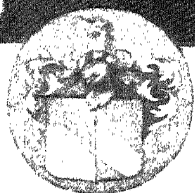

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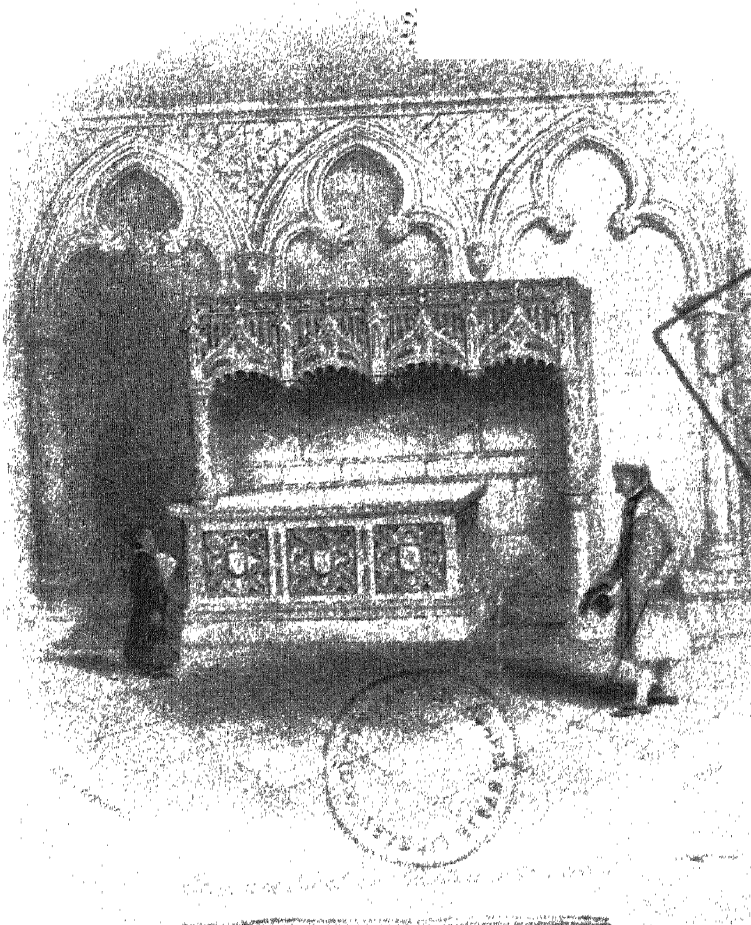
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



ORITICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WITH
AN ESSAY ON HIS LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION,

AND
AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE;



BY THOMAS TYRWHITT.

LONDON:
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THE OLD DRAMATISTS AND THE OLD POETS.

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TO
THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE,

THIS EDITION OF

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHAUCER,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

July, 1843.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PREFACE	1
APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE	11
(A) AN ACCOUNT OF FORMER EDITIONS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES	111
(B) A LIST OF MSS. COLLATED, OR CONSULTED, WITH THE ABBREVIATIONS BY WHICH THEY ARE CITED	VIII
(C) AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES OF THE LIFE OF CHAUCER	1K
AN ESSAY ON THE LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION OF CHAUCER	xvi
AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES	xlviii

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE	1
THE KNIGHTES TALE	7
THE MILLERES TALE	24
THE REVES TALE	29
THE COKES TALE	33
THE MAN OF LAWES TALE	34
THE WIF OF BATHES TALE	43
THE FRERES TALE	52
THE SOMPNOURES TALE	55
THE CLERKES TALE	60
THE MARCHANTES TALE	70
THE SQUIERES TALE	79

	PAGE
THE FRANKLEINES TALE	84
THE DOCTOURES TALE	91
THE PARDONERES TALE	93
THE SHIPMANNES TALE	98
THE PRIORESSES TALE	102
THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS	104
THE TALE OF MELIBEUS	106
THE MONKES TALE	120
THE NONNES PREESTES TALE	128
THE SECOND NONNES TALE	133
THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE	137
THE MANCIPLS TALE	144
THE PERSONES TALE	147
NOTES ON THE CANTERBURY TALES	173
— — — — —	
THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE	211
TROILUS AND CRESEIDE—BOOK I.	267
BOOK II.	276
„ III.	290
„ IV.	304
„ V.	318
THE COURT OF LOVE	333
THE COMPLAINT OF PITIE	345
OF QUEEN ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE	346
THE ASSEMBLY OF FOULES	349
THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT	355
CHAUCER'S A. B. C.	361
THE BOOKE OF THE DUTCHESS	363

	PAGE
THE HOUSE OF FAME	
BOOK I	373
" II	376
" III	381
CHAUCER'S DREAM	389
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF	405
THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN	410
THE LEGENDE OF CLEOPATRAS, QUEENE OF EGYPT	414
THE LEGEND OF TISBE OF BABILON	415
THE LEGEND OF DIDO, QUEENE OF CARTAGE	417
THE LEGEND OF HIPSPHILE AND MEDEA	420
THE LEGEND OF LUCRECE OF ROME	422
THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE OF ATHENS	424
THE LEGEND OF PHILOMENE	426
THE LEGENDE OF PHILLIS	427
THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMESTRE	429
THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS	430
OF THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE	433

MINOR POEMS.

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON	436
BALADE SENT TO K. RICHARD	436
GOOD COUNSAIL OF CHAUCER	437
A BALLADE OF THE VILLAGE WITHOUT PAINTING	437
L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER. À SCOGAN	438
TO HIS EMPTY PURSE	438
A BALLAD MADE BY CHAUCER, TEACHING WHAT IS GENTILNESS, OR WHOM IS WORTHY TO BE CALLED GENTILL	438
PROVERBES AGAINST COVETISE AND NEGLIGENCE	439
CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER	439
VIRELAI	439

GLOSSARY.

	PAGE
ADVERTISEMENT CONCERNING THE GLOSSARY	443
AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORKS OF CHAUCER, TO WHICH THE GLOSSARY IS ADAPTED, AND OF THOSE OTHER PIECES WHICH HAVE BEEN IMPROPERLY INTERMIXED WITH HIS IN THE EDITIONS	445
EXPLANATION OF THE ABBREVIATIONS BY WHICH THE WORKS OF CHAUCER AND SOME OTHER BOOKS ARE GENERALLY CALLED IN THE FOLLOWING GLOSSARY	451
GLOSSARY	453
WORDS AND PHRASES NOT UNDERSTOOD	502

Inscription
FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER
AT
WOODSTOCK

SUCH WAS OLD CHAUCER, SUCH THE PLAID MEN
OF HIM WHO FIRST WITH HARMONY INFORM'D
THE LANGUAGE OF OUR FATHERS HERE HE DWITT
FOR MANY A CHEERFUL DAY. THESE ANCIENT WALLS
HAVE OFTEN HEARD HIM, WHILE HIS LEGENDS BLITHE
HE SANG; OF LOVE, OR KNIGHTHOOD, OR THE WILES
OF HOMELY LIFE: THROUGH EACH ESTATE AND AGE,
THE FASHIONS AND THE FOLLIES OF THE WORLD
WITH CUNNING HAND PORTRAYING THROUGH PERCHANCE
FROM BLENHEIM'S TOWERS, O STRANGER, THOU ART COME
GLOWING WITH CHURCHILL'S TROPHIES, YET IN VAIN
DOST THOU APPLAUD THEM, IF THY BREST BE COLD
TO HIM, THIS OTHER HERO, WHO, IN TIMES
DARK AND UNTAUGHT, BEGAN WITH CHARMING VERSE
TO TAME THE BUDENESS OF HIS NATIVE LAND

AKENSIDE

THE PREFACE.

THE first object of this publication was to give the text of THE CANTERBURY TALES as correct as the MSS. within the reach of the Editor would enable him to make it.

The account of former Editions, in the Appendix to this Preface (A), will shew, that this object had hitherto been either entirely neglected, or at least very imperfectly pursued. The Editor therefore has proceeded as if his author had never been published before. He has formed the text throughout from the MSS. and has paid little regard to the readings of any edition, except the two by Caxton, each of which may now be considered as a Manuscript. A List of the MSS. collated, or consulted, upon this occasion is subjoined (B).

In order to make the proper use of these MSS, to unravel the confusions of their orthography, and to judge between a great number of various readings, it was necessary to enquire into the state of our language and versification at the time when Chaucer wrote, and also, as much as was possible, into the peculiarities of his style and manner of composition. Nor was it less necessary to examine with some attention the work now intended to be republished; to draw a line between the imperfections, which may be supposed to have been left in it by the author, and those which have crept into it since; to distinguish the parts where the author appears as an inventor, from those where he is merely a translator, or imitator; and throughout the whole to trace his allusions to a variety of forgotten books and obsolete customs. As a certain degree of information upon all these points will be found to be necessary even for the reading of the Canterbury Tales with intelligence and satisfaction, the Editor hopes he shall be excused for supposing, that the majority of his readers will not be displeas'd with his attempt to shorten at least the labour of their enquiries, by laying before them such parts of the result of his own researches, as he judges will be most conducive to that purpose. He has therefore added to the text, 1. AN ESSAY* ON THE LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION OF CHAUCER; 2. AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES; and 3. NOTES, &c.

* The book by Dr. Johnson, Part the third, § 1-6. is contain'd a short view of English Poetry to the time of Chaucer, the compilation which the Editor might perhaps have saved himself, if he had foreseen, that Mr Warton's book, *THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY* would have appear'd so soon. Both the *Essay* and the *Introductory Discourse* were publish'd before Mr. Warton's book was publish'd; which is mention'd, not so much to obviate any suspicion of the Editor's never having had recourse to it, as to apologise for whatever defects there may be in either of those treatises, from a want of the lights which an experienced and elegant writer has thrown upon all parts of this subject.

into which he has thrown an account of the most material various readings; illustrations of particular passages; and explanations of the most uncommon words and phrases, especially such as are omitted, or ill explained, in the Glossary to Urry's Edition.

He had once an intention of adding a Glossary*, and a Life of Chaucer. From the former of these undertakings he was deterred by the bulk to which this publication had already swollen, and by the consideration that a Glossary, adapted to a part only of Chaucer's writings, must necessarily be a very imperfect work, the utility of which would by no means be proportionable to the labour employed in compiling it. If this attempt, to invite the attention of the public to their too much neglected bard, should so far succeed as to bring to light any MSS. by the help of which, together with those in the Bodleian and other Libraries, the remainder of the writings of Chaucer might be restored to a tolerable degree of purity, a good Glossary to the whole would be a most useful work, and indeed would answer all the purposes of a Dictionary of our antient Language.

With respect to a life of Chaucer, he found, after a reasonable waste of time and pains in searching for materials, that he could add few *facts* to those, which have already appeared in several lives of that poet; and he was not disposed, either to repeat the comments and inventions, by which former biographers have endeavoured to supply the deficiency of facts, or to substitute any of his own for the same laudable purpose. Instead therefore of a formal life of his author, which, upon these principles, must have been a very meagre narration, he has added to this Preface (c) a short ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES OF THE LIFE OF CHAUCER, with remarks, which may serve to separate for the future those passages from others, which have nothing to recommend them to credit, but the single circumstance of having been often repeated.

He will detain the reader no longer than just to observe, that in the following edition of the *Canterbury Tales* he does not recollect to have deviated from the MSS. (except, perhaps, by adding the final *n* to a very few words) in any one instance, of which the reader is not advertised in the notes.

[* This intention the learned Editor afterwards carried into execution, and published a Glossary in 1772.]

APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

(A) AN ACCOUNT OF FORMER EDITIONS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE Art of Printing had been invented and exercised for a considerable time, in most countries of Europe, before the Art of Criticism was called in to superintend and direct its operations. It is therefore much more to the honour of our meritorious countryman William Caxton, that he chose to make the Canterbury Tales one of the earliest productions of his press, than it can be to his discredit, that he printed them very incorrectly. He probably took the first MS. that he could procure to print from, and it happened unluckily to be one of the worst in all respects that he could possibly have met with. The very few copies of this Edition, which are now remaining^a, have no date, but Mr. Ames supposes it to have been printed in 1475 or 6.

It is still more to the honour of Caxton, that when he was informed of the imperfections of his edition, he very readily undertook a second, "for to satisfy the author," (as he says himself,) "whereas tofore by ignorance he had erred in hurting and diffaming his book." His whole account of this matter, in the Preface to this second Edition, is so clear and ingenuous, that I shall insert it below in his own words^b. This Edition is also without date, except that the Preface informs us, that it was printed six years after the first.

^a The late Mr. West was so obliging as to lend me a complete copy of this Edition, which is now, as I have heard, in the King's Library. There is another complete copy in the Library of Merton College, which is illuminated, and has a ruled line under every printed one, to give it the appearance, I suppose, of a MS. Neither of these books, though seemingly complete, has any Preface or Advertisement.

^b Pref. to Caxton's 2d Edit. from a copy in the Library of St. John's Coll. Oxford. *Ames*, p. 55.—Whiche book I have dylygently oversen, and duly examyned to the ende that it be made accordyng unto his owen makyng; for I fynde many of the sayd bookes, whiche wryters have abyrdygd it, and many thynges left out, and in some places have sette certayn versys that he never made ne sette in hys booke; of whyche bookes so incorrekte was one broughte to me vi. yere passyd, whiche I supposed had ben veray true and correkte, and accordyng to the same I dyde do enprynte a certayn number of them, whyche anon were solde to many and dyverse gentyl men, of whom one gentylman cam to me, and sayd that this book was not accordyng in many places unto the book that Gefferes Chaucer had made. To whom I answered, that I had made it accordyng to my cople, and by me was nothyng added ne mynushyd. Thenne he sayd, he knewe a book whyche hys fader had and woeche lovyd, that was very trewe, and accordyng unto hys owen first book by hym made; and sayd more, yf I wold enprynte it agayn, he wold gete me the same book for a cople. How be it he wyst well that hys fader wold not gladly departe fro it. To whom I said, in caas that he coude gete me suche a book, trewe and correkte, yet I wold ones endevoyre me to enprynte it agayn, for to satisfy the auctour, where as tofore by ygnoraunce I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamyng his book in dyverce places, in settyn in somme thynges that he never sayd ne made, and leving out many thynges that he made, whyche ben requysite to be sette in it. And thus we fyll at accord, and he full gentylly gate of hys fader the said book, and delyvered it to me, by whiche I have corrected my book, as here after alle alonge by the ayde of almyghty God shal folowe, whom I humbly beseeche, &c.

Ames mentions an Edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, "Collected by William Caxton, and printed by Wynken de Worde at Westmestre, in 1495. Folio." He does not appear to have seen it himself, nor have I ever met with any other authority for its existence; which however I do not mean to dispute. If there was such an Edition, we may be tolerably sure, that it was only a copy of Caxton's.

This was certainly the case of both Pynson's Editions. He has prefixed to both the introductory part of Caxton's *Prohemye* to his 2d Edition, without the least alteration. In what follows, he says, that he purposes to imprint his book [in the first Edition] *by a copy of the said Master Caxton*, and [in the second] *by a copy of William Caxton's imprinting*^c. That the Copy, mentioned in both these passages, by which Pynson purposed to imprint, was really Caxton's second Edition, is evident from the slightest comparison of the three books. Pynson's first Edition has no date, but is supposed (upon good grounds, I think) to have been printed not long after 1491, the year of Caxton's death. His second Edition^d is dated in 1526, and was the first in which a Collection of some other pieces of Chaucer was added to the *Canterbury Tales*.

The next Edition, which I have been able to meet with, was printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532. If this be not the very Edition which Leland speaks of^e as printed by Berthelette, with

Mr. Lewis in his *Life of Caxton*, p. 104, has published a minute account of the contents of this edition from a copy in the Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, but without deciding whether it is the first or the second edition.

It is undoubtedly the second; but the Preface is lost. There is an imperfect copy of this edition in the Museum, and another in the Library of the Royal Society. Both together would not make a complete one.

^c See the *Prohemies* to Pynson's 1st and 2d Edit. in the Preface to Urry's Chaucer. There is a complete copy of Pynson's 1st Edit. in the Library of the Royal Society.

^d I venture to call this Pynson's 2d Edit. though Ames (from some notes of Bagford) speaks of Editions in 1520 and 1522. He does not appear to have seen them himself. Mr. West had a copy of the Edition of 1526, in which the name of the printer and the date of the impression are regularly set down at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*. After that follow "*Troilus and Creseide*" and "*The Boke of Fame*," at the end of which last is a note, copied from Caxton's edition of the same book, with this addition, *And here foloweth another of his workes*. But in Mr. West's copy nothing followed. The writer of the Preface to Ed. Urr. seems to have had the use of a copy of this Edition in 1526, which contained some other pieces of Chaucer's, and several by other hands. See the Pref. to Ed. Urr.

^e I think it necessary to state Leland's account of the editions of Chaucer in his own words, from Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* v. Chaucer. "Non alienum meo erit instituto palam facere, *Gulielmum Caxodunum*, hominem nec indiligentem nec indoctum, et quem constat primum Londini artem excuississe typographicam, *Chauceri* opera, quotquot vel pretio vel precebus comparare potuit, in unum volumen collegisse. Vicit tamen Caxodunicam editionem *Bertholotus* noster operâ *Gulielmi Thynni*, qui multo labore, sedulitate, ac curâ usus in perquirendis vetustis exemplaribus, multa *primæ* adject *ditioni*. Sed nec in hac parte caruit *Brianus Tucec*, mihi familiaritate conjunctissimus, et Anglicæ linguæ eloquentia mirificus, suâ gloriâ, editâ in postremam impressionem *prefatione* elimatâ, Inocentâ, elegantî. Sequar igitur codicem *paucis* adhuc annis impressum, et promissum adponam syllabon." He then gives a Syllabus of the works of Chaucer, contained in that Edition, as follows: "*Fabule Cantuaræ* xxiv, quarum duæ solutâ oratione scriptæ; sed *Petri Aratoris fabula*, quæ communi doctorum consensu Chaucero, tanquam vero parenti, attribuitur, in utrâque editione, quia malos sacerdotum mores vehementer increpavit, suppressa est. *De arte amanli* alias *Romance of the Rose*," &c.

Before I make any remarks upon this account, I must observe that it was drawn up by Leland before the year 1540. This appears from his "New Year's gift to Henry VIII. in the xxxvii year of his raygne," (1 Jan. 1546.) in which he says expressly, that he had spent the last six years in travelling about the kingdom, "all his other occupations intermitted," [Ed. 1745. p. xxii. prefixed to Leland's *Infin.* v. I.] so that his book *De Viris Illustribus*, which he speaks of as finished in the same piece, p. xxi. must have been finished before he set out upon his travels. I will observe too, by the way, that the Biographers of Leland seem to have confounded these last six years travels with his former travels, in execution of the Commission granted to him by Henry VIII. to serche the Libraries of Monasteries, Colleges, &c. That Commission was granted in the year 1533, 25 H. VIII. but how many years he spent in the execution of it, there is no authority, that I can find, for determining with precision.

In the account above-quoted, Leland is certainly mistaken in saying that Caxton collected the works of Chaucer into one volume. He printed two Editions of the *Canterbury Tales* by themselves, as has been shewn above. He also

the assistance of Mr. William Thynne, (as I rather suspect it is,) we may be assured that it was copied from that. Mr. Thynne's Dedication to Henry VIII. stands at the head of it; and the great number of Chaucer's works, never before published, which appear in it, fully

printed Boethius, Troilus and Cressida, and the Boke of Fame; but each in a separate volume; and some smaller pieces of Chaucer, intermixed with several of Lydgate, &c. in another volume, of which the contents may be seen in Middleton's Dissert. p. 263. n. [d]; but it does not appear that he ever attempted to collect these separate publications into one volume.

Leland is also inaccurate, at least, in representing the edition by Thynne as coming next after that by Caxton, without taking any notice of the intermediate editions by Pynson, and especially that in 1526, in which an attempt was really made to collect the works of Chaucer into one volume.

It may appear presumptuous to go further, and to charge him with inaccuracy in his description of that very edition by Thynne, which he seems to have had before his eyes, but I am much inclined to suspect, (as I have intimated in the text,) that the edition which he speaks of as printed by Berthelette was really printed by Godfray, and that the Preface of *Brianus Tuca* (Sir Brian Tuke) which he commends so much, was nothing else but the Prefatory address, or Dedication, to the King, which is prefixed to Godfray's and other later editions in the name of Mr. William Thynne. The mistake may not have been so extravagant, as it appears to be at first. It is possible, that Berthelette might be concerned in putting forth the edition of 1532, though it was printed by Godfray; and it is very probable, that the Dedication, (which is in such a style as I think very likely to be commended by Leland,) though standing in the name of Mr. William Thynne, was composed for him by Sir Brian Tuke. Mr. Thynne himself, I apprehend, was rather a lover, than a master, of these studies.

In support of this suspicion I observe, 1. that the syllabus, which Leland has given of the contents of Berthelette's edition, agrees exactly enough with the contents of the edition by Godfray, a few small pieces only being omitted by him. 2. The date of Godfray's Edition in 1532 agrees perfectly with what Leland says of the edition in question, (viz. that it was printed a few years before,) and with the probable date of Mr. Thynne's edition, which appears to have been published not earlier than 1530, and certainly not later than 1532. It was not published earlier than 1530, because the *French Grammar made by an Englishman*, mentioned in the Dedication, must mean, in all probability, *L'esclaircissement de la langue Françoise* by John Palsgrave, the printing of which was finished by John Hawkins, xviii July, 1530, and the Privilege granted on the 2 September following. It was not later than 1532, because the Dedication appears in Godfray's edition of that year. 3. If Berthelette had printed Mr. Thynne's edition, in 1531 (we will suppose), it is inconceivable that Godfray should set about another edition so immediately as to be able to publish it the very next year. Though the printers of that age had a very imperfect notion, I apprehend, of Copy-right at Common Law, they may be presumed to have had always a certain Common Sense, which would restrain them from undertaking a new impression of a book, while a considerable number of copies of a former impression remained unsold, whether those copies belonged to themselves or to others. Besides, Godfray's edition has no appearance of a hasty, piratical impression. It is upon a fine paper, and the types and presswork are remarkably neat and elegant. 4. I think we have Berthelette's own authority for believing that he did not print Mr. Thynne's edition of Chaucer. In the preface to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, which he published in this very year 1532, after having mentioned *Troilus and Creseyde*, he goes on thus: "The whiche noble warke and many other of the sayde Chausers, that never were before imprinted, and those that very fewe men knewe and fewer hadde them, be now of late put forthe together in a fayre volume." There can be no doubt that in this passage he refers to Mr. Thynne's edition, and if he had printed it himself, I think he would certainly have claimed the honour of it. At the same time, the favourable manner in which he speaks of it would lead one to imagine, (as has been suggested above,) that he had some concern in it.

Upon the whole therefore I am persuaded, that the edition by Godfray in 1532 is the edition which Leland speaks of as printed by Berthelette. I have given above what I conjecture to have been the probable grounds of his mistake. But indeed, when we recollect the hurry in which this work of Leland must have been compiled, and that it was left by him unfinished, we need not seek for any other causes of the inaccuracies with which it abounds. In the latter part of the passage cited above, he speaks of *The Ploughman's Tale* by the title of *Petri Aratoris fabula*, confounding it, in the title at least, with *Pierce Ploughman's Visions*. For I do not suppose that he meant to attribute *the Vision* to Chaucer; though in fact the one might as well be attributed to him as the other.

Notwithstanding the immoderate length of this note, I must not suppress another testimony, which may be produced in favour of the existence of an Edition of Chaucer by Mr. Thynne, distinct from that printed by Godfray. Mr. Speght in his Life of Chaucer has the following passage: "M. William Thynn in his first printed booke of Chaucer works with one columbe on a side, had a Tale called the Pilgrims tale, which was more odious to the Clergie, than the speech of the Plowman. The tale began thus: *In Lincolnshire fast by a fenne: Standeth a religious house who doth it keene*. The argument of which tale, as also the occasion thereof, and the cause why it was left out of Chaucer works, shall hereafter be shewed, if God permit, in M. Fran. Thyns coment upon Chaucer: and the Tale itself published if possibly it can be found."

It must be allowed that this description of Mr. Thynne's first edition, "with one columbe on a side, and a tale called *the Pilgrim's tale*," does not suit the edition printed by Godfray which is in two columns and has no Pilgrim's tale

entitles it to the commendations, which have always been given to Mr. Thynne's edition on that account. Accordingly, it was several times reprinted as the standard edition of Chaucer's works, without any material alteration, except the insertion of the Plowman's tale in 1542, of which I have spoken in the Discourse, &c. n. 32.

As my business here is solely with the Canterbury Tales, I shall take no notice of the several miscellaneous pieces, by Chaucer and others, which were added to them by Mr. Thynne in his Edition, and afterwards by Stowe and Speght in the Editions of 1561, 1597, and

But I observe that Mr. Speght does not pretend to have seen this book. He even doubts whether the tale *can be found*. If therefore I should be able to prove, that the Tale, which he speaks of, could not possibly be in Mr. Thynne's first edition, I presume no great stress will be laid upon the other part of his evidence, in which he supposes that edition to have been printed with only one column on a side.

It appears very strange, at first sight, that the Plowman's Tale (according to Leland) should have been suppressed in Mr. Thynne's edition, *quia malos sacerdotum mores vehementer increpavit*, and that he should have inserted this, Pilgrim's Tale, which, as Mr. Speght tells us, was still *more odious to the Clergie*. A few years after, when the Reformation was further advanced, in 1542, the Plowman's Tale is inserted among Chaucer's works and the Pilgrim's Tale is suppressed! But there is no occasion to insist upon these little improbabilities. Though Mr. Speght did not know where to find the Pilgrim's Tale, and the Printer of the Edit. in 1687 assures us, that he had searched for it "in the public libraries of both Universities," and also "in all private libraries that he could have access unto," I have had the good fortune to meet with a copy*. It is entitled, "*The Pilgryms tale*," and begins thus:

In Lincolneshyr fast by the fene
Ther stant an hows and you yt ken,
And callyd sempynham of religion
And is of an old foundation, &c.

There can be no doubt, I think, that this is the piece of which Mr. Speght had received some confused intelligence. It seems to have been mentioned by Bale among Chaucer's works, in the following manner. "*Narrationes diversorum, Lib. i. In comitatu Lincolnensi. Fut.*" *Script. Brit.* p. 526. Ed. 1559. But it is impossible that any one who had read it should ascribe it to Chaucer. He is quoted in it twice by name, fol. xxxiii. and fol. xlv. and in the latter place the reference seems to be made to a printed book. The reader shall judge.—

He sayd he durst not it disclose,
But bad me reyd the Romant of the Rose,
The thred leaf just from the end,
To the *second page* ther he did me send,
He prayd me thes vi. stavis for to marke,
Whiche be Chaucers awn hand wark.
¶ Thus moche woll our boke sygnify
That while Peter hath mastery, &c.

[Then follow four more lines from Chaucer's R. R. v. 7263—8 Ed. Urr.] It is not usual, at least, to cite MSS. by the leaf and the page. But if this citation was really made from a printed book, the Pilgrim's tale must have been written after Mr. Thynne's edition, for Chaucer's translation of the Romant of the Rose was first printed in that edition. Another passage will fix the date of this composition still more clearly. In fol. xxxix. xl. are the following lines:

Perkin werbeck and Jak straw
And now of late *our cobler* the dawe.

One would not expect to find any mention of *Perkin Warbeck* in a work attributed to Chaucer; but, passing that over, I think it is plain, that *our cobler*, in the second line, means the leader of the Lincolnshire rebels in 1536, who, as Hollinshed tells us, p. 941. "called himself *Captaine Cobler*, but was indeed a monk, named Doctor Mackarell." *The Pilgrim's tale* therefore was not written till after 1536, and consequently could not possibly be in Mr. Thynne's first Edition, which, as has been shewn above, was printed at latest in 1532.

* The copy, of which I speak, is in the black letter, and seems to have once made part of a volume of miscellaneous poems in 8vo. The first leaf is numbered xxxi. and the last xlv. *The Pilgrim's tale* begins about the middle of fol. xxxi. vers. and continues to the end of the fragment, where it breaks off imperfect. The first leaf has a running title — *Venus The Court of*—and contains the ten last lines of one poem, and another whole poem of twenty lines, before *the Pilgrim's tale*.

This curious fragment was purchased at the Auction of Mr. West's library, in a lot (N^o * 1040) of *Sundry fragments of old black-letter books*, by Mr. Herbert of Gulston's Square, who very obligingly permitted me to examine it.

1602. With respect to the *Canterbury Tales*, I am under a necessity of observing, that, upon the whole, they received no advantage from the edition of 1532. Its material variations from Caxton's *second* edition are all, I think, for the worse. It confounds the order of the *Squier's*^f and the *Frankleyn's*^g tales, which Caxton, in his *second* Edition, had set right. It gives the *Frankleyn's* Prologue to the *Merchant*, in addition to his own proper Prologue^h. It produces for the first time two Prologues, the one to the *Doctor's*, and the other to the *Shipman's* tale, which are both evidently spuriousⁱ; and it brings back the lines of ribaldry^k in the *Merchant's* tale, which Caxton, in his *second* Edition, had rejected upon the authority of his good MS.

However, this Edition of 1532, with all its imperfections, had the luck, as I have said, to be considered as the standard edition, and to be copied, not only by the Booksellers, in their several Editions^l of 1542, 1546, 1555, and 1561, but also by Mr. Speght, (the first Editor in form, after Mr. Thynne, who set his name to his work,) in 1597 and 1602. In the Dedication to Sir Robert Cecil, prefixed to this last edition, he speaks indeed of having "reformed the whole work, both by old written copies and by Ma. William Thynnes praise-worthy labours," but I cannot find that he has departed in any material point from those editions, which I have supposed to be derived from Mr. Thynne's. In the very material points abovementioned, in which those editions vary from Caxton's second, he has followed *them*. Nor have I observed any such verbal varieties, as would induce one to believe that he had consulted any good MS. They who have read his Preface, will probably not regret, that he did not do more towards correcting the text of Chaucer.

In this state the *Canterbury Tales* remained^m till the edition undertaken by Mr. Urry, which was published, some years after his death, in 1721. I shall say but little of that edition, as a very fair and full account of it is to be seen in the modest and sensible Preface prefixed to it by Mr. Timothy Thomasⁿ, upon whom the charge of publishing Chaucer devolved, or rather

^f See the Discourse, &c. §. xxiii. and Note on ver. 10293.

^g See the Discourse, &c. §. xxv. and Note on ver. 10985.

^h See the same Section and Note.

ⁱ See them in all the Edit. since 1532

^k See the Note on ver. 10227. The lines themselves are in all the common Edit.

^l There are some other Editions mentioned by Ames, without date, but it is probable that, upon inspection, they would appear to be one or other of the Editions, whose dates are here given. It seems to have been usual to print books in partnership, and for each partner to print his own name to his share of the impression. See Ames, p. 252. A Bible is said to be printed in 1551, by Nicholas Hill—"at the cost and charges of certayne honest menne of the occupacyon, whose names be upon their tokes."

^m It may be proper just to take notice, that Mr. Speght's Edition was reprinted in 1697, with an Advertisement at the end, in which the Editor pretended to publish from a MS. *the conclusion of the Coke's Tale and also of the Squires Tale, which in the printed books are said to be lost or never finished by the author.*—These Conclusions may be seen in the Preface to Ed. Urr. Whoever the Editor was, I must do him the justice to say, that they are both really to be found in MS. The first is in MS. B. a. and the other in MS. B. d. from which Hearne has also printed it, as a choice discovery, in his Letter to Bagford. App. to R. G. p. 601. If I thought the Reader had any relish for such supplements to Chaucer, I could treat him from MS. B. a. with at least thirty more lines, which have been inserted in different parts of the *Cook's Tale*, by the same hand that wrote this Conclusion. It seems to have been an early, though very unsuccessful, attempt to supply the deficiencies of that Tale, before any one had thought of tacking *Gameyn* to it.

ⁿ I learn this from a MS. note in an interleaved copy of Urry's Chaucer, presented to the British Museum by Mr. William Thomas, a brother, as I apprehend, of Mr. T. Thomas. T. Thomas was of Christ-Church, Oxford, and died in 1751, aged lix. In another note Mr. W. Thomas informs us, that the *Life of Chaucer*, in that edition, was very incorrectly drawn up by Mr. Dart, and corrected and enlarged by W. T. (i. e. himself.) The same Mr. W. Thomas has taken a great deal of unnecessary pains in collating that copy of Urry's Edit. with several MSS. The best part of the various

was imposed, after Mr. Urry's death. The strange licence, in which Mr. Urry appears to have indulged himself, of lengthening and shortening Chaucer's words according to his own fancy, and of even adding words of his own, without giving his readers the least notice, has made the text of Chaucer in his edition by far the worst that was ever published.

Since this there has been no complete Edition of the Canterbury Tales. A volume in 8vo containing the Prologue and the Knightes Tale, with large explanatory notes, &c. was published in 1737, by a Gentleman, (as I am informed,) who has since distinguished himself by many other learned and useful publications. He appears to have set out upon the only rational plan of publishing Chaucer, by collating the best MSS. and selecting from them the genuine readings; and accordingly his edition, as far as it goes, is infinitely preferable to any of those which preceded it.

(B) A LIST OF MSS. COLLATED, OR CONSULTED, WITH THE ABBREVIATIONS BY WHICH THEY ARE CITED.

IN THE MUSEUM.

- A. MS. Harl. 7335.
- B. MS. Reg. 18 C. ii. In Urry's List, vii.
- C. MS. Harl. 7334.
- D. MS. Reg. 17 D. xv. In Urry's List, viii.
- E. MS. Harl. 7333.
- F. MS. Harl. 1758. In Urry's List, i.
- G. MS. Sloane. A. 1685. xxii. D. In Urry's List, iii.
- H. MS. Sloane. A. 1686. xxii. D. In Urry's List, iv.
- I. MS. Harl. 1239. In Urry's List, ii.

AT OXFORD.

In the *Bodleian* Library.

- B. α. No. 2527. in the printed Catalogue.
- B. ε. No. 1234. *Ibid.*
- B. γ. No. 1476. *Ibid.*
- B. δ. No. 3360. *Ibid.*
- B. e. No. 4138. *Ibid.*
- B. ζ. No. 6420. *Ibid.*
- N C. A MS. in the Library of *New College*.

AT CAMBRIDGE.

- C. 1. In the Public Library. No. D. d. 4. 24.
- C. 2. *Ibid.* No. I. i. 3. 26.
- T. MS. in the Library of *Trinity College*, No. R. 3. 3.
- T t. *Ibid.* No. R. 3. 15.
- Ask. 1. 2. Two MSS. lent to me by the late Dr. Askew. The second has in it the *Arms of Henry Deane*, Archbishop of Canterbury. 1501—3.
- H A. A MS. lent to me by Edward Haistwell, Esq.
- W. A MS. in the possession of the late Mr. P. C. Webb.
- Ch. N. Two MSS. described in the Pref. to Ed. Urr. the one as belonging to Charles Cholmondley, Esq., of Vale Royal, in Cheshire, and the other to Mr. Norton, of Southwick, in Hampshire. The Editor quotes them from the Collations of Mr. W. Thomas, mentioned above in this *APP. A.* note *n.*

readings serves only to correct the arbitrary innovations, which Mr. Urry had introduced into the text. He has employed himself to better purpose upon the Glossary, where he has made many emendations and additions, which may be of considerable use, if ever a new Glossary to Chaucer shall be compiled.

Of these MSS. the most credit is certainly due to the five following, viz. A. C. 1. Ask. I. 2. and H. A. The four last exhibit the Tales in exactly the same order in which they are printed in this edition; and so does A. except that it wants the *Cokes Tale* [See the Discourse, &c. §. xiii.] and has the *Nonnes Tale* inserted between the *Sompnours* and the *Clerkes*. It is also unluckily very imperfect; beginning only at ver. 1204. and ending (with several intermediate breaks) at ver. 12610. in the *Pardoner's Tale*.

N.B. The Editt. of Chaucer by Caxton and Pynson are cited by these abbreviations; Ca. 1. 2. Pyns. 1. 2.—Sp. and Urr. are put for the Editt. by Speght and Urry.—M. stands for the Edit. of the *Prologue and Knight's Tale* in 1737.—The other Editt. are cited by their respective dates. If no date is mentioned, the reference is to the Edit. of 1542 by John Reyne.

(c) AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORICAL PASSAGES OF THE LIFE
OF CHAUCER.

THE birth of Chaucer in 1328 has been settled, I suppose, from some inscription on his tomb-stone, signifying that he died in 1400, at the age of 72. Of his birth itself we have no memorial, any more than of his parents*. He calls himself a *Londenois*, or *Londoner*, in the *Testament of Love*; B. i. fol. 325. and in another passage, fol. 321. speaks of the city of London as the place of his *engendrure*.

We are more in the dark about the place of his education. In his *Court of Love*, ver. 912. he speaks of himself under the name and character of "Philogenet—of Cambridge, Clerk." This is by no means a decisive proof that he was really educated at Cambridge; but it may be admitted, I think, as a strong argument that he was not educated at Oxford; as Leland has supposed, without the shadow of a proof^b. The Biographers however, instead of weighing one of these accounts against the other, have adopted both; and tell us very gravely, that he was first at Cambridge, and afterwards removed from thence to complete his studies at Oxford.

It were to be wished that Mr. Speght had given us the date of that Record in the Inner Temple, (which he says, a Mr. Buckley had seen,) where "Geffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscane frier in Fleet-street"^c. Leland has also told us, that our

* Mr. Speght has referred to several Records in which the name of Chaucer occurs. There is mention in the *Monast. Ang.* vol. iii. p. 326. of a *Johannes le Chaucer, civis Londoniensis*, an. 1299. who may possibly have been our Poet's Grandfather. Though Leland says, that he was *nobili loco natus*, Mr. Speght informs us, that "in the opinion of some heralds—he descended not of any great house, which they gather by his *Armes*." I am inclined to believe the Heralds, rather than Leland.

The name of *Chaucer* is explained [Life of Ch. Urr.] to signify a *shoe-maker*; but it rather means *un faiseur de chausse ou culottiers*. Dict. de Lacombe, v. *Chaucier*. According to what is said to be the old spelling of it, *Chaucesir*, it might be not improbably derived from *Chaufectre*, an office, which still subsists under the title of *Chafewax*.

^b The single circumstance, by which Leland has endeavoured to strengthen his supposition that Chaucer was educated at Oxford, is another supposition that he was born in Oxfordshire or Berkshire. The latter has been shewn above to be false.

^c Though this be but a blind story, it rather inclines me to believe that Chaucer was of the Inner Temple in the *early part of his life*, before he went into the service of Edward III. The circumstance recorded is plainly a *youthful sally*. On the contrary, Leland supposes his *principal residence* in the Inns of Court to have been *after* he had *flourished* in France, *about the last years* of Richard II.; which is totally incredible. Indeed Leland, through his whole account of our author, seems to have considered him as living at least twenty years later than he really did.

From this time we find frequent mention of him in various public instruments'. In the 16th H. III. [y. R. v.] the King appoints him Envoy, with two others, to Genoa, by the title of *Scutifer noster*°. In the 18th H. III. he has a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily [ap. Rymer.]; and in the same year a grant, during pleasure, of the offices of Comptroller of the custom of wools, and Comptroller of the parva custuma vinorum, &c. in the Port of London. *Ibid.* In the 19th H. III. the King grants to him the Wardship of Sir Edmund Staplegate's Heir [MS Rymer, E. III. vol. xi. n. 12], for which he received 10*l.* [Ibid. R. II. vol. i. n. 16]; and in the next year some forfeited wool to the value of 7*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* [Life of Ch. Urr.] In the last year of Ed. III. he was sent to France, with Sir Guichard D'Angle and Richard Stan, or *Sturry*, to treat of a marriage between the Prince of Wales, Richard, and a daughter of the French King. *Froussart*, v. i. ch. 325.

In the next year, 1 R. II. his annuity of 20 marks was confirmed to him, and another annuity of 20 marks was granted to him in lieu of the pitcher of wine daily. See the Licence to surrender these grants in the Life of Ch. Urr. It is probable too that he was confirmed in his Office of Comptroller, though the instrument has not been produced^b. In the 11th of R. II. he had the King's Licence to surrender his two grants of 20 marks each in favour of John Gally. In the 13th R. II. he appears to have been Clerk of the works at Westminster &c. and in the following year at Windsor^c. In the 17th R. II. the King granted to him a new

' In the 4th E. III. Galf Ch. in obsequium R. ad partes transmarinas profecturus hab. lit. R. de protectione, 2^o Jun. [MS. Harl. 686 f. 1203.]

^a *Our Squier*—so that in the course of these five years our author had been promoted from the rank of *Yeoman*, to that of *Squier*, attendant upon the King. *Scutifer* and *Armer*, *Lar* are synonymous terms for the French *Is uer*; the Biographers thinking, I suppose, the title of *Squier* too vulgar, have changed it into *Shield bearer*, as if Chaucer had the special office of carrying the King's shield.

^b Some observations have been made upon this appointment of Chaucer, as Envoy to Genoa, in the Discourse, &c. n. 20.

^c This is probable, I think, because Chaucer, in his Testament of Love, frequently alludes to his loss of Office, as one of the greatest misfortunes brought upon him by his meddling in those disturbances which happened in the City of London in the 7th of R. II. When he fled, to avoid being examined in relation to those disturbances (as he says, Test. of L. 1. 1. 1. 1.) he was probably superseded in his Office.

In the Life of MS. with the first of the following grants, and the dates of them, are thus specified:

1 R. II. New grant of Comptroller of Wools, 23 Jan. MS. Harl. 6861 fol. 2.

2 R. II. New grant of Comptroller of parva custuma vinorum, 20 Apr. *Ibid.* fol. 51.

3 R. II. Grant to execute the office of Comptroller by a deputy, 17 Feb. *Ibid.* fol. 74.

^d This Licence, reciting the two grants, is printed in the Life of Ch. Urr. and the author of that life has observed, that this surrender was probably occasioned by our Author's distressed circumstances. Either he despaired of procuring payment of his pensions, or perhaps wanted to raise a sum of ready money. The same writer has extracted from the Testament of Love almost all that is now to be known of the history of this distress, which he ascribes very truly to Chaucer's unfortunate engagements with that party in the city of London, of which John of Northampton was at the head. What the real designs of that party were, and how a trifling City riot, as it seems to have been, came to be treated as a rebellion, are points of great obscurity. There is good ground to believe that Northampton was connected with the Duke of Lancaster. At his trial, in August 1384, he contended, "that he ought not to be tried in the absence of his Lord the Duke;" *quo verbo* (says Walsingham, p. 316.) *suscitavit suspicionem sinistram tam vulgarem quam centia Ducem*. He was condemned however to perpetual imprisonment; in which he remained till July 1390 when (according to the Monk of Evesham, p. 122.) *ad instantiam Ducis Lancastrie* Johannes Northamptonensis sui nuper de Londonis banniti, restituti sunt ad pristinas libertates. The judgement against him was reversed in Parliament the next year, *Rot. Parl.* 14 R. II. n. 36 and he was restored to his lands, &c. the year following, *Rot. Parl.* 15 R. II. n. 33. This connexion of Northampton with the Duke of Lancaster will account for the part which Chaucer appears to have taken in this unhappy affair. He was very early attached to that Duke, and was at this time married to a sister of Catherine Swinford the Duke's mistress; and it is observable, that the first mark of royal favour, which he received after his distresses, was bestowed upon him at the same time that Northampton received his pardon, and probably through the same mediation.

^e See Tanner's Bib. Brit. v. CHAUCER, n. a. It may justly be doubted whether these two offices together indemnified

annuity of twenty pounds [*Exp. Rymer*] ;—in the 21st, he had a pipe of wine annually *Per*. In the next year, the 1st H. IV. the annuity of the annuity of 20*l.* and of the pipe of wine, were confirmed [1st H. IV. MSS. Rymer, 10 IV. vol. i. n. 27.], and at the same time he had an additional grant of a pipe of wine annually [1st H. IV. MSS. Rymer, 10 IV. n. 15. He died, according to the inscription on his tomb stone, in the last year of the 2d H. IV. on the 25th of October, 1400.

These, I think, are the principal facts in Chaucer's life, which are supported by the evidences. We learn from himself, in his *Letter to the Duke of Burgundy*, that he had a son called *Loris*, who was ten years of age in 1391. It is the only circumstance recorded relating to his family, of which he has informed us. A few other historical particulars relating to himself, which may be collected from his writings, have been taken notice of by me; and perhaps a more attentive examination of his works might furnish a few more. We must be cautious however, in such an examination, of supposing allusions which he has made to be intended, or of arguing from pieces which he never wrote, as if they were his. We must not infer from his repeated commendations of the *Days of Power*, that he was the author of them by Margaret, Countess of Pembroke; and still less should we set him down as the author

our author for the loss of his former office in the Customs. That was probably a very bad joke, and he speaks of himself as "once glad of us in worldly welfare's peace and having all the world's wealth at his feet." Test of L. fol. 326. a. b. But that he should have been possessed of a fortune of almost a thousand pounds," according to the tradition repeated by Mr. Spight, is quite impossible.

1 If Chaucer was ever possessed of Dunnington castle in Yorkshire, as his biographer says, he must have purchased it about this time. For it appears to have been in the possession of Sir Hugh de Lacy, who died in the year of R. II. *Monast. Angl.* n. 474. We have no proof of any such purchase, and the tradition is altogether improbable. The tradition, which Mr. Evelyn mentions in his *Notes of an Oak in Down*, is probably of the same oak, may be sufficiently accounted for without supposing that it was planted by Chaucer himself, as the oak was undoubtedly in the hands of Thomas Chaucer for many years.

2 It appears further from the *Exchequer*, Part 4 R. II. [MSS. Rymer, R. II. v. l. n. 3.] that Chaucer, on the 24. May 1381, received at the Exchequer a half year's payment of his own two annuities of 20 marks each, and also a half year's payment of an annuity of 10 marks, granted by L. III. and confirmed by R. II. to his wife Philippa, *supra* mentioned in *Cellarum Philippæ, nuper Regine Angliæ*. The title given to her of *Domina* is proved that she was married at the time of her being in the Queen's service. There is a patent in Rymer, 43 R. III. n. 2. which grants 12 months after Queen Philippa's death, grants annuities of 10 marks for the first year, of 10 marks and 2*l.* 5 pounds, and to three 5 marks. One of them is called *Philippa Regina*, a third was well known to be the lady whom Chaucer afterwards married, if it were not for the objection that it is a wife's annuity, and not a husband's; whereas Chaucer's wife appears by the records to have had only 10 marks, and not 10 marks and 2*l.* 5 marks, though they own themselves totally ignorant of the true name of Chaucer's wife, and all agreed that her name was *Roulet*, the same with that of her father and eldest sister, *Catharine Sayward*. The first objection is to be got over by supposing that the annuity, though it was only 10 pounds, was not paid to her as a wife, but as a widow, to Chaucer, to 10 marks. As to the other point, it is not impossible that the father of the poet's wife was a *heveris* [See Pat. 13 H. IV. p. 1. m. 27. *sup. Rymer*], might bear the name of *Reveris*, and that the name of *Reveris* in 13 H. IV. just quoted, is from some mistake in their seeing, and not the name of the poet's father, but the name of *Pokard*.

If the records of payments at the Exchequer for the eleven years preceding the death of Chaucer, were only to be used to clear up these doubts, and also, perhaps, to ascertain nearly the time of Chaucer's marriage, they would probably shew when he began to receive his wife's annuity. If this last point were ascertained, we should know better what to think of the relation of Thomas Chaucer to our author. Mr. Spight has been of the opinion, that Thomas C. was not the son of Geoffrey, and there are certainly many circumstances which incline us to that opinion. I was in hopes of meeting with some light upon this subject in a Poem which Lydgate is said to have written, entitled, "A Complaint upon the departure of Thomas Chaucer into France, upon the King's Ambassade." A Poem, with this title, is extant in MS. *Harl.* 367. 33. in the hand writing of J. Bower; but upon inspection, found it to be a mere love ballad, without the least imaginable reference to Thomas Chaucer.

3 I can find no other foundation for this notion. Mr. Spight, who first started it, says, that "it may appear in divers treatises by him written: as in the *Prologue of the Legend of good Women* under the name of the *Dayis*, and

Alain Chartier", because his Editors have falsely ascribed to him a translation of one of Alam's poems.

I know in the beginning, *In the case of Peuce*." The Ballad is among the additions made by John Stowe to Chaucer's works in 1361 and, like the greatest part of those additions, is *of very dubious authority*, to use the greatest terms. But supposing it genuine, there is nothing in it to make us believe that it had any reference to the Countess of Pembroke. That its commendations of the *Daisy* ought not to weigh with us is very plain from the other poems added by Mr. Spelman, for the *Legende of good William* in which he imagines "the Lady Margaret to be honoured under the name of the *Daisy*" was certainly not written till at least twelve years after that Lady's death. See the *Dedication*, Art. 3. For the date of the *Legende*. The Countess Margaret must have died not later than 1370, as the Earl's son, by whose aid with *John*, was about nineteen years of age, when he was killed in a tournament in 1361. H. H. Wood, p. 41. It is possible that the *dit de la fleur de lis et de la Marguerite* by Guillaume de Machaut [Acad. des Inscriptions, t. x. p. 669 t. xiv. hist. p. 223.] the title of which had the least relation to the Countess of Pembroke, might furnish us with the true key to those mystical emblems, which our poet has paid to the *Daisy*-flower.

"Ireland was the first author of this story which is totally inconsistent with Chronology. The time of Alain's birth has not been settled with precision, but he was certainly living near 50 years after Chaucer's death, which makes it impossible to suppose that the latter should have borrowed of him, in his attempts to polish his native language. *La Balade de France* of the French Alain Chartier, p. 717, was written upon the taking of that place by the English in 1448. There is another poem attributed to Alain [Ibid. p. 771], which is thus entitled, *Complainte faite à Paris et présentée au Roi de France* [Ibid. p. 771]. Instead therefore of supposing from the translation of *La belle dame sans merci* that Chaucer imitated Alain Chartier, we should rather conclude, that he was not the author of that translation, which is included in MS. Harl. 72, is expressly attributed to a *Sir Richard Rox*.

"Ireland takes notice of another opinion, (which has been propagated upon as little foundation,) that Chaucer imitated the French poets. Mr. Rymer, who, I believe first made the discovery, speaks only of his having borrowed from the French poets (View of Eng. p. 73.) but Mr. Dryden found out, that he copied after their manner, particularly the *Line of the Falcon and the Leaf*. Pref. to *Labes*. Mr. Warton also thinks, that the *House of Fame* was originally a Provençal composition." Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 389. 458.

How far Chaucer's *language* was borrowed, has been considered already, in the Essay, &c. Part I. I will only add here, that I have not observed in any of his writings a single phrase or word, which has the least appearance of having been fetched by him from the South of the Loire. With respect to the *manner* and *matter* of his compositions, till some clear instance of imitation be produced, I shall be slow to believe that in either he ever copied the poets of Provence, with whose works I acquainted, he had very little, if any, acquaintance.

"The following description was made by Chaucer Oct. 25 1366, in the celebrated Scrope and Grosvenor controversy. It was first printed in G. Babin's *Life of Chaucer* (Appendix I.) and has more recently appeared as a portion of Sir H. N. Halliwell's edition of *The Scrope and Grosvenor Roll*, vol. i. 173.

"Geoffrey le Comtes de Flandres, de l'armee de nosseignurs par xvij. ans, par la partie de mons. Richard le Comtes de Flandres.

"Demandez les ditz armes par quelz armes appartient ou deoyent appartenir au dit mons. Richard le Comtes de Flandres.

"Que oil, que il les ditz armes armez en France devant la ville de Retters, et mons. Henry Lesrope armez en mesmes les armes, se on libellans et banners le dit mons. Richard armez en les entiers armes dazure ou en blanche d'or, et issent il les vint armer par tout le dit viage, tanque le dit Geoffrey estout pris:

"Item un lez, par quel il sciet que les ditz armes appartient au dit mons. Richard, dist,

"Que par ce ditz dix chevaliers et escquiers, et qils eunt toutdys contruz leur possession en les ditz armes, et par ce ont tuz par leur armes reputes com commune fame et publice vois laboure et ad labouree; et auxi il dist que quant il ad vu les ditz armes en banners, en verrures, en peyntures, en vestemens, communement appellees les armes de Lesrope.

"Demandez oil il sciet parler quele estoit le primer auncestre du dit mons. Richard, qi portast primerment les ditz armes, dist,

"Que nous ne qil ne sciet unques autre mes qils estoient venuz de veille auncestre et de dez veulz gerills hommes et occrupiez les ditz armes:

“ Demandez, sil oiaint unques parler e m l ng tamps que les aancestres du dit m n no hard ... armes, dist,

“ Que noun, mes com il ad ov dire ql passe la memoir de h nime

“ Demandez sil oiaint unques d isoun intrrupcion ou d lings fait j ar m na Robert Gros ... autres tres, ou par ascun en son noun al dit mons Richard ou a isoun l ... aancestres, dist

“ Que noun, mes il dist q il est une foiz en Fribystrate en Leuntes ... at perha i hors un novell signe fait dez ditz armee et d manbet quel herbergerle c west li q on au ... du Scrope, et un autre luy respndist et dit: Neul signe ir de no sount moe perha i ... ne depeytez la peur cez armeez mes il sount d yntez et mye la peur un abvaler d ... homme appelle mons. Robert Grovenour, et ceo fuist le primer f ... Grovenour, ou de cez aancestres ou de ascun autre portant le noun de Grovenour

“ The time of Chaucer's birth” observes Sir H. Nicolas ... statement in his deposition in the Scrope and Grosvenor case ... and upwards, and had been arm'd twenty seven years, which, if strictly correct ... about 1345, and to have served for the first time in the field in 1359, whereas ... hitherto assigned, though without any positive evidence of the year 1359. There are ... from many passages in his own works and in the writings of others ... and the many instances which have been adduced of the mistakes that occur ... of whom some are stated to have been ten and others even to its years ... Chaucer's deposition being conclusive on the point. It is therefore probable that ... above forty in 1366. He had he said borne arms for twenty seven years ... generally more correct so that assuming that he was about fifty five when ... announce his military career until 1359, at which time he was also twenty eight ...

The following entries are from the Issue Roll of Thomas I. King of France, &c. vol. 11, p. 134.

44 Edward III,

Thursday, the 25th day of April

“ Geoffrey Chaucer } To Geoffrey Chaucer, the King's valet to whom the King's ... rendered by him to the said King in money ... Walsch in discharge of the 10 marks ... by his writ of Liber etc, amongst the mandates of this Term

44 Edward III,

Wednesday, the 7th day of September

“ Philippa Chaucer } To Philippa Chaucer, to whom the King by his letters ... rendered by her to the said King in money ... thorp, in discharge of the 10 marks ...

The following entries occur in the Issue Roll of Thomas I. King of France, &c. vol. 11, p. 134.

Michaelmas 24 Edward III ... rendered by him to the said King in money ...

Easter 2 Richard III

... rendered by him to the said King in money ... of the said ... in money paid to him by a ... 1274, paid to him for this his all ... day of April at the feast of Saint Michael next following ... By writ, &c.,—1274.

APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

Michaelmas, 4 Richard II. "26th November.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, in money paid to his own hands in discharge of 14*l* due upon an account made with him at the Exchequer of account, for receipt of his wages and expenses in going upon the King's message to Lombardy, in the 1st year of the reign of King Richard II. By writ of privy seal, &c.—14*l*." p. 214

"6th March.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, an esquire of the King. In money paid to his own hands, by assignment made to him this day, in discharge of 22*l*, which the Lord the King commanded to be paid him of his gift in recompense of his wages, and the charges by him incurred in going as well in the time of King Edward, grandfather of the present King as a messenger of the same grandfather, to Mounstroll and Paris, in France, on account of a treaty of peace pending between the aforesaid grandfather and his adversary of France, as in the time of the present Lord the King, to make a communication respecting a marriage to be had between the same Lord the King and the daughter of his said enemy of France. By writ of privy seal, &c.—22*l*." p. 215

Michaelmas, 13 Richard II. "7th October.—To Geoffrey Chaucer, clerk of the works of the Lord the King within the palace of Westminster, Tower of London, and divers others the King's castles and manors. In money paid to him by assignment made this day,—to wit, by the hands of John Hermesthorp, clerk of the works near the Tower. By writ of liberate amongst the mandates of Easter term last past,—6*l* 13*s*. 4*d* [Note.—This Roll contains several other payments to Geoffrey Chaucer, as clerk of the King's works.]" p. 239.]

at there
so gross and
(revelation) must
not known, or not
be some thing. . . verses, which are lame
renunciation can make otherwise."
contorted, except by Mr Urry, whose design of
laudable, as his execution of it has certainly been

in Anglia, sed nutritus in Nor

AN ESSAY ON THE LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION OF CHAUCER

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION The different Judgements of the Language and Versification of Chaucer's Works. Plan of this Essay, in three parts. 1. To vindicate Chaucer from the charge of having corrupted the English Language by the great a mixture of French with it. 2. To make some observations upon the real state of our Language in his time. 3. To apply these observations and theirs towards illustrating the real nature of his Versification.

PART THE FIRST

§ 1. The French Language introduced into England before the Conquest. § 2. Its influence and progress in the new establishments at the Conquest. § 3. It was the ordinary Language of the Court, § 4. It was carried into the Provinces by the great Barons and military Commanders. § 5. And especially by the Clergy, § 6. who, both secular and Regular, were chiefly foreigners. § 7. The French Language continued to be much used as late as the reign of Edward III. § 8. Conclusion that the mixture of French in Chaucer's writings was not owing to any affectation of his, but to the causes above mentioned, which in his time had generally introduced the Norman Saxon instead of the Saxon Dialect, the same mixture being observable in other contemporary authors.

PART THE SECOND

§ 1. The proposed observations upon the Poetical Language confined to the actual state of it in the time of Chaucer, and divided into three parts, viz. the Saxon and Norman parts. 1. The Saxon part, which is divided into grammar, and order of the English Article. 2. Nouns substantive and adjective. 3. Prepositions. 4. Verbs and Participles. 5. Inflections. 6. Parts of speech. 7. The Norman part, which is divided into 1. originally French and more or less mixed with Saxon. 2. substantive and adjective. 3. Verbs and Participles. 4. Inflections. 5. The manner of the introduction of French terms into the English Language.

PART THE THIRD

§ 1. Preliminary observations upon the nature of the Poem of Chaucer, and the manner of his writing. § 2. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 3. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 4. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 5. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 6. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 7. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 8. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 9. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 10. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 11. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 12. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 13. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 14. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 15. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 16. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 17. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 18. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 19. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 20. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 21. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 22. The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts. § 23. 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The Poem of Chaucer is not a new Poem, but a mixture of the Saxon and Norman parts.

of
1244, of Chaucer's works, were two very different judgements. According to
day of April, 1244, of Saint Mark, and according to the other, he has corrected and
By writ, Dec. 1244.

Q u o t e s
conquest came the first of Geoffrey Chaucer's writing his

formed the English idiom by an immoderate mixture of French words. Nor do the opinions with respect to his versification seem to have been less discordant. His contemporaries³, and they who lived nearest to his time, universally extoll him as the "chief Poete of Britaine," "the flour of Poesies, &c titles, which must be supposed to imply their admuation of his metrical skill, as well as of his other poetical talents; but the later critics⁴, though they leave him in possession of the same sounding titles, yet they are almost unanimously agreed, that he was either totally ignorant or negligent of metrical rules, and that his verses, if they may be so called, are frequently deficient, by a syllable or two, of their just measure.

It is the purpose of the following Essay to throw some light upon both these questions. Admitting the fact, that the English of Chaucer has a great mixture of French in it, I hope to show, that this mixture, if a crime, cannot fairly be laid to his charge. I shall then proceed to state some observations upon the most material peculiarities of the Norman-Saxon, or English Language, as it appears to have been in general use in the age of Chaucer; and lastly, applying these observations to the poetical parts of the Canterbury Tales, as they are faithfully printed in this edition from the best MSS which I could procure, I shall leave it to the intelligent Reader to determine, whether Chaucer was really ignorant of the laws, or even of the graces, of Versification, and whether he was more negligent of either than the very early Poets in almost all languages we found to have been

PART THE FIRST.

§ 1 In order to judge, in the first place, how far Chaucer ought to be charged as the importer of the many French words and phrases, which are so visible in all his writings, it will be necessary to take a short view of the early introduction and long prevalency of the French language in this country before his time. It might be sufficient, perhaps, for our purpose to begin this view at the Conquest. but I cannot help observing, from a contemporary Historian, that, several years before that great event, the language of France had been introduced into the court of England, and from thence among the people. The account which Inguiphus gives of this matter is, that Edward, commonly called the Confessor, having been educated at the

poets in English, if we call it the first in venter of the English tongue. Of their opinion I am not, though I reverence Chaucer as an excellent Poet for his time. He was indeed a great mingler of *Angli h uic h* French, unto which Language (y^e *W* *f* r that he was descended of French, or rather Wallon race) he carried a great office in "

Skinner *Lygm f I A Pref* *Ex hoc malesano novitatis gurgite, Belgæ Gallicæ voces passim civitate sua de nati patrii sermone puritate in nuper non leviter inquinârunt, et CHAUCERUS poeta, pessimo exemplo, integris vocibus abstricis et hinc Gallicæ Angliæ utriusque linguam insectis, cum, nimis antea a Normannorum victoria adulteratam, omnifere nativâ præsertim et non respiciat.*

³ Lydgate, Gower, et al. See the Testimonies prefixed to Urry's Edit.

⁴ I shall only quote Dryden Pref to his Fables. "The verse of Chaucer, I confess is not harmonious to us.—They who lived with him in the same time after him thought it musical, and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries,—'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he, who published the last edition of him (Mr. Spaght), for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine. But this opinion is not worth confuting, 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the Reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise."

This peremptory decision has never since, that I know, been controverted, except by Mr Urry, whose design of restoring the metre of Chaucer by a Collation of MSS. was as laudable, as his execution of it has certainly been unsuccessful.

⁵ Inguiph. *Hist. Croyl.* p. 62. *Ad Godefridum Regem Angliæ, sed nutritus in Normannia.*

time of Edward III it is probable, that the French and English languages subsisted together throughout the kingdom, the higher orders, both of the Clergy and Laity²⁰, speaking almost

by slow an almost imperceptible degrees in proportion nearly as the English natives were emerging from that state of depression in which they were placed by the Conquest. We have no reason to believe that much progress was made in either of these matters before the reign of King John. The loss of Normandy &c. in that reign, and the consequent reduction of Henry III and his issue, in which the subjects of either of them were made incapable of holding lands in the Island as well as the other [Matth. Paris at p. 1344] must have greatly diminished the usual influx of Normans to the English Court, and the intimate connections in this country under John and Henry III in which so many of the nobles lost their lives and estates must eventually have opened a way for the English to raise themselves to the same rank and position to which they had very rarely before been admitted to aspire.

In the year 1264 the Henry III we have a particular instance (the first, I believe, of the kind) of attention on the part of government to the English part of the community. The Letters Patent, which the King was advised to publish in support of the Oxford Provisions, were sent to each County in Latin, French, and English [Annals Burtons Hist. One of them has been printed from the Patent roll, 4 H III m 40 m 15 by Somner in his Diet Sax. v. LUSAN and by Harmer Text R ff p 301]. At the same time all the proceedings in the business of the Provisions appear to have been carried on in French and the principal persons in both parties are evidently of foreign extraction.

If a conjecture may be allowed in a matter so little capable of proof, I should think it probable, that the necessity, which the great Barons were under at this time, of engaging the body of the people to support them in their opposition to the measures of the King, especially Poitevin, contributed very much to abolish the invidious distinctions which had subsisted between the French and English parts of the nation. In the early times after the Conquest, if we may believe the story of Huntingdon [L. v. p 770] to be called an Englishman was a reproach, but when the Clerics, the Bishops, the Barons, were using arms for the expulsion of foreigners out of the Kingdom, they would not probably be unwilling to have themselves considered as natives of England. Accordingly Matthew Paris [p. 633] calls Hugh the Earl of the Earl Marshal, *virum de terra Anglii natum et in quantum*, and in another place [p. 671] applies the title of *alienigena* to those foreigners "qui legimus attinentes per eam introducti in Angliam" and so perhaps the word ought generally to be understood in the transactions of that time. None of the persons born out of England were then esteemed as foreigners.

About the same time we find an Archbishop of York objecting to Clerks (recommended to benefices by the Pope), because they were "ignorant of the English language" [Mat. Par. p. 831], which seems to imply, that a knowledge of that language was then considered among the proper qualifications of an Ecclesiastic, but that it was not necessarily required even in the Parochial Clergy, appears from the great number of foreign Parsons, Vicars, &c. who had the Kings Letters of protection in the 25th year of Edward I. See the Lists in Prynne's Hist. p. 769—770.

The testimony of Robert of Gloucester (who lived in the times of H III and F I) is so full and precise in this particular that the Reader will not be displeas'd to see it in his own words or rather in the words of that very inexact MS. which Hearne has religiously followed in his edition.

R. I. fol. m. j. 74

Thise comen I descouli into Normannes honde
 And the Normans ne couthe speke the *shote her ome speche*,
 And speke I renche as *dude abem*, and here chyldren dude al so teche.
 So that hit was of this lond, that of her blod come,
 It leith alle thulke speche, that hit of hum come

For Peter a man couthe I rench, the talke of hym wil lute

¹² The ancient Earls had a power of legislation within their own bounds and to her kindred speche *'gute*
 Fitz Osbert, Earl of Hereford, says, "*Manet in hanc diem th' vs noue,*
incomeuna frondat; ut nullus miles pro quacunque commisso p'ntu
ob parvam occasunculam in transgressione precepti herills, v'sintu vel v'ign

¹³ Ordericus Vitalis, l. iv. p. 511 observes, that before the Conquest, "*Munitis his general testimo*
Ang eis p'rogatiis gaudens me fuerant et ob hoc Angli, licet bell-
incanis extiterant debiliores." William, at his landing, placed gar-
 rison in possession of Dover, and left a garrison there. He caused
 built a strong citadel at Winchester. Upon his return from Normandy
 built a castle within the city of Exeter, another at Warwick, &c.
 "*munitiorem Armavit quam delectis militibus custodiendam tr-*
 "*estra h' aut et tutelam eorum fortissimis viris commendavit*
 shire and at Shrewsbury. He built fortifications at Chester and St. Asaph
 bury at this time; and Norwich was so strong as to stand a siege of
 six months. Ord. Vit. p. 510—515.

¹⁴ Orderic. Vital. l. iv. p. 506. *Custodes in castellis strenuus v'ib-*
quibus labores et pericula libenter tolerarent, distribuit
 ex Gallis collocavit, et opulenta benefeci.

²⁰ See the transactions of the Council held at Winchester in the year 1070, ap Flor. Vern. p. 636. Having so

shall be pleaded and judged in the English tongue," and the preamble recites, "that the French tongue (in which they had been usually pleaded, &c) was too much unknown," or disused; and yet, for near threescore years after this²³ the proceedings in Parliament, with very few exceptions, appear to have been all in French, and the statutes continued to be published in the same language, for above one hundred and twenty years, till the first of Richard III.

§ VIII From what has been said I think we may fairly conclude, that the English language must have imbibed a strong tincture of the French, long before the age of Chaucer, and consequently that he ought not to be charged as the importer of words and phrases, which he only used after the example of his predecessors and in common with his contemporaries. This was the real fact, and is capable of being demonstrated to any one, who will take the trouble of comparing the writings of Chaucer with those of⁴ Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne, who both lived before him, and with those of Sir John Mandeville and Wicliff, who lived at the same time with him. If we could for a moment suppose the contrary, if we could suppose that the English idiom, in the age of Chaucer, remained pure and unmixed, as it was spoken in the courts of Alfred or Ælfgert, and that the French was still a foreign, or at least a separate language; I would ask, whether it is credible, that a Poet, writing in English upon the most familiar subjects, would stuff his compositions with French words and phrases, which, upon the above supposition, must have been unintelligible to the greatest part of his readers; or, if he had been so very absurd, is it conceivable, that he should have immediately become not only the most admired, but also the most popular writer of his time and country?

at first interval, or, perhaps, because the new practice of opening it in English was so well established, in the opinion of the Clerk, as not to need being marked by a special Entry.

The reasons assigned, in the preamble to this Statute for having Pleas and Judgements in the English tongue might all have been urged, with at least equal force for having the Laws themselves in that language. But the times were not yet ripe for that innovation. The English scale was clearly beginning to preponderate, but the slowness of its motion proves that it had a great weight to overcome.

²³ All the Parliamentary proceedings in English before 1422, the first of Henry VI are the few which follow.

The Confession of Thomas Duke of Gloucester, taken at Calais by William Rickhill and recorded in Parliament, *inter Petre Coron* 21 Ric II n 9. It is printed in Tyrrell, v. iii. p. 793.

Some passages in the Deposition of Richard II printed at the end of Knighton's *Historiographus*. The chronicle between William I and the Reformation and Robert Erwhitt, Justice of the King's Bench 13 Hen IV n 18. A Petition of the Commons with the King's answer 2 Hen V n 2.

A Proviso in English inserted into a French grant of a Disme and Quinzisme 9 Hen V n 10.

At the beginning of the reign of Henry VI the two languages seem to have been used indifferently of Willelmus, &c was granted in English 1 Hen VI n 19. A Proviso in French was added by the Articles of the Council of Regency, which are in English *Ibid* n 73. Even the Royal Assent in English 2 Hen VI and n 54. Be it ordained as it is asked. Be it as it is asked—

I have stated this matter so particularly, in order to shew, that when the French entered it was gradually disused in Parliaments *see to her kinde speche gyle*
ff it was used in these proceedings in world controversies none
s nearly unlearned *to her kinde speche hote English d one*

²⁴ Robert of Gloucester's *see to her kinde speche hote English d one*
in *see to her kinde speche hote English d one*
to her kinde speche hote English d one

The weightier here a few well-known facts in confirmation of Ibert of Gloucester

A note of Hugh Blyth's *see to her kinde speche hote English d one* [p. 714] assures us, that William Bishop of Fly, (the first of the Monks) *see to her kinde speche hote English d one* *see to her kinde speche hote English d one*
 in the reign of Henry III Robert of Gloucester intending, as it should seem, to give the very words of Peter, Bishop of Fly (which he has just called a French bishop), makes him speak thus—*see to her kinde speche hote English d one*, *see to her kinde speche hote English d one*.
 * *see to her kinde speche hote English d one* "Meint den te ay fit" Rob Glouc p 237.

There is a more recent instance of the familiar use of the French language by a bishop, as late as the time of Edward II. Laicus, consecrated Bishop of Durham in 1318, was unfortunately very illiterate—*see to her kinde speche hote English d one*, *see to her kinde speche hote English d one*.

^a But their own.
^b Did at home

For but —
 d Men told — little.

But kinde natural
 c I et.

PART THE SECOND.

HAVING thus endeavoured to shew, in opposition to the ill grounded censures of Verstegan and Skinner, that the corruption, or improvement, of the English language by a mixture of French was not originally owing to Chaucer, I shall proceed, in the second part of this Essay, to make some observations upon the most material peculiarities of that Norman-Saxon dialect, which I suppose to have prevailed in the age of Chaucer, and which, in substance, remains to this day the language of England.

§ i. By what means the French tongue was first introduced and propagated in this island has been sufficiently explained above; but to ascertain with any exactness the degrees, by which it insinuated itself and was ingrafted into the Saxon, would be a much more difficult task²⁵, for want of a regular series of the writings of approved authors transmitted to us by authentic copies. Luckily for us, as our concern is solely with that period when the incorporation of the two languages was completed, it is of no great importance to determine the precise time at which any word or phrase became naturalized; and for the same reason, we have no need to enquire minutely, with respect to the other alterations, which the Saxon language in its several stages appears to have undergone, how far they proceeded from the natural mutability of human speech, especially among an unlearned people, and how far they were owing to a successive conflux of Danish and Norman invaders.

§ ii. The following observations therefore will chiefly refer to the state, in which the English language appears to have been about the time of Chaucer, and they will naturally divide themselves into two parts. The first will consider the remains of the antient Saxon mass, however defaced or disguised by various accidents; the second will endeavour to point out the nature and effects of the accessions, which, in the course of more than three centuries, it had received from Normandy.

§ iii. For the sake of method it will be convenient to go through the several parts of speech in the order, in which they are commonly ranged by Grammmarians.

1. ^{being} The Prepositive Article *fe, feo, þat*, (which answered to the *ἐ, ἡ, το*, of the Greeks, in ¹⁰⁰⁰ varieties of gender, case, and number,) had been long laid aside, and instead of it, all its ¹⁰⁰⁰ varieties, *the*, was prefixed to all sorts of nouns, in all cases, and in both numbers.

2. The Declensions of the Nouns Substantive were reduced from six to one; and instead of a variety of cases in both numbers, they had only a Genitive case singular, which was uniformly deduced from the Nominative by adding to it *es*; or only *z*, if it ended in an *e* terminant; and that same form was used to express the Plural number in all its cases; as, *Nom. Shires, Gen. Shires, Plur. Shires, Nom. Names, Plur. Names*.

The Nouns Adjective had lost all distinction of Gender, Case, or Number.

²⁵ In order to trace with exactness the progress of any language, it seems necessary, 1. that we should have before us a continued series of authors; 2. that those authors should have been approved, as having written, at least with purity; and 3. that their writings should have been correctly copied. In the English language, we have scarce any authors within the first century after the Conquest; of those, who wrote before Chaucer, and whose writings have been preserved, we have no testimony of approbation from their contemporaries or successors; and lastly, the Copies of their works, which we have received, are in general so full of inaccuracies, as to make it often very difficult for us to be assured, that we are in possession of the genuine words of the Author.

²⁶ It is scarce necessary to take notice of a few Plurals, which were expressed differently, though their number was greater in the time of Chaucer than it is now. Some of them seem to retain their termination *en* from the second Declension of the Saxons; as *oxen, eyen, hosen, &c.* Others seem to have adopted it *euphonic* *scand*; as *brethren, eyren*, instead of *broðerū, ærgyū*. And a few seem to have been always irregularly declined; as *men, wimmen, mice, loce, feet, &c.* See Hicks, *Gr. A. S.* p. 11, 12.

3. The Primitive Pronouns retained one oblique case²⁷ in each number: *as, Ie, or I; We; Obl. Me; Us;—Thou; Ye; Obl. Thee; You,—He, She; Hi²⁸, or They; Obl. Him, Hirs; Hem, or Them.*

Their Possessives were in the same state with the Adjectives; *Min, Thin, His, Hirs; Ours, Yours, Hir, or Their²⁹.*

The Interrogative and Relative *Who* had a Genitive and Accusative case, *Whes, and Whom*, but no variety of Number.

On the contrary, the Demonstrative, *This, and That*, had a Plural expression, *Thise, and Tho*, but no variety of case.

The other words, which are often, though improperly, placed in the class of Pronouns, were all become undeclined, like the Adjectives; except, *Eyther*, alteruter; *Neither*, neuter; *Ather*, alter; which had a Genitive case Singular, *Eythers, Neithers, Others; Other*, alius, had a Genitive case singular, and a Plural number, *Others*; and *Aller* (a corruption of *alja*) was still in use, as the Genitive Plural of *All³⁰.*

²⁷ I take no notice here of the Genitive cases, *min, thin, ours, yours, &c.* as being at this time hardly ever distinguishable from Pronouns Possessive. How are we to know whether *min boke* should be rendered *iber mei, or iber me^{us}?* In the Plural number however, in a few instances, the Genitive case seems to have retained its proper power. C. T. v. 1235. *oure aller* *ek*—would be more naturally translated—*nostrum omnium gallus, than, noster omnium.* And *in P. P. fol. cxi. *Yours alle here*—*restrum omnium salus*; not, *vestra*.

²⁸ It is very difficult to say from whence, or why, the Pronouns, *They, Them, and Their*, were introduced into our language. The Saxon Pronouns, *Hi, Hem, and Hir*, seem to have been in constant use in the time of Robert of Gloucester. Sir John Mandeville and Chaucer use *They*, for *Hi*, but never, as I remember, (in the MSS. of authority) *Them, or Their*.

²⁹ The four last of these Possessive Pronouns were sometimes expressed a little differently viz. *Hires, Ours, Yours, and Hirs, or Theirs*, as they are still, when the Noun to which they belong is understood, or when they are placed after it in a sentence. To the question, *Whose book is this?* we answer, *Hers, Ours, Yours, or Theirs.* or we declare; *This book is Hers, Ours, &c.* I can hardly conceive that the final *s* in these words is a mark of the Possessive or Genitive case, as a very able writer [short Introduction to English Grammar, p. 35, 6.] seems to be inclined to think; he cautions in the instances just mentioned, and in all which I have been able to find or to imagine, I cannot discover the least trace of the usual powers of the Genitive case. The learned Wallis [Gram. Ang. c. 7.] has explained the use of these Pronouns without attempting to account for their form. He only adds; “*Nonnulli, heri, curi, yurn, iam, dicunt, pro hers, ours, &c. sed barbare, ne quisquam (eredo) sic scribere solit.*” If it could be proved that these words were antiently terminated in *n*, we might be led to conjecture that they were originally abbreviations of *her own, our own, &c.* the *n* being afterwards softened into *s*, as it has been in many other words.

It may be proper here to take a little notice of the Pronoun, or Pronominal Adjective, *Self*, which our best Grammarians, from Wallis downwards, have attempted to metamorphose into a Substantive. In the Saxon language, it is certain that *self* was declined like other Adjectives, and was joined in construction with Pronouns Personal and substantives, just as *ipse* is in Latin. They said, *he self, Igo ipse; Min sylfes, mei ipsius; Me sylfinc, na ipsium, &c.* *Petrus sylf, Petrus ipse, &c.* [See Hikes, Gr. A. S. p. 35.] In the age of Chaucer, *Self*, like other Adjectives, was become undeclined. Though he writes, *Self, Sele, and Selten*, those varieties do not denote any distinction of case or number; for he uses indifferently, *himself* [and *himselven*]; *hemself* and *hemselven*. He joins it with substantives, in the sense of *ipse*, as the Saxons did. [See v. 235.] In that *selve* grove. In *ilo ipso* memore, v. 435. *Thy selve* neighebour. *Ipe tus vicinus*.] But his great departure from the antient usage; was with respect to the Pronouns Personal prefixed to *Self*. Instead of declining them through the cases which they still retained, he uses constantly, *Myself, for, I self, and, Me self; Thyself, for, Th^u self, and, Thee self; Him self and Hirs self, for, He self and She self; and in the Plural number, Our self, for, We self, and Us self; Your self, for, Ye self, and You self; and Hem self, for, They self.*

It would be vain to attempt to defend this practice of Chaucer upon any principles of reason or grammatical analogy. All that can be said for it is, that perhaps any regular practice was preferable to the confusion and uncertainty which seems to have prevailed before. Accordingly, the writers who succeeded him following his example, it became a rule, as I conceive, of the English language, that Personal Pronouns prefixed to *Self* were only used in one case in each number; viz. those of the First and Second Person in the Genitive case, according to the Saxon form, and those of the Third in the Accusative.

By degrees a custom was introduced of annexing *Self* to Pronouns in the Singular number only, and *Selves* (a cor-

4. The verbs, at the time of which we are treating, were very nearly reduced to the simple state in which they are at present.

They had four Modes, as now; the Indicative, the Imperative, the Subjunctive, and the Infinitive; and only two expressions of Time, the Present and the Past. All the other varieties of Mode and Time were expressed by Auxiliary Verbs.

In the inflexions of their Verbs, they differed very little from us, in the Singular number: *I love, Thou lovest, He loveth*; but in the Plural they were not agreed among themselves; some²¹ adhering to the old Saxon form, *We loeveth, Ye loeveth, They loeveth*; and others adopting, what seems to have been, the Teutonic, *We loven, Ye loven, They loven*. In the Plural of the Past Tense the latter form prevailed universally: *I loved, thou lovedest, he loved*; *We loveden, Ye loveden, They loveden*.

The second person Plural in the Imperative Mode regularly terminated in *est*; as, *Lovest ye*²²; though the final consonants, according to the genius of the language, were frequently omitted, especially in verse.

The Saxon termination of the Infinitive in *en* had been long changed into *en*; *to loven, to liven, &c.* and they were beginning to drop the *n*; *to love, to live*.

The Participle of the Present Time began to be generally terminated in *ing*; as, *loving*; though the old form, which terminated in *ende, or ande*, was still in use; as, *lorende, or lovende*. The Participle of the Past time continued to be formed, as the Past time itself was, in *ed*, as, *loved*; or in some contraction of *ed*²³, except among the irregular Verbs²⁴, where for the most part it terminated in *en, as, bounden, founden*.

ruption, I suppose, of *Sciens*) to those in the Plural. This probably contributed to persuade our late Grammarians that *Self* was a Substantive; as the true English Adjective does not vary in the Plural number. Another cause of their mistake might be, that they considered *my, thy, our, your*, to which *self* is usually joined, as *Personal Possessives*; whereas I think it more probable that they were the Saxon Genitive cases of the *Personal Pronouns*. The metaphysical Substantive *Self*, of which our more modern Philosophers and Poets have made so much use, was unknown, I believe, in the time of Chaucer.

²¹ In the long quotation from *Trivium* (which see above, n. 21) it may be observed, that all his Plural Verbs of the Present Tense terminate in *eth*; whereas in Sir John Mandeville and Chaucer they terminate almost as constantly in *en*.

²² Mand. p. 281. And at certeyn hours—thet seyn to certeyn officeres—*Maketh pees* (I e. Make ye silence). And than seyn the Officeres, *New pees!* (*lysteneth* i. e. listen ye)—In the following page, *Standeth*, is used for, *Stand ye*: and *Putteth*, for *Put ye*.

²³ The methods, by which the final *ed* of the Past Tense and its Participle was contracted or abbreviated, in the age of Chaucer, were chiefly the following:

1. By throwing away the *d*.

This method took place in Verbs, whose last Consonant was *t*, preceded by a Consonant. Thus, *caste, coste, hurte, putte, slette*, were used instead of, *casted, costed, hurted, putted, sitted*.

2. By transposing the *d*.

This was very generally done in Verbs, whose last Consonant was *d*, preceded by a Vowel. Thus, instead of *reded, leded, sprayed, bleided, feded*, it was usual to write, *redde, ledde, spredded, bleided, fedde*.—And this same method of transposition, I apprehend, was originally applied to shorten those words which we now contract by Syncope; as, *lov'd, lov'd, smil'd, hear'd, fear'd*, which were antiently written *lorde, livde, smilde, herde, ferde*.

3. By transposing the *d* and changing it into *t*.

This method was used 1. In Verbs, whose last Consonant was *t*, preceded by a Vowel. Thus, *leted, swetted, weted*, were changed into, *lette, swette, wette*—2. In Verbs, whose last Consonant was *d* preceded by a Consonant. Thus, *bended, billed, girded*, were changed into, *bente, bille, girte*.—And generally, in Verbs, in which *d* i changed into *t*, I conceive that *d* was first transposed; so that *dwelled, passed, dremed, feled, kepted*, should be supposed to have been first changed into, *dweltte, passde, dremde, feldde, keptde*, and then into, *dwelte, passde, dremde, feldde, keptde*.

4. The last method, together with a change of the radical vowel, will account for the analogy of a species of Verbs, generally reputed anomalous, which form their Past Time and its Participle, according to modern orthography, in *gh*. The process seems to have been thus. *Bring, bringed, brongde, brogde, brogde*; *Think, thinked, thinkde, thokde, thokte*; *Teche, teched, tuckde, tuckte, &c.* Only *fought*, from *hohted*, seems to have been formed, by throwing

The greatest part of the Auxiliary Verbs were only in use in the Present and Past Tenses of their Indicative and Subjunctive Modes. They were inflected in those tenses like other Verbs, and were prefixed to the Infinitive Mode of the Verb to which they were Auxiliary. I *shall* loven; I *will*, or *woll*, loven; I *may*, or *moȝ*, loven; I *can*, or *con*, loven, &c. We *shullen* loven; We *willen*, or *wollen*, loven; We *moȝen* loven; We *connen* loven, &c. In the Past tense, I ²⁵ *shulde* loven; I *wolde* loven; I *myghte*, or *moughte* loven; I *coude* loven, &c. We *shulden*, we *wolden*, we *myghten*, or *moughten*, we *conden* loven, &c.

The Auxiliary *To Haren* was a complete Verb, and, being prefixed to the Participle of the Past time, was used to express the Preterperfect and Pluperfect Tenses. I *have* loved, Thou *harest*, or *hast* loved, He *hareth*, or *hath* loved; We *hacen*, or *han* loved, &c. I *hadde*²⁶ loved, thou *haddest* loved, he *hadde* loved; We, ye, they, *hadden* loved.

The Auxiliary *To ben* was also a complete Verb, and being prefixed to the Participle of the Past time, with the help of the other Auxiliary Verbs, supplied the place of the whole Passive voice, for which the Saxon language had no other form of expression. I *am*, thou *art*, he *is* loved; We, ye, they, *aren*, or *ben* loved. I *was*, thou *wast*, he *was* loved; We, ye, they, *weren* loved²⁷.

5. With respect to the indeclinable parts of Speech, it will be sufficient to observe here, that many of them still remained pure Saxon: the greatest number had undergone a slight change of a letter or two; and the more considerable alterations, by which some had been disfigured, were fairly deducible from that propensity to abbreviation, for which the inhabitants of this island have been long remarkable, though perhaps not more justly so than their neighbours.

§ iv. Such was, in general, the state of the Saxon part of the English language when Chaucer began to write; let us now take a short view of the accessions, which it may be supposed to have received at different times from Normandy.

As the language of our Ancestors was complete in all its parts, and had served them for the purposes of discourse and even of composition in various kinds, long before they had any intimate acquaintance with their French neighbours, they had no call from necessity, and

away the *d* (according to method 1.) and changing the radical Vowel. See instances of similar contractions in the Franco language. Hickes, Gramm Fr Th p 66

²⁵ I consider these verbs only as irregular, in which the Past Time and its Participle differ from each other. Their varieties are too numerous to be particularly examined here, but I believe there are scarce any, in which the deviations from the regular form will not appear to have been made by some method of contraction, or abbreviation, similar to those which have been pointed out in the last note among the Regular Verbs. The common termination of the Participle in *en* is clearly a substitution for *ed*, probably for the sake of a more agreeable sound; and it is often shortened, as *ed* has been shewn to be, by transposition. Thus, *drauen*, *knowen*, *boren*, *stolen*, were changed into *drauene*, *knowene*, *borne*, *stolene*.

²⁶ *Shulde* and *Wolde* are contracted from *Shulled*, and *Wolled*, by transposing the *d*, according to method 2. *Myghte* and *Moughte* are formed from *maghed* and *moghed*, according to method 3. *Maghed*, *maghede*, *moghte*; *Moghed*, *moghar*, *mughte*

Conde is from *conned*, by transposition of the *d*, and softening the *n* into *u*. It is often written *couthe*, and always so, I believe, when it is used as a Participle. In the same manner Bishop Douglas, and other Scottish writers, use *Beyouth* as the Præterit of *Bevin*. *Begonned*, *begonde*, *begowde*, *byoutha*.

²⁷ *Hadde* is contracted from *Haved*, as *wade* is from *waked*. See Hickes, Gram. Fr. Th. p. 66.

²⁸ The verb *To do* is considered by Wallis, and other later Grammarians, as an Auxiliary Verb. It is so used, though very rarely, by Chaucer. [See v. 1474, A.] He more commonly uses it transitively: [v. 10074. *Do stripen me. Failtes me depeuiller*.—v. 10075. *Do me drunche. Failtes me noyer*.] but still more frequently to save the repetition of a verb. [v. 293.

His eyen twinkled in his hod aright,
As now the sterres in a frosty night.]

Dr. Hickes has taken notice that *do* was used in this last manner by the Saxons: [Gr. A. S. p. 77.] and so was *faire* by the French, and indeed is still. It must be confessed, that the exact power, which *do*, as an auxiliary, now has in our language, is not easy to be defined, and still less to be accounted for from analogy.

consequently no sufficient inducement, to alter its original and radical constitutions, or even its customary forms. Accordingly, we have just seen, that, in all the essential parts of Speech, the characteristic features of the Saxon idiom were always preserved; and we shall see presently, that the crowds of French words, which from time to time were imported, were themselves made subject, either immediately or by degrees, to the laws of that same idiom.

§ v. The words which were thus imported, were chiefly Nouns Substantive, Adjectives, Verbs, and Participles. The Adverbs, which are derived from French Adjectives, seem to have been formed from them after they were Anglicised, as they have all the Saxon termination *tich* or *ly*³⁸, instead of the French *ment*. As to the other indeclinable parts of Speech, our language, being sufficiently rich in its own stores, has borrowed nothing from France, except perhaps an Interjection or two.

The Nouns Substantive in the French language (as in all the other languages derived from the Latin) had lost their Cases long before the time of which we are treating; but such of them as were naturalised here, seem all to have acquired a Genitive case, according to the corrupted Saxon form, which has been stated above. Their Plural number was also new modelled to the same form, if necessary; for in Nouns ending in *e* feminine, as the greater part of the French did, the two languages were already agreed. Nom. *Flour*. Gen. *Flours*. Plur. *Floues*. Nom. *Dame*. Gen. *Dames*. Plur. *Dames*.

On the contrary, the Adjectives, which at home had a distinction of Gender and Number, upon their naturalisation here, seem to have been generally stript of both, and reduced to the simple state of the English Adjective, without Case, Gender, or Number.

The French Verbs were obliged to lay aside all their differences of Conjugation. *Accorder*, *souffrir*, *recevoir*, *descendre*, were regularly changed into—*accorden*, *suffren*, *receiven*, *descenden*. They brought with them only two Tenses, the Present and the Past; nor did they retain any singularity of Inflection, which could distinguish them from other Verbs of Saxon growth.

The Participle indeed of the Present time, in some Verbs, appears to have still preserved its original French form; as, *usant*, *suffisant*, &c.

The Participle of the Past time adopted, almost universally, the regular Saxon termination in *ed*; as *accorded*, *suffred*, *received*, *descended*. It even frequently assumed the prepositive particle *ge*, (or *y*, as it was latterly written,) which, among the Saxons, was very generally, though not peculiarly, prefixed to that Participle.

§ vi. Upon the whole, I believe it may be said with truth, that, at the time which we are considering, though the form of our Language was still Saxon, the matter was in a great measure French. The novelties of all kinds, which the Revolution in 1066 had introduced, demanded a large supply of new terms; and our Ancestors very naturally took what they wanted, from the Language which was already familiar to a considerable part of the Community. Our Poets in particular, who have generally the principal share in modelling a Language, found it their interest to borrow as many words as they conveniently could from France. As they were for a long time chiefly Translators, this expedient saved them the trouble of hunting for correspondent terms in Saxon. The French words too, being the remains of a polished language, were smoother and slid easier into metre than the Saxon, which had never undergone any regular cultivation: their final syllables chimed together with more frequent consonancies, and their Accents were better adapted to Riming Poetry. But more of this in the next Part.

³⁸ As rarely, continually, veraily, bravely, &c. which correspond to the French adverbs, rarement, ou tinuellement, veraiment, bravement, &c.

PART THE THIRD.

BEFORE we proceed in the third and last part of this Essay, in which we are to consider the Versification of Chaucer, it may be useful to premise a few observations upon the state of English Poetry antecedent to his time.

§ 1. That the Saxons had a species of writing, which differed from their common prose, and was considered by themselves as Poetry³⁹, is very certain; but it seems equally certain, that their compositions of that kind were neither divided into verses of a determinate number of syllables, nor embellished with what we call Rime⁴⁰. There are no traces, I believe, to be

³⁹ The account which Bede has given of Cædmon [Ecc. Hist. l. iv. c. 24.] is sufficient to prove this. He repeatedly calls the compositions of Cædmon *carmina*—*poemata*—and in one place, *versus*: which words in the Saxon translations are rendered *Leoþ*,—*Leoþ ronzger*, or *ronzger*—and *færj*: and *ars canendi* is translated, *Leoþ cræft* or *fang cræft*.

Asser also, in his Life of Alfred, speaks of *Saxonica poemata* and *Saxonica carmina* [p. 16. 43.] and most probably the *Cantilene per successiones temporum detritæ*, which Malmesbury cites in his History, l. II. p. 52. were in the Saxon language. The same writer [l. v. de Pontif. edit. Gale.] mentions a *Carmen trivale* of Aldhelm (the author of the Latin Poem *de Virginitate*, who died in 709,) as *adhuc vulgo cantitatum*; and he quotes the testimony of King Alfred, in his *Liber manualis*, or *Hand-boc*, as saying, “that no one was ever equal to Aldhelm in English Poetry.”

⁴⁰ Both these circumstances are evident from the most cursory view of the several specimens of Saxon Poetry, which Hickes has exhibited in his Gram. Ang. Sax. c. XXI. and they are allowed by that learned writer himself. Unwilling however, as it should seem, to leave his favourite language without some system of versification, he supposes, that the Saxons observed the quantity of syllables in their verses, “though perhaps,” he adds, “not so strictly as the Heroic Greek and Latin Poets.”

He gives three reasons for this supposition. 1. Because they did not use Rime. 2. Because they transposed their words in such an unnatural manner. “*Hoc autem cur facerent Anglo-Saxonum Poetæ, nulla, ut videtur, alia assignari causa potest, quam quæ, ut idem facerent, Græcos et Latinos poetæ coegit; nempe Metri Lex.*” 3. Because they had a great number of dissyllable and polysyllable words, which were fit for metrical feet.

However specious these reasons may appear, they are certainly far from conclusive, even if we had no monuments of Saxon Poetry remaining; but in the present case, I apprehend, the only satisfactory proof would have been to have produced, out of the great heap of Poetical compositions in the Saxon language, some regular metrical verses; that is, some portions of words, similar to each other in the nature and order of their component syllables, and occurring either in a continued series, or at stated intervals. If all external proofs of the nature of the Roman Poetry were lost, a few verses of Virgil or Horace would be sufficient to convince us, that their metres were regulated by the quantity of syllables; and if Cædmon had really written in a metre regulated by the quantity of syllables, a few of his lines must have afforded us the same conviction with respect to the general laws of his versification.

For my own part, I confess myself unable to discover any material distinction of the Saxon Poetry from Prose, except a greater pomp of diction, and a more stately kind of march.

Our ancestors affected a certain pomp of style in all their compositions. Angli (says Malmesbury, l. i. p. 13.) *pompaticè* dictare amant. And this affectation, I suspect, was the true cause of their so frequently inverting the natural order of their words, especially in Poetry. The obscurity arising from these inversions had the appearance of Pomp. That they were not owing to the constraint of any metrical Laws (as Hickes supposes) may be presumed from their being commonly used in Prose, and even in Latin Prose, by Saxon writers. Ethelwerd, an Historian descended in the fifth degree from King Ethelred [inter Script. post Bedam, p. 831—850.], is full of them. The following passage of his history, if literally translated, would read very like Saxon poetry. “*Abstrahuntur tunc | ferventes fide | anno in eodem | Iibernia stirpe | tres viri lecti; | furtim consuunt lembum | taurinis byrsis; | alimentum sibi | hebdomadarium supplet; | elevant dies | per vela septem totidemque noctes.*” &c.

We do not see any marks of studied alliteration in the old Saxon Poetry; so that we might attribute the introduction of that practice to the Danes, if we were certain, that it made a part of the Scaldic versification at the time of the Danish settlements in England.

However that may have been, Giraldus Cambrensis [Descr. Camb. p. 889.] speaks of *Annomination*, which he describes to be what we call *Alliteration*, as the favourite rhetorical figure of both the Welsh and English in his time. “*Adeo igitur hoc verborum ornato duæ nationes, Angli scilicet et Cambri, in omni sermone exquisito utuntur ut nihil ab his eleganter dictum, nullum nisi rude et agreste censeatur eloquium, si non schematis hujus limâ plene fuerit expolitur.*” It is plain that Alliteration must have had very powerful charms for the ears of our ancestors, as we

found of either Rime or Metre in our language, till some years after the Conquest; so that I should apprehend we must have been obliged for both to the Normans, who very early⁴¹ distinguished themselves by poetical performances in their Vulgar tongue.

The Metres which they used, and which we seem to have borrowed from them, were plainly copied from the Latin⁴² rythmical verses, which, in the declension of that language, were current in various forms among those, who either did not understand, or did not regard, the true quantity of syllables; and the practice of Riming⁴³ is probably to be deduced from the

find that the Saxon Poetry, by the help of this embellishment alone, even after it had laid aside its pompous phraseology, was able to maintain itself, without Rime or Metre, for several centuries. See Dr. Percy's Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. Rel. of Antient Poetry, vol. ii.

⁴¹ I cannot find that the French Antiquaries have been able to produce any Poetry in any of the dialects of their language, of an earlier date than the Conquest of England, or indeed than the beginning of the XIIth Century. However we read of a Thibaud de Vernun, Canon of Rouen, who, before the year 1053, "multorum gesta Sanctorum, sed et S^{ti} Wandregesili, a sua latinitate transtulit, atque in communis lingue usum satis faconde refudit, ac sic, ad quamdam tinnuli rythmⁱ similitudinem, urbanas ex illis cantilenas edidit. [De Mirac. S^{ti} Vulframmi. Auctore Monacho Fontanell. tempt. Will. I. ap. Dacherii Acta SS. Ord. Ben. t. iii. p. 379.] It is probable too, that the "vulgaris cantus," which, according to Raimond de Agles [Gesta Dei, p. 180.], were composed against Arnoulph, a Chaplain of the Duke of Normandy, in the first Croisade, were in the French language; and there can be little doubt that William IX, Duke of Aquitain, upon his return from Jerusalem, in 1101, made use of his native tongue, when "miserias captivitatis sue, ut erat jocundus et lepidus, multotiens retulit rythmicis versibus cum facietis modulationibus." Ord. Vital. l. x. p. 793. The History of the taking of Jerusalem, which is said to have been written by the Chevalier Gregoire Bechada, of Tours in Limoges, *materna lingua, rythmo vulgari, ut populus pleniter intelligeret,* [Labbe, Bibl. Nov. t. ii. p. 296] has not yet been brought to light; so that probably the oldest French Poem of any length now extant is a translation of *Bestiarius* by Philippe de Thaum, it being addressed to Alix (Adeliza of Louvaun) the second Queen of our Henry I.

There is a copy of this Poem among the Cotton MSS. Nero. A. v. The authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, t. ix. p. 173—90. suppose it to have been written about 1126, that is, thirty years before *Le Brut*, which Fauchet had placed at the head of his list of French Poems.

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⁴² The Latin Rythmical verses resembled the Metrical in the number of syllables only, without any regard to quantity. "Arma cano virumque qui primus Troje ab oris" would pass for a very good Rythmical Hexameter. The greatest part however of these compositions were in imitation of the Iambic and Trochaic metres; and in them, if the Accents fell luckily, the unlearned ear would often be as well pleased as if the laws of Quantity were observed. The two Rythmical Hymns quoted by Beda [De Metris, edit. Putsch. p. 2380.] are sufficient to prove this. The first, he observes, "*ad instar Iambici metri pulcherrime factus est.*"

O rex æterne Domine
Rerum creator omnium, &c.

The other is "*ad formam metri Trochaici.*"

Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini
Fur obscurâ velut nocte improvisos occupans.

In the former of these Hymns, "*Domine,*" to a modern ear at least, sounds as well as "*nomine*;"—and in the latter, "*dies*" and "*velut,*" being accented upon their first Syllables, affect us no other wise than "*dices*" and "*velum*" would have done.

From such Latin Rythms, and chiefly those of the Iambic form, the present Poetical measures of all the nations of Roman Europe are clearly derived. Instead of long and short Syllables, the Feet of our Poetry are composed of Syllables accented and unaccented, or rather of Syllables strongly and less strongly accented; and hence it is, that we have so little variety of Feet, and consequently of Metres; because the possible combinations of Syllables accented and unaccented are, from the nature of speech, much more limited in point of number, than the combinations of long and short Syllables were in the Greek and Latin languages.

⁴³ We see evident marks of a fondness for Rime in the Hymns of S. Ambrosius and S. Damasus, as early as the fourth Century. One of the Hymns of Damasus, which begins,

"Martyris ecce dies Agathæ
Virginis emicat eximæ," &c.

is regularly rimed throughout. Prudentius, who had a more classical taste, seems studiously to have avoided Rimes.

final, as we find that practice to have prevailed in Ecclesiastical Hymns, and other songs, in Latin, some centuries before Otfred of Weissenberg, the first known Rimer in the vulgar European dialects.

wish it were in my power to give a regular history of the progress which our language has made in this new style of versification; but⁴⁴, except a few lines in the Saxon Chronicle, upon the death of William the Conquerour, which seem to have been intended for the Modern fashion, and a short Canticle, which, according to Matthew Paris⁴⁵, the

Anglo-Saxons and Fortunatus, in the fifth and sixth Centuries, use them frequently in their Hymns. See their works, in the former ap. Fabric. Bib. Med. Ætat. v. FORTUNATUS.

Mr. Muratori, in his Dissertation de *Rhythmica Veterum Poesi*, [Antiq. Med. Ævi, Dissert. xl.] has collected a vast heap of examples, which prove that Rimes were very generally used in Hymns, Sequences, and other compositions in Latin, in the VIIth, VIIIth, and IXth Centuries; so that for my own part I think it as probable that the Poets in the vulgar languages (who first appeared about the IXth Century) borrowed their Rimes from Latin Poetry of that age, as it is evident that they did the forms of their versification.

Weissenberg, the earliest Rimer that is known in any of the modern Languages, about the year 870, calls the style of the Latin Grammarians, *Schema omæoleuton* [Præf. ad Liutbert. ap. Schilter. Thes. Antiq. p. 11.] And when the Monk, who has been cited in n. 41. says, that Thibaud de Vernun composed his *quandam tinnuli rhythmî similitudinem*, he must mean, I think, that he composed them "in imitation of gling Rhythm." I say, *Latin*, or at least some *foreign*, Rhythm, because otherwise he would rather have said *tinnulo*. The addition of the epithet *tinnulus* seems to shew plainly enough, that *Rhythmus* alone did not signify what we call *Rime*.

Mr. Malmesbury [de Gest. Pont. Angl. l. iii. p. 271.] has preserved two Riming verses of Aldred, Archbishop of York, which that Prelate threw out against one Urse, Sheriff of Worcestershire, not long after the Conquest. The Latin of Urse—Have thou God's curse." "*Vocaris Ursus—Habeas Dei maledictionem.*" Malmesbury says, that this English, "*quod Latina verba non sicut Anglica concinnitati respondent.*" The Concinnity, I suppose, consisted in the Rime, and would hardly have been thought worth repeating, if Rime in English had not been a novelty.

Two verses in the Saxon Chronicle, to which I mean to refer, are in p. 191. ed. Gibs. The passage begins,

Laŕtelar he let pyrcean.
jeapme men ȝrðe ȝrencean—

These are not in Rime; but I shall set down a few, in English characters, which I think could not have chimed together exactly by mere accident.

Thet he nam be rihte
And mid mycelan un-rihte
Of his leode
For littele neode—
He sætte mycel deor-frith,
And he lægde laga thet with—
He forbead the heortas,
Swylice eac tha baras;
Swa swithe he lufode tha hea-deor
Swylice he wære heora fæder.
Eac he sætte be tham haran,
That hi mosten freo faran—

Following lines are—

Se æl-mihtiga God
Kliffe his saule mid-heortnisse
And do him his synna forgifenesse.

The latter of this part of the Chronicle (as he tells us himself, p. 189.) had seen the Conquerour.

Mr. Angl. p. 100. Godric died in 1170, so that, according to tradition, the Canticle was prior to that period. The Latin of the Canticle, as it is now printed, I shall only transcribe the last—

Sainte Marie, Christes bur,
Meidenes clenhad, moderes fur,
Dille mine sennen, rise in min mod.
Bringe me to winne with selfe God—

found of either Rime or Metre in our language, till some years after the Conquest; so that I should apprehend we must have been obliged for both to the Normans, who very early⁴¹ distinguished themselves by poetical performances in their Vulgar tongue.

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"Martyris ecce dies Agathæ
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same original, as we find that practice to have prevailed in Ecclesiastical Hymns, and other compositions, in Latin, some centuries before Otfrid of Weissenberg, the first known Rimer in any of the vulgar European dialects.

§ II. I wish it were in my power to give a regular history of the progress which our Ancestors made in this new style of versification; but⁴⁴, except a few lines in the Saxon Chronicle upon the death of William the Conquerour, which seem to have been intended for verses of the Modern fashion, and a short Canticle, which, according to Matthew Paris⁴⁵, the

but Sedulius and Fortunatus, in the fifth and sixth Centuries, use them frequently in their Hymns. See their works, and an Hymn of the latter ap. Fabric. Bib. Med. Ætat. v. Fortunatus.

The learned Muratori, in his Dissertation *de Rythmicâ Veterum Poesi*, [Antiq. Med. Ævi, Dissert. xl.] has collected together a vast heap of examples, which prove that Rimes were very generally used in Hymns, Sequences, and other religious compositions in Latin, in the VIIth, VIIIth, and IXth Centuries; so that for my own part I think it as probable, that the Poets in the vulgar languages (who first appeared about the IXth Century) borrowed their Rimes from the Latin Poetry of that age, as it is evident that they did the forms of their versification.

Otfrid of Weissenberg, the earliest Rimer that is known in any of the modern Languages, about the year 870, calls Rime, in the style of the Latin Grammarians, *Schema omaeteleuton* [Pref. ad Liutbert. ap. Schilter. Thes. Antiq. Teuton. t. i. p. 11.] And when the Monk, who has been cited in n. 41. says, that Thibaud de Vernun composed his Songs "*ad quamdam tinnuli rythmi similitudinem*," he must mean, I think, that he composed them "in imitation of [Latin] jingling Rhythm." I say, Latin, or at least some foreign, Rhythm, because otherwise he would rather have said in *rythmo tinnulo*. The addition of the epithet *tinnulus* seems to shew plainly enough, that *Rhythmus* alone did not then signify what we call Rime.

⁴⁴ William of Malmesbury [de Gest. Pont. Angl. l. iii. p. 271.] has preserved two Riming verses of Aldred, Archbishop of York, which that Prelate threw out against one Urse, Sheriff of Worcestershire, not long after the Conquest. "Hatest thou Urse—Have thou God's curse." "*Vocaris Ursus—Habeas Dei maledictionem.*" Malmesbury says, that he inserts this English, "*quod Latina verba non sicut Anglica concinnitati respondent.*" The Concinnity, I suppose, must have consisted in the Rime, and would hardly have been thought worth repeating, if Rime in English had not then been a novelty.

The lines in the Saxon Chronicle, to which I mean to refer, are in p. 191. ed. Gibs. The passage begins,

Cartelar he let pyncean.
jeapme men ꝛiðe ꝛpencean—

All the lines are not in Rime; but I shall set down a few, in English characters, which I think could not have chimed together so exactly by mere accident.

That he nam be rihte
And mid mycelan un-rihte
Of his leode
For littele neode—
He sætte mycel deor-frith,
And he lægde laga ðer with—
He forbead ða heortas,
Swylce eac ða baras;
Swa swithe he lufode ða hea-deor
Swylce he wære heora fæder.
Eac he sætte be ðam haran,
That hi mosten freo faran—

The concluding lines are—

Se æl-mihtiga God
Kithes his saule mild-heortnisse
And do him his synna forgifnesse.

The writer of this part of the Chronicle (as he tells us himself, p. 189.) had seen the Conquerour.

⁴⁵ Hist. Angl. p. 100. Godric died in 1170, so that, according to tradition, the Canticle was prior to that period. The first Stanza being incorrectly printed, I shall only transcribe the last—

Sainte Marie, Christes bur,
Meldenas clenhad, moderes fur,
Dille mine setnen, rise in min mod,
Bringe me to winne with selfe God—

blessed Virgin was pleased to dictate to Godric, an Hermite near Durham, I have not been able to discover any attempts at Riming Poetry, which can with probability be referred to an earlier period than the reign of Henry the second. In that reign Layamon⁴⁶, a Priest of Ernleye near Severn, as he calls himself, translated (chiefly) from the French of Wace⁴⁷, a

Hoc Canticum (says M. P.) *potest hoc modo in Latinum transferri.*

*Sancta Maria, Christi thalamus,
virginalis puritas, matris flos,
dele mea crimina, regna in mente med,
duc me ad felicitatem cum solo Deo.*

Upon the authority of this translation I have altered *pinne* (as it is in the print) to *winne*. The Saxon *p* is often mistaken for a *p*.

⁴⁶ This work of Layamon is extant among the Cotton MSS. Cal. A. ix. A much later copy, in which the author, by a natural corruption was called *Laweman*, was destroyed by the fire. There is an account of both copies in Wanley's Cat. MSS. Septent. p. 228, and p. 237.

The following short extract from fol. 7, 8. containing an account of the Sirens, which Brutus met with in his voyage, will serve to support what is said in the text of this Author's intermixing Rimes with his prose.

Ther heo funden the Merminnen,
That beoth deor of muchele ginnen.
Wismen hit thunchet ful iwis,
Bineothe thon gurdle hit thuncheth fisca.
Theos habbeth swa murie song,
Ne beo tha dai na swa long,
Ne biþ na man weri
Heora songes to heran—

⁴⁷ The French Clerk, whom Layamon professes to have followed in his history, is called by Wanley [Cat. MSS. Septent. p. 228.] *Wate*; as if poor *Maistre Wace* were doomed to have his name perpetually mistaken. Fauchet, and a long string of French Antiquaries, have agreed to call him *Wistace*. I shall here, in justice to *Maistre Wace*, (for whom I have a great respect, not only as a very ancient but as a very ingenious Rimer, state my reasons shortly for believing, that he was the real author of that translation in French verse of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Romance, which is commonly called *Le Brut*.

In the first place his name is distinctly written in the text of three MSS. of very considerable antiquity. Two of them are in the Museum, viz. *Cotton*. Vitell. A. x. and *Reg.* 13 A. xxi. The third is at Cambridge, in the Library of Bennet College, n. 58. In a fourth MS. also in the Museum, *Hart.* 6508, it is written *Gazce*, and *Gace*, by a substitution of G for W, very usual in the French language.

Secondly, in the MS. abovementioned of Layamon's history Cal. A. ix. if I may trust my own eyes, the name is *Wace*; and not *Wate*, as Wanley read it. The Saxon *ƿ* is not very unlike a *c*. What Layamon has said further, that this *Wace* was a French Clerk, and presented his book to Alienor, the Queen of Henry, [the Second,] agrees perfectly well with the date of *Le Brut* (in 1155, according to all the copies) and with the account which *Wace* himself, in his *Roman de Rou*, has given of his attachment to Henry.

Thirdly, in a subsequent translation of *Le Brut*, which was made by Robert of Brunne in the beginning of the XIVth Century, he repeatedly names *Mayster Wace*, as the author (or rather translator from the Latin) of the French History. See *Hearne's* App. to Pref. to *Peter Langtoft*, p. xviii.

In opposition to this strong evidence in favour of *Wace*, we have nothing material, except the MS. of *Le Brut* quoted by Fauchet [*de la Langue Françoise*, l. ii.], in which, according to his citation, the author is called *Wistace*. The later French writers, who have called him so, I apprehend, have only followed Fauchet. The Reader will slip in this matter, than that so many MSS. as I have quoted above, and the successive testimonies of LAYAMON and ROBERT or BRUNNE, should have concurred in calling the author of *Le Brut* WACE, if that had not been his true name.

I will just add, that *La vie de Saint Nicholas*, which is frequently quoted by *Hickes* [Gr. A. S. p. 146. 149. et al.] was probably a work of this same *Wace*, as appears from the following passage. [MS. Bodl. 1637. v. 17. from the end.]

Ci faut le livre mestre Guaco,
Qil ad de Saint Nicholas fait,
De Latin en Romaunz estreit
A Osberd le fix Thlouit,
Qui Saint Nicholas mouit amout.—

And I should suspect, that *Le Martyre de St. George en vers François par Robert Guaco*, mentioned by M. Lohenf as

fabulous history of the Britons, entitled "Le Brut," which Wace himself, about the year 1155, had translated from the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Though the greatest part of this work of Layamon resemble the old Saxon Poetry, without Rime or metre, yet he often intermixes a number of short verses, of unequal lengths but riming together pretty exactly, and in some places he has imitated not unsuccessfully the regular octosyllable measure of his French original.

§ III. It may seem extraordinary, after these proofs, that the art of Riming was not unknown or unpractised in this country in the time of Henry II, that we should be obliged to search through a space of above an hundred years, without being able to meet with a single maker of English Rimes, whom we know to have written in that interval. The case I suspect to have been this. The scholars of that age (and there were many who might fairly be called so, in the English dominions abroad⁴⁸ as well as at home) affected to write only⁴⁹ in Latin, so that we do not find that they ever composed, in verse or prose, in any other language. On the other hand they, who meant to recommend themselves by their Poetry to the favour of the great, took care to write in French, the only language which their patrons understood; and hence it is, that we see so many French poems⁵⁰, about that time, either addressed directly to the principal persons at the English court, or at least written on such subjects as we may suppose to have been most likely to engage their attention. Whatever therefore of English Poetry was produced, in this infancy of the art, being probably the work of illiterate authors

extant in the Bibl. Colbert. Cod. 3745 [Mem. de l'Acad. D. J. et B. L. t. xvii. p. 731.] ought to be ascribed to the same author, as *Guaco* is a very strange name. The Christian name of Wace was *Robert*. See Huet, *Orit. de Caen*, p. 412.

⁴⁸ The following passage of Roger de Hoveden [p. 672.] gives a striking description of the extent of the English dominions in the time of Richard I. *Sciendum est quod tota terra, que est ab Anglia usque in Hispaniam, secus mare, videlicet Normannia, Britannia, Pictavia, est de dominio Regis Angliæ.* The Kings of France at that time were not possessed of an inch of territory upon the coasts of the Ocean.

⁴⁹ It will be sufficient to name John of Salisbury, Peter of Blois, Joseph of Exeter, Gerald Barry, Nigell Wireker, Geoffrey Vinsauf. I should add to this list Walter Map, if there were not a tradition, not entirely destitute of probability, that he was the author of the *Roman de Saint Graal* in French. I find this in an old MS. of *Tristan*, Bib. Reg. 20. D. ii. p. antep. *Quant Boort of donte laventure del Saint Graal, teles come eles estoient avenues, eles furent mises en escrit, gardées en lanere de Salibieres, dont Mestre Gallier Map festrest a faire son livre du Saint Graal, por lamor du roy Herri son seignour, qui fist le storie tralater del Latin en Romanz.* The adventure of the *Saint Graal*, is plainly written upon a very different plan from the other Romances of the Round Table, and is likely enough to have come from an Ecclesiastick, though rather, I confess, from a graver one than Walter Map may be supposed to have been. The French Romance, from which our Romance called "*Mort d'Arthur*" is translated, seems to be an injudicious jumble of *Le Brut*, *Lancelot*, *Tristan*, the *Saint Graal*, and some other Romances of less note, which were all, I apprehend, originally separate works.

⁵⁰ *Le Bestiaire*, by *Philippe de Thaum*, addressed to Queen Adalisa; *Le Brut* and *Le Roman de Rou*, by *Wace*, have been mentioned above. Besides the *Roman de Rou*, there is another Chronicle of Normandy in French verse by *Maitre Beneit*, compiled by order of Henry II. MS. Harl. 1717. The same *Beneit* was, perhaps, the author of the *Vie de St. Thomas*, MS. Harl. 3775. though he there calls himself

"Frere Beneit, le pecheour,
"ove les neirs dras"—

At the end of a copy of *Le Brut*, Bib. Reg. 13. A. xxi. there is a Continuation of the History to the death of William II., in the same Metre, by a *Geffret Gaimar*, which escaped the observation of Mr. Casley; and at the end of another copy, *Vitell*. A. x. the History is continued by an anonymous author to the accession of King John.

Richard I. composed himself in French. A specimen of his Poetry has been published by Mr. Walpole, *Cat. of Royal Authors*, v. i. And his Chancellor, William Bishop of Ely (who, as has been observed before, "was totally ignorant of the English language"), was by no means behindhand with his Master in his encouragement of French Poets; for of this Bishop the passage in Hoveden is to be understood, which Mr. Walpole has applied to the King himself. It is part of a letter of Hugh Bishop of Coventry, who, speaking of the Bishop of Ely, says that he, "ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina et rythmos adulatorios comparabat, et de regno Francorum cantores et joculatores muneribus alleverat, ut de illo canerent in plateis; et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe." Hoveden, p. 103.

and circulating only among the vulgar⁵¹, we need not be much surprised that no more of it has been transmitted down to posterity.

§ IV. The learned Hickes, however, has pointed out to us two very curious pieces, which may with probability be referred to this period. The first of them is a Paraphrase of the Gospel Histories, entitled *Ormulum*⁵², by one *Orm*, or *Ormin*. It seems to have been considered as mere Prose by Hickes and by Wanley, who have both given large extracts from it; but, I apprehend, every reader, who has an ear for metre, will easily perceive that it is written very

⁵¹ To these causes we may probably impute the loss of those Songs upon Hereward (the last perhaps of the Saxon heroes,) which, according to Ingulphus, "were sung about the streets" in his time. Hist. Croyl. p. 68. Robert of Brunne also mentions "a Rime" concerning Gryme the Fisher, the founder of Grymesby; Haneioke the Dane; and his wife Goldeburgh, daughter to a King Athelwold; who all now, together with their bard,

—Ilacrymables
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte.—

See Translation of Peter of Langtoft, p. 25. and Camden's Brit. p. 569.

⁵² The *Ormulum* seems to be placed by Hickes among the first writings after the Conquest [Gram. Ang. Sax. c. xxii. p. 185.], but, I confess, I cannot conceive it to have been earlier than the reign of Henry II. There is a peculiarity in the author's orthography, which consists in doubling the Consonants; e. g. brother, he writes, *brotherr*; after, *afterr*, &c. He has done this by design, and charges those who shall copy his book to be very careful to write those Letters twice, which he has written so, as otherwise, he assures them, "they will not write the word right." Hickes has taken notice of this peculiarity, but has not attempted to explain the author's reasons for it; and indeed, without a more perfect knowledge than we now probably can have of the Saxon pronunciation, they seem totally inexplicable. In the few lines, which I think it necessary to quote here as a specimen of the Metre, I shall venture (first begging Ormin's pardon for disregarding his injunction) to leave out the superfluous letters, and I shall also for my own ease as well as that of the reader transcribe them in modern characters. The first lines of Wanley's extract from MS. Bod. Junius. 1. [Cat. Codd. MSS. Septent. p. 59] will answer my purpose as well as any other.

Nu, brother Walter, brother min after the fleshes kinde,
And brother min i Cristendom thurh fulluht and thurh trouthe,
And brother min i Godes hus yet o the thride wise,
Thurh that wit hafen taken ba an reghel boc to folghen
Under kanunkes-had and lif swa sum Sant Awstin sette,
Ic hafe don swa sum thu bad, and *forbed** to thin wille,
Ic hafe wend intl English godspelles halighe lare,
After that little wit that me min Drihten hafeth lened—

The reader will observe, that, in calling these verses of fifteen syllables, I consider the words—*kinde, trouthe, wise, sette, wille, lare*—as dissyllables.

The laws of Metre require that they should be so considered, as much as *folghen* and *lened*: and for the same reason *thride* in ver. 3 and *hafen* in ver. 6 and 7. are to be pronounced as consisting of two syllables.

It is the more extraordinary that neither Hickes nor Wanley should have perceived that Ormin wrote in Metre, as he himself mentions his having added words for the sake of *filling* his *Rime*, or *Verses*, for he calls it by both those names in the following passages:

Ic hafe sett her o this boc among Godspelles wordes
All thurh me selfen manig word, the *Rime* swa to *fillen*—

And again,

And ic ne mihte noht min *fers* ay with Godspelles wordes
Wel *fillen* all, and all forthi shoilde ic wel ofte nede
Among Godspelles wordes don min word, min *fers* to *fillen*—

p

It is necessary to remark, that *Rime* is here to be understood in its original sense, as denoting the whole verse, merely the consonancy of the final syllables. In the second quotation *fers*, or *verses*, is substituted for it as a us term. Indeed I doubt whether, in the time of Ormin, the word *Rime* was, in any language, used singly for the idea of Consonant terminations.

I should suspect

* r. *forthed*. MS.

exactly in verses of fifteen syllables, without Rime, in imitation of the most common species of the Latin Tetrameter Iambic. The other piece⁵³, which is a moral Poem upon old age, &c. is in Rime, and in a metre much resembling the former, except that the verse of fifteen syllables is broken into two, of which the first should regularly contain eight and the second seven syllables; but the metre is not so exactly observed, at least in the copy which Hickes has followed, as it is in the *Ormulur*.

§ v. In the next interval, from the latter end of the reign of Henry III, to the middle of the fourteenth century, when we may suppose Chaucer was beginning to write, the number of English Rimers seems to have increased very much. Besides several, whose names we know⁵⁴, it is probable that a great part of the anonymous Authors, or rather Translators⁵⁵, of the

⁵³ A large extract from this Poem has been printed by Hickes [Gram. Ang. Sax. c. xxiv. p. 222], but evidently from very incorrect MSS. It begins thus:

Ic am nu elder thanne ic wes
A wintre and ec a lore;
Ic ealdi more thanne ic dede,
Mi wit oghte to bi more.

⁵⁴ Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne have been mentioned already.

To these may be added Richard Rolle, the hermite of Hampole, who died in 1349, after having composed a large quantity of English rimes. See Tanner, Bib. Brit. Art. HAMPOLE.—Laurence Minot, who has left a collection of Poems upon the principal events of the former part of the reign of Edward III. MS. Cotton. Galba. E. ix.—Within the same period flourished the two Poets, who are mentioned with great commendations by Robert of Brunne [App. to Pref. to Peter Langt. p. xcix.] under the names "Of Erceoldoun and of Kendale." We have no memorial, that I know, remaining of the latter, besides this passage; but the former I take to have been the famous Thomas Leir-mouth, of Erceoldoun (or Ersilton, as it is now called, in the shire of Merch,) who lived in the time of Edward I, and is generally distinguished by the honourable addition of "The Rhymour." As the learned Editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems, Edinburgh, 1770," has, for irrefragable reasons, deprived this Thomas of a Prophecy in verse, which had usually been ascribed to him, [see Mackenzie, Art. THOMAS RHYMOUR,] I am inclined to make him some amends by attributing to him a Romance of "Sir Tristrem;" of which Robert of Brunne, an excellent Judge! [in the place above cited] says,

Over gestes it has th'esteem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made THOMAS.

⁵⁵ See Dr. Percy's curious *Catalogue of English Metrical Romances*, prefixed to the third Volume of *Reliques of ancient Poetry*. I am inclined to believe that we have no English Romance, prior to the age of Chaucer, which is not a translation or imitation of some earlier French Romance. The principal of those, which, being built upon English stories, bid the fairest for having been originally composed in English, are also extant in French. A considerable fragment of *Hornchüd*, or *Dan Horn* as he is there called, is to be found in French Alexandrines in MS. Harl. 527. The first part of *Guy of Warwick* is in French, in the octosyllable metre, in MS. Harl. 3775. and the last part in the same language and metre in MS. Bib. Reg. 8 F. ix. How much may be wanting I have not had opportunity to examine. I have never seen *Bevis* in French; but Du Fresnoy, in his *Biblioth. des Romans*, t. ii. p. 241. mentions a MS. of *Le Roman de Beuves de Hantonne*, and another of *Le Roman de Beuves et Rosiane, en Rime*; and the Italians, who were certainly more likely to borrow from the French than from the English language, had got among them a Romance *di Buovo-d'Antona* before the year 1348. Quadrio, *Storia della Poesia*, t. vi. p. 542.

However, I think it extremely probable that these three Romances, though originally written in French, were composed in England, and perhaps by Englishmen; for we find that the general currency of the French language here engaged several of our own countrymen to use it in their compositions. Peter of Langtoft may be reckoned a dubious instance, as he is said by some to have been a Frenchman; but Robert Grosseteste, the famous Bishop of Lincoln in the time of Henry III, was a native of Suffolk, and yet he wrote his *Chateau d'Amours*, and his *Manuel des Peches* in French. [Tanner's Bib. Brit. and Hearne's Pref. to Rob. of Gloucester, p. lviii.]—There is a translation of *Cato* in French verse by *Helis de Guincestre*, i. e. Winchester, MS. Harl. 4388. and a Romance also in French verse, which I suppose to be the original of the English *Ipomedon* [Percy's Cat. n. 22.] by *Hue de Rotelande*, is to be found in MS. Cotton. Vesp. A. vii.—A French Dialogue in verse, MS. Bod. 3904. entitled, "*La plainte par entre mrs Sire Henry de Lacy Comte de Nichole et Sire Wauter de Byblesworth pur la croisierie en la terre Seinte*," was most probably composed by the latter, who has also left us another work in French prose. [See his article in Tanner, Bib. Brit.]—Even as late as the time of Chaucer, Gower wrote his *Speculum meditantis* in French, but whether in verse or prose is uncertain. John Stowe, who was a diligent searcher after MSS. had never seen this work [Annals, p. 326.]: nor does

popular Poems, which (from their having been originally written in the Roman, or French, language) were called Romances, flourished about this time. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars here concerning any of them, as they do not appear to have invented, or imported from abroad, any new modes of Versification, by which the Art could be at all advanced⁵⁵, or even to have improved those which were before in use. On the contrary, as their works were intended for the ear more than for the eye, to be recited rather than read, they were apt to be more attentive to their Rimes than to the exactness of their Metres, from a presumption, I suppose, that the defect, or redundancy, of a syllable might be easily covered in the recitation, especially if accompanied, as it often was, by some musical instrument.

§ vi. Such was, in general, the state of English Poetry at the time when Chaucer probably made his first essays. The use of Rime was established; not exclusively (for the Author or

either Bale or Pits set down the beginning of it, as they generally do of the books which they have had in their hands. However, one French Poem of Gower's has been preserved. In MS. *Harl.* 3869. it is connected with the *Confessio Amantis* by the following rubric: "Puisqu'il ad dit cidevant en Englois par voie d'essample la sottie de celui qui par amours aime par especial, dira ore apres en Francois a tout le monde en general une traitie selonc les anctours, pour essampler les amants marriez, an fin q'ils la foi de leurs seints espousailles pourront par fine loialte garder, et al honneur de dieu salvement tenir." *Fr. Le creatour de toute creature.* It contains LV Stanzas of 7 verses each, in the last of which is the following apology for the language:

"Al' universite de tout le monde
Johan Gower ceste Balade envoie,
Et si jee nai de Francois la faconde,
Pardonez moi qe jee de ceo forsvoide;
Jee suis Englois, si quier par tiele voie
Estre excuse———

Chaucer himself seems to have had no great opinion of the performances of his countrymen in French. [*Prol.* Test. of Love, ed. 1542.] "Certes (says he) there ben some that speke theyr poyssy mater in Frenche, of whyche speche the Frenche men have as good a fantasye, as we have in hearing of French mennes Englyshe." And he afterwards concludes, with his usual good sense. "Let then Clerkes endyten in Latyn, for they have the propretye of science and the knowinge in that facultye; and lette Frenchemen in theyr Frenche also endyete theyr queynt termes, for it is kyndly to theyr mouthes; and let us shewe our fantasyes in suche wordes as we lerneden of our dames tonge."

⁵⁵ It was necessary to qualify the assertion, that the Rimers of this period "did not invent or import from abroad any new modes of Versification," as, in fact, Robert of Brunne (in the passage referred to in n. 54.) has mentioned three or four sorts of verse, different from any which we have hitherto met with, and which appear to have been much cultivated, if not introduced, by the writers who flourished a little before himself. He calls them *Couwee*, *Strangere*, *Enterlace*, and *Baston*. Mr. Bridges, in a sensible letter to Thomas Hearne [*App.* to *Prof.* to Peter Langt. p. ciii.] pointed out these terms as particularly "needing an explanation;" but Thomas chose rather to stuff his book with accounts of the *Nunnery at Little Gidding*, &c. which cost him only the labour of transcribing. There can be little doubt, I think, that the Rimes called *Couwete* and *Enterlaced* were derived from the *Versus Caudati* and *Interlaqueati* of the Latin Rimers of that age. Though Robert of Brunne in his Prologue professes not to attempt these elegancies of composition, yet he has intermixed several passages in Rime *Couwete*; [see p. 266. 273, 6, 7, 8, 9, et al.] and almost all the latter part of his work from the *Conquest* is written in Rime *Enterlaced*, each couplet riming in the middle as well as at the end. [This was the nature of the *Versus interlaqueati*, according to the following specimen, MS. *Harl.* 1002.

Plausus Grecorum | lux caecis et via claudis |
Incola celorum | virgo dignissima laudis.]

I cannot pretend to define the exact form of the Rime called *Baston*, but I dare say it received its appellation from the Carmelite, *Robert Baston*, a celebrated Latin Rimer in the reigns of Edward I. and II. [See Tanner, *Bibl. Brit.* in v. and Hearne's *Prof.* to Fordun, p. ccxxvi. et seq.] His verses upon the battle of Bannockburn, in 1313, are printed in the Appendix to Fordun, p. 1570. They afford instances of all the whimsical combinations of Rimes which can well be conceived to find a place in the Latin heroic metre.

As to Rime *Strangere*, I suspect (upon considering the whole passage in Robert of Brunne) that it was rather a general name, including all sorts of uncommon Rimes, than appropriated to any particular species.

Upon the whole, if this account of these new modes of Versification shall be allowed to be any thing like the truth, I hope I shall be thought justified in having added, "that the Art could not be at all advanced by them."

the "Visions of Pierce Ploughman" wrote after the year 1350⁵⁷ without Rime,) but very generally; so that in this respect he had little to do but to imitate his predecessors. The Metrical part of our Poetry was capable of more improvement, by the polishing of the measures already in use as well as by the introducing of new modes of versification; and how far Chaucer actually contributed to the improvement of it, in both or either of these particulars, we are now to consider.

§ VII. With respect to the regular Metres then in use, they may be reduced, I think, to four. First, the long Iambic Metre⁵⁸, consisting of not more than fifteen, nor less than fourteen syllables, and broken by a *Cesura* at the eighth syllable. Secondly, the Alexandrin Metre⁵⁹,

⁵⁷ This is plain from fol. 68. edit. 1550. where the year 1350 is named, as a year of great scarcity. Indeed, from the mention of the Kitten in the tale of the Ratons, fol. iii. liii. I should suspect that the author wrote at the very end of the reign of Edward III, when Richard was become heir apparent.

The Visions of (i. e. concerning) Pierce Ploughman are generally ascribed to one Robert Langland; but the best MSS. that I have seen, make the Christian name of the author *William*, without mentioning his surname. So in MS. Cotton. Vesp. B. xvi. at the end of p. 1. is this rubric. "Hic incipit secundus passus de visione *Willielmi* de Petro Plouhman." And in ver 5. of p. 2. instead of, "*And sayde; sonne, sleepest thou?*" the MS. has, "*And sayde; Wille, sleepest thou?*" See also the account of MS. Harl. 2376. in the Harleian Catalogue.

I cannot help observing, that these Visions have been printed from so faulty and imperfect a MS. that the author, whoever he was, would find it difficult to recognize his own work. However, the judgement of the learned Doctors, Hickes and Percy, [Gram. A. S. p. 217.—Rel. of Anc. Poet. v. ii. p. 260.] with respect to the laws of his versification, is confirmed by the MSS. Each of his verses is in fact a distich, composed of two verses, after the Saxon form, without Rime, and not reducible to any certain Metre. I do not mean to say, that a few of his verses may not be picked out, consisting of fourteen and fifteen syllables, and resembling the metre used in the *Ormulum*; and there are still more of twelve and thirteen syllables, which might pass for very tolerable Alexandrines: but then, on the other hand, there is a great number of his verses (warranted for genuine by the best MSS.) which cannot, by any mode of pronunciation, be extended beyond nine or ten syllables; so that it is impossible to imagine, that his verse was intended to consist of any determinate number of syllables. It is as clear that his Accents, upon which the harmony of modern Rhythms depends, are not disposed according to any regular system. The first division of a verse is often Trochaic, and the last Iambic; and *vice versa*. The only rule, which he seems really to have prescribed to himself, is what has been taken notice of by his first Editor, viz. "to have three wordes at the leaste in every verse whiche beginne with some one letter." Crowley's Pref. to Edit. 1550.

⁵⁸ The most perfect example of this metre has been given above, n. 52, from the *Ormulum*. Each verse is composed of fifteen syllables, and broken by a *Cesura* at the eighth, which always terminates a word. The accents are so disposed upon the even syllables, particularly the eighth and fourteenth, as to produce the true Iambic Cadence.

The learned reader will recollect, that the *Political verses*, as they are called, of Tzetzes, and others, who wrote when the Greek versification was become Rhythmic instead of Metrical, are chiefly of this form. See Du Cange, v. POLITICAL VERSUS. And it is remarkable, that, about the time of our Orm, Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Poet of Sicily, where the Greek was still a living language, [Montf. Palæog. Gr. l. vi.] made use of these verses of fifteen syllables, intermixed with Hendecasyllables, in the only production of his which has been preserved. Raccolta dell' Allacci, p. 408—16. The first Stanza is quoted by Crescimbeni, [Istor. d. V. P. l. i. p. 3.] who however labours very much to persuade us that the verses in question ought not to be considered as verses of fifteen syllables, but as containing each of them two verses, the one of eight and the other of seven syllables. If this were allowed, the nature of the verse would not be altered: [See before, p. xxxv.] but the supposition is highly improbable, as by that distribution there would be three verses in each Stanza not riming. In what follows, Crescimbeni shews very plainly that he had not adverted to the real nature of Ciullo's measure, for he compares it with the noted tetrameter, "*Gallias Cæsar subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem,*" which is a *Trochaic*, whereas these verses of Ciullo are evidently *Iambic*, like those of Orm.

I suspect, that, if we could recover the genuine text of Robert of Gloucester, he would be found to have written in this Metre. It was used by Warner, in his *Aldions England* (another Chronicle in verse) in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign; and Gascoigne about the same time [Instruction concerning the making of verse in Eng. Signature U. ii.] speaks of the couplet, consisting of one verse of twelve and another of fourteen syllables, as the commonest sort of verse then in use. It may be proper to observe, that the metre, which Gascoigne calls a verse of fourteen syllables, is exactly the same with what is called above a verse of fifteen syllables; just as the French Alexandrin may be composed indifferently of twelve or thirteen syllables, and the Italian Hendecasyllable of ten, eleven, or even twelve. The general rule in all these kinds of verse is, that, when they consist of the greater number of syllables, the superfluous syllables, as they may be called, are never accented.

⁵⁹ Robert of Brunne, in his translation of *Peter of Langloit*, seems to have used the *Alexandrin* verse in imitation

consisting of not more than thirteen syllables, nor less than twelve, with a *Cæsura* at the sixth. Thirdly, the Octosyllable Metre; which was in reality the antient Dimeter Iambic. Fourthly, the Stanza of six verses; of which the first, second, fourth, and fifth, were in the complete Octosyllable Metre; and the third and last catalectic, *i. e.* wanting a syllable, or even two.

§ VIII. In the first of these Metres it does not appear that Chaucer ever composed at all, (for, I presume, no one can imagine that he was the author of Gamelyn,) or in the second; and in the fourth we have nothing of his but the Rime of Sire Thopas, which, being intended to ridicule the vulgar Romancers, seems to have been purposely written in their favourite Metre. In the third, or Octosyllable Metre⁶⁰, he has left several compositions; particularly,

of his Original; but his Metre (at least in Hearne's copy) is frequently defective, especially in the latter part of his work, where he affects to rime at the *Cæsura* as well as at the end of his verse.

The Alexandrin metre is generally agreed to have been first used in the *Roman d'Alexandre*, by Lambert li Cors and Alexandre de Bernay, toward the latter end of the twelfth Century. Du Verdier, *Bibl.* p. 780. Fauchet, l. ii. A late French Antiquary (M. L'Evêque de la Ravaliere,) in his history *Des Révolutions de la Langue Française*, p. 165. has combated this opinion, upon the authority of some Alexandrin verses, which he has discovered, as he supposes, in the *Roman de Rou*. I shall only observe, that no such verses are to be found in a very good MS. of the *Roman de Rou*, *Bib. Reg.* 4 C. xi. and I very much suspect that upon an accurate examination they will appear to have been not the work of Wace, but of some later author. A similar mistake of an interpolation, or continuation, for the original work has led another very able Antiquary of the same nation to place the *Roman de Rou* in the fourteenth Century. *Mem. de l'Acad. des I. et B. L.* tom. xv. p. 582. There can be no doubt, that Wace wrote the *Roman de Rou* about the middle of the twelfth Century. See before, n. 47.

They who attend only to the length of the Alexandrin verse, will naturally derive it from the Trimeter Iambic rhythms, which were in frequent use in the beginning of the twelfth Century. See Orderic. *Vital.* l. ii. p. 404. 409. 410. 415. et al. But when it is considered, that the *Cæsura* at the sixth syllable, so essential to the Alexandrin metre, was hardly ever observed in the Trimeter Iambic, it will seem more probable, I think, that the Inventor of the Alexandrin took for his model, what has been called above, the long Iambic, but, for some reason or other, retrenched a foot, or two syllables, in the first hemistich.

⁶⁰ Though I call this the Octosyllable Metre from what I apprehend to have been its original form, it often consists of nine and sometimes of ten syllables; but the eighth is always the last accented syllable.

The oldest French poems, to the latter end of the twelfth Century, are all in this metre; but upon the invention of the Alexandrin, the octosyllable verse seems by degrees to have been confined to the several species of lighter compositions in which it is still used. Here in England, Robert of Brunne, in his Preface to his translation of *Le Brut* [App. to Pref. to Peter Langtoft, p. c.] calls it "*lyght rime*," in contradistinction to "*strange rime*," of which he has just enumerated several sorts [see n. 56]; and says, that he wrote in it "*for luf of the lewed man*:" and Chaucer himself speaks of it in nearly the same terms in the beginning of the third book of the *House of Fame*.

" God of science and of light,
Apollo, thurgh thy grete might
This litte last book now thou gye;
Not that I will for maystrye
Here art potential be shewde;
But, for the ryme is *lyght and lewde*,
Yet make it somewhat agreable,
Though some verse fayle in a syllable."

The learned Editor of a part of the *Canterbury Tales* [London, 1737, 8vo.] has quoted this passage [Pref. p. xxv. as proving, "by Chaucer's own confession, that he did not write in equal measure."

It certainly proves, that he did not write in equal measure in *this particular poem* of the House of Fame; but it proves also, that he knew well what the laws of measure were, and that he thought that any deviation from them required an apology. Is it just to conclude, because Chaucer has owned a neglect of those laws in one work, written in light metre, and in which he formally disclaims any exertion of art [ver. 4, 5] that therefore he has been equally negligent of them in his other works, written in the gravest metre, and in which he may reasonably be supposed to have employed his utmost skill of versification? In the *Troilus*, for instance, [b. v.] he has a solemn prayer, "that none miswrite, or *mismetre* his book." Can we suppose that it was not originally written in Metre?—But I shall not enter any further into the general argument concerning Chaucer's versification, which will more properly be discussed in the text. My business here was only to prevent the reader from coming to the question with a preconceived opinion (upon the authority of the learned Editor above-mentioned) that "Chaucer himself," in this passage of the *House of Fame*, "has put the matter out of dispute."

To return again to the Octosyllable Metre. Its constitution is such, that the first syllable may often be dropped without

"an imperfect Translation of the *Roman de la Rose*," which was, probably, one of his earliest performances; "the House of Fame;" "the Dethe of the Duchesse Blanche," and a poem called his "Dreme:" upon all which it will be sufficient here to observe in general, that, if he had given no other proofs of his poetical faculty, these alone must have secured to him the pre-eminence, above all his predecessors and contemporaries, in point of Versification.

§ ix. But by far the most considerable part of Chaucer's works is written in that kind of Metre which we now call the Heroic⁶¹, either in Distichs or in Stanzas; and as I have not been able to discover any instance of this metre being used by any English poet before him, I am much inclined to suppose that he was the first introducer of it into our language. It had long been practised in France, in the Northern as well as the Southern provinces; and in Italy, within the last fifty years before Chaucer wrote, it had been cultivated with the greatest assiduity and success, in preference to every other metre, by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccace. When we reflect that two of Chaucer's juvenile productions, the Palamon and Arcite, and the Troilus, were in a manner translated from the *Theseida* and the *Filostrato* of Boccace⁶², both

much prejudic'd to the harmony of the verse; and as far as I have observed, that is the syllable in which Chaucer's verses of this kind generally fail. We have an instance in the first line of the passage quoted above—

God of science and of light—

sounds as well (to my ear at least) as

Thou God of science and of light—

according to Mr. Urry's correction. The reason, I apprehend, is, that the measure, though of another sort, is still regular: instead of a Dimeter Iambic, it is a Dimeter Trochaic Catalectic.

But no such liberty can be taken in the Heroic Metre without totally destroying its harmony; and therefore when the above-mentioned learned Editor says [Pref. p. xxvi.] that the numbers of Chaucer "are always musical, whether they want or exceed their complement," I doubt his partiality for his author has carried him too far. I have no conception myself that an heroic verse, which wants a syllable of its complement, can be musical, or even tolerable. The line which he has quoted from the *Knights Tale* [ver. 1228 of this Edition],

Not in purgatory but in helle—

however you manage it; (whether you make a pause; or give two times to the first syllable, as he rather advises;)—can never pass for a verse of any form. Nor did Chaucer intend that it should. He wrote (according to the best MSS.)—

Not only in purgatory but in helle.

⁶¹ The Heroic Metre with us, as with the Italians, is of the Iambic form, consists of ten, eleven, or twelve syllables; the tenth, however, being in all cases the last accented syllable. The French have the same Metre; but with them it can scarce contain more than eleven syllables, as their language has few (if any) words, in which the accent is laid upon the Antepenultima. Though we have a great number of such words, we seldom use the verse of twelve syllables. The extraordinary difficulty of riming with three syllables is a sufficient reason for excluding it from all works which are written in Rime, and in Blank Metre the two unaccented syllables at the end make the close of the verse heavy and languid. Milton, for the sake of variety of measure, has inserted a very few of these verses, which the Italians call *Sdrucioliti*, in his heroic poems; but they are more commonly and, I think, more properly employed in Dramatic compositions, where a continued stateliness of numbers is less requisite.

The generical name for this Metre in Italy is *Endecasillabo*; and the verses of ten and twelve syllables are distinguished by additions; the former being called *Endecasillabo tronco*, and the latter *Endecasillabo sdruciolito*. This proves, I think, that the verse of eleven syllables was the primitive metre, and principally used, as it still is, in Italy; and it will appear hereafter, if I am not mistaken, that the greatest part of Chaucer's heroic verses, when properly written and pronounced, are in this measure.

⁶² It is so little a while since the world has been informed, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer was taken from the *Theseida* of Boccace, that it would not have been surprising if another century had elapsed without our knowing that our countryman had also borrowed his Troilus from the *Filostrato* of the same author; as the *Filostrato* is more scarce, and much less famous, even in Italy, than the *Theseida*. The first suspicion which I entertained this theft was from reading the title of the *Filostrato* at large, in *Sarti Hist. Lit. Typog. Mediolan. ad an.* and I afterwards found, in Montfaucon's *Bibl. MSS. t. ii. P. 793.* among the King of France's MSS. one with the " *Filostrato, dell' amoroze fatiche di Troilo per Gio Boccaccio.*" See also Quadrio, t. vi. p. 473. I had just a person to procure me some account of this MS. from Paris, when I had the good fortune to meet with a p

written in the common Italian hendecasyllable verse, it cannot but appear extremely probable that his metre also was copied from the same original; and yet I cannot find that the form of his Stanza in the *Troilus*, consisting of seven verses, was ever used by Boccace, though it is to be met with among the poems of the King of Navarre, and of the *Provençal* Rimers⁶³ Whichever he shall be supposed to have followed, whether the French or Italians, it is certain that he could not want in either language a number of models of correct and harmonious versification; and the only question will be, whether he had ability and industry enough to imitate that part of their excellency.

§ x. In discussing this question we should always have in mind, that the correctness and harmony of an English verse depends entirely upon its being composed of a certain number of syllables, and its having the accents of those syllables properly placed. In order therefore to form any judgement of the Versification of Chaucer, it is necessary that we should know the syllabical value, if I may use the expression, of his words, and the accentual value of his syllables, as they were commonly pronounced⁶⁴ in his time; for without that knowledge, it is not more probable that we should determine justly upon the exactness of his metres, than that we should be able to cast up rightly an account stated in coins of a former age, of whose current rates and denominations we are totally ignorant.

§ xi. Let us consider a moment, how a sensible critic in the Augustan age would have proceeded, if called upon to examine a work of Ennius⁶⁵. When he found that a great pro-

in the very curious Collection of the Reverend Mr. Crofts The title is "Il *Filostrato*, che tracta de lo innamoramento de Troilo e Gryseida. et de molte altre infinite battaglie. Impresso nella inclita cita de Milano per magistro Uldericho Scinzenzeler nell' anno m. cccc lxxxviii. a di xxvii. di mese de Septembre, in 4^o." By the favour of the learned owner (who is as free in the communication, as he has been zealous in the collection, of his literary treasures) I had soon an opportunity of satisfying myself, that Chaucer was to the full as much obliged to Boccace in his *Troilus* as in his *Knights Tale*.

The doubts which Quadrio mentions [L. vi. p. 474.], whether the *Filostrato* was really a work of Boccace, are sufficiently answered, as he observes, by the concurring testimony of several antient MSS. which expressly name him as the author. And it may be remarked, that Boccace himself, in his *Decameron*, has made the same honourable mention of this Poem as of the *Theseida*; though without acknowledging either for his own. In the introduction to the Sixth Day, he says, that "Dioneo insieme con Lauretta di Troilo et di *Chrisseida* cominciarono cantare," just as afterwards, in the conclusion of the Seventh Day, we are told, that the same "Dioneo et la Fiammetta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcita et di *Palemone*."

⁶³ See *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, Chans. xvi. xviii. xxvii. xxxiii. lviii. The only difference is, that the two last verses, which in Chaucer's Stanza form a distinct couplet, are made by Thibaut to rime with the first and third. In a MS. of Provençal poetry (in the Collection of the Reverend Mr. Crofts), I find one piece by Folket de Marseilles, who died about 1213, in which the Stanza is formed exactly agreeable to Chaucer's.

This Stanza of seven verses, being first introduced, I apprehend, by Chaucer, was long the favourite measure of the Poets who succeeded him. In the time of Gascoigne it had acquired the name of *Rithme royall*; and surely, says he, it is a *royall kinde of verse serving best for grave discourses*. [Instruction concerning the making of verse. Sign. U. l. b.] Milton, in some of his juvenile compositions, has made the last verse of this Stanza an Alexandrin.

As the *Theseida* and the *Filostrato* of Boccace are both written in the Octave Stanza, of which he is often, though improperly, called the inventor [see Pasquier, *Recherches*, l. vii. c. 3.] it seems extraordinary that Chaucer should never have adopted that Stanza. Even when he uses a Stanza of eight verses (as in the *Monkes Tale*), it is constituted very differently from the Italian Octave. I observe, by the way, that Chaucer's Stanza of eight verses, with the addition of an Alexandrin, is the Stanza in which Spenser has composed his *Faery Queen*.

⁶⁴ Mons l'Evêque de la Ravaliere, in his *Discourse de l'anciennete des Chansons Françoises*, prefixed to the *Poesies du Roi de Navarre*, has the same observation with respect to the old French poets. *Leur Poësie* (says he, p. 227.) *marque combien ils respectoient cette ryme* [of exact riming]; *mais pour en juger aujourd'hui*, ainsi que de la mesure de leurs Vers, *il faut prononcer les mots comme eux*:—He is vindicating the antient French bards from an unjust and ignorant censure of Boileau, in his *Art Poët.* Chant. i. So that, it should seem, a great Poet is not of course a cautious Antiquary. See above, n. 4 a censure of Chaucer's verse by our Dryden, who was certainly a great Poet.

in the
upon though Ennius died not an hundred and fifty years before what may be called the age of Augustus, his language Fame, and imitation are so different from those of Ovid, for instance, that I much question whether his poems were
To return, or even understood, by the vulgar Romans in that age, than the works of Chaucer are now by the

portion of the verses were strictly conformable to the ordinary rules of Metre, he would, probably, not scruple to conclude that such a conformity must have been produced by art and design, and not by mere chance. On the other hand, when he found, that in some verses the number of feet, to appearance, was either deficient or redundant; that in others the feet were seemingly composed of too few or too many syllables, of short syllables in the place of long, or of long in the place of short; he would not, I think, immediately condemn the old Bard, as having all at once forgotten the fundamental principles of his art, or as having wilfully or negligently deviated from them. He would first, I presume, enquire, whether all these irregularities were in the genuine text of his author, or only the mistakes of Copyists: he would enquire further, by comparing the genuine text with other contemporary writings and monuments, whether many things, which appeared irregular, were not in truth sufficiently regular, either justified by the constant practice, or excused by the allowed licence of the age: where authority failed, he would have recourse, but soberly, to etymology and analogy; and if after all a few passages remained, not reducible to the strict laws of Metre by any of the methods above-mentioned, if he were really (as I have supposed him) a sensible critic, he would be apt rather to expect patiently the solution of his difficulties from more correct manuscripts, or a more complete theory of his author's versification, than to cut the knot, by deciding peremptorily, that the work was composed without any regard to metrical rules.

§ XII. I beg leave to pursue the same course with respect to Chaucer. The great number of verses, sounding complete even to our ears, which is to be found in all the least corrected copies of his works, authorises us to conclude, that he was not ignorant of the laws of metre. Upon this conclusion it is impossible not to ground a strong presumption, that he intended to observe the same laws in the many other verses which seem to us irregular; and if this was really his intention, what reason can be assigned sufficient to account for his having failed so grossly and repeatedly, as is generally supposed, in an operation, which every Balladmonger in our days, man, woman, or child, is known to perform with the most unerring exactness, and without any extraordinary fatigue?

§ XIII. The offences against metre in an English verse, as has partly been observed before, must arise either from the superfluity or deficiency of syllables, or from the accents being improperly placed.

§ XIV. With respect to the first species of irregularity, I have not taken notice of any superfluities in Chaucer's verses, but what may be reduced to just measure by the usual practices⁶⁶ of even modern Poets. And this, by the way, is a strong proof of his real attention to metrical rules; for otherwise, if he had written without any restraint of that kind, a

generality of readers. However a great many of his verses are as smoothly turned as those of Ovid himself, and it is well known, that Virgil has not scrupled to incorporate several of them into his divine *Æneid*. At the same time, whoever casts an eye over the Fragments of his Annals, as collected by Columna, Hesselius, and others, will find frequent examples of all the seeming irregularities alluded to in the text.

⁶⁶ It is unnecessary to trouble the Reader with an enumeration of Syncope, Apostrophus, Synecphonesis, &c.

uo
e

Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria vatum.

They may all, I think, be comprehended in our language under this one general principle, that an English verse, though chiefly composed of feet of two syllables, is capable of receiving feet of three syllables in every part of it, provided only one of the three syllables be accented.

In short, whoever can taste the metrical harmony of the following lines of Milton, will not be embarrassed how to dispose of the (seemingly) superfluous syllables, which he may meet with in Chaucer.

P. L. B. 123. Omnisus | conjecture on the whole success.

302. A pil | lar of státe | , deep on his front engraven--

658. Celestial spr | its in bôn | dage, nor the abyss--

▼ 495. No inconvenient di | et, nor tóo | light fare.

vii 122. Things not revealed, which the invis | ible King--

certain proportion of his deviations from measure must, in all probability, have been on the side of excess.

§ xv. But a great number of Chaucer's verses labour under an apparent deficiency of a syllable, or two. In some of these perhaps the defect may still be supplied from MSS. but for the greatest part I am persuaded no such assistance is to be expected⁶⁷; and therefore, supposing the text in these cases to be correct, it is worth considering whether the verse also may not be made correct, by adopting in certain words a pronunciation, different indeed from modern practice, but which, we have reason to believe, was used by the author himself.

For instance, in the Genitive case Singular and the Plural Number of Nouns (which, as has been remarked above, in the time of Chaucer had the same expression), there can be no doubt that such words as, *shoures*, ver. 1. *croppes*, ver. 7. *shires*, ver. 15. *lordes*, ver. 47, &c. were regularly pronounced as consisting of two syllables. Whenever they are used as monosyllables, it must be considered as a Poetical Licence, warranted however even then (as we may presume from the natural progress of our language) by the practice of inaccurate speakers in common conversation.

In like manner, we may be sure that *ed*, the regular termination of the Past Tense and its Participle, made, or contributed to make, a second syllable in the words, *perced*, ver. 2. *bathed*, ver. 3. *loved*, ver. 45. *wered*, ver. 75, &c.⁶⁸ The first step toward reducing words of this form to Monosyllables seems to have been to shorten the last syllable, either by transposing the final letters, as in—*wolde*, ver. 144. *said*, ver. 763. &c. or by throwing away the *d*, as in—*coste*, ver. 1910. *caste*, ver. 2033, &c. In both these cases the words still remained of two syllables, the final *e* being sounded as an *e* feminine; but they were prepared to lose their last syllable by the easy licence of changing an *e* feminine into an *e* mute, or of dropping it entirely, according to the modern practice.

§ xvi. But nothing will be found of such extensive use for supplying the deficiencies of Chaucer's metre as the pronunciation of the *e* feminine; and as that pronunciation has been for a long time totally antiquated, it may be proper here to suggest some reasons for believing (independently of any arguments to be drawn from the practice of Chaucer himself) that the final *e* in our ancient language was very generally pronounced, as *le e* *mainie* is at this day by the French.

With respect to words imported directly from France. it is certainly quite natural to suppose,

⁶⁷ I would not be thought to undervalue the MSS. which I have not seen, or to discourage those who may have inclination and opportunity to consult them. I only mean to say, that, where the text is supported (as it generally is in this Edition) by the concurrence of two or three good MSS. and the sense is clear and complete, we may safely consider it as tolerably correct. In the course of the Notes, I shall have occasion to point out several passages, in which either the disagreement of the good MSS. or the obscurity of their readings, makes a further enquiry absolutely necessary in order to settle the text.

⁶⁸ It appears from the Preface to the last Edition of Chaucer's Works, Lond. 1721, that Mr. Urry, the undertaker of that Edition, had the same opinion with respect to the pronunciation of the final syllables in this and the last-mentioned instance; and that it was his intention to distinguish those syllables, *whenever they were to be pronounced*, by printing them with an *i*, instead of an *e*; as, *shouris*, *shiris*, *percid*, *lovid*, &c. As such a distinction is entirely unsupported by the MSS. and must necessarily very much disfigure the orthography of the language, I cannot think that an Editor has a right to introduce it upon ever so plausible a pretence. A shorter and (in my opinion) a less exceptionable method would have been to have distinguished the syllables of this sort, *whenever they were to be contracted*, by adding a sign of Syncope, thus; *shoure's*, *shire's*, *perce'd*, *love'd*. But after all a reader, who cannot perform such operations for himself, had better not trouble his head about the Versification of Chaucer.

Mr. Urry had also discovered, that the final *e* (of which I shall treat more at large in the next Section) often made a syllable in Chaucer's verse; and (according to the Preface quoted above) he "always marked with an accent, when he judged it necessary to pronounce it; as, *swetè*, *halvè*, *smalè*, ver. 5, 8, 9." I have the same objection to this mark that I have to innovations in orthography; and besides, that it would be apt to mislead the ignorant reader (for whom only it can be intended), by making him suppose that the *e* so marked was really to be accented, whereas the true *e* feminine is always to be pronounced with an obscure evanescent sound, and is incapable of bearing any stress or accent.

that, for some time, they retained their native pronunciation; whether they were Nouns substantive, as, *hoste*, ver. 753. *face*, ver. 1580, &c.—or Adjectives, as, *large*, ver. 755. *strange*, ver. 13, &c.—or Verbs, as, *grante*, ver. 12756. *preche*, ver. 12327, &c. and it cannot be doubted, that in these and other similar words in the French language, the final *e* was always pronounced, as it still is, so as to make them dissyllables.

We have not indeed so clear a proof of the original pronunciation of the Saxon part⁶⁹ of our language; but we know, from general observation, that all changes of pronunciation are usually made by small degrees; and therefore, when we find that a great number of those words, which in Chaucer's time ended in *e*, originally ended in *a*, we may reasonably presume, that our ancestors first passed from the broader sound of *a* to the thinner sound of *e* feminine, and not at once from *a* to *e* mute. Besides, if the final *e* in such words was not pronounced, why was it added? From the time that it has confessedly ceased to be pronounced it has been gradually omitted in them, except where it may be supposed of use to lengthen or soften⁷⁰ the preceding syllable, as in—*hope*, *name*, &c. But according to the antient orthography it terminates many words of Saxon original, where it cannot have been added for any such purpose, as, *herte*, *childe*, *olde*, *wilde*, &c. In these therefore we must suppose that it was pronounced as an *e* feminine, and made part of a second syllable; and so, by a parity of reason, in all others, in which, as in these, it appears to have been substituted for the Saxon *a*.

Upon the same grounds we may presume, that in words terminated, according to the Saxon form, in *en*, such as the Infinitive modes and Plural numbers of Verbs, and a great variety of Adverbs and Prepositions, the *n* only was at first thrown away, and the *e*, which then became final, continued for a long time to be pronounced as well as written.

These considerations seem sufficient to make us believe, that the pronunciation of the *e* feminine is founded on the very nature of both the French and Saxon parts of our language; and therefore, though we may not be able to trace the reasons of that pronunciation in all cases so plainly as in those which have been just mentioned, we may safely, I think, conclude with the learned Wallis⁷¹, that what is generally considered as an *e* mute in our language,

⁶⁹ This is owing to the Saxons not having left us any metrical compositions, as has been observed before, p. xxix. Hickes complains [Gr. A. S. c. xxiii. §. 7.], "that it is difficult to know of how many syllables a Saxon verse some times consists, for this reason among others, *quod non constat quomodo voces in e feminino vel obscuro terminate pronuntiande sunt in carmine.*" He might, perhaps with more propriety, have complained, that it is difficult to know how words ending in *e* feminine are to be pronounced in a Saxon verse, because it is uncertain of how many syllables any of their verses consisted. I have mentioned in the text two cases of words abbreviated, in which I think we might conclude from general reasoning that the final *e* was pronounced. As this Theory, with respect to these words, is entirely confirmed by the practice of Orm (the most authentic metrical composer that we have in our antient language) it would not perhaps be unreasonable to infer, that the practice of Orm, in other words of Saxon original, in which the final *e* is pronounced, is consonant to the old Saxon usage. However that may be the practice of Orm must certainly be admitted to prove, that such a pronunciation prevailed at least 150 years before Chaucer.

⁷⁰ In most of the words in which the final *e* has been omitted, its use in lengthening or softening the preceding syllable has been supplied by an alteration in the Orthography of that Syllable. Thus, in—*grette*, *mete*, *stele*, *rede dere*,—in which the first *e* was originally long, as closing a syllable, it has (sure they have been pronounced as Monosyllables) been changed either into *ea*, as in—*great*, *meat*, *steal*, *read*, *dear*; or into *ee*, as in—*greet*, *meet*, *steel*, *reed deer*. In like manner the *o* in—*bote*, *foie*, *dore*, *gode*, *none*, has been changed either into *oa*, as in—*boat*, *foal*; or into *oo*, as in—*door*, *good*, *moon*.

⁷¹ Gram. Ling. Ang. c. i. § 2. "Originem vero hujus *e* muti, nequâ miretur unde devenerit, hanc esse judico Nempe, quod antiquitus pronunciatum fuerit, sed obscuro sono, sicut Gallorum *e* femininum." He afterwards adds: "Certissimum autem hujus rei indicium est ex antiquis Poetis petendum; apud quos reperitur illud *e* promissi vel constitutæ vel non constitutæ novam Syllabam, prout ratio carminis postularerit." So that, according to this judicious writer, (who has confessedly searched much deeper into the formation of vocal sounds in general, and the pronunciation of the English language in particular, than any of our other Grammarians,) I might have assumed as certain, the point, which I have been labouring in the text (by arguments drawn from reason and analogy) to render probable.

either at the end or in the middle of words⁷², was antiently pronounced, but obscurely, like the *e* feminine of the French.

§ XVII. The third kind of irregularity, to which an English verse is liable, is from the accents being misplaced. The restoring of Chaucer's words to their just number of syllables, by the methods which have been pointed out above, will often be of signal service in restoring his accents also to their proper places; but further, in many words, we must be cautious of concluding too hastily that Chaucer accented the same syllables that we do. On the contrary, I am persuaded that in his French words he most commonly laid his accent according to the French custom (upon the *last* syllable, or the *last but one* in words ending in *e* feminine), which, as is well known, is the very reverse of our practice. Thus in ver. 3. he uses *licoúr* for *liquour*; ver. 11. *coráges* for *courages*; ver. 22. again, *coráge* for *courage*; ver. 37. *resón* for *reason*; ver. 77. *viáge* for *voyage*; ver. 109, 10. *viságe*—*uságe* for *visage*—*usage*; ver. 140. *manére* for *manner*; ver. 186. *laboúre* for *labour*; ver. 204. *preláat* for *prélate*: ver. 211. *langáge* for *language*; ver. 212. *mariáge* for *marriage*; ver. 216. *contré* for *country*; and so through the whole work.

In the same manner he accents the last Syllable of the Participle Present, as, ver. 885, 6. *wedding*—*coming* for *wedding*—*coming*; ver. 903. *living* for *living*; ver. 907, 8. *coming*—*críng* for *coming*—*críng*; ver. 998. *brenning* for *brenning*, &c. and as he does this in words of Saxon as well as of French growth, I should suppose that the old Participle of the present tense, ending in *and*, was originally accented upon that syllable, as it certainly continued to be by the Scottish Poets a long time after Chaucer. See Bp. Douglas, Virg. p. 18. ver. 18. *Sprýngánd*; ver. 51. *Beránd*; p. 27. ver. 49. *Fleánd*; p. 29. ver. 10. *Seánd*.

These instances are all taken from the Ríming syllables (where a strong accent is indispensably necessary) in order to prove beyond contradiction, that Chaucer frequently accented his words in the French manner. But if he followed this practice at the end of his verses, it is more than probable that he did the same in the middle, whenever it gave a more harmonious flow to his metre; and therefore in ver. 4. instead of *vértue*, I suppose he pronounced *vertúe*; in ver. 11. instead of *nátúre*, *natúre*; in ver. 25. instead of *avéntúre*, *aventúre*; in ver. 46. instead of *hónour*, *honóur*, &c.

There is much more to this purpose in Wallis, *loc. cit.* which I should transcribe, if I did not suppose that his book is in the hands of every one, who is likely to be curious upon this subject. I will only take notice of one passage which may be wrested to his disadvantage. From considering the gradual extinction of the *e* feminine in our language, and observing that the French, with whom he conversed, very often suppressed it in their common speech, he has been led to predict, that the pronunciation of it would *perhaps shortly* be disused among them as among ourselves. The prediction has certainly failed; but, notwithstanding, I will venture to say, that, at the time when it was made, it was not unworthy of Wallis's sagacity. Unluckily for its success, a number of eminent writers happened, at that very time, to be growing up in France, whose works, having since been received as standards of style, must probably fix for many centuries the antient usage of the *e* feminine in Poetry, and of course give a considerable check to the natural progress of the language. If the age of Edward III had been as favourable to Letters as that of Louis XIV; if Chaucer and his contemporary Poets had acquired the same authority here, that Corneille, Molière, Racine, and Boileau, have obtained in France; if their works had been published by themselves, and perpetuated in a genuine state by printing; I think it probable, that the *e* feminine would still have preserved its place in our Poetical language at least, and certainly without any prejudice to the smoothness of our versification.

⁷² The reasoning in the text concerning the final *e* is equally applicable to the same vowel in the middle of words. Indeed (as Wallis has observed, *loc. cit.*) "*vix uspiam in medio dictionis reperitur e mutuum, quod non ab origine fuerit finale.*" If therefore it was pronounced while final, it would probably continue to be pronounced notwithstanding the addition of a syllable. If it was pronounced in *sweete*, *treue*, *large*, *riche*, it would be pronounced in *sweetely*, *treuely*, *largely*, *richely*. [See ver. 123 and 3219, ver. 775 and 3692, ver. 2740 and 3034, ver. 1014 and 1913.] In another very numerous set of words (French Verbals ending in *ment*) the pronunciation of this middle *e* is countenanced, not only by analogy, but also by the still subsisting practice in the French language. So Chaucer certainly pronounced the words, *Jugement*, ver. 780. 807. 820. *commandement*, ver. 2871. 2981. *amendement*, ver. 4183. *pavement*, *servement*, ver. 4505, 6. Even Spenser in the same Canto (the 8th of B. v.) uses *attonement* and *avengement*, as words of four syllables: [St. 21. 8.—30. 5.] and Wallis takes notice that the middle *e* in *commandement* was pronounced in his time.

It may be proper however to observe, that we are not to expect from Chaucer that regularity in the disposition of his accents, which the practice of our greatest Poets in the last and the present century has taught us to consider as essential to harmonious⁷³ versification. None of his masters, either French or Italian, had set him a pattern of exactness⁷⁴ in this respect; and it is rather surprising, that, without rule or example to guide him, he has so seldom failed to place his accents in such a manner, as to produce the cadence best suited to the nature of his verse.

§ XVIII. I shall conclude this long and (I fear) tedious Essay, with a Grammatical and Metrical Analysis of the first eighteen lines of the Canterbury Tales. This will afford me an opportunity of illustrating at once a considerable part of that Theory, which I have ventured to propose in the preceding pages, with regard to the Language and Versification of Chaucer. The remainder I shall take occasion to explain in a few notes upon particular passages.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

- I. ¹Whánne that Ápril with his ³shoures ³sóte
- II. The droúghte of Márch hath ¹percéed tó the ²róte,
- III. And ¹báthed every véine in ²swiche ³líouór,
- IV. Of whíche ¹vertúe engéndred is the flóur;
- V. Whan Zéphírús eke with his ¹sóte bréthe

⁷³ It is agreed, I believe, that, in our Heroic Metre, those Verses, considered singly, are the most harmonious, in which the Accents fall upon the even Syllables; but it has never, that I know, been defined, how far a verse may vary from this its most perfect form, and yet remain a verse. On the *tenth* (or *riming*) syllable a strong Accent is in all cases indispensably required; and in order to make the line tolerably harmonious, it seems necessary that at least *two more* of the *even* syllables should be accented, the *fourth* being (almost always) one of them. Milton however has not subjected his verse even to these rules; and particularly, either by negligence or design, he has frequently put an unaccented syllable in the *fourth* place. See P. L. b. in. 36. 586. b. v. 413. 750. 874.

⁷⁴ It has been suggested above, that Chaucer probably copied his Heroic Metre from Boccace. But neither Boccace nor any of the older Italian Poets are exact in the disposition of their accents. Though their Hendecasyllable Metre is allowed by the best Critics to be derived from the Trimeter Iambic Catalectic, the perfection of it has never been determined, like that of our Heroic Metre, to consist in the conformity of its Accents to the pure Iambic measure. Quadrio, L. ii. Dist. in. c. iv. Part. i. Nor does the King of Navarre always dispose his Accents more agreeably to our present notions. It is probable, I think, that some fundamental differences in the three languages may have led each of the three nations to prefer a different form of constructing the same kind of verse.

L. I. *Whanne*, SAX. *Hæpæne*, is so seldom used as a *Dissyllable* by Chaucer, that for some time I had great doubts about the true reading of this line. I now believe that it is right, as here printed, and that the same word is to be pronounced as a *Dissyllable* in ver 703.

But with these relics *whanne* that he fond—

Thanne, a word of the same form, occurs more frequently as a *Dissyllable*. See ver. 12560 12506. 12721. 13924. 15282. *2. Shoures*, Dis. *Plural number*. See above, p. xlii.—*3. Sote*. See ver. v.

II. 1. *Perceed*, Dis. *Participle of the Past Tense*. See above, p. xlii.—*2. Rote*, root.

III. 1. *Bathed*, Dis. See II. 1.—*2. Swiche*, such; from *Swilke*, SAX.—*3. líouór*, Fr. has the accent upon the *last* syllable, after the French mode.

IV. 1. *Vertúe*, Fr. may be accented in the same manner. There is another way of preserving the harmony of this verse, by making *whichef* (from *whilke*, SAX.) a *Dissyllable*. See ver. 1015. 3921. 5488. 6537. *Vertue* may then be pronounced, as it is now, with the accent on the *first*; the second syllable being incorporated with the first or *engendred*.

V. 1. *Sote*, *swote*, *swete*; sweet, Dis. See ver. 3219. 3699. 3724. 3763. 3790.

- VI. ¹ *Espiréd* háth in évery hólt and hétho
 VII. The ténðre ¹ *cróppes*, and the ² *yóng* sóñne,
 VIII. Háth in the Rám his ¹ *hálf* coúrs ² *yrónne*,
 IX. And ¹ *smále* ² *foúles* ³ *máken* méloðie,
 X. That ¹ *slépen* ² *álle* níght with ópen eýe,
 XI. So priketh ¹ *hém* ² *nátúre* in ³ *hír* ⁴ *coráges* ;
 XII. Than ¹ *lóngen* fólk to ² *gón* on pígrímáges,
 XIII. And ¹ *pálm*'es fórt to ² *séken* ³ *stráñge* stróñdes,
 XIV. To ¹ *sérve* ² *hálwes* ³ *coúthe* in sóñdry lónðes ;
 XV. And spéçially from évery ¹ *shíres* éñde
 XVI. Of ¹ *Englelónð* to Cánterbúry ² *they wéñde*,
 XVII. The hóly blísfúl mártýr fórt to séke,
 XVIII. That ¹ *hém* hath ² *hólpen*, whán that théy were ³ *séke*.

VI. 1. *Espiréd*. Tris. Part. of Past Time.

VII. 1. *Croppes*, Dis. Pl. N. as *shoures*. I. 2.—2. *Yonge*, Dis. See ver. 213. 666. 1013. 3233, 73. It is used as a *Dissyllable* in the *Ormulum*. Col. 230.

That wás god bísmé fól i wís fill úre *yóng*e géñge.

Stronge and *Longe* are pronounced in the same manner. See ver. 2375. 2640, 6. 3069. 3438. 3689.

VIII. 1. *Halfe* or *Halve*, Dis. The original word is *Halven*. So *Selce*, from *Selven*, is a *Dissyllable*, ver. 2862. 4535. .
 2. *Yronne*; Run. Part. of the Past Time, with the Saxon prepositive article *ȝe*, which in the MSS. of Chaucer is universally expressed by *y*, or *i*. In this Edition, for the sake of perspicuity, *y* only is used.

IX. 1. *Smale* Dis. See ver. 146. 2078. 6897. 10207.—2. *Foules*, Dis. as *Shoures*. I. 2.—3. *Maken*; make. Plural Number of the Present Tense. See above, p. xxvi.

X. 1. *Slepen*, as *Maken*. IX. 3.—2. *Alle*, Dis. See ver. 76. 348. 536. 1854. 2102.

XI. 1. *Hem*; Them. It is constantly used so by Chaucer. 2. *Nature* should perhaps be accented on the last syllable (or rather the last but one, supposing it a *Trissyllable*), after the French manner, though in the present case the verse will be sufficiently harmonious if it be accented on the first. That Chaucer did often accent it after the French manner appears from ver. 8778. 9842. 11637. 11945. 12229. In the same manner he accents *Figure*, ver. 2037. 2045. *Messure*, ver. 8132. 8493. *André*, *Statúre*, ver. 8130, 3. *Peintúre*, ver. 11967. *Aventúre*, ver. 1188. 1237. *Creature*, ver. 2397. 4883. and many other words of the same form, derived from the French language.—3. *Hír*; Their. The Possessive Pronoun of the third Person Plural is variously written, *Hír*, *Híre*, *Her*, and *Here*; not only in different MSS. but even in the same page of good MSS. There seems to be no reason for perpetuating varieties of this kind, which can only have taken their rise from the unsettled state of our Orthography before the invention of Printing, and which now contribute more than any real alteration of the language to obscure the sense of our old Authors. In this edition, therefore, *Hír* is constantly put to signify *Their*, and *Híre* to signify *Her*, whether it be the oblique case of the Personal Pronoun *She*, or the Possessive of the same Pronoun.—4. *Corages*, Fr. is to be accented on the *Penultima*. See before, p. xlv. and also ver. 1947. 2215. To the other instances quoted in p. xlv. add, *Avantúge*, ver. 2449. 4566. *Broçége*, 3375. *Fordge*, ver. 3866. *Lundge*, ver. 4270. 5419. *Serudge*, ver. 1943. 4783. *Costúge*, ver. 5831. *Parúge*, ver. 5832.

XII. 1. *Longen* as *Maken*. IX. 3.—2. *Gon*, Infinitive Mode of *Go*, terminated in *n* according to the Saxon form. See above, p. xxvi.

XIII. 1. *Pálm*'es, Dis. the *e* of the termination being cut out by Syncope, as it generally is in *Plural Nouns* of three Syllables, accented upon the first, and in the *Past Tenses* and their *Participles of Verbs*, of the same description, ending in *ed*. The reason seems to be, that, where the Accent is placed so early, we cannot pronounce the final syllables fully, without laying more stress upon them, than they can properly bear.—2. *Séken* as *Gon*. XII. 2.—3. *Stráñge*, Dis. Fr. See before, p. xliii.

XIV. 1. *Sérve* Dis. from *Serven*, the *n* being thrown away before *h*. See above, p. xvi. and xliii.—2. *Hálwes*, Sax. *palzege*. The Saxon *ȝ* is changed into *w*, as in *sorwe*, *morwe*, and some others; though it generally passes into *y*. The derivatives from this same word afford us instances of both forms; *Hólyness*, *Hólyday*, *All-Hállows*-day.—3. *Coúthe*; known, *The Participle of the Past Time* from *Connen*, to know. See before, n. 35.

XV. 1. *Shíres*, Dis. *Genitive Case Sing.* See before, p. xlii.

XVI. 1. *Englelónð*, Trissyllable, from the Saxon *Englalanða*.—The last foot consists of three syllables

—to Cán | terbúr | y they wéñde.

See above, n. 66.

XVIII. 1. *Hem*; Them. See XI. 1.—2. *Hólpen*, the *Participle of the Past Time* from the Irregular Verb *Hélp*. See

before, n. 34.—3. *Seke* ; *Sick*. As Chaucer usually writes this word *Sike*, we may suppose that in this instance he has altered the Orthography in order to make the Rime more exact; a liberty, with which he sometimes indulges himself, though much more sparingly than his contemporary Poets. The Saxon writers afford authorities to justify either method of spelling, as they use both *Seoca* and *SioCa*.

I have hitherto considered these verses as consisting of *ten* syllables only; but it is impossible not to observe, that, according to the rules of pronunciation established above, all of them, except the 3d and 4th, consist really of *eleven* syllables. This is evident at first sight in ver. 11, 12, 13, 14, and might be shewn as clearly, by authority or analogy, in the others; but as the *eleventh* syllable, in our versification, being unaccented, may always, I apprehend, be absent or present without prejudice to the metre, there does not seem to be any necessity for pointing it out in every particular instance.

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INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE

TO THE

CANTERBURY TALES.

CONTENTS.

§ 1. The Dramatic form of Novel-writing invented by Boccace. The *Decameron* a species of Comedy. § II. The Canterbury Tales composed in imitation of the *Decameron*. Design of this Discourse to give, 1. the general Plan of them, and, 2. a Review of the parts contained in this Edition. § III. The GENERAL PLAN of the Canterbury Tales, as originally designed by Chaucer. § IV. Parts of this Plan not executed. § V. Review of the parts contained in this Edition.—THE PROLOGUE. The Time of the Pilgrimage. § VI. The Number of the Company. § VII. Their Agreement to tell Tales for their diversion upon their journey. § VIII. Their Characters. Their setting out. The Knight appointed by lot to tell the first Tale. § IX. THE KNIGHTS TALE copied from the *Thesida* of Boccace. A summary account of the *Thesida*. § X. The Monk called upon to tell a Tale; interrupted by the Miller. § XI. THE MILLER'S TALE. § XII. THE REVERE TALE. The principal incidents taken from an old French *Fabliau*. § XIII. THE COOK'S TALE, imperfect in all the MSS. No foundation for ascribing the Story of *Gamelyn* to Chaucer. § XIV. THE PROLOGUE to the MAN OF LAWS TALE. The progress of the Pilgrims upon their journey. A reflection seemingly leveled at Gower. § XV. THE MAN OF LAWS TALE taken from Gower, who was not the inventor of it. A similar story in a Lay of *Bretagne*. § XVI. Reasons for placing the *Wife of Bathes Prologue* next to the *Man of Lawes Tale*. § XVII. THE WIFE OF BATHES PROLOGUE. § XVIII. THE WIFE OF BATHES TALE taken from the story of Florent in Gower, or from some older narrative. The fable much improved by Chaucer. § XIX. THE TALES of the FRERE AND THE SOMPOUR. § XX. THE CLERKES TALE said by Chaucer to be borrowed from *Petrarch*, whose work upon this subject is a mere translation from Boccace. § XXI. Reasons for changing the order of the three last Stanzas of the *Man of Lawes Tale*, and for placing the *Wife of Bathes Prologue* next to the *Man of Lawes Tale*. § XXII. THE MERCHANTS TALE. The adventure of the *Man of Lawes Tale* in the Latin fables of *Adolphus*. The derivatives of the name of Chaucer revived by Shakespeare. § XXIII. A new

PROLOGUE TO THE SQUIERS TALE (now first printed) connecting it with the *Marchants Tale*. § XXIV. THE SQUIERS TALE, probably never finished by Chaucer. § XXV. THE FRANKLEINS PROLOGUE, attributed to the *Marchant* in the common editions. Reasons for restoring it to the *Frankleins*. § XXVI. THE FRANKLEINS TALE taken from a Lay of *Bretagne*. The same story twice told by Boccace. § XXVII. Reasons for removing the Tales of the *Nonne* and *Chanons Yeman* to the end of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*. § XXVIII. Doubts concerning the Prologue to the *Doctours Tale*. § XXIX. THE DOCTOURS TALE. The story of Virginia from *Livy*. § XXX. THE PARDONERS PROLOGUE. The proper use of the Prologue in this work. The outline of the PARDONERS TALE in the *Cento Nouvelle Antiche*. § XXXI. Reasons for transferring to the *Shipman* a Prologue which has usually been prefixed to the Tale of the *Squier*. THE SHIPMAN'S TALE probably borrowed from some French *Fableaux*, older than Boccace. § XXXII. THE PROLOGUE AND TALE. § XXXIII. Chaucer called upon for his Tale. His RIME OF SIRE TROPAS a ridicule upon the old metrical Romances. § XXXIV. His other Tale of MELIBEE in Prose, a translation from the French. § XXXV. THE MONKES TALE, upon the plan of Boccace's work *De Casibus virorum illustrium*. § XXXVI. THE TALE of the NONNES PREEST. The ground-work borrowed from a Fable of *Marie*, a French Poetess. § XXXVII. THE NONNES TALE not connected with any preceding Tale. Translated from the Life of St. *Cecilia* in the *Golden Legend*. Originally composed as a separate work. § XXXVIII. THE TALE of the CHANONS YEMAN, a satire against the Alchemists. § XXXIX. THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE. The Pilgrims advanced to a place called "Bob up and down." THE MANCIPLES TALE, the fable of *Coronis* in *Ovid*. § XL. The Poem, called "The *Plowman's Tale*," why omitted in this edition. § XLI. THE PERSON'S TALE, a *Treatise on Penance*. § XLII. Remarks upon what is commonly called the RETRACTATION at the end of the *Person's Tale*. Conclusion.

XV. 1. *Shires*, Dis.XVI. 1. *Engleland*.

See above, n. 66.

XVIII. 1. *Hem*; The

atic form, which Boccace gave to his collection of Tales, or Novels, about fourteenth Century¹, must be allowed to have been a capital improvement

Decameron being supposed in 1348, the year of the great pestilence, it is probable that Boccace did not till after that period. How soon he completed it is uncertain. It should seem from the

of that species of amusing composition. The Decameron in that respect, not to mention many others, has the same advantage over the *Cento Novelle antiche*, which are supposed to have preceded it in point of time, that a regular Comedy will necessarily have over an equal number of single unconnected Scenes. Perhaps indeed there would be no great harm, if the Critics would permit us to consider the Decameron, and other compositions of that kind, in the light of Comedies not intended for the stage: at least we may venture to assume, that the closer any such composition shall copy the most essential forms of Comedy, the more natural and defined the Plan shall be; the more the Characters shall be diversified; the more the Tales shall be suited to the Characters; so much the more conspicuous will be the skill of the Writer, and his work approach the nearer to perfection.

§ II. The Canterbury Tales are a work of the same nature with the Decameron, and were, in all probability, composed in imitation of it, though upon a different and, in my opinion, an improved plan. It would be easy to shew, that, in the several points abovementioned, Chaucer has either been more judicious, or more fortunate, than his master Boccace: but, waiving for the present² that disquisition, I shall proceed to the immediate object of this Discourse, which is, in the first place, to lay before the Reader the general plan of the Canterbury Tales, as it appears to have been originally designed by Chaucer; and, secondly, to give a particular review of the several parts of that work, which are come down to us, as they are published in this edition.

§ III. THE GENERAL PLAN of the Canterbury Tales may be learned in a great measure from the Prologue, which Chaucer himself has prefixed to them. He supposes there, that a company of Pilgrims going to Canterbury assemble at an Inn in Southwark, and agree, that, for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one Tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence; and that he, who shall tell the best Tales, shall be treated by the rest with a supper upon their return to the same Inn. This is shortly the *Fable*. The *Characters* of the Pilgrims are as various as, at that time, could be found in the several departments of *middle* life; that is, in fact, as various as could, with any probability, be brought together, so as to form one company; the highest and the lowest ranks of society being necessarily excluded. It appears further, that the design of Chaucer was not barely to recite the Tales told by the Pilgrims, but also to describe their journey, *And all the*

introduction to the Fourth Day, that a part (containing perhaps the three first Days) was published separately; for in that Introduction he takes pains to answer the censures, which had been passed upon him by several persons, who had read his Novels. One of the censures is, "that it did not become *his age* to write for the amusement of women, &c." In his answer he seems to allow the fact, that he was rather an old fellow, but endeavours to justify himself by the examples of "Guido Cavalcanti et Dante Alighieri *gia vecchi* et Messer Cino da Pistoia *vecchissimo*." It appears from a passage in the *Laberinto d'Amore* [Ed. 1723. t. iii. p. 24.], that Boccace considered himself as an elderly man, when he was a little turned of forty; and therefore the publication of the first part of the Decameron may very well have been, as Salviani has fixed it, [V. Manni. *Ist. del Decam.* p. 144.] in 1353, when Boccace was just forty years of age. If we consider the nature of the work, and that the Author, in his Conclusion, calls it repeatedly "*lunga fatica*," and says, that "*molto tempo*" had passed between the commencement and the completion of it, we can hardly, I think, suppose that it was finished in less than ten years; which will bring the publication of the entire collection of Novels, as we now have it, down to 1362.

² I will only just mention what appear to me to be fundamental defects in the Decameron. In the first place, the *Action* is indefinite; not limited by its own nature, but merely by the will of the Author. It might, if he had been so pleased, have as well comprehended twenty, or a hundred days, as ten; and therefore, though some frivolous reasons are assigned for the return of the Company to Florence, we see too plainly, that the true reason was, that the budget of Novels was exhausted. Not to mention, that every day after the first may properly be considered as containing a new *Action*, or, what is worse, a repetition of the *Action* of the former day. The second defect is in the *Characters*, which are so nearly resembling to each other, in age, rank, and even natural disposition, that, if they had been strictly supported, their conversation must have been incapable of that variety, which is necessary to carry the reader through so long a work. The third defect has arisen from the author's attempt to remedy the second. In order to diversify and enliven his narrations, he has made a circle of virtuous ladies and polite gentlemen hear and relate in their turns a number of stories, which cannot with any degree of probability be supposed to have been suffered in such an assembly.

remnant of their *pilgrimage* [ver. 726.] ; including, probably, their adventures at Canterbury as well as upon the road. If we add, that the Tales, besides being nicely adapted to the Characters of their respective Relaters, were intended to be connected together by suitable introductions, and interspersed with diverting episodes ; and that the greatest part of them was to have been executed in Verse ; we shall have a tolerable idea of the extent and difficulty of the whole undertaking : and admiring, as we must, the vigour of that genius, which in an advanced age³ could begin so vast a work, we shall rather lament than be surprised that it has been left imperfect.

§ iv. In truth, if we compare those parts of the Canterbury Tales, of which we are in possession, with the sketch which has been just given of the intended whole, it will be found that more than one half is wanting. The Prologue we have, perhaps nearly complete, and the greatest part of the journey to Canterbury ; but not a word of the transactions at Canterbury, or of the journey homeward, or of the Epilogue, which, we may suppose, was to have concluded the work, with an account of the Prize-supper and the separation of the company. Even in that part which we have of the journey to Canterbury, it will be necessary, in the following Review, to take notice of certain defects and inconsistencies, which can only be accounted for upon the supposition, that the work was never finished by the Author.

§ v. Having thus stated the general Plan of the Canterbury Tales, I shall now, according to my promise, enter upon a particular Review of those parts of them, which are published in this edition, beginning with THE PROLOGUE.

It seems to have been the intention of Chaucer, in the first lines of the Prologue, to mark with some exactness the *time* of his supposed pilgrimage ; but unluckily the two circumstances of his description, which were most likely to answer that purpose, are each of them irreconcilable to the other. When he tells us, that “the shoures of April had *perced to the rote* the drought of March” [ver. 1, 2], we must suppose, in order to allow due time for such an operation, that April was far advanced ; while on the other hand the place of the Sun, “having just run half his course in the Ram” [ver. 7, 8.], restrains us to some day in the very latter end of March ; as the Vernal Equinox, in the age of Chaucer, according to his own treatise on the Astrolabe⁴, was computed to happen on the twelfth of March. This difficulty may, and I think, should, be removed by reading in ver. 8, *the Bull*, instead of *the Ram*⁵. All the

¹ Chaucer was born in 1328, and it is most probable, I think, that he did not begin his Canterbury Tales before 1382, at the earliest. My reason is this. The Queen, who is mentioned in the *Legende of Good Women*, ver. 496. was certainly Anne of Bohemia, the first Queen of Richard II. She was not married to Richard, till the beginning of 1382, so that the *Legende* cannot possibly be supposed of an earlier date than that year. In the *Legende* [ver. 329—332. ver. 417—430] Chaucer has enumerated, I believe, all the considerable works which he had then composed. It was to his purpose not to omit any. He not only does not mention the Canterbury Tales, but he expressly names *the story of Palamon and Arcite* and *the Life of Saint Cecilia*, both which now make part of them, as separate compositions. I am persuaded therefore, that in 1382 the work of the Canterbury Tales was not begun ; and if we look further and consider the troubles in which Chaucer was involved, for the five or six following years, by his connexions with John of Northampton, we can hardly suppose that it was much advanced before 1389, the sixty first year of the author's age.

⁴ In this particular the Editions agree with the MSS. but in general, the printed text of this Treatise is so monstrously incorrect, that it cannot be cited with any safety.

⁵ This correction may seem to be authorised, in some measure, by Lidgate, who begins his continuation of the Canterbury Tales in this manner.

“When bright Plebeus *passed was the Ram*
Midde of Aprill, and into the Bull came.”

But the truth is, that Dan John wrote for the most part in a great hurry, and consequently without much accuracy. In the account which he proceeds to give of Chaucer's Tales, he not only confounds the circumstances of description of the Sompnour and Pardoner, but he speaks of the latter as—

Telling a tale to anger with the Frere.
Stone of Thebes, ver. 32—5.

parts of the description will then be consistent with themselves, and with another passage [ver. 4425.], where, in the best MSS. *the eighte and twenty day* of April is named as the day of the journey to Canterbury.

We will suppose therefore, that the preceding day, the seven and twentieth of April, was the day on which the company assembled at the Tabard. In what year this happened, Chaucer has not thought fit to inform us⁶. Either he did not think it necessary to fix that point at all; or perhaps he postponed it, till the completion of his work should enable him to assign such a date to his Fable, as should be consistent with all the historical circumstances, which he might take occasion to introduce into it.

§ vi. A second point, intended to be defined in the Prologue, is the *number of the company*; and this too has its difficulties. They are said in ver. 24. to have been *nine and twenty*, but it is not clear whether Chaucer himself is included in that number. They might therefore, according to that passage, be *thirty*; but if we reckon the several characters, as they are enumerated in the Prologue, we shall find them *one and thirty*; 1. a Knight; 2. a Squier; 3. a Yeman; 4. a Prioress; 5. an other Nonne; 6. 7. 8. Three Preestes; 9. a Monk; 10. a Frere; 11. a Shant; 12. a Clerk of Oxenforde; 13. a Sergeant of the Lawe; 14. a Frankleyn; 15. a Haberdasher; 16. a Carpenter; 17. a Webbe; 18. a Deyr; 19. a Tapiser; 20. a Coke; 21. a Shipman; 22. a Doctour of Physike; 23. a Wif of Bathe; 24. a Persone; 25. a Plowman; 26. a Reve; 27. a Miller; 28. a Sompnour; 29. a Pardoner; 30. a Manciple; 31. Chaucer himself. It must be observed however that in this list there is one very suspicious article, which is that of the *three Preestes*. As it appears evidently to have been the

⁶ It is clear, that, whether the Pilgrimage were real or imaginary, Chaucer, as a Poet, had a right to suppose it to have happened at the time which he thought best. He was only to take care, when the time was once fixed, that no circumstances were admitted into his Poem, which might clash, or be inconsistent with the date of it. When no particular date is assigned to a fable of this sort, we must naturally imagine that the date of the fable coincides with that of the composition; and accordingly, if we examine the Canterbury Tales, we shall not find any circumstances which do not perfectly suit with that period, which has been stated in a former note as the probable time of Chaucer's beginning to compose them. The latest historical fact mentioned in them is the Insurrection of Jakke Straw [ver. 15400], which happened in 1381; and the earliest in which any person of the Drama is concerned, is the siege of Algezir [ver. 56, 7], which began in August 1342, and ended, with the taking of the city, in March 1344 Mariana, l. xvi. c. x., xi. The Knight therefore may very well be supposed to have been at that siege, and also upon a Pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1383, or thereabouts.

They who are disposed to believe the Pilgrimage to have been real, and to have happened in 1383, may support their opinion by the following inscription, which is still to be read upon the Inn, now called the Talbot, in Southwark. "This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury, Anno 1383." Though the present inscription is evidently of a very recent date, we might suppose it to have been propagated to us by a succession of faithful transcripts from the very time; but unluckily there is too good reason to be assured, that the first inscription of this sort was not earlier than the last century. Mr. Speght, who appears to have been inquisitive concerning this Inn in 1597, has left us this account of it in his Glossary, v. TABARD. "A Jaquet, or sleeveless coat, worn in times past by Noblemen in the warres, but now onely by Heraults, and is called theyre coate of Armes in servise. It is the signe of an Inne in Southwarke by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the Hostelry where Chaucer and the other Pilgrims mett together, and, with Henry Baully their hoste, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath bin much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoynd, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much encreased, for the receipt of many guests."

If any inscription of this kind had then been there, he would hardly have omitted to mention it; and therefore I am persuaded it has been put up since his time, and most probably when the sign was changed from the Tabard to the Talbot, in order to preserve the ancient glory of the House notwithstanding its new title. Whoever furnished the date, must be allowed to have at least invented plausibly.

While I am upon the subject of "his famous Hostelry, I will just add, that it was probably parcel of two tenement which appear to have been conveyed by William de Ludegarsale to the Abbot, &c. *de Hyda juxta Winton*, in 1306, and which are described, in a former conveyance there recited, to extend in length, "a communi fossato de Suthwerk versus Orientem, usque Regiam viam de Suthwerke versus Occidentem." Registrum de Hyde, MS. Harl. 1761. fo. 106-173. If we should ever be so happy as to recover the account books of the Abbey of Hyde, we may possibly learn what rent *Harry Bailly* paid for his inn, and many other important particulars.

design of Chaucer to compose his company of individuals of different ranks, in order to produce a greater variety of distinct characters, we can hardly conceive that he would, in this single instance, introduce *three*, of the same profession, without any discriminating circumstances whatever; and in fact, when the Nonnes Preest is called upon to tell his tale, [ver 14814.] he is accosted by the Host in a manner, which will not permit us to suppose that two others of the same denomination were present. This must be allowed to be a strong objection to the genuineness of that article of the *three* Preestes; but it is not the only one. All the other Characters are particularly described, and most of them very much at large, whereas the whole that is said of the *other Nonne* and the *three Preestes* is contained in these two lines [ver. 163, 4.] at the end of the Prioresses character:

Another Nonne also with hire had she,
That was hire Chapellein, and Preestes thre.

Where it is also observable, that the single circumstance of description is false; for no Nonne could be a Chaplain. The chief duty of a Chaplain was to say Mass, and to hear Confession, neither of which offices could regularly be performed by a Nonne, or by any woman⁷.

It should seem therefore, that we have sufficient ground to reject these two lines, or at least the second, as an interpolation⁸; by which means we shall get rid of *two* of the Preestes, and the detail of the characters will agree with the gross number in ver. 24, Chaucer himself being included among the *nine and twenty*. As Novellists generally delight in even numbers, it is not improbable that the Host was intended to be the thirtieth. Though not under the same obligation with the other Pilgrims, he might nevertheless tell his Tale among them as a Volunteer.

§ VII. This leads me, in the third place, to examine what the *agreement* was, which the Pilgrims entered into, at the suggestion of the Host, with respect to the number of Tales that each person was to tell. The proposal of the Host stands thus, with very little variation, in all the MSS.

This is the point—says he, ver. 792—5.

That eche of you, to shorten with youre way,
In this viage shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shal tellen other two—

From this passage we should certainly conclude, that each of them was to tell *two tales* in the

⁷ It appears that some Abbesses did at one time attempt to hear the Confessions of their Nuns, and to exercise some other smaller parts of the clerical function: but this practice, I apprehend, was soon stopped by Gregory IX, who has forbidden it in the strongest terms Decretal l. v. tit 38. c. x. Nova quedam nostri sunt auribus intimata, quod Abbatissæ moniales proprias benedicunt; ipsarum quoque confessiones in criminibus audiunt, et legentes Evangelium præsumunt publice prædicare: Cum igitur id absolum sit et pariter absurdum, Mandamus quatenus ne id de cætero fiat cunctis finititer inlubere. If these presumptuous Abbesses had ventured to say Mass, his Holyness would doubtless have thundered still louder against them.

⁸ My notion, I cannot call it opinion, the matter is this; that the first of these lines did really begin the character of the Nonne, which Chaucer has originally inserted in this place together with that of the Nonnes Preest, at as great length as the other characters, but that they were both afterwards expunged, either by himself, or, more probably, by those who published his work after his death, for reasons of nearly the same kind with those which occasioned the suppression of the latter part of the Cokes Tale. I suspect our Bard had been rather too gay in his description of these two Religious persons. See a little concerning the Preest, ver. 15453—67.

If it should be thought improbable that an interpolator would insert any thing so absurd and contradictory to the Author's plan as the second line, I beg leave to suggest, that it is still more improbable that such a line should have come from the Author himself, and further, I think I can promise, in the course of the following work, to point out several other undoubted interpolations, which are to the full as absurd as the subject of our present discussion.

journey to Canterbury, and *two more* in the journey homeward : but all the other passages, in which mention is made of this agreement, would rather lead us to believe, that they were to tell only *one* Tale in each journey ; and the Prologue to the Parsons Tale strongly confirms this latter supposition. The Host says there, [ver. 17327.]

—“ Now lacketh us no tales mo than on ”—

and calling upon the Parson to tell this one tale, which was wanting, he says to him, [ver. 17335.]

—“ ne breke thou not our play,
For every man, save thou, hath told his tale.”

The Parson therefore had not told any tale before, and only one tale was expected from him (and consequently from each of the others) upon that journey.

It is true, that a very slight alteration of the passage first cited would reconcile that too to this hypothesis. If it were written—

That eche of you, to shorten with youre way,
In this viage shal tellen tales tway ;
To Canterbury ward, I mene it, o,
And homeward he shal tell another to—

the original proposition of the Host would perfectly agree with what appears to have been the subsequent practice. However, I cannot venture to propose such an alteration of the text, in opposition to so many MSS. some of them of the best note ; and therefore the Reader, if he is so pleased, may consider this as one of those inconsistencies, hinted at above, which prove too plainly that the author had not finished his work.

§ VIII. The remainder of the Prologue is employed in describing the *Characters* of the Pilgrims, and their first setting out upon their journey. The little that it may be necessary to say in illustration of some of the Characters I shall reserve for the Notes. The circumstances of their setting out are related succinctly and naturally ; and the contrivance of appointing the Knight *by lot* to tell the first tale is a happy one, as it affords the Author the opportunity of giving his work a splendid opening, and at the same time does not infringe that apparent equality, upon which the freedom of discourse and consequently the ease and good humour of every society so entirely depends. The general satisfaction, which this appointment is said to give to the company, puts us in mind of a similar gratification to the secret wishes of the Grecian army, when the lot of fighting with Hector falls to Ajax ; though there is not the least probability that Chaucer had ever read the *Iliad*, even in a translation.

§ IX. THE KNIGHTS TALE, or at least a Poem upon the same subject, was originally composed by Chaucer, as a separate work. As such it is mentioned by him, among some of his other works, in the *Legende of gode women*, [ver. 420, l.] under the title of—“ al the love of Palamon and Arcite of Thebes, though the storie is knowen lite— ;” and the last words seem to imply that it had not made itself very popular. It is not impossible that at first it was a mere translation of the *Theseida* of Boccace, and that its present form was given it, when Chaucer determined to assign it the first place among his *Canterbury tales*. As the *Theseida*, upon which this tale is entirely founded, is very rare to be met with, it may be not

^o The letter, which Boccace sent to the Fiammetta with this poem, is dated *di Napoli a 15 d'Aprile 1341*. *Lettere di xiii. Uomini Illust. Ven. 1564*. I believe that date is a true one, and it is remarkable, as being the very year and month, in which Petrarch received the Laurel at Rome. See Petr. Ep. Famil. XII 12.

The first Edition of the *Theseida*, according to Quadrio [t. vi. p. 462.], was without date, and under the mistaken title of *Amasonde*, which might have been proper enough for the first book. It was soon after however reprinted with its true title, at Ferrara, in 1475, fol. Dr. Askew was so obliging as to lend me the only copy of this edition which I have ever heard of, in England. The Reverend Mr. Crofts has a later edition in 4^{to}. printed at Venice, 1

unpleasing to the Reader to see here a short summary of it, which will shew with what skill Chaucer has proceeded in reducing a poem of about ten thousand lines to a little more than two thousand, without omitting any material circumstance.

The Theseida is distributed into twelve Books or Cantoes.

B. I. contains the war of Theseus with the Amazons; their submission to him; and his marriage with Hippolyta.

B. II. Theseus, having spent two years in Scythia, is reproached by Perithous in a vision, and immediately returns to Athens with Hippolyta and her sister Emilia. He enters the city in triumph; finds the Grecian Ladies in the temple of Clemenzia; marches to Thebes; kills Creon, &c. and brings home Palemone and Arcita, who are

Damnati—ad eterna presone.

B. III. Emilia, walking in a garden and singing, is heard and seen first by Arcita¹⁰, who calls Palemone. They are both equally enamoured of her, but without any jealousy or rivalry. Emilia is supposed to see them at the window, and to be not displeased with their admiration.—Arcita is released at the request of Perithous; takes his leave of Palemone, with embraces, &c.

B. IV. Arcita, having changed his name to *Pentheo*, goes into the service of Menelaus at Mycenæ, and afterwards of Pelus at Ægina. From thence he returns to Athens and becomes a favourite servant of Theseus, being known to Emilia, though to nobody else; till after some time he is overheard making his complaint in a wood, to which he usually resorted for that purpose, by Pamphilo, a servant of Palemone.

B. V. Upon the report of Pamphilo, Palemone begins to be jealous of Arcita, and is desirous to get out of prison in order to fight with him. This he accomplishes with the assistance of

1528, but in that the poem has been *riveduto e emendato*, that is, in plain English, modernized. I cannot help suspecting that Salvini, who has inveighed with great bitterness against the corruptions of the printed Theseida, [Manni, Ist. del Decam. p. 82.] had only examined this last edition; for I observe that a Stanza which he has quoted (from some MS. as I suppose) is not near so correct as it is in the edition of 1475. As this Stanza contains Boccace's own account of the intention of his Poem, I shall transcribe it here from that edition. It is the beginning of his conclusion

Poi che le Muse nude cominciaro
Nel conspetto de gli omni ad andare,
Gai fur de quelli che [gia] le exercitaro
Con bello stilo in *honesto* parlare,
E altri in *amoroso* lo operaro;
Ma tu, o libro, primo al lor cantare
Di *Marte* fai gli affanni sostenuti,
Nel vulgar latino mai piu non veduti.

This plainly alludes to a passage in Dante, de *Vulgari Eloquentia*, l. ii. c. ii. where, after having pointed out the three great subjects of Poetry, viz. *Arma, Amor, et Rectitudinem*. (War, Love, and Morality,) and enumerated the illustrious writers upon each, he adds: *Arma vero nullum Italum adhuc invento poetasse*. Boccace therefore apparently prides himself upon having supplied the defect remarked by Dante, and upon being the first who taught the Italian Muses to sing of *Arms*.

Besides other variations for the worse, the fifth line in Salvini's copy is written thus,

Ed altri in dolci modi l'operaro—

by which means the allusion to Dante is rendered incomplete.

¹⁰ In describing the commencement of this Amour, which is to be the subject of the remainder of the poem, Chaucer has entirely departed from his author in three principal circumstances, 1. By supposing Emilia to be seen first by Palamon, he gives him an and, I think, in each with very good reason. 2. The picture which Boccace has exhibited of two young princes violently enamoured of the same object, without jealousy or rivalry, is, in my opinion, insipid and unpoetical. 3. As no consequence is to follow from their being seen by Emilia at this time, it is better, I think, to suppose, as Chaucer has done, that they are not seen by her.

Pamphilo, by changing clothes with Alimeto, a Physician. He goes armed to the wood in quest of Arcita, whom he finds sleeping. At first they are very civil and friendly to each other¹¹. Then Palemone calls upon Arcita to renounce his pretensions to Emilia, or to fight with him. After many long expostulations on the part of Arcita, they fight, and are discovered first by Emilia, who sends for Theseus. When he finds who they are, and the cause of their difference, he forgives them, and proposes the method of deciding their claim to Emilia by a combat of an hundred on each side, to which they gladly agree.

B. VI. Palemone and Arcita live splendidly at Athens, and send out messengers to summon their friends, who arrive; and the principal of them are severally described, viz. Iycurgus, Peleus, Phocus, Telamon, &c. Agamemnon, Menelaus, Castor, and Pollux, &c. Nestor, Evander, Perithous, Ulysses, Diomedes, Pygmalion, Minos, &c. with a great display of ancient history and mythology.

B. VII. Theseus declares the laws of the combat, and the two parties of an hundred on each side are formed. The day before the combat, Arcita, after having visited the temples of all the Gods, makes a formal prayer to Mars. The Prayer, *being personified*¹², is said to go and find Mars in his temple in Thrace, which is described; and Mars, upon understanding the message, causes favourable signs to be given to Arcita. In the same manner Palemone closes his religious observances with a prayer to Venus. His Prayer, *being also personified*, sets out for the temple of Venus on Mount Cithere, which is also described; and the petition is granted. Then the sacrifice of Emilia to Diana is described; her prayer; the appearance of the Goddess; and the signs of the two fires.—In the morning they proceed to the Theatre with their respective troops, and prepare for the action. Arcita puts up a private prayer to Emilia, and harangues his troop publicly; and Palemone does the same.

¹¹ En sicme se fer festa di bon core,
E li loro accidenti si narraro. Thes. l. v.

This is surely too much in the style of Romance. Chaucer has made them converse more naturally. He has also judiciously avoided to copy Boccace in representing Arcite as more moderate than his rival—

¹² Era alor forsi Marte in exercitio
Di chiara far la parte ruginosa
Del grande suo e horribile hospitio,
Quando de Arcita LA ORATION pietosa
Pervenne li per fare il dato ofitio,
Tutta ne lo aspetto lagrimosa;
La qual divene di spavento muta,
Come di Marte hebbe laca veduta. Thes. l. vii.

As this contrivance, of *personifying* the Prayers and sending them to the several deities, is only in order to introduce a description of the respective temples, it will be allowed, I believe, that Chaucer has attained the same end by more natural fiction. It is very probable that Boccace caught the idea of making the Prayers *persons* from Homer, with whose works he was better acquainted than most of his contemporaries in this part of the world; and there can be no doubt, I suppose, that Chaucer's imagination, in the expedient which he has substituted, was assisted by the occasional edifices which he had himself seen erected for the decoration of Turnaments.

The combat, which follows, having no foundation in ancient history or manners, it is no wonder that both poets should have admitted a number of incongruous circumstances into their description of it. The great advantage, which Chaucer has over his original in this respect is, that he is much shorter. When we have read in the Theban history, a long and learned catalogue of all the heroes of Antiquity brought together upon this occasion, we are only surprised to see Theseus, in such an assembly, conferring the honour of Knighthood upon the two Theban ch—

E senza stare con non piccolo honore
Cinse le spade a li qui scudieri,
E ad Arcita Poluce e Castore
Calciaro d'oro li sproni e volentieri,
E Diomede e Ulixè di cuore
Calzati a Palemone, e cavalieri
Ambedu furono allora novelli
Li innamorati Theban damiglieli. Thes. l. vii.

the Sun, in the
ore than fifteen
to make together
was not at the
ing to all the Editions
e fourth part of the day

B. VIII. Contains a description of the battle, in which Palemone is taken prisoner.

B. IX. The horse of Arcita, being frightened by a Fury, sent from hell at the desire of Venus, throws him. However, he is carried to Athens in a triumphal chariot with Emilia by his side; is put to bed dangerously ill; and there by his own desire espouses Emilia.

* B. X. The funeral of the persons killed in the combat Arcita, being given over by his Physicians, makes his will, in discourse with Theseus, and desires that Palemone may inherit all his possessions and also Emilia. He then takes leave of Palemone and Emilia, to whom he repeats the same request. Their lamentations. Arcita orders a sacrifice to Mercury, which Palemone performs for him, and dies.

B. XI. Opens with the passage of Arcita's soul to heaven, imitated from the beginning of the 9th Book of Lucan. The funeral of Arcita. Description of the wood felled takes up six Stanzas. Palemone builds a temple in honour of him, in which his whole history is painted. The description of this painting is an abridgement of the preceding part of the Poem.

B. XII. Theseus proposes to carry into execution Arcita's will by the marriage of Palemone and Emilia. This they both decline for some time in formal speeches, but at last are persuaded and married. The Kings, &c. take their leave, and Palemone remains—"in gioia e in diporto con la sua dona nobile e cortese."

From this sketch of the Theseida it is evident enough that Chaucer was obliged to Boccace¹³ for the Plan and principal incidents of the KNIGHTS TALE; and in the Notes upon that tale I shall point out some passages, out of many more, which are literal translations from the Italian.

§ x. When the *Knight* has finished his Tale, the *Host* with great propriety calls upon the *Monk*, as the next in rank among the men, to tell the next Tale; but, as it seems to have been the intention of Chaucer to avail himself of the variety of his Characters, in order to distribute alternate successions of Serious and Comic, in nearly equal proportions, throughout his work, he has contrived, that the *Hosts* arrangement shall be set aside by the intrusion of the *drunken Miller*, whose tale is such as might be expected from his character and condition, a complete contrast to the *Knights*.

§ xi. I have not been able to discover from whence the Story of the MILLERS TALE is taken; so that for the present I must give Chaucer credit for it as his own invention, though in general he appears to have built his Tales, both serious and comic, upon stories, which he found ready made. The great difference is, that in his serious pieces he often follows his author with the servility of a mere translator, and in consequence his narration is jejune and constrained; whereas in the comic, he is generally satisfied with borrowing a slight hint of his subject, which he varies, enlarges, and embellishes at pleasure, and gives the whole the air and

¹³ To whom Boccace was obliged is a more difficult subject of enquiry. That the Story was of his own invention, I think is scarcely credible. He speaks of it himself as *very ancient*. [Lett. alla Fiammetta. *Biblioth. Smith. App. p. exli.*] Trovata una antichissima Storia, e al piu delle genti non manifesta, in latino volgare, acciocchè piu dilettaesse e massimamente a voi, che gia con sommo titolo le mie rime esaltaste, ho ridotta. He then tells her, that she will perceive that what is related under the name of *one* of the two lovers and of Emilia, is very similar to what had

ly passed between herself and him; and adds—Se forse alcune cose soperche vi fossono, il voler bene coprire by which mon era onesto manifestare, da noi due in fuori, e'l volete la storia segure, ne sono cagione. I am well aware

that declinations of this kind, prefixed to fabulous works, are not much to be depended upon. The wildest Chaucer has ent^{ed} ^{ch} Romances are commonly said by the Authois to be translated from some old *Latin Chronicle* at St. reason. I. By sub^{al}, certainly the Story of Palemone and Arcita, as related by Boccace, could not be *very ancient*. If it was al, as I rather suspect, it must have been thrown into its present form, after the Norman Princes had the catastrophe mo^{ed} anners of Chivalry into their dominions in Sicily and Italy.

violently enamoured ^{ed} modern Greek political verses *De nuptiis Thesei et Emiliae*, printed at Venice in 1529, is a more insipid and unpoetical ^{ed} *Theseida*. The Author has even translated the profatory epistle addressed by Boccace to the I think, to suppose, as Ch^{ed}

colour of an original; a sure sign, that his genius rather led him to compositions of the latter kind.

§ XII. The next tale is told by the REVE (who is represented above, ver. 589. as "a choleric man") in revenge of the *Müller's* tale. It has been generally said to be borrowed from the *Decameron*, D. ix. N. 6. but I rather think that both Boccace and Chaucer, in this instance, have taken whatever they have in common from an old *Fabliau*, or *Conte*, of an anonymous French rimer, *De Gombert et des deux Clercs*. The Reader may easily satisfy himself upon this head, by casting his eye upon the French *Fabliau*, which has lately been printed with several others from MSS. in France. See *Fabliaux et Contes*, Paris, 1756. t. ii. p. 115—124.

§ XIII. The COKE'S TALE is imperfect in all the MSS. which I have had an opportunity of examining. In MS. A. it seems to have been entirely omitted; and indeed I cannot help suspecting, that it was intended to be omitted, at least in this place, as in the *Manciples Prologue*, when the *Coke* is called upon to tell a tale, there is no intimation of his having told one before. Perhaps our Author might think, that three tales of *harlotrie*, as he calls it, together would be too much. However, as it is sufficiently certain, that the *Cokes* Prologue and the beginning of his Tale are genuine compositions, they have their usual place in this Edition. There was not the same reason for inserting the story of GAMBLEYN, which in some MSS. is annexed to the *Cokes* Tale. It is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and versification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer. I did not therefore think myself warranted to publish it a second time among the Canterbury Tales, though as a Relique of our antient Poetry, and the foundation, perhaps, of Shakespeare's *As you like it*, I could have wished to see it more accurately printed, than it is in the only edition which we have of it.

§ XIV. In the PROLOGUE to THE MAN OF LAWES TALE Chaucer recalls our attention to the Action, if I may so call it, of his Drama, the journey of the Pilgrims. They had set out soon after *the day began to spring*, ver. 824 and f. When the *Reve* was beginning to tell his tale, they were in the neighbourhood of Deptford and Greenwich, and it was *half way prime*; that is, I suppose, *half way past prime*, about half hour after seven A. M. [ver. 3904, 5.]. How much further they were advanced upon their road at this time is not said; but the hour of the day is pointed out to us by two circumstances. We are first told [ver. 4422, 3.], that

—"the Sonne

The aik of his artificial day had ronnc

The fourthe part and half an hour and more;"—

and secondly [ver. 4432.], that he was "five and forty degrees high;" and this last circumstance is so confirmed by the mention of a corresponding phenomenon that it is impossible to suspect any error in the number. The equality in length of shadows to their projecting bodies can only happen, when the Sun is at the height of *five and forty* degrees. Unfortunately however this description, though seemingly intended to be so accurate, will neither enable us to conclude with the MSS. that it was "*ten of the clock*," nor to fix upon any other hour; as the two circumstances just mentioned are not found to coincide in any part of the twenty-eighth, or of any other, day of April¹⁴ in this climate. All that we can conclude with certainty is, that it was *not past ten* of the clock.

¹⁴ The twenty-eighth day of April, in the time of Chaucer, answering to our 6th or 7th of May, the Sun, in the latitude of London, rose about half hour after four, and the length of the artificial day was a little more than fifteen hours. A fourth part of 15 hours (= 3^h. 45^m.) and half an hour and more—may be fairly computed to make together 4 hours $\frac{3}{4}$, which being reckoned from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. give the time of day exactly 9, A. M. But the Sun was not at the altitude of 45°, till above half hour after 9. In like manner, if we take the eighteenth day (according to all the Editions and some MSS.) we shall find that the Sun indeed was 45° high at 10 A. M. exactly, but that the fourth part of the day and half an hour and more had been completed at 9, A. M.

The compliments which Chaucer has introduced upon his own writings are modest enough, and quite unexceptionable; but if the reflection [ver. 4497. and f.] upon those who relate such stories as that of *Canace*, or of *Apollonius Tyrius*, was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack to our notions of the strict friendship, which is generally supposed to have subsisted between the two bards¹⁵. The attack too at this time must appear the more extraordinary on the part of our bard, as he is just going to put into the mouth of his *Man of Lawe* a tale, of which almost every circumstance is borrowed from Gower. The fact is, that the story of *Canace* is related by Gower in his *Conf. Amant.* B. iii. and the story of¹⁶ *Apollonius* (or *Apollignus*, as he is there called) in the viiith book of the same work; so that, if Chaucer really did not mean to reflect upon his old friend, his choice of these two instances was rather unlucky.

§ xv. THE MAN OF LAWE'S TALE, as I have just said, is taken, with very little variation, from Gower, *Conf. Amant.* B. ii. If there could be any doubt, upon a cursory perusal of the two tales, which of them was written first, the following passage, I think, is sufficient to decide the question. At ver. 5506, Chaucer says,—

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this Emperour :—

and we read in Gower, that Maurice is actually sent upon this message to the Emperour. We may therefore fairly conclude that in this passage Chaucer alludes to Gower, who had treated the same subject before him, but, as he insinuates, with less propriety.

I do not however suppose that Gower was the inventor of this tale. It had probably passed through several hands before it came to him. I find among the *Cotton* MSS. Cal. A. ii. fol. 69. an old English Rime, entitled "*Emare*," in which the heroine under that name goes through a series of adventures for the most part¹⁷ exactly similar to those of Constance. But neither

In this uncertainty, I have left the text as I found it in all the best MSS. Only MS. HA. does not express the hour but reads thus:—

Yt was atte cloke—.

¹⁵ There is another circumstance, which rather inclines me to believe, that their friendship suffered some interruption in the latter part of their lives. In the new edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, which Gower published after the accession of Henry IV, the verses in praise of Chaucer [fol. 190. b. col. 1. ed. 1532.] are omitted. See MS. Harl 3860. Though perhaps the death of Chaucer at that time had rendered the compliment contained in those verses less proper than it was at first, that alone does not seem to have been a sufficient reason for omitting them, especially as the original date of the work, in the 16 of Richard II, is preserved. Indeed the only other alterations, which I have been able to discover, are toward the beginning and end, where every thing which had been said in praise of Richard in the first edition, is either left out or converted to the use of his successor.

¹⁶ The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. V. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not, that I know, now extant in that language. The Rhythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απολλωνιος εις ρωμαικην γλωσσαν*. *Du Cange*, Index Author. ad *Gloss. Græc.* When Welsler printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already, perhaps more than once, among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Toward the latter end of the XIIIth Century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon*, or universal Chronicle, inserted this Romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14 C. xl.]:

Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore
Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.
Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one Pentameter only to two Hexameters.

Gower, by hi own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon*; as the Author, whoever he was, of *Pericles Prince of Tyre* professes to have followed Gower.

¹⁷ The chief differences are, that *Emare* is originally exposed in a boat for refusing to comply with the incestuous

was the author of this Rime the inventor of the story, for in fol. 70. a. he refers to his original "in Romans," or French; and in the last Stanza he tells us expressly—

Thys ys on of *Brytayne layes*
That was used by olde dayes.

Of the *Britayne layes* I shall have occasion to speak more at large, when I come to the *Frankleyn's Tale*.

§ XVI. *The Man of Lawes Tale* in the best MSS. is followed by the *Wife of Bathes Prologue and Tale*, and therefore I have placed them so here; not however merely in compliance with authority, but because, according to the common arrangement, in the *Merchant's Tale*¹³ there is a direct reference to the *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, before it has been spoken. Such an impropriety I was glad to remove upon the authority of the best MSS. though it had been acquiesced in by all former Editors; especially as the same MSS. pointed out to me another, I believe the true, place for both the *Merchant's* and the *Squier's Tales*, which have hitherto been printed immediately after the *Man of Lawes*. But of that hereafter.

§ XVII. The want of a few lines to introduce the WIFE OF BATHES PROLOGUE is, perhaps, one of those defects, hinted at above, which Chaucer would have supplied if he had lived to finish his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleasantry that runs through it, is very suitable to the character of the speaker. The greatest part must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage and women in general; such as, the ROMAN DE LA ROSE; VALE-RIUS AD RUFINUM *de non duenda uxore*; and particularly HIERONYMUS *contra Jovinianum*¹⁴.

§ XVIII. THE WIFE OF BATHES TALE seems to have been taken from the Story of Florent in Gower, *Conf. Amant.* B. i. or perhaps from an older narrative, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, or some such collection, from which the Story of Florent was itself borrowed. However that may have been, it must be allowed that Chaucer has considerably improved the fable by lopping off some improbable, as well as unnecessary, circumstances; and the transferring of the scene from Sicily to the Court of King Arthur must have had a very pleasing effect, before the fabulous majesty of that court was quite obliterated.

desires of the Emperour her father; that she is driven on the coast of *Galys*, or Wales, and married to the king of that country. The contrivances of the step-mother, and the consequences of them, are the same in both stories.

¹³ V. 9559, *Justine* says to his brother: *January* —

The Wif of Bath, if ye han understonde,
Of marriage, which ye now han in honde,
Declared hath ful wel in litel space—

alluding very plainly to this Prologue of the *Wife of Bath*. The impropriety of such an allusion in the mouth of *Justine* is gross enough. The truth is, that Chaucer has inadvertently given to a character in the *Merchant's Tale* an argument which the *Merchant himself* might naturally have used upon a similar occasion, after he had heard the *Wife of Bath*. If we suppose, with the Editions, that the *Wife of Bath* had not at that time spoken her Prologue, the impropriety will be increased to an incredible degree.

¹⁴ The holy Father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could find to the prejudice of the female sex. Among other things he has inserted his own translation (probably) of a long extract from what he calls—"*libraureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis*."

Next to him in order of time was the treatise entitled "*Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de non duenda uxore*." MS. Reg. 12 D. III. It has been printed, for the similarity of its sentiments, I suppose, among the works of St. Jerome, though it is evidently of a much later date. Tanner (from Woods MS. Coll.) attributes it to *Walter Map*. Bib. Brit. v. 132. I should not believe it to be older; as John of Salisbury, who has treated of the same subject in his *Polygraphon* l. viii. c. x. does not appear to have seen it.

To these two books *Jean de Meun* has been obliged for some of the severest strokes in his *Roman de la Rose*; and Chaucer has transfused the quintessence of all the three works, upon the subject of Matrimony, into his *Wife of Bathes Prologue* and *Merchant's Tale*.

The old Ballad entitled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine," [*Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 11.] which the learned Editor thinks may have furnished Chaucer with this tale, I should rather conjecture, with deference to so good a judge in these matters, to have been composed by one who had read both Gower and Chaucer.

§ XIX. THE TALES OF THE FRERE and THE SOMPOUR are well ingrafted upon that of the *Wife of Bath*. The ill humour which shews itself between those two characters is quite natural, as no two professions at that time were at more constant variance. The Regular Clergy, and particularly the Mendicant Freres, affected a total exemption from all Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, except that of the Pope, which made them exceedingly obnoxious to the Bishops, and of course to all the inferior officers of the national hierarchy.

I have not been able to trace either of these tales to any author older than Chaucer, and possibly they may both have been built upon some traditional pleasantries, which were never before committed to writing.

§ XX. THE CLERKES TALE is in a different strain from the three preceding. He tells us, in his *Prologue*, that he learned it from *Petrarch at Padua*; and this, by the way, is all the ground that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch²⁰ in Italy. It is not easy to say why Chaucer should choose to own an obligation for this tale to Petrarch rather than to Boccace, from whose *Decameron*, D. x. N. 10. it was translated by Petrarch in 1373, the year before his death, as appears by a remarkable letter, which he sent with his translation to Boccace. *Opp. Petrarch*. p. 540—7. Ed. Bas. 1581. It should seem too from the same letter, that the story was not invented by Boccace, for Petrarch says, "that it had always pleased him when he heard it many years before,"²¹ whereas he had not seen the *Decameron* till very lately.

²⁰ I can find no older or better authority for this notion than the following passage in *Speght's* life of Chaucer, prefixed to the Edition in 1597. "Some write, that he with Petrarke was present at the marriage of Lionell Duke of Clarence with Violante daughter of Galeasius, Duke of Millaine: yet Paullus Jovius nameth not Chaucer; but Petrarke, he sayth, was there." It appears from an instrument in Rymer [*Liberat.* 42 E. III. m. 1.], that the Duke of Clarence passed from Dover to Calais, in his way to Milan, in the spring of 1368, with a retinue of 457 men and 1280 horses. That Chaucer might have attended the Duke upon this occasion is not impossible. He had been, probably, for some time in the king's service, and had received the year before a Grant of an annuity of 20 marks—pro bono servitio, quod dilectus Valettus noster, Galfridus Chaucer nobis impendit et impendet in futurum. *Pat.* 41 E. III. p. 1. m. 13. ap. Rymer. There is a curious account of the feast at this marriage in the *Chronica di Mantoua* of *Ahprandi* [*Murator. Antiq. Med. Aevi*, vol. v. p. 1187, & seq.], but he does not give the names of the

"Grandi Signori e Baroni Inghilese"

who were, as he says,

"Con Messere Lionell' in compagnia."

The most considerable of them were probably those 26 (Knights and others) who, before their setting out for Milan, procured the King's licence to appoint Attorneys general to act for them here *Franc.* 42 E. III. m. 8. ap. Rymer. The name of Chaucer does not appear among them.

The embassy to *Genoa*, to which Chaucer was appointed in November 1372, might possibly have afforded him another opportunity of seeing Petrarch. But in the first place, it is uncertain whether he ever went upon that Embassy. If he did, the distance from *Genoa* to *Padua*, where Petrarch resided, is considerable; and I cannot help thinking that a reverential visit from a *Minister of the King of England* would have been s flattering to the old man, that either he himself or some of his biographers must have recorded it. On the other hand supposing Chaucer at *Genoa*, it is to be presumed, that he would not have been deterred by the difficulties of a much longer journey from paying his respects to the first literary character of the age: and it is remarkable, that the time of this embassy, in 1373, is the precise time at which he could have learned the story of *Griseldis* from *Petrarch at Padua*. For Petrarch in all probability made his translation in that very year, and he died in July of the year following.

The inquisitive and judicious author of *Mémoires pour la vie de Petrarque* gave us hopes [Pref. p. 6.], that he would shew, that Chaucer was in connexion (*en liaison*) with Petrarch. As he has not fulfilled this promise in a later (I fear, the last) volume of his very ingenious works, I suspect that his more accurate researches have not enabled him to verify an opinion, which he probably at first adopted upon the credit of some biographer of Chaucer.

²¹ —Cum et mihi semper ante multos annos aulita placuisset, et tibi usque adeo placuisse perpenderem, ut vulgari eam stylo tuo censueris non indignam, et sine operis, ubi rhetorum disciplina validiora quælibet collacari jubet.

§ XXI. In the *Ballade*, with which the *Clerk* concludes his Tale, I have changed the order of the three last Stanzas, so as to make it end—

And let him *care*, and *wepe*, and wringe, and *wail*—

and immediately after I have placed the MERCHANTS PROLOGUE, beginning—

Weping and wailing, care and other so we
I have enough—.

This arrangement, which recommends itself at first sight, is also supported by so many MSS. of the best authority, that, without great negligence or dullness, I could not have either overlooked or rejected it, especially as the whole turn of the *Merchant's Prologue*, and the express mention of *Grisilde* in ver. 9100. demonstrate, that he is supposed to speak with the *Clerk's Tale* fresh in his memory.

§ XXII. The scene of the MERCHANTS TALE is laid in Italy, but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the *Pear-tree* I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in Elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315. As this fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with, I shall transcribe below ²² the material parts of it, and I dare say the Reader will not be very anxious to see any more.

Petrarch. loc. cit. M. L'Abbé de Sade [*Mem. de Petr.* t. iii. p. 797.] says, that the Story of Griseldis is taken from an ancient MS. in the library of M. Foucault, entitled, *Le parement des Dames*. If this should have been said upon the authority of *Manni* [Ist. del Decam. p. 603.], as I very much suspect, and if *Manni* himself meant to refer to M. Galland's *Discours sur quelques anciens Poetes* [Mem. de l'Acad. des L. et B. L. t. ii. p. 686.], we must look still further for the original of Boccace's Novel. M. Galland says nothing, as I observe, of the antiquity of the MS. Le titre (he says) est *Le parement des Dames*, avec des explications en Prose, où l'on trouve l'histoire de Griseldis que feu M. Perrault a mise en vers: but he says also expressly, that it was a work of *Olivier de la Marche*, who was not born till many years after the death of Boccace.

²² *Adolphi Fabulæ*, ap. Leyser. Hist. Poet. Medii Ævi, p. 2008.

Fabula I.

Cæcus erat quidam, cui pulcra virago—

In curtis viridi resident hi cespite quâdam

Luca. Petit mulier robur adire Pyri.

Vir favet, amplectens mox robur ubique lætenti.

Arbor adunca fuit, qua latuit juvenis.

Amplexantur eam dans basia dulcîa. Terram

Incepit colere vomere cum proprio.

Audit vir strepitum; nam sæpe carentia sensit.

Unus in reliquo, nosco, vigere solet.

Heu miser! exclamat; te lædit adulter ibidem.

Conqueror hoc illi qui dedit esse mihi.

Tunc Deus omnipotens, qui condidit omnia verbo,

Qui sua membra probat, vascla velut figulus,

Restituens aciem misero, tonat illico; Fallax

Femina, cur tantâ fraude nocere cupis?

Percipit illa virum. Vultu respondet alacri:

Magna dedi medicis; non tibi cura fuit.

Ast, ubi lustra sua satis uda petebat Apollo,

Candida splendescens Cynthia luce merâ,

Tunc sopor irrepit mea languida corpora: quid mirum?

Astitit: insonuit auribus illa meis.

Ludere cum juvene studeas in roboris alto;

Prisca viro dabitur lux cito, crede mihi.

Whatever was the real original of this Tale, the Machinery of the Faeries, which Chaucer has used so happily, was probably added by himself; and indeed, I cannot help thinking, that his *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*²³, or rather, that they themselves have, once at least, deigned to revisit our poetical system under the latter names.

§ XXIII. THE PROLOGUE to the *Squier's Tale* appears now for the first time in print. Why it has been omitted by all former Editors I cannot guess, except, perhaps, because it did not suit with the place, which, for reasons best known to themselves, they were determined to assign to the *Squier's Tale*, that is, after the *Man of Lawe's* and before the *Marchant's*. I have chosen rather to follow the MSS. of the best authority in placing the *Squier's Tale* after the *Marchant's*, and in connecting them together by this Prologue, agreeably, as I am persuaded, to Chaucer's intention. The lines which have usually been printed by way of Prologue to the *Squier's Tale*, as I believe them to have been really composed by Chaucer, though not intended for the *Squier's* Prologue, I have prefixed to the *Shipman's Tale*, for reasons, which I shall give when I come to speak of that Tale.

§ XXIV. I should have been very happy if the MSS. which have furnished the *SQUIERS* Prologue, had supplied the deficient part of his TALE, but I fear the judgement of Milton was too true, that this story was "left half-told" by the author. I have never been able to discover the probable original of this tale, and yet I should be very hardly brought to believe that the whole, or even any considerable part of it, was of Chaucer's invention.

§ XXV. We are now arrived with the common Editions, though by a different course, at the *FRANKELEINES TALE*; and here again we must be obliged to the MSS. not indeed, as in the last instance, for a new Prologue, but for authorising us to prefix to this Tale of the *Frankleyn* a Prologue, which in the common Editions is prefixed to the Tale of the *Marchant*, together with the true Prologue of that Tale, as printed above. It is scarce conceivable how these two Prologues could ever be joined together and given to the same character, as they are not only entirely unconnected, but also in one point directly contradictory to each other; for in that, which is properly the *Marchant's*, he says expressly [ver. 9110.], that he had been married "two monthes and not more;" whereas in the other, the Speaker's chief discourse is about his son, who is grown up. This therefore, upon the authority of the best MSS. I have restored to the *Frankleyn*; and I must observe, that the sentiments of it are much more suitable to his character than to that of the *Marchant*. It is quite natural, that a wealthy land-holder, of a generous disposition, as he is described [ver. 333—62.], who has been Sheriff, Knight of the Shire, &c. should be anxious to see his son, as we say, a *Gentleman*, and that he should talk slightly of money in comparison with polished manners and virtuous endowments; but neither the character which Chaucer has drawn of his *Marchant*, nor our general notions of the profession at that time, prepare us to expect from him so liberal a strain of thinking.

§ XXVI. THE *FRANKELEINS TALE*, as he tells us himself, is taken from a *British Lay*²⁴; and

Quod feci. Dominus ideo tibi munera lucis
Contulit. idcirco munera redde mihi.
Addidit ille fidem mulieri, de prece ejus
Se sanum credit, mittit et omne nefas.

The same story is inserted among *The Fables of Alphonsus*, printed by Caxton in English, with those of *Æsop*, *Avian* and *Fogge*, without date; but I do not find it in the original Latin of Alphonsus, MS Reg. 10. B. xii. or in any of the French translations of his work that I have examined.

²³ This observation is not meant to extend further than the *King and Queen of Faery*; in whose characters, I think it is plain, that Shakespeare, in imitation of Chaucer, has dignified our Gothic Elves with the manners and language of the classical Gods and Goddesses. In the rest of his Faery system, Shakespeare seems to have followed the popular superstition of his own time.

²⁴ Les premieres Chansons Françaises furent nommées des LAIS; says M. de la Ravalieri, *Poes du Roi de Nav.* t. I. p. 215. And so far I believe he is right. But I see no foundation for supposing with him, in the same page, that the

the names of persons and places, as well as the scene and circumstances of the story, make this account extremely probable. The Lay itself is either lost, or buried, perhaps for ever, in

LAV was *une sorte d'Elegie*, and that it was derived *du mot Latin Lessus, qui signifie des plaintes*; or [in p. 217.] that it was *la chanson—la plus majestueuse et la plus grave*. It seems more probable that *Lai* in French was anciently a generical term, answering to *Song* in English. The passage which M. de la Ravaillere has quoted from *Le Brut*,

“ Molt sot de Lais, molt sot de notes ”—

is thus rendered by our *Layamon*. [See before, Essay, &c. n. 46]

Ne cuthe na non swa muchel of song.

The same word is used by Peirol d'Alvergn, MS. Crofts, fol. lxxxv. to denote the *songs of birds*, certainly not of the *plaintive* kind.

Et li ausell s'en van enamoran
L'uns per l'autre, et fan vantas (or *cantas*) et *lais*.

For my own part I am inclined to believe, that *Liod*, Island. *Lied*, Teuton. *Leoth*, Saxon, and *Lai*, French, are all to be deduced from the same Gothic original.

But beside this general sense, the name of *Lay* was particularly given to the *French translations* of certain Poems, originally composed in Armorican Bretagne, and in the Armorican language. I say the *French translations*, because *Lay*, not being (as I can find) an Armorican word, could hardly have been the name, by which a species of Poetry, not imported from France, was distinguished by the first composers in Bretagne.

The chief, perhaps the only, collection of these *Lays* that is now extant, was translated into French octosyllable verse by a Poetess, who calls herself *Marie*; the same, without doubt, who made the translation of *Esopé*, quoted by Pasquier [*Rech.* l. viii. ch. i.] and Fauchet [L. ii. n. 84.], and placed by them in the reign of St. Louis, about the middle of the xiiith century. Both her works have been preserved together in MS. Harl. 978. in a fair hand, which I see no reason to judge more recent than the latter end of that Century.

The *Lays*, with which only we are at present concerned, were addressed by her to some king. Fol. 130.

En le honur de vous, noble reis,
Ki tant estes pruz e curteis,
A li tute joie se encline,
Fi en ki quoez tuz biens racine,
M'entremis des *lais* assembler,
Par rime faire e reconter.—

A few lines after, she names herself.

Oez, Seignurs, ke dit *Marie*.

The titles of the Poems in this collection, to the number of twelve, are recited in the Harleian Catalogue. They are, in general, the names of the principal persons in the several Stories, and are most of them evidently Armorican; and I think no one can read the Stories themselves without being persuaded, that they were either really translated from the Armorican language, or at least composed by one who was well acquainted with that language and country.

Though these Poems of Marie have of late been so little known as to have entirely escaped the researches of Fauchet and other French Antiquaries, they were formerly in high estimation. Denis Piramus, a very tolerable versifier of the *Legend of St. Edmund the King* [MS. Cotton. Dom. A. xi.], allows that *Dame Marie*, as he calls her, had great merit in the composition of her *Lays*, though they are not all true—

E si en est ele mult loee,
E la ryme par tut amee.

A translation of her *Lays*, as it should seem, into one of the Northern languages was among the books given by Gabriel de la Gardie to the University of Upsal, under the title of *Varie Briannorum Fabula*. See the description of the book by Stephanus, in Cat. Libb. Septent. at the end of Hickes, Gr. A. S. edit. 1689, 4^{to}, p. 180. That Chaucer had read them I think extremely probable, not only from a passage in his *Dreme* [ver. 1820—1926], which seems to have been copied from the *Lay of Elidus*, but also from the manner in which he makes the Frankleyn speak of the Bretons and their compositions. See the note on ver. 11021.

However, in Chaucer's time, there were other *British Lays* extant beside this collection by Marie. *Emarè* has been mentioned before, § xv. An old English *Ballad of Sir Gowther* [MS. Reg 17 B. liiii.] is said by the writer to have been taken out of one of the *Lays of Britanye*: in another place he says—the *first Lay of Britanye*. The original of the *Frankleyn's Tale* was probably a third. There were also *Lays*, which did not pretend to be *British*, as *Le Lay d'Aristote*, *Li Lais de l'Oiselet* [Fahiaux, tom. i.] *Le Lai du Corn* by Robert Bilez [MS. Bod. 1687.] is said

one of those sepulchres of MSS. which, by courtesy, are called Libraries; but there are two imitations of it extant by Boccace, the first in the vth Book of his *Philocoepo*, and the second in the *Decameron*, D. x. N. 5. They agree in every respect with each other, except that the scene and the names are different, and in the latter the narration is less prolix and the style less flowery than in the former, which was a juvenile work²⁵. The only material point, in which Boccace seems to have departed from his original, is this; instead of "the removal of the rocks" the Lady desires "a garden full of flowers and fruits of May, in the month of January;" and some such alteration was certainly necessary, when the scene came to be removed from Bretagne to Spain and Italy, as it is in Boccace's novels²⁶. I should guess that Chaucer has preserved pretty faithfully the principal incidents of the *British tale*, though he has probably thrown in some smaller circumstances to embellish his narration. The long list of virtuous women in Dorigene's Soliloquy is plainly copied from HIERONYMUS contra *Jovinianum*.

§ XXVII. Thus far I flatter myself I have been not unsuccessful in restoring the true order, and connexion with each other, of the *Clerkes*, the *Marchantes*, the *Squires*, and the *Frankleines* Tales, but with regard to the next step, which I have taken, I must own myself more dubious. In all the editions the Tales of the *Nonne* and the *Chanones Yeman* precede the *Doctoures*, but the best MSS. agree in removing those Tales to the end of the *Nonnes Prestes*, and I have not scrupled to adopt this arrangement, which, I think, is indisputably established by the following consideration. When the *Monk* is called upon for his Tale the Pilgrims were near Rochester [ver. 13932.], but when the *Chanon* overtakes them they were advanced to Boughton under Blee [ver. 16024.], twenty miles beyond Rochester, so that the Tale of the *Chanones Yeman*, and

by him to have been invented by *Garaduc*, who accomplished the adventure. In the Ballad, entitled "THE BOY AND THE MANTLE," [Anc. Poet. v. iii. p. 1.] which I suspect to have been made up out of *this Lay* and *Le Court Mantel*. the successful knight is called *Craddock*. Robert Bikes says further, that the Horn was still to be seen at Cirencester,

Q'ust a Cirincetre
A une haute feste,
La pureit il veer
Icest corn tout pur veir.
Ceo dist Robert Bikes—

In none of these Lays do we find the qualities attributed to that sort of composition by M. de la Ravalriere. According to these examples we should rather define the Lay to be a species of *serious* narrative poetry, of a *moderate length*, in a simple style and *light metre*. *Serious* is here opposed (not to *pleasant*, but) to *ludicrous*, in order to distinguish the Lay from the *Conte* or *Fabliau*; as on the other hand its *moderate length* distinguishes it from the *Geste*, or common *Roman*. All the Lays that I have seen are in *light metre*, not exceeding eight syllables. See before, *Essay*, &c. n. 60.

²⁵ I saw once an Edition of the *Philocoepo*, printed at Venice, 1503, fol. with a letter at the end of it, in which the Publisher Hieronymo Squarzasicho says (if I do not misremember,) "that this work was written by Boccace at twenty-five years of age (about 1338), while he was at Naples in the house of John Barrie." *Johannes Barvillus* is called by Boccace [*Geneal. Deor.* l. xiv. c. 19.] *magni spiritus homo*. He was sent by King Robert to attend Petrarch to his coronation at Rome, and is introduced by the latter in his second Eclogue under the name of *Idæus*; ab Idæ, monte Cretensi, unde et ipso oriundus fuit. *Intentiones Eclogarum Franc. Petrarche*, MS. *Bod.* 552. Not knowing at present where to find that Edition, I am obliged to rely upon my memory only for this story, which I think highly probable, though it is not mentioned, as I recollect, by any of the other Biographers of Boccace. A good life of Boccace is still much wanted.

The adventures of *Florio* and *Biancofiore*, which make the principal subject of the *Philocoepo*, were famous long before Boccace, as he himself informs us, l. i. p. 6. Ed. 1723. Hieronymo Squarzasicho, in the letter mentioned above, says, that the story, "anchora si nova insino ad ogi scripta in un librazolo de triste et male composto rime—dove il Boccaccio ni cavo questo digno et elegante libro." *Floris* and *Biancofiore* are mentioned as illustrious lovers by *Maîtres Eymengau de Bezers*, a Languedocian Poet, in his *Breviari d'amor* dated in the year 1238. MS. *Reg.* 19 C. i. fol. 199. It is probable however that the story was enlarged by Boccace, and particularly I should suppose that the *Love-questions* in l. v. (the fourth of which questions contains the Novel referred to in the text) were added by him.

²⁶ The *Conte Boiardo*, the precursor and model of Ariosto, in his *Orlando innamorato*, l. i. ca. 12. has inserted a Tale upon the plan of Boccace's two novels, but with considerable alterations, which have carried the Story, I apprehend, still further from its *British* original.

that of *the Nonne* to which it is annexed, cannot with any propriety be admitted till after *the Monkes Tale*, and consequently not till after *the Nonnes Preestes*, which is inseparably linked to that of *the Monk*.

§ XXVIII. These two Tales therefore of *the Nonne* and *the Chanones Yeman* being removed out of the way, *the Doctoures* comes clearly next to the *Frankleines*; but how they are to be connected together, and whether at all, is a matter of doubt. What I have printed by way of *Prologue* to the *Doctoures Tale* I found in one of the best MSS. but only in one: in the others it has no *Prologue*. The first line applies so naturally and smartly to *the Frankleines* conclusion, that I am strongly inclined to believe it from the hand of Chaucer, but I cannot say so much for the five following. I would therefore only wish these lines to be received for the present, according to the Law-phrase, *de bene esse*, till they shall either be more authentically established or superseded by the discovery of the genuine *Prologue*.

§ XXIX. IN THE DOCTOURES TALE, beside Livy, who is quoted, Chaucer may possibly have followed Gower in some particulars, who has also related the story of Virginia, *Conf. Amant.* B. vii. but he has not been a servile copyist of either of them.

§ XXX. *The Pardoner's Tale* has a *Prologue* which connects it with *the Doctoures*. There is also a pretty long preamble, which may either make part of the *Prologue*, or of the *Tale*. The MSS. differ in this point. I have chosen to throw it into the *Tale*, and to confine the *Prologue* to what I suppose to be its proper use, the introduction of the new Speaker. When he is once in complete possession of his office of entertaining the company, his Prefaces or Digressions should all, I think, be equally considered as parts of his *Tale*.

The mere outline of THE PARDONER'S TALE is to be found in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Nov. lxxxii.

§ XXXI. The *Tale of the Shipman* in the best MSS. has no *Prologue*. What has been printed as such in the common Editions is evidently spurious. To supply this defect I have ventured, upon the authority of one MS. (and, I confess, not one of the best) to prefix to this *Tale* the *Prologue*, which has usually been prefixed to the *Tale of the Squier*. As this *Prologue* was undoubtedly composed by Chaucer, it must have had a place somewhere in this Edition, and if I cannot prove that it was really intended by him for this place, I think the Reader will allow that it fills the vacancy extremely well. *The Pardoner's tale* may very properly be called "a thrifty tale," and he himself "a learned man" [ver. 12905—8.]; and all the latter part, though highly improper in the mouth of the "curteis Squier," is perfectly suited to the character of *the Shipman*.

This tale is generally supposed to be taken from the *Decameron*. D. viii. N. 1. but I should rather believe that Chaucer was obliged to some old French *Fableour*, from whom Boccace had also borrowed the ground-work of his *Novel*, as in the case of *the Reeves Tale*. Upon either supposition, a great part of the incidents must probably have been of his own invention.

§ XXXII. The transition from the *Tale of the Shipman* to that of *the Prioress* is happily managed. I have not been able to discover from what *Legende* of the *Miracles* of our Lady THE PRIORRESSES TALE is taken. From the scene being laid in Asia, it should seem, that this was one of the oldest of the many stories, which have been propagated, at different times, to excite or justify several merciless persecutions of the Jews, upon the charge of murdering Christian children²⁷. The story of *Hugh of Lincoln*, which is mentioned in the last Stanza, is placed by Matthew Paris under the year 1255.

²⁷ In the first four months of the *Acta Sanctorum* by Bollandus, I find the following names of Children canonized, as having been murdered by Jews: xxv Mart. *Willielmus Norwicensis*. 1144. *Richardus, Parisitis*. 1179. xvii Apr. *Rudolphus, Berna*. 1287. *Wernerus, Wesalia*. an. eod. *Albertus, Polonia*. 1598. I suppose the remaining eight months would furnish at least as many more. See a Scottish Ballad [Rel. of Anc. Poet. v. i. p. 32.], upon one of these supposed murders. The Editor has very ingeniously conjectured that "Mirryland" in ver. 1. is a corruption of "Milan." Perhaps the real occasion of the Ballad may have been what is said to have happened at Trent, in 1475, to a boy called *Simon*. The Cardinal Hadrian, about fifty years after, mentioning the Rocks of Trent, adds, "quo Judæi

§ XXXIII. Next to the *Prioress* CHAUCER himself is called upon for his Tale. In the *Prologue* he has dropped a few touches descriptive of his own person and manner, by which we learn, that he was used to look much upon the ground; was of a corpulent habit; and reserved in his behaviour. His *Rime* of SIRE THOPAS was clearly intended to ridicule the "palpable-gross" fictions of the common Rimers of that age, and still more, perhaps, the meanness of their language and versification. It is full of phrases taken from *Isumbras*, *Li beaus desconus*, and other Romances in the same style, which are still extant. A few of his imitations of them will be pointed out in the Notes.

§ XXXIV. For the more complete reprobation of this species of Riming, even the *Host*, who is not to be suspected of too refined a taste, is made to cry out against it, and to cut short Sire Thopas in the midst of his adventures. CHAUCER has nothing to say for his *Rime*, but that "it is the best he can" [ver. 13856.], and readily consents to tell another Tale; but having just laughed so freely at the bad poetry of his time, he might think it, perhaps, too invidious to exhibit a specimen of better in his own person, and therefore his other Tale is in prose, a mere translation from, *Le Livre de Melibee et de dame Prudence*, of which several copies are still preserved in MS.²⁸ It is in truth, as he calls it, [ver. 13868.] "a moral tale vertuous," and was probably much esteemed in its time, but, in this age of levity, I doubt some Readers will be apt to regret, that he did not rather give us the remainder of *Sire Thopas*.

§ XXXV. THE PROLOGUE OF THE MONKES Tale connects it with *Melibee*. The Tale itself is certainly formed upon the plan of *Boccaccio's* great work *de casibus virorum illustrium*, but Chaucer has taken the several Stories, of which it is composed, from different authors, who will be particularized in the Notes.

§ XXXVI. After a reasonable number of melancholy ditties, or Tragedies, as the Monk calls them, he is interrupted by the Knight, and the Host addresses himself to the *Nonnes Preest*, to tell them "swiche thing as may their hertes glade."

THE TALE OF THE NONNES PREEST is cited by Dryden, together with that of the *Wife of Bath*, as of Chaucer's own invention. But that great Poet was not very conversant with the authors of which Chaucer's library seems to have been composed. *The Wife of Bathes Tale* has been shewn above to be taken from Gower, and the Fable of the Cock and the Fox, which makes the ground of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, is clearly borrowed from a collection of Æsopian and other Fables, by *Marie* a French Poetess, whose collection of *Lais* has been mentioned before in n. 24. As her Fable is short and well told, and has never been printed, I shall insert it here at length²⁹, and the more willingly, because it furnishes a convincing proof, how able Chaucer was to work up an excellent Tale out of very small materials.

ob Simonis cadem ne aspirare quidem audent. Præf. ad librum de Serm. Lat. The change of the name in the Song, from *Simon* to *Hugh*, is natural enough in this country, where similar stories of *Hugh of Norwich* and *Hugh of Lincoln* had been long current.

²⁸ Two copies of this work are in the Museum, MS. Reg. 19 C. vii. and 19 C. xi. in French Prose. Du Fresnoy, *Bibliot. des Romans*, v. ii. p. 248. mentions two copies of the same work *en vers, dans la Bibliothèque Segurier*.

²⁹ From MS. Harl. 978. f. 76.

D un cok recunte, ki estot
 Sur un femer, e si chantot.
 Par de lez li vient un gupilz,
 Si l'apela par muz beaus diz.
 Sire, fet il, muz te vel bel;
 Unc ne vi si gent oisel.
 Ciere voiz as sur tute rien,
 Fors tun pere, qe jo vi bien;
 Unc oisel meuz ne chanta;
 Mes il le fist meuz, kar il cluna.
 Si puis jeo fere, dist li cocs.
 Les eles bat, les oiz ad cios,
 Chanter quida plus clerement.
 Li gupilz saut, e sil prent;

§ xxxvii. The sixteen lines, which are printed at the end of the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, might perhaps more properly be considered as the beginning of the Prologue to the succeeding Tale, if it were certain what Tale was intended to succeed. In both Dr. Askew's MSS. the last of these lines is read thus,—

Scide unto *the Nunne* as ye shul heer.—

and there are six more lines to introduce her Tale; but, as these six lines are manifestly forged for the purpose, I have chosen rather to adhere to the other MSS. which acknowledge themselves defective in this part, and give us *the Nonnes Tale*, as I have done, without any introduction. It is very probable, I think, that Chaucer himself had not determined, whether he should connect *the Nonnes Tale* with that of *the Nonnes Preest*, or whether he should interpose a Tale or two, or perhaps more, between them.

THE TALE OF THE NONNE is almost literally translated from the life of St. Cecilia in the *Legenda aurea* of *Jacobus Januensis*. It is mentioned by Chaucer, as a separate work, in his *Legende of good women*, [ver. 426.] under the title of “the life of Seint Cecile,” and it still retains evident marks that it was not originally composed in the form of a Tale to be spoken by *the Nonne*³⁰. However there can be no doubt that Chaucer meant to incorporate it into this collection of Canterbury Tales, as the *Prologue of the Chanones Yeman* expressly refers to it.

Vers la forest od lui s'en va.
Par mi un champ, u il passa,
Curent apres tut li pastur;
Li chiens le luent tut entour.
Velt le gupil, ki le cok tient,
Mar le guaina si par eus vient.
Va, fet li cocs, si lur escrie,
Qe sui tuens, ne me larras mie.
Li gupil volt parle en haut,
E li cocs de sa buche saut.
Sur un haut fast s'est muntez.
Quant li gupilz s'est regardex,
Mut par se tient enfantillé,
Que li cocs l'ad si enginne.
De mal talent e de droit ire
La buche comence a mandire,
Ne parole quant deveroit taire.
Li cocs respunt, si dei jeo faire,
Maudire l'oil, ki volt cluiner,
Quant il deit garder e guaiter,
Que mal ne vient a lur Seignur
Ceo fiant li fol tut li plusur,
Parolent quant deivent taiser,
Teissent quant il deivent parler.

The resemblance of Chaucer's Tale to this fable is obvious; and it is the more probable that he really copied from Marie, because no such Fable is to be found either in the Greek *Æsop*, or in any of the Latin compilations (that I have seen) which went about in the dark ages under the name of *Æsop*. Whether it was invented by Marie, or whether she translated it, with the rest of her fables, from the Anglo-Saxon version of *Æsop* by King Alfred, as she says herself, I cannot pretend to determine. Though no Anglo-Saxon version of *Æsop* be now, as I can find, extant, there may have been one formerly, which may have passed, like many other translations into that language, under the name of Alfred; and it may be urged in support of the probability of Marie's positive assertion, that she appears, from passages in her *Lais*, to have had some knowledge of English. I must observe that the name of the King, whose English Version she professes to follow, is differently stated in different MSS. In the best MS. *Harl. 978*. it is plainly *Li reis Aured*. In a later MS. *Vesp. B. xiv.* it is *Li reis Henris*. Pasquier [*Recherches*, l. viii. c. i.] calls him *Li roy Auert*, and Du Chesne (as quoted by Menage, v. *ROMAN*) *Li reis Mitres*; but all the copies agree in making Marie declare, that she translated her work “*de l'Anglois en Roman*.” A Latin *Æsop*, MS. *Reg. 15 A. vii.* has the same story of an English version by order of a *Rex Angliæ Affrus*.

³⁰ The whole Introduction is in the style of a person writing, and not of one speaking. If we compare it with the Introduction to the Prioresses Tale, the difference will be very striking. See particularly ver. 1546.

Yet praye I you, that reden that I write—

§ XXXVIII. The introduction of the *Chanones Yeman* to tell a Tale, at a time when so many of the original characters remain to be called upon, appears a little extraordinary. It should seem, that some sudden resentment had determined Chaucer to interrupt the regular course of his work, in order to insert a Satire against the Alchemists. That their pretended science was much cultivated about this time³¹, and produced its usual evils, may fairly be inferred from the Act, which was passed soon after, 5 H. IV. c. iv. to make it Felonie to *multiplie gold or silver, or to use the art of multiplication.*

§ XXXIX. In the PROLOGUE TO THE MANCIPILES TALE, the Pilgrims are supposed to be arrived at a little town called "Bob up and down, under the blee, in Canterbury way." I cannot find a town of that name in any Map, but it must have lain between Boughton, the place last mentioned, and Canterbury. The Fable of the Crow, which is the subject of THE MANCIPILES TALE, has been related by so many authors, from Ovid down to Gower, that it is impossible to say whom Chaucer principally followed. His skill in new dressing an old story was never, perhaps, more successfully exerted.

§ XL. After the *Tale of the Manciple* the common Editions, since 1542³², place what is called

and in ver. 15530. the Relater, or rather Writer, of the Tale, in all the MSS. except one of middling authority, is called "unworthy *Sone of Eve.*" Such little inaccuracies are strong proofs of an unfinished work. See before p. 1.

³¹ The first considerable Coinage of Gold in this country was begun by Edward III, in the year 1343, and according to Camden. [in his *Remains*, Art. *Money*] "the Alchemists did affirm, as an unwritten verity, that the Rosenobles, which were coined soon after, were made by projection or multiplication Alchemical of Raymond Lully in the Tower of London." In proof of this, "besides the tradition of the Rabbies in that faculty," they alledged "the Inscription; *Jesus autem transiens per medium eorum ibat;*" which they profoundly expounded, as *Jesus passed invisible and in most secret manner by the midst of Pharisees, so that gold was made by invisible and secret art amidst the ignorant.* But others say, "that Text was the only amulet used in that credulous warfaring age to escape dangers in battles." Thus Camden. I rather believe it was an Amulet, or Charm, principally used against Thieves; upon the authority of the following passage of Sir John Mandeville, c. x. p. 137. "And an half myle fro Nazareth is the Lepe of oure Lord: for the Jewes ladden him upon an high roche for to make him lepe down and have slayn him: but Jesu passed amonges hem, and lepte upon another roche; and yit ben the steppes of his feet sene in the roche where he allyghte. And therefore seyn sum men when the dreden hem of Thefes on ony weye, or of Enemyes; *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat:* that is to seyne; *Jesus forsothe passynge be the myddes of hem he wente:* in tokene and mynde, that oure Lord passed thorghe out the Jewes crueltece, and scaped safly fro hem; *so surely mouce men passen the perile of Thefes.*" See also Catal. MSS. Harl. n. 2906. It must be owned, that a Spell against Thieves was the most serviceable, if not the most elegant, Inscription that could be put upon Gold Coin.

Ashmole, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 443. has repeated this ridiculous story concerning Lully with additional circumstances, as if he really believed it; though Lully by the best accounts had been dead above twenty years before Edward III began to coin Gold.

The same Author (*Mercuriophilus Anglicus*, as he styles himself) has inserted among his *Hermetique Mysteries* (p. 213.) an old English Poem, under the title of *Hermes Bird*, which (he says in his Notes, p. 467.) was thought to have been written originally by *Raymund Lully*, or at least made English by Cremer, Abbot of Westminster and Scholar to Lully, p. 465. The truth is, that the Poem is one of *Lydgate's*, and had been printed by Caxton under its true title, *The Choric and the Bird*; and the fable, on which it is built, is related by *Petrus Alphonsus (de Clericali Disciplinâ.* MS. Reg. 10 B. xii.) who lived above two hundred years before Lully.

³² In the Edition of 1542, when the *Plowman's Tale* was first printed, it was placed *after* the Person's Tale. The Editor, whoever he was, had not assurance enough, it should seem, to thrust it into the body of the work. In the subsequent Editions however, as it had probably been well received by the public, upon account of its violent invectives against the Church of Rome, it was advanced to a more honourable station, next to the Manciple's Tale and *before* the Person's. The only account which we have of any MS. of this Tale is from Mr. Speght, who says (Note prefixed to *Plowman's Tale*), that he had "sene it in written hand in John Stowes Librarie in a booke of such antiquitie, as seemed to have been written neare to Chaucer's time." He does not say that it was *among the Canterbury Tales*, or that it had *Chaucer's name* to it. We can therefore only judge of it by the internal evidence, and upon that I have no scruple to declare my own opinion, that it has not the least resemblance to Chaucer's manner, either of writing or thinking, in his other works. Though he and Boccace have laughed at some of the abuses of religion and the disorders of Ecclesiastical persons, it is quite incredible that either of them, or even Wicliff himself, would have

the Plowman's Tale; but, as I cannot understand that there is the least ground of evidence, either external or internal, for believing it to be a work of Chaucer's, I have not admitted it into this Edition.

§ XLI. THE PERSONES PROLOGUE therefore is here placed next to the *Manciples Tale*, agreeably to all the MSS. which are known, and to every Edition before 1542. In this Prologue, which introduces the last Tale upon the journey to Canterbury, Chaucer has again pointed out to us the time of the day; but the hour by the clock is very differently represented in the MSS. In some it is *ten*, in others *two*: in most of the best MSS. *four*, and in one *five*. According to the phenomena here mentioned, the Sun being 29° high, and the length of the Shadow to the projecting body as 11 to 6, it was *between four and five*. As by this reckoning there were at least three hours left to sunset, one does not well see with what propriety the Host admonishes the Person to *haste him*, because "*the Sonne wol adoun*," and to be "*fructuous in litel space*;" and indeed the Person, knowing probably how much time he had good, seems to have paid not the least regard to his admonition; for his Tale, if it may be so called, is twice as long as any of the others. It is entitled in some MSS. "*Tractatus de Penitentia, pro Fabula, ut dicitur, Rectoris*;" and I much suspect that it is a translation of some such treatise. I can not recommend it as a very entertaining or edifying performance at this day; but the Reader will be pleased to remember, in excuse both of Chaucer and his Editor, that, considering the Canterbury Tales as a great picture of life and manners, the piece would not have been complete, if it had not included the Religion of the time.

§ XLII. What is commonly called the *Retraction* at the end of the Person's Tale, in several MSS. makes part of that Tale; and certainly the appellation of "*litel tretise*" suits better with a single tale, than with such a voluminous work as the whole body of Canterbury Tales. But then on the other hand the recital, which is made in one part of it of several compositions of Chaucer, could properly be made by nobody but himself. I have printed it, as I found it in MS. Ask. i. with a few corrections from other MSS. and in the Notes I shall give the best account that I can of it.

Having thus gone through the several parts of the Canterbury Tales, which are printed in this Edition, it may not be improper, in the conclusion of this Discourse, to state shortly the parts which are wanting to complete the journey to Canterbury: of the rest of Chaucer's intended Plan, as has been said before, we have nothing. Supposing therefore the number of the Pilgrims to have been *twenty-nine* (see before, § VI.), and allowing the Tale of the *Chanones Yeman* to stand in the place of that which we had a right to expect from the *Knights Yeman*, the Tales wanting will be only those of the *five City-Mechanics* and the *Ploughman*. It is not likely that the Tales told by such characters would have been among the most valuable of the

railed at the whole government of the Church, in the style of this *Plowman's Tale*. If they had been disposed to such an attempt, their times would not have born it; but it is probable, that Chaucer, though he has been pressed into the service of Protestantism by some zealous writers, was as good a Catholic as men of his understanding and rank in life have generally been. The necessity of auricular Confession, one of the great scandals of Popery, cannot be more strongly inculcated than it is in the following *Tale of the Person*.

I will just observe, that Spenser seems to speak of the Author of the *Plowman's Tale* as a distinct person from Chaucer, though, in compliance, I suppose, with the taste of his age, he puts them both on the same footing. In the epilogue to the *Shepherd's Calendar* he says to his book,—

Dare not to match thy pipe with *Tityrus* his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the *Ploughman* plaid awhile.

I know that Mr. Warton, in his excellent *Observations on Spenser*, v. i. p. 125. supposes this passage to refer to the *Visions of Pierce Ploughman*; but my reason for differing from him is, that the Author of the *Visions* never, as I remember, speaks of himself in the character of a *Ploughman*.

Of the *Pilgrim's Tale*, which has also, with as little foundation, been attributed to Chaucer (Speght's *Life of Ch.*) I shall speak in another place. See App. to Pref. A. n. e. p. v.

set; but they might, and probably would, have served to link together those which at present are unconnected; and for that reason it is much to be regretted, that they either have been lost, or, as I rather³³ believe, were never finished by the Author.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

TO THE

ESSAY, AND INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

ESSAY, &c. p. xxxix. n. 61. A learned person, whose favours I have already acknowledged in the Gloss. v. GORE, cannot acquiesce in this notion, "that the greatest part of Chaucer's heroic verses, when properly written and pronounced, are verses of eleven syllables;" and for a proof of the contrary he refers me particularly to the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, ver. 14970, and the verses following and preceding. I am sorry that by an unguarded expression I should have exposed myself to a controversy, which can only be decided by a careful examination of the final syllables of between thirty and forty thousand lines. It would answer my purpose as well to say "a great part," instead of "the greatest part;" but in support of my first idea I must be permitted to observe, that I have carefully examined a hundred lines which precede, and as many which follow ver. 14970, and I find, that a clear majority of them, as they are printed, end in *e* feminine, and consequently, according to my hypothesis, have an eleventh syllable. I observe too, that several more ought to have been printed as ending with an *e* feminine; but whether the omission of it should be imputed to the defectiveness of the MSS. or to the negligence of the collator, I cannot be certain. See the concluding note of the Essay, &c. p. xlvi. and xlvii.

P. xxxix. n. 62. Add.—It may not be improper here to observe further, that a third poem, which is mentioned in the Decameron in the same manner with the *Thesida* and the *Filistrato*, was also probably one of Boccace's own compositions. In the conclusion of the Third Day, it is said, that "Dioneo et la Fiammetta cominciarono a cantare di Messer Guiglielmo et della dama del Vergiu." There is an old French Romance, upon this subject, as I apprehend, in MS. Bodl. 2366. It is entitled *Le Roman de la Chastelaine du Vergy*, and begins thus:

Une maniere de gens sont
 Qui d'estre loyaux semblant font—
 Ainsi qu'il avint en Bourgoigne
 D'un chevalier preux et hardi
 Et de la dame du Vergy.—

The story is the same, in the main, with that of the 70th Novel in the Heptameron of the Queen of Navarre, from which, I suppose, the more modern *Histoire de la Comtesse du Vergi*, Par. 1722, is taken.

I cannot find that any Italian poem upon this subject is now extant; but the unaccountable neglect, with which the poetry of Boccace has been long treated by those very countrymen of his who idolize his prose, makes the supposition, I think, not improbable, that a small piece of this sort may have been suffered to perish, or even to lurk at this day, unpublished and unnoticed, in some Italian library.

Discourse, &c. p. li. n. 6. l. 7. The latest historical fact.] This passage should be compared with the n. on ver. 14700, and corrected accordingly.

P. lx. § xix. Add.—I am obliged to Mr. Steevens for pointing out to me a story, which has a great resemblance, in its principal incidents, to the *Preres tale*. It is quoted by D'Artigny, *Memoires d'Histoire*, &c. T. iii. p. 238. from a collection of Sermons, by an anonymous Dominican, printed about the beginning of the xvth Century, under the title of "*Sermones discipuli*."

³³ When we recollect, that Chaucer's papers must in all probability have fallen into the hands of his Son Thomas, who, at the time of his father's death, was of full age, we can hardly doubt that all proper care was taken of them; and if the Tales in question had ever been inserted among the others, it is scarce conceivable that they should all have slipped out of all the Copies of this work, of which we have any knowledge or information. Nor is there any sufficient ground for imagining that so many Tales could have been suppressed by design; though such a supposition may perhaps be admitted to account for the loss of some smaller passages. See above, n. 8.

THE
CANTERBURY TALES.



THE
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

v. 1—90

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engleond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Befelle, that, in that season on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrye
Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte bray.
Betwix shortly, whan the souerewell gon to reste,
I coude I spolen mynnes sheldes sellon,
His worthis of bitful wel his wit besette
Wiste no wight that he was in dette
Wherof he fastly didde he his governance,
Or of the cheynges, and with his chevisancee,
Me threnges as a worthy man withalle,
To telle as a worthy man withalle,
Of ech oon, I n'ot how men him calle.
And wher was of Oxenforde also,
And ek wher he hadde long ygo.
And as he was hors as is a rake,
A fat right fat, I undertake;
And wher was his overest courtiepy,
Hadde geten him yet no benefeece,
Nought worldly to have an office.

Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne,
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.

This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palacie, *Henry of Be*
Agen another hethen in Turkie;
And evermore he hadde a soverene pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge SQUIRE,
A lover, and a lusty bachelere,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.

His tabour was of even lengthe,
Stode redy covered with a chevalier,
And grete of strengthe.

At sessions ther was he in chevachie,
Ful often time he was knight in Picardie,
An anelace and a gipeiere all of his age,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe be.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a counteeve,
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

TH
TO

Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
 He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.
 Short was his goune, with sleeves long and wide.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
 He coude songes make, and wel endite,
 Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraite and write.
 So hote he loved, that by nightertale
 He slep no more than dothi the nightingale.
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
 At that time, for him luste to ride so ;
 And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
 A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
 Under his belt he bare ful thriflyly.
 Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly ;
 His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
 And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
 A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
 Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
 Upon his arme he bare a gait bracer,
 And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other side a gaie daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere :
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
 An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
 A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a PRIORRESSE,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy ;
 Hire grettest othe n'as but by Saint Eloy ;
 And she was cleped madame Egletine.
 Ful wel she sange the service devine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle ;
 She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 Thatte no drope no fell upon hire brest.
 In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
 Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of gresse, whan she donken hadde hire draught.
 Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
 And sikerly she was of grette disport,
 And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten chere
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden dignie of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
 Of male houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smert :
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful semely hire wimple ypinched
 Hire nose tretis ; hire eyen
 Hire mouth ful smale,
 But sikerly she hadde
 It was almost
 For hardily sl
 Ful fetis
 Of smale

A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene ;
 And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,
 That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
 An out-rider, that loved venerie ;
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable.
 And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
 Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

The reule of saint Maure and of saint Beneit,
 Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
 This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the trace.
 He yave not of the text a pulled hon,
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
 Is like to a fish that is waterles ;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
 And I say his opinion was good.

What shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood
 Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
 Or swinken with his hondes, and labour,
 As Austin bit ? how shal the world be served ?
 Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
 Therfore he was a prickasoure a right :
 Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul-of flight :
 Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
 Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purified at the hond
 With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
 And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
 He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne :
 A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
 His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
 That stemed as a forneis of a led.
 His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
 He was not pale as a forpined gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A FREERE ther was, a wanton and a mery,
 A Limitour, a glempne man.
 In all the or was is non that can
 So moche of his langage.
 He hadde
 Of yonge
 Until his
 Ful we
 With f
 And c

This noble ave, he dorste make avant,
 That first pat a man was repentant.
 Out of the a man so hard is of his herte,
 And this not wepe although him sore smerte.
 That if in stede of weping and prieres,
 For note give silver to the poure freres
 For his tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
 And pinnes, for to given fayre quives.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note.
 Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
 Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
 His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
 Therto he strong was as a champion,
 And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
 And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
 Better than a lazar or a beggere,
 For unto swiche a worthy man as he
 Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
 To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
 It is not honest, it may not avance,
 As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
 But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
 And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
 Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
 Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the beste begger in all his hous :
 And gave a certaine terme for the grant,
 Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
 For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
 (So pleasant was his *In principio*)
 Yet wold he have a fething or he went.
 His purchas was wel better than his rent.
 And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
 In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
 For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
 With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
 But he was like a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That round was as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
 To make his English swete upon his tonge ;
 And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
 His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
 As don the sterres in a frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MERCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
 His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
 His resons spake he ful solemnely,
 Sounding alway the oncesse of his winning.
 He wold the see were kept for any thing
 Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
 Wel coude he in eschanges sheldos selle.
 This worthy man ful wel his wit besette ;
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So stedefastly didde he his governance,
 With his bargemes, and with his chevissance.
 Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logike hadde long ygo.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
 But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
 For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was nought worldly to have an office.

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
 A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
 But all be that he was a philosopre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
 But all that he might of his frendes hente,
 On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
 And besily gan for the soules praie
 Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
 Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
 Not a word spake he more than was nede ;
 And that was said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
 Sounding in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWEware and wise,
 That often hadde yben at the paruis,
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence :
 He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,
 Justice he was ful often in assise,
 By patent, and by pleine commissioun ;
 For his science, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robes had he many on.
 So grete a pourechasour was nowher non.
 All was fee simple to him in effect,
 His pourechasing might not ben in suspect.
 Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semed besier than he was.
 In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
 That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
 He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
 Girt with a sent of silk, with barres smale ;
 Of his array tell I no longer tale.

A FRANKLEIN was in this compaignie ;
 White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
 Of his complexion he was sanguin.
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
 To liven in delit was ever his wone,
 For he was Epicures owen sone,
 That held opinion, that plein delit
 Was veraily felicite parfite.
 An housholder, and that a grete was he ;
 Saint Julian he was in his contree.
 His brede, his ale, was alway after on ;
 A better envyned man was no wher non.
 Withouten lake mete never was his hous,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
 It snowed in his hous of mete and drinke,
 Of alle deintees that men coude of thinke,
 After the sondry secons of the yere,
 So changed he his mete and his soupere.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
 Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
 Pointant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
 His table dormant in his halbe alway
 Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
 At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
 Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
 An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
 Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk,
 A shreve hadde he ben, and a countour.
 Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

AN HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempe and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wei semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
Fo sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent :
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woned fer by West :
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rode upon a rounce, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger langing by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe all broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeaux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemange,
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake :
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine :
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR of PHISIKE,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie :
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladic,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite praitisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him draggis, and his lettuaris,
For eche of hem made other for to winne :

Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne,
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus ;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien ;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen ;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin ;
Bernard, and Gatsiden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence :
He kepte that he wan in the pestillence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial ;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIF was ther of beside BATHE,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offering before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground ;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound ;
That on the Sunday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compaignie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Saint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of spornes sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew perchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun :
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient :
And swiche he was yprevved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offering, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikeneesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iheren do ?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust :
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe :
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold :
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuouus,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawn folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his businesse :
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snubben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne made him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe. ✓

With him ther was a FLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselfe.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.

His tithes paid he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,
A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.

A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounne,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil MANCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensample
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men ?

Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious :
Of which ther was a dosen in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire ;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe ;
And yet this manciple sette hur aller cappe.

The REVE was a sleindre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforene.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne :
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rait,
The yielding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this reve governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age ;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as bailiff, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine :
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a town, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the rout.
A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubines face,
For sausefeme he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pillid berd :
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinment that wolde clense or bite,

That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
 Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
 Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
 And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
 Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
 And whan that he wel drouken had the win,
 Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
 A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
 That he had lerned out of som decree ;
 No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
 And eke ye known wel, how that a jay
 Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
 But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
 Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
 Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot and a kind ;
 A better felaw shulde a man not find.
 He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
 A good felaw to have his concubine
 A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
 Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
 And if he found owhere a good felawe,
 He wolde techen him to have non awe
 In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse ;
 But if a mannes soule were in his purse ;
 For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
 Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
 But wel I wote, he lied right in dede :
 For cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
 For cursing wol sle right as assouling saveth,

A *Significavit* ware him of a *significavit*.
 For on danger hadde he at his owen gise
 He he yonge gyles of the diceise,
 And knew hur conseil, and was of hir rede.
 A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
 As gret as it were for an alestake :
 A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil **PARDONERE**
 Of Rouncevall, his friend and his compere.
 That stroit was comen from the court of Rome.
 Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
 This sompneur bare to him a stiff burdoun,
 Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
 This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
 But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax :
 By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
 And therwith he his shuldurs overspradde.
 Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
 But hode, for jolite, no wered he non,
 For it was trussed up in his wallet.
 Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
 Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
 Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
 A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
 His wallet lay before him in his lappe,
 Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
 A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
 No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
 As smothe it was as it were newe shave ;
 I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
 Ne was ther swiche an other pardoner.
 For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
 Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil :
 He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
 Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went
 Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
 He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
 And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.

But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
 A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
 Upon a day he gat him more moneie
 Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
 And thus with fained flattering and japes,
 He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.

But trewely to tellen atte last,
 He was in churche a noble ecclesiast.
 Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
 But alderbest he sang an offertorie :
 For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
 He muste preche, and wel afilie his tonge,
 To winne silver, as he right wel coude :
 Therefore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Th' estat, th' arraie, the nombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assembled was this compaignie
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
 But now is time to you for to telle,
 How that we baren us that ilke night,
 Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
 And after wol I telle of our viage,
 And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.

But firste I praeie you of your curtesie,
 That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
 Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
 To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere ;
 Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
 For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
 Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
 He moste reherse, as neighs as ever he can,
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,
 All speke he never so rudely and so large ;
 Or elles he moste tellen his tale utwore,
 Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
 He may not spare, although he were his brother.
 He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.
 Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
 And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
 Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
 The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.

Also I praeie you to forgive it me,
 All have I not sette folk in hir degree,
 Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
 My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
 And to the souper sette he us anon :
 And served us with vitaille of the beste.
 Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
 A semely man our hoste was with alle
 For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe :
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
 And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
 Eke therto was he right a mery man,
 And after souper plaien he began,
 And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges ;
 And saide thus ; Now, lordinges, trewely
 Ye ben to me welcome right hertily :
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
 I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
 At oes in this herberwe, as is now.
 Feyn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
 And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
 To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.

Ye gon to Canterbury ; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede ;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play :
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston :
And therefore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement :
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.

Our conseil was not longe for to seche :
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more advise,
And bad him say his verdict, as him leste.

Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste ;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain ;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures that whilom han befalle.

And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselfen gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therefore.

This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,

And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris ;
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe : and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger taryng.

A-morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas :
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide ; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forward, and I it record.
If even-song and morwe-song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioress,
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought ; lay hand to, every man.

Anon to drawn every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight ;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
But forward, and by composition,
As ye han herd ; what nedeth wordes mo ?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obediens,
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He saide ; sithen I shal begin this game,
What ? welcome be the cutte a goddes name.
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.

And with that word we riden forth our way ;
And he began with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

WHILOM, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that hight Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd alle the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia ;
And wedded the fresshe queene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solemnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,

I wolde have told you fully the manere,
How women was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie ;
And of the grette bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones ;
And how assaged was Ipolita
The faire hardy queene of Scythia ;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.
But all this thing I moste as now forbere.
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere ;
And weke ben the oxen in my plow.
The remenant of my tale is longe & now.
I wil not letten eke non of this bute.
Let every felaw telle his tale route,
And let se now who shal the super winne
Ther as I left, I wil agee, or ene.
Ay all thy

This duk, of whom I made mentiou,
 When he was comen almost to the toun,
 In all his wele and in his moste pride,
 He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,
 Wher that ther kneled in the highe wey
 A compaignie of ladies, twey and twey,
 Eche after other, clad in clothes blake :
 But swiche a crië and swiche a wo they make,
 That in this world n'is creature living,
 That ever herd swiche another waimenting.
 And of this crië ne wolde they never stenten,
 Till they the reines of his bridel henten.

What folk be ye that at min home coming
 Perturben so my feste with crying ?
 Quod Theseus, have ye so grete envie
 Of min honour, that thus complaine and crië ?
 Or who hath you misboden, or offended ?
 Do telle me, if that it may be amended ;
 And why ye be thus clothed alle in blake, ?

The oldest lady of hem all than spake,
 When she had sswouned, with a dedly chere,
 That it was reuthe for to seen and here.
 She sayde ; lord, to whom fortune hath yeven
 Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,
 Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour ;
 But we beseke you of mercie and socour.
 Have mercie on our woe and our distresse.
 Som drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentillesse,
 Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle.
 For certes, lord, thir n'is non of us alle,
 That she n'hath ben a duchesse or a queene
 Now be we caitives, as it is wel sene :
 Thanked be fortune, and hire false whele,
 That non estat ensureth to be wele.
 And certes, lord, to abiden your presence
 Here in this temple of the goddesse Clemence
 We han ben waiting all this fourteenight :
 Now helpe us, lord, sin it lieth in thy might.

I wretched wight, that woeped and wailed thus,
 Was whilom wif to king Capaneus,
 That starfe at Thebes, cursed be that day :
 And alle we that ben in this aray,
 And maken all this lamentation,
 We losten alle our husbondes at that toun,
 While that the sege therabouten lay.
 And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa !
 That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
 Fulfilled of ire and of iniquitee,
 He for despit, and for his tyrannie,
 To don the ded bodies a vilanie,
 Of alle our lordes, which that ben yslawe,
 Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,
 And will not suffren hem by non assent
 Neyther to ben yberied, ne ybrent,
 But maketh houndes etc hem in despit.

And with that word, withouten more respite
 They fallen groff, and crien pitously ;
 Have on us wretched wimmen som mercy,
 And let our sorwe sinken in thin herte.

This gentil duk down from his coursour sterte
 With herte pitous, whan he herd hem speke.
 Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke,
 Whan he saw hem so pitous and so mate,
 That whilom weren of so gret estate.
 And in his armes he hem all up hente,
 And hem comforted in ful good entente,
 And swore his othurs he was trewe knight,
 He wolde don so feerthly his might
 Upon the tyrant Claton to wreke,
 That all the peple hadde pishulde speke,

How Creon was of Theseus yserved,
 As he that hath his deth ful wel deserved.

And right anon withouten more abode
 His bannex he displaide, and forth he rode
 To Thebes ward, and all his host beside :
 No nere Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,
 Ne take his ese fully half a day,
 But onward on his way that night he lay :
 And sent anon Ipolita the queene,
 And Emelie hire yonge sister shene
 Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell :
 And forth he rit ; ther n'is no more to tell.

The red statue of Mars with sperre and targe
 So shineth in his white banner large,
 That all the feldes ghteren up and down :
 And by his banner bonne is his penon
 Of gold ful riche, in which ther was ybete
 The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.
 Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
 And in his host of chevalrie the flour,
 Til that he came to Thebes, and alight
 Fayre in a fild, ther as he thought to fight.
 But shortly for to speken of this thing,
 With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
 He fought, and slew him manly as a knight
 In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight :
 And by assaut he wan the citee after,
 And rent adoun bothe the wall and sparre, and rafter ;
 And to the ladies he restored again
 The bodies of hir husbondes that were slain,
 To don the obseques, as was tho the gise.

But it were all too long for to devise
 The grete clamour, and the waimenting,
 Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning
 Of the bodies, and the gret honour,
 That Theseus the noble conquerour
 Doth to the ladies, whan they from him wente :
 But shortly for to telle is min entente.

Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,
 Hath Creon slaine, and wonnen Thebes thus,
 Still in the feld he toke all night his reste,
 And did with all the contree as him leste.
 To ransake in the tas of bodies dede,
 Hem for to stripe of harnes and of wede,
 The pillours dide hir businesse and cure,
 After the bataille and discomfiture
 And so befell, that in the tas they found,
 Thurgh gret with many a grevous bloody wound,
 Two yonge knights ligging by and by,
 Bothe in on armes, wrought ful richely :
 Of winche two, Arcita lighte that on,
 And he that other lighte Palamon.
 Not fully quik, ne fully ded they were,
 But by hir cote-armure, and by hir gere,
 The heraudes knew hem wel in special,
 As tho that weren of the blod real
 Of Thebes, and of sustren two yborne.
 Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,
 And han hem capied soft unto the tente
 Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente
 To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison
 Perpetuel, he n'olde no raumson.
 And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon,
 He toke his host, and home he rit anon
 With laurer crowned as a conquerour ;
 And ther he liveth in joye and in honour
 Ferme of his lif ; what nedeth wodes mo ?
 And in a tour, in anguish and in wo,
 Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite,
 For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morve of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,
And fressher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight.
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterthe,
And sayth, arise, and do thin observance.

This maketh Emelie han remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she fresshe for to devise.
Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse,
Behind hire back, a yerde long I gesse.
And in the gardin at the sonne uprist
She walketh up and doun wher as hire list.
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make a sotel gerlond for hire hed,
And as an angel havenlich she song.
The grete tour, that was so thikke and strong,
Which of the castel was the chef dongeon,
{Wher as these knightes weren in prison,
Of which I tolde you, and tellen shal)
Was even joiant to the gardin wall,
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing.

Bright was the sonne, and clere that morwening,
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble citee sigh,
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,
Ther as this fresshe Emelie the shene
Was in lire walk, and romed up and doun.

This sorweful prisoner, this Palamon
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,
And to himselfe complaining of his wo:
That he was borne, ful off he sayd, alas!

And so befell, by aventure or cas,
That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre
Of yren gret, and square as any sparre,
He cast his eyen upon Emelia,
And therewithal he blent and cried, a!
As though he stongen were unto the herte.

And with that crie Arcite anon up sterthe,
And saide, cosin min, what eyleth thee,
That art so pale and dedly for to see?
Why cridest thou? who hath thee don offence?
For goddes love, take all in patience
Our prison, for it may non other be.
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite.
Som wikke aspect or disposition
Of Saturne, by som constellation,
Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn,
So stood the heven whan that we were born,
We moste endure: this is the short and plain.

This Palamon answerde, and sayde again;
Cosin, forsoth of this opinion
Thou hast a vaine imagination.
This prison caused me not for to crie.
But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye
Into min herte, that wol my bane be.
The fayrnesse of a lady that I se
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro,
Is cause of all my crying and my wo.
I n'ot whe'r she be woman or goddesse.
But Venus is it, sothly, as I gesse.

And therewithal on knees adoun he fill,
And sayde: Venus, if it be your will
You in this gardin thus to transfigure,
Before me sorweful wretched creature,
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape.
And if so be our destinee be shape
By eterne word to dien in prison,
Of our lignage have som compassion,
That is so low ybrought by tyrannie.

And with that word Arcite gan espie
Wher as this lady romed to and fro.
And with that sight hire beautee hurt him so,
That if that Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.
And with a sigh he sayde pitously:
The fresshe beautee sleth me sodenly
Of hire that rometh in the yonder place.
And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,
That I may see hire at the leste way,
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to say.

This Palamon, whan he these wordes herd,
Disputously he loked, and answerd:
Whether sayest thou this in earnest or in play?
Nay, quod Arcite, in earnest by my fay.
God helpe me so, me lust full yvel play.

This Palamon gan kuit his browes twey.
It were, quod he, to thee no gret honour
For to be false, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother
Ysworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,
That never for to dien in the peine,
Til that the deth departen shal us tweine,
Neyther of us in love to hindre other,
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;
But that thou shuidest trefwely forther me
In every cas, as I shuld forther thee.
This was thin oth, and min also certain;
I wot it wel, thou darst it not withsain.
Thus art thou of my conseil out of doute.
And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And ever shal, til that min herte sterve.

Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so.
I loved hire firste, and tolde thee my wo
As to my conseil, and my brother sworne
To forther me, as I have told beforne.
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or elles art thou false, I dare wel sain.

This Arcite full proudly spake again.
Thou shalt, quod he, be rather false than I.
And thou art false, I tell thee uterly.
For *par amour* I loved hire first or thou.
What wolst thou sayn? thou wisted nat right now
Whether she were a woman or a goddesse.
Thin is affection of holinesse,
And min is love, as to a creature:
For which I tolde thee min aventure
As to my cosin, and my brother sworne.

I pose, that thou lovedest hire beforne:
Wost thou not wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That who shall give a lover any lawe?
Love is a greter lawe by my pan,
Then may be yeven of any earthly man:
And therefore positif lawe, and swiche decre
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man moste nedes love mangre his hed.
He may not fleen it, though he shuld be ded,
All be she maid, or widewe, or elles wif.

And eke it is not likely all thy lif

To stonden in hire grace, no more shal I :
 For wel thou wost thyselfen veraily,
 That thou and I be damed to prison
 Perpetuel, us gaineth no rounson.

We strive, as did the houndes for the bone,
 They fought all day, and yet hir part was none.
 Ther came a kyte, while that they were so wrothe,
 And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.
 And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,
 Eche man for himself, ther is non other.
 Love if thee lust ; for I love and ay shal :
 And sothly, leve brother, this is al.
 Here in this prison mosten we endure,
 And everich of us take his aventure.

Gret was the strif, and long betwix hem twey,
 If that I hadde leiser for to sey :
 But to th' effect. It happed on a day,
 (To tell it you as shortly as I may)
 A worthy duk that highte Perithous,
 That felaw was to this duk Theseus
 Sin thilke day that they were children lite,
 Was come to Athenes, his felaw to visite,
 And for to play, as he was wont to do,
 For in this world he loved no man so :
 And he loved him as tendrely again.
 So wel they loved, as olde bokes sain,
 That whan that on was ded, sothly to telle,
 His felaw wente and sought him down in helle :
 But of that storie list me not to write.

Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,
 And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere :
 And finally at request and praicre
 Of Perithous, withouten any rounson
 Duk Theseus him let out of prison,
 Frely to gon, wher that him list over all,
 In swiche a gise, as I thou telleth shall.

This was the forword, plainly for to endite,
 Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite :
 That if so were, that Arcite were yfound
 Ever in his lif, by day or night, o stound
 In any contrce of this Theseus,
 And he were caught, it was accorded thus,
 That with a swerd he shulde lese his hed ;
 Ther was non other remedie ne rede.
 But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde ;
 Let him beware, his nekke leth to wedde.

How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite ?
 The deth he feleth thugh his herte smite ;
 He wepeth, waileth, crieth pitously ;
 To sleen himself he waiteth prively.
 He said ; Alas the day that I was borne !
 Now is my prison worse than beforeme :
 Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
 Not only in purgatorie, but in helle.
 Alas ! that ever I knew Perithous.
 For elles had I dwelt with Thiscus
 Yfetered in his prison evermo.

Than had I ben in bliss, and not in wo.
 Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,
 Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
 Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.

O dere cosin Palamon, quod he,
 This is the victorie of this aventure.
 Ful blisful in prison maigest thou endure :
 In prison ? certes nay, but in paradise.
 Wel hath fortune yturned thee the disc,
 That hast the sight of hire, and I th' absence.
 For possible is, sin thou hast hire presence,
 And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
 That by som cas, sin fortune is changeable,

Thou maigest to thy desir som time atteine.
 But I that am exiled, and barreine
 Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,
 That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,
 Ne creature, that of hem makeid is,
 That may me hele, or don comfort in this,
 Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse.
 Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.

Alas, why plainen men so in commune
 Of purveyance of God, or of fortune,
 That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise
 Wel better than they can himself devise ?
 Som man desireth for to have richesse,
 That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse.
 And som man wold out of his prison fayn,
 That in his house is of his meinie slain.
 Infinite harmes ben in this matere.
 We wote not what thing that we praien here.
 We faren as he that dronke is as a mous.
 A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,
 But he ne wot which is the right way thider,
 And to a dronken man the way is slider.
 And certes in this world so faren we.

We seken fast after felicite,
 But we go wrong ful often trewely.
 Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,
 That wende, and had a gret opinion,
 That if I might escapen fro prison
 Than had I ben in joye and parfite hele,
 Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
 Sin that I may not seen you, Emelie,
 I n'am but ded ; ther n'is no remedie.

Upon that other side Palamon,
 Whan that he wist Arcite was agon,
 Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grette tour
 Resounded of his yelling and clamour.
 The pure fetters on his shinnes grete
 Were or his hitter salte teres wete.

Alas ! quod he, Arcite cosin min,
 Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.
 Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
 And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
 Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,
 Assemblen alle the folk of our kinrede,
 And make a werre so sharpe on this cuntree,
 That by som aventure, or som tretree,
 Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif,
 For whom that I must nedes lese my lif.
 For as by way of possibilitce,
 Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,
 And art a lord, gret is thin advantage,
 More than is min, that sterve here in a cage.
 For I may wepe and waille, while that I live,
 With all the wo that prison may me yeve,
 And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,
 That doubleth all my tourment and my wo.

Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterte
 Within his brest, and hent him by the herte
 So woody, that he like was to behold
 The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.
 Than said he ; O cruel goddes, that governe
 This world with binding of your word eterne,
 And writen in the table of athamant
 Your parlement and your eterne grant,
 What is mankind more unto you yhold
 Than is the shepe, that rouketh in the fold ?
 For slain is man, right as another beest,
 And dwelleth eke in prison, and arrest,
 And hath siknesse, and gret adversite,
 And oftentimes gilteles parde.

What governance is in this prescience,
 That gilteles turmenteth innocence?
 And yet encresteth this all my penance,
 That man is bounden to his observance
 For Goddes sake to leten of his will.
 Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill.
 And whan a beest is ded, he hath no peine;
 But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,
 Though in this world he have care and wo:
 Withouten doute it maye stonden so.

The answer of this lete I to divines,
 But wel I wote, that in this world gret pine is.
 Alas! I see a serpent or a thefe,
 That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,
 Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn.
 But I moste ben in prison thurgh Saturn,
 And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood,
 That hath wel neye destrued all the blood
 Of Thebes, with his waste walles wide.
 And Venus sleeth me on that other side
 For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite.

Now wol I stent of Palamon a lite,
 And leten him in his prison still dwelle,
 And of Arcite forth I wol you telle.
 The somner passeth, and the nightes long
 Encreasen double wise the peines strong
 Both of the lover, and of the prisoner.
 I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistere.
 For shortly for to say, this Palamon
 Perpetuely is damned to prison,
 In chaines and in fetters to ben ded;
 And Arcite is exiled on his hed
 For evermore as out of that contree,
 Ne never more he shal his lady see.

You lovers axe I now this question,
 Who hath the werse, Arcite or Palamon?
 That on may se his lady day by day,
 But in prison moste he dwellen alway.
 That other wher him lust may ride or go,
 But sen his lady shal he never mo.
 Now demeth as you liste, je that can,
 For I wol tell you forth as I began.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
 Ful off a day he swelt and said alas,
 For sen his lady shal he never mo.
 And shortly to concluden all his wo,
 So mochel sorwe hadde never creature,
 That is or shal be, while the world may dure.
 His slepe, his mete, his drinke is him byraff,
 That leue he wex, and drie as is a shaft.
 His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,
 His hewe falwe, and pale as ashen cold,
 And solitary he was, and ever alone,
 And wailing all the night, making his moene.
 And if he herde song or instrument,
 Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be stent.
 So feble were his spirites, and so low,
 And changed so, that no man coude know
 His speche ne his vois, though men it herd.
 And in his gere, for all the world he ferd
 Nought only like the lovers maladie
 Of Ereos, but rather ylike manie,
 Engendred of humours melancolike,
 Before his hed in his celle fantastike.
 And shortly turned was all up so down
 Both habit and eke dispositioun
 Of him, this woful lover, dan Arcite.
 What shuld I all day of his wo endite?

Whan he endured had a yere or two
 This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,

At Thebes, in his contree, as I said,
 Upon a night in slepe as he him laid,
 Him thought how that the winged god Mercury
 Before him stood, and bad him to be mery.
 His slepy yerde in hond he bare upright;
 An hat he wered upon his heres bright.
 Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)
 As he was whan that Argus toke his slepe;
 And said him thus: To Athens shalt thou wen'e
 Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende.

And with that word Arcite awoke and stert.
 Now trewely how sore that ever me smert,
 Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare.
 Ne for no drede of deth shal I not spare
 To so my lady, that I love and serve;
 In hire presence I rekke not to sterve.
 And with that word he caught a gret mirroure,
 And saw that changed was all his colour,
 And saw his visage all in another kind.
 And right anon it ran him in his mind,
 That suth his face was so disfigured
 Of maladie the which he had endured,
 He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,
 Live in Athenes evermore unknowe,
 And sen his lady wel nigh day by day.
 And right anon he changed his aray,
 And clad him as a poure labourer.

And all alone, save only a squier,
 That knew his privitee and all his cas,
 Which was disguised pourely as he was,
 To Athenes is he gon the nexte way.
 And to the court he went upon a day,
 And at the gate he proffered his service,
 To drugge and draw, what so men wold devise.
 And shortly of this matere for to sayn,
 He fell in office with a chamberlain,
 The which that dwelling was with Emelie.
 For he was wise, and coude some espie
 Of every servant, which that served hire.
 Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,
 For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
 And therto he was strong and big of bones
 To don that any might can him devise.

A yere or two he was in this service,
 Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright;
 And Philostrate he sayde that he hight.
 But half so wel beloved a man as he,
 Ne was ther never in court of his degre.
 He was so gentil of conditioun,
 That thurghout all the court was his reconou.
 They sayden that it were a charite
 That Theseus wold enhaunsen his degre,
 And putten him in worshipful service,
 Ther as he might his vertues exercise.
 And thus within a while his name is spronge
 Both of his dedes, and of his good tonge,
 That Theseus hath taken him of ner
 That of his chambre he made him a squier,
 And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;
 And eke men brought him out of his contree
 Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent.
 But honestly and sleightly he it spent,
 That no man wondred how that he it hadde.
 And thre yere in this wise his lif he ladde,
 And bare him so in pees an eke in werre,
 Ther n'as no man that Theseus hath derre.
 And in this blisse let I now Arcite,
 And speke I wol of Palamon a lite.

In derkenesse and horrible and strong prison
 This seven yere hath sitten Palamon.

Forpined, what for love and for distresse.
Who feleth double sorwe and hevnesse
But Palamon? that love distrainteth so,
That wood out of his wit he goth for wo,
And eke therto he is a prisoner
Perpetuall, not only for a yere.

Who coude rime in English proprely
His martirdom? forsoth it am not I,
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may.
It fell that in the seventh yere in May
The thridde night, (as olde bokeþ sayn,
That all this storie tellen more plain)
Were it by aventure or destinee,
(As, whan a thing is shapen, it shal be.)
That some after the midnight, Palamon
By helping of a frend brake his prison,
And fleeth the cite faste as he may go,
For he had yeven drinke his gayler so
Of a clarre, made of a certain wine,
With Narcotikes and Opie of Thebes fine,
That all the night though that men wold him shake,
The gailer slept, he mighte not awake.
And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he may.

The night was short, and faste by the day,
That nedes cost he moste himselfen hide.
And to a grove faste ther beside
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamon.
For shortly this was his opinion,
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,
And in the night than wold he take his way
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie
On Theseus to helpen him werreie.
And shortly, eyther he wold lese his lif,
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.
This is the effect, and his entente plein.

Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,
That litel vist how neighe was his care,
Til that fortune had brought him in the snare.
The besy lark, the messenger of day,
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray;
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver drops, hanging on the leves,
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.
And for to don his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey.
And to the grove of which that I you told,
By aventure hus way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hauthoun leves,
And loud he song agen the sonne shene.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may.
And from his courser, with a lusty herte
Into the grove ful hastily he sterte,
And in a path he romed up and down,
Ther as by aventure this Palamon
Was in a bush, that no man might him se,
For sore afered of his deth was he.
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite.
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.
But soth is said, gon sithen are many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres.

It is ful faire a man to bere him even,
For al day meten men at unset steven.
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,
That was so neigh to herken of his saw,
For in the bush he sitteth now ful still.

Whan that Arcite had romed all his fil,
And songen all the roundel lustily,
Into a studie he fell sodenly,
As don these lovers in hir quinte geres,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,
Now up, now down, as boket in a well.
Right as the Friday, sotly for to tell,
Now shineth it, and now it raineth fast,
Right so can gery Venus overcast
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day
Is gerfull, right so changeth she aray.
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.

Whan Arcite had ysonge, he gan to sike,
And set him down withouten any more:
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?
Alas! ybrought is to confusion
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man,
That Thebes built, or firste the toun began,
And of the citee firste was crowned king.
Of his linage am I, and his ofspring
By veray line, as of the stok real:
And now I am so catif and so thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy,
I serve him as his squier pourely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,
For I dare not belknome min owen name,
But ther as I was wont to lighte Arcite,
Now lighte I Philostrat, not worth a mite
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,
Save only me, and wretched Palamon,
That Theseus martireth in prison.
And over all this, to slen me utterly,
Love hath his firy dart so brenningly
Ystiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,
That shapen was my deth erst than my shert.
Ye slen me with your eyen, Emelie;
Ye ben the cause wherfore that I die.
Of all the remenant of min other care
Ne set I not the mountance of a tare,
So that I could don ought to your plesance.

And with that word he fell down in a trance
A longe time; and afterward up sterte
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte
He felt a colde swerd sodenly glide:
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide.
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face ded and pale,
He sterte him up out of the bushes thikke,
And sayde: False Arcite, false traitour wicke,
Now art thou hent, that lovest my lady so,
For whom that I have all this peine and wo,
And art my blood, and to my conseil sworn,
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,
And hast bejaped here duk Theseus,
And falsely changed hast thy name thus;
I wol be ded, or elles thou shalt die.
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie,
But I wol love hire only and no mo.
For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.
And though that I no wepen have in this place,
But out of prison am astert by grace,

I drede nought, that eyther thou shalt die,
Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelie.
Chese which thou wolt, for thou shalt not asterte.

This Arcite tho, with ful dispousith herte,
Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,
As fers as a leon, pulled out a swerd,
And sayde thus ; By God that sitteth above,
N'ere it that thou art sike, and wood for love,
And eke that thou no wepen hast in this place,
Thou shuldest never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne shuldest dien of min hond.
For I defie the suretee and the bond,
Which that thou saist that I have made to thee.
What ? veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,
And I wol love hire maugre all thy might.
But, for thou art a worthy gentil knight,
And wilnest to darraine hire by bataille,
Have here my trouth, to-morwe I will not faille,
Withouten weting of any other wight,
That here I wol be founden as a knight,
And bringen harnais right ynough for thee ;
And chese the beste, and leve the werste for me.
And mete and drinke this night wol I bring
Ynough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding.
And if so be that thou my lady win,
And sle me in this wode, ther I am in,
Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me.

This Palamon answerd, I grant it thee.
And thus they ben departed til a-morwe,
When eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee !
O regne, that wolt no felaw have with thee !
Ful soth is sayde, that love ne lordship
Wol nat, his thankes, have no felawship.
Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anon unto the toun,
And on the morwe, or it were day light,
Ful prively two harnais hath he dight,
Both suffisant and mete to darreine
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine.
And on his hors, alone as he was borne,
He carieth all this harnais him beforne ;
And in the grove, at time and place ysette,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
Tho changen gan the colour of hir face.
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
That stondeth at a gappe with a spere,
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
And hereth him come rushing in the greves,
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,
And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten faille, he must be ded or I ;
For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe ;
Or he mote slen me, if that me mishappe :
So ferden they, in changing of hir hewe,
As fer as eyther of hem ever knewe.
Ther n'as no good day, ne no saluing,
But streit withouten wordes rehersung,
Everich of hem halpe to armen other,
As frendly, as he were his owen brother.
And after that, with sharpe speres strong
They foineden eche at other wonder long.
Thou mightest wene, that this Palamon
In his fighting were as a wood leon,
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite ;
As wilde bores gan they togeder smite,
That frothen white as fome for ire wood.
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood.
And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,
And forth I wol of Theseus you telle.

The destinee, ministre general,
That executeth in the world oyer al
The purveiance, that God hath sen beforne ;
So strong it is, that though the world had sworne
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day
That fallett nat efte in a thousand yere.
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All is this ruled by the sight above.
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day,
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetie
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.

Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben they ridden really.
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,
In which ther was an hart as men hum told,
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold.
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,
And over a brooke, and so forth on his wey.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes, swiche as him lust to commaunde.
And when this duk was comen to the launde,
Under the sonne he loked, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That fougthen breme, as it were bolles two.
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro
So hidously, that with the leste stroke
It semed that it wolde felle an oke.
But what they weren, nothing he ne wote.
This duk his courser with his spornes snote,
And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a swerd and cried, ho !
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed.
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be ded,
That smiteth any stroke, that I may sen.
But tellethe me what mistere men ye ben,
That ben so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any juge other officers,
As though it were in listes really.

This Palamon answered hastily,
And saide : Sire, what nedeth wordes mo ?
We have the deth deserved bothe two.
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,
That ben accombred of our owen lives,
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge.
And sle me first, for seinte charitee.
But sle my felaw eke as wel as me.
Or sle him first ; for, though thou know it lite
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is banished on his bed,
For which he hath deserved to be ded.
For this is he that came unto thy gate
And sayde, that he lighte Philostrate.
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,
And thou hast makid him thy chief squire,
And this is he, that loveth Emelie.
For sith the day is come that I shal die

I make plainly my confession,
That I am thilke woful Palamon,
That hath thy prison broken wilfully.
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That loveth so hot Emelie the bright,
That I wold dien present in hire sight.
Therefore I axe deth and my jewise.
But sle my felaw in the same wise,
For both we have deserved to be slain.
This worthy duk answerd anon again,
And sayd, This is a short conclusion,
Your owen mouth, by your confession
Hath damned you, and I wol it reorde.
It nedeth not to peime you with the corde.
Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the rede.
The quene anon for veray womanhede
Gan for to wepe, and so did Emelie,
And all the ladies in the compaignie.
Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,
That ever swiche a chance shulde befallie.
For gentil men they were of gret estat,
And nothing but for love was this debat.
And sawe hir bloddy woundes wide and sore ;
And alle criden bothe lesse and more,
Have mercie, Lord, upon us wimmen alle.
And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
And wold have kist his feet ther as he stood,
Till at the last, askled was his mood ;
(For pitee renneth some in gentil herte)
And though he first for ire quoke and sterte,
He hath considered shortly in a clause
The trespas of hem both, and eke the cause :
And although that his ire hir gilt accused,
Yet in his reson he hem both excused,
As thus ; he thoughte wel that every man
Wol helpe himself in love if that he can,
And eke deliver himself out of prison.
And eke his herte had compassion
Of wimmen, for they wepten ever in on :
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
And soft unto himself he sayed : fie
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,
But be a leon both in word and dede,
To hem that ben in repentance and drede,
As wel as to a proud dispitous man,
That wol mainteinen that he first began.
That lord hath litel of discretion,
That in swichie cas can no division :
But wigheth pride and humblesse after on.
And shortly, whan his ire is thus agon,
He gan to loken up with eyen light,
And spake these same wordes all on hight.
The god of love, a *benedicte*,
How mighty and how grette a lord is he ?
Again his might ther gauen non obstacles,
He may be cleped a God for his miracles.
For he can maken at his owen gise
Of everich herte, as that him list devise.
Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,
That quietly weren out of my prison,
And might have lived in Thebes really,
And weten I am hir mortal enemy,
And that hir deth lith in my might also,
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,
Ybrought hem hither bothe for to die.
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie ?
Who maye ben a fool, but if he love ?
Behold for Goddes sake that sitteth above,
So how they blede I be they not wel araied ?
Thus hath hir lord, the god of love, hem paied

Hir wages, and hir fees for hir service.
And yet they wenen for to be ful wise,
That serven love, for ought that may befallie.
And yet is this the beste game of alle,
That she, for whom they have this jolite,
Con hem therefore as mochel thank as me.
She wot no more of alle this hote fare
By God, than wot a cullow or an hare.
But all mote ben assaied hote or cold ;
A man mote ben a fool other yonge or oid ;
I wot it by myself ful yore agon :
For in my time a servant was I on.
And therfore sith I know of loves peine,
And wot how sore it can a man destreine,
As he that oft hath ben caught in his las,
I you foryeve all holly this trespas,
At request of the quene that kneleth here,
And eke of Emelie, my suster dere.
And ye shul bothe anon unto me swere,
That never mo ye shul my contree dere,
Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,
But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.
I you foryeve this trespas every del.
And they him sware his axiag fayr and wel,
And him of lordship and of mercie praid,
And he hem granted grace, and thus he said :
To speke of real linage and richesse,
Though that she were a quene or a princesse,
Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles
To wedden whan time is, but natheles
I speke as for my suster Emelie,
For whom ye have this strif and jalousie,
Ye wot yourself, she may not wedden two
At ones, though ye fighten evermo :
But on of you, al be him loth or lefe,
He mot gon pipen in an ivy lefe :
This is to say, she may not have you bothe,
Al be ye never so jalous, no so wrothe.
And forthly I you put in this degree,
That eche of you shal have his destinee,
As him is shape, and herkneth in what wise ;
Lo here your ende of that I shal devise.
My will is this for plat conclusion
Withouten any replication,
If that you liketh, take it for the beste,
That everich of you shal gon wher him leste
Freely withouten raunson or dangere ;
And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,
Everich of you shal bring an hundred knightes,
Armed for listes up at alle rightes
Alle redy to darrein hire by bataille.
And this behete I you withouten faille
Upon my trowth, and as I am a knight,
That whether of you bothe hath that might,
This is to sayn, that whether he or thou
May with his hundred, as I spake of now,
Sle his contrary, or out of listes drive,
Him shall I yeven Emelie to wive,
To whom that fortune yeveith so fayr a grace.
The listes shal I maken in this place,
And God so wisely on my soule rewte,
As I shal even juge ben, and trewe.
Ye shal non other ende with me maken
That on of you ne shal be ded or taken.
And if you thinketh this is wel ysaid,
Saith your avis, and holdeth you apaid.
This is your ende, and your conclusion.
Who loketh lightly now but Palamon ?
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite ?
Who could it tell, or who could it endite,

hat is makid in the place
 eseus hath don so fayre a grace ?
 on knees went every manere wight,
 ked him with all hir hertes might,
 ly these Thebanes often sith.
 as with good hope and with herte blith
 n hir love, and homeward gan they ride
 s, with his olde walles wide.
 men wolde deme it negligence,
 ste to tellen the dispence
 us, that goth so besily
 i up the listes really,
 he a noble theatre as it was,
 l sayn, in all this world ther n'as.
 ite a mile was aboute,
 f stone, and ditched all withoute.
 as the shape, in manere of a compas
 grees, the hight of sixty pas,
 n a man was set on o degree
 not his felaw for to see.
 ther stood a gate of marbel white,
 d right swiche another in th' opposite.
 tly to concluden, swiche a place
 er in erthe, in so litel a space,
 c lond ther n'as no craftes man,
 metrie, or arsmotrike can,
 siour, ne kerver of images,
 seus ne gaf him mete and wages
 tre for to maken and devise.
 r to don his rite and sacrifice,
 rd hath upon the gate above,
 ip of Venus goddesse of love,
 ce an auter and an oratorie ;
 tward in the minde and in memorie
 he makid hath right swiche another,
 te largely of gold a fother.
 thward, in a touret on the wall,
 stre white and red corall
 rie riche for to see,
 ip of Diane of chastitee,
 cseus don wrought in noble wise.
 t had I foryetten to devise
 le kerving, and the portreitures,
 pe, the contenance of the figures
 ren in these oratories three.
 in the temple of Venus maist thou see
 t on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,
 ken slepes, and the siktes colde,
 red teres, and the waimentiuges,
 strokes of the desiringes,
 es servants in this lif enduren ;
 es, that hir covenants assuren.
 e and hope, desire, foolhardnesse,
 and youthe, baudrie and richesse,
 s and force, lesinges and flaterie,
 e, besinesse, and jalousie,
 red of yelwe goldes a gerlond,
 lde a cuckow sitting or hire hond,
 instruments, and caroles and dances,
 d array, and all the circumstances
 which that I reken and reken shall,
 e weren peinted on the wall,
 e than I can make of mention.
 hly all the mount of Citheron,
 enus hath hire principal dwelling,
 ewed on the wall in purtreying,
 ll the gardin, and the lustinesse.
 was foryetten the porter idelnesse,
 cissus the fayre of yore agon,
 the folie of king Salomon,

Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules,
 Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,
 Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
 The riche Cresus caitit in servage.
 Thus may ye see, that wisdom ne richesse,
 Beaute ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardnesse,
 Ne may with Venus holden champartie,
 For as hire liste the world may sliche gte.
 Lo, all these folk so caught were in hire las
 Til they for wo ful often said alas.
 Sufficeth here ensamples on or two,
 And yet I coude reken a thousand mo.

The statue of Venus glorious for to see
 Was naked feting in the large see,
 And fro the navel down all covered was
 With waves grene, and bright as any glas.
 A citole in hire right hand hadde she,
 And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,
 A rose gerlond fresch, and wel smelling,
 Above hire hed hire doves fleckering.
 Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,
 Upon his shoulders winges had he two ;
 And blind he was, as it is often sene ;
 A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.

Why shulde I not as wel elke tell you all
 The purtreiture, that was upon the wall
 Within the temple of mighty Mars the rede ?
 All peinted was the wall in length and brede
 Like to the estres of the grisly place,
 That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trace,
 In thilke colde and frosty region,
 Ther as Mars hath his soveraine mansion.

First on the wall was peinted a forest,
 In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best,
 With knotty knarry barrein trees old
 Of stubbes sharpe and lidous to behold ;
 In which ther ran a romble and a swough,
 As though a storme shuld bresten every bough
 And downward from an hill under a bent,
 Ther stood the temple of Mars armpotent,
 Wrought all of burned stele, of which th' entree
 Was longe and streite, and gastly for to see.
 And therout came a rage and swiche a vise,
 That it made alle the gates for to rise.
 The northern light in at the dore shone,
 For window on the wall ne was ther none,
 Thurgh which men mighten any light discernen.
 The dore was all of athamant eterne,
 Yclenched overthwart and endelong
 With yren tough, and for to make it strong,
 Every piler the temple to sustene
 Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and shene.

Ther saw I first the derke imagining
 Of felonie, and alle the compassing ;
 The cruel ire, red as any gleden,
 The pikepurse, and eke the pale drede ;
 The smiler with the knif under the cloke,
 The shepen bronning with the blake smoke ;
 The treson of the mordring in the bedde,
 The open werre, with woundes all bebledde ;
 Conteke with bloody knif, and sharp manace.
 All full of chyrking was that sory place.
 The sleer of himself yet saw I there,
 His herte-blood hath bathed all his hero :
 The naile ydriven in the shode on hight,
 The colde deeth, with mouth gaping upright.
 Amiddes of the temple sate mischance,
 With discomfort and sory contenance.
 Yet saw I woodnesse laughing in his rage,
 Armed complaint, outhees, and fiers outrage ;

The carraine in the bush, with throte ycorven,
 A thousand slain, and not of qualme ystorven;
 The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;
 The toum destroyed, ther was nothing laft.
 Yet saw I brent the shippus hoppelsteres,
 The hunte ystrangled with the wilde beres:
 The sow fretting the child right in the cradel;
 The coke yscalled, for all his long ladel.
 Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte
 The carter overridden with his carte;
 Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.

Ther were also of Martes division,
 Thr' armerer, and the bowyer, and the smith,
 That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his suth.
 And all above depainted in a tour
 Saw I conquest, sitting in gret honour,
 With thilke sharpe swerd over his hed
 Yhanging by a subtil twined thred.
 Depainted was the slaughter of Julius,
 Of gret Nero, and of Antonius:
 All be that thilke time they were unborne,
 Yet was hir deth depainted therbefore,
 By manacing of Mars, right by figure,
 So was it shewed in that putreiture
 As is depainted in the cercles above,
 Who shal be slaine or elles ded for love.
 Sufficeth on ensample in stories olde,
 I may not reken hem alle, though I wolde.

The statue of Mars upon a carte stood
 Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,
 And over his hed ther shinen two figures
 Of sterres, that ben cleped in scriptures,
 That on Puella, that other Rubeus.
 This god of armes was araid thus:
 A wolf ther stood before him at his fete
 With eyen red, and of a man he ete:
 With subtil pensil painted was this storie,
 In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaste
 As shortly as I can I wol me haste,
 To tellen you of the descripcioun,
 Depainted by the walles up and doun,
 Of hunting and of shamefast chastitee.
 Ther saw I how woful Calistope,
 Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
 Was turned from a woman til a bere,
 And after was she made the lodesterre:
 Thus was it painted, I can say no ferre;
 Hire sone is eke a sterre as men may see.
 Ther saw I Dane yturned til a tree,
 I mene not hire the goddesse Diane,
 But Peneus daughter, which that lighte Dane.
 Ther saw I Atteon an hart ymaked,
 For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked:
 I saw how that his houndes have him caught,
 And freten him, for that they knew him naught.
 Yet painted was a litel forthermore,
 How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,
 And Meleagre, and many another mo,
 For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.
 Ther saw I many another wonder storic,
 The which me liste not drawn to memorie.

This goddesse on an hart ful heye sete,
 With smale houndes all aboute hire fete,
 And underne the hire feet she hadde a mone,
 Waxing it was, and shulde waken sone.
 In gaudy grene hire statue clothed was,
 With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.
 Hire eyen caste she ful low adoun,
 Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.

A woman travailing was hire beforen,
 But for hire child so longe was unborue
 Ful pitously Lucina gan she call,
 And sayed; helpe, for thou mayst beste of all.
 Wel coude he peinten lify that it wrought,
 With many a florein he the hewes bought.

Now ben these listes made, and Theseus
 That at his grete cost araided thus
 The temples, and the theatre everidel,
 Whan it was don, him liked wonder wel.
 But stint I wol of Theseus a lite,
 And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

The day approacheth of hir returning,
 That everich shuld an hundred knightes bring,
 The bataille to darreine, as I you told;
 And til Athenes, hir covenant for to hold,
 Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knightes
 Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
 And sikerly ther trowed many a man,
 That never, sithen that the world began,
 As for to speke of knighthood of hir hond,
 As fer as God hath maked see and lond,
 N'as, of so fewe, so noble a compaignie.
 For every wight that loved chevalrie,
 And wold, his thanks, han a passant name,
 Hath praied, that he might ben of that game,
 And wel was him, that theerto chosen was.
 For if ther fell to-morwe swiche a cas,
 Ye knowen wel, that every lusty knight,
 That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,
 Were it in Englelond, or elleswher,
 They wold, hir thanks, willen to be thei.
 To fight for a lady, a *! benedicite*,
 It were a lusty sighte for to se.

And right so ferden they with Palamon.
 With him ther wenten knightes many on.
 Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
 And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
 And som wol have a pair of plates large;
 And som wol have a Puce shield, or a targe;
 Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
 And have an axe, and som a mace of stele.
 Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as old.
 Armed they weren, as I have you told,
 Everich after his opinion.

Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon
 Licurge himself, the grete king of Trace:
 Blake was his berd, and manly was his face.
 The cercles of his eyen in his hed
 They gloweden betwixen yelve and red,
 And like a griffon loked he about,
 With kemped heres on his browes stout;
 His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,
 His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe
 And as the guise was in his contree,
 Ful high upon a char of gold stood he,
 With foure white bolles in the trais.
 Insteede of cote-armoure on his harnais,
 With nayles yelve, and bright as any gold,
 He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.
 His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
 As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.
 A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
 Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,
 Of fine rubins and of diamants.
 About his char ther wenten white alauns,
 Twenty and mo, as gret as any stere,
 To hunten at the leon or the dere,
 And folwed him, with mosel fast ybound,
 Colered with gold, and torettes filed round.

An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.

With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The gret Emetrius the king of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
Came riding like the god of armes Mars.
His cote-armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles, white, and round and grete.
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete ;
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.
His crisepe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and giltered as the sonne.
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,
A fewe fraknes in his face yspreint,
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
And as a leon he his loking caste.
Of five and twenty yere his age I caste.
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring ;
His vois was as a trompe thundering.
Upon his hed he wered of laurer grene
A gerlund fresshe and lusty for to sene.
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
An egle tame, as any lily whit.

An hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,
Ful richely in alle manere thinges.
For trusteth wel, that erles, dukes, kinges
Were gathered in this noble compagnie,
For love, and for encesse of chevalrie.
About this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leon and leopart.

And in this wise, these lordes all and some
Ben on the Sunday to the citee come
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.

This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,
And inned hem, everich at his degree,
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and don hem all honour,
That yet men wenen that no mannes wit
Of non estat ne coud amenden it.
The minstralcie, the service at the feste,
The grete yefetes to the most and leste,
The riche array of Theseus paleis,
Ne who sate first ne last upon the deis,
What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,
Ne who most felingly speketh of love ;
What haukes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes liggen on the floor adoun,
Of all this now make I no mentioun ;
But of the effect ; that thinketh me the beste ;
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you leste.

The Sunday night, or day began to spring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,
Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy herte, and with an high corage
He rose, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.
And in hire houre, he walketh forth a pas,
Unto the listes, ther hire temple was,
And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere
And herte sore, he sayde as ye shul here.

Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,
Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,

Thou glader of the mount of Citheron,
For thilke love thou haddest to Adon
Have pitce on my bitter treser smert,
And take myn humble praier at thin herte.

Alas ! I ne have no langage to tell
The effecte, ne the torment of min hell ;
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey ;
I am so confuse, that I cannot say.
But mercy, lady bright, that knowest wele
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele,
Consider all this, and rue upon my sore,
As wisly as I shall for evermore,
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,
And holden werre alway with chastite :
That make I min avow, so ye me helpe.
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,
Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie
Of pris of armes, blowen up and doun,
But I wold have fully possessionn
Of Emelie, and die in hire servise ;
Find thou the manere how, and in what wise.
I rekke not, but it may better be,
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,
So that I have my lady in min armes.
For though so be that Mars is god of armes,
Your vertue is so grete in heaven above,
That if you liste, I shal wel have my love.

Thy temple wol I worship evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol don sacrifice, and fires bete.
And if ye wol not so, my lady swete,
Than pray I you, to-morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.
Than rekke I not, whan I have lost my lif,
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.
This is the effecte and ende of my praier ;
Yeve me my love, thou blisful lady dere.

Whan the orison was don of Palamon,
His sacrifice he did, and that anon,
Ful pitously, with alle circumstances,
All tell I not as now his observances.
But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,
And made a signe, wherby that he toke,
That his praier accepted was that day.
For though the signe shewed a delay,
Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone ;
And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon
Began to Venus temple for to gon,
Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie,
And to the temple of Diane gan he.
Hire maydens, that she thider with hire ladde,
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,
Th' encense, the clothes, and the remenant all,
That to the sacrifice longen shall.

The hornes ful of mede, as was the gise,
Ther lakked nought to don hire sacrificise.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,
This Emelie with herte debonaire
Hire body wesshe with water of a well.
But how she did hire rite I dare not tell ;
But it be any thing in general ;
And yet it were a game to heren all ;
To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge
But it is good a man to ben at large.
Hire bright here lombed was, untressed all.
A coroune of a grene oke cezial
Upon hire hed was set ful fayre and mete.
Two fires on the auter gan she bete,

And did hire thinges, as men may behold
In State of Thebes, and these hokes old.

Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere
Unto Diane she spake, as ye may here.

O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,
To whom both heven and erthe and see is sene,
Queene of the regne of Pluto, derke and lowe,
Goddesse of maydens, that min herte hast knowe
Ful many a yere, and wost what I desire,
As kepe me fro thy vengance and thin ire,
That Atteon aboute cruelly :

Chaste goddess, wel wotest thou that I
Desire to ben a mayden all my lif,
Ne never wol I be no love no wif.

I am (thou wost) yet of thy compaignie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And not to ben a wif, and be with childe.
Nought wol I knowen compaignie of man.

Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and can,
For tho three formes that thou hast in thee.
And Palamon, that hath swiche love to me,
And eke Arcite, that loveth me so sore,
This grace I praie thee withouten more,
As sende love and pees betwix hem two :
And fro me turne away hir hertes so,
That all hir hote love, and hir desire,
And all hir besy torment, and hir fire
Be queinte, or torned in another place.

And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,
Or if my destinee be shapen so,
That I shall nedes have on of hem two,
As sende me him that most desireth me.

Behold, goddess of clene chastite,
The bitter teres, that on my chekes fall.
Sin thou art mayde, and keper of us all,
My maydenhed thou kepe and wel conserve,
And while I live, a mayde I wol thee serve.

The fires brenne upon the auter clere,
While Emelie was thus in hire priere :
But sodenly she saw a sighte queinte,
For right anon on of the fires queinte,
And quiked again, and after that anon
That other fire was queinte, and all agon :
And as it queinte, it made a whisteling,
As don these brondes wet in hir brenning.
And at the brondes ende outran anon
As it were bloody drops many on :
For which so sore agast was Emelie,
That she was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie.
For she ne wiste what it signified ;
But only for the fere thus she cried,
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.

And therwithal Diane gan appere
With bowe in hond, right as an hunteresse
And sayde ; daughter, stint thin hevynesse.
Among the goddes highe it is affirmed,
And by eterne word written and confexmed,
Thou shalt be wedded unto on of tho,
That han for thee so mochel care and wo :
But unto which of hem I may not tell.
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell.
The fires which that on min auter brenne,
Shal thee declaren er that thou go hennic,
Thi aventure of love, as in this cas.

And with that word, the arwes in the cas
Of the goddess clatteren fast and ring,
And forth she went, and made a vanishing,
For which this Emelie astonied was,
And sayde ; what amounteth this, alas !

I putte me in thy protection,
Diane, and in thy disposition.
And home she goth anon the nexte way.
This is the effecte, ther n'is no more to say.

The nexte houre of Mars folwing this
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierce Mars, to don his sacrifice
With all the rites of his payen wise.

With pitous herte and high devotion,
Right thus to Mars he sayde his orison.

O stronge god, that in the regnes cold
Of Trace honoured art, and lord yhold,
And hast in every regne and every lond
Of armes all the bridel in thin hond,
And hem fortunest as thee list devise,
Accept of me my pitous sacrifice.

If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my might be worthy for to serve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of tume,
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,
For thilke peine, and thilke hote fire,
In which thou whilom brendest for desire
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee
Of fayre yonge Venus, freshe and free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille :
Although thee ones on a time misfille,
Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his las,
And fond the ligging by his wif, alas !
For thilke sorwe that was tho in thin herte,
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines smerte.

I am yonge and unkonning, as thou wost,
And, as I trow, with love offended most,
That ever was ony lives creature :
For she, that doth me all this wo endure,
Ne receth never, whether I sinke or flete.
And wel I wot, or she me mercy hete,
I moste with strengthe win hire in the place :
And wel I wot, withouten helpe or grace
Of thee, ne may my strengthe not availle :
Than helpe me, lord, to-morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me ;
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie.
Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.
Thy soveraine temple wol I most honouren
Of ony place, and alway most labouren
In thy plesance and in thy craftes strong.
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,
And all the armes of my compaignie,
And evermore, until that day I die,
Eterne fire I wol before thee finde,
And eke to this arow I wol me lunde.
My berd, my here that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offension
Of rasour ne of shere, I wol thee yeve,
And ben thy trewe servant while I live.
Now, lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes sore,
Yeve me the victorie, I axe thee no more.

The praier stint of Arcite the stronge,
The ringes on the temple dore that honge,
And eke the dores clattereden ful faste,
Of which Arcite somwhat him agaste,
The fires brennt upon the auter bright,
That it gan all the temple for to light ;
A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,
And Arcite anon his hond up haf,
And more encense into the fire he cast,
With other rites mo, and at the last
The statue of Mars began his hauberke ring ;
And with that soun he herd a murmuring

Ful low and dim, that sayde thus, Victorie.
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.

And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare,
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.

And right anon swiche strif thier is begonne
For thilke granting, in the heven above,
Betwixen Venus the goddesse of love,
And Mars the sterne god armipotent,
That Jupiter was besy it to stent :
Til that the paie Saturnus the colde,
That knew so many of adventures olde,
Fond in his olde experience and art,
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.
As sooth is sayd, elde hath gret advantage,
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage :
Men may the old out-renne, but not out-rede.

Saturne anon, to stenten strif and drede,
Al be it that it is again his kind,
Of all this strif he gan a remedy find.

My dere daughter Venus, quod Saturne,
My cours, that hath so wide for to turne,
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groyning, and the prive empoysoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction,
While I dwell in the signe of the leon.

Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Upon the minour, or the carpenter :
I slew Sampson in shaking the piler.

Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke tresons, and the castes olde :
My loking is the fader of pestilence.
Now wepe no more, I shal do diligence,
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Thogh Mars shal help his knight yet natheles.
Betwixen you ther mot somtime be pees :
All be ye not of o complexion,
That causeth all day swiche division.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will ;
Wepe now no more, I shal thy lust fulfill.

Now wol I stenten of the goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus goddesse of love,
And tellen you as plainly as I can
The gret effect, for which that I began.

Gret was the feste in Athenes thilke day,
And eke the lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,
That all that monday justen they and dance,
And spenden it in Venus highe servise.
But by the cause that they shulden rise
Erlly a-morwe for to seen the fight,
Unto hir reste wenten they at night.
And on the morwe whan the day gan spring,
Of hors and harnes noise and clattering
Ther was in the hostelryes all aboute :
And to the paleis rode ther many a route
Of lordes, upon stedes and palfreis.

Ther mayst thou see devising of harnes
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so wele
Of goldsmithry, of brouding, and of stele ;
The sheldes brighte, tasteres, and trappures ;
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote-armures ;
Lordes in parementes on hir courseres,
Knightes of retenue, and eke squieres,

Nailing the speres, and helmes bokeling,
Gniding of sheldes, with lainers lacing ;
Ther as nede is, they weren nothing idel .
The fomy stedes on the golden bridel
Gnawing, and fast the armureres also
With file and hammer priking to and fro ;
Yemen on foot, and communes many on
With shorte staves, thieke as they may gon ;
Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,
That in the bataille blowne bloody sounes ;
The paleis ful of peple up and down,
Here three, ther ten, holding hir questioun,
Devining of these Theban knightes two.
Som sayden thus, som sayde it shal be so ;
Som helden with him with the blacke berd,
Som with the balled, som with the thirk herd ,
Som saide he loked grim, and wolde fighte :
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.

Thus was the halle full of devining
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.
The gret Thescus that of his slepe is waked
With minstralce and noise that was maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche
Honoured were, and to the paleis sette.

Duk Theseus is at a window sette,
Araied right as he were a god in tron :
The peple preseth thidderward ful sone
Him for to seen, and don high reverence,
And eke to herken his heste and his sentence.

An heraud on a scaffold made an o,
Til that the noise of the peple was ydo :
And whan he saw the peple of noise all still,
Thus shewed he the mighty dukes will.

The lord hath of his high discretion
Considered, that it were destruction
To gentil blood, to fighten in the gise
Of mortal bataille now in this emprise :
Wherfore to shapen that they shul not die,
He wol his firste purpos modifie.

No man therefore, up peine of losse of lif,
No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knif
Into the listes send, or thider bring.
Ne short swerd for to stike with point biting
No man ne draw, ne bere it by his side.
Ne no man shal unto his felaw ride
But o cours, with a sharpe ygrounden spere :
Foin if him list on foot, himself to were.
And he that is at meschief, shal be take,
And not slaine, but be brought unto the stake,
That shal ben ordeined on eyther side,
Thider he shal by force, and ther abide.
And if so fall, the chevetaun be take
On eyther side, or elles sleth his make,
No longer shal the tourneyng ylast.
God spede you ; goth forth and lay on fast.
With longe swerd and with mase fighteth your fill
Goth now your way ; this is the lordes will.

The vois of the peple touched to the heven,
So loude crieden they with mery steven :
God save swiche a lord that is so good,
He wineth no destruction of blood.

Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
And to the listes rit the compagnie
By ordnance, thurghout the cite large,
Hanged with cloth of gold, and not with sarge.
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,
And these two Thebans upon eyther side :
And after rode the quene and Emelie,
And after that another compagnie

Of on and other, after hir degree.
 And thus they passen thurghout the citee,
 And to the listes comen they be time :
 It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.
 When set was Theseus ful rich and hie,
 Ipolita the queene, and Emelie,
 And other ladies in degrees aboute,
 Unto the setes preseth all the route.
 And westward, thurgh the gates under Mart,
 Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
 With baner red, is entred right anon ;
 And in the selve moment Palamon
 Is, under Venus, estward in the place,
 With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
 In all the world, to seken up and down,
 So even without variatioun
 Ther n'ere swiche compagnies never twey.
 For ther was non so wise that coude sey,
 That any hadde of other avantage
 Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,
 So even were they chosen for to gesse.
 And in two reneges fayre they hem drese.
 Whan that hir names red were everich on,
 That in hir nombre gile were ther non,
 Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude ;
 Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.
 The heraudes left hir priking up and down.
 Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.
 Ther is no more to say, but est and west
 In gon the speres sadly in the rest ;
 In goth the sharpe spore into the side.
 Ther see men who can juste, and who can ride.
 Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke ;
 He feleth thurgh the herte-spone the pricke.
 Up springen speres twenty foot on highte ;
 Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.
 The helmes they to-hewen, and to-shrede ;
 Out brest the blod, with sterne stremes rede.
 With mighty maces the bones they to-breste.
 He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste.
 Ther stombien stedes strong, and down goth all.
 He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.
 He foineith on his foo with a tronchoun,
 And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.
 He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith ytake
 Mangre his hed, and brought unto the stake,
 As forword was, right ther he must abide.
 Another lad is on that other side.
 And somtime doth hem Theseus to rest,
 Hem to refresh, and drinken if hem lest.
 Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two
 Togeder met, and wrought eche other wo :
 Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey,
 Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
 Whan that hire whelpes stole, whan it is lite,
 So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite
 For jalous herte upon this Palamon :
 Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon,
 That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
 Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
 As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite.
 The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite ;
 Out renneth blood on both hir sides rede.
 Somtime an ende ther is of every dede.
 For er the sonne unto the reste went,
 The stronge king Emetrius gan hent
 This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
 And made his swerd depe in his flesh to bite.
 And by the force of twenty is he take
 Unyolden, and ydrawen to the stake.

And in the rescous of this Palamon
 The stronge king Licourge is borne adoun :
 And king Emetrius for all his strengthe
 Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,
 So hitte him Palamon or he were take :
 But all for nought, he was brought to the stake .
 His hardy herte might him helpen naught,
 He moste abiden, whan that he was caught,
 By force, and eke by composition.
 Who sorweth now but woful Palamon ?
 That moste no more gon again to fight.
 And whan that Theseus had seen that sight,
 Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on,
 He cried, ho ! no more, for it is don.
 I wol be trewe juge, and not partie.
 Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,
 That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.
 Anon ther is a noise of peple begonne
 For joye of this, so loud and high withall,
 It semed that the listes shulden fall.
 What can now fayre Venus don above ?
 What saith she now ? what doth this queene of love
 But wepeth so, for wanting of hire will,
 Til that hire teres in the listes fill :
 She sayde : I am ashamed doutelees.
 Saturnus sayde : Daughter, hold thy pees.
 Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,
 And by min hed thou shalt ben esed sone.
 The trompoures with the loude minstrelcie,
 The heraudes, that so loude yell and orie,
 Ben in hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.
 But herkeneth me, and stenteth noise a lite,
 Whiche a miracle ther befell anon.
 This fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,
 And on a coursour for to shew his face
 He priketh endelong the large place,
 Loking upward upon this Emelie ;
 And she again him cast a frendlich eye,
 (For women, as to speken in commune,
 They folwen all the favour of fortune)
 And was all his in chere, as his in herte.
 Out of the ground a fury infernal sterte,
 From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,
 For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
 And lepte aside, and foundred as he lepe :
 And er that Arcite may take any kepe,
 He pight him on the pomel of his hed,
 That in the place he lay as he were ded,
 His brest to-brosten with his sadel bow.
 As blake he lay as any cole or crow,
 So was the blood yronnen in his face.
 Anon he was yborne out of the place
 With herte sore, to Theseus preis.
 Tho was he corven out of his harnais,
 And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,
 For he was yet in memorie, and live,
 And away crying after Emelie.
 Duk Theseus, with all his compaignie,
 Is comen home to Athenes his citee,
 With alle blisse and gret solempnite.
 Al be it that this aventure was falle,
 He n'olde not discomforten hem alle.
 Men sayden eke, that Arcite shal not die,
 He shal ben heled of his maladie.
 And of another thing they were as fayn,
 That of hem alle was ther non yslein,
 Al were they sore yhurt, and namely on,
 That with a spere was thirled his brest bone.
 To other woundes, and to broken armes,
 Som hadden salves, and som hadden clarmes :

And fermacies of herbes, and eke save
 They dronken, for they wold hir lives have.
 For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
 Comforteth and honoureth every man,
 And made revel all the longe night,
 'Into the strange lordes, as was right.
 Ne ther n'as holden no discomfoting,
 But as at justes or a tourneyng;
 For sothly ther n'as no discomfiture,
 For falling n'is not but an aventure.
 Ne to be lad by force unto a stake
 Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take,
 O person all alone, withouten mo,
 And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,
 And eke his stede driven forth with staves,
 With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,
 It was aretted him no vilanie:
 Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.
 For which anon duk Theseus let crie,
 To stenten alle rancour and envie,
 The gree as well of o side as of other,
 And eyther side ylike, as others brother:
 And yave hem giftes after hir degree,
 And helde a feste fully dayes three:
 And conveyed the kinges worthily
 Out of his toun a journee largely.
 And home went every man the righte way,
 Ther n'as no more, but farewel, have good day.
 Of this bataille I wol no more endite,
 But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the sore
 Emcreseth at his herte more and more.
 The clotered blood, for any leche-craft,
 Corrupteth, and is in his bouke ylaft,
 That neyther veine-blood, ne ventousing,
 Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helping.
 The vertue expulsif, or animal,
 Fro thilke vertue cleped natural,
 Ne may the venime voiden, ne expell.
 The pipes of his longes can to swell,
 And every lacerte in his brest adoun
 Is shent with venime and corruptioun.
 Him gaineth neyther, for to get his lif,
 Vomit upward, ne dounward laxatif;
 All is to-brosten thilke region;
 Nature hath now no domination.
 And certainly ther nature wol not werche,
 Farewel physike; go bere the man to cherche.
 This is all and som, that Arcite moste die.
 For which he sendeth after Emelie,
 And Palamon, that was his cosin dere.
 Than sayd he thus, as ye shuln after here.

Nought may the woful spirit in myn herte
 Declare o point of all my sorwes smerte
 To you, my lady, that I love most;
 But I bequethe the service of my gost
 'To you aboven every creature,
 Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.

Alas the wo! alas the peines stronge,
 That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
 Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
 Alas departing of our compaignie!
 Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!
 Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
 What is this world? what axen men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave
 Alone withouten any compaignie.
 Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie,
 And softe take me in your armes tway,
 For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.

I have here with my cosin Palamon
 Had strif and rancour many a day agon
 For love of you, and for my jalousie.
 And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,
 To speken of a servant proprely,
 With alle circumstances trewely,
 That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede
 Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede.
 Fredom, and all that longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,
 As in this world right now ne know I non,
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That serveth you, and wol don all his lif.
 And if that ever ye shal ben a wif,
 Foryete not Palamon, the gentil man.

And with that word his speche faille began.
 For from his feet up to his brest was come
 The cold of deth, that had him overneme.
 And yet moreover in his armes two
 The vital strength is lost, and all ago.
 Only the intellect, withouten more,
 That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,
 Gan failen, whan the herte felte deth;
 Dusked his eyen two, and failled his breth.
 But on his ladie yet cast he his eye;
 His laste wold was; Mercy, Emelie!
 His spirit changed hous, and wente ther,
 As I came never I cannot tellen wher.
 Therefore I stent, I am no divinistre;
 Of soules find I not in this registre.
 Ne me lust not th' opinions to telle
 Of hem, though that they written wher they dwelle.
 Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gie.
 Now wol I speken forth of Emelie.

Shright Emelie, and houlet h Palamon,
 And Theseus his sister toke anon
 Swounding, and bare hire from the corps away.
 What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
 To tellen how she wep both even and morwe?
 For in swiche cas winnen have swiche sorwe,
 Whan that hir housbonds ben fro hem ago,
 That for the more part they sorwen so,
 Or elles fallen in swiche maladie,
 That atte laste certainly they die.

Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres
 Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres,
 In all the toun for deth of this Theban:
 For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.
 So gret a weping was ther non certain,
 Whan Hector was ybrought, all fresh ysland
 To Troy, alas! the pitee that was there,
 Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.
 Why woldest thou be ded? these women erie,
 And haddest gold ynough, and Emelie.

No man might gladen this duk Theseus,
 Saving his olde fader Egeus,
 That knew this worldes transmutioun,
 As he had seen it chaungen up and doun,
 Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse;
 And shewed him ensample and likenesse.

Right as ther died never man (quod he)
 That he ne lived in erthe in som degree,
 Right so ther lived never man (he seyde)
 In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.
 This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,
 And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro:
 Deth is an end of every worldes sore.

And over all this yet said he mochel more
 To this effect, ful wisely to enhort
 The peple, that they shuld hem recomfort.

Duk Theseus with all his besy cure
 He casteth now, wher that the sepulture
 Of good Arcite may best ymaked be,
 And eke most honourable in his degree.
 And at the last he toke conclusion,
 That ther as first Arcite and Palamon
 Fadden for love the bataille hem betwene,
 That in that selve grove, sote and grene,
 Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,
 His complaint, and for love his hote fires,
 He wolde make a fire, in which the office
 Of funeral he might all accomplise ;
 And lette anon commande to hack and hewe
 The okes old, and lay hem on a rew
 In culpons, wel araied for to brene.
 His officers with swifte feet they reme
 And ride anon at his commandement.
 And after this, this Theseus hath sent
 After a bere, and it all overspradde
 With cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde ;
 And of the same sut he cladde Arcite.
 Upon his hondes were his gloves white,
 Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,
 And in his hond a sward ful bright and kene.
 He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
 Therwith he wept that pitee was to here.
 And for the peple shulde seen him alle,
 Whan it was day he brought him to the hall ;
 That roreth of the crying and the soun.

Tho came this woful Theban Palamon
 With flotery berd, and ruggy ashy heres,
 In clothes blake, ydropped all with teres,
 And (passing over of weping Emelie)
 The reufullest of all the compaignie.

And in as much as the service shuld be
 The more noble and riche in his degree,
 Duk Theseus let forth three stedes bring,
 That trapped were in stele all glittering,
 And covered with the armes of Dau Arcite.
 And eke upon these stedes gret and white
 Ther saten folk, of which on bare his shield,
 Another his spere up in his hondes held ;
 The thridde bare with him his bow Turkeis,
 Of brent gold was the cas and the harnais :
 And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere
 Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.

The noblest of the Grekes that ther were
 Upon hir shuldres carriiden the bere,
 With shecke pas, and eyen red and wete,
 Thurghout the citee, by the maister strete,
 That sprad was all with black, and wonder he
 Right of the same is all the strete yvrie.
 Upon the right hand went olde Egous,
 And on that other side duk Theseus,
 With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fine,
 All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine ;
 Eke Palamon, with ful gret compaignie :
 And after that came woful Emelie,
 With fire in hond, as was that time the gise.
 To don the office of funeral service.

High labour, and ful gret apparailing
 Was at the service of that fire making,
 That with his grene top the heven raught,
 And twenty fadom of brede the armes straught :
 This is to saun, the boughes were so brode.
 Of stre first ther was laied many a lode.

But how the fire was makid up on lighte
 And eke the names how the trees lighte,
 As oke, fir, birch, aspe, alder, holm, poplere,
 Willow, elm, plane, ash, box, chestein, lind, laurere,

Maple, thorn, beche, hasel, ew, whiplutre,
 How they were feld, shal not be told for me ;
 Ne how the goddes rannen up and doum
 Disherited of hir habitatioun,
 In which they woneden in rest and pees,
 Nymphes, Faunces, and Amadriades ;
 Ne how the bestes, and the briddes alle
 Fleden for fere, whan the wood gan falle,
 Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
 That was not wont to see the soun bright ;
 Ne how the fire was couched first with stre,
 And than with drie stickes cloven a-thre,
 And than with grene wood and spicerie,
 And than with cloth of gold and with perrie,
 And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,
 The mirre, th'encense also with swete odour ;
 Ne how Arcite lay among all this,
 Ne what richesse about his body is ;
 Ne how that Emelie, as was the gise,
 Put in the fire of funeral service ;
 Ne how she swouned whan she made the fire,
 Ne what she spake, ne what was hir desire ;
 Ne what jewelles men in the fire caste,
 Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste ;
 Ne how som cast hir shield, and som hir spere,
 And of hir vestimentes, which they were,
 And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
 Into the fire, that brent as it were wood ;
 Ne how the Grekes with a huge route
 Three times riden all the fire aboute
 Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,
 And thries with hir speres clatering ;
 And thries how the ladies gan to crie ;
 Ne how that led was homeward Emelie ;
 Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold ;
 Ne how theliche-wake was yhold
 All tilke night, ne how the Grekes play.
 The wake-plates ne kepe I not to say :
 Who wrestled best naked, with oile enoint,
 Ne who that bare him best in no disjount.
 I will not tellen eke how they all gon
 Home til Athenes whan the play is don ;
 But shortly to the point now wol I wende,
 And maken of my longe tale an ende.

By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres
 All stenten is the mourning and the teres
 Of Grekes, by on general assent.

Than semeth me ther was a parlement
 At Athenes, upon certain points and cas :
 Amonges the which points yspoken was
 To have with certain contrees alliance,
 And have of Thebanes fully obeisaunce.
 For which this noble Theseus anon
 Let senden after gentil Palamon,
 Unwist of him, what was the cause and why :
 But in his blake clothes sorwefully
 He came at his commandement on lue ;
 Tho sente Theseus for Emelie.

Whan they were set, and husht was al the place,
 And Theseus abiden hath a space,
 Or any word came from his wise brest
 His eyen set he ther as was his lest,
 And with a sad visage he siked still,
 And after that right thus he sayd his will.

The firste mover of the cause above
 Whan he firste made the fayre chaïne of love,
 Gret was th'effect, and high was his entent ;
 Wel wist he why, and what therof he ment :
 For with that fayre chaïne of love he bond
 The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond

In certain bondes, that they may not flee :
 That same prince and mover eke (quod he)
 Hath stablisht, in this wretched world adoun,
 Certain of dayes and duration
 To all that are engendred in this place,
 Over the which day they ne mow not pace,
 Al mow they yet dayes wel abrege.
 Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,*
 For it is preved by experience,
 But that me lust declaren my sentence.
 Than may men by this ordre wel discernen,
 That thilke mover stable is and eterne.
 Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,
 That every part deriveth from his hool.
 For nature hath not taken his beginning
 Of no partie ne cantel of a thing,
 But of a thing that parfit is and stable,
 Descending so, til it be corruptible.
 And therefore of his wise purveyance
 He hath so wel beset his ordinance,
 That speses of thinges and progressions
 Shullen enduren by successions,
 And not eterne, withouten any lie :
 This maiest thou understand and seen at eye.
 Lo the oke, that hath so long a norishing
 Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,
 And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,
 Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.
 Considereth eke, how that the harde stone
 Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,
 It wasteth, as it lieth by the wey.
 The brode river somtime wexeth drey.
 The grete tounes see we wane and wende.
 Than may ye see that all thing hath an ende.
 Of man and woman see we wel also,
 That nedes in on of the termes two,
 That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,
 He mote be ded, the king as shall a page ;
 Som in his bed, som in the depe see,
 Som in the large feld, as ye may see :
 Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke wey :
 Than may I sayn that alle thing mote dey.
 What maketh this but Jupiter the king ?
 The which is prince, and cause of alle thing,
 Converting alle unto his propre wille,
 From which it is derived, soth to telle.
 And here-againes no creature on live
 Of no degree availleth for to strive.
 Than is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
 To maken vertue of necessite,
 And take it wel, that we may not eschewe,
 And namely that to us all is dewe.
 And who so grutcheth ought, he doth folie,
 And rebel is to him that all may gie.
 And certainly a man hath most honour
 To dien in his excellence and flour,
 Whan he is siker of his goode name.
 Than hath he don his friend, ne him, no shame .

And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,
 Whan with honour is yolden up his beth,
 Than whan his name appalled is for age ;
 For all forgetten is his vassallage.
 Than is it best, as for a worthy fame,
 To dien whan a man is best of name.
 The contrary of all this is wilfulnesse.
 Why grutchen we ? why have we hevynesse,
 That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,
 Departed is, with datee and honour,
 Out of this foule prison of this lif ?
 Why grutchen here his cosin and his wif
 Of his welfare, that loven him so wel ?
 Can he hem thank ? nay, God wot, never a del,
 That both his soule, and eke himself offend,
 And yet they mow hir lustes not amend.

What may I conclude of this longe serie,
 But after sorwe I rede us to be merie,
 And thanken Jupiter of all his grace.
 And er that we departen from this place,
 I rede that we make of sorwes two
 O parfit joye lasting evermo :

And loketh now wher most sorwe is herein,
 Ther wol I firste amenden and begin.
 Sister, (quod he) this is my full assent,
 With all th'avis here of my parlement,
 That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,
 That serveth you with will, and herte, and mighl
 And ever hath don, sin ye first him knewe,
 That ye shall of your grace upon him rew,
 And taken him for husband and for lord :

Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.
 Let see now of your womanly pitee.
 He is a kinges brothers some pardee,
 And though he were a poure bachelere,
 Sin he hath served you so many a yere,
 And had for you so gret adversite,
 It moste ben considered, leveth me.
 For gentil mercy oweth to passen right.

Than sayd he thus to Palamon the knight ;
 I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning
 To maken you assenten to this thing.
 Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.

Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond,
 That highte matrimoine or mariage,
 By all the conseil of the baronage.
 And thus with alle blisse and melodie
 Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie.
 And God that all this wide world hath wrought,
 Send him his love, that hath it dere ybought.
 For now is Palamon in alle wel,
 Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele,
 And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,
 And he hire serveth al so gentilly,
 That never was ther no word hem betwene
 Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.

Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie ;
 And God save all this fayre compaignie .

THE MILLERES TALE.

THE MILLERES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that the Knight had thus his tale told,
 In all the compaignie n'as ther yong ne old,
 That he ne said it was a noble storie,
 And worthy to be drawn to memorie ;
 And namely the gentiles everich on.
 Our Hoste lough and swore, So mote I gon,
 This goth aright ; unbokced is the male ;
 Let see now who shal tell another tale :
 For trewely this game is wel begonne.
 Now telleth ye, sire Monk, if that ye conne,
 Somwhat, to quiten with the knightes tale.

The Miller that for-dronken was all pale,
 So that unethes upon his hors he sat,
 He n'old avalen neither hood ne hat,
 Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,
 But in Pilates vois he gan to crie,
 And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones,
 I can a noble tale for the nones,
 With which I wol now quite the knightes tale.

Our Hoste saw that he was dronken of ale,
 And said ; abide, Robin, my leve brother,
 Som better man shall tell us first another :
 Abide, and let us werken thriftily.

By Goddes soule (quod he) that wol not I,
 For I wol speke, or elles go my way.

Our Hoste answerd ; Tell on a devil way ;
 Thou art a fool ; thy wit is overcome.

Now herkeneth, quod the Miller, all and some :
 But first I make a protestatioun,
 That I am dronke, I know it by my soun :
 And therefore if that I missepe or say,
 Wite it the ale of Southwerk, I you pray :
 For I wol tell a legend and a lif
 Both of a carpenter and of his wif,
 How that a clerk hath set the wrightes cappe.

The Reve answerd and saide, Stint thy clappe.
 Let be thy lewed dronken frolicrie.

It is a sinne, and eke a gret folie
 To apeiren any man, or him defame,
 And eke to bringen wives in swiche a name.
 Thou mayst ynough of other thinges sain.

This dronken Miller spake ful sone again,
 And sayde ; Leve brother Osewold,
 Who hath no wif, he is no cokewold.
 But I say not therefore that thou art on ;
 Ther ben ful goode wives many on.
 Why art thou angry with my tale now ?
 I have a wif parde as wel as thou,
 Yet n'olde I, for the oxen in my plough,
 Taken upon me more than ynough
 As demen of myself that I am on ;
 I wol beleven wel that I am non.
 An husband shuld not ben inquisitif
 Of Goddes private, ne of his wif.
 So he may finden Goddes foison there,
 Of the remezant nedeth not to enquire.

What shuld I more say, but this Millere
 He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,

But told his cherles tale in his manere,
 Me thinketh, that I shal reherse it here.
 And therefore every gentil wight I pray,
 For Goddes love as deme not that I say
 Of evil entent, but that I mote reherse
 Hir tales alle, al be they better or worse,
 Or elles falsen som of my matere.
 And therefore who so list it not to here,
 Turne over the leef, and chese another tale,
 For he shal find ynow bothe gret and smale,
 Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
 And eke moralite, and holinesse.
 Blameth not me, if that ye chese amis.
 The Miller is a cherl, ye know wel this,
 So was the Reve, (and many other mo)
 And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.
 Aviseth you now, and put me out of blame
 And eke men shuld not make ernest of game.

THE MILLERES TALE.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde
 A riche gnof, that gestes helde to borde,
 And of his craft he was a carpenter.
 With him ther was dwelling a poure scoler,
 Had lerned art, but all his fantasie
 Was turned for to lerne astrologie,
 And coude a certain of conclusions
 To demen by interrogations,
 If that men asked him in certain houres,
 Whan that menshulde have drought or ellesshoures
 Or if men asked him what shulde falle
 Of every thing, I may not reken alle.

This clerk was cleped bendy Nicholas ;
 Of derne love he coude and ful of solas ;
 And therto he was slie and ful thrive,
 And like a maiden mekte for to se.
 A chambre had he in that hostelrie
 Alone, withouten any compaignie,
 Ful fetisly ydight with herbes sote,
 And he himself was swete as is the rote
 Of licoris, or any setewale.
 His almageste, and bokes gret and smale,
 His astrelabre, longing for his art,
 His augrim stones, layen faire apart
 On shelves couched at his beddes hed,
 His presse ycovered with a falding red.
 And all above ther lay a gay sautrie,
 On which he made on nightes melodie,
 So swetely, that all the chambre rong :
 And *Angelus ad virginem* he song.
 And after that he song the kinges note ;
 Ful often blessed was his mery throte.
 And thus this swete clerk his time spent
 After his frendes finding and his rent.

This carpenter had wedded new a wif,
 Which that he loved more than his lif :
 Of eightene yere she was I gesse of age.
 Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,

For she was wild and yonge, and he was old,
 And demed himself belike a cokewold.
 He knew not Caton, for his wit was rude,
 That bade a man shulde wedde his similitude.
 Men shulden wedden after hir estate,
 For youthe and elde is often at debate.
 But sitthen he was fallen in the snare,
 He most endure (as other folk) his care.

Fayre was this yonge wif, and therewithal
 As any wesel hire body gent and smal.
 A seint she wered, barred all of silk,
 A barne-cloth eke as whitte as morwe milk
 Upon hire lendes, ful of many a gore.
 White was hire smok, and brouded all before
 And eke behind on hire colere aboute
 Of cole-black silk, within and eke withoute.
 The tapes of hire white volupere
 Were of the same suit of hire colere ;
 Hire fillet brode of silk, and set ful hie :
 And sikerly she had a likerous eye.
 Ful smal ypullid were hire browes two,
 And they were bent, and black as any slo.
 She was wel more blisful on to see
 Than is the newe perjenete tree ;
 And softer than the wolle is of a wether.

And by hire girdel heng a purse of lether,
 Tasseled with silk, and perled with latoun.
 In all this world to seken up and doun
 Ther n'is no man so wise, that coude thenche
 So gay a popelot, or swiche a venche.
 Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe,
 Than in the tour the noble yforged newe.
 But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne,
 As any swalow sitting on a berne
 Thereto she coude skip, and make a game,
 As any kid or calf following his dame.
 Hire mouth was swote as braket or the meth,
 Or hord of apples, laid in hay or heth.
 Winsing she was, as is a joly colt,
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
 A broche she bare upon hire low colere,
 As brode as is the bosse of a bokelere.
 Hire shoon were laced on hire legges hie ;
 She was a primerole, a piggesnie,
 For any lord to ligger in his bedde,
 Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

Now sire, and eft sire, so befell the cas,
 That on a day this hendy Nicholas
 Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,
 While that hire husband was at Oseney,
 As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful quaint
 And prively he caught hire by the quaint,
 And sayde ; Ywis, but if I have my will,
 For derne love of thee, lemman, I spill.
 And helde hire faste by the hanche bones,
 And sayde ; Lemman, love me wel at ones,
 Or I wol dien, al so God me save

And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave :
 And with hire hed she writhed faste away,
 And sayde : I wol not kisse thee by my fay.
 Why let be, (quod she) let be, Nicholas,
 Or I wol erie out harow and alas.
 Do way your hondes for your curtesie.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to erie,
 And spake so faire, and profered him so fast,
 That she hire love him granted at the last,
 And swore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,
 That she wold ben at his commandement,
 Whan that she may hire leiser wel espie.
 Myr husband is so ful of jalousie,

That but ye waiten wel, and be prive,
 I wot right wel I n'am but ded, quod she.
 Ye mosten be ful derne as in this cas.

Nay, therof care you not, quod Nicholas :
 A clerk had litherly beset his while,
 But if he coude a carpenter begile.
 And thus they were accorded and ysworne
 To waite a time, as I have said before.
 Whan Nicholas had don thus every del,
 And thacked hire about the lendes wel,
 He kissed hire swete, and taketh his sautrie,
 And plaieth fast, and maketh melodie.

Than fell it thus, that to the parish cherche
 (Of Cristes owen werkes for to werche)
 This good wif went upon a holy day :
 Hire forehed shone as bright as any day,
 So was it washen, whan she lete hire werk.

Now was ther of that chirche a parish clerk,
 The which that was yclped Absolon.
 Crulle was his here, and as the gold it shon,
 And strouted as a fanne large and brode ;
 Ful streight and even lay his joly shode.
 His rode was red, his eyen grey as goos,
 With Poules windowes corven on his shoos.
 In hosen red he went ful fetisly.
 Yclad he was ful smal and properly.
 All in a kirtel of a light waget ;
 Ful fair and thicke ben the pointes set.
 And therupon he had a gay surplise,
 As white as is the blosme upon the rise.

A mery child he was, so God me save ;
 Wel coude he leten blod, and clippe, and shave,
 And make a chartre of lond, and a quittance.
 In twenty manere coude he trip and dance,
 (After the scole of Oxenforde tho)
 And with his legges casten to and fro ;
 And playen songs on a smal ribble ;
 Therto he song somtime a loud quible.
 And as wel coude he play on a giterne.
 In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne,
 That he ne visited with his solas,
 Ther as that any gaillard tapstere was.
 But soth to say he was somdel squamous
 Of farting, and of speche dangerous.

This Absolon, that joly was and gay,
 Goth with a censer on the holy day,
 Censing the wives of the parish faste ;
 And many a lovely loke he on hem caste,
 And namely on this carpenteres wif :
 To loke on hire him thought a mery lif.
 She was so propre, and swete, and likerous.
 I dare wel sain, if she had ben a mous,
 And he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon.

This parish clerk, this joly Absolon,
 Hath in his herte swiche a love-longing,
 That of no wif toke he non offering ;
 For curtesie, he sayd, he n'olde non.

The moone at night ful clere and brighte shon
 And Absolon his giterne hath ytake,
 For paramours he thoughte for to wake.
 And forth he goth, jolif and amorous,
 Til he came to the carpenteres hous,
 A litel after the cockes lad ycrow,
 And dressed him up by a shot window,
 That was upon the carpenteres wal.
 He singeth in his vois gentil and smal ;
 Now, dere lady,—if thy will be,
 I pray you that ye—wol rowe on me ;
 Ful wel accordant to his giterning.

This carpenter awoke, and herd him sing,

And spake unto his wif, and said anon,
 What, Alison, heres thou not Absolon,
 That chanteth thus under our boures wal ?
 And she answerd hire husband therwithal ;
 Yes, God wot, John, I here him every del.

This passeth forth ; what wol ye bet than wol ?
 Fro day to day this joly Absolon
 So loveth hire, that him is wo-begon.
 He waketh all the night, and all the day,
 He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay.
 He woeth hire by menes and brocage,
 And swore he wolde ben hire owen page.
 He singeth brokking as a nightingale.
 He sent hire pinnes, methes, and spiced ale,
 And wafres piping hot out of the glode ;
 And for she was of toun, he profered mede.
 For som folk wol be women for richesse,
 And som for strokes, and som with gentillesse.

Somtime to shew his lightnesse and maistrice
 He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie
 But what availleth him as in this cas ?
 So loveth she this hendy Nicholas,
 That Absolon may blow the buekes horn :
 He ne had for his labour but a scorne.
 And thus she maketh Absolon hire ape,
 And all his earnest tourneth to a jape.
 Ful soth is this proverbe, it is no lie ;
 Men say right thus alway ; the neighe sli
 Maketh oft time the fer leef to be lothe.
 For though that Absolon be wood or wrothe,
 Because that he fer was from hire sight,
 This neighe Nicholas stood in his light.

Now bere thee wel, thou hendy Nicholas,
 For Absolon may waile and sing alas.

And so befell that on a Saturday,
 This carpenter was gon to Senay,
 And hendy Nicholas and Alison
 Accorded ben to this conclusion,
 That Nicholas shal shapen him a wile
 This sely jealous husband to begile ;
 And if so were the game went aright,
 She shuld slepe in his armes alle night,
 For this was hire desire and his also.
 And right anon, withouten wordes mo,
 This Nicholas no lenger wolde tarte,
 But doth ful soft unto his chambre carie
 Both mate and drinke for a day or twey.

Thus passeth forth all thilke Saturday,
 That Nicholas still in his chambre lay,
 And ete, and slept, and dide what him list
 Til Sunday, that the sonne goth to rest.
 This sely carpenter hath gret mervaille
 Of Nicholas, or what thing might him alle,
 And said ; I am adrad by Seint Thomas
 It stondeh not aright with Nicholas :
 God shilde that he ded soderly.
 This world is now ful tikel sikerly,
 I saw to-day a corps yborne to cherche,
 That now on Monday last I saw him werche

Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon ;
 Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ston ;
 Loke how it is, and tell me boldely.
 This knave goth him up ful sturdely,

And at the chambre dore while that he stood,
 He cried and knocked as that he were wood :
 What how ? what do ye, maister Nicholas ?
 How may ye slepen all the longe day ?
 But all for nought, he herde not a word.
 An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,
 Ther as that cat was wont in for to crepe,
 And at that hole he looked in ful depe,
 And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ever gaping upright,
 As he had kyked on the newe mone.
 Adoun he goth, and telleth his maister some,
 In what array he saw this ilke man.

This carpenter to blissen him began,
 And said ; Now helps us Seinte Fridswise.
 A man wote litel what shal him betide.
 This man is fallen with his astronomie
 In som woodnesse or in som agonie.
 I thought ay wel how that it shulde be.
 Men shulde not knowe of Goddes privetee.
 Ya blessed be alway a leved man,
 That nought but only his beleve can.
 So ferd another clerk with astronomie ;
 He walked in the feldes for to prie
 Upon the sterres, what ther shuld befall,
 Til he was in a marlepit y falle.
 He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas
 Me reweth sore of hendy Nicholas :
 He shal be rated of his studying,
 If that I may, by Jesus heven king.

Get me a staf, that I may underspore
 While that thou, Robin, hevost of the dore :
 He shal out of his studying, as I gesse.
 And to the chambre dore he gan him dresse.
 His knave was a strong carl for the mones,
 And by the haspe he haf it of at ones ;
 Into the flore the dore fell anon.

This Nicholas sat ay as stille as ston,
 And ever he gaped upward into the eire.
 This carpenter wend he were in despire,
 And hent him by the shuldres mightly,
 And shoke him hard, and cried spitously ;
 What, Nicholas ? what how man ? loke adoun :
 Awake, and thinke on Cristes passioun.
 I crouche thee from elves, and from wighetes.
 Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes,
 On foure halves of the hous aboute,
 And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
 Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
 Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
 Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noster ;
 Wher wonest thou Seint Peters suster ?

And at the last this hendy Nicholas
 Gan for to siken sore, and said ; Alas !
 Shal all the world be lost eftsones now ?
 This carpenter answered ; What saiest thou ?
 What ? thinke on God, as we do, men that swinke ;
 This Nicholas answered ; Fetch me a drinke ;
 And after wol I speke in privetee
 Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me :
 I wol tell it non other man certain.

This carpenter goth doun, and cometh again,
 And brought of mighty ale a large quart ;
 And whan that eche of hem had dronken his part,
 This Nicholas his dore faste shette,
 And doun the carpenter by him he sette,
 And saide ; John, min hoste lefe and dere,
 Thou shalt upon thy trouthe swere me here,
 That to no wight thou shalt my conseil wrey :
 For it is Cristes conseil that I say,

And if thou tell it man, thou art forelore :
For this vengeance thou shalt have therefore,
That if thou wryme me, thou shalt be wood.

Nay, Crist forbode it for his holy blood,
Quod tho this sely man ; I am no labbe,
No though I say it, I n'am not lefe to gabbe.
Say what thou wolt, I shal it never telle
To child ne wif, by him that harwed helle.

Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie,
I have yfounde in min astrologie,
As I have loked in the moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
shal fall a rain, and that so wild and wood
That half so gret was never Noe flood.
His world (he said) is lesse than in an houre
shal al be dreint, so hidous is the shoure :
Thus shal mankind drenche, and lese hir lif.

This carpenter answerd ; Alas my wif !
And shal she drenche ? alas min Alisoun !
I or sorwe of this he fell almost adoun,
And said ; Is ther no remedy in this cas ?

Why yes, for God, quod hendy Nicholas ;
If thou wolt werken after lore and rede ;
Thou maist not werken after thin owen hede.
For thus saith Salomon, that was ful trewe ;
Werke all by conseil, and thou shalt not rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good conseil,
I undertake, withouten mast or seyI,
Yet shal I saven hire, and thee and me.
Hast thou not herd how sared was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warnid him beforne,
That al the world with water shuld be lorne ?

Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.
Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also

The sorwe of Noe with his fellowship,
Or that he might get his wif to ship ?
Him had be lever I dare wel undertake,
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,
That she had had a ship hireself alone.
And therefore wost thou what is best to done ?
This axeth hast, and of an hastif thing
Men may not preche and maken taryng.

Anon go get us fast into this in
A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn,
For eche of us ; but loke that they ben large,
In which we mowen swimme as in a barge :
And have therin vitaille suffisant
But for a day ; fie on the remenant ;
The water shall aslake and gon away
Abouten prime upon the nexte day.
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,
Ne eke thy mayden Gille I may not save :
Axe not why : for though thou axe me,
I wol not tellen Goddes privetee.

Sufficeth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
Thy wif shal I wel saven out of doute.
Go now thy way, and spede thee hereaboute.

But whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me,
Ygeten us these kneding tubbes thre,
Than shalt thou hang hem in the roofe ful hie,
That no man of our purveyance espie :
And whan thou hast don thus as I have said,
And hast our vitaille faire in hem ylad,
And eke an axe to smite the cord a-two
Whan that the water cometh, that we may go,
And breke an hole on high upon the gable
Unto the gardin ward, over the stable,
That we may frely passen forth our way,
Whan that the grette shoure is gon away.

Than shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,
As doth the white doke after hire drake :
Than wol I clepe, How Alisoun, how John,
Be mery : for the flood wol passe anon.
And thou wolt sain, Haile maister Nicholay,
Good morwe, I see thee wel, for it is day.
And than shall we be lordes all our lif
Of all the world, as Noe and his wif.
But of o thing I warne thee ful right,
Be wel advised on that ilke night,
That we ben entred into shippes bord,
That non of us ne speke not o word,
Ne clepe ne crie, but be in his priere,
For it is Goddes owen heste dere.

Thy wif and thou moste hangen for a-twinne,
For that betwexen you shal be no siune,
No more in loking than ther shal in dede.
This ordinance is said ; go, God thee spede.
To-morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,
Into our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
And sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.
Go now thy way, I have no lenger space
To make of this no lenger sermoning :
Men sain thus : send the wise, and say nothing :
Thou art so wise, it nedeth thee nought teche.
Go, save our lives, and that I thee beseeche.

This sely carpenter goth forth his way,
Ful oft he said alas, and wala wa,
And to his wif he told his privetee,
And she was ware, and knew it bet than he
What all this quente cast was for to sey.
But natheles she ferde as she wold dey,
And said ; Alas ! go forth thy way anon.
Helpe us to scape, or we be dede eche on.
I am thy trewe veray wedded wif ;
Go, dere spouse, and helpe to save our lif.

Lo, what a gret thing is affection,
Men may die of imagination,
So depe may impression be take.
This sely carpenter beginneth quake :
Him thinketh veraily that he may see
Noes flood comen walwing as the see
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony dere.
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere ;
He siketh, with ful many a sory svough.
He goth, and geteth him a kneding trough,
And after a tubbe, and a kemeln,
And prively he sent hem to his in :
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.
His owen hond than made he ladders thre,
To climben by the renges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes ;
And vitalled bothe kemeln, trough and tubbe,
With bred and chese, and good ale in a jubbe,
Suffising right ynow as for a day.

But er that he had made all this array,
He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also
Upon his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,
He shette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dressed all thing as it shulde be.
And shortly up they clomben alle thre.
They sitten stille wel a furlong way.
Now, *Pater noster*, clum, said Nicholay,
And clum, quod John, and clum, said Alisoun :
This carpenter said his devotion,
And still he sit, and biddeth his priere,
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.
The dede slepe, for wery besinne,
Fell on this carpenter, right as I gesse,

Abouten curfew-time, or litel more.
 For travaille of his gost he groneth sore,
 And eft he routeth, for his hed mislay.
 Doun of the ladder stalketh Nicholay,
 And Alison ful soft adoun hire spedde.
 Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,
 Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie ;
 Ther was the revel, and the melodie.
 And thus lith Alison, and Nicholas,
 In besinesse of mirthle and in solas,
 Til that the bell of *laudes* gan to ring,
 And freres in the chancel gon to sung.

This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,
 That is for love alway so wo-begon,
 Upon the Monday was at Osenay
 With compaignie, him to disport and play ;
 And asked upon cas a cloisterer
 Ful prively after John the carpenter ;
 And he drew him apart out of the churche.
 He said, I n'ot ; I saw him not here wirche
 Sith Saturday ; I trow that he be went
 For timbre, ther our abbot hath him sent.
 For he is wont for timbre for to go,
 And dwellen at the Grange a day or two :
 Or elles he is at his hous certain.

Wher that he be, I cannot sothly sain.
 This Absolon ful joly was and light,
 And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,
 For sikerly, I saw him nat stiring
 About his dore, sin day began to spring.
 So mote I thrive, I shal at coekes crow
 Ful prively go knocke at his window,
 That stant ful low upon his boures wall :
 To Alison wol I now tellen all
 My love-longing ; for yet I shal not misse,
 That at the leste way I shal hire kisse.
 Some maner comfort shal I have parfay,
 My mouth hath itched all this longe day :
 That is a signe of kissing at the leste.
 All night me mette eke, I was at a feste.
 Therefore I wol go slepe an houre or twey,
 And all the night than wol I wake and play.

Whan that the firste cock hath crowe, anon
 Up rist this joly lover Absolon,
 And him arayeth gay, at point devise.
 But first he cheweth grein and licorise,
 To smellen sote, or he had spoke with here.
 Under his tonge a trewe love he bere,
 For therby wend he to ben gracios.
 He cometh to the carpenteres hous,
 And still he stant under the shot window ;
 Unto his brest it raught, it was so low ;
 And soft he cougheth with a semisoun.

What do ye honeycombe, swete Alison ?
 My faire bird, my swete sinamome,
 Awaketh, lemman min, and speketh to me.
 Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,
 That for your love I swete ther as I go.
 No wonder is though that I swelte and swete.
 I mourne as doth a lamb after the tete.
 Ywis, lemman, I have swiche love-longing,
 That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.
 I may not ete no more than a maid.

Go fro the window, jacke fool, she said :
 As helpe me God, it wol not be, compame,
 I love another, or elles I were to blame,
 Wel bet than thee by Jesu, Absolon.
 Go forth thy way, or I wol cast a ston ;
 And let me slepe ; a twenty divel way.

Alas ! (quod Absolon) and wala wa !

That trewe love was ever so yvel besette :
 Than kisse me, sin that it may be no bette,
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me.

Wilt thou than go thy way therwith ? quod she.
 Ya certes, lemman, quod this Absolon.

Than make thee redy, (quod she) I come anon.
 This Absolon doum set him on his knees,
 And saide ; I am a lord at all degrees :
 For after this I hope ther cometh more ;
 Lemman, thy grace, and, swete bird, thyn ore.

The window she undoth, and that in haste.
 Have don, (quod she) come of, and spede thee
 faste,

Lest that our neighboures thee espie
 This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful drie.
 Derke was the night, as pitch or as the cole,
 And at the window she put out hire hole,
 And Absolon him felle ne bet ne wers,
 But with his mouth he kist hire naked ers
 Ful savorly, er he was ware of this.

Abak he sterte, and thought it was amis,
 For wel he wist a woman hath no berd.
 He felt a thing all rowe, and long yherd,
 And saide ; fy, alas ! what have I do ?

Te he, quod she, and clapt the window to ;
 And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.

A berd, a berd, said hendy Nicholas ;
 By goddes *corpus*, this goth faire and wel.

This sely Absolon herd every del,
 And on his lippe he gan for anger bite ;
 And to himself he said, I shal thee quite.
 Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his lippes
 With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with
 chippes,

But Absolon ? that saith full oft, alas !
 My soule betake I unto Sathanas,
 But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)
 Of this despit awroken for to be.
 Alas ! alas ! that I ne had ybent.

His hote love is cold, and all yqueint.
 For fro that time that he had kist hire ers,
 Of paramours ne raught he not a kers,
 For he was heled of his maladie ;
 Ful often paramours he gan defie,
 And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.
 A softe pas he went him over the strete
 Until a smith, men callen dan Gerveis,
 That in his forge smithed plow-harnais ;
 He sharpeth share and cultre besly.
 This Absolon knocketh all esily,
 And said ; Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.

What, who art thou ? It am I Absolon.
 What ? Absolon, what ? Cristes swete tre,
 Why rise ye so rath ? *ey beneduite*,
 What eleth you ? some gay girle, God it wote,
 Hath brought you thus upon the viretote :
 By Seint Neote, ye wote wel what I mene.

This Absolon ne raughte not a bene
 Of all his play ; no word again he yaf.
 He hadde more tawe on his distaf
 Than Gerveis knew, and saide ; Frend so dere,
 That hote culter in the cheminee here
 As lenne it me, I have therwith to don :
 I wol it bring again to thee ful sone.

Gerveis answered ; Certes, were it gold,
 Or in a poke nobles all untold,
 Thou shuldest it have, as I am trewe smith.
 Ey, Cristes foot, what wol ye don therwith ?
 Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may ;
 I shal wel tellen thee another day :

And caught the culter by the colde stele.
 Ful soft out at the dore he gan to stele,
 And went unto the carpenteres wall.
 He coughed first, and knocked therewithall
 Upon the window, right as he did er.

This Alison answered; Who is ther
 That knocketh so? I warrant him a thefe.

Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my swete lefe,
 I am thin Absolon, thy dereling.
 Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring,
 My mother yave it me, so God me save,
 Ful fine it is, and therto wof igrave:
 This wol I even thee, if thou me kisse.

This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,
 And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,
 He shulde kisse his ers er that he scape:
 And up the window did he hastily,
 And out his ers he putteth prively
 Over the buttock, to the hanche bon.

And therwith spake this clerk, this Absolon,
 Speke swete bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.

This Nicholas anon let fleen a fart,
 As gret as it had ben a thonder dint,
 That with the stroke he was wel nie yblint:
 And he was redy with his yren hote,
 And Nicholas amid the ers he smote.

Off goth the skunne an hondbrede al aboute.
 The hote culter brenned so his toute,
 That for the smet he wened for to die;
 As he were wood, for wo he gan to crie,
 Help, water, water, help for Goddes herte.

This carpenter out of his slomber sterte,
 And herd on crie water, as he were wood,
 And thought, alas, now cometh Noes flood.
 He set him up withouten wordes mo,

And with his axe he smote the cord atwo;
 And doun goth all; he fond neyther to selle
 Ne breed ne ale, til he came to the selle,
 Upon the flore, and ther aswoune he lay.

Up sterten Alison and Nicholas,
 And crieden, out and harow! in the strete.
 The neigheboures bothe smale and grete
 In rannen, for to gauren on this man,
 That yet aswoune lay, bothe pale and wan:
 For with the fall he brosten hath his arm.
 But stonden he must unto his oner harm,
 For whan he spake, he was anon bore doun
 With heny Nicholas and Absolon.

They tolden every man that he was wood;
 He was agaste so of Noes flood
 Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanitee
 He had ybought him kneding tubbes thre,
 And had hem honged in the roof above;
 And that he praied hem for Goddes love
 To sitten in the roof *par compaigne*.

The folk gan laughen at his fantasie.
 Into the roof they kyken, and they gape,
 And turned all his harm into a jape.
 For what so that this carpenter answerd,
 It was for nought, no man his reson herd.
 With othes gret he was so sworne adoun,
 That he was holden wood in all the toun.
 For everich clerk anon right held with other;
 They said, the man was wood, my leve brother
 And every wight gan laughen at this strif.

Thus swived was the carpenteres wif,
 For all his keeping, and his jalousie;
 And Absolon hath kist hire nether eye;
 And Nicholas is scalded in the toute.
 This tale is don, and God save all the route.

THE REVES TALE.

THE REVES PROLOGUE.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice cas
 Of Absolon and heny Nicholas,
 Diverse folk diversely they saide,
 But for the more part they lought and plaide;
 Ne at this tale I saw no man hum greve,
 But it were only Osewold the Reve.
 Because he was of carpenteres craft,
 A litel ire is in his herte ylaft;
 He gan to grutch and blamen it a lite.
 So the ik, quod he, ful wel coude I him quite
 With blering of a proude milleres eye,
 If that me list to speke of ribaudrie.
 But ik am olde; me list not play for age;
 Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage.
 This white top writeth min olde yeres;
 Min herte is also mouled as min heres;
 But if I fare as doth an open-ers;
 That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wers,
 Till it be roten in mullok, or in stre.

We olde men, I drede, so faren we,
 Til we be roten, can we not be ripe;
 We hope alway, while that the world wol pipe;

For in our will ther stiketh ever a nayl,
 To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,
 As hath a leke; for though our might be gon,
 Our will desireth folly ever in on;
 For whan we may not don, than wol we speken,
 Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

Foure gledes han we, which I shal devise,
 Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetise.
 These foure sparkes longen unto elde.
 Our olde limes mow wel ben unweide,
 But will ne shal not fallen, that is sothe.
 And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,
 As many a yere as it is passed hennic,
 Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne.
 For sikerly, whan I was borne, anon
 Deth drow the tappe of lif, and let it gon;
 And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,
 Til that almost all empty is the tonne.
 The streme of lif now droppeth on the chimbe.
 The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe
 Of wretchednesse, that passed is ful yore:
 With olde folk, save dotage, is no more.

Whan that our Hoste had herd this sermon
 ing,
 He gan to speke as lordly as a king,

And sayde ; What amounteth all this wit ?
What ? shall we speke all day of holy writ ?
The diuel made a Reve for to preche,
Or of a souter a shipman, or a leche.

Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time :
Lo Depceford, and it is half way prime :
Lo Grenewich, ther many a shrew is inne.
It were al time thy tale to beginne.

Now, sires, quod this Osewold the Reve,
I pray you alle, that ye not you greve,
Though I answeere, and somdel set his howwe,
For leful is with force force off to showwe.

This dronken Miller hath ytold us here,
How that begiled was a carpentere,
Paraventure in scorne, for I am on :
And by your leve, I shal him quite anon.
Right in his cherles ternes wol I speke.
I pray to God his necke mote to-breke.
He can wel in min eye seen a stalk,
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

THE REVES TALE.

At *Trompington*, not fer fro *Cantebrigge*,
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,
Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melie
And this is veray sothe, that I you telle.
A miller was ther dwelling many a day,
As any pncok he was proude and gay :
Pipen he coude, and fishe, and nettes bete,
And turnen cuppes, and wrastlen wel, and shete.
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
And of a swerd ful trenchant was the blade.
A joly popper bare he in his pouche ;
Ther n'as no man for peril dorst him touche.
A Shefeld thwilt bare he in his hose.
Round was his face, and camuse was his nose.
As pilled as an ape was his skull.
He was a market-beter at the full.
Ther dorste no wight hond upon him legge,
That he ne swore he shuld anon abegge.

A thefe he was forsoth, of corn and mele,
And that a slie, and usant for to stele.
His name was hoten deinous *Simekin*.
A wif he hadde, comen of noble kin :
The person of the toun hire father was.
With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras,
For that *Simkin* shuld in his blood allie.
She was yfostered in a nonnerie :
For *Simkin* wolde no wif, as he sayde,
But she were wel ynourished, and a mayde,
To saven his estat of yemanrie :
And she was proud, and pert as is a pie.
A ful faire sight was it upon hem two.
On holy dayes beforen hire wold he go
With his tipet ybounde about his hed ;
And she came after in a gite of red,
And *Simkin* hadde hosen of the same.
Ther dorste no wight clepen hire but dame :
Was non so hardy, that went by the way,
That with hire dorste rage or ones play,
But if he wold be slain of *Simekin*
With pavade, or with knif, or bodekin.
(For jealous folk ben perilous evermo :
Algate they wold hir wives wencen so.)
And eke for she was somdel moterlich,
She was as digne as water in a dich,

And al so ful of hoker, and of bismare.
Hire thoughte that a ladie shuld hure spare,
What for hire kinrede, and hire nortelrie,
That she had lerned in the nonnerie.

A daughter hadden they betwix hem twe
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
Saving a child that was of half yere age,
In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.
This wenche thicke and wol ygrowen was,
With camuse nose, and eyen grey as gas ;
With buttokes brode, and brestes round and hie ;
But right faire was hire here, I wol nat lie.

The person of the toun, for she was faire,
In purpos was to maken hire his haire
Both of his catel, and of his mesuage,
And strange he made it of hire mariage.
His purpos was for to bestowe hire
Into som worthy blood of ancestrie.
For holy chirches good mote ben despended
On holy chirches blood that is descended.
Therefore he wolde his holy-blood honour,
Though that he holy chirche shuld devoure.

Gret soken hath this miller out of doute
With whete and malt, of all the laud aboute ;
And namely ther was a gret college
Men clepe the *Soler* hall at *Cantebrege*,
Ther was hir whete and eke hir malt yground.
And on a day it happed in a stound,
Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,
Men wenden wisly that he shulde die.
For which this miller stale both mele and corn
An hundred times more than beforen.
For therbeforen he stale but curteisly,
But now he was a thefe outrageously.
For which the wardein chidde and made fare,
But therof set the miller not a tare ;
He craked bost, and swore it n'as not so.

Than were ther yonge poure scoleres two,
That dwelten in the halle of which I say ;
Testif they were, and lusty for to play ;
And only for hir mirth and revelrie
Upon the wardein besily they crie,
To yeve hem leve but a litel stound,
To gon to mille, and seen hir corn yground :
And hardily they dorsten lay hir necke,
The miller shuld not stele hem half a pecke
Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve.

And at the last the wardein yave hem leave :
John highte that on, and Alein highte that other,
Of o toun were they born, that highte *Strother*,
Fer in the North, I can not tellen where.

This Alein maketh redy all his gere,
And on a hors the sark he cast anon :
Forth goth Alein the clerk, and also John,
With good swerd and with bokeler by hir side.
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,
And at the mille the sark adoun he laith.

Alein spake first ; All haile, *Simond*, in faith,
How fares thy faire daughter, and thy wif ?

Alein, welcome (quod *Simkin*) by my lif,
And John also : how now, what do ye here ?
By God, *Simond*, (quod John) nede has no pere.
Him behoves serve himself that has na swain,
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sain.
Our manciple I hope he wol be ded,
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his hed :
And therefore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our corn and cary it hame agayn :
I pray you spede us henen that ye may.
It shal be don (quod *Simkin*) by my fay.

What wol ye don while that it is in hand ?
By God, right by the hopper wol I stand,
(Quod John) and seen how that the corn gas in.
Yet saw I never by my fader kin,
How that the hopper waggis til and fra.

Alein answered ; John, and wolt thou swa ?
Than wol I be benethe by my crown,
And see how that the mele fallis adoun
In til the trogh, that shal be my disport :
For, John, in faith I may ben of your sort ;
I is as il a miller as is ye.

This miller smiled at hir nicetece,
And thought, all this n'is don but for a wile.
They wenen that no man may hem begile,
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eie,
For all the sleighte in hir philosophie.
The more queinte knakkes that they make,
The more wol I stete whan that I take.
In stede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.
The grettest clerkes ben not the wisest men,
As whilom to the wolt thus spake the mare :
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively,
Whan that he saw his time, softly.
He loketh up and doun, til he hath found
The clerkes hors, ther as he stood ybound
Behind the mille, under a levesell :
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus, he gan to gon
Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,
And forth, with wehee, thurgh thick and thinne
This miller goth again, no word he said,
But doth his note, and with these clerkes plaid,
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.
And whan the mele is sacked and ybound,
This John goth out, and fnt his hors away,
And gan to crie, harow and wala wa !
Our hors is lost : Alein, for Goddes banes,
Step on thy feet ; come of, man, al at anes :
Alas ! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.

This Alein al forgot both mele and corn ;
Al was out of his mind his husbandrie :
What, whilke way is he gon ? he gan to crie.

The wif came leping inward at a renne,
She said ; Alas ! youre hors goth to the fenne
With wilde mares, as fast as he may go.
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,
And he that better shuld have knit the rein.

Alas ! (quod John) Alein, for Christes pein
Lay doun thy sward, and I shal min alswa.
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.
By Goddes saule he shal not scape us bathe.
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe ?
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a founne.

These sely clerkes han ful fast yronne
Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John :
And whan the miller saw that they were gon,
He half a bushel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wif go kmede it in a cake.
He said ; I trow, the clerkes were aferde.
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berde,
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play :
They get him not so lightly by my crown.

These sely clerkes rennen up and doun
With kepe, kepe ; stand, stand ; jossa, warderere.
Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him here.
But shortly, til that it was veray night
They coude not, though they did all hir might,

Hir capel catch, he ran alway so fast :
Til in a diche they caught him at the last.

Wery and wet, as bestes in the rain,
Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Alein.
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne !
Now are we driven til hething and til scorne.
Our corn is stolne, men wol us founnes calle,
Both the wardein, and eke our felawes alle,
And namely the miller, wala wa !

Thus plaineth John, as he goth by the way
Toward the mille, and bayard in his hond.
The miller sitting by the fire he fond,
For it was night, and further might they nought,
But for the love of God they him besought
Of herberwe and of ese, as for hir peny.

The miller saide agen, if ther be any,
Swiche as it is, yet shull ye have your part.
Myn hous is streit, but ye have lerned art ;
Ye can by arguments maken a place
A mile brode, of twenty foot of space.
Let see now if this place may suffice,
Or make it roume with speche, as is your gise.
Now, Simond, (said this John) by Saint Cuthbera
Ay is thou mery, and that is faire answerd.

I have herd say, man sal take of twa thinges,
Silke as he findes, or silke as he brings.
But specially I pray thee, hoste dere,
Gar us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,
And we sal paicn trewely at the full :
With empty hand, men may na haukes tull.
Lo here our silver redy for to spend.

This miller to the toun his daughter send
For ale and bred, and rosted hem a goos,
And bond hir hors, he shuld no more go loos :
And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,
With shetes and with chalons faire yspredde,
Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve :
His daughter had a bed all by hirselve,
Right in the same chambre by and by :
It mighte be no bet, and cause why,
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.
They soupen, and they spoken of solace,
And drinken ever strong ale at the best.
Abouten midnight wente they to rest.

Wel hath this miller vernished his bed,
Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.
He yoxeth, and he spoketh thurgh the nose,
As he were on the quakke, or on the pose.
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif ;
As any jay she light was and jolif,
So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.
The cradel at hire beddes feet was sette,
To rocken, and to yeve the child to souke.
And whan that dronken was all in the crouke
To bedde wente the daughter right anon,
To bedde goth Alein, and also John.

Ther n'as no more ; nedeth hem no dwale.
This miller hath so wisely bibbed ale,
That as an hors he snorthe in his slepe,
Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.
His wif bare him a burdon a ful strong ;
Men might hir routing heren a furlong.
The wenche routoth eke *par compaignie*.

Alein the clerk that herd this melodie,
He poketh John, and sayde : Slepest thou ?
Herdest thou ever slike a song er now ?
Lo whilke a complin is ymell hem alle.
A wilde fire upon hir bodies fale,
Wha herkned ever slike a ferly thing ?
Ye, they shall have the flour of yvel ending.

This lange night ther tides me no reste.
 But yet na force, all shal be for the beste.
 For, John, (sayd he) as ever mote I thive,
 If that I may, yon wenche wol I swive.
 Som esement has lave yshapen us.
 For, John, ther is a lawe that saieþ thus,
 That if a man in o point be agreved,
 That in another he shal be releved.
 Our corn is stolne, soþly it is na may,
 And we han had an yvel fit to-day.
 And sin I shal have nan amendement
 Again my losse, I wol have an esement :
 By Goddes saule, it shal nan other be.

This John answered ; Alein, avise thee :
 The miller is a perilous man, he sayde.
 And if that he out of his slepe abraide,
 He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.
 Alein answered ; I count him nat a fie.
 And up he rist, and by the wenche he crept.
 This wenche lay upright, and faste slept,
 Til he so nigh was, er she might espie,
 That it had ben to late for to erie :
 And shortly for to say, they were at on.
 Now play, Alein, for I wol speke of John.

This John lith still a furlong way or two,
 And to himself he maketh routh and wo.
 Alas ! (quod he) this is a wicked jape ;
 Now may I say, that I is but an ape.
 Yet has my felaw somwhat for his harme ;
 He has the millers daughter in his arme :
 He autred him, and hath his nedes spedde,
 And I lie as a draf-sak in my bedde ;
 And whan this jape is tald another day,
 I shal be halden a daffe or a cokenay :
 I wol arise, and autre it by my fay :
 Unhardy is unsely, thus men say.

And up he rose, and soþely he went
 Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hent,
 And bare it soft unto his beddes fete.
 Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,
 And gan awake, and went hire out to pisse,
 And came again, and gan the cradel misse,
 And groped here and ther, but she found non.
 Alas ! (quod she) I had almost misgon.
 I had almost gon to the clerkes bedde
 Ey *benedicite*, than had I foule yspedde.
 And forth she goth, til she the cradel fond.
 She gropeth alway farther with hire hond,
 And fond the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
 Because that the cradel by it stood,
 And n'iste wher she was, for it was derk,
 But faire and wel she crept in by the clerik,
 And lith ful still, and wold han caught a stepe.
 Within a while this John the clerik up lepe,
 And on this goode wif he laieþ on sore ;
 So mery a fit ne had she nat ful yore.
 He prketh hard and depe, as he were mad.

This joly lif han these two clerkes lad,
 Til that the thriddle cok began to sing.
 Alein wex werie in the morwening,
 For he had swonken all the longe night,
 And sayd ; Farewel, Malkin, my swete wight.
 The day is come, I may no longer bide,
 But evermo, wher so I go or ride,
 I is thin awen clerik, so have I hele.
 Now, dere lemman, quod she, go farewele :
 But or thou go, o thing I wol thee tell.
 Whan that thou wendest homeward by the mell,
 Right at the entree of the dore behind
 Thou shalt a cake of half a bushel find,

That was ymaked of thin owen mele,
 Which that I halpe my fader for to stele.
 And goode lemman, God thee save and kepe.
 And with that word she gan almost to wepe.
 Alein uprist and thought, er that it daw
 I wol go copen in by my felaw :
 And fond the cradel at lns hand anon.
 By God, thought he, all wrang I have misgon :
 My lied is tottie of my swink to-night,
 That maketh me that I go nat aright.
 I wet wel by the cradel I have misgo ;
 Here lith the miller and his wif also.
 And forth he goth a twenty divel way
 Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.
 He wend have copen by his felaw John,
 And by the miller in he crept anon,
 And caught him by the nekke, and gan him shals
 And sayd ; Thou John, thou swinshed awake
 For Cristes saule, and here a noble game :
 For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,
 As I have thries as in this short night
 Swived the millers daughter bolt-upright,
 While thou hast as a coward ben agast.

Ye, false harlot, quod the miller, hast ?
 A false traitour, false clerik, (quod he)
 Thou shalt be ded by Goddes dignite,
 Who dorste be so bold to disparage
 My daughter, that is come of swiche lineage.
 And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,
 And he him hent despitously again,
 And on the nose he smote him with his fist ;
 Doun ran the bloody streme upon his brest :
 And in the flore with nose and mouth to-broke
 They walwe, as don two pigges in a poke.
 And up they gon, and doun again anon,
 Til that the miller sporned at a ston,
 And doun he fell backward upon his wif,
 That wiste nothing of this nice strif :
 For she was fall aslepe a litel wight
 With John the clerik, that waked had all night :
 And with the fall out of hire slepe she braide.
 Helpe, holy crois of Bromeholme, (she sayde)
In manus tuas, Lord, to thee I call.
 Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall ;
 Myn herte is broken ; helpe ; I n'am but ded ;
 Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed.
 Helpe, Simkin, for the false clerkes fight.
 This John stert up as fast as ever he might,
 And graspeþ by the walles to and fro
 To find a staf, and she stert up also,
 And knew the estres bet than did this John,
 And by the wall she toke a staf anon :
 And saw a litel shemering of a light,
 For at an hole in shone the mone bright,
 And by that light she saw hem bothe two,
 But sulerly she n'iste who was who,
 But as she saw a white thing in hire eye.
 And whan she gan this white thing espie,
 She wend the clerik had drow a volupere ;
 And with the staf she drow ay nere and nere,
 And wend han hit this Alein atte full,
 And smote the miller on the pilled skull,
 That doun he goth, and cried, harow ! I die.
 These clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,
 And grethen hem, and take hir hors anon,
 And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon :
 And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake
 Of half a bushel flour, ful wel ybake.
 Thus is the proude miller wel ybete,
 And hath ylost the grinding of the whete,

And paid for the souper every del
Of Alein and of John, that bete him wel ;
His wif is swived, and his daughter als ;
Lo, swiche it is a miller to be fals.
And therefore this proverb is sayd ful soth,

Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth -
A gilour shal himself begiled be :
And God that siteth his m mageste
Save all this compaignie, gret and smale.
Thus have I quit the miller in my tale.

THE COKES TALE.

THE COKES PROLOGUE

THE Coke of London, while the Reve spake,
For joye (him thought) he clawed him on the bak :
A ha (quod he) for Cristes passion,
This miller had a sharpe conclusion,
Upon this argument of herbergeage.
Wel sayde Salomon in his langage,
Ne bring not every man into thin hous,
For herberwing by night is perilous.
Wel ought a man avised for to be
Whom that he brought into his privetee.
I pray to God so yeve me sorwe and care,
If ever, sithen I highte Hodge of Ware,
Herd I a miller bet ysette a-werk ;
He had a jape of malice in the derk.
But God forbode that we stinten here,
And therefore if ye vouchen sauf to here
A tale of me that am a poure man,
I wol you tell as wel as ever I can
A litel jape that fell in our citee.

Our Hoste answerd and sayde ; I grant it thee :
Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,
For many a pastee hast thou letten blood,
And many a Jacke of Dover last thou sold,
That hath been twies hot and twies cold.
Of many a pilgrim hast thou Cristes curse,
For of thy perselee yet fare they the werse,
That they han eten in thy stoble goos :
For in thy shop goth many a fie loos.
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,
But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game ;
A man may say ful soth in game and play.

Thou sayst ful soth, quod Roger, by my fay ;
But soth play *quade spel*, as the Fleming saith :
And therefore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith,
Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,
Though that my tale be of an hostelere.
But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,
But er we part, ywis thou shalt be quit.
And therwithal he lough and made chere,
And sayd his tale, as ye shui after here.

THE COKES TALE.

A PRENTIS whilom dwelt in our citee,
And of a craft of vitailiers was he :
Gaillard he was, as goldfinch in the shawe,
Broune as a bery, a propre short felawe :
With lokkes blake, kembered ful fetasly.
Dancen he coude so wel and jolly,

That he was cleped Perkin Revelour.
He was as ful of love and paramour,
As is the hive ful of hony swete ;
Wel was the wenche with him mighte mete.
At every bridale would he sing and hoppe ;
He loved bet the tavernne than the shoppe.
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And til that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agein ;
And gadred him a meinie of his sort,
To hoppe and sing, and makon swiche disport :
And ther they setten steven for to mete
To plaien at the dis in swiche a strete.
For in the toun ne was ther no prentis,
That fairer coude caste a pair of dis
Than Perkin coude, and therto he was fre
Of his dispence, in place of privetee.
That fond his maister wel in his chaffare,
For often time he fond his box ful bare.

For sothly, a prentis, a revelour,
That hanteth dis, riot and paramour,
His maister shal it in his shoppe abie,
Al have he no part of the minstralcie.
For theft and riot they ben convertible,
Al can they play on giterne or ribible.
Revel and trowth, as in a low degree,
They ben ful wroth all day, as men may see.

This joly prentis with his maister abode,
Til he was neigh out of his prentishode,
Al were he snibbed bothe erly and late,
And somtime lad with revel to Newgate.
But at the last his maister him bewouglt
Upon a day, whan he his paper sought,
Of a proverbe, that saith this same word ;
Wel bet is roten appel out of hord,
Than that it rote alle the remenant :
So fareth it by a riotous servant ;
It is wel lasse harm to let him pace,
Than he shende alle the servants in the place.
Therefore his maister yaf him a quitance,
And bad him go, with sorwe and with meschance
And thus this joly prentis had his leve :
Now let him riot all the night or leve.

And for ther n'is no thefe without a louke,
That helpeth him to wasten and to souke
Of that he briben can, or borwe may,
Anon he sent his bed and his array
Unto a comere of his owen sort,
That loved dis, and riot, and disport ;
And had a wif, that ne'd for contenance
A shoppe, and swived for hire sustenance.

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THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGUE.

OUR Hoste saw wel, that the brighte sonne
The ark of his artificial day had ronne
The fourthe part, and half an houre and more ;
And though he were not depe expert in lore,
He wiste it was the eighte and twenty day
Of April, that is messenger to May ;
And saw wel that the shadow of every tree
Was as in lengthe of the same quantitec
That was the body erect, that caused it ;
And therefore by the shadow he toke his wit,
That Phebus, which that shone so clere and bright,
Degrees was five and fourty clombe on lught ;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the klok, he gan conclude ;
And sodenly he plight his hors aboute.

Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route,
The fourthe partie of this day is gon.
Now for the love of God and of Saint John
Leseth no time, as ferforth as ye may.
Lordings, the tyme it wasteth night and day,
And steleth from us, what prively sleping,
And what thurgh negligence in our waking,
As doth the streme, that turneth never again,
Descending from the montagne into a plain.
Wel can Senek and many a philosopre
Bewailen tyme, more than gold in coffre.
For losse of catel may recovered be,
But losse of tyme shendeth us, quod he.
It wol not come again withouten drede,
No more than wol Malkins maidenhede,
Whan she hath lost it in hire wantonnesse.
Let us not moulen thus in idlenesse.

Sire man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,
Tell us a tale anon, as forword is.
Ye ben submitted thurgh your free assent
To stonde in this cas at my judgement.
Acquiteth you now, and holdeth your behest ;
Than have ye don your devoir at the lest.

Hoste, quod he, *de par dieux jeo assente*,
To breken forword is not min entente.
Behest is dette, and I wol hold it fajn
All my behest, I can no better sayn.
For swiche lawe as man yeveth another wight,
He shuld himselven usen it by right.
Thus wol our text : but natheles certain
I can right now no thirty tale sam,
But Chaucer (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath sayd hem, in swiche English as he cau,
Of olde tyme, as knoweth many a man.
And if he have not sayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another.
For he hath told of lovers up and down,
Mo than Ovide made of mentoun
In his *Epistolis*, that ben ful olde.
What shuld I tellen hem, sin they ben tolde ?
In youthe he made of Ceys and Aleyon,
And sithen hath he spoke of everich on

Thise noble wives, and thise lovers eke.
Who so that wol his large volume seke
Cleped the seintes legende of Cupide :
Ther may he se the large woundes wide
Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe ;
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee ;
The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon ;
The plaint of Deianire, and Hermion,
Of Adriane, and Ysiphilee ;
The barreine ile standing in the see ;
The dreint Leandre for his fayre Hero ;
The teres of Helene, and eke the wo
Of Briseide, and of Ladmoria ;
The crueltee of thee, quene Medea,
Thy litel children hanging by the hals,
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals.
O Hipermestra, Penelope, Aleeste,
Your withoute he commendeth with the bestc.

But certainly no word ne writeth he
Of thilke wicke ensample of Canace,
That loved hire owen brother sinfully ;
(Of all swiche cursed stories I say fy)
Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
How that the cursed king Antiochus
Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede,
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.
And therefore he of ful avisement
N'old never write in non of his sermons
Of swiche unkinde abhominations ;
Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may.
But of my tale how shal I don this day ?
Me were loth to be likened douteles
To Muses, that men clepe Pierides,
(*Metamorphoseos* wote what I mene)
But natheles I rechee not a bene,
Though I come after him with hawebake,
I speke in prose, and let him rimes make.
And with that word, he with a sobre chere
Began his tale, and sayde, as ye shull here.

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverte,
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,
If thou non ask, so sore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid,
Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal ;
Thy neighelour thou witest sinfully,
And sayst, thou hast a litel, and he hath all :
Parfay (sayst thou) somtyme he reken shall,
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,
Bet is to dien than have indigence.
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,
If thou be poure, farewell thy reverence.
Yet of the wise man take this sentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,
Beware therefore or thou come to that pricke.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas !
O riche marchants, ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with sis cunk, that renneth for your chance ;
At Cristenmasse mery may ye dance.

Ye seken lond and see for your winnings,
As wise folk ye known all th'estat
Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidinges,
And tales, both of pees and of debat :
I were right now of tales desolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon in many a yere,
Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

In **SURRIE** whilom dwelt a compaignie
Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,
That wide where senten hir spicerie,
Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe.
Hir chaffare was so thrifly and so newe,
With every wight hath deintee to chaffare
That hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that sort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,
Non other message wold they thider sende,
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende :
And in swiche place as thought hem advantage
For hir entente, they taken hir herberge.

Sojourned han these marchants in that toun
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance :
And so befell, that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter dame Custance
Reported was, with every circumstance,
Unto these Surrien marchants, in swiche wise
Fro day to day, as I shal you devise.

This was the comun vois of every man :
Our emperour of Rome, God him se,
A doughter hath, that sin the world began,
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,
N'as never swiche another as is she :
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe, withouten grenehed or folie :
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide ;
Humblesse hath slaen in hire tyrannie :
She is mirroure of alle courtesie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
Hire hond minstre of freedom for almesse.

And al this vois was soth, as God is trewe,
But now to purpos let us turne agein.
These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,
And when they han this blisful maiden sein,
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in weic, I can say you no more.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie :
For when they came from any strange place
He wold of his benigne courtesie
Make hem good chere, and besily espie
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other thinges specially
These marchants han him told of dame Custance
So gret noblesse, in earnest seriously,
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That all his lust, and all his besy cure
Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book,
Which that men clepe the heven, ywritten was
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas !
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
Is wrien, God wot, who so coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.

In sterres many a winter therbeforen
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born ;
The strif of Thebes ; and of Hercules,
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Soerates
The deth ; but mennes wittes ben so dull,
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive counsel sent,
And shortly of this matere for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace
To han Custance, within a litel space,
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in hire
To shapen for his lif som remedie.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden ;
They argumentes casten up and down ;
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden ;
They spoken of magike, and abusoun ;
But finally, as in conclusion,
They cannot seen in that non advantage,
Ne in non other way, save mariage.

Than saw they therin swiche difficultee
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,
Because ther was swiche diversitee
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,
They trowen that no cristen prince wold fayn
Wedden his child under our lawe swete,
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophetes.

And he answered : Rather than I lese
Custance, I wol be cristened douteles :
I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,
I pray you hold your arguments in pees,
Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To getten hire that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedeth greter dilatation ?
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,
And by the popes mediation,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in destruction of Maumetrie,
And in encrease of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben accorded so as ye may here ;

How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his lieges shuld yoristened be,
And he shal han Custance in mariage,
And certain gold, I no't what quantitee,
And hereto finden suffisant suretee.
The same accord is sworne on eyther side ;
Now, fair Custance, almighty God thee gide.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shuld tellen alle the purveiance,
The which that the emperour of his noblesse
Hath shapen for his daughter dame Custance.
Wel may men know that so gret ordnance
May no man tellen in a litel clause,
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow, this is the end.
And notified is thurghout al the toun,
That every wight with gret devotioun
Shuld prayen Crist, that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.

The day is comen of hire departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come,
That ther may be no longer taryng,
But forward they hem dresen all and some.
Custance, that was with sorwe all overcome,
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hire to wende,
For wel she seeth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas ! what wonder is it though she wept ?
That shal be sent to straunge nation
Fro frendes, that so tendrely hire kept,
And to be bounde under subjection
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That known wives, I dare say no more.

Fader, (she said) thy wrocthed child Custance,
Thy yonge daughter, fostered up so soft,
And ye, my moder, my sovaine plesance
Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft)
Custance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace ; for I shal to Surrie,
Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

Alas ! unto the Barbare nation
I muste gon, sin that it is your will :
But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,
So yve me grace hus hestes to fulfill,
I wretched woman no force though I spill ;
Women an borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance.

I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall,
Or Iliou brent, or Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venqueshed times three,
N'as herd swiche tendre wepmg for pitee,
As in the chambre was for hire parting,
But forth she mote, wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament,
With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,
And hurtlest all from Est til Occident,
That naturally wold hold another way ;
Thy cronding set the heven in swiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage,
That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas !
Out of his angle into the derikest hous.
O Mars, o Atyzar, as in this cas ;
O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas !
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun ?
Is no time bet than other in swiche cas ?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high condition,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe ?
Alas ! we ben to lewed, or to slow.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumstance :
Now Jesu Crist be with you all, she said.
Ther n'is no more, but farewell fair Custance.
She peineth hire to make good countenance,
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices :
And right anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire doun, and sayd as ye shul here.

Lordes, (she said) ye knowen everich on,
How that my sone in point is for to lete
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes messenger Mahomete :
But on avow to grete God I hete,
The lif shal rather out of my body sterte,
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,
For we reneied Mahound our creance ?
But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
As I shal say, assenting to my lore ?
And I shal make us sauf for evermore.

They sworn, and assented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond :
And everich on, in the best wise he can,
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,
Which ye shull heren that I shal devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

We shul first feme us cristendom to take ;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite :
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.
For tho his wif be cristened never so white,
She shal have neede to wash away the rede,
Though she a font of water with hire lede.

O Soudaness, rote of inquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound :
O feined woman, all that may confound
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice,
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious, sin thilke day
That thou were chased from our heritage,
Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way.
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
Thou wolt fordon this cristen marriage :
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while !)
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudannesse, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way :
What shuld I in this tale longer tarie ?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him, that she wold reneie hire lay,
And cristendom of prestes hondes fong,
Repenting hire she hethen was so long ;

Beseching him to don hire that honour,
That she might han the cristen folk to fest :
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan saith, I wol don at your hest,
And kneling, thanked hire of that request ;
So glad he was, he n'iste not what to say,
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these cristen folk to londre
In Surrie, with a gret solemne route,
And hastily this Soudan sent his sonde,
First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,
And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the presse, and riche was th'array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
Received hire with all so glad a chere,
As any mother might hire daughter dere :
And to the nexte citee ther beside
A softe pas solempely they ride.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a bost,
Was realler, or more curious,
Than was th'assemblee of this blisful host :
Butte this scorpion, this wicked gost,
The Soudannesse, for all hire flattering
Cast under this ful mortality to sting.

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell :
And welcometh hire with alle joye and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the best
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

The time come is, this olde Soudannesse
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste cristen folk hem dresse
In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise,
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour :
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesne :
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe, and stiked at the bord,
But it were only dame Custance alone.
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frenches don this cursed dede,
For she luncself wold all the contree l'cde.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted :
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)
They han hire set, and lidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain tresor that she thither ladde,
And soth to sayn, vitaille gret plente,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
And forth she sayleth in the salte see :
O my Custance, ful of benignitee,
O emperours yonge daughter dere,
He that is lord of fortune be thy sterc.

She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous vois
Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she,
O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois,
Red of the lambes blood ful of pitee,
That wesch the world fro the old iniquitee,
Me fro the fende, and fro his clawes kepe,
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

Victorious tree protection of trewe,
That only worthy were for to bere
The king of heven, with his woundes newe,
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere ;
Flemer of fendes, out of him and here
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden.

Yeres and dayes flect this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece, unto the straitte
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure :
On many a sory mele now may she baite,
After hire deth ful often may she waite,
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
Unto the place ther as she shal arrive.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain ?
Eke at the feste who might hire body save ?
And I answer to that demand again,
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,
Was with the leon frette, or he asterte ?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle
In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes :
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certain menes oft, as known clerkes,
Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now sith she was not at the feste yslawe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see ?
Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee ?
Wel may men know, it was no wight but he
That kepte the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

Who bade the foure spirits of tempest,
That power han to anyen lond and see,
Both north and south, and also west and est,
Anoyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tre ?
Sothly the commander of that was he
That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,
As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have ?
Three yere and more, how lasteth hire, vitaille ?
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
Or in desert ? no wight but Crist *sans faille*.
Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille
With loves five and fishes two to fede :
God sent his foyson at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our Ocean
Thurghout our wide see, til at the last
Under an hold, that nempen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,
And in the sand hire ship stoked so fast,
That thennes wolde it not in all a tide :
The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide.

The constable of the castle doun is fare
To seen this wrecke, and al the ship he sought,
And fond this wery woman ful of care ;
He fond also the tresour that she brought :
In hire langage mercy she besought,
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,
But algate therly was she understande.
The constable, whan him list no longer seche,
This woful woman brought he to the londe.
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sonde ;
But what she was, she wolde no man seye
For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

She said, she was so mased in the see,
That she forgate lure minde, by hire trowth.
The constable hath of hir so gret pitec
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh :
She was so diligent withouten slouth
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif
Were payenes, and that contree every wher ;
But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif ;
And Custance hath so long sojourned ther
In orisons, with many a bitter tere,
Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegild, constabliesse of that place.

In all that lond no cristen dorste route ;
All cristen folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plagis of the North by lond and see.
To Wales fled the cristiantee
Of olde Bretons, dwelling in this ile ;
Ther was hir refuge for the mene while.

But yet n'ere cristen Bretons so exiled,
That ther n'ere som which in hir privtee
Honoured Crist, and hethon folk begiled ;
And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three :
That on of hem was blind, and might not see,
But it were with thilke eye of his minde,
With which men mowen see whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne, as in that sommers day,
For which the constable and his wif also
And Custance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the see, a furlong way or two,
To plaien, and to romen to and fro ;
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

In the name of Crist (cried this blinde Breton)
Dame Hermegild, yeve me my sight again.
This lady wexe airaied of that soun,
Lest that hire husband, shortly for to sain,
Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slau,
Til Custance made hire bold, and bad hire werche
The will of Crist, as daughter of holy cherche.

The constable wexe abashed of that sight,
And sayde ; What amounteth all this fare ?
Custance answerd ; Sire, it is Cristes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare ;
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,
That she the constable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Crist made him beleve.

This constable was not lord of the place
Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond,
But kept it strongly many a winter space,
Under Alla, king of Northumberlond,
That was ful wise, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here ;
But tourne I wol againe to my matere.

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,
And cast anon how he might quite hire while,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that toun,
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,
That veraily him thought that he shuld spille,
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availleth nought,
She wolde do no sinne by no wey :
And for despit, he compassed his thought
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.
He waiteth whan the constable is away,
And prively upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Very, forwaked in hire orisons,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,
All softly is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,
And layd the body knif by dame Custance,
And went his way, ther God yev him mischance.

Some after cometh this constable home again,
And eke Alla, that lang was of that lond,
And saw his wife despitously ysland,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond ;
And in the bed the body knif he fond
By dame Custance, alas ! what might she say ?
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,
That in a ship was fonden this Custance,
As here before ye han herd me devise :
The kinges herte of pitec gan agruse,
Whan he saw so benigne a creature
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent before the king :
This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing :
But natheles ther was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and sayn they wold enquesse
That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif :
Of this bare witness everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild slow with his knif :
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquire
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

Alas ! Custance, thou hast no champion,
Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa !
But he that starf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champion this day :
For but if Crist on thee miracle kithe,
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as swithe.

She set hire down on knees, and thus she sayde ;
Immortal God, that savedest Susanne
Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,
Mary I mene, daughter to seint Anne,
Before whos child angels singen Osanne,
If I be gilteles of this felonie,
My socour be, or elles shal I die.

Have ye not seen somtime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace.
And swiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so bestad,
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O queenes living in prosperitee,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,
Haveth som routhe on hire adverstee ;
An emperoures daughter stant alone ;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone ;
O blood real, that stondest in this drede,
Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,
As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water down.
Now hastily do fecche a book, quod he ;
And if this kniight wol sweren, how that she
This woman slow, yet wol we us advise,
Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice.

A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon
She giltf was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,
That douh he fell at ones as a stone :
And both his eyen brost out of his face
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd, in general audience,
That sayd ; Thou hast desclandred gilteles
The daughter of holy chirche in high presence ;
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees.
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees,
As mased folk they stonden everich on
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wronge suspicion
Upon this sely innocent Custance ;
And for this miracle, in conclusion,
And by Custances mediation,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe
By judgement of Alla hastily ;
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe ;
And after this Jesus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,
And thus hath Crist y made Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild and no mo.
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie ?
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo ;
She wolde not that hire some had do so ;
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.
What shulde I tellen of the realtee
Of this marriage, or which cours goth beforen,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn ?
The fruit of every tale is for to say ;
They ete and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,
They mosten take in patience a night
Swiche maner necessarys, as ben plesinges
To folk that han ywedded hem with ringes,
And lay a lite hir holinesse aside
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
And to a bishop, and his constable eke
He toke his wit to kepe, whan he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.
Now faire Custance, that is so humble and meke,
So long is gon with childe til that still
She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere ;
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.
This constable doth forth come a messenger,
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
How that this blisful tiding is befalla,
And other tidings spedful for to say.
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This messenger, to don his avantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,
And salueth hire ful faire in his langage.
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thousand sithe ;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
To joye and blisse of all this regne aboute.

Lo liere the lettre seled of this thing,
That I most bere in all the hast I may ;
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,
I am your servant bothe night and day.
Donegild answerd, As now at this time nay ;
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,
To-morwe wol I say thee what me lest.

This messenger drank sadly ale and wine,
And stolen were his lettres prively
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine ;
And contrefeted was ful subtilly
Another letre, wrought ful sinfully,
Unto the king directe of this matere
Fro his constable, as yo shal after here.

This letre spake, the queene delivered was
Of so horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the castle non so hardy was
That any while dorste therein endure :
The mother was an elfe by aventure
Ycome, by charmes or by sorcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compaignie.

Wo was this king when he this letre had sein,
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again ;
Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in this lore :
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

Kepeþ this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto myn home coming ;
Crist when him list may senden me an heire,
More agreable than this to my liking.
This letre he seled, prively weping,
Which to the messenger was taken sone,
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

O messenger, fulfilled of dronkenesse,
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,
And thou bewreiest alle secerenese ;
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay ;
Thy face is tourned in a new array ;
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild, I ne have non English digne
Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie :
And therefore to the fende I thee resigne,
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy mannish, fy ; o may by God I lie ;
Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

This messenger cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And she was of this messenger ful fayn,
And plesed him in all that ever she might.
He dranke, and wel his gurdel underpight ;
He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise
All night, untill the sonne gan arise.

Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wise
The king commanded his constable anon
Up peine of hanging and of high jewese,
That he ne shulde soffren in no wise
Custance within his regne for to abide
Three daies, and a quarter of a tide ;

But in the same shup as he hire fond,
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire, that she never eft come there.
O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have fere,
And sleeping in thy dreame ben in penance,
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.

This messenger on morwe when he awoke,
Unto the castel halt the nexte way ;
And to the constable he the letre toke ;
And whan that he his pitous letre sey,
Ful oft he sayd alas, and wala wa ;
Lord Crist, quod he, how may this world endure ?
So ful of sinne is many a creature.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill,
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee ?
A good Custance, alas ! so wo is me,
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
On shames deth, ther is non other wey.

Wepen both yong and old in al that place,
Whan that the king this cursed letre sent :
And Custance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went :
But natheles she taketh in good entent
The will of Crist, and kneeling on the strond
She sayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy sone.

He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how :
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneeling pitously to him she said,
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm -
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulletli it ful fast,
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

Mother, quod she, and mayden bright Marie,
Soth is, that thurgh womannes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and dammed ay to die,
For which thy child was on a crois yent :
Thy blisful eyen saw all his turment,
Than is ther no comparison betwene
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

Thou saw thy child yslein before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay :
Now, lady bright, to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhod, thou faire may,
Thou haven of refute, bright sterre of day,
Rew on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

O litel child, alas ! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde ?
Why wol thin harde father have thee spilt ?
O mercy, dere constable, (quod she)
As let my litel child dwell here with thee :
And if thou darst not saven him fro blame,
So kisse him ones in his fadres name.

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
And saide : Farewel, housbond routeles !
And up she rist, and walketh doun the strond
Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees :
And ever she prieth hire child to hold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She blesseth hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitaillid was the ship, it is no dede,
 Habundantly for hire a ful long space :
 And other necessaries that shuld nedde
 She had ynow, hericd be Goddes grace :
 For wind and wether, almighty God purchace,
 And bring hire home, I can no better say,
 But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this
 Unto his castel, of the which I told,
 And asketh wher his wif and his child is ;
 The constable gan about his herte cold,
 And plainly all the matere he him told
 As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
 And shewed the king his sele and his letter ;

And sayde ; Lord, as ye commanded me
 Up peine of deth, so have I don certain.
 This messenger turmented was, til he
 Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain,
 Fro night to night in what place he had lain .
 And thus by wit and subtil enquerung
 Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
 And all the venime of this cursed dede ;
 But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.
 The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
 His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,
 For that she traitour was to hire ligeance :
 Thus endeth this old Doneguld with meschance.

The sorwe that this Alla night and day
 Maketh for his wif and for his child also,
 Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
 But now wol I agen to Custance go,
 That fleteth in the see in peine and wo
 Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
 Or that hire ship approached to the londe.

Under an hethen castel at the last,
 (Of which the name in my text I not find)
 Custance and eke hire child the see up cast.
 Almighty God, that saved all mankind,
 Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,
 That fallen is in hethen hond eftsone
 In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight
 To gauren on this ship, and on Custance :
 But shortly fro the castel on a night,
 The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)
 A theef, that had reneyed our creance,
 Came into the ship alone, and said, he wolde
 Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,
 Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously :
 But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,
 For with hire strogling wel and mightily
 The theef fell over bord al sodenly,
 And in the see he drenched for vengeance,
 And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Custance.

O foule lust of lxxurie, lo this ende,
 Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,
 But veraily thou wolt his body shende.
 Th'ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blind,
 Is complaining : how many may men find,
 That not for werk somtime, but for th'entent
 To don this sunne, ben other slain or shent.

How may this weke woman han the strength
 Hire to defend again this renegate ?
 O Goliath, unmesurable of length,
 How mighte David maken thee so mate ?
 So yonge, and of armure so desolate,
 How dorst he luke upon thy dredful face ?
 Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
 To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,
 And to deliver out of wretchednesse
 The peple of God ? I say for this entent,
 That right as God spirit of vigour sent
 To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,
 So sent he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
 Of Jubaltare and Septe, driving alway,
 Somtime West, and somtime North and South,
 And somtime Est, ful many a wery day :
 Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)
 Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse
 To make an end of all hire hevinesse.

Now let us stint of Custance but a throw,
 And speke we of the Romane emperour,
 That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
 The slaughter of cristen folk, and dishonour
 Don to his daughter by a false traitour,
 I mene the cursed wicked Soudanasse.
 That at the fest let sleen both more and lesse.

For which this emperour hath sent anon
 His senatour, with real ordinance,
 And other lordes, God wote, many on,
 On Surriens to taken high vengeance :
 They brennen, sleen, and bring hem to meschance
 Ful many a day : but shortly this is th'ende,
 Hcmward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie
 To Rome ward sayling ful really,
 And met the ship driving, as saith the storie,
 In which Custance sitteth ful pitously :
 Nothing ne knew he what she was, ne why
 She was in swiche array, ne she wil sey
 Of hire estat, though that she shulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
 He yaf hire, and hire yonge sone also :
 And with the senatour she lad hire hf.
 Thus can our lady bringen out of wo
 Woful Custance, and many another mo :
 And longe time dwelled she in that place,
 In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The senatoures wif her aunte was,
 But for all that she knew hire never the more :
 I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
 But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,
 That for his wif wepeth and siketh sore,
 I wol returne, and let I wol Custance
 Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,
 Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,
 That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,
 To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
 And putte him in the popes ordinance
 In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,
 Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought

The fame anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him beforen,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rode him againe, and many of his image,
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour
To king Alla, and he to him also ;
Everich of hem doth other gret honour ;
And so befell, that in a day or two
This senatour is to king Alla go
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
Custances some went in his compaignie.

Som men wold sain at requeste of Custance
This senatour hath lad this child to feste :
I may not tellen every circumstance,
Be as he may, ther was he at the leste :
But soth is this, that at his mothers heste
Before Alla, during the metes space,
The child stood, loking in the kunges face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the senatour he said anon,
Whos is that faire child that stondest yonder ?
I no't, quod he, by God and by Seint John ;
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,
That I of wote : but shortly in a stound
He told Alla how that this child was found.

But God wot, quod this senatour also,
So vertuous a liver in all my lif
Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo
Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif :
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman wikke,
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be :
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and theron mused he,
f that the childes moder were aught she
that is his wif, and prively he sighte,
and sped him fro the table that he mighte.

Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed,
ought to deme of skilful jugement,
hat in the salte see my wif is ded,
nd afterward he made his argument ;
that wot I, if that Crist have hiden
y wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
y contree, fro thennes that she went ?

And after noon home with the senatour
th Alla, for to see this wonder chance.
is senatour doth Alla gret honour,
it hastily he sent after Custance :
it trusteth wel, hire luste not to dance,
han that she wiste wherfore was that sonde,
nothe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,
d wept, that it was routhe for to see,
at the firste look he on hire sette
knew wel veraily that it was she :
l she for sorwe, as dumb stant as a tree :
was hire herte shette in hire distresse,
as she remembered his unkindnesse.

Twies she swouneth in his oven ight,
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously :
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of youre harme as gütteles am I,
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place.

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine,
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese,
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrease.
I pray you all my labour to release,
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gütteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they list,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non like, that any creature
Hath seen or shal, while that the world may dure

Tho praied she hire husband mekely
In relief of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hire fader specially,
That of his magestee he wold encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine :
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour :
But as I gesse, Alla was not so nice,
To him that is so soverane of honour,
As he that is of cisten folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte :
And wel rede I, he loked besily
Upon this child, and on his daughter thought.
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feste in every wise,
As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete :
And forth they rde in joye and in gladnesse,
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
Fader, quod she, your yongc child Custance
Is now ful cleue out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter, your Custance, quod she,
That whilom ye han sent into Surrie ;
It am I, fader, that in the salte see
Was put alone, and dampned for to die.
Now, goode fader, I you mercy crie,
Send me no more into non hetliennesse,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindnesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette ?
But of my tale make an ende I shal,
The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette.
Thise glade folk to dinner ben ysette,
In joy and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour
Made by the pope, and lived cristenly,
To Cristes chirche did he gret honour :
But I let all his storie passen by,
Of Custance is my tale specially,
In the olde Romane gestes men may find
Maurices lif, I here it not in mind

This king Alla, whan he his tyme sey,
With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,
To Englund ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.
But litel while it lasteth I you hete,
Joye of this world for tyme wol not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day,
That him ne meved other conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence ?
I ne say but for this end this sentence,
That litel while in joye or in plesance
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For deth, that taketh of hie and low his ronte,
Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevnesse.
Now let us praien God his soule blesse :
And dame Custance, finally to say,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and sound :
Now is she scaped all hire aventure :
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,
Weping for tendernesse in herte blithe
She herieth God an hundred thousand sithe.

In vertue and in holy almesse dede
They liveen alle, and never asonder wende ;
Till deth departeth hem, this lif they lede :
And fareth now wel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may sende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

THE WIF OF BATHES TALE.

THE WIF OF BATHES PROLOGUE.

EXPERIENCE, though non auctoritee
Were in this world, is right ynough for me
To speke of wo that is in mariage :
For, lordings, sin I twelf yere was of age,
(Thanked be God that is eterne on live)
Husbondes at chirche dore have I had five,
(If I so often might han wedded be)
And all were worthy men in hir degree.
But me was told, not longe tyme agon is,
That sithen Crist ne went never but ous
To wedding, in the Cane of Galilee,
That by that ilke ensample taught he me,
That I ne shulde wedded be but ones,
Lo, herke eke, which a sharpe word for the nones,
Beside a welle Jesu, God and man,
Spake in repreffe of the Samaritan :
Thou hast yhadde five husbunds, sayde he ;
And thilke man, that now hath wedded thee,
Is not thyn husband : thus said he certain ;
What that he ment therby, I can not sain.
But that I aske, why that the fifthe man
Was non husband to the Samaritan ?
How many might she have in marriage ?
Yet herd I never tellen in min age
Upon this noumbre diffintoun ;
Men may devine, and glosen up and doun.

But wel I wot, expresse withouten lie
God bad us for to wex and multiplie ;
That gentil text can I wel understand.
Eke wel I wot, he sayd, that min husband
Shuld leve fader and moder, and take to me ;
But of no noumbre mention made he,
Of bigamie or of octogamie ;
Why shuld men than speke of it vilanie ?

Lo here the wise King Dan Salomon,
I trow he hadde wives mo than on,
(As wolde God it leful were to me
To be refreshed half so oft as he)
Which a gift of God had he for alle his wives ?
No man hath swiche, that in this world on live is.
God wot, this noble king, as to my witte,
The firste night had many a mery fitte
With eche of hem, so wel was him on live.
Blessed be God that I have wedded five,
Welcome the sixthe whan that ever he shall.
For sith I wol not kepe me chaste in all,
Whan min husband is fro the world ygon,
Som cristen man shal wedden me anon.
For than the apostle saith, that I am fre
To wedde, a' goddes half, wher it liketh me.
He saith, that to be wedded is no sinne ;
Better is to be wedded than to brinne.

What reketh me though folk say vilanie
Of shrewed Lamech, and his bigamie ?
I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,
And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can,
And eche of hem had wives mo than two,
And many another holy man also.
Wher can ye seen in any maner age
That highe God defended marriage
By expresse word ? I pray you telleth me,
Or wher commanded he virginitee ?

I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
The apostle, whan he spake of maidenhede,
He said, that precept therof had he non :
Men may conseille a woman to ben on,
But consailing is no commandement ;
He put it in our owen judgement.
For hadde God commanded maidenhede,
Than had he dampned wedding out of drede ;
And certes, if ther were no sede yswowe,
Virginitee than wherof shuld it growe ?

Poule dorste not commanden at the lest
 A thing, of which his maister jaf non best
 The dart is sette up for vugintee,
 Catch who so may, who kenneth best let see
 But this word is not take of every wight,
 But thier as God wol yeve it of his might
 I wot wel that the apostle was a mard,
 But natheles, though th' he wrote and said,
 He wold that every wight were swiche as he,
 All n's but consol to vugintee
 And for to ben a wif he jaf me leve,
 Of indulgence, so n's it non repleve
 To wedden me, if that my make die,
 Withoute exception of bigamie ;
 All were it good no woman for to touche,
 (He ment as in his bed or in his couche)
 For peril is both fire and tow to assemble ,
 Ye know what this ensample may resemble

This is all and som, he held vugintee
 More parfit than wedding in fecttee
 (Fecttee clepe I, but if that he and she
 Wold lede hiu lives all in chastitee)
 I graunt it wel, I have of non envie,
 Who maidenhed p'fere to bigamic ,
 It liketh hem to be cleue in body and gost
 Of mun estat I wol not maken best

For wel ye know, a lord in his hoashold
 No hath nat every vessel all of gold
 Som ben of t're , and don hu lord service
 God clepeth folk to him in sondry wise,
 And everich hath of God a propre gift,
 Som this, som that, as that him liketh shift
 Vugintee is gret perfection,
 And continence eke with devotion
 But Crist, that of perfection is welle,
 No bade not every wight he shulde go selle
 All that he had, and yeve it to the poure,
 And in swiche wise folow him and his loie :
 He spake to hem that wold live parfitly,
 And, lordings, (by your leve) that am nat I ;
 I wol bestow the flour of all myn age
 In til' actes and the fruit of marriage.

Tell me also, to what conclusion
 Were membres made of generation,
 And of so parfit wise a wight y wrought ?
 Trusteth me wel, they were n't made for nought.
 Glose who so wol, and say bothe up and down,
 That they were made for purgatioun
 Of urine, and of other thinges smale,
 And eke to know a femle from a m'le .
 And for non other cruse ? say ye no ?
 The expercience wot wel it is not so
 So that the clerkes be not with me wroth,
 I say this, that they maken ben for both,
 This is to sayn, for office, and for ese
 Of engendure, ther we not God displese.
 Why shuld men elles in hu bookes sette,
 That man shal yelden to his wif hie dette ?
 Now whi with shuld he make his pyement,
 If he ne used his sely instrument ?
 Than were they made upon a creature
 To purge urine, and eke for engendure

But I say not that every wight is hold,
 That hath swiche harness as I to you told,
 To gon and usen hem in engendrure ,
 Chan shuld men take of chastitee no cure
 Just was a marde, and shapen as a man
 And many a sent, sith that this wold began,
 C't lved they ever in p'ufit chastitee,
 n'll envie with no vugintee.

Let hem with bried of pured whete he fed,
 And let us wives eten barly bried
 And yet with barly bried, Mark tellen can,
 Our Lord Jesu refreshed many a man
 In swiche estat as God hath cleped us,
 I wol persever, I n'am not precious,
 In wifhode wol I use mun instrument
 As fiely as my maker hath it sent
 If I be dangerous God yeve me sorwe,
 Mun husband shal it have both even and morwe,
 Whan that him list come forth and pay his dette.
 An husband wol I have, I wol not lette,
 Which shal be both my dettoun and my thall,
 And have his tribul'oun withall
 Upon his flesh, while that I am his wif
 I have the power during all my lif
 Upon his propre body, and nat he ,
 Right thus the apostle told it unto me,
 And had our husbands for to love us wel ,
 All this sentence me liketh every del

Up stert the pardonere, and that anon ,
 Now, dame, quod he, by God and by Seint John,
 Ye ben a noble prechoun in this cas
 I was about to wed a wif, alas !
 What ? shuld I bie it on my flesh so dere ?
 Yet had I lever wed no wif to-yeve

Abide, quod she, my tale is not begonne
 Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne
 Er that I go, shal savour worse than ale
 And whan that I have told thee forth my tale
 Of tribul'oun in mariage,
 Of which I am expert in all mun age,
 (This is to sayn, myself hath ben the whippe)
 Than maest thou chesen wheder thou wolt suppe
 Of thilke tonne, that I shal aboche
 Beware of it, er thou to neigh approche
 For I shal tell ensamples mo than ten
 Who so that n'll beware by other men
 By him shal other men corrected be :
 These same wordes writeth Ptholomee,
 Rede in his Almageste, and take it there.

Dame, I wold pray you, if your will it were,
 Sayde this pardonere, as ye began,
 Tell forth your tale, and spatech for no man,
 And techeth us yonge men of your practike.
 Gladly, quod she, sin that it may you like.
 But that I pray to all this compaignie,
 If that I speke after my fantasie,
 As taketh not a greefe of that I say,
 For mun entente is not but for to play.

Now, sres, than wol I tell you forth my tale
 As ever mote I drinken win or ale
 I shal say soth, the husbondes that I had
 As three of hem were good, and two were bad
 The three were goode men and riche and olde.
 Unethes mighten they the statute holde,
 In which that they were bounden unto me.
 Ye wot wel what I mene of this parde
 As God me helpe, I lugh whan that I thinke,
 How pitously a night I made hem swinke,
 But by my fay, I tolde of it no store :
 They had me yeven hir lond and hir tresore,
 Me neded not do lenger dilgence
 To win hir love, or don hem reverence.
 They loved me so wel by God above,
 That I ne tolde no demtee of hu love
 A wise wom in wol bestie hie ever in on
 To geten hu love, ther as she hath non
 But sith I had hem holly in min hond,
 And that they hadde yeven me all hu lond,

was made to come out of the crowd and to take his place within hearing of the Host during his narration. Agreeably to this notion, when the Host calls upon Chaucer, ver. 13623, he says,

Approche here and loke up merly
Now wure you, sires, and let this man have place

It was necessary that the Host who was to be "judge and reporteur" of the tales (ver 816) should hear them all distinctly. The others might hear as much as they could or as they chose of them. It would have required the lungs of a Scator, to speak audibly to a company of thirty people trotting on together in a road of the fourteenth Century.

Ver 10965 to sleep by the *morwee*] This must be understood generally for the *day time*, as it was then afternoon. It has been observed in the Discourse &c § xiii that, in this episode of the Coke, no notice is taken of his having told a tale before.

Ver 16991 wol ye just at the fin?] Some MSS read—*van*. The sense of both words is the same. The thing meant is the *Quintaine* which is called a *fan*, or *van* from its turning round like a weather cock. See Du Cange in *v* VANA. Menestrier sur *les tournois* as quoted by M. nage Duc *Etymol* in *v* QUINTAINE, and Kennet's *Paroich Asht*.

Ver 10993 vin of ape] This is the reading of MSS HA D L and Ed C 1 and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss of this and the preceding *pis* since from Mr Speght is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de singe* in the old *Kalendar des Bergiers*. Sign I 11 b. The author is treating of Phlegmomy and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The Choleric he says, a *vin de Lyon, cest a dire, quant a dien deu veult tanser noysier et valtre*—The Sanguine, a *vin de Singe quant a plus beau tant est plus joyeux*—In the same manner the Phlegmatic is said to have *vin de mouton* and the Melancholic *vin de porcuc*.

I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition which I shall transcribe here from Fabrice Cod Pseudepig V T. vol 1 p 275. *Vinias plantantis Noacho Satanam se junxisse memoiant, qui, dum Noa viles plantaret, mactaverit apud illas ovem, leonem simiam et suem. Quod principio potus vini homo sit insafus ovis vinum sumptum officiat ex homine leonem, largius haustum mulcet eum in sallantem simiam ad ebrietatem infusur transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam suem.* See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c 179 where a story of the same purport is quoted from Josephus in *libo de casu rei un naturalium*.

Ver 10999 a faire chivchee] A *fu* expedition. See the note on ver 85. The common Editt read—*chevissance*.

Ver 17112 Take any brid] This passage is too little one which has occurred before in the Squiers tale, ver 10925. The thought is plainly taken from Boethius L in *Mct*. 2. See also *Rom de la R* ver 14717—34.

Ver 17124 Let take a cat] This is imitated from the *Rom de la R* ver 14825.

Ver 17130 Lo, here hath kind] So MSS Ask 1 2. The common I ditt read, *tust kind as nat ire*. See the next line but one, and ver 10922, 4.

Ver 17132 A she wolf] This is also from the *Rom de la R* ver 8142.

Tout ainsi comme fut la louve,
Que sa folie tant empire,
Qu'elle prent de tous loups le pire.

Ver 17173 or any thefe] Any is from conjecture only, instead of *a*, the reading of all the MSS that I have consulted. The reading of Ed Urr is—*or ellis a thef*—who there from authority or conjecture I cannot tell, but even as a conjecture I should have adopted it in preference to my own, if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ver 17278 My some thy tonge] In the *Rom de la R* ver 7319 this precept is quoted from *I volcme*.

Au commencer de l'Amogiste

See the note on ver 5764

Ver 17981 The firste vertue] This precept is also quoted in the *Rom de la R* ver 7415 from Cato. It is extant I 1 Dist 3.

Virtutum primum esse potius compescere linguam

Ver 17908 be non auctour new.] This seems to be from *Cite I 1 Dist 12*.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi

It looks as if Chaucer read,

Rumores fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi

Ver 17316 Foure of the cl[ic]k] See the Discourse &c § xli.

Ver 17321 Therwith the mones exaltation, In mene Libra always in ascend.] This is a very obscure passage. Some of the MSS read—I mene Libra. According to the reading which I have followed, *exaltation* is not to be considered as a technical term, but is signifying simply rising, and the sense will be that the mones rising, in the middle of *Libra*, was continually as *end na &c*.

If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning as explained in the note on ver 6294 it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings for the *exaltation of the moon* was not in *Libra* but in *Taurus*. *Kalendar des Bergiers*. Sign 1 ut Mr Speght I suppose, being aware of this altered *Libra* into *Taurus*, but he did not consider, that the Sun which was just been said to be descending was at that time in *Taurus* and that consequently *Taurus* must also have been descending.

Libra therefore should by no means be paired with *Bing* in that part of the Zodiac which is nearly opposite to *Taurus*, the place of the Sun it is very properly represented as ascending above the horizon toward the time of the Sun's setting. If any alteration were to be admitted, I should be for reading—

Therwith Saturnes exaltation,
I mene Libra, always in ascende—

The exaltation of Saturn was in *Libra*. *Kalendar des Bergiers*. Sign K 1.

Ver 17333 I cannot geste, rom, ram, ruf.] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing *alliterative poetry*, and the Person's prefatory declaration that "he is a Southern man," would lead one to imagine, that compositions in that style were, at this time, chiefly confined to the Northern provinces. It was observed long ago by William of Malmsbury 1 in *Pontif Anol* that the language of the North of England was so harsh and unpolished, as to be scarce intelligible to a Southern man. *Quod propter viciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotiorem regionem quondam Anglorum modo Normannorum contigit, qui magis ad Austrum quam ad Aquilonem diversati noscuntur.* From the same causes we may presume that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical art which from time to time were made in the South, could find their way into the North, so that there the hobbling alliterative verse might still be in the highest request, even after Chaucer had established the use of the Heroic metre in this part of the island. Dr Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheshire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked "that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." Dray on *Metre of P P*. This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the Northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and slower alterations, than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.

To geste here is to relate *gestis*. In ver. 13961 he has called it *to telle in geste*. Both passages seem to imply that *Gestes* were chiefly written in alliterative verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. After the Host has told Chaucer, that he "shall no longer *time*," he goes on—

"Let see wher thou canst tellen ought in *geste*,
Or telken in *prose* somewhat at the laste—"

Geste there seems to be put for a species of composition which was neither *Rime* nor *Prose*; and what it could be, except *alliterative metre*, I cannot guess. At the same time I must own, that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpretation of *Geste* in this confined sense. In the H. of P. ii. 114. Chaucer speaks of himself as making—

"bokes, songes, dities
In rime, or elles in cadence."

where *cadence*, I think, must mean a species of poetical composition distinct from riming verses. The name might be properly enough applied to the metre used in the *Ormulum* (see the Essay, &c. n. 52.) but no work of Chaucer in any such metre, without rime, has come within my observation.

Ver. 17570 had the wordes] This is a French phrase. It is applied to the speaker of the Commons in *R. L. Parl.* 51 E. III. n. 57. Mons. Thomas de Hungerford, Chivalier, *qui avoit les paroles pur les Communes d'Angleterre en cest Parliament, &c.*

P. 146. col. 1. l. 60. forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem] The same thought occurs, by way of precept, at the end of the Doctor's tale, ver. 12220.

Forsooth sinne or sinne you forsake.

P. 154. col. 1. l. 19. sayth Moyses] I cannot tell where. Perhaps the *re may be some such passage in the Rabbinical histories of Moses*, which the learned Gualmin published in the last century (Paris, 1629, 8vo.) and which, among other traditions, contain that alluded to by S. Jude, Ep. ver. 9.

P. 154. col. 1. l. 54. in the *thorroke*] The Edit. have changed this word, in this place, into *tember*, though, in another place, p. 152. col. 2. l. 53. they have left it, and Mr. Spaght explains it to mean *an heap*. It is a Saxon word, which the Glossaries render *cymba*, *cainpous*; originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was sometimes written Du Cange, in v. CATULUS. It seems to have signified any sort of *keeled vessel*, and from thence, what we call, the *hold* of a ship. The following explanation of it from an old book, entitled "*Our Ladies mirror*" (Lond. 1530. fol. 57. b.) will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically. "Ye shall understande that there ys a place in the botome of a shyppe, wherin ys gathered alle the fylthe that cometh into the shyppe—and it is called in some contree of t^e ys loude a *thorroke*. Other calle yt an *hamron*, and some calle yt the *bulke* of the shyppe." I know not what to make of *hamron*.

P. 155. col. 2. l. 14. outrageous array of clothe] What follows should be read out fully by any Antiquary, who may mean to write de *Re Vestiaria* of the English nation in the sixth Century.

P. 160. col. 1. l. 2. so high doctrine I lete to divines] See before, ver. 17468–71. and below, p. 171. col. 1. l. 54. "The exposition of this—I betake to the masters of Theologie." The secular clergy, in the time of Chaucer, being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Persons as a deep divine, though a very pious, worthy Priest. The Friar, whose brethren had the largest share of the learning which was then in fashion.

"Icar and Person
actor, ver. 402. we are told,
man, a clerk."

whether in these passages
elf, forgetting or neglect-

her alle &c.] What fol-

variations, in all com-

plete MSS. (I believe) of the Canterbury Tales, and in both Chaucer's Editions, which were undoubtedly printed from MSS. there was no pretence to leave it out in this Edition, however difficult it may be to give any satisfactory account of it.

I must first take notice, that this passage in MS. Ask. I. is introduced by these words—

Here taketh the maker his leve.

and is concluded by these—

Here endeth the Personnes Tale.

In MS. Ask. 2. there is a similar introduction and conclusion in Latin; at the beginning,—*Hic capit auctor licentiam*—and at the end,—*Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narraciones hujus libri de quibus composuit Chaucer, cujus animum propicietur Deus. Amen.*

These two MSS. therefore may be considered as agreeing in substance with those MSS. mentioned in the Discourse, &c. §. xlii. in which this passage makes part of the Personnes Tale. One of them is described by Hearne, in his letter to Bagford, App. to R. G. p. 661, 2.

In Ed. Ca. 2. as quoted by Ames, p. 56. it is clearly separated from the Personnes Tale, and entitled,

The Prayer.

In the MSS. in which it is also separated from the Personnes tale, I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title, either of *Prayer* or *Revocation*; or *Retraction*, as it is called in the Preface to Ed. Urry. If we believe what is said in p. 172. col. 2. l. 22. Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled his *Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.

The just inference from these variations in the MSS. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on; that different Copyists have given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Personnes Tale or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.

Mr. Hearne, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion, "that the Revocation, meaning this whole passage, is not genuine, but that it was made by the Monks." App. to R. G. p. 603. I cannot go quite so far. I think, if the Monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer to be annexed to the Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal that it was made by himself.

The most probable hypothesis which has occurred to me, for the solution of these difficulties, is to suppose, that the beginning of this passage, except the words, *or reden it* in col. 2. l. 9. and the end make together the genuine conclusion of the Personnes tale, and that the middle part which I have inserted between hooks is an interpolation.

It must be allowed, I think, as I have observed before in the Discourse, &c. §. xiii. that the appellation of "*hete* *retrecci*" suits better with the Personnes tale taken singly, than with the whole work. The doubt expressed in col. 2. l. 12. "if there be any thing that displeth &c." is very applicable to the manner in which the Personne speaks in his *Pril* tale, ver. 17466. See the note on p. 169. col. 1. l. 28. The mention of "*verray penance, confession and satisfaction*" in p. 172. col. 2. l. 30. seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ in p. 172. col. 2. l. 42. "*Preste of all Prestes*" seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a Preest.

So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Personnes. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable, that Chaucer might be persuaded by the Religious who attended him in his last illness, to revoke, or retract, certain of his works; or at least that they might give out, that he had made such Retractions as they thought proper. In either case, it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these Retractions to the Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison; and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to the Personnes tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words "*or reden it*" in col. 2. l. 9. to

It is not clear, but the text is not clear. I will

convert that Epilogue from an address of the Persons to his hearers into an address of Chaucer to his readers.

But, leaving these very uncertain speculations, I will say a few words upon those *endings of worldly vanities*, which are here supposed to have sitted heavy on our author's conscience.

P. 172. col. 2. l. 23. the boke of Troilus] It has been said in the Essay, &c. n. 62. that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the Fable and Characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian. At the same time there are several long passages, and even episodes, in the Troilus, of which there are no traces in the Filostrato. Of these therefore it may be doubted, whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, B. ii. l. 14. and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of *Lollius*, B. i. 394—421, and B. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the Filostrato, but the former, in which the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch's is introduced, is not. What he says of having translated *out of Latin* need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare* (see the quotation from the The-seida, Discourse, &c. n. 3.) and Lydgate (Prol. to Boccace) expressly tells us, that Chaucer translated—"a boke which called is *Trophe*,

In Lombard tonge, as men may rede and see."

How Boccace should have acquired the name of *Lollius*, and the Filostrato the title of *Trophe*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

[*Ibid.* l. 24. the boke of Fame] Chaucer mentions this among his works in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of wools, &c. (see B. ii. ver. 144—5.) and consequently after the year 1374. See App. to Pref. C.

[*Ibid.* l. 24. the boke of five and twenty Ladies] This is the reading of all the MSS. If it be genuine, it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's works was not drawn up by himself; as there is no ground for believing that the *Legende of Good Women* ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of *five and twenty Ladies*. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

[*Ibid.* l. 25. the boke of the Duchesse] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravalere (Poes. du R. de N. Glos. v. BELLE) has cited from MS. *du Roi*, N^o 7612. with Chaucer's description of his heroine (ver. 817, *et seq.*) I find

that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former. I should not therefore be surprised, if, upon a further examination of that MS. it should appear, that our author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

[*Ibid.* l. 25. the boke of Saint Valentines day &c.] In the Edit. *the Assemblies of Fowles*. Chaucer himself in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 419. calls it *the Parlement of Fowles*. See the note on ver. 1920. and App. to Pref. C. note 4.

[*Ibid.* l. 27. the tales of Canterbury &c.] If we suppose, that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary, that he should mention those tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other works. It would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

[*Ibid.* l. 28. the boke of the Leon] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate, Prol. to Boccace, but no MS. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Leon*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. Acad. des Insc. t. xxx. p. 373. 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Poes. du Roi de N. v. ARROUSERS*. BACHELER.

Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptionable works to have been drawn up by himself, or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Roman de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition, as is most probable, he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness, in sentiment as well as diction, than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370. of the original (ver. 5810. Ed. Urr.) and beginning again at ver. 11253. ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his MS. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304. incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later Editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered, if they had consulted the French original.

A Bachelier, who dances with Franchise, is said to resemble

"The Lordez sonne of Wyndesore."
It. R. ver. 1250.

This seems to be a compliment to the young Princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III. who is certainly meant by the *Lord of Windsor*. In the French it is simply—*Il sembloit estre, nix de Rov.*

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

v. 1—104

MANY menne sain that in sweveninges,
There n'is but fables and lesinges :
But menne may some sweven seene,
Which hardely that false ne been,
But afterward ben apparaunt :
This may I drawe to warraunt
An outhour that hight Macrobes,
That halte not dreames false ne lces,
But undoth us the avisoun,
That whilom mette king Cipioun.

And who so sayth, or weneth it be
A jape, or else nicete

To wene that dreames after fall,
Let who so liste a foole me call.
For this trow I, and say for me,
That dreames signifaunce be
Of good and harme to many wightes,
That dreamen in hir sleep a nightes
Full many thinges covertly,
That fallen after all openly.

Within my twentie yeere of age,
When that love taketh his courage
Of younge folke, I wente soone
To bed, as I was wont to doone :
And fast I slept, and in sleeping,
Me mette such a swevening,
That liked me wondrous wele,
But in that sweven is never a dele
That it n'is afterward befall,

Right as this dreame woll tell us all.

Now this dreame woll I rime aright,
To make your heartes gay and light :
For love it prayeth, and also
Commaundeth me that it be so.

And if there any aske me,
Whether that it be he or she,
How this booke which is here
Shall hatte, that I rede you here :
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,
In which all the art of love I close.

The matter faire is of to make,
God graunt me in gree that she it take
For whom that it begounen is,
And that is she, that hath ywis
So mokel prise, and thereto she
So worthie is beloved to be,
That she wel ought of prise and right,
Be cleped Rose of everie wight.
That it was May me thoughte tho,
It is five yere or more ago,
That it was May, thus dreamed me,
In time of love and jollite,

That all thing ginneth waxen gay :
For there is neither buske nor hay
In May, that it n'ill shrouded bene,
And it with newe leves wrene :
These woodes eke recoveren grene,
That drie in winter ben to sene,
And the erth waxeth proud withall,
For swote dewes that on it fall,
And the poore estate forget,
In which that winter had it set :
And than become the ground so proude,
That it wol have a newe shroude,
And maketh so queint his robe and faire,
That it had hewes an hundred paire,
Of grasse and floures, of Inde and Pers,
And many hewes full divers :
That is the robe I mean ywis,
Through which the ground to praisen is.

The birdes, that han left hir song,
While they han suffed cold full strong,
In wethers grille, and derke to sight,
Ben in May for the Sunne bright,
So glad, that they shew in singing,
That in hir heart is such liking,
That they mote singen and ben light :
Than doth the nightingale her might,
To maken noyse, and singen blithe :
Than is blisfull many a sithe,
The chelaundre, and the poppingaye,
Than younge folke entenden aye,
For to ben gay and amorous,
The time is then so savourous.

Harde is his heart that loveth nought
In May, whan all this mirth is wrought,
Whan he may on these branches here
The smalle birdes singen clere
Hir blisfull swete song piteous,
And in this season delituous :
When love affirmeth all thing,
Me thought one night, in my sleeping,
Right in my bed full readyly,
That it was by the morrow early,
And up I rose, and gan me cloth,
Anone I wysse mine hondes both,
A silver needle forth I drow,
Out of an aguilr queint ynow,
And gan this needle thend anone,
For out of towne me list to gone,
The sound of birdes for to heare
That on the buskes singen clere,
In the swete season that lefe is,
With a thred basting my sievis,

Alone I went in my playing,
 The smal foules song hearkening,
 That payned hem full many a puire,
 To sing on bowes blossomed faire :
 Joliffe and gay, full of gladnesse,
 Toward a river gan I me dresse,
 That I heard renne faste by,
 For fairer playeng none saw I
 Than playen me by the rivere :
 For from an hill that stood there nere,
 Come downe the stream full stiffe and boll,
 Clere was the water, and as cold
 As any well is, sooth to saine,
 And somedele lasse it was than Saine.
 But it was straiter, we cleaway,
 And never saw I ere that day,
 The water that so wele liked me,
 And wonder glad was I to so
 That lusty place, and that river :
 And with that water that ran so clere,
 My face I wysshe, tho saw I wele,
 The bottome y paved everidele
 With gravel, full of stones sbene,
 The meadows softe, sote, and grene.
 Beet right upon the water side,
 Full clere was than the morowe tide,
 And full attrepe out of drede,
 Tho gan I walken thorow the mode,
 Downward aye in my playing,
 The rivers side coösing.

And when I had a while ygone,
 I saw a garden right anone,
 Full long and broad, and everidele
 Enclosed was, and walled wele,
 With hie walles enbatailed,
 Portrayed without, and well entayled
 With many riche portraitures,
 And both the images and pointures,
 Can I beholde besely,
 And I woll tell you readyly,
 Of thilke images the semblaunce,
 As farre as I have remembrance.

Amidde saw I IIATU stonde,
 That for her wrath and yre and onde,
 Seemed to be a moveresse,
 An angry wight, a chidresse,
 And ful of gile, and full courage,
 By semblaunt was that ilke image,
 And she was nothing wele araide,
 But like a wode woman afraide,
 Yfrounced foule was her visage,
 And grinning for dispitous rage,
 Her nose snorted up for tene,
 Full hidous was she for to sene,
 Full foule and rustic was she this,
 Her head ywritthen was ywis
 Full grimly with a great towaile.

An image of another entayle,
 Alifte halte was her fast by,
 Her name above her head saw I,
 And she was called FRI ONY.

Another image, that VILLANY
 Ycleped was, saw I and fonde
 Upon the wall on her right honde.
 Villany was like somedele
 That other image, and trusteth wele
 She seemed a wicked creature,
 By countenance in portreiture,
 She seemed be full despitous,
 And eke full proude and outrageous.

Well coude he paint I undertake,
 That such an image coude make :
 Full foule and chorych seemed she,
 And eke villainous for to be,
 And little coude of norture,
 To worship any creature.

And next was painted COVETISE,
 That eggeth folke in many a gise,
 To take and yeve right nougt againe
 And great treasoures up to laine.

And that is she, that for usure
 Leneth to many a creature
 The lasse for the more winning,
 So covetous is her brenning,
 And that is she for pennies fele,
 That teacheth for to robbe and stele
 These theeves, and these smale harlotez,
 And that is routhe, for by hir throtes,
 Full many one longeth at the last :
 She maketh folke compassse and cast
 To taken other folkes thing,
 Through robberie, or miscoveting.
 And that is she that maketh treachour^{re},
 And she maketh false plendours,
 That with hir termes and hir domes,
 Done maidens, children, and eke grom^{me},
 Her heritage to forgo :
 Full crooked were her hondes two,
 For covetise is ever woode,
 To gripen other folkes goode.

Covetise, for her winning,
 Full lefe hath other mennes thing.

Another image set saw I,
 Nexte Covetise fast by,
 And she was cleped AVARICE,
 Full foule in painting was that vice,
 Full sad and caitife was she eke,
 And also grene as any leke,
 So evil hewed was her colour,
 Her seemed to have lived in langour,
 She was like thing for hunger dead,
 That lad her life onely by bread
 Kueden with eisell strong and egre,
 And thereto she was leane and megre,
 And she was clad full porely,
 All in an olde torne courtpry,
 As she were all with dogges torne,
 And both behind and eke before
 Clouted was she beggerly.

A mantle longe her faste by,
 Upon a benche weake and small,
 A burnette cote long there withall,
 Furred with no minevere,
 But with a furre rough of heere,
 Of lambe skines heavy and blake,
 It was so old I undertake.
 For Avarice to cloath her wele,
 Ne hasteth her never a dele,
 For certainly it were her loth
 To wearen of that ilke cloth,
 And if it were foreward, she
 Woulde have full great nicete
 Of clothing, er she bought her newe,
 All were it bad of woll and hewe.

This Avarice held in her hand,
 A purse that honge by a band,
 And that she hid and bond so strong,
 Men must abide wonder long,
 Out of the purse er ther come aught,
 For that ne commeth in her thought,

It was not certain her entent,
 That fro that purse a peny went.
 And by that image nigh ynough,
 Was peinted ENVY, that never lough,
 Nor never well in her heart ferde
 But if she either saw or herde
 Some great mischaunce, or great disease,
 Nothing ne may so much her please
 As mischeife and misaventure,
 Or when she seeth discomfiture
 Upon any worthy man fall,
 Than liketh her right well withall.
 She is full glad in hir courage,
 If she see any great linge
 Be brought to naught in shamefull wise :
 And if a man in honour rise,
 Or by his wit, or by his prowessse,
 Of that hath she great heavinessse,
 For trusteth well she goeth nie wood,
 When any chaunce happeth good.
 Envy is of such cruelite,
 That fayth ne trowth holdeth she,
 To friend ne fellow, bad or good.
 Ne she hath kinne none of her blood
 That she n'is full hir enemye,
 She nolde, I dare saine hardely
 Her owne father fared wele,
 And sore abieth she everie dele
 Her malice, and her male talent :
 For she is in so great turment
 And hate such, when folke doth good,
 That nye she melteþ for pure wood,
 Her hert kerveth and so breaketh
 That God the people well awreaketh.
 Envy ywis shall never let,
 Some blame upon the folke to set.
 I trowe that if Envy ywis,
 Knew the beste man that is,
 On this side or beyond the see,
 Yet somewhat lacken him would she :
 And if he were so hende and wise,
 That she ne might all abate his prise,
 Yet would she blame his worthinesse,
 Or by her wordes make it lesse.
 I sawe Envy in that painting,
 Had a wonderful looking,
 For she ne looked but awrie,
 Or overwhart, all baggingly.
 And sie had a foule usage,
 She might looke in no visage
 Of man ne woman, forth right plaine,
 But shette her one eye for disdaine,
 So for envie breunned shee
 When she might any man see
 That faire, or worthy were, or wise,
 Or else stood in folkes prise.
 Sorow was painted next Envy
 Upon that wall of masonry :
 But well was seene in her colour
 That she had lived in langour :
 Her seemed to have the jaundice,
 Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
 Ne nothing like of leannesse,
 For sorowe, thought, and great distresse,
 That she had suffred daie and night,
 Made her yellow, and nothing bright :
 Full sad, pale, and megre also,
 Was never wight yet half so wo
 As that her seemed fur to be,
 Nor so fulfilled with yre as she,

I trow that no wight might her please
 Nor doe that thing that might her ease,
 Nor she ne would her sorow slake,
 Nor comfort none unto her take,
 So depe was her wo begonnye,
 And eke her heart in anger ronnye,
 A sorowfull thing wel seemed she :
 Nor she had nothing slowe be
 For to-scratchen all her face
 And for to-rent in many place
 Her clothes, and for to teare her swire,
 As she that was fulfilled of yre,
 And all to-torne lay eke her heere
 About her shoulders, here and there,
 As she that had it all to-rent
 For anger and for male talent.
 And eke I tell you certainly
 How that she wept full tenderly :
 In worlde n'is wight so hard of heart
 That had scene her sorowes smart
 That nolde have had of her pite,
 So wo begonne a thing was she.
 She all to-daslit her selfe for wo
 And smote togider her hands two,
 To sorrow was she full ententif,
 That wofull retchelesse catife
 Her rought little of playing,
 Or of clipping or kissing ;
 For who so sorrowfull is in heart
 Him luste not to play ne start,
 Nor for to daunce, ne to sing,
 Ne may his heart in temper bring
 To make joy on even or morrow,
 For joy is contrarie unto sorrow.
 ELDE was painted after this,
 That shorter was a foot ywis
 Than she was wont in her yonghede,
 Unneth her selfe she might fede,
 So feeble and eke so old was she
 That faded was all her beaute.
 Full salow was waxen her colour,
 Her head for hore was white as flour,
 Ywis great qualme ne were it none,
 Ne sinne, although her life were gone.
 All woxen was her body unwelde
 And drie and dwined all for elde,
 A foule forwelked thing was she
 That whilom round and soft had be,
 Her heeres shoken fast withall
 As from her hedde they woulde fall :
 Her face frounced and forpined,
 And both her hondes lorne forwinded :
 So old she was that she ne went
 A foot, but it were by potent.
 The time that passeth night and daye,
 And restlesse travayleth aye,
 And stealeth from us so privily,
 That to us seemeth sikerly
 That it in one point dwelleth ever,
 And certes it ne resteth never,
 But goeth so fast, and passeth aye,
 That there n'is man that thinke maye
 What time that now present is,
 Asketh at these clerkes this,
 For menne thinke it readily
 Three times been passed by
 The time that may not sojourn
 But goth, and may never retourne,
 As water that down runneth aye
 But never drope retourne may :

There may nothing as time endure,
 Metall, nor earthly creature,
 For all thing it fette and shall,
 The time eke that chaungeth all,
 And all doth waxe, and fested be,
 And all thing destroyeth he.
 The time that eldeth our auncestours
 And eldeth kinges and emperours,
 And that us all shall overcommen
 Er that death us shall have nomen,
 The time that hath all in welde
 To elden folke, had made her clde
 So inly, that to my weting
 She might helpe her selfe nothing,
 But touned ayen unto childhole;
 She had nothing her selfe to lede
 Ne wit ne pithe in her hold
 More than a childde of two yere old.

But nathelesse I trow that she
 Was faire sometime, and fresh to se,
 When she was in her rightfull age:
 But she was past all that passage
 And was a doted thing becomen:
 A furred cappe on had she nomen;
 Well had she clad her selfe and warme,
 For cold might els doen her harme,
 These olde folke have alway cold,
 Hir kind is such, when they been old.

Another thing was down there writ,
 That seemed like an ipocrite,
 And it was cleped Pope holy,
 That ilke is she, that privily
 Ne spared never a wicked deed,
 When men of her taku none heed,
 And maketh her outward precious,
 With pale visage and piteous,
 And seemeth a simple creature,
 But ther n'is no misadventure,
 That she ne thinketh in her courage:
 Ful like to her was thilke image,
 That maked was like her semblaunce;
 She was ful simple of countenance.
 And she was clothed and eke shod,
 As she were for the love of God
 Y-olden to religion,
 Such seemed her devotion.

A psalter held she fast in hond,
 And busily she gan to fond
 To make many a faint prayer,
 To God, and to his saintes dere:
 Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolife,
 But seemed to be full ententife
 To goode workes, and to faire,
 And thereto she had on an haire.

Ne certes she was fatte nothing,
 But seemed werie for fasting,
 Of colour pale and dead was she,
 From her the gates aie warned be
 Of Paradise, that blisfull place,
 For such folke maken leane hir grace:
 As Christ sayth in his Evangile,
 To get hem prise in towne a while,
 And for a litle glorie vaine,
 They lesen God and eke his raigne.

And alderlast of everichone,
 Was painted Poverr all alone,
 That not a peny had in hold,
 Although she her clothes sold,
 And though she shuld an honged be,
 For naked as a worme was she,

And if the weather stormie were,
 For cold she shuld have died there.
 She ne had on but a straite olde sacke,
 And many a cloute on it there stacke,
 This was her cote, and her mantele,
 No more was there never a dele
 To cloath her with; I undertake,
 Great lesur hadde she to quake:
 And she was put, that I of talke,
 Ferre fro these other, up in an halke,
 There lurked and there coured she,
 For poore thing, where so it be,
 Is shamefast, and despised aie:
 Accused may well be that daie,
 That poore man conceived is,
 For God wote all to sold ywis
 Is any poore man well yfed,
 Or well arrayed or yeled,
 Or well beloved, in such wise,
 In honour that he may arise.

All these thinges well avised,
 As I have you er this devised,
 With gold and azure over all,
 Depainted were upon the wall.
 Square was the wall, and high somdele
 Enclosed, and ybarred wele,
 In stead of hedge, was that gardin,
 Come never shepherde therein:
 Into that gardin, well ywrought,
 Who so that me coude have brought,
 By ladders or else by degree,
 It would well have liked mee,
 For such solace, such joy, and pleie
 I trow that never man ne sie,
 As was in that place delicious:
 The gardin was not daungerous,
 To herborow birdes many one,
 So rich a yere was never none
 Of birdes song, and branches grene,
 Therein were birdes mo I wene,
 Than been in all the realme of Fraunce:
 Full blisfull was the accordaunce,
 Of swete pitous song they made,
 For all this worlde it ought glade.

And I my selfe so merry ferde,
 Whan I her blisfull songes herde,
 That for an hundred pound would I,
 If that the passage openly
 Had be unto me free
 That I couthe entren for to see
 Thassembic (God keepe it fro care)
 Of birdes, whiche therein ware,
 That songen through hir merry throtes,
 Daunces of love, and merry notes.

When I thus heard the foules sing,
 I fell fast in a waymenting,
 By which art, or by what engin,
 I might come into that gardin,
 But way I couthe finde none,
 Into that gardin for to gone,
 Ne nought wist I if that there were
 Either hole or place where,
 By which I might have entre,
 Ne there was none to teache me,
 For I was all alone ywis,
 For woe and anguishe of this,
 Till at last bethought I me,
 That by no way ne might it be,
 That there nas ladder ne way to pass
 Or hole, into so faire a place.

Tho gan I go a full great paas,
 Environ, even in compas,
 The closing of the square wall,
 Till that I found a wicket small
 So shette, that I ne might in gone,
 And other entre was there none
 Upon this doore I gan to smite
 That was so fetis, and so lite,
 For other waye coud I not seke.
 Full longe I shofe, and knocked eke,
 And stode full long all herkening
 If that I heard any wight comming :
 Till that the doore of thilke entre
 A maiden curteis opened me :
 Her haire was as yellowe of hewe
 As any bason scoured newe,
 Her fleshe tender as is a chicke
 With bente browes, smooth and sliche,
 And by measure large were
 The opening of her eyen clere :
 Her nose of good proportion,
 Her eyen graie, as is a faucon,
 With sweete breath and well favoured,
 Her face white and well coloured,
 With little mouth, and round to see ;
 A clove chinne eke had she ;
 Her necke was of good fashion
 In length and greatnesse by reason,
 Without bleine, scabbe, or roine ;
 Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoine
 Ther n'is a fairer necke ywis
 To fele how smooth and soft it is.
 Her throte also white of hewe,
 As snowe on braunche snowed newe.
 Of bodie full well wrought was she,
 Men nedon not in no countre
 A fairer bodie for to seke :
 And of fine orfrais had she eke
 A chapelet, so semely on,
 Ne wered never maide upon ;
 And faire above that chapelet
 A rose garlonde had she set ;
 She had a gale mirrour
 And with a riche gold tressour,
 Her head was tressed quaintly
 Her sleeves sewed fetously.
 And for to keepe her hondes faire
 Of gloves white she had a paire :
 And she had on a coate of grene
 Of cloth of Gaunt, withouten wene :
 Well seemed by her appaiaile
 She was not wont to great travaile.
 For whan shee kempt was fetously
 And well araid and richly,
 Than had she done all her iournee,
 For meryye and well begon was she.
 She led a lustie life in May,
 She had no thought, by night ne day
 Of nothing, but if it were onely.
 To graithie her well and uncouthly.
 Whan that this dore had opened me
 This maiden, seemly for to see,
 I thonked her as I best might,
 And asked her how that she hight :
 And what she was, I asked eke,
 And she to me was nought unneke
 Ne of her answers dangerous,
 But faire answerde, and sayed thus :
 " Lo sir, my name is Idlenessse
 So clepe men me, more and lesse :

Full mightie and full rich am I,
 And that of one thinge namely,
 For I entende to nothing
 But to my joye, and my pleying,
 And for to kembe and tresse me :
 Acquainted am I and prive
 With Mirthe, lord of this gardine,
 That fro the londe of Alexandrine
 Made the trees hither be fet,
 That in this gardin been ysset :
 And when the trees woxen on hight,
 This wall that stant here in thy sight,
 Did Mirthe enclosen all about,
 And these images all without
 He did hem both entayle and paint,
 That neither been jolife ne queint,
 But they been full of sorowe and wo,
 As thou hast seene a while ago.

" AND off time him to solace
 Sir Mirthe commeth into this place,
 And eke with him commeth his meinie,
 That liven in lust and jultie :
 And now is Mirthe therein, to here
 The birdes how they singen clere,
 The mavis and the nightingale,
 And other jolly birdes smale :
 And thus he walketh to solace
 Him and his folke, for sweeter place
 To playen in, he may not finde,
 Although he sought one in ty Inde.
 The alther fairest folke to see
 That in this worlde may found bee
 Hath Mirthe with him in his rout,
 That followen him alwaies about."

When Idlenessse had told all this,
 And I had herkened well ywis,
 Then saied I to dame Idlenessse,
 " Now also wisely God me blesse,
 Sith Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,
 Is in this yerd with his meinie,
 Fro thilke assemble, if I may,
 Shall no man werne me to day,
 That I this night ne mote it see,
 For well wene I there with him bee
 A faire and jolie companie
 Fulfilled of all courtesie :"
 And forth with out wordes mo
 In at the wicket went I tho,
 That Idlenessse had opened mee,
 Into that garden faire to see.

And whan I was in ywis,
 Mine herte was full glad of this.
 For well wened I full sikerly
 Have been in Paradice earthly,
 So faire it was, that trusteth well,
 It seemed a place espiituell.
 For certes at my devise,
 There is no place in Paradice,
 So good in for to dwell or be,
 As in that garden thoughte me.
 For there was many a bird singing,
 Throughout the yerde all thringing,
 In many places were nightingales,
 Alpes, finches, and wodwales,
 That in hir swete song delighted
 In thilke places as they habiten.
 There mighte men see many flockes
 Of turtles and laverockes,
 Chelaundres fele saw I there,

That very nigh forsongen were.
 And thrustles, terns, and mavise,
 That songen for to win hem prise,
 And eke to surmount in hir song
 That other birdes hem among
 By note made faire servise :
 These birdes, that I you devise,
 They song her song as faire and well,
 As angels doon esprituell,
 And trusteth me, when I hem herde,
 Full lustie and well I ferde :
 For never yet such melodie
 Was heard of man that mighte die.
 Such swete song was hem among,
 That me thought it no birdes song,
 But it was wonder like to bee
 Song of meremaides of the see,
 That for hir singen is so clere :
 Though we meremaides clepe hem here
 In English, as is our usaunce,
 Men clepe hem seculins in Fraunce.

ENTENTIVE weren for to sing
 These birdes, that not unkonning
 Were of hir craft, and a prentise,
 But of songe subtil and wise :
 And certes, when I heard hir song,
 And sawe the grene place among,
 In heart I wext so wonder gay,
 That I was never, ere that day,
 So jolife, nor so well bigo,
 Ne merry in heart, as I was tho :
 And than wist I, and saw full well,
 That idleness me served well,
 That me put in such jolite,
 Her frend well ought I for to be,
 Sith she the dore of that garden
 Had opened, and me let in.
 From henceforth, how that I wrought
 I shall you tell,—as me thought :
 First whereof Mirthe served there,
 And eke what folke there with him were,
 Without fable I will describe,
 And that garden eke as blive ;
 I woll you tellen after this
 The faire fashion all ywis,
 That well wrought was for the nones ;
 I may not tell you all atones,
 But as I may and can, I shall
 By order tellen you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete
 These birdes maden as they sete :
 Laies of love, ful well souning
 They songen in hir jargonning,
 Some hugh, and some eke lowe songe
 Upon the braunches greene yspronge :
 The sweetnessse of hir melodie
 Made all mine heart in revelrie,
 And whan that I heard I trowe
 These birdes singing on a rowe,
 Then might I not withholde mee
 That I me went in for to see
 Sir Mirthe, for my desiring
 Was him to seeene over all thing,
 His countenance and his manere ;
 That sighte was to me full dere.

Tho went I forth on my right hond
 Downe by a litel path I fond
 Of mintes full, and fennell greene,

As faste by withouten vene
 Sir Mirthe I found, and right anone
 Unto sir Mirthe gan I gone,
 There as ne was him to solace,
 And with him in that lustre place,
 So faire folke and so fresh had he,
 That when I saw, I wondred me,
 Fro whence suche folke might come,
 So faire they weren all and some :
 For they weren like, as to my sight,
 To angels, that ben feathered bright.
 These folke, of which I tell you so,
 Upon a karole wenten tho :
 A ladie karoled hem, that hight
 GLADNESSE, blissfull, and light,
 Well could she sing and lustely
 None halfe so well and seemely :
 And couthe make in song such refraining.
 It sate her wonder well to sing.
 Her voice full clere was and full swete.
 She was not rude ne unmete,
 But couthe ynough for such doing
 As longth unto karolling :
 For she was wont in every place
 To singen first, folke to solace,
 For singing mo-t she gave her to,
 No craft had she so lefe to do.

Tho mightest thou karoles seene,
 And folke dance and merry beene,
 And made many a faire tournyng
 Upon the greene grasse springing.
 There mightest thou see these *fautours*,
 Minstrales, and eke jogelours,
 That well to singe did hir paine :
 Some song songes of Loraine,
 For in Loraine hir notes be
 Full sweeter than in this cowntre.
 There was many a timbestere,
 And sailours, that I dare well swere
 Couthe hir craft full perfilytly :
 The timbres up full subtlytly
 They cast, and hent full oft
 Upon a finger faire and soft,
 That they failed never mo.
 Full fetis damoseles two,
 Right yong, and full of semelyhede
 In kirtles, and none other wede,
 And faire tressed every tresse
 Had Mirthe doen for his noblesse
 Amid the carole for to dance,
 But hereof lieth no remembrance,
 How that they daunced quaintly :
 That one would come all prively
 Ayen that other, and when they were
 Together almost, they threw yfere
 Hir monthes so, that through hir play
 It seemed as they kist alway :
 To dauncen well couthe they the gise.
 What should I more to you devise ?
 Ne bode I never thence go,
 Whiles that I saw hem daunce so.
 Upon the caroll wonder fast,
 I gan beholde, till at last
 A ladie gan me for to espie,
 And she was cleped COURTESIE,
 The worshipfull, the debonaire,
 I pray to God ever fall her faire :
 Full courtesly she called me,
 "What doe ye there, beau sire ?" (quod she)

"Come, and if it like you
 To dauncen, daunceth with us now :"
 And I without tarrying
 Went into the carolling,
 I was abashed never a dele,
 But it to me liked right wele,
 That Courtesie me cleped so,
 And bade me on the daunce go.
 For if I had durst, certeine
 I would have carolled right faine
 As man that was to daunce right bliithe :
 Than gan I looken off sithe
 The shape, the bodies, and the cheeres,
 The countenance and the maneres
 Of all the folke that daunced there,
 And I shall tellen what they were.
 Full faire was MIRTHIE, full long and high,
 A fairer man I never sigt :
 As round as apple was his face,
 Full roddie and white in every place :
 Fetis he was and well besey,
 With meetly mouth and eyen gray,
 His nose by measure wrought full right,
 Crispe was his haire, and eke full bright :
 His shoulderes of a large brede,
 And smallish in the girdlestede :
 He seemed like a purtreiture,
 So noble he was of his stature,
 So faire, so jolly, and so fetise,
 With limmes wrought at point devise
 Deliver, smert, and of great might :
 Ne saw thou never man so light.
 Of berd unneþ had he nothing,
 For it was in the firste spring,
 Full yong he was, and merry of thought
 And in samette, with birdes wrought,
 And with gold beaten full fetously,
 His bodie was clad full richely :
 Wrought was his robe in straunge gise,
 And all to slittered for quaintise
 In many a place, low and hie,
 And shode he was with great maistrie,
 With shoone decoped, and with lace,
 By druerie, and by solace,
 His lefe a rosen chapelet
 Had made, and on his head it set.
 And wete ye who was his lefe,
 Dame GLADNESS there was him so lefe,
 That singeth so well with glad courage,
 That from she was twelve yeare of age,
 She of her love graunt him made :
 Sir Mirthe her by the finger hade
 Dauncing, and she him also,
 Great love was atwixt hem two :
 Both were they faire and bright of hew,
 She semed like a rose new
 Of colours, and her flesh so tender,
 That with a breere small and tender,
 Men might it cleve, I dare well say :
 Her forehead frounceles all play,
 Bent were her browes two,
 Her eyen gray, and glad also,
 That laughden aye in her semblaunt,
 First or the mouth by covenant.
 I wot not what of her nose I shall discrive,
 So faire hath no woman alive :
 Her haire was yellow, and clere shining,
 I wote no lady so liking.
 Of ofraies fresh was her garland,
 I whiche seeme have a thousand

Saw never ywis no garland yet,
 So well wrought of silke as it.
 And in an over git samite
 Clad she was, by great delite,
 Of whiche her lefe a robe werde,
 The merrier she in her heart ferde.
 And next her went, on her other side,
 THE GOD OR LOVE, that can divide
 Love, and as him liketh it be,
 But he can chorles daunten, he,
 And many folkes pride fallen,
 And he can well these lordes thrallen,
 And ladies put at low degree
 When he may hem too proude see.
 This god of love of his fashion
 Was like no knave, ne quistron :
 His beautie greatly was to prise,
 But of his robe to devise
 I drede encombred for to be,
 For not yelad in silke was he,
 But all in floures and flourettes,
 I painted all with amorettes,
 And with losengis and scochons,
 With birdes, liberdes, and lions,
 And other beastes wrought full wele ;
 His garment was every dele
 Ipurtraied and ywrought with flours,
 By divers medeling of colours :
 Floures ther were of many gise
 Yset by compasse in a sise,
 There lacked no floure to my dome,
 Ne not so much as floure of brome,
 Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,
 Ne floure none, that men can on thinke :
 And many a rose lefe full long
 Was entermelled there emong :
 And also on his head was set
 Of roses redde a chapelet.
 But nightingales a full great rout
 That fien over his head about,
 The leaves felden as they fien,
 And he was all with birdes wrien,
 With popinjay, with nightingale,
 With chelaundre, and with wodewale,
 With finch, with larke, and with archangel,
 He seemed as he were an angell,
 That down were comen fro Heaven clere.
 Love had with him a bachelere,
 That he made alwayes with him be,
 SWETE LOOKING cleped was he :
 This batcheler stode beholding
 The daunce, and in his honde holding
 Turke bowes too, full well devised had hee,
 That one of hem was of a tree
 That beareth a fruit of savour wicke,
 Full crooked was that foule sticke,
 And knottie here and there also,
 And blacke as berrie, or any slo.
 That other bow was of a plant
 Without wemme, I dare warrant,
 Full even and by proportion,
 Trectes and long, of full good fashion,
 And it was painted well and thwitten,
 And over all diapred and writen
 With ladies and with bacheleres,
 Full lightsome and glad of cheres :
 These bowes two held Sweet Looking,
 That seemed like no gadling :
 And ten brode arrowes held he there,
 Of which five in his honde were,

But they were shaven well and dight,
 Nocked and feathered aright :
 And all they were with golde begon,
 And stronge pointed everichon,
 And sharpe for to kerven wele,
 But yron was there none ne stele :
 For all was golde, men might seee :
 Out-take the feathers and the tree.

THE swiftest of these arrowes five
 Out of a bowe for to drive,
 And beste feathered for to flie,
 And fairest eke, was cleped Beautie :
 That other arrow that hurteth lesse,
 Was cleped (as I trow) Simplesse :
 The thirde cleped was Fraunchise,
 That feathered was in noble wise
 With valour and with courtesie :
 The fourth was clepen Companie,
 That heave for to shooten is,
 But who so shooteth right ywis,
 May therewith doen great harme and wo :
 The fift of these, and last also,
 Faire Semblaunt men that arrow call,
 The leste grevous of hem all,
 Yet can it make a full great wound,
 But he may hope his sores sound
 That hurt is with that arrowe ywis,
 His wo the bette bestowed is :
 For he may sooner have gladnesse,
 His langour ought to be the lesse.

FIVE arrowes were of other gise,
 That been full foule to devise :
 For shaft and end, sooth for to tell,
 Were al so backe as fiend in Hell.
 The first of hem is called Pride,
 That other arrow next him beside,
 It was cleped Villaine,
 That arrow was with felonie
 Envenimed, and with spitous blame :
 The third of hem was cleped Shame.
 The fourth, Wanhope cleped is,
 The fift, the Newe Thought ywis.
 These arrowes that I speake of here,
 Were all five on one manere,
 And all were they resemblable ;
 To hem was well fitting and able,
 The foule crooked bowe hidous,
 That knottie was, and all roinous ;
 That bowe seemed well to shete
 The arrowes five, that been unmete
 And contrary to that other five :
 But though I tell not as blive
 Of hir power, ne of hir might,
 Hereafter shall I tolken right
 The sooth, and eke signiffiance,
 As ferre as I have remembrance :
 All shall be saied I undertake,
 Ere of this booke an end I make.
 Now come I to my tale againe :
 But alderfirst, I woll you saine
 The fashion and the countenaunces
 Of all the folke that on the daunce is.
 The god of love jolife and light,
 Led on his honde a ladie bright,
 Of high prise, and of great degre,
 This ladie called was BEAUTE,
 And an arrow, of which I told,
 Full well thewed was she hold :

Ne she was derke ne browne, but bright,
 And cleare as the moone light :
 Againe whom all the starres semen
 But small candles, as we demen :
 Her flesh was tender as dewe of floure,
 Her cheare was simple as bird in boure,
 As white as lilly or rose in rise :
 Her face gentill and tretise :
 Fetis she was, and small to see,
 No wintred browes had shee,
 Ne popped haire, for it needed nought
 To winder her, or to paint her ought :
 Her tresses yellow, and long straigh ten,
 Unto her heeles downe they raughten :
 Her nose, her mouth, and eye and cheke
 Well wrought, and all the remnaunt eke.
 A full gret savour and a swote ;
 Me thoughts in mine herte rote,
 As helpe me God, when I remember,
 Of the fashion of every member,
 In world is none so faire a wight :
 For yong she was, and hewed bright
 Sore pleasant, and fetis with all,
 Gent, and in her middle small.

Beside Beaute yede RICHESSE,
 An high ladie of great noblesse,
 And great of price in every place :
 But who so durst to her trespace
 Or till her folke, in werke or dede,
 He were full hardie out of drede :
 For both she helpe and hinder may,
 And that is not of yesterday
 That riche folke have full great might
 To helpe, and eke to greve a wight.

The best and greatest of valour
 Didden RICHESSE full great honour,
 And busie weren her to serve,
 For that they would her love deserve ;
 They cleped her ladie, gret and small,
 This wide world her dredeth all :
 This world is all in her daungere,
 Her court hath many a losengere,
 And many a traitour envious,
 That ben full busie and curious
 For to dispraise, and to blame
 That best deserven love and name,
 To forne the folke hem to begilen,
 These losengeours hem preise and smilen.

And thus the world with word annointem.
 But afterward they prill and pointen
 The folke, right to the bare bone,
 Behinde hir backe when they ben gone,
 And foule abaten folkes prise.
 Full many a worthy man and wise
 Han hindred, and ydon to die
 These losengeours with hir flatterie,
 And maketh folke full straunge be,
 There as hem ought ben prive :
 Well evill mote they thrive and thee,
 And evill arived mote they bee
 These losengeours full of envie.
 No good man loveth hir companie.

RICHESSE a robe of purple on had,
 Ne trow not that I lie or mad :
 For in this world is none it liche,
 Ne by a thousand deale so riche,
 Ne none so faire, for it full wele,
 With orfres laied was every dele,
 And purtraid in the ribanings
 Of dukes stories, and of kings,

And with a bend of gold tassiled,
 And knopes fine of gold amiled :
 About her necke of gentile entaile
 Was shet the riche chevesaile,
 In which there was full great plente
 Of stones clere, and faire to se.

Richesse a girdle had upon,
 The bokell of it was of ston,
 Of vertue great, and mokell of might :
 For who so bare the stone so bright,
 Of venim durst him nothing doubt
 While he the stone had him about :
 That stone was greatly for to love,
 And till a riche mannes behove
 Worth all the gold in Rome and Frise :
 The mourdant wrought in noble gise
 Was of a stone full precious,
 That was so fine and vertuous,
 That whole a man it couth make
 Of palsie, and of tothe ake,
 And yet the stone had such a grace,
 That he was seker in every place
 All thilke day not blind to beene,
 That fasting might that stone seene :
 The barres were of gold full fine,
 Upon a tissue of sattine
 Full heavie, great, and nothing light,
 In everiche was a besaunt wight.

Upon the tresses of richesse
 Was set a circle of noblesse
 Of brende golde, that full light shone,
 So faire trow I was never none :
 But he were cunning for the nones,
 That could devise all the stoness
 That in that circle shewen clere,
 It is a wonder thing to here :
 For no man could preise or gesse
 Of hem the value or richesse :
 Rubies there were, saphirs, ragounces,
 And emeraudes, more than two unces.
 But all before full subtilly
 A fine carbuncle set saw I,
 The stone so cleare was and so bright,
 That all so soone as it was night,
 Menne might seene to go for nede
 A mile or two, in length and brede.
 Such light ysprang out of the stone,
 That Richesse wonder bright yshone
 Bothe her hedde, and all her face,
 And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richesse on her hond gan lede
 A yong man full of semelyhede,
 That she best loved of any thing,
 His lust was much in housholding :
 In clothing was he full fetise,
 And loved well to have hors of prise,
 He wend to have reproved be
 Of theft or murder, if that he
 Had in his stable an hacknay,
 And therefore he desired aye
 To been acquainted with Richesse,
 For all his purpose, as I gesse,
 Was for to maken great dispence,
 Withouten warning or defence :
 And Richesse might it well sustaine,
 And her dispences wele maintaine,
 And him alway such plentie send
 Of gold and silver for to spend
 Withouten lacking or daungere,
 As it were poure in a garnere.

And after on the daunce went
 LARGESSE, that set all her entout
 For to ben honorable and free,
 Of Alexanders kinne was shee :
 Her moste joie was ywis,
 When that she yafe, and saied, have this.
 Not Avarice the foule caiffie
 Was halfe to gripe so ententife
 As Largesse is, to yeve and spend,
 And God alway ynowe her send,
 So that the more she yave away,
 The more ywis she had alway.
 Great loos hath Largesse, and great prise,
 For both wise folke and unwise
 Were wholly to her bandon brought,
 So well with yettes hath she wrought.
 And if she had an enemy,
 I trowe that she couth craftely
 Make him full soone her friend to be,
 So large of yettes, and wise was she,
 Therefore she stood in love and grace
 Of rich and poore in every place.

A full great foole he is ywis,
 That both rich and poore, and niggard is.
 A lord may have no manner vice,
 That greeveth more than avarice.
 For niggard never with strength of hand
 May win him great lordship or land :
 For friendes all too few hath he
 To doen his will performed be :
 And who so woll have friendes here,
 He may not hold his treasure dere.
 For by ensample tell I this,
 Right as an adamant ywis
 Can drawn to him subtilly
 The yron that is laied thereby,
 So draweth folkes hearts ywis
 Silver and gold that yeven is.

Largesse had on a robe fresh
 Of riche purple sarlinish :
 Well formed was her face and clere,
 And opened had she her colere,
 For she right there had in present
 Unto a lady made present
 Of a gold broche, full well wrought,
 And certes it mis-sate her nought :
 For through her smocke wrought with silke,
 The flesh was seene as white as milke :
 Largesse, that worthy was and wise,
 Held by the hond a knight of prise,
 Was sibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,
 And that was he that bare the enseigne
 Of worship, and the gosauncoun :
 And yet he is of such renoun,
 That menne of him say faire things
 Before barons, earles, and kings.

This knight was comen all newly
 Fro tourneyng faste by,
 There had he done great chivalrie
 Through his vertue and his maistrice,
 And for the love of his lemman
 He cast downe many a doughty man.

And next him daunced dame Fraunchise,
 Arrayed in full noble gise :
 She nas not broune ne dunne of hew,
 But white as snow yfallen new :
 Her nose was wrought at point devise,
 For it was gentill and tretise,
 With eyen glad, and browes bent,
 Her haire downe to her heles went,

And she was simple as dove on tree,
Full debonaire of hert was shee.

She durste neither say ne do,
But that, that her longeth to :
And if a man were in distresse,
And for her love in heavynesse,
Her herte would have full great pitce
She was so amiable and free :
For were a maunc for her bestad,
She woulde ben right sore adrad,
That she did overgreat outrage,
But she him hope his harme t'aswage,
Her thought it all a villany,
And she had on a suckeny,
That not of hempe herdes was,
So faire was none in all Arras,
Lord, it was riddled fetisly,
There nas not a point truly
That it nas in his right assise,
Full well yclothed was Fraunchise,
For there n'is no cloth sitteth botte
On damosell, than doth rokette :
A woman well more fetise is
In rokette, than in cote ywis,
The white rokette riddlede faire,
Betokeneth, that full debonaire
And swete was she that it bere.

By her daunced a bachelere,
I cannot tellen what he light,
But faire he was, and of good height,
All had he ben, I say no more,
The lordes sonne of Windesore.

And next that daunced Countesse,
That preised was of low and lie,
For neither proud ne foole was she :
She for to daunce called me,
I prais God give her good grace,
For when I came first into the place,
She nas not nice, ne outrageous,
But wise and ware, and vertuous,
Of faire speech, and faire answer,
Was never wight missaid of her :
She bare no rancour to no wight,
Clere browne she was, and therto bright
Of face and body avenaunt
I wote no lady so pleasaunt
She weren worthy for to bene
An emperesse or crowned quene.

And by her went a knight dauncing
That worthy was and well speaking,
And full well coude he done honour :
The knight was faire and stiffe in stour,
And in armure a seemely man,
And well beloved of his lemman.

Faire Idleness then saw I,
That alway was me faste by,
Of her have I withouten faille
Told you the shape and apparaile :
For (as I said) Lo, that was she
That did to me so great bounte.
She the gate of that gardin
Undid, and let me passen in,
And after daunced as I gesse.

And she fulfilled of lustynesse,
That n'as not yet twelve yeare of age,
With herte wild, and thought volage.
Nice she was, but she ne ment
None harme ne sleight in her entent,
But onely lust and jolite.
For yonge folke, well weten ye,

Have little thought but on hir play.
Her lemman was beside alway,
In such a gise, that he her kist
At all times that him list,
That all the daunce might it see,
They make no force of privetee :
For who so spake of hem evill or wcle,
They were ashamed never adele,
But men might seene hem kisse there,
As it two yonge doves were,
For yonge was thilke bachelere,
Of beauty wot I non his pere,
And he was right of such an age,
As youth his left, and such courage.
The lusty folke that daunced there,
And also other that with hem were
That weren all of hir meinee
Full hende folke, wise, and free,
And folke of faire port truly,
There were all comenly.

Whan I had seene the countenaunces
Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,
Than had I will to go and see
The garden that so liked mee,
And loken on these faire laureres,
On pine trees, cedres, and ormeres,
The daunces than all ended were,
For many of hem that daunced there,
Were with her loves went away
Under the trees to have her play.

A LORD, they lived lustely,
A great foole were he sikerly,
That n'old his thankes such life lede :
For this dare I saine out of drede,
That who so mighte so well fare,
For better life durst him not care,
For there n'is so good paradise,
As to have a love at his devise :
Out of that place went I tho,
And in that garden gan I go,
Playing along full merely.
The god of love full hastily
Unto him SWEET-LOOKING clept,
No lenger would he that she kept
His bowe of gold, that shone so bright.
He had him bent anon right,
And he full soone set an end,
And at a braide he gan it bend,
And toke him of his an owes five,
Full sharpe and ready for to drive.
Now God that sitteth in majeste
Fro deadly woundes he keepe me,
If so be that he had me shete,
For if I with his arrow mete,
It had me greved sore ywis,
But I, that nothing wist of this,
Went up and downe full many a way,
And he me followed fast alway,
But no where would I reste me,
Till I had in all the garden be.

THE garden was by measuring
Right even and square in compassing,
It as long was as it was large,
Of fruit had every tree his charge,
But it were any hidous tree
Of whiche there were two or thre.
There were, and that wote I full wele,
Of pomgranettes a full great dele,

That is a fruit full well to like,
Namely to folke when they ben sike :
And trees there were great foison,
That baren nuts in hir season,
Such as menne nutmegges call,
That swote of savour been withall,
And almandres great plentee,
Figges, and many a date tree
There weren, if menne had nede,
Through the gardin in length and brede.

There was eke waxing many a spice,
As clove, gilofre, and licorice,
Gingere, and grein de Paris,
Canell, and setewale of pris,
And many a spice delitable,
To eaten when men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were,
That peaches, coines, and apples here,
Medlers, plummeges, peeres, chesteinis,
Cherise, of whiche many one faire is,
Notes, aleis, and bolas,
That for to seeene it was solas,
With many high laurer and pine,
Was renged elene all that gardine,
With cipres, and with oliveris,
Of which that nigh no plenty here is.

There were elmes great and strong,
Maples, ashe, oke, aspens, planes long,
Fine ewe, popler, and lindes faire,
And other trees full many a paire.

What should I tell you more of it ?
There were so many trees yet,
That I should all encombreed bee,
Ere I had reckoned every tree.

These trees were set that I devise,
One from another in assise
Five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,
But they were high and great also :
And for to keepe out well the Sunne,
The croppes were so thicke yrunne,
And every braunch in other knitte,
And full of greene leaves sitte,
That Sunne might there none descend,
Least the tender grasses shend.
There might menne does and roes ysee,
And of squirrels full great plentee,
From bough to bough alway leping,
Connies there were also playing,
That comen out of hir clappers
Of sundry colours and maners,
And maden many a tourneyng
Upon the freshe grasse springing.

In places saw I welles there,
In whiche there no frogges were,
And faire in shaddow was every well ;
But I ne can the number tell
Of stremis small, that by devise
Mirthe had done come through condise,
Of which the water in renning
Gan make a noise full liking.

About the brinkes of these wels,
And by the streames over all els
Sprang up the grasse, as thicke yset
And softe as any velvet.
On which men might his lemman ley,
As on a featherbed to pley,
For the earth was full soft and swete :
Through moisture of the well wete
Sprong up the sote grene gras,
As faire, as thicke, as mister was.

But much amended it the place,
That thearth was of such a grace
That it of floures hath plente,
That both in summer and winter be.

There sprang the violet all new,
And freshe pervinke rich of hev,
And floures yellow, white, and rede,
Such plenty grew there never in mede :
Full gay was all the ground and queint,
And poudred, as men had it peint,
With many a fresh and sundry flour,
That casten up full good savour.

I woll nat long hold you in fable
Of all this garden delectable,
I mote my tongue stinten nede,
For I ne may withouten drede
Naught tellen you the beauteie all,
Ne halfe the bountie therewithall.

I went on right honde and on left
About the place, it was not left
Till I had all the garden bene
In the esters that men might seeene.

And thus while I went in my playe,
The god of love me followed aye.
Right as an hunter can abide
The beast, till he seeth his tide
To shooten at goodnesse to the deere,
Whan that him needeth go no neere.

And so befell, I rested mee
Besides a well under a tree,
Which tree in Fraunce men call a pine,
But sith the time of king Pepine
Ne grew there tree in mannes sight
So faire, ne so well woxe in height,
In all that yard so high was none.
And springing in a marble stone
Had nature set, the sooth to tell,
Under that pine tree a well,
And on the border all without
Was written on the stone about
Letters small, that saiden thus,
Here starfe the faire Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachelere,
That Love had caught in his daungre,
And in his nette gan him so straine,
And did him so to weepe and plaine,
That need him must his life forgo :
For a faire lady, that hight Echo,
Him loved over any creature,
And gan for him such paine endure,
That on a time she him tolde,
That if he her loven nolde,
That her behoved needes die,
There lay none other remedie.

But nathelesse, for his beaute
So fierce and daungereous was he,
That he nolde graunten her asking,
For weeping, ne for faire praying.

And when she heard him werne her so,
She had in herte so grete wo,
And tooke it in so grete despite,
That she without more respite
Was dead anon : but ere she deide,
Ful pitously to God she preide,
That proude hearted Narcissus,
That was in love so daungereous,
Might on a day ben hampered so
For love, that ben so hote for wo,
That never he might to joy attaine ;
Then should he fele in very vaine

What sorrow true lovers maken,
That ben so villainously forsaken.

This prayer was but reasonable,
Therefore God held it firme and stable :
For Narcissus shortly to tell,
By aventure came to that well
To rest him in the shaddowing
A day, when he came from hunting.

This Narcissus had suffred paines
For renning all day in the plaines,
And was for thirst in great distresse
Of herte, and of his wearinesse,
That had his breth almost benomen.
Whan he was to that well yemen,
That shaddowed was with braunches grene,
He thought of thilke water shene
To drinke and fresh lum vele withall,
And downe on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and head outstraught
To drinke of that well a daught :
And in the water anon was sene
His nose, his mouth, his cyen shene,
And he thereof was all abashed,
His owne shaddow had lum betrashed,
For well wend he the forme see
Of a childe of great beautee,
Well couth Love him wreke tho
Of daungere and of pride also
That Narcissus sometime him bere,
He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he mused so in the well,
That shortly the sooth to tell,
He loved his owne shaddow so,
That at last he starfe for wo :
For when he saw that he his will
Might in no manner way fulfill,
And that he was so faste caught
That he him couthe comfort naught,
He lost his wit right in that place
And died within a litle space,
And thus his warison he tooke
For the lady that he forsoke.

Ladies I praye ensample taketh,
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh :
For if of hir death be you to wite,
God can full well your wile quite.

When that this letter of which I tell,
Had taught me that it was the well
Of Narcissus in his beautee,
I gan anon withdrawe me,
When it full in my remembrance,
That him betide such mischaunce :
But at the laste than thought I,
That scatheless, full sikerly,
I might unto the welle go,
Whereof shall I abashen so.
Unto the welle then went I mee,
And downe I louted for to see
The clere water in the stone,
And eke the gravell, which that shone
Downe in the bottome, as silver fine :
For of the well, this is the fine,
In world is none so clere of hew,
The water is ever fresh and new
That welmeth up with waves bright
The mountenance of two finger hight :
About it is grasse springing,
For moist so thicke and well liking,

That it ne may in winter die,
No more than may the see be drie.

Downe at the bottome set saw I
Two cristal stones craftely
In thilke fresh and faire well :
But o thing soothly dare I tell,
That ye wold hold a great mervaile
Whan it is told withouten faile :
For whan the Sunne clere in sight
Cast in that well his beames bright,
And that the heat descended is,
Than taketh the cristall stone ywis,
Againe the Sunne an hundred hewis,
Blew, yellow, and red, that fresh and new is :
Yet hath the mervalous cristall
Such strength, that the place over all,
Both foule and tree, and leaves greene,
And all the yerd in it is seene :
And for to done you to understand,
To make ensample wold I fond :
Right as a mirroure openly
Sheweth all thing that stondesth thereby,
As well the colour as the figure,
Withouten any coverture :
Right so the cristall stone shining,
Withouten any deceiving,
The entrees of the yerd accuseth
To him that in the water museth :
For ever in which halfe ye bee,
Ye may well halfe the garden see :
And if he turne, he may right vele
Seene the remenaunt every dele :
For there is none so litle thing
So hid ne closed with shything,
That it ne is seene, as though it were
Painted in the chrystall there.
This is the mirroure perillus,
In which the proude Narcissus
Sey all his faire face bright,
That made him sith to lie upright :
For who so looke in that mirroure,
There may nothing ben his succour
That he ne shall there see something
That shall him lede into laughing :
Full many a worthy man hath it
Yblent, for folke of greatest wit
Ben soone caught here and waited,
Withouten respite ben they baited :
Here commeth to folke of new rage,
Here chaungeth many wight courage,
Here lithe no rede ne wit thereto,
For Venus sonne, dan Cupido,
Hath sowne there of love the sede,
That helpe ne lithe there none, ne reda
So cercleth it the well about :
His ginnes hath he set without
Right for to catch in his panthers
These damosels and bachelers,
Love will none other birde catch,
Though he set either nette or latch :
And for the seed that here was sowne,
This well is cleped, as well is knowne,
The Well of Love, of very right,
Of which there hath full many wight
Spoken in bookes diversly :
But they shull never so verily
Description of the well here,
Ne eke the sooth of this matere,

As ye shull, when I have undo
The craft that her belongeth to.

ALWAY me liked for to dwell,
To seene the christall in the well,
That shewed me full openly
A thousand thinges faste by,
But I may say in sorry houre
Stode I to looken or to poure :
For sithen I sore siked,
That mirroure hath me now entriked :
But had I first knowen in my wit
The vertue and strengthes of it,
I n'old not have mused there,
Me had bette ben eleswhere,
For in the snare I fell anone,
That had bitreshed many one.

In thilke mirroure saw I tho,
Among a thousand thinges mo,
A roser charged full of rosis,
That with an hedge about enclosis,
Tho had I suche luste and envie,
That for Paris ne for Pavie,
N'old I have left to gone and see,
There greatest heape of roses bee.
Whan I was with that rage hent,
That caught hath many a man and shent,
Toward the roser gan I go,
And whan I was not ferie therefor,
The savour of the roses swote
Me smote right to the heart rote,
As I had all enbaumed be :
And if I ne had endouted me
To have ben hated or assailed,
My thanks woll I not have failed
To pull a rose of all that rout
To beare in mine honde about,
And smellen to it where I went,
But ever I drede me to repent,
And least it greved or forthought
The lord that thilke gardin wrought.
Of roses there were great wone,
So faire were never in Rone :
Of knoppes close, some saw I there,
And some well better woxen were.
And some there been of other moison,
That drove nigh to hir season,
And sped hem faste for to spread,
I love well such roses red :
For brode roses, and open also,
Ben passed in a day or two,
But knoppes will fresh bee
Two dayes at least, or els three.
The knoppes greatly liked mee,
For fairer may there no man see :
Who so might have one of all,
It ought lim been full lefe withall :
Might I garlonde of hem getten,
For no richesse I would it letten.

Amongs the knoppes I chese one
So faire, that of the remnaunt none
Ne preise I halfe so well as it,
Whan I avise in my wit,
For it so well was enlumined
With colour red, as well fined
As nature couth it make faire,
And it hath leaves well foure paire,
That Kinde hath set through his knowing
About the red roses springing,

The stalke was as rishe right,
And thereon stood the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no side,
The swote smell sprung so wide,
That it died all the place about.
Whan I had smelled the savour swote,
No will had I fro thence yet go,
But some dele nere it went I tho
To take it, but mine hond for drede
Ne durst I to the rose bede,
For thistles sharpe of many manners,
Nettles, thornes, and hooked briers,
For muche they distourbed me,
For sore I drad to harmed be.

THE god of love, with bowe bent,
That all day set had his talent
To pursue and to spien mee,
Was standing by a figge tree,
And when he sawe how that I
Had chosen so ententifely
The bothum more unto my pey,
Than any other that I sey :
He tooke an arrow full sharply whet,
And in his bowe when it was set,
He streight up to his eare drough
The strong bowe, that was so tough,
And shot at me so wonder smert,
That through mine eye unto mine hert
The fakell smote, and deepe it went :
And therewithall such cold me hent,
That under clothes warme and soft,
Sithen that day I have chivered oft.

When I was hurte thus in stound,
I fell down plat unto the ground,
Mine herte failed and fainted aye,
And long time in swoone I lay :
But when I came out of swooning,
And had my wit, and my feeling,
I was all mate, and wend full wele
Of blood, have lorne a full great dele,
But certes the arrow that in me stood,
Of me ne drew no drop of blood,
For why I found my wounds all drey.

Than tooke I with mine hondes twey
The arrow, and full fast it out plight,
And in the pulling sore I sight,
So at the last the shaft of tree
I drough out, with the feathers three,
But yet the hooked head ywis,
The whiche Beauty called is,
Gan so deepe in mine herte pace,
That I it might not arace,
But in mine herte still it stood,
All bled I not a drop of blood :
I was both anguishous and trouble,
For the perill that I saw double,
I nist what to say or do,
Ne get a leach my wounds to,
For neither through grasse ne rote,
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote.
But to the bothum evermo
Mine herte drew, for all my wo,
My thought was in none other thing,
For had it been in my keeping,
It would have brought my life againe,
For certes evenly, I dare well saine,
The sight only, and the savour,
Alegged much of my langour.

Than gan I for to drawe mee
 Toward the bothum faire to see,
 And Love had gette him in his throwe
 Another arrowe into his bowe,
 And for to shote gan lum drede,
 The arrowes name was Simplese,
 And when that love gan nigh me nere,
 He drowe it up withouten were,
 And shot at me with all his might,
 So that this arrow anon right
 Throughout eigh as it was found,
 Into mine herte hath made a wound.
 Than I anon did all my craft
 For to drawen out the shaft,
 And therewithall I sighed eft,
 But in mine herte the head was left,
 Which aye increased my desire ;
 Unto the bothum drow I nere,
 And evermo that me was wo
 The more desire had I to go
 Unto the roser, where that grew
 The fresh bothum so bright of hew,
 Better me were to have letten be,
 But it behoved nede me
 To doen right as mine herte bad :
 For ever the body must be lad
 After the herte, in vele and wo,
 Or force together they must go.
 But never this archer would fine
 To shote at me with all his pine,
 And for to make me to him mete.

The third arrow he gan to shete,
 Whan best his time he might espie,
 The which was named Courtesie,
 Into mine herte he did avale,
 A swoune I fell, both dead and pale,
 Long time I lay, and stirred nought,
 Till I abraied out of my thought.
 And faste than I advised mee
 To drawe out the shaft of tree,
 But ever the head was left behind
 For ought I couthe pull or wind,
 So sore it sticket when I was hit,
 That by no craft I might it flit,
 But anguishous and full of thought,
 I felt such wo, my wound aye wrought,
 That summoned me alway to go
 Toward the rose, that pleased me so,
 But I ne durst in no manere
 Because the archer was so nere.

For evermore gladly as I rede,
 Brent child of fire hath much drede.
 And certes yet for all my pein,
 Though that I sigh, yet arrowes rein,
 And ground quarells sharpe of stele,
 Ne for no paine that I might fele,
 Yet might I not my selfe withhold
 The faire roser to behold,
 For Love me gave such hardement
 For to fulfill his commaundement,
 Upon my feet I rose up than
 Feeble, as a forwounded man :
 And forth to gone my might I set,
 And for the archer nold I let,
 Toward the roser fast I drowe
 But thornes sharpe, mo than ynowe
 There were, and also thistles thicke,
 And breres brimme for to pricke,
 That I ne might get grace
 The rough thornes for to pace

To seee the roses fresh of hew,
 I must abide, though it me rew,
 The hedge about so thicke was,
 That closed the roses in compas.
 But o thing liked me right wele,
 I was so nigh, I might fele
 Of the bothum the swote odour,
 And also see the fresh colour,
 And that right greatly liked mee,
 That I so nere might it see,
 Such joy anon thereof had I,
 That I forgat my malady,
 To seee I had such delite,
 Of sorrow and anger I was all quite,
 And of my wounds that I had thore,
 For nothing liken me might more,
 Than dwellen by the roser aye,
 And thence never to passe awaye :
 But whan a while I had be thare,
 The god of love, which all to share
 Mine heart with his arrowes kene,
 Casteth him to yeve me woundes grene,
 He shot at me full hastily
 An arrow named Company,
 The which takell is full able
 To make these ladies merciabe,
 Than I anone gan chaungen hew
 For greevauce of my wounde new,
 That I againe fell in swooning,
 And sighed sore in complaining.

Sore I complained that my sore
 On me gan greven more and more,
 I had none hope of allegiaunce,
 So nigh I drow to disperance,
 I rought of death, ne of life,
 Whether that love would me drife,
 If me a martir would be make,
 I might his power not forsake :
 And while for anger thus I woike,
 The god of love an arrow toke,
 Full sharpe it was and pugnant,
 And it was called Faire Semblaunt,
 The which in no wise would consent,
 That any lover him repent
 To serve his love with herte and all,
 For any perill that may befall.
 But though this arrow was elene ground,
 As any rasour that is found,
 To cut and kerve at the point,
 The god of love it had anoint
 With a precious oyntment,
 Somedele to yeve allegement,
 Upon the woundes that he hade
 Through the body in my heart made,
 To helpe hir sores, and to cure,
 And that they may the bette endure :
 But yet this arrow, without more,
 Made in mine heart a large sore,
 That in full greate paine I abode,
 But aye the ointment went abroad
 Throughout my woundes large and wiue,
 It sprede about in every side :
 Through whose vertue and whose might,
 Mine herte joyfull was and light.
 I had ben dead and all to shent
 But for the precious ointment :
 The shaft I drow out of the arrow,
 Roking for wo right wonder narrow,
 But the head, which made me smart,
 Left behide in mine heart

With other fower, I dare well say,
That never will be take away,
But the ointment halpe me wele,
And yet such sorrow did I fele,
That all day I changed hew,
Of my woundes fresh and new,
As men might see in my visage,
The arrowes were so full of rage,
So variaunt of diversitee,
That men in everiche might see
Both great annoy and eke sweetnesse,
And joy meint with bitternesse :
Now were they easie, now were they wood,
In hem I felt both harme and good,
Now sore without alleggement,
Now softing with the ointement,
It softened here, and priked there,
Thus ease and anger together were.

THE god of love deliverly
Come lepande to me hastily,
And saied to me in great jape,
“ Yeeld thee, for thou may not escape,
May no defence availle thee here :
Therefore I rede make no daungere.
If thou wold yeeld thee hastily,
Thou shalt rather have mercy :
He is a foole in sikernesse,
That with daunger or stoutnesse
Rebellethe there that he should please,
In such folly is little ease.
Be meeke, where thou must needes have,
To strive ayen is not thy prow :
Come at ones, and have ido,
For I wold that it be so,
Then yeeld thee here debonairly.”
And I answered full humbly,
“ Gladly sir, at your bidding,
I wold me yeeld in all thing :
To your service I wold me take,
For God defend that I should make
Ayen your bidding resistence.
I wold not doen so great offence,
For if I did, it were no skill,
Ye may do with me what ye will,
Save or spill, and also slo,
Fro you in no wise may I go,
My life, my death, is in your hond,
I may not last out of your bond,
Plaine at your list I yeeld me,
Hoping in heart, that sometime ye
Comfort and ese shull me send :
Or els shortly, this is the end,
Withouten health I mote aye dure,
But if ye take me to your cure :
Comfort or health, how should I have,
Sith ye me hurt, but ye me save ?
The health of love mote be found,
Whereas they taken first hir wound :
And if ye list of me to make
Your prisoner, I wold it take
Of heart and willfully at gree,
Holy and plaine I yeeld mee
Without feining or feintise,
To be governed by your emprise :
Of you I heare so much prise,
I wold been whole at your devise
For to fulfill your liking
And repent for nothing,
Hoping to have yet in some tide

Mercy, of that I abide :”
And with that covenant yeeld I mee,
Anon downe kneeling upon my knee,
Profering for to kisse his fete,
But for nothing he wold me lete.
And said, “ I love thee both and praise,
Sens that thine answer doth me ese :
For thou answered so curtesly,
For now I wote well utterly,
That thou art gentle by thy spech :
For though a man ferre wold sech,
He shuld not finden in certaine,
No such answer of no villaine :
For such a worde ne might nought
Issue out of a villaines thought,
Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche,
For thy helping wold I eche,
And eke encrease that I may :
But first I wold that thou obey
Fully for thine avauntage
Anone to doe me here homage :
And sithe kisse thou shalt my mouth,
Which to no villaine was never coulti
Fer to approach it, ne for to touch,
For saufe of cherles I ne vouch
That they shall never neigh it nere ;
For curteis, and of faire manere,
Well taught, and full of gentleness
He must be, that shall me kisse,
And also of full high franchise,
That shall attain to that emprise.
“ And first of o thing warne I thee,
That paine and great advserte
He mote endure, and eke travaile
That shall me serve, without faile,
But there againe thee to comfort,
And with thy service to disport,
Thou maiest full glad and joyfull bee
So good a maister to have as mee,
And lord of so high renoune,
I beare of Love the gonfounoune,
Of curtesie the banere,
For I am of the selfe manere,
Gentle, courteous, meeko and free,
That who ever ententive bee
Me to honour, doute, and serve,
And also that he him observe
Fro trespassse and fro villanie,
And him governe in courtesie,
With will and entention ;
For when he first in my prison
Is caught, then must he utterly,
Fro thenceforth full busily,
Cast him gentle for to be,
If he desire helpe of me.”
Anon without more delay,
Withouten daunger or affray,
I become his man anone,
And gave him thanks many a one,
And kneled doune with hondes joint,
And made it in my port full quaint :
The joy went to my herte rote,
Whan I had kissed his mouth so swote,
I had such mirth and such liking,
It cured me of languishing.
He asked of me than hostages,
“ I have,” he sayd, “ taken fele homages
Of one and other, where I have bene,
Distreined oft, withouten wene,
These felons full of falsite,

Have many sithes beguiled me,
 And through hir falsheid hir lust atchieved,
 Whereof I repent and am agreed,
 And I hem get in my daungere,
 Hir falsheid shall they bie full dere,
 But for I love thee, I say thee plaine,
 I wolle of thee be more certaine,
 For thee sore I wolle now binde,
 That thou away ne shalt not winde,
 For to denien thy covenant,
 Or done that is not avenaunt,
 That thou were false, it were great ruth,
 Sith thou seemest so ful of truth."

"Sir, if thee list to understand,
 I marvaile thee asking this demaund,
 For why or wherefore should ye,
 Hostages or borowes aske of me,
 Or any other sikernesse,
 Sith ye wote in sothfastnesse,
 That ye me have surprised so,
 And hold mine heart, taken me fro,
 That it wolle doe for me nothing,
 But if it be at your bidding,
 Mine herte is yours, and mine right nought
 As it behoveth, in dedde and thought,
 Ready in all to worke your will,
 Whether so tourne to good or ill,
 So sure it lusteth you to plesse,
 No man thereof may you disesse,
 Ye have thei on set such justise,
 That it is werrid in many wise,
 And if ye doubt it n'old obaie,
 Ye may thereof do make a kaie,
 And hold it with you for hostage."

"Now certes this is none outrage,"
 (Quoth Love) "and fully I accord,
 For of the bodie he is full lord
 That hath the heart in his treasure,
 Outrage it were to asken more."

THAN of his aumener he drough,
 A little key fetise inough,
 Which was of gold polished clere
 And sayed to me, "With this keye here,
 Thine herte to me now wolle I shet,
 For all my jowel loke and knet,
 I binde under this little kay,
 That no wight may come away."

This key is full of great poete,
 With which anone he touched me,
 Under the side full softly,
 That he mine herte sodainely,
 Without annoy had speered,
 That yet right nought it hath me deered.
 When he had done his will all out,
 And I had put him out of doubt,
 "Sir" I sayd, "I have right great will,
 Your lust and pleasure to fulfill,
 Looke ye my service take at free,
 By thilke fayth ye owe to me,
 I say nought for recoraundise,
 For I nought doubt of your service."

"But the servaunt travaileth in vaine,
 That for to serven doth his paine
 Unto that lord, which in no wise,
 Coune him no thanke for his service."

LOVE sayed, "Dismaine thee nought,
 Sith thou for succour hast me sought,
 In thanke thy service wolle I take,
 And high of degree wolle thee make,

If wickednesse ne hinder thee,
 But (as I hope) it shall nought bee,
 To worship no wight by aventure,
 May come, but he paine endure.

"Abide and suffer thy distresse,
 That hurteþ now, it shall be lesse,
 I wote my selfe what may thee save,
 What medicine thou wouldest have.
 And if thy truth to me thou keepe,
 I shall unto thine helping eke,
 To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,
 Where so they be old or grene,
 Thou shalt be holpen at wordes few,
 For certainly thou shalt well shew,
 Where that thou servest with good will,
 For to accomplishen and fulfill
 My commaundements day and night,
 Which I to lovers yeve of right."

"Ah sir, for Goddes love" (sayd I)
 "Er ye passe hence ententifely,
 Your commaundements to me say,
 And I shall keepe hem if I may,
 For hem to keeþen is all my thought :
 And if so be I wote hem nought,
 Than may I unwittingly,
 Wherefore I pray you enterly,
 With all mine herte, me to lere,
 That I trespase in no manere."

The god of love then charged me
 Anon, as ye shall here and see,
 Word by word, by right emprise,
 So as the Romaunt shall devise.

The maister leseth his time to lere,
 When the disciple wolle not here,
 It is but vaine on him to swinke,
 That on his learning wolle not thinke,
 Who so lust love, let him entend,
 For now the Romance beginneth to armené.

Now is good to heare in fay
 If any be that can it say,
 And point it as the reason is
 Set for other gate ywis,
 It shall nat wolle in all thing,
 Be brought to good understanding,
 For a reader that pointeth ill,
 A good sentence may oft spill :
 The booke is good at the ending,
 Made of newe and lustie thing :
 For who so wolle the ending here,
 The craft of love he shall now lere,
 If that he wolle so long abide,
 Till I this Romance maie unhide,
 And undoe the signifaunce
 Of this dreame into Romance,
 The soothlastnesse that now is hid,
 Without coverture shall be kid,
 When I undoun have this dreaming,
 Wherein no worde is of leasing.

"VILLANIE at the beginning,
 I wolle," sayd Love, "over all thing
 Thou leave, if thou wolt ne be
 False, and trespase ay enst me :
 I curse and blame generally
 All hem that loven villany,
 For villanie maketh villeine
 And by his dedde a chorle is seine.

"These villanes arne without pitie,
 Friendship, love, and all bountie,
 I will receive unto my servise

Hem that been villaines of emprise.

“ But understand in thine entent,
That this is not mine entement,
To clepe no wight in no ages
Onely gentle for his linages :
But who so is vertuous,
And in his port not outrageous,
When such one thou seest thee beforen,
Though he be not gentle borne,
Than maiest well seene this in sooth,
That he is gentle, because he doth
As longeth to a gentleman :
Of hem none other deme I can,
For certainly withouten dreede,
A chorle is demed by his deede,
Of hye or lowe, as ye may see,
Or of what kinred that he bec.
Ne say nought for none evill will,
Thing that is to holden still,
It is no worship to mis-saie,
Thou mayest ensample take of Kaie,
That was sometime for mis-sayeng,
Hated both of old and yeng :
As ferre as Gawain the worthie,
Was prayسد for his courtesie,
Kaie was hated, for he was fell,
Of word dispitous and cruell ;
Wherefore be wise and acquieintable,
Goodly of word, and reasonable :
Both to lesse and eke to mare,
And when thou comest there men are,
Looke that thou have in custome ay,
First to salve hem if thou may :
And if it fall, that of hem somme
Salve the first, be not domme,
But quite him courtesly anone
Without abiding, ere they gone.

“ For nothing eke thy tongue applie
To speake words of ribauldrie,
To villaine speech in no degree
Let never thy lippe unbounden bee :
For I nought hold him in good faith
Curteis, that foule wordes saith :
And all women serve and preise,
And to thy power hir honour reise :
And if that any mis-sayere
Despise women, that thou maist here,
Blame him, and bid him hold him still,
And set thy might and all thy will
Women and ladies for to please,
And to doe thing that may hem ease,
That they ever speake good of thee,
For so thou maiest best praised bee.

“ Looke fro pride thou keepe thee wele,
For thou maiest both perceve and feele,
That pride is both folly and sin,
And he that pride hath him within,
Ne may his herte in no wise,
Meken ne souplen to service :
For pride is found in everie part,
Contrarie unto Lovcs art :
And he that loveth truely,
Should him conteine jollily,
Without pride in sundrie wise,
And him disguisen in quaintise,
For queint array, without drede,
Is nothing proude, who taketh hede,
For fresh array, as men may see,
Without pride may ofte bee.

“ Maintaine thy selfe after thy rent,

Of robe and eke of garment,
For many sithle faire clothing
A man amendeth in much thing.

“ And looke alway that they be shape,
(What garment that thou shalt make)
Of him that can best do,
With all that pertaineth thereto,
Pointes and sleeves be well sitand,
Right and straight on the hand,
Of shone and bootes, new and faire,
Looke at the least you have a pauc,
And that they sit so fetously,
That these rude may utterly
Marvaile, sith that they sit so plaine,
How they come on or off againe.
Weare streighte gloves with amure
Of silke : and alway with good chere
Thou yeve, if thou have richesse,
And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.
Alway be merry, if thou may,
But waste not thy good alway ;
Have hatte of fleuves fresh as May,
Chapelet of roses of Whitsunday,
For such arraie ne costmeth but lite.
Thine hondes wash, thy teeth make white,
And let no filth upon thee bee,
Thy nyles blacke, if thou maist see,
Voide it alwaie deliverly,
And kembe thine head right jollily :
Farce not thy visage in no wise,
For that of love is nat th'emprise,
For love doth haten, as I finde,
A beutie that commeth not of Kinde :
Alway in herte I read thee,
Glad and merry for to be,
And be as joyfull as thou can,
Love hath no joy of sorrowfull man,
That evill is full of curtesie,
That knoweth in his maladie,
For ever of love the sickennesse
Is meint with sweete and bitternesse :
The sore of love is marvailous,
For now the lover is joyous,
Now can he plaine, now can he grone,
Now can he singen, now maken mone,
To day he plaineth for heavnesse,
To morrow he plaineth for jolynesse :
The life of love is full contrarie,
Which stoundemelic can oft varie ;
But if thou canst mirthes make,
That men in gre wolle gladly take,
Doe it goodly I command thee,
For men should, wheresoever they be,
Doe thing that hem fitting is,
For thereof commeth good loos and pris.
Whereof that thou be vertuous,
Ne be nat straunge ne dangerous :
For if that thou good rider be,
Pricke gladly that men may see ;
In armes also if thou come,
Pursue till thou a name hast wonne :
And if thy voice be faire and clere,
Thou shalt maken no great daungere.
Whan to sing they goodly pray,
It is thy worship for to obuy :
Also to you it longeth aye,
To harpe and citterne, daunce and playe,
For if he can well foot and daunce,
It may him greatly doe avaunce,
Emong eke for thy lady sake,

Songes and complaints that thou make,
 For that meven in her hart,
 When they readen of thy smart.
 Looke that no man for scarce thee hold,
 For that may greove thee manifold :
 Reason woll that a lover be
 In his yeftes more large and free
 Than chorles that been not of loving,
 For who thereof can any thing,
 He shall be lefe aie for to yeve,
 In londes lore who so woll leve,
 For he that through a sodain sight,
 Or for a kissing anon right,
 Yave hole his heart, in will and thought,
 And to himselfe keepeth right nought,
 After this swift, it is good reason,
 He yeve his good in abandon.

“ Now wol I shortly here relerse,
 Of that I have sayd in verse,
 All the sentence by and by,
 In wordes fewe compendiously,
 That thou the better mayest on hem think,
 Whether so it be thou wake or winke,
 For the wordes little greewe,
 A man to keepe, when it is brievee.

“ Who so with Love woll gone or ride
 He mote be courteous, and voide of pride,
 Merry and full of jollite,
 And of largesse a losed be.

“ First I joyne thee here in penaunce
 That ever without repentaunce,
 Thou set thy thought in thy loving
 To last without repenting,
 And thinke upon thy mirthes sweet
 That shall follow after whan ye meet.

“ And for thou true to love shalt be,
 I will and commande thee,
 That in one place thou set all hole
 Thine herte, without hallen drole,
 For trecherie and sikernesse,
 For I loved never doublenesse :
 To many his herte that woll depart,
 Everich shall have but little part,
 But of him drede I me right nought,
 That in one place setteth his thought :
 Therefore in o place it set,

And let it never thence flet :
 For if thou yevest it in leneing,
 I holde it but wretched thing :
 Therefore yeve it whole and quite,
 And thou shalt have the more merite.
 If it be lent than after soone,
 The boundie and the thankes is doone,
 But in love, free yeven thing
 Requireth a great gredenong.

“ Yeve it in yefft all quite fully,
 And make thy gift debonairly :
 For men that yefft holde more dere
 That yeven is with gladsome chere

“ That gifte nought to praysen is
 That man yeveth maugre his :
 Whan thou hast yeven thine heart (as I
 Have sayd) thee here openly,
 Than adventures shull thee fall,
 Which hard and heavie been withall :
 For oft when thou bethinkest thee
 Of thy loving, where so thou be,
 Fro folke thou must depart in hie,
 That none perceive thy maladie,

But hide thine harme thou must alone,
 And go forth sole, and make thy mone :
 Thou shalt no while be in o state,
 But whilom cold and whilom hate,
 Now redde as rose, uow yellow and fade,
 Such sorow I trow thou never hade :
 Cotidien, ne quartaine,
 It is not so full of peine,
 For often times it shall fall,
 In love among thy paines all,
 That thou thy selfe all holy,
 Foryeten shalt so utterly,
 That many times thou shalt bee,
 Still as an image of tree,
 Domme as a stone, without stirring
 Of foote or honde, without speaking.

“ Than soone after all thy paine,
 To memorie shalt thou come againe,
 A man abashed wonder sore,
 And after sighen more and more :
 For wite thou wele withouten wene,
 In such a state full off have bene,
 That have the evill of love assaide,
 Wher-through thou art so dismaide.

“ AFTER a thought shall take thee so,
 That thy love is too ferre the fro :
 Thou shalt say, ‘ God, what may this be,
 That I ne may my ladie se ?
 Mine heart alone is to her goe,
 And I abide all sole in wo,
 Departed fro mine owne thought,
 And with mine eien se right nought.

“ Alas mine eien sene I ne may,
 My careful herte to convey,
 Mine hertes guide, but they be,
 I praise nothing what ever they se :
 Shull they abide than, nay,
 But gone and visiten without delay
 That mine heart desireth so
 For certainly, but if they go.

“ A foole my selfe I may well hold,
 When I ne se what mine hart wold,
 Wherefore I woll gone her to sene,
 Or eased shall I never bene,
 But I have some tokening.”

“ Then goest thou forth without dwelling,
 But oft thou faylest of thy desire,
 Er thou mayest come her any nere,
 And wastest in vaine thy passage :
 Than fallest thou in a new rage,
 For want of sight thou ginnest mourne,
 And homeward pensive thou dost retourne .
 In great mischief than shalt thou bee,
 For than againe shall come to thee
 Sighes and plaintes with new wo,
 That no iteling pricketh so :
 Who wote it nought, he may goe lere,
 Of hem that buyen love so dere.

“ Nothing thine heart appeasen may,
 That oft thou wolt gone and assay,
 If thou maigest sene by adventure
 Thy lives joy, thine heartes cure,
 So that by grace, if thou might
 Attaine of her to have a sight,
 Than shalt thou done none other deed,
 But with that sight thine eyen feed :
 That faire fresh whan thou mayest see,
 Thine herte shall so ravished bee,
 That never thou wouldest thy thanks leta

Ne remove, for to see that swete :
 The more thou seest in soothfastnesse,
 The more thou covetest of that sweetnesste :
 The more thine herte brenneth in fire,
 The more thine herte is in desire.
 For who considereth everie dele,
 It may be likened wouder wele,
 The paine of love unto a fere,
 For evermore thou neighest nere,
 Thought, or who so that it be,
 For verie sooth I tell it thee,
 The hotter ever shalt thou brenne,
 As experience shall thee kenne,
 Where so comest in any cost,
 Who is next fire he brenneth most :
 And yet forsooth for all thine heat,
 Though thou for love swelte and sweat,
 Ne for no thing thou felen may,
 Thou shalt not willen to passe away,
 And though thou goe, yet must thou node,
 Thinke all day on her faire hede,
 Whome thou beheld with so good will,
 And hold thy selfe beguled ill,
 That thou ne hadst ne hardiment,
 To shew her ought of thine entent ;
 Thine herte full sore thou wolt dispise,
 And eke reprove of cowardise,
 That thou so dull in every thing,
 Were domme for drede, without speaking.

“ Thou shalt eke thinke thou didst folly,
 That thou were her so faste by,
 And durst not aunter thee to say
 Some thing er thou came away,
 For thou hadest no more wonne,
 To speake of her when thou begonne :
 But yet if she would for thy sake,
 In armes goodly thee have take,
 It should have be more worth to thee,
 Than of treasure great plentee.

“ Thus shalt thou mourne and eke complain,
 And yet encheson to gone again,
 Unto thy walke, or to thy place,
 Where thou beheld her fleshy face,
 And never for false suspencion,
 Thou wouldest finde occasion,
 For to gone unto her house,
 So art thou than desirouse,
 A sight of her for to have,
 If thou thine honour mightest save,
 Or any errand mightest make
 Thider, for thy loves sake :
 Full faine thou wouldest, but for dreede
 Thou goest not, least that men take heede,
 Wherefore I read in thy going,
 And also in thine againe comming,
 Thou be well ware that men ne wit,
 Feine thee other cause than it,
 To goe that way, or faste bie,
 To heale well is no follie :
 And if so be it happe thee,
 That thou thy love there mayst see,
 In siker wise thou her salewe,
 Wherewith thy colour wolt transmewe,
 And eke thy bloud shall all to quake,
 Thy hewe eke chaungen for her sake,
 But word and wit, with chere full pale
 Shall want for to tell thy tale,
 And if thou mayest so ferre forth winne,
 That thou reason durst beginne,
 And wouldest saine three things or mo,

Thou shalt full scarcely saine the two,
 Though thou bethinke thee never so welc,
 Thou shalt foryete yet some dele.

“ But if thou deale with trechery,
 For false lovers mowe all fouly
 Sain what hem lust withouten dred,
 They be so double in hir falsshed,
 For they in herte can thinke o thing
 And saine another, in hir speaking,
 And when thy spech is ended all,
 Right thus to thee it shall befall :
 If any word than come to minde,
 That thou to say hast left behinde,
 Than thou shalt brenne in great martire,
 For thou shalt brenne as any fire,
 This is the strife and eke the affraie,
 And the battaile that lasteth aie :
 This bargaine end may never take,
 But if that she thy peacc will make.

“ And when the night is comen anon,
 A thousand angres shall come upon,
 To bed as fast thou wolt thee dight,
 There thou shalt have but small delight,
 For when thou wenest for to sleepe,
 So full of peine shalt thou creepe,
 Stert in thy bed about full wide,
 And turne full oft on everie side :
 Now downward groffe, and now upright,
 And wallow in woe the longe night,
 Thine armes shalt thou sprede abrede,
 As man in warre were forwerde.
 Than shalt the come a remembrance
 Of her shape and her semblance,
 Whereto none other may be pere,
 And wete thou well without were,
 That thee shall see sometime that night,
 That thou hast her, that is so bright,
 Naked betweene thine armes there,
 All soothfastnesse as though it were ;
 Thou shalt make castles than in Spaine,
 And dreame of joy, all but in vaine,
 And thee delighen of right nought,
 While thou so slumbrest in that thought,
 That is so sweete and delitable,
 The which in sooth n'is but a fable,
 For it ne shall no while last ;
 Than shalt thou sigh and weepe fast,
 And say ‘ Deere God, what thing is this,
 My dreame is turned all amis,
 Which was full sweet and apparent :
 But now I wake it is all shent,
 Now yede this merry thought away,
 Twentie times upon a day
 I would this thought would come againe,
 For it alleggeth well my paine,
 It maketh me full of joyfull thought,
 It sleeth me that it lasteth nought.
 Ah Lord, why nil ye me succour ?
 The joy I trow that I langour,
 The death I would me shoulde slo,
 While I lye in her armes two,
 Mine harme is hard withouten wene,
 My great uncease full oft I mene.

“ But woulde Love do so I might
 Have fully joy of her so bright,
 My paine were quit me richely,
 Alas too great a thing aske I :
 It is but folly, and wrong wening,

To aske so outrageous a thing,
 And who so asketh folly,
 He mote be warned hastily,
 And I ne wote what I may say,
 I am so ferre out of the way,
 For I would have full great liking,
 And full great joy of lasse thing,
 For would she of her gentlenessse,
 Withouten more, me ones kesse,
 It were to me a great gerdon,
 Release of all my passion :
 But it is hard to come thereto,
 All is but folly that I do,
 So high I have mine herte set,
 Where I may no comfort get,
 I wote not where I say well or nought,
 But this I wote well in my thought,
 That it were bett : of her alone
 For to stint my woe and moue :
 A looke on her I cast goodly,
 That for to have all utterly,
 Of another all hole the play.
 Ah Lord, where I shall bide the day
 That ever she shall my ladie be,
 He is full cured, that may her see.
 Ah God, when shall the dawning spring,
 To ligen thus as an angrie thing,
 I have no joy thus here to lye,
 When that my love is not me bye :
 A man to lye hath great disease,
 Which may not sleepe no rest in case,
 I would it dawed, and were now day,
 And that the night were went away,
 For were it day, I would up rise,
 Ah slowe Sunne, shew thine cprise,
 Speede thee to spread thy beames bright,
 And chase the darknessse of the night,
 To put away the stoundes strong,
 Which in me lasten all too long.
 " The night shalt thou continue so,
 Without rest, in paine and wo,
 If ever thou knew of love distresse,
 Thou shalt no learne in that sicknesse,
 And thus enduring shalt thou lye,
 And rise on morow up earlye,
 Out of thy bed, and harnois thee
 Er ever dawning thou maigest see :
 All privily than shalt thou gone,
 What whider it be, thy selfe alone,
 For raine, or haille, for snow, for slete,
 Thider she dwelleth that is so swete,
 The which may fall aslepe bee,
 And thinketh but little upon thee.
 Than shalt thou goe, full foule aferde,
 Looke if the gate be unsperde,
 And waite without in woe and paine,
 Full evill a cold in mind and raine :
 Than shalt thou goe the dore before,
 If thou mayest finde any shore,
 Or hole, or refit, what ever it were,
 Than shalt thou stonpe, and lay to care
 If they within a sleepe be,
 I meane all save thy ladie free,
 Whom waking if thou mayest espie,
 Goe put thy selfe in jeoparddie,
 To aske grace, and thee bimene,
 That she may wete without wene,
 That thou all night no rest hast had,
 So sore for her thou were bestad.
 " Women well ought pitie to take

Of hem that sorowen for hir sake.
 And looke for love of that relieke,
 That thou thinke none other like,
 For whan thou hast so great annoy,
 Shall kisse thee er thou goe away,
 And hold that in full great deintee,
 And for that no man shall thee see
 Before the house, ne in the way,
 Looke thou be gon againe er day.
 Suche comming, and suche going,
 Such heavinessse, and such walking,
 Maketh lovers withouten wene,
 Under hir clothes pale and lenc,
 For Love leaveth colour ne clearnesse,
 Who loveth trew hath no fatnesse,
 Thou shalt well by thy selfe see
 That thou must needs assaied bee :
 For men that shape hem other way
 Falsely hir ladies to betray,
 It is no wonder though they be fatte,
 With false othes her loves they gatte,
 For oft I see such losengeours
 Fatter than abbots or priours.
 " Yet with o thing I thee charge,
 That is to say, that thou be large
 Unto the maid, that her doth serve,
 So best her thanke thou shalt deserve.
 Yeve her giftes, and get her graca,
 For so thou may thanke purchase,
 That she thee worthy hold and fress,
 Thy ladie, and all that may thee see.
 Also her servaunts worship aie,
 And please as muche as thou maie,
 Great good through hem may come to thee,
 Because with her they been priver :
 They shall her tell how they thee fand
 Curteous and wise, and well doand,
 And she shall preise well thee more.
 Looke out of lond thou be not fore,
 And if such cause thou have, that thee
 Behoveth to gone out of countree,
 Leave hole thine herte in hostage,
 Till thou againe make thy passage,
 Thinke long to see the swete thing
 That hath thine heart in her keeping.
 " Now have I told thee, in what wise
 A lover shall doe me scrive,
 Do it than, if thou wolte have
 The mede that thou after crave."

WHEN Love all this had boden me,
 I said him : " Sir, how may I be
 That lovers may in such manere,
 Endure the paine ye have sayd here ?
 I marvaile me wonder fast,
 How any man may live or last
 In suche paine, and such brenning,
 In sorrow and thought, and such sighing,
 Aie unrelieas woe to make,
 Whether so it be they sleepe or wake,
 In such annoy continually,
 As helpe me God this marvaile I
 How man, but he were made of steele,
 Might live a moneth, such pains to feele."

THE God of love then sayd me,
 " Friend, by the faith I owe to thee,
 May no man have good, but he it buy :
 A man loveth more tenderly
 The thing that he hath bought most dere.

For wete thou well without were,
 In thanke that thing is taken more,
 For which a man hath suffred sore :
 Certes no woe ne may attaine,
 Unto the sore of loves paine,
 None evill thereto ne may amount,
 No more than a man couit
 The drops that of the water bee :
 For drie as well the grete see
 Thou mightest, as the harmes tell
 Of hem that with Love dwell
 In service, for paine hem sleeth,
 And that ech would flee the death
 And trowe they should never escape,
 Nere that hope couth hem make,
 Glad as man in prison sete,
 And may not getten for to ete
 But barly bread, and water pure,
 And lyeth in vermin and in ordure,
 With all this yet can he live,
 Good hope such comfort hath him yeve,
 Which maketh wene that he shall be
 Delivered and come to libertie,
 In fortune is full trust,
 Though he lye in straw or dust,
 In hope is all his sustaining :
 And so faire lovers in her wening,
 Which love hath set in his prison
 Good hope is her salvation :
 Good hope (how sore that they smart)
 Yeveth hem both will and hart
 To profer her body to martire,
 For hope so sore doth hem desire
 To suffer each harme that men devise,
 For joy that afterward shall arise.

“ Hope in desire catch victorie,
 In hope of love is all the glorie,
 For hope is all that love may yeve,
 Nere hope, there should no longer live.
 Blessed be hope, which with desire,
 Avaunceth lovers in such manere.
 Good hope is curteis for to please,
 To keepe lovers from all disease.
 Hope keepeth his lond, and woll abide,
 For any perill that may betide,
 For hope to lovers, as most chiefe,
 Doth hem endure all mischiefe,
 Hope is hir helpe whan mistere is.
 And I shall yeve thee eke ywis,
 Three other thinges, that great sollace
 Doth to hem that be in my lace.

“ The firste good that may be found,
 To hem that in my lace be bound,
 s swete thought, for to record
 Thing wherewith thou canst accord
 Best in thine herte, where she be,
 Thinking in absence is good to thee.
 Whan any lover doth complaine,
 And liveth in distresse and in paine
 Than swete thought shall come as blive,
 Away his anger for to drive,
 It maketh lovers to have remembrance
 Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
 That hope hath hight him for to winne,
 For thought anone than shall beginne,
 As farre God wote as he can finde,
 To make a mirrour of his minde,
 For to behold he woll not let,
 Her person he shall afore him set,

Her laughing eyen persaunt and clere,
 Her shape, her form, her goodly chere,
 Her mouth that is so gracious,
 So swete, and eke so savourous,
 Of all her festers he shall take heed,
 His eyen with all her hames feed.

“ Thus swete thinking shall aswage
 The paine of lovers, and hir rage,
 Thy joy shall double without gesse
 Whan thou thinkest on her secmelinesse,
 Or of her laughing, or of her chere
 That to thee made thy lady dere,
 This comfort woll I that thou take,
 And if the next thou wolt forsake
 Which is not lesse savourous,
 Thou shouldest not ben too daungerous.

“ The second shall be swete speche,
 That hath to many one be leche,
 To bring hem out of woe and were,
 And helpe many a bachelere,
 And many a ladie sent succour,
 That have loved paramour,
 Through speaking, whan they might heare,
 Of hir lovers to hem so deare :
 To me it voideth all hir smart,
 The which is closed in hir hart.
 In heart it maketh hem glad and light,
 Speech, whan they mowe have sight.
 And therefore now it commeth to mind,
 In olde dawes as I find,
 That clerkes writen that her knew,
 There was a ladie fresh of hew,
 Which of her love made a song,
 On him for to remember among,
 In which she said, ‘ Whan that I heare
 Speaken of him that is so deare,
 To me it voideth all smart,
 Ywis he sitteth so nere mine hart,
 To speake of him at eve or morrow,
 It cureth me of all my sorrow,
 To me is none so high plesaunce
 As of his person daliaunce :
 She wist full well that sweet speaking
 Comforteth in full muche thing,
 Her love she had full well assaide,
 Of him she was full well assaide,
 To speake of him her joy was set.
 Therefore I read thee that thou get
 A fellow that can well counsele,
 And keepe thy counsaile, and welhele
 To whom goe shew wholly thine hart
 Both wele and woe, joy and smart :
 To get comfort to him thou go,
 And prively between you two,
 Ye shall speake of that goodly thing,
 That hath thine heart in her keeping,
 Of her beaute and her semblance,
 And of her goodly countenance,
 Of all thy state, thou shalt him say,
 And aske him counsaile how thou may,
 Do any thing that may her please,
 For it to thee shall doe great ease,
 That he may wete thou trust him so,
 Both of thy wele and of thy wo.
 And if his heart to love be sette,
 His companie is much the bette,
 For reason woll he shew to thee
 All utterly his privite,
 And what she is he loveth so

To thee plainly he shall undo,
 Without drede of any shame,
 Both tell her renome and her name.
 Than shall he further faire and nere,
 And namely to thy ladie dece
 In siker wise, ye every other,
 Shall helpen as his owne brother,
 In trouthe without doublesse,
 And kepen close in sikernesse :
 For it is noble thing in fay,
 To have a man thou darste say
 Thy privie counsaile everie dele,
 For that wolle comfort thee right wele,
 And thou shalt hold thee well apaide,
 When such a friend thou hast assaide.

“THE thirde good of great comfort
 That yeveth to lovers most disport,
 Commeth of sight and beholding,
 That cleped is swete looking,
 The whiche may thee none ease do,
 Whan thou art ferre thy ladie fro,
 Wherefore thou prese alway to be
 In place, where thou mayest her see :
 For it is thing most amerous
 Most delectable and saverous,
 For to asswage a mannes sorrow
 To seen his ladie by the morrow,
 For it is a full noble thing
 Whan thine eyen have meeting,
 With that relike precious,
 Whereof they be so desirous.
 But all day after sooth it is,
 They have no drede to faren amis,
 They dreden neither wilde ne raine,
 Ne none other manner paine :
 For when thine eyen were thus in blisse,
 Yet of her courtesie ywisse
 Alone they cannot have hir joy,
 But to the herte they convey
 Part of hir blisse, to him thou send,
 Of all this harme to make an end.

“The eye is a good messenger,
 Which can to the heart in such manner
 Tidinges sende, that hath sene
 To voude him of his paines cleue :
 Whereof the heart rejoyseth so
 That a great partie of his wo
 Is voided, and put away to flight.
 Right as the darkenesse of the moone,
 Right so is all his wo full soone
 Devoided cleane, wian that the sight
 Beholden may that fresh wight
 That the herte desireth so,
 That all his darknesse is ago,
 For than the herte is all at ease,
 When they seen that may hem please.

“Now have I declared thee all out,
 Of that thou were in dread and dout,
 For I have told thee faithfully,
 What thee may curen utterly,
 And all lovers that woll be
 Faithfull, and full of stabilite,
 Good hope alway keepe by thy side,
 And sweet thought make eke abide,
 Swcet looking and sweet speche,
 Of all thine harmes they shall be leche,
 Of everie thou shalt have great pleasaunce,
 If thou canst bide in sufferance,

And serve well without feintise,
 Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise
 With more guerdoun, if that thou live,
 But all this time this I thee yeve.”

THE god of love, whan all the day
 Had taught me, as ye have heard say,
 And enforced compendously,
 He vanished away all sodainly,
 And I alone left all sole,
 So full of complaint and of dole,
 For I saw no man there me by.
 My woundes me greeved wonderly,
 Me for to curen nothing I knewe,
 Save the bothum bright of hewe,
 Whereon was sette hooly my thought,
 Of other comfort knew I nought,
 But it were through the God of Love,
 I knew nat else to my behove
 That might me ease or comfort gette,
 But if he would him entermette.

The roser was withouten dout
 Closed with an hedge without,
 As ye tofome have heard me saine,
 And fast I besied, and would faine
 Have passed the haie, if I might
 Have gotten in by any sleight
 Unto the bothum so faire to see,
 But ever I dradde blamed to bee,
 If men would have suspicion
 That I would of entencion
 Have stole the roses that there were,
 Therefore to enter I was in fere.
 But at the last, as I bethought
 Whether I should passe or nought,
 I sawe come with a glad chere
 To me, a lusty bachelere,
 Of good stature and of good height,
 And BIALACOIL forsooth he height :
 Sonne he was to Curtesie,
 And he me graunted full gladly,
 The passage of the utter hay,
 And sayd : “Sir, how that you may
 Passe, if your will be
 The freshe roser for to see :
 And ye the swete savour fele,
 Your warrans may right wele,
 So thou thee keepe fro folly,
 Shall no man doe thee villany,
 If I may helpe you in ought,
 I shali not faine, dredeth nought,
 For I am bound to your servise,
 Fully devoid of feintise.”
 Than unto Bialacoil sayd I,
 “I thanke you sir full hartely,
 And your behest take at gree,
 That ye so goodly profer mee,
 To you it commeth of great fraunchise,
 That ye me profer your servise.”
 Than after full deliverly,
 Through the breres anon went I,
 Whereof encombred was the haie,
 I was well pleased, the soth to saie,
 To se the bothum faire and swote,
 So freshe sprong out of the rote.

AND Bialacoil me served wele,
 Whan I so nigh me might fele
 Of the bothum the sweet odour,
 And so lusty hewed of colour :

But than a chorle, foule him betide,
Beside the roses gan him hide,
To keepe the roses of that rosere,
Of whom the name was DAUGERE :
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Covered with grasse and with leves,
To spic and take whom that he fond
Unto that roser put an hond.

He was not sole, for there was mo,
For with him were other two
Of wicked manners, and evil fame,
That one was cleped by his name,
Wicked Tongue, God yeve him sorrow,
For neither at eve ne at morrow,
He can of no man good speake,
On many a just man doth he wreake.

There was a woman that eke hight
SHAME, that who can reckon right,
Trespasse was her fathers name,
Her mother Reason, and thus was Shame
Brought of these ilke two :
And yet had Trespasse never ado
With Reason, ne never leic her by,
He was hidous and so ugly,
I meane this that Trespasse hight,
But Reason conceiveth of a sight,
Shame of that I spake afore.

And whan that Shame was thus borne,
It was ordained, that Chastite,
Should of the roser lade be :
Which of the bothums more and las,
With sundrie folkes assailed was,
That she ne wiste what to do,
For Venus her assaileth so,
That night and day for her she stall
Bothums and roses over all.
To Reason than prayeth Chastite,
Whom Venus hath flemed over the see,
That she her daughter would her lene,
To keepe the roser fresh and grene.

Anon Reason to Chastite
Is fully assented that it be,
And graunted her at her request,
That Shame, because she is honest,
Shall keeper of the roser be :
And thus to keepe it, there were three,
That none should hardy be ne bold,
(Were he young or were he old)
Againe her will away to bere
Bothums ne roses, that there were.
I had well sped, had I nat been
Awaited with these three, and seen :
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,
So gracious and debonaire,
Quitte him to me full courteously,
And me to please badde that I,
Should drawe to the bothum nere,
Prese in to touche the rosere
Which bare the roses, he yave me leve,
This graunt ne might but little greve :
And for he saw it liked me,
Right nigh the bothum pulled he
A leafe all grene, and yave me that
The which full nigh the bothum sat.
I made of that leafe full quaint,
And whan I felt was acquieint
With Bialacoil, and so prive,
I wende all my will had be.
Than wext I hardy for to tell
To Bialacoil how me befel,

Of love, that tooke and wounded me,
And sayd : " Sir, so mote I thee,
I may no joy have in no wise,
Upon no side, but it arise,
For sithe (if I shall not faine)
In herte I have had so great paine,
So great annoy, and such affaie,
That I ne wotte what I shall saie,
I drede your wrothe to deserve,
Lever me were, that knives kerve
My bodie should in peces small,
Than in any wise it should fall,
That ye wrothed should been with me."

" Say boldly thy will " (quod he)
" I will be wroth if that I may,
For nought that thou shalt to me say."

THAN sayd I, " Sir, not you displese,
To known of my great uncase,
In which only love hath me brought,
For paines great, discease and thought,
Fro day to day it doth me drie,
Supposeth not, sir, that I lie,
In me five woundes did he make,
The sore of which shall never slake,
But ye the bothum graunt me,
Which is most passaunt of beaute,
My life, my death, and my martire,
And treasour that I most desire."

Than Bialacoil affraied all
Sayd " Sir, it may not fall,
That ye desire it may not arise,
What would ye shend me in this wise :
A mokell foole than I were,
If I suffred you away to beare
The fresh bothum, so faire of sight,
For it were neither skill ne right,
Of the roser ye broke the rinde,
Or take the rose aorne his kinde ;
Ye are not courteous to aske it,
Let it still on the roser sit,
And let it grow till it amended be,
And perfectly come to beaute,
I nolde not that it pulled were,
Fro the roser that it bere,
To me it is so lefe and dere."
With that anon start out Daugere,
Out of the place where he was hidde,
His malice in his chere was kidded :
Full great he was and blacke of heve,
Sturdy, and hidous, who so him knewe,
Like sharpe urchons his haire was grow,
His eyes red sparkling as the fire glow,
His nose frounced full kyked stood,
He come criand as he were wood,
And sayd, " Bialacoil, tell me why
Thou bringest hider so boldly
Him that so nigh the rosere,
Thou worchest in a wrong manere,
He thinketh to dishonour thee,
Thou art well worthy to have maugre,
To let him of the rosere witte,
Who serveth a felon is evill quitte.
" Thou wouldest have done great bountee,
And he with shame would quit thee,
Fly hence, fellow, I rede thee go,
It wanteth little he woll thee slo,
For Bialacoil ne knew thee nought,
Whan thee to serve he set his thought,
For thou wolt shame him if thou might,

Both againe reson and right,
I woll no more in thee affie,
That comest so slightly for t'espie :
For it proveth wonder wele,
Thy sleight and treason everie dele."

I durst no more make there abode,
For the chorde he was so wode,
So gan he threath and taenacee,
And through the haie he did me chacee,
For feare of him I trembled and quoke,
So chorlishly his head he shoke,
And sayd, if eft he might me take,
I should not from his hands scape.
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
And I all soole di-consolate,
Was left alone in paine and thought,
Fro shame to death I was nigh brought.
Than thought I on my high folly,
How that my bodie utterly,
Was yve to paine and to martire,
And thereto had I so great ire,
That I ne durst the haies passe,
There was no hope, there was no grace,
I trow never man wist of paine,
But he were laced in Lov's chaine,
No no man, and sooth it is,
But if he love, what anger is.

Love holdeth his best to me right wele,
Whan paine (he sayd) I should fele,
No herte may thinke, no tongue saine,
A quarter of my woe and paine,
I might not with the anger last,
Mine heart in point was for to brast,
Whan I thought on the rose, that so,
Was through Daunger cast me fro,
A long while stoode I in that state,
Till that me sawe so madde and mate,
The ladie of the high ward,
Which from her tower looked thiderward.

Reason, men clepe that lady,
Which from her tower deliverly,
Come downe to me without more.
But she was neither young, ne here,
Ne high ne low, ne fat ne leame,
But best, as it were in a meane :
Her eyen two were clere and light
As any canille that brenneth bright,
And on her head she had a croune,
Her seemed well an high persoun :
For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche stones fret.
Her goodly semblant by devise,
I trow was made in Paradise,
For nature had never such a grace,
To forge a worke of such empace :
For certain, but if the letter be,
God him selfe, that is so hie,
Made her after his image,
And yafe her sith such advantage,
That she hath might and seignoury
To keepe men from all folly,
Who so well trowe her lore,
Ne may offenden nevermore.

And while I stoode this darke and pale,
Reason began to me her tale,
She saied : "Alhaile my swete friend,
Folly and childhod woll thee shend,
Which thee love put in great affray,
Thou hast bought dore time of May,
That made thine herte merrie to be "

In evill time thou wentest to see
The gardin, whereof Idlenessse
Bare the key and was maistresse
Whan thou yedest in the daunce
With her, and had acquaintance :
Her acquaintance is perillous,
First soft, and after noyous,
She hath thee trashed without wene,
The god of love had thee not sene,
Ne had Idlenessse thee conveyd
In the verge where Mirth him pleid,
If Folly have surprised thee,
Do so that it recovered be,
And be well ware to take no more
Counsaile, that greeveth after sore :
He is wise, that woll himselfe chastise.
" And though a young man in any wise
Trespasse among, and do folly,
Let him nat tarie, but hastily
Let him amend what so he mis,
And eke I counsaile thee ywis,
The god of love hooly foryet,
That hath thee in such paine set,
And thee in herte tormenteth so,
I cannot seen how thou maist go
Other waies thee to garisoun,
For Daunger, that is so feloun,
Felly purposeth thee to werrey,
Which is full cruell the sooth to sey.

" AND yet of Daunger cometh no blame,
In reward of my daughter Shame,
Which hath the roses in her ward,
As she that may be no musard,
And Wicked Tongue is with these two,
That suffreth no man thider go,
For er a thing be do he shall,
Where that he cometh over all,
In fortie places, if it be sought,
Saie thing that never was done ne wrought,
So much treason is in his male,
Of falsenesse for to faine a tale :
Thou dealest with angrie folke ywis,
Wherefore to thee better is,
From these folke away to fare,
For they woll make thee live in care ;
This is the evill that love they call,
Wherein there is but folly all,
For love is folly everie dele ;
Who loveth, in no wise may do wele,
Ne set his thought on no good werke,
His schoole he leseth, if he be a clerke,
Or other craft eke, if that he be,
He shall not thrive therein, for he
In love shall have more passiou,
Than monke, hermite, or chanoun :
This paine is hard out of mesure,
The joy may eke no while endure,
And in the possession,
Is much tribulation,
The joye it is so short lasting,
And but in hap is the getting ;
For I see there many in travaile,
That at last foule faile,
I was nothing thy counsaile,
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of love too hastily :
Where was no wisdome but folly,
Thine herte was jolly, but not sago,
Whan thou were brought in such a rage,

To yelde thee so readily,
And to Love of his great mai-trie.

“ I REDE thee Love away to drive,
That maketh the recche not of thy live,
The folly more fro day to day
Shall growe, but thou it put away ;
Take with thy teeth the bridle fast,
To daunt thy herte, and eke the cast
If that thou mayest, to get the defence
For to redresse thy first offence.
Who so his herte alway woll love,
Shall finde among that shall him greve.”

Whan I heard her thus me chastise,
I answered in full angrie wise,
I prayed her cesse of her speach,
Either to chastise me or teach,
To bidde me my thought refrain,
Which Love hath caught in his demein :
“ What wene ye Love woll consent,
(That me assaieth with bowe bent)
To draw mine herte out of his hond,
Which is so quickly in his bond ?
That ye counsaile, may never bec,
For whan he first arrested mee,
He took mine herte so sore him till,
That it is nothing at my will,
He thought it so him for to obeye.
That he it sparred with a key.
I pray you let me be all still,
For ye may well, if that ye will,
Your wordes wast in idlenessse,
For utterly withouten gesse,
All that ye saim is but in vaine,
Me were lever die in the paine,
Than Love to me ward should arette,
Falsched or treason on me sette,
I woll me get pris or blame,
And love true to save my name,
Who that me chastiseth, I him hate.”

With that word, Reason went her gate,
Whan she saw for no scorning
She might me fro my folly bring.
Than dismayed I left all soole,
Forwearie, forwarded as a keole,
For I ne knew ne chersaunce.
Than fell into my remembrance,
How Love bad me to purvey
A fellow, to whome I might sey
My counsaile and my privite,
For that shuld much availle me.

With that bethought I me, that I
Had a fellowe faste by,
True and siker, courteous, and hend,
And he called was by name a frend,
A truer fellowe was no where none,
In hast to him I went auone,
And to him all my woe I told,
Fro him right nought I would withhold,
I told him all without were,
And made my complaint on Daungere,
How for to see he was lidous,
And to me ward contrarious,
The whiche through his cruelte,
Was in point to have memmed me,
With Bialacoil whan he me sey
Within the gardin walke and pley,
Fro me he made him for to goe,
And I be left alone in woe :
I darst no longer with him speake,

For Daunger said he would be wreake,
Whan that he sawe how I went,
The freshe butum for to hent,
If I were hardie to come nere,
Betweene the haie and the rosere.

This frend when he wist of my thought,
He discomforted me right nought,
But said, “ Fellow, be nat so madde,
Ne so abashed nor bestadde,
My selfe I know full well Daungere,
And how he is fierce of chere,
At prime temps, Love to manace,
Full oft I have beene in his case ;
A felon first though that he be,
After thou shalt him souple see ;
Of long passed I knew him wele,
Ungodly first though men him fele,
He woll meeke after in his bering
Been, for service and obeissing :
I shall thee tell what thou shalt do :
Meekeley I rede thou go him to,
Of herte pray him specially
Of thy trespass to have mercy,
And hote him well here to please,
That thou shalt never more him displease :
Who can best serve of flattery,
Shall please Daunger utterly.”

My friend hath said to me so wele,
That he me eased hath somedeale,
And eke allegged of my tourment,
For through him had I hardement
Againe to Daunger for to go,
To preve if I might meeke him so.

To Daunger came I all ashamed,
The which aforne me had blamed,
Desiring for to pease my wo,
But over hedge durst I not go,
For he forbode me the passage :
I found him cruell in his rage,
And in his hond a great bourdoun.
To him I kneeled low adoun,
Full meeke of port, and simple of chere,
And said, “ Sir, I am comen here
Onely to aske of you mercy,
It greeveth me full greatly
That ever my life I wrathed you,
But for to amend I am come now,
With all my right, both loud and still,
To doen right at your owne will,
For Love made me for to do
That I have trespassed hiderto,
Fro whom I ne may withdraw mine herte,
Yet shall I never for joy ne smart
(What so befall good or ill)
Offende more againe your will,
Lever I have endure disease,
Than do that should you displease.

“ I you require, and pray that ye
Of me have mercy and pite,
To stint your ire that greveth so
That I woll swaere for evermo
To be redressed at your liking
If I trespass in any thing,
Save that (I pray thee) graunt
A thing, that may nat warne
That I may love all onely,
None other thing of you ask

I shall doen all ywis,
 If of your grace ye graunt me this,
 And ye may not letten mee,
 For well wote ye that love is free :
 And I shall loven such that I will,
 Whoever like it well or ill :
 And yet ne would I not for all Fraunce
 Doe thing to do you displeasaunce."

Than Daunger fell in his entent
 For to foryeve his male talent,
 But all his wrathe yet at last
 He hath released, I praide so fast :
 "Shortly" (he saied) "thy request
 Is not too mokell dishonest,
 Ne I woll not werne it thee,
 For yet nothing engreueveth mee :
 For though thou love thus evermore,
 To me is nether soft ne sore :
 Love where that thee list, what recceheth me,
 So ferre fro my roses be :
 Trust not on me for none assaie,
 In any time to passe the haie."

Thus hath he graunted my prayere,
 Than went I forth withouten were
 Unto my frend, and told him all,
 Which was right joyfull of my tale,
 (He saied) "Now goeth well thine affaire,
 He shall to thee be debonaire,
 Though he aforne was dispitous,
 He shall hereafter be gracious :
 If he were touched on some good veine,
 He should yet rewen on thy peine,
 Suffer I rede, and no boast make,
 Til thou at goodness must him take."

By suffraunce, and by wordes soft,
 A man may overcome oft
 Him that aforne he had in drede,
 In bookes soothly as I rede.
 Thus hath my friend with great comfort
 Avaunced me with high disport,
 Which would me good, as much as I :
 And than anon full sodainely
 I tooke my leave, and streight I went
 Unto the haie, for great talent
 I had to sene the fresh bothum,
 Wherein lay my salvation,
 And Daunger tooke keepe, if that I
 Keepe him covenant truly ;
 So sore I dread his maneing,
 I durst not breake his bidding,
 For least that I were of him shent,
 I brake not his commaundement,
 For to purchase his good will,
 It was for to come there till,
 His mercy was too ferre behind
 I kept, for I ne might it find.
 I complained and sighed sore,
 And languished evermore,
 For I durst nat overgo,
 Unto the rose I loved so,
 Throughout my deeming utterly,
 That he had knowledge certainly :
 Than Love me ladde in such a wise,
 That in me there was no feintise,
 Falshood, ne no trecherie :
 And yet he full of villanie,
 Of disdaine, and crueltie,
 On me ne would have pitie
 His cruell will for to refraine,
 Tho I wept alway, and me complaine.

AND while I was in this turment,
 Were come of grace, by God sent,
 Fraunchise, and with her Pity,
 Fulfild the bothum of bounty :
 They go to Daunger anon right
 To ferther me with all hir might,
 And helpe in worde and in deed,
 For well they saw that it were need.
 First of her grace dame Fraunchise
 Hath taken of this emprise :
 She saied, "Daunger great wrong ye do
 To worche this man so much wo,
 Or pinen him so angerly,
 It is to you great villany :
 I cannot see why ne how
 That he hath trespassed againe you,
 Save that he loveth, wherefore ye shold
 The more in charite of him hold :
 The force of love maketh him do this,
 Who would him blame he did amis.
 He leveth more than he may do,
 His paine is hard, ye may see lo :
 And love in no wise would consent
 That ye have power to repent,
 For though that quicke ye would him slo,
 Fro love his herte may nat go.

"Now swete sir, it is your ease
 Him for to anger or disease.
 Alas, what may it you avauce
 To doen to him so great greavaunce ?
 What worship is it againe him take,
 Or on your man a werre make,
 Sith he so lowly every wise
 Is ready, as ye lust leveise ?
 If Love have caught him in his laas,
 You for to beye in every caas,
 And been your subject at your will,
 Should ye therefore willen him ill ?
 Ye shuld him spare more all out,
 Than him that is both proud and stout :
 Courtesie would that ye succoure
 Hem that been meeke under your cure :
 His herte is hard that woll not meeke,
 Whan men of meekenesse him beseeke."

"This is certain," saied Pitie,
 "We see oft that humilifie,
 Both ire, and also felonie
 Venquisheth, and also malanchollie,
 To stonde forth in such duresse
 This crueltie and wickednesse :
 Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere
 For to maintaine no lenger here
 Such cruell warre againe your man,
 As wholly yours as ever he can,
 Nor that ye worenen no more wo
 Upon this cattife that languisheth so,
 Which woll no more to you trespae,
 But put him wholly in your grace :
 His offence ne was but lite,
 The god of love it was to wite,
 That he your thrall so greatly is,
 And if ye harme him ye doen amis,
 For he hath had full hard pennaunce,
 Sith that ye reft him thaquintaunce,
 Of Bialacoil, his most jole,
 Which all his paines might accoie :
 He was before annoyed sore,
 But than ye doubled him well more,
 For he of blisse hath been full bare,

Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare :
 Love hath to him great distresse,
 He hath no need of more duresse :
 Voideth from him your ire I rede,
 Ye may not winnen in this dede,
 Maketh Bialacoil repaire againe,
 And haveth pitie upon his paine,
 For Fraunchise wolle, and I Pite,
 That mercifull to him ye be,
 And sith that she and I accorde,
 Have upon him misericorde,
 For I you pray, and eke moneste,
 Nought to refusoun our requeste :
 For he is hard and fell of thought,
 That for us two wolle doe right nought."

Daunger ne might no more endure,
 He meeked him unto measure.
 "I wolle in no wise," saith Daungere,
 "Denie that ye have asked here :
 It were too great uncurtesie,
 I wolle he have the companie
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devise,
 I wolle him let in no wise."

To Bialacoil than went in hie,
 Fraunchise, and saied full curtesie :
 "Ye have too long be deignous
 Unto this lover, and daungerous
 Fro him to withdraw your presence,
 Which hath do to him great offence,
 That ye not wolle upon him see,
 Wherefore a sorrowfull man is hee :
 Shape ye to pay him, and to please,
 Of my love if ye wolle have ease,
 Fulfill his will, sith that ye know
 Daunger is daunted and brought low
 Through helpe of me and of Pite
 You dare no more aferde be."
 "I shall do right as ye will"
 Saith Bialacoil, "for it is skill,
 Sith Daunger wolle that it so be :"
 Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.

BIALACOIL at the beginning
 Salued me in his comming,
 No straungenesse was in him seene,
 No more than he had wrathed been,
 As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,
 And goodly, as aforne did he,
 And by the honde without dout,
 Within the haic right all about,
 He lad me with right good chere,
 All environ the vergere,
 That Daungere had me chased fro :
 Nor have I leave over all to go,
 Now am I raised at my devise
 Fro Hell unto Paradise.
 Thus Bialacoil of gentlenessse
 With all his paine and businesse,
 Hath shewed me onely of grace
 The efters of the swote place.

I saw the rose when I was nigh,
 Was greater woxen, and more high,
 Freshe, roddy, and faire of hew,
 Of colour ever ilche new :
 And whan I had it long seene,
 I saw that through the leaves greene,
 The rose spread to spannishing,
 To seene it was a goodly thing,
 But it ne was so sprede on brede,
 That men within might know the sede,

For it covert was and close
 Both with the leaves and with the rose,
 The stalke was even and grene upright,
 It was thereon a goodly sight,
 And well the better without wene
 For the seede was not sene,
 Full faire it sprad, the god of blesse,
 For such another, as I gesse,
 Aforne ne was, no more vermeile,
 I was abawed for marveile,
 For ever the fairer that it was,
 The more I am bounden in Loves laas.
 Long I abode there sooth to say,
 Till Bialacoil I gan to pray,
 Whan that I saw him in no wise
 To me warnen his servise,
 That he me wolle graunt a thing,
 Which to remember is well fitting :
 This is to saine, that of his grace
 He wolle me yeve leisure and space
 To me that was so desirous
 To have a kissing precious
 Of the goodly fresh rose,
 That so sweetly smelleth in my nose,
 "For if it you displeasid nought,
 I wolle gladly, as I have sought,
 Have a kiss thereof freely
 Of your yeft, for certainly
 I wolle none have but by your leve,
 So loth me were you for to greve."

He saied, "Frend, so God me sped,
 Of Chastitie I have such drede,
 Thou shouldest not warnen be for me,
 But I dare not for Chastite :
 Againe her dare I not misdo,
 For alway biddeth she me so
 To yeve no lover leave to kisse,
 For who therto may wimmen ywisse,
 He of the surplus of the praie
 May live in hope to get some day,
 For who so kissing may attaine,
 Of loves paine hath (sooth to saine)
 The best and moste avenaunt,
 And earnest of the remenaunt."

Of his answer I sighed sore,
 I durst assay him tho no more,
 I had such drede to greve him aye ;
 A man shuld not too much assaye
 To chafe his friend out of measure,
 Nor put his life in aventure ;
 For no man at the first stroke
 Ne may not fell downe an oke,
 Nor of the reisin have the wine,
 Till grapes be ripe and well afine,
 Be sore empressid, I you ensure,
 And drawn out of the pressure :
 But I forpeind wonder strong,
 Though that I abode right long
 And after the kisse, in paine and wo,
 Sith I to kisse desired so :
 Till that renning on my distresse,
 There come Venus the goddessse
 (Which aye verrich Chastite)
 Came of her grace to succour me,
 Whose might is know ferre and wide,
 For she is mother of Cupide,
 The god of Love, blinde as stone,
 That helpeth lovers many one.

This lady brought in her right hond
 Of brenning fire a blasing brond,
 Whereof the flame and hote fire
 Hath many a lady in desire
 Of love brought, and sore hette,
 And in her service her herte is sette.
 This lady was of good entayle,
 Right wonderfull of apparaille,
 By her attire so bright and shene,
 Men might perceiue well and sene,
 She was not of religioun :
 Nor I nill make mentioun
 Nor of robe, nor of treasour,
 Of broche, neither of her rich attour,
 Ne of her girdle about her side,
 For that I nill not long abide,
 But knoweth well, that certainly
 She was arraied richely ;
 Devoid of pride certaine she was,
 To Bialacoil she went aapaas,
 And to him shortly in a clause
 She said : " Sir, what is the cause
 Ye ben of port so daungerous
 Unto this lover, and dainous,
 To graunt him nothing but a kisse ?
 To warne it him ye done amisse,
 Sith well ye wot, how that hee
 Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,
 And hath beautie, wherthrough he is
 Worthy of love to have the blis :
 How he is seemely behold and see,
 How he is faire, how he is free,
 How he is swote and debonaire,
 Of age young, lusty, and faire,
 There is no lady so hautaine,
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chastelaine,
 That I nolde hold her ungodly,
 For to refuse him utterly.
 " His breath is also good and swete,
 And eke his lips roddy and mete,
 Onely to plaine, and to kisse,
 Graunt him a kisse of gentleness.
 " His teeth arn also white and clene,
 Me thinketh wrong withouten wene,
 If ye now warne him, trusteth me,
 To graunt that a kisse have he,
 The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,
 And the more time shull ye waste."
 When the flame of the very brond
 That Venus brought in her right hond,
 Had Bialacoil with his herte smete,
 Anone he bad me withouten lete,
 Graunt to me the rose kisse,
 Than of my paine I gan to lisse,
 And to the rose anon went I,
 And kissed it full faithfully :
 There need no man aske if I was blith,
 Whan the savour soft and lith
 Stroke to mine herte without more,
 And me allegged of my sore,
 So was I full of joy and blisse,
 It is faire such a flour to kisse,
 It was so swote and saverous,
 I might not be so anguishous,
 That I mote glad and jolly be,
 Whan that I remembre me,
 Yet ever among sootilly to saine,
 I suffer noie and muchie paine.

The sec may never be so still,

That with a little wind at will
 Overhelme and tourné also,
 As it were wood in wawes go,
 After the calme the trouble soone
 Mote follow, and change as the Moone.
 Right so fareth Love, that selde in one
 Holdeth his anker, for right anone
 Whan they in ease wene best to live,
 They ben with tempest all fordrive :
 Who serveth Love, can tell of wo,
 The stoundmele joy mote overgo,
 Now he hurteth, and now he cureth,
 For selde in o point Love endureth.
 Now is it right me to proceed,
 How Shame gan meddle and take heed,
 Through whom fell angers I have hade,
 And how the strong wall was made,
 And the castle of brede and length,
 That god of love wan with his strength :
 All this romance will I set,
 And for no thing ne will I let,
 So that it liking to her be,
 That is the flour of beaute,
 For she may best my labour quite,
 That I for her love shall endite.
 Wicked Tongue, that the covine
 Of every lover can devine
 Worst, and addeth more somdele
 (For wicked tongue saith never wele)
 To me ward bare he right great hate,
 Espying me early and late,
 Till he hath seene the great chere
 Of Bialacoil and me yfere :
 He might not his tongue withstonde
 Worse to reporte than he fonde,
 He was so full of cursed rage ;
 It sat him wele of his linage,
 For him an irous woman bare ;
 His tongue was filed sharpe and square,
 Poignant and right kerving,
 And wonder bitter in speaking ;
 For whan that he me gan espy,
 He swore (affirming sikerly)
 Betweene Bialacoil and me
 Was evill acquaintaunce and prive :
 He spake thereof so foliie,
 That he awaked Jelousie,
 Which all atraied in his rising,
 Whan that he heard jangling,
 He ran anon as he were wood
 To Bialacoil there that he stood,
 Which had lever in this caas
 Have ben at Reines or Amias,
 For fote hote in his fellonie,
 To him thus said Jelousie :
 " Why hast thou ben so negligent,
 To keepen, whan I was absent,
 This verger here left in thy ward ?
 To me thou haddest no regard,
 To trust (to thy confusion)
 Him thus, to whom suspicion
 I have right great, for it is nede,
 It is well shewed by the dede.
 Great fault in thee now have I found,
 By God anon thou shalt be bound,
 And faste locken in a toure,
 Without refuite or succoure.

" For Shame too long hath be thee fro,
 Oversoone she was ago,

Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere,
It seemed well she was not here,
She was busie in no wise,
To keepe thee and chastise,
And for to helpen Chastite
To keepe the roser, as thinketh me,
For then this boy knave so boldly,
Ne should not have be hardy
In this verge had such game,
Which now me turneth to great shame."

BIALACOIL mist what to say,
Full faine he would have fled away,
For feare have hid, nere that he
All suddainly tooke him with me :
And whan I saw he had so,
This Jelousie take us two,
I was astonied, and knew no rede,
But fled away for very drede.

Then Shame came forth full simply,
She wende have tres-paced full greatly,
Humble of her port, and made it simple,
Wearing a vaille in stede of wimple,
As nonnes done in hir abbey :
Because her herte was in affray,
She gan to speake within a throw
To Jelousie, right wonder low.

First of his grace she besought,
And said : " Sir, ne leveth nought
Wicked Tongue, that false espie,
Which is so glad to faine and lie,
He hath you made, through flattering,
On Bialacoil a false leasing :
His falsnesse is not now anew,
It is too long that he him knew :
This is not the first daie,
For Wicked Tongue hath custome aie,
Younge folkes to bewric,
And false lesings on hem lie.

" Yet neverthelesse I see among,
That the soigne it is so long
Of Bialacoil, hertes to lure,
In Loves service for to endure,
Drawing suche folke him to,
That he had nothing with to do,
But in soothnesse I trowe nought,
That Bialacoil had ever in thought
To do trespase or villanie,
But for his mother Curtesie
Hath taught him ever to be
Good of acquaintance and prive,
For he loveth none heavinesse,
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse ;
He hateth all trechous,
Soleine folke and envious :
For ye weten how that he
Woll ever glad and joyfull be
Honestly with folke to play :
I have be negligent in good fay
To chastise him, therefore now I
Of herte I erie you here mercy,
That I have ben so recheles
To tamen him withouten lees,
Of my folly I me repent,
Now woll I hole set mine entent
To keepe both low and still
Bialacoil to do your will."

" Shame, Shame " (said Jelousy)
" To be bitrashed great drede have I,
" Lecherie hath clour'ed so his

That almost bleared is mine eye,
No wonder is, if that drede have I,
Over all reigneth Lechery,
Whose might groweth night and day,
Both in cloyster and in abbay,
Chastite is werried over all,
Therefore I woll with siker wall
Close both roses and rosere,
I have too long in this manere
Left hem unclosed wilfully :
Wherefore I am right inwardly
Sorrowfull, and repent me,
But now they shall no lenger be
Unclosed, and yet I drede sore,
I shall repent fethermore,
For the game goeth all amis,
Counsaille I must new ywis,
I have too long trusted thee,
But now it shall no lenger be :
For he may best in every cost
Deceive that men trusten most :
I see well that I am nigh shent,
But if I set my full entent
Remedye to purvay :
Wherefore close I shall the way
From hem that woll the rose espie,
And come to wait me villanie,
For in good faith and in trowth
I woll not let for no slouth
To live the more in sikernesse,
Do make anon a fortresse,
Than close the roses of good savour ;
In middes shall I make a tour
To put Bialacoil in prison,
For ever I drede me of treason ;
I trow I shall him keepe so,
That he shall have no might to go
About to make compaignie
To hem that thinke of villanie,
Ne to no such as hath ben here
Aforne, and found in him good chero,
Which han assailed him to shend,
And with hir trowandise to blend,
A foole is eth to beguile,
But may I live a little while,
He shall forthinke his faire semblaunt "

And with that word came DREDE avaunt,
Which was abashed, and in great fere,
Whan he wist Jelousie was there.
He was for drede in such affray,
That not a worde durst he say,
But quaking stood full still alone
(Till Jelousie his way was gone)
Save Shame, that him not forsoke,
Both Drede and she full sore quoke,
That at last Drede abraide,
And to his cousin Shame saide.
" Shame " (he said) " in soothfastnesse,
To me it is great heavinesse,
That the noise so terris us go,
And the slauder of us two :
But sithe that it is befall,
We may it not againe call,
When once sprung is a fame :
For many a yeare withouten blame
We have ben, and many a day,
For many an April and many a May
We han passed, not a-hamed,
Till Jelousie hath us blamed
Of mistrust and suspicion

Causelesse, without encheson :
 Go we to Daunger hastily,
 And let us shew him openly,
 That he hath not aright wrought,
 Whan that he set not his thought
 To keepe better the purposse ;
 In his doing he is not wise.
 He hath to us do great wrong,
 That hath suffred now so long
 Bialacoil to have his will
 All his lustes to fulfill :
 He must amend it utterly,
 Or els shall he villainously
 Exiled be out of this lond :
 For he the warre may not withstond
 Of *Jelousie*, nor the grece,
 Sith Bialacoil is at mischeefe."

To Daunger, Shame and Drede anon
 The right way ben gon :
 The chorle they founde hem aforne
 Liggig under an hawthorne.
 Under his head no pillow was,
 But in the stede a trusse of gras :
 He slombred, and a nappe he toke,
 Till Shame pitously him shoke,
 And great manace on him gan make.
 "Why sleepest thou when thou should wake"
 (Quod Shame) "thou dost us villanie,
 Who trusteth thee, he doth follic,
 To keepe roses or bothums
 When they be faire in hir seasons :
 Thou art woxe too familiare
 Where thou should be straunge of chere,
 Stout of thy port, ready to greve :
 Thou doest great folly for to leve
 Bialacoil here in to call
 The yonger man to shenden us all :
 Though that thou sleepe, we may here,
 Of *Jelousie* great noise here,
 Art thou now late, rise up and hyc,
 And stop soone and deliverye
 All the gaps of the hay ;
 Do no favour I thee pray :
 It falleth nothing to thy name,
 To make fair semblant, were thou mayst blame

"In Bialacoil be sweet and free,
 Dogged and fell thou shuldest bee,
 Froward and outrageous ywis,
 A chorle chaungeth that curteis is :
 This have I heard oft in saying,
 That man may for no daunting
 Make a sparhaule of a bosarde :
 All men hold thee for mu-arde,
 That debonaire have founden thee,
 It sitteth thee nought curteis to beo,
 To do men pleasaunce or servise,
 In thee it is recreaundise :
 Let thy werkes ferre and nere
 Be like thy name, which is Daungere."

Then all abashed in shewing,
 Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,
 And said, "Daunger, I drede me,
 That thou ne wolt besie be
 To keepe that thou hast to keepe,
 When thou shuldest wake, thou art asleepe :
 Thou shalt be groeved certainly,
 If thee aspie *Jelousy*,

Or if he finde thee in blame.
 He hath to day assailed Shame,
 And chased away with great manace
 Bialacoil out of this place,
 And sweareth shortly that he shall
 Enclose him in a sturdy wall ;
 And all is for thy wickednesse,
 For that thee faileth straungenesse ;
 Thine herte I trow be failed all ;
 Thou shalt repent in speciall,
 If *Jelousie* the soothe knew,
 Thou shalt forthinke, and sore rew."
 With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake,
 Frowning his eye gan to make,
 And hidous chere, as man in rage,
 For ire he brent in his visage :
 Whan that he heard him blamed so,
 He said, "Out of my witte I go,
 To be discomfite I have great wrong,
 Certes, I have now lived too long,
 Sith I may not this closer keepe,
 All quicke I would be dolven deepe,
 If any man shall more repaire
 Into this garden for foule or faire,
 Mine herte for ire gotle afere,
 That I let any entre here,
 I have doe folly now I see,
 But now it shall amended be,
 Who setteth foot here any more,
 Truly he shall repent it sore,
 For no man more into this place
 Of me to enter shall have grace,
 Lever I had with swerdes twaine,
 Throughout mine herte, in every vaine
 Perced to be, with many a wound,
 Than slouth should in me be found :
 From henceforth by night or day,
 I shall defend it if I may
 Withouten any exception
 Of eache manner condition,
 And if I it any man graunt,
 Holdeth me for recreaunt."

THEN Daunger on his feet gan stond,
 And hent a burdon in his hond,
 Wroth in his ire ne left he nought,
 But through the verger he hath sought,
 If he might find hole or trace,
 Where through that me mote forth by pace,
 Or any gappe, he did it close,
 That no man might touch a rose
 Of the roser all about,
 He shetteth every man without.

Thus day by day Daunger is wers,
 More wonderfull and more divers,
 And feller eke than ever he was,
 For him full oft I sing alas,
 For I ne may nought through his ire
 Recover that I most desire :
 Mine herte alas wold brest atwo,
 For Bialacoil I wrathed so :
 For certainly in every member
 I quake, when I me remember
 Of the bothum, which I would
 Full oft a day seene and behold,
 And when I think upon the kisse,
 And how muche joy and blisse,
 I had through the savour swete,
 For want of it I grone and grete :
 Me thinketh I fele yet in my nose

The swete savour of the rose,
 And now I wote that I mote go
 So ferre the fresh floures fro,
 To me full welcome were the death,
 Absence thereof (alas) me sleeth,
 For whylome with this rose, alas,
 I touched nose, mouth, and face,
 But now the death I must abide ;
 But Love consent another tide,
 That ones I touch may and kisse,
 I trow my paine shall never lisse ;
 Thereon is all my covetise,
 Which brent my heart in many wise.
 Now shall repaire againe sighing,
 Long watch on nights, and no sleeping,
 Thought in wishing, turment, and wo,
 With many a turning to and fro,
 That halfe my paine I cannot tell,
 For I am fallen into Hell,
 From paradise and wealth, the more
 My turment greveth more and more,
 Annoyeth now the bitterness,
 That I toforne have felt sweetnesste,
 And Wicked Tongue, through his falshede,
 Causeth all my wo and drede,
 On me he lieth a pitous charge,
 Because his tongue was too large.

Now it is time shortly that I
 Tell you something of Jalousie,
 That was in great suspicion :
 About him left he no mason,
 That stone could lay, ne querroure,
 He hired hem to make a tour :
 And first the roses for to keepe,
 About hem made he a ditch deepe,
 Right wonder large, and also brode,
 Upon the whiche also stode
 Of squared stone a sturdy wall,
 Which on a cragge was founded all,
 And right great thicknesse eke it bare,
 About it was founded square
 An hundred fadome on every side,
 It was all liche long and wide,
 Least any time it were assailed,
 Full well about it was battailed,
 And round environ eke were set
 Full many a rich and faire tournet,
 At every corner of this wall
 Was set a tour full principall,
 And everiche had without fable
 A porteuillise defensible
 To keepe off enemies, and to greve,
 That there hir force would preve.

And eke amidde this purprise
 Was made a tour of great maistrise,
 A fairer saugh no man with sight,
 Large and wide, and of great might,
 They dradde none assaut,
 Of ginne, gonne, nor skaffaut,
 The temprure of the mortere
 Was made of liquor wonder dere,
 Of quicke lime persaut and egre,
 The which was tempered with vinegre.

The stone was hard of adamaunt,
 Whereof they made the foundemaunt,
 The toure was round made in compas,
 In all this world no richer was,
 Ne better ordained therewithall,
 About the tour was made a wall,
 So that betwixt that and the tour,

Roses were set of sweet savour,
 With many roses that they bere,
 And eke within the castle were
 Springolds, gounes, bowes, and archers,
 And eke about at corners
 Men seine over the wall stond
 Great engines, who were nere hond,
 And in the kernels here and there,
 Of arblasters great plentie were.
 None armour might hir stroke withstond,
 It were folly to prease to hond ;
 Without the diche were listes made,
 With wall battailed large and brade,
 For men and horse should not attaine
 Too nigh the diche over the plaine.
 Thus Jelousie hath environ
 Sette about his garnison
 With wallles round, and diche deepe,
 Onely the roser for to keepe,
 And Daunger early and late
 The keyes kept of the utter gate,
 The which opened toward the east,
 And he had with him at least
 Thirtie servants echone by name.

That other gate kept Shaune,
 Which opened, as it was couth,
 Toward the parte of the south,
 Sergeaunts assigned were her to
 Full many, her will for to do.
 Than Drede had in her baillie
 The keeping of the constaberie,
 Toward the north I understond,
 That opened upon the left hond,
 The which for nothing may be sure,
 But if she doe busie cure
 Early on morrow and also late,
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate :
 Of every thing that she may see,
 Drede is aferde, where so she bee,
 For with a pufte of little wind,
 Drede is astonied in her mind,
 Therefore for stealing of the rose,
 I rede her nat the yate unclose,
 A foules flight would make her flee,
 And eke a shaddow if she it see.

THAN Wicked Tongue full of envie,
 With souldiours of Normandie,
 As he that causeth all debate,
 Was keeper of the fourth gate,
 And also to the tother three,
 He went full ofte for to see.
 When his lotte was to walke a night,
 His instrumentes would he dight,
 For to blowe and make soune,
 Ofter than he hath enchesoune,
 And walken oft upon the wall,
 Corners and wickettes over all,
 Full narrow searchen and espie ;
 Though he nought fond, yet would he see
 Discordaunt ever fro armonie,
 And dissoned from melodie,
 Controve he would, and foule faile,
 With hornepipes of Cornewaile.
 In floytes made he discordeance,
 And in his musicke with mischaunce,
 He would seine with notes newe,
 That he fond no woman trew,
 Ne that he saw never in his life,
 Unto her husband a trew wife :

Ne none so full of honeste,
That she nill laugh and merry be,
Whan that she heareth or may espie
A man speken of lecherie.
Everiche of hem hath some vice,
One is dishonest, another is nice,
If one be full of villanie,
Another with a licourous cie,
If one be full of wantounnesse,
Another is a chidderesse.

Thus Wicked tong, God yeve him shame,
Can put hem everichone in blame,
Without desert and causelesse,
He lieth, though they ben guiltlesse ;
I have pity to see the sorrow,
That waketh both even and morrow,
To innocents doth such grevaunce,
I pray God yeve him evill chaunce,
That he ever so busie is,
Of any woman to scine amis.

Eke Jalousie God confound,
That hath made a toure so round,
And made about a garison,
To sette Bialacoil in prison,
The which is shette there in the tour,
Full long to holde there sojour,
There for live in penance,
And for to do him more grevaunce,
Which hath ordained Jalousie,
An olde vecke for to spie
The manner of his governaunce,
The which devill in her enfaunce
Had learned of Loves art,
And of his plays tooke her part,
She was expert in his servise,
She knew each wrenche and every gise
Of love, and every wile,
It was hard her to beguile.

Of Bialacoil she tooko aye hede,
That ever he liveth in wo and drede,
He kept him coy and eke privee,
Least in him she hadde see
Any folly countenance,
For she knew all the old daunce.

And after this, whan Jalousie
Had Bialacoil in his baillie,
And shette him up that was so free,
For sure of him he would bee,
He trusteth sore in his castell,
The strong werke him liketh well,
He draude nat that no gletous
Should steale his roses or bothoms,
The roses weren assured all
Defenced with the strong wall,
Now Jalousie full well may be
Of drede devoid in liberte,
Whether that he sleepe or wake,
For of his roses may none be take.

But I (alas) now mourne shall,
Because I was without the wall,
Full muche dole and mone I made,
Who had wist what wo I hade,
I trow he would have had pite,
Love too deare had solde me
The good that of his love had I,
I went about it all quaintly,
But now through doubling of my paine
I see he wolle it sell againe,
And me a new bargaine here,

The which all out the more is dere,
For the sollace that I have lorne,
Than I had it never aforme ;
Certaine I am full like indeed
To him that cast in earth his seed,
And hath joy of the new springing,
Whan it greeneth in the ginning,
And is also faire and fresh of flour,
Lustie to see, swote of odour,
But ere he it in his sheves shere,
May fall a weather that shall it dere,
And make it to fade and fall,
The stalke, the greine, and floures all,
That to the tiller is fordene,
The hope that he had too soone :
I drede certaine that so fare I,
For Hope and travaile silerly
Ben me heraft all with a storme,
The floure nill seden of my corne,
For Love hath so avauced me,
Whan I began my private,
To Bialacoil all for to tell,
Whom I ne found froward ne fell,
But tooke agree all whole my play ;
But Love is of so hard assay,
That all at ones he reved me,
Whan I went best aboven to have be.

It is of Love, as of Fortune,
That chaungeth oft, and nill contune,
Which whylome wolle of folke smile,
And glombe on hem another while,
Now friend, now foe, shalt her feele,
For a twinkling tourneth her wheele.

She can writhe her head away,
This is the concourse of her play,
She can areise that doeth mourne,
And whirle adoune, and overtourne
Who sitteth highest, but as her lust,
A foole is he that wolle her trust,
For it is I that am come down
Through charge and revolutioun,
Sith Bialacoil mote fro me twin,
Shette in her prison yonde within,
His absence at mine herte I fele,
For all my joy and all mine hele
Was in him and in the rose,
That but you will, which him doeth close,
Open, that I may him see,
Love wolle not that I cured bee
Of the paines that I endure,
Nor of my cruell aventure.

And, Bialacoil mine owne dere,
Though thou be now a prisonere,
Kepe at least thine herte to me,
And suffer nat that it daunted be,
Ne let not Jealousie in his rage,
Putten thine heart in no servage,
Although he chastice thee without,
And make thy bodie unto him lout,
Have herte as hard as Diamant,
Stedfast, and naught pliaunt :
In prison though thy bodie be
At large kepe thine herte free,
A true herte will not plie
For no manace that it may drie.
If Jalousie doeth thee paine,
Quite him his wile thus againe,
To venge thee at least in thought,
If other way thou maiest nought,

And in this wise subttly
 Worch, and winne the maistric.
 But yet I am in great affray,
 Least thou doc nat as I say,
 I drede thou canst me great maugre,
 That thou emprisoned art for me,
 But that nat for my trespas,
 For through me never discovered was
 Yet thing that ought be secre :
 Well more annoic is in me,
 Than is in thec of this mischaunce,
 For I endure more hard penaunce
 Than any can saine or thinke,
 That for the sorrow almost I sinke,
 Whan I remember me of my wo,
 Full nigh out of my witte I go.

Inward mine herte I feele blede,
 For comfortlesse the death I drede,
 Owe I nat well to have distresse,
 Whan false, through hir wickednesse,
 And traitours, that arn envious,
 To noien me be so coragious.

Ah, Bialacoil full well I see,
 That they hem shape to deceiue thee,
 To make thee buxom to hir law,
 And with hir corde thee to draw
 Where so hem lust, right at hir will,
 I drede they have thee brought theretill :
 Without comfort, the thought me sleeth,
 This game would bring me to my death,
 For if your good will I lese,
 I mote be dead, I may not chese,
 And if that thou foryete me,
 Mine herte shall never in liking be,
 Nor elsewhere find sollace,
 If I be put out of your grace,
 As it shall never ben I hope,
 Than should I fall in wanhope.

Alas, in wanhope, nay parde,
 For I woll never dispaired be ;
 If Hope me faile, than am I
 Ungracious and unworthy ;
 In Hope I woll comforted be,
 For Love, when he betaught her me,
 Saied, that I hope where so I go,
 Should aye be relees to my wo.

But what and she my haies bete,
 And be to me curteis and swete ?
 She is in nothing full certaine,
 Lovers she put in full great paine,
 And maketh hem with wo to dele,
 Her faire beheste deceiueth fele,
 For she woll behote sikerly,
 And fallen after utterly.

Ah, that is a full noyous thing,
 For many a lover in loving
 Hangeth upon her, and trusteth fast,
 Which lese hir travaille at the last.

Of thing to commen she wot right nought,
 Therefore if it be wisely sought,
 Her counsaile follie is to take,
 For many times, when she woll make
 A full good sillogisme, I drede,
 That afterward there shall indee
 Follow an evil conclusion,
 This put me in confusion.
 For many times I have it seene,
 That many have beguiled becne,
 For trust that they have set in hope,
 Which fell hem afterward a slope.

But nathelesse yet gladly she would,
 That he that woll him with her hold,
 Had all times her purpose clere,
 Without deceit any where,
 That she desirith sikerly ;
 Whan I her blamed, I did folly ;
 But what availeth her good will,
 Whan she ne may staunch my stound ill,
 That helpeth litle that she may do,
 Or take behest unto my wo :
 And heste certaine in no wise,
 Without yfete is not to preise.

When heste and deed asunder vary,
 They doen a great contrary ;
 Thus am I posted up and down
 With dote, thought, and confusoun,
 Of my descense there is no number,
 Daunger and Shame me encumber,
 Drede also, and Jalousie,
 And Wicked Tongue full of envie,
 Of which the sharpe and cruell ire
 Full off me put in great mattire ;
 They have my joie fully let,
 Sith Bialacoil they have beshet
 Fro me in prison wickedly,
 Whom I love so entierly,
 That it woll my bane bee,
 But I the sooner may him see.

And yet moreover worst of all,
 There is set to keepe, foule her befall,
 A rimped vecke ferre ronne in rage,
 Frowning and yellow in her visage,
 Which in await lieth day and night,
 That none of him may have a sight.

Now mote my sorrow enforced be,
 Full sooth it is, that Love yafe me
 Three wonder yeftes of his grace,
 Which I have lorne, now in this place,
 Sith they ne maie without drede
 Helpen but litle, who taketh hede :
 For her availleth no Sweet Thought,
 And Sweet Speech helpeth right nought,
 The third was called Sweet Looking,
 That now is lorne without lesing.

Yeftes were faire, but nat for thy
 They helpe me but simply,
 But Bialacoil loosed bee
 To gone at large and to be free,
 For him my life lieth all in dout,
 But if he come the rather out.
 Alas, I trow it woll nat beene,
 For how should I evermore him seene !
 He may nat out, and that is wrong,
 Because the toure is so strong,
 How should he out, or by whose prowesse
 Of so strong a forteresse ?

By me certaine it will be do,
 God wote I have no wit thereto,
 But well I wote I was in rage,
 When I to Love did homage ;
 Who was the cause (in soothfastnesse)
 But her selfe dame Idlennesse !
 Which me conveide through faire priere
 To enter into that faire vergere :
 She was to blame me to leve,
 The which now doeth me sore greve,
 A foolles word is nought to trow,
 Ne worth an apple for to low,
 Men should hem snibbe bitterly,

At prime temps of his folly :
I was a foole, and she me leved,
Through whom I am right nought releved,
She accomplished all my will,
That now me greveth wonder ill.

REASON me saied what should fall,
A foole my selfe I may well call,
That love aside I had not laied,
And trowed that dame Reason saied.
Reason had both skill and right,
When she me blamed with all her might
To meddle of love, that hath me shent,
But certaine now I woll repent.

AND should I repent ? Nay parde,
A false traitour then should I be,
The devils engins wold me take,
If I Love wold forsake,
Or Bialacoil falsly betray.
Should I at mischeefe hate him ? nay,
Sith he now for his courtesie
Is in prison of Jalousie ;
Courtesie certaine did he me,
So much, that it may not yolden be,
When he the hate passen me lete,
To kisse the rose, faire and swete,
Should I therefore comne him maugre ?
Nay certaine, it shall nat be,
For Love shall never (yeve God will)
Here of me, through word or will,
Offence or complaint more or lesse,
Neither of Hope nor Idleness :
For certes, it were wrong that I
Hated hem for hir courtesie.
There is not els, but suffer and thinke,
And waken whan I should winke,
Abide in hope, till Love through chaunce
Send me succor or alleégeance,
Expectaunt aye till I may mete,
To getten mercie of that swete.

Whilome I thinke how Love to mee
Saied he wold take at gree
My service, if unpaticence
Caused me to doen offence :
He saied, "In thanke I shall it take,
And high maister eke thee make,
If wickednesse ne reve it thee,
But soone I trow that shall nat bee."
These were his wordes by and by,
It seemed he loved me truly.

Now is there not but serve him welc,
If that I thinke his thanke to fele,
My good, mine harme, lithe hole in me,
In Love may no default be,
For true Love ne failed never man :
Soothly the faute mote needs than
As God forbide, be found in me,
And how it commeth, I cannot see.
Now let it gone as it may go,
Whether Love wold succour me or slo,
He may do hole on me his will,
I am so sore bound him till,
From his service I may not flene,
For life and death withouten wene
Is in his hond, I may nat chese,
He may me doe both winne and lese,
And sith so sore he doth me greve,
Yet if my lust he wold acheve,
To Bialacoil goodly to be,

I yeve no force what fell on me :
For though I die, as I mote nede,
I pray Love of his goodlyhede,
To Bialacoil doe gentleness,
For whom I live in such distresse,
That I mote dien for penaunce,
But first, without repentance,
I woll me confesse in good entent,
And make in hast my testament,
As lovers doen that feelen smart :
To Bialacoil leave I mine herte
All hole, without departing,
Or doublenesse of repenting.

COMENT RAISON VIENT A L'AMANT.

THUS as I made my passage
In complaint, and in cruell rage,
And I not where to finde a leche,
That outh unto mine helping eche,
Suddainly againe comen down
Out of her toure I saw Reason,
Discreet and wise, and full pleasaunt,
And of her port full avenaunt ;
The right waie she tooke to me,
Which stood in gret perplexite
That was poshed in every side,
That I n'ist where I might abide,
Till she demurely said of chere
Saied to me as she came nere.

"Mine owne friend, art thou greved,
How is this quarrell yet atcheved
Of Loves side ? Anone me tell,
Hast thou not yet of love thy fill ?
Art thou nat wearie of thy service
That thee hath in suche wise ?

"What joy hast thou in thy loving ?
Is it sweet or bitter thing ?
Canst thou yet chese, let me see,
What best thy succor might bee ?
"Thou servest a full noble lord,
That maketh thee thrall for thy reward,
Which aye reneweth thy tourment,
With folly so he hath thee blent ;
Thou fell in mischeefe thilke day,
When thou diddest the sooth to say
Obesaunce and eke homage
Thou wroughtest nothing as the sage ;
When thou became his liege man,
Thou diddest a great folie than ;
Thou wistest nat what fell thereto,
With what lord thou haddest to do,
If thou haddest him well know
Thou haddest nought be brought so low,
For if thou wiste what it were,
Thou n'oldest serve him halfe a yere,
Nat a wecke, nor halfe a day,
Ne yet an heure without delay :
Ne never yloved paramours,
His lordship is so full of shours :
Knowest him ought ?"

L'AMAUNT.

"Ye, dame, parde."

RAISON. "Nay, nay." L'AMAUNT. "Yes I."

RAISON.

"Wherefore let see."

L'AMAUNT. "Of that he saied I should be
Glad to have such lord as he
And maister of such seignorie."

RAISON. "Knowest him no more ?"

L'AMAUNT.

"Nay, certes, I,
Save that he yafe me rules there,
And went his way I nist where,

And I abode bound in ballaunce,
Lo there a noble cognisaunce."

RAISON.

"BUT I woll that thou know him now
Ginning and end, sith that thou
Art so anguishous and mate,
Disfigured out of astate,
There may no wreche have more of wo,
Ne caityfe none enduren so,
It were to every man sitting,
Of his lord have knowledging :
For if thou knew him out of dout,
Lightly thou shouldest scapen out
Of thy prison that marreth thee."

L'AMAUNT.

"YEA dame sith my lord is hee,
And I his man made with mine hond,
I would right faine understond
To knowe of what kind he be,
If any would enforme me."

RAISON.

"I WOULD" (saied Reason) "thee lere,
Sith thou to learne hast such desire,
And shewe thee withouten fable
A thing that is not demonstrable ;
Thou shalt withouten science,
And know withouten experience
The thing that may not known bee,
Ne wist ne sheweth in no degree,
Thou maiest the sooth of it not witten,
Though in thee it were witten,
Thou shalt not knowe thereof more,
While thou art ruled by his lore,
But unto him that love woll fie,
The knotte may unlosed be,
Which hath to thee, as it is found,
So long to knitte and not unbound,
Now set well thine entention,
To heare of love the description.

"LOVE it is an hatefull pees,
A free acquitaunce without relees,
And through the fret full of falskede,
A sikernesse all set in drede,
In herte is a despairing hope,
And full of hope it is wanhope,
Wise woodnesse, and void reasoun,
A swete perill in to droun,
An heavie burthen light to beare,
A wicked wave away to weare.
It is Carybdis perillous,
Disagreeable and gracious,
It is discordaunce that can accord,
And accordaunce to discord,
It is conning without science,
Wisedome without sapience,
Witte without discretion,
Havoire without possession ;
It is like heale and hole sicknesse,
A trust drowned and dronkennesse,
And health full of maladie,
And charitie full of envie,
And anger full of aboudaunce,
And a greedie suffisaunce,
Delight right full of heavnesse,
And drieried full of gladnesse,

Bitter sweetnesse and sweet errour,
Right evill savoured good savour,
Sin that pardon hath within,
And pardon spotted without sin,
A paine also it is joyous,
And felonie right pitous,
Also play that selde is stable,
And stedfast right mevable,
A strength weiked to stond upright,
And feeblesesse full of might,
Witte unavisad, sage folle,
And joy full of tourmentrie,
A laughter it is weeping aie,
Rest that travaileth night and daie,
Also a sweete Hell it is,
And a sorrowfull Paradis,
A pleasaut gaile and easie prisoun,
And full of froste summer seasoun,
Prime temps full of frostes white,
And May devoid of all delite,
With seer braunches, blossoms ungrene,
And new fruit filled with winter tene,
It is a slowe may nat forbear,
Raggas ribaned with gold to weare,
For also well woll love be sette
Under raggas as rich rochette,
And eke as well by amorettes
In mourning blacke, as bright burnettes,
For none is of so mokell prise,
Ne no man founden so wise,
Ne none so high of parage,
Ne no man found of witte so sage,
No man so hardie ne so wight,
Ne no man of so mokell might,
None so fulfilled of bounte,
That he with love may daunted be ;
All the worlde holdeth this way,
Love maketh all to gone misway,
But it be they of evill life,
Whom genius cursed man and wife,
That wrongly werke againe nature,
None such I love, ne have no cure
Of such as loves servaunts beene,
And woll nat by my counsaile fleene,
For I ne preise that loving,
Wherthrough man at the last ending
Shall call hem wretches full of wo,
Love greveth hom and shendeth so ;
But if thou wolt well love eschew,
For to escape out of his mew,
And make all whole the sorrow to slake,
No better counsaile maiest thou take,
Than thinke to fleen well wyis,
May nought helpe els : for wite thou this,
If thou flye it, it shall flye thee,
Follow it, and followen shall it thee."

L'AMAUNT.

WHEN I had heard Reason sain,
Whiche had spilt her spech in vain :
"Dame" (sayd I) "I dare well say
Of this avautt me well I may
That from your schoole so deviaunt
I am, that never the more avautt
Right nought am I through your doctrine,
I dull under your discipline,
I wote no more than wist ever
To me so contrarie and so fer
Is everie thing that ye me lere,
And yet I can it all by parcuere :

Mine herte foryeteþ thereof right nought,
It is so writen in my thought,
And deepe graven it is so tender
That all by herte I can it render,
And rede it over commonly,
But to my selfe lewdest am I.

“ But sith ye love discriven so
And lacke and praiser bothe two
Defineth it into this letter,
That I may thinke on it the better :
For I heard never defined here,
And wittully I would it here.”

RAISON.

“ If love be searched well and sought
It is a sicknesse of the thought
Annexed and kneelde betwixt tweine,
With male and female with o cheine,
So freely that bindeth, yet they nill twinne,
Wheder so thereof they lese or winne :
The roote springeth through hot breunning
Into disordnate desiring,
For to kissen and embrace,
And at hir lust them to solace,
Of other thing love roteþeth nought
But setteth hur herte and all hir thought,
More for delectatioun
Than any procreatioun
Of other fruit by engendrure :
Which love, to God is not pleasure,
For of hir body fruit to get
They yeve no force, they are so set
Upon delight to play in fere.
And some have also this manere,
To fainen hem for love seke,
Such love I preise not at a leke.
For paramours they doe but faine,
To love truly they disdain,
They falsen ladies traitorously,
And swerne hem othes utterly,
With many a leasing, and many a fable,
And all the finden deceivable.

“ And when they han hir lust gotten
The hote ernes they all foryeten ;
Women the harme buyen full sore :
But men thus thincken evermore,
The lasse harme is, so mote I thee,
Deceive them, than deceived be.
And namcly where they ne may
Finde none other meane way :
For I wote well in soothfastnesse,
That who doeth now his businesse
With any woman for to dele,
For any lust that he may fele,
But if it be for engendure,
He doth trespasse I you ensure :
For he should setten all his will
To gotten a likely thing him till,
And to sustaine, if he might,
And keepe forth by Kinde's right
His owne likenesse and semblable :
For because all is corruptable
And faile should succession
Ne were there generation,
Our sectes sterne for to save,
Whan father or mother arn in grave,
Her children should, whan they been dead,
Full diligent been in hir stead
To use that worke on such a wise,

That one may through another rise.
Therefore set Kinde therein delight,
For men therein should hem delight,
And of that deede be not erke,
But ofte sithes haunt that werke :
For none would draw thereof a draught
Ne were delight, which hath hem caught,
This had subtile dame Nature :
For none goeth right I thee ensure
Ne hath entent hoolo no perfitte,
For hir desire is for delite,
The which forteneþ crease and eke
The play of love, for oft seeke
And thrall hem selfe they be so nice
Unto the prince of everie vice :
For of each sinne it is the roote
Unleffull lust, though it be soote,
And of all evill the racine,
As Tullius can determine,
Which in his time was full sage,
In a booke he made of age,
Where that more he praiseth Elde
Though he be crooked and unwele,
And more of commendatioun,
Than youth in his discriptioun :
For youth set bothe man and wife
In all perill of soule and life,
And perill is, but men have grace.
The perill of youth for to pace,
Without any death or distresse,
It is so full of wildnesse,
So oft it doeth shame and damage
To him or to his linage,
It leadeþ man, now up now down
In mokell dissolutioun,
And maketh him love evill companie,
And lead his life disrullie,
And halt him payd with none estate
Within himselfe in such debate,
He chaungeth purpose and entent,
And yalte into some covent,
To liven after hir emprise,
And leeseth freedome and fraunchise,
That nature in him had set,
The which againe he may not get,
If he there make his mansion,
For to abide profession.
Though for a time his herte absent
It may not faile, he shal repent,
And eke abide thilke day,
To leave his abite, and gone his way,
And leaseth his worship and his name,
And dare not come againe for shame,
But all his life he doth so mourne,
Because he dare not home retourne,
Freedom of kinde so lost hath he
That never may recured be,
But that if God him graunt grace
That he may, er he hence pace,
Conteine under obedience
Through the vertue of patience.
For youth set man in all follie,
In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
In lecherie, and in outrage,
So oft it chaungeth of courage.
Youth ginneth oft suche bargaine,
That may not ende without paine.
In great perill is set youthhede
Delight so doeth his bridell lede,
Delight this hangeth, drede thee nought,

And tellen her erlich and late
 That Death stondeth armed at her gate :
 Than bring they to her remembrance
 The folly deedes of her enfaunce,
 Which causen her to mourne in wo
 That youth hath her beguiled so
 Which sodainly away is hasted,
 She weeped the time that she hath wasted,
 Complaining of the preterite,
 And the present, that nat abitte,
 And of her olde vanitee
 That but aforne her she may see,
 In the future some succour,
 To leggen her of her dolour
 To graunt her time of repentaunce,
 For her sinnes to doe penaunce,
 And at the last so her governe
 To winne the joy that is eterne,
 Fro which goe backward youth he made
 In vanitie to drowne and wade,
 For present time abideth nought,
 It is more switt than any thought,
 So little while it doth endure
 That there n'is compte ne measure.
 " But how that ever the game go
 Who list to love joy and mirth also
 Of love, be it he or she,
 He or lowe who it be,
 In fruite they should hem delite,
 Hir part they may not else quite,
 To save hem selfe in honeste,
 And yet full many one I see
 Of women, soothly for to saine,
 That desire and would faine
 The play of love, they be so wilde
 And not covet to go with childe:
 And if with childe they be perchance,
 They woll it hold a great mischaunce,
 But whatsoever woe they fele,
 They woll not plaine, but concele,
 But if it be any foole or nice,
 In whome that shame hath no justice,
 For to delight each one they draw,
 That haunt this worke both he and law,
 Save such that arn worth right nought,
 That for money woll be bought,
 Such love I preise in no wise,
 Whan it is given for covetise ;
 I praise no woman, though she be wood
 That yeveth her selfe for any good
 For little should a manne tell
 Of her, that will her bodie sell,
 Be she maide, be she wife,
 That quicke woll sell her by her life,
 How faire chere that ever she make,
 He is a wretch I undertake
 That loved such one, for sweete or soure,
 Though she him called her paramoure,
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him feast,
 For certainly no suche beast
 To be loved is not worthie
 Or beare the name of Druerie,
 None should her please, but he wer wood,
 That woll dispoile him of his good :
 Yet nathelless I woll not say
 That she for solace and for play,
 May a jowell or other thing
 Take of her loves free yeving :
 But that she aske it in no wise,
 For drede of shame or covetise.

And she of hers may him certaine
 Without slaunder yeven againe,
 And joyne hir hcartis together so
 In love, and take and yeve also.
 Trow not that I woll hem twinne,
 When in hir love there is no sinne,
 I woll that they together go,
 And done all that they han ado,
 As curtes should and debonaire,
 And in hir love heren hem faire,
 Without vice, both he and she,
 So that alway in honeste,
 Fro folly Love to keepe hem clere
 That brenneth hertes with his fere,
 And that hir love in any wise,
 Be devoide of covetise.
 Good love should engendred be
 Of true herte, just, and scere,
 And not of such as set hir thought
 To have hir lust, and also nought:
 So are they caught in Loves lace,
 Truly for bodily solace,
 Fleshly delighte is so present
 With thee, that set all thine entent,
 Without more, what should I glose,
 For to get and have the rose,
 Which maketh thee so mate and wood
 That thou desirest none other good;
 But thou art not an inch the nerre,
 But ever abidest in sorrow and werre,
 As in thy face it is scere,
 It maketh thee both pale and leene,
 Thy might, thy vertue goeth away:
 A sorry guest (in good fay)
 Thou harbourrest in thine inne
 The god of love when thou lett inne:
 Wherefore I read thou shette him out,
 Or he shall greve thee out of dout,
 For to thy profite it woll tourne,
 If he no more with thee sojourn.
 In great mi-chiefe and sorrow sonken,
 Ben hertes, that of love art drunken,
 As thou peraventure knownen shall,
 When thou hast lost the time all,
 And spent thy thought in idlennesse,
 In waste, and wofull lustinesse:
 If thou maiest live the time to see
 Of love for to delivered bee,
 Thy time thou shalt beweepe sore
 The which never thou mayest restore:
 For time lost, as men may see,
 For nothing may recovered bee,
 And if thou scape, yet at last,
 Fro Love that hath thee so fast
 Knitte and bounden in his lace,
 Certaine I hold it but a grace,
 For many one as it is seine
 Have lost, and spent also in veine
 In his servise without succour
 Bodie and soule, good, and treasour,
 Wit, and strength, and eke richesse,
 Of which they had never redresse."

L'AMANT.

Thus taught and preched hath Reason,
 But Love spilt her sermon,
 That was so impud in my thought,
 That her doctrine I set at nought,
 And yet ne sayd she never a deie,
 That I ne understood it wele,

Word by word the matter all,
 But unto Love I was so thrall,
 Which calleth over all his prais,
 He chaseth so my thought aie,
 And holdeth mine herte under his sele,
 As trustie and true as any stele:
 So that no devotion
 Ne had I in the sermon
 Of dame Reason, ne of her rede
 I tooke no sojour in mine hede.
 For all yede out at one ere
 That in that other she did lere,
 Fully on me she lost her lore
 Her speech me greewed wonder sore.

THAT unto her for ire I said
 For anger, as I did abraid:
 "Dame, and is it your will algate,
 That I not love, but that I hate
 All men, as ye me teach,
 For if I doe after your speach,
 Sith that you seine love is not good,
 Than must I nedes say with mood
 If I it leve, in hatred aie
 Liven, and voide love awaie,
 From me a sinfull wretch,
 Hated of all that tetch,
 I may not go none other gate,
 For either must I love or hate,
 And if I hate men of new,
 More than love it woll me rew,
 As by your preching seemeth mee,
 For love nothing ne praiseth thee:
 Ye yeve good counsaile sikerly
 That precheth me all day, that I
 Should not loves lore awele,
 He were a foole woulde you not trowe?
 In spech also ye han me taught,
 Another love that knowne is naught
 Which I have heard you not repreve,
 To love each other by your leve,
 If ye wold diffine it mee,
 I would gladly here to see,
 At the least if I may lere
 Of sundrie loves the manere."

RAISON.

"CERTES friend, a foole art thou
 When that thou nothing wilt allow
 That I for thy profite say:
 Yet woll I say thee more in fay,
 For I am readie at the leest,
 To accomplish thy request,
 But I not where it woll availle,
 In vaine peraventure I shall travaile:
 Love there is in sundrie wise,
 As I shall thee here devise.

"For some love lefull is and good,
 I mene not that which maketh thee wood,
 And bringeth thee in many a fitte,
 And ravisheth fro thee all thy witte,
 It is so marvailous and quaint,
 With such love be no more aquaint.

COMMENT RAISON DIFFINIST AMITIE.

"LOVE of friendship also there is
 Which maketh no man done amis,
 Of will knitte betwixt two,
 That woll not breake for wele ne wo,

Which long is likely to contune,
 Whan will and goods been in commune,
 Grounded by Gods ordinaunce,
 Hoole without discordaunce,
 With hem holding commaunce
 Of all her good in charite,
 That there be none exceptioun,
 Through chaunging of ententioun,
 That each helpe other at her nede,
 And wisely hele both word and dede,
 True of meaning, devoide of slouth,
 For wit is nought without trowth :
 So that the tone dare all his thought
 Saine to his friend, and spare nought,
 As to himselfe without dreding,
 To be discovered by wreyng,
 For glad is that conjunction,
 Whan there is none suspencion,
 Whom they would prove
 That true and perfite weren in love :
 For no man may be amiable,
 But if he be so firme and stable,
 That fortune change him not ne blinde,
 But that his friend alway him finde,
 Both poore and riche in o state :
 For if his friend through any gate,
 Woll complaine of his poverté,
 He should not bide so long, till he
 Of his helping him require,
 For good deed done through praieré
 Is sold and bought too deere ywis
 To herte that of great valour is.
 For herte fulfilled of gentlesse,
 Can evill demeane his distresse.
 And man that worthy is of name,
 To asken often hath great shame.

“ A good man brenneth in his thought,
 For shame when he asketh ought,
 He hath great thought, and dredeth aie
 For his disease when he shall praie
 His friend, leas that he warned be
 Till that he preve his stabilite :
 But when that he hath founden one
 That trustie is and true as stone,
 And assayed him at all,
 And found him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his friendship be certaine,
 He shall him shew both joy and paine,
 And all that he dare thinke or say,
 Without shame, as he well may,
 For how should he ashamed be,
 Of such one as I told thee ?
 For whan he wote his secret thought,
 The third shall know thereof right nought,
 For twey in number is bet than three,
 In everie counsaile and secree :

Repreve he dredeth never a dele,
 Who that beset his wordes wele,
 For everie wise man out of drede,
 Can keepe his tongue till he see nede.
 “ And foolcs cannot hold hir tongue,
 A foolcs bell is soone ronge,
 Yet shall a true friend doe more
 To helpe his fellow of his sore,
 And succour him whan he hath need
 In all that he may done indeed,
 And gladder that he him pleaseth
 Than his felowe that he easeth,
 And if he doe not his request,
 He shall as muche him molest

As his felowe, for that he
 May not fulfill his volunte
 Fully, as he hath required ;
 If both the hertes love hath fired
 Joy and woe they shall depart,
 And take evenly each his part,
 Halfe his annoy he shall have aie,
 And comforte what that he may,
 And of this blisse part shall he,
 If love wold departed be.

“ AND whilom of this unitie
 Spake Tullius in a ditie,
 And should maken his request
 Unto his friend, that is honest,
 And he goodly should it fulfill,
 But it the more were out of skill,
 And otherwise not graunt thereto,
 Except onely in causes two.

“ If men his friend to death would drive
 Let him be busie to save his live.

“ Also it men wollen hem assaile,
 Of his worship to make him faille
 And hindren him of his renoun,
 Let him with full ententioun,
 His dever done in each degree
 That his friend ne shamed be.

“ In this two case with his might,
 Taking no keepe to skill nor right,
 As farre as love may him excuse,
 This ought no manne to refuse.

“ This love that I have told to thee
 Is nothing contrarie to mee,
 This woll I that thou follow wele,
 And leave the other everie dele,
 This love to vertue all attendeth,
 The tother foolcs blent and shendeth.

“ Another love also there is,
 That is contrarie unto this,
 Which desire is so constrained
 That is but will fained ;
 Away fro trowth it doth so varie
 That to good love it is contrarie ;
 For it maymeth in many wise
 Sicke hertes with covetise ;
 All in winning and in profite,
 Such love setteth his delite :
 This love so hangeth in balauce
 That if it lese his hope perchance,
 Of lucre, that he is set upon,
 It woll faille, and quench anon,
 For ne man may be amorous,
 Ne in his living vertuous,
 But he love more in mood
 Men for hem selfe than for hir good :
 For love that profite doth abide,
 Is false, and hideth not in no tide.
 Love commeth of dame Fortune,
 That little while woll contune,
 For it shall chaungen wonders soone.
 And take eclips as the Moone
 Whan she is from us let
 Through Earth, that betwixt is set
 The Sunne and her, as it may fall,
 Be it in partie, or in all ;
 The shadow maketh her beames merke
 And her hornes to shew derke,
 That part where she hath lost her light
 Of Phebus fully, and the sight,
 Till whan the shadow is overpast,

She is enlumined againe as fast,
Through the brightnesse of the sun beames
That yeveth to her againe her leames :
That love is right of such nature,
Now is faire, and now obscure,
Now bright, now clippy of manere,
And whilom dimme, and whilom clere,
Assoone as povertie ginneth take,
With mantell and weedes blake
Hideth of love the light away,
That into night it tourneth day,
It may not see richesse shine,
Till the blacke shadowes fyne,
For whan richesse shineth bright
Love recovereth ayen his light,
And whan it faileth, he woll fitt,
And as she greeveth, so greeveth it.

“Of this love heare what I saie :
The riche men are loved aie,
And namely tho that sparand beene,
That woll not wash hir hertes cleene
Of the filth, nor of the vice
Of greedy brenning avarice.

“The rich man full fond is ywis,
That weneth that he loved is,
If that his herte it understood,
It is not he, it is his good,
He may well weten in his thought,
His good is loved, and he right nought :
For if he be a niggard eke,
Men would not set by him a leke,
But haten him, this is the sooth,
Lo what profite his cattell dooth,
Of every man that may him see,
It getteth him nought but enmittee :
But he amend himselfe of that vice,
And know himselfe, he is not wise.

“Certes he should aye friendly be,
To get him love also been free,
Or else he is not wise ne sage
No more than is a gote ramage.
That he not loveth, his dedde proveth,
Whan he his richesse so well loveth,
That he woll hude it aie and spare,
His poore friends seene forlure
To keepen aie his purpose
Till for drede his eyen close,
And till a wicked death him take
Him had lever asunder shake,
And let all his limmes asunder rive,
Than leave his richesse in his live ;
He thinketh to put it with no man,
Certaine no love is in him than :
How should love with him be,
Whan in his herte is no pite ?
That he tre-paseth well I wate,
For each man knoweth his estate,
For well him ought to be reproved
That loveth nought, ne is not loved.

“But sith we arn to Fortune comen,
And hath our sermon of her nomen,
A wonder will I tell thee now,
Thou hardest never such one I trow ;
I n’ot where thou me leven shall,
Though soothfastnesse it be all,
As it is written, and is sooth
That unto men more profite dooth
The froward Fortune and contraire,
Than the swote and debonaire :
And if they thinke it is doutable,

It is through argument provable,
For the debonaire and soft
Falseth and beguileth oft,
For lich a mother she can cherish
And milken as doth a norice,
And of her good to him deles
And yeveth him part of her jeweles,
With great riches and dignitie,
And hem she hoteth stable,
In state that is not stable,
But changing aie and variable,
And feedeth him with glorie vaine,
And worldly blisse none certaine,
Whan she him setteth on her whele,
Than wene they to be right wele,
And in so stable state withall
That never they wene for to fall,
And when they set so high to be,
They wene to have in certainte
Of heartly friendes to great numbre,
That nothing might hir state encombre,
They trust hem so on everie side,
Wening with hem they would abide,
In everie perill and mischaunce
Without change or variaunce,
Both of cattell and of good,
And also for to spend hir blood,
And all hir members for to spill
Onely to fulfill hir will,
They maken it whole in many wise
And hoten hem hir full servise
How sore that it doe hem smert,
Into hir very naked shert,
Herte and also hole they yeve,
For the time that they may live,
So that with hir flatterie,
They maken foolles glorie
Of hir wordes speaking,
And han chere of a rejoycing,
And trow them as the Evangile,
And it is all faldshede and gile,
As they shall afterward see,
Whan they arn full in povertie,
And ben of good and cattell bare,
Than should they seene who friendes ware,
For of an hundred certainly,
Nor of a thousand full scarcely,
Ne shall they finde unnethees one,
Whan povertie is comen upon.

“For thus Fortune that I of tell,
With men whan her lust to dwell,
Maketh hem to lese hir consaunce,
And nourisheth hem in ignorance.

“But froward Fortune and perverse,
When high estates she doth reverse,
And maketh hem to tumble doune
Off her whele with sodaine tourne,
And from her richesse doth hem fie,
And plungeth hem in povertie,
As a stepmother envious,
And layeth a plaister dolorous,
Unto hir hertes wounded egre,
Which is not tempered with vinegre,
But with povertie and indigence,
For to shew by experience,
That she is Fortune verilie
In whome no man should affie,
Nor in her yeftes have faunce,
She is so full of variaunce.

“Thus can she maken hie and lowe,

When they from richesse am throwe,
Fully to known without were
Friend of effect, and friend of chere
And which in love weren true and stable,
And which also weren variable,
After Fortune hir goddessse,
In povertie, either in richesse,
For all that yeveth here out of drede,
Unhappe beareth it indeede,
For infortune let not one
Of friendes, whan Fortune is gone,
I meane tho friendes that woll fle
Auone as entreth povertie,
And yet they woll not leave hem so,
But in each place where they go
They call hem wretch, scorne and blame,
And of hir mishappe hem diffame,
And namely such as in richesse,
Pretendeth most of stablenessse
Whan that they saw hem set on loft,
And weren of hem succoured oft,
And most iholpe in all hir need :

But now they take no maner heed,
But saine in voice of flatterie,
That now appeareth hir follie,
Over all where so they fare,
And sing, Go farewell felde fare.
“ All such friendes I beshrew,
For of true there be too few,
But soothfast friendes, what so betide,
In every fortune wollen abide,
They han hir hertes in such noblesse
That they nil love for no richesse,
Nor for that Fortune may hem send
They wollen hem succour and defend,
And change for softe ne for sore ;
For who his friend loveth evermore
Though men draw sword him to slo,
He may not hew hir love a two :
But in case that I shall say,
For pride and ire lese it he may,
And for reproove by nicete,
And discovering of privite,
With tongue wounding, as felon,
Through venomous detraction.

“ Friend in this case will gone his way,
For nothing grieve him more ne may,
And for nought else woll he fle,
If that he love in stabilitie.
And certaine he is well begone
Among a thousand that findeth one :
For there may be no richesse,
Ayenst friendship of worthinesse,
For it ne may so high attaine,
As may the valour, sooth to saine,
Of him that loveth true and well.
Friendship is more than is cattell,
For friend in court aie better is
Than penny in purse certis,
And Fortune mis-happing,
Whan upon men she is faling,
Through misturning of her chauce,
And cast hem out of balauce.

“ She maketh through her adversite
Men full clerely for to see
Him that is friend in existence
From him that is by appearance :
For infortune maketh anone,
To know thy friendes for thy fone,
By experience, right as it is,

The which is more to praise ywis,
Than in much richesse and treasour,
For more deepe profite and valour,
Povertie, and such adversitie
Before, than doth prosperitie,
For that one yeveth conisaunce,
And the tother ignoraunce.

“ And thus in povertie is indeed
Trowth declared fro falskede,
For faint friendes it woll declare,
And true also, what way they fare.
For whan he was in his richesse,
These friendes full of doublensse
Offred him in many wise
Herte and body, and service,
What wold he than have you to have sought,
To known openly hir thought,
That he now hath so clerely seen ?
The lasse beguiled he should have been,
And he had than perceived it,
But richesse n'old not let him wit :
Woll more avauntage doeth him than,
Sith that he maketh him a wise man,
The great mischief that he perceiveth
Than doeth richesse that him deceiveth :
Richesse rich n' maketh nought
Him that on treasour set his thought,
For richesse stont in suffiaunce,
And nothing in abundance :
For suffiaunce all onely
Maketh menne to live richly.

“ For he that hath mitches tweine,
Ne value in his demeine,
Liveth more at ease, and more is rich,
Than doeth he that is chich,
And in his barn hath sooth to saine,
An hundred mavis of wheat graine,
Though he be chapman or marchaunt;
And have of gold many besaunt :
For in getting he hath such wo,
And in the keeping drede also,
And set evermore his businesse
For to encrease, and not to lesse,
For to augment and multiply,
And though on heapes that lye him by,
Yet never shall make his richesse,
Asseth unto his greedinesse :
But the poore that retcheth nought,
Save of his livelode in his thought,
Which that he getteth with his travaile,
He dredeth nought that it shall faile,
Though he have little worldes good,
Meate and drinke, and easie food,
Upon his travaile and living,
And also suffisaunt clothing,
Or if in sickenesse that he fall,
And loath meat and drinke withall,
Though he have not his meat to buy,
He shall bethinke him hastely,
To put him out of all daunge,
That he of meat hath no mistere,
Or that he may with little eke
Be founden, while that he is seke,
Or that men shall him berne in hast,
To live till his sickenesse be past,
To some maisondewe beside,
He cast nought what shall him betide,
He thinketh nought that ever he shall
Into any sickenesse fall.

" AND though it fall, as it may be
That all betime spare shall he
As mokell as shall to him suffice,
While he is sickle in any wise,
He doeth for that he will be
Content with his povertie
Without neede of any man,
So much in litle have he can,
He is apaide with his fortune,
And for he will be impertune
Unto no wight, no onerous,
Nor of hir goodnesse covetous :
Therefore he spareth, it may well been,
His poore estate for to susteen.

" Oa if him lust not for to spare,
But suffereth forth, as not yet ware,
At last it happeneth, as it may
Right unto his laste day,
And take the world as it would be :
For ever in herte think th he
The sooner that Death him slo,
To paradise the sooner go
He shall, there for to live in blisse
Where that he shall no good misse :
Thider he hopeth God shall him send
After this wretched lives end.
Pythagoras himselve rehearses
In a booke that the Golde Verses
Is cleped, for the noblite
Of the honourable dite :
' Than whan thou goest thy body fro,
Free in the ayre thou shalt up go
And leaven all humanitie,
And purely live in detie,
He is a foole withouten were
That troweth have his cuntry here.'

" In yearth is not our cuntry,
That may these clarkes seine and sey
In Boece of Consolation
Where it is makid mention
Of our cuntry plaine at the eie,
By teaching of philosophie,
Where lewd men might lere wit,
Who so that would translaten it.
If he be such that can well live
After his rent, may him yeve,
And not desireth more to have,
Than may fro povertie him save.
A wise man saied, as we may seen,
Is no man wretched, but he it ween,
Be he king, knight, or ribaude,
And many a ribaud is merrie and baude,
That swinketh, and beareth both day and night
Many a burthen of great might,
The which doeth him lasse offence,
For he suffreth in patience :
They laugh and daunce, trippe and sing,
And lay nought up for hir living,
But in the taverne all dispendeth
The winning that God hem sendeth ;
Than goeth he fardels for to beare,
With as good chere as he did eare ;
To swinke and travaille he not faineth,
For to robben he dresdaineth,
But right anon, after his swinke,
He goeth to taverne for to drinke :
All these are rich in abundance,
That can thus have suffisance
Well more than can an usurere,

As God well knoweth, without were.
For an usurer, so God me see,
Shall never for richesse riche bee,
But evermore poore and indigent,
Scarce, and greedy in his entent.

" For sooth it is, whom it displease,
There may no marchaunt live at ease,
His herte in such a were is set
That it quicke brenneth to get,
Ne never shall, though he hath gotten,
Though he have gould in garners yeten,
For to be needy he dredeth sore :
Wherefore to gotten more and more
He set his herte and his desire ;
So hote he brenneth in the fire
Of covetise, that maketh him wood
To purchase other mennes good ;
He underfongeth a great paine,
That undertaketh to drinke up Saine :
For the more he drinketh aie
The more he leaveth, the sooth to say :
Thus is thurst of false getting,
That last ever in coveting,
And the anguish and distresse
With the fire of greedinesse ;
She fighteth with him aie, and striveth,
That his herte asunder riveth,
Such greedinesse him assaileth,
That when he most hath, most he faileth.

" Phisitons and advocates
Gone right by the same yates,
They sell hir science for winning,
And haunt hir craft for great getting :
Hir winning is of such sweetnesste,
That if a man fall in sicknessse,
They are full glad, for hir encrease :
For by hir will, without lease,
Everich man shoulde be seeke,
And though they die, they set not a leeke ;
After whan they the gould have take,
Full little care of hem they make ;
They would that fortie were sickle at ones,
Yea two hundred, in flesh and bones,
And yet two thousand, as I gesse,
For to encreasen hir richesse.

" They will not warden in no wise,
But for lucre and covetise,
For physicke ginneth first by (phy)
The phisition also soothly,
And sithen it goeth fro fie to fie,
To trust on hem it is follie,
For they n'ill in no manner gree,
Doe right nought for charitte.
Eke in the same sect are set
All tho that prechen for to get
Worships, honour, and richesse.
Hir hertes arm in great distresse,
That folke live not holly,
But above all specially,
Such as prechen vaine glorie
And toward God have no memorie,
But forth as ipocrites trace,
And to hir soules death purchase
And outward shewing holynesse,
Though they be full of cursednesse,
Nor lyche to the apostles twelve,
They deceive other and hem selve :
Beguiled is the guiler than,
For preaching of a cursed man
Though to other may profite

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And therefore she woll hate him ever ;
 For he woll gather no treasure,
 He hath her wrathe for evermore ;
 He agilde her never in other caas,
 Lo here all hooly his trespas.
 She sayeth well, that this other day
 He asked her leave to gone the way
 That is cleped too much yeving,
 And spake full faire in his praying :
 But whan he prayed her, poore was he,
 Therefore she warned him the entre,
 Ne yet is he not thriven so
 That he hath gotten a pennie or two,
 That quietly is his owne in hold :
 Thus hath Richesse us all told,
 And whan Richesse us this recorded,
 Withouten her we been accorded.
 " And we finde in our accordaunce,
 That False Semblaunt and Abstaunaunce,
 With all the folke of hir battaile
 Shull at the hinder gate assaile,
 That Wicked Tongue hath in keeping,
 With his Normans full of jangling,
 And with hem Courtesie and Largesse,
 That shull shew hir hardynesse,
 To the old wife that kept so hard
 Faire Welcomming within her ward :
 Than shall Delight and Well Heling
 Fond Shame adoune to bring,
 With all her host early and late,
 They shull assaylen that ilke gate,
 Against Drede shall Hardynesse
 Assaile, and also Sikernesse,
 With all the folke of hir leading
 That never wist what wast slaying.

" FRAUNCHISE shall fight and eke Pite,
 With Daunger full of cruelte,
 Thus is your host ordained wele ;
 Downe shall the castle every dele,
 If everiche doe his entent,
 So that Venus be present,
 Your mother full of vesselage
 That can inough of such usage ;
 Withouten her may no wight speed
 This worke, neither for word ne deed :
 Therefore is good ye for her send,
 For through her may this worke amend."

" LORDINGES, my mother, the gooddes,
 That is my ladie, and my mistres,
 N'is nat all at my willing,
 Ne doth all my desiring.
 Yet can she sometime doen labour,
 Whan that her lust, in my succour.
 As my neede is for to atchieve :
 But now I thinke her not to grieve,
 My mother is she, and of childhede
 I both worship her, and eke drede,
 For who that dredeth sire ne dame,
 Shall it able in bodie or name.
 And nathelesse, yet can we
 Send after her if need be,
 And were she nigh, she comen would,
 I trow that nothing might her hold.
 " My mother is of great prowessse,
 She hath tane many a forteresse,
 That cost hath many a pound er this,
 There I nas not present ywis,
 And yet men sayd it was my deede,

But I come never in that steede,
 Ne me no liketh so mote I thee,
 That such towers been take with mee,
 For why? Me thinketh that in no wise,
 It may be cleped but marchaundise.
 Go buy a courser blacke or white,
 And pay therefore, than art thou quite,
 The marchaunt oweth thee right nought,
 Ne thou him when thou it bought.
 I woll not selling clepe yeving
 For selling asketh no guerdoning,
 Here lithe no thanke, ne no merite,
 That one goeth from that other all quite,
 But this selling is not semblable :

“ For when his horse is in the stable
 He may it sell againe parde,
 And winnen on it, such happe may be,
 All may the manne not lese ywis,
 For at the least the skinne is his.

“ Or else, if it so betide
 That he woll keepe his horse to ride,
 Yet is he lord nie of his horse :
 But thilko chaffare is well worce,
 There Venus enterneteth our lit,
 For who so such chaffare hath bought,
 He shall not worchen so wiche,
 That he ne shall lese utterly
 Both his monney and his chaffare :
 But the seller of the ware,
 The prise and profite have shall,
 Certaine the buyer shall lese all,
 For he ne can so dere it buy
 To have lordship and full maistry,
 Ne have power to make letting,
 Neither for yeft ne for preaching,
 That of his chaffare maugre his,
 Another shall have as much ywis,
 If he woll yve as much as he,
 Of what countrey so that he be,
 Or for right nought, so happe may,
 If he can flatter her to her pay.

“ Been then suche marchauntes wise ?
 No, but foolles in every wise,
 When they buy such thing wilfully,
 There as they lese hir good follily.
 But nathelesse, this dare I say,
 My mother is not wont to pay,
 For she is neither so foole ne nice,
 To entremete her of such vice,
 But trust well, he shall paie all,
 That repent of his bargaine shall,
 Whan Poverte put him in distresse,
 All were he scholler to Richesse,
 That is for me in great yerning,
 Whan she assenteth to my willing.

“ But by my mother saint Venus,
 And by her father Saturnus,
 That her engendred by his life,
 But nat upon his wedded wife,
 Yet woll I more unto you swere,
 To make this thing the surere.

“ Now by that faith, and that beautee
 That I owe to all my brethren free,
 Of which there nis wight under Heaven
 That can hir fathers names neven,
 So divers and so many there be,
 That with my mother have be prive,
 Yet woll I sweare for sikernesse,
 The pole of Hell to my witnessse,

Now drinke I not this yeare clarre,
 If that I lye, or forsworne be,
 For of the goddes the usage is,
 That who so him forswaureth amis,
 Shall that yeere drinke no clarre.

“ Now have I sworne inough parde,
 If I forswore me than am I lorne,
 But I woll never be forsworne :
 Sith Richesse hath me failed here,
 She shall able that trespasse dere,
 At least way but I her harme
 With swerd, or sparth, or gisarme.

“ For certes sith she loveth not me,
 Fro thilke time that she may see
 The castle and the tower to shake,
 In sorrie time she shall awake ;
 If I may gripe a rich man

I shall so pull him, if I can,
 That he shall in a fewe stoundes,
 Lese all his markes, and his poundes.

“ I shall him make his pence out sling
 But they in his garner spring,
 Our maidens shall eke plucke him so,
 That him shall needen feathers mo,
 And make him sell his lond to spend,
 But he the bet can him defend.

“ Poore men han made hir lord of me ;
 Although they not so mightie be,
 That they may feede me in delite,
 I woll not have them in dispite :
 No good man hateth hem, as I gesse,
 For chinch and feloun is Richesse,
 That so can chase hem and dispise,
 And hem defoule in sundrie wise :
 They loven full bette, so God me spede,
 Than doeth the rich chinchy grede,
 And been (in good faith) more stable
 And truer, and more serviable :
 And therefore it suffiseth me
 Hir good herte, and hir beaute ;
 They han on me set all their thought,
 And therefore I foryete hem nought.

“ I woll hem bring in great noblesse,
 If that I were god of richesse,
 As I am god of love soothly,
 Such ruth upon hir plaint have I :
 Therefore I must his succour be,
 That paineth him to serven me,
 For if he dyed for love of this,
 Than seemeth in me no love there is.”

“ Sir,” sayd they, “ sooth is evere dele
 That ye rehearse, and we wote wela
 Thilke oath to hold is reasonable,
 For it is good and covenable,
 That ye on riche men han sworne :
 For, sir, this wote we well beforne,
 If rich men doen you homage,
 That is as foolles doen outrage,
 But ye shall not forsworne be,
 Ne let therefore to drinke clarre,
 Or piment maked fresh and new,
 Ladies shull hem such pepir brew,
 If that they fall into her laas,
 That they for woe mow saine Alas !
 Ladies shullen ever so courtuous be,
 That they shall quite your oath all free ;
 Ne seeketh never other vicarie,
 For they shall speake with hem so faire
 That ye shall hold you payd full well,

Though ye you meddle never a deale,
 Let ladies worch with hir things,
 They shall hem tell so fele tidinges,
 And moove hem eke so many requestis
 By flatterie, that not honest is,
 And thereto yeve hem such thankinges,
 With kissing, and with talkinges,
 That certes if they trowed be,
 Shall never leave hem lond ne fee
 That it n'll as the meble fare,
 Of which they first delivered are :
 Now may you tell us all your will,
 And we your hestes shall fulfill.

“ But False Semblaunt dare not for drede
 Of you, sir, meddle him of this dede,
 For he sayth that ye been his foe,
 He n'ot, if ye will worch him woe :
 Wherefore we pray you all, beau sire,
 That ye foryeve him now your ire,
 And that he may dwell as your man
 With Abstinence his deere lemman,
 This our accord and our will now.”

“ Parfey,” said Love, “ I graunt it you,
 I will well hold him for my man,
 Now let him come :” and he forth ran.

“ False semblant,” (quod Love) “ in this wise

I take thee here to my service,
 That thou our friendes helpe alwaie,
 And hindreth hem neither night ne daie,
 But doe thy might hem to relieve,
 And eke our enemies that thou grieve,
 Thine be this might, I graunt it thee,
 My king of harlotes shalt thou bee :
 We will that thou have such honour,
 Certaine thou art a false traitour,
 And eke a theefe ; sith thou were borne,
 A thousand times thou art forsworne :
 But nathelesse in our hearing,
 To put our folke out of doubting,
 I bidde thee teach hem, wost thou how ?
 By some general signe now,
 In what place thou shalt founden be,
 If that men had mister of thee,
 And how men shall thee best espie,
 For thee to know is great maistrice,
 Tell in what place is thine haunting.”

“ Sir I have full divers wunning,
 That I keepe not rehearsed be,
 So that ye would respiten me,
 For if that I tell you the sooth,
 I may have harme and shame both,
 If that my fellowes wisten it,
 My tales shouliden me be quit,
 For certaine they would hate me,
 If ever I knew hir cruelte,
 For they would over all hold hem still
 Of troth, that is againe hir will.
 Such tales keepen they not here,
 I might eftsoone buy it full dere,
 If I saied of hem any thing,
 That ought displeaseth to hir hearing,
 For what word that hem pricketh or biteth,
 In that word none of hem deliteth,
 All were it gospel the evangile,
 That would reprove hem of hir guile,
 For they are crnell and hautain ;
 And this thing vote I well certain,
 If I speake ought to paire hir loos,
 Your court shall not so well be cloos,

That they ne shall wite it at last :
 Of good men am I nought agast,
 For they woll taken on hem nothing,
 When that they know all my meaning,
 But he that woll it on him take,
 He woll himselve suspicious make,
 That he his life let covertly,
 In guile and in hyppocrisie,
 That he engendred and yave fostring.”

“ They made a full good engendring,”
 (Quod Love) “ for who so soothly tell,
 They engendred the Divell of Hell.

“ But needely, howsoever it bee”
 (Quod Love) “ I will and charge thee,
 To tell anon thy wunning placis,
 Hearing each wight that in this place is :
 And what life thou livest also,
 Hide it no longer now. whereto :
 Thou must discover all thy worching,
 How thou servest, and of what thing,
 Though that thou shuldest for thy sothsaw
 Ben all to beaten and to draw,
 And yet art thou not wont parde,
 But nathelesse, though thou beaten be,
 Thou shalt not be the first, that so
 Hath for soothsawe suffred wo.”

“ Sir, sith that it may liken you,
 Though that I should be slaine right now
 I shall doon your commaundment,
 For thereto have I great talent.”

Withouten words mo, right than
 False Semblaunt his sermon began,
 And saied hem thus in audience,

“ Barons, take heed of my sentence,
 That wight that list to have knowing
 Of False Semblant folke of flattering,
 He must in worldly fulle him seke,
 And certes in the cloysters eke,
 I won no where, but in hem tway,
 But not like even, sooth to say,
 Shortly I woll herborow me,
 There I hope best to hulstred be,
 And certainly, sikerest hiding
 Is underneath humblest clothing.

“ Religious folke ben full covert,
 Secular folke ben more apert :
 But nathelesse, I woll not blame
 Religious folke, ne hem diffame
 In what habite that ever they go :
 Religion humble, and true also,
 Woll I not blame, ne dispise,
 But I n'll love it in no wise,
 I meane of false religious,
 That stout been, and malitious,
 That wollen in an habite go,
 And setten not hir herte thereto.

“ RELIGIOUS folke been all pitous,
 Thou shalt not seene onc dispitous
 They loven no pride, ne no strife,
 But humbly they woll lede hir life,
 With which folke woll I never be,
 And if I dwell, I faine me
 I may well in hir habite go,
 But me were lever my necke atwo,
 Than let a purpose that I take,
 What covenannt that ever I make.

“ I dwell with hem that proude be,
 And full of wilcs and subtelte.
 That worship of this world coveiten,

And great nede connen expliciten,
 And gone and gadren great pitaunces,
 And purchase hem the acquaintaunces
 Of men that mightie life may leden,
 And faine hem poore, and hemselfe feden
 With good morsels delicious,
 And drinken good wine precious,
 And preach us povert and distresse,
 And fishen hemselfe great richesse,
 With wily nettes that they cast,
 It wolle come foule out at the last.

"They ben fro cleane religion went,
 They make the world an argument,
 That hath a foule conclusion.
 I have a robe of religion,
 Than am I all religious;
 This argument is all roignous,
 It is not worth a crooked brere,
 Habite ne maketh neither monke ne frere,
 But cleane life and devotion,
 Maketh men of good religion.

"Nathelesse, there can none answeren,
 How high that ever his head he shere,
 With rasour whetted never so keue,
 That guile in braunches cute thurtene,
 There can no wight distinct it so,
 That he dare say a word thereto.

"But what herborrow that ever I take,
 Or what semblant that ever I make,
 I meane but guile, and follow that,
 For right no more than Gibbe our cat,
 (That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen)
 Ne entend I but to beguilen,
 Ne no wight may, by my clothing,
 Wete with what folke is my dwelling,
 Ne be my wordes yet parde,
 So soft and so pleasant they be.

"Behold the deedes that I do,
 But thou be blind thou oughtest so,
 For varie hir wordes for hir deed,
 They thinke on guile withouten dreed,
 What manner clothing that they weare,
 Or what estate that ever they beare,
 Lered or leud, lord or ladie,
 Knight, squire, burgeis, or bailie."

Right thus while False Semblant sermoneth,
 Eftsoones Love him arcesoneth,
 And brake his tale in his speaking
 As though he had him told easing.
 And saied: "What devill is that I heare?
 What folke hast thou us nempned here?
 May menne find religioun
 In worldly habitatioun?"

"Yea, sir, it followeth nat that they
 Should lead a wicked life parfey,
 Ne not therefore hir soules lese,
 That hem to worldly clothes chese,
 For certes it were great pitee;
 Men may in secular clothes see,
 Florishen holy religioun;
 Full many a saint in field and toun,
 With many a virgine glorious,
 Devout, and full religious,
 Han died, that common cloth aye beren,
 Yet saintes neverthelese they weren.
 I could reken you many a ten,
 Yea welnigh all these holy women
 That men in churches here and seke,
 Both maidens, and these wives eke,
 That baren full many a faire child here,

Wearied alway clothes seculere,
 And in the same diden they
 That saintes weren, and ben alway.

"The nine thousand maidens dere,
 That beren in Heaven hir cierges clere,
 Of which men rede in church and sing,
 Were take in secular clothing,
 When they received marturdome,
 And women Heaven into hir home.

"Good herte maketh the good thought,
 The clothing yeveth ne reveth nought:
 The good thought and the worching,
 That maketh the religion flouring,
 There lieth the good religioun,
 After the right ententioun.

"Who so tooke a weathers skin,
 And wrapped a greedy wolfe therein,
 For he should go with lames white,
 Wenest thou not he would hem bite?
 Yes: neverthelese as he were wood
 He would hem wirry, and drinke the blood,
 And well the rather hem deceive,
 For sith they coude nat percieve
 His tregette, and his crueltie,
 They would him follow, altho he fle.

"If there be wolves of such hew,
 Amonges these apostles new
 Thou, holy church, thou maist be wailed,
 Sith that thy cite is assailed
 Through knightes of thine owne table,
 God wot thy lordship is doutable:
 If they enforce it to win,
 That should defend it for within,
 Who might defence ayenst hem make?
 Without stroke it mote be take,
 Of trepeget or mangonell,
 Without displaying of pensell,
 And if God n'ill done it succour,
 But let renne in this colour,
 Thou must thy hestes letten bee,
 Than is there nought, but yeld thee,
 Or yeve hem tribute douteles,
 And hold it of hem to have pees:
 But greater harme betide thee,
 That they all maister of it bee:
 Well con they scorne thee withall,
 By day stuffen they the wall,
 And all the night they minen there:
 Nay, thou planten maust els where
 Thine impes, if thou wolt fruit have,
 Abide not there thy selfe to save.

"But now peace, here I turne againe,
 I wolle no more of this thing faime,
 If I might passen me hereby,
 For I might maken you weary;
 But I wolle heten you alway,
 To helpe your friendes what I may,
 So they wollen my company,
 For they been shent all utterly,
 But if so fall, that I be
 Oft with hem, and they with me,
 And eke my lemman mote they serve,
 Or they shall not my love deserve,
 Forsooth I am a false traitour,
 God judged me for a theefe trechour,
 Forsworne I am, but well nigh none
 Wote of my guile, till it be done.

"Through me hath many one deth received,

That my tregret never aperceived,
 And yet receiveth, and shall receive,
 That my falsenesse shall never apperceive :
 But who so doth, if he wise be,
 Him is right good beware of me.
 But so sligh is the aperceiving
 That all to late commeth knowing ;
 For Protheus that coud him chaunge,
 In every shape homely and straunge,
 Coud never such guile ne treasoun
 As I, for I come never in toun
 There as I might known be,
 Though men me both might here and see.
 Full well I can my clothes chaunge,
 Take one, and make another straunge.
 Now am I knight, now chastelaine,
 Now prelate, and now chaplaine,
 Now priest, now clerke, now fostere,
 Now am I maister, now schollere
 Now monke, now chanon, now baily,
 What ever mister man am I.

“ Now am I prince, now am I page,
 And can by herte every language,
 Sometime am I hoore and old,
 Now am I younge, stoute, and bold,
 Now am I Robert, now Robin,
 Now frere minor, now jacobin,
 And with me followeth my loteby,
 To done me sollace and company,
 That hight dame Abstinence, and raigned
 In many a queint array faigned,
 Right as it commeth to her liking,
 I fulfill all her desiring.

“ Sometime a womans clothe take I,
 Now am I a maid, now lady.

“ Sometime I am religious,
 Now like an anker in an hous.

“ Sometime am I prioresse,
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse,
 And go through all regiouns,
 Seeking all religiouns.

“ But to what order that I am sworne,
 I take the straw and beat the corne,
 To jolly folke I enhabite,
 I aske no more but hir habite.

“ What woll ye more ? in every wise
 Right as me list I me disguise ?

“ Well can I beare me under wede,
 Unlike is my word to my dede,
 Thus make I into my trappes fall
 The people, through my priviledges all,
 That ben in Christendome alive.

“ I may assoile, and I may shrive,
 That no prelate may let me,
 All folke, where ever they found be :
 I n'ot no prelate may done so,
 But it the pope be, and no mo,
 That made thilke establishing,
 Now is not this a proper thing ?
 But were my sleights aperceived

.....

As I was wont, and wost thou why ?
 For I did hem a tregetry,
 But thereof yeve I a little tale,
 I have the silver and the mail,
 So have I preached and eke shriven,
 So have I take, so have I yeven,
 Through hir folly, husband and wife,
 That I lede right a jolly life,

Through simplesse of the prelacy,
 They know not all my tegettry.

“ But for as much as man and wife
 Should show hir parish priest hir life
 Ones a yere, as sayth the booke,
 Ere any wight his housel tooke,
 Than have I priviledges large,
 That may of mucche thing discharge,
 For he may say right thus pardee :
 “ Sir Priest, in shrift I tell it thee,
 That he to whom that I am shriven,
 Hath me assolyed, and me seven
 Penance sootly for my sin,
 Which that I found me guilty in,
 Ne I ne have never entencion
 To make double confession,
 Ne relearse eft my shrift to thee,
 O shrift is right ynough to mee,
 This ought thee suffice wele,
 Ne be not rebell never a dele,
 For certes, though thou haddest it sworne,
 I wote no priest ne prelate borne
 That may to shrift eft me constraine,
 And if they done I woll me plaine,
 For I wote where to plaine wele,
 Thou shalt not streime me a dele,
 Ne enforce me, ne not me trouble,
 To make my confession double ;
 Ne I have none affection

To have double absolution :
 The first is right ynough to mee,
 This latter assolying quite I thee,
 I am unbound, what maist thou find
 More of my sinnes me to unbind ?
 For he that might hath in his hond,
 Of all my sinnes me unbound :
 And if thou wolt me thus constraine
 That me mote nedes on thee plaine,
 There shall no judge imperiall,
 Ne bishop, ne officiall,
 Done judgement on me, for I
 Shall gone and plaine me openly
 Unto my shrifffather new,
 That hight Frere Wolfe untrew,
 And he shall chuse him tor mee,
 For I trow he can hamper thee ;
 But lord he would be wroth withall,
 If men would him Frere Wolfe call,
 For he would have no patience,
 But done all cruell vengience,
 He would his might done at the leest,
 Nothing spare for Goddes heest,
 And God so wise be my succour,
 But thou yeve me my saviour
 At Easter, whan it liketh mee,
 Without preasing more on thee,
 I woll forth, and to him gone,
 And he shall housell me anone,
 For I am out of thy grutching,
 I keepe not deale with thee nothing.

“ Thus may he shrive him, that forsaketh
 His parish priest, and to me taketh,
 And if the priest woll him refuse,
 I am full ready him to accuse,
 And him punish and hamper so,
 That he his churche shall forgo.

“ But who so hath in his feeling
 The consequence of such shriving,
 Shall seeme, that priest may never have might

To know the conscience aright
Of him that is under his cure :
And this is ayenst holy scripture,
That biddeth every herde honest
Have very knowing of his beest.
But poore folke that gone by strete,
That have no gold, ne summes grete,
Hem would I let to hir prelates,
Or let hir priestes know hir states,
For to me right nought yeve they,
And why it is, for they ne may.

"They ben so bare, I take no kepe;

But I woll have the fat sheepe ;
Let parish priests have the lene,
I yeve not of hir harme a bene ;
And if that prelates grutch it,
That oughten woth be in hir wit,
To lese hir fat beastes so,
I shall yeve hem a stroke or two,
That they shall lesen with force,
Yea, both hir mitre and hir croce.

"Thus yape I hem, and have do long,
My priviledges ben so strong."

False Scublant would have stinted here,
But Love ne made him no such chere,
That he was weary of his saw,
But for to make him glad and faw,
He said, "Tell on more specially,
How that thou servest untruly.

"Tell forth, and shame thee never a dele,
For as thine habit sheweth wele,
Thou servest an holy hermite."

"Sooth is, but I am but an hypocrite."

"Thou goest and prechest poerte ?"

"Yea, sir, but Richesse hath poste."

"Thou prechest abstinence also ?"

"Sir, I woll fillen, so mote I go,
My pauuche, of good meat and wine,
As should a maister of divine,
For how that I me poore faine,
Yet all poore folke I disdaine.

"I LOVE better the acquaintance
Ten times of the king of Fraunce,
Than of a poore man of mild mood,
Though that his soule be also good.

"For whan I see beggers quaking,
Naked on mixens all stinking,

For hunger erie, and eke for care,
I entremet not of hir fare,

They ben so poore, and full of pine,
They might not ones yeve me a dime,

For they have nothing but hir life,
What should he yeve that liketh his knive ?

It is but folly to entremete

To seeke in houndes nest fat mete .

Let beare hem to the spittle anone,

But fro me comfort get they none :

But a rich sieke usure

Would I visite and draw nere,

Him would I comfort and rehere,

For I hope of his gold to gete,

And if that wicked Death him have,

I woll go with him in his grave,

And if there any reprove me,

Why that I let the poore be,

Wost thou how I not escape ?

I say and swene him full rape,

That riche men han more tetches

Of sinne, than han poore wretches,

And han of counsaile more mistere,
And therefore I would draw hem nere :

But as great hurt, it may so be,

Hath a soule in right great poerte,

As soule in great riches forsooth,

Albeit that they hurten both,

For riches and mendicities

Ben cleped two extreamities

The meane is cleped suffaunce,

There lieth of vertue the aboundaunce

"For Salomon full well I wote,

In his parables us wote,

As it is knowen of many a wight,

In his thutene chapter right,

God thou me kepe for thy poste,

Fro riches and mendicite,

For if a rich man him dresse,

To thinke too much on riches,

His herte on that so ferre is sette,

That he his creator doth foryette,

And him that beggeth, woll aye greve,

How should I by his word him leve,

Unneth that he n'is a micher,

Forsworne, or els Goddes lier,

Thus sayth Salomon sawes.

"Ne we find written in no lawes,

And namely in our Christen lay,

(Who saith ye, I dare say nay)

That Christ, ne his apostles dere,

While that they walked in earth here,

Were never scene hir bred begging,

For they nolden beggen for nothing.

"And right thus were men wont to teach,

And in this woe would it preach,

The maisters of divinitie

Sometime in Paris the citie.

"AND if men would there gaine appose

The naked text, and let the glose,

It might soone assoiled be,

For men may well the sooth see,

That pardie they might aske a thing

Plainely forth without begging,

For they weren Goddes herdes dere,

And cur of soules hadden here,

They nolde nothing begge hir food,

For after Crist was done on rood,

With their proper hondes they wrought,

And with travele, and els nought,

They wonnen all hir sustenaunce,

And liden forth in hir penaunce,

And the remenaunt yafe away

To other poote folkes alway.

"They neither builden toure ne halle,

But they in houses small with alle.

"A mighty man that can and may,

Should with his hond and body alway,

Winne him his food in labouring,

If he ne have rent or such a thug ;

Although he be religious,

And God to serven curious,

Thus mote he done, or do trespaas,

But if it be in certaine caas,

That I can rehearse, if mister bee,

Right well, whan the time I see.

"Seeke the booke of Saint Augustine,

Be it in paper or perchemine,

There as he witte of these worchings,

Thou shalt scene that none excusings

A perfit man ne should seeke

By wordes, ne by deedes eke,
 Although he be religious,
 And God to serven curious,
 That he ne shall, so mote I go,
 With proper hondis and body also
 Get his food in labouring,
 If he ne have properte of thing,
 Yet should he sell all his sustenance,
 And with his swinke have sustenance,
 If he be perfitte in bounte ;
 Thus han the bookes told me :
 For he that woll gone idelly,
 And useth it aye busily
 To haunten other mennes table,
 He is a trechour full of fable,
 Ne he ne may by good reason
 Excuse him by his orison,
 For men behoveth in some gise,
 Ben sometime in Goddes service,
 To gone and purchasen hir nede.

“ Men mote eaten, that is no drede,
 And sleepe, and eke do other thing,
 So long may they leave praying.

“ So may they eke hir prayer blinne,
 While that they werke hir meat to winne,
 Saint Austine woll thereto accord,
 In thilke booke that I record.

“ Justinian eke, that made lawes,
 Hath thus forbidden by old sawes :
 ‘ No man, up paine to be dead,
 Mighty of body, to beg his bread,
 If he may swinke it for to gete,
 Men should him rather maime or bete,
 Or done of him aperte justice,
 Than suffren him in such mallice.’

“ They done not well so mote I go,
 That taken such almesse so,
 But if they have some priviledge,
 That of the paine hem woll alledge.

“ But how that is, can I not see,
 But if the prince deceived bee,
 Ne I ne wene not sikerly,
 That they may have it rightfully.

“ But I woll not determine
 Of princes power, ne define,
 Ne by my word comprehend ywis,
 If it so ferre may stretch in this ;
 I woll not entremete a dele,
 But I trow that the booke sayth wele,
 Who that taketh almesses, that bee
 Dew to folke that men may see
 Lame, feeble, weary, and bare,
 Poore, or in such manner care,
 That con winne hem nevermo,
 For they have no power thereto,
 He eateth his owne dampning,
 But if he lie that made all thing.
 And if ye such a truant find,
 Chastise him well, if ye be kind,
 But they would hate you parcaas,
 If ye fallen in hir laas.

“ They would eftsoones do you scathe,
 If that they might, late or rathe,
 For they he not full patient,
 That han the world thus foule blent,
 And weteth well, that God had
 The good man sell all that he had,
 And follow him, and to poore it yeve :
 He would not therefore that he live,
 To serven him in mendience,

For it was never his sentence,
 But he bad werken whan that need is,
 And follow him in goode deedis.

“ Saint Poule that loved all holy church,
 He bade the apostles for to wurch,
 And winnen hir livelode in that wise,
 And hem defended trauandise,
 And said, werketh with your honden.
 Thus should the thing be understandon.
 “ He nolde ywis have bid hem begging,
 Ne sellen gospell, ne preaching,
 Least they beraft, with hir asking,
 Folke of hir cattell or of hir thing.

“ For in this world is many a man
 That yeveth his good, for he ne can
 Werne it for shame, or else he
 Would of the asker delivered be,
 And for he him encombreth so,
 He yeveth him good to let him go :
 But it can him nothing profite,
 They lese the yeft and the merite.

“ The good folke that Poule to preached,
 Profred him oft, whan he hem taughted,
 Some of hir good in charite,
 But thereof right nothing tooke he,
 But of his honde would he gette
 Clothes to wrine him, and his mete.”

“ TELL me than how a man may liven,
 That all his good to poore hath yeven,
 And woll but onely bidde his bedes,
 And never with hondis labour his nedes.
 May he do so ? ” “ Yea sir.” “ And how ? ”

“ Sir I woll gladly tell you :
 Saint Austen saith, a man may be
 In houses that han properte,
 As templers and hospitellers,
 And as these chonons regulers,
 Or white monkes, or these blake,
 I woll no mo ensamples make,
 And take thereof his susteinung,
 For therein litte no begging,
 But otherwaies not ywis,
 Yet Austen gabbeth not of this,
 And yett full many a monke laboureth,
 That God in holy church honoureth :
 For whan hir swinking is agone,
 They rede and sing in church anone.

“ And for there hath ben great discord,
 As many a wight may begge record,
 Upon the estate of mendicience,
 I woll shortely in your presence,
 Tell how a man may begge at need,
 That hath not wherewith him to feed,
 Maugre his fellows janglings,
 For soothfastnesse woll none hidings,
 And yett percase I may obey,
 That I to you soothly thus sey.

“ Lo here the case espacial,
 If a man be so bestiall,
 That he of no craft hath science,
 And nought desirith ignorence,
 Than may he go a begging yerne,
 Till he some other craft can lerne,
 Through which without trauandung,
 He may in trouth have his living.

“ Or if he may done no labour,
 For elde, or sicknesse, or langour,

Or for his tender age also,
 Than may he yet a begging go.
 "Or if he have peraventure,
 Through usage of his noriture,
 Lived over deliciously,
 Than oughten good folke comenly,
 Han of his mischeefe some pite,
 And suffren him also, that he
 May gone about and berge his bread,
 That he be not for honger dead ;
 Or if he have of craft conning,
 And strength also, and desiring
 To worchen, as he had what,
 But he find neither this ne that,
 Than may he begge till that he
 Have gotten his necessite.

"Or if his winning be so lite,
 That his labour wolle not aquite
 Sufficiauntly all his living,
 Yet may he go his brede begging
 Fro dore to dore, he may go trace,
 Till he the remnant may purchase.

"Or if a man would undertake
 Any emprise for to make,
 In the rescous of our lay,
 And it defenden as he may,
 Be it with armes or letzture,
 Or other convenable cure,
 If it be so he poore be,
 Than may he begge, till that he
 May find in trowth for to swinke
 And get him clothe, meat, and drinke
 Swinke he with his hondes corporell,
 And not with hondes esprituell.

"In all this case, and in semblables,
 If that there ben no reasonables,
 He may begge, as I tell you here,
 And eles not in no manere,
 As William Saint Amour would preach,
 And oft would dispute and teach
 Of this matter all openly
 At Paris full solemnly,
 And also God my soule blesse
 As he had in this stedfastnesse
 The accord of the universite
 And of the people, as seemeth me.

"No good man ought it to refuse,
 Ne ought him thereof to excuse,
 Be wrothe or blithe, who so he,
 For I wolle spekke, and tell it thee,
 All should I die, and be put down,
 As was saint Poule in derke prisoun,
 Or be exiled in this cans
 With wrong, as maister William was,
 That my mother Hypocrisie
 Banished for her great envie.

"My mother flemed him Saint Amour :
 This noble did suche labour
 To sustene ever the loyalte,
 That he too much aglite me :
 He made a booke, and let it write,
 Wherein his life he did all write,
 And would iche renied begging,
 And lived by my travelling,
 If I no had rent ne other good,
 What weneth he that I were wood ?
 For labour might me never please,
 I have more will to ben at ease,
 And have well lever, sooth to say,

Before the people patter and pray,
 And wrie me in my foxerie
 Under a cope of papelardie."

(Quod Love) "What divell is this that I here,
 What wordes tellest thou me here ?"
 "What, sir, falsnesse, that apert is ?"
 "Than dredest thou not God ?" "No certes :
 For selde in great thing shall he spede
 In this world, that God wolle drede,
 For folke that hem to vertue yeven,
 And truely on hir owen liven,
 And hem in goodnesse aye content,
 On hem is little thrift isent,
 Such folke drinken great misease,
 That life may me never please.

"But see what gold han userers,
 And silver eke in garners,
 Tailagiers, and these monyours,
 Bailiffes, beadles, provost, countours,
 These liven well nigh by ravine,
 The small people hem mote encline,
 And they as wolves wolle hem eten :
 Upon the poore folke they geten
 Full much of that they spend or kope,
 N'is none of hem that they n'ill strepe,
 And wrie hem selfe well at full,
 Without scalding they hem pull.

"The strong the feeble overgothe,
 But I that ware my simple clothe,
 Robbe both robbed, and robbours,
 And guile guiling, and guilours :
 By my tregret, I gather and threste
 The great tresour into my cheste,
 That lieth with me so fast bound,
 Mine high paleis doe I found,
 And my delighes I fulfill,
 With wine at feastes at my will,
 And tables full of entremees ;
 I wolle no life, but ease and pees,
 And winne gold to spend also,
 For when the greates bagge is go,
 It commeth right with my japes,
 Make I not well tomble mine apes :
 To winnen is alway mine entent,
 My purchase is better than my rent,
 For though I should boaten be,
 Over all I entremet me :

Without me maie no wight dure,
 I walke soules for to cure,
 Of all the world cure have I
 In brede and length ; boldly
 I wolle both preach and eke counsaillen,
 With hondes wolle I not travailen,
 For of the pope I have the bull,
 I ne hold not my wittes dull,
 I wolle not stinten in my live
 These emperours for to shrive,
 Or kinges, dukes, and lordes grete :
 But poore folke all quite I lete,
 I love no such shriving parde,
 But it for other cause be :
 I recke not of poore men,
 Hir estate is not worth an hen.

"Where findest thou a swinker of labour
 Have me to his confessour ?
 But empresses, and duchesses,
 These queenes, and eke countesses,
 These abbesses, and eke bigines,
 These great ladies palasins,
 These jolly knights, and bailives,

These nonnes, and these burgeis wives
 That rich ben, and eke pleasing,
 And these maidens welfaring,
 Where so they clad or naked be,
 Uncounselled goeth there none fro me ;
 And for hir soules safete,
 At lord and lady, and hir meine,
 I aske, when they hem to me shrive,
 The propertie of all hir live,
 And make hem trow, both most and least,
 Hir parish priest is but a beast
 Ayenst me and my company,
 That shrewes been as great (as I)
 For which I woll not hide in hold,
 No priveite that me is told,
 That I by word or signe ywis,
 Ne woll make hem know what it is,
 And they wollen also tellen me.
 They hele fro me no priveite.
 And for to make you hem perceiven,
 That usen folke thus to deceiven,
 I woll you saine withouten drede,
 Of What men may in the Gospell rede,
 Of Saint Mathew the gossellere,
 That saith, as I shall you say here.

“ UPON the chaire of Moses
 Thus it is glosed douteles,
 (That is the olde testament,
 For thereby is the chaire ment)
 Sitte scribes and pharisen,
 That is to saine, the cursed men,
 Which that we ipocrites call :
 Doeth that they preache, I rede you all,
 But doeth not as they doen adele,
 That been not weary to say wele.
 But to doe well, no will have they,
 And they wold bind on folke alway
 (That been to be beguiled able)
 Burdons that been importable ;
 On folkes shoulders things they couchen,
 That they n'ill with their fingers touchen.
 And why woll they not touch it, why ?
 For hem ne list nat sikerly,
 For sadde burdons that men taken,
 Make folkes shoulders aken.

“ And if they do ought that good bee,
 That is for folke it should see :
 Hir burdons larger maken they,
 And maken hir hemmes wide alwey,
 And loven seates at the table
 The first and most honourable,
 And for to han the first chairis,
 In synagogues, to hem full dere is,
 And willen that folke hem loute and grete,
 Whan that they passen through the strete,
 And wollen be cleped maister also .
 But they ne should not willen so,
 The gossell is there ayenst I gesse,
 That sheweth woll hir wickednesse.

“ ANOTHER custome use we
 Of hem that woll ayenst us be,
 We hate hem deadly everychone,
 And we woll werry him, as one,
 Him that one hateth, hate we all,
 And conject how to doen him fall :
 And if we seeen him winne honour,
 Richesse or preise, through his valour,

Provende, rent, or dignite,
 Full fast ywis compassen we
 By what ladder he is clomben so,
 And for to maken him downe to go,
 With treason we woll him defame,
 And doen him lese his good name.
 “ Thus from his ladder we him take,
 And thus his frendes foes we make,
 But word ne wete shall he none,
 Till all his frendes been his fone,
 For if we did it openly,
 We might have blame readily,
 For had he wist of our mallice,
 He had him kept, but he were nice.

“ Another is this, that if so fall,
 That there be one among us all
 That doeth a good tourne, out of drede,
 We saine it is our alder dede,
 Yea sikerly, though he it fained,
 Or that him list, or that him damed
 A man through him avaiced be,
 Thereof all parteners be we,
 And tellen folke where so we go,
 That man through us is sprongen so.

“ And for to have of men praising,
 We purchase through our flattering
 Of riche men of great poste
 Letters, to witnessen our bounte,
 So that man weeneth that may us see,
 That all vertue in us bee.

“ And alway poore we us faine,
 But how so that we begge or plaine,
 We ben the folke without leasing,
 That all thing have without having.

“ Thus be dradde of the people ywis,
 And gladly my purpose is this.

“ I deale with no wight, but he
 Have gold and treasure great piente,
 Hir acquaintance well love I :
 This much my desire shortly,
 I entremet me of brocages,
 I make peace and mariages,
 I am gladly excecuntour,
 And many times a procuratour,
 I am sometime messangere,
 That falleth not to my mistere.

“ And many times I make enquerer,
 For me that office is nat honest,
 To deale with other mennes thing,
 That is to me a great liking :
 And if that ye have ought to do
 In place that I repaire to,
 I shall it speden through my wit,
 As soone as ye have told me it,
 So that ye serve me to pay,
 My service shall be yours alway.

“ But who so woll chastice me,
 Anone my love lost hath he,
 For I love no man in no gise,
 That woll me reprove or chastise,
 But I woll all folke undertake,
 And of no wight no teaching take,
 For I that other folke chastice,
 Woll not be faulted fro my follie.

“ I LOVE none hermitage more,
 All desertes and holtes hoore
 And grete woodes everychon,
 I let hem to the Baptist Iohn,
 I queth him quite, and him releas-

Of Egipt all the wildernesse ;
Too ferre were all my mansions
Fro all cities and good towns.

“ My paleis and mine house make I
There men may renne in openly,
And say that I the world forsake,
But all amidde I build and make
My house, and swim and play therein
Bette than a fish doeth with his finne.

“ Or Antichristes men am I,
Of which that Christ sayeth openly,
They have habite of holinesse,
And liven in such wickednesse.

“ Outward lamben seemen we,
Full of goodnesse and of pite,
And inward we withouten fable
Been greedy wolves ravisable.

“ We environ both lond and see,
With all the world verrien wee,
We woll ordaine of alle thing,
Of folkes good, and hir living.

“ If there be castell or cite
Within that any bougerous be,
Although that they of Millaine were,
For thereof been they blamed there ;
Or if a wight out of measure,
Would leue hir gold, and take usure,
For that he is so covetous,
Or if he be too lecherous,
Or these that haunten simonie,
Or provost full of trecherie,
Or pre-late living jollily,
Or prest that halt his quein him by,
Or olde hoeres hostillers,
Or other baudes or bordellers,
Or els blamed of any vice,
Of which men shoulde doen justice :

“ By all the saintes that we prey,
But they defend them with lamprey,
With luce, with elis, with samons,
With tender geese, and with capons,
With tartes, or with cheses fat,
With daintie flaunes, brode and flat,
With caldeweis, or with pullaile,
With couinges, or with fine vitaille,
That we un-er our clothes wide,
Maken through our gollet glide,
Or but he woll doe come in hast
Re venison bake in past,
Whether so that he loure or groine,
He shall have of a corde a loigne,
With which men shall him bund and lede,
Fo brenne him for his sinful dede,
That men shall heare him crie and rore
A nule way about and more,
Or els he shall in prison die,
But if he woll his friendship buy,
Or smerten that, that he hath do,
More than his guilt amounteth to.

“ But and he couh through his sleight
Doe maken up a toure of height,
Nought rought I whether of stone or tree,
Or eath, or turves though it be,
Though it were of no younde stone,
Wrought with squier and scantilone,
So that the toure were stuffed well
With all riches temporell :

“ And than that he would up dresse
-ignes, both more and lesse,

To cast at us by every side,
To beare his good name wide :

“ Such sleightes I shall you yeven
Barrels of wine, by sixe or seven,
Or gold in sakes great plente,
He shoulde some delivered be,
And if he have no such pitences.
Let him studie in equipolences,
And lette lies and fallaces,
If that he would deserve our graces,
Or we shall beare him such witness
Of sinne, and of his wretchednesse,
And doun his lose so wide renne
That all quike he should him brenne,
Or els yeve him such penaunce,
That is well worse than the pitaunce.

“ For thou shalt never for nothing
Con knownen aright by hir clothing
The traitous full of trecherie,
But thou hir werkes can espie.

“ And ne had the good keeping be
Whylome of the universite,
That keepeth the key of Christendome,
We had been tourmented all and some.

“ Such been the stinking prophetis,
N'is none of hem, that good prophet is,
For they through wicked entention,
The yeare of the incarnation
A thousand and two hundred yere,
Five and fiftie ferther ne nere,
Broughten a booke with sorrre grace,
To yeven ensample in common place,
That saied thus, though it were fable,
This is the gospell perdurable,
That fro the Holy Ghost is sent.
Well were it worthe to be brent.

Entitled was in such manere
This booke, of which I tell here,
There nas no wight in all Paris,
Before our ladie at parvis,
That they ne might the booke buy,
The sentence pleased hem well truly.
To the copie, if him talent toke
Of the evangelistes booke,
There might he see by great traisoun
Full many a false comparisoun.

“ As much as through his greate might,
Be it of heate or of light,
The Sunne surmounteth the Moone,
That troubler is, and chaungeheth soone,
And the nutte kernell the shell,
I scorne nat that I you tel :

“ Right so withouten any gile
Surmounteth this noble evangile,
The word of any evangelist,
And to hir title they tooken Christ,
And many such comparisoun,
Of which I make no mentioun,
Might menne in that booke find,
Who so could of hem have mind.

“ The universitie that tho was asleepe
Gan for to braide, and taken keepe,
And at the noise, the head up cast,
Ne never sithen slept it fast,
But up it stert, and armes tooke,
Ayens this false horrible booke,
All ready bataille for to make,
And to the judge the booke they take.

“ But they that broughten the booke there,
Hent it anone away for feare,

o more a dele,
 keepen wel,
 they may see,
 woxen be,
 am well withstond,
 y durst not stond,
 r to bere,
 : answerc
 e
 voll appose
 se ywis
 ritten is.
 ne I can nat see
 at there shall bee
 ide,
 all abide,
 bette defend,
 be hir end.
 widen we,
 meine,
 voll not be so,
 his life forgo.
 n him arise,
 le doen him ceise,
 peares rive,
 him fro live,
 llow ywis,
 itten is.

r booke signifie,
 l maistris
 v well his might.
 declared right,
 arke and rinde,
 ncions blinde,
 ll begin,
 ith within,
 prehend,
 oll defend,
 and maintainen
 sustenen,
 ople teachen,
 l hem to prechen,
 ovenable,
 rdnable,
 ost was sent
 en miswent.
 loru they understand,
 hey say they stond,
 l folke convert,
 rist rovert,
 orriblee,
 ooke see,
 led doubtlesse
 me expresse,
 ist they holden,
 ooke beholden.
 unden they to sleen,
 er been,
 have that might,
 ' strife to fight,
 ough find,
 l have in mind,
 o mairteen,
 all be seen,
 ome thereto,
 can speake or do.
 shall not stond,
 ave understand,
 shall adoun,

And been brought to confusioun.

“ But I woll stint of this matere,
 For it is wonder long to her,
 But had that ilke booke endured,
 Of better estate I were ensured,
 And friendes have I yet pardee,
 That han me set in great degree.

“ Of all this world is emperour
 Guile my father, the trechour,
 And empresse my mother is,
 Maugre the Holy Ghost ywis,
 Our mightie linage and our rout
 Reigneth in every reigne about,
 And well is worthy we ministers be,
 For all this worlde governe we,
 And can the folke so well deceive,
 That none our guile can perceive,
 And though they doen, they dare not say,
 The sooth dare no wight bewray.

“ But he in Christes wrath him leadeth,
 That more than Christ my brcthren dredeth,
 He n'is no full good champion,
 That dredeth such similation,
 Nor that for pame woll refusen,
 Us to correct and accusen.

“ He woll not entremete by right,
 Ne have God in his eyesight,
 And therefore God shall him punice ;
 But me ne recketh of no vice,
 Sithen men us loven communably,
 And holden us for so worthy,
 That we may folke repreve echone,
 And we n'll have reprefe of none :
 Whom shoulde folke worshlappen so,
 But us that stinten never mo
 To patren while that folke may us see,
 Though it not so behind hem be.

“ And where is more wood follie,
 Than to enhaunce chivalrie,
 And love noble men and gay,
 That jolly clothes wearen alway ?
 If they be such folke as they seemen,
 So cleane, as men hir clothes demen,
 And that hir wordes follow hir dede,
 It is great pitie out of drede,
 For they will be none hypocritis,
 Of hem me thinketh grate spight is,
 I cannot love hem on no side.

“ But buggers with these hoodes wide,
 With sleigh and pale faces leane,
 And graie clothes nat full cleane,
 But fretted full of tatarwagges,
 And high shoes knopped with dagges,
 That frouncen like a quaille pipe,
 Or bootes riving as a gipe.

“ To such folke as I you devise,
 Should princes and these lordes wise,
 Take all hir landes and hir things,
 Both warre and peace in governings,
 To such folke should a prince him jeve,
 That would his life in honour live.

“ And if they be nat as they seme,
 They serven thus the world to queme.
 There would I dwell to deceive
 The folke, for they shall nat perceive.

“ But I ne speake in no such wise,
 That men should humble habite dispise,

So that no pride there under be,
 No man should hate, as thinketh me,
 The poore man in such clothing,
 But God ne preiseth him nothing,
 That saith he hath the world forsake,
 And hath to worldly glory him take,
 And woll of such delices use,
 Who may that begger well excuse ?
 "That papelarde, that him yeeldeth so,
 And woll to worldly ease go,
 And saith that he the world hath left,
 And greedily it gripeth eft,
 He is the hound, shame is to saine,
 That to his casting goeth againe."

"But unto you dare I not lie,
 But might I feelen or espie,
 That ye perceived it nothing,
 Ye should have a starke leasing :
 Right in your hond thus to beginne,
 I nolde it let for no sinne."

The god lough at the wonder tho,
 And every wight gan lough also,
 And saied : "Lo here a man right,
 For to be trustie to every wight."

"False Semblaunt," (quod Love) "say to mee,
 Sith I thus have avauaced thee,
 That in my court is thy dwelling,
 And of ribaudes shalt be my king,
 Wolt thou well holden my forwardes ?"
 "Yea, sir, from hence forwardes,
 Had never your father here beforen,
 Servaunt so true, sith he was borne."

"That is ayenst all nature."
 "Sir, put you in that aventure,
 For though ye borowes take of me,
 The sikerer shall ye never be
 For hostages, ne sikernesse,
 Or chartres, for to beare witnessse :
 I take your selfe to record here,
 That men ne may in no manere
 Tearen the wolfe out of his hide,
 Till he be slaine backe and side,
 Though men him beat and all defile,
 What wene ye that I woll beguile ?

"For I am clothed meekely,
 There under is all my treachery,
 Mine herte chaungeth never the mo
 For none habite, in which I go ;
 Though I have chere of simplenesse,
 I am not wearie of shreudnesse,
 My lemman, strained Abstinence,
 Hath mister of my purveiaunce,
 She had full long ago be dede,
 Nere my counsaile and my rede ;
 Let her alone, and you and mee."

And Love answered, "I trust thee
 Without borow, for I woll none."

And False Semblaunt the theefe anone,
 Right in that ilke same place,
 That had of treason all his face,
 Right blacke within, and white without,
 Thanking him, gan on his knees lout.

"Than was there nought, but every man
 Now to assaute, that sailen can"
 (Quod Love) "and that full hardely."
 Than armed they hem comenly
 Of such armour as to hem fell.

When they were armed fiers and fell,
 They went hem forth all in a rout,
 And set the castle all about ;
 They will not away for no dread,
 Till it so be that they ben dead,
 Or till they have the castle take,
 And foure battels they gan make,
 And parted hem in foure anone,
 And tooke hir way, and forth they gone,
 The foure gates for to assaile,
 Of which the keepers woll not faille,
 For they ben neither sickle ne dede,
 But hardie folke, and strong in dede.

Now woll I sain the countenance
 Of False Semblaunt, and Abstinence,
 That ben to Wicked Tongue went ;
 But first they held hir parliament,
 Whether it to doen were,
 To maken hem be knownen there,
 Or els walken forth disguised :
 But at the last they devised,
 That they would gone in tapinage,
 As it were in a pilgrimage,
 Like good and holy folke unfeined :
 And dame Abstinence streined
 Tooke of the robe of cameline,
 And gan her gratchie as a bigine.

A large coverchief of thread,
 She wrapped all about her head,
 But she iorgate not her psaltere.

A paire of beades eke she bere
 Upon a lace, all of white thread,
 On which that she her beades bede,
 But she ne bought hem never a dele,
 For they were given her, I wote wele,
 God wote of a full holy frere,
 That said he was her father dere,
 To whom she had offer went,
 Than any frere of his covent.

And he visited her also,
 And many a sermon saied her to,
 He n'olde let for man on live,
 That he ne would her oft shrive,
 And with so great devotion
 They made her confession,
 That they had oft for the nones
 Two heades in one hood at ones.

Of faire shape I devised her thee,
 But pale of face sometime was shee,
 That false traitouresse untrew,
 Was like that sallow horse of hew,
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,
 That signifieth the folke beshrewed,
 That been all full of trecherie,
 And pale, through hypocrisie,
 For on that horse no colour is,
 But onely dead and pale ywis,
 Of such a colour enlangoured,
 Was Abstinence ywis coloured,
 Of her estate she her repented,
 As her visage represented.

She had a burdoune all of theft,
 That Guile had yve her of his yeff,
 And a serippe of faint distresse,
 That full was of elengenesse,
 And forth she walked soberlie :
 And False Semblaunt saynt, je vous die,
 And as it were for such mistere,
 Doen on the cope of a frere,
 With cheare simple, and full pitous,

His looking was not disdainous,
Ne proud, but meeke and full peesible.

About his necke he bare a Bible,
And squierly forth gan he gon,
And for to rest his limmes upon,
He had of treason a portent,
As he were feeble, his way he went,
But in his sleve he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe, and well biting,
That was forged in a forge,
Which that men clepen coupe gorge.

So long forth hir way they nomen,
Till they to Wicked Tongue comen,
That at his gate was sitting,
And saw folke in the way passing.

The pilgrimes saw he fast by,
That bearen hem full meekely,
And humbly they with hem mette,
Dame Abstinence first him grette,
And sith him False Semblant salued,
And he hem, but he not remued,
For he ne drede him not a dele :
For when he saw hir faces wele,
Alway in herte him thought so,
He should know hem both two,
For well he knew dame Abstinence,
But he ne knew not Constrainnaunce,
He knew nat that she was constrained,
Ne of her theeves life fained,
But wende she come of will all free,
But she come in another degree,
And if of good will she began,
That will was failed her than.

AND False Semblant had he scene aise,
But he knew nat that he was false,
Yet false was he, but his falsenesse
Ne coud he not espie, nor gesse,
For Semblant was so sile wrought,
That falsenesse he ne espyed nought :
But haddest thou known him beforen,
Thou wouldest on a booke have sworne,
Whan thou him saw in thilke arraie
That he, that whilome was so gaie,
And of the daunce Jolly Robin
Was tho become a Jacobin :
But soothly what so men him call
Frere preachours been good men all,
Hir order wickedly they bearen
Such ministreles if they weren.

So been Augustins, and Cordleres,
And Carmes, and eke sacked freres,
And all freres shode and bare,
Though some of hem ben great and square,
Full holy men, as I hem deem,
Everich of hem would good man seem :
But shalt thou never of apparence
Scene conclude good consequence
In none argument ywis,
If existence all failed is :
For men may finde alway sopheme
The consequence to eveneme,
Who so that hath had the subtiltee
The double sentence for to see.

Whan the pilgrimes comen were
To Wicked Tongue that dwelleth there,
Hir harnes nigh hem was algate,
By Wicked Tongue adoune they sate,
That bad hem nere him for to come,
And of tidinges tell him some,

And sayd hem : " What case maketh you
To come into this place now ? "

" Sir," said strained Abstinence,
" We for to dric our penance,
With hertes pitous and devout,
Are comen, as pilgrimes gone about,
Well nigh on foote alway we go
Full doughty been our heeles two,
And thus both we ben sent
Throughout the world that is miswent,
To yeve ensample, and preach also,
To fishen sinfull men we go,
For other fishing, ne fish we,
And, sir, for that charite,
As we be wont, herborow we crave,
Your life to amende Christ it save,
And so it should you not displease,
We woulde, if it were your ease,
A short sermon unto you saine.
And Wicked Tongue answered again,
" The house " (quod he) " such (as ye see)
Shall not be warned you for me,
Saie what you list, and I woll heare."

" Graunt mercie sweet sir deare,"
(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstinence,
And thus began she her sentence.
" Sir, the first vertue certaine,
The greatest, and most souveraigne
That may be found in any man,
For having, or for wit he can,
That is his tongue to refraine,
Thereto ought every wight him paine :
For it is better still be,
Than for to speken harme parde,
And he that hearkeneth it gladly,
He is no good man sikerly.

" And sir, aboven all other sin,
In that art thou most guiltie in :
Thou speake a jape, not long ago.
" And sir, that was right evill do
Of a young man, that here repaired,
And never yet this place apaired :
Thou saidest he awaited nothing,
But to deceive Faire Welcoming :
Ye sayd nothing sooth of that,
But sir, ye lye, I tell ye plat,
He ne cometh no more, ne gooth parde,
I trow ye shall him never see ;
Faire Welcoming in prison is,
That oft hath played with you er this,
The fairest games that he coude,
Without filth, still or loude.
Now dare she not her selfe solace,
Ye han also the man doe chase,
That he dare neither come ne go,
What mooveth you to hate him so !
But properly your wicked thought,
That many a false lesing hath thought,
That mooveth your foule eloquence,
That jangleth ever in audience,
And on the folke ariseth blame,
And doth hem dishonour and shame,
For thing that may have no proving,
But likeliness, and contriving.

" For I dare saine, that Reason deemeth,
It is not all sooth thing that seemeth,
And it is sinne to controuve
Thing that is to reprove ;
This wote ye wele, and sir, therefore

Ye arn to blame the more,
 And nathelesse, he recketh lite
 He yeveth not now thereof a mite,
 For if he thought harme, parfay,
 He would come and gone all day,
 He coud himselve not absteine,
 Now cometh he not, and that is sene,
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,
 But if it be through aventure,
 And lasse than other folke algate,
 And thou here watchest at the gate,
 With speare in thine arest alwane,
 There muse musard all the daie,
 Thou wakest night and day for thought,
 Ywis thy travaile is for nought,
 And Jelousie withouten faile,
 Shall never quit thee thy travaile,
 And skathe is, that Faire Welcoming,
 Without any trespassing,
 Shall wrongfully in prison be,
 There weopeth and languisheth he,
 And though thou never yet ywis,
 Agiltest man no more but this,
 Take not a greefe it were worthy
 To put thee out of this bailey,
 And afterward in prison lie,
 And fettred thee till that thou die ;
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwell
 Right in the Divels arse of Hell,
 But if that thou repent thee :
 Ma fay, thou lyst falsly " (Quod he)
 " What, welcome with mi-chaunce now,
 Have I therefore herbourd you
 To say me shame, and eke reprove,
 With sorrie happe to your belove,
 Am I to day your herbegere
 Go herber you elsewhere than here,
 That han a lyer called me,
 Two tregेतours art thou and he,
 That in mine house doe me this shame,
 And for my sooth saw ye me blame.
 Is this the sermon that ye make ?
 To all the divels I me take,
 Or else God thou me confound,
 But er men didden this castle found,
 It passed not ten dayes of twelve,
 But it was told right to my selve,
 And as they sayd, right so told I,
 He kist the rose privily :
 Thus sayd I now, and have sayd yore,
 I n'ot where he did any more.
 Why should men say me such a thing,
 If it had been gabbing ?
 Right so saide I, and woll say yet,
 I trow I lyed not of it,
 And with my bemes I woll blow
 To all neighbours a row,
 How he hath both comen and gone."

 Tho spake False Semblant right anone,
 " All is not gospell out of dout,
 That men saine in the towne about,
 Lay no deafe eare to my speaking,
 I swere you, sir, it is gabbing,
 I trow you wote well certainly,
 That no man loveth him tenderly,
 That saythe him harme, if he wote it,
 All be he never so poore of wit ;
 And sooth is also sikerly,
 This know ye, sir, as well as I,
 That lovers gladly woll visiten

The places there hir loves habiten :
 This man you loveth and eke honoureth,
 This man to serve you laboureth,
 And clepeth you his freind so deere,
 And this man maketh you good cheere,
 And everie man that you meeteth,
 He you saleweth, and he you greeteth ;
 He preseth not so oft, that ye
 Ought of his comming encombred be :
 There presen other folke on you,
 Full offer than he doth now,
 And if his herte him strained so
 Unto the rose for to go,
 Ye should him seene so ofte need,
 That ye should take him with the deed ;
 He coud his comming not forbear,
 Though ye him thrilled with a speare ;
 It n'ere not than as it is now,
 But trusteth well, I swere it you,
 That it is cleue out of his thought.
 Sir, certes he ne thinketh it nought,
 No more ne doth Faire Welcomming,
 That sore abieth all this thing :
 And if they were of one assent,
 Full soone were the rose hent,
 The maugre yours would be.

" And sir, of o thing hearkeneth me,
 Sith ye this man, that loveth you,
 Han sayd such harme and shame, now
 Witteth well, if he gessed it,
 Ye may well demen in your wit,
 He n'olde nothing love you so,
 Ne callen you his friend also,
 But night and daie he woll wake,
 The castle to destroy and take,
 If it were sooth, as ye devise ;
 Or some man in some manner wise
 Might it warne him everi dele,
 Or by himselve perceive wele,
 For sith he might not come and gone
 As he was whilom wont to done,
 He might it soone wite and see,
 But now all otherwise wote hee.

" Than have ye, sir, all utterly
 Deserved Hell, and jollyly
 The death of Hell doubtlesse,
 That thralen folke so guiltlesse."

False Semblant so prooveth this thing,
 That he can none answering,
 And seeth alwaie such apparunce,
 That nigh he fell in repentance,
 And sayd him, " Sir, it may well be.
 Semblant, a good man seemen ye,
 And Abstinence, full wise ye seeme,
 Of o talent you both I deeme,
 What counsaile woll ye to me yeven ?"

" Right here anon thou shalt be shriven
 And say thy sinne without more,
 Of this shalt thou repent sore,
 For I am priest, and have poste,
 To shrive folke of most dignite
 That ben as wide as world may dure,
 Of all this world I have the cure,
 And that had never yet person,
 Ne vicarie of no manner toun.

" And God wote I have of thee,
 A thousand times more pitee,
 Than hath thy priest parrochiall
 Though he thy friend be speciall.

" I have avantage, in o wise,

That your priests be not so wise
 Ne halfe so letted (as am I)
 I am licensed boldly,
 In divinitie for to read,
 And to confessen out of dread.

“ If ye woll you now confesse,
 And leave your sinnes more and lesse,
 Without abode, kneele doune anon,
 And you shall have absolution.”

* * * * *

TROILUS AND CRESEIDE.

B. I. v. 1—84.

INCIPIIT LIBER PRIMUS.

THE double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,
 That was kinge Priamus sonne of Troy,
 In loving, how his adventures fallen
 From woe to wele, and after out of joy,
 My purpose is, er that I part froy.
 Thou Thesiphone, thou helpe me for t'endite
 These wofull verses, that wepen as I write.

To thee I clepe, thou goddesse of tourment
 Thou cruell furie, sorrowing ever in paine,
 Helpe me that am the sorrowfull instrument,
 That helpeth lovers, as I can complain:
 For well sit it, the sooth for to saine,
 A wofull wight to have a dreery fere,
 And to a sorrowfull tale a sorrrie chere.

For I that god of loves servantes serve,
 Ne dare to love, for mine unlikelynesse,
 Prayen for speed, all should I therefore sterve,
 So farre am I fro his helpe in derkenesse.
 But nathelesse, if this may done gladnesse
 To any lover, and his cause availe,
 Have he my thanke, and mine be the travaile.

But ye lovers that bathen in gladnesse,
 If any droppe of pite in you be,
 Remembreth you of passed heavynesse
 That ye have felt, and on the adversite
 Of other folke, and thinketh how that ye
 Han felt, that Love durst you displease,
 Else ye han won him with too great an ease.

And prayeth for hem that been in the case
 Of Troilus, as ye may after heare,
 That he hem bring in Heaven to solace.
 And eke for me prayeth to God so deare,
 That I have might to shew in some manere,
 Such paine and woe, as Loves folke endure,
 In Troilus unsely aventure.

And biddeth eke for hem that ben dispeired
 In love, that never will recovered be:
 And eke for hem that falsely ben apeired,
 Through wicked tongues, be it he or she:
 Thus biddeth God for his beniguite,
 So grant hem some out of this world to pace
 That ben dispeired out of Loves grace.

And biddeth eke for hem that ben at ease,
 That God hem graunt aie good perseverance,
 And send hem grace hir loves for to please,
 That it to love be worship and pleasaunce:
 For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce
 To pray for hem, that Loves servaunts be,
 And write hir woe, and live in charite.

And for to have of hem compassion,
 As though I were hir owne brother dere,
 Now hearkeneth with a good ententioun,
 For now woll I go straight to my matere:
 In which ye may the double sorrowes here
 Of Troilus, in loving of Creseide,
 And how she forsok him er that she deide.

It is well wist, how that the Greekes strong
 In armes with a thousand shippes went
 To Troie wardes, and the cite long
 Besiegeden, nigh ten yeres ere they stent,
 And how in divers wise, and one entent,
 The ravishing to wreake of queen Heleine,
 By Paris don, they wroughten all hir peine.

Now fell it so, that in the tounne there was
 Dwelling a lord of great autorite
 A great divine that cleped was Calcas,
 That in science so expert was, that he
 Knew well, that Troie should destroyed be,
 By answeere of his god, that hight thus,
 Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calcas knew by calculing,
 And eke by the answeere of this god Apollo,
 That the Greekes should such a people bring,
 Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,
 He cast anone out of the tounne to go:
 For well he wist by sort, that Troie sholde
 Destroyed be, ye would who so or n'olde.

Wherefore he to departen softly,
 Tooke purpose full, this forknowing wise,
 And to the Greekes host full prively
 He stale anone, and they in courteous wise
 Did to him both wor-ship and servise,
 In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede
 In every perill, which that was to drede.

Great rumour rose, when it was first espied,
In all the tounce, and openly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was and allied
To hem of Greece : and east was to be wroken
On him, that falsely hath his faith broken,
And sayd, he and all his kinne atones,
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones.

Now had Calcas lefte in this mischaunce,
Unwist of this false and wicked dede,
A daughter, whiche was in great penaunce,
And of her life she was full sore in drede,
And wist ne never what best was to rede :
And as a widdow was she, and all alone,
And n'iste to whome she might make her mone.

Creseide was this ladies name aright,
As to my dome, in all Troies citie
Most fairest ladie, far passing every wight
So angelike shone her native beaute,
That no mortall thing seemed she :
And therewith was she so perfect a creature,
As she had be made in scorning of nature.

This ladie, that all day hearde at care
Her fathers blame, falshe, and treason,
(Full high out of her wit for sorrow and feare,
In widdowes habite large of samite brown)
Before Hector on knees she fell adown,
And his mercy bad, her selfe excusing,
With pitous voice, and tenderly weeping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorrowfull begone,
And that she was so faire a creature,
Of his goodnesse he gladed her anone,
And said : " Let your fathers treason gone
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your selfe in joy
Dwelleth with us while you list in Troy.

" And all the honour that men may do you have,
As forforth as though your father dwelt here,
Ye shull have, and your body shull men save,
As ferre as I may ought enquire and here :"
And she him thanked with full humble chere,
And offer would, and it had been his will.
She took her leve, went home, and held her still.

And in her house she abode with such meine
As til her honour nede was to hold,
And while she was dwelling in that cite,
She kept her estate, and of yong and old
Full well beloved, and men well of her told :
But whether that she children had or none,
I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

The things fellen as they don of werre,
Betwixen hem of Troy and Greekes oft,
For sometime broughten they of Troy it derre,
And eite the Greekes founden nothing soft
The folke of Troy : and thus fortune aloft,
And under eite gan hem to whelmen both,
After her course, aie while that they were wroth.

But how this tounce came to destruction,
Ye falleth not to purpose me to tell,
For it were a long digression
For my matter, and you too long to dwell ;
But the Trovan jestes all as they tell,
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,
Who so that can, may reden hem as they write.

But though the Greekes hem of Troy in shotten,
And hir citie besieged all about,
Hir old usages nolde they not letten,
As to honouren hir gods full devout,
But aldermost in honour out of dout,
They had a relike hight Palladion,
That was hir trust aboven every chon.

And so befell, when comen was the tunc
Of Aprill, when clothed is the mede,
With new grene, of lustie veer the prime,
And with sweet smelling floures white and rede
In sundrie wise shewed, as I rede,
The folke of Troie, their observances old,
Palladions feast went for to hold.

Unto the temple in all their best wise,
Generally there went many a wight,
To hearken of Palladions servise,
And namely many a lustie knight,
And many a ladie fresh, and maiden bright,
Full well arraid bothe most and least,
Both for the season and the high feast.

Among these other folke was Creseida,
In widdowes habite blacke : but natheles
Right as our first letter is now an a,
In beantie first so stood she makeles,
Her goodly looking gladed all the prees,
Nas never seene thing to be praised so derre,
Nor under cloude blacke so bright a sterre,

As was Creseide, they sayden everichone,
That her behelden in her blacke vede,
And yet she stood full lowe and still alone
Behinde other folke in little brede,
And nie the dore under shames drede,
Simple of attire, and debonaire of chere,
With full assured looking and manere.

This Troilus, as he was wont to guide
His yonge knightes, lad hem up and doune,
In thilke large temple on every side,
Beholding aie the ladies of the tounce,
Now here now there, for no devotounne
Had he to none, to reven him his rest,
But gan to praise and lacke whom him lest.

And in his walk full fast he gan to waite,
If knight or squier of his companie,
Gan for to sike, or let his eyen baite
On any woman, that he could espie,
He would smile, and hold it a follie,
And say hem thus : " O Lord she slepeth soft
For love of thee, when thou turnest full oft.

" I have heard tell pardieus of your living,
Ye lovers, and eke your leude observances,
And which a labour folke have in winning
Of love, and in keeping such doutaunces,
And when your pray is lost, wo and penaunces :
O, very foolles, blinde and nice be ye,
There is not one can ware by another be."

And with that word he gan cast up the brow,
Ascaunces, lo, is this not well yspoken,
At which the god of love gan looken low,
Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken.
He kidde anone his bowe was not broken :
For sodainly he hitte him at the full,
And yet as proude a peacocke gan he pull.

O blinde world, o blind entention,
How often falleth all the effect contraire
Of surquedrie and foule presumption,
For caught is proud, and caught is debonaire :
This Troilus is clomben on the staire,
And little weneth that he mote descenden,
But all day it faileth that fooles wenden.

As proud Bayard beginneth for to skippe
Out of the way, so pricketh him his corne,
Till he a lash have of the longe whippe,
Than thinketh he, "The I praunce all beforme
First in the traïse, full fat and new yshorne,
Yet am I but an horse, and horses law
I must endure, and with my feeses draw."

So fared it by this fiers and proud knight,
Though he a worthy kinges sonne were,
And wende nothing had had suche might,
Ayenst his will, that should his herte stere,
Yet with a looke his herte woxe on fire,
That he that now was most in pride above,
Woxe sodainly most subject unto love.

Forthy ensample taketh of this man,
Ye wise, proud, and worthy folkes all,
To scornen Love, which that so soone can
The freedom of your hertes to him thrall
For ever it was, and ever it be shall,
That Love is he that all things may bind,
For no man may fordo the law of kind.

That this be sooth hath preved and doth yet,
For this (I trowe) ye know all and some,
Men reden not that folke han greater wit
Than they that han ben most with love ynome,
And strengest folk been therewith overcome,
The worthyest and greatest of degree,
This was and is, and yet man shall it see.

And trueliche that sitte tle to be so,
For alderwisest han thcrewith ben pleased,
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,
With love han ben comforted and most eased,
And oft it hath the cruell herte appeased,
And worthy folke made worthier of name,
And causeth most to dreden vice and shame.

Now sith it may nat goodly be withstond,
And is a thing so vertuous and kind,
Refuseth nought to love for to ben bond,
Sith as him selven list he may you bind ;
The yerde is bette that bowen woll and wind
Than that that brest, and therefore I you rede,
Now followeth him, that so well can you lede.

But for to tellen forth in special,
As of this kinges sonne, of which I told,
And leven other thing collateral,
Of him thinke I my tale forth to hold,
Both of his joy, and of his cares cold,
And his werke, as touching this matere,
For I it gan, I woll thereto refere.

Within the temple he went him forth playing
This Troilus, of every wight about,
Now on this lady, and now on that looking,
Where so she were of toune, or of without :
And upon case befell, that through a rout
His eye peirced, and so deepe it went
Till on Creseide it smote, and there it stent.

And sodainly for wonder wext astonned,
And gan her bet behold in thrifty wise :
"O very God," thought he, "wher hast thou wonned,
That art so faire and goodly to devise ?"
Therewith his herte gan to spread and rise,
And soft he sighed, leas men might him here,
And caught ayen his firste playing chere.

She n'as nat with the most of her stature,
But all her limmes so well answering
Weren to womanhood, that creature
Was never lasse maunish in seeming.
And eke the pure wise of her meaning
Shewed well, that men might in her gesse
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troilus, right wonder well withall,
Gan for to like her meaning and her chere,
Which somdele deignous was, for she let fall
Her looke a little aside, in such manere
Ascaunes, what may I not stonden here,
And after that her looking gan she light,
That never thought him seen so good a sight.

And of her looke in him there gan to quicken
So great desire, and such affection,
That in his hertes bottome gan to sticken
Of her his five, and deepe impression:
And though he earst had pored up and down,
Than was he glad his hornes in to shrinken,
Unnetles wist he how to looke or wunke.

Lo, he that lete him selven so cunning,
And scorned hem that Loves paines drien,
Was full unware that Love had his dwelling
Within the subtill streames of her eyen,
That sodainly him thought he felte dyen,
Right with her looke, the spirite in his hert,
Blessed be Love, that thus can folke convert.

She thus in blacke, liking to Troilus,
Over all thing he stood for to behold :
But his desire, ne wherefore he stood thus,
He neither chere made, ne worde told,
But from aferre, his manner for to hold,
On other thing sometime his looke he cast,
And oft on her, while that the service last :

And after this, nat fullliche all awhaped,
Out of the temple, eselich he went,
Repenting him that ever he had japed
Of Loves folke, least fully the discent
Of scorne fell on himselte, but what he ment,
Lest it were wist on any manner side,
His woe he gan dissimulen and hide.

Whan he was for the temple thus departed,
He straight anone unto his pallas turneth,
Right with her loke through shotten and darded,
All faineth he in lust that he sojourneth,
And all his chere and speech also he bourneth,
And aie of Loves servaunts every while
Him selfe to wrie, at hem he gan to smile,

And saied, "Lord, so they live all in lust
Ye lovers, for the cunningest of you,
That serveth most entenstelich and best
Him tite as often harme thereof as prow,
Your hire is quit ayen, ye, God wote how,
Not wele for wele, but scorne for good service,
In faith your order is ruled in good wise.

"In no certaine been your observaunces,
But it onely a sely few points be,
Ne nothing asketh so great attendaunces,
As doth your laie, and that know all ye :
But that is not the worst, as mote I the,
But told I you the worst point, I leve,
All sayd I sooth, ye woulde at me greve.

"But take this : that ye lovers oft eschew,
Or else done of good entention,
Full oft thy ladie woll it mis-e constrew,
And deeme it harme in her opiniou,
And yet if she for other enclieson
Be wroth, than shalt thou have a groin anon :
Lord, well is him that may becn of you one."

But for all this, whan that he seeth his time
He held his peace, none other bote him gained,
For Love began his feathers so to lime,
That well unnoth unto his folke he fained,
That other busie needes him distraigned,
So woe was him, that what to done he n'ist,
But bad his folke to gon where as hem list.

And whan that he in chamber was alone,
He doune upon his beddes feet him set,
And first he gan to sike, and eft to grone,
And thought aie on her so withouten let,
That as he sate and woke, his spirit met
That he her saw and temple, and all the wise
Right of her looke, and gan it new avise.

Thus gan he make a mirroure of his mind,
In which he saw all wholly her figure,
And that he well could in his herte find
It was to him a right good aventure
To love such one, and if he did his cure
To serven her, yet might he fall in grace,
Or else, for one of her servantos pace.

Imagining, that travaille nor game
Ne might for so goodly one be lorne
As she, ne him for his desire no shame
All were it wist, but in prise and up borne
Of all lovers, well more than beforene.
Thus argued he, in his ginning,
Full unavisd of his wo comming.

Thus took he purpose Loves craft to sewe
And thought he would worken privily
First for to hide his desire in mew
From everie wight iborne, all overly,
But he might ought recovered been thereby,
Remembering him, that love too wide yblowe
Yelte bitter fruite, though sweet seed be sowe.

And over all this, full mokell more he thought
What for to speake, and what to holden inne
And what to arten, er to love he sought,
And on a song anone right to beginne,
And gan loude on his sorrow for to winne :
For with good hope he gan fully assent,
Creseide for to love, and nought repent.

And of his song not onely his sentence,
As write mine authour called Lolius,
But plainly save our tongues difference,
I dare well say, in all that Troilus
Sayd in his song, lo every word right thus,
As I shall saine, and who so list it heare
Lo this next verse, he may it finde there.

THE SONG OF TROIUS.

"If no love is, O God, what feele I so ?
And if love is, what thing and which is he ?
If love be good, from whence cometh my wo ?
If it be wicke, a wonder thinketh me,
Whan every torment and adversite
That cometh of him, may to me savery think :
For aie thurst I the more that iche it drinke.

"And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,
From whence cometh my wailing and my plaint
If harme agree me, whereto plaine I thenne,
I n'ot, ne why unwery that I feint.
O quicke death, o sweete harme so queint,
How may of thee in me be such quantie,
But if that I consent that it so be ?

"And if that I consent, I wrongfully
Complaine ywis : thus passed to and fro,
All sterlesse within a bote am I
Amidde the sea, atwixen windes two,
That in contrary stonden ever mo.
Alas, what is this wonder maladie ?
For heat of cold, for cold of heat I die."

And to the god of love thus sayed he
With pitous voice, "O lord, now yours is
My spirite, which that oughten yours to be,
You thank I, lord, that han me brought to this :
But whether goddesse or woman ywis
She be, I n'ot, which that ye do me serve,
But as her man I woll aie live and sterve.

"Ye stonden in her eyen mightily,
As in a place to your vertue digne :
Wherefore, lord, if my servise or I
May liken you, so beth to me benigne,
For mine estate royall here I resigne
Into her honde, and with full humble cheer,
Become her man, as to my lady deer."

In him ne deigned sparen blood royall
The fire of love wherfore God me blesse,
Ne him forbare in no degree, for all
His vertue, or his excellent prowesse,
But held him as his thrall love in distresse,
And brennd him so in sundry wise aie newe,
That sixty times a day he lost his hewe.

So mochell day fro day his owne thought
For lust to her gan quicken and encrease,
That everiche other charge he set at nought,
Forthy full oft, his hot fire to cease,
To seen her goodly looke he gan to prease,
For thereby to ben eased well he wend,
And aie the nere he was, the more he brennd.

For aie the nere the fire the hotter is,
This (trow I) knoweth all this companie :
But were he ferre or nere, I dare say this,
By night or day, for wisedome or follie,
His herte, which that is his brestes eie,
Was aie on her, that fairer was to scene
Than ever was Heleine, or Polixene.

Eke of the day there passed not an hour,
That to himselfe a thousand times he sayd,
"God goodly, to whome I serve and labour
As I best can, now woulde to God Creseide
Ye woulde on me rue, er that I deide :
My dere herte alas, mine hele and my hew,
And life is lost, but ye woll on me rew."

All other dredes weren from him fled,
Both of th' assiege, and his savation,
Ne in desire none other formes lred,
But arguments to his conclusion,
That she on him would have compassion
And he to ben her man, while he may dure,
Lo here his life, and from his death his cure.

The sharpe showers fell of armes preve
That Hector or his other brethren didden
Ne made him onely therefore oles meve,
And yet was he, where so men went or ridden,
Found one the best, and lengest time abiden
There perill was, and eke did such travaile
In armes, that to thinke it was a marvaile.

But for none hate he to the Greekes had,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made him thus in armes for to mad,
But onely lo, for this conclusion.
To liken her the bet for his renoun :
Fro day to day in armes so he sped,
That all the Greekes as the death him dred.

And fro this forth tho reft him love his slepe
And made his meate his foe, and eke his sorrow
Gan multiply, that who so tooke keepe,
It shewed in his hew both even and morow :
Therefore a tittle he gan him for to borow
Of other sicknesse, least men of him wend
That the hot fire of love him brennd.

And sayd he had a fever, and fared amis,
But were it certaine I cannot sey
If that his lady understood not this
Or fained her she n' ist, one of the tvey :
But well rede I, that by no manner wey
Ne seemed it that she on him rougt,
Or of his paine, what so ever he thought.

But than felt this Troilus suche wo
That he was weligh wood, for aie his drede
Was this, that she some wight loved so,
That never of him she would han take heed :
For which him thought he felt his herte bleed,
Ne of his woe ne durst he nought begin
To tellen her, for all this world to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,
Thus to himselfe full oft he gan to plaine :
He sayd, " O foole, now art thou in the snare,
That whilom japedest at lovers pain :
Now art thou hent, now graw thine owne chain ;
Thou wert aie woned ech lover reprehend
Of thing fro which thou canst not thee defend.

" What woll now every lover saine of thee,
If this be wist ? But ever in thine absence
Laughen in scorn, and saine, lo there goeth he
That is the man of greate sapience,
That held us lovers least in reverence :
Now thanked be God, he may gon on that daunce
Of hem that Love list feebly avaunce.

" But o, thou wofull Troilus, God would,
(Sith thou must loven, through thy destine)
That thou beset wer of soch one, that should
Know all thy wo, all lacked her pitee :
But all too cold in love towards thee
Thy ladie is, as frost in winter Moone,
And thou furde, as snow in fire is soone.

" God would I were arrived in the port
Of death, to which my sorow woll me lede :
Ah lord, to me it were a great comfort.
Than were I quite of languishing in drede :
For by my hidde sorrow iblowe in brede,
I shall bejaped been a thousand time,
More than that foole, of whose folly men rime.

" But now help God, and ye my sweet, for whom
I plaine, yeaught ye never wight so fast :
O mercie, deare herte, and helpe me from
The death, for I, while that my life may last,
More than my selfe woll love you to my last,
And with some frendly look gladeth me swete,
Though never more thing ye to me behete."

These wordes, and full many another mo
He spake, and called ever in his complaint
Her name, for to tellen her his wo,
Til nigh that he in salte teares was dreint,
All was for nought, she heard nat his pleint :
And whan that he be thought on that follie,
A thousand fold his woe gan multiple.

Bewailing in his chamber thus alone,
A friend of his, that called was Pandare,
Came ones in unware, and heard him grone,
And saw his friend in such distresse and care.
" Alas," (quod he) " who causeth all this fare ?
O mercy God, what unhappe may this mene ?
Han now thus sone the Greekes made you lene ?

" Or hast thou some remorse of conscience ?
And art now fall in some devotion,
And walest for thy sime and thine offence,
And hast for ferde caught contrition ?
God save hem, that besieged han our toun,
That so can laie our jollitie on presse,
And bring our lustie folke to holynesse."

These wordes said he for the nones all,
That with such thing he might him angry maken,
And with his anger done his sorrow fall,
As for a time, and his courage awaken :
But well wist he, as far as tongues speaken,
That there was a man of greater hardnesse
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

" What eas," (quod Troilus) " or what aventure
Hath guided thee to seen me languishing,
That am refuse of everie creature ?
But for the love of God, at me praying
Goe hence away, for certes my dying
Woll thee discaise, and I note nedes deie,
Therefore goe way, there n' is no more to scie.

" But if thou wene, I be thus sick for drede,
It is not so, and therefore scorne nought :
There is an other thing I take of hede,
Welmore than ought the Grekes han yet wrong'ht,
Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought :
But though that I now tell it thee ne lest,
Be thou not wroth, I hide it for the best."

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh,
Full often sayd, " Alas, what may this be ?
Now friend," (quod he) " if ever love or trouth
Hath been er this betwixen thee and me,
Ne doe thou never such a cruetele,
To hiden fro thy friend so great a care,
Wost thou not well that I am Pandare !

"I woll parten with thee all thy paine,
If it so be I doe thee no comfort,
As it is friendes right, sooth for to saine,
To enterparten woe, as glad disport
I have and shall, for true or false report,
In wrong and right yloved thee all my live,
Hide not thy woe fro me, but tell it blive."

Than gan this sorrowfull Troilus to sike,
And sayd him thus, "God leve it be my best
To tellen thee, for sith it may thee like,
Yet woll I tell it, though my herte brest,
And well wote I, thou maigest do me no rest,
But least thou deeme I trust not to thee
Now hearken friend, for thus it stant with me.

"Love, ayen-t the which who so defendeth
Him selven most, him alderlest availeth,
Wit dispaire so sorrowfully me offendeth
That straight unto the death my herte failth :
Thereto desire, so bronningly me assaileth,
That to been slaine, it were a greater joy
To me, than king of Greece be and of Troy.

"Suffiseth this, my full friende Pandare,
That I have said, for now wotest thou my wo :
And for the love of God my colde care
So hide it well, I told it never to mo :
For harmes mighten followen mo than two
If it were wist, but be thou in gladnesse,
And let me sterve unknowne of my distresse."

"How hast thou thus unkindly and long
Hid this fro me, thou fool?" (quod Pandarus)
"Peraventure thou maist after such one long,
That mine advise anone may helpen us :"
"This were a wonder thing," (quod Troilus)
"Thou couldest never in love thy selfen wisse,
How divell maigest thou bringen me to blisse?"

"Ye Troilus, now hearken," (quod Pandare)
"Though I be nice, it happeth often so,
That one that of axes doeth full evil fare,
By good counsaill can keep his friend ther fro :
I have my selfe seen a blinde man go
There as he fell, that could looken wide,
A foole may eke a wise man oft guide.

"A whetstone is no carving instrument,
But yet it maketh sharpe kerving tollis,
And after thou wost that I have aught miswent,
Eschue thou that, for such thing to schole is,
Thus often wise men bewaren by foolis :
If thou so doe, thy wit is well bewared,
By his contrarie is everie thing declared.

"For how might ever sweetnesse have be know
To him, that never tasted bitternesse ?
No manne wot what gladnesse is I trow,
That never was in sorrow, or some distresse :
Eke white by blacke, by blame eke worthines,
Each set by other, more for other s.cemeth,
As men may seen, and so the wise it deemeth.

"Sith thus of two contraries is o love,
I that have in love so oft assayed
Grevaunces, ought connen well the more
Counsaillen thee of that thou art dismayed,
And eke the ne ought not been evil apaid,
Though I desire with thee for to beare
Thine heavie charge, it shall thee lasse deare.

"I wote well that it fared thus by me,
As to thy brother Paris, an hierdesse,
Which that ycleped was Oenone,
Wrote in a complaint of her heavinesse :
Ye saw the letter that she wrote I gesse."
"Nay never yet ywis," (quod Troilus.)
"Now" (quod Pandare) "hearkeneth, it was thus:

"Phebus, that first found art of medicine,
(Quod she) 'and coud in everie wightes care
Remedie and rede, by herbes he knew fine,
Yet to himselve his cunning was full bare,
For love had him so bounden in a snare,
All for the daughter of king Admete,
That all his craft ne coud his sorrow bete.'

"Right so fare I, unhappie for me,
I love one best, and that me smerteth sore :
And yet peradventure can I reden thee
And nat my selfe : repreve me no more,
I have no cause I wote well for to sore,
As doeth an hauke, that listeth for to play,
But to thine helpe, yet somewhat can I say.

"And of o thing, right siker mayest thou be,
That certain for to dyen in the paine
That I shall never mo discover thee,
Ne by my trowth, I keepe nat to restraine
Thee fro thy love, although it were Helleine,
That is thy brothers wife, if iche it wist,
Be what she be, and love her as thee list.

"Therefore as friendfullich in me assure,
And tell me platte, what is thine encheson,
And final cause of woe, that ye endure :
For doubteth nothing, mine entention
Nas not to you of prehension
To speake, as now, for no wight may bereve
A man to love, till that him list to leve.

"And weteth well, that both too been viceis,
Mistruten all, or else all beleve :
But well I wote, the meane of it no vice is,
As for to trusten some wight is a preve
Of trowth, and forthy would I faine remove
Thy wrong conceit, and do the some wight trust
Thy woe to tell : and tell me if thou lust.

"The wise eke sayth, woe him that is alone,
For and he fall, he hath none helpe to rise :
And sith thou hast a fellow, tell thy mone,
For this n'is nought certaine the next wise
To winnen love, as teachen us the wise,
To wallow and weep, as Niobe the queene,
Whose teares yet in marble been yseene.

"Let be thy weeping, and thy drineresse,
And let us lesen woe with other speech,
So may thy wofull time seeme the lesse ;
Delighte nought in woe, thy woe to seech,
As doen these fooles, that hir sorrowes eche
With sorrowe, whan they han misaventure,
And lusten nought to sechen other cure.

"Men saine, to wretch is consolation
To have another fellow in his paine:
That ought well been our opinion,
For bothe thou and I of love doe plaine,
So full of sorrow am I, sooth to saine,
That certainly, as now no more hard grace
May sit on me, for why, there is no space

"If God wolle, thou art nought agast of me,
Least I would of thy ladie thee beguile :
Thou wost thy selfe, whom that I love parde
As I best can, gone sithen longe while,
And sithen thou wost, I doe it for no wile,
And sith I am he, that thou trustest most,
Tell me somewhat, since all my woe thou wost."

Yet Troilus, for all this no word said,
But long he laie still, as he dead were,
And after this, with siking he abraid,
And to Pandarus voice he lent his eare,
And up his eyn cast he : and than in feare
Was Pandarus least that in freneye,
He should either fall or else soone deye.

And sayd, "Awake," full wonderlich and sharpe,
"What slumbrest thou, as in a litargie ?
Or art thou like an asse to the harpe,
That heareth sound, whan men the stringes ply,
But in his mynd, of that no melodie
May synke him to gladen, for that he
So dull is, in his bestialitie ?"

And with this Pandare of his wordes stont :
But Troilus to him nothing answerde,
For why, to tell was nought his entent
Never to no man, for whome that he so ferde :
For it is sayd, men maken oft a yerde
With which the maker is himselfe ybeten
In sundrie manner, as these wise men tretten

And nameliche in his counsaile telling,
That toucheth love, that ought been secre .
For of himselfe it woll inough out spring
But if that it the bet governed be.
Eke sometime it is craft to seme flece
Fro-thing which in effect men huntten fast :
All this gan Troilus in his herte cast.

But natheles, whan he had heard him crie,
Awake he gan, and sike wonder sore :
And sayd, "My friende, though that I still lie,
I am not deefe, now peaces and eric no more :
For I have heard thy wordes and thy lore,
But suffer me my fortune to bewailen,
For thy proverbes may nought me availen.

"Nor other cure canst thou none for me,
Eke I n'll not been cured, I woll die :
What know I of the queene Niobe ?
Let be thine old ensamples, I thee prey."
"No friend," (quod Pandarus) "therefore I sey,
Such is delight of foolles to beweepe
Hir woe, but to seeken bote they ne keepe.

"Now know I that reason in thee failith :
But tell me, if I wiste what she were
For whome that thee all misaventure aileth,
Durst thou that I told it in her care
Thy woe, sith thou darst not thy self for fear,
And her besought on thee to han some routh ?"
"Why, nay," (quod he) "by God and by my trouth."

"What, not as busily" (quod Pandarus)
"As though mine owne life lay in this need ?"
"Why, no parde, sir," (quod this Troilus.)
"And why ?"—"For that thou shouldest never
speed."
"Wost thou that well ?"—"Ye, that is out of
dreed."

(Quod Troilus) "for all that ever ye conne,
She woll to no such wretch as I be wonne."

(Quod Pandarus) "Alas what may this be,
That thou dispaired art, thus causelesse ?
What, liveth nat thy ladie, benedicite ?
How wost thou so, that thou art gracelesse ?
Such evill is not alway botelesse :
Why, put not thus impossible thy cure,
Sith thing to come is oft in aventure.

"I graunte well that thou endurest woe,
As sharpe as doth he Tesiphus in Hell,
Whose stomacke foules tiren evermo,
That lighten vultures, as bookes tell :
But I may not endure that thou dwell
In so unskillfull an opinion,
That of thy woe n'is no curation.

"But ones n'll thou, for thy coward herte,
And for thine yre, and foolish wilfulnessse,
For wantrust tellen of thy sorrowes, smart,
Ne to thine owne helpe do businesse,
As much as speake a word, yea more or lesse,
But lyst as he that of life nothing retch,
What woman living could love such a wretch ?

"What may she demen other of thy de ath,
If thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,
But that for feare, is golden up thy be ath,
For Greekes han besieged us ywis ?
Lord, which a thank shalt thou have than of this
Thus woll she saime, and all the toon atones,
The wretch is deed, the divel have his bones.

"Thou mayest alone here weepe, cry, and knele,
And love a woman that she wote it nought,
And she will quite it that thou shalt not feel :
Unknow unkest, and lost that is un-ought.
What, many a man hath love full dere ybought
Twentie winter that his ladie ne wist,
That never yet his ladie's mouth he kist.

"What, should he therfore fallen in dispair ?
Or be recreant for his owne tene,
Or slaine himselfe, all be his ladie faire ?
Nay, nay : but ever in one be fresh and green,
To serve and love his dere hertes queen,
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve
A thousand part more than he can deserve."

And of that worde tooke heede Troilus,
And thought anon, what folly he was in,
And how that sooth him sayed Pandarus,
That for to slaien himselfe, might he not win,
But both doen unmanhood and a sin
And of his death his ladie nought to wite,
For of his woe, God wote she knew full lite.

And with that thought, he gan full sore sike,
And sayd, "Alas, what is me best to doe ?"
To whome Pandare sayed, "If thee it like,
The best is, that thou telle me thy woe,
And have my trouth, but if thou finde it so
I be thy boote, or it been full long,
To peeces doe me drawe, and sithen hong."

"Yea, so sayest thou," (quod Troilus) "alas,
But God wote it is nought the rather so :
Full hard it were to helpen in this caas,
For well finde I, that Fortune is my fo .

Ne all the men that ride con or go,
May of her cruell whele the harme withstond,
For as her list, she playeth with free and bond."

(Quod Pandarus) "Than blamest thou Fortune,
For thou art wroth, ye now at earst I see,
Wost thou not well that Fortuin is commune
To everie manner wight, in some degrec ?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo parde,
That as her joyes moten overgone,
So mote her sorrowes passen everichone.

"For if her whele stint any thing to tourne,
Than cesseth she Fortune anone to be :
Now sith her whele by no way may sojourn,
What wost thou of her mutabilitye ?
Whether as thy self lust she will don by thee,
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping,
Peraventure thou hast cause for to sing.

"And therefore wost thou what I thee beseech ?
Let be thy woe, and touring to the ground :
For who so list have healing of his leech,
To him behooveth first unwrie his wound :
To Cerberus in Hell aie be I bound,
Wer it for my suster all thy sorrow,
By my will she should be thine to morrow.

"Looke up, I say, and tell me what she is
Anone, that I may gone about thy need :
Know ich her aught, for my love tell me this ;
Than would I hope rather for to speed."
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to bleed,
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame,
"Aha," (quod Pandare) "here beginneth game."

And with that word, he gan him for to shake,
And said him thus, "Thou shalt her name tell :"
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake,
As though men should han had him into Hell,
And said, "Alas, of all my woe the well,
Than is my sweete foo called Creseide,"
And well nigh with that word for feare he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her name neven,
Lord, he was glad, and saied, "Friend so deere,
Now fare a right, for Joves name in Heaven,
Love hath beset thee well, be of good cheere,
For of good name, and wisdom, and manere
She hath inough, and eke of gentlenessse :
If she be faire, thou wost thy selfe, I gesse.

"Ne never seio I a more bounteous
Of her estate, ne a gladder : ne of speech
A friendlyer, ne more gracious
For to doe well, ne lasse had ned to seech
What for to doen, and all this bet to ech
In honour to as farre as she may stretch :
A kinges herte seemeth by hers a wretch.

"And forthy, look of good comfort thou be :
For certamey the first point is this
Of noble courage, and well ordaine the
A man to have peace with himselfe ywis :
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is,
To loven well, and in a worthy place,
Thee ought not clepe it happy, but grace.

"And also thinke, and therewith glad thee,
That sith the ladie vertuous is all,
So followeth it, that there is some pitee

Amonges all these other in generall,
And for they see that thou in speciall
Require nought, that is ayen her name,
For vertue stretcheth not himself to shame

"But well is me, that ever I was born,
That thou beset art in so good a place :
For by my trowth in love I durst have sworn,
Thee should never have tidde so fair a grace,
And wost thou why ? for thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorne, and for dispite him call
Saint Idiothe, lord of these foolles all.

"How often hast thou made thy nice japes,
And saied, that Loves servaunts everichone
Of nicete ben verie goddes apes,
And some would monche hir meat all alone,
Ligging a bed, and make hem for to grone,
And some thou saidest had a blaunch fevere,
And praidest God, they should never kevere.

"And some of hem took on hem for the cold,
More than inough, so saydest thou full oft ;
And some han fained oft time and told,
How that they waken, whan they sleepe soft,
And thus they would have set hem self a loff,
And nathelesse were under at the last,
Thus saydest thou, and japedest full fast.

"Yet saydest thou, that for the more part
These lovers would speake in generall,
And thoughten it was a siker art,
For failing, for to assayen over all :
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shall ;
But nathelesse, though that I should deie,
Thou art none of tho, I dare well seie.

"Now bete thy brest, and say to god of love,
'Thy grace, lord, for now I me repent
If I misspake, for now my selfe, I love :'
Thus say with all thine herte, in good entent."
(Quod Troilus) "Ah lord, I me consent,
And pray to thee, my japes tho foryeve,
And I shall never more while I live."

"Thou sayst wel," (quod Pandare) "and now I hope
That thou the goddes wrath hast all appeased :
And sith thou hast wepten many a drop,
And saied such thing wherwith thy god is plesed,
Now would never god, but thou were eased :
And think well she, of whom rest all thy wo,
Here after may thy comfort ben also.

"For thilke ground, that beareth the wedes wick,
Beareth eke these holsome herbes, as full oft
Next the foule nettle, rough and thick,
The rose wexeth, soote, smooth, and soft,
And next the valey is the hill a loff,
And next the derke night the glad morowe,
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow.

"Now looke that attempte be thy bridell,
And for the best aie suffer to the tide,
Or else all our labour is on jdell,
He hasteth well, that wisely can abide :
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide,
Be lustie, free, persever in thy servise,
And all is well, if thou worke in this wise.

"But he that departed is in everie place
Is no where hole, as written clerkes wise :
What wonder is, if such one have no grace ?

Eke wost thou how it fareth of some service,
As plant a tree or herbe, in sondrie wise,
And on the morrow pull it up as blive,
No wonder is, though it may never thrive.

"And sith the god of love hath thee bestowed
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,
Stonde fast, for to good port hast thou rowed,
And of thy selfe, for any heavynesse,
Hope alwaie well, for but if drerinesse
Or over-haste both our labour shend,
I hope of this to maken a good end.

"And wost thou why, I am the lasse afered
Of this matter with my nece to trete ?
For this have I heard say of wise lered,
Was never man or woman yet beyete,
That was unapt to suffer loves herte
Celestiall, or els love of kind :
Forthy, some grace I hope in her to find.

"And for to speake of her in speciall,
Her beautie to bethinke, and her youth,
It sit her nought, to been celestiall
As yet, though that her list bothe and kouth :
And truely it sit her well right nouth
A worthy knight to loven and cherice,
And but she doe, I hold it for a vice.

"Wherefore I am, and will be aye ready
To paine me to doe you this service,
For both you to please, this hope I
Here after, for that ye been both wise,
And con counsaile keepe in such a wise,
That no man shall the wiser of it bee,
And so we maie ben gladded all three,

"And by my trowth I have right now of thee
A good conceit, in my wit as I gesse :
And what it is, I woll now that thou see,
I thinke that sith Love of his goodnesse
Hath thee converted out of wickednesse,
That thou shalt been the beste post, I love,
Of all his lay, and most his foes greve.

"Ensample why, see now these great clerkes,
That erren aldermost ayen a law,
And ben converted from hir wicked werkes
Through grace of God, that lest hem to withdrawe :
They arn the folke that han God most in awe,
And strengest faithed been, I understand,
And con an errour alderbest withstond."

Whan Troilus had herd Pandare assented
To ben his helpe in loving of Creseide,
He wext of his wo, as who saith unturmented,
But hotter wext his love, and than he said
With sober chere, as though his herte plaid :
"Now blissfull Venus helpe, ere that I sterve,
Of thee Pandare I mow some thank deserve.

"But dere friend, how shall my wo be lesse,
Till this be done ? and good eke tell me this,
How wilt thou saine of me and my distresse,
Least she be wroth, this drede I most ywis,
Or wol' not heren all, how it is,
All this drede I, and eke for the manere
Of thee her Eme, she n'll no such thing here."

(Quod Pandarus) "Thou hast a full great care,
Lest the chorle may fall out of the Moone :

Why, lord ! I hate of thee the nice fare.
Why entremete of that thou hast to doone
For Godes love, I bid thee a boon :
So let me alone, and it shall be thy best."
"Why frend?" (quod he) "than done right as thee
lest.

"But herke Pandare o word, for I n'olde,
That thou in me wendest so great follie,
That to my lady I desiren should,
That toucheth harme, or any villanie :
For dredelesse me were lever to die,
Than she of me ought els understood,
But that, that might sownen into good."

Tho lough this Pandarus, and anon answerd :
"And I thy borow, fie no wight doth but so,
I rought not though she stooode and herd,
How that thou saiest, but farwell, I woll go :
Adieu, be glad, God speed us bothe two,
Yeve me this labour and this busynesse,
And of my speed be thine all the sweetnesse."

The Troilus gan doune on knees to fall,
And Pandare in his armes hent him fast,
And saide, "Now fie on the Greekes all :
Yet parde, God shall helpen at the last,
And dredelesse, if that my life may last,
And God toforne, lo some of hem shall smerte,
And yet me a thinketh that this avaut masterte.

"And now Pandare, I can no more say,
Thou wise, thou wost, thou maist, thou art all :
My life, my death, hole in thine hond I lay,
Helpe me now," (quod he.) "Yes by my trowth
I shal."

"God yeeld thee friend, and this in speciall"
(Quod Troilus) "that thou me recommaund
To her that may me to the death commaund."

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His full frende, he said in this manere :
"Farewell, and thinke I woll thy thanke deserve.
Have here my trowth, and that thou shalt here,"
And went his way, thinking on this matere,
And how he best might besechen her of grace,
And find a time thereto and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found,
He renneth nat the werke for to begin,
With rakel hond, but he woll biden stound
And send his hertes line out fro within,
Alderfirst his purpose for to win :
All thus Pandare in his herte thought,
And cast his werke full wisely ere he wrought

But Troilus lay tho no lenger down,
But anone gat upon his stede baie,
And in the field he played the lioun,
Who was the Greek, that with him met that daye :
And in the toun, his manner tho forth aye
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved that looked in his face.

For he became the friendliest wight,
The gentlest, and eke the most free,
The thriftiest, and one the best knight
That in his time was, or els might be :
Dead were his japes and his cruelte,
His high port and his manner straunge,
And each of hem gan for a vertue change.

Now let us stint of Troilus a stound,
That fareth like a man that hurt is sore,
And is some dele of aking of his wound
Yllesed well, but healed no dele more :
And as an easie patient the lore
Abite of him that goeth about his cure,
And thus he driveth forth his aventure.

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS.

PROEME.

B. II. v. 1—109.

OUT of these black wawes let us for to saile,
O winde, now the weather gineth cleve :
For in the sea the suche hath such travaile
Of my coming, that unneeth I it stere :
This sea clepe I the tempestous matere
Of deepe dispaire, that Troilus was in :
But now of hope the kalendes begin.

O lady mine, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my spede fro this forth, and my Muse,
To rime well this booke till I have do,
Me needeth here none other art to use ;
For why, to evry lover I me excuse,
That of no sentemnt I this endite,
But out of Latine in my tongou e I write.

Wherefore I n'll have neither thank ne blame
Of all this worke : but pray you mekely,
Disblameth me, if any word be lame,
For as mine authour said, so say I :
Eke though I speake of love unfeelingly,
No wonder is, for it nothing of new is,
A blind man cannot judgen well in hewis.

I know, that in forme of spech is change
Within a thousand yere, and wordes tho
That hadden prise, now wonder nice and strange
Thinketh hem, and yet they spake hem so,
And spelde as well in love, as men now do :
Eke for to winnen love, in sundry ages,
In sondry londes sundry ben usages.

And forthy, if it happe in any wise,
That here be any lover in this place,
That herkeneth, as the story well devise,
How Troilus came to his ladies grace,
And thinketh, so nolde I not love purchase,
Or wondreth on his spech or his doing,
I not, but it is to me no wondring :

For every wight, which that to Rome went,
Halt nat o pathe, ne alway o manere :
Eke in some lond were all the gam n shent,
If that men farde in love, as men done here,
As thus, in open doing or in chere,
In visiting, in forme, or said our saws,
Forthy men saine, ech country hath his laws.

Eke searsely ben there in this place three,
That have in love said like, and done in all :
For to this purpose this may liken thee,
And thee right nought, yet all is done or shall :
Eke some men grave in tre, som in stone wall,
As it betide, but sith I have begonne,
Mine authour shall I follow, as I konne.

INCIPT LIBER SECUNDUS.

In May, that mother is of moneths glade,
That the fresh floures, both blew, white, and rede,
Ben quick ayen, that winter dead made,
And full of baume is fleting evry mede,
Whan Phebus doth his brighte beames spred,
Right in the white Bole, it so betidde,
As I shall sing, on Mayes day the thridde,

That Pandarus, for all his wise speach,
Felt eke his part of Loves shottes kene,
That coude he never so well of loving preach,
It made his hew a day full ofte grene :
So shope it, that him fill that day a tene
In love, for which in wo to bed he went,
And made ere it were day full many a went.

The swallow Progne, with a sorrowfull lay,
Whan morrow come, gan make her waimenting
Why she forshapen was : and ever lay
Pandare a bed, halfe in a slombing,
Till she so nigh him made her waimenting,
How Tereus gan forth her suster take,
That with the noise of her he gan awake,

And to call, and dresse him up to rise,
Remembering him his arrand was to done
From Troilus, and eke his great emprise,
And cast, and knew in good plite was the Moone
To done voiage, and tooke his way full soone
Unto his neces paleis there beside :
Now Janus god of entre, thou him guide.

When he was come unto his neces place,
" Where is my lady," to her folke (quod he)
And they him told, and he forth in gan pace,
And found two other ladies sit and shee,
Within a paved parlour, and they three
Herden a maiden hem reden the geste
Of the siege of Thebes, while hem leste :

(Quod Pandarus) " Madame, God you see,
With your booke, and all the companie :"
" Eigh, uncle mine, welcome ywis," (quod shee)
And up she rose, and by the hand in hie
She tooke him fast, and said, " This night thrie,
To good mote it turne, of you I met :"
And with that word, she downe on bench him set.

" Yea, nece, ye shall faren well the bet,
If God will, all this yere," (quod Pandarus)
" But I am sorry that I have you let
To hearken of your booke, ye praisen thus :
For Godes love what sauth it, tell it us,
Is it of love, or some good ye me lere ?"
" Uncle" (quod she) " your maistresse is nat here."

With that they gonnen laugh, and tho she seide,
" This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede,
And we have heard how that king Laius deide
Through Edippus his sonne, and al the dede :
And here we stinten, at these letters rede,
How the bishop, as the booke can tell,
Amphiorax, fell through the ground to Hell."

(Quod Pandarus) " All this know I my selve,
And all th'assige of Thebes, and the care,
For hereof ben there makod bookes twelve :
But let be this, and tell me how ye fare,

Do way your barbe, and shew your face bare,
Do way your booke, rise up and let us daunce,
And let us done to May some observance."

"Eigh, God forbid?" (quod she) "be ye mad?
Is that a widowes life, so God you save?
By God ye maken me right sore adrad,
Ye ben so wild, it seemeth as ye rave,
It sat me well bet aye in a cave
To bide, and rede on holy saintes lives:
Let maidens gon to daunce, and yonge wives."

"As ever thrive I," (quod this Pandarus)
"Yet could I tell o thing, to done you play?"
"Now uncle dere," (quod she) "tell it us
For Godes love, is than th'assiege away?
I am of Greekes ferde, so that I dey?"
"Nay, nay," (quod he) "as ever mote I thrive,
It is a thing well bet than suche five."

"Ye holy God," (quod she) "what thing is that,
What, bet than suche five? eigh nay ywis,
For all this world ne can I reden what
It shoulde ben; some jape I trow it is,
And but your selven tell us what it is,
My wit is for to arede it all to leane:
As helpe me God, I n'ot what that ye meane."

"And I your borow, ne never shall," (quod he)
"This thing be told to you, as mote I thrive?"
"And why, uncle mine, why so?" (quod she)
"By God," (quod he) "that woll I tell as blive,
For prouder woman is there none on live,
And ye it wist, in all the toune of Troy:
I jape nat, so ever have I joy."

The gan she wondren more than before,
A thousand fold, and downe her eyen cast:
For never sith the time that she was bore,
To knowen thing desired she so fast,
And with a sike, she said him at the last,
"Now uncle mine, I n'll you not displease,
Nor asken more, that may do you disease."

So after this, with many wordes glade,
And friendly tales, and with merry chere,
Of this and that they speake, and gonnen wade
In many an unkouth glad and deepe matere,
As friendes done, when they bethe yfere,
Till she gan asken him how Hector ferde,
That was the tounes wall, and Greekes yerde.

"Full wel I thanke it God," said Pandarus,
"Save in his arme he hath a litle wound,
And eke his fresh brother Troilus,
The wise worthy Hector the secound,
In whom that every vertue list habound,
And first all trouthe, and all gentleness,
Wisdom, honour, freedom, and worthinesse."

"In good faith, eme," (quod she) "that liketh me,
They faren well, God save hem both two:
For trewliche, I hold it great deintie,
A kinges sonne in armes well to do,
And be of good conditions thereto:
For great power, and morall vertue here
Is selde iseen in one persone ither."

"In good faith, that is sooth" (quod Pandarus)
"But by my trowth the king hath sonnes twey,
That is to meane, Hector and Troilus,
That certainly though that I should dey,

They ben as void of vices, dare I sey,
As any men that liven under Sunne,
Hir might is wide yknow, and what they conne.

"Of Hector needeth it no more for to tell,
In all this world there n'is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthinesse the well,
And he well more vertue hath than might,
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same prise of Troilus I sey,
God helpe me so, I know not suche twey."

"By God," (quod she) "of Hector that is sooth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I:
For dredelesse, men telleth that he dooth
In armes day by day so worthely,
And beareth him here at home so gently
To every wight, that all prise hath he
Of hem that me were levest praised be."

"Ye say right sooth ywis," (quod Pandarus)
"For yesterday, who so had with him been,
Mighten have wondred upon Troilus,
For never yet so thicke a swarme of been
Ne flew, as Greekes from him gan fleeen,
And through the field in every wightes eare,
There was no crie, but Troilus is there."

"Now here, now there, he hunted hem so fast,
There nas but Greekes blood, and Troilus,
Now him he hurt, and him all doun he cast,
Aye where he went it was arraid thus:
He was hir death, and shield and life for us,
That as the day ther durst him none withstond,
While that he held his bloody swerd in hond."

"Thereto he is the friendliest man
Of great estate, that ever I saw my live:
And where him list, best fellowship can
To such as him thinketh able for to thrive."
And with that word, tho Pandarus as blive
He tooke his leave, and said, "I woll gon hen?"
"Nay, blame have I, uncle," (quod she then.)

"What eilth you to be weary thus soone,
And nameliche of women, woll ye so?
Nay sitteth doune, by God I have to done
With you, to speake of wisdomes er ye go?"
And every wight that was about hem tho,
That heard that, gan ferre away to stond,
While they two had all that hem list in hond.

Whan that her tale all brought was to an end
Of her estate, and of her governaunce,
(Quod Pandarus) "Now time is that I wend,
But yet I say, ariseth, let us daunce,
And cast your widdows habit to mischaunce:
What list you thus your selfe to disfigure,
Sith you is tidde so glad an aventure?"

"But well bethought: for love of God," (quod she)
"Shall I not weten what ye meane of this?"
"No, this thing asketh leaser tho," (quod he)
"And eke me would full much greve ywis.
If I it told, and ye it tooke amis:
Yet were it bette my tongue to hold still,
Than say a sooth, that were ayenst your will."

"For nece mine, by the goddesse Minerve,
And Jupiter, that maketh the thundering,
And the blisful Venus, that I serve,
Ye ben the woman in this world living

Withouten paramours, to my weting,
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,
And that ye weten well your selfe, I leve."

"Ywis mine uncle," (quod she) "graunt mercy,
Your friendship have I founden ever yet,
I am to no man beholden truly
So much as you, and have so little quit :
And with the grace of God, emforth my wit
As in my guilt, I shall you never offend,
And if I have ere this, I woll amend.

"But for the love of God I you beseech
As ye be he that I love most and trist,
Let be to me your fremed manner speech,
And say to me your nece what you list :"
And with that word her uncle anon her kist,
And said, "Gladly my leve nece so dere,
Take it for good that I shall say you here."

With that she gan her cien doune to cast,
And Pandarus to coughe gan a lite,
And said : "Nece, away lo, to the last,
How so it be, that some men hem delite
With subtle art hir tales for tendite,
Yet for all that in hir entention,
Hir tale is all for some conclusion.

"And sith the end is every tales strength,
And this matter is so belovedly,
What should I paint it or drawn it on length
To you, that ben my friend so faithfully ?"
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Beholden her, and looken in her face,
And said, "On such a mirroure much good grace."

Than thought he thus, "If I my tale endite
Ought hard, or make a processe any while,
She shall no savour have therein but lite,
And trow I would her in my will beguile :
For tender wittes wenen all be wile,
Whereas they con nat plainlich understand :
Forthy her wit to serven woll I fond."

And looked on her in a busie wise,
And she was ware that he beheld her so :
"Ah lord," (quod she) "so fast ye me advise,
Saw ye me never ere now, what say ye no ?"
"Yes, yes," (quod he) "and bet wolle ere I go :
But by my trouth I thought now, if ye
Be fortunate : for now men shall it see.

"For every wight some goodly aventure,
Sometime is shape, if he it can receive :
But if he n'ill take of it no cure
Whan that it cometh, but wilfully it weiven :
Lo, neither case nor fortune him deceive,
But right his own slouth and wretchednesse :
And such a wight is for to blame, I gesse.

"Good aventure, O belle nece, have ye
Full lightly founden, and ye come it take :
And for the love of God, and eke of me,
Catch it anone, least aventure slake :
What should I lenger processe of it make,
Yeve me your hond, for in this world is non,
I^s that you list, a wight so well begon.

"And sith I speake of good ententioun,
As I to you have told well here before,
And love as well your honour and renoun,
As any creature in all the world yborne :

By all the othes that I have you sworne,
And ye be wroth therefore or wene I lie,
Ne shall I never seene you eft with eie.

"Beth nat agast, ne quaketh nat, whereto ?
Ne change nat for fere so your hew,
For hardly the worst of this is do :
And though my tale as now be to you new,
Yet trust alway : ye shall me finde true,
And were it thing that me thought unfitting,
To you ne wouid I no such tales bring."

"Now, my good eme, for Godes love I prey,"
(Quod she) "come off tell me what it is :
For both I am agast what ye woll say,
And eke me longeth it to wit ywis :
For whether it be well, or be amis,
Say on, let me not in this feare dwell."
"So woll I done, now hearkeneth I shall tell :

"Now, nece mine, the kinges own dere sonne,
The good, wise, worthy, fresh, and free,
Which alway for to done well is his wonne,
The noble Troilus so loveth thee,
That but ye helpe, it woll his bane be,
Lo hers is all, what should I more sey ?
Doth what you list, to make him live or dey.

"But if ye let him die, I woll sterven,
Have here my trouthe, nece, I will not lien,
All should I with this knife my throte kerven
With that the teares burst out of his cien,
And said, "If that ye done us both dien
Thus guiltlesse, than have ye fished faire :
What mend ye, though that we both apaire ?

"Alas, he which that is my lord so dere,
That trewe man, that noble gentle knight,
That nought desirith but your friendly chere,
I see him dien, there he goeth upright :
And hasteth him with all his fulle might
For to ben slaine, if his fortune assent,
Alas that God you such a beautie sent.

"If it be so that ye so cruell be,
That of his death you hsteth nought to retch,
That is so trew and worthy as we see,
No more than of a japer or a wretch,
If ye be such, your beaute may nat stretch,
To make amendes of so cruell a dede :
Avisement is good before the nede.

"Wo worth the faire gemme vertulesse,
Wo worth that hearbe also that doth no bote,
Wo worth the beauty that is ruthlessse.
Wo worth that wight that trede ech under fote
And ye that ben of beauteie croupe and rote,
If therewithal in you ne be no routh,
Than is it harme ye liven by my trouth.

"And also thinke well, that this is no gaud,
For me were lever, thou, I, and he
Were honged, than I should ben his baud,
As high as men might on us all ysee :
I am thine eme, the shame were to mee,
As well as thee, if that I should assent
Through mine abet, that he thine honour shent

"Now understand, for I you nought requere
To bind you to him, through no behest,
Save onely that ye make him better cheere
Than ye han don or this, and more feste,

So that his life be saved at the leste :
This al and some, and plainly our entente,
God helpe me so, I never other mente.

“Lo, this request is nought but skill ywis,
Ne doubt of reason parde is there none :
I set the worst, that ye dreden this,
Men would wonder to seen him come and gone :
There ayenst answer I thus anone,
That every wight, but he be foole of kind,
Woll deeme it love of frendship in his mind.

“What, who woll demen tho he see a man
To temple gone, that he the images eateth ?
Thinke eke, how well and wisely that he can
Govern himselfe, that he nothing foryetteth,
That wher he cometh, he pris and thonk him getteth ;
And eke thereto he shal come here so seld,
What force were it, thogh all the toun beheld.

“Such love of friends reigneth thorow al this toun :
And wrie you in that mantle evermo,
And God so wis be my salvatioun
As I have sayd, your best is to do so :
But, good nece, alway to stint his wo,
So let your daunger sugred ben alite,
That of his death ye be not all to wite.”

Creseide, which that herd him in this wise,
Thought, ‘I shall felten what he meaneth ywis :’
“Now eme,” (quod she) “what would ye devise ?
What is your rede, I should done of this ?”
“That is well said,” (quod he) “certaine best is,
That ye him love ayen for his loving,
And love for love is skilfull guerdoning.

“Thinke eke how elde wasteth every hour
In each of you a part of beaute,
And therefore, ere that age the devour,
Go love, for old there woll no wight of thee :
Let this proverbe, a love unto you bee,
‘Too late yware’ (quod beaute) ‘when it past,
And elde daunteth daunger, at the last.’

“The kinges foole is wont to crie aloud,
Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,
‘So longe mote ye liven, and all proud,
Till crowes feet grown under your eie,
And send you than a mirroure in to prie,
In which that ye may see your face a morow.’
Nece, I bid him wish you no more sorow.”

With this he stint, and caste down the head,
And she began to brest and wepe anone,
And said, “Alas for wo, why nere I dead,
For of this world the fath is all agone :
Alas, what shoulde straunge unto me done,
Whan he that for my best frende I wend,
Rate me to love, and should it me defend.

“Alas, I would have trusted doubtles,
That if that I, through my disaventure,
Had loved either him or Achilles,
Hector, any other creature,
Ye nolde have had mercy ne measure
On me, but alway had me in repreve :
This false world alas, who may it leve ?

“What ? is this all the joy and all the feast ?
Is this your rede ? is this my blisfull caas ?
Is this the very mede of your behest ?
Is all this painted processe said (alas)

Right for this fine ? O lady mine Pallas,
Thou in this dredefull case for me purvey,
For so astoned am I, that I dey.”

With that she gan full sorrowfully to sike,
“Ne may it be no bet,” (quod Pandarus)
“By God I shall no more come here this weke,
And God toforne, that am mistrusted thus :
I see well now ye setten light of us,
Or of our death, alas, I wofull wretch,
Might he yet live, of me were nought to retch.

“O cruell god, O dispitous Marte,
O furies three of Hell, on you I crie,
So let me never out of this house depart,
If that I meant harme or villanie :
But sith I see my lord mote needes die,
And I with him, here I me shrive and sey,
That wickedly ye done us both to dey.

“But sith it liketh you, that I be dead,
By Neptunus, that god is of the see,
Fro this forth shall I never eaten bread,
Till that I mine owne herte blood may see :
For certaine I woll die as soone as hee.”
And up he stert, and on his way he haught,
Till she againe him by the lappe haught.

Creseide, which that well nigh starf for feare,
So as she was the fearfullest wight
That might be, and heard eke with her eare,
And saw the sorrowfull earnest of the knight,
And in his praiser saw eke none unright,
And for the harme eke that might fall more,
She gan to rew and dread her wonder sore.

And thought thus, “Unhapes do fallen thicke
Alday for love, and in such manner caas,
As men ben cruell in hemselfe and wicke :
And if this man slee here hemselfe, alas,
In my presence, it n'll be no solas,
What men would of it deme I can nat say,
It needeth me full slyghly for to play.”

And with a sorowfull sigh, she said thrie,
“Ah, Lord, what me is tidde a sorry chaunce,
For mine estate lieth in jeopardie,
And eke mine emes life lieth in ballaunce :
But nathelesse, with Godes governaunce
I shall so done, mine honour shall I keepe,
And eke his life, and stinte for to weepe.

“Of larmes two, the lesse is for to chese,
Yet had I lever maken him good chere
In honour, than my emes life to lese,
Ye sain, ye nothing eles me requere.”
“No wis,” (quod he) “mine owne nece so dere.”
“Now well” (quod she) “and I woll done my paine,
I shall mine herte ayen my lust constraine.

“But that I mill nat holden him in hond,
Ne love a man, that can I naught ne may,
Ayenst my will, but eles woll I fonde,
Mine honour save, plesen him fro day to day,
Thereto nolde I not ones have said nay,
But that I dredde, as in my fantasie :
But cesse cause, aie cesseth maladie.

“But here I make a protestacion,
That in this processe if ye deper go,
That certainly, for no salvacion
Of you, though that ye sterven bothe two,

Though all the world on o' day be my fo,
Ne shall I never on him have other routh :
" I graunt wel," (quod Pandarus) by my trouthe.

" But maie I trust wel to you," (quod he)
" That of this thing that ye han lught me here
Ye woll it holde truly unto me ?"
" Yea doubtless," (quod she) " mine uncle dere."
" Ne that I shall have cause in this matere"
(Quod he), " to plain, or oter you to preach ?"
" Why, no parde, what nedeth more speach."

" Tho fell they in other tales glade
Till at the last, " O good Eme," (quod she tho)
" For love of God which that us bothe made,
Tell me how first ye wisten of his wo :
Wot none of it but ye ?" he said " No :"
" Can he well speake of love," (quod she) " I preie ?
Tell me, for I the bet shall me purveie."

The Pandarus a lital gan to smile,
And saied : " By my trouth I shall now tell,
This other daie, nat gon full long while,
Within the paleis gardin by a well
Gan he and I, well halfe a day to dwell,
Right for to speaken of an ordinaunce,
How we the Grekes mighten disavaunce.

" Some after that we gone for to lepe,
And casten with our dertes to and fro :
Till at the last, he saied, he would slepe,
And on the grasse adoune he laied him tho,
And I after gan to romen to and fro,
Till that I heard, as I walked alone,
How he began full wofully to grone.

" Tho gan I stalke him softly behind,
And sikerly the sothe for to saine,
As I can clepe ayen now to my mind,
Right thus to love he gan him for to plain,
He saied : ' Lorde, have routh upon my pain,
All have I been rebell in miue entent,
Now (mea culpa) lord I me repent.

" O God, that at thy disposicion
Ledest the fine, by just purveiaunce
Of every wight, my lowe confession
Accept in gree, and sende me soche penaunce
As liketh thee, but from me desperaunce,
That may my ghost departe away from the,
Thou be my shulde, for thy benigite.

" For certes, lorde, so sore hath she me wounded
That stode in blacke, with lokung of hir iyen,
That to mine hertes botome it is yfounded
Through which I wot, that I must nedes dien ;
This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien,
And well the hoter been the gledes rede
That men hem wren with ashen pale and dede."

" With that he smote his hedde adoune anone
And gan to muttre, I nat what truly,
And I with that gan still awaie to gone
And lete thereof, as nothing wist had I,
And come again anon and stode him by
And saied, " Awake, ye slepen all to long :
It semeth nought that love doth you wrong.

" That slepen so that no man maie you wake ;
Who seie ever er this so dull a man ?
' Ye, frende,' (quod he) ' doe ye your heddes ake
For love, and let me liven as I can.'

But lorde though he for wo was pale and wan ;
Yet made he tho as fresh a countenaunce,
As though he should have led the newe daunce.

" This passed forth, till now this other daie
It fell that I come roming all alone
Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie
Upon his bedde : but man so sore grone
Ne heard I never, and what was his none
Ne wist I nought, for as I was comming
All sodainly he left his complaining.

" Of whiche I toke somewhat suspicion,
And nere I come, and found him wepe sore ;
And God so wise be my salvacion,
As never of thing had I no routh more :
For neither with engine, ne with no lore,
Unnetthes might I fro the death him kepe,
That yet fele I mine herte for him wepe.

" And God wot never sith that I was borne
Was I so busie no man for to preache,
Ne never was to wight so depe sworne,
Er he me told, who might been his leache ;
But not to you rehearsen all his speach,
Or all his wofull wordes for to sowne,
Ne bid me nought, but ye woll se me swone.

" But for to save his life, and eles nought,
And to none harme of you, thus am I driven,
And for the love of God that us hath wrought
Soche chere him doth, that he and I maie liven ;
Now have I plat to you mine herte shreven,
And sith ye wote that mine entent is cleane
Take hede thereof, for none ovill I meane.

" And right good thrift, I pray to God have ye,
That han soche one yeaught withouten net,
And be ye wise, as ye be laire to se,
Well in the ring, than is the rubie set ;
There were never two so well ymet
Whan ye been his all hole, as he is your :
There mightie God yet graunt us to se the hour."

" Naie thereof spake I nat : A ha !" (quod she)
" As helpe me God, ye shenden every dele :"
" A mercie, dere nece, anon" (quod he)
" What so I spake, I ment nought but wele,
By Mars the god, that helmed is of stele :
Now beth not wroth, my blood, my nece dere."
" Now well," (quod she) " foryeven be it here.

With this he toke his leave, and home he went,
Ye, Lord, how he was glad, and well bigon :
Creseide arose, no lenger she ne shent,
But streight into her closet went anon,
And set her doune, as still as any stone,
And every word gan up and doune to wind,
That he had said as it came her to mind.

And woxe somdele astonied in her thought,
Right for the newe case, but whan that she
Was full avised, the found she right nought,
Of perill, why that she ought aferde be :
For man may love of possibilite
A woman so, his herte may to brest,
And she nat love ayen, but if her lest.

But as she sat alone, and thought thus,
Th'ascric arose at skarmoch all without.
And men cried in the stretre, " Se Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes rout."

With that goune all her meine for to shout :
 " A, go we se, cast up the gates wide,
 For through this strete he mote to paleis ride."

For other waie is fro the gates none,
 Of Dardanus, there open is the cheine :
 With that come he, and all his folke anon
 An easie pace riding, in routes tweine,
 Right as his happy day was, soth to seine :
 For which men saith, may not disturbed be
 That shall betide of necessite.

This Troilus sat on his baie stede
 All armed save his head full richely,
 And wounded was his horse, and gan to blede,
 On which he rode a pace full sofly :
 But such a knightly sight tuely
 As was on him, was nat withouten faile
 To loke on Mars, that god is of bataille.

So like a man of armes, and a knight
 He was to seen, fulfilled of high prowesse,
 For both he had a body, and might
 To doen that thing, as well as hardnesse,
 And eke to seen him in his geare dresse
 So freshe, so yong, so woldy semed he,
 It was an heaven upon him for to see.

His helme to hewen was in twenty places,
 That by a tissue hong, his backe behind,
 His shelde to dashed with swerds and with maces,
 In which men might many an arowe find,
 That thirled had both horn, nerfe, and rind :
 And aie the people cried, " Here cometh our joi,
 And next his brother, holder up of Troie."

For which he wext a little redde for shame
 When he so heard the people upon him crien.
 That to behold it was a noble game,
 How soberliche he cast adoune his eyen :
 Cresede anon gan all his chere espieen,
 And let it so soft in hir herte sinke,
 That to her self she said, " Who yave me drinke?"

For all her own thought, she voxed all redde,
 Remembering her right thus, " Lo this is he,
 Which that mine uncle swereth he mote dedde,
 But I on him have mercie and pite : "
 And with that thought, for pure ashamed she,
 Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,
 While he and all the people forth by past.

And gan to cast, and rollen up and doun
 Within her thought his excellent prowesse,
 And his estate, and also his renoun,
 His witte, his shape, and eke his gentilnesse,
 But most her favour was, for his distresse
 Was all for her, and thought it were a outh,
 To slaen soche one, if that he meant trowth.

Now might some envious jangle thus,
 " This was a sodain love, how might it be,
 That she so lightly loved Troilus ?
 Right for the first sight : ye, parde ? "
 Now whoso saied so, mote he never the :
 For every thing a ginning hath it nede
 Er all be wrought, withouten any drede.

For I saie nat that she so sodainly
 Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline
 To liken him tho, and I have told you why :
 And after that, his manhode, and his pine,

Made that love within her gan to mine :
 For which by processe, and by good service
 He wanne her love, and in no sodain wise.

And all so blisfull Venus wele araid
 Satte in her seventh house of Heven tho,
 Disposed wele, and with aspectes payed,
 To helpe sely Troilus of his wo :
 And sothe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foe
 To Troilus, in his natyvyte,
 God wote that wele the sooner spede he.

Now let us stente of Troilus a throw,
 That rideth forth, and let us tourne fast
 Unto Creseide, that heng her hedde full low,
 There as she satte alone, and gan to cast
 Whezcon she would appoint her at the last,
 If it so were her eme no would eesse,
 For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And lorde so she gan in her thought argue
 In this matter, of which I have you told,
 And what to doen best were, and what eschue,
 That plited she full oft in many fold :
 Now was hir herte warme, now was it cold.
 And what she thought, somwhat shall I write,
 As mine authour hsteth for t'endite.

She thought first, that Troilus person
 She knew by sight and eke his gentelnesse :
 And thus she said, " All were it nought to doen
 To grant him love, yet for his worthnesse,
 It were honor with plaie, and with gladnesse,
 In honeste with soch a lorde to deale,
 For mine estate, and also for his heale.

" Eke well wote I, my kinges sonne is he,
 And sith he hath to see me soch delite,
 If I would utterliche his sight fle,
 Paraventure he might have me in despite,
 Through which I might stond in wors plite :
 Now were I wise, me late to purchase
 Without nede, there I may stande in grace ?

" In every thing, I wot there lieth measure :
 For though a man forbiid dronkennesse,
 He nought forbiddeth that every creature
 Be drinkelesse for alway, as I gesse :
 Eke, sith I wot for me is his distresse,
 I ne ought not for that thing him dispise,
 Sith it is so, he meaneth in good wise.

" And eke I know, of long time agone
 His thewes good, and that he n'is not nice,
 No vauntour saie men, certain he is none,
 To wise is he to doen so great a vice :
 Ne als I nill him never so cherice,
 That he shall make avaunt by just cause :
 He shall me never binde in soche a clause.

" Now set a case, the hardest is ywis,
 Men might demen that he loveth me :
 What dishonour were it unto me this ?
 Maie iche hem let of that ? why naie parde :
 I know also, and alway here and se,
 Men loven women all this toun about,
 Be they the wers ? Why naie withouten dout.

" I thinke eke how, he worthie is to have
 Of all this noble toun the thriest,
 That woman is, if she her honour save :
 For out and out he is the worthiest,

Save only Hector, which that is the best,
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure,
But soche is love, and eke mine aventure.

“Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought :
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,
I am one the fairest out of drede
And goodliest, who so that taketh hede :
And so men saine in all the tounes of Troie,
What wonder is though he of me have joie ?

“I am mine owne woman well at ease,
I thanke it God, as after mine estate,
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lease,
Withouten jeloustie, and such debate :
Shall no husbonde saine to me checke mate,
For either they be full of jeloustie,
Or maisterfull, or loven novelrie.

“What shall I doen ? to what fine live I thus ?
Shall I not love, in case if that me lest ?
What pardieus I am not religious :
And though that I mine herte set at rest
Upon this knight, that is the worthiest,
And kepe alway mine honor, and my name,
By all right it may doe me no shame.”

But right as when the Sunne shineth bright
In March, that chaugeth oft time his face,
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight,
Which oversprath the Sunne, as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan through her soul pace,
That overspradde hir bright thoughtes all,
So that for feare almost she gan to fall.

That thought was this : Alas sith I am free,
Should I now love, and put in jeopardie
My sikernesse, and thralen libertie ?
Alas, how durst I thinke that folie ?
May I not well in other folke asprie
Hir dredfull joie, hir constreint, and hir pain :
Ther loveth none, that she ne hath why to plain.

“For love is yet the moste stormie life,
Right of himself, that ever was begonne :
For ever some mistrust, or nice strife,
There is in love, some cloud over the Sunne :
Thereto we wretched women nothing conne
When us is wo, but wepe and sit and thinke,
Our wretch is this, our owne wo to drinke.

Also wicked tongues been ay so prest
To speake us harme : eke men been so untrue,
That right anon as cessed is hir lest,
So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe :
But harm ydoe is doen, who so it rue :
For though these men for love hem first to rende,
Full sharp beginning breaketh oft at ende.

“How oft time may men both rede and seen,
The treason, that to woman hath be doe ?
To what fine is soche love, I can not seen,
Or where becometh it, when it is go,
There is no wight that wote, I trowe so,
When it becometh, lo, no wight on it sporneth ;
That erst was nothing, into naught turneth.

“How busie (if I love) eke must I be
To please hem, that jangle of love, and demen,
And coven hem, that thur saie no harm of me :
For though there be no cause, yet hem semen

Al be for harme, that folke hir frendes quemen :
And who maie stoppen every wicked tong ?
Or soune of belles, while that they been long ?”

And after that her thought gan for to clere
And saied, “He which that nothing undertaketh
Nothing acheveth, be him loth or dere ;”
And with another thought her herte quaketh
Than slepeth hope, and after drede awaketh,
Now hote, now cold, but thus bitwixen twey
She rist her up, and went hir for to play.

Adoune the staire anon right flo she went
Into her gardine, with her neeces thre,
And up and down, they maden many a went
Flexippe and she, Tarbe, and Antigone,
To plaien, that to joie was to see,
And other of her women a great rout
Her followeth in the gardaine all about.

This yerde was large, and railed al the alies
And shadowed wel, with blosomy bowes grene,
And benched newe, and sonded all the waies
In which she walketh arme in arme betwene,
Till at the last Antigone the shene
Gan on a Troian song to singen clere,
That it an Ileven was her voice to here.

She saied, “O Love, to whom I have, and shall
Been humble subject, true in mine entent
As I best can, to you, lorde, yeve iche all
For evermore mine hertes lust to rent :
For never yet thy grace to no wight sent
So blisfull cause as me, my life to lede
In all joie and suretie, out of drede.

“The blisfull god, hath me so well beset
In love ywis, that all that beareth life
Imaginien ne could how to be bet,
For, lorde, withouten jeloustie or strife
I love one, which that moste is ententife
To serven well, unwerily or unfained,
That ever was, and lest with harme stained,

“As he that is the well of worthinesse,
Of trouth ground, mirrour of goodhedde,
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikernesse,
Of vertue roote, of luste finder and hedde,
Through whiche is all sorrowe fro me dedde :
Ywis I love him best, so doeth he me,
Now good thirft have he, where so ever he be.

“Whom should I thanken but you, god of love,
Of all this blisse, in which to bathe I ginne.
And thanked be ye, lorde, for that I love,
This is the right life that I am inne,
To flemen all maner vice and sinne :
This doeth me so to vertue for to entende
That daie by daie I in my will amende.

“And who that saith that for to love is vice,
Or thraldome, though he fele it in distresse,
He either is envious, or right nice,
Or is unmightie for his shreudnesse,
To loven, for soch maner folke I gesse
Diffamen Love, as nothing of him know
They speaken, but they bent never his bowe.

“What is the Sunne worse of his kind right,
Though that a man, for feblennesse of his eyen
Maie not endure on it to se for bright ?
Or love the worst, that wretches on it crien ?

No wele is worth, that may no sorowe drien :
And forthy, who that hath an hedde of verre
Fro cast of stones ware him in the werre.

"But I with all mine herte and all my might,
As I have saied, woll love unto my last
My owne dere herte and all mine owne knight,
In whiche mine herte growen is so fast
And his in me, that it shall ever last :
All dredde I first love him to begin,
Now wote I well there is no perill in."

And of her song right with that word she stent,
And therewithall, "Now nece" (quod Creseide)
"Who made this song now with so good entent ?"
Antigone answerde anon and saide,
"Madame ywis the goodliest maide
Of great estate in all the toune of Troie
And led her life in most honour and joie."

"Forsothe so semeth it by her song,"
Quod the Creseide, and gan therewith to sike,
And saied : "Lorde, is there soche blisse emong
These lovers, as they can faire endite :"
"Ye, wisse," quod fresh Antigone the white,
"For all the folke that have or been on live
Ne con well the blisse of love discrive."

"But wene ye that every wretche wote
The parfite blisse of love ? why naie ywis :
They wenen all be love, if one be hote :
Do waie do waie, they wote nothing of this.
Men mote asken of saintes, if it is
Ought faire in Heven, and why ? for they can tell,
And aske fendes, if it be foule in Hell."

Creseide unto the purpose naught answerde,
But saied, "Ywis it woll be night as fast,"
But every worde, which that she of her herde,
She gan to printen in her herte fast,
And aie gan love her lasse for to agast
Than it did erst, and sinken in her herte,
That she waxe somewhat able to convarte.

The daies honour, and the Heavens eye,
The nightes foe, all this clepe I thee Sonne,
Gan vestren fast, and downward for to wrie,
As he that had his daies course yronne,
And white things woxen al dimme and donne
For lacke of light, and sterres for to apere,
That she and all her folke in went yfere.

So whan it liked her to gon to rest,
And voided weren they that voiden ought,
She saied, that to slepen well her leste :
Her women sone till her bedde her brought :
Whan al was hust, than lay she still and thought
Of all this thing the maner and the wise,
Rehearse it needeth not, for ye been wise.

A nightingale upon a cedre grene
Under the chamber wall, there as she laie,
Full loude song ayen the Mone shene
Paraventure, in his birdes wise, a laie
Of love, that made her herte freshe and gaie,
That herkened she so long in good entent,
Till at the last the dedde sleepe her hent.

And as she slept, anon right tho her met,
How that an egle feathered white as bone,
Under her brest his longe clawes yset,
And out her herte he rent, and that anon,

And did his herte into her brest to gon,
Of which she nought agrose, ne nothing smart,
And forth he fieth, with herte left for herte.

Now let her slepe, and we our tales holde
Of Troilus, that is to paleis ridden,
Fro the searmisshe of which I you tolde,
And in his chamber sate, and hath abidden.
Till two or three of his messengers yeden
For Pandarus, and soughten him full fast,
Till they him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leaping in at ones,
And saied thus, "Who hath been well ybete
To day with swerdes, and slong stones,
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete ?"
And gan to jape, and saied, "Lord ye swete,
But rise and let us soupe, and go to reste,"
And he answerde him, "Do we as thee leste."

With all the haste goodly as they might,
They sped hem fro the souper, and to bedde,
And every wight out at the doore him dight,
And whider him list, upon his waie him sped :
But Troilus thought that his herte bledde
For wo, till that he heard some tidng,
And saied, "Frende, shall I now wepe or sing ?"

(Quod Pandarus) "Be still and let me slepe,
And doe on thy hoode, thine nedes spedde be,
And chose if thou wolt sing, or lepe,
At short wordes thou shalt trawe all by me,
Sir, my nece woll doen well by thee,
And love thee best, by God and by trothe,
But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe."

"For thus ferforth I have thy werk begon,
Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morow,
Hir love of frendship have I to thee won,
And therefore hath she laid her faith to borow,
Algate a foote is hameled of thy sorow :"
What should I lenger sermon of it holde,
As ye have heard before, all he him tolde.

But right as floures through the cold of night
Yclosed, stoupen in hir stalkes lowe,
Redressen hem ayen the Sunne bright,
And spreaden in hir kinde course by rowe,
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe
This Troilus, and saied : "O Venus dere,
Thy might, thy grace, yheried be it here."

And to Pandarus he held up both his hands,
And saied, "Lorde all thine be that I have,
For I am hole, and broken been my bonds,
A thousand Troies, who so that me yave
Eche after other, God so wis me save,
Ne might me so gladen, lo mine herte
It spreadeth so for joye it woll to starte."

"But lorde how shall I doen ? how shal I liven,
Whan shall I next my dere herte se ?
How shall this longe time away be driven ?
Till that thou be ayen at her fro me,
Thou maist answer, abide, abide : but he
That hangeth by the necke, sothe to saine,
In great disease abideth for the paine."

"All easily now, for the love of Marte,"
(Quod Paudarus) "for every thing hath time,
So long abide, till that the night departe,
For also siker as thou hest here by me,

And God toforne, I woll be there at prime,
And for thy werke somewhat, as I shall say,
Or on some other wight this charge lay.

"For parde, God wot, I have ever yet
Ben ready thee to serve, and this night
Have I not fained, but emforthe my wit
Doen all thy lust, and shal with al my might :
Doe now as I shall saine, and fare aright :
And if thou n'lte, wite all thy selfe the care,
On me is nought along thine evill fare.

"I wote well, that thou wiser art than I
A thousand fold : but if I were as thou,
God helpe me so, as I would utterly
Right of mine owne honde write her now
A letter, in which I would her tellen how
I farde amisse, and her beseech of routh :
Now help thy self, and leave it for no slouth.

"And I my selfe shall therewith to her gone,
And whan thou wost that I am with her there
Worthle thou upon a courser right anone,
Ye hardely, and that right in thy best gere,
And ride forth by the place, as naught ne were,
And thou shalt find us (if I may) sitting
At some window, into the street looking.

"And if thee list, then mayest thou us salve,
And upon me make thou thy countenance,
But by thy life beware, and fast esclue
To tarien ought, God shild us fro mischaunce :
Ride forth thy way, and hold thy governaunce,
And we shall speake of thee somewhat I trow
Whan thou art gone, to doe thine eares glow.

"Touching thy letter, thou art wise enough,
I wot thou n'lte it deignliche endite,
As make it with these argumentes tough,
Ne scriveinishe or craftyly thou it write,
Beblotte it with thy teares eke alite,
And if thou write a goodly word all soft,
Though it be good, rehearse it not too oft.

"For though the best harpoure upon live
Would on the best souned jolly harpe
That ever was, with all his fingers five
Touch aye o string, or aye o warble harpe,
Where his nailles pointed never so sharpe,
It should make every wight to dull,
To heare his glee, and of his strokes full.

"Ne jombre eke no discordaunt thing yfere,
As thus, to usen termes of phisicke,
In loves termes hold of thy matere
The forme alway, and doe that it be like,
For if a painter would paint a pike
With asses feet, and headed as an ape,
It cordeth not, so were it but a jape."

This counsaile liked well unto Troilus,
But as a dreddefull lover he saied this :
"Alas my dere brother Pandarus,
I am ashamed for to write ywis,
Least of mine innocence I saied amis,
Or that she n'olde it for dispite receive,
Than were I dead, there might it nothing weive."

To that Pandare answerde, "If thee lest,
Do that I say, and let me therewith gone,
For by that Lord that formed east and west,
I hope of it to bring answerd anone

Right of her hond, and if that thou n'lte none,
Let be, and sorrrie mote he been his live,
Ayenst thy lust that helpeth thee to thrive."

(Quod Troilus) "Depardieus iche assent,
Sith that thee list, I woll arise and write,
And blisfull God pray iche with good entent
The voiage and the letter I shall endite,
So speed it, and thou Minerva the white,
Yeve thou me witte, my letter to devise :"
And set him doun, and wrote right in this wise.

First he gan her his right ladie call,
His hertes life, his lust, his sorowes leche,
His blisse, and eche these other tearmes all,
That in such case ye lovers all seche,
And in full humble wise, as in his speche,
He gan him recommaund unto her grace,
To tell all how, it asketh mokell space.

And after this full lowly he her praied
To be nought wroth, though he of his follie
So hardie was to her to write, and saied
That love it made, or eles must he die,
And pitously gan mercie for to crie :
And after that he saied, and lied full loud,
Himselfe was little worth, and lasse he coud.

And that she would have his conning excused,
That little was, and eke he dradde her so,
And his unworthinesse aye he accused :
And after that than gan he tell his wo,
But that was endlesse withouten ho :
And said, he would in trouth alway him hold,
And redde it over, and gan the letter fold.

And with his salte teares gan he bathe
The rubie in his signet, and it sette
Upon the waxe deliverliche and rathe,
Therewith a thousand times, er he lette,
He kiste tho the letter that he shette
And sayd, "Letter, a blisfull destine
Thee shapen is, my ladie shall thee see."

This Pandare tooke the letter, and betime
A morrow to his needis pallaice stert,
And fast he swore, that it was passed prime :
And gan to jape, and sayd, "Ywis my herte
So fresh it is, although it sore smert,
I may not sleepe never a Mayes morrow,
I have a jollie woe, a lustie sorrow."

Creseide whan that she her uncle heard,
With dreadfull herte, and desirous to heare,
The cause of his coming, thus answard,
"Now by your faith, mine uncle" (quod she) "deare,
What manner windes guideth you now here ?
Tell us your jolly woe, and your penaunce,
How farre forth be ye put in loves daunce."

"By God" (quod he) "I hop alway behinde,"
And to laugh, it thought her herte brest,
(Quod Pandarus) "Looke alway that ye finde
Game in mine hood : but herkeneth if you lest,
There is right now come into the toun a gest,
A Greeke espie, and letleth newe thinges,
For which I come to tell you new tidinges.

"Into the garden go we, and ye shall heare
All privily of this a long sermoun :"
With that they wenten arm in arm yfere,
Into the gardin fro the chamber doun.

And when he was so farre, that the soun
Of that he spake, no man heren might,
He said her thus, and out the letter plight.

“Lo, he that is all hooly yours free,
Him recommaundeth lowly to your grace,
And sent you this letter here by me,
Aviseth you on it, when ye han space,
And of some goodly answere you purchase,
Or helpe me God so, plainly for to saine,
He may not longe liven for his paine.

Full dredefully tho gan she stonde still,
And tooke it not, but all her humble chere
Gan for to chaunge, and sayd, “Scripe nor bill,
For love of God, that toucheth such matere
Ne bring me none : and also, uncle dere,
To mine estate have more regard I praye
Than to his lust, what should I more say.

“And looketh now if this be reasonable,
And letteth not for favour ne for slouth
To saine a sooth, now is it covenable
To mine estate, by God and by my trouth
To take it, or to have of him routh,
In harming of my selfe or in repreve :
Beare it ayen, for him that ye on leve.”

This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,
And sayd, “Now is this the greatest wonder
That ever I saw, let be this nice fare,
To death mote I smiten be with thunder,
If for the cite which that stondesth yonder,
Would I a letter unto you bring or take,
To harm of you : what list you thus it make.

“But thus ye faren well nigh all and some,
That he that most desireth you to serve,
Of him ye retch least where he become,
And whether that he live, or else sterve :
But for all that, that ever I may deserve,
Refuse it not” (quod he) and hent her fast,
And in her bosome the letter doune he thrast.

And said her, “Now cast it away anon
That folk may seen, and gauren on us twey.”
(Quod she) “I can abide till they be gon”
And gan to smile, and said him, “Eme I pray
Such answere as you list your selfe purvey :
For truly I woll no letter write :”
“No, than woll I” (quod he) “so ye endite.”

Therewith she lough, and said “Go we dine,”
And he gan at himselfe jape fast,
And sayd, “Neece, I have so great a pine
For love, that everich other day I fast,”
And gan his best japes forth to cast,
And made her for to laugh at his follie,
That she for laughter wende for to die.

And when that she was comen into the hall,
“Now eme” (quod she) “we woll go dine anon,”
And gan some of her women to her call,
And straight into her chamber gan she gone,
But of her businesse this was one,
Amonges other thinges, out of drede,
Full prively this letter for to rede.

Avised word by word in every line,
And found no lacke, she thought he coude his good,
And up it put, and went her in to dine,
And Pandarus, that in a studie stood,

Ere he was ware, she tooke him by the hood,
And said “Ye were caught ere that ye wist,”
“I vouchsafe,” (quod he) “do what you list.”

Tho weshen they, and set hem dound and ete,
And after noone fall slightly Pandarus
Gan draw him to the window nye the strete,
And said, “Neece, who hath arayed thus
The yonder house, that stant aforeyene us ?”
“Which house ?” (quod she) and gan for to behold
And knew it well, and whose it was him told.

And fellen foith in spech of thinges smale,
And saten in the window both twey :
When Pandarus saw time unto his tale,
And saw well that her folke were all awaye :
“Now nece mine, tell on” (quod he) “I prey,
How liketh you the letter that ye wot,
Can he thereon or by my trouth I not.”

Therewith all rosy hewed tho wove she,
And gan to hum, and said, “So I trowe,”
“Aquite him well for Gods love” (quod he)
“My selfe to medes woll the letter sowe,”
And held his hondes up, and sat on knowe,
“Now good nece, be it never so lite,
Yeve me the labour, it to sowe and plite.”

“Ye, for I can so writen” (quod she) “tho,
And eke I not what I should to him say :”
“Nay nece” (quod Pandare) “say not so,
Yet at the least, thonketh him I pray
Of his good will : O, doth him not to dey,
Now for the love of me my nece dere,
Refuseth not at this time my praier.”

“Depardieux” (quod she) “God leve all he wel
God helpe me so, this is the first letter
That ever I wrote, ye all or any dele,”
And into a closet for to advise her better,
She went alone, and gan her herte unfetter
Out of dislaines prison, but a lite,
And set her doune, and gan a letter write.

Of which to tell in short is mine entent
Theffect, as ferre as I can understand :
She thonked him, of all that he well ment,
Towardes her, but holden him in hond
She n’olde not, ne make her selven bond
In love, but as his suster him to please,
She would aye faine to done his herte an ease.

She shette it, and to Pandare into gone
There as he sat, and looked into strete,
And doune she set her by him on a stone
Of jasper, upon a quissien of gold ybete,
And said, “As wisely helpe me God the grete,
I never did a thing with more paine,
Than write this, to which ye me restraine.”

And tooke it him : he thonked hir, and seide,
“God wot of thing full often lothe begonne
Commeth end good : and nece mine Creseide,
That ye to him of hard now ben ywonne,
Ought he be glad, by God and yonder sonne :
For why, men saith impressones light
Full lightly ben aye reddie to the fight.

“But ye han plaid the tiraunt all too long,
And hard was it your herte for to grave,
Now stint, that ye no lenger on it hong,
All woulde ye the forme of daunger save,

But hasteth you to done him joye have :
For trusteth well, too long ydone hardnesse
Causeth dispite full often for distresse."

And right as they declared this matere,
Lo Troilus, right at the stretes end
Came riding with his tenth somme yfere
All softly, and thiderward gan bend
Ther as they sate, as was his way to wend
To paleis ward, and Pandare him aspide,
And said, " Nece, ysee who commeth here ride."

" O fie not in, he seeth us I suppose,
Least he may thinke that ye him eschue."
" Nay, nay" (quod she) and woxe as red as rose,
With that he gan her humbly salue
With dredefull chere, and oft his hewes mue,
And up his looke debonairely he cast,
And becked on Pandare, and forth by past.

God wot if he sat on his horse aright,
Or goodly was besene that ilke day,
God wot where he were like a manly knight,
What should I dretche, or tell of his array :
Creside, which that all those things sey ;
To tell in short, her liked all yfere,
His person, his aray, his looke, his chere.

His goodly manner, and his gentillesse,
So well, that never sith that she was borne,
Ne had she suche routh of his distresse,
And how so, she hath hard ben here beforeme,
To God hope I, she hath now caught a thorn,
She shall nat pull it out this next wike,
God send her mo such thornes on to pike.

Pandare, which that stood her faste by,
Felt iron hot, and he began to smite,
And said, " Nece, I pray you heartely,
Tell me that I shall asken you alite,
A woman that were of his death to wite
Withouten his gilt, but for her lack of routh,
Were it well done?" (quod she) " Nay by my trouth."

" God helpe me so" (quod he) " ye say me sooth,
Ye feelen well your selfe that I nought he,
Lo, yonde he rideth:" (quod she) " Ye so he dooth :"
" Well" (quod Pandare) " as I have told you thrie,
Let be your nice sname, and your folle,
And speake with him in casing of his herte,
Let meete nat do you bothe smert."

But thereon was to heaven and to done,
Considering all thing, it may nat be,
And why? for shame, and it were eke too soone,
To graunten him so great a liberte :
For plainly her entent, as (said she)
Was for to love him unwist, if she might,
And guerdon him with nothing but with sight.

But Pandare thought, it shall nat be so,
If that I may, this nice opinion
Shall nat ben holden fully yeares two.
What should I make of this a long sermon ?
He must assent on that conclusion,
As for the time, and whan that it was eve,
And all was well, he rose and tooke his leve.

And on his way fast homeward he spedde,
And right for joy he felt his herte daunce,
And Troilus he found alone abedde,
That lay, as done these lovers in a traunce,

Betwixen hope and derke desperaunce,
But Pandare, right at his incomming,
He song, as who saith, " Lo, somwhat I bring."

And said, " Who is in his bedde so soone
Yburied thus ?" " It am I friend : " (quod he)
" Who, Troilus ? nay, help me so the Moone"
(Quod Pandarus) " thou shalt up rise and see
A charme that was sent right now to thee,
The which can healen thee of thine accesse,
If thou do forthwith all thy businesse."

" Ye, through the might of God : " (quod Troilus)
And Pandarus gan him the letter take,
And said, " Parde God hath holpen us,
Have here a light, and look on all these blake."
But often gan the herte glad and quake
Of Troilus, while he it gan to rede,
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

But finally he tooke all for the best
That she him wrote, for somewhat he beheld,
On which he thought he might his herte rest,
All covered she the wordes under sheld,
Thus to the more worthy part he held,
That what for hope, and Pandarus behest,
His greate wo foryede he at the lest.

But as we may all day our selven see,
Through wood or cole kindleth the more fire,
Right so encrease of hope, of what it be,
Therewith full oft encreaseth eke desire,
Or as an oke commeth of a little spire,
So through this letter, which that she him sent,
Encreasen gan desire of which he brent.

Wherefore I say alway, that day and night
This Troilus gan to desiren more
Than he did erst through hope, and did his might
To presen on, as by Pandarus lore,
And writen to her of his sorowes sore
Fro day to day, he let it nought refreide,
That by Pandare he somewhat wrot or seide.

And did also his other observaunces,
That fill a lover length in this caas,
And after as his dice turned on chaunces,
So was he either glad, or said alas,
And held after his gastes aye his paas,
And after such answeres as he had,
So were his daies sorry either glad.

But to Pandare alway was his recurs,
And pitously gan aye on him to plaine,
And him besought of rede, and some socours,
And Pandarus, that saw his wood paine,
Wext well high dead for routh, sooth to saine,
And busily with all his herte cast,
Some of his wo to sleen, and that as fast.

And said, " Lord and friend, and brother dere,
God wot that thy disease doth me wo,
But wolt thou stinten all this wofull chere,
And by my trouth, ere it be daies two,
And God toforne, yet shall I shape it so,
That thou shalt come into a certain place,
There as thou maist thy self praien her of grace.

" And certainly I n'ot if thou it wost,
But they that ben expert in love, it say,
It is one of these thinges forthereth most,
A man to have a leiser for to pray,

And siker place, his wo for to bewray,
For in good herte it mote some routh impress
To heare and see the guiltless in distresse.

"Peraventure thinkest thou, though it be so,
That Kind would her done for to begin,
To have a manner routh upon my wo,
Saith Daunger nay, thou shalt me never win :
So ruleth her hertes ghost wilthun,
That though she hende, yet she stont on rote,
What in effect is this unto my bote.

"Think here ayen, whan that the sturdy oke
On which men hacketh ofte for the nones,
Received hath the happy falling stroke,
The great swight doth it come all at ones,
As done these great rocks or these miln stones,
For swifter course cometh thing that is of wight
Whan it discendeth, than done thinges light.

"But rede that boweth doun for every blast,
Full lightly cesse wind, it woll arise,
But so n'll not an oke, whan it is cast,
It needeth me nought longe thee forvise,
Men shall rejoyens of a great emprise,
Achieved well, and stant withouten dout,
All have men ben the lenger thereabout.

"But, Troilus, now tell me if thee lest
A thing, which that I shall asken thee,
Which is thy brother, that thou lovest best,
As in thy very hertes privite ?"
"Ywis my brother Deiphebus tho" (quod he.)
"Now" (quod Pandare) "ere houres twice twelve,
He shall the ease, unwist of it himselfe.

"Now let me alone, and worken as I may,"
(Quod he) and to Deiphebus went he tho,
Which had his lord, and great friend ben aye,
Save Troilus no man he loved so :
To tellen in short withouten words mo
(Quod Pandarus) "I pray you that ye be
Friend to a cause, which that toucheth me."

"Yes parde" (quod Deiphebus) "wel thou wotest
All that ever I may, and God tofore,
All n'ere it but for the man I love most,
My brother Troilus ; but say wherefore
It is, for suth the day that I was bore,
I n'as, ne never mo to ben I thinke,
Ayenst a thing that might thee forthinke."

Pandare gan him thank, and to him seide,
"Lo sir, I have a lady in this toun
That is my nece, and called is Creseide,
Which some men would done oppressioun,
And wrongfully have her possession,
Wherefore I of your lordship you beseech
To ben our friend, withouten more speech."

Deiphebus him answerd : "O, is nat this
That thou speakest of to me thus straungly,
Creseide my friend ?" He said him "Yes."
"Than needeth" (quod Deiphebus) "hardely
No more of this to speke, for trusteth well that I
Woll be her champion with spore and yerde,
I ne raught nat though all her foes it herde.

"But tel me how, for thou wost this matere,
I might best availen, now lette see ?"
(Quod Pandarus) "If ye my lord so dere
Woulden as now do this honour to me,

To praien her to morrow, lo that she
Came unto you, her plaints to devise,
Her adversaries would of it agrise.

"And if I more durst praien as now,
And chargen you to have so great travaille,
To have some of your brethren here with you,
That mighten to her cause bet availen,
Than wote I well she might never faile
For to ben holpen, what at your instance,
What with her other friendes governaunce."

Deiphebus, which that comen was of kind
To all honour and bounty to consent,
Answerd, "It shall be done : and I can find
Yet greater helpe to this mine entent :
What woldest thou saine, if for Heloine I sent
To speake of this ? I trow it be the best,
For she may leden Paris as her lest.

"Of Hector, which that is my lord my brother,
It needeth nat to praien him friend to be,
For I have heard him o tyme and eke other
Speaken of Creseide such honour, that he
May saine no bet, such hap to him hath she,
It needeth nat his helpes moie to crave,
He shall be such, right as we woll him have.

"Speake thou thy selfe also to Troilus
On my behafe, and pray him with us dine."
"Sir all this shall be done" (quod Pandarus)
And tooke his leave, and never gan to fine,
But to his neeces house as streight as line
He came, and found her fro the meat arise,
And set him doun, and spake right in this wise :

He said, "O very God, so have I ronned,
Lo nece mine, see ye nat how I swete ?
I n'ot where ye the more thanke me comne :
Be ye not ware how false Poliphete
Is now about eftsoones for to plete,
And bring on you advocacies new ?"
"I, no" (quod she) and chaunged all her hew.

"What, is he more about me to dretche
And done me wrong, what shall I done, alas,
Yet of himselfe nothing would I retche,
N'ere it for Antenor and Eneas,
That ben his friends in such manner caas :
But for the love of God mine uncle dere,
No force of that, let him have all yfere,

"Withouten that, I have ynough for us."
"Nay" (quod Pandare) "it shall nothing be so,
For I have been right now at Deiphebus,
At Hector, and mine other lordes mo,
And shortly maked each of hem his fo,
That by my thrift he shall it never win,
For aught he can, whan so that he begin."

And as they casten what was best to done,
Deiphebus of his owne courtesie
Came her to pray, in his proper persone,
To hold him on the morrow companie
At dinner, which she n'olde not demie,
But goodly gan to his prayer obey,
He thonked her, and went upon his wey.

Whan this was done, this Pandare anone,
To tell in short, forth he gan to wend
To Troilus, as still as any ston,
And all this thing he told him word and end,

And how that he Deiphebus gan to blend,
And said him, "Now is time of that ye conne
To here thee well to morow, and all is wonne.

"Now speke, now pray, now pitously complain,
Let nat for nice shame, for drede or slouth,
Sometime a man mote tell his owne pain,
Believe it, and she will have on thee routh,
Thou shalt ben saved by thy faith in trouth,
But well wot I, thou now art in a drede,
And what it is, I lay that I can arede.

"Thou thinkest now, 'How should I don al this,
For by my chere's mosten folke espie,
That for her love is that I fare amis,
Yet had I lever unwist for sorrow die :'
Now thinke nat so, for thou hast great folle,
For I right now have founden a manere
Of sleight, for to coveren all thy chere.

"Thou shalt gone overnight, and that bilive,
Unto Deiphebus house, as thee to play,
Thy maladie away the bet to drive,
For which thou seemeth sick, sooth to say,
Soone after that, in thy bed thee lay,
And say thou maist no lenger up endure,
And lie right there, and hide thine aventure.

"Say that thy fever is wont thee for to take
The same time, and last till a morow,
And let see now how well thou canst it make :
For parde sieke is he that is in sorrow.
Go now farwell, and Venus here to borow,
I hope and thou this purpose hold ferme,
Thy grace she shall fully thee conferme."

(Quod Troilus) "Ywis thou all needlesse
Counsaillet me, that sickeliche I me faine,
For I am sieke in earnest doubtlesse,
So that well nigh I sterve for the paine :"
(Quod Pandarus) "Thou shalt the better plaine,
And hast the lesse need to counterfete,
For him demeth men hot, that seeth him swete.

"Lo, hold thee at thy triste close, and I
Shall well the drede unto the how drive :"
Therewith he took his leave all softly,
And Troilus to his paleis went blive,
So glad he was he never in all his live,
And to Pandarus rode gan all assent,
And to Deiphebus hous at night he went.

What nedeth it you to tellen all the chere
That Deiphebus unto his brother made,
Or his axis, or his sickeliche manere,
How men gone him with clothes for to lade,
Whan he was laud, and how men would him glade :
But all for nought, he held forth aye the wise,
That ye han heard Pandarus this devise.

But certaine is, ere Troilus him leide,
Deiphebus had praied him over night
To ben a friend, and helping to Creseide :
God wot that he graunted anon right
To ben her full friend, with all his might :
But such a need was it to praien him thenne,
As for to idden a wood man to renne.

The morow came, and nighen gan the time
Of mealtide, that the faire queene Heleine
Shope her to ben an houre after the prime
With Deiphebus, to whom she n'olde faine,

But as his suster, homely sooth to saine
She came to dinner in her plaine entent,
But God and Pandarus wist all what this ment.

Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,
Antigone her nece, and Tarbe also,
But fie we now prolixitie best is,
For love of God, and let us fast go
Right to thefeet, withouten tales mo,
Why all this folke assembled in this place,
And let us of all hir salvinges pace.

Great honour did hem Deiphebus certaine,
And fedde hem well, with all that might like,
But evermo alas, was his refrain :
"My good brother Troilus the silke,
Lithe yet," and therewithall he gan to slike
And after that he pained him to glade
Hem as he might, and chere good he made.

Complained eke Heleine of his sicknesse
So faithfully, that it pitie was to here,
And every wight gan wexen for axes
A leche anon, and said, "In this manere
Men curen folke, this charme I wol thee here,"
But there sate one, all list her nat to teche,
That thought, yet best could I ben his leche.

After complaint him gonnen they to preise,
As folk don yet whan some wight hath begon
To preise a man, and with preise him reise
A thousand fold yet higher than the Sonne,
He is, he can, that few other lordes conne,
And Pandarus of that they would afferme,
He nought forgate hir praising to conferme.

Herd all this thing fair Creseide well enough,
And every word gan for to notifie,
For which with sober chere her herte lough,
For who is that no would her glorifie,
To mowen such a knight done live or die ?
But all passe I, least ye too long dwell,
But for o fine is all that ever I dwell.

The time came, fro dinner for to rise,
And as hem ought, arisen every chome,
And gane a while of this and that devise,
But Pandarus brake all this spech anone,
And said to Deiphebus, "Woll ye gone,
If your will be, as erst I you preide,
To speaken of the nedes of Creseide ?"

Heleine, which that by the hond her held,
Took first the tale, and said, "Go we blive,"
And goodly on Creseide she beheld,
And said, "Joves let him never thive
That doth you harm, and reve him some of live,
And yeve me sorrow, but he shall it rue,
If that I may, and all folke be true."

"Tell thou thy nieces case" (quod Deiphebus
To Pandarus) "for thou canst best it tell."
"My lordes and my ladies, it stant thus,
What should I lenger" (quod he) "do you dwell ?"
He rong her out a proces like a bell
Upon her foe, that light Poliphete,
So hainous, that men might on it spete.

Answerd of this ech worse of hem than other,
And Poliphete they gonnen thus to warien,
And honged be such one, were he my brother,
And so he shall, for it ne may nought varien,

What should I lenger in this tale tarien,
Plainliche all at ones they her highten
To ben her friend in all that ever they mighten.

Spake then Heleine, and said, "Pandarus,
Wot aught my lord my brother of this mater,
I meane Hector, or wote it Troilus!"
He said, "Ye, but woll ye me now here,
Me thinketh thus, sith that Troilus is here,
It were good, if that ye would assent,
She told him her selfe all this ere she went.

"For he wol have the more hir grefe at herte,
Because lo, that she a lady is,
And by your will, I woll but in right start,
And do you wete, and that anone ywis,
If that he sleepe, or woll aught here of this:"
And in he lept, and said him in his ere,
"God have thy soul, for brought have I thy bere."

To smilen of this gan the Troilus,
And Pandarus without reckoning,
Out went anon to Heleine and Deiphebus,
And said hem, "So there be no taryng
Ne more prease, he woll well that ye bring
Creseide my lady, that is now here,
And as he may endure, he woll her here.

"But well ye wote, the chamber is but lite,
And few folke may lightly make it warme,
Now looketh ye, for I woll have no wite
To bring in prease, that might done him harme,
Or him diseasen, for my better arme:
Yet were it bette she bid till oft soonis,
Now looke ye that knowen what to don is.

"I say for me best is, as I can know,
That no wight in ne wende, but ye twey,
But it were I, for I cannot in a throw
Rehearse her case, unlike that she can sey,
And after this she may him ones prey
To ben good lord in short, and take her leve,
This may not mokell of his ease him reve.

"And eke for she is straunge, he woll forbere
His ease, which that him dare nat for you,
Eke other thing, that toucheth nat to her,
He woll it tell, I wote it well right now,
That secret is, and for the townes prow:"
And they that knew nothing of his entent,
Without more, to Troilus in they went.

Heleine in all her goodly softe wise
Gan him salue, and womanly to play,
And said, "Ywis, ye mote algate arise:
Now faire brother be all hole I pray,"
And gan her arme right over his shoulder lay,
And him with all her wit to recomfort,
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

So after this (quod she) "We you beseke
My dere brother Deiphebus and I,
For love of God, and so doeth Pandare eke,
To been good lord and friend right hertely
Unto Creseide, which that certainly
Received wrong, as wot well here Pandare,
That can her case well bet than I declare."

This Pandarus gan new his tong affile,
And all her case rehearse, and that anone,
Whan it was said, soone after in a while,
(Quod Troilus) "As soone as I was gone,

I wol right faine with all my might ben one,
Have God my trouth, her cause to susteine."
"Now good thrift have ye" (quod Helein the queen),

(Quod Pandarus) "And it your will be,
That she may take her leave ere that she go."
"O eles God forbid it tho" (quod he)
"If that she vouchsafe for to do so:"
And with that word (quod Troilus) "Ye two
Deiphebus, and my suster lefe and dere,
To you have I to speake of a matere,

"To been avised by your rede the better,"
And found (as hap was) at his bedes hedde
The copie of a treatise, and a letter
That Hector had him sent, to asken rede
If such a man was worthy to ben dede,
Wote I naught who, but in a grisly wise
He prayed hem anone on it avise.

Deiphebus gan this letter for to unfold
In earnest great, so did Heleine the queene,
And roming outward, fast it gonne behold
Downward a steire, into an herbor greene:
This ilke thing they redded hem betwene,
And largely the mountenance of an houre
They gonne on it to reden and to poure.

Now let hem rede, and tourne we anone
To Pandarus, that gan full soft prie
That all was well, and out he gan to gone
Into the great chamber, and that in hie,
And said, "God save all this companie:
Come nece mine, my lady queene Heleine
Abideth you, and eke my lordes tweine.

"Rise, take with you your nece Antigone,
Or whom you list, or no force hardely,
The lasse prease the bet, come forth with me,
And looke that ye thonked humbly
Hem all three, and whan ye may goodly
Your time ysee, taketh of hem your leave,
Least we too long his restes him bireave."

All innocent of Pandarus entent
(Quod the Creseide) "Go we uncle dere,"
And arme in arme, inward with him she went,
Avising well her wordes and her chere,
And Pandarus in earnestfull manere,
Said, "All folke for Godes love I pray,
Stinteth right here, and softly you play.

"Aviseth you what folke ben here within,
And in what plite one is, God him amend,
And inward thou full softly begin,
Nece I conjure, and highly you defend
On his halfe, which that soule us all send,
And in the vertue of corounes twaine
Slea nat this man, that hath for you this paine.

"Fie on the devill, thinke which one he is,
And in what plite he lieth, come off anone,
Think all such taried tide, but lost it n'is,
That woll ye both saine, whan ye been one:
Secondly, there yet divineth none
Upon you two, come off now if ye conne,
While folke is blent, lo, all the time is wonne.

"In titering and pursuite, and delaies
The folke divine, at wegging of a stre,
And though ye would han after merry daies,
Than dare ye nat, and why? For she and she

Spake such a word, thus looked he and he :
Least time be lost, I dare not with you deale,
Come off therfore, and bringeth him to heale."

But now to you, ye lovers that ben here,
Was Troilus nat in a cankedort,
That lay, and might the wisping of hem here,
And thought " O lord, right now renneth my sort
Fully to die, or have anone comforte,"
And was the first time he should her pray
Of love, O mightie God, what shall he say !

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

PROEML

B. III. v. 1—105.

O BLISSFULL light, of which the benes clere
Adorneth all the third heaven faire,
O sonnes lefe, O Joves daughter dere,
Pleasaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentle hertes aye ready to repaire,
O very cause of heale and of gladnesse,
Yheried be thy might and thy godnesse.

In Heaven and Hell, in earth, and salt see,
Is felt thy might, if that I well discern,
As man, and beast, fish, herbe, and grene tree,
They fele in times with vapour eterne,
God loveth, and to love wll naught werne,
And in this world no lives creature,
Withouten love is worth, or may endure

Ye Joves first, to thilke affectes glade
Through which that thinges liven all and be,
Commenden, and amorous hem made
On mortall thing, and as you list aye ye
Yeve hem in love, ease, or adversite :
And in a thousand formes doume hem sent
For love in earth, and whom you list he hent.

Ye fiers Maas appeasen of his ire,
And as you list, ye maken hertes digne :
Algates hem that ye woll set a fire,
They dreden shame, and vices they resigne,
Ye doen him curteis be, fresh, and benigne,
And high or low, after a wight entendeth
The joies that he hath, your might it sendeth.

Ye holden reigne and house in unitie,
Ye soothfast cause of friendship be also
Ye knownen all thilke covered qualitie
Of thinges, which that folke wondrousen at so,
When they can nat construe how it may go,
She loveth him, or why he loveth here,
As why this fish, and nat that commeth to were.

Ye folke a law have set in universe,
And this know I by hem that lovers be,
That who so striveth with you hath the werse :
Now ladie bright, for thy benignite,
At reverence of hem that serven thee,
Whose clerke I am, so teacheth me devise,
Some joy of that is felt in thy servise.

Yea, in my naked herte sentement
In hilde, and do me shew of thy sweetnesse
Caliope, thy voice be now present,
For now is need, seest thou nat my distresse,

How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryng,
To the which who nede hath, God him bring.

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

LAY all this meane while this Troilus
Recording his lesson in this manere,
" Mafey," thought he, " thus woll I say, and thus
Thus woll I plaine unto my lady dere,
That word is good, and this shall be my chere
This n'ill I nat foryeten in no wise,"
God leve him werken as he can devise.

And lord so that his herte gan to quappe,
Hearing her come, and short for to sike,
And Pandarus that ledde her by the lappe,
Came nere, and gan in at the curtein pike,
And saied, " God doe bote on all that are sike,
See who is here you comen to visite,
Lo, here is she that is your death to wite."

Therewith it seemed as he wept almost,
" A, a " (quod Troilus so routhfully)
" Whether me be wo, O mighty god thou wost,
Who is all there, I see nat truly : "
" Sir," (quod Creseide) " it is Pandare and I "
" Ye sweet herte alas, I may nat rise
To kneele, and do you honour in some wise."

And dressed him upward, and she right tho
Gan both her hondes soft upon him ley,
" O for the love of God doe ye not so
To me," (quod she) " eye what is this to sey ?
Sir comen am I to you for causes twey,
First you to thonke, and of your lordship eke
Continuauance I would you beseke."

This Troilus that heard his ladie pray
Of lordship, him wox neither quick ne dedde,
Ne might o word for shame to it say,
Although men shoulden smiten off his hedde,
But Lord so he wox sodainliche redde :
And sir, his lesson that he wende comne
To praien her, is through his wit yronne.

Creseide all this aspid well ynough,
For she was wise, and loved him never the lasse,
All nere he in all apert, or made it tough,
Or was too held to sing a foole a masse,
But whan his shame gan somewhat to passe
His reasons, as I may my rimes hold,
I woll you tell, as teachen bookes old.

In chaunged voice, right for his very drede,
Which voice eke quoike, and thereto his manere
Goodly abasht, and now his hewes rede,
Now pale, unto Creseide his ladie dere,
With looke down cast, and humble iyolden chere,
Lo, the alderfirst word that him astart,
Was twice, " Mercy, mercy, O my sweet herte."

And stint a while, and whan he might out bring
The next word was, " God wote for I have
As faithfully as I have had konning,
Ben yours all, God so my soule do save,
And shall, till that I wofull might be grave,
And though I dare ne can unto you plaine,
Ywis I suffer not the lasse paine.

"Thus much as now, ah, womanlike wife,
I may out bring, and if this you displease,
That shall I wreke upon mine owne life
Right soome I trow, and do your herte an ease,
If with my death your herte may appease :
But sents that ye han heard me somewhat sey,
Now retch I never how soone that I dey."

Therewith his manly sorrow to behold,
It might have made an herte of stone to rew,
And Pandare wept as he to water would,
And poked ever his nece new and new,
And saied, "Wo begon been hertes true,
For love of God, make of this thing an end,
Or slea us both at ones, ere that ye wend."

"I, what" (quod she) "by God and by my trouth
I n'ot nat what ye wilne that I sey :"
"Ey, what" (quod he) "that ye have on him routh
For Goddes love, and doeth him nat to dey :"
"Now than thus" (quod she) "I woll him prey,
To tell me the fine of his content,
Yet wist I never well what that he ment."

"What that I mean, O my sweet herte dere"
(Quod Troilus) "O goodly fresh and free,
That with the streames of your eyen so clere
Ye shoulde sometime friendly on me see,
And than agree that I may ben hee
Withouten branch of vice, on any wise,
In trouth alway to do you my servise,"

"As to my lady right, and cheefe resort,
With all my witte and all my diligence,
And to have right as you list comfort,
Under your yerde egall to mine offence,
As death, if that I breake your defence,
And that ye digne me so much honour,
Me to commaunden aught in any hour."

"And I to ben your very humble, true,
Secret, and in my pains patient,
And ever to desiren freshly new
To serven, and to ben ay like diligent,
And with good herte all hooly your talent
Receiven well, how sore that me smart,
Lo this meane I, O mine owne sweet herte."

(Quod Pandarus) "Lo, here an hard request,
And reasonable, a lady for to werne :
Now nece mine, by Natall Joves feest,
Were I a God, ye should sterve as yerne,
That heren wel this man wol nothing yerne,
But your honour, and seeme him almost sterve,
And ben so loth to suffer him you to serve."

With that she gan her eyen on him cast
Full easily, and full debonairely
Avising her, and lied not too fast,
With never a word, but saied him softly,
"Mine honour safe, I woll well truly,
And in such forme, as I can now devise,
Receiven him fully to my servise."

"Beseeching him for Goddes love, that he
Would in honour of trouth and gentillesse,
As I well meane, eke meane well to me :
And mine honour with wit and businesse
Aye kepe, and if I may doen him gladnesse
From henceforth ywis I n'll not faine :
Now both all hole, no lenger ye ne plaine."

"But nathelesse, this warne I you" (quod she)
"A linges some although ye be ywis,
Ye shall no more have sovrainte
Of me in love, than right in that case is,
Ne n'll forbear if that ye doen amis
To wrath you, and while that ye me serve,
Cherishen you, right after that ye deserve."

"And shortly, dore herte and all my knight,
Beth glad, and draweth you to lustnesse,
And I shall truly, withall my full might
You bitter tournen all to sweetness,
If I be she that may doe you gladnesse,
For every wo ye shall recover a blisse,"
And him in armes tooke, and gan him kisse.

Fell Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen
To Heaven threw, and held his hondes hie :
"Immortal God" (quod he) "that maiest not dien,
Cupide I meane, of this maiest glorie,
And Venus, thou maiest maken melodie
Withouten hond, me seemeth that in tounne,
For this miracle iche here eche bell soune."

"But ho, no more now of this mattere,
For why? This folke woll comen up anone,
That have the letter redde, lo, I hem here,
But I conjure thee Creseide, and one
And two, thou Troilus whan thou maist gone
That at mine house ye hen at my warning,
For I full well shall shapen your comming."

"And easeth there your hertes right ynough,
And let see which of you shall beare the bell
To speak of love aright," and therewith he lough,
"For there have I a leiser for to tell :"
(Quod Troilus) "how long shall I here dwell
Ere this be doen?" (quod he) "Whan thou maist reuse
This thing shall be right as you list devise."

With that Heleine and also Deiphebus
Tho comen upward right at the staires end,
And lord so tho gan grown Troilus,
His mother and his suster for to blend :
(Quod Pandarus) "It time is that we wend,
Take nece mine your leave at hem all three,
And let hem speak, and commeth forth with me"

She tooke her leave at hem full thriftely,
As she well could, and they her reverence
Unto the full didden bartely,
And wonder well speaken in her absence
Of her, in praising of her excellence,
Her governance, her wit, and her manere
Commended, that it joy was to here.

Now let her wend unto her owne place
And tourne we unto Troilus againe,
That gan full lightly of the letter pace,
That Deiphebus had in the garden seime,
And of Heleine and him he would feine
Delivered ben, and saied, that him lest
To slepe, and after tales have a rest.

Heleine him kist, and tooke her leave blive,
Deiphebus eke, and home went every wight,
And Pandarus as fast as he may dive
To Troilus tho came, as line right,
And on a pallet, all that glad night
By Troilus he lay, with merry chere
To tale, and well was hem they were yfere-

Whan every wight was voided but they two,
And all the dores weren fast yshet,
To tell in short, withouten words me,
This Pandarus, without any let
Up rose, and on his beddes side him set,
And gan to speaken in a soher wise
To Troilus, as I shall you devise.

"Mine alderlevs st lord, and brother dere,
God wot, and thou, that it sate me so sore,
Whan I thee saw so languishing to here,
For love of which thy wo woxe alway more,
That I with all my might, and all my lore,
Have ever sithen doen my businesse
To bring thee to joye out of distresse.

"And have it brought to such plite as thou wost
So that through me thou stondest now in way
To faren well, I say it for no host,
And wost thou why, but shame it is to say,
For thee have I begon a gamen play,
Which that I never doen shall eft for other,
All tho he were a thousand fold my brother.

"That is to say, for thee am I becomen,
Betwixen game and earnest such a meane,
As maken women unto men to comen,
All say I nat, thou wost well what I meane,
For thee have I my nece, of vices cleane,
So fully made thy gentillesse trist,
That all shall ben right as thy selfe list.

"But God, that all wotheth, take I to witnessse,
That never I this for covetise wrought,
But only for to abredge that distresse,
For which welnie thou didest, as me thought :
But good brother do now as thee ought,
For Godes love, and kepe her out of blame,
Sins thou art wise, and save alway her name.

"For well thou wost, the name as yet of her
Emongs the people as (who saith) halowed is.
For that man is unbore I dare well swere,
That ever wist that she did amis,
But wo is me, that I that cause all this
May thinken that she is my nece dere,
And I hir eme, and traitour eke ytere.

"And wer it wist, that I through mine engin
Had in mine nece yput this fantasie
To doen thy lust, and hooly to be thine :
Why all the world would upon it erie,
And say, that I the worste trecherie
Did in this case, that ever was begon,
And she fordone, and thou right nought ywon.

"Wherefore ere I woll further gone or paas,
Yet eft I thee beseech, and fully say,
That privete go with us in this caas,
That is to saime, that thou us never wray,
And be not wroth, though I thee ofte pray,
To holden secree such an high mattere,
For skilfull is, thou wost well, my priere.

"And thinke what wo there hath betid ere this
For making of avauntes, as men rede,
And what mischaunce in this world yet is
Fro day to day, right for that wicked dede,
For which these wise clerkes that ben dede
Have ever this proverbod to us young,
That the first vertue is to kepe the toung.

"And nere it that I wilne as now abredge
Diffusion of speech, I could almost
A thousand old stories thes alleadge
Of women lost, through false and foles bost,
Proverbes canst thy selfe enow, and wost
Ayenst that vice for to been a blabbe,
All saied men sooth, as often as they gabbe.

"O tongue alas, so often here beforme
Hast thou made many a lady bright of hew,
Saied "Welaway the day that I was borne,"
And many a maidens sorrow for to new,
And for the more part all is untrew
That men of yelp, and it were brought to preve,
Of kind, none avauntour is to leve.

"Avauntour and a lier, all is one,
As thus : I pose a woman graunt me
Her love, and saieith that other woll she none,
And I am sworne to holden it secree,
And after I tell it two or three,
Ywis I am a vauntour at the lest,
And lie eke, for I breake my behest.

"Now looke than if they be not to blame,
Such maner folk, what shall I clepe hem, what,
That hem avaunt of women, and by name,
That yet behight hem never this ne that,
Ne know hem no more than mine old hat,
No wonder is, so God me sende hele,
Though women dreden with us men to dele.

"I say not this for no of mistrust of you,
Ne for no wise men, but for foles nice,
And for the harme that in the world is now,
As well for follie oft, as for mallice,
For well wote I, in wise folke that vice
No woman dredeth, if she be well avised,
For wise been by foles harme chastised.

"But now to purpose, leve brother dere,
Have all this thing that I have saied in mind,
And keep thee close, and be now of good chere
For all thy daies thou shalt me true find,
I shall thy processe set in such a kind,
And God toforme, that it shall thee suffice,
For it shall be right as thou wolt devise.

"For well I wote, thou meanest well parde,
Therefore I dare this fully undertake,
Thou wost eke what thy lady graunted thee,
And day is set the charters to make,
Have now good night, I may no lenger wake,
And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,
That God me sende death, or some lisse."

Who might tellen halfe the joy or feste
Which that the soule of Troilus tho felt,
Hearing theffet of Pandarus behest :
His old wo, that made his herte to swelt,
Gan tho for joy wasten, and to melt,
And all the richesse of his sighes sore
At ones fled, he felt of hem no more.

But right so as these holtes and these hayis
That han in winter dead ben and dry,
Revesten him in grene, whan that May is,
Whan every lusty beste listeth to pley,
Right in that selfe wise, sooth for to sey,
Woxe suddainly his herte full of joy,
That gladder was there never man in Troy.

And gan his looke on Pandarus up cast
Full soberly, and friendly on to see,
And saied, " Friend, in Aprill the last,
As well thou wost, if it remember thee,
How nigh the death for wo thou founde me,
And how thou diddest all thy businesse
To know of me the cause of my distresse.

" Thou wost how long I it forbare to say
To thee, that art the man that I best trist,
And perill none was it to thee to bewray,
That wist I well : but tell me if thee list,
Sith I so loth was that thy selfe it wist,
How durst I mo tellen of this matere ?
That quake now, and no wight may us here.

" But nathelesse, by that God I thee swere,
That as him list may all the world governe,
And if I lye, Achilles with his spere
Mine herte cleave, all were my life eterne,
As I am mortall, if I late or yerne
Would it bewray, or durst or should conne,
For all the good that God made under soune.

" That rather die I would, and determine
As thinketh me now, stocked in prison,
In wretchednesse, in filth, and in vermine,
Captive to cruell king Agamemnon :
And this in all the temples of this toun,
Upon the Godes all, I wold thee swere
To morow day, if that thee liketh here.

" And that thou hast so much ydoen for me,
That I ne may it nevermore deserve,
This know I well, all might I now for thee
A thousand times on a morow sterve,
I can no more, but that I wold thee serve
Right as thy slave, whether so thou wend,
For evermore, unto my lives end.

" But here with all mine herte I thee beseech,
That never in me thou deme such folly
As I shall saine : me thought by thy speech,
That this which thou me dost for companie,
I should wenen it were a baudrie,
I am not wood, all if I leude be,
It is not so, that wote I well parde.

" But he that goeth for gold, or for richesse,
On such messages, call him what ye list,
And this that thou dost, call it gentlenesse,
Compassion, and fellowship, and trist,
Depart it so, for wide where is wist
How that there is diversitie required
Betwixen thinges like, as I have lered.

" And that thou know I thinke not ne wene,
That this service a shame be or jape,
I have my faire sister Poxelene,
Cassandre, Helein, or any of the frape,
Be she never so faire, or well yshape,
Tell me whiche thou wilt of everychone
To have for thine, and let me than alone.

" But sith that thou hast done me this service,
My life to save, and for none hope of mede :
So for the love of God, this great emprise
Performe it out, now is the most mede
For high and low, withouten any drede,
I wold alway thine hestes all kepe,
Have now good night, and let us both slepe."

Thus held hem ech of other well apaid,
That all the world ne might it bet amend,
And on the morrow when they were arried,
Ech to his owne needs gan to entend :
But Troilus, though as the fire he brend,
For sharpe desire of hope, and of pleasaunce,
He not forgate his good governaunce.

But in himself, with manhood gan restrain
Ech rakell deed, and ech unbridled chere,
That all that liven soothe for to saine,
Ne should have wist by word or by manere
What that he ment, as touching this matere,
From every wight, as ferre as is the cloud,
He was so wise, and well dissimulen could.

And all the while which that I now devise,
This was his lue, with all his full might :
By day he was in Martes high servise,
That is to saine, in a mes as a knight,
And for the more part all the long night,
He lay and thought how that he might serve
His lady best, her thanke for to deserve,

N'll I not sweare, although he lay soft,
That in his thought n'as somewhat de-cased,
Ne that he tourned on his pillowes oft,
And woud of that him missed have ben eased,
But in such case men be nat alway pleased,
For naught I wote, no more than was he,
That can I deeme of possibilitie.

But certaine is, to purpose for to go,
That in this while, as written is in geste,
He saw his lady sometime, and also
She with him spake, wian that she durst and leste,
And by hir both avise, as was the best,
Appointedn full waresly in this need,
So as they durst, how they would proceed,

But it was spoken in so short a wise,
In such awate alway, and in such feare,
Least any wight divinen or devise
Woud of hem two, or to it lay an care,
That all this world so lefe to hem ne were,
As that Cupide woud hem his grace send,
To maken of her speech right an end.

But thilke little that they spake or wrought,
His wise ghost tooke aye of all such hede,
It seemed her he wiste what she thought,
Withouthen word, so that it was no nede
To bid him aught to doen, or aught forbede,
For which she thought that love, all come it late
Of all joy had opened her the jate.

And shortly of this processe for to pace,
So well his werke and wordes he beset,
That he so full stood in his ladies grace,
That twenty thousand times ere she let,
She thonked God she ever with him met,
So could he him governe in such servise,
That all the world ne might it bet devise.

For she found him so discreet in all,
So secret, and of such obeisaunce,
That well she felt he was to her a wall
Of steel, and shield of every displeasaunce,
That to been in his good governaunce,
So wise he was, she was no more afered,
I meane as ferre as aught ben required

And Pandarus to quicke away the fire,
Was ever ylike preest and diligent,
To ease his friend was set all his desire,
He shone aye on, he to and fro was sent,
He letters bare, when Troilus was absent,
That never man, as in his friendes nede,
Ne bare him bet than he, withouten drede.

But now peradventure some man waiten would
That every word, or sond, look, or chere
Of Troilus, that I rehearce should,
In all this while, unto his lady dere,
I trow it were a long thing for to here,
Or of what wight that stant in such disjoint
His wordes all, or every looke to point.

Forsooth I have not herd it done ere this,
In story none, ne no man here I wene,
And though I would, I could not ywis,
For there was some epistle hem betwene,
That would (as sauth mine autor) wel contene
Nie half this boke, of which him list not write,
How should I than a line of it endite ?

But to the great effect, than say I thus,
That stonden in concord and in quiete
This ilke two, Creseide and Troilus,
As I have told, and in this time swete,
Save onely often might they not mete,
Ne leisure have, hir speches to fulfill,
That it befell right as I shall you tell,

That Pandarus, that ever did his might,
Right for the fine that I shall speake of here,
As for to bringen to his house some night
His faire nece, and Troilus yfere,
Where as at letser all this high matere
Touching hir love were at the full up bound,
Had out of doubt a time to it found.

For he with great deliberation
Had every thing that thereto might availe
Forne cast, and put in execution,
And nether left for cost ne for travaile,
Come if hem liste, hem should nothing faile,
And for to ben in aught aspid there,
That wist he well an impossible were.

Dredelesse it clere was in the wind
Of every pie, and every lot game,
Now all is well, for all the world is blind
In this matter, both fremed and tame,
This timber is all ready up to frame,
Us lacketh naught, but that we weten would
A certaine houre, in which she comen should.

And Troilus, that all this purveyaunce
Knew at the full, and waited on it aye,
And hereupon eke made great ordinaunce,
And found his cause, and therewith his arraye,
If that he were missed night or day,
They thought there while he was about this servise,
That he was gone to done his sacrifice,

And mu-t at such a temple alone wake,
Answered of Apollo for to be,
And first to sene the holy laurer quake,
Er that Apollo spake out of the tree,
To tellen him next whan Greeks should fle,
And forthy let him no man, God forbede,
Ent pray Apollo helpe in this nede.

Now is there litell more for to done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to saine,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the Mone,
Whan lightlesse is the world a night or twaine,
And that the welkin shope him for to raine,
He streight a morrow unto his nece went,
Ye have well herde the fine of his entent.

When he was comen, he gan anon to play,
As he was wont, and of himselfe to jape,
And finally he swore, and gan her say,
By this and that, she should him not escape,
No lenger done him after her to gape :
But certainly, she must, by her leve,
Come soupen in his house with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan her first excuse,
And said : " It raineth : lo, how should I gone,"
" Let be," (quod he) " ne stonde not thus to muse,
This mote be don, ye shal come there anone,"
So at the last, hereof they fell at one :
Or eles fast he swore her in her cere,
He nolde never comen there she were.

Sone after this, she to him gan rowne,
And asked him if Troilus were there,
He swore her nay, for he was out of towne :
And said, " Nece, I suppose that he were there,
You durst never thereof have the more fere ?
For rather than men might him there asprie,
Me were lever a thousand folde to die."

Naught list mine auctour fully to declare,
What that she thought, whan as he said so,
That Troilus was out of towne yfare,
And if he said thereof soth or no,
But that withouten awaite with him to go,
She graunted him, sith he her that besought,
And as his nece obeyed as her ought.

But nathelesse, yet gan she him besech,
(Although with him to gone it was no fere)
For to beware of gossifne peoples spech,
That dremen thinges, which that never were,
And wel advise him whom he brought there :
And said him, " Eme, sens I must on you trist,
Loke al be wel, and do now as you list."

He swore her this by stockes and by stones,
And by the Goddes that in Heven dwell,
Or eles were him lever soule and bones,
With Pluto king, as depe ben in Hell
As Tantalus : what should I more tell ?
When al was well, he rose and toke his leve,
And she to souper came whan it was eve.

With a certaine number of her own men,
And with her faire nece Antigone,
And other of her women nine or ten,
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye ?
But Troilus, that stode and might it see
Throughout a litel window in a stewe,
Ther he beshet, sith midnight, was in mewe,

Unwist of every wight, but of Pandare.
But to the point, now whan that she was come,
With al joy, and al her frendes in fare,
Here eme anon in armes hath her nome,
And than to the souper al and some,
Whan as time was, full softe they hem set,
God wot there was no deinte ferre to fet.

And after souper gonneth they to rise,
At ease well, with herte full fresh and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devise
To liken her, or that her laughen made,
He songe, she plaide, he told a tale of Waile :
But at the last, as every thing hath end,
She toke her leave, and nedes wold thence wend.

But O Fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of these hevens hie,
Soth is, that under God ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us beestes ben the causes wrie :
This mene I now, for she gan homeward lie ;
But execute was all beside hir leve,
At the goddes wil, for which she must bleve.

The bente Mone with her hornes all pale,
Saturnus and Jove, in Cancro joynd were,
That such a raine from Heven gan availe,
That every maner woman that was there,
Had of that smoky raine a very feere :
At which Pandare tho lough, and said thenne,
“ Now were it time a lady to go henne.

“ But good nece, if I might ever please
You any thing, than pray I you,” (quod he)
“ To don mine herte as now so great an ease,
As for to dwell here all this night with me,
For why ? this is your owne house parde :
For by my trouthe, I say it nat in game,
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.”

Creseide, which that could as much good
As halfe a world, toke hede of his praire,
And sens it rained, and al was in a flode,
She thought, “ As good chepe may I dwell here
As I graunt it gladly with a frendes chere,
And I ve a thonk, as grutch and than abide,
For how to go it may nat well betide.”

“ I wol,” (quod she) “ mine uncle lief and dere,
Sens that you list, it skill is to be so,
I am right glad with you to dwellen here,
I said but agame that I would go.”
“ Ywis graunt mercy nece,” (quod he) “ tho.
Were it agame or no, sothe to tell,
Now am I glad, sens that you list to dwell.”

Thus al is wel, but tho began a right
The newe joy, and all the fest againe,
But Pandarus, if goodly had he might,
He would have hied her to bedde full faine,
And said, “ O Lord, this is an huge raine,
This were a wether for to sleepen in,
And that I rede us soone to begin.

“ And nece, wote ye where I woll you lay,
For that we shul not ligen ferre a sonder,
And for ye neither shullen, dare I say,
Here noise of raine, ne yet of thonder ?
By God right in my closet yonder,
And I wol in that utter house alone,
Ben wardain of your women everichone.

“ And in this middle chambre that ye se,
Shal your women slepen, wel and soft,
And there I said, shal your selven be :
And if ye ligen wel to night, come oft,
And careth not what wether is aloft.
The wine anone, and whan so you lest,
Go we to slepe, I trowe it be the best.”

There n'is no more, but hereafter sone
They voide, dronke, and travens draw anone,
Gan every wight that hath nought to done
More in the place, out of the chambre gone,
And ever more so stereliche it rone,
And blwe therwith so wonderliche loude,
That wel thir no man heren other coude.

Tho Pandarus her eme, right as him ought
With women, such as were her most about,
Ful glad unto her beddes side her brought,
And toke his leave, and gan ful lowe lout,
And said, “ Here at this closet dore without,
Right overtwhart, your women ligen all,
That whom ye list of hem, ye may sone call.

Lo, whan that she was in the closet laid,
And all her women forth by ordinance,
A bedde weren, there as I have said,
There n'as no more to skippen nor to prauce,
But boden go to bedde with mischaunce,
If any wight stering were any where,
And let hem slepen, that abedde were.

But Pandarus, that wel couth eche adele,
The old daunce, and every point therin,
Whan that he saw that all thing was wele,
He thought he wold upon his werke begin :
And gan the stewe dore all soft unpin,
As still as a stone, without lenger let,
By Troilus adoun right he him set.

And shortly to the point right for to gone,
Of all this werke he told him worde and end,
And said, “ Make thee redy right anone,
For thou shalt into Heven blisse wend.”
“ Now blisful Venus, thou me grace send,”
(Quod Troilus) “ for never yet no dede,
Had I er now, ne halfedene the drede.”

(Quod Pandarus) “ Ne drede thee never a dele,
For it shal be right as thou wolt desire,
So thrive I, this night shall I make it wele,
Or casten all the grael in the fire.”
“ Yet blisful Venus this night thou me enspire,”
(Quod Troilus) “ as wis as I the serve,
And ever bet and bet shall till I sterve.

“ And if I had, O Venus, ful of mirth,
Aspects badde of Mars, or of Saturne,
Or thou combuste, or let were in my birth,
Thy father pray, al thilke harme disturne
Of grace, and that I glad ayen may turne:
For love of him thou lovedst in the shawe,
I mean Adon, that with the bore was slawe.

“ Jove eke, for the love of faire Europe,
The which in forme of a bulle away thou fet :
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy bloody cope
For love of Cipria, thou me naught ne let :
O Phebus, think when Daphne her selven shet
Under the barke, and laurer wore for drede,
Yet for her love, O help now at this nede.

“ Mercurie, for the love of her eke,
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wroth,
Now helpe, and eke Diane I the beseke,
That this viage be nat to the loth:
O fatall sustren, which or any cloth
Me shapen was, my destime me sponne,
So helpeth to this werke that is begonue.”

od Pandarus) "Thou wretched mouses herte,
thou agast so that she will the bite?
y do on this furred cloke on thy sherte,
follow me, for I wol have the wite:
bide, and let me gon before aite,"
I with that he gan undone a trappe,
I Troilus he brought in by the lappe.

sterne winde so loude gan for to rout
I no wight other noise might here,
I they that laien at the dore without,
sikerly they slepten al yfere:
d Pandarus, with ful sobre chere,
h to the dore anon withouten lett'
ere as they lay, and softly it shette.

d as he came ayen privily
nece awoke, and asketh, "Who goth there?"
Iy owne dere nece," (quod he) "it am I,
wondreth not, ne have of it no fere."
d nere he came, and said her in her eere:
fo worde for love of God I you besech,
: no wight arise, and here of our spech."

What, which way be ye comen? benedicite,"
quod she) "and how unwiste of hem ali?"
fere at this secrete trap dore," (quod he)
quod tho Creseide) "Let me some wight call:"
igh, God forbid that it should so fall,"
quod Pandarus) "that ye such foly wrought,
they might demen thing they never er thought.

t is nat good a sleping hound to wake,
yeve a wight a cause for to devine,
ur women slepen al, I undertake,
that for hem the house men might mine,
d slepen wollen till the Sunne shine,
d when my tale is brought to an end,
wist right as I came, so wol I wende.

Now nece mine, ye shul well understonde,"
quod he) "so as ye women demen all,
at for to hold in love a man in honde,
d him her lefe and dere herte to call,
d maken him an howne above to call:
nece, as love an other in this mene while,
a doth her selfe a shame, and him a gile.

Now whereby that I tel you al this,
wote your selfe, as wel as any wight,
w that your love al fully graunted is
Troilus, the worthiest wight
o of the world, and therto trouth yplight,
I but it were on him alone, ye n'ould
n never falsen, while ye liven should.

Now stonte it thus, that sith I fro you went,
s Troilus, right platly for to seine,
through a gutter by a privy went,
o my chambre come in al this reime:
wist of every maner wight certaine,
e of my selfe, as wisely have I sey,
I by the faith I owe to Priam of Troy.

nd he is come in such paine and distresse,
t but if he be al fully wode by this,
sodainly mote fal into woodnesse,
if God helpe: and cause why is this?
saith him tolde is of a frende of his,
v that ye should loven one, that hight Horast,
sorow of which this night shal be his last."

Creseide, which that al this wonder herde,
Gan sodainly about her herte cold,
And with a sighe she sorowfully answerd,
"Alas, I wende who so ever tales told,
My dere herte woulde me nat have hold
So lightly faulse: alas concetes wrong,
What harm they done, for now live I to long.

"Horaste alas, and falsen Troilus,
I know him not, God helpe me so," (quod she)
"Alas, what wicked spirite told him thus,
Now certes, eme, to morrow and I him se,
I shal therof as full excusen me,
As ever did woman, if him like,"
And with that word she gan ful sore sike.

"O God," (quod she) "so worldly seli nesse
Which clerkes callen false felicite,
Ymedled is with many bitternesse,
Ful anguishous, than is, God wote," (quod she)
"Condicion of veine prosperite,
For either joyes comen nat yfere,
Or eles no wight hath hem alway here.

"O brotil welc of mannes joy unstable,
With what wight so thou be, or thou who play,
Either he wote, that thou joy art mutable,
Or wote it nat, it mote ben one of tway:
Now if he wot it nat, how may he say,
That he hath very joy and silinesse,
That is of ignorance aie in derkenesse?

"Now if he wote that joy is transitory,
As every joy of worldly thing mote fle,
Than every time he that hath in memory,
The drede of lesing, maketh him that he
May in no parfite sikernes be:
And if to lese his joy, he set a mite,
Than semeth it, that joy is worth ful lite.

"Wherfore I wol define in this matere,
That truely for aught I can espie,
There is no very wele in this world here.
But O thou wicked serpent Jalousie,
Thou misbeloved, and envious folie,
Why hast thou Troilus made to me untrist,
That never yet aglite, that I wist?"

(Quod Pandarus) "Thus fallen is this caus."
"Why uncle mine," (quod she) "who told him this,
And why doth my dere herte thus, alas?"
"Ye wote, ye nece mine," (quod he) "what it is,
I hope al shal we wel, that is amis,
For ye may quenche al this, if that you lest,
And doeth right so, I hold it for the best."

"So shal I do to morrow, ywis," (quod she)
"And God toforne, so that it shall suffice:"
"To morow alas, that were faire," (quod he)
"Nay, nay, it may nat stonden in this wise:
For nece mine, this writen clerkes wise,
That peril is with dretching in drawe,
Nay soche abodes ben nat worth an hawe.

"Nece, all thing hath time I dare avow,
For when a chambre a fire is or an hall,
Well more nede is, it sodainly rescow,
Than to disputer and aske amonges all,
How the candle in the strawe is fall:
Ah benedicite, for al among that fare,
The harme is done and farwel feide-fare.

"And nece mine, ne take it nat a grefe,
If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,
God helpe me so, ye had him never lefe,
That dare I sain, now there is but we two,
But wel I wote that ye wol nat so do,
Ye ben to wise to done so great folie,
To put his life al night in jeopardie."

"Had I him never lefe? By God I wene,
Ye had never thing so lefe," (quod she.)
"Now by my thrifte," (quod he) "that shall be sene,
For sith ye make this ensample of me,
If iche al night would him in sorow se,
For al the treasour in the toune of Troie,
I bidde God, I never mote have joie,

"Now loke than, if ye that ben his love,
Should put his life al night in jeopardie,
For thing of nought: now by that God above
Nat onely this delay cometh of folie,
But of malice, if that I should nat lie:
What, plately and ye suffre him in distresse,
Ye neither bounte done ne gentillesse."

(Quod tho Crescide) "Woll ye done o thing,
And ye therwith shal stinte al his disease,
Have here and here to him this blew ring,
For there is nothing might him better plesse,
Save I my selfe, no more his herte apese,
And say, my dere herte, that his sorow,
Is causelesse, that shal he sene to morow."

"A ring," (quod he) "ye hasel wodes shaken,
Ye nece mine, that ring must have a stone,
That might deed men alive al maken,
And such a ring trowe I that yee have none:
Discrecion out of your heed is gone,
That fele I now," (quod he) "and that is routh:
O time ylost, wel maigest thou cursen slouth."

"Wote ye not wel that noble and hie corage
Ne soroweth nat, ne stinteth eke for lite,
But if a foole were in a jelous rage,
I n'old setten at his sorow a mite,
But feste him with a fewe wordes al white,
Another day whan that I might him find;
But this thing stant al in another kind."

"This is so gentle and so tender of herte,
That with his death he wol his sorrows wreke,
For trust it well, how sore that him smart,
He woll to you no jelous wordes speke,
And forthy nece, er that his herte breke,
So speke your selfe to him of this matere,
For with a worde ye may his herte stere."

"Now have I told what peril he is in,
And is coming unwist is to every knight,
Ne parde harme may there be none, ne sin,
I wol my self be with you all this night,
Ye know eke how it is your owne knight,
And that by right, ye must upon him triste,
And I al prest to fetch him whan you liste."

This accident so pitous was to here,
And eke so like a sothe, at prime face,
And Troilus her knight, to her so dere,
His prive comming, and the siker place,
That though she did him as than a grace,
Considred all thinges as they now stood,
No wonder is, sens he did al for good.

Creseide answerde, "As wisely God at rest
My soule bring, as me is for him wo,
And, eme, ywis, faine would I don the best,
If that I grace had for to do so,
But whether that ye dwell, or for him go,
I am, till God me better minde send,
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes end."

(Quod Pandarus) "Ye, nece, wol ye here,
Dulcarnon is called Fleming of wretches,
It semeth herd, for wretches wol nought lere,
For very slouth, or other wilfull tetches,
This is said by hem that be not worth two fetches,
But ye ben wise, and that ye han on hond,
N'is neither harde, ne skillful to withstand."

"Than, eme," (quod she) "doeth here as you list,
But ere he come, I wol up first arise,
And for the love of God, sens al my trist
Is on you two, and ye beth bothe wise,
So werke-th now, in so discrete a wise,
That I honour may have and he plessaunce,
For I am here, al in your governaunce."

"That is well said," (quod he) "my nece dere,
There good thrifte on that wise gentill herte,
But liggeth still, and taketh him right here,
It nedeth nat no farther for him start,
And eche of you ceaseth other sorowes smart,
For love of God, and Venus I the hery,
For some hope I, that we shall ben mery."

This Troilus full sone on knees him sette,
Full sobrelly, right by her beddes heed,
And in his beste wise his lady grette:
But lord so she woxe sodainliche reed,
Ne though men shoul smiten of her heed,
She coul not o word a right out bring,
So sodainly for his sodaine coming.

But Pandarus, that so wel coulde fele
In every thing, to play an began,
And said, "Neece se how this lord gan knele:
How for your trouthe, se this gentil man:"
And with that worde, he for a quishen ran,
And saied, "Kneleth now while that thou lest,
There God your hertes bring sone at rest."

Can I naught sain, for she bad him nat rise,
If sorow it put out of remembrance,
Or eles that she toke it in the wise
Of duetie, as for his observaunce,
But well find I, she did him this plessaunce,
That she him kiste, although she siked sore,
And bad him sit adoun withouten more.

(Quod Pandarus) "Now woll ye well begin,
Now doth him sitte downe, good nece dere
Upon your beddes side, al there within,
That ech of you the bet may other here,"
And with that worde he drew him to the fiere,
As toke a light, and founde his countenaunce,
As for to loke upon an old romaunce."

Creseide that was Troilus lady right,
And clere stode in a ground of sikernesse,
All thought she her servant and her knight
Ne should none untrouth in her gesse:
That nathelesse, considered his distresse,
And that love is in cause of such folie,
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie.

"Lo, herte mine, as would the excellence
Of love, ayenst the which that no man may,
Ne ought eke goodly maken resistance,
Ne eke because I felte wel and say,
Your great trouth, and service every day:
And that your herte al mine was, soth to saine,
This drove me for to rewe upon your paine.

"And your goodnes have I fouden alway yet,
Of which, my dere herte, and al my knight,
I thanke it you, as ferre as I have wit,
Al can I nat as much as it were right,
And I emforth my conning and my might
Have, and aie shal, how sore that ye smert,
Ben to you trew and hole with all mine herte.

"And dredelesse that shal be fouden at preve,
But, herte mine, what al this is to sain
Shall well be told, so that ye nought you greve
Though I to you right on your self complain,
For there with meane I finally the pain,
That halte your herte and mine in heavynesse,
Fully to slaine, and every wrong rudresse.

"My good mine, not I, for why ne how
That jelousie alas, that wicked wivere,
Thus causelesse is copen into you,
The harme of which I would faine deliver:
Alas, that he all hole or of him some slyvere
Should have his refute in so digne a place,
That Jove, him some out of your herte race

"But O thou, O auctour of nature,
Is this an honour to thy dignite,
That folke unglytly suffren here injure,
And who that guilty is, al quite goeth he?
O were it leful for to plaine of the,
That undeserved sufferest jelousie,
O, that I would upon thee plaine and crie.

"Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen
To saine right thus: ye jelousie is love,
And would a bushel of venim al excusen,
For that a grame of love is on it shove,
But that wote high Jove that sit above,
If it be liker love, hate, or grame,
And after that it ought beare his name.

"But certaine is, some maner jelousie
Is excusable, more than some ywis,
As whan cause is, and some such fantasie
With pite so well expressed is,
That it unnetth doeth or saith amys,
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse,
And that excuse I for the gentlinesse.

"And some so full of fury is, and despite,
That it surmounteth his repression,
But, herte mine, ye be not in that plite,
That thanke I God, for which your passion,
I will nat call it but illusion
Of haboundance of love, and besie cure,
That doth your herte this disease endure.

"Of whiche I am sorry, but not wrothe,
But for my devoir and your hertes rest,
Whan so you list, by ordal or by othe,
By sorte, or in what wise so you lest,
For love of God, let preve it for the best,
And if that I be gilty, do me die,
Alas, what might I more done or seie."

With that a few bright teeres new,
Out of her eyen fel, and thus she seid,
"Now God thou wost, in thought ne dede untrew
To Troilus was never yet Creseid,"
With that her heed doum in the bed she leid,
And with the shete it wrigh, and sighed sore,
And held her pece, nat a word spake she more.

But now help God, to quench al this sorow,
So hope I that he shall, for he best may,
For I have sene of a full misty morow,
Folowen ful oft a mery somers day,
And after winter foloweth grene May,
Men sene all day, and reden eke in stories,
That after sharpe shoures ben victories.

This Troilus, whan he her wordes herde,
Have ye no care, him list nat to slepe,
For it thought him no strokes of a yerde
To here or see Creseide his lady wepe,
But well he felt about his herte crepe,
For every teare which that Creseide astert,
The crampe of death, to straine him by the herte,

And in his minde he gan the time accurse
That he came there, and that he was borne,
For now is wicke tourned into worse,
And all that labour he hath doen before,
He wende it lost, he thought he nas but lorne,
"O Pandarus," thought he, "alas, thy wile,
Serreth of nought, so welaway the while."

And therewithal he hing adoun his hedde,
And fell on knees, and sorowfully he sight,
What might he sain? he felt he nas but dedde,
For wroth was she that should his sorows light:
But nathelesse, whan that he spoken might,
Than said he thus, "God wote that of this game,
Whan all is wist, than am I not to blame."

Therwith the sorow of his herte shet,
That from his eyen fell there nat a tere,
And every spirite his vigour in knet,
So they astonied or oppressed were:
The feling of sorrow, or of his fere,
Or aught els, fledde were out of toune,
A doune he fell all sodainly in swoun.

This was no little sorrow for to se,
But all was husht, and Pandare up as fast,
"O nece, peace, or we be lost" (quod he.)
Bethenat agast, but certain at last,
For this or that, he into bedde him cast,
And said, "O thefe, is this a mannes herte!"
And off he rent all to his bare sherte.

And said "Nece, but an ye helpe us now,
Alas, your owne Troilus is forlorne."
"Ywis so would I, and I wist how,
Full fain" (quod she) "alas, that I was borne.
"Ye, nece, woll ye pullen out the thorne
That sticketh in his herte?" (quod Pandare)
"Say all foryeve, and stint is all this fare."

"Ye, that to me" (quod she) "full lever were
Than all the good the Sunne about goeth;"
And therewithal she swore him in his eare,
"Ywis my dere herte I am not wrothe,
Have here my trouth, and many other othe,
Now speake to me, for it am I Creseide:"
But all for naught, yet might he nat abreide.

Therwith his poulce, and paums of his hondes
They gan to frote, and wete his temples twain,
And to dcliver him fro bitter bondes,
She oft him kist, and shortly for to sain,
Him to rewaken she did all her pain,
And at the last he gan his breath to drawe,
And of his swough some after that adawe.

And gan bet minde, and reason to him take,
But wonder sore he was abashed ywis,
And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake
He saied, "O mercy God, what thing is this?"
"Why do ye with your selven thus amis?"
(Quod the Creseide) "is this a mans game,
What Troilus, woll ye do thus for shame?"

And therwithal her arm over him she laied,
And all foryave, and oftime him kest.
He thonked her, and to her spake and saied
As fell to purpose, for his hertes rest,
And she to that answerde him as her lest,
And with her goodly wordes him disport
She gan and oft his sorowes to comfort.

(Quod Pandarus) "for ought I can asprien,
This light nor I ne serven here of naught,
Light is nat good for sike folkes eye,
But for the love of God, sens ye been brought
In this good plite, let now none hevty thought
Been hangid in the hertes of you twey,
And bare the candle to the chimney."

Soone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she soche othes as her list devise
Had of hem take, her thought tho no fere,
Ne cause eke none, to bid him thens rise:
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffice,
In many a case, for every wight I gesse,
That loveth well, meaneth but gentilnesse.

But in effect she would wete anon,
Of what man, and eke where, and also why
He jalous was, sons there was cause non:
And eke the signe that he toke it by,
She bade him that to tell her busily,
Or eles certain she bare him on honde,
That this was doen of malice her to fonde.

Withouten more, shortly for to sain
He must obey unto his ladies hest,
And for the lasse harme he must somewhat fain,
He saied her, whan she was at soche a fest,
She might on him have looked at the lest,
Not I nat what, all dere ynough a rishe,
As he that nedes must a cause out fish.

And she answerde, "Swete, all were it so
What harme was that, sens I non evill meane?
For by that God that bought us bothe two,
In all maner thing is mine entent cleane:
Soch arguments ne be nat worth a beane:
Woll ye the childist jalous counterfete,
Now were it worthy that ye were ybete."

The Troilus gan sorowfully to sike
Lest she be wroth, him thought his herte deide,
And saied, "Alas, upon my sorowes sike,
Have mercy, O swete herte mine Creseide:
And if that in the wordes that I seide,
Be any wrong, I woll no more trespaece,
Doeth what you list, I am all in your grace."

And she answerde, "Of gilt misericorde,
That is to saine, that I foryewe all this,
And evermore on this night you recorde,
And bethe well waro ye do no more amis:"
"Nay, dere herte mine, no more" (quod he) "ywis."
"And now" (quod she) "that I have you do smart,
Foryewe it to me, mine owne swete herte."

This Troilus with blisse of that surprised,
Put all in Goddes hand, as he that ment
Nothing but well, and sodainly avised
He her in his armes fast to him hent:
And Pandarus, with a full good entent,
Laied him to slepe, and saied, "If ye be wise,
Sweveneth not now, lest more folke arise."

What might or may the sely lark say,
Whan that the sparhauke hath him in his fote,
I can no more, but of these ilke tway,
(To whom this tale sugre be or sote)
Though I tary a yere, sometime I mote,
After mine aucthour tellen hir gladnesse,
As well as I have told hir hevynesse.

Creseide, which that felt her thus ytake,
(As writen clerkes in hir bokes old)
Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake,
Whan she him felt her in his armes fold:
But Troilus all hole of cares cold,
Gan thanken tho the blisfull goddes seven,
Through sondry pains to bring folk to Heven.

This Troilus in armes gan her straine,
And saied "Swete, as ever mote I gone,
Now be ye caught, here is but we twaine,
Now yeldeth you, for other boote is none:"
To that Creseide answerde thus anone,
"Ne had I er now, my swete herte dere,
Been yolde ywis, I were now not here."

O soth is saied, that healed for to be
As of a fever, or other great sicknesse,
Men must drinke, as we often se,
Full bitter drinke: and for to have gladnesse
Men drinke of pain, and great distresse:
I meane it here by, as for this aventure,
That through a pain hath founden al his cure.

And now swetnesse semeth far more swete,
That baitednesse assaied was biforne,
For out of wo in blisse now they flete,
Non soch they felten sens they were borne,
Now is this bet, than both two be lorne:
For love of God, take every woman hede,
To werken thus, if it come to the nede.

Creseide all quite from every drede and tene,
As she that just cause had him to trist,
Made him soche feast, it joy was to sene,
Whan she his trowth and clene entent wist:
And as about a tree with many a twist
Bitrent and writhe the swete wodbinde,
Can eche of hem in armes other winde.

And as the newe abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first, whan she beginneth sing,
Whan that she heareth any heerdes tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stearing,
And after siker doeth her voice outring:
Right so Creseide, whan that her drede stent,
Opened her herte, and told him her entent.

And right as he that seeth his death yshapen,
And dien mote, in aught that he may gesse,
And sodainly rescuous doeth hem escapen,
And from his death is brought in sikernesse :
For all this world, in soche present gladnesse,
Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete :
With worse hap God let us never mete.

Her armes smal, her streight backe and soft,
Her sides long, fleshy, smooth, and white,
He gan to stroke, and good thrift had full oft,
Her snowisse throte, her brestes round and life :
Thus in this Heaven he gan him to delife,
And therewithall a thousand times her kist,
That what to doen for joy unneth he wist.

Than saied he thus, " O Love, O Charite,
Thy mother eke, Citheria the swete,
That after thy selfe, next heried be she
Venus I meane, the well willy planete :
And next that, Imeneus I thee grete,
For never man was to thy goddes hold,
As I, which ye have brought fro cares cold.

" Benigne Love, thou holy bond of thingen,
Who so woll grace, and list thee not honoure,
Lo, his desire woll fly withouten wingen,
For n'oldest thou of bounte hem socouren
That serven best, and most alway labouren,
Yet were all lost, that dare I well sain certes,
But if thy grace passed our desertes.

" And for thou me, that lest thonke coud deserve
Of them that umbered been unto thy grace,
Hast holpen, there I likely was to sterve,
And me bestowed in so high a place,
That thilke boundes may no blisse surpace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thine excellence."

And therewithall Creseide anon he kist,
Of whiche certain she felt no disease,
And thus saied he, " Now would God I wist,
Minc herte swete, how I you best might please :
What man " (quod he) " was ever thus at ease,
As I ? On which the fairest, and the best
That ever I seie, doineth her to rest.

" Here may men seen that mercy passeth right,
The experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight,
But herte mine, of your beniguite
So thinke, that though I unworthy be,
Yet mote I nede amenden in some wise,
Right through the vertue of your his service.

" And for the love of God, my lady dere,
Sith Ie hath wrought me for I shal you serve,
As thus I meane : woll ye be my fere,
To do me live, if that you list, or sterve :
So teacheth me, how that I may deserve,
Your thonk, so that I through mine ignoraunce,
Ne doe nothing that you be displeasaunce.

" For certes, freshe and womanliche wife,
Thus dare I say, that trouth and diligence,
That shall ye finden in me all my life,
Ne I woll not certain braken your defence,
And if I doe, present or in absence,
For love of God, let slea me with the dede,
If that it like unto your womanhede."

" Ywis " (quod she) " mine owne hertes lust,
My ground of ease, and al mine herte dere,
Graunt mercy, for on that is all my trust :
But let us fall away fro that matere,
For it suffiseth, this that said is here,
And at o worde, without repentaunce,
Welcome my knight, my peace, my suffisaunce."

Of hir delite or joies, one of the least
Were impossible to my wit to say,
But judgeth ye that have been at the feast
Of soche gladnesse, if that him list play :
I can no more but thus, these ilke tway,
That night betwixen drede and sikernesse,
Felten in love the greate worthinesse.

O blisfull night, of hem so long isought,
How blithe unto hem bothe two thou were ?
Why ne had I soch feast with my soule ybought ?
Ye, or but the least joy that was there ?
Away thou foule daunger and thou fere,
And let him in this Heaven blisse dwell,
That is so high, that all ne can I tell.

But soth is, though I cannot tellen all,
As can mine aucthour of his excellence,
Yet have I saied, and God thofore shall,
In every thing all hooly his sentence :
And if that I, at loves reverence,
I have any worde in eched for the best,
Doeth therewithall right as your selvon lest.

For my wordes here, and every part,
I speake hem all under correction
Of you that feling have in loves art,
And put it all in your discrecion,
To encrease or make diminicion
Of my language, and that I you beseech,
But now to purpose of my rather speech,

These ilke two that ben in armes laft,
So lothe to hem a sonder gon it were,
That eche from other wenden been biraft,
Or eles lo, this was her moste fere,
That all this thing but nice draemes were,
For which full oft eche of hem saied, " O swete,
Clepe I you thus, or els doe I it mete."

And lord so he gan goodly on her se,
That never his loke ne blient from her face,
And saied, " O my dere herte, may it be
That it be soth, that ye beene in this place ?"
" Ye herte mine, God thanke I of his grace."
(Quod the Creseide) and therewithall him kist,
That where her spirit was, for joy she n'ist.

This Troilus full often her eyen two
Gan for to kisse, and saied : " O eyen clere,
It weren ye that wrought me soche wo,
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere :
Tho there be mercy written in your chere,
God wote the text full harde is for to find,
How coud ye withouten bonde me bind ?"

Therwith he gan her fast in armes take,
And well an hundred times gan he silke,
Not such sorrowfull sighes as men make
For wo, or eles whan that folke be sike :
But ease sighes, soche as been to like,
That shewed his affection within,
Of soche maner sighes could he not blin.

Sone after this, they spake of sondry things
As fell to purpose of this aventure,
And playng enterchaungen den hir rings,
Of which I can not tellen no scripture,
But well I wot, a broche of gold and azure,
In which a rubbie set was like an herte,
Creseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte.

Lord, trowe ye that a covetous wretch,
That blameth love, and halte of it despite,
That of the pens that he can muckre and ketch
Ever yet yave to him soche delite,
As is in love, in o point in some plite :
Nay doutelesse, for al so God me save
So parfite joie may no nigard have.

They woll say yes, but lord so they lie,
Tho busie wretches full of wo and drede,
That callen love a woodnesse of follie,
But it shall fall hem, as I shall you rede :
They shal forgon the white and eke the rede,
And live in wo, there God yeve hem mischaunce,
And every lover in his trowth avauce.

As would God tho wretches that despise
Service of love had eares also long
As had Mida, full of covetise,
And thereto drunken had as hotte and strong
As Cresus did, for his affectes wronge
To teachen hem, that they been in the vice,
And lovers not, although they hold hem nice.

These ilke two, of whom that I you say,
Whan that hir hertes well assured were,
Tho gonnen they to speake and to play,
And eke rehearcen how, whan, and where
They knewe first, and every wo or fere
That passed was, but all such heavynesse,
I thonke it God, was tourned to gladnesse.

And evermore, whan that hem fell to speake
Of any thing of soche a time agone,
With kissing all that tale shoulde breake,
And fallen into a new joy anone,
And didden all hir might, sens they were one
For to recoveren blisse, and been at ease,
And praised wo with joyes counterpaise.

Reason woll not that I speake of slepe,
For it accordeth not to my mattere,
God wote they toke of it full little kepe,
But lest this night that was to hem so dere
Ne should in vaine escape in no manere,
It was biset in joy and businesse,
Of all that souneth unto gentilnesse.

But whan the cock, commune astrologer,
Gan on his brest to beate, and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the daies messanger,
Gan to rise, and out his beames throwe,
And estward rose, to him that could it know,
Fortuna maior, than anone Creseide
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seide :

" Mine hertes life, my trust, all my pleasaunce,
That I was borne alas, that me is wo,
That day of us mote make disceveraunce,
For time it is to rise, and hence go,
Or eles I am lost for ever mo :
O night alas, why n'ilt thou over us hove,
As long as whan Alemena lay by Jove.

" O blacke night, as folke in boke rode,
That shapen art by God, this world to hide
At certain times, with thy derke wede,
That under that men might in rest abide,
Wel ougten beasts to plain, and folke to chide
That there as day with labor would us brest
That thou thus fieth, and deinst us not rest.

" Thou doest alas, to shortly thine office,
Thou rakle night, there God maker of kinde,
Thee for thine hast, and thine unkind vice,
So fast aie to our hemisperie binde,
That nevermore under the ground thou wind,
For now for thou so highest out of Troie,
Have I forgone thus hastily my joie."

This Troilus, that with the wordes felt,
As thought him tho, for pitous distresse
The bloodie teares from his herte melt,
As he that yet never soche hevynesse,
Assaid had, out of so great gladnesse,
Gan therewithall Creseide his lady dere
In armes strain, and hold in lovely manere.

" O cruell day, accuser of the joy
That night and love have stole, and fast ywrien,
Accused be thy coming into Troie,
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen :
Envious day, what list thee so to spien,
What hast thou lost, why seekest thou this place ?
There God thy light so quench for his grace.

" Alas, what have these lovers thee agit ?
Dispitous day, thine be the paine of Hell,
For many a lover hast thou slain, and wilt,
Thy poring in woll no where let hem dwell :
What profrest thou thy light here for to sell ?
Go sell it hem that smale seales grave,
We woll thee not, us nedeth no day have."

And eke the sonne Titan gan he chide,
And said, " O foole, well may men thee dispise,
That hast all night the dawning by thy side,
And sufferest her so sone up fro thee rise,
For to disease us lovers in this wise :
What hold your bed there, thou and thy morow,
I bid God so yeve you bothe sorow."

Therwith ful sore he sighed, and thus he seide
" My lady right, and of my weale or wo
The well and roote, O goodly mine Creseide,
And shall I rise alas, and shall I so ?
Now fele I that mine herte mote a two ;
And how should I my life an houre save,
Sens that with you is all the life I have ?

" What shall I doen ? For certes I n'ot how
Ne whan alas, I shall the time see
That in this plite I may been eft with you,
And of my life God wote how shall that be,
Sens that desire right now so biteth me,
That I am dedde anon, but I retourne,
How should I long alas, fro you sojourne ?

" But nathelesse, mine owne lady bright,
Were it so that I wist utterly,
That your humble servaunt and your knight
Were in your herte yset so fermely,
As ye in mine : the which truly
Me leaver were than these worlds twaine,
Yet should I bet endure all my paine."

To that Creseide answerde right anon,
And with a sigh she saied, "O herte dere,
The game wyis so ferforth now is gon,
The first shal Phebus fallen from the sphere,
And everiche egle been the doves fere,
And every rocke out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus go out of Creseides herte.

"Ye been so depe within mine herte grave,
That tho I would it turn out of my thought,
As wisely veray God my soule save,
To dien in the pain, I could nought:
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought,
Let in your brain none other fantasie
So crepen, that it cause me to diee.

"And that ye me would have as fast in mind,
As I have you, that would I you beseeche:
And if I wist sothly that to find
God might not apoint my joies to ech.
But herte mine, withouten more spech,
Beth to me true, or else were it routh,
For I am thine, by God and by my trowth.

"Beth glad forthy, and live in sikernesse,
Thus saied I never er this, ne shall to mo,
And if to you it were a great gladnesse,
To tourne ayen sone after that ye go,
As faine would I as ye, it were so,
As wisely God mine herte bring to reste:"
And him in armes toke, and ofte keste.

Ayent his will, sithe it mote nedes bee,
This Troilus up rose and fast him cled,
And in his armes toke his ladie free,
An hundred times, and on his way him sped,
And with soche wordes, as his herte bled,
He saied: "Fare well my dere herte swete,
That God us graunt sound and sone to mete."

To which no word for sorow she answerd,
So sore gan his parting her distract,
And Troilus unto his paleis ferd,
As wo begon as she was soth to sain,
So hard him wrong of sharp desire the pain,
For to been efte there he was in pleasaunce,
That it may never out of his remembrance,

Returned to his roiall paleis sone,
He soft unto his hedde gan for to sinke
To slepe long, as he was wont to doen,
But all for naught, he may well ligge and winke,
But slepe may there none in his herte sinke,
Thinking how she, for whom desire him breed,
A thousand folde was worth more than he wend.

And in his thought, gan up and down to wind
Her wordes all, and every countenance,
And fermely impressen in his mind
The lest pointe that to him was pleasaunce,
And verely of thilke remembrance,
Desire al newe him brende, and lust to brede,
Gan more than erst, and yet toke he none hede.

Creseide also, right in the same wise,
Of Troilus gan in her herte shet
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wise,
His gentilnesse, and how she with him met;
Thinking love, he so well her beset,
Desiring oft to have her herte dere,
In soche a place as she durst make him chere.

Pandare a morow, which that comen was
Unto his nece, gan her faire to grete,
And saied, "All this night so rained it alas,
That all my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
Have little leiser had to slepe and mete:
Al this night" (quod he) "hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us I trowe hir heddes ake,"

And nere he came and saied, "How stant it now
This merie morow, nece, how can ye fare?"
Creseide answerde, "Never the bet for you,
Foxe that ye been, God yeve your herte care,
God helpe me so, ye caused all this fare,
Trowe I," (quod she) "for all your wordes white,
O who so seeth you, knoweth you full lite."

With that she gan her face for to wrie,
With the shete, and woxe for shame all redde,
And Pandarus gan under for to prie,
And saied "Nece, if that I shall been dedde,
Have here a sword, and smiteth of my hedde:"
With that his arme all sodainly he thrist
Under her necke, and at the last her kist.

I passe all that, which chargeth naught to say,
What, God foryave his death, and she also
Foryave: and with her uncle gan to play,
For other cause was there none than so:
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
When time was, home to her house she went,
And Pandarus hath fully his entent.

Now tourne we ayen to Troilus,
That restelesse full long a bedde lay,
And prively sent after Pandarus,
To him to come in all the hast he may,
He come anon, not ones saied he nay,
And Troilus full soberly he grete,
And doune upon the beddes side him sete.

This Troilus with all thaffectioun
Of friendly love, that herte may devise,
To Pandarus on his knees fill adoun:
And er that he would of the place arise,
He gan him thanken on his beste wise,
An hundred time he gan the time blesse,
That he was born, to bring him for distresse.

He saied, "O frend of friends, the alderbest
That ever was, the sothe for to tell,
Thou hast in Heaven ybrought my soul at rest,
Fro Phlegeton the fire flood of Hell,
That though I might a thousand times sell
Upon a day my life in thy service,
It might not a mote in that suffice.

"The Sonne, which that all the world may se,
Sawe never yet, my life that dare I leie,
So joly, faire, and goodly, as is she
Whose I am all, and shall fill that I deie,
And that I thus am hers, dare I seie,
That thanked be the high worthinesse
Of love, and eke thy kinde businesse.

"Thus hast thou me no little thing iyeve,
For why to thee obliged be for aie,
My life, and why? for through thine helpe I live
Or els dedde had I been ago many a day:"
And with that worde down in his bed he lay,
And Pandarus full soberly him herde,
Tili all was saied, and than he him answerde.

" My dere frende, if I have doen for thee,
In any case, God wote it is me lefe,
And am as glad as man may of it be,
God helpe me so, but take now not agrife,
That I shall saine, beware of this mischiefe,
That that as now thou broght art to thy blis,
That thou thy selfe me cause it not to mis.

" For of fortunes sharpe aduersite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
Thou art wise inough, forthy, doe not amis,
Be not to rakell, though thou sit warme,
For if thou be, certain it woll thee harme.

" Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therin,
For al so sure as redde is every fire,
As great a crafte is to kepe well as win,
Bridle alway well thy speach and thy desire,
For worldly joy holdeth not by a wire,
That preveth well, it brest alday so ofte,
Forthy neede is to werken with it softe."

(Quod Troilus) " I hope, and God to forne,
My dere frende, that I shall so me bere,
That in my gift there shall nothing been lorne,
Ne I nill not rake, as for to greven here ;
It needeth not this matter often tere,
For wistest thou mine herte wel Pandare,
God wote of this thou wouldest lite care."

The gan he tell him of his glad night,
And whereof first his herte dradde, and how,
And saied " Frende, as I am true knight,
And by that faith I owe to God and you,
I had it never halfe so hote as now,
And aie the more that desire me bieth
To love her best, the more it me deliteth.

" I n'ot my selfe not wisely, what it is,
But nowe I feele a new qualte,
Ye all another than I did er this :"
Pandare answerd and saied thus, " that he
That ones may in Heaven blisse be,
He feeleth other waies dare I lay,
Than thilke time he first heard of it say."

This is a worde for all, that Troilus
Was never ful to speke of this matere,
And for to praisen unto Pandarus
The bounte of his right lady dere,
And Pandarus to thanke, and maken chere,
This tale was aie span newe to begin,
Til that the tale departed hem a twinne.

Soone after this, for that fortune it would,
Ycomen was the blisful time swete,
That Troilus was warned, that he should,
There he was erst, Creseide his lady mete :
For which he felt his herte in joy flete,
And faithfully gan all the goodes hery,
And let see now, if that he can be mery,

And holden was the forme, and al the glise
Of her comming, and of his also,
As it was erst, which nedeth nought devise,
But plainly to theeffect right for to go :
In joy and surete Pandarus hem two
Abedde brought, whan hem both lest,
And thus they ben in quiet and in rest.

Naught nedeth it to you sith they ben met
To aske at me, if that they blihe were,
For if it erst was well, tho was it bet
A thousand folde, this nedeth not enquere :
A go was every sorow and every fere,
And both ywis they had, and so they wend,
As much joy as herte may comprehend.

This n'is na litel thing of for to sey,
This passeth every wit for to devise,
For eche of hem gan others lust obey,
Felicite, which that these clerkes wise
Commenden so, ne may no here suffice,
This joy ne may not ywritten be with inke,
This passeth al that herte may bethinke.

But cruel day, so welaway the stound,
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knew,
For which hem thought felen dethes wound,
So wo was hem, that chaungen gan hir lew
And day they gonnen to dispise al new,
Calling it traitour, envious and worse,
And bitterly the daics light they corse.

(Quod Troilus) " Alas, now am I ware
That Pirous, and the swifte stedes thre,
Which that drawn forth the Sunnes chare,
Han gon some by pathe in dispite of me,
And maketh it so sone day to be,
And for the Sunne him hasten thus to rise,
Ne shall I never dou him sacrifice."

But nedes day departe hem must sone,
And whan hir speech done was, and hir chere,
They twin anon, as they were wont to done,
And setten time of meting eft yfere :
And many a night they wrought in this manere
And thus fortune a time ladde in joie
Creseide, and eke this kinges son of Troie.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singings,
This Troilus gan all his life to lede,
He spendeth, justeth, and maketh feestings,
He geveth freely oft, and chaungeth wede,
He helde about him alway out of drede
A world of folke, as come him well of kind,
The freshest and the best he coulde find.

That such a voice was of him, and a steven,
Throughout the world, of honour and largesse,
That it up ronge unto the yate of Heven,
And as in love he was in such gladnesse,
That in his herte he demed, as I gesse,
That there n'is lover in this world at ease,
So wel as he, and thus gan love him please.

The goodlihed or beaute, which the kind,
In any other lady had ysette,
Can not the moutenance of a gnat unbind,
About his herte, of al Crescides nette :
He was so narow ymasked, and yknette,
That is undon in any maner side,
That n'il nat ben, for ought that may betide.

And by the hond full ofte he would take
This Pandarus, and into gardin lede,
And such a feest, and such a processe make
Him of Creseide, and of her womanhede,
And of her beaute, that withouten drede,
It was an Heven his wordes for to here,
And than he woulde sing in this manere :

"Love, that of erth and sea hadi governaues,
Love, that his heestes hath in Heven hie,
Love, that with an holsume alnauce,
Hilte people joyued, as him list hem gie,
Love, that knitteth law and companie,
And couples doth in vertue for to dwell,
Binde this accord, that I have told and tell.

"That, that the world with faith, which that is stable,
Diverseth so his staundes according,
That elements that beth discordable,
Holden a bonde, perpetually during,
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth bring,
And that the Mone hatl lordship over the nights,
Al this doeth Love, aie heried be his mightis.

"That, that the sea, that greedly is to flouen,
Constraineth to a certaine ende so
His floodes, that so fiercely they ne growen
To drenchen earth and all for evermo,
And if that Love aught let his bridle go,
All that now loveth asunder should lepe,
And lost were all, that Love halt now to hepe.

"So would to God, that authour is of kind,
That with his bond, Love of his vertue list
To searchen hertes all, and fast bind,
That from his bond no wight the wey out wist,
And hertes cold, hem would I that hem twist,
To maken hem love, and that list hem aie row
On hertes sore, and keep hem that ben trew.¹⁷

In all needes for the townes werre
He was, and aye the first in armes dight,
And certainly, but if that bookes erre,
Save Hector, most ydradde of any wight,
And this increase of hardnesse and might
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,
That altered his spirit so within.

In time of truce on hauking would he ride,
Or els hunt bore, beare, or lion,
The small beastes let he gon beside,
And whan that he come riding into the toun,
Full oft his lady from her window doun,
As fresh as faucon, comen out of mae,
Full redely was him goodly to salue.

And most of love and vertue was his speech,
And in despite had all wretchednesse,
And doubtlesse no need was lum beseech
To honouren hem that had worthinesse,
And easen hem that weren in distresse,
And glad was he, if any wight well forde
That lover was, whan he it wist or herde.

For sooth to saine, he lost held every wight,
But if he were in Loves high servise,
I meane folke that aught it ben of right,
And over all this, so well could he devise
Of sentement, and in so uncouth wise
All his array, that every lover thought,
That al was wel, what so he said or wrought.

And though that he be come of blood roiall,
Him list of pride at no wight for to chace,
Benigne he was to ech in generall,
For which he gate him thank in every place :
Thus wolde Love, yheried by his grace,
That pride, and ire, envie, and avarice,
He gan to fle, and every other vice.

Thou lady bright, the daughter of Diane,
Thy blind and winged son eke dan Cupide,
Ye sustren nine eke, that by Helicone
In hill Pernaso, listen for to abide,
That ye thus ferre han deined me to gide,
I can no more, but sens that ye woll weind,
Ye heried ben for aye withouten end.

Through you have I said fully in my song
Theffect and joy of Troilus servise,
All be that there was some disease among,
As mine authour listeth to devise,
My thirde booke now end I in this wise,
And Troilus in lust and in quiete,
Is with Creseide his owne herte swete.

EXPLICIT LIBER TERTIUS.

PROEME.

B. IV. v. 1—39

But all too litle, welaway the while
Lasteth such joy, ythonked bee Fortune,
That seemeth truest, whan she woll begile,
And can to fooler her songe entune,
That she hem lent, that blent, traitor commune :
And whan a wight is from her whele ythrow,
Than laugheth she, and maketh him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan her bright face
Away to writhe, and tooke of him none hede,
And cast him clene out of his ladies grace,
And on her whele she set up Diomedé,
For which mine herte right now ginneth blede,
And now my pen alas, with which I write,
Quaketh for drede of that I must endite.

For how Creseide Troilus forsooke,
Or at the least, how that she was unkind,
Mote henceforth ben matter of my booke,
As writen folk through which it is in mind,
Alas, that they should ever cause find
To speake her harme, and if they on her lie,
Ywis herselfe should have the villanie.

O ye Herines, nightes daughters three,
That endelesse complaine ever in paine,
Megera, Alecto, and eke Tesiphonee,
Thou cruell Mars eke, father of Quirine,
This ilke fourth booke helpe me to fine,
So that the loos, and love, and life yfere
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

Liggig in host, as I have said ere this,
The Greekes strong, about Troy toun,
Befell, that whan that Phebus shining is
Upon the breast of Hercules Lion,
That Hector, with many a bold baron,
Cast on a day with Greekes for to fight,
As he was wont, to greve hem what he might.

Not I how long or short it was bitwene
This purpose, and that day they fighten ment,
But on a day well armed bright and shehe,
Hector and many a worship knight out went

With spears in honde, and big bowes bent,
And in the berde withouten longer lett,
Hir fomen in the feild anon hem mette.

The longe day with speares sharpe yground,
With arrows, dartes, swards, and maces fell,
They fight, and bringen horse and man to ground
And with hir axes out the braines quell,
But in the last shoure, sooth to tell,
The folke of Troy hem selven so misleden,
That with the worse at night home they fleden.

At whiche day was taken Anthenor,
Maugre Polimidas, or Monesteo,
Xantippe, Sarpedon, and Palestinor,
Polite, or eke the Troyan dan Rupheo,
And other lasse folke, as Phebuseo,
So that for harm that day the folk of Troy
Dreden to lese a great part of hir joy.

Of Priamus was yeve at Grekes request
A tyme of truce, and tho they gonnen trete
Hir prisoners to chaungen most and lest,
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete,
This thing anon was couth in every strete,
Both in th'assiege, in toun, and every where,
And with the first it came to Calcas ere.

Whan Calcas knew this tretise should hold
In consistorie among the Greekes soone
He gan in thringe, forth with lordes old,
And set him there as he was wout to done,
And with a chaunged face hem bade a boone
For love of God, to done that reverence,
To stinten noise, and yeve him audience.

Than said he thus, "Lo, lordes mine I was
Troyan, as it is knowen out of drede,
And if that you remember, I am Calcas,
That alderfirst yave comfort to your nede,
And tolde well howe that you should spede,
For dredelesse through you shall in a stound
Ben Troy ybrent, and beaten doun to ground.

"And in what forme, or in what manner wise
This toun to shend, and all your lust atcheva,
Ye have ere this well herde me devise:
This know ye my lordes, as I leve,
And for the Greekes weren me so leve,
I came my selfe in my proper persone
To teach in this how you was best to done.

"Having unto my treasour, ne my rent,
Right no regard in respect of your ease,
Thus all my good I left, and to you went,
Wening in this you lordes for to please,
But all that losse ne doth me no disease,
I vouchsafe, as wisely have I joy,
For you to lese all that I have in Troy.

"Save of a daughter that I left, alas,
Sleeping at home, whan out of Troy I stert,
O sterne, O cruell father that I was,
How might I have in that so hard an herte?
Alas, that I ne had brought her in my shert,
For sorow of which I wol nat live to morow,
But if ye lordes rew upon my sorow.

"For because that I saw no tyme ere now
Her to deliver, iche holden have my pees,
But now or never, if that it like you,
I may her have right now doubtles:

O helpe and grace, among all this prees,
Rew on this old cauteife in distresse,
Sith I through you have all this hevinesse.

"Ye have now caught, and fettered in prison
Troyans enow, and if your willes be,
My child with one may have redemption,
Now for the love of God, and of bounte,
One of so fele alas, so yeie him me:
What need were it this praier for to werne,
Sith ye shull have both folk and toun as yerne.

"On perill of my life I shall nat lie,
Apollo hath me told full faithfully,
I have eke found by astronomie,
By sort, and by augurie truely,
And dare well say the tyme is fast by,
That fire and flambe on all the toun shall sprede
And thus shall Troy turne to ashen dede.

"For certane, Phebus and Neptunus both,
That makeden the walles of the toun,
Ben with the folke of Troy alway so wroth,
That they woll bring it to confusoun
Right in despite of king Laomedoun,
Because he nolde paien hem hir hire,
The toun of Troy shall ben set on fire."

Telling his tale alway this olde grey,
Humble in his speech and looking eke,
The salte teares from his eyen twey,
Full faste ronnen doun by either cheke,
So long he gan of succour hem beseke,
That for to heale him of his sorowes sore,
They gave him Antenor withouten more.

But who was glad enough, but Calcas tho,
And of this thing full soone his nedes leide
On hem that shoulde for the tretise go
And hem for Antenor full ofte preide,
To bringen home king Thoas and Creseide,
And whan Priam his safegarde sent,
Th'embassadours to Troy streight they went.

The cause I told of hir comming, the old
Priam the king, full soome in generall,
Let here upon his parliment hold,
Of which th'effect rehearsen you I shall:
Th'embassadours ben answerde for finall,
The eschange of prisoners, and all this nede
Hem liketh well, and forth in they procede.

This Troilus was present in the place,
When asked was for Antenor Creseide,
For which full soone chaungen gan his face,
As he that with the wordes well nigh deide,
But nathelesse he no word to it seide,
Lest men should his affection espie,
With mannes herte he gan his sorowes drie.

And full of anguish and of gresly drede,
Abode what other lords would to it sey,
And if they would graunt, as God forbede,
Th'eschange of her, than thought he things twey:
First, how to save her honour, and what way
He might best th'eschange of her withstand,
Full fast he cast how all this might stond.

Love him made all prest to done her bide,
And rather dien than she should go,
But Reason said him on that other side,
"Withouten assent of her do nat so,

Lest for thy werke she would be thy fo,
And saine, that through thy meddling is yblow
Your brother love, there it was not erst know."

For which he gan deliberen for the best,
And though the lordes would that she went,
He would let hem graunt what hem lest,
And tell his lady first what that they ment,
And whan that she had said him her entent,
Thereafter would he werken also blive,
Tho all the world ayen it wolde strive.

Hector, which that well the Greekes herd,
For Antenor how they would have Creseide,
Gan it withstond, and soberly answerd :
"Sirs, she n'is no prisoner," (he seide)
"I n'ot on you who that this charge leide,
But on my part, ye may otfsoones hem tell,
We usen here no women for to sell."

The noise of people up stert than atones,
As brimme as blase of straw yset on fire,
For infortune it would for the nones,
They shoulde hir confusoun desire : [cnspire
"Hector," (quod they) "what ghost may you
This woman thus to shild, and done us lese
Dan Antenore, a wrong way now ye chese.

"That is so wise, and eke so bold baroun,
And we have need of folke, as men may see,
He is one of the greatest of this toun :
O Hector, lette, thy fantasies bee,
O king Priam," (quod they) "thus segge wee,
That all our voice is to forgone Creseide,"
And to deliver Antenor they preide.

O Juvenall lord, true is thy sentence,
That little wenen folke what is to yerne,
That they ne finden in hir desire offence,
For cloud of errour ne lette hem discernen
What best is, and lo, here ensamble as yerne .
These folke desiren now deliverance
Of Antenor, that brought hem to mischaunce.

For he was after traitour to the toun
Of Troy alas, they quite him out to rathe,
O nice world, so thy discretioun,
Creseide, which that never did hem seathe,
Shall now no lenger in her blisse bathe,
But Antenor, he shall come home to toun,
And she shall out, thus said hecre and houn.

For which deliberd was by parlyment,
For Antenor to yelden out Creseide,
And it pronouncd by the president,
Though that Hector may full oft praid,
And finally, what wight that it withsaid,
It was for naught, it must ben, and shoulde,
For substauce of the parlyment it would.

Departed out of the parlyment echone,
This Troilus, without wordes mo,
Unto his chamber spedde him fast alone,
But if it were a man of his or two,
The which he bad out faste for to go,
Because he would slepen, as he said,
And hastily upon his bedde him laid.

And as in winter, leaves ben biraft
Ech after other, till trees be bare,
So that there n'is but barke and branch ylaft,
Lithe Troilus, biraft of ech welfare,

Ybounden in the blacke barke of care,
Disposed wode out of his witte to breide,
So sore him sate the chaunging of Creseide.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette,
And window eke, and tho this sorrowfull man :
Upon his beddes side doune him sette,
Full like a dead image, pale and wan,
And in his breast the heaped wo began
Out burst, and he to werken in his sight
In his woodnesse, as I shall you devise.

Right as the wilde bull beginneth spring
Now here, now there, idarted to the herte,
And of his death roreth, in complaining,
Right so gan he about the chamber stert,
Smiting his breast aye with his fistes smert,
His head to the wall, his body to the ground,
Full oft he swapt, himselven to confound.

His eyen two for pity of his herte
Out stremeden as swift as welles twey,
The high sobbes of his sorrowes smert
His spech him reft, unnethes might he sey,
"O death alas, why n'ilt thou do me dey ?
Accused be that day which that nature
Shope me to ben a lives creature."

But after whan the fury and all the rage
Which that his heart twist, and fast threst,
By length of time somewhat gan assuage,
Upon his bed he laid him down to rest,
But tho begon his teares more out to brest,
That wonder is the body may suffice
To haife this wo, which that I you devise.

Than said he thus : " Fortune alas, the while
What have I doue ? what have I thee agilt ?
How mightest thou for routhe me begile ?
Is there no grace ? and shall I thus be spilt ?
Shall thus Creseide away for that thou wilt ?
Alas, how mightest thou in thine herte find
To ben to me thus cruell and unkind ?

"Have I thee nat honoured all my live,
As thou well wotest, above the Gods all ?
Why wilt thou me fro joy thus deprive ?
O Troilus, what may men now thee call,
But wretch of wretches, out of honour fall
Into misery, in which I woll bewaile
Creseide alas, till that the breath me faile.

"Alas, Fortune, if that my life injoy
Displeased had unto thy foule envie,
Why ne haddest thou my father king of Troy
Biraft the life, or done my brethren die,
Or slaine my selfe, that thus complain and crie
I combre world, that may of nothing serve,
But ever dye, and never fully sterve.

"If that Creseide alone were me laft,
Naught raught I whider thou woldest me sterte,
And her alas, than hast thou me byraft :
But evermore, lo, this is thy manere,
To reve a wight that most is to him dere,
To preve in that thy gierfull violence :
Thus am I lost, there helpeth no defence.

"O very Lord, O Love, O God alas,
That knowest best mine herte and al my thought
What shal my sorrowfull life done in this caas,
If I forgo that I so dere have bought,

Sens ye Creseide and me have fully brought
Into your grace, and both our hertes sealed,
How may ye suffer alas, it be repeated ?

"What I may done, I shal while I may dure
On live, in turment and in cruell paine,
This infortune, or this disaventure,
Alone as I was borne I woll complaine,
Ne never woll I seeene it shine or raine,
But end I woll as Edippe in derkenesse
My sorrowfull life, and dien in distresse.

"O wery ghost, that errest to and fro,
Why nilt thou flien out of the wofullest
Body, that ever might on grounde go ?
O soule, lurking in this wofull neste,
Fly forthout mine herte, and let it breste,
And follow alway Creseide thy lady dere,
Thy right place is now no lenger here.

"O wofull eien two, sens your disport
Was all to seene Creseides eyen bright,
What shall ye done, but for my discomfort
Stoden for naught, and wepen out your sight,
Sens she is quaint, that wont was you to light,
In veine from this forth have I eyen twey
Yformed, sens your vertue is awey.

"O my Creseide, O lady souveraine
Of this wofull soule that thus crieth,
Who shall now yeven comfort to thy paine ?
Alas, no wight, but whan mine herte dieth,
My spirit, which that so unto you hieth,
Releve in gree, for that shall aye you serve,
Forthy no force is, though the body sterve.

"O ye lovers, that high upon the whole
Ben sette of Fortune in good aventure,
God lene that ye finded aye love of steele,
And long mote your life in joy endure,
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,
Remembreth that your fellow resteth there,
For I loved eke, though I unworthy were.

"O old unholosome and mislived man,
Calcas I meane, alas, what eiled thee
To ben a Greeke, sens thou art borne Trojan ?
O Calcas, which that wolt my bane be,
In cursed time was thou borne for me,
As would blissfull Jove for his joy,
That I thee had where I would in Troy."

A thousand sighes hotter than the glede,
Out of his breast, each after other went,
Medled with plaint new, his wo to fede,
For which his wofull teares never stent,
And shortly so his sorowes him to rent,
And woxe so mate, that joy or pennaunce
He feeleth none, but lieth in a traunce.

Pandare, which that in the parliment
Had heard what every lord and burgess seid,
And how full grannted was by one assent,
For Antenor to yelden out Creseid :
Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to breid,
So that for wo he niste what he ment,
But in a rage to Troilus he went.

A certaine knight, that for the time kept
The chamber dore, undid it him anone,
And Pandare, that full tenderly wept,
Into the deike chamber as still as stone,

Toward the bedde gan softly to gone,
So confuse, that he n'ist what to say,
For very wo, his wit was nigh away.

And with chere and looking all to torne,
For sorow of this, and with his armes folden,
He stood this wofull Troilus beforem,
And on his pitous face he gan beholden,
But so oft gan his herte colden,
Seeing his friend in wo, whose heavinesse
His herte slough, as thought him for distresse.

This wofull wight, this Troilus that felt
His friend Pandare ycomen him to see,
Gan as the snow ayenst the Sunne melt,
For which this wofull Pandare of pite
Gan for to weepe as tenderly as he :
And speechlesse thus ben these ilike twey,
That neither might for sorow o word sey.

But at the last, this wofull Troilus,
Nigh dead for smert, gan bresten out to rore,
And with a sorrowfull noise he said thus
Among his sobbes and his sighes sore,
"Lo, Pandare I am dead withouten more,
Hast thou not heard at parliment," he scide,
"For Antenor how lost is my Creseide ?"

This Pandare full dead and pale of hew,
Full pitously answerde, and said, "Yes,
As wisely were it false as it is trew,
That I have heard, and wote all how it is,
O mercy God, who would have trowed this,
Who would have wend, that in so little a throw
Fortune our joy would have overthrow.

"For in this world there is no creature,
As to my dome, that ever saw ruine
Straunger than this, through case or aventure,
But who may all eschue or all devine,
Such is this world, forthy I thus define :
Ne trust no wight to find in Fortune
Aye property, her yettes ben commune.

"But tell me this, why thou art now so mad
To sorowen thus, why list thou in this wise,
Sens thy desire all holy hast thou had,
So that by right it ought inough suffise,
But I that never felt in my servise
A friendly chere or looking of an eie,
Let me thus wepe and wailen till I die.

"And over al this, as thou wel wost thy selve,
This toune is full of ladies all about,
And to my dome, fairer than such twelve
As ever she was, shal I finden in some rout,
Ye one or twey, withouten any dout :
Forthy be glade mine owne dere brother,
If she be lost, we shall recover another.

"What God forbid alway that ech pleasance
In o thing were, and in none othir wight,
If one can sing, another can well daunce,
If this be goodly, she is glad and light,
And this is faire, and that can good aright,
Ech for his vertue holden is for dere,
Both heroner and faucon for rivere.

"And eke as writ Zansis, that was full wise.
The new love out chaseth off the old :
And upon new case lieth new avise,
Thinke eke thy selve to wren art thou hold.

Such fire by processe shall of kind cold,
For sens it is but casuell pleasaunce,
Some case shall put it out of remembrance.

"For also sure as day commeth after night,
The newe love, labour or other wo,
Or eles seide seeing of a wight,
Done old affections all overgo,
And for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho
To abredge with thy bitter paines smart,
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte."

These wordes saied he for the nones all
To helpe his friend, least he for sorrow deide,
For doubtlesse to doen his wo to fall,
He rought nat what unthrift that he seide :
But Troilus that nigh for sorrow deide,
Tooke little hede of all that ever he maht,
One care it heard, at the other out it went.

But at the last he answerd, and saied, "Friend,
This lecheraft, or healed thou to be,
Were well fitting, if that I were a fiend,
To traiaen a wight, that true is unto me,
I pray God let this counsaile never ythe,
But doe me rather sterue anon right here,
Ere thus I doen, as thou me wouldest lere.

"She that I serve ywis, what so thou sey,
To whom mine herte enhabite is by right,
Shall have me holy hers, till that I dey,
For Pandarus, sens I have trouh her hight,
I woll nat ben untrue for no wight,
But as her man I woll aye live and sterue,
And never none other creature serve.

"And there thou saiest thou shalt as fair find
As she, let be, make no comparison,
To creature yformed here by kind,
O leve Pandare, in conclusion,
I woll nat been of thine opinion
Touching all this, for which I thee beseech,
So hold thy peace, thou sleest me with thy speech.

"Thou biddest me I should love another
All freshly new, and let Cresside go,
It lithe nat in my power, leve brother,
And though I might, yet would I nat do so,
But canst thou plaien raket to and fro,
Nettle in doek out, now this, now that, Pandare?
Now foule fall her for thy wo that care.

"Thou farest eke by me Pandarus,
As he, that whan a wight is wo bigon,
He commeth to him apace, and saith right thus,
"Thinke not on smart, and thou shalt feele none,"
Thou maiest me first transnewen in a stone,
And reve me my passions all,
Or thou so lightly doe my wo to fall.

"The death may well out of my brest depart
The life, so long may this sorow mine :
But fro my soule shall Cresseides dart
Out nevermore, but doune with Proserpine
Whan I am dead, I woll won in pine,
And there I woll eternally complain
My wo, and how that twinned be we twain.

"Thou hast here made an argument full fine,
How that it should lasse paine be
Cresseide to forgone, for she was mine,
And lived in ease and in felicite :

Why gabbest thou, that saided unto me,
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrow,
Than he had erst none of that wele know ?

"But tel me now, sen that thee thinketh so lig
To chaungen so in love aye to and fro,
Why bast thou nat doen busily thy might
To chaungen her, that doth thee all thy wo ?
Why nilt thou let her fro thine herte go ?
Why nilt thou love another lady swete,
That may thine herte setten in quiete ?

"If thou hast had in love aye yet mischance,
And canst it not out of thine herte drive,
I that lived in lust and in pleasaunce
With her, as much as creature on live,
How would I that foryet, and that so blive ?
O where hast thou ben hid so long in mew,
Thou canst so well and formeliche argew.

"Nay God wot, naught worth is al thy rede,
For which, for what that ever may befall,
Withouten wordes mo I woll ben dede :
O Death, that ender art of sorowes all,
Come now, sens I so oft after thee call,
For sely is that death, sooth for to saine,
That oft ycleped, commeth and endeth paine.

"Well wote I, while my life was in quiete,
Ere thou me slue, I would have yeven hiee,
But now thy comming is to me so swete,
That in this world I nothing so desire :
O Death, sens with this sorow I am a fire,
Thou either do me anone in tenes drench,
Or with thy cold stroke mine herte quench.

"Sens that thou slaiest so fele in sundry wise
Ayenst hir will, unpraied day and night,
Doe me at my request this servise,
Deliver now the world, so doest thou right,
Of me that am the wofullest wight
That ever was, for time is that I sterue,
Sens in this world of right naught do I serve."

This Troilus in teares gan distill
As licour out of allambike tall fast,
And Pandarus gan hold his tongue still,
And to the ground his eyen doune be cast,
But nathelesse, thus thought he at last,
"What parde, rather than my fellow dey,
Yet shall I somewhat more unto him sey."

And saied, "Friend, sens thou hast such distresse,
And sens thee list mine argumentes blame,
Why n'ilt thy selven helpe doen redresse,
And with thy manhood letten all this game,
Go ravish her, ne canst thou not for shame ?
And either let her out of toune fare,
Or hold her still, and leave thy nice fare.

"Art thou in Troy, and hast non hardiment
To take a wight, whiche that loveth thee,
And would her selven been of thine assent,
Now is nat this a nice vanite ?
Rise up anon, and let this weeping be,
And sith thou art a man, for in this hour
I woll been dead, or she shall ben our."

To this answerde him Troilus full soft,
And saied, "Ywis, my leve brother dere,
All this have I my selfe yet thought full oft,
And more thing than thou devisest here,

But why this thing is laft, thou shalt wol here,
And whan thou hast me yeven audience,
Thereafter mayst thou tell all thy sentence.

“First, sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre
For ravishing of women so by might,
It should not been suffred to erre,
As it stont now, ne done so great unright,
I should have also blame of every wight,
My fathers graunt if that I so withstood,
Sens she is chaunged for the tounes good.

“I have eke thought, so it were her assent,
To aske her of my father of his grace,
Than thinke I, this were her accusement,
Sens well I wot I may her nat purchase,
For sens my father in so high a place
As parliment, hath her eschaunge ensealed,
He n’ill for me his letter be repealed.

“Yet drede I most her herte to perturbe
With violence, if I doe such a game,
For if I would it openly disturbe,
It must be disclaunder to her name,
And me were lever die than her diffame,
As n’old God, but I should have
Her honour, lever than my life to save.

“Thus am I lost, for aught that I can see.
For certaine is that I am her knight,
I must her honour lever have than me
In every case, as lover ought of right,
Thus am I with desire and reason twight:
Desire for to disturben her me redeth,
And reason n’ill not, so mine herte dredeth.”

Thus weeping, that he could never cease,
He said, “Alas, how shall I wretche fare,
For well fele I alway my love encrease,
And hope is lasse and lasse Pandare,
Encreasen eke the causes of my care,
So wclaway, why n’ill mine herte brest,
For as in love there is but little rest.”

Pandare answerde, “Friend thou mayst for me
Done as thee list, but had I it so hote,
And thine estate, she should go with me,
Tho al this toun cried on this thing by note,
I n’old set at all that noise a grote,
For whan men have cried, than wol they roun,
Eke wonder last but nine deies never in toun.

“Devine not in reason aye so deepe,
Ne curtesly, but helpe thy selfe anone,
Bet is that other than thy selven wepe,
And namely, sens ye two ben al one,
Rise up, for by mine head she shall not gone,
And rather ben in blame a little yfound,
Than sterve here as a gnat withouten wound.

“It is no shame unto you, ne no vice,
Her to withholden, that ye loveth most,
Peraventure she might hold thee for vice,
To letten her go thus unto the Grekes hoste,
Think eke Fortune, as well thy selven woste,
Helpeh hardie man unto his serve,
And weiveth wretches for hir cowardise.

“And though thy lady would alite her greve,
Thou shalt thy self thy peace hereafter make,
But as to me certaine I cannot leve,
That she would it as now for evill take,

Why should than for feare thine herte quake,
Thinke how Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love, and why shal thou not have another ?

“And Troilus, o thing I dare thee swer,
That if Creseide, which that is thy left,
Now loveth thee, as well as thou dost her,
God helpe me so, she will not take a grefe,
Though thou do bote anon in this mischefe,
And if she wineth fro thee for to passe,
Than is she false, so love her well the lasse.

“Forthy, take herte, and think right as a knight,
Through love is broken alday every law,
Kith now somewhat thy courage and thy might,
Have mercie on thy selfe for any awe,
Let not this wretched wo thine herte gnawe,
But manly set the world on sixe and seven,
And if thou die a martir, go to Heaven.

“I wll my selfe ben with thee at this dede,
Though I and all my kin upon a stound,
Should in a strete, as dogs, ligen dede,
Through girt with many a bloodie wound,
In every case I wll a friend be found,
And if thee listeth here sterven as a wretch,
Adieu, the devill speede him that retch.”

This Troilus gan with the wordes quicken,
And saied, “Friend, graunt mercie, I assent,
But certainly, thou mayst nat so me pricken,
Ne paine none ne may me so torment,
That for no case it is not mine entent,
At shorte wordes, though I dien should,
To ravishen her, but if her selfe it would.”

“Why, so mean I” (quod Pandarus) “al this day
But tell me than, hast thou her well assaid,
That sorowesthus?” and he answerde him “Nay.”
“Wherof art thou” (quod Pandare) “than dismaid,
That noste not that she wol ben evill apaid
To ravishen her, sens thou hast not ben there,
But if that Jove told it in thine care ?

“Forthy, rise up as naught ne were, anone,
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wend,
Or he may wondren whider thou art gone,
Thou must with wisdom lim and other blend,
Or upon case he may after thee send
Or thou beware, and shortly brother dere
Be glad, and let me werke in this mattere.

“For I shall shape it so, that sikerly
Thou shalt this night sometime in some manere
Come speaken with thy ladie prively,
And by her wordes eke, as by her chere,
Thou shalt full soone apereve and well here
Of her entent, and in this case the best,
And fare now well, for in this point I rest.”

The swifte fame, whiche that fals thinges
Equall reporteth, like the thinges true,
Was throughout Troy yfted, with prest winges,
Fro man to man, and made his tale all new,
How Calcas daughter with her bright hew,
At parliment without words more,
Ygraunted was in chaunge of Antenore.

The whiche tale anon right as Creseide
Had heard, she, which that of her father rougt
(As in this case) right naught, ne whan he deide
Full busly to Jupiter besought

Yeve him mischance, that this tretis brought :
But shortly, leas these tales sooth were,
She durst at no wight asken it for fere.

As she that had her herte and all her mind
On Troylus yset so wonder fast,
That al this world ne might her love unbind,
Ne Troylus out of her herte cast,
Sne would been his while that her life may last,
And she thus brenneth both in love and drede,
So that she n'ist what was best to rede.

But as men seene in toune, and all about,
That women usen hir friends to visite,
So to Creseide of women came a rout,
For pitous joy, and wenden her delite,
And with hir tales dere ynough a mite,
These women, which that in the cite dwell,
They set hem doune, and sayd as I shall tell.

(Quod, first that one) "I am glad truly,
Because of you, that shall your father see,"
Another sayd, "Ywis, so am not I,
For all too litte hath she with us be :"
(Quod tho the third) "I hope yws that she
Shall bringen us the peace on every side,
That whan she goth, almighty God her gide."

Tho wordes and tho womannish thinges
She herd hem right as thogh she thence were :
For God it wote, her herte on other thing is,
Although the body sat among hem there,
Her advertence is alway els where,
For Troilus full fast her soule sought,
Withouten word, on him alway she thought.

These women that thus wenden her to please,
About naught gan all hir tales spend,
Such vanitie ne can done her none ease,
As she that all this meane while bread
Of other passion than they wend,
So that she felt almost her herte die
For wo, and werie of that companie.

For which might she no lenger restraine
Her teares, they gan so up to well,
That gave signes of her bitter paine,
In which her spirit was, and must dwell,
Remembring her from Heaven unto which Hell
She fallen was, sens she forgo the sight
Of Troilus, and sorrowfully she sight.

And thilke fooles, sitting her about,
Wende that she wept and sighed sore.
Because that she should out of the rout
Departen, and never play with hem more,
And they that had known her of yore,
See her so wepe, and thought it was kindness,
And ech of hem wept eke for her distresse.

And busily they gonnen hir to comforten
On thing God wot, on which she litte thought,
And with hir tales wenden her disporten,
And to be glad they ofte her besought,
But such an ease therewith they her wrought,
Right as a man is eased for to fele,
For ache of head, to clawen him on his hele.

But after all this nice vanitie,
They took hir leve, and home they wenten all,
Creseide full of sorrowfull pitie,
Into her chamber up went out of the hall,

And on her hedde she gan for dead to fall,
In purpose never thence for to rise,
And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

Hir ownded hair, that sonnish was of hev,
She rent, and eke her fingers long and smale
She wrong full off, and bad God on her rew,
And with the death to do bote on her bale,
Her hewe whylom bright, that tho was pale,
Bare witness of her wo, and her constraunt ;
And thus she spake, sobbing in her compleint :

"Alas," (quod she) "out of this region,
I woful wretch and infortuned wight,
And borne in cursed constellatioun,
Mote gon, and thus departen fro my knight,
Wo worth alas, that ilke daies light,
On which I saw him first with eyen twaine,
That causeth me, and I him all this paine."

Therewith the teares from her eyen two
Doune fell, as shoure in April swithe,
Her white breast she bet, and for the wo,
After the death she cried a thousand sithe,
Sens he that wont her wo was for to lithe,
She mote forgone, for which disaventure
She held her selfe a forlost creature.

She said, "How shall he done and I also
How should I live, if that I from him twin ?
O dere herte eke that I love so,
Who shall that sorow slaen, that ye ben in ?
O Calcas, father, thine be all this sin :
O mother mine, that cleped wert Argive,
Wo worth that day that thou me bare on live.

"To what fine should I live and sorowen thus ?
How should a fish withouten water dure ?
What is Creseide worth from Troilus ?
How should a plant or lives creature
Live withouten his kind noriture ?
For which full oft a by word here I sey,
That rootlesse mote greene soone dey.

"I shal done thus, sens neither sword ne dart
Dare I none handle, for the cruelte,
That ilke day that I fro you depart,
If sorow of that n'ill nat my bane be,
Than shall no meat ne drinke come in me,
Till I my soule out of my brest unsheath,
And thus my selven wof I wote to death.

"And Troilus my clothes everychone
Shall blacke ben, in tokening, herte swete,
That I am as out of this world agone,
That wont was you to set in quiete,
And of mine order aye till death me mete,
The observaunce ever in your absence,
Shall sorrow ben complaint and abstinence.

"Mine herte and eke the woful ghost therein
Bequeath I with your spirit to complaine
Eternally, for they shall never twin,
For though in yearth twinned be we twaine,
Yet in the field of pitie, out of paine,
That hight Elisos, shall we ben yfere,
As Orpheus and Erudice his fere.

"Thus, herte mine, for Antenor alas,
I soone shall be changed, as I wene,
But how shull ye done in this sorowfull caas,
How shall your tender herte this sustene ?

But herte mine, foryet this sorow and tene,
And me also, for soothly for to sey,
So ye well fare, I retche not to dey."

How might it ever rodde ben or ysong
The plaint that she made in her distresse,
I n'ot, but as for me my little tong
If I discriven would her heavynesse,
It should make her sorrow seeme lese
Than that it was, and childishly detace
Her high complaint, and therefore I it pace.

Pandare, which that sent from Troilus
Was unto Creseide, as ye have heard devise,
That for the best it was recorded thus,
And he full glad to done him that servise,
Unto Creseide in a full secret wise,
There as she lay in tourment and in rage,
Came her to tell all holy his message.

And fond that she her selven gan to grete
Full pitously, for with her salte teares,
Her breast and face yhathed was full wete,
Her mightie tresses of her sonnish heres
Unbroiden, hangen all about her cares,
Which yave him very signe of mattre
Of death, which that her herte gan desire.

Whan she him saw, she gan for sorrow anon
Her tearie face atwixt her armes hide,
For which this Pandare is so wo bigon,
That in the hous he might unneeth abide,
As he that felt sorrow on every side,
For if Creseide had erst complained sore,
Tho gan she plaine a thousand times more.

And in her aspre plaint, thus she seide :
" Pandare, first of joies more than two
Was cause, causing unto me Creseide,
That now transmued ben in cruell wo,
Whether shall I say to ye welcome or no ?
That alderfirst me brought unto servise
Of love alas, that endeth in such wise.

" Endeth than love in wo ? Ye or men lieth,
And all worldly blisse, as thinketh me,
The end of blisse aye sorrow it occupieth,
And who troweth not that it so be,
Let him upon me wofull wretche see,
That my selfe hate, and aye my birth curse,
Feeling alway, fro wicke I go to worse.

" Who so me seeth, he seeth sorow all atonis,
Paine, tourment, plaint, wo and distresse,
Out of my wofull body harme there none is,
As langour, anguish, cruell bitterness,
Annoy, smart, drede, furie, and eke sicknesse,
I trow ywis from Heaven teares raine,
For pitie of my aspre and cruell paine."

" And thou my suster, full of discomfourt,"
(Quod Pandarus) " what thinkest thou to do ?
Why ne hast thou to thy selven some resport ?
Why wilt thou thus thy selfe alas fordo ?
Leave all this werke, and take now heed to
That I shall saine, and herken of good entent
This message, that by me Troilus you sent."

Toured her tho Creseide a wo making,
So great, that it a death was for to see,
" Alas," (quod she) " what wordes may ye bring,
What wold my dere herte saine to mee,

Which that I drede nevermore to see,
Wold he have plaint or teares ere I wend ?
I have ynough, if he thereafter send."

She was right such to seeme in her visage,
As is that wight that men on beare bind,
Her face like of Paradis the image,
Was all ychaunged in another kind,
The play, the laughter men were wont to find
On hir, and eke her joyes everichone
Ben fled, and thus lieth Creseide alone.

About her eyen two, a purple ring
Bitrent, in soothfast tokening of her paine,
That to behold it was a deadly thing,
For which Pandare might nat restraine
The teares from his eyen for to raine,
But nathelesse as he best might he seide
From Troilus these wordes to Creseide.

" Lo, nece, I trow ye han heard all how
The king with other lordes for the best,
Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and you,
That cause is of this sorow and this unrest,
But how this case doth Troilus mole t,
This may none yearlyly mannes tongue say,
For very wo, his wit is all away.

" For which we have so sorowed, he and I,
That into little it had us both slawe,
But through my counsaile this day finally,
He somewhat is fro weeping withdrawe,
And seemeth me that he desureth fawe
With you to ben all night for to devise
Remedie of this, if there were any wise.

" This short and plain, theeffect of my message,
As ferforth as my wit can comprehend,
For ye that ben of tourment in such rage,
May to no long prologue as now entend.
And hereupon ye may answer him send,
And for the love of God my necc dere,
So leave this wo, or Troilus be here."

" Great is my wo," (quod she) and sighed sore,
As she that feeleth deadly sharpe distresse,
But yet to me his sorrow is mokell more,
That love him bet than he himselfe I gessee,
Alas, for me hath he such hevynesse,
Can he for me so pitously complaine,
Ywis this sorow doubleth all my paine.

" Grevous to me God wot is for to twin,"
(Quod she) " but yet it harder is to me,
To seeme that sorrow which that he is in,
For well wot I, it wold my bane be,
And die I wold in certaine tho " (quod she :)
" But bid him come, er deth that thus me threteth,
Drive out the ghost which in mine herte beteth."

These wordes said, she on her armes two
Fell gruffe, and gan to weepen pitously :
(Quod Pandarus) " Alas, why doe ye so ?
Sens ye well wote the time is fast by
That he shall come, arise up hastily,
That he you nat biwopen thus ne find,
But ye wold have him wode out of his mind.

" For wist he that ye fardr in this manere,
He wold himselfe slen : and if I wend
To have this fare, he should not come here,
For all the good that Priam may dispend :

For to what fine he would anon pretend,
That know I well, and faintly yet I sey,
So leave this sorow, or plainly he woll dey.

"And shapeth you his sorow for to abredge,
And nat encrease, lefe nece swete,
Beth rather to him cause of plat than edge,
And with some wisdom ye his sorrowes bete :
What helpeth it to weepen full a strete,
Or though ye both in salt teares dreint ?
Bet is a time of cure aye than of pleint.

"I meane thus, whan I him hither bring,
Sens ye be wise, and both of one assent,
So shapeth how to discourbe your going,
Or come ayen soone after ye be went,
Women ben wise, in short avisement,
And let seene how your wit shall availe,
And what that I may helpe, it shall not faile."

"Go," (quod Crescide) "and, uncle, truly
I shall done all my might me to restraine
From weeping in his sight, and busily
Him for to glad, I shall done all my paine,
And in my herte seeken every vaine,
If to his sore there may ben founden salve,
It shall nat lacke certaine on mine halve."

Goth Paudarus, and Troilus he sought,
Fill in a temple he found him all alone,
As he that of his life no lenger rougth,
But to the pitous goddess everichone,
Full tenderly he praid, and made his monce,
To done him soone out of the world to pace,
For well he thoght there was none other grace.

And shortly all the sooths for to sey,
He was so fallen in dispaire that day,
That utterly he shope him for to dey,
For right thus was his argument alway,
He saied he nas but lorne, welaway,
"For all that commeth, commeth by necessitie,
Thus to ben lorne, it is my destinie.

"For certainly, this wote I well," he said,
"That foresight of devine purveyaunce
Had seen alway me to forgone Crescide,
Sens God seethe every thing out of doutance
And hem disposeth through his ordinance,
In his merites soothly for to be,
As they shall comen by predestine.

"But nathelesse, alas, whom shall I leve,
For there ben greate clerkes many one,
That destinie, through argumentes preve,
And some saine, that nedely there is none,
But that free choise is y even us everichone :
O welaway, so slich aru clerkes old,
That I n'ot whose opinion I may hold.

"For some men sain, that God seeth all beforne,
Ne God may nat deceived ben parde,
Than mote it fallen, though men had it sworn,
That purveyaunce hath seene beforne to be,
Wherefore I say, that from eterne if he
Hath wist befor our thought eke as our dede,
We have no free choise, as these clerkes rede.

"For other thought, nor other deed also,
Might never been, but such as purveyaunce,
Which may nat been deceived never mo,
Hath feled biforne, withouten ignoraunce,

For if there might ben a variaunce
To writen out fro Goddess purveying,
There nere no prescience of thing comming.

"But it were rather an opinion
Uncertaine, and no stedfast foreseeing,
And certes that were an abusie,
That God should have no perfite clere weting
More than we men that have doutous wening,
But such an errour upon God to gesse,
Were false, and foule, and wicked cursednesse.

"Eke this is an opinion of some,
That have hir top ful high and smooth yshore,
They saine right thus, that thing is nat to come,
For that the prescience hath scene befor
That it shall come, but they sain that therfore
That it shall come, therefore the purveyaunce
Wote it beforne withouten ignoraunce.

"And in this manner this necessite
Retourneth in his part contrary againe,
For thoughtfully behoveth it nat to be,
That thilke thinges fallen in certaine
That ben purveyed, but needfully as they saine
Behoveth it that thinges which that fall,
That they in certaine ben purveyed all.

"I meane as though I laboured me in this,
To inquire which thing cause of which thing be,
As whether that the prescience of God is
The certaine cause of the necessite
Of thinges that to comen be parde,
Or if necessitie of thing comming,
Be cause certaine of the purveying.

"But now ne enforce I me not in shewing,
How the order of the causes stant, but well wot I
That it behoveth, that the befalling
Of thinges wiste befor certainly,
Be necessarie, all seeme it not thereby,
That prescience put falling necessaire
To thing to come, all fall it foule or faire.

"For if there sit a man yond on a see,
Than by necessitie behoveth it,
That certes thilke opinion sooth be,
That wenest or conjectest that he sit,
And further over, now ayenward yet,
Lo right so is it on the part contrarie,
As thus, now bearken, for I woll nat tarie.

"I say, that if the opinion of thee
Be sooth for that he sit, than say I this,
That he mote sitten by necessitie,
And thus necessitie in either is,
For in him nede of siting is ywis,
And in the nede of sooth, and thus forsoth
There mote necessitie ben in you both.

"But thou maist saine the man sit nat therfore,
That thine opinion of his siting sooth is,
But rather for the man sate there befor,
Therefore is thine opinion sooth ywis,
And I say though the cause of sooth of this
Commeth of his siting, yet necessitee
Is enterchaunged both in him and in thee.

"Thus in the same wise out of doutance,
I may well maken, as it seemeth me,
My reasoning of Goddess purveyaunce,
And of the thinges that to comen be,

By whiche reason men may well ysee,
That thilke thinges that in earth yfall,
That by necessitie they comen all.

“ For although that forthing shall come ywis
Therefore is it purveyed certainly,
Nat that it commeth, for it purveyed is,
Yet nathelesse behoveth it needfully,
That thing to come be purveyed truly,
Or else thinges that purveyed be,
That they betiden by necessite.

“ And this suffiseth right ynough certaine,
For to destroy our free choise everydell,
But now is this abusion to saine,
That falling of the thinges temporell,
Is cause of the goddes prescience eternell ;
Now truly that is a false sentence,
That thing to com shuld cause his prescience.

“ What might I wene, and I had such a thought ?
But that God purveiech thing that is to come,
For that it is to come, and else nought :
So might I wene, that thinges all and some,
That whylome ben befall and overcome,
Ben cause of thilke souveraine purveyaunce,
That forwote all, withouten ignoraunce.

“ And over all this, yet say I more thereto,
That right as whan I wote there is a thing,
Ywis that thing mote needfully be so,
Eke right so, whan I wot a thing comming,
So mote it come ; and thus they befalling
Of thinges that ben wist before the tide,
They mowe not ben eschewed on no side.”

Than said he thus, “ Almighty Jove in trone,
That wotest of all this thing the soothfastnesse,
Rew on my sorrow and do me dien sone,
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse.”
And while he was in all this heavinesse,
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,
Came Pandare in, and said as ye may here.

“ O mighty God ” (quod Pandarus) “ in trone,
Eigh, who saw ever a wise man faren so ?
Why Troilus, what thinkest thou to done ?
Hast thou such lust to ben thine owne fo ?
What, parde, yet is nat Creseide age,
Why list thee so thy selfe fordone for drede,
That in thine head thine eyen semen dede.

“ Hast thou nat lived many a yere before
Withouten her, and fardre full well at ease ?
Art thou for her and for none other borne.
Hath Kind thee wrought al only her to please ?
Let be and thinke right thus in thy disease,
That in the dice right as ther fallen chaunces,
Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.

“ And yet this is a wonder most of all,
Why thou thus sorowest, sith thou wost nat yet
Touching her going, how that it shall fall,
Ne if she can her selfe disturben it,
Thou hast nat yet assailed all her wit ;
A man may all betime his necke hede
Whan it shall off, and sorowen at the nede.

“ Forthy, take hede of all that I shall say,
I have with her yspoke, and long ybe,
So as accorded was betwixe us twey,
And evermore me thinketh thus, that she

Hath somewhat in her hertes privite,
Wherewith she can, if I shall aright rede,
Disturbe all this, of which thou art in drede.

“ For which my counsell is, whan it is night,
Thou to her go, and make of this an end,
And blisfull Juno, through her great might,
Shall (as I hope) her grace unto us send,
Mine herte seith certaine she shall nat wend,
And forthy, put thine herte awhile in rest,
And hold thy purpose, for it is the best.”

This Troilus answerde, and sighed sore,
“ Thou saist right well, and I will do right so,”
And what him list, he said unto him more,
And whan that it was time for to go,
Full prively himselfe withouten mo
Unto her came, as he was wont to done,
And how they wrought, I shall you tell soone.

Sooth is, that whan they gone first to mete,
So gan the paine hir hertes for to twist,
That neither of hem other mighte grete,
But hem in armes tooke, and after kist,
The lasse wofull of hem bothe nist
Where that he was, ne might o word outuing,
As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.

The wofull teares that they leten fall,
As bitter weren out of teares kind
For paine, as is ligne aloes, or gall,
So bitter teares wept not as I find
The wofull Mirra, through the barke and rind,
That in this world there n'is so hard an herte,
That n'olde have rewed on her paines smart.

But whan hir wofull wery ghostes twaine
Returned ben, there as hem ought to dwell,
And that somewhat to weken gan the paine
By length of plaint, and ebben gan the well
Of hir teares, and the herte unswell,
With broken voice, al horse for shright, Creseid
To Troilus these ilke wordes seid.

“ O Jove, I die, and mercy thee besech,
Helpe Troilus : ” and therewithal her face
Upon his brest she laid, and lost her spech,
Her wofull sprite from his proper place
Right with the worde away in point to pace,
And thus she lith, with hewes pale and greue,
That whilom fresh and fairest was to sene.

This Troilus that on her gan behold,
Cleping her name, and she lay as for deed,
Withouten answeere, and felt her limmes cold,
Her eien thrown upward to her leed :
This sorowful man can now non other rede,
But oft time her colde mouth he kist,
Where him was wo, God and himselfe it wist.

He riseth him up, and long straitte he her leide,
For signe of life, for aught he can or may,
Can he none finde, in nothing of Creseide,
For which his song full oft is “ Weaway ! ”
But whan he saw that spechlesse she lay,
With sorowful voice, and herte of blisse al bare,
He said, how she was fro this world yfare.

So after that he long had her complained,
His hondes wrong, and said that was to sey,
And with his teeres salt her breast betained,
He gan the teeres wipen off full drey,

And pitously gan for the soule prey,
And said, "Lord, that set art in thy thronne,
Rewe eke on me, for I shall folow her sone."

She colde was, and without sentement,
For ought he wote, for brette felte he none,
And this was him a preigant argument,
That she was forth out of this world agone :
And when he saw there was non other wonne,
He gan her limmes dresse, in such manere,
As men don hem that shall ben laide on bere.

And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerde anon out of his sheth he twight,
Him selfe to sleen, how sore that him smart,
So that his soule, her soule folowen might,
There as the dome of Minos wote it dight,
Sith love and cruel fortune it ne would,
That in this world he lenger liven should.

Than said he thus, fullfild of high disdaine,
"O cruel Jove, and thou Fortune adverse,
This is all and some, that falsly have ye slaine
Creseide, and sith ye may do me ne werse,
Fie on your might and werkes so diverse,
Thus cowardly ye shall me never winne,
There shall no deth me fro my lady twinne.

"For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,
Woll let, and folow her spirite low or hie,
"O cruel Jove, and thou Fortune adverse,
This is all and some, that falsly have ye slaine
Creseide, and sith ye may do me ne werse,
Fie on your might and werkes so diverse,
Thus cowardly ye shall me never winne,
There shall no deth me fro my lady twinne.

"And thou cite, in which I live in wo,
And thou Priam, and brethren al ifere,
And thou my mother, farewell, for I go,
And Atropos make redy thou my bere :
And thou Creseide, O swete herte dere,
Receive now my spirite," would he sey
With swerde at herte, all redy for to dey.

But as God would, of swough she abraide,
And gan to sighe, and Troilus she cride,
And he answerde, "Lady mine Creseide,
Live ye yet ?" and let his swerde down glide :
"Ye herte mine, that thanked be Cupide,"
(Quod she) and therewithal she sore sight,
And he began to glade her as he might.

Toke her in armes two and kist her oft,
And her to glad, he did al his entent,
For which her gost, that filkered ay a loft,
Into her wofull herte ayen it went :
But at the last, as that her eye glent
Aside, anon she gan his swerde aspice,
As it lay bare, and gan for feare crie.

And asked him why he had it out draw,
And Troilus anon the cause her told,
And how himself therwith he wold have slain,
For which Creseide upon him gan behold,
And gan him in her armes faste fold,
And said, "O mercy God, lo, which a dede,
Alas, how nigh we wexen bothe dede.

"Than if I nadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye would have slain your selfe anon ?" (quod she.)
"Ye doutlesse :?" and she answerde, "Alas,
For by that ilke lorde that made me,

I n'olde a furlong way on live have be,
After your deth, to have ben crowned queene
Of al the londe the Sunne on shmeth shene.

"But with this selve sword, which that here is
My selfe I would have slain" (quod she) "tho :
But ho, for we have right inough of this,
And let us rise and straite to bedde go :
And there let us speken of our wo,
For by that morder, which that I see brenne,
Know I ful well, that day is nat farre henne."

When they wer in hir bed in armes fold,
Naught was it like tho nightes here beforen,
For pitously each other gan behold,
As they that hadden al hir blisse yorne,
Bewailing aie the day that they were borne,
Til at the last, this sorrowful wight Creseide,
To Troilus these ilke wordes seide.

"Lo, herte mine, wel wote ye this" (quod she)
"That if a wight alway his wo complainc,
And seketh nat how holpen for to be,
It n'is but folie, and encrease of paine :
And sens that here assembled be we twaine,
To finde bote of wo that we ben in,
It were time al sone to begin.

"I am a woman, as ful wel ye wotte,
And as I am avised sodainly,
So wol I tel you, while it is hotte,
Me thinketh thus, that neyther ye nor I,
Ought halfe this wo to maken skiffully,
For there is art inough for to redresse,
That yet is misse, and sleen is hevinesse.

"Soth is, the wo the whiche we ben inne,
For aught I wote, for nothing eles is,
But for the cause that we shold twinne,
Considred al, there n'is no more amis :
And what is than a remedy unto this ?
But that we shape us sone for to mete,
This al and some, my dere herte swete.

"Now that I shall wel bringen it about
To comen ayen, sone after that I go,
Thereof am I no maner thing in dout,
For dredelesse, within a weke or two
I shal ben here : and that it may be so.
By all right, and in wordes few,
I shal you wel an heape of waies shew.

"For which I woll nat maken long sermon,
For time ylost may not recovered be,
But I will go to my conclusion,
And to the best, in aught that I can see :
And for the love of God foryeve it me,
If I speake aught ayenst your hertes rest,
For truely I speake it for the best.

"Making alway a protestation,
That nowe these wordes which I shal say,
N'is but to shewe you my mocion,
To find unto our helpe the beste way,
And take it no otherwise I pray,
For in effect, what so ye me commaund,
That wol I done, for that is no demand.

"Now herkeneth this, ye have wel understand
My going graunted is by parliament,
So ferforth that it may not ben withstond,
For al this world, as by my judgement :

And sithe there helpeth none avisement,
To letten it, lette it passe out of mind,
And let us shape a better way to find.

"The sothe is, the twinning of us twaine,
Wol us disease, and cruelly anoie :
But him behoveth sometime have a paine,
That serveth love, if that he woll have jole :
And sith I shall no farther out of Troie
Than I may ride ayen on halie a morow,
It ought lasse causen us for to sorow.

"So as I shal nat so ben hid in mew,
That day by day, mine owne herte dere,
Sens well ye wote that it is now a trew,
Ye shal ful wel al mine estate here :
And er that truce is done, I shal ben here,
Than have ye bothe Antenor ywonne,
And me also, bethe glad now if ye conne.

"And thinke right thus, Cresiede is now agon,
But what, she shal come lastely ayen,
And whan alas ! by God, lo, right anon
Er daies ten, this dare I safely same,
And than at erste, shal we be so faune,
So as we shal togethers ever dwell,
That all this world ne might our blisse tell.

"I see that oft time, there as we ben now
That for the best, our counsaile for to hnde,
Ye speke nat with me, nor I with you
In fourteenight, ne see you go ne ride :
May ye nat ten daies than abide,
For mine honour, in such aventure !
Ywis ye mowe, or eles lite endure.

"Ye know eke how that all my kin is here,
But if that onely it my father be,
And eke mine other things al yfere,
And namely my dere herte ye,
Whom that I n'olde leaven for to see,
For all this world, as wide as it hath space,
Or eles see I never Joves face.

"Why trowe ye my father in this wise
Coveteth so to see me, but for drede,
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispise,
Bicause of him, for his unhappy dede ?
What wote my father what life that I lede,
For if he wist in Troie how well I fare,
Us neded for my wending nat to care.

"Ye see, that every day eke more and more,
Men treate of peace, and it supposed is,
That men the quene Heleine shall restore,
And Grekes us restore that is mis :
Though there ne were comfort none but this,
That men purposen peace on every side,
Ye may the better at ease of herte abide.

"For if that it be peace, mine herte dere,
The nature of the peacc mote nedes drive,
That men must entrecommune yfere,
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive,
Al day as thicke as been flien from an hive,
And every wight have liberty to bleve,
Where as him list, the bet withouten leve.

"And tho so be that peace there may bene none,
Yet lither, though ther never peace ne were,
I must come, for whider should I gone,
Or how mischaunce should I dwell there

Among tho men of armes ever in fere,
For which, as wisely God my soule rede,
I can nat sene wherof ye should drede.

"Have here another way, if it so be
That all this thing ne may you not suffice,
My father, as he known wel parde,
Is olde, and eke full of covetise,
And I right now have founden al the gise,
Withouten nette, wherwith I shal him hent,
And herkeneth now, if that ye woll assent.

"Lo, Troilus, men saine, that ful hard it is
The wolfe ful, and the wedder hole to have,
This is to saine, that men full oft ywis,
Mote spenden parte, the remnant for to save :
For aie with gold, men may the herte grave,
Of him that set is upon covetise,
And how I meane, I shal it you devise.

"The moveable, which that I have in this toun,
Unto my father shall I take, and say,
That right for trust, and for salvatioun,
It sent is from a frende of his or tway,
The whiche frendes fervently him pray,
To sende after more and that in hie,
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie.

"And that shall be of gold an huge quantite,
Thus shal I sain, but lest folke it aspide,
This may be sent by no wight but by me :
I shal eke shewen him, if peace betide,
What frendes that I have on every side,
Toward the court, to don the wrathe pace,
Of Priamus, and do him stonde in grace.

"So what for o thing and for other, swete,
I shall him so enchaunten with my sawes,
That right in Heven hi- soule is, shal he mete,
For all Apollo, or his clerkes lawes,
Or calculing, availeth not three hawes :
Desire of gold shall so his soule bend,
That as me list, I shall well make an end.

"And if he would aught by his sorte it prevc,
If that I lie, in certain I shall fond
To disturben him, and plucke him by the sleeve,
Making his sorte and bearen him on hond,
He hath nat well the goddes understand,
For goddes speke in amphibologies,
And for o sothe, they tellen twenty lies.

"Eke drede fond first goddes, I suppose,
Thus shall I saine, and that his coward herte,
Made him amis the goddes text to glose,
Whan he for ferde out of Delphos stert :
And but I make him sone to convert,
And done my rede, within a day or twey,
I wol to you oblige me to dey."

And truly, as written wel I find,
That al this thing was said of good entent,
And that her herte trewe was and kind
Towardes him, and spake right as she ment,
And that she starfe for wo nigh whan she went,
And was in purpose ever to be trewe,
Thus writen they that of her werkes knew.

This Troilus, with herte and eres sprad,
Herde all this thing devised to and fro,
And verily it seemed that he had
The selve witte, but yet to let her go

His herte misyave him evermo,
But finally he gan his herte wrest,
To trusten her, and toke it for the best.

For which the great fury of his penaunce,
Wasqueint with hope, and therewith hem betwene
Began for joye the amorous daunce,
And as the birdes, whan the Sunne shene,
Deliten in hir songe, in leves greene,
Right so the wordes, that they spake yfere,
Deliten hem, and made hir hertes chere.

But nathelesse, the wending of Creseide,
For all this world may nat out of his mind,
For which full oft he pitously her preide,
That of her heste he might her trewe find :
And said her, " Certes if ye be kind,
And shal ye come at date set, in Troie,
Ne but I never have heale, honor, no joie.

" For al so sothe as Sunne uprist to morow,
And God so wisely thou me woful wretch
To reste bring, out of this cruel sorow,
I wol my selven slee, if that ye dretch :
But of my death though little be to retch,
Yet er that ye me causen so to smart,
Dwel rather here, my owne swete herte.

" For truly mine owne lady dere,
The sleightes yet, that I have herd you stere,
Ful shapely ben to fallen all yfere,
For thus men saith, that one thinketh the bere,
But al another thinketh the ledere,
Your sire is wise, and said is out of drede,
Men may the wise out renne, and not out rede.

" It is full harde to halten unespied
Before a crepil, for he can the craft,
Your father is in sleight as Argus cied,
For al be it that his movable is him biraft,
His olde sleight is yet so with him laft,
Ye shal nat blende him for your womanhede
Ne faine aright, and that is all my drede.

" I n'ot if peace shal evermo betide,
But peace or no, for ermost ne for game,
I wote sith Calcas on the Grekes side
Hath ones ben, and lost so foule his name,
Ne dare no more come here ayen for shame,
For which that we, for ought I can espie,
To trusten on, n'is but a fantasie.

" Ye shal eke seen your father shall you glose,
To ben a wife, and as he can well prech,
He shal some Greke so preise and wel alose,
That ravishen he shal you with his spech :
Or do you done by force, as he shall tech,
And Troilus on whom ye n'il have routh,
Shall causelesse so stervon in his trouth.

" And over al this your father shall dispise
Us al, and saine this cite is but lorne,
And that th'assege never shall arise,
For why ? the Grekes have it al sworne,
Til we ben slaine, and doune our walles tere,
And thus he shall you with his wordes fere,
That aie drede I, that ye wol bleven there.

" Ye shall eke sene so many a lusty knight,
Among the Grekes ful of worthinesse,
And ech of hem, with herte, wit and might
No plesen you, done al his businesse,

That ye shall dullen of the rudenesse
Of sely Troians, but if routhle
Remorde you, or vertue of your trouthe.

" And this to me so grevous is to thinke,
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende,
Ne dredelesse, in me there may nat sinke
O good opinion, if that ye wende,
For why ? your fathers sleight woll us shende,
And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore,
So thinke I nam but deed, withouten more.

" For which with humble, true and pitous herte
A thousand times mercy I you pray,
So reweth on mind aspre paines smart,
And doth somwhat, as that I shall you say :
And let us steale away betwix us tway,
And thinke that foly is, whan a man may chese
For accident, his substaunce for to lese.

" I meane thus, that sens we mowe or day
Wel steale away, and ben together so,
What wit were it to putten in assay,
(In case ye shoulden to your father go)
If that ye mighten come ayen or no :
Thus meane I, that were a great follie
To put that sikernes in jeopardie.

" And vulgarly to spoken of substaunce,
Of treasure may we both with us lede,
Ynough to live in honour and pleasaunce,
Til unto time that we shall ben dede,
And thus we may eschewen all this drede,
For every other waie ye can record,
Mine herte ywis may therewith nat acord.

" And hardely ne dredeth no poverté,
For I have kin and frendes eles where,
That though we comen in our bare shierte,
Us should never lacke golde ne geere,
But ben honoured while we dwelten there,
And go we anone, for as in mine entent,
This is the best, if that ye woll assent."

Creseide with a sigh, right in this wise
Answerde, " Ywis, my dere herte trew,
Ye may well steale away, as ye devise,
And finden such unthrifty waies new :
But afterward full sore it woll us rew,
And helpe me God so at my most nede,
As causelesse ye suffren al this drede.

" For thilke day that I for cherishing,
Or drede of father, or for any other wight,
Or for estate, delite, or for wedding,
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,
Saturnus daughter Juno, through her mightt,
As wood as Achamante do me dwell
Eternally with Stix in the pit of Hell.

" And this on every God celestiall
I swere if you and eke on eche goddesse,
On every nymph, and delite infernall,
On satyry and fauny more and lesse,
That halve goddes ben of wilderness,
And Atropos my threde of life to brest,
If I be false, now trowe me if you lest.

" And thou Simois, that, as an arowe, clere
Through Troy rennest, aie downward to the see,
Be witness of this word, that saied is here,
That thilke day that I untrew be

To Troilus, mine owne herte fre,
That thou return backwarde to thy well,
And I with body and soule sinke to Hell.

"But that ye speake away thus for to go,
And letten all your frendes, God forbede,
For any woman that ye shoulde so,
And namely, sens Troy hath now such need
Of helpe, and eke of o thing taketh hede,
If this were wist, my life lay in ballaunce,
And your honor, God shild us fro mischaunce.

"And if so be that peace hereafter be take,
As all day happeth after angre game,
Why lord the sorow and wo ye wolden make,
That ye ne durst come ayen for shame,
And ere that ye jeoparden so your name,
Beth nat too hasty in this hotte fare,
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

"What trowe ye the people eke all about
Would of it say? it is full light to arede,
They woulde say, and swere it out of dout,
That love ne drave you nat to done this dede
But lust voluptuous, and coward drede,
Thus were all lost ywis, mine herte dere
Your honour, whiche that now shineth clere.

"And also thinketh on mine honeste,
That floureth yet, how foul I should it shend,
And with what filth it spotted shulde be,
If in this forme I should with you wend,
Ne though I lived unto the worldes end,
My name should I never ayenward win,
Thus were I lost, and that were routh and sin.

"And forthy, slee with reason all this hete,
Men sain, the suffraunt overcommeth parde,
Eke whoso will have lefe, he lefe mote lete,
Thus maketh vertue of necessite
By patience, and thinke that lord is he
Of fortune aye, that naught woll of her retch,
And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch.

"And trusteth this, that certes, herte swete,
Or Phebus suster, Lucina the shene,
The Lion passe out of this Aritee,
I woll been here, withouten any wene,
I meane, as helpe me Juno, Heavens quene,
The tenth day, but if that death me assaile
I woll you seene, withouten any faile."

"And now so this be sooth," (quod Troilus)
"I shall well suffer unto the tenth day,
Sens that I see that nede it mote ben thus,
But for the love of God, if be it may,
So let us stealen prively away:
For ever in one, as for to live in rest,
Mine herte saieih that it wolle be the best."

"O mercy God, what life is this?" (quod she)
"Alas, ye slea me thus for very tene,
I see well now that ye mistrusten me,
For by your wordes it is well ysene:
Now for the love of Cinthia the shene,
Mistrust me nat thus causelesse for routh,
Sens to be true I have you plight my trouth.

"And thinketh well, that sometime it is wit
To spend a time, a time for to win,
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,
Though that we ben a day or two atwin:

Drive out the fantasies you within,
And trusteth me, and leaveth eke your sorow,
Or here my trouh, I wol nat live til morow.

"For if ye wist how sore it doth me smart,
Ye would cesse of this, for God thou wost
The pure spirit weepeth in mine herte
To seen you weepen, which that I love most,
And that I mote gone unto the Greekes host,
Ye, nere it that I wist a remedy
To com ayen, right here I wolde dy.

"But certes I am not so nice a wight,
That I ne can imaginen a way
To come ayen that day that I have hight,
For who may holden a thing that woll away,
My father naught, for all his queint play,
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troy
Another day shall tourne us all to joy.

"Forthy, with all mine herte I you beseke,
If that you list done aught for my prayere,
And for the love which that I love you eke,
That ere I departs fro you here,
That of so good a comfort and a chere
I may you seen, that ye may bring at rest
My herte, whiche is at point to brete.

"And over all this I pray you," (quod she tho)
"My owne hertes soothfast suffisaunce,
Sith I am thine all hole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasaunce
Of other, do me fro your remembrance:
For I am ever agast, for why? men rede,
That love is thing aye full of busie drede.

"For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend,
That so betrayed were, or wo begon,
As I, that all trouthe in you entend:
And doubtlesse, if that iche other wend,
I nere but dead, and ere ye cause find,
For Goddes love, so beth ye nat unkind."

To this answered Troilus and seide,
"Now God to whom there n'is no cause ywrie,
Me glad, as wis I never unto Creseide,
Sith thilke day I saw her first with eye,
Was false, ne never shall till that I die,
At short wordes, well ye may me leve,
I can no more, it shall be found at preve."

"Graunt mercy, good herte mine, ywis" (quod she)
"And blisful Venus let me never sterve,
Er I may stonde of pleasaunce in degre,
To quite him well, that so well can deserve:
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so done, so true I have you found,
That aie honour to meward shall rebound.

"For trusteth well, that your estate royall,
Ne vain delite, nor onely worthinesse
Of you in werre or turnay marciall,
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eke richesse:
Ne made me to rue on your distresse,
But moral vertue, grounded upon trouth,
That was the cause I first had on you routh.

"Eke gentle herte, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite
Every thing that sowned in to bad,
As rudenesse, and peoplish appetite

And that your reason bridled your delite,
This made aboven every creature,
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.

“ And this may length of yeres nat fordo,
Ne remuabest fortune deface,
But Jupiter, that of his might may do
The sorowfull to be glad, so yeve us grace,
Er nightes tenne to meten in this place,
So that it may your herte and mine suffise,
And fareth now well, for time is that ye rise.”

And after that they long uplained had,
And oft ikist, and straiten in armes fold,
The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,
And rufully his lady gan behold :
As he that felt deathes cares cold,
And to her grace he gan him recommaund,
Where he was wo, this hold I no demaund.

For mannes hedde imaginen ne can,
Ne ententement consider, ne tongue tell
The cruell paines of this sorowfull man,
That passen every torment doune in Hell :
For whan he sawe that she ne might dwell,
Which that his soule out his herte rent,
Withouten more, out of the chamber he went.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

B. v. v. 1—95

APPROCHEN gan the fatal destine,
That Joves hath in disposicioun,
And to you angry Farcas sustren thre,
Committeth to done execucioon,
For which Creseide must out of the toun,
And Troilus shall dwell forth in pine,
Till Lachesis his threde no lenger twine.

The golden tressed Phebus high on loft,
Thrise had all with his beames clere
The snowes molte, and Zephirus as oft
Ibrought ayen the tender leaves grene :
Sens that the sonne of Eecuba the quene
Began to love her first, for whom his sorrow
Was all, that she departe should a morow.

Full redy was at prime Diomedé,
Creseide unto the Grekes hoste to lede,
For sorow of which, she felt her herte blede,
As she that n'iste what was best to rede :
And truly, as men in bokes rede,
Men wiste never woman have the care,
Ne was so lothe out of a tounne to fare.

This Troilus withouten rede or lore,
As man that hath his joies eke forelore,
Was waiting on his lady evermore,
As she that was softfast crophe and more,
Of all his lust or joyes here tofore :
But Troilus, now farwell all thy joie,
For shalt thou never seen her ett in Troie.

Soth is, that while he bode in this manere,
He gan his wo full manly for to hide,
That well unneth it seen was in his chere,
But at the yate there she should out ride,

With certain folke he hoved her to abide,
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,
That on his horse unneth he sate for pain.

For ire he quoke, so gan his herte gnaw,
Whan Diomedé on horse gan him dight,
And sayd unto himselfe this ilke sav,
“ Alas,” (quod he) “ thus foule a wretchednesse
Why suffre I it ! Why n'ill I it redresse !
Were it nat bet at ones for to die,
Than evermore in languour thus to crie ?

“ Why n'ill I make at ones rich and poore,
To have inough to done er that she go ?
Why n'ill I bring all Troie upon a roore ?
Why n'ill I slaen this Diomedé also ?
Why n'ill I rather with a man or two,
Steale her away ? Why woul I this endure ?
Why n'ill I helpen to mine owne cure ?”

But why he n'olde done so fell a deede,
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare,
He had in herte alway a maner drede,
Lest that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,
Should have ben slain, lo, this was al his care,
And eles certain, as I sayed yore,
He had it done withouten wordes more.

Creseide whan she redy was to ride,
Full sorowfully she sighed, and sayd “ Alas,”
But forth she mote, for aught that may betide,
And forth she rideth full sorowfully apas
Ther is no other remedy in this caas :
What wonder is, though that her sore smart
Whan she forgoeth her owne swete herte ?

This Troilus in gise of curtesie,
With hauke on hond, and with an huge rout
Of knightes, rode and did her companie,
Passing all the valey ferre without,
And fether would have ridden out of doubt,
Full faine, and wo was him to gone so sone,
But tourne he must, and it was eke to done.

And right with that was Antenor ycome,
Out of the Grekes hoste, and every wight
Was of him glad, and sayd he was welcome,
And Troilus, al nere his herte light,
He pained him, with all his full might
Him to with hold of weping at least,
And Antenor he kist, and made feast.

And therewithal he must his leave take,
And cast his eye upon her pitously,
And nere he rode, his cause for to make,
To take her by the honde al soberly :
And Lorde so she gan wepen tenderly,
And he full soft and slyghly gan her seie,
“ Now hold your day, and doe me not to deie.”

With that his courser tourned he about,
With face pale, and unto Diomedé
No worde he spake, ne none of all his rout,
Of which the sonne of Tideus toke hede,
As he that kouthe more than the crede,
In soche a craft, and by the rein her hent,
And Troilus to Troie homewardes went.

This Diomedé, that lad her by the bridell,
Whan that he saw the folke of Troy away,
Thought, “ All my labor shall not been on idell,
If that I may, for somewhat shall I say :

For at the worst, it short maie our way,
I have heard say eke, times twise twelve,
He is a foole that woll foryete him selve."

But athelesse, this thought he well inough
That "certainly I am about naught,
If that I speake of love, or make it to tough,
For doubtlesse, if she have in her thought,
Him that I gesse, he may not been ybrought
So some away, but I shall find a meane,
That she nat yet wete shall what I meane."

This Diomede, as he that could his good,
When this was done, gan fallen forth in spech
Of this and that, and aske why she stood
In soch disease, and gan her eke besech
That if that he encrease might or ech
With any thing her ease, that she should
Commaunde it him, and said he done it would.

For truly he swore her as a knight,
That ther n'as thing, with which he might her please
That he nolde done his pain, and al his might
To done it, for to done her herte an ease :
And prayed her she would her sorrow appease,
And said, "Ywis we Greekes can have joy
To honouren you, as well as folke of Troy."

He said eke thus, "I wot you thinketh strange,
No wonder is, for it is to you new,
Th'acquaintance of these Trojans to change
For folke of Greece, that ye never knew :
But would never God, but if as true,
A Greeke ye should emong us all find,
As any Trojan is, and eke as kind.

"And because I swore you right now,
To ben your frende, and helpir to my might,
And for that more acquaintance eke of you
Have I had, than an other straunger wight :
So fro this forth, I pray you day and night,
Commaundeth me, how sore that me smart,
To done all that may like unto your herte.

"And that ye me wold, as your brother treat,
And taketh not my frendship in dispite,
And though your sorowes been for thinges gret,
Not I nat why, but out of more respite,
Mind herte hath for to amend it great delite,
And if I may your harmes nat redresse,
I am right sorry for your heavinesse.

"For though ye Trojans with us Greekes wroth
Have many a day been, always yet parde,
I got of love, in sothe we serven bothe :
And for the love of God my lady free,
Whom so ye hate, as both not wroth with me,
For truly there can no wight you serve,
That half so loth your wraithe would deserve.

"And n'ere it that we been so nere the tent
Of Calcas, which that seen us bothe may,
I would of this you tell all mine entent,
But this ensenled till an other day :
Ye ve me your honde, I am and shall be aie,
God helpe me so, while that my life may dure,
Your owne, aboven every creature.

"Thus said I never er now to woman borne,
For God mine herte as wisely glad so,
I loved never woman here before,
As paramours, ne never shall no mo :

And for the love of God be not my fo,
All can I not to you, my lady dere,
Complain a right, for I am yet to lere.

"And wondreth nought, mine owne lady bright,
Though that I speake of love to you thus blive,
For I have heard or this of many a wight,
Hath loved thing he never saw his live :
Eke I am not of power for to strive
Ajenst the god of love, but him obey
I woll always, and mercy I you pray.

"There beeth so worthy knightes in this place,
And ye so faire, that everiche of hem all
Woll pain him to stonden in your grace,
But might to me so faire a grace fall
That ye me for your servaunt would call,
So lowly, ne so truly you serve,
N'll none of hem, as I shall till I sterve."

Creseide unto that purpose lite answerdo,
As she that was with sorow oppressed so,
That in effect she naught his tales herde,
But here and there, now here a word or two :
Her thought her sorowfull herte brest a two,
For whan she gan her herte ferre espie,
Well nigh doune of her hors she gan to sie.

But nathelesse she thonketh Diomede,
Of all his travaile and his good chere,
And that him list his frendship to her bede,
And she accepteth it in good manere,
And woll do fain that is him lefe and dere,
And trusten him she would, and well she might,
As saied she, and from her hors she alicht.

Her father hath her in his armes nome,
And twenty times he kist his daughter swete,
And saied : "O dere daughter mine, welcome,"
She said eke, she was fain with him to mete :
And stode forth muet, milde, and mansuete,
But here I leave her with her father dwell,
And forth I woll of Troilus you tell.

To Troy is come this wofull Troilus,
In sorowe aboven all sorowes smert,
With felon loke, and face dispitous,
The sodainly doune from his hors he stert,
And through his paleis with swoine herte,
To chamber he went, of nothing toke he hede
Ne none to him dare speke o worde for drede.

And there his sorowes that he spared had,
He yave an issue large, and death he cride,
And in his throves, frenetike and mad
He curseth Juno, Apollo, and eke Cupide,
He curseth Bachus, Ceres, and Cipride,
His birth, himselfe, his fate, and eke nature,
And save his ladie, every creature.

To bed he goth, and wailth there and turneth,
In furie, as doth he Ixion in Hell,
And in this wise he nigh till day sojourneth,
But tho began his herie alite unswell,
Through teares, which that gonnep up to we!,
And pitiously he cried upon Creseide,
And to him self right thus he spake and seide.

"Where is mine owne lady lefe and dere !
Where is her white brest, where is it, where ?
Where been her armes, and her eyen clere
That yesterday this time with me were ?

Now may I wepe alone many a teare,
And graspe about I may, but in this place
Save a pilow, I find naught to embrace.

“How shal I doon? whan shal she come againe?
I n’ot alas, why let I her to go?
As would God I had as she to be slain:
O herte mine Creseide, O swete fo,
O lady mine, that I love and no mo,
To whom for ever more mine herte I vowe,
See how I die, ye n’ill me not rescowe.

“Who seeth you now, my right lodesterre?
Who sitteth right now in your presence?
Who can comforten now your hertes werre?
Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?
Who speaketh for me right now in my absence?
Alas, no wight, and that is all my care,
For well wote I, as evill as I ye fare.

“How should I thus ten daies full endure,
Whan I the firste night have all this tene?
How shall she eke sorowfull creature,
For tendernesse, how shall she this sustene,
Soche wo for me? o pitous, pale, and grene,
Shall been your freshe womanly face,
For langour, or ye tourne unto this place.”

And whan he fell in any slombringes,
Anon begin he shoulde for to grone,
And dreamen of the dreadfullest things
That might been: as mete he were alone
In place horrible, making aie his mone,
Or meten that he was emonges all
His enemies, and in hir hondes fall.

And therewithall his bodie should start,
And with the start all sodainly awake,
And soche a tremour fele about his herte,
That of the feare his bodie should quake:
And therewithall he should a noise make,
And seme as though he should fall depe,
From high alofe, and than he would wepe,

And rowen on himselfe so pitously,
That wonder was to here his fantasie.
An other time he should mightely
Comfort himselfe, and sain it was folie,
So causelesse, soche drede for to drie,
And eft begin his aspre sorowes new,
That every man might on his paines rew.

Who could tell all, or fully diserve
His wo, his plaiut, his langour, and his pine?
Nat all the men that han or been on live,
Thou reader mayst thy self full well devine,
That soche a wo my wit can not define,
On idell for to write it should I swinke,
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.

On Heaven yet the sterres weren seen
Although full pale ywoxen was the Mone,
And whiten gan the orisont shene,
All eastward, as it was wont to done,
And Phebus with his rosie carte sone,
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

This Pandare, that of all the day beforne
Ne might him comen this Troilus to se,
Although he on his hedde it had sworne,
For with the king Iriam alday was he,

So that it lay nat in his liberte,
No where to gon, but on the morow he went
To Troilus, whan that he for him sent.

For in his herte he could well devine,
That Troilus at night for sorow woke,
And that he would tell him of his pine,
This knew he well enough without boke:
For which to chamber streight the way he toke,
And Troilus tho soberly he grette,
And on the bedde full sone he gan him sette.

“My Pandarus,” (quod Troilus) “the sorow
Which that I drie, I may not long endure,
I trowe I shall not liven till to morow,
For which I would alwaies on aventure
To thee devisen of my sepulture
The forme, and of my movable thou dispoen
Right as thee semeth best is for to doen.

“But of the fire and flambe funerall,
In which my body brennen shall to glode,
And of the feast and plaies palestrall,
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede
That that be well: and offer Mars my stede,
My sword, mine helme: and leve brother dere,
My shelde to Pallas yeve, that shineth clere.

“The poudre in which min herte ybrend shal turn
That pray I thee thou take, and it conserve
In a vessel that men clepeth an urne
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,
So yeve it her, and doe me this pleaseunce,
To praien her to kepe it for a remembrance.

“For well I fele by my maladie,
And by my dreames, now and yore ago,
All certainly, that I mote nedes die:
The oule eke, which that hight Ascapילו,
Hath after me shrighit, all these nightes two,
And god Mercurie, now of me wofull wretch
The soule guide, and whan thee list it fetch.”

Pandare answerde and saied, “Troilus,
My dere frende, as I have told thee yore,
That it is follie for to sorowen thus,
And causelesse, for which I can no more:
But who so woll not trowen rede ne lore,
I can not seen in him no remedie,
But let him worchen with his fantasie.

“But, Troilus, I pray thee tell me now,
If that thou trowe er this that any wight,
Hath loved paramours as well as thou,
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthy knight
Hath his ladie gon a fourtenight,
And he nat yet made halvendele the fare,
What nede is the to maken all this care?”

“Sens day by day thou maist thy selven see
That from his love, or eles from his wife
A man mote twinen of necessitie,
Ye though he love her as his owne life:
Yet nil he with himself thus maken strife,
For well thou wost, my leve brother dere,
That alway frendes may not been yfere.

“How done this folke, that seen hir loves wedded
By frendes might, as it betideth full oft,
And seen hem in hir spouses bedde ybedded?
God wote they take it wisely faire and soft:

For why, good hope halt up hir herte aloft,
And for they can a time of sorow endure,
As time hem hurteth, a time doth hem cure.

"So shouldest thou endure, and letten slide
The time, and fonde to been glad and light,
Ten dayes n'is not so long to abide,
And sens sho to comen thee hath behight,
She n'll her hest breaken for no wight,
For drede thee not, that she n'll finde way
To come ayen, my life that durst I lay.

"Thy swevenes eke, and all such fantasie
Drive out, and let hem faren to mischaunce,
For they procede of thy melancolie,
That doth thee fele in slepe all this penaunce :
A straw for all swevenes signifaunce,
God helpe me so, I count hem not a bean,
There wot no man aright what dremes mean.

"For priestes of the temple tellen this,
That dremes been the revelations
Of Goddes, and als well they tel ywis,
That they been infernales illusions
And leches saine, that of completions
Proceden they of fast, or glotonie,
Who wot in sothe thus what they signifie ?

"Eke other saine, that through impressions,
As if a wight hath fast a thing in mind,
That thereof cometh soche avisions :
And other sain, as they in bokes find,
That after times of the yere by kind,
Men dreme, and that theeffect goth by the Mone,
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to done.

Wel worth of dremes aie these old wives,
And truly eke, augurie of these foules,
For feare of which, men wenen lese hir lives,
As ravens qualm, or schriching of these oules :
To trown on it, bothe false and foule is,
Alas, alas, that so noble a creature
As is a man, should drede such ordure.

"For which with al mine herte I thee besече,
Unto thy self, that all this thou foryeve,
And rise now up, withouten more speche,
And let us cast how forth may best be driven
The time, and eke how freshly we may liven,
When she cometh, the which shall be right sone,
God helpe me so, the best is thus to done.

"Rise, let us speake of lustie life in Troy
That we have lad, and forth the time drive,
And eke of time coming us rejoy,
That bringen shall our blisse now to blive,
And langour of these wise daies five
We shall therewith so foryet or oppresse,
That well unneth it done shall us duresse.

"This toune is full of lordes al about,
And truce lasten all this meane while,
Go we plaien us in some lustie rout,
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a mile,
And thus thou shalt the time well beguile,
And drive it forth unto that blisfull morow,
That thou her see, that cause is of thy sorow.

"Now rise, my dere brother Troilus,
For certes it non honour is to thee
To wepe, and in thy bedde to rouken thus,
For truly of o thing trust to me,

If thou thus ligge, a day, two or three,
The folke wot wene, that thou for cowardise,
Thee faintest sick, and that thou darst not rise."

This Troilus answerde : "O brother dere,
This folke know that have ysuffred pain,
That though he wepe, and make sorowful chere
That feeleth harme and smart in every vein,
No wonder is : and though I ever plain
Or alway wepe, I am nothing to blame,
Sens that I have lost the cause of all my game.

"But sens of fine force I mote arise,
I shall arise, as sone as ever I may,
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,
So send us hastily the tenthe day :
For was there never foule so faine of May
As I shall ben, whan that she cometh in Troie,
That cause is of my tourment and my joie.

"But whider is thy rede," (quod Troilus)
"That we may play us best in all this toun ?"
"By God my counsaile is," (quod Pandarus)
"To ride and play us with king Sarpedoun."
So long of this they speaken up and down,
Till Troilus gan at the last assent
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon they went.

This Sarpedon, as he that honourable
Was ever his live, and full of hie prowess,
With all that might yserved been on table,
That deintie was, all coste it great richesse,
He fedde hem day by day, that such noblesse
As sainen both the most and eke the least,
Was never er that day wiste at any feast.

Nor in this world there is none instrument,
Delicious, through winde, or touche on corde,
As ferre as any wight hath ever ywent,
That tonge tell, or herte may recorde,
But at that feast, it was well heard recorde :
Ne of ladies eke so faire a companie,
On daunce er tho, was never yseen with eye.

But what availeth this to Troilus,
That for his sorrow, nothing of it rought,
But ever in one, as herte pitous,
Full busily Creseide his lady sought :
On her was ever al that his herte thought,
Now this, now that, so fast imaginirg,
That glad ywis can him no feasting.

These ladies eke, that at this feast been,
Sens that he saw his lady was away,
It was his sorow upon hem for to seen,
Or for to heare on instrumentes play :
For she that of his herte hath the kay,
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasie
That no wight shulde maken melodie.

Nor there nas houre in al the day or night,
Whan he was ther as no man might him here,
That he ne sayd, "O lovesome lady bright,
How have ye faren sins that ye were there ?
Welcome ywis mine owne lady dere."
But welaway, all this n'as but a mase,
Fortune his hove entended bet to glase.

The letters eke, that she of olde time
Had him ysent, he wold alone rede
An hundred sith, atwixt noone and prime,
Refiguring her shape, and her womanhede,

Within his herte, and every worde and dede
That passed was, and thus he drove to an end,
The fourth day, and saied he wol wend.

And said, "Leve brother Pandarus,
Intendest thou that we shall here bleve,
Til Sarpedon woll forth conveyen us,
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve :
For Goddes love, let us now sone at eve
Our leave take, and homeward let us turne,
For trewely I nill nat thus sojourne."

Pandare answerde, "Be we comen hither
To fetchen fire, and rennen home againe ?
God helpe me so, I can nat tellen whither
We might gone, if I shall sotlyly saine :
There any wight is of us more fame
Than Sarpedon, and if we hence hie
Thus sodainly, I hold it vilanie.

"Whan that we saiden we would bleve
With him a weke, and now thus sodainly
The fourth day to take of him our leve,
He would wondren on it trewely :
Let us holden forth our purpose fermely,
And sene that ye beligheten him to abide,
Hold forward now, and after let us ride."

This Pandarus, with all pine and wo
Made him to dwell, and at the wekes end,
Of Sarpedon they toke hir leave tho,
And on hir way they spedden hem to wend :
(Quod Troilus) "Now Lorde me grace send,
That I may find at mine home comming,
Creseide comen," and therewith gan he sing.

"Ye haselwode," thought this Pandare,
And to himselfe ful softly he seide,
"God wotte refroiden may this hotte fare,
Er Calcas sende Troilus Creseide :"
But nathelesse he japed thus and seide,
And swore ywis, his herte him wel behight,
She wolde come as sone as ever she might.

Whan they unto the paleis were ycomen,
Of Troilus, they doun of horse alight,
And to the chambre hir way have they nomen,
And unto time that it gan to night,
They speken of Creseide the lady bright,
And after this, whan lem bothe lest,
They spede hem fro the supper unto rest.

On morow as sone as day began to clere,
This Troilus gan of his slepe to abride,
And to Pandarus, his own brother dere,
"For love of God," full pitously he seide :
"As go we sene the paleis of Creseide,
For sene we yet may have no more feest,
So let us seine her paleis at the leest."

And therewithall his meine for to blende,
A cause he fonde in toun for to go,
And to Creseides house they gan wende,
But Lorde, this sely Troilus was wo,
Him thought his sorowful herte brast atwo,
For when he saw her doores sparrd all,
Well nigh for sorow adoun he gan to fall.

Therewith whan he was ware, and gan behold
How shet was every window of the place,
As frost him thought his herte gan to cold,
For which with changed deedly pale face.

Withouten worde, he forth by gan to pace,
And as God would, he gan so faste ride,
That no wight of his countenance aspide.

Than said he thus : "O paleis desolate,
O house of houses, whilom best nyght,
O paleis empty and desolate,
O thou lanterne, of which quaint is the light,
O paleis whilom day, that now art night,
Wel oughtest thou to fall, and I to die,
Sene she is went, that wont was us to gie.

"O paleis whilom crowne of houses all,
Enlumined with Sunne of alle blisse,
O ring, of which the rubie is out fall,
O cause of wo, that cause hast ben of blisse :
Yet sene I may no bet, fain would I kisse
Thy colde doores, durst I for this rout,
And farewell shrine of which the saint is out."

Therewith he cast on Pandarus his eie,
With changed face, and pitous to behold,
And whan he might his time aright asprie,
Aie as he rode, to Pandarus he told
His new sorow, and eke his joyes old,
So pitously, and with so deed an hev,
That every wight might on his sorow rew.

Fro thence-forth he rideth up and doun,
And every thing came him to remembraunce,
As he rode forth by the places of the toun,
In which he whilom had all his pleasaunce :
"Lo, yonder saw I mine owne lady daunce,
And in that temple with her eien clere,
Me caught first my right lady dere.

"And yonder have I herde full lustely
My dere herte laugh, and yonder play
Saw I her ones eke ful blisfully,
And yonder ones to me gan she say
'Now good sweete love me well I pray,'
And yonde so goodly gan she me behold,
That to the death mine herte is to her hold.

"And at the corner in the yonder house,
Herde I mine alderlevest lady dere,
So womanly, with voice melodious,
Singen so wel, so goodly and so clere,
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here
The blisful sowne, and in that yonder place
My lady first me toke unto her grace."

Than thought he thus, "O blisful lord Cupide,
Whan I the processe have in memory,
How thou me hast wried on every side,
Men might a booke make of it like a story :
What nede is thee to seeke on me victory,
Sene I am thine, and holy at thy will,
What joy hast thou thine owne folke to spill ?

"Wel hast thou, lord, ywroke on me thine ire,
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve,
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire
Thy grace most, of all lustes leve,
And live and die I wol in thy beleve,
For which I ne aske in guerdon but a boone,
That thou Creseide ayen me sende soone.

"Distraine her herte as faste to returne,
As thou doest mme to longen her to see,
Than wote I wel that she nill nat sojourne :
Now blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be

Unto the blood of Troy, I praise thee,
As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,
For which the folke of Thebes caught hir bane."

And after this he to the yates went,
There as Creseide out rode, a full good paas,
And up and down there made he many a went,
And to him selfe ful oft he said, "Alas,
Fro hence rode my blisse and my solas,
As would blisful God now for his joie,
I might her sene ayen come to Troie.

"And to the yonder lul I gan her guide,
Alas, and there I toke of her my leve,
And yonde I saw her to her father ride,
For sorow of which mine herte shal to cleve:
And hither home I come when it was eve,
And here I dwell, out cast from all joie,
And shal, til I may sene her eft in Troie."

And of him selfe imagined he oft,
To ben defaited, pale, and woxen lesse
Than he was wont, and that men saiden soft,
"What may it be? who can the sothe gesse,
Why Troilus hath all this hevinesse?"
And al this n'as but his melancholie,
That he had of him selfe such fantasie.

Another time imagined he would,
That every wight that went by the wey,
Had of him routh, and that they saime should,
"I am right sory, Troilus wol dey:"
And thus he drove a day yet forth or twey,
As ye have herde, such life gan he lede,
As he that stode betwixen hope and drede.

For which him liked in his songes shewe
Thencheson of his wo, as he best might,
And made a songe, of wordes but a fewe,
Somwhat his wofull herte for to light:
And when he was from every mannes sight,
With softte voice, he of his lady dere,
That absent was, gan sing as ye may here.

"O sterre, of which I lost have all the light,
With herte sore, wel ought I to bewaile,
That ever derke in turment, night by night
Toward my deth, with winde I stere and saile:
For which the tenth night, if that I faile,
The guiding of thy bemes bright an houre,
My ship and me Caribdes wol devoure."

This song when he thus songen had sone,
He fel ayen into his sighes old,
And every night, as was he wont to done,
He stode the bright Moone to behold:
And al his sorow he to the Moone told,
And said, "Ywis when thou art horned new,
I shal be glad, if al the world be trew.

"I saw thine hornes old eke by that morow,
Whan hence rode my right lady dere,
That cause is of my turment and my sorow,
For whiche, O bright Lucina the clere,
For love of God ren fast about thy sphere,
For whan thine hornes newe ginnen spring,
Than shall she come that may my blisse bring."

The day is more, and lenger every night
Than they ben wont to be, him thought tho,
And that the Sunne went his course unright,
By lenger way than it was wont to go,

And said, "Ywis, I drede me evermo
The Sunnes sonne Pheton he on live,
And that his fathers cart amisse he drive."

Upon the walles fast eke would he walke,
And on the Greekes host he would see,
And to himselfe right thus he would talke:
"Lo, yonder is mine owne lady free,
Or else yonder, there the tents bee,
And thence commeth this aire that is so soote,
That in my soule I fele it doth me boote.

"And hardly, this wind that more and more
Thus stoundmeale increaseth in my face,
Is of my ladies deepe sighes sore,
I preve it thus, for in none other space
Of all this tounne, save only in this place,
Feele I no wind, that souneth so like paine,
It saith, 'Alas, why twined be we twaine?'"

This longe time he driveth forth right thus,
Till fully passed was the ninthe night,
And aye beside him was this Pandarus,
That busily did all his full might
Him to comfort, and make his herte light,
Yeving him hope alway the tenth morow,
That she shal comen, and stinten all his sorow.

Upon that oter side eke was Creseide,
With women few among the Greekes strong,
For which full oft a day, "Alas," she seide,
"That I was borne, well may mine herte long
After my death, for now live I too long
Alas, and I ne may it not amend,
For now is worse than ever yet I wend.

"My father n'll for nothing doe me grace
To gone ayen, for aught I can him queme,
And if so be that I my terme pace,
My Troilus shall in his herte deme
That I am false, and so it may well seme,
Thus shall I have unthonke on every side,
That I was borne so welaway the tide.

"And if that I me put in jeopardie,
To steale away by night, and it befall
That I be caught, I shall be hold aspie,
Or else lo, this drede I most of all,
If in the honds of some wretch I fall,
I n'am but lost, all be mine herte trew:
Now mightie God, thou on my sorow rew."

Full pale ywoxen was her bright face,
Her limmes leane, as she that all the day
Stode when she durst, and loked on the place
There she was borne, and dwelt had aye,
And all the night weeping alas, she lay,
And thus dispeired out of all cure
She lad her life, this wofull creature.

Full oft a day she sighed eke for distresse,
And in her selfe she went aye purtraying
Of Troilus the great worthinesse,
And all his goodly wordes recording,
Sens first that day her love began to spring,
And thus she set her wofull herte afire,
Through remembrance of that she gan desire.

In all this world there n'is so cruell herte,
That her had heard complainen in her sorow,
That n'old have wepten for her paines smart,
So tenderly she wept, both eve and morow,

Her needed no teares, for to borow,
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,
There was no wight, to whom she durste plain.

Full refully she looked upon Troy,
Beheld the toures high, and eke the hallis,
"Alas," (quod she) "the pleasance and the joy,
The which that now all turned into gall is,
Have I had ofte within yonder wallis.
O Troilus, what doest thou now?" she seide,
"Lord, whether thou yet thinke upon Creseide.

"Alas, that I ne had ytrowed on your lore,
And went with you, as ye me redde ere this,
Than had I now not sighed halfe so sore :
Who might have said, that I had done amis
To steale away with such one as he is ?
But all too late cometh the lectuarie,
Whan men the corse unto the grave carie.

"Too late is now to speke of that matere,
Prudence, alas, one of thine eyen three
Me lacked alway, ere that I came here :
For on time passed well I remembred mee,
And present time eke could I well see,
But future time, ere I was in the snare,
Could I not seene, that causeth now my care.

"But nathelesse, betide what betide,
I shall to morow at night, by east or west,
Out of this hoast steale, on some side,
And gone with Troilus, where as him lest,
This purpose woll I hold, and this is the best,
No force of wicked tongues jonglerie,
For ever on love have wretches had envie.

"For who so woll of every word take hede,
Or rule hem by every wightes wit,
Ne shall he never thrive out of drede,
For that that some men blamen ever yet,
Lo, other manner folk commenden it,
And as for me, for all such variaunce,
Felicite clepe I my suffisaunce.

"For which, withouten any wordes mo,
To Troy I woll, as for conclusioun."
But God it wote, ere fully moneths two,
She was full ferre fro that ententioun,
For bothe Troilus and Troie toun
Shall knotlesse throughout her herte slide,
For she woll take a purpose for to abide.

This Diomedes, of whom I you tell gan,
Goth now within himselfe aye arguing,
With all the sleight and all that ever he can
How he may best with shortest taryng,
Into his nette Creseides herte bring,
To this entent he couthe never fine,
To fishen her, he laid out hooke and line.

But nathelesse, well in his herte he thought,
That she nas nat without a love in Troy,
For never sithen he her thence brought,
Ne couth he see her laugh, or maken joy,
He n'is how best her herte for t'acoeie,
But for t'assay, he said nought it ne greveth,
For he that naught assaieth, naught atcheveth.

Yet saied he to himselfe upon a night,
"Now am I nat a foole, that wote well how
Her wo is, for love of another wight,
And hereupon to gone assay her now,

I may well wete, it'n'll nat ben my prow,
For wise folke in bookes it expresse,
Men shall nat wowe a wight in hevinesse.

"But who so might winnen such a floure
Fro him, for whom she mourneth night and day,
He might saine he were a conquerour :
And right anon, as he that bold was aye,
Thought in his herte, hap how hap may,
All should I dye, I woll her herte seech,
I shall no more lesen but my speech."

This Diomedes, as bookes us declare,
Was in his nedes prest and courageous,
With sterne voice, and mighty limmes square,
Hardy, testife, strong, and chevalrous
Of deedes like his father Tideus,
And some men saine he was of tonge large,
And heire he was of Calcidony and Arge.

Creseide meane was of her stature,
Thereto of shape, of face, and eke of chere,
There might ben no fairer creature,
And ofte time this was her manere,
To gone ytressed with her haire clere
Downe by her colere, at her backe behind,
Which with a threde of gold she would bind.

And save her browes joyneden yfere,
There nas no lacke, in aught I can espie,
But for to speaken of her eyen clere,
Lo, truly they writen that her seien,
That Paradis stood formed in her eien,
And with her riche beauty evermore
Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eke simple, and wise withall,
The best ynorished eke that might bee,
And goodly of her spech in general,
Charitable, estately, lusty, and free,
Ne nevermore, ne lacked her pitee,
Tender hearted, sliding of corage,
But truly I can nat tell her age.

And Troilus well woxen was in hight,
And complete formed by proportioun,
So well that Kind it naught amenden might,
Young, fresh, strong, and hardy as lioun,
Trew as steele, in ech conditioun,
One of the best enteched creature,
That is or shall, while that the world may dure

And certainly, in story as it is fond,
That Troilus was never unto no wight
As in his time, in no degree second,
In daring do that longeth to a knight,
All might a giant passen him of might,
His herte aye with the first and with the best,
Stood peregall to dare done what him lest.

But for to tellen forth of Diomedes,
It fell, that after on the tenthe day,
Sens that Creseide out of the city yede,
This Diomedes, as fresh as branch in May,
Came to the tente there as Calcas lay,
And fained him with Calcas have to done,
But what he ment, I shall you tellen sone.

Creseide at shorte wordes for to tell,
Welcommed him, and downe him by her sette.
And he was ethe ynough to maken dwell,
And after this, withouten longe lette,

The spices and the wine men forth hem fette,
And forth they speke of this and that yfere,
As friendes done, of which some shall ye here.

He gan first fallen of the warre in spech
Betwixen hem and the folke of Troy toun,
And of th'assiege he gan eke her beseech,
To tellen him what was her opinioun :
Fro that demaund he so discendeth doun,
To asken her, if that her straunge thought
The Greekes gise, and werkes that they wrought :

And why her father tarieth so long
To wedden her unto some worthy wight ?
Creseide that was in her paines strong,
For love of Troilus her owne knight,
So ferforth as she cunning had or might,
Answerde him tho, but as of his entent,
It seemed nat she wiste what he ment.

But nathelesse, this ilke Diomedee
Gan on himselfe assure, and thus he seide :
" If I aright have taken on you hede,
Methinketh thus, O lady mine Creseide,
That sens I first hond on your bridle leide,
Whan I out came of Troy by the morrow,
Ne might I never seene you but in sorrow.

" I can nat saine what may the cause be,
But if for love of some Trojan it were,
The which right sore would a thinken me,
That ye for any wight that dwelleth there,
Shoulden spill a quarter of a tere,
Or pitously your selven so begile,
For dredelesse it is nat worth the while.

" The folke of Troy, as who saith all and some,
In prison ben, as ye your selven see,
Fro thence shall nat one on live come,
For all the gold atwixen summe and see,
Trusteth well, and understandeth mee,
There shall nat one to mercy gone on live,
All were he lord of worldes twise five.

" Such wreech on hem for fetching of Heleine
There shall be take, ere that we hence wend,
That Maunes, which that goddes ben of peine,
Shall ben agast that Grekes wol hem shend,
And men shall drede unto the worldes end
From henceforth to ravishen any queene,
So cruell shall our wreeche on hem be seene.

" And but if Calcas lede us with ambages,
That is to saine, with double wordes slie,
Such as men clepen a word with two visages,
Ye shall well knowen that I nat ne lie,
And all this thing right sene it with your eie,
And that anon, ye nil nat trow how soone,
Now taketh hede, for it is for to doone.

" What wene ye your wise father would
Have yeven Antenor for you anone,
If he ne wiste that the city should
Destructed ben ? why nay so mote I gone,
He knew full well there shall nat scapen one
That Trojan is, and for the greate feie
He durste yat that ye dwelt lenger there.

" What wou sze more, O lovesome lady dere !
Let Troydely Troians from your herte passe,
Drive omine h'bitter hope, and make good chere,
And clenst somethe beaute of your face,

That ye with salte teares so deface,
For Troy is brought in such a jeopardie,
That it to save is now no remedee.

" And thinketh well, ye shall in Grekes find
A more perfite love, ere it be night,
Than any Troian is, and more kind,
And bet to serven you woll done his might,
And if ye vouchsafe my lady bright,
I woll ben he, to serven you my selve,
Ye lever than be lord of Greces twelve."

And with that word he gan to waxen reed,
And in his spech a little while he quoke,
And cast aside a little with his heed,
And stint a while, and afterward he woke,
And soberly on her he threw his loke,
And said, " I am, albeit to you no joy,
As gentill a man as any wight in Troy.

" For if my father Tideus " (he seide)
" Ylived had, I had ben ere this,
Of Calcidonie and Arge a king, Creseide,
And so hope I that I shall be ywis :
But he was slaine alas, the more harme is,
Unhappily at Thebes all to rathe,
Polimite, and many a man to scathe.

" But herte mine, sithe that I am your man,
And ben the first, of whom I seeche grace,
To serve you as heartely as I can,
And ever shall, while I to live have space,
So that, ere I depart out of this place,
Ye woll me graunte, that I may to morow
At better leiser tell you of my sorow."

What shuld I tell his wordes that he seide ?
He spake ynough for o day at the mest
It pveveth well he spake so, that Creseide
Graunted on the morrow at his request
For to speake with him at the least,
So that he n'olde speake of such matere,
And thus she to him said, as ye mowe here.

As she that had her herte on Troilus
So fast, that there may it none arace,
And strangely she spake, and said thus :
" O Diomedee, I love that ilke place
There was I borne, and Joves of thy grace
Deliver it soone of all that doth it care,
God for thy might so leve it well to fare.

" That Grekes wold hir wrath on Troie wreke
If that they might, I know it well ywis,
But it shall naught befallen as ye speke,
And God toforne, and farther over this,
I wote my father wise and ready is,
And that he me hath bought, as ye me told,
So dere am I the more unto him hold.

" That Greekes ben of high condition,
I wote eke well, but certaine men shall find
As worthie folke within Troie toun,
As conning, as perfite, and as kinde,
As ben betwixte Orcaedes and Inde,
And that ye coulde well your lady serve
I trow eke well, her thonke for to deserve.

" But as to speake of love, ywis " (she seide)
" I had a lord, to whom I wedded was,
His whose mine herte was all till he deide,
And other love, as helpe me now Fallas,

There in mine herte n'is, ne never was,
And that ye ben of noble and lugh kinrede,
I have well herde it tellen out of drede.

"And that doth me to have so great a wonder,
That ye woll scornen any woman so,
Eke God wote, love and I ben fer asonder,
I am disposed bet, so mote I go,
Unto my death plaine and make me ;
What I shall after done, I can not say,
But truely as yet me list nat play.

"Mine herte is now in tribulatioun,
And ye in armes busie day by day,
Hereafter whan ye wonen have the toun,
Paraventure than, so it happen may,
That whan I see that I never ere sey,
Than woll I werke that I never ere wrought,
This word to you ynough suffisen ought.

"To morow eke wol I speken with you faine,
So that ye touchen naught of this matere,
And whan you list, ye may come here againe,
And ere ye gone, thus much I say you here,
As helpe me Pallas, with her hairens clere,
If that I should of any Greeke have routh,
It shulde be your selven by my trouth.

"I say nat therefore that I woll you love,
Ne say nat nay, but in conclusioun,
I meane well by God that sit above :"
And therewithall she cast her eien down,
And gan to sigh, and said, "Troilus and Troy toun
Yet bidde I God, in quiet and in rest
I may you seene, or do mine herte brest."

But in effect, and shortly for to say,
This Diomedé all freshly new againe
Gan preasen on, and fast her mercy pray,
And after this, the soothie for to saine,
Her glove he toke, of which he was full faine,
And fina'ly, whan it was woxen eve,
And all was well, he rose and tooke his leve.

The bright Venus folowed and aie taught
The way there brode Phebus doune alight,
And Cithera her chare horse over raught,
To whirle out of the Lion, if she might,
And Signifer his candles sheweth bright,
Whan that Creseide unto her bed went,
Within her fathers faire bright tent.

Retourning in her soule aye up and down
The wordes of this suddaine Diomedé,
His great estate, and perill of the toun,
And that she was alone, and had nede
Of friends help, and thus began to brede
The cause why, the soothie for to tell,
She tooke fully purpose for to dwell.

The morow came, and ghostly for to speke,
This Diomedé is come unto Creseide,
And shortly, least that ye my tale breke,
So well he for himselfe spake and seide,
That all her sighes sore doune he leide,
And finally, the soothie for to saine,
He refte her the great of all her paine.

And after this, the story telleth us,
That she him yave the faire bay stede,
The which she ones wan of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little nede)

That Troilus' was, she yave this Diomedé,
And eke the bet from sorow him to releve,
She made him weare a pencell of her sleve.

I find eke in stories elsewhere,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomedé
Of Troilus, tho wept she many a tere,
Whan that she saw his wide woundes blede,
And that she tooke to kepen him good hede,
And for to healen him of his smart,
Men saine, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

But truely the storie telleth us,
There made never woman more wo
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus,
She said "Alas, for now is clene ago
My name in trowth of love for evermo,
For I have falsed one the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest.

"Alas, of me unto the worldes end
Shall neither ben ywritten or ysong
No good worde, for these bokes woll me shend ;
Yrolled shall I been on many a tong,
Throughout the world my bell shall be rong,
And wemen most woll hate me of all,
Alas, that such a caas me should fall.

"They woll saine, in as much as in me is,
I have hem done dishonour welaway,
All be I not the first that did amis,
What helpeth that, to done my blame away,
But sens I see there is no better way,
And that too late is now for me to rue,
To Diomedé I woll algate be true.

"But Troilus, sens I no better may,
And sens that thus departen ye and I,
Yet pray I God so yeve you right good day,
As for the gentillest knight truely
That ever I saw, to serven faithfully,
And best can aye his ladies honour kepe,"
And with that word she brast anon to wepe.

"And certes, you ne haten shall I never,
And friends love, that shall ye have of me,
And my good word, all should I liven ever,
And truely I would right sorrie be,
For to seene you in adversite,
And guiltlesse I wot well I you leave,
And all shall passe, and thus take I my leave."

But truely how long it was bitwene,
That she forsoke him for this Diomedé,
There is none anouthor telleth it I wene,
Take every man now to his bookes hede,
He shall no terme finden, out of drede,
For though that he began to wowe her some,
Ere he her wan, yet was there more to done.

Ne me ne list this selie woman chide
Ferther than the storie woll devise,
Her name alas, is published so wide,
That for her gilt it ought ynough suffice,
And if I might excuse her in any wise,
For she so sorrie was for her untrouth,
Ywis I would excuse her yet for routh.

This Troilus, as I before have told,
Thus driveth forth, as wel as he had dwelt,
But ofte was his herte hote and cruelly
And namely that ilke ninthe night,

Which on the morrow she had him beight
To come ayen, God wote full little rest
Had he that night, nothing to slepe him lest.

The laurer crowned Phebus, with his heat
Gan in his course aie upward as he went,
To warnen of the east sea the waves wete,
And Circes doughtier song, with fresh entent,
Whan Troilus his Pandare after sent,
And on the walles of the towne they pleide,
To looke, if they can seene ought of Creseide.

Till it was noone, they stooden for to see
Who that there came, and every maner wight
That came fro ferre, they saiden it was shec,
Till that they coulden knowen him aright :
Now was his herte dull, now was it light,
And thus bejaped stooden for to stare
About naught, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide
" For aught I wot, before noone sikerly,
Into this toune ne cometh not here Creseide,
She hath ynough to doen hardely
To winnen from her father, so trow I,
Her olde father woll yet make her dine
Ere that she go, God yove his herte pine."

Pandarus answerd, " It may well ben certain
And forthy let us dine, I thee beseech,
And after noone than maist thou come again :"
And home they go, without more speech,
And comen ayen, but long may they seech,
Ere that they finde that they after gape,
Fortune hem bothe thinketh for to jape.

(Quod Troilus) " I see well now that she
Is taried with her old father so,
That ere she come, it woll nigh even be.
Come forth, I woll unto the yate go,
These porters ben unkonning evermo,
And I woll done hem holden up the yate,
As naught ne were, although she come late."

The day goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came nat to Troilus Creseide,
He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by greve,
And ferre his head over the wall he leide,
And at the last he tourned him and seide,
" By God I wote her meaning now Pandare,
Almost ywis all newe was my care.

" Now doubtesse this lady can her good,
I wote she commeth riding prively,
I commend her wisdom by mine hood,
She woll nat maken people nicely
Goure on her whan she commeth, but softly
By night into the toune she thinketh ride,
And, dere brother, thinke nat long to abide,

" We have naught else for to done ywis,
And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowen me,
Have here my trowth, I see her, yon she is,
Heave up thine eyen man, mayst thou nat see ?"
Pandare answerde, " Nay, so mote I the,
Al wropg by God, what saist thou man, wher art,
That I see yonde afarre, n'is but a cart."

" Alas, thou sayst right sooth," (quod Troilus)
" But hardely it is not all for nought,
That in mine herte I now rejoyce thus,
It is ayenst some good, I have a thought,

Not I nat how, but sens that I was wrought,
Ne felt I such a comfort dare I say,
She cometh to night, my life that durst I lay."

Pandarus answerde, " It may be well ynough,"
And held with him of all that ever he saied,
But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,
And to himselfe full soberly he saied,
" From hasell wood, there jolly Robin plaid,
Shall come all that thou abidest here,
Ye, farwell all the snow of ferne yere."

The wardein of the yates gan to call
The folk, which that without the yates were,
And bad hem driven in hir beastes all,
Or all the night they must bleven there,
And ferre within the night, with many a tere,
This Troilus gan homeward for to ride,
For well he seeth it helpeh nat to abide.

But nathelesse, he gladded him in this,
He thought he misacompted had his day,
And saied, " I understand have all amys,
For thilke night I laste Creseide sey,
She sayd, " I shall ben here, if that I may,
Ere that the Moone, () dere herte swete,
The Lion passe out of this Ariete."

" For which she may yet hold all her behest,"
And on the morrow unto the yate he went,
And up and doune, by west and eke by east
Upon the walles made he many a went,
But all for naught, his hope alway him blent,
For which at night, in sorow and sighe sore,
He went him home, withouten any more.

This hope all cleave out of his herte fled,
He ne hath whereon now lenger for to hong,
But for the paine him thought his herte bled,
So were his throwes sharp, and wonder strong,
For whan he saw that she abode so long,
He n'ist what he judgen of it might,
Sens she hath broken that she him beight.

The thirde, fourth, fifte, and sixt day
After tho dayes tenne, of which I told,
Betwixen hope and drede his herte lay,
Yet somewhat trusting on her hestes old,
But whan he saw she n'olde her terme hold,
He can now seene none other remedie,
But for to shape him soone for to die.

Therwith the wicked spirit, God us blesse,
Which that men clepen woode jealousie,
Gan in him crepe, in all this hevinesse,
For which because he would soone die,
He ne eat ne dronke for his melancholie,
And eke from every company he fled,
This was the life that all this time he led.

He so defaite was, that no manner man,
Unneth he might knowen there he went,
So was he leane, and thereto pale and wan,
And feeble, that he walketh by potent,
And with his ire he thus himselfe shent :
But who so asked him whereof him smart,
He sayd, his harme was all about his herte.

Priam full off, and eke his mother deie,
His bretherne and his sustren gan him frain
Why he so sorrowfull was in all his chere,
And what thing was the cause of all his pain ;

But all for naught, he n'olde his cause plain,
But sayd, he felt a grievous maladie
About his herte, and faine he would die.

So on a day he laid him down to slepe,
And so befell, that in slepe him thought,
That in a forrest fast he walked to wepe
For love of her that him these paines wrought.
And up and doune as he that forrest sought,
He met he saw a bore, with tuskes great,
That slept ayenst the bright Sunnes heat.

And by this bore, fast in her armes fold
Lay kissing aye his lady bright Creseide,
For sorrow of which, whan he it gan behold,
And for dispite, out of his slepe he breide,
And loude he cried on Pandarus, and seide,
"O Pandarus, now know I crop and root,
I n'am but dead, there n'is none other boot.

"My lady bright Creseide hath me betraied,
In whom I trusted most of any wight,
She elsewhere hath now her herte apaied,
The blisfull goddess, through hir greate might,
Have in my dreame yshewed it full right,
Thus in my dreame Creseide have I behold,"
And all this thing to Pandarus he told.

"O my Creseide, alas, what subtelte ?
What newe lust ? what beauty ? what science ?
What wrail of juste cause have ye to me ?
What guilt of me ? what fell experience
Hath me rafte, alas, thine advertence ?
O trust, O faith, O depe assurance,
Who hath me raft Creseide, all my pleasance ?

"Alas, why let I you from hence go ?
For which well nigh out of my wit I breide,
Who shall now throw on any othes mo ?
God wote I wend, O lady bright Creseide,
That every word was gospel that ye seide,
But who may bet beguile, if him list,
Than he on whom men wenen best to trist ?

"What shall I done, my Pandarus, alas ?
I fele now so sharpe a newe paine,
Sens that there is no remedy in this caas,
That bet were it I with mine hondes twaine
My selven slow than alway thus to plaine,
For through the death my wo shuld have an end,
There every day with life my self I shend."

Pandarus answerde and said, "Alas the while
That I was borne, have I nat saied er this,
That dreames many a manner man beguile ?
And why ? For folke expounden hem amis :
How darrest thou saine that false thy lady is,
For any dreame, right for thine own drede,
Let be this thought, thou canst no dreames rede.

"Peraventure there thou dremest of this bore,
It may so be that it may signifie
Her father, whi h that old is and eke hore,
Ayen the sunne lieth on point to die,
And she for sorow ginneth wepe and crie,
And kisseth him, there he lieth on the ground,
Thus shuldest thou thy dreame aright expound."

"How might I then doen" (quod Troilus)
"To know of this, yea were never so lite ?"
"Now sayst thou wisely," (quod this Pandarus)
"My rede is this, sens thou canst well endite,

That hastily a letter thou her write,
Through which thou shalt well bringen about
To know a sooth of that thou art in dout.

"And see now why : for this dare I well saine,
That if so is, that she untrue be,
I cannot trowen that she woll write again,
And if she write, thou shalt full sone ysee,
As whether she hath any libertie
To come ayen, or els in some clause
If she be let, she woll assigne a cause.

"Thou hast not written to her sens she went,
Nor she to thee, and this I durst lay,
There may such cause ben in her entent,
That hardly thou wolt thy selven say,
That her abode the best is for you way :
Now write her than, and thou shalt fele sone
A sooth of all, there is no more to done."

Accorded ben to this conclusioun,
And that anon, these ilke lords two,
And hastily sate Troilus adoun,
And rolleth in his herte too and fro,
How he may best descriven his wo,
And to Creseide his owne lady dere,
He wrote right thus, and said as ye may here.

THE COPIE OF THE LETTER.

"RIGHT fresh flour, whose I have ben and shall,
Withouten part of elsewhere servise,
With herte, body, life, lust, thought, and all,
I wofull wight in every humble wise
That tong can tell, or herte may devise,
As oft as matter occupieth place,
Me recomaund unto your noble grace.

"Liketh it you to weten, sweete herte,
As ye well know, how long time agon
That ye me left in aspre paines smart,
Whan that ye went, of which yet bote non
Have I non had, but ever worse bigon,
Fro day to day am I, and so mote dwell,
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.

"For which to you, with dredefull herte trew,
I write (as he that sorow driveth to write)
My wo, that every houre increaseth new,
Complaining as I dare, or can endite,
And that defaced is, that may ye wite,
The teares, which that from mine eyen rain,
That wulden speke, if that they durst, and plain

"You first beseech I, that your eyen clere
To looke on this defouled ye nat hold :
And over all this, that ye, my lady dere,
Woll vouchsafe this letter to behold,
And by the cause eke of my cares cold,
That slaeth my wit, if aught amis me start,
Foryeve it me, mine owne sweet herte.

"If any servaunt durst or ought of right
Upon his lady pitously complaine,
Than wene I that I ought be that wight,
Considred this, that ye these moneths twaine
Have taried, there ye saiden sooth to saine,
But tenne daies ye nolde in hoste sojourne,
But in two moneths yet ye not retourne.

"But for as much as me mote nedes like
All that you list, I dare nat plaine more,

But humbly, with sorowfull sighes sike,
You right I mine unrestre sorowes sore,
Fro day to day, desiring evermore
To knownen fully, if your will it were,
How ye have fared and don while ye be there.

" Whose welfare and heale eke God encrease
In honour such, that upward in degree
It growe alway, so that it never cease,
Right as your herte aye can, my lady free,
Devise, I pray to God so mote it be,
And graunt it, that you soone upon me rew,
As wisely as in all I am to you trew.

" And if you liketh knownen of the fare
Of me, whose wo ther may no wight discrive,
I can no more, but chest of every care,
At writing of this letter I was on live,
All redy out my wofull ghost to drive,
Which I delay, and hold him yet in hond,
Upon the sight of matter of your sond.

" Mine eyen two, in vaine with which I see,
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxen wellis,
My song in plaint of mine adversite,
My good in harm, mine ease eke woxen Hell is,
My joy in wo, I can sey now nought ellis,
But tounred is, for which my life I warie,
Every joy or ease in his contrarie.

" Which with you coming home ayen to Troy
Ye may redresse, and more a thousand sithe,
Than ever I had encreasen in me joy,
For was there never herte yet so bliihe
To save his life, as I shall ben as swithe
As I you see, and though no manner routh
Can meven you, yet thinketh on your trouth.

" And if so be my gilt hath death deserved,
Or if you list no more upon me see,
In guerdon yet of that I have you served,
Beseech I you, mine owne lady free,
That hereupon ye wolden write me
For love of God, my right lodesterre,
That death may make an end of al my werre.

" If other cause aught doth you for to dwell,
That with your letter ye may me recomfort,
For though to me your absence is an Hell,
With patience I woll my wo comfort,
And with your letter of hope I woll disport :
Now writeth, swete, and let me thus nat plaine,
With hope or deathe delivereth me fro paine.

" Ywis, mine owne dere herte trew,
I wote that whan ye next upon me see,
So lost have I mine heale and eke mine hew,
Creseide shall not conne knownen me,
Ywis, mine hertes day, my lady free,
So thursteth aye mine herte to behold
Your beautie, that unneith my life I hold.

" I say no more, all have I for to sey
To you well more than I tell may,
But whether that ye do me live or dey,
Yet pray I God so yeve you right good day,
And fareth well, goodly faire fresh May,
As ye that life or death me may commaund,
And to your trouth aye I me recommaund.

" With heale such, that but ye yeven me
The same heale, I shall none heale have,

In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,
The day in which me clothen shall my grave,
And in you my life, in you might for to save
Me fro disease of all my paines smart,
And fare now well, mine owne sweet herte.
" Le vostre T."

This letter forth was sent unto Creseide,
Of which her answeere in effect was this,
Full pitously she wrote ayen, and seide,
That all so soone as she might ywis,
She would come, and amend all that was amis,
And finally, she wrote and saied than,
She would come, ye, but she nist whan.

But in her letter made she such feasts,
That wonder was, and swore she loved him best,
Of which he found but bottomlesse bihests.
But Troilus thou mayst now east and west
Pipe in an ivie leafe, if that thee lest :
Thus goth the world, God shilde us fro mischaunce,
And every wight that meaneth trouth avaunce.

Encreasen gan the wo fro day to night
Of Troilus, for taryng of Creseide,
And lessen gan his hope and eke his might,
For which all down he in his bedde him leide,
He ne eat, dronke, ne slept, ne worde seide,
Imagining aye that she was unkind,
For which wel nigh he wext out of his mind.

This dreme, of which I told have eke beforen,
May never come out of his remembrance,
He thought aye well he had his lady lorne,
And that Joves, of his purveyaunce,
Him shewed had in sleepe the signifaunce
Of her untrouth, and his disaventure,
And that the bore was shewed him in figure.

For which he for Sibille his suster sent,
That called was Cassandre eke all about,
And all his dreame he told her ere he stont,
And her besought assoilen him the dout
Of the strong bore, with tuskes stout,
And finally, within a little stound,
Cassandre him gan thus his dreme expound.

She gan first smile, and said, " O brother dere,
If thou a sooth of this desired to know,
Thou must a fewe of old stories here,
To purpose how that fortune overthrow
Hath lordes old, through which within a throw
Thou shalt this bore know, and of what kind
He comen is, as men in bookes find.

" Diane, which that wroth was and in ire,
For Greekes n'olde done her sacrifice,
Ne incens upon her altar set on fire,
She for that Greekes gon her so dispise,
Wrake her in a wonder cruell wise,
For with a bore as great as oxen in stall,
She made up frete her corne and vines all.

" To slee the bore was all the country raised,
Emong whiche there came this bore to se
A maid, one of this world the best ypraised,
And Meleager, lord of that cuntry :
He loved so this freshe maiden free,
That with his manhood, ere he wold stent,
This bore he slough, and her the hed he sent.

"Of whiche, as olde bookes tellen us,
There rose a conteke and a great envie,
And of this lord descended Tideus
By line, or els old bookes lie :
But how this Meleager gan to die
Through his mother, woll I you not tell,
For all too long it were for to dwell."

She told eke how Tideus, ere she stent,
Unto the strong cite of Thebes
(To claimen kingdome of the cite) went
For his fellowe dan Polimites,
Of which the brother dan Ethiocles
Full wrongfully of Thebes held the strength.
This told she by processe all by length.

She told eke how Hemonides astart,
Whan Tideus slough fiftie knightes stout,
She told eke all the prophesies by herte,
And how that seven kinges with hir rout
Besiegeden the cite all about,
And of the holy serpent, and the well,
And of the furies all she gan him tell.

*Associat profugus Tideus primo Polylicem,
Tideia ligatum docet insidasque secundo,
Tortius Ilamoniden canit, et vatem latitantem,
Quartus habet reges incuntes praelia septem,
Iemnidatum furia quinto narratur et anguis,
Archemori bustum sexto ludique sequuntur.
Dat Thebus vates Graiorum septimus umbris,
Octavo cecidit Tideus, spes, vita Pelasgum,
Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenopeo,
Fulmine percussus decimo Capeneus superatur,
Undecimo perimunt sese per vulnera fratres,
Argivum fentem, narrat duodenus et ignem.*

Of Archinories burying, and the plaies,
And how Amphiorax fill through the ground,
How Tideus was slaine, lord of Argeis,
And how Hippomedon in a little stound
Was dreint, and dead Parthenope of wound;
And also how Campaneus the proud
With thunder dint was slaine, that cried loud.

She gan eke tell him how that either brother
Ethiocles and Polinices also
At a scarmishe eche of hem slouth other,
And of Argives weeping and her mo,
And how the toun was brent she told eke tho,
And tho descended down from gestes old
To Diomedé, and thus she spake and told.

"This ilke bore betokeneth Diomedé,
Tideus son, that down descended is
Fro Meleager, that made the bore to blede,
And thy lady, where so she be ywis,
This Diomedé her herte hath, and she is his :
Weep if thou wolt or leave, for out of doubt
This Diomedé is in, and thou art out."

"Thou sayst not sooth," (quod he) "thou sor-
With all thy false ghost of prophecie, [Ceresse,
Thou wenest been a great devineresse,
Now seest thou nat this foole of fantasie,
Painen her on ladies for to lie,
Away," (quod he) "there Joves yeve the sorow,
That shalt be fals peraventure yet to morow.

"As well thou mightest lien on good Alceste,
That was of creatures (but men lie)
That ever weren, kindest, and the best,

For whan her husband was in jeopardie
To die himselfe, but if she would die,
She chese for him to die, and gon to Hell,
And starfe anon, as us the bookes tell."

Cassandre goeth, and he with cruell herte
Foryate his wo, for anger of his speech,
And fro his bedde all suddainly he start,
As though a hole him had ymade a leech,
And day by day he gan require and seelch
A sooth of this, with all his full cure,
And thus he driveth forth his aventure.

Fortune which that permutacion
Of all things hath, as it is her committed,
Through purveyaunce and disposition
Of high Jove, as reignes shall ben flitted
Fro folk to folk, or whan they shal ben smitted,
Gan pull away the feathers bright of Troy
Fro day to day till they ben bare of joy.

Emong all this, the fine of the jeopardie
Of Hector gan approchen wonder blive,
The fate would his soule should unbodie,
And shapen had a meane it out to drive,
Ayenst which fate him helpeth not to strive,
But on a day to fighten gan he wend,
At which alas, he caught his lives end.

For which me thinketh every manner wight
That haunteth armes, ought to bevaile
The death of him that was so noble a knight :
For as he drough a king by th'availe
Unware of this, Achilles through the maile
And through the bodie gan him for to rive,
And thus the worthy knight was rest of live.

For whom, as old bookes tellen us,
Was made such wo, that tong it may nat tell,
And namely, the sorow of Troilus,
That next him was of worthinesse the well,
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,
That what for sorow, love, and for unrest,
Full oft a day he had his lerte brest.

But nathelesse, tho he gon him dispaire,
And drede aye that his lady was untrue,
Yet aye on her his herte gan repaire,
And as these lovers done, he sought aye new
To get ayen Creseide bright of hew,
And in his herte he went her excusing,
That Calcas caused all her tarying.

And oft time he was in purpose great,
Himselven like a pilgrime to disguise,
To seene her, but he may not counterfeat,
To ben unknowen of folke that weren wise,
Ne find excuse aright that may suffice,
If he among the Grekes known were,
For which he wept full oft many a tere.

To her he wrote yet oft time all new,
Full pitously, he left it nat for slouth,
Beseeching her, sens that he was true,
That she woll come ayen, and hold her trowth,
For which Creseide upon a day for routh,
I take it so, touching all this matere,
Wrote him ayen, and said as ye may here.

"Cupides sonne, ensample of goodlihede,
O swerde of knighthood, sours of gentillesse,
How might a wight in turment and in drede,

And healesse, you send as get gladnesse,
I hertelesse, I sicke, I in distresse,
Sens ye with me, nor I with you may deale,
You neither send I herte may nor heale.

“Your letters full the paper all iplainted,
Conceivd hath mine hertes pite,
I have eke seene with teares all depainted,
Your letter, and how that ye requiren me
To come ayen, which yet ne may not be,
But why, leas that this letter founden were,
No mention ne make I now for fere.

“Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,
Your hast, and that the Goddes ordinaunce
It seemeth nat ye take it for the best,
Nor other thing n’is in your remembrance,
As thinketh me, but only your pleasure,
But both not wroth, and that I you beseech,
For that I tary is all for wicked speech.

“For I have heard well more than I wend
Touching us two, how things have ystond,
Which I shall with dissimuling amend,
And both nat wroth, I have eke understand,
How ye ne do but holden me in hond,
But now no force, I can nat in you gesse,
But all trouth and all gentillesse.

“Come I woll, but yet in such disjoint
I stond as now, that what yere or what day
That this shall be, that can I nat appoint,
But in effect I pray you as I may
Of your good word, and of your friendship ay,
For truly while that my life may dure,
As for a friend ye may in me assure.

“Yet pray I you, no evill ye ne take
That it is short which that I to you write,
I dare nat there I am well letters make,
Ne never yet ne could I well endite,
Eke great effect, men write in place lite,
Th’entent is all, and nat the letters space,
And fareth well, God have you in his grace.
“La vostre C.”

This Troilus thought this letter all straunge
Whan he it saw, and sorowfully he sight,
Him thought it like a kalends of eschange,
But finally he full ne trowen might,
That she ne would him holden that she hight,
For with fu. evell will list him to leve,
That loveth well in such case, though him greve.

But nathelesse, men saine that at the last,
For any thing, men shall the soothe see,
And such a case betide, and that as fast,
That Troilus well understand that she
N’as nat so kind as that her ought to be,
And finally, he wote now out of dout,
That all is lost that he hath ben about.

Stood on a day in his melancholy
This Troilus, and in suspicioun
Of her, for whom he wend to dye,
And so befell, that throughout Troie toun,
As was the guise, yborne was up and doun
A manner cote armoure, as saith the story,
Before Deiphebe, insigne of his victory.

The whiche cote, as telleth Lollius,
Deiphebe it hath rent fro Diomed

The same day, and whan this Troil^{us}
It saw, he gan to taken of it hede,
Avising of the length and of the brede,
And all the werke, but as he gan behold,
Full sodainly his herte gan to cold.

As he that on the coler found within
A brooch, that he Creseide yave at morow
That she from Troy must nedes twin,
In remembrance of him, and of his sorow,
And she him laid ayen her faith to borow,
To keepe it aye: but now full well he wist,
His lady nas no longer on to trist.

He goth him home, and gan full soone send
For Pandarus, and all this newe chauce,
And of this broch, he told him word and end,
Complaining of her hertes variaunce,
His longe love, his trouth, and his pennaunce,
And after Death, without words more,
Full fast he cried, his rest him to restore.

Than spake he thus, “O lady mine Creseide,
Where is your faith, and where is your behest?
Where is your love, where is your trouth?” he seide,
“Of Diomed have ye now all the fest?
Alas, I would have trowed at the leas,
That sens ye n’olde in trouthe to me stond,
That ye thus n’olde have holden me in hond.

“Who shall now trowen on any othes mo?
Alas, I never would have wend ere this,
That ye, Creseide, could have chaunged so,
Ne but I had agilt, and done amis;
So cruell wend I nat your herte ywis,
To slee me thus, alas, your name of trouth
Is now fordone, and that is all my routh.

“Was there none other broche you list lete,
To feast with your new love,” (quod he)
“But thilke broche that I with teres wete
You yave, as for a remembrance of me?
None other cause alas, ne had ye,
But for despite, and eke for that ye ment
All utterly to shewen your entent.

“Through which I see, that clene out of your mind
Ye have me cast, and I ne can nor may
For all this world within mine herte find,
To unloven you a quarter of a day:
In cursd time I borne was, welaway,
That you that done me all this wo endure,
Yet love I best of any creature.

“Now God” (quod he) “me sende yet the grace,
That I may meten with this Diomed,
And truly, if I had might and space,
Yet shall I make I hope his sides blede:
Now God” (quod he) “that oughtest taken hede
To forthren trouth, and wronges to punice,
Why n’ilt thou don a vengeance of this vice.

“O Pandarus, that in dremes for to trist
Me blamed hast, and wont art oft upbreide,
Now mayst thou seen thy self, if that thee list,
How trew is now thy neede, bright Creseide:
In sundry formes (God it wote)” he seide,
“The gods shewen both joy and tene
In slepe, and by my dreame it is now sene.

“And certainly, withouten more speech,
From henceforth, as ferforth as I may,

Mine owne death in armes woll I seech,
I rechee nat how soone be the day,
But truly Creseide, sweet May,
Whom I have with all my might iserved,
That ye thus done, I have it nat deserved."

This Pandarus, that all these thinges herd,
And wiste well he said a sooth of this,
He nat a word ayen to him ansverd,
For sorie of his friends sorrow he is,
And shame for his nece hath done amis,
And stant astonied of these causes twey,
As still as stone, o word ne could he sey.

But at the last, thus he spake and seide,
"My brother dere, I may do thee no more,
What should I saine, I hate wyis Creseide,
And God it wote, I woll hate her evermore :
And that thou me besoughtest done of yore,
Having unto mine honour ne my rest
Right no regard, I did all that thee lest.

"If I did aught that might liken thee,
It is me lefe, and of this treason now,
God wote that it a sorrow is to me,
And dredelesse, for hertes ease of you,
Right faine I would amend it, wist I how :
And fro this world, Almighty God, I pray
Beliver her soone, I can no more say."

Great was the sorow and plaint of Troilus,
But forth her course fortune aye gan hold,
Creseide loveth the soune of Tideous,
And Troilus mote wepe in cares cold,
Such is this world, who so it can behold,
In eche estate is little hertes rest,
God leve us to take it for the best.

In many cruell bataille out of drede,
Of Troilus, this ilke noble knight,
(As men may in these old bookes rede)
Was seen his knighthood and his great might,
And dredelesse his ire day and night
Full cruelly the Grekes aye about,
And alway most this Diomed, he sought.

And oft time (I finde) that they mette
With bloody strokes, and with wordes great,
Assaying how hir speares were whette,
And God it wote, with many a cruell heat
Gan Troilus upon his helme to beat,
But nathelesse, fortune it naught ne would
Of others hond that either dien should.

And if I had ytaken for to write
The armes of this ilke worthy man,
Than would I of his batailles endite,
And for that I to written first began
Of his love, I have said as I can
His worthy deedes, who so list hem here,
Rede Dares, he can tell hem all yfere.

Beseeching every lady bright of hew,
And every gentill woman, what she be,
Albeit that Creseide was untrew,
That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me
Ye may her gilt in other bookes see,
And gladder I would write, if you lest,
Penelopes trowth, and good Alceste.

Ne say I nat this all onely for these men,
But most for women that betrayed be

Through false folk, God yeve hem sorow, amen,
That with hir great wit and subtilite
Betraien you : and this meveth me
To speake, and in effect you all I pray
Beth ware of men, and hearkeneth what I say.

Go, little booke, go, my little tragedie,
There God my maker yet ere that I die,
So send me might to make some comedie :
But little booke, make thou none envie,
But subject ben unto all poeie,
And kisse the steps whereas thou seest paece
Of Vergil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for there is so great diversite
In English, and in writing of our tong,
So pray I to God, that none miswrite thee,
Ne the misse-metre, for defaut of tong :
And redde where so thou be, or eles song,
That thou be understand, God I beseech,
But yet to purpose of my rather speech.

The wrath (as I began you for to sey)
Of Troilus, the Greekes boughten dere,
For thousandes his hondes maden dey,
As he that was withouten any pere,
Save in his time Hector, as I can here,
But welaway, save onely Goddes will,
Dispitously him slough the fierce Achill.

And whan that he was slain in this manere,
His light ghoste full blisfully is went
Up to the hollownesse of the seventh sphere,
In his place leting everiche element,
And there he saw with full avisement
The erratike sterres, herkening armonie,
With sownes full of Heavens melodie.

And down from thence, fast he gan avise
This little spot of earth, that with the see
Enbraaced is, and fully gan despise
This wretched world, and held all vanite
To respect of the plaine felicitye
That is in Heaven above : and at the last,
There he was slaine, his looking down he cast.

And in himselfe he lough, right at the wo
Of hem that wepten for his death so fast,
And dampned all our werkes that followeth so
The blinde lust, whiche that may nat last,
And shoulde all our herte on Heaven cast,
And forth he went, shortly for to tell,
There as Mercurie sorted him to dwell.

Such fine hath lo, this Troilus for love,
Such fine hath all his great worthinesse,
Such fine hath his estate royall above,
Such fine his lust, such fine hath his noblesse,
Such fine hath false worldes brotelnesse,
And thus began his loving of Creseide,
As I have told, and in this wise he deide.

O young fresh folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with your age,
Repaireth home from worldly vanite,
And of your hertes up casteth the visage
To thilke God, that after his image
You made, and thinketh all n'is but a faire,
This world that passeth sone, as floures faire.

And loveth him the which that right for love
Upon a crosse our soules for to bey,

First starfe and rose, and sit in Heven above,
For he n'll falsen no wight dare I sey,
That wol his herte all holy on him ley,
And sens he best to love is and most meeke,
What needeth fained loves for to seeke.

Lo, here of painems cursed olde rites,
Lo, here what all hir goddes may availe,
Lo, here this wretched worldes appetites,
Lo, here the fine and guerdon for travaile,
Of Jove, Apollo, of Mars, and such raskaile,
Lo, here the forme of olde clerkes speech
In poetrie, if ye hir bookes seech.

O morall Gower, this booke I direct
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,

To vouchsafe there need is, to correct,
Of your benignities and zeales good,
And to the soothfast Christ that starfe on rood,
With all mine herte of mercy ever I pray,
And to the Lord aright, thus I speake and say,

Thou one, two, and three, eterne on live,
That rainnest aie in three, two, and one,
Uncircumscrip, and all maist circumscrive,
Us from visible and invisible fone
Defend, and to thy mercy everichone,
So make us, Jesus, to thy mercy digne,
For love of maide, and mother thine benigne.

THUS ENDETH THE FIFTH AND LAST BOOKE OF TROILUS.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

This booke is an imitation of the Romaunt of the Rose, shewing that all are subject to love, what impediments soever to the contrary: containing also those twentie statutes which are to be observed in the Court of Love.

v. 1—70

With temerous herte, and trembling hand of drede,
Of cunning naked, bare of eloquence,
Unto the flour of porte in womanhede
I write, as he that none intelligence
Of metres hath, ne flour of sentence:
Saufe that me list my writing to convey,
In that I can to please her high nobley.

The blosomes fresh of Tullius gardein sote
Present they not, my matter for to born:
Poesmes of Virgil taken here no rote,
Ne craft of Galfride may not here sojourn:
Why n'am I cunning? O well may I mourne
For lacke of science, that I cannot write
Unto the princes of my life aright.

No tearmes digne unto her excellence,
So is she sprong of noble stirpe and high;
A world of honour and of reverence
There is in her, this will I testifie:
Caliope, thou suster wise and slite,
And thou Minerva, guide me with thy grace,
That language rude my matter not deface.

Thy snger droppes sweet of Helicon
Distill in me, thou gentle Muse, I pray,
And thee Melpomene, I call anone,
Of ignorance the mist to chase away:
And give me grace so for to write and say,
That she my lady of her worthinesse
Accept in gree this little short treatesse,

That is entituled thus, The Court of Love:
And ye that ben metriciens me excuse,
I you beseech for Venus sake above,
For what I mean in this, ye need not muse:
And if so be my lady it refuse
For lacke of ornate speech, I would be wo,
That I presume to her to written so.

But my entent, and all my busie cure
Is for to write this treatesse as I can,
Unto my lady, stable, true, and sure,
Faithfull and kind, sith first that she began
Me to accept in service as her man:
To her be all the plASURE of this book,
That whan her like she may it rede and look.

WHAN I was young, at eightene yeare of age,
Lusty and light, desirous of pleasaunce,
Approching on full sadde and ripe courage,
Love arted me to do my observaunce
To his estate, and done him obeisaunce,
Commaunding me the Court of Love to see,
Alite beside the mount of Citharee.

There Citherea goddesse was and quene,
Honoured highly for her majeste,
And eke her sonne, the mighty god I wene,
Cupide the blind, that for I is dignitee
A thousand lovers worship on their knee;
There was I bid in paine of death to pere,
By Mercury the winged messengere.

So than I went by strange and fer countrees,
Enquiring aye what coast had to it drew
The Court of Love; and thiderward as bees,
At last I see the people gan pursue;
And me thought some wight was there that knew
Where that the court was holden ferre or nie,
And after them full fast I gan he.

Anone as I them overtooke I said,
"Haille friends, whither purpose ye to wend?"
"Forsooth," (quod one) that answeredliche a maid,
"To Loves Court now go we gentile friend."
"Where is that place," (quod I) "my fellow hend?"
"At Citheron, sir," said he, "without dout,
The king of love, and all his noble rout

"Dwelthe within a castle rially."

So than apace I journed forth among,
And as he said, so fond I there truly ;
For I beheld the founes high and strong,
And high pinnacles, large of light and long,
With plate of gold besped on every side,
And precious stones, the stone worke for to hide.

No saphire in Inde, no rubie rich of price,
There lacked than, nor emeraud so grene,
Bales Turkes, ne thing to my device,
That may the castle maken for to shene :
All was as bright as sterres in winter bene,
And Phebus shone to make his peace ageine,
For trespas done to high estates tweine,

Venus and Mars, the god and goddesse clere,
Whan he them found in armes cheimed fast ;
Venus was than full sad of herte and chere,
But Phebus' beams streight as is the mast,
Upon the castle ginnech he to cast,
To please the lady, princes of that place,
In signe he looketh after Loves grace.

For there n'is god in Heaven or Hell ywis,
But he hath ben right soget unto Love ;
Jove, Pluto, or whatsoever he is,
Ne creature in yearth, or yet above ;
Of these the revens may no wight approve.
But furthermore, the castle to descrite,
Yet saw I never none so large and hie ;

For unto Heaven it stretcheth, I suppose,
Within and out depeinted wonderly,
With many a thousand daisies rede as rose,
And white also, this saw I verely :
But who tho daisies might do signifie,
Can I not tell, safe that the queenes floure,
Alceste it was that kept there her sojoure ;

Which under Venus lady was and quene,
And Admete king and soveraine of that place,
To whom obeyed the ladies good ninetene,
With many a thousand other bright of face :
And yong men fele came forth with lusty pace,
And aged eke, their homage to dispose,
But what they were I couid not well disclose.

Yet nere and nere forth in I gan me dress
Into an hall of noble apparaile,
With arras spred, and cloth of gold I gesse,
And other silke of esier availe :
Under the cloth of their estate, sauns faile,
The king and quene there sat as I beheld ;
It passed joy of Helise the field.

There saints have their comming and resort,
To seene the king so rially boseine
In purple clad, and eke the quene in sort,
And on their heads saw I crownes twaine,
With stones fret, so that it was no paine,
Withouten meat and drink, to stand and see
The kinges honour and the rialtee.

And for to treat of states with the king,
That ben of counceel cheef, and with the quene ;
The king had Danger nere to him standing,
The quene of love, Disdain, and that was sene :
For by the faith I shall to God, I wene,
Was never straunger none in her degree,
Than was the quene in casting of her eye.

And as I stood perceiving her apart,
And eke the beames shinning of her eyen,
Me thought they weren shapen lich a dart,
Sharpe and persing, and smal and streight of line ;
And all her haire it shone as gold so fine,
Dishivil criske, downe hanging at her backe
A yard in length : and soothly than I spake.

"O bright regina, who made thee so faire ?
Who made thy colour vermelet and white ?
Wher wonneth that god, how far above the aire ?
Great was his craft, and great was his delite.
Now marvell I nothing that ye do hight
The quene of love, and occupie the place
Of Cithare : now sweet lady thy grace."

In mewet spake I so, that nought astart
By no condition word, that might be hard ;
But in my inward thought I gan advert,
And off I said "My wit is dull and hard :"
For with her beauty thus, God wot, I ferde
As doth the man yravished with sight,
Whan I beheld her cristall eyen so bright ;

No respect having what was best to doone,
Till right anone beholding here and there,
I spied a friend of mine, and that full souene,
A gentlewoman, was the chamberere
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shall here,
Philobone, that loved all her life :
Whan she me sey, she led me forth as blife ;

And me demanded how and in what wise
I thither come, and what my errand was ?
"To seen the court" (quod I) "and all the guise,
And eke to sue for pardon and for grace,
And mercy aske for all my great trespae,
That I none erst come to the Court of Love :
Foryeve me this, ye goddess all above."

"That is well said," (quod Philobone) "indede :
But were ye not assomoned to appere
By Mercurius, for that is all my drede ?"
"Yes gentill feire," (quod I) "now am I here ;
Ye yet what tho though that be true my dere ?"
"Of your free will ye should have come unsent ;
For ye did not, I deme ye will be shent :

"For ye that reigne in youth and lustinesse,
Pampind with ease, and jalous in your age,
Your duty is, as ferre as I can gesse,
To Loves Court to dressen your viage,
As soone as nature maketh you so sage,
That ye may know a woman from a swan,
Or whan your foot is growen halfe a span.

"But sith that ye by wilfull negligence
This eightene year hath kept your self at large,
The greater is your trespas and offence,
And in your neck you mote bere all the charge :
For better were ye ben withouten barge
Amidde the sea in tempest and in raine,
Than biden here, receiving wo and paine

"That ordained is for such as them absent
Fro Loves Court by yeres long and fele.
I ley my life ye shall full soone repent,
For Love will rive your colour, lust, and hele ;
Eke ye must bait on many an heavy mele ;
No force ywis : I stirred you long agone
To draw to court" (quod) litle Philobone.

"Ye shall well see how rough and angry face
The king of love will shew, whan ye him se:
By mine advise kneel down and ask him grace,
Eshewing perill and adversite,
For well I wote, it woll none other be ;
Comfort is none, ne counsell to your ease,
Why wot ye than the king of love displeas?"

"O mercy God," (quod iche) "I me repent,
Caitife and wretch in herte, in will, and thought,
And after this shall be mine hole entent
To serve and please, how dere that love be bought:
Yet sith I have mine own pennance yought,
With humble sprite shall I it receive,
Though that the king of love my life bereive.

"And though that fervent loves qualite
In me did never worch truly, yet I
With all obeisaunce and humilite,
And benigne herte shall serve him till I die:
And he that lord of might is great and hie,
Right as him list me chastice and correct,
And punish me with trespase thus infect."

These words said, she caught me by the lap,
And led me forth in till a temple round,
Both large and wide : and as my blessed hap
And good aventure was, right soone I found
A tabernacle raised from the ground,
Where Venus sat, and Cupide by her side :
Yet halfe for drede I can my visage hide ;

Yet eft againe, I looked and beheld,
Seeing full sundry people in the place,
And mistere folke, and some that might not weld
Their limmes wele, me thought a wonder case :
The temple shone with windows all of glass,
Bright as the day with many a fair image ;
And there I see the fresh queen of Cartage,

Dido, that brenth her beauty for the love
Of false Aeneas ; and the waimenting
Of her, Annelida, true as turtle dove
To Arcite fals ; and there was in peynting
Of many a prince, and many a doughty king,
Whose martirdom was shewed about the wals,
And how that fele for love had suffred fals.

But sore I was abashed and astonied
Of all tho folke that there were in that tide,
And than I askeden where they had wonned :
"In divers courts" (quod she) "here beside."
In sundry clothing mantill wise full wide
They were arraied, and did their sacrificie
Unto the god and goddesse in their guise.

"Lo, yonder folke" (quod she) "that kneele in blew,
They weare the colour aye and ever shall,
In signe they were and ever will be trew
Withouten change ; and soothly yonder all
That ben in black, and mourning cry and call
Unto the gods, for their loves bene,
Som sick, som dede, som all to sharp and kene."

"Yea, than" (quod I) "what done these priestes here,
Nonnes and hermites, freres, and all tho,
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene ?"
"Forsooth" (quod she) "they wailen of their wo."
"O mercy lord, may they so come and go
Freely to court and have such liberty ?"
"Yea, men of each condition and degre ;

"And women eke : for, truly, there is none
Exception made, ne never was ne may ;
This court is ope and free for everichone,
The king of love he will not say them may :
He taketh all in poore or rich array,
That meekely serve unto his excellence
With all their herte and all their reverence."

And walking thus about with Philobone
I see where come a messenizere in his
Streight from the king, which let command anon,
Throughout the court to make an ho and cry :
"All new come folke abide, and wote ye why ?
The kings lust is for to seene you some :
Come nere let see, his will mote need be done."

Than gan I me present tofore the king,
Trembling for fere with visage pale of hew,
And many a lover with me was kneeling,
Abashed sore, till unto the time they knew
The sentence yeve of his entent full trew :
And at the last, the king hath me behold
With sterne visage, and seid, "What doth this oid

"Thus ferre ystope in yeres come so late
Unto the court ?" "Forsooth, my liege," (quod I)
"An hundred time I have ben at the gate
Afore this time, yet coud I never espie
Of mine acquaintaunce any in mine eie,
And shamefastnesse away me gan to chace ;
But now I me submit unto your grace."

"Well, all is pardoned, with condition,
That thou be true from henceforth to thy might,
And serven Love in thine entention ;
Swear this, and than, as ferre as it is right,
Thou shalt have grace here in thy quenes sight."
"Yes, by the faith I owe to your croun, I swere,
Though Death therefore me thirliith with his spere."

And whan the king had seene us everychone,
He let commaund an officer in his
To take our fath, and shew us, one by one,
The statutes of the court full busily :
Anon the booke was laid before their eie,
To rede and see what thing we must observe
In Loves Court, till that we die and sterve.

AND for that I was lettred, there I red
The statutes hole of Loves Court and hall :
The first statute that on the booke was spred,
Was to be true in thought and deedes all
Unto the king of love, the lord riall,
And to the quene, as faithfull and as kind,
As I could think with herte, will, and mind.

The second statute, secretly to kepe
Councell of love, not blowing every where
All that I know, and let it sinke and fiete ;
It may not sowne in every wights ere ;
Exiling slaunder aye for drede and fere,
And to my lady which I love and serve,
Be true and kind her grace for to deserve.

The third statute was clerely writt also,
Withouten change to live and die the same,
None other love to take for wele ne wo,
For blind delite, for earnest, nor for game ;
Without repent for laughing or for grame,
To bidden still in full perseveraunce :
All this was hole the kings ordinaunce.

The fourth statute, to purchase ever to here,
And stirren folke to love, and beten fire
On Venus auter, here about and there,
And preach to them of love and hote desire,
And tell how love will quiten well their hire :
This must be kept, and loth me to displeas :
If love be wroth, passe : for thereby is ease.

The fifth statute, not to be daungerous,
If that a thought would reve me of my slepe ;
Nor of a sight to be over squemous ;
And so verely this statute was to kepe,
To turne and wallow in my bed and wepe,
Whan that my lady of her cruelty
Would from her herte exilen all pity.

The sixt statute, it was for me to use
Alone to wander, void of company,
And on my ladies beauty for to muse,
And to thinke it no force to live or die
And eft againe to thinke the remedie,
How to her grace I might anone attaine,
And tell my wo unto my sovaine.

The seventh statute, was to be patient,
Whether my lady joyfull were or wroth,
For words glad or heavy, diligent,
Wheder that she me helden lefe or loth :
And hereupon I put was to mine oth,
Her for to servce, and lowly to obey,
In shewing her my chere, ye, twenty sithc aday.

The eighth statute, to my remembrance,
Was to speaken and pray my lady dere,
With hourelly labour and great entandaunce,
Me for to love with all her herte entere,
And me desire, and make me joyfull chere,
Right as she is surmounting every faire,
Of beauty well and gentle debonaire.

The ninth statute, with letters writ of gold,
This was the sentence, how that I, and all,
Should ever dread to be to overbold
Her to displeas ; and truly, so I shall,
But ben content for thinge that may fall,
And meekely take her chastisement and yerd,
And to offend her ever ben aferd.

The tenth statute, was egally to discernce
Betwene the lady and thine ability,
And thinke thy selfe art never like to yerne,
By right, her mercy nor her equity,
But of her grace and womanly pity ;
For though thy selfe be noble in thy strene,
A thousand fold more noble is thy quene,

Thy lives lady and thy sovaine,
That hath thine herte all hole in governaunce ;
Thou mayst no wise it taken to disdaince
To put thee humbly at her ordinaunce,
And give her free the reime of her plesauce,
For liberty is thing that women looke,
And truly els the matter is a crooke.

The eleventh statute, thy signs for to know
With eye and finger, and with smiles soft,
And low to couch, and alway for to show,
For drede of spies, for to winken oft,
And secretly to bring up a sight aloft ;
But still beware of overmuch resort,
For that paraventure spileth all thy sport.

The twelfth statute remember to observe :
For all the paine thou hast for love and wo,
All is too lite her mercy to deserve,
Thou musten think, wherever thou ride or go :
And mortall woundes suffer thou also,
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette
Upon thy love, for it may not be bette.

The thirteenth statute, whilome is to thinke
What thing may best thy lady like and please,
And in thine hertes bottome let it sinke ;
Some thing devise, and take for it thine ease,
And send it her, that may her herte appease ;
Some herte, or ring, or letter, or device,
Or precious stone, but spare not for no price.

The fourteenth statute eke thou shalt assay,
Formely to keepe the most part of thy life :
Wish that thy lady in thine armes lay,
And nightly dreme, thou hast thy nights hertes wife,
Sweetly in armes, straining her as blife ;
And whan thou seest it is but fantasie,
See that thou sing not over merely,

For too much joy hath oft a woffull end :
It longeth eke this statute for to hold,
To deme thy lady ever more thy friend,
And thinke thy selfe in no wise a cokold.
In every thing she doth but as she should :
Construe the best, beleve no talcs new,
For many a lye is told, that seemeth full trefw.

But thinke that she, so bounteous and faire,
Coud not be false ; imagine this algate :
And think that tonges wicked would her appaire,
Sclandering her name and worshipfull estate,
And lovers true to setten at debate :
And though thou seest a faut right at thine eye,
Excuse it blive, and glose it preyly.

The fifteenth statute, use to swere and stare,
And counterfeit a lesing hardely,
To save thy ladies honour every where,
And put thy selfe for her to fight boldely :
Say she is good, vertuous, and ghostly,
Clere of entent, and herte, yea, thought and will,
And argue not for reason ne for skill,

Againe thy ladies pleasure ne entent ;
For love will not be countrepleted indede :
Say as she saith, than shalt thou not be shent,
The crow is white, ye truly so I rede :
And aye what thing that she thee will forbede,
Eschew all that, and give her sovaintece,
Her appetite followe in all degree.

The sixteenth statute keepe it if thou may :
Seven sithc at night thy lady fur to please,
And seven at midnight, seven at morrow day,
And drinke a caudle earely for thine ease.
Do this and keep thine head from all disease,
And win the garland here of lovers all,
That ever came in court, or ever shall.

Full few, think I, this statute hold and keep :
But truly, this my reason giveth me fele,
That some lovers should rather fall asleepe,
Than take on hand to please so oft and wele.
There lay none oth to this statute adele,
But keep who might, as gave him his corage ;
Now get this garland lusty folke of age :

Now win who may ye lusty folke of youth,
This garland fresh of floures red and white,
Purple and blew, and colours fell uncouth,
And I shall croune him king of all delite.
In all the court there was not to my sight,
A lover true, that he ne was adrede
Whan he expresse hath heard the statute rede.

The seventeenth statute, whan age approacheth on,
And lust is laid, and all the fire is quent,
As freshly than thou shalt begin to fomme
And dote in love, and all her image paint
In thy remembrance, till thou begun to faint,
As in the first season thine herte began :
And her desire, though thou ne may ne can

Performe thy living actuell and lust,
Register this in thine remembrance :
Eke whan thou maist not keep thy thing from rust,
Yet speake and talke of pleasaunt daliaunce,
For that shall make thine herte rejoice and dance ;
And whan thou maist no more the game assay,
The statute bid thee pray for them that may.

The eighteenth statute, holy to commend
To please thy lady, is that thou eschew
With sluttishnesse thy selfe for to offend ;
Be jollive, fresh, and fete, with things new,
Courtly with manner, this is all thy due ;
Gentill of port, and loving cleannessse.
This is the thing, that liketh thy maistresse.

And not to wanderliche a dulled assc,
Ragged and torne, disguised in array,
Ribaud in speech, or out of measure passe,
Thy bound exceeding ; thinke on this alway ;
For women been of tender hertes aye,
And lightly set their pleasure in a place,
Whan they misthinke, they lightly let it passe.

The nineteenth statute, meat and drinke forgete :
Ech other day, see that thou fast for love,
For in the court they live withouten mete,
Save such as cometh from Venus all above,
They take none hede, in pain of great reprove,
Of meat and drinke, for that is all in vaine,
Onely they live by sight of their souveraine.

The twentieth statute, last of everichone,
Enroll it in thyne hertes privitee ;
To wring and waile, to turne, and sigh and grone,
Whan that thy lady absent is from thee,
And eke renew the words all that she
Between you twain hath said, and all the chere
That thee hath made, thy lives lady dere.

And see thine herte in quiet, ne in rest
Sojourne, till time thou seene thy lady eft ;
But where she wonne, by south, or east, or west,
With all thy force, now see it be not left ;
Be diligent, till time thy life be raft,
In that thou mayest, thy lady for to see :
This statute was of old antiquitee.

An officer of high authority,
Cleped Rigour, made us to swere anone :
He n'as corrupt with partiality,
Favour, prayer, ne gold that clerely shone ;
" Ye shall " (quod he) " now sweren here echone,
Yong and old, to kepe, in that they may,
The statutes truly, all after this day."

O God, thought I, hard is to make this othe,
But to my power shall I them observe :
In all this world n'as matter halfe so lothe,
To swere for all : for though my body sterve,
I have no might them hole to observe.
But herken now the case how it befell,
After my oth was made, the troth to tell.

I tourned leaves, looking on this booke,
Where other statutes were of women shene,
And right forthwith Rigour on me gan looke
Full angerly, and sayed unto the queene
I traitour was, and charged me let been ;
" There may no man " (quod he) " the statute know
That long to women, his degree ne low.

" In secret wise they kepten been full close ;
They sounne echone to liberty, my friend,
Pleasaunt they be, and to their owne purpose ;
There wote no wight of them, but God and fiend,
Ne naught shall wite, unto the worlds end.
The queen hath yeve me charge in pain to die
Never to rede ne seene them with mine eie.

" For men shall not so nere of counsaile bene
With womanhood, ne knowen of her guise,
Ne what they think, ne of their wit thengime ;
I me report to Salomon the wise,
And mighty Sampson, which beguiled thrise
With Dalida was, he wote that in a throw,
There may no man statute of women know.

" For it peraventure, may right so befall,
That they be bound by nature to deceave,
And spinne, and weep, and sugre strew on gall,
The herte of man to ravish and to reive,
And whet their tongue as sharpe as swerde or gleve ;
It may betide, this is their ordinance,
So must they lowly doen their observaunce.

" And kepe the statute yeven them of kind,
Of such as love hath yeve hem in their life.
Men may not wete why turneth every wind,
Nor waxen wise, nor been inquisitive
To know secret of maid, widow, or wife,
For thy their statutes have to them reserved,
And never man to know them hath deserved.

" Now dresse you forth, the god of love you guide,"
(Quod Rigour than) " and seek the temple bright
Of Cithera, goddesse here beside,
Beseech her by influence and might
Of all her vertue, you to teach aright,
How for to serve your ladies, and to please
Ye that been sped, and set your herte in easce.

" And ye that ben unpurveyed, pray her eke
Comfort you soone with grace and destiny,
That ye may set your herte there ye may like,
In such a place, that it to love may be
Honour and worship, and felicity
To you for aye, now goeth by one assent."
" Graunt mercy, sir," (quod we) and forth we went

Devoutly, soft and easie pace, to see
Venus the goddesse image all of gold :
And there we found a thousand on their knee,
Some fresh and faire, some deadly to behold,
In sundry mantils new and some were old ;
Some painted were with flames red as fire,
Outward, to show their inward hote desire.

With dolefull chere, ful fell in their complaint,
Cried "Lady Venus, row upon our sore !
Receive our bills, with teares all bedreint !
We may not weepe, there is no more in store,
But wo and pain us frotteih more and more :
Thou blisseful planet, lovers sterre so shene,
Have routh on us, that sigh and carefull bene !

" And punish, lady, greuously we pray,
The false untrue with counterfeit pleasaunce,
That made their oth, be true to live or dey,
With chere assured, and with countenance ;
And falsely now they footen loves daunce,
Barraine of routh, untrue of that they said,
Now that their lust and pleasure is alaid."

Yet eft againe, a thousand million
Rejoycing love, leading their life in blisse,
They sayd " Venus, redresse of all division,
Goddesse eternell, thy name ylired is :
By loves bond is knit all thing ywis,
Beast unto beast, the yearth to water wan,
Bird unto bird, and woman unto man.

" This is the life of joy that we ben in,
Resembling life of heavenly paradise,
Love is exiler aye of vice and sinne,
Love maketh hertes lusty to devise
Honour and grace, have they in every wise,
That been to loves law obcdient ;
Love maketh folke beynge and diligent,

" Aye storing them to drede vice and shame :
In their degree, it maketh them honourable,
And sweet it is of love to beare the name,
So that his love be faithfull, true and stable :
Love pruneth him, to semen amiable,
Love hath no faute, there it is exercised,
But sole with them that have all love dispised.

" Honour to thee, celestiall and clere,
Goddesse of love, and to thy celstitude !
That yevest us light so fer down from thy spere,
Piercing our hertes with thy pulcritude ;
Comparison none of similitude
May to thy grace be made in no degree,
That hast us set with love in unities.

" Great cause have we to praise thy name and thee,
For thorough thee we live in joy and blisse.
Blessed be thou, most soveraine to see !
Thy holy court of gladnesse may not misse ;
A thousand sithe we may rejoice in this,
That we ben thine with herte and all yfere,
Enflamed with thy grace and heavenly fere."

Musing of tho that spaken in this wise,
I me bethought in my remembrance
Mine orizon right goodly to devise,
And pleasantly with hertes obseance,
Besecch the goddesse vouden my grevaunce,
For I loved eke, saufe that I wist not where,
Yet downe I set and said as ye shall here.

" Fairest of all that ever were or bee,
Licour and light to pensife creature,
Mine hole affiaunce, and my lady free,
My goddesse bright, my fortune and my ure,
I yeve and yeceld my herte to thee full sure,
Humbly beseeching, lady, of thy grace,
Me to bestow now in some blessed place.

" And here I vow me, faithful, true, and kind,
Without offence of mutabilitie,
Humbly to serve, while I have wit and mind,
Mine hole affiaunce, and my lady free,
In thilke place, there ye me signe to be :
And sith this thing of new is yeve me aye
To love and serve, needly must I obey.

" Be merciable with thy fire of grace,
And fix mine herte there beauty is and routh :
For hote I love, determine in no place,
Saufe onely this, by God and by my trowth
Troubled I was, with slumber, slepe, and slouth
This other night, and in a visoun
I see a woman romen up and down,

" Of meane stature, and semely to behold,
Lustie and fresh, demure of countenance,
Yong and well shape, with hair shone as gold,
With eyes as cristal, forced with pleasaunce,
And she gan stirre mine herte a lite to daunce :
But suddainly she vanish gan right there,
Thus I may say, I love and wote not where.

" For what she is, ne her dwelling I n'ot,
And yet I fele that love distreinet me ;
Might iche her know, her wold I faine, God wot,
Serve and obey with all benignitie,
And, if that other be my destinie,
So that no wise I shall her never see,
Than graunt me her that best may liken me.

" With glad rejoyce to live in parfite hele,
Devoid of wrath, repent or variance :
And able me to doe that may be wele
Unto my lady, with hertes lie pleasaunce :
And mighty goddes through thy purveiaunce
My wit, my thought, my lust and love so guide,
That to thine honor I may me provide

" To set mine herte in place there I may like,
And gladly serve with all affection :
Great is the paine which at mine herte doth sticke,
Till I be sped by thine election ;
Helpe, lady goddesse ! that possession
I might of her have that in all my life
I clepen shall my quene, and hertes wife.

" And in the Court of Love to dwell for aye
My will it is, and done thee sacrifice :
Dailly with Diane eke to fight and fraye,
And holden werre, as night will me suffice
That goddesse chast I kepen in no wise
To serve ; a figge for all her chastity,
Her law is for religiusity."

And thus gan finish prayer, laud, and preise,
Which that I yove to Venus on my knee,
And in mine herte to ponder and to peise,
I gave anone her image fresh beauteie :
" Hele to that figure sweet, and heile to the
Cupide," (quod I) and rose and yede my way,
And in the temple as I yede, I sey

A shrine surmounting all in stones rich,
Of which the force was pleasaunce to mine ey
With diamond or saphire, never liche
I have none seenne, ne wrought so wonderly :
So whan I met with Philobone in hie,
I gan demaund, who is this sepulture ?
" Forsooth" (quod she) " a tender creature

"Is shrined there, and Pity is her name;
She saw an eagle wreke him on a fye,
And pluck his wing, and eke him in his game,
And tender herte of that hath made her die:
Eke she would weep and mourn right pitously
To seene a lover suffer great distresse;
In all the court n'as none, as I do gesse,

"That coud a lover halfe so well avale,
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage
Asken, for he was sure withouten faile,
That of his greef she coud the heat assuage.
In steed of Pity, speedeth hote courage
The matters all of court, now she is dead,
I me report in this to womanhead.

"Forweil, and weep, and cry, and speak, and pray,
Women would not have pity on thy plaint,
Ne by that mean, to ease thine herte convey,
But thee receiven for their owne talent:
And say that Pity causeth thee in consent
Of reuth to take thy service and thy paine,
In that thou maist, to please thy soverane.

"But this is counsaile, keepe it secretly,"
(Quod she) "I n'old for all the world about,
The queene of love it wist, and wite ye why?
For if by me this matter springen out,
In court no longer should I out of dout
Dwellen, but shame in all my life endry,
Now keepe it close" (quod she) "this hardely.

"Well all is well, now shall ye see" she said,
"The fairest lady under Sunne that is:
Come on with me, demean you lich a maid,
With shamefast drede, for ye shall speak ywis
With her that is the mirrour joy and blisse:
But somewhat strange and sad of her demean
She is; beware your countenance be seen,

"Nor over light, ne rechelesse, ne too bold,
Ne malapert, ne renning with your tong,
For she will you obeisen and behold,
And you demand why ye were hence so long
Out of this court, without resort among:
And Rosiall her name is hote aright,
Whose herte as yet is yeven to no wight.

"And ye also been, as I understand,
With love but light advanced, by your word,
Might ye by hap your freedom maken bond,
And fall in grace with her, and wele accord,
Well might ye thank the god of love and lord,
For she that ye saw in your dreame appere,
To love such one, what are ye than the nere?"

"Yet wote ye what, as my remembrance
Me yeveth now, ye faine where that ye say,
That ye with love had never acquaintance,
Save in your dream right late this other day:
Why yes parde, my life that durst I lay,
That ye were caught upon an heath, whan I
Saw you complain, and sigh full pitously.

"Within an herber, and a garden faire
Where flowers grow and herbes vertuous,
Of which the savour swete was and the aire,
There were your self full hote and amorous:
Ywis ye been too-nice and dangerous,
I would ye now repent, and love some new."
"Nay by my trouth," I said "I never knew

"The goodly wight, whose I shall be for aye:
Guide me the lord, that love hath made and me."
But forth we went into a chamber gay,
There was Rosiall, womanly to see,
Whose streames sotell piercing of her eye,
Mine herte gan thrill for beauty in the stound,
"Alas," (quod I) "who hath me yeve this wound?"

And than I drede to speake, till at the last
I grete the lady reverently and welc,
Whan that my sigh was gone and overpast;
Than down on knees ful humbly gan I knele,
Beseeching her my fervent wo to kele,
For there I tooke full purpose in my mind
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bind.

For if I shall all fully her describe,
Her head was round, by compasse of nature,
Here haire as gold, she passè I all on live,
And lilly forehed had this creature,
With liveliche browes, flaw of colour pure,
Betwene the which was meane disceverance
From every brow, to shew a due distance.

Her nose directed straight, and even as line,
With forme and shape thereto convenient,
In which the goddess milk white path doth shine,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient,
As is the smaragde, unto my judgement,
Or yet these sterres Heavenly small and bright,
Her visage is of lovely rede and white.

Her mouth is short, and shit in little space,
Flaming somedeale, not over redde I mean,
With pregnant lips, and thick to kisse percase,
For lippes thinne not fat, but ever lene,
They serve of naught, if they be not worth a bean,
For if the basse been full there is delite,
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

But to my purpose, I say white as snow
Been all her teeth, and in order they stond
Of one stature, and eke her breath I trow
Surmounteth all odours that ever I found
In sweetnesse, and her body, face, and hond
Been sharply slender, so that from the head
Unto the foot, all is but womanhead.

I hold my peace, of other things hidde
Here shall my soule and not my tong bewray,
But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That shall I well discover you and say;
A bend of gold and silke, full fresh and gay,
With her intresse, brodered full wele,
Right smoothly kept and shining everydele.

About her necke a flower of fresh devise,
With rubies set, that lusty were to sene,
And she in gown was light and summer wise,
Shapen full wele, the colour was of grenc,
With aureat sent about her sides cene,
With divers stones precious and rich,
Thus was she rayed, yet saw I never her lich

For if that Jove had but this lady seine,
Tho Calixto ne yet Alemenia
They never hadden in his armes leine,
Ne he had loved the faire Europa,
Ye, ne yet Dane ne Antiopa,
For all their beauty stood in Rosiall,
She seemed lich a thing celestiall.

In bounty, favour, port, and seemelnesse,
Pleasant of figure, mirrour of delite,
Gracious to see, and root of all gentillesse,
With angell visage, lusty redde and white :
There was not lack, saufe daunger had alite
This goodly fresh in rule and gouernaunce,
And somele strange she was for her pleasaunce.

And truly some I took my leave and went,
Whan she had me enquired what I was,
For more and more impressen gan the dent
Of Loves dart while I beheld her face,
And eft againe I come to seeken grace,
And up I put my bill with sentence clere,
That followeth after, rede and ye shall here.

“ O ye fresh, of beuty the root,
That nature hath formed so wele and made
Princes and quene, and ye that may do boot
Of all my langour with your words glad,
Ye wounded me, ye made me wo bestad ;
Of grace redresse my mortall greefe, as ye
Of all my harme the very causer he.

“ Now am I caught, and unware suddainly
With persuant streames of your eye so clere,
Subject to be and serven you mekely,
And all your man, ywis my lady dere,
Abiding grace, of which I you requere,
That mercilosse ye cause me not to sterue,
But guerdon me liche as I may deserve.

“ For by my troth, all the days of my breath
I am and will be your in will and herte,
Patient and meeke, for you to suffer death
If it require, now rue upon my smart,
And this I swere, I never shall out start
From Loves Court for none adversitie,
So ye wold rue on my distresse and me.

“ My desteny, my fate, and houre I blisse
That have me set to been obedient
Onely to you, the floure of all ywis ;
I trust to Venus never to repent,
For ever redy, glad and diligent
Ye shall me find in service to your grace,
Till death my life out of my body race.

“ Humble unto your excellence so digne,
Enforcing aye my wits and delite
To serve and please with glad herte and benigne,
And leen as Troylus Troyes knight,
Or Antonie for Cleopatre bright,
And never you me thinkes to reñay,
This shall I keepe unto mine ending day.

“ Enprint my spech in your memoriall
Sadly my princes, salve of all my sore,
And think, that for I would becommen thrall,
And been your owne, as I have sayd before,
Ye must of pity cherish more and more
Your man, and tender after his desert,
And give him courage for to been expert.

“ For where that one hath set his herte on fire,
And findeth neither refute ne pleasaunce,
Ne word of comfort, death will quite his hire,
Alas, that there is none allegeaunce
Of all their wo, alas, the great grevaunce
To love unloved, but ye, my lady dere,
In other wise may governe this matere.”

“ Truly gramercy friend of your good will,
And of your profer in your humble wise,
But for your service, take and keep it still,
And where ye say, I ought you well to cherise,
And of your greefe the remedy devise,
I know not why : I n'am acquainted well
With you, ne wot not sothly where ye dwell.”

“ In art of love I write, and songes make,
That may be song in honour of the king
And quene of love, and than I undertake,
He that is sadde shall than full merry sing,
And daungerous not ben in every thing ;
Beseech I you but seeme my will and rede,
And let your answere put me out of drede.”

“ What is your name ? rehearse it here I pray,
Of whence and where, of what condition
That ye been of ; let see, come off and say ;
Faine would I know your disposition ;
Ye have put on your old entention,
But what ye mean to serve me I ne wote,
Saufe that ye say ye love me wonder hote.”

“ My name, alas my herte, why makes thou straunge ?
Philogenet I calld am fer and nere,
Of Cambridge clerk, that never think to change
Fro you that with your hevonly stremes clere
Ravish mine herte and ghost, and all infore,
Since at the first I write my bill for grace,
Me thinke I see some mercy in your face.

“ And what I mene, by gods that all hath wrought,
My bill now maketh finall mention,
That ye been lady in my inward thought
Of all mine herte withouten offencion,
That I best love, and sith I begon
To draw to court, lo, than what might I say,
I yeeld me here unto your nobley.

“ And if that I offend, or fully
By pomp of herte your precept disobay,
Or done again your will unskilfully,
Or greven you for earnest or for play,
Correct ye me right sharply than I pray,
As it is seeme unto your womanhede,
And rew on me, or els I n'am but dede.”

“ Nay, God forbede to fesse you so with grace,
And for a word of sugred eloquence,
To have compassion in so little space,
Than were it time that some of us were hens,
Ye shall not find in me such insolence :
Eye what is this, may ye not suffre sight ?
How may ye looke upon the candle light,

“ That clerer is and hotter than mine eie ?
And yet ye sayd the beames perse and fete,
How shall ye than the candle light endrie ?
For well wote ye, that hath the sharper herte ;
And there ye bid me you correct and bete,
If ye offend, nay, that may not be done,
There come but few that speden here so sone.

“ Withdraw your eie, withdraw from presens eke :
Hurt not your selfe, through foly with a look,
I would be sorry so to make you sicke,
A woman should beware eke whom she took :
Ye beth a clerke, go serchen well my book,
If any women hen so light to winne ;
Nay, bide a while ; tho ye were all my kinne,

"So some ye may not win mine herte in truth ;
The guise of court will seen your steadfastnesse,
And as you done to have upon you ruth,
Your owne desert, and lowly gentilnesse,
That will reward you joy for heavinesse ;
And tho ye waxen pale, and grene, and dede,
Ye must it use a while withouten drude,

"And it accept and grutchen in no wise ;
But where as ye me heartely desire
To lene to love, me thinke ye be not wise ;
Cease of your language, cease I you require,
For he that hath this twenty yeare ben here
May not obtaine, than marvaile I that ye
Be now so bold of love to treat with me."

"Ah mercy herte, my lady and my love !
My rightwise princesse and my lives guide !
Now may I plaine to Venus all above,
That ruthlesse ye me gave this wound so wide ;
What have I done ? why may it not betide,
That for my trowth I may received be ?
Alas than, your daunger and your cruelte !

"In wofull houre I got was welaway,
In woful houre fostred and yfedde,
In wofull houre yborne, that I me may ;
My supplication sweetly have I spedde,
The frosty grave and cold must be my bedde,
Without ye list your grace and mercy shewe,
Death with his axe so fast on me doth hewe.

"So great disease and in so littell while,
So littel joy that felte I never yet,
And at my wo Fortune ginneth to smile,
That never earst I felt so hard a fit :
Confounden ben my spirites and my wit,
Till that my lady take me to her cure,
Which I love best of ertly creature.

"But that I like, that may I not come by,
Of that I plain, that have I halondaunce,
Sorrow and thought they sit me wonder nie,
Me is withold that might be my pleasance :
Yet turne againe my worldly suffisaunce,
O lady bright, and saufe your faithfull true,
And, or I die, yet ones upon me reve !"

With that I fell in sound and dede as stone,
With colour slaine and wanne as asshe pale,
And by the hand she caught me up anon,
"Arise," (quod she) "what have ye dronken dwale ?
Why slepen ye ? it is no nightertale :"
"Now mercy sweete," (quod I) "ywis affraied :"
"What thing?" (quod she) "hath made you so
dismaied ?

"Now wote I well that ye a lover be,
Your hew is witness in this thing," she said :
"If ye were secret, ye might know," (quod she)
"Curteis and kind, all this shuld be alaid :
And now mine herte, al that I have missaid,
I shall amende and set your herte in ease."
"That word it is," (quod I) "that doth me please."

"But this I charge, that ye the stents keepe,
And breke them not for slouth nor ignorance."
With that she gan to smile and laughen depe,
"Ywis," (quod I) "I will do your pleasance :
The sixteenth statute doth me great grevance,
But ye must that release or modifie."
"I graunt," (quod she) "and so I will truly."

And softly than her colour gan appere,
As rose so red throughout her visage all,
Wherefore me thinke it is according here,
That she of right be cleped Rosiall :
Thus have I won with wordes great and small
Some goodly worde of her, that I love best,
And trust she shall yet sette mine herte in rest.

"Goth on," she said to Philobone, "and take
This man with you, and lede him all about
Within the court, and shewe him for my sake
What lovers dwell within, and all the rout
Of officers him shew, for he is out of dout
A straunger yet :"—"Come on," (quod Philobone)
"Philogenet, with me now must ye gon."

And stalking soft with easie pace, I saw,
About the kyng stonden all environ,
Attendauce, Diligence, and their felow
Fortherer, Asperauunce, and many one,
Dred to offend, there stood, and not alone,
For there was eke the cruell adversair,
The lovers foe that cleped is Di-pair.

Which unto me spake angrely and fell,
And said, "My lady me disceive ne shall :
Trowest thou," (quod she) "that all that she did tell,
Is true ? nay, nay, but under hony gall,
Thy birth and hers they be nothing egall :
Cast of thine herte for all her words white,
For in good faith she loveth thee but a lite.

"And eke remembre thine habilité
May not compare with her, this well thou wot :"
Ye then came Hope and said, "My friend, let be,
Beleve him not ; Dispaire he ginneth dote :"
"Alas," (quod I) "here is both cold and hote,
The one me biddeth love, the toder nay ;
Thus wote I not what me is best to say.

"But well wote I, my lady graunted me
Truly to be my woundes remedie,
Her gentilnes may not infected be
With doublenesse, thus trust I till I die."
So cast I to voide Dispaire company,
And taken Hope to counceil and to friend.
"Yea, keep that well," (quod Philobone) "in mind."

And there beside within a bay window,
Stod one in grene ful large of brede and length,
His beard as black as fethers of the crow,
His name was Lust, of wonder might and strength,
And with Delite to argue there he think'th,
For this was all his opinion,
That love was sinne : and so he hath begon

To reason fast, and ledge auctoritie :
"Nay," (quod Delite) "love is a vertue clere,
And from the soule his progresse holdeth he :
Blind apeteite of lust doth often stere,
And that is sinne : for reason lacketh there,
For thou dost think thy neighbours wife to win :
Yet thinke it well that love may not be sinne.

"For God and seint they love right verely,
Void of all sinne and vice this know I well,
Affection of flesh is sin truly,
But verray love is vertue as I fele,
For love may thy freill desire ackele :

For verray love is love, withouten sinne :
 " Now stint," (quod Lust) " thou spekest not worth
 a pinne."

And there I left them in their arguing,
 Roving farther in the castell wide,
 And in a corner Lier stode talking,
 Of lesings fast, with Flatery there beside,
 He said that woman were attire of pride,
 And men were found of nature variaunt,
 And could be false and shewen beau semblaunt.

Than Flatery bespake and said, " Ywis
 See so she goth on patens faire and fete,
 It doth right well : what pretty man is this
 That rometh here ? now truly drink ne mote
 Nede I not have, mine herte for joy doth bete
 Him to behold, so is he goodly freshe :
 It semeth for love his herte is tender and neshe."

This is the court of lusty folke and glad,
 And well becommeth their abite and array,
 O why be some so sory and so sad,
 Complaining thus in blacke and white and gray ?
 Ereres they ben, and monkes in good fay :
 Alas, for routh great dole it is to seene,
 To see them thus bewaile and sory been.

See how they cry and wring their handes white,
 For they so some went to religion,
 And eke the nonnes with vayle and wimple plight,
 Their thought is, they ben in confusion :
 " Alas," they sain, " we fain perfection
 In clothes wide, and lacke our libertie,
 But all the sinne mote on our frends be.

" For Venus wote, we wold as faine as ye,
 That bene attired here and welbeseno,
 Desiren man and love in our degre,
 Fern and faithful right as wold the quene :
 Our frends wieke in tender youth and grene,
 Ayenst our will made us religious,
 That is the cause we mourn and wailen thus."

Than said the monk and freres in the tide,
 " Wel may we curse our abbes and our place,
 Our statutes sharpe to sing in copes wide,
 Chastely to keepe us out of loves grace,
 And never to feie comfort ne solace :
 Yet suffre we the heate of loves fire,
 And after that some other hply we desire.

" O Fortune cursed, why now and wherefore
 Hast thou," they said, " berafte us libertie,
 Sith nature yave us instrument in store,
 And appetite to love and lovers be ?
 Why mote we suffer such adversite,
 Diane to serve, and Venus to refuse ?
 Ful often sith this matters doth us muse.

" We serve and honour sore ayenst our will,
 Of chastite the goddess and the queene,
 Us leaser were with Venus biden still,
 And have reward for love and soget bene
 Unto these women courtly, fresh, and shene ;
 Fortune we curse thy wheele of variance,
 There we were well thou revest our plesance."

Thus leave I them with voice of plaint and care,
 In raging wo crying full pitously,
 And as I yede full naked and full bare,
 Some I behold looking dispitously,

On poverty that dedly cast their eye,
 And " Welaway," they cried, and were not faine,
 For they ne might their glad desire attain.

For lacke of richesse worldly and good,
 They banne and curse, and weep, and sain, " Alas,
 That poverty hath us hent that wilom stode
 At hertes ease, and free and in good case,
 But now we dare not shew our self in place,
 Ne us embold to dwell in company,
 There as our herte wold love right faithfully."

And yet againward shrieked every nonne,
 The pange of love so straineth them to crie :
 " Now wo the time," (quod they) " that we be boun
 This hatefull ordre nise will done us die,
 We sigh and sobbe, and bleden inwardly,
 Fruting ourself with thought and hard complaint,
 That nie for love we waxen wood and faint."

And as I stood beholding here and there,
 I was ware of a sort full languishing,
 Savage and wild of loking and of chere,
 Their mantelles and their clothes ay tering,
 And oft they were of nature complaining,
 For they their members lacked, foot and hand,
 With visage wry, and blind I understand.

They lacked shape and beauty to preferre
 Themself in love : and said that God and kind,
 Hath forged them to worshippen the sterre,
 Venus the bright, and leften all behind
 His other werkes clene and out of mynd :
 " For other have their full shape and beauty,
 And we" (quod they) " been in deformity."

And nie to them there was a company
 That have the susters warried and missaide,
 I meane the three of fatal destiny,
 That be our workers : sodenly abraide
 Out gan they cry as they had been affraide,
 " We curse," (quod they) " that ever hath nature,
 Yformed us this wofull life to endure."

And there eke was Contrite and gan repent,
 Confessing hole the wound that Cithere
 Hath with the darte of hote desire him sent,
 And how that he to love must subject be ;
 Than held he all his skornes vanity,
 And said that lovers held a blisful life,
 Yong men and old, and widow, maid and wife.

" Bereve me goddess," (quod he) " of thy might
 My skornes all and skoffes, that I have
 No power for to moken any wight,
 That in thy service dwell : for I did rave :
 This know I well right now so god me save,
 And I shal be the chief post of thy faith,
 And love uphold, tho revers who so saith."

Dissemble stode not ferre from him in troth,
 With party mantil party hode and hose,
 And said he had upon his lady routh,
 And thus he wound him in, and gan to glose
 Of his entent ful double I suppose,
 In all the world he said he loved her wele,
 But ay me thought he loved her nere a deie.

Eke Shamfastesse was there as I tooke hede,
 That blushed rede, and durst nat ben aknow
 She lover was, for thereof had she drede ;
 She stode and hing her visage downe alow,

But such a sight it was to seeene I trow,
As of these roses rody on their stalks,
There could no wight her spy to speak or talk.

In loves art so gan she to abashe,
Ne durst not utter al her previly:
Many a stripe and many a grevous lashe
She gaven to them that wolden lovers be,
And hindered sore the simple comonalty,
That in no wise durst grace and mercy crave,
For were not she they need but ask and have,

Where if they now approchen for to speke,
Than Shamefastnesse returneth them again:
They thinke, if we our secrets counsel breke,
Our ladies will have scorn on us certain,
And peraventure thinke great disdain:
Thus Shamefastnesse may bringen in Dispeire,
Whan she is dede the toder will be hoire.

Come forth a Vaunter, now I ring thy bel,
I spied him sone, to God I make a vowe,
He loked blacke as fendes doth in Hell,
"The first," (quod he) "that ever I did wove,
Within a worde she come, I wotte not how,
So that in armes was my lady free,
And so hath ben a thousand mo than she.

"In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardy,
Artois, and Fraunce, and up in hie Holand,
In Burgoine, Naples, and Italy,
Naverne, and Grece, and up in hethen lond
Was never woman yet that wold withstond,
To ben at [my] commaundement when I wold,
I lacked neither silver, coigne, ne gold.

"And there I met with this estate and that,
And her I broched, her, and her I trow:
Lo, there goeth one of mine, and wotte ye what?
You fresh attired have I laid full low,
And such one yonder eke right well I know:
I kept the statute whan we lay yfere,
And yet you same hath made me right good chere."

Thus hath a Vaunter blown every where,
Al that he knoweth, and more a thousand fold;
His auncestry of kinne was to Liere,
For first he maketh promise for to hold
His ladies counsel, and it not unhold,
Wherefore the secret whan he doth unshutte,
Than lieth he, that all the world may witte.

For falsing so his promise and behest,
I wounder sore he hath such fantaste,
He lacketh wit I trow or is a beast,
That can no bet himself with reason gie,
By mine advise love shall be contrary
To his avails, and him eke dishonour,
So that in court he shall no more sojour.

"Take heed," (quod she) this little Philobone,
"Where Envy rocketh in the corner yond,
And sitteth dirke, and ye shall see anon
His leane body fading both face and hond,
Himselke he fretteth as I understond,
Witnessse of Ovid methamorphosose,
The lovers fo he is, I will not glose.

"For where a lover thinketh him promote
Envy will grutch, repining at his wele,
It swelleth sore about his hertes rote,
That in no wise he cannot live in hele,

And if the faithful to his lady stele,
Envy will noise and ring it round about,
And sey much worse than done is out of dout."

And Privy Thought rejoysing of himselfe,
Stood not ferre thence in abito marvellous,
"Yon is," (thought I) "some spirit or some elfe.
His subtilt image is so curious:
How is," (quod I) "that he is shaded thus
With yonder cloth, I n'ot of what colour?"
And nere I went and gan to lere and pore;

And framed him a question full hard,
"What is," (quod I) "the thing thou lovest best,
Or what is bote unto thy paines hard?
Me thinke thou livest here in great unrest,
Thou wandrest aye from south to east and west,
And east to north as ferre as I can see,
There is no place in court may holden thee.

"Whom followest thou, where is thy herte yset?
But my demandn asoile I thee require."
"Me thought," (quod he) "no creature may let
Me to ben here, and where as I desire:
For where as absence hath done out the fire,
My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,
That bodely me thinke with my souveraine

"I stand and speake, and laugh, and kisse, and haise;
So that my thought comforteth me ful oft:
I think god wote, though al the world be false,
I will be true, I thinke also how soft
My lady is in speach, and this on loft
Bringeth min herte with joy and great gladnes,
This privy thought alayeth mine heavines.

"And what I thinke or where to be, no man
In all this Earth can tell ywis but I;
And eke there n'is no swalow swift, ne swan
So wight of wing, ne half so yerne can fie;
For I can bene and that right sodenly,
In Heven, in Hell, in Paradise, and here,
And with my lady whan I will desire.

"I am of counsell ferre and wide I wote,
With lorde and lady, and their privite
I wotte it all, and be it colde or hote,
They shall not speake without licence of me,
I mine in such as seasonable be,
For first the thing is thought within the hart,
Ere any word out from the mouth astart."

And with the word Thought bad farewell and yede:
Eke forth went I to seeene the courts guise,
And at the doore came in, so God me spede,
Twenty courteours of age and of assise
Liche high, and brode, and as I me advise,
The Golden Love, and Leden Love they hight,
The tone was sad, the toder glad and light.

"Yes draw your herte with all your force and might,
To lustinesse and ben as ye have seid,
And thinke that I no drope of favour hight,
Ne never had unto your desire obcid,
Till sodenly me thought me was afraied,
To seeene you waxe so dede of countenance,
And Pite bade me done you some pleasaunce.

"Out of her shrine she rose from death to live,
And in mine eare full prively she spake,
'Doth not your servaunt hens away to drive,
Rosial,' (quod she) and than mine herte it branke,

For tenderiche : and where I found moch lacke,
In your person, than I my selfe be thought,
And saide, this is the man mine heart hath sought."

"Gramercy Pity, might I but suffice,
To yewe due laude unto thy shrine of gold,
God wotte I would : for sith that thou did rise
From death to live for me, I am behold
To thanken you a thousand times told,
And eke my lady Rosial the shene,
Which hath in comfort set mine herte ywene.

"And here I make mine protestacion,
And depely swere as mine power to bene
Faithful, devoide of variacion,
And her forbear in anger or in tene,
And serviceable to my worldes quene,
With al my reason and intellgence,
To done her honour high and reverence."

I had not spoke so sone the worde, but she,
My sovaine, did thanke me hertely,
And said, "Abide, ye shall dwell still with me,
Till season come of May, for than truly,
The king of love and all his company,
Shall hold his feste full rially and well."
And there I bode till that the season fell.

On May day when the lark began to rise,
To matens went the lusty nightingale,
Within a temple shapen hauthorn wise,
He might not slepe in all the nightertale,
But "*Domine labia*," gan he cry and gale,
"My lippes open lord of love I cry,
And let my mouth thy preising now bewry."

The egle sang "*Venite* bodies all,
And let us joy to love that is our health,"
And to the deske anon they gan to fall,
And who came late he preesed in by stealth :
Than sayd the faucon our own hertes wealth,
"*Dominus Dominus noster* I wote,
Ye be the God that done us brenne thus hote."

"*Celi enarrant*," said the poppingay,
"Your might is told in Heaven and firmanent,"
And than came in the gold-finch freshe and gay,
And said this psalme with hertily glad intent
"*Dominus est terra*," this laten intent,
The God of love hath yerth in governaunce :
And than the wren gan skippen and to daunce.

"*Jube Domino* O lord of love, I pray
Commaund me well this lesson for to rede,
This legende is of all that wouldeu dey
Martires for love, God yet the souls spede :
And to thee Venus sing we out of drede,
By influence of all thy vertue great,
Besechyng thee to keepe us in our heat."

The second lesson robin redebrest sang,
"Haile to the god and goddess of our lay,"
And to the lectorne amorously he sprong,
"Haile now," (quod eke) "O fresh season of May,
Our moneth glad that singen on the spray,

Haile to the floures, rede, and white, and blew,
Which by their vertue maketh our lust new."

The third lesson the turtill dove toke up,
And thereat lough the mavis in a scorne,
He said, "O God, as mote I dune or suppe,
This folish dove will give us al an horne,
There ben right here a thousand better borne,
To rede this lesson, which as well as he,
And eke as hote, can love in all degree."

The turtill dove said, "Welcom, welcom May,
Gladson and light to lovers that ben trew :
I thanke thee lord of love that doth purvey,
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,
For in good soth of corage I pursue,
To serve my make till death us must depart,"
And than "*Tu autem*" sang he all apart.

"*Te deum amoris*" sang the throstel cocke ;
Tuball himselfe the first musician,
With key of armony coude not unlocke,
So swete tewne as that the throstel can :
"The lord of love we praysen," (quod he) than,
And so done al the foules great and lite,
"Honour we May, in fals lovers dispite."

"*Dominus regnavit*," said the pecocke there,
"The lord of love that mighty prince ywis,
He is received here and every where :
Now *Jubilate* sing :"—"What meaneth this?"
Said than the linet ; "welcome lord of blisse !"
Out sterte the owle with "*Benedicite*,"
"What meaneth all this mery fare?" (quod he.)

"*Laudate*," sang the lark with voice ful shril,
And eke the light "*O admirabile*,
This quere wil thorow mine ears pers and thril,
But what, welcome this May season," (quod he)
"And honour to the lord of love mote be,
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie,"
"*Amen*," said al, and so said eke the pie.

And forth the cockow gan procede anon,
With "*Benedictus*" thanking God in hast,
That in this May would visite them echon,
And gladden them all while the feast shal last,
And therewithal a laughter out he brast,
"I thanke it God that I should end the song,
And all the service which hath ben so long."

Thus sang they all the service of the feste, -
And that was done right erly to my dome,
And forth goth all the count both most and leste,
To fetch the floures fresh, and braunch and blome,
And namely hauthorn brought both page and grome
With fresh garlants party blew and white,
And than rejoyssen in their great delite.

Eke ech at other threw the floures bright,
The primerose, the violete, and the gold,
So than as I beheld the royall sight,
My lady gan me sodenly behold,
And with a trewe love plited many a fold,
She smote me through the very heart as blive,
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLAINT OF PITIE.

HOW PITIE IS DEAD AND BURIED IN A GENTLE HERTE

v. 1—98

PITIE that I have sought so yore agon
With herte sore, and full of besie paine,
That in this worlde was never wight so wo
Without deathe, and if I shall not faine,
My purpose was to Pitie to complaine
Upon the cruelty and tyranny
Of Love, that for my trouth doth me dye.

And that I by length of certaine yeares
Had ever in one sought a time to speke,
To Pitie ran I, all bespreit with teares,
To prayen her on Cruelty me awreke ;
But or I might with any word out breake,
Or tell her any of my paines smerte,
I found her dead and buried in an herte.

Adowne I fell, whan I saw the herse,
Dead as a stone, while that swoone me last,
But up I rose with colour full diverse,
And pitously on her mine eye I cast,
And nearer the corse I gan preasen fast,
And for the soule I shope me for to pray,
I was but lorne, there was no more to say.

Thus am I slaine, sith that Pitie is dead,
Alas, the day that ever it should fall !
What maner man dare now hold up his head ?
To whom shall now any sorrowful herte call ?
Now Cruelty hath cast to seee us all
In idle hope, folke rechelesse of paine,
Sith she is dead, to whom shall we complaine ?

But yet encreaseth me this wonder new,
That no wight wote that she is dead but I,
So many men as in her time her knew,
And yet she deyde so suddainly,
For I have soughn her ever full busily,
Sith I had first wit or mind,
But she was dead, ere I could her find.

About her herse there stooden lustily
Withouten any mo, as thoughte me,
Bounty, perfittely well armed and richely,
And fresh Beaute, Lust, and Jolite,
Assured-manner, Youth, and Honeste,
Wisedome, Estate, Drede, and Governance,
Confreded both by bond and alliaunce.

A complaint had I written in my honde,
To have put to Pitie, as a bill,
But I there all this company fonde,
That rather would all my cause spill,
Than do me helpe : I hold my plaint still
For to those folke withouten faile,
Without Pitie there may no bill avail

Than leave all vertues, save only Pitie,
Keping the corse, as ye have heard mo saine,
Confreded by honde until Crueltie,
And be assented whan I shall be slaine ;
And I have put my complainte up againe,
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe
The effect, which sath thus in wordes fewe.

“Humblest of herte, highest of reverence,
Benigne floure, croune of vertues all,
Shewen unto your royall excellence
Your servaunt, if I durst me so call,
His mortall harme in which he is yfall,
And nought all only for his wofull fare,
But for your renome, as he shall declare.

“It standeth thus, that contraire Crueltie
Allied is ayenst your regaltie
Under colour of womanly beautie,
(For men should not know her tyrannic)
With Bountie, Gentillesse, and Courtesie,
And hath deprived you of your place,
That is hie beautie, appertenant to your grace

“For Kindly, by your heritage right
Ye be annexed ever unto Bountie,
And verely ye ought to doe your might
To helpe Trough in his adversitie :
Ye be also the croune of beautie,
And certes, if ye want in these twaine
The world is lorne, there is no more to saine.

“Eke what availeth manner and gentillesse
Without you, benigne creature ?
Shall Crueltie be your governeresse ?
Alas, what herte may it long endure ?
Wherefore, but ye rather take cure
To breake that perillous alliaunce,
Ye sleen hem that been in your obeysaunce.

“And further, if ye suffer this,
Your renome is fordo in a throw,
There shall no man wete what pitie is,
Alas, that ever your renome is fall so low !
Ye be also fro your heritage ythrow ;
But Crueltie, that occupieth your place,
And we dispaired that seeken your grace.

“Have mercy on me, thou Herenus, queene,
That you have sought so tenderly and sore ;
Let some streame of light on me be seene,
That love and drede you ever lenger the more ;
For soothly to saine, I beare so sore,
And though I be not conning for to plaine,
For Goddes love have mercy on my paine !

“ My paine is this, that nought so I desire,
That have I not, ne nothing like thereto
And ever setteth Desire mine herte on fire,
Eke on that other side where that I go,
What manner thing that may encrease my wo,
That have I ready unsought every where,
Me lacketh but my death, and then my bere.

“ What nedeth to shew parcell of my paine ?
Sith every wo, that herte may bethinke,
I suffer, and yet I dare not to you plaine,
For well I wote, though I wake or winke,

Ye recke not whether I fete or sinke ;
And natheles yet my trowth I shall susteine
Unto my death, and that shall well be sene.

“ This is to saine, I will be yours ever,
Though ye me slee by Crueltie your fo,
Algate my spirit shall never discover
Fro your service, fro any paine or wo.
Sith ye be yet dead, alas, that it is so !
Thus for your death I maye wepe and plaine
With herte sore, and full of busie paine.”

EXPLICIT.

OF QUEEN ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE.

v. 1—83

“ O thou fiers God of armes, Mars the rede,
That in thy frosty countrey called Thrace,
Within thy grisly temples full of drede,
Honoured art as patrone of that place,
With thee Bellona, Pallas full of grace,
Be present, and my song continue and gie !
At my beginning thus to thee I erie.

“ For it full depe is sonken in my minde
With pitous herte, in English to endite
This old story, in Latine which I finde,
Of queene Annelida and false Arcite,
That elde, which all can trete and bite,
(And it hath fisten many a noble story,)
Hath nigh devoured out of our meynory.

“ Be favourable eke thou Polimnia,
On Pernaso that hath thy sisters glade,
By Ilieon, not far from Cusa,
Suggest with voice memorial in the shade,
Under the laurer, which that may not fade,
And do that I my ship to haven winne !
First follow I Stace, and after him Corinne.”

*Janque domos patrias Cithie post aspera gentis,
Præta luvigæo subentem Thesea curru,
Latifer plausus missusque ad sidera vulgi, &c.*

Whan Theseus with warres long and great,
The aspre folke of Cithe had overcome,
The laurer crowned in his chaire gold beat,
Home to his country houses is ycome,
For which the people blisful all and some,
So eriden, that to the sterris it went,
And him to honouren did all hir entent.

Before this duke in sign of victory,
The trompes come, and in his baner large,
The image of Mars, and in token of glory,
Men might see of treasure many a charge,
Many a bright helm, and many a spere and targe,
Many a fresh knight, and many a blisful rout,
On horse and on foot, in all the field about.

Ipolita his wife, the hardy queene
Of Cithia, that he conquered had,
With Emily her young suster shene,
Faïre in a chaire of gold he with him lad,

That all the ground about her chair she sprad
With brightnes of beauty in her face,
Fulfilled of largesse and of grace.

With his triumph and laurer crowned thus,
In all the flour of fortunes yeving,
Let I this noble prync Theseus
Toward Athenes in his way riding,
And fonde I woll in shortly to bring
The slye way of that I gan to write,
Of queene Annelida and false Arcite.

Mars, that through his furious course of ire,
The old wrath of Juno to fulfill,
Hath set the peoples hertes both on fire
Of Thebes and Grece, and everich other to kill
With bloody speres, rested never still,
But throng now here, now there, among hem both,
That everich other slye, so were they wroth.

For whan Amphiorax and Tideus,
Ipomcedon and Partinope also
Were dedde, and slain proud Campaneus,
And whan the wretched Thebans brethren two
Were slain, and king Adrastus home ygo,
So desolate stood Thebes and so bare,
That no wight could remedy his care.

And whan the old Creon gan espy
How that the blood royal was brought adewn,
He held the citee by his tyranny,
And did the gentils of that regioun
To beeh his friends, and dwell in the town,
So what for love of him, and what for awe,
The noble folke were to the towne ydrawe.

Among all these, Annelida the queene
Of Ermony was in that towne dwelling,
That fairer was than the Sonne sheene,
Throughout the world so gan her name spring,
That her to see had every wight liking,
For as of trowth, is there none her like
Of all the women in this world riche.

Yong was this queene, of twenty yere old,
Of middle stature, and of soch fairnesse,
That Nature had a joy her to behold,

And for to speaken of her stedfastnesse,
She passed hath Penelope and Lucresse,
And shortly if she may ben comprehended,
In her might nothing ben amended.

This Theban knight eke sothe to sain,
Was yong, therto withall a lusty knight,
But he was double in love, and nothing plain,
And subtil in that craft over any wight,
And with his cunning wan this lady bright :
For so ferforth he gan her trowth assure,
That she him trusteth over any creature.

What should I sain ? she loveth Arcite so
That whan that he was absent any throw,
Anone her thought her herte brast atwo,
For in her sight to her he bare him low,
So that she wende have all his herte yknow,
But he was false, it n'as but fayned chere,
As nedeth not soche crafte men to lere.

But neverthelesse, full mikell businesse
Had he, er that he might his lady winne,
And swore he would dien for distresse,
Or from his witte he said he would twinne :
Alas, the while ! for it was routh and sinne,
That she upon his sorrowes would rue,
But nothing thinketh the false as doth the true.

Her fredome found Arcite in soch manere,
That all was his that she hath, moch or lite,
Ne to no creature made she cheer,
Further than it liked to Arcite,
There was no lack with which he might her wite,
She was so ferforth yeven him to please,
That all that liked him did her ease.

There n'as to her no maner letter sent,
That touched love, from any maner wight,
That she ne shewed him, or it was brent,
So plain she was, and did her full might,
That she n'ill hide nothing from her knight,
Lest he of any untrouth her upreyde ;
Without bode his herte she obeyd.

And eke he made him jalous over her,
That what that any man had to her sayd,
Anon he would praien her to swere
What was that word, or make him yvell apaid,
Than wende she out of her wit have braid,
But all was but sleight and flatterie,
Without love he fained jealousy.

And all this toke she so debonairly,
That all his will her thought it skilful thing,
And ever the lenger she loved him tenderly,
And did him honour as he were a king,
Her herte was to him wedded with a ring,
For so ferforth upon trowth is her entent,
That where he goth her herte with him went.

Whan she shal eat, on him is so her thought,
That well unneth of meate toke she keepe,
And whan she was to her rest brought,
On him she thought alway till that she slepe,
Whan he was absent, prively doth she wepe ;
Thus liveth faire Annelida the queene,
For false Arcite, that did her all this tene,

This false Arcite, of his newfanglenesse,
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,

Tooke lesse deintee for her stedfastnesse,
And saw another lady proude and newe,
And right anon he clad him in her heve,
Wote I not whether in white, reed, or grene,
And falsed faire Annelida the queene.

But neverthelesse, great wonder was it none
Though he were false, for it is the kind of man,
Sith Lamech was, that is so long agone,
To be in love as false as ever he can,
He was the first fathier that began
To loven two, and was in biganyc.
And he found tents first, but if men lye.

This false Arcite, somewhat must he faine,
Whan he was false, to coveren his tratourie,
Right as an horse, that can both bite and plaine,
For he bare her in honde of treacherie,
And swore he coude her doublennesse espye,
And all was falsenesse that she to him ment ;
Thus swore this thefe, and forth his way he went

Alas, what herte might endure it,
For routh or wo, her sorrow for to tell ?
Or what man hath the cunning or the wit,
Or what man might within the chambre dwell,
If I to him rehersen shall the Hell
That suffreth fayre Annelida the queene,
For false Arcite, that did her all this tene ?

She wepeth, wailleth, and swouneth pitously,
To ground deed she falleth as a stone
Crampisheth her limmes crokedy,
She speketh as her witte were all agone,
Other colour than ashen hath she none,
Ne none other word speketh she moch or lite,
But " Mercy, cruell herte, mine Arcite."

And thus endureth, til that she was so mate
That she ne hath foot, on which she may sustene
But forth languishing ever in this estate,
Of which Arcite hath neyther routh ne tene,
His herte was elsewhere newe and grene,
That on her wo, ne deinteth him not to think,
Him recketh never whether she fiete or sinke.

This newe lady holdeth him so narowe,
Up by the bridel, at the staves end,
That every word he dred it as an arowe.
Her daunger made him both bowe and bend,
And as her luste, made him turne or wend,
For she ne graunted him in her living,
No grace, why that he hath to sing.

But drove him forth, unneth list her know
That he was servaunt unto her ladyship,
But lest he were proude, she helde him love,
Thus serveth he, without meate or sip,
She sent him now to land, and now to ship,
And for she yave him daunger all his fill,
Therefore she had him at her owne will.

Ensampler of this, ye thrifty women all,
Take hede of Annelida and false Arcite,
That for her list him her dere herte call,
And was so like, therefore he loved her lite,
The kinde of mannes herte is to delite
On thing that straunge is, al so God me save,
For what they may not get, that wold they have.

Now turne we to Annelida ayen,
That pineth day by day in languishing,
But whan she saw that her ne gate no geyn,
Upon a day full sorrowfully weying,
She cast her for to make a complaining,
And with her owne hand she gan it write,
And sent it to her Theban knight Arcite.

THE COMPLAINT OF ANNELIDA TO
FALSE ARCITE.

“So thirled with the point of remembrance,
Theswerde of sorowe, whette with false pleasaunce,
Mine herte bare of blisse, and black of hev
That turned is to quaking all my daunce,
My sewerty is a waped countenance,
Sens it avayleth nought to ben trew :
For who so trew is, it shall her rew,
That serveth love, and doth her observaunce
Alway to one, and chaungeth for no new.

“I wote my selfe as well as any wight,
For I loved one, with all mine herte and might
More than my self an hundred thousand sith,
And called him my hertes life, my knight,
And was all his, as ferre as it was right,
And whan that he was glad, than was I blithe,
And his disease was my death as swithe,
And he ayen, his trouthe hath me plight,
For evermore hys lady me to kithen.

“Now is he false alas, and causeles,
And of my wo he is so routhles,
That with a worde him list not ones daine,
To bring ayen my sorowfull herte in pees,
For he is caught up in another lees ;
Right as him list, he laugheth at my paine,
And I ne can mine herte not restraine
For to love him yet alway nevertheles,
And of all this I n’ot to whom to plaine.

“And should I plaine, alas, the hard stounde,
Unto my foe, that yave mine herte a wounde,
And yet desireth that mine harme be more,
Now certes farther woll I never found,
None other helpe, my sores for to sound,
My destiny hath shaped so full yore,
I woll none other medicine ne lore,
I woll ben aye there I was ones bound,
That I have said, be said for evermore.

“Alas, where is become your gentillesse,
Your words full of pleasaunce and humbleness,
Your observaunce in so lowe manere,
Your awayting, and your businesse,
On me that ye called your maistresse,
Your sovereigne lady in this worlde here ?
Alas, is there neyther worde ne chere,
Ye vouchsafe upon mine hevnesse ?
Alas, your love, I buy it all to dere.

“Now certes swete, though that ye
Thus causelesse the cause be,
Of my deedly adversite,
Your manly reason ought it to respite,
To slee your frende, and namely me,
That never yet in no degre
Offended you, as wisely he
That all wote, of wo my soule quite.

“But for I was so playne, Arcite,
In all my workes much and lite,
And was so besie you to delite,
Myne honour save, meke, kinde, and fre,
Therefore ye put in me this wite :
Alas, ye rethe not a mite,
Though that the swerde of sorow bite
My wofull herte, through your cruelty.

“My sweet foe, why do ye so for shame,
And thinke ye that furthered be your name,
To love a newe, and ben untrew aye,
And put you in slander now and blame,
And do to me adversitie and grame,
That love you most, God thou worst, alwaye ?
Yet turne ayen, and yet be playne some daye,
And than shall this that now is mis, ben game,
And all foryeve, while I lye may.

“Lo, herte myne, al this is for to saine,
As whether shall I pray or els plaine,
Which is the way to done you to be trewe ?
For either mote I have you in my chaine,
Or with the deth ye mote depart us twaine,
There bethe none other meane wayes new,
For God so wisely on my soule rewe,
As verily ye slaine me with the paine,
That mowe ye see unfained on mine hewe.

“For thus ferforth have I my deth sought,
My selfe I murder with my privie thought,
For sorow and routh of your unkindnesse,
I wepe, I waile, I fast, all helpeth naught,
I voide joy that is to speake of aught,
I voide company, I file gladnesse ;
Who may avaunt her better of hevnesse,
Than I ? and to this plite have ye me brought,
Without gilte, me needeth no witness.

“And should I pray, and weiven womanhede,
Nay rather death, than do so foule a dede,
And aske mercy and giltlesse, what nede ?
And if I plaine what life I lede,
You reckoth not, that know I out of drede,
And if I unto you mine othes bede
For mine excuse, a scorne shall be my mede,
Your chere floureth, but it woll not sede,
Full long agon I might have taken hede.

“For though I had you to morow agayne,
I might as well hold Aprill from raine,
As holde you to maken stedfast.
Almighty God, of trouthe the soverain,
Whero is that trouthe of man, who hath it slayn ?
She that hem loveth, shall hem find as fast,
As in a tempest is a rotten mast ;
Is that a tame beest, that is aye fayne
To renne away, whan he is lest agast ?

“Now mercy sweete, if I missay,
Have I aught said out of the way,
I n’ot, my witte is all away,
I fare as doth the songe of chantepleure,
For now I plaine, and now I play,
I am so mased that I dey,
Arcite hath borne away the key
Of all my world, and my good aventure.

“For in this world there is no creature,
Walking in more discomfiture,
Than I, ne more sorowe endure,

For if I sleepe a furlonge way or tway,
I han thinketh me that your figure
Before me stant clad in assure,
Efte to profre a newe assure,
For to ben trewe, and mercy me to pray.

“The long night, this wonder sight ydrie,
That on the day for such affray I die,
And of all this right naught ywis ye retche,
Ne nevermore mine eyen two ben drye,
And to your routh, and to your trouth I erie ;
But well away, to ferre been they to fetch !
Thus holdeth me my desteny a wretch,
But me to rede out of this drede or gie,
Ne may my wit (so weake is it) not stretch.

“Than end I thus, sith I may do no more,
I yeve it up for now and evermore,

For I shall never efte putten in balance
My silkerresse, no lerne of love the lore,
But as the swan, I have herde say full yore,
Ayenst his deth woll sing in his penaunce,
So sing I here the destinie and chauce,
How that Arcite, Annelida so sore
Hath thrilled with the point of remembraunce.”

Whan that Annelida this wofull queene,
Hath of her hand written in this wise,
With face deed, betwixt pale and greene,
She fell a swoune, and sithe she gan to rise,
And unto Mars avoweth sacrificise
Within the temple, with a sorrowful chere,
That shapen was, as ye may plainly here.

EXPLICIT.

THE ASSEMBLY OF FOULES.

v. 1—70.

THE lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering,
The dreadful joy alway that flit so yerne,
All this mean I by Love, that my feeling
Astonieth with his wonderful werkynge,
So sore ywis, that whan I on him think,
Naught wete I wel, whether I flete or sink.

For all be that I know not Love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quitheth folke hir hire,
Yet happeth me full oft in bookes rede
Of his myracles, and of his cruell ire,
There rede I well, he woll be lorde and sire :
I dare not say his strokes be sore,
But God save such a lorde, I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,
On bookes rede I of, as I you told,
Bnt wherfore speake I all this ? naught yore
Agon, it happed me to behold
Upon a booke was ywritten with letter- old,
And thereupon a certain thing to lerne,
The long day full fast I radde and yerne.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new come fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere,
But now to purpose, as of this mattere,
To rede forth it gan me so delite,
That all that day me thought it but a lite.

This booke of which I make mencion,
Entitled was right thus, as I shall tell,
Tullius of the dreame of Scipion :
Chapiters seven it had, of Heaven and Hell,
And Earth, and soules that therein dwell,
Of which as shortly as I can it treate,
Of his sentence I woll you saine the greate.

First telleth it, whan Scipion was come
In Affricke, how he meteth Massinise,
That him for joy, in armes hath ynome,
Than telleth he hir speach and all the blisse,
That was betwixt hem til the day gan misse,
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere,
Gan in his slepe that night til him appere.

Than telleth it, that from a sterrie place,
How Affrikan hath him Cartage shewed,
And warned him before of all his grace,
And said him, what man lored eyther drede,
That loveth common profite well itewde,
He should into a blissfull place wend,
There as the joy is without any end.

Than asked he, if folke that here been dede
Have life, and dwelling in another place ?
And Affrikan said Ye, without any drede,
And how our present lives space
Ment but a maner death, what way we trace,
And rightfull folke, shall gon after they die
To Heaven, and shewed him the Galaxie.

Than shewed he him the little earth that here is
To regard of the Heavens quantite,
And after shewed he hym the nine speris,
And after that the melodie heard he,
That commeth of thilke speres thirse three,
That welles of musike been and melodie
In this world here, and cause of armonie.

Than said he him, sens Earth was so lite,
And full of tourment, and of harde grace,
That he ne should him in this world delite :
Than told he him, in certain yeres space,
That every sterre should come into his place,
There it was first, and all should out of mind,
That in this world is done of all mankind.

Than prayed him Scipion, to tell him all
The way to come into that Heaven blisse,
And he said : " First know thy selfe immortall,
And loke aie besely that thou werche and wisse
To comon profite, and thou shalt not misse
To come swiftly unto that place dere,
That full of blisse is, and of soules clere.

" And breakers of the law, soth to saine,
And likerous folke, after that they been dede,
Shall whirle about the world alway in paine
Till many a world be passed out of drede,
And than, foryeven all hir wicked dede,
Than shullen they come to that blisful place,
To which to comen, God send thee grace."

The day gan failen, and the darke night
That reveth beastes from hir businesse,
Beraft me my booke for lacke of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
Fulfilled of thought and besie heavinesse,
For both I had thynge, which that I n'old,
And eke I ne had that thing that I wold.

But finally my spirite at last,
Forweary of my labour all that day,
Tooke rest, that made me to slepe fast,
And in my sleepe I mette, as that I say,
How Affrikan, right in the selfe aray
That Scipion him saw, before that tide,
Was come, and stode right at my beds side

The wearie hunter sleeping in his bedde,
The wood ayn his mind goeth anone,
The judge dremeth how his plees be spedde,
The carter dremeth how his cartes gone,
The rich of gold, the knight fights with his fone,
The sickle mette he drinketh of the tonne,
The lover mette he hath his lady wonne.

Can I not saine, if that the cause were
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne,
That made me to mete that he stood there,
But thus said he : " Thou hast thee so well borne
In looking of mine old booke all to torne,
Of which Macrobie raught not a lite,
That some dele of thy labour would I quite."

Citherea, thou blisful lady swete,
That with thy fire brond dauntest when thee lest,
That madest me this sweven for to mete,
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,
As wisely as I seigh the north northwest,
Whan I began my sweven for to write,
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This foresaid Affrikan me hent anone,
And forthwith him to a gate brought,
Right of a parke, walled with grene stone,
And over the gate, with letters large ywrought,
There were verse ywritten as me thought
On either halfe, of full great difference,
Of which I shall you say the playne sentence :

" Through me men gon into the blisful place
Of hertes heale and dedly woundes cure,
Through me men gon into the well of grace,
There grene and lusty May shall ever endure,
This is the way to all good aventure,
Be glad thou reader, and thy sorow off cast,
All open am I, passe in and spede thee fast."

" Through me men gon" (than spake the other si
" Unto the mortall strokes of the speare,
Of which Disdaine and Danger is the gide ;
There never tree shall fruit ne leaves beare,
This streme you ledeth to the sorowful were,
There as the fish in pryson is all dry,
The eschewing is only the remedy."

These verses of gold and asure ywritten weare,
Of which I gan astonied to behold,
For with that one encreased all my feare,
And with that other gan my herte to bolde,
That one me hette, that other did me colde,
No wit had I for errour for to chese,
To enter or fle, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwene adamants two,
Of even weight, a peece of yron set
Ne hath no might to move ne to ne fro,
For what that one may hale that other let,
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet
To entre or leave, till Affrikan my gide,
Me hent and shove in at the gates wide.

And said, " It standeth written in thy face,
Thine errour, though thou tell it not me,
But dread thee not to come into this place,
For this writing is nothing meant by thee,
Ne by none, but he Love's servaunt bee,
For thou of love hast lost thy tast of gesse,
As sickle men hath, of swete and bitternesse.

" But natheles, although thou be dull,
That thou canst not doe, yet mayst thou see,
For many a man that may not stand a pull,
Yet liketh it him at the wrestlyng for to be,
And demeth yet, whether he doe bet, or he,
And if thou haddest connyng for t'endite,
I shall thee shew matter of to write."

And with that my hand in his he toke anon,
Of which I comfort caught, and went in fast,
But Lord so I was glad, and well begon,
For over all, where I mine eyen cast,
Were trees clad with leaves, that aie shal last
Eche in his kind, with colour fresh and grene,
As emeraude, that joy it was to sene.

The bilder oke, and eke the hardy asshe,
The pillar elme, the coffre unto caraine,
The boxe pipe tree, holme to whippes lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cipres death to plaine,
The shooter ewe, the aspe for shaftes plaine,
The olive of peace, and eke the drunken vine,
The victor palme, the laurer too divine.

A gardein saw I full of blosomed bowis,
Upon a river in a grene mede,
There as sweetness evermore inough is,
With floures white, blew, yelow, and rede,
And cold welle streames, nothing dede,
That swommen full of smale fishes light,
With finnes rede, and scales silver bright.

On every bough the birdes heard I sing,
With voice of angell in hir armonie,
That busied hem hir birdes forth to bring,
The little pretty conies to hir play gan hie,
And further all about I gan espie
The dredeful roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
Squirrels, and beastes small of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringes in accordie
 Heard I so play a ravishing swetnesse,
 That God, that maker is of all and Lorde,
 Ne heard never better, as I gesse,
 Therewith a wind, unneeth it might be lesse,
 Made in the leaves grene a noise soft
 Accordant to the foules song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,
 That never was ther grevance of hot ne cold,
 There was eke every holsome spice and gras,
 Ne no man may there waxe sickle ne old,
 Yet was there more joy o thousand fold,
 Than I can tell or ever could or might,
 There is ever clere day, and never night.

Under a tree beside a well I sey
 Cupide, our lorde, his arrowes forge and file,
 And at his feete his bowe already lay,
 And well his daughter trempled all the while
 She heddies in the well, with her wile
 She couched hem after, as they should serve
 Some to slee, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of Pleasaunce anon right,
 And of Array, Lust, Beauty, and Curtesie,
 And of the Craft, that can and hath the might
 To don by force a wight to don folie :
 Disfigured was she, I will not lie,
 And by himselfe, under an oke I gesse,
 Sawe I Delite, that stood with Gentlenesse.

Than saw I Beauty, with a nice attire,
 And Youth, full of game and jolitee,
 Foole-hardinesse, Flatterie, and Desire,
 Messagerie, Mede, and other three,
 Hir names shall not here be told for me ;
 And upon pillers great of jasper long,
 I sawe a temple of brasse yfounded strong.

And about the temple daunced alway
 Women inow, of which some there were
 Faire of herself, and some of hem were gay,
 In kirtills all disheveled went they there,
 That was their office ever, fro yere to yere ;
 And on the temple, saw I white and faire,
 Of doves sitting many a thousand paire.

And before the temple doore full soberly,
 Dame Peace sat, a curtaine in her honde,
 And her beside wonder discretly,
 Dame Pacience, sitting there I fonde,
 With face pale, upon an hill of sonde,
 And alther next, within and without,
 Behest and Arte, and of her folke a rout.

Within the temple, of sighes hote as fire,
 I heard a swough that gan about ren,
 Which sighes were engendred with desire,
 That made every herte for to bren
 Of newe flambe, and well espied I then,
 That all the cause of sorowes that they drie
 Come of the bitter goddess Jalousie.

The god Priapus saw I as I went
 Within the temple, in soverain place stond,
 In such array, as when the asse him shent
 With crie by night, and with sceptre in honde ;
 Full buslie men gan assay and fonde,
 Upon his hedde to set of sondrie hewe,
 Garlandes full of freshe floures newe.

And in a privic corner, in disport
 Found I Venus, and hir porter Richesse,
 That was full noble and hautein of her port,
 Darke was that place, but after lightnesse
 I sawe a lite, unneeth it might be lesse,
 And on a bed of golde she lay to rest,
 Till that the hote Sonne gan to west.

Her gilte heeres with a gold threde
 Ybound were, untressed as she lay,
 And naked from the brest unto the hede,
 Men might her see, and softly for to saie,
 The remnaunt, covered well to my paie,
 Right with a litle kercheve of Valence,
 There was no thicker clothe of defence.

The place gave a thousand savours soote,
 And Bacchus god of wine sate her beside,
 And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger boote,
 And as I said, amiddes lay Cupide,
 To whom on knees, the yonge folkes cride,
 To be their helpe, but thus I let her lie,
 And farther in her temple I gan espie.

That in dispite of Diane the chaste,
 Full many a bowe ybroke hing on the wall,
 Of maidens, such as gone hir times waste
 In her service : and painted over all,
 Of many a storie, of which I touch shall
 A fewe, as of Calixte, and Athalant,
 And many a maid, of which the name I want.

Semyramus, Candace, and Hercules,
 Biblis, Dido, Tisbe, and Piramus,
 Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,
 Helaine, Cleopatre, and Troilus,
 Sylla, and eke the motlier of Romulus,
 All these were paynted on that other side,
 And all hir love, and in what plite they dide.

Whan I was commen ayen into the place
 That I of spake, that was so soote and grene,
 Forth walked I tho, my selven to solace,
 Tho was I ware, where there sate a guene,
 That as of light the sommer Sunne shene
 Passeth the sterre, right so over mcsure,
 She fairer was than any creature.

And in a launde, upon an hill of floures,
 Was set this noble goddesse Nature,
 Of branches were her halles and her boures
 Ywrought, after her craft and her mesure,
 Ne there n'as foul that cometh of engendrure,
 That there ne were prest in her presence,
 To take hir dome and yeve hir audience.

For this was on saint Valentines day,
 Whan every foule cometh to chese hir make,
 Of every kind that men think may,
 And that so huge a noise gan they make,
 That earth, sea, and tree, and every lake,
 So full was, that unneeth there was space
 For me to stand, so full was all the place.

And right as Alain, in the Plaint of Kinde,
 Deviseth Nature of such araic and face,
 In suche aray men might her there finde.
 This noble empress full of all grace,
 Bad every foule take hir owne place,
 As they were wont alway, fro yere to yere.
 On saint Valentines day, standen there.

That is to say, the foules of ravine
Were highest set, and than the foules smale,
That eaten as that nature would encline,
As worme or thing, of which I tell no tale,
But water foule sat lowest in the dale,
And foules that liveth by seed sat on the grene,
And that so many, that wonder was to sene.

There might men the royall egle find,
That with his sharpe looke perseth the Son,
And other egles of a lower kind,
Of which that clerkes well devisen con ;
There was the tyrant with his fethers don,
And grene, I mean the goshaue that doth pine
To birdes, for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth
The kings hand, the hardy speerhaue eke,
The quales foe, the merlion that peineth
Himself full oft the lark for to seke,
There was the dove, with her eyen meke,
The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,
The out eke, that of deth the hode bringeth.

The crane, the gaunt, with his trompes sounce,
The thief the chough, and the chattering pie,
The scorning jaye, the cles for the heroune,
The false lapwing, full of trecherie,
The stare, that the counsaile can bewrie,
The tame ruddoche, and the coward kite,
The cocke, that horloge is of thorpes lite.

The sparowe Venus' son, and the nightingale
That elpeth forth the fresh leaves new,
The swalowe, murder of the bees smale
That maken honie of floures fresh of hew,
The wedded turtell, with his herte true,
The pecocke, with his angel fethers bright,
The fesaunt, scorner of the cocke by night.

The waker gose, the cuckowe ever unkind,
The popinge, full of delicasy,
The drake, stroier of his owne kind,
The storke, wreker of adoutry,
The hote cormeraunt, ful of glotony,
The ravin and the crowe, with her voice of care,
The throstell olde, and the frostie feldefare.

What should I say? of foules of every kind,
That in this world have fethers and stature,
Men might in that place assembled find,
Before that noble goddess of Nature,
And cehe of them did his busie cure,
Benignely to chese, or for to take
By her accorde, his formell or his make.

But to the point : Nature held on her hond,
A formell egle, of shape the gentildest,
That ever she among her workes fond,
The most benigne, and eke the goodliest,
In her was every vortue, at his rest
So farforth, that Nature her selfe had blisse,
To looke on her, and oft her beeke to kisse.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord,
That hote, colde, hevie, light, moist, and drie,
Hath knit, by even number of accord,
In easie voice, began to speake and say,
"Foules, take heed of my sentence I pray,
And for your own ease, in furduring of your need,
As fast as I may speak, I will me speed.

"Ye knowe wel, how on Saint Valentines day,
By my statute, and though my governance,
Ye do chese your makes, and after fle away
With hem, as I pricke you with pleasaunce,
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinance,
May I not let, for all this world to win,
But he that most worthiest is shall begin.

"The tercell egle, as ye know full wele,
The foule royall, above you all in degre,
The wise and worthie, the secret true as stele,
The which I have formed, as ye may see,
In every parte as it best liketh mee,
It nedeth not his shape you to devise,
He shall first chese, and spoken in his gise.

"And after him, by order shall ye chese,
After your kind, everiche as you liketh,
And as your hap is, shall ye win or lose,
But which of you that love most entrieketh,
God sende him her that sorest for him siketh :"
And therewithall, the tercell gan she call,
And said, "My sonne, the choise is to thee fall.

"But nathelesse, in this condicion
Must be the choise of everiche that is here,
That she agree to his election,
Who so he be, that should been her fere,
This is our usage alway, fro yere to yere,
And who so may at this tims have his grace,
In blisfull time he came into this place."

With hed enclined, and with ful humble chere,
This roial tercell spake, and taried nought,
"Unto my soveraine lady, and not my fere,
I chose and chese, with will, herte, and thought,
The formell on your hand, so wel ywrought,
Whose I am all, and ever will her serve,
Doe what her luste, to doe me live or sterve.

"Besechyng her of mercy, and of grace,
As she that is my ladie soveraine,
Or let me die here present in this place,
For certes long may I not live in paine,
For in my herte is corven every vaine,
Having regard onely to my trouth,
My dere herte, have on my wo some routh.

"And if I be found to her untrue,
Disobeisaunt, or wilfull negligent,
Avauntour, or in processe love a newe,
I pray to you this be my judgement,
That with these foules I be all to rent,
That ilke day that she me ever find
To her untrue, or in my gylte unkind.

"And sith that none loveth her so well as I,
Although she never of love me behet,
Than ought she be mine through her mercy,
For other bonde can I none on her knet :
For wele nor wo never shall I let
To serve her, how farre so that she wende,
Say what you list, my tale is at an ende."

Right as the fresh redde rose newe
Against the sommer Sunne coloured is,
Right so for shame all waxen gan the hewe
Of this formell, whan she heard all this,
Neither she answerde well, ne said amis,
So sore abashed was she, till that Nature
Said, "Daughter drede you not, I you assure."

Another tercell egle spake anon,
Of lower kind, and said, "That should not be,
I love her better than ye doe, by saint John,
Or at the least, I love her as well as ye,
And lenger have served her in my degree,
And if she should have loved for long loving,
To me alone had be the guerdoning.

"I dare eke say, if she me finde false,
Unkind jangler, or rebell in any wise,
Or jelous, doe me hang by the halse,
And but I beare me in her service
As well as my wit can me suffice,
Fro point to point, her honour for to save,
Take she my life, and all the good I have."

The thirde tercell egle answerde tho,
"Now sirs, ye see the little leaser here,
For every foule crieth out to be ago
Forth with his make, or with his lady dere :
And eke Nature her self ne will not here
For taryng her, not half that I would sey,
And but I speake, I must for sorrow dey.

"Of long service avaunt I me nothing,
But as possible is me to die to day
For wo, as he that hath be languishing
This twenty winter, and wel it happen may,
A man may serve better, and more to pay,
In half a year, although it were no more,
Than some man doth that hath served full yore.

"I ne say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no service that may my lady please,
But I dare say I am her trewest man,
As to my dome, and fairest wolde her please :
At short wordes, till that death me cease,
I will be hers, whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in all that herte may bethinke."

Of al my life, sith that day I was borne,
So gentle plee in love or other thing,
Ne herde never no man me beforme,
Who so that had leiser and conning
For to rehearse their chere, and their speaking;
And from the morrow gan this spech last,
Till downward went the Sunne wonder fast.

The noyse of foules for to be deliverd,
So loude rang, "Have don and let us wend,"
That well wend I, the wood had al to shiverd :
"Come off," they cryd. "alas, ye will us shend,
Whan shal your cursed ploding have an end?
How should a judge either party leve,
For ye or nay, without any preve?"

The goos, the duck, and the cuckowe also,
So cried "Keke, keke, Cuckow, Queke, queke, hie,"
Through mine eares the noise went tho.
The goos said than "Al this n'is worth a flic,
But I can shape hereof a remedie,
And will say my verditte, faire and swithe,
For water toule, whoso be wroth or blithe."

"And I for worm foule," said the fole cuckow,
"For I will of mine own autorite,
For common spede, take on me the charge now,
For to deliver us it is great charite."
"Ye may abide a while, yet perde."
(Quod the turrel) "if it be your will,
A wight may speak, it were as good be still

"I am a sede foule, one the unworthiest,
That wote I well, and leest of conning,
But better is that a wights tonge rest,
Than entremete him of such doing
Of which he neither rede can nor sing,
And who so it doth, full foule himself acloyeth,
For office uncommitted oft annoyeth."

Nature, which that alway had an eare
To murmure of the lewdnesse behind,
With facond voice said, "Hold your tonges there
And I shall soone, I hope, a counsaile find,
You for to deliver, and fro this noyse unbind :
I charge of every flock ye shall one call,
To say the verditte of you foules all."

Assented were to this conclusion,
The birdes all : and foules of ravine
Have chosen fist by plaine election,
The tercelet of the faucon to define
All hir sentence, and as him lust to termine,
And to Nature him they did present,
And she accepteth him with glad entent.

The tercelet said than in this manere,
"Full hard it were to preve it by reason,
Who loveth best this gentle formell here,
For everich hath such replicatioun,
That by skills may none be brought adoun,
I cannot see that arguments availle,
Than seemeth it there must be bataille."

"All ready" (quod these eagle tercelles tho :)
"Nay sirs," (quod he) "if that I durst it say,
Ye do me wrong, my tale is not ydo :
For sirs, taketh nat a greefe I pray,
It may not be as ye would, in this way,
Ours is the voice, that have the charge in hand,
And to the judges dome ye must stand.

"And, therefore, peace I say, as to my wit,
Me would thinke, how that the worstest
Of knighthood, and lengest had used it,
Most of estate, of blood the gentiltest,
Were fitting for her, if that her lest,
And of these three, she wote her selfe I trow
Which that he be, for it is light to know."

The water foules have their heads laid
Togider, and of short avisement,
Whan everiche had this verditte said,
They said soothly all by one assent,
How that the goos, with the facond gent,
That so desireth to pronounce our nede,
Shal tel her tale, and praid to God her spede.

And for these water foules the began
The goose to speake, and in her cawling
She said, "Peace now, take keep every man,
And herken which a reason I shall forth bring;
My witte is sharpe, I love no tarryng,
I say, I rede him, tho he were my brother,
But she will love him, let him love another."

"Lo, here a parfite reason of a goose"
(Quod the sperhauke) "never mote she the,
Lo, such a thing it is to have a tongue lose :
Now parde foole, yet were it better for the
Have held thy peace than shewd thy nicete
It lieth nat in his wit, nor in his will,
But sooth is said, a fole cannot be still."

The laughter arose of gentill foules all,
 And right anone the seed foules chosen had
 The turtle true, and gan her to hem call,
 And prayed her to say the sooth sad
 Of this matter, and asked what she rad ?
 And she answerd, that plainly her entent
 She would shew, and soothly what she ment.

"Nay, God forbede a lover should chaunge,"
 The turtle said (and wex for shame all red)
 "Though that his lady evermore be straunge,
 Yet let him serve her alway, till he be dced,
 Forsooth, I praise not the gooses reed,
 For tho she died, I would none other make,
 I will be hers, till that the death me take."

"Well ybounded" (quod the duck) "by my hat,
 That men should love alway causelesse,
 Who can a reason find, or wit in that ?
 Daunceth he merry that is mirtheslesse ?
 Who should recke of that is retchlesse ?
 Ye queke yet," quod the duck, "full well and fair,
 There be no sterres in the skie than a pair."

"Now fie churle," quod the gentle tercelet,
 "Out of the dunghill came that word aright,
 Thou canst not see which thing is well beset,
 Thou farest by love as owles do by light,
 The day hem blindeth, full well they see by night,
 Thy kind is of so low wretchedness,
 That what love is thou canst not see nor gess."

Tho gan the cuckow put him forth in preace,
 For foule that catcht worme, and said blive :
 "So I," quod he, "may have my make in peace,
 I retch not how long that ye strive,
 Let ech of hem be soleine all hir live,
 This is my rede, sens they may nat accord,
 This short lesson needeth not record."

"Ye, have the glutton filde his paunch
 Than are we well," said the emerlon,
 "Thou murderer of the heysugge on the braunch
 That brought thee forth, thou ruful glutton,
 Live thou solein, wormes corruption,
 For no force is of lack of thy nature,
 Go, leude be thou while the world may dure."

"Now peace," quod Nature, "I commaunde here,
 For I have heard all your opinion,
 And in effect yet be we never the nere,
 But finally, this is my conclusion,
 That she her selfe shall have her election
 Of whom her list, who so be wrothe or blithe,
 Him that she cheseth, he shall her have as swithe."

"For sith it may not here discussed be
 Who loveth her best, as said the tercelet,
 Than woll I done this favour to her, that she
 Shall have right him on whom her herte is set,
 And he her, that his herte hath on her knet ;
 This judge I Nature, for I may not lie
 To none estate, I have none other eye."

"But as for counsaile for to chuse a make,
 If I were reason, than would I
 Counsaile you the royal tercelet take,
 As said the tercelet full skilfully,
 As for the gentildest and most worthy,

Which I have wrought so wel to my plesance
 That to you it ougth ben a suffisaunce."

With dredeful voice that forme her answerd,
 "My rightful lady, goddess of Nature,
 Sooth is, that I am ever under your yerd,
 As is everich other creature,
 And must be yours while my life may dure,
 And therefore graunt me my first boone,
 And mine entent you woll I say right soone."

"I graunt it you," quod she, and right anone
 This formel eagle spake in this degree :
 "Almighty quene, unto this year be done
 I aske respite for to avisen mee,
 And after that to have my choice all free,
 This all and some that I would speak and sey,
 Ye get no more, although you do me dey."

"I woll not serven Venus ne Cupide,
 Forsooth as yet, by no maner way."
 "Now sens it may none other ways betide"
 (Quod Nature) "here is no more to say.
 Than would I that these foules were away,
 Ech with his make, for taryng lenger here,"
 And said hem thus, as ye shall after here.

"To you speke I, ye tercelets," (quod Nature)
 "Beth of good herte, and serveth all three,
 A yeare is not so long to endure,
 And ech of you paine him in his degree,
 For to do well, for God wote quit is she
 Pro you this year, what after so befall,
 This entremes is dressed for you all."

And when this werk brought was to an end,
 To every foule Nature yave his make,
 By even accord, and on hir way they wend,
 And Lord the blisse and joy that they make,
 For ech of hem gan other in his wings take,
 And with hir neckes ech gan other winde,
 Thanking alway the noble goddess of kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to sing,
 As yere by yere was alway hir usaunce,
 To sing a roundel at hir departing,
 To do Nature honour and plesausance ;
 The note I trow maked was in Fraunces,
 The words were such as ye may here find,
 The next verse, as I now have in mind.

Qui bien ayme tard oublye

"Now welcome summer, with thy sunnes soft,
 That hast this winter weathers overshake,
 Saint Valentine, thou art full high on lofft,
 Which drivest away the long nights blake ;
 Thus singen smale foules for thy sake,
 Well have they cause for to gladen oft,
 Sens each of hem recovered hath his make,
 Full blisful may they sing when they awake."

And with the shouting when hir song was do,
 That the foules made at hir flight away,
 I woke, and other bookes took me to
 To rede upon and yet I rede alway,
 I hope ywis to rede so some day,
 That I shall mete something for to fare
 The bet, and thus to rede I will not spare.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

THE HEAUIE COMPLAINT OF A KNIGHT, FOR THAT HE CANNOT WIN HIS LADIES GRACE.

v. 1—98

In May, whan Flora the fresh lusty quene,
The soile hath cladde in grene, red, and whight,
And Phebus gan to shede his stremes shene
Amidde the Bulle, with all the beames bright,
And Lucifer to chace away the night,
Ayen the morow our orizont hath take,
To bid all lovers out of hir slepe awake.

And hertes heavy for to recomfort
From dremihed of heavy night sorowe,
Nature bad hem rise and hem disport
Ayen the goodly glad grey morowe,
And Hope also, with saint Johan to borowe,
Bad, in dispite of daunger and dispaire,
For to take the holsome lusty aire.

And with a sigh, I gan for to abreide
Out of my slumber, and sodainly up starte,
As he (alas) that nigh for sorow deide,
My sicknesse sate aye so nic my herte ;
But for to finde succour of my smart,
Or at the least some release of my peine,
That me so sore halte in every veine.

I rose anone, and thought I woulde gone
Into the woode, to heare the birdes sing,
Whan that the misty vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire was the morning,
The dewe also like silver in shining
Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,
Till fiy Titan with his persant hete

Had dried up the lusty licour new
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
And that the floures of many divers hew,
Upon hir stalkes gon for to sprede,
And for to splay out hir leues in brede
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in his spere,
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,
Of water clere as birell or cristall,
Till at the last, I found a little way
Toward a parke, enclosed with a wall
In compace rounde, and by a gate small
Who so that would might freely gone
Into this parke, walled with grene stowe.

And in I went to heare the birdes song,
Which on the braunches, both in plaine and vale,
So loud sang that all the wood rong,
Like as it should shiver in peeces smale
And, as me thought, that the nightingale
With so great might her voice gan out wrest,
Right as her herte for love would brest.

The soile was plaine, smoth, and wonder soft,
All oversprad with tapettes that Nature
Had made her seife : covered eke aloft
With bowes greene the floures for to cure,
That in hir beauty they may long endure
From all assaut of Phebus fervent fere,
Which in lus sphere so hote shone and clere.

The aire attempre, and the smothe wind
Of Zepherus, among the blosomes white,
So holsome was, and so nourishing by kind,
That smale budde and round blosomes lite
In maner gan of hir brethe delite,
To yeve us hope there fruite shall take
Ayenst autumne redy for to shaake.

I saw the Daphene closed under rinde,
Greene laurer, and the holsome pine,
The mirre also that wepeth ever of kinde,
The cedres hie, upright as a line,
The filbert eke, that lowe doth encline
Her bowes grene to the earth adoun,
Unto her knight called Demophoun.

There sawe I eke the freshe hauthorne
In white motley, that so swote doth smell,
Ashe, firre, and oke, with many a yong acorn,
And many a tree mo than I can tell,
And me beforeme I sawe a little well,
That had his course, as I gan beholde,
Under an hill, with quicke stremes colde.

The gravel gold, the water pure as glasse,
The bankes round the well environyng,
And soft as velvet the yonge grasse
That thereupon lustely came springyng,
The sute of trees about compassyng,
Hir shadow cast, closing the well round,
And all the herbes growing on the ground.

The water holsome was, and so vertuous,
Through might of herbes growing beside,
Not like the welle where as Narcissus
Yslaine was, through vengeance of Cupide,
Where so covertly he did hide
The graine of death upon eche brinke,
That dreith mote folow who that ever drinke

Ne like the pitte of the Pegace,
Under Parnaso, where poets slept,
Nor like the welle of pure chastite,
Which that Diane with her nimphes kept
Whan she naked into the water lepte,
That slowe Acteon with her hondes fell
Onely for he came so nigh the well.

But this welle that I here of rehearse,
So holsome was, that it would aswage
Bollen hertes, and the venim pearce
Of pensiefel with all the cruell rage,
And overmore refresh the viage
Of hem that were in any werinesse
Of great labour, or fallen in distresse.

And I that had through daunger and disdain
So drye a thurst, thought I would assay
To taste a draught of this welle or twain,
My bitter languor if it might alay,
And on the banke anone doune I lay,
And with mine hed unto the welle I rought,
And of the water dranke I a good draught.

Wherof me thought I was refreshed welle
Of the brennyng that sate so nigh my herte,
That, verily, anone I gan to fele
An huge parte released of my smart,
And therewithall, anone, up I start,
And thought I would walke and see more,
Forth in the parke, and in the holtes here.

And through a laund as I yede apace,
And gan about fast to behold,
I found anone a delectable place,
That was beset with trees young and old,
Whose names here for me shall not be told,
Amidde of which stood an herber greene,
That benched was, with colours new and ciene.

This herber was full of floures gende,
Into the which, as I beholde gan,
Betwixt an hulfeere and a woodbende,
As I was ware, I saw where lay a man
In blacke, and white colour pale and wan,
And wonder deadly also of his hewe,
Of hurtes grene and fresh woundes new.

And overmore, distrayned with sicknesse,
Beside all this, he was full grevously,
For upon him he had an hote accesse,
That day by day him shooke full pitously,
So that for constraying of his malady
And hertely wo, thus lying alone,
It was a death for to hear him grone.

Whereof astonied, my fote I gan withdraw,
Greatly wondring what it might be,
That he so lay, and had no felaw,
Ne that I could no wight with him see,
Whereof I had routh and eke pite,
And gan anone, so softly as I coude,
Among the bushes prively me to shroude.

I that I might in any wise aspy
What was the cause of his dedly wo,
Or why that he so pitously gan cry
On his fortune, and on ure also,
With all my might I laid an eare to,
Every word to marke what he said,
Out of his swough amonge as he abraid.

But first, if I should make mencion
Of his person, and plainly him discrive,
He was in sothe, without excepcion,
To speake of manhood, one the best on live ;
There may no man ayen trouth strive,
For of his tyme, and of his age also,
He proved was, there men shuld have ado,

For one of the best therto of brede and length,
So well ymade by good proporcion,
If he had be in his deliver strength ;
But thought and sicknesse were occasion
That he thus lay in lamentacion,
Gruffe on the ground, in place desolate,
Sole by himselfe, awhaped and amate.

And for me seemeth that it is fitting
His wordes all to put in remembrance,
To me, that heard all his complaining,
And all the ground of his wofull chaunce,
If there withall I may you do pleasaunce,
I woll to you, so as I can, anone,
Lyke as he sayd, rehearce everichone.

But who shall helpe me now to complain,
Or who shall now my stile gie or lede ?
O Niobe, let now thy teares rain
In to my penne ! and helpe eke in nede,
Thou, wofull Myrre ! that felest my herte blede
Of pitous wo, and mine hand eke quake,
Whan that I write, for this mannes sake.

For unto wo accordeth complaynyng,
And dolefull chere unto heavnesse,
To sorow also, sighing and weping,
And pitous mourning unto dzerinesse,
And who that shall writte of distresse,
In party needeth to know feelingly
Cause and roote of all soch malady.

But I alas, that am of witte but dull,
And have no knowing of such matere,
For to discrive, and write at the full
The wofull complaint, which that ye shall here,
But even like as doth a skriwenere,
That can no more what that he shall write,
But as his maister beside doth endite ;

Right so fare I, that of no sentement
Say right naught in conclusion,
But as I herde whan I was present,
This man complaine with a pitous soun,
For, even like, without addicioun,
Or disencresse, eyther more or lesse,
For to rehearce anone I woll me dresse.

And if that any now be in this place,
That fele in love brenning of fervence,
Or hindred were to his ladies grace
With false tonges, that with pestilence
Slee trewe men that never did offence
In worde nor deed, ne in hir entent,
If any such be here now present,

Let him of routh lay to audience,
With doleful chere, and sobre countenance,
To here this man, by full hie sentence,
His mortall wo, and his perturbatione
Complaynyng, now lying in a trauance,
With lookes upcast and ruffull chere,
Theffect of which was as ye shall here.

“ The thought oppressed with inward sighs sore,
The painful life, the body languishing,
The wofull ghost, the herte rent and tore,
The pitous chere pale in complaynyng,
The dedly face, like ashes in shinning,
The salte teares that from mine eyen fall,
Percel declare ground of my paynes all.

" Whose herte is ground to blede in hevynesse,
The thought receit of wo and of complaint,
The brest is chest of dole and drierynesse,
The body eke so feeble and so faint,
With hote and colde mine accesse is so maint,
That now I chiver for default of heat,
And hote as glede now sodainly I sweat.

" Now hote as fire, now colde as ashes deed,
Now hote for cold, now cold for heat againe,
Now cold as yse, now as coles reed,
For heate I brenne, and thus betwixe twaine,
I possed am, and all forecast in paine,
So that my heate plainly as I fele,
Of greevous colde is cause every dele.

" This is the colde of inward hie disdain,
Colde of dispite, and colde of cruell hate,
This is the colde that ever doth his besie pain
Ayenst trouth to fight and debate,
This is the colde that the fire abate
Of trewe meaning, alas, the harde while,
This is the colde that woll me begile.

" For ever the better that in trouth I ment
With all my might faithfully to serve,
With herte and all to be diligent,
The lesse thanke, alas, I can deserve :
Thus for my trouth danger doth me sterve,
For one that should my death of mercy let,
Hath made dispite new his swerde to whet

" Against me, and his arowes to file
To take vengeance of wilfull cruelte ;
And tonges false, through hir slightly wile,
Han gonne a werre that will not stinted be,
And False Envie, Wrath and Emnite,
Have conspired against all right and law,
Of hir malice, that Trouth shall be slaw.

" And Malebouche gan first the tale tell,
To sclaunder Trouth of indignacion,
And False-reporte so loude range the bell
That Misbeleefe and False-suspicion
Have Trouth brought to his dampnacion,
So that, alas, wrongfully he dieth,
And Falsenesse now his place occupieth.

" And entred is in to Trouthes londe,
And hath thereof the full possession.
O rightfull God, that first the trouth fonde,
How may thou suffre soch oppression,
That Falsheed should have jurisdiction
In Trouthes right to seee him giltye ?
In his franchise he may not live in pees ;

" Falsly accused, and of his fone forjudged,
Without answer, while he was absent,
He damned was, and may not be excused,
For Cruelte sate in judgement
Of hastinesse without advisement,
And hadde Disdaine do execute anone,
His judgement in presence of his fone.

" Attourney may none admitted been
To excuse Trouth, ne a worde to speke,
To Faith or othe the judge list not seen,
There is no game, but he will be wreke :
O Lord of trouth, to thee I call and clepe !
How may thou seee thus in thy presence,
Without mercy murdred innocence ?

" Now God, that art of trouth souveraine,
And seest how I lie for trouth bound,
So sore knit in loves firie chaine,
Even at the death through girte with many a wound,
That likely are never for to sound,
And for my trouth am dampned to the death,
And not abide, but draw along the breath :

" Consider and see in thine eternal right,
How that mine herre professed whilom was,
For to be trewe with all my full might,
Oonly to one the which now, alas,
Of volunte, without any trespas,
My accoursors hath taken unto grace,
And cheriseth hem my death to purchace.

" What meaneth this ? what is this wonder ure
Of purveyance if I shall it call,
Of god of love, that false hem so assure,
And trewe, alas, downe of the whole ben fall,
And yet, in sothe, this is the worst of all,
That Falsched wrongfully of Troth hath the name,
And Trouthayenward of Falsched beareth the blame.

" This blind chaunce, this stormy aventure,
In love hath most his experience,
For who that doth with trouth most his cure,
Shall for his mede finde most offence,
That serveth love with all his diligence :
For who can faine under lowlyhede,
Ne fayleth not to finde grace and spede.

" For I loved one, full long sith agone,
With all mine herte, body, and full might,
And to be deed my herte can not gone
From his heste, but hold that he hath hight,
Though I be banished out of her sight,
And by her mouth dampned that I shall dey,
Unto my hest yet I will ever obey.

" For ever sith that the world began,
Who so liste looke, and in story rede,
He shall aye find that the trewe man
Was put abacke, whereas the falshe dede
Yfurthered was : for Love taketh none hede
To seee the trew, and hath of hem no charge
Where as the false goeth frely at hir large.

" I take record of Palamides,
The trewe man, the noble worthy knight,
That ever loved, and of his paine no relees,
Notwithstanding his manhood and his might,
Love unto him did full great unright,
For aye the bet he did in chevalrie,
The more he was hindred by envie.

" And aye the better he did in every place,
Through his knighthood and busie payne,
The fender was he from his ladies grace,
For to her mercy might he never attayne,
And to his death he coude it not refrayne
For no dangere, but aye obey and serve,
As he best coude, plainly till he sterve.

" What was the fine also of Hercules,
For all his conquest and his worthinesse,
That was of strength alone peerles,
For like as bookes of him list expresse,
He set pillers through his hie prowess,
Away at Gades, for to signifie,
That no man might him passe in chevalrie

"The which pillers ferre beyond Inde,
Be set of gold for a remembrance :
And for all that was he set behinde,
With hem that love list feebly avaunce,
For him set last upon a daunce
Against whom helpe may no strife,
For all his trouth he lost his life.

"Phebus also, for his pleasaunt light,
Whan that he went here in earth lowe,
Unto the herte with Venus sight
Ywounded was through Cupides bowe,
And yet his lady list him not to knowe,
Though for her love his herte did blede,
She let him go, and toke of him no hede.

"What shall I say of yonge Piramus ?
Of trewe Tristram, for all his hie renowne,
Of Achilles, or of Antonius,
Of Arcite, or of him Palemounne,
What was the end of hir passioune,
But after sorow death, and then hir grave ?
Lo, here the guerdon that these lovers have !

"But false Jason with his doublenesse,
That was untrews at Colkos to Medee,
And Theseus, roote of unkindnesse,
And with these two eke the false Enee.
Lo, thus the false aye in one degree,
Had in love hir lust and all hir will,
And, save falshood, there was none other skill.

"Of Thebes eke the false Arcite,
And Demophon eke for his slouth,
They had hir lust and all that might delite,
For all hir falshood and great untrouth :
Thus ever Love, alas, and that is routh,
His false lieges forthereth what he may,
And sleeth the trewe ungoodly, day by day.

"For trewe Adon was slaine with the bore,
Amidde the forest in the grene shade,
For Venus love he felt all the sore,
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The foule chorle had many nights glade,
Where Mars her knight and her man,
To find mercy comfort none he can.

"Also the yonge fresh Ipomedes,
So lustly free as of his corage,
That for to serve with all his herte he ches
Athalant, so faire of hir visage,
But Love, alas, quite him so his wage
With cruell daunger plainly at the last,
That with the death guerdounlesse he past.

"Lo, here the fine of Loves service,
Lo, how that Love can his servaunts quite,
Lo, how he can his faithfull men dispise,
To slee the trewe men, and false to respite !
Lo, how he doth the swerde of sorow bite
In hertes, such as most his lust obey,
To save the false and do the trewe dey.

"For faith nor othe, worde ne assurance,
Trewe meaning, awaite, or businesse,
Still porte, ne faithfull attendaunce,
Manhood ne might in armes worthinesse,
Pursute of worship nor lie prowesse,
In straunge land riding ne travaile,
Full litell or nought in love doth availe.

"Perill of death, nor in see ne land,
Hunger ne thrust, sorow ne sicknesse,
Ne great emprises for to take in hand,
Sheding of blood, ne manfull hardinesse,
Ne oft wounding at sautes by distresse,
Nor in parting of life nor death also,
All is for nought, Love taketh no heed thereto.

'But lesings with hir flatterie,
Through hir falsshede, and with hir doublenesse,
With tales new, and many fained lie,
By false semblaunt, and counterfeit humblesse,
Under colour depaint with stedfastnesse,
With fraud covered under a pitous face,
Accept be now ratherest unto grace :

"And can himselfe now best magnifie
With fained port and presumption,
They haunce hir cause with false surquedrie,
Under meaning of double entention,
To thinke one in hir opinion,
And say another, to set himselfe aloft,
And hinder trouth, as it is scene full oft.

"The which thing I buy now all too deare,
Thanked be Venus and the god Cupide,
As it is seeme by mine oppressed cheare,
And by his arrowes that sticken in my side,
That save death I nothing abide,
Fro day to day, alas, the hard while,
Whan ever his dart that him list to file,

"My wofull herte for to rive atwo,
For faut of mercy and lacke of pite
Of her that causeth all my paine and wo,
And list not ones of grace for to see
Unto my trouth through her crueltie ;
And most of all I me complaine,
That she hath joy to laugh at my paine ;

"And wilfully hath my death sworne,
All guiltlesse, and wote no cause why,
Save for the trouth that I had aforne
To her alone to serve faithfully.
O god of love, unto thee I cry,
And to thy blnd double deite,
Of this great wrong I complaine me !

"And unto thy stormy wilfull variaunce,
Ymeint with change and great unstablenesse,
Now up, now down, so renning is thy chance,
That thee to trust may be no sikernesse,
I wite it nothing but thy doublenesse,
And who that is an archer, and is blend,
Marketh nothing, but shooteth by wend.

"And for that he hath no discretion,
Without advise he let his arrow go,
For lacke of sight, and also of reason,
In his shooting it happeth ofte so,
To hurt his fiend rather than his fo,
So doth this god with his sharpe flone,
The trewe sleeth, and letteth the false gone.

"And of his wounding this is the worst of all,
Whan he hurt doeth to so cruell wretch,
And maketh the sickle for to cry and call
Unto his foe for to be his leche,
And hard it is for a man to seche
Upon the point of death in jeoperdie,
Unto his foe to find a remedie.

" Thus fareth it now even by me,
That to my foe that gave my herte a wound,
Mote aske grace, mercy, and pite,
And namely there where none may be found,
For now my sore my leche wil confound,
And god of kind so hath set mine ure,
My lives foe to have my wound in cure.

" Alas the while, now that I was borne,
Or that I ever saw the bright Sonne!
For now I see that full long aforne,
Or I was borne, my desteny was sponne
By Parcas susterne, to slee me if they conne,
For they my death shopen or my shert,
Only for trouth, I may it not astert.

" The mighty goddesse, also, of Nature,
That under God hath the governaunce
Of worldly things committed to her cure,
Disposed have through her wise purveiance,
To give my lady so much suffisaunce
Of all vertues, and therewithall purvide
To murder Trouth, hath take Danger to gide.

" For bounte, beaute, shape, and seemelhede,
Prudence, wit, passingly fairenesse,
Benigne port, glad chere, with lowlihede,
Of womanhede right plenteous largenesse,
Nature did in her fully empresse,
When she her wrought, and alderlast Disdain,
To hinder Trouth, she made her chamberlain.

" Whan Mistrust also, and False-suspeccion,
With Misbeleve she made for to be
Cheefe of counsaile to this conclusion,
For to exile Trouth, and eke Pite,
Out of her court to make Mercy flee,
So that despite now holdeth forth her reigne,
Through hasty bileve of tales that men feigne.

" And thus I am for my trouth, alas,
Murdred and slain with words sharp and kene,
Guiltlesse, God wote, of all trespas,
And lie and blede upon this cold grene,
Now mercy swete, mercy my lives quene,
And to your grace of mercy yet I prey,
In your service that your man may dey.

" But if so be that I shall die algate,
And that I shall none other mercy have,
Yet of my death let this been the date,
That by your wil I was broght to my grave,
Or hastily, if that you list me save,
My sharpe wounds that ake so and blede,
Of mercy charme, and also of womanhede.

" For other charme, plainly, is there none,
But only mercy to helpe in this case,
For though my wounds bleed ever in one,
My life, my death, standeth in your grace,
And though my guilt be nothing, alas,
I aske mercy in all my best entent,
Ready to die, if that ye assent.

" For there against shall I never strive
In word ne werke, plainly I ne may,
For lever I have than to be alive,
To die soothly, and it be to her pay,
Ye, though it be this same day,
Or whan that ever her list to devise,
Suffiseth me to die in your servise.

" And God, that knowest the thought of every wight,
Right as it is, in every thing thou maist see,
Yet ere I die, with all my full might,
Lowly I pray to graunt unto mee,
That ye goodly, faire, fresh, and free,
Which onely sle me for default of routh,
Or that I die, ye may know my trouth.

" For that in sooth sufficeth me,
And she it know in every circumstance,
And after I am well paid that she,
If that her list, of death to do vengeance
Unto me, that am under her ligeance,
It sit me not her doome to disobey,
But at her lust wilfully to dey.

" Without grutching or rebellion
In will or word, holy I assent,
Or any manner contradiction,
Fully to be at her commaundement,
And, if I die, in my testament
My herte I send, and my spirit also,
What so ever she list with hem to do.

" And alderlast, to her womanhede,
And to her mercy me I reccomaund,
That lie now here betwixe hope and drede,
Abiding plainly what she list commaund,
For utterly this 'n is no demaund
Welcome to me while me lasteth breath,
Right at her choice, where it be life or death.

" In this matter more what might I saine,
Sith in her hand, and in her wil is all,
But life and death, my joy, and all my paine,
And finally my best hold I shall,
Till my spirit by desteny fatal,
Whan that her list fro my body wend,
Have here my trouth, and thus I make an end."

And with that word he gan sigh as sore,
Like as his herte rive would atwaine,
And held his peace, and spake no word more,
But for to see his wo and mortal paine,
The teares gonne fro mine eyeen raine
Full pitously, for very inward routh,
That I him saw so long wishing for trouth.

And all this while my selfe I kepte close
Among the bowes, and my selfe gonne hide,
Till at the last the wofull man arose,
And to a lodge went there beside,
Where all the May his custome was t'abide,
Sole to complaine of his paines kene,
From yere to yere, under the bowes grene;

And for because that it drew to the night,
And that the Sunne his arke diurnal
Ypassed was, so that his persuaunt light,
His bright beams and his streams all
Were in the waves of the water fall,
Under the bordure of our ocean,
His chaire of gold, his course so swiftly ran :

And while the twilight and the rowes rede
Of Phebus light were deaurate a lite,
A penne I tooke, and gan me fast pende
The wofull plaint of this man to write,
Word by word, as he did endite,
Like as I heard, and could hem tho report,
I have here set, your hertes to disport.

If ought be misse, lay the wite on me,
 For I am worthy for to beare the blame,
 If any thing misse reported be,
 To make this ditie for to seeme lame,
 Through mine unconning, but for to saine the same,
 Like as this manne his complaint did expresse,
 I aske mercy and forgivenessse.

And as I wrote, me thought I saw aferre,
 Ferre in the west lustely appere
 Esperus the goodly bright sterre,
 So glad, so faire, so persaunt eke of chere,
 I mean Venus with her beames clere,
 That heavy hertes only to releve,
 Is wont of custome for to shew at eve.

And I as fast fell adown on my knee,
 And even thus to her gan I to prey :
 "O lady Venus, so faire upon to see,
 Let not this man for his trouthe dey !
 For that joy thou haddest whan thoo ley
 With Mars thy knight, whan Vulcanus fond,
 And with a chaine invisible you bond

"Togider both tway in the same while,
 That all the court above celestiall,
 At your shame gan laugh and smile :
 Ah, faire lady, willy foud at all,
 Comfort to carefull, O goddesse immortal,
 Be helping now, and do thy diligence
 To let the streames of thine influence

"Descend downe in forthering of the trouthe,
 Namely of hem that lie in sorrow bound,
 Shew now thou might, and on hir wo have routh,
 Ere false d unger slee hem and confound :
 And specially let thy might be found
 For so to cover, what so that thou may,
 The true man that in the herber lay ;

"And all true forther for his sake,
 O glad sterre, O lady Venus mine,
 And cause his lady him to grace take,
 Her herte of stele to mercy so encline,
 Ere that thy beames go up to decline,

And ere that thou now go fro us adoun,
 For that love thou haddest to A2oun."

And whan she was gone to her rest,
 I rose anone, and home to bed went,
 Forweary, me thought it for the best,
 Praying thus in all my best entent,
 That all trew, that be with daunger shent,
 With mercy may in release of hir paine,
 Recured be, ere May come efte againe.

And for that I ne may no lenger wake,
 Farewell ye lovers all that be trew,
 Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,
 That ere the Sunne to morrow be risen new,
 And ere he have ayen rosen hew,
 That each of you may have such a grace,
 His owne lady in armes to embrace.

I meane thus, in all honesty,
 Without more ye may togider speake
 What so ye list at good liberty,
 That each may to other hir herte breke,
 On jealousies onely to be wreke,
 That hath so long of his mallice and envy
 Werred trouthe with his tyranny.

LENVOYEL.

Princesse, pleaseth it to your benignitie
 This little ditie to have in mind,
 Of womanhede also for to see,
 Your man may your mercy find,
 And pity eke, that long hath be behind,
 Let him againe be provoked to grace,
 For by my trouthe it is against kind
 False daunger to occupy his place.

Go little quaire unto my lives queene
 And my very hertes souveraine,
 And be right glad for she shall thee seene,
 Such is thy grace, but I alas, in paine
 Am left behind, and n'ot to whom to plaine,
 For mercy, ruth, grace, and eke pite
 Exiled be, that I may not attaine
 Recure to find of mine adversite.

CHAUCER'S A B. C

CALLED LA PRIERE DE NOSTRE DAME.

Chaucer's A. B. C. called La Priere de Nostre Dame: made, as some say, at the request of Blanche, Luchess of Lancaster, as a praver for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout.

v. 1—80

A.

ALMIGHTY and all merciable queene,
To whom all this world fleeth: for succour
To have release of sinne, of sorrow, of tene,
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour!
To thee I flee, confounded in erroure,
Helpe and relieve, almighty debonaire!
Have mercy of mine perillous langour!
Venquist me hath my cruell adversaire.

B.

Bounty so fixe hath in my herte his tent,
That well I wote thou wilt my succour be,
Thou canst not warn that with good entent,
Axeth thine helpe, thine herte is aye so free:
Thou art largesse of plaine felicitye,
Haven and refute of quiete and of rest;
Lo, how that thevis seven chasen me!
Helpe, lady bright, or that mine slup to brest!

C.

Comfort is none, but in you, lady dere,
For lo, mine sinne and mine confusioun,
Which ought not in thine presence for to apere,
Han taken on me a grevous actioun,
Of veray right and disperatioun,
And, as by right, they mighten well sustene
That I were worthy mine damnatioun,
Nere mercy of you, blisfull queene!

D.

Dout is there none, queen of misericord,
That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy here,
God vouchesafe through thee with us to accord:
For certis, Christ is blisful modir dere,
Were now the bow bent in swiche manere,
As it was first of justice and of ire,
The rightfull God would of no mercy here:
But through thee han we grace as we desire.

E.

Ever hath mine hope of refute in thee be:
For here before full oft, in many a wise,
Unto mercy hast thou received me,
But mercy, lady, at the great assise,
Whan we shall come before the high justise,
So little frute shall than in me be found,
That but thou or that day correct me,
Of very right mine werk will me confound.

F.

Flying, I flee for succour to thine tent,
Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,
Beseking you, that ye you not absent,
Though I be wicke: O help yet at this nede!
All have I been a beast in wit and dede,
Yet lady, thou mee close in with thine own grace
Thine enemy and mine, lady take hede,
Unto mine death in point is me to chase.

G.

Gracious maid and modir, which that never
Were bitter nor in earth nor in see,
But full of sweetness and of mercy ever,
Help, that mine fader be not wroth with me!
Speake thou, for I ne dare him not see,
So have I done in earth, alas the while,
That certes but if thou mine succour be,
To sinke eteue he will mine ghost exile.

H.

He vouchesafe, tell him, as was his will,
Become a man as for our alliance,
And with his blood he wrote that blisfull bill
Upon the crosse, as generall acquaintance
To every penitent in full oriaunce:
And, therefore, lady bright, thou for us prey,
Than shalt thou stent all his grevance,
And maken our foe to failen of his prey.

I.

I wote well thou wilt been our succour,
Thou art so full of bounty in certaine,
For whan a soule falleth in erroure,
Thine pity goeth, and haleth him againe,
Than maketh thou his peace with his sovereign,
And bringest him out of the crooked strete:
Who so thee loveth shall not love in vaine,
That shall he find, as he the life shall lete.

K.

Kalenderis enlumined been they,
That in this world been lighted with thine name,
And who so goeth with thee the right wey,
Him that not drede in soule to been lane.
Now, queen of comfort, sith thou art the same
To whom I sech for my medicine,
Let not mine fo no more mine wound entame,
Mine hele into thine hond all I resine.

L.

Lady, thine sorrow can I not portrey
Under that crosse, ne his grevous penaunce :
But for your bothis peine, I you prey,
Let not our alder to make his bostaunce,
That he hath in his lestis with mischaunce,
Convict that ye both han bought so dere :
As I said erst, thou ground of substaunce,
Continue on us thine pitous eyen clere !

M.

Moyses that saw the bosh of flambis rede
Brenning, of which than never a sticke brend,
Was sign of thine unwemmed maidenhede,
Thou art the bosh, on which there can descend
The Holyghost, which that Moyses weend
Had been on fire : and this was in figure.
Now lady, from the fire us defend,
Which that in Hell eternally shall dure !

N.

Noble princesse, that never haddest pere,
Certes if any comfort in us bee,
That commeth of thee, Christis moder dere,
We han none other melody ne glee,
Us to rejoyce in our adversite,
Ne advocat none, that will and dare so prey
For us, and that for as little hire as ye,
That helpen for an Avenary or twey.

O.

O very light of eyen tho been blind,
O very lust of labour and distresse,
O treasorer of bounty to mankind,
The whom God chese to moder for humblesse,
From his ancelle he made thee maistresse
Of Heaven and Earth, our bill up to bede,
This world awaiteth ever on thine goodnes,
For thou ne failedest never wight at nede.

P.

Purpose I have, sometime, for to enquire
Wherefore and why the Holyghost thee sought,
Whan Gabriellis voice come to thine ere ;
He not to werre us swich a wonder wrought,
But for to save us, that sithen bought :
Than needeth us no weapon us to save,
But onely there we did not as us ought,
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

Q.

Queen of comfort, right whan I me bethink,
That I agilt have both him and thee,
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke,
Alas, I cautive, wheder shall I flee ?
Who shall unto thine sonne mine mean be ?
Who, but thine selfe, that art of pity well ?
Thou hast more routh on our adversitie,
Than in this world might any tongue tell.

R.

Redresse me moder, and eke me chastise,
For certainly my faders chastising
Ne dare I not abiden in no wise,
So hideous is his full reckening ;

Moder of whom our joy gan to spring,
Be ye mine judge, and eke my soules leech !
For ever in you is pity abounding,
To each that of pity will you beseech.

S.

Sooth is, he ne graunteth no pity
Without thee : for God of his goodnesse
Forgiveth none, but it like unto thee :
He hath thee made vicaire and maistresse
Of all this world, and eke governeresse
Of Heaven : and represseth his justice
After thine will ; and, therefore, in witesse
He hath thee crowned in so royal wise.

T.

Temple devout, ther God chese his wonning,
For which these misbeleeved deprived been,
To you mine soule penitent I bring,
Receive me, for I can no ferther flee.
With thornis venomous, Heaven queen,
For which the erth accursed was ful sore,
I am so wounded, as ye may well see,
That I am lost almost, it smert so sore.

V.

Virgine, that art so noble of appaiale,
That ledest us into the high toure
Of Paradise, thou me wish and counsaile,
How I may have thy grace and thy succour !
All have I been in filth and in errour :
Lady, on that countrey thou me adjourne,
That cleaped is thine bench of fresh flour,
There as that mercy ever shall sojourne.

X.

Xen thine sonne, that in this world alight
Upon a crosse to suffer his passioun,
And suffred eke that Longeus his hart pight,
And made his herte blood renne adoun,
And all this was for my salvatioun :
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,
And yet he will not mine dampnatioun :
This thanke I you, succour of all mankind !

Y.

Ysaac was figure of his death certaine,
That so ferre forth his fader would obey,
That him ne rough nothing for to be slain :
Right so thy sonne list a lambe to dey :
Now, lady full of mercy, I you prey,
Sith he his mercy sured me so large,
Be ye not scent, for all we sing or say,
That ye been from vengeance aye our targe,

Z.

Zacharie you clepith the open well
That wisht sinfull soule out of his guilt,
Therefore this lesson out I will to tell,
That nere thy tender heart we were spilt.
Now, lady bright, sith thou canst and wilt
Been to the seed of Adam merciable,
Bring us to that paleis that is built
To penitentis, that ben to mercie able.

THE BOOKE OF THE DUTCHESE,

OR

The Death of Blanche;

COMMONLY ENTITLED, CHAUCER'S DREAM.

v. 1—100

I HAVE great wonder by this light,
How I live, for day ne night
I may not sleepe weligh nought ;
I have so many an idle thought,
Purely for default of sleepe,
That, by my trowth, I take no keepe
Of nothing, how it commeth or gothe.
To me n'is nothing lefe nor lothe,
All is yliche good to me,
Joy or sorrow, where so it be :
For I have feeling in nothing,
But as it were a mased thing,
All day in point to fall adoun,
For sorrowfull imaginaoun
Is alway wholly in my minde.

And well ye wote, agaimst kinde
It were to liven in this wise,
For nature would not suffice
To none earthly creature,
Not long time to endure
Without sleepe, and be in sorrow :
And I ne may, ne night ne morrow,
Sleepe, and this melancolie
And drede I have for to die,
Defaut of sleepe and heavynesse
Hath slaine my spirit of quickenesse,
That I have lost all lustyhead ;
Such fantasies ben in mine head,
So I n'ot what is best to do :
But men might aske me why so
I may not sleepe, and what me is ?

But nathelesse, who aske this,
Leseth his asking truely,
My selven cannot tell why
The sooth, but truly as I gesse,
I hold it be a sickenesse
That I have suffred this eight yere,
And yet my boot is never the nere :
For there is phisicien but one,
That may me heale, but that is done :
Passe we over untill ette,
That will not be mote needs be lefte ;
Our first matter is good to keepe.

So whan I saw I might not sleepe,
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I sate upright,
And bade one reach me a booke,
A romaunce, and he it me tooke
To rede, and drive the night away :
For me thought it better play,

Than either at chesse or tables.
And in this booke were written fables,
That clerkes had in old tyme,
And other poets put in ryme,
To rede, and for to be in mind,
While men loved the law of Kinde.
This booke ne spake but of such thinge.
Of queenes lives, and of kings,
And many other things smale.
Among all this I found a tale,
That me thought a wonder thing.

This was the tale : There was a king
That hight Seys, and had a wife,
The best that might beare life,
And this queene hight Alcione.
So it befell, thereater soone
This king woll wenden over see :
To tellen shortly, whan that he
Was in the see, thus in this wise,
Such a tempest gan to rise,
That brake her mast, and made it fall,
And cleft her ship, and dreint hem all,
That never was found, as it tels,
Bord, ne man, ne nothing els.
Right thus this king Seys lost his life.

Now for to speake of Alcione his wife
This lady that was left at home,
Hath wonder that the king ne come
Home, for it was a long terme :
Anon her herte began to yerne,
And for that her thought evermo
It was not wele, her thought so,
She longed so after the king,
That certes it were a pitous thing
To tell her heartely sorrowfull life,
That she had, this noble wife,
For him, alas ! she loved alderbest,
Anon she sent both east and west
To seeke him, but they found him nought.
"Alas," (quod she) "that I was wrought,

Whether my lord my love be dead,
Certes I nill never eat bread,
I make a vow to my God here,
But I mowe of my lord here."
Such sorrow this lady to her tooke,
That truly I that made this booke,
Had such pitie and such routh
To rede her sorrow, that by my trowth,
I farde the worse all the morrow
After, to thincken on her sorrow.

So when this lady coud here no word
That no man might find her lord,
Full oft she swowned, and said "Alas!"
For sorrow full nigh wood she was,
Ne she coud no rede but one,
But downe on knees she sate anone,
And wept, that pitie were to here.

"A mercy, sweet lady dere!"
(Quod she) to Juno her goddessse,
"Helpe me out of this distresse,
And yeve me grace my lord to see
Soone, or wete where so he bee,
Or how he fareth or in what wise,
And I shall make you sacrifice,
And holy yours become I shall;
With good will, body, herte, and all;
And but thou wolt this, lady swete,
Send me grace to slepe and mete
In my sleepe some certain sweren,
Where through that I may know even
Whether my lord be quicke or dead."

With that word she hing downe the head,
And fell in a swowne, as cold as stone;
Her women caught her up anone,
And brought her in bed all naked,
And she, forweped and forwaked,
Was weary, and thus the dead sleepe
Fell on her or she tooke keepe,
Through Juno, that had heard her boone,
That made her to sleepe soone;
For as she praide, right so was done
Indeed, for Juno right anone
Called thus her messengere
To do her errand, and he come nere;
When he was come she bad him thus:

"Go bet" (quod Juno) "to Morpheus,
"Thou knowest him well, the god of sleepe,
Now understand well, and take keepe;
Say thus on my halfe, that hee
Go fast into the great see,
And bid him that on all thing
He take up Seys body the king,
That lieth full pale, and nothing rody,
Bid him creepe into the body,
And do it gone to Alcione,
The queene, there she heth alone,
And shew her shortly, it is no nay,
How it was dreint this other day,
And do the body speake right so,
Right as it was wonted to do,
The whiles that it was alive;
Go now fast, and hye thee blive."

This messenger took leve and w. at
Upon his way, and never he stent
Till he came to the darke valley
That stant betweene rockes twey,
There never yet grew corne ne gras,
Ne tree, ne naught that aught was,
Beast ne man, ne naught els,
Save that there were a few wels
Came renning from the cliffes adowne,
That made a deadly sleeping sowne,
And rennen downe right by a cave,
That was under a rocke ygrave
Amid the valley wonder deepe,
There these goddes lay asleepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteire,
That was the god of sleepes heire,
That slept, and did none other werke.

This cave was also as derke

As Hell pitte, over all about
They had good leysor for to rout,
To vye who might sleepe best,
Some hing hir chin upon hir brest,
And slept upright hur head yhed,
And some lay naked in hir bed,
And slept whiles their daies last.

This messenger come renning fast,
And cried "Ho, ho, awake anone!"
It was for nought, there heard him none.
"Awake!" (quod he) "who lieth there?"
And blew his horne right in hir ear,
And cried "Awaketh!" wonder hie.

This god of sleepe, with his one eye,
Cast up, and asked "Who clepeth there?"
"It am I," (quod this messeugee)
"Juno bade thou shouldst gone,"
And told him what he should done,
As I have told you here before,
It is no need rehearse it more,
And went his way whan he had saide:
Anone, this god of sleepe abraide
Out of his sleepe and gan to go,
And did as he had bidde him do;
Tooke up the dead body soone,
And bare it forth to Alcione,
His wife the queene, there as she lay,
Right even a quarter before day,
And stood right at her beds fete,
And called her right as she hete
By name, and said, "My swete wife,
Awake! let be your sorrowfull life,
For in your sorrow there lyeth no rede,
For certes, sweet love, I am but dede,
Ye shall me never on lye see.
But, good sweet herte, looke that yee
Bury my body, for such a tide
Ye mowe it find the see beside,
And farewell sweet, my worlds blisse,
I pray God your sorrow lisse;
Too little while our blisse lasteth."

With that her eyes up she casteth,
And saw naught: "Alas!" (quod she) for sorrow
And died within the third morrow.

But what she said more in that swowe,
I may not tell it you as now,
It were too long for to dwell;
My first mattere I will you tell,
Wherefore I have told you this thing,
Of Alcione, and Seis the king.

For thus much dare I say wele,
I had be dolven every dele,
And dead, right through default of sleepe,
If I ne had red, and take kepe
Of this tale next before,
And I will tell you wherefore,
For I ne might for bote ne hale
Sleepe, or I had redde this tale
Of this dreint Seis the king,
And of the gods of sleeping.

Whan I had red this tale wele,
And overlooked it everydele,
Me thought wonder if it were so,
For I had never heard speake or tho
Of no gods, that coud make
Men to sleepe, ne for to wake,
For I ne knew never God but one,
And in my game I said anone,
And yet me list right evill to play,
Rather than that I should dey

Through default of sleeping thus,
 I would give thilke Morpheus,
 Or that goddesse dame Juno,
 Or some wight els, I ne rought who,
 To make me slepe and have some rest,
 I will give him the alther best
 Yeft, that ever he abode his live,
 And here onward, right now as blive,
 If he woll make me sleepe alite,
 Of downe of pure doves white,
 I woll yeve him a featherbed,
 Raired with gold, and right well cled,
 In fine blacke sattin d'outremere,
 And many a pillow, and every bere,
 Of cloth of raines to slepe on soft,
 Him there not need to turne oft,
 And I woll yeve him al that fals
 To his chamber and to his hals,
 I woll do paint with pure gold,
 And tapite hem full manyfold,
 Of one sute this shall he have
 If I wist where were his cave,
 If he can make me sleepe soone,
 As did the goddesse queene Alcyone,
 And thus this ilke god Morpheus
 May win of me mo fees thus
 Than ever he wan : and to Juno,
 That is his goddesse, I shall so do,
 I trowe that she shall hold her paid.
 I had unneth that word ysaid,
 Right thus as I have told you,
 That suddainly I n'ist how,
 Such a lust anone me tooke
 To sleepe, that right upon my booke
 I fell a sleepe, and therewith even
 Me mette so inly such a sweven,
 So wonderfull, that never yet
 I trowe no man had the wit
 To come well my sweven rede.
 No, not Joseph without drede
 Of Egypt, he that rad so
 The kinges meting, Pharao,
 No more than coud the least of us.
 Ne nat scarcely Macrobeus,
 He that wrote all the avision
 That he mette of king Scipion,
 The noble man, the African,
 Such mervnailes fortuntd than,
 I trow arede my dreames even,
 Lo, thus it was, this was my sweven.
 Me thought thus, that it was May,
 And in the dawning there I lay,
 Me mette thus in my bed all naked,
 And looked forth for I was waked,
 With smale foules a great hepe,
 That had afraied me out of my slepe,
 Through noise and sweetness of hir song,
 And as me mette, they sat among
 Upon my chamber rooff without
 Upon the tyles over all about.
 And everiche song in his wise
 The most solemne servise
 By note, that ever man I trow
 Had heard, for some of hem sung low,
 Some high, and all of one accord,
 To tell shortly at o word,
 Was never heard so sweet steven,
 But it had be a thing of Heven,
 So merry a sowne, so sweet entunes,
 That certes for the towne of Tewnes

I n'olde but I had heard hem sing,
 For all my chamber gan to ring,
 Through singing of hir melody,
 For instrument nor mermony
 Was no where heard yet halfe so swete,
 Nor of accord halfe so mete,
 For there was none of hem that fained
 To sing, for ech of hem him painted
 To find out many crafty notes,
 They ne spared nat hir throtes ;
 And, sooth to saine, my chamber was
 Full well depainted, and with glas
 Were all the windowes well yglased
 Full clere, and nat an hole ycrased,
 That to behold it was great joy,
 For holy all the story of Troy
 Was in the glaising ywrought thus,
 Of Hector, and of king Priamus,
 Of Achilles, and of king Laomedon,
 And eke of Medea and Jason,
 Of Paris, Heleine, and of Lavine,
 And all the wals with colours fine
 Were paint, both text and glose,
 And all the Romaunt of the Rose ;
 My windowes weren shit echone,
 And through the glasse the Sunne shone
 Upon my bed with bright bemes,
 With many glad glidy stromes,
 And eke the welkiu was so faire,
 Blew, bright, clere was the aire,
 And full attempre, for sooth it was,
 For neyther too cold ne hote it n'as,
 Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.
 And as I lay thus, wonder loud
 Me thought I heard a hunte blow
 T'assay his great horne, and for to know
 Whether it was clere, or horse of sowne.
 And I heard going both up and downe
 Men, horse, hounds, and other thing,
 And all men speake of hunting,
 How they would slee the hart with strength,
 And how the hart had upon length
 So much embosed, I n'ot now what.
 Anon right whan I heard that,
 How that they would on hunting gone,
 I was right glad, and up anone,
 Tooke my horse, and forth I went
 Out of my chamber, I never stent
 Till I come to the field without,
 There overtooke I a great rout
 Of hunters and eke forresters,
 And many relaies and limers,
 And highed hem to the Forrest fast,
 And I with hem, so at the last
 I asked one lad, a lymere,
 " Say, fellow, who shall hunte here ?"
 (Quod I) and he answered ayen,
 " Sir, the emperour Octavien "
 (Quod he) " and is here fast by."
 " A goddes halfe, in good time," (quod I)
 Go we fast, and gan to ride ;
 Whan we come to the Forrest side,
 Every man did right soone,
 As to hunting fell to done.
 The maister hunte, anone, fote hote
 With his horne blew three moude
 At the uncoupling of his houndis,
 Within a while the hart found is,
 Yhallowed, and rechased fast
 Long time, and so, at the last,

This hart roused and stale away
 Fro all the hounds a previe way.
 The hounds had overshot him all,
 And were upon a default yfall,
 Therewith the hunte wonder fast
 Blew a forloyn at the last ;
 I was go walked fro my tree,
 And as I went, there came by me
 A whelpe, that fawned me as I stood,
 That had yfollowed, and coude no good,
 It came and crept to me as low,
 Right as it had me yknow,
 Held downe his head, and joynd his eares,
 And laide all smooth downe his heares.

I would have caught it anone,
 It fled and was fro me gone,
 As I him followed, and it forth went
 Downe by a floury grene it went
 Full thicke of grasse, full soft and sweet.
 With floures fele, faire under feet,
 And litle used, it seemed thus,
 For both Flora and Zepherus,
 They two, that make floures grow,
 Had made hir dwelling there I trow,
 For it was on to behold,
 As though the earth envye wold
 To be gayer than the heaven,
 To have mo floures such seven
 As in the welkin sterres be,
 It had forgot the poverte
 That winter, through his cold morrowes,
 Had made it suffer, and his sorrowes ;
 All was foryeten, and that was seene,
 For all the wood was woxen greene,
 Sweetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.

It is no need eke for to axe
 Where there were many greene greves,
 Or thicke of trees so full of leves,
 And every tree stood by himselfe
 Fro other, well tenne foot or twelve,
 So great trees, so huge of strength,
 Of fortie or fiftie fadome length,
 Cleane without bowe or sticke,
 With croppes brode, and eke as thicke,
 They were not an inch asunder,
 That it was shadde over all under,
 And many an hart and many an hind
 Was both before me and behind,
 Of fawnes, sowers, buckes, does,
 Was full the wood, and many roes,
 And many squirrels, that sete,
 Full high upon the trees and ete,
 And in hir mannr made feasts :
 Shortly, it was so full of beasts,
 That though Argus, the noble countour,
 Sate to reckon in his countour,
 And reckon with his figures ten,
 For by tho figures newe all ken
 If they be craftie, reckon and nombre,
 And tell of every thing the nombre,
 Yet should he faile to reckon even
 The wonders me met in my sweven :
 But forth I romed right wonder fast
 Downe the wood, so at the last
 I was ware of a man in blacke,
 That sate, and had tyurned his backe
 To an oke, an huge tree :
 "Lord," thought I, "who may that bee ?
 What eyleth him to sitten here ?"
 Anon right I went nere,

Than found I sitte, even upright,
 A wonder welfaring knight,
 By the manner me thought so,
 Of good mokel, and right yonge thereto,
 Of the age of foure and twentie yeere,
 Upon his beard but litle heere,
 And he was clothed all in blacke.
 I stalked even unto his backe,
 And there I stood as still as ought,
 The sooth to say, he saw me nought,
 For why he hing his head adowne,
 And with a deadly sorrowfull sowne,
 He made of rime ten verses or twelve,
 Of a complaint to himselfe,
 The most pite, the most routh,
 That ever I heard, for, by my trouth,
 It was great wonder that nature
 Might suffer any creature
 To have such sorrow, and he not ded.
 Full pitous pale, and nothing red,
 He said a lay, a manner song,
 Without note, without song
 And was this, for full well I can
 Rehearse it, right thus it began.

"I have of sorrow so great wone,
 That joy get I never none,
 Now that I see my lady bright,
 Which I have loved with all my might,
 Is fro me dead, and is agone,
 And thus in sorrow left me alone.
 Alas, Death, what eyleth thee,
 That thou n'oldest have taken me,
 Whan that thou tooke my lady swete ?
 Of all goodnesse she had none mete,
 That was so faire, so fresh, so free,
 So good, that men may well seee."
 Whan he had made thus his complaint,
 His sorrowfull herte gan fast faint,
 And his spirits waxen dead,
 The blood was fled for pure dread
 Down to his herte, to maken him warme,
 For well it feeled the herte had harme,
 To wete eke why it was adrad
 By kinde, and for to make it glad,
 For it is member principall
 Of the body, and that made all
 His hewe chaunge, and wexe grene
 And pale, for there no blood is seene
 In no manner limme of his.

Anon, therewith, whan I saw this,
 He farde thus evill there he sete,
 I went and stood right at his fete,
 And grette him, but he spake nought
 But argued with his owne thought,
 And in his wit disputed fast,
 Why, and how his life might last,
 Him thought his sorrowes were so smart,
 And lay so cold upon his herte.

So, through his sorrow, and holy thought,
 Made him that he heard me nought,
 For he had welnigh lost his minde,
 Though Pan, that men clepeth god of kinde,
 Were for his sorrowes never so wroth.

But at the last, to faine right sooth,
 He was ware of me, how I stood
 Before him and did off my hood,
 And had ygret him, as I best coude
 Debonairly, and nothing loud,
 He said, "I pray thee, be not wroth,
 I heard thee not, to saime the sooth,

Ne I saw the not, sir, truly."

"Ah, good sir, no force," (quod I)
 "I am right sorry, if I have ought
 Distroubled you out of your thought,
 Forveye me, if I have misse-take."
 "Yes, thlamends is light to make"
 (Quod he) "for there litle none thereto,
 There is nothing mis-saide, nor do."

Lo, how goodly spake this knight,
 As it had be another wight,
 And made it neyther tough ne queint,
 And I saw that, and gan me acqueint
 With him, and found him so trefable,
 Right wonder skillfull and reasonable,
 As me thought, for all his bale,
 Anon right I gan find a tale
 To him, to looke where I might ought
 Have more knowledging of his thought.

"Sir," (quod I) "this game is done,
 I holde that this hart be gone,
 These huntres can him no where see."
 "I do no force thereof," (quod he)
 "My thought is thereon never adele."
 "By our lord," (quod I) "I trow you wele,
 Right so me thinketh by your chere,
 But, sir, o thing woll ye here,
 Me thinketh in great sorrow I you see,
 But certes, sir, if that ye

Would aught discovre me your wo,
 I would, as wise God helpe me so,
 Amend it, if I can or may,
 Ye mowe prove it by assay,
 For, by my trouth, to make you hole,
 I woll do all my power whole,
 And telleth me of your sorrowes smart,
 Fauraunter it may ease your herte,
 That semeth full sickle under your side."

With that he looked on me aside,
 As who saith nay, that n'll not be.
 "Graunt mercy, good friend," (quod he)
 "I thanke thee that thou wouldest so,
 But it may never the rather be do,
 No man may my sorrow glade,
 That maketh my hew to fall and fade,
 And hath my understanding lorne,
 That me is wo that I was borne,
 May nought make my sorrowes slide,
 Not all the remedies of Ovide,
 Ne Orpheus, god of melodie,
 Ne Dedalus with his playes slie,
 Ne heale me may no phisicien,
 Nought Ipcoras, ne Galien,
 Me is wo that I live houres twelve,
 But who so woll assay hemselve,
 Whether his herte can have pite
 Of any sorrow let him see me,
 I wretch that death harh made all naked
 Of all the blisse that ever was maked,
 Ywroth werste of all wights,
 That hate my dayes and my nights,
 My life, my lustes, be me loth,
 For all fare and I be wroth,
 The pure death is so full my fo,
 That I would die, it will not so,
 For whan I follow it, it will fle,
 I would have him, it n'll not me,
 This is pain without reed,
 Alway dying, and be not deed,
 That Tesiphus, that lieth in Hell,
 May not of more sorrow tell :

And who so wist all, by my trouth,
 My sorrow, but he had routh
 And pitie of my sorrowes smart,
 That man hath a fendly herte :
 For whose seeth me first on morrow,
 May saine he hath met with sorrow,
 For I am sorrow, and sorrow is I,
 Alas, and I will tell thee why,
 My sorrow is tourned to plaming,
 And all my laughter to weeping,
 My glad thoughts to heavynesse,
 In travaile is mine idlenesse,
 And eke my rest, my wele is wo,
 My good is harme, and evermo
 In wrath is tourned my playing,
 And my delite into sorrowing,
 Mine heale is tourned into sicknesse,
 In dred is all my sikernesse,
 To derke is turned all my light,
 My witte is foly, my day is night,
 My love is hate, my slepe wakyng,
 My mirth and meales is fastyng,
 My countenance is nicete,
 And all abawed, where so I be,
 My peace pleding, and in werre
 Alas, how might I fare werre ?

"My boldnesse is turned to shame,
 For false Fortune hath played a game
 At the chesse with me, alas the while,
 The trayteresse false, and full of gile,
 That al behoteth, and nothing haite,
 She gothe upright, and yet she haite,
 That baggeth foule, and loketh fayre,
 The dispitous debonaire,
 That scorneth many a creature,
 An ydole of false purtraiture
 Is she, for she woll sone wryen,
 She is the monstres heed ywryen,
 As filth over ystrowed with floures,
 Her most worship and her floures
 To lyen, for that is her nature,
 Without faith, lawe, or mesure,
 She false is, and ever laughing
 With one eye, and that other weping,
 That is brought up, she set al downe :
 I liken her to the scorpionne,
 That is a false flattering beest,
 For with his head he maketh feest,
 But all amid his flatering,
 With his taile he will sting
 And envenim, and so will she :
 She is the envious Charite,
 That is aye false, and semeth wele,
 So turneth she her false while
 About, for it is nothing stable,
 Now by the fire, now at table,
 Full many one hath she thus yblent,
 She is play of enchantment,
 That seemeth one, and is not so,
 The false thefe, what hath she do,
 Trowest thou ? by our Lord, I will thee say ;
 At the chesse with me she gan to play,
 With her false draughtes full divers
 She stale on me, and toke my fers,
 And whan I sawe my fers away,
 Alas, I couth no lenger play,
 But said, " Farewell sweet ywis,
 And farewell all that ever there is :"
 Therewith Fortune said, "Checke here,"
 And mate in the mid point of the checkere,

With a paune errant, alas,
 Full craftier to play she was
 Than Athalus, that made the game
 First of the chesse, so was his name :
 But God wolde I had ones or twise,
 Yconde, and know the jeopardise,
 That coude the Greke Pythagores,
 I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,
 And kept my fers the bet thereby,
 And though whereto, for trewly,
 I hold that wishe not worthe a stre,
 It had be never the bet for me,
 For Fortune can so many a wyle,
 There be but few can her begile,
 And eke she is the lasse to blame,
 My selfe I wolde have do the same,
 Before God, had I been as she,
 She ought the more excused be,
 For this I say yet more thereto,
 Had I be God, and might have do,
 My will, whan she my fers caught,
 I wold have drawe the same draught :
 For also wise, God give me reste,
 I dare well swere, she toke the best,
 But through that draught I have lorne
 My blisse, alas, that I was borne !
 For evermore, I trowe trewly,
 For all my will, my lust wholly
 Is turned, but ye, what to done,
 By our Lorde it is to die sone :
 For nothing I leave it nought,
 But live and die, right in this thought.
 For there n'is planet in firmament,
 Ne in ayre ne in erth none element,
 That they ne yeve me a left echone,
 Of weping whan I am alone :
 For whan that I advise me v eie,
 And bethinke me everydele,
 How that there lieth in rekening,
 In my sorrow for nothing,
 And how there liveth no gladnesse
 May glad me of my distresse,
 And how I have lost suffisaunce,
 And thereto I have no pleasaunce,
 Than may I say, I have right nought ;
 And whan all this falleth in my thought,
 Alas, than am I overcome,
 For that is done, is not to come ;
 I have more sorrow than Tantale."

And I herde him tell this tale
 Thus pitously, as I you tell,
 Unneth might I lenger dwell :
 It did mine herte so much wo.
 " A good sir," (quod I) " say nat so,
 Have some pitie on your nature,
 That fourmed you to creature,
 Remembreth you of Socrates,
 For he counted not three strees
 Of nought that Fortune coude do."
 " No," (quod he) " I can not so."
 " Why, good sir, yes parde," (quod I)
 " Ne say not so for truely,
 Though ye had lost the feesres twelve
 And ye for sorrow murdered your selfe,
 Ye should be dampned in this cas,
 By as good right as Medea was,
 That slough her children for Jason,
 And Phyllis also for Demophon
 Hing her selfe, so velayay,
 For he had broke his terme day

To come to her: another rage
 Had Dido, the quene eke of Cartage,
 That slough her selfe for Eneas
 Was false, which a foole she was :
 And Ecquo died for Narcissus
 N'olde nat love her, and right thus
 Hath many another folly done,
 And for Dalida died Sampson,
 That slough himselfe with a pillere,
 But there is no man alive here
 Woud for hur fers make this wo."

" Why so ?" (quod he) " it is not so,
 Thou wotest full little what thou menest,
 I have lost more than thou wnest :"
 " How may that be" (quod I)
 " Good sir, tell me all holy,
 In what wise, how, why and wherefore,
 That ye have thus your blisse lorn ?"

" Blithely," (quod he) " come sit doun,
 I tell thee upon a condition,
 That thou shalt holy with all thy wit
 Doe thine entent to hearken it."

" Yes sir :"—" Swere thy trouth thereto,
 Gladly do, than hold here to."
 " I shall right blithely, so God me save,
 Holy with all the wit I have,
 Here you as well as I can :"

" A goddes halfe," (quod he) and began.

" Sir," (quod he) " sith first I couth
 Have any manner wit fro youth,
 Or kindly understanding,
 To comprehend in any thing
 What Love was, in mine owne wit,
 Dredelesse I have ever yet
 Be tributarie, and yeve rent
 To Love holy, with good entent.
 And through pleasaunce become his thrall,
 With good will, body, herte, and all,
 All this I put in his servage,
 As to my lord, and did homage,
 And full devoutly I praide him tho,
 He should beset mine herte so,
 That it pleasaunce to him were,
 And worship to my lady dere.

" And this was long, and many a yeve
 (Ere that mine herte was set o where)
 That I did thus, and n'ist why,
 I trowe it came me kindly,
 Paraunter I was thereto most able,
 As a white wall, or a table,
 For it is ready to catch and take
 All that men will therein make,
 Whether so men will portrey or paint,
 Be the werkes never so quaint.

" And thilke time I fared right so,
 I was able to have learned tho,
 And to have conde as well or better
 Paraunter either art or letter,
 But for love came first in my thought,
 Therefore I forgate it naught,
 I chees love to my first craft,
 Therefore it is with me left,
 For why, I tooke it of so yong age,
 That malice had my courage ;
 Not that time turned to nothing,
 Through too mokell knowledging,
 For that time youth my maistre-se
 Governed me in idleness,
 For it was in my first youth,
 And tho full little good I couth,

For all my werkes were fitting
That time, and all my thought varying,
All were to me yliche good,
That knew I tho, but thus it stood.

“It happed that I came on a day
Into a place, there that I sey
Truly, the fairest companie
Of ladies, that ever man with eie
Had seene together in o place,
Shal I clepe it hap either grace,
That brought me there ? not but Fortune,
That is to lien full commune,
The false tratieresse perverse,
God would I could clepe her werse,
For now she worceth me full wo,
And I woll tell some why so.

“Amonge these ladies thus echone,
Sooth to saine, I saw one
That was like none of the rout,
For I dare swere, without dout,
That as the summers Sunne bright
Is faire, clerer, and hath more light
Than any other planet in Heven,
The Moone, or the sterres seven,
For all the world so had she
Surmounten hem all of beaute,
Of maner, and of comlinesse,
Of stature, and of well set gladnesse,
Of goodly heed, and so wel besey,
Shortly what shall I more sey ?
By God and by his halowes twelve,
It was my swete, right all her selve,
She had so stedfast countenance,
So noble porte, and maintenance :
And Love, that well harde my bone,
Had espied me thus one,
That she full soone in my thought,
As helpe me God, so was I cought
So sodainly, that I ne toke
No maner counsaile, but at her loke,
And at mine herte, for why her eyen
So gladly I trowe mine herte seyne,
That purely tho, mine owne thought,
Said, it were better serve her for nought,
Than with another to be wele,
And it was soth, for every dele,
I will anone right tell thee why.

“I sawe her daunce so comely,
Carol and sing so swetely,
Laugh, and play so womanly,
And looke so debonairly,
So goodly speke and so frendly,
That certes I trowe that evermore,
Nas sene so blisfull a tresore :
For every heer on her heed,
Sothe to say, it was not reed,
Ne neither yelowe ne browne it nas,
Me thought most like gold it was,
And which eyen my lady had,
Debonaire, good, glad, and sad,
Simple, of good mokel, not to wide,
Thereto her loke nas not aside,
Ne overtwhart, but beset so wele,
It drewe and tooke up everydele
All that on her gan behold,
Her eyen semed anone she wold
Have mercy, folly wenden so,
But it was never the rather do,
It nas no counterfeted thing,
It was her owne pure loking,

That the goddessse, dame Nature,
Had made hem open by measure,
And close, for were she never so glad,
Her looking was not folish sprad,
Ne wildly, though that she plaid,
But ever me thought, her eyen said,
By God my wrath is all foryeve.
Therewith her list so wael to live,
That dulnesse was of her adrad,
She n'as to sobre ne to glad,
In all things more measure,
Had never I trowe creature,
But many one with her loke she herte,
And that sate her full lital at herte :
For she knew nothing of hir thought,
But whether she knew, or knew it nought,
Algate she ne rougt of hem a stree,
To get her love no nere n'as he
That woned at home, than he in Inde,
The foremost was alway behinde ;
But good folke over all other,
She loved as man may his brother,
Of which love she was wonder large,
In skiffull places that bere charge :
But which a visage had she thereto,
Alas, my herte is wonder wo,
That I ne can discriven it ;
Me lacketh both English and wit,
For to undo it at the full,
And eke my spirites bene so dull
So great a thing for to devise,
I have not wit that can suffice
To comprehend hir beaute,
But thus much I dare saine, that she
Was white, rody, fresh, and lifely hewed,
And every day her beaute newed,
And nigh her face was alderbest,
For certes Nature had soch lest
To make that faire, that truly she
Was her chiefe patron of beaute,
And chiefe ensample of all her werke
And monster : for be it never so derke,
Me thinketh I see her ever mo,
And yet more over, though all tho
That ever lived were now a live,
Ne would have found to discrive
In all her face a wicked signe,
For it was sad, simple, and benigne.

“And soch a goodly swete speech,
Had that swete, my lives leech,
So frendely, and so well ygrounded
Upon all reason, so well yfounded,
And so tretable to all good,
That I dare swere well by the rood,
Of eloquence was never fonde
So swete a souning faconde,
Ne trewer tonged, ne scorned lasse,
Ne bet coude heale, that by the masse,
I durst swere though the pope it songe,
That there was never yet through her tonge,
Man ne woman greatly harmid,
As for her, was all harme hid :
Ne lasse flattering in her worde,
That purely her simple recorde,
Was found as trewe as any bond,
Or trouth of any mans hond.

“Ne chide she could never a dele,
That knoweth all the world full wele.
But such a fairenesse of a necke,
Had that swete, that bone nor bracke

Nas there none seen that mis-satte,
It was white, smoth, streight, and pure flatte,
Without hole or camel bone,
And by seming, she had none.

"Her throte, as I have now memoire,
Semed as a round toure of yvoire,
Of good greatesse, and not to grute,
And faire white she hete,
That was my ladies name right,
She was thereto faire and bright,
She had not her name wrong,
Right faire shoulders, and body long
She had, and armes ever lith
Fattish, fleshy, nat great therewith,
Right white hands, and nailes rede,
Round brestes, and of good brede
Her lippes were, a streight flatte backe,
I knew on her none other lacke,
That all her limmes n'ere pure sewing,
In as ferre as I had knowing ;
Thereto she could so well play
What that her list, that I dare say
That was like to torch bright,
That every man may take of light
Ynough, and it hath never the lesse
Of maner and of comelinesse.

"Right so fardre my lady dere,
For every wight of her manere
Mought cateche ynough, if that he wold
If he had cyen her to behold,
For I dare sweare well, if that she
Had among temme thousand be,
She wold have be at the beste,
A chefe myrrour of all the feste,
Though they had stonde in a rowe,
To mens eyen, that could have knowe,
For where so men had plaide or waked,
Me thought the felowship as naked
Without her, that I saw ones,
As a crowne without stones,
Trewly, she was to mine eye,
The solein fenix of Arabic,
For there liveth never but one,
Ne such as she ne know I none :
To speake of goodnesse, trewly she
Had as moch debonaire
As ever had Hester in the Bible,
And more, if more were possible,
And soth to sayne, therewithall
She had a witte so generall,
So whole enclined to all good,
That al her witte was sette by the rood,
Without malice upon gladnesse,
And thereto I sawe never yet a lesse
Harmefull than she was in doying,
I say not that she ne had knowyng
What harme was, or els she
Had could no good, so thinketh me,
And trewly, for to speake of trowth,
But she had had, it had be routh ;
Thereof she had so moch her dele,
And I dare saine, and swere it wele,
That Trowth himselfe, over al and al,
Had chose his maner principall
In her, that was his resting place,
Thereto she had the most grace,
To have stedtast perseverance,
And easy attempre gouvernance,
That ever I knew, or wist yet,
So pure suffraunt was her wit,

And reason gladly she understood,
It folowed wel, she could good,
She used gladly to do wele,
These were her maners every dele.

"Therewith she loved so wel right,
She wrong do would to no wight,
No wight might do her no shame,
She loved so wel her own name.

"Her lust to hold no wight in hond,
Ne be thou siker, she wold not fond,
To holde no wight in balance,
By halfe word ne by countenance,
But if men wold upon her lye,
Ne sende men into Walakie,
To Pruiise, and to Tartarie,
To Alisaundrie, ne into Turkie,
And bidde him fast, anone that he
Go hoodlesse into the drie see,
And come home by the Carrenare.

"And sir, be now right ware,
That I may of you here saine,
Worship, or that ye come againe.

"She ne used no soch knackes smaile,
But therefore that I tell my tale,
Right on this same I have said,
Was wholly all my love laid,
For certes she was that swete wife,
My suffisaunce, my lust, my life,
Mine hope, mine heale, and all blesse,
My worlds welfare, and my goddesse,
And I wholv hers, and every dele."

"By our Lorde," (quod I) "I trowe you wele,
Hardly, your love was wel beset,
I n'ot how it might have do bet."

"Bet, ne not so wel," (quod he)
"I trowe sir," (quod I) "parde."

"Nay, leve it well :"—"Sir, so do I,
I leve you wel, that trewly
You thought that she was the best,
And to behold the alderfairest,
Who so had loked her with your eyen."

"With mine ? nay, all that her seyen,
Said and swore it was so,
And though they ne had, I would tho
Have loved best my lady free,
Though I had had al the beaute
That ever had Alcibiades,
And al the strength of Hercules,
And thereto had the worthinesse
Of Alisaunder, and all the richesse
That ever was in Babiloine,
In Cartage, or in Maceadoine,
Or in Rome, or in Ninive,
And thereto also hardy be
As was Hector, so have I joy,
That Achilles slough at Troy,
(And therefore was he slayne also
In a temple, for both two
Were slaune, he and Antilegius,
And so sath Dares Frigijs
For love of Polixena),
Or ben as wise as Minerva,
I would ever, without drede,
Have loved her, for I must nede.

"Nede ? Nay, trewly I gabbe now,
Nought nede, and I woll tellen how,
For of good will mine herte it wold,
And eke to love her, I was holde,
As for the fayrest and the best,
She was as good, so have I rest,

As ever was Penelope of Greece,
Or as the noble wife Lucrece,
That was the best, he telleth thus
The Romaine, Titus Livius,
She was as good, and nothing like,
Though hir stories be autentike,
Algate she was as trewe as she.

“But wherefore that I tell thee ?

Whan I first my lady sey,
I was right yong, soth to sey,
And full great need I had to lerne,
Whan mine herte wolde yerne,
To love it was a great emprise,
But as my wit wolde best suffice,
After my yong childely wit,
Without drede I beset it,
To love her in my best wise
To do her worship and the servise
That I coude tho, by my trouth,
Without faining, eyther slouth,
For wonder faine I wolde her see,
So mokell it amended mee,
That whan I sawe her amorowe
I was warished of all my sorowe
Of all day after, till it were eve,
Me thought nothing might me greve,
Were my sorowes never so smert,
And yet she set so in mine herte,
That by my trouth, I n'old nought
For all this world, out of my thought
Leave my lady, no trewly.”

“Now, by my trouth, sir,” (quod I)
“Me thinketh ye have such a chaunce,
As shrift, without repentance.”

“Repentance, nay fie !” (quod he)
“Shuld I now repent me

To love, nay certes, than were I well
Worse than was Achitofell,
Or Antenor, so have I joy,
The traitour that betrayed Troy :
Or the false Ganellion,
He that purchased the trayson
Of Rouland and of Olivere :
Nay, while I am alive here,
I n'll foryet her never mo.”

“Now good sir,” (quod I tho)
Ye have well told me here before,
It is no need to reherse it more,
How ye saw her first, and where,
But would ye tell me the manere,
To her which was your first speche,
Thereof I would you besече,
And how she knew first your thought,
Whether ye loved her or nought,
And telleth me eke, what ye have lore,
I herde you tell here before,
Ye said, ‘thou n'otest what thou meanest,
I have lost more than thou weenest :’
What losse is that ?” (quod I tho)

“N'il she not love you, is it so ?
Or have ye ought done amis,
That she hath lefte you, is it this ?
For Goddes love tell me all.”
“Before God,” (quod he) “and I shall,
I say right as I have said,
On her was all my love laid,
And yet she n'ist it not never a dele,
Not longe time, leve it wele,
For by right siker, I durst nought
For all this wrld tell her my thought,

Ne I wolde have trothed her trewly,
For worst thou why, she was lady
Of the body that had the herte,
And whoso hath that may not asterte.

“But for to keepe me fro ydenesse,
Trewly I did my businesse
To make songes, as I best coude,
And oft time I song hem loude,
And made songes, this a great dele,
Although I coude nat make so wcle
Songes, ne knew the arte al,
As coude Lamekes son, Tubal,
That found out first the arte of songe,
For as his brothers hammers ronge,
Upon his anvelt, up and downe,
Thereof he toke the first sowne.

“But Grekes saine of Pithagoras,
That he the first finder was
Of the art, Aurora telleth so,
But thereof no force of hem two :
Algates songes thus I made,
Of my feling, mine herte to glade ;
And lo, this was alther first,
I n'ot where it were the werst.

“Lord, it maketh mine herte light,
Whan I thinke on that swete wight,
That is so semely one to se,
And wish to God it might so be
That she wold hold me for her knight,
My lady, that is so fayre and bright.’

“Now have I told thee, soth to say
My first song : upon a day,
I bethought me what wo
And sorowe that I suffred tho,
For her, and yet she wist it nought,
Ne tell her durst I not my thought :
Alas, thought I, I can no rede,
And but I tell her I am but dede,
And if I tel her, to say right soth,
I am adradde she wold be wroth,
Alas, what shal I than do ?
In this debate I was so wo,
Me thought mine herte brast atwain,
So at the last, sothe for to saine,
I bethought me 'hat Nature
Ne formed never in creature
So much beauty, trewly,
And bounty without mercy.

“In hope of that, my tale I tolde,
With sorowe, as that I never sholde,
For nedes, and maugre mine heed
I must have tolde her, or be dede :
I n'ot well how that I began,
Full yvell reherce it I can,
And eke, as helpe me God withall,
I trow it was in the dismall,
That was the ten woundes of Egypt,
For many a word I overskript
In my tale for pure fere,
Lest my wordes mis-set were,
With sorowfull herte and woundes dede,
Soft and quaking for pure drede,
And shame, and stinting in my tale,
For ferde, and mine hew al pale,
Full oft I wexte both pale and red,
Bowing to her I hing the hed,
I durst not ones loke her on,
For wit, manner, and all was gone ;
I said, ‘Mercy,’ and no more,
It n'as no game, it sate me sore.

“So at the last, soth to saine,
Whan that mine herte was com againe,
To tell shortly all my speech,
With hole herte I gan her beseech
That she wolde be my lady swete,
And swore, and hertely gan her hete,
Ever to be stedfast and trewe,
And love her alway freshly newe,
And never other lady have,
And all her worship for to save,
As I best coude, I sware her this,
‘For yours is all that ever there is,
For evermore, mine herte swete,
And never to false you, but I mete
I n’l, as wise God helpe me so.’

“And whan I had my tale ydo,
God wote, she acompted not a stre
Of all my tale, so thought me,
To tell shortly right as it is,
Trewly her answer it was this,
I can not now well countrefete
Her wordes, but this was the grete
Of her answer, she said nay
All utterly: alas that day!
The sorow I suffered and the wo,
That trewly Cassandra that so
Bewayled the destruction
Of Troy, and of Iliou,
Had never such sorow as I tho;
I durst no more say thereto
For pure feare, but stale away,
And thus I lived full many a day,
That trewly, I had no need,
Ferther than my beddes heed,
Never a day to seche sorow,
I found it ready every morrow,
For why I loved in no gere.

“So it befell another yere,
I thought oncs I would fonde,
To doe her know and understonde
My wo, and she well understood,
That I ne wilned thing but good,
And worship, and to keepe her name,
Ove all things, and drede her shame,
And was so busie her to serve,
And pitie were that I should sterve,
Sith that I wilned no harme ywis.

“So whan my lady knew all this,
My lady yave me all holy,
The noble yeff of her mercy,
Saving her worship by all ways,
Dredelesse, I mene none other ways,
And therewith she yave me a ring,
I trowe it was the first thing,
But if mine herte was ywaxe
Glad that it is no need to axe.

“As helpe me God, I was as blive
Raised, as to death to live,

Of all happes the alderbest,
The gladdest and the most at rest,
For truly that swete wight,
Whan I had wrong, and she the right,
She would alway so goodly
Foryeve me so debonarily,
In all my youth, in all chauce,
She tooke in her governaunce,
Therewith she was alway so true,
Our joy was ever yliche newe,
Our hertes were so even a pame,
That never n’as that one contrarie
To that other, for no wo
For soth yliche they suffred tho.
O blisse, and eke o sorow bothe,
Yliche they were both glad and wrothe,
All was us one, without were,
And thus we lived full many a yere,
So well, I can not tell how.”

“Sir,” (quod I) “where is she now?”
“Now?” (quod he) and stinte anone,
Therewith he woxe as dedde as ston, e,
And saied, “Alas, that I was bore!
That was the losse, that herebefore
I tolde thee that I had lorne.

“Bethinke thee how I said here before,
Thou woste full litle what thou menest,
I have loste more than thou weneest
“God wote alas, right that was she.”

“Alas sir, how, what may that be?” [trouth.]
“She is dedde:”—“Nay?”—“Yes, by my
“Is that your losse? by God it is routhe.”

And with that worde right anone,
They gan to strake forth, all was done
For that tme, the hart huntyng.

With that me thought that this kyng,
Gan homeward for to ride
Unto a place was there beside,
Which was from us but a lite,
A long castell with walles white,
By saunct Johan, on a rich hill,
As me mette, but thus it fill.

Right thus me mette, as I you tell,
That in the castell there was a bell,
As it had smitte houres twelve,
Therewith I awoke my selve,
And found me lyng in my bedde,
And the booke that I had redde,
Of Alcione and Seis the kyng,
And of the goddess of sleping,
Yfound it in mine hond full even;
Thought I, this is so quent a swoven,
That I would by processe of tyme,
Fonde to put this sweven in ryme,
As I can best, and that anon,
This was my sweven, now it is done.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

In this booke is shewed how the doedes of all men and women, be they good or bad, are carried by report to posteritie

B. I. v. I—108

God tourne us every dream to good,
For it is wonder thing, by the rood,
To my wit, what causeth swevens
On the morrow, or on evens,
And why the effect followeth of some,
And of some it shal never come,
Why that it is an avision,
And why this is a revelation,
Why this a dreame, why that a sweven,
And not to every man licke even ;
Why this a fantome, why that oracles ;
I n'ot ; but whoso of these miracles
The causes know bet than I,
Define he, for I certainly
Ne can hem not, ne never thinke
To busie my wit for to swinke
To know of hir significacions
The gendres, ne distinctions
Of the times of hem, ne the causes,
Or why this is more than that is,
Or yeve folkes complexions,
Make hem dreame of reflectiouns,
Or else thus, as other saine,
For the great feeblenesse of hir brain,
By abstinence, or by sicknesse,
Prison, strife, or great distresse,
Or els by disordinaunce,
Or natural accustomaunce,
That some men be too curious
In studie, or melancholious,
Or thus, so inly full of drede,
That no man may him bote rede,
Or els that devotion
Of some, and contemplation
Causen such dreames oft,
Or that the cruell life unsoft
Of hem that loves leden,
Oft hopen much or dreden,
That purely hir impressiouns
Causen hem to have visions,
Or if spirits han the might
To make folke to dreame on night,
Or if the soule of proper kind
Be so perfitte as men find,
That it wote what is to come,
And that he warneth all and some
Of everiche of hir adventures,
By avisions, or by figures,
But that our flesh hath no might
To understand it aright,
For it is warned too derkely,
But why the cause is, not wote I.
Well worth of this thing clerkes
That treaten of that and of other werkes,

For I of none opinion
N'll as now make mention,
But only that the holy rood
Tourne us every dreame to good,
For never sith I was boine,
Ne no man els me before,
Mette, I trow stedfastly,
So wonderfull a dreame as I.

The tenth day now of December,
The which, as I can remember,
I woll you tellen everydele,
But at my beginning, trusteth wele,
I woll make invocatioun,
With a devout speciall devotion,
Unto the god of sleepe anone,
That dwelleth in a cave of stone,
Upon a streame that commeth fro Lete,
That is a flood of Hell unswete,
Beside a fulke, that men clepe Cimorie,
There slepeth aye this god unmerre,
With his slepie thousand sonnys,
That alway to sleepe hir wonne is ;
And to this god that I of rede,
Pray I, that he woll me spede
My sweven fur to tell aright,
If every dreame stand in his might,
And he that mover is of all
That is and was, and ever shall,
So give hem joy that it here,
Or all that they dreame to yere,
And for to stand all in grace
Of hir loves, or in what place
That hem were levest for to stonde,
And shield hem from povertie and shonde,
And from every unhappe and disease,
And send hem that may hem please,
That taketh well and scorneth nought,
Ne it misdeme in hir thought,
Through malicious entention,
And who so through presumption,
Or hate, or scorne, or through envie,
Dispite, or jape, or felonie,
Misdeme it, pray I Jesus good,
Dreame he barefoot, or dreame he shood,
That every harme that any man
Hath had sith the world began,
Befall him thereof, or he sterve,
And graunt that he may it deserve.
Lo, with right such a conclusion,
As had of his avision
Cresus, that was king of Lide,
That high upon a gibbet dide,
This praiser shall he have of me,
I am no bette in charite.

Now herken, as I have you saied,
 What that I mette or I abraied,
 Of December the tenth day,
 Whan it was night, to slepe I lay,
 Right as I was wout to doone,
 And fell asleepe wonder soome,
 As he that was weary forgo
 On pilgrimage miles two
 To the corpes of saint Leonard,
 To maken lthe that erst was hard.

But as I slept, me mette I was
 Within a temple ymade of glas,
 In which there were mo images
 Of gold, standing in sundry stages,
 In mo rich tabernacles,
 And with perrie mo pinaeces,
 And mo curious portraitures,
 And queint manner of figures
 Of gold worke than I saw ever.

But certainly I n'ist never
 Where that it was, but well wist I,
 It was of Venus redely
 This temple, for in portreiture
 I saw anon right her figure
 Naked, flecting in a see,
 And also on her head, parde,
 Her rose garland white and red,
 And her combe to kembe her hed,
 Her doves, and dan Cupido,
 Her blind sonne, and Vulcano,
 That in his face was full browne.

But as I romed up and downe,
 I found that on the wall there was
 Thus written on a table of bras.

"I woll now sing, if that I can,
 The arnes, and also the man,
 That first came through his destinie
 Fugitive fro Troy the countrie,
 Into Italle, with full much pine,
 Unto the stronds of Lavine :"
 And tho began the story anone,
 As I shall tellen you ehone.

First, saw I the destruction
 Of Troy, through the Greeke Sinon,
 With his false untrue forswearings,
 And with his chere and his lesings
 Made a horse brought into Troy,
 By which Troyans lost all hir joy.

And after this was graved, alas,
 How Ilious castle assailed was
 And won, and king Priamus slaine,
 And Polites his sonne certaine,
 Dispitously of dan Pirus.

And next that saw I how Venus,
 Whan that she saw the castle brennd,
 Downe from Heaven she gan descend,
 And bad ler some Eneas flee,
 And how he fiod, and how that he
 Escaped was from all the prees,
 And tooke his father, old Anchises,
 And bare him on his backe away,
 Crying "Alas, and welaway!"
 The which Anchises in his hand
 Bare tho the gods of the land,
 Thilike that unbrenned were.

Than saw I next all in fere,
 How Crusa, dan Eneas wife,
 Whom that he loved all his life,
 And her yong sonne Iulo,
 And eke Ascanius also,

Fledden eke with drefie chere,
 That it was pitie for to here,
 And in a Forrest as they went,
 At a tourning of a went,
 How Crusa was ylost, alas!
 That rede not I, how that it was,
 How he her sought, and how her ghost
 Bad him fie the Greekes host,
 And said he must into Italle,
 As was his destinie, sauns faile,
 That it was pitie for to heare,
 Whan her spirit gan appeare,
 The words that she to him saied,
 And for to keepe her sonne him praied

There saw I graven eke how he,
 His father eke, and his meine,
 With his ships gan to saile
 Toward the countrie of Italle,
 As streight as they mighten go.

There saw I eke the cruell Juno,
 That art dan Jupiters wife,
 That hast yghated all thy life
 All the Troyan blood,
 Ren and cry as thou were wood
 On Eolus, the god of winds,
 To blowen out of all kinds
 So loud, that he should drench
 Lord, lady, groome, and wench
 Of all the Troyans nation,
 Without any of hir salvation.

There saw I such tempest arise,
 That every herte might agrise
 To see it painted on the wall.

There saw I eke graven withall
 Venus, how ye my lady dere,
 Weeping with full wofull chere,
 Praying Jupiter on hie
 To save and keepe that navie
 Of that Troyan Eneas,
 Sith that he her sonne was.

There saw I Joves Venus kisse,
 And graunted was the tempest lisse.

There saw I how the tempest stent,
 And how with all pine he went,
 And prively tooke a rivage
 Into the countrie of Carthage,
 And on the morow how that he
 And a knight that heicht Achate,
 Metten with Venus that day,
 Going in a queint array,
 As she had be an hunteresse,
 With wind blowing upon her tresse,
 And how Eneas began to plaine,
 Whan he knew her, of his paine,
 And how his ships dreint were,
 Or els ylost, he n'ist where ;
 How she gan him comfort tho,
 And bade him to Cartage go,
 And there he should his folke find,
 That in the sea were left behind,
 And shortly of this thing to pace,
 She made Eneas so in grace
 Of Dido, queene of that countrie,
 That shortly for to tellen, she
 Became his love, and let him do
 All that wedding longeth to.
 What should I speake it more quaint,
 Or paine me my words to paint ?
 To speake of love, it woll not be,
 I cannot of that faculte :

And eke to tellen of the manere
How they first acquainted were,
It were a long processe to tell,
And over long for you to dwell.

There saw I grave, how Eneas
Told to Dido every caas,
That him was tidde upon the see.

And eft graven was how that she
Made of him shortly at a word,
Her life, her love, her lust, her lord,
And did to him all reverence,
And laid on him all the dispence,
That any woman might do,
Wening it had all be so,
As he her swore, and hereby demed
That he was good, for he such seemed.

Alas, what harme doth apparence,
Whan it is false in existense !
For he to her a traitour was,
Wherefore she slow her selfe, alas !

Lo, how a woman doth amis
To love him that unknown is,
For by Christ, lo, thus it fareth,
It is not all gold that glareth,
For also brouke I well mine head,
There may be under goodlihead
Covered many a shreud vice,
Therefore, be no wight so nice
To take a love onely for chere,
Or speech, or for friendly manere,
For this shall every woman find,
That some man of his pure kind
Woll shewen outward the fairest,
Till he have caught that what him lest,
And than woll he causes find,
And swere how she is unkind,
Or false, or privie, or double was,
All this say I by Eneas
And Dido, and her nice lest,
That loved all to soone a guest ;
Wherefore, I woll say o proverbe,
That he that fully knoweth the herbe,
May safely lay it to his eie,
Withouten drede this is no lie.

But let us speake of Eneas,
How he betrayed her, alas,
And left her full unkindly.

So whan she saw all utterly,
That he would her of trowth faile,
And wenden from her into Itaile,
She gan to wring her handes two.
“ Alas,” (quod she) “ that me is wo !

Alas, is every man thus true,
That every yere woll have a new,
If it so long time endure,
Or els three paraventure,
And thus of one he woll have fame
In magnifying of his owne name,
Another for friendship sayeth he,
And yet there shall the third be,
That is taken for delite,
Lo, or els for singular profite :”
In such words gan complainne
Dido of her great paine,
As me mette dreaming redily,
None other athour alledge woll I.
“ Alas,” (quod she) “ my sweet herte,
Have pitie on my sorrowes smart,
And slee me not, go not away
“ O wofull Dido, welaway !”

(Quod she) unto her selfe tho :

“ O Eneas, what woll ye do ?
O that your love ne your bond,
That ye swore with your right hond,
Ne my cruell death” (quod she)
“ May hold you still here with me !

“ O, have ye of my death no pite ?
Ywis mine owne deare herte ye
Know full well that never yet,
As farre as ever I had wit,
Agilt you in thought ne in dede.

“ O, have ye men such goodlihed
In speech, and never a deile of trowth ?
Alas, that ever had routh
Any woman on a false man !

“ Now I see well, and tell can,
We wretched women can no art,
For certaine, for the more part ;
Thus we been served everichone ;
How sore that ye men can grone,
Anon, as we have you received,
Certainly we been deceived,
For though your love last a season,
Wait upon the conclusion,
And eke how ye determine,
And for the more part define,
O welaway, that I was borne !
For through you my name is lorne,
And mine actes redde and song
Over all this land in every tong.

“ O wicked Fame ! for there n'is
Nothing so swift lo, as she is,
O sooth is, every thing is wist,
Though it be coverde with the mist,
Eke though I might duren ever,
That I have done recover I never,
That it ne shall be said, alas,
I shamed was through Eneas,
And that I shall thus judged be :

“ Lo, right as she hath done, now she
Woll done eftsoones hardely,
Thus say the people prively.”
But that is done, n'is not to done,
But all her complaint ne her more
Certaine availeth her not a stre,
And whan she wist soothly he
Was forth into his ship agone,
She into chamber went anone,
And called on her suster Anne,
And gan her to complainne than,
And said, that she cause was
That she first loved him, alas,
And first counsaile her thereto
But what, whan this was said and do,
She rofte her seven to the herte,
And deide through the wounds smart :
But all the manner how she deide
And all the words how she seide,
Who so to know it hath purpose,
Rede Virgile in Eneidos,
Or the Pistels of Ovide,
What that she wrote or that she deide,
And nere it too long to edite,
By God, I would it bere write.
But welaway, the harme and routh
That hath betide for such untrouth,
As men may oft in bookes rede,
And all day seeme it yet in dede,
That for to thinke it tene is.

Lo, Demophon, duke of Athenis,

How he forswore him falsely,
 And 'traied Phillis wickedly,
 That kings daughter was of Thrace,
 And falsely gan his tearme pace,
 And whan she wist that he was false,
 She hong her selfe right by the halse,
 For he had done her such untrouth,
 Lo, was not this a wo and routh ?
 Eke, looke, how false and recheles
 Was to Briseida Achilles,
 And Paris to Oeone,
 And Jason to Hipsiphile,
 And eft Jason to Medea,
 And Hercules to Dianira,
 For he left her for Iolee,
 That made him take his death, parde.

How false was eke Theseus,
 That as the storie telleth us,
 How he betrayed Adriane,
 The devill be his soules bane,
 For had he laughed or joured,
 He must have been all devoured,
 If Adriane ne had be,
 And, for she had of him pite,
 She made him fro the death escape,
 And he made her a full false jape,
 For after this within a while,
 He left her sleeping in an isle,
 Desart alone right in the see,
 And stalc away, and let her bec,
 And tooke hir suster Phedra tho
 With him and gan to ship go,
 And yet he had sworne to here,
 On all that ever he could swere,
 That so she saved him his life,
 He would taken her to his wife,
 For she desired nothing els,
 In certaine, as the booke us tels.

But for to excuse this Eneas
 Fulliche of all his great trespas,
 The booke saith, saums faile,
 The gods bad him go to Itaile,
 And leaven Affrickes regioun
 And faire Dido and her toun.
 Tho saw I grave how to Itaile
 Dan Eneas gan for to saile,
 And how the tempest all began,
 And how he lost his steresman,
 Which that the sterne, or he tooke keepe,
 Smote over the bord as he sleepe.

And also saugh I how Sibile
 And Eneas beside an isle,
 To Hell went for to see
 His father Anchises the free,
 And how he there found Palinurus,
 And also Dido, and Deiphebus,
 And everiche tourment eke in Hell
 Saw he, which long is for to tell,
 Which paines who so list to know,
 He must rede many a row
 In Vergile or in Claudian,
 Or Dante, that it tellen can.

Tho saw I eke, all the arivaile
 That Eneas had made in Itaile,
 And with king Latin his treatre,
 And all the batailles that he
 Was at himselfe and his knights,
 Or he had all ywonne his rights,
 And how he Turnus reft his life,
 And wan Lavinia to his wife,

And all the marvellous signals
 Of the gods celestials,
 How maugre Juno, Eneas,
 For all her sleight and her compas,
 Acheved all his aventure,
 For Jupiter toole on him cure,
 At the prayer of Venus,
 Which I pray alway save us,
 And us aye of our sorrowes light.

Whan I had seene all this sight
 In this noble temple thus,
 "Hey, lord," thought I, "that madest us,
 Yet saw I never such noblesse
 Of images, nor such richesse
 As I see graven in this church,
 But nought wote I who did hem worth,
 Ne where I am, ne in what cuntrye,
 But now will I out gone and see
 Right at the wicket if I can
 Seene ought where sterring any man,
 That may me tellen where I am."

Whan I out of the dore came,
 I fast about me beheld,
 Than saw I but a large field,
 As farre as ever I might see,
 Without toun, house, or tree,
 Or bush, or grasse, or eared land,
 For all the field was but of sand,
 As small as men may see at eye
 In the desart of Lybye,
 Ne no manner creature,
 That is yformed by nature,
 Ne saw I, me to rede or visse :
 "O Christ," thought I, "that are in blisse,
 From fantome and illusion
 Me save," and with devotion
 Mime eyen to the Heaven I cast,
 Tho was I ware, lo, at the last,
 That fast by the Sunne on hye,
 As kenne might I with mine eye,
 Me thought I saw an egle sorc,
 But that it seemed much more
 Than I had any egle ysein ;
 This is as sooth as death certain,
 It was of gold, and shone so bright,
 That never saw men such a sight,
 But if the Heaven had ywonne
 All new of God another soune,
 So shone the egles fethers bright,
 And somewhat downward gan it light.

EXPLICIT LIBER PRIMUS.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

B II. v. 1—10

Now hearken every manner man
 That English understand can,
 And listeth of my dreame to here,
 For nowe at erst shall ye lere
 So seiy and so dredefull a vision,
 That I say neither Scipion,
 Ne king Nabugodonosore,
 Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore,
 Ne metten such a dreame as this,
 Now faire blisfull, O Cipris,

So be my favour at this time,
That ye me fendite and rime
Helpeth, that in Pernaso dwell
Beside Ellicon the clere well.

O thought, that wrote all that I met,
And in the tresorie it set
Of my braine, now shall men see
If any vertue in thee bee,
To tell all my dreame aright ;
Now kithes thy engine and thy might !

This egle of which I have you told,
That with feathers shone all of gold,
Which that so high gan to sore,
I gan behold more and more,
To seene her beauty and the wonder
But never was that dent of thunder,
Ne that thing that men call soudre,
That smite sometime a toure to poudre,
And in his swift comming brend,
That so swithe gan downward descend,
As this foule, whan it beheld
That I a roume was in the field,
And with his grim pawes stroug,
Within his sharpe nailes long,
Me fleyng at a swappe he hent,
And with his sours againe up went,
Me caryng in his claws starke,
As lightly as I had ben a larke,
How high I cannot tellen you,
For I came up I n'ist never how,
For so astonied and asweved
Was every vertue in my heved,
What with his sours and my dread,
That all my feeling gan to dead,
For why? it was a great affray.

Thus I long in his claws lay,
Till at the last he to me spake
In mans voice, and said " Awake,
And be not agast so for shame,"
And called me tho by my name,
And, for I should better abraid,
Me to awake thus he said,
Right in the same voice and stevin,
That useth one that I can nevin,
And with that voice, sooth to saine,
My mind came to me again,
For it was goodly said to me,
So nas it never went to be ;
And, herewithal, I gan to stere,
As he me in his feet bere,
Till that he felt that I had heat,
And felt eke tho mine herte beat,
And tho gan he me to disport,
And with gentle wordes me comfort,
And said twice, " Saint Mary,
Thou art a noyous thing to cary,
And nothing needeth it, parde,
For also, wise God helpe me,
As thou no harme shalt have of this,
And this case that betiddeth thee is
For thy lore and for thy prow ;
Let see, darst thou looke yet now ?
Be full ensured boldely,
I am thy friend : " and therewith I
Gan for to wonder in my mind.
O God," quod I : " that madest all kind,
Shall I none otherwise die,
Whether Jove will me stellifte,
Or what thing may this signifie ?
I am neither Enocke, ne Helie,

Ne Romulus, ne Ganimede,
That were bore up, as men rede,
To Heaven with dan Jupiter,
And made the gods boteler : "
Lo, this was tho my fantasie,
But he that hare gan asprie
That I so thought, and said this,
" Thou deemest of thy selfe amis,
For Jove is not thereabout,
I dare thee put full out of doubt,
To make of the yet a sterre,
But ere I beare thee much ferre,
I will thee tell what I am,
And whider thou shalt, and why I came
To do this, so that thou take
Good herte, and not for feare quake."
" Gladly," quod I : " Now well," quod he .
" First, I that in my feet have the,
Of whom thou hast feare and wonder,
I am dwelling with the god of thounder,
Which men callen Jupiter,
That doth me rien full oft fer,
To do all his commaundement,
And for this cause he hath me sent
To thee : herke now by thy trouth,
Certaine he hath of thee routh,
That thou hast so truly
Long served ententufely
His blind newev Cupido,
And faire Venus also,
Without guerdon ever yet,
And nathelesse hast set thy wit,
Although in thy head full litte is,
To make bookes, songs, and ditties
In rime, or else in cadence,
As thou best canst, in reverence
Of Love, and of his servaunts eke,
That have his service sought and seke,
And painest thee to praise his art,
Although thou haddest never part,
Wherefore also, God me blesse,
Jovis halt it great humblesse,
And vertue eke, that thou wilt make
A night full oft thine head to ake,
In thy study so thou writest,
And evermore of Love editest,
In honour of him and praisings,
And in his folkes furtherings,
And in hir matter all devisest,
And not him ne his folke dispisest,
Although thou maist go in the daunce
Of hem that him list not advance ;
Wherefore, as I said ywis,
Jupiter considreth well this,
And also beausire, of other things,
That is, thou haste no tidings
Of Loves folke, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing else that God made
And not only fro ferre countrie
That no tidings comen to thee,
Not of thy very neighbours,
That dwellen almost at thy dores,
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For whan thy labour all done is,
And hast made all thy rekenings,
In stead of rest and of new things,
Thou goest home to thine house anone,
And also dombe as a stone
Thou sittest at another booke,
Till fully dased is thy looke,

And livest thus as an hermite,
 Although thine abstinence is lite,
 And therefore Jovis, through his grace,
 Will that I beare thee to a place
 Which that hight the House of Fame,
 And to do the sport and game
 In some recompensation
 Of thy labour and devotion
 That thou hast had, lo, causelesse,
 To god Cupido the rechelesse ;
 And thus this god through his merite
 Will with some manner thing thee quite,
 So that thou wilt be of good chere,
 For trust well that thou shalt here,
 When we ben comen there as I say,
 Mo wonder things dare I lay,
 And of Loves folke mo tidings,
 Both soothsawes and lesings,
 And mo loves new begon,
 And long served till love is won,
 And mo lovers casuelly,
 That ben betide, no man wote why,
 But as a blind man starteth an hare,
 And more jolite and welfare,
 While they find love of stele,
 As thinke men, and over all wele,
 Mo discords, and mo jealousies,
 Mo murmures, and mo novelries,
 And also mo dissimulations,
 And eke fained reparations,
 And mo berdes in two houres
 Without rasour or sisous
 Ymade, than graines be of sands,
 And eke mo holding in mo hands,
 And also mo renovelauches
 Of old forleten acquaintances,
 Mo love-daies, and mo accords
 Than on instruments ben cords,
 And eke of love mo exchaunges,
 Than ever corne were in graunges,
 Unneth maist thou trowen this,²
 Quod he. "No, so helpe me God as wis,"
 Quod I. "Now why ?" quod he. "For it
 Were impossible to my wit,
 Though Fame had all the pries
 In all a realme and all aspies,
 How that yet he should heare all this,
 Or they espien :"—"O yes, yes,"
 Quod he, to me, "that can I preve
 By reason, worthy for to leve,
 So that thou give thine advertence
 To understand my sentence.

"First shalt thou here where she dwelleth,
 Right so as thine owne booke telleth,
 Her palais standeth, as I shall say,
 Right even amidde of the way
 Betweene Heaven, Earth, and see,
 That whatsoever in all these three
 Is spoken in prive or apert,
 The way thereto is so overt,
 And stant eke in so just a place,
 That every sowne mote to it pace,
 Or what so cometh from any tong,
 Be rownd, red, or song,
 Or spoken in suertie or drede,
 Certaine it mote thider nede.

"Now hearken well, for why ? I will
 Tellen thee a proper skill,
 And a worthy demonstration
 In mine imagination.

"Geffray, thou wotest well this,
 That every kindly thing that is,
 Hath a kindly stede there he
 May best in it conserved be,
 Unto which place every thing,
 Through his kindly enclining,
 Meveth for to come to,
 Whan that it is away therefro,
 As thus, lo, how thou maist al day see,
 Take any thing that heavie bee,
 As stone or lead, or thing of weight,
 And beare it never so he on height,
 Let go thine hand, it falleth downe,
 Right so say I by fire or sowne
 Or smoke, or other things light,
 Alway they seeke upward on height,
 Light things up, and downward charge,
 While everich of hem be at large,
 And for this cause thou maist well see,
 That every river unto the see
 Enclined is to go by kind,
 And by these skilles, as I find,
 Have fishes dwelling in flood and see,
 And trees eke on the earth be ;
 Thus every thing by his reason
 Hath his own proper mansion,
 To which he seeketh to repaire,
 There as it should nat appaire.

"Lo, this sentence is knowne couth
 Of every philosophers mouth,
 As Aristotle and dan Platone,
 And other clerkes many one,
 And to confirme my reason,
 Thou wost well that speech is soun,
 Or else no man might it here,
 Now herke what I wolle thee lere.

"Sowne is not but eyre ybroke,
 And every spech that is spoken,
 Loud or prive, foule or faire,
 In his substaunce is but eyre,
 For as flame is but lighted smoke,
 Right so is sowne eyre ybroke,
 But this may be in many wise,
 Of which I will thee devise ;
 As sowne commeth of pipe or harpe
 For when a pipe is blown sharpe,
 The eyre is twist with violence,
 And rent ; lo, this is my sentence :
 Eke, whan men harpe strings smite,
 Wheder it be much or lite,
 Lo, with a stroke the eyre it breketh,
 And right so breaketh it whan men speaketh,
 Thus, wost thou well, what thing is speach,
 Now henceforth, I will thee teach
 How everich spech, voice, or soun,
 Through his multiplicatioun,
 Though it were piped of a mouse,
 Mote needs come to Fames House ;
 I prove it thus, take heed now
 By experience, for it that thou
 Threw in a water now, a stone,
 Well wost thou it will make, anone,
 A little roundell as a circle,
 Paraventure as broad as a covercle,
 And right anone, thou shalt see wele,
 That whele cercle wil cause another whele,
 And that the third, and so forth brother,
 Every cercle causing other,
 Broader than himselfe was,
 And thus from roundell to compas,

Ech about other going,
 Causeth of others stering
 And multiplying evermo,
 Til it be so farre go
 That it at both brinckes bee,
 Although thou may it not see
 Above, yet gothe it alway under,
 Though thou thinke it a great wonder,
 And who so saith of trowth I vary,
 Bid him prove the contrary ;
 And right thus every word ywis,
 That loud or privie yspoken is,
 Moveth first an eyre about,
 And of his moving, out of dout,
 Another eyre anone is moved ;
 As I have of the water proved,
 That every cercle causeth other,
 Right so of eyre, my leve brother ;
 Everich eyre in other stereth
 More and more, and speech up beareth,
 Or voice of noise. word or soun,
 Aye through multiplication,
 Till it be at the House of Fame ;
 Take it in earnest or in game,
 Now have I told, if thou have mind,
 How spech or sowne, of pure kind
 Enclined is upward to mete ;
 This maiest thou fele well by preve,
 And that same stede ywis,
 That every thing enclined to is,
 Hath his kindliche stede,
 That sheweth it without drede,
 That kindly the mansioun
 Of everich speche of every soun,
 Be it either foule or faire,
 Hath his kind place in aire,
 And sith that every thing ywis,
 Out of his kind place ywis,
 Moveth thider for to go,
 If it away be therefro,
 As I have before proved thee,
 It sheweth every soun, parde,
 Moveth kindly to pace,
 As up into his kind place ;
 And this place of which I tell,
 There as Fame list to dwell,
 It sette amiddes of these three,
 Heaven, Earth, and eke the see,
 As most conservatife the soun ;
 Than is this the conclusion,
 That every spech of every mau,
 As I thee tell first began,
 Moveth up on height to pace
 Kindly to Fames place.
 "Tell me this now faithfully,
 Have I not proved thus simply,
 Without any subtelte
 Of spech, or great prolixite
 Of termes of phillosophy,
 Of figures of poetry,
 Or colouris of rhetorike ?
 Perde, it ought thee to like,
 For hard language, and hard matere
 Is incombrous for to here
 At ones, wost thou not well this ?"
 And I answered and said " Yes."
 " Ah, ah," quod he, " lo, so I can,
 Leudly unto a leud man
 Speke, and shew him such skilles,
 That he may shake hem by the billes,

So palpable they shouliden be ;
 But tel me this now pray I thee,
 How thinketh thee my conclusioun ?"
 " A good persuasioun,"
 Quod I, " it is, and lyke to be,
 Right so as thou hast proved me,"
 " By God," quod he, " and as I leve,
 Thou shalt have it or it be eve,
 Of every word of this sentence,
 A profe by experience,
 And with thine cares hearen well
 Toppe and taile, and everidell,
 That every word that spoken is,
 Commeth into Fames House ywis,
 As I have said, what wilt thou more ?"
 And with this word upper to sore,
 He began and said, " By saint Jame,
 Now will we speake all of game.
 How farest thou now ?" quod he, to me,
 " Well," quod I. " Now see," quod he,
 " By thy trowth, yond adowne,
 Where that thou knowest any towne,
 Or house, or any other thing,
 And whan thou hast of ought knowing,
 Look that thou warne me,
 And I anon shall tell thee
 How farre that thou art now therefro."
 And I adowne gan to loken tho,
 And beheld fields and plaines,
 Now hills, and now mountaines,
 Now vales, and now forests,
 And now unneth great beests,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now townes, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the see.
 But thus soone in a while hee,
 Was flouen fro the ground so hie,
 That all the world, as to mine eye,
 No more seemed than a pricke,
 Or else was the eyre so thicke
 That I might it not discerne :
 With that he spake to me so yerne,
 And said : " Seest thou any token,
 Or ought that in this world of spoken ?"
 I said " Nay."—" No wonder is,"
 Quod he, " for never halfe so hie as this,
 N'as Alexander of Macedon
 King, ne of Rome dan Scipion,
 That saw in dreame at point devise,
 Heaven and Earth, Hell and Paradise,
 Ne eke the wretch Dedalus,
 Ne his childe nice Icharus,
 That flewe so hie that the hete
 His wyngs molte, and he fell wete
 In midde the sea, and there he dreint,
 For whom was made a great complaint.
 " Now tourne upward," quod he, " thy face,
 And behold this large place,
 This eyre, but looke that thou ne bee
 Adrad of hem that thou shalt see,
 For in this region certayne,
 Dwelleth many a citezeine,
 Of which speaketh dan Plato,
 These ben the eyrliche beests, lo."
 And tho sawe I all the menie,
 Both gone and also fie.
 " Lo, quod he, cast up thine eye,
 See yonder lo, the galaxie,
 The which men clepe the milky way,
 For it is white : and some, parfay,

Callen it Watling streete,
That ones was brent with the hete,
When the Sunnes sonne the rede,
That hight Pheton, would lede
Algate his fathers cart, and gie.

"The cart horse gan well asprie,
That he coud no gouernaunce,
And gan for to leape and prounce,
And beare him up, and now down,
Till he saw the Scorioun,
Which that in Heaven a signe is yet,
And he for fere lost his wit
Of that, and let the reynes gone
Of his horse, and they anone,
Soon up to mount and downe disceude,
Till both eyre and Earth brende,
Till Jupiter, lo, at the last,
Him slew and fro the carte cast.

"Lo, is it not a great mischaunce
To let a foole have gouernaunce
Of things that he cannot demaine?"

And with his word, sothe for to saine,
He gan alway upper to sore,
And gladded me than more and more,
So faithfully to me spake he.

The gan I to looke under me,
And beheld the eyrisl beests,
Cloude, mistes, and tempests,
Snowes, hayles, raynes, and windes,
And than gendring in hir kindes,
All the way through which I came;
"O God," quod I, "that made Adame,
Moch is thy might and nobles!"

And tho thought I upon Boece,
That writeth a thought may fle so hie
With fetters of philosophy
To passen everich element,
And when he hath so far ywent,
Than may be seen behind his backe,
Cloude, and earth, and all that I of spake.

The gan I wexe in a were,
And said, "I wote well I am here,
But whether in body or in goost,
I n'ot ywis, but God thou woost;"
For more clere ententement,
N'as mo never yet ysent;
And than thought I on Marcian,
And eke of Anticlaudian,
That sothe was hir descripcion
Of all the Heavens region,
As far as that I saw the preve,
And, therefore, I can hem leve.

With that the egle gan to crie,
"Let be," quod he, "thy fantasie,
Wilt thou learne of sterres ought?"

"Nay certainly," quod I, "right nought."
"And why?" quod he, "For I am old."

"Or els would I thee have told,"
Quod he, "the sterres names, lo,
And all the Heavens signs to,
And which they be."—"No force," quod I.

"Yes, parde," quod he, "wost thou why?
For whan thou redest poetry,
How the goddes can stellify
Birde, fishe, or him, or her,
As the ravin and other,
Or Ariones harpe fine,
Castor, Polexe, or Delphine,
Or Athalantes doughters seven,
How all these are set in Heaven,

For though thou have hem ofte in hand,
Yet n'ost thou nat where they stand."

"No force," quod I, "it is no need,
As well I leve, so God me speed,
Hem that writen of this matere,
As though I knew hir places here,
And eke they semen here so bright,
It shoud shenden all my sight,
To look on hem:"—"That may well be,"
Quod he, and so forth bare he me
A while, and tho he gan to cry,
(That never herde I thung so hie)
"Hold up thy thine heed, for all is well,
Saint Julian, lo, bonne hostell,
See here the House of Fame, lo,
Mayst thou not here that I do?"

"What?" quod I. "The great sowne"
Quod he, "that romblith up and downe
In Fames House full of tidings,
Both of fayre spech and chidings,
And of false and sothe compouned,
Herken well, it is not rowned.

Herest thou not the great srowth?"
"Yes, perde," quod I, "wel ynough.

"And what sowne is it like?" quod he.
"Parde, lyke the beating of the see,"
Quod I, "against the roches holow,

Whan tempests done her shippes swolow,
And that a man stand out of doute,
A myle thens, and here it route.

"Or els lyke the humbling
After the clappe of a thundring,
When Jovis hath the eyre ybete,
But it doth me for feare swete."

"Nay, drede thee not thereof," quod he,
"It is nothing that will biten thee,
Thou shalt have no harme truly."

And with that worde both he and I
As nigh the place arrived were,
As men might cast with a spere,
I n'ist how, but in a strete
He set me faire on my feete,
And said, "Walke forth a pace
And telle thine adventure and case,
That thou shalt finde in Fames place."

"Now," quod I, "while we have space
To speake, or that I go for thee,
For the love of God tell me,
In sothe, that I will of thee lere,
If this noyse that I here

Be as I have herde thee tell,
Of folke that done in earth dwell,
And commeth here in the same wise,
As I thee herd or this devise,
And that here lives body n'is
In all that house that yonder is,
That maketh all this loude fare."

"No," quod he, "by saint Clare,
And also wise God rede me,
But o thing I will warne thee,
Of the which thou wilt have wonder.

"Lo, to the House of Fame yonder,
Thou woste how commeth every speach,
It needeth not the effe to teach,
But understand now right well this,
When any speach ycomen is,
Up to the palais anone right,
It wexeth like the same wight,
Which that the worde in earth spake,
Be he clothed in reed or blake,

And hath so very his likenesse,
 And spake the worde that thou wilt gesse,
 That it the same body be,
 Man or woman, he, or she.
 And is not this a wonder thing ? ”
 “ Yes,” quod I tho, “ by Heaven king: ”
 And with this worde, “ Farewell, ” quod he,
 “ And here will I abide thee,
 And God of Heaven send thee grace
 Some good to learne in this place: ”
 And I of him tooke leave anone,
 And gan forth to the palais gone.

EXPLICIT LIBER SECONDUS.

LIBER TERTIUS.

B. III. v. 1—118

God of science and of light,
 Apollo, through thy great might,
 This littell last booke now thou gie,
 Now that I will for maistrise
 Here art potencial be shewde,
 But for the rime is light and lewde,
 Yet make it somewhat agreeable,
 Though some verse fayle in a syllable,
 And that I do no diligence,
 To shewe craftte, but sentence,
 And if devine vertue thou
 Wilt helpe me to shewe now,
 That in my heed ymarked is,
 Lo, that is for to meane this,
 The House of Fame for to discrive,
 Thou shalt see me go as blive
 Unto the next laurer I see,
 And kisse it, for it is thy tree ;
 Now entre in my brest, anone !
 When I was from the Egle gone,
 I gan behold upon this place,
 And certaine, or I further passe,
 I woll you all the shape devise,
 Of house and citee, and all the wise
 How I gan to this place approche,
 That stood upon so hie a roche,
 Hier standeth none in Spaine ;
 But up I clambe with moch payne,
 And though to climbe greved mee,
 Yet I ententif was to see,
 And for to poren wondre low,
 If I coude any wise yknow
 What maner stone this roche was,
 For it was like a limed glas,
 But that it shone full more clere,
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I n'iste redely,
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was everydele,
 A roche of yse and not of stele :
 Thought I, “ By saint Thomas of Kent,
 This were a feeble foundement
 To builden on a place hie,
 He ought him little to glorifie,
 That hereon bilte, God so me save. ”
 Tho sawe I all the hall ygrave
 With famous folkes names fele,
 That had been in moch wele,

And hir fames wide yblow,
 But well unneth might I know
 Any letters for to rede
 Hir names by, for, out of drede,
 They weren almost of thawed so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was wexe her fame ;
 But men say, what may ever last ?
 The gan I in mine herte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate,
 For on that other side I sey,
 Of this hill, that northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there
 The self-day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure,
 But well I wiste what it made,
 It was conserved with the shade,
 All the writing that I sie,
 Of a castell that so stode on lie,
 And stode eke in so cold a place
 That heate might it not deface.
 The gan I on this hill to gone,
 And found on the coppe a wone,
 That all the men that been on live
 Ne han the conning to discrive
 The beaute of that ilke place,
 Ne coud caste no compace
 Soch another for to make,
 That might of beauty be his make,
 Ne so wonderly ywrought,
 That it astonieih yet my thought,
 And maketh all my witte to swinke
 On this castell for to thinke,
 So that the great beauteie,
 The caste, craftte, and curiositie,
 Ne can I not to you devise,
 My witte ne may me not suffice ;
 But nathelesse all the substance
 I have yet in my remembrance,
 For why ? me thought, by saint Gile,
 All was of stone of berile,
 Both the castell and the toure,
 And eke the hall, and every boure,
 Without peeces or joynings,
 But many subtell compassings,
 As babeuries and pinnacles,
 Imageries and tabernacles,
 I saw, and full eke of windowes,
 As flakes fallen in great snowes ;
 And eke in each of the pinnacles
 Weren sundry habitacles,
 In which stooden, all withouten,
 Full the castle all abouten,
 Of all manner of minstrales,
 And jestours, that tellen tales
 Both of weeping and of game ;
 And of all that longeth unto Fame
 There heard I play on an harpe,
 That souned both well and sharpe,
 Him Orpheus full crafttely,
 And on this side, fast by,
 Sat the harper Orion,
 And Gacides Chirion,
 And other harpers many one,
 And the Briton Glaskirion,

And smale harpers with hir glees,
Sate under hem in divers sees,
And gone on hem upward to gape,
And counterfeited hem as an ape,
Or as craft counterfeit kind.

Tho saw I standen hem behind,
A farre from hem, all by hemselve,
Many a thousand times twelwe,
That made loud minstralcies,
In cornemuse and shalmies,
And many another pipe,
That craftely began to pipe,
Both in douced and in rede,
That ben at feasts with the brede,
And many a floyte and liding horne,
And pipes made of greene corne,
As have these little heard gromes,
That keepen beastes in the bromes.

There saw I than dan Citherus,
And of Athenes dan Proserus,
And Mercia that lost her skiuine,
Both in face, body, and chinne,
For that she would envien, lo,
To pipen bette than Apollo.

There saw I eke famous old and yong,
Pipers of all the Dutch tong,
To learne love daunces, springs,
Reyes, and the straunge things.

Tho saw I in another place,
Standing in a large space
Of hem that maken bloody soun,
In trumpe beme, and clarioun,
For in fight and bloodsheddings
Is used gladly clarionings.

There heard I trumpe Messenus,
Of whom that speaketh Vergilius.

There heard I Joab trumpe also,
Theodomas, and other mo,
And all that used clarion,
In Casteloigne and Aragon,
That in hir times famous were,
To learnen saw I trumpen there

There saw I sit in other sees,
Playing upon other sundry glees,
Which that I cannot never,
Mo than sterres ben in Heven,
Of which I n'll as now not rime,
For ease of you, and losse of time :
For time ylost, this know ye,
By no way may recovered be.

There saw I playing jogelours,
Magiciens, and tragetours,
And phetonisses, charmeresses,
Old witches, sorceresses,
That usen exorsisations,
And eke subfumigations,
And clerkes eke, which conne well
All this magike naturell,
That craftely doe hir entents
To maken in certaine ascendants,
Images, lo, through which magike
To maken a man ben hole or sike.

There saw I the queene Medea,
And Circes eke, and Calipsea.

There saw I Hermes Ballenus,
Limote, and eke Simon Magus.

There saw I, and knew by name,
That by such art dome men have fame.

There saw I Coll Tragetour
Upon a table of sicamour

Play an uncouth thing to tell,
I saw him carry a wind-mell
Under a walnote shale.

What should I make lenger tale ?
Of all the people that I sey,
I could not tell till domisdey.

When I had all this folke behold,
And found me loose and not hold,
And I amused a long while
Upon this wall of berile,
That shone lighter than a glas
And made well more than it was,
As kinde thing of fame is,
And than anone, after this,
I gan forth romen till I fonde
The castell yate on my right honde,
Which so well corven was,
That never such another n'as,
And yet it was by aventure
Ywrought by great and subtil cure ;
It needeth not you more to tellen
To make you too long dwellen
Of these yates florishings,
Ne of compaces, ne of karvings,
Ne how the hacking in masonries,
As corbettes, and imageries.

But Lord, so faire it was to shewe,
For it was all with gold behewe ;
But in I went, and that anone,
There met I crying many one,
“ A larges, a larges, hold up well !
God save the lady of this pell,
Our owne gentill lady Fame,
And hem that willen to have a name
Of us !” thus heard I crien all,
And fast comen out of the hall,
And shok nobles and starlings,
And crowned were as kings,
With crownes wrought full of losinges,
And many ribans, and many fringes
Wore on hir clothes truly.

Tho at the last, espied I
That pursevautes and heraudes,
That crien riche folkes laudes,
It weren, all and every man
Of hem, as I you tell can,
Had on him throwe a vesture
Which men clepe a coate armure,
Embroudred wonderly riche,
As though they were not yliche,
But nought will I, so mote I thrive,
Be about to descrive
All these armes that there weren,
That they thus on hir coates weren,
For to me were impossible,
Men might make of hem a bible,
Twenty foote thicke as I trowe,
For certain who so could know,
Might there all the armes seen
Of famous folke that had been
In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,
Sith first began chevalrie.

Lo, how should I now tell all this ?
Ne of the hall, eke whar need is
To tellen you that every wall
Of it, and rofe and flore with all,
Was plated halfe a foote thicke
Of golde, and that n'as not wicke,
But for to prove in all wise,
As fine as ducket in Venise,

Of which to lite all in my pouche is,
 And they were set as thicke of ouches
 Fine, of the finest stones faire,
 That men reden in the lapidaire,
 Or as grasses growen in a mede,
 But it were all to long to rede
 The names, and therefore I pace,
 But in this lustie and riche place,
 That Fames hall called was,
 Full moch prees of folke there n'as,
 Ne crowding, for to moch prees,
 But all on he above a dees,
 Satte in a see imperiall,
 That made was of rubie royall,
 Which that a carbuncle is ycalled,
 I sawe perpetually stalled,
 A feminine creature,
 That never formed by nature
 Was such another thing I saie :
 For alderfirst, soth to saie,
 Me thought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite,
 Was lenger than she seemed be,
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her self tho wonderly streight,
 That with her feet she th'erthe reight,
 And with her hedde she touched Heaven,
 There as shineth the sterres seven,
 And thereto yet, as to my wit,
 I saw a great wonder yet,
 Upon her eye to behold,
 But certainly I hem never told,
 For as fele eyen had she,
 As fethers upon foules be,
 Or weren on the beasts foure,
 That Goddes trone can honour,
 As writeth John in the Apocalips,
 Her heer that was oundie and crips,
 As burned gold it shone to see.

And sothe to tellen, also shee
 Had also fele up standing eares,
 And tonges, as on beast been heares,
 And on her feste woxen saw I,
 Partriche winges redily.

But Lord the perrie and the richesse
 I saw sitting on the goddesse,
 And the heavenly melodie
 Of songes full of armonie
 I heard about her trone ysong,
 That all the palais wall rong,
 So song the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Caliope,
 And her seven systerne eke,
 That in hir faces seemen meke,
 And evermore eternally
 They song of Fame, tho heard I,
 "Heried be thou and thy name,
 Goddes of renoun and of Fame!"

Tho was I ware at the last,
 As I mine eyen gan up cast,
 That this ilke noble queene,
 On her shoulders gan sustene
 Both the armes and the name
 Of tho that had large fame,
 Alisander, and Hercules,
 That with a sherte his life did lese,
 And thus found I sitting this goddesse,
 In noble honour and richesse,
 Of which I stinte a while now,
 Other thing to tellen you

Tho saw I stande on thother side,
 Streight doune to the doores wide,
 From the deis many a pillere
 Of metall, that shone not full clere,
 But though ther were of no richesse,
 Yet were they made for great noblesse,
 And in hem great sentence,
 And folke of hie and digne reverence,
 Of which to tell will I fonde.

Upon a piller sawe I stonde,
 Alderfirst there I sie,
 Upon a piller stonde on hie,
 That was of lede and of iron fine,
 Him of the secte Saturnine,
 The Ebrake Josephus the old,
 That of Jewes gestes told,
 And he bare on his shuldres hie
 The fame up of the Jewrie,
 And by him stoden other seven,
 Wise and worthy for to neven,
 To helpen him beare up the charge,
 It was so heavy and so large,
 And for they written of batailles,
 As well as of other marvayles,
 Therefore was lo, this pillere,
 Of which I you tell here,
 Of leade and iron both ywis,
 For iron Martes metall is,
 Which that god is of bataille,
 And the leade withouten faille,
 Is lo, the metall of Saturne,
 That hath full large whele to turne,
 To stand forth on either rowe
 Of hem, which I could knowe,
 Though I by order hem not tell,
 To make you to long to dwell.

These, of which I gan rede,
 There saw I stand, out of drede,
 Upon an iron piller strong,
 That painted was all endlong
 With tigris blood in every place,
 The Tholason that height Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name
 Upon his shoulders, and the fame
 Also of cruell Achilles,
 And by him stode, withouten lees,
 Full wonder hie upon a piller
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus
 Before, and eke he Lollius,
 And Guido eke the Colempnis,
 And English Galfride eke ywis,
 And ech of these, as I have joy,
 Was busie to beare up Troy,
 So heavy thereof was the fame,
 That for to beare it was no game,
 But yet I gan full well espie,
 Betwene hem was a little envie,
 One said that Omer made lies,
 Feyning in his poetries,
 And was to the Greekes favourable,
 Therefore held he it but fable.

Tho saw I stand on a pillere,
 That was of tinned iron clere,
 The Latine poete Virgile,
 That hath bore up a long while
 The fame of pius Eneas.

And next him on a piller was,
 Of copper, Venus' clerke, Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide

The great god of loves fame,
 And there he bare up well his name,
 Upon this pillar also he,
 As I might see it with mine eye :
 For why this hall whereof I rede,
 Was woxe on height, length and brede,
 Well more by a thousand deale
 Than it was erst, that saw I weale.

Tho saw I on a pillar by,
 Of iron wrought full sternely,
 The great poet dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bare up than,
 As he as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee,
 And by him stoden all these clerkes,
 That write of Romes mighty werkes,
 That if I would hir names tell,
 All to long must I dwell.

And next him on a pillar stood,
 Of sulphure, liche as he were wood,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell
 That bare up all the fame of Hell,
 Of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
 That queene is of the derke pine,
 What should I more tell of this ?
 The hall was all full, ywis,
 Of hem that written old jestes,
 As been on trees rokes nestes,
 But it a full confuse mattere
 Were all these jestes for to here,
 That they of write, and how they hight.
 But while that I beheld this sight,
 I herde a noise approchen blive,
 That fareth as bees dono in an hive,
 Ayenst hir time of out flying,
 Right soch a maner murmuring,
 For all the world it seemed mee.

Tho gan I looke about and see,
 That there come entering into the hall
 A right great company withall,
 And that of sondry regions,
 Of all kind of condicions,
 That dwell in yearth under the Moone,
 Poore and riche ; and all so soone
 As they were come into the hall,
 They gan on knees doune to fall,
 Before this ilke noble queene,
 And said, " Graunt us lady sheene,
 Eche of us of thy grace a bone,"
 And some of hem she graunted sone,
 And some she warned well and faire,
 And some she graunted the contraire
 Of hir asking utterly :
 But this I say you truly,
 What her grace was, I n'ist,
 For of these folke full well I wist,
 They had good fame eche deserved,
 Although they were diversly served,
 Right as her sister, dame Fortune,
 Is wont to serve in commune.

Now herken how she gan to pay
 Hem that gan her of grace pray,
 And yet, lo, all this companie
 Saiden soth, and not a lie.

" Madame," said they, " we bee
 Folke that here besechen thee,
 That thou graunt us now good fame,
 And let our werkes have good name,
 In full recompensacioun
 Of good worke, give us good renoun."

" I warne it you," quod she, " anone,
 Ye get of me good fame none,
 By God, and therefore go your way."

" Alas," quod they, " and welaway !
 Tell us what your cause may be."

" For me list it not," quod she,
 " No wight shall speake of you, ywis,
 Good ne harme, ne that ne this."

And with that worde she gan to call
 Her messenger that was in hall,
 And bad that he should faste gone,
 Upon paine to be blunde anone,
 For Eolus the god of winde,
 " In Trace there ye shall him finde,
 And bid him bring his claroun,
 That is full divers of his soun,
 And it is cleped clare laude,
 With which he wont is to heraude
 Hem that me list ypraised bee ;
 And also bid him how that hee
 Bring eke his other claroun,
 That height sclauder in every toun,
 With which hee wont is to diffame
 Hem that me list, and doe hem shame."

This messenger gan fast to gone,
 And found where in a cave of stone,
 In a countree that height Trace,
 This Eolus with harde grace,
 Heide the windes in distresse,
 And gan hem under him to presse,
 That they gonne as the beres sore,
 He bound and pressed hem so sore.

This messenger gan fast crie,
 " Rise up," quod he, " and fast thee hee
 Till thou at my lady bee,
 And take thy clarions eke with thee,
 And speed thee fast : " and he, anone,
 Tooke to one that height Tritone,
 His clarions to bearen tho,
 And let a certaine winde go,
 That blewe so hidously and hee,
 That it ne left not a skie
 And all the welkin long and brode.

This Eolus no where abode,
 Till he was come to Fames feete,
 And eke the man that Triton heete,
 And there he stode as still as stone,
 And herewithall, there came anone,
 Another huge companie
 Of good folke and gan to crie,
 " Lady, graunt us now good fame
 And let our werkes have that name,
 Now in honour of gentillesse,
 And also God your soule blesse,
 For we han well deserved it,
 Therefore is right that we be quit."
 " As thrive I," quod she, " ye shall faile,
 Good werkes shall you not availe,
 To have of me good fame as now,
 But wote ye what, I graunt you,
 That ye shall have a shrewd name,
 And wicked loos and worse fame,
 Though ye good loos have well deserved,
 Now goeth your way for you been served :
 And thou dan Eolus," quod she,
 " Take forth thy trumpe anone, let see,
 That is ycleped sclauder light,
 And blow hir loos, that every wight
 Speake of hem harme and shreudnesse,
 In stede of good and worthinesse,

For thou shalt trumpe all the contrarie,
Of that they have done well and faire."

Alas, thought I, what adventures
Have these sory creatures,
That they among all the pres,
Should thus be shamed gildes?
But what, it must needs be.
What did this Eolus, but he
Tooke out his blacke trumpe of bras,
That fouler than the Devil was,
And gan this trompe for to blow,
As all the world should overthrow.
Throughout every regioun,
Went this foule trumpe soun,
As swifte as a pellet out of a gonne,
When fire is in the poudre ronne,
And soch a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foule trumpe ende,
Blacke, blue, grenishe, swartish, red,
As doth where that man melte led,
Lo, all on hie from the twelle;
And thereto, one thing saw I well,
That the ferther that it ranne,
The greater wexen it beganne,
As doth the river from a well,
And it stanke as the pitte of Hell:
Alas, thus was hir shame yrong,
And giltlesse on every tong.

Tho came the third companie,
And gone up to the dees to hie,
And doune on knees they fell anone,
And saiden, "We been everichone
Folke that han full truly
Deserved fame rightfully,
And prayed you it might be know,
Right as it is and forth blow."

"I graunt," quod she, "for now me list
That your good workes shall be wist,
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in dispite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone:
Let now," quod she, "thy trumpe gone,
Thou Eolus that is so blacke,
And out thine other trumpe take
That hight laude, and blow it so
That through the world hir fame go,
All easely and not too fast,
That it be known at the last."

"Full gladly, lady mine," he saied,
And out his trumpe of gold he braied
Anone, and set it to his mouth,
And blew it east, west, and south,
And north, as loude as any thonder,
That every wight hath of it wonder,
So brode it ran or that it stent,
And certes, all the breath that went
Out of his trumpe's mouth smelde
As men a potte full of baume helde
Among a basket full of roses,
This favour did he to hir loses.

And right with this I gan espie,
There came the fowerth companie,
But certaine they were wonder fewe,
And gonne to standen on a rewe,
And saiden, "Certes, lady bright,
We have done well with all our might,
But we ne keepe to have fame;
Hide our workes and our name,
For Goddes love, for certes wee
Have surely done it for bountee,

And for no manner other thing."

"I graunt you all your asking,"
Quod she, "let your workes be dedde."
With that about I tourned my hedde,
And sawe anone the fifth rout
That to this lady gan lout,
And doune on knees, anone, to fall,
And to her tho besoughten all,
To hidden hir good workes eke,
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame, ne "och renoun,
For they for contemplacioun,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they nought.

"What!" quod she, "and be ye wood!
And wene ye for to do good,
And for to have of that no fame?
Have ye dispite to have my name?
Nay, ye shall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trumpe and that anone."
Quod she, "thou Eolus I hote,
And ring these folkes workes by note,
That all the world may of it here:"
And he gan blowe hir loos so cleare
In his golden clarioun,
Through the worlden went the soun,
Also kindly, and eke so soft,
That their fame was blowe aloft.

Tho came the sixt companie,
And gan fast to Fame crie,
Right verely in this manere,
They saiden, "Mercy, lady dere,
To tell certain as it is,
We have done neither that ne this,
But idell all our life hath be,
But nathelesse, yet pray we,
That we may have as good a fame,
And great renome and knownen name,
As they that have do noble jesses,
And acheved all hir questes,
As well of love as other thing,
All was us never broche ne ring,
Ne els what fro women sent,
Ne ones in hir herte yment,
To maken us onely frendly chere,
But mought temen us on bere,
Yet let us to the people seeme
Soch as the world may of us deeme,
That women loven us for wood,
It shall do us as moch good,
And to our herte as moch availe,
The counterpeise, ease, and travaile,
As we had won with labour,
For that is dere bought honour,
At regard of our great ease:
And yet ye must us more please,
Let us be hold eke therto,
Worthy, wise, and good also,
And rich, and happy unto love.
For Goddes love that sitteth above,
Though we may not the body have
Of women, yet so God me save,
Let men glewe on us the name,
Suffiseth that we have the fame."

"I graunt," quod she, "by my trouth,
Now Eolus, withouten slouth,
Take out thy trumpe of gold," quod she,
"And blowe as they have asked me,
That every man wene hem at ease,
Though they go in full badde lease."

This Eolus gan it so blowe,
That through the world it was y know.

Tho came the seventh route anone,
And fill on knees everichone,
And sayed, "Lady, graunt us soone
The same thing, the same boone,
That this nexte folke have done."

"Fie on you," quod she, "everichone,
Ye nastie swine, ye idle wretches,
Full of rotten slow tetches,
What false theeves where ye wold,
Been famed good, and nothing n'old
Deserve why, ne never thought,
Men rather you to hangen ought,
For ye be like the slepie cat,
That would have fish; but wost thou what?
He wold nothing wette his clawes;
Evil thrifte come to your jawes,
And on mune, if I it graunt,
Or do favour you to avaunt.

"Thou Eolus, thou king of Thrace,
Go blowe this folke a sorie grace,"
Quod she, "anone, and wost thou how,
As I shall tell thee right now,
Say these ben they that would honour
Have, and do no kund labour,
Ne do no good, and yet have laude,
And that men wende that belle Isaude,
Ne coude hem not of love werne,
And yet she that grint at querne,
Is all too good to ease hir herte."

This Eolus anone up sterte,
And with his blacke clarioun
He gan to blasen out a soun,
As loude as belletth winde in Hell,
And eke therewith, sothe to tell,
This sowne was so full of japes
As ever mowes were in apes,
And that went all the world about,
That every wight gan on hem shout,
And for to laugh as they were wood,
Such game found they in hir hood.

Tho came another company,
That had ydone the trechery,
The harme and great wickednesse,
That any herte coulden gesse,
And prayed her to have good fame,
And that she n'olde do hem no shame,
But give hem loos and good renoun,
And do it blowe in clarioun.

"Nay wis," quod she, "it were a vice,
Al be there in me no justice,
Me list not to do it now,
Ne this I n'll graunt it you."

Tho came there leaping in a rout,
And gan clappen all about,
Every man upon the crowne
That all the hall gan to sowne,
And said, "Lady lete and dere,
We ben soch folkes as ye may here,
To tell all the tale aright,
We ben shrewes every wight,
And have delite in wickednesse,
As good folke have in goodnesse,
And joy to been knowen shrewes,
And full vice and wicked thewes,
Wherefore we pray you on a rowe,
That our fame be such yknow,
In all things right as it is."

"I graunt it you," quod she, "ywis,

But what art thou that saiest this tale,
That wearest on thy hose a pale,
And on thy tuppet soch a bell?"

"Madame," quod he, "sothe to tell,
I am that ilke shrewe ywis,
That brent the temple of Isidis
In Athenes, lo, that otee."
"And wherefore diddest thou so?" quod she.
"By my trouth," quod he, "madame,
I wolde faine have had a name,
As other folke had in the towne,
Although they were of great renowne
For hir vertue and hir thewes,
Thought I, as great fame have shrewes,
(Though it be nought) for shrewednesse,
As good folke have for goodnesse,
And sithen I may not have that one,
That other n'll I not forgone,
As for to get a fame here,
The temple set I all on fire.

"Now done our loos be blowe swithu,
As wisely be thou ever blithe."

"Gladly," quod she, "thou Eolus,
Herest thou not what they pray en us?"
"Madame yes, full well," quod he,
"And I will trumpen it, parde:"
And tooke his blacke trumpe fast,
And gan to puffen and to blast,
Till it was at the worlds end.

With that I gan about wend,
For one that stode right at my backe,
Me thought full goodly to me spake,
And said, "Frende, what is thy name?
Arte thou come hider to have fame?"

"Nay forsothe, frende," quod I,
"I come not hither, graunt mercy,
For no soch cause by my heed,
Suffiseth me as I were deed,
That no wight have my name in honde,
I wot my selfe best how I stonde,
For what I drie or what I thinke,
I woll my selfe all it drinke,
Certaine for the more part,
As ferforth as I can nine art."

"What dost thou here than?" quod he:
Quod I, "that woll I tell thee,
The cause why I stand here
Some new tidings for to lere,
Some new thing, I not what,
Tidings eyther this or that,
Of love, or such things giade,
For certainly he that me made
To come hyder, said to mee
I sholde bothe heare and see,
In this place wonder things,
But these be no soch tidings
As I meant of:"—"No!" quod he.

And I answerde "No, parde,
For well I wote ever yet,
Sith that first I had wit,
That some folke han desired fame,
Diversly, and loos and name,
But certainly I n'ist how,
Ne where that Fame dwelled or now,
Ne eke of her descripcion,
Ne also her condicion,
Ne the order of her dome,
Knew I not till I hider come."

"Why than be, lo, these tidings,
That thou now hether brings,

That thou hast herde," quod he to me ;
 " But now, no force, for well I see
 What thou desrest for to lere,
 Come forth and stande no lenger here,
 And I woll thee without drede,
 Into such another place lede,
 There thou shalt here many one."

The gan I forth with him gone,
 Out of the castell, sothe to sey.

The sawe I stand in a valey,
 Under the castell fast by,
 An house, that domus Dedali,
 That Laborintus yeleped is,
 N'as made so wonderly ywis,
 Ne halfe so quaintly ywrought,
 And evermo, as swift as thought,
 This quaint house about went,
 That nevermo it still stent,
 And there came out so great a noise,
 That had it stonde upon Oise,
 Men might have heard it easily
 To Rome, I trowe sikely,
 And the noise which that I herde,
 For all the world right so it ferde,
 As doth the routing of the stone,
 That fro th'engin is letyn gone.

And all this house of which I rede,
 Was made of twiggis, salow, rede,
 And green eke, and some were white,
 Such as men to the cages twite,
 Or maken of these paniers.
 Or els lutches or doffers,
 That for the swough and for the twiggis,
 This house was also full of gigges,
 And also full eke of chirkinges,
 And of many other werkings,
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many as leves ben on trees,
 In sommer whan they been greene,
 And on the rofe yet men may seene
 A thousand holes, and wel mo,
 To letten the sowne out go,
 And by day in every tide
 Bene all the dores open wide,
 And by night eche one unshet,
 Ne porter is there none to let
 No maner tidings in to pace,
 Ne never rest is in that place,
 That it n'is filled full of tidings,
 Eyther loude or of whisperings,
 And ever all the houses angles
 Is ful of rowles and of jangles,
 Of werres, of pace, of mariages,
 Of restes, and of labour, of vages,
 Of abode, of death, and of lyfe,
 Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,
 Of losse, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of heale, of sicknesse, or of lesings,
 Of faire wether, and eke of tempests,
 Of qualme, of folke, and of beests,
 Of divers transmudacions,
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jalousie,
 Of witte, of winning, of folie,
 Of plenty, and of great famine,
 Of chepe, derth, and of ruine,
 Of good or misgovernment,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

And lo, this house of which I write,
 Syker be ye it n'as not lite,

For it was sixtue mile of length,
 Al was the timber of no strength,
 Yet it is founded to endure,
 While that it list to aventure,
 That is the mother of tidings,
 As the sea of welles and springis,
 And it was shapud lyke a cage.

" Certes," quod I, " in all mine age,
 Ne saw I soch an house as this,"
 And as I wondrous me, ywis.

Upon this house tho ware was I
 How mine egle, fast by,
 Was perched hie upon a stone,
 And I gan streight to him gone,
 And said thus, " I pray thee,
 That thou a while abide mee
 For goddes love, and let me seene
 What wonders in that place bene,
 For yet, paraunter, I may lere
 Some good therein, or somewhat here,
 That lefe me were, or that I went."

" Parde, that is now mine entent,"
 Quod he to me, " therefore I dwell,
 But certaine one thing I thee tell,
 That but I bring thee therin,
 Ne shall thou never conne the gin
 To come into it out of doubt,
 So faste it whirleth, lo, about,
 But sith that Joves of his grace,
 As I have said, will the solace
 Finally with these things,
 Uncouth sighes and tidings,
 To passe with thine heviness,
 Soch routh hath he of thy distresse,
 That thou suffredest debonairely,
 And woste they selven utterly,
 Desperate of all blisse,
 Sith that fortune hath made a misse,
 The swete of all thine hertes rest,
 Languish and eke in point to brest,
 But he through his mighty merite,
 Will do thee ease, al be it lite,
 And gave in expresse commaundement,
 To which I am obedient,
 To forther thee with all my might,
 And wish and teach thee aright,
 Where thou maist most tidings here,
 Thou shalt here many one lere."
 With this word he right anone,
 Hent me up bytwene his tone,
 And at a window in me brought,
 That in this house was at me thought,
 And therewithall me thought it stent,
 And nothing it about went,
 And me set in the floore adoun ;
 But such a great congregacioun
 Of folke as I sawe rome about,
 Some within and some without,
 N'as never seene, ne shall be efte,
 That certes, in this world n'is lefte
 So many formed by nature,
 Ne need so many a creature,
 That wel unneth in that place
 Had I a foote brede of space ;
 And every wight that I sawe there,
 Rownd everich in others eere,
 A new tidng prively,
 Or els he told it all openly
 Right thus, and said, " N'ost nat thou
 That is betidde, lo, right now!"

"No," quod he, "tell me what:"
 And than he told him this and that,
 And swore thereto that it was soth,
 Thus hath he said, and thus he doth,
 And this shal be, and thus herde I say,
 That shal be found that dare I lay:
 That all the folke that is on live,
 Ne have the conning to disrive
 Tho thinges that I herde there,
 What a loude, and what in eere;
 But all the wonder most was this,
 Whan one had herd a thing ywis,
 He came streight to another wight
 And gan him tellen anon right,
 The same that him was told
 Or it a forlong way was old,
 And gan somewhat for to eche
 To this tiding in his speche,
 More than ever it spoken was,
 And nat so some departed n'as
 Tho fro him that he ne mette
 With the thurd, and ere he lette
 Any stound he told hym also,
 Where the tidings sothe or false,
 Yet wold he tell it natheles,
 And evermore with mo enerees,
 Than it was erst: thus north and south,
 Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
 And that encreasing evermo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparcle spongen amis,
 Till a citie brent up is.
 And whan that was full up sprong,
 And waxen more on every tonge
 Than ever it was, and went anone,
 Up to a window out to gone,
 Or but it might out there passe,
 It gan out crepe at some crevasse,
 And flewe forth fast for the nones.
 And sometime I saw there at ones,
 A leasing and a sadde sothe sawe,
 That gonnen of aventure drawe,
 Out at a window for to pace,
 And whan they metten in that place,
 They were achecked both two,
 And neyther of them might out go,
 For ech other they gonne so croude
 Til ech of hem gan crien loude,
 "Let me gone first!"—"nay, but let mee!"
 And here I woll ensuren thee,
 With voves that thou wolt do so,
 That I shall never fro thee go,
 But be thine owne sworne brother,
 We woll meddle us eche in other,
 That no man be he never so wrothe,
 Shall have one two, but bothe
 At ones, as beside his love,
 Come we a morrowe or on eve,
 But we eride or sill yrowned:"
 Thus saw I false and soth compowned.
 Togider fle for o tiding.
 Thus out at holes gonne wring,

Every tidying streight to Fame,
 And she gan yeve eche his name,
 After her disposicion,
 And yeve hem eke duracion;
 Some to wexe and wane soone,
 As doth the faire white Moone,
 And let hem gonne, there might I seen
 Winged wonders fast fleen,
 Twenty thousand in a route
 As Eolus hem blewe aboute,
 And lord! this house in all times
 Was full of shipmen and pilgrims,
 With scrippes Bret-full of leasings,
 Entermedled with tidings,
 And eke alone by hemselfe.
 O many thousand times twelve
 Saw I eke of these pardoners,
 Currours, and eke messatngers,
 With boxes crommed full of lies
 As ever vessell was with lies.
 And as I alder-fastest went
 About, and did all mine entent,
 Me for to playen and for to lere,
 And eke a tiding for to here,
 That I had herde of some countree
 That shall not now be told for mee,
 For it no need is, redely
 Folke can sing it bet than I,
 For al mote out late or rathe,
 All the sheves in the lathe.
 I herde a great noise withall,
 In a corner of the hall;
 There men of love tidings told
 And I gan thitherward behold,
 For I saw renning every wight,
 As fast as that they hadden might,
 And everich eride, "What thing is that?"
 And some said, "I n'ot never what,"
 And whan they were all on a hepe,
 Tho behind gone up lepe,
 And clamben up on other faste,
 And up the noyse on highen caste,
 And treden fast on others heles,
 And stampe as men done after eles.
 At the last I saw a man,
 Which that I nought ne can,
 But he seemed for to be
 A man of great auctorite.
 And therewithall I abraide
 Out of my slepe halte afraide,
 Remembering well what I had sene,
 And how his and ferre I had bene
 In my gost, and had great wonder
 Of that the god of thonder
 Had let me knowen, and began to write
 Like as ye have herd me endite,
 Wherefore to study and rede alway,
 I purpose to do day by day.
 Thus in dreaming and in game,
 Endeth this hwell booke of Fame.

CHAUCER'S DREAM,

FIRST PRINTED IN 1597.

WHAT WHICH HERETOFORE HATH GONE UNDER THE NAME OF HIS DREAM, IS THE BOOKE OF THE DUTCHESS: OR THE DEATH OF BLANCH, DUTCHESS OF LANCASTER.

v. 1.—104

WHAN Flora the queene of pleasaunce,
Had whole achieved thobeisaunce
Of the fresh and new season,
Thorow out every region,
And with her mantle whole covert
That winter made had discover
Of aventure, withoute light,
In May, I lay upon a night
Alone, and on my lady thought,
And how the lord that her wrought,
Couth well entaile in imagery
And shewed had great maistry,
Whan he in so little space
Made such a body and a face,
So great beaute with swiche features
More than in other creatures ;
And in my thoughtes as I lay
In a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest,
Where after hunting I tooke rest,
Nature and kind so in me wrought,
That halfe on sleepe they me brought,
And gan to dreame to my thinking,
With mind of knowliche like making,
For what I dreamed, as me thought,
I saw it, and I slept nought ;
Wherefore is yet my full beleeve,
That some good spirit that eve,
By meane of some curious port,
Bare me, where I saw paine and sport ;
But whether it were I woke or slept,
Well wot I of, I lough and wept,
Wherefore I woll in remembrance,
Put whole the paine, and the pleasaunce,
Which was to me axen and hele,
Would God ye wist it every dele,
Or at the least, ye might o night
Of such another have a sight,
Although it were to you a paine,
Yet on the morow ye would be faine,
And wish it might longe dure ;
Than might ye say ye had good cure,
For he that dreames and venes he see,
Much the better yet may hee
Wite what, and of whom, and where,
And eke the lasse it woll hindere
To thinke I see this with mine eene,
Ywis this may not dreame kene,
But signe or signifaunce
Of hasty thing souning pleasaunce.
For on this wise upon a night,
As ye have heard, without light,

Not all waking, ne full on sleepe,
About such houre as lovers weepe
And cry after their ladies grace,
Befell me this wonder cace,
Which ye shall heare and all the wise,
So wholly as I can devise,
In plaine English evill written,
For sleepe writer, well ye witten,
Excused is, though he do mis,
More than one that waking is,
Wherefore here of your gentillesse,
I you require my boistoussesse
Ye let passe, as thinge rude,
And heareth what I woll conclude ;
And of the ending taketh no heed,
Ne of the tearmes, so God you speed,
But let all passe as nothing were,
For thus befell, as you shall here.

Within an yle me thought I was,
Where wall and yate was all of glasse,
And so was closed round about
That leavelesse none come in ne out,
Uncouth and straunge to behold,
For every yate of fine gold
A thousand fanes, aie turning,
Entuned had, and briddes singing,
Divers, and on each fane a paire,
With open mouth again thaire ;
And of a sute were all the toures,
Subtily corven after floures,
Of uncouth colours during aye,
That never been none seene in May,
With many a small turret hie,
But man on live could I non sie,
Ne creatures, save ladies play,
Which were such of their array
That, as me thought, of goodlihead
They passeden all and womanhead ;
For to behold them daunce and sing,
It seemed like none earthly thing,
Such was their uncouth countinaunce
In every play of right ousaunce ;
And of one age everichone
They seemed all, save onely one,
Which had of yeeres suffisaunce,
For she might neither sing ne daunce,
But yet her countenaunce was so glad,
As she so fewe yeeres had had
As any lady that was there,
And as little it did her dere
Of lustines to laugh and tale
As she had full stuffed a maie

Of disports and new playes :
 Faire had she been in her daies,
 And maistresse seemed well to be
 Of all that lusty companie ;
 And so she might, I you ensure,
 For one the conningest creature
 She was, and so said everichone,
 That ever her knew, there failed none,
 For she was sober and well advised,
 And from every fault disguised,
 And nothing used but faith and truth ;
 That she n'as young it was great ruth,
 For every where and in ech place,
 She governed her, that in grace
 She stode alway with poore and riche,
 That, at a word, was none her liche,
 Ne halfe so able maistres to be
 To such a lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised
 Had the yle that me suffised,
 And whole the state every where,
 That in that lusty yle was there,
 Which was more wonder to devise
 Than the joieux paradise,
 I dare well say, for floure ne tree,
 Ne thing wherein pleasaunce might bee
 There failed none, for every wight
 Had they desired, day and night,
 Riches, heale, beauty, and ease,
 With every thing that them might please,
 Thinke and have, it cost no more ;
 In such a country there before,
 Had I not bene, ne heard tell
 That lives creature might dwell.
 And when I had thus all about
 The yle avised throughout
 The state, and how they were arayed,
 In my heart I were well payed,
 And in my selfe I me assured
 That in my body I was well ured,
 Sith I might have such a grace
 To see the ladies and the place,
 Which were so faire, I you ensure,
 That to my dome, though that nature
 Would ever strive and do her paine,
 She should not con ne mow attaine
 The least feature to amend,
 Though she would all her conning spend,
 That to beauty might availe,
 It were but paine and lost travaile,
 Such part in their nativity
 Was them alarged of beauty,
 And eke they had a thing notable
 Unto their death, ay durable,
 And was, that their beauty should dure,
 Which was never seene in creature,
 Save onely there (as I trow)
 It hath not be wist ne know,
 Wherefore I praise with their conning,
 That during beauty, rich thing,
 Had they been of their lives certaine,
 They had been quite of every paine.

And when I wende thus all have seene,
 The state, the riches, that might beene,
 That me thought impossible were
 To see one thing more than was there,
 That to beauty or glad conning
 Serve or availe might any thing ;
 All sodainly, as I there stood,
 This lady that couth so much good,

Unto me came with smiling chere,
 And said, "*Benedicite*, this yere
 Saw I never man here but you,
 Tell me how ye come hider now ?
 And your name, and where ye dwell ?
 And whom ye seeke eke mote ye tell,
 And how ye come be to this place,
 The soth well told may cause you grace,
 And else ye mote prisoner be
 Unto the ladies here, and me,
 That have the governaunce of this yle :"
 And with that word she gan to smile,
 And so did all the lusty rout
 Of ladies that stood her about.
 "Madame," (quod I) "this night past,
 Lodged I was and slept fast
 In a forest beside a well,
 And now am here, how should I tell ?
 Wot I not by whose ordinance,
 But onely Fortunes purveiance,
 Which puts many, as I gesse,
 To travaile, paine, and businesse,
 And lettes nothing for their truth,
 But some sleeth eke, and that is ruth,
 Wherefore, I doubt her brittilnes,
 Her variance and unsteadfastnes,
 So that I am as yet afraid,
 And of my being here amaid,
 For wonder thing seemeth me,
 Thus many fresh ladies to see,
 So faire, so cunning, and so yong,
 And no man dwelling them among :
 N'ot I not how I hider come,
 Madame," (quod I) "this all and some,
 What should I faine a long processe
 To you that seeme such a princesse ?
 What please you commaund or say,
 Here I am you to obay,
 To my power, and all fulfill,
 And prisoner bide at your will,
 Till you duly enforced be
 Of every thing ye aske me."

This lady there, right well apaid,
 Me by the hand tooke, and said,
 "Welcome prisoner adventurous,
 Right glad am I ye have said thus,
 And for ye doubt me to displease,
 I will assay to do you ease :"
 And with that word, ye anon,
 She, and the ladies everichon
 Assembled, and to counsaile went,
 And after that soone for me sent,
 And to me said on this manere,
 Word for word, as ye shall here.

"To see you here us thinke marvaile,
 And how without bote or saile,
 By any subtilty or wyle,
 Ye get have entre in this yle ;
 But not for that, yet shall ye see
 That we gentill women bee,
 Loth to displease any wight,
 Notwithstanding our great right,
 And for ye shall well understand
 The old custome of this lond,
 Which hath continued many yere,
 Ye shall well wete that with us here
 Ye may not bide, for causes twaine,
 Which we be purposed you to saine.

"Th'one is this, our ordinance,
 Which is of long continuance,

Woll not, sothly we you tell,
That no man here among us dwell,
Wherefore ye mote needs retourne,
In no wise may you here sojourne.

“Th’other is eke, that our queene
Out of the realme, as ye may seene,
Is, and may be to us a charge,
If we let you goe here at large,
For which cause the more we doubt,
To doe a fault while she is out,
Or suffer that may be noysaunce,
Againe our old accustomaunce.”

And whan I had these causes twaine
Heard, O God ! what a paine
All sodainly about mine herte
There came at ones and how smart,
In creeping soft as who should steale,
Or doe me robbe of all mine heale,
And made me in my thought so fraid,
That in courage I stode dismayd,
And standing thus, as was my grace,
A lady came more than apace,
With huge prease her about,
And told how the queene without
Was arived and would come in,
Well were they that thider might twin,
They hied so they would not abide
The bridling their horse to ride,
By five, by sixe, by two, by three,
There was not one abode with me,
The queene to meet everichone,
They went, and bode with me not one :
And I, after a oft pase,
Imagining how to purchase
Grace of the queene, there to bide,
Till good fortunae some happy guide
Me send might, that would me bring
Where I was borne to my wanning,
For way ne foot knew I none,
Ne witherward I nist to gone,
For all was sea about the yle,
No wonder though me list not smile,
Seeing the case uncouth and straunge,
And so in like a perilous chaunge ;
Imagining thus walking alone,
I saw the ladies everichone,
So that I might somewhat offer,
Sone after that I drew me nere,
And tho I was ware of the queene,
And how the ladies on their keene,
With joyous words, gladly advised,
Her welcomed so that it suffised,
Though she princes hole had be
Of all environed is with see :
And thus avising, with chere sad,
All sodainly I was glad,
That greater joy, as mote I thrive,
I trow had never man on live,
Than I tho, ne heart more light,
Whan of my lady I had sight,
Which with the queene come was there,
And in one clothing both they were,
A knight also there well besene,
I saw that come was with the queene,
Of whome the ladies of that yle
Had huge wonder longe while,
Till at the last right soberly,
The queene her selfe full cunningly,
With soft words in good wise,
Said to the ladies young and nise,

“ My sisters, how it hath befall,
I trow ye know it one and all,
That of long time here have I beene,
Within this yle biding as queene,
Living at ease, that never wight
More parfitt joy have ne might,
And to you been of governaunce,
Such as you found in whole pleasaunce,
In every thing as ye know,
After our custome and our low,
Which how they first found were,
I trow ye wote all the manere,
And who queene is of this yle,
As I have been long while,
Ech seven yeeres not of usage,
Visit the heavenly armitage,
Which on a rocke so high stonds,
In strange sea out from all londs,
That to make the pilgrimage
Is called a long perillous viage,
For if the wind be not good friend,
The journey dures to the end
Of him that it undertakes,
Of twenty thousand one not scapes ;
Upon which rock growth a tree,
That certaine yeeres beares apples thre,
Which three apples who may have,
Been from all displeasaunce save,
That in the seven yeere may fall,
This wote you well one and all,
For the first apple and the hext,
Which growth unto you next,
Hath three vertues notable,
And keepeth youth aie durable,
Beauty and lookes, ever in one,
And is the best in everichone.

“ The second apple red and grene,
Onely with lookes of your yene,
You nourishes in pleasaunce
Better than partridge or fesaunce,
And feeds every lives wight
Pleasantly with the sight.

“ The third apple of the thre,
Which groweth lowest on the tree,
Who it beares may not faile
That to his pleasaunce may availle.
So your pleasure and beauty rich,
Your during youth ever liche,
Your truth, your cunning, and your weale,
Hath aye floured, and your good heale,
Without sicknes or displeasaunce,
Or thing that to you was noysaunce,
So that you have as goddesses,
Lived above all princesses :
Now is befall, as ye may see ;
To gather these said apples thre,
I have not failed againe the day,
Thitherward to take the way,
Wening to speed as I had oft,
But whan I come, I find aloft
My sister which that here stands,
Having those apples in her hands,
Avising them and nothing said,
But looked as she were well paid :
And as I stood her to behold,
Thinking how my joyes were cold,
Sith I those apples have ne might,
Even with that so came this knight,
And in his armes of me aware,
Me tooke, and to his ship me bare,

And said, though him I never had seen,
 Yet had I long his lady been,
 Wherefore I should with him wend,
 And he would to his lives end
 My servant be, and gan to sing
 As one that had woune a rich thing ;
 Tho were my spirits fro me gone,
 So sodainly everichone,
 That in me appeared but death,
 For I felt neither life ne breath,
 Ne good ne harme none I knew,
 The sodaine paine me was so new,
 That had not the hasty grace be
 Of this lady, that fro the tree
 Of her gentilnesse so hied
 Me to comfort, I had died,
 And of her three apples, one
 In mine hand there put anone,
 Which brought againe mind and breath,
 And me recovered from the death,
 Wherefore, to her so am I hold,
 That for her all things do I wold,
 For she was lech of all my smart,
 And from great paine so quite mine hart,
 And, as God wote, right as ye heare,
 Me to comfort with friendly cheare
 She did her prowess and her might,
 And truly eke so did this knight,
 In that he couth, and oft said,
 That of my wo he was ill paid,
 And cursed the ship that them there brought
 The mast, the master that it wrought ;
 And as ech thing mote have an end,
 My sister here your brother frend,
 Con with her words so womanly
 This knight entreat, and cunningly,
 For mine honour and his also,
 And said that with her we should go
 Both in her ship, where she was brought,
 Which was so wonderfully wrought,
 So cleane, so rich, and so araid,
 That we were both content and paid,
 And me to comfort and to please,
 And mine herte to put at ease,
 She toke great paine in litte while,
 And thus hath brought us to this yle,
 As ye may see, wherefore echone,
 I pray you thanke her, one and one,
 As heartily as ye can devise,
 Or imagine in any wise."
 At once there tho men might seen
 A world of ladies fall on kneen
 Before my lady, that there about
 Was left none standing in the rout,
 But altogether they went at ones
 To kneele, they spared not for the stones,
 Ne for estate, ne for their blood,
 Well shewed there they couth much good,
 For to my lady they made such feast,
 With such words, that the least,
 So friendly and so futhfully
 Said was, and so cunningly,
 That wonder was, scing their youth,
 To here the language they couth,
 And wholly how they governed were,
 In thanking of my lady there,
 And said by will and maundement,
 They were at her commaundement,
 Which was to me as great a joy,
 As winning of the towne of Troy

Was to the hardy Greekes strong,
 Whan they it wan with siege long,
 To see my lady in such a place
 So received as she was :
 And whan they talked had a while
 Of this and that, and of the yle,
 My lady, and the ladies there,
 Altogether as they were,
 The queene her selfe began to play,
 And to the aged lady say :
 " Now seemeth you not good it were,
 Sith we be altogether here,
 To ordaine and devise the best,
 To set this knight and me at rest ?
 For woman is a feble wight
 To rere a warre against a knight,
 And sith he here is in this place,
 At my list, danger or grace,
 It were to me great villany
 To do him any tyranny,
 But faine I would, now will ye here,
 In his owne country that he were,
 And I in peace, and he at ease,
 This were a way us both to please,
 If it might be ; I you beseech,
 With him hereof you fall in speech."
 This lady tho began to smile,
 Advising her a litte while,
 And with glad chere she said anone,
 " Madam, I will unto him gone,
 And with him speake, and of him fele
 What he desires every dele :"
 And soberly this lady tho,
 Her selfe and other ladies two
 She tooke with her, and with sad chere,
 Said to the knight on this manere,
 " Sir, the princes of this yle,
 Whom for your pleasaunce many mile
 Ye sought have, as I understand,
 Till at the last ye have her fond,
 Me sent hath here, and ladies twaine,
 To heare all thing that ye same,
 And for what cause ye have her sought,
 Faine would she wote, and whol your thought,
 And why you do her all this wo,
 And for what cause you be her fo ?
 And why, of every wight unware,
 By force ye to your ship her bare,
 That she so nigh was agone,
 That mind ne speech had she none,
 But as a painfull creature,
 Dying, abode her adventure,
 That her to see indure that paine,
 Here well say unto you plane,
 Right on your selfe ye did amisse,
 Seeing how she a princes is."
 This knight, the which couth his good,
 Right of his truth meved his blood,
 That pale he woxe as any lead,
 And lookt as he would be dead,
 Blood was there none in nother cheke,
 Wordlesse he was and semed sicke,
 And so it proved well he was,
 For without moving any paas,
 All sodainly as thung dyng,
 He fell at once downe sowning,
 That for his wo this lady fraid,
 Unto the queene her hied and said,
 " Cometh on anon as have you blisse,
 But ye be wise, thung is amisse,

This knight is dead or will be soone,
 Lo, where he lyeth in a swoone,
 Without word, or answering
 To that I have said, any thing :
 Wherefore, I doubt that the blame
 Might be hindering to your name,
 Which floured hath so many yere,
 So long, that for nothing here,
 I would in no wise he died,
 Wherefore good were that ye hied
 His life to save at the least,
 And after that his wo be ceast,
 Commaund him void, or dwell,
 For in no wise dare I more mell
 Of thing wherein such perill is,
 As like is now to fall of this.”
 This queene right tho full of great feare,
 With all the ladies present there,
 Unto the-knight came where he lay,
 And made a lady to him say :
 “ Lo, here the queene, awake for shame !
 What will you doe, is this good game ?
 Why lye you here, what is your mind ?
 Now is well seene your wit is blurd,
 To see so many ladies here,
 And ye to make none other chere,
 But as ye set them all at nought ;
 Arise, for his love that you bought : ”
 But what she said, a word not one
 He spake, ne answer gave her none.
 The queene of very pity tho,
 Her worship, and his like also,
 To save there she did her paine,
 And quoke for feare, and gan to saigne
 For woe, “ Alas, what shall I doe !
 What shall I say this man unto ?
 If he die here, lost is my name,
 How shal I play this perillous game ?
 If any thing be here amisse,
 It shall be said it rigour is,
 Whereby my name impayre might,
 And like to die eke is this knight : ”
 And with that word her hand she laid
 Upon his brest, and to him said,
 “ Awake my knight ! lo, it am I
 That to you speake, now tell me why
 Ye fare thus, and this paine endure,
 Seeing ye be in country sure,
 Among such friends that would you heale,
 Your hertes ease eke and your weale,
 And if I wist what you might ease,
 Or know the thing that you might please,
 I you ensure it should not fail,
 That to your heale you might avail :
 Wherefore, with all my herte I pray
 Ye rise, and let us talke and play ;
 And see ! how many ladies here
 Be comen for to make good chere.”
 All was for nought, for still as stone
 He lay, and word spoke none.
 Long while was or he might braid,
 And of all that the queene had said,
 He wist no word, but at the last,
 “ Mercy,” twice he cried fast,
 That pity was his voice to heare,
 Or to behold his painefull cheare,
 Which was not famed well was to sein,
 Both by his visage and his eyn,
 Which on the queene at once he cast,
 And sighed as he would to brast,

And after that he shright so
 That wonder was to see his wo,
 For sith that paine was first named,
 Was never more wofull paine attained,
 For with voice dead he gan to plaine,
 And to himselfe these words saigne,
 “ I wofull wight full of malure,
 Am worse than dead, and yet dure,
 Maugre any paine or death,
 Against my will I fell my breath :
 Why n'am I dead sith I ne serve,
 And sith my lady will me sterve !
 Where art thou Death, art thou agast !
 Well, shall we meete yet at the last,
 Though thou thee hide, it is for nought,
 For where thou dwelst thou shalt be sought ;
 Maugre thy subtil double face,
 Here will I die right in this place,
 To thy dishonour and mine ease ;
 Thy manner is no wight to please,
 What needs thee, sith I thee seche,
 So thee to hide my paine to eche ?
 And well wost thou I will not live,
 Who would me all this world here give,
 For I have with my cowardise,
 Lost joy, and heale, and my servise,
 And made my soveraigne lady so,
 That while she lives I trow my fo
 She will be ever to her end,
 Thus have I neither joy ne frend ;
 Wote I not whether hast or sloth
 Hath caused this now by my troth,
 For at the hermitage full lie,
 Whan I her saw first with mine eye,
 I hied till I was aloft,
 And made my pace small and soft,
 Till in mine armes I had her fast,
 And to my ship bare at the last,
 Whereof she was displeased so,
 That endlesse there seemed her wo,
 And I thereof had so great fere,
 That me repent that I come there,
 Which hast I trow gan her displease,
 And is the cause of my disease : ”
 And with that word he gan to cry,
 “ Now Death, Death ! twy or thry,
 And motred wot I not what of slouth,
 And even with that the queene, of routh,
 Him in her armes tooke and said,
 “ Now mine owne knight, be not evill apaid
 That I a lady to you sent
 To have knowledge of your entent,
 For, in good faith, I meant but well,
 And would ye wist it every dele,
 Nor will not do to you ywis : ”
 And with that word she gan him kisse,
 And prayed him rise, and said she would
 His welfare, by her truth, and told
 Him how she was for his disease
 Right sorry, and faine would him please,
 His life to save : these words tho
 She said to him, and many mo
 In comforting, for from the paine
 She would he were delivered faine.
 The knight tho up cast his een,
 And whan he saw it was the queene,
 That to him had these words said,
 Right in his wo he gan to knele,
 And him up dresses for to knele,
 The queene avising wonder wele :

But as he rose he overthrew,
Wherefore the queene, yet eft anew,
Him in her armes anon tooke,
And pitiously gan on him looke,
But for all that nothing she said,
Ne spake not like she were well paid,
Ne no chere made, nor sad ne light,
But all in one to every wight
There was seene conning, with estate,
In her without noise or debate,
For save onely a looke piteous,
Of womanhead undispiteous,
That she showed in countenance,
For seemed her herte from obeisance,
And not for that she did her reïne
Him to recure from the peine,
And his herte to put at large,
For her entent was to his barge
Him to bring against the eve,
With certaine ladies and take leve,
And pray him of his gentillesse,
To suffer her thenceforth in peace,
As other princes had before,
And from thenceforth for evermore,
She would him worship in all wise,
That gentillesse might devise,
And paine her wholly to fulfill,
In honour, his pleasure and will.
And during thus this knights wo,
Present the queene and other mo,
My lady, and many another wight,
Ten thousand ships at a sight,
I saw come over the wayy flood,
With saile and ore, that as I stood
Them to behold, I gauz marvaile
From whom might come so many a saile,
For sith the time that I was bore,
Such a navy there before
Had I not seene, ne so arayed,
That for the sight my herte played
To and fro within my brest
For joy, long was or it would rest,
For there was sailes full of floures,
After castels with huge toures,
Seeming full of armes bright,
That wonder lusty was the sight,
With large toppes, and mastes long,
Richly depeint, and rear among
At certain times gan repaire
Small birds downe from th'aire,
And on the ships bounds about
Sate and song with voice full out,
Ballades and layes right joyously,
As they couth in their harmony,
That you to write that I there see,
Mine excuse is it may not be,
For why? the matter were to long
To name the birds and write their song:
Whereof, anon, the tidings there
Unto the queene some brought were,
With many alas, and many a doubt,
Shewing the ships there without.
Tho gan the aged lady weepe,
And said, "Alas, our joy on sleepe
Some shall be brought, ye, long or night,
For we descried been by this knight,
For certes, it may none other be,
But he is of yond companie,
And they be come him here to seche,"
And with that word her failed speche.

"Without remedy we be destruid."
Full oft said all, and gan conclude,
Holy at once at the last,
That best was shif their yates fast,
And arme them all in good langage,
As they had done of old usage,
And of faire wordes make their shot,
This was their counsaile and the knot,
And other purpose tooke they none,
But armed thus forth they gone
Toward the walles of the yle,
But or they come there long while,
They met the great lord of love,
That called is the god of love,
That them avised with such chere,
Right as he with them angry were:
Availed them not their walls of glasse,
This mighty lord let not to passe,
The shutting of their yates fast,
All they had ordaind was but wast,
For whan his ships had found land,
This lord anon, with bow in hand,
Into this yle with huge prease
Hied fast, and would not cease
Till he came there the knight lay;
Of queene ne lady by the way
Tooke he no heed but forth past,
And yet all followed at the last;
And whan he came where lay the knight,
Well shewed he he had great might,
And forth the queene called anone,
And all the ladies everichone,
And to them said, "Is not thus routh,
To see my servaunt for his trouth,
Thus leane, thus sicke, and in this paine,
And wot not unto whom to plaine,
Save onely one without mo,
Which might him him heale and is his fo?"
And with that word his heavy brow
He shewed the queene and looked row;
This mighty lord forth tho anone,
With a looke her faults echone
He can her shew in little speech,
Commanding her to be his leech,
Withouten more, shortly to say,
He thought the queene soone should obay,
And in his hond he shoke his bow,
And said right soome he would be know,
And for she had so long refused
His service, and his lawes not used,
He let her wit that he was wroth,
And bent his bow and forth he goth
A pace or two, and even there
A large draught, up to his eare,
He drew, and with an arrow ground
Sharpe and new, the queene a ground
He gave, that pierced unto the herte,
Which afterward full sore gan smart,
And was not whole of many a yeare;
And even with that, "Be of good cheare,
My knight," (quod he) "I will thee hele,
And thee restore to parfite wele,
And for each paine thou hast endured,
To have two joys thou art cured:"
And forth he past by the rout,
With sober cheare walking about,
And what he said I thought to heare,
Well wist he which his servaunts were,
And as he passed anon he fond,
My lady, and her tooke by the hond,

And made her chere as a goddes,
 And of beaute called her princes,
 Of bounte eke gave her the name,
 And said there was nothing blame
 In her, but she was vertuous,
 Saving she would no pity use,
 Which was the cause that he sought,
 To put that far out of her thought,
 And sith she had whole richesse
 Of womanhead, and friendlinesse,
 He said it was nothing fitting
 To void pity his owne legging,
 And gan her preach and with her play,
 And of her beauty told her aie,
 And said she was a creature
 Of whom the name shoulde endure,
 And in bookes full of pleasaunce
 Be put for ever in remembrance,
 And, as me thought, more friendly
 Unto my lady, and goodly
 He spake, than any that was there,
 And for th' apples I trow it were,
 That she had in possession;
 Wherefore, long in procession,
 Many a pace, arme under other,
 He welke, and so did with none other,
 But what he would commaund or say,
 Forthwith needs all must obey,
 And what he desired at the lest,
 Of my lady, was by request;
 And when they long together had beene,
 He brought my lady to the queene,
 And to her said, "So God you speed,
 Shew grace, consent, that is need."
 My lady tho, full conningly,
 Right well avised and womanly
 Downe gan to kneele upon the floures,
 Which April nourished had with shoures,
 And to this mighty lord gan say,
 "That pleaseth you, I wolle obey,
 And me restraine from other thought.
 As ye wolle all thing shall be wrought."
 And with that word kneeling she quoike;
 That mighty lord in armes her tooke,
 And said, "You have a servaunt one,
 That truer living is there none,
 Wherefore, good were, seeing his trouthe,
 That on his paines ye had routhe,
 And purpose you to heare his speche,
 Fully avised him to leech,
 For of one thyng ye may be sure,
 He will be yours while he may dure."
 And with that word, right on his game,
 Me thought he lough, and told my name,
 Which was to me marvaile and fere,
 That what to do I n'ist there,
 Ne whether was me bet or none,
 There to abide, or thus to gone,
 For well wend I my lady wold
 Imagen or deme that I had told
 My counsaile whole, or made complaint
 Unto that lord, that mighty saint,
 So verily each thing unsought
 He said, as he had knowne my thought,
 And told my trouthe and mine unease
 Bet than I couthe have for mine ease,
 Though I had studied all a weeke,
 Well wist that lord that I was seeke,
 And wold be leched wonder faine,
 No man me blame, mine was the paine •

And when this lord had all said,
 And long with my lady plaid,
 She gan to smile with spirit glade,
 This was the answer that she made,
 Which put me there in double peine,
 That what to do, ne what to soine
 Wist I not, ne what was the best,
 Ferre was my herte than fro his rest,
 For, as I thought, that smiling signe
 Was token that the herte encline
 Would to requests reasonable,
 Because smiling is favorable
 To every thing that shall thrive,
 So thought I tho; anon, blive,
 That worldlesse answer in no toun
 Was tane for obligatioun,
 Ne called surety in no wise,
 Amongst them that called been wise.
 Thus was I in a joyous dout,
 Sure and unsure of that rout,
 Right as mine herte thought it were,
 So more or lesse wexe my fere,
 That if one thought made it wele
 Another shent it every dele,
 Till, at the last, I couthe no more,
 But purposed, as I did before,
 To serve truly my lives space,
 Awaiting ever the yeare of grace,
 Which may fall yet or I sterve,
 If it please her that I serve,
 And served have, and wold do ever,
 For thing is none that me is lever
 Than her service, whose presence
 Mine Heaven is whole, and her absence
 An Hell, full of divers paines,
 Which to the death full oft me straines.
 Thus in my thoughts as I stood,
 That unneth felt I harme ne good,
 I saw the queene a little paas
 Come where this mighty lord was,
 And kneeled downe in presence there
 Of all the ladies that there were,
 With sober countenance avised,
 In few words that well suffised,
 And to this lord, anon, present
 A bill, wherein whole her entent
 Was written, and how she besought,
 As he knew every will and thought,
 That of his godhead and his grace
 He would forgive all old trespass,
 And undispleasid he of time past,
 For she would ever be steadfast,
 And in his service to the death
 Use every thought while she had breath;
 And sight and wept, and said no more;
 Within was written all the sore,
 At which bill the lord gan smile,
 And said he wold within that yle
 Be lord and sire, both east and west,
 And cald it there his new conquest,
 And in great counceill tooke the queene,
 Long were the tales them betweene,
 And over her bill he read thrise,
 And wonder gladly gan devise
 Her features faire and her visage,
 And bad good thrift on that image,
 And sayd he trowd her complaint
 Shoulde after cause her be corseint,
 And in his sleeve he put the bill,
 Was there none that knew his will,

And forth he walke apace about
 Beholding all the lusty rout,
 Halfe in a thought with smiling chere,
 'Till at the last, as ye shall here,
 He turned unto the queene ageine,
 And said, "To mourne, here in this plei e,
 I wold ye be. and all yours,
 That purposed ben to weare flours,
 Or of my lusty colour use,
 It may not be to you excuse,
 Ne none of yours in no wise,
 That able be to my servise,
 For as I said have here before,
 I will be lord for evermore
 Of you, and of this yle, and all,
 And of all yours, that have shall
 Joy, peace, ease, or in pleasaunce
 Your lives use without noysaunce ;
 Here will I in state be seene,"
 And turned his visage to the queene,
 "And you give knowledge of my will,
 And a full answer of your bill."
 Was there no nay, ne words none,
 But very obeisant seemed echone,
 Queene and other that were there,
 Well seemed it they had great fere,
 And there tooke lodging every night,
 Was none departed of that night,
 And some to read old romances,
 Them occupied for their pleasaunces,
 Some to make verelaries and laies,
 And some to other diverse plaies :
 And I to me a romance tooke,
 And as I reading was the booke,
 Me thought the sphere had so run,
 That it was rising of the Sun,
 And such a prees into the plaine
 Assemble gone, that with great paine
 One might for other go ne stand,
 Ne none take other by the hand,
 Withouten they disturbed were,
 So huge and great the prees was there.
 And after that within two houres,
 This mighty lord all in floures
 Of divers colours many a paire,
 In his estate up in the aire,
 Well two fathom, as his hight,
 He set him there in all their sight,
 And for the queene and for the knight,
 And for my lady, and every wight
 In hast he sent, so that never one
 Was there absent, but come echone :
 And when they thus assembled were,
 As ye have heard me say you here,
 Without more tarrying, on hight,
 There to be sene of every wight,
 Up stood among the prees above
 A counsayer, servaunt of Love,
 Which seemed well of great estate,
 And shewed there how no debate
 Owe ne goodly might be used
 In gentilnesse, and be excused,
 Wherefore, he said, his lordes will
 Was every wight there should be still,
 And in pees, and one accord,
 And thus commaunded at a word,
 And can his tongue to swiche language
 Turne, that yet in all mine age
 Heard I never so conningly
 Man speake, ne halfe so faithfully,

For every thing he said there
 Seemed as it insealed were,
 Or approved for very trew :
 Swiche was his cunning language new,
 And well according to his cherc,
 That where I be, me thinke I here
 Him yet alway, whan I mine one
 In any place may be alone :
 First con he of the lusty yle
 All th'astate in little while
 Rehearse, and wholly every thing
 That caused there his lordes comming,
 And every wele and every wo,
 And for what cause ech thing was so,
 Well shewed he there in easie spech,
 And how the sicke had need of leech :
 And that whole was, and in grace,
 He told plainly why each thing was,
 And at the last he con conclude,
 Voided every language rude,
 And said, "That prince, that mighty lord,
 Or his departing, would accord
 All the parties there present,
 And was the fine of his entent,
 Witnesse his presence in your sight,
 Which sits among you in his might :"
 And kneeled downe withouten more,
 And not o word spake he more.
 Tho gan this mighty lord him dresse,
 With cheare avised, to do largesse,
 And said unto this knight and me,
 "Ye shall to joy restored be,
 And for ye have ben true, ye twaine,
 I graunt you here for every paine
 A thousand joys every weeke,
 And looke ye be no lenger seeke.
 And both your ladies, lo, hem here
 Take ech his own, beeth of good chere,
 Your happy day is new begun,
 Sith it was rising of the Sun,
 And to all other in this place
 I graunt wholly to stand in grace,
 That serveth truly, without slouth,
 And to avanced be by trowth."
 Tho can this knight and I downe kneele,
 Wening to doe wonder wele,
 "Seeing, O Lord, your great mercy,
 Us hath enriched so openly,
 That we deserve may never more
 The least part, but evermore
 With soule and body truly serve
 You and yours till we sterve."
 And to their ladies there they stood,
 This knight that couth so mikel good,
 Went in hast, and I also,
 Joyous, and glad were we tho,
 And also rich in every thought,
 As he that all hath and ought nought,
 And them besought in humble wise,
 Us t'accept to their service,
 And shew us of their friendly cheares,
 Which in their treasure many yeares,
 They kept had, us to great paine,
 And told how their servants twaine,
 Were and would be, and so had ever,
 And to the death change would we never,
 Ne doe offence, ne think like ill,
 But fill their ordinance and will :
 And made our othes fresh new,
 Our old service to renew,

And wholly theirs for evermore,
 We there become, what might we more ?
 And well awaiting, that in slouth
 We made ne fault, ne in our trouth,
 Ne thought not do, I you ensure,
 With our will, where we may dure.
 This -eason past, againe an eve,
 This lord of the queene tooke leve,
 And said he would hastely returne,
 And at good leisure there sojourne,
 Both for his honour and for his ease,
 Commaunding fast the knight to please,
 And gave hus statutes in papers,
 And ordent divers officers,
 And forth to ship the same night
 He went, and soone was out of sight.
 And on the morrow, whan the aire
 Attemptred was and wonder faire,
 Early at rising of the Sun,
 After the night away was run,
 Playing us on the rivage,
 My lady spake of her voyage,
 And said she made small journies,
 And held her in straunge countries,
 And forthwith to the queene went,
 And shewed her wholly her entent,
 And tooke her leave with cheare weeping,
 That pity was to see that parting :
 For to the queene it was a paine,
 As to a martyr new ysleine,
 That for her woe, and she so tender,
 Yet I weepe oft whan I remember ;
 She offerd there to resigne,
 To my lady eight times or nine,
 Th'astate, the yle, shortly to tell,
 If it might please her there to dwell,
 And said for ever her lineage
 Should to my lady doe homage,
 And hers be hole withouten more,
 Ye, and all theirs for evermore :
 " Nay, God forbid," my lady oft,
 With many conning word and soft,
 Seid, " that ever such thing should beene,
 That I consent should, that a queene
 Of your estate, and so well named,
 In any wise should be attamed ;
 But would be faine with all my herte,
 What so befell, or how me smert,
 To doe thing that you might please,
 In any wise, or be your ease : "
 And kissed there, and bad good night,
 For which leve wept many a wight ;
 There might men here my lady praised,
 And such a name of her araised,
 What of cunning and friendlinesse,
 What of beauty with gentillesse,
 What of glad and friendly cheares,
 That she used in all her yeares,
 That wonder was here every wight,
 To say well how they did their might ;
 And with a prees, upon the morrow,
 To ship her brought, and what a sorrow
 They made, whan she should under saile,
 That, and ye wist, ye would mervaile.
 Forth goeth the ship, out goeth the sond,
 And I as a wood man unbond,
 For doubt to be behind there,
 Into the sea withouten fere,
 Anon I ran, till with a waw,
 All sodenly I was overthraw,

And with the water to and fro,
 Backward and forward travailed so,
 That mind and breath nigh was gone
 For good ne harme knew I none,
 Til at the last with hookes twaine,
 Men of the ship with mukel peine,
 To save my life, did such travale,
 That, and ye wist, ye would mervaile,
 And in the ship me drew on hie,
 And saiden all that I would die,
 And laid me long downe by the mast,
 And of their clothes on me cast,
 And there I made my testament,
 And wist my selfe not what I ment,
 But whan I said had what I would,
 And to the mast my wo all told,
 And tane my leave of every wight,
 And closed mine eyen, and lost my sight,
 Advised to die, without more speech,
 Or any remedy to seech
 Of grace new, as was great need :
 My lady of my paine tooke heed,
 And her bethought how that for trouth
 To see me die it were great routh,
 And to me came in sober wise,
 And softly said, " I pray you rise,
 Come on with me, let be this fare,
 All shall be wel, have ye no care,
 I will obey ye and fulfill
 Holy in all that lords will,
 That you and me not long ago,
 After his list commaunded so,
 That there againe no resistance
 May be without great offence,
 And, therefore, now loke what I say,
 I am and will be friendly aye,
 Rise up, behold this avauntage,
 I graunt you inheritage,
 Peaceably without strive,
 During the daies of your leve."
 And of her apples in my sleve
 One she put, and took her leve
 In words few and said, " Good hele,
 He that all made, you send and wele : "
 Wherewith my paines, all at ones,
 Tooke such leave, that all my bones,
 For the new duranse pleasaunce,
 So as they couth, desired to dounce,
 And I as whole as any wight,
 Up rose, with joyous herte and light,
 Hole and unsicke, right wele at ease,
 And all forget had my disease,
 And to my lady, where she plaid,
 I went anone, and to her said :
 " He that all joies persons to please
 First ordained with parfite ease,
 And every pleasure can depart,
 Send you madame, as large a part,
 And of his goods such plenty,
 As he has done you of beauty,
 With hele and all that may be thought,
 He send you all as he all wrought :
 Madame," (quoth I) " your servaunt trew,
 Have I ben long, and yet will new,
 Without chaunge or repentance,
 In any wise or variaunce,
 And so will do, as thrive I ever,
 For thing is none that me is lever
 Than you to please, how ever I fare,
 Mine hertes lady and my welfare,

My life, mine hele, my lech also,
 Of every thing that doth me wo,
 My helpe at need, and my surete
 Of every joy that longs to me,
 My succours whole in all wise,
 That may be thought or man devise,
 Your grace, madame, such have I found,
 Now in my need that I am bound
 To you for ever, so Christ me save,
 For heale and live of you I have,
 Wherefore is reasoun I you serve,
 With due obeisaunce till I sterve,
 And dead and quicke be ever yours,
 Late, early, and at all hours."
 Tho came my lady small alite,
 And in plaine English con consite
 In words few, whole her entent
 She shewed me there, and how she ment
 To meward in every wise,
 Wholly she came at their devise,
 Without processe or long travell,
 Charging me to keepe counsell,
 As I would to her grace attaine,
 Of which commaundement I was faine,
 Wherefore I passe over at this time,
 For counsell cords not well in rime,
 And eke the oth that I have swore,
 To breake me were better unbore,
 Why for untrue for evermore
 I should be hold, that nevermore
 Of me in place should be report
 Thing that availe might, or comfort
 To mewards in any wise,
 And ech wight would me dispise
 In that they couth, and me repreeve,
 Which were a thing sore for to greeve,
 Wherefore hereof more mencion
 Make I not now ne long sermon,
 But shortly thus I me excuse,
 To rime a counceill I refuse.
 Sailing thus two dayes or three,
 My lady towards her countree,
 Over the waves high and greene,
 Which were large and deepe betweene,
 Upon a time me called, and said
 That of my hele she was well paid,
 And of the queene and of the yle,
 She talked with me long while,
 And of all that she there had seene,
 And of the state, and of the queene,
 And of the ladies name by name,
 Two houres or mo, this was her game,
 Till at the last the wind gan rise,
 And blew so fast, and in such wise,
 The ship that every wight can say,
 "Madame, er eve be of this day,
 And God tofore, ye shall be there
 As ye would finest that ye were,
 And doubt not within sixe hours,
 Ye shall be there, as all is yours."
 At which words she gan to smile,
 And said that was no long while,
 That they her set, and up she rose,
 And all about the slip she gose,
 And made good cheare to every wight,
 Till of the land she had a sight,
 Of which sight glad, God it wote,
 She was abashed and abote,
 And forth goeth, shortly you to tell,
 Where she accustomed was to dwell,

And received was, as good right,
 With joyous cheere and hertes light,
 And as a glad new aventure,
 Pleasaunt to every creature,
 With which landing tho I woke,
 And found my chamber full of smoke,
 My cheekes eke unto the eares,
 And all my body wet with teares,
 And all so feeble and in such wise,
 I was, that unneth might I rise,
 So fare travailed and so faint,
 That neither knew I kirke ne saint,
 Ne what was what, ne who was who,
 Ne avised what way I would go,
 But by a venturous grace,
 I rise and walkt, sought pace and pace,
 Till I a winding staire found,
 And held the vice aye in my hond,
 And upward softly so gan creepe,
 Till I came where I thought to sleepe
 More at mine ease, and out of preace,
 At my good leisure, and in peace,
 Till somewhat I recomfort were
 Of the travell and great feare
 That I endured had before,
 This was my thought without more,
 And as a wight witlesse and faint,
 Without more, in a chamber paint
 Full of stories old and divers,
 More than I can now rehearse,
 Unto a bed full soberly,
 So as I might full sothly,
 Pace after other, and nothing said,
 Till at the last downe I me laid,
 And as my mind would give me leve,
 All that I dreamed had that eve,
 Before all I can rehearse,
 Right as a child at schoole his verse
 Doth after that he thinketh to thrive,
 Right so did I for all my live,
 I thought to have in remembrance,
 Both the paine and the pleasure,
 The dreame whole, as it me befell,
 Which was as ye here me tell.
 Thus in my thoughts as I lay,
 That happy or unhappy day,
 Wot I not, so have I blame,
 Of the two which is the name:
 Befell me so, that there a thought,
 By processe new on sleepe me brought,
 And me governed so in a while,
 That againe within the yle,
 Methought I was, whereof the knight,
 And of the ladies I had a sight,
 And were assembled on a greene,
 Knight and lady, with the queene,
 At which assembly there was said,
 How they all content and paid
 Were wholly as in that thing,
 That the knight there should be king,
 And they would all for sure witness
 Wedded be both more and lesse,
 In remembrance without more,
 Thus they consent for evermore,
 And was concluded that the knight
 Depart should the same night,
 And forthwith there tooke his voiage,
 To journey for his marriage,
 And returne with such an host,
 That wedded might be least and most,

This was concluded, written and sealed,
 That it might not be repealed
 In no wise, but aie be firme,
 And all should be within a tearme,
 Without more excusation,
 Both feast and coronation.
 This knight which had thereof the charge,
 Anon into a little barge
 Brought was late against an eve,
 Where of all he tooke his leave;
 Which barge was as a mans thought,
 After his pleasure to him brought,
 The queene her selfe accustomed aye
 In the same barge to play,
 It needeth neither mast ne rother,
 I have not heard of such another,
 No maister for the governaunce,
 He sayled by thought and pleasaunce,
 Without labour, east and west,
 All was one, calme or tempest,
 And I went with at his request,
 And was the first prayed to the fest.
 When he came in his cuntree,
 And passed had the way see,
 In an haven deepe and large
 He left his rich and noble barge,
 And to the court, shortly to tell,
 He went, where he wont was to dwell,
 And was received as good right,
 As heire, and for a worthy knight,
 With all the states of the lond,
 Which came anon at his first sond,
 With glad spirits full of trowth,
 Loth to do fault or with a slouth,
 Attaint be in any wise;
 Their riches was their old servise,
 Which ever trew had be fond,
 Sith first inhabit was the lond,
 And so received there hir king,
 That forgotten was no thing,
 That owe to be done ne might please,
 Ne their souveraine lord do ease,
 And with them, so shortly to say,
 As they of custome had done aye,
 For seven yere past was and more,
 The father, the old wise and hore
 King of the land tooke his leve
 Of all his barons on an eve,
 And told them how his dayes past
 Were all, and comen was the last,
 And hertily prayed hem to remember
 His sonne, which yong was and tender,
 That borne was their prince to be,
 If he returne to that countree
 Might, by adventure or grace,
 Within any time or space,
 And to be true and friendly aye,
 As they to him had bene alway:
 Thus he them prayd, without more,
 And tooke his leave for evermore.
 Knownen was how, tender in age,
 This young prince a great viage
 Uncouth and straunge, honours to seeche,
 Tooke in hond with little speche,
 Which was to seeke a princes
 That he desired more than riches,
 For her great name that flourished so,
 That in that time there was no mo
 Of her estate ne so well named,
 For borne was none that ever her blamed:

Of which princes somewhat before,
 Here have I spoke, and some will more.
 So thus befell as ye shall heare,
 Unto their lord they made such cheare,
 That joy was there to be present
 To see their troth and how they ment,
 So very glad they were ech one,
 That them among there was no one,
 That desired more riches,
 Than for their lord such a princes,
 That they might please, and that were faire,
 For fast desired they an heire,
 And said great surety were wyis
 And as they were speaking of this,
 The prince himselfe him advised,
 And in plaine English undisguised,
 Them shewed hole his journey,
 And of their counsell gan them prey,
 And told how he ensured was,
 And how his day he might not passe,
 Without diffame and great blame,
 And to him for ever shame,
 And of their counsell and advise,
 There he prayth them once or twice,
 And that they would within ten daies,
 Advise and ordaine him such waies,
 So that it were no displeasaunce,
 Ne to this realme over great grievance,
 And that he have might to his feast,
 Sixty thousand at the least,
 For his intent within short while
 Was to returne unto his yle
 That he came fro, and kepe his day,
 For nothing would he be away.
 To counsaile tho the lords anon,
 Into a chamber everychone,
 Together went, them to devise,
 How they might best and in what wise,
 Purvey for their lords pleasaunce
 And the realmes continuance
 Of honor, which in it before
 Had continued evermore.
 So, at the last, they found the waies,
 How within the next ten daies,
 All might with paine and diligence
 Be done, and cast what the dispence
 Might draw, and in conclusion,
 Made for ech thing provision.
 When this was done, wholly tofore
 The prince, the lords all before
 Come, and shewed what they had done,
 And how they couth by no reason
 Find that within the ten daies,
 He might depart by no waies,
 But would be fifteene, at the least,
 Or he returne might to his feast:
 And shewed him every reason why
 It might not be so hastily,
 As he desired, ne his day
 He might not keepe by no way,
 For divers causes wonder great:
 Which, when he heard, in such an heat
 He fel, for sorow and was seke,
 Still in his bed whole that weke,
 And nigh the tother for the shame,
 And for the doubt, and for the blame
 That might on him be aret,
 And oft upon his brest he bet,
 And said, "Alas, mine honour for aye,
 Have I here lost cleane this day,

Dead would I be ! alas, my name
 Shall aye be more henceforth in shame,
 And I dishonoured and reprevd,
 And never more shall be beleevd :”
 And made swich sorow, that in trouth,
 Him to behold it was great routh :
 And so endured the dayes fiftene,
 Till that the lords on an even
 Him come, and told they ready were,
 And shewed in few words there,
 How and what wise they had purveyd
 For his estate, and to him said,
 That twenty thousand knights of name,
 And fourty thousand without blame,
 All come of noble lignce,
 Togider in a companee,
 Were lodged on a rivers side,
 Him and his pleasure there t'abide.
 The prince tho for joy up rose,
 And where they lodged were, he goes
 Without more that same night,
 And these his supper made to dight,
 And with them bode till it was dey,
 And forthwith to take his journey,
 Leving the streight, holding the large,
 Till he came to his noble barge ;
 And when this prince, this lusty knight,
 With his people in armes bright,
 Was comen where he thought to pas,
 And knew well none abiding was
 Behind, but all were there present,
 Forthwith anon all his intent
 He told them there, and made his cries
 Through his hoste that day twise,
 Commanding every lives wight,
 There being present in his sight,
 To be the morow on the rivage,
 Where he begin would his viage.
 The morrow come, the cry was kept,
 Few was there that night that slept,
 But trussed and purveyd for the morrow,
 For fault of ships was all their sorrow,
 For save the barge, and other two,
 Of ships there saw I no mo :
 Thus in their doubts as they stood,
 Waxing the sea, comming the flood,
 Was cried, “ To ship goe every wight,”
 Than was but hie, that hie might,
 And to the barge me thought echone
 They went, without was left not one,
 Horse, male, trusse, ne bagage,
 Salade, speare, gard-brace, ne page,
 But was lodged and roomed ynough,
 At which shipping me thought I lough,
 And gan to marvelle in my thought,
 How ever such a ship was wrought,
 For what people that can encrease,
 Ne never so thicke might be the prease,
 But all had roomed at their will,
 There was not one was lodged ill,
 For as I trow, my selfe the last
 Was one, and lodged by the mast,
 And where I looked I saw such rome,
 As all were lodged in a towne.
 Forth goth the ship, said was the creed,
 And on their knees for their good speed,
 Downe kneeled every wight a while,
 And prayed fast that to the yle
 They might come in safety,
 The prince and all the company.

With worship and without blame,
 Or disclaunder of his name,
 Of the promise he shoudl retourne,
 Within the time he did sojourne,
 In his lond bidding his host,
 This was their prayer of least and most ;
 To keepe the day it might not been,
 That he appointed had with the queen,
 To retourne without slouth.
 And so assured had his trouth,
 For which fault this prince, this knight,
 During the time slept not a night,
 Such was his wo and his disease,
 For doubt he shoudl the queene displease.
 Forth goeth the ship with such speed,
 Right as the prince for his great need
 Desire would after his thought,
 Till it unto the yle him brought,
 Where in hast upon the sand,
 He and his people tooke the land,
 With hertes glad, and chere light,
 Weening to be in Heaven that night :
 But or they passed a while,
 Entring in toward that yle,
 All clad in blacke with chere piteous,
 A lady which never dispiteous
 Had be in all her life tofore,
 With sory chere, and herte to tore,
 Unto this prince where he gan ride,
 Come and said, “ Abide, abide,
 And have no hast, but fast retourne,
 No reason is ye here sojourne,
 For your untruth hath us discried,
 Wo worth the time we us allied
 With you, that are so soone untrew,
 Alas, the day that we you knew !
 Alas, the time that ye were bore,
 For all this lond by you is lore !
 Accused be he you hider brought,
 For all your joy is turnd to nought,
 Your acquaintaunce we may complaine,
 Which is the cause of all our paine.”
 “ Alas, madame,” quoth tho this knight,
 And with thut from his horse he light,
 With colour pale, and cheekes lene,
 “ Alas, what is this for to mene ?
 What have ye said, why be ye wroth ?
 You to displease I would be loth,
 Know ye not well the promesse
 I made have to your princesse,
 Which to performe is mine intent,
 So mote I speed, as I have ment,
 And as I am her very trew,
 Without change or thought new,
 And also fully her servand,
 As creature or man livand
 May be to lady or princesse,
 For she mine Heaven and whole richesse
 Is, and the lady of mine heale,
 My worlds joy and all my weale,
 What may this be, whence comes this speech
 Tell me, madame, I you beseech,
 For sith the first of my living,
 Was I so fearful of nothing,
 As I am now to heare you speake ;
 For dout I feele mine herte branke ;
 Say on, madame, tell me your will,
 The remenaunt is it good or ill ?”
 “ Alas,” (quod she) “ that ye were bore,
 For, for your love this land is lore !

The queene is dead, and that is ruth,
 For sorrow of your gret untruth ;
 Of two partes of the lusty rout
 Of ladies that were there about,
 That wont were to talke and play,
 Now are dead and cleane away,
 And under earth tane lodging new ;
 Alas, that ever ye were untrew !
 For whan the time ye set was past,
 The queene to counsaile sone in hast,
 What was to doe, and said great blame
 Your acquaintaunce cause would and shame,
 And the ladies of their avise
 Prayed, for need was to be wise,
 In eschewing tales and songs,
 That by them make would ill tonges,
 And sey they were lightly conquest,
 And prayed to a poore feast,
 And foule had their worship weived,
 Whan so unwisely they conceived,
 Their rich treasour, and their heale,
 Their famous name, and their weale,
 To put in such an aventure,
 Of which the sclauder ever dure
 Was like, without helpe of appele,
 Wherefore they need had of counsele,
 For every wight of them would say
 Their closed yle an open way
 Was become to every wight,
 And well apprevyed by a knight,
 Which he alas, without paysaunce,
 Had soone achieved thobeisaunce :
 All this was moved at counsell thrise,
 And concluded daily twise,
 That bet was die without blame
 Than lose the riches of their name,
 Wherefore, the deaths acquaintaunce
 They chese, and left have their pleasaunce,
 For doubt to live as repreved,
 In that they you so soone beleved,
 And made their othes with one accord,
 That eat, ne drinke, ne speake word,
 They should never, but ever weping
 Bide in a place without parting,
 And use their dayes in penaunce,
 Without desire of alleageance,
 Of which the truth, anon, con prove,
 For why ? the queen forthwith her leve
 Toke at them all that were present,
 Of her defaults fully repent,
 And died there withouten more :
 Thus are we lost for evermore ;
 What should I more hereof rehearse ?
 Comen within, come see her herse,
 Where ye shall see the piteous sight,
 That ever yet was shewen to knight,
 For ye shall see ladies stond,
 Ech with a great rod in hond,
 Clad in black, with visage white,
 Ready each other for to smite,
 If any be that will not wepe,
 Or who that makes countenance to slepe ;
 They be so bet, that all so blew
 They be as cloth that died is new,
 Such is their parfite repentance ;
 And thus they kepe their ordinance,
 And will do ever to the death,
 While them endures any breath."
 This knight tho in armes twaine,
 This lady tooke and gan her saine,

" Alas, my birth ! wo worth my life !"
 And even with that he drew a knife,
 And through gowne, doublet, and shert,
 He made the blood come from his herte,
 And set him downe upon the greene,
 And full repent closed his eene,
 And save that ones he drew his breath,
 Without more thus he tooke his death.
 For which cause the lusty hoast,
 Which in a battaile on the coast,
 At once for sorrow such a cry
 Gan rere thorow the company,
 That to the Heaven heard was the sowne,
 And under therth als fer adowne,
 That wild beasts for the feare
 So sodainly atrayed were,
 That for the doubt, while they might dure,
 They ran as of their lives unsure,
 From the woods unto the plaine,
 And from the valleys the high mountaine
 They sought, and ran as bestes blind,
 That cleane forgotten had their kind.
 This wo not ceased, to counsaile went
 These lords, and for that lady sent,
 And of avise what was to done,
 They her besought she say would sone.
 Weeping full sore, all clad in blake,
 This lady softly to them spake,
 And said, " My lords, by my trouth,
 This mischief it is of your slouth,
 And if ye had that judge would right,
 A prince that were a very knight,
 Ye that ben of astate, echone,
 Die for his fault should one and one ;
 And if he hold had the promesse,
 And done that longs to gentilnesse,
 And fulfilled the princes behest,
 This hasty farme had bene a feast,
 And now is unrecoverable,
 And us a slaunder aye durable ;
 Wherefore, I say, as of counsaile,
 In me is none that may availe,
 But, if ye list, for remembrance
 Purvey and make such ordinaunce,
 That the queene, that was so meke,
 With all her women, dede or seke,
 Might in your land a chappell have,
 With some remembrance of her grave,
 Shewing her end with the pity,
 In some notable old city,
 Nigh unto an high way,
 Where every wight might for her pray,
 And for all hers that have ben trew ;"
 And even with that she changed hew.
 And twice wished after the death,
 And sight, and thus passed her breath.
 Than said the lords of the host,
 And so conclude least and most,
 That they would ever in houses of thacke
 Their lives lead, and weare but blake,
 And forsake all their pleasaunces,
 And turn all joy to penaunces,
 And beare the dead prince to the barge,
 And named them should have the charge ;
 And to the hearse where lay the queen,
 The remenaunt went, and down on kneen,
 Holding their hands on high, gon cried,
 " Mercy, mercy," everich thrie,
 And cursed the time that ever slouth
 Should have such masterdome of trouth.

And to the barge a long mile,
 They bare her forth, and in a while
 All the ladies one and one,
 By companies were brought echone,
 And past the sea and tooke the land,
 And in new hertes on a sand,
 Put and brought were all anon,
 Unto a city closed with stone,
 Where it had been used aye
 The kings of the land to lay,
 After they raigned in honours,
 And writ was which were conquerours,
 In an abbey of nunnes which were blake,
 Which accustomed were to wake,
 And of usage rise ech a night
 To pray for every lives wight ;
 And so befell as in the guise,
 Ordeint and said was the servise,
 Of the prince and of the queen,
 So devoutly as might been,
 And after that about the hertes,
 Many orisons and verses,
 Without note full softly,
 Said were and that full heartily,
 That all the night till it was day,
 The people in the church con pray
 Unto the holy Trinity,
 Of these soules to have pity.

And whan the night past and ronne
 Was, and the new day begonne,
 The yong morrow with rayes red,
 Which from the Sunne over all con spread,
 Atempered clere was and faire,
 And made a time of wholesome aire,
 Befell a wonder case and strange,
 Among the people and can change
 Soone the word and every woo
 Unto a joy, and some to two :
 A bird, all fedred blew and greene,
 With bright rayes like gold betweene,
 As small thred over every joynt,
 All full of colour strange and point,
 Uncouth and wonderful to sight,
 Upon the queens herte con light,
 And song full low and softly,
 Three songs in her harmony,
 Unletted of every wight,
 Till, at the last, an aged knight
 Which seemed a man in great thought
 Like as he set all thing at nought,
 With visage and eyen all forwept
 And pale, as man long unslept,
 By the hertes as he stood
 With hasty handling of his hood
 Unto a prince that by him past
 Made the bridde somewhat agast,
 Wherefore he rose and left his song,
 And depart from us among,
 And spread his wings for to passe
 By the place he entred was,
 And in his hast, shortly to tell,
 Him hurt, that back ward downe he fell,
 From a window richly point
 With lives of many divers seint,
 And bet his wings and bled fast,
 And of the hurt thus died and past,
 And lay there well an houre and more,
 Till, at the last, of briddes a score
 Come and sembled at the place
 Where the window broken was,

And made swiche waimentacion,
 That pity was to heare the soun,
 And the warbles of their throtes,
 And the complaint of their notes,
 Which from joy cleane was reversed,
 And of them one the glas some persed,
 And in his beke of colours nine,
 An herbe he brought flouresse, all greene,
 Full of small leaves and plaine,
 Swart and long with many a vaine,
 And where his fellow lay thus dede,
 This hearbe down laid by his hede,
 And dressed it full softly,
 And hong his head and stood thereby,
 Which hearb, in lesse than halfe an houre,
 Gan over all knit, and after floure
 Full out and waxe ripe the seed,
 And right as one another feed
 Would, in his beake he tooke the graine,
 And in his fellowes beake certaine
 It put, and thus, within the thred,
 Up stood and pruned him the bird,
 Which dead had be in all our sight,
 And both together forth their flight
 Tooke singing from us, and their leve,
 Was none disturb hem would ne greve ;
 And whan they parted were and gone
 Th'abhesse the seeds some echone
 Gadred had, and in her hand
 The herb she tooke, well avisand
 The leafe, the seed, the stalk, the floure,
 And said it had a good savour,
 And was no common herb to find,
 And well approved of uncouth kind,
 And than other more vertouse,
 Who so have it might for to use
 In his need, floure, leafe, or graine,
 Of their heale might be certaine ;
 And laid it downe upon the herse
 Where lay the queene, and gan reherse,
 Echone to other that they had sene,
 And taling thus the sede wex greene,
 And on the dry herse gan spring,
 Which me thought a wondrous thing,
 And after that floure and new seed,
 Of which the people all tooke heed,
 And said, it was some great miracle,
 Or medicine fine more than triacle,
 And were well done there to assay,
 If it might ease in any way
 The corses, which with torch light,
 They waked had there all that night.
 Soone did the lords there consent,
 And all the people thereto content,
 With easie words and litle fare,
 And made the queenes visage bare,
 Which shewed was to all about,
 Wherefore in swoone fell whole the rout,
 And were so sory, most and least,
 That long of weeping they not ceast,
 For of their lord the remembrance
 Unto them was such di-pleasaunce,
 That for to live they called a paine,
 So were they vey true and plaine ;
 And after this, the good abbesse
 Of the graine can chese and dresse
 Three, with her fingers cleane and small,
 And in the queenes mouth by tale,
 One after other full easily,
 She put and full connigly,

Which shewed soone such vertue,
 That preved was the medicine true,
 For with a smiling countenance
 The queene uprose, and of usance,
 As she was wont, to every night
 She made good cheere, for which sight
 The people kneeling on the stones,
 Thought they in Heaven were soule and bones:
 And to the prince where he lay,
 They went to make the same assay ;
 And whan the queene it understood,
 And how the medicine was good,
 She prayed she might have the graines
 To releve him from the paines
 Which she and he had both endured,
 And to him went, and so him cured,
 That within a litle space,
 Lusty and fresh on live he was
 And in good hele, and hole of speech,
 And lough, and said, " Gramercy leech,"
 For which the joy throughout the toun,
 So great was that the bels sown
 Afraied the people, a journey
 About the city every way,
 And come and asked cause and why,
 They rongen were so stately ?
 And after that the queene, th'abbesse
 Made diligence, or they would cesse,
 Such, that of ladies soone a rout
 Shewing the queene was all about,
 And called by name echone and told,
 Was none forgotten young ne old ;
 There might men see joyes new,
 Whan the medicine fine and trew,
 Thus restored had every wight,
 So well the queene as the knight,
 Unto perfit joy and hele,
 That fleting they were in such wele
 As folke that would in no wise,
 Desire more perfit paradise.
 And thus, whan passed was the sorrow,
 With mikel joy soome on the morrow,
 The king, the queene, and every lord,
 With all the ladies by one accord,
 A generall assembly
 Great cry through the country,
 The which after as their intent
 Was turned to a parliament,
 Where was ordained and avised
 Every thing and devised,
 That please might to most and least,
 And there concluded was the feast,
 Within the yle to be hold
 With full consent of young and old,
 In the same wise as before,
 As thing should be withouten more ;
 And shipped and thither went,
 And into straunge realmes sent
 To kings, queenes, and duchesses,
 To divers princes and princesses,
 Of their linage, and can pray
 That it might like them at that day
 Of marriage, for their sport,
 Come see the yle and them disport,
 Where should be jousts and turnaies,
 And armes done in other waies,
 Signifying over all the day,
 After Aprill within May ;
 And was avised that ladies tweine,
 Of good estate and well beseine,

With certaine knights and squiers,
 And of the queenes officers,
 In manner of an embassade,
 With certain letters closed and made,
 Should take the barge and depart,
 And seeke my lady every part,
 Till they her found for any thing,
 Both charged have queene and king,
 And as their lady and maistres,
 Her to beseke of gentilnes,
 At the day there for to been,
 And off her recommaund the queen,
 And prayes for all loves to hast,
 For, but she come, all woll be wast,
 And the feast a businesse
 Without joy or lustincesse :
 And tooke them tokens and good speed
 Praid God send, after their need.
 Forth went the ladies and the knights,
 And were out fourteene daies and nights,
 And brought my lady in their barge,
 And had well sped and done their charge ;
 Whereof the queene so hartly glad
 Was, that, in soth, such joy she had
 Whan the ship approached lond,
 That she my lady on the sond
 Met, and in armes so constraine,
 That wonder was behold them twaine,
 Which to my dome during twelve houres,
 Neither for heat ne watry shoures,
 Departed not no company,
 Saving themselfe but none them by,
 But gave them leisour at their ease,
 To rehearse joy and disease,
 After the pleasure and courages
 Of their young and tender ages :
 And after with many a knight
 Brought were, where, as for that night,
 They parted not, for to pleasaunce,
 Content was herte and countenance
 Both of the queene and my maistresse,
 This was that night their businesse :
 And on the morrow with huge rout,
 This prince of lords him about,
 Come and to my lady said
 That of her coming glad and well apaid
 He was, and full conningly
 Her thanked and full heartily,
 And lough and smiled, and said, " ywis,
 That was in doubt in safety is :"
 And commaunded do diligence,
 And spare for neither gold ne spence,
 But make ready, for on the morow
 Wedded, with saint John to borrow,
 He would be, withouten more,
 And let them wite this lesse and more.
 The morow come, and the service
 Of marriage, in such a wise
 Said was, that with more honour
 Was never prince ne conquerour
 Wedde, ne with such company
 Of gentilnesse in chivalry,
 Ne of ladies so great routs,
 Ne so beseen, as all abouts
 They were there, I certifie
 You on my life withouten lie.
 And the feast hold was in tentis,
 As to tell you mine entent is,
 In a rome, a large plaine
 Under a wood in a champaine,

Betwixt a river and a welle,
 Where never had abbay, ne selle
 Ben, ne kirke, house, ne village,
 In time of any mans age :
 And dured three months the feast,
 In one estate and never ceast,
 From carly the rising of the Sonne,
 Till the day spent was and yroune,
 In justing, dauncing, and lustynesse,
 And all that sowned to gentlynesse.
 And, as me thought, the second morrow,
 Whan ended was all old sorrow,
 And in surety every wight
 Had with his lady slept a night,
 The prince, the queene, and all the rest,
 Unto my lady made request,
 And her besought oft and praied
 To mewards to be well apaied,
 And consider mine old trowth,
 And on my paines have routh,
 And me accept to her servise,
 In such forme and in such wise,
 That we both might be as one,
 Thus prayed the queene, and everichone :
 And, for there should be no nay,
 They stant justing all a day,
 To pray my lady and require
 Be content and out of fere,
 And with good herte make friendly cheare,
 And said it was a happy yeare :
 At which she smiled and said, ywis,
 " I trow well he my servaunt is,
 And would my welfare, as I trist,
 So would I his, and would he wist
 How, and I knew that his trowth
 Continue would without slouth,
 And be such as ye here report,
 Restraining both courage and sport,
 I couth consent at your request,
 To be named of your fest,
 And do after your usaunce,
 In obeying your pleasaunce ;
 At your request this I consent,
 To please you in your entent,
 And eke the souveraine above
 Commanded hath me for to love,
 And before other him prefer,
 Against which prince may be no wer,
 For his power over all raigneth,
 That other would for nought him paineth,
 And sith his will and yours is one,
 Contray in me shall be none."
 Tho (as me thought) the promise
 Of marriage before the mese
 Desired was of every wight
 To be made the same night,
 To put away all maner douts
 Of every wight thereabouts,
 And so was do; and on the morrow,
 Whan every thought and every sorrow
 Dislodged was out of mine herte,
 With every wo and every smert,
 Unto a tent prince and princes,
 Me thought, brought me and my maistres,
 And said we were at full age
 There to conclude our marriage,
 With ladies, knights, and squiers,
 And a great host of ministers,
 With instruments and sonnes diverse,
 That long were here to rehearse,

Which tent was church perochiall,
 Ordaint was in especiall,
 For the feast and for the sacre,
 Where archbishop, and archdiacre
 Song full out the servise,
 After the custome and the guise,
 And the churches ordinaunce ;
 And after that to dine and daunce
 Brought were we, and to divers playes,
 And for our speed ech with prayes,
 And merry was most and least,
 And said amended was the feast,
 And were right glad lady and lord,
 Of the marriage and th'accord,
 And wished us hertes pleasaunce,
 Joy, hele, and continuance,
 And to the ministrils made request,
 That in increasing of the fest,
 They would touch their cords,
 And with some new jouseux accords,
 Moove the people to gladnesse,
 And praiden of all gentlynesse,
 Ech to paine them for the day,
 To shew his cunning and his play.
 Tho began sowies marvelous
 Entuned with accords joyous,
 Round about all the tents,
 With thousands of instruments,
 That every wight to daunce them paineð,
 To be merry was none that fained,
 Which sowne me troubled in my sleepe,
 That fro my bed forth I lepe,
 Wening to be at the feast,
 But whan I woke all was ceast,
 For there n'as lady ne creature,
 Save on the wals old portraiture
 Of horsmen, haukes, and hounds,
 And hurt deere full of wounds,
 Some like bitten, some hurt with shot,
 And, as my dreame, seemed that was not ;
 And whan I wake, and knew the trowth,
 And ye had seen, of very routh,
 I trow ye would have wept a weke,
 For never man yet halfe so seke ;
 I went escaped with the life,
 And was for fault that sword ne knife
 I find ne might my life t'abridge,
 Ne thing that kerved, ne had edge,
 Wherewith I might my woful pains
 Have voided with bleeding of my vains.
 Lo, here my blisse, lo, here my paine,
 Which to my lady I do complaine,
 And grace and mercy her requere,
 To end my wo and busie fere,
 And me accept to her servise,
 After her service in such advise,
 That of my dreame the substance
 Might turne once to cognisaunce,
 And cognisaunce to very preve
 By full consent and good leve,
 Or els without more I pray,
 That this night, or it be day,
 I mote unto my dreame returne,
 And sleeping so, forth aie sojourne
 About the yle of pleasaunce,
 Under my ladies obeisaunce,
 In her servise, and in such wise,
 As it please her may to devise,
 And grace ones to be accept,
 Like as I dreamed whan I sl' pt,

And dure a thousand yere and ten,
In her good will, amen, amen.

FAIREST of faire, and goodliest on live,
All my secret to you I plaine and shrive,
Requiring grace and of complaint,
To be healed or martyred as a saint,
For by my trowth I swære, and by this booke,
Ye may both heale and slee me with a looke.

Go forth mine owne true herte innocent,
And with humblesse, do thine observaunce,
And to thy lady on thy knees present
Thy servise new, and thnk how great pleasaunce
It is to live under th'obeisaunce
Of her that may with her looks soft
Give thee the blisse that thou desirest oft.

Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,
And not too wild of thy countenaunce,
But meeke and glad, and thy nature feed,
To do each thing that may her pleasaunce,
Whan thou shalt sleep, have aie in remembrance
Th'image of her which may with looks soft
Give thee the blisse that thou desirest oft.

And if so be that thou her name find
Written in booke, or els upon wall,
Looke that thou, as servaunt true and kind,
Thine obeisaunce, as she were there withall ;
Faining in love is breeding of a fall
From the grace of her, whose looks soft
May give the blisse that thou desirest oft.

Ye that this ballade read shall,
I pray you keepe you from the fall.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

A gentlewoman out of an abour in a grove, seeth a great companie of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grasse : the which being ended, they all kneele cowne, and do honour to the daise, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. After waid this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this : They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as looke after beauteie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abudeth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter stormes, are after which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

v. 1—56

WHAN that Phebus his chair of gold so hie
Had whirled up the sterry sky aloft,
And in the Boole was entred certainly,
When shoures sweet of raine descended soft,
Causing the ground fele times and oft,
Up for to give many an wholesome aere,
And every plaine was clothed faire

With new greene, and maketh small floures
To springen here and there in field and in mede,
So very good and wholesome be the shoures,
That it renueth that was old and dede,
In winter time ; and out of every sede
Springeth the hearbe, so that every wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I so glad of the season swete,
Was happed thus upon a certain night,
As I lay in my bed, sleepe full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist : for there n'as earthly wight
As I suppose had more herts ease
Than I ; for I n'ad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I mervaille greatly of my selfe,
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day,
And on I put my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan passe,
Long er the bright Sunne up risen was.

In which were okes great, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, laden with leves new,
That sprongen out ayen the sunne-shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

Which as me thought was right a pleasaunt sight,
And eke the briddes songe fer to here,
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere
Heare the nightingale of all the yere,
Ful busly herkened with herte and with eare,
If I her voice perceive coud any where.

And, at the last, a path of little brede
I found, that greatly had not used be,
For it forgrown was with grasse and weede,
That well unneeth a wighte might it se :
Thought I, this path some whider goth, parde ;
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber well ywrought,

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

Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,
That every branch and leafe grew by mesure,
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by,
I sie never thing I you ensue,
So well done; for he that tooke the cure
It to make ytrow, didd all his peine
To make it passe all tho that men have seine.

And shapen was this herber roofe and all
As a prety parlour; and also
The hegge as thicke as a castle wall,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Though he would all day prien to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no; but one within well might

Perceive all tho that yeden there without
In the field, that was on every side
Covered with corn and grasse, that out of doubt,
Though one would seeke all the world wide,
So rich a fiede could not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity,
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt sight sie,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainly
There is no hert, I deme, in such dispaire,
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So overlaid, but it should soone have bote,
If it had ones felt this savoure sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
I was ware of the fairest medler tree,
That ever yet in all my life I sie,
As full of blossomes as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough; and, as him list, he eet
Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

And to the herber side was joyning
This faire tree, of which I have you told,
And at the last the brid began to sing,
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold;
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasaunt than I coud devise,
And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,
I stood astomed, so was I with the song
Thorow ravished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;
And ayen, me thought, she song ever by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily
On every side, if I her might see;
And, at the last, I gan full well aspy
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,
On the further side even right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That, as me thought, I surely ravished was
Into Paradise, wher e my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day, and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,
The birdes soug was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by many fold,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,
Thereto the herber was so frosh and cold,
The wholesome savours cke so comforting,
That, as I demed, sith the beginning
Of the world was never seeme cr than
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

And as I sat the birds harkening thus,
Me thought that I heard voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That ever any wight I row truly
Heard in their life, for the armony
And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last, out of a grove even by,
That was right goodly and pleasaunt to sight,
I sie where there came singing lustily
A world of ladies; but, to tell aright
Their great beauty, it lieth not in my might,
Ne their array; nevertheless I shall
Tell you a part, though I speake not of all.

The surcotes white of velvet wele sitting,
They were in cladde; and the semes echone,
As it were a manere garnishing,
Was set with emerauds one and one,
By and by; but many a riche stone
Was set on the purfles, out of dout,
Of colors, sleeves, and traines round about.

As great pearles round and orient,
Diamonds fine, and rubies red,
And many another stone of which I went
The names now; and everich on her head
A rich fret of gold, which without dread
Was full of stately riche stones set,
And every lady had a chapelet

On her head of [branches] fresh and grene,
So wele wrought and so marvelously,
That it was a noble sight to sene,
Some of laurer, and some full pleasauntly
Had chapelets of woodbind, and sadly
Some of *agnus castus* were also
Chapelets fresh; but there were many of the

That daunced, and eke song full soberly,
But all they yede in manner of compace,
But one there yede in mid the company,
Sole by her selfe, but all followed the pace
That she kepte, whose heavenly figured face
So pleasaunt was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past hem everchon.

And more richly beseen, by many fold
She was also in every maner thing,
On her head full pleasaunt to behold,
A crowne of golde rich for any king,
A branch of *agnus castus* eke bearing
In her hand; and so my sight truly,
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,
That "*Suse le joyle, devers moy,*" men call,
"*Siene et mon joly souer est endormy,*"
And than the company answered all,
With voices sweet entum'd, and so small,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That ever I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came, dauncing and singing
 Into the middes of the mede echone,
 Before the herber where I was sitting,
 And, God wot, me thought I was wel bigone,
 For than I might advise hem one by one,
 Who fairest was, who coude best dance or sing,
 Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not daunced but a little throw,
 Whan that I hearde ferre off sodainly,
 So great a noise of thaudering trumpes blow,
 As though it should have departed the skie ;
 And after that within a while I sie,
 From the same grove where the ladies come out,
 Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all the men on earth had been assembled
 In that place, vele horsed for the nones,
 Stering so fast, that all the earth trembled ;
 But for to speake of riches and [of] stones,
 And men and horse, I trow the large wones,
 Of Pretir John, ne all his tresory,
 Might not unmeth have boght the tenth party

Of their array : who so list heare more,
 I shall rehearse, so as I can, a lite.
 Out of the grove, that I spake of before,
 I sie come first all in their clokes white,
 A company, that ware for their delite,
 Chapelets fresh of okes seriall,
 Newly sprong, and trumpets they were all.

On every trumpe hanging a broad banere
 Of fine tartarium were full richely bete,
 Every trumpet his lords armes here,
 About their neckes with great pearles sete
 Collers brode, for cost they would not lete,
 As it would seem, for their scochones echone,
 Were set about with many a precions stone.

Their horse harnes was all white also,
 And after them next in one company,
 Came kings of armes, and no ȝog,
 In clokes of white cloth of gōll richly ;
 Chapelets of greene on their heads on hie,
 The crowns that they on their scochones here,
 Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere,

And eke great diamondes many one ;
 But all their horse harnes and other geare
 Was in a sute according everichone,
 As ye have heard the foresaid trumpets were ;
 And by seeming they were nothing to leze,
 And their guiding they did so manerly,
 And after hem came a great company

Of heraudes and pursevauntes eke,
 Arraid in clothes of white velvet,
 And hardly they were no thing to seke,
 How they on them should the harnes set ;
 And every man had on a chapelet ;
 Scochones and eke horse harnes indede,
 They had in sute of hem that fore hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright
 All save their heades, seemely knightes nine,
 And every claspe and naile, as to my sight,
 Of their harnes were of red golde fine,
 With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine
 Were the trappoures of their stedes strong,
 Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every bosse of bridle and paitrell
 That they had, was worth, as I would wene,
 A thousand pound ; and on their heades well
 Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,
 The best made that ever I had sene,
 And every knight had after him riding
 Three henchemen on him awaiting.

Of which every [first] on a short tronchoun
 His lordes helme bare, so richly dight,
 That the worst was worthe the ransom
 Of [any] king ; the second a shield bright
 Bare at his backe ; the thred bare upright
 A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,
 And every childe ware of leaves grene

A fresh chapelet upon his haire bright ;
 And clokes white of fine velvet they ware,
 Their steds trapped and raied right
 Without difference as their lordes were,
 And after hem on many a fresh corsere,
 There came of armed knights such a rout,
 That they bespred the large field about.

And all they ware after their degrees
 Chapelets newe made of laurer grene,
 Some of [the] oke, and some of other trees,
 Some in their honds bare boughes shene,
 Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
 Some of hauthorne, and some of [the] woodbind,
 And many mo which I had not in mind.

And so they came, their horses freshly stering,
 With bloody sownes of hir trompes loud ;
 There sie I many an uncouth disguising
 In the array of these knightes proud,
 And at the last as evenly as they coude,
 They took their places in middes of the mede,
 And every knight turned his horses hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere
 In the rest ; and so justes began
 On every part about here and there ;
 Some brake his spere, some drew down hors and
 About the field astray the stedes ran ; [man,
 And to behold their rule and governance,
 I you ensure it was a great pleasaunce.

And so the justes last an houre and more ;
 But tho, that crowned were in laurer grene ;
 Wan the prise ; their dints were so sore,
 That there was none ayenst hem might sustene,
 And the justing all was left off elene,
 And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,
 And so did all the remnant everichone.

And forth they yede togider, twain and twain,
 That to behold it was a worthy sight,
 Toward the ladies on the greene plain,
 That song and daunced as I said now right :
 The ladies as soone as they goodly might,
 They brake of both the song and dance
 And yede to meet hem with ful glad semblaunce.

And every lady tooke full womanly
 By the hond a knight, and forth they yede
 Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by,
 With leves lade the boughes of great brede ; •
 And to my dome there never was indede
 Man, that had seene halfe so faire a tre ;
 For underneath there might it well have be

An hundred persons at their owne plesaunce
 Shadowed fro the heat of Plebus bright,
 So that they should have felt no grevaunce
 Of raine ne haile that hem hurte might,
 The savour, eke, rejoice would any wight
 That had be sicke or melancolious ;
 It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reverence they enclined low
 To the tree so soot and faire of hew ;
 And after that, within a little throw,
 They began to sing and daunce of new,
 Some song of love, some plaining of untrew,
 Environing the tree that stood upright ;
 And ever yedo a lady and a knight.

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

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,
 And everich had a chapelet on her hed,
 Which did right well upon the shining here,
 Made of goodly floures white and red,
 The knightes eke, that they in honde led,
 In sute of hem ware chapelets everichone,
 And before hem went minstrels many one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry
 Alle in greene ; and on their heades bare
 Of divers floures made full craftely,
 All in a sute goodly chapelcts they ware ;
 And so dauncing into the mede they fare,
 In mid the which they found a tuft that was
 All oversprad with floures in campas.

Whereto they enclined everichone
 With great reverence, and that full humbly ;
 And, at the last, there began, anone,
 A lady for to sing right womanly,
 A bargaret in praising the daisie ;
 For as me thought among her notes swete,
 She said "*Si douce est la Margarete.*"

Than they alle answered her in fere,
 So passingly well, and so pleasauntly,
 That it was a blisful noise to here,
 But I n'ot how it happed, suddainly,
 As about noone, the Sunne so fervently
 Waxe hote, that the pretty tender floures
 Had lost the beauty of hir fresh coloures.

Forshonke with heat, the ladies eke to-brent,
 That they ne wist where they hem might bestow ;
 The knightes swelt for lack of shade ne shent,
 And after that, within a little throw,
 The wind began so sturdily to blow,
 That down goeth all the floures everichone,
 So that in all the mede there left not one ;

Save such as succoured were among the leves
 Fro every storme that might hem assaile,
 Growing under [the] hegges and thicke greves ;
 And after that, there came a storme of haile,
 And raine in fere, so that withouten faile,
 The ladies ne the knightes r'ade o threed
 Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away
 Tho in white that stood under the tree,
 They felt nothing of the great affray,
 That they in greene without had in ybe,
 To them they yede for routh and pite,
 Them to comfort after their great disease,
 So faine they were the helpesse for to case.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene
 Had on a crowne rich and well sitting,
 Wherefore I demed well she was a quene,
 And tho in greene on her were awaiting ;
 The ladies then in white that were comming
 Toward them, and the knights in fere
 Began to comfort hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of great beauty,
 Took by the hond the queen that was in grene,
 And said, "Suster, I have right great pity
 Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
 Wherein ye and your company have bene
 So long, alas ! and if that it you please
 To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

"In all the pleasure that I can or may ;"
 Whereof the other humbly as she might,
 Thanked her ; for in right ill array
 She was with storm and heat I you behight,
 And every lady then anone right
 That were in white, one of them took in grene
 By the hond, which whan the knights had sene,

In like wise ech of them tooke a knight
 Cladde in greene, and forth with hem they fare,
 To an hegge, where they anon right,
 To make their justs they would not spare
 Boughes to hew down, and eke trees square,
 Wherwith they made hem stately fires great,
 To dry their clothes that were wringing weat.

And after that of hearbes that there grew,
 They made for blisters of the Sunne brenning,
 Very good and wholesome ointments new,
 Where that they yede the sick fast anointing ;
 And after that they yede about gadering
 Pleasaunt salades which they made hem eat,
 For to refresh their great unkindly heat.

The lady of the Leafe than began to pray
 Her of the Floure (for so to my seeming
 They should be as by their array)
 To soupe with her, and eke for any thing,
 That she should with her all her people bring ;
 And she ayen in right goodly manere,
 Thanketh her of her most friendly cheare,

Saying plainly, that she would obay
 With all her hert all her commaundment ;
 And then, anon, without lenger delay
 The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent
 For a palfray, after her intent,
 Arrayed well and faire in harnais of gold,
 For nothing acked, that to him long shold.

And after that to all her company
 She made to purvey horse and every thing
 That they needed, and than full lustly,
 Even by the herber where I was sitting
 They passed all so pleasantly singing,
 That it would have comforted any wight ;
 But then I sie a passing wonder sight.

For then the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurer sate, and did her might
The whole service to sing longing to May,
All sodainly began to take her flight;
And to the lady of the Leafe forthright
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,
Which was a thing I marveled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medler tree
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,
Unto the lady of the Flower gan flee,
And on her hond he set him as he wold,
And pleasauntly his wings gan to fold;
And for to sing they pained hem both as sore,
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,
And all the rout of knightes eke in fere;
And I that had seen all this wonder case,
Thought I would assay in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere;
And what they were that rode so pleasauntly:
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mete, anon,
Right a faire lady, I do you ensure;
And she came riding by herselfe alone,
Alle in white, with semblance ful demure;
I salued her, and had good aventure
Might her befall, as I coulde most humbly;
And she answered, "My daughter, gramercy!"

"Madame," quoth I, "if that I durst enquire
Of you, I would faine of that company
Wite what they be that past by this arbere?"
And she ayen answered right friendly;
"My faire daughter, all tho that passed here by
In white clothing, be servaunts everichone
Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quoth she,
"All in white?"—"Madame," quoth I, "yes."
"That is Diane, goddesse of chastite,
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her hond the braunch she beareth this,
That *agnus castus* men call properly;
And all the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that hearbe chapelets weare,
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed:
And all they that of laurer chapelets beare,
Be such as hardy were and manly in deed,
Victorious name which never may be dede!
And all they were so worthy of hir hond,
In hir time that none might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chapelets on their hede
Of fresh woodbind, be such as never were
To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast, ne for pleasaunce, ne fere,
Though that they should their hertes all to-tere,
Would never flit but ever were stedfast,
Till that their lives there asunder brast."

"Now faire madame," quoth I, "yet I would pray
Your ladship, if that it mighte be,
That I might knowe by some maner way,
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knightes be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?"

"And why that some did reverence to that tre,
And some unto the plot of floures faire?"
"Withright good will my faire daughter," quoth she.
"Sith your desire is good and debonaire:
Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,
Of all honour longing to chivalry,
And those certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

"Which ye may see [now] riding all before,
That in hir time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthnes full oft have bore
The crowne of laurer leaves on their hede,
As ye may in your old bookes rede;
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their hond
Of the precious laurer so notable,
Be such as were, I woll ye understand,
Noble knightes of the round table,
And eke the Douseperis honourable,
Which they beare in signe of victory;
It is witnesse of their deeds mightily.

"Eke there be knightes old of the garter,
That in hir time did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by it they have their laud wholly,
Their triumph eke, and martial glory;
Which unto them is more parfitte richesse,
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

"For one leafe given of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly;
Witnes of Rome that founder was truly
Of all knighthood and deeds marvelous,
Record I take of Titus Livius.

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

And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They have to the flour, and so reverently
They unto it do such obeisaunce
As ye may se."—"Now faire Madame," quoth I,
"If I durst aske what is the cause and why,
That knightes have the ensigne of honour,
Rather by the leafe than the flour?"

"Soothly daughter," quod she, "this is the trouth;
For knightes ever should be persevering,
To seeke honour without feintise or slouth;
Fro wele to better in all manner thing;
In signe of which with leaves aye lasting,
They be rewarded after their degre,
Whose lusty green May may not appaired be,

"But aie keping their beauteie frosh and greene,
For there n'is storme that may hem deface,
Haile nor snow, winde nor frosts kene,
Wherfore they have this property and grace;
And for the floure, within a little space
Woll be [all] lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no grevance may endure.

"And every storme will blow them soone away,
Ne they last not but for a season ;
That is the cause, the very trouth to say,
That they may not by no way of reason
Be put to no such occupation."
"Madame," quoth I, "with all mine whole servise
I thanke you now, in my most humble wise,

"For now I am ascertained throughly,
Of every thing [that] I desired to know."
"I am right glad that I have said sothly,
Ought to your pleasure, if ye will me trow,"
Quod she ayen, "but to whom do ye owe
Your service ? and which will ye honour,
Tel me I pray, this yere ! the Lease or the Flour?"

"Madame," quoth I, "though I least worthy,
Unto the Lease I owe mine observance :"
"That is," quod she, "right well done certainly ;
And I pray God to honour you avance,

And kepe you fro the wicked remembrance
Of Malebouch, and all his crueltie,
And all that good and well conditioned be.

"For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must follow the great company,
That ye may see yonder before you ride."
And forth as I couth most humbly,
I tooke my leve of her, as she gan hie,
After them as fast as ever she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was high night.

And put all that I had seene in writing,
Under support of them that lust it to rede.
O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede ?
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede !
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold
Thy rude langage, full boistously unfold.

EXPLICIT.

THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

v. 1—71

PROLOGUE.

A THOUSAND times I have heard men tell,
That there is joy in Heaven, and pain in Hell,
And I accord it wele that it is so,
But nathelesse yet wote I wele also,
That there n'is non dwelling in this countre,
That either hath in Heaven or in Hell ybe,
Ne may of it none other waies witten,
But as he heard sayd, or found it written,
For by assay there may no man it preve.

But God forbode but men should leve
Wel more thing than they have seen with eye,
Men shall nat wenen every thing a lie
But if himself he seeth, or els it dooth,
For, God wote, thing is never the lesse soth,
Though every wight ne may it not ysee.
Bernarde the monke ne saugh all, parde,
Than mote we to bookes that we find,
(Through which that old things ben in mind)
And to the doctrine of the old wise,
Yeve credence, in every skilful wise,
That tellen of the old apprevd stories,
Of holines, of reignes, of victories,
Of love, of hate, and other sundry things,
Of which I may not make rehearsings :
And if that old bookes were away,
Ylorne were of all remembrance the kay.

Well ought us than, honouren and beleve
These bookes, there we han none other preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookes for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that there is game none,
That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,

But it be seldome on the holy daie,
Save certainly, whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring,
Farwell my booke, and my devotion.

Now have I than eke this condition,
That of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun,
To hem I have so great affectoun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it up riseth early by the morrow,
That blisfull sight softeneth all my sorow,
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honoure,
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe,
And ever I love it, and ever ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die,
All swere I not, of this I woll not lie.

There loved no wight hotter in his life,
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,
As some as ever the Sunne ginneth west,
To seen this floure, how it woll go to rest,
For feare of night, so hateth she derkenesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the Sunne, for there it woll unclose :
Alas, that I ne had English rime, or prose
Suffisaunt this floure to praise aright,
But helpeth ye, that han coming and might,
Ye lovers, that can make of sentement,
In this case ought ye be diligent,
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,

Whether ye been with the lefe or with the flour,
 For well I wote, that ye han here beforne
 Of making ropen, and had alway the corne,
 And I come after, glening here and there,
 And am full glad if I may find an eare,
 Of any goodly worde that ye han left,
 And though it happen me to reharsen eft,
 That ye han in your freshe songs sayd,
 Forbareth me, and beth not evill apayd,
 Sith that ye se, I doe it in the honour
 Of love, and eke of service of the flour,
 Whom that I serve, as I have wit or might,
 She is the clerenesse and the very light,
 That in this derke world me wint and ledeth ;
 The herte within my sorowfull brest you dredeth,
 And loveth so sore, that ye ben verily
 The maistres of my wit, and nothing I,
 My word, my workes, is knit so in your bonde
 That as an harpe obeieth to the honde,
 And make it soune after his fingring,
 Right so mowe ye out of mine herte bring,
 Soch voice, right as you list, to laugh or pam ;
 Be ye my guide, and lady soverain !
 As to mine yearthly God, to you I call,
 Both in this werke, and my sorowes all.
 But wherefore that I spake to yve credence
 To old stories, and done hem reverence,
 And that men musten more thing bileve
 That men may seen at eye or els preve,
 That shall I sein, whan that I see my time,
 I may nat all atones speake in rime ;
 My busie ghost, that thursteth alway new,
 To seen this flour so yong, so fresh of hew,
 Constrained me, with so gredy desire,
 That in my herte I fele yet the fire,
 That made me rise ere it were day,
 And this was now the first morow of May,
 With dreadfull herte and glad devotion
 For to been at the resurrection
 Of this floure, whan that it should unclose
 Again the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose,
 That in the brest was of the beast that day,
 That Angenozes daughter ladde away :
 And doune on knees, anon, right I me sette,
 And as I could, this fresh floure I grette,
 Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was,
 Upon the small, soft, swete gras,
 That was with floures swete embrouded all,
 Of such swetenesse, and soch odour over all,
 That for to speake of gomme, herbe, or tree,
 Comparison may not ymaked be,
 For it surmounteth plainly all odoures,
 And of riche beaute of floures :
 Forgotten had the yearth his poore estate
 Of Winter, that him naked made and mate,
 And with his sword of cold so sore greved ;
 Now hath the attempre sunne all that releved
 That naked was, and clad it new again ;
 The small foules of the season fain,
 That of the panter and the wet been scaped,
 Upon the fouler, that hem made awahped
 In Winter, and destroyed had hir brood,
 In his dispite hem thought it did hem good
 To sing of him, and in hir song dispise
 The foule chorle, that for his covetise,
 Had hem betrayed with his sophistrie,
 This was hir song, " The fouler we defie,
 And all his craft : " and some songen clere,
 Laies of love, that joy it was to here,
 In worshipping and praysing of hir make,

And for the new blissful Somers sake,
 Upon the braunches full of blosmes soft,
 In hir dilite, they turned hem ful oft,
 And songen, " Blissed be Sainct Valentine,
 For on his day I chese you to be mine,
 Withouten repenting mine herte swete ; "
 And therewithall hir bekens gonnen mete,
 Yelding honour, and humble obeisaunce
 To love, and didden hir other observaunce
 That longeth unto love, and unto nature,
 Constrewe that as you list, I do no cure :
 And tho that had done unkindnesse,
 As doeth the tidife, for new fanglennesse,
 Besought mercy of hir trespassing,
 And humbly song hir repenting,
 And sworn on the blosmes to be true,
 So that hir makes woud upon hem rue,
 And at the last maden hir acorde,
 All found they Daunger for the time a lord,
 Yet Pite, through his strong gentill might,
 Foryave, and made Mercy passen right
 Through Innocence, and ruled Curtesie :
 But I ne cleape it nat innocence folie,
 Ne false pite, for vertu is the meane,
 As eticke sayth, in soch maner I meane.
 And thus these foule, voide of all mallic,
 Acordenen to love, and laften vice
 Of hate, and song all of one acorde,
 " Welcome Sommer, our gouverour and lorde,"
 And Zephirus, and Flora gentelly,
 Yave to the floures soft and tenderly,
 Hir swote breth, and made hem for to sprede,
 As god and goddessse of the flourie mede,
 In which me thoughte I might day by day,
 Dwellen alway, the joly month of May,
 Withouten slepe, withouten meat or drinke :
 Adowne full softly I gan to sinke,
 And leaning on my elbow and my side,
 The long day I shope me for to abide,
 For nothing els, and I shall nat lie,
 But for to looke upon the daisie,
 That well by reason men it call may
 The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
 The emprise, and floure of floures all,
 I pray to God that faire mote she fall,
 And all that loven floures, for her sake :
 But nathelesse, ne wene nat that I make
 In praising of the floure againe the lefe,
 No more than of the corne againe the shefe :
 For as to me a'is lever none ne lother,
 I n'am witholden yet with never nother,
 Ne I not who serveth lefe, ne who the floure,
 Well brouken they hir service or laboure,
 For this thing is all of another tonne,
 Of old storie, er soch thing was begonne.
 Whan that the Sunne out the south gan west,
 And that this floure gan close, and gan to rest,
 For derknes of the night, the which she dred,
 Home to mine house full swiftly I me sped
 To gone to res, and early for to rise,
 To seene this floure to sprede, as I devise.
 And in a little herber that I have,
 That benched was on urves fresh ygrave,
 I had men shoulde me my couche make,
 For deintie of the newe Sommers sake,
 I had hem straven floures on my bedde ;
 Whan I was laid, and had mine eyen tredde,
 I fell a slepe, and slept an houre or two,
 Me met how I lay in the meadow tho,
 To seen this floure, that I love so and drede,

And from a ferre came walking in the mede
 The god of love, and in his hand a queene,
 And she was clad in royall habite grene,
 A fret of golde she had next her heere,
 And upon that a white croune she beare,
 With flourouns small, and I shall not lie,
 For all the world right as a daisie
 Ycrouned is, with white leaves lite,
 So were the flourouns of her croune white,
 For of o perle fine orientall,
 Her white croune was ymaked all,
 For which the white croune above the grene
 Made her like a daisie for to seme,
 Considred eke her fret of gold above :
 Yclothed was this mighty god of love
 In silke, embroidred full of grene greves,
 In which a fret of rodde rose leves,
 The freshest sens the world was first begun ;
 His gilt heere was crouned with a sun,
 In stede of gold, for heviness and weight,
 Therwith, me thought, his face shone so bright
 That well unnethes might I him behold,
 And in his hand, me thought, I saw him hold
 Two firs dartes, as the gledes rede,
 And angelike his wings saw I sprede :
 And all be that men sain that blinde is he,
 Algate, me thought, that he might se,
 For sternely on me he gan behold,
 So that his loking doeth mine herte cold,
 And by the hand he held this noble queene,
 Crouned with white, and clothed al in greene,
 So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
 That in this worlde though that men wold seke,
 Halfe her beaute should they not finde
 In creature that formed is by kinde,
 And therefore may I sain as thinketh me,
 This song in praising of this lady fre.

“ Hide, Absolon, thy gylt tresses clere,
 Hester lay thou thy mekenesse all adoun,
 Hide, Jonathas, all thy frendly manere,
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,
 Make of your wifehode no comparisoun,
 Hide your beauties, Isoude and Helein,
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain.

“ Thy faire body let it not appere,
 Lavine, and thou Lucrece of Rome toun,
 And Polixene, that boughten love so dere,
 And Cleopatras, with all thy passoun,
 Hide your trouthe of love, and your renoun,
 And thou Tisbe, that hast of love such pain,
 My lady commeth, that all this may distain.

“ Hero, Dido, Laodomia, al yfere,
 And Phillis, hanging for Demophoun,
 And Canace, espied by thy chere,
 Hipsiphile betrayed with Jasoun,
 Maketh of your trouth neither boste ne soun,
 Nor Hipermistre, or Ariadne, ye twain,
 My lady cometh, that all this may distain.”

This balade may full well ysongen be,
 As I have sayd erst, by my lady fre,
 For certainly, all these mowe not suffice,
 To apperen with my lady in no wise,
 For as the Sunne wold the fire distain,
 So passeth all my lady soverain,
 That is so good, so faire, so debonaire,
 I pray to God that ever fall her faire,
 For nad comforte nen of her presence,

I had ben dead, withouten any defence,
 For drede of Lovcs wordes, and his chere,
 As whan time is, hereafter ye shall here.

Behind this god of love upon the grene,
 I saw coming of ladies ninetene,
 In roiall habit, a full casie pace,
 And after hem came of women such a trace,
 That sens that God Adam had made of yerth,
 The third part of mankinde, or the fersh,
 Ne wende I nat by possibilite,
 Had ever in this wide world ybe,
 And true of love, these women were echon :
 Now, whether was that a wonder thing or non,
 That right anon, as that they goune espye
 This flour, which that I clepe the daisie,
 Full sodainly they stinten all at ones,
 And kneled doune, as it were for the nones,
 And songen with o voice, “ Heale and honou
 To trouth of womanhede, and to this flour,
 That beareth our alderprise in figuring,
 Her white croune beareth the witnessing.”
 And with that word, a compas environ,
 They sitten hem ful softly adoun :
 First sat the god of love, and sith his queene,
 With the white croune, clad all in grene,
 And sithen all the remnaunt by and by,
 As they were of cstate, full curtesly,
 Ne nat a worde was spoken in the place
 The mountenance of a furlong way of space.

I, kneling by this flour, in good entent
 Abode to knowen what this people ment,
 As still as any stone, till, at the last,
 This god of love, on me his eyen cast,
 And said, “ Who kneleth there ?” and I answerde
 Unto his asking, whan that I it herde,
 And sayd, “ Sir, it am I,” and come him nere,
 And salued him : quod he, “ What doest thou here,
 So nigh mine owne flour, so boldly ?
 It were better worthy truly,

A worme to nighen nere my flour than thou.”

“ And why sir,” quod I, “ and it like you ?”
 “ For thou,” quod he, “ art therto nothing able,
 It is my relike, digne and delitable,
 And thou my fo, and all my folke werriest,
 And of mine old servaunts thou missaigest,
 And hindrest hem with thy translation,
 And lettest folke from hir devocioun,
 To serve me, and holdest it folie
 To serve Love, thou mayst it nat denie,
 For in plain text, withouten nede of glose,
 Thou hast translated the Romaunt of the Rose,
 That is an heresie ayenst my law,
 And makest wise folke fro me withdraw ;
 And of Cresseide, thou hast said as the list,
 That maketh men to women lesse trist,
 That ben as trewe as ever was any stele :
 Of thine answerse avise thee right wele,
 For though thou vened hast my lay,
 As other wretches have done many a day,
 By saint Venus, that my mother is,
 If that thou live, thou shalt repenten this,
 So cruelly, that it shall well be sene.”

Tho spake this lady, clothed all in greene,
 And said, “ God, right of your curtesie,
 Ye mote herken if he can replie
 Ayenst all this that ye have to him meved ;
 A God ne shulde nat be thus agreved,
 But of his deite he shal be stable,
 And there gracious and merciable :
 And if ye n'ere a God that knowen all,

Than might it be as I you tellen shall,
 This man to you may falsely ben accused,
 That as by right him ought ben excused,
 For in your court is many a losengeour,
 And many a queinte tolover accusour,
 That tabouren in your eares many a soun,
 Right after hir imaginatioun,
 To have your dalaunce, and for envie,
 These ben the causes, and I shall nat lie,
 Envie is lavender of the court alway,
 For she ne parteth neither night ne day,
 Out of the house of Cæsar, thus saith Dant,
 Who so that goeth algate she wol nat want.

“And eke, perauunter, for this man is nice,
 He might done it, gessing no malice,
 But for he useth thinges for to make,
 Him recketh nought of what mater he take,
 Or him was boden make thilke twey,
 Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey :
 Or him repenteth utterly of this,
 He ne hath nat done so greuously amis,
 To translaten that old clerkes writen,
 As though that he of malice would enditen,
 Dispite of Love, and had himself it wrought :
 This shold a rightwise lord have in his thought,
 And nat be like tiraunts of Lombardie,
 That lian no reward but at tyrannie,
 For he that king or lorde is naturell,
 Him ought nat be tiraunt ne cruell,
 As is a fermour, to done the harme he can,
 He must think it is his liege man,
 And is his tresour, and his gold in cofer,
 This is the sentence of the philosopher :
 A king, to kepe his lieges in justice,
 Withouten doute that is his office,
 All woll he kepe his lordes in hir degree,
 As it is right and skil, that they be
 Enhansued and honoured, and most dere,
 For they ben halfe goddesses in this world here,
 Yet mote he done both right to poore and riche,
 All be that hir estate be nat both yliche,
 And have of poore folke compassion,
 For lo, the gentill kinde of the lion,
 For whan a flie offendeth him or biteth,
 He with his taile away the flie smiteth,
 Al easily, for of his gentrie
 Him deinethe nat to wreke him on a flie,
 As doeth a curre, or els another beest ;
 In noble corage ought ben areest,
 And waien every thing by equite,
 And ever have regard unto his owne degree :
 For, sir, it is no maistrie for a lord
 To dampne a man, without answer of word,
 And for a lorde, that is full foule to use ;
 And it so be, he may him nat excuse,
 But asketh mercy with a dreadful herte,
 And profereth him, right in his bare sherte,
 To ben right at your owne judgement,
 Than ought a God by short avisement,
 Consider his owne honour, and his trespass,
 For sich no cause of death lieth in this case,
 You ought to ben the lightier merciable,
 Letteth your ire, and beithe somewhat treftable :
 The man hath served you of his conninges,
 And forthred well your law in his makinges,
 All be it that he can nat well endite,
 Yet hath he made leude folke delite
 To serve you, in preising of your name,
 He made the boke, that hight, the House of Fame,
 And eke the Death of Blaunche the Duchesse,

And the Parliament of Foules, as I gesse,
 And al the Love of Palamon and Arcite
 Of Thebes, though the storie is knownen lite,
 And many an himpne, for your holy daies,
 That highten Balades, Rondels, Virelaies ;
 And for to speake of other holnesse,
 He hath in prose translated Boece,
 And made the Life also of Saint Cecile :
 He made also, gone is a great while,
 Origenes upon the Maudelaine :
 Him ought now to have the lesse paine,
 He hath made many a ley, and many a thing.

“Now as ye be a God, and eke a king,
 I your Alceste, whilom queene of Trace,
 I aske you this man right of your grace,
 That ye him never hurt in al his live,
 And he shal swearen to you, and that blive,
 He shal never moic agiliten in this wise,
 But shal maken as ye woll devise,
 Of women trewe in loving al hir life,
 Where so ye woll, of maiden or of wife,
 And forthren you as much as he misseide,
 Or in the Rose, or eles in Cresseide.”

The god of love answerde her thus anon,
 “Madame,” quod he, “it is so long agon,
 That I you knew, so charitable and trewe,
 That never yet, sens the world was newe,
 To me ne found I better none than ye,
 If that I woll save my degree :
 I may nor woll nat werne your request,
 Al lieth in you, doth with him as you lest.

“I al foryeve withouten lenger space,
 For who so yeveth a yefte or doth a grace,
 Do it betime, his thanke shall be the more ;
 And demeth ye what ye shal do therfore ?

“Go thanke now my lady here,” quod he.
 I rose, and doun I set me on my knee,
 And said thus : “Madame, the God above
 Foryelde you that the god of love
 Have made me his wrath to foryeve,
 And grace so longe for to live,
 That I may know sothely what ye be,
 That have me holpen, and put in this degre :
 But trewly I wende, as in this caas
 Nought have a gilte, ne done to love trespas,
 For why ? a trewe man withouten drede
 Hath nat to parten with a theves dede.

“Ne a trewe lover ought me nat to blame,
 Though that I speke a false lover some shame :
 They ought rather with me for to hold,
 For that I of Cresseide wrote or told,
 Or of the Rose, what so mine author ment,
 Algate, God wotte, it was mine entent
 To forthren trouth in love, and it cherice,
 And to ben ware for falsnesse and fro vice,
 By which ensample, this was my mening.”

And she answerde, “Let be thine arguing,
 For love ne wol not counterpleted be,
 In right ne wrong, and lerne that of me :
 Thou hast thy grace, and hold the right thereto.
 Now woll I saine what penance thou shalt do
 For thy trespass, understand it here :
 Thou shalt while that thou livest, yere by yere,
 The most partie of thy time spende,
 In making of a glorios legende,
 Of good women, maidenes and wives,
 That weren trewe in loving al hir lives,
 And tell of false men that hem betraien,
 That al hir life ne do nat but assaian
 How many women they may done a shame,

For in your world that is now hold a game :
 And though thee like nat a lover be,
 Speke wel of love, this penance yeve I thee,
 And to the god of love I shal so pray,
 That he shal charge his servaunts by any way,
 To forthren thee, and wel thy labour quite,
 Go now thy waie, this penance is but lite :
 And whan this boke is made, yeve it the queene
 On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene."
 The god of love gan smile, and than he said :
 "Wost thou," quod he, "wherethis bewife or maid,
 Or queene, or countesse, or of what degree,
 That hath so littell penance yeven thee,
 That hast deserved sore for to smart,
 But pite renneth sone in gentle herte :
 That maist thou sene, she kitheth what she is."
 And I answerde, "Naie, sir, so have I blis,
 No more, but that I see well she is good."

"That is a trewe tale, by mine hood,"
 Quod Love, "and thou knowest wel, parde,
 If it be so that thou avise the :
 Hast thou nat in a booke in thy cheste,
 The great goodnesse of the queene Alceste,
 That turned was into a dayesie,
 She that for her husband chese to die,
 And eke to gone to Hell, rather than he,
 And Hercules rescued her, parde,
 And brought her out of Hel againe to blis?"

And I answerde againe, and said "Yes,
 Now know I her, and is this good Alceste,
 The dayesie, and mine owne hertes reste ?
 Now fele I well the goodnesse of this wife,
 That both after her death, and in her life,
 Her great bounte doubleth her renoun,
 Wel hath she quit me mine affectioun,
 That I have to her floure the dayesie,
 No wonder is though Jove her stellife,
 As telleth Agaton, for her great goodnesse,
 Her white corowne beareth of it witness :
 For all so many vertues had she,
 As smal flourones in her corowne be,
 In remembrance of her, and in honour,
 Cibylla made the dayesie and the floure,
 Ycrowned al with white, as men may se,
 And Mars yave to her a corowne reed, parde,
 In stede of rubies set among the white :"
 Therewith this queene woxxe red for shame alite,
 Whan she was prayssed so in her presence,
 Than said Love, "A full great negligence
 Was it to thee, that ilke time thou made,
 'Hide Absolon thy tresses,' in balade,
 That thou forget in thy songe to sette,
 Sith that thou art so greatly in her dette,
 And wost well that kalender is she
 To any woman, that woll lover be :
 For she taught all the craft of trewe loving,
 And namely of wifehode the living,
 And all the bondes that she ought keepe ;
 Thy litel witte was thilke time asleepe :
 But now I charge thee upon thy life,
 That in thy legende thou make of this wife,
 Whan thou hast other charge ymade before :
 And fare now well, I charge thee no more,
 But er I go, thus much I will the tell,
 Ne shal no trewe lover come in Hell.

"These other ladies sitting here a rowe,
 Ben in thy balade, if thou const hem know,
 And in thy bokes al thou shalt hem find,
 Have hem now in thy legende al in mind,
 I meane of hem that ben in thy knowing,

For here ben twenty thousand mo sitting
 Than thou knowest, good women all,
 And trewe of love, for ought that may befall :
 Make the metres of hem as thee lewst,
 I mote gone home, the Sunne draweth west,
 To Paradis, with all this companie,
 And serve alway the fresh dayesie.
 At Cleopatras I woll that thou begin,
 And so forth, and my love so shalt thou win ;
 For let see now, what man, that lover be,
 Wol done so strong a paine for love as she.
 I wote well that thou maist nat all it rime,
 That suche lovers did in hir time :
 It were too long to reden and to here,
 Suffiseth me thou make in this manere,
 That thou reherce of al her life the great,
 After these old authours listen for to treat,
 For who so shall so many a story tell,
 Sey shortly or he shall too longe dwell :"
 And with that worde my bookes gan I take,
 And right thus on my legende gan I make.

THUS ENDETH THE PROLOGUE.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE LEGENDE OF CLEOPATRAS,
 Queene of Egypt.

AFTER the death of Ptholome the king,
 That all Egypt had in his governing,
 Reigned his queene Cleopatras,
 Till on a time bifel there such a caas,
 That out of Rome was sent a senatour,
 For to conqueren realmes and honour,
 Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,
 To have the world at her obeisaunce,
 And soth to say, Antonius was his name,
 So fil it, as fortune him ought a shame,
 Whan he was fallen in prosperite,
 Rebel unto the toune of Rome is he,
 And over al this, the suster of Cesare
 He left her falsely, er that she was ware,
 And would algates han another wife,
 For which he toke with Rome and Cesar strifa
 Nathelesse, forsoth, this ilke senatour,
 Was a full worthy gentill werriour,
 And of his deth it was ful great damage,
 But Love had brought this man in such a rage
 And him so narrow bounden in his laas,
 And all for the love of Cleopatras,
 That al the world he set at no value,
 Him thought there was nothing to him so due,
 As Cleopatras for to love and serve ;
 Him thought that in armes for to sterve
 In the defence of her, and of her right.

This noble queene, eke loved so this knight,
 Through his desert, and for his chevalrie,
 As certainly, but if that bokes lie,
 He was of person, and of gentillesse,
 And of discretion, and of hardinesse,
 Worthy to any wight that liven may,
 And she was faire, as is the rose in May ;
 And, for to maken shorte is the best,
 She woxxe his wife, and had him as her lest.

The wedding and the feast to devise,
 To me that have ytake such emprise,
 And so many a storie for to make,
 It were to longe, lest that I should slake

Of thing that beareth more effect and charge,
For men may overlade a ship or barge,
And forthy, to effect than wolle I skippe,
And al the remnaunt I wolle let it slippe.

Octavian, that wood was of this dede,
Shope him an hooste on Antony to lede,
Al utterly for his destruction,
With stoute Romaines, cruell as lion ;
To ship they went, and thus I let hem saile.

Antonius was ware, and wolle nat faile
To meten with these Romaines, if he may,
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a day,
His wife and he, and all his host forth went
To ship anone, no lenger they ne stent,
And in the see it happed hem to mete ;
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
And painen hem to set on with the Sunne,
With grisly sown out goeth the great gunne,
And hertely they hurtlen in all at ones,
And fro the top doume cometh the great stones,
In goeth the grapnel so full of crokes,
Among the ropes ran the shering hokes,
In with the polaxe preaseth he and he,
Behind the maste beginneth he to flee,
And out againe, and driveth him over borde,
He sticketh him upon his speares orde,
He rent the saile with hookes like a sith,
He bringeth the cup, and biddeth hem be blith,
He poureth peeson upon the hatches slider,
With pottes full of lime, they gone togider,
And thus the longe day in fight they spend,
Till at the last, as every thing hath end,
Antony is shent, and put him to the fight,
And all his folk to go, that best good might,
Fleeth eke the queene, with all her purple saile,
For strokes which that went as thicke as haile,
No wonder was, she might it nat endure :
And whan that Antony saw that aventure,
" Alas," quod he, " the day that I was borne,
My worship in this day thus have I lorne,"
And for dispaire out of his wit he start,
And rofe himselfe, anon, throughout the herte,
Ere that he fertiler went out of the place :
His wife, that could of Cesar have no grace,
To Egypt is fled, for drede and for distresse,
But herkeneth ye that speken of kindnesse.

Ye men that falsely swearan many an oth,
That ye wolle die if that your love be wroth,
Here may ye seene of women such a trouth.
This woful Cleopatra had made such routh,
That there n'is tonge none that may it tell,
But on the morow she wolle no lenger dwell,
But made her subtyll werkmen make a shrine
Of all the rubies and the stones fine
In all Egypt that she coude espie,
And put full the shrine of spicerie,
And led the corse enbaume, and forth she fette
This dead corse, and in the shrine it shette,
And next the shrine a pit than doth she grave,
And all the serpentines that she might have,
She put hem in that grave, and thus she seid :
" Now love, to whom my sorowfull herte obeid,
So ferforthly, that fro that blisfull hour
That I you swore to ben all freely your,
I meane you, Antonius my knight,
That never waking in the day or night,
Ye n'ere out of mine hertes remembrance,
For wele or wo, for carole, or for daunce,
And in my selfe this covenannt made I tho,
That right such as ye felten wele or wo.

As ferforth as it in my power lay,
Unreprovable unto my wifehood aye,
The same woude I felen, life or death,
And thilke covenannt while me lasteth breath
I wolle fulfill, and that shall well be seene,
Was never unto her love a truer queenee :"
And with that word, naked, with full good herte,
Among the serpentines in the pit she start,
And there she chese to have her burying,
Anone the neders gonne her for to sting,
And she her death receiveth with good chere,
For love of Antony that was her so dere.
And this is storiall, sooth it is no fable :
Now ere I find a man thus true and stable,
And wolle for love his death so freely take,
I pray God let our hedes never ake.

THE LEGEND OF TISBE OF BABILON.

At Babiloine whylome fill it thus,
The whiche toun the queen Simiramus
Let dichen al about, and walles make
Full hie, of harde tiles well ybake :
There were dwelling in this noble toun,
Two lordes, which that were of great renoun,
And wonden so nigh upon a grene,
That there nas but a stone wal hem between,
As oft in great tounes is the wonne :
And sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne,
Of all that lond one of the lustiest,
That other had a daughter, the fairest
That estward in the world was tho dwelling ;
The name of everiche gan to other spring,
By women that were neighbours aboute,
For in that countre yet withouten doute,
Maidenes ben ykempt for jealousie
Ful straitte, lest they diden some folie.

This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
Thishe hight the maide, (Naso saith thus)
And thus by report was hir name yshove,
That as they woxe in age, so woxe hir love :
And certaine, as by reason of hir age,
Ther might have ben betwixt hem marriage,
But that hir fathers n'olde it nat assent,
And bothe in love ylike sore they brent,
That none of all hir friendes might it lette,
But prively sometime yet they mette
By sleight, and spaken some of hir desire,
As wrie the glode and hotter is the fire,
Forbid a love, and it is ten times so wode.

This wal, which that betwixt hem bothe stode,
Was cloven atwo, right fro the top adoun,
Of old time, of his foundatioun,
But yet this cliff was so narrow and lite
It was nat seene, dere inough a mite,
But what is that, that love cannot espie ?
Ye lovers two, if that I shall not lie,
Ye founden first this litte narrow cliff,
And with a sound, as soft as any shrift,
They let hir wordes through the clifte paze,
And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,
All hir complaint of love, and all hir wo,
At every time whan they durst so.

On that one side of the wall stood he,
And on that other side stood Tisbe,
The sweet sounne of other to receive,
And thus hir warde'as would they deceive,

And every daie this wall they would threte,
 And wish to God that it were doun ybete,
 Thus wold they sain, "Alas, thou wicked wall,
 Through thine envie thou us lettest all,
 Why nilt thou cleave, or fallen all atwo,
 Or at the least, but thou wouldest so,
 Yet wouldest thou but ones let us mete,
 Or ones that we might kissen swete,
 Than were we cured of our cares cold,
 But nathelesse, yet be we to thee hold,
 In as much as thou suffrest for to gone,
 Our words through thy lime and eke thy stone,
 Yet ought we with thee ben well apaid."

And whan these idle wordes weren said,
 The cold wall they wolden kisse of stoned,
 And take hir leave, and forth they wolden gone,
 And this was gladly in the eventide,
 Or wonder erly, least men it espide.
 And long time they wrought in this manere,
 Till on a day, whan Phebus gan to clere,
 Aurora with the stremes of her hete,
 Had dried up the dew of herbes wete,
 Unto this clift, as it was wont to be,
 Come Piramus, and after come Tisbe,
 And plighen trouthe fully in hir fay,
 That ilke same night to steale away,
 And to beguile hir wardens everychone,
 And forth out of the cite for to gone,
 And for the fieldes ben so brode and wide,
 For to mete in o place at o tide,
 They set markes, hir meetings should be
 There king Ninus was graven, under a tree,
 For old paynims, that idolles heried,
 Useden tho in fields to ben buried,
 And fast by his grave was a well,
 And shortly of this tale for to tell,
 This covenant was affirmed wonder fast,
 And long hem thought that the Sunne last,
 That it nere gone under the see adoun.

This Tisbe hath so great affection,
 And so great liking Piramus to see,
 That whan she saw her time might be,
 At night she stale away full prively,
 With her face iwimpled subtly,
 For all her friends (for to save her trouth)
 She hath forsake alas, and that is routh,
 That ever woman woulde be so trew,
 To trusten man, but she the bet him knew :
 And to the tree she goeth a full good pace,
 For love made her so hardy in this case,
 And by the well adoun she gan her dresse,
 Alas, that commeth a wild lionesse
 Out of the wood, withouten more arrest,
 With bloody mouth, strangling of a beast,
 To drinken of the well there as she sat,
 And whan that Tisbe had espied that,
 She rist her up with a full drery herte,
 And in a cave, with dreadfull foot she start,
 For by the Moone she saw it well withall.
 And as she ran, her wimple let she fall,
 And toke none hede, so sore she was awhaped,
 And eke so glad that she was escaped,
 And that she sat, and lurketh wonder still :
 Whan that this lionesse hath dronke her fill,
 About the well gan she for to drinke,
 And right anon the wimple gan she find,
 And with her bloody mouth it all to rent,
 Whan this was done, no lenger she ne stent,
 But to the wood her way than hath she none.

And, at the last, this Piramus is come,

But all too long, alas, at home was hec,
 The Moone shone, men might well ysee,
 And in his way, as that he come full fast,
 His eye to the ground adoun he cast,
 And in the sonde, as he beheld adoun,
 He saw the steppes brode of a lion,
 And in his herte he suddainly agrose,
 And pale he wext, therwith his herte arose,
 And nere he came, and found the wimple torne,
 "Alas," quod he, "the day that I was borne !
 This o night wold both us lovers slee ;
 How should I asken mercy of Tisbee,
 Whan I am he that have you slaine ? a. as !
 My bidding hath you slaine in this caas.
 Alas, to bidde a woman gone by night
 In place thereas perill fallen might,
 And I so slow, alas, I ne had be
 Here in this place a furlong way ere ye !
 Now, what lion that is in this Forrest,
 My body mote he rente, or what beast
 That wild is, gnawen mote he mine herte."
 And with that word he to the wimple start,
 And kist it oft, and wept on it full sore,
 And said, "Wimpie, alas, there n'is no more,
 But thou shalt feele as well the blood of me,
 As thou hast felt the bleeding of Tisbe :"
 And with that word he smote him to the herte,
 The blood out of the wound as broad start,
 As water, whan the conduit broken is.

Now Tisbe, which that wist nat this,
 But sitting in her drede, she thought thus,
 "If it so fall out that my Piramus
 Be comen hither, and may me ne yfnd,
 He may me holden false, and eke unkind."
 And out she commeth, and after him gan espie,
 Both with her herte and with her eien,
 And thought, "I wold him tellen of my drede,
 Both of the lionesse and of my dede."
 And, at the last, her love than hath she found,
 Beating with his heeles on the ground,
 All bloody, and therewithall abacke she start,
 And like the waves, quappe gan her herte,
 And pale as boxe she woxe, and in a throw
 Advised her, and gan him well to know,
 That it was Piramus her herte dere.

Who could write whiche a deadly chere
 Hath Tisbe now, and how her haire she rent,
 And how she gan her selfe to turment,
 And how she lieth and swouneth on the ground,
 And how she wept of teares full his wound,
 How medleth she his blood with her complaint,
 How with her blood her selven gan she paint,
 How clippeth she the red corse, alas !
 How doth this wofull Tisbe in this caas !
 How kisseth she his frosty mouth so cold !
 "Who hath don this ? and who hath ben so bold
 To sleen my lefe ? o speake Piramus,
 I am thy Tisbe, that thee calleth thus,"
 And therewithall she lifeth up his head.

This wofull man that was nat fully dead,
 Whan that he herd the name of Tisbe crien,
 On her he cast his heavy deadly eyen,
 And doun againe, and yeeldeth up the ghost.
 Tisbe rist up, without noise or bost,
 And saw her wimple and his empty sheath,
 And eke his sword, that him hath done to death,
 Than spake she thus, "My woful hand," quod she,
 "Is strong ynough in such a werke to me,
 For love shall yeve me strength and hardinesse,
 To make my wound large ynough I gesse,

I woll thee followen dead, and I woll be
Felow, and cause eke of thy death," quod she,
"And though that nothing save the death only,
Might thee fro me depart, trewly
Thou shalt no more departe now fro me
Than fro the death, for I woll go with thee.

"And now ye wretched jelous fathers our,
We that weren whylome children your,
We praien you, withouten more envie,
That in o grave we moten lie,
Sens love hath brought us to this pitous end ;
And right wise God, to every lover send,
That loveth trewly, more prosperite
Than ever had Piramus and Tisbe,
And let no gentill woman her assure
To putten her in such an aventure,
But God forbid but that a woman can
Ben as true and loving as a man,
And, for my part, I shall anon it kithe :"
And with that word, his swerde she tooke swithe,
That warme was of her loves blood, and hote,
And to the herte she her selven smote.

And thus are Tisbe and Piramus ago ;
Of true men I find but few mo
In all my bookes, save this Piramus,
And therefore have I spoken of him thus ;
For it is deintie to us men to find
A man that can in love be true and kind.

Here may ye seeene, what lover so he be,
A woman dare and can as well as he.

THE LEGEND OF DIDO,

Queene of Cartage.

GLOW and honour, Virgile Mantuan,
Be to thy name, and I shall as I can
Follow thy lanterne, as thou goest beforeme,
How Eneas to Dido was forsworne,
In thine Eneide, and Naso woll I take
The tenour and the great effects make.
Whan Troy brought was to destruction
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Sinon,
Faining the horse offred unto Minerve,
Through which that many a Trojan must sterve,
And Hector had after his death apered,
And fire so wood it might nat ben stered,
In all the noble toure of Iliou,
That of the citie was the cheefe dungeon,
And all the country was so low ybrought,
And Priamus the king fordone and nought,
And Eneas was charged by Venus
To flien away, he tooke Ascanius
That was his son, in his right hand and fled,
And on his backe he bare and with him led
His old father, cleped Anchises,
And by the way his wife Creusa he lees,
And mokell sorrow had he in his mind,
Ere that he coulde his fellowship find :
But, at the last, whan he had hem found,
He made hem redy in a certaine stound,
And to the sea full fast he gan him hie,
And saileth forth with all his compaign
Towards Italle, as would destinee :
But of his adventures in the see,
N'is nat to purpose for to speke of here,
For it accordeth nat to my matere,

But, as I said, of him and of Dido
Shall be my tale, till that I have do.

So long he sailed in the salt see,
Till in Libie unneth arrived he,
So was he with the tempest all to shake,
And whan that he the haven had ytake,
He had a knight was called Achatees,
And him of all his fellowship he chees,
To gone with him the country for t'espie,
He tooke with him no more companie,
But forth they gon, and left his ships ride,
His feere and he, withouten any guide.

So long he walketh in this wildernesse,
Till at the last he met an hunteresse,
A bow in hond, and arrowes had she,
Her clothes cutted were unto the knee,
But she was yet the fairest creature
That ever was yformed by nature,
And Eneas and Achates she gret,
And thus she to hem spake, whan she hem met.

"Saw ye," quod she, "as ye han walked wide,
Any of my sustren walke you beside,
With any wild bore or other beast,
That they have hunted into this Forrest,
Ytucked up with arrowes in her caas ?"

"Nay, sothly, lady," quod this Eneas,
"But by thy beaute, as it thinketh me,
Thou mightest never yearlyth woman be,
But Phebus suster art thou, as I gesse,
And if so be that thou be a goddesse,
Have mercy on our labour and our wo."

"I n'am no goddesse soothly," quod she tho,
For maidens walken in this country here,
With arrows and with bow, in this manere :
This is the realme of Libie there ye been,
Of which that Dido lady is and queen,"
And shortly told all the occasion
Why Dido came into that region,
Of which as now me listeth nat to rime,
It nedeth nat, it nere but losse of time,
For this is all and some, it was Venus,
His owne mother, that spake with him thus,
And to Cartage she bade he should him dight,
And vanished anon out of his sight.
I could follow word for word Vergile,
But it would lasten all to longe while.

This noble queen that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wife of Sicheo,
That fairer was than the bright Sunne,
This noble toun of Carthage hath begunne,
In which she reigneth in so great honour,
That she was hold of all quenes flour,
Of gentillesse, of freedom, and of beaute,
That well was him that might her ones se,
Of kings and lordes so desired,
That all the world her beaute had yfired,
She stood so well in every wights grace.

Whan Eneas was come unto the place,
Unto the maister temple of all the toun,
There Dido was in her devotioun,
Full prively his way than hath he nome .
Whan he was in the large temple come,
I cannot saine if that it be possible,
But Venus had him maked invisible,
Thus sayth the booke, withouten any lees.

And whan this Eneas and Achates
Hadden in this temple ben over all,
Than found they depainted on a wall,
How Troy and all the land destroyed was
"Alas, that I was borne !" quod Eneas,

“ Through the world our shame is kid so wide,
 Now it is painted upon every side :
 We that weren in prosperite,
 Ben now disclaundred, and in such degre,
 No lenger for to liven I ne kepe :”
 And with that word he brast out for to weco.
 So tenderly that routh it was to seene.

This fresh lady, of the citie queen,
 Stood in the temple, in her estate roiall,
 So richely, and eke so faire withall,
 So yong, so lustie, with her eyen glade,
 That if that God that Heaven and yearth made,
 Would have a love, for beauty and goodnesse,
 And womanhede, trowth, and semelnesse,
 Whom should he loven but this lady swete ?
 There n'is no woman to him halfe so mete :
 Fortune, that hath the world in governaunce,
 Hath sodainly brought in so new a chaunce,
 That never was there yet so fremed a caas,
 For all the company of Eneas,
 Which that we wend have lorne in the see,
 Arrived is nought ferre fro that citee,
 For which the greatest of his lords, some,
 By aventure ben to the citie come
 Unto that same temple for to seke
 The queene, and of hir socour her beseke,
 Such renome was ther sprung of her goodnesse.

And whan they had tolde all hir distresse,
 And all hir tempest and all hir hard caas,
 Unto the queene appeared Eneas,
 And openly beknew that it was he ;
 Who had joy than, but his meine,
 That hadden found hir lord, hir governour ?

The queene saw they did him such honour,
 And had heard of Eneas, ere tho,
 And in her herte had routh and wo,
 That ever such a noble man as he
 Shall ben disherited in such degre,
 And saw the man, that he was like a knight,
 And suffisaunt of person and of might,
 And like to ben a very gentilman,
 And well his wordes he besette can,
 And had a noble visage for the nones,
 And formed well of browne and of bones,
 And after Venus had such faurenese
 That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse,
 And well a lord him semed for to be,
 And for he was a straunger, somewhat she
 Liked him the bet, as God do boote,
 To some folke often new thing is soote ;
 Anon her herte hathi picee of his wo,
 And with pitie love came also,
 And thus for pitie and for gentilnesse,
 Refreshed must he ben of his distresse.

She said, certes, that she sorry was,
 That he hath had such perill and such caas,
 And in her friendly speech, in this manere
 She to him spake, and sayd as ye may here.

“ Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises ?
 In good faith, all the worship and encrees
 That I may goody done you, ye shall have,
 Your shippes and your meine shall I save ;”
 And many a gentle word she spake him to,
 And commaunded her messengers to go
 The same day, withouten any faile,
 His shippes for to seke and hem vitale ;
 Full many a beast she to the ships sent,
 And with the wine she gan hem to present,
 And to her roiall paleis she her sped,
 And Eneas she alway with her led.

What nedeth you the feastes to descrive,
 He never better at ease was in his live,
 Full was the feast of deinties and richesse,
 Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,
 And many an amorous looking and devise.

This Eneas is come to Paradiase
 Out of the swolowe of Hell, and thus in joy
 Remembreth him of his estate in Troy,
 To dauncing chambers full of paraments,
 Of rich beds, and of pavements,
 This Eneas is ledde after the meat,
 And with the queene whan that he had seat,
 And spices parted, and the wine agon,
 Unto his chamber was he lad anon,
 To take his ease, and for to have his rest
 With all his folke, to done what so him lest.

Ther was courser well ybridled none,
 Ne stede for the justing well to gone,
 Ne large palfrey, easie for the nones,
 Ne jewell fret full of rich stones,
 Ne sakes full of gold, of large wight,
 Ne rubie none that shineth by night,
 Ne gentill hautein falkon heronere,
 Ne hound for hart, wild bore, or dere,
 Ne cup of gold, with floreins new ybette,
 That in the lond of Libie may ben gette,
 That Dido ne hath Eneas it ysent,
 And all is payed what that he hath spent.
 Thus can this honorable queene her gestes call,
 As she that can in freedome passen all.

Eneas sothly eke, without lees,
 Hath sent to his shippe by Achates
 After his sonne, and after rich things,
 Both scepter, clothes, broches, and eke rings,
 Some for to weare, and some to present
 To her, that all these noble things him sent,
 And had his sonne how that he should make
 The presenting, and to the queene it take.

Repaired is this Achates againe,
 And Eneas full blisfull is and faine
 To seene his yong sonne Ascanius,
 For to him it was reported thus,
 That Cupido, that is the god of love,
 At prayer of his mother high above,
 Had the likeness of the child ytake,
 This noble queene enamoured for to make
 On Eneas ; but of that scripture
 Be as he may, I make of it no cure ;
 But soth is this, the queen hath made such chere
 Unto this child, that wonder was to here,
 And of the present that his father sent,
 She thanked him oft in good entent.

Thus is this queen in pleasaunce and joy,
 With all these new lustie folke of Troy,
 And of the deeds hath she more enquired
 Of Eneas, and all the story lered
 Of Troy, and all the long day they tway
 Entendeden for to speake and for to play,
 Of which there gan to bredden such a fire,
 That sely Dido hath now such desire
 With Eneas her new guest to deale,
 That she lost her hew and eke her heale.

Now to th'effect, now to the fruit of all,
 Why I have told this story, and tellen shall.

Thus I begin ; it fell upon a night,
 Whan that the Mone upreised had her light,
 This noble queene unto her rest went.
 She sighed sore, and gon her selfe tourment,
 She walketh, waloweth, and made many braide,
 As done these lovers, as I have heard saide,

And, at the last, unto her suster Anne
She made her mone, and right thus spake she than.

“ Now dere suster mine, what may it be
That me agasteth in my dreame,” quod she,
“ This ilke new Trojan is so in my thought,
For that me thinketh he is so wel iwrought,
And eke so likely to ben a man,
And therwith so mikell good he can,
That all my love and life lieth in lus cure ;
Have ye nat heard him tell his aventure ?

“ Now certes, Anne, if that ye rode me,
I woll faine to hum ywedded be,
This is the effect, what should I more seine ?
In him heth all, to do me live or deme.”

Her suster Anne, as she that coude her good,
Said as her thought, and somdele it withstood,
But hereof was so long a sermoning,
It were to long to make rehearsal ;
But, finally, it may not be withstonde,
Love woll love, for no wight woll it wonde.
The dawning uprist out of the see,
This amorous queene chargeth her meine
The nettes dresse, and speres brode and kene,
In hunting woll this lustie fresh queene,
So pricketh her this new jolly wo,
To horse is all her lustie folke ygo,
Unto the court the houndes ben ybrought,
And up on courser, swift as any thought,
Her yong knights heven all about,
And of her women eke an huge rout.
Upon a thicke palfray, paper white,
With saddle redde, embrouded with delite,
Of gold the barres, up embossed high,
Sate Dido, all in gold and perrie wrigh,
And she is faire as is the bright morrow,
That healeth sickle folkes of nights sorrow ;
Upon a courser, starting as the fire,
Men might tourne him with a little wire.

But Eneas, like Phebus to devise,
So was he fresh arrayed in his wise,
The fomie bridle, with the bitte of gold,
Governeth he right as himselfe hath would ;
And forth this noble queene, this lady ride
On hunting, with this Trojan by her side.
The herd of hartes founden is anon,
With “ Hey, go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon,
Why n’ill the lion comen or the beare,
That I might him ones meten with this spear ?”
Thus saine this yong folke, and up they kill
The wild hartes, and have hem at hir will.

Among all this, to romblen gan the Heven,
The thunder rored with a grisly steven,
Doun come the rain, with haille and sleet so fast,
With Heavens fire, that made so sore agast
This noble queene, and also her meine,
That eche of hem was glad away to fle,
And shortly, fro the tempest her to save,
She fled her selfe into a litle cave,
And with her went this Eneas also,
I n’ot with hem if there went any mo,
The authour maketh of it no mention :
And here began the deepe affection
Betwixt hem two, this was the first morrow
Of her gladnesse, and gining of her sorrow,
For there hath Eneas ykneled so,
And told her all his hurt and all his wo,
And sworne so deepe to her to be true,
For wele or wo, and change for no new,
And as a false lover so well can plaine,
That sely Dido rewed on his paine,

And toke him for husbond, and became his wife
For evermore, while that hem last life ;
And after this, whan that the tempest stent,
With murth out as they came, home they went.
The wicked fame up rose, and that anon,
How Eneas hath with the queene ygot
Into the cave, and demed as hem list :
And whan the kung (that Yarbass lught) it wist,
As he that had her loved ever his life,
And wode her to have her to his wife,
Such sorrow as he hath maked, and such chere,
It is a routh and pitie for to here,
But as in love, alday it happeth so,
That one shall laughen at anothers wo,
Now laughed Eneas, and is in joy,
And more richesse than ever was in Troy.

O sely woman, full of innocence,
Full of pitie, of truth, and continence,
What maked you to men to trusten so ?
Have ye such routh upon hir fained wo,
And have such old ensamples you beforeme ?
See ye nat all how they ben forsworne !
Where see ye one, that he ne hath laft his life,
Or ben unkind, or done her some mischefe,
Or pilled her or bosted of his dede ?
Ye may as well it seene, as ye may rede.
Take hede now of this great gentilman,
This Trojan, that so well her please can,
That farneth him so true and obeysing,
So gentill, and so privie of his doing,
And can so well done all his obeysaunce
To her, at feastes and at daunce,
And whan she goeth to temple, and home agayn,
And fasten till he hath his lady seyn,
And bearen in his devises for her sake,
N’ot I nat what, and songes would he make,
Justen, and done of armes many things,
Send her letters, tokens, brooches, and rings.

Now herkneth how he shal his lady serve :
There as he was in perill for to sterve
For hunger and for mischefe in the see,
And desolate, and fled fro his countree,
And all his folke with tempest all to driven,
She hath her body and eke her realme yeven
Into his hond, there she might have been
Of other land than of Cartage a queene,
And lived in joy inough, what would ye more !

This Eneas, that hath thus deepe ysware,
Is wearie of his craft withun a throw,
The hote earnest is all overblow,
And prively he dothe his ships dight,
And shapeth him to steale away by night.

This Dido hath suspicion of this,
And thought well that it was al amis,
For in his bed he lieth a night and siketh,
She asketh him anon, what him misliketh,
“ My dere herte, which that I love most.”

“ Certes,” quod he, “ this night my fathers ghost
Hath in my slepe me so sore tourmented,
And eke Mercury his message hath presented,
That needes to the conquest of Itaile
My destinie is soone for to sale,

For which, me thinketh, brosten is mine hert :”
Therwith his false teares out they start,
And taketh her withun his armes two.

“ Is that in earnest,” quod she, “ woll ye so
Have ye nat sworne to wif me to take ?
Alas, what woman woll ye of me make ?
I am a gentyl woman, and a queene,
Ye woll not fro your wife thus foule fleeen

That I was borne, alas ! what shall I do ?”

To tellen in short, this noble queen Dido
She seeketh halowes, and doth sacrifice,
She kneeleth, crieth, that routh is to devise,
Conjureth him, and profereth him to be
His thrall, his servaunt, in the best degre,
She falleth him to foot, and sowneth there,
Dischevile with her bright gilt heere,
And sayth, “ Have mercy, let me with you ride,
These loides, which that women me beside,
Woll me destroyen, only for your sake :
And ye woll me now to wife take,
As ye have sworne, than woll I yeve you leve
To sleen me with your sward now some at eve,
For than yet shall I dien as your wife ;
I am with child, and yeve my child his life !
Mercy lord, have pitie in your thought !”
But all this thing availleth her right nought !
And as a traitour forthe gan to saile
Toward the large cuntry of Itaile,
And thus hath he laft Dido in wo and pine,
And wedded there a ladie hight Lavine.
A cloth he laft, and eke his sword standing,
Whan he fro Dido stale in her sleeping,
Right at her beds head, so gan he hie,
Whan that he stale away to his navie.

Which cloth, whan selie Dido gan awake,
She hath it kist full oft for his sake,
And said, “ O sweet cloth, while Jupiter it lest,
Take my soule, unbind me of this unrest,
I have fulfilled of fortune all the course.”
And thus, alas, withouten his socourse,
Twentie time yswouned hath she than,
And whan that she unto her suster Anne
Complained had, of which I may not write
So great routh I have it for to endite,
And bad her norice and her sustren gone
To fetchen fire, and other things anone,
And sayd that she would sacrifice,
And whan she might her time well asprie,
Upon the fire of sacrifice she start,
And with his sword she rofe her to the herte :
But as mine authour saith, yet this she seide,
Or she was hurt, beforen or she deide,
She wrote a letter anon, and thus began.
“ Right so,” quod she, “ as the white swan
Ayenst his death beginneth for to sing,
Right so to you I make my complaining,
Not that I trow to getten you againe,
For well I wote it is all in vaine,
Sens that the gods ben contrarious to me,
But sin my name is lost through you,” quod she,
“ I may well lese a word on you or letter,
Albeit I shall be never the better,
For thilke wind that blew your ship away,
The same wind hath blow away your fay :”
But who so woll all this letter have in mind,
Rede Ovide, and in him he shall it find.

THE LEGEND OF HIPHISPHILE AND MEDEA.

Thou root of false lovers, duke Jason.
Thou sleer, devourer, and confusion
Of gentyll women, gentile creatures,
Thou madest thy reclaiming and thy lures
To ladies of thy scathelike apparaunce,
And of thy wordes farsed with pleasaunce,

And of thy fained trowth, and thy manere,
With thine obeysaunce and humble chere,
And with thine counterfeited paine and wo,
There other falsen one, thou falsed two,
O oft swore thou that thou wouldest die
For love, whan thou ne feltest maladie,
Save foule delite, which thou callest love ;
If that I live, thy name shall be shove
In English, that thy deceit shall be know,
Have at thee Jason, now thine honour is blow.
But certes, it is both routh and wo,
That love with false lovers werketh so,
For they shall have well better love and chere
Than he that hath bought love full dere,
Or had in armes many a bloodie boxe,
For ever as tender a capon eateth the foxe,
Though he be fals, and hath the foule betraied,
As shall the good man that therefore paid,
Although he have to the capon skill and right,
The false foxe woll have his part at night.
On Jason this ensample is well yseene,
By Hipsiphile and Medea the queene.

In Thessalie, as Ovide telleth us,
There was a knight, that hight Peleus,
That had a brother, which that hight Eson,
And whan for age he might unnetthes gon,
He yave to Peleus the governing
Of al his reign, and made him lord and king,
Of which Eson, this Jason getten was,
That in his time in all that land there nas
Nat such a famous knight of gentillesse,
Of freedome, of strength, and of lustinesse ;
After his fathers death he bare him so,
That there nas none that list ben his fo,
But did him all honour and companie,
Of which this Peleus hath great envie,
Imagining that Jason might be
Enhansed so, and put in such degre,
With love of lordes of his region,
That from his reigne he may be put adoun,
And in his wit a night compassed he
How Jason might best destroyed be,
Withouten slaunder of his compasment ;
And, at the last, he tooke avisement,
That to send him into some ferre cuntry,
There as this Jason may destroyed be ;
This was his wit, all made he to Jason
Great chere of looke, and of affection,
For drede leas his lords it espide.
So fell it, as fame ronneth wide,
There was such tiding over all, and such loos,
That in an isle, that called was Colcos,
Beyond Troy eastward in the see,
That there was a ram, that men might see,
That had a flees of gold that shone so bright,
That no where was there such another sight ;
But it was kept alway with a dragoun,
And many other mervailus up and doun,
And with two bulles maked all of bras,
That spitten fire, and much thing there was,
But this was eke the tale nathelees,
That who so would winnen thilke flees,
He must both, or he it winnen might,
With the buls and the dragon fight.

And king Otes lord was of that isle :
This Peleus bethought upon this wile,
That he his nephew Jason would export
To sailen to that lond, him to disport,
And sayd, “ Nephew, if it might be,
That such worship might fall thee,

That thou this famous treasure might win,
And bring it my region within,
It were to me great pleasure and honour,
Than were I hold to quite thy labour,
And all thy costes I woll my selfe make,
And chose what folke thou wolt with thee take,
Let see now, darste thou taken this voyage?"

Jason was yonge, and lustie of corage,
And undertooke to done this ilke emprise ;
Anon, Argus his ships gan devise.

With Jason went the strong Hercules,
And many another, that he with him ches,
But who so asketh who is with him gon,
Let him rede Argonauticon,
For he woll tell a tale long ynough.
Philoctetes anon the saile up drough,
Whan the wind was good, and gan him hie
Out of his country, called Thessalie.
So long they sayled in the salt see,
Till in the isle of Lemnon arrived hee,
All be this nat rehearsed of Guido,
Yet saith Ovide in his Epistles so,
And of this isle lady was and quene,
The faire yong Hipsiphile the shene,
That whilom Thoas daughter was, the king.

Hipsiphile was gone in her playing,
And, roming on the clevis by the see,
Under a banke, anone, espied she
Where lay the ship that Jason gan arrive :
Of her goodnesse adoune she sendeth blive,
To weten if that any straunge wight
With tempest thider were yblow anight,
To done him succour, as was her ousance,
To furtheren every wight, and done pleasure
Of very bountie and of courtesie.

This messenger adoune him gan to hie,
And found Jason and Hercules also,
That in a cogge to lond were yo,
Hem to refreshen and to take the aire.
The morning attempre was and faire,
And in hir way this messenger hem mette ;
Full cunningly these lordes two he grette,
And did his message, asking hem anon,
If that they were broken, or aught wo begon,
Or had need of lodesmen, or vitaille,
For socoure they shoulde nothing faille,
For it was utterly the queenes will.

Jason answerde meekely and still :
" My lady," quod he, " thanke I hertely
Of her goodnesse ; us needeth truly
Nothing as now, but that we weary be,
And come for to play out of the see,
Till that the wind be better in our way."

This lady rometh by the cliffe to play
With her meinie, endlong the strand,
And findeth this Jason and this other stound
In speaking of this thing, as I you told.

This Hercules and Jason gan behold
Howe that the queene it was, and faire her grete,
Anone, right as they with this lady mete,
And she tooke heed, and knew by hir manere,
By hir array, by wordes, and by chere,
That it were gentyll men of great degree,
And to the castle with her leatheth she
These straunge folk, and doth hem great honour,
And asketh hem of travaile and of labour
That they have suffred in the salt see,
So that within a day, two or three,
She knew by the folke that in his shippes be,
That it was Jason, full of renomee,

And Hercules, that had the great loos,
That soughten the adventures of Colcos,
And did hem honour more than before,
And with hem dealed ever longer the more,
For they ben worthy folke, withouten lees,
And namely most she spake with Hercules,
To him her herte bare, he shoulde be
Sadde, wise, and true, of words avisec,
Withouten any other affection
Of love, or any other imagination.

This Hercules hath this Jason praised,
That to the Sunne he hath it up raised,
That halfe so true a man there n'as of love
Under the cope of Heaven that is above,
And he was wise, hardie, secrete, and riche,
Of these three points there nas none humliche,
Of freedom passed he, and lustyhead,
All tho that liven, or ben dead ;
Thereto, so great a gentyll man was he,
And of Thessalye likely king to be,
Ther n'as no lacke, but that he was agast
To love, and for to speake shamefast,
Him had lever himselfe to murder and die,
Than that men shoulde a lover him espie,
As woulde God that I had iyeve
My blood and flesh, so that I might live
With the bones, that he had aught where a wife
For his estate, for such a lustie life
She shoulde lede with this lustie knight.
And all this was compassed on the night
Betwixe him Jason, and this Hercules,
Of these two here was a shreud lees,
To come to house upon an innocent,
For to bedote this queene was hir entent :
And Jason is as coy as is a maid,
He looketh pitously, but naught he sayd,
But freely yave he to her counsailers
Yeftes great, and to her officers,
As woulde God that I leyser had and time,
By processe all his wrong for to rime :
But in this house, if any false lover be,
Right as himselfe now doth, right so did he,
With fauning, and with every subtil dede,
Ye get no more of me, but ye woll rede
Th'original, that telleth all the caas,

The sooth is this, that Jason wedded was
Unto this queene, and tooke of her substaunce
What so him list unto his purveyaunce,
And upon her begate children two,
And drough his saile, and saw her never mo :
A letter sent she him certaine,
Which were too long to written and to saine,
And him reproveth of his great untrouth,
And praieth him on her to have some routh,
And on his children two, she sayd him this,
That they be like of all thing ywis
To Jason, save they couth nat beguile,
And prayd God, or it were long while,
That she that had his herte yref her fro,
Must finden him untrue also :
And that she must both her children spill,
And all tho that suffreth him his will :
And true to Jason was she all her life,
And ever kept her chast, as for his wife,
Ne never had she joy at her hart,
But died for his love of sorrowes smart.

To Colcos come is this duke Jason,
That is of love devourer and dragon,
As matire appeteth forme alway,
And from forme to forme it passen may,

Jr as a well that were bottomles,
 Right so can Jason have no pees,
 For to desiren through his appetite
 To done with geny! women his delite ;
 This is his lust, and his felicitie,
 Jason is romed forth to the cite,
 That whylome cleped was Jasomeos,
 That was the master toune of all Colcos,
 And hath ytolde the cause of his comming
 Unto Otes, of that cuntry king,
 Praying him that he must done his assay
 To get the fleese of gold, if that he may ;
 Of which the king assenteth to his boone,
 And doth him honour, as it is doone,
 So ferforth that his daughter and his heire,
 Medea, which that was so wise and faive,
 That fairer saw there never man with eto,
 He made her done to Jason companie
 At meat, and sitte by him in the hall.

Now was Jason a seemely man withall,
 And like a lord, and had a great renoun,
 And of his looke as royall as a lionn,
 And godly of his speech, and famillere,
 And could of love all the craft and art plener
 Withouten booke, with everiche observaunce,
 And as fortune her ought a foule mischaunce,
 She woxe enamoured upon this man.

" Jason," quod she, " for ought I see or can,
 As of this thing, the which ye ben about,
 Ye and your selfe ye put in much dout,
 For who so woll this aventure atcheve
 He may nat wele asterten, as I leve,
 Withouten death, but I his helpe be,
 But nathelesse, it is my will," quod she,
 " To forthren you, so that ye shall nat die,
 But turnen sound home to your Thessalie."

" My right lady," quod this Jason, " tho
 That ye have of my death or my wo
 Any regard, and done me this honour,
 I wot well that my might, ne my labour,
 May nat deserve it my lyes day,
 God thanke you, there I ne can ne may,
 Your man am I, and lowly you beseech
 To ben my helpe, withouten more speech,
 But certes, for my death shall I not spare."

Tho gan this Medea to him declare
 The perill of this case, fro point to point
 Of his batayle, and in what disjoint
 He mote stonde, of which no creature,
 Save only she, ne might his life assure :
 And shortly, right to the point for to go,
 They ben accorded fully betwixe hem two,
 That Jason shall her wedde, as trewe knight,
 And terme yset to come soone at night
 Unto her chambre, and make there his othe
 Upon the goddes, that he for lefe or lothe
 Ne shulde her never falsen, night ne day,
 To ben her husband whyle he live may,
 As she that from his deith him saved here,
 And here upon at night they mete yfere,
 And doth his othe, and gothe with her to bedde,
 And on the morow upward he him spedde,
 For she hath taught him how he shall nat faile
 The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile,
 And saved him his life and his honour,
 And gate him a name as a conquerour,
 Right through the sleight of her enchantment,
 Now hath Jason the fleese, and home is went
 With Medea, and treasours fell great wonne,
 But unwist of her father she is gonne

To Thessalie, with duke Jason her lefe,
 That afterward hath brought her to mischeife,
 For as a traytour he is from her go,
 And with her left yonge children two,
 And falsely hath betrayed her, alas !
 And ever in love a chefe traytour he was,
 And wedded yet the thirde wife anon,
 That was the daughter of king Creon
 This is the meede of loving, and guerdon
 That Medea received of duke Jason
 Right for her trowth, and for her kindnesse,
 That loved him better than her selfe I gesse,
 And left her father, and her heritage,
 And of Jason this is the vassalage,
 That in his dayes nas never none yfound
 So false a lover going on the ground,
 And therefore in her letter thus she said,
 First whan she of his falsenesse him upbraid :
 " Why liked thee my yellow haire to see,
 More than the boundes of mine honestie ?
 Why liked me thy youth and thy fairenesse,
 And of thy tong the infinite graciousnesse ?
 O haddest thou in thy conquest dead ybe,
 Ful mikel untrouth had there died with thee."

Well can Ovide her letter in verse endite,
 Which were, as now, too long for to write.

THE LEGEND OF LUCRECE OF ROME.

Now mote I saine th'exiling of kings
 Of Rome, for hir horrible doings
 Of the last kinge Tarquinius,
 As saith Ovid, and Titus Livius,
 But for that cause tell I nat this storie,
 But for to prayssen, and drawn in memorie
 The very wife, the very Lucrese,
 That for her wifehood, and her stedfastnesse,
 Nat only that these paynims her commend,
 But that cleped is in our legend
 The great Austyn, that hath compassion
 Of this Lucrece, that starfe in Rome toun,
 And in what wise I woll but shortly treat,
 And of this thing I touch but the great.

Whan Ardea besieged was about
 With Romanes, that full sterne were and stout,
 Full long lay the siege, and little wroughten,
 So that they were halfe idle, as hem thoughten,
 And in his play Tarquinius the yonge,
 Gan for to yape, for he was light of tonge,
 And said, that " it was an idle life,
 No man did there no more than his wife.
 And let us speke of wives that is best,
 Praise every man his owne as him lest,
 And with our speech let us ease our herte."

A knight (that hight Colatin) up steit,
 And sayd thus, " Nay, sir, it is no nede
 To trown on the word, but on the dede :
 I have a wife," quod he, " that as I trow
 Is holden good of all that ever her know ;
 Go we to Rome to night, and we shull see."
 Tarquinius answerde, " That liketh mee."
 To Rome they be comen, and fast hem dight
 To Colatins house, and downe they light,
 Tarquinius, and eke this Colatine ;
 The husband knew the efters well and fine,
 And full prively into the house they gone,
 Nor at the gate porter was there none,

And at the chamber dore they abide :
 This noble wife sate by her beds side
 Discheveled, for no mallice she ne thought,
 And soft wooll, sayth Livie, that she wrought,
 To kepe her from slouth and idlenesse,
 And bad her servants done hir businesse,
 And asketh hem, " What tidings heren ye ?
 How sayth men of the siege, how shall it be ?
 God would the wals were fallen adoun,
 Mine husband is too long out of this toun,
 For which drede doth me sore to smert,
 Right as a sword it stungeth to mine herte,
 Whan I thinke on this or of that place,
 God save my lord, I pray him for his grace : "
 And therewithall so tenderly she gan weepe,
 And of her werke she tooke no more keepe,
 But meekely she let her eyen fall,
 And thilke semblant sate her well withall,
 And eke her teares full of heavinesse,
 Embelessed her wifely chastnesse.
 Her countenance is to her herte digne,
 For they acordeden in deed and signe,
 And with that word her husband, Colatin,
 Or she of him was ware, came sterling in,
 And said, " Drede thee nat, for I am here ; "
 And she anone up rose, with blisfull chere,
 And kissed him, as of wives is the vonne.

Tarquinius, this proud kings sonne,
 Conceived hath her beaute and her chere,
 Her yellow haire, her bountie, and her manere,
 Her hew, her words, that she hath complained,
 And by no craft her beaute was nat fained,
 And caught to this lady such desire,
 That in his herte he brent as any fire,
 So woody that his wit was all forgotten,
 For well thought he she should nat be gotten,
 And aye the more he was in dispaire,
 The more covetith, and thought her faire ;
 His blind lust was all his coveting,
 On morrow, whan the bird began to sing,
 Unto the siege he commeth full prively,
 And by himselfe he walketh soberly,
 The image of her recording alway new,
 Thus lay her hair, and thus fresh was her hew,
 Thus sate, thus span, this was her chere,
 Thus fair she was, and this was her manere :
 All this conceit his herte hath new ytake,
 And as the see with tempest all to shake,
 That after whan the storme is all ago,
 Yet wolle the water quappe a day or two,
 Right so, though that her forme were absent,
 The pleasaunce of her forme was present,
 But nathelesse, nat pleasaunce, but delite,
 Or an unrightfull talent with dispite :
 " For, maugre her, she shall my lemman be ;
 Hap helpeth hardy man alway, " quod he,
 " What end that I make, it shall be so, "
 And girt him with his sword, and gan to go,
 And he forthright, till to Rome he come,
 And all alone his way that he hath nome
 Unto the house of Colatin full right ;
 Down was the Sunne, and day hath lost his light,
 And in he come unto a privie halke,
 And in the night full theefely gan he stalke,
 Whan every wight was to his rest brought,
 Ne no wight had of treason such a thought,
 Whether by window, or by other gin,
 With swerd ydraw, shortly he commeth in
 There as she lay, this noble wife Lucesse,
 And as she woke, her bedde she felt presse.

" What beast is that, " quod she, " that waye
 " I am the kings sonne Tarquinius, " [thus
 Quod he, " but and thou crie, or any noise make
 Or if thou any creature awake,
 By thilke God that formed man of live,
 This swerd through thine herte shall I rive ; "
 And therewithall unto her throte he stert,
 And set the swerd all sharpe on her herte :
 No word she spake, she hath no might therto,
 What shall she saine ? her wit is all ago ;
 Right as whan a wolfe findeth a lamb alone,
 To whom shall she complaine or make mone ?
 What, shall she fight with an hardy knight ?
 Well wote men a woman hath no might :
 What, shall she crie, or how shall she astert,
 That hath her by the throte, with swerd at her
 She asketh grace, and said all that she can.

" No wolt thou nat, " quod this cruel man,
 " As wisely Jupiter my soule save,
 I shall in thy stable see thy knave,
 And lay him in thy bed, and loud crie,
 That I thee find in such avoutrie,
 And thus thou shalt be dead, and also lese
 Thy name, for thou shalt nat chese. "
 This Romans wives loveden so her name
 At thilke time, and dreden so the shame,
 That what for fere of slander, and drede of ded
 She lost both at ones wit and breath,
 And in a swough she lay, and woxe so dead,
 Men mighten smite off her arme or head,
 She feleth nothing, neither foule ne faire.

Tarquinius, that art a kings heire,
 And shouldest, as by linage and by right,
 Done as a lord and a very knight,
 Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrie ?
 Why hast thou done this lady villanie ?
 Alas, of thee this was a villanous dede,
 But now to the purpose : in the story I rede,
 Whan he was gon, and this mischaunce is fall,
 This lady sent after her friends all,
 Father, mother, and husband, all yfere,
 And discheveled with her haire chiere,
 In habite such as women used the
 Unto the burying of hir frends go,
 She sate in hall, with a sorowfull sight ;
 Her friends asken what her aylen might,
 And who was dead ? and she sate aye weeping ;
 A word for shame ne may she forth out bring
 Ne upon hem she durst nat behold,
 But, at the last, of Tarquiny she hem told
 This ruffall case, and all this thing horrible,
 The wo to tell were impossible
 That she and all her friends make at ones ;
 All had folkes hertes ben of stones,
 It might have maked hem upon her rew,
 Her herte was so wifely and so trew ;
 She said, that for her gilt ne for her blame
 Her husband should nat have the foule name
 That would she nat suffren by no way :
 And they answerde all unto her fay,
 That they foryave it her, for it was right,
 It was no gilt, it lay nat in her might,
 And saiden her ensamples many one,
 But all for naught, for thus she said anone :
 " Be as be may, " quod she, " of forgyving,
 I will nat have no forgift for nothing ; "
 But prively she cougth forth a knife,
 And therewithall she raft her selfe her life,
 And as she fell adowne she cast her looke,
 And of her clothes yet heed she tooke,

For in her falling, yet she had a care
 Least that her feet or such things lay bare,
 So well she loved cleanness, and eke trowth ;
 Of her had all the towne of Rome routh,
 And Brutus hath by her chast blood swore
 That Tarquin should ybanished be therfore,
 And all his kinne ; and let the people call,
 And openly the tale he told hem all,
 And openly let carry her on a bere
 Through all the town, that men may see and here
 The horrible deed of her oppressioun,
 Ne never was there king in Rome toun
 Sens thilke day, and she was holden there
 A saint, and ever her day yhalowed here,
 As in hir law : and thus endeth Lucesse,
 The noble wife, Titus beareth witnessse :
 I tell it, for she was of love so trew,
 Ne in her will she chaunged for no new,
 And in her stable herte, sadde and kind,
 That in these women men may all day find
 There as they cast hir herte, there it dwelleft,
 For well I wote, that Christ himselfe telleth
 That in Israel, as wide as is the lond,
 That so great faith in all the lond he ne fond
 As in a woman, and this is no lie,
 And as for men, looke ye, such tyrannie
 They doen all day, assay hem who so list,
 The truest is full brotrel for to trist.

THE LEGEND OF ARIADNE OF ATHENS.

JUDGE infernall, Minos, of Crete king,
 Now commeth thy lot, thou comest on the ring ;
 Nat for thy sake only written is this storic,
 But for to clepe ayen unto memorie,
 Of Theseus the great untrouth of love,
 For which the gods of Heaven above
 Ben wroth, and wrath have take for thy sinne ;
 Be red for shame ! now I thy life begiune.

Minos, that was the mighty king of Crete,
 That had an hundred cities strong and grete,
 To schoole hath sent his sonne Androgeus
 To Athens, of the which it happed thus,
 That he was slaine, learning phylosophie,
 Right in that cite, nat but for envie.

The great Minos, of the which I speke,
 His sonnes death is come for to wreke,
 Alcathoe he besieged hard and long,
 But nathelesse, the walles be so strong,
 And Nisus, that was king of that cite,
 So chivalrous, that little dredeth he ;
 Of Minos or his host toole he no cure,
 Till on a day befell an aventure,
 That Nisus daughter stood upon the wall,
 And of the siege saw the manner all :
 So happed it, that at scarmishing
 She cast her herte upon Minos the king,
 For his beantie, and his chevalrie,
 So sore that she wende for to die.
 And shortly of this processe for to pace,
 She made Minos winnen thilke place,
 So that the cite was all at his will,
 To savon whom him list, or els spill ;
 But wickedly he quit her kindnesse,
 And let her drench in sorrow and distresse,
 Nere that the gods had of her pite,
 But that tale were too long as now for me.

Athenes wan this king Minos also,
 As Alcathoe, and other townes mo,
 And this the effect, that Minos hath so driven
 Hem of Athenes, that they mote him yeven
 Fro yere to yere her owne children dere
 For to be slaine, as ye shall after here.

This Minos hath a monster, a wicked best,
 That was so cruell, that without areest,
 Whan that a man was brought into his presence,
 He would him eat, there helpeth no defence :
 And every third yere, withouten dout,
 They casten lotte, as it came about,
 On rich and poore, he must his sonne take,
 And of his childe he must present make
 To Minos, to save him or to spill.
 Or let his beast devour him at his will.
 And this hath Minos done right in dispite,
 To wreke his sonne was set all his delite,
 And make hem of Athenes his thrall
 Fro yere to yere, while he liven shall ;
 And home he saileth whan this toun is wonne
 This wicked custome is so long yronne,
 Till of Athenes king Egeus
 Mote senden his owne sonne Theseus,
 Sens that the lotte is fallen him upon
 To ben devoured, for grace is there non.
 And forth is ladde this wofull yonge knight
 Unto the country of king Minos full of might,
 And in a prison fetred fast is he,
 Till the time he should yfreten be.

Well maist thou wepe, O wofull Theseus,
 That art a kings sonne, and damned thus,
 Me thinketh this, that thou art depe yhold
 To whom that saved thee fro cares cold,
 And now if any woman helpe thee,
 Well oughtest thou her servaunt for to bee,
 And ben her true lover, yere by yere,
 But now to come ayen to my matere.

The toure, there this Theseus is throw,
 Down in the bottome derk, and wonder low,
 Was joyning to the wall of a foreine
 Longing unto the doughtren tweine
 Of Minos, that in hir chambers grete
 Dwelten above the maister strete
 Of the towne, in joy and in sollas :
 Not I n'at how it happed, percaas.
 As Theseus complained him by night,
 The kings daughter, that Ariadne hight,
 And eke her suster Phedra, herden all
 His complaint, as they stood on the wall
 And looked upon the bright Moone,
 Hem list nat to go to bed so soone :
 And of his wo they had compassion
 A kings sonne to be in such prison,
 And ben devoured, thought hem great pite :
 Than Ariadne spake to her suster free,
 And said : " Phedra, lefe suster dere,
 This wofull lords sonne may ye nat here,
 How pitously he complaineth his kin,
 And eke his poore estate that he is in,
 And guiltlesse, certes, now it is routh,
 And if ye wolle assent, by my trowth,
 He shall ben holpen, how so that we do."

Phedra answerde, " Ywis me is as wo
 For him as ever I was for any man,
 And to his helpe the best rede I can
 Is that we done the gailer prively
 To come and speke with us hastily,
 And done this wofull man with him to come
 For if he may this monster overcome,

Than were he quit, there is none other boot,
 Let us well taste him at his herte root,
 That if so be that he a weapon have,
 Where that he his life dare kepe or save,
 Fighten with this fiend, and him defend,
 For in the prison, here as he shall descend,
 Ye wote well, that the beast is in a place
 That is not derke, and hath roume and eke space
 To welde an axe or swerde, staffe or knife,
 So that me thinketh he should save his life,
 If that he be a man, he shall do so :
 And we shall make him balles eke also
 Of wexe and towe, that when he gapeth fast,
 Into the beestes throte he shall hem cast,
 To sleke his hunger, and encomber his teeth,
 And right anon, when that Theseus seeth
 The beest acheded, he shall on him leepe
 To sleen him, or they comen more to keepe ;
 This weapen shal the gailer, or that tide,
 Full prively within the prison hide :
 And, for the house is crenclod to and fro,
 And lath so queint waies for to go,
 For it is shapen as the mase is wrought,
 Thereto have I a remedy in my thought,
 That by a clewe of twine, as he hath gon
 The same way he may returne anon,
 Folowing alway the threde, as he hath come,
 And when this beest is overcome,
 Than may he flien away out of this stede,
 And eke the gailer may ne with him lede,
 And him avaunce at home in his cowntre,
 Sens that so great a lordes sonne is he :
 This is my rede, if that ye dare it take."

What shold I lenger sermon of it make ?
 The gailer cometh, and with him Theseus,
 Whau these things ben accorded thus.

Downe sate Theseus upon his knee,
 "The right lady of my life," quod he,
 "I sorowfull man, ydamned to the deth,
 Fro you, whiles that me lasteth breth,
 I wol nat twinne, after this aventure,
 But in your service thus I woll endure,
 That as a wretch unknow I woll you serve
 For evermore, till that mine herte sterve,
 Forsake I woll at home mine heritage,
 And, as I said, ben of your court a page,
 If that ye vouchsafe that in this place
 Ye graunt me to have soche a grace
 That I may have nat but my meate and drinke,
 And for my sustinaunce yet woll I swinke,
 Right as you list, that Minos, ne no wight,
 Sens that he saw me never with eyen sight,
 Ne no man else shall me espie,
 So silly and so well I shal me grie,
 And me so wel disfigure, and so low,
 That in this world there shall no man me know,
 To have my life, and to have presence
 Of you, that done to me this excellence ;
 And to my ffather shall I sende here
 This worthy man, that is your gaylere,
 And him so guerdon that he shall well be
 One of the greatest men of my cowntre,
 And if I durst saine, my lady bright,
 I am a kings sonne, and eke a knight,
 As wold God, if that it might be,
 Ye weren in my cowntrey all thre,
 And I with you, to beare you companie,
 Than shuld ye sene if that I thereof lie ;
 And if that I prefer you in lowe manere
 To ben your page, and serven you right here,

But I you serve as lowly in that place,
 I pray to Mars to yeve me suche grace
 That shames death on me there mote fall,
 And death and poverté to my frends all,
 And that my sprite by night mote go,
 Atter my death, and walke to and fro,
 That I mote of traitour have a name,
 For which my sprit mote go, to do me shame,
 And if I clayme ever other degree,
 But ye vouchsafe to yeve it mee,
 As I have said, of shames death I dey,
 And mercy, lady, I can naught else sey."

A semely knight was this Theseus to see,
 And yonge, but of twenty yere and three,
 But who so had ysene his countenance,
 He wold have wept for routh of his penance :
 For which this Ariadne in this manere,
 Answerde to his profre and to his chere.

"A kings sonne, and eke a knight," quod she,
 "To ben my servaunt in so lowe degree,
 God shilde it, for the shame of women all,
 And lene me never such a case befall,
 And sende you grace, and sleight of herte also,
 You to defend, and knightly to sleen your foe,
 And lene hereafter I may yeu find
 To me, and to my suster here, so kind,
 That I ne repent nat to yeve you life,
 Yet were it better I wore your wife,
 Sith ye ben as gentill borne as I,
 And have a realme nat but fast by,
 Than that I suffred your gentillesse to sterve,
 Or that I let you as a page serve ;
 It is no profite, as unto your kinrede,
 But what is that, that man woll nat do for dred !
 And to my suster, sith that it is so,
 That she mote gone with me, if that I go,
 Or els suffre death as wel as I,
 That ye unto your sonne as trewly,
 Done her be wedded, at your home coming,
 This is the final end of all this thing,
 Ye swere it here, upon all that may be sworne !"

"Ye, lady mine," quod he, "or els to torne
 Mote I be with the Minotaure or to morrow,
 And haveth here of mine herte blood to borow,
 If that ye woll, if I had knife or speare,
 I wold it letten out, and thereon swears,
 For than at erste, I wot ye wold me leva.
 By Mars, that is chiefe of my beleve,
 So that I might liven, and nat faile
 To morow for to taken my bataile,
 I nolde never fro this place fle,
 Till that ye should the very profre se,
 For now, if that the soth I shall you say,
 I have loved you full many a day,
 Though ye ne wist nat, in my cowntre,
 And aldermost desired you to see,
 Of any earthly living creature,
 Upon my truth I swears and you assure,
 This seven yere I have your servaunt be,
 Now have I you, and also have ye me,
 My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse."

This lady smileth at his stedfastnesse,
 And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,
 And to her suster said in this manere :

"And sothly, suster mine," quod she,
 "Now be we duchesses, both I and ye,
 And sikerde to the regals of Athenes,
 And both hereafter likely to be queenes,
 And saved fro his death a kings sonne,
 As ever of gentill women is the wonne,

To save a gentil man, enforth hir might,
 In honest cause, and, namely, in his right,
 Me thinketh no wight ought us herof blame,
 Ne bearen us therefore an yvel name."
 And shortly of this mater for to make,
 This Theseus of her hath leave ytake,
 And every point was performed in dede,
 As ye have in this covenant herde me rede,
 And to his wepen, his clewe, his thing that I have said,
 Was by the gailer in the house ylaid,
 There as the Minotaure hath his dwelling,
 Right fast by the dore, at his entring,
 And Theseus is lad unto his dethe,
 And forth unto this Minotaure he gethe,
 And by the teaching of this Adriane,
 He overcame this beest, and was his bane,
 And out he cometh by the clewe againe
 Ful prively, whan he this beest hath slaine,
 And the gailer gotten hath a barge,
 And of his wifes treasure gan it charge,
 And toke his wife, and eke her suster free,
 And by the gailer, and with hem all three
 Is stole away out of the lond by night,
 And to the countre of Enupie him dight,
 There as he had a frende of his knowing,
 There feesten they, there daunsen they and sing,
 And in his armes hath this Adriane,
 That of the beest hath kept him fro his bane,
 And get him there a noble barge anone,
 And of his country folke a ful great wone,
 And taketh his leave, and homeward saileth hee,
 And in an yle, amidst the wilde see,
 There as there dwelt creature none,
 Save wild beestes, and that full many one,
 He made his shippe a londe for to sette,
 And in that yle halfe a day he lette,
 And said, that on the londe he must him rest.
 His mariners have done right as him lest,
 And for to tell shortly in this caas,
 Whan Ariadne his wife a slepe was,
 For that her suster fayrer was than she,
 He taketh her in his honde, and forth goeth he
 To ship, and as a traitour stale away,
 While that this Ariadne a slepe lay,
 And to his country warde he sailed blive,
 A twenty divel way the wilde him drive,
 And found his father drenched in the see.
 Me list no more to speke of him, parde,
 These false lovers, poison be hir bane.

But I wol turne againe to Adriane,
 That is with slepe for weinnesse ytake,
 Ful sorrowfully her herte may awake.
 Alas, for thee mine herte hath pite,
 Right in the dawning awaketh she,
 And propeth in the bed, and fond right nought :
 "Alas," quod she, "that ever I was wrought,
 I am betrayed," and her heere to rent,
 And to the stronde barcote fast she went,
 And cried : "Theseus, mine herte swete,
 Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete ?"
 And might thus with beestes ben ysleine.

The holowe rockes answerde her againe,
 No man she saw, and yet shone the moone,
 And hie upon a rocke she went soone,
 And sawe his barge sayling in the see,
 Cold woxe her herte, and right thus said she :
 "Meker then ye find I the beestes wilde."
 Hath he nat sinne, that he her thus begilde ?
 She cried, "O turne againe for routhe and sinne,
 Thy barge hath nat all his meinie in !"

Her kerchefe on a pole sticked she,
 Ascaunce he should it well yse,
 And him remembre that she was behind,
 And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

But all for naught, his way he is gone,
 And downe she fel a swowne on a stone,
 And up she riste, and kissed in all her care
 The steppes of his fete, there he hath fare,
 And to her bed right thus she speketh tho :
 "Thou bed," quod she, "that last received two,
 Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,
 Where is the greater parte away gone ?

"Alas, wher shal I wretched wight become ?
 For though so be that bote none here come,
 Home to my countrydare I nat for drede,
 I can my selfe in this case nat rede."

What should I tell more her complaining ?
 It is so long, it were an heavy thing ;
 In her epistle, Naso telleth all,
 But shortly to the end tell I shall,
 The goddes have her holpen for pite,
 And in the signe of Taurus men may see
 The stones of her crowne shine clere,
 I will no more speake of this matere,
 But thus this false lover can begile
 His trew love, the divel quite him his wile.

THE LEGEND OF PHILOMENE.

Thou yever of the formes that hast wrought
 The fayre world, and bare it in thy thought
 Eternally, or thou thy werke began,
 Why madest thou unto the slaunder of man,
 Or all be that it was not thy doing,
 As for that end to make suche a thing,
 Why suffredest thou that Tereus was bore,
 That is in love so false and so forswore,
 That for this world up to the first Hevel
 Corrupteth, whan that folke his name ^{seven} _{seven} ?
 And as to me, so grisly was his dede,
 That whan that I this foule storie rede
 Mine eyen wexen foule, and sore also,
 Yet lasteth the venime of so longe ago,
 That enfecteth him that wolde behold
 The storie of Tereus, of which I told,
 Of Trace was he lord, and kin to Marte,
 The cruel god that stante with bloody darte,
 And wedded had he with blisfull chere
 King Pandionis faire daughter dore,
 That hight Progne, floure of her countre.
 Though Juno list not at the feast be,
 Ne Hymeneus, that god of wedding is,
 But at the feast ready ben, ywis,
 The furies three, with all hir mortal bronds,
 The oule all night above the balkes wonde,
 That prophete is of wo and of mischaunce ;
 This revel, full of song and full of daunce,
 Last a fourteenight, or little lasse ;
 But shortly of this storie for to passe,
 (For I am weary of him for to tell)
 Five yere his wife and he together dwell,
 Till on a day she gan so sore long
 To seene her suster, that she saw not long,
 That for desire she nist what to say,
 But to her husband gan she for to pray
 For Gods love, that she mote ones gone
 Her suster for to seene, and come ayen anone,

Or else, but she mote to her wend,
She praied him that he would after her send :
And this was, day by day, all her prayere,
With al humblesse of wifehood, wend and chere.

This Tereus let make his ships yare,
And into Greece himselfe is forth yfare,
Unto his father-in-law gan he pray,
To vouchsafe, that for a moneth or tway,
That Phylomene his wives suster might
On Progne his wife but ones have a sight,
“ And she shall come to you again, anon,
My selfe with her, I will both come and gon,
And as my hertes life I will her kepe.”

This old Pandion, this king gan wepe
For tendernesse of herte, for to leve
His daughter gon, and for to yeve her leve ;
Of all this world he loved nothing so,
But, at the last, leave hath she to go,
For Philomene, with salt teares eke,
Gan of her father grace to beseke
To seene her suster, that her longeth so,
And him embraceth with her armes two ;
And there also yong and faire was she,
That whan that Tereus saw her beaute,
And of array, that there was none her liche,
And yet of beauteie was she to so riche,
He cast his ferie herte upon her so,
That he woll have her, how so that it go,
And with his wiles kneled, and so praied,
Till at the last Pandion thus saied.

“ Now sonne,” quod he, “ that art to me so dere,
I thee betake my yong daughter dere,
That beareth the key of all mine hertes life,
And grete well my daughter and thy wife,
And yeve her leave sometime for to play,
That she may seen me ones, or I deie ”
And sothly he hath made him riche feast,
And to his folke, the most and eke the least,
That with him came : and yave him yefte great,
And him conveyeth through the master streot
Of Athenes, and to the sea him brought,
And tourneth home, no mallice he ne thought.
The ores pulleth forth the vessell fast,
And into Trace arriveth at the last,
And up in to a forest he her led,
And to a cave prively he him sped,
And in this darke cave, if her lest
Or list nought, he had her for to rest,
Of which her herte agrose, and saied thus :

“ Where is my suster, brother Tereus ? ”
And therewithall she wept tenderly,
And quoke for feare, pale and pitiously,
Right as the lambe, that of the wolfe is bitten,
Or as the culver, that of the egle is smitten,
And is out of his clawes forth escaped,
Yet it is aferde, and awaped,
Lest it be hent eftsones : so sate she,
But utterly it may none other be,
By force hath this traitour done a deede,
That he hath reft her of her maidenhede,
Maugre her head, by strength and by his might.
Lo, here a deede of men, and that aright.
She crieth, “ Suster ! ” with full loud steven,
And, “ Father dere ! Helpe me God in Heven ! ”
All helpeth not, and yet this false thefe
Hath done this lady yet a more mischefe,
For feare lest she should his shame crie,
And done him openly a villanie,
And with his swerd her tong of kerfe he,
And in a castell made her for to be,

Full prively in prison evermore,
And kept her to his usage and to his store,
So that she ne might never more astarte.
O sely Phylomene, wo is in thine herte,
Huge ben thy sorowes, and wonder smart !
God wreke thee, and sende thee thy boone !
Now is time I make an end soone.

This Tereus is to his wife yeome,
And in his armes hath his wife ynome,
And pitiously he wept, and shoke his hedde,
And swore her that he found her suster dedde,
For which this selie Progne hath soch wo,
That nigh her sorowfull herte brake a two,
And thus in teares let I Progne dwell,
And of her suster forth I woll you tell.

This wofull lady ylearned had in youth,
So that she worken and enbrauden couth,
And weaven in stole the radevore,
As it of women hath be woved yore,
And sothly for to saine, she hath her fill
Of meate and drunke, of clothing at her will,
And couthe eke rede well ynough and endite,
But with a penne she could not write,
But letters can she weave to and fro,
So that by the yere was all ago,
She had woven in a flames large,
How she was brought fro Athenes in a barge,
And in a cave how that she was brought,
And all the thing that Tereus wrought,
She wawe it wel, and wrote the storie above,
How she was served for her susters love.
And to a man a ring she yave anon,
And praied him by signes for to gon
Unto the queene, and bearen her that clothe,
And by signe swore many an othe
She should him yeve what she gotten might.

This man, anon, unto the queene him aight,
And toke it her, and all the maner told,
And whan that Progne hath this thing behold,
No worde she spake, for sorow and eke for rage,
But fained her to gon on pilgrimage
To Baccus temple, and in a little stound
Her dombe suster sitting hath she found
Weeping in the castell, her selfe alone ;
Alas, the wo, constraint, and the mone
That Progne upon her dombe suster maketh,
In armes everich of hem other taketh,
And thus I let hem in hir sorow dwell ;
The remnaunt is no charge to tell,
For this is all and some, thus was she served
That never aglite, ne deserved
Unto this cruell man, that she of wist.
Ye may beware of men, if that you list,
For all be that he woll not for sname
Doen as Tereus, to lese his name,
Ne serve you as a murtherer or a knave,
Full little while shull ye trew him have,
That wol I sain, al were he now my brother,
But it so be that he may have another.

THE LEGENDE OF PHILLIS.

By prove, as well as by auctorite,
That wicked fruite commeth of a wicked tree,
That may ye find, if that it liketr you,
But for this end, I speake this as now,
To tell you of false Demophon :
In love a falsen heard I never non,

But it were his father, Theseus,
God for his grace fro such one kepe us,
Thus these women praien, that it here,
Now to the effect tourne I of my matere.

Destroied is of Troie the citee,
This Demophon came sayling in the see
Toward Athenes, to lus paleis large,
With him came many a ship and many a barge
Full of folke, of which full many one
Is wounded sore, and sicke and wo begone,
And they have at the sieg long ylaine,
Behind him came a winde, and eke a raine,
That shofe so sore his saile might not stonde,
Him were lever than all the world a londe,
So hunted him the tempest to and fro,
So darke it was he could no where go,
And with a wave brusten was his stere,
His ship was rent so lowe, in such manere,
That carpenter could it not amende,
The see by night as any torche brende
For wood, and posseth him up and doun,
Till Neptune hath of him compassion,
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and they all,
And maden him up a londe to fall,
Wherof that Phillis lady was and queene,
Lyeurgus daughter, fairer unto seene
Than is the floure again the bright Sonne.
Unneth is Demophon to londe ywonne,
Weake and eke werie, and his folke forpined
Of wernesse, and also enfamed,
And to the death he was almost ydriven,
His wise folke counsaile have him yeven,
To seken helpe and succour of the queene,
And loken what his grace might bene,
And maken in that lande some chevesaunce,
And kepen him fro wo, and fro mischaunce,
For sicke he was, and almost at the death,
Unneth might he speake, or diawe breath,
And lieth in Rhodopeia him for to rest.
Whan he may walk, him thought it was best
Unto the countrey to seken for succour,
Men knew him wele, and did him honour,
For at Athenes duke and lord was he,
As Theseus his father hath ybe,
That in his time was great of renoun,
No man so great in all his regioun,
And like his father of face and of stature,
And false of love, it came him of nature,
As doth the foxe Renarde, the foxes sonne,
Of kinde he coude his old father wonne
Without lore, as can a drake swimme,
Whan it is caught and carried to the brimme :
This honorable queen Phillis doth him chere,
Her liketh well his sporte and his manere,
But I am agroted here beforeme,
To write of hem that in love been forsworne,
And eke to haste me in my legende,
Which to performe, God me grace sende ;
Therefore, I passe shortly in this wise,
Ye have well heard of Theseus the gise,
In the betraying of faire Adriane,
That of her pitee kept him fro his bane ;
At short wordes, right so Demophon,
The same way, and the same pathe hath gon
That did his false father Theseus,
For unto Phillis hath he sworne thus,
To wedden her, and her his trouth plight,
And piked of her all the good he might,
Whan he was hole and sound, and had his rest,
And doth with Phillis what so that him lest,

As well I could, if that me list so,
Tellen all his doing to and fro.

He sayd to his countrey mote him saile,
For there he would her wedding apparaile,
As fill to her honour, and his also,
And openly he tooke his leave tho,
And to her swore he would not sojourne,
But in a month again he would retourne,
And in that londe let make his ordinaunce,
As very lorde, and tooke the obeisaunce
Well and humbly, and his shippes dight,
And home he goeth the next way he might,
For unto Phillis yet came he nought,
And that hath she so harde and sore ybought,
Alas, as the storie doth us record,
She was her owne death with a corde,
Whan that she saw that Demophon her traied.
But first wrote she to him, and fast him praied
He would come, and deliver her of pain,
As I reharse shall a worde or twain,
Me liste not vouchsafe on him to swinke,
Dispenden on him a penne full of ynke,
For false in love was he, right as his sire,
The Devill set hir soules both on a fire :
But of the letter of Phillis woll I write,
A worde or twain, although it be but lite.

"Thine hostesse," quod she, "O Demophon,
Thy Phillis, which that is so wo begon,
Of Rhodopeie, upon you mote complain,
Over the terme set betwixt us twain,
That ye ne holden forward, as ye sayd :
Your anere, which ye in our haven layd,
Hight us, that ye would comen out of doubt,
Or that the Moone ones went about,
But times fower the Moone hath hid her face
Sens thilke day ye went fro this place,
And fower times light the world again,
But for all that, yet shall I sothly saun,
Yet hath the streme of Scython not brought
From Athenes the ship, yet came it nought,
And if that ye the terme reken would,
As I or other true lovers doe should,
I plain not, God wot, before my day."
But al her letter witen I ne may,
By order, for it were to me a charge,
Her letter was right long, and therto large,
But here and there, in rume, I have it layd
There as me thought that she hath wel sayd.

She sayd, "The sailles commeth not again,

Ne to the word there n'is no fey certain,
But I wot why ye come not," quod she,
"For I was of my love to you so fre,
And of the goddes that ye have swore,
That hir vengeance fall on you therefore,
Ye be not sumsaunt to beare the pain,
Too moche trusted I, well may I sain,
Upon your linage, and your faire tong,
And on your teares falsely out wrong,
How coude ye wepe so by craft?" quod she,
"May there suche teares fained be ?

"Now, certes, if ye would have in memory,
It ought be to you but little glory,
To have a sely maide thus betrayed,
To God," quod she, "pray I, and oft have prayed
That it be now the greatest price of all,
And most honour that ever you shall befall,
And whan thine old aunceters painted bee,
In which men may hir worthinesse see,
Than pray I God, thou painted be also,
That folke may reden, forth by as they go,

“Lo, this is he, that with his flattery
Betrayed hath, and done her villany,
That was his true love, in thought and drede.”

“But sothly, of o point yet may they rede,
That ye been like your father, as in this,
For he begiled Ariadne, ywis,
With such an arte, and such subtelte,
As thou thy selven hast begiled me :
As in that point, although it be not feire,
Thou folowest certain, and art his heire.
But sens thus sinfully ye me begile,
My body mote ye sene, within a while,
Right in the haven of Athenes fleeing,
Withouten sepulture and burying,
Though ye been harder than is any stone.”

And when this letter was forth sent, anone,
And knew how brotill and how fals he was,
She for dispaire fordid her selfe, alas !
Such sorow hath she, for he beset her so.
Beware ye women of your subtilt fo,
Sens yet this day men may ensample se,
And trusteth now in love no man but me.

THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMESTRE.

In Grece, whilom, were brethren two
Of which that one was called Danao,
That many a son hath of his body wonne,
As such false lovers ofte conne.

Emong his sonnes all there was one,
That aldermost he loved of everychone,
And when this child was borne, this Danao
Shope him a name, and called him Lino,
That other brother called was Egiste,
That was of love as false as ever him liste,
And many a daughter gate he in his life,
Of which he gate upon his right wife,
A daughter dere, and did her for to call,
Hypermestra, yongest of hem all,
The which child of her nativite,
To all good thewes borne was she,
As liked to the goddess or she was borne,
That of the shefe she should be the corne.
The verdes that we clepen destine,
Hath shapen her, that she must needs be
Pitous, sad, wise, true as stele,
And to this woman it accordeth wele,
For though that Venus yave her great beaute,
With Jupiter compowned so was she,
That conscience, trowth, and drede of shame,
And of her wifehode for to kepe her name,
This thought her was felicitie as here,
And reed Mars, was that time of the yere
So feble, that his malice is him raft,
Repressed hath Venus his cruell craft,
And what with Venus, and other oppression
Of houses, Mars his venime is adon,
That Hypermeestre dare not handle a knife,
In malice, though she should lese her life ;
But nathelesse, as Heaven gan tho turne,
Two bad aspectes hath she of Saturne,
That made her to die in prison,
And I shall after make mencion,
Of Danao and Egistes also,
And though so be that they were brethren two,
For thilke tyme n'as spared no linage,
It liked hem to maken mariage

Betwix Hypermeestre, and him Lino,
And casten soch a day it shall be so,
And full accorded was it utterly,
The aray is wrought, the time is fast by,
And thus Lino hath of his fathers brother,
The daughter wedded, and ech of hem hath other.
The torches brennen, and the lamps bright,
The sacrifice been full ready dight,
Th'ensence out of the fire reketh soote,
The floure, the leefe, is rent up by the roote,
To maken garlandes and crounes hie,
Full is the place of sound of minstralcie,
Of songes amorous of mariage,
As thilke tyme was the plain usage,
And this was in the paleis of Egiste,
That in his hous was lord, right as him liste :
And thus that day they driven to an end,
The frendes taken leve, and home they wend,
The night is come, the bride shall go to bed,
Egiste to his chamber fast him sped,
And prively let his daughter call,
Whan that the house voided was of hem all,
He looked on his daughter with glad chere,
And to her spake, as ye shall after here.

“My right daughter, tresour of mine herte,
Sens first that day that shapen was my shert,
Or by the fatal suster had my dome,
So nie mine herte never thing ne come,
As thou, Hypermeestre, daughter dere,
Take hede what thy father sayth thee here,
And werke after thy wisser ever mo,
For alderfirst daughter I love thee so,
That all the world to me n'is halfe so lefe,
Ne n'olde rede thee to thy mischefe,
For all the good under the cold Mone,
And what I meane, it shall be said right sone,
With protestacion as sain these wise,
That but thou doe as I shall thee devise,
Thou shalt be ded, by him that all hath wrought,
At short wordes, thou ne scapest nought
Out of my paleis, or that thou be ded,
But thou consent, and werke after my reed,
Take this to the fearful conclusioun.”
This Hypermeestre cast her eyen doun,
And quoke as doth the leefe of ashe grene,
Deed wext her hew, and like ashen to sene,
And sayd : “Lord and father, all your will,
After my might, God wote, I will fulfill,
So it be to me no confusion.”

“I n'ill.” quod he, “have none excepcion,”
And out he caught a knife, as rasour kene,
“Hide this,” quod he, “that it be not ysene,
And when thine husband is to bed go,
While that he slepeth, cut his throte atwo,
For in my dreme it is warned me,
How that my newewe shall my bane be,
But which I n'ot, wherefore I will be siker,
If thou say nay, we two shall have a biker,
As I have said, by him that I have sworn.”
This Hypermeestre hath nigh her wit forlorn,
And for to passen harmelesse out of that place,
She granted him, there was none other grace :
And withall a costrell taketh he tho,
And sayd, “Hereof a draught or two,
Yeve him drinke, whan he goeth to rest,
And he shal slepe as long as ever thee lest,
The narcotikes and apies been so strong,
Out go thy way, lest that him thinke to long.”
Out cometh the bride, and with full sobre chere,
As is of maidens oft the manere,

To chamber brought with revel and with song,
 And shortly, leste thus tale be to long,
 This Lino and she beth brought to bed,
 And every wight out at the doore him sped,
 The night is wasted, and he fell aslepe,
 Full tenderly beginneth she to weepe,
 She rist her up, and dredfully she quaketh,
 As doth the braunch that Zephirus shaketh,
 And husht were all in Argone that citee,
 As cold as any frost now wexeth shee,
 For pite by the herte strained her so,
 And drede of death doth her so moche wo,
 That thrise doune she fill, in suche a were,
 She riste her up, and stakereth here and there,
 And on her handes fast looketh she,
 "Alas, shall mine hands bloudie be ?
 I am a maide, and as by my nature,
 And by my semblaunt, and by my vesture,
 Mine hands been not shapen for a knife,
 As for to reve no man fro his life.
 What devill have I with the knife to do ?
 And shall I have my throte corve a two ?
 Than shall I blede, alas, and be shende,
 And nedes this thing mote have an ende,
 Or he or I mote nedes lese our life,
 Now certes," quod she, "sens I am his wile,

And hath my faith, yet is bette for me
 For to be dedde in wifely honeste,
 Than be a traitour living in my shame,
 Be as be may, for earnest or for game,
 He shall awake, and rise and go his way
 Out at this gutter er that it be day :"
 And wept full tenderly upon his face,
 And in her armes gan him to embrace,
 And him she joggeth, and awaketh soft,
 And at the window lepe he fro the loft,
 Whan she hath warned him, and done him bote :
 This Lino swift was and light of foote,
 And from her ran a full good pass.
 This sely woman is so weake, alas,
 And helpesse, so that er she ferre went,
 Her cruell father did her for to hent.
 Alas, Lino ! why art thou so unkind ?
 Why ne hast thou remembered in thy mind,
 And taken her, and led her forth with thee ?
 For whan she saw that gone away was hee,
 And that she might not so fast go,
 Ne folowen him, she sate doune right tho,
 Untill she was caught, and fettered in prison :
 This tale is sayd for this conclusion.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN.

THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS.

v. 1—56

GLAETH ye lovers in the morowe graie,
 Lo, Venus risen among yon rowes rede,
 And foures freshe honour ye this daie,
 For whan the Sun uprist than wold they sprede,
 But ye lovers that lie in any diede,
 Flieth, least wicked tongues ye asprie,
 Lo, yonde the Sun, the candell of jelousie.

With tears blew, and with a wounded herte
 Taketh your leve, and, with saint John to borow,
 Apeseth somewhat of your paines smert,
 Time cometh eft, that cessen shall your sorrow,
 The glad night is worth an heavy morow,
 Saint Valentine, a foule thus heard I sing,
 Upon thy day, or Sunne gan up spring.

Yet sang this foule, "I rede you all awake,
 And ye that have not chosen, in humble wise,
 Without repenting, cheseth your make,
 Yet at the least, renoveleth your service :
 And ye that have full chosen, as I devise,
 Confermeth it perpetually to dure,
 And paciently taketh your adventure."

And for the worship of this high feast,
 Yet wold I in my brdes wise sing,
 The sentence of the complaint at the least,
 That wofull Mars made at the departing
 Fro fresh Venus in a morowning,
 Whan Phebus with his fire torches rede,
 Ransaked hath every lover in his drede.

Whilome, the three Heavens lorde above,
 As wold by heavnelich revolucion,
 As by Jesert, hath wonne Venus his love,
 And she hath take him in subjection,
 And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,
 Commanding him never in her service,
 He were so bold no lover to dispise.

For she forbade him jealousy at all,
 And cruelty, and boste, and tyranny,
 She made him at her lust so humble and tall,
 That when she dained to cast on hum her eye,
 He tooke in patience to live or die,
 And thus she briedleth him in her maner,
 With nothing but with scorning of her chere.

Who reigneth now in blisse but Venus,
 That hath this worthy knight in governance ?
 Who singeth now but Mars, that serveth thus
 The faire Venus, causer of pleasaunce ?
 He bint him to pepetuel obeysaunce,
 And she binte her to love him for ever,
 But so be that his trespace it discover.

Thus be they knit, and reigen as in Heven,
 By lokng most, as it fell on a tide,
 That by hur both assent was set a steven
 That Mars shall enter, as fast as he may glide,
 In to her next palais to abide,
 Walking his course till she had him ytake,
 And he prayed her to hast her for his sake.

Than said he thus, "Mine hertes lady sweete,
Ye know well my mischef in that place,
For sikerly, till that I with you meete,
My life stant there in aventure and grace,
But when I see the beaute of your face,
There is no drede of death may do me smert,
For all your luste is ease to mine herte."

She hath so great compassion of her knight,
That dwelleth in solitude till she come,
For it stode so, that ilke time, no wight
Counsailed him, ne said to him welcome,
That nigh her wit for sorow was overcome,
Wherefore, she spedded as fast in her way,
Almost in one day as he did in tway.

The great joy that was betwix hem two,
When they be mette, there may no tong tel,
There is no more but unto bedde they go,
And thus in joy and blisse I let hem dwell,
This worthy Mars, that is of knighthood well,
The floure of farnesse happeth in his arms,
And Venus kisseth Mars, the god of arms

Sojourned hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chambre amidde the palais prively,
A certaine tyme, till him fell a drede
Through Phebus, that was commen hastily,
Within the palais yates sturdely,
With torch in hond, of which the stremes bright
On Venus chambre knockeden ful light.

The chambre there as lay this fresh queene,
Depainted was with white boles grete,
And by the light she knew that shon so shene,
That Phebus cam to bren hem with his herte;
This sely Venus, ny dremt in teares wete,
Enbraseth Mars, and said, "Alas, I die,
The torch is come that al this world wol wrie."

Up sterte Mars, him list not to sleepe,
When he his lady herde so complaine,
But for his nature was not for to weepe,
Insteade of teares, from his eyen twaine
The firy sparckes sprongen out for paine,
And hente his hauberke that lay him beside,
Fie wold he nought, ne might himself hide.

He throweth on his helme of huge weight,
And girt him with his swerde, and in his honde
His mighty speare, as he was wont to feight,
He shaketh so, that it almost to wonde,
Full hevvy was he to walken over londe,
He may not hold with Venus company,
But bad her fle the least Phebus her espy.

O woful Mars, alas ! what maist thou sain,
That in the palais of thy disturbaunce
Art left behind in peril to be slau ?
And yet there to is double thy penaunce,
For she that hath thine herte in governance,
Is passed halfe the stremes of thine eyen,
That thou nere swift, wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Now fieth Venus in to Cielinius tour,
With void coise, for fear of Phebus light,
Alas, and there hath she no socour,
For she ne found ne sey no maner wight,
And eke as there she had but littel might,
Wherefore her selven for to hide and save,
Within the gate she fledde in to a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hell,
Nat but two paas within the yate it stood;
A naturel day in darke I let her dwell;
Now wold I speake of Mars, furious and wood,
For sorow he wold have seene his herte blood,
Sith that he might have done her no company,
He ne rougth not a mite for to die.

So feble he went for herte, and for his wo,
That nigh he swelt, he might unneth endure,
He passeth but a sterre in daies two,
But nevertheles, for al his hevvy armure,
He foloweth her that is his lives cure,
For whose departing he tooke greater ire,
Than for his brenning in the fire.

After he walketh softly a paas,
Complaining that it pitie was to here,
He saide, "O lady bright, Venus, alas,
That ever so wide a compass is my sphere,
Alas, when shall I mete you herte dere ?
This twelve dayes of April I endure,
Through jelous Phebus this misaventure."

Now God helpe sely Venus alone,
But, as God wold, it happed for to be,
That while the weping Venus made her mone,
Cielinius, riding in his chivachee,
Fro Venus Valanus might this palais see,
And Venus he salveth, and maketh chere,
And her receiveth as his frende full dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversite,
Complaining ever in her departing,
And what his complaint was remembreth me,
And therefore in this lusty morowning,
As I best can, I wold it saine and sung,
And after that I wold my leave take,
And God yeve every wight joy of his make.

The Complaint of Mars.

THE order of complaint requireth skilfully,
That if a wight shal plaine pitously,
There mote be cause wherfore that he him plain,
Or men may deme he plaineth folly,
And causeles : alas, that do not I.
Wherefore the ground and cause of al my pain,
So as my troubled witte may it attain,
I wold reherse, not for to have redresse,
But to declare my ground of hevnesse.

The first tyme, alas, that I was wrought,
And for certain effects hider brought,
By him that lorded each intelligence,
I gave my trew service and my thought,
For evermo, how dere I have it bought,
To her that is of so great excellence,
That what wight that sheweth first her offence,
When she is wroth and taketh of him no cure,
He may not long in joy of love endure.

This is no fained mater that I tell,
My lady is the very sours and well
Of beaute, luste, fredome, and gentilnesse,
Of rich array, how dere men it sell,
Of all disport in which men frendly dwell,
Of love and play, and of benigne humblesse.
Of sowne of instruments of al sweetnesses,
And thereto so well fortunéd and thewed,
That through the world her goodnes is shewed.

What wonder is than though that I be set
My service on such one that may me knet
To wele or wo, sith it lithe in her might,
Therefore mine herte for ever I to her hette,
Ne trewly, for my death shall I not lette
To ben her trewest servaunt and her knight,
I flatter not, that may weete every wight,
For this day in her service shall I dye,
But grace be, I see her never with eye.

To whom shall I plaine of my distresse,
Who may me help, who may my heart redresse ?
Shall I complaine unto my lady free ?
Nay, certes, for she hath such heavynesse,
For feare and eke for wo, that, as I gesse,
In littel time it would her bane bee,
But were she safe, it were no force of mee,
Alas, that ever lovers mote endure
For love, so many perilous aventure.

For though so be that lovers be as trewe,
As any metal that is forged newe,
In many a case him tideth oft sorowe ;
Somtime hir ladies wot nat on hem rewe ;
Somtime, if that jelousie it knewe,
They might lightly lay hir heed to borowe ;
Somtime envions folke with tonges horowe,
Depraven hem ; alas ! whom may they please ?
But he be false, no lover hath his ease.

But what availeth such a long sermoun
Of adventures of love up and doun ?
I wol retourne and speaken of my paine ;
The point is this, of my destruction,
My right lady, my salvacioun,
Is in affray, and not to whom to plaine ;
O herte swete, O lady soveraine,
For your disease I ought wel swoun and swelt,
Though I none other harme ne drede felt.

To what fine made the God that sit so hie,
Beneth hum love [or] other companie,
And straineth folke to love mauger hir heed ?
And than hir joy, for naught I can espie,
Ne lasteth not the twinkling of an eye,
And some have never joy till they be deed :
What meaneth this ? what is this mistiheed ?
Wherto constraneth he his folke so fast,
Thing to desne, but it should last ?

And though he made a lover love a thing,
And maketh it seem stedfast and during,
Yet putleth he in it such misaventure,
That rest n'is there in his yeving.
And that is wonder, that so just a king
Doth such hardnesse to his creature ;
Thus, whether love break or els dure,
Algates he that hath with love to doon,
Hath ofter wo than chaunged is the Moon.

It seemeth he hath to lovers enmite,
And, like a fisher, as men may all day se,
Baited his angle hoke with some pleaseance,
Til many a fish is wood, till that he be
Ceased therwith, and than at erst hath he
All his desire, and therwith all mischaunce,
And though the line breke he hath penaunce,
For with that hoke he wounded is so sore,
That he his wages hath for evermore.

The broche of Thebes was of soch kinde,
So full of rubies and of stoness of Iude,
That every wight that set on it an eye,
He wende, anone, to wroth out of his mind,
So sore the beaute wold his herte bind,
Till he it had, him thought he must die,
And when that it was his, than should he drie
Soch wo for drede, aye while that he it had,
That welnigh for the feare he should [be] mad.

And when it was fro his possession,
Than had he double wo and passion,
That he so faire a jewell hath forgo,
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
Was not the cause of his confusion,
But he that wrought it enfortuned it so,
That every wight that had it shold have wo,
And therefore in the worcher was the vice,
And in the covetour that was so nice.

So fareth it by lovers, and by me,
For though my lady have so great beaute,
That I was mad till I had gette her grace,
She was not cause of mine adversite,
But he that wrought her, as mote I the,
That put soch a beaute in her face,
That made me coveiten and purchase
Mine owne death, him wite I, that I die,
And mine unwit that ever I clambe so hie.

But to you, hardy knightes of renoune,
Sith that ye be of my devisiounne,
Albe I not worthy to so great a name,
Yet saine these clerkes I am your patroune,
Therefore ye ought have some compassion
Of my disease, and take it nat a game,
The proudest of you may be made ful tame,
Wherfore I pray you, of your gentillesse,
That ye complaine for mine heavynesse.

And ye, my ladies, that be true and stable,
By way of kind ye ought to ben able
To have pite of folke that been in paine,
Now have ye cause to cloth you in sable,
Sith that your empressse, the honorable,
Is desolate, wel ought you to plaine,
Now should your holy teares fall and raine ;
Alas, your honour and your emprise,
Nigh dead for drede, ne can her not chevisse.

Complaineth eke ye lovers, all in fere,
For her that with unfained humble chere,
Was ever redy to do you secour,
Complaineth her that ever hath be you dere,
Complaineth beaute, freedome, and manere,
Complaineth her that endeth your labour,
Complaineth thilke ensample of al honour,
That never did but gentillesse,
Kitheth therefore in her some kindnesse.

The Complaint of Venus.

THERE n'is so high comfort to my pleaseance,
Whan that I am in any heavynesse,
As to have leiser of remembraunce,
Upon the manhood and the worthynesse,
Upon the trowth, and on the stedfastnesse,
Of him whose I am all, while I may dure,
There ought to blame me no creature,
For every wight praiseth his gentillesse.

In him is bounte, wisdom, and governaunce,
Wel more than any mans witte can gesse,
For grace hath wolde so ferforth him avance,
That of knighthood he his parfitte richesse,
Honour honoureth him for his noblesse,
Thereto so well hath fourmed him nature,
That I am his for ever I him ensure,
For every wight praiseth his gentillesse.

And nat withstanding all his suffisaunce,
His gentil herte is of so great humblesse
To me in word, in werke, and in countenance,
And me to serve is all his businesse,
That I am sette in very sikernesse ;
Thus ought I blisse well mine aventour,
Sith that him list me serven and honour,
For every wight praiseth his gentillesse.

Now certes, Love, it is right covenable
That men ful dere abie thy noble things,
As wake a bedde, and fasten at the table,
Weping to laugh, and sing in complainings,
And downe to cast visage and lookings,
Often to change visage and countenance,
Play in sleeping, and dremen at the daunce,
All the revers of any glad feeling.

Jelousie he hanged by a cable,
She wold al know through her espyng,
There doth no wight nothing so reasonable,
That al n'is harme in her imagining,
Thus dere about is Love in yeving,
Which oft he yeveth without ordinaunce,
As sorow ynough, and little of pleaseaunce,
All the revers of any glad feeling.

A little time his yeft is agreeable,
But full accombrous is the using,
For subtil Jelousie, the deceivable,
Full often time causeth distourbing,
Thus ben we ever in drede and suffring,
In no certaine, we languishen in penaunce,

And have well oft many an hard mischance,
All the revers of any glad feling.

But certes, Love, I say not in soch wise,
That for to scape out of your lace I ment,
For I so long have been in your service,
That for to lete, of will, I never assent,
No force, though Jelousie me toument,
Suffiseth me to see him when I may,
And therefore, certes, to my ending day,
To love him best shall me never repent.

And certes, Love, when I me well advise,
Of any estate that man may represent,
Than have ye made me, through your franchise,
Thefe the best that ever in earth went ;
Now love well herte, and look thou never stent,
And let the jealous put it in assay,
That for no paine wold I not say nay,
To love him best shall I never repent.

Harte, to thee it ought ynough suffice,
That Love so high a grace to you sent,
To chose the worthies in all wise,
And most agreeable unto mine entent,
Seek no further, neither way ne went,
Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my pay ;
Thus wold I end this complaining or this lay,
To love him best shall I never repent.

LENOVOY.

Princes, receiveth this complaining in gree,
Unto your excellent benigne,
Direct after my litel suffisaunce,
For elde, that in my spirite dulleth mee,
Hath of enditing all the subtelte
Weligh berafte out of my remembrance :
And eke to me it is a great penaunce,
Sith rime in English hath soch scarcite,
To folow, word by word, the curiosite
Of Graunson, flour of hem that make in Fraunce

EXPLICIT

OF THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that hee heareth the cuckow and the nightingale contend for excellencie in singing.

v. 1—20

THE god of love, and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he !
For he can make of low hertes hie,
And of high low, and like for to die,
And hard hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound,
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seke,
He can bind and unbinden eke,
That he wold have bounden or unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of low folke full nice,
For he may do all that he wold devise,
And lither folke to employen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly, all that ever he wold he may,
Against him dare not right say nay,
For he can glad and give whom him liketh,
And who that hee loveth he lougheth or siketh,
And most his might sheweth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some stering
Or to joy or els to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here the birds sing,
And see the floures and the leaves spring,
That bringeth into hir remembrance
A manner ease, medled with grevaunce,
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.

And of that longing commeth hevynesse,
And thereof growth of great sicknesse,
And for lacke of that that they desire,
And thus in May ben hertes set on fire,
So that they brennen forth in great distresse.

I speake this of feeling truly
If I be old and un lusty,
Yet I have felt of the sicknesse through May,
Both hote and cold, and accesse every day,
How sore ywis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shaken with the fevers white,
Of all this May sleepe I but a lita,
And also it is not like to me
That any herte should sleepe be
In whom that Love his firy dart woll smite.

But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among hem it was a commune tale
That it were good to here the nightingale
Rather than the leud cuckow sing.

And than I thought, anon, as it was day,
I would go some where to assay
If that I might a nightingale here,
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,
And it was tho the thirde night of May.

And anone, as I the day aspide,
No lenger would I in my bed abide,
But unto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone boldly,
And held the way downe by a brooke side,

Till I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, ypourd with daisie,
The floures and the greves like hie,
All greene and white, was nothing els seene.

There sate I downe among the faire flours,
And saw the birds trip out of hir hours,
There as they rested hem all the night,
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
They began of May for to done honours.

They coud that service all by rote,
There was many a lovely note,
Some song loud, as they had plained,
And some in other manner voice yfained,
And some all out with the full throte.

They prouyed hem and made hem right gay,
And daunceden and lepton on the spray,
And evermore two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere
In Feverere upon saint Valentines day.

And the river that I sate upon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordant with the birdes armony,
Me thought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite, I wote never how,
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,
Nat all asleepe, ne fully waking,
And in that swow, me thought, I hearde sing
The sorry bird, the leud cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
But who was than evill apaid but I?
"Now God," quod I, "that died on the crois,
Yeve sorrow on thee, and on thy leud vois,
Full little joy have I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,
I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustely sing
That with her clere voice she made ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale," quod I then,
"A little hast thou ben too long hen,
For here hath ben the leud cuckow,
And songen songs rather than hast thou,
I pray to God evill fire her bren."

But now I woll you tell a wonder thing,
As long as I lay in that swouning,
Me thought I wist what the birds ment,
And what they said, and what was hir entent,
And of hir speech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
"Now good cuckow, go somewhere away,
And let us that can singen dwellen here,
For every wight escheweth thee to here,
Thy songs be so elenge, in good iay."

"What," quod she, "what may thee aylen now?
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot never how.

"And every wight may understande mee,
But, nightingale, so may they not done thee,
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,
I have thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,
How might I know what that should be?"

"Ah foole," quod she, "wost thou not what it is,
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy? ywis,
Than meane I that I would wonder faine,
That all they were shamefully ysleine,
That meaneen ought againe love amis.

"And also I would that all tho were dede
That thinke not in love hir life to lede,
For who so that wol not the god of love serve,
I dare well say he is worthy to sterve,
And for that skall, ocy, ocy, I grede."

"Eye," quod the cuckow, "this is a queint law,
That every wight shall love or be to draw,
But I fofsake all such companie,
For mine entent is not for to die,
Ne never while I live in Loves yoke to draw;

þ that ben on live
and most unthrive,
, wo, and care,
, e,
rout to strive ?”

ou art out of thy mind ;
hurlennesse find
unts in this wise,
so good servise
he is of kind.

with all goodnesse,
nesse,
rtes lust,
ed trust,
reshnesse,

id curtesie,
npanie,
ne amis :
servaunt is,
han to die.

at I sey,
þ and dey,
nat thou do ywis :”
ie never have blisse,
aile obey.

rest wonder faire,
th contraire,
but rage,
dotage,
shall enpaire.

ease and hevinesse,
nany a great sicknesse,
nd envie,
st, and jalousie,
y, and woodnesse :

espaire,
that is not faire,
love a little blisse,
with, ywis,
þ have his haire.

fore hold thee nie,
thy queint crie,
fro thy make,
hat been forsake,
en as doe I.”

ry name, and on thee !
iee never ythe,
ousand fold than wood,
worthy and full good,
had love ybe.

s servants amendeth,
s hem defendeth,
nne right in a fire,
pfull desire,
y ynough him sendeth.”

said, “ be sm,
n, but it is will,
e he easeth,
y he displeaseth,
age he let hem spill

“ With suche a lord wulle I never be,
For he is blinde and may not se ;
And when he liethe he not ne when he fayleth ;
In his courte full seld trouthe availthe ;
So dyverse and so wilfull ys he ”

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,
And said, “ Alas, that ever I was bore,
I can for tene not say one word more,”
And right with that word she brast out to weepe.

“ Alas,” quod she, “ my herte woll to breake,
To hearen thus this leud bird speake
Of Love, and of his worshipfull servise.
Now God of love, thou help me in some wise,
That I may on this cuckow been awreake.”

Me thought then that I stert out anon,
And to the broke I ran and gate a ston,
And at the Cuckow hertely I cast ;
And he for drede fle away full fast,
And glad was I when that he was gon.

And evermore the Cuckow, as he fleth,
He seid, “ farewell, farewell, papyngay !”
As thogh he had skorryd thocht of me :
But ay I hunted him fro tre to tre
Till he was fer all out of sight away.

And than came the nightingale to mee,
And said, “ Friend, forsooth I thanke thee,
That thou hast liked me to rescow,
And one avow to Love make I now,
That all this May I woll thy singer be.”

I thanked her, and was right well apaied :
“ Ye,” quod she, “ and be thou not dismaied,
Tho thou have herd the cuckow erst than me,
For, if I live, it shall amended be
The next May, if I be not affraied.

“ And one thing I woll rede thee also,
Ne leve thou not the cuckow, ne his loves so,
For all that he hath said is strong lesing :”
“ Nay,” quod I, “ thereto shall nothing me bring,
For love, and it hath doe me much wo.

“ Ye, use,” quod she, “ this medicine
Every day this May or thou dine,
Go looke upon the fresh daisie,
And though thou be for wo in point to die,
That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pnie.

“ And looke alway that thou be good and trew,
And I woll sing one of the songes new
For love of thee, as loud as I may crie :”
And than she began this song full hie,
“ I shrew all hem that been of love untrue.”

And when she had song it to the end,
“ Now farewell,” quod she, “ for I mote wend,
And god of love, that can right well, and may,
As much joy send thee this day,
As any lover yet he ever send.”

Thus taketh the nightingale her leave of me,
I pray to God alway with her be,
And joy of love he send her evermore,
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his lore,
For there is not so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew, the gentle nightingale,
To all the birds that were in that dale,
And gate hem all into a place in fere,
And besoughten hem that they would here
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

“The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,
How the cuckow and I fast have chide
Ever sithen it was day light,
I pray you all that ye do me right
On that foule false unkind bridle.”

Than spake o bird for all, by one assent,
“This matter asketh good avisement,
For we ben birdes here in fere,
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,
And therefore we woll have a parlment.

“And thereat shall the egle be our lord,
And other peres that been of record,
And the cuckow shall be after sent,
There shall be yeve the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accord.

“And this shall be without nay,
The morrow after saint Valentines day,
Under a maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chamber window of the quene,
At Woodstocke upon the grene lay.”

She thanked hem, and than her leave toke,
And into an hauthorne by that broke,
And there she sate and song upon that tree,
“Terme of life love hath withhold me,”
So loud that I with that song awok.

EXPLICIT.

MINOR POEMS.

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.

My master Bukton, whan of Christ our king,
Was asked, what is troth or sothfastnesse,
He not a worde answerde to that asking,
As who saith, no man is all true, I gesse :
And therefore, though I hight to expresse
The sorrow and wo that is in mariage,
I dare not wrien of it no wickednesse,
Lest I my selfe fall ofte in suche dotage.

I woll not say how that it is the chaine
Of Sathanas, on which he knoweth ever,
But I dare saine, were he out of his paine,
As by his wil he would be bounden never ;
But thilke doted foole, that ett hath lever
Ychayned be, than out of prison crepe,
God let him never fro his wo discever,
Ne no man him bewayle, though he wepe.

But yet, lest thou doe worse, take a wife,
Bet is to wedde than brenne in worse wise.
But thou shalt have sorow on thy flesh thy life,
And ben thy wives thrale, as sain theese wise,
And if that holy writ may not suffice,
Experience shall thee teach, so may happe,
Take the way lever to be taken in frise,
Than ofte to fall of wedding in the trappe.

This little writte, proverbes or figures,
I sende you, take keepe of it I rede,
Unwise is he that can no wele endure,
If thou be siker, put thee not in drede,
The Wife of Bath I pray you that ye rede
Of this matter that we have on honde,
God graunt you your lyfe freely to lede
In fredome, for foule is to be bonde.

EXPLICIT.

BALADE SENT TO K. RICHARD.

SOMETIME the world so stedfast was and stable,
That mannes word was an obligatioun,
And now it is so false and deceivable,
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,
Is nothing like, for tourned is up so doun
All the world, through mede and fikelnesse,
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What maketh the world to be so variable
But lust, that men have in dissension ?
For among us a man is hold unable,
But if he can by some collusion
Doe his neighbour wrong and oppression :
What causeth this but wilfull wretchednesse
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse ?

Trouth is put downe, reason is hold fable,
Vertue hath now no domination,
Pity is exiled, no man is merciable,
Through covetise is blente discretion,
The world hath made a permutation,
Fro right to wrong, fro trouth to fikelnesse,
That all is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

L'ENVOYE.

Prince, desire to be honourable,
Cherish thy folke, and hate extortion,
Suffer nothing that may be reprovabell
To thine estate, done in thy region,
Shew forth the yerd of castigation,
Drede God, do law, love trouth and worthinesse,
And wed thy folke ayen to stedfastnesse.

EXPLICIT.

GOOD COUNSAIL OF CHAUCER.

Fly fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,
Suffice unto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,
Savour no more than thee behove shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in litle businesse,
Beware also to spurne againe a nail,
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth, pilgrime ! forth, beast, out of thy stall !
Looke up on high, and thanke God of all !
Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

EXPLICIT.

A BALLADE OF THE VILLAGE WITHOUT
PAINTING.

PLAINTIFE TO FORTUNE.

THIS wretched worldes transmutation,
As wele and wo, now poor, and now honour,
Without order or due discretion,
Governed is by Fortunes errour,
But natheless, the lacke of her favour
Ne may not doe me sing, though that I die,
Jay tout perdu, mon temps et mon labour,
For faially Fortune I defie.

Yet is me left the sight of my reassoun,
To know friend fro foe in thy mirrour,
So much hath yet thy tounring up and down
Ytaught me to knowen in an hour,
But trully, no force of thy reddour
To him that over himselfe hath maistrise,
My suffisaunce shall be my succour,
For finally Fortune I defie.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,
She might never be thy turmentour,
Thou never dredest her oppression,
Ne in her chere found thou no favour,
Thou knew the deceit of her colour,
And that her moste worship is for to lie,
I know her eke a false dissimulour,
For finally Fortune I defie.

THE ANSWERE OF FORTUNE.

No man is wretched, but himselfe it wene,
Ne that hath in himselfe suffisaunce,

Why saist thou than I am to thee so kene,
That hast thy selfe out of my governance ?
Say thus, graunt mercy of thine habundance
That thou hast lent, or this, thou shalt not strive,
What wost thou yet how I thee woll avance ?
And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

I have thee taught devisioun betweene
Friend of effect, and friend of countenance,
Thee needeth nat the gall of an hine,
That cureth eyen darke for her penaunce,
Now seest thou clere that were in ignoraunce,
Yet holt thine anker, and yet thou maist arrive
There bounty beareth the key of my substance,
And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

How many have I refused to sustene,
Sith I have thee fostred in thy plesaunce !
Wolt thou than make a statute on thy quene,
That I shall be aye at thine ordinaunce ?
Thou born art in my reigne of variaunce,
About the whele with other most thou drive,
My lore is bet than wicke is thy grevaunce,
And eke thou hast thy best friend alive.

THE ANSWERE TO FORTUNE.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adversity,
My frend maist thou not reve, blind goddesse,
That I thy friends know, I thanke it thee,
Take hem againe, let hem go lie a presse,
The niggardes in keeping hir richesse,
Pronostike is, thou wolt hir toure assaile,
Wicke appetite commeth aye before sicknessse,
In general this rule may not faile.

FORTUNE.

Thou pinchest at my mutability,
For I thee lent a droppe of my richesse,
And now me liketh to withdraw me,
Why shouldest thou my royally oppresse ?
The sea may ebbe and flow more and lesse,
The welken hath might to shine, rain, and hail,
Right so must I kithe my brotinosse,
In generall this rule may not fail.

THE PLAINTIFE.

Lo, the execution of the majesty,
That all purveigheth of his ightwisenesse,
That same thing Fortune clepen ye,
Ye blind beasts, full of leaudnesse,
The Heaven hath property of sikernesse,
This world hath ever restlesse travaile,
The last day is end of mine entresse,
In generall this rule may not faile.

TH'ENVOYE OF FORTUNE.

Princes, I pray you of your gentillesse
Let not this man and me thus cry and plain,
And I shall quite you this businesse,
And if ye liste releve him of his pain,
Pray ye his best frende, of his noblesse,
That to some better state he may attain.

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER.

A SCOGAN.

Tobroken been the statutes hie in Heaven,
That create were eternally t'endure,
Sithe that I see the bright goddes seven
Mowe wepe and waille, and passion endure,
As may in yearth a mortall creature :
Alas, fro whens may this thing procede,
Of which errour I die almost for drede ?

By word eterne, whilom, was it shape,
That fro the fifth cercle, in no manere,
Ne might of teares doune escape,
But now so weepeth Venus in her sphere,
That with her teares she wol drench us here.
Alas, Scogan, this is for thine offence,
Thou causest this deluge of pestulence.

Hast thou not said, in blaspheme of the goddis,
Through pride, or through thy gret rekernes,
Such things as in the law of love forbode is,
That for thy lady saw not thy distresse,
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelmesse ?
Alas, Scogan, of olde folke ne yong,
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tong.

Thou drew in scorne Cupide eke to record,
Of thilke rebell word that thou hast spoken,
For which he woll no lenger be thy lord,
And Scogan, though his bow be not broken,
He woll not with his arrows be ywroken
On thee ne me, ne none of our figure,
We shall of him have neither hurte ne cure.

Now certes, frend, I drede of thine unhape,
Lest for thy gulte the wreche of love procede
On all hem that been here and round of shape,
That be so likely folke to spede,
Than we shall of our labour have our mede,
But well I wot, thou wolt answer and say,
Lo, old Grisell list to renne and play.

Nay, Scogan, say not so, for I me excuse,
God helpe me so, in no rime doubtles,
Ne thinke I never of sleepe wake my muse,
That rusteth in my sheath still in pees,
While I was yong I put her forth in prees,
But all shall passe that men prose or rime,
Take every man his tourne as for his time.

Scogan, thou knelest at the stremes hedde
Of grace, of all honour, and of worthyness,
In th'ende of which I am dull as dedde,
Forgotten in solitary wilderness,
Yet, Scogan, thinke on Tullius' kindness,
Mind thy frende there it may fructifie,
Farewel, and looke thou never eft love defie.

EXPLICIT.

TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere,
Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the Sunne bright,
That of yelowness had never pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my herthes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

EXPLICIT.

A BALLAD

MADE BY CHAUCER, TEACHING WHAT IS GENTILNESS, OF
WHOM IS WORTHY TO BE CALLED GENTILL.

THE first stocke father of gentilnes,
What man desireth gentil for to bee,
Must followe his trace, and all his wittes dres
Vertue to love and vices for to flee,
For unto vertue longeth dignitee,
And not the revers falsly, dare I deme,
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

This first stocke was full of rightwisnes,
Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,
Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse,
Against the vice of slouth in honeste,
And, but his heire love vertue as did he,
He is not gentill, though he rich seme,
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

Viceste may well be heir to old richesse,
But there may no man, as men may wel see,
Bequethe his heire his vertues noblesse,
That is appropriated unto no degree,
But to the first father in majestee,
That maketh his heires them that him queme,
All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

EXPLICIT.

PROVERBES

AGAINST COVETISE AND NEGLIGENCE.

WHAT shall these clothes manifold,
 Lo, this hote somers day ?
 After great heat commeth cold,
 No man cast his pilche away.
 Of all this world the large compasse
 It will not in mine armes twaine ;
 Who so mokel woll embrace,
 Litel thereof he shall distraine.

EXPLICIT.

CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER.

ADAM Scrivener, if ever it thee befall
 Boece or Troilus for to write new,
 Under thy long locks thou maist have the scall,
 But after my making thou write more trew,
 So oft a day I mote thy werke renew,
 It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
 And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.

VIRELAI.

ALONE walking,
 In thought plaining,
 And sore sighing,
 All desolate :

Me remembering
 Of my living,
 My death wishing,
 Both early and late :

Infortunate
 Is so my fate
 That wote ye what ?
 Out of measure

My life I hate :
 Thus desperate,
 In such poor estate
 Do I endure.

Of other cure
 Am I not sure,
 Thus to endure
 Is hard certain.

Such is my ure,
 I yon ensure,
 What creature
 May have more pain ?

My truth so plain
 Is taken in vau,
 And great dsdain
 In remembrance,

Yet I full fain,
 Would me complain,
 Me to abstain
 From this penaunce.

But in substaunce,
 None allegeaunce
 Of my grevaunce
 Can I not find.

Right so my chaunce
 With displeaunce
 Doth me avaunce,
 And thus an end.

GLOSSARY.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Glossary is intended to facilitate the reading of Chaucer, by explaining, in our present language, such of his words and phrases as are now become difficult to be understood, either from a total disuse, or from any smaller alterations of orthography or inflexion. Many of these words and phrases having been already explained in the Notes of this edition, it has been thought sufficient in that case to refer the reader to those Notes. For the rest, it is hoped that this work may be of use in removing some of the most material difficulties, which occur, not only in the *Canterbury Tales*, but also in the other *genuine*¹ compositions of Chaucer, as far as the present state of their text makes it safe to attempt any explanation of them.

It would be injustice to the learned author of the Glossary to Mr. Urry's edition², not to acknowledge, that I have built upon his foundations, and often with his materials. In particular, I have followed, and have endeavoured to improve upon, his example, by constantly citing one or more places, in which the word or phrase explained is to be found³. Where the places cited by him were apposite and satisfactory, I have generally spared myself the trouble of hunting for others, with this caution however, that I have not made use of any one of his references without having first verified it by actual inspection; a caution which every compiler ought to take in all cases, and which in the present case was indispensably necessary, on account of the numerous and gross errors in the text of that edition⁴ to which Mr. Thomas's Glossary was adapted.

For the further prevention of uncertainty and confusion, care has been taken to mark the part of speech to which each word belongs, and to distribute all homonymous words into separate articles⁵. The numbers, cases, modes, times, and other inflexions of the declinable parts of speech are also marked, whenever they are expressed in a manner differing from modern usage.

Etymology is so clearly not a necessary branch of the duty of a Glossarist, that, I trust, I shall be easily excused for not having troubled the reader with longer or more frequent digressions of that sort. In general, I have thought it sufficient to mark shortly the original language from which each word is probably to be derived, according to the hypothesis, which has

¹ At the end of this advertisement I shall add a short *Account* of what I conceive to be the *genuine works* of Chaucer, and of those which have been either falsely ascribed to him, or improperly mixed with his, in the Editions. Those under the two latter descriptions may be of use to illustrate the works of Chaucer, but should not be confounded with them.

² Mr. Timothy Thomas. See App. to the Preface. A. note^a.

³ The expediency of this practice is obvious. It enables the reader to apprehend more clearly the interpretation of the Glossarist, when right; and it affords him an opportunity of correcting those mistakes, to which we are all so exceedingly liable.

⁴ See App. to the Preface. A. p. viii.

⁵ The neglect of this precaution, and of that just mentioned, has made Mr. Hearne's Glossaries to *Robert of Gloucester* and *Robert of Brunne* of very little use. Who would place any confidence in such interpretations as the following?—*R. G. AT. as, after, before, ere, till. ÆT. better, bid, bad, desired, prayed, be, are.*—*P. L. IMLÉ. aim, esteem, love, desire, reckon'd, aim'd, fathom, tell. ÆTENSE. biting, abiding, tarrying, a, bidding, praying, hidden, being hidden, being desired, continually, commanded, judged, adjudged, readily.*

been more fully explained in the *ESSAY, &c. Part the second*, that the *Norman-Saxon* dialect in which Chaucer wrote, was almost entirely composed of words derived from the *Saxon* and *French* languages ⁶.

As every author must be allowed to be the best expositor of his own meaning, I have always endeavoured to establish the true import of any doubtful word or phrase by the usage of Chaucer himself in some other similar passage. Where it has been necessary to call in foreign assistance, recourse has been chiefly had to such authors as wrote before him, or at least were contemporary with him in some part of his life ⁷.

The proper names of persons and places, as they occur in Chaucer, are often either so obscure in themselves, or so disguised by a vitious orthography, that they stand in as much need of an interpreter as the most obsolete appellative. Some other proper names, particularly of authors quoted, though sufficiently known and clear, have been inserted in this Glossary, in order to make it, in that respect, answer the purposes of an Index.

As there are several passages, of which, after all my researches, I am unable to give any probable explanation, I shall follow the laudable example of the learned Editor of "*Ancient Scottish Poems* from the MS. of *George Bannatyne*. Edinb. 1770." by subjoining a list of such words and phrases as I profess not to understand. I only wish the reader may not find occasion to think, that I ought to have made a considerable addition to the number.

I will just add, for the sake of those who may be disposed to make use of this Glossary in reading the works of Chaucer not contained in this edition, that it will be found to be almost equally well adapted to every edition of those works, except Mr. Urry's. Mr. Urry's edition should never be opened by any one for the purpose of reading Chaucer.

1778.

T. TYRWHITT.

⁶ A few words are marked as having been taken immediately from the *Latin* language. The number has increased very considerably since the time of Chaucer. It is observable, that the *verbs* of this sort are generally formed from the *participle past*, whereas those which have come to us through France are as generally formed from the *infinitive mode*.

In referring words to the other two great classes a precise accuracy has not been attempted. The small remains of the genuine *Anglo-Saxon* language, which our lexicographers have been able to collect, do not furnish authorities for a multitude of words, which however may be fairly derived from that source, because they are to be found with little variation in the other collateral languages descended from the *Gothic*. The term *SAXON* therefore is here used with such a latitude as to include the *Gothic*, and all its branches. At the same time, as the *Francic* part of the *French* language had a common original with the *Anglo-Saxon*, it happens that some words may be denominated either *FRENCH* or *SAXON* with almost equal probability. In all such cases, the final judgement is left to those, who have leisure and inclination (according to our author's phrase ver. 15246) *to bould the matter to the dren*.

⁷ Some of these authors have been printed on in the *ESSAY, &c.* §. VIII. n. 24. Of the others the most considerable are, the author of the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*, GOWER, OCCLEVE, and LYDGATE.

In the *ESSAY, &c.* n. 57. a circumstance is mentioned, which shews that the *Visions of Pierce Ploughman* were written after 1350. I have since taken notice of a passage which will prove, I think, that they were written after 1362. The great storm of wind, allud to in fol. xx. b. l. 14.

And the Southwesterne winde on Sardeat at even, &c. is probably the storm recorded by Thorn, *inter x Script.* c. 2122. Walsingham, p. 178 and most particularly by the Continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115

A. D. M CCC. LXXII.—XV. die Januarii circa horam vesperarum, ventus vehemens notus Australis Africus tantâ rabie erupit, &c.

The 15th of January in the year 1362, i. e. was a *Saturday*

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
WORKS OF CHAUCER

TO WHICH
THIS GLOSSARY IS ADAPTED;

AND OF THOSE OTHER PIECES WHICH HAVE BEEN IMPROPERLY INTERMIXED WITH HIS IN THE EDITIONS.

OF the CANTERBURY TALES, the greatest work of Chaucer, it is needless to repeat what has been said in different parts of this Edition; particularly in the *App. to the Preface*, A. and in the *Introductory Discourse*. One of the earliest of his other works was probably

I. THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE. He speaks of it himself in L.W. 329 and 441. It is professedly a translation of the French *Roman de la Rose*, and many gross blunders in the printed text may be corrected by comparing it with the original. Dr. Hunter was so obliging as to lend me a MS. of this poem, the only one that I have ever heard of, which has occasionally been consulted to good advantage; but it does not supply any of the most material defects of the printed Editions. See page 209.

II. TROILUS AND CRESEIDE, in v. Books. This Poem is also mentioned by our author in L.W. 332 and 441. It is for the most part a translation of the *Filostrato* of Boccace; but with many variations, and such large additions, that it contains above 2700 lines more than its original. See the Essay, &c. n. 62. and page 209.

There are several MSS. of this poem in the Bodleian Library and in the Museum, which have been occasionally consulted.

III. THE COURT OF LOVE was first printed among the additions made to Chaucer's works by John Stowe, in the Edition of 1561. One might reasonably have expected to find it mentioned in L.W. *loc. cit.* but notwithstanding the want of that testimony in its favour, I am induced by the internal evidence to consider it as one of Chaucer's genuine productions. I have never heard of any MS. of this poem.

IV. THE COMPLAINT OF PITEE. So this Poem is entitled in MS. *Harl.* 78. It is extant also in MS. *Bodl.* Fairf. 16. The subject is alluded to in the *Court of Love*, ver. 700. seq.

V. OF QUEEN ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE, with the COMPLAINT OF ANNELIDA. The story of this poem is said in ver. 10. to have been originally in Latin; and in ver. 21. Chaucer names the authors whom he professes to follow. "*Fürste folwe I STACE and after him CORINNE.*" As the opening only is taken from Statius, L. IV. v. 519, we must suppose that *Corinne* furnished the remainder; but who *Corinne* was is not easy to guess. See the Gloss. in v. CORINNE. It should be observed, that the *Arcite*, whose infidelity is here complained of, is quite a different person from the *Arcite* of the *Knyghtes tale*; from which circumstance we may perhaps be allowed to infer, that this poem was written before Chaucer had met with the *Theseida*.

It is extant in MSS. *Harl.* 372. and *Bodl.* Fairf. 16.

VI. THE ASSEMBLEE OF FOULES is mentioned by Chaucer himself in L.W. 419. under the title of "*The Parlement of foules.*" In MS. *Bodl.* Fairf. 16. it is entitled "*The Parlement of Briddes.*"

The opening of this poem is built upon the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, as it appears at the head of Macrobius commentary. The description of a *Garden and Temple*, from ver. 183 to ver. 287, is almost entirely taken from Boccaccio's description of the Temple of Venus in the VII book of the *Theseida*. See the note on ver. 1920. I have found no reason to retract the suspicion there intimated as to the date of this poem; nor can I confirm it by any external evidence.

VII. THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT, in MSS. *Bodl.* Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638. is entitled "*Complaint of a lover's life*" I do not wish much confidence to be given to the conjecture, in App. to the Pref. C. n. * that this poem relates to John of Gaunt.

VIII. CHAUCER'S A. B. C. was first printed in Mr. Speght's 2d Edit. in 1602. It is said, in the title, to have been composed at the request of the *Duchesse Blanche*. If that be true, it ought to be placed before

IX. THE BOOKE OF THE DUCHESS, which Chaucer himself has mentioned by the title of "*The deth of Blaunche the Duchesse.*" L.W. 418. See an account of this poem in the n. on ver. 4467. and page 209.

X. THE HOUSE OF FAME is mentioned by Chaucer himself in L.W. 417. It was probably written while he was comptroller of the custom of wools, and consequently not earlier than 1374. See the passage from B. II. quoted in the App. to the Pref. C. n. *. It is extant in MSS. *Bodl.* Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638.

XI. CHAUCER'S DREME was first printed in Mr. Speght's Edit. of his works in 1597. Bale seems to speak of it under the title, "*De castello dominarum.* Lib. i." The supposed plan of this poem, prefixed to it by Mr. Speght, is a mere fancy; but there is no ground for doubting the authenticity of the poem itself.

When I imagined that a passage in this Dreme, ver. 1820—1926, was probably copied from the *Lay of Elidus* (Discourse, &c. n. 24.) I did not recollect, that the incident there related is very similar to one in the Grecian fabulous history (See Hyginus, fab. CXXXVI. *de Polydo.*) and therefore might easily have come to Chaucer through some other channel.

XII. THE FLOUR AND THE LEFE was also printed for the first time in the Edit. of 1597; but I do not think its authenticity so clear as that of the preceding poem. The subject, at least, is alluded to by Chaucer in L.W. 188—194.

XIII. THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN is extant in MSS. *Bodl.* Arch. Seld. B. 24 and Fairf. 16. For the time of its composition see the Discourse, &c. n. 3. See also the n. on ver. 4481. An additional argument, for believing that the number intended was *nineteen*, may be drawn from the *Court of Love*, ver. 108. where, speaking of *Alceste*, Chaucer says—

"To whom obeyed the ladies gode ninetene."

XIV THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS is said, in the conclusion, to have been translated from the French of *Graunson*; probably that *Otho de Graunson*, who was retained in the military service of Richard II, with an annuity of 200 marks. Pat 17. R. II. p. 1. m. 6. ap. Rymer. Mr. Speght mentions a tradition, if I understand him right, that this poem was originally made of the Lady *Elizabeth*, daughter to *John of Gaunt*, whom he calls *King of Spaine*, and her husband the Lord *John Holland*, half-brother to Richard II. I cannot see any thing in the poem itself that countenances this particular notion, though I have little doubt, that it was intended to describe the situation of some two lovers under a veil of mystical allegory.

This poem is extant in MSS. *Bodl.* Arch. Seld. B. 24. and Fairf. 16. In MS. *Haut.* 7333 it is entitled "*The broche of Thebes as of the love of Mars and Venus;*" which inclines me to believe,

that it is the poem, mentioned by Lydgate, and from him by Bale, which has of late been supposed to be lost. Lydgate's words are—

Of *Annelida* and of false *Arcite*
 He made a *complaynt* dolefull and piteous,
 And of the *broche* which that *Vulcanus*
 At *Thebes* wrought, full divers of nature.

Prol. to *Trag.* Sign. A. ii. b.

From this passage Bale, as I suppose, deceived by the ambiguous sense of the word *broche*, has attributed to Chaucer a poem "*De Vulcani ceru*;" of Vulcan's *spit*. He should have said "*De Vulcani gemmâ, or monili*." See BROCHER in the Glossary.

This *broche* of *Thebes*, from which the whole poem is here supposed to have taken its title, is described at large in the *Complaint of Mars*, ver. 93—109. The *first idea* of it seems to have been derived from what Statius has said of the *fatal necklace* made by *Vulcan* for *Harmonia* Theb. II. 265—305. Lydgate refers us to *Ovide*; but I cannot find anything in him upon the subject.

XV. THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE in MS. Fairf. 16. is entitled "*The boke of Cupide God of Love*." It is extant also in MS. Bod. 638. and as far as ver. 235. in Arch. Seld. B. 24 and might be much improved and augmented with some lines from those MSS. The Ballade of three Stanzas with an *Envoye*, which seems to belong to this poem in the Edit. does not appear at all in MS. Bod. 638. In MS. Fairf. 16. it is at the end of the *Booke of the Duchesse*. I cannot believe that it was written by Chaucer.

Beside these more considerable works, it appears from L.W. 422. 430. that our author had composed many "*balades, roundels, virelayes*;" that he had "*made many a lay and many a thing*." A few pieces of this sort are still extant, but hardly any, I think, of so early a date as the *Legende*. I will set them down here as they stand in the Edit.

1. *L'Envoy de Chaucer à Bukton*. Beginning,
My maister Bukton, whan of Christ, &c.

So this little poem is entitled in MS. Fairf. 16. It has always been printed at the end of the *Booke of the Duchesse*, with an &c. in the first line instead of the name of *Bukton*; and in Mr. Urry's Edit. the following most unaccountable note is prefixed to it. "This seems an *Envoy* to the Duke of *Lancaster* after his loss of *Blanch*."

From the reference to the *Wife of Bath*, ver. 29. I should suppose this to have been one of our author's later compositions, and I find that there was a *Peter de Buketon*, the King's *Escheator* for the County of *York*, in 1397, (Pat. 20 R. II. p. 2. m. 3. ap. Rymer.) to whom this poem, from the familiar style of it, is much more likely to have been addressed than to the Duke of *Lancaster*.

2. *Balade sent to King Richard*.
 Beginn. *Sometime the world, &c.*

So this poem is entitled in MS. Harl. E. It is extant also in Fairf. 16. and in Cotton. Otho. A. XVIII.

3. *Balade* beginning—*Fle fro the prese, &c.*

In MS. Cotton. Otho. A. XVIII. this balade is said to have been made by Chaucer "*upon his death-bed lying in his anguish*;" but of such a circumstance some further proof should be required. It is found, without any such note, in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24. and Fairf. 16.

4. *Balade of the village*.

Beginn. *This wretched worldes, &c.*

It is extant in MS. Fairf. 16. and Bod. 638. In MS. Ashmol. 59. it is said to have been translated from the *French*. Tanner, in v. CHAUCER.

5. *L'Envoy de Chaucer à Skogan*.

Beginn. *Tobroken ben the Statutes, &c.*

So this poem is entitled in MS. Fairf. 16. Among a number of people of all sorts, who had

letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition to Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger*. This jocose expostulation was probably addressed to him by our author some years before, when Scogan's interest at court may be supposed to have been better than his own.

6. *Chaucer to his empty purse.*

Beginn. *To you, my gurse, &c.*

This balade is extant in MS. Fairf. 16. and in Cotton. Otho. A. XVIII. The *Envoy* appears to be addressed to Henry the 4th.

7. Balade beginning—*The firste stock, &c.*

These three stanzas have been preserved in a "*Moral Balade by Henry Scogan*;" of which some notice will be taken below.

8. *Proverbs by Chaucer.*

Beginn. *What shal these clothes, &c.*

So this little piece is entitled in MS. Harl. 7578. It evidently contains two distinct *Proverbs* or *Moral Admonitions*.

9. *Chaucer's wordes to his Scrivener.*

Beginn. *Adam Scrivener, &c.*

A proof of his attention to the correctness of his writings. See also T. V. 1794, 5.

The works of Chaucer in prose are,

I. A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS *de consolatione Philosophiæ*, which he has mentioned himself in L.W. ver. 425.

II. A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE, addressed to his son *Louis*, in 1391. It is plain from what is said at the beginning of this treatise, that the printed copies do not contain more than two of the five parts, of which it was intended to consist.

III. THE TESTAMENT OF LOVE is evidently an imitation of Boethius *de consolatione Philosophiæ*. It seems to have been begun by our author after his troubles, in the middle part of the reign of Richard II, and to have been finished about the time that Gower published his *Confessio Amantis*, in the 16th year of that reign. At least it must then have been far advanced, as Gower mentions it by its title. *Conf. Am.* 190. b.

The foregoing I consider as the genuine works of Chaucer. Of those, which have been improperly intermixed with his in the Editions, the following are known to be the works of other authors.

1. *The Testament and Complaint of Creseide* appears from ver. 41. not to have been written by Chaucer; and Mr. Urry was informed "by Sir James Ereskin, late Earl of Kelly, and diverse aged scholars of the Scottish nation," that the true author was "MR. ROBERT HENDERSON, chief School-master of Dumferlin, a little time before Chaucer was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. by Mr. Thynne." I suppose, the same person is meant that is called ROBERT HENRYSONE in "*Ancient Scottish Poems*," where several of his compositions may be seen, from p. 98 to p. 138.

2. *The Flour of Courtisie* is said, in the title, to have been made by JOHN LYDGATE.

3. *La Belle Dame sans merci*, a translation from Alain Chartier, is attributed in MS. Harl. 372. to Sir RICHARD ROS. See App. to the Pref. C. note. Upon looking further into Alain's works I find a Balade upon the taking of Fougieres by the English in 1448 (*Oeuvres d'Al. Chartier*, p. 717.); so that he was certainly living near fifty years after Chaucer's death; which makes it quite incredible that the latter should have translated any thing of his.

4. *The Letter of Cupide* is dated in 1402, two years after Chaucer's death. It was written by THOMAS OCCLEVE, who mentions it himself, as one of his own compositions, in a *Dialogue*, which follows his *Complaint*. MS. Bodl. 1504.

"Yes, Thomas, yes, in the epistle of Cupide
Thou hast of hem so largelich seid."

5. JOHN GOWER unto the noble King Henry the 4th, with some Latin verses of the same author.

6. *Sayings of DAN JOHN (LYDGATE).*

7. SCOGAN unto the lordes and gentlemen of the Kynges house.

So the title of this poem is expressed in the old Editt. but, according to Mr. Speght, in the written copies it is thus ; " Here followeth a moral balade to the Prince, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the King's sonnes ; by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the Marchants in the Vintry at London in the house of Lewis John." This cannot be quite accurate ; as neither of the two younger sons of Henry IV. had the title of Duke while their eldest brother was Prince ; but I find that there was, about that time, a Lewis John, a Welshman, who was naturalized by act of Parliament, 2 H. V. and who was concerned with Thomas Chaucer in the execution of the office of Chief Butler. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. V. n. 18. The same person, probably, was appointed Remitter of all monies that should be sent to Rome for three years. Ap. Rymer. *an. eodem.*

The article concerning Skogan in Tanner's *Bibl. Brit.* is a heap of confusion. He is there called John ; is said to have been a *Master of Arts* of Oxford and *jester* to K. Edward VI. (perhaps a misprint for IV) ; to have been contemporary with Chaucer, and famous in the year 1480. In a collection of foolish stories, which is supposed to have been first published by Dr. Andrew Borde, in the time of Henry VIII, under the title of *Scogan's jests*, he is called Thomas ; and there too he is represented as a Graduate, I think, of Oxford, and as jester to some King, but without any circumstances sufficient to determine what King is meant.

I am inclined to believe that the Scogan, who wrote this poem, is rightly named Henry in Mr. Speght's MS. As to the two circumstances of his having been a *Master of Arts* of Oxford and *jester* to a King, I can find no older authority for either than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but so as to survive him for several years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V, is sufficiently clear from this poem.

Shakespeare seems to have followed the jest-book, in considering Scogan as a mere buffoon, when he mentions, as one of Falstaff's boyish exploits, that he "broke Scogan's head at the Court-gate ;" (2d Part of Henry IV. A. 3.) but Jonson has given a more dignified, and, probably, a juster account of his situation and character. *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, Vol. vi. p. 192.

Mere fool. Skogan? what was he?

Johphiel. O, a fine gentleman and master of arts
Of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.

Mere-fool. But wrote he like a gentleman?

Johphiel. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme and flowand verse,
With now and then some sense ; and he was paid for't,
Regarded and rewarded ; which few poets
Are now a-days.

This description of Skogan corresponds very well with the ideas which would naturally be suggested by the perusal of the poem before us, and of that addressed to him by Chaucer. See above, p. 447. And indeed I question whether Jonson had any other good foundation for what he has said of him.

8. *A balade of goode counseil, translated out of Latin verses into English*, by DAN JOHN LYDGATE.

9. *A balade made in the preise, or rather dispreise, of women for their doubleness* ; by LYDGATE, according to MS. Ashmol. 6943.

10. *A balade warning men to beware of deceitful women* ; by LYDGATE, according to MS. Harl. 2251.

To these, which are known to be the works of other authors, we should perhaps add an 11th, viz. *Balade in commendation of our Ladie* ; as a poem with the same beginning is ascribed to LYDGATE, under the title of " *Invocation to our Lady*." Tanner, in v. LYDGATE.

The anonymous compositions, which have been from time to time added to Chaucer's in the several Editts. seem to have been received, for the most part, without any external evidence whatever, and in direct contradiction to the strongest internal evidence. Of this sort are "*The Plowman's tale*," first printed in 1542: See the Discourse, &c. §. xl. n. 32. "*The Story of Hamelyn*," and "*The Continuation of the Canterbury Tales*," first printed in Mr. Urry's Edition: "*Jack Upland*," first produced by Mr. Speght in 1602. I have declared my suspicion, in the Gloss. v. ORIGENES, that the "*Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*" was not written by Chaucer; and I am still clearer that the "*Assemblee of Ladies*," "*A Praise of Women*," and the "*Remedie of Love*," ought not to be imputed to him. It would be a waste of time to sift accurately the heap of rubbish, which was added, by John Stowe, to the Edit. of 1561. Though we might perhaps be able to pick out two or three genuine fragments of Chaucer, we should probably find them so soiled and mangled *, that he would not thank us for asserting his claim to them.

* As a specimen of the care and discernment, with which Mr. Stowe's collections were made, I would refer the curious reader to what is called a *Balade*, fol. 324. b. Ed. Sp.

Beginn. *O merciful and o merciable.*

The four first stanzas are found in different parts of an imperfect poem upon the *Fall of Man* MS. Harl. 2251. n. 138. The 11th stanza makes part of an *Envoy*, which in the same MS. n. 37. is annexed to the poem entitled "*The Craft of Lovers*," among the Additions to Chaucer's works, by J. Stowe; which poem, by the way, though printed with a date of 1347, and ascribed to Chaucer, has in the MS. a much more probable date of 1459, near sixty years after Chaucer's death.

There is one little piece, perhaps by Chaucer, fol. 224. Ed. Sp.

Beginn. *Alone walking, In thought plaining, &c.*

which comes nearer to the description of a *Virelay*, than anything else of his that has been preserved. See the book quoted in the Gloss. v. *Virelaye*.

EXPLANATION OF THE ABBREVIATIONS

BY WHICH THE WORKS OF CHAUCER AND SOME OTHER BOOKS ARE GENERALLY CITED IN THE FOLLOWING GLOSSARY.

The Arabian numerals, without any letter prefixed, refer to the verses of the Canterbury Tales in this Edition.

		Edit	
A. B. C.	—Chaucer's A. B. C.	Sp	1002.
A. F.	—Assemblee of Foules,		fol. 347
An.	—Annelida and Arcite,		243 b.
Astr.	—Treatise on the Astrolabe,		249
Bal. VII.	—Balade of the Village,		319 b.
Ber.	—The History of Beryn, Edit. Urr. p. 600		
B. K.	—Complaint of the Black Knight,		257 b.
Bo.	—Translation of Boethius, 5 Books,		197 b.
C. D.	—Chaucer's Dreme,		334
C. L.	—Court of Love,		327
C. M.	—Complaint of Mars,		309 b.
C. M. V.	—Complaint of Mars and Venus,		308 b.
C. N.	—Cuckow and Nightingale,		316 b.
Cotg.	—Cotgrave's Fr. and Eng. Dictionary.		
Conf. Am.	—Gower's <i>Confessio Amantis</i> , Edit. 1532.		
C. V.	—Complaint of Venus,		310
Du.	—The Book of the Duchesse, commonly called, <i>The Dreme of Chaucer</i> ,		227
F.	—The House of Fame, 3 Books,		262
F. L.	—The Flour and Leaf,		344
Gam.	—The Tale of Gamelyn, Edit. Urr. p. 36.		
Jun. Etymol.	—Juni Etymologicum Ling. Angl. by Lye.		
Kilian.	—Kilian Etymologicum Ling. Teuton.		
L. W.	—Legende of good Women,		185
Lydg. Trag.	—Lydgate's Translation of Boccace <i>De casibus virorum illustrium</i> , Edit. J. Wayland.		
M.	—The Tale of Melibeus, p. 106.		
Magd.	—Lamentation of Marie Magdalene,		202
P.	—The Persones Tale, p. 148.		
P. L.	—Translation of Peter of Langtoft, by Robert of Brunne. Ed. Hearne.		1538
P. P.	—Visions of Pierce Ploughman, Edit. 1550.		

Prompt Parv.—*Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clericorum*. MS. Harl. 221. A dictionary, in Arabic characters, on ver. 3210. which many hundreds of English words are translated into Latin, compiled by a P. Arabian physician in v. SINA, and 1440, by a Friar Preacher, a Recluse, at Lynne in Norfolk. He gives no Arabic characters, 433. his preface, that his English is that spoken in the East country, and in the Arabian earth. Fr. Ga

ingly his orthography will be found to differ very much from Chaucer's. His name was *Richard Fraunces*, if we may believe a MS. note cited by Hearne, Gloss. to P. L. v. *Neshe*; who has there also given an account of an edition of this dictionary, printed by Fynson in 1499. Dr. Hunter has a copy of it.

Prov.	—Proverbs by Chaucer,	321 b.
R.	—The Romaunt of the Rose,	109
R. G.	—Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. Ed. Hearne.	
Sk.	—Skinner's <i>Etymologicon Ling. Angl.</i>	
Sp.	—Speght, the Editor of Chaucer.	
T.	—Troilus and Creseide, 5 Books,	143
T. L.	—Testament of Love, 3 Books,	27 b.
Ur.	—Urry, the Editor of Chaucer.	

GLOSSARY.

A, which is commonly called the *Indefinite Article*, is really nothing more than a corruption of the Saxon *Adjacave ANE*, or *AN*, before a Substantive beginning with a consonant.

It is sometimes prefixed to another Adjective; the Substantive, to which both belong, being understood. ver. 208.

A Frere there was, A WANTON and A MERY. See ver. 165, and the note.

It is also joined to *Nouns plural*, taken collectively; as, *An hundred frankes*, ver. 13301. *A thousand frankes*, ver. 13206.—and to such as are not used in the singular number; as, *A hstes*, ver. 1715. See the Note. So the Latins said, *Una litera*, Cic. ad Att. v. 9. and the French, formerly, *unes bees*; *unes lettres*; *unes tréves*. Froissart. v. i. c. 153. 237. v. ii. c. 78.

A, *prep.* before a *Gerund*, is a corruption of *ON*. *To go a begging*. 11884. R. 6719. i. e. *on begging*. The *prep.* is often expressed at length. *ON HUNTING ben they ridden*. 1668. *To ride on HAWKING*. 13667.

In the same manner, before a *noun* it is generally a corruption of *ON* or *IN*. *A'bed*. 5989, 6509. *A'fre*. 6308. *A'Godes name*. 17267. *A'morwe*. 934. *A'night*. 5784. *A'werke*. 4335, 5797, though in some of these instances perhaps it may as well be supposed to be a corruption of *AN*.

A in composition, in words of Saxon original, is an abbreviation of *AF*, or *OF*; of *AT*; of *ON*, or *IN*; and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle *OE*, or *Y*. In words of French original, it is generally to be deduced from the Latin *Ab*, *Ad*, and sometimes *Ex*.

A, *Interj.* Ah! 1080. 9109.

ABACKE, *adv.* SAX. Backwards. L. W. 884.

ABAST, *part. pa.* FR. Abashed, ashamed. 8193. 8887.

ABATE, *v.* FR. To beat down.

ABAWED, *part. pa.* FR. *Esbahi*. Astonished. R. 3646. *I was ABAWED for marvailie*. Orig. *Mouit m'ESBAHY de la merveilie*.

ABEGGE, **ABEVE**, **ABIE**, *v.* SAX. To suffer for. 3936. 12034. 16162.

ABET, *n.* SAX. Help. T. ii. 357.

ABIDE, *v.* SAX. To stay. 3131, 3.

ABIDDEN, } *part. pa.* { T. ii. 935.

ABIDEN, } { 2984. 9762.

ABIT for **ABIDETH**. 10643. R. 4977.

ABLE, *adj.* FR. Fit, proper. 167. R. 936.

ABOTE, *part. pa.* of **ABATE**. C. D. 1290.

ABOUT, *part. pa.* of **ABEGGE**. 2305.

ABOUTEN, *prep.* SAX. **On-butan**. About. 2191. 4146.

ABRAIDE, *v.* SAX. To awake; to start. 4188. See **BRADIE**.
— *pa. t.* Awaked, started. 8937. 10791. 15014.

ABREDE, *adv.* SAX. Abroad. R. 2663.

ABREGGE, *v.* FR. To shorten, to abridge. 3531.

ABROCHE, *v.* FR. To tap, to set abroad; spoken of a vessel of liquor. 5759.

ABUSION, *n.* FR. Abuse, impropriety. T. iv. 990.

ACCESS, *n.* FR. Properly, the approach of a fever; *A fever*. B. K. 136.

ACCIDIE, *n.* FR. from *Accidius*, Gr. Negligence; arising from discontent, melancholy, &c. P. 161, col 2, l. 62, seq.

ACCORD, *n.* FR. Agreement. 840.

— *v.* FR. To agree. 832.

ACCORDEDEN, *pa. t.* pl. L. W. 168.

ACCORDANT, } *part. pr.* { 10417.

ACCORDING, } { 6506.

ACCUSE, *v.* FR. To discover. R. 1591.

ACHATE, *n.* FR. Purchase. 573.

ACHATOUR, *n.* FR. A purchaser; a caterer. 570.

ACHEKED, *part. pa.* SAX. Choaked. L. W. 2006.

ACHEVE, *v.* FR. To accomplish. R. 2049. 4600.

ACKELE (*Ahele*), *v.* SAX. To cool. C. L. 1076.

ACLOVE, *v.* A. F. 517. may perhaps mean—To cloy; to

embarrass with superfluity.

ACOTE, *v.* FR. To make quiet. R. 3764.

ACOMBERD, *part. pa.* FR. Encumbered. 510.

ACROKE, *adj.* FR. Crooked, awkward. C. L. 378.

ADAWE, *v.* SAX. To awake. 10274. T. iii. 1126.

ADO, *v.* SAX. To do. It is used to express the *FR. à faire*.

To have ADO. R. 3036. *To have to do. And don all*

that they han ado. R. 5080. *Et facent ce qu'ils doivent*

NAIRE. Orig. 4801.

ADON (corruption of *OF-DON*), *part. pa.* SAX. Done away.

L. W. 2882.

ADON, *pr. n.* Adonia. 2226.

ADOWN, *adv.* SAX. Downward. 2417.—Below. 17054.

ADRAD, **ADRADDE**, *part. pa.* of **ADREDE**, *v.* SAX. **Afraid**, 607, 3425.

ADRIANE for **ARIADNE**, *pr. n.* 4487.

ADVERTENCE, *n.* FR. Attention. T. iv. 698.

ADVOCACIES, *n. pl.* FR. Law-suits, T. ii. 1463.

ADVOCAS, *n. pl.* FR. Lawyers, advocates. 12225.

AFERDE, **AFERDE**, *part. pa.* SAX. **Afraid**, frightened.

12218. T. ii. 606.

AFFECTE, *n.* LAT. Affection. R. 5486. T. iii. 1397.

AFFERMED, *part. pa.* FR. Confirmed. 2351. L. W. 790.

AFFRE, *v.* FR. To trust. R. 3155.

AFFRAY, *v.* FR. To affright. 2331.

— *n.* FR. Disturbance, 5557.—Fear. R. 4397.

AFFRIKAN, *pr. n.* The elder *Scipio Africanus*. A. F. 41.

AFILE, *v.* FR. To file, polish, 714.

AFOREN, **AFOREN**, **AFORE**, *adv. et prep.* SAX. **Æt-þoran**.

Before.

AGAIN, *prep.* SAX. **On-þeran**. Against. 2453. 10456. To-

ward. 4811. 5419.—*adv.* 993. 10456.

AGAST, for **AGASTED**, *part. pa.* Terrified. 2343.

AGASTE, *v.* SAX. To terrify. 1509.

AGATHON, *pr. n.* L. W. 526. I have nothing to say concern-

ing this writer, except that one of the same name is

quoted in the *Prolog.* of the *Tragedie of Cambes*, by

Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing

with *Gloss. Ur.* that a *philosopher of Samos* is mean-

any of the *Agathoes of antiquity*.

AGENS, *prep.* 12667, as **AGAIN**. 1538.

AGEN, *adv.* 803, as **AGAIN**. on ver. 3210.

AGILTE, *v.* SAX. To offend, to sin against. P. Arabian phy-

— for **AGILTED**, *pa. t.* Sinned. 567, *Adot*, in v. **SINA**, and

AGO, **AGON**, for **YGON**, *part. pa.* SAX. 433.

6445.

AGREE, *FR. à gré*. In good part, *Ad*, or *sloe*. R. 1377.

AGREFF, (*A'reffe*). In grief. *nian earth*. FR. **GA**

AGREVE, *v.* FR. To aggravate. M. 107, col. 2, l. 46.
 AGREVED, *part. pa.* FR. Injured, agrieved. 4197. L. W. 345.
 AGRISSE, *v.* SAX. To shudder. 5034.—To make to shudder. 7231.
 AGROSS, *pa. t.* Shuddered, trembled. T. ii. 930. L. W. 830.
 AGROTED, *part. pa.* Cloyed, surfeited. AGRORONE WITH METE OR DRINKE. *Inguirito.* Prompt. Parv.
 AGUTLER, *n.* FR. A needle-case. R. 38.
 AJUST, *v.* FR. To applie. Bo. ii. pr. 3.
 AKEHORNS, *n. pl.* SAX. Acorus. Bo. i. m. 6.
 AKNOWS, *part. pa.* SAX. To ben aknowe. C. L. 1159. To confess. *I am aknowe.* Bo. iv. pr. 4. I acknowledge.
 AL, ALLE, *adj.* SAX. All. *Al and som.* 5673, 11910. The whole thing. *At al.* 8921, 9098. In the whole. *Over all.* 7666, 8924. Through the whole. *In alle manere wise.* 13276. By every kind of means. *At alle rightes.* 2102. With every thing requisite.
 ALAIN, *pr. n.* A. F. 316. a poet and divine of the xiiith Century. Beside his *Plantus Naturæ*, or *Plaint of Kinde*, which is here quoted, he wrote another poem in Latin verse, called *Anticlaudianus*, to which our author alludes in F. ii. 478. For the rest of his works see *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. ALANUS DE INSULIS.
 ALDER, ALLEB, *gen. ca. pl.* Of all. 801. 825. It is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superl. deg. *Alderfirst.* 9492. *Alderlast.* B. K. 504. *Alderleest.* T. iii. 940. First, Last, Dearest of all.
 AL, ALL, *adv.* SAX. generally answers to the Lat. *Omnino.* *Al alone.* 9200. Quite alone. *At hol.* 11762. Entire. *Al holly.* 7678. Entirely. *All in one.* C. D. 670. At the same time. *All newe.* 13306. A-new. *Al only.* 13365. T. iv. 1096. Solely, singly. It is sometimes used elliptically for *although*, or *all be it that.* 2266. *All tell I not as now his observances.* 2477. *All be ye not of o complexion.*
 ALARGED, *part. pa.* FR. *Elargi.* Given largely. C. D. 155.
 ALAUNS, *n. pl.* A species of Dog. See the n. on ver. 2150. They were much esteemed in Italy in the xivth century. *Guatu de la flamma*, (ap. Murator. Antiq. Med. Æ. t. ii. p. 394.) commends the governors of Milan, *quod equos emissarios equabus magnis commiscuerunt, et procreati sunt in nostro territorio DESTRA-ALAI nobiles, qui in magno pretio habentur.* Item CANES ALAUNS *alta statures et mirabilis fortitudinis nutrive studuerunt.*
 ALAVE, *n.* FR. Alloy; a mixture of base metal. 9043.
 ALBIFICATION, *n.* LAT. A Chemical term for making white. 16273.
 ALCALY, *n.* ARAB. A Chemical term for a species of Salt. 16278.
 ALCHEMISTRE, *n.* FR. Alchymist. 16672.
 ALDRIAN, *pr. n.* A star on the neck of the Lion, Sp. 10579.
 ALE AND BRED. 13801. This oath of Sire Thopps on *ale and bred* was perhaps intended to ridicule the solemn vows, which were frequently made in the days of Chivalrie to a Peacock, a Pheasant, or some other nobl. bird. See M. de Sainte Palaye, *Sur l'anc. cheval. Mem. l'itime.* I will add here, from our own history, a most remarkable instance of this strange practice. When Edward I. was setting out upon his last expedition to Scotland in 1306; he knighted his eldest son and several other young noblemen with great solemnity. At the close of the whole (says Matthew of Westminster, p. 454.) *allati sunt in pompatico gloria duo cygni vel olores ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum inluentibus. Quibus visis, Rex votum vocivt DEO CELI ET CYGNIS se proficisci in Scotiam, mortem Johannem Comyn et fidem tassam Scotorum vivus sive tortus vindicaturus, &c.* This practice is alluded to in "DUNBAR's wish, that the King were John Thomson." MS. Maitland. St. 5.

... would gif all that ever I have
 that condition, so God me saif,
 ... had vovit to the SWAN
 ... to be John Thomson's man.

... to the Contin. of the Canterb. T.
 ... says—I MAKE A VOWE TO THE
 a foule mist.

R. 6626.

ALLEGANCE, *n.* FR. Alleviation. C. D. 1668.
 ALEIS, *n.* FR. *Alise.* The Lote-tree. R. 1377.
 ALEMBIKES, *n. pl.* FR. Vessels for distilling; Stills. 16262.
 ALE STAKE, *n.* SAX. A stake set up before an Ale-house, by way of sign. 12255.
 ALEYE, *n.* FR. An alley. 13491.
 ALGATES, ALGATE, *adv.* SAX. Always. *Toutesfoie.* FR. 7031, 7619.
 ALGEZIR, *pr. n.* A city of Spain. 57.
 ALIGHT, *v.* SAX. To descend. 8785.
 ——— *pa. t.* for ALIGHTED. 935, 2191.
 ALIANDRE, *pr. n.* Alexandria, a city in Egypt. 51.
 ALLEGE, FR. To alledge. 9532.
 ALMAGEST, *pr. n.* 3765. The Arabs called the *Misyaly Surrasæ* of Ptoleme *Almagesti*, or *Almegisti*, a corruption of *Meyzary*. See D'Herbelot, in v.
 ALMANDRES, *n. pl.* FR. Almond-trees. R. 1363.
 ALMESSE, *n.* SAX. from the Lat. *Fr. Eleemosyna.* Alms, 7191. P. 171, col. 1, l. 5. ALMESSES, *pl.* P. 171, col. 1, l. 17.
 ALNATH, *pr. n.* The first star in the horns of *Aries*, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name. Sp. 11393.
 ALONDE, (*A'Vonde*); On land. L. W. 2164, 2402.
 ALONG, *prep.* SAX. On-long, 16398. *Whereon it was along.* By what it was occasioned. T. ii. 1001. *On me is nought along thine evil fare.* Thy ill fare is not occasioned by me.
 ALOVED, *part. pa.* FR. Praised. R. 2354.
 ALOUE, *v.* FR. To allow, to approve. 10988. *His dedes are to allowe for his hardynesse.* P. L. 281. *Therefore lords allow him lile, or listen to his reason.* P. P. 76. b.
 ALOWE, *adv.* SAX. Low. C. L. 1201.
 ALPES, *n. pl.* Bullfinches. R. 653.
 ALS, *conj.* SAX. Also. 4315, 11902.—As. T. v. 367.
 AMALGAMING. A Chemical term for mixing of Quicksilver with any metal. 16239.
 AMBASSATRIE, *n.* FR. Embassy. 4653.
 AMRES AS, 4544. Two Aces, at dice. FR.
 ANBLING, *part. pr.* FR. R. 8264.
 AMENDE, *v.* FR. To mend. 3068, 3076.
 AMENUSE, *v.* FR. To lessen. P. 154, col. 2, l. 35.
 AMEVED, *part. pa.* FR. Moved. 8374.
 AMIAS, *pr. n.* The city of Amiens. R. 3826.
 AMIDDES, *prep.* SAX. At, or in, the middle. 2011.
 AMIS, *adv.* SAX. Ill, badly. 11610, 17197. See Mfs.
 AMONESTE, *v.* FR. To admonish, to advise. M. 112, col. 2, l. 14. P. 170, col. 2, l. 22.
 AMONG, *adv.* SAX. Together; at the same time; at the same place. R. 690, 3381. Du. 298. *Ever among.* R. 3771. *Ever at the same time.* *Conf. Am.* 114. b.
 AMONGES, *prep.* SAX. *Among.* 6534, 9902. See the n. on ver. 761.
 ANCRETTE, *n.* FR. An amorous woman. R. 4753. *And eke as well by (r. be) AMORETTES.—Car aussi bien sont AMOURETTES.* Orig. 4437.
 ANORILY, C. L. 1233. is perhaps put by mistake for *Merily*.
 ANORTISED, *part. pa.* FR. Killed. P. 151, col. 2, l. 13.
 ANORWE, On the morrow. 824, 2491.
 ANPHIBOLOGIES, *n. pl.* FR. G. Ambiguous expressions. T. iv. 1406.
 AN, for ON, *prep.* 11161. R. 2270.
 ANCLLE, *n.* LAT. A maid-servant. A. B. C. 109.
 ANCRE, *n.* FR. Anchor. R. 3780.
 AND, *conj.* SAX. If. 768, 16307, 15613, 16714.
 ANELACE, *n.* 339. See the note.
 ANES, *adv.* for ONES. Once. 4072.
 ANIANG, *v.* SAX. To hang up. 12193.
 ANIENTISSEF, *part. pa.* FR. Reduced to nothing. M. 111, col. 2, l. 59.
 ANIGHT, In the night. L. W. 1473.
 ANKER, *n.* SAX. An anchorite, or hermit. R. 6348.
 ANNUELLER, *n.* 16490. See the note.
 ANNNUNCIAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Foretold. 14021.
 ANOIE, *n.* FR. Hurt, trouble. R. 4404.
 ——— *v.* To hurt, to trouble. M. 108, col. 1, l. 48.
 ANOIFUL, *adj.* Hurtful; unpleasant. M. 108, col. 1, l. 8.
 ANTEM, *n.* SAX. Antem. An anthem. 13590.
 ANTICLAUDIAN, F. ii. 478. The title of a Latin poem by Alanus de Insulis. See ALAIN.

- ANTILEGIUS, *pr. n.* Antiochus. Du. 1064.
- ANTIPHONERE, *n.* LAT. Gr. A book of Antiphones, or *Anthems*. 13449.
- ANVELT, *n.* SAX. An anvil. Du. 1165.
- ANY, *adj.* SAX. Either; *One of two*. 7115.—It usually signifies *one of many*.
- APAIDE, *part. pa.* Fr. Paid, satisfied. 1670, 9439.
- APAIRE, *v.* Fr. See *APERRE*.
- APE, *n.* SAX. Metaphorically, a fool. 3369, 16781. *The monk put in the manes hode an ape, And in his wife's eke*. 1370. *The monk made a fool of the man, and of his wife too*.—*Win of ape*. 16993. See the note.
- APERRE, *v.* Fr. To impair; to detract from. 3149. *Our state it APERRES*. P. L. 290.—To be impaired; to go to ruin. T. ii. 329.
- APERTE, *adj.* Fr. Open. P. 161, col. l. l. 39. *Prive and apert*. 6096. In private and in public.
- APIES for OPIES, *n. pl.* Fr. Opiales. L. W. 2859.
- APPALED, *part. pa.* Fr. Made pale. 10679, 13032.
- APPARAILLÉ, *v.* Fr. To prepare. L. W. 2462.
- APPARENCE, *n.* Fr. An appearance. 11577.
- APPERCEIVE, *v.* Fr. To perceive. 8476.
- APPERCEIVING, *n. pl.* Perceptions. 10600.
- APPETITE, *v.* Fr. To desire, to covet. L. W. 1590.
- APPOSE, *v.* Fr. To object to; to question. 7179, 15331. It seems to be a corruption of *Oppose*.
- APPROVER, *n.* Fr. An informer. 6925.
- APPRENTISE, *n. pl.* Fr. Apprentices, novices. R. 687.
- AQUINTABLE, *adj.* Fr. Easy to be acquainted with. R. 2213.
- AQUITE, *v.* Fr. To pay for. 6742.
- ARACE, *v.* Fr. To draw away by force. 8979.
- ARANDE, *n.* SAX. A message. T. ii. 72.
- ARAYE, *n.* Fr. Order. 8138.—Situation. 6484, 13900.—Clothing. 6509.—Equipage. 8821.
- , *v.* Fr. To dress. 3689.—To dispose. 8637.
- ARBLASTERS, *n. pl.* Fr. *Arbalistres*. Engines to cast darts, &c. R. 4196.
- ARCHANGE, *n.* R. 915. The herb so called; a dead nettle. *Gloss. Urr.*—In the Orig. it is *Mesange*, the bird which we call a Titmouse.
- ARCHBISHOP, *n.* SAX. LAT. An Archbishop. 7064.
- ARCHDEKEN, *n.* SAX. LAT. An Archdeacon. 6884.
- ARCHEDIACRE, *n.* Fr. Archdeacon. C. D. 2136.
- ARCHEWIVES, 9071. Wives of a superior order.
- ARDEU, *n.* Fr. Burning. P. 168, col. l. l. 17.
- AREDE, *v.* SAX. To interpret. Du. 289. See *Rede*.
- ARERAGE, *n.* Fr. Arrest. 604.
- AREISE, *v.* SAX. To raise. P. 159, col. l. l. 23.
- ARESONE, *v.* Fr. *Arraisonner*. To reason with. R. 6220.
- ARESTE, *n.* Fr. Arrest, constraint. 9158. Delay. L. W. 806.
- , *v.* Fr. To stop. 829.
- ARETTE, *v.* Fr. To impute to. 728. P. 159, col. l. l. 69.
- ARGOIL, *n.* Fr. Potter's clay. 16381.
- ARIEFE, *pr. n.* Aries, one of the signs in the Zodiac. T. iv. 1592. T. v. 1189.
- ARISTOTLE, *pr. n.* 10547. A treatise on *Perspective*, under his name, is mentioned by Vincent of Beauvais, in the XIII. century. *Spec. Histor.* L. iii. c. 84. *Extat etiam liber, qui dicitur Perspectiva Aristotellis*.
- ARIVAGE, *n.* Fr. F. i. 223. as *Arivaille*.
- ARIVALLE, *n.* Fr. Arrival. F. 451.
- ARK, *n.* LAT. A part of the circumference of a circle. 4422.
- ARME, *n.* T. ii. 1630. may perhaps be put for *defence, security*.
- ARMLEs, *adj.* SAX. Without an arm. 14299.
- ARM-GRETE, *adj.* SAX. As thick as a man's arm. 2147.
- ARMIPOTENT, *adj.* LAT. Mighty in arms. 1984.
- ARMORIKF, *pr. n.* *Basse Bretagne*, in France, called antiently *Britannia Armorica*. 11041.
- ARMURE, *n.* Fr. Armour. M. 113, col. l. l. 25.
- ARN, *pl. n.* of *Am.* v. SAX. Are. 4706, 8218.
- ARNOLDS OF THE NEWE TOWNE, *pr. n.* of a Physician Chemist of the XIII. Century. 16896. See *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Et.* in v. ARNALDUS VILLANOVANUS.
- AROWME, F. ii. 32. seems to signify *At large*. AROWME OR MORE UTTER. *Remote deprope scorum*. Prompt. Parv. A'row; in a row; probably from the Fr. *Rue*. Successively. 6836. R. 7606
- ARSMETRIKE, *n.* LAT. Arithmetick. 1906. See the note.
- ARTE, *v.* LAT. To constrain. T. i. 389. C. L. 46.
- ARTELLRES, *n. pl.* Fr. Artillerie. M. 113, col. l. l. 25.
- AS, *adv.* SAX. *Alj.* Al so. *Omniuo sic*. *As fast*. T. v. 1640. Very fast. *As swift*. 6037, 16404. Very quickly; immediately. See the *n.* on ver. 3172.
- ASCAVNEE, See the *n.* on ver. 7327.
- ASHEN, *n. pl.* SAX. Ashes. 1304. T. ii. 539.
- ASLAKE, *v.* SAX. To slacken; to abate. 1792, 3553.
- ASPE, *n.* SAX. A sort of poplar. 2923. L. W. 2637.
- ASPER, *adj.* Of an asp. 7249.
- ASPIE, *v.* Fr. To espie. 13521.
- ASPRE, *adj.* Fr. Rough, sharp. T. iv. 827. Do. iv. pr. 7.
- ASPRENESSE, *n.* Sharpness. Do. iv. pr. 4.
- ASSAUT, *n.* Fr. Assault. 991.
- ASSEGE, *n.* Fr. Siege. 10620.
- ASSETH, R. 5600. Sufficient, enough. *Assez*. Orig. P. P. fol. 94. b. *And if it suffice not for ASSETH*.
- ASSISE, *n.* Fr. Situation. R. 1298.
- ASSOLE, *v.* Fr. To absolve; to answer. 9528. C. L. 1284. *Assoloth*. imp. m. 2. perf. pl. 9523.
- ASSONONED, *part. pa.* Summoned. C. L. 170.
- ASSURE, *v.* Fr. To confide. T. i. 681.
- ASTERTE, *v.* SAX. To escape. 1697. 6550.—To release. 6936. *Asterte for Asterted*, *part. pa.* 1594.
- ASTONED, 8192, ASTONIED. 11651. *part. pa.* Fr. Confounded, astonished.
- ASTRELABRE, *n.* Fr. Astrolabe. 3200.
- ASTROLOGIEN, *n.* Fr. Astrologer. *Ast.*
- ASWIVED, *part. pa.* SAX. Stupified, as in a dream. F. ii. 41.
- ASWOUNE, *n.* In a swoon. 3821.6. 10738. T. iii. 1098. *Adown he fell all soverly in SWOUNE*.
- AT, ATTE, *prep.* SAX. See the *n.* on ver. 12542. *At after supper*. 10616, 11531. As soon as supper was finished. *At day*. 13169. *At break of day*. *At on*. 4195, 6313. *Of one mind*.
- ATTAKE, *v.* SAX. To overtake. 16024.
- , for *ATAKEN*, *part. pa.* 6966.
- AT'HE; in three parts. 2935.
- ATTAMED, *part. pa.* Fr. *Entamé*. Opened; Begun. 14824. —Tasted, felt. C. D. 596.—Disgraced. C. D. 1128.
- ATTEMPRE, *adj.* Fr. Temperate. 14844. M. 107, col. l. l. 34.
- ATTEMPRELY, *adv.* Fr. Temperately. 13192.
- ATTOUR, *n.* Fr. Head-dress. R. 3718.
- ATTRY, ATTERLY, *adj.* SAX. Poisonous, pernicious. P. 159, col. 2, l. 9.
- AT'WINNE, 3589. A'two. P. 167, col. l. l. 46. In two, asunder.
- ATVZER, See the *n.* on ver. 4725.
- AVALE, *v.* Fr. To lower; to let down. 3124.—To fall down. T. iii. 627.
- AVANCE, *v.* Fr. To advance; to profit. 246. T. v. 434.
- AVANT, *n.* Fr. Boast. 227.
- AVANTAGE, *n.* Fr. Advantage. 2449.
- AVANTE, *v.* Fr. To boast. 5985.
- AVAUNT, *adv.* Fr. Forward. R. 3936, 4790.
- AUCTORITE, *n.* LAT. A text of Scripture; or of some respectable writer. See the *n.* on ver. 6856.—and ver. 5593, 6790.
- AUCTOUR, *n.* LAT. A writer of credit. 6794.
- AVENAUNT, *adj.* Fr. Becoming. R. 1263.
- AVENTAILE, *n.* Fr. See the *n.* on ver. 9080.
- AVENTURE, *n.* Fr. Adventure. 846.
- AVERROIS, *n.* R. 435. Ebn Roschd, an Arabian Physician of the XII. century. See D'Herbelot, in v. ROSCHD, and the authors mentioned in *n.* on ver. 433.
- AUGHT, *n.* SAX. *Apjct.* Any thing. T. iii. 468. It is sometimes used as an *adverb*. *If the childes mother were AUGHT she*. 5454. *Can he ougth tell a merry taleor twice ?* 16065.
- AUGHT, *pa. l.* of *Owe*. T. iii. 1801. as *OUGHt*.
- AUGHT-WHERE, *adv.* SAX. Any where. L. W. 1838.
- AUGRIM, a corruption of *Algorithm*. See the *n.* on ver. 3210.
- AVICEN, *pr. n.* 434, 12293. Ebn Sina, an Arabian physician of the X. century. See D'Herbelot, in v. SINA, and the authors mentioned in *n.* on ver. 433.
- AVIS, *n.* Fr. Advice. 1670. *Thab*, or *sloe*. R. 1377. *messengers Chre*. P. L. 285. *lian earth*. Fr. G.

AVISAND, *part. pr.* Observing. C. D. 1832.
 AVISE, *v. Fr.* To observe. T. ii. 276. *Aviseth you. imp. m. 2 perf. pl.* Look to yourselves; take care of yourselves. 3185.
 AVISION, *n. Fr.* Vision. 15120, 9.
 AUMBLE, *n. Fr.* An ambling pace. 13314.
 AUMENER, *n. Fr.* *Aumoniere*. A purse. R. 2007.
 AUMERE, *n. R.* 2271. *Aumere* of silks. Bourse de soy. Orig. It seems to be a corruption of AUMENER.
 AUNTRE, *v. Fr.* Corruption of AVENTURE. To adventure. 4207.
 AUNTRous, *adj.* Adventurous. 13337.
 AVOUTERER, AVOUTRE, *n. Fr.* An adulterer. P. 107, col. 1, l. 7. 6954.
 AVOUTERIE, AVOUTRIE, *n.* Adulterie. 6888. 9309.
 AVOW, *n. Fr.* Vow. 2239. 2419.
 AURORA. Du. 1169. The title of a Latin metrical version of several parts of the Bible by *Petrus de Riga*, Canon of Rheims, in the XII. century. Leyser, in his *Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi*, p. 692—736. has given large extracts from this work, and among others the passage which Chaucer seems to have had in his eye. See p. 728.
 Aure Jubal varios fermenti notat icthus.
 Pondera librat in his. Consona queque fiant.
 Hec inventa modo prius est ars musica, quamvis
 Pythagoram dicant hanc docuisse prius.
 A'UTER, *n. Fr.* Altar. 2294.
 AWAITS, *n. Fr.* Watch. 7239. 17099.
 AWAITING, *part. pr.* Keeping watch. 7634.
 AWAPED, *part. pa. Sax.* Confounded, stupefied. T. i. 316. L. W. 814.
 AWAYWARD, *adv. Sax.* Away. 17211.
 AWRECK, *v. Sax.* To revenge. 10769. R. 378.
 AXE, *v. Sax.* To ask. 3537.
 AXING, *n.* Request. 1822.
 AY, *adv. Sax.* Ever. 7406.
 AVEL, *n. Fr.* Grandfather. 2479.
 AVEN, *adv. & prep.* P. 166, col. 1, l. 56. as AGAIN.
 AVENST, *prep.* P. 169, col. 1, l. 15. as AGAIN.
 AYENWARD, *adv. Sax.* Back. T. iii. 751.

B.

BA, *v.* 6015, seems to be formed from BASSE, *v. Fr.* To kiss.
 BACHELER, *n. Fr.* An unmarried man. 9150.—A Knight: 3067. 3465.—One who has taken his first degree in an University. 11438.
 BACHELERIE, *n. Fr.* Knighthood; 17074. *The Bacheleric*. 8146. *The Knights*.
 BADE, *pa. t. of* BEDE. 6706. 7449.
 BADDER, *comp. d. of* BAD. *adj. Sax.* Worse. 10538.
 BAGO, *v.* To swell; to disdain. SK. Rather, perhaps, to squint. Du. 624.
 BAGGINGLY, *adv. R.* 292. seems to be the translation of *en torgnyant*; squinting.
 BAILLE, *n. Fr.* Custody, government. R. 4302. 7574.
 BAITE, *v. Sax.* To feed; to stop to feed. T. i. 102. C. L. 195.
 BALANCE, *n. Fr.* Doubt, suspense. R. 4667.—*I dare LAY IN BALANCE All that I have*. 16079. *I dare wager all t. i. h.*
 BALB, *n. Sax.* Mischief, sorrow. 16949.
 BALKS, C. L. 80. *r. BALAIS. pr. n. Fr.* A sort of bastard Ruby.
 BALKES, *n. pl. Sax.* The timbers of the roof. 3626.
 BALLED, *adj.* Smooth as a ball; bald. 198. 3820.
 BANDON, *n. Fr.* See Du Cange. in *v. ARANDONS. To her bandon*. R. 1163. To her disposal. *A son bandon*. Orig.
 BANE, *n. Sax.* Destruction. 1009.
 BARBE, *n.* A hood, or muffler, which covered the lower part of the face, and the shoulders. T. ii. 110. See Du Cange, in *v. BARBUTA*.
 BAREV, *pa. t. pl. of* BERE. *v. Sax.* Bore. 723.
 BARGAINE, *n. Fr.* Contention. R. 2551.
 BARGARRE, *n. Fr.* *Bergerette*. A sort of song. F. L. 348.
 BARNE, *n. Sax.* The lap. 10945. 14750. BARNE-CLOTH, door. 552.—A stripe. 331.

BARREINE, *adj. Sax.* Barren. 8324.
 BASILICOK, *n.* A Basilisk. P. 167, col. 1, l. 60.
 BASSE, *n. Fr.* A Kiss. C. L. 797.
 BASTING, *part. pr.* Sewing slightly. R. 104.
 BATAILED, *part. pa. Fr.* Embattled. R. 4162.
 BATHS for BOTH. 4085. 4189.
 — *v. Sax.* 15273. We should rather say to *bask*.
 BAUDE, *adj. Fr.* Joyous. R. 5674.
 BAUDRIE, BAUDRIE, *n.* Fimping. 1928. T. iii. 398. Keeping a bawdy-house. 6867.
 BAUDY, *adj.* Dirty. 16103. *With BAUDY cole*. Lydg. *Trag.* B. ix. l. 36. b.
 BAYARD, *pr. n. Fr.* Originally, a Bay-horse; a horse in general, 16881. T. i. 218.
 BAY-WINDOW, C. L. 1058. A large window; probably so called, because it occupied a whole bay, i. e. the space between two cross-beams.
 BE, *prep. Sax.* By. 2577.
 BE for BEEN, *part. pa. Sax.* 60. 7611. 9245.
 BEAU SEMBLANT, *Fr.* Fair appearance. C. L. 1085.
 BEAU SIRE, *Fr.* Fair Sir; a mode of address. R. 6053.
 BEBELED, *part. pa. Sax.* Covered with blood. 2004.
 BEBLOTTE, *v. Sax.* To stain. T. ii. 1027.
 BECKE, *v. Fr.* To nod. 12330. 17295.
 BECLAPPE, *v. Sax.* To catch. 15477.
 BEDAFFED, *part. pa. Sax.* Made a fool of. 9067. See DAFPE.
 BEDE, *v. Sax.* To order, to bid.—To offer. 8236. 9658. T. v. 185.—To pray. R. 7374. *To bede his necke*. T. iv. 1105. To offer his neck for execution.
 BEDOTE, *v. Sax.* To make to dote; to deceive. L. W. 1545. See DOTE.
 BEDREDE, *adj. Sax.* Confined to bed. 7351. 9168.
 BEDRENTE, *part. pa.* Drenched, thoroughly wetted. C. L. 577.
 BEEN, *n. pl. Sax.* Bees. 10518.
 BEFILL for BEFELL, *pa. t. of* BEFALL. *v. Sax.* 10007.
 BEFOREN, BEFOREN, *adv. et prep. Sax.* Before.
 BEGILED, *part. pa. Fr.* Beguiled. 12208.
 BEGON, *part. pa. of* BEGO. *v. Sax.* Gone. *Wel begon*. 6188. R. 5533. In a good way. *Wo begon*. 5338. 11638. *Far gone in woe. Worse begon*. T. v. 1327. In a worse way. *With gold begon*. R. 943. Painted over with gold; a *or painted*. Orig.
 BEGONNE, *part. pa. of* BEGINNE, *v. Sax.* Begun. 11341.
 BEHALVE, *n. Sax.* Half; side, or part. T. iv. 945.
 BEHESTE, *n. Sax.* Promise. 4461, 2.
 BEHETE, *v. Sax.* To promise. 1856.
 BEHEWE, *part. pa. Sax.* Coloured. T. iii. 216. See HEWE.
 BEHIGHTE, *v. Sax.* To promise. P. 154, col. 2, l. 42. — *part. pa.* Promised. 11100.
 BEHIGHTEN, *pa. t. pl.* Promised. 11639.
 BEHOVE, *n. Sax.* Behoof, advantage. R. 1090.
 BEJAPED, *part. pa. Sax.* Tricked. 19853. Laughed at. T. i. 532.
 BEKNOWE, *v. Sax.* To confess. 1558. 5306.
 BEL AMY, *Fr.* Good friend. 12252.
 BELIEVE, *n. Sax.* Belief. *His believe*. 3456. *His creed*.
 BELLE, *adj. fem. Fr.* Fair. T. ii. 288.
 BELLE CHERE, *Fr.* Good cheer. 13330.
 BELLE CHOSE, *Fr.* 6020. 6092.
 BELLE ISAUDE, F. iii 707. The fair Isaude; the mistress of Tristan. She is called *Isoude*. L. W. 254.
 BELLE, *v. Sax.* To roar. F. iii. 713.
 BELMARIE, *pr. n.* See *n. on ver.* 57.
 BELOUS, *n. Sax.* Bellows. P. 154, col. 1, l. 8.
 BENES, *n. pl. Sax.* Trumpets. 15404. R. 7605.
 BEN, *inf. m. Sax.* To be. 141. 167.
 — *pr. t. pl. Are.* 764. 820. 945.
 — *part. pa.* Been. 361. 465.
 BENCHED, *part. pa.* Furnished with benches. L. W. 204.
 BENDE, *n. Fr.* A band; or horizontal stripe. R. 1079.
 BENDING, *n.* Stripping; making of bands, or stripes. P. 155, col. 2, l. 30.
 BENE, *n. Sax.* A bean. 9728. *And al n'as worth a BENE*. R. G. 497.
 BENEDECTE! *LAT.* An exclamation, answering to our

- Bless us!* It was often pronounced as a Trisyllable, *Bencite!* 15399. T. i. 791. iii. 738. 862.
- BENIGNE**, *adj.* FR. Kind. 8973.
- BENIMME**, *v.* SAX. To take away. P. 158, col. 2, l. 25.
- BENISON**, *n.* FR. Benediction. 9239.
- BENOMEN**, *part. pa.* of **BENIMME**. Taken away. R. 1509.
- BENT**, *n.* SAX. The bending, or declivity of a hill. 1983.
- BERAINED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Rained upon. T. iv. 1172.
- BERDE**, *n.* SAX. Beard. To make any one's *berde*; to cheat him. See *n.* on ver. 4094.
- BERE**, *n.* SAX. A bear. 2060.
- *v.* SAX. To bear; to carry. *To bere in, or on hand*; To accuse falsely. 5040. 8975. To persuade falsely. 5814, 5962.—*To bere the belle*. T. iii. 199. To carry the prize.
- *n.* SAX. A bier. 2906.—A pillow-bear. Du. 254.
- BERING**, *n.* SAX. Behaviour. P. 155, col. 1, l. 40.
- BERME**, *n.* SAX. Yest. 16281.
- BERNARD**, *pr. n.* 436. A Physician of Montpellier in the thirteenth Century. See the authors mentioned in *n.* on ver. 433.
- *pr. n.* L. W. 16. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux in the thirteenth Century. Our author alludes to a proverbial saying concerning him. *Bernardus ipse non vidit omnia*. See Hoffman, in *v.*
- BERNE**, *n.* SAX. A barn. 3258.
- BESANT**, *n.* FR. A piece of gold, so called because first coined at Byzantium, now Constantinople. *Sc.* R. 1106.
- BESKE**, *v.* SAX. To beseech. 920.
- BESHT, BESSETTE**, *part. pa.* SAX. Placed, employed. 3299. 7534.
- BESY**, *part. pa.* of **BESSE**, *v.* SAX. Beseen. *Evil besey*, 8841. Ill-beseen; of a bad appearance. *Richely besey*, 8960, of a rich appearance.
- BESHET**, *part. pa.* SAX. Shut up. R. 4438. T. iii. 603.
- BESHREWE**, *v.* SAX. To curse. 6426, 7.
- BESIDE**, *prep.* SAX. By the side of. 5597. 6002.
- BESMOTRED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Smutted. 76.
- BESPEY**, *part. pa.* SAX. Spit upon. P. 152, col. 1, l. 33.
- BESTADDE, BESTAD**, *part. pa.* SAX. Situated. 5069. It is sometimes used in an ill sense, for *Distressed*. R. 1227.
- BESTE**, *n.* FR. A beast. 1978.
- *adj. sup.* SAX. Best. 1808. 11843.
- BESY**, *adj.* SAX. Busy. 2955.
- BET, BETTE**, *adv. comp.* for **BETTER**. 7533. 13962.
- BETAKE**, *v.* SAX. To give. 3748. To recommend to. 8037.
- BETAUGHT**, *pa. t.* Recommended to. R. 4438. See the *n.* on ver. 13852.
- BETE**, *v.* SAX. To prepare, make ready. *To bete fires*. 2255. 2294. To make fires.—To mend; to heal. *To bete nettles*, 3925. To mend nets. *To bete sorwe*, T. i. 666. To heal sorrow.
- *v.* FR. To beat. 4206.
- BETECHÉ**, *v.* as **BETAKE**. See the *n.* on ver. 13852.
- BETH**, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* SAX. Be ye. 7656. 17259.
- BETID, BETIDDE**, *pa. t. & part.* of **BETIDE**, *v.* SAX. Happened. 7773. T. ii. 55.
- BETOKE**, *pa. t.* of **BETAKE**. Recommended. 16009.
- BETRAISED**, *part. pa.* FR. Betrayed. *They have BETRAISED thee*. P. L. 255.
- BETWIX, BETWIXEN**, *prep.* SAX. Between. 2134.
- BEWEPPE**, *v.* SAX. To weep over. T. i. 763.
- BEWREY, BEWRE**, *v.* SAX. To discover. 5193. 9747. T. ii. 537.
- BEYE**, *v.* SAX. To buy. 16762. See **ABEYE**.
- BEYETS**, *part. pa.* SAX. Begotten. T. i. 978.
- BIALACOL**, *pr. n.* FR. *Bel-accueil*. Courteous reception. R. 2984. & *al.* The same person is afterwards called *Faire welcoming*. R. 5936.
- BIBED**, *part. pa.* LAT. Drunk. 4180.
- BIBEL**, *n.* FR. Any great book, 16325. F. iii. 244.
- BICCHEL BONES**. See the *n.* on ver. 12590.
- BIDDE**, *v.* as **BIDE**. 3641.
- BIE**, *v.* SAX. To suffer. 5749. See **ABEYE**.
- BIGNE**, *pr. n.* FR. *Beguane*. A nun, of a certain order. R. 6861, 7368. See *Du Cange*, in *v.* *Beghinne*.
- BIKER**, *n.* SAX. A quarrel. L. W. 2650.
- BILDER**, *n.* SAX. A bulder. *The bilder oke*. A. F. 176. The oak used in building.
- BILL**, *n.* A letter. 9811.
- BIMENE**, *v.* SAX. To bemoan. R. 2667.
- BINT**, for **BINDETH**. C. M. V. 47, 8.
- BIRDE** for **BRIDE**, *n.* SAX. R. 1014.
- Hire chere was simple, as birde in dowr.* i. e. as bride in chamber.
- Simple fut comm une esposuse*. Orig.
- BISMARE**, *n.* SAX. Abusive speech. 3953. *And bold, and abiding*, **BISMARES** to suffer. F. P. 108. b.
- BIT**, for **BIDDETH**, 187. 10605.
- BITORE**, *n.* FR. A bittern. 6554.
- BITRENT**, *part. pa.* Twisted; carried round. T. iii. 1237 iv. 870. Perhaps from the SAX. *Betrymian*. *Circumdate*.
- BIWOREN**, *part. pa.* of **BEWEEPE**. Drowned in tears. T. iv. 916.
- BLANCMANGER**, *n.* FR. 389. seems to have been a very different dish in the time of Chaucer, from that which is now called by the same name. There is a receipt for making it in *Ms Harl. n.* 4016. One of the ingredients is, "*the brauns of a capon, tised small*."
- BLANDISE**, *v.* FR. To flatter. P. 154, col. 2, l. 34.
- BLANCH FEVERE**, T. i. 917. See *Cotgrave*, in *v.* "*Fieures blanches*. The agues wherewith maldens that have the greensickness are troubled; and hence; *Il a les fièvres blanches*: Either he is in love, or sick of wantonness C. N. 41. *I am so shaken with the fleyers white*."
- BLE**, *n.* SAX. Colour. Magd. 391.
- BLEK**, *pr. n.* 16024. 16952. A forest in Kent. Ur.
- BLEINE**, *n.* SAX. A pasture. R. 553.
- BLEND**, *v.* SAX. To blind, to deceive. T. ii. 1496.
- BLENT**, *pa. t.* of **BLEND**. T. v. 1194.
- *part. pa.* 9937. 16545.
- *pa. t.* of **BLECHT**, *v.* SAX. Shrunk, started aside. 1080. And so perhaps it should be understood in ver. 3751. and T. iii. 1352.
- BLERED**, *part. pa.* SAX. In its literal sense is used to describe a particular disorder of the eye, attended with soreness and dimness of sight; and so perhaps it is to be understood in ver. 16198. But more commonly, in Chaucer, a man's eye is said to be *blered* metaphorically, when he is any way imposed upon. 17201. R. 3912. See also ver. 3863.
- BLEVE**, *v.* SAX. To stay. T. iv. 1357.
- BLIN**, *v.* SAX. To cease. 16639.
- BLISSE**, *v.* SAX. To bless. 8428.
- BLIVE, BELIVE**, *adv.* SAX. Quickly. 5973. 7102.
- BLOSME**, *n.* SAX. Blossom. 3324.
- *v.* To blossom. 9338.
- BLOSMY**, *adj.* Full of blossoms. 9337.
- BOB UP AND DOWN**, *pr. n.* of a town in the road to Canterbury. 16931. It is not marked in the common maps.
- BOBANCE**, *n.* FR. Boasting. 6151.
- BOCHE**, *n.* FR. *Bosse*. A swelling; a wen or boil. Bo. iii. pr. 4.
- BODE, BODEN**, *part. pa.* of **BEDE**, *v.* SAX. Bidden, commanded. 6612.
- BODE**, *pa. t.* of **BIDE**, *v.* SAX. Remained. T. v. 29.
- *n.* SAX. A stay, or delay. An. 120.
- An *cmn.* A. F. 343.
- BODKIN**, *n.* SAX. A dagger. 3958.
- BOECHE**, *pr. n.* 6750. 15249. Boethius. His most popular work *De consolations Philosophie* was translated by Chaucer certainly before 1381, (See L. W. 425.) and probably much earlier. The reflections on Predestination, in T. iv. 966—1078, of which there is no trace in the *Filostrato*, are almost entirely taken from Bo. v. pr. 3. Several other passages of the same work, which our author has copied, have been pointed out in the notes on ver. 743. 2923.
- BOISTE**, *n.* FR. A box. 12241.
- BOISTOUS**, *adj.* SAX. Boisterous; rough. 17160.
- BOISTOUSLY**, *adv.* Roughly. 8867.
- BOKBLER**, *n.* FR. A buckler. 112.
- BOKELING**, *part. pr.* FR. Buckling. 2505.
- BOKET**, *n.* SAX. A bucket. 1535.
- BOLAS**, *n.* Bullace; a sort of plumb, or sloe. R. 1377.
- BOLE ARMONIAC**. 16258. Armenian earth. FR. Ga

BOLLEN, *part. pa.* of **BOLGE**, *v.* SAX. Swollen. B. K. 101.
BOLT, *n.* SAX. An arrow. 3264. *Bolt-upright.* 13246. Straight as an arrow.
BONE, *n.* SAX. A boon, petition. 2671. *He bade hem all a bone.* 9492. He made a request to them all.
BORAS, *n.* FR. Borax. 632. 16259.
BORD, *n.* FR. A border; the side of a ship. 3585. *Over bord.* 5342.
BORDE, *n.* SAX. A table. 52.
DORDEL, *n.* FR. A brothel.—*Bordel-women.* P. 169, col. 2, l. 26. Whores.
BORDELLERS, *n. pl.* Keepers of bawdy-houses. R. 7084.
BORSEL, *n.* FR. Bureau. Coarse cloth of a brown colour. See Du Cange, in *v.* BURELLUS. In *ver.* 5933, it seems to signify *clothing* in general.
 — *adj.* made of plain, coarse stuff. 11023.—*Borel folk.* 7454, G. *Borel men.* 13061. Laymen. So in P. F. 50. *Burel clerks* is probably put for *Lay clerks*.
BORWE, *n.* SAX. A pledge. *Hath laid to borwe.* 1624. Hath pledged. *Have here my feith to borwe.* 11540. Have here my faith for a pledge. *Saint John to borwe.* 10910. St. John being my security.
BOSARD, *n.* FR. A buzzard; a species of Hawk, unfit for sporting. R. 4033.
BOS-E, *n.* FR. A profubrance. 3266.
BOST, *n.* SAX. Pride, boasting. 14105.
 — *adv.* Aloud. *He cracked bost.* 3990. *He spake this wordes bost.* P. L. 275.
BOTE, *n.* SAX. Remedy; Help; Profit. 426. 13396.
 — *v.* SAX. To help. P. 155, col. 2, l. 46.
 — *pa. t.* of **BRE**. *v.* SAX. Bit. 14519. *His sword bett bote.* P. L. 243.
BOTELES, *adj.* SAX. Bootless; remediless. T. i. 783.
BOTEL, **BOTELLE**, *n.* FR. Bottle. 7513. 12820.
BOTERFLIE, *n.* SAX. A butterflie. 15280.
BOTHE, *adj.* SAX. Two together. *Our bothe laboure.* T. i. 973. The labour of us two together. *Nostrum amborum labor.* In T. iv. 163. Ed. Cn. reads *your botther love*, which might lead one to suspect that *botther* was the ancient genitive case of **BOTHE**, as *Aller* was of *All*. See the Essay, &c. n. 27.
 — *conj.* is generally used to copulate two members of a sentence; but sometimes *more*. See *ver.* 992.
 And rent adoun *bothe* wall, and sparre, and rafter.—*And ver.* 2300.
 To whom *bothe* heaven, and erthe, and see is sene.
 So the Greeks sometimes used *Ἀμφότερον*.
 Od. 6. 78. *Ἀμφότερον κλυδὸν τι, καὶ ἀγλαῖαν, καὶ οὐαγ.*
BOTHUM, *n.* FR. Bouton. A bud, particularly of a rose. R. 1721. *et al.*
BOUGERON, *n.* FR. A sodomite. R. 7072.
BOUGHTON UNDER BLEB, *pp. n.* of a town in Kent. 16024.
BOUKE, *n.* SAX. The body. 2748.
BOULIE, *v.* SAX. To sift, to separate the flour of wheat from the bran. 15246.
BOUN, *adj.* SAX. Ready. 11807. *And bade hem all to be boun.* P. P. 10, b.
BOUNTEE, *n.* FR. Goodness. 8033, 10163.
BOURDE, *n.* FR. A jest. 17030
BOURDE, *n.* FR. To jest. 12712.
BOURDON, *n.* FR. A staff. R. 3401. 4092.
BOURNE, *n.* SAX. A house; a chamber. 3367. 13672.
BOWE, *n.* SAX. A bow, 108. *A dogge for the bowe.* 6951.
 988L. A dog used in shooting.
BOXE, *n.* A blow. L. W. 1386.
BRACER, *n.* FR. Armour for the arm. 111.
BRADWARDIN, *pp. n.* 15248. Thomas Bradwardin, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349. His book *De causa Dei*, to which our author alludes, is in print. See Tanner, in *v.* BRADWARDINUS.
BRAIDE, *n.* SAX. A start. L. W. 1164. *At a BRAIDE.* R. 1336. *Tantost.* ORIG.
 — *v.* SAX. To awake; to start. 4283. 6381. See **ABRAIDE**. *Out of his wif he braide.* 11339. 14456. He ran out of his senses. In *ver.* 5257, it signifies to *take off*. See also P. iii. 538.
BRACKET, *n.* BRIT. *Brager.* A sweet drink made of the

wort of ale, honey, and spice. 3261. It is still in use in Wales. Richards, in *v.* *Bragod*.
BRASIL, *n.* A wood used in dyeing, to give a red colour. 15465.—This passage of Chaucer is a decisive proof, that the Brazil-wood was long known by that name before the discovery of the country so called in America. See *Huctiana*, p. 268. In the inventory of the effects of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 II. VI. m. 20. is the following article. “*II Grandes peces de Bracie, pris vs. viii d.*”
BRAIT, *n.* SAX. A coarse mantle. 16340.
BRECH, *n.* SAX. Breches. 18893.
BREDE, *n.* SAX. Breadth. 1973. *In brede.* T. i. 531. A broad. In F. iii. 132. it seems to be put for *bride*.
BREME, *adj.* SAX. Furious. 1701. *full scharpely and full bryn.* P. L. 244.
BRENNE, *v.* SAX. To burn. 2333.
BRENT, *pa. l. & part.* Burnt. 2427. 2059.
BRENNINGOL, *adv.* SAX. Hotly. 1566.
BRESES, *n. pl.* FR. Briars. 1534.
BRESTE, *v.* SAX. To burst. 1932. 11071.
BRET-FUL, *adj.* 689. The sense is much more clear than the etymology.
BRIE, *n.* FR. Properly, what is given to a beggar; *What is given to an extortioner, or cheat.* 6960.
BRIEN, *inf. m.* FR. To beg. 4415. or perhaps, *To steal.* See *Rot. Parl.* 22 EL. IV. n. 30. *Have stolen and bribed Signetts* (Cygnetts). And so in P. P. 115. b. *a bribour* seems to signify *a thief*; as *bribors, pilors, and pikhar-neis*, are classed together; and still more plainly in Lydg. *Trag.* 152.
 Who saveth a *thefe*, when the rope is knet,—
 With some false turne the *bribour* will him quite.
 See also *Antient Scottish Poems*, p. 171. st. 7. l. 3.
BRIBOURES. 6940. Upon second thoughts, I believe that I was wrong in adopting this word from Ms. C. 1. and that we should rather read with other Mss.
 “Certain he knew of *briberies* mo.”
 See the *n.* on *ver.* 2469.
BRIDALE, *n.* SAX. A marriage-feast. 4373.
BRIDDES, *n. pl.* SAX. Birds. 10925.
BRIGE, *n.* FR. Contention M. 118, col. 1, l. 4.
BRIKE, *n.* SAX. Breach; Ruin. 14700.
BRIMME, *adj.* R. 1836. T. iv. 164. as **BREME**.
BROCAGE, *n.* A treaty by a broker or agent. 3375. R. 6971.
BROCHE, *n.* FR. Seems to have signified originally the *longue* of a buckle or clasp; and from thence the *buckle* or *clasp* itself. 3265. 8131. T. v. 1660. But see *ver.* 160. It probably came by degrees to signify *any sort of jewel*.
BROCHE JUELL. *Monile, armilla.* P.rompt Parv. See **NOUCHE**.
BRODED, *part. pa.* FR. Braided; woven. 1051.
BROKING, *part. pr.* Throbbing; quavering. 3377.
BROMEHOLME, *pp. n.* A priory in Norfolk. 4284. *The roode of Bromholme* is mentioned in P. P. 24.
BRONDE, *n.* FR. A torch. 9551.
BROSTEN, *part. pa.* of **BRESTE** 3827.
BROTEL, *adj.* SAX. Bittle. 9155. M. 114, col. 2, l. 45.
BROTELNESSE, *n.* Brittleness. 9155.
BROTHERHEED, *n.* SAX. Brotherly affection. 12972.
BROUDED, *part. pa.* FR. *Brodé.* Embroidered. 14367.
BROKEN, *inf. m.* SAX. To brook; enjoy; use. 10182. 15306.
BUCKES HORNE. A buck's horn. 3387. *To blow the buckes horne* is put for *any useless employment*.
BUFFETTE, *n.* FR. A blow. P. 151, col. 2, l. 46.
BUGLE-HORN, *n.* A drinking vessel made of horn. 11565. Gloss. UR. derives it from *Bucula cornu*. The Gloss. to *Anc. Scott. Po.* explains *Bugle* to mean a *Buffalo*. I have been told that in some parts of the North a *Bull* is now called a *Bugle*.
BUMBLE, *v.* SAX. To make a humming noise. In *ver.* 6554. it is used to describe the noise made by a bittern.
BURDON, *n.* FR. *Bourdon.* A humming noise; the bass in music. 675. 4763.
BURIELS, *n. pl.* SAX. Burying-places. 15654.
BURNED, *part. pa.* FR. Burnished. 1985.
BURNEL THE ASSE. 15318. See the note. The story supposes, that the priest's son, when he was to be ordained,

- directed his servant to call him at cock-crowing, and that the cock, whose leg he had formerly broken, having overheard this, purposely refrained from crowing at his usual time; by which artifice the young man was suffered to sleep till the ordination was over.
- BURNETTE**, *n. FR.* *Brunette*. Cloth dyed of a brown colour. R. 226. 4756. See Du Cange in v. **BURNETUM**.
- BUSK**, *n. FR.* A bush. R. 54. 102.
- BUTTE**, *But. adv. & conj. SAX.* *But*; *Sed.* 4824.—Unless; *Mfd.* 13115. *I n'ere but lost. Non essem nisi perdata.* 16942. 16069.—Only, 11349. *which that am but lone.*
- BUT**, *prep. SAX.* Without. *Gloss. Ur.* I cannot say that I have myself observed this preposition in Chaucer, but I may have overlooked it. The Saxons used it very frequently; and how long the Scottish writers have laid it aside, I am doubtful. It occurs repeatedly in Bp. Douglas. *But spot or fall.* p. 3. l. 53. *Poete but pere.* p. 3. l. 19.
- BUT** and **SEN.** p. 123. l. 40. *Without and within*; **Butan and binnan**; originally, I suppose, **Bi utan and bi innan**. *By and with* are often synonymous.
- BUXOME**, *adj. SAX.* Obedient; civil. 13107. 13172.
- BUXUMLY**, *adv. SAX.* Obediently. 8062.
- BY**, *prep. SAX.* has sometimes the signification of *IN*. *By the morn.* 10965. In the morning, or day-time. See the note. *By his life.* R. 5955. In his life-time.—It is sometimes used adverbially. *By and by.* 1013. 4141. Near, hard by. **BY** and **BY. *Stigmatim.* Prompt. Parv. See R. 4581. *These were his words by and by.* i. e. *Severally; distinctly.* And so perhaps this phrase should be understood in the passage above quoted.**
- BYFORNE**. See **BEFORNE**.
- BYLEVE**, *v. SAX.* To stay. 10897. T. iii. 624.
- BYRAFT**, *part. pa.* of **BYREVE**, *v. SAX.* Bereved; taken away. 1383.
- BYWORD**, *n. SAX.* A proverb. T. iv. 769.
- C.
- CACCHE**, *v.* To catch. P. 166, col. 1, l. 57.
- CADENCE**, *n. FR.* F. iii. 114. See the *n.* on vor. 17354. and *Jm. Etymolog.* in v.
- CAIRBUD**, *pr. n.* of a city in Bretagne. 11120.
- CAITIF**, *n. & adj. FR.* *Chetif*. A wretch; wretched. 1719. 1948.
- CALCINATION**, *n. FR.* A chemical process, by which bodies are reduced to a calx. 16272.
- CALCULÉ**, *pa. t. FR.* Calculated. 11596.
- CALEWEIS**, R. 7093. is probably mis-written. The Orig. has *La poire du CAILLOUÉ*. 12468. Cotgrave says, that *Caillovet* is the name of a very sweet pear.
- CALDONÉ**, *pr. n.* 12539. It should be *Lacedonie*. See the *n.* on vor. 12537.
- CALIOPIA**, *pr. n.* F. iii. 192. We should rather read *CALYPSA*, with the two Bodl. MSS. for *Calyssa*.
- CALLE**, *n. FR.* A species of cap. 6600. T. iii. 775.
- CAMAILLE**, *n. FR.* A camel. 9072.
- CAMELINE**, *n. FR.* A stuff made of camel's hair. R. 7367.
- CAMUSE**, *adj. FR.* Flat. 3932. 3972.
- CAN**, *v. SAX.* To know 4467. 5639. See **CONNÉ**.
- CANANE**, *adj. FR.* Cananean. 15527.
- CANE**, *pr. n.* Cane in Galilee. 5593.
- CANEL**, *n. FR.* *Canal*. Channel. Du. 943.
- CANELLE**, *n. FR.* Cinnamon. R. 1370.
- CANEVAS**, *n. FR.* Canvas. 16407.
- CANON**, 12824. The title of Avicenna's great work. See D'Herbelot, in v. *Canon*.
- CANTEL**, *n. SAX.* A fragment 3010.
- CAPEL**, *n. LAT.* A horse. 17013. 4. *And gave him CAPEL to his carte.* P. P. 109.
- CAPITAINE**, *n. FR.* A captain. 12516.
- CAPITOLE**, *n. LAT.* The Capitol at Rome. 14621, 3.
- CAPPE**, *n. LAT.* A cap, or hood. *To set a man's cap.* 588. 3145. To make a fool of him.
- CAPTIF**, *adj. FR.* Captive. T. iii. 383.
- CARDIACLE**, *n. FR. GR.* A pain about the heart. 12247.
- CARECTES**, *n. pl. LAT. GR.* Characters. P. P. 61.
- CARPE**, *pa. t.* of **CARVE**, *v. SAX.* Cut. 14519.
- CARLE**, *n. SAX.* A churl; a hardy country fellow. 547.
- CARNES**, *n. pl. FR.* Carmelite Friars. R. 7462.
- CAROLE**, *n. FR.* A sort of dance. 1933.
- *v. FR.* To dance. 2204. *In caroling*, 16813. In dancing.
- CARPE**, *v.* To talk. 476. *By CARPING of tongue*; *By speech.* P. P. 566.
- CARRAINE**, *n. FR.* A carrion; dead or putrified flesh. 2015. 14542.
- CARRIKE**, *n. FR.* A large ship 7270.
- CARTE**, *n. SAX.* A chariot. 2024.
- CARTER**, *n. SAX.* A chariotcar. 2024.
- CAS**, *n. FR. CAS.* Chance. 846. *Upon cas.* 3661. T. i. 271. *By chance.*
- *n. FR. Casse.* A case; quiver 2360.
- CASSIODORÉ**, *pr. n.* M. 111, col. 1, l. 8. Cassiodorus; a Roman Senator and Consul. A. C. 513. Several of his works are extant. See Fabric. *Bibl. Lat. and Bial. Med. Et.*
- CAST**, *n. SAX.* A contrivance 3605. 2470.
- CASTE**, *v.* To throw. T. iii. 712. L. W. 1931.—To contrive. M. 120, col. 1, l. 23.
- CASTELOÑE**, *pr. n.* Catalonia, in Spain. F. iii. 158.
- CASUEL**, *adj. FR.* Accidental. T. iv. 419.
- CATAPUCE**, *n. FR.* A species of spurge. 14971.
- CATEL**, *n. FR.* Goods; valuable things of all sorts. 542. 3977. 4447.
- CATERWAIVED**. 5936. *To gon a caterwaived* seems to signify the same as *to oo a caterwauling*; or *caterwauling*, as it has been called by later writers.
- CATON**, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on vor. 3227.
- CAUGHT**, *pa. t. et part. of CATCH.* 3926. 11824.
- CAVILATIOUN**, *n. FR.* Cavil. 7718.
- CECILE**, **CECLIE**, *pr. n.* Cecilia. 15664. 15696.
- CEISE**, R. 7255. **CESSÉ**. A. F. 481, are misprinted for **SEISE**, *v. FR.* To seize; to lay hold of.
- CELERER**, *n. LAT.* *Celerarius*. The officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions. 13942.
- CELLE**, *n. LAT.* A religious house. 172. It seems to be put for a man's head. 13978. See also 1378.
- CELSITUDE**, *n. FR.* Highness. C. L. 611.
- CENSER**, *n. FR.* An incense-pot. 3340.
- CENSING**, *part. pr. FR.* Fumgating with incense. 3341.
- CENTAURIE**, *pr. n.* of an herb. 14969.
- CERCLE**, *v. FR.* To surround. R. 1619.
- CERCLES**, *n. pl. FR.* Circles. 2039.
- CERIAL**, *adj. FR.* Belonging to the species of oak called *Cerrus*. *LAT. Cerro. ITAL. Cerra.* F. 2292.
- CERTAIN**, *adj. FR.* is used sometimes as a substantive. *Of unces a certain.* 16244. *A certain of gold.* 16492. i. e. A certain number of ounces; a certain quantity of gold.
- CERTAIN**, **CERTES**, *adv.* Certainly. 3495. 6790.
- CERUSE**, *n. FR.* White lead. 632.
- CESED**, *part. pa.* for **SEISED**. C. M. 87. is used in a legal sense. *To that he be cesed therewith*; Till that he be possessed thereof; Till he have *sensen* thereof.
- CESE**, *v. FR.* To cease. T. ii. 483.
- CHACE**, *v. FR.* To chase; to pursue. 8217. 8269.
- CHAFE**, *v. FR.* To grow warm or angry. P. 161, col. 1, l. 64.
- CHAFFARE**, *n. SAX.* Merchandise. 4578. 13215.
- *v. SAX.* To merchandise. 4559.
- CHAIRE**, *n. FR.* A chair. 14531. The chair, or pulpit, of a professor or preacher. 7100.
- CHALONS**, 4138. See the note.
- CHAMBRERE**, *n. FR.* A chamber-maid 5682. 8695.
- CHAMPARTIE**, *n. FR.* A share of land; *A partnership in power.* 1951. Lydgate has the same expression. *Trag.* 139. B. vii. 17.
- CHANTEPLEURE**, *n. FR.* A sort of proverbial expression for *singing and weeping successively.* An. 323. See *Lydt Trag.* St. the last; where he says that his book is
"Lyke *Chantepleure*, now singing now weping."
- In *MS. Harl.* 4333. is a Ballad, which turns upon this expression. It begins; *Moult vault mieux pleure chan: que ne fait chante pleure.*
- CHANTERIE**, *n. FR. GR.* An endowment for the payment of priest, to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of its founder. 512. There were thirty-five of these Chanterii

established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four Priests. *Dugd. Hist.* pref. p. 41.

CHAFFMAN, n. SAX. A merchant or trader. 13184, 6.

CHAFFMANHEDE, n. SAX. The condition of a chapman or tradesman. 13169.

CHAR, n. FR. A chariot. 2140. 14365

CHARBOUCLE, n. FR. A carbuncle. 13800.

CHARGE, n. FR. A load, burthen; busness of weight. *It were no charge.* 2299. It were no harm. *Of which there is no charge.* 10673. From which there is no consequence to be expected. *Of that no charge.* 16217. No matter for that.

— v. FR. To weigh, to incline on account of weight. F. ii. 237.—*Which chargeth not to say.* T. ii. 1582. Which it is of no importance to say.

CHARGEANT, *particip. pr.* Burthensome. M. 111, col. 2, l. 49. F. 162, col. l. 56.

CHARKRESSE, n. FR. An enchantress. F. iii. 171.

CHASTELAIN, n. FR. The wife of a *Chastelain*, or lord of a castle, R. 3740.

CHASTIE, v. FR. To chastise. R. 6993.

CHAUNTECLERE, *pr. n.* of a cock. 14855.

CHEBRE, n. FR. A chess-board. F. 660.

CHESS, *pa. t.* of CHESE, v. SAX. Chose. 9471. 10039.

CHEFFIS. R. 7091. We should read *Cheese*. The Orig. has *fromages*.

CHEKE. Du. 659. A term at chess, to give notice to the opposite party, that his king, if not removed, or guarded by the interposition of some other piece, will be made prisoner. It is derived originally from the Persian *Shah*, i. e. *King*; and means, *Take care of your king*. See Hyde, *Hist. Shahiud.* p. 3, 4.

CHEKELATOUN, 13034. See the note.

CHEKEMATE, or simply MATE, is a term used at chess, when the king is actually made prisoner, and the game consequently finished. The Persian phrase is *Shah mat*, i. e. *The King is conquered*. T. ii. 754. Du. 659. 660. See Hyde, *Hist. Shahiud.* p. 152.

CHELAUNDRE, n. FR. A goldfinch. R. 81.

CHEPE, v. SAX. To cheapen; to buy. 5830.

— n. Cheapness. 6105 F. iii. 884.

— *pr. n.* Cheapside in London. 756. 4375.

CHERCHE, n. SAX. A church. 2762.

CHERE, n. FR. Countenance; appearance. 8114. 8117.—Entertainment; good cheer. 13257.

CHERIC, v. FR. To cheerish. 14438.

CHERISANCE, n. FR. Comfort. R. 3337.

CHERL, n. SAX. A man of mean birth and condition. 6740. 7764.

CHERLISH, *adj.* Illiberal. 11827.

CHEP, n. FR. The game of chess. 11212.

CHESE, v. SAX. To choose. 6480. 11398.

— for CHESETH. 6497.

CHESTE, n. LAT. A coffin. 7905.

— n. Debate. P. 158, col. 2, l. 57.

CHESNE, n. FR. The chestnut tree. 2924.—The chestnut fruit. R. 1375.

CHEVACHE, n. FR. An expedition. See the n. on ver. 85. and ver. 16999.

CHI VALRIE, n. FR. Knighthood; the manners, exercises, and valiant exploits, of a knight. 45. 2108. 2106.

CHIVALROUS, *adj.* Valiant. T. v. 802.

CHEVE, v. FR. To come to an agreement, or conclusion. *Yvel mote he cheve.* 16693. *It may be end.* See ver. 4172. *Ye, they shal have the flour of yvel ending.*

CHEVESSAILE, n. FR. A necklace. R. 1082. The word does not occur in the Orig. in this place, but it is used in ver. 21897.

*Et pour tenir la CHEVESSAILE
Deux fermes d'or au col heybaile.*

CHEVERTAIN, n. FR. Cheftain. 2557.

CHEVISANCE, n. FR. An agreement for borrowing of money. 13259. 13277. 13321.

CHICHE, *adj.* Fr. Niggardly, sparing. R. 5538.

CHICHEVACHE, n. FR. See the n. on ver. 9064.

CHIDRESSE, n. SAX. A female scold. R. 4266.

CHIDESTER, n. SAX. A female scold. 9409.

CHIERTE. FR. Tenderness; affection. 5078. 13266.

CHIKE, n. SAX. A chicken. R. 541.

CHIMBE, n. SAX. The prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel. 3893.

CHIMBE, v. To sound in consonance, like bells. 3894

CHIMENEY, n. FR. A chimney. T. ii. 1147.

CHINCHE, *adj.* as CHICHE. R. 8998. *Conf. Am.* 109. b.

CHINCHERIE, n. Niggardliness. M. 116, col. 2, l. 63.

CHIRCHE, n. SAX. A church. 12263.

CHIRCHEREVE, n. SAX. A church-yard. 6880.

CHIRCHHAWE, n. SAX. A church-ward. P. 169, col. 1, l. 54.

CHIRK, v. SAX. To chirp, as a sparrow. 7386.

CHIRKING, n. A disagreeable sound. 2006. F. iii. 653.

CHIT for CHIDETH. 16389.

CHIVACHEE, n. as CHEVACHEE. 16990.

CHIVER, v. SAX. To shiver. R. 1732. B. K. 231.

CHEGSES, n. *pl.* FR. Wax-tapers. R. 6948.

CIPOUN, *pr. n.* Scipio. R. 10.

CIPRIS, *pr. n.* Venus. F. ii. 10.

CIRCES, *pr. n.* for CIRZ, 946.

CITEE, n. FR. A city. 1941.

CITOLE, n. FR. A musical instrument. 1961. Sir John Hawkins, in his very curious *History of Musick*, v. 2. p. 106. n. supposes it to have been a sort of *Dulcimer*, and that the name is a corruption of the LAT. *Castella*. Beside the passage which he has quoted from Gover, *Conf. Am.* 178. it is mentioned again in fol. 189. among the instruments which *sounded lowe*. See also Du Cange, in v. CITOLA, and M. de la Ravalere, *Poistes du Roy de Navarre*. T. l. p. 248.

CITRIN, *adj.* FR. Of a pale yellow, or citron-colour. 2169.

CITRINATION, n. A chemical term. Arnoldus in Rosario MS. l. r. c. 5. *Citrinacio nihil aliud est quam completa albedinis digestio, nec albedo est aliud quam nigredinis albedo*. Gloss. Carpent. in v.

CLAMBE, *pa. t. pl.* of CLIMBE, v. SAX. F. iii. 1061.

CLAPERS, n. *pl.* FR. Rabbit-burrows. R. 1405.

CLAPPE, v. SAX. To knock repeatedly. 7163. 6.—To talk fast. 9076.

CLAPPETH, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* 9076.

CLAPPING, n. Noisy talking. 8875.

CLAPSED. Clapsed. 275.

CLARRE, n. FR. Wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear. 1473. 9717. It was otherwise called *Piment*; as appears from the title of the following receipt, in the *Medulla Chirurgie Rolandi*. MS. Bod. 761. fol. 86. "*Claretum bonum, sine pigmentum*.—*Accipe nucem moschatam, carvijolos, gingebas, macis, cinamomum, galangum; que omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono vino cum tertid parte mellis: post cola per sacculum, et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illud idem potest fieri de cerevisia.*" And so in R. 5967. *Clarry* is the translation of *Piment*. Orig. 11453.

CLATTEREDEN, *pa. t. pl.* of CLATTER, v. SAX. 2425.

CLAUDIEN, *pr. n.* His poem *De raptu Proserpine* is alluded to in v. 10106. See also F. i. 449. ii. 419.

CLAUSS, n. FR. An end, or conclusion. T. ii. 732.

CLAW, v. SAX. To stroke. T. iv. 728. *He clawed him on the back.* 4324. *He stroked him on the back, to encourage him. To claw on the gail, 6522.* signifies the same as *To rub on a sore place*.

CREO for CLAD. T. iii. 1527.

CLFNESS, n. SAX. Purity. 7465. 7492.

CLAFE, v. SAX. To call 3433.—To name. 4611.

CLERGIE, n. FR. The clerical profession. 6859.

CIFRIGAL, *adj.* Learned. 16920.

CLERGION, n. A young clerk. 13433.

CLERK, n. FR. A person in holy orders. P. 169, col. 1, l. 44.—A man of learning. 492.—A student at the university 3199. 6109. THE CLERK OF OXFORDS. See his CHARACTER, ver. 287—310.

CLIVES, n. *pl.* SAX. Rocks. L. W. 1468. See CLIFFE.

CLIFFE, n. SAX. A rock. L. W. 1495.

CLIFTE, n. SAX. A cleft. 7727.

CLIKET, n. FR. A key. 9901. 5. 7.

CLINKE, v. FR. To ring. 12926.

— v. *neut.* To tinkle. 12596.

CLIPPE, v. SAX. To cut *hair*. 3324.—To embrace. 10287.

CLIPPY, *adj.* As if culpt. R. 5349.

- CLOBBER**, *adj.* SAX. Like a club. 13904.
CLOISTRE, *n.* FR. A cloister. 7681.—An inclosure. 15511.
CLOMBEN, *pa. t. pl.* of CLIMB, *v.* SAX. 3636.
CLOSER, *n.* FR. An inclosure. R. 4069.
CLOTE-LEFE. A leaf of the bur-dock, or clote bur. 16045.
CLOTRED, *part. pa.* SAX. Clotted. 2747.
CLOUE-GILOFRE. See the note on ver. 13692.
CLOUTES, *n. pl.* SAX. Small pieces. 9827.
CLUM, 3639. This word seems to be formed from the SAX. *v.* Clumian. *Musitare, murmurare*; to express the mumbling noise, which is made by a congregation in accompanying prayers, which they cannot perfectly repeat.
COAGULAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Curdled. 16279.
COCKES BONES. 16958. 17340. A corruption of a familiar oath, which appears undisguised in ver. 12629.
COD, *n.* SAX. A bag. 12468.
COPRE, *n.* FR. A chest. 300. 8461.
COGGE, *n.* SAX. A cock-boat. L. W. 1479. See Du Cange, in *v.* Cogo.
COILONS, *n. pl.* FR. Testicles. 12886.
COINS, *n.* FR. A piece of money. 9044.
 — A quince. R. 1373.
COINT, *adj.* FR. Neat; trim. C. D. 1824.
COKE, *n.* LAT. A cook. See his CHARACTER, ver. 381, 9.
COKENEY. See the *n.* on ver. 4206.
COKEWOLD, *n.* A cuckold. How this word has been formed is difficult to say, but probably it has some relation to the FR. *Cocu*. In the best MSS. of the CANTERBURY TALES it is constantly spelled as above; and is always, I believe, to be pronounced as a *trisyllable*. See ver. 3154. 3226. 6796. 7198. 10130. 12316. The author of the *Remedie of Love*, ver. 288. seq. pretends, that the *true orthographie* of this word is *cokold*, according to a most absurd *etymologie*, which he has there given of it; an additional proof, if any were wanted, that the *Remedie of Love* was not written by Chaucer
COL. See the *n.* on ver. 15221.
COLD, *v.* SAX. To grow cold. 5299.
COLER, *n.* FR. A collar. 5239. T. V. 1659.
COLERED, *part. pa.* Collared; wearing collars. 2154.
COLLATION, *n.* FR. A conference. 8201.
COLLINGS, *n. pl.* FR. Embraces round the neck. T. L. ii. 340.
COLTISH, *adj.* SAX. Playful as a colt. 9721.
COLUMBINE, *adj.* LAT. Belonging to a dove; dove-like. 10015.
COMBRE-WORLD, *n.* An incumbrance to the world. T. iv. 279.
COMBUST, *adj.* LAT. Burnt. 16279. A term in astrology, when a planet is not more than 8° 30' distant from the sun. T. iii. 718.
COME for COMETH, 15710.
COMMENSAL, *n.* FR. A companion at table. T. L. i. 319.
COMMUNE, *n.* FR. Commonalty. 7946.
COMMUNES, *n. pl.* Commoners; common people. 5511.
COMPAGNABLE, *adj.* FR. Sociable. 12934.
COMPANE for COMPAGNE. 3709. See the note.
COMPAS, *n.* FR. A compass; a circle. *The trine compas*. 15513. The Trinity; an appellation borrowed, as it seems, from the common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle.—Contrivance. F. i. 461. iii. 80.
COMPASMENT, *n.* L. W. 1414. } Contrivance.
COMPASSING, *n.* 1998. }
COMPASS, *v.* To contrive. L. W. 1412. *He compassed his thought*. 5011. He contrived in his thought.
COMPENABLE, *adj.* FR. 14878 as COMPAGNABLE.
COMPLERE, *n.* FR. A gossip; a near friend. 872. 4417.
COMPLIN, *n.* FR. *Complie*. Even-song; the last service of the day. P. 154, col. 1. l. 68.—Singing, in general. 4169.
COMPOWNED, *part. pa.* Composed; put together. L. W. 2574. F. ii. 521.
COMPTE, *n.* FR. Account. R. 5026.
CONCRETE, *n.* FR. Conception; apprehension. Bo. iii. pr. 10.
CONDESCENDE, *v.* ER. To yield. 10721.
CONDISE, *n. pl.* FR. Conduits. R. 1414.
CONFECTURE, *n.* FR. Composition. 12796.
CONFUSS, *adj.* FR. Confounded. 2232. 15931. *He became so confuss*, he *conneith not toke*. P. F. 47. b.
CONJECTRE, *v.* FR. To project. R. 6928.
CONSAUNCE, *n.* FR. Understanding. R. 5465.
CONJURE, *v.* FR. To adjure. 13574.
CONNÉ, *v.* SAX. To know; to be able. *I shal not conné answer*. M. 118, col. 1. l. 55. *I shall not know how*, or be able, to answer. *Thou shalt never*—**CONNOWEN**. R. 7135. *Thou shalt never be able to know*.—*To conné thank*: to be pleased, or obliged; *Spavoir gré*. Fr. 1810. 3066. *To conné maigré*. R. 4559. To be displeased; *Spavoir maigré*. Orig.
CONSEIL, *n.* FR. Counsel. 9237.
CONSENTANT, *part. pr.* FR. *Consentant of this cursedness*. 12210. Consenting to t. c.
CONSERVE, *v.* FR. To preserve. 15855.
CONSIORY, *n.* FR. signifies usually an Ecclesiastical Court; but in *v.* 12096. 12191. any court of justice.
CONSTABLERIE, *n.* FR. A ward, or division of a castle, under the care of a constable. R. 4218. See Du Cange, in *v.* CONSTABULARIUS CASTRI.
CONSTANTINE, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 9684.
CONTEKE, *n.* SAX. Contention. 2005. T. V. 1478.
CONTENANCE, *n.* FR. Appearance; pretence. 4419. 16732.
CONTRACT, *part. pa.* LAT. Contracted. P. 153, col. 2. l. 18.
CONTRARIAUNTES, *part. pr.* is used in the *plural* number, according to the French custom. T. L. i. 319. b. Opposing; contradicting.
CONTRARIE, *v.* FR. To contradict. 6626.
CONTRARIOUS, *adj.* FR. Opposite 6280. Perverse. 6362.
CONTRAURY, *n.* FR. Adversary. 3861.
CONTREFEYE, *v.* FR. To counterfeit; imitate. 130. 15327.
CONTROVE, *v.* FR. To invent. R. 4249. 7547.
CONTUBERNIAL, *adj.* LAT. Familiar. P. 163, col. 2. l. 69.
CONTINUE for CONTINUE. R. 4354. 5205. 5332. This is one of those licences *for the sake of rime*, of which see the *n.* on *v.* 8915. Our author seems to have been ashamed of it, as I do not recollect to have met with it in the CANTERBURY TALES. Lydgate has been less scrupulous. See *Cope*. 2. b. 14. b. 24. b.
COPE, *n.* FR. *Cape*. A cloak. 13955.
COPPE, *n.* SAX. The top of any thing. 556. F. iii. 70.
CORAGE, *n.* FR. Heart. 22.—Inclination. 9130.—Spirit; courage. 1947. 8096.
CORBETTES, *n. pl.* FR. Niches for statues. F. iii. 214.
CORDETH for ACCORDETH. T. ii. 1043.
CORDEWANE, *n.* FR. *Cordouan*. Spanish leather, so called from Corduba. 13662.
CORDELIERS, *n. pl.* FR. *Cordeliers*. An order of Friars, so called from their wearing a cord for a girdle. R. 7461.
CORINNE, *pr. n.* An. 21. What author is meant, I cannot say. One can hardly suppose that Chaucer had met with that poem of the ancient Corinna, the contemporary of Pindar, which was entitled 'Ετρα εις Θηβαις (*Fragm. ex Apollonio Dyscolo*, ap. Maittaire de Dialect. p. 429. l. 4.) nor do I know that any fictitious work upon the War of Thebes has ever been set forth under her name. She is mentioned by Propertius (2 *El.* 3. v. 21.) and by Statius (*Sylv.* V. *Carm.* 3. v. 158.) but neither of them takes notice of her having written on the affairs of Thebes.
CORNEWAILE, *pr. n.* Cornouaille, in Bretagne. R. 4250.
CORNICULERE, *n.* LAT. An officer in the Roman Government. 15837. See *Pitisc. Lex. Ant. Rom.* in *v.* *Cornicularius*.
CORNUSNE, *n.* FR. A bagpipe. F. iii. 128.
CORNV, *adj.* SAX. Strong of the corn, or malt. 12949. 12390.
COROUNE, *n.* FR. A crown, or garland. 2292. 15689.
CORPS, *n.* FR. Body. 12233. 13836.
CORPUS, *n.* LAT. Body. *Corpus Domini*. 13365. God's body. *Corpus Madrian*. 13698.
CORRIGE, *v.* FR. To correct. Bo. iv. pr. 4. pr. 7.
CORRUMPABLE, *adj.* FR. Corruptible. 3012.
CORRUMPE, *v.* FR. To corrupt. 2748.
CORSE, *v.* SAX. To curse. T. ii. 1107.
CORSEINT, *n.* FR. A hol body; a saint. C. D. 940. *The corseyant and the kyke*. P. L. 44.
CORVEN *part. pa.* of CARVE, *v.* SAX. Cut. 2698.
COSIN, *n.* FR. A cousin, or kinsman. It is sometimes used *adjectively*. 744. 17159. Allied; related.

COSINAGE, *n.* Fr. Kindred. 13339.
COSTAGE, *n.* Fr. Cost, expence. 5331. 9002.
COSTIER, *v.* Fr. To go by the coast. B K 36.
COSTLY, *adj.* Costly. P. 155, col. 2, l. 23.
COSTRELL, *n.* A drinking-vessel. L. W. 2655 See Du Cange, in v. **COSTRELLIS**.
COTE, *n.* SAX. A cottage 8274.
 — *n.* Fr. A coat. 8719—**COTE-ARMURE**; A coat worn over armour; upon which the armorial ensigns of the wearer were usually embroidered. 1018. 2142.
COTIDIEN, *adj.* Fr. Daily. It is used as a *substantive* for *A quotidian ague*. R. 2401.
COUCHÉ, *v.* Fr. To lay. 16620.
COUCHÉ, *part. pa.* Laid. 16668. **COUCHÉ** with pearls. 2163. Laid, or trimmed with pearls.
COUD, **COUDE**, *pa. t.* of **CONNÉ**. Knew; was able. 94, 5. See the Essay, &c. n. 35. It is used as a *participle pa.* P. 171, col. 1, l. 46. So that instead of *always* in the note, I should have said *generally*.
COVETRE, *v.* Fr. To covet. R. 6173.
COVENABLE, *adj.* Fr. Convenient; suitable. P. 148, col. 1, l. 12.
COVERCHIEFS, *n. pl.* Fr. Head-cloaths. 455.
COVERCLE, *n.* Fr. A pot-lid. F. ii. 284.
COVERED, *adj.* Fr. Secret; covered. R. 6149.
COVINS, *n.* Fr. Secret contrivances. 606. R. 3799.
COULPE, *n.* Fr. A fault. P. 153, col. 2, l. 23.
COUNT, *v.* Fr. To account; to esteem. 4054. 4190.
COUNTERPEISE, *n.* Fr. A counterpoise; a weight which balances another. T. iii. 1413.
 — *v.* Fr. To counterpoise. F. iii. 660.
COUNTERPLETE, *v.* Fr. To plead against. L. W. 476.
COUNTERWAITE, *v.* Fr. To watch against. M. 119, col. 2, l. 65.
COUNTOUR, *n.* Fr. *Comptoir*. A counting house. 13143.—*Compteur*. An arithmetician. Du. 435.
 361. See the note.
COUNTRETAILLE, *n.* Fr. A tally answering exactly to another. Hence echo is said to answer *at the countretaille*. 9066.
COURS, *v.* Fr. To sit crouching, like a brooding hen. R. 465.
COURTEPY. See the *n.* on ver. 292.
COURT-MAN. 9366. A courtier. *Hommes de Cour*. Fr.
COUTH, **COUTHE**, *pa. t.* of **CONNÉ**. Knew; was able. 392. R. 753.
 — *part. pa.* Known. 14. 8919.
COVARDISE, *n.* Fr. Want of courage. *Cowardise*, 2732. R. 2490. As to the etymology of the *adj.* from which this word has been formed, I think the opinion of Twyssen and Somner. Gloss. ad X. Script. v. *Friduite*, much the most probable, who derive it from the BARB. LAT. *Culum vertere*; to turn tail, or run away See Du Cange, in v. **CULVERTA**, and **CULVERTAGIUM**, who rejects the opinion above mentioned, but without suggesting any thing so plausible. *Culvert*, as it is written in the oldest and best French MSS. that I have seen, might easily be corrupted, according to the French mode of pronunciation, into *Coward* and *Coward*.
 I have somewhere seen the French language seriously charged with indelicacy for its frequent and wanton use of the word *cul* in composition; nor can the charge be said to be groundless. Beside the numerous instances which will occur to every body, I suspect that this monosyllable makes part of a common and solemn term in our Law, imported originally from France. *Culprist* seems to me to have been a vulgar name for a prisoner; a person taken by that part which is most exposed in running away. Hollinshed has expressed the same idea more delicately. Vol. iii. p. 842. *The prentis were caught by the backs and had to prison*. And so it is expressed in "*Ancient Scottish Poems*," p. 182. ver. 15.
 Yet *deid* [death] *sal tairhim be the bak*.
COYE, *v.* Fr. To quiet, to soothe. T. ii. 801.
CRAPTESMAN, *n.* SAX. A thief of skill. 1693.
CRACK, *v.* Fr. To crack. 3999.
 — **CRACK**, *v.* SAX. To quaver hoarsely in singing. 9724. C. N. 119.

CRAMPISH, *v.* Fr. To contract violently, as the cramp does. AN. 170.
CRATCHING, *n.* SAX. Scratching. 2836.
CRASED, *part. pa.* Fr. *Ecrasé* Broken. 16402.
CREANCE, *n.* Fr. Faith; belief. 5335.
 — *v.* Fr. To borrow money. 13219, 33. 96.
CREATE, *part. pa.* LAT. Created. P. 150, col. 2, l. 63.
CRINCLED, *part. pa.* Crinckled; circularly formed. L. W. 2010. Perhaps from the ISLAND. Krynge. *Circino*, *gyro*.
CRÉPIL, *n.* SAX. A cripple. T. iv. 1458.
CRÉVASSE, *n.* Fr. A chink, or crevice. F. iii. 996.
CRIANDE, *part. pr.* of **CRIE**, *v.* Fr. Crying. R. 3138.
CRIPS. F. iii. 296. as **CRISPE**.
CRISIPPUS, *pr. n.* 6259. I find the title of a work in Montaigne, *Bibl.* p. 513. to which Chaucer may possibly allude. *Chryssippus, discipull Euthymus, in Joannem encomium*.—and again p. 1314. *Chryssippus Presbyteri laudatio S. Joannis Baptistæ*. It is not likely that a Panegyrist on the Baptist might be led by his rage against Hierodas to say some harsh things of women in general.
CRISPE, *adj.* LAT. Curled. 5886.
CROCE, *n.* SAX. A cross. 6066.
CROIS, *n.* Fr. A cross. 12885.
CROMES, *n. pl.* SAX. Crumbs. 15328.
CROMMED, *part. pa.* SAX. Stuffed, crammed. F. iii. 1039.
CRONE, *n.* SAX. An old woman. 4852. *Kronie*; *Ovis vetula*. Kilian.
CROPE, **CROPEN**, *part. pa.* of **CRÉPE**, *v.* SAX. Crept. 4257. 11918.
CROPPES, *n. pl.* SAX. The extremities of the shoots of vegetables. 7. *Now in the crop*. 1534. Now at the top. *Crope* and *rote*. T. ii. 348. *Root and branch*; the whole of a thing.
CROSSELET, *n.* Fr. A crucible. 16585.
CROUCHE, *v.* SAX. To sign with the cross. 9581.
CROUDE, *v.* SAX. To shove together. 4716.
CROUKE, *n.* SAX. An earthen pitcher. 4156.
CROUN, *n.* Fr. signifies *Head*. 4039. 4097.
CROUPE, *n.* Fr. The ridge of the back. 7141.
CROWES FEET. T. ii. 404. The wrinkles which spread from the outer corners of the eyes. Spenser describes this mark of old age in the same manner. El. 12.
 And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.
CROWNED, *part. pa.* Wearing a crown. *Crowned malice*. 10340. Sovereign malice.
CRULL, *adj.* SAX. Curled. 81. 3314.
CUCURBITE, *n.* LAT. A gourd; a vessel, shaped like a gourd, used in distillation. 16262.
CULFONS, *n. pl.* Fr. Shreds. 681. Logs. 2869.
CULVER, *n.* SAX. A dove. L. W. 3307.
CUPPE, *n.* Fr. A cup. *Withouten cuppe he drank all his penance* 11254. He took large draughts of grief; he made no use of a cup, but drank out of the pot.
CURATION, *n.* Fr. Cure; healing. T. i. 792. Bo. i. pr. 6.
CURE, *n.* Fr. Cara. *I do no cure*. L. W. 152. I take no care.
CURFEW-TIME, 3645 according to the Conqueror's edict, is said to have been 8 h. P. M. Walsingham, speaking of an event on the 2d of September, 1311 mentions 9 h. as the *hora ignitelligi*. It probably varied with the seasons of the year.
CURIOUS, *adj.* Fr. Careful. 13156. R. 6578.
CURTEIS, *adj.* Fr. Courteous. 99. 6869.
CUSTOMER, *adj.* Fr. Accustomed. R. 4936.
CUTTE, *Cvt.* 837. 847. 12727. seq. See the *n.* on ver. 837.

D.

DAFFE, *n.* SAX. A fool. 4206. *Thou dotest, DAFFE, quod she, dull are thy wittes*. P. 6. b.
DAGGE, *n.* A slip, or shred. R. 7212.
DAGGED, *part. pa.* Cut into slips. P. 155, col. 2, l. 44.
DAGGING, *n.* slitting; cutting into slips. P. 155, col. 2, l. 33.
DAGON, *n.* A slip, or piece. 7383.
DAMASCENE, *pr. n.* The country about Damascus. 14013.
 — *pr. n.* 435. *Joannes Mesue* Damascusenus, an Arabian Physician, in the ninth and tenth century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. xlii. p. 256.

DAME, *n.* FR. LAT. *Domina*. Mistress, Lady. 7387. 7451.
—Mother. 3250.

DAMPNE, *v.* FR. To condemn. 5530. 5652.

DAN, *n.* FR. LAT. *Dominus*. Lord; was a title commonly given to Monks. 12973 13935, 6. See the *n.* on ver. 9684. It is also prefixed by Chaucer to the names of other persons of all sorts. *Dan Arcite*. 2893. *Dan Burnell*. 15318. *Dan Coton*. 14977.

DANCE, *n.* FR. *The old dance*. 478. 12013. The old game. See R. 4300. T. iii. 696. The French have the same phrase. *Elle scart assez de la vieille danse*. Cotgrave.

DANGER, *n.* FR. A dangerous situation. *In danger*. 665. See the note; and R. 1470.—Coyness; sparingness. R. 1147. T. ii. 394. *With danger*. 6103. Sparingly.

DANGEROUS, *adj.* Difficult; sparing. 519. 5733.

DANTE, *pp.* *n.* 6798. 14771. L. W. 360. F. i. 450. See the *n.* on ver. 6710 and Gloss. in v. LAVENDER.

DAPPEL-GRAY. 13915. The colour which is called in FR. *Pommelle*. See ver. 618.

DARE, *v.* SAX. To start. 13033.

DARES, *pp.* *n.* of a supposed Historian of the Trojan war. F. iii. 379. Du. 1070.

DARRINE, *v.* FR. *Desrener*. LAT. *Deratonare*. To contest. 1611. 1633.

DART, *n.* SAX. A spear, or javelin. *The dart is sette up for virgintee*. 5657. There is an allusion to the same custom in Lydg. *Trag.* 26.

And oft it happeneth, he, that hath best ron,
Doth not the spear like his desert possede.

DASEN, *pp.* & *pl.* of DASE, *v.* SAX. Glow dim-sighted. 16980.

DAUNT, *v.* FR. To conquer. P. 152, col. 1, l. 10. R. 4764. *That he with love may daunted be*. Orig. 4444. *Qui par amours ne soit domptez*.

DAWE, *v.* SAX. To dawn. 1678. 9716.

DAWENING, *n.* SAX. Day-break. 14888. L. W. 2183.

DAWES, *n. pl.* for DAVES. 11492. The Saxon \bar{y} is frequently expressed by *w* as well as by *y*.

DAYE, *n.* SAX. Day; Time. 9012. *At my day*. 16495. At the day appointed to me *To graunt him dayes of the remenant* 11879. To permit him to pay the remainder at certain days, by instalments.

DEAURAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Gilded. B. K. 598.

DEBATE, *v.* FR. To fight. 13797.

DEBONAIRE, *adj.* FR. Courteous. M. 118, col. 2, l. 37. Gentle. Bo. i. m. 5.

DECOPED, *part. pa.* FR. Cut down. R. 843.

DECORATE, *pp.* *n.* Decoratus. Bo. iii. pr. 4.

DEDE, *v.* SAX. To grow dead. F. ii. 44.
— *part. pa.* Dead. 7090.

DEDRY, *adj.* SAX. Devoted to death. 11352. Bo. v. pr. 6.

DEDUIT, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 2179.

DEFAIT, **DEFAITED**, *part. pa.* FR. Wasted. T. V. 618.

DEFAME, *n.* FR. Infamy. 14467.
— *v.* FR. To make infamous. 3149.

DEFAUTE, *n.* FR. Want. Bo. iii. pr. 3. **DEFAUTES**, *pl.* Defects. 7392.

DEFENDE, *v.* FR. To forbid. 7416. 16938.—To ransom. R. 7088.

DEFENCE, *n.* FR. Prohibition. T. iii. 138.

DEFINISHE, *v.* FR. To define; to make a definition of. Bo. v. pr. 1.

DEGRÉE, *n.* FR. A stair, or set of steps. R. 45.—Rank in life. 9901.

DEIDEN, *pa t. pl.* of DEXE, *v.* SAX. Died. 7493.

DEINE for DRIEN, *inf. m.* of DRYE, *v.* SAX. To die. L. W. 1179.

DEINOUS, *adj.* FR. Disdainful. 3930.

DEINTEE, *n.* FR. Value; a thing of value. *Hath deintee*. 4559. Values highly. *Told no deintee of*. 5790. Set no value upon. It was *deintee*. 8988. It was a valuable thing. See also T. ii. 164.

DEINTREOUS, *adj.* Choice; valuable. 8141.

DEIS, *n.* FR. See the *n.* on ver. 372.

DELE, *n.* SAX. A part. *Newer a del*. 3066 Not a bit. *Every del*. 3369 Every part.

DELE, *v.* SAX. To divide. 7831.

DELIBERATE, *v.* FR. To deliberate. M. 118, col. 2, l. 12. T. iv. 169.

DELICACIE, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 14397.

DELICIES, *n. pl.* FR. Delights. 15471.

DELIE, *adj.* FR. *Delid*. Thin; slender. Bo. i. pr. 1.

DELIT, *n.* FR. Delight. 7457.

DELITABLE, *adj.* FR. Delectable. 7938. 8075.

DELIVER, *adj.* FR. Nimble. 84. *Conf. Am.* 177. b.

DELIVERLY, *adv.* Quickly. 15432.

DELIVERNESS, *n.* FR. Agility. M. 110, col. 1, l. 66.

DELVE, *v.* SAX. To dig. 538.

DELUVY, *n.* LAT. Deluge. Bo. ii. pr. 6.

DEMAINE, *v.* FR. To manage. F. ii. 451.
— *n.* FR. Management. 14563.

DEME, *v.* SAX. To judge. l. 53.

DEMONIAK, *n.* FR. One possessed by a devil. 7822.

DENT, *n.* SAX. A stroke. F. ii. 26. See DINT.

DENWERE, *n.* Doubt. Sk. This interpretation suits well enough with the only passage in which I have found this word. T. L. i. 323. b. but I should be glad to see some other instance of the use of it.

De par dieux j'eo assente. 4459. In God's name I agree.

DEPART, *v.* FR. To part; to distribute. 7796.

DEPEINT, *part. pa.* FR. Painted. 12984.

DEQUACE, *v.* FR. To shake down q? T. L. ii. 327. b.

DERE, *v.* SAX. To hurt. 1824. 10554. 14007.
— *adj.* SAX. Dear. 2455.

DERELING, *n.* SAX. Darling. 3791.

DERESWORTH, *adj.* SAX. Precious; valued at a high rate. Bo. ii. pr. 1.

DERNE, *adj.* SAX. Secret. 3200. 3297.

DERRE, *comp.* of DERE. Dearer. 1450. T. i. 174.

DES, F. iii. 270 As DES.

DESCENSORIE, *n.* FR. A vessel used in Chemistry for the extraction of oils per descensum. 16260.

DESCRIVEN, *inf. m.* FR. To describe. 10354.

DESIROUS, *adj.* FR. Eager. 10337.

DESOLAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Abandoned; distressed. 6285.

DESPITE, *n.* FR. Malicious anger. 949.

DESPITOUS, *adj.* Angry to excess. 6340.

DESPITOUSLY, *adv.* Angriily. 8411.

DESPOILE, *v.* FR. To undress. 8250.

DESTREINE, *v.* FR. To vex; to constrain. 1818. 17110.

DESTRER, *n.* FR. A war-horse. *Lati. Dextrarius*. 13841.

DESTRIE, **DESTRUIE**, *v.* FR. To destroy. 1332. 17110.—C. D. 1605. *Descried* should be *Destried*.

DETERMINAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Fixed; determined. 7941.

DETTELES, *adj.* Free from debt. 584.

DEVE, *adj.* SAX. Deaf. 15754.

DEVINING, *n.* FR. Divination. 2523.

DEVISE, *n.* FR. Direction. 818. R. 1974.
— *v.* FR. To direct; to order. 1418. 1427.—To relate 7486. 7923.—*At point devise*. 3989. *A point deviset*. Fr With the greatest exactness.

DEVOIR, *n.* FR. Duty. 2600. *Wels thei stode and did thei devere*. P. L. 331.

DEVY, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 14852.

DEYE, *v.* SAX. To die. 6987. 7210.

DEYER, *n.* SAX. A Dyer. 364.

DIAPRED, *part. pa.* FR. Diversified with flourishes, &c. 2160. R. 934.

DICHE, *v.* SAX. To dig; to surround with a ditch. L. W. 708. **DIDE** for DREDDE. 6547.
— *pa. t.* of Do. *v.* SAX. 3421. **DIDEN**, *pa. t. pl.* 7073. 12901

DIE, *v.* SAX. To tinge. R. 1705.

DIETE, *n.* Fr. Daily food. 437.

DIFFAME, *n.* FR. Bad reputation. 8416. 8606. See DEFAMM

DIGESTABLE, *adj.* LAT. Easy to be digested. 439.

DIGESTIVES, *n. pl.* FR. Things to help digestion. 14967.

DIGHT, *v.* SAX. To dispose. 14447.—To dress. 6349. 17261. See ver. 10235.

DIGNE, *adj.* FR. Worthy. 2218. 5198.—Proud; disdainful. 519.

DIKE, *v.* SAX. To dig; to make ditches. 533.

DILATATION, *n.* FR. Enlargement. 4652.

DINT, *n.* SAX. as DENT. *Thunder-dint*. 5858 T. V. 1504. A stroke of thunder.

DIOSCORDERE, *pp.* *n.* of a Greek writer on Plants, whose work is extant. 432.

- DISARRAY, *n.* FR. Disorder. P. 168, col. 1, l. 62.
 DISAVALANCE, *v.* FR. To drive back. T. ii. 511.
 DISAVENTURE, *n.* FR. Misfortune. T. iv. 297.
 DISBLAME, *v.* FR. To clear from blame. T. ii. 17.
 DISCOMFITURE, *n.* FR. Defeat. 1010.
 DISCOMFORT, *n.* FR. Displeasure. 11208.
 DISCOMFORTEN, *v.* FR. To discourage. 2706.
 DISCOVERTE, *adj.* FR. *At découverte.* P. 162, col. 2, l. 51.
 Uncovered. *A descouvert.*
 DISDEINOUS, *adj.* FR. Disdainful. R. 7412.
 DISCRETE, *n.* FR. Diminution. B. K. 203.
 ——— *v. neut.* FR. To decrease. Bo. v. pr. 6.
 DISFIGURE, *n.* FR. Deformity. 6542.
 DISHERITED, *part. pa.* FR. Disinherited; stripped of possessions. 2926. L. W. 1063.
 DISHEVELE, *part. pa.* FR. With hair hanging loose. 685.
Descheveld.
 DISJOINT, *n.* FR. A difficult situation. 2964. 13341.
 DISOBEDIENT, *part. pa.* FR. Disobedient. A. F. 429.
 DISORDERED, *part. pa.* FR. Disorderly. P. 165, col. 2, l. 5.
 DISORDINATE, *adj.* LAT. Disorderly. P. 168, col. 1, l. 14.
 DISORDINAUNCE, *n.* FR. Irregularity. F. i. 27.
 DISPARAGE, *n.* FR. A disparagement. 8784.
 DISPENCE, *n.* FR. Expence. 443. 6845.
 DISPERANCE, *n.* FR. Despair. T. ii. 530.
 DISPIROUS, *adj.* Angry to excess. 518. See *DISPIROUS*.
 DISPLEASURE, *n.* FR. Displeasure. R. 3436.
 DISPOSE, *v.* LAT. To dispose. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
 DISPORT, *n.* FR. *Deport.* Sport; diversion. 777.
 ——— *v.* To divert. T. ii. 1139.
 DISPREISING, *part. pa.* FR. Undervaluing. M. 116, col. 1, l. 34.
 DISPUTE, *n.* FR. Dispute. 9348. 11202. *The clergy of the south made a DISPUTESSOUS.* P. L. 300.
 DISRULLY, *adv.* Irregularly. R. 4900.
 DISSIMULE, *v.* FR. To dissimule. 17296.
 DISSIMULINGS, *n. pl.* FR. Dissimulings. 10599.
 DISSONED, *part. pa.* FR. Dissonant. R. 4248.
 DISTAINE, *v.* FR. To discolour; to take away the colour. T. ii. 840. L. W. 274.
 DISTINCT, *v.* LAT. To distinguish. R. 6199.
 DISTINGUED, *part. pa.* FR. Distinguished. Bo. ii. pr. 5.
 DISTURBED, *part. pa.* FR. Disturbed. R. 1713.
 DISTREYNTE, *n.* FR. To constrain. P. 148, col. 2, l. 23. See *DESTRÉINE*.
 DISTROUBLE, *v.* FR. To disturb. P. 148, col. 1, l. 22. Du. 524.
 DISTURNE, *v.* FR. To turn aside. T. iii. 719.
 DITE, *v.* FR. To dictate; to write. R. 6786.
 DITES, *n. pl.* FR. Sayings; ditties. F. ii. 114.
 DITUS, *pr. n.* Dictys Cretensis. F. iii. 379.
 DIVERSE, *adj.* FR. Different. 4631.
 ——— *v.* To diversify. T. iii. 1758.
 DIVINE, *n.* for *Divinity.* R. 6488.
 DIVINISTRE, *n.* FR. A divine. 2613.
 DO, *v.* SAX. See the Essay, &c. n. 37.
 — for *DON*, *part. pa.* M. 120, col. 1, l. 34.
 DOAND, *part. pr.* Doing. R. 2708.
 DOGEREL, *adj.* derived, I suppose, from *Dog*; so that *Rime-dogere* in ver. 13853. may be understood to mean what in French might be called *Rime de chien*. See Cotgrave, in *v.* CHIEN. "*Chose de chien*; A paultrie thing; a trifle; trash, trumperie."
 DOGGE FOR THE BOWE. 6951, 9888. A dog used in shooting.
 DOKE, *n.* SAX. A duck. 3576.
 DOLE, *n.* SAX. as *DEL.* R. 2384.
 ———, *n.* FR. Grief, mourning. R. 2959.
 DOLVEN, *part. pa.* of *DELVE*, *v.* SAX. Buried. 4070.
 DOMBE, *adj.* SAX. Dumb. 776.
 DOMH, *n.* SAX. Judgement, opinion. 10989.
 DOMESHAN, *n.* SAX. A judge. 14408.
 DONER, *n.* A grammar; the elements of any art; from *Aelius Donatus*, a Roman Grammarian, whose introduction to the Latin language (*inter Gramm. Vet. Putsch.* p. 1735) was commonly read in schools. T. L. ii. fol. 338. *Then drave I me among drapers, my doner to lerne.* P. P. 23. b.
 DONNOW, *pr. n.* 5799. See the note; and P. P. 44. b.
 DONNE, DON, *adj.* SAX. Of a brown or dun colour. T. ii. 908. A. F. 334.
 DORMANT, *part. pr.* FR. Fixed; ready. 355. *Les vaisseaux qui là dorment à l'ancre.* Froissart, v. iii. c. 52.
 DORTOUR, *n.* FR. A dormitory, or common sleeping-room. 7437.
 DOSEN, *n.* FR. A dozen. 580.
 DOSSER, *n.* FR. A basket to be carried on the back. l. iii. 850.
 DOTE *v.* SAX. To be foolish, through age or otherwise. 9315. 16451.
 DOTR, *imp. m.* 2 *per. pl.* of *Do.* 6631. Do ye.
 DOUCED, F. iii. 131. may perhaps be a corruption of *Doucet*, which is the name of a musical instrument, in a poem of Lydgate's. MS. Bodl. Fairf. 16.
 ——— "There were trumpes and trumpetes,
 "Loude shalys and doucetes."
 DOUGHTREN, *n. pl.* SAX. Daughters. 41835.
 DOUTANCE, *n.* FR. Doubt. T. iv. 963.
 DOUTE, *v.* FR. To fear. R. 1089.
 DOUTELES, DOUTELES, *adv.* Without doubt. 2669. 4611
 DOUTOUS, *adj.* Doubtful. T. iv. 992.
 D'outre mere. FR. From beyond sea. Du. 253.
 DOWAIRE, *n.* FR. Dower. 8724.
 DRADDE, DRAD, *pa. t. & part. of* DREDE, *v.* SAX. Fear. 15483. 7945.
 DRAF, *n.* SAX. Things thrown away, as unfit for man's food. 17346.
 DRAF-SAK. 4204. A sack full of draffe.
 DRAFTY, *adj.* SAX. Of no more value than draffe. 13^d
 DRAGGES, *n. pl.* FR. Drugs. 428.
 DREDE, *n.* SAX. Fear; Doubt. *Withouten drede.* 3
 Without doubt. *Out of drede.* 5313. *Out of doubt.*
 ——— *v.* SAX. To fear. 2595. DRED *pa. t.* 3056. for *D* *ad*
 DREDEFUL, *adj.* Timorous. 1481. 11621.
 DREDELES, *adv.* Without doubt. T. i. 1035.
 DREINT, *pa. t. & part. of* DRENCH. Drowned. 11690. 5220
 DRENCH. *v.* SAX. To drown. 2617.
 ——— *v. neut.* SAX. To be drowned. 3521. 5343.
 DRESINESSE, *n.* SAX. Sorrow. R. 4728.
 DREY, *adj.* SAX. Sorrowful. T. i. 13.
 DRESSE, *v.* FR. To address; apply. 8883.
 DRETCH, *v. act.* SAX. To vex; to trouble. T. ii. 1471
 DRETCHED, *part. pa.* Oppressed; troubled. 14893. *v. y*
Am. 79.
 DRETCH, *v. neut.* SAX. To delay. T. ii. 1264. iv. 1. 46
Conf. Am. 178.
 DRETCHING, *n.* Delay. T. iii. 375.
 DRIE, *v.* SAX. To suffer. R. 4290. 7484. T. v. 264. 296.
 DRIFE, *v.* SAX. To drive. R. 1874.
 DRINKLES, *adj.* SAX. Without drink. T. ii. 718.
 DRONKLEW, *adj.* SAX. Given to drink. 7625. 12429. P. P. 41
 DRONKEN, *part. pa.* of *DRINK*, *v.* SAX. Drunk. 7481.
 DROUGH, *pa. t. of* DRAW, *v.* SAX. Drew. T. V. 1557. . W
 1457.
 DROYV, *adj.* SAX. Dirty. P. 165, col. 1, l. 63.
 DRUERIE, *n.* FR. Courtship; gallantry. 13823. R. 344.—
 A mistress. R. 3064. See *Du Cange*, in *v.* DRUCARI
 The reader may perhaps be not displeas'd to see the following description of a *Drut*, or *Lover*, by Gu (in Aesmar a Provençal poet. MS. Crofts. fol. ccxviii).
 Ben paoc ama *drut*, q' non est gelos,
 Et paoc ama, q' non est aros,
 Et paoc ama, q' non est soletts,
 Et paoc ama, q' non fa tracios;
 Mais vaut d' amor q' ben est enveios
 Un dolz plorar non fait qatorze ris.
 Quant eu li quier merce en genoilos,
 E la mi coipa et mi met ochaïos,
 Et li aiga in cur aval per mer lo vis,
 Et ela in fai un regard amoros,
 Et eu h bais la bucha els els amdos,
 Adonc mi par un ioi de paradis.
 DRUGGE, *v.* SAX. To drag. 1418.
 DUBBED, *part. pa.* SAX. Created a knight. P. 64, col. 1. l. 24. The phrase is derived from the *stroke*, with a sword or otherwise, which was always a principal ceremony at the creation of a knight. *At Dubba* . Island signifies to *strike*. This *stroke* in French was called *La colée*. See *L'Ordene de Chevalerie*, par Huc de Tabarie,

- medeth no strange* FARE. T. iv. 532. *And leve this nice* FARE. In other instances it follows the sense of the Saxon *v. Fare*, as in the compound words *Welfare*, *Thoroughfare*, &c.
- FARME, *n. SAX.* Food; a meal. C. D. 1750. See Spelman, in *v. Firma*.
- FARSE, *v. FR. Farcir.* To stuff. 233.
- FATHE, *n. P. ni.* 1050. See LATHE.
- FAUTE, *n. FR.* Want. 10757.
- FAWE, *adj. SAX.* Glad. 5302. as FAIN.
- FAY, *n. FR.* Faith. 3284.
- FAYRF, *adj. SAX.* Fair. 204. 234.
- *adv.* Fairly; gracefully. 94. 275.
- FEBLESSF, *n. FR.* Weakness. T. ii. 863.
- FECHE, *v. SAX.* To fetch. 6942. 7136.
- FEE, *n. SAX.* Money. 6212. In R. 6044. it seems to signify *immovable possessions* in contradistinction to *money*, or *moveables*.
- FEFFE, *v. FR.* To infeof; to present. T. v. 1638. C. L. 932.
- FEINE, *v. FR.* To fegn. 738.
- FEL, *adj. SAX.* Cruel; destructive. 7534. 13758.
- FELAW, *n. SAX.* Fellow; companion. 6907.
- FELAWSHIP, *n. SAX.* Company. 476.
- FELAWSHPE, *v.* To accompany. Bo. iv. m. l. p. 3.
- FELDE, *n. SAX.* A field. 1524.
- FELDEN, *pa. t. pl.* of FELLE, *v. SAX.* Felled; made to fall. R. 911.
- FELF, *adj. SAX.* Many. 8793. C. L. 191.
- *v. SAX.* To feel. 6082. To have sense. 11039. To perceive. 15623.
- FELL, *n. SAX.* Skin. T. i. 91.
- FELONIE, *n. FR.* All sorts of criminal violence. 1993.
- FELOUN, *adj. FR.* Cruel. R. 3250.
- FEMINE, *pr. n.* The country of Amazons 668. See the note.
- FEMINITEE, *n. FR.* Womanhood. 4780.
- FEND, *n. SAX.* An enemy; the devil. 5200. 7030.
- FENDLICHE, *adj.* Devilish. 5171. 5203.
- FENNE, *n.* 12824. The name of the *Sections of Avicenne's* great work, entitled *Canon*. See CANON.
- FEOFFED, *part. pa. FR.* Infeoffed. 9572.
- FER, *adv. SAX.* Far. 4013. 5076.
- FERRE, *comp.* 43. 1852. 2062. Further.
- FERRST, *superl.* 496. Furthest.
- FERD, *FERRD, part. pa. of FERRE.* Terrified. 15302. 16392. T. ii. 124.
- FERDE, *pa. l. of FARE.* 1374. 3457. 10775.
- FERDEN, *pa. t. pl.* 1649. 2119.
- FERE, *n. SAX.* A companion; a wife. T. iv. 791. *In fere.* 4748. 4814. Together; in company.
- for FIRE. R. 2471. T. i. 239.
- *n. SAX.* Fear. 2346. 6604.
- *v. SAX.* To terrify. T. iv. 1483.
- FERFORTH, FERFORTHLY, *adv. SAX.* Far forth. 962. 4992.
- FERLY, *adj. SAX.* Strange. 4171.
- FERMACE for PHARMACIE, *n. FR.* A medicine. 2715.
- FERME, *n. FR.* A farm. 253.
- FERMERERE, *n. LAT. Infermarus.* The officer, in a religious house, who had the care of the infirmary. 7441. Du Cange, in *v.*
- FERNE, *adv. SAX.* Before. 10570. See the note.
- FERS, *adj. FR.* Fierce. 1600.
- *n. DU.* 654. seq. The piece at chess next to the king, which we and other European nations call the *queen*; though very improperly, as Hyde has observed. *Pherz*, or *Pherzan*, which is the Persian name for the same piece, signifies the King's *Chief Counsellor*, or *General*. Hist. Shahrud. p. 83. 9.
- FERTHING, *n. SAX.* A farthing; any very small thing. *No ferthing—of gress.* 134. Not the smallest spot of gress.
- FEST, *n. SAX.* Fest. 12736.
- FESTE, *n. FR.* Feast. 10375.
- FESTYING, *part. pr. FR.* Feasting. 10659.
- FESTLICH, *adj.* Used to feasts. 10595.
- FECHE, *n. SAX.* A vetch. T. iii. 938.
- FETE, *n. FR.* Work. 8305.
- FETISE, *adj.* Well made; neat. 157.
- FETISLIV, *adv.* Neatly; properly. 124. 3205.
- FETTS, FET, *part. pa. of FECHE.* 821. 2529. 5087.
- FEY, *n. FR.* Faith. L. W. 2508.
- FEYRE, *n. FR.* A fair, or market. 5803.
- FRANCE, *n. FR.* Trust. R. 5481.
- FIDEL, *n. SAX.* A fiddle. 293.
- FILL for FELL, *pa. t. of FALL.* 1105. 2663.
- FINCH, *n. SAX.* A small bud. *To pull a finch.* 654. was a proverbial expression, signifying, *To strip a man, by fraud, of his money.* &c. See R. 5933.
- If I may gripe a riche man,
I shall so *pulle* him, if I can,
That he shall in a fewe stoundes
Lese all his markes and his poundes.—
Ott. maidens shall eke *plucke* him so,
That him shall nedden *fethers* mo.—
- See also R. 6320.
- Without sealing they hem *pulle*.
- FIND, *v. SAX.* To find; to supply. 12471. See the *n.*
- FINT for FINDETH. 4069. 15686.
- FINE, FRN, *n. FR.* End. 4844. 9980.
- *v. FR.* To cease. 6718. R. 1797.
- *adj. FR. Offine force.* T. v. 421. Of very necessity.
- FIT, *n. SAX.* A division, or shot portion of a poem. 13816. See Gloss. *Percy*, in *v.*
- FITTINGEST, *adj. sup. SAX.* Most fitting. A. F. 551.
- FIXE, *adj. FR.* Fixed. 11594. 16247.
- FLAIE for FLEY, *pa. t. of FLEE.* Flow. C. N. 213.
- FLAINE, *part. pa. of FLAIE, v. SAX.* Flaied, or head. P. 155. col. 2. l. 62.
- FLAMBE, *n. FR.* Flame. T. v. 302.
- FLATOUR, *n. FR.* A flatterer. 15331. *Conf. Am.* 154. b.
- FLAWE, *adj.* Yellow; from the *LAT. Flavus.* C. L. 782. Gloss. *Ur.*
- FLUCKED, *adj.* Spotted. 9722. 16033.
- FLECKERING, *part. pr.* 1964. See FLECKER.
- FLEE, *v. neut. SAX.* To Fly. 6102. 10436.
- FLEEN, *n. pl. SAX.* Fleas. 16906.
- FLENE, *v. SAX.* To banish. 17131. R. 6761.
- FLENEB, *part. pa.* 15524.
- FLENER, *n.* Banisher. 4880.
- FLETE, *v. SAX.* To float; to swim. 2309.
- for FLETETH. 4833.
- FLETING, *part. pr.* 1988.
- FLECKER, *v. neut. SAX.* To flutter. P. 163. col. 2. l. 3. T. iv. 1221.
- FLET, *v. neut. SAX.* To Fly. P. 154. col. 2. l. 3. R. 5259.
- *Elle fut.* Orig.
- *v. act. R.* 1812. To remove. 8.
- FLOTTED, *part. pa.* Removed; shifted. T. v. 1543.
- FLUTTERING, *part. pr.* Floating. Bo. iii. m. 9. *Fuitantis.* Orig.
- FLO, *n. SAX.* An arrow. 17213. FLONE *pl. B. K.* 469.
- FLOCKME, *adv. SAX.* In a flock. 7992.
- FLOREN, *pr. n.* A species of gold coin. 12704.
- FLOTFFY, *adj. SAX.* Floating. See the *n.* on *v.* 2885.
- FLOTTE, *v. Bo. iii. pr. 11.* as FLETE.
- *v. FR.* To float. Bo. iii. pr. 11.
- FLOUREIES, *adj.* Without flower. C. D. 1860.
- FLOURE TE, *n. FR.* A small flower. R. 891.
- FLOYTING, *91.* Playing on the flute. See the note.
- FOINE, *v. FR.* To make a pass in fencing; to push. 1656. 2552.
- FOISON, *n. FR.* Abundance. 3165. 4924.
- FOLDED, *part. pa. SAX.* Foaled. 7127.
- FOLEHARDINESS, *n. FR.* Rashness. Bo. i. pr. 3.
- FOLE LARGE, *adj. M.* 117, col. 1. l. 26. P. 165. col. 1. l. 56. Foolishly. *lateral.*
- FOLLE, *n. FR.* Folly. 3148. 1800.
- FOLLY, *adv.* Foolishly. 9277. 15896.
- FOLWE, *v. SAX.* To follow. 550. 6165.
- FOLY, *adj.* Foolish. R. 5006. 5085.
- FOND, *adj. SAX.* Foolish. R. 5366.
- *pa. t. of FOND.* 3819. 10121.
- FONDE, *v. SAX.* To try. 4767. 9284. T. iii. 1161.
- FONG, *v. SAX.* To take. 4797.
- FONNE, *n. SAX.* A fool. 4087.
- *v.* To be foolish. C. L. 453.
- FONT STONE, *n. SAX.* A font for baptizing. 5143.
- FOR, *prep. SAX. Pro. LAT. Pover. FR.* It is frequently prefixed to verbs in the infinitive mode, in the French

manner. *For to tellen* 73. *For to don*. 78. *Pour dire*; *Pour faire*. *For to han ben*. 754. *Pour avoir dit*—It sometimes signifies—Against. *For prying of his herte*. 13701. Against, or to prevent, piercing. *For steling of the Rose*. R. 4229. Against stealing. See P. P. 31. *Some shall sow the sacks for sheding of the wheate*. i. e. to prevent shedding.

FOR, *conj.* SAX. *Quia*. LAT. *Pour ce que*. FR. Because that. *For him luste to ride so*. 102. *For she woulde virtus pless*. 8008. *For I teche*. 12374.

—in composition, has various powers. It is most commonly intensive of the signification of the word with which it is joined; as in *For-drunken*, *For-dry*, *For-fered*, &c., sometimes privative, as in *For-boden*, *For-yeald*; and sometimes only communicative of an *ill sense*, as in *For-falle*, *For-fare*, *For-tyged*, &c.

For, FR. and **Ver**, BELG. have similar powers in composition.

FORSBERG, *v.* SAX. To abstain. R. 4751.

FORSBODEN, *part. pa.* of **FORBEDE**, *v.* SAX. Forbidden. P. 163, col. 1, l. 32. R. 6616.

FORSBLAKE, *part. pa.* Broke off. Bo. iv. pr. 1. *Abrupt*. Orig.

FORSBRUSH, *part. pa.* Fr. Sorely bruised. 14332.

FORCE, *n.* FR. *No force*. 7771. No matter. *I do no force*. 6616. I care not. *I do no force of your divinites*. 7094. I care not for your divinity. *No force of death*. 8969. No matter for death. *They yeve no force*. R. 4826. They care not. "*De fruit avoir ne fait force*" Orig.

FORCUTTE, *v.* SAX. To cut through. 17289.

FORDO, *v.* SAX. To do away; to ruin. 13057.

FORDON, **FORDO**, *part. pa.* Undone. 11866. 17239.

FORDRIVE (*For-driven*), *part. pa.* SAX. Driven away. R. 3732.

FORDRONKEN, *part. pa.* SAX. Very drunken. 3122. 12608.

FORDRY, *adj.* SAX. Very dry. 10723.

FORDWIND, *part. pa.* SAX. Wasted away. R. 366.

FORE, (*Foren*), *part. pa.* of **FARRE**, *v.* SAX. Gone. R. 2710.

—*prep.* SAX. is seldom used by itself. In composition it has the power of *Before*.

FOREIN, *n.* L. W. 1560. A jakes. Gloss. *Ur.* from Sk. The context seems rather to require that it should signify *An outward court, or garden*.

FOREKYEING, *n.* SAX. Foreknowledge. 15249.

FOREKYTE, **FOREWET**, *v.* SAX. To foreknow. 15240.

FORFAITE, *v.* FR. To misdo. P. 152, col. 1, l. 19.

FORFARE, *v.* SAX. To fare ill. R. 5399.

FORFERED, *part. pa.* SAX. Much afraid. 10841. T. iv. 1411.

FORGIFTE, *n.* SAX. Forgiveness. L. W. 1351.

FORDON, *trif.* *v.* SAX. To omit; to lose. 9959. 17244.

FORDROVEN, *part. pa.* SAX. Overgrown. F. L. 45.

FORDROVEN, *part. pa.* FR. Wrongfully judged. B. K. 275.

FORKERVE, *v.* SAX. To carve, or cut through. 17289.

FORKLAVT, *part. pa.* SAX. Left off entirely. 12017.

FORLESE, *v.* SAX. To lose entirely. P. 164, col. 3, l. 37.

FORLETE, *v.* SAX. To give over; to quit. P. 143, col. 1, l. 49.

FORLORE (*Fortoren*), *part. pa.* SAX. Utterly lost. 3505.

FORLOYNE, *n.* FR. *Fortonge*. A term of the chase, which signifies that the game is far off. Du. 386.

FORME, *adj.* SAX. First. *Adam oure forme father*. M. 100, col. 2, l. 2.

FORMEST, *adj. sup.* SAX. First. Du. 890.

FORMELL, A. F. 371. is put for the *female* of any fowl; more frequently for a *female eagle*. See ver. 445. 535.

FORPINED, *part. pa.* SAX. Wasted away; tormented. 265. 1455.

FORSAKE, *v.* SAX. To deny. Bo. ii. pr. 3, 4.

FORSAPREN, *part. pa.* SAX. Transformed. T. ii. 66.

FORSIRONKE (*For-sironken*), *part. pa.* SAX. Shrunk up. F. L. 353.

FORSLOTHR, **FORSLOTHE**, **FORSLOGGE**, *v.* SAX. To lose through sloth. 15102. P. 162, col. 1, l. 23.

FORSONGEN, *part. pa.* SAX. Tired with singing. R. 664.

FORSYEN, *n.* FR. A forester. 117.

FORSTRAUGHT, *part. pa.* SAX. Distracted. 13035.

FORTHBY, *adv.* SAX. Forward by. 13499. 13532.

FORTHER, *v.* SAX. To further; to advance. T. ii. 1365.

FORTHINKE, *v.* SAX. To grieve; to vex. 9780. T. ii. 1414.

FORTROUCHT, *pa. t.* of **FORTHINKE**. R. 1671.

FORTHREN, *inf. m.* of **FORTHER**. T. v. 1706.

FORTHY, *conj.* SAX. Therefore. 1843.

FORTRODEN, *part. pa.* of **FORTRREAD**, *v.* SAX. Trodden down. P. 150, col. 1, l. 53.

FORTUIT, *adj.* FR. Accidental. Bo. v. pr. 1.

FORTUNE, *v.* FR. To make fortunate. 419. To give good or bad fortune. 2379.

FORTUNOUS, *adj.* Proceeding from fortune. Bo. ii. pr. 3, 4.

FORWAKED, *part. pa.* SAX. Having waked long. 5016.

FORWANDRED, *part. pa.* SAX. Having wandered long. R. 3336.

FORWELKED, *part. pa.* SAX. Much wrinkled. R. 360.

FORWEPT, *part. pa.* SAX. Having much wept. G. D. 1833.

FORWERED, *part. pa.* SAX. Worn out. R. 235.

FORWERIE, *adj.* SAX. Very weary. R. 3336.

FORWORD (*Foreword*), *n.* SAX. A promise, or covenant. 831. 854.

FORWOUNDED, *part. pa.* SAX. Much wounded. R. 1830.

FORWRAPPED, *part. pa.* WRAPPED up. 12652. P. 153, col. 1, l. 32.

FORWELDE, *v.* SAX. To repay. 8707. L. W. 457.

FORYETE, *v.* SAX. To forget. 1984.

FORYETTER, *part. pa.* 3055.

FOSTER, *n.* FR. R. 6329. as **FOSTER**.

FOSTRD, *part. pa.* of **FOSTER**, *v.* SAX. Nourished. 8916, 9.

FOSTRING, *n.* Nutrient. 7427.

FORE-HOT. 4853. Immediately. See the *n.* and add to the instances there quoted. Du. 375.

FOTE MANTEL. 474. means, I suppose, a sort of *riding-petticoat*, such as is now used by market-women.

FOTHER, *n.* SAX. A carriage-load; an indefinite large quantity. 532. 1910.

FOTDRE, *n.* FR. Lightning. F. ii. 27.

FOTLE, *n.* SAX. A bird. 10463.

FOUND, *pa. t.* of **FIND**. Supplied. 12471. See the *n.*

FOUNDE, *v.* AN. 244. as **FONDE**.

FOUNDRED, *pa. t.* of **FOUNDER**, *v.* FR. Fell down. 2689.

FOWERTIE, *num.* SAX. Forty. R. 5753.

FOXERIE, *n.* SAX. A. Foxish manners. R. 6793.

FRA FRO FRO, *prep.* SAX. From it is sometimes used adverbially. *Til and fra*. 4037. To and fro. 2650.

FRANE, *v.* SAX. To ask. T. v. 1226.

FRANKES, *n. pl.* SAX. Spots, freckles. 2171.

FRANCHISE, *n.* FR. Frankness; generosity. 9661. 11828.

FRANK, *n.* A denomination of French money; answering at present to the *Libre Tournois*. 13111.

FRANKLEIN, *n.* FR. See his **CHARACTER**. ver. 333-362. and the *n.* on ver. 333.

FRAUGHT, *v.* SAX. To freight, load a ship. 4591.

FRE, *adj.* SAX. Willing; unconstrained. 854.—At liberty. 5631.—Liberal, bountiful. 13106. 13462.

FREDOM, *n.* SAX. 46. 17075. as **FRANCHISE**.

FRELTER, *n.* FR. Prailty. 5674, 5.

FREGIUS for **PHRYGIUS**. Du. 1070.

FRENDE, **FREMED**, *adj.* SAX. Strange. 10743. T. ii. 248. *To frend ne* to **FREMED**. P. P. 79.

FRENTEIKE, *adj.* FR. Frantick. T. v. 206.

FRENSEIE, *n.* FR. A frenzy. T. i. 723.

FREBE, *n.* FR. A Frier. See his **CHARACTER**. ver. 208-271. and P. P. 12. a. b.

FRESHE, *v.* FR. To refresh. R. 1513.

FRET, *v.* A. F. band. L. W. 225, 8. F. L. 152.

FRET, **FRETTE**, *part. pa.* FR. Flaught, filled. R. 4705. L. W. 1115. C. L. 124. or, perhaps, *Wrought in a kind of fret-work*. A sort of Blazon is called *Fretted*. In R. ver. 4705. And through the *fret full of fulshede*—we should read—A trouth the *fret full of fulshede*.

FRETE, *v.* SAX. To eat, devour. 2070.

FRETINA, *pr.* 2021.

FRETTE (*Freted*), *part. pa.* 4805.

FREYNE, *v.* SAX. 13530. 15901. as **FRANE**.

FRISE, *pr.* n. Friesland. R. 1093.

FRO YE. T. i. 5. From you. *Ye is put for You*, that *Fro ye* may rime, in appearance at least, with *joye* and *Troye*. So in ver. 7038. *say ye* rimes to *praye*. See more of these double rimes in the *n.* on ver. 674. and add the following passages, in which the (*thee*), being the eleventh and last syllable of the verse, is to be pronounced without any accent.

- Ver. 10987. *aloue* the rimes to *youthe*.
 16131. *to the* ——— *sothe*.
 16762. *hie the* ——— *scilicet*.
- FROTE, *v.* FR. To rub. 3746. T. iii. li. 121.
 FROUNCLES, *adj.* FR. Without wrinkle. R. 800.
 FROWARD, *adj.* SAX. Averse. R. 4940.
 FRUITOUS, *adj.* FR. Fruitful. 17384.
 FRUITESTERE, *n.* SAX. A female seller of fruit. 12409.
 FUL DRIVE, *part. pa.* Fully driven, completed. 12402.
 FULKE (f. FOLKE), *n.* SAX. People. F. i. 73.
 FULSUMNESSE, *n.* SAX. Satiety. 10719.
 FUMETERE, *pr. n.* of a plant; Fumitory. 14969. FUMARIA
 — *purgat bilem et humores adustos*. Ray's Synopsis.
 FUMOSITRE, *n.* FR. Fumes arising from excessive drink-
 ing. 10672. 12501.
 FUNDAMENT, *n.* FR. Foundation. 7685.
 FURIAL, *adj.* FR. Raging. 10762.
 FUSIBLE, *adj.* FR. Capable of being melted. 16324.
 FV, *interj.* FR. 7509. *I say fy*. 4500. *I* cry shame.
- G.
- GARBE, *v.* FR. To talk idly; to lye. 3510. 15072. *Gabbe I*
of this? Bo. ii. pr. 5. *Num id mentior?*
 GACIDES, F. iii. 116. is probably a misprint for *Æcides*;
 though I do not know that Chiron had any right to that
 title.
 GADLING, *n.* SAX. An idle vagabond. R. 938.
 GADRED, *part. pa.* SAX. Gathered. 4379.
 GAILER, *n.* FR. Gaoler. 1476.
 GAILLARD, *adj.* FR. Brisk, gay. 3336. 4365.
 GAITRE-BERIES. 14971. Berries of the dog-wood tree; *Cornus*
femina.
 GALAXIE, *pr. n.* The milky way; a tract in the heaven so
 called. F. ii. 482.
 GALE, *v.* SAX. See the *n.* on ver. 6414.
 GALFRIDE, *pr. n.* Geoffrey of Monmouth. F. iii. 382.
 GALFRY, *v.* VINSAUF. C. L. 11. See GAUFRIK.
 GALICE, *pr. n.* A province of Spain. 469. The famous
 shrine of *St. James at Compostella* was in Galicia.
 GALLINGALE, *pr. n.* Sweet cyprus. 383.
 GALLIEN, GALLIAN, *pr. n.* Galen. 433. 12240. See the notes.
 GALOCH, *n.* FR. A shoe. 10899.
 GALPE, *v.* SAX. To gape, to yawn. 16904.
 GALPING, *part. pp.* Gaping, yawning. 10664.
 GALLOWES, *n. pl.* SAX. The gallows. 6240. 14652.
 GAN, *pa. t.* of GINNE, *v.* SAX. Began. 11153. GANNEN, *pl.*
 T. ii. 194.
 GAR, *v.* SAX. To make. 4130.
 GARDEBRACE, *n.* FR. Armour for the arm. C. D. 1554.
 GARGATE, *n.* FR. The throat. 15341.
 GARISON, R. 3249. Seems to be used as a *v.* To heal. The
 Orig. has *Garison*, a *n.* Healing recovery.
 GARNEMENT, *n.* FR. A garment. Magd. 354.
 GARNER, *n.* FR. A granary, or store-room. R. 1148. 6810.
 GARNISON, *n.* FR. A guard, or garrison. M. 107., col. 2,
 l. 68. R. 4204.
 GASTNESS, *n.* SAX. Gastliness. Bo. iii. pr. 5.
 GATE, GATTE, *pa. t.* of GET, *v.* SAX. Gate; Begate. R.
 2692. L. W. 2561.
 — *n.* SAX. A way. *Went her gate*. R. 3332. *Went her way*.
 GATESDEN, *pr. n.* 436 John Gatesden, author of a medical
 work, entitled *Rosa Anglicana*, in the XIVth Century.
 See Tanner, in v.
 GAT-TOTHED, 470. See the note.
 GAUPE, *n.* FR. Jest. 12323. T. ii. 351.
 GAUDES, *pl.* Ridiculous tricks. P. 161, col. 1, l. 45.
 GAUDED, 159. See the note.
 GAUFRIDE, *pr. n.* 15353. See the note.
 GAURE, *v.* To stare. 3825. 5332. *For them, that GAURED*
and cast on me their sight. Lydg. *Trag.* B. ix. f. 22. b.
 GAWAIN, *pr. n.* nephew to King Arthur, by his sister,
 married to King Lot. So says the *British History*,
 which goes under the name of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*;
 and I believe it will be in vain to look for any more
 authentic genealogist of all that family. He is there
 called *Walganus*. The French Romancers, who have
 built upon Geoffrey's foundations, agree in describing
 Gawain as a model of *knighly courtesy*. To this his
- established character our author alludes in ver. 10409.
 and in R. 2209.
 GAYLER, *n.* FR. 1472. as GAILER.
 GRANT, *n.* FR. Giant. *The Crane the gent*. A. F. 344.
 GRAR, *n.* F. L. 26. See GERRE.
 GENDE, for GENR. B. K. 127.
 GENELON, *pr. n.* of one of *Charlemaigne's* officers, who, by
 his treachery, was the cause of the defeat at *Roucouar*,
 the death of *Roland*, &c. for which he was torn to pieces
 by hoises. This at least is the account of the author
 who calls himself *Archbishop Tuvyn*, and of the Ro-
 mancers who followed him; upon whose credit the name
 of *Genelon*, or *Gandlon*, was for several centuries a
 synonymous expression for the *worst of traitors*. Our
 author alludes to his treachery, ver. 14699. 15233. and to
 his punishment, ver. 13124. See also Du. 1121.
 GENT, *adj.* FR. Neat, pretty. 3234. 13645.
 GENTERIE, *n.* FR. Gentility. 6728.
 GENTIL, *adj.* FR. In its original sense means *Well-born*;
of a noble family. 6735. R. 2194. *Il y avoit un Chevalier*,
Capitaine de la ville — point gentilhomme n'estoit :
— et l'avoit fait, pour sa vaillance, le Roy Edouard Chevalier.
Froissart, v. ii. c. 77.—It commonly put for
Civil; *liberal*; *gentlemanlike*.
 GENTILLESSE, *n.* FR. follows the significations of GENTIL.
 GEOMANCIE, *n.* FR. Divination by figures made on the
 earth. P. 160, col. 1, l. 27.
 GERP, *n.* SAX. All sorts of *instruments*; of Cookery. 554.
 of War. 2182. of Apparel. 8248. of Chemistry. 16263. *In*
hiv quainte geres. 1533. In their strange fashions.
 GERIE, GERFUL 1538. 1540. Changeable. Probably from
 the FR. *Giver*. To turn round. GERFUL. T. iv. 286.
 GERLOND, *n.* FR. A garland. 668. The name of a dog. 15389
 GESSE, *v.* SAX. To guess. 2595. 3467.
 GEST, *n.* SAX. A guest. 8214.
 GESTE, *v.* See the *n.* on ver. 17354.
 GESTES, *n. pl.* LAT. Actions; adventures. T. ii. 1349
The Roman gestes. 10158. See the note.
 GESTOUR, *n.* A relater of gestes. See the *n.* on ver. 13775.
 GET, *n.* FR. *Geste*. Fashion; behaviour. 684. See the
 note. *With that false get*. 16745. With that cheating
 contrivance.
 GETHE, for GOETH. L. W. 2143.
 GIE, *v.* SAX. To guide. 15604. 15627.
 GIGGES, *n. pl.* F. iii. 852. Irregular sounds, produced by
 the wind, &c. *Gigue*, FR. signified a *musical instrument*,
 like a fiddle; and from thence a *sort of light tune*.
 Menage, in v. It is probably a word of Teutonic origi-
 nal. See Junius.
 GILBERTIN, *pr. n.* An English Physician of the ninth
 Century. See *Fabricius Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. GILBERTUS
 DE AQUILA.
 GILOUR, *n.* FR. A deceiver. 4319.
 GILT, *part. pa.* SAX. Gilded; of the colour of gold.
 L. W. 230.
 GILT, *n.* SAX. Guilt. 5969.
 GILTE-LES, *adj.* SAX. Free from guilt. 1312. 1314.
 GILTF, *adj.* SAX. Guilty. 5088. *Conf. Am.* 62. b.
 GIN, *n.* FR. Engine; contrivance. 10442. 16333.
 GINGBER, *n.* FR. Ginger. R. 1369.
 GINNE, *v.* SAX. To begin. T. v. 657.
 GIPCIERE, *n.* FR. A pouch or purse. 359.
 GIPE, *n.* FR. An upper trock, or cassoek. R. 7214.
 GIPON, *n.* FR. A short cassoek. 75. 2122.
 GRDE, *v.* SAX. To strike; to smite. 14464. This word is
 perhaps the original of *Gride*, in Spenser. See *Obs.* on
Sp. v. ii. p. 62.
 GRDELSTREDE, *n.* SAX. The waist; the place of the girdle.
 R. 826.
 GRILES, *n. pl.* SAX. Young persons, either male or
 female. 666.
 GIRT, *part. pa.* of GRIDE. *Thurgh girt*. 1012. *Smitten*
through.
 GISARME, *n.* FR. A battle-ax. R. 5973. See Du Cange, in
 v. *Gisarma*.
 GISE, *n.* FR. Guise; fashion. 2127. *At his owen gise*. 865.
 In his own manner; as he would wish.
 GITE, *n.* FR. A gown. 3282. 6141.

GITERNE, *n.* Fr. A guitar. 3333. 4394.
GITERNING, *n.* Playing on a Giterne. 3323.
GLADE, *v.* SAX. To make glad. 11280. 14617.
GLADER, *n.* One that maketh glad. 2224.
GLADSON, *adj.* SAX. Pleasant. 14794.
GLASS for **GLOSE**, *v.* T. v. 469.
 — *v.* SAX. To put glass into windows. Da. 323.
GLASSING, *n.* Glass-work. Du. 327.
GLE, *n.* SAX. Mirth. 13769.—Musick. T. ii. 1036. **GLEES**,
pl. Musical instruments. F. iii. 119.
GLEDE, *n.* SAX. A burning coal. 3379. **GLEDDES**, *pl.* 3881.
 Sparks of fire.
GLERIE, *n.* Fr. The white of an egg. 16274.
GLENT, *pa. t.* Glanced. T. iv. 1223.
GLEVE, *n.* Fr. *Glaive*. A lance. C. L. 544.
GLIMMING, *n.* Glimmering. 10257.
GLITTER, *pr. t. pl.* of **GLITTER**, *v.* SAX. 979.
GLODE, *pa. t.* of **GLIDE**, *v.* SAX. 10707. 13832. *She glode*
forth, as an adder doth. Conf. Am. 105.
GLONBE, *v.* SAX. To look gloomy. R. 4365.
GLOSE, *n.* Fr. A comment or interpretation. 7374.
 — *v.* To comment, or interpret. 5609. 5701.—To speak
 tenderly. 10225.—To flatter. 6091. 16383.
GLUTON, *n.* Fr. A glutton. R. 4307.
GLOWEDEN, *pa. t. pl.* of **GLOW**, *v.* SAX. 2134.
GNARRE, *n.* SAX. A hard knot in a tree. 551.
GNAT, *n.* SAX. is put for any *little, worthless* thing. 5029.
 17204.
GNIDING, *part. pr.* SAX. Rrbbing. 2506.
GNOFFER, *n.* 3188. "An old cuff; a miser." Gloss. Ur. I
 know not upon what authority.
GNOWE, *pa. t.* of **GNAWE**, *v.* SAX. 14750.
GO, *v.* SAX. means sometimes *To walk*, in contradistinction
 to *riding*. 1383 2254.
 — (*Gon*), *part. pa.* T. ii. 795.
GOBBET, *n.* Fr. A morsel; a bit. 698.
GOD, *n.* SAX. *God tafarna*. R. 7294. T. i. 1060. God going
 before. *Deo favente—Goddies armes* two. 6415. 12588.
Goddies bones. 13029. 12905. Vulgar oaths—*A Goddess*
kicht. 7323. See the note. *A Goddess half*. 3632. See
HALFE.
GODE, **GOOD**, *n.* SAX. Wealth; goods. 7534, 5.
GODE-LES, *adj.* Without money or goods. 13220.
GODELVHEDE, *n.* SAX. Goodness. R. 4604. T. iii. 1736.
GODENNESS, *n.* SAX. *At godeness*. R. 1453. At advantage.
 And so we should read in R. 3462. where the Editit. have
At gode mes. The Orig. has *en bon point*.
GODSIB, *n.* SAX. A gossip; a godfather. P. 167, col. 2, l. 58.
GODSIB, *adj.* Foolish. T. ii. 385. from the Fr. *Goffa*; Dull,
 stupid.
GOLD, *n.* A flower, commonly called *A Turnsol*. 1031.
 Gower says, that *Leucothea* was changed
 Into a *fleur* was named *golde*,
 Which stont governed of the sonne.
 Conf. Am. 121. b.
GOLD-HEWEN, *adj.* SAX. Of a golden hewe, or colour. 2502.
GOLDSMITHRIS, *n.* SAX. Goldsmith's work. 2500.
GOLET, *n.* Fr. The throat, or gullet. R. 7096.
GOLIARDEIS. See the *n.* on ver. 562.
COMME, *n.* Fr. Gum. L. W. 121.
GON, *inf. m.* SAX. To go. 2512. *So mote I gon*. 3116. 11069.
 So may I fare well. *So mote I ride or go*. 7324. So may
 I fare well, riding or walking, i. e. in all my proceedings.
 See **GO**.
 — *pr. t. pl.* 771. 2604. 2965.
 — *part. pa.* Gone. 4427. 5137.
GONFANON, *n.* Fr. A banner, or standard. R. 1201. 2013.
GONG, *n.* SAX. A little-house; a jakes. P. 167, col. 1, l. 35.
GONNE, *n.* A gun. L. W. 637. P. iii. 553.
GONNEN, **GONNE**, *pa. t. pl.* of **GINNE**. 11230. 15985.
GORE, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3337. since which it has been
 suggested to me by a learned person, whom I have not
 the honour to know, that *Gore* is a common name for a
 strip of cloth or linen, which is inserted in order to widen
 a garment in any particular place. **GOOR** OF A CLOTH.
Lactinia. Prompt. Parv. See also the Glossary to Ken-
 net's Paroch. Antiq. in *v. Gore*. This sense will suit

very well with the context of ver. 3237, but hardly, I
 think, with that of ver. 13719; unless we suppose, that
gore is there put for *shirt*, because *shirts* have usually
gores in them. The expression would certainly be
 very awkward, and unlike Chaucer's general manner, but
 in this place, the *Kime of Sure Topas*, he may be supposed
 to have taken it purposely from one of those old Ro-
 mances, which are the objects of his ridicule. See the
n. on ver. 13845.

GOS for **GOES**. C. D. 1296. Goeth.

GOSPELLERE, *n.* SAX. Evangelist. R. 6887.

GOSSOMER, *n.* A thin cobweb-like substance which flies
 about in the air. 10573.

GOST, *n.* SAX. Spirit; mind. 5679.

GOTH, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* Go ye. 2360. 14200.

GOVERNAILLE, *n.* Fr. Government, steccage. 9063.

GOUNE-CLOTH. 7829. 7834. Cloth enough to make a gown.
GOURD, *n.* A vessel to carry liquor; perhaps so called from
 its shape. 17031, 40.

GOWER, *pr. n.* T. v. 1835. An eminent English poet, to
 whom Chaucer directs his *Troilus* and *Creside*. Some
 circumstances relating to him are touched upon in the
 Essay, &c. n. 55. the Discourse, &c. §. xiv. xv. n. 15, 16
 and in the notes, p. 202.

GRACE, *n.* Fr. Favour. 3071. *Sory grace*. 6328. *Harde*
grace. 16133. Misfortune. T. i. 713.

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,
 That certainly no more *harde* grace
 May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

So Hercules, *ap. Euripid.* H₂. M. 1250.

Ἡρῆς ἄριστος ὄν, ἠὲ καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν ἄλλων.

The criticism of Longinus, sect. xl. is perhaps equally
 applicable to both passages.

With *harde* grace. 7810. is to be understood as spoken,
 in a parenthesis, of the Cheri; *Misfortune attend him!*
 See WITH. *Save your grace*. M. 108. col. 2, l. 59. With
 your favour. *Savez votre grace*.

GRACIOUS, *adj.* Fr. Agreeable. 3693. Graceful. 8489.

GRAME, *n.* SAX. Grief. 16871. Anger. T. iii. 1030.

Felle it to gode or **GRAME**. P. L. 327.

GRAMMERE, *n.* Fr. Grammar. 13466.

GRAND MERCE, *Fr.* Great thanks. 3964.

GRAN, *n.* Fr. A grain; a single seed. T. ii. 1028.

GRANGE, *n.* Fr. A Farm-house. 3668.

GRAPNEL, *n.* Fr. A grappling-iron. L. W. 640.

GRATCHE, *R.* 7363. "is perhaps the same with *graille*, if
 not mistaken for it." Gloss. Ur. See **GRATHE**. The
 Orig. has—*s'aourne comme beguine*.

GRAVE, *v.* SAX. To carve; to engrave. T. ii. 47. T. iii. 1468.

— (*Graven*), *part. pa.* Buried. 6647. 11288.

GRAUNSON, *pr. n.* C. M. V. ver. ult. See *An account of the*
works of Chaucer, &c. in this vol. p. 446.

GRE, *n.* Fr. Pleasure; satisfaction; from *Gratis*, LAT.
To receive in gre. 4679. 9027. To take kindly. *The gre.*
 2735. The prize. See the note.—From *Gradius*, LAT. it
 signifies *A step*, or *degree*. 9249.

GREDE, *n.* SAX. A greedy person. R. 6002.

— *v.* DARE. LAT. To cry. C. N. 135.

GREIN, *n.* Fr. *Grain de Paris*. R. 1369. *de Paradis*.
 Orig. Grains of Paradise; a sort of spice. The same are
 meant in ver. 3600.—*Grain of Portingale*. 15463. A sort
 of scarlet-dye, called *Kermes*, or *Vermillion*.

GREITHE, *v.* SAX. To prepare, make ready. 4307. 14512.

GRENEHED, *n.* SAX. Childishness. 4533.

GRESE, *n.* Fr. Grease. 135. 6069.

GRETE for **GREDE**, *v.* R. 4116.

GRETTE, *pa. t.* of **GRETE**, *v.* SAX. Greeted; saluted. 5471. 8829.

GREVES, *n. pl.* SAX. Groves. 1497. R. 3019.

GRILLE, *adj.* R. 73 f. Horrible. **GRYMM**. **GRYLAND**. **HORRYELLE**.
Horridus. Prompt. Parv.

GRINT for **GRINDETH**, 5971

GRINTE, *pa. t.* of **GRIND**, *v.* SAX. Ground. *Grint with*
his teeth. 7743. Grashed with h. t.

GRINTING, *n.* Grinding; gnashing. P. 150, col. 2, l. 37.

GRIS, *n.* Fr. A species of Furr. See the *n.* on ver. 194.

GRISLY, *adj.* SAX. Dreadful. 1973. 6318.

GROCHE, *v. SAX.* To grutch; to murmur. 3861. 6025.
GROFF, *adj. SAX.* Flat on the ground. 951. 13605. R. 2561.
GROINE, *n. FR.* The snow of a swine. P. 149, col. 2, l. 29.
 A hanging lip. T. i. 350.
 — *v.* To hang the lip, in discontent. R. 7099.
GRONE, *v. FR.* To groan. To grout. 7411.
GRONT, *pa. t.* 14627. Groaned.
GROPE, *v. SAX.* To search; to examine by feeling. 7999. 7723.
GROT, *n.* A coin, worth four-pence. 6374. 754b.
GROUNDE, *part. pa.* of GRIND. 16243.
GROYNING, *n.* 2462. Discontent. See GROINE.
GUERDON, *n. FR.* Reward; Recompense. 7460. 8759.
 — *v.* To reward. P. 152, col. 1, l. 55.
GUERDONLES, *adj.* Without reward. B. K. 400.
GUIDO, *pr. n. L. W.* 1462. GUIDO DE COLUMPNIS. F. iii. 381. *Guido dalle Colonne*, of Messina in Sicily, a lawyer and poet, died about 1290. Quadrio, vol. ii. p. 160. His *History of the Trojan war*, to which our author refers, was written in Latin, and finished in 1287. See the *n.* on *ver.* 15147. I have there intimated my suspicion, that he translated it, for the most part, from a French Romance of *Beuot de Sainte Nore*. However that may have been, Guido's work is certainly the original, from which the later writers of the middle ages have generally taken their accounts of Trojan affairs. It was translated into Italian in 1324 by *Filippo Ceffi*, a Florentine. Quadrio, vol. vi. p. 475. A French translation is also extant, in which it is said to be *translatée en François* premierement du commandement du Maire de la cité de Beauvais, *en nom et en honneur de Karles le roy de France*, l'an mil ccc. quatre vingtz. MS. Reg. 16. F. ix. This is probably the French translation mentioned by Lydgate in the Prologue to his *Boke of Troye*, which is a mere paraphrase *en verse* of Guido's history, with some digressions and additions of his own. Lydgate's work was finished, as he tells us himself at the end, in 1420.

H.

HABERGEON, *n. FR.* A diminutive of *Hauberg*, a coat of mail. 76. 13700.
HABILITEE, *n. FR.* Ability. C. L. 1344.
HABITACLES, *n. pl. FR.* Places of habitation. F. iii. 104.
HABITE, *v. FR.* To dwell. R. 650.
HABUNDANT, *part. pr. FR.* Abundant. 7935.
HACKENAIE, *n. FR.* An ambling horse, or pad. R. 1137.
HACKING, *n. FR.* Cutting in pieces. F. iii. 213.
HADEN, *pa. t. pl.* of HAVE. 375. 762.
HAF, *pa. t. l.* of HEVE, *v. SAX.* Heaved, raised. 2430.
HAE, **HAY**, *n. FR.* A hedge. R. 54. 3007.
HAILE, *n. SAX.* Health; welfare. 4087.
HAILES, *pr. n.* of an Abbey in Gloucestershire. See the *n.* on *ver.* 12587.
HAIRE, *n. FR.* A hair-cloth. 15601. R. 438.
HAKENEY, *n. FR.* 16027. as HACKENAIE.
HAKETON, *n. FR.* A short cassock, without sleeves. 13789.
HALDEN for HILDEN, *part. pa.* of HOLD. 4206.
HALFE, *n. SAX.* A side; a part. *A' Goddes half.* 5632. Du. 370. On God's part; with God's favour. *A' this half's God.* T. L. i. 325. b. On this side of God. *Four halves.* 3481. Four sides.
HALT, *pr. n.* 423. An Arabian Physician. Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 17.
HALKE, *n. SAX.* A corner. 11493. 15779.
HALPE, *pa. t.* of HELP, *v. SAX.* 14052. R. 1911.
HALS, *n. SAX.* The neck. 4493.
HALSE, *v. SAX.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 13775.
HALT, *pa. t.* of HOLD, *v. SAX.* Held, or kept. 5141.
 — for HOLT, *i. e.* Holdeth. Du. 621.
HALTE, *v. FR.* To go lamely. Du. 622.
HAME for HOME, *n. SAX.* 4030.
HAMELE, *v. SAX.* To hamstring; to cut off. T. ii. 964.
HAMERS, *n. pl. SAX.* Hammers. Du. 1164.
HAN, *inf. m.* of HAVE, *v. SAX.* 754. 1048. 2109.
 — *pr. t. pl.* 931. 1022. 7581.
HANSELINES, P. 155, col. 2, l. 50. appears from the context to mean a sort of breeches.

HAPPE, *n. SAX.* Chance. 13168. Bo. v. *pr. i.*
 — To happen. 587. 6467.
HARD, *adj. SAX.* Hard. *Harde grace.* 7810. 16133. Misfortune. See GRACE. It is used adverbially. 9879. 13133.
HARDE, *v. SAX.* To make hard. 10559.
HARDELY (*Hardly*), *adv. FR.* Boldly. 10147. *adv. SAX.* Certainly. 7867. 7901. 9186. T. v. 673.
HARDING, *n. SAX.* Hardening. 10557.
HARIE, *v. FR.* To hurry. To harie and *duce*. P. 149, col. 2, l. 64.
HARIED, *part. pa.* Fr. Hurried. 2728 *Its seroient hariez en grand manere.* Froissart, v. i. c. 225.
HARLOT, *n.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 649.
HARLOTRIES, *n. pl.* Ribaldries. 563.
HARNEIS, *n. FR.* Armour. 1615. Furniture. 3718.
HARNEISE, *v. FR.* To dress. R. 2648.
HAROW, *interj. FR.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 2995.
HARPOUR, *n. FR.* A harper. T. ii. 1030. In the Act of Resumption, 28 H. vi. there is a proviso in favour of John Turges, *Harpouer with the Queen*, for the reversion of an annuity of 10 Marks, after the death of William Langton, Minister.
HARWED, *pl. l.* of HARWE, *v. SAX.* See the *n.* on *ver.* 3512.
HASARDOUR, *n. FR.* A Player at Hazard; a gamester. 12530.
HASARDRIE, *n. FR.* Gaming, in general. 12524.
HASELWODE, T. iii. 892. V. 563. 1174. All these passages plainly allude to the same proverbial saying, which appears to have been used in scorn or decision of any improbable hope or expectation. Why it was so used, is beyond my reach to discover. It may be proper however to mention that in T. iii. 892. MS. Harl. 3943. reads—*Haselwode is shaken*;—and that the passage, T. v. 1174. is an imitation of the following in the *Flostrato*. See Essay, &c. n. 62.
 Ma pandero seco tacitamente
 Ride de cio che Troilo duca—
 Chel si fusse sembianza faces
 Di crederlo, e dica, *di mungibelo*
 Aspetta il vento questo tumpicello.

HASTIF, *adj. FR.* Hasty. 3545.
HASTIFLY, *adv.* Hastily. 13546.
HATE, *v. SAX.* To be named. R. 38.
HAUBERK, *n. FR.* A coat of mail. 13792.
HAVEN, *inf. m.* of HAVE, *v. SAX.* Bo. iv. *pr.* 2. It is more commonly abbreviated into HAN.
HAUNCE, *v. FR.* To raise, to enhance. B. K. 431.
HAUNT, *n. FR.* Custom; practice. 449.
HAUNTE, *v. FR.* To practise. P. 164. col. 2, l. 1. 4.
HAUNTEDEN, *pa. t. pl.* 12398. Practised, frequented.
HAUTEIN, *adj. FR.* Haughty. 3739.—Loud. 12264.—*A hautein fawcon.* L. V. 1118. A high-flying hawk; *Faucon haultain.* FR.
HAVOIR for AVOIR, *n. FR.* Wealth. R. 4720.
HAWE, *n. SAX.* A hawthorn-berry. 6241. T. iii. 856.—A farm-yard. 12789. A church-yard. P. 165, col. 1, l. 10.
HAWEBAKE, 4515. See the note.
HE, *pron. SAX.* is often prefixed in all its cases to proper names *emphatically*, according to the Saxon usage. *He Moises.* 10564. *He Tityus.* T. i. 787. See the *n.* on *ver.* 9594.—*He* is also frequently used for *It* in all cases 7550. 7838. 9737. See the *n.* on *ver.* 9594.
HED, *n. SAX.* Head. *On his hed.* 1346. On pain of losing his head. See the note.
HEDDE for HIDDEN (Hidden.) L. W. 208.
HEGGES, *n. pl. SAX.* Hedges. 15224.
HEISUGGE, A. F. 612. *Curruco*, a little bird, which is supposed to hatch the Cuckow's egg, and to be destroyed by the young Cuckows. *Sp.*
HELE, *v. SAX.* Helan. To hide. 6531. R. 6882.
 — *v. SAX.* Helan. To heal; to help. 1250. 10955.
 — *n. SAX.* Health. 3104. 4237.
HELERES, *adj.* Helpless. T. v. 1592.
HELISE, *pr. n.* Helisium. C. L. 119.
HELMED, *part. pa.* FR. Armed with an helmet. 14376. T. ii. 593.
HELOWIS, *pr. n.* 6250. Eloisa, the mistress of Abelard. See a summary of their history in *Rom. de la Rose*, *ver.* 9172—9247.
HEM, *obl. c. pl.* of HE. Them. See HE; and Essay, &c. n. 23.

HIMSELF, HEMSELVE, HEMSELVEN. See SELF.

HENCHMEN, n. pl. FRGOS F. I. 352. See a note on the *Midsommer Night's Dream* of Shakespeare. Act. ii. Sc. 2. Last Edit.

HENDR, HENDY, adj. SAX. Civil; courteous. 9863. 3109.

HENNEN, 4031. HENNES. 2330. 3067. HENNENS. R. 4922.

HENS. 12021. adv. SAX. Hence.

HENG, pa. t. and part. of HANG, v. SAX. 360. 673. 9757.

HENNESFORTH, adv. SAX. Henceforth. 10972.

HENTE, v. SAX. To take hold of; to catch. 906. 7002.

HENT, pa. t. and part. 700. 6899. 1583.

HEPPE, n. SAX. A heap. *To heppe.* T. iii. 1770. Bo. iv. pr. 6. Together; in a heap.—The fruit of the Dog-rose. 13677.

HERAUD, n. FR. A herald. 2535.

HERBERGAGE, n. FR. Lodging. 4327.

HERBERGOURS, n. pl. FR. Providers of lodgings; Harbingers. 5417.

HERBERWE, n. SAX. An inn; a lodging. 767. 4143.—The place of the Sun. 11347. In ver. 405. (see the note) it rather means, I think, *A harbour.*—HERBER. T. ii. 1705. F. L. 49. An harbour.

HERD, v. SAX. To lodge. R. 6145.

HERD, HERDE, n. SAX. A keeper. 605. 15660.—HERDE-GROMES. F. iii. 135. Shepherd-boys.

HERDES, n. pl. Coarse flax. *Herde*, fibra lini. Kilian. R. 1233.

That not of hempte ne herdids was.

So this ver. is written in Ms. Hunter. The Orig. has only—*elle ne fut de bourrua.*

HERE for **HIRE, pron.** 2059. 3691. 4890. and in other places, *for the sake of the rhyme.*

HERE, adv. SAX. In this place.

— in composition, signifies this, without including any idea of place. *Heregatus.* 3041. Against this. *Herebefore.* 1536. Before this.

— v. SAX. To hear. 2947.

HERD, HERDE, pa. t. and part. 221. 955. 1597.

HERDEN, pa. t. pl. 15382.

HERE, n. SAX. Hair. 677.

HEREN, adj. Made of hair. 12670.

HERKING, part. pr. of HERKE, v. SAX. Harkening. 10392.

HERMES, pr. n. 16902. A chemical treatise under his name is extant in the *Theat. Chemic. t. iv.* See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr. l. i. c. 10.* HERMES BALENCIS. F. iii. 183. Whether a different person from him just mentioned, I cannot tell.

HERNE, n. SAX. A corner. 11433. 16126.

HERONERE, n. FR. A hawk made to fly only at the heron. T. iv. 413 L. W. 1118.

HERONSEVES, n. pl. FR. Young Herons. 10382. See the note.

HERTE for **HURT, v. SAX.** Du. 833.

— n. SAX. Heart. *Herte-blood.* 6300. 19836. Heart's blood. *Herte-sponne.* See the n. on ver. 2608.

HERTELES, adj. Without courage. 14914.

HERTLY, adj. Hearty. 10319.

HERY, v. SAX. To praise. 8492. 13548.

HERVING, n. Praise. 13789.

HESTE, n. SAX. Command. 12574.—Promise. R. 4475. 7.

HET. HETTE, pa. t. of HITE, v. SAX. Heated. A. F. 145.

HETU, v. SAX. To promise. 9400. 4754. To be called. Du. 200. See HIGHTE.

HETHENNESSE, n. SAX. Country of Heathens. 49. 5532.

HETHING, n. SAX. Contempt. 4109. *All is thy HETHING fallen upon thee.* P. L. 273.

HIVE, v. SAX. To heave, to raise. 532.—v. neut. To labour. T. ii. 1289.

HIVED, n. SAX. Head. F. ii. 42. *Every virtue in my heved.* So I apprehend this line should be read, instead of *in me heved.*

HEVEN QUEEN, n. SAX. The queen of heaven; the Virgin Mary. 16557.

HEW of **LINCOLN, pr. n.** 13614. See Discourse, &c. §. xxxii.

HEWE, v. SAX. To cut. 1424.

— v. neut. C. L. 980 T. L. i. 325. b. *He that heweth to aile, with chippes he may lese his eye.* So *Conf. Am.* 18. b.

*Full ofte he heweth up so hys,
That chyppes fallen in his eye.*

HEWE, n. SAX. Colour; appearance. 10901. T. ii. 21.

HEWED, part. pa. Coloured. 11557.

HEXT, adj. superl. SAX. Highest. C. D. 345. *Hegh, Hephst, Hephst, Hext.* In the same manner *Next* is formed from *Negh.*

HIBOUS, adj. FR. Dreadful. 3520.

HIBOUSLY, adv. Terribly. 1703.

HIE, v. SAX. To hasten. 10605. C. D. 1350.

— n. Haste; diligence. *In, or On hie,* 2981. 4029. T. iv. 1385. In haste.

— *Highe, adj. SAX.* High. *In high and low.* 819. 5413. See the n. on ver. 819.

HERDESS, n. SAX. A shepherdess. T. i. 654. See **HERDE.**

HIGHEN, F. iii. 1002. Is perhaps miswritten for *Highe.*

HIGHT, n. SAX. Highth. 1892. *On hight.* 1795. seems to signify—aloud; in a high voice. *En haut.* Fr.

HIGHT, v. SAX. See the n. on ver. 1016.

HIM, obl. c. of HE, is often used alone in that reciprocal sense, which is generally expressed by the addition of the adj. *Self.* 3052. *Than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame, i. e. nor himself.* *As he him laud.* 1390. *And clad him.* 1411. *And bare him.* 1449.

It is also frequently put without the usual preposition. *Him to grete shame.* 17209. To great shame of him. *She falleth him to fete.* 5524. She falleth at the feet of him. *She swore him.* 6343. She swore to him. *Hem* and *Hire* are used in the same manner.

HIMSELF, HEMSELVE, HEMSELVEN. See SELF.

HINDEREST, superl. d. of HIND, adv. SAX. Hindmost. 624.

HINE, n. SAX. A servant in husbandry; a hind. 605.

— n. Bal. VII. 35. should probably be *Hiene.* The gall of an hyena was used to cure a certain disorder of the eye. *Plin. N. II. l. 29, c. 38.*

HIPPOCRAS, pr. n. Hippocrates. 433. See the note.

HIR, pron. poss. SAX. Their. See Essay, &c. p. xlv.

HIRE, obl. c. of SHE, pron. SAX. is often put for *Herself.* 139. 4869. and without the usual preposition. 11057. See **HIM.**

— *pron. poss. SAX.* Her. See Essay, &c. p. xlv.

HIRESELF, HIRESELVE, HIRESELVEN. See SELF.

HIRS, pron. poss. SAX. Theirs. 7508. See the Essay, &c. n. 29.

HISTORIAL, adj. FR. Historical. 12090.

HO, interf. FR. commanding a cessation of any action. See the n. on ver. 2535. and I believe o in that verse is put for *Ho*, and not for *Oyez.* See the C. L. ver. 270.

HOCHEPOT, n. FR. A mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot. M. 112, col. 1, l. 10. *Hutspot.* BELG.

HOKER, n. SAX. Frowardness. 5717.

HOKERLY, adv. Frowardly. P. 159, col. 2, l. 11.

HOLD, n. SAX. A fort, or castle. 4927.

— v. SAX. To keep. *To hold in hande.* T. V. 1370. To keep in suspense. T. V. 1614. 1679. To amuse in order to deceive.

— **HOLDEN, part. pa.** Obligated. 5717. T. iii. 1265.

HOLE, HOL, adj. SAX. Entire; whole; sound. 6992. 7615.

HOLLY, adv. Entirely; wholly. 5793.

HOLOUR, n. SAX. A whoremonger. 5836. P. 166, col. 2, l. 2.

HOLT, n. SAX. A grove, or forest. 6 T. iii. 352.

— for **HOLDETH.** 9224. 9386.

HOMLY, adj. SAX. Domestic. 9606.—Plain; simple. 7425.

HOMLINESSE, n. SAX. Domestic management. 8305.—Familiarity. M. 118, col. 1, l. 10.

HONDR, n. SAX. A hand. *An honde-bredr.* 3809. An hand's breadth. *Withouten honde.* T. iii. 188. Without being pulled by any hand.—**HONDEN, pl. R.** 6645.

HONEST, adj. FR. means generally, according to the *French usage,* Creditable; honourable. 246. 13401. Becoming a person of rank. 8392. 9902.

HONESTETE, HONESTETE, n. FR. Virtue. 8293.—Decency. 14630.—Good manners. 6849.

HONG, v. SAX. To hang. 17274.

HONT, n. SAX. Du. 385. as **HUNT.**

HONY-SWETE, adj. SAX. Sweet as honey. 9270.

HOPE, v. SAX. To expect. 4027. See the note.

HOPPESTERES, n. pl. SAX. Dancers. 2919. See the note.

HORD, n. SAX. Treasure. 13014.—A private place, fit for the keeping of treasure. P. 165, col. 2, l. 18.

HORE, HOOR, adj. SAX. Hoary; grey. 7764. 9335.
HOROWE, adj. SAX. Foul. C. M. 52.
HORRIBLETE, n. FR. Horribleness. R. 7285.
HOORS, n. pl. SAX. Horses. 5607. 7141. 13563.
HORSE, adj. SAX. Hoarse. Du. 347.
HORSLY, adj. 10508. is applied to a horse, as *manly* is to a man.
HOSPITALERS, n. pl. LAT. Religious persons, of both sexes, who attended the sick in hospitals. P. 167, col. 1, l. 59.
 —Knights Hospitalers, of different orders. R. 6633. See Du Cange, in *v. Hospitalarius*.
HOST, n. FR. An army. 14486.
HOSTELERS, n. FR. An inn-keeper. 4358. 15035.
HOSTELERS, n. FR. An inn, or lodging-house. 23.
HOSTILEMENTS, n. pl. Household furniture. Bo. ii. pr. 5.
HOTE, adj. SAX. Hot. 7018.
HOTE, HOTES, part. pa. of HETE. Called. 3939.
HOVE, v. SAX. To hover. T. iii. 1433. T. v. 33.
HOUND-FISH, n. SAX. The dog-fish. 9699.
HOUNE, n. for HOUND. T. iv. 210. *Thus said both here and hounce, i. e. hare and hound; all sorts of people.*
HOUPED, part. t. FR. Hooped, or hollowed. 15405.
HOUSEL, n. SAX. The Eucharist. R. 6386.
 — *v.* To administer the sacrament. R. 6437.
 — *To ben houseled.* To receive the sacrament. P. 170, col. 2, l. 69.
HOOWE, n. SAX. A cap, or hood. See the *n.* on ver. 3909.
HULFERE, n. SAX. Holly. B. K. 129.
HULSTRED, part. pa. SAX. Hidden. R. 6146.
HUMBLEHEDE, n. SAX. Humble state. 14590.
HUMBLESE, n. FR. Humility. 4585.
HUMBLING, n. A humming. F. ii. 531. *Hommelen; Bombilari, bombum edere.* Kilian. Hence our *Humble-bee*.
HUNT, n. SAX. A huntsman. 1680. 2020.
HURTLE, v. FR. To push. 2618. 4717.
HUSBANDRIE, n. SAX. Thrift, economical management. 4075.
HUSBOND-MAN, n. SAX. The master of the family. 7350.
HUST, adj. SAX. Silent; whist. Bo. ii. m. 5.
HVLDE, v. SAX. To pour. Bo. ii. m. 2.
HYLLED, part. pa. SAX. Hidden. 15061. See **HELE**.

I.

I, at the beginning of a word, in the common Edit, and even in the MSS. of Chaucer, is often used to express a corruption of the Saxon prepositive particle **LE**; which, in this Edit, of the Canterbury Tales, (as has been said before in the Essay, &c. p. xlv.) is always expressed by *y*. All such words, therefore, occurring in the works of Chaucer not contained in this Edition, should be looked for either under *y*, or under their second letters.
JACKS OF DOVER. 4345. See the note.
JACKE FOOL. 3708. See the *n.* on ver. 14816.
JACOBIN, pr. n. A grey-frier. R. 6338.
JAKKE STRAW, pr. n. 15400. The *noise* made by the followers of this rebel, to which our author alludes, he had probably heard himself. It is called by Walsingham, p. 251. *clamor horrendissimus, non similit clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem estimationem superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimilari utulatus infernalium incolarum.* Many Flemings (*Flandrenses*) were behated by the rebels *cum clamore consueto*. Walsingham, *ibid.*
JAMBEUX, n. pl. FR. Boots; armour for the legs. 13804.
JANE, n. A coin of (*Janua*) Genoa. It is put for any small coin. 8875. 13665.
JANGLE, v. FR. To prate; to talk much, or fast. 10534.
 — *n.* Prate; babble. 6989.
JANGLER, JANGLOUR, n. A prater. 17292, 7.
JANGLERESSE, n. A female prater. 6220. 10181.
JAPE, n. SAX. A trick; a jest. 4341. 16780.
 — *v.* To jest. 13623.—To cheat; to laugh at. 1731.
JAPE-WORTHY, adj. Ridiculous. Bo. v. pr. 3.
JAPER, n. A common jester, or buffoon. P. 161, col. 1, l. 43.
JAPERIE, n. Buffoonerie. P. 161, col. 1, l. 45.
ICH, ICHZ, pron. SAX. I. *So the ich.* 12881. *So the ichz.* 16387. So may I prosper.

IDEL, adj. SAX. Idle; fruitless. *In idel.* 11179. P. 159, col. 2, l. 29. In vain.
IDOLASTRE, n. FR. An idolater. 10172.
JEOPARD, v. To hazard; to put in danger. T. iv. 1566.
JEOPARDIE, n. Danger. T. ii. 465. T. v. 1529. JEOPARDISE. Du. 666.
JEREMIE, pr. n. Jeremiah. 12509.
JEROME, pr. n. 6256. Our author has made much use of a treatise of St. Jerome, *contra Jovinianum*. See the *n.* on ver. 9172, and ver. 11679, and the Discourse, &c. n. 19.
JESTES, n. pl. T. v. 1510. F. iii. *passim*, as GESTES.
JEWERIE, n. FR. A district, inhabited by Jews. 13419.
JEWISE, n. Judgement; punishment. 1741. 5215. It may have been formed by corruption either of the LAT. *Judicium*, or the FR. *Justice*. Conf. Am. 157. b. 153.
IX, pron. SAX. I. 3862. 3865. See **ICH**.
ILTON, pr. n. The citadel of Troy. 15362.
ILKE, adj. SAX. Same. 64. 3035.
IMAGINATIF, adj. FR. Suspicious. 11406.
IMPED, part. pa. SAX. Planted. R. 5137.
IMPETREN, pr. t. pl. FR. Obtain by prayer. Bo. v. pr. 3.
IMPES, n. pl. SAX. Shoots of trees. 13962. R. 6293.
IMPORTABLE, adj. FR. Intolerable. 14520. R. 6902.—Impossible. 9020.
IMPORTUNE, adj. FR. Troublesome. R. 5632.
IMPOSSIBLE, adj. FR. used as a substantive. 6270. T. iii. 525.
IN, prep. SAX. Upon. 6350. 14500. 14545. *In with.* 9468. 9818. Within.
INCOMBREUS, adj. FR. Cumbersome. F. ii. 354.
INCONSTANCE, n. FR. Inconstancy. 7540.
INCUBUS 6462. See the *n.* on ver. 6441.
INDE, adj. FR. Azure-coloured. R. 671.
INDIGNE, adj. FR. Unworthy. 8235.
INECHED, part. pa. SAX. Inserted. T. iii. 1335.
INEQUAL, adj. FR. Unequal. 2273.
INFORTUNAT, adj. LAT. Unfortunate. 4722.
INFORTUNE, n. FR. Misfortune. R. 5551.
INGOT, n. A mould for casting ingots. 10674. 16701. 16782.
INHABIT, part. pa. FR. Inhabited. C. D. 1400.
INHILDE, v. SAX. To pour in. T. iii. 44. See **HVLDE**.
INJURE, n. FR. Injury. T. iii. 1020.
INLY, adv. SAX. Inwardly, deeply, thoroughly. 6930. R. 397. T. iii. 1612. F. i. 31.
INNE, prep. SAX. In. 14002.
 — *In, n. SAX.* A house, habitation, lodging. 3547. 5517. 13372.
INNEED, part. pa. SAX. Lodged. 2194.
INNERESTE, adj. si p. SAX. Inmost. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
INNOCENT, adj. FR. Ignorant. 8150. 10840.
INSELED, part. pa. FR. Attested under seal. C. D. 1014.
INSET, part. pa. SAX. Implanted. Bo. ii. pr. 6.
INTERMINABLE, adj. FR. Infinite. Bo. v. pr. 3.
INWITTE, n. SAX. Understanding. T. L. i. 320. b.
JOCE, pr. n. 6085. See the note.
JOCONDE, adj. FR. Joyous; pleasant. 16064.
JOGELOUR, n. FR. A juggler. 7049.
JOINANT, part. pr. FR. Joining. 1062.
JOINE, v. FR. To enjoin. R. 2355.
JOLIE ROBIN. The name of a dance. R. 7455. *De la danse le beau Robin.* Orig. 12864.—See T. v. 1174.
JOLIF, adj. FR. Jolly; joyful. 3353. 4152.
JOMBRE, v. To jumble. T. ii. 1037.
JONGLERIE, n. T. v. 755. should rather be *Janglerie*; Idle talk. See **JANOLE**.
JORDANES, n. pl. See the *n.* on ver. 12239.
JOSSA, interj. 4099. seems to be partly formed from the FR. *gal* Come hither!
JOVIS, pr. n. Jupiter. T. iii. 15. F. i. 219. F. iii. 917.
JOURNEE, n. FR. A day's journey. 2740. C. D. 1945.
 — A day's work. R. 579.
JOUSTES, n. pl. FR. Justs. C. D. 1987.
JOVELS, n. pl. FR. Jewels. R. 5420.
JOYE, v. FR. To enjoy. R. 5028.
JOCRAS, n. FR. Wine mixed with spices and other ingredients; so named, because it is strained through a woollen cloth, called the *sieve of Hippocrates*. 9681. See **CLARRE**.
JURE, n. FR. Anger. 7416.

Trous, *adj.* Passionate. 7596, 7, 8.
ISAUDE, *pr. n.* F. iii. 707. See BELLE ISAUDE. She is called YSEUR by Bernard da Ventador. MS. Crofts. fol. lxxvii.

Tant trag pena d'amor,
 Q'anc *Tristan* l'amador
 Non sofret maior dolor
 Per *Yseut* la blonda.

And so in *Fabliaux*, &c. T. i. p. 242. *Yseut la blonda*. Petrarch calls her *Isotta*. Trionfo d'Amore. iii. 82. A late French writer, in what he has been pleased to style, "Histoire littéraire des Troubadours," (T. ii. p. 323.) having quoted a passage celebrating the love of "*Tristan à Isault*," adds very coolly—*C'est une allusion à quelque Roman*; which is just as if a commentator upon Ovid should say of the epistle from *Paris to Helen*, that it alludes to some Greek story.

Ir, *pron.* 3 *pers. neut. gen.* SAX. is used instead of *He* and *She*. 3764. 5529. 13144.

ITAILLE, *pr. n.* Italy. 8142.

JUBALTARE, *pr. n.* Gibaltar. 5367.

JUBBE, *n.* A vessel for holding ale, or wine. 3628. 13000.

JUDICUM. 14052. The book of Judges. So *Metamorphoseos* is put for the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid. 4513. and *Eneidos* for the *Æneis* of Virgil. 15365.

JUGE, *n.* FR. A judge. 12027. 12190.

JUL, *pr. n.* The month of July. 10007.

JULIAN, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 341.

JUPARDIE, *n.* R. 2666. as JEOPARDIE.

JUPARTIE, *n.* Fr. Jeopardie. See the *n.* on ver. 16211.

JUSTICE, *n.* FR. A judge. 15965.

JUSTINIAN, *pr. n.* R. 6615. The law referred to is in the Code. L. xl. tit. 25. *De mendicantibus validis*.

JUVENAL, *pr. n.* The Roman Satirist. 6774. T. iv. 197.

K.

KALENDER, *n.* LAT. A Calendar. 15136.—A guide, or director. L. W. 542.

KALENDES, *n. pl.* LAT. The first day of the month; the beginning of anything. T. ii. 7. T. v. 1633.

KAYNARD. See the *n.* on ver. 5817.

KELE, *v.* SAX. To cool. C. L. 775.

KENED, **KEMPED**, *part. pa.* SAX. Combed. 2291. 2136.

KENELIN, *n.* SAX. A tub. 3548.

KENELM, *pr. n.* 15116. See the note.

KEPE, *n.* SAX. Care; attention. 4162. 8934.

— *v.* To take care. 2240. 2962.

KERCHER, *n.* 6600. a corruption of COVERCHIEF.

KERNELS, *n. pl.* FR. Battlements. R. 4195.

KERS, *n.* SAX. Water-cresses. *Of paramours ne raught he not a kers*. 3754. He cared not a rush for love. CRESS is used, in the same sense, in T. L. i. 320. and ii. 332. b.

KERVER, *n.* SAX. A carver. 1901.

KESSE, *v.* SAX. To kiss. 8933. R. 2610.

KESTE, *pa. t.* KISSed. 10664.

KETCHE, *v.* T. iii. 1381. as CACCHE.

KEYERE, *v.* FR. To cover. In T. i. 918. it signifies to recover.

KICHEL, *n.* SAX. A little cake. 7329. See the note.

KID, **KIDDE**, *pa. t.* and *part.* of **KITH**. Made known; discovered. 9817. T. i. 208. R. 2172.

KIKE, *v.* SAX. To kick. 6523.

KIN, *n.* SAX. Kindred. *By my fader kin*. 9369. 16297. By my father's kindred.

— *adj.* Of the same nature. 5537.

KIN, *n.* SAX. Nature. 17130. T. i. 236.

KINDLY, *adv.* Naturally. 5934.

KINREDE, *n.* Kindred. M. 113. col. 2. l. 33.

KIRTEL, *n.* SAX. A tunic, or waistcoat. 3321. 11884. In *kirtels* and none other wede. R. 776. *Qui estoient en pure cottes*. Orig. 775.

KITH, " SAX. To shew; to make known. 5056. 7191. *Ne kith he hire jealousy*. 11050. Nor shew to her any jealousy.

KITHED, *part. pa.* 1672½. See **KID**.

KITTE, *pa. t.* SAX. Cut. 6304.

KNARKES, *n. pl.* SAX. Trifling tricks. 4049. The word seems to have been formed from the *knacking*, or *snapping*, of the fingers, used by jugglers. See Cotgrave, in *v. Matassiner des mains*, and *Niquet*.—Trifling words. P. 161, col. 1. l. 49.

KNAPPE, *n.* A short sleep; a nap. R. 4005.

KNARRY, *adj.* SAX. Full of gnarres, or knots. 1579.

KNAVE, *n.* SAX. A servant; properly, a boy-servant. 2730. 13240.—*A knave-child*. 5135. 8320. A male child.—*Thus boie knave*. R. 3849. *Ce garçon*. Orig.

KNEDDE, *part. pa.* of **KNEDE**, *v.* SAX. Kneced. R. 4811.

KNEEN, **KNENE**, *n. pl.* SAX. Knees. C. D. 294. 436.

KNET, *part. pa.* R. 2092. as **KNIT**.

KNIGHT, *n.* SAX. A servant; generally, a servant in war; a soldier. M. 117, col. 2. l. 31. 15651.—A dubbed knight. See his CHARACTER, ver. 43—78.

KNIGHTHODE, *n.* Valour. 14560.

KNIT, *part. pa.* SAX. Joined; bound. 11298.—Agreed. 11542.

KNOBES, *n. pl.* SAX. Excrescences, in the shape of buds, or buttons. 635. See **KNOPPE**.

KNOPPE, *n.* SAX. A button. R. 1080.—A rose-bud. R. 1702.

KNOPPED, *part. pa.* Buttoned; fastened. R. 7212.

KNOTTE, *n.* SAX. A knot. In ver. 10715. 10721. it is used, in the sense of *Nœud*, FR. for the *chief point*, or *head* of a matter.

KNOTTELES, *adj.* SAX. Without a knot; without any thing to obstruct or retard the passage. T. V. 769.

KNOWE for **KNEE**. T. ii. 1202.

KNOWLECHE, *v.* SAX. To acknowledge. M. 118, col. 2. l. 45.

KNOWLECHING, *n.* Knowledge. 16900. R. 4676.

KONNING, *n.* F. iii. 966. as **CONNING**; Cunning.

KYKE, *v.* SAX. To look steadfastly. 3445. *Kijcken*. TEUT. *Spectare*. Kilian.

L.

LABBE, *n.* A blab; a great talker. 3509.

LABBING, *part. pr.* Blabbing. 10302.

LACED, *part. pa.* FR. Tied, bound. R. 3178.

LACHT, *n.* FR. "A fleshy muscle; so termed from its having a tail like a lizard. *Colg*" 2755.

LACHE, *adj.* FR. Sluggish. Bo. iv. pr. 3.

LACHESE, *n.* FR. Slackness; negligence. P. 102, col. 2. l. 67.

LAD, **LADDE**, *pa. t.* of **LEDE**, *v.* SAX. Led; carried. 7260. 13284.

LAFT, *pa. t.* and *part.* of **LEVE**, *v.* SAX. Left. 16351. L. W. 168.

LAIE, *n.* T. i. 341. 1002. as **LAY**.

LAIED, *part. pa.* of **LAY**, *v.* SAX. *With on freys LAIED*, i. e. trimmed. R. 1076. So this word is frequently used by Hollinshed, vol. iii. p. 1317. *Laid with gold lace*.—*Laid on with red silke and gold lace*.—*Laid with silver lace*. See **COUCHED**.

LAINE, *inf. v.* SAX. To lay. R. 134.

LAINERS, *n. pl.* FR. Straps, or thongs. 2506.

LAKE, *n.* 13787. It is difficult to say what sort of cloth is meant. *Laecken*, BELG. signifies both *lunen* and *woollen cloth*. Kilian.

LAKKE, *n.* SAX. A fault; a disgraceful action. 10073.—Want. 10145.

LAKKE, *v.* To find fault; to blame. R. 284. 4804.

LAMBEN, *n. pl.* SAX. Lambs. R. 7063.

LANGURE, *v.* FR. To languish. 9741.

LAPIDAIRE, F. iii. 262. A treatise on precious stones, so entitled; probably a French translation of the Latin poem of Marbodius *de gemmis*, which is frequently cited by the name of *Lapidarius*. Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt. in *v.* MARBODIUS.

LAPPE, *n.* SAX. A skirt, or lappet of a garment. 8461. 15490. T. iii. 59. 743.

LARGE, *adj.* FR. Spacious; free. Prodigal. 13361. *At large*. 2290. At liberty. *Tu that it was prime ta-ge*. 10674. Till prime was far spent.

LARGELY, *adv.* Fully. 1910.

LAS, *n.* FR. A lace. 394.—A snare. 1819. 1933.

LASSE, LAS, *adj. comp.* SAX. Less. 4407. 13047. R. 3045.
 LATCHE, n. R. 1624. as LAS.
 LATERED, *part. pa.* SAX. Delayed. P. 162, col. 2, l. 62.
 LATHIE, n. 4086. A barn. "It is still used in Lincolnshire. Sk." In F. iii. 1050. where the Editt. have *rathe* and *fathe*, the MSS. give the true reading—*lathe*.
 LATON, n. FR. A kind of mixed metal. 701. of the colour of brass 11587.
 LAUDE, n. LAT. Praise. 13385.
 LAUDES. 3635. The service performed in the fourth, or last watch of the night. *Dicuntur autem Laudes, quod illud officium laudem precipue sonat divinam, &c.* Du Cange in v. LAUS 2. The same service was often called *Matins*. Idem in v. MATUTINI.
 LAYED, *part. pa.* FR. DRAWN; spoken of water taken out of a well. Bo. iii. m. 12.
 LAVENDER, n. FR. A washerwoman, or laundress. L. W. 358. In the passage of DANTE, which is here quoted, *Envy* is called,
 LA MERETTRICE, *che mai dall' ospizio Di Cesare non torse più occhi puliti, Morite comune, e delle corte vizio.*
 Inf. xiii. 64.
 LAVEROCK, n. SAX. A lark. R. 662.
 LAUNCELOT, n. A sort of lance. See the n. on ver. 13682.
 LAUNCELOT DU LAKE. 15918. An eminent knight of the round table, whose adventures were the subject of a Romance begun by *Christien de Troyes*, one of the oldest of the Romance-poets, and finished by *Godefroid de Leigni*. See Fauchet. L. H. c. 10, 11. They have been repeatedly printed in French prose, and make a considerable part of the compilation called "*Mont d'Arthur*." His accomplishments, as a courtier and a man of gallantry, have been alluded to before, ver. 10601. Signor Volpi, in his notes upon Dante, *Inf.* v. 128. has most unaccountably represented *Lanciotto*, as *innamorato di Ginevra, moglie del Re MARCO*. If there be any faith in *history*, Ginevra was the wife of King ARTHUR. The story in Dante, which is the occasion of Signor Volpi's note, is a curious one. It is alluded to by Petrarch, *Trionfo d'Amore*. iii. 32.
 Vedi Ginevra, Isotta, e l' altre amanti,
 R la coppia d'Arizmino.
 LAUNDE, n. FR. A plain not ploughed. 1633.
 LAVOURES, n. *pl.* FR. Lavers. 5869.
 LAUREAT, *adj.* LAT. Crowned with laurel. 7907. 14614.
 LAUROLE, n. FR. Spurge-laurel. 14969.
 LAUREL, n. FR. Laurel. 9340.
 LAUS, *adj.* SAX. Loose. 4062. *Laus*. Island. *Solutus*. This is the true original of that termination of adjectives, so frequent in our language, in *les* or *less*. Consuetud. de Beverley. MS. *Harl.* 560. *Ilujus sacrilegii emenda non erat determinata, sed dicebatur ab Anglis Dotalaus, i. e. sine emenda*. So Chaucer uses *Doteles*, and other words of the same form; as *Detteles*, *Drunketes*, *Giltetes*, &c.
 LAWE, *adj.* for LOW. R. 5046.
 LAXATIF, n. FR. A purging medicine. 2758. 14949.
 LAY, n. SAX. Law; religious profession. 4796. 10332.
 LAY, n. FR. A species of poem. 9755. 11259. See the Discourse, &c. n. 24.
 LAY, *pa. t.* of LIE, or LIGER. 972. LAYEN. *pl.* 3210.
 LAZAR, n. FR. A leper. 242.
 LECHE, n. SAX. A physician. 3902. *Lechecraft*. 2747. The skill of a physician.
 — v. To heal. C. D. 8^o.
 LECHEROUS, *adj.* Provoking lechery. 12483.
 LECHOUR, n. FR. A leacher. 6953.
 LECTORNE, n. LAT. A reading-desk. C. L. 1383.
 LEDEN, n. SAX. Language. 10749. See the note.
 LEDGE, v. C. L. 1063. as ALLEGE.
 LEES, n. FR. A leash, by which dogs are held. P. 155, col. 1, l. 3.
 — *adj.* SAX. False. *Withouten lees*. R. 3004. *Without lying*; truly.
 LEFE, *adj.* SAX. Pleasing, agreeable. *Al be him LOTHE or LEFE*. 1839. Though it be unplesing to him, or plesing

For LEFE ne LOTHE. 13062. For friend nor enemy. *He turned not—for LEFE ne for LOTHE*. P. L. 236.—It sometimes signifies, Pleased. *I w'am not LEFE to gabbe*. 3510. I am not pleased to prate; i take no pleasure in prating.
 LEFUL, *adj.* Lawful. 5619. 9322.
 LEGGE, v. SAX. To lay. 3935.
 — v. FR. To ease. R. 5016. as ALERGE.
 LEIE, v. SAX. To lay. T. iii. 72.
 LEISER, n. FR. Leisure. 1190. 9708. Opportunity. 3292.
 LEITE, n. SAX. Light. *Thunder-lete*. Bo. i. m. 4. Lightning.
 LEKE, n. SAX. A leek. 3877. It is put for any thing of very small value. 16263. R. 4830.
 LEMES, n. *pl.* SAX. Flames. 14936.
 LEMMAN, n. SAX. A lover, or gallant. 4238. 5337.—A mis tiess. 14069.
 LENDES, n. *pl.* SAX. The loins. 3237.
 LENE, *adj.* SAX. Lean. 289. 9727.
 — v. SAX. To lend. 613. 3775.—To grant. 7226. 13613.
 LENGER, *adv. comp.* SAX. Longer. 14437.
 LENTE, *pa. t.* of LENE. 13284.
 LENTON, n. SAX. The season of Lent. P. 149, col. 2, l. 21.
 L'ENVOY, FR. was a sort of postscript, sent with poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them. The six last Stanzas of the CLERKES TALE are in many MSS. entitled, *L'envoy de Chaucer a les mariz de nostre temps*. See also the Stanzas at the end of the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and of *Chaucer's Dreem*.
 LEON, n. LAT. A lion. 1610.
 LEONINE, *adj.* Belonging to a lion. 14504.
 LEOPART, LEPARD, n. FR. A leopard. 2188. 14267.
 LEOS, n. GR. People. 15571, 4.
 LEFANDE, *part. pr.* of LEFE, v. SAX. Leaping. R. 1528
 LEPE, LEF, for LEPETH, 3 *pers. sing.* 4226. 10285.
 — v. for LEPED, *pa. t.* 2689. C. D. 2164.
 — *pr.* n. A town in Spain. 12504.
 LERE, LERNE, v. SAX. To learn. 10002. 13466.—To teach. 16312.
 LERED, *pa. t.* and *part.* 577. 13440.
 LERE, n. SAX. The skin. 13786. See the note.
 LESE, n. FR. as LEES. *In lustie lese*. T. ii. 752. In Love's leash.
 — *adj.* SAX. as LEES. R. 35093.
 — v. SAX. To lose. 11672, 4.
 LESETH, 2 *pers. pl. imp.* m. 4439. Lose ye.
 LESING, n. SAX. A lie; a falsity. 15947. R. 4500. LESINCES, *pl.* 12525.
 LEFT, LIST, LUST, n. SAX. Pleasure. 132. 192. 6215. 11124.
 LESTE, LISTE, LUSTE, v. To please. It is generally used, as an impersonal, in the third person only, for *It pleased*, or *It pleased*. *Him luste to ride so*. 102. It pleased him t. r. s. *Wel to drink us leste*. 752. It pleased us well t. d. *If you test*. 830. If it please you. *Me list not play*. 3365. It pleaseth me not to play.
 — *adj.* SAX. *superl. d.* Least. 2200. *At the leste way*. 1123. *At the leste*. 5432. At least.
 — for LAST. T. ii. 1330.
 LET, v. SAX. To leave; to omit. 1319. To leave; to permit. 1325. *Let thy fapes be*. 5824. *Let the spounour be*. 6871.—To cause. 2978. 5377.—To hinder. T. iii. 726.
 LETE, *pr.* n. The river Lethe. F. i. 71.
 LETGAME, n. SAX. A hinderer of pleasure. T. iii. 528.
 LETTER, n. Delay; hindrance. 8176.
 LETTOWE, *pr.* n. Lithuania. 54.
 LETTRED, *adj.* FR. Learned. R. 7601.
 LETTURE, LETTRETRE, n. FR. Literature. 14414. 16314.
 LETTUARE, n. FR. An electuary. 428. 9683.
 LEVE, v. for LIVES. 7114.
 — n. SAX. Desire; inclination. 13952.
 — *adj.* Dear. 3132. See LEVE.
 — v. SAX. To believe. 10079.
 LEVETH, *imp. m.* 2 *pers. pl.* 3000. *Leveth me*. Believe me. In R. 3519. *Leveth* is misprinted for *Leseth*.
 He *leseth* more than ye may doe.
 So this verse should be written.
 Plus y pert-il que vous ne faites. Orig.

- In T. iii. 56. *Leve* is misprinted for *Leue*; and also in T. ii. 1212. and T. v. 1749.
- LEVELES, *adj.* SAX. Without leave. C. D. 74.
- LEVEN, *n.* SAX. Lightning. 5958.
- LEVER, *comp. d.* of LEVE. More agreeable. *It were me lev. v.* 10095. *I hadde lever.* 10037. *HIRE hadde lever.* 5447. See also ver. 16844. 16972.
- LEVESELL. See the *n.* on ver. 4059. though I am by no means satisfied with the explanation there given of this word. The interpretation of it in the *Prompt. Parv.* will not help us much. "LEVECEL BEFOR A WYNDOWE OR OTHER PLACE. *Umbraculum.*" My conjecture with respect to the origin of the proverb, *Good wine needs no bush*, is certainly wrong. That refers to a very old practice of hanging up a bush, or bough, where wine is to be sold. The Italians have the same proverb, *Al buon vino non bisogna frasca.*
- LEWED, LEWDE, *adj.* SAX. Ignorant; unlearned. 6928. 12370.—Lascivious. 10023.
- LEVE, *v.* SAX. as LEGGE. To lay. R. 4143.—To lay a wager. 16064.
- LEVES, *pr. n.* Layas. in Armenia. 58. See the *n.* on ver. 51.
- LEYTE, *n.* SAX. Flame. P. 169, col. 1, l. 21. See LEITE.
- LIARD, *pr. n.* belonged originally to a horse of a grey colour. See the *n.* on ver. 7145.
- LICENCIAT, *n.* LAT. 220. seems to signify, that he was licensed by the Pope to hear confessions, &c. in all places, independently of the local ordinaries. See R. 6364—6472.
- LICHE-WAKE. See the *n.* on ver. 2990.
- LIDE, *pr. n.* Lydia. 14645.
- LIEGES, *n. pl.* Fr. Subjects. 7043.
- LIEH, *pr. t. pl.* of LIE, or LISAS. 16247.
- *part. pa.* of LIE, or LIOGE. Lain. P. 170, col. 1, l. 55. P. 173, col. 1, l. 20.
- LIES, *n. pl.* Fr. Lies of wine, &c. F. iii. 1040.
- LIETH, R. 4143. is misprinted for LEYETH.
- LIVLY, *adv.* SAX. Like the life. 2000.
- LIGEANCE, *n.* Fr. Allegiance. 6315.
- LIGGE, LIE, *v. neut.* SAX. To lye down. 2207. 1386^o.
- LIGGING, *part. pr.* Lying. 1015.
- LIGHT, *v.* SAX. To enlighten. 15530. 13401.—To make light, or pleasant. 10710.
- *v. neut.* To descend; to alight. 5524. 10483.
- LIGNE, *n.* Fr. Lineage; lineal descent. T. v. 1480. LIGNE. C. D. 1517. should probably be *Lignee*, to rhyme to *Compagne*.
- LIGNE ALOES. T. iv. 1137. Lignum aloes; a very bitter drug.
- LIKE, LIKEN, *v.* SAX. To compare. 5951. 3 5.
- *v.* SAX. To please. 8382. T. i. 432. *If you liketh.* 779. If it pleaseth you. *It liketh hem.* 5679. It pleaseth them.
- LIKEROUS, *adj.* SAX. Gluttonous. 12473.—Lascivious. 6048.
- LIRING, *part. pr.* Pleasing. R. 868.
- *n.* Pleasure. 12389.
- LIMALE, *n.* Fr. Filings of any metal. 16321.
- LIME, *v.* SAX. To smear, as with bird-lime. T. i. 354.
- LIMED, *part. pa.* Caught, as with bird-lime. 6516.
- *part. pa.* Fr. Polished, as with a file. F. iii. 34.
- LIMBR, *n.* Fr. *Limier*. A blood-hound. Du. 362. 5.
- LIME-ROD 14694. A twig with bird-lime.
- LIMITATION, *n.* LAT. A certain precinct allowed to a Limitour. 6459.
- LIMTOUR, *n.* A Fryer licensed to beg within a certain district. 209. 253. 4.
- LIMMES, *n. pl.* SAX. Limbs. P. 149, col. 1, l. 45.
- LINAGE, *n.* Fr. Family. 4270. R. 253.
- LINDE, *n.* SAX. The lime tree. 9087. R. 1385.
- LISSE, *n.* SAX. Remission; abatement. 11550.
- *v. neut.* SAX. To grow easy. R. 3758. 4129.
- LISED, *part. pa.* of LISSE, *v.* SAX. Eased; relieved. 11482.
- LISTE, *v.* See LESTE.
- LISTENETH, *imp. n.* 2 *pers. pl.* of LISTEN, *v.* SAX. Hearken ye. 13642.
- LISTES, *n. pl.* Fr. Lists; a place enclosed for combats, &c. See the *n.* on ver. 1715.
- LITARGH, *n.* Fr. White lead. 16243.
- LIT, *adj.* SAX. Little. 1195. P. 162, col. 1, l. 47.
- LITH, *n.* SAX. A limb 14881.
- for LIETH. 3683. 10349.
- LITHE, *adj.* SAX. Soft; flexible. Du. 953. F. i. 119.
- *v.* SAX. To soften. T. iv. 754.
- LITHELY, *adv.* SAX. Wicked. C. N. 14. In the Editt. it is *Lithy*. LUTHER and *quede*. R. G. 414. See QUADE.
- LITHERLY, *adv.* SAX. Very ill. 3299.
- LITLING, *adj.* SAX. Very little. F. iii. 133.
- LIVAND, *part. pr.* SAX. Living. C. D. 1623.
- LIVE, *n.* SAX. Life. *On live.* 3041. 5622. In life; A live. *Lives creature.* 2397. 8779. Living creature. *Lives body.* F. ii. 555. Living body.
- See the note on ver. 405. and the statute 3 Geo. I. c. 13. where *Load-manage* is used repeatedly in the sense of *Pilotage*.
- LODEMANAGE. 405.
- LODESTERRE. 2061.
- LODESMEN, *n. pl.* SAX. Pilots. L. W. 1486.
- LOFT, *adv.* SAX. *On loft.* 4697. On high; A-loft.
- LOGE, *n.* Fr. A lodge; habitation. 14859.
- LOGGED, *part. pa.* Fr. Lodged. 15004.
- LOGGING, *n.* Lodging. 15001.
- LOKE, *v.* SAX. To see; to look upon. Bo. iv. pr. 6. v. pr. 3.
- LOKEN, LOKE, *part. pa.* of LOKE, *v.* SAX. Locked. 14981. R. 2092. Shut close. *Conf. Am.* 29. *His one eye anon was Locke.*
- LOLLER, *n.* A Lollard. See then. on ver. 13923. and ver. 12914.
- LOLLUS, *pr. n.* of a writer, from whom Chaucer professes to have translated his poem of *Troilus and Creseida*. See the note on P. 172, col. 2, l. 23. I have not been able to find any further account of him.
- LONDE, *n.* SAX. Land. 4806. 5323.
- LONDENOVS. A Londoner; one born in London. T. L. i. 325.
- LONE, *n.* SAX. A loan; any thing lent. 7443.
- LONG, *v.* SAX. To belong. 2280. *Longing for his art.* 3209. Belonging to his art. 10353.—To desire. L. W. 2275.
- 16390. See ALONG.
- LOOS, LOS, *n.* Fr. Praise. 16336. M. 117, col. 2, l. 1. Loses, *pl.* F. iii. 599.
- LOSD, *n.* SAX. A title of honour, given to Monks, as well as to other persons of superior rank. 172. 13390.—In ver. 830. *Lordes* is used in the sense of *Lordings*.
- LORINGS, *n. pl.* Sirs; Masters. 763. 790. A diminutive of *Lords*.
- LORDSHIP, *n.* SAX. Supreme power. 1627.
- LORE, *n.* SAX. Knowledge. 8064.—Doctrine. 529.—Advice. 3527.
- LOREL, *n.* SAX. A good-for-nothing fellow. 5855. Bo. i. pr. 4. where it is the translation of *perditissimum*. Skinner supposes it to be derived from the LAT. *Lurco*; and in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, "LOSEL, or LOREL, or LURDEN," is rendered "*Lurco*." But *Lurco*, I apprehend, signifies only a *glutton*, which falls very short of our idea of a *lorel*; and besides I do not believe that the word was ever sufficiently common in Latin to give rise to a derivative in English. One of Skinner's friends deduces it with much more probability from the BELG. (rather SAX.) *Loren*; Lost; *Perditus*.
- LORNE, *part. pa.* of LESSE, *v.* SAX. Lost. 8947. Undone. 10943. 13939.
- LOS, *n.* SAX. Loss. 16477. T. iv. 27.
- LOSED, *part. pa.* SAX. Loosed. R. 4511.
- *part. pa.* Fr. Praised. T. L. i. 325.
- LOSENGE, *n.* Fr. A quadrilateral figure, of equal sides but unequal angles, in which the Arms of women are usually painted. R. 893. In F. iii. 227. *Losynges* seems to signify small figures of the same form in the fact work of a crown.
- LOSENGEOUR, *n.* Fr. A flatterer. 15332.
- LOTBEY, *n.* R. 6339. In the Orig. *Compaigne*. A private companion, or bed-fellow. In P. P. 14. the *concupines* of priests are called their *Lotbies*. Perhaps it may be derived from the SAX. *Loute*; to lurk.
- LOTH, *adj.* SAX. Disagreeable; odious. 3393.
- LOTHER, *comp. d.* More hateful. L. W. 191.
- LOTHEST, *superl. d.* Most unwilling. 11625.
- LOTLY, *adj.* Loathsome. 6682.
- LOVE-DAYES. See the *n.* on ver. 290. and add T. L. i. 319. "Maked I not a *Love-daye* betwene God and mankynde, and chese a mayde to be *nompere*, to p at the quarell at ende?"

LOVE-DRINKER, *n. SAX.* A drink to excite love. 6336.
 LOVE-LONGING, *n. SAX.* Desire of love. 3349. 3679.
 LOVESOME, *adj. SAX.* Lovely. T. v. 465.
 LOUGH, *pa. t. of LAUGH, v. SAX.* Laughed. 6254. 12410.
 LOUKE. 4413. See the note. In P. P. 20. *Wrong* is called a *wicked luske*; and I learn from Cotgrave, that *luske* is a synonymous word to *lout, loral, &c.* so that perhaps *Louke* may be still another term for an *idle, good-for-nothing fellow*. See Cotg. in v. *Luske*, ENG. and in v. *Loricard, Falourdin*. FR.
 LOURE, *v. neut. SAX.* To look discontented. R. 7099.
 LOURING, *part. pa.* 6948.
 LOUTE, *v. SAX.* To bow. 14168. R. 4384.—To lurk. 15654.
 LOW, *n. for LAW.* C. D. 319.
 LOWLYHED, *n. SAX.* Humility. B. K. 315.
 LUCAN, *pr. n.* The Roman poet. 14637.
 LUCE, *n. LAT.* The fish, called a pike. 352.
 LUCINA, *pr. n.* The Moon. 11337.
 LULLED, *pa. t. of LULL, v. SAX.* Invited to sleep. 6429.
 LUMBARDES, *n. pl.* Bankers; Remitters of money. 13297.
 LUNARIE, *pr. n.* of a herb; moon-wort. 16268.
 LURE, *n. FR.* A device used by falconers for calling their hawks. 6922. 17021.
 — *v. FR.* To bring to the lure. 5907.
 LUSSHURGHES. See the *n.* on ver. 13968.
 LUST, *n.* See LEST.
 LUSTE, *v.* See LEST.
 LUSTYHED, *n. SAX.* Pleasure, mirth. 17223. L. W. 1528.
 LUXURIE, *n. FR.* Lecherie. 5345.
 LYNIAN, *pr. n.* 7910. See the note. A learned correspondent, to whom I am obliged for other useful hints, has suggested to me, that Fabricius, upon the authority of Ghilini, has placed the death of *Joannes Lignanus* in 1383. Bibl. Med. Æt. in v. This furnishes an additional reason for believing that the Canterbury Tales were composed, or at least collected into a body, after that period.

M.

MACF, *n. FR.* A club. 2126.
 MACHAHE, *pr. n.* The books of the Maccabees. 14407. 14573.
 MACROBES, *pr. n.* R. 7. MACROBIUS. 15129. Du. 284. A. F. 111. The author of the Commentary on the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.
 MADDE, *v. SAX.* To be mad. 3559. R. 1072.
 MADRIAN. 13998. See the note. I have found since that the French have a Saint called *Materna*. But Mr. Stevens, with much more probability, supposes, that the *precious body*, by which the Host swears, was that of *St. Mathurin*. See his story in the *Golden Legend*, Edit. 1527, by Winkin de Worde, 151. b. "Than toke they the *precious body* and enoynted it with moche reverence; and when they had layd it in the erth, on the morowe they came to the sepulture and founde the *holy body* above the erth nygh unto the same sepulture, and than were they all abashed and wylt not what to do." It seems, the knights, who had brought him out of France, had promised that, if he died on his journey, he should be sent back and buried "where as they had taken him;" and therefore his body would not stay in the ground, till it was deposited, according to promise, in France; where it afterwards worked many miracles.
 MAPEBE, FR. *Ma joy*; by my faith. T. iii. 52.
 MAGICIEN, *n. FR.* A magician. 11563.
 MAGIKE, *n. FR.* Magick. 11607. *Magike naturel.* 418. See the note.
 MAHOWND, *pr. n.* Mahomet. 4644. See Du Cange, in v. MAILLE, *n. FR.* A coat of mail. 9078.
 MAINTIE, *part. pa.* B. K. 230. as MEINT.
 MAINTENANCE, *n. FR.* Behaviour. Du. 834.
 MAISONDEWE, FR. *Maison-dieu*; a hospital. R. 5619.
 MAISTER, *n. FR.* A skilful artist; a master. 11514. 11532. *Maister-strete.* 2904. The chief street. *Maister-temple.* L. W. 1014. The chief temple. *Maister-tour.* 10540. The principal tower.
 MAISTERFUL, *adj.* Imperious. T. ii. 756.
 MAISTERIE, MAISTRIE, *n. FR.* Skill; skilful management. 3383. 6400.—Power; superiority. 6622. 9048. 11076.

Love wol not be constricted by maistrie.
 When maistrie cometh, the God of love anon
 Beteth his wings, and, farewell! he is gone.

I cite these elegant lines, as I omitted to observe before, that Spenser has inserted them in his *Faery Queen*, B. 4. C. 1. St. 23. with very little alteration, and certainly without any improvement.

Ne may love be compel'd my mastery;
 For, soon as mastery comes, sweet love anon
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

Amaistris. 16328. A mastery operation; *Un coup de maistris*.—For the *maistris*. 165. See the note.
 MAISTRESSE, *n. FR.* Mistress, governess. 12040.
 MAISTRISSE, *n. FR.* Mastery workmanship. R. 4172.
 MAKE, *n. SAX.* A fellow; a mate. 2558.—A husband. 5667. 8716. A wife. 9175. 9696. MAKE or METCHE. *Compar.* Prompt. Parv.
 — *v. SAX.* To compose, or make verses. L. W. 69. 364. *To solace him sometime, as I do when I MAKE.* P. P. 60.—*To make a man's berde*; To cheat him. See the *n.* on ver. 4084.
 MADE, *part. pa.* Made. 2526.
 MAKE. Bo. iv. m. 7. *Why make ye your backs?* We should read—*make, i. e. make naked.* *Cur incerte terga nudatis?* Orig.
 MAKEIES, *adj. SAX.* Peccles; without a fellow. T. i. 172.
 MAKING, *n.* Poetry. L. W. 74. MAKINGS, *pl.* Poetical compositions. L. W. 418. *And thou meddest with MAKINGS.* P. P. 60.
 MALAPERT, *adj.* Pert, forward. C. L. 737. And so we should read in T. iii. 87. with the MSS. J. K. instead of *in all apert*. The word seems to be evidently of French original, though I do not recollect to have seen it used by any French writer. *Apert.* *adj.* FR. signified *Expert*, see Cotgrave.
 MALE, *n. FR.* A budget, or portmanteau. 3117. 12854.
 MALEICE, *n. FR.* Echantment. P. 153, col. 2, l. 47.
 MALE-TALENT, *n. FR.* Ill will. R. 274. 330.
 MALISON, *n. FR.* Malediction, curse. 16713. P. 156, col. 1, l. 10. *I gyye it my MALISON.* P. L. 316.
 MALT, *pa. t. of MELT, v. SAX.* Melted. T. i. 583.
 MALVESIE, *pr. n.* Malmsey-wine. See the *n.* on ver. 9681.
 MAURE, *n. FR.* Misfortune. C. D. 599.
 MANACE, *n. FR.* A threat. 9005.
 — *v.* To threaten. 7998. 9626.
 MANACING, *n.* Threatening. 2037.
 MANCIPE, *n.* An officer, who has the care of purchasing victuals for an Inn of Court. See his CHARACTER, ver. 569—588. The name is probably derived from the LAT. *Manceps*, which signified particularly the *superintendent of a public bakehouse*, and from thence a *baker* in general. See Du Cange, in v. MANCESP. 2. The office still subsists in several Colleges as well as Inns of Court.
 MANDEMENT, *n. FR.* Mandate. 6929.
 MANERE, *n. FR.* Carriage, behaviour. 140. 10850.—Kind, or sort. *A manere Latin.* 4939. A kind of Latin. *Steiche a maner love-drinke.* 6335. Such a sort of love-potion. *Swiche maner rime.* 6769.
 MANGONEL, *n. FR.* An engine used to batter walls. R. 6279.
 MANTIE, *n. FR. GR.* Madness. 1376.
 MANNISH, *adj. SAX.* Human; proper to the human species. M. 112, col. 1, l. 25.—Masculine; proper to man, as distinguished from woman. T. i. 284. In this last sense, when applied to a woman, it is a strong term of reproach. 5202.
 MANOR, *n. FR.* Dwelling. Du. 1004.
 MANSUETE, *adj. FR.* Gentle. T. v. 194.
 MANTELET, *n. FR.* A short mantle. 2165.
 MARCIAN, *pr. n.* Martianus Capella. 9606. F. ii. 477.
 — *adj.* Martial; under the influence of Mars. f. 62.
 MAREIS, *n. FR.* A marsh. 6552.
 MARGARIE, *n. FR.* A pearl. T. L. i. 315. b.
 MARIE, MARY, *n. SAX.* Marrow. 12475. *Mariboncs.* 382. Marrow-bones.
 MARKET-BETTER. 3934. See the note. But I am now more inclined to believe, that this word is to be understood in a sense similar to that in which the French phrases, *Battre les rues*—and *Batteur de pavés* are used. *Baltre*

les rues; To revel, jet, or swagger up and down the streets at night. *Batteur de pavé*; A jettor abroad in the streets.—A pavement beater. See Cotgrave, in v. *Bateur*. *Batre*. *Pavé*. So that "He was a market-bater *alle full*" may mean perhaps,—He was used to swagger up and down the market, when it was fullest; a circumstance, which suits very well with the rest of his character.—MARKET DASHAR. *Circumforaneus*. Prompt. Parv. MARKIS, n. FR. A marquis. 7940.

— for MARKISSES, *gen. ca. sing.* 8170. In the same manner PENEUS is put for PENEUSES. 3066. *Theseus* for *Thesceus*. 2201. 2397. *Venus* for *Venuses*. 2374. 10586. *Ceres* for *Cereses*. 10139. *Melibeus* for *Melibeuses*. 13902. and in prose, M. 119, col. 1. l. 50. Perhaps it might have been proper to add a mark of *Apocope* to the words so abbreviated. As to the present method of expressing the genitive cases of nouns ending in *s*, by adding another *s*, with a mark of *Syncope*, as *Peneus's*, *Theseus's*, *Venus's*, &c. it seems absurd, whether the addition be intended to be pronounced, or not. In the first case, the *s* should not be cut out; in the second, the *s* is quite superfluous. But the absurdity of this practice is most striking, when the genitives of *monosyllable* nouns are thus written; an ox's horns; an ass's ears; a fish's tail; St. James's park; notwithstanding that the *e*, which is thus directed to be cut out, is constantly and necessarily to be pronounced, as if the several words were written at length; oxes, asses, fishes, Jameses.

MARKISSESS, n. FR. The wife of a Marquis. 8159. 8270.

MARTE, *pr. n.* Mars. 2023.

MARTIRE, n. FR. Martyrdom; torment. R. 2547.

— v. FR. To torment. 1564.

MARY, MARIE, *pr. n.* A vulgar oath; *By Mary*. 13322. 163¹

MASE, n. A wild fancy. 15099. T. v. 469.

— v. *neut.* To doubt; to be confounded. 10261.

MASEDNESSE, n. Astonishment; confusion. 8937.

MASLIN, n. Rather *Mazerin*. 13781. A drinking cup. See Du Cange, in v. *Mazer*.

MATE, *part. pa.* of *MATE*, v. FR. Dejected; struck dead. 957. R. 1739. *So feble and mate*. *Conf. An.* 127. b.

MATIRE for MATERE, n. FR. Matter. T. iv. 818.

MAUGRE, MALGRE, FR. In spite of. *Maugre all thy might*. 1690. *Maugre thin eyes*. 5897. *Maugre hie* *hed.* 6439. P. 169, col. 2, l. 17.—The original of this expression appears more plainly in the following passages. *I drede thou canst me grete maugre*. R. 4399.

*Car je cuide, que me scavez
Mal gré.*

Orig. 4118.

Malgre his. R. 2266. 5933. With his ill will; against his will; *Mai gré lui*.

MAVIS, n. SAX. A thrush. R. 619.

— R. 5590 is probably a mistake for MUIS, n. *pl.* FR. The Orig. has *Cent muys de Froment*. 5197. The Paris *Muid* contains something more than five quarters English.

MAUMET, n. An idol. P. 163, col. 2, l. 31.

MAUMFRIE, n. The religion of Mahomet. 4656.—*Idolatrie*. P. 163, col. 2, l. 34.

MAWE, n. SAX. The stomach. 12930.

MAY, v. SAX. To be able, *physically*. 2314. 3045. 8. *morally*. 739. 2355. 6. See *Mowe*.

MAY, n. SAX. A virgin. 5271. *Of Mary, moder and MAY*. P. L. 235. 307.—A young woman. T. v. 1719.

MAYDENED, n. SAX. Virginity. 2331.

MAXIMIAN, *pr. n.* C. L. 798. The author of vi Elegies, which have been frequently printed under the name of Gallus. He is said by Fabricius (*Bibl. Lat.* T. i. p. 297. Ed. Patav.) to have lived under the Emperor Anastasius, q. I. or II.? A translation, or rather abridgement, of these Elegies, in English verse, is in MS. Harl. 2253.

MEANLICH, *adj.* SAX. Moderate. Bo. I. *pr. G.* *Mediocribus* Orig.

MEBLISS, n. *pl.* FR. Moveable goods. 9138. 16068.

MEDP, n. SAX. Reward. 3390. P. 164, col. 2, l. 65.—A meadow. 84.

— METHE, METH, n. BARB. LAT. Mead; a liquor made of honey. 2281. 3378. 3261.

MEDLE, v. FR. To mix. P. 149, col. 1, l. 1.

MELLEE, *adj.* Of a mixed stuff, or colour. 330.

MEINIE, n. FR. Household attendants. 7627. 7738.—An army. 14348. 17177. *Hurlecaynes meyne*. *Contin.* of *Canterb.* Tales, l. 8. This obscure phrase, I think, may be understood to relate to a particular set of ghostly apparitions, which were used to run about the country at night, and were called in French *La mesnie de Hallequin* or *Herlequin*. The fullest account that I have seen of them is in "L'histoire de Richard sans paour, Duc de Normandie, qui fut fils de Robert le Diable." In one of his rides he meets with three black Knights, whom he engages. "Et quand les Chevaliers voient le jeumal party pour eux ils monterent à cheval et s'enfuyrent;—et Richard—chevaucha apres eux; et ainsi qu'il chevauchoit il aperceut une dance de gens noirs qui s'entetenoyent. Adonc luy souvint de la mesnie de Hallequin, dont il avoit autres foys ony parler." The title of the next chapter (4.) is "Cy devise de la mesnie de Hallequin et qui il estoit." He is there said to have been a knight, who, having spent all his substance in the wars of Charles Martel against the Saracens, lived afterwards by pillage. "Adonc il avint qu'il mourut et fut en danger d'estre damne, mais Dieu luy fit pardon, pource que il avoit bataille contre les Sarrazins et exauce la foy. Si fut condamne de Dieu que pour un tens determine luy et ceux de son lignage feroient penitence et vroient toute la nuit parmy la terre, pour leurs penitences faire et endurer plusieurs maux et calamitez." The belief of such apparitions was certainly of great antiquity in Normandy, as they are mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis, under the title of *familia Herlechini*, in a most extraordinary story related by him, L. viii. p. 695. ann. 1091. And I suspect that in a passage quoted by Du Cange, in v. HERLEMINI, from *Petr. Blesens* Ep. 14. we should read *Herlemini* instead of *Herlemini*.

Gervase of Tilbery, who wrote in 1211, mentions another set of apparitions, which were called *familia Arturi*. *Ot. Imper.* Dec. ii. c. 12. "In sylvis Britannia majoris aut minoris consimilia contigisse referunt, narrantibus memorum custodibus, quos *forestarios*—vulgus nominat, se alternis diebus circa horam meridianam, et in primo noctium conticinio sub plenilunio luna lucente, sepevisse videre militum copiam venantium et canum et cornuum strepitum, qui seiscitantibus se de *senectate* et *familia Arturi* esse affirmant." He had just said that Arthur, not long before, had been seen in a palace, "*intra opore constructo*," in a most delicious valley in the neighbourhood of Mount Etna, where he had resided ever since the time of his supposed death, "*vulneribus quotannis revidescensibus*."

MEINT, *part. pa.* of MENGE, v. SAX. Mixed, mingled. R. 2296.

MEKE, *adj.* SAX. Meek, humble. 8017.

— v. To become meek. R. 2541. 3584.

MELES, n. *pl.* SAX. Meals; dinners, &c. Du. 612.

MELTIDE, n. SAX. Dinner-time. T. ii. 1556.

MELLE, v. FR. To meddle. C. D. 536.

— n. for MILLE. 3921.

MEMORIE, n. FR. Remembrance. *To be drawn to memorie*. 3114. To be recorded.

And for to drawe in to memorie

Her names bothe and her historye.

Conf. An. f. 70.

— v. To remember. 16118.

MENDIANTS, n. *pl.* FR. Fryers of the Begging orders.

7488. See the note.

MENE, v. SAX. To mean; to intend. 2065. 2213.

— n. FR. *Meyen*. A mean, or instrument. 9545.

T. iii. 255. Where the Orig. has *mezzano*; a procurer.

MENES, *pl.* 7064. 3375.

— *adj.* Middle. 7027. 17322. But see the note on the latter verse.

MENIVERE, n. FR. A sort of furr. R. 227. See the n. on ver. 193.

MERCKNHE, *pr. n.* The kingdom of Mercia. 15118.

MERCIA, *pr. n.* F. iii. 139. *Marsyas* is probably meant; but our Poet, I know not upon what authority, has turned him into a female.

MERCIABLE, *adj.* FR. Merciful. 13618.

- MERITORIE**, *adj.* FR. Meritorious. P. 165, col. 2, l. 47.
- MERKE**, *n.* SAX. A mark; an image. 11192. *All the merke of Adam.* 6278. All the images of Adam; and all mankind.
- *adj.* SAX. Dark. R. 5339.
- MERLON**, *n.* FR. *Emerillon*. A merlin; a sort of hawk. A. F. 339.
- MERVAILLF**, *n.* FR. Wonder. marvel. 10974.
- MERRY**, *adj.* SAX. Merry. 804.—Pleasant. 14972.
- MESSE**, R. 3462. *At gode mes* should probably be *At gode-ness*. The Orig. has *on bon point*. See **GODENESS**.
- MESSE**, *n.* for **MESSE**. C. D. 2116.
- MESSEL**, *n.* FR. A leper. P. 100, col. 2, l. 19.
- MESSELRIE**, *n.* FR. Leprosie. P. 100, col. 2, l. 24.
- MESSAGE**, *n.* FR. A messenger. 8014. 8923.
- MESSAGERIE**, *pr. n.* A fictitious attendant in the Temple of Venus. A. F. 228. Boccace calls her *Ruffania*. *Thesaida*. b. vii.
- MESSE**, *n.* FR. The service of the Mass. 9768.
- MESTE**, *adj.* SAX. *supel. l. d.* 8006. as **MOSTRE**.
- MFSUABLE**, *adj.* FR. Moderate. 437. 10076.
- MESURE**, *n.* FR. Moderation. 11081.
- METAMORPHOSOS**. 4513. **METAMORPHOSOSE**. C. L. 1260. Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See **JUDICIUM**.
- METE**, *adj.* SAX. Fitting; convenient. 1633.
- *n.* SAX. Meat. 1617. *Durrig the metes space*. 5434. During the time of eating.
- METE BORDE**, *n.* SAX. An eating-table. T. L. ii. 326. b.
- METEEL**, *adj.* Proportionable. R. 822.
- METRE**, *v.* SAX. To meet. 12627.—To dream. T. iii. 1350.
- METTE**, *MET*, *pa. t.* Dreamed. 15069. 15118. *I mette*. 6159. *Me mette*. 14900. 4. I dreamed.
- METRICIENS**, *n. pl.* Writers in verse. C. L. 30.
- MEVABLE**, *adj.* FR. Moveable. R. 4736.
- MEWE**, *n.* FR. A cage for hawks, while they *mue*, or change their feathers. 10957.—A cage, in general, or any sort of confinement. R. 4778. T. iii. 603. *In mewes*. T. i. 382. In secret.
- MEWET**, *adj.* FR. Mute. *In mewet*. C. L. 148. Dumbly, speaking inwardly.
- MICHER**, *n.* A thief. R. 6541. *Lierres*. Orig. 12008. *MYCHYN OF PRYVELY STELEN SMALE THYNGS*. *Surrripio*. Prompt. Parv.
- MIGHT**, *pa. t.* of **MAY**, *v.* SAX. Was able. 301. 1519.
- MIGHTEN**, *pl.* 7985.
- *part. pa. t.* iii. 655. *If godely had he might*. If he had been able with propriety.
- *n.* SAX. Power; strength. 1152. 1853.
- MILKOP**, *n.* An effeminate fellow. 13916.
- MILNE-STONES**, *n. pl.* SAX. Mill-stones. T. ii. 1384.
- MINDE**, *n.* SAX. Remembrance. 1908. *Conf. Am.* 142. *As the bokes maken minde*.
- MINE**, *v.* FR. To penetrate. T. ii. 627.
- MINISTRALLES**, *n. pl.* FR. Minstrels. 10392.
- MINISTRES**, *n. pl.* FR. Officers of justice. 15049. 15064.
- MINISTERS**. C. D. 2130. Minstrels.
- MINORESSE**, *n.* R. 149. A nun, under the rule of St. Clare.
- Mo Change**, in *v.* **MINORISSA**. It is not clear however why Chaucer has likened *Hate* to a Sister of this order. His original gave him no authority.
- MINOUR**, *n.* FR. A miner. 247.
- MINSTRALCIE**, *n.* FR. Musick. 2190. 10582.—Musical instruments. 17216.
- MIRROUR**, *n.* FR. A looking-glass. 10446.
- MIRTHLES**, *adj.* SAX. Without mirth. A. F. 592.
- Mis**, *adv.* Ill; amiss. 10467. R. 3243. T. iv. 1267. It is often to be supplied to a second verb, having been expressed in composition with a former. *If that I mis-spoke or say*. 3141. *That hure misdoth or saith*. 13928. *There is nothing misaide nor do*. Du. 528.
- *n.* A wrong. 17228.
- MIS-ACCOMPTE**, *part. pa.* Misreckoned. T. v. 1184.
- MIS-ADVENTURE**, *n.* Misfortune. 6916.
- MIS-ADVISE**, *v.* To advise wrongly. 5812.
- MIS-BODDEN**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-BEDD**. Injured. 911.
- MIS-BORNE**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-BERE**. Misbehaved. M. 120, col. 2, l. 19.
- MIS-CHANCE**, *n.* FR. Misfortune. *With mischance*. 6916. 17142. See **WITT**.
- MISCHEFFE**, *n.* FR. Misfortune. R. 6741.
- MISCOVERTING**, *n.* R. 196. should probably be **MISCOMPTING**. *Mescompting*. Orig.
- MIS-DEPARTE**, *v.* To distribute wrongly. 4527.
- MISERICORDE**, *n.* FR. Mercy. pity. 7492.
- MIS-ESE**, *n.* Uneasiness. P. 150, col. 1, l. 10.
- MIS-FORVAVE**, *pa. t.* of **MIS-FORVEYE**. Mis-gave. T. iv. 1422.
- MIS-GUEN**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-GIE**. Misguided. 14451.
- MIS-GON**, **MIS-GO**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-GO**. Gone wrong. 4218. 4252.
- MIS-HAPPING**, *part. pr.* Falling amiss. R. 5543.
- MIS-LEDE**, *v.* To conduct amiss. T. iv. 43.
- MIS-LIVED**, *part. pa.* Having lived to a bad purpose. T. iv. 330.
- MIS-METRE**, *v.* To spoil the metre of verses, by writing or reading them ill. T. v. 1795.
- MIS-SATE**, *pa. t.* of **MIS-STR**. Misbecame. R. 1194.
- MIS-SAYDE**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-SAYE**. Ill spoken of. R. 1266.
- MIS-SAYER**, *n.* An evil speaker. R. 2231.
- MISSE**, *v.* SAX. To fail. T. iii. 1630.
- MISSE-METRE**, *v.* See **MIS-METRE**.
- MISTAKE**, *v.* To take a wrong part; to transgress. R. 1540. *Mesprendre*. Orig.
- MISTERE**, *n.* FR. Trade; occupation. 615.—Condition of life. 1342. *What mistere men ye heru*. 1712. What kind of men ye are.—Need. R. 5614. 6073.
- MISTHEDE**, *n.* SAX. Darkness. C. M. 71.
- MISTILY**, *adv.* SAX. Dulkly. 16862.
- MISTRIST**, *v.* for **MISTRUST**. 12303.
- MIS-WAIE**, *n.* FR. A wrong way. R. 4766.
- MIS-WENT**, *part. pa.* of **MIS-WENDE**. Gone amiss. R. 7280.
- MIS-WRITE**, *v.* To write wrong. T. v. 1794.
- MITAINI**, *n.* FR. A glove. 12307. 8.
- MITCHE**, *n.* FR. A manchet; a loaf of fine bread. R. 5585.
- MITE**, *n.* SAX. A small worm. 6142. 16166.
- MILKEN**, *n.* SAX. A dunghill. P. 167, col. 2, l. 67. Mo for **ME**. 8915. See the note.
- for **MORE**, *adj. comp.* 546. 810. 1937.—*adv. comp.* 1354. 2073.
- MOCHEL**, **MOCHE**, *adj.* SAX. Great, in quantity. 2354. 7593. *in number*. 6586. 6855. *in degree*. 496.—*adv.* Much, greatly. 1118. 2852.
- MODER**, **MODRE**, *n.* SAX. Mother. 10139. 10291.—The *Matric*; or principal plate of the *Astrolabe*. *Ast*.
- MOISON**, *n.* FR. Harvest; growth. R. 1677.
- MOIST**, **MOISTY**, *adj.* FR. New. 459. 12249. 17009. See the *n.* on ver. 459.
- MOKEL**, *n.* Du. 454. 861. may perhaps signify *size*, *magnitude*; as *Michel* seems to be used in that sense in P. P. 89. b. *Of one MICHEL and night*.
- MOLESTIE**, *n.* FR. Trouble. Bo. iii. pr. 9.
- MOLTE**, *pa. t.* of **MELTE**, *v.* SAX. Melted. F. ii. 414.—*part. t. pa. t.* v. 10.
- MONCHE**, *v.* To chew. T. i. 915.
- MONI**, *n.* SAX. The Moon. 9759.—Lamentation. 5076. 11232.
- MONESTI**, *v.* SAX. To admonish. R. 3579.
- MONIOURS**, *n. pl.* FR. Coiners. R. 6911. In the Original it is *Faulx Monnoyeurs*.
- MONSTRE**, *n.* FR. A monster, or prodigy. 11656. — A pattern. Du. 912.
- MOOD**, *n.* SAX. Anger. 1762.
- MORCELS**, *n. pl.* FR. Morsels. R. 6179.
- MORE**, *adj. comp.* SAX. Greater, in quantity. 705. 785. *in number*. 10192. *in degree*. 1758. 6516.—*adv. comp.* 1309. 2746. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the comparative degree. 6023. 7351. 10786.
- MORMAL**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 388.
- MORTER**, *n.* FR. A sort of wax-light. T. iv. 1245.
- MORTIFIE**, *v.* FR. To kill (speaking of *Quicksilver*). 16594.
- MORTREVES**, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 386.
- MORWIE**, *n.* SAX. The morning. 2493. *A'morwie*. 824. 6175. In the morning. 1623. 2491. In the morning of the following day.—*To-morwe*, I believe, always means the following day. 782. 1612. 2241. 2404. and it includes the whole day. *To-morwe at night*. 3593.
- MORWENING**, *n.* SAX. The morning. 4232. 15308. **MORWENINGES**, *pl.* 6457.
- MOSSEL**, *n.* FR. The muzzle; mouth of a beast. 2153.

MOSTE, *adj. superl. SAX.* Greatest, in quantity. 305. 897. *n. number.* 10675. *in degree.* 2300. 10614.—*adv. superl.* 563. 2409. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs to express the superlative degree. 2305. 9425.
— *v. SAX.* Must. 734. 7. **MOSTEN**, *pl.* 6024.
MOTE, *v. SAX.* Must. 233. 1647. 8.—May. 834. 4175. **MOTEN**, *pl.* 10630. 2.
— *n. SAX.* An atom. 6450. T. iii. 1600.
MOTHES, *n. pl. SAX.* Moths. 6142.
MOTIF, *n. FR.* A motive, incitement. 5043. 9365.
MOUHT, *pa. l. of MOWE, *v. SAX.* Might.
MOULU, *v. SAX.* To grow mouldy. 4452. **MOULED**, *part. pa.* 3963.
MOYN for **MOWEN**, *pr. t. pl. of MOWE, *v. SAX.* May. 12866. 13160.
MOUNTANCE, *n. FR.* Amount; in value. 1572.—*in quantity.* 12707. *Not full the mountance of a mile.* Conf. Am. 137.
MOURDANT, *n. FR.* The tongue of a buckle. R. 1094.
MOWE, *v. SAX.* May; to be able. **MOWEN**, *pl.* 13967. 16149.—It is sometimes used in the *inf. m.* M. 115. col. 1, 1. 5. *Which thou shalt not mowe suffre.* Which thou shalt not be able to endure.—*To mowen suche a knight done live or die.* T. ii. 1594. *To be able to make such a knight to live or die.*—*She should not con ne mow attaine.* C. D. 150. She should not know nor be able to attain.
MOWE, *n. FR.* A distortion of the mouth. T. iv. 7. F. iii. 716. *What do I than but laugh and make a mowe?* Lydg. *Trag.* 137.
MOWING, *n. Ability.* Bo. iv. pr. 4. In the following passage it seems to be used as a **GERUND.** *That shrewes weren dispoiled of mowing to don yvel.* *Ibid.*
MUCH, **MUCHEL.** See **MOCHE.**
MUCKRE, *v. SAX.* To heap. T. iii. 1381.
MUE, *v. FR.* To change. T. ii. 1253.
MUET, *adj. FR.* Dumb, mute. T. v. 194.
MULLOK, *n. SAX.* Dung; rubbish. 3871. 16408.
MULTIPLICATION, *n. FR.* The art of making gold and silver. 16317.
MULTPLIE, *v. FR.* To make gold and silver. 16303.
MUSARD, *n. FR.* A musar, or dreamer. R. 3256. 4034.
MUSE, *v. FR.* To gaze. R. 1592.
MYSELF, **MYSELVE**, **MYSELVEN.** See **SELF.****

N.

NA for **NO.** 4174. See the *n.* on ver. 4021.
NADDE for **NE HADDE**; *Had* not. 10212.
NAILE, *n. SAX.* A nail. 6331. *By nailles.* 12222. *By Goddes nailles.* 12585. an oath. See the *n.* on ver. 12585.
NAKERRES, *n. pl. FR.* See the *n.* on ver. 2513.
NALU, *n. SAX.* An ale-house. 6931. See the note. But I am now less inclined to adopt Skinner's explanation of this word, because I observe that *Ale* alone is commonly put for an *Ale-house*, and I cannot find that *Nale* is ever used, except where it follows the preposition *Atte*. In the passage quoted from P. P. 32 b. the *Cotton MS.* Vesp. B. xvii. has *at the ale*. And so in P. P. 26 b. With idle tales *at the ale*.—Robert of Brunne's translation of *Manuel des pechiez.* *MS. Bodl.* 2313. fol. 1.
In gamys, in festys, and *at the ale*—fol. 38. Or yf thou leddest any man to the ale.
I suspect therefore that *Nale*, in those few passages in which it is found, should be considered as merely a corruption, which has arisen from the mispronunciation and consequent miswriting of *alle nale* for *atten ale*. See the *n.* on ver. 12542. A similar corruption seems to have taken place in the name of that celebrated personage in our law, Mr. *John a-noke*, whose original appellation, I believe, was *John atten oke*, as that of his constant antagonist was *John atte stile*. *Sim. alle stile* is a name in P. P. 23 b. and there are many others of the same form; as, *Atte-cliff*, *Atte-ley*, *Atte-well*, *Atte-wood*, &c. That the letter *n* is apt to pass from the end of one word to the beginning of another, we have an instance in *Newt*, which has certainly been formed by corruption from *An ewt*, or *oft*; and perhaps *Nedder*, *n. SAX.* may have been formed in the same way from *An adder*. The

word in the Teutonic is *Adder*, as we write it now, without the initial *n*. The same corruptions have happened in other languages. See the notes of Signor *Medi* upon his *Bacco in Toscana*, p. 133. 4. 5. 182. 3.
NAM for **NE AM**; *Am* not. 5730.
NAME, *pa. l. of NINE, *v. SAX.* Took. 16765.
NAPPE, *v. SAX.* To sleep. 16959. See **KNAP.**
NARCOTIKES, *n. pl. FR. GR.* Drugs causing sleep. 1474. L. W. 2659.
NARWE, *adj. SAX.* Close, narrow. 3224. 14828. *When they hem narwe advise.* 9062. *When they closely consider their conduct.*
NAS for **NE WAS**; *Was* not. 1450. 1651.
NASO, *pr. n. L. W.* 928. 2218. P. Ovidius Naso. See **OVIDE.**
NAT, *adv. SAX.* Not. 5889. 6551.
NATAL, *adj. LAT.* Preceding over nativity. T. iii. 150.
NATHELESS, **NATHELES**, *adv. SAX.* Not the less; nevertheless. 2475. 3966.
NATION, *n. FR.* 4701. Nation.—Family. 6250.
NAUGHT, **NOUGHT**, *n. SAX.* Nothing. 759. 770.
— *adv.* Not; not at all. 2070. 4820. It may more properly perhaps be considered as a noun used adverbially. See **NOTHING.**
NAY, *adv. SAX.* 8237. It seems to be used sometimes as a noun. *It is no nay.* 8692. 9015. It cannot be denied.
— *v.* To deny. P. 170. col. 2, l. 20.
NE, *adv. SAX.* Not. 9356. 10070. *Ne had he ben hotpen.* 10990. *Had* he been helped.
— *conj. SAX.* Nor. 970, l. 8847. 11795.
NECE, *n. FR.* A niece.—A cousin. 13030. 13055.
NECESSARIE, *adj. FR.* Necessary. T. iv. 1021.
NEDE, *n. SAX.* Need; necessity. 4523.
— *v.* is generally used as an Impersonal. *It nedeth thee nougt teche.* 3590. *Nedeth hem no durate.* 4159. *Neded no more to hem to go ne ride.* 2489.
NEDEFUL, *adj.* Distrest, indigent. 4532.
NEDELY, *adv.* Necessarily. 6350.
NEDES, **NEDE**, *adv. Necessarily.* It is usually joined with *must*. 1171. 11475. 17157.
NEDDER, *n. SAX.* An adder. 9600. **NEDERS**, *pl. L. W.* 699.
NEIGHE, *adj. SAX.* Nigh. 3302.
— *v.* To approach; to come near. R. 1775. 2063.
NEKKE, *n. SAX.* The neck. 3850. *Nekkebone.* 6498.
NEMPNE, *v. SAX.* To name. 10632.
NER, *adv. SAX.* Near. 16315. 12900.
NERE, *comp. d. Nigher.* *Nere the nere.* 16189. *Never the nigher.* *Nere and nere.* 13450. *Nigher and nigher.* *Ferre ne nere.* 1052. *Later nor earlier.*
NERE for **NE WERE**; *Were* not. 17322. *Nere it.* 1602.
Were it not. Nere the frenship. 16430.
NERFE, *n. FR.* Nerve; sinew. T. ii. 642.
NESHE, *adj. SAX.* Soft; tender. C. L. 1092. **NESCH** and **hard.** P. L. 242. 700.
NETE, *n. SAX.* Neat-cattle. 309.
NETHER, *adj. comp. SAX.* Lower. 3650.
NETTLE, *IN*, *DOCK* out. T. iv. 461. See **RAKET.**
NEVEN, *v. SAX.* To name. 9485. 16290.
NEVEY, *n. FR.* A nephew.—A grandson. L. W. 2648.
NEWE, *adj. SAX.* New; fresh. 459.
— *adv.* Newly. 7879. *Ne, us and nere.* T. iii. 116. *Again and again.* *All nere.* 9700. *Of nere.* 8914. *Newly*; lately. *All nere.* 13300. *Anew*; afresh.
— *v.* To renew. T. iii. 906.
NEWED, *part. pa.* Renewed. M. 220. col. 1, l. 6.
NEWETANGEL, *adj.* Desirous of new things. 10532. 17142.
NEWETANGELNESSE, *n.* Inconstancy. 16924.
NEXTE, *superl. d.* Nextest. It generally signifies the highest following, but sometimes the highest preceding. F. iii. 695.
NHATH for **NE HATH**; *Hath* not. 925.
NICE, *adj. FR.* Foolish. 5308. 6320.
NICETLE, *n. Polly.* 4044. 17101. *Do his nicetee.* 5994. **So** the French use *Faire folie*.
NIFLES, *n. pl. T. II.* 7342.
NIGARD, *n.* A stingy fellow. 5915.
NIGARNIE, *n.* Stinginess. 13102.
NIGHTERTALE, *97.* Night-time. See the note.
NIGHT-SPEL, *n. SAX.* A-night charm. See the *n.* on ver. 3460.*

N'ILL for NE WILL; Will not. 5724. 5762.
 N'IN for NE IS; Is not. 976. 1679.
 N'ISTR for NE WISTE; Knew not. *sing.* 11340. 3414. N'ISTEN
 for NE WISTEN; Knew not. *pl.* 10948.
 NOBLEEST, *pa. l. 2 pers. sing.* of NOBLE, *v. FR.* Ennobledst.
 15308.
 NOBLESE, *n. FR.* Dignity, splendour. 8344. 8658.
 NOBLEY, *n.* 8704. 10391. as NOBLESS.
 NOCKED, *part. pa.* Notched. R. 942.
 NOIE, *n. FR.* Hurt; trouble. 3772.
 — *v. FR.* To hurt; to trouble. R. 4416.
 NOISE, *v. FR.* To make a noise. *Bo. iii. m. 6.*
 N'OLDE for NE WOLDS; Would not. 3159. 3168.
 NOMBRE, *n. FR.* Number. 718.
 NOMEN, NOME, *part. pa.* of NIME, *v. SAX.* Taken. T. v.
 190. 514. L. W. 1016.
 NONPERE, *n.* An arbitrator. T. L. i. 319. See the passage
 quoted above in *v. LOVEDALE*. The sense of this word is
 established by the *Prompt. Parv.* "NONPAPER or OW-
 PER. *Arbitr. Sequester.*" If the etymology of it were as
 clear, we might be able to determine which of the two
 methods of writing it is the best. Custom has long
 declared for the latter. The modern word is *umpire*;
 and in P. P. 25 b. the *Editt.* read *an umpir*; but the
Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xvi. has—a *numper*. I cannot find
 that any such word is used, in the same sense, in any
 other of the Gothic or Romance languages. It has been
 supposed by some to be a corruption of *un pere*, *FR.*
 which I can hardly believe; and perhaps the reader will
 be as backward to admit of a derivation of it from the *FR.*
Nonpair; An *odd*, or *third* person; which an *arbitrator*
 generally is. This however is the most probable ety-
 mology that has occurred to me; and I see that the
 compiler of the Statutes for the University of Oxford
 (whoever he was) had the same idea, for he expresses the
 word *umpire*, in his Latin, by *Impar*. *Tit. xv. §. 14.*
Indez, IMPAR, aut Arbitrator, in quacunque causâ electus.
 NON, *adj. SAX.* Not one; none. 656. 682.
 — *adv. FR.* Not. 13011. *Absent* or *non.* 8311. *Whether*
ye wol or non. 11090.
 NONE, *n. FR.* The ninth hour of the natural day; Nine
 o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner. 9767. T. v.
 1114. 22. 30.
 NONES. For the *notes*. See the *n.* on ver. 381. and add,
 if necessary, the following instances. T. i. 562. ii. 1381. iv.
 428. L. W. 295. 1068. 1114. [There seems to be now no
 doubt that the original form was the Saxon *for than*
anes. See Price's note on *Watson's Hist. of Engl. Poet.*
 ii. 496, and Sir F. Madden's *Gloss. to Syr Gawayne*, &c.]
 NONNE, *n. FR.* A nun. 118.
 NORICE, *n. FR.* A nurse. 5881. *Bo. ii. pr. 4.* In other
 passages, *Bo. l. pr. 3. iii. pr. 9.* it is printed by mistake, I
 suppose, for *NORIE*, *n.* A foster-child. *Atumus*.
 NORURE, *n.* Nurture; education. 3965.
 NOSTRILES, *n. pl. SAX.* Nostrils. 559. P. 150. col. 2. l. 38.
 N'or for NE wot; Know not. 285. 3664.
 NOTABILITE, *n. FR.* A thing worthy of observation. 15215.
 NOTE, *n. SAX.* Need; business. 4066.
 — *n. FR.* A musical note. *To cry by note.* T. iv. 583.
 To cry aloud, in a high tone.
 NOTEMUGE, *n.* Nutmeg. 13693. R. 1361.
 NOTES, *n. pl. SAX.* Nuts. R. 1377.
 NOT-HEAD; A head like a nut. See the *n.* on ver. 100.
 NOTHER, *conj. SAX.* Nor, neither. 8796. 9951.
 N'OTHER, *adj. SAX.* for NE OTHER. *Neither n'other.* L. W.
 192. Nor one nor other. *He n'is in neither n'other habite.*
Bo. v. m. 3. Neuro est habitus. Orig.
 NOTHING, *adv. SAX.* Not; not at all. 1756. 8251.
 NOUCHE, *n. pl. 8258.* See the note. It is probable, I think,
 that *Nouche* is the true word, and that *Ouche* has been
 introduced by a corruption, the reverse of that which
 has been taken notice of in *NALÉ*. See *Du Cange*, in *v.*
Nochia, and *Nusca*; and Schilter, *Gloss. Teut.* in *v. Nuosci*;
 from whence it appears that *Nuschin*, *TEUT.* signifies
Fibula; a clasp, or buckle. As these were some of the
 most useful instruments of dress, they were probably
 some of the first that were ornamented with jewels; by
 which means the name by degrees may have been ex-

tended, so as to include several other sorts of jewels.
 The same thing may have happened in the case of the
 word *Broche* (see above); which indeed seems, origin-
 ally, to have been a *French* expression for *Nouche*.
 NOVELRIES, *n. pl. FR.* Novelties. F. ii. 178.
 NOUGHT, *n. & adv. SAX.* See *NAUGHT*.
 NOUTHE, *adv. SAX.* Nov. 464. T. i. 986. See the *n. cr.*
 ver. 464.
 NOW, *adv. SAX.* *Now and now.* 10744. Once and again.
Now adays. 9040. 16864. In these days.
 NOWEL, *n. FR.* Christmas. See the *n.* on ver. 11567.
 NOYSAUNCE, *n. FR.* Offence; trespass. C. D. 255.

O.

O for HO. 2535. See HO.
 O, *adj.* for ON; One. 740. 5555. In the curious old Ballad
 on the battle of Lewes (*Ant. Poet. v. ii. p. 4.*) l. 10.
oferlyng should be written, I believe, *oferlyng*. i. e. one
 farthing.
 OBEYSANCE, *n. FR.* Obedience. 8378. OBEYSING. R. 3380.
 OBEYSANT, *part. pr. FR.* Obedient. 7942. OBEYSING. L. W.
 1264.
 OBEQUIES, *n. pl. FR.* Funeral rites. 995.
 OBSERVANCE, *n. FR.* Respect. 10630.
 OBSERVE, *v. FR.* To respect; to pay regard to. 13500.
 OCCIDENT, *n. FR.* The West. 4717.
 OCTAVIEN, *pr. n. Du.* 368. I do not suppose that Augustus
 is meant, but rather the fabulous emperor, who is a
 subject of a Romance entitled "*Octavian imperator.*"
MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii. See *Percy's Catalogue*, n. 18.
 and the passage quoted from *MS. Reg. 17. C. viii.* in
 the *n.* on ver. 13775. The same Octavian, I apprehend,
 was celebrated in a piece of Arras hangings, which made
 part of the furniture of Henry V. and is thus described
 in the Inventory. *Rot. Parl. 2. Hen. VI. Item i autre*
peece d'arras D'or q' comence en l'estorie "Le Octavian
Roy de Rome."
 OCY, *Ocy. C. N. 124.* The nightingale's note.
 OERTHROW for OVERTHROW, *part. pa. SAX.* Overthrown
 C. D. 1151.
 OESTUS, *pr. n.* *Æetes.* L. W. 1436.
 OY, *adv. SAX.* Off. 552. 784. 2678.
 OFFENDED, *part. pa. FR.* Hurt. 2996.
 OFFENSOUN, *n.* Offence; damage. 2413.
 OFFERTORIE, *n. FR.* A part of the Mass. 712.
 OFFRING, *n. FR.* Offering at Mass. 452. P. 153. col. i. l. 63.
 OFT, OFTE, *adv. SAX.* Often. OFTENSITH; Oftentimes.
 1879. 8109.
 OINEMENT, *n. FR.* Ointment. 633.
 OLFANG, *n. FR.* Elephant. 13739. See the note, and *R.*
de la Rose. 16886. OLIPHANT *sur sa haute eschine*, &c.
 OLIVERES, *n. pl. FR.* Olive-trees. 14042. R. 1314.
 OMER, *pr. n.* Homer. T. i. 146. F. iii. 376.
 ON, *prep. SAX.* In. *On live.* 3041. In life; Alive. *O-*
twelve. 7549. In twelve. *On hunting.* 1689. *On hawking*
 13667. See *A. prep.*—Upon. *On to see.* 3247. To look
 upon. See the note; and add L. W. 2414. *Lyceurgus*
 daughter, fairer on to *sene*—So this line is written in
 MS. Bodl.
 — *adj. SAX.* One. *After on.* 343. 1783. Alike. *They*
were at on. 4195. They were agreed. See R. 5817. T. iii.
 566. *Ever in on.* 1773. 3878. Continually. *I mine on.*
 C. D. 1019. I single; I by myself. *And thus I went*
widewher walking mine one. P. 40 b. *Non saw but*
he one. P. L. 44. *All him one.* Conf. Am. 175.
 ONDE, *n. SAX.* Zmalice; R. 148. *Ny the one and onde.*
 P. L. 249.
 ONED, *part. pa. SAX.* Made one, united. 7550. P. 150.
 col. 1. l. 62.
 ONES, *pl. of ON.* 12630. *We three den alle ones.* We three
 are all one.
 — *adv. SAX.* Once. *At ones.* 767. At once; at the
 same time. 3470.
 ONHED, *n. SAX.* Unity. T. L. ii. 339.
 ONLY, *adv. SAX.* *At only.* 13385. M. 115. col. 1. l. 10. Solely
 ONY, *adj. SAX.* Any. 2410.
 OPEN-ERS, *n. SAX.* The fruit of the Medlar-tree. 3569.

OPEN-HEADED, *adj.* Bare-headed. 6228.
OPPE, *n. Fr.* Opium. 1474.
OPPRESSE, *v. Fr.* To ravish. 11723. **OPPRESSED**, *part. pa.* 11697.
OPPRESSION, *n.* Rape. 6471. L. W. 1865.
OR, *adv. SAX.* *Er*, before. 275. 1157.
ORATORIE, *n. Fr.* A chapple. 1907. A closet. 6376.
ORDAL, *n. SAX.* Judicial trial. T. iii. 1048. See Kilian. in *v. Oor-deel*, and Hickes. *Dissert. Epist.* p. 149. It is possible however that Chaucer may have used this word in its more confined sense, for a *trial by fire*, or *water*, without considering whether such trials were practised at Troy.
ORDE, *n. SAX.* A point. L. W. 645.
ORDERED, *part. pa.* Ordained, in holy orders. P. 164, col. 2, l. 13.
ORDERS FOUR, 210. The four orders of Mendicant Friars.
ORDINANCE, *n. Fr.* Orderly disposition. 8837. 11215.
ORDINAT, *part. pa. LAT.* Orderly; regular. 9160.
ORE, *n. SAX.* Grace; favour. 8724. See the note.
OREWELL, *pr. n.* A sea-port in Essex. 379.
ORFRAYS, *n. Fr.* Gold-embroidery. R. 562. 869. See Du Cange, in *v. Aurifrigia*.
ORIENT, *n. Fr.* The east. 14320.
ORIGENES, *pr. n.* In the list of Chaucer's works in L. W. ver. 427. he says of himself, that
 "He made also, gon is a grete while,
Origenes upon the Maudelaine."
 meaning, I suppose, a translation, into prose or verse, of the Homily *de Maria Magdalene*, which has been commonly, though falsely, attributed to Origen. *v. Opp.* Origenis. T. ii. p. 291. Ed. Paris. 1604. I cannot believe that the Poem, entitled "*The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*," which is in all the editions of Chaucer, is really that work of his. It can hardly be considered as a translation, or even imitation, of the Homily; and the composition, in every respect, is infinitely meaner than the worst of his genuine pieces.
ORISONT, *n. Fr.* The horizon. 9671.
ORLOGG, *n. Fr.* A clock, or dial. 14860.
ORPIMENT, *pr. n.* A mineral so called. 16291.
OTHER, *adj. SAX.* *Alter.* LAT. The other of two. 1134. 1137. 1277. **OTHERS**, *gen. cu.* 2736.
 — *adj. SAX.* *Alius.* LAT. 463. 1218.
 — *conj. SAX.* *Or*, either. 1714. 1814. 5556.
OUCHER, *n.* 6325. F. iii. 260. See *NOUCHE*.
OVER, *prep. SAX.* Above. 2045. *Over all.* In every case; on every side. 240. 5846. 8924.
 — *adj. SAX.* Upper. 133.
OVEREST, *superl. d.* Uppermost. 292. 16101.
OVER GRET, *adj. SAX.* Too great. 16116.
OVER-LADDE, *part. pa.* Overburden. 13917. *Do not the peopple oppresse, nor overlede.* Lydg. *Trag.* 104.
OVER-LIVE, *v. SAX.* To out-live. 6842.
OVER MERRILY, *adv. SAX.* Too merrily. C. L. 406.
OVER-MOCHE, *adj. SAX.* Too great. C. L. 394.
OVER-NOME, *part. pa.* of **OVER-NIME**, *v. SAX.* Overtaken. 2302.
OVER-SPRADDE, *pa. l. SAX.* Over-spread. 2873. T. ii. 769.
OVERTE, *adj. Fr.* Open. F. ii. 210.
OVERTHREW, *pa. t. of OVERTHROW*, *v. neut. SAX.* Fell down. C. D. 663.
OVERTHROWING, *part. pr. SAX.* Falling headlong. *By overthrowing way.* Bo. I. m. 6. *Præcipitè viâ Orig.* And therefore clepeth Cassiodore ponete the moder of ruine, that is to say, the moder of overthrowing or falling down. M. 116 col. 1, l. 62.
OVERTHWART, *adv. SAX.* Across. 19973. Du. 863.—Over against. T. iii. 686.
OVER TIMELOCHE, *adv. SAX.* Too early. Bo. i. m. 1.
OUGH, *n. SAX.* *Ophic.* Any thing. 5139. 8471. *adv.* 3047. See **ADERT**. The difference has arisen merely from the different usages of writing *A* or *O* for *One*.
 — *pa. l. of OWE.* 4331. L. W. 589. 1607.
OUHTEN, *ouchere*, *pl. M.* 118, col. 2, l. 31.—From hence, as it seems, has been formed a new verb *Ought*, which is very commonly used in the present tense, for

Owe, in both numbers. 3053. 90400. 2. 14697. M. 10 col. 1. l. 38.
Ought is also used as an *Impers.* in the *pr.* and *pa. t.* *Wel ought us werke.* 15482. *Well behoveth it us to work. Item oughte have gret repentance.* M. 118, col. 2, l. 21. It behoved them to have g. r.
OVIDE, *pr. n.* 4474. 6534. 9999. M. 107, col. 1, l. 8. Our author seems to have been well acquainted with the best part of Ovid's works. Most of the histories in his *Legende of good women* are taken from the *Epistole Heroidum*, or the *Metamorphoses*. That of *Lucrece* shews that he had read the *Fasts*.
OUNDING, *n. Fr.* Waving; imitating waves. P. 155, col. 2, l. 29.
OURES, *pr. pass. SAX.* Ours. 12730. 13203. See the *Essay*, &c. n. 29.
OUT, *interj. SAX.* Away! 3823. 10240.
 — *adv. SAX.* *Out and out.* T. ii. 739. Throughout.
OUTHEES, *n. LAT. BARB.* Outcry. 2014. *And born to London brigue full his OUTHEYS.* P. L. 339.
OUTRAGE, *n. Fr.* Violence. 2014.
OUTRAIR, *v. Fr.* To fly out; to be outrageous. 8519.
OUT-REDE, *v. SAX.* To surpass in counsel. 2451.
OUTRELY, *adv. Fr.* Utterly. 12783.
OUT-RENNE, *v. SAX.* To out-run. 2451.
OUT-STRAUGHT, *pa. t. of OUT-STRETCH*, *v. SAX.* Stretched out. R. 1515.
OUT-TAKEN, *part. pa.* Taken out; excepted. **OUT-TAKEN** *Christ* in *lft.* 4697. *Christ* in heaven being excepted.
OUT-TAKE *Cartoon*, that was in *Arthure tyme.* P. L. 332.
OWE, *v. SAX.* Debeo. 3991. **OWEN**, *pl.* 7088. M. 115, col. 2, l. 1. 3
OWEN, **OWNE**, *part. pa.* 8390. 9664. 13126.
OWHERE, *adv. SAX.* Anywhere. 655.
OWNDRE, *adj. Fr.* Waving. F. iii. 295.
OXENFORDE, *pr. n.* Oxford. 3329.
OYSE, *pr. n.* A river in Picardie. F. iii. 838.

P.

PAGE, *v. Fr.* To pass away. 8968. 10608.—To surpass. 576.
PAGE, *n. Fr.* A boy-child. 3970.—A boy-servant. 12975. L. W. 2035.
PAIE, *n. Fr.* Liking; satisfaction. R. 5938.
 — *v. Fr.* To please; to satisfy. R. 3599.—To pay. 13120.
PAIDE, *part. pa.* Pleased. 6767. C. D. 426.—Paid. 13310, 29.
PAILET, *n. Fr.* A couch (properly of straw). T. iii. 230.
PAINDEMAIN, 13855. See the note.
PAIRE, *v. Fr.* To impair. R. 6103. *If I speke ought to PAIRE her loos*, i. e. to impair their credit or reputation. So this line is written in *Edit.* 1542. and MS. Hunter.
PALAMÈDES, *pr. n.* B. K. 331. Not the son of Nauplius, one of the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy, but a knight of the Round table, called **PALOMÈDES** in "*Mort d' Arthur*," the unsuccessful rival of Tristan for the love of *Isabelle Isaude*. See *Mort d' Arthur*, B. ii. which seems to be compiled chiefly from the *Roman de Tristan*.
PALASINS, *n. pl. Fr.* R. 6862. *Ladies Palasins*; Ladies of the court. In the Orig. *Palatines*. See Du Cange, in *v. PALATINI*.
PALATIE, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 65.
PALÉ, *n.* A perpendicular stripe, in Heraldry. F. iii. 750.
 — *v. Fr.* To make pale. Bo. ii. m. 3.
PALÈS, *n. Fr.* A palace. 2201. 10374.
PALFREIS, *n. pl. Fr.* Horses for the road. 2497. where *Stedes* are horses for battle. *Ne large palFREIS, esy for the nones.* L. W. 1114.
PALING, *n. Fr.* Imitating pales. P. 155, col. 2, l. 29.
PALLADION, *n. Gr.* The image of Pallas at Troy. T. I. l. 153
PALLED, *part. pa. Fr.* Made pale. 17004.
PALMÈRES, *n. pl.* See the *n.* on ver. 13.
PALMERIE, *pr. n.* Palmyra in Syria. 14253.
PAMPILUS, *pr. n.* 11422. See the note.
PAMPRED, *part. pa.* Pampured; made plump. C. L. 177.
 See *Jen. Etymol.* who derives it from the *Fr. Pampre*; a vine branch, full of leaves.
PAN, *pr. n.* The heathen deity. Du. 512.
 — *n. SAX.* The skull; the head. 1167. 13952
PANTER, *n. Fr.* A net. R. 1621. L. W. 131

- PAPZLARD**, *n. Fr.* A hypocrite. R. 7233.
PAPULARDIE, *n. Fr.* Hypocrisis. R. 6796.
PAPER-WHITE, *adj.* White as paper. L. W. 1196.
PAR, *prep. Fr.* *Par amour*. 1157. With love. See the note. *Par compaignie*. 3337. For company. *Par chance*. 12540. By chance. *Par cuer*. R. 4796. By heart. *Memoirier*. So this line should be written.
PARABOLIS, *n. pl. Fr.* Parables; the Proverbs of Solomon. 6261.
PARAGE, *n. Fr.* Kindred. 5332.
PARAILLE, *n. Fr.* Apparel. 6143.
PARAMOUR, **PARAMOURS**, *n. Fr.* Love; gallantry. 3354. 3754, 6. 13772.—A lover, of either sex. 6036. 6354. See the *n.* on ver. 1157.
PARAVENTURE, *adv. Fr.* Haply; by chance. 6475.
PARAVENTUR, corruption of *Paraventure*. Du. 536, 779.
PARCE, *n. pl. Lat.* The Pates. T. v. 3.
PARCEL-MELS, *adv.* By parcels, or parts. P. 170, col. 1, l. 61.
PARDE, **PARDEUX**. 7237, 9110. T. ii. 759. A common Fr. oath, which most of the personages in Chaucer express very frequently in English, with as little ceremony as the Greeks used their *ἄρα*, and with as little meaning too. See ver. 1812. 4024. 4033. 6168. 7432.
PARDONER, *n. Fr.* A seller of pardons or indulgences. See his **CHARACTER**, ver. 671—716. See also the *n.* on ver. 710. and P. P. 2.
PAREMENTS, *n. pl. Fr.* Ornamental furniture, or clothes. See the *n.* on ver. 10583.
PARENTELE, *n. Fr.* Kindred. P. 167, col. 2, l. 53.
PARFAY, *Fr. Par foy*. By my faith. 3681.
PARFEL. R. 6223. as **PARFAY**.
PARFIT, *adj. Fr.* Perfect. 72. 5697.
PARFITLY, *adv.* Perfectly. 5693.
PARFOURME, *v. Fr.* To perform. 7643. 9926.
PARISHENS, *n. pl. Fr.* Parishioners. 484.
PARITORIE, *n. Fr. Lat.* The herb *Parietaria*, or *Pellitory of the wall*. 16049.
PARLEMENT, *n. Fr.* An assembly for consultation. 2972. T. iv. 211.—A consultation. R. 7358.
PARTEN, *inf. m. Fr.* To take part. 9504. L. W. 465.
PARTIE, *n. Fr.* A part. 3010. 4437.—A party, in a dispute. 2659.
PARVIS, *n. Fr.* A portico before a church. Du Cange, in *v. Paradisus*, l. It appears from R. 7159, Orig. 12530. that books were commonly sold *au parvis devant Notre Dame* at Paris. At London, the *Parvis* was frequented by Sergeants at Law. See ver. 312. and Fortescue *de laud. leg. Ang. c. ii. Post meridiem curia non tenetur; sed plicantes tunc se divertunt ad Pervium et alibi, consuientes cum serventibus ad Legem et alii constuarius suis*. There is a difference of opinion where the *Parvis* at London, to which the Lawyers resorted, was situated. Somner supposes it to have been in Old Palace-yard, before Westminster-hall. Gloss. in *x Script. v. Triforium*. But others, with more probability, think it was what Dugdale calls the *Pervyse of Pavles*. See the notes upon Fortescue, *loc. cit.* When the Sergeants had dined in any of the Inns of Court, St. Paul's lay much more conveniently for an afternoon consultation than Westminster-hall.
PAS, *n. Fr.* A foot-pace. See the *n.* on ver. 827. and T. ii. 627. *His horse*—On which he rode a *pas sui softly*.
PASS, *v. Fr.* To surpass; to excel. 450. L. W. 1125.—To judge; to pass sentence. 3091. T. iii. 1238. L. W. 162.
PASSANT, **PASSING**, *part. pr.* Excelling. 2109. 16082.
PATRENT, *inf. m.* To pray; properly, to repeat the *Pater noster*. R. 7195. 6794.
PAVADE, *n.* 3927. See the note.
PAUMES, *n. pl. Fr.* The palms of the hands. T. iii. 1120.
PAX. To kiss the *Pax*. E. 155, col. 1, l. 63. For an account of this ceremony, see Du Cange, in *v.*
PAYEN *adj. Fr.* Pagan. 2372.
PAYEN *s. n. pl.* Heathens. 4962.
PAYSA (*ce*, *n. C. D.* 1673. "Pausing or stopping, Gloss. *Ur.*" ?
PECUNI, *adj.* Pecuniary; paid in money. 6896.
PEES, *n. Fr.* Peace. 2319. When used as an *interjection*, 6420. 6432. it signifies the same as *Hold thy pees*. 2670. Be silent.
PEINE, *n. Fr.* Penalty. *Up peine of dath*. 5304. See *Ur—Grief*; torment. 1321. 2385.—Labour. 11042.
 — *v. Fr.* To torture; to put to pain. 1748. *She peined hitre*. 139. 4740. She took great pains.
PEISE, *v. Fr.* To poize; to weigh. T. iii. 1413.
PELL, *n. E. iii.* 220. "A house; a cell. *Sp.* and *Sk.* f. a palace. Gloss. *Ur.*" ?
PELLET, *n. Fr. Pelotte*. A ball. F. iii. 552.
PENANCE, *n. Fr.* Repentance. P. 148, col. 1, l. 15.—Pains to be undergone by way of satisfaction for sin. 223. 5411.—Pain; sorrow. 4788. 5224. 11050.
PENANT, *n. Fr.* A person doing penance. 13940.
PENCELL, *n. Fr. Penonceil*. A small streamer. T. v. 1043.
PENIBLE, *adj. Fr.* Industrious; pains-taking. 7428. 6590.
PENITENCER, *n. Fr.* A priest, who enjoins penance in extraordinary cases. P. 170, col. 1, l. 68.
PENMARK, *pr. n.* A place in Bretagne. See the *n.* on ver. 11113.
PENNER, *n.* 9753. A pen-case. In the inventory of the goods of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. 6. n. 15. m. 13 is the following article: "*Un penner et i ynkhorn d' arg' dorrez.*" And again, m. 20. "*i pennerre et i corne covert du velvet bloy.*"
PENON, *n. Fr.* A streamer, or ensign. 980.
PENS, *n. pl. Sax.* Pennies. 12310. 12364.
PENSELL, *n. R.* 6230. as **PENCELL**.
PENSIFERED, *n.* Pensiveness. B. K. 102.
PEPER, *n. Lat.* Pepper. 16230. To brew *peper*. R. 6026. seems to be an expression for the preparation of a hot, pungent liquor, which should burn the throats of the drinkers. In the Orig. it is—*Dames les brasseront tel poivre*. 11514.
PEPLE, *n. Fr.* People. 2532, 6.
PEPLISH, *adj.* Vulgar. T. iv. 1677.
PERCHE, *n. Fr.* A perch for birds. 14690.
PERCEL, *adv.* B. K. 225. *r. Parcell*. Ed. 1542. By parcels, or parts.
PERDE. F. ii. 332. as **PARDE**.
PERE, *v.* To appear. C. L. 55.
 — *n. Fr.* A peer, an equal. 4024. 10990.
PEREGAL, *adj.* Equal. T. v. 840.
PEREGRINE, *adj. Fr.* Wandering. 10742. See the note.
PERELES, *adj.* Without an equal. B. K. 347.
PERJENEYR, *n.* A young peer. See the *n.* on ver. 3243.
PERNASO, *pr. n.* Mount Parnassus. 11033.
PERRIE, *n. Fr.* Jewels; precious stones. 2938. 5926.
PERSAUNT, *part. pr.* Piercing. R. 2809.
PERSE, *pr. n.* Persia. 14258.
 — *adj. Fr.* Slike-coloured; of a bluish-grey. 441.
PERSLEE, *n. Sax. Lat.* Parsely. 4343.
PERSENE, *n. Barb. Lat.* A man; generally, a man of dignity. 10339.—A paison, or rector of a church. 7690.—See his **CHARACTER**, 479—539. **PERSONER**, T. l. ii. 326.
PERTELOTE, *pr. n.* of a hen. 14876
PETURBE, *v. Fr.* To trouble. 908.
PETURBING, *n.* Disturbance. 7835.
PERVYNKE, *n. Sax. Lat.* The herb periwinkle. R. 933.
PERY, *n. Fr.* A pear-tree. 10091.
PESE, *n. Fr. R.* 4703. as **PESS**.
PESEN, *n. pl. Sax.* Peas. L. W. 648.
PESSIBLE, *adj.* Peaceable. R. 7413.
PETER ALFONSE. M. 110, col. 2, l. 60. 111, col. 1, l. 60. **PIERS ALFONSE**. M. 108, col. 2, l. 2. 112, col. 2, l. 42. 116 col. 1, l. 63. See the note on M. 108, col. 2, l. 2.
PETRARK, *pr. n.* 7907. 14331. See the note on ver. 7027. and 14253. Our author has inserted a translation of the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch into his *Troilus and Creside*. B. i. ver. 394—421. It is not in the *Filostrato*. These seems to be no sufficient reason for believing that Chaucer had ever seen Petrarch. See the Discourse, &c. §. xx. n. 20.
PHYREL, *n. Fr.* The breast-plate of a horse. 16032. P. 156, col. 1, l. 17.
PHISIKE, *n. Fr.* Medicine. 415. 2762. *Doctor of Phisike*. See his **CHARACTER**, 413—446.
PHISTOLOGUS, *pr. n.* 15277. See the note. There was a larger work, with the same title, in prose, which is frequently quoted by Vincent of Beauvais.

PHITON, *pr. n.* The serpent Python. 1705B. 77.
PHITONESSE, *n.* BARB. LAT. A witch. 709Z. F. iii. 171. See the *n.* on ver. 709Z.
PIR, *n.* FR. A nag-pie. 1096G.—A prating gossip, or tell-tale. T. iii. 52B. F. ii. 195.
PIERRIE, *n.* FR. Jewels; precious stones. 14311.
PIGGESNIE. See the *n.* on ver. 326B.
PIGHT, *pa. t.* of **PIKE**, *v.* SAX. Pithed. 2691.
PIKE, *v.* SAX. To pitch. To pick, as a hawk does his feathers. 9085. To steal. L. W. 2456.—To peep. T. iii. 60.—*n.* SAX. A fish so called. 9293.
PIKEREL, *n.* SAX. A young pike. 9293.
PIUCHE, *n.* SAX. A coat, or cloak, of skins. Prov. 4. *Toga pellicea*. Junius in *v.*
PILLER, *n.* FR. A pillar. 1995. Du. 739.
PILLE, *v.* FR. *Piller*. To lob; to plunder. 6944. P. 164, col. 1, l. 25.
PILLED, rather **PILED**, *part. pa.* FR. *Peld*. Bald. 629. 3933.
PILLOORS, *n. pl.* FR. Plunderers. 1009. P. 164, col. 1, l. 31.
PILWE, *n.* SAX. A pillow. T. v. 224.
PILWE-BERE, *n.* SAX. The covering of a pillow. 696.
PIMENT, *n.* BARB. LAT. Spiced wine. R. 6027.—Wine-mixed with honey. Bo. ii. m. 5. See **CLARRE**.
PINCHE, *v.* FR. To squeeze. *Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing*. 328. No one could lay hold of any flaw in his writings.
PINE, *n.* SAX. Pain; grief. 1326. 6369.
 — *v.* SAX. To torment. R. 3511.
PINED, *part. pa.* Tortured. 15065.
PIPE, *v.* SAX. To play on a pipe. 3874. *To pipe in an ivy leaf*. 1840 T. L. iii. 348. is put for *any useless employment*; as it is now said of a disappointed man, *He may go whistle*. See **BUCKES HORN**.
PISTELL, *n.* SAX. LAT. An epistle. 9030.—A short lesson. 6693.
PIFRANCE, *n.* FR. A mess of victuals. 224. It properly means an extraordinary allowance of victuals, given to Monastics, in addition to their usual commons. See **Du Cange**, in *v.* **PICANTIA**.
PITH, *n.* SAX. Marrow; strength. 8057.
PIROUS, *adj.* FR. Merciful. 10334.—Compassionate. 8990.—Exciting compassion. 8062.
PIROUSLY, *adv.* Pitiifully. 5399. 8059.
PLAGE, *n.* LAT. The plague. P. 159, col. 2, l. 49.
PLAGES, *n. pl.* LAT. The divisions of the globe. *The plagues of the North*. 4963. The Northern regions.
PLAIN, *n.* FR. A plain. 4444. 11510.
 — *adj.* Simple; clear. 11032. It is often used as an *adverb*. 792. 5306. See **PLAT**.
 — *v.* To make plain. T. v. 1229.
PLAINN, *v.* FR. To complain. 5993. 11629.
PLAINNICH, *adv.* Plainly. T. ii. 272.
PLAT, **PLATTE**, *adj.* FR. Flat; plain. 1847. 12582.—The flat of a sword. 10476. T. iv. 937.—It is often used as an *adverb*. 12582. *All plat*, i. e. Flatly. *Ful plat and che ful plain*. 14575.
PLATE, *n.* A flat piece of metal. *A breast-plate*. 2122. Armour for the breast. *A pair of plates*. 2123. Armour for the breast and back.
PLAY, *n.* SAX. Sport; pleasure. 8906. 3047.
 — *v.* To sport; to take pleasure. 13892. 12902. To act upon a stage. 3394. To play upon musical instruments. 3906. 3333. *To play a pilgrimage*. 13163, 4. To withdraw upon pretence of going on a pilgrimage.
PLE, *n.* FR. An argument, or pleading. A. F. 433.
PLEIN, *adj.* FR. Full; perfect. 339. 8802.
PLENER, *adj.* FR. Compleat. L. W. 1605.
PLESANCE, *n.* FR. Pleasure. 9308. 9524.
PLESINGLS, *n. pl.* Pleasures. 6131.
PLETE, *v.* FR. To plead. T. ii. 1468.
PLETING, *n.* Pleading. P. 149, col. 2, l. 48.
PLIE, *n.* FR. To bend, or mould. 9045. 9304.
PLIGHT, *n.* Condition. P. 164, col. 1, l. 7.
 — *pa. t.* and *part.* of **PRUCK**, *v.* SAX. Pulled; plucked. 4435. 6372. 14055. R. 1745.
PLIGHTS, *v.* SAX. To engage; to promise. 6391. 13123.—*pa. t.* 6633. **PLIGHTEN**, *pl.* 11640.
PLITE, *v.* To plait, or fold. T. ii. 697. 1204. See **FLITE**.

PLITE, *n.* Condition; form. 16420. See **PLIGN**.
PLUNGY, *adj.* FR. Wet; rainy. Bo. iii. m. 7.
POLEIS, *adj.* FR. Of Apulia, anciently called **POLE**. See the *n.* on ver. 10509. *William's dogter Couversane in POYLE to seve he nome*. R. G. 413.
POINT, *n.* FR. The principal business. 2967.—A stop, or full point. 16948.—*In good point*. 200. In good case, or condition. *At point devise*. 3689. 10874. R. 1215. With the greatest exactness. *At point to brest*. T. iv. 1638. *In point for to brest*. R. 3186. Ready to burst.
POINTEL, *n.* FR. A style, or pencil, for writing. 7324. Bo. i. pr. 1.
POINTEN, *inf. m. v.* FR. To prick with any thing pointed. R. 1038.
POKE, *n.* FR. A pocket. 3778.—A bag. 4276. See **POUCH**.
 — *v.* FR. To thrust, 4167.
POLIVE, *n.* A pullic. 10490.
POLLAX, *n.* SAX. A halberd. 2546. *Bipennis*. Prompt. Parv.
POMEL, *n.* FR. Any ball, or round thing. The top of the head. 2691.
POMELEE, *adj.* FR. Spotted with round spots like apples, dappled. *Pomelee gris*. 16027. Of a dapple grey colour.
POPELOT, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3254.
POPET, *n.* FR. A puppet. 13631.
POPINGAY, *n.* A parrot. 10196. 13299. *Papegaut*, FR. *Papegacy*. BELG. *Papagallo*. ITAL.
POPPED, *adj.* FR. Nicely dressed. R. 1019.
POPPER, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 3929.
PORE, *v.* To look earnestly. 5877. 7320.
 — *adj.* 7518. for **POURE**.
POREN, *pr. t. pl.* 16138.
PORSEME, *n.* GR. Bo. iii. pr. 10. is used in the sense of—A corollary; a theorem deduced from another.
PORPHURE, *pr. n.* of a species of mable; Porphyrie. 16243.
PORT, *n.* FR. Carnage; behaviour. 69. 138.
PORTCOULSE, *n.* FR. A falling gate, a portcullis. R. 4168.
PORTOS, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 13061.
POSE, *n.* A rheum, or defluxion, obstructing the voice. 4150. 17011. *Catarrus*. *Corisa*. Prompt. Parv.
 — *v.* FR. To suppose. 1184 T. iii. 572. I rose, I had sinned so. P. P. 95. b.
POSSE, *v.* FR. To push. L. W. 2405.
POSSEY, *part. pa.* R. 4479.
POSSIONERS, *n. pl.* LAT. An invidious name for such religious communities as were endowed with lands, &c. 7394. The Mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms.
POST, *n.* SAX. A prop, or support. 214. T. i. 1001.
POSTE, *n.* FR. Power. R. 6494. 6533.
POTECARY, *n.* FR. An apothecary. 12736.
POTENT, *n.* FR. A crutch. R. 368. 7417. A walking stick. 7356.
POTENTIAL, *adj.* FR. Strong; powerful. F. iii. 5.
POTESTAT, *n.* FR. A principal magistrat. 7590.
POUCHE, *n.* FR. Pocket; pouch. 3929.
POUDRE, *n.* FR. Powder. 16228. F. ii. 28.
POUDRES, *pl.* 16275.
POUDRE MARCHANT. 383. See the note.
POVERTE, *n.* FR. Poverty. 6759. 6767. It is to be pronounced *Poverité*; the final *e* being considered as an *e* feminine.
POULCE, *n.* FR. The pulse. T. iii. 1120.
POULE, *v.* n. St. Paul. 7229. *Poules windows*. 3318. See the note.
POUNSONED, *part. pa.* FR. Punched with a bodkin. P. 155. col. 2, l. 44.
POUPE, *v.* To make a noise with a horn. 15405. 17035.
POURCHACR, *n.* FR. To buy. 610.—To provide. 5293. T. ii. 1125.
POURCHAS, *n.* FR. Acquisition; purchase. 258. 7633.
POURE, *v.* R. 1640. T. ii. 1708. as **PORE**.
 — *adj.* FR. Poor. 6769. 6775.
POURTRAIS, *v.* FR. To draw a picture. 96.
POURTRAIOUR, *n.* A drawer of pictures. 1901.
POURTRAITURE, *n.* A picture, or drawing. 1917. 1976.
PRACTICKE, *n.* FR. Practice. 5769.
PREAMBLE, *n.* FR. Preface. 6413.
PREAMBULATIOUN, *n.* Preamble. 6414.

PRECIOUS, *adj.* FR. Over-nice. 5730. 9836.
PREDESTINE, *n.* FR. Predestination. T. iv. 966.
PREDICATION, *n.* FR. Preaching; a sermon. 12279.
PREES, *n.* FR. A press, or crowd. 5066. 6104.
PREVE, PREVE, n. FR. Proof; trial. 8663. *At preve.* T. iii. 1004. Upon trial. *With evil preve.* 5829. Evil may it prove! See **WIT.
PREFECT, *n.* FR. LAT. A governor, or principal magistrate. 15830.
PREISE, *n.* FR. Commendation. 8902.
 — *v.* FR. To commend. 8898. 9420.—To value. 9728.
PRENTIS, *n.* FR. An apprentice. 4363. 5885.
PRENTISHODE, *n.* Apprenticeship. 4368.
PREPARAT, *part. pa.* LAT. Prepared. 16278.
PRESE, *adv.* FR. Near. So I suspect this word is to be understood in ver. 14143. *Of pres.* i.e. at hand; close. *De pres.* FR. Or perhaps *Of pres* may be put for *In a pres.*
SEC PARES.
PRESE, *v.* FR. To press, or crowd. 2582. R. 4198.
PRESENT, *v.* FR. To offer; to make a present of. 12190. *And with the wine she gan him to present.* L. W. 1093. *And smote his hed of, his fader to present.* P. L. 18.
PRESENTARIS, *adj.* LAT. Present. Bo. v. pr. 6.
PREST, *adj.* FR. Ready. T. ii. 785. iii. 919.
PRETEND, *v.* FR. To lay claim to. T. iv. 922.
PRETERIT, *adj.* FR. Passed. R. 5011.
PREVE, *v.* FR. To try. 8875. 9028.—To demonstrate by trial. 10112.
 — *v. neut.* To turn out upon trial. 8876.
PRICK, *n.* SAX. A point. Bo. ii. pr. 7. F. ii. 399.—A pointed weapon. 2608.
 — **PRIKE**, *v.* SAX. To wound. 8914.—To spur a horse; to ride hard. 16029. R. 2314.
PRICKASOUR, *n.* A hard rider. 189.
PRICKING, *n.* Hard riding. 191.
PRIDDELES, *adj.* SAX. Without pride. 8000.
PRIE, *v.* To look curiously. 3458. 7320.
PRIKKE, *n.* 5449. See **PRICK.**
PRIME, *adj.* FR. LAT. First. *At prime temps.* R. 3373. *At the first time.* *At prime face.* T. iii. 921. *At first appearance.*
 — *n.* The first quarter of the artificial day. T. ii. 1095. *Half way prime.* 3904. Prime half spent. See the *n.* on ver. 3904. *Prime large.* 10674. Prime far advanced. In ver. 10387. it seems to be used metaphorically for the season of action or business.
PRIMEROLE, *n.* FR. A primrose. 3268. *Conf. Am.* 143. b.
PRIMTEMPS, *n.* FR. Spring. R. 4747.
PRIS, *n.* FR. Price. 817.—Praise. 67. 237. T. ii. 181. 376. *Or it be prys, or it be blame.* *Conf. Am.* 163.
PRIVE, *adj.* FR. Private. *Privé and apert.* 6696. Private and publick. *Privé man.* 8395. A man entrusted with private business.
PRIVELY, *adv.* Privately. 1445.
PRIVETE, *n.* Private business. 3454. 3503.
PROCESSE, *n.* LAT. Progress. 2969.
PROFISSION, *n.* FR. The monastic profession. 13065. R. 4910.
PROHEME, *n.* FR. GR. A preface. 7919.
PROIND, *v.* FR. *Provingier.* It seems to have signified, originally, to take cuttings from vines, in order to plant them out. From hence it has been used for the cutting away of the superfluous shoots of all trees; which we now call *pruning*; and for that operation, which birds, and particularly hawks, perform upon themselves, of picking out their superfluous or damaged feathers. In allusion to this last sense, Damian is said to *prvine* and *pike* himself. 9885. Gower, speaking of an eagle, says,
 For there he *prumeth* him and *pikeheth*,
 As doth an hauke, when him wel liketh.
Conf. Am. 139.
PROLE, *v.* To go about in search of a thing. 16880.
PROVABLE, *adj.* FR. Capable of being demonstrated. R. 5414.
PROVEND, *n.* FR. *Præbenda.* LAT. A prebend; a daily or annual allowance, or stipend. R. 6931. See *Du Cange*, in *v.* **PRÆBENDA.**
PROVENDRE, *n.* A prebendary. T. L. ii. 326.
PROVERBE, *n.* FR. LAT. A prudential maxim. 6233. 9441.**

PROVERBE, *v.* To speak proverbially. T. iii. 294.
PROVOSTRY, *n.* FR. The office of Provost, or Prefect. *Præfectura.* Bo. iii. pr. 4.
PROV, *n.* FR. Profit; advantage. 12234. 13338.
PROVESSE, *n.* FR. Integrity. Bo. iv. pr. 3.
PRUCE, *n.* FR. Prussia. 53.
 — *adj.* Prussian. 2124.
PRUNED, *part. p.* C. D. 1874. as **PROINED.**
PTHOLOMEE, *pr.* n. 5764. 5906. See the note on ver. 5764. and 17278. and *Rom de la R.* 7399. 19449.
PUELLA and **RUBEUS**. 2047. "The names of two figures in Geomanie, representing two constellations in heaven: *Puella* signifieth Mars retrograde, and *Rubeus* Mars direct." Sp.
PULCHERTUDE, *n.* LAT. Beauty. C. L. 613.
PULLAILE, *n.* FR. Poultry. R. 7094.
PULLED HEN. 177. See the note. I have been told since, that a hen whose feathers are pulled, or plucked off, will not lay any eggs— If that be true, there is more force in the epithet than I apprehended.
PUNICE, *v.* FR. To punish. R. 7187. T. v. 1706.
PURE, *adj.* FR. More; very. See the *n.* on ver. 1381. and add these instances. *Pure fere.* Du. 1251. *Pure kind.* F. ii. 316.
PURED, *part. pa.* Purified. 5725. 11864
PURFILED, *part. pa.* See the *n.* on ver. 193.
PURPOS, *n.* FR. Purpose; design. 6233.—Proposition in discourse. T. ii. 897.
PURPRISE, *n.* FR. An inclosure. R. 3987.
PURVEYANCE, *n.* FR. Foresight; Providence. 1254. 3013.
 — *Provision.* 3566.
PURVEYE, *v.* To foresee. T. iv. 1068.—To provide. 6173.
PURTERIE, *n.* FR. Whoredom. F. 167, col. 1, l. 38.
PURTERS, *n. pl.* Whoremongers. F. 167, col. 1, l. 37.
PYTHAGORAS, *pr.* n. Du. 1167. See the passage quoted in *v.* **AURORA.**

Q.

QUAD, **QUADE**, *adj.* TEUT. Bad. See the *n.* on ver. 4345. and ver. 13363. *None quad*; Nothing evil. *Conf. Am.* 103.
QUAILE-PIPE, *n.* A pipe used to call quails. R. 7213.
QUAIRE, *n.* FR. A quire of paper; a book. B. K. 675.
QUAKKE, *n.* 4150. seems to be put for an inarticulate noise, occasioned by any obstruction in the throat.
QUALME, *n.* SAX. Sickness. 2016.—The noise made by a raven. T. v. 382.
QUAPPE, *v.* To tremble; to quake. T. iii. 57. L. W. 865.
QUARELS, *n. pl.* FR. Square arrows. R. 1823.
QUENTIN, *n.* See *Junii Etymolog.* in *v.*
QUENTE, *adj.* FR. Strange. 2335. 10553. *I made of that left full quent.* R. 3079. See ver. 11530. He made it strange.—Cunning; artful. 3605. 4049.—Trim; neat. R. 2251.
 — *pa. t. & part.* of **QUENCH**, *v.* SAX. Quenched. 2336. 2338, 9.
QUENTISE, *n.* Trimness; neatness. R. 2250.—Excessive trimness. P. 168, col. 2, l. 16.—Cunning. P. 163, col. 1, l. 42.
QUELE, *v.* SAX. To kill; to destroy. 15395. 10173.
QUEME, *v.* SAX. To please. R. 7222. T. v. 695. *Wef me* *QUEMETH.* *Conf. Am.* 68.
QUENE, *n.* SAX. A queen. 4531.—A harlot. R. 7082.
QUERNE, *n.* SAX. A hand-mill. 14089. F. iii. 708.
QUERROUR, *n.* FR. One that works in a stone-quarry. R. 4149.
QUESTE, *n.* FR. A prayer or demand. F. iii. 648.
QUEST MONGERS, *n. pl.* Packers of inquests, or juries. P. 164, col. 2, l. 67.
QUETHE, *v.* SAX. To say; to declare. *I quethe him quite.* R. 6999. is a translation of an old technical term in the law; *Clamo illi quietum.* The original FR. has only *Je quite.*
QUIK, *adj.* SAX. Alive. 1017. R. 5056.
QUIKKEST, *superl. d.* Speediest. *The quikkest strete.* 11806. The most expeditious way.
QUIKEN, *v.* SAX. To make alive. 15949.
QUIKED, *part. pa.* Made alive. 11862.
 — *pa. t.* of the same *v.* used in a *neutral* sense. 2337.
 Became alive.
QUINBLE, *n.* 3332. is the instrument, I suppose, which is

called in BARR. LAT. *Quinterna* and *Quantaria*. See Du Cange, and Carpenter, in v. *Quinternazare*; and Mehus, *Vita & Amr. Camald.* p. 323. *Lyrá lambuld*, *quintaria*, *rebedá*, *avená*, *libisique*.
QUISHIN, n. FR. A cushion. T. ii. 966.
QUISTRON, n. FR. 893. A beggar. Gl. Ur. I rather believe it signifies a Scullion; in *un garçon de cuisine*.
QUITE, adj. Fr. Free; quiet. 15916.
 — v. Fr. To require; to pay for. 772. 3121.—To acquit. R. 3069.

QUITTE, part. pa. Required. R. 3146.
QUITREX, adv. Freely; at liberty. 1794.
QUOD, pa. t. of **QUERRE**. Said. 790. 539.
QUOKE, pa. t. of **QUAKE**. Trembled; shook. 1578. 14210.

R.

RA, n. SAX. A roe deer. 4084.
RACINE, n. FR. A root. R. 4881.
RAD, **RADDE**, pa. t. of **RIDE**, v. SAX. Advised. A. F. 579.—Explained Du. 281.
RADYVORE, L. W. 2341. Tapestry. "Ras in Fr. signifies any stuff, as *Ras de Châlons*, *Ras de Genes*, *Ras de Vore*, or *Vaur*, may be a stuff made at such a place." Gloss. Ur. There is a town in Languedoc, called *La Vaur*; but I know not that it was ever famous for tapestry.
RAFLES, n. pl. Fr. Plays with dice. P. 104, col. 2, l. 51.
RAFFE, pa. t. of **REVE**, v. SAX. Took away. 14104, 7.
RACE, v. Fr. To toy wantonly. 259. 3273.
RACERIE, n. Wantonness. 6037. 9721.
RACOUNCES. R. 1117. should probably be **JACOUNCES**, as in the Orig. Fr. The precious stones, called Jacinths, or Hyacinths.
RAINES, pr. n. The city of Rennes in Bretagne. Du. 235.
RAKE-STELE, n. SAX. The handle of a rake. 6531.
RAKEL, adj. Hasty, rash. 17227 T. i. 1068.
RAKELNESSE, n. Rashness. 17232.
RAKET. To play raket; *nettle in, dock out*; seems to be used as a proverbial expression, signifying, to be *inconstant*. T. iv. 461. T. L. i. 319. b. What the original of the phrase may have been is not so clear.
RAMAGE, adj. Fr. Wild. R. 5394.
RAMMISH, adj. SAX. Rank, like a ram. 16355.
RAMPE, v. Fr. To climb. *She rampeth in my face*. 13910. She rises against me; flies in my face.
RAN, pa. t. of **RENNE**, 4103. 6552. **RANNEN**, pl. 2927.
RAPE, adv. Quickly; speedily. R. 6516.
 — n. Haste. Ch. *wordes to his Swivener*. 7.
 — v. SAX. To take captive. *To rape and rennr*. 16890. To seize and plunder. See **RENNE**.
RASIS, pr. n. 434. An Arabian Physician of the xth Century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr. t. xliii.* p. 46. in v. **ALBUERCAR**.
RASKAILE, n. A pack of rascals. T. v. 1052.
RATED, part. pa. Chidden. 3463.
RATHE, adv. SAX. Soon; early. 13029.—Speedily. T. ii. 1088.
RATHER, comp. d. Sooner. 10176.
RATHEST, superl. d. Soonest. B. K. 428.
RATHER, adj. SAX. comp. d. Former. T. iii. 1242.
RATOUNS, n. pl. Fr. Rats. 12788.
RAUGHT, pa. t. of **REACAN**, v. SAX. Reached. 136. 2917. *On his way he raught*. T. ii. 447. He sprang forth on his way.
 — pa. t. of **RECCAN**, v. SAX. Cared; rekked. 3770. 15346.
RAVENERS (*Ravinours*), n. pl. Plunderers. Bo. i. pr. 3.
RAVINE, n. Fr. Rapine. *Foules of ravine*. A. F. 323. Birds of prey.
RAVISABLE, adj. Fr. Ravenous. R. 7066.
RAVISHING, part. pr. Fr. Rapid. *With a ravishing swift*. Bo. i. m. 5. *Rapido turbine*. Orig. See **SWEGH**.
RAUNSON, n. Fr. Ransom. 1178.
RAYED, part. pa. Fr. Straked, or striped. Du. 252.
REAL, adj. Fr. Royal. 1499. 15190.
REALLER, comp. d. More royal. 4822.
REALLICH, adv. Royally. 380.
REALTISE, n. Royalty. 4838.
REBEKKE, pr. n. Rebecca. 9578.
 — n. Fr. A musical instrument. See the n. on **VER**. 6959.
RECHASED, pa. t. Fr. A term in hunting. Du. 579.

RECCE, **REKKE**, v. SAX. To care. 2247. 4514.
RECCELES, adj. Careless. 8364.
RECCELESSNESS, n. Carelessness. P. 162, col. 2, l. 38.
RECLAME, v. Fr. A term in Falconry, for blinging tl hawk to the fist, by a certain call. 17021.
RECLAINGE, n. Calling; in the sense of **RECLAME**. L. W. 1369.
RECOMFORT, v. Fr. To comfort. 2854. M. 117, col. 2, l. 34.
RECORD, n. Fr. Witness; testimony. Du. 934.
RECORDE, v. Fr. To remember. Bo. iii. m. 11.—In *vos* 1747, it seems to be used in a technical legal sense, for what is called to *enter upon record* in judicial proceeding.
RECREANDISE, n. Fr. signifies fear; cowardice; desecution of principle. R. 2107. 4038.
RECREANT, adj. One who yields himself to his adversary, in single combat. P. 162, col. 2, l. 4. R. 4090. For the full import of these two words, see Du Cange, in v. **RECRENTIA**.
RECURE, n. Fr. Recovery. B. K. 682.
RECOVER, part. pa. Fr. Recovered. R. 4920. B. K. 672.
REDE, **RED**, pa. t. of **REDE**, v. SAX. 6306. 6303. T. v. 757.
REDDOUR, n. Fr. Strength; violence. *For t. 13*.
REDE, n. SAX. Advice; counsel. 14467. 3527.—A recd. T. ii. 1387.
 — v. SAX. To advise. 3073. 16476.—To read. 6232. 5367.—To explain. Du. 379.
 — adj. SAX. Read. 1971. 14934.
REDOUTE, v. Fr. To fear. R. 2023.
REDOVING, n. Reverence. 2062.
REDRESSE, v. Fr. To recover. T. ii. 969.—To make amends for. 11748.
REFECT, part. pa. LAT. Recovered. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
REFIGURING, part. pr. Fr. Figuring again. T. v. 472.
REFRAIN, n. Fr. The burden of a song. T. i. 1571.
REFRAINING, n. The singing of the burden of a song. R. 749.
REFREIDE, v. Fr. To cool. T. ii. 1343.
REFRETE, n. The same as **REFRAIN**. T. L. iii. 341. b. In *Ber*. 408 it is printed corruptly *Preffret*.
REFTE, **RIFTE**, n. SAX. A chink, or crevice. R. 2661.
REFUTE, n. Fr. Refuge. 5272. 15543.
REGALS, n. pl. Fr. Royalties. L. W. 2126.
REGARD, n. Fr. *At regard of*. P. 164, col. 2, l. 34. 171, col. 2, l. 49. With respect to; in comparison of.
REGNE, n. Fr. A kingdom. 866. 14190.
REHETE, v. Fr. *Rehaver*. To revive; to cheer. R. 6509.
REHETING, n. T. iii. 350. according to several MSS. "And all the reheting of his sikes sore." "Some MSS. and most of the printed Editions read *richesse* instead of *reheting*." Gloss. Ur. *Richesse*, though almost as awkward an expression as the other, is more agreeable to the corresponding passage in the *Filosofo*—
 "E sospir che gii avea a gran dovidia"—
 and one can hardly conceive that it could come from any hand but that of the author. I can make no sense of *reheting*; but at the same time I must allow that it is not likely to have been inserted by way of a gloss.
REILS, v. neut. To roll. *Reilith diversly*. Bo. i. m. 7. *Vagatur*. Orig.
REINNS, pr. n. R. 3826. See **RAINNS**.
REJOIE, v. Fr. To rejoice. T. v. 305.
REKKE, v. SAX. To exhale. L. W. 2601.
REKEN, v. SAX. To reckon. 3199.—To come to a reckoning. 4550.
REKES, n. pl. SAX. Ricks (of corn). T. L. Prol.
RELAYS, n. pl. Fr. Fresh sets of hounds. Du. 362.
RELEASE, n. Fr. Release. B. K. 333. See the n. on **VER**. 15514.
RELEFE, n. SAX. What is left. T. L. Prol.
RELIGIOUSITE, n. Fr. Persons of a religious profession; the Clergy. C. L. 686.
RELIKE, n. Fr. A relic. 12883. **RELIKES**, pl. 703.
REMANANT, n. Fr. A remnant; a remaining part. 1571. 3166.
RFMES, n. pl. Fr. Realms. 15142.
REMSAILE, n. pl. Fr. Orts; leavings. T. L. Prol.
REMOUDE, v. Fr. To cause remorse. T. iv. 491. To afflict. Bo. iv. pr. 6.

RENUABLE, *adj.* Fr. Moveable; inconstant. T. iv. 1682.
 REVUE, REVUEWE, REMEVE, *v.* Fr. To remove. 11305. 11332. *Conf. Am.* 164. b.
 REVUEW, *pa. t.* 11517. R. 7432.
 REVUABLE, *adv.* Fr. Reasonably. 7091.
 REVENGATE, *n.* Fr. An apostate from Christianity. 5763.
 RENEVE, *v.* Fr. To renounce; to abjure. 4760. 4796.
 RENGES, *n. pl.* Fr. Ranks. 2595.—The steps of a ladder. 3625. See the note.
 RENNE, *v.* SAX. To run. 3939. 4063.—To rend. q? 16890.
 RENOME, *n.* Fr. Renown. 6741. L. W. 1511.
 RENOVELANCE, *n.* Fr. A renewing. F. ii. 185.
 RENOVELE, *v.* Fr. To renew. M. 120, col. 1, l. 4. P. 170, col. 2, l. 70.
 RENT, *v.* SAX. To tear, or rend. R. 324.
 REPAIRS, *n.* Fr. Resort. 6806.
 ——— *v.* Fr. To return. 10903.
 REPENTANT, *part. pr.* Fr. Repenting. 229. 10969.
 REPREVE, REPREVE, *n.* Fr. Reproof. 10080. 10137.
 REPRESSION, *n.* T. iii. 1040. seems to be put for *power of expressing*.
 REQUISRE, *v.* Fr. To require. 6592.
 RERE, *v.* SAX. To raise. C. D. 469.
 RESCOUTS, *n.* Fr. Rescue. 2645.
 RESCOWE, *v.* Fr. To rescue. T. v. 231.
 RESON, *n.* Fr. Reason. 9532. Proportion. Bo. fi. pr. 7.
 RESONS, *n. pl.* Fr. Discourses. T. iii. 90.
 RESPITE, *n.* T. v. 137, may, perhaps, be put for *Respect*.
 RESPITEN, *inf. m.* Fr. To grant a respite. 11886.—To excuse. R. 6084.
 RESPONT, *n.* T. iv. 850, is probably put for *Respect*.
 RESTE, *n.* SAX. Repose. 9729.
 ——— *v.* SAX. To repose; to cease from labour. 2623.
 RETENUE, *n.* Fr. Retinue. 8146. *At his retenue.* 6937. Retained by him.
 RETHOR, *n.* Fr. LAT. An orator, or rhetorician. 10352.
 REVE, *n.* SAX. A steward, or bailiff. See his CHARACTER, ver. 589—624.
 ——— *v.* SAX. To take away. 4009. P. 159, col. 1, l. 4.
 REVEL, *n.* Fr. Entertainment, properly *during the night*. 2719. Sport; festivity. 4400. L. W. 2242.
 REVELOUR, *n.* A reveller. 4389.
 REVELRIE, *n.* Pleasure. R. 720.
 REVERS, *adj.* Fr. Contrary. 7638. 14963.
 REVERSE, *v.* Fr. To overturn. R. 5469.
 REVERT, *v.* Fr. To turn back. R. 7284.
 REVEST, *v.* Fr. To cloath again. T. iii. 354.
 REW, *n.* A row, or line. *On a row.* 2868. In a line. *All by row.* 6098. See *A row*.
 REWAKE, *v.* SAX. To waken again. T. iii. 1124.
 REWARD, *n.* Fr. Regard; respect. *Take reward of thin oven value.* P. 149, col. 2, l. 16. Have regard to t. o. v. *In reward of.* R. 3254. In comparison with. See REGARD.
 REWE, *v.* SAX. To have compassion. 1865.—To suffer; to have cause to repent. 3530.
 REWEL DONE, 13007. See the note.
 REVES, *n. pl.* F. iii. 146. Dances, in use among the Dutch. *Reye.* BELG. *Chorea exterior, chorea in longam seriem.* Kilian.
 REYSED. See the *n.* on ver. 54. "*Les Gandois firent une rese sur les marches de Haynault, et dedans le pays pile-ent, bruslerent, et firent moult de mauz.*" Mem. de la Marche, p. 284. Where a note in the margin says, "*Reyse en bas Alemand signifie un voyage ou course.*"
 RIBANINGS, *n. pl.* R. 1077, seems to signifie *Borders*.
 RIBAUGE, *n.* A poor labourer. R. 5673. But the word generally implies profligacy of manners as well as meanness of condition. See Du Cange, in v. RIBALDUS.
 RIBAUDRIE, *n.* Ribaldry; indecent words, or actions. 3864. 12258.
 RIBRE, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 6959.
 RIBBLE, *n.* A small ribbie. 3331. 4394.
 RICHARD, *pr. n.* 15354. In the Essay, &c. n. 50. I have vindicated the character of this heroic prince from an asperson, which was first cast upon him, I find, by Mr. Bymer, in consequence of a mistaken construction of a passage in Hoveden. I am tempted to add here the be-

ginning of a poem, which having been composed after his death by *Anselm Faydit*, must stand clear of all suspicion of having been either *begged or bought*.

For chausa es et tot lo maior dan,
 El maior dol, las q' eu que mas agues,
 Et so, don dea toz temps plaquer niorn,
 M'aven a dir en chantar et retraire,
 De cel q' era de valorz caps et paine,
 Li reis valenz Rizard, reis des Engles,
 Es morz; ai deus! cals perda et cals danz es!
 Can estrangi moz et gan greu per audr!
 Ben a dur cor toz hom co po sentir.
 Moz es li reis, et son passal mil an
 Qanc tan pros hom no fo ne nol vit res,
 Ne ia mais hom non er del sen semblant,
 Tan larcs, tan pros, tan arduz, tals donaire,
 Q' Alixandres lo reis, q' venqi Dare,
 No cuit q' tan dones ni Arus tan valgues,
 Ni an Charles ni Arus tan valgues,
 Q' a tot lo mon sen sez, q' i vol ver dir,
 Als us dopiar et als autres gruzi.

MSS. Crofts. fol. cxl.

RICHESSE, *n.* Fr. Wealth. 6092. RICHESSES, *pl.* Riches. M. 113, col. 2, l. 28. 114, col. 1, l. 38.
 RIDDELED, *part. pa.* R. 1235. 43. Planted. Gl. Ur. In the first of the places quoted, the French Orger. has—Et fut si bien cueillie et jointe,—which Chaucer has translated —Lorde! it was riddled factly.
 RIDDEN, *part. pa.* of RIDE. *He is ridden.* 1505. *They ben ridden.* 1689. *He had ridden.* 13720.
 RIDE, *v.* SAX. *He rideth him.* 1693.
 RIDING, *n.* See the *n.* on ver. 4375.
 RIFE, RIVE, *v.* SAX. To thrust through. 9112. 12762.
 RIGHT, *n.* SAX. A right, or due. *At alle rights.* 1854. 2102. At all points.
 ——— *adj.* Good; true. 189.
 ——— *adv.* Truly; rightly; exactly; completely. It is frequently joined to adjectives, as the adverbs *well* and *full* are, to augment their force. 290. 617.
 RIME, *n.* Fr. A composition in rime. 13639. Hence the title of THE RIME OF SIRE THOMAS. For the original of compositions in rime, see the Essay, &c. n. 43—*Rime-dogel.* 13651. See DOGEREL.
 RIMEVED, *part. pa.* Fr. Composed in rime, or verse. 11023. See the *n.* on ver. 11021.
 RIMPLED, *part. pa.* SAX. Wrinkled. R. 4405.
 RING, *v.* SAX. To make to sound. 2433. 12265.
 ——— *v. neut.* To sound. 2602.
 RISE, *n.* SAX. Small twigs of trees or bushes. 3324. R. 1015.
 RISSE, *n.* SAX. A rush. R. 1701. T. iii. 1167.
 RIST for RISETH. 3888. T. ii. 312.
 RIT for RIDETH. 976. 17029.
 RIVAGE, F. i. 223. See ANIVAGE.
 RIVE, *v. neut.* SAX. To split; to fall asunder. R. 5393. 5718.
 RIVELING, *part. pr.* SAX. Wrinkling. R. 7214. *Ruyfelen.* BELG. *Rugare.* Kilian.
 RIVER, *n.* Fr. See the *n.* on ver. 6466.
 ROCHE, *n.* Fr. A rock. F. iii. 26. ROCHES, *pl.* F. ii. 527.
 RODE, *n.* SAX. The Cross. *Rode-beem.* 6078. It is also called the *Rode-tree*; from its being made of wood.
 ——— *n.* SAX. Complexion. 3317.
 RODY, *adj.* SAX. Ruddy. 10699.
 ROFE, *pa. t.* of RIFE. L. W. 661. 1349. ROFTE. F. i. 373. should probably be ROFS.
 ROGGE, *v.* SAX. To shake. L. W. 2697. ROGEVN OR MEVVN. *Agito.* Prompt. Parv.
 ROIGNE, *n.* Fr. A scab, mange, &c. R. 553.
 ROIGNOUS, *adj.* Fr. Scabby; rough. R. 6190. 988.
 ROKETTE, *n.* Fr. A loose upper garment. R. 1240. 2. 4754.
 ROKING, *part. pr.* of ROKKE, or ROGGE, *v. neut.* SAX. Shaking; trembling. R. 1906. ROGEVN OR WAVERVN. *Vacillo.* Prompt. Parv.
 ROMAUNCES REALES. See the *n.* on ver. 13777.
 RUMBEL, *n.* A rumbling noise. 1981.—Rumour. 8873.
 ROME, *v.* SAX. To walk about. 7994. 11155.
 RONDEL, *n.* Fr. "A rime or sonnet which ends as it begins. *Cotgrave.*" L. W. 423.
 RONE, *pr. n.* Rouen in Normandy. R. 1674.
 ——— *pa. t.* of RAIN, *v.* SAX. Rained. T. iii. 678.
 ROPEN, *part. pa.* of REPE, *v.* SAX. Reaped. L. W. 74.

ROSALGAR. 16282. Red arsenic; a preparation of orpiment Chambers, in *v. Roalgar*. It should rather perhaps have been written *Rysalgar*, with MS. C. I. as the Latin name is *Risgalium*.

ROSEN, *adj.* Rosy. B K. 657.

ROSER, *n.* FR. A rose-bush. P. 166, col. 2, l. 10.

ROSE RED, *adj.* 15722. Red as a rose.

ROTE, *n.* SAX. A root. E. T. ii. 348.

— A root, in astrology. 4734. See EXPANS VERES.

— *n.* A musical instrument. 236. See Du Cange, in *v. ROTA*. Notker, who lived in the xth century, says, that it was the ancient *Psalterium*, but altered in its shape and with an additional number of strings. Schilter, in *v. ROTA*.

— *n.* FR. Practice. *By rote*. 13452, 75. *By heart*.

Par routine. Cotg.

— *v.* SAX. To rot. 4405.

ROFEN, *part pa.* 3871.

ROFHER, *n.* SAX. The rudder of a ship. C. D. 1377.

ROUGHT for RAUGHT, *pa. l.* of RECHE. 8561. T. i. 497.

ROUKE, *v.* SAX. To lie close. 1310. T. v. 409. *But now they RUCKEN in her nest*. Conf. Am. 72.

ROULE, *v. neut.* SAX. To roll; to run easily. 6235. Where some copies have *royle*. See REILE.

ROUME, *n.* SAX. Room; space. L. W. 1997.

— *adj.* Wide; spacious. 4124.

ROUMER, *comp. d.* Wider. 4143.

ROUNCEVALL, *pr. n.* See the *n.* on ver. 672.

ROUNCIE, *n.* BARB. LAT. A common hackney horse. 392.

See Du Cange, in *v. RUNCINUS*.

ROUNDEL, *n.* FR. A sort of song. 1531. See RONDEL.—A circular figure. F. ii. 283, 290.

ROUTE, *n.* FR. A company. 624, 9424.

— *v.* To assemble in a company. 4950.

— *v.* FR. To smore. 3647, 4165—To roar. F. ii. 530.

ROUTHE, *n.* SAX. Compassion. 11824.—The object of compassion. 11833.

ROUTHELLES, *adj.* Without compassion. T. ii. 346.

ROW, *n.* A line of writing. F. ii. 448. See REW.

— *adj.* SAX. Rough. 3736, 10329. C. D. 772. *He looked wel rowe*. R. G. 507.

ROWWE, *v.* SAX. To whisper. 5923, 7132.

RUBBUS. 2047. See PUFILLA.

RUBINS, *n. pl.* FR. Rubies. 2149.

RUCKING, *part. pa.* of RUCKE, or ROUKE, *v.* SAX. Lying close. 15233.

RUDDE, *n.* SAX. Complexion. 13657. See RODE.

RUDDOCK, *n.* SAX. A bird, called Robin red-breast. A. F. 349.

RUFUS, *pr. n.* 432. A Greek physician, of whose works some are extant. See Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* L. iv. c. 3.

RUGGY, *adj.* Rough. 2885.

RUSSEL, *pr. n.* The fox is called *Dan Russel* in ver. 15340, from his red colour, I suppose.

R

SACHELLES, *n. pl.* FR. Small sacks. Bo. i. pr. 3

SACKED FRERES. R. 7462. Friars wearing a coarse upper garment called *Saccus*. Mat. Paris, ad an. 1257. *Eodem tempore novus ordo apparuit Londini de quibusdam fratribus ignotis et non prexistis, qui, quia saccis incedebant induti, FRATRES SACCATI vocabantur*.

SACRE, *n.* FR. A sacred solemnity. C. D. 2135.

SADE, *adj.* SAX. Grave; steady. 3878, 8923.—Sorrowful; repentant. 16345.

SADLY, *adv.* Steadily; carefully. 2804. This messenger *drank sadly* ale and wine. 5163. This messenger *applied himself to drink a. & v.*

SADNESS, *n.* Gravity; steadiness. 8328, 9465.

SAFFRON, *v.* FR. To tinge with saffron. 12729.

SAGE, for SEIE, *pa. l.* of SE. *v.* SAX. Saw. T. iii. 993.

SAIS, *v.* FR. To assail. R. 7332.

SAILORS, *n. pl.* R. 770 may mean *Dancers*, from the LAT. FR. So in P. P. 68. *For I can—neither saylen, ne saute, ne syng to the gyterne*. The lines which Chaucer has here translated are not in the best Edit. of the Rom.

de la Rose. Paris. 1735. but they are quoted by Junn *Etym. Ling. Angl.* in *v. Timbestere*, from an Edit. 1529.

*Après y eul farces joyeuses,
Et batelleurs et batelleuses,
Qui de passe passe jouoyent,
Et en l'air unq bassin ruoyent,
Puis le scavoyent bien recueillir
Sur unq doy, sans point y faillir.*

Where it is plain that the author is speaking of juggler rather than *dancers*.

SAINTE for SEINE, *part. pa.* of SE, *v.* SAX. Seen. R. 7445.

— *pr. n.* The river Seine. 11534.

SALADE, *n.* FR. A sort of armour for the head. C. D. 1554.

SALADES, *n. pl.* FR. Sallads of herbs. F. L. 412.

SALWE, SALUS, *v.* FR. To salute. 1494, 10405.

SALUED, *part. pa.* 11622.

SALUNGES, *n. pl.* Salutations. T. ii. 1668.

SAMITE, *n.* FR. GR. A rich silk. R. 873. T. i. 109. See Du Cange, in *v.* EXAMITUS.

SANGUIN, *adj.* FR. Of a blood-red colour. 441, 2170.

SARLINISHE. R. 1188, should perhaps be SARBINISHE, from the FR. *Sarrasinois*; a sort of fine silk used for voils. See Du Cange, in *v.* SARACENIUM and SARACENUM. It is still called *Saracenet*.

SARPLERES, *n. pl.* Packages of a larger size than sacks. Bo. i. pr. 3. See Du Cange, in *v.* SARPLERIUM. *Sarpillère*, FR. A piece of canvas, &c. to wrap or pack up wares in. Cotgrave.

SATEN, *pa. l.* *pl.* of SIT, *v.* SAX. 2805.

SATALIE, *pr. n.* The ancient Attalia. 53.

SAVE, *n.* LAT. The herb sage. 2716.

SAUF, *adj.* FR. Safe. See VOUCHE.—Saved, or accepted. 685, 12048, 12216.

SAVETE, *n.* FR. Safety. R. 6869.

SAULE for SOULE. 4185, 4261.

SAVOUR, *v. neut.* FR. To taste; to relish. 5753.

SAVOURING, *n.* FR. The sense of tasting. P. 150, col. 2, l. 34.

SAVOUROUS, *adj.* Sweet; pleasant. R. 84.

SAUSEFLEMME. See the *n.* on ver. 627. But MS. Bodl. 2463, furnishes another etymology, which I think still more probable. "Unguentum contra *salsum flegma, scabiem, &c.*" See Galen, in Hippoc. de Aliment. Comment. iii. p. 277. *ε λαχρον—γινεται απο ΦΑΕΙΜΑΤΟΣ 'ΑΑΜΤΡΟΥ και τις ελαφους γαλας*. And again, *ε λαφους—ετα τω ΦΑΕΙΜΑΤΟΣ, αυχ 'ΑΑΤΚΟΤ*.

SAUTES, *n. pl.* FR. Assaults. B. K. 419.

SAUTRIE, *n.* FR. GR. A musical string-instrument. 3213, 3305. See ROTE.

SAWE, *n.* SAX. Speech; discourse. 1528, 16159. R. 6475.—A proverb, or wise saying. 6242.

SAY for SEY, *pa. l.* of SE, *v.* SAX. Saw. 6227, 9010.

SCALL, *n.* SAX. A scale or scab. *Ch. words to his Scripver*. 3.

SCALLED, *adj.* Scabby; scurfy. 630.

SCANTHONE, *n.* FR. A pattern; a scantling. R. 7114.

SCARCE, *adj.* FR. Sparing; stingy. R. 2329.

SCARIOU, *n.* Judas Iscariot. 15233.

SCARMISHE, *n.* FR. A skirmish; a battle. T. ii. 934. V. 1507.

SCATHN, *n.* SAX. Harm; damage. 448, 9049.

SCATHFUL, SCATHELICHE, *adj.* Pernicious. 4519. L. W. 1370.

SCATHKLES, *adj.* Without harm. R. 1550.

SCLAUNDRE, *n.* FR. Slander. 8599, 8596.

SCLENDRE, *adj.* Slender. 9476.

SCOCIONS, *n. pl.* FR. Scutcheons of arms. F. L. 216.

SOLAIE, *v.* FR. To attend school; to studie. 304. See the *note*.

SCRIPT, *n.* FR. A writing. 9571. T. ii. 1130.

SCRIPTURES, *n. pl.* FR. Writings; books. 2046.

SCRIVEN-LIKE. T. ii. 1026. Like a scrivener, or writing-master; *Comme un escrivaïn*.

SEAMES, *n. pl.* SAX. Seams. *Suturae*. P. 160, col. 2, l. 19

SECREE, *adj.* FR. Secret. 9783, 15646.

SECRENSESSE, *n.* Privacy. 5193.

SECULER, *adj.* FR. Of the laity; in opposition to Clerical. 9127, 15456.

SEDE, *v.* SAX. To produce seed. R. 4344.

SEE, n. FR. A seat. 14155. T. iv. 1023. SEES, pl. F. iii. 120.
— r. SAX. To see. *God you see!* 7751. *God him see!* 4576. *My God keep you, or him, in his sight!* In T. ii. 85. it is fuller:—*God you save and see!*—To look. *On to see.* 3247. To look on. See the note, and T. iii. 130. *That—Ye wold sometime frouly on me see.* That ye would sometimes look friendly on me.

— n. SAX. The sea. 2458. 3033. *The Grete see.* 59. A learned friend has suggested to me, that the Sea on the coast of Palestine is called the *Great Sea* in the Bible (See Num. xxxiv. 6, 7. Josh. xv. 12); which puts the meaning of the appellation in this passage out of all doubt.

SSEE, n. FR. A siege. 939.

SEIE, SEY, pa. t. of SEE, v. SAX. Saw. 5229. 6990. T. v. 816.—part. pa. Seen. 6134.

SEIGNORIE, n. FR. Powcr. R. 3213.

SEIN, part. pa. of SEE, v. SAX. Seen. 10267.

SEINDE, part. pa. of SENGE, v. SAX. Singed. 14851.

SEINT, n. FR. Cinct. A girdle. 331. 3235.

SEINTUARIE, n. FR. Sanctuary. 12887.

SEKE, v. SAX. To seek. 13. 17.

— v. adj. SAX. Sick. 18.

SELDEN, adv. SAX. Seldom. 10125. *Selden time.* 8022.

SELE, n. FR. A seal. 7710. SELES, pl. T. iii. 1408.

SELVE, SELVE, adj. SAX. answering to the BELG. *Sel*, the Fr. *Même*, the LAT. *Ipse*, and the Gr. *Autos*. See the Essay, &c. n. 30.—With the article prefixed it answers to the LAT. *Idem*, and the GOTH. *Samo*, from whence our *Same*. See ver. 2586. *In the selve moment; In the same moment.* ver. 11706. *In the selve place; In the same place.*

These two usages of the adj. SELVE, when joined to a substantive, might be confirmed by the uniform practice of all our writers, from the earliest times down to Shakespeare; but, as they are both now obsolete, I choose rather to take this opportunity of adding a few words to what has been said in the Essay, &c. *loc. cit.* upon the usage of the adj. SELVE, when joined to a Pronoun; in which light only it appears to have been considered by Wallis, when he pronounced it a Substantive, answering nearly to the Latin *persona*.

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, has very rightly established the primary signification of SELVE to be that of an Adjective; but, in its connexions with Pronouns, he seems rather inclined to suppose it a Substantive, first, because it is joined to possessive, or adjective pronouns, as *my, thy, her*, &c. and secondly, because it has a plural number *selves*, contrary to the nature of the English adjective.

The latter reason, I think, cannot have much weight, when it is remembered, that the use of *Selves*, as the plural number of *Sel*, has been introduced into our language since the time of Chaucer. *Selven*, which was originally the accusative *ca. sing.* of SELVE, is used by him indifferently in both numbers. *I myselfen.* 9334. *Ye yourselfen.* 9380. 12676. *He himselfen.* 4464. 9919.

The former reason also will lose its force, if the hypothesis, which I have ventured to propose in the Essay, &c. *loc. cit.* shall be admitted, viz. that, in their combinations with SELVE, the pronouns *my, thy, her, our, your*, are not to be considered as possessive or adjective, but as the old oblique cases of the personal pronouns *I, thou, she, we, ye*. According to this hypothesis, the use of these combinations, with respect to the pronouns, is almost always solecistical; but not more so than that of *himself* in the reflexive case, which has long been authorised by constant custom; and it is remarkable, that a solecism of the same sort has prevailed in the French language, in which *moi* and *toi*, the *obl. cases* of *je* and *tu*, when combined with *même*, are used as ungrammatically as our *my* and *thy* have just been supposed to be, when combined with SELVE. *Je l'ai vu moi-même; I have seen it myself: Tu le verras toi-même; Thou shalt see it thyself; and so in the accusative case, moi-même* is added emphatically to *me*, and *toi-même* to *te*.

It is probable, I think, that these departures from grammar, in both languages, have been made for the

sake of fuller and more agreeable sounds. *Je-même, me-même, tu-même, et te-même*, would certainly sound much thinner and more languid than *moi-même* and *toi-même*; and myself, thyself, &c. are as clearly preferable, in point of pronunciation, to *Isel*, *mesel*, *thousel*, *theusel*, &c. though not all, perhaps, in an equal degree. It should be observed, that *iself*, where a change of case in the pronoun would not have improved the sound, has never undergone any alteration.

SELLE, n. FR. *Celle*. Coll. C. D. 2064.

SELLE for SELLE, n. SAX. A door-sill or threshold. 3920. See the note.

SELVE, adj. 2586. 2962. See SELVE.

SELY, adj. SAX. Silly, simple; harmless. 4088. 4106. 5222. SELYNESSE, n. SAX. Happiness. T. iii. 815. 827.

SEMBLABLE, adj. Fr. Like. 9374.

SEMBLAUNT, n. FR. Seeming; appearance; 10630.

SEMELICHE, SEMELY, adj. SAX. Seemly; nicely. SEMELIESTE, *supcr* d. 17068.

SEMELYHEDE, n. Seemliness; comeliness. R. 777. 1130.

SEMISOUN, n. LAT. A low, or broken tone. 3997.

SEMICOPE, n. A half, or short, cloke. 264.

SEN, SENE, *inf.* m. of SE. 1711. 2173.—part. pa. 1967. 2300.

SEND for SENDETH. 4134.

SENDALL, n. 442. A thin silk. See Du Cange, in v. CEN DALUM.

SENEK, pr. n. Seneca, the philosopher. 6750. 6767. 9397.

What is said of him in the *Monkes tale*, ver. 14421—14436 is taken from the *Rom. de la Rose*, ver. 6461—6499.

SENGE, v. SAX. To singe. 5931.

SENIOR, pr. n. 16918. See the note.

SENTENCE, n. FR. Sense; meaning. 308. 10162.—Judgment. 4533.

SEPTE, pr. n. 5367. Ceuta, formerly *Septa*, in Africa, over against Gibraltar.

SEPULTURE, n. FR. Grave. T. iv. 327.

SERAPION, pr. n. 434. Joannes Serapion, an Arabian physician of the xth Century. *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 299.

SERE, adj. SAX. Dry. R. 4749.

SERGEANT, n. FR. A Squier, attendant upon a prince or nobleman. 8395.—A SERJEANT OF THE LAWE. See his CHARACTER, ver. 311—332. His name is derived from his having been originally a *servant* of the King in his law-business; *Servicus ad legem*, just as *Servicus ad arma*. The King had formerly a Serjeant in every county. *Spelman*, in v. SERVICENS.

SERIE, n. FR. Series. 3069.

SERMONING, n. FR. Preaching. 3093.

SERVAGE, n. FR. Servitude; slavery. 4789. 11106. 7.

SERVAND, part. pr. of SERVA. Serving. C. D. 1627.

SERVE, v. FR. To serve. 3845.—To behave to. 8516. 7.

SET for SETTHE. 7564. for SETTE, pa. t. 11134.

SETEWALE, n. SAX. The herb Valerian. 3207. 13691.

SETHE, v. SAX. To boil. 385.

SETHE for SETHEP, pa. t. 8103.

SETTE, v. SAX. To place; to put. 7851. *Settle him down* P. 170. col. 1. l. 10. *Placeth himself on a seat. Yet sette I cas.* M. 115. col. 1. l. 84. *Yet I put the case, or suppose.—To put a value on a thing; to rate. I wolde sette his sorrow at a myle.* T. iii. 902. *I would not value h. s.—To sette a man's cappe; to make a fool of him.* See the n. on ver. 588.

— pa. t. 6241.

SEUREMENT, n. FR. Security, in a legal sense, 11838.

SEURETEE, n. FR. Certainty. 6485.—Surety, in a legal sense. 6493.

SEWE, v. FR. To follow. R. 4953.

SEWES, n. pl. FR. Dishes. 10381. See the note.

SEVE. See SEIE.

SHADDE, pa. t. of SHEDDE, v. SAX. Fell in drops. 14649.

— pa. t. of SHADE, v. SAX. Shaded; covered with shade. Du. 426.

SHADOWY, adj. SAX. Unsubstantial. Bo. iii. pr. 4.

SHAFT, n. SAX. AN ARROW. 1364.

SHAL, *auxil.* v. SAX. is used sometimes with an ellipsis of the infinitive mode, which ought to follow it. 16912. *Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shal, i. e. shall be.* 15771. *First tell me whither I shal, i. e. shall go.* T. ii.

46. *Yet all is don or shal, i. e. shall be done.* See also ver. 15100. T. v. 333.
- SHALE, n. SAX. A shell, or husk. F. iii. 191. *But all n'is worthe a nutte shale.* Conf. Am. 66.
- SHALMES, n. pl. Shalms; Musical string-instruments, otherwise called *Pealteries* or *Sautres*. F. iii. 138. See *ROTE*.
- SHAME, n. SAX. *Shames delthe.* 5239. 10251. A death of shame; a shameful death. *To York he did him lede,* SHAMES DEDE *to deie.* P. L. 247.
- SHAMEFAST, *adj.* SAX. Modest. 2057.
- SHAPE, n. SAX. Form; figure. 7040. 7052.
- SHAPELICH, *adj.* SAX. Lit; likely. 374. T. iv. 1452.
- SHAPEN, SHAPE, *part. pa.* of SHAPE, v. SAX. Formed; figured. 7045. 7096. Prepared. 1110. 1227. 1394.
- SHAWE, n. SAX. A shade of trees; a grove. 4365. 6963. T. iii. 721.
- SHEFE, n. SAX. A bundle. A sheaf of arrowes 104. SHEVES, *pl.* of corn. R. 4335.
- SHEFFELD *pr. n.* Sheffield, in Yorkshire. 3931.
- SHELD, n. SAX. A shield. 2124. SHELDES, *pl.* French crowns, called in Fr. *Ecus*, from their having on one side the figure of a shield. 730. 13261.
- SHEMERING, n. SAX. A glimmering. 4295.
- SHEND, n. SAX. To ruin. 5347. P. 102, col. 1, l. 42.
- SHENSHIP, n. Ruin; punishment; P. 152, col. 1, l. 22.
- SHENE, *adj.* SAX. Bright; shining. 1070.
- SHENT, *part. pa.* of SHEND. 5351. 9194.
- SHEPEN, n. SAX. A stable. 2002. 6453. See the n. on ver. 2002.
- SHERTE, n. SAX. To cut.—To shave. R. 6196.
- SHERTE, n. SAX. A shirt. 9859. *I hadde lever than my sherte.* 15126. I would give my shurt, i. e. all that I have.—It seems to mean the linnen in which a new-born child is wrapped. 1569. *That shapen was my delthe erst than my sherte.* Compare T. iii. 734.
- O fatal sustren, whiche, or any clothe
Me shapen was, my destinee me eponne—
and L. W. 2618.*
- Sens first that day, that shapen was my sherte,
Or by the fatal suster hadd my dome.—*
- In T. iv. 96. *Als! that I ne had brought her in my sherte!* It seems to be put for *skirt* (or *lap*), which perhaps was the original word.
- SHETE, v. SAX. To shoot. 3296. R. 909.
- SHEETS, n. *pl.* SAX. Sheets. 4138.
- SHETTE, SHET v. SAX. To close, or shut. 15985. 16905.
- SHET, *pa. t.* and *part. pa.* of SHETE, v. SAX. *So was hire herte skette in hire distresse.* 5476. So was her heart overwhelmed with h. d.
- SHIFF, v. SAX. To divide. 5686.
- SHILDE, SHELDE, v. SAX. To shield. *God shilde.* 3427. God shield, or forbid!
- SHIPMAN, n. SAX. A mariner; the master of a barge. See his CHARACTER, ver. 390—412.
- SHIVER, n. SAX. A small slice. 7422.
- SHODE, n. SAX. The hair of a man's head. 2009. 3316.
- *part. pa.* of SHOE, v. SAX. Shod, having shoes on. R. 7462.
- SHOVE, *pa. t.* of SHOVE, v. SAX. Pushed. R. 534. L. W. 2401.
- SHOVDE, n. SAX. Harm. 13836. F. i. 88.
- SHOPE, *pa. t.* of SHAPE. 7120. 11121.
- SHORE, *part. pa.* of SHEER. 13978.
- SHORTS, v. SAX. To make short. P. 163, col. 1, l. 1. 21.
- SHOT, *part. pa.* of SHETTE. Shut. 3358. 3695. See the n. on ver. 3358.
- SHOTER, n. SAX. A shooter. A. F. 180. The yew-tree is called *Shoter*, because bows are usually made of it.
- SHOTTES, n. *pl.* SAX. Arrows, darts; any thing that is shot. T. ii. 58.
- SHOVE, SHOWVE, v. SAX. To push. 3910.
- *part. pa.* 11593.
- SHRWVE, n. SAX. To curse. 6644. 7809.
- n. SAX. An ill-tempered, *curst* man, or woman. 2047. 6087. 10302. SHREWES, *pl.* Bo. i. *pr.* 3. *Pessim.* Orig.
- SHREWED, *adj.* SAX. Wicked. *Shi euide folk.* Bo. l. *pr.* 4. *Impios.* Orig.
- SHREWEDNESSE, n. SAX. Ill-nature. T. ii. 838.
- SHRIFT, n. SAX. Confession. P. 169, col. 2, l. 11.
- SHRIFFE-FADERS, n. *pl.* SAX. Father-confessors. 7024.
- SHRIVE, v. SAX. To make confession. P. 170, col. 1, l. 41.
- SHRIVEN, *part. pa.* 7022. *I have ben shriven this day of my curat.* 7677. I have made my confession t. d. to my curate. P. 170, col. 1, l. 70.
- SHRIGHT for SHRICETH. 2819. Shrieketh.
- *pa. t.* of SHRICT, v. SAX. Shrieked. 10731. 15368.
- SHROUDE, v. SAX. To hide. B. K. 148.
- SHULDE, *pa. t.* of SHAL. Should. 964. See the Essay, &c. p. xxvii. n. 35. SHULDEN, *pl.* 747. 3229.
- SHULLEN, SHULN, SHUL, *ind. m. pr. t. pl.* of SHAL. 3016. 2766. 1823, 4, M. 111, col. 1, l. 5.
- SIBBE, *adj.* SAX. Related; allied. M. 113, col. 2, l. 40.
- SIE for SEIE. Saw. 11102. F. L. 194.
- SIFT, v. SAX. To shake in a sieve. 16409.
- SIGH for SEIE. Saw. R. 318.
- SIGHTE, *pa. t.* of SIKK. 5455. R. 1746. Sighed.
- SIGNE, v. FR. To appoint. C. L. 642.
- SIGNIFER, n. LAT. The Zodiack. T. v. 1020.
- SIGNIFIANCE, n. FR. Signification. T. v. 1446.
- SIKE, *adj.* SAX. Sick. 426. 9165. In ver. 5976. It seems to be used, as a noun, for *Sickness*.
- v. SAX. To sigh. 2867. 11316.
- n. SAX. A sigh. 10612. SIKES, *pl.* 1922. 11176.
- SIKER, *adj.* SAX. Sure. 9264. 9587.
- SIKERDE, *part. pa.* of SIKER, v. SAX. Assured. L. W. 2126.
- SICKENESSE, n. Security. 9156.
- SICKERLY, *adv.* Surely. 13084. 13213.
- SIMPLESSE, n. FR. Simplicity. R. 954.
- SIN, *adv.* SAX abbreviation of SITTEN. Since. 5234. 10181.
- SINAMONE, n. FR. Cinnamon. 3699.
- SIP, n. SAX. Drink. An. 195.
- SIPHER, n. A cipher, or figure of 0, in Arithmetic. *Although a sipher in augim have no might in signification of itself, yet he geveth power in signification to other.* T. I. ii. 333. b. There is another passage in Du. ver. 435—40. which seems to imply, that, in Chaucer's time, the numerals, commonly called Arabian, had not been long in use in this country.
- SIRE, n. FR. *Seur, Seigneur.* A respectful title, given formerly to men of various descriptions, as well as to knights. *Sire knight.* 839. *Sire clerk.* 842. *Sire monk.* 3120. *Sire man of lawe.* 4453. It was so usually given to priests, that it has cept even into acts of parliament. *Rot. Parl.* 12. and 13. E. IV. n. 14. *Sir James Thekeness, Preste* I. H. VII. p. 11. *Sir Oliver Langton, Prest.* *Sir Robert Naylesthorp, Prest.* Hence a *Sir John* came to be a nickname for a *Priest*. See ver. 14816, and the note.—*Sire* is sometimes put for *personage*. R. 4993. *And melancholy, that angry sire—Our sire.* 6295. Our husband; our godman; as the French, in their old familiar language, use *Notre sire*.
- SIS, n. FR. The cast of six; the highest cast upon a die. 14579.
- SIT for SITTETH. 3641. 3608. *It sit me not to be.* 10189. It doth not become me t. l. 8335. 9153. *It syt a kynge uelto be chast.* Conf. Am. 162. b.
- SITHE for SITHESS, n. *pl.* SAX. Times 5153. 5575.
- SITHE, SITH, *adv.* SAX. Since. 1817. 4478. 5541.
- SITHES, n. *pl.* SAX. Scythes. T. L. prol.
- SITTE, v. SAX. To sit.—To become; to suit with. See SIT.
- SITTAND, *part. pr.* R. 2263.
- SITTEN, *part. pa.* 1454. 6002.
- SKAFFAUT, n. FR. A scaffold; a wooden tower. R. 4173.
- SKAFFOLD, n. A scaffold, or stage. 3384.
- SKIE, n. SAX. A cloud. F. iii. 510.
- SKILL, n. SAX. Reason. 9028. 9562. SKILLES, *pl.* 10519.
- SKILFUL, *adj.* Reasonable. T. iii. 288. 940.
- SKINKE, v. SAX. To pour out; to serve with drink. 9596.
- SKIPPE, *pa. t.* of SKIPPE, v. SAX. Leaped. 11714.
- SKOGAN, *pr. n.* See the Account, &c. p. 449.
- SKORCLE, v. SAX. To scorch. Bo. ii. m. 6.
- SKRIPPE, n. FR. *Eschaipe.* A scrip. R. 7405.
- SLACKE, *adj.* SAX. Slow. 2903.
- SLAIN, *part. pa.* of SLE. 1743. 2040.
- SLAKE, v. SAX. To appease; to make slack. 8679. 8932.

SLAKE, *v. neut.* To fail. 8013. To desist. 8581.
 SLAWE, *part. pa.* of SLE 15020.
 SLE, *v. SAX.* T; kill; to slay. 2538.
 SLEER, *n. SAX.* A killer. 2007. L. W. 1367.
 SLEIGHTLY, *adv. SAX.* Cunningly. 1446.
 SLEIGHT, *n. SAX.* Contrivance. R. 7109.
 SLEIGHTES, *pl. R.* 7121. *Suche sleights as I shall you never.*—So this line should probably be written. See the Orig. ver. 12495. *Neven* is from MS. Hunter.
 SLEN, *pr. t. pl.* of SLE. 1569. 5394.—*inf. m.* 1565. 5379.
 SLEP, SLEPE, *pa. t.* of SLEPE, *v. SAX.* Slept. 90. 399.
 SLETE, *n. SAX.* Sleet; a mixture of rain and snow. 11562. R. 2651.
 SLEVELESSE, *adj. T. L. H.* 334. seems to signify *idle, unprofitable*; as it does still in vulgar language.
 SLIDER, *adj. SAX.* Slippery. 1286. L. W. 648.
 SLIDING, *part. pr. Uncertain.* 16200. *Lydg. Trag.* 99. b. *Sliding fortune.* Bo. i. m. 5. *Lubrica fortuna.* Orig.
 SLE, SLEGH, *adj. SAX.* Cunnng. 3392.
 SLIKE for SWILKE, *adj. SAX.* Such. 4122.
 SLIT for SLIDETH. 16150.
 — *v. SAX.* To cut through, to cleave. 11372.
 SLIVER, *n. SAX.* A small slice, or piece. T. iii. 1015.
 SLO, *v. SAX.* To slay. R. 1953. 4522.
 SLOGARDIE, *n. FR. SAX.* Sloth. 1044.
 SLOMBERINGS, *n. pl. SAX.* Slumberings. T. v. 246.
 SLOPPE, *n. SAX.* A sort of beeches. 16101. P. 135, col. 2, l. 80.
 SLOW, *pa. t.* of SLO. Slew. 11745. 14104.
 SLOWE, *n. SAX.* A moth. R. 4751. In the Orig. *FR. Taigae.*
 SLOGGY, *adj. SAX.* Sluggish. P. 162, col. 2, l. 27.
 SMAILIS, *adj. SAX.* Diminutive of *Smale*, or *Small.* It 426.
 SMERTE, *v. SAX.* To smart; to suffer pain. R. 7107.
 — 149. seems to be used as an *Adverb*; *Smarty.* P. L. Gl. v. *Forthought.*
 SMIT for SMITETH, *ind. m. 3 pers. sing.* 7993.
 SMITETH, *imp. m. 2 pers. pl.* Smite ye. 784.
 SMITHE, *v. SAX.* To forge, as a smith. 3760. P. P. 16. b.
 SMITTED for SMITTEN, *part. pa.* of SMITE. T. v. 1544.
 SMOKLES, *adj. SAX.* Without a smock. 8751.
 SMOTERLICH, *adj.* 3961. means, I suppose, smutty, dirty.
 But the whole passage is obscure.
 SNEWE, *v. SAX.* To snow; to be in as great abundance as snow. 347.
 SNIBBE, *v. SAX.* To snubb; to reprove. 525. 11000.
 SNOW-WHITE, *adj. SAX.* White as snow. 15722. 17082.
 SODEN, *adj. SAX.* Sudden. 4841.
 SOGET, *n. FR.* Subject. C. L. 93.
 SOIGNE, *n. FR.* Care. R. 3682.
 SOJOUR, *n. FR.* Stay; abode. R. 4282.
 SOKEN, *n. SAX.* Toll. 3965.
 SOKINGLY, *adv.* Suckingly; gently. M. 116, col. 2, l. 14. See *Souke.*
 SOLAS, *n. FR.* Mirth; sport. 800. 3634.
 SOLEIN, *adj. FR.* One; single. Du. 982.—Sullen. R. 3997.
 SOLEMPNE, *adj. FR.* Solemn. 10425.
 SOLEMPNELY, *adv.* Solemnly. 276.
 SOLER HALL. See the *n.* on ver. 3988. *A solere windowe* occurs in *Gam.* ver. 267. for *the window of a loft*, or garret. See before, ver. 252.
 SOM, *adj. SAX.* Some. *This is all and som.* 5673. This is the whole. *All and some.* 8817. T. ii. 1149. One and all.
 SOMDEL, *adv. SAX.* Somewhat; in some measure. 448. 3909.
 SOMER, *pr. n.* In the treatise on the *Astrolabe*, fol. 291. b. Chaucer professes to make use of the *Kalenders of the reverent clerkes frere JOHN SOMER and frere NICHOLAS LENNE.* The *Kalendar of John Somur* is extant in MS. Cotton, Vesp. E. vii. It is calculated for 140 years from 1367, the year of the birth of Richard II, and is said, in the introduction, to have been published in 1380, at the instance of Joan mother to the King. The *Kalendar of Nicholas Lenne, or Lynne*, was calculated for 76 years from 1387. Tanner in *v. NICOLAUS LENNENSIS.* The story there quoted from *Halcluit* of a voyage made by this *Nicholas* in 1360 *ad insulas septentrionales antehac*

Europæis incognitas, and of a book written by him to describe those countries *a gradu 54. usque ad polum*, is a mere fable; as appears from the very authorities which *Halcluit* has produced in support of it.
 SOMME, T. ii. 1249. *Lo! Troilus*—

Come riding with his tenth somme yfere.

So this line stands in the Edit. but a Ms. quoted in *Gloss. Ur.* instead of *tenth* has *x.* and MS. I. *tenteth.* Perhaps the original reading was *xx.* *With his twenty some yfere*, according to the Saxon mode of expression would signify *Together with some twenty of his attendants.* See *Hickes*, *Gramm.* A. S. p. 32, 4.
 — *n. FR.* A sum. Bo. iv. pr. 2.

SOMNER, *n. SAX.* Summer. *A Sommer-game.* 6230. See the note.

SOMONE, SOMPNE, *v. LAT.* To summon. 7159. 6029, 43.
 SOMPEOUR, *n.* An officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in Ecclesiastical courts, now called an Apparitor. See his *CHARACTER*, ver. 625—670.

SOND, *n. SAX.* Sand. 15273.
 — *n. C. D.* 1147. seems to signify a *sounding line*, from the *FR. Sonde.*

SONDE, *n. SAX.* A message. 4808. 5469. *Goddess sonde.* 4943. 13149. What God has sent; God's gift.
 SONE, *adv. SAX.* Soon. 12002, 4.

— *n. SAX.* A son. 79. 338. *Soves*, pl. 10343.
 SONKEN, *part. pa.* of SNK, *v. SAX.* Sunk. R. 5113.

SONNE, *n. SAX.* The Sun. 1511. 2524.
 SONNISH, *adj. SAX.* Like the Sun, T. iv. 738. See ver. 11371, 2.

SOOTY, *adj. SAX.* Foul with soot. 14638.

SOP, *n. FR.* A piece of bread dipped in any sort of liquor. 336. 9717. *He toke a soppe.* *Conf. Am.* 104.

SOPHIME, *n. FR.* Gr. A sophism, a subtle fallacy. 7381. 10868.

SORE, *v. FR.* *Essorer.* To soar. T. i. 671.
 SOR, *n. FR.* Chance; destiny. 846. T. ii. 754.

SORTED, *pa. t.* of SORT, *v. FR.* Allotted. T. v. 1225.
 SORWE, *n. SAX.* Sorrow. 1221. 2824.

SORY, *adj. SAX.* Sorrowful. 3619, 9. *Sory grac.* 6323.
 Misfortune. See *GRACE*, and *WIT.*

SOSE, *n. SAX.* Soot. T. iii. 1200.

— Swote, *adj. SAX.* Sweet. 3205. 3691.

— *n. FR.* A fool. F. L. 101.

SOTED, *part. pa.* *FR.* Fooled; besotted. 16809.

SOTED, *adj. FR.* Subtle; artfully contrived. 1056.

SOTH, *adj. SAX.* True. 4355. Certain. 3885. *SOTHER*, *comp. &* 18682.

— SOTHLY, *adv.* 1523. 1627. 1186. 1201. Truly.

SOTHE, *n. SAX.* Truth. 3922. 6513.

SOTHEFASTNESS, *n. SAX.* Truth. 17344.

SOTHERNE, *adj. SAX.* Southern. 17353.

SOTNESS, *n. SAX.* Truth; reality. 15729.

SOTH-SAY, *n.* Veracity; true-saying. R. 6125.

SODAN, *n.* A Sultan; any Mahometan Sovereign. 4527.

See *D'Herbelot*, in *v. SOLHAN.*

SOUDANESSE, *n.* The wife of a Sultan. 4778.

SOUEDE, *part. pa.* See the note on ver. 13509. *SOUDEMETEL.* *Consolidum.* *Prompt. Parv.*

SOVERAINE, *adj. FR.* Excellent; in a high degree. 15215.

SOVERAINLY, *adv.* Above all. 15368.

SOUKE, *n. FR.* To suck. 4155.

SOUKED, *part. pa.* 8326.

SOULED, *part. pa. SAX.* Endued with a soul. 15797.

SOUN, *n. FR.* Sound; noise. 7815. 12497.

SOUND, *v. SAX.* To make sound; to heal. *An.* 245.—*v. neut.* To grow sound. B. K. 293.

SOUNE, *v. FR.* To sound. 807. *As fer as souneth into honeste.* 13973. As far as is consonant to *h.* *That souneth unto gentillesse of love.* 10631. That is consonant to *g o l.*

SOUNING, *part. pr.* 277. 309.

SOUPE, *v. FR.* To sup; to take the evening-meal. 11524

SOUPEL pl. 10611.

SOUPER, *n.* Supper; the evening-meal. 350. 10694

SOUPLE, *v. FR.* Supple; pliant. 208.

SOURDE, *v. FR.* To rise. P. 156, col. 1, l. 66.

SOURS, n. A rise; a rapid ascent. 7520, 3. F. ii. 36. 43.—
The source of a stream of water. 7925.

SOUTER, n. LAT. A ocher. 3902.

SOVE, n. LAT. To sew. T. ii. 1201, 3. It was usual, and indeed necessary, formerly to *sew* letters, when they were written upon parchment. But the practice continued long after the invention of paper.

— **v. SAX.** To sow. 17346, 7.

SOWERS, n. pl. Sores; Buxks in their fourth year. Du. 429.

SPAN-NEVE, adj. T. iii. 1671. seems to signify *Quite new*; but why it does so, I cannot pretend to say.

SPANNISHING, n. FR. *Espanouissement*. The full blow of a flower. R. 3633.

SPARE, v. SAX. To refrain. 7017. L. W. 2391.

SPARETH, imp. m. 2 pers. pl. 6919, 7094.

SPARANDR, part. pr. Sparing; nigardly. R. 3363.

SPARHAWK, n. SAX. A sparrow-hawk. 15463.

SPARRE, n. SAX. A wooden bar 992.

SPARREB, part. pa. Barred; bolted. R. 3320.

SPARTHE, n. SAX. An ax. or halberd. R. 3978. See Du Cange, in v. *SPARTH, SECURIS DANICA*.

SPECES, n. pl. FR. Sorts, or kinds. 3015.

SPEEDE, v. FR. To dispatch. Bo. iv. pr. 4, v. pr. 4.

SPEDEFUL, adj. Effectual. Bo. iv. pr. 4, v. pr. 4.

SPEKTAKEL, n. FR. LAT. A spying glass. 6785.

SPELL, n. SAX. Spot; play. 4355. See the note.—Tale, or history. 13621.

SPENCE, n. FR. *Despence*. A store-room for wine, or victuals 7513.

SPERE, n. FR. A sphere. 11522.

— **n. SAX.** A spear. 2712.

SPERED, R. 2039. **SPERED, T. V.** 531. as *Sparred*.

SPEERNE, n. FR. GR. Seed. 14015.

SPICED 528 6017. See the note. I have since met with a passage, in which *spiced*, applied to *conscience*, seems to signify *nice, scrupulous*. Beaumont and Fletcher. *Mad Lover*. Act 3. When *Cleanthe* offers a purse, the *Priestess* says,

“Ty! no corruption—
Cle. Take it; it is yours;
Be not so *spiced*; it is good gold;
And goodness is no gall to the conscience.”

SPIERS, P. 148, col. 1, l. 20. as *Speers*.

SPILLE, v. SAX. To waste; to throw away. 17102.—To destroy. 6480.—**v. neut.** To perish. 5007, 5235.

SPIRE, n. A stakc. T. ii. 1335. a corruption probably of *Spere, SAX.*

SPIRED, See the n. on ver. 13733.

SPIROUS, adj. FR. *Despitueux*. Angry; spiteful. R. 979.

SPIROUSLY, adv. Angriily. 3470 3805.

SPLAIE, v. FR. *Desploter*. To unfold. B. K. 33.

SPONE, n. SAX. A spoon. 10916.

SPONNE, pa. t. of SPINNE, v. SAX. Spun. T. iii. 735.

SPORE, n. SAX. A spur. 2905.

SPOBNE, v. SAX. To strike the foot against any thing. 4278. T. ii. 797.

SPOUSAILE, n. FR. Marriage. 7991. 8053.

SPRAY, n. SAX. A twig, or sprig. 13700.

SPIRENT, part. pa. of SPRENCE, v. SAX. Sprinkled. 4842. 13370.

SPRINGOLDS, n. pl. FR. *Espringalle*. Machines for casting stones and arrows. R. 4191. See Du Cange, in v. *MUSCHETTA*.

SQUAMES, n. pl. LAT. Scales. 16227.

SQUAMOUS, 3337. See the note.

SQUIER, n. FR. A squire. See his CHARACTER, ver. 79—100. — **v.** To attend as a squire. 5697.

SQUIERIE, n. A number of squires 10607. *And alle ther squierie*. P. L. 241. *And of his squierie gentille men autlene*. Ibid. 289.

STACE, pr. n. Statius, the Roman poet 2296.

STACKE, n. SAX. A stack of wood, &c. P. 166, col. 1, l. 19. — **pa. t. of STICK, v. SAX.** Stuck. R. 458.

STAFF SING. 13758. means, I suppose, a sling fastened to a staff. Lydgate in his *Trag.* 33. b. describes David as armed

“With a STAFFE SLYNGE, voyde of plate and mayle.”

STAKER, v. SAX. To stagger. L. W. 2676.

STALCK, v. SAX. To step slowly. 8401. *Ful thefely gan he*

STALCK, L. W. 1779. *And to the bedde he STALKETH stylk*, *Conf. Am.* 32.

STALKES, n. pl. SAX. The upright pieces of a ladder. 3622.

STAMEN, STAMIN, n. FR. *Estamine*. A sort of woollen cloth. P. 171, col. 2, l. 25. L. W. 2349.

STANT for STANDETH. 3677. 3695.

STARFE, pa. t. of STERVE. Died. 925. 14141.

STARKE, adj. SAX. Stuff stout. 9332. 14376.

STARLINGES, n. pl. Pence of sterling money. 12841. See ver. 12864.

STAUNCHE, v. FR. To stop; to satisfy. Bo. iii. pr. 3. m. 3.

STELE, n. SAX. A handle. 3733.

STELIFIE, v. LAT. To make a star. L. W. 521. F. ii. 78.

STENTE, v. SAX. To cease; to desist. 915.

STENTEN, part. pa. 2970.

STEPF, adj. 201. 755. seems to be used in the sense of *deep*; so that *eyen stepf* may signify *eyes sunk deep in the head*.

STERE, v. SAX. To stir. 12280.

STERE, n. SAX. A young bullock. 2151.—A rudder. 4868. 8253.

STERELES, adj. SAX. Without a rudder. 4859.

STERESMAN, n. SAX. A pilot. P. i. 436.

STERE, n. SAX. A rudder. F. i. 437.

STERNE, adj. SAX. Ferce; cruel. 3612.

STERNE, n. SAX. A star. 2063.

STERT, n. SAX. A leap. *At a stert*. 1707. Immediately.

STERTE, pa. t. of STERVE, v. SAX. Leaped. 11639. Escaped; ran away. T. iv. 93.

STERTING, part. pr. Leaping nimbly. 1504.

STERTLING, as STERTING. L. W. 1202. 1739.

STEVVE, v. SAX. To die; to perish. 12799.

STEVEN, n. SAX. Voice; sound. 2564. 15297.—A time of performing any action, previously fixed by message, order, summons, &c. *At unset steven*. 1526. Without any previous appointment. *They setten steven*. 4331. They appointed a time.

STEW, n. FR. A small pond for fish. 351.—A small closet. T. iii. 602. 699.

STEWES, pl. STEWS, bawdy houses. 12369.

STEVE, v. SAX. To ascend. T. L. i. 315 b.

STEVENS, n. pl. SAX. Stairs. T. L. i. 315 b.

STIBBORNE, adj. Stubborn. 6038. 6219.

STIKE, v. SAX. To stork; pierce. 2548.

STILE, n. SAX. A set of steps, to pass from one field to another. *By stile and eke by stretc*. 12628. Everywhere; in town and country.

STILLATORIE, n. FR. A still. 16048.

STILLE, adj. SAX. Quiet. 11782.

STITHE, n. SAX. An anvil. 2028.

STIVES, 6914. as **STEWES**.

STOBLE-GOOS, 4349. A goose fed on stubble-grounds.

STOCKED, part. pa. Confined. T. iii. 381.

STOLE, n. FR. LAT. Part of the ecclesiastical habit, worn about the neck. 9377. See Du Cange, in v. *STOLA*. 2.

— **n. SAX.** A stool. 5870.

STONDEN, part. pa. of STONDE, or STANDF, v. SAX. Stood. 9368.

STONT, for STONDETH. 3921.

STOPEN, part. pa. of STEPE, v. FAX. Stepped; advanced. 9389. 14827.

STORE, 10241. See the note.

— **n. FR.** To stock, or garnish. 13203.

— **n.** Any thing laid up for use. Hence the phrase, *to tell no store of a thing* 6735. 15160. means, to consider it as of no use or importance.

STORIAL, adj. FR. Historical; true. 3179.

STORVEN, pa. t. pl. of STERVE. 12620.

STOT, n. SAX. See the n. on ver. 617.

STOUP, n. A species of vessel; a polecat. 7212.

STOUND, n. SAX. A moment; a short space of time. 1214. 4065. *In a stound*. 3950. On a sudden. *In stound*. R. 1733. should probably be *In a stound*. The Orig. FR. has *tantost*. **STOUNDES, pl.** Times; seasons. 5883. T. ii. 1768.

STOUNDEMELE, adv. Momentarily; every moment. R. 2304. T. v. 674.

STOUPEN, 14827. should probably be **STOPEN**.

STOUR, n. SAX. Fight; battle. 14376. T. iii. 1066.

STRAKE, v. SAX. To proceed directly. Du. 1312. Stracken Stricken. *Tenders*. Killian.

STRANGE, *adj.* Fr. Foreign. 10403.—Uncommon. 10391.
He made it strange. 3078. 11535. He made it a matter of difficulty, or nicely.

STRAUGHTS, *part. t.* of STROCCHÉ, *v.* SAX. Stretched. 2918.
Conf. Am. 1874.

STRE, *n.* SAX. Straw. 2920.

STREIGHT, *part. t.* *pa.* of STROCCHÉ, *v.* SAX. Stretched.
 Bo. *il.* *pr.* 1.

STRINE, *v.* Fr. To constrain. 15255.—To press closely.
 9627.

STRITE, *adj.* Fr. Strait. *Streite suerd.* 15363.

STREMEDEY, *part. t.* *pl.* of STREME, *v.* SAX. Steamed; flowed.
 T. *iv.* 247.

STREMS, *n.* *pl.* The rays of the Sun. 1497.

STRENS, *n.* SAX. Stock; race; progeny, 8038. R. 4959.

STRENGEST-FAITHED, *adj.* Endowed with the strongest faith. T. *i.* 1008.

STREPE, *v.* Fr. To strip. R. 6818.

STRETE, *n.* SAX. A street. 3758. *The maister stret.* 2904.
 See the note.

STRIKE, *n.* SAX. A line; a streak. *A strike of flax* 678.

STRIPS, *n.* LAT. *Sturps.* Race; kindred. C. L. 16.
 — *v.* 10974. as STRIPE.

STRODE, *part. t.* *v.* T. *v.* 1856. *The philosophical Strode*, to whom, jointly with the *moral Gouven*, Chaucer directs his *Troilus*, was probably *Ralph Strode*, of Merton College, Oxford. A. Wood, who had made the antiquities of that college a particular object of his enquiries, says only of him, "RADULPHUS STRODE, de quo sic vetus noster catalogus. *Poeta fuit et versificator librum elegancium vocat. Phantasma Rudolphi. Claruit ccccclxxx.*" Some of his logical works are said to be extant in print. Venet. 1517. 460. Tanner, in *v.* STRODARUS.

STROF, *part. t.* of STRIVE, *v.* Fr. Strove; contended. 1040.

STRONDE, *n.* SAX. A shore. 13.

STROTHER, *part. n.* A town in the North. 4012. See the note.

STROUTE, *v.* To strut. 3315.

SUBARRES, *n.* *pl.* LAT. Suburbs. 16125.

SUBFUMIGATION, *n.* LAT. A species of charm by smoke.
 F. *il.* 174.

SUBGET, *adj.* Fr. LAT. Subject. P. 171, col. 1, l. 64.

SUBLIMATORIE, *n.* Fr. LAT. A vessel used by Chemists in *Sublimation*, i. e. separating certain parts of a body, and driving them to the top of the vessel, in the form of a very fine powder. 16261.

SUBSTANCE, *n.* Fr. The material part of a thing. 14809.

SUCKINY, *n.* Fr. *Souquetie*. A loose frock, worn over their other clothes by carters, &c. R. 1232.

SUE, *v.* Fr. To follow. M. 114, col. 2, l. 2.

SUETON, *part. n.* Suetonius, the Roman historian. 14638.

SUFFISANCE, *n.* Fr. Sufficiency; satisfaction. 492. 8635.

SUFFISANT, *adj.* Sufficient. 1633. 3551.

SUGRED, *part. t.* *pa.* Sweetened as with sugar. T. *ii.* 384.

SUPPLIE, *v.* Fr. To supplicate. Bo. *in.* *pr.* 8.

SURCOTE, *n.* Fr. An upper coat, or kirtle. F. L. 141.

SURPLIS, *n.* Fr. A surplice. 16026.

SURQUEDRIE, *n.* Fr. Piesumption; an overweening conceit. P. 155, col. 1, l. 50. 172, col. 2, l. 1. 4.

SURRIE, *part. n.* Syria 4554.

SURSAURE, *n.* Fr. A wound healed outwardly only. 11425.

SURVEANCE, *n.* Fr. Superintendance. 12029.

SUSPECT, *adj.* Fr. Suspected. 8417, 8.
 — *n.* Suspicion. 4781. 12197.

SUSPECTION, *n.* Suspicion. 3101.

SUSTER, *n.* SAX. Sister. *SUSTREN*, *part.* 1021. T. *iii.* 734.

SWA, *adv.* SAX. So. 4028. 4038.

SWALE, *part. t.* of SWELL, *v.* SAX. Swelled. 6549. 13490.

SWAPPE, *v.* SAX. To throw down. T. *iv.* 244.—To strike off. 8462. 15934.—*v.* *neut.* To fall down. 8975.

SWART, *adj.* SAX. Black; of a dark colour. C. D. 1862.

SWATTE, *part. t.* of SWETE, *v.* SAX. Sweated. 13706. 16028.

SWEGH, *n.* SAX. A violent motion. 4716. Bo. *i.* m. 5.

SWELTS, *v.* SAX. To die; to faint. 3703.

SWELT, *part. t.* 1358. 9650.

SWERNE for SWEREN, *part. n.* of SWERE, *v.* SAX. Swear.
 R. 4834.

SWEVEN, *n.* SAX. A dream. 14902. 14928. *SWEVENES*, *part.* 14929. In ver. 14927. it is written *Swevenis* for the sake of the rhyme.

SWICHE, *adj.* SAX. corruption of *Switke*. Such. 243. 487.

SWINKE, *n.* SAX. Labour. 188.
 — *v.* To labour. 187. 12808.

SWIRP, *n.* SAX. The neck. R. 325. It is more commonly written *Sweere*.

SWITHE, *adv.* SAX. Quickly; immediately. 5150. 12730.

SWIVE, *v.* SAX. See *Juni Etymolog.* in *v.*

SWOLOWE, *n.* SAX. A whirlpool. L. W. 1102.

SWONKEN, *part. pa.* of SWINKE. 4233.

SWOUGH, *n.* SAX. Sound; noise. 1081. 3619.—A swoon. 6381. 8976.

T.

TABARD, *n.* 20. See the quotation from Speght's Gloss. Discourse, &c. n. 6.

TABLES, *n.* *pl.* Fr. A game so called. 11212.—*Tables Tole-tanes.* 11585. See the note.

TABOURE, *v.* Fr. To drum. L. W. 354.

TACHE, *n.* Fr. A spot, or blemish. C. N. 192.

TALLAGER, *n.* Fr. A collector of taxes. R. 6811.

TAILLE, *n.* Fr. A tally; an account scored on a piece of wood. 572.

TAKE, *v.* SAX. To deliver a thing to another person. 5137. 13334. 13691.
 — for TAKEN, *part. pa.* 1868. 10789.

TAKEL, *n.* SAX. An arrow. 106. R. 1727.

TALE, *v.* SAX. To tell stories. C. D. 103. *And namely when they TALEN longe.* *Conf. Am.* 27 b.
 — *n.* Speech; discourse. Bo. *i.* *pr.* 5.—Reckoning; account. *Little tale hath he told of any dreame.* 15124. He made little account of any dream.

TALENT, *n.* Fr. Desire; affection. 5557. P. 151, col. 1, l. 25.

TALING, *n.* Story-telling. 13964.

TANE for TAKEN. C. D. 889.

TAPES, *n.* *pl.* SAX. Bands of linen. 3241.

TAPINAGE, *n.* Fr. *En tapinois.* Lurking; sculking about. R. 7963. *Conf. Am.* 33 b.

TAPISER, *n.* Fr. A maker of tapestry. 364.

TAPITE, *v.* Fr. To cover with tapestry. Du. 260.

TAPPE, *n.* SAX. A tap, or spigot, which closes that orifice through which the liquor is drawn out of a vessel. 3890.

TAPSTER, *n.* SAX. A woman, who has the care of a tap in a public-house. 241. 3356. See the *n.* on *ver.* 2019. That office, formerly, was usually executed by women. See the *Adventure of the Pardoner and the Tapster*, in the *Continuation of the Canterbury Tales.* p. 594. Ed. U.

TARE, *part. t.* of TEAR, *v.* SAX. *Tore.* Magd. 150.

TARGE, *n.* Fr. A sort of shield. 473. 2134.

TARS, *n.* *Cloth of Tars.* 2162. *Tartarium.* F. L. 212. A sort of silk. See Du Cange, in *v.* TARSICUS, TARTARINUS.

TAS, *n.* Fr. A heap. 1007. 1011.

TASSELED, *part. pa.* Adorned with tassels. 3251.

TASTE, *v.* Fr. To feel 15971.—To examine. L. W. 1991.

TATARWAGES, *n.* *pl.* R. 7211. The Orig. is—*Loutes fretetes de crotes.* All bedagied with dirt.

TAVERNER, *n.* Fr. The keeper of a tavern. 12610. 12641.

TAURE, *part. n.* The constellation Taurus. 6195. 9761.

TAWE, *n.* SAX. Tow. 3772.

TECHE, *v.* SAX. To teach. 310.

TEINE, *n.* 16693, 7. 16708. seems to signify a narrow, thin plate of metal; perhaps from the LAT. Gr. *Tenia*.

TEMPS, *n.* Fr. Time. 16343.

TENE, *n.* SAX. Grief. 3108. *Conf. Am.* 140.
 — *v.* To grieve; to afflict. T. *l.* *ii.* 838 b.

TERCELET, TERCELL, *n.* Fr. The male hawk. 10818.—The male eagle. A. F. 393.

TERINS, *n.* *pl.* R. 635. A sort of singi-bird, called in F. *Tarin*. In See Colgrave in *v.*

TERMAGAUNT, *part. n.* 12741. See the note.

TERRESTRE, *n.* Fr. Earthly. 9206.

TERY, *adj.* SAX. Full of tears. T. *l.* *ii.* 821.

TERTERES, *n.* *pl.* Fr. Head-pieces. 2501.

TESTES, *n.* *pl.* LAT. Vessels for assaying metals. 16286.

TE-TIF, *adj.* Fr. Head-strong. 4002.

TE-TIF, *n.* as TACHE. II. 6517.

TEWELL, *n.* Fr. A pipe, or funnel. F. iii. 539.

TEXTUEL, *adj.* Fr. Ready at citing texts. 17184. 17265.

THACKE, *n.* SAX. Thatch. C. D. 1771.

— *v.* To thump; to thwack. 7141.

THAN, *adv.* SAX. *Qudm.* LAT. 219. 242.

THANK, *n.* SAX. Thankfulness; good will. R. 2741. IN THANK—*is taken more.*

EX plus grant GRE, *sont receus.* Orig.

So the phrases, *his thanks, her thanks,* (see the *n.* on ver. 1628.) answer to the French, *son gr e, leur gr e.*

THANNE, TRAN, *adv.* SAX. Then. 13260. 12384.

THAR, *v.* SAX. *impers.* Behoveth. See the *n.* on ver. 4318.

THATTE, THAT, *pron. dem.* SAX. used as a relative. 10 699.

Thatte *Saint Peter had.* So this verse should be written.

—That he mighte. 5458 As much as he was able; *Quod potuit.*—It is sometimes put, not inelegantly, for the same. See ver. 134. *With grise, AND that the finest of the lond.* ver. 346. *Of fish and flesh, AND that so plentifulous.* ver. 3517. *Shal fall a rain, AND THAT so wild and wood.* See also ver. 563. 3933. 9280.

THATT, THAT, *conj.* SAX. *Qued.* LAT. 131 226, 8.

THE, *prep. art.* SAX See the Essay, &c. p. xxiv. The when prefixed to adjectives, or adverbs, in the comparative degree, is generally to be considered as a corruption of þy, which was commonly put by the Saxons for þam, the ablative *ca. sing.* of the art. þat, used as a pronoun.

THE merier. 716. *Bo lathis. The more merry.* 804. *Bo lathores.* Of the same construction are the phrases—*Yet fare they THE worse.* 4348. *Yet fare I never THE bet.* 7533.

When the is repeated with a second comparative, either *adj.* or *adv.* the first *the* is to be understood in the sense of the LAT. *Quo.* See ver. 5935.

The more it brenneth, the more it hath desire To consume every thing —

—*Quo magis—eo magis*—And ver. 8589.

And ay the further that she was in age, The more trewe (if that it were possible) She was to him in love and more penible.

Sometimes the first *the* is omitted, as in the phrases, *E ever longer the worse.* 3870. *Ever longer the more.* 8563. See P. 170, col. 1, l. 30. For certes, if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the longer that he taried to warishe himself, the more wold it corrupt—and also the wound wold be the worse for to hele.

— *v.* SAX. To thrive. See the *n.* on ver. 3862.

THEHOME, *n.* SAX. Thrift; success. 13335.

THEFELY, *adj.* SAX. Like a thief. L. W. 1779.

THENNES, THENNE, *adv.* SAX. Thence. 5463. 6723.

THENNESFORTH, *adv.* SAX. From thenceforth. 13405.

FROM that time forward.

THEODOVIAS, *pr.* n. 9504. See the note.

THEOPHRAST, *pr.* n. 9170. See the Discourse, &c. n. 19. and the *n.* on ver. 9172.

THER, *adv.* SAX. There, in that place; is frequently used in the sense of *Where.* 7346 7378. 12059.

THER, in composition, signifies that, without including any idea of place. See *HERE.* *Therabouten.* 939. *Theragan.* 7070. *Therborne.* 2036. *Therby.* 7786. *Therfore.* 777. *Therfro.* R. 4941. *Thergaine.* R. 6555. *Therof.* 3781. *Theron.* 161. *Therto.* 153. *Therwith.* 3780. *Therwithall.* 568.

THEVES, *n. pl.* SAX. Manners; qualities. 8285 9416.

THIDER, *adv.* SAX. Thither, to that place. 1265.

THIDURWARD, *adv.* SAX. Toward that place. 2532.

THILKE, *adj.* SAX. This same, that same. 5600. 5759.

THINKE, *v.* SAX. To consider. 12261. It is very frequently used as an *Impersonal* in the *pr.* and *pa. t.* in the sense of *SEEMETH*, or *SEEMED.* *Me thinketh.* 3170. *Him thinketh.* 3614. *Him thoughte.* 956 *His thoughte.* 9333. *How thinketh you?* 7786. *Hem thoughte.* 6282

THINNE, *adj.* SAX. Slender; small. 9556. *A thinne imagination.* Bo. iii. pr. 3. *Tenui imagine.* *A thinne suspicion.* Bo. iii. pi. 12. *Tenui suspicione.*

TRIBLE, *v.* SAX. To pierce through. 2713.

THIS, *pron. demonstr.* SAX. is sometimes put for the positive article. 12619. *THIS, pl.* 6142. 11 58.

THO, *prep. art. pl.* Du. SAX. used as a demonstrative pronoun. *Thos.* 2315. 2333. 12482. M. 114, col. 2, l. 42.

THO, *adv.* SAX. Then. 2214. 8333.

THOLE, *v.* SAX. To suffer. 7128. *And what mishche an male case Christ for man THOLED.* P. P. 61. b.

THORE, R. 1853. is put for THERE, for the sake of the time.

THORPE, *n.* SAX. A village. 8075. 17323.

THOUGHTEN, *pa. t. pl.* of THINK, *v.* SAX. 7613. pl.

THRALL, *n.* SAX. A slave, or villain. F. 169, col. 1, l. 42.

THRALLE, *v.* To enslave. T. ii. 773.

THRASTE, *pa. t.* of THRESTE. 12194.

THRED-BARE, *adj.* SAX. Having the threads bare, the nay being worn away. 16338.

THREMOTE, Du. 376. should be written, in two words, *thre mote*, as in the *Badt.* MISS. *Mor. n.* Fr. is explained by *Cotgrave* to signify, among other things, that *notc wint ed by a huntsman on his horne.*

THREPE, *v.* SAX. To call. 16294.

THRESTE, *v.* SAX. To thrust. 2614. 9677.

THRESWOLD, *n.* SAX. A threshold. 3482. 8164.

THRETE, *v.* SAX. To threaten. L. W. 754.

THRETTENE, *num.* SAX. Thirteen. 7841.

THRIDDE, *adj.* SAX. Third. 1465. 2273.

THRIE, THRIES, *adv.* SAX. Thrice. 63. 564. T. ii. l. 89. 1285.

THRILLED for THRIED, *pa. t.* of THIRLE. R. 7626.

THRINGE, *v.* SAX. To thrust. R. 7419. T. iv. 664.

THRISTE, *pa. t.* of THRESTE. T. iii. 1580.

THRONGE, *pa. t.* of THRINGE. 10227.

THROPES for THORPES. A. F. 350.

THROSTEL, *n.* SAX. A thrush. 13699.

THROW, *n.* SAX. Time. *But a throw.* 5373. *But a little while.* *Any throw.* 14142. *Any space of time.* *Many a throw.* 16409. *Many times.*

THRUST for THURST, *n.* SAX. Thirst. R. 5713.

THRUSTY for THURSTY, *adj.* SAX. Thirsty. *Magd.* 708.

THURGH, *prep.* SAX. Through. 2614. 9.—*By means of.* 1330. l.

THURGHFARE, *n.* SAX. A passage. 2849.

THURGHOUT, *prep.* SAX. Throughout; quite through. 1098. 2569.

THURROK, *n.* SAX. The hold of a ship. P. 154, col. 1, l. 54. See the note.

THWITEL, *n.* SAX. A whittle; *Cultellus.* 3331.

THWITTEN, *part. pa.* Chipped with a knife; whittled. R. 933. *Bien dole.* Orig.

TIDDE, *part. pa.* of TIDE, *v.* SAX. Happened. *Thes sklude never have tidde so faire a grace.* T. i. 903. *So fair a fortune should never have happened to thee.*

TIDIFE, *n.* 10962. See the note.

TIKEL, *adj.* SAX. Uncertain. 3428.

TL, *prep.* SAX. To. 2067. 2966. *Hire-till.* 10812. To her.

TIMBESTERE, *n.* R. 769. is supposed by Lye, (*Etym. Ling Angi* in v.) to mean the same with *Tombestere.* The Orig. French has been quoted above in v. *SAILOURS*, which Chaucer has thus imitated.

There was many a timbestere

And sailours, that, I dare well swere,

Ycouthe her craft full parfitly.

The tumbres up full subtilly

The casten, and hent hem full oft

Upon a finger faire and soft,

That thei ne failed never mo.

According to this description, it should rather seem, that a *Timbestere* was a woman, (see the *n.* on ver. 2019.) who plaid tricks with *timbres*, basons of some sort or other, by throwing them up into the air, and catching them upon a single finger, a kind of *Balance-mistress.*

TIMBRES, *n. pl.* Fr. R. 772. *Basons.* See *TIMBESTERE.*

TIPET, *n.* SAX. A tippet. 3351.

TIPPED, *part. pa.* *Tipet.* *Tipet.* covered at the tip, or top. 7319. 7322.

TIPFOON, *n. pl.* SAX. Tiptoes; the extremities of the toes. 15313.

TIRE, *v.* Fr. To pluck; to feed upon. in the manner of

- birds of prey. T. i. 788. *For loke how that a goshauek*
 TUBETH. (*conf. Am.* 132. b.)
 TISSUE, n. FR. A ribbon. T. ii. 639.
 TITE for TIDETH. T. i. 334. Hapfeneth.
 TITERSING, n. SAX. Courtship. T. ii. 1744.
 TITLESS, *adj.* SAX. Without title. 17172.
 TITUS LIVIUS, *pr.* n. 11935. L. W. 1681. The Roman his-
 torian.
 To, *adv.* SAX. *Too.* 877. 996.
 — *prep.* SAX. *To day.* 7758. 7821. On this day. *To*
more. 782. 1612. On the morrow, *the following day.*
To yere. 5750. T. iii. 242. P. i. 84. In this year.
 To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmenta-
 tive. 2611. *The helmes they to hewfen and to-shrede,* i. e.
 heve and cut to pieces. 2613. *The bones they to-breste,*
 i. e. break in pieces. 2638. TO-DASHED. T.
 ii. 640. Much bruised. TO-RENT. 12036. Rent in pieces.
 TO-SWINK. 12453. Labour greatly.—Sometimes the *adv.*
 ALL is added. ALL-TO-RENT. 14267. ALL-TO-SHARE. R.
 1958. Entirely cut to pieces. ALL-TO-SHENT. *Ibid.* 1903.
 Entirely ruined.
 TOFORI, TOFOREN, *prep.* SAX. Before. M. 113. col. 1. l. 55.
 TOGETHERS, *adv.* SAX. Together. T. iv. 1322.
 TOLD, *pa. t.* of TELL, v. SAX. Accounted. 14404.
 TOMPSERE, n. SAX. A dancing-woman T. L. ii. 326. b.
 TOMPSERSERS, *pl.* 13411. See the note.
 TOMPERS, T. ii. 1201. should be written as two words. *To*
mede, or to medes, according to the Saxon usage, signifies
for reward, in return.
 TONE, n. *pl.* SAX. Tones. 14868. F. iii. 938.
 TONNE GRET, *adj.* Of the circumference of a tun. 1996.
 TOOS, n. *pl.* 13337. as TONE.
 TORLES, n. *pl.* FR. Rings. See the note on ver. 2154.
 TORNE, v. FR. To turn. 2320. *The devil out of his skinne*
Him torne! 16742. May the devil turn him, inside out!
 TORNED, *part. pa.* 16679.
 TORTUOUS, *adj.* FR. Oblique; winding. 4722.
 TOSLER. n. A whisperer. L. W. 353.
 TOTELAR. *Susurro.* Prompt. Parv.
 TOTTY, *adj.* SAX. Dizzy. 4251.
 TOUGH, *adj.* SAX. Difficult. *And maketh it full tough.*
 13409. And takes a great deal of pains. *Or make it*
tough. T. v. 101. Or take pains about it. See also T. ii.
 1025. lii. 87. *And make it neither tough ne quaint.* Du.
 531. Made no difficulty or strangeness.
Al be it ye make it never sa teuche,
To me your labour is in vane.
 MS. Matland. *The mourning maiden.*
Will. Swane makis wonder teuche.
Ibid. Peblis to the play. St. 21.
 TOUGHT, *adj.* SAX. Tight. 7849.
 TOUR, n. FR. A tower. 1032.
 TOURNET, n. R. 4164. should be written *Tourette*, as in MS.
 Hunter. A turret, or small tower.
 TOUT, n. The backside. 3810. 3851.
 TOWAIL, n. FR. A towel. 14663. 14671.
 TOWARDES, *prep.* SAX. Toward. 12640.
 TOWEL, n. 7730. is perhaps put for TEWEL a pipe
 fundament.
 TRACE, n. FR. A track, or path. 176 —A train. L.
 TRADE, *pa. t.* of TREAD, v. SAX. Trod. 15184.
 TRAGEOUR, n. F. iii. 137. as TRAGEOUR.
 TRAIIE, v. FR. To betray. F. l. 390.
 TRAIS, n. *pl.* FR. *Traits.* The traces, by which horses
 draw. 2141. T. i. 222.
 TRANSMISSE, *pr.* n. A kingdom in Africa. See the n. on
 ver. 57.
 TRANSMEWE, v. FR. To transform. 8261. T. iv. 467.
 TRAPPURES, n. *pl.* BARB. LAT. The cloths, with which
 horses were covered for parade. 2501. See Du Cange, in
 v. TRAPPATURA.
 TRASHED, *part. pa.* Betrayed. R. 3231.
 TRATE, n. 7164. See the note. Bp. Douglas frequently
 uses *Trat* for an old woman. *Æn.* vii. 416. *in vultus sese*
transformat aniles—he renders,
And hir in achape transformyt of ane trat.
 See also, p. 96, 28. *avid trat*—and p. 122, 39.
 TRAVE, n. FR. *Travaux.* A frame, in which farriers put un-
 ruly horses. 3282.
 TRE, n. SAX. A tree; wood. 5682. *Cristes tre.* 3765. The
 Cross.
 TRECHOUR, n. FR. A cheat. R. 6300. 7168.
 TREDE-FOGLE, n. A treader of hens; a cock. 13951. 15457.
 TRENCHANT, n. See the n. on ver. 11453.
 TRENCHANT, *part. pr.* FR. Cutting. 3926.
 TRENIAL, n. See the n. on ver. 7283.
 TREPPEET, n. FR. A military engine. R. 6279. See Du
 Cange, in v. TREBUCHETUM.
 TRESS, n. FR. An artificial lock, or gathering of hair.
 1051. See Du Cange, in v. TRICA, TRICIA.
 TRESSED, *part. pa.* Gathered in a tress, or tresses. 5926.
 TRESSOUR, n. An instrument used in tressing the hair; or
 an ornament of it, when tressed. R. 563. 3717. See Du
 Cange, in v. TRESSORIUM.
 TRETABLE, *adj.* FR. Tractable. P. 161. col. 1. l. 67. L. W.
 411.
 TRET, v. FR. To treat; to discourse. 10534.
 TREET, n. Treaty. 9565.
 TRETIS, n. Treaty. T. iv. 64. 670.
 — *adj.* FR. Long and well proportioned. 152. R.
 1016. 1216.
 TREWE, n. FR. A truce. T. iv. 1312.
 — *adj.* SAX. True, faithful. 2237. 3706.
 TREWE-LOVE, n. 3692. See the note. Since which Mr.
 Steevens has very obligingly suggested to me, that there
 is a herb called *True-love*, according to Gerard, in his
 Herbal. Ed. 1597. p. 328. "HERBA PARS One-herbe,
 or hebe *True-love*—at the very top whereof come forth
 four leaves, directly set one against another, in manner
 of a Burgunnon cross, or a true love knot; for which
 cause among the ancients it hath been called *herbe*
True-love." This herb, however, to the best of my re-
 membrance, is rather too large to be carried conveniently
 under the tongue—A *twelvole*, of the same or an other
 sort, is mentioned in the concluding stanza of the *Court*
of Love.
 Eke sche at other threw the floures bright,
 The primrose, the violete, and the gold;
 So than as I beheld the royal sight,
 My lady gan me sodenly behold,
 And with a *trevelove*, *pitied many a fold,*
 She smote me through the very heart as blive,
 And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.
 TRIACLE, n. FR. corruption of *Thieraque*. A remedy, in
 general. 4899. 12248.
 TRICE, v. SAX. To thrust. 14443.
 TRICE, *adj.* 13785. f. Tried or refined. Gloss. *Ur.*
 TRILL, v. SAX. To twirl; to turn round. 10630.
 — v. neut. To roll; to trickle. 7446. 13604.
 TRINE, *adj.* FR. Triple. *Trine compas.* 15513. The Trinity.
 See COMPAS.
 TRIPPE, n. 7329. evidently means a small piece of cheese.
Les tripes d'un fagot, in FR. are *The smallest sticks in a*
fagot. Cotgrave.
 TRISTE, v. for TRUSTE T. ii. 247.
 TRISTE, n. T. ii. 1534. A post or station in hunting. *Cowell.*
 This seems to be the true meaning of the word, though
 the etymology is not so clear.
 TROMPE, n. FR. A trumpet. 2176. 2513.
 TROMPOUR, n. A trumpeter. 2672.
 TROUCROUN, n. FR. A spear, without a head. 2617.
 TRONE, n. FR. A throne. 2531. 12776.
 TROPHEE, *pr.* n. 14123. See the note. It afterwards occurred
 to me that the reference might possibly be to the original
 of the *Troilus* and *Cresside*, which, according to Lydgate,
 was called *Trophee*; (see the n. on P. 172, col. 2, l. 23, in
 page 209 of this edit.) but I cannot find any such passage
 as is here quoted, in the *Filostrato*.
 TROTULA, n. FR. 6250. See the n. on ver. 6253.
 TROUBLE, *adj.* FR. Dark, gloomy. 8341.
 TROUBLER, *comp. d.* R. 7020.
 TROWANDISE. R. 3954. for TRAUDISE.
 TROWE, v. SAX. To believe. 7139. 7567.
 TRUANDISE, n. FR. Begging. R. 6664.
 TRUANDING. R. 6721.
 TULLE, v. SAX. To allure. 4132. See ver. 5587.

- TULLIUS, *pr. n.* M. 110, col. 1, l. 64. M. Tullius Cicero. See also R. 5286. A. F. 31.
- TURKEYS, *n. Fr.* A sort of precious stone. C. L. 80.
- *adj. Fr.* Turkish. 2897. See the note.
- TURBENTINE, *n. Fr.* Torment. 14435.
- TURVES, *pl. of TURF, n.* SAX. 10109.
- TWAINE. T. iii. 551. TWAY. 794. TWEY. 1696. TWEINE 8626. *numer. SAX.* Two.
- TWEIFOLD, *adj. SAX.* Double. 16034.
- TWIES, *adv. SAX.* Twice. 4346.
- TWIGHT, *pa. t.* and *part. of TWITCH, v. SAX.* Pulled; Plucked. 7145. 10732.
- TWINNE, *v. SAX.* To depart from a place, or thing. 837. 12364.
- TWINNED, *part. pa.* Separated. T. iv. 476.
- TWIRE, *v. Bo. iii. m. 2.* *Twireth* seems to be the translation of *susterrai*; spoken of a bird.
- TWIST, *n. SAX.* A twig. 10223.
- TWISTE, *v. SAX.* To twist; to pull hard. 10680.
- TWISTE, *pa. t.* Twitched. 9679.
- V.
- VALENCE, *pr. n.* A. F. 272. Valencia in Spain. Gloss. *Ur.*
- VALERIE, *pr. n.* 6253. See the Discourse, &c. n. 19.
- VALERIE. 14638. VALERIS. 6747. *pr. n.* Valerius Maximus.
- VALURE, *n. Fr.* Value. R. 5286.
- VARIEN, *inf. m. v. Fr.* To change; to alter. T. ii. 1621.
- VARIANT, *part. pr.* 16643. Changeable.
- VASSALAGE, *n. Fr.* Valour; courage. 3056. R. 5977.
- VAVASOUR, *n. 362.* See the note.
- VAUNTOUR, *n. Fr.* A boaster. T. ii. 724.
- VELKE, *n. ITAL.* An old woman. R. 4286. 4495
- VEINE-BLODE, *n.* Blood drawn from a vein. 2749.
- VENDABLE, *adj. Fr.* To be sold. R. 5904.
- VENSRIE, *n. Fr.* Hunting. 165. 2310.
- VENGE, *v. Fr.* To revenge. M. 112, col. 1, l. 53.
- VENIME, *n. Fr.* Poison; venom. 2753.
- VENTOUSING, *n. Fr.* Cupping 2749.
- VER, *n. LAT.* The Spring. T. i. 157.
- VERAMENT, *adv. Fr.* Truly. 13643.
- VERAY, *adj. Fr.* True. 6736.
- VENDGRASSE, *n. Fr.* *Verd du gris.* The rust of brass; so called from its colour, a grey green. 16258
- VERDITE, *n. Fr.* Judgement; sentence. 789. A. F. 503.
- VERGER, *n. Fr.* A garden. R. 3618. 3631.
- VERMILE, *adj. Fr.* Of a vermilion colour. R. 3645.
- VERMELET, *adj. C. L.* 142. as VERMEILLE.
- VERNAE. 9681. See the note.
- VERNICLE, *n.* 687. diminutive of *Veronique*. Fr. A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome Du Cange, in v. VERONICA. Madox, *Form. Angl.* p. 423. Testam. Joh. de Nevill. an. 1386. Item *Domino Archiepiscopo Eborum Fratri meo i. vestimentum rubrum de velvet cum le verouike (r. verouike) in granis osarum desuper brondata (r. brodatata).* It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the Pardoner, who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with a *vernicle*, sewed upon his cappe. See P. P. 28. b.
- An hundred amplex on hys hatle sette,
Sygnes of Stacy and shelles of * Calce,
And many a crouch on his cloke and kayes of Rome,
And the VERNICLE before, for men should knowe
And se by hys signes, whom he sought hadde.*
- VERNISE, *v. Fr.* To varnish. 4147.
- VERRE, *n. Fr.* Glass. T. ii. 867.
- VERSIFOUR, *n. Fr.* A maker of verses; a poet. M. 116, col. 2, l. 45.
- VERTULES, *adj.* Without efficacy. T. ii. 344.
- VERTUOUS, *adj. Fr.* Active; efficacious. 251.
- VESSELL, *n. Fr.* *Vaisselle.* Plate. 14154. 14310.
- VIAGE, *adj. SAX.* Horrid; frightful. 8549.
- VIAGE, *n. Fr.* A journey by sea or land. 77. 794.
- VICARY, *n. LAT.* A vicar. 17333.
- VICK, *n. Fr.* The newel, or upright centre of a winding stair-case. C. D. 1310.
- VIGILE, *n. Fr.* The eve of a festival. 374.—The wake, or watching of a dead body. T. v. 305. See the *n.* on ver. 2609
- VIGILIE, *n. LAT.* as VIGILIE. 6138.
- VILANIE, *n. Fr.* Any thing unbecoming a gentleman. 73. 6733.
- VIOLENT, *adj. LAT.* Full of wine. 6496. 7513.
- VIRELAYS, *n. Fr.* 11260. "A round, freeman's song" Cotgrave. There is a particular description of a *Virelay*, in the *Jardin de plaisance*. fol. xii. where it makes the *decima sexta species Rhetorice Gallicane.*
- VIRGILE, *pr. n.* 7101. L. W. 924. F. i. 449.
- VISAGE, *v. Fr.* To front; to face a thing. 10147.
- VISE, *n.* 1967. In MS. A. *rese* Perhaps we should read *rese*, a Saxon word signifying *violence, impetuosity.* See T. iv. 350. where (according to Gloss. *Ur.*) in-stead of *ose* some MSS. have *rese*; and the *Prolog. to the Contin. of the Cant.* T. ver. 498. 548. If this correction be admitted, we must also read in the next line *rese* for *rise*, with MS. A.
- VITAILLE, *n. Fr.* Victuals. 3551. 7935.
- VITELON, *pr. n.* 10546. See the note.
- UNBETIDE, *v. SAX.* To fail to happen. Bo. v. pr. 6.
- UNBODIE, *v. SAX.* To leave the body. T. v. 1549.
- UNBOKEU, *v. Fr.* To unbuckle; to open. 17337.
- UNCE, *n. Fr. LAT.* Ounce. 16722. 16734.
- UNCOMMITTED, *part. pa.* A. F. 518. *Office uncommitted of anoyeth.* Compare ver. 16534, 5.
- UNCONNING, *part. pr.* Ignorant. 2935.
- *n.* Ignorance. B. K. 608.
- UNGOVERNABLE, *adj.* Inconvenient. Bo. iv. pr. 6.
- UNCOUPLE, *v.* To go loose; *Metaphor* from hounds. 14420.
- UNCOUPLING, *n.* Letting loose. Du. 377.
- UNCOUTH, *part. pa.* Unknown. See *COTH*.—Uncommon; not vulgar; elegant. 10698. T. iii. 1813. F. L. 276. C. D. 93.
- UNCOURTLY, *adv.* Uncommonly. R. 894.
- UNDEPARTABLE, *adj.* Not capable of departing. R. iv. pr. 3.
- UNDERGONG, *v. SAX.* To undertake. R. 5709.
- UNDERGOWE, *part. pa.* Undergrown; of a low stature. 156.
- UNDERLING, *n. SAX.* An inferior. F. 164, col. 1, l. 13.
- UNDERMELE, *n. SAX.* 6457. See the note. Upon further consideration, I am rather inclined to believe, that *undermele* signifies the time after the meal of dinner; the afternoon UNDERMELE. *Postmeridies.* Prompt. Parv.
- UNDERN, *n. SAX.* The third hour of the artificial day; nine of the clock. A. M. 15228. See the *n.* on ver. 8136. *Till it was UNDERN hygh, and more.* Conf. Am. 103. b.
- UNDERNONE, *pa. t.* of UNDERNIME, *v. SAX.* Took up; received. 15711.
- UNDERPIGHT, *pa. t.* See *PIGHT.* *He dranke, and wel his girdeL underpight.* 5209. He drank, and stuffed his girdle well.
- UNDERSPORE, *v. SAX.* To raise a thing, by putting a *spere*, or pole, under it. 3465
- UNDERSTONDE, *part. pa.* Understood. 4940. 9559.
- UNDO, *v. SAX.* To unfold. R. 9.
- UNDOUBTOUS, *adj.* Undoubted. B. v. pr. 1. *Indubitata.* Orig. See *DOUBTOUS.*
- UNE-CHABLE, *adj. SAX.* Unavoidable. Bo. v. pr. 1. *Inevitabilis.* Orig.
- UNES, *n.* Uneasiness. C. D. 867.
- UN-ETH, UN-ETHES, *adv. SAX.* Scarcely; not easily. 3123. 7685.
- UNFANOUS, *adj.* Unknown. F. iii. 56.
- UNFESTLICHE, *adj.* Not suitable to a feast. 10690.
- UNGODELY, *adj.* Uncivil; ungentle. R. 3741. *That I n' olde holde hire ungodely.* Orig. *Que je ne tenisse a vilaine.*
- UNGREABLE, *adj.* Unpleasant; disagreeable. Bo. l. m. 1. *Ingratus.* Orig.
- UNHLE, *n. SAX.* Misfortune. 12050.
- UNHDE, *v.* To discover. R. 2168.
- UNJOINE, *v.* To separate; to disjoin. Bo. iii. pr. 12.
- UNKINDLY, *adv.* Unnaturally 12419.
- UNKNOWABLE, *adj.* Incapable of being known. Bo. ii. m. 7. *Ignorabilis.* Orig.
- UNLETTE, *part. pa.* Undisturbed. C. D. 1829.
- UNLOVEN, *v.* To cease loving. T. v. 1697.
- UNLUST, *n.* Dislike. P. 162, col. 1, l. 9.

* MS. *Gales.* Perhaps it should be *Gatice.* See ver. 468.

UNMANHOPE, *n.* Cowardice. T. i. 825.
 UNMIGHTY, *adj.* Unable. T. ii. 870.
 UNNEQUAL, *adj.* Unequal. Bo. iii. pr. 1. *Impar.* Orig.
 UNPARR, *v. SAX.* To unlock. T. ii. 699.
 UNPAIN, *v. SAX.* Cruel. Bo. i. m. 1. *Impia.*
 UNSPITOUS, *adj.* To unfold. Bo. ii. pr. 3.
 UNSPLITE, *v.* Want of rest. 6686.—'Uneasiness; trouble. 8595.
 UNSREST, *n.* Unquiet. T. v. 1354.
 UNSRESTY, *adj.* Wrong. 6675.
 UNSRIGHT, *n.* Unsteady. 8271.
 UNSAD, *adj.* Not science. Bo. v. pr. 3.
 UNSCIENCE, *n.* Unhappy. 4208. 15006.
 UNSKILY, *adj.* Not appointed. 1525.
 UNSSET, *part. pa.* Opened. 8921.
 UNSHETTE, *part. t.* Without reason. Bo. iii. pr. 6.
 UNSKILLFULLY, *adv. SAX.* Without reason. Bo. iii. pr. 6.
 Unsterid. Orig.
 UNSLEEKED, *part. pa.* Unsleaked. 16274.
 UNSLEPT, *part. pa.* Having had no sleep. C. D. 1834.
 UNSOFT, *adj.* Hard. 9698.
 UNSOLEMPNE, *adj.* Uncelebrated. Bo. i. pr. 3. *Incelebris.*
 Orig.
 UNSPERDE, *part. pa.* Unbolted. R. 2654.
 UNSTANCHEABLE, *adj.* Inexhaustible. Bo. ii. pr. 7. *Inexhaustela.* Orig.
 UNSTANGED, *part. pa.* Unsatisfied. Bo. ii. pr. 6. *Inexpetam.* Orig.
 UNSUFFICIENT, *adj.* Insufficient. 10351.
 UNSWELL, *v.* To fall after swelling. T. iv. 1146.
 UNTHANK, *n.* No thanks; ill-will. 4080. T. v. 699.
 UNTIL, *prep. SAX.* To; unto. 214.
 UNTIL, *prep. SAX.* An unreasonable time. P. 171, col. 2, l. 20.
 UNTIL, *adv. SAX.* Until. A. F. 647.
 UNTID, *part. pa.* Not tied in a tress, or tresses, 2291.
 8255.
 UNTRUSTABLE, *adj.* Not admitting any treaty. Bo. ii. pr. 8.
Bellum inconvocabile. Orig. *Helicium unconvocabile.*
 UNTRUSTE FOR UNTRUSTE, *v.* To mistrust. T. iii. 841.
 UNTRUSTE, *n.* Distrust. 10060.
 UNTRUST, *n.* Want of usage. Bo. ii. pr. 7. *Involentia.* Orig.
 UNSUSAGE, *n.* Unforeseen. 4847. 11668.
 UNWARE, *adj.* Unwieldy. 3884. R. 359.
 UNWELED, *part. pa.* Unspotted. 5344. 15605.
 UNWEEMED, *part. pr.* Not knowing. *Unweeling of this*
Dorigen. 11248. Dorigen not knowing of this.
 UNWETTINGLY, *adv.* Ignorantly. 12420.
 UNWIST, *part. pa.* Unknown. T. ii. 1294. *Unwist of him.*
 2979. It being unknown to him.—Not knowing. T. ii. 1400.
 UNWIT, *n.* Want of wit. 16553.
 UNWIT, *v. SAX.* To be ignorant. Bo. v. pr. 6.
 UNWOTE, *v.* To uncover. T. i. 859.
 UNWRITE, *v.* Not having yielded. 2644. 2726.
 UNYOLDEN, *part. pa.* To remove. 8786. 10502.—To quit; to make
 empty. 3682. 9688.
 — *v. neut.* To depart; to go away. 11462. T. ii. 912.
 VOIDED, *part. pa.* Removed. 11607. 11613.
 VOIAGE, *adj. Fr.* Light; giddy. 17188. R. 1284.
 VOLATILE, *n. Fr.* Wild fowls; game. 15002.
 VOLUNTEER, *n. Fr.* Will. R. 6276.
 VOLUNTEER, *n.* A woman's cap. 3241. A night-cap. 4301.
 VOLUPPERE, *n.* *Kercher. Teristruum.* Prompt. Parv. But
teristruum signifies properly a *veil.* See Du Cange in *v.*
 VOUCHE, *v. Fr.* *Vouch n sauf.* 11885. To vouchsafe.
 VOUCHE, *v. Fr.* *Vouch n sauf.* 11355. Vouchsafe ye. *As ye have made*
present, the king vouches it save. P. L. 260.
 UP, *prep. SAX.* Upon. *They liti on up my wombe and vp*
my head. 4288. There lath one upon my belly and upon
 my head. *Up pene.* 1769. 2545. Upon pain. *Up perit.*
 6727. Upon penil.
 — *adv. SAX.* *Up on lond.* 704. Up in the country. *Up*
so down. 1379. 10933. P. 151, col. 2, l. 53. Upside down.
The londe was turned up so down. *Conf. Am.* 37. 159.
But Pandare up. T. iii. 549. An elliptical expression,
 of which it is not easy to give the precise meaning,
 of which it is not easy to give the precise meaning.
 UPPER, *comp. d.* Higher. F. ii. 376.
 UPPRAY, *part. t.* of UPRAY, *v. SAX.* Heaved up. 2430.
 UPPRING, *n. SAX.* Accumulation. Bo. ii. pr. 3. *Cumulum.*
 Orig.
 UPPON, *adv.* 6964. *He had upon a courtsey of grenc.* He

had on a courtsey. &c. Or perhaps it is an elliptical
 expression for *He had upon* him. See ver. 6141.
 UPPEREST, *adj. superl.* Highest. Bo. i. pr. 1.
 UPRIGHT, *adj. SAX.* Strait. *Upright as a bolt.* 3264.
 Strait as an arrow. It is applied indifferently to persons
long, as well as standing. 4264. 6250. 13246. 13541. 14439.
 15048.
 URCHON, *n.* A hedge-hog. R. 3135.
 URE, *n. Fr.* Fortune; destiny. B. K. 152. C. L. 604.
 URED, *adj.* Fortunate. *Ured v. d.* C. D. 144.
 US/GE, *n. Fr.* Experience; practice. 2450.
 USANT, *part. pr. Fr.* Using; accustomed. 3938. P. 163,
 col. 2, l. 14.
 UTTER, *comp. d.* of OUT, *adv. SAX.* Outward; more out.
 15966. T. iii. 665.
 UTTEREST, *superl. d.* Uttermost. 9663.
 UTTFRLY, *adv. Fr.* *Outbement.* Thoroughly; entirely,
 8629. L. W. 1469.
 UTTRIN, *imp. m.* of UTTIR, *v. SAX.* To publish. 16302.
 — *pr. t. p.* 6103. Give out; sell.

W.

WADE, *pr. n.* 9298. See the note.—See also Cambden.
 Brit. 907. and Chailton's Hist. of Whitby, p. 40.
 — *v. SAX. LAT.* To pass through water, without
 swimming. 7666.—To pass, generally. 9578. 14412. q. ?
 WAFERS, *n. pl.* Sellers of wafers; a sort of cakes. 12413.
 WAFURES, *n. pl.* Wafers; a sort of cakes. 3379.
 WAGET, 3321. See the note. But upon the whole, I be-
 lieve that a *light waget* should be understood to mean a
light blue colour.
 WAIMENTING, *n. SAX.* Lamentation. 904. 997.
 WAINE, *n. SAX.* A waggon. Bo. iv. m. 1.
 WAITE, *v. Fr.* To watch. 3295.
 WAKE, *v. SAX.* To watch. 7482. C. D. 1904.
 WALACHE, *pr. n.* Walachia. Du. 1024.
 WALA WA, or WA LA WA, *interj. SAX.* 'Woo! alas! 946.
 See the note. *Wa la wa while!* 4790. Alas the time
 WALNUTE, *n. SAX.* A walnut; i. e. a French, or foreign nut.
 F. iii. 191.
 WALWE, *v. SAX.* To tumble about; to wallow. 6667. 6684.
 WALWING, *part. pr.* 3616.
 WAN, *part. t.* of WIN, *v. SAX.* Gained. 444. 7059.
 WANE, *v. SAX.* To decrease. 2080. 3027.
 WANG, *n. SAX.* A cheek-tooth. 4928.
 WANGER, *n. SAX.* A support for the cheek; a pillow. 3840
 WANHOPE, *n. SAX.* Despair. 1251. P. 172, col. 1, l. 21.
 WANTRUST, *n. SAX.* Distrust. 17230.
 WAPED, *part. pa. SAX.* Stupefied. An. 217.
 WARDECOURS, *n. Fr.* Body-guird. 5941.
 WARPEIN, *n. Fr.* A warden of a College. 3997.—A guard.
 T. iii. 606.—A keeper of a gate. T. v. 1177. WARRENS,
pl. Guards; watchmen. 6788.
 WARDERRE, 4099. Perhaps a corruption of the Fr. *Garde*
armee.
 WARDROPE, *n. Fr.* *Chamberode.* A house of office. 13502.
 WARJANGLES, 6990. See the note; and Cotgrave, in *v. Pie*
 and *Enroure*, where he explains it the *Warjangle* to be
 a small Woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but
 half as big as the ordinary green one.
 WARIC, WARISH, *v. Fr.* To heal. 12640.—*v. neut.* To
 recover from sickness. M. 107, col. 1, l. 32.
 WARISON, *n. R.* 1537. seems to be put for Reward. *San*
merite. Orig. WARLYSON. *Donativum.* Prompt. Parv.
 WARNE, *v. SAX.* To caution; to apprise. 3949. 16059.—To
 refuse. R. 3652. 3730.
 WARNESTORE, *v.* To furnish; to store. M. 113, col. 1, l. 23.
 WARRIE, *v. SAX.* To abuse; to speak evil of. 4792. T. ii. 1619.
 WASHEN, *part. pa.* of WASH, *v. SAX.* 3311.
 WASTEL-BREDE, 147. Cake-bread; Bread made of the
 finest flower; from the Fr. *Gasteau*, a cake.
 WASTOUR, *n. Fr.* A spoiler. 9469.
 WATE, *v. SAX.* To know. R. 5390.
 WATERING OF SAINT THOMAS, 828. A place for watering
 horses, I suppose, a little out of the borough of South
 walk, in the road to Canterbury. The same place, I
 apprehend, was afterwards called St. Thomas a Water-
 k k

- ings*, probably from some chapel dedicated to that Saint. It was a place of execution in Q. Elizabeth's time. Wood. Ath. Oxon. i. 229.
- WATLYNGE STRETE. F. ii. 431. An old street in London.
- WAVE, *pa. t.* of WEAFF, *v.* SAX. Wove. L. W. 2535.
- WAVE, *n.* SAX. A wave. 1960.
- WAY, *n.* SAX. is often put for the *time* in which a certain space can be passed through. *A furlong way*, 3637. 4197. *A mile way*, 13206. Any short time.—*At the leste way* 16144. seems to signify no more than *At the best*, 4453. At least—*A deuil way*, 3136. 7824. *A twenty deuil way*, 3713. 4235. 16250.
- *adv.* Away. *Do way*, 3267. 15055. Do away; put away.
- WAVE, *v.* SAX. To weigh. L. W. 336.—To press with weight. L. W. 1796.
- WEBBE, *n.* SAX. A weaver. 394.
- WEDDE, *n.* SAX. A pawn, or pledge. *To wedde*, 1220. 13353. For a pawn. *And leyde to wedde Normandie*. R. G. 393.
- WEDN, *n.* SAX. Clothing; apparel. 8739. *Under wede*, 13845. See the note; and R. 639 where *Under wede* seems to signify simply *In my clothing*.
- *n.* SAX. A weed; an useless herb. T. i. 947.
- WEHE, A word to express the neighing of a horse. 4064. P. P. 36 b.
- WEIVE, *v.* SAX. To forsake. 17127. 17344.—To decline; to refuse. T. ii. 284.
- *v. neut.* To depart. 937. 10298.
- WEIVED, *part. pa.* Deputed. 4726.
- WEKE, *v.* SAX. To grow weak. T. iv. 1144.
- *adj.* SAX. Weak. 889.
- WEL, *adv.* SAX. Well; in a good condition. 4372. WEL WAS THE WENCHE, *with him might mete*. C. D. 270. WEL WERE THEY, *that thader might twin*. It is joined to other adverbs and adjectives, as *full* and *right* are; and still more frequently to verbs; in the sense of the Fr. *bien*.
- WELDE, *v.* SAX. To govern; to wield. 7329. 14583.
- WELDY, *adj.* SAX. Active. T. ii. 636.
- WELDE, *adv.* for WEL. 928. 2233.
- *n.* SAX. Wealth; prosperity. 3103. 4505. 9166.
- WELFUL, *adj.* Productive of happiness. 4871.
- WELFULNESS, *n.* SAX. Happiness. B. ii. pr. 8.
- WELKE, *pa. t.* of WALK, *v.* SAX. Walked. C. D. 828.
- WEIKVD, *part. t. pa.* of WELKE, *v.* SAX. Withered; mouldy. 5859. 12673.
- WEIKVN, *n.* SAX. The sky. 9000.
- WELL, *n.* SAX. A spring. 7934. *Well of vices*, 4743.—*of perfection*, 5689.—*of alle gentillesse*, 10819.
- WELLF, *v.* SAX. To flow, as from a spring. T. iv. 700.
- WEIMETH. R. 1561. seems to be put for WELLETH; Springeth.
- WELTE, *pa. t.* of WELDE. 14016.
- WELTHEWED, *adj.* SAX. Endowed with good qualities. B. iv. pr. 6.
- WELWILLY, *adj.* SAX. Favourable; propitious. T. iii. 1263.
- WENMF, *n.* SAX. A spot; a fault. 10435. R. 930. *Without wenmf*. P. P. 98 b.
- WENCHE, *n.* SAX. A young woman. 4165. It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense. 10076. *I am a gentil woman and no wench*.
- WEND for WENED, *pa. t.* of WENE. Thought; intended. 3693. 4257. WENDEN, *pl. T.* iv. 683. 724.
- WENDE, *v.* SAX. To go. 21. 1393.
- *n.* SAX. Guess; conjecture. B. K. 463. perhaps for WENE.
- WENE, *n.* SAX. Guess; supposition. *Withouten wene*. R. 574. 732. Not by supposition; certainly.
- *v.* SAX. To think; to suppose. 2197. 5993.
- WENT, *part. t. pa.* of WENDE. Gone. 3665. 13470.
- WENVE, WENT, *pa. t.* of WENDE. 78. 257. *Went at borde*, 6110. Lived as a boarder. WENTREX, *pl.* 822.
- WENT, *n.* A way; a passage. T. iii. 788. F. i. 182.—A tuft, in walking. T. ii. 815. T. v. 605. in bed. T. ii. 63.
- *v.* F. L. 150. for WANT.
- WEP, *pa. t.* of WEPF, *v.* SAX. Wept. 2623.
- WEPRLY, *adj.* SAX. Causing tears. B. iii. m. 12.
- WEREN, *n.* SAX. A weapon. 1593.
- WERCHE, *n.* & *v.* as WERKE.
- WERE for WEREN, *ind. m. pa. t. pl.* of AM, *v.* SAX. 18. 41. It is sometimes used for IAD, according to the French custom, with reflected verbs. 12535. *Those wulvours—WERE set hem in a tavernie for to drinke—S'FOIENT mis, S'FOIENT assis.*
- *subj. m. pa. t. sing.* 89. *As it were*, 149. *If on of hem were*, 1159. *Whether she were*, 2115. *Were it*, 2268. *It were a game.*
- *v.* SAX. To wear. 2177. 2950.—To defend. 2532.
- *n.* Fr. *Queere*. Confusion. *His herb in such a were is set*. R. 5699. *Son cueur a mys en tel gueerde*. Orig. '289. L. W. 2675. *And in a were gan I weerde and with myself to dispute*. P. P. 54. b.
- *n.* SAX. A wear; for catching fish. T. iii. 35. A. F. 138.
- WEREN, *pa. t. pl.* of AM, *v.* SAX. 28, 9. WERE.
- WERK, *n.* SAX. Work. 3311. 12274. WERKES, *pl.* 3308.
- *v.* SAX. To work. 3133. 3530, 1.
- WERNE, *v.* 6915. as WARNE.
- WERRE, *n.* Fr. War. 47. 1673. In T. v. 1392. it seems to be used as WERE.
- WERREIE, *v.* FR. To make war against. 1546. 10324. 14338.
- WERSE, *comp. d.* of ILE, *adv.* SAX. Worse. 4348. 5753.
- *comp. d.* of BAD, *adj.* SAX. Worse. 1226. 3871.
- WERSTE, *superl. d.* of BAD. Worst. 9094. 13091.
- WERY, *adj.* SAX. Weary. 4105. 4934.
- WESH, *pa. t.* of WASH, *v.* SAX. Washed. 2285. 4673.
- WESTREN, *inf. m. v.* SAX. To tend toward the West. T. ii. 906.
- WETE, *adj.* SAX. Wet. 2907.
- *v.* SAX. To wet. T. iii. 1121.
- *v.* SAX. To know. 7096. 10305.
- WETTER, *n.* SAX. The weather. 10366.—A castrated ram. 3542. T. iv. 1374.
- WETING, *n.* SAX. Knowledge. 1613. 6231.
- WEVE, *v.* SAX. To weave. L. W. 2241.
- *v.* SAX. To put off; to prevent. T. ii. 1050. See WEVTE.
- WEX, *pa. t.* of WAKE, or WERE, *v.* SAX. WAKED; grew. 4232.
- WEXING, *part. pr.* Increasing. 2080.
- WEYEDEN, *pa. t. pl.* Weighed. 456. See WAYE.
- WHAT, *pron. interr.* SAX. is often used by itself, as a sort of interjection. 856. *What? welcome be the cutte*—3477. *What? Nicholas! what how? man!*—3491. *What think on God*—See also 3900. 6496. 7820.
- *pron. indef.* Something. *A little what*. B. iv. pr. 6. *Mizov n. What for love and for distress*, 1455. *Partly for love and partly f. d.* See 3965. 4441. 2. F. ii. 43. *What ye what? F. iii. 651.* Nor any thing else. *Ov' allas n.*
- when joined to a *n. subst.* (either expressed or understood) is a mere *adj.* answering to *Qualis*. LAT. *Que*. R. 40. 41. *What they weren*, 1705. *What men they were*—*What so*, 524. 6873. *What that*, 5602. 7113. *What soever*.
- WHERER, *conj.* SAX. Whether. 9838. 15141.
- WHELM, *v.* SAX. T. i. 139. To sink; to depress. WHEI MYN A VESSELL. *Suppl. imo.* Prompt. Paiv.
- WHENNES, *adv.* SAX. Whence. 12269.
- WHER, *conj.* SAX. Whether. 7032. 10893.
- *adv.* SAX. Where. 423. 899.
- in composition, signifies *Whic*. See IHER as THER. *Wherefore*, 8533. *Wherein*, 13732. *Wherthrough*. R. 3733. *Wherwith*, 304.—or *What*, when used interj. gatively. *Wher of*, 5654. *Wher with*, 5713.
- WHETHER, *adj.* SAX. Which of two. 1853. 63 6.
- WHETTE, *part. pa.* of WHER, *v.* SAX. Sharpened. T. v. 1723.
- WHICHE, *pron. rel.* SAX. Who. 16482. Whom. 13093.—*adj.* *What*; what sort of. 2677. 5621. 6875.
- WHILE, *n.* SAX. Time. *In this mene while*, 7027. In the mean time.—*How he might quite hire while*, 5004. *How he might requite her time, paine, &c.* L. W. 2225. F. 1542. *God can ful wel your while quite*. So MIS. Hunte
- WHILERE, *adv.* SAX. Some time before. 16796.
- WHILKE, *adj.* SAX. Which. 4076. 4169.

WHILON, *adv.* SAX. Once, on a time. 861. 9121.
 WHINE, *v.* SAX. To utter a plaintive cry. 5968. See An. 158.
 WHITE, *adj.* SAX. Fair; specious. T. iii. 1573.
 — *v.* To grow white. T. v. 276.
 WHO, *pron. interrog.* SAX. 1350. 1456.
 WHOS, *pron. ea. sing.* 5438.
 WHO, *pron. rel.* SAX. 3154. It is generally expressed by *that*.
 WHOS, *gen. ea. sing.* 7908. 9047.
 WHO, *pron. indef.* T. iii. 268.
 For *wel thou wost, the name as yet of her*
Amonges the people, as who sayth, halowed is.
 Where *as who sayth* seems to be equivalent to *as one*
should say. See also Du. 539. In Bo. iii. pr. 4. the same
 phrase is used to introduce a fuller explanation of a
 passage; as we might use—*That is to say*.—Who so. 743.
 WHO THAT 807. Whosoever. In ver. 4298. there is a
 phrase which I know not how to explain grammatically.
 But *sickerly she n'istie who was who.* See also C. D. 1305, 6.
 WIDE-WIKKE, *adv.* SAX. Widely; far and near. 4556. T. iii.
 405. *Conf. Am.* 162.
 WIKKES, *n. pl.* SAX. The fates, or destinies; *Parcæ.*
 T. iii. 618.
 WIF, *n.* SAX. A wife. 2260.—A woman. 6590.
 WIFHOOD, *n.* SAX. The state of a wife. 10064.
 WIFLES, *adj.* SAX. Unmarried. 9112. 9124.
 WIFLY, *adj.* SAX. Becoming a wife. 8305.
 WIGHT, *n.* SAX. A person, male or female. 2108. 13917.
 4234.—A small space of time. 4281.—Weight. T. ii. 1385.
 A witch. 3484. WITCH CLEVDY NYGHT MARE. *Epiætles.*
 Prompt. Parv.
 — *adj.* SAX. Active; swift. 4084. 14273. *Of hem that*
ben deliver and wight. *Conf. Am.* 177 b.
 WIGHTES, *n. pl.* Witches. 3479. See the note.
 WIKK, *n.* for WIKKE. T. ii. 1273.
 WIKET *n.* FR. A wicket. 9919.
 WIKKE, *adj.* SAX. Wicked. 5449. 15429.
 WILLIAM ST. AMOUR, *pr. n.* R. 6763. A doctor of the Sor-
 borne in the XIIIth Century, who took a principal part
 in the dispute between the University of Paris and the
 Dominican Friars. See Moreri, in v.
 WILLY, *adj.* SAX. Favourable. B. K. 628
 WILY for WILLEN, *pl. n.* of WILLE, *v.* SAX. 6870. 12848.
 WILNK, *v.* SAX. To desire. 2566.
 WIMPLE, *n.* FR. A covering for the neck. It is distin-
 guished from a veil, which covered the head also. R. 3964.
 If *ering a vaille,* instead of wimple,
As nonnes don in hir abbey.
 WINDA, *n.* FR. Guindal. An engine to raise stones, &c.
 10494
 WINDE, *v.* SAX. To turn round. 6694.
 — as WENDE. To go. R. 2055.
 WINE OF APE. 16993. See the note.
 WINNE. R. 3674. *v.* SAX. To gain. 715. 7003. *To winne to*
R. 3674. To attain. See L. W. 2416.
 WIRRY, *v.* SAX. To worry. R. 6264.
 Wis, *adv.* SAX. Certainly. 11780. See Xwis.
 WISE, *n.* SAX. Manner. 1663. T. ii. 921.
 WISLY, *adv.* SAX. Certainly. 1865. 3902.
 WISSE, *v.* SAX. To teach; to direct. 6590. 6991. *So God*
me wisse. 7440. So may God direct me. WYSSVN or
 LEDYN. *Dirigo.* Prompt. Parv.
 WISTE, *pa. t.* of WISTE, *v.* SAX. Knew. 1158. 8690.
 WITE, *v.* SAX. To know. 9614. R. 7661.—To blame. 10051.
 14688.—To impute to. *Wite it als of Southwarik.*
 3142. Impute it to the a. o. S.—or, Blame the a. o. S. for
 it. 14756.
 — *n.* SAX. Blame. 16421.
 WITH, *prep.* SAX. is used in the sense of *by.* 4655. *Was*
with the lion frette; was devoured by the lion.—*In with*
his thought. 9460. *In with hire bosom.* 9818. Within his
 t. Within hire b.—*With meschance.* 5316. 7797. *With*
meschance and with misaventure. 6916. *With sorwe and*
with meschance. 4410. *With sorwe.* 5890. 5922. are
 phrases of the same import as *God yewe him meschance.*
 5354. *God yewe me sorwe.* 6733. They are all to be con-
 sidered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less
 seriousness. And so are the following phrases.—*With*

evil prefe. 5629. *With harde grace.* 7810. *With sory*
grace. 12910.
 WITHHOLDE, *v.* SAX. To stop. 14002.
 WITHHOLDIN, WITHHOLD, *part. pa.* Retained; detained.
 513. M. 107, col. 2, l. 90. 15813.
 WITHSAY, *inf. m.* of WITHSAY, *v.* SAX. 1142.
 WITHSAYE, WITHSAYE, *v.* SAX. To contradict; to deny.
 15915. L. W. 307.
 WITNESFULLY, *adv.* SAX. Evidently. Bo. iv. pr. 5
 WITNESSE, *n.* SAX. Testimony; a witness. *Witnesses on*
Mida. 6533. *Witnesses on Mathew.* 12568.
 WITTE, *n.* SAX. Understanding; capacity. 748. *To my*
witte. 11187. P. ii. 194. In my judgement.
 WITTES, *n. pl.* SAX. The senses of man. M. 114, col. 1, l. 61.
 WIVE, *n.* for WIF. 1862.
 WIVERE, *n.* SAX. A serpent. T. iii. 1012.
 WYATSON, *adj.* SAX. Loathsome. 14542. 15059.
 WO, *n.* SAX. Wo; sorrow. 1360. 1384. *Wo were us,* 8015.
When we were wo. 10893. are expressions derived from
 the Saxon language, in which *us* and *me* were equivalent
 to *nobis* and *mihi*, without the addition of the prep. *to*.
 — *adj.* SAX. Sorrowful. R. 312. C. L. 32.
 WO BROWN. 3372. 3658. Fat gone in wool. See BROWN.
 WODK, WOOD, *adv.* SAX. Mad. 3507. Violent. 3517. *For*
uode. L. W. 2409. F. iii. 657. Like any thing mad. See
 ver. 2952. *Into the fere, that brent as it were wood.*
 — *v.* SAX. To grow mad. 15935. Bo. iv. n. 5.
 WODEWALF, R. 658. *pr. n.* of a bird. WIDEWAL BELG.
Oriolus. Kilian. According to Ray, our *Witwall* is a
 sort of Wood-pecker. *Synop.* Av. p. 43.
 WOL, *v.* *auxil.* SAX. To will. 42. 805. It is used some-
 times by itself, the *infm.* *v.* being understood. 10810. *As*
she to water wolde; i. e. would dissolve into w. 10933.
And to the wood he wol; i. e. will go. 16453. *Ful many*
a man hath he begyled er this, And wol; i. e. will
 begyle.
 WOLKE, *pa. t.* Would. 144. WOLDEN, *pl.* 4603.—*pe. t.* *subj*
m. *Wolde God!* 5932, 5. *God wolde!* Du. C61. 414. O
 that God were willing! *Ne wolde God!* 11063. God
 forbid!
 WOLO, *part. pa.* Willed; been willing. M. 107, col. 1,
 l. 67, 114, col. 1, l. 62. L. W. 1207.
 WOMANHED, *n.* Womanhood; the virtue of a woman.
 8931.
 WONDE, *v.* SAX. Wandian. To desist through fear.
 L. W. 1185.
 — *pa. t.* C. M. V. 102. May perhaps be deduced from
 WINDE; to tain; to bend. See T. i. 257.
The yerde is bet, that bowen wol and winde,
Than that that brest.
 — *pa. t.* of WONE. Dwelled. L. W. 2241.
 WONDER, *adj.* SAX. Wonderful. 2075. 5467.
 WONE, *n.* SAX. Custom; usage. 337. 13434. Du. 475.—
 Habitation. 7687. 13730.—A heap; an assembly. R. 1673
 L. W. 2159.
 — *v.* SAX. To dwell. 7745.
 WONDEN, *pa. t.* *pl.* Dwelled. 2299.
 WONED, *part. pa.* Wont, accustomed. T. i. 511. Du. 140.
 WONING, *n.* SAX. A dwelling. 660.
 WONNE, *part. pa.* of WINNE, *v.* SAX. Won; conquered.
 51. 59.—Begotten. L. W. 2553
 WONT, *part. pa.* of WONE. Accustomed. Bo. iv. p. 1.
 WOOD, *adj.* as WODE.
 WOODNESS, *n.* Madness. 3452. 12430.
 WORDLES, *adj.* SAX. Speechless. C. D. 514.
 WORDLES, *gen. c.* of WORLD, *n.* SAX. is used in the sense
 of the *adj.* WORLDLY. *Every worldes sorwe.* 2351. *Al*
worldes blis. 15206.
 WORT, *n.* SAX. A cabbage. 9102. 15227.—New beer, in
 state of fermentation. 16281.
 WORTH, *v.* SAX. To be; to go. C. M. 95 *Wo worthe!* T.
 344, 5, 6. Unhappy be! or Wo be to!—To climb:
 mount. 13681. T. ii. 1011.
 WOST for WOTEST. 1165. 1176. 6144. Knowest.
 WOTE, WOT, *v.* SAX. To know. 1142. 1262, 4, 5
 WOT, *pa. t.* Knew. 4896.
 WOVE (rather WOE), *v.* SAX. To wo. T. v. 791. L. W. 12

WOKE, *pa. t.* of WAKE, or WEXE, *v. SAX.* Grew. 7703.
 WOKEN, *part. pa.* Grown. T. v. 1014.
 WRAIE, *v. SAX.* To betray; discover. T. iii. 285.
 WRATHEN, *inf. m. v. SAX.* To make angry. 17029. P. 148, col. 2. l. 41.
 WRAVE, *adj. SAX.* Peevish; angry. 16995. WRAWE.
 FROWARD. ONGOODLY. *Perveius. Bilousus.* Prompt. Parv.
 WRANNESS, *n.* Peevishness. P. 103, col. 1. l. 3.
 WRAY, *v.* 11256, as WRAIE.
 WRACHE, *n. SAX.* Revenge. 14531. 14533.
 WRENCHES, *n. pl. SAX.* Frauds; stratagems. 16549.
 WRREST, *v. SAX.* To twist. B. K. 48. *The nightingale with so great might hire voice began out wrrest.* To turn forcibly. T. iv. 1427.
 WRETHES, *Bo. ii. pr. 7.* should probably be WRETHED.
 WRETHEN, *part. pa.* of WRITHE. F. L. 57. *Wrathen in fere;* Twisted together. In Urry's Edit. it is printed—*Writan in fere.*
 WRETH, *v.* 3503, 7, as WRAIE.
 WRIT, *v. SAX.* To cover. 7409. R. 6795.—To turn; to incline. 17211. T. ii. 906.
 WRIGHT, *n. SAX.* A workman. 616.
 WRINE, for WRHEN, *inf. m.* of WRIE. R. 6684.
 WRING, *v. SAX.* To squeeze so as to express moisture. 13706.
 WRITH, *v. SAX.* To twist; to turn aside. 3263. T. iv. 986.
 WRITING, *n.* A turning. 10441.
 WRONGE, *part. pa.* of WRING. *His hondes wronge.* T. iv. 1171. Later writers have used the same expression of distress. I suppose it means to clasp the hands, and squeeze them strongly one against the other. I do not recollect a similar expression in any other language.
 WROTE, *v. SAX.* To dig with the snout, as swine do. P. 149, col. 2. l. 30. *Or like a worm, that wrotheth in a tree.* Lydg. *Trag.* 33.
 WROUGHT, *part. pa.* of WORKE, *v. SAX.* Made. 11184.

Y.

Y at the beginning of many words, especially *verbs* and *participles*, is merely a corruption of the Saxon *ŷe*, which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language. What the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible, I apprehend, now to determine. In Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word; so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a Glossary such words as *blessed*, *granted*, &c. Some, however, of this sort are inserted, which may serve at least to shew more clearly the extent of this practice in Chaucer's time. Several other words are shortly explained under this letter, of which a more full explanation may be found under their respective *second* letters.

YA, *adv. SAX.* Yea. 3453. 8231. It is used emphatically with both. 4827. *Ya, bothe gounge and olde.* 6032. *Ya, bothe faire and good.*

YAK, *pa. t.* of YEVE, *v. SAX.* Gave. 493. 1902.
 YALTE for YELTE. R. 4904. *Yalte him.* Yieldeth himself. *Se rend, Orig.*

YARE, *adj. SAX.* Ready. L. W. 2233.
 YATE, *n. SAX.* A gate. 8689.
 YAVE, *pa. t.* of YEVE. Gave. 304. 602.
 Y-BE, *part. pa.* Been. 10275.
 Y-BERIED, *part. pa.* Buried. 948.
 Y-BETE, 981. See the note. and R. 837.
 Y-BLEND, *part. pa.* of BLEND. R. 1610 Blinded.
 Y-BLENT, *part. pa.* of BLENCHE. 3751. Shrunken; started aside. See the note on *ver.* 1080.
 Y-BLINT, *part. pa.* 3806. Blinded.
 Y-BORN, *part. pa.* of BERE. 380. Born; carried.
 Y-BOURDED, *part. pa.* Jested. A. F. 589.
 Y-BRENT, *part. pa.* of BRENNE. 948. Burned.
 Y-CHAPPED, *part. pa.* 368. Furnished with chapes. From *chappe. Fr.*
 Y-CLOUTED, *part. pa.* R. 223. Wrapped in clouts, or rags.
 Y-CORVEN, *part. pa.* 2015. Cul. See CORVEN.
 Y-COUPLED, *part. pa.* 9095.

Y-CRASED, *part. pa.* Du. 324. Broken.
 Y-DELED, *part. pa.* 7831. Distributed.
 Y-DIGHT, *part. pa.* T. v. 541. Adorned.
 Y-DO, *part. pa.* 2536. Done; finished.
 Y-DRAWE, *part. pa.* 946. Drawn.
 YR, *adv. SAX.* as YA. 9212. *Ye wis.* T. ii. 887. Yea certainly.
 YEDDINGS, 237. See the note. The Prompt. Parv. makes *Yeddings* to be the same as *Geste*, which it explains thus. *GEEST or ROMAWNGE. Gestio.* So that of *yeddings* may perhaps mean *of story-telling.*
 YEDE, *part. pa.* of YEDE, *v. SAX.* Went. 13249. 16609.
 YEFTE, *n. SAX.* A gift. 9185. *Yeftes,* *pl.* 2200. 9186.
 YELDE, *v. SAX.* To yield; to give. 6494. 8719.—To pay. 8712. *God zelde you!* 7759. God reward you!
 YELLEDEN, *pa. t. pl.* of YELLE, *v. SAX.* 15395.
 YELPE, *v. SAX.* To plate; to boast. 2240. T. iii. 308.
 YELTE for YELDETH. T. i. 386.
 YEMAN, *n. SAX.* A servant of middling rank; a bailiff. 6362. 6977.—THE KNIGHTS YEMEN. See his CHARACTER, *ver.* 101—37.—THE CHANONES YEMAN. See his PROLOGUS, *ver.* 10022—16187. *YEMEN,* *pl.* 2511. 2730. See the *n.* on *ver.* 101.
 YEMANRIE, *n.* The rank of Yeoman. See the *n.* on *ver.* 101.
 YERDF, *n. SAX.* A rod, or staff, 149. T. ii. 154. *Under the yerde.* 13027. See the note.
 YERE for YERES, *n. pl. SAX.* Years. 4910. 11125.
 YERNE, *adj. SAX.* Brisk; eager. 3237.
 ——— *adv.* Briskly; eagerly. 6575. 12392. Early. T. iii. 337. *As yerne.* T. iii. 151. T. iv. 112. Soon; immediately
 ——— *v.* To desire; to seek eagerly. T. iii. 152. T. iv. 198.
 YERNING, *n.* Activity; diligence. R. 5931. *Eveel. Orig.*
 YEVEN, *part. pa.* R. 5702. Gotten.
 YEVE, *v. SAX.* To give. 507. 613.
 YEVEN, *YEVV, part. pa.* Given. 1008. 1091. 7135.
 Y-FALLE, *part. pa.* 25. Fallen.
 Y-FEINED, *part. pa.* 8405. *Lordes nestes may not ben yfeined.* The commands of sovereigns may not be executed with a feigned, pretended zeal; they must be executed strictly and fully.
 Y-FETTE, *part. pa.* 10488. Fetched.
 Y-FONDED, *part. pa.* 10154. Pound.
 Y-FOSTERED, *part. pa.* 3944. Educated.
 Y-FRETE, *part. pa.* I. W. 1949. Devoured
 Y-GETEN, *part. pa.* 3564. Gotten.
 Y-GLOSED, *part. pa.* 10983. Flattered.
 Y-GLUED, *part. pa.* 10496. Glewed, fastened with glew.
 Y-GO, *part. pa.* 288. Gone.
 Y-GRAVE, *part. pa.* 6078. Buried.
 Y-HALOWED, *part. pa.* L. W. 1819. Kept holy.
 Y-HERD, *part. pa.* 3736. Covered with hair.
 Y-HOLD, *part. pa.* 1309. L. W. 1652. Beholden
 Y-JAFED, *part. pa.* 17094. Tricked; deceived.
 Y-LESSED, *part. pa.* T. i. 1090. Relieved. See LISSED.
 Y-LICHE, Y-LIK, *adj. SAX.* Resembling. 594. 1541. Equal. 2736.
 ——— *adv. SAX.* Equally; alike. 2528. 7796.
 Y-LIMED, *part. pa.* 6516. Limed; caught, as with bird-lime.
 Y-LOGGED, *part. pa.* 14957. Lodged.
 Y-MASKE, *part. pa.* T. iii. 1740. Mashed, or Meshed. *Masche. Belg. Macula retis. Kilian.*
 Y-MINT, *part. pa.* 2172. Mingled.
 Y-MELL, *prep. SAX.* Among. 4169.
 Y-MENEUS, *pr. n.* Hymeneus. 9604.
 Y-NOUGH, YNOW, *adv. SAX.* Enough. 11020. 13988.
 YOLDEN, *part. pa.* of YELDE. Given. 3054.—Yielded. T. iii. 1217.—Repaid. R. 4556.
 YONGHEDE, *n. SAX.* Youth. R. 351.
 YORE, *adv. SAX.* Of a long time. 4692. 7944.—A little before. 9990.—*Yore agon.* 13639 Long ago. *In olde times yore.* 9016. *Of time yore.* 11275.
 YOVE, *p. t.* of YEVE. C. L. 688. Gave.
 YOURV, *pron. poss. SAX.* is used for YOURS. 16716. T. ii. 537. L. W. 683. C. L. 855.
 YOURS, *pron. poss. SAX.* used generally, when the noun, to which it belongs, is understood, or placed before it. 7495. 8379. 10911. *He was an old felaw of yours.* 12946. *He was an old companion of yours,* i. e. of, or among, *your companions.* See the Essay, &c. n. 29.

YOUTHED, n. SAX. Youth. R. 4931.
 YOKE, n. SAX. Tohickup. 4149. YXXV. *Singultio*. Prompt.
 Parv.
 Y-PICKED, part. pa. 367. Picked; spruce.
 Y-QUENT, part. pa. 3752. Quenched.
 Y-RIGHT, ps. L. F. iii. 281. Reached.
 Y-REKEN. 3880. seems to be put for the old part. pr.
 Y-REKEND. Reeking.
 YREN, n. SAX. Iron. 1995. 6488.
 Y-RENT, part. pa. 5265. Torn.
 Y-RONNE, YRONNEN, part. pa. 3891. 2695. Run.
 Y-SATLEED, part. pa. 10279. Settled; established.
 YSE, n. SAX. Ice. F. iii. 40.
 Y-SERVED, part. pa. Teatod. 905.
 Y-SETTE, part. pa. 10437. Set; placed. Appointed. 1637.
 Y-SHENT, part. pa. 6894. Damaged.
 Y-SHOVE, part. pa. L. W. 726. Pushed forwards.
 Y-SLAVE, part. pa. 945. 4904. Slain.

Y-SOPE, pr. n. M. 110, col. 2, l. 46. So the name of the Fabulist was commonly written, notwithstanding the distinction pointed out by the following technical verse.

“*Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat bona verba.*”

In this and many other passages, which are quoted from Æsop by writers of the middle ages, it is not easy to say what author they mean. The Greek collections of fables, which are now current under the name of Æsop, were unknown, I apprehend, in this part of the world, at the time that *Melibe* was written. Phædrus too had disappeared. Avienus indeed was very generally read. He is quoted as Æsop by John of Salisbury, Polycrat. L. vii. *Ut Æsopo, vel Avieno credas.*

But the name of Æsop was chiefly appropriated to the anonymous * author of 60 fables, in Elegiac metre, which

* Several improbable conjectures, which have been made with respect to the real name and age of this writer, may be seen in the *Menagiana*. Vol. i. p. 172. and in Fabric. *Bibl. Lat.* Vol. i. p. 376. Ed. Patav. In the edition of these fables in 1593, the commentator, of no great authority, I confess, mentions an opinion of some people, that “*Gallerus Anglicus fecit hanc librum sub nomine Æsopi.*” I suppose the person meant was *Gualterus Anglicus*, who had been tutor to William II. King of Sicily, and was Archbishop of Palermo about the year 1170. I cannot believe that they were much older than his time; and in the beginning of the next century they seem to be mentioned under the name of *Æsopus*, among the books commonly read in schools, by Eberhardus Bethuniensis in his *Labyrinthus*, Tract. iii. de *Verificatione*, v. ii. See *Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi.* p. 525. About the middle of the same century the seventh Vincent of Beauvais in his *Speculum Histor.* l. iii. c. 2. gives an account of Æsop, and a large specimen of his fables. *quas Romulus quidam de Græco in Latinum transtulit, et ad filium suum Tyberinum dirigit.* They are all, as I remember, in the printed Romulus.

Soon after the invention of printing, that larger collection of the fables of Æsop was made and published in Germany, which has been mentioned in this Vol. p. 202. It is divided into vii. books, to which is prefixed a life of Æsop *Græcolatina per Rimiucium facta*. The three first are composed of the 60 Elegiac fables of the metrical Æsopus, with a few trifling variations; and to each of them is subjoined a fable on the same subject in prose from Romulus. Book iv. contains the remaining fables of Romulus in prose only. The vth Book has not more than one or two fables which had ever appeared before under the name of Æsop. The rest are taken from the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Calilah u Damah* (see p. 201, note *; and p. 202, note 2) and other obscurer authors. The vith and last Book contains 17 fables with the following title: *Sequuntur fabule novæ Æsopi ex translatione Rimiucii*. There has been a great diversity of opinion among learned men concerning this *Rimiucius* or *Rimicus* (see Pref. Niant.), while some have confounded him with the fictitious Romulus, and others have considered him as the Editor of this collection. I have no doubt but the person meant is that *Rimicus* who translated the life of Æsop by Plautus and 96 of his fables, from the Greek into Latin, about the middle of the xvth Century. See Fabric. *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Rimicus*. In his translation of the Epistles of Hippocrates, MS. Harl. 3527. he is styled in one place *Verdensis*, and in another *Castillonensis*. All the fables from *Rimicus*, which compose this vth Book, as well as the Life of Æsop, which is professedly taken from *Rimicus*, are to be found in this translation by *Rimicus*. There is an Edition of it printed at Milan about 1480; but it might very possibly have

are printed in Nevelet's collection under the title of “*Anonymi fabule Æsopice.*” I have seen an Edition of them in 1503, by Wynkyn de Worde, in which they are entitled simply “*Æsopi fabule*” The subjects are for the most part plainly taken from Phædrus; but it may be doubted whether the author copied from the original work of Phædrus, or from some version of it into Latin prose. Several versions of this kind are still extant in MS. One of very considerable antiquity has been published by Nilant, Lugd. Bat. 1709, under the title of *Fabule Antiquæ*, together with another of a later date, which is pretended to have been made from the Greek by an Emperor Romulus, for the use of his son Tiberinus. They all shew evident marks of being derived from one common origin, like what has been observed of the several Greek collections of Æsopian fables in prose (*Dissert. de Babrio*. Lond. 1778.); like them too they differ very much, one from another, in style, order of fables, and many little particulars; and, what is most material, each of them generally contains a few fables, either invented or stolen by its respective compiler, which are not to be found in the other collections; so that it is often impracticable to verify a quotation from Æsop in the writers of Chaucer's time, unless we happen to light upon the identical book of fables which the writer who quotes had before him.

I have printed in the Discourse, &c. n. 29. a fable of the *Cock and the Fox*, from the French *Esopo de Marie*, which is not to be found in any other collection that I have seen, and which, I suppose, furnished Chaucer with the subject of his *Nonnes Preestes tale*. In the same French *Æsop*, and in a Latin MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 15 A. vii. there is a fable, which, I think, might have given the hint for *Prior's Ladle*. “*A country fellow one day laid hold of a faery (un folet, Fr.), who, in order to be set at liberty, gave him three wishes. The man goes home, and gives two of them to his wife. Soon after, as they are dining upon a chine of mutton, the wife feels a longing for the marrow, and not being able to get it, she wishes that her husband had an iron beak (long com li Wilcoas, Fr. long as the Woodcock) to extract this marrow for her. An exorcism being immediately formed accordingly, the husband angrily wishes it off from his own face upon his wife's.*”—And here the story is unluckily defective in both copies; but it is easy to suppose, that the third and last remaining wish was employed by the wife for her own relief.

A fable upon a similar idea, in French verse, may be seen in MS. Bodl. 1687; the same, as I apprehend, with one in the King's library at Paris (MS. n. 7989, fol. 189.) which is entitled “*Les quatre souhaits de Sainz Martin.*” See *Fabliaux*, &c. T. iii. p. 311. The vanity of human wishes is there exposed with more pleasantry than in the story just cited, but as it often happens, with much less decency.

Y-SOWE, part. pa. 5653. Sown.
 Y-SPREINT, part. pa. 2171. Sprinkled.
 Y-STICKED, part. pa. 1567. Sticked; thrust.
 Y-STORVEN, part. pa. 2016. Dead.
 Y-TAKE, part. pa. 3353. Taken.
 Y-TREVED, part. pa. 450. Tied.
 Y-TRESPASSED, part. pa. M. 114, col. I, l. 52. Trespassed.
 Y-VANISHED, part. pa. 6578.
 YVEL, adv. SAX. Bad; unfortunate. 4172. 4182. YVEL, adv. SAX. Ill. 1129. 3715.
 YVOINE, n. Fr. Ivory. Du. 946.
 Y-WIMPLED, part. pa. Covered with a wimple. 472.
 Y-WIS, adv. SAX. Certainly. 3277. 3705.
 Y-WRAKE, pa. t. T. v. 1467. Wreaked; revenged.
 Y-WRIS, part. pa. 2966. Covered.

Z.

ZBUXIS, pr. n. 11950. A Grecian painter.

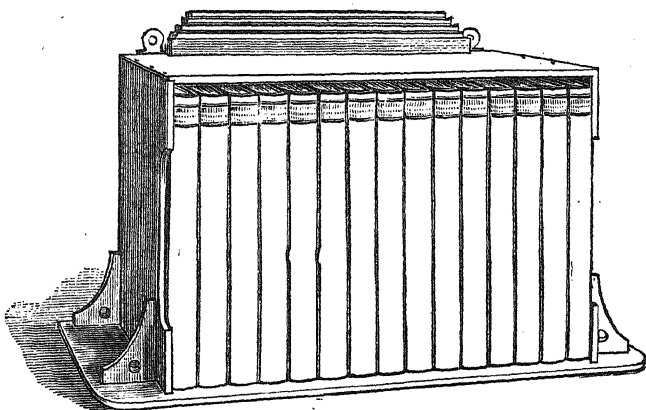
come into the hands of the German collector in MS. some years sooner, as the first translations of Greek authors were eagerly sought after and circulated through Europe at that time, when very few persons were capable of reading the original.

WORDS AND PHRASES NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Afere. R. 4073.
 Agathon, *pr. n.* L. W. 526.
 Blakeberied. 12340.
 Broken harm. 9299.
 Cankedort. T. ii. 1752.
 Carrenare. Du. 1029.
 Consite. C. D. 1236.
 Cost. 1480.
 Countour. 361.
 Cuppes. To turnen c. 3926.
 Cytherus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 137.
 Douced. F. iii. 131.
 Dulcarnon. T. iii. 933, 5.
 Durense. C. D. 1199.
 Eclympasteire, *pr. n.* Du. 1c7.
 Farewell feldefare. R. 5510. T. iii. 863.
 Fortonid cresse. R. 4875.
 Frape. T. iii. 411.
 Gattothed. 470. 6185.
 Groffe. 3183.
 Hawebako. 4515.
 Hermes Ballenus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 183.
 Hugest and Collo. T. L. B. ii. p. 499.
 Hygher. F. iii. 1062.
 lack of Dover. 4345.
 Kirked. R. 3137.
 Limote. *pr. n.* F. iii. 184.

Louke. 4413.
 Madrian. 13898.
 Parodie. T. v. 1547.
 Pavade. 3927.
 Paysaunce. C. D. 1673.
 Peil. F. iii. 220.
 Popper. 3929.
 Poudier marchant. 323.
 Proserus, *pr. n.* F. iii. 133.
 Radevore. L. W. 2341.
 Raket. T. iv. 461.
 Rewel bone. 13807.
 Sered pokettes, or pottcs. 16270.
 Span-newe. T. iii. 1671.
 Squamous. 3337.
 Temen. F. iii. 654.
 Tidife. 10962.
 Trippe. 7329.
 Vitremite. 3768.
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