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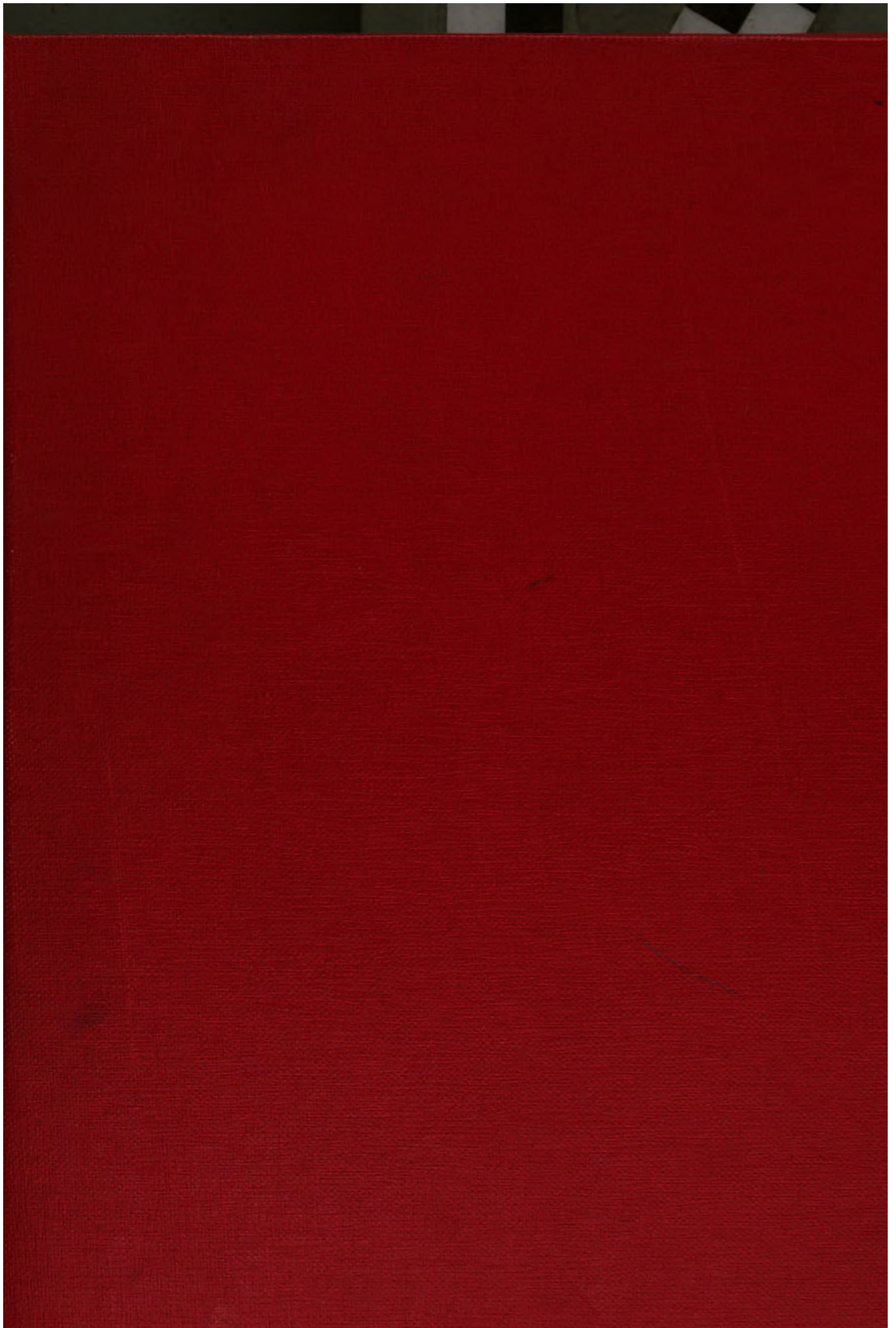
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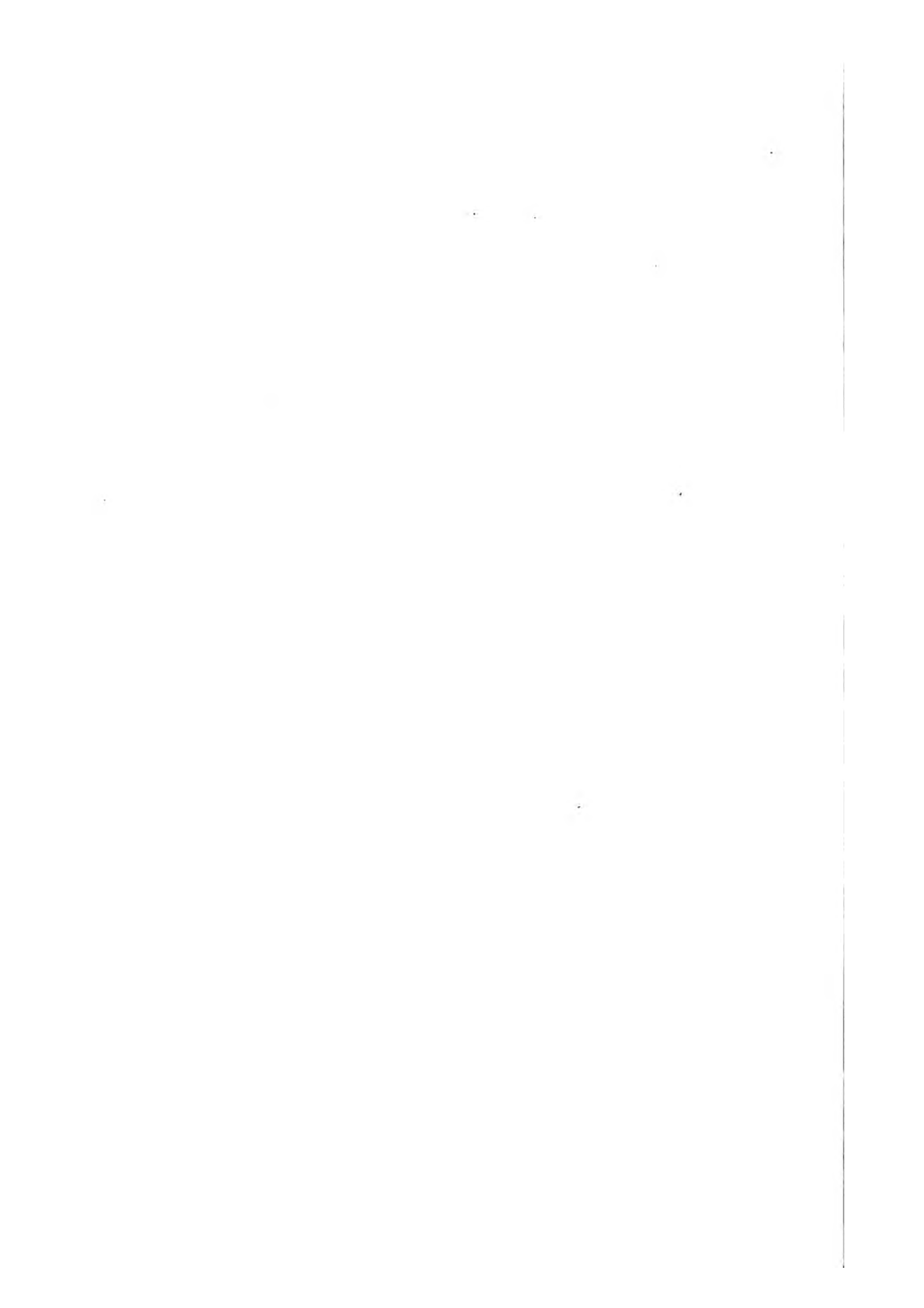
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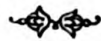
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George Mac Donald



CONFESSIO AMANTIS



GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.





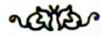
CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

Iohn **G**ower

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

DR. REINHOLD PAULI



VOL. III.

LONDON

BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET

1857



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CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Sextus.

Est gula, que nostrum maculavit prima parentem 1.
Ex vetito pomo, quo dolet omnis homo
Hec agit, ut corpus anime contraria spirat,
Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atque macer.
Intus et exterius si que virtutis habentur,
Potibus ebrietas conviciata ruit.
Mersa sopore labis, que Bachus inebriat hospes,
Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.



HE grete finne originall,
 Which every man in gen-
 eral [venimed,
 Upon his birth hath en-
 In paradis it was mis-
 timed,

Whan Adam of thilke appel bote,
 His fwete morcel was to hote,
 Which dedly made the mankinde.
 And in the bokes as I finde
 This vice, which so out of reule
 16 Hath set us all, is cleped gule,

Hic in sexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali vicio, quod gula dicitur, nec non et de eiusdem duabus solummodo speciebus, videlicet ebrietate et delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscencie oblectamentum habundantius augmentatur.

C

2 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

Of which the braunches ben so great,
That of hem all I wol nought treat,
But only as touchend of two
I thenke speke and of no mo.
Wherof the first is dronkeship,
Which bereth the cuppe felaship.
Ful many a wonder doth this vice,
He can make of a wisman nice
And of a fool, that him shall seme,
That he can all the lawe deme
And yiven every jugement,
Which longeth to the firmament
Both of the sterre and of the mone.
And thus he maketh a great clerk sone
Of him, that is a lewde man.
There is no thing, whiche he ne can,
While he hath dronkeship on honde,
He knoweth the see, he knoweth the stronde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yet no strength is in his armes.
There he was stronge inow to-fore,
With dronkeship it is forlore
And all is chaunged his estate
And wext anone so feble and mate,
That he may nouter go ne come,
But all to-gider he is benome
The power both of honde and fote,
So that algate abide he mote
And all his wittes he foryete.
The which is to him such a lete,

That he wot never what he doth,
Ne which is fals, ne which is soth,
Ne which is day, ne which is night,
As for the time he knoweth no wight,
That he ne wot so moch as this,
What maner thing him selven is
Or he be man, or he be beste.
That holde I right a fory feste,
Whan he, that refon understode,
So sodeinlich is woxe wode
Or elles lich the dede man,
Which nouthur go ne speke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde brought,
But where he lith yet wot he nought,
Till he arise upon the morwe
And than he saith: O, which a sorwe
It is for to be drinkeles,
So that half drunke in such a rees
With drie mouth he sterte him up
And saith: Now *baillez ça* the cuppe.
That made him lese his wit at eve
Is than a morwe all his beleve,
The cuppe is all that ever him pleseth
And also that him most difeseth,
It is the cuppe whom he serveth,
Which alle cares from him kerveth
And all the bales to him bringeth.
In joy he wepeth, in sorwe he singeth,
For dronkeship is so divers,
It may no while stonde invers,

4 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

He drinketh the wine, but ate laft
The wine drinketh him and bint him faft
And laith him drunke by the walle
As him, which is his bonde thralle
And all in his subjection.

And lich to fuch condicion
As for to fpeke it otherwise
It falleth, that the moft wife
Ben other while of love adoted
And fo bewhapped and affoted
Of dronken men, that never yit
Was none, which half fo loft his wit
Of drinke, as they of fuch thing do,
Which cleped is the jolif wo,
And waxen of her owne thought
So drunke, that they knowe nought,
What refon is or more or leffe.
Such is the kinde of that fikneffe,
And that is nought for lacke of braine,
But love is of fo great a maine,
That where he taketh a herte on honde,
There may nothing his might withftonde.
The wife Salomon was nome,
And ftronge Sampfon overcome,
The knightly David him ne might
Refcoue, that he with the fight
Of Berfabe ne was beftade.
Virgile alfo was overlade,
And Ariftotle was put under.

 Forthy my fone, it is no wonder,

If thou be drunke of love amonge,
 Which is above all other stronge.
 And if so is, that thou so be,
 Tell me thy shrift in private,
 It is no shame of such a thewe
 A yong man to be dronkelewe.
 Of such phisque I can a parte,
 And as me semeth by that arte,
 Thou shuldest by phisonomy
 Be shapen to that malady
 Of love drunk, and that is routh.

Ha, holy fader, all is trouthe,
 That ye me telle, I am beknowe,
 That I with love am so bethrowe
 And al min herte is so through funke,
 That I am veriliche drunke,
 And yet I may both speke and go.
 But I am overcome so
 And torned fro my self so clene,
 That oft I wot nought what I mene,
 So that excusen I ne may
 My herte fro the firste day,
 That I cam to my lady kith.
 I was yet sobre never sith,
 Where I her se or se her nought,
 With musing of min owne thought
 Of love, which min herte affaileth,
 So drunke I am, that my wit faileth
 And all my braine is overtorned
 And my manere so mistorned,

Confessio amantis.

6 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

That I foryete all that I can
And stonde like a mased man,
That ofte whan I shulde play
It maketh me drawe out of the way
In solein place by my selve,
As doth a laborer to delve,
Which can no gentilmannes chere,
Or elles as a lewde frere,
Whan he is put to his penaunce,
Right so lese I my contenance.
And if it nedes so betide,
That I in compaigny abide,
Where as I muste daunce and singe
The hove daunce and carolinge,
Or for to go the newe fote,
I may nought wel heve up my fote,
If that she be nought in the way.
For than is all my merth away,
And waxe anone of thought so full,
Wherof my limes ben so dull,
I may unethes gon the pas.
For thus it is and ever was,
Whan I on suche thoughtes muse,
The lust and merthe that men use,
Whan I se nought my lady byme,
All is foryete for the time
So ferforth, that my wittes chaungen
And alle lustes fro me straungen,
That they sain alle truely
And swere, that it am nought I.

For as the man, which ofte drinketh
The wine, that in his stomack sinketh,
Wexth drunke and witles for a throwe,
Right so my lust is overthrowe,
And of min owne thought so mate
I waxe, that to min estate
There is no limme will me ferve,
But as a drunken man I fwerve
And suffre such a passion,
That men have great compassion
And everich by him self merveileth,
What thing it is, that me so eileth.
Such is the maner of my wo,
Which time that I am her fro,
Till este ayein that I her se.
But than it were a nicete
To telle you, how that I fare.
For whan I may upon her stare,
Her womanheed, her gentileffe,
Min hert is full of such gladnesse,
That overpasseth so my wit,
That I wot never where it fit,
But am so drunken of that sight,
Me thenketh, that for the time I might
Right sterte through the hole wall.
And than I may well, if I shall,
Both singe and daunce and lepe about
And holde forth the lusty rout.
But netheles it falleth so
Full ofte that I fro her go

8 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

Ne may, but as it were a stake
 I stonde avisement to take
 And loke upon her faire face,
 That for the while out of the place
 For all the world ne might I wende.
 Such lust comth than into my minde,
 So that withoute mete and drinke
 Of lusty thoughtes, which I thinke,
 Me thenketh I mighte stonden ever.
 And so it were to me lever,
 Than such a fighte for to leve,
 If that she wolde yive me leve
 To have so mochel of my will.
 And thus thenkend I stonde still
 Withoute blenching of min eye,
 Right as me thoughte that I figh
 Of paradis the mošte joy.
 And so there while I me rejoy,
 Unto min herte a great desyre,
 The which is hoter than the fire,
 All sodeinliche upon me renneth,
 That all my thought withinne brenneth
 And am so ferforth overcome,
 That I not where I am become,
 So that among tho hertes stronge
 In stede of drinke I underfonge
 A thought so fwete in my corage,
 That never piment ne vernage
 Was half so fwete for to drinke.
 For as I wolde, than I thinke,

As though I were at min above,
For so through drunke I am of love,
That all that my fotie demeth
Is soth, as than it to me semeth.
And while I may tho thoughtes kepe,
Me thenketh as though I were allepe
And that I were in goddes barme.
But whan I se min owne harme
And that I sodeinliche awake
Out of my thought and hede take,
How that the sothe stant in dede,
Than is my fikerneffe in drede
And joie torned into wo,
So that the hete is all ago
Of such fotie, as I was inne.
And than ayeinward I beginne
To take of love a newe thorst,
Which me greveth alltherworst,
For thanne cometh the blanche fever
With chele and maketh me so to chever
And so it coldeth at min herte,
That wonder is, how I asterte
In suche a point that I ne deie.
For certes there was never keie
Ne frosen is upon the walle
More inly cold, than I am alle.
And thus suffre I the hote chele,
Which passeth other peines fele,
In colde I brenne and frese in hete
And than I drinke a bitter swete

With drie lippe and eyen wete.
 Lo, thus I temper my diete
 And take a draught of such reles,
 That all my wit is herteles
 And all min herte there it fit
 Is as who faith withoute wit,
 So that to prove it by refon
 In making of comparifon
 There may no difference be
 Betwen a drunken man and me,
 But all the werft of everychone
 Is ever, that I thurst in one,
 The more that my herte drinketh,
 The more I may, fo that me thinketh,
 My thurst fhall never be acquaint.
 God fhielde, that I be nought dreint
 Of fuch a superfluite.
 For well I fele in my degre,
 That all my wit is overcaft,
 Wherof I am the more agaft,
 That in defaulte of ladyfhip
 Perchaunce in fuch a dronkeship
 I may be dead, er I beware.
 For certes, fader, this I dare
 Beknowe and in my fhrifte telle,
 But I a draught have of that welle,
 In which my deth is and my life,
 My joy is torned into strife,
 That fobre fhall I never worthe,
 But as a drunken man forworthe,

So that in londe, where I fare,
 The lust is lore of my welfare,
 As he that may no bote finde.
 But this me thenketh a wonder kinde,
 As I am drunke of that I drinke
 Of these thoughtes that I thinke,
 Of which I finde no reles,
 But if I mighte netheles
 Of fuche a drinke as I coveite
 So as me list have o receite,
 I shulde affobre and fare wele.
 But so fortune upon her whele
 On high me deigneth nought to fette,
 For evermore I finde a lette.
 The boteler is nought my frend,
 Which hath the keie by the bend.
 I may well wish and that is waste,
 For well I wot so fresh a taste,
 But if my grace be the more,
 I shall affaie nevermore.
 Thus am I drunke of that I se,
 For tasting is defended me,
 And I can nought my selven staunche,
 So that, my fader, of this braunche
 I am' giltif to telle trouth.

My sone, that me thenketh routh.
 For lovedrunke is the mischefe
 Above all other the moste chefe,
 If he no lusty thought assay,
 Which may his fory thurst allay,

Confessor.

As for the time yet it lesseth
To him, which other joie misseth.

Forthy my sone, aboven all
Think well, how so it the befall,
And kepe thy wittes that thou hast
And let hem nought be drunke in wast.
But netheles there is no wight,
That may withstonde loves might.
But why the cause is, as I finde,
But that there is diverse kinde
Of lovedrunke, why men pleigneth
After the court, which all ordeigneth,
I will the tellen the manere,
Now list, my sone, and thou shalt here.

Hic narrat secundum poetam, qualiter in suo cellario Jupiter duo dolia habet, quorum primum liquoris dulcissimi, secundum amarissimi plenum consistit, ita quod ille, cui fatata est prosperitas, de dulci potabit, alter vero, cui adversabitur, poculum gustabit amarum.

For the fortune of every chauce
After the goddes purveaunce
To man it groweth from above,
So that the spede of every love
Is shape there, er it befalle.
For Jupiter aboven alle,
Which is of goddes soverain,
Hath in his celler, as men sain,
Two tonnes full of love drinke,
That maketh many an herte sinke
And many an herte also to flete
Or of the soure or of the fwete.
That one is full of such piment,
Which passeth all entendement,
Of mannes wit, if he it taste,
And maketh a jolif herte in haste.

That other bitter as the galle,
Which maketh a mannes herte palle,
Whose dronkeship is a siknesse
Through feling of the bitternesse.
Cupide is boteler of bothe,
Which to the leve and to the lothe
Yiveth of the swete and of the foure,
That some laugh, and some loure.
But for so mochel as he blinde is
Full ofte time he goth amis
And taketh the badde for the good,
Which hindreth many a mannes food
Withoute cause and furthereth eke.
So be there some of love seke,
Which ought of reson to ben hole,
And some come to the dole
In happe, and as hem selven left
Drinke undeserved of the best.

And thus this blinde boteler
Yiveth of the trouble in stede of chere
And eke the chere in stede of trouble.
Lo, how he can the hertes trouble
And maketh men drunke al upon chaunce
Withoute lawe of governaunce.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Than is the sorwe all overronne
Of lovedrunke and shall nought greven
So to be drunke every even,
For all is thanne but a game.
But whan it is nought of the same

And he the better tonne draweth,
 Such dronkeship an herte gnaweth
 And febleth all a mannes thought,
 That better him were have drunke nought
 And all his brede have eten drie,
 For than he left his lusty wey
 With dronkeship and wot nought whider
 To go, the waies ben so slider,
 In whiche he may parcas so falle,
 That he shall breke his wittes alle.
 And in this wise men be drunke
 After the drinke they have drunke.
 But alle drinken nought alike,
 For some shall finge, and some shal fike,
 So that it me nothing merveileth,
 My sone, of love that the eyleth.
 For wel I knowe by thy tale,
 That thou hast drunken of the dwale,
 Which bitter is, till god the fende
 Such grace, that thou might amende.
 But sone, thou shalt bid and pray
 In such a wise, as I shall fay,
 That thou the lust well atteigne
 Thy wofull thurstes to restreigne
 Of love and taste the swetenesse,
 As Bachus did in his distresse,
 Whan bodeliche thurst him hent
 In straunge londes, where he went.

Nota hic, qualiter potus aliquando scienti precibus acquiritur,

This Bachus sone of Jupiter
 Was hote, and as he went fer

By his faders assignement
 To make a wer in Orient
 And great power with him he ladde,
 So that the higher hond' he hadde
 And victoire of his enemies
 And torneth homward with his prise,
 In fuche a contre which was drie
 A mischefe fell upon the wey,
 As he rode with his compaigny
 Nigh to the stondes of Lubie,
 There mighte they no drinke finde
 Of water, ne of other kinde,
 So that him self and all his hoste
 Were for default of drinke almoste
 Distruied, and than Bachus praid
 To Jupiter and thus he said :
 O highe fader, that seeft all,
 To whom is refon, that I shall
 Beseche and pray in every nede,
 Behold, my fader, and take hede
 This wofull thurst, that we be inne,
 To staunche and graunt us for to winne
 And faufe unto the contre fare,
 Where that our lusty loves are
 Waitend upon our home coming.
 And with the vois of his praieng,
 Which herd was to the goddes high,
 He sigh anone to-fore his eye
 A wether, which the grounde hath sporned,
 And where he hath it overtorned,

et narrat in exem-
 plum, quod cum Ba-
 chus de quodam bello
 ab Oriente repatrians
 in quibusdam Lubie
 partibus alicuius ge-
 neris potum non in-
 venit, fufis ad Jovem
 precibus, apparuit ei
 aries, qui terra pede
 percussit, statimque
 fons emanavit, et sic
 potum petenti peticio
 prevaluit.

There sprang a welle fresh and clere,
 Wherof his owne botelere
 After the lustes of his will
 Was every man to drinke his fill.
 And for this ilke grete grace
 Bachus upon the same place
 A riche temple let arere,
 Which ever shulde stonde there
 To thursty men in remembraunce.

Forthy my sone, after this chaunce
 It fit the well to taken hede
 So for to pray upon thy nede,
 As Bachus praide for the well.
 And thenke, as thou hast herd me tell,
 How grace he gradde and grace he had,
 He was no fool, that first so rad.
 For selden get a domb man londe,
 Take that proverbe and understonde,
 That wordes ben of vertue gret.
 Forthy to speke thou ne let
 And axe and pray ereyly and late
 Thy thurst to quenche and thenke algate,
 The boteler, which bereth the key,
 Is blinde, as thou hast herd me say.
 And if it mighte so betide,
 That he upon the blinde sife
 Parcas the fwete tonne araught,
 Than shalt thou have a lusty draught
 And waxe of lovedrunke sobre.
 And thus I rede thou assobre

Thin herte in hope of fuche a grace,
 For dronkeship in every place
 To whether fide that it torne
 Doth harme and maketh a man to sporne
 And ofte falle in fuche a wife,
 Where he parcas may nought arife.

And for to loke in evidence
 Upon the sothe experience,
 So as it hath befall er this,
 In every mannes mouth it is,
 How Triftram was of love drunke
 With Bele Ifolde, whan they drunke
 The drink, which Brangweine hem betok,
 Er that king Mark his eme her toke
 To wife, as it was after knowe.
 And eke, my sone, if thou wolt knowe
 As it hath fallen over more
 In loves caufe, and what is more
 Of dronkeshippe for to drede,
 As it whilom befell in dede,
 Wherof thou might the better escheue
 Of drunke men that thou ne sue
 The compaigny in no manere,
 A great ensample thou shalt here,

This finde I write in poesy
 Of thilke faire Ypotasy,
 Of whose beaute there as she was
 Spake every man. And fell par cas,
 That Pirothous so him spedde,
 That he to wife her shuldē wedde,

Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum, qualiter Triftrans ob potum, quem Brangweine in navi ei porrexit, de amore Bele Ifolde inebriatus extitit.

Hic de periculis ebrietatis causā in amore contingentibus narrat, quod cum Pirothous illam pulcherrimam Ypotasiam in uxorem duceret, quosdam, qui Centauri vocabantur, inter alios vicinos ad nuptias invitavit, qui vi-

no imbuti, nove nupte
formositatem aspici-
entes, duplici ebrie-
tate insanierunt, ita
quod ipsi subito sali-
entes a mensa Ypota-
fiam a Pirothoo ma-
rito suo in impetu
rapuerunt.

Wherof that he great joie made.
And for he wolde his love glade,
Ayein the day of mariage
By mouthe bothe and by message
His frendes to the fest he praid
With great worship, and as men said
He hath this yonge lady spoused.
And whan that they were alle houfed
And set and served ate mete,
There was no wine, which may begete,
That there ne was plenty inough.
But Bachus thilke tonne drough,
Wherof by way of dronkeship
The greatest of the felaship
Were out of reson overtake,
And Venus, which hath also take
The cause most in speciall,
Hath give him drinke forth with all
Of thilke cuppe, whiche exciteth
The lust, wherin a man deliteth.
And thus by double weie drunke
Of lust that ilke firy funke
Hath made hem as who saith half wode,
That they no reson understode
Ne to none other thing they seen
But her, which to-fore her eyen
Was wedded thilke same day,
That freshe wife, that lusty may,
Of her it was all that they thoughten
And so ferforth her lustes soughten,

That they, the whiche named were
 Centauri, at the feste there
 Of one assent, of one accorde
 This yonge wife malgre her lorde
 In suche a rage away forth ladden,
 As they, which none insight hadden,
 But only to her drunke fare,
 Which many a man hath made misfare
 In love als wel as other wey.
 Wherof, if I shall more say
 Upon the nature of this vice,
 Of custume and of exercise
 The mannes grace, how it fordoth,
 A tale, which was whilom soth
 Of fooles, that so drunken were,
 I shall rehercen unto thin ere.

I rede in a cronique thus
 Of Galba and of Vitellus,
 The which of Spaine bothe were
 The greatest of all other there,
 And bothe of o condition
 After the disposition
 Of glotony and dronkeship,
 That was a sory felaship.
 For this thou might wel understonde,
 That man may nought well longe stonde,
 Which is wine drunke of comun use,
 For he hath lore the vertues,
 Wherof reson shuld him clothe,
 And that was sen upon hem bothe.

Hic loquitur specialiter contra vicium illorum, qui nimia potacione quasi ex consuetudine ebriofici efficiuntur, et narrat exemplum de Galba et Vitello, qui potentes in Hispania principes fuerunt, sed ipsi cotidiane ebrietatis potibus assueti, tanta vicinis intulerunt enormia, quod tandem toto conclamante populo, pena sententie capitalis in eos judicialiter diffinita est, qui priusquam morerentur ut penam mortis alleviarent, spontanea vim ebrietate sopiti, quasi porci semimortui gladio interierunt.

Men fain, there is non evidence,
 Wherof to knowe a difference
 Betwene the drunken and the wode,
 For they ben never nouter good,
 For where that wine doth wit away,
 Wisdome hath lost the righte wey,
 That he no maner vice dredeth,
 No more than a blind man thredeth
 His nedel by the fonnes light,
 No more is reson than of might,
 Whan he with dronkeship is blent.
 And in this point they weren shent
 This Galba both and eke Vitelle
 Upon the cause, as I shall telle,
 Wherof good is to taken hede.
 For they two through her dronkenhede
 Of witles excitation
 Oppressed all the nacion
 Of Spaine, for all foul usaunce,
 Which done was of continuaunce
 Of hem, which all day drunke were.
 There was no wife ne maiden there,
 What so they were or faire or foule,
 Whom they ne taken to defoule,
 Wherof the lond was often wo.
 And eke in other thinges mo
 They wroughten many a sondry wronge.
 But how so that the day be longe,
 The derke night cometh ate laft.
 God wolde nought, they shulden laft,

And shope the lawe in suche a wife,
 That they through dome to the juise
 Ben dampned for to be forlore.
 But they, that hadden be to-fore
 Enclined to alle drunkenesse,
 Her ende thanne bare witnessse,
 For they in hope to assuage
 The peine of dethe upon the rage
 That they lasse shulden fele,
 Of wine let fill full a mele
 And drunken till so was befall,
 That they her strengthes loften all
 Withouten wit of any braine,
 And thus they ben half dede flaine,
 That hem ne greveth but a lite.

My sone, if thou be for to wite
 In any point, which I have said,
 Wherof thy wittes bene unteid,
 I rede clepe hem home ayein.

Confessor.

I shall do, fader, as ye sain,
 Als ferforth as I may suffise.
 But well I wot, that in no wise
 The dronkeship of love away
 I may remue by no wey,
 It stant nought upon my fortune.
 But if you liste to comune
 Of the seconde glotony,
 Which cleped is delicacy,
 Wherof ye speken here to-fore,
 Beseche I wolde you therfore.

Amans.

Confessor. My sone, as of that ilke vice,
Which of all other is the norice
And stant upon the retenue
Of Venus, so as it is due,
The proprete how that it fareth
The boke herafter now declareth.

2. *Delicie cum diviciis sunt jura potentum,
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gule.
Non sunt delicie tales, que corpora pascunt,
Ex quibus impletus gaudia venter agit.
Qui completus amor majori munere gaudet,
Cum data deliciis mens in amante fatur.*

Hic tractat super
illa specie gule, que
delicacia nuncupa-
tur, cuius mollicies
voluptuose carni in
personis precipue
potentibus queque
complacencia cor-
poraliter ministrat.

Of this chapitre, in which we trete,
There is yet one of such diete,
To which no pouer may atteigne,
For all is past as paindemaine
And fondry wine and fondry drinke,
Wherof that he woll ete and drinke
His cokes ben for him affaited,
So that his body is awaited,
That him shall lacke no delite
Als ferforth as his appetite
Suffiseth to the metes hote.
Wherof the lusty vice is hote
Of gule the delicacy,
Which all the hole progeny
Of lusty folke hath undertake
To fede, while that he may take
Richeffe, wherof to be founde
Of abstinence he wot no bounde,
To what profit it shulde serve.
And yet phisique of his conserve

Maketh many a restauration
Unto his recreacion,
Which wolde be to Venus lefe.
Thus for the point of his relefe
The coke, which shal his mete array,
But he the better his mouth assay,
His lordes thank shall ofte lefe,
Er he be served to the chese.
For there may lacke nought so lite,
That he ne fint anone a wite,
For but his lust be fully served,
There hath no wight his thank deserved,
And yet for mannes sustenance
To kepe and holde in governaunce
To him that woll his hele gete
Is none so good as comun mete.
For who that loketh on the bokes,
It faith, confection of cokes
A man him shulde well avise,
How he it toke and in what wise.
For who that useth that he knoweth,
Full selden siknesse on him groweth,
And who that useth metes straunge,
Though his nature empeire and chaunge,
It is no wonder, leve sone,
Whan that he doth ayein his wone
To take metes and drinkes newe,
For it shulde alwey eschewe.
For in phisique this I finde,
Ufance is the seconde kinde.

And right so chaungeth his estate
 He that of love is delicate,
 For though he hadde to his honde
 The beste wife of all the londe
 Or the fairest love of alle,
 Yet wolde his herte on other falle
 And thinke hem more delicious,
 Than he hath in his owne hous.
 Men sain it is now ofte so,
 Avise hem well, that they so do,
 And for to speke in other way
 Full ofte time I have herd say,
 That he, which hath no love acheved,
 Him thenketh that he is nought relieved,
 Though that his lady make him chere,
 So as she may in good manere
 Her honour and her name save,
 But he the surplus mighte have
 Nothing withstanding her estate,
 Of love more delicate
 He set her chere at no delite,
 But he have all his appetite.

Confessor. My sone, if it with the be so,
 Confessio amantis. Tell me? Min holy fader, no.
 For delicate in such a wife
 Of love, as ye to me devise,
 Ne was I never yet giltife,
 For if I hadde suche a wife,
 As ye speke of, what shulde I more?
 For than I wolde never more

For lust of any womanhede
Min herte upon none other fede.
And if I did, it were a waste.
But all withoute such repaste
Of lust, as ye me tolde above,
Of wife or yet of other love,
I faste and may no fode gete,
So that for lack of deintie mete,
Of whiche an herte may be fedde,
I go fastende to my bedde.
But might I gotten as ye tolde
So mochel, that my lady wolde
Me fede with her glad semblaunt,
Though me lacke all the remenaunt,
Yet shulde I fomdele ben abeshed
And for the time wel refreshed.
But certes, fader, she ne doth,
For in good feith to telle soth
I trowe, though I shulde sterve,
She wolde nought her eye swerve,
My herte with one goodly loke
To fede, and thus for such a coke
I may go fasting evermo.
But if so is, that any wo
May fede a mannes herte wele,
Therof I have at every mele
Of plente more than inough.
But that is of him self so tough,
My stomack may it nought defie.
Lo, such is the delicacie

Of love, which min herte fedeth,
 Thus have I lacke of that me nedeth.
 But for all this yet netheles,
 I say, I am nought gilteles,
 That I fomdele am delicate.
 For elles were I fully mate,
 But if that I some lusty stounde
 Of comfort and of ese founde
 To take of love some repast,
 For though I with the fulle taste
 The lust of love may nought fele,
 Min hunger otherwise I kele
 Of smale lustes, whiche I pike,
 And for a time yet they like,
 If that ye wisten, what I mene.

Confessor. Now, gode sone, shrive the clene
 Of suche deinties as ben good,
 Wherof thou takest thin herte food.

Confessio amantis. My fader, I you shall reherce,
 How that my fodes ben diverse,
 So as they fallen in degre.
 One feding is of that I fe,
 An other is of that I here,
 The thridde, as I shall tellen here,
 It groweth of min owne thought.
 And elles shulde I live nought,
 For whom that faileth food of herte,
 He may nought well the dethe avertere.

*Nota, qualiter visus
 in amore se conti-
 net delicatus.*

Of sight is all my firste food,
 Through which min eye of alle good

Hath that to him is accordaunt
A lusty fode suffisaunt.
Whan that I go toward the place,
Where I shall se my ladies face,
Min eye, whiche is loth to faste,
Beginneth to hunger anone so faste,
That him thinketh of an houre thre,
Till I there come and he her se.
And than after his appetite
He taketh a food of such delite,
That him none other deintie nedeth,
Of sondry fightes he him fedeth.
He seeth her face of such colour,
That fresher is than any flour,
He seeth her front is large and pleine
Withoute frounce of any greine,
He seeth her eyen liche an heven,
He seeth her nase straughte and even,
He seeth her rudde upon the cheke,
He seeth her redde lippes eke,
Her chinne accordeth to the face,
All that he seeth is full of grace,
He seeth her necke rounde and clene,
Therinne may no bone be sene,
He seeth her handes faire and white,
For all this thinge without wite
He may se naked ate leste,
So is it well the more feste
And well the more delicacie
Unto the feding of min eye.

He seeth her shape forth with all,
Her body rounde, her middel small
So well begone with good array,
Which passeth all the lust of may,
Whan he is most with softe shoures
Full clothed in his lusty floures.
With such fightes by and by
Min eye is fed, but finally,
Whan he the port and the manere
Seeth of her womanishe chere,
Than hath he such delite on honde,
Him thinketh he might stille stonde,
And that he hath full suffisaunce
Of livelode and of sustenaunce,
As to his part for evermo.
And if it thought all other so,
Fro thenne wolde he never wende,
But there unto the worldes ende
He wolde abide, if that he might,
And feden him upon the fight.
For though I mighte stonden ay
Into the time of domesday
And loke upon her ever in one,
Yet whan I shulde fro her gone,
Min eye wolde, as though he faste,
Ben hunger storven also faste,
Till eft ayein that he her see,
Such is the nature of min eye.
There is no lust so deintefull,
Of which a man shall nought be full

Of that the stomach underfongeth,
 But ever in one min eye longeth,
 For loke, how that a gofhawk tireth,
 Right fo doth he, whan that he pireth
 And toteth on her womanhede,
 For he may never fully fede
 His luft, but ever a liche fore
 Him hungreth, fo that he the more
 Defireth to be fed algate.
 And thus min eye is made the gate,
 Through which the deinties of my thought
 Of luft ben to min herte brought.
 Right as min eye with his loke
 Is to min herte a lufly coke
 Of loves fode delicate,

Right fo min ere in his eftate,
 Where as min eye may nought ferve,
 Can well min hertes thank deferve
 And feden him fro day to day
 With fuche deintes, as he may.
 For thus it is, that over all
 Where as I come in fpeciall
 I may here of my lady prife,
 I here one fay, that ſhe is wife,
 An other faith, that ſhe is good,
 And ſome men ſain, of worthy blood
 That ſhe is come and is alfo
 So fair, that no where is none fo.
 And ſome men preiſe her goodly chere.
 Thus every thing, that I may here,

*Qualiter auris in
 amore delectatur.*

Which founeth to my lady good,
Is to min ere a lusty food.
And eke min ere hath over this
A deinty feste, whan so is,
That I may here her selven speke,
For than anone my faste I breke
On suche wordes, as she saith,
That full of trowth and full of feith
They ben and of so good disporte,
That to min ere great comferte
They done, as they that ben delices.
For all the metes and the spices,
That any Lumbard couthe make,
Ne be so lusty for to take
Ne so ferforth restauratife
I say as for min owne life,
As be the wordes of her mouth.
For as the windes of the south
Ben most of alle debonaire,
So whan her list to speke faire,
The vertue of her goodly speche
Is verrily min hertes leche.
And if it so befall amonge,
That she carole upon a songe,
Whan I it here, I am so fed,
That I am fro my self so led,
As though I were in paradis,
For certes as to min avis,
Whan I here of her vois the steven,
Me thinkth it is a blisse of heven,

And eke in otherwise also
Ful ofte time it falleth so,
Min ere with a good pitaunce
Is fed of reding of romaunce
Of Ydoine and of Amadas,
That whilom were in my cas,
And eke of other many a score,
That loveden longe, er I was bore,
For whan I of her loves rede,
Min ere with the tale I fede
And with the lust of her hystoire.
Somtime I drewe into memoire,
How forwe may nought ever last,
And so cometh hope in ate last,
Whan I none other fode knowe.
And that endureth but a throwe,
Right as it were a chery feste.
But for to compten ate lest,
As for the while yet it eseth
And somdele of min hert appeseth,
For what thing to min ere spredeth,
Which is plessaunt, somdele it fedeth
With wordes such as he may gete
My lust in stede of other mete.

Lo thus, my fader, as I you fay
Of lust, the which min eye hath see
And eke of that min ere hath herde,
Full ofte I have the better ferde.
And tho two bringen in the thridde,
The which hath in min herte amide

His place take, to array
 The lusty fode, whiche assay
 I mote, and namelich on nightes,
 Whan that me lacketh alle fightes,
 And that min hering is away,
 Than is he redy in the wey
 My rere souper for to make,
 Of which min hertes fode I take.

Qualiter cogitatus
 impressiones leticie
 ymaginativas cor-
 dibus inferit aman-
 tum.

This lusty cokes name is hote
 Thought, which hath ever his pottes hote
 Of love boilend on the fire
 With fantasy and with desire,
 Of which er this full ofte he fed
 Min herte, whan I was a bed.
 And than he set upon my borde
 Both every fight, and every worde
 Of lust, which I have herd or seen.
 But yet is nought my fest all plein,
 But all of woldes and of wisshes,
 Therof have I my fulle dishes,
 But as of feling and of taste,
 Yet might I never have o repaste.
 And thus as I have said a-forn,
 I licke hony on the thorn,
 And as who faith upon the bridel
 I chewe, so that all is idel,
 As in effect the fode I have.
 But as a man that wolde him save,
 Whan he is sike, by medicine,
 Right so of love the famine

I fonde in all that ever I may
 To fede and drive forth the day,
 Till I may have the grete fest,
 Which all min hunger might areft.

Lo, fuche ben my lufte thre,
 Of that I thenke, here and fe,
 I take of love my feding
 Withoute tafting or feling,
 And as the plover doth of aire,
 I live and am in good efpeire,
 That for no fuch delicacy
 I trowe I do no gloteny.
 And netheles to your avis,
 Min holy fader, that ben wis,
 I recommaunde min eftate
 Of that I have ben delicate.

My fone, I underftonde wele,
 That thou haft told here every dele,
 And as me thenketh by thy tale,
 It ben delites wonder fmale,
 Wherof thou takeft thy loves fode.
 But, fone, if that thou underftode,
 What is to ben delicious,
 Thou woldeft nought ben curious
 Upon the luft of thin eftate
 To ben to fore delicate,
 Wherof that thou refon excede,
 For in the bokes thou might rede,
 If mannes wifdom fhall be fued,
 It oughte wel to ben efcheued

Confeffor.

Delicie corporis
militant aduersus
animam.

In love als well as other way,
For as these haly bokes say,
The bodely delices alle
In every point how so they falle
Unto the soule done grevaunce.
And for to take in remembraunce
A tale accordaunt unto this,
Which of great understanding is,
To mannes soule resonable,
I thinke tell and is no fable.

Hic ponit exem-
plum contra istos
delicatos, et narrat
de divite et Lazaro,
quorum gestus in
evangelio Lucas
evidencius descri-
bit.

Of Cristes word who wol it rede
How that this vice is for to drede
In thevangile it telleth pleine,
Which mote algate be certeine,
For Crist him self it bereth witnesse.
And though the clerke and the clergeffe
In latin tunge it rede and finge,
Yet for the more knoulechinge
Of trouthe, which is good to wite,
I shal declare as it is write
In english, for thus it began.

Crist saith: There was a riche man,
A mighty lord of great estate,
And he was eke so delicate
Of his clothing, that every day
Of purple and bisse he made him gay
And ete and drank therto his fill
After the lustes of his will
As he, which all stode in delice
And toke none hede of thilke vice.

And as it shulde so betide,
A pouer lazer upon a tide
Came to the gate and axed mete.
But there might he nothing gete
His dedely hunger for to staunche,
For he, which had his fulle paunche
Of alle lustes ate borde
Ne deigneth nought to speke a worde,
Onlich a crumme for to yive,
Wherof the pouer mighte live
Upon the yift of his almesse.
Thus lay this pouer in great distresse
A colde and hungry at the gate,
Fro which he mighte go no gate,
So was he woefully befene.
And as these haly bokes fain,
The houndes comen fro the halle,
Where that this fike man was falle,
And as he lay there for to deie,
The woundes of his malady
They licken for to done him ese.
But he was full of such difese,
That he may nought the deth escape.
But as it was that time shape,
The soule fro the body passeth,
And he, whom nothing overpasseth,
The highe god up to the heven
Him toke, where he hath fet him even
In Abrahames barme on high,
Where he the hevens joie figh

And had all that he have wolde.
 And fell as it befalle sholde,
 This riche man the fame throwe
 With sodein deth was overthrowe
 And forth withouten any went,
 Unto the helle straught he went,
 The fende into the fire him drough,
 Where that he hadde peine inough
 Of flame, which that ever brenneth.
 And as his eye aboute renneth,
 Toward the heven he cast his loke,
 Where that he sigh and hede toke,
 How Lazar fet was in his see
 Als fer as ever he might see
 With Abraham, and than he praide
 Unto the patriarch and saide :
 Send Lazar down fro thilke sete
 And do, that he his finger wete
 In water, so that he may droppe
 Upon my tunge for to stoppe
 The grete hete, in which I brenne.
 But Abraham answerde thenne
 And saide to him in this wise :

My sone, thou the might avise
 And take into thy remembraunce,
 How Lazar hadde great penaunce,
 While he was in that other life.
 But thou in all thy lust jolife
 The bodely delices foughtest,
 Forthy so as thou thanne wroughtest,

Now shalt thou take thy rewarde
Of dedely peine here afterwarde
In helle, which shall ever last.
And this Lazar now ate last
This worldes peine is overronne
In heven and hath his life begonne
Of joie, which is endeles.
But that thou praieft netheles,
That I shall Lazar to the sende
With water on his finger ende
Thine hote tunge for to kele,
Thou shalt no suche graces fele,
For to that foule place of sinne,
For ever in which thou shalt ben inne,
Cometh none out of this place thider
Ne none of you may comen hider,
Thus be ye parted now a-two.
The rich ayeinward cride tho :
O Abraham, sithe it so is,
That Lazar may nought do me this,
Whiche I have axed in this place,
I wolde pray an other grace.
For I have yet of bretherne five,
That with my fader ben a-live
To-gider dwellend in one hous,
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I praie, that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he mighte wende
To warne hem, how the worlde is went,
That afterward they be nought shent

Of fuche peines as they deie.
 Lo, this I praie and this I crie,
 How I may nought my felf amende.
 The patriarche anone suende
 To this praier anwerde : Nay,
 And faide him, how that every day
 His bretheren mighten knowe and here
 Of Moifes on erthe here
 And of prophetes other mo,
 What hem was best. And he faith : No,
 But if there might a man arife
 From deth to life in fuche a wife
 To tellen hem, how that it were,
 He faide, than of pure fere
 They fhulden well beware therby.
 Quod Abraham : Nay fikerly,
 For if they now will nought obey
 To fuch, as techen hem the wey
 And all day preche and all day telle,
 How that it ftant of heven and helle,
 They woll nought thanne taken hede,
 Though it befelle fo in dede,
 That any dede man were arered
 To ben of him no better lered,
 Than of an other man alive.

If thou, my fone, canft describe
 This tale, as Crist him felf it tolde,
 Thou fhalt have cause to beholde
 To fe fo great an evidence,
 Wherof the fothe experience

Hath shewed openlich at eye,
That bodely delicacy
Of him, which yiveth none almesse,
Shall after falle in great distresse.
And that was sene upon the riche,
For he ne wolde unto his liche
A crumme yiven of his brede,
Than afterward whan he was dede
A droppe of water him was werned.
Thus may a mannes wit be lerned
Of hem, that so delites taken,
Whan they with deth ben overtaken,
That erst was swete is thanne soure.
But he that is a governour
Of worldes good, if he be wise,
Within his herte he fet no prise
Of all the worlde and yet he useth
The good, that he nothing refuseth,
As he, which lord is of the thinges,
The ouches and the riche ringes,
The cloth of gold and the perrie
He taketh, and yet delicacie
He leveth, though he wear all this.
The beste mete that there is
He eteth and drinketh the beste drinke,
But how that ever he ete or drinke
Delicacie he put away
As he, which goth the righte wey,
Nought only for to fede and clothe
His body, but his soule bothe.

But they that taken other wife
 Her lustes, ben none of the wife,
 And that whilom was shewed eke,
 If thou these olde bokes seke.

Hic loquitur de
 delicacia Neronis,
 qui corporalibus
 deliciis magis ad-
 herens, spiritualia
 gaudia minus ob-
 tinuit.

That man that wolde him well avife,
 Delicacy is to despise,
 Whan kinde accordeth nought withall,
 Wherof ensample in speciall
 Of Nero whilom may be tolde,
 Whiche ayein kinde manifolde
 His lustes toke, till ate last,
 That god him wolde all overcast,
 Of whom the cronique is so plein,
 Me lust no more of him to fain.
 And nethes for glotony
 Of bodely delicacy
 To knowe his stomack how it ferde,
 Of that no man to-fore herde,
 Which he within him self bethought,
 A wonder subtil thing he wrought.
 Thre men upon election
 Of age and of complexion
 Lich to him self by alle way
 He toke towardses him to play,
 And ete and dranke as well as he,
 Therof was no diversite.
 For every day whan that they ete,
 To-fore his owne bord they sete,
 And of such mete as he was served,
 All though they had it nought deserved,

They token service of the same.
But afterward all thilke game
Was into wofull ernest torned.
For whan they were thus sojorned,
Within a time at after-mete
Nero, which hadde nought foryete
The lustes of his frele estate,
As he, which all was delicate
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his presence.
And to that one the same tide
A courser, that he sholde ride
Into the felde, anone he bad,
Wherof this man was wonder glad
And goth to pricke and praunce about.
That other, while that he was out,
He laide upon his bed to slepe.
The thridde, which he wolde kepe
Within his chambre faire and softe,
He goth now up, now down ful ofte,
Walkend a pace, that he ne slepte,
Till he, which on the courser lepte,
Was comen fro the felde ayein.
Nero than, as the bokes fain,
These men did done take alle thre
And slough hem, for he wolde se,
The whose stomack was best defied.
And whan he hath the sothe tried,
He found that he, which goth the pas,
Defied best of alle was,

Which afterward he used ay.
 And thus what thing unto his pay
 Was most plesant, he lefte none.
 With every lust he was begone,
 Wherof the body mighte glade,
 For he no abstinence made,
 But most of alle erthly thinges
 Of women unto the likinges
 Nero fet all his hole herte,
 For that lust shuld him nought asterte.
 Whan that the thurst of love him caught,
 Where that him list he toke a draught,
 He spareth nouthen wife ne maide,
 That such another, as men saide,
 In all this world was never yit.
 He was so drunke in all his wit
 Through sondry lustes which he toke,
 That ever, while there is a boke
 Of Nero men shall rede and sing
 Unto the worldes knoueleching.

My gode sone, as thou hast herde,
 For ever yet it hath so ferde,
 Delicacy in loves cas
 Withoute reson is and was.
 For where that love his herte fet,
 Him thenketh, it might be no bet,
 All though it be nought fully mete,
 The luste of love is ever fwete.
 Lo, thus to-gider of felaship,
 Delicacy and dronkeship,

Wherof reson stant out of herre,
 Have made full many a wise man erre
 In loves cause most of all.
 For than how so that ever it fall
 Wit can no reson understonde,
 But let the governaunce stonde
 To will, which thanne wexeth so wilde,
 That he can nought him selven shilde
 Fro the perill, but out of fere
 The way he secheth here and there,
 Him reccheth nought upon what side,
 For ofte time he goth beside
 And doth such thing withoute drede,
 Wherof him oughte wel to drede.
 But whan that love assoteth sore,
 It passeth alle mennes lore,
 What lust it is, that he ordeigneth,
 There is no mannes might restreigneth,
 And of god taketh he none hede.
 But laweles withoute drede
 His purpos for he wolde acheve,
 Ayein the points of the beleve
 He tempteth heven, erth and helle,
 Here afterward as I shall telle.

Dum stimulatus amor, quicquid jubet orta voluptas, 3.
Audet et aggreditur nulla timenda timens,
Omne quod astra queunt herbarum sive potestas,
Seu vigor inferni singula temptat amans.
Quod nequit ipse, deo mediante, parare sinistrum,
Demonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.
Sic sibi non curat ad opus que retia tendit,
Dummodo nudatam prendere posset avem.

Hic tractat, qualiter ebrietas et delicacia omnis pudicitie contrarium instigantes inter alia ad carnalis concupiscencie promocionem fortiligio magicam requirunt.

Who dare do thing, which love ne dare?
 To love is every lawe unware.
 But to the lawes of his hest
 The fish, the fowl, the man, the beste
 Of all the worldes kinde louteth,
 For love is he, which nothing doubteth
 In mannes herte where he fit
 He compteth nought toward his wit,
 The wo no more than the wele,
 No more the hete than the chele,
 No more the wete than the drie,
 No more to live than to deie,
 So that to-fore ne behinde
 He seeth no thing, but as the blinde
 Withoute insight of his corage
 He doth merveiles in his rage
 To what thing, that he wol him drawe.
 There is no god, there is no lawe
 Of whom that he taketh any hede.
 But as Bayard the blinde stede,
 Till he falle in the dicche a midde,
 He goth there no man will him bidde,
 He stant so ferforth out of reule,
 There is no wit that may him reule.
 And thus to tell of him in soth,
 Full many a wonder thing he doth,
 That were better to be laft,
 Among the whiche is wicche craft,
 That some men clepen forcery,
 Which for to winne his druery

With many a circumstance he useth,
There is no point which he refuseth.

The craft, which that Saturnus fonde,
To make prickes in the fonde,
That geomaunce cleped is,
Ful oft he useth it amis,

And of the flood his ydromaunce
And of the fire the piromaunce.

With questions echone of tho
He tempteth ofte, and eke also
Aeromaunce in jugement
To love he bringeth of his assent.

For these craftes as I finde
A man may do by way of kinde
Be so, it be to good entent.

But he goth all other went,
For rather er he shulde faile
With nigromaunce he wolde assaile

To make his incantacion
With hote subfumigacion
Thilke art, which spatula is hote
And used is of comun rote

Among paiens, which that craft eke,
Of whiche is auctor Thofz the Greke,
He wercheth one and one by rowe.

Razel is nought to him unknowe,
The Salomones Candary,
His Ydeac, his Eutony,
The figure and the boke withall
Of Balamuz and of Ghenball,

Nota de autorum
necnon et librorum
tam naturalisquam
execrabilis magice
nominibus.

The seale and therupon thymage
Of Thebith for his avauntage
He taketh, and some what of Gibere,
Which helplich is to this matere.
Babylla to her sones seven,
Which hath renounced to the heven
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,
He traceth ofte upon the grounde,
Makend his invocation.
And for full enformation
The scole, which Honorius
Wrote, he pursueth. And lo, thus
Magique he ufeth for to winne
His love and spareth for no sinne.
And over that of his soty
Right as he secheth forcery,
Of hem that ben magiciens,
Right so of the naturiens
Upon the sterres from above
His wey he secheth unto love
Als fer as he hem understondeth.
In many a fondry wise he fondeth,
He maketh ymage, he maketh sculpture,
He maketh writing, he maketh figure,
He maketh his calculations,
He maketh his demonstrations,
His hours of astronomy
He kepeth as for that party,
Which longeth to the inspection
Of love and his affection,

He wolde into the helle feche
 The devel him felve to befeche,
 If that he wiste for to spede
 To gete of love his lusty mede.
 Where that he hath his herte set,
 He bidde never fare bet
 Ne wit of other heven more.

My sone, if thou of such a lore
 Haft ben er this, I rede the leve.

Confessor.

Min holy fader, by your leve
 Of all that ye have spoken here,
 Which toucheth unto this matere,
 To telle soth right as I wene,
 I wot nought o word what ye mene.
 I woll nought say, if that I couth,
 That I nolde in my lusty youth
 Beneth in helle and eke above
 To winne with my ladies love
 Done al that ever that I might.
 For therof have I none insight,
 Where afterward that I become,
 So that I wonne and overcome
 Her love, which I most coveite.

Amans

My sone, that goth wonder streite.
 For this I may well telle soth,
 There is no man which so doth
 For all the craft that he can caste,
 That he ne bieth it ate laste.
 For often he that will beguile
 Is guiled with the fame guile,

Confessor.

And thus the guiler is beguiled,
 As I finde in a boke compiled
 To this matere an olde hystoie,
 The which comth now to my memoire
 And is of great ensemlary
 Ayein the vice of forcery,
 Wherof none ende may be good.
 But how whilom therof it stood,
 A tale, which is good to knowe,
 To the, my sone, I shall beknowe.

Nota contra istos ob
 amoris causam forti-
 legos, ubi narrat in
 exemplum, quod cum
 Ulixes a subversione
 Troie repatriare na-
 vigio voluisset, ipsum
 in insula Cilly, ubi
 illa expertissima maga
 nomine Circes regna-
 vit, contigit applicu-
 isse, quem ut in sui
 amoris concupiscen-
 ciam exardesceret,
 Circes omnibus suis
 incantacionibus vin-
 cere conabatur. U-
 lixes tamen magica
 potencior ipsam in
 amore subegit, ex qua
 filium nomine Thele-
 gonum genuit, qui
 postea patrem suum
 interfecit, et sic con-
 tra fidei naturam ge-
 nitus contra genera-
 tionis naturam patri-
 cidium operatus est.

Among hem, which at Troie were,
 Ulixes at the siege there
 Was one by name in speciall,
 Of whom yet the memoriall
 Abit, for while there is a mouthe
 For ever his name shall be couthe.
 He was a worthy knight and king
 And clerk knowend of every thing,
 He was a great rethorien,
 He was a great magicien,
 Of Tullius the rethorique,
 Of king Zorastes the magique,
 Of Tholome thastronomy,
 Of Plato the philosophy,
 Of Daniel the slepy dremes,
 Of Neptune eke the water stremes,
 Of Salomon and the proverbes,
 Of Macer all the strength of herbes,
 And the phisique of Ypocras
 And lich unto Pithagoras

Of furgery he knew the cures.
But some what of his adventures,
Which shall to my matere accorde,
To the, my sone, I will recorde.

This king, of which thou hast herd sain,
From Troy as he goth home ayein
By ship, he found the see diverse
With many a windy storm reverse.
But he through wisdom, which he shapeth,
Ful many a great peril escapeth,
Of whiche I thenke tellen one,
How that malgre the nedel and stone
Wind-drive he was all sodeinly
Upon the strondes of Cilly,
Where that he must abide a while.
Twey quenes weren in that ile
Calipso named and Circes.
And whan they herde, how Ulixes
Is loded there upon the rive,
For him they senden also blive.
With him such as he wolde he nam
And to the court to hem he cam.
These quenes were as two goddes
Of art magique forcereffes,
That what lord come to that rivage,
They make him love in such a rage
And upon hem affote so,
That they woll have, er that he go,
All that he hath of worldes good.
Ulixes well this understood,

They couthe moch, he couthe more.
 They shape and cast ayein him fore
 And wrought many a subtil wile,
 But yet they might him nought beguile,
 But of the men of his navie
 They two forshope a great partie,
 May none of hem withstonde her hestes,
 Some part they shopen into bestes,
 Some part they shopen into foules,
 To beres, tigris, apes, oules
 Or elles by some other wey,
 Ther might nothing hem disobey,
 Such craft they had above kinde.
 But that art couthe they nought finde,
 Of which Ulixes was deceived,
 That he ne hath hem alle weived
 And brought hem into such a rote,
 That upon him they bothe affote.
 And through the science of his arte
 He toke of hem so well his parte,
 That he begat Circes with childe,
 He kepte him sobre and made hem wilde,
 He fet him selve so above,
 That with her good and with her love,
 Who that therof be leve or loth,
 All quite into his ship he goth.

Circes to-fwolle bothe fides
 He left and waiteth on the tides
 And straught throughout the salte fome
 He taketh his cours and comth him home,

Where as he found Penelope,
A better wife there may none be.
And yet there ben inough of good,
But who her goodship understood
Fro first that she wifehode toke,
How many loves she forfoke
And how she bare her all about,
There whiles that her lord was out,
He mighte make a great avaunt
Amonges all the remenaunt,
That she was one of all the best.
Well might he fet his herte in rest,
This king, whan he her founde in hele.
For as he couthe in wisdom dele,
So couthe she in womanhede.
And whan she sigh withouten drede
Her lord upon his owne grounde,
That he was come sauf and founde,
In all this world ne mighte be
A gladder woman than was she.

The fame, which may nought be hid,
Throughout the londe is sone kid,
Her king is comen home ayein,
There may no man the fulle fain,
How that they weren alle glad,
So mochel joy of him they made,
The presents every day be newed,
He was with yiftes all befnewed,
The people was of him so glad,
That though none other man hem bad

Taillage upon hem self they sette
 And as it were of pure dette
 They yive her goodes to the king.
 This was a glad home welcoming.

Thus hath Ulixes what he wolde,
 His wife was such as she be sholde,
 His people was to him subgit,
 Him lacketh nothing of delite.

Oracius. Omnia
 sunt hominum te-
 nui pendencia filo.

But fortune is of such a fleight,
 That whan a man is most on height,
 She maketh him rathest for to falle,
 There wot no man what shall befall.
 The happes over mannes hede
 Ben honge with a tender threde.
 That proved was on Ulixes,
 For whan he was most in his pees,
 Fortune gan to make him werre
 And set his welthe out of herre.
 Upon a day as he was mery,
 As though there might him no thing dery,
 Whan night was come, he goth to bedde
 With slepe and both his eyen fedde.
 And while he slept, he met a sweven,
 Him thought he sigh a statue even,
 Which brighter than the sonne shone.
 A man it semed was it none,
 But yet it was as in figure
 Most lich to mannes creature.
 But as of beaute hevenlich
 It was most to an aungel lich,

And thus betwene aungel and man
Beholden it this king began,
And suche a lust toke of the fight,
That fain he wolde, if that he might,
The forme of that figure embrace.
And goth him forth toward that place,
Where he figh that ymage tho,
And takth it in his armes two
And it embraceth him ayein
And to the king thus gan it fain :

Ulixes, understond wel this,
The token of our acquaintance is
Here afterward to mochel tene
The love that is us betwene,
Of that we now such joie make,
That one of us the deth shall take,
Whan time cometh of destine,
It may none otherwise be.
Ulixes tho began to pray,
That this figure wolde him fay,
What wight he is, that faith him so.
This wight upon a spere tho
A pensel, which was well begone
Embrouded, sheweth him anone,
Thre fishes all of o colour
In maner as it were a toure
Upon the pensel were wrought.
Ulixes knew this token nought
And praith to wite in some partie,
What thinge it mighte signifie.

A signe it is, the wight anwerde,
Of an empire, and forth he ferde
All sodeinly, whan he that said.

Ulixes out of slepe abraid,
And that was right ayein the day,
That lenger slepen he ne may.

Bernardus. Plures
plura sciunt et se
ipfos nesciunt.

Men sain, a man hath knoueching
Save of him self of alle thing.
His owne chaunce no man knoweth,
But as fortune it on him throweth.
Was never yet so wise a clerk,
Which mighte knowe all goddes werk,
Ne the secret, which god hath sette
Ayein a man, may nought be lette.
Ulixes though that he be wise,
With all his wit in his avise
The more that he his sweven accompteth,
The lasse he wot, what it amounteth.
For all his calculation
He seeth no demonstration
As pleinely for to knowe an ende,
But netheles how so it wende,
He drad him of his owne sone,
That maketh him well the more astone
And shope therfore anone withall,
So that withinne castell wall
Thelemachum his sone he shette
And upon him strong warde he sette.
The sothe further he ne knewe,
Till that fortune him overthrewe.

But netheles for fikernesse,
Where that he mighte wit and gesse
A place strengest in his londe,
There let he make of lime and fonde
A strengthe where he wolde dwelle,
Was never man yet herde telle
Of suche an other, as it was.
And for to strength him in that cas
Of all his lond the fikereft
Of servants and the worthiest
To kepen him withinne warde
He set his body for to warde
And made such an ordenaunce
For love, ne for aqueintaunce,
That were it erey, were it late
They shulde let in at the gate
No maner man, what so betid,
But if so were him self it bid.

But all that might him nought availe,
For whom fortune wol affaile,
There may be no such resistence,
Which mighte make a man defence,
All that shall be mot fall algate.
This Circes, whiche I spake of late,
On whom Ulixes hath begete
A child, though he it have foryete,
Whan time came, as it was wone,
She was deliverd of a sone,
Which cleped is Thelogonus.
This child whan he was bore thus,

About his moder to full age
 That he can refon and langage
 In good eftate was drawe forth.
 And whan he was fo mochel worth
 To ftonden in a mannes ftede,
 Circes his mother hath him bede,
 That he fhall to his fader go
 And told him all to-gider tho,
 What man he was, that him begat.
 And whan Thelogonus of that
 Was ware and hath full knouleching,
 How that his fader was a king,
 He praith his moder faire this
 To go, where that his fader is.
 And ſhe him graunteth, that he ſhall,
 And made him redy forth with all.
 It was that time ſuch ufaunce,
 That every man the conoiffaunce
 Of his contre bare in his honde,
 Whan he went into ſtraunge londe.
 And thus was every man therfore
 Wel knowe, where that he was bore,
 For efpiall and miſtrowinges
 They dide thanne ſuche thinges,
 That every man might other knowe.
 So it befell that ilke throwe
 Thelogonus, as in this cas
 Of his contre the ſigne was
 Thre fiſhes, which he ſhulde bere
 Upon the penon of a ſpere.

And whan that he was thus arraied
And hath his harneis all affaied,
That he was redy every dele,
His moder bad him fare wele
And said him, that he shulde swithe
His fader grete a thousand sith.
Thelogonus his moder kist
And toke his leve, and where he wist
His fader was, the waie name,
Till he unto Nachaie came,
Which of that lond the chefe citee
Was cleped, and there axeth he,
Where was the kinge and how he ferde.
And whan that he the sothe herde,
Where that the king Ulixes was,
Alone upon his hors great pas
He rode him forth and in his honde
He bare the signal of his londe
With fishes thre, as I have tolde,
And thus he went unto that holde,
Where that his owne fader dwelleth.
The cause why he comth, he telleth
Unto the kepers of the gate
And wolde have comen in there at,
But shortly they him faide nay.
And he als faire as ever he may
Besought and tolde hem of this,
How that the king his fader is.
But they with proude wordes great
Began to manace and to threte,

But he go fro the gate fast
They wolde him take and sette fast.
Fro wordes unto strokes thus
They felle, and so Thelogonus
Was fore hurte and well nigh dede,
But with his sharpe speres hede
He maketh defence, how so it falle,
And wan the gate upon hem alle
And hath slain of the beste five.
And they ascriden also blive,
Through out the castell all about
On every side men come out,
Wherof the kinges herte afflight,
And he with all the hast he might
A spere caught and forth he goth
As he, that was nigh wode for wroth.
He figh the gates full of blood,
Thelogonus and where he stood
He figh also, but he ne knewe
What man it was, but to him threwe
His spere, and he sterte out a side,
But destine, which shall betide,
Befell that ilke time so,
Thelogonus knew nothing tho,
What man it was, that to him caste,
And while his owne spere laste,
With all the signe therupon
He cast unto the kinge anon
And smot him with a dedly wounde.
Ulixes fell anone to grounde,

Tho every man, the king! the king!
Began to cry, and of this thing
Thelogonus which figh the cas
On knes he fell and faide: Alas,
I have min owne fader slain,
Now wolde I deie wonder fain,
Now fle me who that ever will,
For certes it is right good skill.
He crieth, he wepeth, he saith therefore:
Alas, that ever was I bore,
That this unhappy destine
So woefully comth in by me.
This king, which yet hath life inough,
His herte ayein to him he drough
And to that vois an ere he laide
And understood all that he faide
And gan to speke and faide on high:
Bring me this man. And whan he figh
Thelogonus, his thought he fette
Upon the sweven, which he mette,
And axeth, that he mighte fe
His spere, on which the fishes thre
He figh upon the pensel wrought.
Tho wist he well, it faileth nought,
And bad him, that he telle sholde
Fro whenne he came, and what he wolde.
Thelogonus in forwe and wo
So as he mighte tolde tho
Unto Ulixes all the cas,
How that Circes his moder was,

And so forth said him every dele,
 How that his moder grete him wele,
 And in what wise she him sent.
 Tho wist Ulixes what it ment
 And toke him in his armes softe
 And all bledende kist him ofte
 And saide : Sone, while I live,
 This infortune I the foryive.
 After his other sone in hast
 He send, and he began him hast
 And cam unto his fader tite.
 But whan he sigh him in such plite,
 He wold have ronne upon that other
 Anone and slain his owne brother,
 Ne hadde be that Ulixes
 Betwene hem made accorde and pees
 And to his heir Thelemachus
 He bad, that he Thelogonus
 With all his power shulde kepe,
 Till he were of his woundes depe
 All hole, and than he shulde him yive
 Lond, where upon he mighte live.
 Thelemachus whan he this herde,
 Unto his fader he answerde
 And saide, he wolde don his wille.
 So dwelle they to-gider stille
 These brethren, and the fader sterveth.
 Lo, wherof forcerie serveth.
 Through forcery his lust he wan,
 Through forcery his wo began,

Through forcery his love he chese,
 Through forcery his life he lese.
 The child was gete in forcery,
 The which did all his felony,
 Thing which was ayein kinde wrought
 Unkindliche it was abought,
 The child his owne fader flough,
 That was unkindeship inough.

Forthy take hede how that it is,
 So for to winne love amis,
 Which endeth all his joy in wo.
 For of this arte I find also,
 That hath be do for loves sake,
 Wherof thou might ensample take,
 A great cronique emperiall,
 Which ever into memoriall
 Among the men, how so it wende,
 Shall dwelle to the worldes ende.

The highe creator of thinges,
 Which is the king of alle kinges,
 Full many wonder worldes chaunce
 Let slide under his sufferaunce.
 There wot no man the cause why
 But he, the which is almighty.
 And that was proved whilom thus,
 Whan that the king Nectanabus,
 Which had Egipste for to lede.
 But for he figh to-fore the dede
 Through magique of his forcerie,
 Wherof he couth a great partie,

Hic narrat exemplum
 super eodem, qualiter
 Nectanabus de Egip-
 to in Macedoniam
 fugitivus Olimpia-
 dem Philippi regis
 ibidem tunc absentis
 uxorem arte magica
 decipiens cum ipsa
 concubuit, magnum-
 que ex ea Alexan-
 drum fortilegus ge-
 nuit, qui natus postea
 cum ad erudiendum
 sub custodia Nectan-
 abi commendatus fu-
 isset, ipsum Nectana-
 bum patrem suum ab
 altitudine cuiusdam
 turris in fossam pro-
 fundam precipiens

interfecit, et sic fortilegus pro suo fortilegio infortunii fortem fortitus est.

His enemies to him comend,
 Fro whom he might him nought defend,
 Out of his owne lond he fledde
 And in the wife, as he him dredde,
 It fell for all his wicchecraft,
 So that Egipte him was beraft.
 And he desguifed fledde away
 By ship and held the righte way
 To Macedoine, where that he
 Arriveth at the chefe citee.
 Thre yomen of his chambre there
 All only for to serve him were,
 The which he trusteth wonder wele,
 For they were trewe as any stele.
 And hapneth, that they with him ladde
 Parte of the beste good he hadde,
 They take logginge in the town
 After the disposition,
 Where as him thoughte best to dwelle.
 He axeth than and herde telle,
 How that the kinge was out go
 Upon a werre he had tho.
 But in that citee thanne was
 The quene, which Olimpias
 Was hote, and with solempnite
 The feste of her nativite,
 As it befell, was thanne holde.
 And for her lust to be beholde
 And preifed of the people about
 She shope her for to riden out

At after-mete all openly.
Anone were alle men redy,
And that was in the month of may.
This lusty quene in good array
Was fet upon a mule white,
To fene it was a great delite
The joie that the citee made.
With freshe thinges and with glade
The noble town was all behonged,
And every wight was fore alonged
To se this lusty lady ride.
There was great merth on alle side,
Where as she passeth by the strete,
There was ful many a timbre bete
And many a maide carolende.
And thus through out the town pleiende
This quene unto the pleine rode,
Where that she hoved and abode
To se diverse games pley,
The lusty folk joust and tourney.
And so forth every other man,
Which pleie couth, his pley began
To plese with this noble quene.

Nectanabus came to the grene
Amonges other and drough him nigh.
But whan that he this lady sigh
And of her beaute hede toke,
He couthe nought witholde his loke
To se nought elles in the felde,
But stood and only her behelde.

Of his clothinge and of his gere
He was unliche all other there,
So that it hapneth ate lafte
The quene on him her eye caste,
And knew that he was straunge anone.
But he behelde her ever in one
Withoute blenching of his chere.
She toke good hede of his manere
And wondreth, why he dide so,
And bad men shulde for him go.
He came and did her reverence.
And she him axeth in silence,
From whenne he cam, and what he wolde.
And he with sobre wordes tolde,
He faith : Madame, a clerk I am
To you and in message I cam,
The whiche I may nought tellen here,
But if it liketh you to here,
It mot be said so prively,
Where none shall be, but ye and I.

Thus for the time he toke his leve.
The day goth forth, till it was eve,
That every man mot leve his werk.
And she thought ever upon this clerk,
What thing it is, that he wold mene.
And in this wise abode the quene
And passeth over thilke night,
Till it was on the morwe light.
She sende for him, and he came,
With him his astrolabe he name,

Which was of fine gold precious
With points and cercles merveilous.
And eke the hevenly figures
Wrought in a boke full of peintures
He toke this lady for to shewe
And tolde of eche of hem by rewe
The cours and the condition.
And she with great affection
Sate still and herde what he wolde.
And thus whan he seeth time, he tolde
And feigneth with his wordes wise
A tale and faith in such a wife :
Madame, but a while ago,
Where I was in Egipte tho
And rad in scole of this science,
It fell into my conscience,
That I unto the temple went
And there with all min hole entent,
As I my facrifice dede,
One of the goddes hath me bede,
That I you warne prively,
So that ye make you redy,
And that ye be nothing agast,
For he such love hath to you cast,
That ye shull bene his owne dere
And he shall be your beddefere,
Till ye conceive and be with childe.
And with that word she wax all milde
And somdele red became for shame
And axeth him that goddes name,

Which so woll done her compaigny.
And he said : Amos of Luby.
And she saith : That may I nought leve,
But if I se a better preve.

Madame, quod Nectanabus,
In token that it shall be thus
This night for enformation
Ye shall have an avision,
That Amos shall to you appere
To shewe and teche in what manere
The thing shall afterward befall.
Ye oughten well aboven alle
To make joy of such a lorde.
For whan ye ben of one accorde,
He shall a sone of you begete,
Which with his sward shall win and gete
The wide worlde in length and brede,
All erthly kinges shall him drede.
And in such wise I you behote
The god of erthe he shall be hote.
If this be soth, tho quod the quene,
This night, thou saiest, it shall be sene.
And if it falle into my grace,
Of god Amos that I purchase
To take of him so great worship,
I wol do the such ladiship,
Wherof thou shalt for evermo
Be riche. And he her thonketh tho
And toke his leve and forth he went.
She wiste litel, what he ment.

For it was guile and forcery
All that she toke for prophecy.
Nectanabus throughout the day
Whan he cam home, where as he lay,
His chambre by him self betoke
And overtorneth many a boke
And through the craft of artemage
Of wexe he forged an ymage.
He loketh his equacions
And eke the constellacions,
He loketh the conjunctions,
He loketh the receptions,
His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
And draweth fortune of his assent.
The name of quene Olimpias
In thilke ymage written was
Amiddes in the front above.
And thus to winne his lust of love
Nectanabus this werk hath dight.
And whan it cam withinne night,
That every wight is fall aslepe,
He thought he wolde his time kepe
As he, whiche hath his houre apointed.
And thanne first he hath anointed
With sondry herbes that figure
And therupon he gan conjure,
So that through his enchantement
This lady, which was innocent
And wiste nothing of this guile,
Met, as she slepte thilke while,

How fro the heven came a light,
Whiche all her chambre made light.
And as she loketh to and fro,
She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
Whose scherdes shinen as the sonne,
And hath his softe pas begonne
With all the chere that he may
Toward the bed there as she lay,
Till he came to the beddes side.
And she lay still and nothing cride,
For he did all his thinges faire
And was courteis and debonaire.
And as he stood her faste by,
His forme he chaungeth sodeinly,
And the figure of man he nome
To her and into bed he come,
And such thing ther of love he wrought,
Wherof, so as her thanne thought,
Through likeneffe of this god Amos
With child anone her wombe aros,
And she was wonder glad withall.
Nectanabus, which causeth all
Of this metrede the substaunce,
Whan he sigh time, his nigromaunce
He stint and nothing more saide
Of his carecte, and she abraide
Out of her slepe and leveth wele,
That it is soth than every dele
Of that this clerke her hadde tolde,
And was the glader many folde

In hope of fuche a glad metrede,
Which after shall befall in dede.
She longeth fore after the day,
That she her sweven telle may
To this guilour in private,
Which knewe it also well as she.
And netheles on morwe sone
She left al other thing to done
And for him send, and all the cas
She tolde him plainly as it was
And saide, how than well she wift,
That she his wordes mighte trift,
For she founde her avision
Right after the condition,
Which he her hadde told to-fore,
And praid him hertely therefore,
That he her holde covenant
So forth of all the remenant,
That she may through his ordenaunce
Towardes god do such plesaunce,
That she wakend might him kepe
In such wise, as she met a slepe.
And he that couth of guile inough,
Whan he this herde, for joy he lough
And faith: Madame, it shall be do.
But this I warne you therto,
This night, whan that he comth to play,
That there be no life in the way
But I, that shall at his liking
Ordeine so for his coming,

That ye ne shull nought of him faile.
 For this, madame, I you counseile,
 That ye it kepe so prive,
 That no wight elles but we thre
 Have knouleching, how that it is.
 For elles might it fare amis,
 If ye did ought, that shulde him greve.
 And thus he makth her to beleve
 And feigneth under guile feith.
 But netheles all that he saith
 She troweth. And ayein the night
 She hath within her chambre dight,
 Where as this guiler faste by
 Upon this god shall prively
 Awaite, as he makth her to wene.
 And thus this noble gentil quene,
 Whan she most trusted, was deceived.

The night come, and the chambre is
 Nectanabus hath take his place, [weived,
 And whan he figh the time and space,
 Through the deceit of his magique
 He put him out of mannes like
 And of a dragon toke the forme,
 As he, which wolde him all conforme
 To that she figh in sweven er this.
 And thus to chambre come he is.
 The quene lay a bed and figh
 And hopeth ever, as he cam nigh,
 That he god of Lubie were,
 So hath she well the lesse fere.

But for he wold her more assure,
Yet este he chaungeth his figure
And of a wether the likenesse
He toke in signe of his nobleffe
With large hornes for the nones
Of fine gold and riche stones.
A corone on his heved he bare
And fodeinlich, er she was ware,
As he, whiche alle guile can,
His forme he torneth into man
And came to bedde and she lay still,
Where as she suffreth all his will
As she, which wende nought misdo.
But netheles it hapneth so,
All though she were in part deceived.
Yet for all that she hath conceived
The worthiest of alle kithe,
Which ever was to-fore or sithe
Of conquest and chivalerie,
So that through guile and forcerie
There was that noble knight begonne,
Which all the worlde hath after wonne.
Thus fell the thing, which falle sholde,
Nectanabus hath that he wolde,
With guile he hath his love sped,
With guile he came into the bed,
With guile he goth him out ayein.
He was a shrewed chamberlein,
So to beguile a worthy quene,
And that on him was after sene.

But netheles the thing is do.
 This false god was sone go
 With his deceit and helde him close,
 Till morwe cam, that he arose,
 And tho, whan time and leifer was,
 The quene tolde him all the cas
 As she, that guile none supposeth,
 And of two points she him opposeth.
 One was, if that this god no more
 Woll come ayein, and overmore,
 How she shall stonden in accorde
 With king Philippe her owne lorde,
 When he comth home and seeth her grone.

Madame, he faith, let me alone,
 As for the god I undertake,
 That whan it liketh you to take
 His compaigny at any throwe,
 If I a day to-fore it knowe,
 He shall be with you on the night.
 And he is well of such a might
 To kepe you from alle blame.
 Forthy comforte you, madame,
 There shall none other cause be.
 Thus toke he leve and forth goth he.
 And tho began he for to muse,
 How he the quene might excuse
 Toward the king of that is falle,
 And found a craft amonges alle,
 Through which he hath a see foule daunted
 With his magique and so enchanted,

That he flew forth, whan it was night,
Unto the kinges tente right,
Where that he lay amidde his hoste.

And whan he was a-slepe most,
With that the see foule to him brought
An other charme, which he wrought
At home within his chambre still.
The kinge he torneth at his will
And maketh him for to dreame and se
The dragon and the privete,
Which was betwene him and the quene.
And over that he made him wene
In sweven, how that the god Amos,
Whan he up fro the quene aros,
Toke forth a ring, wherin a stone
Was fet and grave therupon
A sonne, in which, whan he cam nigh,
A leon with a swerd he figh.
And with that prent, as he so mette,
Upon the quenes wombe he sette
A seal, and goth him forth his way,
With that the sweven went away.
And tho began the king awake
And figheth for his wives sake,
Where as he lay within his tent,
And hath great wonder, what it ment.
With that he hasted him to rise
Anone and sent after the wife,
Among the whiche there was one,
A clerke, his name is Amphion,

Whan he the kinges sweven herde,
What it betokneth he answerde
And faith : As fikerly as the life
A god hath laien by thy wife
And got a sone, which shall winne
The world and all that is withinne.
As leon is the king of bestes,
So shall the world obey his hestes,
Which with his swerd shal al be wonne,
Als fer as shineth any sonne.

The king was doubtif of this dome,
But netheles whan that he come
Ayein into his owne lond,
His wife with childe great he fond,
He mighte nought him selven stere,
That he ne made her hevy chere.
But he, which couthe of all forwe,
Nectanabus upon the morwe
Through the deceit of nigromaunce
Toke of a dragon the semblaunce,
And where the king sat in his halle,
Cam in rampend among hem alle
With such a noise and such a rore,
That they agast were all so sore,
As though they shulde deie anone.
And netheles he greveth none,
But goth toward the deis on high.
And whan he cam the quene nigh,
He stint his noise and in his wife
To her he profreth his service

And laith his hede upon her barme,
And she with goodly chere her arme
About his necke ayeinward laide,
And thus the quene with him plaide
In fight of alle men about.

And ate last he gan to lout
And obeifaunce unto her make,
As he, that wolde his leve take.
And sodeinly his lothely forme
Into an egle he gan transforme
And fligh and fet him on a raile,
Wherof the king had great merveile.
For there he pruneth him and piketh,
As doth an hawk, whan him wel liketh,
And after that him self he shoke,
Wherof that all the halle quoke,
As it a terremote were.

They saiden alle, god was there,
In suche a rees and forth he fligh.

The king, which all this wonder sigh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
Unto the quene made his mone
And of foryivenesse he her praide.
For than he knew well, as he saide,
She was with childe with a god.

Thus was the king withoute rod
Chastised and the quene excused
Of that she hadde ben accused.
And for the greater evidence
Yet after that in the presence

Of king Philip and other mo,
 Whan they ride in the felde tho,
 A fefaunt came before her eye,
 The whiche anone, as they her sigh
 Fleende, let an ey down falle,
 And it to-brake to-fore hem alle.
 And as they token therof kepe,
 They sigh out of the shelle crepe
 A litel serpent on the grounde,
 Which rampeth all aboute rounde,
 And in ayein he woll have wonne,
 But for the brenning of the sonne
 It mighte nought, and so it deide.
 And therupon the clerkes saide :

 As the serpent, when it was out,
 Went environ the shelle aboute
 And mighte nought torne in ayein,
 So shall it fallen in certein.
 This child the world shall environ
 And above alle the corone
 Him shall befall, and in yonge age
 He shall desire in his corage,
 Whan all the worlde is in his honde
 To torne ayein unto the londe,
 Where he was bore, and in his wey
 Homeward he shall with poison dey.

 The king, whiche al this sigh and herde,
 Fro that day forth, how so it ferde,
 His jaloufie hath all foryete.
 But he, whiche hath the child begete,

Neſtanabus in private
The time of his nativite
Upon the conſtellation
Awaiteth and relation
Maketh to the quene, how ſhe ſhall do,
And every houre appointeth ſo,
That no minute therof was lore.
So that in due time is bore
This childe, and forthwith therupon
There fellen wonders many one
Of terremote univerſele,
The ſonne toke colour of ſtele
And loſt his light, the windes blewe
And many ſtrengthes overthrewe,
The ſee his propre kinde chaungeth
And all the worlde his forme ſtraungeth,
The thunder with his firy leven
So cruel was upon the heven,
That every erthely creature
Tho thought his life in aventure.
The tempeſt ate laſte ceſeth,
The child is kepte, his age encreſeth,
And Alifaundre his name is hote,
To whom Califtre and Ariſtote
To techen him philoſophy
Entenden and aſtronomy,
With other thinges, which he couth,
Alſo to teche him in his youth
Neſtanabus toke upon honde.
But every man may underſtonde

Of forcery, how that it wende,
 It woll him selve prove at ende
 And namely for to beguile
 A lady, which withoute guile
 Supposeth trowth all that she hereth.
 But often he, that evil stereth,
 His ship is dreint therin amidde.
 And in this cas right so betidde
 Nectanabus upon a night,
 Whan it was faire and sterre light,
 This yonge lord lad upon high
 Above a toure, where as he sigh
 The sterres such as he accompteth
 And faith, what eche of hem amounteth,
 As though he knewe of alle thing.
 But yet hath he no knouleching,
 What shal unto him self befall.
 Whan he hath tolde his wordes alle,
 This yonge lord than him opposeth
 And axeth, if that he supposeth,
 What deth he shul him selve dey.
 He faith: Or fortune is away
 And every sterre hath lost his wone,
 Or elles of min owne sone
 I shall be slain, I may nought fle.
 Thought Alifaundre in privete:
 Herof this olde dotard lieth.
 And er that other ought aspieth
 All sodeinlich his olde bones
 He shof over the wall at ones

And faith him : Lie down there a part,
Wherof now ferveth all thin art?
Thou knewe all other mennes chaunce
And of thy felf haft ignoraunce,
That thou haft faid amonges alle,
Of thy perfone is nought befalle.

Nectanabus, which hath his dethe,
Yet while him lafteth life and brethe
To Alifaundre he fpake and faid,
That he with wrong blame on him laid.
Fro point to point and all the cas
He tolde, how he his fone was.
Tho he, which fory was inough,
Out of the dich his fader drough
And tolde his moder, how it ferde
In counfeil, and whan ſhe it herde
And knew the tokens, which he tolde,
She niſte what ſhe faie ſholde,
But ſtood abashed as for the while
Of this magique and all the guile.
She thought, how that ſhe was deceived,
That ſhe hath of a man conceived
And wende a god it hadde be.
But netheles in ſuch degre
So as ſhe might her honour ſave,
She ſhope the body was begrave.
And thus Nectanabus abought
The forcerie, which he wrought,
Though he upon the creatures
Through his carectes and figures

The maistry and the power hadde,
 His creator to nought him ladde,
 Ayein whose lawe his craft he useth,
 Whan he for lust his god refuseth
 And toke him for the devels craft.
 Lo, what profit is him belast.
 That thing, through which he wend have
 First him exiled out of londe, [stonde,
 Which was his own, and from a king
 Made him to be an underling,
 And sithen to deceive a quene,
 That torneth him to mochel tene,
 Through lust of love he gat him hate,
 That ende couth he nought abate
 His olde sleightes, which he cast,
 Yonge Alifaundre him overcast.
 His fader, which him misbegat,
 He slough, a great mishap was that.
 But for o mis an other mis
 Was yolde, and so full ofte it is.
 Nectanabus his craft miswent,
 So it misfell him, er he went.
 I not what helpeth that clergy,
 Which maketh a man to do foly,
 And namelich of nigromaunce,
 Which stont upon the miscreaunce.

Nota, qualiter rex
 Zorastes statim,
 cum ab utero ma-
 tris sue nasceretur,
 gaudio magno risit,
 in quo pronosticum
 doloris subsequen-

And for to se more evidence
 Zorastes, which the experience
 Of art magique first forth drough,
 Anone as he was bore he lough,

Which token was of wo fuinge,
 For of his owne controvinge
 He found magique and taught it forth,
 But all that was him litel worth.
 For of Surrie a worthy king
 Him flewe and that was his ending.
 But yet through him this craft is used,
 And he through all the world accused,
 For it shall never well acheve,
 That stont nought right with the beleve.
 But lich to wolle is evil sponne,
 Who leseth him self hath litel wonne,
 An ende proveth every thing.

Saul, which was of Jewes king,
 Up peine of deth forbad this arte,
 And yet he toke therof his parte.
 The Phitonisse in Samary
 Yaf him counseil by forcery,
 Which after fell to mochel forwe,
 For he was slain upon the morwe.
 To conne mochel thing it helpeth,
 But of to moche no man yelpeth.
 So for to loke on every side,
 Magique may nought well betide.

Forthy my sone, I woll the rede,
 That thou of these ensamples drede,
 That for no lust of erthly love
 Thou seche so to come above,
 Wherof as in the worldes wonder
 Thou shalt for ever be put under.

tis signum figura-
 batur. Nam et ipse
 detestabilis artis
 magice primus fuit
 inventor, quem
 postea rex Surrie
 dira morte trucidavit,
 et sic opus operarium consumpsit.

Nota. De Saule
 et Phitonissa.

Confessor.

Amans.

My gode fader, graunt mercy.
 For ever I shall beware therby
 Of love what me so befalle
 Such forcery aboven alle.
 Fro this day forth I shall escheue,
 That so ne woll I nought pursue
 My lust of love for to seche.
 But this I wolde you beseche
 Beside that me stant of love,
 As I you herde speke above,
 How Alifaundre was betaught
 Of Aristotle and so well taught
 Of all that to a king belongeth,
 Wherof my herte fore longeth
 To wite what it wolde mene.
 For by reson I wolde wene,
 But if I herde of thinges straunge,
 Yet for a time it shulde chaunge
 My peine and liffe me somdele.

Confessor.

My gode sone, thou saiest wele.
 For wisdom, how that ever it stonde,
 To him that can it understonde
 Doth great profit in sondry wise,
 But touchend of so high a prise,
 Which is nought unto Venus knowe,
 I may it nought my selve knowe,
 Which of her court am all forth drawe
 And can no thing but of her lawe.
 But netheles to knowe more
 As wel as thou me longeth fore.

And for it helpeth to comune,
All be they nought to me comune,
The scoles of philosophy
Yet think I for to specify
In boke as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mightest ben amended.
For though I be nought all cunning
Upon the forme of this writing,
Some part therof yet I have herde,
In this matere how it hath ferde.

Explicit liber sextus.



Incipit Liber Septimus.

1. *Omnibus in causis sapiens doctrina salutem
Consequitur, nec habet quis nisi doctus opem.
Naturam superat doctrina, viro quod et ortus
Ingenii docilis non dedit, ipsa dabit.
Non ita discretus hominum per climata regnat,
Quin magis ut sapiat, indiget ipse schole.*

Quia omnis doctrina bona humano regi-
mini salutem confert,
in hoc septimo libro
ad instanciam amantis
languidi intendit Ge-
nius illam, ex qua
philosophi et astrolo-
gi philosophie doc-
trinam regem Alex-
andrum imbuerunt,
secundum aliquid de-
clarare. Dividit e-
nim philosophiam in
tres partes, quarum
prima theorica, se-
cunda rhetorica, ter-
cia practica nuncu-
pata est, de quarum
condicionibus subse-
quenter per singula
tractabit.



GENIUS the prest of love,
My sone, as thou hast praid
above,
That I the scole shall declare
Of Aristotle and eke the fare
Of Alisaundre, how he was taught,
I am somdele therof destraught.
For it is nought the matere
Of love, why we sitten here
To thrive so as Venus badde,
But netheles for it is gladde,
So as thou saist for thin apprise
To here of suche thinges wise,
Wherof thou might thy time lisse,
So as I can, I shall the wisse.

For wisdom is at every throwe
Above all other thing to knowe
In loves cause and elles where.
Forthy my sone, unto thin ere,
Though it be nought in the registre
Of Venus, yet of that Calistre
And Aristotle whilom write
To Alifaundre, thou shalt wite.
But for the lores ben diverse
I thenke first to the reherce
The nature of philosophy,
Which Aristotle of his clergy
Wise and experte in the sciences,
Declared thilke intelligences,
As of the points in principall,
Wherof the first in speciall
Is theorique, which is grounded
On him, which al the worlde hath founded,
Which comprehended al the lore.
And for to loken overmore
Next of sciences the secounde
Is rhetorique, whose facounde
Above all other is eloquent.
To telle a tale in judgement
So well can no man speke as he.
The laste science of the thre
It is practique, whose office
The vertu trieth fro the vice
And techeth upon gode thewes
To fle the compaigny of shrewes,

Which stant in diposicion
 Of mannes fre election.
 Practique enformeth eke the reule,
 How that a worthy king shall reule
 His realme, both in werre and pees.
 Lo, thus danz Aristoteles
 These thre sciences hath devided
 And the nature also decided,
 Wherof that eche of hem shall serue.
 The firste, which is the conserue
 And keper of the remenaunt
 As that, which is most suffisaunt
 And chefe of the philosophy,
 If I therof shall speciphy,
 So as the philosophre tolde,
 Now herke and kepe that thou it holde.

2. *Prima creatorem dat scire scientia summum,
 Qui capit, agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
 Plura viros quandoque iuvat nescire, sed illud,
 Quod vidit expediens sobrius ille sapit.*

Hic tractat de prima parte philosophie, que theorica dicitur, cuius natura triplici dotata est scientia, scilicet theologia, phisica et mathematica, sed primo illam partem theologicę declarabit.

Of theorique principall
 The philosophre in speciall
 The propretes hath determined,
 As thilke which is enlumined
 Of wisdom and of high prudence
 Above all other in his science
 And stant departed upon thre.
 The first of which in his degre
 Is cleped in philosophy
 The science of theology,

That other named is phifique,
 The thridde is said mathematique.
 Theology is that science,
 Which unto man yiveth evidence
 Of thing, which is nought bodely,
 Wherof men knowe redely
 The high almighty trinite,
 Which is o god in unite
 Withouten ende and beginning
 And creator of alle thing,
 Of heven, of erthe and of helle,
 Wherof as olde bokes telle
 The philosophre in his refon
 Wrote upon this conclusion.
 And of his writing in a clause
 He clepeth god the firste cause,
 Which of him self is thilke good,
 Withoute whom nothing is good,
 Of which that every creature
 Hath his being and his nature.
 After the being of the thinges
 There ben thre formes of beinges.

Thing, which began and ende shall,
 That thing is cleped temporall.
 There is also by other way
 Thing, which began and shall nought dey
 As foules, that ben spirituall,
 Her being is perpetuell.
 But there is one above the sonne,
 Whose time never was begonne

Nota, quod triplex
 dicitur effencia.
 Prima temporanea,
 que incipit et de-
 finit, secunda per-
 petua, que incipit
 et non definit, ter-
 cia sempiterna, que
 nec incipit nec de-
 finit.

And endeles shall ever be,
That is the god, whose mageste
All other thinges shall governe,
And his being is sempiterne.
The god, to whom that all honour
Belongeth, he is creatour.
And other ben his creatures,
He commaundeth the natures,
That they to him obeien alle.
Withouten him, what so befall,
Her might is none, and he may all.
The god was ever and ever shall,
And they begonne of his assente.
The times alle be present
To god, and to hem alle unknowe,
But what him liketh, that they knowe.
Thus both an aungel and a man,
The which of all, that god began,
Be chefe, obeien goddes might,
And he stont endeles up right.
To this science ben prive
The clerkes of divinite,
The which unto the people prechen
The feith of haly chirche and techen,
Which in one cas upon beleve
Stant more than they conne preve
By wey of argument sensible.
But netheles it is credible
And doth a man great mede have
To him that thenketh him self to save.

Theology in such a wise
 Of high science and apprise
 Above all other stant unlike
 And is the first of theorique.

Phisique is after the seconde,
 Through which the philosophre hath fonde
 To techen sondry knoulechinges
 Upon the bodeliche thinges
 Of man, of beste, of herbe, of stone,
 Of fishe, of foule, of everichone,
 That ben of bodely substaunce
 The nature and the substaunce.
 Through this science it is full fought,
 Which vaileth and which vaileth nought.

Nota de secunda
 parte theorice, que
 phisica dicitur.

The thridde point of theorique,
 Which cleped is mathematicque,
 Devided is in sondry wise
 And stant upon divers apprise.
 The ferst of whiche is arismetique,
 And the second is said musique,
 The thridde is eke geometrie,
 Also the forth astronomie.

Nota de tercia par-
 te theorice, que
 mathematica dicitur,
 cuius condicio
 quatuor in se con-
 tinet intelligencias,
 scilicet arithmeti-
 cam, musicam, ge-
 ometriam et astro-
 nomiam, sed primo
 de arithmetice na-
 tura dicere inten-
 dit.

Of arismetique the matere
 Is that of which a man may lere,
 What algorisme in nombre amounteth,
 Whan that the wise man accompteth
 After the formal proprete
 Of algorismes a, be, ce.
 By which multiplication
 Is made and diminution

Of fomes by the experience
Of this art and of this science.

Nota de musica,
que secunda pars
artis mathematice
dicitur.

The seconde of mathematice,
Whiche is the science of musique,
That teacheth upon harmonie
A man to make melodie
By vois and sounes of instrument
Through notes of accordement,
The whiche men pronounce alofte,
Now sharpe notes and now softe
Now highe notes and now lowe,
As by the gamme a man may knowe,
Which teacheth the prolacion
Of note and the condition.

Nota de tercia spe-
cie artis mathema-
tice, quam geo-
metriam vocant.

Mathematique of his science
Hath yet the thridde intelligence
Full of wisdom and of clergie
And cleped is geometrie,
Through which a man hath the sleight
Of length, of brede, of depth, of height
To knowe the proporcion
By verrey calculacion
Of this science. And in this wise
These olde philosophres wise
Of all this worldes erthe rounde,
How large, how thicke was the grounde,
Contrived in the experience,
The cercle and the circumference
Of every thing unto the heven
They setten point and mesure even.

Mathematique above the erth
 Of high science above the ferth,
 Which speketh upon astronomie
 And techeth of the sterres high,
 Beginning upward fro the mone.
 But first, as it was for to done
 This Ariftotle in other thing
 Unto this worthy yonge king
 The kinde of every element,
 Which ftant under the firmament,
 How it is made and in what wife
 Fro point to point he gan devife.

*Quatuor omnipotens elementa creavit origo,
 Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
 Noſtraque quadruplici complectio ſorte creatur,
 Corpore ſicque ſuo ſtat variatus homo.*

3.

To-fore the creation
 Of any worldes ſtation,
 Of heven, of erthe, or eke of helle
 So as theſe olde bokes telle,
 As ſoune to-fore the ſonge is ſet,
 And yet they ben to-gider knet,
 Right ſo the highe purveaunce
 Tho had under his ordenaunce
 A great ſubſtaunce, a great matere,
 Of which he wolde in his manere
 Theſe other thinges make and forme.
 For yet withouten any forme
 Was that matere univerfall,
 Which hight Ylem in ſpeciall.

Hic interim tractat
 de creacione qua-
 tuor elementorum,
 ſcilicet terre, aque,
 aeris et ignis nec
 non et de eorum
 naturis, nam et ſin-
 gulis proprietates
 ſingule attribuun-
 tur.

Of Ylem as I am enformed
 These elements ben made and formed,
 Of Ylem elements they hote
 After the scole of Aristote,
 Of which if more I shall reherce,
 Four elements there ben diverse.

Nota de terra, quod
 est primum ele-
 mentum.

The first of hem men erthe call,
 Which is the lowest of hem all,
 And in his forme is shape rounde
 Substanciall, strong, sad and founde
 As that, which made is suffisaunt
 To bere up all the remenaunt.

For as the point in a compas
 Stant even amiddes, right so was
 This erthe set and shall abide,
 That it may swerve to no fide

Philosophus. U-
 numquodque na-
 turaliter appetit
 suum centrum.

And hath his centre after the lawe
 Of kinde, and to that centre drawe
 Desireth every worldes thing,
 If there ne were no letting.

Nota de aqua, quod
 est secundum ele-
 mentum.

Above the erth kepeth his bounde
 The water, which is the secounde
 Of elements, and all without
 It environneth therthe about.
 But as it sheweth nought forthy
 The subtil water mightily,
 Though it be of him selve softe,
 The strength of therthe passeth ofte.
 For right as veines ben of blood
 In man, right so the water flood

Therth of his cours maketh ful of veines
 Als well the hilles as the pleines.
 And that a man may seen at eye,
 For wher the hilles ben most high,
 There may men wel stremes finde.
 So preveth it by way of kinde,
 The water higher than the londe.
 And over this now understonde

Air is the thridde of elementes,
 Of whose kinde his aspiementes
 Taketh every livissh creature,
 The which shall upon erth endure.
 For as the fissh if it be drie
 Mote in defalte of water deie,
 Right so withoute air on live
 No man, ne beste, mighte thrive,
 The which is made of flessh and bone,
 There is out take of alle none.

This air in periferies thre
 Devided is of such degre,
 Beneth is one and one amidde,
 To which above is the thridde.
 And upon the devisions
 There ben divers oppressions
 Of moist and eke of drie also,
 Which of the sonne bothe two
 Ben drawe and haled upon high
 And maken cloudes in the sky,
 And shewed is at mannes sight,
 Wherof by day and eke by night

Nota de aere, quod
 est tercium elemen-
 tum.

Nota, quod aer in
 tribus periferiis di-
 viditur.

After the times of the yere
 Among us upon erthe here
 In sondry wise thinges falle.

Nota de prima aeris periferia.

The first periferie of alle
 Engendreth mist and overmore
 The dewes and the frostes hore
 After thilke interstition,
 In which they take impressiion.

Nota de secunda aeris periferia.

Fro the second, as bokes sain,
 The moift droppes of the rein
 Descenden into middel erthe
 And tempreth it to fede and erthe
 And doth to springe gras and floure.
 And ofte also the grete shoure
 Out of such place it may be take,
 That it the forme shall forsake
 Of reine and into snow be torned,
 And eke it may be so sojorned
 In sondry places up alofte,
 That into hail it torneth ofte.

Nota de tercia aeris periferia.

The thridde of thair after the lawe
 Through such matere as is up drawe
 Of drie thing, as it is ofte,
 Among the cloudes upon lofte,
 And is so close, it may nought out.
 Than is it chased sore about,
 Till it to fire and leit be falle,
 And than it breketh the cloudes alle,
 The which of so great noise craken,
 That they the ferefull thunder maken.

The thunder-stroke smit, er it leite,
 And yet men sene the fire and leite,
 The thunder-stroke er that men here.
 So may it well be proved here
 In thing, which shewed is fro ferre,
 A mannes eye is there nerre
 Than is the soun to mannes ere.
 And netheles it is great fere
 Both of the stroke and of the fire,
 Of which is no recoverire
 In place where that they descende,
 But if god wolde his grace sende.

And for to speken over this
 In this parte of thair it is,
 That men full ofte sene by night
 The fire in sondry forme alight.
 Somtime the fire-drake it semeth,
 And so the lewde people it demeth.
 Somtime it semeth as it were
 A sterre, which that glideth there.
 But it is nouthur of the two,
 The philosophre telleth so
 And saith, that of impressions
 Through divers exalations
 Upon the cause and the matere
 Men sene diverse forme appere
 Of fire, the which hath sondry name.
Affub, he saith, is thilke same,
 The which in sondry place is found,
 Whan it is falle down to ground,

Nota, qualiter ignes, quos noctanter in aere discurrere videmus secundum varias apparencie formas varia gestant nomina, quorum primus *Affub*, secundus *Capra falliens*, tercius *Eges* et quartus *Daali* in libris philosophorum nuncupatus est.

So as the fire it hath aneled,
Lich unto slime, which is congeled.

Of exalacion I finde
Fire kinled of the same kinde,
But it is of another forme,
Wherof, if that I shall conforme
The figure unto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this,
That it is lich a gote skippend,
And for that it is such semend,
It is hatte *Capra saliens*.

And eke these astronomiens
An other fire also by night,
Which sheweth him to mannes sight,
They clepen *Eges*, the which brenneth
Like to the currant fire, that renneth
Upon a corde, as thou hast sene,
Whan it with poudre is so besene
Of sulphre and other thinges mo.

There is another fire also,
Which semeth to a mannes eye
By nightes time, as though there fligh
A dragon brennend in the sky,
And that is cleped proprely
Daali, wherof men say full ofte:
Lo, where the firy drake alofte
Fleeth up in thair, and so they demen.
But why the fires suche semen
Of sondry forme to beholde,
The wise philosophre tolde,

So as to-fore it hath bene herde.

Lo thus, my sone, it hath ferde
Of air the due proprete
In sondry wise thou might se,
And how under the firmament
It is eke the thridde element,
Whiche environeth bothe two
The water and the land also.

And for to tellen over this
Of elements, which the forthe is,
That is the fire in his degre
Whiche environeth thother thre
And is withoute moift all drie.
But list now, what saith the clergie.
For upon hem, that I have saide,
The creator hath set and laide
The kinde and the complexion
Of alle mennes nacion.
Four elements sondry there be,
Lich unto which of that degre
Among the men there bene also
Complexions foure and no mo,
Wherof the philosophre treteth,
That he nothing behinde leteth
And saith, how that they ben diverse,
So as I shall to the reherce.

He, which natureth every kinde,
The mighty god, so as I finde,
Of man, which is his creature,
Hath so devided the nature,

Confessor.

Nota de igne, quod
est quartum ele-
mentum.

Nota hic, qualiter
secundum naturam
quatuor elementorum
quatuor in
humano corpore
complexiones, scilicet
malencolia,

fleuma, sanguis et
colera naturaliter
constituuntur, un-
de primo de ma-
lencolia dicendum
est.

That none till other well accordeth.
And by the cause it so discordeth
The life, which feleth the siknesse,
May stond upon no fikerneffe.

Of therthe, which is colde and dry,
The kinde of man malencoly
Is cleped, and that is the firste,
The most ungoodlich and the werste.
For unto loves werk on night
Him lacketh bothe will and might.
No wonder is in lusty place,
Of love though he lese grace.
What man hath that complexion
Full of ymagination,
Of dredes and of wrathfull thought
He fret him selven all to nought.

De complexione
fleumatis.

The water, which is moist and colde,
Maketh fleume, which is manifolde,
Foryetel, flow and wery sone
Of every thing, whiche is to done.
He is of kinde suffisaunt
To holde love his covenant,
But that him lacketh appetite,
Which longeth unto such delite.

De complexione
sanguinis.

What man that taketh this kind of thair,
He shall be light, he shall be fair.
For his complexion is blood,
Of alle there is none so good,
For he hath bothe will and might
To please and paie love his right,

Where as he hath love undertake,
Wrong is, if that he forsake.

The first of his condicion
Appreth the complexion,
Whose propretes ben drie and hote,
Which in a man is coler hote.
It maketh a man ben enginous
And swifte of fote and eke irous.
Of conteke and fool hastifness
He hath a right great befinesse
To thenke on love and litel may,
Though he be hote well a day,
On night whan that he woll affay,
He may full evil his dette pay.

After the kinde of thelement
Thus stant a mannes kinde went
As touchend his complexion
Upon sondry division
Of dry, of moist, of chele, of hete,
And eche of hem his owne sete
Appropred hath within a man.
And first to telle as I began
The splen is to malencoly
Assigned for herbergery.

The moiste fleume with the colde
Hath in the lunges for his holde
Ordeined him a propre stede
To dwelle there as he is bede.

To the sanguine complexion
Nature of his inspection

De complexionem
colere.

Nota, qualiter qua-
tuor complexionem
quatuor in homine
habitaciones divi-
sim possident.

Splen domus ma-
lencolie.

Pulmo domus fleu-
matis.

Epar domus fan-
guinis.

A propre hous hath in the liver
For his dwellinge made deliver.

Fel domus colere.

The drie coler with his hete
By wey of kinde his propre fete
Hath in the galle, where he dwelleth,
So as the philosophre telleth.

*Nota de stomacho,
qui una cum aliis
cordi specialius de-
servit.*

Now over this is for to wite,
As it is in phisique write
Of liver, of lunge, of galle, of splen,
They all unto the herte ben
Servaunts, and eche in his office
Entendeth to don him service,
As he, which is chefe lord above.
The liver maketh him for to love,
The lunge yiveth him wey of speche,
The galle serveth to do wreche,
The splen doth him to laugh and play,
Whan all unclenneffe is away.
Lo, thus hath eche of hem his dede
To sussteignen hem and fede.
In time of recreation
Nature hath in creation
The stomach for a comun coke
Ordeined so, as faith the boke.
The stomach coke is for the hall
And boileth mete for hem all
To make hem mighty for to serve
The herte, that he shall nought sterve.
For as a king in his empire
Above all other is lorde and fire,

So is the herte principall,
To whom refon in speciall
Is yove as for the governaunce.

And thus nature his purveaunce
Hath made for man to liven here.
But god, which hath the soule dere,
Hath formed it in other wise,
That can no man pleinely devise.
But as the clerkes us enforme,
That lich to god it hath a forme,
Through which figure and which likeneffe
The soule hath many an high nobleffe
Appropred to his owne kinde.
But oft her wittes ben made blinde
Al onelich of this ilke pointe,
That her abiding is conjointe
Forth with the body for to dwelle.
That one defireth toward helle,
That other upward to the heven,
So shall they never stonde in even,
But if the flessh be overcome
And that the soule have holy nome
The governaunce, and that is selde,
While that the flessh him may bewelde.
All erthely thing, which god began,
Was only made to serve man,
But he the soul all onely made
Him selven for to serve and glade.
All other bestes that men finde
They serven unto her owne kinde.

But to reſon the ſoule ſerveth,
 Wherof the man his thank deſerveth
 And get him with his workes good
 The perdurable lives food.

Hic loquitur ulterius de diviſione terre, que poſt diluvium tribus filiis Noe in tres partes, ſcilicet Afiam, Africam et Europam dividebatur.

Of what matere it ſhall be tolde
 A tale liketh many folde
 The better, if that it be ſpoke pleine,
 Thus thenke I for to torne ayeine
 And tellen plenerly therfore
 Of therthe, wherof now to-fore
 I ſpake, and of the water eke,
 So as theſe olde bokes ſpeke
 And ſette properly the bounde
 After the forme of mappemounde,
 Through which the ground by purparties
 Departed is in thre parties,
 That is Aſie, Aufrique, Europe,
 The which under the heven cope,
 As fer as ſtreccheth any ground,
 Begripeth all this erthe round,
 But after that the highe wreche
 The water weies let out ſeche
 And overgo the hilles high,
 Which every kinde made deie,
 That upon middel erthe ſtood
 Out take Noe and his blood,
 His ſones and his doughters thre
 They were fauf and ſo was he.
 Her names, who that rede right,
 Sem, Cham, Japhet the brethern hight,

And whanne thilke almighty honde
 Withdrough the water fro the londe
 And all the rage was away,
 And erthe was the mannes way,
 The fones thre, of which I tolde,
 Right after that hem selve wolde
 This world departe they begonne.

Asia, which lay to the sonne
 Upon the marche of orient,
 Was graunted by commune assent
 To Sem, which was the sone eldest,
 For that partie was the best
 And double as moch as other two.
 And was that time bounded so,
 Wher as the flood, which men Nile calleth,
 Departeth fro his cours and falleth
 Into the see Alexandrine,
 There taketh Asie first sesine
 Toward the west, and over this
 Of Canahim, where the flood is
 Into the grete see rennend,
 Fro that into the worldes end
 Estwarde Asie it is algates,
 Till that men comen to the gates
 Of paradys, and there ho.
 And shortly for to speke it so
 Of orient in generall
 Within his bounde Asie hath all.

And than upon that other side
 Westwarde, as it fell thilke tide,

De Asia.

De Affrica et Europa.

The brother, which was hote Cham,
 Unto his parte Aufrique nam.
 Japhet Europe tho toke he,
 Thus parten they the worlde on thre.
 But yet there ben of londes fele
 In occident as for the chele,
 In oriente as for the hete,
 Which of the people be forlete
 As lond deferte, that is unable,
 For it may nought ben habitable.

Nota de mari, quod
 magnum oceanum
 dicitur.

The water eke hath sondry bounde
 After the lond, where it is founde,
 And taketh his name of thilke londes,
 Where that it renneth on the strondes.
 But thilke see, which hath no wane,
 Is cleped the great oceane,
 Out of the which arife and come
 The highe flodes all and some.
 Is none so litel welle spring,
 Which there ne taketh his beginning,
 And lich a man that lacketh breth
 By wey of kinde, so it geth
 Out of the see and in ayein
 The water, as the bokes fain.

Nota hic fecun-
 dum philosophum
 de quinto elemen-
 to, quod omnia sub
 celo creata infra
 suum ambitum
 continet, cui no-
 men orbis speciali-
 ter appropriatum
 est.

Of elements the propretes
 How that they stonden by degres,
 As I have told, now might thou here,
 My gode sone, all the matere
 Of erthe, of water, aire and fire.
 And for thou faist, that thy desire

Is for to witen overmore
 The forme of Aristotles lore,
 He faith in his entendement,
 That yet there is an element
 Above the foure, and is the fifte
 Set of the highe goddes yifte,
 The which that *orbis* cleped is.
 And therupon he telleth this,
 That as the shelle hole and founde
 Enclofeth all aboute rounde
 What thing within an ey belongeth,
 Right so this *orbis* underfongeth
 These elementes everychone,
 Which I have spoke of one and one.
 But over this now take good hede,
 My sone, for I wol procede
 To speke upon mathematique,
 Which grounded is on theorique.
 The science of astronomy
 I thenke for to specify,
 Withoute which to telle pleine
 All other science is in veine
 Toward the scole of erthly thinges.
 For as an egle with his winges
 Fleeth above alle that men finde,
 So doth this science in his kinde.

*Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur
 Ista, sed interdum regula fallit opus.
 Vir, mediante deo, sapiens dominabitur astris,
 Fata nec immerito quod novitatis agunt.*

Hic loquitur de artis mathematice quarta specie, que astronomia nuncupatur, cui etiam astrologia sociata connumeratur, sed primo de septem planetis, que inter astra potentiores existunt, incipiendo a luna seorsum tractare intendit.

Benethe upon this erthe here
 Of alle thinges the matere,
 As tellen us they, that ben lerned,
 Of thing above it stont governed,
 That is to fain of the planetes
 The cheles bothe and eke the hetes.
 The chaunces of the worlde also,
 That we fortune clepen so
 Among the mennes nacion,
 All is through constellacion,
 Wherof that some man hath the wele,
 And some men have diseses fele
 In love as well as other thinges.
 The state of realmes and of kinges
 In time of pees, in time of werre
 It is conceived of the sterre.
 And thus faith the naturien,
 Whiche is an astronomien.
 But the divine faith other wise,
 That if men were good and wise
 And plesant unto the godhede,
 They shulden nought the sterres drede.
 For o man, if him well befalle,
 Is more worth than ben they alle
 Towardes him, that weldeth all.
 But yet the lawe originall,
 Which he hath fet in the natures,
 Mot worchen in the creatures,
 That therof may be none obstacle,
 But if it stonde upon miracle

Through praier of some haly man.
And forthy so as I began
To speke upon astronomy,
As it is write in the clergy,
To telle how the planetes fare,
Some parte I thenke to declare,
My sone, unto thin audience.

Astronomy is the science
Of wisdom and of high conning,
Which maketh a man have knouleching
Of sterres in the fermament,
Figure, cercle and movement
Of eche of hem in sondry place,
And what betwene hem is of space,
How so they move or stonde fast,
All this it telleth to the last.
Asssembled with astronomy
Is eke that ilke astrology,
The which in jugements accompteth
Theffect, what every sterre amounteth.
And how they causen many a wonder
To the climats, that stond hem under.
And for to telle it more pleine
These olde philosophres saine,
That *orbis*, which I spake of er,
Is that, which fro therthe afer
Beholde, and firmament it calle,
In which the sterres stonden alle,
Among the which in speciall
Planetes seven principall

There ben, that mannes fighte demeth
 By thorizont, as to us semeth.
 And also there ben signes twelve,
 Which have her cercles by hem selve
 Compassed in the zodiaque,
 In which they have her places take,
 And as they stonden in degre,
 Her cercles more or lasse be
 Made after the proportion
 Of therthe, whose condicion
 Is set, to be the fundament
 To susteine up the firmament.
 And by this skill a man may knowe,
 The more that they stonden lowe
 The more ben the cercles lasse,
 That causeth why that some passe
 Her due cours to-fore an other.
 But now, my leve dere brother,
 As thou desirest for to wite
 What I finde in the bokes write,
 To telle of the planetes seven
 How that they stonde upon the heven,
 And in what point that they ben in,
 Take hede, for I woll begin,
 So as the philosophre taught
 To Alifaundre and it betaught,
 Wherof that he was fully taught
 Of wisdom, which was him betaught.

Nota hic de prima
 planeta, que aliis
 inferior luna dicitur.

Beneth all other stant the mone,
 The which hath with the see to done

Of flodes high and ebbes lowe,
Upon his change it shall be knowe.
And every fish, which hath a shelle,
Mote in his governaunce dwelle
To waxe and wane in his degre,
As by the mone a man may se,
And all that stant upon the grounde
Of his moisture it mot be founde.
All other sterres, as men finde,
Ben shinend of her owne kinde
Out take only the mone light,
Which is nought of him selve bright,
But as he taketh it of the sonne.
And yet he hath nought all full wonne
His light, that he nis somdele derke.
But what the let is of that werke
In almagest it telleth this.
The mones cercle so lowe is,
Wherof the sonne out of his stage
Ne seth him nought with full visage,
For he is with the ground beshaded,
So that the mone is somdele faded
And may nought fully shine clere.
But what man under his powere
Is bore, he shall his place chaunge
And seche many londes straunge.
And as of this condicion
The mones disposicion
Upon the londe of Alemaigne
Is fet and eke upon Britaigne,

Which now is cleped Engelonge,
For they travaile in every londe.

De secunda planeta,
que Mercurius
dicitur.

Of the planets the seconde
Above the mone hath take his bonde
Mercurie, and his nature is this,
That under him who that bore is,
In boke he shall be studious
And in writinge curious
And flowe and lustles to travaile
In thing, whiche elles might availe.
He loveth ese, he loveth rest,
So is he nought the worthiest.
But with fomdele befinesse
His hert is set upon richeffe.
And as in this condicion
Theffect and disposicion
Of this planete and of his chaunce
Is most in Borgone and in Fraunce.

De tercia planeta,
que Venus dicitur.

Next to Mercurie as woll befall
Stant that planete, which men calle
Venus, whose constellacion
Governeth all the nacion
Of lovers, where they spede or none,
Of which I trowe thou be one.
But whiderward thin happes wende,
Shall this planete shewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo,
To some wel, to some wo.
And netheles of this planete
The most party is softe and swete.

For who that therof taketh his berth
 He shall desire joy and merth,
 Gentil, curteis and debonaire
 To speke his wordes softe and faire,
 Such shall he be by wey of kinde.
 And over all where he may finde
 Pleſaunce of love, his herte boweth
 With all his might and ther he woweth.
 He is ſo ferforth amorous,
 He not what thing is vicious.
 Touchende love for that lawe
 There may no maner man withdrawe,
 The which venerien is bore
 By wey of kinde, and therfore
 Venus of love the goddeſſe
 Is cleped, but of wantoneſſe
 The climate of her lechery
 Is moſt comune in Lumbardy.

Next unto this planete of love
 The brighte ſonne ſtant above,
 Which is the hinderer of the night
 And furtherer of the daies light,
 As he, which is the worldeſ eye,
 Through whom the luſty compaignie
 Of foules by the morwe ſinge,
 The freſhe floures ſprede and ſpringe,
 The highe tre the ground beſhadeth
 And every mannes herte gladdeth.
 And for it is the hede planete,
 How that he fitteth in his ſete,

Nota de ſole, qui
 medio planetarum
 reſidens aſtrorum
 principatum obti-
 net.

Of what richeffe, of what nobley
 These bokes, telle and thus they say.

Nota de curru folis
 necnon de vario
 eiusdem apparatu.

Of golde glistrend spoke and whele
 The sonne his carte hath faire and wele,
 In whiche he fitte, and is coroned
 With brighte stones environed,
 Of which if that I speke shall
 There be to-fore in speciall
 Set in the front of his corone
 Thre stones, whiche no persone
 Hath upon erthe, and the first is
 By name cleped licuchis.
 That other two be cleped thus
 Astrices and ceramius
 In his corone, also behinde,
 By olde bokes as I finde,
 There ben of worthy stones thre
 Set ech of hem in his degre,
 Wherof a cristall is that one,
 Which that corone is set upon.
 The seconde is an adamant.
 The thridde is noble and avenaunt,
 Which cleped is ydriades,
 And over this yet netheles
 Upon the sides of the werke,
 After the writing of the clerke,
 There fitten five stones mo,
 The smaragdine is one of tho,
 Jaspis and elitropius
 And vendides and jacinctus.

Lo, thus the corone is beset,
Wherof it shineth well the bet,
And in such wise his light to sprede
Sit with his diademe on hede
The sonne shinend in his carte.
And for to lede him swithe and smarte
After the brighte daies lawe
There ben ordeined for to drawe
Four hors his chare and him withall,
Wherof the names telle I shall.
Eritheus the first is hote,
The which is red and shineth hote,
The second Acteos the bright,
Lampes the thridde courfer hight,
And Philogeus is the ferth,
That bringen light unto this erth
And gone so swifte upon the heven,
In foure and twenty houres even
The carte with the brighte sonne
They drawe, so that over ronne
They have under the cercles high
All middel erthe in fuche an hie.

And thus the sonne is over all
The chefe planet imperiall
Above him and beneth him thre,
And thus betwene hem regneth he,
As he that hath the middel place
Among the seven, and of his face
Be glad all erthly creatures
And taken after the natures

Her ese and recreacion.
 And in his constellacion
 Who that is bore in speciall,
 Of good will and of liberall
 He shall be founde in alle place
 And also stonde in mochel grace
 Toward the lordes for to serve
 And great profite and thank deserue.
 And over that it causeth yit
 A man to be subtil of wit,
 To worch in golde and to be wise
 In every thing, which is of prise.
 But for to speken in what cost
 Of all this erth he regneth most
 As for wisdom it is in Grece,
 Where is appropred thilke spiece.

Nota de quinta
 planeta, que Mars
 dicitur.

Mars the planet bataillous
 Next to the sonne glorious
 Above stant and doth merveiles
 Upon the fortune of batailes.
 The conquerours by daies olde
 Were unto this planete holde.
 But who that his nativite
 Hath take upon the proprete
 Of Martes dispoficion
 By wey of constellacion,
 He shall be fiers and fool hastife
 And desirous of werre and strife.
 But for to tellen redely
 In what climate most comunly

That this planete hath his effecte,
Said is, that he hath his aspecte
Upon the haly londe so cast,
That there is no pees stedefast.

Above Mars upon the heven
The fixte planete of the seven
Stant Jupiter the delicate,
Which causeth pees and no debate.
For he is cleped the planete,
Which of his kinde softe and swete
Attempreth all that to him longeth.
And whom this planete underfongeth
To stonde upon his regiment,
He shall be meke and pacient
And fortunate to marchandy
And lusty to delicacy
In every thing, which he shall do.
This Jupiter is cause also
Of the science of lighte werkes,
And in this wise tellen clerkes
He is the planete of delices.
But in Egipthe of his offices
He regneth most in speciall,
For there be lustes over all
Of all that to this life befalleth.
For there no stormy weder falleth,
Which mighte greve man or beste,
And eke the londe is so honest,
That it is plenteous and pleine,
There is no idel ground in veine.

Nota de sexta pla-
neta, que Jupiter
dicitur.

And upon such felicity
Stant Jupiter in his degree.

De septima planeta, que reliquis celsior Saturnus dictus est.

The highest and aboven alle
Stant that planete, which men calle
Saturnus, whose complexion
Is colde, and his condicion
Causeth malice and cruelte
To him, the whose nativite
Is set under his governaunce.
For all his werkes ben grevaunce
And enemy to mannes hele,
In what degree that he shall dele.
His climate is in orient,
Where that he is most violent.

Of the planetes by and by,
How that they stonde upon the sky,
Fro point to point as thou might here
Was Alifaundre made to lere.
But over this touchend his lore
Of thing, that they him taughte more
Upon the scoles of clergy,
Now herken the philosophy.

Postquam dictum est de septem planetis, quibus singule septimane dies singulariter attitulantur, dicendum est jam de duodecim signis, per que duodecim menses anni variis temporibus effectus varios assequuntur.

He which departeth day fro night,
That one derke and that other bright,
Of seven daies made a weke,
A month of foure wekes eke,
He hath ordeined in his lawe
Of monthes twelve and eke forthdrawe
He hath also the longe yere.
And as he set of his powere

Accordaunt to the daies seven
 Planetes seven upon the heven,
 As thou to-fore haft herd devise,
 To speke right in such a wise
 To every monthe by him selve
 Upon the heven, of signes twelve
 He hath after his ordinall
 Assigned one in speciall,
 Wherof so as I shall rehercen
 The tides of the yere diversen.
 But plainly for to make it knowe,
 How that the signes fit a rowe,
 Eche after other by degre
 In substaunce and in proprete
 The zodiaque comprehendeth
 Within his cercle and it appendeth.

Quo deus in primo produxit adesse creata.

The firste of which netheles
 By name is cleped Aries,
 Which lich a wether of stature
 Resembled is in his figure.
 And as it saith in almageste
 Of sterres twelve upon this beste
 Ben set, wherof in his degre
 The wombe hath two, the heved hath thre,
 The taile hath seven, and in this wise,
 As thou might here me devise,
 Stant Aries, which hote and drie
 Is of him self and in partie

Nota hic de primo
 signo, quod Aries
 dicitur, cui mensis
 specialiter Marcii
 appropriatus est.

He is the receipt and the hous
 Of mighty Mars the batailous.
 And overmore eke as I finde
 The creator of alle kinde
 Upon this signe first began
 The world, whan that he made man,
 And of this constellacion
 The verray operacion
 Availeth, if a man therinne
 The purpose of his werk beginne,
 For than he hath of proprete
 Good spede and great felicite.

The twelve monthes of the yere
 Attitled under the powere
 Of these twelve signes stonde,
 Wherof that thou shalt understonde
 This Aries out of the twelve
 Hath Marche attitled for him selve,
 Whan every brid shall chese his make,
 And every nedder, and every snake
 And every reptile, which may move,
 His might affaieth for to prove
 To crepen out ayein the sonne,
 Whan *ver* his seson hath begonne.

Quo prius occultas invenit herba vias.

Secundum signum
 dicitur Taurus,
 cuius mensis est
 Aprilis.

Taurus the seconde after this
 Of signes, which figured is
 Unto a bulle, drie and colde
 And as it is in bokes tolde

He is the hous appurtenaunt
 To Venus fomdele defcordaunt.
 This bulle is eke with fterres fet,
 Through which he hath his hornes knet
 Unto the taile of Aries,
 So is he nought there fterreles.
 Upon his brest eke eightetene
 He hath, and eke as it is fene
 Upon his taile ftonde other two.
 His month affigned eke alfo
 Is Averil, which of his houres
 Miniftreth way unto the floures.

Quo volucrum cantus gaudet de floribus ortis.

The thridde figne is Gemini,
 Which is figured redely
 Lich to two twinnes of man kinde,
 That naked ftonde. And as I finde,
 They ben with fterres wel bego,
 The heved hath parte of thilke two,
 That fhine upon the bulles taile,
 So ben they both of o paraile.
 But on the wombe of Gemini
 Ben five fterres nought forthy.
 And eke upon the fete be twey,
 So as thefe olde bokes fay,
 That wife Tholomeus wrote.
 His propre monthe wel I wote
 Affigned is the lufly May,
 Whan every brid upon his lay

Tercium signum
 dicitur Gemini,
 cuius mensis Maius
 est.

Among the grene leues fingeth,
 And love of his pointure stingeth
 After the lawes of nature
 The youthe of every creature.

Quo falcat pratis pabula tonsor equis.

Quartum signum
 Cancer dicitur, cuius
 mensis Junius
 est.

Cancer after the reule and space
 Of signes halt the forthe place.
 Like to the crabbe he hath semblaunce
 And hath unto his retinaunce
 Sixtene sterres, wherof ten,
 So as these olde wife men
 Describe, he bereth on him to-fore
 And in the middle two before
 And four he hath upon his ende,
 Thus goth he sterred in his kende.
 And of him self is moist and colde
 And is the propre hous and holde,
 Which apperteineth to the mone
 And doth what longeth him to done.
 The month of Juin unto this signe
 Thou shalte after the reule assigne.

Quo magis ad terras expandit Lucifer ignis.

Quintum signum
 Leo dicitur, cuius
 mensis Julius est.

The fifte signe is Leo hote,
 Whos kinde is shape drie and hote,
 In whom the sonne hath herbergage.
 And the semblaunce of his ymage
 Is a leon, which in baillie
 Of sterres hath his purpartie,
 The foure, which as Cancer hath
 Upon his ende Leo tath.

Upon his heved and thanne neste
 He hath eke foure upon his breste,
 And one upon his tail behinde,
 In olde bokes as we finde.
 His propre month is Juil by name,
 In which men pleien many a game.

Quo vacuata prius pubes replet horrea messis.

After Leo Virgo the nexte
 Of signes cleped is the sexte,
 Wherof the figure is a maide,
 And as the philosophre saide,
 She is the welth and the rising,
 The lust, the joy and the liking
 Unto Mercury. And soth to say
 She is with sterres well befeie,
 Wherof Leo hath lent her one,
 Which sit on high her heved upon.
 Her wombe hath five, her fete also
 Have other five, and ever mo
 Touchend as of complexion
 By kindly disposition
 Of drie and cold this maiden is.
 And for to tellen over this
 Her month thou shalte understonde,
 Whan every felde hath corne in honde
 And many a man his backe hath plied,
 Unto this signe is Augst applied.

Vinea quo Bachum pressa liquore colit.

After Virgo to reknen even
 Libra fit in the nombre of seven,

Sextum signum
 Virgo dicitur, cuius
 mensis Augustus
 est.

Septimum signum
 Libra dicitur, cuius
 mensis September
 est.

Which hath figure and resemblance
 Unto a man, which a balaunce
 Bereth in his honde as for to weie,
 In boke and as it may be feie.
 Diverse sterres to him longeth,
 Wherof on heved he underfongeth
 First thre and eke his wombe hath two,
 And down beneth eight other mo.
 This signe is hote and moiste both,
 The which thinges be nought loth
 Unto Venus, so that alofte
 She resteth in his hous full ofte,
 And eke Saturnus often hied
 Is in this signe and magnified.
 His propre month is said Septembre,
 Which yiveth men cause to remembre,
 If any fore be left behinde
 Of thing, which greve may to kinde.

Floribus exclusis yemps qui janitor extat.

Octavum signum
 Scorpio dicitur,
 cuius mensis Octo-
 ber est.

Among the signes upon height
 The signe, whiche is nombred eight,
 Is Scorpio, which as felon
 Figured is a Scorpion.
 But for all that yet nethelesse
 Is Scorpio nought sterrelesse.
 For Libra graunteth him his ende
 Of eighte sterres, where he wende,
 The which upon his heved affised
 He bereth, and eke there ben devised

Upon his wombe sterres thre
 And eight upon his taile hath he.
 Which of his kinde is moist and colde
 And unbehovely manyfolde.
 He harmeth Venus and empeireth,
 But Mars unto his hous repeireth,
 But ware whan they to-gider dwellen.
 His propre monthe is, as men tellen,
 Octobre, which bringeth the kalende
 Of winter, that cometh next suende.

Quo mustum bibulo linquit sua nomina vino.

The ninth signe in Novembre also,
 Which folweth after Scorpio,
 Is cleped Sagittarius,
 The whos figure is marked thus.
 A monstre with a bowe on honde,
 On whom that sondry sterres stonde,
 Thilke eight of whiche I spake to-fore,
 The which upon the tail ben lore
 Of Scorpio the heved all faire
 Be spreden of the Sagittaire,
 And eight of other stonden even
 Upon his wombe, and other seven
 There stonden upon his tail behinde,
 And he is hote and drie of kinde.
 To Jupiter his hous is fre.
 But to Mercurie in his degre,
 For they be nought of one assent,
 He worcheth great empeirement.

Nonum signum Sa-
 gittarius dicitur,
 cuius mensis No-
 vember est.

This signe hath of his proprete
 A monthe, whiche of deute
 After the feson that befalleth
 The ploughe oxe in winter stalleth.
 And fire into the halle he bringeth
 And thilke drinke, of which men singeth,
 He torneth must into the wine,
 Than is the larder of the fwine.
 That is Novembre which I mene,
 Whan that the leef hath lost his grene.

Ipse diem nano noctemque giganti figurat.

Decimum signum
 Capricornus dici-
 tur, cuius mensis
 December est.

The tenthe signe drie and colde,
 The which is Capricornus tolde,
 Unto a gote hath resemblance.
 For whose love and whose acquaintance
 Within his house to sojorne
 It liketh well unto Satorne.
 But to the mone it liketh nought,
 For no profit is there wrought.
 This signe as of his proprete
 Upon his heved hath sterres thre
 And eke upon his wombe two
 And twey upon his taile also.
 Decembre after the yeres forme,
 So as the bokes us enforme,
 With daies shorte and nightes longe
 This ilke signe hath underfonge.

Quo Janus vultum duplum convertit in annum.

Undecimum signum
 Aquarius dici-
 tur, cuius mensis
 Januarius est.

Of tho that sitte upon the heven
 Of signes in the nombre elleven

Aquarius hath take his place
And stant well in Satornes grace,
Which dwelleth in his herbergage.
But to the sonne he doth outrage.
This signe is verraily refembled
Lich to a man, which halte assembled
In either honde a water spout,
Wherof the stremes rennen out.
He is of kinde moist and hote,
And he that of the sterres wote
Saith, that he hath of sterres two
Upon his heved, and bene of tho,
That Capricorn hath on his ende.
And as the bokes maken minde,
That Tholomeus made him selve,
He hath eke on his wombe twelve,
And twey upon his ende stonde.
Thou shalte also this understonde,
The frosty colde Janevere,
Whan comen is the newe yere,
That Janus with double face
In his chare hath take his place
And loketh upon bothe sides
Some dele toward the winter tides,
Some dele toward the yere suende,
That is the monthe belongende
Unto this signe, and of his dole
He yiveth the firste primerole.

Quo pluvie torrens riparum concitat amnes.

Duodecimum fig-
num Piscis dicitur,
cuius mensis Feb-
ruarius est.

The twelfth, which is last of alle
Of signes, Piscis men it calle,
The which, as telleth the scripture,
Bereth of two fishes the figure.
So is he colde and moist of kinde,
And eke with sterres as I finde
Beset in sondry wise, as thus
Two of his ende Aquarius
Hath lent unto his heved, and two
This signe hath of his owne also
Upon his wombe, and over this
Upon his ende also there is
A nombre of twenty sterres bright,
Which is to sene a wonder fight.
Toward this signe into his hous
Comth Jupiter the glorious,
And Venus eke with him accordeth
To dwellen, as the boke recordeth.
The month unto this signe ordeined
Is Februar, which is bereined.
And with londflodes in his rage
At fordes letteth the passage.

Now hast thou herd the proprete
Of signes, but in his degre
Albumazare yet over this
Saith, so as therthe parted is
In foure, right so ben devised
The signes twelve and stonde affised,
That eche of hem in his partie
Hath his climate to justifie,

Wherof the firſte regiment
 Toward the parte of orient
 From Antioche and that contre
 Governed is of ſignes thre,
 That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo.
 And towarde occident alſo
 From Armeny, as I am lerned,
 Of Capricorne it ſtant governed,
 Of Piſcis and Aquarius.
 And after hem I finde thus
 Southward fro Alifaundre forth
 Tho ſignes, whiche moſt ben worth
 In governaunce of that doaire,
 Libra they ben and Sagittaire
 With Scorpio, which is conjoint
 With hem to ſtonde upon that point
 Of Conſtantinople the cite,
 So as the bokes tellen me.
 The laſt of this diviſion
 Stant untoward Septemtrion,
 Where as by wey of purveiaunce
 Hath Aries the governaunce
 Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
 Thus ben the ſignes proprely
 Devided, as it is reherced,
 Wherof the londes ben diverſed.

Lo thus, my ſone, as thou might here, Confeffor.
 Was Alifaundre made to lere
 Of hem, that weren for his lore.
 But now to loken overmore

Of other sterres how they fare,
 I thenke hereafter to declare,
 So as king Alifaundre in youth
 Of him that suche signes couth
 Enformed was to-fore his eye
 By night upon the sterres figh.

Hic tractat super
 doctrina Nectana-
 bi dum ipse juve-
 nem Alexandrum
 instruxit, de illis
 precipue quinde-
 cim stellis una cum
 earum lapidibus et
 herbis, que ad ar-
 tis magice natura-
 lis operacionem
 specialius conve-
 niunt.

Upon sondry creacion
 Stant sondry operacion.
 Some worcheth this, some worcheth that,
 The fire is hote in his estate
 And brenneth what he may atteigne,
 The water may the fire restreigne,
 The which is colde and moist also.
 Of other thinge it fareth right so
 Upon this erthe among us here.
 And for to speke in this manere
 Upon the heven as men may finde
 The sterres ben of sondry kinde
 And wochen many sondry thinges
 To us, that bene her underlinges.
 Among the whiche forth withall
 Nectanabus in speciall,
 Which was an astronomien
 And eke a great magicien
 And undertake hath thilke emprise
 To Alifaundre in his apprise
 As of magique naturele
 To knowe, enformeth him somdele
 Of certein sterres what they mene,
 Of which he faith there ben fiftene.

And fondrily to everichone
 A gras belongeth and a stone,
 Wherof men worchen many a wonder
 To sette thing bothe up and under.

To telle right as he began
 The first sterre Aldeboran,
 The clereft and the most of alle,
 By righte name men it calle,
 Which liche is of condition
 To Mars and of complexion
 To Venus and hath therupon
 Carbunculum his propre stone.
 His herbe is anabulla named,
 Which is of great vertue proclaimed.

Prima stella vocatur Aldeboran, cuius lapis carbunculus, et herba anabulla est.

The seconde is nought vertules
 Clota, or elles Pliades
 It hatte and of the mones kinde
 He is. And also this I finde,
 He taketh of Mars complexion,
 And lich to such condition
 His stone appropred is cristall,
 And eke his herbe in speciall
 The vertuous fenel it is.

Secunda stella vocatur Clota feu Pliades, cuius lapis cristallum, et herba feniculum est.

The thridde, which comth after this,
 Is hote Algol the clere rede,
 Whiche of Satorne as I may rede
 His kinde taketh and eke of Jove
 Complexion to his behove.
 His propre stone is diamant,
 Which is to him most accordaunt.

Tercia stella vocatur Algol, cuius lapis diamans, et herba eleborum nigrum est.

His herbe, which is him betake,
Is hote eleborum the blacke.

Quarta stella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius lapis saphirus, et herba marrubium est.

So as it falleth upon lot
The fourthe sterre is Alhaiot,
Which in the wise as I faide er
Of Satorne and of Jupiter
Hath take his kinde, and therupon
The saphir is his propre stone,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The which accorden bothe two.

Quinta stella vocatur Canis major, cuius lapis berillus, et herba favina est.

And Canis major in his like
The fifte sterre is of magique,
The whose kinde is venerien,
As faith this astronomien.
His propre stone is said berille,
But for to worche and to fulfille
Thing, which to this science falleth,
There is an herbe, which men calleth
Saveine, and that behoveth nede
To him, that woll his purpos spede.

Sexta stella vocatur Canis minor, cuius lapis achatis, et herba primula est.

The fixte suende after this
By name Canis minor is.
The which sterre is Mercuriall
By wey of kinde, and forth withall
As it is writen in the carte
Complexion he taketh of Marte.
His stone and herbe as faith the scole
Ben achates and primerole.

Septima stella vocatur Arial, cuius lapis gorgonza, et herba celidonia est.

The seventh sterre in speciall
Of this science is Arial,

Which fondry nature underfongeth.
 The stone, which propre unto him longeth,
 Gorgonza proprely it hight.
 His herbe also, which he shall right,
 Upon the worching as I mene
 Is celidoine freshe and grene.

Sterre Ala corvi upon height
 Hath take his place in nombre of eight,
 Which of his kinde mot performe
 The will of Marte and of Satorne,
 To whom lapacia the gret
 Is herbe, but of no beyete.
 His stone is honochinus hote,
 Through which men worchen great riote.

The ninthe sterre faire and wele
 By name is hote Alaezele,
 Which taketh his propre kinde thus
 Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
 His stone is the grene emeraude,
 To whom is yoven many a laude.
 Saulge is his herbe appurtenaunt
 Aboven all the remenaunt.

The tenthe sterre is Almareth,
 Which upon life and upon deth
 Through kinde of Jupiter and Marte
 He doth what longeth to his parte.
 His stone is jaspe and of plantaine
 He hath his herbe soveraine.

The sterre eleventh is Venenas,
 The whose nature is, as it was,

Octava stella vocatur Ala corvi, cuius lapis honochinus, et herba lapacia est.

Nona stella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis smaragdus, et herba falgea est.

Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis jaspis, et herba plantago est.

Undecima stella vocatur Venenas, cuius lapis ada-

mas, et herba cicorea est.

Take of Venus and of the mone
In thing, which he hath for to done.
Of adamaunt is that perrie,
In whiche he worcheth his maiftrie.
Thilke herbe also, which him befalleth,
Cicorea the boke him calleth.

Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheta, cuius lapis topazion, et herba rosa marina est.

Alpheta in the nombre fit
And is the twelfte sterre yit
Of Scorpio, which is governed,
And taketh his kinde as I am lerned
And hath his vertue in the stone,
Which cleped is topazion.
His herbe propre is rosmarine,
Which shapen is for his covine.

Terciadecima stella vocatur Cor scorpionis, cuius lapis fardis, et herba astrologia est.

Of these sterres, which I mene,
Cor scorpionis is thrittene,
The whos nature Mart and Jove
Have yoven unto his behove.
His herbe is astrology,
Which folweth his astronomy.
The stone, which this sterre alloweth,
Is fardis, which unto him boweth.

Quartadecima stella vocatur Botercadent, cuius lapis crisolitus, et herba fatureia est.

The sterre, which stant next the last,
Nature of him this name cast
And clepen him Botercadent,
Which of his kind obedient
Is to Mercurie and to Venus.
His stone is said crisolitus.
His herbe is cleped fatureie,
So as these olde bokes saie.

But now the laſte ſterre of alle
 The taile of Scorpio men calle,
 Which to Mercurie and to Satorne
 By wey of kinde mot retorne
 After the preparation
 Of due conſtellation.
 The calcidoine unto him longeth,
 Which for his ſtone he underfongeth.
 Of majoran his herbe is grounded.
 Thus have I ſaid how they ben founded
 Of every ſterre in ſpeciall,
 Which hath his herbe and ſtone withall,
 As Hermes in his bokes olde
 Witneſſe bereth, of that I tolde.

The ſcience of aſtronomy,
 Which principall is of clergy
 To deme betwene wo and wele
 In thinges that bene naturele,
 They had a great travaile on honde,
 That made it firſt ben underſtonde.
 And they alſo, which overmore
 Her ſtudy ſet upon this lore,
 They weren gracious and wiſe
 And worthy for to bere a priſe.
 And whom it liketh for to wite
 Of hem that this ſcience write,

One of the firſte, which it wrote
 After Noe, it was Nembrote
 To his diſciple Ychonithon
 And made a boke forth therupon,

Quintadecima ſtella
 vocatur Cauda
 ſcorpionis, cuius
 lapis calcedonia, et
 herba majorana eſt.

Nota hic de aucto-
 ribus illis, qui ad
 aſtronomie ſcienci-
 am pre ceteris ſtu-
 dioſius intendentes
 libros ſuper hoc
 diſtinctis nomini-
 bus compoſuerunt.

The which Megafter cleped was.
 An other auctor in this cas
 Is Arachel, the which men note,
 His boke is Abbateneigh hote.
 Danz Tholome is nought the left,
 Which maketh the boke of Almageft.
 And Alfraganus doth the same,
 Whose boke is Chartamuz by name.
 Gebuz and Alpetragus eke
 Of planisperie, which men feke,
 The bokes made. And over this
 Full many a worthy clerk there is,
 That writen upon this clergy
 The bokes of alcemetry,
 Planemetry and eke also,
 Which as belongeth bothe two,
 So as they be naturiens
 Unto these astronomiens.
 Men fain that Abraham was one,
 But whether that he wrote or none
 That finde I nought. And Moifes
 Eke was an other. But Hermes
 Above all other in this science
 He had a great experience.
 Through him was many a sterre affised,
 Whose bokes yet ben auctorised.
 I may nought knowen alle tho,
 That writen in the time tho
 Of this science, but I finde
 Of jugement by way of kinde

That in o point they all accorden
 Of sterres, whiche they recorden,
 That men may sen upon the heven.
 There ben a thousand sterres even
 And two and twenty to the fight,
 Whiche aren of hem self so bright,
 That men may demen what they be,
 The nature and the properte.

Now hast thou herd, in fuche a wise
 These noble philosophres wise
 Enformeden this yonge king
 And made him have a knouleching
 Of thing, which first to the partie
 Belongeth of philosophie,
 Which theorique cleped is,
 As thou to-fore hast herde er this.
 But now to speke of the seconde,
 Whiche Aristotele hath also founde
 And techeth how to speke faire,
 Whiche is a thing full necessaire
 To counterpeise the balaunce,
 Where lacketh other suffisaunce.

*Compositi pulcra sermones verba placere
 Principio poterunt veraque fine placent.
 Herba, lapis, sermo, tria sunt virtute repleta,
 Vis tamen ex verbi pondere pulcra facit.*

Above all erthly creatures
 The highe maker of natures
 The word to man hath yove alone,
 So that the speche of his persone

5

Hic tractat de se-
 cunda parte philo-
 sophie, cuius no-
 men rhetorica fa-
 cundos efficit. Lo-
 quitur eciam de
 eiusdem duabus

speciebus, scilicet
grammatica et lo-
gica, quarum doc-
trina rhetor sua
verba perornat.

Or for to lese, or for to winne
The hertes thought, which is withinne,
May shewe, what it wolde mene.
And that is no where elles sene
Of kinde with none other beste.
So shulde he be the more honest,
To whom god yaf so worthy a yifte,
And loke well that he ne shifte
His wordes to none wicked use,
For word the techer of vertuse
Is cleped in philosophy.
Wherof thouchende this party
Is rhetorique the science
Appropred to the reverence
Of wordes, that ben resonable.
And for this art shall be vailable
With goodly wordes for to like
It hath gramaire, it hath logique,
That seruen both unto the speche.
Gramaire first hath for to teche
To speke upon congruite.
Logique hath eke in his degre
Betwene the trouthe and the falshode
The pleine wordes for to shode,
So that nothing shall go beside,
That he the right ne shall decide,
Wherof full many a great debate
Reformed is to good estate
And pees sussteigned up alofte
With esy wordes and with softe,

Where strengthe shulde let it falle.
The philosophre amonges alle
Forthy commendeth this science,
Which hath the reule of eloquence.
In stone and gras vertue there is,
But yet the bokes tellen this,
That worde above all erthly thinges
Is vertuous in his doinges,
Where so it be to evil or good.
For if the wordes semen good
And be well spoke at mannes ere,
Whan that there is no trouthe there,
They done full oft full great decept.
For whan the word to the concept
Descordeth in so double a wise,
Such rhetorique is to despise
In every place and for to drede.

For of Ulixes thus I rede,
As in the boke of Troy is founde,
His eloquence and his facounde
Of goodly wordes, which he tolde,
Hath made, that Anthenor him solde
The town, whiche he with treson wan.
Worde hath beguiled many a man,
With word the wilde beste is daunted,
With word the serpent is enchaunted,
Of wordes among the men of armes
Ben woundes heled with the charmes,
Where lacketh other medicine,
Worde hath under his discipline

Of forcerie the carectes.
 The wordes ben of fondry fettes,
 Of evil and eke of good also.
 The wordes maken frende of fo,
 And fo of frende, and pees of werre,
 And werre of pees, and out of herre
 The word the worldes cause entriketh
 And reconcileth who on him liketh.
 The worde under the cope of heven
 Set every thing or odde or even.
 With word the highe god is plesed,
 With word the wordes ben appesed.
 The softe word the loude stilleth,
 Where lacketh good the word fulfilleth
 To make amendes for the wronge.
 Whan wordes medlen with the songe,
 It doth plesauce well the more.
 But for to loke upon the lore,
 How Tullius his rhetorique
 Componeth, there a man may pike,
 How that he shall his wordes fet.
 How he shall lose, how he shall knet,
 And in what wise he shall pronounce
 His tale pleine without frounce,
 Wherof ensample if thou wilt seche,
 Take hede and rede whilom the speche.

Nota de eloquen-
 cia Julii in causa
 Catiline contra
 Sillanum et alios
 tunc urbem Roma-
 nam continentis.

Of Julius and Cicero,
 Which consul was of Rome tho,
 Of Caton eke, and Cillene
 Behold the wordes hem betwene,

Whan the trefon of Cateline
Discovered was and the covine
Of hem, that were of his assent,
Was knowe and spoke in parlement
And axed howe and in what wise
Men sholden done him to juise.
Cillenus first his tale tolde
To trouth and as he was beholde
The comun profit for to save,
He faide how trefon shulde have
A cruel dethe. And thus they speke,
The consul both and Caton eke,
And saiden, that for suche a wronge
There may no peine be to stronge.
But Julius with wordes wise
His tale tolde all other wise,
As he, which wolde her dethe respite,
And foundeth howe he might excite
The juges through his eloquence
Fro deth to torne the sentence
And fet her hertes to pite.
Now tolden they, now tolde he,
They speken pleine after the lawe,
But he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other wey
Spekend. And thus betwene the twey
To trete upon this judgement
Made eche of hem his argument.
Wherof the tales for to here
There may a man the scole lere

Of rhetorique the eloquence,
 Whiche is the seconde of science
 Touchende to philosophie,
 Wherof a man shall justifie
 His wordes in disputefon
 And knette upon conclusion
 His argument in fuche a forme,
 Which may the pleine trouthe enforme
 And the subtil cautele abate,
 Whiche every true man shall debate.

6. *Praëtica quemque statum pars tertia philosophie
 Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe vie,
 Sed quanto major rex est, tanto magis ipsum
 Ex scola concernit, qua sua regna regit.*

Hic tractat de ter-
 cia parte philoso-
 phie, que practica
 vocatur, cuius spe-
 cies sunt tres, scili-
 cet ethica, econo-
 mia, et politia,
 quarum doctrina
 regia magestas in
 suo regimine ad
 honoris magnifi-
 cenciam per singu-
 la dirigitur.

The firste, whiche is theorique,
 And the seconde rhetorique
 Sciences of philosophy,
 I have hem tolde as in party,
 So as the philosophre it tolde
 To Alifaundre. And now I wolde
 Tell of the thridde, what it is,
 The which practique cleped is.

Practique stant upon thre thinges
 Toward the governaunce of kinges.
 Wherof the firste ethique is named,
 The whose science stant proclaimed
 To teche of vertue thilke reule,
 How that a king him self shall reule
 Of his moral condition
 With worthy disposition,

Of good living in his persone,
Which is the chefe of his corone.
It maketh a kinge also to lerne,
Howe he his body shall governe,
Howe he shall wake, how he shall slepe,
How that he shall his hele kepe
In mete, in drinke, in clothing eke.
There is no wisdom for to feke
As for the reule of his persone,
The which that this science all one
Ne techeth as by wey of kinde,
That there is nothing left behinde.

That other point, which to practique
Belongeth, is economique,
Which techeth thilke honeste,
Through which a king in his degre
His wife and child shal reule and guie
So forth withall the compaignie,
Which in his houshold shall abide,
And his estate on every side
In such manere for to lede,
That he his houshold ne mislede.

Practique hath yet the thridde apprise,
Which techeth how and in what wise
Through his purveide ordenaunce
A king shall fet in governaunce
His realme, and that is policie,
Which longeth unto regalie
In time of werre, in time of pees
To worship and to good encrees

Of clerke, of knight and of marchaunt,
 And so forth all the remenaunt
 Of all the comun people about
 Withinne burgh and eke without
 Of hem that ben artificers,
 Whiche usen craftes and mestiers,
 Whose art is cleped mechanic,
 And though they ben nought alle like,
 Yet netheles how so it falle,
 O lawe mot governe hem alle,
 Or that they lese, or that they winne
 After the state that they ben inne.

Lo, thus this worthy yonge king
 Was fully taught of every thing,
 Which mighte yive entendement,
 Of good reule and good regiment,
 To suche a worthy prince as he.
 But of verray necessite
 The philosophre him hath betake
 Five points, which he hath undertake
 To kepe and holde in observaunce
 As for the worthy governaunce,
 Which longeth to his regalie
 After the reule of policie.

7. *Moribus ornatus regit hic, qui regna moderna
 Cerciis expectat sceptrum futura poli.
 Et quia veredica virtus supereminet omnes,
 Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.*

Hic secundum po-
 liciam tractare in-
 tendit precipue su-

To every man belongeth lore,
 But to no man belongeth more

Than to a king, which hath to lede
 The people for his kinghede.
 He may hem bothe save and spille,
 And for it stant upon his wille,
 It fit him well to ben avised
 And the vertues, which are affised
 Unto a kinges regiment,
 To take in his entendement,
 Wherof to tellen as they stonde
 Hereafterward now woll I fonde.
 Among the vertues one is chefe
 And that is trouthe, which is lefe
 To god and eke to man also.
 And for it hath ben ever so,
 Taught Aristotle as he well couth
 To Alifaundre, how in his youth
 He shulde of trouthe thilke grace
 With all his hole herte embrace,
 So that his word be trewe and pleine
 Toward the world and so certeine,
 That in him be no double speche.
 For if men shulde trouthe feche
 And found it nought within a king,
 It were an unfittende thing.
 The worde is token of that within.
 There shall a worthy king begin
 To kepe his tunge and to be trewe,
 So shall his price ben ever newe.
 Avise him every man to-fore
 And be well ware, er he be fwore.

per quinque regula-
 rum articulis, que
 ad principis regi-
 men observande
 specialius existunt,
 quarum prima ve-
 ritas nuncupatur,
 per quam veredicus
 fit sermo regis ad
 omnes.

For afterwarde it is to late,
 If that he wolde his word debate.
 For as a king in speciall
 Above all other is principall
 Of his power, so shulde he be
 Most vertuous in his degre.
 And that may well be signified
 By his corone and specified.

The gold betokeneth excellence,
 That men shuld done him reverence
 As to her lege soveraine.
 The stoncs, as the bokes faine,
 Commended ben in treble wise.
 First they ben hard and thilke affise
 Betokeneth in a king constaunce,
 So that there shall no variaunce
 Be found in his condicion.
 And also by description
 The vertue, whiche is in the stoncs,
 A verray signe is for the noncs
 Of that a king shall ben honest
 And holde trewely his behest
 Of thing, which longeth to kinghede.
 The brighte colour, as I rede,
 Which is in the stoncs shinend,
 Is in figure betokenend
 The cronique of this worldes fame,
 Which stant upon his gode name.
 The cercle, which is rounde aboute,
 Is token of all the londe aboute,

Which stant under his gerarchie,
 That he it shall well kepe and guie.
 And for that trouthe how so it falle
 Is the vertue foveraine of alle,
 That longeth unto regiment,
 A tale, which is evident
 Of trouthe in commendacion,
 Toward thin enformacion,
 My sone, herafter thou shalt here
 Of a cronique in this matere.

As the cronique it doth reherce,
 A foldan whilom was of Perse,
 Which Daires hight, and Ytaspis
 His fader was. And sothe it is,
 That through wisdom and high prudence
 More than for any reverence
 Of his lignage as by descent
 The regne of thilke empire he hent.
 And as he was him selfe wise,
 The wise men he held in prise
 And fought hem out on every side,
 That toward him they shulde abide.
 Among the whiche thre there were,
 That most service unto him bere
 As they, which in his chambre lighen
 And all his counceil herd and fighen.
 Her names ben of straunge note,
 Harpaghes was the firste hote,
 And Manachaz was the secoude,
 Zorobabel, as it is founde

Hic narrat, qualiter Darius filius Ytaspis foldanus Persie a tribus suis cubicularibus, quorum nomina Harpaghes, Manachaz et Zorobabel dicta sunt, nomina questionis singillatim interrogavit, utrum rex aut mulier aut vinum majoris fortitudinis vim obtineret, ipsis vero varia opinione respondentibus, Zorobabel ultimus asserit, quod mulier sui amoris complacencia tam regis quam vini potentiam excellit, addidit insuper finali conclusione dicens, quod veritas super omnia vincit. Cuius responsio ceteris laudabilior acceptatur.

In the cronique, was the thridde.

This foldan what so him betidde
 To hem be triste most of alle,
 Wherof the case is so befallē.
 This lord, which hath conceiptes depe,
 Upon a night whan he hath slepe,
 As he, which hath his wit disposed,
 Touchend a point hem hath opposed.
 The kinges question was this,
 Of thinges thre which strongest is,
 The wine, the woman or the king,
 And that they shulde upon this thing
 Of her answere avised be,
 He yaf hem fully daies thre
 And hath behote hem by his feith,
 That who the beste reson faith,
 He shall receive a worthy mede.

Upon this thing they token hede
 And stoden in disputeson,
 That by divers opinion
 Of arguments that they have holde
 Harpaghes first his tale tolde
 And said, how that the strength of kinges
 Is mightiest of alle thinges.
 For king hath power over man,
 And man is he, which reson can,
 As he, which is of his nature
 The most noble creature
 Of alle tho that god hath wrought.
 And by that skill it semeth nought,

He faith, that any erthly thing
May be so mighty as a king.
A king may spille, a king may save,
A king may make of lorde a knave
And of a knave a lord also,
The power of a king stant so,
That he the lawes overpasseth.
What he woll make lasse, he lasseth,
What he woll make more, he moreth.
And as a gentil faucon foreth,
He fleeth, that no man him reclameth.
But he alone all other tameth,
And stant him self of lawe fre.
Lo, thus a kinges might, faith he,
So as his reson can argue,
Is strengest and of most value.

But Manachaz faith other wise,
That wine is of the more emprise,
And that he sheweth by this way.
The wine full ofte taketh away
The reson fro the mannes herte,
The wine can make a creple sterte
And a deliver man unwelde,
It maketh a blind man to behelde
And a bright eyed seme derke,
It maketh a lewde man a clerke,
And fro the clerkes the clergy
It taketh away and cowardy
It torneth into hardieffe,
Of avarice it maketh largeffe.

The wine maketh eke the good blood,
 In which the soule, which is good,
 Hath chosē her a resting place,
 While that the life her woll embrace.
 And by this skille Manachaz,
 Answerd hath upon this cas
 And saith, that wine by wey of kind
 Is thing, which may the hertes bind
 Well more than the regalie.

Zorobabel for his partie
 Said as him thoughte for the best,
 That women ben the mightiest.
 The kinge and the vinour also
 Of women comen bothe two.
 And eke he said, how that manhede
 Through strengthe unto the womanhede
 Of love where he woll or none
 Obeie shall, and therupon
 To shewe of women the maistrie
 A tale whiche he sigh with eye
 As for enfample he tolde this.

*Nota hic de vigore
 amoris, qui inter
 Cyrum regem Per-
 farum et Apemen
 Befazis filiam ip-
 sus regis concubi-
 nam spectante tota
 curia experiebatur.*

How Apemen, of Befazis
 Which doughter was, in the paleis
 Sittend upon his highe deis,
 Whan he was hottest in his ire
 Toward the great of his empire,
 Cyrus the king tiraunt she toke.
 And only with her goodly loke
 She made him debonaire and meke
 And by the chin and by the cheke

She luggeth him right as her list,
 That now she japeth, and now she kist
 And doth with him what ever her liketh.
 Whan that she loureth, than he fiketh,
 And whan she gladeth, he is glad.
 And thus this king was overlad
 With here, which his lemman was.

Among the men is no solas,
 If that there be no woman there,
 For but if that the woman were,
 This worldes joie were away.
 Through hem men finden out the wey
 To knighthode and to worldes fame,
 They make a man to drede shame
 And honour for to be desired.
 Through the beaute of hem is fired
 The dart, of which Cupide throweth,
 Wherof the jolif peine groweth,
 Which al the worlde hath under fote.
 A woman is the mannes bote,
 His life, his deth, his wo, his wele.
 And this thing may be shewed wele,
 How that women ben good and kinde,
 For in ensample thus I finde.

Whan that the duke Admetus lay
 Sike in his bed, that every day
 Men waiten, whan he shulde dey,
 Alcest his wife goth for to prey
 With sacrifice unto Minerve,
 As she, which wolde thank deserve,

Nota de fidelitate
 conjugis, qualiter
 Alcesta uxor Ad-
 meti, ut maritum
 suum vivificaret,
 seipsam morti spon-
 tance subegit.

To wite answere of the goddesse,
 How that her lorde of his fikenessse,
 Wherof he was so wo befeine,
 Recover might his hele ayeine.
 Lo, thus she cride and thus she praide,
 Till ate last a vois her saide,
 That if she wolde for his sake
 The maladie suffre and take
 And deie her self, he shulde live.
 Of this answere Alcest hath give
 Unto Minerve great thonking,
 So that her dethe and his living
 She chese with all her hole entent,
 And thus accorded home she went.
 Into the chambre whan she came,
 Her housbonde anone she name
 In bothe her armes and him kist,
 And spake unto him what her list.
 And therupon within a throwe
 The good wife was overthrowe
 And deied, and he was hole in haste.
 So may a man by reson taste,
 How next after the god above
 The trowth of women and the love,
 In whom that alle grace is founde,
 Is mightiest upon this grounde
 And most behovely manyfolde.

Lo, thus Zorobabel hath tolde
 The tale of his opinion.
 But for finall conclusion,

What strengest is of erthly thinges
The wine, the women or the kinges,
He faith, that trouthe above hem alle
Is mightiest, how ever it falle.
The trouthe how so it ever come
May for nothing ben overcome.
It may well suffre for a throwe,
But ate last it shall be knowe.
The proverbe is, who that is trewe,
Him shall his while never rewe.
For how so that the cause wende,
The trouthe is shameles ate ende.
But what thing that is troutheles
It may nought well be shameles,
And shame hindereth every wight.
So proveth it, there is no might
Withoute trouthe in no degre.
And thus for trouthe of his decre
Zorobabel was most commended,
Wherof the question was ended,
And he received hath his mede
For trouthe, which to mannes nede
Is most behovelich over all.
Forthy was trouthe in speciall
The firste point in observaunce
Betake unto the governaunce
Of Alifaundre, as it is faide,
For therupon the ground is laide
Of every kinges regiment
As thing, which most convenient

Is for to fet a king in even
Bothe in his worlde and eke in heven.

8. *Abfit avaricia, ne tangat regia corda,
Cuius enim spoliis excoriatur humus.
Fama colit largum volitans per secula regem,
Dona tamen licitis sunt moderanda modis.*

Hic tractat de regie
mageftatis fecunda
policia, quam A-
riltoteles largita-
tem vocat, cuius
virtute non solum
propulfata avari-
cia regis nomen
magnificum extol-
litur, fed et fui sub-
diti diviciarum ha-
bundancia jocun-
diores efficiuntur.

Next after trouthe the fecoude
In policie as it is founde,
Which ferveth to the worldes fame
In worship of a kinges name,
Largeffe it is, whose privilege
There may non avarice abrege.
The worldes good was first comune,
But afterward upon fortune
Was thilke comun profit cessed.
For whan the people stood encreffed
And the lignages woxen great,
Anone for singular beyete
Drough every man to his partie,
Wherof come in the first envie
With great debate and werres ftronge
And laft among the men fo longe,
Till no man wifte who was who
Ne which was frende, ne which was fo.
Till ate lafte in every londe
Within hem felf the people fonde,
That it was good to make a king,
Which might appesen all this thing
And yive right to the lignages
In parting of her heritages

And eke of all her other good.
 And thus above hem alle stood
 The king upon his regaly,
 As he, which hath to justify
 The worldes good fro covetise.
 So fit it well in alle wise
 A king betwene the more and lesse
 To sette his herte upon largeffe
 Toward him self and eke also
 Towarde his people. And if nought so,
 That is to fain, if that he be
 Toward him selfe large and fre
 And of his people take and pille,
 Largeffe by no wey of skille
 It may be said, but avarice,
 Which in a kinge is a great vice.

A king behoveth eke to fle
 The vice of prodegalite,
 That he mesure in his expence
 So kepe, that of indigence
 He may be sauf. For who that nedeth,
 In all his werk the wors he spedeth.
 As Aristotle upon Chaldee
 Ensamble of great auctorite
 Unto king Alifaundre taught
 Of thilke folk, that were unfaught
 Toward her king for his pillage.
 Wherof he bad in his corage,
 That he unto thre points entende,
 Where that he wolde his good despende.

Nota super hoc,
 quod Aristoteles
 ad Alexandrum
 exemplificavit de
 exactionibus regis
 Chaldeorum.

First shulde he loke, how that it stood,
That all were of his owne good
The yiftes, which he wolde yive,
So might he wel the better live.

And eke he must taken hede,
If there be cause of any nede,
Which oughte for to be defended,
Er that his goodes ben despended.

He mote eke as it is befall
Amonges other thinges alle
Se the desertes of his men,
And after that they ben of ken
And of estate and of merite
He shall hem largelich aquite,
Or for the werre, or for the pees,
That none honour fall in decrees,
Which mighte torne into diffame.
But that he kepe his gode name,
So that he be nought holde unkinde.
For in cronique a tale I finde,
Which speketh somdele of this matere,
Herafterward as thou shalte here.

Hic secundum gesta Julii exemplum ponit, qualiter rex suorum militum, quos probos agnovit, indigenciam largitatis sue beneficiis relevare tenetur.

In Rome to pursue his right,
There was a worthy pouer knight,
Which came alone for to fain
His cause, when the court was plein,
Where Julius was in presence.
And for him lacketh of despense,
There was with him none advocate
To make plee for his estate.

But though him lacke for to plede,
Him lacketh nothing of manhede.
He wiste well his purse was pouer,
But yet he thought his right recouer,
And openly pouerte aleide
To themperour, and thus he saide :

O Julius, lord of the lawe,
Behold, my counseil is withdrawe
For lacke of gold to thine office
After the lawe of justice.
Help, that I hadde counseil here
Upon the trouthe of my matere.

And Julius with that anone
Assigned him a worthy one.
But he him self no word ne spake.
This knight was wroth and found a lake
In themperour, and saide thus:

O thou, unkinde Julius,
Whan thou in thy bataile were
Up in Aufrique, and I was there,
My might for thy rescouffe I did
And put no man in my stede.
Thou wost what woundes there I had,
But here I finde the so bad,
That the ne list to speke o worde
Thine owne mouth nor of thin horde
To yive a florein me to helpe.
How shulde I thanne me beyelpe
Fro this day forth of thy largesse,
Whan such a great unkindenesse

Is found in fuche a lorde as thou?
 This Julius knew well inough,
 That all was soth, which he him tolde.
 And for he wolde nought ben holde
 Unkind, he toke his cause on honde,
 And as it were of goddes fonde,
 He yaf him good inough to spende
 For ever unto his lives ende.

And thus shuld every worthy king
 Take of his knightes knouleching,
 Whan that he figh they hadden nede,
 For every service axeth mede.
 But other, which have nought deserved
 Through vertue, but of japes served,
 A king shall nought deserve grace,
 Though he be large in fuche a place.

Hic ponit exem-
 plum de rege An-
 tigonis, qualiter
 dona regia secun-
 dum majus et mi-
 nus equa discreci-
 one moderanda
 sunt.

It fit well every king to have
 Discretion, whan men him crave,
 So that he may his yifte wite,
 Wherof I finde a tale write,
 How Cinichus a pouere knight
 A somme, which was over might,
 Praied of his king Antigonus.
 The kinge answerde to him thus
 And said, how such a yifte passeth
 His pouer estate. And than he lasseth
 And axeth but a litel peny,
 If that the king wold yive him any.

The king answerd, it was to small
 For him, which was a lord reall,

To yive a man so litel thinge,
It were unworship in a kinge.

By this ensample a king may lere,
That for to yive is in manere,
For if a king his tresor lasseth
Without honour and thankeles passeth,
Whan he him self woll so beguile,
I not who shall compleigne his while,
Ne who by right him shall releve.
But netheles this I beleve
To helpe with his owne londe
Belongeth every man his honde
To set upon necessite.

And eke his kinges realte
Mote every lege man comforte
With good and body to supporte,
Whan they se cause resonable.
For who that is nought entendable
To holde upright his kinges name,
Him oughte for to be to blame.

Of policie and over more
To speke in this matere more,
So as the philosophre tolde,
A king after the reule is holde
To modifie and to adresse
His yiftes upon such largesse,
That he mesure nought excede.

For if a king fall into nede,
It causeth ofte sondry thinges,
Whiche are ungoodly to the kinges.

Nota hic, quod regius status a suis fidelibus omni favore supportandus est.

Nota hic secundum Aristotelem, qualiter principum prodigalitas paupertatem inducit communem.

Seneca. Sic aliis benefacito, ut tibi non noceas.

What man will nought him self mesure,
 Men seen ful ofte, that mesure
 Him hath forsake. And so doth he,
 That useth prodegalite,
 Which is the moder of pouerte,
 Wherof the londes ben deserte.
 And namely whan thilke vice
 About a king stant in office
 And hath witholde of his party
 The covetouse flatery,
 Which many a worthy king deceiveth,
 Er he the fallace apperceiveth
 Of hem, that serven to the glose.
 For they that connen plese and glose,
 Ben as men tellen the norices
 Unto the fostring of the vices,
 Wherof full ofte netheles
 A king is blamed gilteles.

Nota, qualiter in
 principum curiis
 adultores triplici
 gravitate offen-
 dunt.

Primum contra
 deum.

Secundo contra
 principem.

A philosophre, as thou shalt here,
 Spake to a king of this matere
 And said him well, how that flatroures
 Coupable were of thre errours.
 One was toward the goddes high,
 That weren wroth of that they sigh,
 The mischefe, which befallen sholde,
 Of that the false flatroure tolde
 Toward the king. Another was,
 Whan they by sleight and by fallas
 Of feigned wordes make him wene,
 That black is white, and blew is grene

Touchend of his condicion.
 For whan he doth extorcion
 With many an other vice mo,
 Men shall nought finden one of tho
 To grucche or speke there ayein,
 But holden up his oile and fain :
 That all is well what ever he doth.
 And thus of fals they maken soth,
 So that her kinges eye is blent
 And wot nought how the worlde is went.
 The thridde errour is harm commune,
 With which the people mot commune
 Of wronges, that they bringen inne.
 And thus they werchen treble finne,
 That ben flatroures about a king.
 There mighte be no worse thing
 About a kinges regaly,
 Than is the vice of flatery.
 And netheles it hath ben used,
 That it was never yet refused
 As for to speke in court reall.
 For there it is most speciall
 And may nought longe be forbore.
 But whan this vice of hem is bore,
 That sholden the vertues forth bringe,
 And trouthe is torned to lesinge,
 It is, as who faith ayein kinde,
 Wherof an old ensample I finde.

Among these other tales wise
 Of philosophres in this wise

Tercio contra po-
 pulum.

Hic contra vanitates
 adulantum loquitur
 et narrat, quod cum

Aristippus de Cartagine philosophus scole studium relinquens sui principis obsequio in magnis adulacionibus pre ceteris carior assistebat, accidit, ut ipse quodam die Diogenem philosophum nuper socium suum virum tam amoribus quam sciencia probatissimum herbas ad olera sua collectas lavantem ex casu ad ripam invenit, cui ait: O Diogenes, vere si tu sicut ego principi tuo placere scires, herbas aut colligere aut lavare tibi minime indigeret. Cui alter respondit: O Aristippe, certe, et si tu sicut et ego olera tua colligere et lavare scires, principem tuum ob inanis glorie cupiditatem blandiri nullatenus deberes.

I rede, how whilom two there were
 And to the scole for to lere
 Unto Athenes fro Cartage
 Her frendes, whan they were of age,
 Hem sende. And there they stoden longe,
 Till they such lore have underfonge,
 That in her time they surmounte
 All other men, that to accompte
 Of hem was tho the grete fame.
 The first of hem his righte name
 Was Diogenes thanne hote,
 In whom was founde no riote.
 His felaw Aristippus hight,
 Which mochel couthe and mochel might.
 But ate laste soth to fain
 They bothe tornen home ayein
 Unto Cartage and scole lete.
 This Diogenes no beyete
 Of worldes good or lasse or more
 Ne soughte for his longe lore,
 But toke him only for to dwelle
 At home. And as the bokes telle,
 His house was nigh to a rivere
 Beside a brigge, as thou shalt here.
 There dwelleth he and taketh his rest,
 So as it thought him for the best,
 To studie in his philosophie,
 As he, which wolde so defie
 The worldes pompe on every side.
 But Aristippe his boke aside

Hath laid, and to the court he wente,
Where many a wile and many a wente
With flattery and wordes softe
He caste and hath compassed ofte,
How he his prince mighte please.
And in this wise he gate him ese
Of veine honour and worldes good,
The londes reule upon him stood.
The king of him was wonder glad,
And all was do, what thinge he bad,
Bothe in the courte and eke without
With flattery be brought about
His purpos of the worldes werke,
Which was ayein the state of clerke,
So that philosophy he lefte
And to richesse him self uplefte.
Lo, thus had Aristippe his will.
But Diogenes dwelte still
At home and loked on his boke.
He soughte nought the worldes croke
For veine honour ne for richesse,
But all his hertes besinesse
He sette to be vertuous.
And thus within his owne hous
He liveth to the suffisaunce
Of his having. And fell perchaunce,
This Diogene upon a day,
And that was in the month of may,
Whan that these herbes ben holsome,
He walketh for to gader some

In his gardin, of which his joutes
 He thoughte have, and thus aboutes
 Whan he hath gadred what him liketh,
 He fet him thanne downe and piketh
 And wishe his herbes in the flood,
 Upon the which his gardin stood
 Nigh to the brigge, as I tolde ere.
 And hapneth while he sitteth there,
 Cam Aristippus by the strete
 With many hors and routes grete
 And straught unto the brigge he rode,
 Where that he hoved and abode,
 For as he cast his eye nigh,
 His felaw Diogene he sigh,
 And what he dede he sigh also,
 Wherof he saide to him so :

O Diogene, god the spede.
 It were certes litel nede
 To sitten here and wortes pike,
 If thou thy prince coutheft like
 So as I can in my degre.
 O Aristippe, ayein quod he,
 If that thou coutheft so as I
 Thy wortes pike truely,
 It were als litel nede or lasse,
 That thou so worldly wol compasse
 With flaterie for to ferve,
 Wherof thou thenkest to deserve
 Thy princes thank and to purchace,
 How thou might stonden in his grace

For getting of a litel good.
 If thou wolt take into thy mood
 Refon, thou might by refon deme,
 That fo thy prince for to queme
 Is nought to refon accordaunt,
 But it is greatly descordaunt
 Unto the scoles of Athene.

Lo, thus answerde Diogene
 Ayein the clerkes flaterie.
 But yet men sene theffamplerie
 Of Aristippe is well received,
 And thilke of Diogene is weived.
 Office in court and gold in coffre
 Is now, men fain, the philosophre,
 Which hath the worship in the halle.
 But flaterie passeth alle,
 In chambre whom the court avaunceth.
 For upon thilke lot it chaunceth
 To be beloved now a day.

[I not if it be ye or nay,*
 How Dante the poete answerde
 To a flatroure, the tale I herde.
 Upon a strife betwene hem two
 He said him, there ben many mo
 Of thy fervauntes than of min.
 For the poete of his covine
 Hath none, that woll him cloth and fede,
 But a flatroure may reule and lede

Nota exemplum
 cuiusdam poete de
 Italia, qui Dantes
 vocabatur.

* Only in Berthelette's editions.

A king with all his londe about.
 So stant the wife man in doubt
 Of hem, that to foly drawe.
 For such is now the comun lawe]
 But as the comune vois it telleth,
 Where now that flaterie dwelleth
 In every londe under the sonne,
 There is full many a thing begonne,
 Which were better to be lefte,
 That hath be shewed now and este.

But if a prince him wolde reule
 Of the Romains after the reule
 In thilke time as it was used,
 This vice shulde be refused,
 Wherof the princes ben affoted.
 But where the pleine trouth is noted,
 There may a prince wel conceive,
 That he shall nought him self deceive
 Of that he hereth wordes pleine,
 For him ther nought by reson pleigne
 That warned is, er hem be wo.
 And that was fully proved tho,
 Whan Rome was the worldes chefe,
 The sothfaier tho was lefe,
 Which wolde nought the trouthe spare,
 But with his wordes plaine and bare
 To themperour his sothes tolde,
 As in cronique it is witholde,
 Here afterwarde as thou shalt here
 Accordend unto this matere.

To se this olde ensemplarie,
 That whilom was no flaterie
 Toward the princes, wel I finde,
 Wherof so as it comth to minde,
 My sone, a tale unto thin ere,
 While that the worthy princes were
 At Rome, I thenke for to telle.
 For whan the chaunces so befelle,
 That any emperour as tho
 Victoire had upon his fo
 And so forth came to Rome ayein,
 Of treble honour he was certain,
 Wherof that he was magnified.

The first, as it is specified,
 Was, whan he cam at thilke tide,
 The chare, in which he shulde ride,
 Four white stedes sholde drawe.
 Of Jupiter by thilke lawe
 The cote he shulde were also.
 His prissoners eke sholden go
 Endlong the chare on either honde.
 And all the noble of the londe
 To-fore and after with him come
 Ridend and broughten him to Rome
 In token of his chivalrie,
 And for none other flaterie.
 And that was shewed forth with all.
 Where he sat in his chare reall,
 Beside him was a ribald set,
 Which had his wordes so beset

Hic narrat super eodem, qualiter nuper Romanorum imperator cum ipse triumphator in hostes a bello Rome rediret, tres sibi laudes in signum sui triumphi precipue debebantur. Primo quatuor equi albissimi currum in quo sedebat veherent, secundo tunica Jovis pro tunc indueretur, tercio sui captivi prope currum ad utrumque latus catenati deambularent. Set ne tanti honoris adulacio eius animum in superbiam extolleret, quidam scurra linguosus juxta ipsum in curru sedebat, qui quasi continuatis vocibus improperando ei dixit: Notheos, hoc est noscete ipsum, quod si hodie fortuna tibi prospera fuerit, cras forte versa rota mutabilis adversabitur.

To themperour in all his gloire
 He said: Take into memoire,
 For all this pompe and all this pride
 Let no justice gon aside,
 But know thy self, what so befalle.
 For men seen ofte time falle
 Thing, which men wende fiker stonde.
 Though thou victoire have on honde,
 Fortune may nought stonde alwey.
 The whele perchaunce another day
 May torne, and thou might overthrowe,
 There lasteth no thing but a throwe.

With these wordes and with mo
 This ribald, which sat with him tho,
 To themperour his tale tolde.
 And overmore what ever he wolde
 Or were it evil or were it good
 So plainly as the trouthe stood,
 He spareth nought but speketh it out.
 And so might every man about
 The day of that solempnite
 His tale tellen as wele as he
 To themperour all openly.
 And all was this the cause, why
 That while he stood in his nobleffe,
 He shulde his vanite repreffe
 With suche wordes as he herde.

Hic etiam contra
 adulacionem scribit,
 quod primo die quo
 nuper imperator in-
 tronizatus extitit la-

Lo now, how thilke time it ferde
 Toward so high a worthy lorde.
 For this I finde eke of recorde,

Which the cronique hath auctorized,
 What emperour was entronized
 The firste day of his corone,
 Where he was in his real throne
 And helde his fest in the paleis
 Sittend upon his highe deis
 With all the lust that may be gete,
 Whan he was gladest at his mete,
 And every minstrell hadde pleide,
 And every disour hadde saide
 What most was plesant to his ere,
 Than ate laste comen there
 His mafons, for they sholden crave,
 Where that he wolde be begrave,
 And of what ston his sepulture
 They sholden make, and what sculpture
 He wolde ordeigne therupon.
 Tho was there flaterie none
 The worthy princes to bejape,
 The thing was otherwise shape
 With good counseile and otherwise.
 They were hem selven thanne wise
 And understoden well and knewen,
 Whan suche softe windes blewen
 Of flattery into her ere,
 They setten nought her hertes there.
 But whan they herde wordes feigned,
 The pleine trowth it hath desdeigned
 Of hem that weren so discrete.
 So toke the flaterer no beyete

tomi sui ab ipso con-
 stanter peterent, de
 quali lapide sue se-
 pulture tumulum fa-
 bricarent, ut sic futu-
 ram mortem com-
 memorans vanitates
 huius seculi transito-
 rias facilius reprime-
 ret.

Of him, that was his prince tho.
 And for to proven it is so,
 A tale, which befell in dede,
 In a cronique of Rome I rede.

Hic inter alia gesta
 Cesaris narrat u-
 num exemplum
 precipue contra il-
 los, qui cum in af-
 pectu principis aliis
 sapienciores appa-
 rere vellent, quan-
 doque tamen simu-
 late sapiencie talia
 committunt, per
 que ceteris stulcio-
 res in fine compro-
 bantur.

Cesar upon his reall throne,
 Where that he sat in his persone
 And was highest in all his pris,
 A man, which wolde make him wise,
 Fell down knelend in his presence
 And did him such a reverence,
 As though the highe god it were.
 Men hadden great merveile there
 Of the worship, which he dede.
 This man aros fro thilke stede
 And forth with all the same tide
 He goth him up and by his side
 He set him down as pere and pere
 And saide: If thou that fittest here
 Art god, which alle thinges might,
 Than have I do worship aright
 As to the god, and other wise,
 If thou be nought of thilke affise,
 But art a man, suche as am I,
 Than may I fit the faste by,
 For we be bothe of o kinde.

Cesar answerde and saide: O blinde,
 Thou art a fol, it is well sene
 Upon thy self. For if thou wene
 I be a god, thou dost amis
 To fit, where thou seest god is.

And if I be a man also,
 Thou hast a great folie do,
 Whan thou to such one, as shall deie,
 The worship of thy god away
 Hast given so unworthily.
 Thus may I prove redely,
 Thou art nought wise. And they that herde,
 How wisely that the king answerde,
 It was to hem a newe lore,
 Wherof they dradden him the more.
 And broughten nothing to his ere,
 But if it trouthe and reson were.
 So ben there many in such a wise,
 That feignen wordes to be wise
 And all is verray flatery
 To him, which can it well aspy.

The kinde flatrouer can nought love
 But for to bring him self above.
 For how that ever his maister fare,
 So that him self stonde out of care
 Him reccheth nought. And thus ful ofte
 Deceived ben with wordes softe
 The kinges, that ben innocent.
 Wherof as for chastiment
 The wise philosophre saide :
 What king that so his tresure laide
 Upon such folke, he hath the lesse,
 And yet ne doth he no largeffe,
 But harmeth with his owne honde
 Him self and eke his owne londe.

Nota, qualiter isti
 circa principem
 adultores potius a
 curia expelli quam
 ad regie magestatis
 munera acceptari
 policia suadente
 deberent.

And that by many a sondry wey,
 Wherof if that a man shall sey
 As for to speke in generall,
 Where such thing falleth over all,
 That any king him self misreule,
 The philosophre upon his reule
 In speciall a cause fet,
 Whiche is and ever hath be the let
 In governaunce about a king
 Upon the mischefe of the thing.
 And that, he saith, is flattery,
 Wherof to-fore as in party,
 What vice it is, I have declared.
 For who that hath his wit bewared
 Upon a flatroure to beleve,
 Whan that he weneth best acheve
 His gode world, it is most fro.
 And for to proven it is so
 Ensamples there ben many one,
 Of whiche if thou wolt knowen one,
 It is behovely for to here,
 What whilom fell in this matere.

Hic loquitur ulterius
 de consilio adulan-
 tum, quorum fabulis
 principis aures orga-
 nizzate veritatis audi-
 tum capere nequeunt,
 et narrat exemplum
 de rege Achab, quod
 pro eo, quod ipse
 prophecias fidelis Mi-
 chee recusavit blan-
 diciisque adulantis
 Zedechie adhefit, rex
 Syrie Benedab in

Among the kinges in the bible
 I finde a tale and is credible
 Of him, that whilom Achab hight,
 Which had all Israell to right.
 But who that couthe glose softe
 And flater, such he set alofte
 In great estate and made hem riche.
 But they that speken wordes liche

To trouth and wolde it nought forbere
For hem was none estate to bere,
The courte of fuche toke none hede.
Till ate laft upon a nede,
That Benedab kinge of Surie,
Of Israel a great partie,
Which Ramoth Galaad was hote,
Hath fefed. And of that riote
He toke counfeile in fondry wife,
But nought of hem that weren wife.
And netheles upon this cas
To ftrengthen him, for Jofephas,
Which than was kinge of Judee,
He fende for to come, as he,
Which through frendfhip and alliaunce
Was next to him of aqueintaunce.
For Joram fone of Jofaphath
Achabbes doughter wedded hath,
Which highte faire Godelie.
And thus cam into Samary
King Jofaphat, and he found there
The king Achab. And when they were
To-gider fpekend of this thing,
This Jofaphat faith to the king,
How that he wolde gladly here
Some true prophet in this matere,
That he his counfeil mighte yive
To what point it fhall be drive.
And in that time fo befell,
There was fuch one in Israel,

campo bellator ipfum
divino judicio devic-
tum interfecit.

Which fet him all to flatery,
 And he was cleped Sedechy.
 And after him Achab hath sent.
 And he at his commaundement
 To-fore him cam, and by a sleight
 He hath upon his heved on height
 Two large hornes fet of bras,
 As he, whiche all a flatrouer was,
 And goth rampend as a leon
 And cast his horne up and down
 And bad men ben of good espeire,
 For as the hornes percen thaire,
 He faith, withouten resistence,
 So wist he well of his science,
 That Benedab is discomfite.
 Whan Sedechy upon this plite
 Hath told this tale unto his lorde,
 Anone they were of his accorde
 Prophetes false many mo
 To bere up oile, and alle tho
 Affermen that, which he hath tolde,
 Wherof the king Achab was bolde
 And yaf hem yiftes all aboute.
 But Jofaphat was in great doubte
 And held fantosme all that he herde,
 Praiend Achab how so it ferde,
 If there were any other man,
 The which of prophecie can,
 To here him speke er that they gone.
 Quod Achab thanne : There is one,

A brothel, which Micheas hight.
But he ne comth nought in my fight,
For he hath long in prifon laien,
Him liked never yet to faien
A goodly word to my plesaunce.
And netheles at thine instaunce
He shall come out, and than he may
Say, as he faide many a day.
For yet he faide never wele.
Tho Josaphat began some dele
To gladen him in hope of trouthe,
And bad withouten any flouthe,
That men him shulde fette anone.
And they that weren for him gone,
Whan that they comen where he was,
They tolden unto Micheas
The manere, how that Sedechy
Declared hath his prophecy.
And therupon they pray him faire,
That he woll faie no contraire,
Wherof the king may be desplesed,
For so shall every man be esed.
And he may helpe him self also.
Micheas upon trouthe tho
His herte fet and to hem faith
All that belonge to his feith,
And of none other feigned thing,
That woll he tell unto the king,
Als fer as god hath yive him grace.
Thus came this prophete into place,

Where he the kinges wille herde.
 And he therto anone answerde
 And saide unto him in this wise :
 My lege lord, for my service,
 Which trewe hath stonden ever yit,
 Thou hast me with prison aquite.
 But for all that I shall nought glose
 Of trouthe als far as I suppose.
 And as touchend of thy bataile
 Thou shalt nought of the sothe faile.
 For if it like the to here,
 As I am taught in that matere,
 Thou might it understonde sone.
 But what is afterward to done
 Avise the, for this I figh,
 I was to-fore the throne on high,
 Where all the world me thoughte stode,
 And there I herde and understode
 The vois of god with wordes clere
 Axend and saide in this manere :
 In what thing may I best beguile
 The king Achab? And for a while
 Upon this point they speken fast.
 Tho saide a spirit ate last :
 I undertake this emprise.
 And god him axeth in what wise.
 I shall, quod he, deceive and lie
 With flaterende prophecie
 In suche mouthes, as he leveth.
 And he, which alle thing acheveth,

Bad him go forth and do right fo.
And over this I figh alfo
The noble people of Ifrael
Dispers, as shepe upon an hill
Without a keper unarraied.
And as they wente about astraied,
I herde a vois unto hem fain :
Goth home into your hous ayein,
Till I for you have better ordeigned.
Quod Sedechie : Thou hast feigned
This tale in angring of the king.
And in a wrathe upon this thing
He smote Micheen upon the cheke.
The king him hath rebuked eke,
And every man upon him cride.
Thus was he shent on every side
Ayein and into prifon ladde,
For fo the kinge him selve badde.
The trouthe mighte nought ben herde.
But afterward as it hath ferde,
The dede proveth his entent,
Achab to the bataile went,
Where Benedab for all his shelde
Him slough, fo that upon the felde
His people goth about astray.
But god, which alle thinges may,
So doth, that they no mischefe have.
Her king was dede, and they ben fave
And home ayein in goddes pees
They wente, and all was founde les,

That Sedechy hath said to-fore.
 So fit it wel a king therfore
 To loven hem, that trouthe mene.
 For ate last it will be sene,
 That flatery is nothing worth.

But now to my matere forth
 As for to speken overmore
 After the philosophres lore,
 The thridde point of policy
 I thenke for to specify.

9. *Propter transgressos leges statuuntur in orbe,
 Ut vivant iusti regis honore viri.
 Lex sine iusticia populum sub principis umbra
 Deuiat, ut rectum nemo videbit iter.*

Hic tractat de ter-
 cia principum le-
 gis policia, que
 iusticia nominata
 est, cuius condicio
 legibus incorrupta
 unicuique quod su-
 um est equo pon-
 dere distribuit.

What is a lond, where men be none?
 What ben the men, which are allone
 Without a kinges governaunce?
 What is a king in his legeaunce,
 Where that there is no lawe in londe?
 What is to take lawe on honde,
 But if the juges weren trewe?
 These olde worldes with the newe
 Who that woll take in evidence,
 There may he se the experience,
 What thing it is to kepe lawe,
 Through which the wronges be withdrawe
 And rightwisnesse stant commended,
 Wherof the regnes ben amended.
 For where the lawe may comune,
 The lordes forth with the comune

Eche hath his propre duete.
 And eke the kinges realte
 Of bothe his worship underfongeth,
 To his estate as it belongeth,
 Whiche of his highe worthineffe
 Hath to governe rightwisneffe,
 As he, which shall the lawe guide.
 And netheles upon some fide
 His power stant above the lawe
 To yive both and to withdrawe
 The forfet of a mannes life.
 But thinges, which are excessife
 Ayein the lawe, he shal nought do
 For love, ne for hate also.

The mightes of a king be gret.
 But yet a worthy king shall let
 Of wrong to done, all that he might,
 For he, which shall the people right,
 It fit wel to his regaly,
 That he him self first justify
 Towardes god in his degre.
 For his estate is elles fre
 Toward all other in his persone,
 Sauf only to the god alone,
 Which woll him self a king chastise,
 Where that none other may suffice.

So were it good to taken hede,
 That first a king his owne dede
 Betwene the vertue and the vice
 Redresse, and than of his justice

*Imperatoriam ma-
 gestatem non so-
 lum armis, sed eci-
 am legibus oportet
 esse armatam.*

So fet in even the balaunce
 Towardes other in governaunce,
 That to the pouer and to the riche
 His lawes mighten stonden liche,
 He shall excepte no persone.
 But for he may nought all him one
 In sondry places do justice,
 He shall of his real office
 With wise confideration
 Ordeigne his deputation
 Of suche juges, as ben lerned,
 So that his people be governed
 By hem, that true ben and wise.
 For if the lawe of covetise
 Be fet upon a juges honde,
 Wo is the people of thilke londe,
 For wrong may nought him selven hide.
 But elles on that other side,
 If lawe stonde with the right,
 The people is glad and stant upright,
 Where as the lawe is resonable,
 The comun people stant mevable,
 And if the lawe torne amis,
 The people also mistorned is.

Nota hic de justitia
 Maximini impera-
 toris, qui cum ali-
 cuius provincie cus-
 todem sibi consti-
 tuere volebat, pri-
 mo de sui nominis
 fama proclamacio-
 ne facta ipsius con-
 dicionem diligen-
 cius investigabat.

And in ensample of this matere
 Of Maximin a man may here,
 Of Rome which was emperour,
 That whan he made a governour
 By wey of substitucion
 Of province or of region,

He wolde first enquire his name
 And lete it openly proclame,
 What man he were or evil or good.
 And upon that his name stood
 Enclined to vertue or to vice,
 So wolde he set him in office,
 Or elles put him all away.
 Thus held the lawe his righte wey,
 Which found no let of covetife.
 The world stood than upon the wife,
 As by enfample thou might rede
 And holde it in thy minde I rede.

In a cronique I finde thus,
 How that Gaius Fabricius,
 Which whilom was consul of Rome,
 By whom the lawes yede and come,
 Whan the Sampnites to him brought
 A somme of gold and him besought
 To don hem favour in the lawe,
 Toward the gold he gan him drawe,
 Wherof in alle mennes loke
 Apart up in his honde he toke,
 Which to his mouth in alle haste
 He put it for to smelle and taste
 And to his eye and to his ere,
 But he ne found no comfort there.
 And than he gan it to despise
 And tolde unto hem in this wise :

I not what is with gold to thrive,
 Whan none of all my wittes five

Hic ponit exemplum de iudicibus incorruptis, et narrat, qualiter Gaius Fabricius nuper Rome consul aurum a Sampnitibus sibi oblatum renuit dicens, quod nobilius est aurum possidentes dominio subjugare, quam ex auri cupiditate dominii libertatem amittere.

Find favour ne delite therinne.
 So is it but a nice finne
 Of gold to ben to covetous.
 But he is riche and glorious,
 Which hath in his subjection
 Tho men, which in possession
 Ben riche of gold, and by this skill
 For he may all day whan he will
 Or be hem lefe or be hem lothe
 Justice done upon hem bothe.

Lo, thus he said. And with that worde
 He threw to-fore hem on the borde
 The gold out of his honde anone,
 And said hem, that he wolde none.
 So that he kept his liberte
 To do justice and equite,
 Withoute lucre of such richeffe.
 There ben now fewe of suche I gesse.
 For it was thilke times used,
 That every juge was refused,
 Which was nought frend to comun right,
 But they that wolden stonde upright
 For trouthe only to do justice
 Preferred were in thilke office
 To deme and juge comun lawe,
 Which now men fain is all withdrawe.

To sette a lawe and kepe it nought
 There is no comune profit fought.
 But above alle netheles
 The lawe, which is made for pees,

Is good to kepe for the beste,
For that fet alle men in reſte.

The rightful emperour Conrade
To kepe pees ſuch lawe made,
That none withinne the cite
In deſtorbaunce of unite
Durſt ones meven a matere.
For in his time as thou might here,
What point that was for lawe ſet
It ſhulde for no good be let
To what perſone that it were.
And this brought in the comun fere,
Why every man the lawe dradde,
For there was none, which favour hadde.

So as theſe olde bokes ſain,
I finde write, how a Romain,
Which conſul was of the pretoire,
Whoſe name was Carmidotoire,
He ſet a lawe for the pees,
That none but he be wepenles
Shall come into the counſeil hous,
And elles as malicious
He ſhal ben of the lawe dede.
To that ſtatute, and to that rede
Accorden alle, it ſhall be ſo,
For certein cauſe, which was tho.
Now liſt, what fell thereafter ſone.
This conſul hadde for to done
And was into the feldeſ ride.
And they him hadde longe abide,

Hic narrat de juſticia nuper Conradi imperatoris, cuius tempore alicuius reverencia perſone aliqua ſeu precum intervencione quacunque vel auri redempcione legum ſtatuta commutari ſeu redimi nullatenus potuerunt.

Nota exemplum de conſtancia iudicis, ubi narrat de Carmidotiro Romenu per conſule, qui cum ſui ſtatuti legem neſcius offendisset Romanique ſuper hoc penam ſibi remittere voluiſſent, ipſe propria manu, ubi nullus alius in ipſum vindex fuit, ſui criminis vindictam executus eſt.

That lordes of the counfeil were,
 And for him sende, and he cam there
 With swerd begert and hath foryete,
 Till he was in the counfeil sete.
 Was none of hem that made speche,
 Till he him self it wolde seche,
 And founde out the default him selve.
 And than he saide unto the twelve,
 Which of the senate weren wise :
 I have deserved the iuise
 In haste that it were do.
 And they him saiden alle no,
 For well they wist it was no vice,
 Whan he ne thoughte no malice
 But onlich of a litel slouth.
 And thus they leften as for routh
 To do justice upon his gilte,
 For that he shulde nought be spilte.
 And whan he sigh the maner how
 They wolde him save, he made a vow
 With manful herte and thus he saide,
 That Rome shulde never abraide
 His heires, whan he were of dawe,
 That her auncestre brake the lawe.
 Forthy er that they weren ware,
 Forthwith the same swerde he bare
 The statute of his lawe kepte,
 So that all Rome his dethe bewepete.

Nota, quod falsi iudices
 mortis pena puniendi sunt.
 Narrat

In other place also I rede,
 Where that a juge his owne dede

He wol nought venge of lawe broke,
 The king it hath him felven wroke.
 The grete king, which Cambifes
 Was hote, a juge laweles
 He found, and into remembraunce
 He did upon him such vengeaunce.
 Out of his skin he was beflain
 All quick, and in that wise flain,
 So that his skin was shape all mete
 And nailed on the same sete,
 Where that his sone shulde sitte,
 Avise him if he wolde flitte
 The lawe for the covetise,
 There figh he redy his juise.

Thus in defalte of other juge
 The king mote otherwhile juge
 To holden up the righte lawe.
 And for to speke of tholde dawe
 To take enfample of that was tho,
 I finde a tale write also,
 How that a worthy prince is holde
 The lawes of his londe to holde,
 First for the highe goddes sake
 And eke for that him is betake
 The people for to guide and lede,
 Which is the charge of his kinghede.

In a cronique I rede thus
 Of the rightfull Ligurgius,
 Which of Athenes prince was,
 How he the lawe in every cas,

enim, qualiter Cambi-
 fes rex Perfarum
 quendam judicem
 corruptum excoriari
 vivum fecit eiusque
 pelle cathedram judi-
 cialem operiri consti-
 tuit, ita quod filius
 suus super patris pel-
 lem postea pro tribu-
 nali sessurus judicii
 equitatem evidencius
 memoraretur.

Hic ponit exemplum
 de principibus illis,
 qui non solum legem
 statuantes illam con-
 servant, sed ut com-
 mune bonum adauge-
 ant, propriam faculta-

tem diminuunt. Et narrat, quod cum Athenis princeps subditos suos in omni prosperitatis habundancia divites et unanimes congruis legibus stare fecisset volens, ad utilitatem reipublice leges illas firmiter observari peregre proficisci se finxit, sed prius juramentum solempne a legibus suis sub hac forma exegit, quod ipsi usque in reditum suum leges suas nullatenus infringent, quibus juratis peregrinationem suam in exilium absque reditu perpetuo delegavit.

Wherof he shulde his people reule,
 Hath set upon so good a reule,
 In all this world that cite none
 Of lawe was so well begone
 Forthwith the trouthe of governaunce,
 There was among hem no distaunce,
 But every man hath his encrees.
 There was withoute werre pees,
 Without envie love stood,
 Richeffe upon the comune good
 And nought upon the singuler
 Ordeined was, and the power
 Of hem, that weren in estate,
 Was sauf, wherof upon debate
 There stood nothing, so that in reste
 Might every man his herte reste.

And whan this noble rightfull king,
 Sigh how it ferde of all this thing,
 Wherof the people stood in ese,
 He, which for ever wolde plese
 The highe god, whose thank he sought,
 A wonder thing than he bethought
 And shope, if that it mighte be,
 How that his lawe in the cite
 Might afterward for ever laste.
 And therupon his wit he caste,
 What thing him were best to feigne,
 That he his purpose might atteigne.
 A parlement and thus he set,
 His wisdom where that he beset

In audience of great and smale,
And in this wise he tolde his tale :
 God wote, and so ye woten alle,
Here afterward how so it falle,
Yet into now my will hath be
To do justice and equite
In forthing of comun profite,
Such hath ben ever my delite.
But of o thing I am beknowe,
The which my will is that ye knowe.
The lawe, which I toke on honde,
Was all to-gider of goddes sonde
And no thinge of min owne wit,
So mote it nede endure yit
And shall do lenger, if ye will,
For I wol telle you the skill.
The god Mercurius and no man
He hath me taught all that I can
Of suche lawes as I made,
Wherof that ye ben alle glad.
It was the god and nothing I,
Which did all this, and now forthy
He hath commaunded of his grace,
That I shall come into a place,
Which is forein out in an ile,
Where I mot tarie for a while
With him to speke and he hath bede.
For as he saith, in thilke stede
He shall me suche thinges telle,
That ever while the world shal dwelle

Athenes shall the better fare.
 But first er that I thider fare,
 For that I wolde that my lawe
 Amonges you ne be withdrawe,
 There whiles that I shall be oute,
 Forthy to fetten out of doubt
 Both you and me, thus wol I pray,
 That ye me wolde assure and say
 With such an othe, as ye woll take,
 That eche of you shall undertake
 My lawes for to kepe and holde.

They saiden alle, that they wolde.
 And there upon they fwore here othe,
 That fro that time that he goth,
 Till he to hem be come ayeine,
 They shuld his lawes well and pleine
 In every point kepe and fulfill.
 Thus hath Ligurgius his will,
 And toke his leve and forth he went.
 But list now well to what entent
 Of rightwisnesse he did so.
 For after that he was ago,
 He shope him never to be founde,
 So that Athenes, which was bounde,
 Never after shulde be relefed,
 Ne thilke gode lawe cesed,
 Which was for comun profit fet.
 And in this wise he hath it knet,
 He, which the comun profite sought,
 The king his owne estate ne rought.

To do profite to the comune
 He toke of exile the fortune
 And lefte of prince thilke office
 Only for love and for justice,
 Through which he thought, if that he might,
 For ever after his deth to right
 The cite, which was him betake,
 Wherof men ought ensample take
 The gode lawes to avaunce
 With hem, which under governaunce
 The lawes have for to kepe.
 For who that wolde take kepe
 Of hem that firste lawes founde,
 Als fer as lasteth any bounde
 Of londe, her names yet ben knowe.
 And if it like the to knowe
 Some of her names, how they stonde,
 Now herke, and thou shalt understonde.

Of every bienfait the merite
 The god him self it woll aquite.
 And eke full ofte it falleth so,
 The worlde it woll aquite also,
 But that may nought ben even liche.
 The god he yiveth the heven riche,
 The world yifth only but a name,
 Which stant upon the gode fame
 Of hem, that done the gode dede.
 And in this wise double mede
 Receiven they, that done well here,
 Wherof if that the list to here

Hic ad eorum lau-
 dem, qui justicie
 causa leges prius
 statuerunt, aliquo-
 rum nomina speci-
 alius commemorat.

After the fame as it is blowe,
 There might thou well the sothe knowe,
 How thilke honest befinesse
 Of hem, that first for rightwifnesse
 Among the men the lawes made,
 May never upon this erthe fade.
 For ever while there is a tunge,
 Her name shall be rede and funge
 And holde in the cronique write,
 So that the men it sholden wite
 To speke good, as they well oughten,
 Of hem, that first the lawes foughten
 In forthring of the worldes pees.
 Unto the Hebrews was Moises
 The first, and to thegipcians
 Mercurius, and to Trojens
 First was Numa Pompilius,
 To Athenes Ligurgius
 Yave first the lawe, and to Gregois,
 Foroneus hath thilke vois,
 And Romulus to the Romains
 For suche men, that ben vilains,
 The lawe in such a wise ordeigneth,
 That what man to the lawe pleigneth,
 Be so the juge stond upright,
 He shall be served of his right.
 And so ferforth it is befalle,
 That lawe is come among us alle,
 God leve it mote well bene holde,
 As every king therto is holde.

For thing, whiche is of kinges fet,
With kinges ought it nought be let.
What king of lawe taketh no kepe,
By lawe he may no regne kepe.
Do lawe away, what is a king?
Where is the right of any thing,
If that there be no lawe in londe?
This ought a king well understonde,
As he, which is to lawe swore,
That if the lawe be forbore
Withouten execucion,
It maketh a lond torne up so down,
Which is unto the king a sclaundre.
Forthy unto king Alifaundre
The wise philosophre bad,
That he him felve first be lad
Of lawe, and forth than over all
To do justice in generall,
That all the wide lond aboute
The justice of his lawe doubte,
And thanne shall he stonde in rest.
For therto lawe is one the best
Above all other erthly thing
To make a lege drede his king.

But how a king shall gete him love
Toward the highe god above
And eke among the men in erthe
This nexte point, which is the ferthe
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth,
Wherof who that the scole secheth

What policie that it is
The boke reherceth after this.

10. *Nil rationis habens, ubi velle tyrannica regna
Stringit amor populi, transiet exul ibi.
Sed pietas, regnum que conservabit in evum,
Non tantum populo, sed placet illa deo.*

Hic tractat de
quarta principum
regiminis policia,
que pietas dicta
est, per quam prin-
cipes erga popu-
lum misericordes
effecti misericor-
diam altissimi gra-
cius consequuntur.

It nedeth nought that I delate
The pris, which preised is algate
And hath bene ever and ever shall,
Wherof to speke in speciall
It is the vertue of pite,
Through which the highe mageste
Was stered, whan his sone alight
And in pite the world to right
Toke of the maide flesh and blood.
Pite was cause of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben alle fave.
Well ought a man pite to have
And the vertue to set in prise,
Whan he him self, whiche is all wise,
Hath shewed, why it shall be preised.
Pite may nought be counterpeised
Of tirannie with no peise.
For pite maketh a king curteise
Both in his worde and in his dede.
It fit well every lege drede
His king and to his heft obey.
And right so by the same wey
It fit a king to be pitous
Toward his people and gracious

Upon the reule of governaunce,
So that he worche no vengeaunce,
Which may be cleped cruelte.
Justice, which doth equite,
Is dredful, for he no man spareth.
But in the lond, where pite fareth,
The king may never faile of love,
For pite through the grace above
So as the philosophre affermeth,
His regne in good estate confermeth.
[Thapostel James in this wise*
Saith, what man shulde do juise
And hath not pite forth with all,
The dome of him, which demeth all,
He may him self ful fore drede,
That him shall lacke upon the nede
To finde pite, whan he wolde.
For who that pite woll beholde,
It is a point of Cristes lore.
And for to loken overmore
It is behovely, as we finde,
To reson and to lawe of kinde.
Cassiodore in his aprise telleth :
The regne is fauf, where pite dwelleth.
And Tullius his tale avoweth
And saith : What king to pite boweth
And with pite stont overcome,
He hath that shilde of grace nome,

* Only in Berthelette's editions.

Which the kinges yiveth victoie.
 Of Alifaundre in his histoie
 I rede, how he a worthy knight
 Of fodein wrath and not of right
 Forjuged hath, and he appelleth.
 And with that word the king quareleth
 And saith : None is above me.
 That wote I wel my lorde, quod he,
 Fro thy lordship appele I nought,
 But fro thy wrath in all my thought
 To thy pite stant min appele.
 The king, which understode him wele,
 Of pure pite yave him grace.
 And eke I rede in other place]

Constantinus imperator ait, vere se deum esse comprobabat, qui servum pietatis se facit.

Thus saide whilom Constantine :
 What emperour that is encline
 To pite for to be servaunt,
 Of all the worldes remenaunt
 He is worthy to ben a lord.

Trajanus ait, quod ipse subditos suos solite pietatis favore magis quam auctoritatis rigore regere eorumque benevolenciam potius quam timorem penes se attractare proponebat.

In olde bokes of recorde
 Thus finde I write of ensamplaire,
 Trajan the worthy debonaire,
 By whom that Rome stood governed,
 Upon a time, as he was lerned,
 Of that he was to familier,
 He saide unto that counceller,
 That for to ben an emperour
 His wil was nought for vein honour
 Ne yet for reddour of justice,
 But if he might in his office

His lordes and his people plese.
 Him thought it were a greater ese
 With love her hertes to him drawe,
 Than with the drede of any lawe.
 For whan a thing is do for doubte,
 Ful ofte it cometh the wors aboute.
 But where a kinge is pietous,
 He is the more gracious,
 That mochel thrift him shall betide,
 Which elles shulde torne aside.

[To do pite, support, and grace*
 The philosophre upon a place
 In his writing of daies olde
 A tale of great enfample tolde
 Unto the king of Macedoine,
 How betwene Kaire and Babeloine,
 Whan comen is the somer hete,
 It hapneth two men for to mete,
 As they shulde entren in a pas,
 Where that the wilderneffe was.
 And as they wenten forth spekende
 Under the large wodes ende,
 That o man axeth of that other :
 What man art thou, my leve brother ?
 Which is thy creaunce and thy feith ?
 I am paien, that other faith,
 And by the lawe, which I use,
 I shall nought in my feith refuse

Qualiter Judeus
 pedester cum pa-
 gano equitante iti-
 neravit per deser-
 tum et ipsum de
 fide sua interroga-
 vit.

* Only in MS. Stafford, and in the printed editions.

To loven alle men aliche,
 The pouer both and eke the riche.
 Whan they ben glad I shall be glad,
 And fory whan they ben bestad.
 So shall I live in unite
 With every man in his degre.
 For right as to my self I wolde,
 Right so toward al other I sholde
 Be gracious and debonaire.
 Thus have I told the soft and faire
 My feith, my lawe, and my creauce.
 And if the list for aqueintaunce,
 Now tell, what maner man thou art ?
 And he answerde upon his part :
 I am a Jewe, and by my lawe
 I shall to no man be felawe
 To kepe him trouth in word ne dede,
 But if he be withoute drede
 A verrey Jew right as am I.
 For elles I may trewely
 Bereve him bothe life and good.

The païen herde and understood
 And thought it was a wonder lawe.
 And thus upon her sondry sawe
 Talkende bothe forth they went.
 The day was hote, the sonne brent,
 The païen rode upon an asse,
 And of his catell more and lasse
 With him a riche trusse he ladde.

The Jew, which all untrouthe hadde

And went upon his feet beside,
Bethought him how he mighte ride,
And with his wordes fligh and wife
Unto the paien in this wise
He said : O, now it shall be sene,
What thing it is, thou woldest mene.
For if thy lawe be certain,
As thou hast tolde, I dare well saine,
Thou wolt beholde my destresse,
Which am so full of werinesse,
That I ne may unethe go,
And let me ride a mile or two.
So that I may my body ese.

The paien wold him nought displese
Of that he spake, but in pite
It list him for to knowe and se
The pleinte, which that other made.
And for he wolde his herte glade,
He light and made him nothing straunge,
Thus was there made a newe chaunge.
The paien goth, the Jewe alofte
Was fet upon his affe softe.
So gone they forth carpende faste
On this and that, till ate laste
The paien mighte go no more
And praide unto the Jew therfore
To suffre him ride a litel while.
The Jew, which thought him to beguile,
Anone rode forth the grete pas
And to the paien in this cas

He faide: Thou haft do thy right,
 Of that thou haddeft me behight
 To do succour upon my nede,
 And that accordeth to the dede,
 As thou art to the lawe holde.
 And in fuch wife, as I the tolde,
 I thenke alfo for my partie
 Upon the lawe of Jewerie
 To worche and do my duete.
 Thin affe fhall go forth with me
 With all thy good, which I have fefed,
 And that I wot thou art difefed,
 I am right glad and nought mispaid.
 And whan he hath thefe wordes faid,
 In alle hafte he rode away.

This paien wot none other way,
 But on the grounde he kneleth even,
 His handes up unto the heven,
 And faid: O highe fothfaftneffe,
 That loveft alle rightwifneffe,
 Unto thy dome, lorde, I appele,
 Beholde and deme my querele
 With humble herte I the befeche,
 The mercy bothe and eke the wreche
 I fet all in thy jugement.
 And thus upon his marrement
 This paien hath made his preiere.
 And than he rofe with drery chere
 And goth him forth, and in his gate
 He caft his eye about algate,

The Jewe if that he mighte fe.
But for a time it may nought be,
Till ate last ayein the night,
So as god wolde he went aright
As he, which held the highe wey.
And than he figh in a valley,
Where that the Jewe liggend was,
All bloody dede upon the gras,
Which straungled was of a leon.
And as he loked up and down,
He found his affe fafte by
Forth with his harneis redely
All hole and found as he it lefte,
Whan that the Jewe it him berefte.
Wherof he thonked god knelende.

Lo, thus a man may knowe at ende,
How the pitous pite deserveth.
For what man that to pite serveth,
As Aristotle it bereth witnessse,
God shall his fomen so repressse,
That they shall ay stond under fote.
Pite men fain is thilke rote,
Wherof the vertues springen alle.
What infortune that befalle
In any lond, lack of pite,
Is cause of thilke adverfite.
And that alday may shewe at eye,
Who that the world discretely figh.
Good is that every man therfore
Take hede of that is said to-fore.

For of this tale and other inowe
 These noble princes whilom drowe
 Her evidence and her apprise,
 As men may finde in many a wise,
 Who that these olde bokes rede.
 And though they ben in erthe dede,
 Her gode name may nought deie
 For pite, which they wold obey
 To do the dedes of mercy.
 And who this tale redely
 Remembre, as Aristotle it tolde,
 He may the will of god beholde
 Upon the point as it was ended,
 Wherof that pite stood commended,
 Whiche is to charite felawe,
 As they that kepen both o lawe.]

Nota hic de principis pietate erga populum, ubi narrat, quod cum Codrus rex Athenarum contra Dorences bellum gerere deberet, consulto prius Apolline responsum accepit, quod unum de duobus videlicet aut seipsum in prelio interfici et populum suum salvare, aut populum interfici et se salvum fieri eligere oporteret. Super quo rex pietate motus plebisque sue magis quam proprii corporis salutem affectans, mortem sibi preelegit et sic bellum aggrediens pro vita multorum solus interiit.

Of pite for to speke pleine,
 Which is with mercy well beseine,
 Full ofte he woll him selve peine
 To kepe an other fro the peine.
 For charite the moder is
 Of pite, which nothing amis
 Can suffre, if he it may amende.
 It fit to every man livende
 To be pitous, but none so wele
 As to a king, which on the whele
 Fortune hath set aboven all.
 For in a king, if so befalle,
 That his pite be ferme and stable,
 To all the londe it is vailable

Only through grace of his persone.
For the pite of him alone
May all the large roialme save.
So fit it wel a king to have
Pite. For this Valeire tolde
And said, how that by daies olde
Codrus, which was in his degree
King of Athenes the citee,
A werre he had ayein Dorence.
And for to take his evidence,
What shall befall of the bataile,
He thought he wolde him first counseile
With Apollo, in whom he triste,
Through whose answere thus he wiste
Of two points, that he mighte chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese
And in bataile him selve deie,
Or elles the seconde wey
To seen his people discomfite.
But he, which pite hath parfite
Upon the point of his beleve,
The people thoughte to releve
And chese him selve to be dede.
Where is now such another hede,
Which wolde for the limmes die?
And netheles in some partie
It ought a kinges herte stere,
That he his lege men forbere.
And eke toward his enemies
Full ofte he may deserve prise

To take of pite remembraunce,
 Where that he mighte do vengeaunce.
 For whan a king hath the victoire
 And than he drawe into memoire
 To do pite in stede of wreche,
 He may nought fail of thilke speche,
 Wherof arist the worldes fame,
 To yive a prince a worthy name.

Hic ponit exemplum de victorioso principis pietate erga adversarios suos, et narrat, quod cum Pompeius Romanorum imperator regem Armenie adversarium suum in bello victum cepisset captumque vinculis alligatum Rome tenuisset, tyrannidis iracundie stimulos proponens, pietatis mansuetudinem operatus est. Dixit enim, quod nobilius est regem facere quam deponere, super quo dictum regem absque ulla redemptione non solum a vinculis absolvit, sed ad sui regni culmen gratuita voluntate coronatum restituit.

I rede, how whilom that Pompey,
 To whom that Rome must obey,
 A werre had in jeopartie
 Ayein the king of Armenie,
 Which of long time him hadde greved.
 But ate last it was acheved,
 That he this king discomfit hadde
 And forth with him to Rome ladde
 As prisoner, where many a day
 In sory plite and pouer he lay,
 The corone on his hede deposed,
 Withinne walles fast enclosed.
 And with full great humilite
 He suffreth his adversite.
 Pompeie sigh his pacience
 And toke pite with conscience,
 So that upon his highe deis
 To-fore all Rome in his paleis,
 As he, that wolde upon him rewe,
 Let yive him his corone newe
 And his estate all full and pleine
 Restoreth of his regne ayein

And said, it was more goodly thing
To make than undone a king
To him, which power had of bothe.
Thus they, that weren bothe wrothe,
Accorden hem to finall pees.
And yet justice nethelées
Was kept and in nothing offended,
Wherof Pompey is yet commended.
There may no king him self excuse,
But if justice he kepe and use,
Which for to escheue cruelte
He mote attempre with pite.
Of cruelte the felony
Engendred is of tiranny,
Ayein the whose condition
God is him self the champion,
Whose strengthe may no man withstonde.
For ever yet it hath so stonde,
That god a tiraunt over ladde.
But where pite the reine ladde,
There mighte no fortune last,
Which was grevous. But ate last
The god him self it hath redressed.
Pite is thilke vertue blessed,
Which never let his maister falle.
But cruelte though it so falle,
That it may regne for a throwe,
God woll it shall ben over throwe,
Wherof ensamples ben inough
Of hem, that thilke merel drowe.

Hic loquitur contra illos, qui tyrannica potestate principatum obtinentes iniquitatis sue malicia gloriantur, et narrat in exemplum, qualiter Leonciustyrannus pium Justinianum non solum a folio imperatorie magestatis fraudulenter expulfit, sed ut ipse inhabilis ad regnum in aspectu plebis efficeretur, naso et labris abscisis, ipsum tyrannice mutilavit. Deus tamen, qui super omnia pius est, Tiberio superveniente una cum adiutorio Terbellis Bulgarie regis, Justinianum interfecto Leoncio ad imperium restitui misericorditer procuravit.

Of cruelte I rede thus,
 Whan the tirant Leoncius
 Was to thempire of Rome arrived,
 Fro which he hath with strengthe prived
 The pietous Justinian,
 As he, which was a cruel man,
 His nase of and his lippes both
 He kut, for he wolde him loth
 Unto the people and make unable.
 But he, which all is merciabile,
 The highe god ordeineth so,
 That he within a time also,
 Whan he was strongest in his ire,
 Was shoven out of his empire.
 Tiberius the power hadde
 And Rome after his will he ladde,
 And for Leonce in fuche a wise
 Ordeineth, that he toke juise
 Of nase and lippes bothe two,
 For that he did another so,
 Which more worthy was than he.
 Lo, which a fall hath cruelte,
 And pite was set up ayein.
 For after that the bokes sain,
 Terbellis king of Bulgarie
 With helpe of his chivalrie
 Justinian hath unprisoned
 And to thempire ayein coroned.

Hic loquitur ulterius de crudelitate Siculi tyranni necnon et de

In a cronique I finde also
 Of Siculus, which was eke so

A cruel king like the tempest,
 The whom no pite might areft.
 He was the firft, as bokes fay,
 Upon the see, which found galey
 And let hem make for the werre,
 As he, which all was out of herre
 Fro pite and misericorde,
 For therto couthe he nought accorde.
 But whom he mighte flain, he flough,
 And therof was he glad inough.
 He had of counfeil many one,
 Among the whiche there was one,
 By name which Berillus hight.
 And he bethought him, how he might
 Unto the tirant do liking.
 And of his own ymagining
 Let forge and make a bulle of bras,
 And on the fide caft there was
 A dore, where a man may inne,
 Whan he his peine fhall beginne
 Through fire, which that men put under.
 And all this did he for a wonder,
 That whan a man for peine cride,
 The bull of bras, which gapeth wide,
 It fhulde seme, as though it were
 A bellewing in a mannes ere
 And nought the crieng of a man.
 But he, which alle sleightes can,
 The devil, that lith in helle faft,
 Him that it caft hath overcaft,

Berillo eiusdem con-
 fulario, qui ad tor-
 mentum populi quen-
 dam taurum eueum
 tyrannica coniectura
 fabricari constituit,
 in quo tamen ipse
 prior proprio crimine
 illud exigente usque
 ad sui interitus expi-
 rationem judicialiter
 torquebatur.

That for a trespas, which he dede,
 He was put in the same stede.
 And was him self the first of alle,
 Which was into that peine falle,
 That he for other men ordeigneth.
 There was no man that him compleigneth.
 Of tyranny and cruelte
 By this ensample a king may se
 Him selfe and eke his counseil bothe,
 How they ben to mankinde lothe
 And to the god abhominable.
 Ensamples that ben concordable
 I finde of other princes mo,
 As thou shalt here of time ago.

Nota hic de Dionisio tyranno, qui mire crudelitatis feveritate eciam hospites suos ad devorandum equis suis tribuit, cui Hercules tandem superveniens victum impium in impietate sua pari morte conclusit.

The grete tirant Dionise,
 Which mannes life set of no prise,
 Unto his hors full ofte he yafe
 The men in stede of corne and chafe.
 So that the hors of thilke stood
 Devoureden the mannes blood,
 Till fortune ate laste came,
 That Hercules him overcame,
 And he right in the same wise
 Of this tirant toke the juise.
 As he till other men hath do,
 The same deth he deied also,
 That no pite him hath socoured,
 Till he was of his hors devoured.

Nota hic de confimili Lichaontis tyrannia, qui carnes

Of Lichaon also I finde,
 How he ayein the lawe of kinde

His hostes slough and into mete
 He made her bodies to ben ete
 With other men within his hous.
 But Jupiter the glorious,
 Which was commed of this thing,
 Vengeance upon this cruel king
 So toke, that he fro mannes forme
 Into a wolfe him let transforme.
 And thus the cruelte was kid,
 Which of long time he hath hid.
 A wolfe he was than openly,
 The whose nature prively
 He had in his condicion.
 And unto this conclusion,
 That tyranny is to despise,
 I finde ensample in sondry wise
 And namelich of hem full ofte,
 The whom fortune hath set alofte
 Upon the werres for to winne.
 But how so that the wrong beginne
 Of tyranny it may nought laste,
 But suche as they done ate laste
 To other men, suche on hem falleth.
 For ayein suche pite calleth
 Vengeance to the god above.
 For who that hath no tendre love
 In saving of a mannes life,
 He shall be founde so giltife,
 That whan he wolde mercy crave,
 In time of nede he shall none have.

hominum homini-
 bus in suo hospicio
 ad vescendum de-
 dit, cuius formam
 condicioni similem
 Jupiter coequans
 ipsum in lupum
 transformavit.

Nota, qualiter leo
hominibus fratis
parcit.

Of the nature this I finde,
The fierce leon in his kinde,
Which goth rampend after his pray,
If he a man finde in his way,
He woll him slain, if he withstonde.
But if the man couth understonde
To fall anone to-fore his face
In signe of mercy and of grace,
The leon shall of his nature
Restreigne his ire in such mesure,
As though it were a beste tamed,
And torne away halving ashamed,
That he the man shall nothing greve.
How shulde than a prince acheve
The worldes grace, if that he wolde
Destruie a man, whan he is yolde
And stant upon his mercy all?

But for to speke in speciall
There have be such, and yet there be
Tiraunts, whose hertes no pite
May to no point of mercy ply,
That they upon her tyranny
Ne gladen hem the men to flee.
And as the rages of the see
Ben unpitous in the tempest,
Right so may no pite areft
Of cruelte the great outrage,
Which the tiraunt in his corage
Engendred hath, wherof I finde
A tale, which cometh now to minde.

I rede in olde bokes thus,
 There was a duke, which Spertachus
 Men clepe, and was a werriour,
 A cruel man, a conquerour
 With stronge power, which he lad.
 For this condition he had,
 That where him hapneth the victoie,
 His lust and all his most gloire
 Was for to flee and nought to save.
 Of raunfom wolde he no good have
 For saving of a mannes life,
 But all goth to the swerde and knife,
 So lese him was the mannes blood.
 And netheles yet thus it stood,
 So as fortune aboute went,
 He fell right heire as by descent
 To Pers and was coroned king.
 And whan the worship of this thing
 Was falle, and he was kinge of Perse,
 If that they weren first diverse,
 The tirannies, which he wrought,
 A thousand fold wel more he fought
 Than afterward to do malice,
 Till god vengeaunce ayein the vice
 Hath shape. For upon a tide,
 Whan he was highest in his pride,
 In his rancour and in his hete,
 Ayein the quene of Marfegete,
 Which Thamaris that time hight,
 He made werre all that he might.

Hic loquitur precipue
 contra tyrannos illos,
 qui cum in bello vin-
 cere possunt, humani
 sanguinis effusione
 saturari nequeunt, et
 narrat in exemplum
 de quodam Persarum
 rege, cuius nomen
 Spertachus erat, qui
 pre ceteris tunc in
 oriente bellicosus et
 victoriosus, quoscun-
 que gladio vincere
 poterat, absque pie-
 tate interfici consti-
 tuit. Sed tandem
 sub manu Thamaris
 Marfegetarum regine
 in bello captus, quam
 a diu quesivit, severi-
 tatem pro severitate
 finaliter invenit. Nam
 et ipsa quoddam vas
 de sanguine Persarum
 plenum ante se afferre
 decrevit, in quo caput
 tyranni usque ad mor-
 tem mergens dixit:
 O tyrannorum crude-
 lissime, semper esuri-
 ens sanguinem sitisti,
 ecce jam ad saturita-
 tem sanguinem bibe.

And she, which wolde her lond defende,
Her owne sone ayein him sende,
Which the defence hath undertake,
But he discomfit was and take.
And whan this king him had in honde,
He wol no mercy understonde,
But did him fleen in his prefence.
The tiding of this violence
Whan it cam to the moders ere,
She sende anone ay wide where
To suche frendes as she had,
A great power till that she lad
In fondry wife, and tho she cast,
How she this king may overcast.
And ate last accorded was,
That in the daunger of a pas,
Through which this tiraunt shulde pas,
She shope his power to compas
With strength of men by such a wey,
That he shall nought escape away.
And whan she hadde thus ordeigned,
She hath her owne body feigned
For fere as though she wolde flee
Out of her londe. And whan that he
Hath herde, how that this lady fledde,
So fast after the chace he spedde,
That he was founde out of array.
For it betid upon a day
Into the pas, whan he was falle,
Thembusshements to-breken alle

And him beclipt on every fide,
That flee ne might he nought aside.
So that there weren dede and take
Two hundred thousand for his sake,
That weren with him of his hoste.
And thus was laid the grete bofte
Of him and of his tyranny.
It halp no mercy for to cry
To him, which whilom dide none.
For he unto the quene anone
Was brought, and whan that she him figh,
This word she spake and said on high :

O man, which out of mannes kinde
Reson of man hast left behinde
And lived worfe than a beste,
Whom pite mighte nought areste
The mannes blood to shede and spille,
Thou haddest never yet thy fille.
But now the laste time is come,
That thy malice is overcome,
As thou till other men hast do,
Now shall be do to the right so.

Tho bad this lady, that men sholde
A vessel bringe, in which she wolde
Se the vengeance of his juise,
Which she began anone devise,
And toke the princes, which he ladde,
By whom his chefe counseil he hadde.
And while hem lasteth any breth,
She made hem blede to the deth

Into the vefsel where it ftood,
 And whan it was fulfilled of blood,
 She caſte this tiraunt therinne
 And ſaid him : Lo, thus might thou winne
 The luſtes of thine appetite.
 In blood was whilom thy delite,
 Now ſhalt thou drincken all thy fille.
 And thus onlich of goddes wille
 He, which that wolde him ſelven ſtraunge
 To pite, found mercy ſo ſtraunge,
 That he withoute grace is lore.

So may it ſhewe well therefore,
 That cruelte hath no good ende.
 But pite how ſo that it wende
 Maketh that god is merciabile,
 If there be cauſe reſonable,
 Why that a king ſhall be pitous.
 But elles if he be doubtfulous
 To flee in cauſe of rightwiſneſſe,
 It may be ſaid no pitouſneſſe,
 But it is puſillamite,
 Whiche every prince ſhulde flee.
 For if pite meſure excede,
 Knighthode may nought wel procede
 To do juſtife upon the right.
 For it belongeth to a knight
 As gladly for to fight as reſte
 To ſet his lege people in reſte,
 Whan that the werre upon hem falleth.
 For than he mote, as it befalleth,

Of his knighthode as a leon
 Be to the people a champion
 Withoute any pite feigned.
 For if manhode be restreigned,
 Or be it pees, or be it werre,
 Justice goth all out of herre,
 So that knighthode is set behinde.

Of Aristotles lore I finde,
 A king shall make good visage,
 That no man knowe of his corage,
 But all honour and worthineffe.
 For if a king shall upon gesse
 Withoute verray cause drede,
 He may be liche to that I rede.
 And though that be lich a fable,
 Then sample is good and resonable.

As it by olde daies fell,
 I rede whilom that an hill
 Up in the londes of Archade
 A wonder dredfull noise it made.
 For so it fell that ilke day,
 This hill on his childinge lay.
 And whan the throwes on him come,
 His noise lich the day of dome
 Was ferefull in a mannes thought
 Of thing, which that they fighe nought.
 But well they herden all aboute
 The noise, of which they were in doubt
 As they, that wenden to be lore
 Of thing, which thanne was unbore.

Hic loquitur secundum philosophum dicens, quod sicut non decet principem tyrannicam impetuositate esse crudeles, ita nec decet timorosa pusillanimitate esse vecordes.

The nere this hill was upon chaunce
 To taken his deliveraunce,
 The more unbuxomlich he cride.
 And every man was fled aside
 For drede and left his owne hous.
 And ate last it was a mous,
 The which was bore and to norice
 Betake. And tho they helde hem nice,
 For they withoute cause dradde.
 Thus if a king his herte ladde
 With every thing, that he shall here,
 Ful ofte he shulde change his chere
 And upon fantasie drede,
 Whan that there is no cause of drede.

Nota hic secundum
 Oracium de mag-
 nanimo Yacide et
 pusillanimo Ther-
 site.

Orace to his prince tolde,
 That him were lever, that he wolde
 Upon knighthode Achillem sue
 In time of werre, than escheue
 So as Therfites did at Troy.
 Achilles al his hole joy
 Set upon armes for to fight.
 Therfites fought all that he might
 Unarmed for to stonde in reste.
 But of the two it was the beste,
 That Achilles upon the nede
 Hath do, wherof his knightlihede
 Is yet commended overall.

Salomon. Tem-
 pus belli, tempus
 pacis.

King Salomon in speciall
 Saith: As there is a time of pees,
 So is a time netheles

Of werre, in whiche a prince algate
Shall for the comun right debate
And for his owne worship eke.
But it behoveth nought to seke
Only the werre for worship,
But to the right of his lordship,
Which he is holde to defende
Mote every worthy prince entende
Betwene the simpleffe of pite
And the foolhafte of cruelte.
Where stant the verray hardieffe,
There mote a king his herte adresse,
Whan it is time to forsake,
And whan time is also to take
The dedly werres upon honde,
That he shall for no drede wonde,
If rightwisnesse be withall.
For god is mighty over all
To furtheren every mannes trouthe,
But it be through his owne flouthe,
And namely the kinges nede
It may nought faile for to spede.
For he stant one for hem alle,
So mote it well the better falle.
And wel the more god favoureth,
Whan he the comun right focoureth.
And for to se the soth in dede,
Behold the bible and thou might rede
Of great enfamples many one,
Wherof that I wil tellen one.

Nota, qualiter in-
ter duo extrema
consistit virtus.

Hic dicit, quod princeps justicie causa bellum nullo modo timere debet. Et narrat, qualiter dux Gedeon cum solis trecentis viris quinque reges scilicet Madianitarum, Amalechitarum, Amonitarum, Amoreorum et Jebuseorum cum eorum exercitu, qui ad nonaginta milia numeratus est, gracia cooperante divina, victoriose in fugam convertit.

Upon a time as it befell
 Ayein Jude and Israel,
 Whan sondry kinges come were
 In purpos to destruye there
 The people, which god kepte tho,
 And stood in thilke daies so,
 That Gedeon, which shulde lede
 The goddes folk, toke him to rede
 And sende in all the lond aboute,
 Till he assembled hath a route
 With thritty thousand of defence
 To fight and make resistance
 Ayein the which hem wolde assaile.
 And nethes that o bataile
 Of thre, that weren enemis,
 Was double more than was all his,
 Wherof that Gedeon him drad,
 That he so litel people had.
 But he, which alle thing may helpe,
 Where that there lacketh mannes helpe,
 To Gedeon his aungel sent
 And bad, er that he further went,
 All openly that he do cry,
 That every man in his party,
 Which wolde after his owne will
 In his delite abide still
 At home in any maner wise
 For purchase or for covetise,
 For lust of love or lacke of herte,
 He shulde nought aboute sterte,

But holde him still at home in pees.
Wherof upon the morwe he lees
Wel twenty thousand men and mo,
The which after the cry ben go.
Thus was with him but only left
The thridde parte, and yet god eft
His aungel fend and saide this
To Gedeon : If it so is,
That I thin help shall undertake,
Thou shalt yet lasse people take,
By whom my will is, that thou spede.
Forthy to morwe take good hede,
Unto the flood whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Up in his hande and lappeth so,
To thy part chese out alle tho,
And him, which wery is to fwinke,
Upon his wombe and lith to drinke,
Forfake and put hem al away.
For I am mighty alle wey,
Where as me list min help to shewe
In gode men, though they be fewe.

This Gedeon awaiteth wele
Upon the morwe and every dele,
As god him bad, right so he dede.
And thus ther leften in that stede
With him thre hundred and no mo,
The remenaunt was all ago.
Wherof that Gedeon merveileth
And therupon with god counseileth

Pleining, as ferforth as he dare.
 And god, which wolde he were ware,
 That he shall spede upon his right,
 Hath bede him go the same night
 And take a man with him to here,
 What shall be spoke in this matere
 Among the hethen enemies,
 So may he be the more wise,
 What afterwarde him shall befall.
 This Gedeon amonges alle
 Phara, to whom he triste most,
 By night toke toward thilke host,
 Which logged was in a valey,
 To here, what they wolden fay.
 Upon his fote and as he ferde,
 Two Sarazins spekend he herde.
 Quod one: Arede my sweven aright,
 Whiche I met in my slepe to night.
 Me thought I figh a barly cake,
 Which fro the hille his wey hath take
 And come rollend down at ones,
 And as it were for the nones
 Forth in his cours, so as it ran,
 The kinges tent of Madian,
 Of Amalech, of Amorie,
 Of Amon and of Jebuseie
 And many another tente mo
 With grete noife as me thought tho
 It threw to grounde and over cast
 And all his host so fore agast,

That I awoke for pure drede.
This sweven can I well arede,
Quod thother Sarazin anone,
The barly cake is Gedeon,
Which fro the hill down sodeinly
Shall come and sette such askry
Upon the kinges and us both,
That it shall to us alle lothe.
For in such drede he shall us bringe,
That if we hadde flight of winge,
The wey one fote in despeire
We sholden leve and flee in thaire.
For there shal nothing him withstonde.
Whan Gedeon hath understonde
This tale, he thonketh god of alle,
And privelech ayein he stalle,
So that no life him hath perceived.
And than he hath fully conceived,
That he shall spede. And therupon
The night suend he shope to gone
This multitude to affaile.

Now shalt thou here a great merveile,
With what wifdome that he wrought.
The litel people, which he brought,
Was none of hem, that he ne hath
A pot of erthe, in whiche he tath
A light brenning in a creffet,
And eche of hem eke a trompet
Bare in his other hond beside.
And thus upon the nightes tide

Duke Gedeon whan it was derke
 Ordeineth him unto his werke,
 And parteth than his folke in thre
 And chargeth hem, that they ne flee.
 And taught hem how they shuld askry
 All in o vois par compaigny.
 And what worde eke they shulde speke,
 And how they shulde her pottes breke
 Echone with other, whan they herde,
 That he him selve first so ferde.
 For whan they come into the stede,
 He bad hem do right as he dede.
 And thus stalkende forth a pas
 This noble duke whan time was
 His pot to-brake and loude askride,
 And tho they breke on every side.
 The trompe was nought for to seke,
 He blewe, and so they blewen eke
 With such a noise amonge hem alle,
 As though the heven shulde falle.
 The hill unto her vois answerde.
 This hoste in the valey it herde
 And figh, how that the hill alight,
 So what of hering and of fight
 They caughten such a fodein fere,
 That none of hem be lefte there.
 The tentes holy they forfoke,
 That they none other good ne toke,
 But only with her body bare
 They fledde, as doth the wilde hare.

And ever upon the hill they blewe,
 Till that they fighen time and knewe,
 That they be fled upon the rage.
 And whan they wiste their avauntage,
 They fell anone unto the chace.

Thus might thou se, how goddes grace
 Unto the gode men availeth.
 But elles ofte time it faileth
 To such as be nought well disposed.
 This tale nedeth nought be glosed,
 For it is openliche shewed,
 That god to hem that ben well thewed
 Hath yove and graunted the victoire,
 So that thenfample of this hystoire
 Is good for every king to holde.
 First in himself that he beholde,
 If he be good of his living,
 And that the folk, which he shal bring,
 Be good also, for than he may
 Be glad of many a mery day,
 In what that ever he hath to done.
 For he, which sit above the mone
 And alle thing may spill and spede
 In every cause and every nede,
 His gode king so well adresseth,
 That all his fomen he represseth.
 So that there may no man him dere.
 And also well he can forbere
 And suffre a wicked king to falle
 In hondes of his fomen alle.

Hic dicit, quod ubi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos iusticie adversarios agnovit, occidere de jure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Saul regem Agag in bello devictum juxta Samuelis consilium occidere noluit, ipse divino judicio non solum a regno Israel privatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.

Now furthermore if I shall sain
 Of my matere and torne ayein
 To speke of justice and pite
 After the reule of realte,
 This may a king well understonde,
 Knighthode mot be take on honde,
 Whan that it stant upon the nede,
 He shall no rightfull cause drede,
 No more of werre than of pees,
 If he woll stonde blameles.
 For suche a cause a king may have,
 That better him is to flee than save.
 Wherof thou might ensample finde.
 The highe maker of mankinde
 By Samuel to Saul bad,
 That he shall nothing ben adrad
 Ayein king Agag for to fight.
 For this the godhede him behight,
 That Agag shall be overcome.
 And whan it is so ferforth come,
 That Saul hath him descomfite,
 The god bad make no respite,
 That he ne shulde him flee anone.
 But Saul let it overgone
 And dide nought the goddes heste.
 For Agag made a great behest
 Of raunsom, which he wolde yive.
 King Saul suffreth him to live
 And feigneth pite forth withall.
 But he, which seeth and knoweth all,

The highe god, of that he feigneth,
 To Samuel upon him pleigneth
 And fend him word, for that he lefte
 Of Agag that he ne berefte
 The life, he shall nought only deie
 Him self, but fro his regalie
 He shall be put for evermo,
 Nought he, but eke his heire also,
 That it shall never come ayein.

Thus might thou se the sothe plein,
 That of to moch and of to lite
 Upon the princes stant the wite.
 But ever it was a kinges right
 To do the dedes of a knight.
 For in the hondes of a king
 The dethe and life is all o thing
 After the lawes of justice.
 To flee it is a dedly vice,
 But if a man the deth deserve.
 And if a king the life preserve
 Of him, which oughte for to deie,
 He sueth nought then samplarie,
 Which in the bible is evident,
 How David in his testament,
 Whan he no lenger mighte live,
 Unto his sone in charge hath yive,
 That he Joab shall flee algate.
 And whan David was gone his gate,
 The yonge wise Salomone
 His faders heste did anone

Hic narrat ulterius
 super eodem, qua-
 liter David in ex-
 tremis justicie causa
 ut Joab occideretur
 absque ulla remissionem
 filio suo Salomoni injunxit.

And slew Joab in such a wise,
 That they that herden the juise
 Ever after dradden him the more.
 And god was eke well paid therefore,
 That he so wolde his herte ply
 The lawes for to justify.
 And yet he kepte forth withall
 Pite, so as a prince shall,
 That he no tirannie wrought.
 He found the wisdom, which he sought,
 And was so rightfull netheles,
 That all his life he stood in pees,
 That he no dedly werres had,
 For every man his wisdom drad.
 And as he was him selve wise,
 Right so the worthy men of prise
 He hath of his counseil witholde,
 For that is every prince holde
 To make of such his retenue,
 Which wise ben, and to remue
 The fooles. For there is nothing,
 Which may be better about a king,
 Than counseil, which is the substaunce
 Of all a kinges governaunce.

Hic dicit, quod
 populum sibi com-
 missum bene regere
 super omnia prin-
 cipi laudabilius est.
 Et narrat in exem-
 plum, qualiter pro
 eo, quod Salomon,
 ut populum bene
 regeret, ab altissi-

In Salomon a man may se,
 What thing of most necessite
 Unto a worthy king belongeth.
 Whan he his kingdom underfongeth,
 God bad him chese what he wolde
 And saide him, that he have sholde,

What he wold axe, as of o thing.
 And he, which was a newe king,
 Forth therupon his bone praide
 To god, and in this wise faide :

O king, by whom that I shall regne,
 Yive me wisdome, that I my regne
 Forth with the people, which I have,
 To thin honour may kepe and save.
 Whan Salomon his bone hath taxed,
 The god of that which he hath axed
 Was right well paid and graunteth sone
 Nought all only that he his bone
 Shall have of that, but of richesse,
 Of hele, of pees, of high nobleffe
 Forth with wisdom at his axinges,
 Which stant above all other thinges.

But what king woll his regne save,
 First him behoveth for to have
 After the god and his beleve
 Such counseil, which is to beleve
 Fullfild of trouth and rightwisnesse.
 But above all in his nobleffe
 Betwene the reddour and pite
 A king shall do suche equite
 And sette the balaunce in even,
 So that the highe god in heven
 And all the people of his nobley
 Loenge unto his name say.
 For most above all erthly good,
 Where that a king him self is good,

mo sapienciam specialius postulavit, omnia bona pariter cum illa sibi habundancius advenerunt.

Hic dicit secundum Salomonem, quod regie majestatis imperium ante omnia sano consilio dirigendum est.

Quidquid delirant
reges, plectuntur
Achivi.

It helpeth, for in other wey,
If so be that a king forſwey,
Full oft er this it hath be ſain,
The comun people is overlain
And hath the kinges ſin about,
All though the people agulte nought.
Of that the king his god miſſerveth,
The people taketh, that he deſerveth
Here in this world, but elles where
I not how it ſhall ſtonde there.
Forthy good is a king to triſte
Firſt to him ſelf, as he ne wiſte,
None other help but god allone,
So ſhall the reule of his perſone
Within him ſelf through providence
Ben of the better conſcience.
And for to finde enſample of this
A tale I rede, and ſoth it is.

Hic de Lucio im-
peratore exem-
plum ponit, quali-
ter princeps ſui no-
minis famam a ſe-
cretis conſiliariis
ſapienter investi-
gare debet, et ſi
quid in ea ſiniſtrum
invenerit, proviſa
diſcrecione ad dex-
teram convertat.

In a cronique it telleth thus,
The king of Rome Lucius
Within his chambre upon a night
The ſteward of his hous a knight
Forth with his chamberlein alſo
To counſeil hadde bothe two,
And ſtoden by the chimenee
To-gider ſpekend alle thre.
And hapneth that the kinges ſole
Sat by the fire upon a ſtole,
As he, that with his babel plaide,
But yet he herde all that they ſaide,

And therof toke they non hede.
 The king hem axeth what to rede
 Of fuch matere as cam to mouth.
 And they him tolden as they couth.
 Whan all was spoke of that they ment,
 The king with all his hole entent
 Than ate laft hem axeth this,
 What king men tellen that he is
 Among the folk touchend his name,
 Or it be pris, or it be blame,
 Right after that they herden fain
 He bad hem for to telle it plein,
 That they no point of soth forbere
 By thilke feith, that they him bere.

The steward first upon this thing
 Yaf his answere unto the king
 And thoughte glose in this matere
 And said, als fer as he can here,
 His name is good and honourable.
 Thus was the steward favourable,
 That he the trouthe plein ne tolde.

The king than axeth, as he sholde,
 The chamberlein of his avise,
 And he, that was subtil and wise
 And somdele thought upon his feith,
 Him tolde, how all the people saith,
 That if his counseil were trewe,
 They wiste thanne well and knewe,
 That of him self he shulde be
 A worthy king in his degre.

And thus the counfeil he accuseth
 In party and the king excuseth.

The fool, which herde of all the cas,
 What time as goddes wille was,
 Sigh, that they saiden nought inough,
 And hem to scorne bothe lough,
 And to the king he saide tho :
 Sir king, if that it were so
 Of wifdome in thin owne mode,
 That thou thy selven were good,
 Thy counfeil shulde nought be bad.
 The king therof merveile had,
 Whan that a fool so wifely spake,
 And of him self found out the lacke
 Within his owne conscience.
 And thus the fooles evidence,
 Which was of goddes grace enspired,
 Maketh, that good counfeil was desired.
 He put away the vicious
 And toke to him the vertuous.
 The wrongfull lawes ben amended,
 The londes good is well despended,
 The people was no more opressed
 And thus stood every thing redressed.
 For where a king is propre wise
 And hath such as him selven is
 Of his counfeil, it may nought faile,
 That every thing ne shal availe.
 The vices thanne gone away,
 And every vertu holt his wey,

Wherof the highe god is plesed
 And all the londes folke is esed.
 For if the comun people cry
 And than a king list nought to ply
 To here, what the clamour wolde,
 And other wise than he sholde
 Desdaineth for to done hem grace,
 It hath be seen in many place,
 There hath befallle great contraire,
 And that I finde of enfamplaire.

After the deth of Salomone,
 Whan thilke wise king was gone
 And Roboas in his persone
 Receive shulde the corone,
 The people upon a parlement
 Avised were of one assent
 And all unto the king they preiden
 With comun vois and thus they saiden :

Our lege lord, we the besече,
 That thou receive our humble speche
 And graunt us, that which reson will
 Or of thy grace or of thy skill.
 Thy fader, while he was alive
 And mighte bothe graunt and prive,
 Upon the werkes, which he had,
 The comun people streite lad,
 Whan he the temple made newe.
 Thing, which men never afore knewe,
 He brought up than of his tallage,
 And all was under the visage

Hic dicit, quod seniores magis experti ad principis consilium admittendi potius existunt, et narrat, qualiter pro eo, quod Roboas Salomonis filius et heres senium sermonibus renunci-ans dicta juvenum preelegit, de duodecim tribus Israel a dominio suo decem penitus amisit, et sic cum duobus tantummodo illiusus postea regnavit.

Of werkes, which he made tho.
 But now it is befalle so,
 That all is made right, as he faide,
 And he was riche whan he deide.
 So that it is no maner nede,
 If thou therof wolt taken hede,
 To pilen of the people more,
 Which long time hath be greved fore.
 And in this wise as we the fay,
 With tender herte we the prey,
 That thou releffe thilke dette,
 Which upon us thy fader sette.
 And if the like to done so,
 We ben thy men for evermo
 To gone and comen at thin heste.

The king, which herde this requeste,
 Saith, that he will ben avised,
 And hath therof a time affised,
 And in the while as he him thought
 Upon this thing counseil he sought.

De consilio senium. And first the wise knightes olde,
 To whom that he his tale tolde,
 Counseillen him in this manere,
 That he with love and with glad chere
 Foryive and graunt all that is axed
 Of that his fader hadde taxed.
 For so he may his regne acheve
 With thing, which shall hem litel greve.

De consilio juvenum. The king hem herd and over passeth
 And with these other his wit compasseth,

That yonge were and nothing wise.
And they these olde men despise
And saiden : Sir, it shall be shame
For ever unto thy worthy name,
If thou ne kepe nought thy right,
While thou art in thy yonge might,
Which that thin olde fader gate.
But say unto the people plate,
That while thou livest in thy londe,
The leste finger of thin honde
It shall be stronger over all,
Than was thy faders body all.
And thus also shall be thy tale,
If he hem smote with roddes smale,
With scorpions thou shalt hem smite.
And where thy fader toke a lite,
Thou thenkest take mochel more,
Thus shalt thou make hem drede fore
The grete hert of thy corage,
So for to holde hem in servage.

This yonge king him hath conformed
To done as he was last enformed,
Which was to him his undoing.
For whan it came to the speking,
He hath the yonge counseil holde,
That he the same wordes tolde
Of all the people in audience.
And whan they herden the sentence
Of his malice and the manace,
Anone to-fore his owne face

They have him outtrely refused
And with full great reprove accused.
So they beginne for to rave,
That he was faine him self to save.
For as the wilde wode rage
Of windes maketh the fee salvage
And that was calme bringth into wawe,
So for defalt and grace of lawe,
The people is stered all at ones
And forth they gone out of his wones,
So that of the lignages twelve,
Two tribus onely by hem selve
With him abiden and no mo.
So were they for evermo
Of no retorne without espeire
Departed fro the rightfull heire
Of Israel with comun vois.
A king upon her owne chois
Among hem self anone they make
And have her yonge lord forsake.
A pouer knight Jeroboas
They toke and lefte Roboas,
Which rightfull heire was by descent.
Lo, thus the yonge cause went,
For that the counfeil was nought good
The regne fro the rightfull blood
Ever afterward devided was.
So may it proven by this cas,
That yong counfeil, which is to warme,
Or men beware, doth ofte harme.

Old age for the counfeil ferveth,
 And lufly youth his thank deferveth
 Upon the travail which he doth.
 And bothe for to fay a foth
 By fondry caufe for to have,
 If that he will his regne fave,
 A king behoveth every day,
 That one can and that other may
 Be fo the kinge hem bothe reule,
 Or elles all goth out of reule.

And upon this matere alfo
 A queftion betwene the two
 Thus writen in a boke I fonde,
 Where it be better for the londe
 A king him felve to be wife
 And fo to bere his owne prife,
 And that his counfeil be nought good.
 Or otherwife if it fo ftood,
 A king if he be vicious
 And his counfeil be vertuous,
 It is anwerde in fuche a wife,
 That better it is that they be wife,
 By whom that the counfeil fhall gone.
 For they be many, and he is one,
 And rather fhall an one man
 With fals counfeil, for ought he can,
 From his wifdome be made to fall,
 Than he alone fhuld hem all
 Fro vices into vertue change,
 For that is well the more ftraunge.

Nota queftionem
 cuiusdam philofo-
 phi, utrum regno
 conveniencius fo-
 ret principem cum
 malo confilio op-
 tare fapientem,
 quam cum fano
 confilio ipfum eli-
 gere infipientem.

Forthy the lond may well be glad,
 Whose king with good counfeil is lad,
 Which set him unto rightwifnesse,
 So that his highe worthinesse
 Betwene the reddour and pite
 Doth mercy forth with equite.
 A king is holden over all
 To pite, but in speciall
 To hem, where he is most beholde,
 They shulde his pite most beholde,
 That ben the leges of the londe,
 For they ben ever under his honde
 After the goddes ordenaunce
 To stonde upon his governaunce.

Nota adhuc precipue de principis erga suos subditos debita pietate, legitur enim, qualiter Anthonius a Cipione exemplificatus dixit, quod mallet unum de populo sibi commisso virum salvare, quam centum ex hostibus alienigenis in bello perdere.

Of themperour Anthonius
 I find, how that he saide thus :
 Lever him were for to save
 One of his leges than to have
 Of enemies a thousand dede.
 And thus he lerned as I rede
 Of Cipio, which hadde be
 Consul of Rome. And thus to se
 Divers ensamples how they stonde,
 A king, which hath the charge on honde
 The comun people to governe,
 If that he woll, he may well lerne.
 Is none so good to the plesaunce
 Of god, as is good governaunce.
 And every governaunce is due
 To pite, thus I may argue,

That pite is the foundement
 Of every kinges regiment.
 If it be medled with justice,
 They two remeven alle vice
 And ben of vertue most vailable
 To make a kinges regne stable.

Lo, thus the foure points to-fore
 In governaunce as they ben bore
 Of trouthe first and of largesse,
 Of pite forth with rightwisnesse
 I have hem tolde and over this
 The fifte point, so as it is,
 Set of the reule of policy,
 Wherof a king shall modefy
 The fleshly lustes of nature.
 Now thenke I telle of such mesure,
 That bothe kinde shall be served,
 And eke the lawe of god observed.

*Corporis et mentis regem decet omnis honestas,
 Nominis ut famam nulla libido ruat.
 Omne quod est hominis effeminat illa voluptas,
 Sit nisi magnanimi cordis ut obstat ei.*

11.

The male is made for the femele,
 But where as one desireth fele,
 That nedeth nought by wey of kinde.
 For whan a man may redy finde
 His owne wife, what shuld he seche
 In straunge places to beseche
 To borwe another mannes plough,
 Whan he hath gere at home inough

Hic tractat secundum Aristotelem de quinta principum regiminis policia, que castitatem concernit, cuius honestas impudicicie motus obtemperans tam corporis quam anime mundiciam specialius preservat.

Affaited at his owne heste,
And is to him wel more honest
Than other thing, which is unknowe.
Forthy shuld every good man knowe
And thenke, how that in mariage
His trouthe plite lith in morgage,
Which if he breke, it is falsehode,
And that descordeth to manhode
And namely toward the great,
Wherof the bokes alle trete,
So as the philosophre techeth
To Alifaundre and him betecheth
The lore, how that he shall mesure
His body, so that no mesure
Of fleshly lust he shulde excede.
And thus forth if I shall procede,
The fiste point, as I said ere,
Is chafstete, which selde where
Cometh now a daies into place.
And nethelesse but it be grace
Above all other in speciall
Is none that chaste may ben all.
But yet a kinges high estate,
Whiche of his order as a prelate,
Shall be anoint and sanctified,
He mot be more magnified
For dignete of his corone,
Than shulde another low persone,
Which is nought of high emprise.
Therefore a prince him shuld advise,

Er that he fell in such riote,
 And namely that he ne affote
 To chaunge for the womanhed
 The worthinesse of his manhed.

Of Ariftotle I have well rad,
 How he to Alifaundre bad,
 That for to gladden his corage
 He fhuld beholde the vifage
 Of women, whan that they ben faire.
 But yet he fet an enfamplaire
 His body fo to guide and reule,
 That he ne paffe nought the reule,
 Wherof that he him felf beguile.
 For in the woman is no guile
 Of that a man him felf bewhapeth,
 Whan he his owne wit bejapeth,
 I can the women wel excufe.
 But what man will upon hem mufe
 After the foole impreflion
 Of his ymaginacion,
 Within him felf the fire he bloweth,
 Wherof the woman nothing knoweth,
 So may ſhe nothing be to wite.
 For if a man him felf excite
 To drenche, and woll nought forbere,
 The water fhall no blame bere.
 What may the gold though men coveit?
 If that a man woll love ſtreit,
 The woman hath him nothing bounde,
 If he his owne herte wounde,

Nota de doctrina
 Ariftotelis, quali-
 liter princeps, ut
 animi fui jocundi-
 tatem provocet,
 mulieres formofas
 crebro aspicere de-
 bet, caveat tamen,
 ne mens voluptu-
 oſa torpeſcens ex
 carnis fragilitate in
 vicium dilabatur.

She may nought lette the folie,
 And though so fell of compaigny,
 That he might any thing purchase,
 Yet maketh a man the firste chace.
 The woman fleeth, and he pursueth,
 So that by wey of skill it sueth,
 The man is cause, how so befall,
 That he full ofte sith is falle,
 Where that he may nought wel arise.
 And netheles ful many wise
 Befoled have hem self er this,
 As now a daies yet it is
 Among the men and ever was,
 The stronge is feblest in this cas.

It fit a man by wey of kinde
 To love, but it is nought kinde
 A man for love his wit to lese.
 For if the month of juil shall frese
 And that december shall be hote,
 The yere mistorneth wel I wote.
 To seen a man from his estate
 Through his soty effeminate
 And leve that a man shall do,
 It is as hose above the sho
 To man, which ought nought to be used.
 But yet the world hath oft accused
 Full grete princes of this dede,
 How they for love hem self mislede,
 Wherof manhode stood behinde
 Of olde enfamples as men finde.

These olde gestes tellen thus,
 That whilom Sardanapallus,
 Which held all hole in his empire
 The grete kingdom of Assire,
 Was through the slouth of his corage
 Fall into thilke firy rage
 Of love, which the men affoteth,
 Wherof him self he so rioteth
 And wax so ferforth womanish,
 That ayein kinde, as if a fish,
 Abide wold upon the londe.
 In women fuche a luste he fonde,
 That he dwelt ever in chambre still
 And only wrought after the will
 Of women, so as he was bede,
 That selden whan in other stede,
 If that he wolde wenden out
 To seen, how that it stood about.
 But there he kist, and there he plaide,
 They taughten him a lace to braide
 And weve a purs and to enfile
 A perle. And fell that ilke while,
 One Arbaetus the prince of Mede
 Sigh, how this king in womanhede
 Was falle fro chivalerie,
 And gate him helpe and compaignie
 And wroughte so, that ate last
 This king out of his regne he cast,
 Which was undone for ever mo.
 And yet men speken of him so,

Hic ponit exem-
 plum, qualiter pro
 eo, quod Sardana-
 pallus Assiriorum
 princeps muliebri
 oblectamento effe-
 minatus sue concu-
 piscencie torporem
 quasi ex consuetu-
 dine adhibebat, ab
 Arbaeto rege Me-
 dorum super hoc
 insidiante in sui
 fervoris majori vo-
 luptate subitis mu-
 tacionibus extinc-
 tus est.

That it is shame for to here,
Forthy to love is in manere.

Nota, qualiter David amans mulieres propter hoc probitatem armorum non minus exercuit.

King David hadde many a love.
But netheles alway above
Knighthode he kepte in suche a wife,
That for no fleshly covetise
Of lust to ligge in ladies armes
He lefte nought the lust of armes.
For where a prince his lustes fueth,
That he the werre nought purfueth,
Whan it is time to bene armed,
His contre stant full ofte harmed,
Whan thenemies ben woxe bolde,
That they defence none beholde.
Full many a londe hath so be lore,
As men may rede oft time afore
Of hem that so her eses soughten,
Which after they full dere aboughten.

Hic loquitur, qualiter regnum lascivie voluptatibus deditum de facili vincitur. Et ponit exemplum de Cyro rege Perfarum, qui cum Lidos mire probitatis strenuissimos sibi in bello adversantes nullo modo vincere potuit, cum ipsis tandem pacis tractatum dissimulans concordiam finalem stabilire finxit, super quo Lidi postea per aliquod tempus armis insoliti sub pacis torpore voluptatibus intendebant. Quod Cyrus percipi-

To mochel ese is nothing worth,
For that set every vice forth
And every vertue put a backe,
Wherof pris torneth into lacke,
As in cronique I may reherse,
Which telleth, how the king of Perse,
That Cyrus hight, a werre hadde
Ayein the people, which he dradde,
Of a contre, which Lidos hight.
But yet for ought that he do might
As in bataile upon the werre,
He had of hem alway the werre.

And whan he figh and wist it wele,
 That he by strengthe wan no dele,
 Than ate last he cast a wile
 This worthy people to beguile
 And toke with hem a feigned pees,
 Which shulde lasten endeles,
 So as he faide in wordes wise,
 But he thought all in other wise.
 For it betid upon the cas,
 Whan that this people in reste was,
 They token eses many folde,
 And worldes ese as it is tolde
 By way of kinde is the norice
 Of every lust, which toucheth vice.
 Thus whan they were in lustes falle,
 The werres ben forgotten alle.
 Was none, which wolde the worship
 Of armes, but in idelship
 They putten befinesse away
 And toke hem to daunce and play.
 But most above all other thinges
 They token hem to the likinges
 Of fleshly lusts, that chastete
 Received was in no degre,
 But every man doth what him liste.
 And whan the king of Perse it wiste,
 That they unto folie entenden,
 With his power, whan they left wenden,
 More sodeinly than doth the thunder
 He came for ever and put hem under.

ens in eos armatus
 subito irruit ipsos-
 que indefensibiles
 vincens suo imperio
 tributarios subjuga-
 vit.

And thus hath lecherie lore
 The londe, which had be to-fore
 The best of hem, that were tho.

Nota, qualiter fata
 bellica luxus infor-
 tunat. Et narrat,
 quod cum rex A-
 malech Hebreis sibi
 insultantibus resis-
 tere nequii, confi-
 lio Balaam mulie-
 res regni sui pul-
 cherrimas in castra
 Hebreorum misit,
 qui ab ipsis con-
 taminati gratiam
 statim amiserunt.
 Et sic ab Amalech
 devicti in magna
 multitudine gladio
 ceciderunt.

And in the bible I finde also
 A tale lich unto this thing,
 How Amalech the paien king,
 Whan that he mighte by no wey
 Defend his londe and put away
 The worthy people of Israell.
 This Sarazin, as it befell,
 Through the counseil of Balaam
 A rout of faire women nam,
 That lusty were and yonge of age,
 And bad hem gon to the lignage
 Of these Hebrews. And forth they went
 With eyen grey and browes bent
 And well arraied everychone.
 And whan they come were anone
 Among thebrews, was none in fight,
 But cacche who that cacche might,
 And eche of hem his lustes fought,
 Which after they full dere abought.
 For grace anone began to faile,
 That whan they comen to bataile,
 Than afterward in fory plite
 They were take and discomfite,
 So that within a litel throwe,
 The might of hem was overthrowe,
 That whilom were wont to stonde,
 Till Phinees the cause on honde

Hath take this vengeaunce laft.
But than it cesed ate laft.
For god was paid of that he dede,
For where he found upon a stede
A couple, which misferde so,
Throughout he smote hem bothe two
And let hem ligge in mennes eye,
Wherof all other, which hem figh,
Enfampled hem upon the dede
And praiden unto the godhede
Her olde finnes to amende.
And he, which wold his mercy fende,
Restored hem to newe grace.
Thus may it shewe in sondry place,
Of chastete how the clenness
Accordeth to the worthinesse
Of men of armes over all.
But most of all in speciall
This vertue to a king belongeth,
For upon his fortune it hongeth,
Of that his lond shall spede or spill.
Forthy but if a king his will
Fro lustes of his flesh restreigne,
Ayein him self he maketh a treigne,
Into the whiche if that he slide,
Him were better go beside.
For every man may understonde,
How for a time that it stonde
It is a fory lust to like,
Whose ende maketh a man to fike

And torneth joies into forwe.
 The brighte sonne by the morwe
 Beshineth nought the derke night,
 The lusty youth of mannes might
 In age but it stonde wele,
 Mistorneth all the laste whele.

Hic loquitur, qualiter principum irregularata voluptas eos a semita recta multociens deviare compellit, et narrat exemplum de Salomone, qui ex sue carnis concupiscencia victus mulierum blandimentis in sui scandalum deos alienos colere presumebat.

That every worthy prince is holde
 Within him self him self beholde
 To se the state of his persone
 And thenke, how there be joies none
 Upon this erthe made to last,
 And how the fleshe shall at last
 The lustes of his life forsake,
 Him ought a great ensample take
 Of Salomon, whose appetite
 Was holy set upon delite
 To take of women the plesauce,
 So that upon his ignoraunce
 The wide world merveileth yit,
 That he, which alle mennes wit
 In thilke time hath overpassed,
 With fleshly lustes was so tassed,
 That he which ladde under the lawe
 The people of god, him self withdrawe
 He hath fro god in suche a wife,
 That he worship and sacrifice
 For sondry love in sondry stede
 Unto the false goddes dede.
 This was the wise Ecclesiaste,
 The fame of whom shall ever laste,

That he the mighty god forfoke,
 Ayein the lawe whan he toke
 His wives and his concubines,
 Of hem that were Sarazines,
 For which he did ydolatrie.
 For this I rede of his soty,
 She of Sidoine fo him ladde,
 That he knelend his armes spradde
 To Astrathen with great humbleffe,
 Which of her lond was the goddeffe.

De filia regis Sidonie.

And she that was of Moabite
 So ferforth made him to delite
 Through lust, which al his wit devoureth,
 That he Chamos her god honoureth.

De filia regis Moab.

An other Amonite also
 With love him hath affoted so,
 Her god Moloch that with encense
 He sacreth and doth reverence
 In such a wife as she him bad.
 Thus was the wisest overlad
 With blinde lustes, which he fought.
 But he it afterward abought.

De filia regis Amon.

For Achias Selonites,
 Which was prophet, er his deces,
 While he was in his lustes alle,
 Betokeneth what shall after falle.
 For on a day, whan that he mette
 Jeroboam the knight be grette
 And bad him, that he shulde abide
 To here what him shall betide.

Nota hic, qualiter Achias propheta in signum, quod regnum post mortem Salomonis ob eius peccatum a suo herede diminueretur, pallium suum in duodecim partes scidit, unde decem partes Jeroboae filio Nabal, qui regnaturus postea successit, precepto dei tribuit.

And forth withall Achias cast
His mantel of and also fast
He kut it into pieces twelve,
Wherof two parts toward him selve
He kept, and all the remenaunt,
As god hath set his covenant,
He toke unto Jeroboas,
Of Nabal which the sone was,
And of the kinges court a knight.
And said him, such is goddes might,
As thou hast sene departed here
My mantel, right in such manere
After the deth of Salomon
God hath ordeined therupon,
This regne than he shall devide,
Which time thou shalt eke abide,
And upon that division
The regne as in proporcion,
As thou hast of my mantel take,
Thou shalt receive I undertake.
And thus the sone shall abie
The lustes and the lechery
Of him, which now his fader is.
So for to taken hede of this
It fit a king well to be chaste,
For elles he may lightly waste
Him self and eke his regne bothe,
And that ought every king to lothe.
O, which a sinne violent,
Wherof so wise a king was shent,

That he vengeaunce of his persone
 Was nought inough to take alone,
 But afterward, whan he was passed,
 It hath his heritage lassed,
 As I more openly to-fore
 The tale tolde, and thus therfore
 The philosophre upon this thing
 Write and counseiled to a king,
 That he the forfeite of luxure
 Shall tempre and reule of such mesure,
 Which be to kinde suffisaunt
 And eke to reson accordaunt,
 So that the lustes ignoraunce
 Be cause of no misgovernaunce,
 Through which that he be overthrowe,
 As he, that woll no reson knowe.
 For but a mannes wit be fwerved,
 Whan kinde is dueliche served,
 It ought of reson to suffise.
 For if it fall him otherwise,
 He may the lustes fore drede.

For of Antonie thus I rede,
 Which of Severus was the sone,
 That he his life of comun wone
 Yaf holy unto thilke vice,
 And ofte time he was so nice,
 Wherof nature her hath compleigned
 Unto the god, which hath desdeigned
 The werkes, which Antonie wrought
 Of lust, which he full fore abought.

Aristoteles : O
 Alexander, super
 omnia consulo,
 conserva tibi calo-
 rem naturalem.

De voluptuoso
 Antonio.

For god his forfete hath so wroke,
 That in cronique it is yet spoke.
 But for to take remembraunce
 Of speciall misgovernaunce
 Through covetise and injustice
 Forth with the remenaunt of vice,
 And namelich of lecherie
 I finde write a great partie
 Within a tale, as thou shalt here,
 Which is thenfample of this matere.

Hic loquitur de
 Tarquinio Rome
 nuper imperatore
 necnon et de eius-
 dem filio nomine
 Arrons, qui omni
 viciorum varietate
 repleti tam in
 homines quam in
 mulieres innume-
 ra scelera perpetra-
 runt. Sed specia-
 liter super hiis, que
 contra Gabinos
 fraudulenter ope-
 rata sunt, retractare
 intendit.

So as these olde gestes fain,
 The proude tirannish Romain
 Tarquinius, which was than king
 And wrought many a wrongful thing,
 Of sones he had many one,
 Among the which Arrons was one
 Lich to his fader in maneres,
 So that within a fewe yeres
 With trefon and with tyranny
 They wonne of londe a great party
 And token hede of no justice,
 Which due was to her office
 Upon the reule of governaunce.
 But al that ever was plesaunce
 Unto the fleshes lust they toke.
 And fell so, that they undertoke
 A werre, which was nought acheved,
 But often time it had hem greved
 Ayein a folk, which thanne hight
 The Gabiens, and all by night

Thus Arrons whan he was at home
In Rome a prive place he nome
Within a chambre and bete him selve
And made him woundes ten or twelve
Upon the backe, as it was fene.
And so forth with his hurtes grene
In all the hafte that he may
He rode and cam that other day
Unto Gabie the citee
And in he went. And whan that he
Was knowe, anone the gates fhette,
The lordes all upon him fette
With drawe fwerdes upon honde.
And Arrons wolde hem nought withftonde,
And faide : I am here at your wille,
As lefe it is that ye me fpille,
As if min owne fader dede.
And forth within the fame ftede
He praide hem, that they wolde fe,
And fhewed hem in what degre
His fader and his brethren bothe,
Which as he faide weren wrothe,
Him hadde beten and reviled
And out of Rome for ever exiled.
And thus he made hem to beleve
And faide, if that he might acheve
His purpos, it fhall well be yolde
Be fo that they him helpe wolde.
Whan that the lordes hadde fene,
How wofully he was befene,

They toke pite of his greve.
But yet it was hem wonder leve,
That Rome him had exiled fo.
The Gabiens by counfeil tho
Upon the goddes made him swere,
That he to hem shall trouthe bere
And strengthen hem with all his might.
And they also him hath behight
To helpe him in his quarele.
They shope thanne for his hele,
That he was bathed and anoint,
Till that he was in lusty point,
And what he wolde than he had,
That he all hole the cite lad
Right as he wolde him self devise.
And than he thought him in what wife
He might his tirannie shewe,
And to his counfeil toke a shrewe,
Whom to his fader forth he sent.
In his message and he tho went
And praied his fader for to fay
By his avise and finde a wey,
How they the cite mighten winne,
While that he stood so well therinne.
And whan the messager was come
To Rome and hath in counfeil nome
The king, it fell perchaunce so,
That they were in a gardin tho
This messager forth with the king.
And whan he hadde told the thing

In what manere that it stode,
And that Tarquinius understode
By the message, how that it ferde,
Anone he toke in honde a yerde,
And in the gardin as they gone
The lilie croppes one and one,
Where that they weren sprongen out,
He smote of, as they stood about,
And said unto the messagere :
Lo, this thing, which I do now here,
Shall be in stede of thin answere.
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou shalte unto my sone telle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But toke his leve and goth withall
Unto his lorde and tolde him all,
How that his fader hadde do.
Whan Arrons herde him telle so,
Anone he wiste what it ment
And therto fette all his entent,
Till he through fraude and trechery
The princes hevedes of Gaby
Hath smiten of and all was wonne.
His fader cam to-fore the sonne
Into the town with the Romains
And toke and slew the citezeins
Withoute reson or pite,
That he ne spareth no degre.
And for the spede of this conquest
He let do make a riche fest

With a solempne sacrifice
 In Phebus temple, and in this wife,
 Whan the Romains affembled were
 In presence of hem alle there,
 Upon thalter whan all was dight
 And that the fires were alight,
 From under thalter sodeinly
 An hidous serpent openly
 Cam out and hath devoured all
 The sacrifice and eke withall
 The fires queint, and forth anone,
 So as he cam, so is he gone
 Into the depe ground ayein.
 And every man began to sain :
 Ha lord, what may this signify ?
 And therupon they pray and cry
 To Phebus, that they mighten knowe
 The cause. And he the same throwe
 With gasty vois, that all it herde,
 The Romains in this wife answerde
 And said, how for the wickednesse
 Of pride and of unrightwisnesse,
 That Tarquin and his sone hath do,
 The sacrifice is wasted so,
 Which mighte nought ben acceptable
 Upon such sinne abhominable.
 And over that yet he hem wiffeth
 And saith, that which of hem first kiffeth
 His moder, he shall take wreche
 Upon the wronge. And of that speche

They ben within her hertes glade,
 Though they outward no semblaunt made.
 There was a knight, which Brutus hight,
 And he with all the haste he might
 To grounde fell and there he kiste,
 But none of hem the cause wiste,
 But wenden that he hadde sporned
 Perchaunce and so was overtorned.
 But Brutus all an other ment,
 For he knew well in his entent,
 How therthe of every mannes kinde
 Is moder. But they weren blinde
 And fighen nought so fer as he.
 But whan they leften the citee
 And comen home to Rome ayein,
 Than every man, which was Romain
 And moder hath, to her he bende
 And kist and eche of hem thus wende
 To be the first upon the chaunce
 Of Tarquin for to do vengeance,
 So as they herden Phebus fain.
 But every time hath his certain,
 So must it nedes than abide,
 Till afterward upon a tide

Tarquinius made unskilfully
 A werre, which was faste by,
 Ayein a town with walles stronge,
 Which Ardea was cleped longe,
 And cast a siege there about,
 That there may no man passen out.

Hic narrat, quod cum
 Tarquinius in ob-
 sione civitatis Ardee,
 ut eam destrueret, in-
 tentus fuit, Arrons
 filius eius Romam se-
 creto adiens in domo
 Collatini hospitatus
 est, ubi de nocte illam
 castissimam dominam

Lucreciam ymaginativa fraude vi oppressit, unde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cum Tarquinio patre suo tota clamante Roma in perpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

So it befell upon a night
 Arrons, which had his soper dight,
 A parte of the chivalrie
 With him to suppe in compaignie
 Hath bede. And whan they comen were
 And setten at the suppe there,
 Among her other wordes glade
 Arrons a great spekinge made,
 Who hadde tho the beste wife
 Of Rome. And thus began a strife,
 For Arrons saith, he hath the best.
 So janglen they withouten reste,
 Till ate last one Collatine,
 A worthy knight and was coufine
 To Arrons, said him in this wise :
 It is, quod he, of none emprise
 To speke a word, but of the dede,
 Wherof it is to taken hede.
 Anone forthy this same tide
 Lepe on thy hors and let us ride,
 So may we knowe bothe two
 Unwarely what our wives do,
 And that shall be a trewe assay.
 This Arrons saith nought ones nay.
 On horseback anone they lepte
 In such manere and nothing slepte
 Ridende forth till that they come
 All privelich withinne Rome,
 In strange place and down they light
 And take a chambre out of sight.

They be defguised for a throwe,
So that no life hem shulde knowe.
And to the paleis first they fought
To se, what thing these ladies wrought,
Of whiche Arrons made his vaunt.
And they her sigh of glad semblaunt
All full of merthes and of bordes.
But among all her other wordes
She spake nought of her husbonde.
And whan they had all understonde
Of thilke place what hem list,
They gone hem forth that none it wist
Beside thilke gate of bras,
Collacea which cleped was,
Where Collatin hath his dwelling.
There fouden they at home sitting
Lucrece his wife all environed
With women, which were abandoned
To werche, and she wrought eke withall
And bad hem haste and said: It shall
Be for min husbondes were,
Which with his swerd and with his spere
Lith at siege in great disese,
And if it shulde him nought displese,
Now wolde god, I had him here.
For certes till that I may here
Some good tiding of his estate,
My herte is ever upon debate.
For so as alle men witnesse,
He is of such an hardieffe,

That he can nought him selve spare,
 And that is all my moſte care,
 Whan they the walles ſhulde affaile.
 But if my wiſhes might availe,
 I wolde it were a groundles pit
 Be ſo the ſiege were unknit,
 And I my huſbonde ſigh.
 With that the water in her eye
 Aroſe, that ſhe ne might it ſtoppe,
 And as men ſene the dew bedroppe
 The leues and the floures eke,
 Right ſo upon her white cheke
 The wofull falte teres felle.

Whan Collatin hath herde her telle
 The mening of her trewe herte,
 Anone with that to her he ſterte
 And ſaide: Lo, my good dere,
 Now is he come to you here,
 That ye moſt loven as ye ſain.
 And ſhe with goodly chere ayein
 Beclipt him in her armes ſmale.
 And the colour, which erſt was pale,
 To beaute thanne was reſtored,
 So that it mighte nought be mored.
 The kinges ſone, which was nigh,
 And of this lady herde and ſigh
 The thinges, as they ben befallē,
 The reſon of his wittes alle
 Hath loſt, for love upon his parte
 Cam than and of his firy darte

With such a wounde him hath through smite,
That he must nedes fele and wite
Of thilke blinde malady,
To which no cure of furgery
Can helpe. But yet netheles
At thilke time he helde his pees,
That he no countenance made,
But openly with wordes glade,
So as he couthe in his manere,
He spake and made frendely chere,
Till it was time for to go.
And Collatin with him also
His leve toke, so that by night,
With all the haste that they might,
They riden to the siege ayein.
But Arrons was so wo besein
With thoughtes, which upon him runne,
That he all by the brode sunne
To bedde goth nought for to reſte,
But for to thenke upon the beſte
And the faireſt forth with alle,
That ever he ſigh or ever ſhalle,
So as him thought in his corage
Where he portreieth her ymage.
Firſt the fetures of her face,
In which nature had alle grace
Of womanly beaute beſet,
So that it mighte nought be bet.
And how her yelwe hair was treſſed
And her attire ſo wel adreſſed.

And how she spake, and how she wrought,
 And how she wepte, and how she thought,
 That he foryeten hath no dele,
 But all it liketh him so wele,
 That in the worde nor in dede
 Her lacked nought of womanhede.

And thus this tirannishe knight
 Was soupled, but nought half aright,
 For he none other hede toke,
 But that he might by somme croke,
 All though it were ayein her wille,
 The lustes of his flesh fulfille,
 Which love was nought resonable.

For wher honour is remevable,
 It oughte well to ben avised.
 But he, which hath his lust affised
 With melled love and tirannie,
 Hath found upon his trecherie
 A wey, which he thenketh to holde,

Audaces fortuna
 juvat.

And faith: Fortune unto the bolde
 Is favorable for to helpe.

And thus within him self to yelpe,
 As he, which was a wilde man,
 Upon his treson he began.

And up he sterte, and forth he wente
 On horsbacke, but his entente
 There knew no wight, and thus he name
 The nexte waie, till he came
 Unto Collacea the gate
 Of Rome, and it was somdele late

Right even upon the sonne sette.
And he, which hadde shapè his nette
Her innocence to betrappe,
And as it shulde tho mishappe,
As privelich as ever he might
He rode and of his hors alight
To-fore Collatines inn
And all frendelich goth him in,
As he, that was cousin of house.
And she, which is the goode spoufe,
Lucrece, whan that she him sigh,
With goodly chere drewe him nigh
As she, which all honour supposeth,
And him, so as she dare, opposeth,
How it stood of her husbonde.
And he tho did her understonde
With tales feigned in this wise,
Right as he wolde him self devise,
Wherof he might her herte glade,
That she the better chere made.
Whan she the gladde wordes herde,
How that her housbonde ferde,
And thus the trouthe was deceived
With flie treson, which was received
To her, which mente alle good.
For as the festes thanne stood,
His souper was right wel arraied,
But yet he hath no word affaied
To speke of love in no degre.
But with covert subtilite

His frendly speches he affaiteth,
 And as the tigre his time awaiteth
 In hope for to cacche his pray.

Whan that the bordes were away
 And they have souped in the halle,
 He saith, that slepe is on him falle,
 And praith, he mote go to bedde.
 And she with alle haste spedde,
 So as her thought it was to done,
 That every thing was redy sone.
 She brought him to his chambre tho
 And toke her leve, and forth is go
 Into her owne chambre by.
 And she that wende certainly
 Have had a frend and had a fo,
 Wherof fell after mochel wo.

This tiraunt though he lie softe,
 Out of his bedde aros full ofte
 And goth about and laid his ere
 To herken, till that alle were
 To bedde gone and slepten faste.
 And than upon him self he caste
 A mantel and his swerde all naked
 He toke in honde, and she unwaked
 A bedde lay. But what she mette,
 God wot, for he the dore unshette
 So prively, that none it herde,
 The softe pas and forth he ferde
 Into the bed, where that she slepte,
 All sodeinly and in he crepte.

And her in bothe his armes toke.
With that this worthy wife awoke,
Which through tendresse of womanhed
Her vois hath lost for pure drede,
That o word speke she ne dare.
And eke he bad her to beware,
For if she made noyse or cry,
He said, his swerd lay faste by
To flee her and her folke about.
And thus he brought her herte in doubt,
That lich a lamb, whan it is fessed
In wolves mouth, so was disesed
Lucrece, which he naked fonde,
Wherof she fwouned in his honde,
And as who saith lay dede oppressed.
And he, which all him hadde adressed
To lust, toke thanne what him liste
And goth his wey, that none it wiste,
Into his owne chambre ayein
And cleped up his chamberlein
And made him redy for to ride.
And thus this lecherous pride
To horse lept and forth he rode.
And she, which in her bed abode,
Whan that she wist he was agone,
She cleped after light anone
And up aros long er the day
And cast away her fressh array,
As she, which hath the world forsake,
And toke upon the clothes blacke.

And ever upon continuing,
Right as men se a welle spring,
With eyen full of wofull teres
Her hair hangend about her eres
She wepte, and no man wiste why.
But yet among full pitoufly
She praied, that they nolden drecche
Her husbonde for to fecche
Forthwith her fader eke also.
Thus be they comen bothe two,
And Brutus cam with Collatine,
Which to Lucrece was coufine,
And in they wenten alle thre
To chambre, where they mighte se
The wofullest upon this molde,
Which wepte, as she to water sholde.
The chambre dore anone was stoke,
Er they have ought unto her spoke.
They sigh her clothes all disguised,
And how she hath her self despised
Her haire hangend unkemt about.
But netheles she gan to lout
And knele unto her husbonde.
And he, which fain wold understonde
The cause, why she fared so,
With softe wordes axed tho :
What may you be, my gode swete ?
And she, which thought her self unmete
And the lest worth of women alle,
Her woful chere let down falle

For shame and couthe unnethes loke,
And they therof good hede toke
And praiden her in alle way,
That she ne spare for to say
Unto her frendes, what her eileth,
Why she so fore her self bewaileth,
And what the sothe wolde mene.
And she, which hath her forwe grene
Her wo to telle thanne affaieth,
But tendre shame her word delaieth,
That sondry times as she mente
To speke, upon the point she stente.
And they her beden ever in one
To telle forth, and there upon,
Whan that she figh she muste nede,
Her tale betwene shame and drede
She tolde, nought withoute peine.
And he, which wolde her wo restreigne,
Her hufbond, a sory man,
Comforteth her all that he can
And swore and eke her fader both,
That they with her be nought wroth
Of that is do ayein her wille,
And praiden her to be stille,
For they to her have all foryive.
But she, which thought nought to live,
Of hem woll no foryivenesse
And said, of thilke wickednesse,
Which was to her body wrought,
All were it so she might it nought,

Never afterward the world ne shall
Reproven her, and forthwithall,
Er any man therof be ware,
A naked sward, the which she bare
Within her mantel prively,
Betwene her hondes sodeinly
She toke and through her hert it throng,
And fell to ground, and ever among,
Whan that she fell, so as she might,
Her clothes with her hond she right,
That no man downward fro the knee
Shuld any thinge of her fe.
Thus lay this wife honestly,
All though she diede wofully.
Tho was no sorwe for to seke,
Her husbonde and her fader eke
A swoune upon the body felle.
There may no mannes tunge telle,
In which anguish that they were.
But Brutus, which was with hem there,
Toward him self his herte kept
And to Lucrece anone he lept,
The bloody swerde and pulleth out
And swore the goddes al about,
That he therof shall do vengeaunce.
And she tho made a countenaunce
Her dedly eye and ate laste
In thonking as it were up cast,
And so behelde him in the wise,
While she to loke may suffice.

And Brutus with a manly herte
Her husbonde hath made up sterte
Forth with her fader eke also
In alle haste and said hem tho,
That they anone withoute lette
A bere for the body fette.
Lucrece and therupon bledend
He laide and so forth out criend
He goth unto the market place
Of Rome. And in a litel space
Through cry the cite was assembled,
And every mannes herte trembled,
Whan they the soth herde of the cas.
And there upon the counfeil was
Take of the great and of the smale.
And Brutus tolde hem all the tale.
And thus cam into remembraunce
Of sinne the continuaunce,
Which Arrons hadde do to-fore,
And eke long time er he was bore
Of that his fader hadde do,
The wronge came into place tho,
So that the comun clamour tolde
The newe shame of finnes olde.
And all the town began to cry :
Awey, awey the tiranny
Of lechery and covetise.
And ate last in such a wise
The fader in the same while
Forth with the sone they exile

And taken better governaunce.
 But yet an other remembraunce
 That rightwifnesse and lechery
 Accorden nought in compaigny
 With him, that hath the lawe on honde,
 That may a man well understonde,
 As by a tale thou shalt wite
 Of olde ensample as it is write.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, qualiter Livius Virginius dux exercitus Romanorum unicam filiam pulcherrimam habens cum quodam nobili viro nomine Ilicio, ut ipsam in uxorem duceret, finaliter concordavit. Sed interim Appius Claudius tunc imperator virginis formositatem, ut eam violaret, concupiscens occasiones, quibus matrimonium impedire, ipsamque ad sui usum apprehendere posset, subdola conspiracione fieri coniecit, et cum propositum sui desiderii productis falsis testibus in iudicio imperator habere debuisset, pater tunc ibidem presens extracto gladio filie sue pectus mortali vulnere per medium transfodit, dicens: malo michi de filia mea virginem habere mortuam, quam in sui scandalum meretricem fervare viventem.

At Rome whan that Appius,
 Whose other name was Claudius,
 Was governour of the citee,
 Where fell a wonder thing to se
 Touchend a gentil maide, as thus,
 Whom Livius Virginius
 Begeten had upon his wife.
 Men saiden, that so faire a life
 As she was nought in all the town.
 This fame, which goth up and down,
 To Claudius came in his ere,
 Wherof his thought anone was there,
 Whiche all his herte hath set afire,
 That he began the flour desire,
 Which longeth unto maidenhede,
 And sende, if that he mighte spede
 The blinde lustes of his wille.
 But that thing may he nought fulfille,
 For she stood upon mariage.
 A worthy knight of great lignage,
 Ilicius which thanne hight,
 Accorded in her faders fight

Was, that he shulde his doughter wedde.
But er the cause were fully spedde,
Her fader, which in Romanie
The leding of the chivalrie
In governaunce hath undertake,
Upon a werre, which was take,
Goth out with all the strength he hadde
Of men of armes which he ladde.
So was the mariage left
And stood upon accord till eft.

The king, which herde telle of this,
How that this maide ordeined is
To mariage, thought another,
And hadde thilke time a brother,
Which Marchus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of such riote
Right as the king him selve was,
They two to-gider upon this cas
In counfeil founden out the wey,
That Marchus Claudius shall fey,
How she by wey of covenaut
To his service apurtenaunt
Was hole, and to none other man.
And there upon he faith he can
In every point witnessse take,
So that she shall it nought forfake.
Whan that they hadden shape so
After the lawe, which was tho,
While that her fader was absent,
She was somoned and assent

To come in prefence of the king,
 And stood in answere of this thing.
 Her frendes wisten alle wele,
 That it was falskede every dele,
 And comen to the kinge and saiden
 Upon the comun lawe and praiden,
 So as this noble worthy knight
 Her fader for the comun right
 In thilke time, as was befalle,
 Lay for the profit of hem alle
 Upon the wilde felde armed,
 That he ne shulde nought ben harmed
 Ne shamed, while that he were out.
 And thus they praiden all about.

For all the clamour that he herde
 The king upon his lust answerde
 And gaf hem only daies two
 Of respit. For he wende tho,
 That in so short a time appere
 Her fader might in no manere.
 But as therof he was deceived.
 For Livius had all conceived
 The purpos of the king to-fore,
 So that to Rome ayein therfore
 In alle hast he came ridend
 And left upon the feld liggend
 His host, till that he came ayein.
 And thus this worthy capitain
 Appereth redy at his day,
 Where all that ever reson may

By lawe in audience he doth,
So that his doughter upon soth,
Of that Marchus her had accused,
He hath to-fore the court excused.

The king, which sigh his purpos faile,
And that no fleighte might availe,
Incombred of his lustes blinde
The lawe torneth out of kinde,
And halfe in wrath as though it were
In prefence of hem alle there
Deceived of concupiscence
Yaf for his brother the sentence
And bad him, that he shulde sese
This maide and make him well at ese.
But all within his own entent
He wist how that the cause went,
Of that his brother hath the wite
He was him selven for to wite.
But thus this maiden hadde wronge,
Which was upon the king alonge,
But ayein him was none apele,
And that the fader wiste wele.
Wherof upon the tirannie,
That for the lust of lecherie
His doughter shulde be deceived,
And that Ilicius was weived
Untruly fro the mariage,
Right as a leon in his rage,
Which of no drede set accompt
And not what pite shulde amount,

A naked swerde he pulled out,
 The which amonges all the rout
 He threste through his doughters side,
 And all aloude thus he cride :
 Lo, take her there thou wrongfull king,
 For me is lever upon this thing
 To be the fader of a maide,
 Though she be dede, than if men saide,
 That in her life she were shamed
 And I therof were evil named.
 Tho bad the king men shulde areste
 His body, but of thilke heste
 Like to the chaced wilde bore,
 The houndes whan he feleth fore,
 To-throweth and goth forth his wey,
 In such a wise for to fey
 This worthy knight with sward in honde
 His weie made, and they him wonde,
 That none of hem his strokes kepte,
 And thus upon his hors he lepte
 And with his sward droppend of blood,
 The which within his doughter stood,
 He cam there as the power was
 Of Rome and tolde hem all the cas
 And said hem, that they mighten lere
 Upon the wronge of this matere,
 That better it were to redresse
 At home the great unrightwifnesse,
 Than for to werre in straunge place
 And lese at home her owne grace.

For thus stant every mannes life
In jeopartie for his wife
And for his doughter, if they be
Passend an other of beaute.
Of this merveile, which they figh
So apparaunt to-fore her eye,
Of that the king him hath misbore,
Her othes they have alle swore,
That they woll stonde by the right.
And thus of one accorde upright
To Rome at ones home ayein
They torne and shortly for to sain
This tirannie cam to mouth,
And every man faith what he couth,
So that the prive trechery,
Which set was upon lechery,
Cam openly to mannes ere,
And that brought in the comun fere,
That every man the perill dradde
Of him, that so hem overladde.
For they or that it worse falle
Through comun counseil of hem alle
They have her wrongful king depofed,
And hem, in whom it was supposed
The counseil stood of his leding,
By lawe unto the dome they bring,
Where they receiven the penaunce
That longeth to such governaunce.
And thus thunchaste was chastised,
Wherof they mighten ben avised,

That sholden afterward governe,
 And by this evidence lerne,
 How it is good a kinge eschue
 The lust of vice and vertue sue.

Hic inter alia castitatis regimen concernentia loquitur, quomodo matrimonium, cuius status sacramentum quasi continentiam equiparans etiam honeste delectationis regimine moderari decet, et narrat in exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod illi septem viri, qui Sarre Raguelis filie magis propter concupiscentiam quam propter matrimonium voluptuose nupserunt, unus post alium omnes prima nocte a demone Asmodeo singillatim jugulati interierunt.

To make an ende in this partie,
 Which toucheth to the policie
 Of chastete in speciall,
 As for conclusion finall
 That every lust is to eschue
 By great ensample I may argue,
 Howe in Rages a town of Mede
 There was a maide, and as I rede,
 Sarra she hight, and Raguel
 Her fader was. And so befell
 Of body bothe and of visage
 Was none so faire of the lignage
 To seche among hem all, as she,
 Wherof the riche of the citee
 Of lusty folk, that couthen love,
 Affoted were upon her love
 And axen here for to wedde.
 One was which ate laste spedde,
 But that was more for liking
 To have his lust, than for wedding,
 As he within his herte caste,
 Whiche him repenteth ate laste.
 For so it fell the firste night,
 That whan he was to bedde dight
 As he, which nothing god besecheth,
 But all only his lustes secheth.

A bedde er he was fully warme
And wolde have take her in his arme,
Asmod, which was a fend of helle
And ferveth as the bokes telle
To tempte a man in such a wife,
Was redy there and thilke emprife,
Whiche he hath set upon delite,
He vengeth than in such a plite,
That he his neck hath writh atwo.
This yonge wife was fory tho,
Which wifte nothing what it ment.
And nethelefs yet thus it went
Nought only for this firste man,
But after right as he began,
Six other of her hufbondes
Asmod hath take into his hondes,
So that they all abedde deiede,
Whan they her hond toward her leide,
Nought for the lawe of mariage,
But for that ilke firy rage,
In which that they the lawe excede.
For who that wolde taken hede
What after fell in this matere,
There might he well the sothe here,
Whan she was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in compaigny
Hath taught him, how to be honest.
Asmod wan nought at thilke fest,
And yet Thoby his wille hadde,
For he his lust so godely ladde,

That bothe lawe and kinde is served,
Wherof he hath him self preserved,
That he fell nought in the sentence,
Of which an open evidence
Of this ensample a man may se,
That whan liking in the degre
Of mariage may forswey,
Well ought him than in other wey
Of lust to be the better avised.
For god the lawes hath affised
As well to reson as to kinde,
But he the bestes wolde binde
Only to lawes of nature,
But to the mannes creature
God yaf him reson forth withall,
Wherof that he nature shall
Upon the causes modify,
That he shall do no lechery.
And yet he shall his lustes have,
So ben the lawes bothe save
And every thing put out of sclaunder,
As whilom to king Alisaundre
The wise philosophre taught,
Whan he his firste lore caught,
Nought only upon chastete,
But upon alle honeste.
Wherof a king him self may taste,
How trewe, how large, how juste, how chaste
Him ought of reson for to be
Forth with the vertue of pite.

Through which he may great thank deserve
Toward his god, that he preserve
Him and his people in alle welthe
Of pees, richeſſe, honour and helthe
Here in this worlde and elles eke.

My ſone, as we to-fore ſpeke
In ſhrifte, ſo as thou me ſaideſt,
And for thin eſe, as thou me praideſt,
Thy love throwes for to liſſe,
That I the wolde telle and wiſſe
The forme of Ariſtotles lore,
I have it ſaid and ſomdele more
Of other enſamples, to aſſaie,
If I thy peines mighte alaie
Through any thing, whiche I can fay.

Confellor.

Do wey, my fader, I you pray,
Of that ye have unto me tolde
I thonke you a thouſand folde.
The tales ſounen in min ere,
But yet min herte is elles where,
I may my ſelve nought reſtreigne,
That I nam ever in loves peine.
Such lore couthe I never gete,
Which mighte make me foryete
O point, but if ſo were I ſlepte,
That I my tides ayeine kepte
To thenke of love and of his lawe,
That herte can I nought withdrawe.
Forthy, my gode fader dere,
Leve and ſpeke of my matere

Amans.

Touchend of love as we begonne,
 If that there be ought over ronne
 Or ought foryete or left behinde,
 Which falleth unto loves kinde,
 Wherof it nedeth to be shrive,
 Now axeth, so that while I live
 I might amende that is amis.

Confessor. My gode dere sone, yis.
 Thy shrifte for to make plein,
 There is yet more for to sain
 Of love, which is unavifed.
 But for thou shalt be well avifed
 Unto thy shrifte as it belongeth,
 A point, which upon love hongeth
 And is the laste of alle tho,
 I woll the telle, and thanne ho.

Explicit liber septimus.



Incipit Liber Octavus.

*Que favet ad vicium vetus hec modo regula confert,
Nec novus e contra qui docet ordo placet. 1.
Cecus amor dudum nondum sua lumina cepit,
Quo Venus impositum devia fallit iter.*



HE mighty god, which un-
begonne
Stant of him self and hath be-
gonne

All other thinges at his will,
The heven him liste to fulfill
Of alle joie, where as he
Sit enthronized in his see
And hath his aungels him to serve,
Such as him liketh to preserve,
So that they mowe nought forswey,
But Lucifer he put away
With al the route apostazied
Of hem that ben to him allied,
Which out of heven into helle
From aungels into fendes felle,
Where that there is no joy of light,
But more derk than any night,

Postquam ad instan-
ciam amantis confessi
confessor Genius su-
per hiis, que Aristo-
teles regem Alexan-
drum edocuit, una
cum aliarum croni-
carum exemplis seri-
ose tractavit, jam ul-
timo in isto octavo
volumine ad confessi-
onem in amoris causa
regrediens tractare
proponit super hoc,
quod nonnulli pri-
mordia nature ad li-
bitum voluptuose
consequentes, nullo
humane rationis ar-
bitrio seu ecclesie le-
gum impositione a
suis excessibus debite
refrenantur, unde
quatenus amorem
concernit amantis
conscienciam pro fi-
nali sue confessionis
materia Genius rima-
ri conatur.

The peine shall ben endeles.
 And yet of fires netheles
 There is plente, but they ben blacke,
 Wherof no fighte may be take.

Thus whan the thinges ben befallē,
 That Luciferes court was falle,
 Where dedly pride hem hath conveied,
 Anone forthwith it was purveied
 Through him, which alle thinges may,
 He made Adam the fixte day
 In paradise and to his make
 Him liketh Eve also to make
 And bad hem creſce and multiply.
 For of the mannes progeny,
 Which of the woman ſhall be bore,
 The nombre of aungels, which was lore,
 Whan they out fro the bliſſe felle,
 He thoughte to reſtore and fille
 In heven thilke holy place,
 Which ſtood tho voide upon his grace.
 But as it is well wiſt and knowe,
 Adam and Eve but a throwe,
 So as it ſhuld of hem betide,
 In paradise at thilke tide
 Ne dwelten, and the cauſe why
 Write in the boke of Geneſy
 As who faith alle men have herde,
 How Raphael the firy ſwerde
 In honde toke and drove hem out
 To gete her lives food about

Upon this wofull erthe here.
Metodre faith to this matere,
As he by revelacion
It had upon avifion,
How that Adam and Eve also
Virgines comen bothe two
Into the world, and were ashamed,
Till that nature hath hem reclaimed
To love and taught hem thilke lore,
That first they kiste and over more
They done that is to kinde due,
Wherof they hadden faire iffue.
A sone was the firste of alle,
And Chaim by name they him calle.
Abel was after the secounde
And in the geste as it is founde
Nature so the cause ladde,
Two doughters eke dame Eve hadde,
The firste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankinde to beginne,
Forthy that time it was no finne
The suster to take the brother,
Whan that ther was of chois non other.
To Chaim was Calmana betake,
And Delboram hath Abel take,
In whom was gete netheles
Of worldes folk the first encres.
Men sain that nede hath no lawe.
And so it was by thilke dawe

And laste unto the seconde age,
 Till that the grete water rage
 Of Noe, which was said the flood,
 The world, which than in sinne stood,
 Hath dreint, out take lives eight.
 Tho was mankinde of litel weight.

Sem, Cam, Japhet, of these thre,
 That ben the sones of Noe,
 The worlde of mannes nation
 Into multiplication
 Was tho restored new ayein
 So ferforth as these bokes fain,
 That of hem thre and her issue
 There was so large a retenue
 Of nations seventy and two,
 In sondry place eche one of tho
 The wide world have enhabited.
 But as nature hem hath excited,
 They token thanne litel hede,
 The brother of the susterhede
 To wedde wives, till it cam
 Into the time of Abraham,
 Whan the thridde age was begonne,
 The nede tho was overonne,
 For there was people inough in londe.
 Than ate first it came to honde,
 That susterhede of mariage
 Was torned into coufinage,
 So that after the righte line
 The coufin weddeth the coufine.

For Abraham er that he deied
This charge upon his seruaunt leied
To him and in this wise spake,
That he his sone Ifaac
Do wedde for no worldes good,
But only to his owne blood.
Wherof the seruaunt as he badde,
Whan he was dede, his sone hath ladde
To Bathuel, where he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the white necke.
For she, he wiste well and figh,
Was to the childe coufin nigh.

And thus as Abraham hath taught,
Whan Ifaac was god betaught,
His sone Jacob did also
And of Laban the doughters two,
Which was his eme, he toke to wife
And gate upon hem in his life,
Of her firste which hight Lie,
Six sones of his progenie,
And of Rachel two sones eke,
The remenaunt was for to seke,
That is to sain of foure mo,
Wherof he gate on Bala two
And of Zelpha he had eke twey.
And these twelve, as I the say,
Through providence of god him selve
Ben said the patriarkes twelve.
Of whom as afterward befel
The tribes twelf of Israel

Engendred were, and ben the fame,
 That of Hebrews tho hadden name,
 Which of fibred in aliaunce
 For ever kepten thilke usaunce
 Most comunly, till Crist was bore.
 But afterward it was forbore
 Among us that ben baptized.
 For of the lawe canonized
 The pope hath bode to the men,
 That none shall wedden of his kin
 Ne the seconde ne the thridde.
 But though that holy chirche it bidde,
 So to restreigne mariage,
 There ben yet upon loves rage
 Ful many of fuche now a day,
 That taken where they take may.
 For love, whiche is unbesein
 Of alle reson, as men sain,
 Through sotie and through nicete
 Of his voluptuofite
 He spareth no condicion
 Of kin ne yet religion,
 But as a cock among the hennes
 Or as a stalon in the fennes,
 Which goth amonges all the ftood,
 Right so can he no more good,
 But taketh what thing cometh next to honde.

Confessor. My sone, thou shalt understonde,
 That such delite is for to blame.
 Forthy if thou haft be the fame

To love in any such manere,
Tell forth therof and shrive the here.

My fader, nay, god wot the sothe,
My faire is nought in such a bothe,
So wilde a man yet was I never,
That of my kin or leve or lever
Me lifte love in such a wise.

Amans.

And eke I not for what emprise
I shulde affote upon a nonne,
For though I had her love wonne,
It might into no prise amounte,
So therof set I none accompte.
Ye may well axe of this and that,
But sothly for to telle plat,
In all this world there is but one,
The which my herte hath over gone.
I am toward all other fre.

Full well, my sone, now I se
Thy word stant ever upon o place,
But yet therof thou hast a grace,
That thou the might so well excuse
Of love, such as some men use,
So as I spake of now to-fore.
For all such time of love is lore,
And lich unto the bitter swete,
For though it thenke a man first swete,
He shall well felen ate laste,
That it is soure and may nought laste.
For as a morcel envenimed,
So hath such love his lust mistimed,

Confessor.

And great ensamples many one
A man may finde therupon.

Hic loquitur contra illos, quos Venus sui desiderii fervore inflammans, ita incestuosos effecit, ut neque propriis fororibus parcant. Et narrat exemplum, qualiter pro eo, quod Gaius Caligula tres sorores suas virgines coitu illicito opressit, deus tanti sceleris peccatum non ferens, ipsum non solum ab imperio, sed a vita justitia vindice privavit. Narrat etiam aliud exemplum super eodem, qualiter Amon filius David fatui amoris concupiscencia preventus, sororem suam Thamar a sue virginitatis pudicitia invitam defloravit, propter quod et ipse a fratre suo Absalon postea interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio invitus redemit.

At Rome first if we begin,
There shal I find howe of this fin
An emperour was for to blame,
Gaius Caligula by name,
Which of his owne susters thre
Berefte the virginite.

And whan he had hem so forlain
As he, the which was all vilain,
He did hem out of londe exile.
But afterward within a while
God hath beraft him in his ire
His life, and eke his large empire.
And thus for likinge of a throwe,
For ever his lust was overthrowe.

Of this soty also I finde
Amon his suster ayein kinde,
Which highte Thamar, he forlay,
But he that lust another day
Aboughte, whan that Absolon
His owne brother there upon,
Of that he had his suster shent,
Toke of that sinne vengement
And slough him with his own honde.
And thus thunkinde unkinde fonde.

Hic narrat, qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsis consencientibus carnali copula cognovit, duosque ex eis filios scilicet Moab et

And for to se more of this thing
The bible maketh a knouleching,
Wherof thou might take evidence
Upon the soth experience.

Whan Lothes wife was overgone
 And shape unto the falte stone,
 As it is spoke unto this day,
 By both his doughters than he lay.
 With childe he made hem bothe great,
 Till that nature hem wolde let
 And so the cause about ladde,
 That eche of hem a sone hadde,
 Moab the first and the secounde
 Amon, of which, as it is founde,
 Cam afterward to great encres
 Two nations. And netheles
 For that the stockes were ungood,
 The branches mighten nought ben good.
 For of the false Moabites
 Forth with the strength of Amonites,
 Of that they weren first misget,
 The people of god was ofte upset
 In Israael and in Judee,
 As in the bible a man may se.

Lo thus, my sone, as I the say,
 Thou might thy selve be besay
 Of that thou hast of other herde,
 For ever yet it hath so ferde,
 Of loves lust if so befalle,
 That it in other place falle,
 Than it is of the lawe sette.
 He, which his love hath so besette,
 Mote afterward repent him sore,
 And every man is others lore.

Amon progenuit,
 quorum postea ge-
 neracio prava et
 exasperans contra
 populum dei in
 terra saltim pro-
 missionis vario gra-
 vamine quam se-
 pius insultabat.

Confessor.

Of that befell in time er this,
 The present time which nowe is
 May ben enformed, how it stood,
 And take that him thenketh good
 And leve that, which is nought so.
 But for to loke of time ago,
 How lust of love exceedeth lawe,
 It oughte for to be withdrawe.
 For every man it shulde drede
 And namelich in his fibrede,
 Which torneth ofte to vengeaunce,
 Wherof a tale in remembraunce,
 Which is a long proces to here,
 I thenke for to tellen here.

2. *Omnibus est communis amor, sed et immoderatos
 Qui facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
 Sors tamen unde Venus attrahat corda videre,
 Que rationis erunt, non ratione finit.*

Hic loquitur adhuc
 contra incestuosos
 amantum coitus, et
 narrat mirabile ex-
 emplum de magno
 rege Antiocho, qui
 uxore mortua pro-
 priam filiam violavit,
 et quia filie matrimo-
 nium penes alios im-
 pedire voluit, tale ab
 eo exiit edictum,
 quod si quis eam in
 uxorem peteret, nisi
 quoddam problema
 questionis, quam ipse
 rex proposuerat, ve-
 raciter solveret, capi-
 tali sententia puni-
 retur, super quo veni-
 ens tandem discretus

Of a cronique in daies gon,
 The which is cleped Panteon,
 In loves cause I rede thus,
 How that the great Antiochus,
 Of whom that Antioche toke
 His firste name, as faith the boke,
 Was coupled to a noble quene,
 And had a doughter hem betwene.
 But such fortune cam to honde,
 That deth, which no kind may withstonde,
 But every life it mote obey,
 This worthy quene toke away.

The king, which made mochel mone,
 Tho stood as who faith all him one
 Withoute wife, but netheles
 His doughter, which was pereles
 Of beaute, dwelt about him stille.
 But whan a man hath welth at wille,
 The fleshe is frele and falleth ofte,
 And that this maide tendre and softe,
 Whiche in her faders chambre dwelte,
 Within a time wist and felte,
 For liking of concupiscence
 Without insight of conscience
 The fader so with lustes blente,
 That he cast all his hole entente
 His owne doughter for to spille.
 The king hath leifer at his wille,
 With strengthe and whan he time figh,
 The yonge maiden he forleie.
 And she was tendre and full of drede,
 She couthe nought her maidenhede
 Defende, and thus she hath forlore
 The floure, which she hath longe bore.
 It helpeth nought all though she wepe,
 For they that shulde her body kepe
 Of women were absent as than.
 And thus this maiden goth to man.
 The wilde fader thus devoureth
 His owne flesh, which none focoureth,
 And that was cause of mochel care.
 But after this unkinde fare

juvenis princeps Tyri
 Appollinus questi-
 onem solvit. Nec
 tamen filiam habere
 potuit, sed rex indig-
 natus ipsum propter
 hoc in mortis odium
 recollegit, unde Ap-
 pollinus a facie regis
 fugiens quam plura,
 prout inferius intitu-
 lantur, propter amo-
 rem pericula passus
 est.

Out of the chambre goth the king.
 And she lay still and of this thing
 Within her self such sorwe made,
 There was no wight, that might her glade,
 For fere of thilke horrible vice.
 With that came inne the norice,
 Which fro childhode her hadde kepte
 And axeth, if she hadde slepte,
 And why her chere was unglad.
 But she, which hath ben overlad
 Of that she mighte nought be wreke,
 For shame couth unethes speke.
 And netheles mercy she praide
 With weping eye and thus she saide :
 Helas, my suster, wailoway,
 That ever I figh this ilke day.
 Thing, which my body first begate
 Into this worlde, only that
 My worldes worship hath berefte.
 With that she swouneth now and este
 And ever wissheth after deth,
 So that welnigh her lacketh breth.

That other, which her wordes herde,
 In comforting of her answerde,
 To let her faders foul desire,
 She wiste no recoverire,
 Whan thing is do, there is no bote.
 So suffren they that suffren mote.
 There was none other, which it wist.
 Thus hath this king all that him list

Of his liking and his plesfaunce,
And laft in fuch a continuaunce,
And fuch delite he toke there in,
Him thoughte that it was no fin.
And ſhe durft him no thing withſay.
But fame, which goth every way,
To fondry regnes all aboute
The great beaute telleth oute
Of fuch a maide of high parage.
So that for love of mariage
The worthy princes come and fende,
As they, the which all honour wende
And knew no thing, how that it ftode.

The fader whan he underftode,
That they his doughter thus befought,
With all his wit he caſt and fought,
How that he mighte finde a lette,
And fuch a ſtatute than he ſette
And in this wiſe his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his doughter axeth,
But if he couthe his queſtion
Aſſoile upon ſuggeſtion
Of certain thinges, that befelle,
The which he wolde unto him telle,
He ſhulde in certain leſe his hede.
And thus there were many dede,
Her hedes ſtanding on the gate,
Till ate laſte long and late
For lacke of anſwere in this wiſe
The remenaunt, that weren wiſe,

Escheueden to make assay.

De adventu Appollini in Antiochiam, ubi ipse filiam regis Antiochi in uxorem postulavit.

Till it befell upon a day
Appollinus the prince of Tire,
Which hath to love a great desire,
As he, which in his highe mode,
Was liking of his hote blode,
A yonge, a fresh, a lusty knight,
As he lay musing on a night
Of the tidinges, which he herde,
He thought assay how that it ferde.
He was with worthy compaignie
Arraied and with good navie,
To ship he goth, the winde him driveth,
And faileth, till that he arriveth
Sauf in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth and goth to approche
The kinges court and his presence.

Of every natural science,
Whiche any clerke couth him teche,
He couth inough and in his speche
Of wordes he was eloquent.
And whan he sigh the king present,
He praieth, he mote his daughter have.
The king ayein began to crave
And tolde him the condicion,
How first unto his question
He mote answer and faile nought,
Or with his heved it shall be bought.
And he him axeth, what it was.

Questio regis Antiochi: scelere ve-

The king declareth him the cas

With sterne loke and stordy chere,
 To him and said in this manere :
 With felony I am upbore,
 I ete and have it nought forlore
 My moders flesh, whose husbonde
 My fader for to seche I fonde,
 Which is the sone eke of my wife,
 Herof I am inquisitife.
 And who that can my tale save
 Al quite he shall my doughter have.
 Of his answere and if he faile,
 He shall be dede withoute faile.
 Forthy my sone, quod the king,
 Be wel avised of this thing,
 Which hath thy life in jeopartie.
 Appollinus for his partie
 Whan he that question had herde,
 Unto the king he hath answerde
 And hath reherced one and one
 The points and saide therupon :
 The question, which thou hast spoke,
 If thou wolt, that it be unloke,
 It toucheth all the privete
 Betwene thin owne child and the
 And stant all hole upon you two.
 The king was wonder sory tho
 And thought, if that he said it out,
 Than were he shamed all about.
 With sliche wordes and with felle
 He saith : My sone, I shall the telle,

hor, materna carne
 vescor, quero pa-
 trem meum, ma-
 tris mee virum,
 uxoris mee filium.

Responso Appol-
 lini.

Indignacio regis
 Antiochi super re-
 sponso Appol-
 lini.

Though that thou be of litel wit,
 It is no great merveile as yit,
 Thin age may it nought suffise.
 But loke wel thou nought despise
 Thin owne life, for of my grace
 Of thritty daies full a space
 I graunte the, to ben avised.

De recessu Appol-
 lini ab Antiochia.

And thus with leve and time affised
 This yonge prince forth he wente
 And understode wel what it mente.
 Within his herte as he was lered,
 That for to make him afered,
 The kinge his time hath so delaied,
 Wherof he drad and was amaied
 Of treson that he deie sholde,
 For he the king his sothe tolde.
 And sodeinly the nightes tide,
 That more wolde he nought abide,
 Al prively his barge he hente
 And home ayein to Türe he wente.
 And in his owne wit he saide,
 For drede if he the king bewraide,
 He knew so wel the kinges herte,
 That deth ne shulde he nought aserterte,
 The king him wolde so pursue.
 But he that wolde his deth escheue
 And knewe all this to-fore the honde,
 Forfake he thought his owne londe,
 That there wolde he nought abide.
 For wel he knew that on some side

This tiraunt of his felonie
 By some manere of trecherie
 To greve his body woll nought leve.

Forthy withouten taking leve
 As privelich as ever he might
 He goth him to the see by night,
 Her shippes that ben with whete laden,
 Her takil redy tho they maden
 And haleth fail and forth they fare.
 But for to telle of the care,
 That they of Tire began tho,
 Whan that they wist he was ago,
 It is a pite for to here.
 They loften lust, they loften chere,
 They toke upon hem such penaunce,
 There was no song, there was no daunce,
 But every merthe and melody
 To hem was than a malady,
 For unlust of that aventure
 There was no man which toke tonsure.
 In dolfull clothes they hem clothe.
 The bathes and the stewes bothe
 They shetten in by every wey.
 There was no life which liste pley
 Ne take of any joie kepe,
 But for her lege lord to wepe,
 And every wight said as he couth :
 Helas, the lusty floure of youth,
 Our prince, our heved, our governour,
 Through whom we stonden in honour,

De fuga Appollini
 per mare a regno
 suo.

Withoute the comune assent,
That sodeinly is fro us went.
Such was the clamour of hem alle.

Nota, qualiter
Thaliartus miles,
ut Appollinum
veneno intoxica-
ret, ab Antiocho
in Tyrum missus
ipso ibidem non
invento Antiochi-
am rediit.

But se we now what is befall
Upon the firste tale pleine
And torne we therto ayeine.
Antiochus the grete fire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His herte bereth so as ye herde,
Of that this prince of Tیره answerde,
He had a felow bacheler,
Which was his prive counseiler
And Taliart by name he hight.
The king a strong poison him dight
Within a buist and gold therto,
In alle haste and bad him go
Straight unto Tیره and for no cost
Ne spare, till he hadde lost
The prince, which he wolde spill.
And whan the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galey
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wind was good, they faileth blive,
Till he toke lond upon the rive
Of Tیره and forth with all anone
Into the burgh he gan to gone
And toke his inne and bode a throwe.
But for he wolde nought be knowe,
Desguised than he goth him out.
He sigh the weping all about

And axeth, what the cause was.
 And they him tolde all the cas,
 How sodeinly the prince is go.
 And whan he figh, that it was so
 And that his labour was in veine,
 Anone he torneth home ayeine,
 And to the king whan he cam nigh,
 He tolde of that he herde and figh,
 How that the prince of Tیره is fled.
 So was he come ayein unsped.
 The king was fory for a while,
 But whan he figh, that with no wile
 He might acheve his cruelte,
 He stint his wrath, and let him be.

But over this now for to telle
 Of adventures that befelle
 Unto this prince, of which I tolde,
 He hath his righte cours forth holde
 By stone and nedel, till he cam
 To Tharse, and ther his londe he nam.
 A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
 Was thilke time in that citee,
 Which cleped was Strangulio,
 His wife was Dionise also.
 This yonge prince, as faith the boke,
 With him his herbergage toke.
 And it befell that citee so
 Before time and than also,
 Through stronge famin, whiche hem lad,
 Was none, that any whete had.

Qualiter Appollinus in portu Tharsis applicuit, ubi in hospicio cuiusdam magni viri nomine Strangulionis hospitatus est.

Appollinus, whan that he herde
 The mischefe, how the citee ferde,
 All frelich of his owne yifte
 His whete among hem for to shifte,
 The which by ship he hadde brought,
 He yave and toke of hem right nought.
 But sithen first this world began,
 Was never yet to such a man
 More joie made, than they him made.
 For they were all of him so glade,
 That they for ever in remembraunce
 Made a figure in ressemblaunce
 Of him and in a comun place
 They set it up, so that his face
 Might every maner man beholde,
 So as the citee was beholde,
 It was of laton over gilt.
 Thus hath he nought his yifte spilt.

Qualiter Hellica-
 nus civis Tyri
 Tharsim veniens
 Appollinum de in-
 fidiis Antiochi
 premunivit.

Upon a time with a route
 This lord to pleie goth him oute
 And in his way of Tire he mette
 A man, which on his knees him grette,
 And Hellican by name he hight,
 Which praide his lord to have insight
 Upon him self and said him thus,
 How that the great Antiochus
 Awaiteth, if he might him spille.
 That other thought and helde him stille
 And thonked him of his warning
 And bad him telle no tiding,

Whan he to Tیره cam home ayeine,
That he in Tharfe him hadde feine.

Fortune hath ever be muable
And may no while stonde stable.
For now it higheth, now it loweth,
Now stant upright, now overthroweth,
Now full of blifs and now of bale,
As in the telling of my tale
Here afterward a man may lere,
Which is great routhe for to here.

This lord, which wolde done his best,
Within him self hath litel rest
And thought he wolde his place chaunge
And seke a contre more straunge.
Of Tharfiens his leve anone
He toke and is to shippe gone.
His cours he nam with faile updrawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe
And sheweth, as I shall reherce,
How she was to this lord diverse,
The which upon the see she ferketh.
The winde aros, the wether derketh,
It blew and made such tempest,
None anker may the ship arest,
Which hath to-broken all his gere.
The shipmen stood in such a fere,
Was none that might him self bestere,
But ever awaite upon the lere,
Whan that they sholden drenche at ones.
There was inough within the wones

Qualiter Appollinus portum Tharfis relinquens, cum ipse per mare navigio securiorem quesivit, superveniente tempestate navis cum omnibus preter ipsum solum in eadem contentis juxta Pentapolim periclitabatur.

Of weping and of forwe tho.
 The yonge king maketh mochel wo
 So for to fe the ship travaile.
 But all that might him nought availe.
 The maft to-brake, the fail to-rofe,
 The ship upon the wawes drofe,
 Till that they fe the londes cofte.
 Tho made a vow the lefte and mofte,
 Be fo they mighten come a londe.
 But he, which hath the fe on honde,
 Neptunus wolde nought accorde,
 But all to-brake cable and corde,
 Er they to londe mighte approche.
 The ship to-clef upon a roche
 And all goth down into the depe.
 But he, that alle thing may kepe,
 Unto this lord was merciabile
 And brought him fauf upon a table,
 Which to the londe him hath upbore,
 The remenaunt was all forlore.
 Herof he made mochel mone.

Qualiter Appollinus nudus super litus jactabatur, ubi quidam piscator ipsum suo colobio vestiens ad urbem Pentapolim direxit.

Thus was this yonge lorde alone
 All naked in a pouer plite.
 His colour, which was whilom white,
 Was than of water fade and pale,
 And eke he was fo fore a cale,
 That he wift of him felf no bote,
 It helpe him no thing for to mote
 To gete ayein that he hath lore.
 But she, which hath his deth forbore,

Fortune, though she woll nought yelpe,
 All sodeinly hath sent him helpe,
 Whan him thought alle grace away.
 There came a fissher in the wey
 And sigh a man there naked stonde.
 And whan that he hath understonde
 The cause, he hath of him great routh
 And onlich of his pouer trowth
 Of suche clothes as he hadde
 With great pite this lord he cladde.
 And he him thonketh as he sholde
 And saith him, that it shall be yolde,
 If ever he gete his state ayein,
 And praieth, that he wolde him fain,
 If nigh were any town for him.
 He saide: Ye, Pentopolim,
 Where bothe king and quene dwellen.
 Whan he this tale herde tellen,
 He gladdeth him and gan beseche,
 That he the wey him wolde teche.
 And he him taught. And forth he went
 And praide god with good entent
 To sende him joy after his forwe.
 It was nought passed yet midmorwe,
 Than thiderward his wey he nam,
 Where sone upon the none he cam.
 He ete such as he might gete,
 And forth anone whan he had ete,
 He goth to se the town about,
 And cam there as he found a rout

Qualiter Appolli-
 no Pentapolim ad-
 veniente ludus gign-
 nafi per urbem
 publice proclamatus
 est.

Of yonge lusty men withall.
 And as it shulde tho befall,
 That day was fet of such affise,
 That they shulde in the londes gife
 As he herde of the people say
 Her comun game thanne pley.
 And cried was, that they shuld come
 Unto the game all and some
 Of hem that ben deliver and wight
 To do such maistry as they might.
 They made hem naked as they sholde,
 For so that ilke game wolde,
 And it was tho custume and use,
 Amonges hem was no refuse.
 The floure of all the town was there
 And of the court also there were,
 And that was in a large place
 Right even before the kinges face,
 Whiche Artestrates thanne hight.
 The pley was pleied right in his fight.
 And who most worthy was of dede
 Receive he shulde a certain mede
 And in the citee bere a price.
 Appollinus, which ware and wise
 Of every game couth an ende,
 He thought assay, how so it wende.

Qualiter Appolli-
 nus ludum gignafii
 vincens in aula
 regis ad cenam
 honorifice ceptus
 est.

And fell among hem into game,
 And there he wanne him such a name,
 So as the king him self accompteth,
 That he all other men surmounteth

And bare the prise above hem alle.
 The king bad, that into his halle
 At souper time he shall be brought.
 And he cam than and lefte it nought
 Withoute compaigny alone.
 Was none so femelich of persone,
 Of visage and of limmes bothe,
 If that he hadde what to clothe.
 At souper time netheles
 The king amiddes all the pres
 Let clepe him up amonge hem alle
 And bad his mareshall of his halle
 To fetten him in such degre,
 That he upon him mighte fe.
 The king was sone fette and served,
 And he, which had his prise deserved
 After the kinges owne worde,
 Was made begin a middel borde,
 That bothe king and quene him figh.
 He fette and cast about his eye,
 And figh the lordes in estate
 And with him self wax in debate
 Thenkend what he hadde lore,
 And such a forwe he toke therfore,
 That he sat ever still and thought,
 As he, which of no mete rought.

The king behelde his hevinesse
 And of his grete gentileffe
 His doughter, which was faire and good
 And ate bord before him stood,

in cena se in D. Hy...
 Qualiter Appollinus in cena recumbens nichil comedit, sed doloroso vultu, submissō capite, maxime inge-

mescebat, qui tandem a filia regis confortatus citharam plectens cunctis audientibus citharizando ultra modum complacuit.

As it was thilke time usage,
 He bad to go on his message
 And founde for to make him glad.
 And she did as her fader bad
 And goth to him the softe pas
 And axeth whenne and what he was,
 And praith he shulde his thoughtes leve.

He saith : Madame, by your leve.
 My name is hote Appollinus,
 And of my richeffe it is thus,
 Upon the see I have it lore.
 The contre, where as I was bore,
 Where that my lond is and my rente,
 I lefte at Tire, whan that I wente,
 The worship there, of which I ought,
 Unto the god I there betought.
 And thus to-gider as they two speke,
 The teres ran down by his cheke.
 The king, which therof toke good kepe,
 Had great pite to se him wepe
 And for his doughter send ayein
 And praid her faire and gan to sain,
 That she no lenger wolde drecche,
 But that she wolde anone forth fecche
 Her harpe and done all that she can
 To gladde with that fory man.
 And she to done her faders hest
 Her harpe fet and in the feste
 Upon a chare, which they fette,
 Her self next to this man she sette.

With harpe both and eke with mouthe
To him she did, all that she couthe
To make him chere, and ever he fiketh,
And she him axeth, how him liketh.

Madame, certes well, he saide,
But if ye the mesure plaide,
Which, if you list, I shall you lere,
It were a glad thing for to here.
Ha, leve fire, tho quod she,
Now take the harpe and let me se,
Of what mesure that ye mene.

Tho praith the king, tho praith the quene,
Forth with the lordes all arewe,
That he some merthe wolde shewe.
He taketh the harpe and in his wise
He tempreth and of fuche assise
Singend he harpeth forth with all,
That as a vois celestiall
Hem thought it souned in her ere,
As though that he an aungel were.
They gladen of his melody,
But most of all the company
The kinges doughter, which it herde,
And thought eke of that he answerde,
Whan that it was of her apposed,
Within her hert hath well supposed,
That he is of great gentileffe.
His dedes ben therof witnesse
Forth with the wisdome of his lore,
It nedeth nought to feche more.

He might nought have such manere,
 Of gentil blood but if he were.
 Whan he hath harped all his fill
 The kinges heste to fulfill,
 Away goth dish, away goth cup,
 Down goth the bord, the cloth was up,
 They risen and gone out of halle.

Qualiter Appollinus cum rege pro filia sua erudienda retentus est.

The king his chamberlein let calle
 And bad, that he by alle wey
 A chambre for this man purvey,
 Which nigh his owne chambre be.
 It shall be do, my lord, quod he.

Appollinus, of whom I mene,
 Tho toke his leve of king and quene
 And of the worthy maide also,
 Which praid unto her fader tho,
 That she might of the yonge man
 Of tho sciences, which he can,
 His lore have. And in this wise
 The king her graunteth his apprise,
 So that him self therto assent.
 Thus was accorded er they went,
 That he with all that ever he may
 This yonge faire freshe may
 Of that he couthe shulde enforme.
 And ful assented in this forme
 They token leve as for that night.

Qualiter filia regis Appollinum ornato apparatu vestiri fecit, et ipse ad puelle doctrinam, in

And whan it was on morwe right,
 Unto this yonge man of Tire
 Of clothes, and of good attire

With gold and filver to despende
 This worthy yonge lady sende.
 And thus she made him well at ese,
 And he with all that he can plesse
 Her serveth well and faire ayeine.
 He taught her, till she was certeine
 Of harpe, citole and of riote
 With many a tune and many a note,
 Upon musique, upon mesure,
 And of her harpe the temprure
 He taught her eke, as he well couth.
 But as men sain, that frele is youth
 With leiser and continuaunce,
 This maide fell upon a chaunce,
 That love hath made him a quarele
 Ayeine her youthe fresh and frele,
 That malgre where she wold or nought,
 She mot with all her hertes thought
 To love and to his lawe obey.
 And that she shall full fore obey,
 For she wot never what it is.
 But ever among she feleth this,
 Thenkend upon this man of Tire,
 Her herte is hote as any fire,
 And otherwise it is a cale.
 Now is she red, now is she pale
 Right after the condition
 Of her ymagination.
 But ever among her thoughtes alle,
 She thoughte, what so may befall,

quam pluribus fa-
 miliariter intende-
 bat, unde placata
 puella in amorem
 Appollini exardescens
 infirmabatur.

Or that she laugh, or that she wepe,
 She wolde her gode name kepe
 For fere of womanishe shame.
 But what in ernest, what in game
 She stant for love in such a plite,
 That she hath lost all appetite
 Of mete and drinke, of nightes rest,
 As she that not what is the best.
 But for to thenken all her fille
 She helde her ofte times stille
 Within her chambre, and goth nought out.
 The king was of her life in doubt,
 Which wiste nothing what it ment.

Qualiter tres filii
 principum filiam
 regis singillatim in
 uxorem suis suppli-
 cacionibus postula-
 runt.

But fell a time, as he out went
 To walke, of princes sones thre
 There came and felle to his knee,
 And eche of hem in sondry wise
 Besought and profreth his service,
 So that he might his doughter have.
 The king, which wold her honour save,
 Saith, she is fike, and of that speche
 Tho was no time to beseche,
 But eche of hem to make a bille
 He bad and write his owne wille,
 His name, his fader and his good.
 And whan she wist, how that it stood,
 And had her billes oversein,
 They shulden have answere ayein.
 Of this counseil they weren glad
 And writen, as the king hem bad,

And every man his owne boke
 Into the kinges hond betoke.
 And he it to his doughter sende
 And praide her for to make an ende
 And write ayein her owne honde,
 Right as she in her herte fonde.

The billes weren well received,
 But she hath all her loves weived
 And thoughte tho was time and space
 To put her in her faders grace
 And wrote ayein and thus she saide :

The shame, which is in a maide,
 With speche dare nought be unloke,
 But in writing it may be spoke.
 So write I to you, fader, thus,
 But if I have Appollinus,
 Of all this world what so betide,
 I woll non other man abide.
 And certes if I of him faile,
 I wot right well withoute faile,
 Ye shull for me be doughterles.
 This letter came, and there was pres
 To-fore the king, there as he stode.
 And whan that he it understode,
 He yave hem answere by and by.
 But that was done so prively,
 That none of others counseil wiste.
 They toke her leve, and where hem liste,
 They wente forth upon her wey.

The king ne wolde nought bewrey

Qualiter filia regis
 omnibus aliis re-
 lictis Appollinum
 in maritum preele-
 git.

Qualiter rex et re-
 gina in maritagium

filie sue cum Ap-
pollino confencie-
runt.

The counseil for no maner high,
 But suffreth till he time sigh.
 And whan that he to chambre is come,
 He hath unto his counseil nome
 This man of Tire and lete him se
 The letter, and all the privete,
 The which his doughter to him sente.
 And he his kne to grounde bente
 And thonketh him and her also.
 And er they wenten than a two
 With good herte and with good corage
 Of full love and full mariage
 The kinge and he ben hole accorded.
 And after, whan it was recorded
 Unto the doughter, how it stood,
 The yifte of all this worldes good
 Ne shuld have made her half so blithe.
 And forth with all the kinge als swithe,
 For he woll have her good assent,
 Hath for the quene her moder sent.
 The quene is come, and whan she herde
 Of this matere how that it ferde,
 She sigh debate, she sigh disese,
 But if she wolde her doughter plese,
 And is therto assented ful,
 Whiche is a dede wonderful.
 For no man knew the sothe cas,
 But he him self, what man he was.
 And netheles so as hem thought
 His dedes to the sothe wrought,

That he was come of gentil blood,
 Him lacketh nought but worldes good.
 And as therof is no despeire,
 For she shall be her faders heire,
 And he was able to governe,
 Thus woll they nought the love werne
 Of him and her in no wise,
 But all accorded they devise
 The day and time of mariage,
 Where love is lorde of the corage.
 Him thenketh longe, er that he spede,
 But ate laste unto the dede

The time is come, and in her wise
 With great offrend and sacrifice
 They wedde and make a riche fest,
 And every thing was right honest
 Withinne hous, and eke without.
 It was so done, that all about
 Of great worship and great nobleffe
 There cried many a man largeffe
 Unto the lordes high and loude.
 The knightes, that ben yonge and proude,
 They jeste first and after daunce.
 The day is go, the nightes chaunce
 Hath derked all the brighte sonne.
 This lord, which hath his love wonne,
 Is go to bedde with his wife,
 Where as they lede a lusty life,
 And that was after somdele sene,
 For as they pleiden hem betwene,

Qualiter Appollinus filie regis nup-
 sit, et prima nocte
 cum ea concubiens
 ipsam impregna-
 vit.

They gete a child betwene hem two,
To whom fell after mochel wo.

Qualiter ambaffiatores a Tyro in quadam navi Pentapolim venientes mortem regis Antiochi Appollino nunciaverunt.

Now have I tolde of the spoufailes.
But for to speke of the merveiles,
Which afterward to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.

It fell a day they riden out
The kinge and quene and all the rout
To pleien hem upon the stonde,
Where as they seen toward the londe
A ship sailend of great array.
To knowe what it mene may,
Till it be come they abide.
Than fe they stonde on every side
Endlong the shippes bord to shewe
Of penouncels a riche rewe.
They axen, whenne the ship is come.
Fro Tire, anone answerde some.
And over this they saiden more,
The cause why they comen fore
Was for to seche and for to finde
Appollinus, which is of kinde
Her lege lord. And he appereth
And of the tale whiche he hereth
He was right glad, for they him tolde,
That for vengeaunce, as god it wolde,
Antiochus as men may wite
With thunder and lightning is forsmite.
His doughter hath the same chaunce.
So be they both in o balaunce.

Forthy, our lege lord, we fay
 In name of all the lond and pray,
 That left all other thing to done,
 It like you to come sone
 And se your owne lege men
 With other, that ben of your ken,
 That live in longing and desire,
 Till ye be come ayein to Tire.
 This tale after the king it had
 Pentapolim all oversprad.
 There was no joie for to seche,
 For every man it had in speche
 And saiden all of one accorde :
 A worthy king shall ben our lorde,
 That thought us first an hevinessse,
 Is shape us now to great gladnessse.
 Thus goth the tiding over all.

But nede he mot, that nede shall.
 Appollinus his leve toke,
 To god and all the lond betoke
 With all the people longe and brode,
 That he no lenger there abode.

The king and quene forwe made,
 But yet somdele they weren glade
 Of such thing, as they herden tho.
 And thus betwene the wele and wo
 To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
 The which was ever meke and milde
 And wolde nought departe him fro,
 Such love was betwene hem two.

Qualiter Appollino
 cum uxore sua im-
 pregnata a Penta-
 poli versus Tyrum
 navigantibus con-
 tigit uxorem, mor-
 tis articulo angus-
 tiam, in navi fi-
 liam, que postea
 Thaisis vocabatur,
 parere.

Lichorida for her office
 Was take, which was a norice,
 To wende with this yonge wife,
 To whom was shape a wofull life.
 Within a time, as it betid,
 Whan they were in the see amid,
 Out of the north they sigh a cloude,
 The storme aros, the windes loude
 They blewen many a dredefull blast,
 The welken was all overcast.
 The derke night the sonne hath under,
 There was a great tempest of thunder.
 The mone and eke the sterres bothe
 In blacke cloudes they hem clothe,
 Wherof her brighte loke they hide.
 This yonge lady wept and cride,
 To whom no comfort might availe,
 Of childe she began travaile,
 Where she lay in a caban close.
 Her wofull lord fro her arose,
 And that was long er any morwe,
 So that in anguish and in sorwe
 She was delivered all by night
 And deiede in every mannes sight.

Qualiter Appollinus mortem uxoris sue planxit.

But netheles for all this wo
 A maide child was bore tho.

Appollinus whan he this knewe,
 For sorwe a swoone he overthrewe,
 That no man wist in him no life.
 And whan he woke, he saide : Ha, wife,

My joy, my lust and my desire,
My welth and my recoverire,
Why shall I live, and thou shalt deie?
Ha, thou fortune, I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
Ha, herte, why ne wolt thou berst,
That forth with her I mighte passe?
My paines were well the lasse.
In such weping and suche crie
His dede wife, which lay him by,
A thousand fithes he her kiste,
Was never man, that figh ne wiste
A forwe to his forwe liche,
Was ever among upon the liche.
He fell swounende as he, that thought
His owne deth, which he befought
Unto the goddes all above
With many a pitous word of love.
But suche wordes as tho were,
Yet herde never mannes ere,
But only thilke, which he saide.
The maister shipman came and praide
With other such, as ben therinne,
And sain, that he may nothing winne
Ayein the deth, but they him rede,
He be well ware and take hede,
The see by wey of his nature
Receive may no creature
Within him self as for to holde,
The which is dede. Forthy they wolde,

As they counseilen all about,
 The dede body casten out.
 For better it is, they saiden all,
 That it of here so befall,
 Than if they shulden alle spille.

Qualiter suadenti-
 bus nautis corpus
 uxoris sue mortue
 in quadam cista
 plumbo et ferro
 obtusaque circum-
 ligata Appollinus
 cum magno the-
 sauro una cum
 quadam littera sub
 eius capite scripta
 recludi et in mare
 proici fecit.

The king, which understode her will
 And knew her counseil that was trewe,
 Began ayein his sorwe newe
 With pitous hert and thus to say :
 It is all reson that ye pray.
 I am, quod he, but one alone,
 So wolde I nought for my persone,
 There felle such aduersite.
 But whan it may no better be,
 Doth thanne thus upon my worde,
 Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
 That it be firm with led and piche.
 Anone was made a coffre suche
 All redy brought unto his honde.
 And whan he fighe and redy fonde
 This coffre made and well englued,
 The dede body was besewed
 In cloth of gold and laid therinne.
 And for he wolde unto her winne
 Upon some coste a sepulture,
 Under her heved in adventure
 Of gold he laide sommes great
 And of juels a strong beyete
 Forth with a letter, and said thus :

Copia littere Ap-
 pollini capiti ux-
 oris sue supposita.

I, king of Tیره, Appollinus

Doth alle maner men for to wite,
 That here and se this letter write,
 That helpeles withoute rede
 Here lith a kinges doughter dede,
 And who that hapneth her to finde
 For charite take in his minde
 And do so, that she be begrave
 With this tresor, which he shal have.

Thus whan the letter was full spoke,
 They have anone the coffre stoke
 And bounden it with iron faste,
 That it may with the wawes laste,
 And stoppen it by such a wey,
 That it shall be withinne drey,
 So that no water might it greve.
 And thus in hope and good beleve,
 Of that the corps shall well arrive,
 They cast it over borde as blive.

The ship forth on the wawes went.
 The prince hath chaunged his entent
 And faith, he woll nought come at Tire
 As thanne, but all his desire
 Is first to failen unto Tharse.
 The windy storm began to scarfe,
 The sonne arift, the weder clereth,
 The shipman, which behinde stereth,
 Whan that he figh the windes faught,
 Towardes Tharse his cours he straught.

But now to my matere ayein,
 To telle as olde bokes fain,

Qualiter Appollinus, uxoris sue corpore in mare projecto, Tyrum relinquens cursum suum versus Tharsim navigio dolens arripuit.

Qualiter corpus predictæ defunctæ super litus apud

Ephesim quidam
 medicus nomine
 Cerimon cum ali-
 quibus suis discipu-
 lis invenit, quod in
 hospicium suum
 portans et extra
 cistam ponens, spi-
 raculo vite in ea
 adhuc invento, ip-
 sam plene sanitati
 restituit.

This dede corps, of whiche ye knowe,
 With winde and water was forth throwe,
 Now here, now there, till ate last
 At Ephesim the see upcast
 The coffre and all that was therinne.
 Of great merveile now beginne
 May here, who that sitteth still.
 That god woll save may nought spill.
 Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
 There cam walkend upon the stronde
 A worthy clerke and surgien
 And eke a great phificien,
 Of all that lond the wisest one,
 Which highte maister Cerimon.
 There were of his disciples some.
 This maister is to the coffre come,
 He peiseth there was somwhat in
 And bad hem bere it to his inne,
 And goth him selve forth with all.
 All that shall falle, falle shall.

They comen home and tarie nought.
 This coffre into his chambre is brought,
 Which that they finde faste stoke,
 But they with craft it have unloke.
 They loken in, where as they founde,
 A body dede, which was iwounde
 In cloth of gold, as I said ere.
 The tresor eke they founden there
 Forth with the letter, which they rede.
 And tho they token better hede.

Unfowed was the body fone.
As he that knewe, what was to done,
This noble clerk with alle hafte
Began the veines for to tafte,
And figh her age was of youthe.
And with the craftes, which he couthe,
He fought and found a figne of life.
With that this worthy kinges wife
Honestely they token out
And maden fires all about.
They laid her on a couche fofter,
And with a fhete warmed ofte
Her colde brest began to hete,
Her herte alfo to flacke and bete,
This maifter hath her every jointe
With certain oil and balsme anointe,
And put a liquour in her mouthe,
Which is to fewe clerkes couthe,
So that she covereth ate lafte.
And first her eyen up she cafte,
And whan she more of strengthe caught,
Her armes bothe forth she ftraught,
Held up her hond and pitoufly
She fpake and faide : Where am I ?
Where is my lord, what world is this ?
As she, that wot nought how it is.
But Cerimon that worthy leche
Anfwerde anone upon her fpeche
And faid : Madame, ye ben here,
Where ye be fauf, as ye fhall here

Here afterward, forthy as now
 My counseil is, comforteth you.
 For tristeth wel withoute faile,
 There is no thing, which shall you faile,
 That ought of reson to be do.
 Thus passen they a day or two.
 They speke of nought as for an ende,
 Till she began somdele amende,
 And wist her selven, what she mente.

Qualiter uxor Ap-
 pollini fanata do-
 mum religionis pe-
 ciit, ubi sacro ve-
 lamine munita
 castam omni tem-
 pore se vovit.

Tho for to knowe her hole entente
 This maister axeth all the cas,
 How she cam there, and what she was.
 How I came here, wote I nought,
 Quod she, but wel I am bethought
 Of other thinges all about
 Fro point to point, and tolde him out
 Als ferforthly as she it wiste.
 And he her tolde, how in a kiste
 The see her threwe upon the londe,
 And what tresor with her he fonde,
 Which was all redy at her will,
 As he, that shope him to fulfill
 With al his might, what thing he shuld.
 She thonketh him, that he so wolde,
 And all her herte she disclofeth
 And saith him well that she supposeth,
 Her lord be dreint, her childe also.
 So sigh she nought but alle wo.
 Wherof as to the world no more
 Ne woll she torne and praieth therefore,

That in some temple of the citee
 To kepe and holde her chafte
 She might among the women dwelle.
 Whan he this tale herde telle,
 He was right glad and made her knowen,
 That he a doughter of his owen
 Hath, which he woll unto her yive
 To serve, while they bothe live
 In stede of that, which she hath losse,
 All only at his owne coste,
 She shall be rendred forth with her.
 She faith : Graunt mercy, leve fir,
 God quite it you, there I ne may.
 And thus they drive forth the day,
 Till time cam, that she was hole.
 And tho they take her counseil hole
 To shape upon good ordenaunce
 And made a worthy purveaunce
 Ayein the day, whan they be veiled.
 And thus whan that they were counseiled,
 In blacke clothes they hem cloth
 This lady and the doughter both
 And yolde hem to religion.
 The feste and the professioun
 After the reule of that degre
 Was made with great solempnite,
 Where as Diane is sanctified.
 Thus stant this lady justified,
 In ordre where she thenketh to dwelle.
 But now ayeinward for to telle,

See D. m. i.

Qualiter Appollin-
 us Tharim navi-

gans, filiam suam
Thaisim Strangu-
lioni et Dionisie
uxori sue educan-
dum commenda-
vit et deinde Ty-
rum adiit, ubi cum
ineestimabili gaudio
a suis receptus est.

In what plite that her lord stood inne.
He faileth, till that he may winne
The haven of Tharse, as I saide ere.
And whan he was arrived there,
Tho it was through the cite knowe,
Men mighte se within a throwe
As who saith all the towne at ones.
They come ayein him for the nones
To given him the reverence,
So glad they were of his presence.
And though he were in his corage
Disefed, yet with glad visage
He made hem chere and to his inne,
Where he whilom sojourned in,
He goth him straught and was received.
And whan the pres of people is weived,
He taketh his host unto him tho
And saith : My frend Strangulio,
Lo thus, and thus it is befalle.
And thou thy self art one of alle
Forth with thy wife, which I most trist,
Forthy if it you bothe list,
My doughter Thaise by your leve
I thenke shall with you beleve
As for a time, and thus I pray,
That she be kept by alle way,
And whan she hath of age more,
That she be set to bokes lore.
And this avow to god I make,
That I shall never for her sake

My berde for no liking shave,
Till it befalle, that I have
In covenable time of age
Befette her unto mariage.

Thus they accorde, and all is well.
And for to resten him somdele,
As for a while he ther sojorneth,
And than he taketh his leve and torneth
To ship and goth him home to Tire,
Where every man with great desire
Awaiteth upon his coming.
But whan the ship cam in failing
And they perceiven it is he,
Was never yet in no citee
Such joie made, as they tho made.
His hert also began to glade
Of that he seeth his people glad.
Lo, thus fortune his hap hath lad,
In sondry wife he was travailed.
But how so ever he be affailed,
His latter ende shall be good.

And for to speke how that it stood
Of Thaise his daughter, wher she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the cronique telleth,
She was well kept, she was well loked,
She was wel taught, she was wel boked,
So well she sped her in her youth,
That she of every wifdom couth,
That for to seche in every londe
So wise an other no man fonde

Qualiter Thais
una cum Philoten-
na Strangulionis et
Dionisie filia om-
nis sciencie et ho-
nestatis doctrina
imbuta est, sed et
Thais Philoten-
nam precellens in
odium mortale per
invidiam a Dioni-
sia recollecta est.

Ne so well taught at mannes eye.
But wo worth ever false envy.
For it befell that time so,
A daughter hath Strangulio,
The which was cleped Philotenne.
But fame, which woll ever renne,
Came all day to her moders ere
And faith, wher ever her daughter were
With Thaise fet in any place,
The commun vois, the commun grace
Was all upon that other maide,
And of her daughter no man saide.
Who was wroth but Dionise than?
Her thought a thousand yere till whan
She might be of Thaise wreke,
Of that she herde folk so speke.
And fell that ilke same tide,
That dede was trewe Lichoride,
Whiche had be servaunt to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at ese.
For she hath thanne no servise
But onely through this Dionise,
Which was her dedlich enemy.
Through pure treson and envy
She, that of alle sorwe can,
Tho spake unto her bondeman,
Which cleped was Theophilus,
And made him swere in counfeil thus,
That he such time as she him set
Shall come Thaise for to fet

And lede her out of alle fight,
 Where that no man her helpe might,
 Upon the stonde nigh the see,
 And there he shall this maiden see.
 This cherles hert is in a traunce,
 As he, which drad him of vengeaunce,
 Whan time comth an other day.
 But yet durst he nought saie nay,
 But swore and said he shall fulfill
 Her hestes at her owne will.

The treson and the time is shape,
 So fell it that this cherles knape
 Hath lad this maiden where he wold
 Upon the stonde, and what she sholde,
 She was adrad, and he out braide
 A rusty swerde and to her saide :
 Thou shalt be dede. Alas, quod she,
 Why shall I so? Lo thus, quod he,
 My lady Dionise hath bede,
 Thou shalt be murdred in this stede.
 This maiden tho for fere shrighthe
 And for the love of god allmighte
 She praith, that for a litel stounde
 She mighte knele upon the grounde
 Toward the heven for to crave,
 Her wofull soule if she may save.
 And with this noife and with this cry,
 Out of a barge faste by,
 Which hid was there on scomer-fare,
 Men sterten out and weren ware

Qualiter Dionisia
 Thaisim ut occideret
 Theophilo seruo suo
 tradidit, qui cum
 noctanter longius ab
 urbe ipsam prope
 litus maris interficere
 proposuerat, pirate
 ibidem latitantes
 Thaisim de manu
 carnificis eripuerunt
 ipsamque usque ci-
 vitatem Mitelenam
 ducentes, cuidam Le-
 onino scortorum ibi-
 dem magistro vendi-
 derunt.

Of this felon, and he to go,
 And she began to crie tho :
 Ha, mercy, help for goddes sake.
 Into the barge they her take,
 As theves shulde, and forth they went.
 Upon the see the wind hem hent
 And malgre where they wolde or none
 To-fore the weder forth they gone,
 There halp no sail, there halp none ore,
 Forstformed and forblowen fore
 In great peril so forth they drive,
 Till ate laste they arrive
 At Mitelene the citee.
 In haven sauf and whan they be,
 The maister shipman made him boune
 And goth him out into the towne
 And profreth Thaise for to felle.
 One Leonin it herde telle,
 Which maister of the bordel was,
 And bad him gon a redy pas
 To fecchen her, and forth he went
 And Thaise out of his barge he hent
 And to the bordeler her solde.
 And he, that by her body wolde
 Take avauntage, let do cry,
 That what man wolde his lechery
 Attempt upon her maidenhede
 Lay down the gold, and he shuld spede.
 And thus whan he hath cried it out,
 In fight of all the people about

He ladde her to the bordel tho,
 No wonder is though she be wo
 Clos in a chambre by her self.
 Eche after other ten or twelf
 Of yonge men in to her went.
 But sliche a grace god her sent,
 That for the sorwe, which she made,
 Was none of hem, which power had
 To done her any vilainy.

This Leonin let ever aspy
 And waiteth after great beyete,
 But all for nought, she was forlete,
 That no man wolde there come.
 Whan he therof hath hede nome
 And knew, that she was yet a maide,
 Unto his owne man he saide,
 That he with strength ayein her leve
 Tho shulde her maidenhede bereve.
 This man goth in, but so it ferde,
 Whan he her wofull pleintes herde
 And he therof hath take kepe,
 Him liste better for to wepe
 Than don ought elles to the game.
 And thus she kepte her self fro shame
 And kneled down to therthe and praide
 Unto this man and thus she saide :

If so be, that thy maister wolde,
 That I his gold encrese sholde,
 It may nought falle by this wey,
 But suffre me to go my wey

Qualiter Leoninus
 Thaisim ad lupa-
 nar destinavit, ubi
 dei gracia preven-
 ta ipsius virginita-
 tem nullus violare
 potuit.

Out of this hous, where I am in,
 And I shall make him for to win
 In some place elles of the town,
 Be so it be of religion,
 Where that honeste women dwelle.
 And thus thou might thy maister telle,
 That whan I have a chambre there,
 Let him do cry ay wide where,
 What lord, that hath his doughter dere
 And is in will, that she shall lere
 Of such a scole that is trewe,
 I shall her teche of thinges newe,
 Whiche as none other woman can
 In all this londe. And tho this man
 Her tale hath herde, he goth ayein
 And tolde unto his maister plein,
 That she hath saide. And therupon,
 Whan that he sigh beyete none
 At the bordel because of hire,
 He bad his man to gon and spire
 A place, where she might abide,
 That he may winne upon some side,
 By that she can. But ate left
 Thus was she sauf of this tempest.

Qualiter Thaisis a
 lupanari virgo li-
 berata, inter sacras
 mulieres hospici-
 um habens, scien-
 cias, quibus edocta
 fuit, nobiles regni
 puellas ibidem
 edocebat.

He hath her fro the bordel take,
 But that was nought for goddes sake,
 But for the lucre, as she him tolde.
 Now comen tho, that comen wolde,
 Of women in her lusty youth
 To here and se, what thing she couth.

She can the wifdome of a clerke,
 She can of any lusty werke,
 Which to a gentil woman longeth.
 And some of hem she underfongeth
 To the citole and to the harpe,
 And whom it liketh for to carpe
 Proverbes and demaundes slich,
 An other such they never slich,
 Which that science so well taught,
 Wherof she grete yiftes caught,
 That she to Leonin hath wonne.
 And thus her name is so begonne
 Of sondry thinges, that she techeth,
 That all the londe to her secheth
 Of yonge women for to lere.

Now lette we this maiden here
 And speke of Dionise ayeine
 And of Theophile the vilaine,
 Of which I spake of now to-fore,
 Whan Thaise shulde have be forlore.
 This false cherle to his lady,
 Whan he cam home all prively,
 He saith: Madame, slain I have
 This maide Thaise, and is begrave
 In prive place, as ye me bede.
 Forthy, madame, taketh hede
 And kepe counfeil, how so it stonde.
 This fend, which hath this understonde,
 Was glad and weneth it be soth.
 Now herke, hereafter how she doth.

Qualiter Theophilus ad Dionisiam mane rediens affirmavit se Thaisim occidisse, super quo Dionisia una cum Strangulione marito suo dolorem in publico confingentes, exequias et sepulturam honorifice quantum ad extra subdola conjectacione fieri constituerunt.

She wepeth, she sorweth, she compleigneth
 And of fikenesse, which she feigneth,
 She saith, that Thaise sodeinly
 By night is dede, as she and I
 To-gider lien nigh my lorde.
 She was a woman of recorde,
 And all is leved, that she saith.
 And for to yive a more feith,
 Her husbonde and eke she both
 In blacke clothes they hem cloth,
 And make a great enterrement.
 And for the people shall be blent
 Of Thaise as for the remembraunce,
 After the real olde usfaunce
 A tumbre of laton noble and riche
 With an ymage unto her liche
 Liggend above therupon
 They made and set it up anon.
 Her epitaphe of good affise
 Was write about, and in this wise
 It spake : O ye, that this beholde,
 Lo, here lieth she, the which was holde
 The fairest and the floure of alle,
 Whose name Thais men calle.
 The king of Tire Appollinus
 Her fader was, now lieth she thus.
 Fourtene yere she was of age,
 Whan deth her toke to his viage.
 Thus was this false treson hid,
 Which afterward was wide kid,

Qualiter Appollinus
 in regno suo
 apud Tyrum exif-

As by the tale a man shall here.
 But to declare my matere
 To Tire I thenke torne ayein
 And telle, as the croniques fain.
 Whan that the king was comen home
 And hath left in the falte fome
 His wife, which he may nought foryete,
 For he some comfort wolde gete,
 He let sommone a parlement,
 To which the lordes were assent,
 And of the time he hath ben out,
 He seeth the thinges all about.
 And tolde hem eke, how he hath fare,
 While he was out of londe fare,
 And praide hem alle to abide,
 For he wolde at the same tide
 Do shape for his wives minde,
 As he, that woll nought ben unkinde.
 Solempne was that ilke office,
 And riche was the sacrifice,
 The feste really was holde.
 And therto was he well beholde.
 For suche a wife as he had one,
 In thilke daies was there none.

Whan this was done, than he him thought
 Upon his doughter, and besought
 Such of his lordes, as he wolde,
 That they with him to Tharse sholde
 To fet his doughter Thaise there,
 And they anone all redy were.

tens parlamentum
 fieri constituit.

Qualiter Appollinus post parlamentum Tharsim pro Thaise filia sua querenda adiit, qua ibidem non inventa abinde navigio recessit.

To ship they gone, and forth they went,
 Till they the haven of Tharse hent.
 They londe and faile of that they seche
 By coverture and sleight of speche.
 This false man Strangulio
 And Dionise his wife also,
 That he the better trowe might,
 They ladden him to have a fight,
 Where that her tombe was arraied,
 The lasse yet he was mispaied.
 And netheles so as he durst,
 He curseth and saith all the worst
 Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
 Which can no siker weie finde,
 For she him neweth ever amonge
 And medleth sorwe with his songe.
 But sithe it may no better be,
 He thonketh god and forth goth he
 Sailende toward Tire ayeine.
 But sodeinly the winde and reine
 Began upon the see debate,
 So that he suffre mote algate

Qualiter navis Apollini ventis agitata portum urbis Mitelene in die, quo festa Neptuni celebrare consueverunt, applicuit, sed ipse pre dolore Thais filie sue, quam mortuam reputabat, in fundo navis obscuro jacens lumen videre noluit.

The lawe, which Neptune ordeineth,
 Wherof full oft time he pleigneth
 And held him wel the more esmaied
 Of that he hath to-fore assaied.
 So that for pure sorwe and care,
 Of that he seeth this world so fare,
 The reste he leveth of his caban,
 That for the counseil of no man

Ayein therin he nolde come,
 But hath beneth his place nome,
 Where he wepend allone lay,
 There as he figh no light of day.

And thus to-fore the wind they drive
 Till longe and late they arrive
 With great distresse, as it was sene,
 Upon this town of Mitelene,
 Which was a noble cite tho.
 And happneth thilke time so,
 The lordes both and the commune
 The highe festes of Neptune
 Upon the strond at the rivage,
 As it was custume and usage,
 Solempneliche they besigh.

Whan they this straunge vessel figh
 Come in and hath his saile aualed,
 The town therof hath spoke and taled.
 The lord, which of that cite was,
 Whose name is Athenagoras,
 Was there and said, he wolde se,
 What ship it is, and who they be,
 That ben therin. And after sone,
 Whan that he figh it was to done,
 His barge was for him arraied,
 And he goth forth and hath affaied.
 He found the ship of great array.
 But what thing it amounte may,
 He figh they maden hevy chere,
 But well him thenketh by the manere,

Qualiter Athenagoras urbis Mitelene princeps navim Appollini investigans, ipsum sic contristatum nichilque respondentem consolari fatagebat.

That they be worthy men of blood,
 And axeth of hem, how it stood,
 And they him tellen all the cas,
 How that her lord fordrive was,
 And what a forwe that he made,
 Of which there may no man him glade.
 He praieth that he her lord may se.
 But they him tolde it may nought be,
 For he lith in so derke a place,
 That there may no wight sen his face.
 But for all that though hem be loth,
 He found the ladder and down he goth
 And to him spake, but none answer
 Ayein of him ne might he bere,
 For ought that he can do or fain.
 And thus he goth him up ayein.

Qualiter precepto
 principis, ut Ap-
 pollinum consolatur,
 Thais cum
 cithera sua ad ip-
 sum in obscuro na-
 vis, ubi jacebat,
 producta est.

Tho was there spoke in many wise
 Amonges hem, that weren wise,
 Now this, now that, but ate last
 The wisdom of the town thus cast,
 That yonge Thaise were assent.
 For if there be amendement
 To gladde with this wofull king,
 She can so moch of every thing,
 That she shall gladen him anone.

A messager for her is gone.
 And she came with her harp on honde
 And saide hem, that she wolde fonde
 By alle weies, that she can,
 To gladde with this sory man.

But what he was, she wiste nought.
But all the ship her hath befought,
That she her wit on him despende,
In aunter if he might amende,
And sain: It shall be well aquite.
Whan she hath understonden it,
She goth her down, there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay
And lich an aungel sang with alle.
But he no more than the walle
Toke hede of any thing he herde.
And whan she sigh, that he so ferde,
She falleth with him unto wordes
And telleth him of sondry bordes
And axeth him demaundes straunge,
Wherof she made his herte chaunge,
And to her speche his ere he laide
And hath merveile, of that she faide.
For in proverbe and in probleme
She spake and bad, he shulde deme
In many a subtil question.
But he for no suggestion,
Which toward him she couthe stere,
He wolde nought o word answere,
But as a mad man ate laste,
His heved weping away he caste
And half in wrath he bad her go.
But yet she wolde nought do so,
And in the derke forth she goth,
Till she him toucheth and he wroth

And after here with his honde
 He smote. And thus whan she him fonde
 Difed, courteisly she saide :
 Avoy my lorde, I am a maide.
 And if ye wiste what I am,
 And out of what lignage I cam,
 Ye wolde nought be so salvage.
 With that he sobreth his corage
 And put away his hevychere.
 But of hem two a man may lere,
 What is to be so sibbe of blood.
 None wist of other how it stood,
 And yet the fader ate last
 His herte upon this maide cast,
 That he her loveth kindely.
 And yet he wiste never why,
 But all was knowen er that they went.
 For god, which wote her hole entent,
 Her hertes both anon descloseth.
 This king unto this maide opposeth
 And axeth first, what is her name,
 And where she lerned all this game,
 And of what ken that she was come.
 And she, that hath his wordes nome,
 Answereth and saith : My name is Thaise,
 That was sometime well at ese.
 In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
 There lerned I, till I was spedde
 Of that I can. My fader eke
 I not, where that I shulde him seke,

Qualiter, sicut deus
 destinavit patri, fi-
 liam inventam re-
 cognovit.

He was a king, men tolde me.
 My moder dreint was in the see.
 Fro point to point all she him tolde,
 That she hath longe in herte holde,
 And never durste make her mone,
 But only to this lord allone,
 To whom her herte can nought hele,
 Torne it to wo, torne it to wele,
 Torne it to good, torne it to harme.
 And he tho toke her in his arme.
 But such a joy as he tho made
 Was never sene, thus be they glade,
 That fory hadden be to-forne.
 Fro this day forth fortune hath sworne
 To set him upward on the whele.
 So goth the world, now wo, now wele.

This king hath founde newe grace,
 So that out of his derke place
 He goth him up into the light.
 And with him cam that swete wight
 His doughter Thaise, and forth anone
 They bothe into the caban gone,
 Which was ordeined for the kinge.
 And there he did of all his thinge
 And was arraied really,
 And out he cam all openly,
 Where Athenagoras he fonde,
 The which was lorde of all the londe.
 He praieth the king to come and se
 His castell bothe and his citee.

Qualiter Athenagoras Appollinum
 de navi in hospici-
 um honorifice re-
 collegit et Thaisim, patre consen-
 ciente, in uxorem
 duxit.

And thus they gone forth all in fere,
 This king, this lord, this maiden dere.
 This lord tho made hem riche feste
 With every thing, which was honeste,
 To plese with this worthy kinge.
 Ther lacketh hem no maner thinge.
 But yet for al his noble array
 Wifeles he was unto that day,
 As he, that yet was of yonge age.
 So fell there into his corage
 The lusty wo, the gladde peine
 Of love, which no man restreigne
 Yet never might as now to-fore.
 This lord thenketh all his world forlore,
 But if the king woll done him grace.
 He waiteth time, he waiteth place,
 Him thought his herte woll to-breke,
 Till he may to this maide speke
 And to her fader eke also
 For mariage. And it fell so,
 That all was do, right as he thought,
 His purpos to an ende he brought,
 She wedded him as for her lorde,
 Thus be they alle of one accorde.

Qualiter Appollinus una cum filia et eius marito navim ingredientes a Mitelena usque Tharsim cursum proposuerunt, sed Appollinus in sompnis admonitus versus Ephesim, ut

Whan al was do right as they wolde,
 The kinge unto his sone tolde
 Of Tharse thilke treterie,
 And said, how in his compaignie
 His daughter and him selven eke
 Shall go vengeaunce for to seke.

The shippes were redy sone.
 And whan they figh it was to done
 Withoute let of any went,
 With faile up drawe forth they wente
 Towardes Tharfe upon the tide.
 But he, that wot, what shall betide,
 The highe god, which wolde him kepe,
 Whan that this king was faste a slepe,
 By nightes time he hath him bede
 To faile unto another stede.
 To Ephesim he bad him drawe,
 And as it was that time lawe,
 He shall do there his sacrifice.
 And eke he bad in alle wise,
 That in the temple amonges alle
 His fortune, as it is befalle,
 Touchend his doughter and his wife
 He shall beknowe upon his life.
 The king of this avision
 Hath great ymaginacion,
 What thinge it signifie may.
 And netheles whan it was day,
 He bad cast anker and abode.
 And while that he on anker rode,
 The wind, which was to-fore straunge,
 Upon the point began to chaunge
 And torneth thider, as it shulde.
 Tho knewe he well, that god it wolde,
 And bad the maister make him yare,
 To-fore the wind for he wold fare

ibidem templo Di-
 ane sacrificaret, ve-
 la per mare diver-
 tit.

To Ephesim, and so he dede.
 And whan he came into the stede,
 Where as he shulde londe, he londeth,
 With all the haste he may and fondeth
 To shapen him in suche a wise,
 That he may by the morwe arise
 And done after the maundement
 Of him, which hath him thider sent.
 And in the wise, that he thought,
 Upon the morwe so he wrought.
 His doughter and his sone he nome
 And forth unto the temple he come
 With a great route in compaigny
 His yiftes for to sacrify.
 The citezeins tho herden fay
 Of such a king, that came to pray
 Unto Diane the goddesse
 And lefte all other besineffe,
 They comen thider for to se
 The king and the solempnite.

Qualiter Appollinus Ephesim in templo Diane sacrificans, uxorem suam ibidem velatam invenit, qua secum assumpta in navim versus Tyrum regressus est.

With worthy knightes environed
 The king him self hath abandoned
 Into the temple in good entente.
 The dore is up, and in he wente,
 Where as with great devocion
 Of holy contemplacion
 Within his herte he made his shrifte.
 And after that a riche yifte
 He offreth with great reverence,
 And there in open audience

Of hem, that stoden all about,
He tolde hem and declareth out
His hap, such as him is befall.
There was no thing foryete of alle.
His wife, as it was goddes grace,
Which was professed in the place,
As she, that was abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ere,
She knew the vois and the visage,
For pure joy as in a rage
She straught unto him all at ones
And fell a swoone upon the stones,
Wherof the temple flore was paved.
She was anone with water laved,
Till she came to her self ayein.
And thanne she began to fain :
Ha, blessed be the highe sonde,
That I may se min husbonde,
Which whilom he and I were one.
The king with that knewe her anone
And toke her in his arme and kist,
And all the town thus sone it wist.
Tho was there joie manyfold,
For every man this tale hath told
As for miracle, and were glade.
But never man such joie made
As doth the king, which hath his wife.
And whan men herde, how that her life
Was faved and by whom it was,
They wondren all of fuche a cas.

Through all the londe arose the speche
 Of maister Cerimon the leche
 And of the cure, which he dede.
 The king him self tho hath him bede
 And eke this quene forth with him,
 That he the town of Ephefim
 Woll leve and go where as they be,
 For never man of his degre
 Hath do to hem so mochel good.
 And he his profite understood
 And graunteth with hem for to wende.
 And thus they maden there an ende,
 And token leve and gone to ship
 With all the hole felaship.

Qualiter Appollin-
 us una cum uxore
 et filia sua Tyrum
 applicuit.

This king, which now hath his desire,
 Saith, he woll holde his cours to Tire.
 They hadden wind at wille tho
 With topsail-cole, and forth they go.
 And striken never, till they come
 To Tire, wher as they haven nome,
 And londen hem with mochel blisse.
 There was many a mouth to kisse,
 Eche one welcometh other home.
 But whan the quene to londe come
 And Thaise her doughter by her side,
 The joie which was thilke tide
 There may no mannes tunge telle.
 They faiden all: Here cometh the welle
 Of alle womanisfhe grace.
 The king hath take his real place,

The quene is into chambre go.
 There was great feste arraied tho.
 Whan time was they gone to mete,
 All olde forwes ben foryete,
 And gladen hem with joies newe.
 The defcoloured pale hewe
 Is now become a ruddy cheke,
 There was no merthe for to feke.

But every man hath what he wolde,
 The king as he well couthe and sholde
 Maketh to his people right good chere.
 And after sone, as thou shalt here,
 A parlement he hath sommoned,
 Where he his doughter hath coroned
 Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
 That one is king, that other quene.
 And thus the faders ordenaunce
 This londe hath set in governaunce,
 And saide, that he wolde wende
 To Tharse for to make an ende
 Of that his doughter was betraied,
 Wherof were alle men well paied.
 And said, how it was for to done.

The shippes weren redy sone.
 A strong power with him he toke,
 Up to the sky he cast his loke
 And figh the wind was covenable.
 They hale up anker with the cable,
 They sail on high the stere on honde,
 They failen, till they come a londe

Qualiter Appollinus Athenagoram cum Thaise uxore sua super Tyrum coronari fecit.

Qualiter Appollinus a Tyro per mare versus Tharsim iter arripiens vindictam contra Strangulionem et Dionisiam uxorem suam pro injuria, quam ipsi Thaisi filie sue intulerunt, judicialiter affecutus est.

At Tharse nigh to the citee.
And whan they wisten it was he,
The town hath done him reverence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Which the tretour Strangulio
And Dionise him hadde do
Touchende his doughter, as ye herde.
And whan they wiste, how it ferde,
As he, which pees and love fought,
Unto the town this he besought
To done him right in judgement.
Anone they were both assent
With strengthe of men, and comen sone,
And as hem thought it was to done,
Atteint they were by the lawe
And demed for to honge and drawe
And brent and with the wind to-blowe,
That all the world it mighte knowe.
And upon this condicion
The dome in execucion
Was put anone withoute faile.
And every man hath great merveile,
Whiche herde tellen of this chaunce,
And thonketh goddes purveaunce,
Which doth mercy forth with justice.
Slain is the morderer and morderice
Through verray trouth of rightwifnesse,
And through mercy sauf is simpleffe
Of here, whom mercy preserveth.
Thus hath he wel, that wel deserveth.

Whan all this thing is done and ended,
 This king, which loved was and frended,
 A letter hath, which came to him
 By shippe fro Pentapolim,
 In which the lond hath to him write,
 That he wolde understonde and wite,
 How in good minde and in good pees
 Dede is the kinge Artestrates,
 Wherof they all of one accorde
 Him praiden, as her lege lorde,
 That he the letter wol conceive
 And come, his regne to receive,
 Which god hath yove him and fortune.
 And thus besoughte the commune
 Forth with the grete lordes alle.
 This king figh how it was befalle.
 Fro Tharse and in prosperite
 He toke his leve of that citee
 And goth him into ship ayein.
 The wind was good, the se was plein,
 Hem nedeth nought a riff to flake,
 Till they Pentapolim have take.
 The lond, which herde of that tiding,
 Was wonder glad of his coming.
 He resteth him a day or two
 And toke his counseil to him tho
 And set a time of parlement,
 Where all the londe of one assent
 Forth with his wife have him coroned,
 Where alle good him was foisoned.

Qualiter Artestrate
 Pentapolim rege
 mortuo, ipsi de
 regno epistolas su-
 per hoc Appollino
 direxerunt, unde
 Appollinus una
 cum uxore sua ibi-
 dem advenientes ad
 decus imperii cum
 magno gaudio co-
 ronati sunt.

Lo, what it is to be well grounded.
 For he hath first his love founded
 Honestelich as for to wedde,
 Honestelich his love he spedde
 And hadde children with his wife,
 And as him list he lad his life.
 And in enfaumple his life was write,
 That alle lovers mighten wite,
 How ate last it shal be sene
 Of love what they wolden mene.
 For se now on that other side
 Antiochus with all his pride,
 Which set his love unkindely,
 His ende he hadde sodeinly
 Set ayein kinde upon vengeaunce,
 And for his lust hath his penaunce.

Confessor adaman-
tem.

Lo thus, my sone, might thou lere,
 What is to love in good manere,
 And what to love in other wise.
 The mede arifeth of the service,
 Fortune though she be nought stable,
 Yet at somtime is favourable
 To hem, that ben of love trewe.
 But certes it is for to rewe
 To se love ayein kinde falle,
 For that maketh fore a man to falle,
 As thou might of to-fore rede.
 Forthy my sone, I wolde rede
 To let all other love away,
 But if it be through such a wey

As love and refon wold accorde.
 For elles if that thou defcorde
 And take luft as doth a beſte,
 Thy love may nought ben honeſte.
 For by no ſkille that I finde,
 Such luſte is nought of loves kinde.

My fader, how ſo that it ſtonde,
 Your tale is herde and underſtonde,
 As thing, which worthy is to here
 Of great enſample and grete matere,
 Wherof, my fader, god you quite.
 But in this point my ſelf aquite
 I may right wel, that never yit
 I was affoted in my wit,
 But onely in that worthy place,
 Where alle luſt and alle grace
 Is ſet, if that daunger ne were,
 But that is all my moſte fere.
 I not what ye fortune accompte,
 But what thing daunger may amounte
 I wot wel, for I have affaied.
 For whan min hert is beſt arraied
 And I have all my wit through fought
 Of love to beſeche her ought,
 For all that ever I ſkille may
 I am concluded with a nay,
 That o fillable hath over throwe
 A thouſand wordes on a rowe
 Of ſuche as I beſt ſpeke can,
 Thus am I but a lewde man.

Confefſio amantis,
 unde pro finali con-
 cluſione conſilium
 confefſoris impe-
 trat.

But fader, for ye ben a clerke
 Of love and this matere is derke
 And I can ever lenger the lasse,
 But yet I may nought let it passe,
 Your hole counseil I beseche,
 That ye me by some weie teche,
 What is my best, as for an ende.

Confessor. My sone, unto the trouthe wende
 Now woll I for the love of the
 And lete all other trifles be.

Hic super amoris
 causa finita confes-
 sione, confessor
 Genius amanti ea,
 que sibi salubrius
 expediunt, sano
 consilio finaliter
 injungit.

The more that the nede is high,
 The more it nedeth to be slich
 To him, which hath the nede on honde.
 I have well herd and understonde,
 My sone, all that thou hast me saied
 And eke of that thou hast me praied.
 Nowe at this time that I shall
 As for conclusion finall
 Counseil upon thy nede set,
 So thenke I finally to knet
 Thy cause, where it is to-broke,
 And make an ende of that is spoke.
 For I behighte the that yift
 First whan thou come under my shrift,
 That though I toward Venus were,
 Yet spake I suche wordes there,
 That for the presthode, which I have,
 Min order and min estate to save
 I saide, I wolde of min office
 To vertu more than to vice

Encline and teche the my lore.
Forthy to speken overmore
Of love, which the may availe,
Take love, where it may nought faile.
For as of this, which thou art in,
By that thou seeft it is a finne,
And finne may no prife deserve,
Withoute prife and who fhall ferve,
I not what profit might availe.
Thus folweth it, if thou travaile,
Where thou no profit haft ne prife,
Thou art toward thy felf unwise,
And fith thou mighteft luft atteine,
Of every luft the ende is peine,
And every pein is good to flee.
So it is wonder thing to fe,
Why fuch a thing fhall be defired,
The more that a stock is fired,
The rather into afhe it torneth.
The fote, which in the weie fporne,
Full ofte his heved hath overthrowe.
Thus love is blinde and can nought knowe,
Where that he goth, till he be falle.
Forthy but if it fo befalle,
With good counfeil that he be lad,
Him oughte for to ben adrad.
For counfeil paffeth alle thing
To him, which thenketh to ben a king.
And every man for his party
A kingdom hath to juftify,

That is to fain his owne dome.
 If he misfeule that kingdome,
 He lest him self, and that is more,
 Than if he losfe ship and ore
 And all the worldes good with all.
 For what man that in speciall
 Hath nought him self, he hath nought elles,
 No more the perles than the shelles,
 All is to him of o value,
 Though he had all his retenue
 The wide world right as he wolde,
 Whan he his hert hath nought witholde
 Toward him self, all is in vein.
 And thus, my sone, I wolde fain,
 As I said er, that thou arise,
 Er that thou falle in such a wise,
 That thou ne might thy self rekever,
 For love, which that blind was ever,
 Maketh all his fervaunts blinde also.

My sone, and if thou have be so,
 Yet it is time to withdrawe
 And fet thin hert under that lawe,
 The which of reson is governed
 And nought of will. And to be lerned
 Enfamples thou hast many one
 Of now and eke of time gone,
 That every lust is but a while.
 And who that woll him self beguile,
 He may the rather be deceived.
 My sone, now thou hast conceived

Somwhat of that I wolde mene,
 Here afterward it shall be sene,
 If that thou leve upon my lore.
 For I can do to the no more,
 But teche the the righte way.
 Now chese, if thou wilt live or deie.

My fader, so as I have herde
 Your tale, but it were answerde,
 I were mochel for to blame.
 My wo to you is but a game,
 That feleth nought of that I fele.
 The feling of a mannes hele
 May nought be likened to the herte,
 Inough though I wolde asterte
 And ye be fre from all the peine
 Of love, wherof I me pleine,
 It is right esy to commaunde,
 The hert, which fre goth on the launde,
 Not of an oxe what him eileth,
 It falleth oft a man merveileth,
 Of that he seeth another fare.
 But if he knew himself the fare
 And felt it, as it is in soth,
 He shulde do right as he doth
 Or elles wors in his degre.
 For wel I wote and so do ye,
 That love hath ever yet ben used,
 So mote I nedes ben excused.
 But fader, if ye wolde thus
 Unto Cupide and to Venus

Hic loquitur de
 controversia, que
 inter confessorem
 et amantem in fine
 confessionis versa-
 batur.

Be frendly toward my quarele,
 So that my herte were in hele
 Of love, which is in my breste,
 I wot wel than a better preste
 Was never made to my behove.
 But all the while that I hove
 In none certein betwene the two,
 And not where I to well or wo
 Shall torne, that is all my drede.
 So that I not what is to rede.
 But for finall conclusion
 I thenke a supplicacion
 With pleine wordes and expresse
 Write unto Venus the goddesse,
 The which I praie you to bere
 And bringe ayein a good answere.

Tho was betwene my prest and me
 Debate and great perplexete.
 My refon understode him wele
 And knewe it was soth every dele
 That he hath said, but nought forthy
 My will hath no thing set ther by.
 For touching of so wise a porte
 It is unto love no disporte.
 Yet mighte never man beholde
 Refon, where love was witholde.
 They be nought of o governaunce.
 And thus we fellen in distaunce
 My prest and I, but I spake faire
 And through my wordes debonaire

Than ate laſte we accorden,
 So that he ſaith, he woll accorden
 To ſpeke and ſtond upon my fide
 To Venus both and to Cupide,
 And bad me write what I wolde.
 And ſaid me truly that he ſholde
 My letter bere unto the quene.
 And I fat down upon the grene
 Fulfilled of loves fantaſy
 And with the teres of min eye
 In ſtede of inke I gan to write
 The wordes, which I wol endite
 Unto Cupide and to Venus,
 And in my letter I ſaide thus.

The wofull peine of loves maladie,
 Ayein the which may no phifique availe,
 Min hert hath ſo bewhapped with ſotie,
 That where ſo that I reſte or travaile
 I finde it ever redy to affaile
 My reſon, which that can him nought de-
 fende.

Thus ſeche I help, wherof I might amende.

Fiſt to nature, if that I me compleine,
 There finde I, how that every creature
 Somtime a yere hath love in his demaine,
 So that the litel wrenne in his meſure
 Have yet of kinde a love under his cure.
 And I but one deſire, which I miſſe,
 And thus but I hath every kinde his bliſſe.

Hic tractat for-
 man cuiusdam
 ſupplicacionis,
 quam ex parte a-
 mantis per manus
 Genii ſacerdotis
 ſui Venus ſibi por-
 rectam acceptabat.

350 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

The reson of my wit it overpaffeth,
Of that nature teche me the wey
To love, and yet no certein she compaffeth,
How shal I spede and thus between the twey
I stonde, and not if I shall live or dey.
For though reson ayein my will debate,
I may nought flee, that I ne love algate.

Upon my self this ilke tale come,
How whilom Pan, which is the god of kinde,
With love wrestled and was overcome,
For ever I wrestle and ever I am behinde,
That I no strength in all min herte finde,
Wherof that I may stonden any throwe,
So fer my wit with love is overthrowe.

Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe crave
Or helpeles he shall his nede spille.
Pleinly throughsought my wittes al I have,
But none of hem can help after my wille.
And also well I mighte site stille
As pray unto my lady of any helpe,
Thus wote I nought wherof my self to helpe.

Unto the grete Jove and if I bid
To do me grace of thilke fwete tonne,
Which under key in his celler amid
Lith couched, that fortune is overronne,
But of the bitter cuppe I have begonne,
I not how ofte, and thus finde I no game,
For ever I axe and ever it is the fame.

I fe the world ftand ever upon efchange,
Now windes loude, now the weder fofter,
I may fe eke the grete mone change,
And thing which now is low is eft alofte.
The dredful werres into pees ful ofte
They torne, and ever is daunger in o place,
Which wolde change his will to dome grace.

But upon this the grete clerk Ovide,
Of love whan he maketh his remembraunce,
He faith: Ther is the blinde god Cupide,
The which hath love under governaunce
And in his hond with many a firy launce
He woundeth ofte, where he woll nought
hele,

And that fomdele is caufe of my quarele.

Ovide eke faith, that love to performe
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddeffe,
But whan ſhe taketh counfeil with Satorne,
There is no grace, and in that time I geffe
Began my love, of which min hevineffe
Is now and ever ſhall, but if I ſpede,
So wot I nought my ſelf what is to rede.

Forthy to you, Cupide and Venus both,
With all min hertes obeifaunce I pray,
If ye were ate firſte time wroth,
Whan I began to love, I you ſay,
Now ſtint, and do thilke fortune away,
So that daunger, which ſtant of retenue
With my lady, his place may remue.

O thou Cupide, god of loves lawe,
 That with thy dart brennend hast set a fire
 My herte, do that wounde be withdrawe
 Or yive me falve, suche as I desire.
 For service in thy court withouten hire
 To me, which ever yet have kept thin heste,
 May never be to loves lawe honeste.

O thou, gentile Venus, loves quene,
 Withoute gilt thou dost on me thy wreche,
 Thou wost my pein is ever alich grene
 For love, and yet I may it nought arecche.
 Thus wolde I for my laste word beseche,
 That thou my love aquite, as I deserve,
 Or elles do me plainly for to sterve.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Venus, accepta amantis supplicatione, indilate ad singula respondit.

Whan I this supplicacion
 With good deliberacion,
 In suche a wise as ye now wite,
 Had after min entente write
 Unto Cupide and to Venus,
 This preste, which hight Genius,
 It toke on honde to presente,
 On my message and forth he wente
 To Venus for to wit her wille.
 And I bode in the place stille
 And was there but a litel while
 Nought full the mountance of a mile,
 Whan I behelde and sodeinly
 I sigh, where Venus stood me by.

So as I might under a tree
To ground I felle upon my knee
And preid her for to do me grace.
She cast her chere upon my face
And as it were halving a game
She axeth me, what was my name.
Madame, I faide, Iohan Gower.

Now Iohan, quod she, in my power
Thou must as of thy love stonde.
For I thy bill have understonde,
In which to Cupide and to me
Somdele thou haft compleigned the
And somdele to nature also.
But that shall stonde among you two,
For therof have I nought to done,
For nature is under the mone
Maistresse of every lives kinde,
But if so be, that she may finde
Some holy man, that woll withdrawe
His kindly lust ayein her lawe.
But selde whan it falleth so,
For fewe men there ben of tho.
But of these other inowe be,
Whiche of her owne nicite
Ayein nature and her office
Deliten hem in sondry vice,
Wherof that she full oft hath pleigned,
And eke my court it hath disdeigned
And ever shall, for it receiveth
None such, that kinde so desceiveth.

For all onlich of gentil love
My court stant alle courts above
And taketh nought into retenue
But thing, which is to kinde due.
For elles it shall be refused,
Wherof I holde the excused.
For it is many daies gone,
That thou amonges hem were one,
Which of my court shall be witholde,
So that the more I am beholde
Of thy difese to commune
And to remue that fortune,
Which many daies hath the greved.
But if my counseil may be leved,
Thou shalt be esed er thou go
Of thilke unfely jolif wo,
Wherof thou faist thin hert is fired.
But as of that thou hast desired
After the sentence of thy bill,
Thou must therof done at my will,
And I therof me woll avise.
For be thou hole, it shall suffice,
My medicine is nought to feke,
The which is holsome to the feke,
Nought all perchaunce as ye it wolde,
But so as ye by reson sholde,
Accordaunt unto loves kinde.
For in the plite, which I the finde,
So as my court it hath awarded,
Thou shalt be duely rewarded.

And if thou woldest more crave,
It is no right that thou it have.

*Qui cupit id, quod habere nequit, sua tempora prodit, 3.
Est ubi non posse, velle salute caret.
Non estatis opus gelidis, hirsuta, capillos
Cum calor abcessit, equiparabit yems.
Sicut habet maius non dat natura decembri,
Nec poterit compar floribus esse lutum.
Sic neque decrepita senum juvenile voluptas
Floret in obsequium, quod Venus ipsa petit.
Conueniens igitur foret, ut quod cana senectus
Attigit, ulterius corpora casta colant.*

Venus, which stant withoute lawe,
In none certeine, but as men drawe
Of Rageman upon the chaunce,
She laith no peise in the balaunce,
But as her liketh for to weie,
The trewe man full ofte aweie
She put, which hath her grace bede,
And sette an untrue in his stede.

Lo, thus blindly the world she demeth
In loves cause, as to me semeth,
I not what other men wold sain.
But I algate am so beseine
And stonde as one amonges alle,
Which am out of her grace falle,
It nedeth take no witnesse.
For she, which said is the goddesse,
To whether parte of love it wende,
Hath set me for a finall ende
The point, wherto that I shall holde.
For whan she hath me well beholde,

Hic in exemplum
contra quoscunque
viros inveteratos
amoris concupis-
cenciam affectantes
loquitur Venus,
huiusque amantis
confessi supplicaci-
onem quasi deri-
dens, ipsum pro eo,
quod senex et debi-
lis est, multis exhor-
tacionibus insuffi-
cientem redarguit.

Halving of scorne she said thus :
 Thou wost well that I am Venus,
 Which all only my lustes seche.
 And well I wot, though thou besече
 My love, lustes ben there none,
 Which I may take in thy persone.
 For loves lust and lockes here
 In chambre accorden nevermore.
 And though thou feigne a yong corage,
 It sheweth well by thy visage,
 That olde grifel is no fole,
 There ben full many yeres stole
 With the and fuche other mo,
 That outward feignen youthe so
 And ben within of pouer affay.
 My herte wolde, and I ne may,
 Is nought beloved now a daies,
 Er thou make any such affaies
 To love and faile upon thy fete,
 Better is to make *beau retirete*.
 For though thou mightest love atteine,
 Yet were it but an idel peine,
 Whan that thou art not suffisaunt,
 To holde love his covenant.
 Forthy take home thy hert ayein,
 That thou travaile nought in veine,
 Wherof my court may be deceived.
 I wote and have it wel conceived,
 How that thy will is good inough.
 But more behoveth to the plough,

Wherof the lacketh as I trowe.
 So fit it wel, that thou beknowe
 Thy feble estate, er thou beginne
 Thing, wher thou might none ende winne.
 What bargein shulde a man affaie,
 Whan that him lacketh for to paie?

My sone, if that thou well bethought,
 This toucheth the, foryete it nought,
 The thing is torned into was,
 The which was whilome grene gras
 Is welked heie, as time now.
 Forthy my counseil is, that thou
 Remembre well, how thou art olde.

Whan Venus hath her tale tolde,
 And I bethought was all aboute,
 And wiste wel withouten doubtte,
 That there was no recoverire,
 And as a man the blafe of fire
 With water quenched, so ferde I,
 A colde me caught sodeinly,
 For forwe that my herte made
 My dedly face pale and fade
 Becam, and swoune I fel to grounde.
 And as I lay the same stounde
 Ne fully quick, ne fully dede,
 Me thought I figh to-fore min hede
 Cupide with his bowe bent
 And like unto a parlement,
 Which were ordeined for the nones,
 With him cam all the world atones

Qualiter super de-
 risoriam Veneris
 exhortacionem
 contristatus amans,
 quasi mortuus in
 terram corruit, ubi,
 ut sibi videbatur,
 Cupidinem cum
 innumera multitu-
 dine nuper aman-
 tum variis turmis
 assistencium con-
 spiciebat.

358 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

Of gentil folke, that whilom were
 Lovers, I figh hem alle there,
 Forth with Cupide in fondry routes.
 Min eye and as I caste aboutes
 To know among hem who was who,
 I figh where lusty youthe tho,
 As he, which was a capitein
 To-fore all other upon the plein,
 Stood with his route well begon,
 Her hedes kempt, and therupon
 Garlondes, nought of o colour,
 Some of the lefe, some of the floure,
 And some of grete perles were.
 The neue guise of Beawme there
 With fondry thinges well devised
 I figh, wherof they be queintified.
 It was all lust, that they with ferde.
 There was no song that I ne herde,
 Which unto love was touching,
 Of Pan, and all that was liking,
 As in piping of melodie
 Was herde in thilke compaignie,
 So loude that on every fide
 It thought as all the heven cride
 In fuche accorde and fuche a soun
 Of bombarde and of clarioune
 With cornemuse and shalmele,
 That it was half a mannes hele,
 So glad a noife for to here.

And as me thought in this manere

All freshe I figh hem springe and daunce,
 And do to love her entendaunce
 After the lust of youthes hest,
 There was inough of joy and fest.
 For ever among they laugh and pley
 And putten care out of the wey,
 That he with hem ne fat ne stode.
 And over this I understode,
 So as min ere it might arecche,
 The most matere of her speche
 It was of knighthode and of armes
 And what it is to ligge in armes
 With love, whan it is acheved.

Ther was Tristram, which was beleved
 With Bele Ifolde, and Lancelot
 Stode with Gunnor, and Galahot
 With his lady, and as me thought,
 I figh where Jason with him brought
 His love, which Creusa hight.
 And Hercules, which mochel might,
 Was there, bering his great mace,
 And most of all in thilke place
 He peineth him to make chere
 With Eolen, which was him dere.
 Theseus though he were untrew
 To love, as alle women knewe,
 Yet was he there netheles
 With Fedra, which to love he ches.
 Of Grece eke there was Thelamon,
 Which fro the kinge Lamedon

De nominibus illorum nuper amantum, qui tunc amanti spasmatum aliqui juvenes, aliqui senes apparuerunt. Senes autem precipue tam erga deum quam deam amoris pro fanitate amantis recuperanda multiplicatis precibus misericorditer instabant.

At Troy his daughter reft away
 Efeonen as for his pray,
 Which take was, whan Jafon cam
 Fro Colchos and the citee nam
 In vengeaunce of the firfte hate,
 That made hem after to debate,
 Whan Priamus the newe town
 Hath made. And in avifoun
 Me thoughte that I figh alfo
 Heftor forth with his brethern two,
 Him felf ftod with Pantafilee,
 And next to him I mighte fee,
 Where Paris ftod with faire Heleine,
 Which was his joie foveraine.
 And Troilus ftod with Crefeide.
 But ever among although he pleide
 By femblaunt, he was hevy chered.
 For Diomedede, as him was lered,
 Claimeth to be his partenere.
 And thus full many a bachelere,
 A thoufand mo than I can fain,
 With youth I figh there well befein
 Forth with her loves glad and blith.

And fome I figh, which ofte fith
 Compleignen hem in fondry wife,
 Among the which I figh Narcife
 And Piramus, that fory were.
 The worthy Greke alfo was there,
 Achilles, which for love deied.
 Agamenon eke as men faied,

And Menelay the king also
I figh with many an other mo,
Which hadden be fortunèd fore
In loves caufe. And overmore
Of women in the fame cas
With hem I figh where Dido was
Forfake, which was with Enee.
And Phillis eke I mighte fee,
Whom Demophon deceived hadde,
And Adriagne her forwe ladde,
For Theseus her suffer toke
And her unkindely forfoke.
I figh there eke among the pres
Compleigning upon Hercules
His firste love Deianire,
Which fet him afterward a fire.
Medea was there eke and pleigneth
Upon Jason, for that he feigneth
Withoute caufe and toke a newe,
She faide: Fie on all untrewe.
I figh there Deidamie,
Which hadde lost the compaignie
Of Achilles, whan Diomedè
To Troy him fet upon the nede.
Among these other upon the grene
I figh also the wofull quene
Cleopatras, which in a cave
With serpents hath her self begrave
All quick, and so she was to-tore,
For forwe of that she hadde lore

Antonie, which her love hath be.
 And forth with her I figh Tisbe,
 Which on the sharpe swerdes pointe
 For love deied in fory pointe.
 And as min ere it might knowe,
 She saide : Wo worth alle flowe.
 The pleint of Progne and Philomene
 There herde I what it wolde mene,
 How Tereus of his untrouthe
 Undid hem both, and that was routhe.
 And next to hem I figh Canace,
 Which for Machair her faders grace
 Hath lost and deied in wofull plite.
 And as I figh in my spirite,
 Me thought amonges other thus
 The daughter of king Priamus,
 Polixena, whom Pirrus slough,
 Was there and made forwe inough,
 As she, which deide gilteles
 For love, and yet was loveles.
 And for to take the desporte
 I figh there some of other porte,
 And that was Circes and Calipse,
 That couthen do the mone clipse
 Of men and change the liknesse,
 Of artmagique forcereffe,
 They helde in honde many one
 To love, where they wolde or none.
 But above alle that there were
 Of women I figh foure there,

Whose name I herde most commended.
 By hem the court stode all amended.
 For where they comen in presence,
 Men diden hem the reverence,
 As though they hadden ben goddes
 Of all this world or emperesses.
 And as me thought, an ere I laid
 And herde, how that these other said :
 Lo, these ben the foure wives,
 Whose feith was proved in her lives
 For in ensample of all good
 With mariage so they stood,
 That fame, which no great thing hideth,
 Yet in cronique of hem abideth.

Penelope that one was hote,
 Whom many a knight hath loved hote,
 While that her lorde Ulixes laie
 Full many a yere and many a daie
 Upon the grete siege of Troy.
 But she, which hath no worldes joy
 But only of her husbonde,
 While that her lord was out of londe,
 So well hath kept her womanhede,
 That all the world therof toke hede
 And namelich of hem in Grece.
 That other woman was Lucrece,
 Wife to the Romain Collatine.
 And she constreigned of Tarquine
 To thing, which was ayein her will,
 She wolde nought her selven still,

But deide only for drede of shame
 In keping of her gode name,
 As she, which was one of the beste.
 The thridde wife was hote Alceste,
 Which whan Admetus shulde die
 Upon his grete maladie,
 She praied unto the goddes so,
 That she receiveth all the wo
 And deied her self to yive him life,
 Se, where this were a noble wife.
 The ferthe wife, which I there figh,
 I herde of hem that were nigh,
 How she was cleped Alcione,
 Which Ceix her lord allone
 And to no mo her body kepte.
 And whan she fighe him dreint, she lepte
 Into the wawes, where he swam,
 And there a see foule she becam,
 And with her winges him besprad
 For love that she to him had.

Lo, these foure weren tho,
 Which I figh as me thoughte tho
 Among the grete compaignie,
 Which love hadde for to gie.
 But youthe, which in speciall
 Of loves court was mareshall,
 So besy was upon his lay,
 That he none hede, where he lay,
 Hath take. And than as I behelde,
 Me thought I figh upon the felde,

Where Elde came a fofte pas
Toward Venus, there as ſhe was,
With him great compaignie he ladde,
But nought ſo fele as youth hadde.
The moſte part were of great age,
And that was ſene in her viſage,
And nought forthy ſo as they might,
They made hem yongly to the fight.
But yet herde I no pipes there
To make merth in mannes ere,
But the muſique I might knowe
For olde men, which ſounded lowe
With harpe and lute and with citole
The hove daunce and the carole,
In ſuche a wiſe as love hath bede,
A fofte pas they daunce and trede,
And with the women otherwhile
With ſobre chere among they ſmile.
For laughter was there none on high.
And netheles full well I figh,
That they the more queint it made,
For love in whom they weren glade.
And there me thought I mighte ſee
The king David with Berſabee,
And Salomon was nought withoute
Paſſing an hundred in a route
Of wives and of concubines,
Jewes eke and Sarazines,
To him I figh all entendaunt,
I not where he were ſuffifaunt.

But netheles for all his wit
 He was attached with that writ,
 Which love with his hond enseleth,
 From whom none erthly man appeleth.
 And over this, as for no wonder,
 With his leon, which he put under,
 With Dalida Sampson I knewe,
 Whos love his strength all overthrewe.
 I figh there Aristotle also,
 Whom that the quene of Grece also
 Hath bridled, that in thilke time
 She made him such a filogime,
 That he foryate all his logique,
 There was none arte of his practique,
 Through which it mighte ben excluded,
 That he ne was fully concluded
 To love and did his obeifaunce.
 And eke Virgile of aqueintaunce
 I figh, where he the maiden praid,
 Which was the doughter, as men said,
 Of temperour whilom of Rome.
 Sortes and Plato with him come,
 So did Ovide the poete.
 I thoughte than how love is swete,
 Which hath so wise men reclaimed,
 And was my self the lasse ashamed,
 Or for to lese or for to winne
 In the mischefe that I was inne.
 And thus I lay in hope of grace.
 And whan they comen to the place,

Where Venus stood and I was falle,
 These olde men with o vois alle
 To Venus praiden for my sake.
 And she that mighte nought forsake
 So great a clamour, as was there,
 Let pite come into her ere
 And forth with all unto Cupide
 She praieth, that he upon his fide
 Me wolde through his grace sende
 Some comfort, that I might amende
 Upon the cas, which is befallē.
 And thus for me they praiden alle
 Of hem that weren old aboute,
 And eke some of the yonge route,
 And of gentileffe and pure trouth
 I herde hem tel, it was great routh,
 That I withouten help so ferde.
 And thus me thought I lay and herde.

Cupide, which maie hurt and hele
 In loves cause, as for min hele,
 Upon the point which him was praid
 Cam with Venus, where I was laid
 Swounend upon the grene gras.
 And as me thought anone there was
 On every fide so great pres,
 That every life began to pres,
 I wot nought wel how many score,
 Suche as I spake of now to-fore,
 Lovers, that comen to beholde,
 But most of hem that weren olde.

Hic tractat, qualiter
 Cupido amantis se-
 nectute contracti vis-
 cera perscrutans, ig-
 nita sue concupiscen-
 cie tela ab eo penitus
 extrahit, quem Venus
 postea absque calore
 percipiens, vacuum
 reliquit. Et sic tan-
 dem provida senectus
 rationem invocans,
 hominem interiorem
 perprius amore infat-
 uatum mentis sani-
 tati plenius restaura-
 vit.

They stoden there at thilke tide
 To se what ende shall betide
 Upon the cure of my sotie.
 Tho might I here great partie
 Spekend, and eche his own avis
 Hath tolde, one that, another this.
 But among alle this I herde,
 They weren wo, that I so ferde,
 And saiden that for no riote
 An olde man shuld nought affote.
 For as they tolden redely,
 There is in him no cause why,
 But if he wold him self be nice,
 So were he well the more nice.
 And thus desputen some of tho,
 And some saiden no thing so,
 But that the wilde loves rage
 In mannes life forbereth none age,
 While there is oile for to fire
 The lampe is lightly fet a fire,
 And is full hard er it be queint,
 But only if he be some seint,
 Which god preserveth of his grace.
 And thus me thought in fondry place,
 Of hem that walken up and down,
 There was divers opinion.
 And so for a while it laste,
 Till that Cupide to the laste,
 Forth with his moder full avised
 Hath determined and devised,

Unto what point he woll descend.
And all this time I was liggend
Upon the ground to-fore his eyen.
And they that my difese fighen
Supposen nought I shulde live.
But he, which wolde thanne yive
His grace, so as it maie be,
This blinde god, which may nought fe,
Hath groped, till that he me fonde.
And as he put forth his honde
Upon my body, where I lay,
Me thought a firy lancegay,
Which whilom through my hert he cast,
He pulleth out and also fast,
As this was do, Cupide nam
His wey, I not where he becam,
And so did all the remenaunt,
Which unto him was entendaunt,
Of hem that in avision
I had a revelacion,
So as I tolde now to-fore.
But Venus wente nought therfore,
Ne Genius, which thilke time
Abiden bothe faste byme.
And she, which may the hertes binde
In loves cause and eke unbinde,
Er I out of my traunce arose,
Venus, which helde a buiste close
And wolde nought I sholde deie,
Toke out more colde then ony keie

An oignement, and in such point
 She hath my wounded hert anoint,
 My temples and my reins also.
 And forth with all she toke me tho
 A wonder mirrour for to holde,
 In which she bad me to beholde
 And take hede of that I sigh
 Wherin anone min hertes eye
 I cast and sigh my colour fade,
 Min eien dim and all unglade,
 My chekes thinne, and all my face
 With elde I mighte se deface,
 So riveled and so wo besein,
 That there was no thing full ne plein.
 I sigh also min haies hore,
 My will was tho to se no more,
 On which for there was no plesaunce.
 And than into my remembraunce
 I drough min olde daies passed,
 And as reson it hath compassed.

Quod status homi-
 nis mensibus anni
 equiparatur.

I made a likenesse of my selve
 Unto the fondry monthes twelve,
 Wherof the yere in his estate
 Is made, and stant upon debate,
 That lich til other none accordeth.
 For who the times wel recordeth,
 And than at marche if he beginne,
 Whan that the lusty yere comth inne
 Till augst be passed and septembre,
 The mighty youth he may remembre,

In which the yere hath his deduit
Of grafs, of lefe, of floure, of fruit,
Of corne, and of the winy grape.
And afterward the time is fhape
To froft, to fnow, to wind, to rain,
Till eft that march be come ayein.
The winter woll no fomer knowe,
The grene lefe is overthrowe,
The clothed erth is thanne bare,
Despuiled is the fomer fare,
That erft was hete, is thanne chele.
And thus thenkende thoughtes fele,
I was out of my fwoune affraid,
Wherof I figh my wittes ftraid,
And gan to clepe hem home ayein.
And whan refon it herde fain,
That loves rage was away,
He cam to me the righte wey,
And hath remeved the fotic
Of thilke unwife fantasie,
Wherof that I was wont to plein,
So that of thilke firy pein
I was made fobre and hole inough.
Venus beheld me than and lough
And axeth, as it were in game,
What love was? And I for fhame
Ne wifte what I fhulde anfwere.
And netheles I gan to fwere,
That by my trouth I knewe him nought,
So fer it was out of my thought,

Right as it hadde never be.

My gode sone, tho quod she,
Now at this time I leve it wele,
So goth the fortune of my whele.
Forthy my counseil is, thou leve.

Madame, I faide, by your leve,
Ye weten well, and so wote I,
That I am unbehovely
Your court fro this day for to serve.
And for I may no thank deserve,
And also for I am refused,
I praie you to ben excused.
And netheles as for to laste,
While that my wittes with me laste,
Touchende my confession,
I axe an absolution
Of Genius, er that I go.

The prest anone was redy tho,
And faide: Sone, as of thy shrifte,
Thou hast full pardon and foryifte,
Foryete it thou, and so will I.

Amans. Min holy fader, graunt mercy,
Quod I to him, and to the quene
I fell on knees upon the grene,
And toke my leve for to wende.
But she, that wolde make an ende,
As therto, which I was most able,
A paire of bedes blacke as fable
She toke and heng my necke about.
Upon the gaudes all without

Was write of gold *pur reposer*.
Lo, thus she said, Iohan Gower,
Now thou art ate laste caste,
Thus have I for thin ese caste,
That thou no more of love feche.
But my will is, that thou besече
And pray hereafter for the pees,
And that thou make a plein relees
To love, which taketh litel hede
Of olde men upon the nede,
Whan that the lustes ben away,
Forthy to the nis but o wey,
In which let reson be thy guide.
For he may sone him self misguide,
That seeth nought the perill to-fore.

My sone, be well ware therfore
And kepe the sentence of my lore
And tarie thou in my court no more,
But go there vertue moral dwelleth,
Where ben thy bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of long time thou hast write.
For this I do the well to wite,
If thou thin hele wolt purchase,
Thou might nought make fute and chace,
Where that the game is nought provable,
It were a thing unresonable,
A man to be so overseie.
Forthy take hede of that I saie.
For in the lawe of my commune
We be nought shape to commune

Thy felf and I never after this.
 Now have I faid all that there is
 Of love, as for thy final ende.
 Adieu, for I mot fro the wende.*

* MS. Harl. 3490 :

And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
 As my discipule and my poete.
 For in the floures of his youth,
 In fondry wise, as he well couth,
 Of dittees and of songes glade,
 The which he for my sake made,
 The lond fulfilled is over all,
 Wherof to him in speciall
 Above all other I am most holde.
 Forthy now in his daies olde
 Thou fhalt him telle this message,
 That he upon his later age
 To fette an end of all his werke,
 As he, which is min owne clerke,
 Do make his testament of love,
 As thou haft do thy shrifte above,
 So that my court it may recorde.
 Madame, I can me well accorde,
 Quod I, to telle as ye me bidde.
 And with that worde it so betidde
 Out of my sight all sodeinly,
 Enclosed in a sterry sky,
 Up to the heven Venus straught.
 And I my righte waie fought
 Home fro the wode and forth I wente,
 Where as with al min hole entente
 Thus with my bedes upon honde
 For hem that true love fonde
 I thenke bidde while I live,
 Upon the point which I am thrive.

And with that word all fodeinly
 Enclosed in a sterred sky
 Venus, which is the quene of love,
 Was take into her place above,

*Ad Laudem Christi, quem tu virgo peperisti,
 Sit laus Ricardi, quem sceptrum colunt leopardi.
 Ad sua precepta complevi carmina cepta,
 Que Bruti nata legat Anglia perpetuata.*

He, which withinne daies seven
 The large world forth with the heven
 Of his eternal providence
 Hath made and thilke intelligence
 In mannes soule resonable,
 Wherof the man of feture
 Of alle erthly creature
 After the soule is immortall,
 To thilke lord in speciall
 As he, which is of alle things
 The creator and of the kinges
 Hath the fortune upon honde
 His grace and mercy for to fonde,
 Upon my bare knees I pray,
 That he my worthy king convey
 Richard by name the secounde,
 In whom hath ever yet be founde
 Justice medled with pite,
 Largeffe forth with charite,
 In his persone it may be shewed,
 What is a king to be well thewed
 Touching of pite namely,
 For he yet never unpetously
 Ayein the leges of his londe
 For no defaute which he fonde
 Through cruelte vengeance sought.
 As though the worldes chaunce in brought
 Of infortune great debate,
 Yet was he nought infortunate,

Hic in fine libri
 honorificosque ver-
 tuosos illustrissimi
 principis domini
 sui regis Anglie
 Ricardi secundi
 mores sicut dignum
 est laude commen-
 dabili describens
 pro eiusdem status
 salubri conserva-
 cione cunctipoten-
 tem devocius exo-
 rat.

More wist I nought where she becam.
 And thus my leve of her I nam.

And forth with al that fame tide
 Her prest, which wolde nought abide,

For he, which the fortune ladde,
 The highe god him overspradde
 Of his justice and kept him so,
 That his estate stood evermo
 Sauf as it oughte wel to be
 Lich to the sonne in his degre,
 Which with the cloudes up alofte
 Is derked and befhadewed ofte,
 But how so that it trouble in thaire
 The sonne is ever bright and faire
 Within him self and nought unpeired,
 All though the weder be despeired,
 The heved planete is nought to wite.
 My worthy prince, of whom I write,
 Thus stant he with him selve clere
 And doth what lith in his powere,
 Nought only here at home to seke
 Love and accorde, but outward eke,
 As he, that save his people wolde.
 So ben we alle well beholde
 To do service and obeifaunce
 To him, which of his high suffraunce
 Hath many a great debate appesed
 To make his lege men ben esed,
 Wherefore that his cronique shall
 For ever be memoriall
 To the loenge of that he doth.
 For this wote every man in soth,
 What king that so defireth pees,
 He taketh the way which Criste ches,
 And who that Cristes weies sueth,
 It proveth well that he escheueth

Or be me lefe, or be me loth,
 Out of my fighte forth he goth.
 And I was left withouten helpe,
 So wift I nought wherof to yelpe,
 But only that I hadde lore
 My time, and was forie therfore.

The vices and is vertuous,
 Wherof he mot be gracious
 Toward his god and acceptable.
 And so to make his regne stable
 With all the will that I may give
 I pray and fhall while that I live,
 As I which in subjection
 Stonde under the protection
 And may my felven nought bewelde,
 What for fikenesse and what for elde,
 Which I receive of goddes grace,
 But though me lacke to purchace
 My kinges thank as by deferte,
 Yet the simpleffe of my pouerte
 Unto the love of my legeaunce
 Defireth for to do plesaunce.
 And for this cause in min entent
 This pouer booke here I present
 Unto his highe worthinesse
 Write of my simple besinesse,
 So as fikenesse it suffre wolde,
 And in fuch wise as I first tolde,
 Whan I this booke began to make,
 In some partie it may be take
 And for to laugh and for to pley,
 And for to loke in other wey
 It may be wisdom to the wise,
 So that somedele for good apprise,
 And eke somedele for luft and game
 I have it made for thilke fame.

And thus bewhaped in my thought,
 Whan all was torned into nought,
 I stood amafed for a while,
 And in my felf I gan to smile,
 Thenkend upon the bedes blacke,
 And how they weren me betake,
 For that I shulde bid and praie.
 And whan I figh none other waie,
 But only that I was refused,
 Unto the life, whiche I had used,
 I thoughte never torne ayein.
 And in this wise soth to fain
 Homward a softe pas I went,
 Where that with all min hole entent,
 Upon the point that I am thrive,
 I thenke bidde, while I live.

4. *Parce precor Christe, populus quo gaudeat iste,
 Anglia ne triste subeat, rex summe, resiste.
 Corrige quosque status fragiles, absolve reatus,
 Unde deo gratus vigeat locus iste beatus.*

He, which withinne daies seven
 This large worlde forth with the heven
 Of his eternal providence
 Hath made, and thilke intelligence
 In mannes foule resonable
 Hath shape to be perdurable,
 Wherof the man of his feture
 Above all erthly creature
 After the soule is immortall,
 To thilke lorde in speciall,

As he, which is of alle thinges
The creator and of the kinges
Hath the fortunes upon honde
His grace and mercy for to fonde,
Upon my bare knees I praie,
That he this londe in fiker waie
Woll fet upon good governaunce.
For if men take in remembraunce,
What is to live in unite,
There is no state in his degre,
That ne ought to desire pes,
Withoute which it is no les
To seche and loke into the last,
There may no worldes joie last.

First for to loke the clergie,
Hem oughte well to justifie
Thing, which belongeth to their cure,
As for to praie and to procure
Our pees toward the heven above,
And eke to sette rest and love
Among us on this erthe here,
For if they wrought in this manere
After the reule of charite,
I hope that men sholden se
This lond amende. And over this
To seche and loke how that it is
Touchend of the chivalerie,
Which for to loke in some partie
Is worthie for to be commended
And in some part to be amended,

That of her large retenue
 The lond is full of maintenue,
 Which causeth that the comun right,
 In fewe contres stont upright.
 Extorcion, contek, ravine
 Witholde ben of that covine.
 All day men here great compleint
 Of the difese, of the constreint,
 Wherof the people is sore oppressed,
 God graunt it mote be redressed.
 For of knighthode thorder wolde,
 That they defende and kepe sholde
 The comun right and the fraunchise
 Of holy chirche in alle wise,
 So that no wicked man it dere,
 And therof serveth shielde and spere.
 But for it goth now other waie,
 Our grace goth the more awaie.
 And for to loken overmore,
 Wherof the people pleignen sore
 Toward the lawes of our londe,
 Men sain that trowth hath broke his bonde
 And with brocage is gone away,
 So that no man can se the wey,
 Where for to finde rightwisnesse.
 And if men sech in sikernesse
 Upon the lucre of marchandie,
 * Compassement and trecherie
 Of singular profit to winne,
 Men sain is cause of mochel sinne,

And namely of divifion,
Which many a noble worthy town
Fro welth and fro prosperite
Hath brought to great adverfite.
So were it good to ben all one.
For mochel grace therupon
Unto the citees ſhulde fall,
Which might availe to us all,
If theſe eſtates amended were,
So that the vertues ſtoden there,
And that the vices were away,
Me thenketh I dorſte thanne ſay,
This londes grace ſhulde ariſe.
But yet to loke in other wiſe,
There is a ſtate, as ye ſhall here,
Above all other on erthe here,
Which hath the londe in his balaunce,
To him belongeth the legeaunce
Of clerke, of knight, of man of lawe,
Under his honde all is forthdrawe
The marchaunt and the laborer,
So ſtant it all in his power
Or for to ſpille, or for to ſave.
But though that he ſuch power have,
And that his mightes ben ſo large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To which that every king is ſwore.
So were it good, that he therefore
Firſt unto rightwiſneſſe entende,
Wherof that he him ſelf amende

Toward his god and leve vice,
Whiche is the chefe of his office.
And after all the remenaunt
He shall upon his covenaut
Governe and lede in such a wise,
So that there be no tirannise,
Wherof that he his people greve.
Or elles may he nought acheve
That longeth to his regalie.
For if a king will justifie
His londe and hem that ben withinne,
First at him self he mot beginne
To kepe and reule his own estate,
That in him self be no debate
Toward his god. For otherwise
Ther may none erthly king suffise
Of his kingdom the folk to lede,
But he the king of heven drede.
For what king sette him upon pride
And taketh his lust on every side
And will nought go the righte weie,
Though god his grace cast aweie,
No wonder is, for ate last
He shall well wite, it may nought last
The pompe whiche he fecheth here.
But what king, that with humble chere
After the lawe of god escheueth
The vices and the vertues sueth,
His grace shall be suffisaunt
To governe all the remenaunt,

Which longeth unto his duete,
 So that in his prosperite
 The people shall nought be oppressed,
 Wherof his name shall be blessed
 For ever and be memoriall.

And now to speke as in finall
 Touchend that I undertoke
 In english for to make a boke,
 Which stant betwene earnest and game,
 I have it made, as thilke same,
 Which axe for to be excused,
 And that my boke be nought refused
 Of lered men, whan they it se
 For lack of curiosite,
 For thilke scole of eloquence
 Belongeth nought to my science,
 Upon the forme of rhetorique
 Mywordes for to peint and pike,
 As Tullius somtime wrote.
 But this I knowe and this I wote,
 That I have do my trewe peine
 With rude wordes and with pleine
 In all that ever I couthe and might,
 This boke to write, as I behight,
 So as siknesse it suffer wolde.
 And also for my daies olde
 That I am feble and impotent,
 I wot nought how the worlde is went,
 So pray I to my lordes alle,
 Now in min age, how so befalle,

Hic in fine recapitulat super hoc, quod in principio libri promisit se in amoris causa specialius tractaturum, concludit enim, quod omnis amoris delectatio extra caritatem nihil est, qui autem manet in caritate, in deo manet.

That I mot stonden in her grace.
 For though me lacke to purchase
 Her worthy thank, as by deserte,
 Yet the simpleffe of my pouerte
 Desireth for to do plesaunce
 To hem, under whose governaunce
 I hope fiker to abide.
 But now upon my laste tide,
 That I this boke have made and write,
 My muse doth me for to wite
 And faith, it shall be for my beste,
 Fro this day forth to take reste,
 That I no more of love make,
 Which many a herte hath overtake
 And overturned as the blinde
 Fro reson into lawe of kinde,
 Where as the wifdom goth aweie
 And can nought se the righte weie,
 How to governe his own estate,
 But every day stant in debate
 Within him self and can nought leve.
 And thus forthy my finall leve
 I take now for evermore
 Withoute making any more
 Of love and of his dedly hele,
 Which no phisicien can hele.
 For his nature is so divers,
 That it hath ever some travers
 Or of to moch, or of to lite,
 That pleinely may no man delite,

But if him faile or that or this.
But thilke love, which that is
Within a mannes herte affirmed
And ftant of charite confirmed,
Such love is goodly for to have,
Such love may the body fave,
Such love may the foule amende,
The highe god fuch love us fende
Forth with the remenaunt of grace,
So that above in thilke place,
Where refteth love and alle pees,
Our joie may ben endeles.

*Explicit iste liber, qui transeat obsecro liber,
Ut sine livore vigeat lectoris in ore.
Qui sedet in scamnis celi det, ut ista Johannis
Perpetuis annis stet pagina grata Britannis.
Derbeie comiti, recolunt quem laude periti,
Vade liber purus, sub eo requiesce futurus.*



GLOSSARY.



GLOSSARY.

The initials *A. S.* (Anglo-Saxon) and *A. N.* (Anglo-Norman) are used to designate the languages through which the words to which they are affixed entered the English Language, and must not be understood as pointing out their actual derivations. Further information respecting their Etymologies may be obtained from Dr. Richardson's English Dictionary, to which the compiler is indebted for much valuable assistance.

Verbs are generally given in the form of their infinitive mood; but the past tenses and participles of strong verbs have been inserted when their connexion with their infinitive moods is not immediately apparent.

The chief literal peculiarities to which it is necessary to direct the reader's attention, are the use of *y* for *g*, of *w* for *y*, and the general interchange of vowels. We may also notice the blending of the particle with the following word, as *themperoure* for *the emperor*, *byme* for *by me*, &c. When the same word recurs, but is rather differently spelled, it has not been thought necessary to insert both forms.



- A**, IN composition, in words of Saxon origin, is an abbreviation of *af*, *of*, *at*, *on*, or *in*.
- A*, in composition, in words of Anglo-Norman origin, is generally used as the representative of *ab*, *ad*, or sometimes *ex*.
- A*, is sometimes prefixed to a past tense
- A*, before a noun, is generally used for *on*, *in*, or *at*
- A*, before a gerund, is used for *on*.
To go *a* begging, i. e. *on* begging
- A*, is a form of the Saxon adjective *ane*, or *an*
- A*, for Ah!
- Abie*, *Abey*, *A. S.* to expiate, pay for
- Abit*, for abideth
- Ablast*, *A. S.* blasted
- Abowe*, *A. S.* to avow, to maintain
- Abought*, *Aboughten*, *A. S.* suffered for
- Abraide*, *A. S.* started
- Abraide*, for *a-braide*, *A. S.* a start
- Accidie*, *A. N.* negligence
- Accroche*, *A. N.* to advance gradually, to increase
- Achates*, *A. N.* an agate
- Acqueint*, *A. S.* quenched
- Adote*, *A. S.* to doat upon
- Adradde*, *A. S.* afraid
- Adrigh*, *A. S.* aside
- Aeromaunce*, *A. N.* divination by air
- Affait*, *A. N.* to tame

- Affiche, A. N.* to affix
Afile, A. N. to polish
Affiled, A. N. bright, glistening
Afin, A. N. at last
Aflight, A. N. to be uneasy
Aflight, A. N. uneasy
After, for according to
Agilt, A. S. to offend, to sin against
Agregge, A. N. to aggravate
Agrife, A. S. to shudder, to be terrified
Agrope, A. S. to search out
Akele, A. S. to cool
Al, for although
Ala-corvi, LAT. a crow's wing, (a star)
Alaide, A. S. applied
Alcomony, A. N. alchemy
Alday, for All the day
Algate, Algates, A. S. always
Algorismes, A. N. algebra
All him one, for all alone, i. 148.
Alleide, A. N. alleged
Allthermest, for the most of all
Almagest, the Ptolemaic system
Almesse, A. S. alms
Alofte, A. S. on high
Alonge, A. S. to long for
Alonlich, for all only
Als, A. S. also, as
Also, A. S. as
Alltherbeste, for the best of all
Allbetrewest, for the truest of all
Alltherwerst, for the worst of all
Amaied, A. S. from May (the month);
 In May-day guise
Amase, A. S. to perplex
Amblount, A. N. ambling
Amende, A. N. to mend
Amis, A. S. ill, badly
Anabulla, a kind of herb
Anele, A. S. to temper
Anone, Anon, A. S. instantly
Aplace, for in place
Appaie, A. N. to pay
Apparancie, A. N. appearance
Appert, A. N. open
Appertenaunt, A. N. belonging to
Appoint, A. N. to fix, settle
Appose, A. N. to object to
Apprize, A. N. to learn
Apprize, A. N. learning
Appropre, A. N. to belong to
Arad, perf. of Arede
Areche, A. S. to arise, to attain, to reach
Arede, A. S. to interpret
Arere, A. S. to raise
Arere, A. N. arrear
Argument, A. N. to discuss, dispute
Arought, perf. of Areche
Aroute, A. S. an assembly
Arfmetique, A. N. arithmetic
Artemage, A. N. the art of magic
As a rose, for as he rose
As of dede, for indeed, ii. 239.
Afcriden, A. S. to cry out
Afhry, A. S. a shriek or shout
Afpides, LAT. asps, vipers
Afpie, A. N. to espy
Afpiremente, A. N. breathing
Afsay, A. N. to attempt, to prove
Afsemble, A. N. to make like
Afsent, A. S. sent to
Affise, A. N. situation
Affise, A. N. to fettle, establish
Afsobre, A. N. to get sober
Afsoile, A. N. to absolve, to answer
Afsoted, A. N. befotted
Afsote, A. N. to dote on
Afsote, A. N. fond
Afsterre, A. S. to escape
Afstone, A. N. confounded
Aftrices, A. N. the Star Stone
At mannes eye, for in the eyes of men, iii. 320.
At all afsaies, for at all points, in every way, i. 241.
Atones, A. S. at once
Atteint, A. N. spoiled
Attitled, for entitled
Atwinne, A. S. asunder
Aunter, A. N. to adventure
Aunter, A. N. an adventure
Avale, A. N. to lower, to let down
Avarous, A. N. avaricious

- Avaunce, A. N.* boast
Avaunce, A. N. to advance, to profit
Avaunt, A. N. forward
Avauntance, A. N. boasting
Avauntarie, A. N. boasting
Avenaunt, A. N. merit, value
Aventure, A. N. adventure
Avis, A. N. advice
Avise, A. N. to look to, to take care of
Avisement, A. N. advice
Avisioun, for a vision
Avouterie, A. N. adultery
Avoy, A. N. leave, quit
Away, A. S. to waste, destroy
Awaite, A. N. watch
Aweiward, A. S. away
Axe, A. S. to ask
Ay, for all
Aye, for ah
Ayein, A. S. again
Ayeinward, A. S. on the other hand
Bailie, A. N. custody, government
Baillez ça, A. N. pass on, pass round
Baldemoin, A. N. gentian
Bale, A. S. sorrow
Banne, A. N. to banish
Barme, A. S. the lap
Barnage, A. N. barons
Bataillous, A. N. ready for battle
Be, for been
Bebled, A. S. covered with blood
Beclip, A. S. to embrace, to surround
Bedaw, A. S. to awake
Bede, A. S. to bid, to offer
Bede, A. S. a prayer
Bederked, A. S. darkened
Bedfare, A. S. bedfellow
Befole, A. S. to delude into folly, to infatuate
Beforn, A. S. before
Bego, A. S. performed
Begon, A. S. begun
Begrave, A. S. to bury
Begrave, A. S. engraven
Bebet, A. S. to promise
Behighte, A. S. to promise
Behonge, A. S. to hang
Behote, A. S. promised
Behove, A. S. behoof, advantage
Behovely, A. S. profitably
Beknowe, A. S. to confess
Belaine, A. S. beleaguered
Beleve, A. S. to remain
Beleve, A. S. belief
Beloke, A. S. locked, confined
Bemene, A. S. to bemoan, lament
Ben, Bene, A. S. to be
Ben, for been
Ben, A. S. are
Bend, A. N. a band
Benime, A. S. to take away
Benifon, A. S. benediction
Benome, A. S. taken away
Berde, A. S. edge, margin
Bere, A. S. to bear, carry
Bereined, A. S. rained upon
Berne, A. S. a barn
Befain, A. S. resolved
Befant, A. N. a piece of gold money
Befein, A. S. decked or adorned for fight, clad
Befene, A. S. to clothe, to cover
Beshrewe, A. S. to curse
Beslich, A. S. busily
Besship, A. S. activity
Besnewed, A. S. covered with snow, covered
Bestad, A. S. distressed
Bestaile, A. N. beast, cattle
Beste, A. N. a beast
Beswike, A. S. to betray, to deceive
Beswunke, A. S. laboured hard
Besy, A. S. busy
Betake, A. S. to give
Beteche, for betake
Bethrow, A. S. to be cast down
Betid, Betit, A. S. happened
Bewake, A. S. to awake
Beware, A. S. to shun
Bewared, A. S. expended
Bewelde, A. S. to govern
Bewhappe, A. S. to be astonished, to be wrapped up in anything
Bewimpled, A. S. covered with a cape or tippet
Bewray, A. S. to accuse

- Bewrie, A. S.* to discover
Beyelpe, A. S. to prate, to talk
Beyete, A. S. begotten
Beyete, A. S. possession, advantage
Bid, A. S. to pray; (to bid the bedes, is to say prayers)
Bienfait, A. N. a benefit
Bienvenue, A. N. a welcome
Bigge, A. S. to enlarge, to multiply
Bile, A. S. guile
Bill, A. S. nose
Bille, A. N. a letter
Bisse, A. N. venison
Bit, for biddeth
Blame, Fall in, to be censured, i. 145.
Blanche fever, A. N. ague
Bleche, A. N. white
Blench, A. S. to wink, to glance
Blend, A. S. to deceive
Blent, A. S. blinded, deceived
Blive, A. S. quickly
Bode, A. S. bidden, commanded
Boke, A. S. to put in a book
Bokes, A. S. teaches
Bombarde, A. N. a musical instrument
Bone, A. S. petition
Boot, A. S. a boat
Borde, A. S. a table, also a revel
Bordel, A. N. a brothel
Bordeller, A. N. a brothel-keeper
Bore, for born
Bore free, for free born, i. 68.
Borel, A. S. made of plain coarse stuff
Borel-men, A. S. laymen
Borwe, A. S. a pledge
Borwe, A. S. hath pledged; laid to
Borwe, A. S. to be security for
Bote, A. S. bit
Bote, A. S. to help
Bote, A. S. remedy, help, profit
Boteler, A. N. a butler
Boune, A. S. ready
Bourgeois, A. N. a citizen
Braide, A. S. to awake, to start
Braide, A. S. to draw
Brede, A. S. breadth
Brenne, Brenden, A. S. to burn
Breres, A. S. briars
Briddes, A. S. birds
Brigantaille, A. N. armour
Brocage, A. S. a treaty by a broker or agent
Brocour, A. S. a feller, a broker
Brothel, A. S. a worthless person
Buisse, A. N. a box
Burned, A. N. burnished
Buxom, A. S. obedient
Byme, for by me
Cale for Acale, A. S. cold
Camuse, A. N. flat
Can, A. S. to know
Canele, A. N. cinnamon
Carect, A. N. character
Carpe, A. N. to talk, to tell
Cas, A. N. chance
Caste, A. N. to contrive
Cause, for because
Cautele, A. N. a cunning trick
Ceinte, A. N. a girdle
Celidoine, A. N. pilewort
Ceramius, A. N. earthenware
Certes, A. N. certainly
Chaffare, A. S. merchandize
Chamberere, A. N. a chamber-maid
Chapmanbode, A. S. the condition of a chapman or tradesman
Chare, A. N. a chariot
Charke, A. S. to turn backwards and forwards
Chastie, A. N. to chastise
Cbele, A. N. cold
Chere, A. N. countenance, appearance, entertainment
Cherl, A. S. a man of mean birth and condition
Cherles, A. S. churlish
Chery, A. N. the colour of the cherry
Ches, A. S. to choose
Chese, A. S. choice
Cheste, A. S. debate
Chevaunce, A. N. achievement
Chever, A. S. to shiver
Chevifance, A. N. an agreement for the borrowing of money
Childing, A. S. child-bearing
Chiroche, A. N. sparing

- Cbitre, A. S.* to chirp
Christeneft, A. N. most Christian
Cicorea, A. N. wild endive
Citole, A. N. a mufical instrument
Cleis, A. S. claws
Clepe, A. S. to call, to name
Clergeon, A. N. a young clerk
Clergie, A. N. learning
Clipfe, A. S. to eclipse
Cofre, A. N. a cheft
Coife, A. N. a miftrefs
Cokard, A. N. a knave
Colde, A. S. put into fhape
Coler, A. N. anger, wrath
Collacion, A. N. comparifon
Commeve, A. N. to move
Compaſſement, A. N. contrivance
Comune, A. N. to communicate
Conclude, A. N. to include
Concordable, A. N. agreeable
Conge, A. N. to expel
Conne, A. S. to know, to be able
Connoifſaunce, A. N. understanding
Conferve, A. N. the preferver
Contek, A. S. contention
Contourbed, A. N. difturbed
Contrariende, A. N. perverſe, contrary
Contre, A. N. country
Contrevaile, A. N. to thwart
Controvinge, A. N. contrivance
Cope, A. N. a cloak
Cor Scorpionis, LAT. a ſcorpion's heart, (a ftar)
Corage, A. N. heart, inclination, ſpirit, courage
Cornemuſe, A. N. a mufical instrument blown like the bagpipes
Coſtage, A. N. coſt, expenſe
Coſteaunt, A. N. bordering
Cotidian, A. N. daily
Coupable, A. N. guilty
Courbe, A. N. bent, curved
Courbe, A. N. a bend
Couthe, A. S. known
Couth, A. S. knew, was able
Covenable, A. N. convenient, ſuitable
Coverture, A. N. a covering
Covetiſe, A. N. covetouſneſs
Covine, A. N. to contrive
Covine, A. N. a ſecret contrivance
Creauunce, A. N. faith, belief
Crefce, A. N. to increaſe
Crefſett, A. S. an open land
Criden, A. S. cried
Croke, A. S. to bend, to twiſt
Croke, A. N. drofs, refuſe
Crocket, A. N. chaplet
Cronique, A. N. chronicle
Crope, A. S. crept
Crope, A. S. head or top of a plant
Crouche, A. S. a piece of money
Curteis, A. N. courteous
Curteifly, A. N. courteouſly
Cuſs, A. S. a kiſs
Cuſtumaunce, A. N. a cuſtom
D, for th
Dais, A. N. upper table
Danz, A. N. for dan, don (dominus)
Dampne, A. N. to condemn
Daunte, A. N. to tame
Dawe, A. S. a day
Dawe, Of, dead (off day), iii. 182.
Debonaire, A. N. courteous, gentle
Decas, A. N. decay, ruin
Deceivaunt, A. N. a deceiver
Dede, Deden, for did
Deduit, A. N. pleaſure
Dees, A. N. dice
Defend, A. N. to forbid
Defie, A. N. to digeſt, to confume
Defoule, A. N. to defile, pollute
Deis, A. N. dais
Dele, A. S. to debate, deliberate
Dele, A. S. a ſhare, a part
Delices, A. N. delights
Delitable, A. N. pleaſure, delight
Demaine, A. N. management
Deme, A. S. to judge
Depart, A. N. to part, to diſtribute
Depoſe, A. N. a pledge, a deposit
Dere, A. S. dear
Dere, A. S. dearly
Dere, A. S. to hurt
Derne, A. S. ſecret
Dery, A. S. to hurt, to harm

- Defcorde, A. N.* to be of a different mind, to disagree
Deflaie, A. S. to blame, deny
Despeired, A. N. desperate, stormy
Despend, A. N. to waste, consume
Deftraught, vide Distreigne
Diete, A. N. daily food
Differred, A. N. divided
Digbt, A. S. to dispose, prepare, dress
Dike, A. S. to dig, to make ditches
Dimme, A. S. weak
Discention, A. N. separation
Disne, A. N. a tithe or tenth
Disleigne, A. N. to discolour
Disobeisaut, A. N. disobedient
Disfour, A. N. a story-teller
Dispended, A. N. disposed of
Disport, A. N. to divert
Dispuiled, A. N. unclothed, bared
Distraught, A. N. distracted
Distreigne, A. N. to vex exceedingly, to constrain
Diverse, A. N. to diversify
Divine, A. N. divinity
Divise, A. N. a device
Divise, A. N. to direct, order
Do, for done; also for make
Do make, for be made, i. 202.
Doaire, A. N. a province
Dole, A. N. a share, a portion
Dole, A. N. grief, mourning
Dome, A. S. judgment, opinion
Done, A. S. to do
Dore, A. S. dare
Doubtous, A. N. fearful
Dradde, Drad, A. S. feared
Dreche, A. S. to vex, oppress
Drecche, A. S. to linger, delay
Dreint, A. S. drowned
Drenche, A. S. to drown
Drie, A. S. to suffer
Drinkeles, A. S. without drink
Dronkelewe, A. S. given to drink
Dronkeship, A. S. drunkenness
Drough, A. S. drew
Drowen, A. S. to draw
Druerie, A. N. courtship, gallantry
Dwale, A. S. a sleeping potion
Dwelle, A. S. to remain fixed, or to remain
Dwine, A. S. to waste
Echone, for each one
Eftfone, A. S. soon after
Egge tole, for edged tool
Eile, A. S. to be sick, to ail
Eking, A. S. protracting
Elde, A. S. old age
Elitropius, A. N. heliotrope
Elles, A. S. elfe
Embrouded, A. N. embroidered
Embusbement, A. N. ambush
Eme, A. S. uncle
Empeire, A. N. to impair, hurt
Empeirement, A. N. injury
Emprise, A. N. undertaking
Enchefon, A. N. cause, occasion
Encortined, A. N. enclosed within curtains
-Ende, -End, for -ing
Enderday, A. S. the past day
Endlong, A. S. along
Enfile, A. S. to smooth, to polish
Enforme, A. S. to instruct, teach
Engin, A. N. wit, artifice
Engined, A. N. racked, tortured; also contrived to get together
Enginous, A. N. inventive
Englewed, A. N. held fast
Ensamplarie, A. N. example
Ensele, A. N. to seal up, to keep secret
Entaile, A. N. to carve
Entaile, A. N. shape
Entame, A. N. to subdue
Entendaunt, A. N. attendance
Entende, A. N. to attend
Entendement, A. N. understanding
Entente, A. N. intention
Entermete, A. N. to interpose, intermeddle
Entrike, A. N. to deceive
Environ, A. N. about
Environ, A. N. to surround
Er, for there
Ere, A. S. ear
Ere leith, for giveth ear, i. 13.

- Eren, A. N.* to plough
Eses, for ease
Esmaied, A. N. astonished
Espeire, A. N. expectation
Espial, A. N. spying, private watching
Espie, A. N. to spy
Esplot, A. N. advantage
Esponie, A. N. excuse
Estre, A. N. state, condition
Estrete, A. N. a street
Eth, A. S. easy
Everichone, A. S. every one
Ey, A. S. an egg
Eyle, A. S. to ail, to be sick
Facounde, A. N. eloquence
Facrere, A. N. diffimulation
Fade, A. N. sad, sorrowful
Fain, A. S. gladly
Faine, A. S. glad
Fainterie, A. N. pretence
Faintise, A. N. pretence
Fairie, A. S. pilgrimage
Faitour, A. N. a lazy, idle fellow
Fallas, A. N. deceit
Falsbed, A. S. falsehood
Fangel, A. S. a toy, a trifle
Fantofme, A. N. any false imagination
Fare, A. N. ado
Fare, A. S. to go
Fare, A. S. a course, a path
Faucon, A. N. a falcon
Febleße, A. N. weakness
Fee, A. S. money
Feigne, A. N. to give a false colouring to
Feire, A. N. fair
Felaship, A. S. company
Felawe, A. S. fellow, companion
Feld, A. S. felled, made to fall
Feldwode, A. S. baldmony
Fele, A. S. many
Fele, for fall
Fell, A. S. skin
Felle, A. S. cruel
Felle, A. S. sharp, keen
Felle, Let do, for hath made fall, i. 275.
Fende, A. S. fiend, devil
Ferde, Fered, part. of fare
Fere, A. S. fear
Fere, A. S. a companion
Fere, In, together in company, i. 75.
Ferforth, A. S. far forth
Ferke, A. S. to hasten, to execute
Ferre, A. S. further
Ferre, A. S. fair, beautiful
Ferth, A. S. fourth
Fette, A. S. to fetch
Feture, A. N. a production
Fifte, for fifth
Firedrake, A. S. a fiery dragon
Flacke, A. S. to flutter
Flete, A. S. to float, to swim
Fleume, A. S. phlegm
Flitte, A. S. to remove
Florein, A. N. a species of gold coin
Foisoned, A. N. given abundantly
Foll, A. N. foolish
Folwe, A. S. to follow
Fonde, A. S. to try
Fong, A. S. to take
For to right, of right, i. 179.
Fordo, A. S. to do away, to ruin
Foreward, A. S. a promise or covenant
Forfare, A. S. forlorn
Forgnawe, A. S. thoroughly gnawn
Forlain, A. S. lain with
Forlete, A. S. to give over, to quit
Forlore, A. S. utterly lost
Forshope, A. S. transformed
Forfoken, A. S. denied
Forfwey, A. S. turn aside
Forth, A. S. course
Forthe over, for came next, i. 25.
Forthinke, A. S. to grieve
Forthy, A. S. therefore
Fortrode, A. S. trodden down
Forworthe, A. S. to perish
Foryete, A. S. to forget
Foryetel, A. S. forgetful
Foryetellenesse, A. S. forgetfulness
Foule, A. S. a bird
Founde, A. N. foundered
Fredde, A. S. loofened
Frede, A. S. to feel

- Freine, A. S.* to inquire
Frele, A. N. frail
Frendelybede, A. S. friendship
Frere, A. N. a friar
Frette, A. N. a band
Fro, for from
Froife, A. N. a pancake
Frofen, for froft
Frounce, A. N. a frown, a wrinkle
Frounce, A. N. to wrinkle
Froward, A. S. averſe
Ful, A. S. perfect, complete
Funke, A. S. trouble
Gable, A. N. to talk idly, to lie
Gaignage, A. N. gain
Galle, A. N. trouble, vexation
Gamme, A. N. the gamut
Garnement, A. N. a garment
Gate, A. S. a way
Gaudes, A. N. ridiculous tricks
Gef, for gave
Geomaunce, A. N. geometry
Gerachie, A. N. hierarchy
Gert, A. S. made, cauſed
Gef, A. S. gueſt
Gefte, A. N. actions, adventures
Gie, A. S. to guide
Gilt, A. S. to be guilty
Giltife, A. S. guilty
Glade, A. S. glad
Gladſhip, A. S. joy, gladneſs
Glede, A. S. a burning coal
Glofe, A. N. to comment or interpret
Glofe, A. N. a comment or interpretation
Gon, A. S. to go
Gone, A. S. to expire
Gonnen, A. S. begun
Governaunce, A. N. government, control
Gradde, A. S. cried for
Grame, A. S. grief, anger
Grauntmercy, A. N. great thanks
Graven, A. S. buried
Gregois, for Greeks
Greine, A. S. to bear grain
Greme, A. S. growth
Grevable, A. S. grievous
Grevaunce, A. S. grievous
Greve, A. N. to vex, injure
Greves, A. S. groves
Gripes, A. S. an eagle, a vulture
Grifel, A. S. an ugly perſon
Grith, A. S. protection
Grome, A. S. a man
Grope, A. S. to find
Grucche, A. N. to grumble
Guie, A. N. to guide
Gule, A. S. gluttony
Gulion, A. N. wallet or knapſack
Gult, A. S. guile
Gultife, A. S. guilty
Had I wiſt, for "had I but known it," i. 175.
Haft, A. S. handle
Hainte, A. N. to praſtife
Hale, A. S. to pull, or drawe
Halke, A. S. a corner
Halpe, A. S. helped
Halfen, A. S. to embrace
Halt, A. S. holdeth
Halve, A. S. part, ſide, behalf
Halving, for having
Halving aſhamed, for "as if aſhamed" ii. 65.
Haly, A. S. holy
Han, A. S. to have
Hantel, A. S. gift of the hand
Happe, A. S. chance
Hardieſſe, A. N. boldneſs
Haſtibede, A. N. haſte
Hat, A. S. to be named
Haveles, A. N. poor, deſtitute
Hed, for hid
Heed, for head
Heie, A. S. hay
Heil, A. S. whole, found
Helas, A. N. alas
Hele, A. S. health
Hele, A. S. to heal, to help
Hele, A. S. an eminence
Hele, A. S. to hide, to cover
Hem, for them
Hene, A. S. to put in motion
Hened, A. S. head
Henge, A. S. hung

- Hent*, for hence
Hent, *A. S.* took hold of
Hente, *A. S.* to take hold of, to catch
Hente, *A. S.* hart
Hepe, *A. S.* a mafs
Her, for their
Herbergage, *A. N.* lodging
Herbergeour, *A. N.* a harbinger, a provider of lodgings
Herbergery, *A. N.* lodging
Herdes, *A. S.* keepers, shepherd boys
Here, in composition, signifies *this*, without including any idea of place
Here, *A. S.* to hear
Here, for their
Herte, *A. S.* heart
Hertely, *A. S.* hearty
Hefte, *A. S.* command, promise
Heven, *A. S.* heavenly
Hie, *A. S.* to haften
Hie, *A. S.* hafte, diligence
Hierd, *A. S.* a herdfman
Highte, *A. S.* high
Hight, *A. S.* called, to be named
Hingen, *A. S.* to hang
Hippe-balt, *A. S.* lame in the hip
Hire, *A. S.* her
Ho! interj. *A. N.* ftop
Hodes, *A. S.* hoods
Holde, *A. S.* to beware of
Holde, *A. S.* a fort or caſtle
Holde, *Holden*, *A. S.* obliged, held to be, or regarded as
Hole, *A. S.* entire, whole, found
Honde, *A. S.* a hand
Honde, *Bareon*, to inſiſt upon, ii. 2.
Honochinus, qy.
Hore, *A. S.* hoary, gray
Hors, *A. S.* horſes
Hote, *A. S.* hot
Hote, *A. S.* called
Hove, *A. S.* to hover, to move
Hove-dance, *A. S.* court dance
Hulle, *A. S.* hill
Humbleſe, *A. N.* humility
I, for *y*, prefixed to participles
Ibore, *A. S.* born
Idelſhip, *A. S.* idleneſs
Ight, *A. S.* poſſeſſion
Ilke, *A. S.* fame
In a throwe, quickly, i. 119.
Inderly, carefully, zealouſly
Infortune, *A. N.* miſfortune
Inowe, for enough
Interſtition, *A. N.* the intervening ſpace
Intronifed, *A. N.* enthroned
Irous, *A. N.* paſſionate
Iwis, *A. S.* certainly
Iwrite, *A. S.* written
Jacinctus, *A. N.* hyacinth
Jangler, *A. N.* a prater
Jape, *A. S.* a trick, a jeſt
Jaspis, *A. N.* jaſper
Jolif, *A. N.* jolly, joyful
Joutes, *A. N.* an ancient diſh in cookery
Juiſe, *A. N.* judgment, puniſhment
Juſtinge, *A. N.* tilting
Keie, *A. S.* key
Kele, *A. S.* to cool
Kempt, *A. S.* combed
Kepe, *A. S.* care, attention
Kepe, *To take*, to take heed, i. 233.
Kerſe, *A. S.* a ruſh
Kerveth, qy. carveth
Kefte, *A. S.* kiſſed
Kid, *A. S.* made known, diſcovered
Kinde, *A. S.* nature, kindred
Kirtel, *A. S.* a tunic or gown
Kiſt, *A. S.* cheſt
Kith, *A. S.* country, region
Knape, *A. S.* a lad, a page
Knave, *A. S.* a male child
Knet, *A. S.* tied
Knowleching, *A. S.* knowledge
Lacches, *A. N.* to neglect
Lacheſe, *A. N.* negligence, ſlackneſs
Lacke, *A. S.* a fault, a diſgraceful action
Lad, *Ladde*, *A. S.* led, carried
Laſt, part. of *leve*
Lance-gay, *A. N.* a kind of lance
Lapacia, *A. N.* a kind of graſs
Large, *A. N.* liberal, free
Laſe, *A. S.* leſs, lower

- Lafse*, *A. S.* to lessen
Lafse-world, *A. S.* the microcosm
Lafte, *A. S.* to continue
Laton, *A. N.* a kind of mixed metal
of the colour of brass
Laverock, *A. S.* a lark
Lay, *A. N.* lake or pond
Lay, *A. S.* law, religious profession
Lay, *A. S.* a species of poem
Lazer, *A. N.* a leper
Leche, *A. S.* a physician, a cure
Lechour, *A. N.* a lewd person
Lefe, *A. S.* pleasing, agreeable
Lefte, *A. S.* raised, exalted
Lefte, *A. S.* remained with
Leful, for lawful
Lege, *A. N.* one bound by loyalty to
his sovereign
Legeaunce, *A. N.* bond of fidelity
Leie, *A. S.* to lay
Lein, *A. S.* to lay
Leifer, *A. N.* leisure, opportunity
Leit, *A. S.* light
Leith, *A. S.* giveth
Lemman, *A. S.* a lover or gallant, a
mistress
Lene, *A. S.* to lend, to grant
Lenger, *A. S.* longer
Lenger the lafse, for linger the less,
iii. 344.
Lere, *A. S.* to learn, to teach
Lere, *A. S.* learning
Lese, *A. S.* to glean, also to loose
Lefing, *A. S.* a lie, a falsity
Lest, *A. S.* lost
Leste, for least
Lete, *A. S.* to think, to account
Lete, *A. S.* to leave
Lete, *A. S.* left
Lette, *A. S.* to hinder
Lette, *A. S.* delay, hindrance
Leude, *A. S.* ignorant, unlearned
Leve, *A. S.* dear
Leve, *A. S.* to believe, to rely
Leve, *A. S.* to remain, tarry
Leve, *A. S.* desire, inclination
Leven, *A. S.* lightning
Lever, *A. S.* more agreeable
Lich for *-ly*
Liche, *A. S.* like
Liche, *A. S.* a body
Licuchis, *qy.*
Lie, *A. N.* lees or sediment
Lief, *A. S.* agreeable, beloved
Ligge, *A. S.* to lie down
Liggend, *A. S.* lying
Ligh, *qy.* lie. ii. 254.
Liketh, *A. S.* liking, pleasure
Lime, *A. S.* to smear, as with bird-
lime
Linde, *A. S.* the lime tree
Lifse, *A. S.* joy, bliss
Lifse, *A. S.* to grow easy, to be re-
lieved
Liste, *A. S.* to please
Liste, *A. S.* pleasure, inclination
Lite, *A. S.* a little
Lith, *A. S.* a limb
Lith, *A. S.* to soften
Loenge, *A. N.* praising
Logged, *A. N.* lodged
Loke, *A. S.* to see, to look upon ;
also to lock, to shut close
Loked, *A. S.* leaked
Lollardie, *A. S.* the doctrines of cer-
tain reformers called "Lollards"
Lond, *A. S.* land
Londe, *A. S.* the custom
Lope, *A. S.* a leap
Lore, *A. S.* lost
Lore, *A. S.* knowledge, doctrine, ad-
vice
Lorer, *A. S.* a laurel tree
Loresman, *A. S.* a teacher
Los, *A. S.* loss
Lofe, *A. S.* fame
Loft, *A. S.* ruined
Lotbe, *A. S.* disagreeable, odious
Lotbly, *A. S.* loathsome
Lough, *A. S.* laughed
Lourd, *A. S.* ill-favoured
Loure, *A. S.* to look discontented
Loute, *A. S.* to loiter, also to bow
Loute, *A. S.* humility
Lowe, *A. S.* to make the noise of
kine, to cry loudly

- Lucre, A. N.* advantageous
Luste, A. S. vigour, delight, pleasure
Lute, A. S. to be hid
Maine, A. S. force
Maintenue, A. N. the unjust or wrongful upholding of a person or cause
Make, A. S. a fellow, a mate, a husband, a wife
Make, for do
Male, A. N. a budget, a portmanteau
Malebouche, A. N. a calumny
Malengin, A. N. wicked artifice
Malgracious, A. N. ungracious
Malgre, A. N. in spite of
Malt, A. S. melted
Manace, A. N. to threaten
Maner, A. N. kind, fort
Mappe-mounde, A. N. a map of the world
Marchandie, A. N. merchandize
Marche, A. S. a border, a country
Marrement, A. N. affliction
Marrubium, A. N. hoarhound
Mased, A. S. bewildered, giddy
Mate, A. N. dejected, struck dead
Mate, A. S. to deject, to stupefy
Maundement, A. N. commandment
May, A. S. a virgin, a young woman
Mede, A. S. reward, also a meadow
Medle, A. N. to mix
Mein, A. S. mixed, mingled
Meke, A. S. to become meek
Mele, A. S. meal, dinner
Melle, A. N. to meddle
Menage, A. N. family
Mene, A. S. to speak, to tell
Mere, A. S. to move, to excite
Merel, the world
Meritori, A. N. meritorious
Merthes, A. S. joys, pleasures
Mestier, A. N. occupation
Mesure, A. N. moderation
Met, A. S. dreamed
Mete, A. S. to dream, to imagine
Metrede, A. N. measure
Mette, A. S. dreamed
Mevable, A. N. moveable
Mewe, A. N. a cage
Micbe, A. N. to steal
Micberie, A. N. thieving
Might, A. S. to permit
Mile, qy. a long time
Min, for man
Minde, A. S. remembrance
Min one, alone
Mirre, A. N. myrrh; hence adjectively, bitter
Mis, A. S. ill, amiss
Mis, A. S. a wrong
Mis-drawe, A. S. drawing or pulling the wrong way
Misferde, A. S. gone wrong
Misloke, A. S. looking wrongly or unluckily
Mispay, A. N. to pay badly
Mis-throwe, A. S. cast improperly
Mistrift, for mistrust
Mistrowing, A. S. suspecting
Mis-went, A. S. gone amiss
Miswreint, A. S. wrenched
Mo, for more
Mochel, A. S. much, greatly
Moderbed, A. S. motherhood
Molde, A. S. earth
Molton, A. N. sheep
Mone, A. S. the moon; also lamentation
Mone, A. S. hag
Mordrice, A. S. a murderer's
More, A. S. root
More, A. S. to increase
Mored, A. S. spread
Mote, A. S. an atom
Mote, Mot, A. S. must, may
Mountame, A. N. amount
Mow, A. S. may, to be able
Mowe, A. N. a distortion of the mouth
Muable, A. N. fickle
Muck, A. S. pelf
Mull, A. S. rubbish
Nam for ne-am, A. S. am not
Nam, pa. of nime, A. S. took
Namely, A. S. especially
Nature, A. N. to create

- Naturien, A. N.* a natural philosopher
Ne, A. S. not, nor
Nedder, A. S. an adder
Nede, A. S. need, necessity
Nede, Nedes, A. S. necessarily
Neisfb, A. S. soft, delicate
Nere for *ne-were*, were not
Netherdes, A. S. neat-herds
Never a dele, not a bit, i. 33.
Newe, A. S. to renew
Newe, A. S. new, fresh
Nice, A. N. foolish
Nicete, A. N. folly
Nigh, A. S. to approach
Nigromaunce, A. N. necromancy
Nill for *ne-will*, will not
Nis for *ne-is*, is not
Nist for *ne-wist*, knew not
Nobley, A. N. dignity, splendour
Nolde, Nolden, for *ne-wolden*, would not
Nome, pa. of *nime*, *A. S.* took
Non, A. S. none
None, A. N. the ninth hour of the natural day
None, A. N. not
Nones, A. S. occasion
Norice, A. N. a novice
Not, A. S. to observe
Not for *ne-wot*, *A. S.* know not
Novelrie, A. N. novelty
O for *on*, one
Obeied, A. N. obedient
Offbreden, A. S. to lop off
Of newe, for anew
Oile, A. N. qy. eye
On bonde, to take on bonde, is to experience, to engage in, to have recourse to anything, i. 101.
Onde, A. S. zeal, malice
Oppose, A. N. to argue with, to question
Oppression, A. N. overcharging, or overloading
Or, A. S. before
Orbis, LAT. firmament
Ordenaunce, A. N. orderly disposition
Orped, A. N. courageous, glittering
Other, A. S. either
Ouche, A. N. setting for a jewel
Oule on stoke, or *Stoke on oule*, an obscene proverb
Oultrage, A. N. outrage, violence
Oultrely, A. S. utterly
Out of berre, out of order, i. 36.
Out-take, A. S. to take out, to except
Out-take, A. S. excepted
Over-all, for in every case
Overbip, A. S. to hop over
Overseie, A. S. deceived
Owhere, A. S. anywhere
Packe, A. S. a pedlar's bundle
Paie, A. N. to please, to satisfy
Paiens, A. N. pagans
Paindemaine, A. N. a sort of white bread
Painim, A. N. a pagan
Pale, A. N. to make pale
Panne, A. S. the skull
Par, A. N. by
Parage, A. N. kindred
Paraile, A. N. similitude
Paraventure, Paraunter, A. N. haply, by chance
Parcas, A. N. by chance
Parfie, A. N. perfect
Parlement, A. N. an assembly for consultation, a consultation
Parfe, A. N. personal charms
Partie, A. N. a part, a party in a dispute
Pas, A. N. step
Pees, A. N. peace
Peine, A. N. labour, penalty
Peise, A. N. to poise, to weigh, to confider
Pelerinage, A. N. a pilgrimage
Pelote, A. N. a ball
Penon, A. S. a banner
Penoucel, A. N. a small streamer
Pensel, A. N. a small streamer
Perdurable, A. N. everlasting
Pere, A. N. a peer, an equal
Periferie, A. N. circumference
Perrie, A. N. jewels, precious stones

- Pike, A. S.* to peep, to mark; also to steal
Pill, A. N. a pillage
Pile, Pille, A. N. to rob, to plunder
Pillour, A. N. a plunderer
Piment, A. N. spiced wine
Pire, A. N. to peep
Piromaunce, A. N. divination by fire
Plaine, Pleigne, A. N. to complain
Plat, Platte, A. N. plain, flat. *All plat, i. e.* flatly
Pleasaunce, A. N. pleasure
Pleie, Pley, A. S. to play
Plein, Pleine, A. N. full, perfect
Pleine, A. N. to deplore, complain, utter discontent
Plenerlich, A. N. fully
Plie, A. N. to bend or mould
Plight (to-) A. S. to pluck to pieces
Plite, A. N. form, condition
Point, A. N. condition
Pointure, A. N. incitement
Policed, A. N. polished
Porte, A. N. carriage, behaviour
Prees, A. N. a press or crowd
Prees, Pris, A. N. price, praise
Preise, A. N. to commend, to value
Prenosticke, A. N. prognostic, presage
Prent, chiefly, in the first place
Pres, A. N. near
Pretoire, A. N. prætor
Preve, A. N. proof
Prike, A. S. to ride hard
Primerole, A. N. a primrose
Prive, A. N. private
Procuror, A. N. advocate
Profren, A. N. to bring forward, to lay before
Prolacion, A. N. proclamation, utterance
Provende, A. N. a prebendary
Purpartie, A. N. a share
Pursuit, A. N. qq. anxiety
Pursuivant, A. N. a follower
Purveiance, A. N. foresight, providence, provision
Purveie, A. N. to foresee, to provide
Purveie, A. N. provision
Py, for magpie
Quad, A. S. bad, evil
Quarle, A. N. complaint
Quede, A. S. harm, evil
Queint, for quenched
Queinte, A. N. strange
Queintise, A. N. to be cunning, to be neat
Queintise, A. N. cunning
Queme, A. S. to please
Quite, A. N. to requite
Quite, A. N. quiet, free
Quod, A. S. said
Racche, A. S. a scenting hound
Rad, pa. of Rede, A. S. explained
Ragerie, A. N. wantonness
Ramage, A. N. wild
Rampe, A. N. to climb
Rane, A. S. to regret, grieve for; also, to suffer, to have compassion
Rape, A. S. haste
Ratbest, A. S. soonest
Ravine, A. N. rapine
Ravinere, A. N. a plunderer
Reall, A. N. royal
Realte, A. N. royalty
Recche, A. S. to care
Receite, A. N. a prescription
Recoverir, A. N. remedy
Reddour, A. N. strength, violence
Rede, A. S. counsel, advice, explanation
Rede, A. S. to advise, read, explain
Rees, for race
Rees, iii. 3, qq.
Reforme, A. S. to reconstruct, re-compose
Reft, A. N. took away
Regalie, A. N. ruling
Regiment, A. N. government
Regne, A. N. a kingdom
Regnen, A. N. to reign
Reguerdon, A. N. reward
Reguerdoned, A. N. rewarded
Reiny, A. S. watery
Reisshe, A. S. a rush
Reive, A. S. row (*a-reive*, in order)
Rejoy, A. N. to rejoice

- Rekever, A. N.* to recover
Reles, A. N. relish
Releve, A. S. to restore
Remue, Remeve, A. N. to remove
Renegate, A. N. an apostate from Christianity
Renne, A. S. to run
Repentail, A. S. repentance
Reprise, A. N. reproach
Rere, A. S. to raise up
Rescouße, A. N. rescue
Ressbe, Risbe, A. S. a rush
Reste, A. S. repose
Retenaunce, A. N. retinue
Retenue, A. N. permanent
Reule, A. N. rule, order
Revelin, A. S. revealing
Ribald, A. N. a poor labourer
Riche, A. S. a kingdom
Riff, To flake, to let out a reef of a fail
Right, A. S. truly, rightly
Riote, A. N. company
Rivage, A. N. the shore or coast
Rive, A. N. the shore or coast
Rivel, A. S. to wrinkle
Rode, A. S. a company of horsemen
Rode, A. S. the cross. It is called the *Rode-tree*, from its being made of wood
Rody, A. S. ruddy
Roo, for roe
Rote, A. N. practice
Rote, A. S. core, root
Rought, part. of Recche
Rounen, A. S. to whisper
Rounge, A. N. to nip or cut
Route, A. N. a company
Routh, A. S. a pity, a cause for regret
Routbe, A. S. compassion, the object of compassion
Rowe, A. S. to dawn
Rowe, A. S. line, order, succession
Rucken, A. S. to crouch down
Sacre, A. N. to reverence
Sacrifie, A. N. to consecrate
Sad, A. S. firm, fixed
Sain, Sein, A. S. to say
Sainte, A. N. holy
Salvage, A. N. savage, cruel
Sapience, A. N. wisdom
Satureie, A. N. the savory
Sauf, A. N. safe
Saugbt, A. N. reconciled
Saugbt, A. S. to become calm, to abate
Saulge, A. N. the osier or willow
Saundres, A. N. sandal-wood
Sauns, A. N. without
Saveine, A. N. the name of an ever-green
Sawe, A. S. speech, discourse, a proverb or wise saying
Say, Sey, part. of Se, A. S. saw
Scarfe, A. N. to go away, to disperse
Schenche, A. S. to pour out wine
Scherdes, A. S. scales
Scole, A. N. school *
Scomer-fare, qy. iii. 321.
Secbe, A. S. to seek
Secre, A. N. a secret
Seculer, A. N. of the laity, in opposition to clerical
See, A. N. a feat
Seen, A. S. skilled, versed
Seie, Sey, part. of to see
Seintuarie, A. N. sanctuary
Seive, A. N. a dish
Sekerlich, A. S. surely
Selden, A. S. seldom
Semblaible, A. N. like
Semblaunt, A. N. seeming, appearance
Sempiterne, A. N. everlasting
Send, for sendeth
Sendall, qy. a thin filk
Servage, A. N. servitude, slavery
Sesine, A. N. possession
Sett a tonne abroche, to tap a cask, ii. 183.
Sette, A. S. to place, to set
Shadde, A. S. fell in drops
Shalmele, A. N. a psalter
Shape, A. S. to prepare
Sbarnebudes, a kind of insect
Shawe, A. S. a shade of trees, a grove

- Sbend, A. S.* to ruin
Sbere, A. S. to cut
Sbet, A. S. to shoot
Sbette, A. S. overwhelmed
Sbide, A. S. a log of wood
Sbifte, A. S. to divide
Shilde, Shelde, A. S. to shield
Shrewe, A. S. to calumniate
Shrewe, A. S. an ill tempered man or woman
Sbrifte, A. S. confession
Sbrihte for *sbricheth, A. S.* shrieketh
Sbrive, A. S. to make confession; also, to praise
Shode, A. S. to divide
Shof, A. S. pushed
Shope, part. of Shape
Sibbe, A. S. related, allied
Sibred, A. S. kindred, relationship
Sigh, A. S. saw
Sike, A. S. to fight
Sike, A. S. fickle
Siker, A. S. fure
Silogime, A. N. fyllogism
Simplese, A. N. simplicity
Sit for *fitteth, A. S.* becomes
Sithe, A. S. since
Sithes, A. S. times
Skie, A. S. a cloud
Skiereth, A. S. escapeth
Skille, Skile, A. S. reason
Slade, A. S. a valley
Slawe, part. of Sle
Sle, Sleen, A. S. to kill
Sleight, A. S. contrivance
Slider, A. S. slippery
Sligh, for fly
Slike, A. S. to make sleek or smooth
Slike, A. S. such
Slitte, A. S. cleft or fissure
Sloutheth, A. S. retardeth, maketh slow
Slowe, A. S. flew
Smaragdine, A. N. emerald
So, A. S. such
Sode, A. S. soaked or steeped
Sodeinlich, A. S. suddenly
Soffred, A. N. suffered
Soleine, A. N. fingle
Somdele, A. S. somewhat, in some measure
Somweie, A. S. somehow
Somwho, A. S. some one
Sonde, A. S. fard
Sonde, A. S. a message
Sone, A. S. soon
Sore, Sors, A. N. chance
Soth, A. S. true, certain
Sothe, A. S. truth
Sothfastnesse, A. S. truth
Sothly, A. S. truly
Sotie, A. N. folly
Soucheth, A. N. suspecteth
Souldan, for Sultan
Soune, A. N. to found
Souple, A. N. to influence
Spatula, A. N. voluptuousness, lewdness
Spedde, A. S. versed in
Spede, A. S. luck, fortune
Spiece, A. N. kind, sort
Spieces, for species
Spieces, A. N. spices
Spire, A. S. to enquire
Splen, A. N. spleen
Spore, A. S. a spur
Sporne, A. S. to strike the foot against anything, to stumble
Spume, A. N. foam
Stal, A. S. to steal
Stant in one, for is the same
Stant, for standeth
Starf, part. of Sterve
Staunge, To make, to turn away, i. 140.
Stede, A. S. a place
Stempne, A. S. voice, command
Stente, A. S. to desist, to cease
Stere, A. S. to stir
Stere, A. S. a rudder
Serte, A. S. to leap, to escape
Sterve, A. S. to die, perish
Steven, A. S. voice, found; also, appointed time
Stewe, A. N. a brothel
Stigh, A. S. ascended

- Stigbe, A. S.* to ascend
Stint, Stinte, A. S. to stop
Stock, A. S. a root
Stode, A. S. flood
Stoke, A. S. shut, fastened
Stonden, A. S. flood
Stood, A. S. stud of horses
Storven, part. of Sterve
Stound, A. S. a moment, a short space of time
Stounde, A. S. stunned, beaten feverely
Straughte, A. S. stretched
Straunge, A. S. to become strange, to estrange
Stre, A. S. straw
Streit, A. S. to stretch
Strengthes, A. S. fortresses
Subgite, A. N. subject
Sucere, A. N. fugar; hence adjectively, sweet
Sue, A. N. to follow
Suffisance, A. N. sufficiency, satisfaction
Suffisaunt, A. N. sufficient
Suffre, A. N. to support
Supplantour, A. N. a displacer
Surquedous, A. N. presumptuous
Surquedrie, A. N. presumption
Suster, for sifter
Sute, A. N. following, pursuit
Swere, A. S. neck
Sweven, A. S. a dream
Swinke, A. S. to labour
Swithe, A. S. quickly
Swote, A. S. sweat
Swote, A. S. sweet
Taid, for tied
Taillage, A. N. a tax
Taille, A. N. a tally
Take, for taken
Take, A. S. to deliver up
Tale, A. S. to tell stories
Tant ne quant, not at all
Tapinage, A. N. lurking, skulking about
Tafse, A. N. a heap
Tafse, A. N. to overload, to heap on
- Tath, for taketh*
Teise, A. N. to pull
Temprure, A. N. temper
Tendre, A. N. to soften, to work upon
Tene, A. S. to grieve, to afflict
Tene, A. S. grief
Terremote, A. N. an earthquake
Thank, A. S. thankfulness, good will
Thanne, Than, A. S. then
Tharst, A. S. thirst
The, for thee
Thenke, A. S. to think
Theorique, A. N. contemplation, deep study
Thewe, A. S. manner, quality
Thewed, A. S. gifted, mannered
Theye, for the eye
Thilke, A. S. this same, that same
Tho, A. S. then
Tho, A. S. those
Tbole, A. S. to bear or suffer
Thonke, A. S. to thank
Tbrid, A. S. third
Tbries, A. S. thrice
Tbringe, A. S. to thrust
Tbrostel, A. S. a thrush
Tbrowe, A. S. time
Tbrowe, A. S. struggle, agony
Tbrowes, A. S. by turns
Tbrowse, A. S. a painful effort, as of a woman in travail
Tiding, A. S. coming
Tigh, qy. took
Till, A. S. to
Tiltbe, A. S. the produce of tilling
Tite, A. S. soon
To, for by
To, A. S. too
To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative, signifying utterly, entirely
To-blowe, A. S. scattered by the wind
To-braide, A. S. to pull to pieces
To-breke, A. S. to break in pieces
To-clef, A. S. split in pieces
To-drawe, A. S. attracted or drawn to

- To-drough, A. S.* hurried, forced along
To-fore, A. S. before
To-gider, A. S. together
To-pulled, A. S. harassed
To-rofe, A. S. torn to pieces
To-son, as a fon
Tonne, A. S. a cask
Toofe, A. S. to disorder
Topfailecole, qy. ii. 231
Torne, A. N. to turn
Torney, A. N. to wheel round
Tote, A. S. to peep, observe
Toten, A. S. to look
Totore, A. S. torn to pieces
Traunceth, A. N. leapeth
Travers, A. N. dispute
Tregetour, A. N. a juggler
Treigne, A. N. a train
Treis, A. N. in a trice
Trete, A. N. to treat, to discourse
Tretour, A. N. a traitor
Trifte, for trust
Trifteſe, A. N. ſadneſs
Trowe, A. S. to believe
Truage, A. S. homage
Truſe, A. N. to pack up
Tweie, Twey, A. S. two
Twinne, A. S. to depart from a place or thing, to be ſeparated
Unaffiled, A. N. ambitious, unadviſed
Unaquit, A. N. unrewarded
Unbehovely, A. S. ufeleſsly, unprofitably
Unbeſein, A. S. unbefitting
Unbuxome, A. N. unheeding, diſobedient
Underfonge, A. S. to undertake
Undern, A. S. the third hour of the artificial day, nine o'clock, A. M.
Undrough, A. S. drew down or back
Ungood, A. S. unjuſt, not righteous
Unhappes, A. S. miſfortunes
Unknet, A. S. looſened, untied
Unlered, A. S. unlearned
Unloke, A. S. explained, interpreted
Unluſt, A. S. diſlike
Unnetheſ, A. S. ſcarcely
Unpeired, A. N. unimpaired
Unpeifeſed, A. N. not poiſed or weighed
Unpleine, A. N. obſcure
Unſaught, A. S. not looked after
Unſely, A. S. unhappy
Unſoft, A. S. hard
Unſtoke, A. S. opened
Unteide, A. S. ſet free
Unthewed, A. S. thawed
Untoward, A. S. toward
Unware, A. S. unforeſeen
Unwelde, A. S. ungovernable, unwieldy
Unworſhip, A. S. unworthy
Up, A. S. upon
Upon depoſe, ſubject to depoſition
Up-fo-down, for upſide down, ii. 218.
Uprifte, A. S. upriſing
Upſette, A. S. to put or place up
V, uſed for b or f
Vecke, A. N. an old woman
Vendides, qy.
Venerien, A. N. venereal
Venery, A. N. hunting
Vengeable, A. N. cruel, revengeful
Venim, A. N. poiſon, venom
Ver, LAT. ſpring
Vernage, A. N. a kind of white wine
Verveine, A. N. verbena
Viage, A. N. a journey by ſea or land
Viker, A. N. vicar
Vinour, A. N. a winebibber
Vire, A. N. an arrow
Virelay, A. N. a round, freeman's ſong
Virgin, A. N. chaſte, pure
W is uſed for both u and y
Wacche, A. S. to watch
Wailoway, A. S. alas, for pity
Wait, A. N. a watch or look out
Wan, A. S. gained
Wan, A. S. decrease
Wane, A. S. to depart, to decline
Wanhope, A. S. deſpair
Warde, A. N. a priſon

- Warde, A. N.* to take care of
Ware, A. S. to be on one's guard, to beware
Warie, A. S. to abuse, to speak evil of
Warifon, A. N. reward, merit
Watte, A. N. a watch, a guard
Wawe, A. S. a wave
Wedde, Wed, A. S. a pledge
Wede, A. S. clothing, apparel
Weder, A. S. a wether sheep
Weived, A. S. curtained
Wele, A. S. wealth, prosperity
Wele, for will
Welked, A. S. withered, mouldy
Welken, A. S. the sky
Welketb, A. S. decayeth, withereth
Wend, for wened, A. S. thought, intended
Wende, A. S. to go
Wene, A. S. to think, suppose
Wene, A. S. a guess, supposition
Went, A. S. a way
Wepenles, A. S. weaponless
Werche, Werke, A. S. work
Were, A. S. to wear
Were, A. S. confusion, doubt, uncertainty
Werne, A. S. to caution, apprise, refuse
Werre, A. N. war
Wers, A. S. worse
Whan, for when
Whan as ever, for whence so ever, i. 156.
Whanne, for whence
What, for wot
Whele, for while
Where, for anywhere
Whether, A. S. which of two
While, A. S. time
Whilom, A. S. once on a time
Who, A. S. one
Who saith, for one would say, i. 4.
Wicke, A. S. wicked
Wicke, A. S. wickedness
Wierd, A. S. fortune
Wierdes, A. S. the fates or destinies
Wifebode, A. S. the state of a wife
Wight, A. S. a person, male or female
Wilde, A. S. impatient of
Wimple, A. N. a covering for the neck
Winne, A. S. to gain
Wirche, A. S. to do, to cause
Wis, A. S. certainly
Wise, A. S. manner
Wisse, A. S. to teach, to direct
Wisbe, A. S. to wash
Wisten, A. S. knew
Wit, A. S. to blame
Wite, A. S. to know
Wite, A. S. acquaintance with, or knowledge of
Withbolde, A. S. retained
Withfaye, A. S. to contradict, to deny
Withfet, A. S. to upset, refit
Witte, A. S. understanding, capacity
Wo, A. S. to stop, to check
Wo, A. S. sorrowful
Wode, A. S. mad, violent
Wode, A. S. wood
Wol, A. S. to will
Wolde, A. S. would, been willing
Wombe, A. S. the belly
Wonde, A. S. to fear, to desist through fear
Wonde, part. of wone
Wonder, A. S. wonderfully, very
Wone, A. S. custom, habitation
Wone, A. S. to dwell
Woo, be, for to suffer
Wort, A. S. a cabbage
Worth, A. S. to be, to go
Wost for wotest, A. S. knowest
Wote, Wot, A. S. to know
Wot, A. S. knew
Wowe, qy., i. 324.
Wowe, A. S. to woo
Woxe, A. S. grew
Wrecche, A. S. to be avenged
Wreche, A. S. revenge, anger
Wulle, A. S. wool
Y, for g

GLOSSARY.

407

<i>Yaf, Yef, A. S.</i> gave	<i>Yeme, A. S.</i> to take care of
<i>Yare, A. S.</i> ready	<i>Yerde, A. S.</i> a rod or staff
<i>Ydriades, qy.</i>	<i>Yeven, A. S.</i> to give
<i>Ydromaunce, A. N.</i> divination by water	<i>Yeveth, A. S.</i> giveth
<i>Ye, for thee</i>	<i>Yit, for yet</i>
<i>Ye, A. S.</i> yes, certainly	<i>Yolde, A. S.</i> yielded, repaid
<i>Yede, A. S.</i> went	<i>Yomen, A. S.</i> a servant
<i>Yelpe, A. S.</i> to prate, to boast	<i>Yove, A. S.</i> gave

THE END.

REGISTRUM.

VOL. I.—Half-Title and Title, 2 leaves

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d half-sheet

e 2 leaves

B to A A sheets

BB 2 leaves.

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