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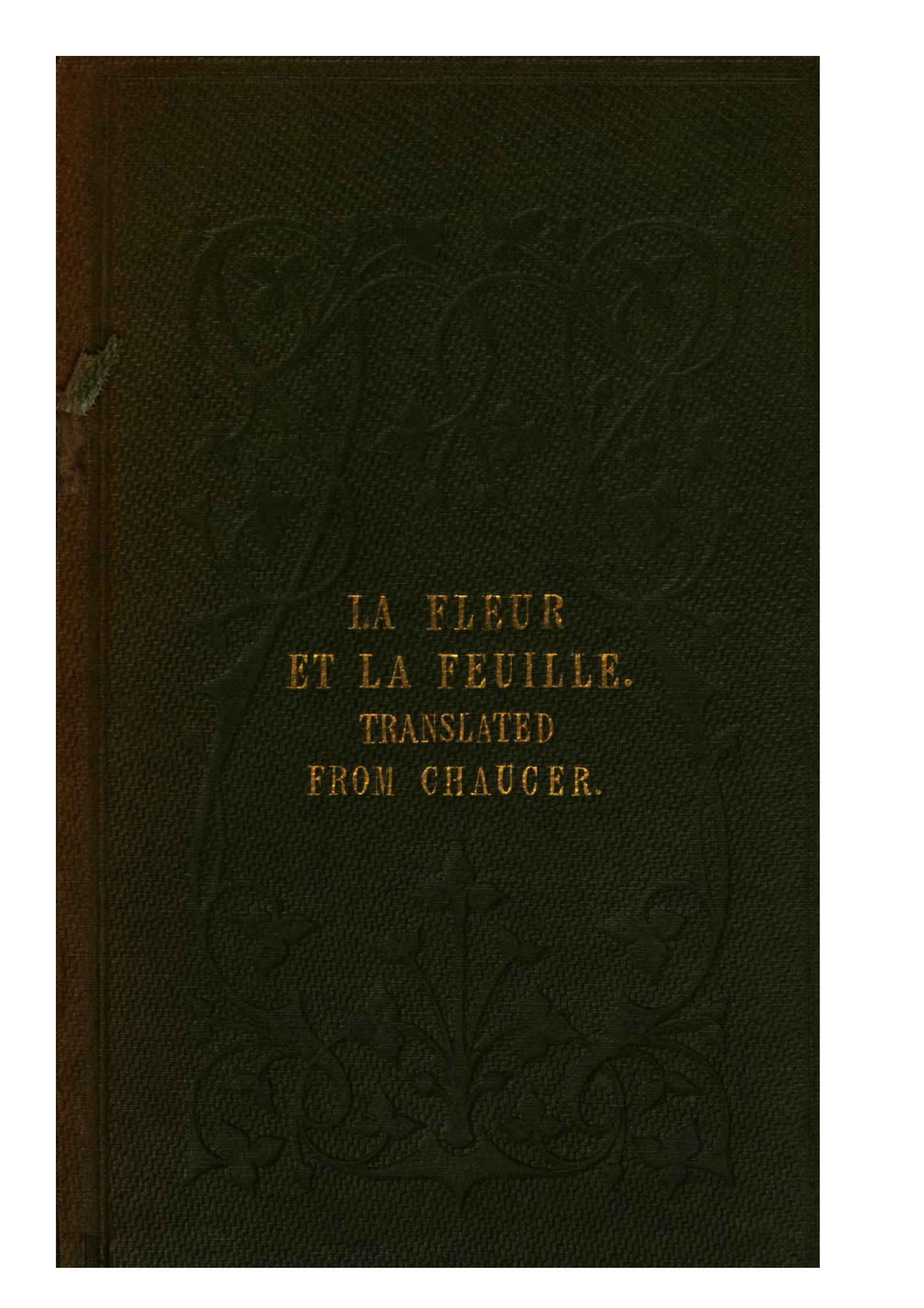
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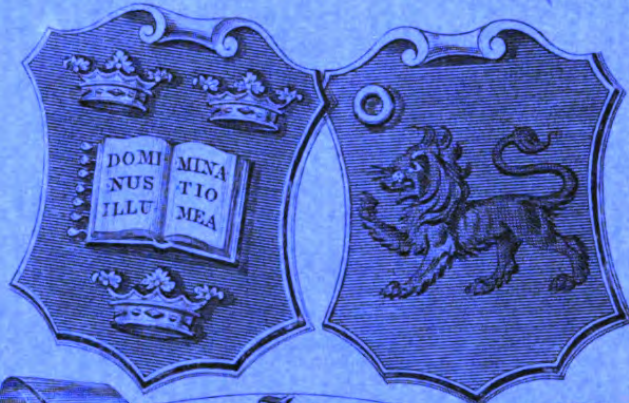
The book cover is a dark green, textured material, possibly cloth or leatherette. It features a large, faint, embossed floral design in the center, which appears to be a stylized rose or a similar flower with multiple layers of petals. The text is printed in a gold or yellowish-brown color. The title is in all caps and is arranged in four lines. There is a small, light-colored mark or tear on the left edge of the cover, near the top.

LA FLEUR  
ET LA FEUILLE.  
TRANSLATED  
FROM CHAUCER.



~~17. b. 4~~

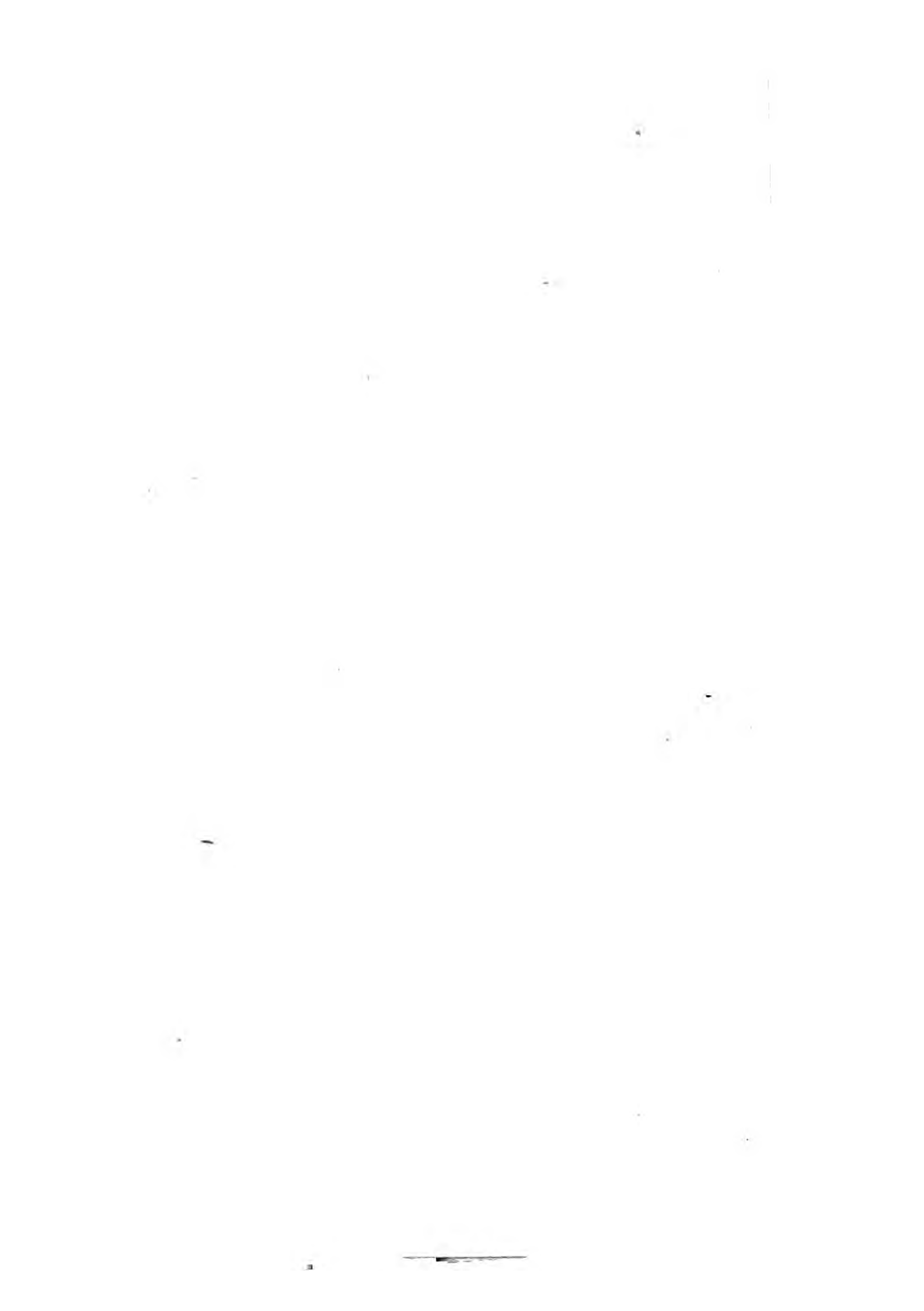
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Taylor Institution.  
1858



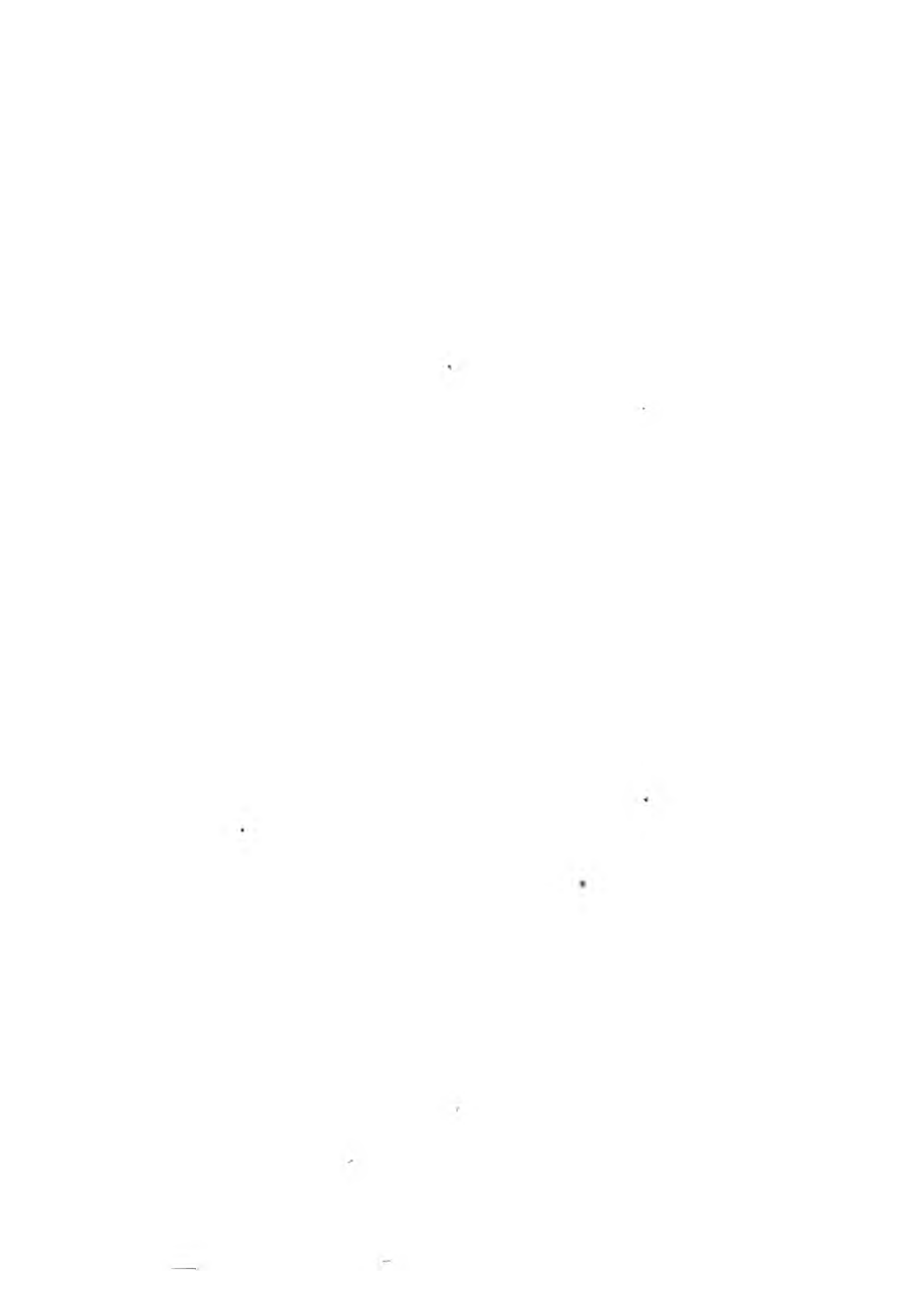
P. P.  $\frac{m}{v}$  L





# La Fleur et la Feuille.











Comme ils avaient dépassé le berceau,  
J'avançai donc, et vis sur sa monture  
Très noble dame arrivant du préau  
De blanc vêtue, elle avait, vous assure,  
Air bien modeste et visage fort beau.  
La saluant soudain de ma charmille  
Dis : “ Bonne chance ! ” — “ A vous merci, ma fille ! ”

# La Fleur et la Feuille :

POÈME

AVEC LE TEXTE ANGLAIS EN REGARD,

TRADUIT EN VERS FRANÇAIS

DE G. CHAUCER.

PAR

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN,

TRADUCTEUR DES " FABLES DE GAY."

~~~~~  
" Ab jove principium hic est, incipe Camœnæ."  
~~~~~

*DEUXIÈME ÉDITION.*



LONDON :

BASIL M. PICKERING, 196, PICCADILLY,

NEXT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

1857.



**DEDICACE.**



A MISS KEARSLEY.



U Grand Chaucer, de ce char-  
mant conteur,  
Vous qui savez goûter le vieux  
langage,

A vous je viens offrir la gente fleur  
Qu'il fit fleurir sous si touffu feuillage  
Que fleur et feuille ont encor leur fraîcheur.  
Laissez la fleur ! . . Mais conservez la feuille  
En souvenir de moi dans votre portefeuille.

LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.



TO MISS KEARSLEY.



YOU who in gentle Chaucer take  
delight,  
And eke his rhymes with mimic  
art portrayed,  
To you I offer here the floweret bright  
He caused to spring beneath the leafy shade :—  
A flower and leaf methinks that ne'er will fade !  
Yet lady, 'twixt the two might I decide,  
Within your memory's herbal let the leaf abide !

Translated by LEOPOLD WRAY.



## GEFFERY CHAUCER.



CHAUCER que l'on peut appeler à juste titre le père de la poésie anglaise, est né en 1328 et mort en 1400. Le poëme dont nous offrons aujourd'hui la traduction à nos lecteurs, est à notre avis du moins, une des plus gracieuses créations de son auteur. Nous donnons la version de Chaucer dans son vieux langage, parceque ce vieux langage est mille fois plus naïf que le langage modernisé, depuis Chaucer, quelquefois par des hommes d'un talent véritable. Inutile de dire que nous nous serions cru fort impertinent envers la mémoire du grand poëte, si nous eussions adopté la version de quelques uns de ses commentateurs, qui se sont égarés à plaisir en voulant expliquer ce qui nous a paru clair comme le jour.

En 1825 Edward Lord Thurlow a publié (imprimé par William Nicol, Cleveland Row, St. James's) *The Flower and the Leaf, after the famous poet Geoffrey Chaucer*. Nous croyons que le noble lord a été fort mal inspiré en reprenant ainsi Chaucer en sous-œuvre pour en faire un poëme à alinéas de toutes les grandeurs. Lord Thurlow s'est rendu coupable, selon nous, d'une pauvre contrefaçon de Chaucer, de ce poëte original qu'il a privé par son fait, du charme indicible des strophes de sept vers dont le mètre est à la fois si original et si musicalement agréable.

Si l'on veut savoir le pourquoi de notre prédilection pour *The Floure and the Leafe*, nous dirons tout uniment que ce sujet nous a rappelé avec bonheur les naïves poësies de Clément Marot, qui peut être considéré lui comme le père de la poésie française.

LE TRADUCTEUR.



# LA FLEUR ET LA FEUILLE





## THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.

WRITTEN BY GEFERY CHAUCER.

### THE ARGUMENT.

A GENTLEWOMAN out of an arbour in a grove seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green grass, the which being ended they all kneel down and do honour to the daisie, some to the Flower and some to the Leaf ; afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this ; they which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure, but they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the root notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

**W**HEN that Phœbus his chair of  
gold so hie [aloft,  
Had whirlid up the sterrie sky  
And in the Bole was entrid cer-  
When shouris sote of rain descendid soft, [tainly,  
Causing the ground felè timis and oft  
Up for to give many an wholesome air,  
And evèry plain was yclothid faire



## LA FLEUR ET LA FEUILLE.

### ARGUMENT.

UNE Damoiselle placée dans un berceau voit dans un bosquet une grande société de chevaliers et de dames dansant sur le gazon verdoyant, et la danse finie, ils s'agenouillent tous et rendent hommage à la pâquerette, qui à la fleur, qui à la feuille : après ce, la Damoiselle apprend de la bouche d'une des dames la signification de cette cérémonie, à savoir : que ceux qui honorent la fleur, chose fragile qui se flétrit à chaque coup de vent, sont gens qui recherchent la beauté et les plaisirs mondains, tandis que ceux qui honorent la feuille qui n'abandonne pas la racine en dépit des frimats et ouragans de l'hiver, sont ceux qui recherchent la vertu et ses qualités durables, sans égard aux vues mondaines.



ORSQUE Phœbus eut hissé son  
char d'or  
Jusqu'à l'azur au delà de la sphère,  
Vers le taureau qu'il eut pris libre  
Et que la pluie eut obligé la terre [essor,  
Doucettement à se couvrir encor  
De ce manteau de si fraîche verdure  
Qui vient toujours remplacer la froidure ;

4 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

With newè grene, and makith smalè flours  
To springin here and there in field and mede,  
So very gode and wholesome be the shours,  
That they renewin that was old and dede  
In wintir time, and out of every sede  
Springith the herbè, so that every wight  
Of this seson wexith richt glade and light ;

And I so gladè of the seson swete,  
Was happid thus ; upon a certain night  
As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete  
Was unto me, but why that I ne might  
Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight  
[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese  
Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese ;

Wherfore I mervaile gretly of my self  
That I so long withoutin slepè lay,  
And up I rose thre houris aftir twelfe,  
About the springing of the gladsome day,  
And on I put my gear and mine aray,  
And to a plesaunt grove I gan to pas  
Long or the bright sonnè uprisin was,

Que dans la plaine on vit petites fleurs  
Lever la tête au souffle des ondées,  
Rire au soleil au milieu de leurs pleurs,  
D'air, de chaleur, toutes affriandées ;  
Et que l'hiver en cessant ses rigueurs,  
Soudainement eut laissé pousser l'herbe,  
Et puis la joie au cœur du moins superbe ;

Que des douceurs, moi, de cette saison  
En tapinois je savourais l'ivresse,  
Certaine nuit, n'en dirai la raison,  
Car ne la sais, vraiment je le confesse,  
Que de dormir n'avais inclinasion,  
Quand cependant (soit dit par parenthèse  
Ne me sentais pas le moindre malaise) ;

Moult m'étonnant d'être ainsi sans sommeil,  
N'ayant tourments d'esprit, de cœur, de tête,  
De mon ennui prenant soudain conseil,  
Après minuit, je me lève et m'apprête ;  
Et bien avant le lever du soleil,  
Bien que la nuit fut encor très obscure  
M'acheminai vers bosquet de verdure.



## 6 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

In which were okis grete, streight as a line,  
Undir the which the grass so freshe of hew  
Was newly sprong, and an eight fote or nine  
Evèry tre well fro his fellow grew,  
With braunchis brode ladin with levis new,  
That sprongin out agen the sonnè shene,  
Some very rede, and some a glad light grene,

Which [as methought] was a right plesaunt sight ;  
And eke the birdis songis for to here  
Would have rejoisid any erthly wight,  
And I, that couth not yet in no manere  
Herin the nightingale of all the yere,  
Full busily herk'nid with hert and ere  
If I her voice perceve could any where :

And at the last a path of lital brede  
I found, that gretly had not usid be,  
For it forgrowin was with grass and wede,  
That well unnethis a wight might it se ;  
Thought I, this path some whidir goth parde ;  
And so I followid till it me brought  
To a right plesaunt herbir wel ywrought,

Dans ce bosquet étaient des chênes verts  
Rangés en ordre,—on eut dit une armée ;  
Un beau gazon poussait sous leurs couverts,  
Moult s'étendait leur puissante ramée ;  
Selon leur âge un feuillage divers  
Les distinguait ; et la feuille nouvelle  
Vers le soleil semblait faire la belle ;

Si doux aspect pour moi fut ravissant ;  
Des gais oiseaux écouter le parlage  
Est on ne peut pas plus divertissant ;  
Moi qui brûlais d'entendre le ramage  
Du Rossignol, et son tant doux accent,  
Moi j'écoutai de toutes mes oreilles,  
Et de sa voix je guettai les merveilles.

Puis à la fin j'aperçus un sentier  
Vierge je crois des plus légères traces,  
Car il était couvert en son entier  
D'un fouillis d'herbe et de plantes rapaces,  
Tant et si bien, et c'était singulier,  
Qu'on ne pouvait en deviner la suite ;  
“ Par Dieu,” me dis-je, “ allons à sa poursuite,

## 8 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Which that benchid was, and with turfis new  
Freshly turvid, whereof the grenè grass  
So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hew,  
That most like to grene woll wot I it was ;  
The hegge also, that yedin in compas,  
And closid in allè the grene herbere,  
With sycamor was set and eglatere

Within, in fere so well and cunningly,  
That every braunch and lefe grew by mesure  
Plain as a bord, of an height by and by ;  
I se nevir a thing [I you ensure]  
So well ydone, for he that toke the cure  
It for to make [I trowe] did all his peine  
To make it pass all tho that men have seine.

And shapin was this herbir rofe and all  
As is a pretty parlour, and also  
The hegge as thick as is a castil wall,  
That who that list without to stond or go,  
Thogh he wold all day pryin to and fro  
He should not se if there were any wight  
Within or no, but one within well might

Ce sentier là doit mener quelque part !”  
Et j’arrivai tout-à-coup sous l’ombrage  
D’un frais berceau fait avec beaucoup d’art ;  
Le vert gazon de ce gentil bocage  
Était mignon, soyeux comme brocart ;  
Beaux églantiers, et superbes platanes  
Le dérobaient aux regards des profanes.

Mais au dedans c’était prodigieux,  
N’ai vu jamais aussi belle nature,  
Arbres si beaux, surtout si plantureux,  
Si bien rangés, aussi belle verdure ;  
L’auteur sans doute avait fait de son mieux  
Pour surpasser dans ce charmant bocage  
Les agréments du plus bel héritage.

Et ce bosquet comme un gentil parloir  
Était fermé ; verte était la toiture ;  
Comme les murs d’un antique manoir  
La haie épaisse était en crenelure ;  
Si qu’en dehors nul œil ne pouvait voir  
Si dans la place il se trouvait un hère,  
Mais en dedans on pouvait au contraire

10 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Perceve all tho that yedin there without  
Into the field, that was on every side  
Cover'd with corn and grass, that out of doubt  
Tho one would sekin all the worldè wide  
So rich a feldè could not be espyde  
Upon no cost, as of the quantity,  
For of allè gode thing there was plenty.

And I, that all these plesaunt sightis se,  
Thought suddainly I felt so swete an air  
Of the eglenterè, that certainly  
There is no hert [I deme] in such dispair,  
Ne yet with thoughtis froward and contraire  
So overlaid, but it should sone have bote  
If it had onis felt this savour sote.

And as I stode and cast aside mine eye  
I was ware of the fairist medler tre  
That evir yet in all my life I se,  
As full of blossomis as it might be,  
Therein a Goldfinch leping pretily  
From bough to bough, and as him list he ete  
Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

Appercevoir les passants au dehors  
S'acheminant vers ces vastes prairies  
D'herbe et de blé si couvertes alors,  
Que l'on eut dit riches marqueteries,  
En plein soleil étalant leurs trésors ;  
Car tous ces champs, d'admirable apparence,  
Étaient vraiment des greniers d'abondance.

Et tandis que toutes ces choses là  
Si gentiment venaient charmer ma vue,  
D'un églantier voisin, soudain voilà  
Qu'en tous mes sens, l'odeur inattendue  
Vint apporter un parfum au delà  
De tout ce que peut rêver la pensée,  
Un tel parfum doit être panacée

Pour tous les maux, pour toutes les douleurs ;  
Pour lors jetant un regard en arrière,  
J'étais debout, j'aperçus tout en fleurs  
Un néflier d'une venue altière,  
Et dans cet arbre humide des doux pleurs  
De la rosée, errait de branche en branche,  
Du néflier egrenant la fleur blanche,



12 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And to the herbir side was adjoyning  
This fairist tre of which I have you told,  
And at the last the bird began to sing  
[Whan he had etin what he etin would]  
So passing swetely that by many fold  
It was more plesaunt than I couth devise ;  
And whan his song was endid in this wise

The Nightingale with so mery a note  
Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong  
So sodainly, that as it were a sote  
I stode astonied, and was with the song  
Thorow ravishid, that till late and long  
I ne wist in what place I was ne where,  
Ayen methought she song e'en by mine ere :

Wherefore I waitid about busily  
On evèry side if I her might se,  
And at the last I gan full well aspy  
Where she sate in a fresh grene laury tre,  
On the furthir side evin right by me,  
That gave so passing a delicious smell,  
According to the eglantere full well ;

Gentil oiseau, de nom Chardonneret,  
Qui ne tarda de son tant doux ramage,  
Alors qu'il eut mis fin à son banquet,  
De délecter l'écho du voisinage  
Tant et si bien que l'on eut fait le guet  
Pour écouter sa chanson si jolie  
Et que c'était pour le cœur chère-lie.

Quand il se tut, soudain le Rossignol  
Lui répondit de sa voix pénétrante,  
Et tout le bois séduit par son bémol  
Retint son souffle, eut sa feuille béante ;  
Et ne savais en entendant son sol,  
Où moi j'étais ;—c'était une merveille  
Qui me semblait chanter à mon oreille.

Voilà pourquoi vite je m'empressai  
Pour le trouver, d'explorer toute chose  
De tous côtés ; puis enfin j'avisai  
Qu'il se tenait sur un beau laurier-rose,  
D'où s'échappait son charmant virelai ;  
Et du laurier l'odeur délicieuse  
Se mariait à l'odeur douceuse

14 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure,  
As methought I surely ravishid was  
Into Paradise, wherein my desire  
Was for to be, and no ferthir to pas  
As for that day, and on the sotè grass  
I sat me down, for as for mine entent  
The birdis song was more convenient

And more plesaunt to me by many fold  
Than mete or drink, or any othir thing,  
Thereto the herbir was so fresh and cold,  
The wholsome savours eke so comforting,  
That [as I demid] sith the beginning  
Of the worldè was nevir seen er than  
So plesaunt a ground of none erthly man.

And as I sat the birdis herkening thus  
Methought that I herd voicis suddainly,  
The most swetist and most delicious  
That evir any wight I trow trewly  
Herdin in ther life, for the armony  
And swete accord was in so gode musike  
That the voicis to angels most were like.

De l'églantier ; ce dont je ressentis  
Plaisir si vif, si douce jouissance,  
Que je me crus portée en paradis,  
Et désirais dans cette circonstance  
Y séjourner ;—ainsi donc je m'assis  
Sur le gazon, pour pouvoir mieux entendre  
Du Rossignol la complainte si tendre.

Cela m'était plus plaisant mille fois  
Que de manger, et même que de boire ;  
Car ce bosquet était tout à la fois  
Un frais cellier, un charmant réfectoire,  
Où s'aspirait l'arôme pur des bois ;  
Et m'est avis qu'aucun fils de la terre  
Ne vit jamais lieu si bien fait pour plaire.

Et comme ainsi j'écoutais les oiseaux  
Je crus ouïr voix si délicieuses  
Que nul jamais sous d'aussi verts rideaux  
N'en entendit de plus harmonieuses  
Executer de plus jolis morceaux ;  
C'était si doux tous ces accords étranges,  
Que l'on eut dit la musique des anges.

16 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

At the last out of a grove evin by  
[That was right godely and plesaunt to sight]  
I se where there came singing lustily  
A world of ladies, but to tell aright  
Ther beauty grete lyith not in my might,  
Ne ther array ; nevirthèless I shall  
Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all :

The furcots white of velvet well fitting  
They werin clad, and the semis eche one,  
As it werin a mannir garnishing,  
Was set with emeraudis one and one  
By and by, but many a richè stone  
Was set on the pursilis out of dout  
Of collours, sleves, and trainis, round about ;

As of grete perlis round and orient,  
And diamondis fine and rubys red,  
And many othir stone of which I went  
The namis now ; and everich on her hede  
A rich fret of gold, which withoutin drede  
Was full of statèly rich stonys set,  
And evèry lady had a chapelet

Enfin sortant d'un bosquet tout voisin,  
Fort bon à voir, pour ça je vous l'assure,  
Je vis chantant de dames un essaim,  
Mais pour vous dire et leur gentie figure,  
Et leur beauté, de leur teint le carmin,  
Leurs beaux habits et leur rare élégance  
Ne le saurais, n'en ai pas la puissance.

Mais malgré ce, vous dirai toutefois  
Que d'un surcot elles étaient vêtues,  
Surcot fort riche, et d'étoffe de choix,  
Le long duquel se trouvaient appendues  
En ornements, des perles, qui parfois  
Autour du cou se courbaient comme gerbes ;  
Aussi parfois émeraudes superbes,

Ou bien encor superbes diamants  
Etincelaient sur toutes les coutures ;  
Ou bien encor des rubis rougissants  
Faisaient briller toutes les entourures ;  
Un cercle d'or sur leurs cheveux luisants  
Eblouissait ainsi qu'une girande,  
Et chaque dame avait une guirlande,



18 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

On ther hedis of braunchis fresh and grene,  
So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,  
That it was a right noble sight to sene,  
Some of laurir, and some full plesauntly  
Had chapèlets of wodebind, and sadly  
Some of agnus castus werin also,  
Chaplets fresh ; but there were many of tho

That dauncid and eke song full sobirly,  
But all they yede in maner of compace ;  
But one there yede in mid the company  
Sole by herself ; but all follow'd the pace  
That she kept, whose hevinly figured face  
So plesaunt was, and her wele shape person,  
That of beauty she past them everichone,

And more richly beseen by manyfold  
She was also in every manir thing ;  
Upon her hede full plesaunt to behold  
A coron of gold rich for any king,  
A braunch of agnus castus eke bering  
In her hand, and to my sight trewily  
She lady was of all the company ;

Très noblement qui lui ceignait le front,  
Soit de laurier ou soit de chevrefeuille,  
D'agnus-castus, symbole pudibond  
De chasteté, soit même de la feuille  
De l'arbre altier qui pousse sur le mont ;  
Dans cet essaim de nobles damoiselles  
Il s'en trouvait beaucoup et des plus belles,

Dansant, chantant, foulant candidement  
D'un pied léger la naissante verdure ;  
Elles suivaient religieusement  
Beauté sublime à céleste figure  
Qui se tenait toute seulettement  
Au beau milieu du cercle, d'aventure,  
Et gentiment qui marquait la mesure.

Sa taille était si bien prise, son port  
Majestueux si rempli de noblesse,  
Si gracieux était son doux abord,  
Ses vêtements de si grande richesse,  
Que l'on pouvait juger sans nul effort  
Que sa beauté lui donnait droit de reine,  
Et que des cœurs elle était souveraine.

20 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And she began a roundell lustily  
That *Sus le foyle de vert* moy men call  
*Sine & mon joly cœur est endormy,*  
And than the company answerid all  
With voicis swete entunid and so small  
That methought it the swetist melody  
That evir I herd in my life sothly.

And thus they all came dauncing and singing  
Into the middis of the mede echone  
Before the herbir where I was sitting,  
And God wot I thought I was well bigone,  
For than I might avise them one by one  
Who fairist was, who best could dance or sing,  
Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not dauncid but a little throw  
When that I herd not fer of sodainly  
So grete a noise of thundering trumpis blow  
As though it should have departid the skie,  
And aftir that within a while I sie  
From the same grove where the ladies came out  
Of men of armis coming such a rout

D'agnus-castus elle tenait en main  
Branche modeste—et d'une voix divine  
Elle entonna gai rondelet soudain  
Sur l'air connu : “ Sous la blanche aubépine  
Mon tendre cœur aime à rêver d'hymen.”  
Et puis en chœur doucement chaque belle  
Disait bien bas, bien bas la ritournelle,

Si que c'était un concert ravissant :  
Vinrent ainsi toutes dans la prairie  
Près de l'endroit où j'étais me tenant,  
Et Dieu le sait si de leur braverie  
Je pouvais voir le spectacle émouvant ;  
Si pouvais voir qu'elle était la plus belle  
Ou mieux dansait soit dame ou jouvencelle.

Elles n'avaient dansé qu'un tantinet  
Quand j'entendis un grand bruit de trompettes  
Tombant du ciel, s'élancer du bosquet  
Duquel sortaient ces brunes et blondettes,  
Et puis bientôt je vis, et tout d'un trait  
De chevaliers s'avancer un cortège  
Si long, si long que par un sortilège

22 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

As all men on erth had ben assemblid,  
On that place well horsid for the nonis,  
Stering so fast that all the erth tremblid ;  
But for to speke of richis and stonis,  
And men and horse, I trow the large wonis  
Of Pretir John, ne all his tresory,  
Might not unneth have bought the tenth party.

Of their array whoso list to here more  
I shall rehearse so as I can a lite.  
Out of the grove that I speke of before  
I se come first, all in their clokis white,  
A company that wore for ther delite  
Chapèlets fresh of okis serial  
But newly sprong, and trumpets were they all ;

On every trump hanging a brode bannere  
Of fine tartarium, full richly bete,  
Every trumpet his lord'is armis bere  
About ther neckis, with grete perlis sete,  
Collaris brode, for cost they wou'd not lete,  
As it would seem, for ther scochons echone  
Were set about with many a precious stone ;

Il eut semblé que du vaste univers  
Venaient ici des confins de la sphère,  
Si bien montés, tous ces hommes divers  
Qui chevauchaient faisaient trembler la terre,  
Et du sol même arrachaient des éclairs :  
Si riche était cette cavalerie  
Que prêtre Jean de sa trésorerie

Eut épuisé l'argent bien vainement  
Pour l'acheter, et fut mort à la peine ;  
Rien d'aussi beau que leur ajustement,  
Où le brocart se jouait sur la laine ;  
Je vis d'abord s'avancer noblement  
En éclaireurs grand nombre de trompettes,  
Aux blancs manteaux, aux riches aiguillettes,

De chêne vert ayant guirlande au front ;  
Des instruments pendait une bannière  
Brodée à Tars sur un merveilleux fond ;  
Chaque homme avait, les portant en équerre  
Autour du cou, sur un écusson rond  
De son seigneur les riches armoiries,  
Nobles joyaux ornés de pierreries ;

24 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Ther horsis harneis was all white also ;  
And aftir them next in one company  
Camin kingis at armis and no mo,  
In clokis of white cloth with gold richly,  
Chaplets of grene on their heds on hye,  
The crownis that they on their scotchons bere  
Were set with perl, and ruby, and saphere,

And eke grete diamondis many one ;  
But all ther horse harneis and other gere  
Was in a sute according everichone,  
As ye have herd the forsaid trumpets were,  
And by seming they were nothing to lere,  
And ther guiding they did so manirly ;  
And aftir them came a grete company

Of heraudis and pursevauntis eke,  
Arrayid in clothis of white velvet,  
And hardily they were nothing to seke  
How they on them shouldin the harneis set,  
And every man had on a chapèlet,  
Scotchonis and eke horse harneis in dede  
They had in sute of them that 'fore them yede.



Tous les coursiers avaient de blancs harnais ;  
Après cela parurent des rois-d'armes,  
Et rien que ça, portant manteaux épais  
De beau drap blanc, tous ornés de leurs armes ;  
Liseré d'or admirablement frais  
Les entourait, et des guirlandes vertes  
Ceignaient leur front ; on ne vit jamais certes

Plus de rubis que sur les écussons  
Où de chacun se trouvait la couronne ;  
Gros diamants sur les caparaçons  
Brillaient aussi sans offusquer personne :  
D'argent massif étaient tous les arçons,  
Bref rien d'égal à ces nobles armures  
Que la tenue et les mâles figures

De ces guerriers. On voyait après eux  
De blanc vêtus, Héraults, poursuivants d'armes,  
A l'air superbe, au maintien belliqueux,  
Ils étaient faits pour sécher bien des larmes ;  
Une guirlande ornait leur front fougueux,  
Noble écusson, cavale magnifique  
Faisaient d'eux tous un assemblage unique.

26 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Next after these appere in armour bright,  
All save their hedis, semely knightis nine,  
And every clasp and nail, as to my sight,  
Of ther harneis were of red gold so fine,  
With cloth of gold, and furrid with ermine,  
Were the tappouris of their stedis strong,  
Both wide and large, that to the ground did hong;

And every boss of bridle and paitrel  
That they had on was worth, as I would wene,  
A thousand pound; and on ther hedis well  
Dressid were crounis of the laurir grene,  
The best ymade that evir I had sene;  
And every knight had aftir him riding  
Thre henchmen, still upon him awaiting;

Of which every (first) on a short trunchon  
His lord's helmet bore so richly dight  
That the worst of them was worth the ransoune  
Of any king; the second a shield bright  
Bare at his back; the thred barin upright  
A mighty spere, full sharp yground and kene,  
And evèry child ware of levis grene

Après ceux-ci venaient neuf chevaliers  
Bardés de fer, et de belle prestance,  
Et chaque agrafe et clou de leurs cimiers  
Étaient d'or pur selon toute apparence ;  
Un beau drap d'or de leurs nobles coursiers  
Cachait les flancs, ce drap doublé d'ermine  
Était si long qu'il couvrait leur poitrine.

Les ornements du mors et du poitrail  
Devaient valoir des sommes fabuleuses ;  
Le casque était d'un superbe travail,  
De verts lauriers des branches plantureuses  
L'environnant en rehaussaient l'émail ;  
Ces chevaliers avaient, selon l'usage,  
Qui chevauchaient derrière eux en voyage

Trois écuyers. Or le premier des trois  
De son seigneur portait le noble heaume,  
Dont le moins riche eut valu toutefois  
Rançon de prince, ou rançon de royaume ;  
L'autre portait sur son dos le pavois,  
Quant au troisième il portait une lance  
Puissante pour l'attaque et la défense,

28 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

A fresh chap'let upon his hairis bright ;  
And clokis white of fine velvet they were,  
Ther stedis trappid and arayid right,  
Without difference as ther lordis were ;  
And aftir them on many' a fresh coursere  
There came of armid knightis such a rout  
That they besprad the large field about ;

And all they werin, aftir ther degrees,  
Chappèlets new, or made of laurir grene,  
Or some of oke, or some of othir trees,  
Some in ther hondis barin boughis shene,  
Some of laurir, and some of okis bene,  
Some of hawthorne, and some of the wodebind,  
And many mo which I have not in mind.

And so they came ther horse freshly stirring  
With bloody sownis of ther trompis loud ;  
There se I many' an uncouth disguising  
In the array of thilkè knightis proud ;  
And at the last as evenly as they coud  
They toke ther place in middis of the mede,  
And every knight turnid his horsis hede

Et tous les trois avaient sur leurs cheveux  
Feuillage vert en forme de guirlande,  
Tous ils portaient manteaux avantageux  
De velours blanc, pour eux faits de commande ;  
Leurs destriers nés d'un sang généreux  
Se pavanaient de leur magnificence ;  
Puis après eux, à très peu de distance

Venaient en foule et sur maints frais coursiers  
De chevaliers une immense cohue,  
Portant chacun de chênes, de lauriers  
Selon son rang et selon sa tenue,  
Une guirlande ; ou rameaux d'oliviers,  
De chevreuille, ou de blanche aubépine  
Ou bien encor d'arbre porte-résine.

Alors au son des belliqueux clairons  
Tous d'accourir dans la vaste prairie,  
Et tous alors faisant force éperons  
De se ranger en longue galerie,  
Et je vis là parmi ces escadrons  
Des chevaliers d'une étrange figure . . .  
Mais voilà que chacun de sa monture

30 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

To his felow, and lightly laid a spere  
Into the rest, and so justis began  
On ev'ry part aboutin here and there ;  
Some brake his spere, some threw down horse and  
About the felde astray the stedis ran ;      [man,  
And to behold their rule and govirnaunce  
I you ensure it was a grete plesaunce.

And so the justis last an hour and more,  
But tho that crownid were in laurir grene  
Did win the prise ; their dintis were so sore  
That there was none agenst them might sustene,  
And the justing allè was left off clene ;  
And fro ther horse the nine alight anon,  
And so did all the remnaunt everichone,

And forth they yede togidir twain and twain,  
That to behold it was a worthy sight,  
Toward the ladies on the grenè plain,  
That song and dauncid, as I said now right ;  
The ladies as sone as they godely might  
They brakin off both the song and the daunce,  
And yede to mete them with full glad semblaunce :

Fait volte face, et la lance en arrêt  
Sur son voisin fond soudain—lors la jôûte  
De commencer—L'un fait sauter l'armet,  
L'autre la lance, ou bien coûte que coûte  
Poursuit son homme et bientôt le soumet ;  
C'était plaisir que de voir je vous jure,  
Dans la prairie errer à l'aventure

Battants, battus ;—Pendant une heure et plus  
Dura la jôûte ;—enfin de cette lutte  
Ceux qui portaient verts lauriers pour écus  
Eurent la gloire, et cela sans dispute,  
De leurs rivaux ayant fait des vaincus.  
Alors les neuf de mettre pied à terre,  
Ce qui fut fait par l'assemblée entière.

Ils viennent tous ensemble deux à deux,  
C'était à voir, à l'encontre des dames,  
Qui sur le pré chantaient lais amoureux  
Et gentiment laissaient couler leurs gammes ;  
Elles soudain de cesser danse et jeux  
Et d'un air doux et tout-à-fait affable  
Au devant d'eux d'aller à l'amiable :



32 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And every lady toke full womanly  
By the hond a knight, and so forth they yede  
Unto a faire laurir that stode fast by,  
With levis laid, the boughis of grete brede,  
And to my dome ther nevir was indede  
A man that had sene half so faire a tre,  
For undirneith it there might well have be

An hundrid persons at ther own plesaunce  
Shadowid fro the hete of Phœbus bright,  
So that they shouldin have felt no grevaunce  
Neithir for rain, ne haile, that them hurt might ;  
The savour eke rejoice would any wight  
That had be sick or melancholious,  
It was so very gode and vertuous.

And with grete rev'rence they enclinid low  
Unto the tre so sote and fair of hew,  
And aftir that within a litil throw  
They all began to sing and daunce of new ;  
Some song of love, some plaining of untrew,  
Environing the tre that stode upright,  
And evir yede a lady and a knight.

Et chaque dame à chaque chevalier  
Offrit la main d'une façon accorte,  
Et furent tous vers un très beau laurier  
Qui près de là poussait sa sève forte,  
Jamais ne vis un arbre plus altier,  
Immense était son immense envergure  
Et sous son ombre et sa vaste ceinture

Cent abrités selon leur bon plaisir  
Eussent tenu, pouvant braver l'atteinte  
De la chaleur, de la pluie à venir ;  
Et respirer tranquillement sans crainte  
D'être troublés, le parfum du zéphir  
Tout impregné de la fleur demi-close  
Qui pullulait sur le beau laurier-rose.

Arrivés là, tous avec grand respect  
S'inclinent vers l'arbre beau de nuance,  
Et puis après charmés de son aspect,  
Tous de chanter, de reprendre la danse,  
Les uns chantaient qui l'amour circonspect,  
Qui l'amour vif, qui sur leurs infidèles  
Se lamentaient ; et chevaliers et belles

34 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And at the last I cast mine eie aside,  
And was ware of a lusty company  
That came roming out of the feldè wide,  
And hond in hond a knight and a lady,  
The ladies all in surcotes, that richly  
Purfilid were with many a rich stone,  
And every knight of grene ware mantlis on,

Embroudid wele, so as the surcots were,  
And everich had a chapelet on her hed,  
[Which did right wele upon the shining here]  
Makid of godely flouris white and red,  
The knightis eke that they in hondè led  
In sute of them ware chaplets everichone,  
And before them went minstrels many one,

As harpis, pipis, lutis, and sautry,  
Allè in grene, and on ther hedis bare  
Of diverse flouris made full craftily,  
All in a sute, godely chaplets they ware,  
And so dauncing into the mede they fare,  
In mid the which they found a tuft that was  
All ovirsprad with flouris in compas,

Entouraient l'arbre, et toujours deux à deux  
Allaient ensemble ; alors de la prairie  
Je vis venir un groupe fort nombreux  
De chevaliers, de dames, en série,  
Marchant par couple, et devisant entr'eux :  
Riche surcot brodé, de chaque dame  
Était la mise ; et selon le programme

Les chevaliers portaient un manteau vert ;  
Une guirlande en fleurs et des plus belles  
Se prélassait sur le front découvert  
De chaque dame, aussi des jouvencelles ;  
Les chevaliers eux-mêmes, de concert  
Sur leur front mâle avaient une guirlande  
A l'avenant ; devant eux une bande

De ménestrels et de gais troubadours  
Vêtus de vert, marchait, et sur leurs têtes  
Étaient ces fleurs qu'eux ils chantent toujours,  
Et qui toujours sont l'ornement des fêtes,  
Des nobles jeux, des tournois, et des cours :  
Lors en dansant au milieu de la plaine  
Ils vont, puis là, tous de faire la chaîne

36 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Whereto they enclinid evèrichone  
With grete revèrence, and that full humbly ;  
And at the last there tho began anon  
A lady for to sing right womanly  
A bargaret in praising the daisie,  
For (as methought) among her notis swete  
She said *Si douce est la Margarete!*

Then they allè answerid her in fere  
So passingly well and so plesauntly,  
That it was a most blisfull noise to here ;  
But I n'ot how it happid, sodainly  
As about none the sonn so fervently  
Waxe hotè that the pretty tendir floures  
Had lost the beauty of their fresh collours.

Forshronke with hete the ladies eke to brent,  
That they ne wist where they them might bestow,  
The knightis swelt, for lack of shade nie shent,  
And aftir that within a litil throw  
The wind began so sturdily to blow  
That down goth all the flowris everichone,  
So that in all the mede there laft not one,

Autour d'un tertre éblouissant de fleurs,  
Puis inclinant, et chacun et chacune  
Moult humblement, leurs têtes et leurs cœurs,  
Avec respect ;—parmi les dames une  
Se détacha ; lors pour toutes ses sœurs  
Elle chanta lai nommé Bergerette  
Disant ainsi : “ *Douce est la Margarete !* ”

Toutes alors de répondre à la fois :  
“ Honneur à toi, gentille pâquerette ! ”  
De ces accents naissaient si doux émois  
Que l'on eut dit le chant de l'alouette :  
Mais vers midi Phœbus de son carquois  
Laissa tomber soudain flèche sur flèche ;  
Ce qui fit que la terre devint sèche.

Aussi soudain se flétrirent les fleurs  
Naguère encor si fraîches et si belles ;  
Puis il advint, vu les grandes chaleurs  
Que chevaliers, dames et jouvencelles,  
Ne pouvaient plus résister aux langueurs  
De l'air brûlant—mais lors un vent d'orage  
Des pauvres fleurs vint faire affreux carnage.

38 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Save such as succoured were among the leves  
Fro every storme that mightè them assaile,  
Growing undir the heggis and thick greves ;  
And aftir that there came a storme of haile  
And rain in fere, so that withoutin faile  
The ladies ne the knightis n'ade o' thred  
Dry on them, so dropping wet was ther wede.

And when the storme was clene passid away  
Tho in the white, that stode undir the tre,  
They felt nothing of all the grete affray  
That they in grene without had in ybe ;  
To them they yede for routh and for pite,  
Them to comfort aftir their grete disese,  
So fain they were the helplesse for to ese.

Than I was ware how one of them in grene  
Had on a coron rich and well-fitting,  
Wherfore I demid well she was a quene,  
And tho in grene on her were awaiting ;  
The ladies then in white that were coming  
Towardis them, and the knightis in fere,  
Began to comfort them and make them chere.



Et n'en resta pas une sur le pré ;  
Les seules fleurs à l'abri d'un feuillage  
Sous les bosquets, échappèrent malgré ;  
Et puis après pluie et grêle en leur rage  
Vinrent tomber, si que tout affaré  
Chacun courait, chevalier, noble dame,  
Chercher refuge, et que par Notre-Dame !

Onc n'en trouvait—Ce qui fit que chacun  
Fut fort mouillé. Pourtant après l'orage  
Vint le beau temps ; ceux qui tous en commun  
Vêtus de blanc s'étaient sous le feuillage  
Du beau laurier tenus temps opportun,  
Vinrent alors, et ce, par bonté pure  
Vers les mouillés, dans leur déconfiture.

Tous ces mouillés étaient vêtus de vert :  
Or, j'avisai dame portant couronne  
Au milieu d'eux, elle avait l'air ouvert,  
Et c'était bien la plus belle personne !  
D'où sans effort eus bientôt découvert  
Qu'elle était reine, et m'apperçus de suite  
Que tous les verts s'empressaient à sa suite.

40 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

The quene in white, that was of grete beauty,  
Toke by the honde the quene that was in grene,  
And seidè, Sustir, I have grete pity  
Of your annoy and of your troublous tene  
Wherein ye and your company have bene  
So long, alas ! and if that it you plese  
To go with me I shall do you the ese

In all the plesure that I can or may ;  
Whereof that othir, humbly as she might,  
Thankid her, for in right evil array  
She was with storne and hete I you behight ;  
And evèry lady then anon right  
That were in white one of them toke in grene  
By the hond, which when the knightis had sene

In like manir eche of them toke a knight  
Clad in the grene, and forth with them they fare  
To an heggè, where that they anon right  
To makin these justis they would not spare  
Boughis to hew down and eke trees to square,  
Wherewith they made them stately firis grete  
To dry ther clothis, that were wringing wete :

Or, je l'ai dit, les blancs allaient vers eux,  
Incontinent, pour leur porter en masse  
De leur pitié les accents généreux  
Et sympathie, et secours efficace :  
La reine en blanc donc d'un air gracieux  
Prit par la main des verts la gente reine  
Et lui dit : " Sœur, croyez-le, j'ai grand' peine

De votre ennui, de l'affreux accident  
De vos amis ; si cela peut vous plaire  
Chez moi venez, aurez de l'agrément,  
Et ce qui peut vous être nécessaire."  
La reine verte, alors très humblement  
A dit : " J'accepte ;" et chaque dame blanche  
A chaque dame en vert, de façon franche

Donna la main, et chaque chevalier  
Vêtu de blanc à l'avenant fut prendre  
Un des mouillés, et tous vers le hallier  
Où le matin avait eu lieu l'esclandre  
De leurs combats, furent se rallier.  
Et tous les blancs n'épargnaient pas leur peine  
Pour couper ras troncs d'arbres par douzaine,

42 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And aftir that of herbis that there grew  
They made for blistirs of the sonne brenning  
Ointmentis very gode, wholsome and new,  
Where that they yede the sick fast anointing ;  
And aftir that they yede about gadring  
Plesant saladis, which they made them ete  
For to refreshe ther grete unkindly hete.

The lady of the Lefè then gan to pray  
Her of the Floure [for so to my seming  
They should be callid as by ther array]  
To soupe with her, and eke for any thing  
That she should with her all her pepill bringe,  
And she ayen in right godely manere  
Thankith her fast of her most frendly chere,

Saying plainely that she would obay  
With all her hert all her commandement ;  
And then anon without lengir delay  
The lady of the Lefe hath one ysent  
To bring a palfray aftir her intent,  
Arrayid wele in fair harneis of gold,  
For nothing lackid that to him long shold :

Avec lesquels ils leur firent des feux  
Pour les sécher ; et puis avec des herbes  
De composer un onguent merveilleux  
Pour soulager les blessures acerbes  
Que le soleil avait fait à ces preux :  
Et puis enfin pendant la régalade  
Eurent pour eux des cressons en salade.

Ce fut alors que la dame à la fleur  
Reçut avis de la dame à la feuille  
(Car il est temps, n'est ce pas, cher lecteur,  
De faire enfin sortir du portefeuille  
Chacun des noms de ces reines du cœur ?)  
De venir elle et sa nombreuse suite  
A son souper—“ A ce desir, de suite

J'obéirai,” dit la dame à la fleur,  
Un tel plaisir volontiers je le cueille :  
Incontinent un chevalier d'honneur  
Fut envoyé par la dame à la feuille  
Pour amener et sans plus de lenteur  
Un palefroi de superbe apparence,  
Et puis chevaux pour toute l'assistance.

44 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And aftir that to all her company  
She made to purvey horse and every thing  
That they nedid, and then full hastily  
Even by the herbir where I was sitting  
They passid all, so merrily singing  
That it would have comfortid any wight :  
But then I se a passing wondir sight,

For then the Nightingale, that all the day  
Had in the laurir sete, and did her might  
The whole service to sing longing to May,  
All sodainly began to take her flight,  
And to the lady of the Lefe forthright  
She flew, and set her on her hand softly,  
Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.

The Goldfinch eke, that fro the medlar tre  
Was fled for hete unto the bushis cold,  
Unto the lady of the Flowre gan fle,  
And on her hond he set him as he wold,  
And plesauntly his wingis gan to fold,  
And for to sing they peine them both as sore  
As they had do of all the day before.

Tous à cheval vinrent rapidement  
Près de l'endroit où me tenais assise,  
En chevauchant et chantant si gaiment  
Si jolis lais empreints de vaillantise,  
Qu'à les ouïr j'avais de l'agrément,  
Et ressentais émotion heureuse ;  
Mais lors je vis chose bien merveilleuse :

Le Rossignol qui tout le long du jour  
Avait chanté son lai d'amour si tendre  
Dans le berceau, vite de ce séjour  
Partit d'un vol, et ce, pour aller prendre  
Incontinent position autour  
Des jolis doigts de la dame à la feuille ;  
Arrivé là, soudain il se recueille.

Pendant ce temps le tout gentil causeur,  
Du néflier habitant solitaire,  
S'en fut voler vers la dame à la fleur  
Et sur sa main mit sa patte légère :  
Puis repliant son aile avec bonheur,  
Au Rossignol il donna la réplique,  
Et tous les deux de chanter leur cantique.



46 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And so these ladies rode forth a grete pace,  
And all the rout of knightis eke in fere ;  
And I that had sene all this wondir case  
Thought that I would assay in some manere  
To know fully the trouth of this mattere,  
And what they were that rode so plesauntly :  
And when they were the herbir passid by

I drest me forth, and happid mete anon  
A right fair lady, I do you ensure,  
And she came riding by her self alone,  
Allè in white, with semblaunce full demure ;  
I her salued, bad her gode avinture  
Mote her befall, as I coud most humbly,  
And she answered, My doughtir, gramercy !

Madame, quoth I, if that I durst enquire  
Of you, I wold fain of that company  
Wit what they be that passed by this harbere.  
And she ayen answerid right frendly,  
My doughtir, all tho that passid hereby  
In white clothing be servants everichone  
Unto the Lefe, and I my self am one.

Voilà chacun chevauchant vitement  
Et verts et blancs, dames et damoiselles,  
Et chevaliers, tous agréablement  
En devisant de langue et de prunelles,  
Et moi témoin dès le commencement  
De tous ces faits je désirais connaître  
Et bien à fond, ce que ce pouvait être.

Comme ils avaient dépassé le berceau,  
J'avançai donc, et vis sur sa monture  
Très noble dame arrivant du préau  
De blanc vêtue, elle avait, vous assure,  
Air bien modeste et visage fort beau.  
La saluant soudain de ma charmille  
Dis : “ Bonne chance ! ” — “ A vous merci, ma fille, ”

Répondit-elle, — Et moi d'ajouter lors :  
“ Puis-je de vous savoir, ô noble Dame !  
Quels sont ces gens si vifs en leurs transports  
Dont viens de voir un si grand amalgame ? ” —  
“ Ceux qui, ma fille, ont passé sur ces bords  
Vêtus de blanc, comme moi de la feuille  
Sont les servants que notre reine accueille.

48 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Se ye not her that crownid is (quod she)  
Allè in white? Madame, then quod I, Yes.  
That is Dian, goddess of Chastity,  
And for bicause that she a maidin is  
Into her hond the branch she berith this  
That agnus castus men call propirly ;  
And all the ladies in her company

Which ye se of that herbè chaplets were  
Be such as han alwey kept maidinhede,  
And all they that of laurir chaplets bere  
Be such as hardy were in manly dede,  
Victorious, name which nevir may be dede,  
And all they were so worthy of ther honde  
In their time that no one might them withstonde ;

And tho that were chapèlets on ther hede  
Of fresh wodebind be such as nevir were  
To Love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,  
But ay stedfast, ne for plesance ne fere,  
Tho that they shulde ther hertis all to tere,  
Woud never flit, but evir were stedfast  
Till that ther livis there assundir brast.

Voyez-vous point une dame là bas  
De blanc vêtue, ayant au front guirlande ;  
D'agnus-castus portant branche à son bras,  
Divin symbole ou bien divine offrande ?”  
—“ Oui, je la vois ”—“ Eh bien, donc en ce cas,  
Sachez que c'est Diane la déesse  
De chasteté,—Non loin d'elle se presse

Brillant essaim de vierges, c'est sa cour.  
Voyez, ceux là portant une couronne  
De vert laurier, ils sont renommés pour  
Nobles hauts faits. La gloire qui rayonne  
Sur leurs beaux fronts a tout l'éclat du jour ;  
Et le narré de leur vaillante épée  
De merveilleux serait une épopée.

Voyez plus loin ceux qui portent au front  
De chevrefeuille une fraîche couronne,  
Onc à l'amour ne firent un affront,  
Mais tous ayant constance pour patronne  
Aux vœux d'amour onc ne firent faux-bond ;  
Et dût leur cœur être noir de tristesse  
N'auraient jamais renié leur maîtresse.”

50 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Now, fair Madam ! quod I, yet woud I pray  
Your ladiship [if that it mightin be]  
That I might knowe by some manir of wey,  
Sithin that it hath likid your beaute  
The trowth of these ladies for to tell me,  
What that these knightis be in rich armour,  
And what tho be in grene and were the Flour,

And why that some did rev'ence to the tre,  
And some unto the plot of flouris fair ?  
With right gode will, my doughtir fair ! quod she,  
Sith your desire is gode and debonaire :  
Tho nine crounid be very exemplaire  
Of all honour longing to chivalry,  
And those certain be clept The Nine Worthy

Which that ye may se riding all before,  
That in ther time did many' a noble dede,  
And for ther worthiness full oft have bore  
The crown of laurir levis on ther hede,  
As ye may in your oldè bokis rede,  
And how that he that was a conqueror  
Had by laurir alwey his most honour :

“ Ma belle dame, est-ce trop abuser  
De vos bontés, maintenant que lui dis-je,  
Que vous prier particulariser  
A mon esprit quel il est le prestige  
Qui tous ces preux semble apothéoser ?  
Que sont-ils donc ces preux en riche armure ?  
Que sont-ils donc ceux là qui d’aventure

Portant la fleur sont habillés de vert ?  
Pourquoi des uns à l’arbre un pur hommage ?  
Et les seconds, pourquoi tous de concert  
Devant la fleur cet acte de servage ?” —

“ De très grand cœur, vais mettre à découvert  
Tous ces secrets devant vos yeux, ma belle,”  
Reprit la dame, “ or, oyez,” me dit-elle :

“ Ces couronnés sont les neuf plus fameux  
En tous honneurs de la chevalerie,  
Les *mieux faisant* est leur nom glorieux,  
Ce sont les Preux . . . . les Preux de la Pairie ;  
Vous pourrez lire en vieux bouquins poudreux  
Qu’en maints tournois obtinrent la victoire,  
Et qu’un laurier fut le prix de leur gloire.

52 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And tho that barin bowis in ther hond  
Of the precious laurir so notable  
Be such as were [I woll ye undirstond]  
Most noble Knightis of The Round Table,  
And eke the Douseperis honourable,  
Which they bere in the sign of victory,  
As witness of ther dedis mightily :

Eke there be Knightis old of the Gartir,  
That in ther timis did right worthily,  
And the honour they did to the laurir  
Is for by it they have ther laud wholly,  
Ther triumph eke and martial glory,  
Which unto them is more perfite riches  
Than any wight imagin can or gesse ;

For one Lefe givin of that noble tre  
To any wight that hath done worthily  
[An it be done so as it ought to be]  
Is more honour than any thing erthly,  
Witness of Rome, that foundir was truly  
Of all knighthode and dedis marvelous,  
Record I take of Titus Livius.



Ces autres preux portant branches en main  
De vert laurier, cet insigne du monde,  
Sont méritants, comme, comprenez bien,  
L'étaient jadis, ceux de la Table Ronde ;  
Car le laurier c'est l'emblème certain  
Et de hauts faits et de nobles prouesses,  
De bon renom qui vaut mieux que richesses.

Il est aussi quelques vieux chevaliers  
De l'ordre ancien nommé la Jarretière,  
Qui chevauchant sur leurs nobles coursiers  
Ont, eux aussi, dans leur ardeur guerrière,  
Et maintefois, cueilli nombreux lauriers.  
Le rameau vert témoigne de la gloire  
Par eux acquise en plus d'une victoire.

Car pour celui qui combat crânement,  
N'existe point plus noble récompense  
Qu'un vert laurier donné bien simplement  
Par la beauté pour prix de la vaillance :  
A Rome aussi c'était là l'ornement  
De tout héros, Tite-Live dit comme  
De la valeur était bon juge Rome !

54 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

And as for her that crounid is in grene,  
It is Flora, of these flouris goddesse,  
And all that here on her awaiting bene  
It are such folk that lovid idlenesse,  
And not delite in no kind besinesse  
But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,  
And many othir such like idle dedes.

And for the grete delite and the plesaunce  
They have to the Flour, and so reverently  
They unto it doin such obeisaunce,  
As ye may se. Now, fair Madame! quod I,  
[If I durst ask] what is the cause and why  
That knightis have the ensigne of honour  
Rathir by the Lefè than by the Flour?

Sothly, doughtir, quod she, this is the trouth,  
For knightes evir shoud be persevering  
To seke honour without feintise or slouth,  
Fro wele to bettir in all manir thing,  
In sign of which with levis ay lasting  
They be rewardid aftir ther degre,  
Whose lusty grene may not appairid be,

Et maintenant celle que tout là bas  
Vous pouvez voir, c'est Flore, la déesse  
Des fleurs ; et ceux qui l'entourent hélas !  
Sont gens oisifs pour lesquels la paresse  
A, voyez-vous, de fort nombreux appas.  
Chasser au courre, au faucon, dans la plaine,  
Ou bien encor courir la pretontaine

Voilà leur vie ; et pour le grand plaisir  
Que dans la fleur ils ont, de leur hommage  
Lui font tribut."—“ Mais dis-je, à mon desir  
Pouvez-vous bien donner votre suffrage ?  
Desirerais savoir et définir  
Pourquoi l'honneur chevalier le recueille  
Non par la fleur, mais bien de par la feuille ?”

“ Oyez, ma fille, oyez, voici pourquoi :  
C'est que toujours chevaliers doivent être  
Des poursuivants et d'honneur et de foi  
Sans nul loisir, toujours prêts à paraître  
Pour la vertu dans maint et maint tournoi.  
Aussi, ma fille, ont-ils pour récompense  
De leur valeur, de leurs beaux coups de lance

56 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

But ay keping ther beauty fresh and grene,  
For ther n'is no storme that may them deface,  
Ne hail nor snowe, ne wind nor frostis kene,  
Wherfore they have this propirty and grace ;  
And for the Flour within a litil space  
Wollin be lost, so simple of nature  
They be that they no grevaunce may endure :

And every storme woll blowe them sone away,  
Ne they lastè not but for a seson,  
That is the cause [the very trouth to say]  
That they may not by no way of reson  
Be put to no such occupacion.  
Madame, quod I, with all mine whole servise  
I thank you now in my most humble wise ;

For now I am ascertain'd thoroughly  
Of every thing I desirid to knowe.  
I am right glad that I have said, sothly,  
Ought to your plesure, (if ye will me trow.)  
Quod she ayen. But to whom do ye owe  
Your service, and which wollin ye honour  
[Pray tell me] this year, the Lefe or the Flour ?

Le vert laurier qui garde sa beauté,  
Le vert laurier qui ne craint pas l'orage,  
Le vert laurier qui l'hiver, qui l'été,  
Conserve pur son reluisant feuillage :  
Voilà pourquoi, ma fille, en vérité,  
Cette faveur est donnée à la feuille.  
Quant à la fleur celui là qui la cueille

La voit flétrie en un bien court délai ;  
Elle ne peut endurer nul dommage,  
Un rien la tue, elle ne voit qu'un mai,  
Et ne saurait résister à l'orage :  
Voilà pourquoi ne saurait pas, là, vrai,  
D'un sort durable être jamais l'emblème,  
Et de valeur récompense suprême."—

Ores merci, fis-je avec grand respect :  
Dès ce moment comprends, ô noble Dame !  
Ce que d'abord et du premier aspect  
Ne comprenais, sur ma foi le proclame :"—  
" Moul't ai plaisir, dit d'un air circonspect  
La noble dame, avoir fait quelque chose  
Qui peut vous plaire ;— Et maintenant pour cause,

58 *THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.*

Madam, quod I, although I lest worthy,  
Unto the Lefe I ow mine observaunce.  
That is, quod she, right well done certainly,  
And I pray God to honour your advaunce,  
And kepe you fro the wickid remembraunce  
Of Malèbouch and all his cruiltie,  
And all that gode and well-condition'd be ;

For here I may no lengir now abide,  
But I must follow the grete company  
That ye may se yondir before you ride ;  
And forthwith as I couth most humily  
I toke my leve of her, and she gan hie  
Aftir them as fast as evir she might,  
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,

And put all that I had sene in writing,  
Undir support of them that lust it rede.  
O little boke ! thou art so unconning,  
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede ?  
It is wondir that thou wexist not rede,  
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold  
Thy rude langage full boystously unfold.



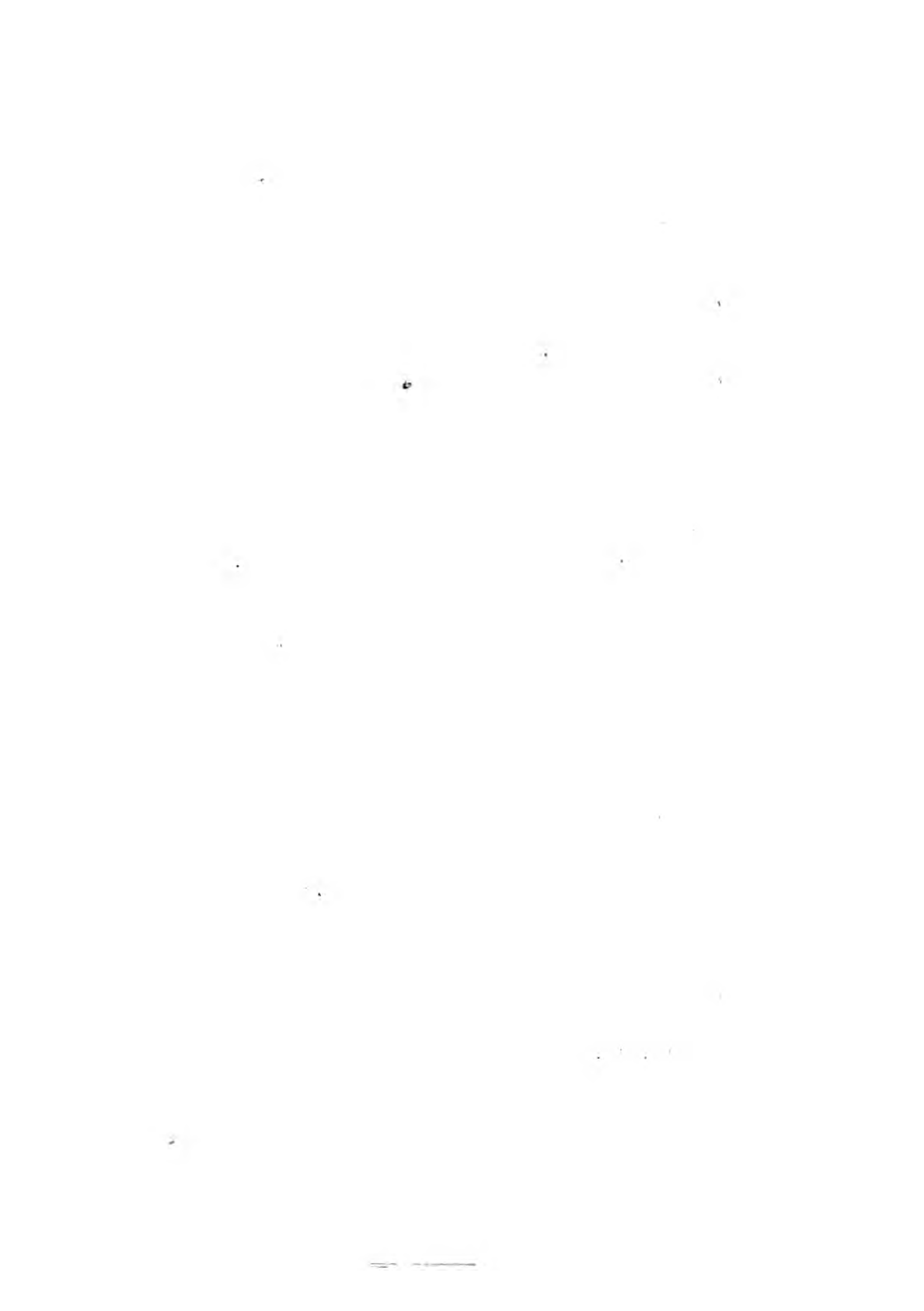
Puis-je savoir qui la feuille ou la fleur  
De vous aura dorénavant hommage ?”  
“ La feuille, dis-je, a les vœux de mon cœur,  
Quoique peu digne il soit d’un tel servage.”—  
“ C’est fort bien dit : Dieu vous garde, d’honneur,  
Et des méchants, et de la calomnie,  
Et sur vous plane à jamais son génie !

Ne puis ici rester un plus long temps,  
Car il me faut suivre la compagnie  
Que vous voyez là bas à travers champs,  
Car c’est pour moi vraiment une mégnie :  
Lors pris congé d’elle, et sans contretemps  
La vis soudain presser sa haquenée,  
Et moi rentraï chez moi, car la journée

Déjà touchait aux portes de la nuit.  
Et par écrit mis sous le patronage  
De mes lecteurs ce qui précède et suit :  
O petit livre, à tel aréopage  
Oses-tu bien dans ton triste déduit  
Te faire voir, et sans rougir de honte  
Toi si petit, affronter un mécompte !







# LA FLEUR ET LA FEUILLE.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON THE

FIRST EDITION, PUBLISHED IN 1854.

THE resonant and delicately finished French language would seem to be a very unfit and inappropriate medium for the conveyance of the grim melody and stern aptness of our old Chaucer—the Nestor of English Poetry—so grave and quaint, so sonorous and stately. Yet here we have a translation of “The Floure and the Leafe,” so exquisitely accurate, so classically precise, as to form an epoch in the history of translation. There is a perfect apprehension of the spirit, the *morale* of Chaucer’s poem, united to a delicate perception of the *epithetic* peculiarities of the quaint old philosopher. The little volume is deeply interesting to the technical taste of the curious in literature, and fascinating to a poetical mind. The masculine strength, the almost brusque energy of the grand old master finds a softened, melodized, but not enervated echo in this beautiful and artistic refrain. The execution of the design has all the minute beauty of some rare cabinet picture.—*British Army Dispatch* (December 29, 1854).

Who will doubt the completeness of the *entente cordiale*, when old Chaucer’s Poem of the Flower and the Leaf is translated into French verse? Our French friends are determined that the alliance shall be established upon a firm basis, and so set about understanding us, and direct their inquiries through the literature in which we are self-developed, even up to Chaucer. The earnest good spirit of the Chevalier de Chatelain will be appreciated in England; and we must add, that he has accomplished his task not only gracefully, but with a clear perception of the spirit and meaning of the father of English poetry.—*The News of the World* (December 31, 1854).

The admirers of our charming old poet will look with curiosity upon this novel literary labour, and the Frenchman desirous of making full acquaintance with our literature, or seeking to commune with a great spirit of a past time, will consult the pages with profit.—*The Court Journal* (January 6, 1855.)

The Chevalier has undertaken a difficult task, and has proved by the execution of it that he has not estimated his powers too highly. The poetry of Chaucer, even a native of

the country has a difficulty in understanding, and the Frenchman must, indeed, be naturalized in language as well as by law, who could attempt the translation of one of Chaucer's poems. The Chevalier de Chatelain has, however, preserved the spirit of the original "Floure and Leafe" with admirable fidelity and grace.—*The Britannia* (January 6, 1855).

The Chevalier de Chatelain has translated into French, with singular felicity, Gay's Fables, Charles Swain's poem of "The Mind," and many other pieces of modern authors. He has tried his hand at rendering some of the Scotch poetry of Burns into French verse; and now he applies himself to make the French reader acquainted with one of the most agreeable pieces of our oldest poet, whose thoughts are clothed in language which many English readers of the present day cannot understand without some practice. This elegant literary task the Chevalier has executed with an ability which shows the fitness of his qualifications for a work he is preparing for publication, entitled "Beautés de la Poësie Anglaise," which will comprise translations from more than two hundred English writers.—*The Era* (January 7, 1855).

The Chevalier begins to take a high place as a Minstrel, and ought to favour us with an original work; but in the meantime we are only too happy to possess anything so charming as the translation before us. This translation is in the same measure as the original, and yet exhibits all the facility of J. B. Rousseau.—*The Lady's Newspaper* (January 13, 1855).

The Chevalier must be an exceedingly erudite English scholar to be able to translate into French verse Chaucer's crude and almost obsolete vernacular. Very few of ourselves understand the "harsh Runic" of the fourteenth century, so Chaucer's language is as obscure to us moderns as that of *Le Roman de la Rose*, or of Rabelais is to the mass of Frenchmen. M. de Chatelain understands, however, the Gothic of the father of English poetry, and has proved that he does by a very accurate transcript of it into the quaint language and metre of Lafontaine. Chaucer's text is printed on one page, and on the other opposite is the Chevalier's pretty translation. The little book will afford a good exercise for Englishmen who comprehend modern French, but are not versed in the idiom that succeeded *les langues d'oc et d'oïl*. The translation is creditable to the scholarship and poetic taste of Le Chevalier de Chatelain, who is blessed with such a gentle spouse, that they are destined to be the recipients of the second Dunmow fitch of bacon awarded by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth.—*Bell's Life in London* (January 14, 1855).

It should be mentioned here, that the Chevalier de Chatelain has made an attempt to introduce our Chaucer to his countrymen, by publishing a translation of *The Flower and the Leaf*, with the English text in juxtaposition. If this should meet with the success it deserves, the Chevalier will next perform the same good office for *The Canterbury Tales*.—*Chambers's Journal* (January 27, 1855).

A singularly accurate translation, embracing the thought and embodying the spirit of the great English poet.—*The Monthly Home Review* (February 1, 1855).

The pressure upon our columns for several weeks past has precluded the possibility of our noticing till to-day this very charming translation of Chaucer's "Floure and the Leafe," into elegant French verse. Some months ago we had occasion to notice the translation of Gay's Fables into the French language, by the same gentleman, a task which was performed to perfection. Difficult as it was to give Gay a French face, it is still more so to turn the quaint fancies of the father of English poesie into that language; yet M. de Chatelain has been equally successful, and even more exact than in his first effort to make his countrymen know that there are elegancies in the English tongue, harsh as it is in pronunciation, and difficult for a foreigner to master. Happily, France and England have at last begun to understand each other. The peace of forty years has just terminated in a warm-hearted alliance, and nothing can tend more effectually to confirm that grand achievement than to make our illustrious neighbours understand the peculiarities of our poetic literature. Such an end will be very much advanced by the appearance of this volume, which is as creditable to the translator's talent, as it is to his good feeling. Chaucer in French is indeed a curiosity, but whoever reads him page by page with the original in this version will find that the spirit is beautifully preserved, and that the metre is as exact as could by any possibility be produced.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger* (February 10, 1855).

The translator has very wisely attempted to catch the spirit of the original, in preference to a literal rendering, and has succeeded very well in his task.—*The Atlas* (February 10, 1855).

It is printed rather appropriately, in the olden style of type, with decorated initials, and forms a very neat little volume.—*Birkenhead Guardian* (February 10, 1855).

A free and elegant translation of Master Geoffrey's well known tale; and evincing that true poetic genius we have long known M. de Chatelain to possess.—*The Essex and West Suffolk Gazette* (February 16, 1855).

This metrical version of "The Flower and the Leaf," shows that the Chevalier is an apt and elegant interpreter of the father of English poetry.—*The Weekly Times* (February 18, 1855).

Turned into French with a bold hand and much poetical taste.—*The Chelmsford Chronicle* (March 2, 1855).

The Chevalier de Chatelain, who here presents us with Chaucer's poem of "The Flower and the Leaf" in French, and with the English on the opposite page, is well known for his elegant rendering of Gay's Fables, which our teachers of the French language have found so useful a text book for schools. The learned translator understands and appreciates the peculiarities and the force of the English language, and secures a favourable introduction for English poetry to our continental neighbours by presenting it in a becoming French translation, in which much of the rhythm and point of the original is preserved. To our own countrymen studying the French language—and to those who move at all in the world, its acquirement is a necessity as urgent as reading and writing—the translations of the Chevalier de Chatelain will be pleasing and useful. The small work before us is not the least difficult of those which a translator attempts to render into another language. There are comparatively few amongst our own countrymen who can read and appreciate the full meaning of Chaucer in his quaint idioms and versification, and to render anything approaching to a remembrance in another language would increase the difficulty a hundred fold. Yet the Chevalier is wonderfully successful in his efforts, and much of the spirit of the original is preserved in his French translation.—*The Bridgewater Times* (March 29, 1855).

This is a clever production. Its author has attempted, and with much success, the formidable task of rendering into the French language one of the purest and sweetest of the productions of Chaucer,—his poem of *The Flower and the Leaf*. The difficulty of translating poetry is at all times great: the subtle beauties of structure which constitute half its beauty evaporate in the process of transmutation, and the student confused between his endeavours to be literal and his desire to preserve the spirit of his original, is too often tempted to give up the exercise in despair.

When to the ordinary obstacles is added that of the poem to be translated from English, requiring first to be rendered into the current English of the day, the work becomes proportionately discouraging. This is the case with M. Chatelain's undertaking. We are quite aware that the language of Chaucer is not anything like so barbarous as the folly of



many of his editors in insisting upon retaining his barbarous orthography has led many to believe; we can also understand that to a foreigner conversant with Norman French some difficulties may be smoothed away; still enough remain to warrant us in pronouncing this production highly creditable to its author's talent and enterprise.—*Oxford University Herald* (March 31, 1855).

A very clever translation of Chaucer's "Floure and the Leafe."—*The English Journal of Education* (April, 1855).

The accomplished Frenchman who has just put Chaucer's dainty poem, "*The Floure and the Leafe*," into a Gallic dress, is profoundly acquainted with our language as well as his own. It is matter of just surprise that a foreigner should have thoroughly mastered the antiquated orthography, the obsolete words, the quaint conceits, which characterize the productions of the ancient father of English poetry. . . .

The translator has succeeded in his undertaking *à merveille*.—*The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* (April 18, 1855).

It is printed in quaint old fashioned type, and is quite a gem in its way.—*The Cheltenham Examiner* (April 18, 1855).

The Chevalier de Chatelain, who has already translated Gay's Fables, Tupper's Ballads, and other favourite works into the language of sunny France, has now done the same with respect to Chaucer's poem of "The Flower and the Leaf;" and the result of the Chevalier's labours in this instance has been equally successful with his former efforts.—*Cheltenham Journal* (April 21, 1855).

Our old acquaintance, the venerable Geoffrey, appears before us in a new suit of entire French manufacture, and we must confess that if he has not improved by the transmogrification, he has at least added the charm of novelty to his native attractions. M. de Chatelain is evidently an ardent votary of the muses, and offers his devotions at their shrine with his whole heart; consequently his voluminous productions are more than usually attractive from their earnestness. Many of our readers will doubtless appreciate the merit of this translation of our oldest English poet, and we recommend it to their perusal.—*Bell's News* (December 1, 1855).

It is truly wonderful how M. de Chatelain has conquered the difficulties of that "well of English undefiled," "the morning starre of English poesy"—Chaucer.—*Birmingham Daily Press* (August 27, 1856).

This is a beautiful little volume, printed in the antique style, containing a very good translation into the French language of Chaucer's sweet little poem, "The Flower and the Leaf." The great advantage to English students of French, or French students of English, is that the original is on the opposite page to the translation. The book is got up very neatly, and speaks well for the learning, care, industry, and taste of the well-known author of the translation.—(*The Bristol Advertiser*, January 26, 1856.)

We had almost begun to fancy Chaucer a sealed book to foreigners, and very nearly so to not a few natives. The Chevalier de Chatelain has read Chaucer to some purpose. He has drunk a deep draught from the very fountain of English literature—the well of Saxon undefiled—and given its beauties to his compatriots with wonderful fidelity. Bibliomaniacs will be gratified at the typography—a facsimile of the Louis Quatorze style: and the parallel pages of English and French render it an admirable study for the acquisition of either idiom!—(*The Northern Times* (November 29, 1856).



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S. G. le Duc de Sutherland . . . . .		1
Edwin Arnold, Esq. . . . .		1
1855.		
John Dobell, Esq. . . . .		1
Westland Marston, Esq. . . . .		1
1856.		
Y. Z. (from New York) . . . . .		50
Miss Sophia Milligan . . . . .		5
J. A. Langford, Esq. . . . .		1
The Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere (the late) . . . . .		1
Mrs. E. M. Mackesie . . . . .		1

1857.

George Wilson, Esq.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
D. W. Barker, Esq.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
John Leekey, Esq.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
J. E. Reade, Esq.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1

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Arnold, Edwin	Burrington, E. H.
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Barham, Rév.	Chatterton, Thomas
Barker, J.	Chaucer, G.
Barnard, Lady Anne	Chester, Rév. G. J.
Barrick	Cibber, Colley
Barry, M.-J.	Clare, John
Barton, Bernard	Cochrane, Baillie
Bayley, J. H. R.	Coleridge
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Bennet, W. C.	Cowley, Abraham
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Beveridge, Mrs.	Cunningham, Allan
Blacker, Colonel	Currer
Bloomfield, Robert	DALE, Rév. Thomas
Boddington, Mrs.	Dalton, G. Stuart
Bowles, Miss	Dana, H.
Bowles, Rév. W.-Lisle	Darwin
Bowring, Sir John	Day, Julia

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 Doane  
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 Dwhno  
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