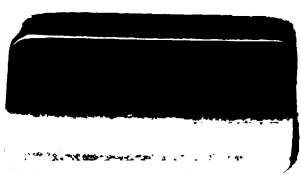


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**EARLY
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES.**

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

EARLY
ENGLISH MISCELLANIES,

IN
PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM AN UNEDITED MANUSCRIPT OF
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY
J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,
ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the miscellaneous English manuscripts of the fifteenth century which have hitherto remained inedited, there is not perhaps one more deserving of attention than that from which the present collection has been selected. It is a thick but small volume, written on vellum and paper in the reign of Edward IV, and, from being preserved at Porkington, in the county of Salop, in the library of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P., has been generally known as the Porkington Manuscript. Scarcely any of its contents have been published, and, when the original volume was confided to my trust for a short time some years ago, through the interest of one of the possessor's intimate friends, the opportunity was taken of transcribing from it the curious pieces which are now offered to the notice of the members of the Warton Club.

The Porkington Manuscript was first brought prominently into notice by Sir Frederic Madden,

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who, in 1839, printed from it the story of Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle, in his excellent collection of the romance-poems of Syr Gawayne.* This curious piece is the first poem in the manuscript, the articles which precede it consisting of a calendar, a table of eclipses calculated for the period from 1462 to 1481, a tract on the weather, etc. The next which follows is the curious treatise on planting and grafting, printed in the present volume, pp. 66-72, which will be read with some interest by those whose curiosity leads them to inquire into the progress made by our ancestors in these subjects at so early a period. In the agricultural and botanical sciences they were clearly not very far advanced, but they made amends for this by attaining a singular proficiency in all the appliances of the pictorial art. On this account, as well as in regard to the nature of the subject itself, the minute receipts in aid of "the crafte of lymnyng of bokys", p. 72, are likely to be of considerable importance in any researches

* Sir F. Madden is of opinion (*Syr Gawayne*, p. 429) that *stronge*, at the commencement of this poem, should be *strange*. The manuscript has the former reading, but the use of the *o* for the *a*, which will be found constantly in the following pages, appears to be a dialectical indication that ought to be preserved.

respecting the history of English art. After a few brief poems, the next article of any importance in the manuscript is the "Vision of Philibert regarding the Body and the Soul"; a curious and hitherto unnoticed early metrical translation of the Latin poem on that subject, generally attributed to Walter Mapes. It is given in the present volume, pp. 12-39. This is followed by the short, but quaint, poems of "Earth upon Earth", and the "Mourning of the Hare", both of which are inserted in this collection. A few of the shorter metrical pieces have been already printed in other collections, and, though interesting in themselves, it was thought not to be worth while to reproduce them. Some have been printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, and others in works of limited circulation, but sufficiently accessible to the student. The ten articles now printed comprise the chief of the inedited pieces of any real value, and constitute, with those elsewhere published, as complete a copy of the manuscript as will generally be desired.

To the above brief enumeration of the contents of the manuscript may be added the version of the amusing tale of the Friar and the Boy, printed in the following pages, pp. 46-62. Several copies of this poem have been preserved, and as they all

vary considerably from each other, the present is worth preservation, as perhaps the least incorrect of any of the early manuscript copies known to exist. Another, preserved in MS. Cantab. Ee. iv. 35, was printed by Mr. Wright, 18mo, 1836. The story is well known, and was a common chap-book history, in a modernized form, until a very recent period.

February, 1855.

EARLY ENGLISH
MISCELLANIES.

I.

LOVELY lordynges, ladys lyke,
Wyves and maydynus ryallyke,
So worthy undere wede,
And alle, lystynes to my talkynge,
God grant hem hys dere blesynge,
And hevene to her mede.
By one foreste as I cone ryde,
I saw a byrd by a woode syde,
Bryzte sche was of ble ;
Her wenges were of colowrs ryche,
As an aungelle me thohte her lyche,
Full semely hit was to se ;
The byrd was go ; my joy was styлле,
For woo, alasse ! myselffe I spylle ;—
To Cryste I make my mone,

B

For a love that was so newe,
 That so bryzte was of hewe,
 Fro me was sche gone.
 A blestfulle songe that byrd gone synge,
 And I abode for love talkynge,
 To witt of whene sche wore ;
 And as sone as sche se me,
 Sche toke her flyzte for to fle
 To an holte so hore ;
 Forthe I walked in that foreste,
 By a rever est and weste,
 Under ane holte syde,
 Tylle I come undere a lovelé tre,
 That semely cone I se
 Undere a buske abyde.
 That lovely byrd one bowys bare,
 Sche sange a songe with syzkyng sare
 Opone ane haselle tre :
 With wordys myld and hende,
 To that byrd cone I wende,
 Off bale her bote to be.
 Whenne that I tylle her come,
 By the wengus I her nome,
 And stroked her fulle softe :
 With wordys myld and stylle,
 I hasked the byrd of her wylle

Fele tymys and ofte ;
 The byrd answerd and sayd,—Do way !
 Me lykes noȝte of thy play,
 Ne talkyng of thy talys :
 I am known undere thys tre,
 So as I come let me fle,
 By downs and by dalus :
 For wonte I was to be in cage,
 And with my feres to play and rage,
 With game and with gle :
 Now I fly with my fethere hame,
 As wyld fowle and nothyng tame ;
 Be dere God, woo is me !
 Nay, dere byrd, let be thy care,
 And thou woldus gladly with me fare,
 And leve one my talkynge ;
 Of thy ruthe I wold a-ruwe,
 Thy cage shal be made anewe ;
 Thou shalte have thy lykyng.
 The byrd answerd with wordys fre,—
 Whereof schuld my cage be,
 And I the love wold ?
 The flore schold be of argentum,
 Clene sylver alle and sume,
 That trewe love myȝte behold.
 The walle schal be of galmeowne,

Frankensense and lymesone,
That savour that is so swete.
The postes schal be of syperesse,
The furste tre that Jhesu chesse,
Off bale to be owre bote :
The towres shal be of every,
Clene corvene by and by,
The dore of whallus bone ;
The cowpuls alle of galyngalle,
The bemus alle of ryche coralle,
Ryally begone ;
The dosers alle of camaca,
The bankers alle of taffaca,
The quysschyns alle of velvet ;
The wyndows alle of jasper stone,
The pelowrs of coralle everychone,
With joye joyned in gete :
The hyllynges thereof schal be blewe,
And dyaper with aser hew
Comly for the noneste :
Pynnaculs alle of aurum,
Clene gold alle and summe,
Fulle of precyowse stonus :
The creste blewe and whyte as rysse,
The pynnaculs schalle go alle by rysse,
Within and withowte,

With *Veni Creator spiritus*,
 And, *Gloria in excelsis*,
 With aungels songe alle abowte.
 Fyve whelys therein schal be,
 In the medylle schal be the Trinité,
 That pere as none,
 And the forwte thereabowte,
 To Jhesu Criste for to lowte,
 Marke, Mathew, Luke, and Johne.
 The perche schalbe of carbuncul stone,
 To rest 3ow one, my joly lemone,
 So semely is to my syzte ;
 The nyztyngale, the throstylcoke,
 The popejay, the joly laveroke,
 Schalle singe 3ow day and nyzte ;
 The popejay, 3our lady fre,
 In 3our cage with 3ow to be,
 3ow to honour and quene ;
 The throstelcoke Gabrielle,
 The wyche gret owre lady welle,
 With ane *Gracia plene*.
 The nyztyngale with benedicite,
 In 3our cage with 3ow to be,
 For the fendys rowte ;
 The laveroke schalle synge hye,
 With *Gloria tibi Domine*,

And blysse the cage alle abowte.
 Thys cage is made withowtyne weme,
 For the love of one woman,
 Mary that is so fre ;
 The mane that better cage make canne,
 Take thys byrd to his lemane,
 That is the Trinité.
 God, that is fulle of myzte,
 And sofored for us payns plyzte,
 For his ordors tenne,
 Mot save and kepe this company
 Fro schame and eke fro velony,
Ad vitam eternam! Amen.

II.

Lord, how schalle I me complayne,
 Unto myne owne lady dere,
 For to telle hereof my payne,
 That I felte this tyme of the heire ?
 My lovfe, yf that ze wylle hit here,
 Thowze I can noo songis make,
 Soo yowre lovfe changys my chere,
 That whenne I slepe I may not wake.
 Youre lovfe dose me soo meculle wow,
 I lovfe yow best I make a wowe,

That my schowe byndys my lyttyle towe,
 And alle my lowf, swyt, hit ys for yow ;
 Forsothe me thynkyt hit wylle me slow,
 But 3e sumwhat my sowrro slake,
 That barfot to my bede I goo,
 And whenne I slepe I may not wake :
 Whosoever wylt what lyfe I lede,
 In myne obserwans in dyveris wyse,
 Now the tyme that I gow to my bede,
 I eyte no met tulle that I aryse.
 3e my3t telle hit for a gret emprys,
 That this morne for yowre sake,
 Soo mekulle I thinke one yowre serwyse,
 That when I slepe I may not wake.
 In the mornyng when I ryse schalle,
 Me lyst ry3t welle for to dyne,
 But comynly I drynke noo nale,
 Yf that I may geit anny good wyne.
 To make yowre hert to me inclyne,
 Suche turment to me I take,
 Synggyng dothe me soo mycheylle pyne,
 That whenne I slepe I may not wake.
 I may unnethe buttyn my slewys,
 Soo myn armys waxin more ;
 Undure my hyelle is that me grevys,
 Fore at my hart I fele noo sowre.

Evry day my gyrdylle gothe out avore,
 I clynge as dothe a whettyne cake,
 And for yowre lowf I syze soo sowre,
 That when I slepe I may not wake.
 Therefore but ze quyte me my hyre,
 Forsothe I not what I schalle donne,
 And for yowr lovfe, lady, by the fyre,
 Glowys wyll Y were noon.
 I lawze and synge and make no mone,
 I waxe as leyne as anny rake ;
 This in longure I leyfe alonne,
 That whan I slepe I may not wake.
 My dooblet ys more then hit was,
 To lovfe yow furst when I beganne,
 Hit most be wyddyre be my lase
 In yche a spas and stede by a spone.
 My lovfe, sethe I become youre mane,
 I havfe reddyn thorow monny a lake,
 Woone myleway mornyng I came,
 And zeyt whan I slepe I may not wake.
 This in longure I am lente,
 Longe are zee doo soo for me ;
 Take good hyde unto my tent,
 For this schalle my conclucyone bee,—
 Me thinke I loofe as welle as zee,
 Never soo cayey thowze zee hit make ;

Be this insampulle 3e may see,
That when I slepe I may not wake.

Amen. Et-c.

III.

As I went one my playing,
Undure an holt uppone an hylle,
I sawe and ould mane hoore make mornyng,—
With sykyng soure he sayd me tylle,—
Sum tyme this worde was at my wylle,
With reches and with ryallté,
And now hit layd done ful style;
This word is but a wannyté.
That one the morrow when hit fayre and chere,
Afternone hit wendys awaye,
And commyth to the nyzt as hit was ere :
This word ys but a daye :
Goo for ryzt alle owre lewyng heyre ;
Frow chyldwood unto mannys degré,
Owre enddyng drawyt nere and nere,—
This word is but a wannyté.
I leccone my lyfe unto the morrow-tyde ;
When I was chyld so bare i-bore,
For me my modyr soffyrđ gret soure,
With grouttyng and weppying was I bore,

But thow one me was wem ne hore ;
 Sethe in sinne I have i-be,
 Now I am olde I may no more,—
 This word is but a wannyté.
 At myde-morroo daye I lernnyd to goo,
 And play as chyldorne done in strete ;
 As chyldwood me thoȝt and tauȝt I dyde tho,
 With my fellous to fyȝt and beyt.
 What I dede methoȝt hit swete,
 Ryȝt as chyldhod taȝt hit me ;
 Now may I say with terrus weete,
 This word is but a wannyté.
 At under day to skole I was i-sete,
 To lerne good as chyldorn dothe,
 But whenne my master woold me bete,
 I wold hym cowers and wax folle rowthe :
 To lerne good I was fulle rowthe,
 I thoȝt one play and gollytté ;
 Now for to say the sothe,
 This world is but a wannyté.
 At mydday I was dobyt a knyȝte,
 In trothe I lernnyd for to ryed ;
 There was none soo bold a wyȝte,
 That in battaylle durst me abyde.
 Where be-commyȝt alle owre pryd,
 Owre jollytté and fayre boutté,

Frow dethe I may not me here hyde,—
 This word ys but a wannyté.
 At nonne I was crounyd a kynge,
 Alle this world was at my wylle;
 Ever to lyvfe here was my lykyng,
 And alle my lust I wold fulfyllen :
 Now age is croppyn one me ful style,
 He makyt me hore, blake, and bowe;
 I goo alle downward with the hylle,—
 This world is but a wannyté.
 At myd-undure-none wonderly I waxe,
 My lust and lykyng hit went away,
 From the world my chere ys goon,
 Fro ryalté and ryche araye :
 Owre lewyng ys but one daye,
 Azeynst the world that evyre schalbe;
 Be this matter I dare welle saye,
 This word ys but a wannyté.
 At ewynsong tyme I was so cold,
 That now I goo alle by a stafe,
 Therefore is dethe one me so bold,
 And for his hyre he dothe me chawfe :
 Whenne I am dede and layd inne grawe,
 Then no thing schalle save me,
 But welle and woo that I done havfe,—
 This word ys but a wannyté.

Now ys this day commyn to the nyzt;
 I hawe lost my lewyng;
 A dredefulle payne is for me dyzte,
 In cold claye there inne to clynge.
 As I went on my playing,
 Undure an holt by a tre,
 This hard I an old manne mak mornyng,—
 This world ys but a wannyté!
 In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis.

IV.

The Fadyr of pytté and most of myserycorde,
 That alle this word throw his grace relewynt,
 He ys soo mercyfulle, called gracys Lord,
 That all oure syne the wyche his lordschypp grevyth,
 Full oft of verey pytté that hym mevyte,
 To oure freywelté hawyng advertans,
 He remytteth sone and grantteth indulgens.

And thoze it be so he wyll no man be pereched,
 He sofford us oft to falle grevusly;
 Whom he reypreweth whom he woll have cheryd,
 There is no creature can tel this truly:
 Werfore, O frendus, alle this counsel I,
 Consydyr youre lyve stondyth in gret drede;
 Beth wel awysid therefor, ze have gret ned.

Al this I meve for a nottabul a storrye,
The wych a clarke in Lattayne lyst for to wryet,
To floure for ever worthely in memorrye,
And hard harttus to try and exsyte
To perfeccyon, and caus men to have delyte
In her God, and meve hem new and newe
To alle good warkus, al evyl to esschew.

And as I dorst for verey drede and schame,
Of sympul connyng and bestyal rudenysse,
I toke one me to translate the same
Into owre tonge after the prossese
In Lattayn; werfore with alle humblenesse,
Every genttyl redere I reyquere
To be my supporter, I aske non other hyere.

And in this matter veras I fynde
Anné thinge that may behold suspecte,
As towchyng enny word befor or behynde,
To throwe dysscession I offyr and drecte
Al syche defawtes to amende and correcte,
Lest one me be fond any offense,
In anny place of worthie audyense.

O sovereyn Lord of sapiens infeynyte,
Sum lecur of thi grace one me destylle,
Sonnere my style helpe me to indyte,

That to thi lawde I may this processe fulyfe :
 Soffyre me not, Lord, a3eynst thi wyle,
 But so my pene dyrecte at my nede,
 That to thi lawde this processe may procede.

O Crystes modyre, dow3tter to Sente Anne,
 Be whom al grace is new begonne ;
 That feede 3eure chyld with the heyvynly mane,
 And 3ave hym drynke of youre good lytonne.
 O norreyschere to Cryst clothid with the sone,
 The chefe temppul of oure soferayn deseuryde,
 And of the Holly Gost electe and enspyryd.

Nowe wy3t-save, lady, of youre maydonhede,
 Sum ly3t of grace one me to sende,
 That my rude wyte may be oute of drede
 Of this simpl dytté to make ann ynd :
 And lest hit be so that I do offende,
 Let yowre grace uppon me, youre servant, schyne,
 That by a quene aboven the ordors nyne.

And to my porpos I wyl turne al newe,
 As befor I began to wryte,
 And after a storry to the I wylle the matter sewe,
 As 3e schal here without more respyte.
 In Frans sometym there deyllyd an hermete,

Holly and devoute, and set in perfeccyone :
He was also a worthi kyngis sone.

This ermet be name was cleypyd Philberte,
Secrete with God, as in conclusion
The matter schowyzt, who wysely wyl advert,
And in his slepe he hade syche a vyssyone :
He saw a boddy not feynyd be illisione,
Deede and pale, and one the erthe laye ;
And, as hit semyd, the spret was away.

By the body the spret stod and weppyd,
And in his langaug the body dyde repreve ;
Why hadyst thou not better thi soule keppye ?
Alas, that ever thou commyst of Adam and Eve !
Who cast the doune into this myscheyfe ?
Who hath the put into this gret mysyré ?
Thy sollen festus be changyt into serré.

Not long agoo, the word was thi subejecte ;
Al this regeone thi lordschype hade in drede.
Wer is now that mayné, thou stynkyng and abjecte,
That thou wert wont so ryally to fede ?
Here gret observans and there takyng hede ?
Al is gone ! thi welth is from the wenyde !
Thow foul caryon, thus dethe hath the dysmayde.

Thy dwellyng is not now in hyȝe towrus,
 Ne in hyȝe paleys of famus largenyse,
 But in a grave clousyd alle in flowryse,
 Schort enowȝe, it hath no gret wydnys;
 What awayllyȝt now thi strengthe and thi reches?
 Thy ȝothe, thi bowtté, and thin appareyle?
 Frome hens forthe thi wyl not the awayle.

Where is now thy hyȝe palleys, reyplete
 Of reches flouyng in gret abundanse?
 Thi hale is now of vij. fete:
 The wormus bene thi kyn and thin alyanse;
 Thi fryndeus in whome was alle thi affyanse,
 Here terius be almost exspend;
 When thi dyrge was done, heere soroo was at an ynd.

I am a sole after thi simlytude
 Of God, a creatur in a ryȝt nobul wyse,
 And ordent to be of that multutud,
 That up to God glory schul ascend and ryse;
 But thou, alá! madyste me to dyspysse
 My God; so wellaway the whylle!
 For to eternal dethe he wyle us both exile.

O stynkyng fleche! with me thou art damnyde,
 But and thou knewyst the gret sowerro and payne

Ordent for the, when thou schalt be exsempned,
 A thousande sythe thou schalt crye and playne,
 And say this word,—God, that we twayne
 The day of owre byrth we had byn in our grave !
 But suche grave wer we not ordent to have.

Hit is gret merwelle, as semyzt me,
 Thoꝝ oure dedys were not at Godis pleyfans,
 In ouer lyve, whyle I was kyn to the,
 For of me thou hadyst alway the governans,
 And when thou felyst I wold have done pennans,
 For owre syn thou woldyst never asente,
 Ne at no time porpos the to amende.

Wer beth thi lonndys by exstorcyone take ?
 Thin hyꝝ pallys that thou hast belde, and towrys ?
 Thy freche ryngis, thi goomes wyet and blake,
 Thy golde and sylwyre, and thi gret honnouris ?
 All is lost, and now thi sempul bouris
 In the, and thou art layd now fulle lowe ;
 Thus whom hym lyst dethe cane ovyre-throwe.

Thy ryche vesture, thi beddys of collors dyverse,
 Thi wennesone, thi wyld foulle, spycus of delyte,
 Vesselle, nappre, mettus, I cannot reyhers,
 Sawsis, subdelytys to thine appetyte ;

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Thy lusty pellois, thi schettus fayre and whyte ;
 Where ys this now ? one this was alle thi thouzte :
 Here mayst thou se worldis joy is nozte.

Answer to me, for I wylle apposse
 Thin wlogé, yf hit do the apleyse ;
 Say one thy tyxte, for now may be no glous,
 For now thy haulle roofe lyth upon that noose :
 Hit is so streyt, thou hast no membre at ese ;
 Thi moth, thi eene, thi tonge, and thi brethe,
 Thi fete and thi hondys stynke alle of dethe !

Thy gret ryches that thou hast gette some tyme,
 With farade, with fawyre, with strenzte, or with
 drede,

Be now changyt into erthe and slyme,
 And no were the world of me takyt none hede :
 Thus dethe aquyttyt every man his mede :
 Wyth-oute doute, who soo dothe attend
 Of worldly joy is evyre at the heynd.

In heyvyne and erthe thou hast never a frynde ;
 Thy fadyre and thi modyre of the takys noo kepe :
 Thyne eyrris hath alle, thy good is dysspend ;
 Thy lusty wyfe dothe no lengure weppe :
 Alas ! that evyre thou coudyst goo or crepe !

There his no prayere that may the now awaylle :
 Thow fylthye fleche ! now mayst thou cry and weppe.

I knowe this well, thin eyrrys ne thi wyfe
 Wyl not 3eyfe o fote of thi lond
 To reystore the agayne here to thi lyve,
 And 3eyt alle thi trust thou puttust in here hond.
 A ! wold God, thou myzttyst undyrestonde,
 As thou lyes nowe stynkyng one the bere,
 Thi frenschype and thou dyid bothe in feere.

Now mayste thou see this world is but false ;
 His fayre prommes fol monny hathe begyllyde.
 The fendis mallis thi curssid flecche also,
 Many a thowsand have 3e there exslyd
 Owte of joy, as mony a clarke hathe compylyd
 In sondry storrys, who so luste to rede ;
 But ale-thoze men take of dethe no hede.

This wester nowe is nothing presiouise,
 The wallure thereof is but symepul i-now3e :
 The schape me thingk is not made ful curiuse,
 Al thi bede-schettes beth alle row3e :
 And tho thi skynne be never so hard and tow3e,
 3et wylle the wormus into thi body crepe :
 Wherefore, thou fleche, thou hast grete caus to wepe.

'And tho thou feele no turment nowe nor payne,
 Als thou lyiste here dede and palle of hewe,
 At the hy jugement doutles we twayne
 Schall be sore pooneschyde, we may hit not esschew;
 And suffure endles payne ever new and newe;
 Aȝens us bothe is ȝeve the jugement and senttense;
 There is no favor to make reyssystemens.

O fulle of mysserie, that never haddyst pytté
 Uppone the pore in al thi dayis here,
 But by extorsion hast robberyd alle the sytty,
 There as thou hast deylyd from heyre to ȝere,
 Now arte thou layd fulle lowe uppone the bere:
 Of alle owre sorrow thou arte the cause;
 Com of and thou canste, and answere to this clause.

Whenne at the body hade hard every worde
 Of the sowle and everé complaynt,
 Upe the chest frome hym he cast away the bord
 Wyth gret vyolens, as he were nothing faynt,
 And furiously and wood the false fleche ataynte:
 With ferfull langgage he began the sole to accuse,
 As ȝe schalle here, and hymeselfe to excuse.

Art thou my soule, that hast me reypreyvte
 With scharpe reysone curiously made and wroȝt?

Yf myne answere be ryzt wel apprewyte,
 Alle thi argamenttus schalle be set at nozte,
 And anone the truthe anone schalle be souzte,
 Wyche of us to is most worthi here,
 To bere the blame, anon ze schall here.

This knowe I wel, I have made the erre
 In monny a warke and manny a sory dede,
 But what is the cause nowe of oure werre
 I wylle declare, withouttyne anny drede ;
 How myzt the body syne, I pray the take hede,
 Withoute the soule ? thou cannist not this denye ;
 Tarry a whyle, and I schalle tel the whye.

The word, the feend, and the fleche, in fere,
 By the gret frendys and of old alyance,
 And but the sole ryzt as dothe the brere,
 Hale azene anone this they wyll aspye,
 What myzte cause the body to aplye
 To here luste and to here cursyde werkus ;
 Now answere, soule, for this saythe the clarkus.

This know I welle, as thou dydyst reyherse,
 God formyd the after his owne ymage,
 And made the ryzt with manny vertues dyverse,
 And ordent the body bothe in zoughet; and age,
 To be thy thral, thy servant, and thi page :

Have I not do so, as somme then kythe?
 But al for noȝte, I se proferd serves stynkit :

Thow, soule, wer made lady and mastries
 In thy creacione, bye Godis provysionne :
 Reysone, mynd, and wyll, God of his goodnyse
 Ordent to the only, to this conclusionne,
 That thou schulddyst kepe thi body from confusion,
 And aȝeynst al synne to make resistense ;
 Thus dyddyst thou never answerre to my senttens.

Hit may not be the bodye schold be blamyte,
 But only the sole that hath the soffrentté ;
 Thow haddyst the governans ; art thou not a-schamyd?
 Why putttest thou one me alle thi defaute :
 To be my subjecte say what nedyethe the ?
 Sethe of the body thou haddyst alle the charge,
 What was the cause thou suffurist me to go at
 large ?

Withoute spret, pardy, the body his noȝt :
 Withoute spret the body is noȝt sussteynnyde :
 To kepe the body thou were made and wroȝte :
 Answerre, thou wer my sufferayne and long hast
 playnyd,
 Thow wer my soferayn and longe haste raynnyde

On me; why tokyst thou no better hede,
At all owrys when that I hade nede?

Thy symppul fleche, the wyche is corryptybulle,
Without the spret can noudyre good ne harme.
How myzt hit be, hit is unpossybulle
That the body, the wyche is nothings warme,
But deyde and cold, schuld put forth his arme,
Or without the soule eny membrur meve;
Without the soule the body may nothing greve.

Thothe the body and the spryt most nede asente,
Whatever he sayth he most say the same,
And as subjecte serve his masteris intente:
Why schuld the servant bere the masteris blame?
Without the sole the body his blynd and lame;
My felyng, my mevyng, ale commyzt of the:
For thin offens why reyprevyst thou me?

Remembure, O sool, what thou hast offenyte
More then I, thou cannyst the not excuse:
Oure both defawttus thou myzttyst have amendyte;
This knowyst thou welle, thou mayst hit not reyfuse.
Thow obayist my wylle: why doste thou acuse?
Thy bytter langgag hath grewyd me sore:
Go frome me, sole, and wex me no more.

Wylle, abyd a whylle and tarie,
 And at thi ergamenttes anone reypleye,—
 Thow hast offendyt, thou canniste not say the contrary;
 O mollyd carryen, out one the, I crye.
 Fyrst take the pylere out of thyne ye,
 Or one me thou put anny defaute :
 Fulle causles me thing it, thou dost me asaute.

I know this welle, I schuld have mad reysustens
 A3eyns the fleche, fals and dyssaywabulle,
 But thi freelté anon stod at defense ;
 To thi soule thou were never favereabulle :
 My wylle was oft to zeld me culpapulle,
 But thou3 the world and the fende alsoo
 In no wyse wold never asent thereto.

O wrecheyd fleche, O thou stynkyngge donge,
 That al thy dayis hast the word followyd !
 What arte thou now ? thy knyl is ronge,
 Thy dyрге is done, the erthe hase the swallowyd !
 Thow art defygurt, thi eyne beth depe hollowed !
 Now art thou dede, thou mayst not askape ;
 Not long agone thou madyst hereof a jappe.

When thy concianse wold the have mad chastessed,
 With wygellus, fastyngge, or with allmysdede,

Thow woldyst say nay,—I be awysed
 I may lyve longe 3eyt, I have no nede
 To amend myself; of deth I take no hede:
 I wylle dance whylle the world wylle pype;
 The frut fallyt syld, but 3eyf hit be rype.

Thow hast of me take alle the charge,
 Thow soffyrd me never to have the soffyrantté;
 After thi lust thou wenttust alway at large,
 Thow hast myschevyd bothe the and me.
 A! what pestelens is wors or adversité,
 In this world then a famylly or frende?
 Withowttyne dout he is wors then a fynde.

I know me gyltte that I have erryd;
 Sethe I was sofferayne, I have the not reystreynyd,
 But suffyrd the body evere to be referryde,
 Trowth, the falsnis undyre dessayvyd.
 A! now I know the worldis joye is faynyde;
 Alle to lat I do my sorro complayne,—
 Fayre promese ofte makyth foollis fayne.

O wrecched fleche, whi dydyst thou not advarte
 The sottel fraud of this world and gyle,
 And on thi God wonly set thin herte,
 That ever was raydy the to reyconsyle?

But now, alas! he wylle us both exsyle
 Oute of joye, for oure gret offence.
 There is no juge that wylle with us dyspense.

Not long agone the world dyde lave one the,
 And made the promese thou schuld longe indure ;
 But thou wer blynd, thou myzttyst not see,
 The perelus end and thin myssawentture :
 O deth, thou wendyst thou hade byne sure
 To leve alle way, and never to have dyid,
 ȝete amonge a thousand dethe hath the aspyid.

The world methinke I may reysemlbe wele
 To a thefe that came, both faynd and glose,
 And when thou wenyst he be as trow as styelle,
 He sonnyst dyssaywyth the, thou schalt never odyre
 suppose,

But as a sarpent that creppyt under they roose,
 Lythe awayet, every tyme and houre,
 To sley the best that dare toche the floure.

Tho that wer thi frynddys be now waxt al strange,
 Uppon thi grave they wyl not ons beholde,
 And nowe that abbay is torned to a grange,
 Farewel thi frenschype, thi kechyne is cold!
 O fremel flech, ful oft I have the told,

When thou art dede, thi frenschype is aslepe ;
 And at that word the boddy began to wepe.

My soule, trowyst thou I undyrestond,
 Whil I was levyng in all my bessenyse,
 That so sodenly wold have passid the flod,
 Uppone the ebbe I tho3t never to exprese ;
 My hart was ever uppon my rechese :
 I trowyd never to have enturrid into my grave.
 I lest not whyl the world sayd have.

And now I know truly at the beste,
 That alle my reches may nothing prewayle,
 And nowe my loge is low in cheste,
 My powere, my berthe, to me wyl nothinke avayle
 A3eyns dethe, the wyche wyl never fayle
 To come at the last, tarie hem never so longe ;
 The worldis joye hath ever sorrow amonge.

We have offendyt ouer Lorde God sovereyne,
 But thin offyns his a gret del more :
 Why schuld the body have so gret a payne
 As the sole? he hath not offendyt so sore.
 I have gret wrong, as me-thingit therefore,
 To be ponnescheyd with the sole in fere :
 Tarry a whyle, and why thou schalt here.

Of every dyscryte this is well consayvyde,
 And know also by auctorryté of Scripture,
 So gret gyftus of God thou reysayvyd,
 So here is thine astate and good awentture ;
 Tho God soffyre the never so long to indure,
 At the last answeere thou must make
 Of thi gret charge that thou hast undyretake.

God 3eyf the reyssone, wyl, and mynde,
 With dyveris goodis he induit the ;
 He 3ave the alle, and left me behynd,
 He mad me thi subjecte in ful sympul degré ;
 But thou wer neclygent and rouillyd by me,—
 Thow scholdyst therefore have the more payne,
 Be veery reyssone methinkyth, of us twayne.

After his oune image God mad the ryzt fayre,
 Of my v. wyllus he toke the the keye,
 Withoute thin asent I myzte never apayre
 In thin absens how myzt I rage or playe,
 But as a chyld his master dothe obbaye,
 Dare not, for feyre he schuld be bete ;
 Be well awyssyd, one my resons grete.

Now ame I dede, my colour is appalyde ;
 My sole is gone, the body may not meve,
 And 3eyt to answeere nowe ame I callyde,

Unawyssid in this gret myscheyf ;
 Now dethe hath take me by the sleve,
 I must 3eve acounttus, I may not ascape,—
 Deth, takyth heyd, can nother play ne jape.

Sum tyme I hade menne one me to wayte,
 Freche arayid, was none to me to dere,
 And now my chambure is ful narro and streyt,—
 There may not to loge there in fere :
 What is the body, whenne hit is one bere ?
 Hit is not ellus but wormus mete :
 This his the heynd of every smale and gret.

And I know welle that I schalle aryce
 To 3eyf aconttus at the laste,
 Befor the most feyrful Justyse,
 How ferful trowly there is no tong can saye :
 Whether schal I fle, alase and wellawaye !
 Frou the syzt of ther fueyrfulle juge ?
 There is no creature may be my reyfuge.

3eyt say I more with a sorroffull harte,
 Of my playnis, O soule, take hede.
 The grettyst payn amonge my paynnis smerte,
 Was when my sole dyde from me reysede,
 At that departtyng wofful of feere and drede,

When that my sole, that was my next frend,
Was dampnyd for ever in helle to be a fende.

Sone after the sperit with a dredly speche
Begane to crye, and sayd,—I ame lorne !
For my soor, alase, there is no leche ;
Why wold my Makere soffyre me to be borne
In this world, seth he knew toforne
That I schwld be dampnyd in his presense,
At the last, for my gret offence ?

A ! wold God I had byne unreysonnabule
As an hond ; then had I byne out of payne ;
But now my end is most abhomynabule,
Hit awayllyth noȝt, thoȝ I crye or playne ;
I ame so fare, I may not torne aȝeyne
To have mercy, for ryȝt hath clossyd the gate
There mercy sojornit ; I ame come to late.

In paynus moste scharpe I ame and ever schal be.
I have no tong that playnly canne tele
My longe sorro, my gret adversitté
Wyche I suffyre doune alowe in heelle ;
But, alase ! of alle my sorrowe they wylle,
Is that I schale never come aȝeyne to grace,
But eternally dweylle in that darke place.

The body spake to the spret a3eynne,—
 3ife hit be so that thou hast byne in heylle,
 To see there the gret torment and payne
 Ordent for Lucyfere, that oute of hewyne felle;
 Is there anny raye, I praye the soletelé,
 Or anny gladnyse, or any estate keppite?
 The soule sayd nothinge, but stod stil and weppyd.

To gret lordys and nobles there is somme place
 Of worschype, ordent after herre degré!
 Thay leve in hope to have mercy and grace
 At the last, how my3t hit ellis be?
 May almys dedis helpe nowe, tel me,
 Or holy suffragyse in this gret nede;
 Sume of this methinky3 alway schal spede.

Thy questione, thou body, is not reysonabule,
 Nor out of helle may no man be redempte;
 The gret sorroo there is so abbomynabule,
 Of ire, of envy, murmure and contempte;
 Al gladnis and joy is there exempte;
 None astate there schal be preferryde,
 The payn is taxed after as thi have erryde.

Tho3 al the world wer ful of almus dede,
 Of pytty and mercy, and of gladnyse,

And pray for us reyt, schuld thou not spede :
 Thou; at onys thi offyrd alle ther ryches,
 Al is in wayne, labure and besinys,
 That is done for us that byn in helle :
 Of this mater zete have I mor to telle.

For al this world, lordschype and treyssere,
 The fend wyl not soffer une sool out of helle
 To be reyfrechid the tyme of halfe an oure ;
 There is non aschapyth out of his chene,
 Be no sottaylté, nor be no false trayne :
 He most abyd in that presone evyre,
 That ones commyzt in, for out goth he never.

To know reydily thou sayst his thi desyre,
 If gret estatys schold be punnesscyd soore ;
 Her paynus be scharpure, the hotter is the fyre
 That thei byne in, and schuld more and more
 Then annye othere, I warne the before.
 The gretter estate, the gretter is his falle ;
 I may no lenger tarry to tel the of alle.

When at the soole had mad his complaynte,
 Of to feyndis anon he was take ;
 Thay wer so feyrfule, there is no man coud paynt,
 Suche to there wer so foul and so blake ;

For verry feyre the soule dyd trymmyl and quake
 At here commynge, it is and was gret wondyre,—
 There followyd then gret tempas and thondore.

In her hondys thei bare yrone speyruse,
 The fereful soule to feyre and enchase;
 Fyre smot on at here mowthus and eryse,
 Lyk ij. lyons thei dyde the soule arace;
 Ful dredful was here ymage and here face:
 In this world there is no creature one lyve,
 That coud here fygurs by and by descryve.

Here contenance, here eyne, were so orryble,
 Al brennyng fyre, schynyng as the glase,
 To tel yow al it is impossibulle;
 Here hornnys were gret, thei semyd al of brase;
 Gret stronge smoke about them there wase;
 Brennyng feyre wase about ther hornyse,
 And al here eyrus wer scharpe as any thornus.

This to fendys foule and abbomynabule,
 Fersly with tonggys blasyng for heyte,
 With mony a cry and wordyse reyprevabule,
 Thay hallyd the soul into paynus grete.
 Thus pettyusly he wase schorgyt and bete,
 And with here naylys he was dysmemborte;
 Of alle and halfe his paynus I cannot be rememburte.

D

Sume with cheynnys bond the soule faste,
 Sume with 3erdys smote ful hard and soore ;
 Sume byllyd mettayl, and in his moth than caste ;
 Some made fyre byhynde, and somme byfore :
 And to increse his payne more and more,
 Into a pyt anone he was in caste,
 Of fyere and sulfure brennyng aye ful fast.

Then al the fendys in schame and reyplete
 Of the soule, sayd in this wyes :—
 O false attaynte ! O thou cursyd theve !
 Now arte thou bond, thou mayst never aryse !
 Thow arte quyte for thi long serwyse !
 Thow mayst not aschape—thou arte tyid so faste.
 Alle oure serwanttus, lo ! commy3 hedere at the laste.

For verry sorrow the soule began to wepe,
 And sayd,—alas ! I may not torne a3eyne
 Owt of this dongoone, that is wyde and depe.
 A ! God, my makere, to the I cry and playne,—
 Where is thi mersy, that wase wont to rayne ?
 Amonge thi pepul lete hit nowe awayle,
 Doune alowe into this darke dale !

The fendyse anon sayd, Thou cryste to late
 After thi God ; nowe that mayst not spede !
 The portter of heyvyne hathe cloussyd the 3ate ;

Of thi crye thay take none heed :
 Hit awayllyꝝ not, tho thou say thi crede
 A thowsand sythe nowe alowe in helle,
 For dowlles here thou most nedys dwelle.

The gret darknys thou mayste grope and fele ;
 From hensforth thou schalt never se no lyzte ;
 Thy bytter heyt there is no man may kele ;
 Thy lusty day is tornyd into nyzte.
 Thy bowtté is changyt, passid is thi myzt ;
 Hit awayllyꝝ not, wepe thou never so sore :
 Then endyth my drem : of this I sawe no more.

When I hade hard complaynt alle
 Betwyne the body and the soule in fere,
 Frow my eyne the teris begane to fale ;
 I pray to God with myne herte in fere,
 He wold witsavfe to grant, while I wer here,
 Of al my synnys to have very reypentance,
 And ever in my werkys to do unto his pleygance.

Owt of my slepe I woke alle dysmayid,
 I sowꝝt about, I coud no thinge fynde,
 And of my vesione I was foule afrayid,
 The body and the soule wer ever in my mynde,
 And ever me thooꝝt I sawe the feynd byhynd :

So was his feger so pryntyd in my thoȝte;
 Whil I was alyve I forgat hyme nouȝte.

The wordys joy, the wyche is transsetorrye,
 My gold, my sylver, al I sete ate nouȝte;
 Myne erytage, myne alyaunse, al is but faynyd glorie,
 Oute of mynd, as hit had never be thouȝte;
 And for his mercy, oure Lord I be-souȝte,
 He wold reyseyf me holly into his hondyse,
 And kepe me ever oute the fendis hondyse.

And tho hit was so I was a kyngis sone,
 I offyrd my selfe to wylful poverté,
 And in dysserte al my lyve to wone,
 I mad ful promes with ale humylyté;
 There I lowet longe in streyt chastyté,
 Abydyng Goddis wylle, when that he wyl send
 For my sowle, and therto make ann ynde.

And for that moste begynner and sovereyn love,
 What he schowyth to al mankynd here,
 When he dyssenddyt frome his glorie above
 Into a chast wombe of a wyrgene clere,
 I prayd my Lord he wold whytsavfe to here
 My symppul oryson, for his mercy and grace,
 And preserfe me ever frowe that darke place.

Consydure, O frendys, in yowre presense
 Of this speryte, the dredfule tragedye,
 And in specyall ze that hawe no concyansse,
 Lete this a storry be byfor youre eey;
 Beth wel awyssyd, for truly ze schal dye,
 But whenne and wer there is no mane cane telle;
 Tho ze dred note God, zete be ferd of helle.

For in this world have we no sekynys,
 But as a schadowe that crepyth and away glydythe,
 So passy3 yowre lyve here, youre joy and gladnis,
 Al is transetorrye, there is nothyng abydethe;
 And dethe, that so prevyly hymeselfe hydyte,
 Oute of courte he wyle al sodenly crepe,
 ze schale not when wakyng or aslepe.

Behold in the Evangelii, and there ze may see
 How God in owre werkys takyth gret heed;
 He sethe the gardynere kyttyth adoune the tree,
 For he bare that zere nother frute ne seede:
 How schal thou do then, that arte but a weede,
 And ale thi dayis leve by extorsyounne?
 Trowyst thou not thou schalt be kyte adowne?

zeys, withowte doute, and fast i-bonde
 As a fagot, and then thou schalt be caste
 Into a fyre fare byneth the grond,

And thus in preson thou schalte syte at nyzte ;
 Thus oure Lord aquyttyz hym at the laste,
 That with wronge poore mennis goodus hathe ;
 Be thou never so fals, thou schalt accontus make.

And thou that haste Crystus spos dyspysyte,
 Here one erthe, terme of alle thi lyve,
 With hote fyre thou schalt be brent and bylyde ;
 The hosbond nedus most defend the wyfe :
 Wynste thou God sley the not with a kneype ?
 Anone he wyl avenge his sentuarrye,
 Thouze of his mercy he abyde and tarie.

Rede us this to myend, whyl thou hast thi helthe,
 Of what a state thou be, or of conndesione :
 Thowze God send the propirté and welthe,
 Day by day he makyth the amonisione,
 By syknes and by wordly persecusione,
 That at the last nedys thou must dye :
 Therefore from syne I rede the fast hye.

Many a regyonne, and monnye a nottable cyty,
 God hathe dysstryid for here sinnis grete,
 And of monny a thousannt mo he hath had petté,
 Of his goodnes, tho he manese and threte :
 Thouze he be wrothe, he wse not anon to bete,

He wold so fayne every thinge were welle :
 Amend thowe, therefore ; dyspayre yow never a dele.

Reymembure youre lyve enduryt but a whylle :
 3e stond in dout howe longe we and 3e schal abyde ;
 Let not yowre dedus yowreselve begyle ;
 Whyl 3e be here for youre soule prowde.
 Wy3t and dyscreyssyone let be youre gyde ;
 Keppe yowe wel frówe the synnys vij.,
 And after youre end 3e schale comme to Heyvyne.
 Amen ! Amen !

V.

Lo ! wordly folkus, thou3 this procese of dethe
 Be not swetene, synke not in youre mynde.
 When age commyth, and schorteth is here brethe,
 And dethe commyth, he is not far behynde ;
 Then here dyscreSSION schal wel know and fynde
 That to have mynd of deth it is ful nessesery,
 For deth wyl come ; doutles he wyl not lang tarrye.

Of what estate 3e be, 3oung or wold,
 That redyth uppon this dredful storrie,
 As in a myrroure here 3e may be-holde

Erth uppon erth, deyle duly thy goode
 To the pore pepul, that fautt the thi foode ;
 For the love of thi Lord, that rent was one the roode,
 And for thi love one the crose schedhis hart blode,—

Go rede ;

Withoute anny place to reste one his hede.

Erthe uppon erth, take tent to my stevyne ;
 Whyl thou levyst, fulfyle the werkys of mercy vij.
 Loke thou lete, for oode ne for ewyne,
 For tho byne the werkus that helpyne us to heyvyne,

In haste ;

The dedus who so dose thar, hyme never be agaste.

Erth uppon erth, be thou never so gaye,
 Thow moue wend of this world an unreydy waye ;
 Turne the be-tyme, whyle that thou maye,
 Leste it lede the into hele, to logege therefor ay,

In pyne ;

For there is nother to gett, bred, ale ne wyne.

Erth uppon erth, God 3eyf the grace,
 Whyle thou levvyst uppon erth to purway the a plas
 In heywyn to dweylle, whyl that thou hast space ;
 That myrthe for to myse, it wer a karful case,

For whye,—

That myrth is withowttyn end, I tel the securly.

They cowpullyzt there howndus more and lase,
 And bryngyth theme to the feldys ende.
 Rachis rennyng one every syde,
 In forrous thi hoppe me to fynd ;
 Honteris takythe there horse and ryde,
 And cast the contray by the wynd.
 Anonne as they commyth me behynde,
 I loke alowe, and syt ful style and loue ;
 The furst mane that me doth fynde,
 Anon he cryit,—So howe ! So hoowe !
 Lo ! he sayth, where syttyt an haare !
 Aryse upe, Watte, and go forthe blyve !
 With sorroe and with mych care,
 I schape away with my lyve.
 Att wyntter, in the depe snoue,
 Men wyl me sche for to trace,
 And by my steypus I ame i-knowe,
 And followyzt me fro place to place.
 And yf I to the toune come or torne,
 Be hit in worttus or in leyke,
 Then wyl the wyffys also ze wrne,
 Fere me with here dogis heyke :
 And yf I syt and crope the koule,
 And the wyfe be in the waye,
 Anone schowe wylle swere, by cokkus soule,
 There is an haare in my haye.

Anone sche wyle clepe forth hure knave,

And loke ryzt welle wer I syte;

Byhynd sche wyl, with a stave,

Ful wel porpos me to hette.

Go forthe, Wate, with Crystus curse,

And, yf I leve, thou schalt be take;

I have an hare-pype in my purce,

Hit schal be set al for thi sauke.

Ten hath this wyffys ij. doggz grete,

On me sche byddynt heme goe,

And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret,

And ever sche cryit,—go, dooge, gooe!

But alle way this most I goo,

By no banke I may abyde;

Lord God, that me is woo,

Many a hape hath me bytyde.

There is no best in the word, I wene,

Hert, hynd, buke ne dowe,

That suffuris halfe so myche tene

As doth the sylly Wat, go where he go.

3eyfe a genttyl mane wyl have anny gamme,

And fynd me ine forme where I syte,

For dred of lossynge of his name,

I wot wele he wyle not me hyte,

For an acuris bred he wylle me se,

Or he wylle let his hondus rene.

Of alle the mene that beth alyve,
 I am moost behold to genttyl-men ;
 As sonne as I can renne to the laye,
 Anon the greyhondys wyl me have.
 My bowels beth i-throue awaye,
 And I ame bore home one a staufe ;
 Als sone as I am come home,
 I ame i-honge hye up on a pyne ;
 With leke worttus I ame eette anone,
 And whelpus play with my skyne.
Amen, etc.

VII.

God that dyed for us alle,
 And dranke both eysell and galle,
 He bryng us alle oute off bale,
 And gyve hym good lyve and long,
 That woll attend to my song,
 And herkyne oneto my talle.
 Ther dwelyd a man in my contré,
 The wyche hade wyvys thre :
 Yn proses of certyn tyme,
 Be hys fyrst wyffe a chyld he had,
 The wyche was a propyr lad,

And ryght ane happy hynd :
And his fader lovvd him ryght welle,—
Hys steppe dame lovvd hyme never a delle,
I telle 3owe as y thynke.
She thoght it lost, be the rode,
Alle that ever dyd hyme good,
Off mette other of drynke ;
Not halfe ynowe thereof he had,
And 3yt, in faythe, hit was fulle bad,
And alle hyr thoght yt lost ;
Y pray God evyll mot sche fare,
For oft sche dyde hym moche care,
As far-forthe as sche durst.
The good wyffe to hyr husbond gone say,
For to put away thys boy
Y hold yt for the beste,—
In fayth he hys a lether lade,
Y wold sum other man hym had,
That beter myzt hym chaste.
Than anone spake the good man,
And to hys wyff sayd he than,—
He ys but yong of age ;
He schall be with us lenger,
Tyll that he be strengier,
To wyn beter wage ;
We have a mane, a strong freke,

The wyche one fyld kypythe owr nette,
And slepyth half the day ;
He schall come home, be Mary myld,
And to the fylde schalle go the chyld,
And kepe hem, 3yfe he may.
The wyff was not glad varamente,
Nere-the-les therto sche asente,
And sayd,—Ser, that ys beste.
Erly yn the morowe, whan it was day,
Furthe than went the lytelle boy,
To the feld he was full preste :
Off no mane ryght noȝt he gaffe,
Uppone hys schulder he bare his stafe,
The boy was mery y-nowe :
Furth he went, as y 3ow sayne,
Tylle he com into the playn,
Hys dyner forth he drowe ;
Whan he sawe that yt was bade,
Lyttyll lust therto he hade,
He put yt up anone.
Be Cryst, he was not moche to wyte,
And sayd he wold ette but lyte,
Tyll evyn that he com home ;
Uppon ane hyll he hym sete,
An old mane sone after he mete
Cam walkyng be the way :

God sped, he sayd, good sone ;
 Ser, he sayd, 3e be ryzte welcome,
 The sothe 3ow for to say ;
 The old man was an-hongoryd sore,
 And sayd, Hast thou onny mete in store,
 That thou may gyve me ?
 Ser, he sayd, so God me save !
 To soche vyttayllys as y have,
 Thou art welcome to me.
 He toke hyme soche as he had,
 And bad hym ette and be glade,
 And sayd,—Welcom 3e be !
 The olde mane was fulle good to pleas,
 He ette and made hyme well at eas,—
 Gramersy, sone, sayd he ;
 For thys mete thou haste gyfe me,
 Y schalle the gyve gyftys thre,
 That schalle not be forgete.
 The boy sayd, as y trowe,
 Hit ware best y had a bowe,
 Byrdys for to schete.
 Thou schalt have a bowe and boltes blyth,
 The wych schall dure the alle thy lyve,
 And ever to the alyche mete :
 Schete whersoever thou wyll,
 Thou schalt never faylle, thou schalt it kyll,

E

The pryke rydy thou schalt kepe :
The bowe yn hand sone he felt,
The boltes he put undyr hys belt,
Ryght meryly than he lowe.
Be my troth, had y a pype,
Thoz it war never so lyte,
Thane war y mery y-nowze !
A pype, boy, thou schalt have also,
Trewē of mesore schall it goo,
Y put the out of dowte.
What man that thys pype doth here,
He schall not hemselfe stere,
But hope and dawnce aboute.
Say one, boy, what schall the other be ?
For thou schalt have gyftes thre,
As y hote the befor ;
The lytell boy stode and lowze,
And sayd, In fayth, y have y-nouze,
I wyll dyssyer no more.
The olde man sayd, Y the plyzte ;
Thou schalt have as y the hyght ;
Therefore, say on, lete see.
The boy sayd, Be Saynt Jame,
Y have at hom a stepe-dame ;
Sche ys a schrewe to me,
For whanne my fader gyve me mete,

Sche wold the devylle schuld me cheke,
Sche staryth so yn my face :
Whanne sche lokyth on me soo,
I wolde sche lete a crake or too,
That myzt ryng alle the place.
The olde mane sayd the boy on-too,
Whan sche lokythe on the soo,
Sche schalle begyne to blowe ;
And as many as her dothe here,
For lawyng schalle they not stere,
Whyll sche ys there, y trowe.
Nowe, far welle, sayd the olde mane,
And, farwell, sayd the boy thane ;
My leve y take of the.
Allmyzty God, that beste may,
Spede the bothe nyght and day !—
Gramercy, sone, sayd he.
Afterward, whanne it was nyzte,
Hom went the boy full ryght,
As was hys ordynance.
He toke hys pype and gane to blowe,
Hys bestes com rakyng on a rawe,
Abowt hym they gan to daunce ;
The boy pypyd throwz the town,
The bestes hym foloyd alle and some
Hom to hys fadyrs clos.

Anone as ever he com home,
He sete up hys bestes anone,
And yn to the halle he gos.
Hys fader at soper sat,
The lytyll boy aspyed that,
And spake to hys fader anone.
He sayd, Jake, well come!
Wher ar thy bestes, good sone?
Hast thou hem broȝt home?
Fader, he sayd, yn good fay,
Y have heme kept alle this day,
And they be now up-schete.
A capons legge he toke hym thoo,
And sayd, Sone, that ys welle doo,
Thou schalt fare the bete.
That grevyd hys dames hart fulle sore,
As y have told ȝow before;
Sche staryd in hys face.
Anone sche lete goo a blaste,
That sche mad hem alle agaste,
That war yn that place.
All they low and had good game,
The wyffe sche wex rede for schame,
Sche wold a be agone.
Jake sayd, wylle ȝe wytte,
That gonne was welle smet,

Thoꝝ it had be with a stonne.
Angerly sche lokyd on hym thoo,
Another rape sche lette goo ;
Hyr ars was ny to-rente.
Jake sayd, Wyll 3e see ;
Another pelat sche wyll lete fleȳ,
Or ever that sche wylle stent.
Every man lowꝝ and had good game ;
The wyff went hyr way for schame,
Sche was in mykyl sorowe.
The good man sayd, Go thy way,
For it ys tyme, be my fay,
Thyne ars ys not thy borowe.
Afterward than wyll 3e here,
To the hows there come a freyre,
And loggyd ther all nyght ;
The wyff lovyd hym as a seynt,
Anone to hyme mad sche hyr playnt,
And tolde hym full ryght,—
We have a boy that with us wonys,
He is a schrewe for the nonys,
And doth me mekylle care :
Y dar note loke hym upone,
I am aschamyd, be swet Seynt Johnne,
To telle 3ow how y fare :
And 3yff 3e mete that boy to morow,
Bete hym welle, and gyve hym sorow,

And make that lad lame.
Be God, he ys a schrewd byche,
In fayth, y trow, he be a wyche,
He dothe me mykyll grame.
The freyr sayd, Y wyll wyte.
Y pray the, ser, lete it not be forgete,
For that wold greve me sore.
The fryer sayd, Yn good fay,
But y chastys welle that boy,
Trust me never more.
Erly in the morow the boy he ros,
And lyȝtly to the feld he gos ;
Hys bestes he gan dryve ;
The freyr went out at the gate,
He wend he schuld have come to late ;
He ranne fast and blyth.
Whanne he come one hye the lond,
Sone the boy ther he fond,
Kypyng hys bestes ylkone.
Boy, he sayd, God gyve the schame !
What hast thou done to thi dame ?
Loke thou tell me anone ;
But yf thou kane excus the better,
Thou schalt aby, be the seker,
Y wyll no longer abyde.
Ser, he sayd, what aylys the nowe ?
My dame farythe as well as thowe !

What menys thou thus to chyd?
Ser, he sayd, and 3e wylle wytt,
How welle byrdes that y kan schett,
And do heme down to fall:
3ondyr is on that ys but lytte,
As y trow, y schall hym smytt,
And gyve hym the y schall.
The byrd sat upon the breyr:
Schot one, boy, sayd the freyr,
For that me leste to se.
The boy hyt the byrd upon the hed,
Yn the hegge he fell down dede;
Hyt myght no forther fle y.
The freyr into the hegge he went,
And lyztly he it up hent,
As it was for to done.
The boy cast down hys bowe,
And toke hys pype and began to blowe
Full lyztly and full sone;
Whanne the freyr the pype herde,
As a wood mane than he ferd,
And began to stertyll abowt.
Among the boyschys small and grete,
Fast abowte he gan to lepe,
But he coud not come owte.
The brambls chrachyd hym in the face,
And in many another place,

That hys sydes began to blede,
And rent hys clothys by and by,
Hys kyrtyll and hys kapelary,
And alle hys other wede.
The freyr often held up hys hond,
And cryed unto the boy among,
And prayd him to be stille.
Ser, my trewt y plyght to the ;
Thou schalt have no harm for me,
Nor never wyll do the yll.
The boy sayd yn that tyde,
Crepe oute on the tother syde,
And hye that thou ware agoo ;
My dame hathe mad hyr complaynt to me,
In fayth the best that y kan se ;
Goo playn to hyr also.
The freyr out of the hegge went,
All to-ragged and to-rent,
To-torne on every syde.
He had not left an holle clowte,
Wherwith to hyde hys body abowte ;
Hys armes heng full syde.
Whan he come to hys oste,
Off hys jurney mad he no boste,
He was both torne and talle ;
Mykyll sorowe in hert he had ;
Full sore of hym they wer adrad,

Whan he come into the halle.
The good wyffe sayd, Wer hast thou be?
Yn schrewyd plas, as thynkys me,
Hyt semyth be thyne aray.
The freyr sayd, Y have be with thi sone;
The devell of helle hym overcome,
For certes y ne may.
Soon after com hom the good man;
Be God, sayd the wyffe than,
Her is a schrewed aray!
Thy sone, that is the lyffe and deyre,
Had all-most slayn this swet freyr,
Alas! alas! a welle away!
The good mane sayd, Benedycyte!
What hath the boy do to the?
Tell me, without stryffe.
Ser, he sayd, be Seynt Jame,
Y have dawnsyd in the devyls name,
Tyll y had ny loste my lyff!
The good mane sayd to hym tho,
Yff thou had lost thy lyff so,
Thou had be in gret syne.
Ser, sayd the freyr, sekerly,
Methowzt he pyped so meryly,
That y cowde never blyne.
The good man sayd,—So mot y thee,
Than is that a mery glee,

And ellys thou war to blame ;
That pype, he sayd, woll y here.
So wolle not y, quod the freyere,
Be God and be Seynt Jame !
Afterward, whan it was nyzt,
Hom come the boy full ryzt,
As he was wont to done ;
Whan he com into the hall,
Anone hys fader gane hyme call,
And sayd, Hydyr com thou, sone.
Boy, he sayd, now thou art here,
What hast thou done to thys freyr ?
Tell me without lessyng.
Fadyr, he sayd, yn good fay,
Y dyd ryzt nozt to hym to day,
But pyped hym a spryng ;
Boy, that pype wyll y here :
So wyll not y, quod the freyr,
For that wer hevy tydyng.
The good man sayd, zys, be Godes grace.
The freyr sayd, alas ! alas !
And handes began to wryng.
For Gods love, sayd the freyr,
Yff ze wyll thys pype here,
Bynd me one to a poste.
Y-wys y kan no beter rede,
Well y wot y schall be dede,

My lyff is ny-hand loste.
Ropys anon they toke in hond,
The freyr to the post they bond,
That stod in the mydes of the halle.
All they that at the soper sate
Low3, and had good game ther ate,
And sayd, the freyr my3t not fall.
Than bespake the good mane,
And to hys sone sayd he thanne,
Pype on whan thou wylt.
All redy, fadyr, sayd he ;
3e schall her of my gle,
Y wyll geve yowe a fytt.
As sone as ever the pype went,
Then my3t no man hymselfe stent,
But began to dawnce and lepe.
They that gan the pype here,
Myght not hemselfe stere,
But hurled upone an hepe.
Than they that at soper sate,
Over the tabull 3ede som under crape,
And sterte up in that stond.
They that sat upon the forme,
Had no tyme for to torne,
But war bore downe to the ground.
The good man wex in dyspayr,
And lyztly he lept out of hys chare,

And with a full good chere ;
Som in fayth lepe over the stoke,
And brake her schynys aʒens the bloke,
And som fell yn the fyere.
Than com in the good wyff behynd,
Sche began to lepe and to wynd,
And fast began to schake.
Whan sche lokyd one lytell Jake,
And hyr neybors to hyr spake,
Hyr ars began to crake :
The freyr was all-moste loste,
He knokyd hys hed aʒen the post,
He had no beter grace.
The ropys robyd away the skyne,
That the blode ran to hys chyne,
In many a dyverys place.
Than whent the boy pypyng in the stret,
And after hym hurlyd all the hepe,
They coud not hemselfe stynt :
They went out at the dor so thyke,
That eche man fell in otherys neke,—
So wyghtly out they wente.
Than the men that dwelyd therby,
They herd the pype sekyrly,
In setes wher they sette.
Som in fayth lepe over the hache,
They had no tyme to seche the lache,

For they were loth to lette.
Than they, that in here bedys lay,
Stert up lytly, as y 3ow say,
Both las and more.
Ynto the strete to the play
Anone they toke the ry3t way,
As nakyd as they wer bore ;
Whan they were gaderyd all abowt,
Than was ther a fulle grete rowte
In the mydys of the strete :
They that wer lam and my3t not goo,
3ete they hopyd abowte also
On her hondys and fete.
The boys fader sayd, it is tyme to reste ;
All redy, fader, y hold that for the beste,
With a full good chere.
Make an end whan thou wylt ;
In fayth it is the beste fyte,
That y herd thys vij. yere.
Whan the pype went no more,
Than wer they all amarvelyd sore
Off ther governaunce.
By sente Mary, sayd some,
Wher ys all thys myrthe become,
That mad us thus to dawnce ?
Thus every man mad good cher ;
Save the good wyff and the freyr,—

They wer all dyssmayd.
 Whether it be good or yll,
 They that have not her wylle,
 They wyll not hold them payd.
 Hyt ys every good wyffys wone,
 For to love hyr husbandes sone,
 Yn well and eke yn woo ;
 In olde termys it is fownd,
 He that lovythe me lovythe my hound,
 And my servaunt also.
 So schuld every good chyld
 Be to hys moder meke and myld,
 Be good in every degré.
 All womene that love her husbandes sone,
 Yn hevyn blys schall be her wone ;
 Amen, Amen, for charyté !

VIII.

As I stod in a ryalle haulle,
 Where lordys and ladys were byd to syt,
 A loufly letter one a walle,
 A word of wysdome I sawe wryt ;
 This word ys in my hert i-knyt ;
 To lern this lessone who soo hath wylle,

Where ewyre thou goo, stond, or sytt,
 Ewyre say wylle, or hold the styll.
 Say wylle, or keppe thi word in store,
 For speche was never soo well aspayd,
 Nor never soo monné lyvis i-lore,
 Throw wordys that hath byn myssayd.
 Now wysly, mane, thi wordis dewyd ;
 Be-war whom thou spekyst hylle ;
 Yf thou most nedys the sowth to hyde,
 3eyt say wylle, or hold the style.
 For soothe may not alle day be sayd,
 Among soo mony as raynnyt nowe ;
 Yff som of the sothe be well apayd,
 3et some wylle not the sowthe alowe :
 And hard hit is ewyré word to awowe,
 Though hit be never of soo gret a skylle,
 Therefore I rede yow for youre prowé,
 Evyre say wylle, or hold yow style.
 Where-ewyre thou fall in company,
 Att churché, at chepyng, or at nale,
 Awyse the welle who syttys the by,
 Lest he wylle repport thi talle,
 And dysschalndure the after to gret and smalle,
 Thy good los with his spyche to spylle.
 Evylle tongys brwys myche balle ;
 Therefore say wylle, or hold the style.

Evyre say wylle, for lowfe or drede,
 And chast thi tong with wyt and charryté,
 And say be thi ney3theboure, yf he have nede,
 Ry3t as thou woldyst he sayd be the.
 Among alle thingis thow3t ys fre ;
 Hold thiself abowff the hyll ;
 In rest and eyse yf thou wyll be :
 And evyre say wylle, or hold the style.
 Roule thi tong for lowf or hate,
 Be noo parttys none evylle thou say,
 Nor thowth men be now at the batte,
 Thay may be frendys anodyre day.
 And for thi tale thou mayst bere the blame away,
 Of every syde with gram and grille :
 Thanne thei wyll the ly3tly afray,—
 Therefor say wylle, or hold the style.
 Say welle, and thynke one yooth and eld,
 Frow God may nothing be hyde nore loke ;
 But think one the rekenyng that thou schalt 3eyld,
 Off every ydylle word that thou hast spoke,
 Les and more hole and brouk,
 Thay schalle be wryttyne in a bylle ;
 Lest God one the wylle be awroke,
 Evyre say wylle, oore hold the style.
 For off all that God hath wro3t,
 Spyche ys com of a speschalle grace ;

A best hath a mothe, but he spekkyt nozt,
 Of God we have that fayre purches ;
 Now spend welle thi spyche, wyl thou hast space,
 One truthe let ever thi tong tryle ;
 Thow schalt a-se the day pas ;
 Thow wolddyst fayn speke, when thou schalt be styll.
 At domys-day when God schalt syt
 On the rowd, as he was tak,
 With speche we schalle be damnd or quyt,
 There schalle no man ther mastré mak ;
 Then I hope owre sorrow schalle aslake,
 When all stonndyt evyn, both dale and hyle ;
 A sinfulle man wylle sorrow may mak,
 When God schalle speke, and man be styll.
 Noue God geyf us grace ouer speche to spend,
 Soo that we may, withouttyne nay,
 All that ever we have myssayd amend,
 Or that we com to that dredfulle day,
 Whan God schal sit and his armis dysplay,
 Gabrelle schalle bloo both brymne and scrylle ;
 Then helpp us He that best may,
 To heywyn wynd, and ther abyd styll.

Amen, etc.

F

IX.

HERE begynnyth a schorte tretice for a mane to knowe wyche tyme of the 3ere hit is best to graffe or to plante treys, and also to make a tre to bere o manere frute of dyverys colourys and odowrys, with many othere thyngys.

Whenne the mone is in Tauro hit is good to plante treys of pepyns, and whenne hit is in Cancro, in Leone, or in Libra, thanne hit is good to werche in treys that be new spronge: and whenne the mone is in Virgine, hit is good tyme to sowe alle maner thynges, for from the myddys of Januarie, Septembyre into the myddys of Decembyre, and than is opyne tyme of plantynge and ryzt ddys of Januarie into the he but in thys tyme is the mone is v. vj. vij. viij. or ix. days old byfor the fulle of the mone. Also, after the fulle of the mone, whenne hit is xxj. xxij. xxiiij. or xxv. days old; for in thyes quarterys the conjunccion is moste temperate.

Also to remeve treys fro place to place: 3iff it be a grete tre, or a tre that berythe the frute, chese the a fulle mone fro the myddys of Octobyre into the myddys of Decembyre, takynge up the rotys as hole as thou mayste, and leve of his howne erthe styлле abowte the

rote as myche as thou mayste, and hit is not
 se tho the mone be not lle so hit be in the
 secund quarter. This governance is in
 plantyng and kepyng, and maketh dowbelyng beryng
 of frute. There is moste connabylle tyme for sedys,
 graynys, and pepyns, and Autumpe for spryngys, and
 plantys, that one tre may bere dyvers frutys, and dyvers
 colourys and dyvers savorys.

In the fyrste zere, graffe in dyvers branchys of a
 cheri tre dyvers graffys to thy lykynge, and leve some
 of thy branchys ungraffyd; the secund zere, make holys
 thorow the chery tree, and drawe thorow an hole a
 vyne branche, and schave away the utter rynd, so that
 hyt fylle the hole, and let hyt stond so a zere, and than
 kut away the rotys, and of the vyne, and wrappe hit
 abowte welle with temperat erthe, and wynd hyt welle
 with lynnyn clothe, and the same maner throze another
 hole of a rede rosere branche.

For to have frute of dyvers colourys, thou schalt
 make an hole in a tre nyze the rote, evene to the pythe
 of the tre, and than do therein good asure of Almayne,
 so hyt be nyze fulle, and stope the hole welle with a
 schort pyne, and wrap hit welle with temperat erthe,
 and wynd hit welle, as thou doste a graffe, and that
 frute schalbe of blewe colour, and so hit may be do of
 a vyne, and this may be do with alle manere colourys.

Iff thou wylt that thy appyllys be rede, take a graff of an appyltre, and ympe hit opone a stoke of an elme or an eldre, and hit schalbe rede appylles. Also Master Richard saythe, to do the same thyngge, make an hole with a wymbulle, and what colour that thou wylt dystemper with water, and put hit in at the hole, the frute schalbe the same colour. And wytt welle every tre that is plantyd and set in the erthe one the feste of Seynt Lambarte schalle not be perichyd that zere. Iff thou wylt make a tre to bere as myche frute as ever he dyd byfore, dystemper scamony welle with water, and put in an hole that is perichyd to the pyth of a tre, and stope the hole with a pynne that is made of the same tre, and hit schalle bere as welle as ever hit dyd.

For to make an old tre that begynnyth to wex drye to quykyne azene. Aristotille tellyth in the Boke of Plantes, the erthe that is abowte the rotys most be do away. And thenne chese ij. or iij. of the gretter rotys, and cleve hem with a ax, and dryve a wegge of tymbyre in the clevynge, and kever the rotes azene with the same erthe.

Also frute that is sowre, for to make hit swete. Aristotille seyth, in the Boke of Plantes, the tre schalbe bedolvyne abowte, and dongyd with pygges dongge. Also make a hole with a wymbylle, and put therein water y-medyllyd with hony, and stope the hole azene

with a pyne of the same tre, and loke the hole passe not the pythe of the tre.

Also that a perle, or a precius stone, or a ferthyng, or any othere maner thyng be fownd in an appulle. Take a appulle, or a pere, after hit is flowryd, and sumwhat waxyne, and thrust in hard at the buddes end wych thou wolte one of thyes thynges aforesayde, and let hit growe, and marke welle the appulle that thou dyd put in the thyng what ever hit be.

Also hit is sayde there schalbe no tre perischyde that is plantyd in thys maner. Take and put a welowe stoke in a forowe y-made in the erthe for the nonys, and lett hym growe then above; one the upper syde make holys evene longe, as many as thou wylt, in the wyche clyftes put smalle branchis of the mulbery tre, or of othere, the wych most be kut in maner of a wegge, that the plantynge may stond juste in the clyftes, and stope the clyftes be-syde, and so put all the stoke of the welow under the forowe, that hit be hid under the erthe, the wych if thou wylt after the fyrst zere is paste or the secund, depart hit one sondyre, or thou mayste kut hit with a sawe betwene the zonge branchis asondere, and so plante hem in dyvers placis.

Also yf a peche tre begynne to dry, let hym be welle moystyd with donge. And Paladys seythe hit is best dongyng with dreggys of wync, and that same dongyng

kepyth hym fro schedyng of hys frute : and some othre sayne that the beste donge of hym is that he be moystyd with water of the sethyng of benys ; and yf the pechys begynne to falle, cleve the rotes with an ax, and in the clyft dryve a wegge mayd of a pynsapylle tre, or ellys make holys with a wymbulle, and make pynnys of welow, and smyte heme in fast with a maylet of tre, and than wolle the frute abyde thereon.

Iff an appulle tre begyne to rote, or yf the appulles wax rotyne, thanne hit is a-seyne that the barke of the tre is syke, therefore kut hit with a knyffe, and lett hyt be opynyd, and when the humerus thereof sumwhat be flown owte, lett dong hym welle, and stoppe azene the opynyng with towze clay.

Iff thou wolt that in the stone of a peche appulle be fownd a nott kyrnelle, graffe a spryng of a peche tre one the stoke of a nott tre. Also a peche tre schalle bryng forthe pomegarnardys, if hit be spronge oft tymys with gotys mylke iij. days, when hit begynnyth to flower. Also the appullys of a peche tre schalle wex rede, yff his syone be graffyd one a playne tre. Alle the same graffing may be understond of an grysmolle tre ; that is better than a peche.

Iff wormys wex in a tre, take askys that be medelyd with oyle, olyve, or myrre, and that schalle sle hem. And therto also is good to stryke the tre with myxture

made with ij. partys of ox pysse, and the third part of cley.

The quynce tre wold be remevyd every fourthe zere, alle the whyle that hit is abyлле to be plantyd, and that schalle make hym to bere grete plenté of frute. Also hit is good for alle maner treys, that whenne a bowe is kutte away, that the place there as the bowe is kutt, that hit be hyllyd with a plaster of erthe, for to defend wedyrs and waterys sokyng there. Et-c. Amen.

To make cheris to growe withoute stonys. Cleve a zonge schote of a zonge cherytré that is a spanne longe or ij. fro the toppe evene downe to the rote, but let hym stond styлле on the stalke, and thanne drawe owte the pyth one every syd with some maner of iryne, and anone joyne every perty togedyre, and bynd hem welle, and donge hem welle with clay one every syd fro the toppe to the rotte, and when a zere is paste there hys wond is, sowde a graffe in the same stoke a syone that never bare frute, and thereon schalle growe cherys withoute ony stonys. Also a grape to growe withoute pepyns, whenne the pythe of the vyne is take owte. Also of alle othyre y-lyke.

Iff thou wolt have many rosys in thy herbere, thou schalte take a hard pepyne of the same rose that be ryzt rype, and sawe heme in the erthe in Feverzere or in Marche, and whenne they spryngyne, dewe heme

welle with water, and after that thou mayste transpose hem eythere frome other, etc.

Also, he that wylle have rosys tymely to blowe, dewe heme abowte the space of ij. hand-brede, and moyste her syons oft tymys with hoote water.

X.

Here begynnyth the crafte of lymnyng of bokys; who so kane wyesly considere the nature of his colours, and kyndely make his commixtions with naturalle proportions, and mentalle indagacions connectynge fro dyvers recepcions by resone of theyre naturys, he schalle make curius colourys, etc.

To temper vermelone to wryte therewith. Grynde vermelone one a stone with newe glayre, and put a lytylle of the 3olke of an ay thereto, and so wryte therewith; and if thou wylle temper it to floryche with bokys, take and grynde hit smalle, and temper hyt with gum water.

To temper asure, grynd hit one a stone, with the thyrdynde of gume and twyse so mych of water.

To temper roset, grynd hit one a stone, with as myche gume and also myche water as of rosytt.

To temper ceruse, grynd hit one a stone with water and gume.

To temper rede lede, medylle hyt wyth gleyre of ane egge, and temper hit in a schelle with thy fyngere.

To make grene coloure, take the juce of wortys and vetegrece, and medylle heme welle togedyre, and thou schalt have a good grene.

To temper turnnesole, wete hit in watere of gume, and chaufe hit in thy hond.

A false asure and dede. Take ceruse and rosyne, and medylle heme togedyre.

To make asure to schyne bryzt. Take byralle, and grynd hit with gleyre, and glase above with a penselle.

For an incarnacion, take sable and saffrone, and rede lede, and medylle heme welle togedyre, &c.

To make a cyse to gyld unburned gold one bokys. Take chalke and a lytylle saffrone, and gleyre, and grynd hem togedyre a longe tyme one a stone, tylle hit be somdele tacchyng, and thanne put hit into ane horne, and if hit be nede, alay hit with water, and so worke therewith. Also take bule and ceruse, and gleyre, and saffrone, or the same manere take the scrapyng of ymages that be olde.

To temper asure fyne, take asure, and put hit in a horne, and put thereto gume and watere halfe one halfe, othere more or lesse, if hit be nede; and take a lytylle styke, and stampe hem welle togedyre to hit be èvene medelyd, and thanne wryte therewith.

Also yf thou temper asure in a schelle, put a lytyle asure into a schelle, and gum water, and rub hit faste togedyre with thyne fyngere, and thenne worche hit as thou wolt, with a penselle.

Iff vermelone be blake and bade, grynde hit welle one a stone alle drye, and thanne put hit into a pece of sylver, and wasche hit welle with clene water ij. or iij. tyme, and thanne poure owte the water therefro, and make a pytt in a clene chalke stone, and cast in that pytt alle thy vermelone, and let hit stonde so a whyle to hit be rede; and thanne grynd hit eft-sone one a stone, and thanne ley hit obrode one a skyne of parchement to dry in the sonne; and whenne thou wylle, temper hit to wryte with. Take the rynde of a walnot tre, and schere hit smalle in the gleyre of egges, and let hit stond so a whyle, and than temper therewith thy vermelone withowte ony more gryndyng.

To temper rosette, put hit into a schelle with gleyre that is newe made thereto, tulle hit be welle y-scorpyd, and thenne amenge hit with thy fyngere, and so worche there with.

To make a false asure, take a lytyle asure and a lytyle seruse, and grynd hem togedyre with gume and water, and temper hit uppe in a schelle.

To make a false roset. Do as thou dyd with the asure in alle wyse.

To make seruse, take seruse gum and water, and grynd hem togedyre, and temper hit uppe in a schelle, and wryte therewith whyelle that hit is new.

To temper a good grene: take good vertgrese, and a lytelle argule and saffrone, and grynd heme welle togedyre with wyne or with venegré or ale, or the juce of a appulle, tulle hit be grene y-noze; and if hit be to derke, take more saffrone, and iff hit be to zelowe, take more vertgrece, and put hit in a schelle, and wryte therewith.

To temper rede lede. Do rede lede into a schelle, and put newe gleyre thereto, and temper hit with thy fyngere, and worche hit.

To temper turnesole; lay a lytelfe pece in thyne hond, and put thereto newe gleyre, and temper hit oft in the pawme of thyne hond, and wrynge hit into a schelle, and so worch therewith.

To make a fyne blake, take a clene pece of brasse, or a basyne, and hold hit overe a brynynge candelle of roseyne, to the fyre have congeyld blacke on the brase or one the basyne; and whenne there is inoze thereone, ley hit downe to hit be cold, and thanne wypppe hit of with a fethyre opone a clene stone, and grynd hit with gume and water; than put hit in a schelle, and worche hit. Also thou mayste wete thy basyn with good ale or thy pece of brasse, and hold hit overe the candelle,

and do as thou dydyste ere ; thanne thou schalt have fyne blacke.

To temper ockere, grynd hit with gume and water, and if thou wylle do a lytyle whyte thereto, do hit in a schelle and worche hit.

To visage coloure ; take fyne blake and saffrone, and grynd hit togedyre, and putt hit into a schelle and worche therewith.

To make ane incarnacione ; take whyte and a lytelle rede, and temper heme togedyre, and worche hit so.

To temper brasylle good to newe with ; schave thy brasylle smalle into a clene veselle, and do gleyre thereto, and so let hit stepe longe tyme togedyre, and when hit is stept y-noze, worche therewith.

To make gume ; take the whyte of xx. egges, and make clere gleyre of heme, and thanne take a bladder of a beste that is newe slayne, and put therein thy gleyre, and knyt faste the bladdere, and honge hit in the sonne or overe the fyre in the smoke xl. days, and thanne hast thou good gum for alle inckys.

Asure in another manere ; take stronge venegré, and wasshe thyne asure therewith ij. or iij. tymys, as longe as thou fyndys ony fylthe above the venegré, and whanne thou fyndys thyne asure alle blewe y-noze, powre owte the venegré clene, and if the asure be alle grete of grayne, temper hit with the water of gume,

and the lengere hit stondeth y-tempered, the better hit wol be.

Grene for bokys; grynde welle j. li. of vertgrece on a stone, and put thereto a chyde of saffrone in the gryndyng thereof, or more, and hit nede, to thou se hit be grene y-noze, and thanne temper hit uppe with the juce of a rotyne appylle strayned thorowe a clene clothe, and let it stond so ij. days in an horne withowte ony straynyng; and whanne thou wolte worche there with, take of the clereste that hovyzte above, and there thou schalt fynde a goode grene for alle maner thynges, and medelle the juce of the appulle with a lytelle gume water.

To make tornesole in another manere: take gum water, and put hit into a schelle of an oystere; then take a pece of tornesole, and ley hit in the water of gum, and let hit ly awhyle therein, and then wrynge it throze a clothe to thou se the water be welle colouryd, and than floryche bokys therewith that have rede letterys.

To make brasyle to flouyche letterys, or to reule with bokys; take braysyle, and scrape hit smale with a knyfe, and putt thereto a lytelle gleyre, and a lytelle powder of alom glasse, and let hit stond so alle a day, and thanne streyne the juce therefro throze a lynnene clothe, and rule bokys therewith.

To temper seruse. Grynd hit smalle one a stone with gum water, and so worche therewith.

Iff thou wylt preve asure bice, if hit be good or badde, take a penselle or a penne, and drawe smale rulys on blew letteris with the seruse, and if thi seruse be not clere and bryzte and wyte, but fade and dede, than is the asure-bice not good ne fyne.

How thou schalte make cenopere: take v. galonis of old urine, and do sethe hit overe the fyre to hit be clere and welle y-stomyd, and than let hit kele to hit be lewke-warme; and than take j. li. lake, and breke hit smalé, and serse hit into powdere, and put that powdere into the uryne by lytelle and lytelle, and alwey stere hit welle, and than eft-sone set hit one the fyre to hit boyle, and than strayne hit throze a bagge of canvas, so that alle the drastys byleve thereine, and thanne eft-sone set hit on the fyre to hit boyle, and in the boylunge put therein iij. unce of alome glasse made into powdere, and alwey stere hit, and whanne hit hathe sodyne awhyle, take hit fro the fyre and thanne take j. unce, and j. di. of alome glas molte into clere water, and sprynge of that water alle abowte, and that schalle gadere alle thy mater togedyre, and than streyne hit throze a smale bagge of lynnene clothe, and of the substance that levythe in the bagge after the straynyng make smalle ballys thereof, as hit were hasylle nottes,

and let hem dry withowte ony sonne or wynd, and than take j. li. of turbentyne, and j. li. of frankencens, and melte hem togedyre, and put thereto oyle of lynsede, as myche as nedythe; and thus thou schalt asay iff hit be welle molte togedyre, take a drop or ij. of clere water, and sprynge hit thereinne; and than take a lytelle thereof bytwene thy fyngyrs, and if hit be holdynge togedere as gum-wex, than hit is good and fyne, and if it do not so, put thereto more oyle to hit be holdynge as wex, and than let hit kele, for hit is made welle.

To make aurum misticum:—take a vyele of glas, and lute hit welle, or elles a longe erthyne potte; and take j. li. of salle armoniac, j. li. of sulphere, j. li. of mercury crude, j. li. of tynne: melt thyne tynne, and than caste thy mercury therein, and so alle the othere by-foreseyde; and grynd all thyes togedyre opone a stone, and thanne put alle thyes togedyre into a vyoyle, or into ane erthyne pote, and stoppe alle the mowthe thereof, safe only a lytelle hole, as a spowte of a pauper or of perchemyne may be set thereinne; and than set hit overe the fyre in a furneyse, but furst make an esy fyre, and afterward a good fyre the space of xxiiij. howrys, to thou se no more brethe come owte of the glas, and than take hit fro the fyre, and breke the glasse.

To make a good grene. Take j. li. of limayle of

coper, and ij. li. of unsleked lyme, and a galone of venegre, and put thyes in an erthyne potte, and stoppe faste the mowth thereof that none eyre come therein, save a lytelle hole above, and so let hit stonde in the erthe, or in a donge hille, iiij. monthys.

To make letterys of gold; fyrste make clere glayre, and afterward take whytte chalke that is dry, and of the ryngyng of thyne egges, and grynd hem togedyre alle one a stone the space of ij. owrys, and thanne put thereto a lytelle saffrone, but loke that thy coloure be not to zelowe, and loke there come no water thereto but gleyre bothe in the gryndyng and in the temperyng, and let hem stonde so iij. or iiij. days; but if hit be temperyd with old gleyre, thou mayst worche therewith anone, and if hit be newe gleyre, let hit stond iij. or iiij. days, and thanne make letterys therewith, and let hit ly to dry alle a day; and be well ware that thou handelle hit nozte with thyne hondys, whanne hit is dry, for if thou do, hit wylle take no golde; and whenne thy letter is fully dry, take the tothe of a bore or of an hogge, and take uppe thy gold with a penselle in thi lefte hond, and ley hyt one thé letter, and lett thy left hond go byfore thy ryzte, and with thy ryzte hond do rub one thy gold with the tothe of the bore, and thou schalt se fayre letterys. And if thou wolle make letterys one a borde, ley thy

syse as thynne thereone as thou mayste, and do alle the remanant as is seyde before.

To make whyte lede; take platys, and make in everyche of hem ane hole in the one ende, and hange hem one a stafe, as thou woldyste hange sprottes, so that no plate towch othere, and thanne in a tunne or in a barelle put venegre or eyselle, and honge the platys there overe, and stoppe faste the mowthe of the vesselle that none eyre come in ne owte, and let hit stonde so vj. wekys, and, after the vj. wekys, opyne the vesselle softly, and take uppe the platys esely, and schave of the whytte that is one heme uppone a clene borde, and whanne thou wolt worche therewith, grynd hit welle, and temper hit with gleyre of hogges, or with gum water, but that is not so good as is the gleyre.

To make rede lede. Take iij. or iiij. pottes of erthe more than a foote longe, and lett the pottes be over alle a-lych myche fro the bothum to the mowthe, and than take whytte lede, and put hit to heche potte a goode quantité, and thanne sett thy pottes alonge in an ovynne made therefore, every potte bysyde othere, and lette the mowthys of the pottes ly a party owt of the ovyns mowthe, and than make a good fyre, to the pottes be welle hote, and than take owte one of the pottys, and hyld owte that is thereinne on a stone, and grynd hit faste alle hoote a good cowrse with venegre,

and than put hit into the potte azene, and ley hit in the ovyne as hit was byfore; and so take eche after othere as thou dydeste byfore, to thou se the lede turne into a fayre rede and a fyne at thy lykyng, but loke thou sese not of gryndyng of the lede with venegre, ne of bakynge, to thou have do, for thys making is perfytte.

To temper rede lede: grynd hit as thou doste vermelone, and wesse hyt, and dry hit, and so in all wysse do as here is sayde before, and thou schalt do welle.

To wryte on a swerd or one a knyfe; take the powder of alome glas, and salle gemme, and temper hit with olde uryne, &c.

To dy grene threde; fyrste do woode hit, and than take the lye of woode asschys, and take woode, and cut hit in to a lytyle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit to the threde, and so sethe hem togedyre, and hyt wolbe fyne.

To sowde; take boras, and sethe hit in water, and wete thy thyng therewith.

To make sowder of tynne; take v. partys of pece sylvere, and of latone, and do medylle hit togedyre with a lytelle boras.

To make coralle; take harttes hornnys, and madereane handfulle or more, and sethe hit to hit be as nesshe as glew.

To dy selke.—To dy rede sylke; take brasylle, and schave hit smalle, and boyle hit in the water of a marle pytte; the lengere that hit boylythe, the better hit is.

To make zelowe water; take woode and stronge lye, and sethe hem togedyre, and put thereto a lytelle alome glas whyle hit boyleth, and whanne hit is sodyne ynoze, put owte the water frome the woode.

To make blewe water; temper the flowre of the woode fatte with lye; the lesse lye, the better wolbe thy blewe.

To make grene water; take blewe and zelowe, and menges hem welle togedyre.

To make towney water; take rede, and lay hyt on zelowe, and let hit dry, and if thi rede be gode, thy towney schalbe myche the bettyr.

To make rede lethyre that is clepyd lysyne; take alome glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and thanne sethe brasylle in stondyng water, and dry hit in the sonne.

To make lynnene clothe zelowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thi clothe thereinne, and anone take hit howte, and ley hit to dry.

To make blewe lethyre; take the juce of brasylle, and of saveyne, and of vertegrese, and let the leste parte be of brasylle, and so worche hit.

To make rede water; take brasylle that flotyn, and put hit into an erthyne potte, with ly made of lyme, that hit be wesshe, and sethe hit to the halvendele; and thanne asay hit, whyle hit is hoote, and thys wolbe a good rede.

To make ly of lyme; take a quantité of hote lyme as hit comythe fro the kylne, and put hit into a vesselle, and put water thereto, and a lytelle alome, and a lytelle swete mylke, and let hit stonde so and crude. Another manere; take the uryne of a manne, sethe hit and scome hit into the braselle chalke, and let hit boyle; thanne set hit fro the fyre, and strayne hit into the chalke stone, and let hit stonde so, for this is good.

To cowche gold; take gleyre and saffrone y-grownd togedyre, and cowche on thy gold whyle it is moyste.

To make a blake water; take gumme galle, and coperose, of eche a pownd, and take a vesselle for eche of thyes, and put to a pownd a galone of water, and let heme stepe so alle a nyzte; and afterward take a vesselle, and do therein thy galle and thy coperose, and sethe hem to halfe be wastyd, and than put thy gum therein, and set hit downe to that hit be colde.

To make a rede water; take a potelle of rede venegre, and a 3. of brasyle, and iiij. part of a 3. of vermelone, and do hit into an erthyne potte to halfe

be sodyn away, and thanne put thereto an 3. of alome glas powdere, and seth hit eft-sone a lytelle, and do worche therewith alle hote.

To make whyte lethyre ; take halfe an unce of whyte coperose, and di. 3. of alome and salle-peter the mowntance of the 3olke of an egge, and yf thou wolle have thy skynne thykke, take of whetmele ij. handfulle, and that is sufficient to a galone of water ; and if thou wolle have thy skynne rynnyng, take of ry mele 2 handfulle, and grynd alle thyes saltes smale, and caste hem into lewke warme water, and let heme melt togedyre, and so alle in ewene warme water put therein thy skynne. And if hit be a velome skynne, lett hit be thereinne 9 days and 9 nyztes, and thanne take hit uppe, and wryng hit into the same water oft, and lett hyt dry in the eyre to hyt be halfe dry, and if hit be a perchement skyne, let hit ly thereinne 4 days and 4 nyztes, and knowe welle that a perchement skynne that is fatt is not beste for this ocupacion, but yf he be thyke, he is the better ; thanne take coperase of the whyttest the quantité of ij. benys for j. skynne, and the 3olke of j. egge, and breke hit into a dysse, and than put water overe the fyre, and put thereinne thy coperas, and than put thy 3olke in thy skyne, and rub hit alle abowte, and thanne ley thy skynne in the seyde water, and let hit ly, ut dictum est.

To dy grene threde; do wood hit fyrste, and than take ly of woode asschyne, and take wold, and kyt hit, and a lytelle porcione of vertegrece, and a quantité of blake sope, and put hit into the trede, and sethe heme to-geder.

To make lynnene clothe rede; take alome glas, and brasyle, and sethe heme welle togedyre in welle water, and than do owte the water by hym-selfe into another vessele, and wasshe thy clothe thereinne, and lay hit to dry.

For zelowe; take wyld woode, and sethe hit in lye, and ley thy clothe there in, and anone take hit owte, and ley hit for to dry.

For grene; fyrst wasshe thy clothe in the flowre of woode, and thanne put hyt in zelow juce, and dry hit.

To make rede lassche; Take water of suffloure, alome, glas, and dissolve hit into water, and in that water wasshe thy lethyre, and let hit dry, and sethe brasyle in stondynge water, and anoynte thy lethyre therewith ij. or iij. and let hit dry azense the sonne.

To gyld metalle. Take water of suffloure that is the fyrste leche, and salle armoniac, and grene coperose, and bray heme togedyre in a morter of brasse, and take as myche of the one as of the othere, and putt heme into the water of suffloure, and let hit stonde the space of halfe an owre, and than take the

metalle and make it clene, and ley thy water thereone, and thanne dry hit on wood coole; thanne let hit kele, and burnesse hit welle.

To gyld irene or stele; fyle thy metalle, and schave hit with a grate cleve, and towche thereone with water of borase, and thanne ley one thy gold, and thanne crache hit, and burnesse hit, etc.

For scripture; grynd cristalle one a marbylle stone to smalle powdere, and temper hit with the whyte of an egg, and wryte therewith what thou wolte, and let hit dry; and thanne rub thereone with gold, sylver, or coper, and hit schalle apere in scripture.

To wryte in stele;—Take salle armoniac v. d. wyzte, and vytriall 9 d. wyzte, and powdere hem togedyre, and temper hem with pysse thyk as pappe, and take paynterys oyle and vermelone, and melle heme togedyre, and wryte therewith one stele.

Thus 3e schal begyne to make 3our waterys bothe for redys and for crimesynes: 3e schalle fylle your lede fulle of water, and whenne 3e have put inne your branne, whethyr hit be ij. buschyls or iij., and thanne let hit boyle welle: thenne fylle hit uppe with colde water, and whenne thou haste fyllyd up thy lede, bere hit overe into a fatt, and lett hit stond ij. days or iij., tulle hit be rype. Thenne moste 3e bere hit overe into your lede afore or that 3e make ony colours a

goode sawley with the secund parte of water, and thanne let hit be nyze at boylunge or 3e temper or pure your alome; and as sone as 3e have puryd your alome, caste in your colours that schalbe rede afore a prety whyle, or thy crimesons gyne; and thanne let hem boyle togedyris a good owre large and more, and kepe the same boylunge to eftesonys, for hit most serve another tyme ryzt welle.

Item, if 3e wolle make fyne redys, 3e moste take to a dosyne ij. pownd of alome, and to crimesons the same, whenne 3e boyle hem, and thanne schalle 3e make fayre colours and lusty in theyre maderynge in warantise.

Item, at your maderynge 3e schalle take of the same wateris that 3e made, and bere hem overe into your lede as myche as 3e seme wolle serve 3ow; if 3e have nozte y-noze, take a kowlle fulle, or ij. or iij., or as mony as 3e seme wolle serve 3ow; thenne let hit be but mylke-warme, whenne thou doyste in thy madere: when the madere is in flotte, breke hit smalle that there be no ballys, for to every 3erde 3e moste take a pownd of madere. And among hem caste in thy redys that thou wolt have, and thanne make a good fyre ondere thy lede, and loke ever that thou handylle thy clothe that is in the lede tylle that the flote that is in the lede begynne to sethe. And ever thanne amonge, whyle that 3e handylle, take uppe a parte, and loke

thereonne; and whenne 3e seme that hit is welle, take hit uppe, and when hit is uppe, cole hit welle opone a rayle to hit be cold; thanne moste 3e make a masterynge therefore.

Item, for the masterynge, 3e môste cast owte 3owre olde flote of 3owre maderynge, and make a newe flote for 3our masterynge of clene water in your lede competently as wolle serve 3ow, and whenne hit is more than schalde-hote, drowe owte 3our fyre clene, and thanne caste in 3our aschys in the lede, yf 3e wolle make a rowe masterynge. If hit be so that 3e wolle have a fre masterynge, caste heme in a fatte besyde, and temper hit with the same lycoure in 3our lede iij. tymes or iiij., tylle that 3our lye be stronge, and let hit pyche welle tylle hit be clere: thanne caste the lye into the lede afore the clothe, and stere hit welle togeder with a staffe; and thanne caste in thy clothe to masterynge, and handelle hyt welle with a staffe a good while or thou take hit up, and than by the grace of God 3e schalle have good redys and fyne: yf hit be so that 3e wolle have 3owe masteryng, 3e moste breke up the aschys welle with the flote afore or 3e cast in 3our clothe, and thanne handylle hit welle with a staffe abowte; and when hit is masteryd, take hit up and wasche hit clene oute of the ayschys, as 3e kanne, and so owte of boylynge, and also of the maderynge, &c.

Item, for crymsons, hit may not have halfe so meche mader as rede hathe, for hit moste be but lytylle y-maderyd, but halfe as meche as rede hathe of madyre crymson 3e schalle geve, for after hit is y-maderyd, 3e moste korke hit, for the korke is a settyng up, and a masteryng, for if 3e wolle korky crymsons, 3e moste, after 3e have maderid hit, let make a new flote of clene water, and whenne hit is alle-moste at boylng, caste in 3our corke, and thenne after 3our clothe, and so let hit boyle welle to-gederys a good longe whyle or 3e take hit up, and so, by Godes grace, 3e schalle make fayre crymsons and good.

Item, as for vyolettys withowte wode, 3e moste make a kynd blake flote, for to browne heme welle therein of aldyre ryndys, and of clene water, and boyle heme welle to-gedire, and so lett hit stond iij. days or iiij., and thanne 3our flote is made fore 3our sangweyns, and also for 3our violettes, and 3our violettes saddere thanne 3our morreys: and thanne 3e moste weysche heme oute of that; thanne 3e moste make 3our flote fore 3our maderyng for 3our violettes, and 3our morreys; and to a dosyne of violettes viij. pownd of madyre, and to a dosyn off morreys vj. li., and loke 3e madere heme as 3e do 3our redys, and in lyke wyse madere hem, and mastry heme, and thenne wesch heme oute clene thereof, and so 3our colouris beth y-made everyche in her perty, as they schold be one warantyse.

Item, yf 3e wolle make crymsons withowte corke in clothe or wolle, 3e most browne heme in blake flote afore the sadnese of 1 d. ob. in the same blake flote; and after that 3e have browned hem so aftere the valour, 3e moste a lytille wode hit opone in the sprynge of the fatte, and thanne 3e moste a lytille mader hit uppone, and thanne 3our crymsons beth y-made in warantyse withowte fayle.

Item, yf 3e wolle make 3our lystes blewe with-owte wode, 3e moste a lytille browne hit afore owte of the whytte, that the whitte be turned fro knowlyche, and wolle the same; thanne 3e moste wasche hit owte clene thereoff, and 3e moste korke hyt welle, and that hit have korke y-no3e; and whanne 3e have korkyd hyt, 3e moste wasche hit clene, and thanne 3e schalle have a fayre blewe withowte fayle, &c.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 3, l. 14. Let be thy care. The phrase *let be* has been thought by Steevens worthy of a long note. It is of constant occurrence in early English. So in the romance of the *Sowdane of Babyloyne*, Middlehill MS.,—

Speke we now of sir Laban,
And *let* Charles and Gy *be*.

Page 4, l. 8. The dore of whallus bone. The ivory which was made of the teeth of the walrus, is constantly alluded to as *whale's bone*, and instances of the phrase are all but innumerable. It seems also that ivory was so called long after that made from elephant's teeth was in common use. "As white as whale's bone" was the usual simile. "His wyfe as white as whales bone", *Syr Isenbras*. "A mayden as white as whales bone", *Syr Eglamour*. "Her skin was white as whales bone or milk," *Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure*. In Skelton's *Garlande of Laurell*, Works, ed. Dyce, i. 380, is a passage which may be compared with that in the text:—

With turkis and grossolitis enpavyd was the grounde ;
Of birrall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde ;
Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,
Enlosedged with many goodly platis
Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone ;
An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,
One of jasper, another of whalis bone.

It will be observed, that elephant's teeth, as well as whales' bone, are mentioned in the above extract.

Page 4, l. 20. Noneste. This is a form of *nonce*.

Page 6, l. 17. Heire. An early provincial form of *year*. The manuscript possesses several of these uncouth forms, the explanations of which will be readily gathered from the context.

Page 8, l. 8. Glowys. That is, gloves. Shortly afterwards we have *cayey* for *coy*, a very corrupt form of the word.

Page 9. Word for world. Common in this manuscript.

Page 10, l. 16. Cowrs. That is, curse.

Page 12. The reader is referred, for information respecting the subject of the poem here printed, to the learned observations of Mr. Wright in his edition of *Walter Mapes*, pp. 95, 322. The present appears to be a closer version of the Latin of Mapes than those which are printed by Mr. Wright, with introductory and concluding stanzas not elsewhere found. It is also curious as attributing the vision to be that of a French hermit, who "be name was cleypyd Philberte", a statement which has only hitherto been discovered in a MS. at Vienna, in which there is a copy of the Latin poem, with eight lines prefixed that contain the same account. He is there likewise described as a king's son, *filius regalis*. The lines themselves are printed in Mr. Wright's *Mapes*, p. 95.

Page 16, l. 10. Thy hale is now of vij. feet. *Hale*, that is, hall. The Latin is merely,—*vix nunc tuus tumulus septem capit pedes*. Mr. Wright quotes a parallel passage from the Saxon Chronicle. See *Mapes*, p. 96, and the well known passage in *Henry IV*, beginning,—
"When that this body did contain a spirit."

Page 26, l. 21. Abbay is torned to a grange. To bring an

abbey to a grange, a common old proverb. So in Skelton's *Colyn Cloute*,—

Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,
Turne monasteris into water-milles,
Of an abbay ye make a graunge.

Page 32, l. 23. *To.* That is, two. *Duo dæmones*, Lat.

Page 36, l. 10. *I was a kyngis sone.* This refers, of course, to Philibert, and the whole of this addition is probably translated from some Latin original not now known to be in existence.

Page 39. The poem here printed, of "Earth upon Earth", is the most complete copy known to exist. Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853; and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral. Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches.

Page 43. *Bi a forrest.* Another copy of this poem is preserved in MS. Bibl. Publ. Cantab. Ff. v. 48. The present is the most complete version.

Page 44, l. 3. *Rochis* in MS. Raches were scenting hounds, and are frequently mentioned, e.g., in *Arthur and Merlin*, p. 172:—

Thre grehoundes he ledde on hond,
And thre raches in on bond.

— l. 8. *I loke alowe.* This line is as follows in the Cambridge MS.—"I loke asyde, I lurke fulle lowe".

— l. 10. *So howe! so howe!* This was the hunting cry used when the hare was pursued. It is again mentioned in a somewhat similar poem on the hare printed in Turbervile's *Boke of Hunting*, where the animal thus complains:—

But I, poore beast, whose feeding is not seene,
 Who breake no hedge, who pill no pleasant plant :
 Who stroy no fruite, who can turne up no greene,
 Who spoyle no corne, to make the plowman want :
 Am yet pursued with hound, horse, might and maine
 By murdring men, untill they have me slaine.

‘ Sa haw’ sayth one, as soone as he me spies ;
 Another cryes, ‘ Now, Now,’ that sees me start ;
 The hounds call on, with hydeous noyse and cryes ;
 The spurgalde jade must gallop out his part :
 The horne is blowen, and many a voyce full shryll
 Do whoupe and cry, me wretched beast to kyll.

Page 44, l. 25. Soule. “ Mawe”, MS. Cantab.

*Page 45, l. 11. And as a scrowe sche wyll me thret. “ And
 as a swyne thei wil me bete”, MS. Cantab. The
 Cambridge MS. thus concludes :—*

Go bet, Wat, with Crystes curse !
 The next tyme thou shal be take ;
 I have a hare-pype in my purse,
 That shall be set, Watte, for thi sake.
 The next tyme thou comes therin,
 Be my trowthe I the behete,
 Tho thou thorowe the hege ren,
 Thou shal be hongut be the throte !
 Thus I droupe, I drede my deth :
 Alas ! I dye long or my day ;
 For welle and woo away it gothe,
 And this word hit wendes away.

*Page 46, l. 13. Eyselle and galle. Eysell and gall are
 frequently mentioned together, especially in connexion
 with the well known passage in the Gospels. “ Venegre*

or eyselle" is noticed in a receipt at page 81. It is made synonymous with alegar, or vinegar made from ale, in the *Forme of Cury*, p. 56; but vinegar of any description appears to have passed under the name of eysell or aysell.

Page 48, l. 1. Nette. That is, neat cattle.

Page 67, l. 4. Spryngys. *Springs* here seem to mean slips. They are, properly, the first shoots of a plant. "Springe or ympe that commeth out of the rote", Huloet's *Abcedarium*, 1552.

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