe



ryd; ye ought not herefore to be angry. For ha-  
ue ye not sayd/ that milke is clerer than the daye  
How is it that ye se not asweie by the clerenesse  
of the mylke as ye do bi the clerenesse of the daye  
Iuge egaly and ye shall fynde that I haue no-  
thyng mysdone vnto you Salomon/ God forye-  
ue the. my clothyys be all wyth mylke sprongyn  
And nygh I had my necke brokyn/ and yet thou  
haste me nothing trespassyd; Marcolphus aswe-  
ryd; a othre tyme se bettyr to fore youlue vyghte-  
lesse frytte downe and do me iustyce vpon a ma-  
ter that I shall shewe afore you: Whan he was  
set Marcolph complayned; and shewyd; Lord I  
have a sustyr that hath to name Judasa and she  
hath yeuen hyrself to hozedam and is wyth chil-  
de wher wyth she shamyth and dishonestydalle  
oure bloode and lynage: and yet wolde she par-  
te wyth me in my fathres good and herysage  
Thanne sayde Salomon/ Lete hyr come a fore  
vs: And we shall here hyr what she woll saye  
herto. As Salomon sawe hyr come from ferte  
sayde all laughyngly/ Thys may wele be Mar-  
colphus sustyr This Judasa was short ad thyc-  
ke/ and therto was she great wyth chylde/ and  
thus was she thycker thā she was of lenththe  
She had thycke leggs and short. and went on  
bote lame/ wyth vpsage/ yen and stature lykke  
to Marcolph. Salomon sayde to Marcolph/

What complaynest or askyst thou of thy sustyr.  
Marcolph answeryd. My lord I complayne ad  
shewe oppnyly afore you of my sustyr/ that she is  
a stronge harlot and a strumpet/ ad is wyth chyl  
de. as ye may se. and alle oure blood and kynrede  
by hyr is shamyd. that wythstandyng she wol  
de dele and parte wyth me in my fathres good  
and herytage. Wherefore I requyre you of iusty  
ce. and that ye commaunde hire that she take no  
partene make no clayme therto. This heryng  
Judasa replete wyth angre and woednesse cry  
ed on hygh and sayde. Thou fowle mysshappyn  
harlot/ wherefore shulde not I have my parte in  
oure fadres good and herytage. and is noi  
Flos  
cemya moder to vs bote. Marcolph Thou shalt  
not have any dele or parte therein. For thin offese  
ingeth the clerely therfro. Judasa Therefore I  
may not lese myn herytage. For have i mysdone  
i shall amende it / but oon thyng I promyse the/  
and swere by god. and all hys myght. yf thou  
wylt not lete me be inpease. and suffre me to ha  
ue my parthe in the land. I shall shewe suche a  
thyng of the. that the king or it be nyght shall  
do the to behangyd. Marcolphus/ Thou fowle  
stynkyng hore. what kanst thou saye of me I ha  
ue no man mysdone/ save thy worste I dyffye  
the/ thou haste moche mysdone thou fowle facy  
d. knave and rybaulde that thou art. For thou  
glady woldyst sle the king/ and yf ye beleve not

me seke vnder his cote & ye shall fynde the knyf  
Who was the knyf sought by the kinges seruau  
tyes and it was not founde. Sayde marcolph to  
the king and to the aboutestanders. And have I  
not sayde trouthe: that men shulde not put ovyr  
moche truste or cōfidence in the womē. wyth that  
they alle begā to laughē Who sayd salomō. Mar  
colph Thou doost alle thy thynges by craste and  
subtyltye/ Marcolph āsweryd. Lord it is no sub  
tyltye. but that my sustyr had promysed me to  
have kept it secreete/ & she hath falsely discoverd/  
it as though it had ben of a trouthe. Salomon/  
wherefore haste thou sayd that arte or nature.  
goth before lernyng/ Marcolph Take pacyence  
a lityll/ and afore or ye go to bedde I shal shewe  
you The dape passyd ovyr and the tyme of sou  
per cam on. The king sat to souper and othre.  
Wyth whom sat marcolph. and had alle pryve  
ly put into hys sleve thre quyk myse There was  
noysshyd in the kinges house a Catte that eve  
ry nyght as the king sat at souper: was wont  
to holde betwixt hyre fore feet a brennyng kā  
dell vpon the tabyll. Thanne lete marcolph oon  
of the myse go out of his sleve. As the catte that  
saugh/ she wolde have lept aftyr: but the king pa  
uc hyr a wyinke or countenaunce/ that she bode  
styll sytting and removyd not. and in lyke wy  
se dede she of the secunde mowse/ Thanne lete  
marcolph the thrydde mowse go: and as the kat



te sawe he cowde no lenger abyde. but kaste the  
kādell awaye and lept aftyꝛ the mowse and toꝛ  
ke it/ And as marcolph that sawe: sayde to the  
king/ Here I have now proryd before you that  
nature goth afoze lernyng: Tho commaunded  
Salomon his seruauntes. have thys man out of  
my syghte: and if he come hythre any more / set  
my howndes vpon hym. Marcolph<sup>o</sup>: now for  
certayne I knowe and may saye that where as  
the hede is seke and evyll at ease/ there is no lawe  
As marcolph was thns out dzyven: he seyde to  
hym self / neythre so nor so shall the wyse Salo-  
mon of marcolf be quyte. on the next moꝛnyng  
folowyng as he was out of his couche or kenel  
rysen/ he bethoughte hym in his mynde how he  
myght beste gete hym ayen into the kinges cour-  
te wythout hurte or devouryng oꝛ the howndes  
he wēt & bought a quyk hare/ & put it vndre his  
clothys & yede ayen to the courte And whan the  
kinges seruauntes had syghte of hym/ they set v-  
pon hym alle the howndes & forthwyth he caste  
the hare from hym: and the howndes aſtre. & lef-  
te marcolph. and thus came he ayen be the king  
And as he sawe hym he askydꝛ who had letyn  
hym in/ Marcolph aſweryd wyth great ſyꝛptlie  
am j in comē. Sal Be ware that thys dave thou  
ſpytte not but vpon the bare grownde/ The pa-  
layce was all coveryd wyth tapettys. & the wal-  
les hāgyd wyth riche clothys. Marcof wythin



short space after/ wyth his talkyng & clateryng  
wyth othre his mouth was full of spytill began  
to cough and reche vp/ beholdyng alaboute hym  
where he myght best spytte & cowd fynde no ba-  
re erthe: sawe a ballyd man stondyng by the kig  
barehedyd/ and spatyld/ evyn vpon his forehe-  
de. The ballyd man was ther wyth/ affhamyd/  
made clene his forehede: and fyll on kneyes befo-  
re the kingys fete/ and made a complaynt vpon  
marcolph. Salomō Wherefore haste thou ma-  
de fowle the forehede of this man. Mar. I have  
not made it fowle but i have dungyd it /oz made  
it fat. for on a bareyne grownde. it behovyth dū-  
ge to be layde. that the corne that is therō sowyn  
may the bettyr growe and multiplie. Saolmon  
What is that to this man. Mar. My lord have  
ye not forbedyn me / that this daye I shulde not  
spytte but vpon the bare erthe/ & I sawe his fo-  
rehede all bare of herys: and thynkyng it be ba-  
re erthe. and therefore I spyttyd vpon it/ The  
king shall not be angry for this thing/ for i have  
done it for the manys proffyte/ for and if his fo-  
rehede were thus vsyd/ to be made fat the herys  
shulde ayen encrease & multiplie. Salo. God ye-  
ue the shame/ for the ballyd men aught to be abo-  
ue othre men in honure. for balydnesse is no sha-  
me bnt a begynnynge of worsshyp. Marcolphus/  
Balydnesse is a fives nest Beholde i not syre how  
the fives folowe more his forehede/ thā alle the

othre that ben wythin thys house. for why they  
trowe that it be a vessell turnyng full wyth som  
good drinke or ellys to be a stone annoynted wyth  
any swete thyng. and therfore they haste thaim  
to his bare iorehede To this sayd the baylyd mā  
afore the kīg: Wherto is this moost vyle rybaul  
de sufferyd in the kinges presence vs to rebuke  
and shame. lete hym be kast out. Marcolph/ and  
be it please in thy vertu/ and i shalbe stille. here  
wythall come yn two women bryngyng wyth  
thaim a lyving chyld/ for the wyche they afore  
the king began to stryve: If or the oon sayde it be/  
lōgyd to hyre /but the oð of thaim had forlayne  
hyre chyld slepyng So that they were in stryve  
for the lepyng chyld/ Salomō sayd to oon of his  
seruauntis: take a sworde & departe thys chyld  
in two pecys: and yeve epyther of thaim the oon  
half/ That heryng the naturall bodyr of the ly  
vyng chyld: sayde to the king Lord i beseeche you  
yeve it to that woman all hool lvyng/ for she has  
the verraye modyr therof. Than sayde Salomō  
that she was the modyr of the chyld: and yave  
it to hire/ Marcolph demaunded of the king how  
he the modyr knewe. Salomon By chaungyng  
of hir colure and affection/ and by effusyō of te  
rys/ Marcolphus ye myghthe so be discepyved/  
for beleue ye the wepyng of the womē/ and are  
so wyse and knowe the crafte of thaim no bet  
tyr/ whyllys a woman wepyth she laughyth

wyth therte/ They kan wepe wyth oon yie /ād  
lawgh wyth the othyr. They make contenaunce  
wyth the vpsage that they thinke not They spe-  
ke wyth the tūge that they mene not wyth ther-  
te They promyse many tymes that they parfor-  
me not/ but they change theyre contenaunces  
as theyre myndes renne/ The women have in-  
numerable craftes/ Salomon As many craftes  
as they have/ so many good condicyons and pro-  
pyrtys they haue/ Marcolph<sup>o</sup> Saye not good  
condicyons or propprtys. but saye shrewdnes-  
sys and decepyons. Salomon Surely she was  
an hore that bare suche a sone. Marcolph Whe-  
refore saye ye so. Salomon For thou blamyest al-  
le women/ and they are honest/ chaste/ meke/ lo-  
vyng and curtayse/ Marcolf To that myght ye  
adde & saye that they are brotyll and mutable.  
Salomō If they be brotyll: that have they of ma-  
nys condicyō / yf they be changeable that have  
they by delectaciō. Womā is though made of  
mānys rybbe/ and yeven vnto hym for his helpe  
and comfort For womā is asmoche to saye as  
a wepke erthe or a wepke thyng / Mar: in like  
wyse it is asmoche to saye as a softe erreure/  
Sal There yest thou false kaytyf Thou muste  
nedys be evyll and onhappy. that sayst so moche  
shame and harme of women For of womē we  
are alle comen / and therfore he that seyth evyll  
of the kynde of women/ is greatly to be blamyd



for what is rycheffe/ wat is kingdomes/ what  
is possessids/ what is goold what is sylver what  
is costely clothynng or p̄ciouse stonys/ what is cos  
tely metys or drinckes. what is good cōpanye or  
solace/ what is myrthe whitoute women On  
trouthe they may kalle wele the world deed that  
from women are exiled or banysshed? ff or wo  
men muste bere the chyldre they fede & nozysse  
thaym vp/ and love thaym well She desyryth  
thayre helthys She gouernyth the household.  
She for wyth the helthe of hyr husf and & house  
hold. women is the dilectacōn of alle thynges: she  
is the swetnesse of youthe She is the solace of  
joye of age. She is gladnesse of chylde: She is  
joye of the daye She is solace of the nyght She  
is the gladynd of labour. of alle hevynesses. she  
is the forgeter She servyth whitoute grute  
hyng And she shall wathe my goyng out/ and  
my incomyng. Ther vpon answerd marcol  
phus. he seyth trouthe. that thinkyth wyth his  
herte. as he spekyth wyth his mowth. ye have  
the women in great favoure/ & therfore ye pray  
se thaym. Rycheffe/ nobylnesse/ fayrenesse & wy  
fedom be in you. and therfore it behovyth you  
to love women. but y assure you one thyng a be  
it that ye now prayse thaym ovyr moche/ or ye  
stepe ye shal dysprayse thaym as faste. Salomō  
Therof thou shalt lye/ for alle my lyve dayes I  
have lovyd women & shall durynng my lyf. But

now go frō me / & se wele to. that before me thou  
nevyz speke evyll of women Than marcolphus  
gopng out of the kynges palayce. kalyd to hym  
the womā that had hir childe to hyze yeven a yē  
by the king and sayd to hyze knowyst thou not  
what is done & concluded in the kingys couſell  
to dave. She answerd / my chylde is yevyn me  
ayē a lyve / what ellys there is done. that knowe  
not I. Tho sayd marcoph the king hath cōmaū  
ded / & is vttyrly detmynd that to morwe thou  
and thy felawe shall come ayen afoze hym: and  
that thou shalt have the one half of thy chylde / &  
thy felawe the othre half Thā sayde the womā  
O what evyll king / & what false & vntrewe sen  
tēce yevyth he. Marcoph sayde yet shall j she we  
the grettir matiers & more chargeable & of gret  
tyr weyghte The kig & his couſeyle hath ordey  
ned that evyr man shall have vij. wyves therfor  
remembre z thinke what therin is best to be do  
ne. for as one man hath vij. wyves / so shall ther  
nevyz more be reste or pease in thouse / one shall  
be belovyd / an othre shall displease hym / for hir  
that he lovyth shall be moost wyth hym: and the  
othre nevyz or seldom She shall be wele clothyd  
& the othre shall be forgetyn: hyz that he lovyth  
best shall have ryngys jowellys goold sylvyr fur  
res & were fylkys She shall kepe tije keyes of al  
le the house She shall be honouryd of alle the ser  
vauntys and be kallyd mastres Alle his goodes

shall falle to hire: what shall thou saye the othre  
vj. And yf he love tweyne: what shall the othre  
v. saye/ & yf he love thre what shall saye the othre  
iiij. & yf he love iiij: what shall the othre iiij. do &c.  
That he loveth best he shall alwayes have by  
hym & kysse hire and haise hyre The othyr shall  
mowe saye that they are neythre wydowes nor  
weddyd/ nor yet vnweddyd. nor wythoute hus-  
bande They shall mowe well forthynke that  
they have theyre mayndehede loste There shall  
evyr stryff angre envye and brawelyng reigne &  
if there be not founde a remedy herefoze many  
great inconvenyencys shall growe there of And  
by cause that thou arte a woman/ and well ac-  
quentyed wyth the condicyons of womē: haste  
the and shewe thys to alle the ladyes and womē  
wythin this citie/ and advyse thaym/ that they s-  
fente not to it in any wyse. but wythstande it/ and  
saye ayenst the king and his counseyll/ Marcolf  
retournd/ and went ayen to the courte & pryvely  
hyd hym in a corner And the womā trowyd his  
wordys to be trewe. rāne trough the citie & clap-  
pyd hire handys to gydre and cryed wyth oppyn  
mowthe & shewyd all that she had herd/ and mo-  
re And ech neyghborwe or gossyp saide it forth  
to an othre/ So that in short tyme there was a  
great assemble or gaderyng of women wel nigh  
that alle the women that weren wythin the



Titie. and se gadred/ went to the kynges palayse  
well by the nombre of. vi. M. women/ and brak  
vp dozys and ovyz wēt the kyng and his coun-  
sell wyth great malyce and lowde crying: The  
king as he this herde/ appd what the cause was  
of thayre gaderyng/ To that oon woman that  
wyser and more eloquent than the othze: sayde  
vnto the king. Moost myghty prynce to whom  
goold/ sylver/ pzeiousse stones and alle rycheffe of  
the world tho you are brought/ ye do alle thyng  
as ye woll. and non ayensayth youre pleasure:  
ye haue a Quene and many Quenys. and ovyz  
that ye haue cōcubynes oz paramours wythou-  
te nombre oz as asmany as you pleasyth/ for ye  
haue all that ye wol: So may not every man do/  
Salomon answeyrd/ God hath anoynted/ and  
made me king in jtrahe: may I not than do and  
accomplyssh all my wylle Do youre wylle wyth  
your owne. and medle not wyth vs. we are of  
the noble blood of Abraham and holde moyse  
lawe/ Wherfor woll ye thauie that chaunge and  
altre: ye are bounden to do right and iustyce.  
wherfore do ye vntyght/ Tho sayde Salomō  
wyth great vnpacience. Thou sham full wyf  
what vntyght oz wronge do y She asweryd: as  
great vntyght do ye as kã be thought oz ymagi-  
ned ff oz ye haue ordeyned that every mā shal ha-  
ue mowe lawefully vij. wyues/ & certaynly that  
shall not be: ff oz there is not that prynce/ duke/



oz erle/that so riche and puyffaint is/but that oō  
womā alone shall now fullfyll. alle his desyres  
and wylle. what thanne shulde he do wyth. vij  
wyues: it is abouen any manny's myght or po-  
wer: It were bettyr ordeyned that oon womā  
shulde have vij. husbondes Than sayd Salomō  
all laughyngly I had not trowed that of men  
had ben fewer in nombre than of women Tho  
kryped alle the women as mad people wyth ou-  
te any reason/ye are an evyle king & youre senten-  
ces ben false and vnrighfull Now may we wel  
here & se that it is trouthe that we have herd of  
you: and that ye have of vs sayde evyll: and ther-  
to ye skorne & mocke vs before oure wysages  
that we se it O lord god who was so evyle as sau-  
le that regnyd ouyr vs furste yet davyd was  
worse/ and now this Salomō werst of alle than  
the king beyng full of wrathe sayde There is no  
hede more worse than the serpent/ and there is  
no malyce to the malyce of a woman: for it we-  
re bettyr to d velle wyth serpentys and lyās/thā  
wyth a wyckyde woman Alle evyll are but lytyl  
tho the cursydnesse: of a shrewd woman Alle  
wyckydnesse falle vpon women/as the sande  
failyth in the shoes of the oolde people goyng vp  
an hylle So a talkatyf woman and dishobedyēt  
is a great confusyon That wyf that is hlr hus-  
bondes maister is evyr cōtrarye to hym An evyl  
wyf makyth a pacient herte. and a soyr wysage

& it as plage of the deth A woman was the be-  
gynnyng of synne/and through hire we dye alle  
The woman that is luxuriose may men knowen  
in the vppermost of hire yes. and by hir bro-  
wes For hire yes are wythoute reveryce & ther  
nede nomā wondze although she forgete hir hus-  
bonde As the king althus had sayde. so spak na-  
than the prophete and sayde My lord why rebu-  
ke ye & shame ye thus alle thies women of iseru-  
salē. Salomō have ye not herd what dishonoure  
they have sayd of me wythoute deseruyng! Na-  
than answerd he that woll wyth hys subgiets  
tye lyve in reste & pease/he muste som tyme be  
blynde dūme. & deaf. Salomō. it is to be answered  
to a fole aftyr his folysshnes. Tho sprāge Mar-  
colph out of the corner that he sat in/ and sayde to  
the king/now have ye spokyn aftyr myn intent.  
for ones thys daye ye praysed womē out of alle  
mesure/and now have ye disprayed thaim as  
moche. that is it that I sought: alwayes ye ma-  
ke my saying trewe: Salo. Thou fowle evyle bo-  
dy/knowyst thou of this comocion: Marcolph/  
nay. nevyrthelesse ye shulde not yene credence to  
alle thing that ye here Tho sayd the king salomō  
go from hens out of my syghte: & I charge the  
that i se the nomere betwixt the yes/forth with  
was marcolph kast out of the kinges palayse/  
Thaū they that stode by the king sayde: my lord  
speke to thiese womē sum what that may please

thaym to here. to thentēt that they may departe  
Than turnyd the king to wardes thaym & sayd  
poure goodnesse shal vndrestande. that I am not  
to be blamyd in that: that ye laye to my charge/  
That evyl sayer marcolf/that ye here late sawe.  
hath out of hym self alle this matier surmysed &  
fayned: ad every man shall have hys owne wyf  
& hyr wyth saythe & honestie love and cherysse  
That I have spokyn ayenst the wyves I have  
not sayde it but ayenst the froward wyves who  
shulde of the good wyves speke any evyll For a  
good wyf makyth hyr husbande glad ad blythe  
wyth hyre goodnesse She is a parte the lpyng  
of hyre husbond vpon erthe. and hyr lernyng ad  
vauntagyth or forthryth hys body She is a gifte  
of god/ A wyse wyf and a styll is a grace abo-  
uen graces/ A good shame fast and an honeste  
wyf is lyke the sonne clymmyng vp to god. A  
wyf of good condyons is the ornament or ap-  
parayle of the house. She is a lyght shynnyng  
bryghter/ than the lyght of cādellys: She is ly-  
ke the goolden pyller standyng vpon hir feet and  
an ovyr faste fundamēt gwounded vpon a sure  
stone wythoute mutacions and the commande-  
mantys of god evyr in hyr mynde/ The hooly  
god of Israhel blesse you and multiplye your se-  
de and kyndrebede/ vnto the ende of the worlde  
Tho sayde they alle/ amē: And toke leve of the



king and went theyre weyes: Marcolph being  
in his mynde of the unkyndnesse that the king  
had commanded hym that he shulde no more  
se hym betwixt the yes. Thought in hym self.  
what was best to do. It happenyd that the next  
nyght folowynge fyll a great snowe Marcolph  
toke a lypyll Lyve or Temse in his oon hande &  
a foot of a bere in the othre hande: ad he turnyd  
hys shoes yat stode forwarde vpon his feet  
bakward/ and vpon the moornyng erly he began  
to go lyke a beste vpon alle forwre feet through  
the strete. and whan he was comen a lypyll wy/  
thouthe the towne: he fownde an olde ovyn / ad  
crept into it. And as the lyght of the daye was  
on comen. oon of the kingys seruanntys founde  
the footstappys of marcolph/ and thought that it  
was the trace or stappys of & mervelous beste  
& in alle haste wēt & shewyd it to the king. Thā  
ne incontynent wyth huntres and howndes he  
wente to hunte and seke the sayd wondrefull  
beeste and folowed it vnto they comen before  
the oven where they had losse and fownde no  
more of the steppys. The king Salomon discen  
ded from hys hors and began to loke into the  
oven. Marcolphus laye all crokyd hys vysage  
from hym wardes. had put downe hys breche  
into hys hamnes that be myght se hys ars ho/  
le and alle hys othre fowle gere. As the kyng

Salomō that seynge demawnded what laye the-  
re Mar. answered; I am here: Sal' wherefore ly-  
est thou thus/ Marcolf. for ye haue comman-  
ded; me that ye shulde nomore se me betwixt  
myn yes Now and ye woll not se me betwixt  
myn yes: ye may se me betwene my buttockys  
in the myddes of myn arsehole: Than was the  
king fore meovrd cōmaunded; his seruauitys  
to take hym & hange hym vpon a tre/ Mar. So  
takyn. sayde to the kyng: My lord well it please  
you to yeve me leue to chose the tre wherupon  
that I shall hāge Sal' sayde be it as thou haste de-  
spred; for it forcyth not on what tre that thou be  
hangyd/ Than the kinges seruantes to kē & led-  
dyn marcolph wythoute the cite/ & throughe the  
vale of iosaphath & ovyr the hyghte of the hylle  
of olyuete from theus to iericho & cowde fynde  
no tre that marcolf wolde chese to be hanged on  
From thens went they ovyr the flome iordane  
and alle arabye throughe And so forth all the gre-  
at wyldernesse vnto the rede see: And nevyr mo-  
re cowde marcolph fynde a tre that he wolde che-  
se to hange on And thus he askayd out of the  
dawnge & handes of king salomō; and turnyd  
ayen vnto hys howse; and lepyd in pease & ioye  
And so mote we alle do aboven wyth the fadre  
of heven Amen

¶ Empryntyd at andewerpe by  
me M. Gerard leeu



DIALOGUE OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.



## DIALOGUE OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

Here begynneth the dyalogus or comynicacion betwixt Salomon the king of iherusalem, and Marcolphus that right rude and great of body was but right subtyll and wyse of wyt, and full of undrestandyng, as thereafter folowyng men shall here.

**U**PON a season hertofore as king salomon full of wisdom and riches: sate upon the kinges sete or stole that was his fadres davyd: sawe comyng a man out of theste that was named marcolphus, of vysage greatly myshapen and fowle, nevyrthelesse he was right talkatyf elloquend and wyse. His wif had he wyth hym whiche was more ferefull and rude to beholde. And as they were bothe comen before king Salomon, he behelde thaim well. This marcolf was of short stature and thykke. The hede had he great: a brode forhede rede and full of wrinkelys or frouncys: his erys hery and to the myddys of chekys hangyng; great yes and rennyng; his nether lyppe

hangyng lyke an horse. A berde harde and fowle lyke unto a goet. The handes short and blockysssh. His fynGRES great and thicke. Rownde feet; and the nose thicke and croked: a face lyke an asse: and the here of hys heed lyke the heer of a goet; his shoes on his fete were ovyrmochē chorlysh and rude, and his clothys fowle and dyrtly: a shorte kote to the buttockys, his hasyn hynge full of wrynkelys and alle his clothes were of the <sup>2b</sup> moost fowle coloure. His wyf was of short stature and she was out of mesure thicke wyth great brestys: and the here of hyr hede clustred lyke thystelys. She had longe wynde browes lyke brostelys of a swyne. Longe crys lyke an asse. Renning yen: berdyd lyke a goet hyr vysage and skyn blacke and full of wrynkelys, and upon hyr great brestys she had, of span brode, a broche of leed. She had short fynGRES, full of yren ryngys. She had right great nosethrylles. Hyr leggys short, and hery like a bere, hyr clothes were rough and broken, of suche a woman or of another lyke unto hyre, a yonge man hath made thies verses folowyng

Femina deformis tenebrarum subdita formis  
 Cum turpi facie transit absque die.  
 Est mala res multum turpi concedere cultum  
 Sed turpis nimirum turpe ferat vicium

That is to saye an evyll favouryd and a fowle blacke wyf behovyth to shewe the dayes lyght. It is to oure yes medycyne to se that fayre is and fyne. As kyng salomon thies two persones thus had seen, and beholden;



he demaunded of thaim of whens they weryn and of what lynage they were comyn. Marcolphus thereto answeryd. Saye furste to us youre kynrede and genleagie, and of youre fadres, and than shall I shewe and declare yon of  
3<sup>a</sup> oures. Salomon. I am of the xii. kyndredes of patryarkes, that is to wete, that iudas gate phares, phares gat esron, Esron gat aron, Aron genderyd aminadab, Aminadab gat naazon, Naazon gat salmon, Salmon gat boos, Boos gat obeth, Obeth gat ysay, Ysay gat davyd king, David gat salomon the king, and that am I. Marcolfus answeryd I am of the xii. kindred of Chorlys. Rusticus gat rustam, Rusta gat rustum, Rustus gat rusticellum, Rusticellus gat tarcum, Tarcus gat tarcol, Tarcol gat pharsi, Pharsi gat marcuel, Marcuel gat marquat, Marquat gat marcolphum and that is I. And my wyf is comen of the blood and. xii. kyndredes of untydy wyues. That is to knowe, of lupica tha[t] gat lupicana, Lupicana gat ludibrac, Ludibrac gat bonestrung, Bonestrung gat boledrut, Boledrut gat paldrut, Paldrut gat lordan, Lordan gat curta, Curta gat Curtula, Curtula gat Curtella, Curtella gat polica, Polica gat polycana, and thys is my wyf Polycana. Salomon sayde I haue herd of the that thou kanst right wele clatre and speke, and that thou art subtyle of wyt although that thou be mysshapyn and chorlyssh. Lete us have betwene us altercac[i]on. I shal make questyons to the, and thou shalt therto answeere. Marcolphus answeryd he that singyth worste begynne furste. Salo. If thou kanst answeere to alle my questyons I shall make the ryche, and

be named above alle othre withyn my reaume. Marcol. 3b  
The phisician promysyth the seeke folke helthe whan he  
hath no power. Salo. I haue iuged betwixt two light  
women whiche dwellyd in oon house and forlaye a chyld.  
Mar. Were erylde there are causes, where women be  
there are wordys. Salo. God gave wysdam in my  
mouth, for me lyke is none in alle partys of the worlde.  
Marcolfus. He that hath evyll neighborys praysyth him  
self. Sal. The wykkyd man fleyth, no man folwyng.  
Marcol. Whan the kydde rennyth, men may se his ars.  
Salomon. A good wyf and a fayre is to hir husbonde a  
pleasure. Mar. A potfull of mylke muste be kept wele  
from the katte. Sal. A wyse woman byldeth an house,  
and she that unwyse and a fool is, distroyeth with hir  
handes that she fyndeth made. Marc. A pot that is  
wele baken may best endure, and that clene is browyn  
that may they fayre drinken. Salomon. A ferdefull  
woman shal be prayسد. Marcolfus. A catte that hath  
a good skyn shal be flayne. Salomon. A shamefast wyf  
and a fayre is mekyll to be beloved. Marcol. To pore  
men whyte mete are to be kept. Salo. A woman stronge  
in doying good who shall fynde. Mar. Who shal fynde  
a catte trewe in kepyng mylke. Salo. Noon. Mar. And  
a woman seldom. Salo. A fayre woman and an honest,  
is to be prayسد above alle rychesse that a man fynde  
may. Marcol. A fat woman and a great is larger in 4a  
gevyng than othre. Salo. A whyt kerchyf becom[e]th  
wele a womans hede. Mar. It standyth wryten, that the

furre is not all lyke the slevys, and undre a whyte cloth often are hyd mothys. Sal. He that sowyth wyckydnesse, shal repe evyll. Mar. He that sowyth chaf shal porely mowe. Salo. Out of the mouth or a holy man shal come good lernyng and wysedom. Mar. The asse behovyth to be allweye where he fedyth for ther it growyth, where he etyth oon gres, there growe. xl. agen; where he dungyth, there it fattyth; where he pyssyth there makyth he wete; and where he wallowyth there brekyth he the strawe. Sal. Lete an othre preyse the. Mar. Yf I shulde myself dyspreyse, no man shall I please. Sal. Thou shalt ete moche ony. Mar. That beys dryve lykke faste theyre fyngres. Sal. In an evyll wylled herte the spyryt of wysedome shall not entre. Mar. As ye smyte wyth an axe in an hard tre, beware that the chippes falle not in youre ye. Sal. It is hard to spurne agenst the sharp prykyll. Mar. The ox that drawyth bacwarde shal be twyse prycked. Sal. Fede up youre children and from thayre youthe lerne thaym to do well. Mar. He that fedyth well is cove etyth often of the mylke. Salo. All maner kyndes turne agen to theyre furste nature. Mar. A worne  
4b tabyll cloth turnyth agen to his furste kynde. Sal. What the iuge knowyth of right and trouthe that spekyth he out. Mar. A bisshop that spekyth not is made a porter of a gate. Salo. Honoure is to be geuen to the maistre, and the rodde to be feryd. Mar. He that is wonte to anointe the iuges handes oftyn tymes he makyth his asse lene. Sal. Agenst a strong and myghty man thou shalt not fyghte,

ne stryve agenst the streme. Marc. The vultier takyth the skyn of stronge fowles and makyth thaym naked of theyr fethres. Salo. Lete us amende us in good that unwythyngly we have mysdone. Mar. As a man wypyth his ars he doth nothing ellys. Sal. Wyl thou not disceyve any man wyth fayre words. Mar. By wyt he etyth that gretyth the ether. Salo. Wyth brawlyng people holde no companye. Marc. It is reson that he of the swyne ete that medlyth amonge te bren. Sal. There be many that kan have no shame. Mar. They lyve undre the men that are lyke to howndes. Sal. There are many that to theyr good doers do evyl for good. Marcolphus. He that geveth bred to an othre manys hownde shall have no thanke. Salomon. It is no frende that dureyth not in frendeshyp. Mar. The dung of a calf stynkyth not longe. Sal. He sekyth many occasions that woll departe from his maister. Mar. A woman that woll not consente, seyth that she hath a skabbyd arse. Salomon. A kynges worde shulde be unchaungeable or stedfaste. Marcolfus. He is sone wery that plowyth wyth a wolf. <sup>5a</sup> Salomon. The radissh rotys are good mete but they stynke in the Connsell. Mar. He that etyth Radyssh rotys coughyth above and undyr. Sal. It is lost that is spokyn afore people that undrestande not what they here. Mar. He lesyth his shafte that shetyth in the sande. Sal. He that stoppyth his erys from the crying of the pore people, oure lord god shall not here hym. Mar. He that wepyth afore a iuge lefyth his terys. Sal. Ryse up



thou northren wynde and come forth thou southren wynde  
 and blowe through my gardeyne and the wele smellyng  
 herbys shall growe and multiplie. Marc. Whann the  
 northren wyndes blowe than ben the high howses in great  
 trouble and daunger. Salo. The deth nor povertye wyll  
 not be hyd. Mar. A man that is brostyn and hyde it  
 they growe the more. Sal. As thou syttyst at a Riche-  
 mans table beholde diligently what comyth afore the.  
 Mar. Alle metys that is ordeyned for the body muste  
 through the bely, and it goth in the stomak. Salo.  
 Whan thou syttyst at the tabyll beware that thou taste  
 not furst. Mar. He that syttyth in the hyghest sete, he  
 holdyth the uppermost place. Sal. As the stronge the  
 weyke wynneth, he takyth all that he hath. Mar. The  
 catte seeth wele whoos berde she lycke shall. Salo. That  
 [t]he wycked feryth that fallyth hym often. Mar. He  
 5b that doth evyll and hopyth good, is disceyvyd in thaym bothe.  
 Sal. For the colde the slouthfull wolde not go to plough,  
 he beggyd his brede: and no man wolde hym geve. Mar.  
 A nakyd ars no man kan robbe or dispoyle. Salo. Studye  
 makyth a maystre wele wylled. Mar. Thandys that are  
 usyd in the fyre, fere not the ketyll. Sal. Brawlers and  
 janglers are to be kaste out of alle good companye. Mar.  
 An angry housewyf, the smoke, the ratte and a broken  
 plater, art often tymes unprofytable in an howse. Sal.  
 For goddys love men are bownden to love othre. Marc.  
 If thou love hym that lovyth not the thou lesyth thyn loue.  
 Salo. Saye not to thy frende come to morowe I shal geve

the, that thou maiste forthwyth geve hym. Mar. He sayth an othre tyme he shall doo it that hath not wherwyth redy for to do it with alle. Sal. He that is wyne dronken, holdyth nothing that he sayth. Marcolphus. An opyn-arse hath no lord. Salo. Many coveyte to have rychesse that with povertye are holden undre. Marcol. Ete that ye have, an se what shall remaine. Salomon. There are many that susteyne hungyr, and yet fede they theyre wyves. Mar. The pore had ne breed and yet he bought an hownde. Sal. The fole answeyryth aftyr hys folisshnes, for that he shulde not be knowyn wyse. Mar. What the stone heryth, that shall t[h]e oke answeyryth. Sal. Wrathe hath no mercy and trefore he that angrely 6a spekyth beyth evyle or shrewdly. Mar. Saye not in thyn angre to thy frende no evyl, lest thou forthynke it aftreward. Sal. The mouthe of an ennemye kan saye no good, ne hys lyppys shall sownde no trouthe. Mar. He that lovyth me not doth not diffame me. Salo. Slepe as ye have nede. Ma. He that leyth hym downe to slepe and kan not, is not at his hertys ease. Sal. We haue well fyllyd oure beliyys lete us thanke god. Mar. As the owsell whystelyth so answeyryth the thrusshe, the hungry and the fulle synge not oon songe. Sal. Lete us ete and drinke we shall alle deye. Marc. The hungry dyeth as wele as the full fedd. [Sal]. As a man playeth upon an harpe he kan not wele indicte. Mar. So whan the hownde shytyth he berkyth noth. Sal. The wretchyd wombe is full go we now to bedde. Marcol. He turnyth and walowyth and

slepyth evyl that hath not for to ete. Salo. Dyspysse thou not a lytyll gifte that is geven the of a trewe frende. Mar. That a geldyd man hath that gevyth he to his neighborwes. Salo. Go thou not wyth the evyll man or the brawelyng, lest thou suffre evyll for hym or peryle. Marcolphus. A dede bee makyth no hony. Salo. If thou make frendship with a false and evylwyllled man, it shal hyndre the more than proffyte. Marcolphus. What the wolf doth that pleasyth the wolfesse. Salomon. He that answeyryth afore  
6b he is demaundyd shewyth hym self a fole. Mar. Whan a man tredyth drawe to you youre fete. Sal. Evrything chesyth his lyke. Mar. Where a skabbyd horse is he sekyth his lyke and eyther of thaym gnappyth othre. Salo. A mercyfull man doth wele to his sowle. Mar. He dyspysseth a great gifte that knowyth not hym self. Sal. He that skapyth te wolf metyth the lyon. Marcolfus. From evyll into worse as the cooke to a bakere. Sal. Ware that no man do the non evyll, if he do, do it not agen. Mar. The styлле standyng watyr and the man that spekyth but lytyll beleve thaym not. Salo. We may not alle be lyke. Mar. It standeth wryten in a boke, he that hath no horse muste go on fote. Salo. A chylde of an hundred yere is cursyd. Mar. It is to late an olde hounde in a bande to lede. Sal. He that hath shal be geuen, and shall flowe. Mar. Woo to that man that hath frendes and no breed. Salomon. Whoo to that man that hath a dowble herte and in bothe weyes wyll wandre. Mar. He that woll two weyes go muste cythre his ars or his breche tere.

Salomon. Of habundaunce of therte the mouth spekyst.  
 Mar. Out of a full wombe thars trompyth. Salo. Two oxen in one yocke drawen lyke. Mar. Two veynes go lyke to oon ars. Sal. A fayre woman is to be lovyd of hire husbände. Mar. In the necke is she whyte as a dove, and in the ars blacke and derke lyke a molle. Salo. Out of the generacion of inda is my moost kyndrede, the lord of *7a* my fadre hath made gouernoure ovyr his people. Mar. I knowe wele a tabyl cloth, and of what werke it is made. Salomon. Nede makyth a right wyse man to do evyll. Mar. The wolf that is takyn and set fast eythre he byyteth or shytyth. Sal. Were it so that god alle the world undre my power had set, it shulde suffyse me. Marc. Men kan not geve the katte so moche but that she woll hyr tayle wagge. Sal. He that late comyth to dynner, his parte is leest in the mete. Mar. The glouton kan not se or renne alabout. Salo. Though it be so that thy wif be sowre, fere hir not. Mar. The shepherde that wakyth well, ther shall the wolf no wolle shyte. Sal. It becometh no foles to speke or to brynge forth any wyse reason. Mar. It becomyth not a dogge to bere a sadyll. Salo. Whyles the children are lytyll, reighte theyre lymmes and maners. Marc. He that kyssyth the lambe lovyth the shepe. Salo. Alle reyght pathys goon to wardes oon weye. Marc. So done alle the veynes renne towards the ars. Salo. Of a good man cometh a good wyf. Marcolf. Of a good mele comyth a great torde that men wyth theyre fete trede. So muste men also alle the bestyall wynes trede undre fote.



Salo. A fayre wyf becomyth well by hir husband. Mar. A pot full wyth wyne becom[e]th well by the thrusty. Salo.  
76 Wel becomyth a fayre sworde by my syde. Mar. Wel becom[e]th my hegge a great hepe of stonys. Sal. The gretter that ye be the more meke shulde ye be in alle thyngys. Mar. He rydyth well that ridyth wyth his felawes. Sal. The wyse chylde gladyth the fadyr, and the folyssch childe is a sorwe to the modyr. Mar. They synge not al oon songe the glad and the sory. Salo. He that sowyth wyth skaerstye repyth skaersly. Mar. The more it fryseth the more it byndeth. Sal. Do alle thynges by counsell and thou shalt not aftre forthinke it. Mar. He is seke ynough that the sekenesse drawyth or folowyth. Sal. Alle thinges have theyre seasons and tyme. Mar. Now daye to morwe daye, sayde the oxe that the hare chacyd. Sa. I am very of spekyng, lete us therefore reste. Mar. Therefore shall not y leue my clapping. Sa. I may no more. Mar. If ye maye no more yelde youre self ovrcomen, and geve me that ye have promysed. Wyth that spake to marcolf Hanany as the sone of joiade, and zabus the kinges frende, and adonias the sone of abde whiche hadden the charge and gouernaunce ovr the ky[n]ges tribute, and sayde: Thou shalt not herefore be the thyrdde in the kingedome of our soueraigne lord; Men shall rather put bothe thyn worst yen out of thy moost vyle hede: for it becomyth the bettyr to lye amonge berys, than to be exalted to any dignyte or honour. Than marcolphus sayde wherfor hath the king than promysed?

Than sayde the kinges xij. prouostes that is to wyte *8a*  
Neuthur, Benadachar, Benesya, Bena, Benanides, Bantha-  
bar, Athurady, Bominia, Josephus, Semes, and Samer.  
Wherto com[e]th this fole oure soveraign lorde althus to  
trouble and mocke? Why dryue ye hym not out wyth  
stavys of his syghte? Tho sayde salomon, not so, but  
geue hym wele to ete and drinke, and lete hym than goo  
in pease. So spak marcolphus goyng his weye to the  
king; I suffre ynough what that ye haue sayde. I shall  
alweyes saye There is no king were no lawe is.

Onys upon a tyme the king rode an huntynge wyth  
his hunterys and howndes, and fortunyd hym to come by  
the house of marcolf: And turnyd hymself thidrewardes  
wyth his horse and demaunded wyth his hede inclyned  
undre the dorre bowe, who was wythin. Marcolf answeyrd  
to the king, wythin is an hool man and an half, and an horse  
hede, and the more that they ascende the more they downe  
falle. To that spak salomon, what menyst thou therwith-  
all? Tho answeyrd marcolphus, the hole man is myself  
syttyng wythin; ye are the half man syttyng wythoute  
upon youre horse lokyng in wyth youre hede declyned.  
And the horse hede is the hede of youre horse that ye  
sytte on. Than Salomon demaunded of Marcolphus what  
they were that clymen up and fallyn downe. Marcol *8b*  
answeyrd and sayde: they are the benys boylyng in the  
pott. Salomon. Where is thy fadyr, thy modyr, thy  
sustyr, and thy brothyr? Mar. My fadyr is in the felde  
and makyth of oon harme two. My modyr is goon and

dooth to hir neighborwe that she nevyr more shall do: my brothyr sytting wythoute the house sleyth alle that he fyndeth. My sustyr syttyth in hire chambre and bewepyth that aforetyme she laughyd. Salomon. What betokenth they? Mar. My fadyr is in the felde and puttyth or settyth thornys in a foot path and comyng men they make an othre path therby and so he makyth of oon harme two. My modyr is goon and cloyth the yes of hir neyghborwe deying, the whiche she shall nevyr more do. My brothyr sytting withoute the house in the sonne and lowsyth, and alle that he fyndeth he sleyth. My sustyr the laste yere lovyd a yonge man and wyth kyssyng, laughing, tastyng, japyng and playing, she was getyn wyth chylde whereof she now travayllyth, and that now she bewepyth sore. Salomon. How comyth to the alle this wysdome and subtyltye? Marcolfus. In the tyme of king dauid youre fadyr there was a yonge man his phisician, and as he onys had takyn a vulture for to occupye in his medicins, and had takyn therof that was to hym expedyent, so toke youre modyr Barsebea the herte and leyde it upon  
 9a a cruste of breed and rostyd it upon the fayre and gave you the herte to ete, and I thanne beyng in the kechin, she kast at my hede the cruste through moysted wyth therte of the vulture: and that ete I and therof I suppose is comen to me my subtiltie lyke as to you is comen by etyng of therte wysedom. Salomon. As verely God helpe the, in gabaa god appieryd to me and fulfilled me wyth sapience. Marcolphus. He is holdyn wyse that reputyth hym self a

fole. Sa. Haste thou not herde what rychesse god hath gevyn me aboven that wysedome. Mar. I have herde it and I knowe well that where god woll there reynyth it. To that sayd salomon all laughyngly: my folkys wayte upon me withoute I may no lengyr wyth the talke, but saye to thy modyr that she sende me of hir beste cowe a pot full of mylke and that the pot of the same cowe be coveryd, and bringe thou it to me. Marcolphus. It shal be done. King salomon wyth his companye rydyng towardys ierusalem was honourably receyvyd, as a riche and moost puyssant king. And whan floscemya marcolphus modyr was comyn home to hir house, he dede to hir the kinges message. Than she taking a pot full wyth mylke of hir cowe, and coveryd it wyth a flawne of the same mylke made, and sent it so forth to the king by hir sone. As marcolphus went ovyr the felde the wethir was warme of the sonne, sawe lying there a drye bakyn cowe torde: and for haste he unneth *9b* cowde set downe the pot to the erthe but that he had etyn the flawne, and toke up the cowe torde and therwyth covyrd the pot: and so covyrd presentyd it before the king. And he askyd why is the pot thus covyrd? Marcolf. My lord have not ye commaunded that the milke shulde be covyrd of the same cowe. Salo. I commaunded not so to be done. Mar. Thus I undyrstode. Sal. It had ben bettyr coveryd wyth a flawne made wyth the mylke of the same cowe. Mar. So was it furste done but hungyr chaungyd wyt. Sal. How? Marc. I wyste wele that ye had no



nede of mete, and I havynge great hungyr ete the flawne wyth mylke anoynted and for that wyth wyt chungyd, the pot I have thus coveryd wyth a cove torde. Sal. Now leve we all this : and yf that thou thys nyght wake not aswele as I, thou mayste have no truste to morne of thy hede. Salomon and marcolph consentyd bothe, and wythin a lytyll whyle aftyr marcolph began to rowte. Salo. sayde marcolf thou slepyst. Marcolph answeyrd Lord I do not, I thinke. Salomon. What thinkyst thou. Marcolf. I thinke that there are as many joyntys in the tayle of an hare, as in hire chyne. Salomon. If thou prove not that to morne thou arte worthy to deye. Salomon beyng styll, began marcolph to slepe. Agen and sayde to hym, thou slepyst. And he answeyrd I do not, for I thinke. Salomon. What thynkest thou. Marcolphus. 10a I thinke that the pye hath as many whyte fethrys as blacke. Salomon. But thou also prove that trewe, thou shalt lese thyn hede. As salomon agen began to be styll Marcolph began agen to rowte and to blowe. And Salomon sayd to hym thou slepyst. Marcolphus. Nay I thinke. Salomon. What thinkest thou. Marcolph. I thinke that undre therthe is no clerer thing than the daye. Salomon. Is the daye clerer than mylke. Marcolph. Je. Salomon That muste thou prove. Anone herupon began marcolphus to slepe. Salo. Thou slepyst. Mar. I slepe not but I muse. Salomon. What musyst thou. Marcolph. I muse how that men may not surely truste the women. Salomon. And that of the shal be provyd. Anon aftyr as Salomon

was stulle began marcolf agen to blowe and to slepe. Salomo. Thou slepyst. Marcolph. I do not but I thinke. Salomon. What thinkest thou. Marcolph. I thinke how that nature goth afore lernyng. Salomon. If thou prove not that trewe thou shalt lese thyn hede. Aftyr that the nyght was ovyrpassyd and salomon wery of waking put hym self to reste. Than marcolf lefte the king and ran hastely to hys sustyr Fudasa, and fayned hymself sorwefull, and hevvy, and sayde to hyre, The king Salomon is agenst me, and I may not bere hys threytys and iniuries: and but I shall take this knyf and hyde it secretly undyr <sup>10b</sup> my clothes, and there wyth thys daye all pryuely he not knowyng I shall smyte hym to therte and sle hym. Now good dere sustyr I praye the accuse me not but in any wyse kepe it secrete ne shewe it not to myn owne brothyr Bufrydo. Fudasa answeyrd, my dere and leevest brothyr Marcolf put no doubttes therin, I had levyrd dye and be brent at a stake rather than I shulde discovre it or accuse the. Aftyr that retournyd marcolf all pryvely towardys the kynges courte. The sonne rysyng and spredyng hyr beamys ovyr therthe illumined and fulfylld the kingys palayce, and salamon rysyng from his bed wente and sat in the trone or sete of his palayce. Than commaunded he to bringe afore hym an hare, and as many joyntes in his tayle as in his chyne were fownden by marcolph and nombredyd. Thanne was there a pye brought before the king, and as many whyte fethrys as black were fownden by marcolph. And thanne toke marcolph a great panne

wyth mylke and set it in the kinges bedchambre all  
 pryvely, and closyd to alle the wyndowes that no lyght  
 myght in come. Thanne kallyd he the king into the  
 chambre. And as he come in he stumblyd at the panne  
 and was nygh fallyn therin. Tho was the king angry and  
 displeasyd and sayd thou fowle evyl body, what is it that  
 II<sup>a</sup> thou doost. Marcolphus answeyrd, Ye ought not herefore  
 to be angry. For haue ye not sayd that milke is clerer  
 than the daye. How is it that ye se not as wele by the  
 clerenesse of the mylke as ye do bi the clerenesse of the  
 daye; juge egaly and ye shall fynde that I haue nothyng  
 mysdone unto you. Salomon. God forgeue the, my  
 clothys be all wyth mylke sprongyn, and nygh I had my  
 necke brokyn and yet thou haste me nothing trespassyd.  
 Marcolphus answeyrd, an othre tyme se bettyr to fore  
 you; nevyrthelesse sytte downe and do me justyce upon  
 a mater that I shall shewe afore you. Whan he  
 was set, Marcolph complayned and shewyd. Lord  
 I have a sustyr that hath to name Fudasa and  
 she hath geuen hyrself to horedam and is wyth  
 childe wherwyth she shamyth and dishonestyd alle  
 oure bloode and lynage, and yet wolde she parte wyth  
 me in my fathres good and herytage. Thanne sayde  
 Salomon. Lete hyr come afore us, and we shall here  
 hyr what she woll saye herto. As Salomon sawe hyr  
 come from ferre, sayde all laughyngly. Thys may wele be  
 Marcolphus sustyr. This fudasa was short and thyecke,  
 and therto was she great wyth chylde, and thus was she

thicker than she was of lengthe. She had thicke leggys and short, and went on bote lame; wyth vysage, yen and stature lycke to Marcolph. Salomon sayde to Marcolph. What complaynest or askyst thou of thy sustyr. Mar- 11b  
colph answeryd. My lord I complayne and shewe opynly afore you of my sustyr that she is a stronge harlot and a strumpet, and is wyth chylde, as ye may se: and alle oure blood and kynrede by hyr is shamyd. That wythstandyng she wolde dele and parte wyth me in my fathres good and herytage. Wherefore I requyre you of iustyce that ye commaunde hire that she take no parte ne make no clayme therto. This heryng Fudasa replete wyth angre and woednesse cryed on hygh and sayde. Thou fowle mysshapyn harlot, wherefore shulde not I have my parte in oure fadres good and herytage: and is not Floscemya moder to us bote. Marcolph. Thou shalt not have any dele or parte therin for thin offense iugeth the clerely therfro. Fudasa. Therefore I may not lese myn herytage: for have j mysdone j shall amende it, but oon thyng I promyse the, and swere by god and all hys myght. If thou wylt not lete me be in pease, and suffre me to haue my parthe in the land, I shall shewe suche a thyng of the that the king or it be nyght shall do the to be hangyd. Marcolphus. Thou fowle stynkyng hore, what kanst thou saye of me, I have no man mysdone, saye thy worste I dyffye the. Thou haste moche misdone thou fowle facyd knave and rybaulde that thou art. For thou gladly woldyst sle the king, and yf ye beleve not me, seke undyr 12a



his cote and ye shall fynde the knyf. Tho was the knyf sought by the kinges seruauntys and it was not fownde. Sayde marcolph to the king and to the aboutestanders. And have I not sayde trouthe, that men shulde not put ovyr moche truste or confidence in the women. Wyth that they alle began to laughen. Tho sayd salomon. Marcolph thou doost alle thy thynges by crafte and subtyltye. Marcolph answeryd, Lord it is no subtyltye, but that my sustyr had promysed me to have kept it secrete, and she hath falsely discoverd it as though it had ben of a trouthe. Salomon. Wherefore haste thou sayd that arte or nature goth before lernyng. Marcolph. Take pacyence a lytyll, and afore or ye go to bedde I shal shewe you. The daye passyd ovyr and the tyme of souper cam on. The king sat to sowper and othre, wyth whom sat marcolph, and had alle pryvely put into hys sleve thre quyk myse. There was norysshyd in the kinges house a catte. that every nyght as the king sat at sowper, was wont to holde betwyxt hyre fore feet a brennyng kandell upon the tabyll. Thanne lete marcolph oon of the myse go out of his sleve. As the catte that saugh, she wolde have lept aftyr: but the king gave hyr a wynke or countenance, that she bode styll syttyng and removyd not. And in like wyse dede she of the secunde mowse. Thanne lete marcolph the thrydde mowse go, and as the katte sawe he cowde no lenger abyde, but kaste the kandell awaye and lept aftyr the mowse and toke it. And as marcolph that sawe: sayde to the king. Here I have now provyd before you that nature

goth afore lernyng. Tho commaunded Salomon his seruauntes, have thys man out of my syghte: and if he come hythre any more, set my howndes upon hym. Marcolphus. Now for certayne I knowe and may saye that where as the hede is seke and evyll at ease, there is no lawe. As marcolph was thus out dryven, he sayde to hymself; neythre so nor so shall the wyse Salomon of marcolf be quyte. On the next mornyng folowyng as he was out of his couche or kenel rysen; he bethoughte hym in his mynde how he myght beste gete hym agen into the kinges courte wythout hurte or devouryng of the howndes. He went and bought a quyk hare and put it undre his clothis and gede agen to the courte. And whan the kinges seruauntes had syghte of hym, they set upon hym alle the howndes and forthwyth he caste the hare from hym, and the howndes aftre, and lefte marcolph, and thus came he agen be the king. And as he sawe hym he askyd who had letyn hym in. Marcolph answeryd wyth great sutyltie am j in comen. Sal. Beware that thys daye thou spytte not but upon the bare grownde. The palayce was all coveryd wyth tapettys, and the walles hangyd wyth riche clothys. Marcolf wythin [a] short space aftyr, wyth <sup>13a</sup> his talkyng and clateryng wyth othre his mouth was full of spytyll, began to cough and reche up, beholdyng alaboute hym where he myght best spytte and cowl fynde no bare erthe: sawe a ballyd man stondyng by the king barehedyd, and spatyld evyn upon his forehede. The ballyd man was therwyth ashamyd,

made clene his forehede, and fyll on kneyes before the kingys fete, and made a complaynt upon marcolph. Salomon. Wherefore haste thou made fowle the forehede of this man. Mar. I have not made it fowle but I have dungyd it, or made it fat. For on a bareyne grownde it behovyth dunge to be layde, that the corne that is theron sowyn may the bettyr growe and multiplie. Salomon. What is that to this man. Mar. My lord have ye not forbedyn me that this daye I shulde not spytte but upon the bare erthe, and I saw his forehede all bare of herys: and thynkyng it be bare erthe, and therefore I spytted upon it. The king shall not be angry for this thing for I have done it for the manys proffyte, for and if his forehede were thus usyd to be made fat the herys shulde agen encrease and multiplie. Salo. God geve the shame, for the ballyd men aught to be abouen othre men in honure. For balydnesse is no shame but a begynnyng of worship. Marcolphus. Balydnesse is a flyes nest. Beholde I not syre how the flyes  
13<sup>b</sup> folowe more his forehede than alle the othre that ben wythin thys house. For why they trowen that it be a vessell turnyng full wyth som good drinke or ellys to be a stone anonyted wyth any swete thyng: and therefore they haste thaym to his bare forehede. To this sayd the ballyd man afore the king. Wherto is this moost vyle rybaulde sufferyd in the kinges presence us to rebuke and shame: let hym be kast out. Marcolph. And be it pease in thy vertu, and I shalbe styll. Herewythall come yn two women bryngyng wyth thaym a lyving chylde, for the

wyche they afore the king began to stryve. For the oon sayde it belongyd to hyre but the oon of thaim had forlayne hyre chylde slepyng; so that they were in stryve for the levyng chylde. Salomon sayd to oon of his servauntis: take a sworde and departe thys chylde in two pecys, and geve eyther of thaim the oon half. That heryng the naturall modyr of the lyvyng chylde sayde to the king: Lord I beseche you geve it to that woman all hool lyvyng for she his the verraye modyr therof. Than sayde Salomon that she was the modyr of the chylde and gave it to hire. Marcolph demaunded of the king how he the modyr knewe. Salomon. By chaungyng of hir colure and affection, and by effusyon of terys. Marcolphus. Ye myghthe so be deceyved for beleue ye the wepyng of the women and are so wyse and knowe the crafte of thaim no bettyr. Whyllys a woman wepyth she laughyth wyth therte. They kan <sup>1.4a</sup> wepe wyth oon yie, and lawgh wyth the othyr. They make contenaunce wyth the vysage that they thinke not. They speke wyth the tunge that they mene not wyth therte. They promyse many tymes that they parforme not but they chaunge theyre contenaunces as theyre myndes renne. The women have innumerable craftes. Salomon. As many craftes as they have, so many good condicyons and propyrtyes they haue. Marcolphus. Saye not good condicyons or propyrtyes, but saye shrewdnessys and decepcyons. Salomon. Surely she was an hore that bare suche a sone. Marcolf. Wherefore saye ye so. Salomon. For thou blamyst alle women and they are honest, chaste,



meke, lovyng and curtayse. Marcolf. To that myght ye adde and saye that they are brotyll and mutable. Salomon. If they be brotyll, that have they of manys condicyon, yf they be chaungeable that have they by delectacioun. Woman is though made of mannys rybbe and geven vnto hym for his helpe and comfort. For woman is as moche to saye as a weyke erthe or a weyke thyng. Mar. In like wyse it is as moche to saye as a softe erreure. Sal. There lyst thou false kaytyf. Thou muste nedys be evyll and onhappy that sayst so moche shame and harme of women. For of women we are alle comen, and therefore he that seyth evyll of the kynde of women is greatly to be blamyd,

14<sup>b</sup> for what is rychesse, what is kingdomes, what is possessions what is goold what is sylver what is costely clothynge or precieuse stonys, what is costely metys or drinckes, what is good companye or solace what is myrthe whitoute women. On trouthe they may kalle wele the world deed that from women are exiled or banysshed. For women muste bere the chyldren they fede and norysshe thaym up and love thaym well. She desyryth thayre helthys, she gouernyth the household. She forwyth the helthe of hyr husband and household. Women is the dilectacion of alle thynges: she is the swetnesse of youthe, she is the solace of joye of age. She is gladnesse of children: she is joye of the daye. She is solace of the nyght. She is the glad ynd of laboure. Of alle hevynesses she is the forgeter. She servyth whitoute grutchyng. And she shall watche my goyng out, and myn incomyng. Therupon answeyrd

marcolphus. He seyth trouthe that thinkyst wyth his herte as he spekyth wyth his mowth. Ye haue the women in great favoure and therefore ye prayse thaym. Rychesse, nobylnesse, fayrenesse, and wysedom be in you and therefore it behovyth you to love women. But I assure you one thyng albeit that ye now prayse thaym ovyr moche, or ye slepe ye shal dysprayse thaym as faste. Salomon. Therof thou shalt lye, for alle my lyve dayes I have lovyd women and shall duryng my lyf. But now go from me and se wele to <sup>15a</sup> that before me thou nevyr speke evyll of women. Than marcolphus goyng out of the kynges palayce, kallyd to hym the woman that had hir childe to hyre geven agen by the king and sayd to hyre knowyst thou not what is done and concluded in the kingys counsell to daye. She answeryd my chylde is gevyn me agen alyve, what ellys there is done, that knowe not I. Tho sayd marcolph the king hath commaunded and is uttyrly determyned that tomorwe thou and thy felawe shall come agen afore hym: and that thou shalt have the one half of thy chylde and thy felawe the othre half. Than sayde the woman O what evyll king and what false and untrewre sentence gevyth he. Marcolph sayde yet shall I shewe the grettyr matters and more chargeable, and of grettyr weyghte. The king and his counseyle hath ordeyned that evyr man shall have vij. wyves, therfor remembre and thinke what therin is best to be done. For as one man hath vij. wyves, so shall ther nevyr more be reste or pease in thouse,

one shal be belovyd an othre shall displease hym, for hir that he lovyth shalbe moost wyth hym: and the othre nevyr or seldom. She shalbe wele clothyd and the othre shalbe forgetyn: hyr that he lovyth best shall haue ryngys, jowellys, goold sylvyr furies and were sylkys. She shal kepe the keyes of alle the house. She shalbe honouryd of alle the servauntys and be kallyd mastres. All his goodes  
 15<sup>b</sup> shall falle to hire: what shall than saye the othre vj. And yf he love tweyne: what shall the othre v. saye and yf he love thre what shal saye the othre iiij. and yf he love iiij. what shall the othre iij. do, &c. That he lovyth best he shall alwayes have by hym and kysse hire and halse hyre. The othyr shall mowe saye that they are neythre wydowes nor weddyd, nor yit unweddyd, nor wythoute husbande. They shal mowe well forthynke that they have theyre mayndehede loste. There shall evyr stryff angre envye and brawelyng reigne and if there be not fownde a remedy herefore many great inconvenyencys shall growe there of. And by cause that thou arte a woman, and well acqueynted wyth the condicyons of women; haste the and shewe thys to alle the ladyes and women wythin this citie, and advyse thaym that they consente not to it in anywyse, but wythstande it and saye agenst the king and his counseyll. Marcolf retourned and went agen to the courte and pryvely hyd hym in a corner. And the woman trowyd his wordys to be trewe, ranne trough the citie and clappyd hire handys togydre and cryed wyth opyn mowthe and shewyd all that she had herd and

more. And eche neyghborwe or gossyp saide it forth to an othre, so that in short tyme there was a great assemble or gaderyng of women wel nigh that alle the women that weren wythin the cite, and se gadred, went to the kynges 16a palayse well by the nombre of vi. M. women and brak up dorys and ovyr went the king and his counsell wyth great malyce and lowde crying. The king as he this herde axyd what the cause was of thayre gaderyng. To that oon woman that wyser and more eloquent than the othre sayde unto the king. Moost myghty prynce to whom goold, sylver, preciouise stones and alle rychesse of the world tho you are brought, ye do alle thyng as ye woll, and non agensayth youre pleasure: ye have a Quene and many Quenys, and ovyr that ye have concubynes or paramours wythoute nombre or as many as you pleasyth, for ye have all that ye wol. So may not every man do? Salomon answeryd God hath anynted and made me king in Israhel, may I not than do and accomplyssh all my wylle. Do youre wylle wyth youre owne, and medle not wyth us. We are of the noble blood of Abraham and holde moyses lawe. Wherfor woll ye thave that chaunge and altre; ye are bownden to do right and iustyce, wherefore do ye unryght. Tho sayde Salomon wyth great unpacyence. Thou shamfull wyf what unright or wronge do y. She answeryd, as great unright do ye as kan be thought or ymaged. For ye haue ordeyned that every man shal haue mowe lawefully vii. wyues, and certaynli that shall not be. For there is not that prynce, duke or erle, that so 16b



riche and puysaunt is, but that oon woman alone shall mow fullfille alle his desyres and wylle: what thanne shulde he do wyth vij. wyves: it is aboven any mannys myght or power. It were bettyr ordeyned that oon woman shulde have vij. husbondes. Than sayd Salomon all laughyngly, I had not trowed that of men had ben fewer in nombre than of women. Tho kryed alle the women as mad people wyth oute any reason. Ye are an evyle king and youre sentences ben false and unrightfull. Now may we wel here and se that it is trouthe that we have herd of you: and that ye have of us sayde evyll, and therto ye skorne and mocke us before oure vysages that we se it. O lord god who was so evyle as saule that regnyd ovyr us furste yet davyd was worse, and now this Salomon werst of alle. Than the king beyng full of wrathe sayde. There is no hede more worse than the serpent, and there is no malyce to the malyce of a woman; for it were bettyr to dwelle wyth serpentys and lyons, than wyth a wyckyd woman. Alle evyll are but lytyl tho the cur-sydnesse of a shrewd woman. Alle wyckydnesse falle upon women as the sande fallyth in the shoes of the oolde people goyng up an hylle. So a talkatyf woman and dishobedyent is a great confusyon. That wyf that is hir husbondes maister is evyr contrarye to hym. An evyl wyf makyth a pacient herte, and a sory  
 17a vysage and it as plage of the deth. A woman was the begynnyng of synne, and through hire we dye alle. The woman that is luxuriouse may men knowen in the uppermost of hire

yes, and by hir browes. For hire yes are wythoute revyrence and ther nede no man wondre although she forgete hir husbonde. As the king althus had sayd, so spak nathan the prophete and sayde. My lord why rebuke ye and shame ye thus alle thies women of iherusalem. Salomon. Have ye not herd what dishonoure they have sayd of me wythoute deservyng. Nathan answeyrd; he that woll wyth hys subgiettys lyve in reste and pease, he muste som tyme be blynde, dumme, and deaf. Salomon. It is to be answeyrd to a fole aftyr his folysshnes. Tho sprange Marcolph out of the corner that he sat in, and sayde to the king: now have ye spokyn aftyr myn intent. For ones thys daye ye praysed women out of alle mesure, and now have ye disprayed thaym as moche: that is it that I sought: alwayes ye make my saying trewe. Salo. Thou fowle evyle body, knowyst thou of this commocion. Marcolph. Nay; nevyrthelesse ye shulde not geue credence to alle thing that ye here. Tho sayd the king salomon, go from hens out of my syghte: and I charge the that I se the no mere betwixt the yes. Forth with was marcolph kast out of the kinges palayse. Thann they that stoden by the king sayden; my lord speke to thiese women sumwhat that may please thaym to here; to thentent that they may *17b* departe. Than turnyd the king towards thaym and sayd. Youre goodnesse shal undrestande, that I am not to be blamyd in that that ye laye to my charge. That evyl sayer marcolf, that ye here late sawe hath out of hymself alle this matier surmysed and fayned: and every man

shall have hys owne wyf, and hyr wyth faythe and honestie love and cherysshe. That I have spokyn agenst the wyves I haue not sayde it but agenst the froward wyves who shulde of the good wyves speke any evyll. For a good wyf makyth hyr husbände glad and blythe wyth hyre goodnesse. She is a parte the lyvyng of hyre husbond upon erthe, and hyr lernyng advauntagyth or forthryth hys body. She is a gifte of god. A wyse wyf and a styлле is a grace abouen graces. A good shamefast and an honeste wyf is lyke the sonne clymmyng up to god. A wyf of good condicyons is the ornament or apparayle of the house. She is a lyght shynyng bryghther than the lyght of candellys. She is lyke the goolden pyller standyng upon hir feet and an ovyr faste fundament grownded upon a sure stone wythoute mutacions and the commandemantys of god evyr in hyr mynde. The hooly god of Israhel blesse you and multiplie youre sede and kyndrebede unto the ende of the worlde. Tho sayde they alle, amen: and toke  
 18a leve of the king and went theyre weyes. Marcoph beryng in his mynde of the unkyndnesse that the king had commanded hym that he shulde no more se hym betwixt the yes, thought in hymself what was best to do. It happenyd that the next nyght folowyng fyll a great snowe. Marcolphus toke a lytyll cyve or temse in his oon hande and a foot of a bere in the othre hande, and he turnyd hys shoes that stode forwardes upon his feet bakward. And upon the mornyng erly he began to go lyke a beste upon alle fowre feet through the strete, and whan he was comen a lytyll

wyouth the towne, he fownde an olde ovyn and crept into it. And as the lyght of the daye was oncomen, oon of the kingys seruauntys founde the footstappys of marcolph and thought that it was the trace or stappys of a merveylous beste, and in alle haste went and shewyd it to the king. Thanne incontynent with huntres and howndes he wente to hunte and seke the sayd wondrefull beeste and folowed it unto they comen before the oven where they had loste and fownde no more of the steppys. The king Salomon discended from hys hors and began to loke into the oven. Marcolphus laye all crokyd, hys vysage from hym wardes; had put downe hys breche into hys hammes that he myght se hys ars hole and alle hys othre fowlgere. As the kyng Salomon that seyng demawnded what laye there. Mar. answeyrd, I am here: Sal. Wherefore lyst thou thus. Marcolf. For ye haue commaunded me that ye shulde no more se me betwyxt myn yes; now and ye woll not se me betwyxt myn yes, ye may se me betwene by buttockys in the myddes of myn arsehole. Than was the king sore meovyd [and] commaunded his seruauntys to take hym and hange hym upon a tre. Mar. so takyn, sayde to the kyng. My lord well it please you to geve me leue to chose the tre wherupon that I shall hange. Sal. sayde be it as thou haste desyred, for it forcyth not on what tre that thou be hangyd. Than the kinges seruauntes token and leddyn marcolph wythoute the citie, and through the vale of iosaphath and ovyr the hyghte of the hylle of olyuete from thens to iericho and cowde



fynde no tre that marcolf wolde chese to be hangyd on. From thens wente they ovyr the flome iordane and alle arabye through, and so forth all the great wyldernesse unto the rede see. And nevyrmore cowde marcolph fynde a tre that he wolde chese to hange on. And thus he askapyd out of the dawnger and handes of king salomon, and turnyd agen unto hys howse, and levyd in pease and ioye. And so mote we alle do aboven wyth the fadre of heven. Amen.

¶ Empretyd at andewerpe by  
me M. Gerard leeu.

LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND  
MARCOLPHUS.

LATIN EDITIONS—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Cologne, c. 1473). 12 leaves, 31 lines, without printed signatures.

*Collation* : ab<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1 probably blank. Leaf 2<sup>a</sup> Dyalogus Salomonis ⁊ Marcolfi.  
|| [C]Vm staret salomon super solium dauid || p̄ris  
sui. plen<sup>o</sup> sapiencie ⁊ diuiciis. vi || dit &c. Leaf 12<sup>b</sup>  
Et sic euasit manus Salo regis. post hoc domum  
|| remeās quieuit in pace. Sit laus deo. AMEN.

*Copies* : British Museum.

2. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (J. & C. Hijst, Spire c. 1482). 12 leaves, 34 lines, without printed signatures.

*Collation* : ab<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1 blank.  
Leaf 2 Dyalogus Salomo=|| nis et Marcolfi.

||[c]Vm staret Salomon sup soliū dauid || pris sui.  
plen<sup>9</sup> &c. Leaf 12<sup>a</sup> li. 35 mā<sup>9</sup> Salo. regis. p<sup>9</sup> h<sup>o</sup>  
domū remcās ġeuit in pace. 12<sup>b</sup> blank.

*Copies*: Brit. Mus. 1070. m. 44. Bodleian. University Library, Cambridge.

Hain \*14248.

3. Quarto. 1482. Without place, or name of printer.  
Hain 14254.

4. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer  
(H. Knoblochtzter, Strasburg. c. 1483). 14 leaves, 31 & 30  
lines, with printed signatures (aii, aiii on a3, a4).

*Collation*: a<sup>8</sup>, b<sup>6</sup>; 14 leaves (1-14). Leaf 1 blank.

Leaf 2<sup>a</sup> Dyalogus Salomonis et marcolfi || Salomon  
cū sta || ret sup solium || &c. Leaf 13<sup>b</sup> Explicit  
dyalogus Salo || monis et marcolfi. Leaf 14  
blank.

*Copies*: Brit. Mus. 12330. g. 36.

Hain \*14246.

\* \* The first printed leaf is ornamented with a border.  
The initial S at the beginning of the text contains two  
figures representing Solomon and Marcolphus.

5. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer  
(Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 30 lines, with  
printed signatures.

*Collation*: a b<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiuit

36 LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

(sic) collationes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo rex salomō sapientissim<sup>9</sup> et mar || colphus facie deformis et turpissimus tamē ut fertur || eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12<sup>b</sup> rem elegit Et sic euasit manus Salomōis regis Post || hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.

*Copies* : Brit. Mus. 12316. d. 9.

\* \* On the first page below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus.

6. Quarto. Without date, or place, Jacobus de Breda (Deventer, c. 1486). 16 leaves, 28 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : 16 leaves (1-16). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiūt collatiōes q̄s dicūt fecisse mutuo rex || salomō sapiētissim<sup>9</sup> ¶ marcolph<sup>9</sup> facie deformis || ei (sic) turpissim<sup>9</sup> tñ ut fert' eloquētissim<sup>9</sup> feliciter. Leaf 15<sup>b</sup> hoc domū remeans quieuit in pace || Et sic est finis per me Jacobū de breda || Laus deo. Leaf 16 blank.

*Copies* : Wolfenbüttel.

Campbell's Annales No. 452.

7. Quarto. Without date or place, Jacobus de Breda (Deventer, c. 1486). 14 leaves, 29 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>8</sup>, b<sup>6</sup> ; 14 leaves (1-14). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiūt collatiōes q̄s dicūtur fecisse mutuo rex Salomō



LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS. 37

sapiētissimus et marcolphus &c. Leaf 13<sup>b</sup> Et sic  
ē finis. p me Jacobū de breda. || Leaf 14 blank.

*Copies* : Royal Library at the Hague.  
Campbell 451.

8. Quarto. 1487, Antwerp.

Maittaire iv. 2. ♣. 471. Hain 14255. Campbell 453.

\* \* This edition has never been described, nor is it  
known where any copy is preserved.

9. Quarto. 1488, 20 November. No place or name of  
printer (Deventer, Richard Paffroet). 12 leaves, 33 lines,  
with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a b<sup>6</sup> ; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Collationes  
quas dicūtur fecisse mutuo || rex Salomon  
sapiētissim<sup>9</sup> et Marcolph<sup>9</sup> || facie deformis et  
turpissimus tamē ut ferī || cloquentissimus ||. Leaf  
12<sup>a</sup> Finit Dyalogus vt fertur inter Salomo-||nem  
regem et Marcolphum rusticum || Impressus.  
Anno dñi. M.cccc.lxxxviiij. || Vicesima Nouembris ||  
Leaf 12<sup>b</sup> blank.

*Copies* : University Library, Cambridge.  
Campbell 454. Hain 14256.

10. Quarto. Without date. Antwerp, Gerard Lccu.  
(c. 1488-9.) 10 leaves, 35 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>6</sup>, b<sup>4</sup> ; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Salomonis  
et marcolphi dyalogus ||. Leaf 10<sup>a</sup> Finitū est hoc

opusculū antwerpīe || per me Gerardum leeu : ||  
 Leaf 10<sup>b</sup> The printer's large device, Antwerp  
 castle.

*Copies* : University Library, Cambridge. Royal  
 Library, Brussels.

Campbell 455. Hain 14253.

\* \* On the recto of the first leaf, below the title, is a  
 cut of Æsop, which is repeated on the verso of the leaf.

11. Quarto. Without date, place or name of printer  
 (Antwerp, Matthew van der Goes). Number of leaves  
 not known, 30 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : Not known. Leaf 2<sup>a</sup> (wrongly signed a 3)  
 [c]Um staret salomō sup soliu; || Daudid patris sui  
 plen<sup>o</sup> sapien || &c.

Campbell 456. Described from a copy, then in the  
 Vergauwen Collection, wanting the first leaf and  
 all after the seventh.

12. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer  
 (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 31 and 30 lines,  
 with printed signatures.

*Collation* : ab<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiunt  
 collatiōes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo Rex  
 salomon sapientissimus et. || Marcolphus facie  
 deformis et turpissimus tamen vt || fertur  
 eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12<sup>b</sup> borem eligit

Et sic euasit mauus (*sic*) Salomonis regis. || Post hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.

*Copies*: Brit. Mus. 12316. d. 58.

Not mentioned by Hain.

\* \* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus. This cut was used in the earlier Leipzig edition, No. 5.

13. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 12 leaves, 30 and 31 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation*: ab<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiūt collatiōes quas dicñ (*sic*) || tur fecisse mutuo rex salomon sapiētissim<sup>9</sup> et marcol = || plus facie deformis et turpissimus tamen vt fertur || eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 12<sup>b</sup> means quieuit in pace.

*Copies*: University Library, Cambridge.

Hain \*14247.

\* \* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus; the same cut was used in Nos. 5 and 12.

14. Quarto. Without date, place or name of printer (Leipzig, Conrad Kacheloffen). 10 leaves, 31 and 32 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation*: a<sup>4</sup>, b<sup>6</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Incipiunt collationes quas || dicuntur fecisse mutuo Rex salomon sapiētissimus (*sic*) et || Marcolphus

facie deformis et turpissimus tamen ut || fertur eloquentissimus feliciter. Leaf 10<sup>b</sup> Post hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.

*Copies* : King's College, Aberdeen.

\* \* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a woodcut of Solomon and Marcolphus. The same cut was used in Nos. 5, 12 and 13.

15. Quarto. 1490, 5 October. No place or name of printer (Deventer, R. Paffroed). 12 leaves, 33 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : ab<sup>6</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> ¶ Collationes quas dicuntur fecisse mutuo || rex Salomon sapientissimus et Marcolphus || facie deformis et turpissimus tamen ut fertur || eloquentissimus Leaf 12<sup>a</sup> ¶ Finit Dyalogus ut fertur inter Sa || Iomonē regem et Marcolphū rusticū || Impressus. Anno domini M.cccc.xc. || Quinta Octobris

*Copies* : Brit. Mus. 1070. m. 46.

Not mentioned by Campbell or Hain.

16. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Deventer J de Breda). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>6</sup> b<sup>4</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Collationes (quas dicunt fecisse mutuo rex Salomon || sapiētissimus et Marcolph<sup>9</sup> facie deformis & turpissimus || tamen vt fertur eloquentissimus)



sequuntur ||. Leaf 10<sup>a</sup> Finit dyalogus int'  
Salomonē regē et Marcolphum.

*Copies*: Brit. Mus. 12330. bbb. 18. Bodleian.

Hain \*14249? (described from a copy wanting the first leaf).

17. Quarto. 1496. Deventer. Without name of printer (R. Paffroed). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation*: a<sup>6</sup>, b<sup>4</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Collatiōes  
q̄s dicunŕ fecis || se mutuo rex Salomon sapien-  
tissim<sup>9</sup> et Marcolph<sup>9</sup> || facie deformis t̄ turpissimus  
tū ut ferē eloquetissim<sup>9</sup>. Leaf 10<sup>a</sup> ¶ Finit Dialogus  
ut fertur inter Salo = | monem regem et Marcolphū  
rusticum. || Impressus Dauētrie Anno domini.  
M.||CCCC.xcvi.

*Copies*: Brit. Mus. 12330. d. 28. Cologne, Stadt-  
bibliothek.

Not mentioned by Hain. Campbell (3rd Supp.) 459a.

18. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer.  
10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation*: 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Collatōnes quas ||  
dicunŕ fecisse mutuo rex Salomon sapiētissimus et  
Mar||colphus facie deformis et turpissimus se-  
quuntur. || Marcolphus. Leaf 10 ¶ Finit dialogus  
inter Salomonē regē et Marcolphū.

Hain \*14251.

42 LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

19. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer. 12 leaves, 32 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>12</sup>; 12 leaves (1-12). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Salomon et Marcolphus collocutores. Leaf 12<sup>a</sup> euasit manus regis salomonis. Post hoc domum re-||means quieuit in pace. || Finitum est hoc opusculum.

*Copies* : Bodleian, Douce 115.

Not in Hain. Brunet (ed. 1863) tom. 5. p. 94.

\* \* \* On the verso of the first leaf is a very beautifully executed cut of Solomon and Marcolphus.<sup>1</sup>

20. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer (Deventer, J. de Breda). 10 leaves, 36 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>6</sup>, b<sup>4</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Collatōes q̄s dicunt̄ fe||cisse mutuo rex Salomon sapiētissimus ⁊ Marcolphus || facie deformis ⁊ turpissimus tamen vt fertur eloquentissi||mus sequuntur. Leaf 10<sup>a</sup> ¶ Finit dyalog<sup>9</sup> in̄ Salomonē regē ⁊ Marcolphū.

*Copies* : Royal Library, the Hague.

Campbell 459.

\* \* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is the cut of the four Evangelists, used by J. de Breda as a device.

<sup>1</sup> This woodcut is reproduced as a frontispiece to the present volume.

21. Quarto. Without date, place, or name of printer. 8 leaves, 40 lines, with printed signatures (b on b1).

*Collation* : a b<sup>4</sup>; 8 leaves (1-8). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Salomonis et Marcolphi dyalogus. Leaf 2<sup>a</sup> [c] Um staret salomō sup soliū dauid p̄ris sui plenus sapi-|| etc. 8<sup>a</sup> li 38 Finitum ē hoc opusculum.

*Copies* : University Library, Cambridge.

\* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is a cut of Æsop, surrounded with a border of white hexagons on a black ground. The verso of the leaf is the same as the recto. The cut is again repeated on the verso of the last leaf.

22. Quarto. Without date or place. Felix Baligault (Paris, c. 1500). 10 leaves, 40 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : A<sup>6</sup>, B<sup>4</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Salomonis et marcolphi || Dyalogus. Leaf 9<sup>a</sup> monis. Post hoc domum remeans quieuit in pace.|| Finis. Leaf 10 blank.

*Copies* : Bodleian, Douce 129.

Holtrop Catalogus BRH. Not in Hain or Brunet.

\* \* On the recto of the first leaf below the title is the printer's device.

23. Quarto. Without date. Deventer, J. de Breda. 10 leaves, 36 & 37 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation* : a<sup>6</sup>, b<sup>4</sup>; 10 leaves (1-10). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> ☐ Colla-

tiones quas dicuntur fecisse mutuo rex Sa || lomon  
sapiientissimus et Marcolphus facie deformis ꝛ  
tur || pissimus tū vt fertur eloquētissimus Impres-  
sum dauentrie || per Jacobum de breda. Leaf 10<sup>a</sup>  
lomonis regis. Post hoc domū remeās q̄euit in  
pace. Leaf 10<sup>b</sup> blank.

*Copies* : Royal Library, the Hague.

Campbell 457, 458. Probably after 1500.

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The following list of Latin editions printed after 1500  
does not pretend to be exhaustive :—

24. Quarto. 1502. Venice : J. B. Sessa. 8 leaves, 39  
lines.

25. Quarto. (c. 1510, Quentell, Cologne.) 8 leaves,  
42 lines. Hain \*14250.

26. Quarto. 1514. Landeshut : J. Weysenburger.  
10 leaves, 39 lines. With 15 illustrations.

27. Octavo. (c. 1515.) Paris (Jehan Frellon). 12  
leaves, 32 lines.

28. Quarto. 1521. Without place or name of printer.

29. Octavo. Without date. John Mauditier impensis P.  
Regnault. 12 leaves.



GERMAN EDITIONS—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

30. Quarto. 1477. Nuremberg: Mark Ayrer. 15 (16?) leaves, without printed signatures. Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Frag und antwort Salomōis uñ marcolfi. Ends: volendet in der werden Stat Nurmbergk von Marco Ayrer im LYYVII Jare.

Hain 14257.

\* \* With 15 illustrations. There is some question as to the genuineness of the date of this book, most authorities ascribing it to 1482.

31. Quarto. 1490. Augsburg: John Schopsser. 24 leaves, 26 lines, with printed signatures.

*Collation*: 24 leaves (1-24). Leaf 1<sup>a</sup> Red und wider-red || Salomois uñ marcolfi. Ends: ¶ Gedruckt zu Augspurg zu LYYYY. iar || von johanne schopsser.

Hain 14258.

\* \* With four illustrations.

32. 1496. Ulm: H. Zainer. With four illustrations.

33. 1498. Ulm: H. Zainer. With four illustrations.

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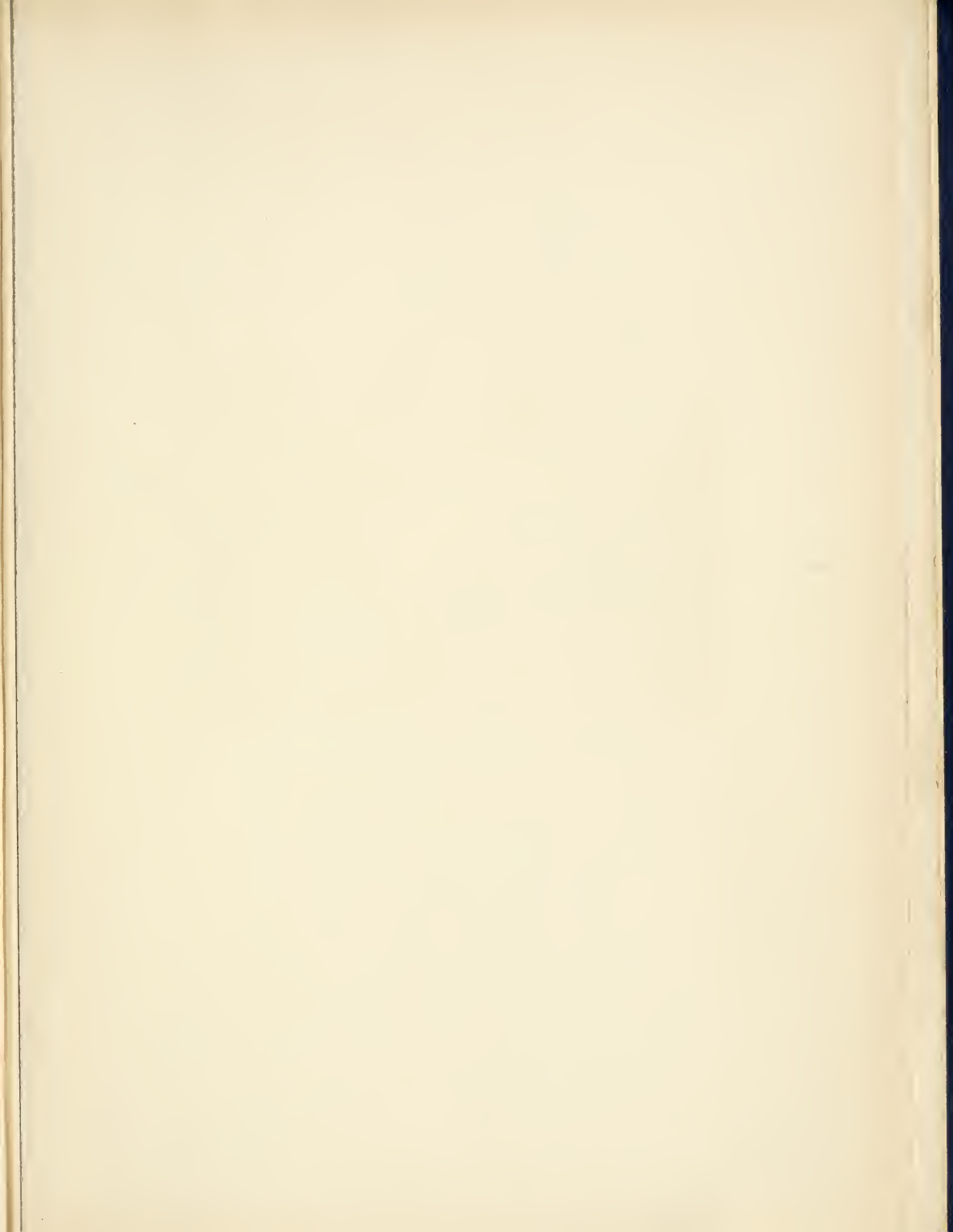
EDITIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES.

34. El dyalogo de Salomon ⁊ Marcolpho. Quarto. 1502. Venice: J. B. Sessa. 8 leaves, 38 lines.

46 LIST OF EDITIONS OF SALOMON AND MARCOLPHUS.

35. Les Ditz de Salomon et de Marculphus, translatez du latin en francois par Maistre iehan diury. 1509. Paris : Guillaume Eustace.

36. Dat dyalogus of twisprake tusschen der wisen coninck Salomon ende Marcolphus. Quarto. 1501. Antwerp : H. Eckert van Homberch.



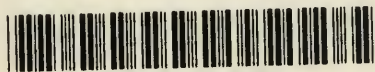


1870





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